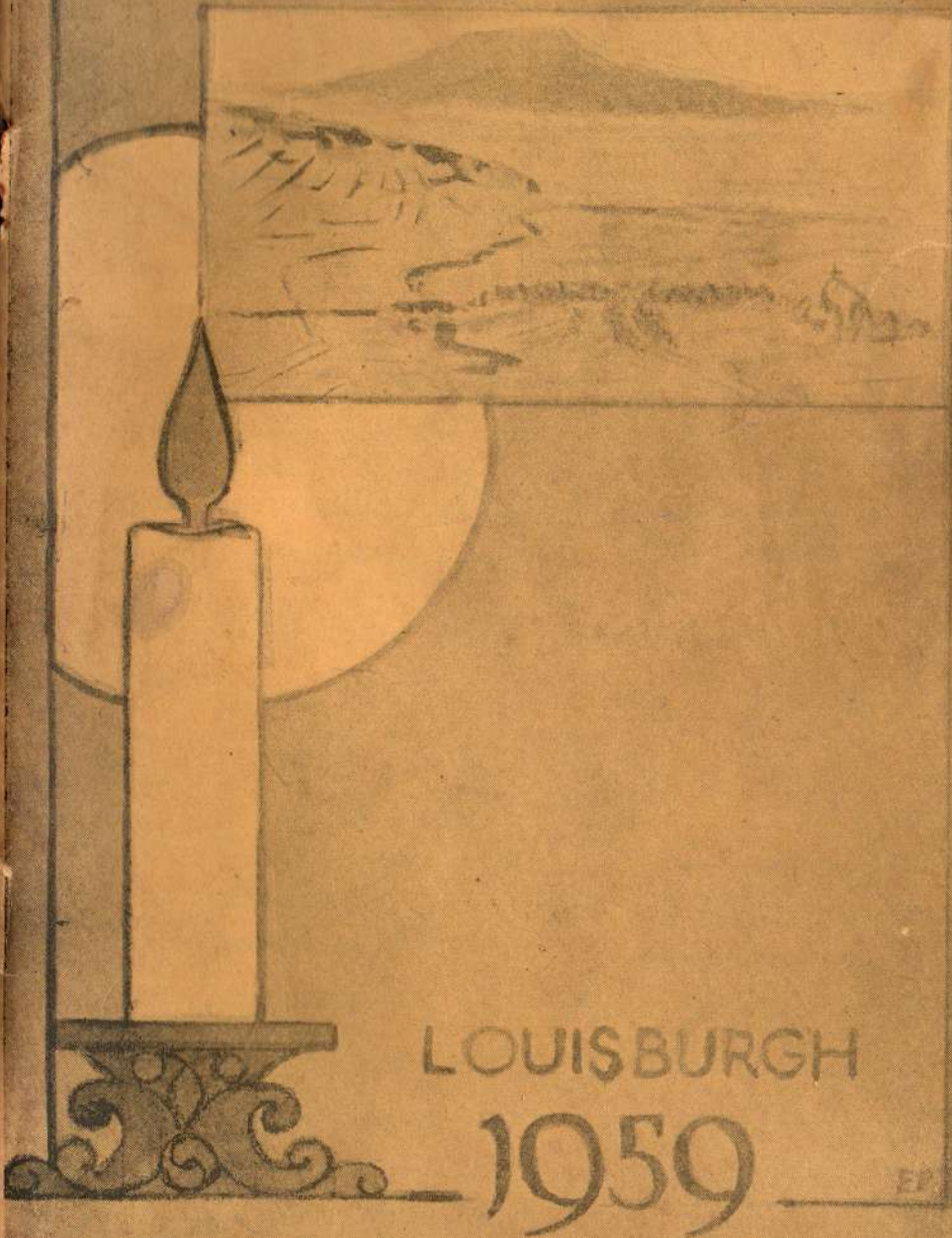


An Coinneal

THE CANDLE



LOUISBURGH

1959

EP

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In this issue . . .

Muintir na Tíre in Louisburgh	Dr. McHugh
Frozen Moments	Mrs. J. J. Philbin
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Music in School—I	Rev. P. Prendergast
Eist le Fuaim na h-Abhann	C. Bean Uí Laighin
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Symposium: <i>What is Louisburgh's Greatest Need?</i>	

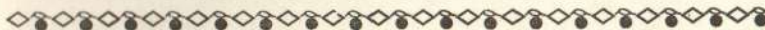
Rev. P. Prendergast
R. J. Nicholson
Rev. P. Gill
T. O'Malley
O. P. Morahan
M. J. Durkan
Mrs. R. O'Toole
A. McDonnell

Annals: From Cluain Cearbán to Louisbourg

Statistics

Parish Pump

Eadrainn Fhéin.



