

ROGER CASEMENT IS REMEMBERED IN TRALEE



Note to Advertisers:
To advertise in the
Tralee Whistleblower
please contact the
Editor
@traleewhistleblower.com .

Roger Casement (left) and Mr.
Casement after being arraigned in
London (right).

Great people have a habit of showing up just at the right time and in the right place. They can present themselves without warning like Mikey Sheehy did in the dying moments of the 1987 Munster Final and who, in his own words 'saw the gap' and struck a near mortal strike into the Cork goal; the Kerry Captain ensured a replay leaving the Corkonians like Caesar left to 'cry tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts'. These great people pull Excalibur from the lake and with a flash of confounding brilliance reverse the path to what seems like inevitable doom. They do so, not with the inelegance or sheer strength of ordinary folk, but with invention, with wit, with adventure and with divine grace. And so the masses of those who appreciate such brilliance, particularly in Tralee are heard to cry 'Jodeedaw!' This is a cry that has been supplanted by foreign verbage such as 'won!', 'class!', 'brill!', 'unbeleebable!' to the most vulgar 'go onya boyal' and other such utterances which thus far have been prominent in commoner footballing counties and have gained a foothold here in the sacred kingdom through the phenomenon of the blow-in. Nonetheless footballing artistry is sublime and one of the features defining footballing humanity. Not all members of the greater human species can be amazed. Many miracles occur every day and few are astounded for it is only the amazing can be amazed. To the uninitiated it is like the difference between those who saw Our Lady jive in Ballinspittle and those who were present but did not see the miracle.

Perhaps the most recent feat of footballing divinity—though a little inelegant - occurred some weeks ago in Killarney. A defensive battery of Corkonians squeezed the Gooch and like the good out of the sandwich, the ball squirted over the bar. But this was in the ha'penny place in comparison to Maurice Fitzgerald's point in Semples Stadium against Dublin in 2001. This was the when he brought a side-line ball to land over the bar with his right leg from the right sideline, from inside the 45m line and used the wind to assist his slicing of the sphere. It traced the path of a fly cast over the Laune that caught the salmon of knowledge; in so doing the Kerry masses were fed like those faithful who were fed with loaves and fishes by Christ.

There are a countable number of moments of sheer majesty revealed most eloquently in the field of sport and there are many parallels evident in less serious spheres such as work, music, politics and economy. Mandela, Gandhi and others spring to mind as cases in point in the latter regard. What Tralee citizen



ROGER CASEMENT AUGUST GATHERING 2009 PROGRAMME OF EVENTS Bank Holiday Monday, August 3rd Brandon Hotel, Tralee. Co. Kerry

Session One

- 10am Official Opening by **Terry O'Brien, Mayor of Tralee**
10.10am Keynote Speech by **Dr. Martin Mansergh, Minister for State** 'The Significance of Roger Casement in the 21st Century'
11.00am **Mr. Donal O'Sullivan** 'The Arrest and Detention of Roger Casement'
11.45am **Sean Seosamh O Conchubhair** Preparatory Talk on Afternoon Banna Strand Walk
2pm to 5pm Walk in Banna

Session Two

- 7pm **Dr. Seamus Lyne** Roger Casement Artefacts
7.15pm-8pm **John McGuigan B.L.** on Sir John Lavery's 'The Appeal of Roger Casement'
8pm to 8.45pm **Dr. Angus Mitchell** Images of Roger Casement
8.45pm Film: *The Speech from the Dock of Roger Casement*
M.C. **Mike O'Donnell M.Sc.**

Admission is €5 per session
All are welcome

could not recall how Gill Brien would announce himself at every footballing fete of merit in the Sportsfield and dance his accordion with mellifluous sounds that mingled with the tobacco and the calls of 'hoc ices!' through the hoards of supporters on the soft sweet-smelling grass. His service provided both perfect overture and intermezzo to the brilliance often occasioned on that famous field of play.

