

# **ALOYS FLEISCHMANN (1910-1992)**

## **DIARY 1926**



**TRANSCRIBED AND ANNOTATED  
BY RUTH FLEISCHMANN**

**A DIARY OF MYSELF  
AND MY ACTIONS**

**BEGUN JAN 31 1926**

**Aloys Fleischmann**

**6 Wellesley Terrace  
Wellington Road  
Cork**

January 1926

Sunday 31

Memorable day of big concert in Opera House. Programme consists of 'Hail, Bright Abode', 'Fly, Singing Bird, Fly' and 'The Walpurgis Night'. Peter Dawson<sup>1</sup> also sings two groups of songs. After Mass, Pappy and I go to meet Dawson in the Imperial Hotel, and then go to general practice. Very nervous before performance. Concert great success. House packed. Choir sings splendidly, and Dawson proves to be a fine artist. I accompany on harmonium, and evidently get on pretty well. Miss O'Brien<sup>2</sup> is at piano for choir, and Mr. Carlton Fay, a typically dry Australian, plays for Dawson. The only painful event was that the curtain could not be dropped in time as the man was at the time smoking his pipe in some other part of the house. Everything splendid afterwards until it was found out that three of the soloists were departing from the choir, because they were not brought to the footlights. Shows their mentality!

February 1926

Monday 1

Great disgust on seeing criticism of concert. Absolutely rotten. While every trash gets the highest praise in the 'Examiner', this beautiful concert, and all really artistic performances, are shamefully ignored. Many resolutions of going to Germany as soon as possible, where good efforts of any kind are well recognised, and bad ones turned down. Spend the day in school<sup>3</sup> ruminating on the events of yesterday, and feel hopelessly disgusted. On coming home from school, I find Mammy and Pappy not as upset as I expected, they are well seasoned now to such things. Hear that Sophie Stockley is giving a fancy dress ball, which livens things up a bit. Determination of going as a clown, and of having a really jolly time.

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<sup>1</sup> Peter Dawson (1882-1961) was a celebrated Australian baritone who lived in London.

<sup>2</sup> Jane (Jennie) O'Brien, or Sinéad Ní Bhríain (1895-1979), daughter of Cork wool millers, had been a talented pupil of Tilly Fleischmann's who gave recitals and broadcasts. She was one of the Fleischmanns' best friends. In the 1920s she trained in Manchester as a nursery nurse, graduating from the Princess Christian College there. She was later to study music in University College Cork under Aloys Fleischmann, graduating in 1943. She then taught in Drishane, and in Scoil Íte, the school founded by Terence MacSwiney's sisters in 1916, having all her life been a close family friend of theirs.

<sup>3</sup> Aloys was now going to school in St Finbarr's College, Farranferris, where his father was music teacher. It was the diocesan seminary founded in 1887, a boarding school for boys. Students did not have to undertake a commitment to study for the priesthood; boys living in the city could attend as day students. It closed in 2006.

February 1926

Tuesday 2

No letter of protest in paper, but most of our artistic circle very enthusiastic. Receive copy of 'Walpurgis Nacht' autographed by Peter Dawson, in which he says that the concert was a really splendid one, and signs himself 'Harmoniously yours', a pun. Pappy enjoys day with Dawson at Kinsale, in which the latter tells him much of his early life and struggle to become a good artist. Very interested and delighted with history class in school. Have got a real love for history, having studied a summary of the affairs of western Europe from the early Greek civilisation to the present day. Have also Cassell's 'History of the World', and have read the first two volumes, which deal with Babylonia, Assyria and Egypt. Am determined to read rest of work later on. Dr. Scannell<sup>4</sup> is a wonderful teacher of history on account of the many and varied experiences he has had.

February 1926

Wednesday 3

Begin Mariott's 'History of French Revolution', entitled 'The Making of Modern Europe'. Do not find it quite as interesting as was expected, but this may be my unacquaintance with his rather condensed style. Go to Gerard Shanahan's concert.<sup>5</sup> Quite a success. – 'Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted monster.' On returning from school, find Mammy and Pappy terribly upset on account of the sudden death of poor Father Ryan, M.A., one of Pappy's best pupils. He was a young, enthusiastic and beautiful priest, and simple as a child. Having been to the concert on Sunday, he was rather tired after class on the next day, and on Tuesday, died unexpectedly from heart-failure. Just before, he had been giving other African Missioner priests a little lecture on the 'Walpurgis Nacht', such was his enthusiasm for the concert. Pappy attended requiem and funeral. He was a really beautiful character. Requiescat in pace!

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<sup>4</sup> Rev. Dr. Joseph Augustine Scannell (18??-1961) was born in Cork, studied in Louvain and Rome, was ordained in Rome in 1904. He was chaplain to the Irish Guards 1914-18, and was decorated for his bravery. He was president of St. Finbarr's College, Farranferris 1923-1938, when he became parish priest of Bandon. In 1946 he was made Dean of the Cork diocese. He was Aloys' esteemed teacher for English, History, Geography and German at Farranferris. He was decorated by the French government for his work for French culture.

<sup>5</sup> Gerard Shanahan was a Cork pianist, a pupil of Tilly Fleischmann's at the Cork School of Music. He began giving public performances as a boy, and went on to become head of the piano section of the School after Fleischmann resigned from the School in 1937. He was later to perform with the Radio Éireann and Cork Symphony Orchestras, and to give recitals for the University Art Society, on occasion with his violinist brother.

February 1926

Thursday 4

Have great fun at school. There is one fellow, nicknamed 'Babylonian Dick' with whom I am ceaselessly fighting. We are like two young bears, always quarrelling and arguing with the greatest good-humour. I go off into fits of laughter, even when at home, on thinking of the tortures we inflict on each other. 'Dicky' Lenihan, the Irish teacher, and 'Pa' Keating are two characters such as Dickens or 'The Spectator' would delight in, and every day there is some new joke current about the doings or sayings of one of them. 'Pa' is, I am sure, over sixty, since he taught my aunt Wally<sup>6</sup> when a girl, but he is still as sharp as an eagle, and has an extraordinary quaint and humorous manner about him. 'Dicky', on the other hand, is middle-aged, and not so sharp. Our chief delight is to flatter him in all manner of ways, and he, apparently at all events, takes it all in. 'Dicky' teaches Irish and 'Pa' maths.

February 1926

Friday 5

Did some bargaining for stamps in school, and got some good ones. By my exertions, I have started about eight fellows in collecting stamps, and I often do a roaring trade with them. In addition, Bill, the Bishop's chauffeur, Julia, one of the housemaids, and Doctor Scannell are collecting for me. Our last maid, Julia [Lynch], who is now in London, sends me an envelope of stamps about every three weeks, together with newspaper-cuttings, and other trifles which she thinks will interest me. It is really very kind and faithful of her to put herself to so much trouble on my account. She was with us four years, and was a really typical Irish character, full of fun and wit. Her intelligence was remarkable, and she soon got quite a good taste for music while she was with us.

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<sup>6</sup> Walburga (Wally) Swertz was born in Cork 15 Jan 1881 to Hans Conrad and Walburga Swertz, the eldest of their nine children. She became the first professor of German at University College Cork in 1911. She went to Germany for the summer holidays in 1914, and was unable to return home when the world war began in August. She lived with her aunt Matilda Swertz in Krefeld, taught in a secondary school standing in for a teacher doing military service, became ill in 1917 and died of tuberculosis on 12 Jan. 1918 aged 37.

February 1926

Saturday 6

Pappy receives a very despondent letter from Colonel Brase.<sup>7</sup> The latter was a band conductor of high rank in Berlin, whom the Free State brought over to train the Irish bands. At first he met with the greatest success, making extraordinary artistry from very raw material. His tours round the country with the No. 1 Band brought programmes of 'Tannhäuser', 'Parsifal', '1812', and other great works to all the towns, and did immense work for the musical education of the people. Still, it appears, it was all sensationalism. When he gives a high-class concert now, the hall is only half full, and evidently he is beginning to despond. He was to come to Cork in a few weeks, but has put it off. Pappy's choir always took part in his concerts, which were a great success.

February 1926

Sunday 7

Finish my exercises early, and hurry down to Stockleys'.<sup>8</sup> Mammy's pupils, who gave a splendid concert in the School of Music two weeks ago, are repeating it at Woodside for the benefit of those who couldn't come. There were about forty people there, and the whole assembly reminded me of what I heard of the old days when such interesting musical meetings were held there. Many famous people went there, and Pappy had his meetings of the Choral Union in Tivoli then. The war, however, has changed all this. The evening was a great success. The pupils played splendidly except for their being a little unused to the

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<sup>7</sup> Colonel Fritz Brase (1875-1940), German bandmaster and composer in the service of the Kaiser, after the first world war music director of the Berlin police, in 1923 accepted the post of director of the newly founded Irish Army School of Music. He had a decisive influence on the musical life of Dublin. He established four military bands, and took the No. 1 Band on tours throughout Ireland. He organised schools concerts, founded the Dublin Symphony Orchestra, the Dublin Philharmonic Society, organised and conducted symphony concerts in Dublin, did extensive broadcasting. He became a Nazi sympathiser but as an Irish army officer, was not permitted to become involved in politics.

<sup>8</sup> William P. Stockley (1859-1943), professor of English at University College Cork from 1905-1931. He was born in Dublin, studied at Trinity College with Douglas Hyde, taught at the universities of Ottawa and New Brunswick before returning to Ireland. He became a Catholic in 1894, joined Sinn Féin and was elected to the 2<sup>nd</sup> Dáil. He contributed to many journals and published several books. His second wife, Marie Germaine (1868-1949), was born in Munich to the French pianist Sophie Danvin and the Bavarian landscape architect Max Kolb, director of the Royal Botanical Gardens; her sister was the novelist Annette Kolb. She was a singer, a painter, taught singing in the School of Music, contributed to journals and was a marvellous correspondent. The heroine in Sean O'Faolain's play *She Had to Do Something* was modelled on her; Daniel Corkery dedicated his Book of Lyrics *I Bhreasail* to the Stockleys. They had one daughter, Sophie, and lived in Woodside, Tivoli.

piano. Everybody was delighted. Afterwards, when the majority were gone, we played charades, and had great fun.

February 1926

Monday 8

Found greatest excitement prevailing in school. Two boys, it appeared, being tired of the monotony of school life, escaped by one of the back doors at 8.30 on Sunday evening, and went down town where they went to the pictures and had a gay time. Returning at 11 o'clock, they crept through one of the windows, and went to their respective dormitories quite safely, as they thought. The Dean of Study, however, found that they were missing, and reported to Dr. Scannell. When I came to school the two culprits were confined to their rooms. At 2 o'clock the leader of them climbed down the drain-pipe to the ground three storeys below, and ran away. The other, it is expected, will get a flogging. Rather exciting for such a quiet college as Farran Ferris!

February 1926

Tuesday 9

On hearing from me that I was going to [be] vaccinated, the boys in school told me terrible stories about the torture and agony I should have to undergo from the doctor's knife. Accordingly it was with great misgivings that I got off early at school and presented myself to the doctor. The instrument of injecting looked pretty bad, and I am sure the doctor was amazed at the expression in my face, but there was no pain at all, for it is only a trivial performance. The boys fooled me nicely! I will have to go every Monday for six weeks now to be injected with vaccine, because I have a perpetual cold. This evening I went to a concert in the Protestant Cathedral with Pappy.<sup>9</sup> Programme consisted of Dvorak's 'Stabat Mater' and Parry's 'Jerusalem'. Neither of the works appealed to me much, and the choir seemed a bit unbalanced. Still, it was something one does not often hear in Cork. I am really not prejudiced in this criticism.

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<sup>9</sup> The concert was given by the St. Fin Barre's Cathedral Oratorio Society, founded in 1923 by J.T. Horne, the cathedral organist.

February 1926

Wednesday 10

Had lessons in Irish traditional singing from Father O'Flynn<sup>10</sup> in school to-day, and learnt about the Authentic and the Plagal modes of Re. It is a very interesting subject, but I do wish he would not teach in Tonic Solfa. This system is one of the musical nuisances here. Went to my cousin Arthur after dinner, and found him in bed with the flu, and Frieda with measles. Patty, the baby, is really charming.<sup>11</sup> Spent the remainder of evening fixing stamps from my old album into the new. It is a terrible job, and one would require the patience of an angel for it. I have a champion stamp, catalogue value of which is £6, and I am very proud of it. I have about 3,000 stamps now, and have a real passion for stamp collecting. It is very instructive in geography, as well as amusing, and it sometimes can become financial.

February 1926

Thursday 11

Had a lengthy argument with a boy in school about Germany and the war. The boys are all very fair-minded in Farran Ferris, but they often try to draw me out by telling me about the brutalities committed by the Germans. I always argue the matter to the finish very heatedly, even though I know they are only amused by my fervour. Dr. Scannell is very good on this point, as he has often well shown up to us the real state of affairs during the war, and has dispelled the stupid notions about German barbarism. When I came home I was delighted to find Father Pat MacSwiney<sup>12</sup> was going to stay with us till Saturday. He looked rather thin and pale after his illness, but was as vigorous and merry as ever.

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<sup>10</sup> Father James Christopher O'Flynn (1881-1962), curate in Cork's North Cathedral, founded the Cork Shakespearian Company in 1926, which from 1927 performed regularly at the Opera House and produced a series of renowned actors. Fr. O'Flynn developed a very effective method of curing stammering. He taught elocution in Farranferris; in 1946 he became parish priest in Passage West where he founded a children's choir that often broadcast on Radio Éireann. His mother had sung in Hans Conrad Swertz's Cathedral choir; he studied the piano with Tilly Fleischmann for a while, argued with her husband over the merits of classical vs. traditional music, but was the first to visit him in the internment camp in Oldcastle in 1916. A BBC documentary film was made of him in 1961: *It happened to me*.

<sup>11</sup> Arthur, his sisters Frieda and Patricia, were the children of Tilly's sister Elsa O'Malley-Williams, née Swertz.

<sup>12</sup> Father Patrick MacSwiney, M.A. (1885-1940), one of the Fleischmanns' closest friends. He was a man of much learning with a great love of music, also a man of action who set up social and cultural organisations in the parishes in which he served. He was at this time chaplain to a convent in Dunmanway, having been removed from Cork after a public controversy with the bishop during the civil war. He was to be transferred to Kinsale in 1927.



February 1926

Friday 12

Rushed from school to town in order to find a clown's hat for Saturday's carnival, and having tried at least a dozen shops, at last got what I wanted. After dinner I spent an hour trying on and completing my outfit, and I scarcely finished a quarter of my exercises, as every moment I had to stand up again, and be measured. Poor Nannie<sup>13</sup> and Mammy had a terrible job of it, but at last everything was ready for 10 o'clock. Was very disgusted with Lisburn and Townsend, my stamp agents. A parcel of extra leaves for my stamp-album is now due about four weeks, and no answer has been given to a card I sent asking them to send it on. This is very unusual for an English firm, who are generally very honest and thorough in their dealings.

February 1926

Saturday 13

At last the day has arrived! I hurried home as quickly as I could, and got everything ready. Margaret [the housekeeper] refused point-blank to polish my shoes, so I left rather ill-humoured, but this soon wore off when I arrived. I was the first to come, and when dressed, I spent my time in knocking at doors, then running away, giving people frights, and making myself as big a nuisance as I could. Some of the costumes were really splendid, my cousin Arthur's, who went as Pharaoh, Sophie's, an eastern lady, and Fräulein Engelmann's,<sup>14</sup> a Dutch boy, were the best. First we had some dancing, and then tea, at which things became very jolly. Musical chairs were then played, and after supper the real fun commenced. There were not many of us left, and we did nothing but romp and laugh the whole time. Pappy and I arrived home at 1 o'clock! We were scarcely able to drag ourselves home. It was a most enjoyable night, and I shall remember it for a long time.

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<sup>13</sup> Nannie: Aloys' maternal grandmother, Walburga Swertz née Rössler of Dachau (1854-1945). She came to Cork in 1880. She did not see her family again for 21 years, when in 1901 she accompanied her daughter Tilly to Munich, who was to begin her studies at the Royal Academy of Music. Her next and last visit was in 1930 to see the Oberammergau passion play.

<sup>14</sup> Klara (Clär) Engelmann was a German teacher of English; she met some Irish people in Germany, who invited her to stay with them. She became friendly with the Fleischmanns and the Stockleys, wanted to remain in Ireland but did not succeed in finding a teaching post. She returned to Germany in 1926. She later taught English in a secondary school in Giessen. She continued to correspond with the family and came back to visit in the 1950s.

February 1926

Sunday 14

Awoke at half past nine, and could scarcely pull myself out of bed. My toes and feet were aching, and I am afraid I was very sleepy at Mass. It shows how attentive those must be who have been at an all-night dance on the Saturday before! Mamma and I had a great laugh at Fräulein Engelmann, who toiled up the hill to our house at a snail's pace, and looked as if she would never reach the top. Wrote a fairly good composition on 'Sir Roger de Coverly and the Spectator at the races'. I feel my English improving every week, and I think Dr. Scannell is quite pleased with my comps. After dinner, I went to my friend Mark O'Shaughnessy, and had some fun there. Markie is a really nice, simple old fellow, and I like him very much. As it was wet, we had a few games of billiards.

February 1926

Monday 15

Was sorry to hear when I came to school that my friend John Cottrell was caught smoking. He is a very good fellow, and it is a great pity. During the day, he was sent home, but I didn't mind very much as I am sure he will come back in a few days as a day boy, like myself. Went to the doctor again to be injected, and did not come home till half-four, when I was half famished with hunger. I am beginning to get a great liking for Horace's Odes, especially the famous '*Eheu, eheu, fugaces*', *Postume, Postume, labuntur anni*' etc. I often wonder what I am going to become! Wrote a letter to Julia, asking why I have not heard from her for such a long time.

February 1926

Tuesday 16

Was delighted to hear in school that John Cottrell is being taken back on Sunday next. Great excitement at Doctor Scannell's rigid new method of putting a check to the breaking of school regulations. A committee was formed by senior grade fellows to-day to put down all rowdyism, and they very pompously, yet sincerely, apologised to Dr. Scannell for the bad conduct of the house during the past few weeks. Dickie was to-day accidentally splashed by ink, and his whole face was black with it. There was never such a joke, and some of the prepar[atory] fellows almost went into hysterics talking about him. To-day when I was cycling through Bridge Street on my way home, an ugly mastiff began diving and snarling

at my legs. While trying to kick him, I got caught in the tram-rails, and was thrown off, and my bike punctured. It is horrible to come a cropper in a crowded street. Everyone looks at you. Had a fine feed, as it was pancake night this evening. Got a charming letter from Julia with some splendid stamps.

February 1926

Wednesday 17

Was very interested in history class. While speaking of the 'Marseillaise', Dr. Scannell told us that that stupid and common song 'It's a long way to Tipperary' was widely spread throughout England during the war, and that the English soldiers in France were continually singing it. He himself observed one day that when an English band was playing 'God save the King' the French soldiers paid little or no attention, but when it played 'Tipperary', all stood to attention with alacrity, took off their caps, and looked exceedingly solemn. They thought it was the English national anthem. Pappy told us some charming and amusing stories about the Bavarian court in the time of the Prince Regent at dinner. He himself was invited with some other notable musicians to dine at the palace, and one of them made really amusing mistakes owing to his ignorance of the formalities at court. The Bavarian monarchy was truly lovable and great. I am certainly a hot constitutional monarchist.

February 1926

Thursday 18

Learnt the family tree of the Buonapartes in the history class. It is extraordinary how personal experiences colour study of this description. For instance, Dr. Scannell told us of his conversation with a man who had found the body of the Prince Imperial after a battle in the Boer War, and this together with some other details of the same nature gave us a quite new interest in things. Got about twelve splendid stamps from Lilian Russell who lives in our terrace. I often do some bargaining with her. Mammy and I discussed the details of her concert, which is coming off shortly, while we were at tea. Went to Choral Society practice, where they studied Gounod's 'By Babylon's Wave' ('Super fluvius Babylonae'), a very beautiful and pathetic work. The mission which is now in Cork and which will continue for four weeks kept many away from the practice. There seems to be rather a general despondency after the big concert. It is very sad.

February 1926

Friday 19

At play I broke the window of one of the nuns'<sup>15</sup> rooms with a ball. The reverend mother was sitting behind the window and she got the fright of her life. A terribly guilty feeling hangs over one after doing something like this, and the jokes of the boys didn't make me feel happier, though, of course, I put the best face I could on the matter. Luckily, Dr. Scannell had just got three front teeth out, and so I was spared a lecture, for he could scarcely speak. I had to go through the ordeal of an apology to the reverend mother, however, and that was bad enough. Spent a lot of time in the evening mending a puncture in my bicycle, going out to send a man to Farran Ferris for the glass, and in drawing a plan of reserved seats for Mammy's recital which is coming off soon. I hope it will be a great success!

February 1926

Saturday 20

Had some fun at school, but was unfortunate enough to run against Fr. Dalton as I was turning a corner of the corridor and knocked him against the wall. He was very nice about it. I am getting into a lot of bad scrapes lately. I apologised afterwards, and he was not at all cross as I expected, but told me 'not to worry'. Great excitement about the matches which are coming off. We are all practising very hard. Was thinking about politics this afternoon. Ireland is a Free State, cut off from northern Irish Parliament, and with Cosgrave as president, Tim Healy, and J. G. Walsh (*Fear an Phoist*) [the postman] are notable characters. George V is figure-head of England with Baldwin as Prime Minister. Germany is a republic with Hindenburg as president. France is likewise a republic, and is engaged, together with Spain, in trying to crush Abd El Krim, the heroic native chief of Morocco, good luck to him! He is also at war with the Druses in Syria. I thought these notes might be interesting in some years to come.

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<sup>15</sup> The Franciscan Sisters of St. Joseph looked after the priests and schoolboys in Farranferris, seeing to cleaning, cooking and nursing.

February 1926

Sunday 21

Began the thirteen Sundays of successive Holy Communion. Tried to get all my lessons finished, but didn't succeed. Arthur came up with Pattie after dinner and we had some fun. Pattie is charming, such a little 'Miss'. After tea, Clarence Mangan, one of Mammie's pupils, and a descendant of the great poet, called for me and together we went to Mr. Corkery.<sup>16</sup> At first we had a chat on different subjects, and after a second tea, we heard Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' on the wireless.<sup>17</sup> Before it was finished, as it was not very distinct, we shut off, and put on some gramophone records of the Sistine Chapel Choir, and of Mozart's 'Jupiter' overture and violin concertos. They were very enjoyable. Mr. Cronin, the best piper in Ireland, was with us during the afternoon. Clarence played his Mozart sonata excellently for us. It was a real treat. We went home about 11 o'clock. These evenings at Mr. Corkery's are very pleasant, as we chat about music, literature etc.

February 1926

Monday 22

Was surprised to learn that the French revolutionaries change the whole order of the year. It seems to me to have been a very practical arrangement, no 31s and 29s. The senior honours class at school is the ideal one. We are seven all told, and you couldn't find a nicer lot of fellows anywhere. They are all very witty, so much so that I am laughing from 9 in the morning till three in the evening. Such manly, honest fellows you couldn't find anywhere in the city. I wouldn't go back to Christian College now for all the world. The atmosphere in Farran Ferris is really congenial, and everyone seems to work in complete harmony. I hope I shall always be able to mix with such a pleasant crowd. Went to the doctor after school, and was injected. Forbidden to play hurley! Finished my exercises at 9 for once, and worked at stamps.

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<sup>16</sup> Daniel Corkery (1878-1964), writer, painter, teacher. He was a primary schoolteacher who learnt Irish in the Gaelic League. Among his pupils were Frank O'Connor, Sean O'Faolain and Seán Ó Tuama. He founded the Cork Dramatic Society in 1908 with Terence MacSwiney, writing several plays for it, which were later performed in the Abbey Theatre. He published short stories, a novel and influential works on cultural history such as *The Hidden Ireland* of 1924. He became professor of English at UCC in 1930. He loved classical music and Aloys had a standing invitation to visit him to listen to the radio and to records – expensive luxuries in those days: Aloys' parents did not at that time own a radio; they never had a record player.

<sup>17</sup> The Irish radio service began on Jan 1 1926, broadcasting for three hours daily. It had very low power and could not be heard properly throughout the country. It had a staff of five, and a part-time orchestra of four. The following year a station was set up in Cork in the former women's prison. It was closed in 1930 as it was deemed to cost too much.

February 1926

Tuesday 23

I may as well give my week's routine here, as nothing much happened to-day. Every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, I have to get up at 7.40, breakfast at 8, during which I generally study, leave at 8.30 for school at 9, history, then English, then maths, then free time for three quarters of an hour each, till lunch at twelve, play from 12.15 till 12.45, then Latin, Irish, German, home at 3.45, dinner till 4.30, piano till 6, violin<sup>18</sup> till 6.10. Tea till 6.45, lessons and exercises till 9.45 or 10, supper and bed. Any play after dinner is got by taking a few minutes off each of my tasks. On Wednesdays I have Irish, Elocution and History for an hour each, French when I come home at 12.30 from Fräulein Engelmann, and, if I can get my comp. [i.e. essay] and lessons finished in time, I may get two hours off to go to Markie or Arthur. On Saturdays I have Harmony<sup>19</sup> also, and generally get only two hours free on Sunday. Comps. twice a week.

February 1926

Wednesday 24

Had some traditional singing from Father O'Flynn. The first air he sang for us was one played by harpers as they led the clans to battle. He imitated the twang of the harp-strings very well, and the air would rouse anyone to battle-fury. We were all marching along the corridors humming it after class. These traditional airs give a real insight into Irish life as it was before it was spoiled by the coming of the English, and only then when you appreciate these airs, can you understand the wild beauty of the old Irish lives. Father O'Flynn has a lovely Doge sedan and he is kind enough to let his chauffeur drive me and another day-boy named Groeger home, so every Wednesday we have a fine spin. Father MacSwiney was to finish his lecture on 'Glimpses of art and life in Poland' to-day, but unfortunately he couldn't come, and it had to be postponed. Worked for some time at my Japanese stamps this evening.

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<sup>18</sup> Aloys studied the violin with William Brady at the School of Music.

<sup>19</sup> Aloys studied harmony with his father.

February 1926

Thursday 25

Could not go to the practice of the Choral Society as I had to do some messages in town for Mammie's concert. Every second shop in town has her window-card in the front. It is really a shame that after such a splendid and successful concert as the last one in the Opera House there should be such a slump in the Choral Society. The rotten criticism in the paper evidently affected it, for most people thought that it must not have been at all good if even the 'Examiner' could not praise it, the Lord save us! With jealousies on account of solos and places in the choir, a quarter of the members have left, and it is very depressing. Went to the doctor again to be injected. My cold is still bad. Wrote a letter to Mr. Scully, a painter who lived in Cork before, and was a great friend of ours.<sup>20</sup> He is now gone to England, and we miss him terribly. He was almost the last of the good old class in Cork.

February 1926

Friday 26

I am doing penance for my sins this Lent by being off sweets, jam, sugar in tea, sugar in porridge, by going to bed punctually at 9.30 if my exercises are finished, that is, I cannot play after 9.30, and by getting up the moment the knock comes at the door; together with a few smaller things. These don't trouble me very much, and I should do something more. To-day Nannie, who always comes on Fridays, gave me a page of the 'Irish Outlook', a paper which was run in Cork about twelve years ago. On it is a portrait of Mammie and Pappie with a short article on them.<sup>21</sup> Those were better days in Cork then, and happier ones for music. It is said that a new paper, on the lines of 'The Irish Outlook', will be out shortly, and published in Cork. Let us hope it will be good, and at all events if it can but raise the standard of the 'Examiner' it will be a great boon.

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<sup>20</sup> Harry Scully (1863-1935) was a Cork painter who studied in the Cork School of Art, London and on the continent. He taught in the Crawford School of Art, became a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, exhibited there and in London. He studied the piano with Tilly Fleischmann. He left Cork when martial law was declared to live in England. He died after a traffic accident.

<sup>21</sup> *The Irish Outlook* Vol III No 27, Cork, April 19 1913 (Price One Penny) page 1: Portrait of the Week – Herr Fleischmann and Frau Fleischmann Swertz

February 1926

Saturday 27

I often think of my holidays in Dublin two years ago. Dublin is a really bright cheery town, a contrast to Cork in every way. The proximity of the sea has a bracing effect on the whole atmosphere. There are some lovely stretches of strand in Portmarnock, solitary and lonely, with Lambeg Island and Ireland's Eye looking like fairy isles out at sea. In the harbour is a marshy waste with a beautiful silver strand on the far side, called the 'Bull'. These places, when I think of them, impress me with a feeling of loneliness I cannot describe. I spent some of the happiest days there. To-day I felt miserable. I am not out enough lately, stuck inside the whole day, and whenever I begin work, I get a head like a lump of lead. But I am going to exercise myself well when the hols come.

February 1926

Sunday 28

Second Sunday of Holy Communion. This Sunday was the end of the women's fortnight of the mission, and the Holy Communion lasted twenty minutes. I had a fine headache when I came home.<sup>22</sup> As we had no comp. I got my ex. finished for dinner, and while waiting for Pappy to come home for dinner, I got a sudden rush of blood to my head. Miss O'Brien said it was nothing, but I hope it won't happen often. We celebrated Miss O'Brien's birthday to-day, and had some nice things for dinner. Gave her a biscuiter, and I think she was delighted. Went to Markie after dinner, and had some fun. When I came home, I found Arthur and Frieda waiting. Pappie was furious, because he was afraid we might get the measles from Frieda. At eight they went, after helping Mammie with slips for concert, and I went to Mr. Corkery. Had a very nice time. Heard Dubois and Händel on the wireless, and Joe Mangan play Mozart. Came home quite refreshed.

March 1926

Monday 1

Great excitement in school, as our team entered for the Harty Cup, left at nine for Fermoy. Dr. Scannell and a few other priests went with the boys, so we had scarcely any class, and I did all my ex. At 2 o'clock there was a ring at the telephone and Fr. Murphy, having answered it, came back beaming. A few of us who had gathered around asked him about the

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<sup>22</sup> At that time communicants were not allowed to eat or drink from midnight of the previous day.



result of the match, and at first he would tell us nothing, but at last told us Farran Ferris had won by 5 goals to two. With a whoop we dashed down-stairs and spread the news. I hope it is true. Will know to-morrow. When I came home, I did a good deal of piano, as I had no ex. I am doing at present Clementi's third study, the Allegro of one of Mozart's Sonatas, and Mendelssohn's first Prelude. I am beginning to love even the practising now. Mended a puncture in my bike, and afterwards read and did stamps till bed. Got a killing [i.e. amusing] letter from Julia. She is evidently in great form in London.

March 1926

Tuesday 2

The rumour that we won the match is true. At the lodge the gardener, grinning from ear to ear, told us that at about 10.30 on Wednesday [*Monday*] night the team came back from Fermoy; and sang and whistled and played mouth-organs all the way to the College, where a host of pyjamas-clad fellows awaited them. Dr. Scannell was, of course, in great humour, and we didn't do a scrap of work with Dr. Murphy at Latin on account of all the talk about the match. This is only a semi-final, however. Went to the Doctor again for second-last injectment. It is beginning to hurt now. On asking him, he said I could practise for the match if I togged out. Worked very late with all my ex. To-day's paper says that Abd el Krim is beginning an offensive. I hope he may beat the French out of the country, those land-grabbers, trying to conceal their policy under the guise of authority from 'League of Nations' etc. etc.

March 1926

Wednesday 3

When class was finished to-day at 12 o'clock, we had a practice-match with the North Monastery in their field for the under-17 years league. Though hurley is a good game, it is a dangerous one, and when hulks of fellows get cross, and begin to 'swipe', some bad blows can be received. On the whole, however, the match went off all right. I was playing, too, and got on fairly well. Came home dead tired, and went after dinner to Arthur. Found Aunt Elsa enthusiastic about gardening. She is very good, and is doing a lot of propaganda for Mammie's concert, besides buying tickets herself. There is a danger, according to to-day's paper, of Japan coming to grips with Russia over China. There has been nothing but fighting in the far east for a long time. It is impossible to discriminate the different war-lords. Finished ex. And read 'Europe of to-day', plus some stamp mounting this evening.

March 1926

Thursday 4

Read and learned Keats's prologue to 'Endymion', beginning with the famous lines 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever'. It strikes me as being a really lovely and inspiring poem. I think that the line of greatest simplicity and beauty is 'and such are daffodils with the green world they live in.' Nothing can give a more concise picture of a few daffodils growing in a fresh green patch of grass. That line, and 'there sometimes doth a leaping fish send through the tarn a lonely cheer', from Wordsworth's 'Fidelity' seem to me worthy of true nature-poets. – I am now studying amongst other things Mendelssohn's first Prelude. It is a lovely work, full of pathos and grandeur, but I find it very difficult to bring it out well. – Could not go to choral practice again, as I had such a lot to do. The mission is affecting it seriously.

March 1926

Friday 5

Remained to-day for dinner at school in order to practise hurley for the under seventeen, coming off with Fermoy on the 13<sup>th</sup>. There was little to do, however, as the seniors monopolised the pitch, and I came home fairly disgusted with my left hand bleeding from a fall I had on some glass, and my arm pretty sore from a 'buster'. We had great sport at dinner, however, and I could scarcely eat anything, laughing at the boys the whole time. The priests had salmon for dinner. This struck me, as I only ate salmon once in my life. Found Nannie at home with some stamps for me. They weren't much good, however, but it was awfully good of her to get them for me. She is trying for some Japanese from a Franciscan. Drew Nannie out at tea about the Franco-Prussian War, and the Bavarian monarchy. She remembers both! There was nothing like the old monarchy. It is terrible to think it is gone perhaps for ever. Nannie rejoices according as the franc drops lower, and so do I.

March 1926

Saturday 6

Was surprised to hear from Dr. Scannell that Marconi is in a way indebted to Cork for his first rise to greatness. Apparently there was a meeting of the commercial business men of Gt. Britain and Ireland some years ago, and three Corkmen attended to attempt to obtain a communication between the Fastnet Lighthouse and ships passing eastward. Marconi, then unknown, called on them at their hotel in London, and told them about his invention of

wireless telegraphy. They were incredulous, as were the other representatives at the meeting afterwards, but finally Marconi was allowed to demonstrate, and success followed. Thus his career began. It is difficult to believe Cork ever gave anyone a lift! On my way to the Doctor's I got a bad fall in Blackpool from my bike. The brakes were put out of action, and I was mud from top to toe. You may be sure I felt awkward. Went to the Doctor, however, in that state for last injection, and then to Confession. Had a bad night of sleeplessness and nightmares.

### March 1926

Sunday 7

3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday of Holy Communion. Saw poor Miss Cassidy at Mass. She lost her leg and very nearly her life, through carelessness on the part of her doctor a month ago, but is now well and cheerful again as ever. She taught me before in St Ita's. Finished ex. and dinner and went off to match in Mardyke. There was a great 'clim bum' as Pappie would say, for the Greenmount band and a big crowd were present. I felt very nervous for our fellows. In the first half they played splendidly, score being Pres. 2 goals, Farran Ferris 1 goal, but in the second half, Pres training, and our lack of it, was evident, and it ended with a complete victory for Pres by 9 goals 3 pts to 1 goal. Came home rather downhearted, because the good name of Farran Ferris is rather spoiled by these continual defeats in hurley, which is the most important element of school-life for many here. Went to Mr. Corkery, heard from him a splendid story of an escape from Curragh Camp, had discussion on Ireland of 17<sup>th</sup> century, and heard on gramophone Strauss's beautiful yet harrowing 'Death and Transfiguration'.

### March 1926

Monday 8

Found Dr. Scannell and the boys very good-humoured in spite of big defeat. Dr. Scannell especially is very cheery, and is going to give the boys extra cakes from Thompson's for tea. Went to the St. Thomas Aquinas Mass at the St Mary's, Pope's Quay, church. All the senior students of the schools of Cork were present, and filled the whole nave, while a large number of clerics, and professors with their green and red gowns, were also there. It was well organised by University students with their gowns, which made the whole ceremony very dignified. The sermon was good and briefly to the point, preached by Canon J. Murphy. The music was, of course, sweetly full of thirds and sixths, with quivering pathetic

tenor solo. Was caught by Dr. Scannell on the way back to school eating cakes with 'Babylonian' Dick. Dr. Scannell was very amused. Had, of course, no serious class after talking only about the ceremony. Stayed for dinner for hurley-practice. Came home dead tired. Mammie very nervous of recital. Got a charming letter from Mr. Scully the painter, with some stamps. Pappie saw a glorious Aurora borealis in skies. Very unusual here.

### March 1926

Tuesday 9

Stayed again for a hurley-practice after dinner. The boys are very hospitable, and I got a room to tog out, jersey, knickers, and a fine hurley without the least trouble. Hurley is splendid exercise, and the few days of practice I have had has taken away that headachy feeling I always have from want of exertion in the open. I cycled home after as quick as possible, and then to town where I was shopping for Mammie's concert. At six went to Pigott's<sup>23</sup> and heard Mammie play over the programme. She did splendidly, and Mrs. Stockley, Miss O'Brien, Fr. O'Brien,<sup>24</sup> Fr. MacCarthy,<sup>25</sup> and Fr. O'Connor, one of the Redemptorists now preaching in Cathedral, were really delighted. Mounted stamps when I came home, as Mammie can banish her cares about the concert when she sees me at this work. We were delighted when Miss Barker, superintendent of School of Music, sent for more tickets. Let's hope the booking will be good. Got a fine St. Helena stamp from Mr. Veresmith, the painter.<sup>26</sup>

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<sup>23</sup> Pigotts was the main Cork music store; it hired out pianos for concerts and permitted the performer to practise on the instrument beforehand.

<sup>24</sup> Fr. William O'Brien (1889-1927) was a curate in the Cathedral of St Mary and St Anne in Cork. He was born in Cork, and ordained in the Irish College of Rome in 1912. He was renowned in his parish work for his ability to resolve family strife. (See Cathedral website, section: Priests who served in this parish) His family were Cork wool millers; he was Jane O'Brien's brother. He was to die of tuberculosis the following year, aged 38.

<sup>25</sup> Canon Richard McCarthy, ordained in 1881; 1901-08 administrator of the Cathedral of St. Mary and St. Anne – it was he who in 1906 appointed Fleischmann senior to the post of organist and choirmaster. He was parish priest in Kinsale 1908-38, the year of his death.

<sup>26</sup> Daniel Veresmith (1861-1932), an American artist of German origin. As a young man, he was invited to work in Britain, where he illustrated Thomas Hardy's novels, taught drawing and exhibited in the Royal Academy. He lived in Doneraile, Co. Cork for a number of years, first meeting the Fleischmanns at a recital of Tilly's in December 1922. He was a member of the Munster Society of Arts and had high hopes that it could bring about a great cultural revival. But he decided to return to England in 1926.

March 1926

Wednesday 10

Did not go to school, but went to Imperial Hotel to arrange everything for concert. I was there from 9.30 till 2 o'clock. Only one man came with cartloads of chairs, and I had to haul them up with a rope from the yard below the hall, drag them in, and arrange them all. It was terrible work. Had to put on numbers on chairs, and a hundred other things. Mammie was in quite good form when I came home. To make a long story short, everything went very well. Mammie played splendidly, and especially the Wagner, Debussy and Pappie's Rhapsody. She never played so well before. Mrs. Horgan<sup>27</sup> also sang without a hitch. The hall was about three quarters full, but they were very enthusiastic. When Mammie finished the Rhapsody, which, unprejudiced, I really think a glorious work, they shouted for composer, but P didn't appear. The people can evidently appreciate modern music better, for, though difficult to understand, it is lighter. – Had tea in lounge. Mammie in quite good spirits. Mrs. Stockley and Mrs. Neeson<sup>28</sup> came home afterwards. I settled affairs. I hope to heaven Mammie didn't lose [money] after such great work.

March 1926

Thursday 11

Had great fun in school with Mr. Lenihan, commonly known as Dickie. Whenever he makes a joke, and they are generally very poor, we all stand up and salaam for about 5 minutes. It flatters rather than annoys him. Stayed again for final hurley-practice. Went to Cathedral, and found Mr. Lee, one of Pappie's choir-men, and one of Mammie's stewards for concert – waiting for me, to take me up the tower. He showed me the bells, and how they are played, and then we went to the top. The view is glorious from there. It is up in the clouds, and you can see the greater part of Cork. During the summer I must bring up my camera and take some snaps. Mr. Lee is very nice, and will let me up any time. Saw Mammie's critic [sic] in the 'Echo'. It was rotten again, as could have been expected. This time, however, I think it is rather more stupidity than a direct attack. It is terrible that after such great and fine work,

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<sup>27</sup> Rita Wallace, a Scottish opera singer with the Carl Rosa Company, suffered a throat infection while performing in the Cork Opera House, and (after several years) married the specialist who had treated her: J.B. Horgan.

<sup>28</sup> Geraldine Neeson née O'Sullivan (1895-1980), a pianist who had studied with Tilly Fleischmann; she was on the staff of the School of Music, and later became music critic to the *Cork Examiner*. She acted lead roles with the Cork theatrical groups An Dún, the Little Theatre Society, Cork Drama League. Among her friends were Muriel and Terence MacSwiney, the Stockleys, Micheál MacLiammóir and Hilton Edwards, Frank O'Connor.

poor Mammie should not only have a hopeless critic, but may lose some pounds, as we made out this evening. – Got a present of a good hurley from Mr. Barry, who is in the Choral Society.

March 1926

Friday 12

Heard a killing story of old Cork from Dr. Scannell in English class. A renowned character, Micky Free, with an emaciated and aged lion, whose teeth had long ago fallen out, and had been replaced by artificial ones, used to pitch his tent in the Coal Quay every year. During one of his performances, a feat of his was to stick his head into the lion's mouth, while the crowd, petrified, looked with mouths agape, and a voice came from inside: 'Tell me for the love of God if his tail is waggin!' With quaking voices they told him it was. Then amidst a terrible silence Micky solemnly cried: 'Then may the Lord God have mercy on me soul!' But there was no necessity. After a few more minutes of agony for the spectators Micky calmly pulled out his head, and told them he had had a narrow escape! Dr. Scannell has also some funny stories about Johnnie Gooseberry and his Shakespearian text. Mammie's critic [sic] was in a good place in Examiner. Such piffle! It was obviously written by a reporter of football and hurley matches. It is gratifying at all events that Miss Barker is completely on Mammie's side. Had exciting counting of money. It is possible Mammie may make a few pounds. De Valera has resigned. It is a terrible slap for Sinn Féin and shows their disunion. With him go the old days of struggling for freedom.

March 1926

Saturday 13

Class finished at 12 and the team including myself got our togs ready for the match against Fermoy. After luncheon at 12.30 we were driven, fully togged, by char-a-banc to station, and having picked up the Fermoy fellows, we drove to athletic grounds. At 3 the match began. My place was left wing 40. The fellow on me was a big heavy collegian, who got first place in Ireland in the Intermediate, and wore a gold medal the size of his hand. He was telling me the whole time how good he was for taking long shots, and that I had better take care of myself when the ball should come up to us again, being too light for him. I played fairly well in the first half, at which score was 2 for Fermoy and 1 goal for us. After we got even, 2 goals all, but gradually gave way, and match ended with defeat for us of 5 goals 1 pt to 2 goals 1 pt. It is always the same with Farran Ferris. We get despondent always in the

second half. We were very depressed driving back to school. A special dinner awaited us, with 'Rasa' for everybody. I always play just middling, mostly not very bad, but never very good. Mammie had a lot of news at tea. Imagine, she has probably lost about £1 over her concert! She always has bad luck. The first 'Tribune', a new Cork paper, has come out, and is apparently hopeless.

March 1926

Sunday 14

4th Sunday of Holy Communion. A sunny fresh Sunday always inspires me with new life. I long to be out in the country, where the pure wind is blowing, with the scent of the grass and the sods, and with the daffodils, 'with the green world they live in'. – Practised piano and violin to-day, which were irregular lately, on account of concert and hurley-practices. After dinner went to Rathcooney graveyard, and looked at tombs and vaults. Not so interesting as expected. Invigorating air, however. Read out there 'The Sword Hand of Napoleon', a striking historical novel, lent [to] the history class by Dr. Scannell, as it gives a good description of the period we are doing. Went to Mr. Corkery, and had a chat about the old graveyards of Cork, and other historical places. Could hear no music, as there was a death nearby. Had a discussion about a Republic or a monarchy for Germany. I am an ardent monarchist, he a republican. Joe Mangan called in about 9.30 and we discussed games and Irish games.

March 1926

Monday 15

It is always rather desponding to come to school after losing a match, but they were all in quite good humour. Dr. Scannell told us the story of Napoleon's interview with Metternich at Leipzig. In the debate the two were marching up and down the room, the Austrian calmly and dignified, holding his hat in his hand, Napoleon furiously and with many gesticulations. In the course of these he knocked the hat from Metternich's hand, but the latter pretended not to notice it, but so arranging that Napoleon should have to pass over it the next time they walked back. The Emperor at first kicked it out of the way, and afterwards flung it on a chair without the prime minister taking the slightest heed. The latter finally left as unperturbed as ever, while Napoleon chafed and fumed that he should have been so badly beaten. – Had great fun in Dickie's class. – Finished early, and had a read and stamps. Was good at piano lesson. Pappie delighted.

