

The Road to Glountane

By Terence "Cuz" Teahan
with Josh Dunson



tune transcriptions and copying
by Ann and Chuck Heymann

THE BOOK WE HAVE WAITED FOR

*This music book is on its way
So listen to me please,
For I have something good to say
That will put your mind at ease:
The composer — our "Cuz" Teahan —
Brings you hornpipes, jigs, and reels,
In his Kerry style — this Fenian
Expresses how he feels.*

*His set dance tunes and lovely airs
And his many more besides,
His polkas, waltzes, and tunes so rare
And his beautiful Kerry slides;
So, add them all and you will find
A collection great and grand,
This music book is just the kind
That portrays Ireland.*

*So here is to our master mind
And the music that he plays,
And the many years now left behind
That we call the good old days.
But were it not for those days gone by
And his sense of dedication,
Our youth today would not know why
Our music thrills a nation.*

— Frank Thornton, 1979
Irish Musicians Association
Comhaltas Ceoltoiri Eireann

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THE BOOK WE HAVE WAITED FOR
So listen to us please
For I have something good to say
That will be true
The answer — our Irish
And our many more books
His poems, written, and there is more
And his beautiful Kerry tales
So add them all and you will find
A collection great and grand
This music book is just the kind
That portrays Ireland
So here is to our music world
And the music that we love
And the many years now left behind
That we call the good old days
But now it not for those days gone by
And his sense of dedication
Our youth today would not know why
Our music thrills a nation
— Frank Thornton, 1979
Irish Musicians Association
Combatants' Council of Eireann

Josh Dunson

Josh Dunson was born in New York City in 1941. He is currently contributing editor for folk music for *Chicago Magazine*. Since 1965 he has written about folk music for *Come For To Sing*, the *Philadelphia Daily News*, *Sing Out!*, and others. His books include *Freedom in the Air*, *Song Movements of the Sixties*, and with Ethel Raim, *Songs from the Anthology of American Folk Music*. In preparation is *High on the Mountain*, *The Songs and Story of Ola Belle Reed*.

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By Terence "Cuz" Teahan
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tune transcriptions and copying
by Ann and Chuck Heymann

production coordination
by Justin O'Brien

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the Los Angeles Times, *the San Francisco Chronicle*, *the New York Journal of*
the Song Movement of the Sixties, and *the Smithsonian Anthology of American*
Folk Music. In preparation is *Blues in the Heart: The Story of Old Ballad Road*.

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by Jonas Dovydenas.

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Preface

Terry "Cuz" Teahan is the premier creative musician of Chicago's outstanding community of Irish and Irish-American musicians. He played on the concertina and the button accordion for twenty-one years — from 1943 to 1964 — three nights a week at the major Irish dance halls. At age seventy-four "Cuz" is asked for his tunes by the three generations of Chicago Irish who are now keeping the traditions alive.

He plays two or three times a week at Irish weddings, cultural events, and benefits. If "Cuz" is there the event will have the great old dance tunes and a spirit that no one else brings to the music. In recognition of his special contribution, Terry "Cuz" Teahan received the 1978 Irishman of the Year Award from the Harp and Shamrock Club.

For those who are not close to or part of the Irish traditional music community, the use of language in *The Road to Glountane* may be unfamiliar. "Cuz" and I have attempted to keep a balance between the richness of the spoken language of South Kerry and the need to read with a certain speed and ease. Most helpful in this process has been Justin O'Brien who not only performed his part of production coordinator superbly but served as a pair of fresh and friendly eyes. Our suggestion is to read *The Road to Glountane* as though you were meeting the author over a cup of tea or a pint of Guinness.

The tunes are all original compositions, with one exception. "Cuz" performs few of these since he composed them for other musicians and most often for instruments other than the concertina. Many of the hundreds of tunes "Cuz" has from his Kerry years are printed in other collections. "Cuz" suggests two outstanding collections by Captain Francis O'Neill: *1001 Gems: The Dance Music of Ireland*, which has been reprinted by Waltons of Dublin; and *Waifs and Strays of Gaelic Melody: 400 Choice Selections*, originally published in 1922, and which might be found by a diligent search of used book stores.

As you read the poems, reflect on the photographs and find the stories of the compositions, I hope these tunes come across with a special life. This is music that is meant to be played with joyous love of life, with humor, and with heart. The culture that nurtured Terry "Cuz" Teahan never kept the tune from the dance, or the dance from the tune. The music was never separated from the people — despite England's wholehearted efforts. As "Cuz" says, "People are my hobby — not music."

Frank Thornton eloquently writes that with "Cuz" there is "a sense of dedication" to keep the culture alive. There is a personal commitment to keep the music accessible, close to the people and their lives. Whether it is for young black children in a Joliet elementary school or in front of thousands of Irish and Irish-Americans on Irish Family Day, when "Cuz" plays this music, it gets across.

Lastly, there are two words that may need a little explanation. "Cuz" uses the word *different* as a very high compliment. To be different is to be unusual, new, stimulating, and

exciting. When a tune is said to be different that means the tune is not a copy. It is unique or special.

The reason Terry Teahan is called "Cuz" by everybody is that he calls everybody else "Cuz." This enables him to express his natural warmth without having to remember your name or family history. "Cuz" originally received the name when he worked on the Illinois Central Railroad. He would bring down unemployed young people who would name Terry as a cousin working on the railroad. They would always get the job and would call Terry "Cuz" ever after.

So enjoy the book, give a shout, and welcome to the family, "new cousin."

— JOSH DUNSON



Cuz and Nora Teahan in 1942 with their three daughters; from left, Noreen, Margaret, and Sheila.

Introduction

I was born in 1905 in Castleisland, County Kerry. My father died when I was very young, but I don't know the year. His flute and fiddle was in the house, but for the greater part of my life I never knew he played. But his sisters played and ma's sisters played.

In just our little section there was thirty-four of the younger ones and the older ones that would regularly play for the dances. In the summer and fall a lot of the boys and girls would go down to Limerick and work for farmers. They would be apprenticed out and then in November or so they would come back. They would come back until February or March and play for turkeys or anything, and the house would be filled. It wasn't only the big houses but there would be houses all over. We would call it the section.

There was always singing. There was hardly not any night when somebody was not singing. I remember when I was six not being allowed to stay up to listen to it, but by the time I was eight I went to the close-by homes in the section.

At home in my ma's time they were always accompanied by a flute or a fiddle or a concertina. Each one took a turn singing. It was easier to get the womenfolk to sing than it was the men. Rarely ever would you hear a Gaelic song. Sometimes, like with "The Little Red Fox," they would mix the Gaelic and English. On a few, Gaelic words or expressions lingered on. There was a drinking song with the refrain: "He said, 'Begone you knave 'fore bold Bacchus gave us lave to have another cruiskeen lan.' "

My mother did a lot of that old-time thing — you name it. Anything that went a way back. She'd sing "Willie Riley," "Barbara Allen," "Johnnie Doyle," and all the ones the Dayhills Irish Band sang — every one of them. She sang some of the tunes Joe Heaney sings, though there are different words together. They are different in Kerry than they are in Connemara. Only my grandmother on my father's side talked Gaelic, nobody else. She didn't talk any English.

A song is like a joke. There is a punch line when there is an accent, and if you miss that in your singing, or if the listeners can't find it, there is a lot of enjoyment left out of it. I probably figure the way a song should be sung today is the way I heard my ma doing it. I think they are putting songs on record today where there are no corners. It is all rounded.

When I grew up, seventy years ago, there was a song, "For Ireland I Won't Tell Her Name." They sang it in English, and the way we were led to believe, it was centered around the town of Tralee. This young man was going with this girl, and according to the customs of those times she had to have the dowry. They — the man and the woman — were not considered equal. In them days they had the right tune, but now it is faded and it is only patched up.

In the winter they would start in the evening about six o'clock, and you'd be out of anyone's house by eleven. In the kitchen they would sit around a great big fire, and if the crowd wasn't too big there would be eight people playing cards at the table. There would be

the man and woman who owned the home and the neighboring men. The neighboring women hardly left their own home at night. It would be most every night. You would always know where it would be, meeting each other going along the bohreen.

In that room, the main piece of furniture would be the dresser. There would be row after row of plates and jugs and mugs — and shiny. In them days they had beautiful dishes. The dishes came from different countries. The stoneware was from Ireland, and you had your bone china from England, and you had all kinds of stuff from Japan and China.

Usually there would be four fellows standing in one line to finish and then four others to get started. Usually you never had the same kind of dancing. If one crowd danced "The High Caul Cap," that tune would be played all the way through. And the next crowd would dance "Hurry the Jug," and then that tune would be played all the way through. Another crowd might dance "The Jenny Lind" which was five complete figures. In Kerry every figure is stopped when the music stops.

The musicians then pick the next dance, and that goes on for five figures. It was almost always a hornpipe, but occasionally it was a short reel, not a set of reels. Then you would have "The Jenny Lind," "The Victoria," "Mazourka," and "The Talavara." There was a lot of single dancing which we used to call "The Rose Tree" and one which we called "O'Donnell Abu." When the dancing was in the schools, you would see "The Siege of Ennis," "The Waves of Tory," "The Walls of Limerick," and "The Bridge of Athlone" — never "The Haymaker's Jig," as that was considered part of "The Virginia Reel." I believe that was danced in other parts of Ireland. It was brought back from the harvest in England. It was never danced in Cork or Kerry or here until recently. There is "Irish Hey" which is completely different. The old-timers used to talk about it, but they did it before my time.

In our section, a radius of two and one-half miles, you had the family of Padraig O'Keeffe, Maggie Callaghan O'Keeffe, Nora Carmody (his sister), Bina, John, Cal, Michael, Willie, and Maggie May. They all played everything. Not the accordion.

There was also Bridge and Tom Leary, and the younger crowd, Nell Keane, and Liz and Kity Mannix. The older crowd were: Maggie and Katie Scollard, Catherine Murphy, Minnie Looney, John Quinn, Mollie, Nellie, Minnie, and Katie Brosnan, Michael Crowley, Sissie Crowley, and Abbie Carey. Also at the dances were Margaret Fitzgerald, Eileen Brosnan and John Brosnan, Margaret O'Keeffe, J. B. Brosnan, Lizzie Whealan, Maggie Moriarty, and Annie Twiss.

By the time I was allowed to go to the Scollard's, who had the farm across the way, I was nine. And then I had given up playing all kinds of music when I was ten. But between the time I was eight to ten, there were so many musicians falling over you that you didn't play for too many sets. Even though O'Keeffe taught me how to read the music, a lot of the older ones were playing it. They picked it up by ear. Age takes a toll in Ireland. You do respect the age there. I would have to be twelve or more to be allowed to go to other places but Scollard's.

I could go to Scollard's at eight or nine because I could come home when I was supposed to be home at a certain time. Lots of winter nights I used to ramble at her house — even at nights when there was no dancing, although usually there was. The Scollards would come in to our house, and they would be picking up the old songs from my ma. When the young ones used to come to Chicago from Ireland they would say to Lill Scollard, "Oh, you probably never heard this song," and Lill would say, "Oh, it probably came after." But the moment it started, she knew it. Lill called my mother Jude for Julia, and Lill would say, "I know that. Jude used to sing it."