On the supporting front, whenever Rock Street pliers of footballing elegance found the going tough, there was always one supporter who ambled onto the field with palpitating exuberance and would have roused the dead had he done so in Rath. This was the immortal Jackie Mercer Foley who in lighter moments would recant Celia in Shakespeare's *As You Like It* saying 'Now we go in content, To liberty and not to banishment'.

All these were men of genius, men who presented themselves at the right time and held court when all around are were on the brink of disarray.

However, it must be said that exceptional situations arise too. The person arrives on the stage, but there is no audience, let alone fellow actors., nobody to support the hero, nobody to appreciate, nobody at home. Like Hamlet without the Prince, April 21st, 1916 was such a time, Banna Strand was the place and Roger Casement the man.

Not to be undone and perhaps in reparation, a coterie of Tralee folk have arranged a fitting tribute to the enormous legacy of Roger Casement. Tinker, tailor, judge and jailor should find the event one of utmost interest—Casement being a university of many departments. Happening this Bank Holiday Monday, August 3rd, it will be an event well worth investigating and recommending to your finest friends.

FLASH POINT IN ARDFERT

Ardfert is distinguished for its ecclesiastical history which is very well recounted in the permanent display in Ardfert Cathedral. But little history is inspiring without colour and so, not for the first time, we reflect on the life and times of one Father Barton, the parish priest of Ardfert who ruled the parish with imperious zeal. It is to another red hot Tolstoyesque story that we turn yet again but of course reality is not only stranger, more dramatic and more intoxicating than fiction but often more convincing in real terms.

Just as a year is not without its pet days, no parish is with its hot head. There is only one type of hot-

SOME COMMENTS FROM READERS

'I am appalled!'
'An aberration of nature'
'Makes light reading after the Sun'
'The Brie de Meaux of Writing'
SEE PREVIOUS EDITIONS ON
WWW.TRALEEWHISTLEBLOWER.

head. They are fine until disturbed but erupt like a bitten chilli on the tongue and in the right circumstances are likely to combust like a cacophony of uncoordinated fireworks. The best treatment for a hothead is to run like hell for hell hath no fury like a hothead. So it is most disagreeable indeed that two hotheads should meet in the sanctity of the Presbytery of Ardferf some decades ago, the more the better.

It so happened that a salivating gentleman called to the Presbytery on serene May morning bidding for the said parish priest concerning a private matter that he was unwilling to disclose to the housekeeper. Upon his eventual arrival to conduct business Father Barton was met with a scene that could only have matched the menace of the Battle of the Somme. Without entertaining any of the subtler courtesies by which men of action recognise each other, the gentleman from under his cloak produced a family heirloom in the form of an unburied shotgun from the Civil War days and, laying it upon the shiny mahogany table that made one shotgun look like two, cried out in calculated vexation *'Father, is it war or is it peace?'* to which the Padre replied *'One moment, my good man.'* At this, Father Barton retired from the parlour for a few anxious minutes.

It is difficult at this juncture to conceive what might have gone through the challenger's mind. Was the Padre going to on the next boat to Rome, was he going to capitulate and offer an olive branch, was he going to enlist the services of the local sergeant to put down this rebellion, or simply fall under the weight of such a daring venture? In any case, in him Father Barton had certainly met his match. Time always takes the longest route between two anxious moments and so in not a moment too soon Father Barton finally re-entered the parlour to complete the business.

Pulling from under his vestments an equally magnificent weapon of war and laying it with savage triumph on the polished table so that it made a cross with the other shotgun, he is said to have bellowed: *'War it is!'*

THE DISEASE OF SERIOUSNESS

One of the greatest afflictions of our time is seriousness. Seriousness is a useless companion who wants to be taken everywhere, like the fella who wants a lift on the bar of your bike on the way from school. He flattens your tires, impedes your progress, obstructs your view, gets in the way of your legs and is a dead weight on all your efforts. With the result, the spirit of person afflicted with seriousness is like wilting of a blighted spud on a soft June morning and as implacable as a November night. One of the greatest afflictions of all in the pathology of seriousness to impose serious judgement on the most ephemeral event and so there is little wisdom making a judgment about a day in the morning or judging a player by one kick; nonetheless one could hardly have denied that the way Dublin's Ciarán Duff some years ago dispensed a stylish kick at a human head—which was unfortunately attached to an opponent - could have come from anyone without wonderful skill with a dead ball. People continue to assert all kinds of serious notions to simple

events like Woody Allen who deduced that he was now truly in a stable relationship having been given the privilege of being able to place his palm on the bouncy bosom of a woman whom he had met some two hours earlier.