March 1926

Tuesday 16

I have many nicknames in school, the chief being 'Flashy'. The boys in 'Water Lane' have evidently heard this, a crowd of them run after me, shouting 'Look at Flashy! Ah! Flashy, ye got a bad bating from the Mon! The Mon<sup>29</sup> are the boys for ye!' – Dr. Scannell's hunting-dog, Grouse, is a fine setter, and every morning he is at the gate, and is petted by all the day-boys. – The avenue is in a bad state now, as it has been covered with small loose gravel which is full of big stones. – After dinner, went up to Markie, and accompanied him out the country for a while, while he rode the horse. Since the time when I took a spin on the horse along Glanmire and Markie got a terrible fright when he found it out, on account of the train, he will not leave me ride him again. Went to Arthur, and made arrangements for tomorrow. Heard Confession from a quaint, Dickens-like old priest in St Augustine's. There was an aroma of snuff in the confession-box.

March 1926

Wednesday 17

St. Patrick's day. Turned out rather unsettled, with showers, rather discouraging for many, as crowds were going to Dublin, Fräulein Engelmann and Irmah also. Heard Mass at 9.30, and then went to High Mass at Cathedral. Pembauer's Mass was sung. It is a beautiful work, really devotional and mystic, and the choir sung it gloriously. The organ, built now about two years, is a wonderful instrument.<sup>30</sup> Went to Arthur for dinner, and afterwards cycled to see some castles. We visited one tower or castle every week last Spring, and it was very interesting. This was the first excursion this year, and we went to Ballincollig Castle, Kilcrea Castle, a stately, well-built, and well-preserved keep, and Kilcrea Abbey, formerly a monastery, and now quite in ruins, though very interesting. Came home dead tired, but delighted. It is incredible, but there will no longer be a procession on St. Patrick's Day in Cork. The last was an ex-soldiers' one! Not even that much honour to their glorious saint!

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<sup>29</sup> The Mon or North Monastery, a boys' secondary school not far from Farranferris, which was run by the Congregation of Christian Brothers.

<sup>30</sup> A new organ was installed in the cathedral in 1924 by the renowned Walcker organ builders of Ludwigsburg. Due to the collapse of the German economy after the war, Fleischmann senior was able to negotiate terms with the firm which the cathedral could afford. The organ was shipped to Ireland during the civil war; a strike in Cork prevented its being unloaded; a year later it was discovered undamaged on a Belfast quay.



March 1926

Thursday 18

Felt pretty lonely, because Mammie has gone to Dunmanway for a few days,<sup>31</sup> and the house is very solitary. Heard at school for the first time that the exams are coming off on Friday and Saturday, and was very disgusted, because without due notice an exam has to be 'swotted' for a lot. – All around my nose there has been a red mark for the past six months, due to the continual cold I have had. The injections have made my cold better, but my nose is as bad as ever, even though I rub it regularly every night with cold cream. – Swotted from 4 till 10.30 this evening for History, and got through all Mullane's 'History of Western Europe' and Marriott's 'Remaking of Modern Europe'<sup>32</sup> to the Congress of Vienna, and went to bed with a bad headache; a nice start for the exam.

March 1926

Friday 19

Order of exams to-day – history 9.30-12, Latin 12.45-3.15. The history paper was very interesting, and not too hard. Amongst the questions were to describe the movement of the different tribes in Western Europe about 511 a.d.; give an account of the Thirty Years War; to show how the contest for overseas colonies during the 18<sup>th</sup> century re-acted on the European situation; Napoleon's Russian campaign, and the 'Reign of terror'. I think I got on fairly well, but that remains to be seen. The Latin paper was a 1924 senior honours, and the composition was very stiff, though the trans. at sight was not too bad. I think I did quite well too. Went home quite pleased that the exams are well over. Worked at some Irish and English for to-morrow. Nannie did not come. She is taking a holy holiday at Mount Melleray.<sup>33</sup>

March 1926

Saturday 20

Had Irish from 9 to 12, and English from 12.30 to 3.30. The Irish paper was fairly hard, but I think I got through all right. I was in bad form for the English exam., and just as I got my

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<sup>31</sup> Tilly Fleischmann was visiting Father Pat MacSwiney, curate in Dunmanway.

<sup>32</sup> M. J. O'Mullane, *An Outline History of Western Europe*, Dublin 1925, 308 pages; J. A. R. Marriott, *The Remaking of Modern Europe 1789-1878*, London 1910, 260 pages.

<sup>33</sup> Mount Melleray is a Cistercian Trappist monastery, founded in 1832 on the Knockmealdown Mountains near Cappoquin Co. Waterford after the French mother-house had been closed down.

paper, a fellow knocked a bottle in ink over my sheets and the desk, but I soon mopped it up and began. The comp. I chose was 'History is little more than a register of the atrocities, follies and misfortunes of mankind'. The literature was very interesting, but I finished barely in time. Went home, and got Confession on the way, feeling quite satisfied. The other exams are to be some time next week. Mammie came back from Father Pat's place at 6, and looked fine. She had a great lot of news to tell, and evidently had an eventful, restful and delightful stay in the country. There is really going to be a broadcasting station in Cork.

March 1926

Sunday 21

5th Sunday of Holy Communion. As we get no ex. during the exams, I finished early. Wrote a letter to Julia, thanking her for sending away to Belgium for stamps. She has actually come to an agreement with a priest in Liège College that for every 600 stamps she sends him, she will get about 70 good ones in return. – After dinner, Markie came, and we fixed up a windmill with meccano, shot with the air-gun, and did gymnastics on the trapeze. He is a good simple fellow, and we have great fun together. Went to Mr. Corkery's, where we heard the whole of Strauss' 'Ein Heldenleben'. It is a beautiful work, and gives great atmosphere, but is really modern. I played one of Chopin's Mazurkas for them and the little Prelude<sup>34</sup> I composed during the Xmas hols. The piano is very difficult to play on. Mangans have got a five-valve wireless.

March 1926

Monday 22

Found all the priests in bad form after their three days holidays during the exam. Not one of them had our papers corrected, and we were disgusted. Saw the matriculation English paper set by Professor Stockley. He gives very difficult and tricky questions. I hope I will get through all right when the time comes. Fräulein Engelmann was in ecstasies, she told us yesterday, with Dublin. She and Irmah were on top of Nelson's Pillar, in Howth, Bray, Phoenix Park, the Zoo, Trinity College, and goodness knows where else. Dublin certainly makes a fine impression on everybody. – Am reading about Napoleon's Moscow campaign at present. It is very interesting.

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<sup>34</sup> The *Prelude* for voice and piano is Fleischmann's earliest surviving composition. At the end of the score, in pencil, a first draft is to be seen of his *Cradle Song*, a piece completed around three years later with words by his friend Edward Sheehy.

March 1926

Tuesday 23

I got the results of English to-day. I got first by 229 out of 300. The next fellow, MacSwiney, got 156. We had an exam in arithmetic from 1-3, and even though my finger was bandaged and bleeding from a smack of a hurley I got 2 mins. before the exam, I didn't do too badly. I did 5 out of 7 sums. Dr. Scannell to-day told us stories in the history class about his experiences as a chaplain in Belgium during the war, and how insolent and mean the town-mayors, or those who looked after the nutrition of the soldiers as they passed through the towns, were. He also told us how at Napoleon's meeting with the Pope before his coronation, when the Emperor was boasting of the great empire he would form with the Pope as spiritual ruler, the poor old Pope nodded his head and said '*Comediante*', and when Napoleon then raged about what he would inflict on the Pope, the latter simply said '*Tragediante*'.

March 1926

Wednesday 24

To-day we had Maths I from 9-11, and Maths II from 11.45-1.45. The papers were not so difficult, and I did 4 out of 8 right for Maths I, and 4½ out of 8 right for Maths II. That was not too bad considering I am very weak in maths. Dr. Scannell told me that I did an excellent paper in History and got first with 259/300. Charlie O'Connor was next with 206/300. Had a long talk with Fräulein Engelmann about her B.A. exam. It must have been a terrible ordeal. Went to Arthur after dinner, and there saw three numbers of 'Lands and Peoples', a splendid magazine dealing with lives, manners, history and surroundings of every nation on the earth. Read a great article on the Khanates of Bokhara and the Samarkand with their ancient colleges. Pappie must get this paper for me. Father Pat MacSwiney has been staying with us since Tuesday and we have fine talks on different things. Read about Borodin. What appalling slaughter and suffering all for the ambition of one man!

March 1926

Thursday 25

Second-last day of term. For the second time, I was in the study-hall for Fr. Deasy's class. Though apparently cross and morose, he is a great sport, and is very popular amongst the

boys. His favourite themes are plus-fours, Russian boots, lap-dogs and Sinn Féin. He delivers long lectures on these every week for the boys, and, though three class-rooms away, we can hear him roaring, as usual, about the 'Johnnies' with the minus-fours and the woman-dragoons. – Had a talk after dinner with Father Pat and Mammie as to what I am going to become. It is a terrible question, as I am torn between a musician or a professor of language and history. Went to Joe Mangan's home at 6 to hear their new wireless, five valves. We heard a first-class concert from Birmingham: Schubert's '*Marche Militaire*', Brahms 'Two Hungarian Dances' Nicolai's Overture to the 'Merry Wives of Windsor', Beethoven's Symphony Opus V and Schubert's 'Unfinished Symphony'. It was good.

March 1926

Friday 26

Last day. Got marks of the rest of the exams. In Latin 320/400, the next being Charlie O'Connor with 230; in Irish 214/400, 3<sup>rd</sup> place in class; and in maths 258/600, very poor, though poor old Pa did not see two of my sums which were right, and that would have made about 280. – I brought up a toy beaver Julia gave me, and a little fellow that rolls head over heels when put on an incline. Father Dinny Murphy was delighted with them, and we had scarcely any Latin. Dickie, however, was furious when they were produced, flinging the beaver out the window, and sent two out of the class. We didn't do a bit of work for the rest of the class in spite of him, and he finally had to laugh himself. Though we now have holidays, I was very depressed after dinner. I don't know why. Went to Mrs. Stockley's pupils' song recital. It was very good, and some of Mrs. Stockley's pupils have made great progress.

March 1926

Saturday 27

Made out a plan of morning work for the holidays. I will do 2 hours school work, and 1½ hours piano every morning if I can. After breakfast (I get up at 8.30) I tidied up all my books and things in the dining-room, then went for a message to Dr. Scannell, to Confession and then to Stockleys'. It was a really glorious, sunny day, a fine beginning for the hols. At Stockleys' Sophia and I went rooting for stamps in Professor's study, and found about 5 good ones I hadn't, which we divided. Woodside is a great place for stamp-finds. Had a very pleasant evening and then went to 'The Lily of Killarney', by O'Meara's company. Had a good place in the dress circle, while Mammie was in Miss O'Brien's box. The whole

performance was charming, and we were all delighted. Joseph O'Meara, who now sang his last opera, was great, and his brogue and jokes fine. Why it is the so-called music-lovers of Cork snub this play and the company in general I don't know.

March 1926

Sunday 28

Sixth Sunday of Holy Communion. Brought home some palm. I think I stood without moving during the long Epistle, but it was agony. – Practised piano, and tidied up pantry, and my books in Father Pat's studio. I have quite a nice library now. Have determined on composing some sort of sonata during the hols, and fixed the first few bars – the theme – after piano. I wonder whether anything will come of it. I can always imagine pages of what seem quite good sequences and passages, but when it comes to writing them down, it is another matter. – After dinner went to Markie's and had an exciting adventure. We were examining a Ford that was on a slope leading to the garage, and as we did not know the handbrake was broken, it suddenly moved off, and went down the incline with the two of us hanging on for bare life. After braking against two trees it stopped, and after a great deal of pushing we got it straight, cleared away the *débris* of bark – and ran. Went to Mr. Corkery. Had a very nice time.

March 1926

Monday 29

Did all my work this morning and practised piano. Pappie caught me trying to compose, and was swearing. He said I should learn something first, and stop this 'dilettantisch' business. He is really right, but I love fishing around, and seeing what I can make. Had to telephone at the G.P.O. to Dr. Scannell, and though I didn't know before what to do, I managed alright and was quite pleased with myself. Generally you get roared at by the operator in those public offices, and fly in confusion. Went to match between St. Ita's and St. Mary's of the Isle. Of course St. Ita's lost because I was there, and wished they had won. Girls' camogie matches are killing, they are so afraid of the ball. Father Pat was up to-day, and has terrible work about his journey to Rome with Fr. O'Brien. There was a committee meeting about broadcasting to-day to which Father Pat went. All I can say is that it was outrageous, and poor Father Pat went home most gloomy.

March 1926

Tuesday 30

Was at lessons, piano and violin all the morning. I am getting on splendidly at my stamps now. My new album gives me real pleasure. – The injections did not improve my cold much which continued the same way till Sunday, when after eating two Bismarck cakes, the mucus became unbearably burning and heavy. Went to Doctor Donovan, who said he could not make out my case at all, and said that Mammie should come to him on Thursday. My nose is still very red around the edges. – Pappie gave me permission to order ‘Lands and Peoples’ to-day. – There is terrible war and confusion in China at present. All the war-lords are fighting, and three armies are advancing on Peking. – Went to Mangans’ after tea to hear the opera ‘Kitesh’ sung in Russian by Russians in Covent Garden, London. What we heard of it was fine. The work is compared to ‘Parsival’. At 9 we lost it, and had to give up, having fun till 11, when I came home dead tired.

March 1926

Wednesday 31

Found a letter waiting for me this morning from Mrs. MacDonnell, inviting me out. It is really very generous and kind of her I think I spent some of the happiest days of my life in Castlelack.<sup>35</sup> Pappie said if my cold is better I can go on Easter Monday. It will be glorious. Worked at the stairs-carpet all the morning. Had French lesson, and after dinner went to School of Music to show Mammie my letter of thanks to Mrs. MacDonnell before posting it. While there, Mammie brought in Miss Burrowes to hear my little prelude and Chopin’s Mazurka I am playing at present. She was evidently delighted and said she expected me to give a recital in the Imperial Hotel next year. I wonder whether that time will ever come. Sorted old programmes, and went to Tenebrae. The ‘Jerusalem’, ‘Miserere’, and the ‘Te adoremus’ were glorious. Any sinner ought to be converted by that saintly atmosphere. The Farran Ferris boys chanted splendidly.

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<sup>35</sup> The MacDonnells’ house in Bandon. They had been one of the few Catholic merchants in the strongly loyalist town. They owned a flour-mill, and were respected, Richard MacDonnell being the first Catholic to be appointed magistrate in 1893. But when William Keyes MacDonnell became involved in the independence movement, founding a Volunteer group in Bandon in 1913, they lost most of their loyalist customers. During the war of independence the mill became a target for Crown forces. William had to leave Ireland, studying in the London Slade School of Art until the secret service caught up with him, whereupon he moved with his wife Kathleen to Munich, not returning until the end of the war. Kathleen MacDonnell published an account of the war of independence in 1972: *There is a Bridge at Bandon*.

April 1926

Thursday 1

Rose at 7 and went in Miss O'Brien's taxi, who stayed with us last night, but on account of dizziness could not go to the service to the Cathedral. The ceremonies went off very well, though lasting 2½ hours. The choir sung the Kyrie and the Gloria from Pembauer's Mass, and I had to turn over, and control the roller for Mammie as usual.<sup>36</sup> Afterwards we all had a nice breakfast in Fr. Willie O'Brien's room, and then I went home, buying things for a fine pudding for to-morrow, Mammie's birthday, and sorted out old programmes. It is extraordinary what a number of fine concerts poor Pappie and Mammie gave before, and are still giving. Went at my old composition again. I am afraid I'm badly stuck. Went to Tenebrae, and though kneeling and crushed the whole time in the small gallery, I felt it really beautiful. There was a practice after, and we all listened. Some of the little fellows looked like tiny cherubs singing with all their might. The Turba was great.

April 1926

Friday 2

A beautiful morning for Good Friday, rather unsuitable however for such a sorrowful feast; but the latter seemed to throw a note of sadness of the glory of the sun. We saw the whole of the ceremonies, which were very beautiful. The Turba was wonderful, it was so full of vigour and clarity. Fr. Mahony of the north has a terrible voice, and equally bad Latin, and it was really funny to see the saintly boys smiling up their sleeves. To-day is Mammie's birthday, good luck to her! Perhaps that is why the weather is so gay. We have postponed everything till Easter Sunday, so my lovely pudding is gone west. Went to Horgan's<sup>37</sup> after dinner, and broke the ice of our first meeting. They were very nice. However, was late for Tenebrae, and had to kneel in the Big Gallery. The choir sounded lovely up there, and though the Cathedral is pretty poor looking from below, it is much improved when seen

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<sup>36</sup> Tilly Fleischmann had graduated in 1905 from the Royal Academy of Music in Munich with organ as one of her two subjects; she often played during major ceremonies at the cathedral, which allowed her husband to concentrate on the choir. During his internment and subsequent deportation to Germany (Jan 1916-Sep 1920) she officiated in his stead.

<sup>37</sup> John J. Horgan, solicitor and city coroner, one of the oldest friends of the Fleischmanns, who stood by Fleischmann senior when he was threatened with internment in 1914, and managed to keep him out for two years. John J.'s father was Parnell's agent; his wife Mary was the daughter of UCC's President Sir Bertram Windle; she studied the piano with Tilly Fleischmann.

from the big gallery, and in the darkness you could almost imagine it was beautiful. (On Sat I wrote this – that is why it seems too jolly.)

April 1926

Saturday 3

Was at my stamps for most of the morning. Then tried to finish my composition for Mammie to-morrow, but had to give it up as a bad job. When I stick at a thing too long my brains run dry. Mammie was at the Doctor the other day, and he said he could not understand my case at all. If I cannot get rid of it by the summer, I shall have to go to a specialist in Germany. Meanwhile I am to eat only what I like. Pretty fine that, as our Yank in school, Mickie ‘Marn’ would say. Mammie had a fierce tooth out yesterday by Mr. Scher.<sup>38</sup> He is a wonderful dentist, and she felt scarcely any pain. Dr. Hackett, our former dentist, botched her teeth miserably. Got all ‘Lands and Peoples’ today. They’re great! Went to Delaney’s Civic Guard Band in Palace. Programme very poor, and instruments rather sharp. A well-trained band but not a patch on Brase’s. Great ‘climbum’ in paper. But very crowded nor enthusiastic.

April 1926

Sunday 4

A fine day for Easter Sunday, though I feared it would be rainy, I could not imagine it wet. Went to 9 Mass. Seventh Sunday of Holy Communion. Got some lovely eggs from Mammie and Nannie, and had a fine feed after breakfast. I can’t remember Lent is over, and never put sugar in my tea. Went to High Mass, and helped Mammie at organ. Pembauer’s Mass was sung by the full and rich choir really gloriously. The Sanctus and Agnus Dei especially are full of mystery that is elevating. It is modern but does not seem to me as superficial as Debussy and others. The work is earnest, yet mysterious and beautiful. Easter Sunday is always a great day for me, not on account of the eggs, but its atmosphere of rejoicing is so beautiful. Had a pleasant evening. Mr. and Mrs. Neeson, Miss O’Brien and Fräulein Engelmann were for tea. Mammie’s feast-day was great. We decked all the table, and gave her her presents, wine, nice soap and assorted pencils.

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<sup>38</sup> Dr Isaac Scher (d. 1954), whose father came to Cork from Lithuania after the pogrom of Jews there in the 1880s, was the Fleischmanns’ dentist. Dr Scher’s son Eric was to become a friend of Fleischmann’s – and also his dentist.



April 1926

Monday 5

Off to Castlelack! A glorious morning for the occasion. Came by 10 o'clock train, and Mr. MacDonnell was kind enough to meet me at the station with the car. Mrs. MacDonnell, Lola, Diarmuid, Cáitín and Liam are all splendid, and in the best of spirits. It was really too kind of them to invite me. We spent the morning, and part of the time after dinner in painting and getting ready the 'Úna Bhán' and the 'Tub' for launching. The number of improvements that have been made is extraordinary. The house is lighted by an electric plant, and the former watermill is now worked by electricity, the water working the turbine, and a large creamery is just being built which will be a great source of industry to the neighbourhood. After tea the 'Tub' was brought up to the lake, a stretch of water about ¼ mile from the house, and launched, but as it was dark, we had to return immediately. The lake is really beautiful and solitary at night. It is almost a square mile.

April 1926

Tuesday 6

Slept splendidly, though we talked about jugglers and Indian magicians till a late hour last night. After breakfast went up to lake to bail out the 'Tub'. Having done so I took a spin round with only one rowlock, and explored the four corners of the lake. Once I got stuck on a rock near a grove of trees on the shore, and with the help of Mr. MacDonnell's waders, and much pushing and shoving, got her off. After dinner we started a fire near the creamery to melt some bitumen for the 'Úna' and were at work on her till tea-time. Then we got a large barrel, all tarred, as a buoy, and an anchor with coils of wire, and took them up to the lake. The car had to be backed up, as there was not enough petrol. I brought the boat over to the mill creek and we loaded her. Mr. MacDonnell and I then started off, but immediately got stuck on a rock, and it took us a quarter hour to get off. It was quite dark, and my torch was beautiful on the water. We went to Bandon after, and I drove.

April 1926

Wednesday 7

Went to town with Mr. MacDonnell in the car, and drove home myself. I had a fine spin. Mickie, the carpenter, and all of us went to the lake after dinner to fix up the moorings of the 'Úna'. It took us three hours to uncoil the wire, and fix it on the buoy. We had several

trips to and fro in the meantime. After tea the 'Úna' was brought up, and with my waders I launched her. Mr. MacDonnell then arrived and soon everything was shipshape. Found Mrs. MacDonnell had arrived from Cork, where Mammie was repeating part of her recital at Mrs. Stockley's. Father Pat was also to read a lecture, and Mrs. Stockley to sing, but he did not turn up, and Mrs. Stockley had a very severe cold, so only Mammie played. There were a great many people there, and Mrs. MacDonnell said Mammie played really beautifully. Talked about ghosts till 10.30 and were all very shaky going to bed.

April 1926

Thursday 8

Spent all the day with the children in gathering corked bottles for buoys on the lake. After dinner I went up alone to do some work, but owing to the high wind, and the roughness of the lake, could do nothing. Mrs. MacDonnell went to Cork with Mr. Mac to-day, as her teeth were paining her. So we all were left alone. After tea I gave Miss Hickie (the governess) and the children a magic-lantern show, and they were delighted. When they were in bed, Mickie, the carpenter, Miss Hickie and I sat round the fire in the kitchen waiting for Mr. and Mrs. MacDonnell to come home, and played the violin, and sang and told stories. Mickie told us how Johnnie Condon the miller was cleaning the maize-pipe one morning as it was clogged when a rat caught on his finger and would not leave go until it was choked by another miller. Mr. Mac returned about 11.30, and told us Mrs. Mac was staying in Cork. Mr. Scher had taken out her teeth splendidly. Did conjuring tricks, and went to bed 12.00

April 1926

Friday 9

Went to Bandon in the car with Mr. MacDonnell, and stayed in the shop with him till dinner-time. In the meantime I counted the office money, answered telephone-calls; read 'Progress', a very interesting magazine, edited by the Lever Bros, complacent British soap-magnates whose dealing extends over the whole world; phoned to Ivor and Joe [*Horgan*] and to Betty. It was great fun. I had then a light dinner with Mr. Mac in the room over the shop, and drove to Castlelack in his car which then proceeded to Cork to fetch Mrs. MacDonnell. With Diarmuid I went after to the lake and we fixed 8 buoys after a great deal of trouble. It was beautiful sunshine and calmness on the lake, however. Mrs. MacDonnell arrived after tea, and seemed to be quite well. She was full of praise for Mr. Scher. Learned some good tricks from Johnnie the miller and from Mr. MacDonnell. It is terrible. I came

out with the intention of working at Irish and piano, and I am not doing a bit! Got a letter from Sophia.

April 1926

Saturday 10

Drove Mr. MacDonnell and Mickie the driver to town about three miles from Castlelack. Went to Confession, and then drove home again with Mickie. The latter is awfully good, and every time I go in the car with him, he lets me drive and gives me endless lessons. He looks a regular Dannie Mann, but he is the kindest fellow going. After dinner Diarmuid, Lola and I went up to the lake and fixed four more buoys. It is funny, but the lake can get really stormy, and Mike Riordan, who was out with us, told us that in a high wind the waves would break over 'Tubbie' or any other boat. Hunted the children and had great fun till tea. I did some piano and Irish to-day. At 8 Mickie and I went in to town again to fetch some money, and I drove both ways. Mickie had no end of talk about driving. Got a puncture on the way back. Read 'Lands and Peoples' and went to bed at 11.

April 1926

Sunday 11

Went to 7.30 Mass at the convent in Bandon, but got a puncture on the way, and came only just in time for Holy Communion. So had to go to 12 Mass again. I drove them all in, but Mickie got nervous in case I might be caught by the Civic Guards, and having cycled out from Castlelack, drove us home. The choir singing is terrible in Bandon. We brought Liam, Marjorie and Nancy Hallinan with us, and we spent all the day almost up at the lake boating. I really thought it was time for me to return home as school commences on Wednesday, and so I left by the 5.30 train. Goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. MacDonnell, to Lola and Diarmuid and Cáitín and Liam and Miss Hickey, and to the lake and the mill and all Castlelack. I had really a glorious time, and should be very thankful. Got back alright, though it was an excursion train, and everyone was drunk. Found Mammie and Pappie splendid, but very disappointed because I did not write. It was very careless and forgetful of me.

April 1926

Monday 12

Father Pat left for Rome with Fr. O'Brien yesterday and Mammie and Fräulein Engelmann went out in the Movercock steamer with them to meet the liner. They said it was a wonderful experience, the sea, very stormy and breezy, showing off the huge and majestic liner 'München' to full advantage. Of course, everything on board was thorough and good to say the least – a German vessel. Went to Betty Sullivan<sup>39</sup> to-day and had quite a good time, playing with bows and arrows. I got a crack of an arrow fair in the eye, but it did me no harm except for the pain, and some slight swelling. Went to the pictures after at the Lee. It was very kind of Betty to take Bergin and me. The 'Eagle' was shown, a picture about Russia, in which the Czarina was very badly and stupidly represented. For the 2<sup>nd</sup> time in my life I saw a good comedy after, depicting a skit on the present gold-rush in Australia.

April 1926

Tuesday 13

My birthday, and a beautiful sunny day for the occasion. It makes me sad, however, more than anything else to think I am getting so old – 16. Real youth is certainly gone for ever, and now comes the most trying portion of my life, in which I must struggle hard, or else fail completely. It is an absurd idea, but I often watch a flock of doves wheeling to and fro in the air, and imagine that the heights and depths of my life follow this flight. – Went to Ivor and Joe, and they were really nicer to me than ever before, which is saying a lot, for they are always nice, but it is Mr. and Mrs. H who always make me feel as though I was an intruder.<sup>40</sup> Timmie Leary came after dinner, and I amused him till seven, when he went back to school. Poor Pappie and Mammie were too good and kind to me this birthday, and gave me a lovely new suit, a pair of shoes and socks, apples, oranges and flowers and 'Lands and Peoples'. I should be supporting them now.<sup>41</sup> Had a pleasant evening of reading and stamps.

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<sup>39</sup> Betty O'Sullivan's parents lived in the Honan Hostel, hall of residence of University College Cork. Her father was P.T. O'Sullivan, professor of medicine 1924-1931, the Warden of the student hostel, and her mother Elisabeth O'Sullivan, professor of education.

<sup>40</sup> It is possible that the Horgans may have regarded Aloys as being the instigator of the divilment he and the two Horgan boys got up to during his visits.

<sup>41</sup> Many boys in Aloys' father's North Cathedral choir had to leave school at 13 and start work, some of them taking on a ten-hour night shift.

April 1926  
Wednesday 14

Back to school again! Ugh! Still, in Farran Ferris we always tumble to our work immediately, and after one day we feel as though we were back in school a week. Found everything the same as usual. Poor Julia sent me some lovely stamps for my birthday – 30 splendid ones I hadn't, one worth 2/6. It is too good of her. Suits were sent up to-day, and I have chosen one. – I have determined to work hard this term at Irish, German and Harmony in particular. Dr. Scannell is in Dublin yet, so I had but little ex. to do, and had an hour and a half of reading and stamps. To-day was Miss Maureen Cashman's recital, in which she was assisted by Miss Celia Jackson, one of Mammie's pupils. I could not go on account of school, but Mammie said that though Miss Cashman did not sing so well, Miss Jackson played really gloriously, and was a great credit to Mammie. Of course, hardly anyone there.

April 1926  
Thursday 15

Read in the paper this morning that there will be a cessation of hostilities on to-morrow between Abd El Krim and the French and Spanish. The French are all talk about the heavy terms they will impose, but it is significant that they are sending peace envoys to Oujda in Morocco, instead of Abd El Krim sending envoys to Madrid or Paris. The latest is that the French papers are full of Riffian bravery, but Abd El Krim is much too fly a boy to be caught by that. The war in China is still raging – Germany has just made a treaty with Russia, a very good thing. The Locarno Pact is gone bust. – Mammie made arrangements to-day about her playing in a benefit concert for Miss Mabel Dennis on 25<sup>th</sup>. – Went to Choral Society. It is a terrible shame. There were not 35 out of a 100 there, and the 1<sup>st</sup> broadcasting concert is on May 4<sup>th</sup>. Poor Pappie's work is useless in that hole. Nothing will stir these sluggards to come to the practice.

April 1926  
Friday 16

Are doing at present the reaction of the French Revolution in the History class. It is very interesting. I have determined to work very hard at French, maths and Irish, with Harmony and violin, this term, and during the hols if possible, as I am weak in these. – Had to wipe the school stairs to-day for Dr. Scannie, as I was one of those who did not put on their

house-shoes, and dirtied the stairs. – Nannie brought photographs of Uncle Xavier<sup>42</sup> and his wife to us to-day. Uncle Xavier was not heard of during the war, and we had begun to fear he was dead, but a few weeks ago Nannie got a letter from him, saying that he had had a terrible time in South America, and was shut off from the world. To-day she got a long letter, and photographs of himself and his wife. – Did well at my piano lesson. The Mozart sonata I have just finished, and the Mendelssohn Prelude are glorious. I am going to do another Mozart sonata before I do Philip Emmanuel Bach.

April 1926  
Saturday 17

Colonel Brase came to us to-day at 4. He is calling at Cork on his way to Germany, via the 'Thuringia' liner to Cherbourg. I was not there for tea with him, however, as I went to Hilser's party after dinner, having first got Confession. Fr. Engelmann, Sophie and Irmah, Joe and Miretta Mangan were there and four O'Sullivans. We had a very jolly evening, beginning with the card game 'Answers', then a fine tea, and afterwards more dancing, in which Joe, Mary Hilser and I did much execution by doing whirling and fantastic solos. After we had a splendid game called 'Consequences' and forfeits. The latter were fairly strong. Lemonade and jelly were no small delight. Left at 12 and did not find Pappie angry as expected. Colonel Brase went to Cobh at about 10 for early morning embarkation.

April 1926  
Sunday 18

A telegram came at 3 last night saying that the liner was not coming in till 4 and Col. Brase expected us by the first train. You may be sure Mammie and I went, though I had scarcely an ex. done on account of the party yesterday. Pappie could not on account of Cathedral. Found the Colonel waiting, had a nice dinner at the States Hotel and went off in the Movercock [the boat serving the liner] at 4. The harbour is really glorious. Almost immediately the 'Thuringia' was sighted and we spent almost half an hour heaving to and coming alongside. It is a fine and well-built ship, German of course. Some of the young sailors looked really picturesque and charming, and the officers stood behind, looking solemn and learned. Noticed among the crowd of Yanks and foreigners a Jap and a typical

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<sup>42</sup> Franz Xaver Swertz (1885-1951), went to the Presentation Brothers College until 1905, studied Engineering in UCC, graduating in 1909, then emigrating to the USA. In 1927 he was living in New York. During the Depression he was to go through very bad times. In the mid 1940s he was to try to get Aloys's works performed in New York.

Austrian. The interior is beautiful, everything spotless, and the stewards really charming. There is a cinema and a huge dining-room. Col. Brase was made mountains of by the agents, consul, chief steward, etc. Was terribly sorry to leave. Missed train, and I worked at lessons in hotel till 9.30. An experience never to be forgotten!

April 1926  
Monday 19

Still thinking of yesterday. Col. Brase played for us in the hotel his fourth phantasia, the best of them all. He certainly played it splendidly. Col. Brase, funny to say, was boasting all the way to anybody he met and to us about the Governor-General<sup>43</sup> and himself, etc. but in him it is not pride but more innocence. We had really a glorious day yesterday. – Got a terrible fright to hear in school that all the Honours fellows (my class) are going in for Matric.<sup>44</sup> this year. They were only told yesterday. Dr. Scannell asked me whether I would go in also, and said he thought I would pass quite easily, but I was too nervous of Irish and maths, and said I would rather not. I am in a terrible mix-up now as I do not want to be an exception in my class for next year, and yet I could never get my Irish authors done in two months, as Dickie did not do one of them during the year. Another reason is that I may go to Germany, and if so would leave early in June, before the Matric.

April 1926  
Tuesday 20

Dr. Scannell was laughing at me to-day in class that I was afraid to do Matric. I am still doubtful, because, of course, it would be great to get it over, and then I would concentrate on Leaving Cert. next year. Still, my music would then be neglected, and that can't be allowed, so I have decided with Mammie and Pappie not to go in. Went to 'Quo Vadis' this evening with Mam in the Coliseum picture house. Stockleys, Arthur, Dr. Scannell and lots of people I knew were there. The material and the spectacular scenery of the picture were splendid, and all the actors, especially Nero, were wonderful, but historically it was very muddled, and, of course, the usual error, the inevitable love-story was set off by the history instead of vice-versa. It was reeled-off, too, at a terrible rate, and the religious portions were

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<sup>43</sup> From 1922-1937 the Governor-General was the representative of the British monarch in the Irish Free State, though no longer called the Viceroy.

<sup>44</sup> Matriculation examination: the university entrance examination set by the National University of Ireland.

absurdly done. – Choir are taking part in the broadcasting concert on May 4<sup>th</sup>, but it is a fierce job to get them together.

April 1926

Wednesday 21

Boys in school to-day got hold of my diary, and were teasing me for about two hours, but they were decent enough to give it back to me then without reading it. Went to Markie, and accompanied him a bit out the country, he on horseback, I on bike. Then, having posted a lot of circulars to choir-members, went to Arthur. Aunt Elsa and he were both wild about the disgraceful comedy 'No, no, Nanette'<sup>45</sup> which played in Cork for two weeks to such crowded houses that no seats could be got. Shows the sweet and refined taste of Cork. Even the would-be 'priests' in Farranferris were delighted with it. If the priests had any backbone they should have banned it. – Pappie went to concert at the Opera House with William Primrose, violinist, and Luke Byrne, singer, and said it was really splendid, but of course house really empty. The poor artists must have lost about £60. Heard that Committee have put out Pappie's choir from broadcasting concert. But it is going to be fought out this time. Only because Miss B[arker] is against choir because it is not financed by her. Absolute disgrace!

April 1926

Thursday 22

The census is at present being taken. I wonder what the result will show, that Ireland is going backwards or forwards. 'Queen Margherita' refused point blank to give her age so the Civic Guard when he calls will have a nice job in coaxing it out of her. I am trying to work hard at every thing, and am succeeding pretty well, as I must keep pace with the other fellows who are swotting as hard as they can for Matric. – Went to town after dinner and was measured for a suit. I wore the one I now have on fairly well, having got it 1½ years if not 2 years ago. Miss O'Brien came to play the Irish pieces she will broadcast soon for Mammie. They are really picturesque in the Irish way. Went to Choral Society practice and found Miss B. up to her tricks again. She told some of the members to go home as there

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<sup>45</sup> *No, No, Nanette*: a musical comedy with music by Vincent Youmans based on a 1919 play by Frank Mandel, *My Lady Friends*. It was a huge success in Chicago in 1924, and then came to London. Wikipedia: 'The farcical story involves three couples who find themselves together at a cottage in Atlantic City in the midst of a blackmail scheme, focusing on a young, fun-loving Manhattan heiress who naughtily runs off for a weekend, leaving her unhappy fiancé.'



would be no concert for them. In spite of it, however, there was a splendid attendance, and the ‘Loreley’ was sung. It was a pity that Pappie could not stick to it, but must go and do ‘Super fluminis Babylonae’ by Gounod.

April 1926

Friday 23

Measured myself in the study-hall in school, and found I was just below the line running along the wall. I wonder when I will be over it: I am still very small for my age, and by far the smallest in my class. Went over ‘Macbeth’ again to-day. It reminded me when we acted it for the Bishop and whole lot of visitors last Xmas, my *rôle* being Lady Macbeth. I think that day was one of the happiest of my life, because not only did I get a first prize book for senior hon[our]s and another for getting on well in last year’s intermediate [exams], and not only was Mammie really delighted with my acting, but the wonderful feeling of good-fellowship, and enthusiasm for the general good of the school made everyone feel so content as he could possibly be, and made the whole evening a great success. – Nannie sowed seeds in the garden this morning, I wonder if they’ll ever spring up.

April 1926

Saturday 24

Pappie’s birthday. We all wish him the greatest joy. – Got cards from Fr. Pat, who is now in Rome. He is rather tired, but has had many interesting experiences. I’m sure we will have talks of 5 hours at length when he comes back. – Spoke of the Rotunda at school. It is a shame that such a historic building should have been made a cinema. By the way, it is the Kays who own it. They live next to Aunt Rosie’s<sup>46</sup> place in Dublin. They are charming people, but their buying of the ‘Rotunda’ is to be deplored. – Mrs. Stockley was up for tea, and there was talk about the School of Music. Surprising developments on our side may take place soon. – I am getting on very well with my work in general. Could I only get on well in my exams next year, I would be ‘well away’. Imagine losing £80 last year by 10 marks out of 15.000! Could I get it next year what it would be for Pappie and Mammie!

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<sup>46</sup> Rosa Blair née Swertz (1892-1929). She was a gifted pianist, and sang in Fleischmann senior’s secular choirs. In 1919 she moved to Dublin after her marriage to Alec Blair. She had two children; she died aged 37.

April 1926

Sunday 25

10<sup>th</sup> Sunday of Holy Communion. A really glorious tropical day. After finishing my comp., 'Present Fears are less than Horrible Imaginings' very appropriate for poor Mam who is playing to-night, and having partaken well of Pap's birthday dinner, I went with Joe Mangan and Frank Keane rowing from the Blackrock rowing club. On the way there heard two Swedish sailors talking their melodious language. It was beautiful on the water, and I did a bit of rowing. Visited Blackrock Castle, and some dredges, from which we were hunted. Arrived home in time for tea, and then did messages to Opera House for Mam. We did not leave till 8.30 though concert was supposed to begin at 8, but found no. 3 on. The programme was very poor, though Miss Mabel Dennis, Mrs. O'Meara, Mrs. Horgan and Mrs. Hamilton are splendidly trained singers, but they sang mainly piffle. I was in agony as usual until Mam began her 'Liebestod' but was really surprised and delighted to see how brilliantly and faultlessly she played it. Other pieces were Debussy's 'Jardins sous la pluie' and 'Claire de lune'. Fairly enthusiastic and got encore. Could see that cultured people were delighted. Mam is glad 'tis over!

April 1926

Monday 26

Learnt of Foster's Corn Law and Orde's resolutions in the History class. Dr. Scannell showed me to-day during German a first-class relic of St. Agatha together with a document in Latin certifying its verity, which I had to translate. Talking about relics, I asked him what Mark Twain's 'Innocents Abroad' which I read. He said that Twain's accusations were utterly blasphemous: that he had investigated the matter himself, and taking Twain's sneers at the relics of the True Cross for example, he showed me how a match may be broken into 15 tiny pieces, and if there are 10,000 matches in a beam of wood, surely there could be countless relics of the True Cross. – Lately I am inclined to laugh a lot at the smallest thing, and as this savours of hysteria, I must put a stop to it. I am always blushing, too, without the slightest reason, and often I wish I could control myself, because it is stupid to blush and feel embarrassed before young ladies and gentlemen whom one would like to kick for their smartness and put-on airs.

April 1926

Tuesday 27

Saw critic [*sic*] of Mabel Dennis' concert. No one, except Mrs. Horgan, is praised, and Mammie who, of course, stood out from the rest in her art as white stands out from black, is slurred over as usual. A year or two ago, that would have made me furious, but now that is so usual that no-one minds, and Mam herself doesn't care in the least. But certainly she won't be got to play in any more trashy concerts such as that. – Farran Ferris is playing Pres<sup>47</sup> to-morrow again and I can guess the result. Our fellows are so patriotic, they started practising yesterday. But I suppose they know they'll be beaten! – Went down to Stockleys where a homely party was given in honour of Miss Violet Stockley<sup>48</sup> coming home for the hols. Sophie got about 500 splendid stamps while she was in Dublin. They are all Argentine and Bolivian, and are surely very valuable. She gave me five good doubles she had.

April 1926

Wednesday 28

Got a card from Father Pat saying that he had a private audience with the Pope, and is having a glorious time. – Went to match to-day at which there was a huge crowd. Of course, we were beaten by about 5 goals, though our fellows put up a good fight. It serves them right, anyhow, because it was evident they had neither wind nor practice. – Came home pretty disgusted that we are always beaten. Called in to School of Music to see Mammie. This morning all the teachers at the school got a paper on which to sign by oath of allegiance to the Free State. That is alright for Pappie and Mammie, but Mrs. Stockley and Mrs. Neeson are going to resign.<sup>49</sup> The Committee has declared the choir will not sing on account of bad attendances (a lie!) and because the last concert was not a credit to the school. Whoever brought credit to it except Pappie and Mammie? But it's no use swearing about *ignorami* who hate everything except what the gallery likes. Pappie and Mr. Fielding are going to consider the question, however.

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<sup>47</sup> The Presentation College, a boys' secondary school on the Mardyke run by the Presentation Order.

<sup>48</sup> Violet Stockley (1893-1971), born in Canada to Prof. Stockley and his first wife, Violet Osborne – sister of the painter Walter Osborne. Her mother died shortly after her birth. She became a teacher and taught for many years in England.

<sup>49</sup> The husbands of both ladies had been on the republican, anti-Treaty side in the civil war, during which Seán Neeson was interned by the Free State government. Aloys Fleischmann senior, as an alien interned by the British during the world war, abstained from politics. The requirement that all employees swear an oath of loyalty to the Free State was subsequently withdrawn.

April 1926  
Thursday 29

Heard in class a very interesting thing from Dr. Scannell about George V. The latter, while his father Edward VI was still alive, knowing he would not come to the throne as his brother, Duke of Clarence, was heir apparent, secretly married a Catholic lady, daughter of an admiral. Clarence died, however, and his brother, now Prince of Wales, was pressed to marry the Princess of Norway who had been engaged to Clarence. He was in a fix, as he did not of course want his marriage known. He got out of it, however, by means of English law which declares no royal marriage valid unless sanctioned by reigning sovereign, and so he pensioned and packed off his Catholic wife, to where no one knows, and married the present Queen Mary. Scannie himself saw the registry of the Catholic church at Chatam, where the king was first married, and saw that the leaves of marriages of that year are torn out! George later swore at a law-suit he was not married before. – Went to choir practice. Fairly good attendance. Pappie announced an important meeting next Thursday when official matters will be dealt with.

April 1926  
Friday 30

Had a discussion to-day about Bernard Shaw's play 'St. Joan' which is coming next week. Dr. Scannell told us several interesting things about it, amongst them that Shaw wrote some of his play while staying at Parknasilla and Glengariffe and that he got the Catholic point of view from a Cork priest, Father Leonard. He told us also that the people of St. Joan's time could not be blamed for believing her a witch, for consider what everybody believed of the Germans during the war. He said that taking into account the man Shaw himself, and knowing some of his ideas, one would come away deeply impressed by the play, and that though often criticised, it was in no way harmful, if not beneficial to the Catholic Church. – The Riff and French and Spanish peace conference is evidently falling through. It will be terrible if poor Abd El Krim will have to fight it out. Yet he is stronger than we think. – After school went to see about my new suit, but will have to call again. Our census was called for by the Civic Guard. Mammie was very pleased with my piano lesson to-day. I am getting on quite well at violin.

May 1926

Saturday 1

I must read Gibson's history of Cork when I have time. Dr. Scannell read extracts from it to-day which were very interesting. – It is funny how jokes run in cycles at school. A great joke runs for about 2 weeks, then it goes stale, and is not heard for half a year. After that time it is revived again, dropped for a year, and then it usually is lost for ever. – Heard the story of '*Denkmal*' Wilhelm<sup>50</sup> and '*Bischofin*' Wilhelmine<sup>51</sup> to-day at German. Scannie showed me how interesting the origin of words is, taking as example the word '*Tarantel*' from Eichendorff's '*Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts*'.<sup>52</sup> We are doing the latter at present. Am enjoying every word. – Went to town after school to try on new suit. Got no. 6 'Lands and Peoples'. Concerns Istanbul and Turkey. It is great. Mammie went to Arthur, who has a nasty gland and is being treated, but seems quite well. I went up too for ½ hour. Poor Pappie got a bad stroke of rheumatism or lumbago or something, and could not work. He had to sit in armchair all the evening, and had great pain whenever he moved his leg. I hope he will get rid of it quickly.

