

Q10 Where did the GPO relocate to?

Q11 What year did the GPO re-open?

Q12 What is the name of the statue in the front window?

Q13 To this day what takes place at the GPO?

Q14 When did the GPO witness History Museum open?

Q15 What are the opening hours?

Q16 Is it cheaper buy a family ticket for 2 adults & 2 children or to pay for each adult and child?

Q17 What is the name of the company who will operate the museum?

Q18 Where can you go to get more information?

Dictionary Work: Look up the meaning of the following words:

Museum

Design

Renovation

Bombard

Surrender

Commemorate

Exhibition

Artillery

Put the words above in alphabetical order

When I Lived in Jersey

I went to live in Jersey in 1987 as I had friends over there working. They put me up for a week or two 'til I found my own place. I was looking for work and within a week I got a job and a place to stay came with it.

The job was with a company called G. Orange & Co. The company dealt in wines and spirits. I did deliveries all around the island to hotels, guest houses and residential addresses.

The island is only 9 miles by 6 miles, so I found out everywhere within a week. When doing deliveries to private houses I came across famous people like, Oliver Reed, Roger Moore and Jack Higgins who wrote the book 'The Eagle has Landed'. I never thought of getting their autographs as they were just customers to me, ordinary people.

Oliver Reed used to call me Paddy; I said to him one day, "My name is Paul John!" He said his name was Oliver and I said, "I know, so you now know my name is Paul."

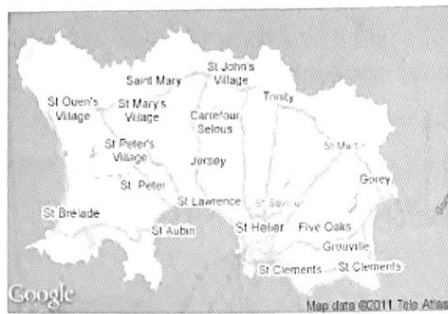
Roger Moore was a gentleman; he used to talk to me while I was putting his case of wine in his cellar. As for Jack Higgins he never stopped talking; now I know why he wrote so many books! Ha! Ha!

I played football at weekends for a team called St. Paul's and on that team was a player named Graham Le Saux. Graham went on to become a famous professional footballer for Chelsea. In his contract, Chelsea had to play a match against St. Paul's. It was a great experience; we got beaten 10-1 but I can always say that I played against the best.

I stayed in Jersey for seven years before I decided to come home. As the old saying goes, "There's no place like home." Don't ask me why I came home; I suppose I just felt like coming back. I still have friends in Jersey and could go and visit anytime.

Well that's my story about Jersey. Here I am writing it and I know I would not have known how to start a story don't mind finish one if it wasn't for the great help I get from all the tutors at Coláiste Dhulaigh. A special thanks to Pat Ayton for taking me under her wing and encouraging me to learn how to read and write.

Thank you for reading my story.



Paul (Nipper) Dunne

Remembering Kevin Barry

On the 20th September 1920 when my mother-in-law, Biddy Inglis, was eleven years old she saw Kevin Barry being captured in Church Street by the British army.

Biddy lived in a tenement house, number 124 Church Street. There were eight members in her family and they shared the house with seven other families. Biddy's family lived in one room and most of the other families lived in similar circumstances. These people shared one outside toilet and an outside tap. At that time Dublin had the largest tenement slums in Europe.

On that fateful day, the British soldiers came from the barracks which was around the corner in Brunswick Street. They had come to collect their daily supply of bread from the bakery. At the same time, Biddy was in the pork shop buying rashers, sausages, and black and white pudding. Suddenly, she heard a few loud bangs coming from Monk's Bakery. The bakery was situated a few yards away, on the opposite side of the road to where Biddy was standing and only about three hundred yards from Biddy's home. Biddy knew that the sounds were gunshots because many times before she had heard the Black and Tans firing shots around the city. She looked out of the door of the shop and she saw soldiers take up firing positions.

Soon a large crowd gathered outside the bakery. Biddy, being young, did not know the danger she was in and she stood to the front of the crowd. She felt very excited and later, she said, 'it was like being at the pictures'.

