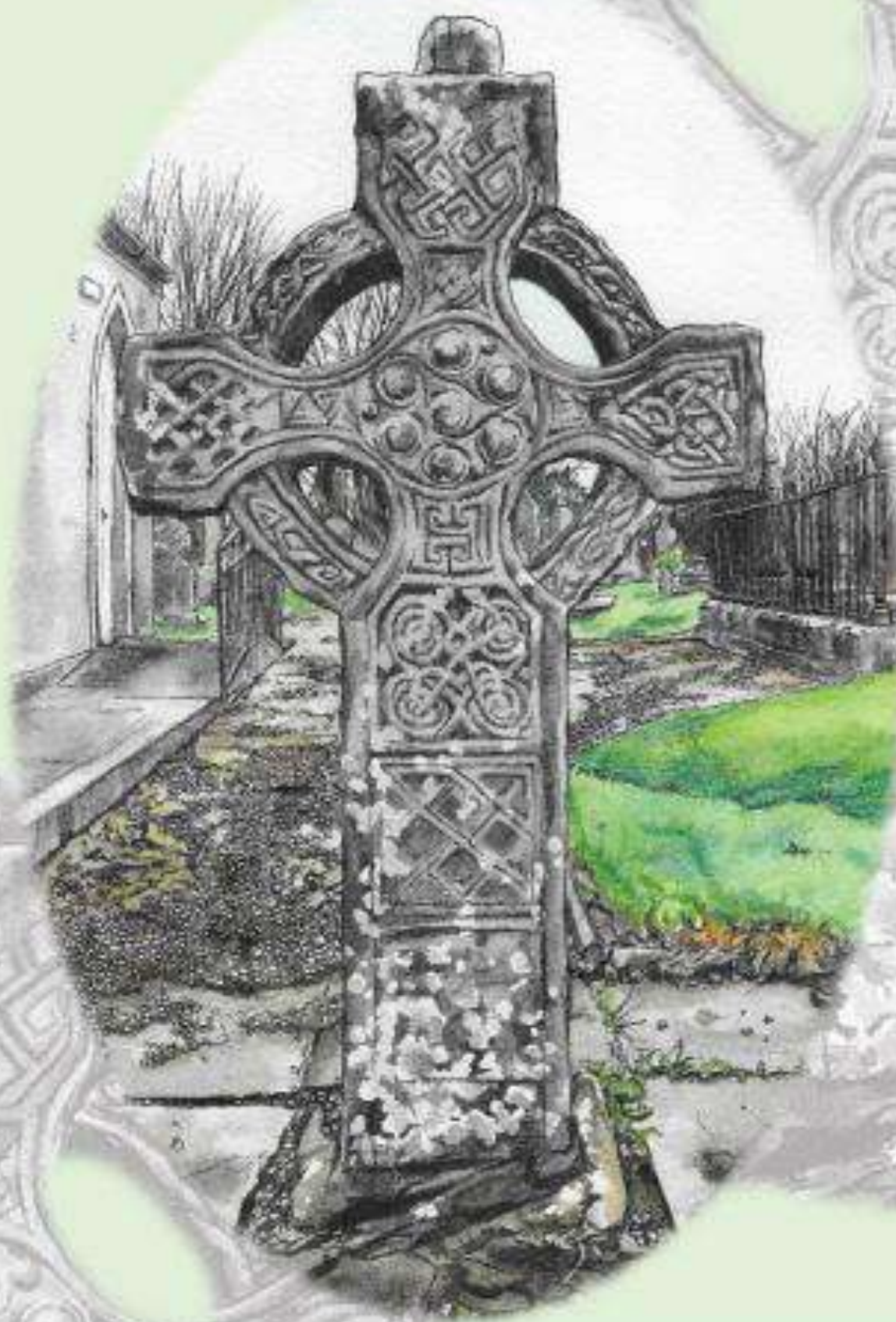


2024

No.6



ANNALS OF DULEEK HERITAGE GROUP

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Cover

The Duleek High Cross in the grounds in the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey and St Kienan's Church of Ireland (now the Spire Restaurant) in Duleek – original water colour by Andria Wright.

Cover design Andria Wright

Chairperson Report for 2024

By Patricia Spellacey

Welcome to the sixth edition of the Annals of Duleek Heritage Group. We have been fortunate to acquire the services of Ciaran Dunlevy, a portrait artist, who is going to paint a mural of Duleek local artist, Simon Coleman RHA, to be painted on the wall at the beginning of Station Road, in the spring of 2025. The project is being funded by the Indaver's Carranstown Environmental Projects Grant Scheme.

Members of Duleek Heritage receiving the Indaver grant, from left to right - Phil Larkin, Patricia Spellacey,



Andrew Wright, Catriona Dillon, Derek Clarke, Jim Curley.

On June the 20th we welcomed a couple from the Netherlands who were researching their surname, Magdelyn, which was the name of a leper hospital here in Duleek in the 14th to 16th century.



Jos and Marjolein Magdelyns with Catriona Dillon and Patricia Spellacey at St Mary's Abby

On the 23rd of July a group of us met up with Peter Philips of Bird Watch Ireland and learnt about swifts and house martins and their habitats. There are nests in St. Mary's tower and guttering at the top of St. Cieran's Church. The girl guides have supplied and erected nesting boxes along station road.

August was a busy month as it was Heritage Week, we started off with the Commons walk on the 17th with Committee members Andrew Wright and John Clarke.



Heritage Commons walk with visitors - Oluwaseum from Nigeria, Hamse from Someilia and Sherif from Egypt.

It continued with the freedom of Duleek which was held on the 21st in the Courthouse and was awarded to Marina Nolan for all her hard work with different groups in Duleek. The week ended on the 24th with a walk around the village with committee member Catriona Dillon leading.



Tour of Duleek with members Catriona Dillon, Phil Larkin and Patricia Spellacey.

September 28th was culture night. We were fortunate to have author, Anthony Murphy give a presentation of his book “Fourknocks, Mythical Ireland”. Followed with light refreshments, music, songs and stories by some of our very talented people of Duleek.



Pat Gogan and Seamus Clinton.



Julie and Evelyn Dillon



Back row (L to R)- Evelyn, Maurice, Julie Dillon. Front row (L to R) - Ann Crinion Maria Callery and Catriona Dillon.



Left to right - Susan Ahern, Aileen Quinn, Grainne Diskin, Mirella Gallagher and Maria Nestor.

We end our year with a book sale in the Courthouse on the 20th October “Home is where the Heart is” – a little book of essays, stories and poems written over the years and put into print by Catriona Dillon with all proceeds going to the Samaritans Charity which Catriona supports.

The beautiful drawings that adorn the front of the annals each year are by Andria Wright. Thank you, Andria, for your artistic contribution.

On behalf of the Committee of Duleek Heritage we would like to thank Dave and Tom and their staff from Haven Pharmacy Duleek and Xtra Clean for their support over the years in selling the Annuals – it is much appreciated.

The Freedom of Duleek 2024 - Marina Nolan

By Catriona Dillon



Marina and heritage committee

Each year the freedom of Duleek is awarded by Duleek Heritage group to a worthy recipient. In 2024 the Freedom of Duleek was awarded to Marina Nolan for her tireless voluntary work and her commitment to the community.

Marina has been a Brownie leader since 1985. The young girls who are at an important development stage benefit from their experience. They still meet in the Parish centre every week. By September there will be two groups, such is the demand for places. Since 1989 Marina coaches the children's chess club for the community games. In fact, on the Saturday after this event they were awarded 1st place in the National final of the community games.

Marina has been involved with the girls' soccer team since the early 1990's. She has also run 30 marathons for Cystic Fibrosis.

Marina was one of the founder members of Duleek Drama Society. While she has been mostly involved in ticket sales and front of house, she did tread the boards when she starred in a production of "Glam Granny".

For many years Marina has been a driver for "meals on wheels" aided by her husband Patsy. Whenever there is need for an extra driver, Marina is first to put her hand up.

So you see Marina is a very worthy recipient.

Congratulations Marina, you can now graze your sheep on the village green!

Marina has lived in the Reask, Duleek all her life. She is married to Patsy, has four children Niamh, Grainne, Cianan and Eadaoin and has 5 grand-children.



Marina and Brownie Leaders



Marina and her family

Poetry for Kate Kennedy by Aiexia Mbanefo-Mojume

Aiexia, from Duleek's Primary School sixth class, wrote two poems to honour the life and work of Kate Kennedy. A quote from one of these poems is engraved on the plinth of the statue of Kate Kennedy, which is erected in the grounds of School.



Aiexia Mbanefo-Mojume



The statue of Kate Kennedy and plinth in Duleek Primary School

Kate Kennedy

This poem is about how life was in Kate Kennedy's hometown and how she loved to learn and teach:

My teachers are smart and funny and
they need to know I want to be just like
them when I grow.

My sisters adore me, my Parents too
and my brother calls me his goody two
shoes.

I teach my neighbours, their children too
and if you want I could teach you.

This is about how Kate and her brother took care of her
siblings and worked hard

I dreamt of Ireland last night.
I kept thinking of potato blight.
It ruined our lives and blocked the
light ... but I won't let it break me.
I will work, I will thrive, I will not let
hope die.

My brother and I will take care of my
sisters and together we can give potato
blight a blister.

THANK YOU

Meals on Wheels in Duleek

By Patricia Spellacey

“Everyone is so busy these days, it’s not many, it’s a bit of company and we can see how to,” these words were spoken by the ladies interviewed in 2007 who were celebrating 30 Meals on Wheels service was first started way In 2027 it will be 50 years since Meals on what a celebration that will be.

The founder members were, Maureen Mathilda Murphy and Rita Baxter. Now, 28 service is still going strong. The names and changed but the service and the food has not.

Whatever the weather, you will find volunteers, giving up their time to produce nutritious meals three times a week. When the ready there is a team of volunteer drivers to

Meals on Wheels receives a grant from generosity of church collection, and various from the public and businesses.

If you would like to be a part of our happy team and help, we are in the parish kitchen on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Come and have a chat and make a difference!



Cathy McGrane (front) and Kathleen O'Neill at work in the Duleek Meals on Wheels kitchen.

just a meal to their health is when years since back in 1977. Wheels began -

Murtagh, years later, this faces may have

these ladies, all healthy and meals are deliver them.

the HSE, the donations

Duleek Woman's Forum

By Ann Finger

Duleek Woman's Forum was formed in April 1986 and has gone from strength to strength. We have 36 members at the moment, who enjoy weekly meetings on Tuesday's from 10.30 to 12 O'Cock in Duleek Courthouse.

Activities include talks on various subjects, craft classes, sewing, knitting, line dancing, chair pilates, bingo and lots more – ending with tea and biscuits and a chat. We also go to see a film in Duleek library once a month.

We make several trips to places of interest during the year and we also go for three nights dinner to a B&B in the autumn.

Everybody is very friendly and we enjoy each other's company. Hospitals of Duleek

By Andrew Wright

With the visit of Jos and Marjolein Magdelyns we were reminded of Duleek's history of hospitals.

In addition to the other great religious foundations of Duleek there was a hospital for the sick, which was liberally endowed. This was locally called the “House of Lepers Hospital” and dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene and run by the canons of the priory and the convent on the south side of the River Nanny. The exact location on the south side of the river is unknown – but likely sites are the field called the Maudlin Field and the other one called Hospital Field and there is also a large enclosure cut by the Ashbourne road which may have been part of it. In 1403, King Henry the Fourth granted the guardianship of this hospital to Thomas Scargyll, together with sundry other gardens in said town, being part of the possessions of St. Mary of Odder, and all profits, etc. belonging to the said hospital, then seized in the King’s hands. The hospital gave its name to the Maudlins bridge and the new housing estate, The Maudlins. Income from the hospital provided funding for the bridge’s repair in 1459.

The Maudlins Bridge, Duleek. (Watercolour by Andria Wright)



On the 29th of June, 1419, King Henry the Fifth granted to John Tenour the custodian of the house, called Le Magdelyns in Duleek, with all lands, rents, etc., thereto belonging, and then seized in the king’s hands, to hold the same whilst they continued in that state, free of all rents and taxes. This house and its possessions were swept away in the confiscations of Henry the Eighth.

On the 3rd of July, 1619, died Jennet, Lady Dowager Howth, daughter to Dowdall of Athlumny castle, Navan, and widow of William Bathe of Athcarne. During her widowhood she conveyed the town and lands of Kenocke in the parish of Duleek, and one house on Merchant’s Quay, Dublin, to Sir John Bellew of Bellewstown in Meath, Knight, and others, for the maintenance of two poor houses in Duleek, the one consisting of four men, and the other of three women for ever

St Mary's Abbey

By Conor Spellacey



This is what remains of the abbey, a 13th century southern arcade built by the Augustians on lands presented (given) by Hugh de Lacey. Overlord of the Boyne valley at the time. Out of frame is a 14th century southern aisle, also of what remains of the abbey.



This is a square bell tower built later after the abbey in the 16th century. The tower incorporated a massive round tower built earlier, but no longer exists, but the “scar” is still visible from the northern tower – it was apparently struck by lightning



This tomb is where Brian Boru, last king of Ireland was rested here for five days before his funeral, in Armagh, after he was killed at the Battle of Clontarf. This is just a popular (probable) rumour though. Would be cool if it was true.



This is the tomb of Lord Bellew who was killed in action at the Battle of Aughrim. A mensa-slab (alter stone) is also supported by tomb surrounds.

Fun fact! In the 9th century the abbey suffered near constant raids by the Viking settlements located in Drogheda.

Fun fact! – Outside the abbey stands a 9th century cross. Like most high-crosses, there's images of something all over the cross, but it's hard to see what. This is due to stains on the high cross.

Reference – discoverireland.ie

Photographs – Conor Spellacey

Team Photograph

By Alfred Woods

Duleek GFC under seventeens at their win at Dunboyne in the late 1980's.



Front: (left to right): Brendan McKenna, Cianan Dorey, Paul McGrave, Brian Connor, Anthony Flynn, Kenneth Woods (R.I.P.) captain, Nigel McDermott, Stephan Corry, John Dillon, Ronan Heeney.

Back (left to right): John Dillon, Damien Moore, James Taplin, Patrick Callaghan, Kevin Carroll, Nigel McQuail, Declan Taaffe, Paul Moore, Bartle Lenehan, David Murphy.

"Duleek Churning Machines"

By Alfred Woods

One day while talking to my friend Tony Dowling he enquired if I had ever heard of a blacksmith named Barker in Duleek. While cleaning out a corner of his garden, he found a peculiar looking machine.



Luckily, it had the makers name and patent number engraved on the frame, and was in quite good condition when cleaned up. Michael Barker was a lodger with John and Maranne Heade on Main Street Duleek, opposite the library and the Co. Council offices. John Heade was the local postman. In those days there were two postmen in Duleek – one delivered letters and one parcels – Mr Heade. Mr Heade died in January 1924 and Michael being a very astute young man married Maryanne just one year later, thereby adhering to the old blacksmith adage “Striking the iron while it’s hot”.