May 1926

Sunday 2

11<sup>th</sup> Sunday of Holy Communion. Poor Pappie was worse again to-day. He could not go to 10 o'clock Mass, and took a taxi to 12. I had to go with him. He had terrible pain. I was in a muddle to-day, because Stockleys had invited me to Youghal, and so I postponed boating with Joe Mangan, but it was too hot for Youghal, and attending poor Pappie upset everything. I did bits and scraps of work at times all day. Stockleys came for tea, and I entertained Sophie and Irmah by shooting, and looking at 'Lands and Peoples'. Went up to Mr. Corkery's and heard some beautiful unaccompanied choir singing from Christ Church, some Bach on the organ and Grieg on orchestra. There is a miner's strike at present in England which is developing into a national strike, and we heard the latest news concerning

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<sup>50</sup> Literally: 'Monument Wilhelm' – a reference no doubt to the innumerable monuments erected in Germany in honour of Kaiser Wilhelm I.

<sup>51</sup> This may refer to Wilhelmine of Prussia (1709-1758), sister of Friedrich 'the Great'. In 1920, Annette Kolb (Mrs Stockley's sister) had translated her memoirs into German – they had been written in French, the language of the German courts and aristocracy in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. Wilhelmine corresponded with Voltaire; she was an excellent musician, a composer, director of the Opera House in Bayreuth. Her account of the misery of her childhood at the Prussian court caused a sensation when the manuscript was first discovered in 1848. If this is indeed the Wilhelmine referred to, and if the epithet 'Bischofin' [female bishop] has been correctly deciphered, the reference is puzzling.

<sup>52</sup> A novel by the romantic writer German Joseph von Eichendorff, *From the Life of a Good-for-Nothing* (1826).

it. The Government are stationing district commissioners all over the country. It is good we have a supply of coal in. Pappie's leg was bad again to-night, but he was talking to Miss Townshend about harps, and to Miss Violet Stockley all the evening.

May 1926

Monday 3

Had to help Pappie this morning, as he was worse again, and was nearly late for school. Dr. Scannell gave me a history of German literature for Pappie. He was delighted with it. Found on coming home that the sciatica was much worse, and the doctor was coming. Miss O'Brien left for Cappoquin to-day. Went to town with Mammie for new suit. It looks a very good one. Got a fine lift in Moira O'Connor's car home. Doctor was there, and said that the sciatica might last a day or a year, but he gave some drugs. I had to go for those, and did scarcely any work, and no piano. All the evening poor Pappie had terrible pain. Mam went to 'Joan of Arc' with Fräulein Engelmann; for she could not go any other night of the week, and must see it. Worked at my lessons in Pappie's room till 11, when Mammie came home, really impressed by the play and saying it was great. The strike is evidently worse.

May 1926

Tuesday 4

Pappie had terrible pain this morning, so much so that when Dr. Donovan cauterised his leg, he could bear that far more easily than the pain. When I came back from school, he said he was comparatively in heaven, as the pain was almost gone. Fräulein Engelmann came and read to him until 8 o'clock. To-night there is the broadcasting from the School of Music relayed from Dublin. There has been enough intriguing about this concert, and generally throughout the year, to make Tiberius blush. Miss Jackson, one of Mammie's best pupils, was not allowed to play because she was not long enough (3 years) with Mammie. Miss O'Brien, of course, could not play on account of Allegiance Oath,<sup>53</sup> but Mr. Morrison and Miss N. O'Riordan, who are not pupils of the School at all, are singing. The choir of course has also been cancelled. Mammie and I went to Mangans' to hear it. Miss Mary Hilser, M[ammie]'s only pupil on, played splendidly, but the rest were fairly bad. Heard Daventry in comparison hundred times better.

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<sup>53</sup> Jane O'Brien was a close friend of the MacSwiney sisters, the Neesons and the Stockleys, all of whom sympathised with the Republican, anti-Treaty side in the civil war. She may have objected in principle to such a declaration of political loyalty being required.

May 1926  
Wednesday 5

A few days ago we got some fine postcards from Fr. Pat, who is in Naples now, showing the Bay of Naples, and one of Tiberius' palaces in Capri. We get one or two postcards almost every day. – Stayed at home to-day to look after Pappie, as Mammie was, of course, teaching at School of Music. Worked at piano, violin, French and German all the morning, and finished my ordinary school-work in the evening. After dinner went to Miss O'Brien's place to fetch some complimentary tickets for us for Mr. and Mrs. Neeson's concert to-morrow night. We got a card from Miss O'Brien from Cappoquin that I was to do so. Called to Arthur, whose glands are still bad and to Mammie in School of Music. A sweet little Egyptian girl was having her lesson. She is leaving for Egypt in a few months. After tea, worked at Roumanian stamps, and got a lot done. Fräulein Engelmann came back from Committee meeting of Choral Society, and told us all about it. The choir will protest strongly against the recent treatment of Pappie, and leave School after summer.

May 1926  
Thursday 6

To-day those who are going for Matric. were separated from History class, I and about 10 others being left with class. First sign of the changing of old order. – With reference to '*ausgelernter Feldscher*' [trained army barber-surgeon] in Eichendorff [*Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichtes*] Scannie told me that before it was the custom to let blood for any disease, and that it was the barbers who performed it, up to recently leeches were also applied to suck the blood. – Went to Doctor, and he told me I must make an appointment with Dr. Cussen for Saturday to be examined. Saw there in the 'Sphere' photo of the new Shah of Persia, Reza Khan, and his son. To-night was Mr. and Mrs. Neeson's recital. I turned over, opened piano several times, etc. Mrs. Neeson was really wonderful. Her Liadoff, Chopin and César Franck were glorious, and Mr. Neeson<sup>54</sup> sang some Rob. Franz songs which are so beautiful and always make me think of old times. That Chopin Polonaise

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<sup>54</sup> Seán Neeson (1891-1964) born in Belfast Falls Rd, son of a shipyard worker who went off to the goldmines of South Africa and never returned; his mother's people were traditional musicians. He trained to be a teacher in Dublin, was then one of the founders of Sinn Féin in Belfast and acted as secretary to the blind folk music collector and composer Carl Hardebeck. He was interned after the 1916 rising. After his release he taught in Cork, singing in the Cork cathedral choir, in May 1922 joining the staff of the School of Music as teacher of singing. He was involved in the war of independence, took the republican side and was interned during the civil war. In 1925 he married Geraldine O'Sullivan. He was to be director of the short-lived Cork Radio Station 1927-1930 and in 1933 to become lecturer in Irish traditional music at University College Cork.

was ringing in my ears all the night in its national vigour. Frl. Engelmann and I went back after concert to Pappie, who is now sitting up and much better. Went to bed at 12.

May 1926  
Friday 7

Fräulein Engelmann told us last night of choir meeting which was held. They all protested, and said they would remain firm to Pappie. Letter will be written to Committee. There is actually a rumour around that a new choral conductor is going to be appointed. *E loco statim egrediendum est*. I forgot to say that on Wed.'s 'Examiner' there was a great climb about the broadcasting. Of course, as usual, Miss Mary Hilser, who was far above the rest and whose playing was really beautiful, was slipped over. – Went to Doctor to-day to change hour of appointment for to-morrow, and there read some great things in the 'Sphere' about deaths of Emperor of Annam and King of Siam, Maharajah of Bhopal, elephant hunting in Congo, airoplane view of endless forests in regions of Amazon, riots in Calcutta, and Kemel Pasha, who has forbidden the Turkish fez (a shame!). The new king of Siam is King Prajivovlak or something like it. This evening I got message that a German post in Cork at £25 per month was open. Cycled straight to Fr. Engelmann out the country, caught her, cycled into town, and there she got recommendation from Lord Mayor.

May 1926  
Saturday 8

I hope that Fräulein Engelmann will get that position. In that case she would not leave after summer, as she intended, which would be a great boon to us all. – Had no German to-day, got home earlier, and found Pappie up, and very well considering. We are going to 'St. Joan' to-night. After dinner went to Markie and played a sort of tennis, then met Mammie at School of Music, and both of us went to Dr. Cussen. He examined me, and tortured me by sticking his finger down my throat a few times. He said that if tonsils were not better next week, I must get them out! Think of loss of time and expense for Mammie! P. and I took a taxi to opera, and saw the wonderful play acted by a first-class company. One comes away with the spirit of the Middle Ages, convinced more firmly of St. Joan, and except for the fact that Shaw has no respect for anything, I see nothing against the Church. The Inquisitor was depicted as honestly working for general good of Church, and Shaw could have sneered at him, but he didn't. The whole thing is really clever and interest is never lost even in such long dialogues where Bishop of Beauvais, Duke of Warwick and friar talk.



May 1926

Sunday 9

12<sup>th</sup> Sunday of Holy Communion. Still thinking of St. Joan. The Bishop of Beauvais, Duke of Warwick and Charles VII were extraordinary. – P's leg is almost better again but he had to take taxi to Cathedral again to-day. Fr. Engelmann does not know yet whether she will get position or not. Miss O'Brien came, and we had a talk about St. Joan at dinner. Mr. Corkery says it is only an 'entertainment'. *Irritabile genus Vatum!* [Horace: the irritable species of the poets]. Was going to go boating with Joe Mangan but changed my mind, and went up to Cathedral for Jubilee Procession. There was an enormous crowd of men, about 3,000, and I among them, marched in fours to St Mary's where we said some prayers. P's choir sang 'Adoremus te' very beautifully, and then back to Cathedral for Benediction. P. played a wonderful prelude on organ. Very tired after it. Went to Mr. Corkery, and heard service on wireless. The strike is much worse. Baton charges and riots. As concert was postponed went home early and continued comp. 'When is a classic a classic?'

May 1926

Monday 10

Forgot to say that criticism of Mr. and Mrs. Neeson's concert was not too bad, for a wonder. – Had a heated argument to-day in school about St. Joan. It is extraordinary. The virtuous young priests who thought 'No, No, Nanette' great, and who neither saw nor know anything about St. Joan said they heard it was a disgrace, and anti-Catholic. We almost came to blows. If this is the modern taste of priests, what will the future generation be? I was only supported by 'Cha' Connor, a great fellow who has strong character, a great brain and good taste. A little musical feeling would make him perfect. – The Peace Conference in Morocco has broken down, and the French, Spanish and Riff are at it again! May Abd El Krim hold out a long time yet! The Druses in Syria are also fighting. The Dictator Mussolini is still vigorously reforming Italy. He is apparently anti-German. Prince Carol of Roumania lately created an uproar by renouncing right to throne. – Worked well and P. & M. & I had laughs at old memories.

May 1926

Tuesday 11

Was in a state yesterday because I thought I had lost my diary, but found to-day that 'Fannie' Cottrell had taken it to take a rise out of me, as the saying is. We got 3 cards from

Fr. Pat, who is now visiting Villa d'Este at Tivoli, 14 miles outside Rome. He says it belonged to the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, but was confiscated by the Italian Government when the war began, and is now sadly neglected. Fr. Pat is awfully good; he is getting me stamps! He is coming home on Friday, and we are going out in the tender to meet him, Hip! Hip! – I have a real passion for foreign lands and peoples and their history, and could sit [for] hours looking at a map of the world. I will probably not go to Germany now, but at all events to Dublin, which I will explore thoroughly, but – ‘The best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley’<sup>55</sup>. If I think too much on it, it won't come off at all, and often by delighting myself in anticipation of a coming event, I buoy myself so high that two days beforehand a reaction occurs, and I hate the idea of it. The pleasure then only begins when the event itself has begun.

May 1926  
Wednesday 12

I am a firm believer of reaction and reaction and reaction. If I am in a grumpy mood, as often happens, I don't mind it so much for I know that I'll swing over to the opposite extreme in a few hours. School-work is the best thing to keep anyone level, and so it is with me. The reaction of the work during the day, and a few moments with my stamps being held out to me if I get everything done in time, always keeps me in the best humour. In the hols. it is much harder to feel really satisfied. Goethe says: ‘*Nichts ist schwerer zu ertragen als eine Reihe von glücklichen Tagen*’ [Nothing is harder to bear than a series of happy days], and I find it to be literally true. I often think, too, that the reason of the lives of so many great musicians being so sad is because the immense joy given them in the creation of such glorious music must have been compensated for in other ways to keep their lives level. – Got a telegram from Fr. Pat to say he is coming on Friday. Telegram came in 2 hours from Paris! Read to-day the French destroyed another section of Damascus. The savages! – Went to Arthur who is still in uncertain condition. We all played ball in open.

May 1926  
Thursday 13

Holiday of Obligation to-day, and no school. After Mass and Holy Communion, went on some messages to town, got a clip and Fearanside's ‘English History’ in Massy's. – The

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<sup>55</sup> Robert Burns ‘To a Mouse’

strike finished yesterday evening! Evidently Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, settled it. Owing to the strike I could not get 'Lands and Peoples'. Now it is over up immediately with the price of eggs and butter, which were very low yesterday morning. Nannie came to-day instead of to-morrow, as we are going over on liner. After dinner went up to Markie, but he was in Limerick for a C.B.C. match. After tea, as Dr. Scannell told me to go, I went by myself to the 'Only Way', i.e. 'A Tale of Two Cities'. On the way saw posted up that a general strike has occurred again over Baldwin's speech! The historical references in the 'Only Way' were not good, but Sydney Carton and Dr. Manette were fine. It is brought out how the aristocrats played games of chess and cards while awaiting death, and took it gallantly. How weak in one point, and yet so strong was Sydney Carton! I wonder does it lie in me, in any other man, to make such a glorious sacrifice!

May 1926

Friday 14

We all left by 11.30 train for Queenstown. A beautiful day. To our dismay we learnt on arrival from Mr. Humbert, owner of States Hotel, that liner was not arriving till 9.30. After a long discussion we decided to wait and see it out, hiring a motor if we missed last train. Had a pleasant day reading 'History of the Nations', in visiting Cathedral and Mam and I saw the real friendly and cheerful spirit between the sailors of two Dutch ships. There were about 20 rounds of hand-shaking and pleasantries before separating. – Poor Pap's leg was not well and he stayed in hotel for afternoon. At ten tender left. There were over 100 emigrants on board, most of them fine, strong young men. It is terrible that such a flux of fine Irishmen should be pouring into America. About 11 we sighted the 'Republic'. It was a beautiful spectacle, all lit up, and looking like a fairy palace. After more delay, we got on board, and immediately saw Fr. Pat and Fr. O'Brien. Fr. Pat looked rather tired after his long journey. We went over most of the ship. It was glorious. One half the crew seemed to be Germans. Was in perpetual screams of laughter all way back in tender at Fr. Willie's wit. Arrived home by special trains 3 a.m.

May 1926

Saturday 15

Was not allowed to go to school on account of going to bed so late, or rather so early in the morning. Though Mam and Pappie hadn't much time, Fr. Pat gave us some great accounts about Italy. On the whole, he was rather disappointed with Rome, but Florence, Assisi and

some other cities, he said, were glorious. The Papal Swiss Guards and Chamberlain, whose costumes were designed by Michael Angelo, are wonderful. Fr. Pat had an audience with the Pope, who, he said, is a beautiful and saintly priest. Fr. Pat brought home scores of cards and gallery catalogues of Rome and Florence. He brought me some 25 splendid stamps which I hadn't and I am getting a set of the new St. Francis Assisi. It was really kind of him to think of me in Rome. He had to leave for Dunmanway at 5. – I am having a riotous time lately, and though I enjoyed the different events immensely still I feel like a fish out of water when not doing my routine work. – Went to doctor, got drops, and had my eyes tested, and throat, and have great news that I needn't get my tonsils out. Had radishes for tea to celebrate it. Got lovely stamps and 'fagas' from poor Julia yesterday morning. It is awfully kind of her.

May 1926

Sunday 16

Made the 13 Sundays! I must next make the 9 Fridays. – After the drops of yesterday, my eyes are still bleared and the pupils very big. I tried to do some work to keep pace with the fellows in school, but once I am out of the routine, it's the Dickens altogether to work properly. After dinner I went to the Cathedral for the 2<sup>nd</sup> Jubilee Procession in the Canon's car sent for Pappie. He is now almost better except for the wounds caused by the doctor's burning. There was a very big attendance again, though the match between Cork and Dublin in the Park was a great counterattraction. After prayers we all marched again to St. Mary's where hymns were sung, then back to Cathedral, Benediction, and home. Rushed up to Markie, and as there was no one at home he took out his brother's motor-bike, and each of us had a spin. I know almost everything about it now, including how to change gears. Cycled over to Mr. Corkery, but as there was nothing much on wireless, and I had ex. to do, I went off almost immediately.

May 1926

Monday 17

It is always a bit of a trial going back to school after a few days absence. They are all practising for sports with Fermoy next Sunday. The whole school will probably go to Fermoy. Yesterday my companion in the procession was an old Farran Ferris day-boy, whom I did not know, though he knew me. He told me several killing stories about Dickie and Pa, and said that the latter had been an officer in India before. So to-day we tried to

draw Pa out by talking about snake-charming, and he was just saying he saw one in ... when he told us get on to our work. – There is a revolution going on in Poland now, and Marshal Pilsudski has captured Warsaw after great fighting. – The German cabinet has resigned. The English strike is now practically over, and the firms are busy making up for the injury to trade. – Captain Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, has just been in an expedition to the North Pole. Abd El Krim is still waging war. Mam had Sophie, Irmah and Elsie Hilser up to-day for lessons instead of Sat. Mam is working hard at beautiful new programme.

May 1926  
Tuesday 18

Was thrown out of Dickie's class to-day because a fellow put stones into my sack, I tried to throw them inside his coat, and they fell on the ground. I know I was in the wrong to-day and must try and keep quiet in future but Dickie always pounces on me alone. If the fellows make a row and Dickie looks round, they all put on grave faces, but because I cannot stop laughing like the others, I am always penalised. Mam got a card to-day from Mrs. MacDonnell asking if I would come to tea to the Pavilion, so I went down at 5. Sophie and Irmah were there also, and we had a fine tea. Lola and Cáitín are going to Blackrock Convent now. It was Cáitín's birthday to-day, but I never knew it. Mrs. MacDonnell's latest notion is to go for a holiday to California. She is really very kind, and has asked Sophie and me to go to Castlelack for Whit Sunday and Monday! – Duffy's circus is on now. Lola and Diarmuid were at it, and it was full of Indians and Zulus and Chinese. Saw in paper that the great Indian Gandhi will be visiting Europe shortly.

May 1926  
Wednesday 19

Sophie told me yesterday that Professor Stockley got an official invitation for free passage with the whole family and one guest to the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago this year, and that he refused!! – Saw in the *Dachau Zeitung* [newspaper] a photograph of Mussolini, who is now visiting Tripoli, with a bandage over his nose. A Miss Gibson, sister of the Irish Lord Ashbourne, and who seems to be crazy, fired at Mussolini with a revolver, but only hit his nose! Mam remembers meeting Lord Ashbourne in the old days at Stockleys. – Went to Arthur, who is still in an uncertain condition, and had games of golf. When I had my work finished this evening I read Macauley's 'History of England' chap. 3, as Scannie told me to

do so. A fine description is certainly given of how uncivilised northern England was in the time of Charles II, until the discovery of the coal mines created a steady influx of population; and of the '*schlampig*' [slovenly] militia of that time. – Fr. O'Flynn to-day was raging because he called to the class for some boy to stand up, and attempt Hamlet's speech to the players. Nobody did. He then scolded about manliness and character; no fellow likes to stand up and have to show he is better than the rest. Flynnie thinks he understands boys!

May 1926

Thursday 20

Yesterday Mrs. Horgan got a daughter, so Ivor and Joe will have a step-sister, and a step-brother now.<sup>56</sup> As I sit nearest to the telephone room at school, I have to answer calls, which come very often. Though it is only in English class that we are in that room, I have to answer often enough, and it is agony, because the telephone is very bad, and sometimes I have to keep roaring for hours to hear and get on. It has been settled now, however, and I got on alright to-day. – Balsam is really extraordinary healing stuff. Made by monks in Prague, it has one ingredient which no analyst can discover, and is said to cure every possible disease, internal and external. It has certainly saved my tonsils, done great good to Fr. Pat, and Nannie has cured at least 20 cases of sicknesses with it. – Was in a dilemma to-day at school, because Scannie wants me to go to the sports at Fermoy on Sat, and I want to go to Richard III. But I'll try and do both. – Paddie came in from next door this evening, and we bound his hand which was pouring blood!

May 1926

Friday 21

Dr. Scannell is very charming in the way he illustrates the interesting sidelights he shows us by singing or imitation. To-day he sang for us one of the old Jacobite ballads, in which every second line was Irish, and the other English, the sense continuing in every alternate line. To-day, Pappie was down at Stockleys to meet Charles Doran<sup>57</sup> and he had a most interesting and delightful time with him. Mrs. Stockley invited Mam and me to-night to 'Much Ado about Nothing'. I went, thinking it was one of Shakespeare's earliest comedies,

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<sup>56</sup> The first Mrs Mary Horgan had three children: Ivor, Joe and Madolin; the second Mary Horgan had two: David and Jean.

<sup>57</sup> Charles Doran, born in Cork in 1877, was a Shakespearian actor who founded his own Shakespearian company in 1920. In the 1950s he acted in several films and BBC Shakespeare TV performances. He died in Folkstone in 1964, aged 87.

and thus not so interesting. But I enjoyed every word from beginning till end. Every one of the characters was splendidly impersonated, Doran and Miss Christine Kilburn being outstanding. In such a character as Benedict, Doran seems to excel, and Beatrice was charming in her whimsical wit. There are some beautiful similes in the play. Came home absolutely disgusted with rotten houses. Nothing good can come to, or stay in Cork.

May 1926  
Saturday 22

Went off in good spirits to Fermoy by the 9 train. 15 of us went and we had the greatest fun in the train. They were all joking me about my new suit. We got to St Coleman's about 11. The College is very finely situated but is rather '*schlampig*' [grubby, slovenly] in spite of the fine rooms and hall and recreation grounds. After lunch we had the sports. We won by 17 points to 12, John Cottrell winning the high jump, and Jack MacSwiney and John O'Regan winning all the races in fine style. After the sports we had quite a good dinner, but the boys seem to be on the whole much rougher and more unfriendly than our fellows. We had some delightful boating on the Blackwater after dinner and some of the fellows went in swimming. Then four of us had a game of billiards, and then tea in a restaurant. The boys are awfully generous. I only paid 1/- for the lot. In the corridor [of the train] carriages coming home we had great fun tumbling around, and we all sang '*Morgen muss ich fort von hier*'. [Tomorrow I must depart from here] Arrived home at 10 and called for Mam and Pap at Opera. It is horrible that I missed 'Richard III'. Mam and Pap said it was marvellous. Of course, a rotten house!!

May 1926  
Sunday 23

After Mass and Communion, in which I learnt origin of 'White Sunday', being last day for catechumens who were baptised to wear their white clothes, I went off to Castlelack in great spirits, but leaving poor Mam and Pap at home. Sophie and Irmah and I were together in the train, and we had great fun. Mr. MacDonnell was kind enough to call for us at the station with the car. It was nice to see the old place again. Found poor Mrs. MacDonnell in bed with the 'flu': she won't be able to get up again for a week. Diarmuid and Liam were sweet. Unfortunately it was pouring rain, so Dinnie, the driver, Sophie, Irmah and I went in the car to Bandon for the Misses Healy. I drove both ways quite successfully. Then in spite of the terrible rain, Mr. Mac and we all went up to the lake, and fished for about two hours. Mr.

Mac caught four beauties. I hooked a big fellow, but he got away. Spent the evening playing Miss Hickie's violin, while Mr. Mac and Irmah played guitar, and we fiddled away at all the old German folk-songs we could think of. Went to bed fairly late, and I slept in my old place in dining-room.

May 1926  
Monday 24

This morning I woke up with a fright to find Nellie, the house-dog, licking my arm. A miserable wet, drizzly day for the bank holiday. I am sure hundreds of excursions were spoiled, the cause of much tears to the young people. We spent most of the morning playing airs on piano, violin and guitar. Some gentlemen came to fish on the lake, so we could not go fishing there. So I got on the big waders after dinner, and Diarmuid got himself rain-proof, and both of us went fishing in the rain in a big stream near the mill. For about an hour all was in vain, but when I was up at the house asking the time, Diarmuid landed a small fellow, and just as I arrived, he swung quite a nice trout on to the bank. I then tried my luck, and almost immediately got gut, hook and all pulled away by a vicious tug. Diarmuid was kind enough to give me the two trout to take home. After tea I said goodbye, thanked Mr. and Mrs. MacDonnell heartily for their kindness, and went off in car driving myself. Barely caught train! Sophie and Irmah not there. They are staying till tomorrow. Did some work as Mam and Pap were out.

May 1926  
Tuesday 25

Back to school again! But work has its attractions also. – When I was home last night, nobody was at home, as Mam was at 'Fannie's First Play' by Bernard Shaw, which she said was very clever, and very common. She told me a killing story of how Sophie used to boss me when we were both about 7, and how I detested her always wanting to dress and command me. But one day when she came over to dress me as usual, I suddenly stuck out both my arms in front of her, and with the most solemn face, turned round every way she tried to get at me. Sophie was completely astonished. Thus began the Dawn of Emancipation. – I forgot to say that Mr. MacDonnell had a waterfinder out at Castlelack to search for water. He travels over England and Ireland discovering the presence of the water by means of the turning of a hazel twig in his hand. Mr. MacDonnell tried it, and actually with some success. – Read in paper that poor Abd El Krim is practically done for by the



bombing of the French and Spanish. Targhuist has been taken. Where is the defender of small nations now? – Wrote a letter to Mrs. Mac thanking her for endless kindnesses.

May 1926

Wednesday 26

To-day we had to have Hamlet's speech to the players off for Fr. O'Flynn, but I went over it so many times but when I got up to say it, being nervous, I forgot it all, and was disgraced. I can never exert will-power in such a time. I am an awful fool. Fr. O'Flynn is awfully good: nearly every Wednesday, and to-day again, he sends me home in his lovely Dodge saloon. He is great at imitation and took off Doran for me to perfection. – When I came home I had to go to Mr. Fielding with a message. He is going to Dunmanway to Fr. Pat to write the Choral Society letter to the Committee. On the way there I saw poor old Canon Murphy and Fr. Sheehan coming from Bantry in a car. Canon Murphy is doing great work in Bantry. The whole town is being decorated at his request for the Jubilee Procession. – Got my bike back to-day from Willie Groeger to whom I had lent it to go to Fermoy; He bust, but then got mended, the front tyre, and the brake is not acting properly! I am not very pleased about it, but he couldn't help it. Margherita [the housekeeper] was as cheeky as the dickens to Pappie to-day after breaking a glass dish. – Went to Arthur, who is still in the same condition.

May 1926

Thursday 27

Yesterday I saw in the paper long accounts about Abd El Krim being done for, but immediately underneath, that the fall of the franc had caused many different outbreaks among ruined Moroccan chiefs. But to-day it is in the paper that poor Abd El Krim has really surrendered. Poor fellow, he put up a noble fight against the bombing and poison gas outrage of the French and Spanish, who are purely out to get the mineral wealth of the country. I was just fighting with another fellow to-day about him and said 'Where is the defender of small nations now' to him when I found that Scannie had been listening amusedly to us all the time. Scannie told us if he was a young man, he'd be out fighting for Abd El Krim in Morocco. – Scannie was in great humour to-day, and did some fine conjuring tricks for us. He believes evidently that palmistry can do a lot in finding out one's character. – I didn't get my 'Lands and Peoples' for 3 weeks now, as the coal question is not settled at all yet, and there is the greatest congestion of all goods in England. – Zaghlul Pasha has just got an immense majority in Egypt, and it is evident that England has either to

leave Egypt altogether, or make war. – Did good practice at piano to-day. Compared Clementi with Swift in my own mind. They are both like polished steel.

May 1926

Friday 28

*Newspaper cutting pasted in: photograph of Abd El Krim with heading*

*‘Surrender of Riff Leader: Abd El Krim, who has surrendered to the French troops’*

Yesterday Mam went to see Mrs. Horgan and her baby. The latter is sweet. Mrs. Horgan said I must come very often to Ivor and Joe during the hols. – We are getting all the chairs and the arm-chair in the dining room upholstered now, and they look splendid and are very comfortable. But equally as dear. – Every day now I hope it will rain during Maths, because immediately after I go into Fr. Duggan’s class for my free hour, and if it is not, I have to take his motor-bike into the yard. I never got a spin on it yet, but as I know now how to drive it, I am mad to get a turn on it. – Almost a week ago the Republican party split up. De Valera and his followers are now going to go into the Dáil, which will be a splendid thing, so there will then be a strong opposition party which will promote competition among all members to do their best. Mary MacSwiney has become president of the Republican party! Why on earth couldn’t they give over those dissensions which have been the ruin of Ireland since the advent of the Anglo-Normans? – Poor Abd El Krim is done for! Read that he passed through the French lines with his family, throwing himself on the clemency of the French. A lot he’ll get! He surrendered for the sake of the starving tribes.

May 1926

Saturday 29

Last night Mam and I were talking about poor old Scully. He is a terrible loss to us. If he were here we would all have had many an enjoyable and delightful evening. The stories of his conjuring tricks, his pranks, his jokes, his never-failing store of sources of amusement, and his kindheartedness are endless. This is, of course, all apart from his painting qualities. He is such a character as Addison or Dickens would delight in, but now he has gone over to England, and he is probably lost for ever. – Was in a mess to-day, because Dr. Scannell is putting on the Irish exam for to-morrow, and the rest for all day on Tues. and Wed. Apart from having to put off Arthur’s and my intended trip to Fountainstown to-morrow, I am in a pickle as to how when and what to study for the exams. – In speaking about Maynooth and Rome, Scannie said it is possible that two in our class, if they pass Matric., may get to the

new Irish College this year! – Col. Brase was supposed to come to us to-day on his return from Locarno and the Crown Prince, but he couldn't, as the liner was late. Got 3 great Maltese self-government stamps from Margherita to-day, one worth 8/6, one 3/6 and one 3d!

May 1926

Sunday 30

Went to 8 o'clock Mass and Communion, because I have got an Irish exam to-day from 11-12, and I had to do some work for it. Scannie is a show for putting on exams. on Sundays and half-holidays. As luck would have it, we got nothing in the paper that I had swotted and in addition I had a headache from working before the exam. When Dickie gets hold of a remote Irish phrase that he himself hadn't heard of before, he is sure to keep it for the exam. and then we have to go breaking our heads against it for about half an hour. I didn't do too well and hadn't time to finish the paper. We got our photos taken by Brother Walter of North Mon. Afterwards came home to find Arthur here. I was disgusted, because I specially told Nannie to tell him to put off our excursion till next Sunday, as I wanted to work for the history exam. So, after dinner like fools we set off for Fountainstown, were tired on arriving but had a swim in quite a nice place and got tea from one landlady of last hols. Though it is quite a nice place, the atmosphere of the monied jazzy people who go there make it rather disgusting.

May 1926

Monday 31

We had ordinary class to-day. I am feeling pretty disgusted after yesterday. I intended giving up all Sunday to a good swot at history, but owing to our excursion I could only do about an hour and a half when I came home. In addition, I tore my new suit, a very stupid thing as the cycling didn't by any means improve it. So to-day I had to make up for lost time, and worked for about 5 hours at history altogether. From 5-7 we had an arithmetic exam in which I didn't do too badly, getting about 5½ right out of 8. This took a lot from my history for which I have to swot the most, having to do the two books of Mullane's History of Western Europe, Joyce's Irish History, and Marioth's History from 1789-1830. Scannie was laughing at me all along because I am so concerned about the exams, but I hate doing badly in any exam and feel rotten if I do. Poor Pa is sick at present. I had to go to his

house to-day to see if he had the maths papers set, but he hadn't. He lives in a small house with a cross old aunt, poor old gentleman.

June 1926

Tuesday 1

This morning I had German from 9-11. I got last year's Senior Intermediate [exam. paper]. The comp. was hard in its vagueness: outstanding men in literature and history, but the trans. at sight wasn't too bad, the last piece being very beautiful. From 12-2 we had Algebra, in which I did 4 out of 8, half at any rate. It was Scannie set the papers, and they were very hard. Went home for dinner, and like a fool worked at French history until I left for History exam at 4.30. The exam was from 5-7.30. I was very headachy before it. It was last year's senior paper we got. The first question I did was Charlemagne's reign as a turning point in the history of Europe, then French expansion from 1661-1714, the causes for calling of States General, attitude of France towards Catholic Church 1789-1815, Napoleon's maritime and colonial policy, and difference in political systems between Anglo-Normans and Irish. On the whole I think I did quite well. Worked at Latin rest of evening. Read of poor Abd El Krim. He will probably be confined at Madagascar by the French. He wept bitterly on leaving last Moroccan village.

June 1926

Wednesday 2

To-day we had geom. from 9-11. It was a fierce paper, and I was in despair about it. I did 2½ out of 7 and only 1½ right! Well, it can't be helped; I may make up for it in the other maths papers. There was Latin from 12-2. It was a 1915 Senior Hons. Intercert. paper. Catch Fr. Dinnie Murphy writing out a paper! We only got 2 hours for it and it was a 2½-hour paper. The composition was fairly easy, and the Cicero trans. at sight about women and politics was splendid! I wish some of the women politicians in Ireland would read it. The Horace and Ovid were stiff, however. I didn't do badly on the whole, and am quite pleased. No exam. this evening, so I thought I'd go up to Markie for tennis. On arriving, found a whole crowd of ladies playing there, Markie among them, so I went off again. Went up again after tea, thinking they would be gone, but they were all there yet. But I plucked up courage, and went over. As a result I got a few good games of tennis and a fine feed of lemonade, jelly, fruit and cream afterwards. I wish I could get over my shyness and blushes, because it spoils all fun. When I came home I did some Addison for to-morrow's exam.

June 1926

Thursday 3

Went to eight Mass and Communion, this being the feast of Corpus Christi. There is no procession to-day, but a large demonstration on Sunday next, all the men, military, police, bands and guards taking part. Though to-day is a holiday of obligation, we had English from 11-2. Was in best form yet for it. Selected as comp. 'Prejudices' a very wise one; and I was pleased with myself the way I did it. It was funny, I was writing away in grand style when I discovered that I myself was most biased in what I was saying, and so had to put in: 'But one can also be prejudiced in writing about prejudice.' I wonder what Scannie will think of it. The rest of the paper was not very difficult, containing questions as to contemporary abuses referred to by Addison, examples of Addison's quiet humour, and a few questions on Macbeth, with grammar. Saw the photographs taken of us. They are splendid. Went up to Markie again for more tennis, and had a fine lively time in exercise. It is a great thing to be out in the sun enjoying the beauty of the day without swotting for exams. looming behind. They are over now, thanks be to goodness. – I didn't do any piano all this while. I must begin again in earnest now.

June 1926

Friday 4

Wanted to make 9 1<sup>st</sup> Fridays, but Mám won't let me begin now, as I am in bad health, according to her. – Yesterday I got no 8 of 'Lands and Peoples'. It is very interesting on China and Manchuria. Nos. 7 and 9 are yet due on account of strike. – Read Macauley's III chap again last night. It is incredible that in 1685 the population of England was only 5,000,000. He says that even up to the 18<sup>th</sup> century, north of the Trent was in a semi-barbarous state. In 1655 also, the army was miserably small and undisciplined, and the captains in the navy were all titled men who were absolutely incapable. – Got a letter from Julia yesterday, also. She is really too kind. I got great stamps from Gerard Hilser, cigarette pictures etc. – It is said that Spain has got hold of documents which prove that at first Abd El Krim was supported by France, and then the latter turned against him. Spain wants to get Abd El Krim from the French and imprison him. – No results are out about the exams except in history. I got 1<sup>st</sup> with 238/300. Next was Conny Deasy with 200. – Was delighted to find Fr. Pat here when I came home. We had great talk about the catacombs, Coliseum and Villa d'Este. I drove his car a little on the terrace. Mám, Nannie and I went with him on

her way home, as far as the Western Rd. Met Miss O'Brien, and had to go on a message for her to Mrs. Neeson's.

June 1926

Saturday 5

Result of Arithmetic was out to-day. I got 65%, and two other fellows got the same. In Irish I got 244/400, 3<sup>rd</sup> place in class. Was kept back for dinner to-day because Dr. Scannell has decided that I am to be one of the thurifers in to-morrow's big procession, and after dinner we had a long practice of two hours. Mick Martin, the Yank, is to be thurifer with me, there being two other couples for relays, because it is strenuous work walking backwards, and swinging the thurible. There are also three relays of canopy bearers. Our turn will be going out from Patrick's to Parnell Bridge, and coming back from SS. Peter and Paul's to Patrick's Bridge again. All the confraternities, schools, orders of priests and monks in religious habits, students and professors of College in their gowns, and Lord Mayor, the Civic Guards and companies of military will take part. All the choirs massed, and the military band will be under Pappie. In an indirect way the whole thing is due to Pappie, who has always been speaking to the Canon and the Bishop about the necessity of having in Catholic Cork a procession which takes place even in Protestant cities of the continent.<sup>58</sup> Had to go on message after practice to Reparation Convent. Heard that there was a wonderful picture on of Ireland 1798-1916, went, but it was really hopeless.

June 1926

Sunday 6

Went to 9 Holy Communion, studied some French, went to 12 High Mass, and helped Mám at roller and turning over. The choir sang Pembauer's Mass gloriously, but there were not many in church on account of procession being just after. The Beadle has got a new uniform and looked fine. Then home for dinner, rushed out and was up at the College for 2. After a short practice we marched in order to the Cathedral through thousands of men waiting to join up. At the Cathedral we had to wait 2½ hours for the confraternities, parishes and schools to go by! Then at last we started off. I got the fright of my life first because I thought my thurible was out, but it wasn't. First went choir and military band, then priests and canons, then we thurifers in turn incensing before canopy and Bishop and the Blessed

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<sup>58</sup> It would seem that this was the first Corpus Christi procession held in the city, three years after the end of the civil war.

Sacrament, on both sides a guard of honour with fixed bayonets, then Lord Mayor in robes and mace-bearers, Mr. Horgan and Harbour Board, military, and Civic Guards in helmets. The streets were all decorated, but without taste, but the poor were really touching. The lanes were all one blaze of colour. I managed my business alright. At the Grand Parade Benediction was given. Then another wait of 1 hour. Now it was 8.30. We were simply dead. There were 40.000 on the Parade, a wonderful sight. Returned to Cathedral, had Litany, then to Farran Ferris to change, and home. Found Professor, Mrs., Sophie Stockley at home, all delighted with procession. Nannie and they had a window in the Parade. Had to go on message to Mr. Corkery for Professor. Dead tired to bed.

June 1926

Monday 7

There were several pictures of the Procession in the 'Examiner' this morning. The crowd on the Parade looked immense. In one of the photos I come out behind the canopy bearer. Páp is mentioned in the account. A film of the whole thing was taken by the Washington management and will be shown soon. We must go to see it. – We were all very tired at school to-day. Dr. Scannell was very pleased with our part in the Procession. There was only one unfortunate incident, when a man who refused to take off his hat and smoked while the Blessed Sacrament was passing was attacked, and began to fight. The Civic Guards led him off, however. – To-day as it was raining Fr. Duggan let me take his bike round the school into the yard. I started it alright, but every time I released the gear-lever, no matter how much I shoved petrol forward, it stopped, so I had to walk it round. The air lever was cause, he told me afterwards. – Last Saturday a Bus Service began in Cork. They look quite well, and are cheap but are sure to bust the trams. We are getting quite continental now! – In reading Mozart at piano to-day I came across a minuet in Sonata 3, a delightful piece which has many old memories for me. Mr. Dalton, one of Mám's pupils in days gone by used to play it. – Pa and Dickie are sick. I must begin to work hard from this out.

June 1926

Tuesday 8

Got a terrible fright last evening when I remembered that I forgot to turn off the petrol in the motor-bike yesterday, but it must have been alright, because Fr. Duggan didn't say anything to-day. The petrol-lever must have been closed. – Yesterday I saw in paper that an Englishman named Parr lies buried in Westminster Abbey who lived to 155 years! He

boxed at 120, and married a 3<sup>rd</sup> time at 135. The king visited him, and after sent him a 'luxurious' meal, but after it Parr was found dead. – Worked well in school to-day. Found in the music-room a huge atlas, in which I read some interesting accounts of the Empire of Annan. Scannie asked me whether I was looking forward to hols. on Saturday, as non-exam. fellows are then going home, but I told him I'd prefer to stay with my class until the matric exam. – In reading Mozart again to-day I came across the Sonata I played in public at one of Mám's pupils' recitals long ago.– Shivers!<sup>59</sup> – Zaghlul Pasha got an overwhelming majority at the elections recently for the Nationalist Party, but he's a 'cute bucko'. A fellow friendly to the English is being make premier, but he is a tool of Zaghlul's who will direct all the moves from behind his cage of retirement. The English actually were going to send warships from Malta, but didn't then.

June 1926  
Wednesday 9

Yesterday Mammie gave Margherita notice, so she will be leaving us on 21<sup>st</sup>. She was very good except for her continual grumbling. Páp and I call her '*Brummerl*' [little growler]. She can't understand Páp at all, and is very cheeky to him, so that she is sure to give us a bad name in the north parish where she evidently has lots of friends. I pity her, though, because she never expected getting notice, and got quite pale. She has been much nicer since yesterday, so that I really am beginning to feel sorry she is going away. – As to-day was last elocution class Fr. O'Flynn told us several funny stories. He is really extraordinary at imitation, and did Fr. Willie O'Brien for us. He said he [Fr. Willie] will never grow old, but remain as merry and humorous as he always is. Fr. O'Flynn also told us how one of the fellows in Senior Class, Jim Nolan, alias Nick Nock, alias Snizo, fell out of a train, and when the latter pulled up in great consternation, found Jim running after it. – Went to Arthur to-day, and had my first ride in the bus on the way home. They are quite comfortable but tear up the roads terribly. Comp. to-day: Types of Englishmen in day of Addison. –

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<sup>59</sup> It was at a Tilly Fleischmann School of Music pupils' concert on 11 Feb. 1923, when Master Aloys Fleischmann opened the recital with the first movement of Mozart's Piano Sonata No. 5 in G major, K.283. He was 12 years old.



June 1926  
Thursday 10

Had a curious dream last night, about how I was climbing the rocks of Myrtleville with a few others when I came to a dirty pool in which was the body of a huge crocodile. After turning it over, I tried to jump the pool, but splashed into it, and the blood of the crocodile, mingled with salt water, filled my mouth. When I awoke, I really found that horrible mucus in my mouth which is the cause of all this catarrh. – Scannie gave me a French song, to which Páp must compose an accompaniment, to-day. He thinks it lovely, but it seems sentimental to me. We had a long talk at German about the intensive history course we will do next year. He is inclined to do 1870-1920. – Brought home some Inter. German papers to show Páp. Two of the three of them are a disgrace. They seem to make Germany obnoxious on purpose. Páp is going to do something about it. Butler is the name of the fellow who set them. – Read with the greatest surprise that there is more trouble in the Riff. Ould Far (ear of a rat) a powerful Djebella chieftain, has captured Setuan, defeated the Riffs, and is preparing to invade all the Riffian territory. He says he is also going to make war on France and Spain. But Mám says he is put on by the French and Spanish, who have thus an easy way of getting rid of the Riff.

June 1926  
Friday 11

First day fairly dry for a week. If this is summer weather, what will it be in August? Poor Mám was very sick all last night. She always has bad luck. – Read in paper that the Syrian rebels have given an ultimatum to the French that the latter give them £5,000,000 for the damage done to Damascus and their country by aviation. They order the French to clear out at once, and declare a republic. That's the stuff! – The buses are running now to Dillon's Cross and Blackrock. Got results of English. Came 1<sup>st</sup> with 221/300. Jack MacSwiney next with 183. It is funny – I really thought I had done a good comp. in the exam, but Scannie says there were few ideas, and it was not up to usual standard. He is quite right. Came home to find poor Mám in bed. She had a temperature of 102 to-day. It must be the flu. She cannot take anything to eat. So went for messages, and put off Miss O'Brien, who was coming to tea. Nannie stayed with Mám, and I went to the Washington to see the film of the Eucharistic Procession. It was quite good, but Páp and I don't appear at all. The big picture 'The Breed of the Treshams' was really touching. I was delighted; it was about Cromwell and Charles I, and gives a glimpse of life in the 30-year war. Sir John Martin-Harvey as the

'Rat' was wonderful. Pathe-Gazette showed life in Timghad, North Africa. Came home charmed. Poor Mám still fairly bad. Hope she will have a good night's rest.

June 1926

Saturday 12

Nannie was 16 during 1870, and so remembers all the happenings of the war quite clearly. I often get her on to it on Fridays, and she gives great accounts, especially of the '*Einzug*' [entry of the army] into München. – I was dreaming all last night that Wellington was in Cork Harbour with a man-of-war, and some Irish Admiral was fighting him in another. I clearly saw some good strategy, and once Wellington lured the other out to sea, then turned back with incredible swiftness, passed by the promontory where I was standing, and then a sword was hurled into the bank of a wide channel. This, in my dream, meant that the Irish vessel could not enter that stream. After there was fierce mix-up of Páp and I saving the families of the respective admirals. It was about the most singular dream I ever had. – Could not go to school to-day, as Páp had to take Mám's lessons at School of Music, and I stayed at home in case she wanted me. She was a little better, temp. 100, but had a terrible headache, and would eat nothing. I did messages this morning, did some school-work, and got at my bike. I had to give up in despair mending the puncture. Both tyre and tube are destroyed after lending the bike to Willie Groeger some time ago. Had a good long Harmony lesson and also piano lesson, Mám hearing me in bed. Paddie actually gave me a tyre of his and working till 11, I got tube settled and tyre on!