The skirmish began when the British army were collecting bread from the bakery. Every day, about eight soldiers would escort a truck to collect the bread and return the load safely to the barracks. However, on this day the I.R.B. (Irish Republican Brotherhood) men lay in ambush for the soldiers and

they ordered the soldiers out of their truck. Suddenly, a shot rang out from the back of the soldiers' truck. There was lots of shouting and shots were fired from both sides. There was a lot of confusion and the rebels scattered in all directions. Kevin Barry ran into the bakery but he could not find an exit so he ran into the bakery's loading bay yard and he hid under a truck. At this point Kevin had no way of escape. He was arrested by the British soldiers and was taken to Mountjoy Prison where he was interrogated and tortured. The British told him that if he named his comrades he could go free. However, Kevin would not answer any questions. Kevin was court-martialled for the murder of a British soldier and was sentenced to death by hanging. On 1st November 1920, Kevin became the first Republican to be executed by the British Army since 1916. Kevin is looked upon as an Irish hero by many nationalists and is remembered in poetry and song.

Shortly after Kevin's death, some members of the I.R.B. wanted to avenge his execution and decided to shoot the man who informed the British soldiers of Kevin's whereabouts when he had hidden under the truck. According to Bidy, contrary to popular belief at the time, it was not a woman bystander who had revealed Kevin's hiding place but the owner of the chip shop. Unfortunately, this part of the story has a sad ending as the I.R.B. shot the wrong man. Instead of shooting the owner, they shot an innocent chip shop worker.

Such is the tragedy of war.

Teddy O'Driscoll.

Worksheet

Remembering Kevin Barry

Q1 What was the relationship between Biddy Inglis and Teddy?

Q2 At what address did Biddy live?

Q3 How many families lived in the house?

Q4 What was Biddy buying in the pork shop?

Q5 How did Biddy know that the sounds she heard were gun shots?

Q6 What were the British soldiers collecting?

Q7 Who could not find the exit in the bakery shop?

Q8 Where did he hide?

Q9 On what date did the British soldiers execute Kevin Barry?

My Story

My name is Rita, I was born in 1961. I was born in St. James's Hospital. I have two brothers and one sister and we all get on great together. They're very good to me and I'm very good to them.

My story begins: I want to tell you about my story growing up as a child. I was quite late walking. I didn't walk until the age of 5. So one day, I said to my Mum and Dad, "Why am I different? Why am I not going to Siobhan's school?"

My Mum and Dad sat me down and explained when I was young I was very slow to walk. My Mum told me that when I was six months old she knew there was something wrong. I was not sitting up in my pram. I was brought to a couple of hospitals to get tests done and the doctors told my parents that I was just a lazy baby that I would come on. They let it go a couple of more months, I think it was about nine months.

Second Opinion: I was taken back to the hospital and again they told my parents I was a lazy baby, but this time they did not accept it. My parents went to get another opinion. My parents took me to Our Lady's Hospital for Sick Children in Crumlin, again looking for answers. The doctor carried out tests and then told my Mum and Dad that I did have something and they thought it was like Cerebral Palsy – so this is the name they gave my disability.

I used to go to the hospital three times a week for speech therapy and to learn how to walk. I attended that hospital until I was 2 or 3 for this therapy. But then the hospital suggested to my parents to put me in a boarding school for children with disabilities. Mum and my Dad said, "No, this is not for Rita, we want her home every day". The doctors accepted my parents decision but

advised them that if they were to have any more children then Rita must be treated the same as all the other children, the doctor said, "Don't treat her any different".

Not being different: My Mum and Dad made sure they taught me right from wrong and treated me the same as my brothers and sister. When I was walking I was kind of off balance. If anyone tipped against me I would fall and when I did fall people used to run to pick me up. My Dad wanted to make me independent and he used to say, "No, leave her, let her get up herself. If she wants to get up she'll get up". The people watching used to think that my Dad was very cruel. He wasn't cruel he just wanted me to do things for myself.

Closing thoughts:

I just want to leave you with these thoughts.....

If there are people out there, young people today and they have children and then they find out that their son or daughter has a learning disability or cerebral palsy or other things don't molly coddle them, treat them like other children and they will come on in life.

Never look down on people. There are some people out there and they look down on us. We don't want people to be looking down on us because we are just like ordinary people, just like the person across the road, we can see, we can smell, we can touch.

So just treat us like you treat every other person.

Thank you

Rita Nugent

My School Days

We lived in Inchicore and my sister Siobhan went to a school called Goldenbridge. We lived next door to this school and because of this my mother tried to get me into the same school as my sister. The school said they didn't want to take me because I was unsteady on feet and I might have an accident.

I then went to a school in Sandymount in Dublin. In this school they taught me a little bit of reading and writing but I spent most of my days getting physiotherapy and speech therapy, like I did in Our Lady's Hospital. While I was in Sandymount I made my First Holy Communion.