Michael had a great fascination for the travelling circus which used to visit Duleek and set up the “big top” on the Commons during the summer, perform for a few evenings and off to the next venue. The circus always needed a good blacksmith to shoe the ponies, of which they had many, to pull the wagons and perform in the arena. The wagons also needed a lot of attention to keep them on the road. Occasionally when the circus moved on to their next venue, Michael moved with them and closed the forge and arrived back a month or two later to open up again.

Aviation was in its infancy in those days and Michael had a great interest in flying, and writing under the pen name of “Young Brown” he wrote a poem:

*“A young aeroplane pilot named Brown,
Whose deeds were the talk of the town,
With one soaring flight disappeared out of site,
And heaven knows where he'll come down”*

Michael Barker of "The Forge", Main Street, Duleek, Co. Meath was known for inventing the "Duleek Churning Machine" as advertised in Drogheda Independent (27/03/1915)

Michael was born on 2nd October 1881. His father Patrick Barker, a farmer from Lougher, Duleek, and his mother was Margaret Barker; (née Carter;) a farmer's daughter, from Mullafin (Painstown, Navan, Co. Meath). They were married in Yellowfurze church on 18th April 1875.

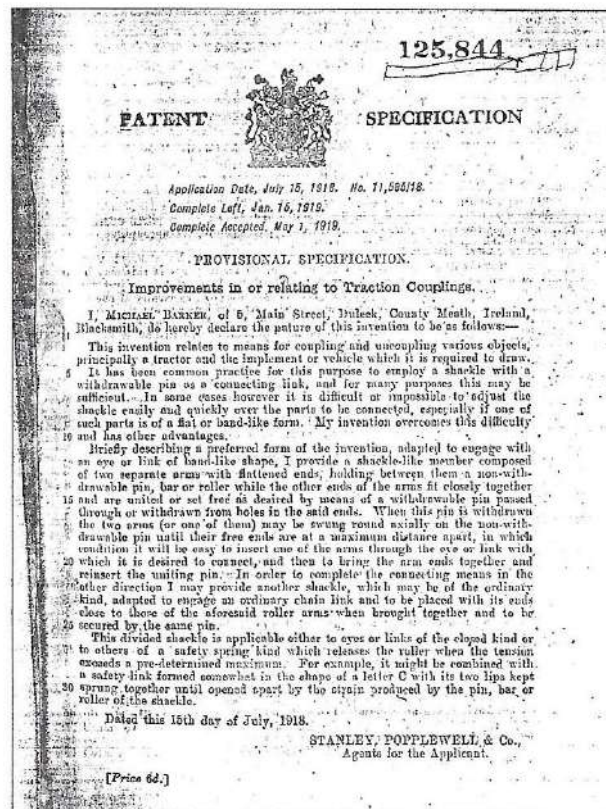
Michael's father Patrick, passed away on 31st October 1935 in West Street, in the presence of his son-in-law Joseph O'Beirne, who was Margaret's husband. Patrick worked as a shipping agent for the Midland Scottish Railway Company. Michael had a brother Patrick, born in Glasgow in 1878 as well as two sisters. Margaret born 10/11/1888 and Josephine born on 14th October 1890, who passed away on the 30th September 1899 aged 9yrs.

Michael opened a "Blacksmith's Forge" on Main Street, Duleek on 05/07/1913. His first invention was the "Churning Machine" which he advertised in the Drogheda Independent in 1915, at the modest price of 30s each. The only example that is known to remain is with Tony Dowling, Cushinstown. On the maker's plate Michael has inscribed his name, address and date of registration (1914) – although there has been no record of this registration found.



The forge in Duleek – recently, the site of Bidy's Hairdressers until demolished.

Michael's next invention for which there is a record was "Improvements in or related to Traction Couplings" for which he applied for a patent on 15th July 1918, and it was accepted on 1st May 1919.



Michael's patent for Traction Coupling's



Maryanne Heade and daughter outside 5 Main Street in the early 1900's

Michael was advertising the "Patent, Shackle and Coupling" in the Drogheda Independent on 20/07/1918, five days after he applied for the patent; he must have been quite confident of getting the patent! Michael later sold this hitch to the Ford factory in Cork and it was fitted to all Ford tractors for the home market and the large sales of these tractors to Russia and to other countries.

During this period Michael resided at 5 Main Street, lodging with John and Maryanne Heade, as the forge was next door to the main house.

John Heade is not on as being in residence, but is registered at Duleek Street, Drogheda - perhaps waiting to collect the post for the Duleek area as he was the local postman. John Heade (Rural Postman) (born 21/07/1864) passed away on 4th January 1912.

Michael Barker married Maryanne Heade on 9th April 1913. Maryanne had 5 daughters, and 2 sons with John Heade and also a further 2 sons with Michael. Patrick Michael (26/01/1914) and Alphonse Benedict (21/01/1915).

On 24th June 1916, Maryanne put the main house "Restaurant" and the smaller two houses and gardens including the forge up for sale. It appears the sale did not conclude until 1920, as the furniture was then put up for sale on the 20th October 1920, prior to her departure to the USA where she arrived on 8th December 1920.

Maryanne travelled on the S.S. Haverford out of Liverpool on 23rd November with 6 children. John Joe Barker (9), Patrick Michael Barker (7), Alphonsus Barker (6), Mary C Heade (29), Josephine Heade (26), and Agnes Heade (23). It appears that the three older Heade children were resident in England for over a year prior to their departure from the Ship Manifest (John Joe should have been recorded as Heade) there is another note that a further son Nicholas Patrick (02/09/1982) stayed behind in Ireland. Maryanne's next-of kin on her departure was Nicholas Heade, Hale Street, Ardee, Co. Louth.

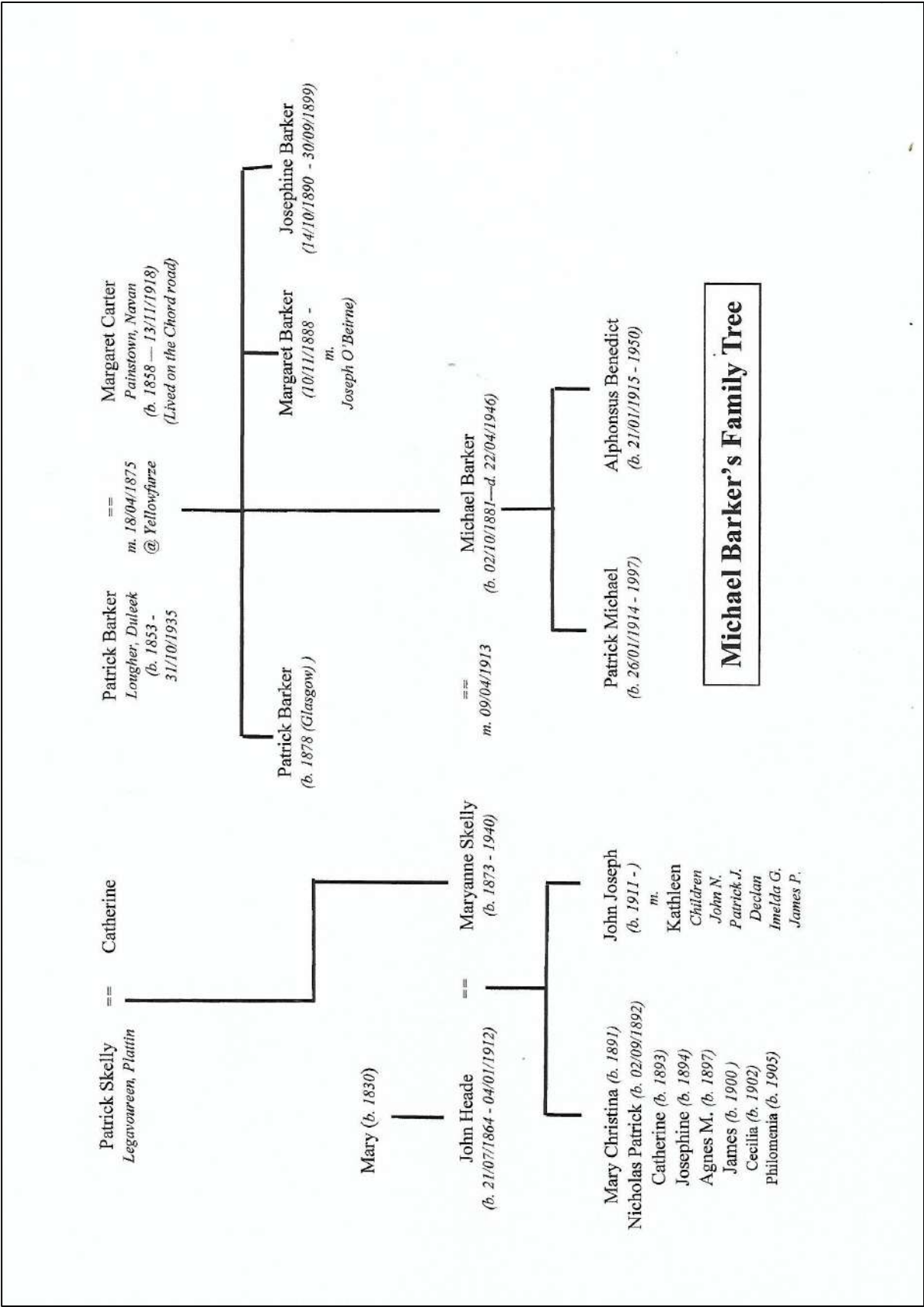
Maryanne joined her father, Patrick Skelly at 113 No. Ivanhoe St., Portland, Johns. Michael emigrated later in 1924 – 4 years after Maryanne, departing from Liverpool 26/06/1924, destined for Quebec, via the port of Montreal, aboard the Megantic (White Star Line). From Quebec Michael made his way to Portland (District 271-553) Multnomah, Oregon. According to the 1930 US census, 3 children resided with Michael and Maryanne. Michael's two sons, Patrick Michael and Alphonsus Benedict also Agnes M. Heade Maryanne's daughter. Further on this census, John Heade (Maryanne's son) appears at the same address, with his wife Kathleen, and four children: John N., Patrick J., Declan, Imelda G., and James P.

Michael and Maryanne moved to Vancouver, Washington between 1930 and 1940 - on the census in 1940 the couple only have three of their children at home.

Maryanne died in 1940, age 67yrs and Michael passed away on the 22nd April 1946, age 67yrs both in Vancouver Washington.

Michael was survived by two sisters, Mrs John Clarke and Mrs O'Beirne, as well as two sons, Michael Patrick Alphonse Benedict also a grand-daughter and eight step-children including Mrs J. Carroll and Rev Jas Heade Newport (Drogheda Independent 25/05/1946)

Patrick Michael's died in 1997 age 83yrs and Alphonse Benedict died in 1950, age 35.



John Clarke, Blacksmith – Lunderstown, Duleek to Norwalk, Ohio

By Ita O'Boyle

In April 1913, The Allen County Gazette (Ohio, USA) recorded the sudden death of 84-year-old John Clarke, a 'hearty smoker', who 'never before needed the services of a physician'.

The article went on to report that John Clarke, a Blacksmith from Duleek, emigrated to the United States in 1869 with his wife and four children. The couple went on to have thirteen children, of which, six were deceased.

**OCTOGENARIAN DIES
ON VISIT TO LIMA**

—

Never Before Had Need of Physician in Lifetime of Eighty-four Years.

—

Within sixteen hours of a call of the first physician he ever had needed during his life, John Clark, 84 years old of Norwalk, was found dead in bed at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Anna Trimmer, No. 315 E. Pearl street, yesterday. He had been a blacksmith for more than 60 years and had been a hearty smoker.

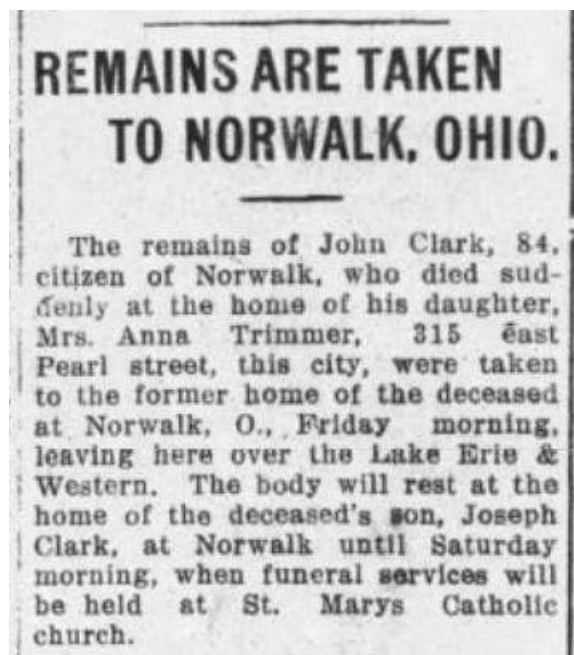
Mr. Clark and his wife who is 77 years old, had been visiting in Lima about two weeks when death came. Wednesday he complained and a physician was called. His wife awoke yesterday morning and he appeared to be asleep. When he failed to

awaken by 7:45 o'clock, Mrs. Trimmer investigated and found him dead. Coroner Curtis was summoned and found death was due to organic heart trouble. Mr. Clark had been dead about six hours when found. His family said he had never before needed the services of a doctor.

The veteran blacksmith was born in Duleek, Ireland, and came to America with his wife and four children in 1869. He was the father of thirteen children. Six of them are dead. The surviving ones are Mrs. Mary Madden, J. B. Clark, Mrs. Trimmer, and Francis Clark, all of Lima, and Mrs. Julia Arthur, Peter Clark and Joseph Clark, of Norwalk.

The body will be taken to the home of Joseph Clark at Norwalk, this morning over the L. E. and W. railroad. Funeral services will be held at St. Marys Catholic church there tomorrow at 7 o'clock. Interment will be in the cemetery there.

11 April 1913, Death of John Clarke [The Allen County Republican-Gazette (Lima, Ohio)]



11 April 1913 [*The Lima News (Lima, Ohio)*]¹

Margaret Coyle (nee Callaghan), daughter of Pat Callaghan and Mary Gray, was widowed when she married John Clarke in Garristown on 2 August 1858. John Clarke, from Lunderstown, Duleek, was the son of John and Mary Clarke and witnesses at the Marriage were Thomas White, Knockaneek, Ballymadun and Anne Callaghan, Lunderstown, Duleek.

With an address in Nutstown, John and Margaret Clarke had four children baptised in Garristown:²

Mary	b. 2nd July 1859;	bp. 3rd July 1859	<i>Nutstown</i>
	Sponsors: Thomas & Margaret White		
Patrick	b. 6th June 1861	bp. 9th June 1861	<i>Nutstown</i>
	Sponsors: Thomas Murray & Mary Callaghan		
Peter	b. 18th May 1863	bp. 20th May 1863	<i>Nutstown</i>
	Sponsors: John Murray & Margaret Lynch		
James	?	bp. 30th April 1865	<i>Nutstown</i>
	Sponsors: Thomas Bryan & Mary Nulty		

Shortly after the birth of their son, James in 1865, the family migrated to the United States and the US Census of 1870 finds the Clarkes in Norwalk Village, Huron, Ohio with five children. A daughter, Martha was born in New York c. 1867 and another son, Owen born in Ohio in August 1869. It is assumed that their son, Patrick, born in Ireland in 1861, had died in the intervening period.