GOLD MISSING IN TRALEE

Whereas in ancient times—certainly up to two years ago - the typical Tralee aristocrat could boast of how many all-Ireland medals there were in the family, it is now common case that aristocrats boast of how many all-Ireland medals might have been in the family had circumstances been different. But of course a most notable exception to this unfortunate state of affairs is to be observed in Ballymacelligott, where there is an All-Ireland medal—albeit it in handball—in every magpie's nest while his urban cousin has to settle for rosary beads. Dazzling All-Ireland medals in Tralee are about as common as the local population of armalites in North Kerry—a species decommissioned beyond recognition, which along with the Size 5 O'Neills and the elegant sliotar competed for airspace over our hallowed hills and vales over the years. There is more gold to be found in the mouths of Tralee people quarried from dentist surgeries than on the sideboards of even the finest bothán in the town. Nonetheless it is far from lamentation that the local population was reared—there is always cricket.

THE SEAGULL, THE WAITER AND THE SCALLOP

Ever since civilisation began, the art of the waiter has followed the route of bringing food from nature to the table of the hungry. Just as Albert Einstein's 1905 Theory of General Relativity revolutionised our concept of how the universe works—and has given us the capability of using satellite navigation among many others—a revolutionary event happened some time ago in which this most humble writer had a hand. As always it is the most unremarkable events that are most noteworthy—our tendency to behold the dramatic, the huge, the extraordinary sees most people live a disappointed life worth mourning in the end. Nonetheless there is great joy to be had under the nearest stone or on top of the nearest hill. An acquaintance of mine for instance related with great glee how, on a beach, he beheld a bevy of the fairer sex unclad while on a working visit to France. I tapped him on the shoulder to remind him that one does not have to go to Paris, France for such sophistication. After all on recent excursion to Dingle via the Conor Pass, after I took it upon myself to clamber from the roadway up to see Lough Doon—

REVOLUTIONARY WRITERS

WANTED

Please contact

editor@traleewhistleblower.com

my travelling companion being at long last of age to negotiate the rock face—I happened upon a startling site. At first I thought I had reached Heaven long before my time until I noticed none of the individuals emerging from the lake before my eyes had neither wings or robes. In fact each wore nothing at all only the cold mist. Lough Doon—less than a bottle of brandy out the road and less than a fag away from the origin of my acquaintance—was maybe not the biggest but certainly the highest naturist colony within a hundred miles.

To return to the revolutionary event that prompted such a lofty tale; as I made a regular peregrination across the continent of Banna Strand I came upon scallop. A scallop is a prized delicacy to any hungry passing gull or gillimot let alone on the plate of the human species. Being partial to same, I grabbed it and stuck it in my pocket and smiled all along Banna Strand looking forward to the following morning's breakfast when the scallop would be belle of the ball. I would manicure it in wine sauce with a hint of garlic and lay it beside my morning boiled egg, and having devoured the scallop would be in a position to offer my coughing neighbour not with one but two ashtrays from its remains. There is nothing more assuring than to have something in the bag—I can imagine Hitler telling Generalfeldmarschall Paulus the same thing as he led the 6th Army to Stalingrad in the winter of 1942. The learned reader will of course know that having something in the bag is fool's gold. As I descended the stairs the following morning I noticed in the kitchen that the scallop had opened up and appeared to be surveying the scene much like a turkey might the slaughter house on Christmas Eve. This caused a pang of pity to enter my heart. It is well known that a torturer cannot bear the sight of being stared at by his victim. True to my humanity, I altered the breakfast menu and decided there and then to bring the scallop back to the safety of his domicile in Banna Beach. This was an accelerated and motorised version of the Santiago De Compostela pilgrimage as I felt I was doing an unforgettable Christian act and could say to St. Peter when the day came; *'Have mercy on me, as I had on that scallop so many years ago'*. With the loving care a Sheridan for his horse at Puck, I deposited the scallop on the sand, on the very spot from where I took it the day be-

Don't screw it up!