As the winter was ending in February we had "Going for the Bidy," which is named after St. Brigid, as Bidy is a nickname for Brigid. St. Brigid's feast day is February 2, and on February 1, they would dress up some small little one, and take them in their arms, and sing and dance and play in all the houses. You'd get money and they'd give a dance out of this. They would buy a half tierce or quarter tierce [a tierce was equivalent in the U.S. to forty-two wine gallons] of Guinness — it would depend upon the amount of money — and they would have the cake, the jam, and the tea. If the crowd did well you would invite whoever you wanted. You usually invited anyone who gave you money. Sometimes you would especially ask the older people, and they would come to it. We would go maybe three or four miles collecting it.

Then on St. Stephen's Day, December 26, we would go on the wren. They are trying to push it very much here in Chicago, out of the Glendora House. St. Stephen was stoned to death and he was supposed to be betrayed by this little bird. The bird followed him everywhere he'd go. It's rust brown, and, although it is real tiny, it has fifteen or twenty offspring in one hatch. You would never have the wren on the stick. We used to make one out of candle wax and stick feathers in it, and you'd take it in the holly bush, and we would go around asking for treats. For poetic reasons it was spelled wren, and there was a song about it that I heard around South Kerry:

"The wran, the wran, the king of all birds.
On St. Stephen's Day he was caught in the furze.
Although he was little his family was great,
Get up landlady and give us a trait."

It was "treat" but that was poetic license, pronouncing the words and stuff like this. I notice here that they have a hat made of straw, but to me, that isn't it.

We had the straw boys too. If there was a wedding and you were not invited, you went disguised with straw belts and straw on your head. And you went in and played and danced and they treated you. They gave you a bowl of Guinness. A lot of the time they would know who you were if you were local. But we would go maybe five or six miles away which they wouldn't know you. They would probably figure out from which section we were because we were three or four miles away from our place and the dance we did was never done.

I started dancing when I was eight years, but I gave up the study of the music when I was ten — altogether. You are never pinned down to it in Ireland like here. There is no such thing as taking it up and practicing it or anything like here. The fiddle was around the house, although I never got the notion of doing anything with it at that time, even though O'Keeffe was right there.

My first concertina was bought for me on November 30 at the Castleisland Fair by my ma. When I was ten we were going in the Bidy, and they wanted me to go and take the concertina. Ma said, "It's up to you."

So I went and there was a plank of wood across the river — no guardrail or anything. That time of the year the rivers are flooded at wintertime from the raining. This one was carrying the concertina, and she fell off the plank into the river. And that was the end of it because the minute you put it up on the fire to dry, all the reeds came off and the bellows.

That ended the concertina then and there, but we used to go for water at Scollard's farm.

We had a well, but kids would fall into it. We had spring water coming right up through the ground. Scollard had a big open fireplace that they called the hearth where she kept the concertina and the tea canister.

I would go for water, and I wouldn't pass up Scollard's. I would take the concertina out of the hole in the hob and play tunes on it. I didn't really play for a great number of years. I worked quite a bit. I worked on the farms.

Later when I was fifteen or sixteen, I could come and go out as I wanted. In the summer, it was Sunday afternoons and Wednesday evenings at the crossroads. You would usually be off in the field when the Angelus bell would be tolling. That was six o'clock, and you would mostly be through by seven. Then you'd have 'til twilight to nine-thirty — beautiful. In the wintertime on Saturday night, we would go as far as five miles away for dances — special dances, where there would be a raffle. They would raffle turkeys or different things — animals. It would be two shillings and you would get the tea and you would dance all night to clear daylight in the morning.

Before my time, there was dancing at the rock, a place with boulders miles high. And there was the river and what we called the inch, that piece of land near the river where we danced. The rock was fencing the road, a natural formation. It had died out by the time I got big enough to go. I still know what went on, and who went there, and who played there — the whole bit.

There is a place I did play called Adraville Bridge. Eight or ten musicians would be there. You would play or dance on the bank of the river. Sometimes they had cement platforms, and sometimes they just danced in the grass. After you dance long enough in the grass, then it isn't grass. It becomes hard mud.

In those days, of course, it was walking and bicycles. There wasn't any cars. You might have had as many as a hundred and fifty people at it. We'd walk. It was three miles from us, but we'd walk through the fields, across the river, across from one road to another.

You have nothing, only the air carrying your music. It is a lovely setting and a lovely background. It would start around the middle of May and end around the first week of October. It's something that will not be brought back because of the dance halls and the big bands and all that. It is a loss I think.

We danced at the Barrack Cross in them days. There were two or three who used to play there. At that time I didn't play. I used to sit around or dance. They had a "kept" concertina, made up of everyone chipping in to buy it. There was a slight argument, and they asked me to hold the concertina instead of the woman who usually did. I kept it outside in a wooden box, wrapped in paper.

The night of July 10, 1921, was when three of our boys got killed. It was the Castleisland Ambush. We were up on the bridge at an abandoned cheese house. There was no dance that evening, but I started fooling around with the concertina. I composed that tune and I kept it. It was in press and draw. It was the first tune that I composed.

I came here to Chicago in 1928, and I did not play between 1921 and 1928. I left behind the dances at the crossroads and my family who mostly still lives in and around Castleisland. My brother Paddy, who even though he is very weak from illness still will get up from bed to correct me if I make a mistake on an old tune, wrote this poem when I visited in 1969. It tells a lot about those who stayed and those who left.

LOVELY LAND OF CORDAL

*Dear lovely land of Cordal you are ever in my dreams,
Your beautiful purple mountains, your gorse clad glens and streams,
Your churches and your castles have stood the test of time;
Cordal, lovely Cordal, in my eyes you are sublime.*

*It was hard on those who were forced to go, from your lovely fertile plain,
With a farewell and a promise they would return again.
But time rolled on, some ne'er came back, they never grasped the hand
Of the lonely ones they left behind, in their dear native land.*

*My memory oftimes travels back, to the days when we were young,
To the things we said, the games we played, and the songs we always sung.
To the friends we knew, they now are few, they were the truest and the best;
May God above grant them His love, likewise eternal rest.*

*I've traveled far 'neath the Southern Star, but it brought less joy to me
Than to take a rove by Kilmurry's grove, by Coom and Knockatee,
Or stand and view the scenes I knew, from the mountain of Crokeane —
Stand out so bold like a giant of old, overlooking sweet Kilquane.*

*My memory now is growing dim, and my footsteps getting slow,
But I'll breathe a silent prayer to Him, that all our secrets know,
That He'll grant to me I yet may see the fairest spot on earth,
The lovely land of Cordal, the place that gave me birth.*

by Paddy Teahan, Tubbermaing, Castleisland, County Kerry, 1969

When I came here originally, I worked for Sears, and Western Electric. I went home in 1931 to stay just some months, but as long as it was the Depression, I stayed there for two years. I came back in 1933 and worked one month of '33 and one of '34. I was idle all of 1935 and most of 1936. I started working for the Illinois Central in 1936 and that's where I worked 'til my retirement in 1970.

I met my wife, Ma, in 1928, but if there was no work you could not ask someone to marry you if you didn't have a job. You couldn't get welfare. I met Ma at a dance. We married in 1938.

I did everything at the Illinois Central. In the freight yards. I would call off the bill of lading — maybe eighty of them for one car. Then I would take the freight off for perhaps nine to twelve box cars. It was heavy work because you would sometimes get as much as twenty-five hundred or three thousand pounds on dollys and you had to pull it faster than the train was going so you could unhook it. That was a lot of work. Later I would take out the paychecks, and I checked freight. They didn't pay very much at all at the Illinois Central. When I retired in 1970 I was making five thousand dollars a year.

Ma and I were living on the West Side, and we would go to all the dances. At Gaelic Park [47th and California], they had the three platforms. One was for the plain set, which



Cuz playing over N.B.C. radio for the Morris B. Sachs Amateur Hour in 1941. Note the rubber bands holding his melodeon together.

they dance all over Ireland and is danced often in Galway. In Chicago it was known as the Mayo set. The other two were the Clare platform and the Kerry platform. It is great dancing to any one of the sets, and of course there were plenty of musicians in Chicago for the music.

I didn't play at all until about 1940 when a neighbor, Mr. Guiheen, had an old accordion, or melodeon, with an old-style bellow that was made with four stops and each time you put down a stop you shut off a reed. It was made somewhere around New Jersey, and he gave it to me. It was gone — shot — and I put rubber bands on it and stuff and started fooling around with it.

Around this time too, I was talking to a young lad who was from McCarthy Motors up on Western Avenue. I was telling him how I grew up playing, and all this business — just in conversation, when we would be eating lunch. He'd always ask how were things at home, and I would say, "Great." I never paid too much attention because he asked the same things.

What he had done was write in and ask Morris Sachs for an audition for me on the Amateur Hour, which was a big show on the radio in those days. One day I came home and there was a long envelope that said Wade Advertising, and I thought, "Throw it in the garbage," but Ma said, "We'll open it. It might be something for the furniture." We weren't too long married and we hadn't got all the furniture and stuff like this. It was an appointment from a Marion Nelson for the audition.

I went down to audition, and the place where the judges sat was called the Fishbowl. It was fantastic altogether. They were really enthused because what they are worried about is time — the length of the show. I only played the tune through twice and I gave them the publisher, Lyon and Healy.

That week at work I was called to the office. It was a phone call about Morris Sachs'



Terence P. "Cuz" Teahan, about 1947.

Hour on Sunday. I wouldn't answer it because I thought it was Jack O'Keeffe, who was off that day and was a joker. So I told the office to forget about it. There were four or five calls and I didn't answer any one of them.

When I got home that night — if there wasn't a telegram from Marion Nelson saying, "You can't compete with the 'Harvest Home Hornpipe'." It is copyrighted by an old Irish lady. You can put it on record, but you can't compete. So I said, "We should forget about it," and she said, "No, no we can't. I need so many contestants, bla, bla, bla."

She had a list, and any one of them tunes did not appeal to me. So I gave her a list of fourteen or fifteen tunes which were radioed or wired to New York City for clearance. Out of that list I gave her, the only one I could compete with was "Miss McLeod's Reel." I had not actually played music since 1915, but the ones I gave her I would be able to control.

I went on and they had ten contestants. I am not quite sure whether it was first or second. I know it was seventy-five dollars and a watch. In those days, you mailed in a card for your contestant, and it was only a penny at the time. The Irish radio hours were saying to vote for me, so a tremendous number of cards were sent in, and even though I didn't play I was still well-known from going around to the dances.

It was about 1944 or 1945 when my daughters Sheila and Margaret started taking dancing and I played for them. In 1946 I began to play for the Sarsfield Club, named after the patriot from Limerick. Then I hooked up with Tom Treacy and stayed with him for eight years. I still do weddings and dances with him occasionally.



Ready to play for a house party at Tom Chamberlain's house in 1941 are, from left, Chamberlain, Cuz, and Joe Kilmurry.

We played at Feeley's Grove, Flynn's Hall, and McEnery Hall. I played for Margaret O'Malley on Halsted, and Jim O'Neill at Keyman's, and a little bit for O'Neill at the Holiday up on Milwaukee Avenue.

The Keyman's was an "A" hall and you had to be a union musician to play in it. It was run by Jim O'Neill and Denis O'Shea, but the hall that was really nice was the West End, run by Paddy Lynch, O'Neill, and O'Shea, at Cicero and Washington. That building has been down for a long time. It was the one place where the requisitions were that you had to wear a coat and a tie. Very proper. If you didn't have a tie they had a selection at the door, and it cost you a dollar which you got back if you gave back the tie. It was all candlelight.