I congratulate the Muintir na Tíre Guild of my native parish of Kilgeever on having been adjudged in two successive years the best guild in Connacht; and I wish it every success in its new enterprise, the production of a parish magazine.

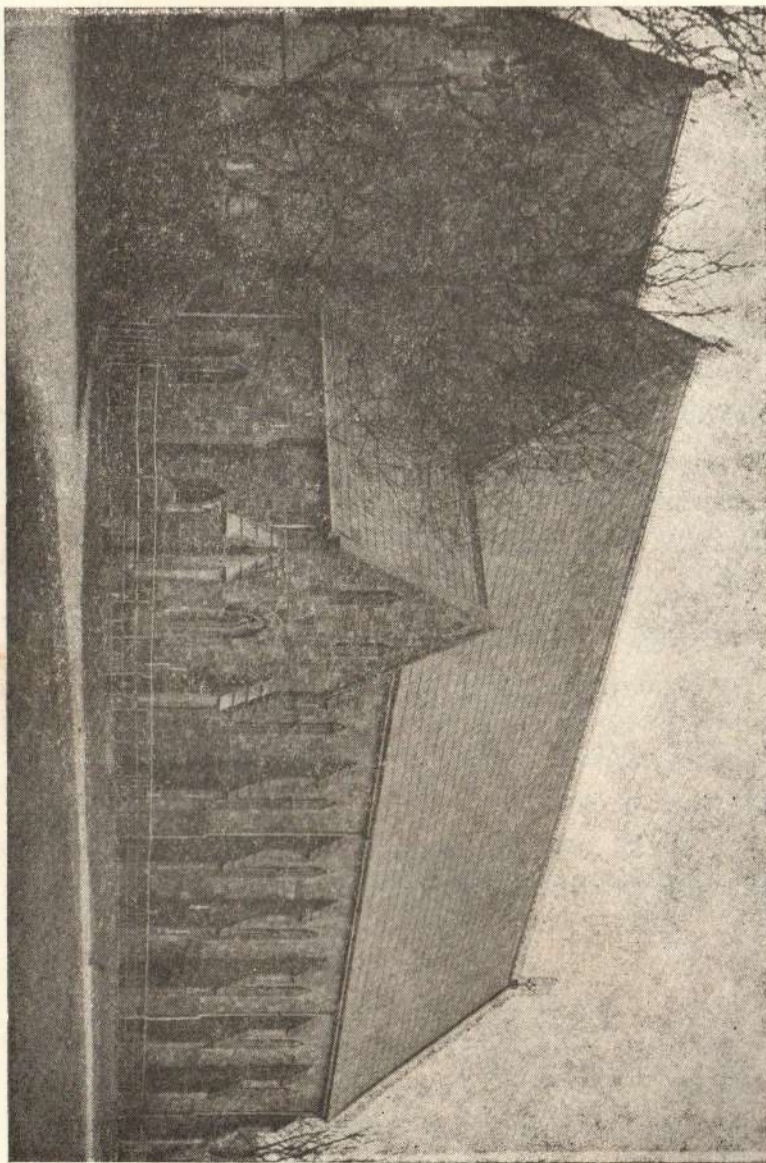
I shall look forward to the first issue of THE CANDLE. May it burn long and brightly!

***JAMES FERGUS,**

Bishop of Achonry.



Photo by]



[Farrell, Galway

The Parish Church — St. Patrick's, Louisburgh

An Coinneal

(THE CANDLE)

A periodical of Kilgeever Parish, published by the
Louisburgh Guild of Muintir na Tíre.

EDITOR—Rev. Leo Morahan.

EDITORIAL BOARD—Very Rev. John Burke, P.P.; Rev. Joseph
Moran, B.D.; Dr. Columb McHugh; (Seán
T. Morahan, R.I.P.).

Maiden Issue — Christmas, 1959.

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“**A** DUMB priest,” so a proverb says, “never got a parish.” One would wish to continue the maxim: “and a dumb parish never got a hearing.” Our parish of Kilgeever has been dumb for many centuries—dumb, indeed, since birth. It is part of the purpose of this magazine to teach it to speak; and the present issue records its first lispings.