**AIDAN HENNEBERY
CARPENTER/JOINER
087 233 14 72**

fore, wished him every fortune and set on my way with clear conscience. The last time I had such a feeling of ease was when as a school boy I cycled home from my weekly confession at the Dominicans and looked forward to eating a queen bun with the confidence of a clear conscience and without the bother of permission. Having turned on my sanctimonious heels I suddenly heard the scream of a gull. I looked back and to my utter dismay the gull had landed and commanded the scallop. Without the benefit of the frying pan or condiment or having offered me a tip the gull devoured him *al fresco* with crushing elegance. Breakfast was served.

SHOCKING ENCOUNTERS

Book One: It was Oscar Wilde who famously said *'to get into the best society nowadays, one has either to feed people, amuse people or shock people'*. The latter means was chosen by a member of the most grotesque of the rodent family in order to win my attention some time ago as I departed the North Kerry Landfill in the hallowed heights Muingnemenane where wind turbines blow any unpleasant odour away.

As I free-wheeled down the slopes of the top of Ballymac parish, reality suddenly took the form of a nightmare for what seemed like interminable seconds. It was the type of terror that seized me and the legions of Kerry supporters during the infinite space in time between the deposition of Seamus Darby's ball into the back of Charlie Nelligan's goal and the volcanic roar that erupted from Offaly supporters—alive and dead. It was no ordinary evocation. This was a type of roar when all vital organs—not simply the voice box - unleash a visceral tension that has impeded their fullest function for generations. The annual bellowing of cattle in advance of their invasion of the field on April 1st is somewhat similar.

Lest our learned reader get too sidetracked in favour of other matters of interest, we shall revert to the activities of me and my companion rodent. I observed a sudden movement along the dashboard area of the car. It was a sizeable, curious-looking, athletic, well-built forager. Over the years playing for the Austin Stacks I—not the rodent- was used to being confronted by the most formidable opponents. While none to my

memory was furry, betailed and resembled to any great degree the appearance of this visitor, there were many who looked as though their whole lives were lived and designed for a single moment of confrontation on the field of play. So presented the countenance of the rat. Having scurried on to the dashboard, he stopped in studied silence as he gazed at me. The last time I witnessed such a stare was when I started an apprenticeship lasting a total of one night in the Lighthouse Bar in Fenit. I poured my first pint of Guinness and immediately handed it to the patron. Youth has no patience for the settling of a pint of stout. He looked at me. I looked at him. The whole experience seemed like forty years as I had to take early retirement from the bartending profession before my apprenticeship was complete. Equal to the intensity of the latter encounter was the one between me and the rat as I caught sight of the white of his eye as each of us contemplated the other's intentions. I can only assume that he thought he might have caused the driver to steer off course and land our vehicle off the road in Reamore Cross, so he departed the dashboard and in a very business like manner made his way without any nicety to underneath the passenger seat.

Much to the author's relief, he took care not to attempt any wise crack—like trying for a taste of the blood from my neck or any such uncivil action. His demise eventually came a few days but lest we engage in bad taste, suffice to say that the rodent certainly grabbed the writer's attention through the application of shock tactics.

Book Two: Nonetheless, I would suggest that the previous encounter paled into insignificance in comparison to that experienced by a friend of a friend—neither of who could possibly exaggerate the following event which happened earlier this summer.

The story was related to me as I emerged from a deep sea swim in Robert's Cove in County Cork. This is a rather small inlet by Kerry standards but on the night in question was a raging torrent of operatic sea where each jellyfish competed anxiously for our attention. Upon emergence from the deep I was stricken by what I heard.