We'd usually start with some American tunes. The first really Irish would be "The Stack of Barley." That consists of five different tunes: "The Stack of Barley," "The Highland Fling," "La Varsouviana," "The Road to the Isles," and "The Kerry Mills Barn Dance." There were two-steps and the twirls and then the sets. We got a real reception from the audience all the time.

It was New Year's Eve 1964 at the Keyman's, when I was playing for Fuller, that I walked out. It was practically ten years before I went back playing. Fuller owned halls all over Chicago, England, and Ireland. We usually had three musicians, but they had a little exaggerated idea of me that I could handle that big crowd alone, so they sent the two to another hall on the North Side. There was another accordion player and a drummer with me at the time. Keyman's would hold fifteen hundred people, and I thought I wasn't capable of pushing music with a one row accordion over that many people. Even if they are your friends, you



Photo by Jonas Dovydenas

Cuz with Seamus and Mary Cooley on the Irish Musicians Association float, St. Patrick's Day Parade, 1977.

still have to satisfy them. After I did it once they came back to get me to do it again, and they wouldn't give me the piano player so I didn't go.

I stayed out for ten years until Mary McDonagh got me involved again. I had known her since she was a little kid, and played all over Chicago with her father, Jim Donnelly. When she was growing up, Mary took step dancing from Pat Roche at the time I used to play for him. We went to New York together when she was seventeen. She played the violin, and we played at the Leitrim House in Rockaway before the main season.

She would send me notices for years of the meetings of the Irish Musicians Association, and I wouldn't go. One day she decided she would come and talk me into going, and I have been going since. Since that time, Mary and I have played many benefits, dances, and weddings together, joined by Maida Sugrue and Una McGlew. I have met Mick Moloney and have had records and all kinds of recognition from the Smithsonian.

The way I saw Irish dancing seventy years ago doesn't resemble today in any manner, shape, or form. I never saw a reel danced in a soft shoe, and you couldn't expect it because a man and a woman is out in the fields all day, and they danced in the same shoes they wore — hob-nailed shoes. I'm not saying that they should be dancing with hob-nailed shoes, but I don't see today's point of so much running.

In the line of dancing today, it is travel. Well, you show me in any of the houses in Ireland — where the dances were kept going year in and year out — where there was room for to travel. The house was small.

And leaping! I've noticed that there is as much as five notes that there is no response to the music, and this is when they leap from one place to another. I do like the refined type of what they did years ago with just the rough edges knocked off it, but to me all this leaping around is not Irish dancing.

We did "Hurry the Jug" in five figures, and it took eight people fifteen minutes to do it. Today it is done in an average of three minutes, solo. It is only danced as a set, as far as I know, in Templeglanton, County Limerick, but it was common in every night dancing when I grew up.

When something is as well established as this, and this is one instance only, then I don't

think anyone should have the authority to change it. It is an established part of culture. You can always improve the music. Even from the published editions and all, you can find that there is something to be desired. But going out completely and changing the tempo, or turning the tune with parts of others, is altogether different. If someone went to the trouble writing something in 6/8, then it should be played in 6/8, and the dancers comply with it. If you don't dance it the way it is written you are changing the whole structure and culture.

There are places in the countryside where you can still see the old dancing. Vincent Keane has a place in Castleisland, Kerry called the High Chapparral where he wants them to come in dressed just as they are after their day's work. No fancy dressing up. I have seen them in their sixties, and some of them older than their sixties, and they will hit the floor at the same pace we did.

I don't know what is wrong with the Dance Commission in Dublin, but they have let the techniques from the tap and the ballet be used in the competitions, at the feis. In Chicago there are certain schools of dance that keep it going good.

Mae Kennedy Kane has taught dancing in the city of Chicago for more than half a century. When the dancing teachers in Ireland were allowed to incorporate tap and ballet with traditional Irish dancing, thank God Mae had the good sense to keep each one in its own perspective.

THE PEELER AND THE GOAT

*When I first met Mae I cannot say,
But it was a summer's eve.
She smilingly approached me and said,
"Cuz, you cannot leave.
I'll dance for you 'The Blackbird'
Or 'The Peeler and the Goat,'
The origin of this grand old jig,
You know it is remote."
In the County Tipperary, a peeler took a walk.
He met a goat upon the road
And with her he had a talk.
Said he, "How come you're out so late?
You should be in your shed."
The goat replied, "How come you're out?
You should be in your bed."
This jig was danced when I grew up
At pattern, race, and fair;
In Kerry, Cork, and Limerick,
And of course, in County Clare.
Mae danced this jig the Kerry style,
The lead up and the batter,
But in Limerick, Cork, or County Clare,
The style it should not matter.*

by Terence "Cuz" Teahan,
November 3, 1979

In the line of music, when I grew up, there was no records in Ireland. The music wasn't changed because it was handed down from one to another, from one to another, with no need for commercializing it.

Today, to sell records they will change the name of the tune, because you wouldn't buy it if you already knew the tune. The timing of the music has changed a lot. The jigs and the hornpipes are slower and the reels are faster. It's done to accommodate the dancers, but if you are playing the real jig time note for note, you'll see somebody motioning with their hand behind their back to slow it down.

I don't think that anyone has a right to change the parts of the tunes and the name and the time. They should go out to find where the tunes were really danced and where they continue in that vein. This slow playing reminds me of a football or hockey game where you see how exciting it is sitting on your seat watching it, but when they put it in slow motion it does nothing for the average one. When they do that to dancing and music it does nothing for me.

But there is more to just playing the music right to get the audience. I think you have to be one of the audience. You should act like you were picked out of the audience. There should be a great feeling, and a great time by all.

Terence P. "Cuz" Teahan

— "CUZ" TEAHAN
JANUARY, 1980



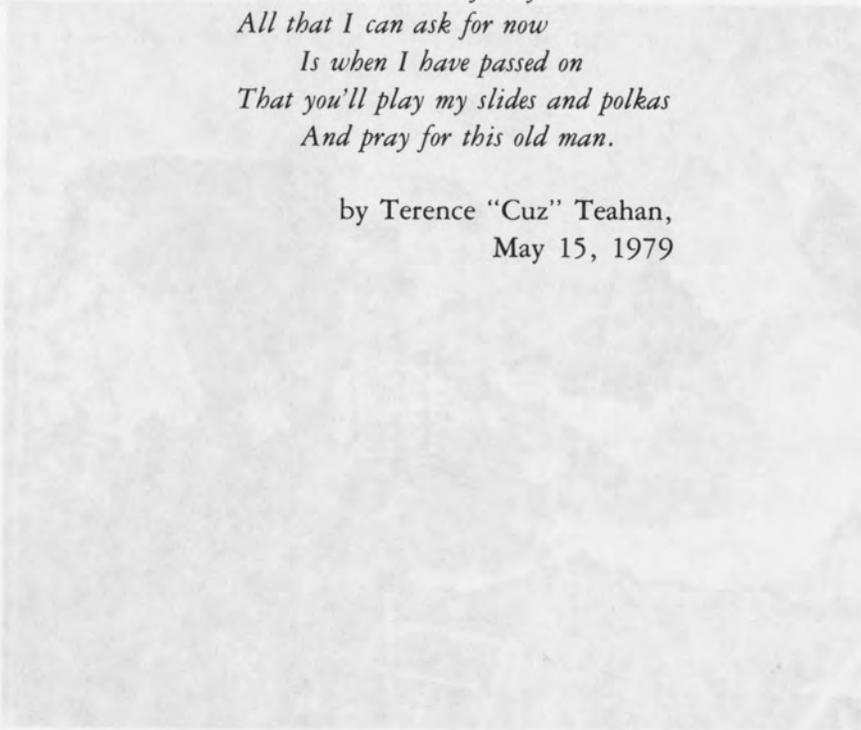
Seated, left to right, are radio announcer P.J. Concannon, Cuz, and Paddy Kenny, for a 1965 broadcast over WOPA.

CASTLEISLAND TOWN

*It only seems like yesterday
I left Castleisland town,
Where first I saw the light of day
Near the Glen of Cnockdhoun.
My days were spent in merriment
While dancing on the green
Where first I heard this music played
At home in Cnockeen.*

*But many years have passed and gone
My hair has turned grey,
The light within the tunnel says
I must be on my way.
All that I can ask for now
Is when I have passed on
That you'll play my slides and polkas
And pray for this old man.*

by Terence "Cuz" Teahan,
May 15, 1979



Jimmy Keane's Love Life

Reel

The image shows four staves of handwritten musical notation for a reel. The music is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

August 26, 1976

Jimmy Keane is a young lad who has at least six All-Ireland championships in the piano accordion — strictly Irish music. He was born in England, but brought to Chicago when he was an infant. His father is from Connemara, County Galway and his mother from Cahirciveen, County Kerry.

He is one of my very closest friends. This is a reel I composed to honor him. Every time you meet him he has someone different with him. A lady friend from New York to Boston to Chicago — his love life is a long span. He really is a fantastic musician.

Barbara Dahill's Flute

Reel

March 17, 1975

I first met Barbara five years ago at Ireland's 32, the pub that Sonny Carmody used to run on Milwaukee Avenue. He is the nephew of the famous Kerry fiddler Padraig O'Keeffe and the son of Nora O'Keeffe Carmody. The Dayhills Irish Band [also: Dahill — either is correct] were playing and she asked, "When we get a break, could I come down and sit?" She came down and asked if I could go over for a session. I did it that week. I didn't have anything to do — I'm retired.

Tom Dayhill came to pick me up and we were there for three or four hours. We played a lot of the old-time stuff. I commented on them and Barbara put it all down in a book. After that we had many sessions. As time went on I kept with them. Any place they played in Chicago I always made an appearance with them.

I considered the Dayhills the best of the Irish entertainers today because you have good singing with Chuck Heymann and Tom Dayhill and you have such a variety of instruments and tunes. There is the old-time waltzes, and if you want to do sets, you have the slides. They could do polkas and most of the long dances. I gave them some long dances from music that I had that I don't play. If I can't handle it I don't play it. There is always somebody else who can handle it.

I wanted to name this tune for one of them and this is a very good flute setting, for what I know about the flute, which is very little. Barbara is an expert at handling it. ["Barbara Dahill's Flute" can be heard on The Dayhills' *Mom's Favorite: Irish Music in America*, Biscuit City BC1308.]

Cait Ni Chuich's Visit to Chicago

Cait Ni Chuich's Visit to Chicago

Reel



October, 1976

This is a very suitable tune for fiddle or flute. It was written for Cait Ni Chuich's visit to Chicago in October 1976, as part of the Comhaltas tour. I really felt that I had to do something for her because she is so exceptional. She has her own technique. She specialized in airs, although she does a very passable job of jigs and hornpipes as far as I'm concerned. They are played in the right tempo which isn't too much in style today. That would not necessarily be for everyone that heard her playing, but to me it meant an awful lot.

She is from East Limerick but was inspired, she told me, to play by the great Kerry fiddler, Din Tarrant. She is in her early forties and her dad played the concertina. Cait plays at Bunratty Castle three nights a week through the year when she is not on tour.

I made thirteen tapes for members of that Comhaltas tour and I only received a letter from two. There were those who received tapes from me sent to them in Ireland. The least they could do is to put a stamp on a note and say they got it. I really felt I had to do something for her because in every way she is exceptional.

Dr. Gannon

Reel

September 19, 1977

I got acquainted with Dr. Gannon through his wife, Helen. We were having an Irish Musicians' meeting in Chicago and Helen Gannon was there from St. Louis. She asked for my name and number and called me two weeks later, and we have been close friends ever since.