The 1880 Census finds the family in Greenfield further expanded; Martha had seemingly died in the intervening decade, Mathew was born in New York c.1868 and Orrie, Joseph, Ann, Julia and Francis were born in Ohio between 1870 and 1879:

¹ www.newspapers.com

² www.registers.nli.ie

Martha	b.c. 1867 - New York
Mathew	b.c. 1868 - New York
Orrie (Owen)	b.c. 1870 - Ohio
Joseph R.	b.4th September 1871 - Greenfield Township, Huron, Ontario
Ann	b. 6th August 1874 - Greenfield Township, Huron, Ontario
Julia Frances	b. 18th June 1877 - Greenfield Township, Huron, Ontario
Frank (Francis)	b. 17th February 1879 - Greenfield Township, Huron, Ontario



John and Margaret Clarke and Family on the Occasion of Margaret's 70th Birthday³

The 1890 US Census has not survived, having been destroyed in a fire, and the 1900 Census finds John and Margaret Clarke in Greenfield, all children having left the family home. This Census records that John Clarke, a Blacksmith was born in Ireland in September 1831 and his wife, Margaret in March 1837.⁴ They had migrated in 1867 and were 33 Years in the United States. Margaret Clarke recorded that, in her marriage of 42 years, she had given birth to twelve children, of which, eight were still living.

Margaret Clarke (nee Callaghan) died two years following the death of her husband, on 19 February 1915. Both are buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, Norwalk.⁵

Norwalk - A Manufacturing Town

³ www.ancestry.com

⁴ It should be noted that such information as recorded on Census forms can be very inaccurate. Registration of Births, Marriages and Deaths did not begin in Ireland until 1864, and in a largely illiterate population, people often did not know their true age.

⁵ www.findagrave.com

The coming of the railroad in 1853 made Norwalk a manufacturing town. NSC Perkins built a foundry and sewing machine factory; Barnard Cortrite made fanning mills. Norwalk also had a dowel pin company as well as wood products companies. In 1875 the A. B. Chase Company began making organs and then pianos in Norwalk, a business which continued until 1930. The G.S. Stewart Furniture Factory opened in former railroad shops on Whittlesey Avenue in 1900 and would operate for another 50 years. The legacy of manufacturing in Norwalk continues today, with new companies arriving in town, including international automotive parts supplier Borgers, USA.



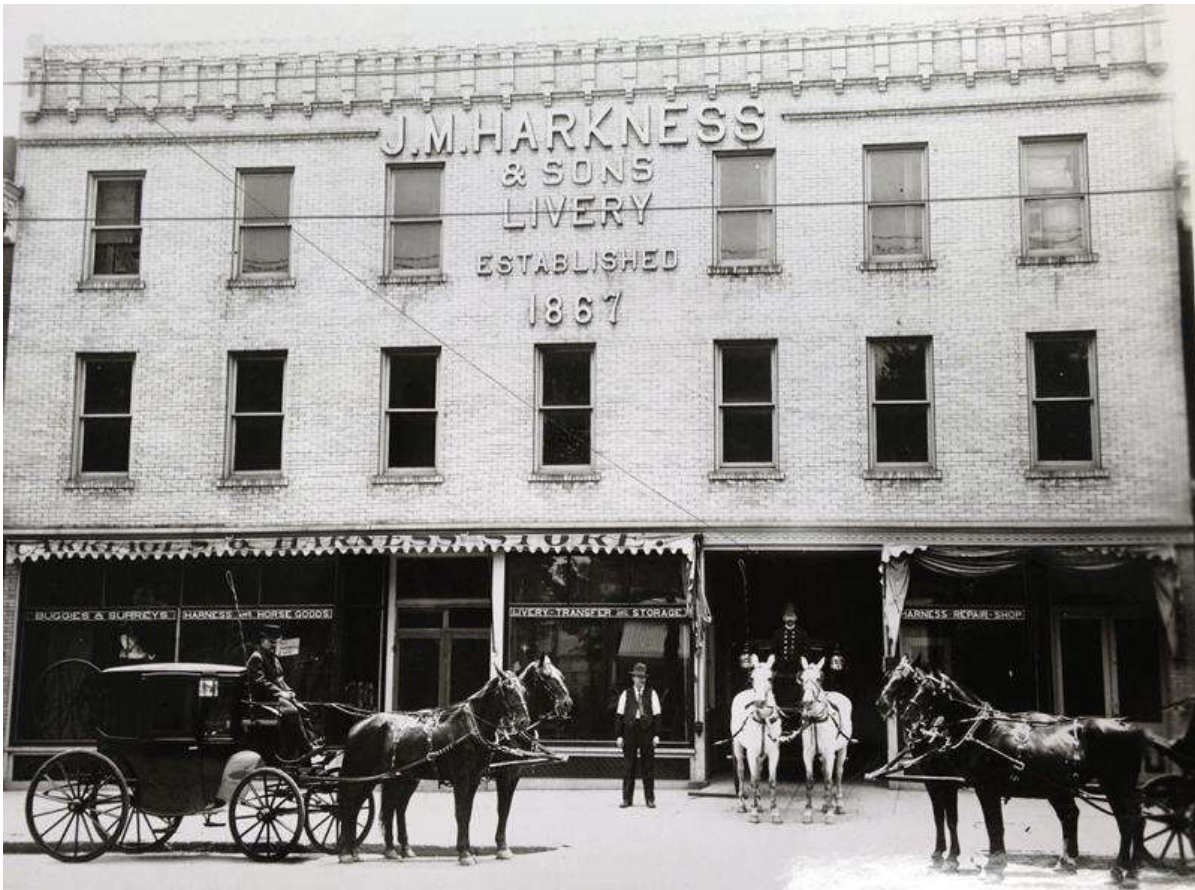
Early Infrastructure

In 1859 a company was formed which manufactured gas for illumination, and soon Norwalk streets and many homes enjoyed gas lights. Main Street was given a coating of gravel. The first stone paving with squares was started in 1877. In 1871 the first municipal water works started, pumping water from the river.

In 1886 the Norwalk Light and Power Company organized, which provided 82 arc lights for illumination of city streets. The company was proud to keep the lights on until midnight each night. By 1890 a new electric lighting company provided electricity for home lighting.

Wheeling & Lake Erie Railroad first entered the Norwalk area in 1877 as a narrow-gauge railroad, but this was reorganized in 1880 with a new rail line that ran through Norwalk east and west, and at the time, north to Huron. This provided two different railroad passenger lines as well as freight lines for the Norwalk area.⁶

⁶ www.norwalkoh.com



Norwalk, U.S.A.

Viewing the Duleek Tomb in a new context – The Plunkett Family

by Seamus Bellew

This year marks the quatercentenary of St Oliver Plunkett's birth at Loughcrew on 1 November 1625. St Oliver's maternal great grandparents, were Sir Lucas Dillon and his wife, Jane Bathe. Through this couple he was related to many local families such as the Barnewalls, Bellews, Cusacks, Dillons, Draycotts, Plunketts, Talbots as well as the Flemings and St Lawrences. These relationships, are illustrated by the heraldry on a number of medieval tombs in Co Meath and neighbouring counties. The Bellew tomb at Duleek is one of six tombs dating from the mid-fifteenth century and similar in style. The others are located at Killeen, Dunsany, Rathmore, Howth and Malahide. Tombs can be a medium for genealogically based heraldic display.

The tomb located at Killeen, commemorates Sir Christopher Plunkett and his wife, Joan Cusack. The tombs at Dunsany (Plunkett and Fitzgerald), Rathmore (Plunkett and Cruise) and Malahide (Talbot and Plunkett) pertain to three children of the above couple. The tomb at Howth (St Lawrence and Plunkett) relates to their granddaughter. It is suggested that the Duleek tomb (Bellew and Preston) relates to the Plunketts through a second marriage. While it is not intended to repeat much of the previously published detail, what is of interest here is the consideration of all tombs six together. This allows for an overall perspective to emerge where the tomb at Killeen can be regarded as a 'forerunner' in a genealogical sense for the remaining tombs under consideration.

The tombs naturally draw on heraldry associated with the Killeen ancestors, but they also include heraldry relating to the respective families of the spouses, Fitzgerald (Dunsany), Cruise (Rathmore), Talbot (Malahide), St Lawrence (Howth) and Preston (Duleek). What emerges is that in some cases as many of the shields can pertain to the wife's family as to the husband's.

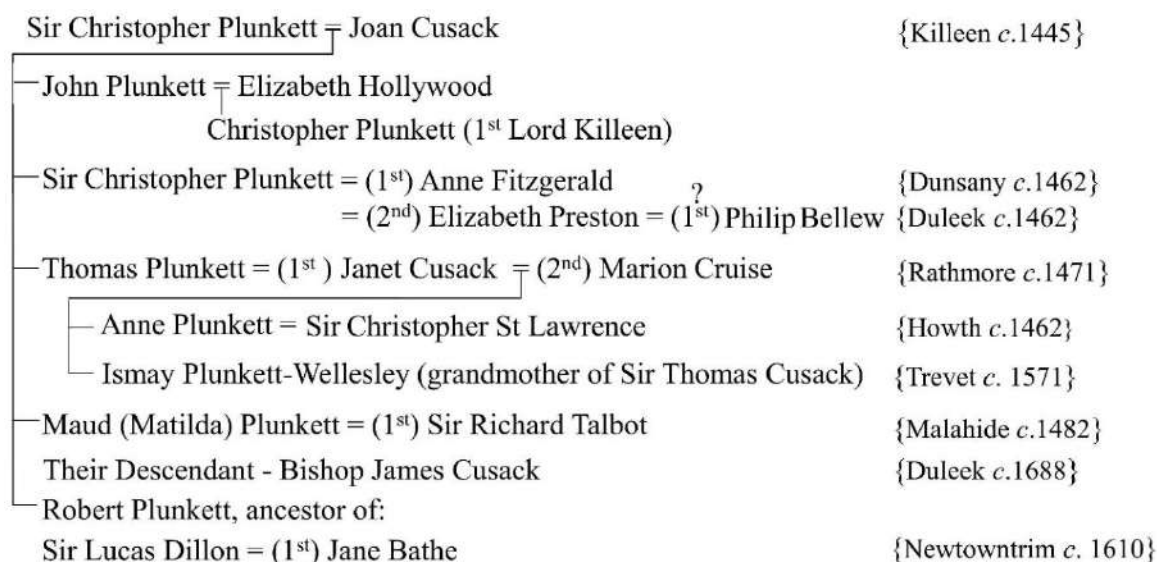


Figure 1: The list of the Plunkett related tombs.

The Church of St Mary at Killeen was built c.1425 by Sir Christopher Plunkett (†1445), the first of his family to own Killeen. In 1401 he married Joan (†1441), daughter and heiress of Sir Lucas Cusack, and succeeded to the manors of Killeen and Dunsany. The fifteenth-century altar tomb at Killeen is generally attributed to this couple. As illustrated in the following table, Joan Cusack descended from a long line of

Cusack related families, including those of Butler, Fleming, and Tuite. These arms of these families appear on several of these Plunkett tombs as detailed in legend.

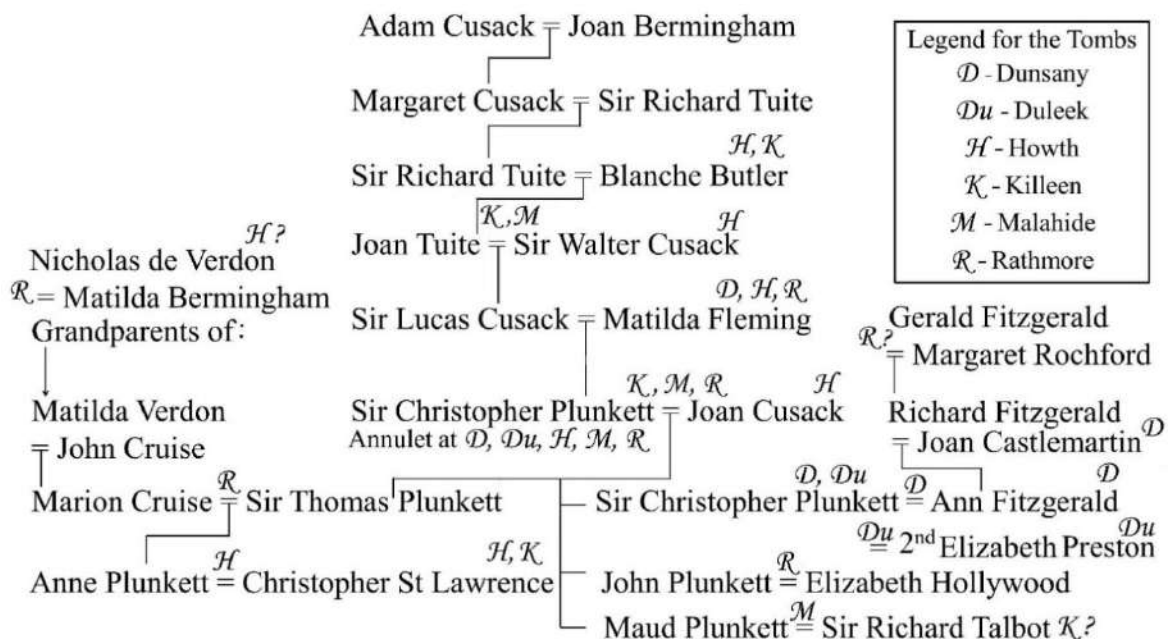
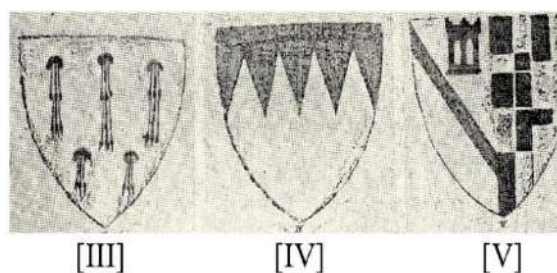


Figure 2: A brief Plunkett family tree connecting the six related tombs.

The Plunkett Tomb at Killeen

The longer south side contains three shields numbered by Fitzgerald as [III], [IV], and [V]. He explains how the arms shown in shield [V], which are those of Plunkett impaling Cusack and Tuite quarterly, were identified by George Burtchaell, Athlone Pursuivant of Arms. Joan Cusack was granddaughter of Sir Walter Cusack and Joan Tuite. It is reasonable to attribute the arms in [IV] to Butler, from the Earl of Ormond, an ancestor on the Cusack side. The arms shown in [III] appear to be religious and probably relate to the five wounds of Christ. The arms on the east side of the tomb at Killeen are taken to be St Lawrence, that were probably intended to represent the marriage of Anne Plunkett to Sir Christopher St Lawrence of Howth. The other impaled arms may have been intended to represent Sir Richard Talbot of Malahide, husband of Maud (Matilda), daughter of Sir Christopher Plunkett and Joan Cusack.



