



Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

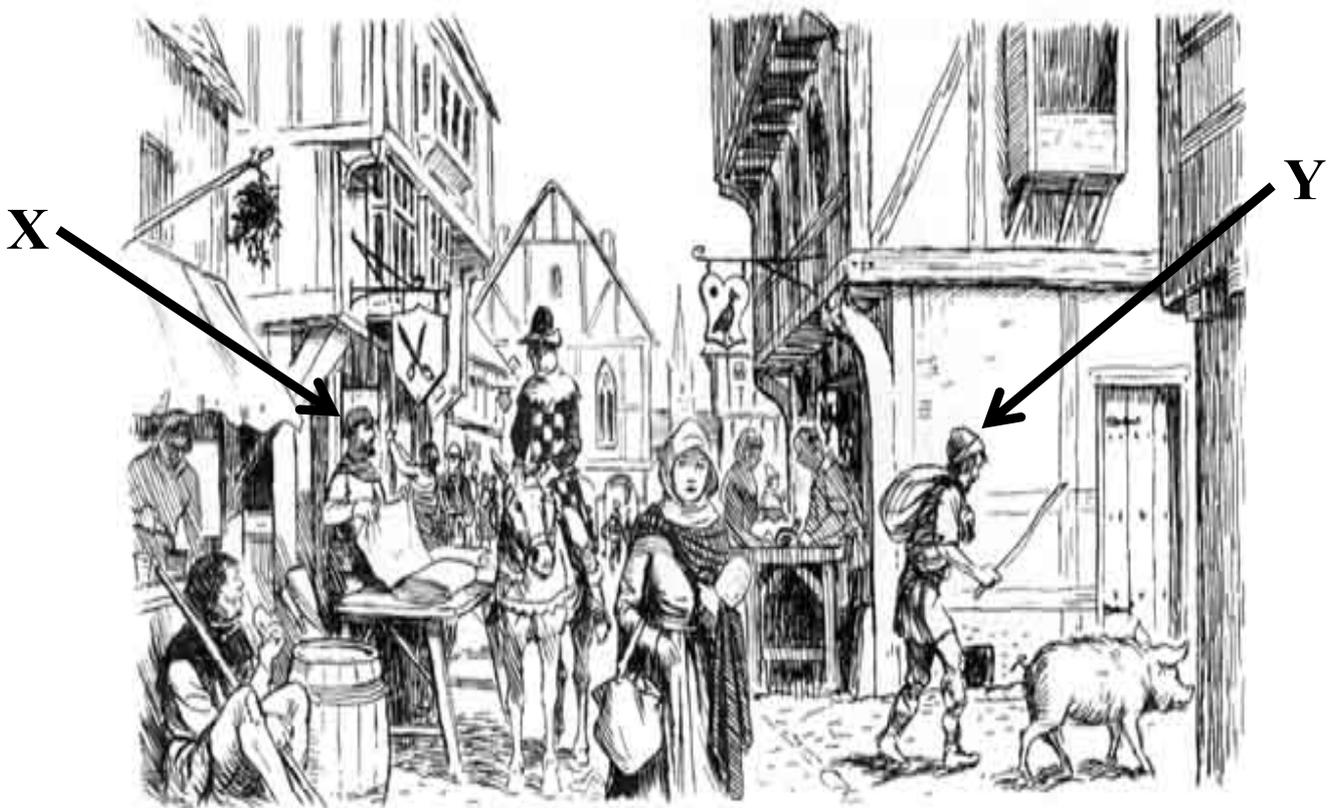
JUNIOR CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 2009

HISTORY - ORDINARY LEVEL
(Do NOT include these pages with your answer book.)