She is from Limerick City and they have four children. Mary McDonagh and I went to visit P.J. and Helen Gannon. Dr. Gannon is a musician as well as a physician. He plays the piano and the button accordion. He is very, very unusual, for the fact is you're so completely at home with him the first time that you meet him. He has that rare knack of making you feel like you knew him all your life. He is from County Galway.

Glountane School - 1862

Reel

August 17, 1956

This is where all my ancestors on my mother's side went when they went to school. It was built in 1862 and it is still standing, but I believe it is closed for want of children. It was equivalent to even' more of the high school that you would get here.

Padraig O'Keeffe taught me the music. Padraig came to the school when I was probably in the first grade. I had already been three years with his father, Sean O'Keeffe. Then later, Nora O'Keeffe Carmody became the teacher. So I had all three while I went to school.

The O'Keeffes lived right across the road from the school. You'd have forty-five minutes for lunch, and in the summertime they would come with two fiddles and they would march us maybe a mile and a half up the road and back. We were drilled in school. We were drilled by Padraig O'Keeffe, the whole bit like the army would do around here.

McGreevy's Influence Reel

May 8, 1979

I decided I would write this one for Johnny McGreevy as I think he is very good. He is very pleasant to work with, and he is an American lad who has kept it up. He took from nuns at first, and for fifty years he has been playing with everyone that ever played. He spent a lot of his time with Eleanor and Jimmy Neary.

He has influenced some of the younger crowd. I know that if anyone ever wanted, he would give them the tunes. [Johnny McGreevy can be heard on *McGreevy and Cooley*, Philo 2005.]



Tom Lennon's band around 1950; left to right are Jimmy Neary, Jim Johnson, Jim Donnelly, John McGreevy, Bill Hennelly, and Joe Shanley.

Bob Ryan - The Narrowback

Reel

August 21, 1978

A narrowback is an Irish-American. They called us greenhorns so we called them narrowbacks. Years ago they used to be referred to as country born.

Bobby is a major drummer with the Shannon Rovers, and his program with Dave Kennedy is on WOPA every Sunday night from the Abbey Pub. He is a lot of fun and is someone you can have a good crack and a good laugh with. To me this has a lot to do with life.

TO MY FAVORITE NARROWBACK

*It was in the springtime of the year
When I went out to have a beer;
To the Abbey Pub I chanced to go
To hear Bob Ryan put on the show.*

*He is my favorite narrowback
With him I always have the crack.
And now no matter where I go
To Castleisland or Mayo
I know I always will be back
To the Abbey Pub
To have the crack.*

*And Cousin Dave is there also
To help the narrowback with the show.*

by Terence "Cuz" Teahan, 1978

Joan O'Sullivan's Concertina

Reel

January 27, 1979

Joan O'Sullivan is my grandniece. She lives out in Arlington Heights, and she has done very well on the flute music in school but did not get any of the Irish. She came to me at different times so I showed her the concertina. I realized right away after I gave her the tunes that she would get them real fast. She has been doing very well.

I decided she was one of the few of my crew that did anything with music so I composed this for her. There is one of my grandnephews who is taking violin, and he is seven or so, but it is not Irish music.

My own three could do anything in the world with music, and still can if they wanted to do it. Sheila used to play stuff on the piano that I couldn't touch, and she gave away the piano. Noreen could play the accordion and Margaret could play all the Irish tunes. Noreen and Margaret both wanted an accordion in a bad way. That's how I got the "Big Liz". I paid \$475 to Baldoni Bartoli and Company and waited fourteen months for it. After they got six or eight tunes they gave it up completely, so then I was stuck with two accordions. Later I sold the "Big Liz" to Tom Dayhill.

Johnny Harling's Desire

Reel



October, 1977

He is a young lad who is very good on the tin whistle. I think he is exceptional, a little quiet for my racket — shy — but he is very good and with the best of them.

His granduncle, Larry Redigan, played violin in New York City and he is the nephew of Margie Dennehy of the Dennehy School of Dance, who are known all over Ireland and the United States. His sister Maureen is also a well-known dancing teacher in Chicago. His aunt, Nancy Harling, does a good job on the piano.



Cuz, front left, and Tom Masterson, front right, play for the O'Connor's 1952 St. Patrick's Day party at "The Wexford House." "This is what Mrs. Connor called her house," notes Cuz.

Katie Scollard Reel

December 4, 1978

Katie Scollard lived second next door. She was without a doubt as fine a concertina player as ever lived. She had a completely different style. Smooth. I learned many of my tunes from her when going for water from Scollard's well.

Above her fireplace she would have two holes about a cubic foot each. In one was the tea canister, and the other the concertina. Although we had water right by the door, I would go to the Scollard's and play the concertina.

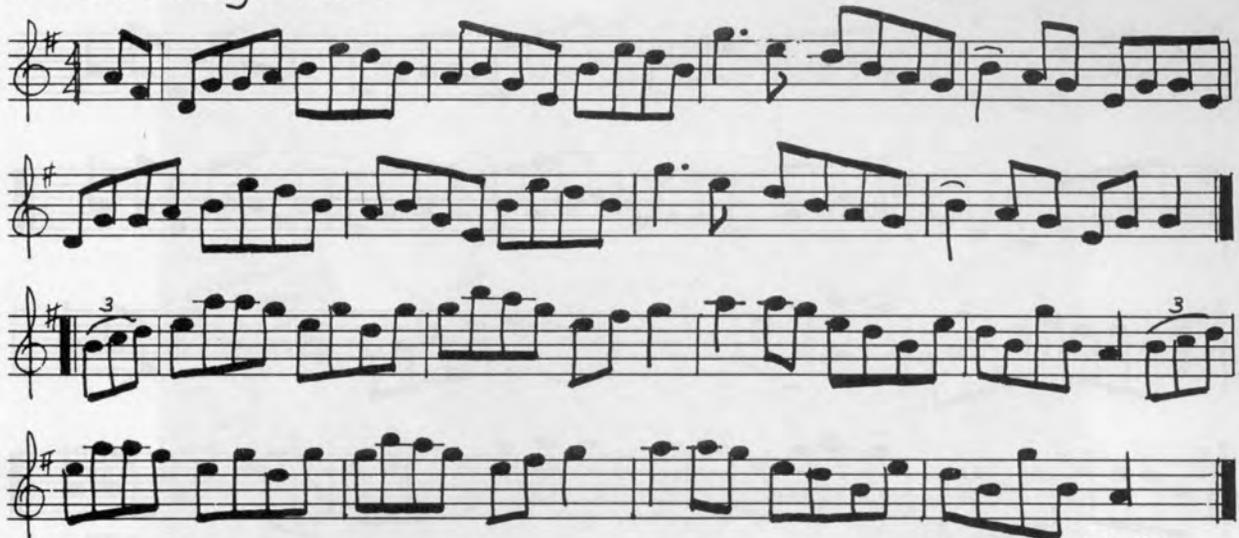
I went to see her with my tape recorder in 1976 and I was amazed. She didn't play at all. She has given it up thirty years back and had not played one note. She could not even remember the tunes. A sure loss to Irish music.



Cuz flanked by champion dancers Jim McGing, left, and Mark Howard, right, of the McGing-Howard School of Dance, following the Irish program at the Daley Plaza, September 1979.

Michael Flatley's Touch

Reel



March 17, 1977

Michael is a world champion dancer and, I think, a first-class musician. He is as good a flute player as anyone that Ireland ever had. He has several All-Irelands in flute playing.

He is well-known by people out East — especially in New York and Canada — and that is because he has competed against their schools of dancing. He has quite the reputation on the West Coast, too. I saw him dancing on St. Patrick's Day and made this for him.

DALEY PLAZA

*On the seventh of September, the year was seventy-nine,
We were at the Civic Center, and the summer sun did shine.*

*A balmy breeze was blowing, as the boys stepped on the floor,
You ought to have seen the tapping reel and hear the audience roar.*

*We met a gracious lady, her name is Susan Comer,
She supplied us with this picture just as the dance was over.*

*We thank her for her kindness, we are Mark and Jim and Cuz,
For the best in entertainment, give each of us a buzz.*

by Terence "Cuz" Teahan, September 1979

Pat Roche's Left Leg

Reel

July 4, 1977

All Irish step dancers start on the right foot. I thought if I would do anything it would be Pat Roche's left leg. He has taught dancing in Chicago for more than fifty years. Almost all of the thirty or so dance schools in Chicago have started from Roche's teaching. For example; Ann Murphy on the North Side took from Maureen Doyle, who took from Mary Shevlin, who took from Roche. It all goes back. Even though the dancing has changed over the years, they all started from him.

I traveled with Roche's School of Dancing in the 1940s to the early 1960s to seven or eight different cities; Boston, New York, Cleveland, and Detroit were some. I was always at ease as I was so used to the program, I could almost close my eyes and tell you what he was going to come out with. I loved playing for the kids — I still do. It was fantastic. I played "Blackie," the little black accordion.

When we played at the Chicago Feis though, it was a great gathering. With Pat there was Mary Donnelly [later McDonagh], her father Jim Donnelly, James and Eleanor Neary, John McGreevy, and Tom Treacy. If you had that group together today, it would be something to hear. The acoustics are much better today than the facilities were in those days.



Pat Roche preparing for his weekly radio show in the WSBC studios, 1979.

TO PAT ROCHE — 50 YEARS OF FRIENDSHIP

*It was May of '28,
I was walking down the street
On the West Side of Chicago
When Pat Roche I chanced to meet.
We stood a while and chatted,
The subject being the weather.
Said he, "You are not over long
We'll have to get together."*

*"I know you are a Kerryman
I can tell by your brogue,
And I never met a Kerryman
But he was an awful rogue."
Said I, "You are a Biddy
And from County Clare you came,
And of course we'll get together
But first tell me your name."*

*Since then we have stayed together
As we traveled up and down,
From Cleveland, Boston, and New York
To old St. Louis town.
I have lots of pleasant memories
Of the days that are now gone,
Since that May day long, long ago
When first I met your man.*

*But the one we get the chuckle from
Was dancing on the loft,
When Flaberty said to Katie,
"Play 'The Duke of Leinster' soft."
Always your friend, "Cuz."*

by Terence "Cuz" Teahan,
March 1978

Paudie O'Sullivan

Reel

September, 1976

He is the one of all my own crowd that is more like me than anyone else. I have so many of them you know, but he does play. Paudie is my sister's boy and is married to an Irish-American who is a very good singer. They have five children, and some have taken step dancing. They have gone to Canada, Cleveland, and Detroit. Paudie is one of seven — six boys and a girl.

He has repaired many different violins. He orders wood from Germany, and if there is anything about the violin you would want to know, he will tell you. He has all kinds of instruments in the house that he can just go and fool around with to his own satisfaction. He is an engineer down at the Greyhound and he has great brains. He will do most anything for you. The talent is there for the playing, but it is not developed. You need time to develop most anything.

Shanahan, Prendiville, and Flynn - The Castleisland Ambush Reel



July 10, 1921

At the time I composed this tune I had not played music for probably seven years. This was in 1921 and I was working on this farm. After we'd milk the cows and fed the pigs we'd meet at the bridge where the Brownflesk River flowed underneath, and we'd walk about a mile to the Barrack Cross. Some would walk from about four or five miles around. It was where three roads met and where the old Royal Irish Constabulary barrack used to be — about ten or fifteen yards away. It was between the Protestant church and the Catholic church.