An innocent duo—we'll call them Jack

and Jill - ventured into the cove for a swim just as we had. Minutes into the swim Jack noticed a group of on-lookers waving from the shore. The bemused Jack attempted to wave back and, upon looking for his companion, he noticed her swimming as high speed towards the shore as a mother rat would abandon her young. This caused even more amusement for the gentleman who almost instantly received a nudge from the seaward side. To satisfy his curiosity he peered over his shoulder only to discover a baby whale beside him clearly looking for a playing companion. Noting that acceptance of the offer would have required permission from the whale's mother—whom he evidently did not want to meet - Jack abandoned all common courtesies and fled to the pier as fast as he could caper. Having reached its safety Jack had no memory of any of twenty four seaweeded, treacherous steps to the pier - one for every year of his life.

FOR SALE
SWIMMING TOGS
(relatively new, ocean fresh)
Contact editor@traleewhistleblower.com

WALKING RUNS IN FAMILIES

To this meagre observer of humanity, a person's walk is most revealing. It reveals one's character more so than mood which is a passing thing. Can one really imagine an individual who is as proud as a peacock walking with the stoop of a toad? It reveals tendency more so than an ephemeral intention. It is well-known that a common trait of its citizens is to walk with long hands—not so much indicative of the town's citizens to grab the nearest football and stick it in the back of the nearest net; it is indicative of their penchant to snatch a bargain in the form of dropped coins on local streets. The co-ordinates of walking companions can reveal family position. Brothers, of any age, will never walk side by side. They will walk one after the other, following the eldest, the loudest of the most dominant in general. Sons will always walk outside the scent-field of their mothers. Friends will always walk within laughing distance of each other, lovers within kissing distance. Tralee people are a determined people. No interview is necessary—just observation of the pointed way in which they walk; head leaning forward following the nose that points into the wind like an arrow head. They are good around a goal as can be seen through its propensity to provide the county with deadly forwards. This pointed bearing of the Traleeite contrasts with the that of his country cousins who having a better view of the mountains stand taller. It is

difficult to know whether this is because they have the security of these giants at all times or whether they are by nature anxious to peer over the mountains. Yet they stand taller and have a more circumspect walk—which is not as angular as that of Tralee folk. Their country

**LOST
BULLOCK/BULL**
(mid-operation)
Doon area, Tralee
Report sightings in strictest confidence to
editor@traleewhistleblower.com

cousins are used to peering into the distance more and distance comes from all angles whereas their urban cousins have to be more defined in their view in order to negotiate their passage from place to place. Better to play a country man in the middle sector of the playing field where he can feel at home with uncertainty much more easily than the townie. If you want to truly someone look at his walk!

DOGS HAVE OWNERS, CATS HAVE STAFF

Living with one of the town's most prolific feline good time girls is a marvel indeed. One is never short a midnight feast of the romantic renditions of love songs from the most prodigious tenors within hundred miles as they encircle this establishment. A rather humble human habitation is nightly transformed into *La Scala*. This writer is merely the custodian of the premises or more to the point, the usher, while his fury enchantress is the femme fatale on the window-sill. She is La Madame while les hommes cats are her indefatigable suitors who risk life and limb for the meaneast crumb of pleasure that may be thrown their way. The most successful lover is of the high society of cats—whom the usher calls Don Juan. He comes dressed in what can best be described as a tuxedo and an impeccably groomed handlebars moustache. La Madame allows him come within sniffing distance. Don Juan comes not with a bouquet of flowers but with what comes close to the most mesmerising set of good manners. He tries to befriend the usher amidst his nocturnal incantation and, being a townie, he misunderstands manual acrobatics with a hurley for when the weapon is return to its scabbard, Don Juan returns and sings at even higher octaves with even more magnificent amplification. There is no doubt that he has earned at least some respect from La Madame as when he is successfully put on the run, La Madame runs along in front of him as though to reassure him that the usher is merely a freak at her service. It is indeed true that while dogs have their owners, cats have their staff.