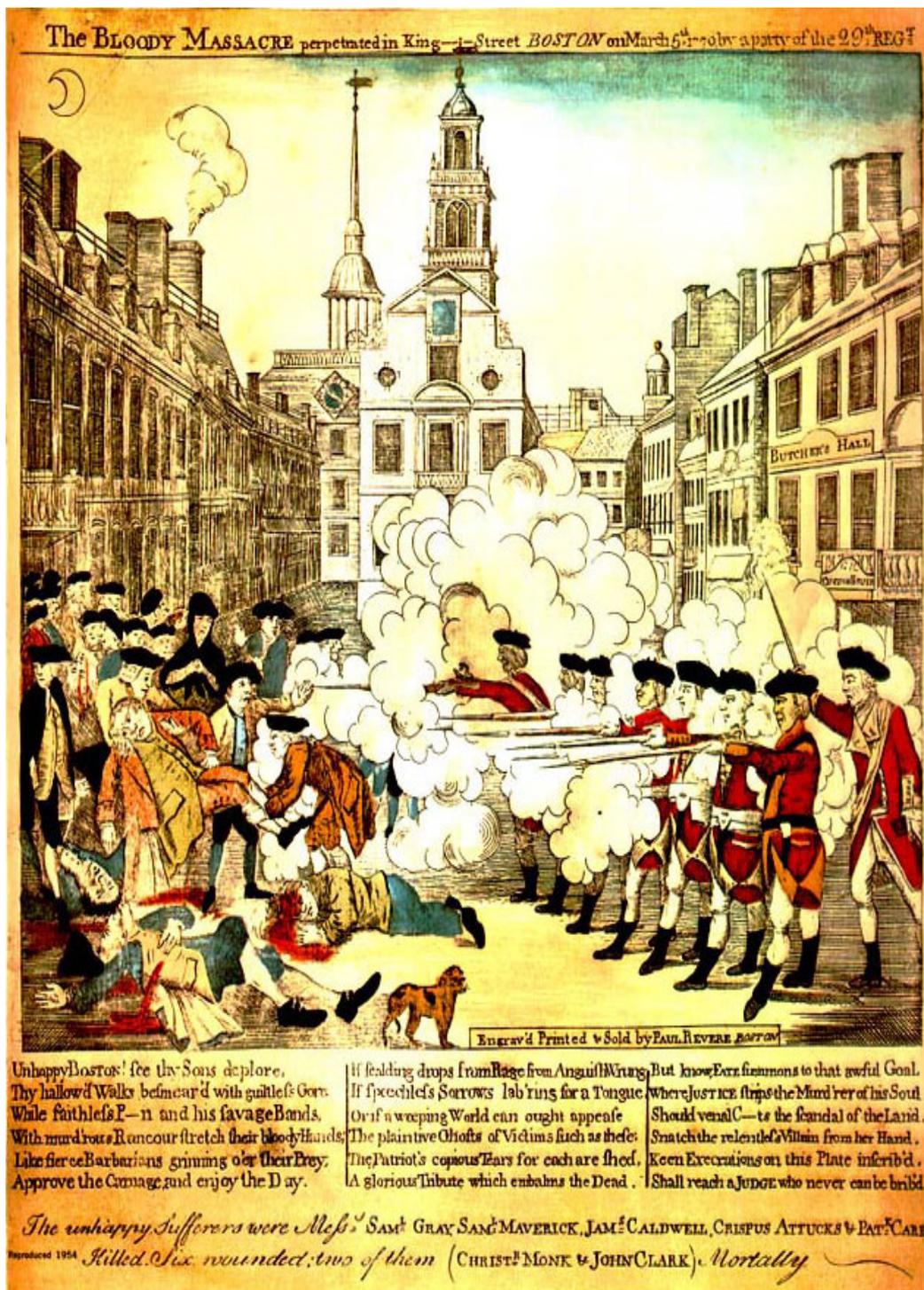
SOURCES

1. PICTURES

PICTURE A.



PICTURE B.



PICTURE C.



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2. DOCUMENTS

DOCUMENT 1.

A member of the I.R.A., Sean Harling, talking about his memories of the Irish War of Independence 1919-21.

“Mick’s instructions were that I was never to carry a gun, but this morning I had a Webley (gun) on me and I was coming down Mount Street in a tram and I suddenly seen the road being held up by some soldiers and I looked behind and there was another hold-up behind the tram. So I jumped off and went into Holles Street...and there was this girl standing in a door and I walked up to her and I said, “Good morning.”

“Good morning,” says she. So says I, “I have a gun and I want it hidden for a while.” So she says, “Come on upstairs.” It was a tenement house and her mother was sitting by the fire, and she says, “Mother this is Jim.” Now she didn’t know whether I was a Jim or a John or what I was, because she’d never met me before. So the mother says, “Hello Jim,” and the girl took the gun and hid it. I went back the next day and got it from her, and I’ve never seen the girl since.”

DOCUMENT 2.

This is an extract from an account written by Hugh Callaghan of growing up in the Ardoyne in Belfast in the 1930s.

There were few opportunities for Catholic families, and it was common for the men in the family to be working away from home, in England or in America. Few escaped the poverty of unemployment and the struggle to feed large families. I spent my time, like all the Ardoyne children, out playing in the streets, with nothing more than a ball to play with. Playing soccer on the street outside our houses gave the children endless hours of play. Our mothers would give the occasional shout to come indoors at mealtimes ... If we were lucky when we left school we might get a job in the mills as unskilled workers.

In the very early days in Butler Street we lived in one room in a terraced house. Each room was rented to a different family. However, by the time Noel, my youngest brother, was born, in 1939, we were able to rent the whole house.

Children from poor homes, which usually meant large families such as ours, were given free school meals ... we were required to have our daily meal in the local Protestant school. Every day I would go along with a few other children to the Protestant school to receive our best meal of the day ... I looked forward immensely to that meal. We were well cared for and treated with great kindness.

The cook would greet us at the door and she’d go out of her way to make sure we had enough to eat. The school caretaker, Alfie Gardner, always welcomed us and ushered us in to “sit down and eat up everything.” He used to pat me on the head and ask, “Are you sure you’ve had enough?” “Yes Sir. Thank you Sir,” I would reply, very grateful indeed for a good feed.

Years later I was reading a football book and I recognised Alfie’s face. I learned that he had been a goalkeeper for our local team, Cliftonville, as well as an Ireland goalkeeper. I had great regard for him already, but after that he went up even higher in my estimation.