It wasn't really big and would have three sets of about twenty-four people dancing at one time. Of course the first twenty-four would sit down and then the next twenty-four would get up. It was always kept going. It would go on to about eleven most nights after starting near seven.

There was a field right by where they used to play football, and after football the guys would come over to dance. The concertina was always the instrument at these places. We all put in a shilling apiece to get maybe two pounds for the concertina, and it was kept just for the dances at the Barrack Cross. We would dance Wednesday nights and Sunday afternoons.

For some reason the lady who was keeping the concertina didn't want to keep it any more. So I took it to the place where I was working, but I didn't take it in. There were older people in there and you wouldn't want to be walking in and out with something like that. They would wonder where it came from and they would be asking questions, and you would be more or less involved in something in which you wouldn't want to. So I wrapped it up in newspaper and put it under a long wooden trough outside.

I was going to the Barrack Cross on July 10 — to the pattern, as they used to call the dancing — when we heard about the ambush. We thought we shouldn't have any dancing when something like this was going on. Three of our people got killed in the ambush. I wasn't playing in them days, but I had a piece of brown paper and put it down in push and pull. I kept it all through the years just for my own sake. I did put it on a piece of white paper, and found it later all crimped about.

I never played it because I never wanted to be reminded of it. But it was Tom Dayhill who said, "You should publish it, Cuz." It brings back memories to their families who are still living there. I talked to one, though, and she said it would be kind of an honor.

Shanahan was from the town of Castleisland. They were a large family and they had businesses in the town. One was a doctor and one was a chemist. Prendiville was from a little village called Brehig. He was only about twenty or twenty-one. His brother was also in the fight and was buried about two years ago. Flynn was probably some miles from Castleisland, but I didn't know who he was. I never did meet him.

It was really terrible. It was one day before the truce at the time of the Free State. There were only three Irish killed, but there were a lot of English. The British were ambushed by the Irish Republican Army. Of course we never got the count of how many English soldiers were killed.

There should be feeling put into this tune — and all tunes. You should feel it as well as me. When you play the tune the others would get the feeling the same as you. I think this is how tunes should be. I really do.

[Faint, mirrored text from the reverse side of the page is visible through the paper.]

Tommy Masterson On the Drums

Reel



December 21, 1977

Tommy Masterson Jr. is a fantastic drummer and a fantastic step dancer and a fantastic guy. We had some doings one night down on the South Side. They had asked Eleanor Neary and me to play for Denis Dennehy's School of Dancing. I had no knowledge in the world of what was going on.

I said to Eleanor, "We played for them many times before. We'll pick something that the two of us can control." Eleanor was on the piano and I had the black accordion. Lots of people were there: my three daughters, Tommy Masterson with his spoons, and an executive from Comhaltas. He takes the mike and says, "Now Mrs. Neary, I want to talk with you." She was presented with a plaque. I thought, "She deserves it." She really did, but it never dawned on me that I was next.

We had some music that night. Tommy Masterson was so fantastic with the spoons that I did this for him and all the rest of them. Tom's dad plays the flute and is the midwest director of the Irish Musicians of Comhaltas. I gave a tape and this tune in writing to Tommy the night of their wedding.

"Tommy Masterson on the Drums" is a reel in three parts. It is difficult, but Liz Carroll commented that it was beautiful. It would be fantastic for her because she has control of her instrument. It would be better in her instrument than it would be in any of mine. She has taken all her life, but in the years when I would have improved — from ten to forty-one, in the thirty years of my youth — I didn't play. You know you would improve because if you did not you would just give it up. You wouldn't bother.

Trip to St. Paul

Reel



December 17, 1977

This was composed the morning of December 17, while waiting for Mary McDonagh to pick me up for our trip to St. Paul, Minnesota. It wouldn't be considered the best by many people, but it is fairly good. There aren't many triplets, as the more triplets, the faster your tempo is. It's not too fancy for I decided to do something for kids' dancing.

We made the trip to St. Paul to put on a show for Northern Aid with the Dayhills Irish Band. Saturday night we played at McCafferty's, and Sunday we did the show. The proceeds went, I believe, to a good cause. It was for the aid of orphans in Northern Ireland, to be distributed by a priest in Dublin.



Mary McDonagh, Cuz, and Barbara Dayhill do a reel as the Dayhills Irish Band play for the Irish Northern Aid benefit, St. Paul, Minnesota, 1976.

Una McGlew

Reel

October 24, 1978

Una is from Ballaghaderreen in the County Roscommon, and she plays the violin and the tin whistle. She was inspired by her mother who played the concertina and her father bought her the fiddle. Una has played since she was ten or twelve, and has performed with me and the two ladies, Mary McDonagh and Maida Sugrue, for the last three or four years.

I remembered Una from when I played the dance halls. I didn't know anything about her but I remembered her face from among the dancers. I got talking to her husband Pat at Ireland's 32 one night, and asked if she played. We got her to bring the fiddle from the car, and she joined the Dayhills and me in a session. I've played with Una on my own at her house. The tunes she had from Ireland were practically note for note the tunes I have. Whereas, with other musicians who play them differently I will sit down and they would say, "I thought you play this," and I answer, "I still do."

Una had given it up for a while, and she had also played privately at the house. There weren't many women who played in the dance halls, but in the homes there was as many women playing as men. Now, whenever we can we include Una.

Sometimes it is difficult because sometimes they will only want one, and one musician is not enough — and most of the time they definitely don't want four. Maida does the singing, Mary does the accompanying on the piano, and I fall in with the jigs, reels, and the hornpipes with the accordion and the concertina. Una has great strength on the fiddle and she can back you up very good. If there is a possible chance, we do include her.

All My Grandchildren

Jig

August 17, 1975

I composed this on my birthday, August 17, 1975. We have twelve grandchildren — six boys and six girls. I first of all called it after one, but when bringing it into music I decided I would name it after all 'of them. It sounded more reasonable I think. Any one of them don't play music. Several of them are in it for dancing.

They could pick up any instrument and play, but they just don't develop it. The talent is still laying there. They don't do anything with it.

I met Ma here in 1928. She was one of seventeen, and her dad and mother lived to be a great age. Most of the family is here. We met at Gaelic Park, and then, when there was no work, I went to Ireland in 1931 and stayed until 1933. In 1936 I went to work for the Illinois Central Railroad, and in 1938, June the eighteenth, we got married and had three children.

By the time this is in print we will have thirteen grandchildren.

Ann's Harp

Jig

April 21, 1978

"Ann's Harp" is composed to honor Ann Heymann. I think that her experience with playing so many instruments — mainly harp, flute, tin whistle, concertina, and harmonium — enabled her to make such a perfect job of the book. She is exceptionally talented.

She plays the wire harp the old way with the nails instead of with the picks. I like the way the music is copied. It is clear, concise, and very, very readable. I think it is readable by young and old for it is neither too little or too big.

Castleisland Horse Fair

Jig



August 17, 1977

The horse fair was once a month. People came practically from the whole of the South of Ireland. This fair was strictly horses. There was also the cattle fairs held once and sometimes twice a month right in the town. Now they have a fair field, but in those days it was cattle and pigs in the cribs. And if you wanted a Guinness or stout or anything you could just walk in, whereas now you would have to come from the mart to the town. The town doesn't do much business with the fairs anymore because there are only a couple of pubs where you can come right in the back from the mart.

There aren't any more horses on the farms. It's all tractors now. I think the horses were better for it was an actual manure for the land. The sidewalks, which were eight feet wide, we used to call the flags. And usually the young crowd, in the winter months from November to March, would go to town to "walk the flags." You could tell who was going with who and what because they were always together walking the flags. All that has faded out.

Chuck and Ann Heymann's Wedding

Jig



The Dayhills met Chuck and me the same night. Chuck went with them because he played guitar and accordion. He was single and able to travel. It was three months later that I met Ann for the first time at Ireland's 32.

They make a very good job of this tune. Ann has married Chuck and they all played for a year as The Dayhills Irish Band. They are now together as Clairseach, and they do a fine job altogether. [Chuck and Ann Heymann can be heard on *Let Erin Remember*, Clairseach 8979.]



Photo by Mark Mamatakis

Cuz plays at his birthday party accompanied by Ann and Chuck Heymann, Josh Dunson's house, 1978.

From Carna to Kerry

Jig

February 16, 1978

Carna is in Connemara, County Galway in the northwest of Ireland, and County Kerry is southwest. When Chuck and Ann and Tom and Barbara were visiting Connemara they decided they would go down to see Seamus Beagley in Dingle, Kerry, so this was composed for them. I wasn't there but I knew what they were doing. They always wrote and they always called.

Seamus Beagley is a Gaelic singer and accordion player, and his sister Siobhan is a very well-known singer — strictly Gaelic. He is in his twenties and is a close friend of the Dayhills. While in Chicago, Seamus played at Fox's and the Irish Village, and he has a great following here. The Irish Village was packed. First, because a lot of the musicians went, and besides, the Village has a continuous crowd no matter who is there, because the food is excellent.

Going to Milwaukee

Jig

November 16, 1977

We were up in Wisconsin, La Crosse, doing a show for Katie Flanigan called "The Traveling People." There was Johnny McGreevy, Mary McDonagh, Jimmy Keane, Peggy Roche, her husband, and some kids for the dancing. It was a great show.

I told a joke about going to Milwaukee, and coming down on the train I put this jig together. Later, when the Comhaltas group came out here, they forgot some of their props in Chicago and they were performing in Milwaukee. So Mary, Mike Flannery, his daughter, and Jimmy and Frank Thornton, and myself took the props. It was a good time so I dedicated this tune to Mr. McCabe, the group manager.

Maida Sugrue Jig

November 26, 1978

Maida plays and sings with my group. She is from Bally McElligott, County Kerry, a town between Castleisland and Tralee. She took violin from O'Keeffe, and of course her dad played and all her family played.

We met about twenty-eight years ago when she came out to stay with a cousin of hers who is married to Ma's sister. At the time I wasn't doing very much with playing, and she wasn't doing much with it either. We started comparing notes and comparing tunes and we have been together since. Then I played "Blackie," the little black accordion. I was not playing the concertina.

Maida is an excellent musician and step dancer. She can sing anything in any style and she knows the Gaelic.



Cuz with his celli band; from left, Una McGlew, Maida Sugrue, and Mary McDonagh.

The Teahan Clan

Jig



September 5, 1975

The Teahan clan is quite a clan. I couldn't explain how many there are. With branch-offs like the Brosnans, O'Mahonys, O'Sullivans, Heneghans, Murphys, Kennys, Cuviellos, and Burkes, there's an awful lot of them. My brother has nine children, and there is very few of them here. They are in Castleisland. They never came out. My brother has one son here and one daughter in England and that is it.



Part of the Teahan clan. Standing, left to right, are John, Roger, and Dan O'Sullivan, Pat Teahan, and Mike O'Sullivan, seated, left to right, are John Fallon, Terence O'Sullivan, Paudie O'Sullivan, Cuz Teahan, and Kathleen O'Sullivan Fallon. (1979)

Mary McDonagh's Rambles

Jig

October 24, 1977

Mary can play different instruments. In fact, she can play any instrument she decides to, but she usually plays the violin or the piano. She has been with me since she was very little, twelve or thirteen, not consistently, but we have kept in touch over the years. She was just out of high school when we had different trips to New York. She was at Fordham University and the other halls.

New York is bigger in every way in the line of the music and the dancing. There are more Irish and more of your first generation that keep with it. At that time McKenna was the dancing master for the city, from Dingle, Kerry. McKenna had excellent dancers. He was as good as ever was or ever will be. His was a different style — completely Irish.