AN COINNEAL is a parish periodical—perhaps an annual—which hopes to interest all Louisburgh people in the past and future of their home. It is intended to afford a pooling of experience, of ideas, and suggestions for practical enterprise such as might benefit the home parish in any sphere whatsoever. We have no literary pretensions: our emphasis is on matter, not on form. This is primarily a magazine for Louisburghmen; it is, we feel, a faithful image of what we were and are. Our production will be thought ‘naive’: then we are ‘naive’. It will be deemed ‘par-

ochial': we could wish for no truer compliment; for being-parochial is our very purpose, our reason for existence. Accordingly, in this first issue all contributions—including the cover-design—are by Louisburgh people at home or overseas. AN COINNEAL has defects and deficiencies; but it is really ours.

The title is intended to symbolise, especially, the faith of Louisburgh—the faith of our Christmas windows; the faith of praying fingers at a candelabra; and that stronger faith, the faith in sorrow, which brings a lighted candle from a sick room to meet Christ coming down our boreen. It is an epitome of all our faith-candles, from Candlemas and Christmas to the Pasch; and from Baptism and the "Stations" to the corpse-house. This title is, we think, particularly apposite in a parish where so many men and women have been called to carry a candle into a sanctuary, there—candle-like—to render themselves in the service of God. To all, to every son and daughter of Kilgeever, we hope that this COINNEAL will be a light of faith to combat darkness and half-shadows; and, if need be, a beacon by which to swing a ship and to set a compass anew.

It is our wish that, for all to whom Louisburgh is something more than a name—whether in Crickeen or in Cricklewood, in Killeen or in Kilburn, in Clinton or in Cloonty, in New York or in Baile-Úr — this flame will heat some gelid memories which the world has cooled. We hope that it will warm these memories into life and into fluid Christian action, so that, in the words of our own traditional prayer at candle-time: "We may all see the light of Heaven."

"No man lighteth a candle and putteth it in a hidden place, or under a bushel; but upon a candlestick, that they that come in may see the light." —Luke II : 33.

MUINTIR NA TIRE IN LOUISBURGH

By DOCTOR COLUMB McHUGH

*"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."*

—GOLDSMITH.

THE above couplet, by a man who did not fare too well himself as regards material things, could be aptly used to describe Rural Ireland at the middle of the twentieth century; and in no place is this more true than on the Western sea-board in the former Congested Districts. Mass emigration at an ever-increasing rate serves the purpose of leaving more living space to those who remain. Unfortunately, in general it is the elderly and the unfit among the younger people—those who are unable to utilise the resources—who remain; and so an aging and not quite competent population are satisfied to turn the easiest money possible from grazing. This is to their own loss and to the detriment of the land. Allied to this state of easy-going neglect of the only natural resources of the area is a general apathy. People view the unsatisfactory present and future and accept these with resignation as phenomena invariably linked with a rising standard of living in the rest of the country and our near neighbour England. The apathy encourages young people to get out to these more attractive places. Of the many organisations which have arisen in recent years, only Muintir na Tire—with its emphasis on spiritual and social factors as opposed to material ones, and its policy of working from the grass-roots in the parish—is capable of providing even a partial answer to this unsatisfactory state of affairs.

The organisation of Muintir na Tire was founded by the late Very Reverend Canon Hayes, P.P. of Bansha, Co. Tipperary, to foster the spiritual, social and economic well-being of Rural Ireland. Canon Hayes had found by experience that organisations which catered only for sections of the population, e.g., Graingrowers' Association, Milk

Producers' Association, rarely achieved their objectives and produced bitterness between various classes and interests. He therefore determined that all classes and sections of the community should be represented in his new organisation and that only policies which were for the general good should be adopted. To achieve this, the Organisation of Muintir na Tire is based on the whole parish, and all sectors (professional, business, farmers, labourers, ladies, youth, as well as any special group in a parish) elect representatives to a Parish Council in equal numbers. Their Parish Council meets regularly to hear ideas and grievances from the component sectors of the Guild, that is, from the *whole parish*; and after discussion (and voting, if necessary) decide on a concerted line of action on any particular matter brought forward by any section.

In general, Muintir na Tire tries to achieve its objects by local voluntary effort and only when this fails, or is insufficient, does it appeal to State or Local Authority. Each Parish Council sends representatives to a County Federation which meets at least quarterly; and there, subjects of more general application are discussed and policy formulated. Over all is the Supreme Executive, elected annually at Rural Week, which acts as liaison between branches and other organisations or authorities. The work of Muintir na Tire, though non-sectarian, has received the approval of various members of the Hierarchy and of various heads of State.