Left: Figure 3: The tomb at Killeen for Sir Christopher Plunkett and Joan Cusack c. 1445.

Right: Figure 4: Detail from the Plunkett tomb at Killeen.

The Plunkett Tomb at Dunsany

Sir Christopher Plunkett and his wife, Joan Cusack, through their second son, Sir Christopher, were the ancestors of the Dunsany branch of the family. The ruined Church of St Nicholas in the demesne of Dunsany contains an effigial tomb which likely was intended to commemorate Sir Christopher Plunkett, Lord Dunsany (†1462), and his first wife, Anne Fitzgerald. The only impaled arms on the tomb are those of Plunkett and Fitzgerald. Hunt raises the suggestion that tomb at Dunsany was prepared when Anne, died, but that later, Sir Christopher desired in his will dated 1462/3 to be buried at Killeen.⁷ Westropp in 1894 article included an illustration of the coats of arms on the sides on the tomb.⁸ The north side bears the arms of Plunkett (with an annulet), Fleming, Castlemartin and the impaled arms of Plunkett and Fitzgerald.

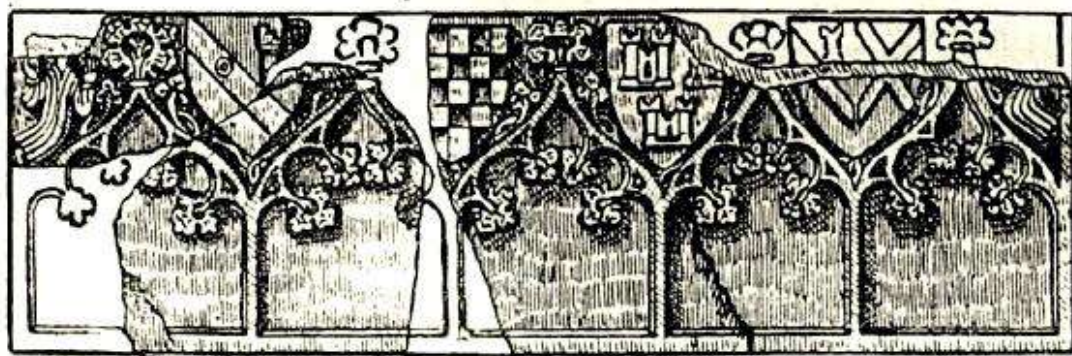


Figure 5: Detail from the north side of the Plunkett tomb at Dunsany.

The impaled arms are attributed to Christopher, first Lord Dunsany, and his first wife, Anne, daughter of Richard Fitzgerald, of Ballysonan, Co Kildare, by his wife, Joan Castlemartin. Joan was daughter and co-heir of Nicholas de Castlemartin and of his wife, Catherine, sister, and eventual heir of Simon Cusack, of Culmolyn (Culmullin). Joan's sister and co-heir of Nicholas de Castlemartin, Anne, was wife of Thomas Cusack, of Dunsany. On the death of Thomas, Sir Christopher Plunkett inherited Dunsany.⁹ This accounts for the arms of Castlemartin. The arms of Fleming were probably intended to recognise Sir Christopher's grandmother, Matilda, daughter of Simon Fleming, first Baron of Slane.

The Bellew Tomb at Duleek

⁷ Hunt, *Irish Medieval Figure Sculpture 1200-1600*, vol. i, pp 205-6, vol. ii, plate 138.

⁸ Thomas J. Westropp, 'The Churches of Dunsany and Skreen, Co. Meath', *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, Fifth Series, vol. 4, No. 3 (September, 1894), pp. 222-231, pp 224-8.

⁹ Carty, *The Story of Dunsany Castle*, p. 18; *The Illustrated London News*, 11 Dec. 1852, p. 533. Available online at <https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/mb> then search "The illustrated London news" v.21 Jul-Dec 1852 (accessed on 30 September 2024).

The fifteenth-century tomb at St Mary's Abbey, Duleek, has been taken to be that of Philip Bellew (†c.1462) and his wife, Elizabeth, sister of Robert Preston, first Viscount Gormanston. Her mother was Joanna, daughter of Sir Jenico D'Artois, the 'Gascon squire' who came to Ireland as a follower of King Richard II. Separately references point to the fact that Sir Christopher Plunkett, first Lord Dunsany, married secondly Elizabeth, sister of Robert, first Viscount Gormanston, and daughter of Christopher Preston, third Baron Gormanston, by his wife Jane D'Artois, daughter of Sir Jenico D'Artois.¹⁰



Figure 6: Detail from the south side of the Bellew tomb at Duleek.

It would then seem reasonable to suppose that Elizabeth Preston, second wife of Sir Christopher Plunkett was indeed the same Elizabeth, who married Philip Bellew. The south and north sides of the tomb have panels carved with six cinquefoil ogee niches with decorated heads, with five shields in the spandrels above them. The south side depicts the arms of Fitzgerald, D'Artois, Plunkett, Preston and Bellew.



Figure 7: Detail from the north side of the Bellew tomb at Duleek.

Similarly on the north side, the arms are taken to be the *Arma Virginis*, Preston impaling Plunkett, Preston impaling Bellew, St Lawrence impaling Bellew and the *Arma Christi*.¹¹ The three impaled shields are shown in Figure 7. It is clear that these should be reversed i.e. Plunkett and Preston, Bellew and Preston and thirdly Bellew and St Lawrence. The impaled arms of Bellew and St. Lawrence represent the marriage of Philip's great grandparents, John Bellew and Margaret St. Lawrence. The impaled arms of Bellew and Preston are obviously for Philip and his wife Elizabeth Preston. This leaves consideration to be given to the impaled arms taken to represent a Plunkett husband and a Preston wife, that may further strengthen the

¹⁰ <http://www.crafcroftspeerage.co.uk/dunsany1462.htm> (accessed on 30 September 2024).

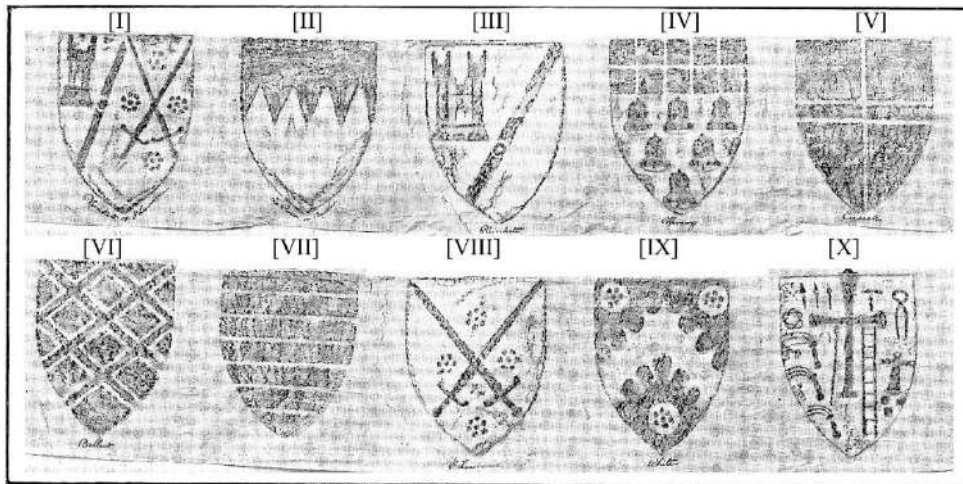
¹¹ Bellew, 'Coats of Arms and the Bellew Family', p. 427; See also the Bellew family pedigrees at the National Library of Ireland, GO MS 173, p. 236; GO MS 181, p. 171.

suggestion that Elizabeth Preston, wife of Philip Bellew, married secondly, Sir Christopher Plunkett of Dunsany.¹² We will return to this question.

The St Lawrence Tomb at Howth

The effigial tomb at St Mary's Abbey, Howth is for Sir Christopher St Lawrence, first Baron of Howth and his wife, Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Plunkett. Sir Christopher died between 1462 and 1465.¹³ The arms on the south side of the tomb, shown in Figure 8 were numbered [I] to [V] by Fitzgerald and those on the north side were numbered [VI] to [X]. Fitzgerald plausibly suggested that the impaled arms of Plunkett and St Lawrence, shown in [I], were reversed in error.

Figure 8: Detail from the St Lawrence tomb at Howth.



In the light of the other Plunkett tombs, it is now reasonable to suggest that the following arms are: [II]: Butler; [III]: Plunkett; [IV]: Fleming and [V]: Cusack. Fitzgerald suggests that they were related to the family of St Lawrence, but was unable to account for them. The arms on the north side of the tomb were given by Fitzgerald as [VI]: Bellew; [VII]: Barry of eight (recte three bars), possibly intended for Barry or Hussey; [VIII]: St Lawrence; [IX]: White and [X]: the *Arma Christi*. The representation of White and Barry or Hussey may represent family connections on the St Lawrence side. All the shields on the south side of the tomb ([I] to [V]) relate to the wife, Anne Plunkett. It appears that Fitzgerald did not countenance this possibility. This has relevance as we return to discuss the Bellew tomb at Duleek.

Religious emblems

All six tombs carry the *Arma Christi* or the Instruments of the Passion. Apart from the tomb at Killeen, the depiction of the other five are very similar. The symbols on the *Arma Christi* (see Figure 9, I) depicted at Duleek, associated with the Passion of Christ, are the cross, a ladder, pincers, three scourges, three dice, a sponge on a reed, hammer, and a robe. Three of the other tombs depict three nails and a crown of thorns is included at Malahide. The *Arma Virginis*, where the Heart of Mary is depicted as pierced by two swords indicative of her sharing in Christ's passion, is depicted at Duleek (see Figure 9, [II]), Killeen, Dunsany, and Malahide.

¹² For images of the Bellew tomb, use the url: <http://www.tara.tcd.ie/discover> and search under Duleek (accessed on 30 September 2024).

¹³ Walter Fitzgerald, 'Howth, St Mary's Churchyard', *Journal of the Association for the Preservation of Memorials of the Dead of Ireland*, vol. vii, no. 3 of Part 1, (1909), pp 570-74; Hunt, *Irish Medieval Figure Sculpture 1200-1600*, vol. i, pp 144-5.

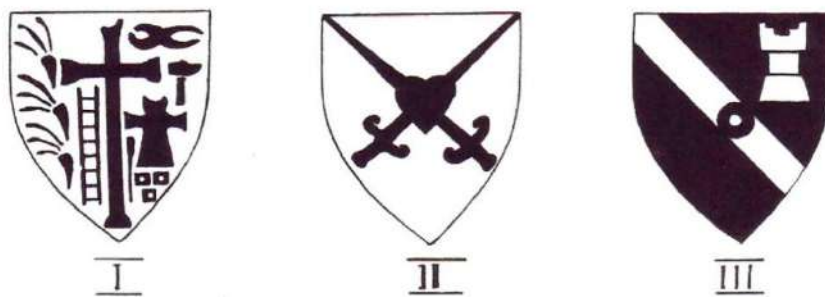


Figure 9: Detail from the Bellew tomb at Duleek.

The annulet

The examination of the Plunkett tombs prompts us to examine an additional feature, the annulet, charged on the bend of the Plunkett arms on the tombs at Duleek, Dunsany, Howth, Malahide and Rathmore. As all these tombs relate to Killeen it is reasonable to assume that the annulet pertains to Sir Christopher Plunkett and his wife, Joan Cusack. At Duleek the annulet features on the Plunkett arms as illustrated in Figure 9, III. The annulet is also depicted on the impaled arms taken to represent a Plunkett and Preston marriage as shown in Figure 10.



Figure 10: The impaled Plunkett (right) and Preston (left) arms on the Bellew tomb.

Previously it has been suggested that Elizabeth Preston married first to Philip Bellew, and then secondly that she married Sir Christopher Plunkett, first Lord Dunsany, as his second wife. As Philip Bellew has no known Plunkett ancestry, this further strengthens the suggestion that this Plunkett shield does in fact represent Elizabeth's second husband, Sir Christopher Plunkett. In the context of Howth, it was observed that the number of the shields, on that tomb pertaining to the wife, exceeded the number relating to the husband. This now seems to be the case at Duleek as well.

Of the ten shields on the Bellew tomb, two are religious, and four probably represent the wife, Elizabeth Preston as follows: D'Artois, Plunkett, Preston, and the impaled arms taken to represent a Plunkett and Preston marriage. Three then represent the familial connections for Philip Bellew as follows: Bellew, Fitzgerald and the impaled arms for the Bellew and St Lawrence marriage. Finally, the shield containing the impaled arms representing the Bellew and Preston marriage are of course for Philip and Elizabeth. While no

documentation has been found to state that this is the case, the heraldry at Duleek strongly suggests that Elizabeth Preston, first wife of Philip Bellew, married secondly Sir Christopher Plunkett, first Lord Dunsany.¹⁴

¹⁴ Seamus Bellew, 'The Quatercentenary of St Oliver Plunkett's Birth in 1625: Heraldic Connections', *Ríocht na Midhe*, vol. xxxvi, (2025), pp 85-130.

Duleek Credit Union

By Alfred Woods

Congrats. On achieving 50yrs of Duleek Credit Union business; and to have achieved it in style, from small beginnings, on our second night after opening, I remember our secretary Mrs. Fennell say 'if only we had £300 in the funds'. It was a very different Ireland in those days, and the working man seldom, if ever, used or visited a bank. When people realised the ethos of the Credit Union was to save and borrow at the same time, and that if you saved, your neighbour might benefit...what was saved in Duleek was spent in Duleek, they grasped it with both hands. Duleek people know a good deal when they see one!

On the appointed night, the old courthouse was full to the rafters, to witness the opening of Duleek Credit Union. Near the old pot-bellied stove there was one empty bench. A representative from Credit Union Headquarters — reading from our meetings book, called out names and invited each one to take a seat on the empty bench. Then a pause, and with a dramatic flourish of his right arm he said “*There is Duleek Credit Union-go off, appoint your officers and announce when you are open for business.*”

One man stood up protesting vigorously at not being called and pointing out how suitable he would be, and that he was very willing to take an active part in running the venture. The roll-book was opened and it was pointed out that he had not attended the study group except on one occasion when he came late and left early. Silence. The Credit Union — study — and the study we did would be very little compared to the present day.

I feel that the modern Credit Union committee members are wonderful people who give such a generous commitment of their talents and their time, remembering that they are all volunteers. I am proud to have been a member of an organisation that has generated so much goodwill and helped so much in the business and prosperity of the community over the past 50 yrs.

A very special congratulation to the girls at the front desk who are the face of Duleek Credit Union; you are all so knowledgeable, helpful, patient and good-humoured, that a visit is always a pleasure.