Mary is now in her forties and is a very low-keyed musician. She has talent she doesn't show. She doesn't want to be heard above anybody.

Mary is now chairman of the Irish Musicians Association. She has done an awful lot for them, and I don't think she believes in "chairperson" or "chairwoman," which is all right.

Paddy Hill Jig

Jig



July 17, 1976

I first heard of this man from the Dayhills. He was a native of Tipperary, and he played violin, and he had a wealth of Irish songs. Tom and Barbara met him through John and Leah Curtin.

Paddy got very interested in Tom, so he gave Tom his fiddle and songs. I decided — although I had not met the man — if he was close up to eighty years and was interested in Irish music, songs, and dance and all this, I would just do him the little honor of putting this together.

I met him when we went up to St. Paul to put the show on. He died recently at just about eighty.



Cuz on the bandstand with the Tempolites, about 1961.

St. Cecelia's Lyre (Patron of Musicians)

Jig



November 22, 1978

St. Cecelia is the patron saint of musicians. This was done November twenty-second of 1978, her feast day. This inspiration for this was a sermon of Father Mayall of Our Lady of Victory. I think she was a virgin martyr saint. He talked about her at the 6:30 A.M. mass, so I came home and put this jig together. It is rather unusual. Maybe she inspired me. I don't know.

St. Cecelia played many instruments. She lived at the time of the Roman persecution of the Christians, and it was her music that strengthened her through the persecutions.

The Dancing Flannerys from Bohola Jig

April 15, 1979

Bohola is in the County Mayo. I have been with these people since 1936. The Flannerys consisted of Pa and Ma, Jim, Martin, Ann, Mike, and Margaret. They have their life for nothing, only Irish dancing and music. They all talk Gaelic. They were born here in Chicago but they were raised in Mayo and have spent different periods of their life there. Dad and mother are retired in Dublin and Ann went back for a number of years.

Michael is very, very active with the Irish Musicians. They are very responsible for carrying on the dance ceilis which are four Saturdays every month presented by the Irish Musicians, The Emerald Music Club, the Francis O'Neill Club, and the Chicago Gaelic Society. If they are slow getting out for the sets, he and Ann puts them all on the floor and lines them up for the dances.

I used to go from work at the Illinois Central. I would go on a Friday night and stay at Flannery's many, many weekends until Monday morning. At that time I liked dancing but I didn't play, but Mrs. Flannery had a little Hohner accordion and it would bring them out. If there wasn't any more musicians there I would play for a set — poorly, because I really didn't play. I had the tunes in my head, but they weren't in my fingers.

Margaret Flannery, now Mrs. Deacy, is a natural fiddler. Once in her life she was better than average in the fiddling and she gave it up, unless occasionally when somebody meets her and had a fiddle and then we sit down and have a tune. It happens not often enough for me because she is very good at it. It's natural. It is not just by learning it. It comes as natural as talking.

The Dayhills' Visit to Ireland

Slide



January, 1978

This is unusual — not their visit — but it is what's known as a slide. For me, jigs are commonplace. There are lots of reels and hornpipes, but slides, you have got to have the feeling for slides. Slides are cagey and I think they must be played with a brogue. They are not played in any other county in Ireland, only Kerry. They are indigenous to Kerry. A lot of the musicians who have visited Kerry have them out on records now. Not even the borders of Limerick and Cork when we were going to dances — they never had them.

This was Tom, Barbara, and Chuck's first trip to Ireland, before Carna to Kerry, so I made this special so they would have something to remember their first trip by.



Tom Treacy's band at McEnery Hall, around 1955. Left to right; Cuz, John Cooke, Pat Richardson, Tom Treacy, Tim Guiheen, Tom Kerrigan, Mary Griffin, and Virginia Sheahan.

Gang from Feeley's Grove Slide

December 22, 1978

Feeley's Grove was at 51st and Halsted, and it was owned by Ma Feeley. It was a vacant lot attached to a tavern. It was probably there before my time, but over a number of years it hadn't been used as a dance place.

Ma Feeley decided to re-open the dancing and it was a failure. She then offered it to the Gaelic League and they turned it down. At that time I had been playing and I had met Mary Griffin, now Mrs. Mitchell, and Tommy Sheahan. We were working at Flynn's Hall, 63rd and Spaulding, but it was summer and we weren't going to work there.

I asked Ma Feeley if she would give me the grove, and she said, "Is there any reason I should?" And I said, "You offered it to the Gaelic League and they didn't take it." She asked me to play, and I'll never forget it, things like "The Wearing of the Green" and "O'Donnell Abu."

We took it. Tom Treacy was in with us then, so we had three accordions and Mary was at the piano. The piano stayed out all winter, out on the stage. It was wrapped up in bags of straw and hay tied by wire with a canopy over it. The floor was just boards and sometimes there was holes in it, but we packed that thing after about three nights.

It was around 1948, and we played for two years, three nights a week — Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. We charged fifty cents and used to stamp their hand, or else we would lose money on it. Then we decided to go to McEnery Hall and we stayed there for five years to the night — Tommy and Mazie and Treacy and me, in the early 50s. In Feeley's Grove we used to put hundreds of people in.

Irish Family Day Slide

August 20, 1978

This was to commemorate the first Irish Family Day at Navy Pier on August 20, 1978. This really wasn't the very first one, for that was at the International Amphitheater in 1977. It all started with Mayor Daley and Tommy Ryan. Mayor Daley wanted an Irish Family Day — but not necessarily August 15 — to bring all the Irish people together.

It was Tommy Ryan who is solely responsible for bringing all the different groups together to celebrate around the fifteenth of August, the day of Our Lady of the Harvest. That was a holy day of obligation in Ireland. It was carried on here by the immigrants. Pat Roche was interested in making it, and Mae Kennedy Kane still keeps Our Lady's Day in Harvest. Usually it used to consist of the complete rosary, and dancing and singing and music, and a little bit of history. It was a very enjoyable day. It was very well attended at all times — even now. Mae has it in Marquette Park. Mary and I played for a couple of years there.

For both Irish Family Days in '77 and '78, the Dayhills played. In '79 they did not, for they had to be in Washington, D.C., but my group played at all three with the Irish Musicians. In Washington there is a large population from Castleisland and Glountane. Liz Carroll was there several times and met some people who she told me wanted that I go there.

Irish Family Day is going to be an annual thing from now on and people donate lots of their time. It's improved since the beginning too, with plenty of food and entertainment in seven or eight places. The profits go to build an Irish-American Cultural Center.

Marty Fahey's Finger's

Sl: d=

The image shows four staves of handwritten musical notation. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 12/8. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet markings. The second and third staves continue the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line. The notation is written in black ink on a white background.

May 8 1977

This lad I got to know when he was probably around twelve, and I've known him for about six years. He came up and stayed weekends and got lots of tunes and is still very active. He has a record out with Liz Carroll [*A Friend Indeed*, Shanachie 29013].

This was composed for him because I think he has a fantastic set of fingers. He has a fantastic brain in regards to music, and he is a very good accordion player.

Marty has met most of all the musicians from New York and Boston and Ireland. He had the All-Ireland trophy two years in a row in the piano.

Phil Moloney

Slide



June 15, 1977

This is a slide in the key of A, which is unusual. Phil, which is short for Philomena, is Mick Moloney's wife. I met her just one time when they came in to play the hall in Park Ridge on the Smithsonian Tour. I had one in for Mick, so I thought I would put one in for Philomena. Philomena is an Irish name and mostly all Irish names are taken from saints.



Cuz at Lover's Leap, Starved Rock State Park, about 1945.

Sean Brosnan's Guitar

Slide



December 25, 1978

He is a grandnephew who doesn't pay any attention to his Irish music and who is fantastic. He got first in all the trophies in the band. He is interested in sports, cycling, and is fifteen. He has won about every trophy for cycling and track in his own age. He plays saxophone and guitar, but neither of those instruments do much for me in the line of Irish music. Even though it is not Irish, I appreciate any form of music. It doesn't have to be Irish.



Cuz with his grandnephew, Terence Patrick III, 1979.

Laffey's Go West Slide

April 18, 1979

This is for John and Maureen Laffey. They intended to go to San Francisco. I composed this tune for them because the Dayhills, Chuck and Ann, and myself have been to the house time and time again. They are very close. It is an unusual slide so I gave it to Ann Heymann, and it was Ann who named it "Laffey's Go West." So far, they haven't gone.



Flynn's Hall around 1950. Back row; Danny Keogh, Mrs. Keogh, Jim Donnelly, Mazie Griffin, Mary Donnelly, and Mrs. Farrell. Front row; Johnny McGinley, Nell O'Hara, Tommy Sheahan, Cuz, Tom Treacy, and John McGreevy.

Donny Golden's Elbow

Polka



September. 1976

I met this young man once, not more than an hour. It was at the home of Liz Carroll. He is a fantastic step dancer. In fact, he has one of the leading schools of dancing in New York. He also plays the violin.

Liz Carroll played a hornpipe for him and told him I composed it. She was stressing the point, so I got a piece of paper and noted this down. I gave it to him. It really wasn't as well done as this, and I haven't seen him since. All I know is that he has taught different classes in Chicago and is a personal friend of the Flatleys.



A house party at Tom Chamberlain's about 1940. Cuz is at center in foreground with Tom Chamberlain in front of him and Joe Kilmurry second to his left.

The Day I Spent with Mick

Polka



October, 1976

This is the day I made the tape recordings for Mick Moloney. The night before this was when I was at Durty Dick's Tavern and Mick asked me to put some tunes on the tape. It was really through Denis Doody, because Denis called me on the phone and said, "I can't leave Chicago without meeting you." So we met at Durty Dick's.

Mick was at the Blackstone Hotel and I went down and stayed all day with him and Kieran McMahon. I put fifty-two tunes on the tape and there is eighteen of them on the Topic record [*Terry Teahan and Gene Kelly: Old Time Irish Music in America*, Topic 12TS352].

They were bad because I was nervous and I had never met Mick before, and I didn't know anyone and I went off the street without practice. Only, when somebody wanted it bad enough, well, I thought I'll put it on as best I can. He said, "Put them on as though you are sitting on the crossroads in Ireland and playing them. Mistakes don't matter. Mistakes can go on the record. This is the natural way like the music was."

The Topic record, and the Smithsonian, and the Library of Congress — it is all through Mick Moloney. I have been around for many, many years, with many tapes and many written tunes, and all this, and I never was recognized 'til Mick Moloney. So wherever I go from here it was actually him who started me off.

Dominick Byrne Polka

Polka



November 30, 1977

This is for a young friend of mine in Chicago. He is a fantastic Irish dancer, and he is one of the few who has kept with it. The boys, when they get twelve or thirteen or fourteen, they give it up.

But he is twenty-three or so, and just got married. He is exceptionally good and does the choreography with the Dennehy School of Dancing.

This is a different style of polka. It is what would be considered single timing, almost for a Kerry set. It is a different style altogether to the other polkas.



Photo by Jonas Dovydenas

Mick Moloney and Cuz in the Teahan living room with some of Cuz's embroidery work, later placed on exhibit in the Smithsonian Folklife Collection.

The Gannon Boys

Polka



September 4, 1977

These are the three sons of the Gannon family in St. Louis; Liam, Neal, and Sean. I have visited these boys and stayed in their home. I have put music on tape to send to St. Louis. I have put the concertina by the phone and I have played for them.