We then moved from our flat in Inchicore to a house in Coolock, my brother, Martin was only a baby at the time, so it was just Siobhan and I who needed to go to school. As I was having physiotherapy in Sandymount my Mam thought that I would be able to go the same school as my sister in Coolock, but again they said I was too unsteady on my feet so I stayed in Sandymount.

Despite the schools treating me differently, my Dad gave me the same treatment as Siobhan. So when Siobhan was doing her homework, my Dad used to say, "Well Rita, did you get homework today?" I would say, "Homework, what is homework? He used to bring me up to the room with Siobhan and we used to do homework. While Siobhan would be doing her homework my Dad tried to get me involved also.

I remember when I was about 8 years old if I was bold I got a smack. My Dad used to make me do things – like, in the mornings if I was dressing myself I would get me up about half an hour earlier. At times I used to say, I can't do this and my mother would say "You can, you can". There were other things that they would make me do myself and they would say, "Oh no, I'm not going to do it for you". For example, if I was having my dinner with my family and I'd be picking up my food with my hands, my Dad used to wallop my hand. He would say, "Use your fork and use your knife". I thought he was cruel.

When I was a teenager in Sandymount School, they would call my parents in every 6 or 7 months to have a meeting to talk about my progress. My parents would sit in front of a panel where they discussed things such as, how I was getting on and what they thought. On the panel there was a doctor, a speech therapist, a physiotherapist and maybe my teacher. I remember one day just before my parents went in my mother got chatting to another lady about how her daughter was getting on. My mother and this lady spoke about what they made their children do at home. My Mam said, "Well, do you let them do things for themselves at home". "Ah, no", the lady said, "Sure why should they do things when they have me, sure I don't let them do anything. Once they have me, I do everything for them". My Mam replied, "Well, it's nice to give them their own independence". The lady replied, "Oh, well I wouldn't do it". At the meeting the panel would ask, how I had improved in the last few years, my parents would tell them that I was getting on with my life and that I was very good. They explained that if I wanted to make a cup of tea or beans on toast that they would allow me to. The panel thought this was a very good thing.

My parents would also send me around to the local shop for milk, bread, the newspaper or cigarettes. I would buy all these things without the need for them to write it down. The teacher was very impressed that I didn't need it written down. So my parents were teaching me a lot but at the time I didn't understand and I thought they were very cruel to me.

It is only now at my age that I'm beginning to see what they did was good for me.

After School: When I was just about to leave school, I went to a training centre and I thought the training centre would help me get a job. I always wanted to work with children and they knew about that at the time. When I went to the training centre, I didn't learn much about children and I kept saying to myself, this has nothing to do with children, why am I doing this? I didn't learn that much there.

After two years there I moved to a long term training centre. I didn't want that. I kept asking, why am I going here? I don't want to be here. The person that was over the training centre said, "Ah well, we'll see what your Mam and Dad have to say". I said, "Why, why don't you ask me. I'm an adult now, I'm 18".

My Mam and Dad came up to the training centre when it was time for me to leave. The people said, "Well, we haven't got a job for Rita, so we'll have to put her into a workshop". The first thing my Dad said was, "Well, did you ask Rita? You don't ask me, you ask Rita does she want to go." But then they hummed and hawed and they said to me, "Well, it'll be only for six months".

Reluctantly, I said "Okay", and I went in for 18 flipping years!

It didn't do me any good. I didn't get proper money. I think I got four pounds at the time. Getting up in the cold, the rain and the snow to go out to work in those workshops for four pounds, I mean, that's a joke. So I kept fighting and fighting and fighting but I was there for 18 years and eventually I got a little job 18 years later. In the workshops I saw people that I went to school with and I found it very hard because they were once like me and now they were not. I think if they had a mother and father like mine things could have been different. I see families today looking down on their children or wrapping them up in cotton wool, this isn't right.

Closing thoughts: I just want to leave you with these thoughts.... If there are people out there, young people today and they have children and then they find out that their son or daughter has a learning disability or cerebral palsy or other things, don't molly coddle them, treat them like other children and they will come on in life.

Rita

Dublin Marathon

The Dublin Marathon is normally held on the last Monday in October, which is a public holiday. The first Dublin Marathon was held in 1980 and has grown in the numbers of participants every year. The run starts in Fitzwilliam Square in the city centre and proceeds in an anti-clockwise way around the city including passing through the Phoenix Park and concludes at Merrion Square in the city centre. The current men's record is 2 hours 8 minutes and 33 seconds is set by Geoffrey Ndungu in 2011, I would be happy to finish in double that time.