On behalf of Matt and myself I would like to pay tribute to our fellow founder members that are no longer with us. John Potter and Tom Heeney who were always there and when the business of the Credit Union was completed brought the takings to the Bank-of-Ireland night safe. To Mrs Fennell, secretary, who had just retired from the Harbour Commissioners office in Drogheda. Her wonderful assistant Ann Kevitt, Kathleen Clarke and her Neighbour Lily McNally, Paddy Walsh, Paddy Kevitt, Joey Egan, Paddy McKenna, each of whom willingly gave 110%.

Now for a recommendation; we were told at Drogheda Toastmasters, that every speech should contain a recommendation. so I think that Duleek Community should have garden allotments — gardening and fruit-growing was a thriving business in Duleek during the 1930s and 1940s, when lorries came from Dublin to collect fruit, principally raspberries, gooseberries, currants and strawberries and when the schoolchildren spent their summer holidays picking this fruit...but those days are gone and the Celtic Tiger has covered most of the gardens with fine houses, but we still have a few people with gardening knowhow and 170 acres of common land on our door-step.

An enthusiastic and energetic committee and a few acres of 'the Commons' the best veg. & potato growing land in Europe, and remember that no vegetable or potato ever tastes as sweet as the one you grow yourself.

At our Credit Union Meeting on the 28/3/1968 we collected £21-11-00 for lodgement by Albis Fennell, sec.

Did you know?

Dorothy Paggett, the famous racehorse owner in England, sent a lot of her horses to Ireland for safety during 1939-1945 war and were to be seen grazing on the land where the waste facility now stands at Carranstown.

On losing my mobile phone

One morning fair in the clear cool air

My frustration was exceeding

My mobile from my pocket slipped

While I was doing some weeding

I would like to know that should it grow

Might I sell cell-phone seedlings?

T.A.W

Ann Blyth

By Andrew Wright

In the celebrations last year of the achievements of Kate Kennedy, Ken Murray highlighted a prominent Hollywood actress, Ann Blyth, who also has connections with Gaskinstown. Her mother Nan Lynch was born in Gaskinstown before moving to America and her uncle, Tommy Lynch, former member of the Irish Republican Army in 1921, who worked in Butlin's holiday camp until he retired in September 1957.

Ann Marie Blyth (born Mount Kisco, New York, on August 16, 1928 as Anne Blythe.) is an American retired actress and singer. After her father left the family, Ann, her elder sister Dorothy, and their mother moved to a walk-up apartment on East 31st Street in New York City. Ann performed on children's radio shows in New York for six years, making her first appearance when she was five. When she was nine, she joined the New York Children's Opera Company.

Ann's first acting role was on Broadway in Lillian Hellman's *Watch on the Rhine* (1941-42). She played the part of Paul Lukas's daughter, Babette. The play ran for 378 performances, and won the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award. After the New York run, the play went on tour, and while performing at the Biltmore Theatre Los Angeles, Ann was offered a contract with Universal Studios. She made her film debut in 1944, with Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan in the teenager musical *Chip Off the Old Block* (1944) and followed with a number of films.

On loan to Warner Brothers, Ann was cast "against type" as Veda Pierce, the scheming, ungrateful daughter of Joan Crawford in *Mildred Pierce* (1945). Her dramatic portrayal won her outstanding reviews, and she received a nomination for an Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress. Ann was only 16 when she made the Michael Curtiz film. (Crawford won the Best Actress award.) The movie was deemed by the US Government to be "culturally, historical and aesthetically significant", so much so that it was selected for preservation in the United States Library of Congress, National Film Registry in Washington DC.

After *Mildred Pierce*, Ann sustained a broken back while tobogganning in Snow Valley in the Southern California mountains and was not able to fully capitalize on the film's success.

However, she recovered and continued to make a number of films at Universal from 1948 onwards. Among them a romantic comedy *Katie Did It* (1951) which universal gave her top billing and *The Great Caruso* (1951)(MGM) opposite Mario Lanza, which was a massive box-office hit. In December 1952, Ann left Universal and signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where she continued making films. She was the leading lady in *All the Brothers Were Valiant* (1953) with Stewart Granger and Robert Taylor, stepping in for Elizabeth Taylor, who had to drop out due to pregnancy. She also started to appear on television.



Ann with Tim Shanley, Jim Curley and Oliver Shanley's knees with John Corry on bicycle.



Ann with the local Garda in Duleek

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Sidney Sheldon cast Ann in the title role of *The Helen Morgan Story* (1957) directed by Michael Curtiz with Paul Newman. Ann reportedly beat 40 other actresses for the part. Though her voice was more like the original Helen Morgan, her vocals were dubbed by Gogi Grant. The soundtrack was much more successful than the film itself. Ann made no further films. For her final picture at the studio, MGM put Ann in *Slander* (1957) opposite Van Johnson. From the late 1950s into the 1970s, Ann worked in musical theatre and summer stock, starring in the shows *The King and I*, *The Sound of Music*, and *Show Boat*. She also appeared sporadically on television, including co-starring opposite James Donald in the 1960 adaptation of A.J. Cronin's novel, *The Citadel*.

She guest-starred on episodes of *The DuPont Show with June Allyson*, *The Dick Powell Theatre*, *Saints and Sinners*, *Wagon Train* (several episodes), *The Twilight Zone* ("Queen of the Nile"), *Burke's Law*, *Kraft Suspense Theatre*, *Insight*, and *The Name of the Game*. Several of these appearances were for Four Star Television, with whom Ann signed a multiple-appearance contract. Ann became a spokesperson for Hostess Cupcakes. Her last television appearances were in episodes of *Switch* and *Quincy, M.E.* in 1983 and *Murder, She Wrote* in 1985.

She then officially retired. Ann performed live in concert tours for many years with Harper MacKay serving as her accompanist and music director.

In 1953, Ann married obstetrician James McNulty, brother of singer Dennis Day, who had introduced them. The bridesmaids were actresses Joan Leslie, Jane Withers, and Betty Lynn.



*With best wishes
Ann Blyth*

Ann Blyth with Kathleen O'Boyle in Duleek. (Nellie McGuinness (?) is with the Bike!)

The couple received a special commendation from the pope. After her marriage, Ann took a hiatus from her career to focus on raising their five children. In 1973, she and McNulty, both Roman Catholics were accorded the honorific rank of Lady and Knight of the Holy Sepulchre in a ceremony presided over by Cardinal Cooke. Ann was widowed when her husband James died at 79 on May 13, 2007, in La Jolla,

For her contributions to the film industry, Ann has a motion picture star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame at 6733 Hollywood Boulevard. In 2003, Ann was the recipient of the Living Legacy Award by the Women's International Center.

Ann is one of the last surviving stars from the Golden Age of Hollywood cinema.

Edited from Wikipedia, the free encyclopaedia

How Gaskinstown got its Name

By Paddy McKenna

Gaskinstown was a commonage. The lane was the Commons Lane. About three hundred years ago, a man named Mr Gaskin came over from France and bought about two hundred acres at the top of the lane and he built a house. The lane became known as Gaskins Lane. As time went by more houses were built and it became known as Gaskinstown Lane.

In the early eighteen hundred the Kennedy family bought the Gaskin home. Kate Kennedy was born in 1827. She lived in Gaskinstown until 1850 when she emigrated to America where she became famous. She took up teaching and became Principle of Cosmopolitan Grammar school. She worked to get equal pay for women and that was introduced in 1874.

Kate was honoured in Duleek a couple of years ago.

Wells of Duleek

By Duleek Heritage

A Duleek Village Pump – by P. Gogan

The village pump was situated along the main street outside the courthouse and close to the spot where the public phone box is now located. It was a big upright pump with a very long handle protruding from it. The pump was erected on a platform and this in turn had a two-foot high pillar at each corner. At a lower level a spout drained water into a large stone trough which was used for watering animals - particularly horses.

I have never seen the pump in use as it had its "sucker" removed in the late 1800s. This exercise had been carried out on the advice of the medical officer for the area following an outbreak of typhoid fever.

The pump was a favourite meeting-place for the youths of the locality in the 1920s & '30s. It also acted as a kind of a "labour exchange" during busy times on farms. The farmer who required help would call to the pump - where men in need of work would assemble - and make the necessary arrangements. The work was available mostly at haymaking, turnip thinning and the droving of cattle to the boats at Drogheda Port.

Across the street from the pump was the local post office, which was then run by Frank Carey and his sister Ciss. The 1920s was the era of the telegram and this was the method then available to convey urgent messages. When a telegram was received at the post office Frank would place it in the window. As soon as this happened there would be a sudden rush of the boys from the pump across the street. The first man in the office got the job of delivering the telegram and pick up the fee - which for a walking or bicycle trip to Athcarne or Mullafin realised the princely sum of six pence.

A pump and drinking trough at Ardcath (photo. A. Fanning)



The School Well - by J. Conlon & J. Curley

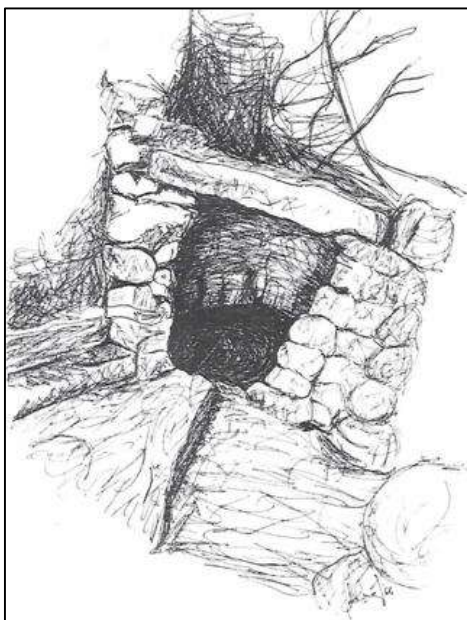
Situated between Conlon's and Murray's, along Chapel Lane, a right-of-way exists and it is here that "The School Well" is located. It was built by Meath County Council sometime around the 1860s and was subsequently maintained by them. It was used by the pupils of the old school during lunch-hour. Jim Conlon, a former pupil at the school remembers the early days. He remembers, in particular, the lunches which consisted of bread coated with homemade jams made from the many fruits grown locally - raspberries, gooseberries, plums, damsons, and blackcurrants.

The well was the source of water for two Conlon families, Sheerans, Connors, McKennas, Moss and Gallaghers, on a daily basis. The water was used for all domestic purposes - including cooking and washing. Monday was the big wash-day and the water was carried in large galvanised-iron buckets, boiled in large metal pots and then poured into wooden tubs where the washer-woman kneaded away on the wash board. Every day, the potatoes were boiled in water drawn from the well and this provided the main part of the staple diet in the locality. All the water was boiled on the open hearth fire. Pupils first chore on returning from school in the evening was to bring home water. This was the only well in the immediate area and a supply was built up for the evening and the following day's breakfast.

The lunch break at school was from 12.00 to 12.30 pm and at that time a long queue of pupils would build up on the narrow right-of-way to the well. This stretched for thirty to forty yards of hedge-lined pathway. The popular method of drinking was to lie on ones stomach and stretch your face downwards to get a refreshing drink of the clear spring water. The bread and jam was eaten en route to and from the well.

The Conlon family, who lived adjacent to the well, kept geese, including a large gander, which in later years resented the pupils going to the well. The pupils "wised up" to the gander's motives and in order to get past him they would have to "part" with a piece of bread to pacify him. This ferocious gander was liable to bite from eye to thigh and many of the pupils thought that he had undergone special training from his mistress to keep the children away from the well. The surrounding gardens contained apple trees and the owner of the gander treasured the apples and would use any method to keep the pupils away. On many occasions the mistress of the gander would stand with a "wicked" look upon her face as she knew that some children were using the trips to the well as an excuse to "liberate" some of her apples.

To this day the well, though not in use, remains in excellent condition as does the original stonework, although the latter requires some maintenance work. This is a genuine spring that was never known to dry out and it always maintained a full water level.



The School Well (drawing by J. Dowling)

The "Big well" at East Commons - by J. Sheerin

The "Big Well" at East Commons is one of the best known wells in the locality, particularly for the abundance of watercress around the overflow. Every footballer in the parish knew it as after practice, particularly on a hot summer's evening, they made a bee-line for its refreshing waters to quench their thirst, kneeling on the big flat stone fronting it they "cupped up" the cool waters with their hands.

How long did it exist there? No one can tell but all knew that it had served many generations. At one time there were just twenty-six houses around The Commons. In the long dry hot summer of '95 it completely dried up for the first known time. A couple of years later it dried up again. On the high ground, up near Carranstown, at the North Quarry the blasting may have had some connection? A stone mason recently told me that during blasting the underneath rock can split and the water seeps through the fissures. This is one theory that may account for the "drying up." When I was digging the foundations for a wall in front of the house I struck a spring about six inches down. The water was gushing up as if out of a spout - so I had to abandon the job. About fifteen years later I had no trouble building a wall at the same spot.

These events appear to be related and there appears to be a lowering of the water table around this area.

The well of the Deenes - by A. Woods

The Well of the Deenes has fallen on bad times. This well is located at the T-junction where the Duleek to Balrath road is joined by the road from Bolies Crossroads, after it crosses the River Nanny. It is in the angle of the roads beside the Fr. McManus Monument. Once, it served families in the locality who tended to its annual maintenance, by way of debris removal, replacement of fallen stones and application of lime - which was intended to act as a purifier and general refresher.

Located in such a prominent position it acted as a focal point in the social order of things, as they were in those times - neighbour met neighbour to exchange the news and stories of the day, and indeed how boy met girl on the way to the well sometimes entered into the scheme of things.

The well was surrounded by a wall on the corner of the roadside where people used to congregate, sit and chat - but that was then, and now the traffic has all but pushed that same wall right into the well.

The story is told of how, in the mid-1950s, two young men were returning home in the wee hours from a dance in Abbeylands Ballroom when they decided to have a drink at the well. Leaving their bikes leaning against the wall they descended the stone steps and "cupping" their hands they enjoyed a long cool drink from the well. They returned to their bicycles and saw two big red eyes looking across the wall straight at them. In the semi darkness they could see a big black dog - the biggest black dog that either had ever seen. Indeed, they could feel the heat of his breath on their faces. They grabbed their bicycles and took off, in terror. As they rounded the bend at the bridge they "upended" a local cattle-herd who was on his way home after tending to a calving cow. They all "picked themselves up" and when no lasting damage had been done to any of the participants the herd inquired "why the big push?" and "why the lads hadn't been looking where they were going?". They told him about the "Big Black Dog" and the danger that he might be following them. The herd replied - "Well Holy God lads, if that's what a drink of well water can do to you I'd hate to think what a mouthful of the stuff that I make might do!! That was the tinker's ass you saw - they're camped at the Croppies Wood. The Ass was grazing there when I passed that way earlier.

Wells were once the centre of attention for man and beast seeking water but the advent of the electric pump and mains water has rendered them all but obsolete.

The Well and Grotto at Hilltown - by J. Bellew

Little remains today of the past splendour of Hilltown, home of the Boylan family and once a busy and very productive farm estate. The great farmyards now lie silent and empty. The magnificent Hilltown House, which proudly stood on Bellewstown hill, boldly looking across the Boyne at Killineer House, is but a memory. The house was dismantled stone by stone, and is stored in a warehouse awaiting re-assembly. The Boylan family has also left the locality, but their legacy lives on in the fond memories of those who knew them.