I think they are very talented. Liam plays the mouth organ and liltis, Sean plays violin, and Neal is great on the violin and the concertina. I inspired him on the concertina when I went down there playing. When they came up for the Midwest Feis I played with him alone for about one-half hour. Liam and Neal took three prizes between them.



Mary McDonagh and Cuz present the seventy-five year old O'Keeffe manuscript to the Gannon boys, St. Louis, 1977. From left are Neal, Liam, and Sean Gannon.

Josh Dunson

Polka

August 17, 1977

The first place Josh ever saw me was at Bogan High School at a benefit for Northern Aid. I probably have an exaggerated opinion of myself — I figure I can tell people, I can analyze them, and believe it or not I am very seldom wrong.

Any friend I have ever made I have kept them. It seems like a big brag but this is it. I don't care who anyone is or what they are, I can work with anyone. That's why I composed this for Josh Dunson, for after I talked to him, I found out he was really interested in Irish music.

If you are Irish, there isn't any credit to you to keep up your own ethnic culture, but if you are somebody else, that is something. I am very interested in other music. I can listen forever to Russian music or to Strauss waltzes, even though I don't completely know what is going on.

The fact that it is music means I am at ease. Some of the rock-and-roll stuff I think is too loud, but any of the ballroom and the Hawaiian I'm content with it.

Larry McCullough's Whiskers

Polka

June 4, 1977

I know Larry for quite a while. I first got to talk to him at some of the Irish Musicians' meetings, and the first inkling that I got he was different than some of the musicians was that we were comparing tunes and he knew the slides, which meant he had studied before.

Larry was part of our ceili band that went to compete at Buncrana in 1976. With Larry and me there was Barry Foy, Jimmy Keane, Liz Carroll, Mary McDonagh, and Armand Barnett. Larry started coming to the house and taping. He struck me as one who was interested in music, and I thought I would compose a polka for him. It's called after his whiskers which he has plenty of.

Larry put out the book *The Complete Irish Tin Whistle Tutor* which has six of the tunes I gave him. A couple of them were my own, and some were tunes that nobody played and he had not heard. In fact there were tunes that I never heard anyone play. Larry later taped Volume II of *Irish Music in Chicago* with Eleanor Neary, Johnny McGreevy, Joe Shannon, and me. [Rounder 6006.] Also on this record is Maida Sugrue, James Keane Sr., James Keane Jr., Frank Thornton, Liz Carroll, and Jimmy Thornton. He is teaching music in Pittsburgh and started his own publishing company, Silver Spear.

Josh Dunson's Spritzer

Polka



May 7, 1977

I call this a spritzer because this is what Josh used to order when we went out together, and I never knew what the ingredients were. It is some wine with club soda or seltzer but I like club soda better than the seltzer.



A house party about 1944 at the home of Phil and Mamie Stack. From left are Cuz, Josie O'Connor, Danny Lynch, and Tom Cumane.

Frank Thornton

Highland



July, 1979

You could always bank on Frank Thornton to be active in the promotion of Irish music. He was one of the founders of the Irish Musicians Association in 1957, and to this day he is more active than any musician I know in promoting Irish music. All through the years he has taught flute and tin whistle and gets very little out of it in the way of money. He organized a group and took them through Ireland, got them bookings in different towns, and it was a complete success. This was thirty years ago — well before anyone had a notion of bringing Comhaltas to America.



Frank Thornton, a founding father and honorary president of the Irish Musicians Association, 1979.

The Road to Glountane

Highland



1964

This is the title of the book and it is written in 1964. This was a year I did go to Ireland. Of all the tunes in my book I like this one the best of any one of them. It is a different set up and my son-in-law, Mike Heneghan, is forever whistling it.

The road to Glountane is the road from Castleisland straight out through Cordal and Glountane and in through Knocknabowl and Ballydesmond. It continues through Kiskeam, where O'Keeffe's mother is from, and into County Cork. It is really not a main highway.

It is the road I would take to get home from Castleisland. O'Keeffe lived right on the side of the road and I lived off the road. He lived at the crossroads where the two of them went towards Cork and one of them went to Scartaglin and the other one went back to Castleisland.

O'Keeffe's house is as good today as the day it was built. The picture of a decrepit house that is used in articles by Alan Ward is the abandoned home of Thomas Murphy. Thomas Murphy was locally known as "The Kaiser." Pdraig O'Keeffe's dwelling is two stories and in perfect condition. There is a man paid to keep fire in it two or three times in the summer and all through the winter by his brother Michael in Chicago.

The Man from Glountane*

Hornpipe



* Pdraig O'Keefe - born October 8, 1889

October 8, 1972

This was written for Pdraig O'Keefe on the anniversary of his birth, October 8, 1972. O'Keefe was born in 1889 and died in 1963. He taught me in school and he also gave me the rudiments of music.

He played any instrument he could get his hands on. O'Keefe specialized in teaching violin and playing violin. He taught me the notes for anything without an accompaniment. There is no left hand bass. I do not know the bass. In a piano you would have to have your bass.

I finished my schooling with him, and he was a first-class national teacher. The only thing he never taught was Gaelic, although he was a first-class Irish speaker, I should say. I was kind of happy about this for although it is good to know a second language, if you spoke it fluently and didn't have English you would be kind of curtailed when you came here. You would be like any other nationality that didn't know the language of the community. If you come in speaking English, you could get a job right off the bat.

When we went to school, there was — if the quota was in for all the children — one hundred and five in six grades, and later you would stay twice in the sixth and twice in the seventh. You would get your high school subjects like algebra.

Later Pdraig gave up teaching in school in preference for teaching music. He had literally hundreds of pupils all over counties Kerry, Cork, Clare, and Limerick. Instead of notes he would put four spaces for the four strings of the violin, and if it was the first finger on the first string he put the number one. He put fingers down instead of notes and then he put the bowing system.

He used to write that you have to have your own style. He gave you basics, but of course I don't think there was anyone who came close to him in his playing. It wasn't his fault, for he tried very hard with you.

You can really hear O'Keefe's style in Maida Sugrue's playing. You might have four or five fiddles and most of them are carbon copies of each other, but when their bows are going down, hers is going up. O'Keefe started most of his music with an up, and the way he

taught was you had to keep your right hand very close to your side. You had to keep your right elbow almost on your hip, and bow with your wrist pressed firm. You press the strings firmly at right-angles with your left hand so there wouldn't be any vibrations, and keep your thumb away from the finger-board. You hold the fiddle with your chin — not the wrist. If you were persistent in bowing widely, he'd tie a cord around you to hold your arm in close.

He was a great teacher. I kept in touch with him when I went home.



Padraig O'Keefe, the legendary Kerry fiddler and teacher, about 1950.

Eleanor Neary

Hornpipe

January 7, 1978

I actually had Eleanor in mind, and not the piano, when I composed this hornpipe, because she can do a good job on anything.

Eleanor and I played at all the feises at McEnery Hall for a great number of years, and at the West End. I have been to her house numerous times.

She is still very, very good on that piano. Anybody is entitled to an opinion, and sometimes when you express your opinion there is always somebody saying, "What does he know about it?" Mine is, she is the best piano player that I ever heard or met. She also plays the violin.



Eleanor Neary at the piano, around 1954.

Jim Donnelly's

Hornpipe

Jim was from County Leitrim, and he played violin for years in and out of Chicago. We both never drove a car so he and I went on buses in below zero weather and waited for hours for them. We played quite a bit at the feises and at all the parties. He was a very good friend of mine.

Anyone that had anything to do with music they were always at his house, and many of them that had nothing to do with music was always there. He died fairly young and he is Mary McDonagh's dad. This is why Mary got steeped in Irish music. Any musician coming through town, he would always have them for dinner. Of course, Jim was on that record with Pat Roche's Harp and Shamrock Orchestra that was recorded by Decca in connection with the Irish Village at the 1934 World's Fair in Chicago. In addition to Pat, the members of the band were Jim Donnelly, Jimmy and Eleanor Neary, Paddy McGovern, John McGreevy, and Packie Walsh. Pat McGovern was a fine musician. He played the flute and had good breath control. [The two hornpipes, "The Boys of Blue Hill" and "The Stack of Wheat," can be heard on the reissue, *Irish Dance Music*, Folkways FW 8821.]

Liz Carroll's Lament

Hornpipe

May, 1976

Believe it or not, I can't play this hornpipe. Liz does make a fantastic job of it, she really does. Liz is an Irish-American. Her father is from Offaly and her mother from Limerick. Her grandfather on her mother's side played violin. Her dad plays the accordion.

Liz has won the All-Ireland for violin and she has taken music most of her life. I know her for about five years. The first night I met her was at a ceili and I was humming a tune. She wanted me to put my name and number on a paper plate, and the tune I was humming we later called "The Slide on the Paper Plate."

I've been asked, "Why should something as hearty and merry as this be called a lament?" To me, I thought Liz will probably think this tune is a disaster, but she plays it really well. When I compose a tune, I usually have somebody else in mind playing it besides me. I leave a lot of way for somebody to put their own style into it as long as they don't completely alter the thing. You don't alter the timing or the name, but your own system of grace notes and trills could be applied. That's where every individual has their own.

The Curtins, John & Leah

Hornpipe

May 19, 1978

This was composed on the morning of May 19, 1978, while waiting for Mary McDonagh to pick me up for a Northern Aid benefit in St. Paul. We stayed with the Curtins in St. Paul at a very fine house and had a great time altogether.

This is the one tune that is a little bit familiar to one I've heard which I try to avoid. There is one bar that is very familiar that has all the triplets. It happened to fall in like that. It wasn't copied. I still hear from John and Leah and I'm still planning to have another trip up there.

THE SEAN O'NEILL TRIO

*I've had many pleasant evenings,
For fifty years or more;
Some are now forgotten
But I hope for many more.*

*The one you're going to hear about
Will not be forgotten soon:
An evening spent at Power's house
Beneath a young May moon.*

*On a pleasant Sunday evening
As I strolled along the lane,
To visit the home of Cyril Power
And hear the sweet refrain
Of Sean and John and Paul,
That trio of reknown,
Whose music you can hear each night
In the best spot in the town.*

*John is always singing
With a smiling happy face,
While Sean he plays the accordion,
And Paul beats the pace.*

*I'm sure that you have heard them,
But in case that you have not,
They are the group you should not miss
They always get you hot.*

Always your friend, "Cuz."

by Terence "Cuz" Teahan,
May 1979

Tom Dahill's Fiddle

Hornpipe



June 17, 1975

It's a nice hornpipe and my group does a nice job of it. I have never heard Tom do too much with it, but we have played it together at Ireland's 32 with him. We played it at the Glenshesk and the Abbey, but it is not the usual run-of-the-mill when we get together. Denis Doody made an honest mistake and called it "Nehyls Fiddle" when he put it on his record, *Kerry Music* [Mulligan LUN 019].

I offered Tom my dad's fiddle, but he had one from Paddy Hill so he didn't take it. So I thought I would offer him a hornpipe.