June 1926

Sunday 13

Went to 9 Mass and Communion. Poor Mám had terrible neuritis all night and during the morning, but after taking 3 aspirins the pain left her head, and she was able to get up at 1. – My bike actually held. I am delighted with it. Did violin and French for 2 hours in morning. Found a white long trousers of Pappie's in a trunk, and put it on for fun. It was actually an exact fit. Mám says she will get a blazer for it, so I will have great sport during the hols. playing tennis with long trousers. Nannie came for dinner and brought a bottle of wine for Mám's health. It is very good of poor old Nan. At dinner we had some very interesting talk. Miss O'Brien is convinced that England made a secret treaty with Russia, for she hopes to get there the market for her goods which she has lost on the continent. For that reason the miners' strike, which is still going on, is being carried on by Russia's money with the

Government's eyes closed. She also thinks the trams [*tram owners?*] are introducing the buses because they are afraid of the Shannon scheme<sup>60</sup>, and wish to secure a new footing. After dinner went up to Markie, and had talks on cars and motor-bikes. No tennis as ground is saturated. Fr. Pat came unexpectedly this evening, and I got him tea. While I did stamps he had long talk with Mám and Páp.

June 1926  
Monday 14

The school seemed deserted to-day because all the lower classes, who have no exams, went home on Sat. Scannie seems in great humour. He told us at English an extraordinary story how a certain Detective MacNamara on Sat. asked leave from him to search the grounds, which he of course had to give. After, on looking out a top window, he saw the detective crouching under the wall of the Lower Field scribbling in a note-book. Then suddenly he took off his coat, whipped out a revolver, sprang up on the wall, and shouted 'Hands up!' And Scannie could see four pairs of hands over the wall. The detective so caught them drilling with a revolver and ammunition each. We met in 'Macbeth' 'hell's kites' and Scannie told us that in Calcutta the Parsees<sup>61</sup> have a temple on top of a hill on the roof of which they lay their dead. There is always a cloud of vultures over the place who carry off the bodies, and often it happens that polluted limbs fall from their beaks into the crowded thoroughfares of the town. – Had great talks with Fr. Pat at dinner. Aunt Elsa and Patty and Mrs. Stockley came with flowers to see Mám, who is now alright again. I worked well to-day. – For the past few months my voice has been breaking. I suppose it will be gone in another 6. See that the Agha Khan, a Persian, has given a prize for the Dublin horse show. Mám says he was often in Ireland.

June 1926  
Tuesday 15

Last evening I went in Fr. Pat's car out to Wilton. It was a beautiful drive. – To-day the first Intermediate Exam., Greek, was on. I pitied the poor Middle Grade fellows, because the desks in the corridors, the awe-inspiring placard on the door, and the stillness around the ref.

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<sup>60</sup> The Shannon hydro-electricity scheme was begun in 1925 at Ardnacrusha and finished in 1929. It powered a national electric grid for rural electrification. Siemens Schukert of Berlin was contracted for the huge undertaking.

<sup>61</sup> The Parsees are Zoroastrians who fled to India from Iran in the 10<sup>th</sup> century to avoid having to convert to Islam after the conquest of Iran by invading Muslims.

where the exams. are being held, reminded me of the shivers and shudders I had last year. We had very little class to-day, and I had time to read a lot of Macauley. It is most interesting, and he wisely remarks amongst other things that if historians of the present day gave even a small account of how the bedchambers of our ancestors looked, it would be more appreciable than all their accounts of political intrigues and coalitions. We had a good game of handball in the alley to-day. Scannie played with us. Got home at 2, and after dinner went up to Markie. Wore my white long trousers for the first time! I had great sets, and actually beat Markie and his sister, Mary, who belongs to a club, by first 5 games to 1, and then 6 to 3. Began Beethoven's 'Fifteen Variations' today. I hope I will do well at it.

June 1926

Wednesday 16

This morning at history Connie Deacy, the holiest boy in the college, came over to me, and gave me 3 booklets about St. Aloysius, to whom he said he has a special devotion. I felt like a heathen, because I didn't know anything about my patron, and he said I must go Mass and Communion next Monday, the feast of St. Aloysius, and begin a novena. Connie has made the whole school make novenas and is always distributing holy books among the fellows. He would be alright only he's like an old man of 90, and speaks slowly like a book, never taking part in any games. I was wondering all day whether great holiness, such as he has, is really all we should bother to attain to in life. – While Middle Grade had Inter. English, we seniors went to Requiem for the late Bishop Dr. Callaghan. The priests' choir sang, but it was difficult to keep serious sometimes watching the faces of the boys when Fr. O'Flynn and Fr. O'Brien were singing. – Went to Arthur at 5.30, and found him going to a fashionable young gentleman called Randy O'Flynn, and I had to come though I hated it. We went to club and crossed over river in a boat. Randy was out, thank goodness, so we launched an old punt, and went around by poles. I got a horrible red weal on my hand. After a long time, a Mr. Daly of the club was kind enough to bring me back in a club punt. Arthur stayed behind.

June 1926

Thursday 17

To-day again the exams. upset all classes. I feel really horrible because I am doing no work, and am sure I would do twice as much at home if I didn't go to school at all. – After reading the life of St. Aloysius last night, which Connie Deacy gave me, I really began to think

whether I should not become a priest after all. But I seem to have no vocation, and the serious thought never entered my head before. I always imagined and built on a musical or a 'philosophical' future. But at all events I am going to become more religious than I was before. – Grace O'Brien came for tea with the Stockleys to-day. She is one of those patriotic Irishmen [sic] who live abroad, but is a first-class pianist and a great friend of Mám's in the old days in Munich. I saw her last in Ardmore 5 years ago. She appears to me rather cool and calculating. – New sensations in the papers seem to be abnormal heights. Read of men 9 foot 3 inches and 2 foot 3 inches. – Mehmet VI, heir apparent to Turkish throne, has just died. I suppose there are royalists in Turkey as in all the republics. – The franc has absolutely crashed, and a new cabinet is being sought for. – Read that the old order of the Knights of St. Patrick are being let die out. A shame!

June 1926

Friday 18

Had better class to-day. There is a handball tournament now on, and my partner is 'Greta' Hunt. We too were to have played Dr. Scannell and Jack MacSwiney to-day but didn't. Saw this year's Leaving Cert. Honours History and Latin papers. They are not half as hard as last year's Inter Cert. I went in for, and are a much better class, and fairer. – Fräulein Engelmann has still a chance of a position in Limerick, but will probably leave for good this summer. She will be a great loss to us in many ways. – Intended to go with Markie for a swim in Glanmire to-day, but when I went up, my puncture in front wheel proved hopeless, and had a game of tennis instead. On way up I met Mrs. Sullivan who asked to-morrow for a day in Ballycotton. They are really very kind, but my school-work and piano are going to the dogs! Fr. Pat was here to-day and I played my Mozart sonata and my Chopin mazurka for him. – Without any affectation I would like to go out in a desert place for prayer and study. I have altogether too many distractions.

June 1926

Saturday 19

Got up at 7, made my own breakfast, and was in school at 8.30. The handball tournament, however, I found was continued without me as I was not there last evening. Waited for History class, then dashed home, put on my white trousers and new jacket, and was up at Honan Home for 11. The car, a fine new Ford sedan came after, and Mrs. Sullivan, Fr. Gay Redmond, Betty and myself were off. A glorious sunny day, and we had a beautiful ride,

passing by the round tower of Cloyne, still in wonderful condition. At 1 reached Ballycotton. The place is far more beautiful than I expected, as there are fine cliffs, strands and a jagged rock coast with two islands outside. Leaving car, we walked to Ballytrasna, and had a good swim there, though it was rough. After a fine lunch we had games of catchers and after another swim, more enjoyable than the first, we had tea at the hotel, and left for Cork. Stayed at Honan Home for supper (my 4<sup>th</sup> meal!) and then Fr. Gay played Chopin's Ballade II, a waltz by Beethoven and some Liszt. It was very charming because I know them all, hearing Mám play them of old. Then he and Mrs. Sullivan went through a whole book of Gilbert & Sullivan, while Betty and I played chess. It was a really enjoyable day.

June 1926

Sunday 20

Was very depressed all to-day. After pleasure comes reaction, and so I never get any invitation or go out for the day without thinking to myself that I will pay for it sooner or later. At piano, too, I could not get a grip of Mendelssohn's Prelude. I can never get a real grip of anything, for immediately I get to know it, I stutter and stammer after playing it a few times quickly. Nannie only came for dinner [*Only Nannie came for dinner?*] as Fr. Engelmann has gone for the weekend to the Aran Islands with Mrs. Stockley, and Miss O'Brien is gone to Cappoquin. Worked fairly well all to-day. – Exchanged a few stamps with Lyle. I gave her a Palestine one, and on coming back from Arthur's, where I went with Mám but Arthur was out, I found a note saying that I could keep my 'charity stamp'. On the back of it Julia had written 'Only a charity stamp'. I went over and showed her that charity stamps are postage stamps too by my catalogue. I hadn't seen what Julia had written at all. Lyle was quite nice – it was only a joke. Before going to Arthur read life of St. Aloysius. It is the best possible thing to read a saint's life now and then for it gives one example of how to imitate his extraordinary virtue even in a tiny way.

June 1926

Monday 21

Went to 8 Mass in honour of the feast of St. Aloysius. I have determined to reform my prayers and duties in general, and to make St. Aloysius my patron. Will go to 8 Mass every morning of the hols. That will be about 60 Masses to the good. – Worked quite well at school. Saw the Irish papers, which are far easier than last year. They are mainly based on

‘Slíghe an Eolais’ [Paths of Knowledge], and as I am making a summary of the latter, and am studying it well, I could do nearly all the paper. We have no Irish now as Dickie is superintending at Skibbereen, but I am working myself at it. – I go at the garden every day for a few minutes after dinner – it is improving. Saw in the paper that the Persian government has entrusted excavations in Persia to a German archaeologist! Germans reach everywhere by reason of their extraordinary learning and scholastic achievements. One would imagine the Persians would have somebody capable of doing such a big work in their own country. Sent for message for Páip to Barracks. Col. Duffy,<sup>62</sup> conductor of No. 2 Army Band, looks a typical Englishman. He is a good man, and the band is getting on splendidly.

June 1926  
Tuesday 22

Went to 8 Mass again. Found a paper had come from poor Julia. She said it might be of use to Páip. It was ‘Le Matin’! She thought it was a German paper; it was very good of her. – A month ago I proposed having a feast or something on last day of term in Fr. Dinny’s Latin class, as it would be last day of us 7 being together. So to-day each of us gave 1/-, Fannie’s sister brought up 2 doz. cakes and four of us broke bounds at play-time to get 8 bottles of lemonade. As I was settling the bottles behind the blackboard before class, didn’t I find Scannie behind me. But he was very decent, entered in the sport, and gave us wine-glasses. About 20 mins. before end of the Latin then we suddenly produced the feast. Fr. Dinny was quite delighted, and we all drank lemonade, ate snowballs, and gave toasts. He actually said that he in return should give us a day in Crosshaven! But we wouldn’t have it. – We are having class till Thurs. – After school went for a new cap, and for Confession, which I couldn’t get. Wasn’t at Confession for 10 days. Worked well to-day, but I must finish ‘Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts’ when the school has closed. Fannie actually had an ancient Greek or Roman coin in school to-day! It must be very valuable.

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<sup>62</sup> Aloys must mean Lieut. Arthur Duff (1899-1956), who was appointed conductor of the No. 2 Army Band in Cork. From him Aloys was to receive his first conducting lessons during rehearsals with the band from 1927 when Aloys was a music student at UCC. Duff conducted many concerts for the Cork Radio Station. He was recalled to Dublin in 1930, and as he did not get on well with the very Prussian Col. Brase, he soon resigned from the army. He began to write music for the theatre – for Yeats plays and ballet music for Ninette de Valois at the Abbey Theatre. In 1937 he joined Radio Éireann, becoming head of music in 1945. He often conducted the Symphony Orchestra and impressed Arnold Bax with his musicianship.

June 1926  
Wednesday 23

Went to 8 Mass again, but for the last 3 days I have gone to Mass I have been about 5 mins. late for school. I must say that the matric. fellows aren't working at all, and I am sure at least half of them will fall through. After school I went down town, Fannie going with me, and I got a new shirt, and a larger-sized cap. I ran a few races in school for fun so I was pretty dead walking home. Did French and had my lesson.<sup>63</sup> Fräulein Engelmann was just home from the Aran Islands and told Páp and I all about them. She said they are a wonderfully tall, proud people, still keeping their native costumes. Their poverty is terrible for the islands are stony, and a fierce wind is always raging from the Atlantic. There are 700 on the largest island. An old fort built 1000 B.C. by aboriginals still stands. – Put on my whites, and went up to Betty's for tennis, where I had some fine games. Fr. Gay joined in too. After we played hide and seek, but I was concerned about my lovely clothes, because I fell twice, and dirtied them. Arthur and Bettie Bergin were there. Every evening Mám plays her new programme. I simply revel in Chopin's Valse Op. 64 No. 3. It is delightful.

June 1926  
Thursday 24

Was scarcely able to stand this morning after yesterday. The last day! Must here give the names of my class, for we will not all be together ever again. First there is John Cottrell, alias Fannie, alias Bidebau, 6 ft 2, a really good-natured fellow, always generosity itself, and always ready with funny stories and remarkably good impersonations. Next Charlie O'Connor, alias Borax, alias Cha-boy, about the most intelligent and clear-sighted fellow I ever met with. If he worked he could do wonders. I and he were always disputing and he delighted in drawing me out. He is really handsome, Roman features, and has got invincible good-humour. Then there is Jack MacSwiney, Nancy or Suilin, a straightforward, hard-working fellow, and though I had a few tiffs with him, particularly about jazz and 'No, No, Nanette' I liked him immensely. Then John Spillane, Quilp, Birdie, a solid, good-natured humorous fellow, the image of Macduff, whom he impersonated in the play, except that Quilp is always happy. Next, John Coffee, more serious than the others but very witty, and extraordinary in mimicking when he wished. Bony was his nickname, and a really amiable

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<sup>63</sup> Fleischmann once said in an interview that as a boy he had studied French privately for a while – it would seem with Fr. Engelmann.



quiet fellow. Next Finbar Desmond, Dede, Granpa, also good-natured though retiring. If ever I meet fellows again half as generous, as kindly, as jolly and as really good boys, I can be indeed happy.

June 1926

Friday 25

I never got my Latin or Geometry marks, so I must do without them. Found yesterday that this term's composition exercise [book] of mine is lost. This annoyed me terribly because I am keeping all my comps. since 5<sup>th</sup> grade. To-day I began work, having spent all yesterday in clearing and tidying up my books etc. I will do piano 1½ hours, violin and harmony ½ hour, maths and Irish 1 hr, German History and English ¾ hr, and Latin ¾ hr and will go to 8 Mass and Communion. If I can keep this up, as I really intend to do, I will have great hols. studying from 9 till 1.45, and reading, stamps and outing for the rest of the time. To-day went to Thompson's where I got the first English Matric. paper from Fannie, who just came to lunch from his exam. It was terrible, all grammar, and one question being to classify Scandinavian influence on the English language. Brought it up to Scannie, as ordered, who is in bed with flu. He was dismayed it was so hard. Went to Dr. O'Hea-Cussen at 5, but he was out, so went on to Ivor and Joe who are back from Clongowes. Found them fishing at Carrigrohane. Had dinner there. Mr. + Mrs. Horgan were much nicer than usual. Then went boating, and we had great sport dodging in and out among the overhanging trees. Was very nervous of my new suit, however; must not wear it again.

June 1926

Saturday 26

Yesterday a tree-snake was discovered creeping around outside Norrish's in the College Road. It was caught and brought to the University. It came evidently in a clump of bananas, and was 3½ ft. long. – Páp was telling us yesterday of the natural antipathy and contempt of the people in general towards music and musicians. The father of a most dull-witted and 'earless' boy brought his offspring once to Páp for theory and harmony, with the strict injunction that the lad was on no account to be made a musician of. 'Never fear' said Páp to him, 'he never will be one.' – Got through all my tasks to-day, and then met Páp at Dr. Donovan's. Thank goodness he said that as my cold is better, and as he could not guarantee my cold would stop if my tonsils were cut out, the best thing would be to leave it get better by itself. So that settles [it:] I am not going to Germany [i.e. for medical treatment], though I

knew very well I would never go. Besides, though of course I would learn an infinite deal, it would not do for all my exams next year. It is now I must work for them. Páp is sailing next Friday. Changed my programme this evening. Alternate days 3 hrs Latin and Irish and 3 hrs Maths, German, History, English. Went to Markie for tennis, but he was out collecting for flag day.

June 1926  
Sunday 27

Went to 8 Mass, and then intended to work all the morning, but after I had finished my piano and violin, Mám said I should rest to-day, and I only polished my racket and shoes and ironed my trousers for to-day's tennis. Páp went to the choir men's excursion in some place near Kinsale this morning. Mám wasn't invited this time, though Miss O'Brien and all of us went to Glengariff last year. I didn't go to-day because I feel the men feel strained when I am with them. – The war is still raging in China between the war lords. A battle was fought yesterday in which 10.000 were hounded. – The coal crisis and miners' business is still on and on Friday there was a violent scene in the House of Commons about the introduction of Soviet money into England. In France the franc has gone quite crash. A new cabinet of 5 under Mr. Caillaux has taken office to raise the finances. It is Mr. Briand's work. – Went to Betty. Ronnie Collins and Arthur were already there. We had some great tennis. I was hopeless at it to-day. Went riding the donkey, and once when I was riding him, I got off, and he kicked me in the thigh. It wasn't too bad, though. Arthur and I had great singles after.

June 1926  
Monday 28

Was delighted last night to find Fr. Pat had arrived unexpectedly. He came to see Páp before he goes to Germany. – Slept out for 8 and so had to go to 10 Mass and Communion. Worked in the morning, but only got through half as I had to do messages. Páp played his latest songs for Fr. Pat to-day. They are really glorious. If he would only get them published he would make a great name. – Read in paper that there are terrible floods in Germany, and the wild deer are roaming in the cities. We have beautiful weather here. – I am dissatisfied because I am neither doing anything at my intended sonata, or making a summary of my life, which I intended. But I shall do them later at all events. Went up to Markie, but met his brother, who said Markie has gone to Dripsey. His brother is the oddest individual I ever

met, but very nice. He asked for a loan of my bike to the Muskerry Station, and I of course gave it. After, on meeting him he simply insisted on my taking 2/- to pay the expenses of the tram! He said I must cycle out to Dripsey this week, which I will. Went to Ivor and Joe. Joe's bike was punctured, so Joe and I cycled on mine to Iniscarra, where we had a glorious swim. Got a rotten puncture on the way but settled it. Finished my work on coming home.

June 1926  
Tuesday 29

Went to 8 Mass again. As this has now become routine, I won't mention it any more. Julia sent me a long letter with terrific cigarette-cards, and cuttings yesterday so I wrote her to-day. She is coming here on hols. in August. After dinner went to School of Music to fetch Mám, but forgot a parcel of books for Prof. Stockley, and so had to go back again. Cycled there, and found Prof. and Mrs. Stockley, Mr. and Mrs. Neeson and Mrs. Smith O'Brien, sister of Dermot O'Brien, and a relative of Lord Inchiquin, all having tea in the garden. After tea, Irmah, Sophie and I went fooling around and had a feed of strawberries in the garden. After we had supper. There is always a wonderful atmosphere about Stockleys', so refined and studious, so homely and quiet (except when Mrs. Stockley begins to act or imitate.) It was very interesting to listen to all the talk at supper. Mrs. O'Brien is a real lady. They live on an island in the Shannon. Got lots of books from Professor, and from Fräulein Engelmann, including Ruskin and Goldsmith.

June 1926  
Wednesday 30

After getting through some of my work to-day, 'scidaddled' off to Horgans. Found Ivor and Joe with a new air-gun that Mr. Horgan gave them, which they were taking to pieces, of course. Went out in boat after dinner, and were fooling about, when Ivor smashed the new gun! They were going to give me Joe's old Diana air-gun when they got the new one, but of course they couldn't now as the new one was smashed. Joe and I cycled to Iniscarra after, and had two glorious swims, going right across the river, and diving from the opposite boat. It was delicious in the boiling day! Examined the graveyard after, where there is a grave of Johannus Colthurst, 1680, with a Latin inscription beginning: '*Siste, nator, ut cognoscas ...*'. We got a fine 'langer' from a Ford lorry on the way out up the steepest hill, [i.e. held on to the back of the lorry] but were not so lucky on the way back. Came home and finished all my work.

July 1926  
Thursday 1

Slept out after the racing and tearing and swimming of yesterday, and had to go to 10. This morning Páp began packing, so I could only get through music in the morning. First he couldn't find a terribly important box of his and, like Uncle Bodger, he and we were stamping round the house looking for it for over an hour. Then I found it under a bed. Next there was no key, but that was found after another while. The end was that Páp had no time to take dinner, but rushed down to an exam. in the School of Music. Fräulein Engelmann was [with us] for dinner. She is terribly downhearted on thinking that she will be gone in a week or so, and so are all of us. Went shopping after with Mám, and we bought grey flannel suit for summer wear, with long trousers if you please! The latter is too long, however, so I must change it to-morrow. Had our first ride in another type of buses which are now out. They are two-seaters, Ford engines, and very comfortable, but so far badly run with long stops. We are at last making up a bit in Cork. The traffic was thick to-day, and extra Civic Guards were called out. The Summer Show is in full swing.

July 1926  
Friday 2

1 First Friday. Actually slept out again, so first went to town to change my trousers, and to Foley's to get no. 10 of 'Lands and Peoples' and then to 10 Mass. Afterwards brought my bike to be settled. Wore my new suit all day: it looks very well. Páp went out early shopping, and I met him in the Cathedral, and did some messages for him. He did not begin packing till 4. It's just like Páp and there were hundreds of things at the end. I have to write to Canon Murphy and to Chester's and Fr. Engelmann has to write about 60 cards. Got a side-car and Páp, Mám and I went to the 'Killarney'. We got on board, and Fr. Engelmann came and took snaps, and afterwards Miss O'Brien came. Páp had a cap on for travelling. After the ship sailed, I cycled along the quay for a bit waving. We won't see Páp again for two months! After tea got my bike, and cycled to Arthur's. He gave me some stamps. Aunt Elsa wants me to come to Fountainstown. It's too kind of her, but I don't want it. There's a too smart and jazzy set there. Got ready for Dripsey to-morrow.

July 1926  
Saturday 3

Went to 9 Mass, and felt very self-conscious because I was the only one who went for Holy Communion. Left for Dripsey at 10 in great form. On the way I had a nice swim at Iniscarra. Came to Dripsey about 11.30. Dripsey Castle is a fine one, near the mills. It was built by MacCarthy Mór. The house next to it is a large roomy one too. After hunting about a long time for Markie, I came across his brother Michael, the image of Markie in every respect, who told me that Markie was in Cork! He thought I was not coming out at all. Michael, however, was really kind, and went swimming with me, and after we had dinner. After Paddy came along (the Slany family is innumerable). Michael and I then went for a walk of 3 miles to see Leader's Folly. Leader was a rich faddist who for no apparent reason brought water from one hill to another by a trough resting on about a dozen massive stone pillars about 60 ft high. They look like an old Roman aqueduct. On coming home [*to Markie's family*] found Dr. O'Brien and his family, and Sheila and Lily O'Shaughnessy. First we had fine tennis and then tea. After Markie came, and we all went for another swim. Left about 9. Had a glorious time. Cycled 30 miles on bike, walked 3 miles, had 4 swims and lots of tennis!

July 1926  
Sunday 4

Worked all the morning. Fr. Engelmann and Miss O'Brien are for dinner. It is the last time Fr. Engelmann will be in this house – she is leaving on July 12<sup>th</sup> and will be in Dunquin with Miss O'Brien from to-morrow till then. We all had to write in her diary. I put in: '*Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume, labuntur anni, nec pietas moram, rugis et instanti senectae, adferet indomitaeque morti.*' [Alas, Postumus, the fleeting years slip by, nor will piety give any stay to wrinkles and pressing old age and untamable death. – Horace, *Carmina*, II. xiv.i] I did not know how to put it in first, as it seemed cheeky, but she said she knew it was not a reference to herself. Mám put in a very beautiful interpretation of Fr. Pat's of one of Chopin's [pieces] about memory of the past. – Fr. Engelmann and I worked at choir cards after dinner; then I went to Horgans' where we went boating, and afterwards took turns in dashing down Grace's avenue with a truck tied to our bikes and one of us sitting inside. Came home and found Irmah there to say good-bye. She is going too on July 12<sup>th</sup>. It will be terrible to have Fr. Engelmann gone. She was very sad all day and at tea she suddenly went

away. But we will see her again before she leaves. Worked again in the evening. I really enjoy my hols. like the Dickens when I am working hard and playing hard.

July 1926

Monday 5

Went after Mass to Mr. Fielding, the President, about the Choral Society. Then to Mrs. Neeson's home, to ask if we could get the boat in the evening, a brilliant idea (mine) as I didn't know how on earth to amuse Betty whom I invited for this evening. Worked then until dinner at 2.0. Fr. Pat came for a few moments before going to the priests' retreat at Farran Ferris. He was in great humour, and actually asked Mám and me for a fortnight to Dunmanway! We will go on picnics every second day! Called for her ladyship earlier so that we would have time for boating, and went off to Sunday's Well. There was a tennis tournament on at the Club opposite, so we had to do a great deal of ferrying people across, but we had a few trips up and down. Of course it must rain. But I think Betty enjoyed it. We went to see the monkey in Fitzgerald's Park, then returned for a lovely tea, and Mám, Betty and I went to see 'The Devil's Cargo'<sup>64</sup> The picture itself was not much, all about California and San Francisco, but there was one extraordinary characterisation. Ben, an enormous stoker drudge, alone beneath the water's kiel, who, being left on the derelict ship with a few passengers, intoxicated with his freedom, became the tyrant captain. His stride on the ship was killing, and how he looked at his shadow with terror.

July 1926

Tuesday 6

The exams are over at the School of Music now. Robert O'Dwyer examined piano, who gave lessons to the shivering pupils in harmony and theory instead of giving them marks. He only wrote a report about each of them. Miss Barker will probably give the marks! – A few days ago I met Irmah going to be examined. She was trembling, and insisted on my saying a prayer for her. She and Fräulein Engelmann are in Dunquin now. Worked in the morning, but had to go down town to get a crib [translation] for Livy XXI, and couldn't get it anywhere. Went to Horgans' in the evening, and was boating and playing with Ivor and Joe. After summer we went fishing, and Joe actually caught a young pike of 1½ pounds. He is getting on in the fishing line. Got I[ntermediate] C[ertificate]H[onours] papers from Joe.

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<sup>64</sup> A silent picture made in 1925, now lost.

They are much harder than the ones I went in for in History and in Latin. Went to Mr. Fielding about the choir. He kept me about  $\frac{3}{4}$  hr, and in the end I have to go up again Friday evening. Forgot to say we<sup>65</sup> got into Grace's beautifully kept house this evening and had gramophone and piano going. The new manager of Ford's will get the house. A captain's cap tilted on his head. He stood for the principle of the French revolution.

July 1926  
Wednesday 7

Read last night a series of articles about Michael Collins in the 'Examiner'. They come out twice a week. This general seems to have been a man of extraordinary energy, and wonderful mimicking powers. His escapes from the Black and Tans and the British soldiers are thrilling; once he helped a party of raiders to search for himself, was often disguised most effectively as a woman, and once he escaped by getting into a coffin and lying in a mortuary with candles burning round him all night. He was one of the chief factors in the construction of the Free State. When the split came it was he who sailed into Cork harbour and took possession of the town on the evacuation of the Republicans. – Was ill-humoured to-day, I don't know why. Worked and did gardening before dinner, and after Arthur came and together we brought our stretcher [camp bed] to College Road. Aunt Elsa wants it for seaside. After went with Arthur for a swim to Leemount, and it was most enjoyable.

July 1926  
Thursday 8

Exit poor Queen Margherita II. Her rule is over and her dynasty deposed by a 'revolution from above'. It is always horrible when someone who has been living with us for over a year goes. It is always a sharp break. Poor Margareth [sic] has great qualities, her only fault being her bad temper. Next year will be very strange with so many variations from the past, and a maid gone is always a strong one. We will have nobody until September, but as we are going to Cappoquin, to Dunmanway and to Dublin, it won't be so bad. – Had our first self-made dinner of prawns, salad, tomatoes, egg and bananas! – Went to Betty after dinner, and we played a few games of tennis. She insisted on going to the pictures, so we went to the Colosseum. We saw the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, and King Fuad, and Zaghlul

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<sup>65</sup> 'We' meaning Ivor, Joe and Aloys broke into the house, listened to records found there and played the piano.

Pasha, a fine old figure, entering the Egyptian Parliament. The picture was 'Standing on Shin Lee', an American detective story, not too bad for its kind.

July 1926

Friday 9

After work to-day I went at the garden. It is in a bad state. Had to go to the Honan Home, because I forgot my bike yesterday when we went to the pictures. Betty tried to keep me for tea, but I wouldn't. On the way back I got a bad puncture on Wellington Rd. More work! Went at garden again. At the rate I am going it will take a week to finish both back and front. Aunt Elsa came up with Pattie to see Mám. Went to Mr. Fielding about the Choral Society, but, of course, he forgot all about the appointment, so I will have to telephone tomorrow from Horgans'. At present I am reading and finishing 'Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts' and towards the end a group of wandering German students come into the story. They have some very good Latin proverbs amongst them being '*Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi*' [what the gods are permitted is not permitted to oxen], and '*clericus clericam non decimat*' [a clergyman does not attack another clergymen] I am reading 'Europe of to-day' also, or rather, studying it, and I have still to read 'The 30 Years War', 'Outlines of European History' (Grant's) and 'Makers of Music' – all from Dr. Scannell. I doubt if I will get through them all.

July 1926

Saturday 10

Fr. Pat came this morning for an hour before returning to Dunmanway after the retreat. He is going to motor us to Cappoquin on Monday, and stay with us till Wednesday! Took a message to Mrs. Neeson about Cappoquin, and then cycled to Horgans'. Had a great time there. We rigged out '*turgida vela*' [an inflated sail – Horace *Carmen* 2/10] on the boat and went repeatedly down the river at a great speed with the wind. We got into Grace's house again, and first got the great idea of ringing up Horgans'. Joe put on a rough voice, asked for the maid, and went shouting a whole lot of trash through the phone. She never suspected! We then went into the drawing-room, took photographs of us sitting on the beautiful couches, and I was playing my mazurka away on the piano, when Ivor shouted 'Out!'. A motor was drawing up just outside the window, and Mr. Clarke, manager of Forde's inside!!! We flew like the Dickens, ran through dozens of rooms and out through the back windows. It was a fierce shame! After Ivor and Joe went cycling around the house,



while I acted as ‘Speed Cop’. Went to Confession in the Trinity, then home, and went with Mám to meet Fr. Engelmann at the station. She missed the train however, and we went to Woodside until she and Irmah came home at 11. They had a good time in Dunquin. Fr. Brown<sup>66</sup> is staying in Woodside now. Fr. Engelmann was terribly sad. I will probably never see her again.

July 1926  
Sunday 11

After 9 Mass, Mám and I had to go clearing up the place, for we are leaving to-morrow and cleared up yard, and put our plants out in the yard. Very often people come in over the wall, and steal everything they can lay hands on, including apples, if there are any there. So I thought of putting up a notice ‘Beware of man-traps’ on the wall. I don’t know whether it would be wise or not. A German lady from Berlin called yesterday to see Mám. She brought some things of Dr. Marcus, who was here during Easter, from Germany with her, but Mám was out. She called again to-day while I was cleaning my clothes in Fr. Pat’s study, but though it was very painful, and very unkind of us, we could not open as the house is all upset, and we are too busy packing. After a lovely dinner, went to Mr. Fielding who showed all his lovely garden. His car went on fire a few days ago and he succeeded in quenching it only when engine was destroyed! He is managing splendidly about the choir. Fr. Frank MacCarthy was for tea. He is a really charming, simple, priest, but stayed till 8, and we were dead tired packing till 11.

July 1926  
Monday 12

[In Cläre Engelmann’s hand:] *Einen lieben Abschiedsgruss, mit den herzlichsten Wünschen für die Zukunft, meinem lieben, jungen Freund* – Cläre Engelmann [A fond farewell greeting to my dear young friend, with very best wishes for the future].

It was really charming of Fr. Engelmann to write this. I only saw it yesterday.<sup>67</sup> To-day she is on the high seas. I wonder if I will ever see her again. She leaves pleasant memories of happy days behind. Mám and I packed hard all the morning. Fr. Pat came for dinner, and

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<sup>66</sup> The scholar, Monsignor Professor Pádraig de Brún of UCC, Maynooth and Galway, mathematician, poet and linguist, who had a cottage in the Gaelteacht of Dunquin, where he translated Homer, Sophocles, Dante, Corneille and Racine into Irish.

<sup>67</sup> So Mám must have known where to find the diary!

after, I being minister for defence closed up the whole house. It was a glorious summer evening, and Fr. Pat let me drive a great part of the way. We got one puncture near Cappoquin. The house is just next to the chapel, and is rather dark, though the garden behind is quite nice with the river just next to it, and nice vegetables in the garden. The town is just like all Irish country towns. We were at first joking about the whole place, but I find it quite nice. Lil, the maid, is very affable and industrious. Talked till 11, when we went to bed. The house is supposed to be haunted, but we saw no ghosts.

July 1926  
Tuesday 13

Went to 8 Mass, and then did some work. It was only by great plotting I got my books down, because Mám said I was not to work here, but they were in the car without her knowing it. We went shopping in the morning and Mám got me enrolled as a member in the tennis club for 2/6! I will have great games now, I am sure. Went off to Mount Melleray after dinner, and I drove. We didn't stop at the cloister, however, for there is nothing much to be seen there, but continued on up the Knockmealdown Mountains. We left our car by the roadside, and started up the mountain, and I climbed right up to the top. It was really glorious up there, a stillness unbroken except for the whistling of the wind and all around a panorama of rich land and towering ranges. I suppose I could see 42 miles all around. Though the sides are full of heather, the top is quite bleak, for the wind has worn away the soil till only stones and boulders are left. Drove back again and after tea, I put on my whites, and went for tennis. It was rather nerve-racking at first knowing nobody, but they were all very nice.

July 1926  
Wednesday 14

At about 12 this morning, Fr. Pat, Mám and myself took a boat up the river. We passed by the Cappoquin Bacon Factory, where 400 pigs are killed every week, and it was horrible to hear the poor pigs squealing. The weather was sweltering all day, and a mile above the town Fr. Pat and I took a swim. It was simply delicious, and I stayed in over half an hour. Fr. Pat was killingly fussy about the boat, letting nobody move in case we would be 'wrecked' and keeping in the centre of the river in case we might get stranded, and not be able to get off again! We enjoyed it immensely. After dinner Fr. Pat was leaving when we decided to go into Cork with him. So I drove almost the whole way, and he was fresh when leaving for

Dunmanway after tea. Mám and I then went to see a picture in the Washington called 'The Crimean Runner' as Mám said she heard Páp talking about its being historic. At first it promised to be good, but was fairly stupid after, ending with an Austrian baron marrying a robber! 3 sets. Weren't in bed till 11.30.

July 1926  
Thursday 15

Went shopping with Mám in the morning, and we got some cold things for dinner. Then I settled the kitchen and dining-room for about 2 hrs as all my studying and reading books were in Cappoquin. – Yesterday we saw in the paper that at a Committee meeting of the School of Music the Choral Society question was again brought up, and the choir was invited to re-enter the School. This was done all by Mr. Fielding who, knowing that the letter sent to the Committee had not been read, got hold of one of them and made him propose at the meeting. Mr. Fielding told me when I went up to him that the applicants for singing, vacant by Mrs. Stockley's [*departure?*] are Flintoff Moore, Miss Cashman! and (Dr.?) Staf Gebruers!! – After dinner we packed some things we had forgotten, and left. There is rather a nasty smell in the house at present as we put Rodine all over it for mice. It took 2 hours to get to Cappoquin. We changed at Mallow. Had a good few sets of tennis after tea. I found out where to go bathing now.

July 1926  
Friday 16

I only stay for 8 Mass now, and don't stay for the Mission sermon, as otherwise I would have no time for study. As I was working in the garden this morning, I heard the poor pigs squealing in the bacon factory all the time. They kill them by knifing them. It is horrible. Had quite a nice swim before dinner, and crossed the river though the current is strong. After dinner Mám was kind enough to give me 2/- for two tennis balls. They are ridiculously dear, for those are the very cheapest. Read 'Europe of To-day' till tea, and after worked at harmony, and then went for tennis. I had very good sets, especially a singles with Charlie Mansfield, whom I licked. – I must get at my stamps more, read more; and do more harmony, as I have determined to give up fooling at my own compositions, and work steadily at harmony instead, and will do summary of my life in Dunmanway. We will have

no piano there. Mám said to-day we will only be able to go to Dublin if we spare our money more. We have only £8 till September.<sup>68</sup>

July 1926

Saturday 17

Yesterday morning we get a really beautiful and pathetic letter from Fr. Engelmann, thanking Mám for all her kindness to her, and expressing how lonely she felt leaving. I can scarcely realise she is gone. We got a merry letter from Fr. Pat, too, saying that he must drag Mám from her 14½ hour practice and me from my Livy and ‘Taugenichts’ to Dunmanway soon. He said he hoped we were having a good time in the ‘*tabernacula filia Apollonis*’ [the sanctuary of the daughters of Apollo – god of music], (Neeson = Mac h-Aurignasa = son of Aeneas). – I worked well this morning and before dinner finished my Czecho–Slovakian stamps. The air was terribly heavy and sultry all day. After dinner Mám went for a walk and I got two sets of tennis. After tea I went to Confession. The missionaries give fierce penances – I got a Rosary to say. – After went for tennis again, and there I had the most enjoyable set of tennis I ever had. The score mounted one by one till it was 5-6, 6-6, 6-7 which we won only by one stroke and finally 6-8, also by one. It was the best of sport, because they are all killing fellows who were playing.

July 1926

Sunday 18

At 1 last night incessant fork-lightening began, and until 4 the rumblings of thunder began to increase till three distinct storms were raging. One frightful flash and peal was directly over our heads and we were sure we were done for. It is good to feel one is in the grace of God in such terrible manifestations of Divine Providence. After came torrents of rain, and then it gradually diminished. The day began and ended dully, and there were showers at intervals so up to dinner I read and finally finished ‘Europe of To-day’. It was very interesting, but I had to study it rather than read it. After dinner Mám and I went for a walk. Near a ruined old monastery we met an interesting farmer who told us he had been at a wake last night all through the storm and on his way home the lightning was darting and

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<sup>68</sup> According to an internet calculator, Measuring Worth, £8 would have been worth about €440 in today’s money. Not much to cover six weeks for two people, including rent. The School of Music staff were not paid during the holidays. Fleischmann may have taken their savings to invest in Germany. They may have been fairly substantial, as he says in his letter of 22 Aug. that he was hoping to bring back a Steinway grand piano.

twisting between him and his companion. After tea I skimmed through and finished De Wet's account of the Boer War, and began Grant's 'History of Europe'. On account of bad weather there was no tennis or tennis tournament. Had a horrible pain all the evening.

July 1926

Monday 19

Went to 8 Mass, and just after I went to my place after Holy Communion I felt myself very sick, and had to come out. I was walking up and down outside, quite dizzy and bilious when I got a glass of water from a lady in the Mission stall. I went to bed till breakfast and Mám said I could not go to Mass again till Sunday and could do no work to-day. More rain again, so no tennis. Read in 'Examiner' that poor Fr. John Aherne of the Cathedral is dead. Mám was very sad to hear it. There were several casualties and accidents all over Ireland in the storm. Read 'Outlines of European History', and after dinner, which I am afraid I am beginning to enjoy more every day owing to Lil's splendid cooking, Mám and I went for a nice walk. Finished Polish and Palestine stamps, and finished in my book ancient Greece and Rome. After tea I went for tennis and found the court dried by the high wind. I had 5 sets of splendid tennis, and I and my partner won every set.

July 1926

Sunday 18

Didn't go to Mass, but began with piano. We got a card from Nannie saying that she had acute sciatica for the past week, and could not come. It was awfully hard on her, she has such a frugal and self-denying life. So Mám immediately sent a telegram, saying she should come to-morrow and she could nurse her. Got through my work in spite of the poor pigs' best endeavour to deafen me, and after dinner went for a short walk with Mám, but then came back and had good tennis. I don't know how Mám enjoys this place without having something to enjoy as I have tennis. But she likes walking and contemplation. Went for a swim before dinner in a suspiciously red pool but learned after it was only peat-water. After tea again went for tennis. I beat Bob Bell, one of the best there, by 6-5, and was delighted with myself. Had other good singles too.

July 1926  
Wednesday 21

Had a long sleep out this morning. Mám said to me while I was working that cramming destroys all creative power, and so I was troubled the whole time now thinking I was sagging out my brain, now thinking how little I knew of even the small course I set before myself, and how much there remained to be learnt. The morning was wet, but the afternoon turned out fine and sunny, so Mám and I went for a pleasant stroll through the wooded demesne of Major Charnley. Mám saw a squirrel and I very nearly caught a young rabbit with my hands. Went back and I worked at Portuguese stamps. We then went to the station to meet Nannie. But to our great disappointment Nannie didn't arrive. Perhaps she will come to-morrow. After tea went for tennis again. A Mr. Murray and myself are beginning to throw quibbles at each other now and though empty we have great fun. Mám has finished her cookery book to her great delight.

July 1926  
Thursday 22

I am now working only at the Variations, as Mám says it is good sometimes to concentrate on one study alone. But it is always the same story. I can play alright for the first few days but after that the piece becomes hackneyed. I stutter, and *de summa re actum est* [all is lost]. Nothing irritates and annoys me so much as when I begin to fumble at a passage I could play yesterday, and that is the chief reason that I think I can never become an organist and consequently a musician. – After dinner went with Mám for a walk through Sir John Keane's estate. The mansion was a beautiful one, but was burnt down by the Republicans in the troubles. It was a disgraceful crime, because Sir John Keane was a man of liberal principles, more Irish than English, and he had the largest library and collection of old paintings in the south of Ireland. A nice woman, who was full of her sufferings from a nerve complaint, and to whom Mám gave great advice, took us to a beautiful spot high up on the hill. Went for tennis again.

July 1926  
Friday 23

Had the same trouble with Beethoven again to-day, so I felt rather 'ratty' in the morning. The cold forbidding weather put off our intended trip in a boat up the river, so if to-morrow is fine with God's help we will have it. After dinner Mám and I went for a walk through

Charnley's estate again and I had a chase after some rabbits. The only drawback is that the whole district is swarming with 'blind doctors' *ut aiunt* [as they say], which swarm on our clothes, and if the material is thin, bite right through it. I got a few pimples from them to-day. The story of the Charnleys is also full of scandal and tragedy, and this seems to be the case with a lot of the big and powerful families, all over Ireland. Went for a nice but solitary swim before tea. Mám went sticking photos in her new album, and I read my history after tea. Grant, the author, is evidently a bigoted old Protestant, as he continues hitting at the Papacy the whole time, leading up probably to a justification of Protestant no-Popery. Mám is reading a book too with bigoted tales of the 'bad' Pope Alexander VI. Played tennis despite damp and mist.

July 1926

Saturday 24

Got on better with Variations. – It is strange that there is little air here, but the place lies in a low wooded valley. I was awake for 2 hrs last night, very unusual with me. Of course, it had to rain again to-day, and it was so cold we had to put off the picnic again. After dinner Mám and I went for a beautiful pine-wood walk leading to the top of one of the hills overlooking Cappoquin. Suddenly it began to pour and shortly after came thunder and lightening. We were soaked to the skin, and didn't feel at all comfortable standing under such tall trees. We stood for 5 mins., and then when it seemed to have passed away, we walked back and changed. All the evening there were terrible downpours with wonderful black formations of clouds, and we heard distant rumbling of thunder. No storm broke over us, however, as I feared it would. Played cards with Lil, read and did Portuguese stamps. Was deeply interested in the quarrel between the Empire and the Papacy, Gregory VII and Boniface VIII.

July 1926

Sunday 25

Went to 9.30 Mass, and thought I was getting sick again before Holy Communion, but I got through alright. Did harmony and the stamps all the morning, and wrote a letter to Páp in which I asked him to get something for a present for Dr. Scannell at the end of the year, and warned him again about giving around his manuscripts to other musicians to look at. I am sure he has lost many through forgetfulness on the part of the receivers. Also wrote to Arthur and Nannie. Had a great dinner of chicken, peas and after custard pudding. Mám is

innovating a new era of our working. Went to tennis tournament after, and my partner was a Miss MacCarthy, not much good. We won our first match 5-2, and in the second got first 3-0, but the others actually pulled up 5 in succession, leaving us beaten 3-5! It was Paddie Flavin and Miss Mansfield licked us. Mr. Elrill and partner won the tournament. After tea had more tennis and long chat with Mr. Murray, Superintendant of Civic Guards, a very nice fellow. Found Mám had finished her snaps.