What is perhaps the Boylan Family's greatest legacy is known only to those who have been born and reared in Bellewstown. It lies out of sight, across the road opposite the gates leading to Hilltown House. The only clue a stranger has of its existence is the wicket gate (beside the bungalow) painted in Marian blue. As you open the gate you enter a path and at once you leave County Meath. The whole character of the site is more of a mountain path in County Wicklow. The ground rises steeply to the left and falls away to the right. Rhododendrons and holly flourish under ash and beech, while further on there is abundance of fuchsias and laurels - all are acid-loving plants and totally out of character with County Meath's limestone. At the end of the path you are greeted with the glorious sight of an imposing statue of the Virgin Mary resplendent in a magnificent limestone grotto. She stands, facing northwards towards Drogheda with her back to the crest of Bellewstown hill. To the right, and leading underneath, a path brings you down to where a pipe pours cool clear water into a pool. The combination of light, vegetation, flowing water and singing birds all give a wonderful sense of tranquillity and peace.

Willie Ludlow who was born and reared in Hilltown and whose family had a long association with the Boylan family says. *"I was told that the Boylan family had a private walk from their home at Hilltown House to the well and grotto. They referred to it as the 'Pond Wood'. They also had the water from this well transported to the house for use there, as it was of exceptional quality and even on the warmest day in summer it was ice-cool. I recall, back in the '50s, seeing busloads of holidaymakers from Red Island holiday camp in Skerries visiting the well and grotto each week during the summers. I can also remember, as a child, playing in the fields beside the grotto and remarking even then how peaceful and tranquil the place was "*

It is not clear how long the well is in existence, but it is certain that the grotto was built by the Boylan family following the apparitions at Lourdes in 1858. The level of fervour regarding the apparitions, at the time, is difficult to comprehend in this secular age. Such was the level of devotion, mystery and amazement that construction of such a grotto would be seen as a perfectly normal and reasonable thing to do. Indeed. From the number of religious objects and tokens at the base of the grotto, this beautiful tranquil and mystical place still has the power to attract devotion and adulation as it did a century and a half ago.



*The spout and pond at Hilltown Grotto
(drawing by J. Dowling)*



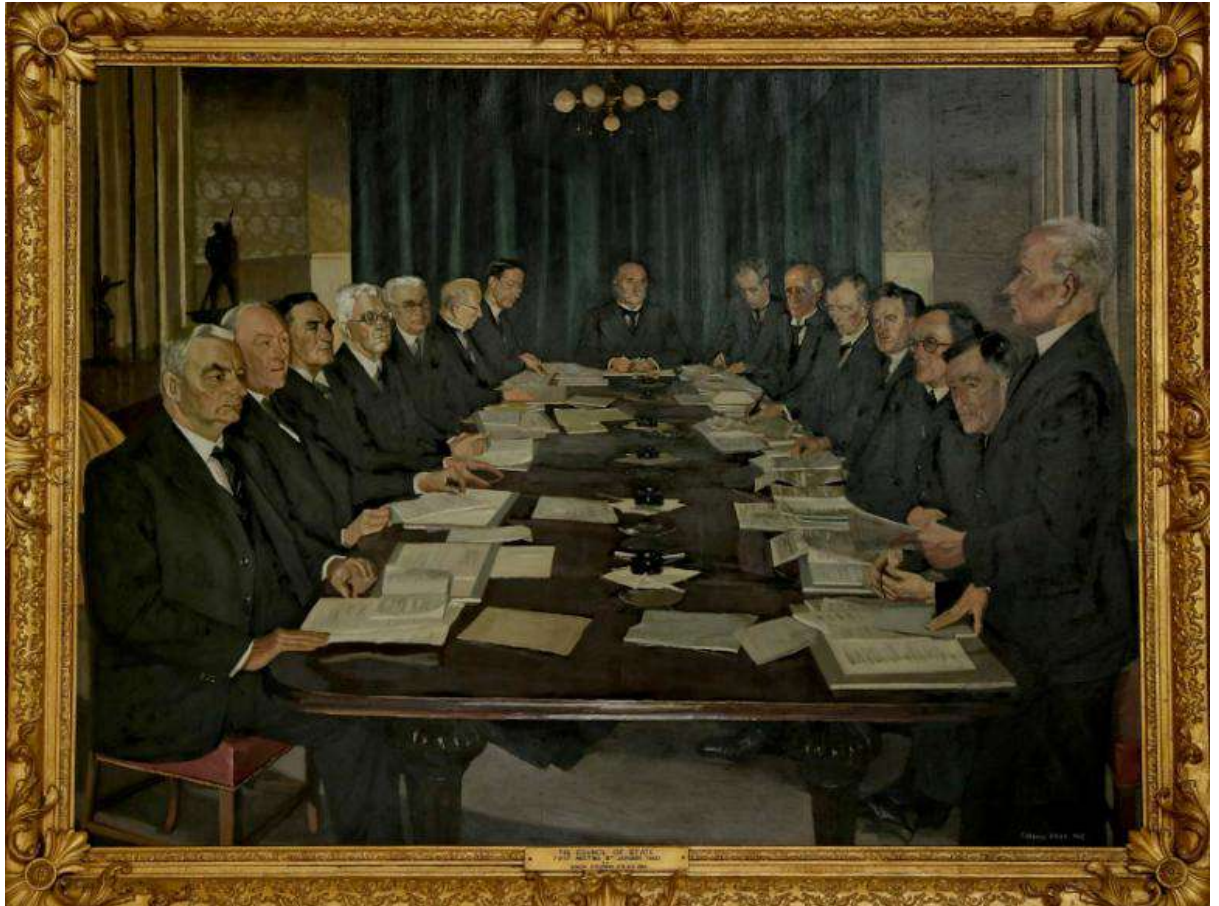
*The Grotto at Hilltown in 1980 (photo.
J. Bellew)*

The Council of State

by Simon Coleman edit by Alex McKenna

The Council of State was a painting I did between 1943 and 1945. It was to bring me into contact with some of the most important men of the day in the field of politics, education, finance and the law.

Council of State (1943) Oil, Simon Coleman



Dr. Douglas Hyde had been up in Aras an Uachtaráin as President for a couple of years and it was he, or more correctly his Secretary, Michael McDunphy, who conceived the idea of having the painting done. It was to be the President's gift to the nation on his retirement from office. The size of the painting was to be 8ft by far the largest I had ever worked on. What the "Council of State" meant was never certain: I had a vague notion that the meeting in question — the first that was ever held — was convened to discuss certain matters of state and to establish whether they were in strict accord with the Constitution; as an artist it was outside my sphere to be conversant with state matters but merely to show a meeting in progress in which a body of fifteen men appeared to be in animated discussion. The following is a list of those who took part at this meeting: Dr Douglas Hyde, President of Ireland: Eamon de Valera T.D., Taoiseach of the Fianna Fáil Government; Seán T. O'Kelly, T. D., Tanaiste; James Dillon T.D., Fine Gael; Richard Mulcahy T.D., Fine Gael; Conor Maguire T. D. , President of the High Court; Michael McDunphy, Private Secretary to the President; Sir John Keane, President, Bank of Ireland; Professor Michael Tierney U.C.D.; Patrick Lynch, Attorney General; Frank Fahy, Ceann Comhairle. Dáil Eireann; Chief Justice O'Sullivan; Sen. Dr. Richard Farnan; Sen. Seán Gibbons and William Norton T.D., Labour.

At the time I got this commission I was earning some money by selling pictures at exhibitions and in the Victor Waddington Gallery in South Anne Street. But I was still very much a student going in and out of the old College of Art in Kildare Street. Michael McDunphy, the President's Secretary, contacted Micheál de Búrca, the Director of the College, seeking a young artist whom de Búrca felt would be competent to carry out this commission — de Búrca, whom I had known since I first went to the College and who always thought my work was good, recommended me. After years of sweating it out in the life-room of the College making endless drawings and paintings of the male and female figure I seemed to have arrived.

From the very outset this commission was fraught with problems that had little to do with art: when de Valera heard that I had been selected for the job he did not fully approve and wanted to know why Sean O'Sullivan had not got it. In order to find out something about me he requested that I submit a number of rough sketches of meetings from my imagination which he promptly rejected as unsuitable. This was a strange request since the only drawing or painting that would have satisfied him was one approximating to the meeting as it had happened. At this early stage I knew nothing about it at all. Seán O'Sullivan and Leo Whelan were the two senior portrait artists of the time and had done some excellent paintings of leading political figures; O'Sullivan had in fact painted de Valera himself and Whelan had done Seán T. O'Keilly; neither Seán Keating nor Jack B. Yeats would have found favour with political men because neither of these artists painted in the polished, finished style acceptable in the higher realms of politics. It was said once or twice about my own painting that I might become the logical successor to Leo Whelan in time.

But apart from my style of work I was convinced that the reason I was chosen was because McDunphy had only a limited amount of money at his disposal and wanted a good painting well inside the sort of money O'Sullivan would be getting at this time. Whatever the reason, it was something I had achieved without engaging in string pulling.

Of course I was not in O'Sullivan's class, nor did I feel it; Seán O'Sullivan was one of the artists I looked up to and who, I may say, made no secret of the fact that he thought I had some abilities. He was one of the artists who later voted for me to become a member of the RHA.

All this was happening during the war when art materials were almost impossible to obtain: flake white, the indispensable base colour was rarer than gold in the Klondike. I once gave a very good box of pastels to one of those escapee artists from the blitz in London who overran the College for a promise of a tube of white which never materialised; canvas of any quality was non-existent and old John Freeman of Freeman's in Molesworth Street was spending long days in an upper room of his shop making canvas from hessian, sailcloth, tailors' canvas or any suitable material he could lay hands on. The poor man was smoking himself to death in the process.

McDunphy, the Secretary, a resourceful and energetic man not to be put off by the scarcity, finally unearthed a big piece of sailcloth with a firm on Inns Quay which Freeman's made into a fine 8ft by 5ft canvas; Freeman's also made a large trestle which stood on the ground on which the canvas rested while I painted.

Ireland's neutrality in a war that was tearing Europe asunder was a source of fierce resentment among the allies and especially among the British. Even so, in the midst of the constant verbal flak from over the water the Secretary could send across to the Irish Embassy in London and in no time at all a parcel arrived at Áras an Uachtaráin containing all the flake white and sable brushes I required; it brought home to me one thing; that if you can raise yourself high enough up in society you can transcend all the problems that beset ordinary mortals daily. The warlords seemed to have immunity to bomb and bullet while these things rained down on people in Coventry, London and Berlin.

When I first got this commission I was cycling like mad up to Áras an Uachtaráin every day never seeming to have enough time to work on the painting of the Council of State. The Secretary too was

bubbling with enthusiasm over the project and came in to me in the great stateroom constantly and kept me informed of what was going on up in Merrion Street vis-a-vis the Council of State; the gist of his information was that de Valera was constantly brooding over the strange turn of events where an unknown sketcher from county Meath with no social pedigree whatever could come up to Dublin and be chosen to paint an important state painting in preference to long-established artists like O'Sullivan, Whelan, Jack Yeats Keating and others at the time dear to the hearts of the pundits and the world of painting. It was something the great man could never comprehend.

McDunphy was clearly telling me all these disturbing things to spur me on to greater effort. He came in one day with further disturbing news that Dev was coming up to the Aras to see how I was getting on. When he came he swept into the room and stood looking at the canvas while I stood aside somewhat overawed by the presence of the greatest figure in modern Irish history, He uttered a few innocuous pleasantries and then swept out again leaving me with the feeling that somehow I had redeemed myself in his mind.

That afternoon the Secretary came in and jolted me out of my complacency with the news that he had expressed great dissatisfaction with the manner in which I had presented some of the figures and notably himself. I could scarcely believe my ears.

Before I started this painting I was supplied by McDunphy with a number of press photographs which were taken during the occasion of the actual meeting; I was informed however that I must not copy those photos but meet and sketch each of the members in person. When de Valera came up to see the painting I had already blocked in most of the figures around the table in a recognisable way. The press photos showed that there were seven figures on each side of the table furthest from the cameraman; de Valera had sat on the President's right hand while beside him sat Seán T. O'Kelly; others followed in the order of importance down to Senator Gibbons who was the last on this side; the same applied on the left of the President starting off with the Secretary McDunphy down to Professor Tierney of U.C.D.

All this meant that the three smallest figures on the canvas were Douglas Hyde, de Valera and the Secretary, McDunphy, while the largest were Senator Gibbons and Professor Tierney; others decreased in size gradually back to the President.

De Valera's dissatisfaction seemed to stem from the fact that he was smaller on the canvas than most of the other people; he may also have felt the same about Seán T. O'Kelly who was seated beside him. I was not told exactly what his complaint was nor did he complain to me personally when he was in the room with me.

It is important to make the point here that for the full length of time that I worked on this painting no other participant at the Council of State ever complained of how I depicted him. Indeed, when I met and sketched them, most evinced little or no interest whatever in the painting. Dick Mulcahy when I sketched him in the then Headquarters of Fine Gael in Hume Street showed his impatience by saying to me "What the bloody hell are they up to now?" I doubt if he ever saw or wanted to see the painting. Clearly he was not the sort of man who was concerned with what posterity thought of him.

One who did see the painting was the President of Ireland himself, Dr. Douglas Hyde. He was regularly wheeled-in in a wheelchair by his relative for a chat and left no less happy than when he entered. The fact that he was small on the canvas never worried him. Another, I would have thought, who did not lose any sleep about posterity. I take pride in the thought that felt completely at my ease with him

One member I did not feel at my ease with was Seán T. O' Kelly. I sketched him in his office as Tanaiste in Government Buildings. McDunphy had made the appointment for me as he did with all of them.

As was my custom I arrived at 2.25 p.m., five minutes before the appointed time, 2.30 p.m.

While waiting to be summoned into the inner sanctum I sat in an outer office. The secretary of the Tanaiste was a talkative chap and regaled me with a glowing account of Seán T's qualities; according to his talk I was about to have one of the most pleasant experiences of my life. He was a civil servant obviously intoxicated by the importance of working in personal contact with one of the most prominent political figures of the day.

The appointed time arrived but there was no summons from within. Time passed and the hands of the office clock slid on until they were at 2.40 p.m. When I finally was admitted it was a quarter of an hour past the appointed time. It seemed I was being made to feel very privileged to have been granted this interview.