Why I'm doing the Dublin Marathon.

There are lots of reasons why people do the marathon. They might do it to raise money for good causes, they might do it because it's a challenge or maybe they just want to be part of something big on a day of the year with hundreds of runners young and old. I like to think I did it for all them reason's and more.

Training

Training for the marathon should start about 6 months before the big day.

One of the first things that is recommended is a visit to your doctor just to get the ok on your medical condition.

A good way to train is to follow a training plan; there are plenty of these to be found on-line. For my own training I found a good schedule in the Irish Runner Magazine.

The schedule starts off with short runs of 1 or 2 miles 5 times a week, after a couple of months the training increases to about 8 to 10 miles 5 days a week.

Part of the training is the race series, which is a 5-mile run in June, 10 kilometres in July, 10 miles in August and half a Marathon in September. A month before the marathon a few long runs of 20 to 23 miles is advised.

About 2 weeks before the marathon the training is cut back to give your body a chance to rest this is called tapering.

Charity

With well over 15,000 running the Dublin city Marathon millions of euros is raised for lots of charities in Ireland. I think people don't mind sponsoring runners for charity because they understand the runner has put in lots of hours and miles into their training and 26.2 miles is a great achievement for anyone to run or walk. The charity I was running for is The Alzheimer's Society of Ireland. The money will go towards respite support and research in Ireland.

How I got on, the highlights.

The morning of the marathon I got up at 6 am. I made some porridge and had a banana and a cup of coffee. I headed into town about 8'clock. It was a damp and cool morning but I didn't mind. The marathon started at 9.10. All the way through the run there were hundreds of supporters along the route cheering and clapping everyone on which is such a great help. In fact that was the best part for me because it was like being at a football match and I was on the winning team, it was something else. I loved it.

This was my 3rd Dublin Marathon and it was also my best one for lots of reasons. The two main reasons are, raising over €1550 for the charity and completing the marathon in a personal best of 4 hours and 18 minutes, 1

minute faster than the last time I ran it. I was going to write some pros and cons but to be honest there are no cons jus pros because I had such a great day. So it is all good.

Chris

Worksheet

Dublin Marathon

Q1. When was the first Dublin Marathon held?

Q2. What is the current Men's record for the Dublin Marathon?

Q3. When should the training start?

Q4. What is tapering?

Q5. How many miles long is the Marathon?

Q6. What time did the Dublin Marathon start?

Q7. Why was this Chris's best marathon?

Q8. What time did Chris complete the Marathon in?

The End Of A Way Of Life

It was early morning when Tom prepared his boat, The Nova Star, for a fishing trip he and his friends, Chris and Mark, were going out on later that morning. Little did he know the fate that awaited them later that day.

It was the last week in September when the fishing trip was planned for. Tom was the owner of the Nova Star, a forty foot motor launch and he had been the proud owner for the past six years. He had been involved in boats most of his adult life and had owned several other boats prior to owning his present boat. Sometimes he would hire his boat out for fishing or pleasure trips, which helped him finance his hobby. Tom was now in his mid-seventies and although he still got a great buzz out of sailing he was beginning to feel his age.

It was early morning when Tom and his friends, Chris and Mark, set sail from Howth Harbour for a days fishing. They were heading out beyond Lambay Island which Tom heard was a good area for fishing. The weather was fair with an overcast sky. The sea had a slight swell but nothing to worry about. Tom and his friends were well used to various sea conditions. There were reports that the weather was to deteriorate, but that wasn't due 'til the early hours of the next morning and the lads would be well back in the Harbour before then. It took about two hours to reach the fishing area. When they got there they settled in for a good days fishing. The weather was perfect for fishing. They had plenty of food and beer to last them for the whole day. It was evening time and they had a good days fishing over them and enjoyed the food, beer and craic. They also caught a load of fish between them.