CURLING UP AND DYEING

What a marvel of invention are the names ascribed to hair salons—often causing mine own supply to stand to attention. Such ascrib-

ing is a reverent art indeed that only finds competition in the naming of certain housing estates and indeed religious companies in this kingdom. Names of these premises that come to mind are *Hairport*, near our local JFK; a *Cut Above* upstairs in a local shopping mall. Among others—not in this immediate precinct—to come to attention include *Hairradicate*, *Hair Sailing* (near a ferryport), *Shock and Roll* (near a nightclub) and *Haircycle* (near a recycling depot). Having walked the final mile with an acquaintance, the undertaker nearly had a sudden surge of business when the nearest hair premises presented as *'Curl Up and Dye'*. Amongst the imaginative names beyond the comprehension of a commoner like this writer include *Cuts on Time*, *Wig Wam*, *Cut 'til You Drop*, *Short Cut Home*, *Wear it Light*, *Top Heads*, *Dread Locks*, *Locks Fab*, *Goldilocks*, *Curlie She and Hair Trade*. An interesting name observed over a salon in Cork *Unique*. On enquiry another salon was opened and entitled *Unique 2* which was truly amazing and could only happen in Cork. In the mean time, an acquaintance reported that while on a bus she noticed a hair salon with the name *Silk*. However when the light turned green and the bus moved along, she was aghast to discover that the *Silk* was followed by *Cuts*.

SILKEN PURSES AND SOW'S EARS

Perhaps the last person one should seek advice from is one who knows nothing of the known universe. That of course discounts readers of the *Whistleblower* and its expanding staff of writers. So it is to a sage in the guise of a schoolmaster, in the name of Con Houlihan, that a certain woman turned when she sought advice regarding the direction that her son should take after passing out from national school. This was all despite the fact that his educational history and family background that is never a accidental to such history promised his little or no future. Having made a prolonged case for her son, the woman finally asked Master Houlihan what his advice as to what school he should attend. Would it be the Tech, the Green, The Sem?

After contemplating the matter, the sagacious master posed the following question: *'If you take a donkey out of a bare field and put him into a field with the grass up to his ears, what do you get?'* *'What?'* says she. *'A bigger donkey'* says he.

While it is not clear what happened the lady's son, judging by the current state of affairs obtaining in the land, there is conclusive evidence to suggest that if he was

the first donkey to enter such an establishment he was certainly not the last.

THE SHORTEST ROUTE BETWEEN HERE AND CALIFORNIA

In the past it was well known that certain teachers went to extreme lengths to elicit perfection from their pupils. It could be argued that this continuous striving for the highest standards in work has produced the wonderful country we now enjoy. History was not of course without its troubles as a garden is not without its weeds. So it is an unfortunate event, mentioned by an acquaintance, that we recall the pains to which one particular teacher and his pupils went to achieve the said perfection. The scene will be familiar to those who are approaching mid-life or have the distinction of surpassing it

This incident occurred in a maths class in the outer regions of the province of Kerry, the chief protagonist being more mathematical than grammatical. *'What'* he asked his terrified students *'is the shortest distance between two points?'* Answers were offered from the students who spoke like the condemned and these ranged from *'a road'* to a *'ruler'*, to *'a half a point, sir'*, *'a scissors, sir'*, *'their father, sir'*, *'a corner, sir'* to more exalted offerings such as *'infinity'*. To each the master roared *'unpossible you ludramán!'* and accompanied each verdict with a savage clout with a supporting observation such as *'McCarthy, you know nothing plus nothing!'* Finally one student, known more for his grammar than his tact, offered the following observation: *'Sir, you can't say 'impossible'. It's 'impossible.'*

Unfortunately neither the history nor our kind acquaintance recorded that happened next. Suffice to say that the young grammatical gent had an early career in tampering in mathematical theory cut short. Indeed as in Spencil Hill the following may have occurred:

*'The cock crew in the morning and he crew both loud and shrill
And I woke in California, many miles
from Spencil Hill.'*

Exit Whistleblower followed by bear.

**HEADSTONES
TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
CONTACT
DENIS MCCARTHY
BALLYMAC, TRALEE**

THANKS

To Kerry County Council and all my neighbours in the Ballyroe who fed my animals while I was away.

A candle will be lit for you all..

Yours, Ger