During the first Tostal, Louisburgh had a very active Parish Council which was one of the few in the country to return a credit balance-sheet; and when some members of that Council felt that they should meet regularly for the good of the local community, the formation of a local Guild of Muintir na Tire appeared to be an ideal solution. The wisdom of those founding members, some of whom are now, unfortunately, deceased (God rest them!), was well vindicated when the local Guild retained the McDonagh Perpetual Trophy as the most active unit in Connacht this year. Apart from its material success, it has for six years allowed people of all classes and sections of the population in the parish to meet regularly, and by discussion to make known and utilise various schemes for the improvement of the spiritual, social and economic conditions of the people of the parish. Although it has not succeeded in changing the unfavourable trends, it has at

least endeavoured to brighten life in this area by its use of social meetings for adults, ceilis for children, lectures and debates for all.

Among the many material accomplishments it has helped to gain for the parish, the annual Agricultural Show has been an outstanding success, winning praise for the scope and standard of its exhibits despite the isolated position of the parish. The practice ceilis for children run during the summer have won warm praise for their simple pleasure given to the children and indeed are enjoyed by visiting adults, too.

This year, the Guild—as an example and in full knowledge of the value of afforestation in solving the economic problem of the area—planted 2,000 trees on one-and-a-half acres of land leased to them by a member of the Council.

Many other works of a social and charitable nature were undertaken, but from these the reader may gather how one group in Ireland is trying to improve conditions of life in its own neighbourhood. By so applying Christian principles in everyday living in the parish, the Guild is striving to carry out the ideals of the founder of Muintir na Tire to make the parish, and so the nation, a happier and better place to live in. This should be the desire of any true Christian or patriot.

The parish carries Christ within itself; it is a Christopher, a Christ-bearer. Christ is present within it. To the parish can be applied the words of Christ: "Where two or three are gathered together for my sake, there am I in the midst of them" (Matt. 18:20).

The best organisation in the parish is the parish itself. It becomes in outward reality a true family, with but one heart and soul, though with many members. The (other) organisations can be necessary expedients and helps that are used during the period of transition, until the parish again leads its normal, active life as a united and active family.

—The Living Parish (Dr. Pius Parsch).

THE MASTER



IT is not often that a first issue of a magazine records the death of one of its editors. It is more rarely that any publication will have to mourn the loss of a man like the Seán T. Morahan whom we knew. It is not too much to say that our parish will never overcome this loss.

In January, 1915, he cycled into Louisburgh from his native Castlebar; and among us he spent his remaining life—forty-four years—lavishing his time and energy, his accomplishments and his great ability on the parish which he took to himself. There are those, still living, who saw his coming and his going. These can best assess, in terms of change, what his presence in this parish meant on the material, cultural, intellectual and spiritual levels. Those of us who grew up under his aegis have, in greater measure or in less, taken him for granted; and only in maturer years have we admitted or proclaimed his worth.

For Seán T. Morahan was a man apart. Which aspect of his brilliantly-cut character deserves prime mention? He was teacher, patriot, educationalist, singer, dramatist, producer, social benefactor, friend and adviser; but above all and through all, he was a Catholic Irish gentleman. His career in Louisburgh marked a golden age of advance in practically every branch of culture—education, music and drama in particular. Among his laurels were the Feiseanna successes of 1927-29, the Carlisle-and-Blake Premium Awards (Accony, 1928, Louisburgh, 1940) and his Provincial and All-Ireland School Drama victories of 1939 and 1940. In his forty-odd years teaching here his students won £28,000 in scholarship awards and at least thirty of his pupils have already been ordained priests. It was easy, indeed, to call him "The Master."

But when we think now of "Mr. Morahan" these exceptional honours are only our second thoughts. We think first—and most—of the figure, of the character, of the man. He was a teacher in the old tradition—one of "God's second priests," a teacher before and after the key was turned. His pupils will often recall his "off" moments, between lessons or on the eve of Summer holidays, when he spoke to us of things nearest to his heart—our futures, our religion, our country—and we saw his mind and soul in a way that we will long remember. For it was part of his teaching genius that, although strict in discipline, he had a unique way with boys. He was gifted, too, with a voice of unusual range and power, and it is indicative that, in memory, we associate it most with the ceremonies of the Church.