That was the start of it

As I entered the Tanaiste's office I saw him seated by the window that looked out onto Merrion St.; he was reading the daily paper. His face was silhouetted darkly against the light and he was facing right to left — totally unsuitable angle and light for my purpose. I approached timidly and said "I would like to do a drawing of you Mr. Tanaiste" — a completely superfluous remark as he was only too aware of why I was there. "Well," he said, fidgeting with his paper "I am afraid I am very busy." I'm afraid I only saw him reading the paper. I was beginning to lose my courage by the minute in an environment that was palpably unfriendly, almost hostile, but I managed to say: "I'm afraid the light is not right here Sir. Could you move out into the centre of the floor?" Up to this time he had not looked at me once so that I began to feel like an interloper in a part of Ireland reserved only for the highborn. But I was winning, for with supreme impatience he picked up his chair and moved to the middle of the room, sat down and went on reading the paper. Not once did he look at me or inquire if this was where he should sit, or if the view I now had of his face was the correct one. By this time, I was resigned to getting any sort of sketch that would prove to my principals that, in fact, I had complied with their demand that I meet and sketch each member personally; in the long run I could surreptitiously use the press photographs of Seán T. O'Kelly. Quickly I sat down, got out my things and, miracle of miracles I managed to make a very good profile likeness of Seán T. in almost six minutes. My guardian angel was holding a firm grip on my hand as I worked! Not once during all my time in this office did my sitter raise his eyes towards me; nor did he ask to see my drawing of him as I hurriedly put my few things together and left, mumbling "Thank you Mr. Tanaiste" As I passed through the outer office the sycophantic character outside had a smile like a chimp showing his teeth, but I made for the door and in no time at all was in the bright, sweet freedom of Merrion Street. I often thought that I earned ten per cent of my fee during this interview with Seán T. O'Kelly.

This was the only time when I was making my drawings of the members that I encountered such an intimidating atmosphere; indeed most of them were very co-operative and one or two sat like stone statues with startled looks that indicated their lack of experience in posing for portraits. They were the highest people in the land in their own spheres and I was associating with them on absolutely equal terms. Seán T. O'Kelly was the exception that proved the rule.

In strong contrast was the instance of James Dillon. I drew him in St. Vincent's Nursing Home where he was recovering from a virus infection. He was the soul of courtesy and generosity. When I was leaving after finishing my drawing of him he said, "Mr. Coleman, I'd like to buy that sketch from you when you are finished with it." He made good his word, and some weeks later when I was walking past Leinster House with one or two companions he emerged and came up to me and said, "Mr. Coleman, I believe I owe you some money?" He then handed me five pounds.

Another man who made me feel at home was Sir John Keane, Chairman of the Bank of Ireland. I sketched him in his home in Donnybrook where he played some classical records for me.

I sketched Frank Fahy, the Ceann Comhairle in a room in Leinster House and it was clear he saw me as an aspiring young artist trying to make a name for himself in a hazardous profession. He was charming

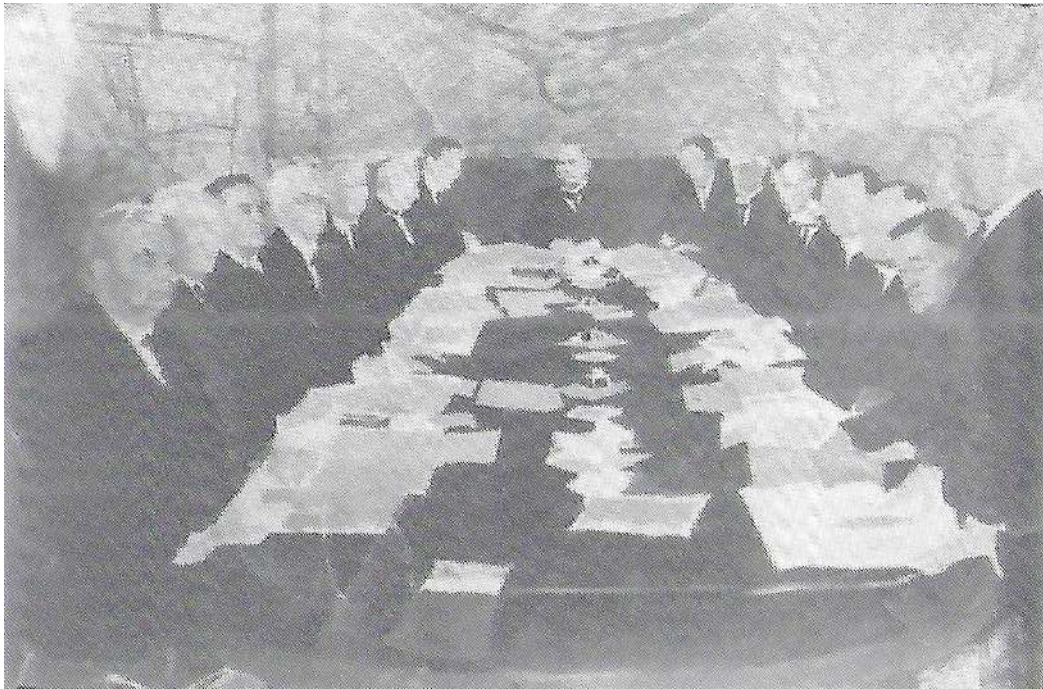
and easy to talk to: "What do you think of that for a head of hair for a man of 68?" he said when he saw my drawing of him. I did a good solid drawing of him in black conté which seemed to please him; it was clear to me that he recognised himself in the drawing.

I sketched William Norton at the headquarters of the Labour Party in Parnell Square. While I cannot say that he shed tears of joy on seeing me, I left his office at the end of the interview no more disturbed in mind than when I entered it. He was one of those who sat stonily with a startled look on him which I faithfully recorded due to my penchant for recording as near as possible what was before me. I got the overall impression that William Norton was a man genuinely interested in the lower orders, unlike some who were only interested in theoretical republicanism which pleased only themselves.

I met and drew Conor Maguire in his office in the Four Courts, this handsome, urbane man made my task easy for me. Had he only known it at the time, this was something of an occasion for me as I had seen him in Duleek in 1932 during the Fianna Fáil campaign of that year when he came down to the village of Ardcath and the whole place was ablaze with tar-barrels and a great torchlit procession preceded him onto the village green. To be seated in that historic building drawing this man was something I had never dreamed of long ago when I first thought of becoming an artist. I felt a deep sense of pride on leaving the Four Courts that afternoon.

I drew Professor Michael Tierney in 83 St. Stephen's Green, the L & H I think it was called at the time. As I've already said, Tierney had sat at the extreme end of the table on the right hand side — in the press photos all the figures were seated giving an effect of suspended activity. This was to facilitate the cameramen who of course would not have been present when the meeting was in session. McDunphy suggested that the whole group needed some form of animation and suggested that Tierney should be shown standing up facing towards the President, addressing the meeting. Although I had already drawn Tierney, a new appointment was made for me and I went back to the University and made a fresh drawing of him. Although it must have been something of a bore for him, he came down again to 83 St. Stephen's Green where there was a long boardroom table and posed standing up, hands touching the table and turned away from me. I did a good enough drawing of him even though it was not easy to see his features as his face was turned away and only the back of his head was visible. Despite the problems I returned to the canvas and proceeded to alter the pose of Professor Tierney.

Choosing Michael Tierney as the man addressing the first Council of State did not please de Valera at all when he heard of it. A new directive therefore arrived in the Aras from Merrion Street to replace Tierney with Patrick Lynch, the Attorney General — Lynch, it was clear, was more politically acceptable to Dev than Tierney. Apart from the tiresome business of chopping and changing something on which a considerable amount of work had already been done, I couldn't care less; I was still very much involved in making a good painting and in any case one man's face was the same to me as another's at that stage.



Work in progress – First Council of State.

Up to this time I had not done any drawing of Patrick Lynch, for like the others I had blocked in his position on the canvas from the press photos. He had retired as Attorney General and lived in Mount Street Crescent beside the Pepper Canister Church. According to McDunphy, his wife had just died and he was reported to be taking the death badly.

When I went to Mount Street Crescent to get a sketch of him for the standing pose, the door was opened for me by an old man, scarcely recognisable as the virile figure I'd seen in the press photos. He had, it seems, been a very good athlete in his youth but now he was a broken figure who shuffled before me in the hallway of the house as I entered. Despite the trauma of the previous weeks he was keen to help me to make a good sketch of him. I attempted to draw him from behind as de Valera required, but as in the case of Tierney previously, the task of making him recognisable, not to mention that of investing his gaunt and barely visible features with a look of animation was hopeless. The drawings I made of him (I drew him twice) while good enough studies of an old man, were useless for the purpose in hand. In order to help me out he searched in a drawer and handed me a photograph of himself at a sports meeting some years before. It was a front view and of little value. I returned to the canvas and spent some time vainly trying to build up a figure of a man in full flight as an orator holding the audience spellbound. The figure I drew and painted from the back could have been anybody; it would never satisfy my principals. I had absolutely nothing to go on.

Long before this impasse had been reached de Valera had become the sole arbiter of what I should paint on the Council of State: Douglas Hyde had shown very little interest in it from the beginning, seeming to be content to leave all decision to his Secretary. Though I had originally been commissioned by the President through his Secretary, I now had a different boss to answer to. And a far less conciliatory one.

His insistence on having Patrick Lynch stand up instead of Michael Tierney created an insoluble problem for me. Months passed and however much I worked on this figure I could never bring it to life: all I succeeded in doing was in loading that area of the canvas with more and more paint until the original version surface was buried under an "impasto" of dead pigment. Two years went by and I had grown heartily sick of the Council of State. The money (£250) which had originally seemed a whopping big sum had dwindled until it could be calculated at no more than two pounds a week. There was still £50 left but De Valera refused to sanction payment until he was satisfied. Desperate to be done with the painting, I decided to get another drawing of Patrick Lynch and took off for the spa in Blarney where Lynch had gone to try to recover his health and strength. Though Lynch was somewhat improved from what he had been in Mount Street Crescent, the drawing I got of him was no better than the previous ones. Shortly after I'd gone to Cork Paddy Lynch died, so there was no longer any possibility of getting further drawings of him.

De Valera remained adamant.

The painting was still unfinished when Douglas Hyde's term in the Áras came to an end and Seán T. O' Kelly took over the Presidency. Some weeks after he was installed I returned to the Aras to make one final attempt on the painting of Patrick Lynch. I cycled up to the Park and passed through the main gate of Áras an Uachtaráin half expecting to find the same free and easy atmosphere in and around the place that I knew under Douglas Hyde. Passing through the main door I sensed an eerie silence in the "bighall" way. Stealthily I made my way to the big office vaguely hoping to find the Secretary seated at his desk working away on some documents. The place was as deserted as the tomb so I quickly turned around to leave. As I closed the door I sensed someone behind me and, turning around, came face to face with the new President of Ireland, Seán T. O'Kelly. I scurried past him like a frightened rabbit mumbling "Sorry Mr. President" and went searching for someone to tell me something about the new order.

"New masters new rules", as the saying goes. When I did learn about it I found that my painting and I had been unceremoniously dumped in a small room in the upper reaches of Áras an Uachtaráin. I had reached the nadir in my profession as artist in the eyes of the most powerful and influential men in the land. You cannot go lower in this island than where I stood at that time. When I found McDunphy I saw that he too had been relegated; whereas formerly he had the executive use of the big office hung with magnificent copies of paintings by Diego Velasquez, he was now in a tiny place 'where the walls made him seem in danger of being squeezed out of existence. Whatever could be said about my attempt to paint the Council of State it had been a pleasant enough coming together of different minds within the confines of Aras an Uachtaráin. The months that followed my return to the Aras were ravaged by wrangles over the final payment of fifty pounds. I made frantic phone calls to McDunphy who by now had become equally adamant that I had not given complete satisfaction. In the end they paid me and I was free at last to go my way. There would be other paintings in the future which would redeem my reputation I thought.

In this brief account I have failed so far to record my indebtedness to Michael McDunphy, Secretary to Douglas Hyde. When I first met this man he almost brought me to my knees with the firmness of his handshake and he was like that right through the two years I worked on the painting. In this way he adopted the correct and only attitude that a boss in any sphere ought to adopt towards those employed by him. Unfortunately in this case there were others to whom he himself was answerable who would not have agreed. The greatest regrets I've always had since working on this painting were that I had failed to reward McDunphy for all his kindnesses towards me and his belief in me. I realise now that I was under no legal obligation to satisfy anyone else.

It has taken me a long number of years to realise how ridiculous is the concept of having a figure standing up addressing a meeting of this sort. I have attended meetings of my' association -the Royal Hibernian Academy — and I did not ever see anyone standing up throwing his arms aloft in high oratorical fashion; all members sat around the boardroom table with the President at the head of the table and whatever

business was on the agenda was discussed back and forth without any display of histrionics by anyone. I would imagine that the actual Council of State was an occasion of calm dissertation wherein rhetoric would have been gross intrusion.

It could easily be assumed that the failure to paint Patrick Lynch in the pose of a man addressing a meeting revealed my weakness as an artist. The fact was I never had any difficulty drawing or painting Patrick Lynch. At the stage that I met him he was an excellent subject for any artist as an old, worn man in the last years of his life. Old, gaunt men and women have been splendid subject for artists at all times. The failure here was to change what any artist would dearly love to paint into a young, virile man that I had never met in his younger days. I do not think any artist could have done that.

The drawing I made of Seán T. O'Kelly in his office as Tanaiste is, I believe, in the collection of Lord Mountcharles in Slane Castle — he bought it, I'm told, at a sale of objects d'art organised by the Drogheda Cottage Hospital. I had donated it to them as a contribution to their efforts to raise funds for the maintenance of the hospital.

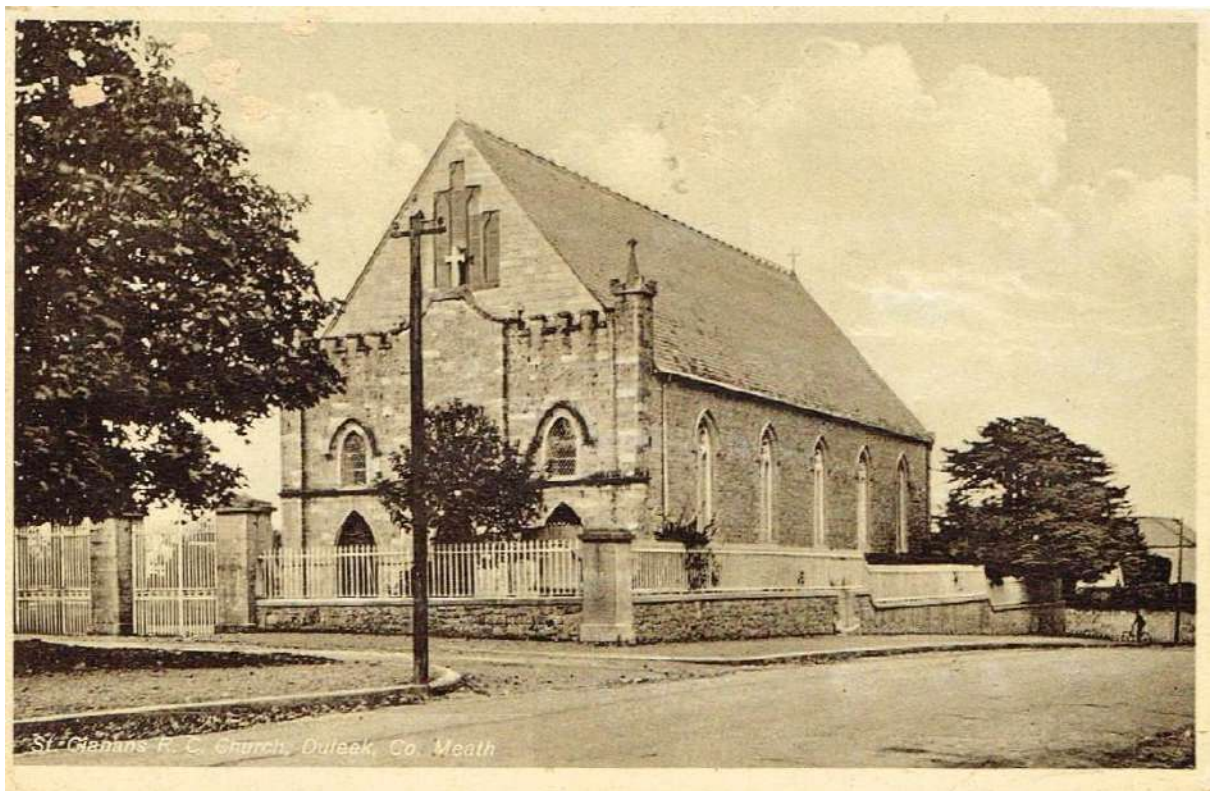
Old Postcards (c. 1920's) and Views of Duleek.