July 1926

Monday 26

Went to nine Mass again, and found the altar boys as bad as ever. They shout the whole time and since there are 8 of them there it is rather hard to say one's prayers in peace. – A few days ago I told Mám the story of how I was telling Mr. Elrill at tennis of the noises that are all around us in the morning, when he said that bad and all as they were they had no effect on Mr. Neeson, and that every week-day he has to go 'hootin' and tootin' through the early hours of the morning until he comes down. Then they drove to make Mt. Melleray in 5 mins. After dinner went for a walk with Mám up the wood again, and were caught in a shower like yesterday, but there was no thunder. There was a lovely view on the top. Came home, and I went for a swim and had a game of tennis. Then dashed home and after tea Mám, Lil and I went up the river in a boat. We anchored a mile up, and Mám read, while I at first played cards with Lil and then read my history. It was really delightful though the boat was heavy and clumsy.

July 1926

Tuesday 27

To-day the two women that had the stall during the mission packed up and went. One of them, and she did scarcely any trade, was so kind as to give Lil two medals and two little statues for Mám and I. It shows how really good and generous the people here are. We never bought anything from her, and it was she who gave me the glass of water [when he was sick at Mass] – This morning we got a letter from Fr. Pat saying he could not come on Friday! So we were terribly upset. We have decided to stay here till Tuesday though funds are running out. Miss O'Brien sent us an invitation to go to Monatrea too, but we are going to Dunmanway. I had a lesson in piano from Mám and am getting on far better at the Variations. Went for tennis after dinner, and after tea Miss Mansfield and I beat a crack player and partner, and I was delighted to knock some of his airs from him. There were



crowds waiting for sets, so I had only 2. Found Mám had strange experiences in her walk with witches and an old woman who showed her a hawthorn tree thornless because Cromwellians hanged a priest there.

July 1926  
Wednesday 28

Read yesterday in paper that the persecution of Catholics by the Mexican government is increasing in ferocity, and the Pope has asked all the faithful to pray for the banished priests and nuns, and for those who are deprived of all religious consolations. The war with the Druses is still progressing in Syria, and the French have been attacked and repulsed in Damascus. In the Riff, all the tribes who still are holding out are submitting. Caillaux, the French financier, so favourable to a Franco-German-Russian alliance, has been thrown out, and Poincaré, his opposite in policy, has come in. – After dinner went for a few sets to-day and after read. We had lovely chickens for dinner again, by the way. There was an American tournament in the evening, my partner being a Miss Vahr, not much good. However, we didn't do too badly, getting 16 out of 24. It will be finished to-morrow. We got a great victory over the best combination. Bob Bell and Mrs. Conway, getting 3 out of 4 over them.

July 1926  
Thursday 29

Mám had to go to the bank here this morning to cash a cheque, and she told me it was a most trying yet funny experience. The clerk, of course, didn't know her and put her through a catechism of what she was, and why she came 'to such a funny place as Cappelou for a holiday'. Finally she got it. After finishing work and dinner, thinking there would be a tournament on, I decided to read until tea, and I got through the whole of the history. I couldn't digest the chicken I had for dinner on account of the reading and felt a pain all the afternoon. Grant, in spite of his English prejudice, doesn't give too bad an account of the war, though he says that German militarism and ambition caused it, not mentioning even England's jealousy of her trade. Began 'Ben Hur'. The tournament finished to-night. We played three sets more, getting 3 from Mr. Gardiner, the best player there, and only 1 from the worst. Mr. Gardiner came 1<sup>st</sup> with 26. Bob Bell next with 24, and we next with 22!

July 1926

Friday 30

There was no Mass this morning, only Holy Communion. Mám and I were delighted to find a long and beautiful letter from Páp. He gives a lovely description of Dachau, but says it is strange from what it was 20 years ago, that it is '*Heimat in der Fremde*' [home has become foreign] He is going to get me a fine atlas! There was also a letter from Fr. Pat. He is coming next Tuesday. Didn't do any piano to-day as Mám was so tired from sleeplessness, so I went for a glorious swim with Charlie Mansfield. The heat was boiling, the water luke-warm, and on the strength of it we crossed the river twice going up over 200 yards and swimming back with the current. After we tried to catch a fine trout about ½ lb with our hands, but failed. In the same pool we watched a monstrous eel, who stuck forth his head from out his lair, and opened his white mouth as the little trout darted to and fro in front of him. Had 3 glorious sets of tennis with the 3 best players in the club. Went boating and had my 3<sup>rd</sup> swim to-day up the river. Then pulled up a bit, read, ate sweets, banana and apple, and rowed back. It was delightful. Mám was awfully good to give it to Lil and me.

July 1926

Saturday 31

Mám got a letter from Nannie saying that Uncle Alec [Rosie Swertz's husband] has a bad attack of eye-sickness, and he will have to stay for 6 weeks in a dark room. More disappointments! That very probably puts off our holiday in Dublin! It got so hot after 12 that having finished Latin, I went for a swim with Supt. Murray. We first crossed the river, swimming down with the current, and then walked ¼ mile up the road, and swam down with current again. We watched the eel again. After dinner did half my Irish, couldn't stick it, and went for a set of tennis. On the way I wanted to show Mám the eel, but of course it wouldn't appear! After I had a swim again by myself. After tea finished Irish and harmony. Finished Portuguese stamps, and read 'Ben Hur'. It gives a vivid and most interesting description of Jerusalem and the Holy Land at the time of the birth of Our Lord and I am enjoying it immensely.

August 1926

Sunday 1

After breakfast finished 'Samson Agonistes', worked at stamps and read. At 1 went for a swim. The tide was fully in, and a gentleman who had just come out gave me a few tips

about diving. I am much better at it now. Had a lovely dinner again, Lil is a great cook. When Mám had gone for a walk I went to the American tournament. Miss Vahr fell to my lot again! While watching other games in progress, I thought how the 'Balance of Powers' theory is applicable in American tournaments. I would gladly see two mediocres gain and make thus a strong couple lose. We did worse than before. After tea the final was played in two exciting sets, and won by Charlie Mansfield and Miss MacCarthy. Played until 9, then did stamps again and read. Mám had a funny experience in her walk when Mrs. Moore, her patient, insisted that Miss Marcelle Charnley should invite Mám and me to see her rabbits, so we will have to go over to-morrow morning. Poor Miss Marcelle is an example of deformity so usual in old families of stock.

August 1926  
Monday 2

Only did Arith. and Geom. this morning. I will 'slum' now till we get back to Cork. We went dutifully to see the rabbits at 11, meeting Miss Marcelle on the way. She is a very nice and affable poor thing. The Angora rabbits she has are very handsome, clothed with thick downy wool, and having red eyes in contrast to their whiteness. She has got other kinds as well. They make great profit from the rabbits, a pound of Angora wool being worth from 35/- to 40/-, and they yield 2-3 lbs yearly. Mrs. Charnley came out too and was very charming. It is extraordinary how these people have retained English manners and accent which cuts like a knife, thought seemingly cut off from any English influence since the Plantations. Came home and had a swim with Mr. Murray. Played a funny sort of tennis, came home, and found 6 fine stamps sent by Miss Charnley. Wrote back and sent her dubs. Was simply amazed and delighted when Fr. Pat suddenly came in! He is going to take us back to Cork to-morrow. Mám and he went for a walk after tea and I went to tennis. We had supper together, and I sorted out Miss Charnley's stamps.

August 1926  
Tuesday 3

Went to Mass, and immediately after we started packing. We left at 11.30. Though we were only 3 weeks in Cappoquin, we had grown accustomed to it and even began to like it, so I was rather lonely leaving. Cappoquin will still continue its simple way of life, and I mine, and we may never come together again. I drove back, and all went well, though we had a narrow shave when a car turned a corner on the right side at a fierce pace. I jerked towards

the ditch and we passed in safety. Coming home we opened up the house and then cooked a dinner for Fr. Pat. He left for Dunmanway at 4. We cleaned up and tidied till 6, and then had a rest, tea, and then took up all the letters which came to discuss them. One nice one from Pappie, one from Aunt Rose, and she never mentioned our coming to Dublin, so that is probably off. One from Miss O'Brien. She is going to Germany in the winter!!!<sup>69</sup> Another friend going. We have only 2 left. Well, Fr. Pat evidently can't leave us, we will go to Miss O'Brien at Montrea next week, and leave the rest go pot. 'The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley'.

August 1926  
Wednesday 4

Went to Mass, brought up Mám's breakfast<sup>70</sup>, helped her in washing up, and then started off answering the heap of correspondence awaiting us. Mám wrote 7 letters and 2 cards, and I wrote 3. In reply to Canon Murphy's kind invitation for me to come to Bantry for a week, I didn't want to go, as poor Mám would be left alone, but she said she would go to Dunmanway, and I would have to accept it. I wrote also to poor Sophie who is down with the measles in Dunquin, and to Fräulein Engelmann, who is at home in Dunquin [*He must mean in Germany*] Did my work by scrips and scraps during the day. After dinner, went to Nannie, whose sciatica is much better. Arthur and family are down in Crosshaven since Sat. I am sure Aunt Elsa is deadly offended that I did not come down. Ivor and Joe are away in Inch in Kerry, and Markie still in Dripsey. So there is no one here, only Betty. Mám went to Nannie after tea, and I read 'Ben Hur'.

August 1926  
Thursday 5

Managed to get through some work this morning. After went out for messages and got 11 and 12 of 'Lands and Peoples'. After, Mám and I went to the Pavilion for lunch, and had a very delicate meal of salmon and peach Melba. It was disgusting to see the Parisian attempts at being ladies all around. After we intended going to Nannie, and on the way met Mrs. MacDonnell in her car. Didn't she invite me to Castlelack till Saturday! So I stayed in the car, though I felt conscience-stricken at leaving poor Mám alone and at idling, and Mám

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<sup>69</sup> Jenny O'Brien had plans to study music in Germany, but for financial reasons these did not materialise.

<sup>70</sup> Tilly Fleischmann always had breakfast in bed, as Hildegard Schaeble noted with astonishment in her diary during her visit to Cork in 1950.

went on her way to Nannie. Mrs. Mac and I then had tea in the Pavilion, and I had another peach Melba! Then Mr. Mac came and drove us both to Castlelack. All the children got a great surprise on seeing me. The new creamery is working splendidly. They have got a very capable manager, Mr. Kinley. After supper we all went up to the lake. Mr. Mac and Mr. Kinley were nearly upset in the Úna Bhán when she heeled over while they were settling the heck.

August 1926  
Friday 6

2<sup>nd</sup> First Friday. I forgot all about this First Friday, so I will have to start again. – The creamery is surprisingly go-ahead and clean, and I spent most of the morning watching the long queue of milk carts awaiting their turn to pour into the tank. The separator, the refrigerator, and the pipes which circulate to and fro through the cream and frozen by brine were of great interest to me. After Diarmuid, Marjorie, Katharina, Lola and I went up to the lake, went out in Sulbie and fished till 2. We got 3 trout, Diarmuid catching 2 big fellows, and I one. It was the first trout I ever caught! Miss Hickie, Mr. Kinley junr. and the rest then came up, and we had a picnic lunch in the fields, frying and eating the trout. I am getting on famously as a fisherman. Mr. Mac., Mrs. Mac, 2 Mr. Kinleys and I came up at 10 to the lake in the car, and we went sailing, Mr. Mac and I in the Úna Bhán and the others in Sulbie. The Úna clipped like anything. She is beautiful.

August 1926  
Saturday 7

Went up to the lake again this morning. It is a beautiful spot, and I always feel fresh again when I see the long sheet of water stretched out before me, bordered with pine-trees. I had 3 fine swims in the lake, one the first night, the other two yesterday. In spite of all our fishing we got nothing. I took the canoe off with me (the Prince of Wales sailed in her on the Thames), and she clipped like anything before the breeze. She turns like a top in her own length when necessary, and when properly handled would race a motor-boat. Came late for dinner. After fiddling about on the piano etc. I said good-by to everybody, though everybody insisted I should stay till tomorrow, and started on my 4-mile walk to Bandon, for the car and all had gone in in the morning. It was a weary journey but I stepped it out alright. Saw Mr. Mac in his shop, thanked him for all his kindness, took train to Cork where

I found poor Mám tired after a lot of housework. Went to Confession, wrote my diary and read 'Ben Hur'.

August 1926

Sunday 8

Got all my work done in the morning. Nannie came for dinner and Miss O'Brien was expected, but didn't turn up, and Mám was very disappointed as we had a lovely dinner prepared especially a new apple-pudding. Afterwards she came and all the plans were made out. We are really going to Monatrea for a week on Tuesday! After tea I had to go up to Fr. Willie O'Brien for a bag in which to pack books for his sister Darkie, a nun in London, and bring them to the ship to-morrow. Fr. Willie is killing – he never stopped talking the whole time while eating his tea. In the end he hadn't the bag and I will have to come up to-morrow morning. Amongst the things he told me – there are only two abbots in Ireland, the Abbot of Mt. Melleray and that of Roscrea. These have only power over their own monasteries, but attend the general synods. In Monte Casino there is an Abbot who rules over 70 parishes! Read 'Ben Hur'. The book is really moving and convincing.

August 1926

Monday 9

After Mass, cycled up to Fr. Willie. He couldn't get the bag so gave me another. He and Fr. O'Flynn had great joking, and Fr. Christie said that if the Lord were calling him to come into heaven, Fr. Willie would ask him to wait a second until he had a peep at hell, and another at purgatory! Worked and ironed till we went to dinner at Thompson's. Such grandeur. I had iced fruit drink and a peach Melba. Saw Miss O'Brien there too. Mám then went to Nannie, and I went home and did some work. At 5 some thunder began, so I took the bag and dashed to the ship before the storm. Just coming to the quays there was a blinding flash, I thought I smelt brimstone, and a fierce peal simultaneously. It simply poured, and after all Fr. Willie didn't come. Brought bag to station, walked home, and was scarcely inside when Fr. Willie came dashing inside looking for the bag. Drove with him to the station. We had more thunder after. Made final arrangements about Monatrea with Miss O'Brien who was for tea.

August 1926

Tuesday 10

Packed all the morning. A fine but windy day. The train to Youghal ran with a rain-cloud, so it was raining all the time, but stopped when we got to Youghal. Took a car to the ferry. Instead of the old rowing boat they had when we were there last they have now a fine motor boat which runs across in 7½ mins. The old romance is gone, however, but comfort takes its place. Huge Mossie, an oarsman before, is still helmsman, and as important as ever. Found everything the same in the hotel, except that there are quite a good few people staying, which was not so 2 years ago. After a fine dinner, for the catering is splendid, we walked to our old cove, and though it began to pour, we found good shelter in our famous cave. Had a swim, but the water was ice after being accustomed to swimming in rivers and lakes. Read 'Lands and Peoples' for I smuggled 6 of these mags. and most of my school books down. Mám and I were in one room, Miss O'Brien in put-up bed in the office.

August 1926

Wednesday 11

Was bilious all night, but in spite of it got up early and had a few games of croquet. Mám has forbidden me to touch my books, and though I am sure I could prevail on her by begging, I think I will leave them till I go to Bantry, which will be, as arranged, on Tuesday next. After breakfast walked to cove but as tide was out, we could have no swim on account of the rocks. Was pretty sickly all day, and had scarcely any meals. Didn't I forget my diary, so I have to scribble down a few points about what happened every day, and write the whole thing when I come back. Had another swim by myself after dinner. We had more croquet after tea, and then we went for a ramble. I took Miss O'Brien's room and she mine, as the night before she had a mouse scratching near her bed, and could not sleep.

August 1926

Thursday 12

Was worse again this morning with biliousness. Had a lovely bathe in our cove. Miss O'Brien and I had a swimming race, and I won. After dinner it began to drizzle so we sat in the cave and read. Tide was too far out for a swim. Read in 'Lands and Peoples' a very interesting chapter about life in the South Sea Islands, of huge crabs 2 ft all around which climb coconut trees, eating the fruit, and how the natives ingeniously trap them by climbing after them and pasting mud thickly around the trunk high up. The crabs descending

backwards, thinking they have reached terra firma leave go, fall and are killed. Tapu,<sup>71</sup> or certain prohibitions, is also prevalent, for the women cannot eat pig, bananas, wear anything dark-blue or scarlet or enter a canoe. But lately suffragettes have arrived who secured liberty for their sex. – After tea we stayed in, I was beaten by a gentleman in billiards by 100-60, and after 10 games of Coon Can with Miss O'Brien was also licked. Went to bed at 12.

August 1926  
Friday 13

A beautiful day. As we were sitting in our cove, one of the boys staying at the hotel came running to say a gentleman wanted to see Miss O'Brien. She went off, and on coming back told us it was her brother-in-law, Mr. Wallace who called with his Morris-Cowley to see if we would like a spin to Tramore with him. But he couldn't wait, and was gone when she came. So we missed that anyway. After tea, we walked to Callisoe Bay. Miss O'Brien was very much afraid of dogs on the way. We had a talk with a charming country postboy who lives in a little cottage right on the side beach of the beautiful bay. I asked him if I could go fishing when he goes out next, and he said I could on Sunday! Miss O'Brien and I talked Irish all the way back. It was dusk, and I thought how in keeping with the lovely Irish landscape is the Irish tongue. We heard a flute-player at some Irish jigs far off, and I thought how I would love my country if I were an Irishman, but being Bavarian, I am split between the two.

August 1926  
Saturday 14

Read the 'Examiner'. There has been a great fuss lately because a Miss Ederle has swum the Channel, and has been the first woman to do so. She was overwhelmed with bouquets, and in America, her native country, there has been national rejoicing. Such rot! All the uproar about a feat of strength. – There is a revolt in Ukraine against the Soviet government, and the Black Sea fleet has gone over to the rebels. – There is still fighting in Morocco, and it seems the French are doing badly in Syria. – Tried to swim the length of the strand, but only got  $\frac{3}{4}$  way. After dinner we went shopping in Youghal and after had a glorious swim in warm water for once, and with the sun shining. I got 2 doz. bananas a few days ago in

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<sup>71</sup> The Polynesian word rendered in English as 'taboo'.



Youghal, and we eat them after every swim. Read about the 3 forbidden lands, Thibet, Bhutan, Nepal, and the four heads of the Buddhist Church, the Dalai Lama, the Tashi Lama, the Dharma Raja, and the diffs. between the two Raja. I don't quite understand all.

August 1926  
Sunday 15

A great crowd of people stayed here last night, and one gentleman, Mr. Dee, sleeping near us with four others, kicked up a terrible row all night. He is evidently a bit 'blithers'. It was a wet, misty morning. We went to 12 Mass at Youghal. It is a curious custom in the church that the front part of it is railed off for visitors, and the natives have to remain in the back. No distinction should be made in the House of God. After I had a swim just near the hotel. We had early dinner to give me time to get to Callisoe Bay, but when I arrived, it was too rough to go out fishing. We all then went over to MacCarthy's cove, and Miss O'Brien talked in Irish to the old woman in whose house Muriel Murphy,<sup>72</sup> wife of poor Terence MacSwiney, and Mám's former friend stayed 6 years ago. We were dead beat on coming home. Got no tea till 8 there was such a crowd. There was dancing and noise till late in the night. Met school-fellow Barry who said school opens 3 Sept!!!!

August 1926  
Monday 16

It was very wet this morning. Mr. Dee, who is very far gone now, and whom poor Mrs. Donovan, proprietress of the hotel cannot move, was bawling and singing all the morning. After I was playing billiards with another fellow when he came in. He told me what I was to do most violently when my turn came, and though I got a canon, and potted the white, he began swearing because I didn't do what he told me!! It seems he was a very nice gentleman, but is very far gone. Had a swim before dinner, but it was not much good as the waves were too big. Then had billiards and croquet, and a swim near the hotel after dinner. It's funny how afraid Miss O'Brien is of wasps. The minute she sees one she springs up and tries to run away from it. Played Coon Can till very late, and I won. To-morrow is our last

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<sup>72</sup> Muriel MacSwiney (1892-1982) was a daughter of the Cork distiller Nicholas Murphy. She studied the piano with Tilly Fleischmann, and met her husband Terence in the Fleischmann's house at a recital. She was one of the first to visit Aloys senior in Oldcastle when he was interned in Jan 1916.

day! Well, we had a glorious time, thanks to Miss O'Brien's generosity, and I am not to be pitied seeing that I am going to Bantry to-morrow.

August 1926

Tuesday 17

Our last day here. After breakfast Mám and I met for a swim, but Miss O'Brien didn't. The waves were even higher than before, and we were simply thrown around on the stones. I had lunch at 1, then took my bag and parcel of books which we had packed in the morning, and said good-bye. Mám and Miss O'Brien went with me to the ferry. I was making the 2.30 train, and we had to wait impatiently till the ferry came [at] 2.10. Then I dashed to a car, and got the train in time. Read about Constantinople and its mosques on the way. Arrived home and read letters as told. The first was to me from Canon Murphy. He can't have me! 'Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!' [from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*] But another from Aunt Rosie was to the effect that Mám and I were expected in Dublin, Hip, hip! So instead of taking the train to Bantry I did school-work, had my tea, and met Mám and Miss O'Brien at the station. Mám was not so pleased to hear about Dublin. Began to blow a gale and pour. At 10 I went down to G.P.O. [General Post Office] for a telegram left. Aunt Rosie wired – wire train immediately. On discussion Mám found we couldn't possibly as fare is £4.6.0. So our only hope is Dunmanway. Such complications!

August 1926

Wednesday 18

Back again! Slept out, so heard no Mass. – When I came home yesterday didn't I find a basket of cigarette-cards and wonderful stamps waiting for me at Mrs. Brooks from poor Julia. She called and we were not there! I must go and see her to-day if she is still here. Went to town for cream, got sour stuff, brought it back and got a fresh supply. I met Markie on my way back, and he invited me for tennis this evening or any other. Made a lovely dinner for Mám, and Fr. Pat came just in time for it. Then I went up to Shandon Street and found my way to Mrs. Lynch's little cottage. And there was Julia, looking fine and stronger than ever before. We had a long talk, she telling me all her experiences in London and I mine. She has about 6 hats and dresses, says she is thriving financially, and that Mrs. Gayer, if fashionable, is really kind and charming. She insisted on taking me to the pictures, so we came home, had tea, and went. We saw Tom Mix in 'The Lucky Horseshoe', the usual

cowboy stunt, but I enjoyed it all the same. A Welsh tenor sang. A glorious voice but nothing else.

August 1926  
Thursday 19

Slept out again, so got no Mass. Sorted out the stamps Julia gave me, and hadn't I 34 fine fellows. After making breakfast, washing up, going to town for messages, we got the dinner ready. After Fr. Pat actually invited me up to Dunmanway for a few days, and then we will meet Mám at Kinsale Junction, have a picnic, drive home, and Fr. Pat will stay with us. Julia came about 5, and Fr. Pat was kind enough to buy a box of chocolates to give to her and a lovely cake for tea. I showed Julia my stamp album, 'Lands and Peoples', air gun, trapeze, and then my 'Grasserl' the top, as in days of yore. Julia told us all about London at tea. When we drove Mám and she down town, for they were going to the pictures, and we started for Dunmanway. I drove most of the way. We stopped at Inchigeela for Miss MacSwiney and Fr. Sullivan, a really charming type of hospitable Irish priest, gave us tea at 11! Then home in dark and bed at 12.30.

August 1926  
Friday 20

Slept out till late in the morning. Got through my school-work in patches during the morning. After dinner I called up to Timmie Leary's house and we went for a walk. We saw a good few rabbits, but didn't go after them. All the Leary family have the old Irish tradition of hospitality. We had the wrong time, and when I came home it was too late to make our proposed trip to Bandon. It was very careless of me and Fr. Pat was annoyed. Denis, who cleans the car, kicked up a row too, because I moved the car from the garage to the door, thinking it would be near for Fr. Pat to go off in. After went for a swim in the Bandon, and Sandy, Fr. Pat's dog was killing. He hates the water, but by suddenly throwing stones when he was near the bank, he fell in a few times. After tea read 'Lands and Peoples'.

August 1926  
Saturday 21

Was in time for Mass this morning. After breakfast Timmie got a bicycle, I got Fr. Pat's, and we went off to see Togher Castle. It was a pretty long spin, but we had blackberries on the way. It is a fine castle, but all barred up. I climbed to a window in the second floor by

means of ivy, but could not get down, so I had to repeat my perilous descent. After dinner we went rabbiting with Cora and Sandie but we only started 3, and missed them. Went to Confession after tea and we had great fun because Tim was trying to make me go into Fr. Pat's box by telling me the wrong one. Finally I went to Fr. Carmody. Then had a spin on Timmie's horse, and Denis took me up behind him and we had a delightful gallop. I can't ride bare-backed at all after being used to riding Griasach (Markie's horse) with the saddle.

August 1926  
Sunday 22

Drove to Balnacaraige with Fr. Pat for Mass and Communion. Hung around, read and did no work until after lunch. Fr. Pat, Denis and myself started off for the Cotton Mills, Mount Pleasant, Newcestown, Bandon, whither we were invited to see Fr. O'Flynn's Shakespearian Company acting 'Richard III' in the open. Missed some of the beginning as the road was very bad. It was a really excellent performance considering the disadvantages of the open air, and the inequality of the ground composing [sic] a far too side stage. All the women were splendid, though all young girls, and Buckingham was at the head of the men. Richard was good in figure but had not a king's dignity, and was typically 'Corky'. The remarks of the country people were killing, especially about Richard. – '*Anam in diabhal air*, there he's off now for more divilment'; and when Richard during his nightmare was proclaiming his woes, somebody shouted: 'Tis a pity about ye!' Fr. O'Flynn and his Society are ever coming out stronger. Had tea with the whole troupe, we met the MacDonnells, drove to Castlelack, had more tea, interesting conversation. Mr. Kinley, manager, was frightened by a ghost so I heard. Drove home – the end of a perfect day.

August 1926  
Monday 23

After Mass did a little work, went hunting with Timmie, bringing Sandie and Cora. It was no good until before I knew what was happening they had hold of a huge hare! He was dead almost before you could count 10. Returned home with our prize, but were careful not to be seen, as it is poaching to kill a hare on preserved land. After dinner went with Fr. Pat on a sick call, and drove some of the way. After tea went to Timmie, had game of throwing the penny, and then went home, where I had a long talk with Fr. Pat. Seeing me finish my work, he began about my career, and said that Pappie's notion, and evidently mine, is that I am to continue at both philology and music until I have got my doctor and then specialise in

music. This is impossible! All this history and Latin pounding is mere hog-wash, which of course will be splendid to take up after for my own amusement, but coming on to manhood I must specialise in one or be a mere jack-of-all-trades. I have no other course than music I proved by discussion. See I must set to work immediately after Matric. This night has probably influenced my whole career. I am convinced now of what I am to become.

August 1926

Tuesday 24

Read in paper that there is another revolution in Greece, and General Pangalos has been kicked out by another general. Always disturbances in the Balkan Peninsula. The Census results of Free State have been published. Population of Ireland has decreased from 4,390,000 of 1911 to 4,290,000 or thereabouts. Cork has increased 2,000 being now 78,000 though in 1843 it was 100,000. In general the towns are slowly increasing while the rural districts are sadly losing. Emigration is, of course, ruining the country. – Worked in morning, and after dinner went with Timmie to top of the Yew Tree mountain, where we saw black, forbidding-looking lakes and writing on a rock. The latter was not as interesting as I thought being merely IHRMV or something like it. On the way we actually saw a beautiful fox amongst the ferns below us! His beautiful tail was conspicuous. We nearly lost Sandie. Was dead tired. The mountain scenery is glorious. After tea worked at stamps. The door suddenly opened and an old man entered and sat down without saying a word. Fr. Pat came down to him. All he wanted was to have Fr. Pat tell him he wouldn't die to-night!!

August 1926

Wednesday 25

Worked this morning and accompanied Fr. Pat on a sick call to Togher. Had a fine spin, and I drove all the way back together with a good spin while waiting for the household to prepare for Fr. Pat's visit. After dinner, while Fr. Pat had to remain on duty, Miss MacSwiney, Timmie and Katie Leary and myself went on a picnic to the 'Fairy Gardens'. The scenery there was glorious and we enjoyed it immensely. I went for a fine swim in a big mountain pool, though on the way in I fell into a deep hole and hurt my leg. Katie was terrified while I was in the water. Had a lovely tea with biscuits and sweets. Timmie has really jolly, country humour. On the way, Laeghé [Leary's dog] had a fierce fight with a big sheep dog. After we came home, Timmie and I went hunting. We were joined by another

fellow, so we had 6 dogs! One of them, a hound, killed a rabbit, which was given to me. So I came home in triumph.

August 1926

Thursday 26

A rather cheerless day for my last in Dunmanway, so did no work, but went hunting instead. Tiny, one of our retinue of dogs, killed a fine rabbit inside in a ditch, so we came home for the third time in triumph. Went for a glorious swim in the Bandon which took away all the weariness of our long tramp over the hills. After dinner, Miss Mac, Fr. Pat and I started for Cork, I bringing two rabbits and a bunch of flowers for Mám. Had scarcely any driving on the way. Fr. Pat seems to be getting fonder of the wheel every day. Found Mám fairly dejected, for she had a hard time of cleaning and tidying, and had no rest. Uncle Hans and Aunt Dulcie have been here for a week and Mám went with them to Killarney. It was a miserably wet day. Uncle Hans is really charming. Unfortunately they are going to-morrow. Mám gave them a fine dinner and supper and brought them to the theatre. Poor Mám has had several disappointments, so I must look after her well now until Páp comes home. Accompanied Fr. Pat to Miss O'Brien's place.

August 1926

Friday 27

A few days ago when Mám came home late in the night, she was told by our neighbour Miss Walsh that people were trying to break in, and the door was crushed in one part. All last night we heard things falling etc. and in the morning Mám thought someone tried to open the door of one room. So she wouldn't let me go to Mass in case of anything happening in my absence. It must have been only cats however. – Went for messages, got 13 and 14 'Lands and Peoples', wrote to Páp and tidied all the pantry before dinner. We had a charwoman in to clean up the house. After we went to see Uncle Hans and Aunt Dulcie off. They are really charming. Aunt Dulcie has changed immensely since we saw her in London 8 years ago.<sup>73</sup> After tea I went to Markie where I had great sets of tennis with

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<sup>73</sup> In September 1920 (i.e. 6 years previously) the Fleischmanns had stayed with Hans Anton and Dulcie Swertz in London, where Hans worked as a doctor. Tilly and Aloys jun. had come to meet Aloys sen who had at last been granted permission to return to Ireland. He had been deported to Germany from the Isle of Man internment camp in 1919. There is a photo of them all in Kew Gardens. The last sentence might indicate that they had not found Dulcie so charming then.

himself and his two sisters. Mám went to Miss O'Brien, who has changed her plans, and is not going to Germany, but has taken a house in Charlemont Terrace near us. Hip, Hip! Mám went also to Nannie.

August 1926

Saturday 28

Slept out again for Mass. I must amend my sleepiness. Went for messages and worked in the morning. Began piano again after a lapse of nearly 3 weeks. I wasn't so rusty as I imagined at first. The Beethoven Variations are giving me real delight. After dinner Mám went to see Prof. Smiddy, an old friend and pupil of hers who is now Ambassador Plenipotentiary for the Free State in Washington. They had tea in the Imperial Hotel. I did some mowing – our garden is in a wild state – and did stamps. Then enter Sophia and Mrs. Stockley to see Mám, who also appeared. They are leaving on Monday, the travelled Sophia for Worthing, Madame for Munich. Cycled up to Mark and had great tennis with himself and his sisters. The eldest collects stamps so you may be sure that business will begin immediately. Looked over her stamps. Had to play [the piano] after a long fight, they both sang. Queen Madge I has had her coronation.<sup>74</sup> She came this evening and seems to be refined and intelligent.

August 1926

Sunday 29

Worked well at everything, especially at Harmony. Wrote a letter to Auntie Rosie, telling her how disappointed I was we didn't go to Dublin. She wrote saying that she had everything ready for us, and was really disappointed we didn't come. Miss O'Brien and Nannie were for dinner. I was thinking of poor Fr. Engelmann. Did stamps, then cycled to Sophie. There is always a mixture of all creeds at Stockleys, which makes it both interesting, and sometimes, especially for Mám, unpleasant. To-day there was Mr. and Mrs. Brady, Miss Mary MacSwiney, my old teacher and now, of course, one of the leaders of the Republic, and Mr. Clayton, an Englishman! Said good-bye to the great Sophie after a fine feed of red-currants. Páidín, who lives next door, gave me three fine stamps. Read about

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<sup>74</sup> Madge, the new housekeeper. She was to remain with the Fleischmanns for over a decade.

Cuba amid which was the old Spanish Main, the haunt of pirates, in 'Lands and Peoples'. Mám was surprised and delighted how fast I am growing. Indeed, it is about time for me.

August 1926

Monday 30

Read in paper that there was a great monarchist demonstration in Bavaria, and a reunion of all officers and veterans in the old regime. So lives monarchy in Bavaria! It must have been an inspiring sight to see the glorious uniforms and grandees of pre-war days. – Trafficked stamps with Brian Moffat during work-time. After dinner cleared over 100 stamps. Mám and I saw the Stockleys off on the 'Killarney', Sophie to Worthing near Bournemouth, Southampton, Madame to Munich. Walked some of the way with Professor, who told me that ex-Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria is the real Stuart heir to the English throne, and before the war, the English Society of the Red Rose used to send him congratulations on his birthday! Went to 'The Phantom of the Opera' and enjoyed it immensely. It is a horrible, grotesque, and yet fantastic story of a hideous death-like 'phantom' who lived in the lowermost cellars of the Paris Opera. He inspired and trained a *prima donna*, remaining unseen the while. Then brought her to his hiding-place. She, though warned, removed the mask which concealed his loathsome features, and thus would have perished had not her lover foiled his intricate defence of floods [*rest illegible*]

August 1926

Tuesday 31

In the midst of my work this morning had great bargaining with Brian Moffat. He gave me 20 of his stamps, non-duplicates, for 100. After dinner started off for Ivor and Joe, and found them at home. Ivor showed me his albums again. He has a fine collection. Joe came home fresh from 'The Phantom of the Opera' and was full of it. We went up the river boating after a fine feed of apples, and then Joe and I had a delightful swim. Raced home then, changed, got my stamp albums, and walked up to Markie. First we had tennis, then we looked at stamps, I played my Chopin Mazurka and some of the Beethoven Variations, and they seemed to enjoy both very much. Then by chance Mary Shaughnessy happened to mention something about the Kaiser, that his militarism and ambition caused the war etc. I went for her bald-headed, and we had an argument of nearly 2 hours, and of course, had great fun alongside. But it was no use. As soon as I had given the historical view of the war,



she began at the beginning again, repeating about the Kaiser. It is no use arguing with women. They simply won't listen!

September 1926

Wednesday 1

Got Mass by the skin of my teeth this morning. Bargained 14 more stamps off Brian! After dinner went off to Horgans'. Joe and I rowed up the river, landed and had a game with his new rugby football, then had a fine swim, diving and clinging on to the boat after the bailiff had passed down, for swimming is forbidden within 5 miles above the water works. Raced back and Ivor and the two of us got into Grace's house again, and I played the beautiful Steinway grand there. After dinner, Ivor and Joe rode around the house, I acting as 'speed cop'. Then cycled to Arthur. They are all looking fine after their holiday, but I have [\_?] few [\_?] on Arthur. They were describing to me at great length the fine time they had, but Fountainstown is not the place for me. Money and suitors and frivolity is the atmosphere there, and though opposed to it, it would be bound to influence me.

September 1926

Thursday 2

Heard Mám playing for the first time Schumann's Sonata in G. It is a glorious work. It and Chopin's Valse in A haunt me all day and put a sort of colour into my work, which is, I am afraid, rather bad for my concentration. Bought a chicken in town again for Miss O'Brien was coming to dinner, and she cannot eat ordinary meat. After despairing of her arrival for ½ hour we began dinner. Then, of course, she came. Bargained 20 more stamps off Brian in the blazing sun. After tea cycled to Arthur, and got 6 more from him. Aunt Elsa is very good. She gave us a pot of jam and plants, and lent Mám £1. Mám's money has completely ebbed, and we haven't heard from Páp for 3 weeks! We don't know when he is coming home, whether to-morrow or Sunday or Wednesday. As I walked through town, I noticed how the streets were packed with young people, all whistling jazz. When all classes are pervaded with a craze, it certainly cannot be for the good, and jazz, as Sir Hamilton Harty described it, is 'noisy, sensual and incredibly stupid'.

September 1926

Friday 3

First Friday

Was furious with myself for sleeping out for 8, but went to 10 ten [mass] instead. No letter from Páp yet – it is extraordinary. Got a letter from Julia enclosing stamps sent her by a Belgian priest – 50 Hungarian and Belgian I hadn't, including Olympic Games and Belgian Congo. It is really very touching how faithful and kind Julia is to me. Practised piano after dinner. The sky suddenly darkened, there was terrific heat, and heavy clouds began to roll up as I commenced. So I was sure a thunderstorm was going to burst, similar to those in England and France, for there has been very bad weather abroad, and terrible destruction caused in the Azores by the worst earthquake ever experienced there. After tea cycled to Markie, where I had tennis, and after played my Chopin twice by compulsion to himself and his three sisters. I had great sport there.

September 1926

Saturday 4

The end of my holiday work! For I am going to rest completely to-morrow and Monday. The school did badly in the exams, because there is only an adv[ert] in the paper of the school's opening, no list of exhibitions, honours or prizes. At 8 to-day was delighted to find a letter from Páp. But the contents were sorrowful enough. He asks if Mám could do his Cathedral work for a few weeks, as he wants to meet Tagore in München and various other things. But Mám is worn out and nervy, we have no money, and bills are swarming. Páp's Choral Society, and his Harmony and Theory classes will go to pot, so we wrote immediately, I as well as Mám, asking him to come before Sunday next at the latest. That means that Mám will have to play at the big High Mass on Wednesday, which she hates doing, as it is 6 years since she had the choir. She is grateful to know, anyhow, that Páp's works are being performed in the *Münchner Frauenkirche* [Munich cathedral], and in a big tour of the Cathedral choir! Went to Arthur. Came home and talked things over with Mám.

September 1926

Sunday 5

Though I have looked forward to to-day for a long time, it was not so pleasant as I expected. For no pleasure can be enjoyed without some work in the background to throw it into relief. Did nothing but stamps and read 'Lands and Peoples' all day. In the morning cycled to Arthur to tell him I could not come with him to Fountainstown as invited, *mar dheadh* [under the pretence] on account of having to help Mám. Miss O'Brien was for dinner and Fr. McCarthy for tea. He was in Brussels and Aachen for his holidays. He had a frightening

story about a priest's house in remote Scull which he visited, and where all night he was struggling with an abnormally large bat trying to get it out of the window. The priest there knows his house is haunted because one day he saw it blazing madly, and on rushing thither found all quite normal! Farranferris did awfully in the exams. Only 2 out of 16 passed I.C.H.!! [Intermediate Certificate Honours] I suppose poor Timmie Leary has failed. The poor fellow will have to go to America!

September 1926

Monday 6

The last day of my hols! Well, I cannot grumble for I had very happy ones, and worked quite well too. This is also the end of my novena to St Aloysius and of my Masses. Did some gardening and read about India in 'Lands and Peoples'. It must be a glorious, rich country, with its palaces and temples, its processions and elephants and with such buildings as the Shah Jehan's Taj Mahal and Hall of Audience, the fortress of Jodhpur and the Pearl Palace of Gualior. I simply revelled in this chapter. Miss O'Brien's Schiedmayer was shifted into our dining-room to-day for a week or so. Saw in paper that there is military insubordination and martial law in Spain. Got my hair cut and a tooth out at Mr. Scher's. It didn't hurt much being only a baby one and preventing a big one coming down. Cycled to poor Mrs. Horgan's grave in Clogheen Cemetery. It is on top of a hill overlooking the river and is a quiet lonely spot with no sounds but the wind whispering through the trees and the far-off rumbling of carts in the valley below. Poor Mrs. Horgan was Mammie's and Pappie's best friend, but she died in 1920. On the way home got a puncture, so had to walk home. On the way there met Jack MacSwiney who told me Denis Murray, who was 2<sup>nd</sup> out of 11 to pass got 395/400 in Latin – I got 396 last year! Found a 22 cent Washington U.S.A. stamp in my album worth £2!!!

September 1926

Tuesday 7

Back again! The place is teeming with new fellows, 82 all told. We seniors, of course, felt very superior to them. Most of the college is done up and painted. In our class, Senior Honours, Fannie Cottrell and Finbarr Desmond are gone, but instead we have John Lynch, Dick Horn and Denis Murray (he of the 395/400) all very decent fellows. There are a few splendid changes – Fr. Dalton for English, and Fr. Dinnie Murphy for Latin, so I won't have poor old Pa any more. Though it's an ordeal, the fellows are so jolly and witty I don't mind

going back much. Bicycled home at 12, and then did piano, gardening, worked at Latin and read. A terrible catastrophe happened yesterday. In a cinema near Limerick the building caught fire and 50 of the audience were burned to death! Almost the whole village was wiped out – it is appalling. Feeling depressed, Mám and I went to the pictures. We saw Rudolf Valentino, the famous film star who died lately, in ‘A Sainted Devil’. It was neither too bad – nor too good. Then came ‘The Lady?’ the most touching story I ever experienced of the sorrowful life of a poor Cockney girl bred in a music-hall and aged with trouble who showed that even Cockney girls, despite their commonness, can be noble and ladies.

September 1926  
Wednesday 8

To-day is the feast of the Blessed Virgin so there was no school, the boys serving on the altar. Went to 8 Mass, worked, and then went with Mám to the Cathedral. This was the hardest of the two Masses she will have to conduct until Páp comes home. The male choir, or part of it, sang Perosi’s Mass, and Mám was really splendid the way she remembered everything, though it is 6 years since she had the choir, the time when Páp was interned for 4 years. Saw John Cottrell once more. He took part for the last time in the ceremonies and after I caught a glimpse of him flying away in his Fiat. I hope the next time I see him will not be when I come before his judicial gaze. Worked and gardened and read my 14 ‘Lands and Peoples’ which I had stored up to read for the hols. I am afraid there are too many facts in them, if read together, and one obliterating the other, but perhaps I will digest the others better fortnightly. Got almost 7 stamps from Tim and a few from Arthur when I went to [them] with Mám. He has my U.S.A. £2 and a Mafeking £25!!!

September 1926  
Thursday 9

Had a real day’s class to-day. I now see what a terrible fool I was not to go in for the Matric last year. The other fellows have 2 ¾ hours free in the day, while I am swotting maths, and 1 ½ would be invaluable to me, as it is to them, for Latin and Irish. Then there is mix-up about the set authors for the Matric and the more difficult authors for the L.C. H. [Leaving Certificate Honours]. I have got to do both. Faust is on for German in Matric – I never heard of such idiocy! Was delighted anyhow to find Fr. Pat at home, and after dinner we went off for a spin to Fountainstown, I driving. I had a glorious swim there and then we sat high up in the fields overlooking the bay, and ate apples and pears, then home for tea at 8. Had to

study then until 10.30. But I did nothing to-day, while the other fellows are swotting hard up in school.

September 1926

Friday 10

More complications to-day. Found out from Dr. Scannell that Matric authors and L.C.H. course are widely different. In English Matric: – Macbeth, Julius Caesar, poems of Goldsmith, Ruskin. L.C.H.: – Hamlet, Merchant of Venice, Pritchard's Essays, Palgrave's Golden Treasury. So I can't possibly do both. *Me miserum* that I didn't do Matric with the other fellows. But Dr. Scannell suggested by doing L.C.H. (I am not doing maths) and then doing Matric maths alone in order to take out Matric certificate. So he will have the news to-morrow. Worked hard. Had to go to town with Fr. Pat to mind his car while he was getting a clip [haircut]. Had a piano-lesson and was not too bad. So, *Deo volente*, I will get on in my profession, for certainly I will work like a nigger if necessary. The only question is, is like talent forthcoming???

September 1926

Saturday 11

Dr. Scannell has not yet found out about my exams. As I was playing hurley to-day, Morris, who is a terribly swift shooter, whizzed the ball into my rib. Strange to say, I bent down, and my legs broke the force of the ball, and yet I got a terrible pain in my back, though I was hit in the stomach. It got better during class. As I was playing piano, Margaret was cleaning the dining-room windows when the topmost part of one came crashing down like the guillotine-knife. It caught her hand badly, so that she couldn't extricate it, and hearing her screaming I dashed over and tried to raise it but couldn't. Called in a milk-boy, but he failed too. So then thought of getting outside by a narrow ledge, and so I lifted it. Poor Madge's hand was badly bruised, but we bathed and bandaged it, and it is much better. My pain got worse too, and I was like an old man of 90 after tea, almost bent double. I don't know what it is. Sent Madge to Arthur's to say I can't come with them to Muskerry to-morrow.

September 1926

Sunday 12

My back was paining very much all night and at Mass also, but it gradually got better during the day. Worked all morning. The Mendelssohn Fugue I am playing now is really great. I am enjoying it immensely and am learning a good deal from it too. Miss O'Brien was for dinner and as she can only eat chicken, we have been having them for the past few Wednesdays and Sundays. I am growing fat on them. After dinner cycled up to Markie. He was out at a match, but I had a long talk with Andrew about my career, Munich etc. Mark came back and told us that there was such pressure from the host of people, over 30 000 at the match, that there was no room left for the players after a while, and it was stopped. Shows what colossal interest the people take in sport to the exclusion of all else. Had a most enjoyable and funny game of tennis with Markie. Got a fine bunch of grapes to eat! Mr. and Mrs. Neeson were for tea. They reminded me of our stay in Cappoquin. Finished clearing USA stamps. A fine job.