It was now time to set sail for home. The engine, it failed to start. He set about fixing the problem and it took nearly two hours to fix it. By now the sun was setting and it was getting dark. As they set off for home, the weather took a turn for the worse, it looked like the bad weather was coming in earlier than reported. The sea was getting rough with the waves getting bigger. Tom and his friends weren't too concerned as they had been in these conditions before. They were sailing for about an hour and it was dark by now when disaster struck. The Nova Star struck a large semi-submerged object in the water. It was a container that had been washed overboard from a ship a day or two before. The boat started to take in water. Tom switched on the pump to try and pump out the water. Chris and Mark started to bail out the water with whatever they could find. But after a while they realised their efforts were failing as the water levels were still rising and the boat was settling lower in the water. The sea was getting very rough and the waves were starting to come over the boat. As things were getting very critical, it was decided that they should abandon ship. Chris and Mark launched the life raft while Tom radioed for help stating their position. Chris and Mark were first into the life raft. Tom was slow to follow as this boat had been a part of his life for years. It wasn't until the boat got so low in the water and he was in danger of going down with it that he reluctantly decided to abandon ship. As he sat in the life raft and watched with great sadness his pride and joy sink beneath the waves, he decided that he would not be able to continue with this way of life any more. It was time to slam the door shut and never to open it again as a hobby and a way of life that had been good to him. Maybe someday soon he might be able to open a new door to another hobby, but that thought was for another day. It took over two hours before the lifeboat found them and after being tossed around in heavy seas,

the lads were glad to be on board the lifeboat and making their way back to solid ground.

Jack Gilligan

Car Trouble

I got a car when I was twenty two years old. It was about twelve years old and my brother told me it was a good car. I gave a man a lend of the car and he said the rings on the pistons were gone. I said to my brother that the engine was gone. I decided to buy another car. On Easter weekend I went to the same garage and I bought a blue Mini. It cost £1,500. When I had this car for 3 months the man who borrowed my first car asked me for this car for a lend. He came back in an hour and said the valves were sticking. I went to a garage and asked the mechanic to look at the car and write down what was wrong with it. There were five more things wrong with it.

I left the car back to the garage where I bought it. I got a replacement car and I had it for two weeks. I got my own car back. I brought it home and I found out the spare tyre was missing. I rang the garage and the owner told me he would give it to my brother. My brother would tell me he would get the spare tyre. This went on for about a month and I would ring every week. They would tell me the boss wasn't there. One day after I was told that, a friend said he would ring him. He told the receptionist he was buying a car. The boss came on the phone at once and my friend handed me the phone. He told me I would have my tyre that evening. My brother was not too happy with the way I went about it. I didn't care a bit about that.

Gay

Worksheet

Car Trouble

Q1 How old was Gaye when he bought a car?

Q2 What make of car did he buy?

Q3 How old was the car?

Q4 What happened when he lent it?

Q5 What make was the second car?

Q6 What did Gaye do with the car?

Q7 How did he manage without the car for two weeks?

Q8 What was the problem when he got the car back?

Three Years Too Late

I went to a funeral. I got out of a car and I was introducing my son. My wife was talking to other people. I was talking to a man who drives buses and taxis. He told me he had to pick up two people at the Shelbourne Hotel. He told them he was going to bring them to Dublin Port to catch the early boat. They insisted the boat was going from Dun Laoghaire and he drove them there. When he got to Dun Laoghaire the two passengers said that there were not many people around and he said there wouldn't be either because the last boat left three years ago and if they didn't hurry up they would miss the last boat out of Dublin Port that morning.

Gay

Citizens in Conflict Exhibition

Our Trip to the Citizens in Conflict Exhibition took place on Wednesday 20th April. A group of eighteen members of the Coolock Adult Literacy Service attended on the day. The exhibition took place in Dublin City Library and Archive. Our guide on the day was historian Donal Fallon. Donal created a wonderful atmosphere throughout the exhibition; he brought the whole exhibition to life and made it a very enjoyable experience.

The street where the library is situated was once called Great Brunswick Street but was later renamed in honour of the Pearse brothers, Patrick and Willie who were executed during 1916 Rising.

The exhibition had a vast collection of old photographs showing life during the Rising. One section of the exhibition focussed on the civilian deaths that took place. It was a moving experience to see the names and ages of the innocent victims of the Rising. Their ages ranged from three years of age to people in their sixties.

On display in the corner of the Reading Room is the actual head of the statue of Lord Nelson that once stood tall in O'Connell Street until it was blown to pieces by a republican group in 1966.

Records from the Dublin Fire Brigade Ambulance log books of the time were also included. This original evidence showed the hour by hour response of the service during the Rising between April 24th and 29th.

The library specialises in material relating to Dublin and surrounding areas. It also has a general collection of material relating to Ireland as a whole. You can access newspapers dating from 1700 to the present day. Amongst other material available to view are the electoral rolls containing the names and addresses of every registered voter in Dublin from 1973. If you have an interest in old Dublin this library would be well worth a visit.

Rosaleen