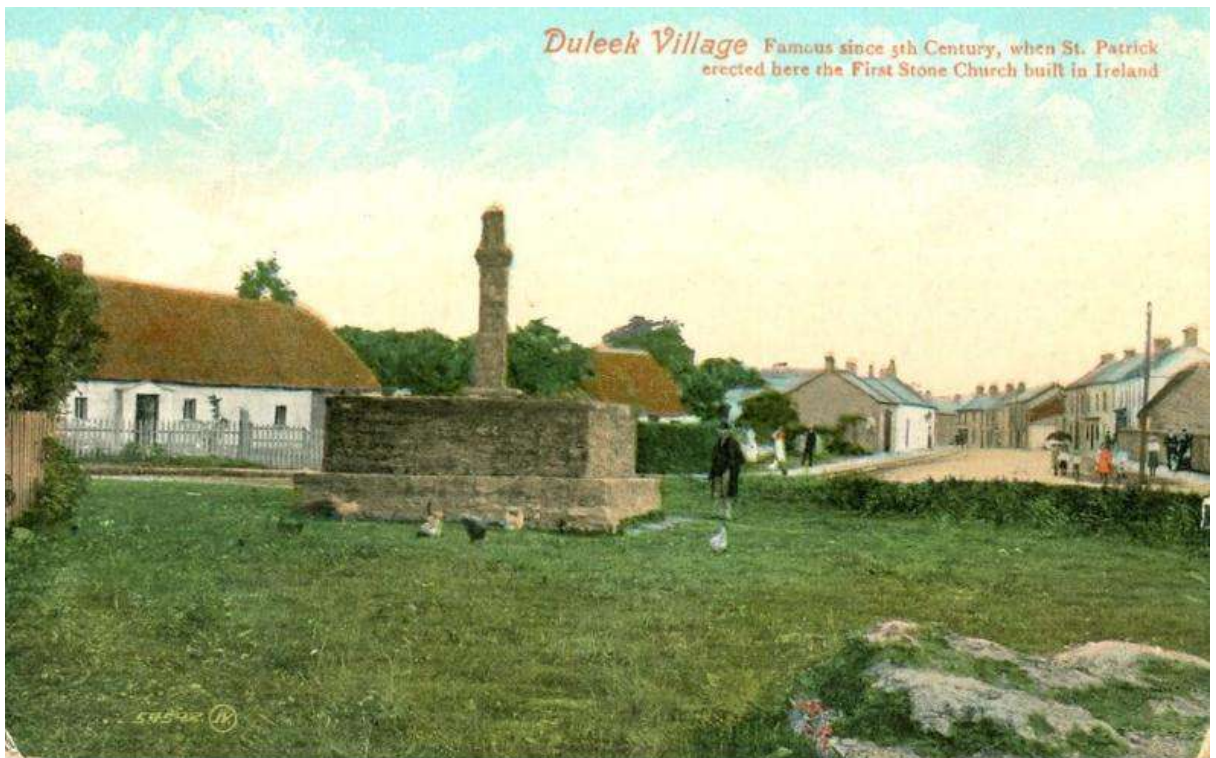
By Ita O'Boyle

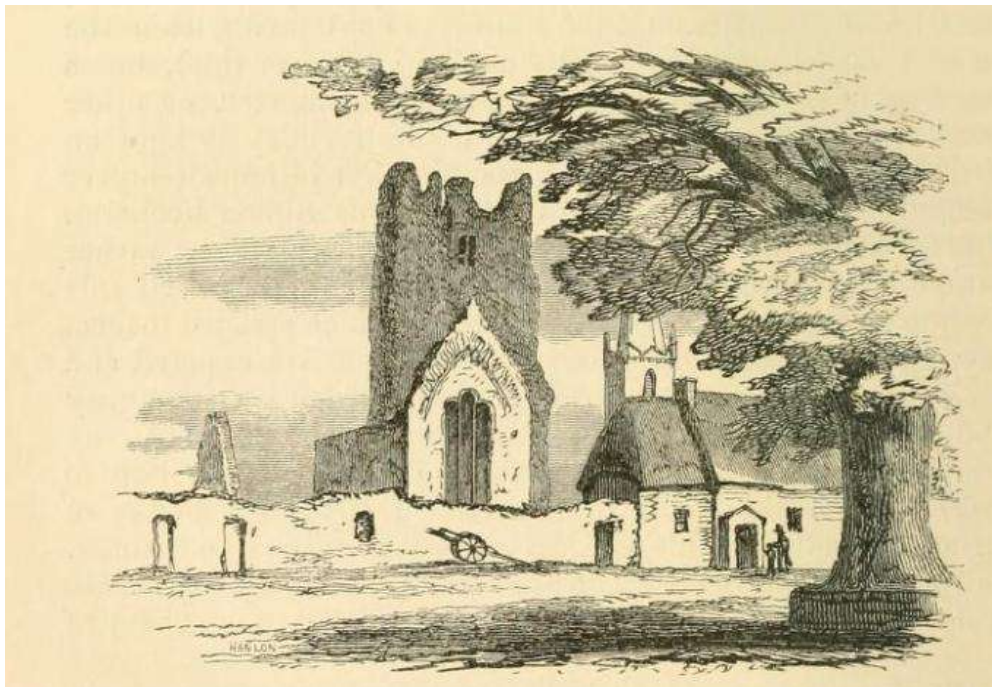


This is a different view of 'The Cross' from "Robert L. Chapman's Ireland (Photographs from the Chapman Collection)", Compiled by Christian Corlett, The Collins Press, Cork, 2008

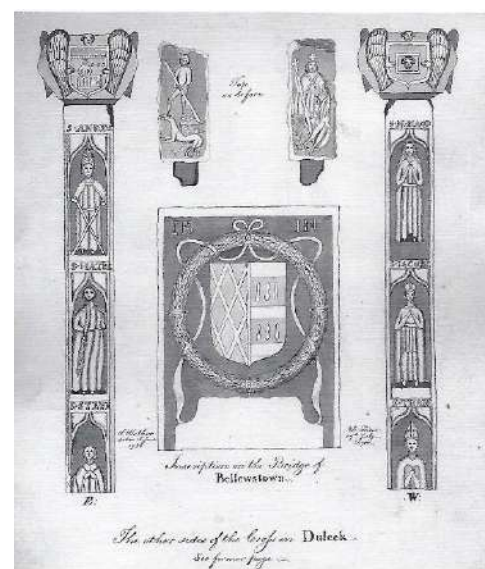
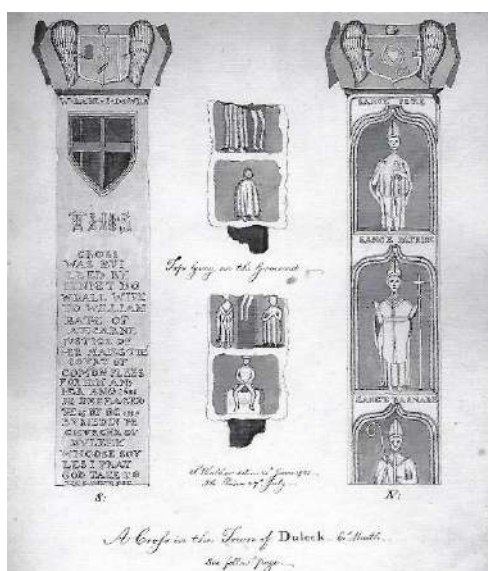
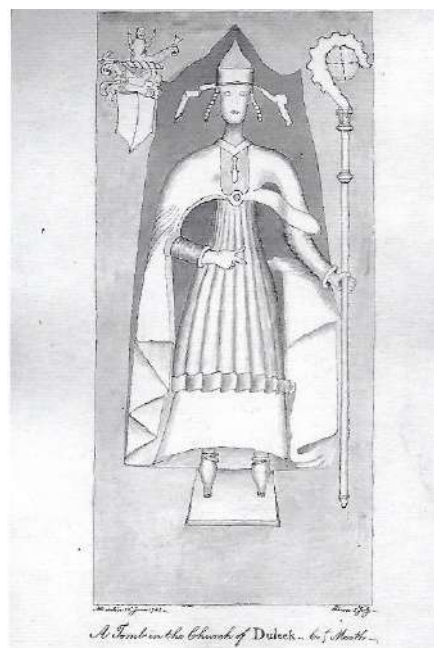
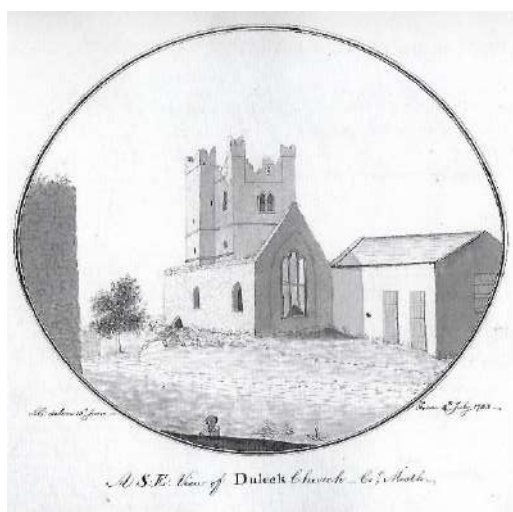






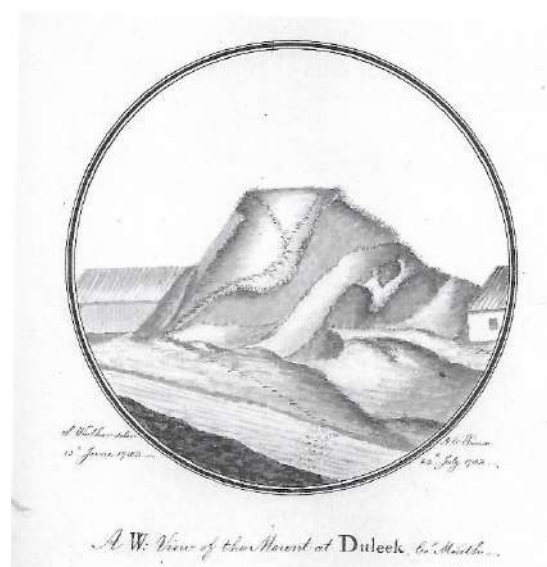


c. 1840s, "This view of the priory church is taken from the square or open space in the village, where stands two noble trees, an ash and a lime, in such close contiguity as to appear but one. The tower, which is still quite perfect, and about eighty feet high, is square, with a set-off on the western angle for the winding stair. From the parapet at top may be obtained a commanding view of the surrounding country," from William R. Wilde, *The Beauties of the Boyne, and its tributary, the Blackwater*, Dublin, 1850



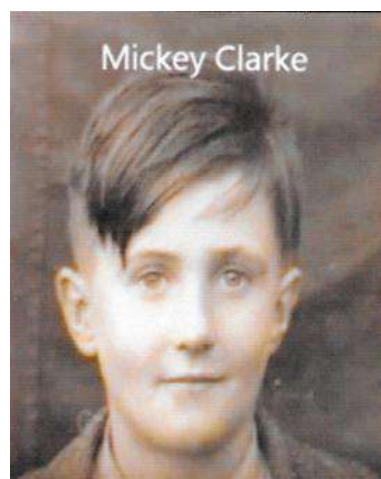
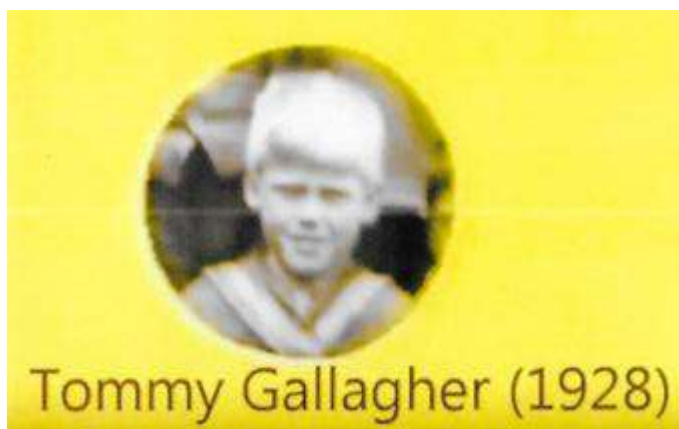
Five drawings of Duleek from Cooper's Ireland (1759 – 1830 – Duleek Church; a Tomb in the Abbey; the Bathe crosses at Annesbrooke and in Duleek; and the Norman motte (at the bottom of Station Road – now no longer there).

Images from Cooper's Ireland (edition Peter Harbison, O'Brian Press. Dublin. 2000)



Duleek School Photographs

Compiled by John Connor



Donal Synott (4)



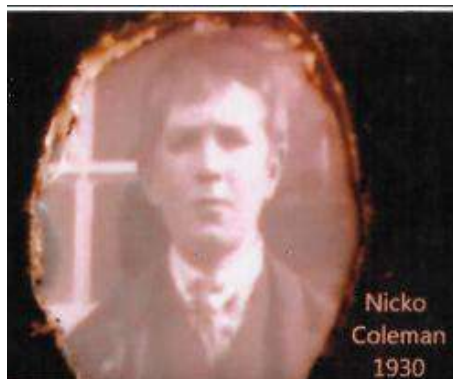
Tommy Christie



Frank Harty (1925)



Ned Geraghty
(1928)



Nicko
Coleman
1930



Rosaleen Caffery
(1928)



Vincent Ellis, Paddy O'Neill & Dick McCabe
(1948)



Frank Geraghty
1930





Jimmy Loughran



Christy Coleman
(1925)



Benny O'Neill (1947)



Owen Curley (1925)



Kevin
Coleman
1930



Bernard Lowthe (1925)



Maise Courtney & Mary Jane Coleman
(1930)