THE DAYHILLS

*On a lovely autumn night as the moon was shining bright,
And the wind played the "Stack of Barley" through the trees;
I was thinking of old Ireland, the land where I was born
In that little old mud cabin o'er the seas.*

*'Twas the night I met the Dayhills, that I won't forget,
It was not a chance acquaintance you can see;
They have played a special part on the strings of my old heart,
And have taken me in memory o'er the sea.*

*I can smell the scented heather and the dew drops on the grass,
I can hear the skylark singing as I did on days gone by;
When the Dayhills play their music, that land I can't forget
And I never will until the day I'll die.*

*A Sthor Machree I am here to stay,
And no one need ever remind me
Of the music and song of the days that are gone,
I'll have always the Dayhills behind me.*

*I must try and be brave for I have to save face,
Though the tears they are starting to blind me;
On the road to Glountane I will play "Lady Ann,"
With the four of you standing beside me.*

by Terence "Cuz" Teahan, December 23, 1977

Peterswell Reel

To the Memory of Joe Cooley

This is not mine, but I am putting it in because nobody heard it and there was no original name. It was a reel that I learned from the late Joe Cooley who was a great accordion player who they are putting up a hall in Galway for. Anyone I met so far has not heard it, but it is not my composition.

I thought I would honor Joe Cooley of Galway by putting it in. Peterswell is in Galway. This can be played either as a reel or hornpipe. Eleanor Neary, Mary McDonagh, and I played it the night of Joe's memorial dance. [Joe Cooley can be heard on *Cooley*, Gael-linn CEF 044.]

JOE COOLEY

*In a little town in Galway
They call it Peterswell,
Where music is a way of life
The Cooleys once did dwell.*

*One day I heard Joe play this reel
In his own excellent way,
It reminded me of Ireland
And the shaking of the hay.*

*I thought that I would note it down
So many more may know
This fine old reel called "Peterswell"
We'll hear before we go.*

*Here's to Seamus Cooley,
This reel for you he'll play;
And I hope that you'll enjoy it,
For I have no more to say.*

To the memory of Joe Cooley, R.I.P.

by Terence "Cuz" Teahan,
July 2, 1978

Denis Doody's Melodeon Waltz

June 26, 1979

I first met Denis Doody in 1976 when he was traveling with the Smithsonian group and we had that fine night at Durty Dick's. He is the grandson of a very famous Kerry fiddler, Denis Tarrant. There are many tunes called Tarrant's: Tarrant's Jigs, Tarrant's Slides.

FROM THE CORK AND KERRY BORDER

*From the Cork and Kerry border
 Came the stalwart Denis Doody
 To compare the styles of music
 He said, "I think it is my duty."
 When he met with Mick Moloney
 Who said, "We have it in the sack,"
 From O'Connor and McMahon
 Here is a chance to bring it back.*

*We owe it to our youngsters
 To expose them to the fact
 That music has many phases,
 And imagination doesn't lack.
 The choice they make will be their own
 And I hope they will enjoy it,
 But the style I play is of yesterday
 And I do not deny it.*

*With the music rage in this space age
 I hope I live to see
 The music I play is here to stay,
 And not just played by me.*

by Terence "Cuz" Teahan, 1976

Kevin Henry's Eyebrows Waltz

September 26, 1977

Kevin Henry impressed me when he would call the meetings of the Irish Musicians to order. He really would not need a gavel. All he would need to do is to look and lift the eyebrows up, and there was silence. He was chairman of the Musicians and he is still assistant chair.

Kevin is very musical and from County Sligo. He plays the flute, the tin whistle, and the uilleann pipes. He is quite dramatic with his recitations. I think he is good. He has a very good knowledge of the background of the tunes — more than anyone I have ever met. For tunes that are wrongly named, he does have the right names for an awful lot of them. Mary and Maggie — both daughters — play the tin whistle very well, and Maggie plays wooden flute and violin.

Thadgh and Biddy Waltz

Waltz



1955

Thadgh is Gaelic for Timothy and Biddy is a nickname for Brigid. They were two people who I had a tremendous amount of respect for as I was growing up. They treated me good when I was a kid though they were getting on in years. They both lived out their lives single.

Biddy's house was a ramble house. A ramble was when you took a walk or a stroll to have some fun, to play cards, or to dance. They would sometimes play music and dance sets, and she had a store there. She had a niece, Julia Fitzgerald, that was a very good piano player. They lived until their nineties.

Thadgh did farm work on his own place and occasionally went into town. He was the first one to do rambling at night. Farming wasn't really much. It was a dull life in Ireland in those days, seventy years ago. You farmed as long as you had the light to see to do anything. Then you visited house to house, playing and dancing. This was his life. He was three miles from Ballydesmond and about seven from Castleisland.

Ann Heymann

Waltz



May 7, 1978

This is a very pretty waltz. A great job could be made of it by a group that would harmonize it. Ann does a very good job on the harp.



At the wedding of Justin and Karen O'Brien are, from left, Justin O'Brien, Bruce O'Brien, Chuck Heymann, Cuz, and Ann Heymann, 1979.

Jimmy Keane's for Cuz - The Spider in the Bathtub Hornpipe

Composed by Jimmy Keane for Cuz

This was composed by Jimmy Keane. When we were in Ireland in 1976 he came all the way from Dublin to Castleisland to pick me up, which is a long ride. I had a concertina and he had a tape recorder going, and I prayed at him more than anything else because he was listening to the tape and not looking at the road. This was an American kid and the roads are narrow and there is no consideration by drivers in Ireland.

He had been around Ireland and told me he had only seen spiders in Kerry — the place was full of them. We went all the way to the town of Sligo and he was bent to continue and I was bent to stay. Jimmy agreed and said we should stay at The Royal, which is a big hotel. I said, "Big people says Mary Quinn, why do we stay at The Royal?" I said, "How about the guest house next door?" But they were full so the host inquired of Mary and we stayed at Mary's. It was exceptional.

In the morning I went to draw water for the bath, and lo and behold you, there was about forty spiders. They had come up from the drain. I told Jimmy later they were doing the Kerry set. I just kept the one for Jimmy and flushed the rest down. So he wrote "The Spider in the Bathtub." He has only the one fault in that he is too good-natured, so people take advantage of him.

Later in the morning I played a few tunes for the lady where we stayed. I forgot my new hat and went to Buncrana. Mary McDonagh came back by way of Sligo and picked it up.

Marty Fahey's for Cuz - Cuz's Green Thumb Reel.

Composed by Marty Fahey for Cuz March 30, 1978

This is Marty Fahey speaking about my ability to grow plants. Where I got all my plants is I stole them from everyone that didn't give them to me. I stole them from the nuns and from the priests and from everyone.

Even when I boarded in any place I would have one or two in the window. When I owned my own home I had a huge yard and no garage — which meant much more room for the plants. I imported from Japan and Germany.

I worked in the flower show for ten days a year for twenty-two years, and that was the ten days vacation that I got. There isn't any more flower show, and that is a disgrace for a city as big as Chicago.

Marty composed this for me one night on the spur of the moment.



Cuz in his backyard, 1978.

Cuz from Castleisland Reel

Composed by L. McCullough September 19, 1976

Larry McCullough composed this reel in a concertina setting. Larry is folklorist. I asked him why he did it and he said, "There is a tune for everyone else, so I will do one for you."



Lou Tangney and her father twisting the rope, Castleisland, Kerry, 1931. She was Lou O'Conner when this was done and she is now Lou Tangney, owner and operator of Tangney's Coffee Bar on Main in Castleisland. She plays a very good violin. Lou learned from the nuns but she also played with O'Keefe. Tell her Cuz sent you.

John Harling's for Cuz - Cuz's "Blackie" Reel

Composed by John Harling March 30, 1978

This is by Johnny Harling and refers to my little black accordion. This was also done the night the whole crowd was here and we went to the Glenshesk. March the thirtieth was quite the night!



Photo by Jonas Dovydenas

Cuz plays his accordion, "Blackie," 1976.

The Night I Spent With "Cuz"

Jig



Composed by Marty Fahey for Cuz

March 30, 1978

I said that they composed them that night, and they sure did. It was a hot night.

A TRIBUTE TO MARTIN FAHEY SR.

*On a dreary autumn evening
As the rain was falling down,
I made my way to Bogan High
On the South Side of the town.*

*I was hardly seated
When I heard Martin Fahey say,
"Our talent has not yet arrived
There will be a short delay."*

*The delay indeed was very short
The surprises very big,
As I heard accordions, flutes, and fiddlers
Trip off the Irish jig.*

*The singers and the dancers,
Piano and bodhran;
The time it passed too quickly —
It should have lasted until dawn.*

*Mick O'Connor on the banjo,
Organizer Jerry Keane,
I can't forget that great M.C.
I hope we will meet again.*

by Terence "Cuz" Teahan,
October 1975

Cuz's Big Liz Jig

Composed by Liz Carroll for Cuz March 30, 1978

This jig is by Liz Carroll — also made on March the thirtieth. Quite the night. "Big Liz" is my specially made accordion with one row of buttons with eight reeds, or eight responses to the button, handmade by Baldoni Bartoli. It is now in the possession of Tom Dayhill.



The occasion was the planning of the annual "Raging Day on the Lake," around 1949. This was an annual benefit for the Catholic Missions where we went to St. Joe, Michigan and back. There was an awful lot of people in it. Eileen O'Connor ran the doings. Cuz is sitting in the foreground with Tommy Sheahan beside him. Right above Sheahan is Mrs. Teahan, with Eileen O'Connor to her left, sitting on Martin Fahey's knee.

Cuz's Slippers Polka

Composed by Tom Dahill for T.P. Teahan Summer of 1976

I went over to the Dayhills' one afternoon and what I had on wasn't slippers and they weren't shoes either. They were pieces of plastic that you lace up and tie around your shin-bones. They were intriguing Tom, and I guess he didn't have the guts to say, "What are you wearing?" I saw that he was watching the evening he composed this polka. This is a good polka to sit and listen to, but if I had to go out and dance to it there would be more notes.



Cuz with the Dayhills Irish Band, 1978. From left are Cuz, Ann Heymann, Barbara Dayhill, Tom Dayhill, and Chuck Heymann.

CHICAGO CONVENTION

*It was on a Saturday night as the moon was shining bright,
To the West Side of Chicago I did stray.
In Club Cabana Hall the musicians gave a ball,
And invited one and all to come and play.*

*We had a jolly time as musicians fell in line
To the rhythm of the bagpipe and the drum.
I would like to mention here we had whiskey, wine, and beer,
And a jolly time was had by all who come.*

*Mrs. Neary first in line, her music was sublime
As she played that well-known reel "The Callan Lasses."
When McGreevy took the fiddle, the accordion by Lavelle,
You could hear the audience clap and clink their glasses.*

*To Mrs. Sweeney for the catering, who did the job so fine,
To our radio announcers I would like to add a line,
To all our fine musicians who so graciously did come
To accompany our dancers with their fiddles, flutes, and drum.*

*To Madge Thornton for her efforts at the door and in the hall,
To our wardrobe and waiters I salute you one and all;
To all our out-of-towners I would like to say, "Hello,
May the Lord his choicest blessings on all of you bestow."*

*To me it was a pleasure to have met you one and all,
And, God willing, I'll be living to meet you all next fall.*

by Terence "Cuz" Teahan, 1959



The Road to Glountane represents the life work of master musician Terence "Cuz" Teahan. It contains fifty-five of his original compositions: reels, slides, jigs, polkas, hornpipes, waltzes, and highland flings. An additional seven tunes written in honor of Cuz by fellow musicians and one special tune are also included.

Cuz introduces each of the tunes, and in a special autobiographical section he discusses the traditional Irish music of Chicago and his native Kerry. Thirteen poems — eleven of them by Cuz — help illustrate his humor and heart. Thirty-two photographs — all of them reproduced here for the first time in book form — capture many outstanding Irish musicians from the 1940s to the present.

The Road to Glountane contains great music and the history of real Irish music and dance both in Chicago and in Ireland.

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