September 1926

Monday 13

Yesterday Miss O'Brien sent me to St. Ita's School with an umbrella. It was Miss Mary MacSwiney opened the door. Whatever about her politics, for an impractical ideal, namely sudden break off and independence from England, cannot be put into force, she is really charming, both in her manner and in her ways. She is a devout Catholic, receiving every morning. As I ought to know, considering she was my mistress for over 3 years.<sup>75</sup> Miss Annie, on the other hand, is more fanatical, and as Pappie says, a '*Treib auf*' [trouble maker] Got only a small portion of my work done, as Mám said we must go to the pictures, for the last time, and have a 'burst' before Páp comes home. The 'Washington' seemed good, 'The Virgin of San Blas' from a Spanish ballad, but unfortunately it was pretty

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<sup>75</sup> The MacSwiney sisters' school, Scoil Íte, opened in September 1916, with Aloys as pupil. So he must have remained there till the end of 1919, before going to the Christian Brothers' College. Mary MacSwiney (1872-1942) had known Tilly Fleischmann from their days as pupils at St. Angela's Ursuline College, where she later taught. She was a suffragette and involved in the republican movement, founding the Cork women's section of the Volunteers, Cumann na mBan, in 1914. After the 1916 rising she was imprisoned, lost her job and on her release had to found her own school. After her brother's death, she spent nearly a year in the USA, lecturing and fundraising with her sister-in-law Muriel. She was elected to the Dáil in 1921 as a Sinn Féin member; she voted against the Treaty. She was interned during the civil war, went twice on hunger strike. She publicly criticised the bishop of Cork for interfering in politics. She refused to recognise the Free State government, and therefore would not accept state grants for her school. She was elected to the Dail again in 1923, but like the other republicans Sinn Féin deputies, would not take her seat. In 1926 de Valera gave up abstentionism; she refused to join his new party, Fianna Fáil. She lost her seat in 1927.

hopeless. I can well understand what an evil effect weekly pictures such as these can have on the mind. I felt pretty rotten after it, though there was nothing particularly objectionable in it.

*[In brackets and crossed out, possibly because it was meant for the entry of September Wednesday 15:]* Written in terrible hurry, because Páp hates seeing me with my diary]

September 1926

Tuesday 14

Dr. Scannell had yet no news about my exams. My hair will turn grey if he doesn't hurry up. In Dr. Dalton's English class we read some of 'Pritchard's Essays of To-day'. Some of them are very fine. He gave us a comp. 'Falling Leaves', which I think is a very beautiful one. I love the whole feeling and atmosphere of the comp. but the worst is that when I try to write it down, it generally vanishes. – We got a telegram from Páp saying he is coming tomorrow! I won't of course go to school. It will be great meeting Páp again after all his adventures in foreign lands. Went to Aunt Elsa for flowers. Had a talk with Uncle Chris. He really is a good old Cork type, not in the least artistic, but good-natured and brusque and kind. Got an enormous bunch from Aunt Elsa, and on the way back got an equally fierce puncture. So I had all the scamps of Cork after me asking for flowers.

September 1926

Wednesday 15

At last Páp is coming back from Germany. Mám and I went at 10 to the quays and stayed till we saw the 'Killarney' and then walked along waving to Páp whom we saw quite plainly. He is looking very well, though a bit thin. Went home and had a great talk, we telling him all our adventures and he his. He told us again and again what a different people they are in Germany from every point of view, in universal culture, love of the beautiful, friendliness, cleanliness in every possible way. He had a glorious holiday. *Grossmamma* [Grandmother] hasn't a single grey hair, and is 80! She can walk for hours and has a wonderful memory. Páp's best friend there is Dr. Berberich, cathedral choir conductor, who has an extraordinary choir. Miss O'Brien was for dinner and we all enjoyed Páp's account immensely. In the night-time attacked 'Falling Leaves'. Had the atmosphere, but of course could not pen it.

Written in terrible hurry because Páp can't bear seeing me writing my diary.

September 1926

Thursday 16

I got fine things from Germany – a fine historical atlas which will be of great use to me, a whole lot of very valuable old silver coins, two sets of glorious Bavarian stamps, though I am afraid one set is forged, and different booklets and a ‘*Sternen Karte*’ [map of the stars]. I am simply delighted with them. – Got a killing letter from Joe Horgan, who is at Clongoes. Dickie was on to me like anything in school, saying I was angelic in other classes because I wanted to make an impression etc but in his I do what I like, and all because I didn’t bring a book to school and was *mar dhea* kicking up a row when two fellows were twisting their eyes horribly, which I can’t stand, Some of the other fellows do what they like and he never says anything. Mám and Páp had terrible confusion today about the funeral of poor Mr. Tom Boylan who died the day before yesterday. There were wrong messages about the funeral and lessons etc. Went down at 6 to tell Arthur Páp wouldn’t let me go to ‘Rosemarie’. He was standing in a queue of [*the text breaks off here*]

September 1926

Friday 17

The fellows were laughing at me again to-day because I was so silent in Dickie’s class. They said I was offended with him and insulted. But I’ll remain so till the end of the year and work hard. Brought my atlas to show Scannie. He’s keeping it till to-morrow. Tried to mend puncture in my bike but couldn’t. Went to Massey’s to get Otho’s German grammar but he hadn’t it, got the Matric programme. Everything is still uncertain. Stamp trade very slack. I have no time on account of study to improve it. We are now doing ‘Torquato Tasso’ in German. I find it a bit too hard.

(Not allowed by Páp henceforth to write more than half a page!)

Threw a dogbomb from the top window and frightened the life out of a gang of urchins who were pacing up and down the terrace laughing and singing.

September 1926

Saturday 18

Dr. Scannell told me several interesting things to-day, amongst them being that Pius X, fearful of having it said that his family – village postmen – benefited from his rising to the Papacy, gave only a little cottage to his sisters in Rome, and that only because in the village



they lived in they were pestered by Yank sight-seers! Hip! Hip! I can do Matric and also Honan Scholarship exams by L.C.H. I was never lucky, but I might as well make a shot for the latter. Perhaps I will include music as a subject and so add a possible 200! Went to Nannie and took away a pair of Mám's shoes by mistake! Markie came to get stamps sorted. I invited him for Friday next. He's a dear old fellow. – Sometimes so many things happen in a day of my life that I get quite confused. I have far too much to do, to see, to hear and read, and often get done in a day what would ordinarily take 3 to get through.

September 1926

Sunday 19

Miss O'Brien was ill again to-day, so were alone for dinner. She's always ailing lately. – Arthur came after dinner while I was writing congratulations to *Grossmutter* [Grandmother] in Germany on her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday.<sup>76</sup> We had great sport with 'Skritchkin', a little sprat on the terrace by frightening him with stories of a huge biting monkey. Went with him to the Honan Home for a message. Then had tea and games of ball at his place. By appointment, met an ex-Farranferris fellow, Angela [?] O'Connor, in his house, and got great stamps from him. – Had to play [the piano] also. I must save up doubles and rob him of his doubles. Also replied to Joe's letter to-day.

September 1926

Monday 20

Dr. Dalton explained to us to-day the origins of '*Dramatis personae*'. The old Greek actors used to wear masks whose mouths were in the shape of a small megaphone, and through these they spoke in order to be heard by everyone in the open arena. Thus they '*personaverunt*' [declaimed]. To-day a small little fellow of Prepar [Preparatory class] was climbing one of the big loot-chests when it fell on top of him and broke his leg! Poor fellow, he was taken off almost unconscious to the hospital. Regarding Hamlet – I am really enjoying Shakespeare and his wonderful imagery more and more every day. Had not so much work to-day so got in ½ hour for stamps.

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<sup>76</sup> Magdalena Fleischmann née Deger was born on 29 September 1846 in Dachau. She died there on 11 August 1928 in the presence of her son.

September 1926

Tuesday 21

Dr. Scannell gave me the [Leaving Cert Music] programme to-day, and I was delighted to find that Mám and Páp thought I could go in for it. But it will be stiff work, and I was in terrible confusion all day arranging this and that, and planning as to how I would get through the different works. It's Lesprints in Dublin that set it. We have already decided what pieces I shall play – shivers! I am a terrible fool in getting panicky when I am playing, as I did to-day at my lesson. I hope I will get through alright. There are 300 marks for it. – There has been a terrific tornado in Florida, thousands killed. The wind blew at rate of 150 m.p.h.

September 1926

Wednesday 22

Had an argument with Charlie O'Connor about Buffaloe Bills and their influence, I con, he pro. I must confess I was beaten. His points – what else can children read when developed from fairy-tale stage, Ballantyne and R.L.S. [Robert Louis Stephenson] just as bloodthirsty, at all events too expressive. I am no match for him anyway in arguing. After dinner went with Markie for a swim to Glanmire. Though a glorious day the water was freezing. Saw some fine white trout. – Mám was delighted to-day because Miss Nolan, one of her piano pupils, who had not turned up for her first lesson some time ago, and gave no explanation or sent message, came and explained everything. Worked at comp.: 'It isn't life that matters, it's the courage we bring to it' and got really fed up at the end.

September 1926

Thursday 23

At Irish to-day it came to my turn to read. Dickie is bald, and seeing further on a description of baldness, and knowing I am too nervous to control my laughing, I tried every means to get it the next fellow's turn to read, but it was of no avail. When it came to the word 'bald' I simply stuck, and couldn't get on for laughing. The other fellows were cross, and I was disgusted with myself, and knew, even while I was laughing, what an unfair thing it was, but that only made me laugh the more. Was fairly disgusted all day. Went and spilled a jug of milk all over the table and over my diary at supper.

September 1926

Friday 24

To my delight Dickie was in great humour to-day, and was exceptionally nice to me. He is very decent all the same. We are all looking forward to Crosshaven to-morrow! Had great fighting and fun all day at school. – My examination music is fine. I am enjoying it immensely – Field's Nocturne 8, and Beethoven's Sonata Opus 10 No. 1. It is glorious. Went to town and did packs of messages. Got 15<sup>th</sup> of 'Lands and Peoples'.

September 1926

Saturday 25

A very fine morning, and at 11 went off for the St Finbarr's day [cathedral choir] excursion. Had a riotous time going down. Immediately went for a swim with 'Suilin' and the rest. The water was beautiful in contrast to the river water at Glanmire on Wed. Ate sweets and chatted and fought till dinner time. We had it at McCarthy's just above Church Bay. Had bananas, liquorice and lemonade. Saw two big liners close at hand. Went for a walk around the cliffs with 'Mountebanks', who told me of his visit to Paris last year. A very travelled fellow, but doesn't gain anything from it. Had another equally enjoyable swim and then tea. There were many priests there and the Bishop. Walked to station then with 'Cha' Connor and 'Monty' and ate sweets and argued all the way. Then more rushing for carriages, slamming of doors, singing and fighting, till back to Cork once more. A really enjoyable day, which it would not be were I not knocking about with fellows I really like.

September 1926

Sunday 26

To-day Fr. Pat is preaching on St. Finbarr over the great Saint's grave at Gougane Barra, in Irish. – Sophia came to us before dinner. She just returned from hols at Northington. She has a fine time; every summer she goes at least as far as England and generally to Brittany. Had to amuse her and Arthur by showing them my cinematograph. Bargained with Arthur for stamps – he has just bought a fine collection for 7/6! Nearly finished U.S.A. stamps. Páp has a great scheme, not yet developed, of giving lessons in Bantry. It might mean hols in Germany next year!

September 1926

Monday 27

Banged my head off a blackboard in school, *ex quo factum est* a lump the size of an egg, nearly, on my forehead. – The war in China is still progressing. Great battles are being fought while English, American and Japanese warships are hovering around, being fired at occasionally by the Chinese troops. – There is a full account of Fr. Pat's sermon at Gougane on the paper. – A most ridiculous fuss has been made about a boxer named Tunney beating Dempsey in some world championship or other. Both are more famous now than Napoleon ever was.

September 1926

Tuesday 28

As all my class were on ceremonies in St. Finbarr's to-day, there was no class, and I finished all my work in school. – Our hall and all the window sashes have just been nicely done up. – Miss Nolan and Mrs. Joyce Sullivan, Mám's private pupils, came to-day, and next Sunday she will have Dr. Hobart, so she is getting on alright. Saw criticisms of Mám's old concerts. Even in 1910 Cork was vigorous and energetic in the musical line. Kreisler played there, and Mám's and Páp's wonderful concerts were better appreciated. What a life Mám had in Munich compared to this! Struggled at comp. 'To thyself be true'.

September 1926

Wednesday 29

Finished all my work in school, and so had good time for harmony and piano at home. I had a great lesson. All the same I must be very dense and unmusical if Páp cannot instil into me some of his wonderful improvisations and counterpoint – that is, if I work hard, which I am going to do. Cycled to Sophie and robbed her of some of her doubles, then went to Arthur and exchanged with him. Got 2. Am now free of debt. Stamps and 'Lands and Peoples'. Every time I think of the Choral Society it pains me because I know its day is over and it can never be resurrected to what it was before the last big concert.

September 1926

Thursday 30

Got a terrible shock to find that a poor little fellow, Maxwell Moffat, living at the end of the terrace, has got St. Vitus dance. He must have got it within the last few days, because he

was quite healthy two weeks ago. It is piteous to see him playing with the children. – Tried to finish my lessons with a great rush, but didn't succeed, and so had to go to Mangans' to hear the first National wireless concert without finishing them. Got a puncture on the way – misfortune never comes singly. Heard Brahms 1<sup>st</sup> Symphony, 3 Arias by Handel, 3 of Wagner's songs: 'Schmerzen', 'Träumen' and 'Im Treibhaus' and a Suite by Rimsky-Korsakov. It was all very fine, and I enjoyed it immensely. Hamilton Harty conducted. Saw on the Radio Times a picture of the five great composers Beethoven, Handel, Brahms, Wagner and Rimsky-Korsakov, and it was curiously fantastic to watch the characteristics in the face of each while the music was going on. Came home too late to finish ex.

October 1926

Friday 1

1<sup>st</sup> Friday. Did some Latin, dashed to Mass and back, gobbled breakfast and ran to school, and in spite of all didn't get my work done. – When I came home I got one of those curious fits where a thousand things are troubling me, and I imagine that I can never get ¼ of them finished. It is a sort of imaginative despair. – Got a fat letter full of cigarette cards and good stamps from Julia. She is really very kind. I was thinking of how generous she is to bother about me who am so far away, and when or how I ever did anything disinterested like that for anyone. I am afraid never. Wrote to Fr. Pat thanking him for lovely snipe he sent me.

October 1926

Saturday 2

I can never get my work finished lately, and I am dissatisfied with that of it which I can get done. Must make new arrangements. Invited Markie for to-day and made great preparations, but he could stay only ½ hour after all my trouble. I only showed him some slides. – I have no trust in myself at all, and never can tell whether I am getting on or going backwards in my examination music. Went and bust the lights in the lights in the top storey, by unknowingly breaking the bulb, and then switching it on. Short circuit followed. Páp swore I would never put on magic lantern again.

October 1926

Sunday 3

Yesterday Páp played for me a wonderful song he has composed to an old German text, about Death the Reaper. It is very beautiful, and in one part would make you quite eerie

where he brings in the rhythm of Death sharpening his scythe. – Arthur came to-day to invite me to Rochestown, so rushed lessons and dinner, and went with whole family, Nannie, and Mademoiselle de Talec to Rochestown by train. Had a lovely swim and great fun. In the evening, the station-master explained most of the machinery in the signal box to me, and gave us a wonderful flower called the Passion flower. In it he showed us the 3 nails, 5 blessed wounds and the crown of thorns. Came home, finished ex. and read, and did stamps.

October 1926

Monday 4

A lively and merry day in school. Whenever there is a dull moment, I look through the wood of study to the pleasant vale of stamps and reading awaiting me behind, and the vale is all the more pleasant and alluring because it is seldom I can reach it. – Got measured for my new trousers. Couldn't get Leaving Cert Hons. programme again to-day, so I will have to remain uncertain about piano for a few more days. Got puncture in bike settled. Have rotten luck with it lately. I am always getting punctures.

October 1926

Tuesday 5

I cracked a hurley a few days ago belonging to Bernard O'Connell, but when I asked him if I would replace it, to-day, he was decent enough not to let me do so. Forgot to learn my poetry for Dr. Dalton to-day, too. – Our milkman is collecting stamps for me now, and nearly every morning when I run out he has some for me, and good ones, too. – Miss Nolan and Mrs. Sullivan came to-day for their lessons. Dr. Hobart will be coming. So Mám is getting on. Had no piano-lesson myself but had a good practice when Mám and Páp were out at supper with Dr. Donovan. – From long custom to be sleeping with someone I have grown very nervous. It is really ridiculous, but I can't help it. I must this term get a room to myself, and try and get some sort of courage anyway.

October 1926

Wednesday 6

The rest of the class<sup>77</sup> were on ceremonies to-day, as this is the centenary of St. Vincent's convent. They are in their hey-day, because they all have a great banquet, hear concerts and plays of all sorts, and get off school. The whole day was dreary and oppressive. Cycled to Arthur, and got 35 stamps! Am deeply in debt: I owe him 30. Got comp 'If winter comes, can spring be far behind?' done in good time, and I think, quite well. Sorted stamps and read 16 'Lands and Peoples'.

October 1926

Thursday 7

Dickie had a round-up of Irish books to-day, because few of us have them all. He makes us buy over a pound's worth of books, and never does even a quarter of any one of them. – Mrs. Vaudrey [*née* Mollie Basset] visited Mám this evening. She was an old friend of Mrs. Horgan's, and Mám and Páp, Mrs. Horgan and she had many a delightful day together in the old days. She went to England, however, before poor Mrs. Horgan died, so it brought on her a host of old memories to see Lacaduv,<sup>78</sup> and to see Mám and Páp again. I have got but a faint recollection of her.

October 1926

Friday 8

Dr. Scannell gave me a fierce eating to-day because I had not a History epitome done, but I explained to him at German-class that I could scarcely get my ordinary work done, not to mind extras.<sup>79</sup> – Fr. Pat came to-day. We have not seen him for 5 weeks. He had to motor home this evening, however. – When I am studying, sometimes I get sort of panicky as to whether I am not really mucking up my brain with stuff which I will ignore after, and then I will have scarcely any left for music. But let the Fates decide!

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<sup>77</sup> Presumably the boys preparing to study for the priesthood.

<sup>78</sup> Lacaduv was the name of the Horgan residence on the Lee Road, Sunday's Well.

<sup>79</sup> Aloys seems to have been the only boy in his class studying German, so could talk freely there.

October 1926

Saturday 9

President Cosgrave and some of the Free State ministers have visited Cork within the last few days, and they were present at the centenary in St. Vincent's. – Had some great fighting at school to-day. Was disgusted to find that the cloth for my new trousers has been sold out, so I will only have to wear out my short-trouser suit and get a new one at Xmas. – I have some very curious peculiarities of thought. The week is always reflected in my brain as follows: Monday – dark green, Tuesday – light green, Wed. – red, Thurs – white, Friday – grey, Sat – black and Sunday – white. I always picture the week as a slab with different colours. This seems to have originated when I was very young and Páp was in the camp. Monday and Tues were middling days, accordingly green. Wed. was a hated day, as Mám was all day teaching at the School. Thurs was a delightful day, as Mám had no teaching and no Cathedral. Friday – grey because Nannie used to come with fish. Sat. black, most hated day in week, as Mám was working all day. Sunday white because no school, and went with Mám to Cathedral.

October 1926

Sunday 10

When I have least to do, then I take the longest time to do it. Yet I had a lot of free time to-day. Dr. Frend, a young Hungarian, studied in Vienna, and who is eminent as a doctor, was for tea. His English is killing, but he is charming. I must get to know him better. Went to Mr. Corkery. The music on the wireless was very second-rate. Mr. and Mrs. Breen and Mr. Brady were there – all semi-musical musicians. Mr. Breen<sup>80</sup> is a very rough fellow. All day I read 'My New Curate', which Fr. Dalton gave me to read. I never enjoyed anything so much. It is so quiet, homely and humorous and at the same time has a great depth of philosophy. Canon Sheehan describes the peasants' characters as an enigma, yet in his treatment he shows us their innermost lives and having read, we can understand this charming, simple, but sometimes paradoxical map. – Every time I read a good book, it gives me inspiration to be better from every point of view.

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<sup>80</sup> Denis Breen was a primary school teacher, a Gaelic Leaguer, a lover of music and a professed atheist. He had provided the music for the theatre founded by Corkery, Terence MacSwiney and others. Frank O'Connor describes him in *An Only Child* (Ch 4, p 152-3) as loud, emotional, intense, dogmatic. He reports that Breen had no time for Cork's German musicians, whose authority, like that of the clergy, he repudiated.



October 1926

Monday 11

‘The Beggars’ Opera’ is at present in Cork and ‘Lilac Time’ was on last week. We are getting some good things at last. – To-day I had to ride back immediately after school for a hurley practice – the matches will be coming off soon. We had a sort of a match. I never play well, I am much too nervous. I don’t know what on earth made them put me on the eligible sub-team. It was great exercise anyhow, as we had leap-frog and running. Got through my lessons and piano *nescio quomodo* [I know not how].

October 1926

Tuesday 12

Mrs. Vaudrey was for tea this evening. She is a very charming little person. I remember her presence and voice now though it is 7 years since she was here. – Rushed through some lessons, didn’t finish and went with Mám to ‘Helen of Troy’. I think I never enjoyed anything so much. For the first part, each of the characters were purely classical – Helen, Paris, Achilles, Menelaus, Agamemnon had countenances which might have been taken from statues on the Acropolis, there was no modernism about them, but severe and rigidly beautiful. The setting was most beautiful, the galleys, the attack on Troy, the wooden horse, the conflicts between the opposing armies were something wonderful in their perfection. Old King Priam and Andromache were the most touching figures, and Hecuba – ‘What is Hecuba to him and he to Hecuba’! – The whole picture made me think of the great kingdoms of Bithynia, Sydia, Karia, Pontus, Syria, Pathia and all their glory. Where are they now?

October 1926

Wednesday 13

Dreams of a quite different atmosphere washed away all the influence of yesterday’s spectacle from my imagination. – I never know what to make of Fr. O’Flynn. He is mid-way between the ideal and the practical, and as a result his work leaves no fruit. – To-day was a struggle against time. Just had enough to dash to Arthur, reduce my stamp debt to 10, and dash back again. Floundered through comp.: ‘Does a man know more of his own character than his friends’ and made a miserable mess of it.

October 1926

Thursday 14

Dr. Scannell is at present in Dublin, so did home-work during free hours of History and German. Today begins the Retreat, the last of my schools-days. This is my fourth year at Farran Ferris, and I have made 3 retreats, this being my fourth and last. When I was in Juniors, I used to look with awe at the majestic fellow in Seniors, and wonder they were not all pale with terror when the Preacher told us how many of us were going forth into the world to earn their living. Now I am there myself, one of the great seniors, and next year I too will have said good-bye to school and boyhood. I must make the retreat well now.

Devotions from 6-7.30. Fr. Conolly is our preacher. His sermons are short and to the point, and I enjoy his cheerfulness and Irishness, so different to our last retreat conductors who only tried to terrify us. Went to choir's first practice. There were 24 there. But please God, it will be better next night. Páp has decided to be much stricter.

October 1926

Friday 15

Went to 8 Mass and then to Retreat at 10. From 10-2 made Stations of the Cross, read life of St Aloysius, which I think a really sensible and inspiring book, and heard lectures. Made 7 good resolutions. Miss O'Brien was for dinner. An awkward circumstance occurred in which I was blamed by both Mám and Páp. Fr. Pat came in his car, and I ran out, and told him we were all at dinner, and that Miss O'Brien was there. He said that his aunt was dying, and that he would come back again after visiting the hospital. Attended evening retreat. Fr. Pat was there when I came home. Finished practically the last of my ex. and read 'My New Curate'.

October 1926

Saturday 16

Made a good general Confession to-day and attended Retreat well. Col. Brase was there to-day, and when I came home at 7 from Retreat, Mammie and Páp and he had gone to Horgans' for supper. – We up at Farran Ferris are very conservative in keeping up old customs, and immediately the last lecture has been delivered, and we dayboys have got coats on, we all have a mad rush for the gates at the end of the avenue, in order to see who will be the first to speak. For we are not allowed speak within school grounds. – Wrote a long letter to Fräulein Engelmann thanking her for her letter and Saor-stamps. Finished 'My

New Curate'. I enjoyed it immensely. I found it a simple, absorbing, lovable book, and from it have understood the Irish peasant-folk, and the daily life of the pathetic old country parish priest a thousand times better than I did before.

October 1926

Sunday 17

Retreat was ended this morning with Mass by the reverend, beautiful old Bishop,<sup>81</sup> Benediction, and a fine ringing sermon. At breakfast there was great rejoicing, fun and speech-making. Worked and read till dinner, when Mám, Páp and I went to the Opera House for the first of Col. Brase's concerts. We were all behind the stage – it was a great relief not to be worried and harassed the whole time by fears for our part in the concert, as was the case in his first two visits. Programme was delightful – it is extraordinary to what pitch of excellence he has brought those country lads, but he is a veritable tyrant. His men both love and are terrified of him. Among other things was Nicolai's overture to 'The Merry Wives of Windsor'. This has always had the most wonderful fascination and charm for me. Col. Brase came to us for tea. The evening concert was still finer and the mighty living organ responded to overture to 'Faust' and to 'Rhinegold'. The houses were not too good, but they were all highly enthusiastic. Col. Brase, Horgans, Michael Donovan<sup>82</sup> the poet, Dr. Frend were for supper. But I was not privileged. I wrote my diary in the kitchen while the gods did sit at table.

October 1926

Monday 18

As all the visitors' things were in the bedroom last night I decided to rest in Páp's room till they were gone, but I fell asleep, and slept through the night with all my clothes on. Felt very funny in the morning after it. Criticism in paper of Brase's concert was at all events very enthusiastic. *Satis apparebat* [it was perfectly clear] that the critic was trying to show a little knowledge but failed. Mám told me that the supper the night before was highly successful in every way. – Miss O'Brien slept with us Sunday night and to-night. She is moving into her new home.

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<sup>81</sup> The Bishop was Daniel Cohalan (1856-1952), who became Bishop of Cork in 1916. In 1950, aged 94, he finally agreed to a coadjutor bishop being appointed to assist him. Aloys Fleischmann was interned on 4 Jan 1916, so it was Tilly Fleischmann who directed the music at Cohalan's inauguration, and he who had allowed her take on her husband's work as organist and choirmaster.

<sup>82</sup> The real name of the writer known as Frank O'Connor.

October 1926

Tuesday 19

As I walked down the avenue, I saw the Bishop coming upwards, and he actually knew me by name, though it is many years since he used to pat me on the head, and call me 'little Aloys'. He graciously let me kiss his ring, and wished me a successful school-year. – My new long trousers actually came to-day. It is a splendid fit! – Dr. Hobart came to-day. Mám says he is really charming, and is so enthusiastic that he is considering lessons right off [right away?]. Mr. Brady and Mrs. Sullivan played their chamber music for Mám today. They are giving a concert in December. Mr. Brady<sup>83</sup> was for tea. He taught me violin before. – 17.000 miners left work in the English coal pits again to-day. There is a terrible scarcity of coal here and everywhere. Germany will only leave a certain amount out as otherwise the price would go up for home consumption. – Mám was very pleased with my piano at lesson. I have finished Field's 11<sup>th</sup> Nocturne (for exam).

October 1926

Wednesday 20

Was astonished to find that I am nominated for the Senior Cup trial match with Fermoy to-day. My place was right wing forward. Cycled home and finished Harmony and piano. Then cycled up to school. We all went then up to the camp field near the barracks and met the Fermoy fellows there. The match began. I played hopelessly throughout, scarcely hitting the ball once. We were finally beaten by a point. The rest of the fellows were disgusted with me. I am never any good at games, except perhaps at tennis, but all the same, I felt pretty miserable. Didn't wait for dinner up there. I hate the forced: 'Well played'. Had a good tea, to make up, did comp.: 'The readiness is all' fairly well, and had a good read of 'Lands and Peoples'.

October 1926

Thursday 21

We spent all Latin and Maths class to-day writing out for Fr. Wesley, the Bishop's Secretary, corrections to an Episcopal letter. – Got a cardigan. – I am getting very stylish. Also got examination music. Went to choir practice. Only an improvement of 10 since the

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<sup>83</sup> W. E. taught the violin and viola at the Cork School of Music. He was to lead Fleischmann's University Orchestra, founded in 1934, later re-named Cork Symphony Orchestra, for twenty years, from 1934-1954, occasionally performing as soloist with the orchestra.

last day! Terror!! I don't know what will happen. The choir is evidently dead and it requires energy and energy alone to bring it to life. Pappie doesn't seem to care a hang about it. The members should be baited – with Duff's military band and a big concert – and should be individually sought after. The 'Creation' sounded very beautiful as I was going away. But it sounded as if the choir was fading into nothingness.

October 1926

Friday 22

Got fine Syrian stamps from a fellow in school whose aunt is a nun in Damascus. – Wore my new pull-over. It looks very well. Finished No. 17 'Lands and Peoples'. It is really very interesting, and I am learning immensely from it. Began Esposito's studies for my exam in music. They are pretty difficult. The want of coal is appalling, for there is none to be had anywhere. The poor must be in a terrible state, especially as the winter is so severe. We are alright, having oil stove and gas.

October 1926

Saturday 23

Dr. Scannell gave me 3 fine overprinted Maltese stamps to-day. He and Fr. Dalton made up a ballad of about 20 verses for the match which is coming off to-morrow between Cork and Kilkenny. They are real babies. Dr. Scannell is going up to Dublin this evening with the team, and they all intend singing this patriotic lay. I was nearly pulled to pieces when the fellows spotted my new pull-over. Nothing escapes their observation. Joe Mangan, a very good pupil of Mám's and my old class-mate in Christians, is actually giving up piano, and going to Dublin to enter Brase's band! In the contract he must swear to stay for 12 years in it, and will have to live practically as a common soldier! I am afraid his career is ruined. His ambition is, of course, to become a great band-conductor.

October 1926

Sunday 24

The children at the 10 o'clock Mass to-day in St. Patrick's sang very sweetly. Every Sunday morning I have a terrible headache, which destroy my reading or stamp-arranging I may do during the day. The church and then working till 1 or 2 probably give it to me because I have no fresh air. – Read Canon Sheehan's 'The Blindness of Dr. Gray'. What a contrast the stern intellectual and perhaps puritan-like Dr. Gray to good-natured, easy-going Daddie

Dan! But I am enjoying it immensely. The character of this theologian is being wonderfully worked out. In one part there Canon Sheehan refers to that rapture which only poets or musicians feel when they composed an exalted theme. I also have felt that joyous ecstasy in my petty way when I discovered a passage which to me seemed good in that little thing I composed last Xmas. Went to Arthur, who was out. Got rid of stamp debt. Mrs. Stockley came to us for tea. She came back yesterday from the continent. Dr. Frend was also there. He had a bad accident in the college yesterday when some chemical solution exploded in his face. He is all bandaged.

October 1926  
Monday 25

Yesterday evening Páp discussed about his going fortnightly to Bantry to teach there. The arrangements are now almost complete. It will mean about £200 a year extra and perhaps a holiday for all of us in Germany!!! – Dr. Scannell was in great humour to-day because Cork won the all-Ireland championship yesterday; the team gave him a hurley with all their names on it. 4,000 people went to Dublin from Cork alone to see the match! And then they say there is no money in the country. Fr. Pat came to-day, as his aunt died on Sat. and he was in Cork yesterday for the funeral. He is looking splendid. The curate is in Vienna ill, so he has a terrible lot of work to do, but after all work and fresh air and exercise are the best things a man can have.

October 1926  
Tuesday 26

Had the misfortune to slide most peacefully into a big, muddy pool playing hurley at play to-day, and simply destroyed the short trousers of my new suit and my new pull-over. Spent half an hour mopping the mud off, but it was no use, and I was drenched, so I got leave to go home. Changed and washed. Got practically all my ex. done. Mr. Brady and Mrs. Sullivan played their chamber-music again to-day. I simply revel in chamber-music. I think it delightful and especially the Beethoven they are doing. I will never forget the Brodsky quartet that were brought over 2 years ago, and the Schumann quintet, when Mám played the piano. It was magnificent. – Had piano lesson. Finished Beethoven for the present.

October 1926  
Wednesday 27

Had a great argument with Charlie O'Connor and some other fellows about Bavaria. Told them about the great kings, King Ludwig II, and the wonderful ceremonies of church and state. Ventured to make a comparison with Ireland and got my head chopped off. They certainly licked me in the debate. – Had a not too successful harmony lesson, and was moody all day. But I knew a reaction was bound to come, and so it did. Got through comp 'All the world is a stage', in which I tried the experiment of four rhetorical paragraphs, each beginning and augmenting a sentence about life. I wonder what Fr. Dalton will say. Enjoyed 'The Blindness of Dr. Gray' and stamps to the full. – Began Schumann's Novelette to-day. It is wonderful.

October 1926  
Thursday 28

Dr. Scannell has this year taken over Senior Pass Latin class, who are so bad and lazy that the name has become a proverb, and every day there is murder during the class. A few days ago he called them a gang in the History class, and they took it up literally and formed one with Joe Ganley as President, Hunt as Secretary, etc. Their motto is *Vive le canaille!* and they have a Mirabeau and a Philippe Egalité amongst them. We of the Honours class are the Aristos, and we have the best of sport fighting, and having hurling matches, in factions. *Vive le canaille! Vive les aristos!!* – Got No. 18 'Lands and Peoples' It is fine, dealing with L[\_?], Persia and 6 South American Republics. – Whenever I hear Mám play 'St Francis Preaching to the Birds' I get a sort of indefinable loneliness, and think of the sad desolate stretch of sand by Howth with the curlews and the gulls and their sad cries. It [was] two years ago when Mám and I were in Dublin for 2 weeks, when she gave a wonderful Liszt recital. That must be the connection.

October 1926  
Friday 29

At Col. Brase's advice, Mám is reading Coué's '*Selbstbemeisterung*' ['Self Mastery through Conscious Autosuggestion']<sup>84</sup> and she thinks it wonderful. The only disadvantage is that

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<sup>84</sup> Émile Coué (1857-1926) was a French pharmacist and psychologist who discovered the impact of suggestion and developed a method of psychotherapy and self-healing. He believed that many problems and indeed

exercises must be done daily. One splendid idea is emphasised, namely that in certain cases will-power does not count, but the conquering of the imagination, as I discovered to my cost when in Dickie's class the more will-power I used to try and stop laughing, the more I laughed. Went in great style with my new suit to the theatre where I was kindly invited by Mrs. Stockley and Sophie to see Donizetti's 'Don Pasquale'. All the so-called noblesse of Cork were assembled. I enjoyed it immensely, it is so charming and fascinating, and develops so quaintly. Perhaps the last scene is a bit of a disappointment. But the Don was wonderful, so fussy, whimsical and erratic. Norina had a delightful voice, flute-like and silvery, and her mimicry and Spanish character was excellent. The doctor was likewise charming. I wish I knew more about opera in general. Then I could hold forth!

October 1926  
Saturday 30

Great day of match with North Monastery. Got a half-day, did some work, and walked to match. My place, left wing forward, was ably filled by Paddie Sullivan. I was delighted I was not put on the team as I would only have made a mess of it as usual. At half time the score was 1 point – 2 goals to North Mon. so we all felt extremely despondent. After a terribly exciting tussle, and wonderful play by our lads we won by 2 points. Mighty rejoicing and cheering. We have only to beat Pres now for final. John Cotterell was at the match, also his sister. He is a veritable giant now, 6 ft 4. – Dr. Frend came this evening, and there was a great discussion about Coué's book. Dr. Frend will be kind enough to act as hypnotist to Mám.

October 1926  
Sunday 31

The new feast day of the Kingship of Christ.

Dr. Frend was present at dinner and there was most interesting conversation about the incredible English propaganda work during the war. Mám told us how Fr. Thomas, a distinguished Cork priest, went around the country giving lantern slide illustrations of German atrocities (what work for a priest). But he was everywhere met by real Celtic wit, and his campaign proved a failure. In all the country towns he visited, the ludicrously

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illnesses could be cured via the unconscious by use of the imagination rather than conscious will-power. He regarded himself not as a healer but one who taught others to heal themselves.



barbaric German soldiers were frantically cheered and applauded in the pursuit of their crimes! So he gave it up. – We all went to Stockleys, where were present Prof. Sullivan, Prof. Barry – a former German-eater but now most profuse in semi-apologies and courtesies to Mám and Páp – Mr. Corkery, Mrs. McDonnell of Bandon, Mrs. Bergin, and Mr. and Mrs. Neeson. Prof. Lily Sullivan is charming – so cultured and so droll. The whole afternoon reminded me of the time when I rolled Sophie around the garden in a wheelbarrow with divers accidental tumbles and screechings or when we hid behind curtains, squeaking and giggling while a most distinguished assembly was seated in the drawing room. Dr. Frend after gave Mám successful Coué practice at home.

November 1926

Monday 1

The Feast of All Saints. Went to Holy Communion. The bliss of a free day! Wrote to Joe and Fräulein Engelmann, piano and harmony, and settled down to enjoy myself. Finished ‘The Blindness of Dr. Gray’. I enjoyed it immensely. It taught me what wonders a good book can do, from every standpoint. The gypsies, and again Irish peasant life, have been wonderfully portrayed. – Yesterday Mám was speaking about a book which Mr. Horgan has containing extracts from great men’s writing about the war. It is extraordinary how bigoted and biased are such men as Chesterton, Wells, etc. They ought to know better. Some of the extracts were atrocious. Rode to Markie but he was out. Drew up a plan of hall for Mám’s concert. Worked at Austrian stamps and read. What I call unalloyed pleasure!

November 1926

Tuesday 2

Dr. Scannell told us all about the murder of the Czar and his family during the Russian revolution of 1917 in class this morning. Eugène Beauharnais, who became Duke of Leuchtenberg, settled down in southern Russia. His children’s tutor later became tutor to the Czarovitch, and Dr. Scannell read a book by him describing how the Czar and his family fled to Tobolsk, were thrown into a dungeon by the Jewish prefect, and brutally murdered.<sup>85</sup> – I think I did nothing but laugh and fight the whole day. The boys attacked me in Fr.

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<sup>85</sup> It was the Kerensky government that banished the Czar and family to Tobolsk, where they lived in the governor’s house from August 1917 to April 1918. On 30 April they were removed to the city of Yekaterinburg in the Urals. There they lived in the Ipatiev villa for nearly three months. In July 1918 they were murdered in the cellar of that building. The killing was ordered by the leaders of the revolution and not by any local official, Jewish or otherwise.

Murphy's class to-day, but I held my own against them. – Mrs. Sullivan took tea while I was doing my ex. and I had to talk with her. Got finished nevertheless and read.

November 1926

Wednesday 3

This morning I showed to the lads of my class a wonderful book, '*Deutsche Dome*' [German Cathedrals] in which are given pictures of many glorious cathedrals throughout the *Vaterland*. Determining to have their joke at my expense, with Irish wit they burst into laughter at every illustration I showed them and apostrophised the arch-cathedrals of Ballydehob and Innishannon. Still I could see that they were impressed by the wonderful architecture agreed in contrast to the lack here. – Traded stamps with Brian. Finished comp 'The purpose of playing is... to hold the mirror up to nature'. Read and stuck in stamps.

November 1926

Thursday 4

Had very interesting history class. Dr. Scannell told us how the Vatican and Castle Gandolfo outside Rome are ex-territorial, but still the Pope is hampered by censorship of letters, etc. Mussolini, the Prime Minister, evidently intends to grant the Pope a narrow strip of land, parallel to the Tiber, to the sea, so that ships with important messages and foreign ambassadors could be conducted to the Vatican without coming under Italian law. – Learnt also that Machiavelli was a historian of Florence who wrote a book '*Il Principe*' dealing with the deceit and chicanery a prince should practise. Hence 'Machiavellism'. – A wild wintry night. – Mám's programme is developing wonderfully. It is a great education for me to be listening nightly to it.

November 1926

Friday 5

1<sup>st</sup> Friday. A terrible rush to get to school in time – Saw in paper that the Pope has just married his niece, and thus broken a tradition which has lasted since the Renaissance! Mussolini's life has been attempted upon for the third time this year. He seems to have miraculously escaped. Got a fine hurley from Mr. Barry, a singer in Páp's choir. It is really nice of him. I scarcely know him at all.

November 1926

Saturday 6

While playing with my new hurley, I got the ball in my face to-day. – Read in German something about ‘the man with the iron mask’. The story has a great fascination for me and I suppose for all boys. Dr. Scannell looked up the encyclopaedia and there was a lot given about this strange royal prisoner, but nothing definite is known. It is believed he was son of Anne of Austria by a secret marriage. This was made known to Louis XIV when he came of age, and it is said he entrusted the imprisonment of his half-brother to Louvois. I must read Dumas’ book about it some time. – Got my hair cut on my way back from school. – There is good news from Bantry. 51 singers for Páp’s choral class and 16 private. – There was a terrific storm two nights ago. The ‘Killarney’ got a terrible buffeting from Cork to Fishguard.

November 1926

Sunday 7

Worked till dinner. Mám had an at-home this evening. Mrs. Stockley and Sophia, Fr. MacCarthy, Dr. and Mrs. Donovan, Dr. Frend, Miss O’Brien came. I must say it was rather boring. There was no interesting conversation, and there was the mighty Sophia and I had no means of entertaining her. While Dr. Frend put Mám through Dr. Coué’s exercises, I read and worked at Italian stamps. The article on Persia is very interesting. A Persian salute is: ‘May your nose grow fat’! The article on Japan is great. I am learning enormously from it.

November 1926

Monday 8

Dr. Donovan is now beginning German, and he gave Mám a few hints that it would be splendid for him if I could help him with it. I would love to, and would learn a great deal myself, besides being very much honoured, but he didn’t like to mention it yesterday, so evidently it is off. – Pap has a great idea for his choir: he will present an operetta next January, Gluck’s ‘Mai Königin’ [May Queen]. This will be splendid for holding the choir together but it will mean fierce work and must be excellent if performed at all. – The Bantry scheme is working splendidly. He is going down Tuesday week. Saw in paper that skeleton of a gigantic mammal has been hauled up in Cork harbour. The Dublin university students had a great rag [a carnival] yesterday. They formed a procession headed by HRH Prince of

Wales and Mussolini, the former being congratulated on the arrival at College Green for not having fallen off his steed, and the latter for not having been assassinated. Mussolini and 'Tim Healy', the Governor General [head of the Free State representing the monarch] then made speeches, that they would make Ireland into a limited company, and each become dictator!

November 1926

Tuesday 9

Was sent by Dr. Scannell on a message to Blarney Street schools. They look pretty dilapidated. These are in a part of Cork in which I never was before. As small as Cork is, I am sure I have not been through 2/3 of it. – Heard Mrs. Sullivan and Mr. Brady play their chamber-music again. It is wonderful. – Had a lesson, and was quite good. That Schumann Novelette is glorious. Finished the first of Esposito's studies. They are dry and ugly. Got a huge packet from poor Julia, full of splendid stamps and cigarette-cards. She is a good faithful creature. Also got a letter – the third – from Joe Horgan. He is very witty and certainly knows how to write.

November 1926

Wednesday 10

Saw in paper photograph of newly-married bridal pair, the Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium (whose mother was daughter of King of Bavaria) and Princess Astrid of Sweden. They look a charming couple such as one would read of in fairy-tales. – Was singularly depressed all day. Coming home at 12 on Wednesdays and being left to work by myself seems to make me moody and bad-tempered. On other days, I have no time to be anything else but cheery, having such an amount of work to do. Went to Arthur and swapped stamps. – Struggled through comp.: 'Nothing became Hamlet in life like the leaving it' and took 2 ½ hours to do it! This is terrible. I must try and do it in 1 hour next time.

November 1926

Thursday 11

Fr. Pat came to-day. Mám played for him and Dr. Frend after tea. It was magnificent. Indeed, there is no doubt that she excels all such pianists as Cortot and -?mmel who score merely by getting names, yet 'many a flower was born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air'. And Mám had her day of recognition in Bavaria too, when she

was presented to the King, and, please God, she will yet become better known, even in this 'musical' city. I would have loved to listen to the whole programme, but had to dash to the Choral practice. They have decided now to produce Gluck's 'Mai Königin', but the attendance was only a bit better than usual. They must buck up if it is to be a success.

November 1926

Friday 12

Dr. Scannell was rather sick to-day, yet he had his usual classes. – I could listen for hours to the fellows telling stories about the habits and ways of some of the fellows in the College. Some of them are really droll. – Mám was not well at all to-day. She over-excited herself yesterday. Nannie was there as usual, very fussy and talkative but a well-meaning poor soul. – Heard that Shaw got the Nobel Prize, £6,500! Surely he is rich enough, and many another on-coming dramatist could well accept such a huge gift.

November 1926

Saturday 13

Got the first of a fine new series of German stamps, each portraying the head of some great statesman, poet or artist. Got 30 *pfennig* [pence] Lessing. I must get the rest, both unused and used. Saw some time ago in the paper that the minister for post decided to have the head of Frederick the Great on the 10 *pfennig* one, the most common of the set, and there is a great row going on between monarchists and republicans, the latter objecting to the 10 *pfennig* as monarchist propaganda. – Am getting on well at harmony. Can now end with sept and make little modulations instinctively without reasoning them out at all.

November 1926

Sunday 14

There was a terrible thunderstorm last night, similar to that of a few nights ago. Thank goodness, I slept right through it. But poor Mám didn't sleep a wink. These two thunderstorms have been accompanied by world earthquakes! Worked, wrote letter to Julia, and went to Stockleys' on a message. – Went to Mr. Corkery, and heard 'La Traviata' from Hamburg, and other foreign stations. Dr. Frend to-day told Mám that he was a Jew. He has had a very sorrowful life, losing his betrothed, who died just before their marriage, and having to resign several professorships owing to his religion. Wrote advert letters for Mám.

November 1926

Monday 15

Fr. Murphy met with an accident yesterday, how we don't know, for all his nose is bruised and his hand sprained. – Fell myself and banged my head badly. My head is terribly sensitive, and I am always getting headaches, so this won't improve it. – This morning read that a poor civic guard was shot yesterday while at his tea, this being part of a series of Republican raids. It is disgraceful and seems as if we are going to have the old unrest again. The Republicans have won, by going to court about it, 2,000,000 dollars collected in America, so it looks as though they are going to begin a war against the Free State again.

November 1926

Tuesday 16

Great excitement in school about the match. Discovered that my knee, which I scratched a few days ago, had swollen a lot and was very sore, so got iodine put on it by the Reverend Mother. – Mám and I were astonished to get a letter from Miss O'Brien, who went to London some days ago for her health (*otiosis sibi cavere tempus habet*) saying she was advised to go to south France for her nerves (!), for she is run-down, and needs change of air, country and people! That means that we won't see her till at least after Xmas. It came so suddenly that it is quite a shock. We have few enough friends here, goodness knows. Páp went to-day to Bantry giving lessons for first time. – Saw that Emperor of Japan is at present very sick. So Japan is an empire, about which I was always uncertain.

November 1926

Wednesday 17

Great day of match with Pres. As it was raining in the morning I hoped that it would be postponed, and then I could go to a great picture 'India To-day' at 3.30. But it cleared up, and I went to match. We were beaten by 13 goals!! No more need be said. But I was very sorry for our fellows, and especially for Fr. Roche, the trainer, who had his whole heart and soul in the match. He always reminds me of 'My New Curate', more especially to-day. – Got through comp.: 'A great poet is a great teacher' quite well, and in good time. – Saw a disgraceful merry-making in the paper about poor Páp's choir. That committee is a vulgar rotten set. They could reserve their common jokes for themselves. Mám was very cross with me for posting letters containing adverts about her concert at the wrong time. I always hash

everything – Páp's stay in Bantry was highly successful. He has a choir of 60 with some splendid voices, and over 16 private pupils.

November 1926

Thursday 18

The poor fellows in school are pretty tame after this terrible licking yesterday. Cha Connor and I have fun disputing about the word 'celestial' for the past week, so that it has become a joke in the school. I hold that the Chinese hold themselves heavenly people because they consider themselves god chosen, and remember that they were civilized when we were running in skins through the woods. He contends that a people who adore hundreds of idols cannot call themselves chosen as a whole. We have been pulling down dictionaries etc, but to no purpose. – Went to choir. The attendance was quite good, and a dance chorus by Lully sounded delightful. It is haunting me still.

November 1926

Friday 19

Didn't practise piano to-day, but went round to a dozen shops in town, handing window cards of Mám's recital. It was excruciating. Saw that Bernard Shaw did not accept the Nobel Prize; he gave it as a fund for the translation of Swedish works into English. – Got a letter from Fr. Engelmann with splendid stamps. It is extraordinary what an interest she still takes in Cork. How we miss her!

November 1926

Saturday 20

From being accustomed to living alone, and taking without giving, I have become naturally selfish. This I see by the great kindness that the fellows in school show to each other, so I am trying to imitate them as best I can. – Such intriguing goes on in the School of Music! As Miss Burrowes, assistant Professor, gave no recital this year, she is terribly envious of Mám's, and by a great effort got up a bazaar for mid December. Now the whole School is in excitement about the bazaar with the result that nobody is taking the slightest interest in poor Mám's concert, much to the delight of Miss Burrowes!!

November 1926

Sunday 21

For the first time for over a year there was nobody for tea or dinner. Went to Markie but he was out. Waited, holding an excruciating conversation with his sisters till Arthur and Frieda rather rudely, it must be confessed, relieved me. I feel rather ashamed at being so rude as to have gone away, but I couldn't help it, and off I went to the College Rd. The conversation at tea was on the Malahide murder, a disgraceful outrage in which six people were murdered by their family gardener, and the house burnt, and on the recent scandal about the Duke of Marlborough, a very bad thing for the church. I don't know what it is, but it has reference to the Pope's granting a dispensation to the Duke to marry a second time, his first marriage with Miss Vanderbilt, an American millionairess, being considered invalid. Anti-Catholics have spread about that the Pope gave the dispensation to induce Marlborough to become a Catholic, which he announced his intention of doing some months ago.

November 1926

Monday 22

Was delighted to find a sweet, fat puppy, like a little bear, prancing round the kitchen when I came down this morning. Madge found him last night, probably thrown out because the Civic Guards yesterday inspected the dog licences. – Poor Dr. Scannell was in bed to-day, so I had two free hours. Found puppie still there when I came home. He is a dear little fellow, but we can't keep him as he would be so much bother, and make such noise at night, so Mám gave him to Madge to take to Aunt Elsa. She might keep him. Saw in paper that the government are calling a national emergency sitting in which both houses will meet owing to the Republican raids and the shooting of this poor guard. Of course, it is propaganda for the elections but anyhow we want peace and quietness.

November 1926

Tuesday 23

Began Horace Book I having finished the most important part of Livy Book XXII. Mám put off Mr. Brady and Mrs. Sullivan to-day, as it would be too much of a strain on her before her recital. She is working terribly hard for it; it would be a shame if it will not be a huge success.



November 1926

Wednesday 24

Got through usual Wed. programme of class till 12, harmony and piano till dinner, 2.30. Then cycled to Arthur and bartered stamps. Aunt Elsa is going to keep the pup! Finished comp.: 'Taxation and religion have ever been the prime movers in human relations' Was going to a reading at Stockleys of one of Molière's plays but changed my mind and read and worked at English colonial stamps. – Saw in paper that Northern Ireland is indignant at the new title of the King, proclaimed a few days ago as King of England and Ireland and the Dominions.

November 1926

Thursday 25

Fr. Dalton told us in class that free-masonry was very probably one of the main causes of the French Revolution, and likewise of the Great War, as over six monarchs were deposed in 1918, and the programme of free-masonry is a world republic with no religion. – We won the junior match, played in Fermoy yesterday, by a point. There was great excitement over it. – Got a huge amount of fine stamps from the Rev. Mother. She is very kind. It will take me ages to sort. – Got No. 20 'Lives and Peoples'. It looks fine. – Fr. Pat came to-day to see us. Finished Bradley, which I have copied out in 4 note-books (i.e. all the examples). My extra Latin work must in future be history and Horace. – Went to choir. Fairly good attendance. Páp has composed a delightful Irish choral greeting which they sing charmingly.

November 1926

Friday 26

Had a chat with Dr. Scannell about my future. He thinks a good alternative to my becoming a musician would be a professorship of English in a German university. – Nannie came as usual. Had a terrible struggle to get my ex done. Every evening now it is a regular battle against time to get finished.

November 1926

Saturday 27

Finished 'Tasso.' It is a wonderful drama, yet I cannot appreciate its beauty enough. I am not sufficiently ripe yet for it. So, after all, from a worldly standpoint, the practical man is triumphant over the idealist. He who can be an idealist at will, while retaining a certain

amount of materialism, must indeed be the greatest of all. I think it is at that I will aim. – Also finished Irish Aids. Will begin ‘Ceart na Gaedhilge’ [Irish Syntax] on Monday. This is all my own work for Dickie is hopeless. I am also doing ‘Slighe an Eolais’ myself. – Had a good Harmony lesson, and went to confession. – Mám was upset that Páp will have to go to Bantry on Tuesday, and not be back till Wed. morning for her recital, yet it can’t be helped.

November 1926

Sunday 28

By means of a miniature printing set, I printed tickets for Mám before dinner for her raffling of pictures for the School of Music bazaar on Dec 17 and 19. It is a terrible work and nuisance for poor Mám, especially in view of her concert. – After went to Markie but he was out. His sister went playing the violin to entertain me! Went to Cathedral to put off Vespers as Páp was not feeling well. Later his temperature increased so he went to bed, and it was decided I should remain at home tomorrow and nurse him, as Mám must practise. Such a bags just before her concert.

November 1926

Monday 29

All day poor Páp was very ill and I was running up and down and going for countless messages to settle up with his affairs. In the evening, Mám went to Piggott’s<sup>86</sup> to play her programme. She evidently got through splendidly. Páp got nervous that it might be diphtheria he had, so I went for Dr. Donovan. And it was well, for Dr. said it was the beginning of it and injected him. Poor Mám was, of course, in a terrible state. It is rotten luck. Drove with the doctor to get his tools in South Mall. He has a lovely Audi-Johnson. Poor Mám is terribly nervy. I get heart-ache when I think of the concert, and Páp lying sick at home. I know how distracted she will be.

November 1926

Tuesday 30

To-day Páp was much worse. I attended him all day, and also went all over the city on messages for Mám’s concert. In the morning, in a search for a way to transport some chairs to the hall, I went through the slums of northern Cork, where I had never been before. It is

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<sup>86</sup> Cork’s music store which supplied concert grand pianos for concerts.

extraordinary what squalor and misery those poor people endure in their tiny hovels, yet they seem quite cheerful. Of course, being born to it, it is their standard of living. – The doctor came again, but Páp is still pretty bad. Stayed up till 11. Poor Mám must be dead with such an ordeal before her.

December 1926

Wednesday 1

Great day of concert. By a special favour of God's goodness, Mám slept really well and was very fresh in the morning. From 9-1 I worked in Clarence Hall, lugging in the chairs, arranging them in rows, numbering and lettering them, then with countless odds and ends. Dashed home to snatch dinner, attend Páp and dash back to hall. Fr. Pat came in and drove Mám to Hotel. Everything was perfectly organised. Mr. Barry, one of the stewards, was a great help. There was indeed a very satisfactory crowd there and very attentive. So of course was sick with nervousness, as I always am. Mám began with Prelude and Fugue from Bach and played it magnificently. Then came Schumann Sonata and the 'Moonlight', really glorious. Though terribly nervous, I have never heard her play better. Chopin Study and charming waltz and wonderful Scherzo were irresistibly beautiful and lastly came 'St. Francis Preaching to the Birds' and Ballade No. 2. Without bias, Mám played really finely, thank God. It was a great success. After we had tea in lobby, and we five scamps – programme sellers – had interesting mischief all over hotel. Came home and checked everything over. Door receipt £6, so altogether we would get about £20 – costs £20, just about balanced.

December 1926

Thursday 2

Another day at home. I am really getting fed up of not being at school, because I know that the whole time my class is proceeding and leaving me behind. Went on messages to Fr. McCarthy and Mr. Sherman to take over choir to-night, as Páp was sick. Neither could, so to my horror it was decided that Mr. Fielding should conduct, and I should accompany some choruses! – Got wonderful stamps from Julia, especially Turkish and some valuable Dutch and Belgian. I am ashamed of her kindness for I give her nothing. – Practised hard and went to School of Music at 8. Mr. Fielding never turned up, though the attendance was good, when to my despair I found there was no key for the music books. We eventually burst the lock, gave out Lully's dance chorus, and I began! You may bet I was nervous. I took the

different parts through their lines several times, while Mr. Mahony, whom I didn't want at all, gave the beat and conducted. Finished the whole chorus, but it took  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour, and by then they had it off by heart. Fled home and recounted my first conductorship of a choir. Poor Mám never makes a  $\frac{1}{2}$  penny, generally loses. But we must be really thankful that everything was successful.

December 1926

Friday 3

3 Friday. Woke at 6 with a painfully sore eye, which got worse and worse. Was determined not to miss either Mass or school, so got up, bathed it, and went to 8 Mass. I could scarcely see in the Church, and it was very awkward, because my eye was running water the whole time, and I lost my place after Holy Communion. Gave up the idea of going to school, and went to bed until the doctor came to see Páp, then he got the smut out by a dose a cocaine. Worked till 8, trying to pick up with my class. Mr. Brady and Mrs. Sullivan had a last and splendid practice.

December 1926

Saturday 4

First day back in school 'mid a week'. Everything seemed strange, even my class-fellows, yet I enjoyed the old routine work again. I didn't miss much, because I was able to do more at home than I would have done at school. – Páp was much better to-day, for he was going around the house again. Mám and I continued the concert accounts. Mám seems to have made a really fine hit this time – everybody is talking about it. 'Nothing succeeds like success'. Prof. Lily Sullivan, who of late was not such a friend to us as she could have been, came up with an enormous bunch of flowers to wish Mám health and happiness after her wonderful playing!

December 1926

Sunday 5

Went to Stockleys' for cups for to-day's party. It was a lovely spin. Brought home the cups in a case, but on the way the handle broke and down plumped case, cups and all. 'O what a fall was there, my countrymen!' It filled my heart with dismay. When I arrived home, but three of 14 were whole. I was in a terrible state on account of poor Mám. – About 18 came, including Prof. Sullivan and Fr. Taylor, a missionary in Nigeria, to hear Mr. Brady and Mrs.

Sullivan. They played magnificently their Mendelssohn, Beethoven and Brahms concerti. I practised turning-over for Wednesday's concert. – Read and checked colonial stamps.

December 1926

Monday 6

Had great fun in school My class are a merry lot. Had to go to town for Páp, so got [number] 20 'Lands and Peoples'. – Poor Mám has had a terrible lot of excitement lately, in addition that Páp has been rather grumpy. So to-day when she came home after getting the cups for Mrs. Stockley, her heart got bad, and she got a weakness. – It was terrible to see her so bad, and reminded me of those awful days long ago when poor Fr. Pat used to go into dead faints for hours at a time. Brought her up to bed, but the agony was constantly recurring. Poor Mám becomes really Iago-like when she gets bad like that, and suspects everyone to be conspiring against her. After becoming bilious she got a little better, and finally quite well again, when I was studying in the bedroom. After the worst catastrophe there is always hope, and now again the world appeared normal again, though I thought it never could. I saw everything so distracted and confused during her sickness.

December 1926

Tuesday 7

All night, Mám was very, very bilious, but the greatest part of the pain went by morning. Páp went to Bantry for his lesson-giving by the 9 [bus]. I went to school, but rushed back at 12 to see how Mám was. She was much better. Mr Twomey, the maths and Irish inspector, whom we had for a few minutes yesterday, came in to our Irish class. We were all pretty nervous, but we got over the ordeal alright. Scannie told him I was from Munich and was only a beginner, so he passed me over quickly! Mrs. Stockley came at 8 to sing some songs with Mám. Listening to her singing the 'Erlkönig' [Schubert ballad 'King of the Spirits'] it reminded me of the lonely days when Páp was interned when I went with Mám to Stockleys' once a week, and Sophia and I played while they were practising.

December 1926

Wednesday 8

Holiday of obligation – no school. Worked till 2 and then rushed to concert. It was a great success. There were much more people there than at poor Mám's recital, and mostly the 'snobocracy'. Miss Eileen Price sang some English songs and then some by [blank – Franz

*Liszt?*] arranged the 'Gretchen am Spinnrad' very beautifully. Mr. Brady and Mrs. Sullivan played their programme of Sunday and I enjoyed it more than ever. The job of turning-over is terrible. I was on tender hooks all the while. In Brahms both parts go like lightening. After Mám and I had a cosy tea with Stockleys in a restaurant. Went to Arthur. He is actually going to dances at the Pavilion! I wonder what I'd become if I did so! – Heard of a wonderful picture 'Sea Beast', so Páp took me and was furious with me because it was not much good. I found, however, that parts of it were splendid, especially the scenes of the typhoon when the schooner was battered and bruised by the mountainous waves, and the parts where 'Moby Dick' the ferocious whale was hunted.

December 1926

Thursday 9

Had Fr. Duggan for Religion this term. He was telling us about evolution, and the modes in which the age of the world has been conjectured, but as interesting as was his dialogue, we were in fits at his killing delivery, his hand being almost flat on the top of his head, and the euphemistic phrases he uses. – Dr. Scannell gave me a letter he received from the Educational Board about my going in for music for the exams as I am learning outside school. Had to fill in certain questions – Dr. Scannell came to say he is going away tomorrow for Paris. Then he is for Hungary, where he will stay for Xmas hols. – Went to choir. Heard Mrs. Egan play some charming violin minuets by Mozart.

Yesterday we were beaten again for Junior Cup by North Mon. 2-1. We have no luck!

December 1926

Friday 10

During history class, Dr. Scannell induced two celebrated mimics, Hunt and Green, to take him off at his usual terrorisation of the Junior Pass Latin class. They did so perfectly and we had great fun. – O'Connor and I are perpetually arguing about different things and it is really great practice in oratory for us to be haranguing each other about the Chinese civilisation, historical controversies etc. – Dr. Scannell is now putting up a wireless for the house, and is establishing a debating society, so we are getting on! Finished 'Hamlet' for English and started the 'Dreißigjährige Krieg' [The Thirty Years' War by Schiller]. – Had piano lesson, was quite good. Have finished my L.C.H. course, so am going back to my

Beethoven Variations. – It is extraordinary, but in spite of Krim's surrender, the tribes are still holding out in Morocco, though the reports in paper are very scanty – and untrue.

December 1926

Saturday 11

Many of my class mates, of Seniorial dignity, have lately adopted 'sons', small fellow from Prepar. We are also chaffing them about their patronising and guarding these young sprats. – The first of the Xmas exams was to-day from 5.30–7.30. Arithmetic exams are a pest – I detest them. My brains are always ragged out after from all the swotting. We got 1924 Inter[mediate Certificate exam] Arith. Paper, did 6 out of 7. Know that I did 2 right, and 1 wrong.

December 1926

Sunday 12

Had religion exam from 11-12.30. Did 8/9. Got questions about the reasonableness of faith, about grace, spiritualism and the Hypostatic Union and the Kenotic theory. Didn't do too badly. –went to Arthur for few minutes after dinner. He is now wearing a slouch hat (as if a cap wouldn't do him as it does me) and is giving a ball for 60 friends on Jan 6. It is disgusting. I simply won't go. Did nothing but swot and swot history all day. Had to grind two books of Mellows [?] and Marriott [?]. Then did Latin and English. I will be happy when they are over, for then I will be able to read and have a go at stamps after a lapse of a grindful week.

December 1926

Monday 13

English 1-12, the worst exam of all, because I have to squash a comp which always takes me two hours into 1 ¼ . Wrote on 'The great man down, you mark his favourite flies' [*Hamlet* Act III] Began all right, but was so slow that I got panicky and ended very badly. The Literature portion I did better, answering on Wordsworth's belief that poetry should only be an elevated prose etc. etc. Had Irish 1-3: Dickie's usual stereotyped style. Didn't do it all for the end was about a fierce verse of Irish poetry that I knew nothing of. Arith. 5-7. Did 6/7. It is extraordinary but before every hard exam, I picture how I will rejoice when it is over, yet, even though I do well, a reaction follows, and I am completely fed up afterwards. Came home and swotted Latin and History.

Read in paper that the feast of the Virgin of Guadeloupe was held in Mexico for the first time without priests. – The Emperor of Japan is dying, and the whole country mourning for him. The cabinet have removed their offices to the palace to be by his side.

December 1926

Tuesday 14

Latin 9-11. We got a 1925 3-hour L.C.H. paper to do in two hours and what was worse, we went through it before, so that I remembered all the mistakes, but could not think of the corrections. Got it all done, however, though the other fellows didn't do more than half. Had an Inter paper again for Maths II. It was horrible. I only did scraps here and there. Had History 5-7.30. Unfortunately, all the swotting I did, and I did a lot, was not of much avail. Still I did well, finishing the paper in good time and writing about 20 pages. Principle questions: Scandinavian Empire, Burgundy in European history, Italian African campaign with map, Religion as treated by revolutionaries 1789-1800 and by Napoleon, Reaction 1815-1830 and Tallyrand's statement that Napoleon made only 3 blunders: Spain, the Pope and Russia. On the whole a nice paper.

December 1926

Wednesday 15

Had German from 9-11. Got a 1925 Leaving Cert paper, rather stiff indeed. There was one piece of trans at sight which was ridiculously pompous, all about *Durchschnittszahl* etc. [averages] I made a mess of it. My two comps, however, weren't too bad. – Went to Arthur after dinner. The jazz element there is now getting very strong. I don't know what I'll do about that bally ball. – Cleared over 200 English Colonials and read. – This morning I was really fed up owing to the reaction after the exams but in the evening my cheery outlook overcame my reactionary spirit.

December 1926

Thursday 16

Got first in history, with 237/300. Next came 'Solomon' Murphy with 167. Scannie seems to have been delighted with my paper, for he told the other fellows that I wrote 'reams', and that I remembered everything he told us during the term. Other marks not yet out. Got out early. Sophie was for dinner and then we all sallied forth to prepare Mám's Art stall for the Friday's and Saturday's bazaar. The pupils are really very generous. They brought Mám the



most wonderful things for the stall. By means of these and Mrs. Stockley's beautiful curtains, we made the stall most artistic, in strong contrast to those around. Did very few ex – only outline history of Holland's greatness and decline.

December 1926

Friday 17

Got first in English quite unexpectedly with 180/300. Next 'Cha' Connor with 150/300. The questions about Wordsworth's idea of Prose and Poetry I seem to have done well because Fr. Dalton told the other fellows to take it down. Got home early for that wretched bazaar. Sophie and another of Mám's pupils were for dinner and then we all set out, I wearing a specially made black and white badge. Our stall and the pupils surrounding it with their black dresses and caps and a white feather sticking from it, their artists' costume being complete with manuscript, palette and scroll, looked especially *distingué*. But in general the bazaar is a fiasco. Nobody came and the Lord Mayor did not arrive for the opening. Business was hopelessly slack. Only for the 200 gaily-dressed pupils, the hall would be empty. Gambled with 2/-, won 2/6, bought 4 tickets of our stall, lost the rest and remained bankrupt. Trayton-Adams, belonging to our society, who recently came back from India, told me a lot about the Punjab. Total receipts £7 approx. One feels tired and disgusted after such a *melée*.

December 1926

Saturday 18

Likewise got first in Latin with 315/400. Second 'Cha' Connor with 210/400. But our Latin papers and also our English are kept to be examined by the Inspectors and this arrangement is especially displeasing to me. – The second day of the Bazaar was much better than the first. The Dean made a splendid speech hinting at the erection of a State School of Music so that there would be no need to beg for a concert piano. Our stall was very nearly sold out, and the great J. J. O'Connor (Technical Commissioner) bought 5 shillings worth of tickets from me. Arthur went and broke a scent squirter which I brought down to squirt some of the gallants. However, Trayton-Adams the Indian, Connor, Arthur and myself made a splendid *coup d'état*. A whole lot of young sprats were dancing in the ball-room. We entered and suddenly turned off the lights whereat these ladies were so frightened they made for the door, leaving us in possession. I having to go home on message broke up our victory. Lost all I had at roulette, never winning once. At the end the raffles took place. Mám won a fine

iced cake! Mr. Scully's and Miss Scott's pictures both went to our stall! An auctioneer polished off our remnants. Receipts from our stall £16 – not too bad.

December 1926

Sunday 19

Sophia stayed with us last night. Not having been to bed till 2, we all slept out till 12 Mass at Cathedral. There was a wonderful practice for the Christmas celebrations – Schubert's Mass which Páp is doing with 8 in band and over 80 boys and women. It was glorious. I am at my old post of turning over and managing the 'Walzer' [roller]. At dinner Sophie told great stories about Prof. Stockley. During the terrible trouble of 1921 he was shot at 4 times, the bullets striking one off a safety-pin and another off a sacred heart badge he was wearing. He had other miraculous escapes. In his previous life he travelled to Canada over 5 times and has an extraordinary story of how the ship on which he was sailing with 300 passengers foundered off Belle Isle, Newfoundland, and even while it was sinking the crew began murdering and plundering. A huge wave, casting them on a rock, gave them a chance of landing, which they did without mishap, but then the ruffians of the crew used the terrible trudge to civilization as a further means of robbing and stealing.

December 1926

Monday 20

Had a boisterous day at school, as it the second last. None of the priests worked with us, and we were licked out of class by Dickie for bringing a squeaking doll into him. Was sick all day and ate no breakfast, but this did not prevent me having great fun about a powder-box which I captured from 'Mick Mam' the Yank. Wrote reports for Dr. Scannell at German. Poor Mrs. Lynch, Julia's mother, came to-day with a whole lot of holly for us, poor soul. She was here from 4 – 8 having tea with us. It was impossible to work while she was there for her stories were endless. I wish I had her genius for detail in my comps. – she never need stop for lack of detail: the date, hour, exact moment and place of every possible occasion are narrated in full. – Made a plan of study and reading for the hols.

December 1926

Tuesday 21

Went to school from 9-10, then cycled home in time to drive away with Mám in a stylish Dodge saloon and still more stylish liveried chauffeur, to Bandon, where she is holding

exams. I voyaged around town on arrival, having heard in his shop that Mr. McDonnell and family were in Cork. Then read most interesting chapter on 'Temples of India', got a lovely prayer book from the Rev. Mother and drove home in comfort with Mám. Fr. Pat was there when we arrived. Bought in town a 'designoscope' for Ivor and Joe. After tea went to school and practised 'Adeste fideles' and 'See amid the winter snow' in the chapel with the city fellows for midnight mass. Came home at 10.30 and found Mám in a terrible state. Fr. Pat had been fainting and raving since 8. It was a recurrence of the old fits he used to get in Clifton Villas. Went to his sister with a note. She was in a restaurant in the Marina, and insisted on coming up to see him. It was then decided that she should stay the night but she endeavoured to persuade him to come away. The poor priest could scarcely walk but after going out they came back again, and after unpleasant row stayed. Went off at 5 in the morning for Dunmanway.

December 1926  
Wednesday 22

Spent morning in packing up Xmas presents for the MacDonnells and Fräulein Engelmann. Got a fine torch for Arthur. Could do only part of programme, which consists of 3 hours Latin, French, German, English and History. Then Harmony and 1 ½ piano. After went to Cathedral for rehearsal of Mass. It went splendidly except for the Canons who were not so good and perhaps they were a bit jolly. After in Fr. O'Brien's room there was a discussion about whether I was to play at midnight mass at Farranferris or turn over etc for Mám. I would offend Dr. Scannell terribly if I did not come.

December 1926  
Thursday 23

Spent the whole morning in packing presents. Gave Sophie a fine blouse, Arthur a torch, Ivor and Joe a designoscope, Julia another torch etc. etc. Brought Stockleys' presents to Woodside. Sophia gave me mine, presumably a small book and which, from past experience I know will be something like 'Life and Works of J. Smith, Barrister'. The cream of the joke is that poor Sophie is always so delighted and pleased with herself on handing it to me. After dinner journeyed to Farran Ferris and found there my lost hymnal. Went to Arthur with presents, and thence to Ivor-Joe. They are looking splendid. Their latest craze is duelling and they have already got two fine rapiers for the purpose. Had dinner there and carted back presents for us.

December 1926

Friday 24

At last Xmas Eve has arrived. It has approached subconsciously, so that I felt a shock when it was there, and found it hard to awaken the '*Stimmung*' [atmosphere, mood] of old times. Then those two days were held sacred by me and I walked through paradise while they lasted. It was on a Xmas Eve that, for the first time seeing the stars, I thought them holes in the floor of heaven, through which the glory of God's kingdom peeped forth. Having gone in to view my presents on the same night, I took no notice of these, at all, but kept searching, beneath the piano and tables – I was looking for the '*Christkindlein*'! [little Christ child]– Having spent the morning in preparations, night at last fell, tea was over, we all dashed upstairs and there sang 'Stille Nacht' [Silent Night] around the lighted tree. Then we looked at our presents. I got stamps and a puzzle from Julia, book from Horgans and from Sophie, crackers and chocolate from Prof. Sullivan, *Schwindkarte* [card by the Austrian painter Moritz von Schwind] from Fr. Engelmann, and £2 in money from Mám, Nannie, Fr. Pat, Miss O'Brien and Aunt Elsa and those all. Poor Mám is giving me a lovely coat after Xmas. Everything went splendidly, yet I am determined to get still more piety and *Stimmung* in the Xmas of next year.

[Written at the end of the previous page:] Looked at presents, practised hymns, and then, having brought 'Ecce Sacerdos', dedicated by Pappie to the Bishop, to the latter's palace, went to Farran Ferris and played during Mass. Was unsatisfied – harmonium terrible. Dashed to Cathedral and was in time to turn over for Sanctus at High Mass. The choir and band performed magnificently: everybody was delighted – home at 3!

December 1926

Saturday 25

A beautiful yet cold day for the greatest feast of the year. It is hard to concentrate on the glories of the Birth of Our Lord in a modern city. One is apt to delight only in presents and Xmas dinners. I tried to reflect on the rejoicing and the simple faith of the Tyrolese peasants near Dachau, and to get the *Stimmung* as they would have it. 12 Mass went off splendidly [in St Patrick's Church]. Only the organist is so rotten up there. The boys looking like little cherubs in their surplices and soutanes marched in alright, headed by the beadle, but they straggled out very badly and it did not look at all becoming for Xmas Day. Still, the music was glorious. We went home in Stockleys' taxi, ate and enjoyed our Xmas dinner of turkey

and plum-pudding to the full, and then sat down to enjoy the evening in peace and quietness. Read and worked at stamps. Strange to say, the reaction was not so bad this Xmas. Last year I was almost in despair just before the lighting of the Xmas tree, and then I swung over to an ecstasy of joy. Still I am always a Jacobin, a radical *reactio*.

December 1926

Sunday 26

Was awakened by a great multitude of and variety of wren-boys shouting their lilts at top pitch all over the neighbourhood. It is good to see, at any rate, that the old custom is not dying out, and we always support it by distributing pennies to the urchins. Wanted to practise, but Mám wouldn't let me. Cleared Colonials and read an interesting book, Scott's, Macauley's and Thackeray's Lives of Goldsmith, with some of the latter's works appended. – I am enjoying it immensely, especially such classics as Johnson and a welter of literature and Goldsmith comparing himself to a fat man in a famine who, when his contemporaries proposed feasting on the superfluous parts of his body, resisted with some justice on having the first shie himself. – Went to Arthur, where was Miss O'Grady, a golfy cardy sort of person, governess to a rich heiress. Had fun but not of a classical style. Fr. Pat was there in great spirits when I came home.

December 1926

Monday 27

Slept out again but managed to get some work done in the morning. Páp is going to give me Sängers' 'Musical History' in German to study for my exam. Betty O'Sullivan called to invite me to-morrow for tea and pictures. Already I am in a tangle because all my 'bookings' as I call them, are overlapping. Fr. Pat took us for a motor drive to Crosshaven after dinner. I drove, and we got a puncture. Then there was a bang shortly after and on getting out we discovered that there was no trace of a tyre on the back wheel. While it was being mended we walked to the top of Camden Hill and saw the lights of Garretstown reflected most beautifully in the harbour opposite but there was a biting blast from the open ocean and we had to retreat. It is said that Camden Fort and Carlisle Fort opposite each other on the mouth of Cork harbour are joined with an underground tunnel which is provided with explosives. Got home and finished English Colonial stamps.

Emperor of Japan is dead.

*Inserted here is a newspaper cutting with the heading 'Passing of the Mikado' and a photo of Japan's Emperor Taisho.*

December 1926

Tuesday 28

Worked till 12.30 then drove to town with Fr. Pat and got 'An Letríocht' [Literature] for my Irish exam and 'The Pickwick Papers' which I will read this hols. I was in a fix as to how I should accept Betty's invitation to the pictures and go with Mám to see 'Les Misérables' at the same time. But anyhow went to Honan Home and had some invigorating gallops on their new pony. I am not a bad horseman after all for when I got up first he bucked and reared like anything, but I managed to cling on in fine style. Brought Betty to tea at home, and then we all went to 'Les Misérables'. It is not a colossal picture full of thrills and wonderful spectacles, as I thought, but a beautifully wrought tale of a convict, at first embittered and desperate, but then softened by a lovable old bishop, Mgr. Myriel, and finally rises to be mayor of a little town. Later he is pursued by a relentless detective and then occurs a wonderfully charming scene in which a tiny little drudge is brought by him from her slavery and set into an unknown paradise of dolls and playthings. Beyond Fr. Emmanuel – Went to Betty's after supper.

December 1926

Wednesday 29

Bought the 'Vicar of Wakefield' which is interesting reading, as a light on Scott's, Macauley's and Stockley's essays on Goldsmith. Went to Ivor and Joe where we played cricket and football. Then trammed to Stockleys', where Mr. Brady and Mrs. Sullivan repeated their concert. I turned over again. The more I hear the glorious sonatas of Mendelssohn, Beethoven and Brahms, the more I enjoy them. There were over 40 people there. Betty, Sophie and I had some fun around the house after tea. Professor kindly gave me Carlyle's 'Heroes and Hero-worship'. Went home in 'Old Lizzie'. *Me miserum.* [Ochone or woe to me]*Inserted here is a newspaper cutting with a photo of Japan's new emperor Hirohito, who had just succeeded to the throne.*

December 1926

Thursday 30

Wrote long letters to Fr. Engelmann, and to *Grossmutter* [grandmother in Dachau] and went shopping with Mám. After dinner we carried the table out of the dining-room and prepared

the room for about 20 people who came shortly afterwards for Mám's repetition of her concert. She played splendidly and I enjoyed Chopin's Scherzo and 'St Francis Preaching to the Birds' especially. After ten I gave Sophie, Betty and the Hilsers a cinematograph show and then we had charades. Hurriedly packed books and a few other things and left for Dunmanway. Had a very enjoyable two-hour drive and then a cosy fire, supper and bed in the Presbytery.

December 1926

Friday 31

Went rabbiting up the mountain with my school-friend Tim Leary. The 'Yew Tree' looked glorious, its lower parts wrapped in a white mist and the peak glittering in the sun. Sandy and Cora came with us, but we saw no rabbits. After dinner read Goldsmith's Chinese letters, 'A Citizen of the World.' They seem to be of the same style as Addison's 'Spectator'. They are extremely amusing, and Goldsmith has some very good raps at the customs and fopperies of his day. Went to Confession and then read till late. Thus ends the last day of this year, and the last page of this diary. Whether or not the writing of the latter is worth my while, *dubito potest* [can be doubted]. Páp says it is not; but perhaps I will enjoy in later years the reading of my present uninteresting exploits. Till then *Adieu!*

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- Cappoquin tennis club acquaintances July 21, July 25, July 28, July 31
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- Career discussions / options March 25; June 17 priesthood hitherto not considered as future seemed to be either 'musical or philosophical'; July 22 doubts that good enough to become organist or musician; Sep 11 with Andrew Shaughnessy; Nov 26 Dr Scannell suggests Aloys aim at chair of English at German university
- Cars Feb 24, Nov 29 Dr Donovan's Audi-Johnson
- Cassily, Nora (Scoil Íte teacher) March 7
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- Cathedral of St Mary and St Anne choir excursion June 27 1926 to Kinsale; 1925 to Glengarriff; Sep 25



- Census 1926 April 22, April 30, Aug 24 published showing population decreasing in rural Ireland
- Charnley demesne July 21, July 23, July 24
- Charnley, Marcelle Aug 1, Aug 2
- Charnley, Mrs. Aug 2
- China March 30, June 27, Sep 27 war in China
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- Christmas Eve Dec 24 memories of early childhood Xmas experiences, presents received
- Christmas holiday study programme Dec 22
- Christmas presents given and received Dec 23, Dec 24
- Church-going Feb 21 begins the 13 Sundays' communion; March 8 St Thomas Aquinas Mass; March 14; March 21; April 1 Holy Week ceremonies in cathedral; May 16 completes the 13 Sundays' communion; July 17 Mission in Cappoquin; July 27 mission traders;
- Cicero June 2 on women politicians
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- Clementi, Muzio May 27
- Clongowes College June 25
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- Coal shortages June 27, Oct 19, Oct 22
- Cohalan, Bishop Daniel Oct 17, Oct 19 is greeted by bishop; Dec 24 brings father's *Ecce Sacerdos*, dedicated to the bishop, to the palace
- Coliseum cinema April 20
- Collins, Michael July 7
- Composing March 21 Prelude; March 28 sonata planned; March 29 father's disapproval; April 1; April 3 no composition for mother's birthday; June 28 no work at sonata; July 16 composing to cease for serious harmony studies
- Concerts, recitals Jan 31 Choral Society and Dawson Opera House concert; Feb 7 Tilly Fleischmann School of Music pupils' recital; 9 Feb St Fin Barre's Cathedral; March 10 Tilly Fleischmann recital Clarence Hall; April 3 Delaney's Civic Guard Band Palace Theatre; April 14 Tilly Fleischmann School of Music pupils' recital; April 21 William Primrose (violinist) and Luke Byrne (singer) Opera House; April 25 Mabel Dennis benefit concert Opera House; May 6 Geraldine and Seán Neeson recital; Oct 11-16 *The Beggars Opera*, *Lilac Time* Opera House; Oct 17 Col Fritz Brase army band concert Opera House; Oct 29 Donizetti *Don Pasquale* Opera House; Dec 1 Tilly Fleischmann piano recital; Dec 8 W. E. Brady, Joyce Sullivan, Eileen Price chamber music recital
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- Cork Examiner* Feb 1, Feb 25, March 12, May 7
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- Cork Municipal School of Music Choral Society Jan 31 Dawson concert; Feb 6; Feb 18 rehearsal; Feb 25 choir morale sinking, many leave; April 15 bad attendance; April 21, April 22 conflict with School administration re broadcast; April 28 conflict with administration; April 29 good attendance; May 4 School administration excludes the choir from broadcast; May 5, May 7 choir to protest at treatment of Fleischmann senior and to end after the summer; May 26 letter of protest from choir to School administration; July 15 choir invited to return to School; Sep 29 Aloys believes choir's peak is over; Oct 14 only 24 attend practice; Oct 21 choir 'fading' despite doing Haydn *Creation*; Nov 17 choir made fun of in the newspaper; Nov 18 practice attendance good, dance chorus by Lully studied; Nov 25 practice attendance reasonable; Dec 2 Aloys accompanist at choir practice for Lully dance suite as father ill; Dec 9 attends practice
- Corkery, Daniel Feb 21 standing invitation to Aloys to call, Aloys meets Neilus Cronin the piper at Corkery's; Feb 28 Aloys listens to records there; March 7 records and discussions; March 14 discussions, no music as death in neighbouring house; March 21 Aloys hears Strauss *Ein Heldenleben*, plays Chopin Mazurka and his own Prelude of 1925; March 28; March 29; May 2 hears unaccompanied choir singing from Christ Church, Bach organ music, Grieg orchestral music; May 9 Corkery: *St Joan* 'only entertainment'; May 16; Oct 10 meets Breens and W. E. Brady; Oct 31 Corkery among the guests at Stockleys
- Corpus Christi procession June 5 preparations; June 6 Aloys thurifer, cathedral choir, huge crowds; June 7 irreverent man at procession attacked; Aloys visible on *Examiner* photo
- Cortot, Alfred Nov 11
- Cosgrave, President Oct 9 at St Vincent's Convent centenary celebration
- Cottrell, John Feb 15, Feb 16
- Coué, Dr. Émile Oct 29, Oct 30, Nov 7
- Cronin, Neilus (piper) Feb 21
- Curragh Camp escape March 7
- Czar Nicholas II Nov 2
- Dachau newspaper May 19

- Dáil national emergency meeting Nov 22  
 Daily routine Feb 23  
 Dalton Fr (English teacher) Feb 20, Sep 7, Sep 14, Sep 20, Oct 10, Nov 25 re Free Masonry  
 Damascus May 12 part destroyed by French  
 Dancing Feb 13, April 17, Aug 15, Dec 8, Dec 18  
 Dawn of emancipation May 25  
 Dawson, Peter Jan 31; Feb 2  
 Delaney's Civic Guard Band April 3  
 Dennis, Mabel April 15, April 27  
 Devotions Feb 21 13 Sundays begun; Feb 26 Lenten fast, Feb 28, April 1, May 16 13 Sundays completed; during August holidays often sleeps late and misses the daily mass he had planned to attend; Aug 6 First Friday forgotten in Bandon so will start again; First Fridays Sep 3; Sep 6 novena to St Aloysius and daily masses completed  
 Diary May 11 hidden by classmates; July 4 farewell message for Klara Engelmann's diary; July 12 Klara Engelmann message in his diary; Aug 11 forgot to bring diary to Cappoquin; Sep 15 father disapproves of his keeping one; Sep 17 father limits diary-writing to half a page per entry; Sep 23 spills jug of milk over diary; Dec 31 father doubts it is worthwhile  
 Discussions with classmates Feb 11 re Germany and world war I; May 10 defends Shaw's *St Joan*; Aug 31 argument with classmate's sister re causes of world war; Sep 22 with Charlie O'Connor contra Buffaloe Bill books for children but no match for him; Oct 27 praises Germany, comparing Ireland unfavourably and is routed; Nov 3 against his extolling of the beauty of German cathedrals the glories of Ballydehob are held high; Dec 10 enjoyment of debating  
 Dog licences Nov 22  
 Donkey riding June 27  
 Donovan, Dr James M. March 30, Oct 5, Nov 29, Nov 30, Dec 3  
 Donovan, Michael (Frank O'Connor) Oct 17  
 Doran, Charles May 21 at Stockleys, May 26  
 Dreams March 6 nightmares after fall from bicycle; June 10 nightmare of finding crocodile in pool in Myrtleville and getting its blood in his mouth (he had mouth infection); June 12 Aloys and father involved in battle against Wellington  
 Driving Feb 24 driven home once a week by Fr O'Flynn's chauffeur; April 6-11 in Bandon area in MacDonnell's car; May 23 in Bandon area; May 26 driven home in Fr O'Flynn's Dodge saloon; July 12 in Fr Pat's car to Cappoquin; July 13 to Knockmealdown Mts; Aug 3 from Cappoquin to Cork in Fr Pat's car; Aug 22 from Bandon to Dunmanway in Fr Pat's car, Aug 25 Togher to Dunmanway; Sep 9 to Fountainstown in Fr Pat's car; Dec 21 driven to Bandon with mother (examining in convent there) in Dodge saloon with liveried chauffeur; Dec 27 loss of car wheel  
 Dublin Feb 27  
 Duff, Lieut. Arthur, June 21  
 Duffy's Circus May 18  
 Duke of Clarence April 29  
 Edward VI April 29  
 Egypt May 27 Britain's position threatened  
 Emigration May 14, Aug 24  
 Engelmann, Klara (Clär) Feb 13, Feb 14, Feb 23 gives Aloys private lessons in French; March 17, March 18, March 22, March 24 did B.A. in Cork; April 4, April 12, May 3, May 4, May 5, May 6, May 7 chance of post teaching German; June 16 still no position; June 23 visit to Aran Islands; July 1 to leave Ireland; July 4 Aloys' message of farewell in her diary; July 10; July 12 her inscription in his diary found; July 17 letter from Germany; Nov 19 letter received  
 English essay topics Feb 15 'Sir Roger de Coverly and the Spectator at the races'; March 20 (exam topic) 'History is little more than a register of the atrocities, follies and misfortunes of mankind'; April 25 'Present Fears are less than Horrible Imaginings'; May 9 'When is a classic a classic?'; June 3 (exam topic) 'Prejudices'; June 9 'Types of Englishmen in the day of Addison'; Sep 14 'Falling leaves'; Sep 22 'It isn't life that matters, it's the courage that we bring to it'; Sep 28 'To thyself be true'; Oct 13 'Does a man know more of his own character than his friends?'; Oct 20 'The readiness is all'; Nov 17 'A great poet is a great teacher'; Nov 3 'The purpose of playing is to hold the mirror up to nature'; Nov 10 'Nothing became Hamlet in life like the leaving it'; Dec 13 'The great man down, you mark his favourite flies' (*Hamlet*, exam topic)  
*Evening Echo* March 11  
 Examinations March 19, March 20, March 22, March 24, results March 23; March 24, March 26; April 23 Intermediate of 1925; May 30 unfair Irish questions; May 31 exam preparation and fears; June 2 despair over maths paper; June 3 English exam composition 'Prejudices'; June 4 exam results: first in history; June 5 results maths, Irish; June 10 Intermediate German exam papers with anti-German tendency; June 11 results: first in English; June 15 awe-inspiring exam atmosphere; June 25 Matric papers of 1925; Dec 12 religion exam details; Dec 13 English exam details, Dec 14 history exam details; Dec 16, Dec 17, Dec 18 exam results: first in history, English, Latin  
 Excursions Aug 21 cycles to Togher Castle from Dunmanway with Timmie Leary and climbs up the ivy to 2<sup>nd</sup> floor; Aug 24 to Yew Tree

- Mountain with Timmie; Aug 25 to the Fairy Gardens
- Farranferris see St Finbarr's College Farranferris
- Father's internment and deportation 1916-1920 Oct 9, Dec 7
- Fay, Carlton Jan 31
- Fermoy May 22 match outing
- Fielding Mr (member of and President of the Choral Society) May 26 to write protest letter to School of Music administration in Dunmanway with Fr Pat MacSwiney; July 5, July 11, July 15 successful outcome; Dec 2
- Films seen April 12 *The Eagle*; April 20 *Quo Vadis*; May 13 *The Only Way* (based on *A Tale of Two Cities*); July 14 *The Crimean Runner*; June 11 Cork Eucharistic procession film, *The Breed of the Treshams* (on Cromwell, Charles I); June 5 film on Ireland 1798-1916 'hopeless'; July 5 *The Devil's Cargo*; July 8 *Standing on Shin Lee*; Aug 18 *The Lucky Horseshoe*; Aug 30 *The Phantom of the Opera* (based on Gaston Leroux's novel); Sep 7 *A Sainted Devil*, *The Lady* (the latter 'most touching'); Sep 13 *The Virgin of San Blas*; Oct 12 *Helen of Troy*; Dec 8 *Sea Beast*; Dec 28 *Les Misérables*
- Financial problems of family July 16, July 27 Sep 4
- Fitzgerald's Park July 5
- Fleischmann, Aloys senior Jan 31 Dawson Opera House concert; Feb 1 stoicism regarding poor press reviews; Feb 2 day in Kinsale with Dawson; Feb 7 Choral Union; Feb 17 dining with Prince Regent of Bavaria; March 10 his *Rhapsody on an Irish Air* performed by his wife, choir broadcast; March 17 Pembauer Mass; March 31-April 4 Holy Week cathedral services; April 15 struggle with Choral Society; April 24 46th birthday; May 1-3 bad sciatica; May 4 leg cauterised; May 16; June 5 his role in establishing Cork public Corpus Christi procession; June 20 musicians not esteemed in Ireland; June 28 plays new songs for Fr Pat MacSwiney; July 1 preparations for voyage to Germany; July 2 his departure from Queenstown; July 25 Aloys jun. writes advising care with lending of composition scores; July 30 memorable letter arrives; Sep 2 no news for three weeks; Sep 4 letter proposing to remain in Germany for some weeks to meet Tagore and news that works are being performed in Munich cathedral and on the cathedral choir's forthcoming tour; Sep 15 return from Germany, praise for the Germans and their way of life; Sep 29 improvises during harmony lessons; plays son his 'Death the Reaper' song; Oct 25 to teach fortnightly in Bantry with additional income of £200, thus making German family holiday possible; Nov 6 Bantry choral class to have 51 singers, 16 private pupils; Nov 8, Nov 11 Choral Society to perform Gluck's *Mai Königin*; Nov 16 begins Bantry classes; Nov 17 Bantry classes successful; Nov 25 new composition 'Irish Choral Greeting' well sung at practice by Choral Society; Nov 28, Nov 29 ill, suspected diphtheria, Nov 30 confirmed and treated; Dec 4 better; Dec 7 to Bantry for classes; Dec 8 takes son to film *Sea Beast*; Dec 19-25 cathedral Christmas ceremonies
- Fleischmann, Magdalena (Leni) née Deger (grandmother) Sep 15 Fleischmann sen.'s mother now 80, excellent health and memory; Sep 19, Dec 30 Aloys writes to her
- Fleischmann, Tilly née Swertz Feb 1 stoicism regarding poor press reviews; Feb 7 pupils' recital; March 8 concert stress; March 10 recital; March 11 recital review; March 13 recital financial loss; April 1 plays the organ at cathedral Holy Week services; April 7 house recital at Stockleys; April 2 44<sup>th</sup> birthday; April 14 pupils' recital; June 11-13 ill; July 12-Aug 3 on holiday with Aloys jun. in Cappoquin; July 17 Fr Pat MacSwiney writes of her 14-hour Cappoquin piano practice routine; July 21 she warns Aloys about dangers of cramming; Sep 28 new pupils Miss Nolan, Joyce Sullivan, Dr Hobart; Oct 28 Aloys recalls Dublin Abbey Theatre Liszt recital of 21 Nov 1923; Oct 30 Dr Frend does Coué auto-suggestion exercises with her; Oct 31 she tells of strong anti-German feeling during world war I; Nov 7 'at home'; Nov 11 plays for Fr Pat MacSwiney and Dr Frend; Dec 1 piano recital; Dec 6 heart trouble and nervous breakdown; Dec 7 acute biliousness; Dec 7 she and Marie Germaine Stockley perform Schubert songs as they used to once a week during Fleischmann sen.'s internment; Dec 21 chauffeured to Bandon to examine in convent; Dec 22-25 plays organ for Christmas ceremonies
- Fountainstown (where the Williams family holidays) May 30, Sep 1, Sep 9
- Frauenkirche (Munich cathedral) Sep 4
- Free Masonry Nov 25 Fr Dalton tells class this a main cause of the French revolution and of world war I, its programme being to attain secular world republic
- Frend Dr Oct 10 his background, Oct 17 to supper after Brasé concert, Oct 30 to act as hypnotist to Tilly Fleischmann; Oct 31 does Coué exercises with her; Oct 24 accident in UCC when chemical substance explodes; Nov 7 invited to 'at home'; Nov 14 tells Tilly Fleischmann of obstacles to his career due to being Jewish
- Friars' balsam May 20
- Gandhi May 18
- Gardening July 9

George V April 29

Germany Feb 1 desire to live in Germany on seeing parents' struggle in Cork; Feb 11 discussions with classmates re Germany and the war; Feb 17 enthusiasm for Bavarian Prince Regent; June 21 Germans entrusted with excavations in Persia; Aug 13 feels Bavarian but greatly drawn to Ireland; Aug 30 notes monarchist reunion in Bavaria; Aug 31 argument with Mary Shaughnessy about the causes of world war I; Sep 15 Fleischmann sen. praise for the Germans and their way of life; Oct 27 praises Germany to classmates, compares Ireland unfavourably, routed in argument; Oct 31 anti-German slide-shows during world war I by Cork priest Fr Thomas but his ludicrously barbaric Germans are usually cheered; Oct 31 former 'German-eaters' now very courteous to the Fleischmanns; Nov 1 anti-German bias in Chesterton, Wells et al; Nov 3 beauty of German cathedrals

Giant mammal Nov 8 skeleton found in Cork harbour

Glengarriff April 30, June 27

Goethe May 12

Grace, Mr. (manager of Ford Cork) July 4, July 6

Grandmother see Swertz Walburga and Fleischmann, Magdalena

Greece Aug 24 military putsch

Green (actor and mimic) Dec 10

Greenmount Band March 7

Groeger, William May 26

Harty Cup March 1

Harty, Sir Hamilton Sep 2 on jazz

Healy, Tim (Governor General) Nov 8 University College Dublin rag-day figure proposing to turn Ireland into a limited company and follow his colleague Mussolini's example

Height April 23 too small; Aug 29 increasing; Sep 1 progress

Helping parents Feb 19, Feb 25, Feb 28, March 9, March 10 with recital organisation; April 1, April 4 organ assistant at cathedral Holy Week ceremonies: page turning, controlling organ roller; Nov 1 hall plan drawn up for mother's concert; Nov 14 writes advert texts for mother's forthcoming concert; Nov 17 posts letters too early; Nov 19 has advertisements for mother's concert put in shop windows ('excruciating'); Nov 28 uses miniature printing set to print tickets for mother's stall at School of Music bazaar ('terrible work'); Nov 30 through slums seeking transport for chairs; Dec 1 brings chairs into hall, minds sick father, programme selling, accounts after concert; Dec 19 with cathedral organ; Dec 24 at cathedral Christmas service

Hickie, Miss Aug 6

Hilser, Gerard June 4

Hilser, Joseph April 17 party

Hilser, Mary April 17; May 4 performs very well on School of Music broadcast, May 7

Hobart, Dr N. H. Oct 19 to study with Tilly Fleischmann

Holidays March 27 holiday routine; July 12-Aug 3 house in Cappoquin with piano and housekeeper Lil, walks, boating, swimming, tennis, study, piano practice; Aug 10-17 Monatrea, Co. Waterford, as guest of Jane O'Brien; Aug 19-26 to Dunmanway to stay with Fr Pat MacSwiney

Honan Home June 19

Horace Feb 15, July 4

Horgan, Ivor and Joe June 25, June 30 cycles to Inniscarra; July 4, July 6, July 10 trespassing in the new Ford manager's house and using the phone; July 10 boating on river; Nov 9 3<sup>rd</sup> witty letter received from Joe at Clongowes; Dec 23 they take up duelling

Horgan, John J. and Mary April 1, April 13 Aloys feels unwelcome; June 6 John J. at Corpus Christi procession for Harbour Board; June 25; May 20 birth of daughter Jean; May 28 cordial invitation to visit the boys when they return from boarding school; June 25 friendly welcome

Horgan, Mary née Windle Sep 6 visit to her grave in Clogheen Cemetery; Oct 7

Horgan, Rita née Wallace March 10, April 25

Horne, J. T. Feb 9 note

House improvements May 28 furniture re-upholstered; Sep 28 hall and windows painted

Howth Oct 28

Humbert, Mr (of States Hotel Queenstown) May 14

Hummel, Ferdinand Nov 11

Hunt (actor and mimic) Dec 10

Hurley March 1, March 2, March 3, March 5, March 7, March 8, March 9, March 11, March 13 match in Fermoy with Aloys on team; March 23, April 28 team beaten yet again; Oct 11 Aloys on sub-team; Oct 20 on team for Senior Cup trial match with Fermoy as right wing forward, plays very badly; Oct 25 Cork wins all-Ireland championship, 4000 having gone from Cork to Dublin for match; Oct 30 match with North Monastery won, Aloys not on team; Nov 17 Farranferris loses match with Presentation College

Hypostatic Union Dec 12

Illnesses Feb 9, Feb 25 chronic cold; Feb 27, Feb 28 headache, rush of blood to head; March 9 hurling a cure for headaches; March 18, March 30 nose inflammation; May 8 tonsil trouble; May 12 mood swings; May 30, June 1 headaches from

- exam overwork; June 10 nightmare caused by mucus in mouth; June 20 depressed; July 18 pain; July 19 faintness at mass; Aug 11 bilious; Nov 10 moody; Dec 3 infected eye cured by doctor administering 'a dose of cocaine'; Dec 20 sick
- Irish College in Rome May 29
- Irish language Aug 13, Aug 15
- Irish Outlook* Feb 26
- Irish traditional music Feb 10, Feb 24 traditional singing with Fr O'Flynn; Aug 13 flute player heard in Monatrea
- Irmah (young guest of Stockleys') March 17, March 22, May 2, May 17 pupil of Tilly Fleischmann's; July 4, July 6 taking School of Music exams; July 10
- Jackson, Miss (Tilly Fleischmann pupil) May 4
- Japanese Emperor Taisho Nov 16, Dec 13 seriously ill, death
- Jazz Sep 2 whistled in streets of Cork
- Jubilee procession May 9, May 16
- Julia see Lynch, Julia
- Keane, Sir John July 22
- Kemal, Mustafa Pasha Atatürk May 7
- Kenotic theory Dec 12
- King of England's new title Nov 24 'King of England, Ireland and the Dominions' to the displeasure of the Northern Ireland government
- Kinley, Mr (MacDonnell creamery manager) Aug 5, Aug 22
- Lacaduv Oct 7
- Lands and Peoples* March 24, March 30, April 3, May 1, May 27 no delivery due to UK national strike; Aug 5, Aug 10, Aug 12; Sep 6 India; Nov 8 Persia and Japan
- League of Nations March 2
- Leary, Timothy (classmate in Christians, now in Dunmanway) April 13, Dec 31
- Leaving cert in exam Music Sep 21 to do music as subject; Sep 24 Field Nocturne No. 8, Beethoven Sonata Op. 10 No. 1 on syllabus
- Lenten mission Feb 18
- Leonard, Rev. April 30 a source for Shaw's *St. Joan*
- Leopold, Crown Prince of Belgium Nov 10 married
- Limerick cinema disaster Sep 7 in a village cinema near Limerick 50 die in fire
- Liners April 12 *München*; April 18 *Thuringia*; May 14 *The Republic*; July 2, Sep 15, Nov 6 *The Killarney*
- Lord Mayor of Cork May 7
- Ludwig II Oct 27
- Lynch, Julia (former housekeeper) writes and sends stamps and cigarette cards Feb 5, Feb 15, Feb 16, March 1, March 21, March 25, April 14, May 15, June 4, June 22, June 29, Aug 18 Aloys calls on Julia in Shandon Street; she takes him to cinema; Aug 19 comes to Fleischmanns for tea and goes with Tilly to cinema; Sep 3, Oct 1, Nov 9 sends cigarette cards and stamps
- Lynch, Mrs Dec 20 Julia's mother brings holly and stays for tea
- Macbeth* April 23 Aloys in 1925 December school play as Lady Macbeth
- MacCarthy, Fr Frank (member of Choral Society) July 11
- MacDonnell creamery Bandon Aug 5, Aug 6
- MacDonnells of Castlelack, Bandon (William Keyes and Kathleen with children Lola, Diarmuid, Cáitín, Liam) March 31; April 5; April 9 helps in shop; May 18 Aloys invited to tea in the Pavilion; May 23, May 25, Aug 5, Aug 22
- Machiavelli Now 4
- MacSwiney Fr Patrick Feb 11, Feb 24, March 20, March 24, March 25, March 29 visit to Rome, Cork broadcasting station; April 12, April 24, April 28 audience with Pope; May 5 in Naples; May 11 in Villa d'Este; May 14 met on liner after his return from Rome; May 15, June 4, June 14, July 5 invitation to Dunmanway; July 11; Aug 23 Aloys' decision to make music his career comes after discussion with Fr Pat in Dunmanway; Sep 26 preaches in Irish on St Finbarr at his graveside in Gougane Barra; Sep 27 reported in *Cork Examiner*; Oct 15 aunt dying; Oct 25 aunt dead; Dec 6 Aloys recalls him suffering from long faints; Dec 30 visit to Fr Pat; Dec 21 fainting and delirium
- MacSwiney, Annie Sep 13
- MacSwiney, Mary May 28 President of Republican party, June 2 Cicero on women politicians; Aug 29 at Stockleys'; Sep 13
- Mammy see Tilly Fleischmann
- Mangan family March 21, March 30,
- Mangan, Clarence Feb 21 descendant of poet, Feb 28
- Mangan, Joe Oct 29 pupil of Tilly Fleischmann's, classmate of Aloys at Christians, to join Col. Brase's band and sign 12-year contract
- Marconi March 6
- Marcus, Dr Hans July 11
- Margaret / Madge (housekeeper) Sep 11 window sash falls on her hand
- Margaret / Margherita (housekeeper) Feb 13, April 22; May 26 rude to Fleischmann sen., May 29 stamps to Aloys; June 9 given notice of termination of employment; July 8 leaves the Fleischmanns after a year
- Mark see O'Shaughnessy, Mark

Marlborough, Duke of Nov 21

Massy's bookshop May 13

Matric (University entrance exam) April 19 Aloys decides against taking it; Sep 9, Sep 10 regrets not having taken the exam; Sep 18 possible for him to do Matric and Honan Scholarship exams with Leaving Certificate Honours exam

McCarthy, Fr (member of Choral Society) Sep 5 visits priest's haunted house in Scull

Messages run March 27 for Dr Scannell; April 25 for mother to Opera House; May 26 for father to Mr Fielding of Choral Society; June 5 to Reparation Convent; June 4 for Miss O'Brien to Neesons, June 6 for Corkery to Stockleys; Aug 8 for Jane to Fr William O'Brien; Sep 13 for Jane O'Brien to Mary MacSwiney; Nov 9 for Dr Scannell to Blarney Street schools, Dec 24 for father to bishop

Mickie the carpenter April 6-11

Miners' strike May 2, May 3 becoming national strike; June 27

Misconduct Feb 13 runaway knock; March 28 car set in motion by mistake and damaged; 11 April fails to write home from Bandon; April 16 no house shoes at school; May 18 thrown out of class; July 4, July 6, July 10 trespasses in garden and house to be occupied by the new Ford manager Grace, Horgan boys use phone, Aloys plays Steinway grand piano, almost caught; 1 Sep trespassing in Ford manager's house, Aloys playing Steinway grand; Sep 17 throws 'dogbomb' from top window to frighten 'a gang of urchins' making noise; Sep 19 Aloys and Arthur frighten a little fellow from the terrace with tales of an aggressive monkey; Dec 18 switches off lights at bazaar to frighten the girls

Mishaps, mortifications Feb 16 falls off bike in crowded street when attacked by dog; Feb 19 breaks window in reverend mother's room; Feb 20 bumps into priest; March 6 falls off bicycle arriving filthy at doctor's; March 29 ordeal of public telephones; April 23 worries about being too small for his age; April 24 regret at having just missed sufficient marks for a scholarship of £80 which would have greatly helped his parents; April 26 embarrassment at blushing and giggling; May 25 messes up recitation of Hamlet with Fr O'Flynn; May 20 ordeal of school telephone duty with bad lines; June 2 shyness, blushing; Sep 14 gets puncture while transporting a large bunch of flowers so 'all the scamps of Cork' asking for some; Sep 23 inability to control laughter in Irish class when reading passage on baldness in front of their bald teacher; Sep 24 this is not resented by the teacher; Oct 2 fuses lights with magic lantern; Oct 17 exiled to kitchen for Brase concert supper; Oct 26 covers new clothes in mud at hurley and must go home to change; Dec 2

when obliged to accompany choir practice as father ill, the choir member to conduct failed to appear, nobody has the key to the music cupboard so it has to be broken open; Dec 5 the case containing cups borrowed from Stockleys for his mother's post-concert party falls off bike breaking nearly all contents

Monatrea, Co Waterford Aug 10-17 holiday as guest of Jane O'Brien

Mood swings May 12, Nov 10, Dec 15, Dec 25

Moroccan Peace Conference May 10

Mossie, Huge Aug 10 Youghal ferryman

Motor bicycle May 16; May 28; June 7 tries to ride priest's motorbike

Mount Melleray March 19

*Much Ado About Nothing* May 21 given at Opera House with Charles Doran but poor houses

Munich cathedral choir Sep 4

Murphy, Canon J. March 8, May 26, Aug 4 Aloys invited to Bantry for week; Aug 17 visit cancelled

Murphy, Muriel Aug 15

Music assisting April 1, April 4 organ assistant at cathedral Holy Week ceremonies page-turning and controlling organ roller; May 6 page-turning for Neesons; June 6 with organ at Corpus Christi service; Dec 8 page-turning at Brady/Sullivan concert; Dec 19 with cathedral organ; Dec 22 conflict of interest between Christmas mass at Farranferris and cathedral but manages both; Dec 24 at cathedral Xmas service

Music composed March 21 re Prelude of Christmas 1925, March 28 sonata planned; March 29 father's disapproval; April 1; June 28 no work at sonata; July 16 composing to cease for serious harmony studies; Oct 24 re the joy when it works out as with Prelude of Christmas 1925

Music heard (much is not specified) Jan 31 Mendelssohn *The First Walpurgis Night* (Fleischmann School of Music Choir, Dawson Opera House concert); Feb 9 Dvorak *Stabat Mater*, Parry *Jerusalem* (St Fin Barre's Cathedral Oratorio Society, Cork); Feb 18 Gounod *By Babylon's Wave* (Cork Municipal School of Music Choral Society); Feb 21 Mendelssohn *Elijah* (Corkery's radio), Mozart 'Jupiter' Symphony, violin concertos (Corkery records); Feb 28 Dubois, Händel (Corkery's radio); Mozart Sonata in C minor No. 18 (Clarence Mangan performance at Corkery's); March 7 R. Strauss *Death and Transfiguration* (Corkery record); March 8 poor quality church music at Th. Aquinas Mass in St Mary's church; March 10 Bax Ballad in E minor, Fleischmann *Rhapsody*, Debussy *Jardins sous la pluie*, *Claire de lune*, Wagner *Isoldens Liebestod* (Tilly Fleischmann

recital); March 17 Pembauer Mass (cathedral choir); March 21 R. Strauss *Ein Heldenleben* (Corkery record); March 25 Schubert *Marche Militaire*, Brahms *Two Hungarian Dances*, Nicolai Overture *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Beethoven 5<sup>th</sup> Symphony, Schubert 'Unfinished Symphony' (Mangans' radio); March 27 Benedict *The Lily of Killarney* (O'Mara Company, Opera House); March 30 Rimsky-Korsakov *Kitesh* (Mangans' radio); March 31 Lenten sacred music (cathedral choir); April 1, April 4 Pembauer Mass (cathedral choir); April 3 Delaney's Civic Guard Band concert; May 2 unaccompanied choral singing from Christ Church, Bach organ music, Grieg orchestral music (Corkery records); May 6 Liadoff, Chopin, Franck, Franz (Neeson recital); May 9 Adoremus te (cathedral choir), Fleischmann sen. on organ; June 6 Pembauer Mass (cathedral choir); June 7 Mozart Sonata No 3 (Mr Dalton, Tilly Fleischmann pupil); June 19 Chopin Ballade II, Beethoven waltz, Liszt (Fr Gay, at O'Sullivan's in Honan Hostel, UCC); June 23 Chopin Valse Op. 64 No. 3 (Tilly Fleischmann); Sep 2 Schumann Sonata in G, Chopin Valse in A (Tilly Fleischmann); Sep 30 first national wireless concert conducted by Hamilton Harty: Brahms 1<sup>st</sup> Symphony, 3 Handel arias, Wagner songs 'Schmerzen', 'Träume', 'Im Treibhaus', Rimsky-Korsakov Suite (Mangans' radio); Oct 17 Nicolai Overture *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Gounod Overture *Faust*, Wagner Overture *Rheingold* (Fritz Brase Opera House army band concert); Oct 19, Oct 26, Nov 9 Chamber music, including Beethoven (Joyce Sullivan and W. E. Brady to Tilly Fleischmann, Dec 8 concert, Dec 29 repeated at Stockleys'); Nov 25 Fleischmann sen. new 'Irish Choral Greeting' (School of Music Choral Society practice); Oct 21 Haydn *Creation* (Choral Society practices); Oct 26 Mozart Quartet in F major, Beethoven Quartet Op. 18, No. 2, Schumann Quintet Op. 44, (9 Dec 1924 Brodsky Quartet and Tilly Fleischmann); Oct 28 Liszt, *St Francis Preaching to the Birds* (Tilly Fleischmann); Oct 29 Donizetti *Don Pasquale* (Opera House); Nov 14 *La Traviata* (Hamburg radio at Corkery's); Nov 18 Lully dance chorus (Choral Society practice); Nov 25 Fleischmann 'Choral greeting' (Choral Society practice); Dec 1 Bach Prelude and Fugue in C sharp, No. 3, Schumann Sonata in G minor, Op. 22, Beethoven Sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 27 (Moonlight), Chopin Study in E major, Op. 10, Chopin Scherzo in B flat minor, Op. 31, Liszt *St Francis preaching to the birds*, Liszt Ballade No. 2 in B minor (Tilly Fleischmann concert); Dec 7 Schubert 'Erlkönig' (Marie Germaine Stockley and Tilly Fleischmann); Dec 9 Mozart violin

minuets (Mrs Egan); Dec 19 Schubert mass (cathedral choir)

Music inappropriate March 14 if mourning in neighbourhood, Dec 26 no practising on feast day  
Music performed by Aloys Jan 31 harmonium in Mendelssohn *The First Walpurgis Night* (School of Music Choral Society Dawson Opera House concert); March 21 Chopin Mazurka, his own Prelude (at Corkery's); March 31 Prelude and Chopin Mazurka (at School of Music for Maud Burrowes); April 8 violin (at Castlelack, Bandon for Mickie the carpenter and Miss Hickie, MacDonnells' governess); May 23-24 violin (at Castlelack for the family); June 8 Mozart No. 5 K283 1<sup>st</sup> movement (Tilly Fleischmann School of Music pupils' concert of 11 Feb 1923); June 18 Mozart sonata and Chopin Mazurka (for Fr Pat MacSwiney); Aug 31 Chopin Mazurka, Beethoven Variations for O'Shaughnessys; Sep 3 Chopin (for Mark Shaughnessy and three sisters); Sep 19 piano (for parents of classmate Charlie O'Connor); Dec 2 accompanies Choral Society with Lully dance suite when in charge of Choral Society choir practice as father ill; Dec 24 harmonium at Christmas mass at Farranferris

Music studied Feb 10, Feb 24 traditional Irish singing with Fr Christie O'Flynn; Feb 23 harmony with father, violin; March 1 piano with mother; March 4 piano; March 1 Clementi 3rd study, Allegro of Mozart sonata, Mendelssohn 1st Prelude; March 15 good at piano lesson; March 21 Chopin Mazurka; March 29 piano; April 8 violin; April 16 Mozart sonatas, P. E. Bach; April 30 piano good progress, violin also; May 27 piano practice good, compares Clementi with Swift; June 12 good harmony and piano lesson, both from father as mother ill; June 15 Beethoven 15 Variations begun; June 20 Mendelssohn Prelude not going well; July 22, July 23 Beethoven Variations, dissatisfied with playing; July 24, July 27 improvement; Aug 28 delight at Beethoven Variations; Sep 10 progress, Sep 12 loves Mendelssohn Fugue; Sep 29 good piano and harmony lessons; Oct 19 Field Nocturne, mother pleased; Oct 22 Esposito study begun; Oct 27 Schumann Novelette begun; Oct 27 unsuccessful harmony class; Nov 13 progress in harmony; Nov 9 Schumann Novelette 'glorious'; Esposito studies finished, 'dry and ugly'

Mussolini May 10, May 19 attacked by Irishwoman; Nov 4, Nov 5 3<sup>rd</sup> attempt on his life; Nov 8 University College Dublin rag-day satire

Nannie see Swertz, Walburga

Naples May 5

Napoleon March 23

National strike in England May 2, May 3, May 9 baton charges, May 13 strike ends; May 27, June 7 aftermath, June 27, Oct 19 further strike

- Neeson, Geraldine March 10 at Tilly Fleischmann's post-recital tea; April 4 at Tilly Fleischmann's birthday tea; April 28 to resign from School of Music over oath of allegiance; May 6 recital with Seán
- Neeson, Seán, April 4 at Tilly Fleischmann's birthday tea, May 6 recital with Geraldine; May 10 review of recital; July 26
- Nicknames Feb 4, March 16,
- Nightmares March 6 after fall from bicycle; June 10 dreams he gets blood of crocodile found in pool in Myrtleville into his mouth (he had mouth infection)
- No, no, Nanette* April 21, May 10
- No. 2 Army Band June 21
- North Monastery March 3
- O'Brien, Fr William March 29 visit to Rome; April 1, April 12, May 14 met on liner after his return from Rome; enjoyment of his wit; June 9 praise from Fr O'Flynn; Aug 8, Aug 9
- O'Brien, Grace June 16
- O'Brien, Jane (Sinéad Ní Bhriain) Jan 31, Feb 28, March 27, April 1, April 4, May 4 excluded from School of Music broadcast as refused to take oath of allegiance; June 13 theories on Russia being behind national strike; Aug 3 plans to stay in Germany for winter; Aug 27 plans abandoned; Aug 8 invites Tilly and Aloys to Monatrea for a week; Aug 10-13 with Fleischmanns in Monatrea, staying in Youghal on way; Aug 13 on evening walk she and Aloys talk Irish, hear Irish music in distance, he 'split between' Irish and Bavarian; Sep 6 her Schiedmayer stored in Fleischmann's dining room; Sep 19 not in good health; Oct 18 moving into new home; Nov 16 writes from London announcing stay in south of France for health reasons
- O'Brien, Anne Florence ('Darkie', religious name: Mother Mary Magdalene, younger sister of Fr William and Jane O'Brien) Aug 8
- O'Connor, Frank Oct 12 note, Oct 17
- O'Donovan, Dr. James M. May 4 cauterises Fleischmann sen.'s leg; June 26 no tonsil operation for Aloys jun.; Nov 7 to tea with his wife; Nov 8 beginning to learn German
- O'Dwyer, Robert (piano examiner School of Music) July 6
- O'Flynn, Fr. James Christopher Feb 10, Feb 24 traditional singing; May 19 lack of empathy with class; May 26 has Aloys driven home by chauffeur, imitation of Doran; June 9 elocution class imitation of Fr William O'Brien; Aug 9, Aug 22 *Richard III* open-air performance in Bandon by his Shakespearian Company, Aloys and Fr Pat have tea with the company; Oct 13
- O'Hea-Cussen, Dr May 6, May 8 Aloys' tonsils examined
- O'Leary, Timothy Aug 20, Aug 21, Aug 24, Aug 25
- O'Mara Travelling Opera Company March 27
- O'Mara, Joseph March 27 last appearance
- O'Shaughnessy, Mark Feb 14, March 16, March 21, March 28, June 2, June 3 tennis,
- O'Sullivan, Betty 12 April, June 19, July 5, July 8
- O'Sullivan, Prof Elizabeth (Lily) June 18, June 19 takes Aloys on outing to Ballycotton; Oct 31, Dec 4 calls to congratulate Tilly Fleischmann on concert
- Oath of allegiance to state required of School of Music teachers April 28
- Opera House Jan 31 Choral Society Dawson concert; March 27 *The Lily of Killarney*; April 21 *No, no, Nanette* 2 weeks, booked out; April 21 William Primrose, violinist, Luke Byrne, singer, poor house; April 25 Mabel Dennis benefit concert; May 8 *St Joan*; May 21 *Much Ado About Nothing* with Charles Doran, poor house; May 22 *Richard II* with Charles Doran, poor house; Oct 11 *The Beggars Opera*, *Lilac Time*; Oct 17 Col Fritz Brase army band concert; Oct 29 Donizetti *Don Pasquale*
- Outings March 17 cycling to Ballincollig Castle, Kilcrea Castle, Kilcrea Abbey; April 5-11 to the MacDonnells of Castlelack, Bandon; May 23 to MacDonnells in Bandon; June 19 with O'Sullivans to Ballycotton; July 13 to Knockmealdown Mountains with Fr Pat; July 14 boating on Blackwater; Aug 10-17 Monatrea holiday (Co. Waterford, across bay from Youghal) as guest of Jane O'Brien; Aug 5-7 in Castlelack near Bandon with MacDonnells; Aug 17 Bantry outing cancelled by Canon Murphy; Aug 17 Dublin outing to aunt Rosa Blair cancelled due to lack of money for train fares; Aug 19-26 to Dunmanway to stay with Fr Pat MacSwiney; Dec 30 to Fr Pat MacSwiney in Dunmanway
- Palmistry May 27
- Pappy see Fleischmann, Aloys senior
- Parr June 8 dies at 155
- Parsees June 14
- Parties Feb 1, Feb 12, Feb 13
- Passion flower Oct 3
- Pavilion cinema restaurant Aug 5 lunch and tea
- Photos of class by Brother Walter of North Monastery May 30, June 3
- Pigotts March 9
- Pius X Sep 18
- Pleasant events Feb 1 fancy dress ball; Feb 16 pancake night; March 11 shown around Cathedral tower and bells; April 23 sense of good fellowship at school play in which he acted Lady Macbeth



Poland May 16

Political interests, reports, views Feb 17 pro constitutional monarchy; Feb 20 survey heads of state; March 2 Abd el Krim; March 5 grandmother Swertz on Franco-Prussian War and Bavarian monarchy; March 12 de Valera resigns; April 15 political survey; June 11, July 28 Syrian uprising against French; Aug 14 uprisings Ukraine, Morocco

Poverty in Cork Nov 9, Nov 30

Pressure of work Sep 18; Oct 1 'imaginative despair'; Oct 2 doubts as to progress; Oct 8 speaks to Dr Scannell

Price, Eileen (singer) Dec 8

Primrose, William (violinist) April 21

Prince Regent Luitpold of Bavaria Feb 17;

Prizes April 23

Puppy Nov 22 abandoned due to licence inspection, adopted by Elsa Williams

Queenstown May 14

Radio Feb 21, Feb 28, March 21, March 25, Sep 30 first national wireless concert

Rag (University carnival) Nov 8

Rathcooney graveyard March 14

Reading Feb 2 Cassells *History of the World*; Feb 3 Mariott *The Making of Modern Europe*; March 4 Keats 'Endymion'; March 4 Wordsworth 'Fidelity'; March 14 Brady *The Sword Hand of Napoleon*; March 18 Mullane *History of Western Europe*; March 24 about Borodin; May 13 Fearanside *English History*; May 19 Macauley, *History of England*; June 4 Macauley on England in 17 c.; June 15 Macauley; June 20 life of St Aloysius; June 29 Ruskin, Goldsmith; July 9 Eichendorff *Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts*, plans to read Grant *Outlines of European History*, and Robert Farquharson Sharp *Makers of Music*; July 29 Lew Wallace *Ben Hur*; Sep 14 Pritchard's *Essays of To-day*; Sep 20 *Hamlet*; Oct 10 Canon Sheehan *My New Curate*; Oct 24 Canon Sheehan *The Blindness of Dr. Gray*; Nov 3 *Deutsche Dome* [German Cathedrals]; Dec 26 Scott, Macauley, Thackeray's *Lives of Goldsmith*; Dec 27 Snger *Musical History*; Carlyle *Heroes and Hero-Worship*; Goldsmith *Chinese Letters*; Dec 29 Goldsmith *The Vicar of Wakefield*

Reflections: May 12 mood balance, reactions to pressure and exhilaration; June 16 whether holiness like that of model boy in school is desirable; July 21 dangers of cramming; Sep 10 whether sufficient talent for career in music; Oct 1 on disinterested friendliness of Julia and how he does nothing for others; Oct 9 colours of days of week deriving from period of father's internment, weekly colours of that period described; Oct 14 formerly in awe of Seniors as

so close to going forth into the world: now his own position; Nov 20 kindnesses of classmates to each other make Aloys aware of the only child's tendency to take without giving

Relics April 27

Republicans May 28 party split; June 14 activists caught drilling in Farranferris grounds; July 22 disgust at burning of Sir John Keane home; Nov 15 policeman shot, court order allows the party keep 2 million raised in the USA

Retreats Oct 14, Oct 16

Reviews of Fleischmann concerts Feb 1 poor *Cork Examiner* review of Dawson concert; March 11 poor *Echo* review of Tilly Fleischmann recital; April 27 Tilly Fleischmann passed over in Dennis benefit concert review; Sep 28 those of early Fleischmann concerts of better quality

*Richard II* May 22 with Charles Doran at Opera House, bad houses

*Richard III* Aug 22 open-air performance in Bandon by Fr O'Flynn's Shakespearian Company, audience comments aptly throughout

Riff conflict June 10; July 28 tribes submitting

*Rose-Marie* Sep 17 Aloys not allowed go to the musical

Russell, Lilian Feb 18

Ryan, Father, M.A. (African Missionary) Feb 3 death

Scannell, Dr. Joseph Feb 2, Feb 4, Feb 8, Feb 11, Feb 14, Feb 16, Feb 19, March 8, March 15, March 23, April 16, April 19, April 27 defends Catholic relics against Mark Twain; April 29, April 30 positive views of Shaw's *St. Joan*; May 6; May 27 sympathises with Abd El Krim, does conjuring tricks for class, May 31 re Aloys' fear of doing badly in exams; June 1 German exam questions; June 15 plays handball with class; Oct 28 Latin Pass class organise 'Vive le canaille!' in protest against teacher's scorn; Nov 2 in history class cites Pierre Gilliard, the Swiss tutor to the Czar Nicholas II's children, who claims that the Jewish prefect of Tobolsk ordered the murder of the family; Nov 26 suggests Aloys aim at chair of English at German university; Dec 10 brings actors to class to satirise himself, gets radio for school, sets up debating society

Scher, Isaac April 3, April 8, April 9, Sep 6

School see St Finbarr's College, Farranferris

School books smuggled into holiday luggage July 13, Aug 10

School retreat Oct 14 Aloys' 4<sup>th</sup> and last

Scoil te see St Ita's

Scully, Harry Feb 25, March 8, May 29

Shanahan, Gerard Feb 3

Shaw, G. B. April 30; *St. Joan* April 30, May 3, May 8, May 9, May 10; May 25 *Fannie's First*

- Play*; Nov 12 Nobel prize; Nov 19 Shaw donates prize money for translation of Swedish works into English
- Sheehan, Canon Patrick A. Oct 10, Oct 16, Oct 24 joy of composing; Nov 1
- Sinn Féin March 12
- Slums Nov 30 first time seen
- Smiddy, Prof. Timothy A. Aug 29
- Smith O'Brien Mrs June 29
- South Sea Islands Aug 12 in *Lands and Peoples*
- Spain Sep 6 martial law
- Sports (see also Hurley) Feb 14 billiards; March 16 riding; March 21 gymnastics on trapeze; April 5 boating; April 12 archery; June 2, June 3 tennis; June 15 handball with class and Dr Scannell; tennis with O'Shaughnessy and sister; July 6 fishing; July 10 makeshift sail for river boating; July 13 climbs Knockmealdown Mountain, tennis in Cappoquin; Aug 22 riding, Aug 23 illegally kills hare; Aug 25 hunting; Sep 1 swimming in forbidden waters close to waterworks with Horgan boys; Dec 28 riding in Honan Home grounds
- St Aloysius June 16 devotion to him propagated by the holiest boy in the school; June 20; June 21 to Mass on his feast day
- St Coleman's College Fermoy May 22
- St Finbarr's College, Farranferris Feb 2 enjoyment of history lessons; Feb 4, Feb 15, Feb 22 excellent relations with classmates; Feb 4, Feb 10, March 11, March 25, March 26 teachers; Feb 8, Feb 15 student misdeeds; Feb 8, Feb 16 school discipline; Feb 11 discussions with classmates re Germany and the war; Feb 14, Feb 23 essay writing; Feb 15 enjoyment of Latin; Feb 17 pleasure of historical anecdotes; March 11 baiting teachers; March 15 history class; April 21 criticises *No, no Nanette* whereas clerical students love it; May 1 German classes *Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts*, 'Denkmal' Wilhelm; May 5 remains at home to mind sick father; May 10 defends *St Joan* against the seminarians who denounce it unseen; May 11 Aloys' diary hidden; May 27 defends Abd El Krim; June 15 class play handball with Dr Scannell; June 22 feast for last Latin class together; June 24 the honours class of 7 described; Sep 20 Fr Dalton in English class on Greek actors' masks, *Hamlet* being studied; Oct 10 Fr Dalton; Oct 21 Latin class: correcting an Episcopal letter for the bishop's secretary Fr. Wesley; Oct 23, Oct 25 teachers' enthusiasm for hurley in school and beyond; Oct 27 discussion with classmates re Germany compared with Ireland; Nov 23 Latin: Horace Book 1 begun, Livy Book XXII finished; Nov 27 Irish: studying *Ceart na Gaedhilge* and *Slighe an Eolais* on his own as teacher 'hopeless'; Nov 27 German: Goethe's *Torquato Tasso* finished, but not yet mature enough for it; Dec 8 Religion: evolution discussed; Dec 10 Dr Scannell brings two actors (Green and Hunt ) into class to mimic him 'terrorising the Junior Pass Latin class'; Dec 10 debating society to be established; Dec 10 German: Schiller *Der Dreissigjährige Krieg* started; Dec 12 religion exam details; Dec 13 English exam details, Dec 14 history exam details; Dec 16, Dec 17, Dec 18 exam results: first in history, English, Latin
- St Ita's March 7, March 29
- St Maries of the Isle March 29
- St Mary's Church, Cork March 8
- St Patrick's Day March 17 no procession
- St Thomas Aquinas Mass March 8
- St Vincent Convent centenary Oct 6
- St Vitus dance Sep 30 contracted by boy on terrace
- St. Fin Barre's Cathedral Oratorio Society Feb 9 note
- St. Joan* April 30, May 3, May 8, May 9, May 10 Aloys defends Shaw's play in school against the seminarians who denounce it without having seen it
- Stamp collecting, (see also Lynch, Julia) Feb 5 sub-collectors organised; Feb 10, Feb 12, March 5, March 9; Sep 6; Oct 5 further sub-collector (milkman); Nov 13 controversy in the republican German government re the 10 pfennig stamp bearing the head of Frederick the Great
- Stockley family Feb 7 house recital; May 2 invitation to Youghal; Aug 29 people of all creeds and views meet at Stockleys
- Stockley Marie Germaine née Kolb Feb 7 note, March 10, March 26 pupils' recital, March 27, April 28 to resign from School of Music re oath of allegiance; July 15 resigns from School of Music, applicants for post; Aug 30 sails with Sophie, latter to stay in England, she in Germany; Dec 7 sings Schubert songs with Tilly Fleischmann as when they met weekly during Fleischmann sen.'s internment
- Stockley, Prof. William Feb 7 note, March 22, March 27, Aug 30 tells Aloys ex Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria is the Stuart heir to the English throne; Dec 19 4 narrow escapes during the Troubles and when shipwrecked off Belle Isle Newfoundland
- Stockley, Sophie (Sophia) Feb 1 to have fancy dress ball; Feb 13 fancy dress ball; March 27 stamp searches; April 27 stamps; May 17 pupil of Tilly Fleischmann's; May 23-25 in Castlclack with Aloys and Irmah; May 19, May 25 how as a child Aloys emancipated himself; Aug 4 measles in Dunquin; Aug 30 sets out on 'The Killarney' to spend the holidays in England; Sep 26 stamps; Oct 29 to opera; Oct 30 and Dec 7 Aloys'

- childhood memories; Nov. 7, Dec 19, Dec 23  
Xmas presents; Dec 29, Dec 30
- Stockley, Violet April 28, May 2
- Storms July 18, July 19, Aug 9, Sep 3, Sep 21  
tornado in Florida with thousands of deaths
- Studies during holidays July 12-Aug 3
- Studying forbidden Aug 11
- Sullivan, Betty see O'Sullivan, Betty
- Sullivan, Joyce Oct 19, Oct 26, Nov 2, Nov 9, Dec 3 with W. E. Brady plays Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Brahms chamber music concert programme for Tilly Fleischmann and on Dec 5 for 18 of her friends; Dec 8 chamber concert with W. E. Brady; Dec 29 repeated at Stockleys for 40 guests
- Summary of his life June 28 planned but not undertaken
- Swertz, Dulcie Aug 26, Aug 27
- Swertz, Hans Anton (uncle) Aug 26, Aug 27
- Swertz, Walburga née Rössler ('Nannie', grandmother) Feb 12, Feb 26, March 5, March 19, April 16, April 23, May 13, May 20 prescribes Friars' balsam with good effect; May 30, June 4, June 6, June 12 memories of Franco-Prussian war; June 13 visits sick Tilly; June 20, July 18 acute sciatica so unable to holiday with them in Cappoquin, invited to come to be minded, frugal life; Aug 4 sciatica better, Aug 9, Nov 12, Nov 26 comes to tea every Friday
- Swertz, Wally (aunt) Feb 4
- Swertz, Xaver (uncle) April 16
- Swift, Jonathan May 27
- Syrian rebels June 11, July 28
- Tagore, Rabindranath Sep 4
- Talec, Mlle de Oct 3
- Tales of old Cork March 12
- Telephoning March 29, May 20 ordeals thereof
- The Sphere* May 7
- Thompson's restaurant Aug 9
- Tonic Solfa Feb 10
- Townshend, Miss (harpist?) May 2
- Tree snake June 26
- Twain, Mark April 27 re relics
- Twomey, Mr (Maths, Irish inspector) Dec 7
- Úna Bhán Aug 5-7 the MacDonnell's boat
- Uncle Alec see Blair, Alexander
- Uncle Hans see Swertz, Hans Anton (Tony)
- Vaccination Feb 9
- Valera de March 12, May 28 to take his seat in the Dáil
- Vatican state Nov 4
- Vaudrey, Mollie née Basset Oct 7, Oct 12
- Veresmith, Daniel March 9
- Vocation for priesthood June 16 a possibility
- Voice breaking June 14
- Wally see Swertz, Wally
- Walpurgisnacht* (Mendelssohn) Jan 31, Feb 3
- Waterfinder May 25
- Weekly routine Feb 23
- Williams, Arthur (cousin) Feb 10, Feb 21, March 17, March 24, April 21, May 30, June 16 with fashionable friend, July 7, Aug 4 on holiday in Crosshaven, Sep 1 interests not compatible; Sep 8, Dec 8 goes to dances, Dec 12 to give ball
- Williams, Chris (Tilly Fleischmann's brother-in-law) Sep 14 pleasant talk
- Williams, Elsa née Swertz (aunt) March 3, April 21, June 14, Sep 2 Elsa lends her sister Tilly money; Sep 14 gives flowers to welcome Aloys sen. home, Nov 22, Nov 24
- Williams, Patricia (cousin) Feb 10, Feb 21
- Wireless see Radio
- Woodside, Stockley home Feb 7, July 10
- World war 1 Feb 11; Feb 17; March 23; July 29
- Worries March and June re school exams; July 21 dangers of cramming; Sep 10 whether sufficient talent for career in music; Oct 5 need to overcome nervousness and find more courage; Oct 8 lest brain be overtaxed with unneeded material; Dec 1 sick with nervousness over mother's concert; Dec 6 distraught over his mother's heart trouble and nervous breakdown, remembers distress as a child witnessing Fr Pat MacSwiney's faints and delirium; Dec 8 stress of page-turning at Brady/Sullivan concert, Dec 12-18 tortures of school exams
- Wren boys Dec 26
- Youghal Aug 10 ferry modernised, holiday spent there in 1924
- Zaghlul, Saad Pasha May 27, June 8, July 8