As a public man, his simple motto, often repeated in school, was "Be happy by making others happy." And the poorer people of his area bear ample witness of how he lived by this. In politics, he was what the world calls a failure. Too straight for the twists of the game, he was defeated in the General Election of 1943, and—after twenty-three years' service—at the Local Elections of 1950. He was the greatest loser I have ever known. He was, too, I know, incapable of thinking ill of anyone; and many of us will retain a later memory of his smile and word—of joy, or comfort, or sympathy—to every passer-by.

Returning emigrants will miss his sincere and kindly welcome. For many of them he WAS Louisburgh and they felt his death as a branch feels an axe upon the root. But his memory shall not die amongst us. Many a humble cottage will mourn him; he will be lamented by all who value honour and upright action; and his friends will feel his passing—the more, I think, as they have been his more intimate associates, or have moved in circles nearer him.

He was my father; and unashamedly I request that the many whom he befriended would return his goodness with a prayer.

Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine!

Ar scoil Dé go rabh a anam uasal, caoin!

—L.

Frozen Moments

By MRS. J. J. PHILBIN

LIGHTHEARTEDLY, I said: "Oh, when I get a few minutes to myself I shall think and write of something." The leisure I looked forward to seems as far off as ever and the hour for contribution to the parish magazine draws nearer and nearer. Day after day, I say to myself: "To-morrow will be time enough"; but my task is as far as ever from execution, so that at last it is to be now or never. *Now or Never!* Time and eternity seem to be condensed in these two little words. *Time* makes me think of the places, about Louisburgh, where time stood still for me.

There was the time when I set out complete with brushes, paints and sketching-block. The scene was Tully: I had my back to the bridge, facing the river, and was happy in my work and dreams. A reek of turf on my left took shape on my paper. The sods built up scenes in my mind of cosy winter evenings—little toes toasting at the kitchen fire and a Catechism in a mother's hand while she hears young Seán rhyme off his "forbiddens" and "commandeds". The picture takes shape: a river tumbling over mossy rocks and gurgling and splashing to drift into gentler waters under the banks. I mix and paint, and then I wonder was that last ripple a fish! My mind drifts, too, to a thought of fishes and loaves and how the drawing of a fish was symbolic of the Faith in early Christian times . . . My sketch nears completion. The rapidly rolling clouds cast shadows on the hills with Muilrea, in the background, scattering my dreams. It takes a speeding brush to catch those ever-changing shadows on the glorious blues and purples of the mountains, where Doolough dips between Gleanncullen and Clashkeim . . . The climax comes suddenly: not thunderbolts, or landslides, or a sudden flood to sweep me from my precarious

perch. Just a mere otter! Brushes, paints and palette scatter in all directions and my fine sable brushes float like leaves down the Bunowen river. I hastily beat a retreat; and that painting always remind me of a sleek, black head breaking the water.

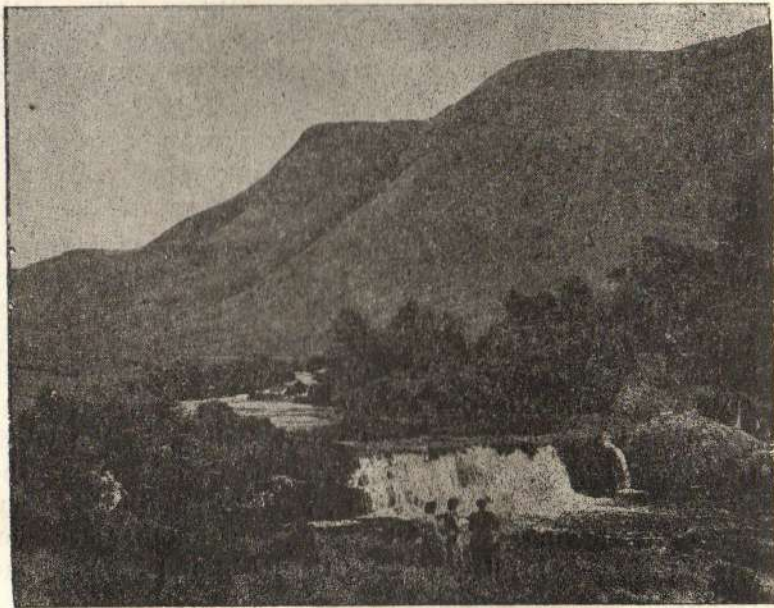
Was it in the hope of retrieving a brush that I went, next day, to the river-mouth at Carramore? With all my paraphernalia I headed up the wee road by "Rick's"; then over the hills and across a few rivulets until I reached the mighty rocks behind the Quay. I ventured out as far as I safely could, and looked westwards. Here time stood still for me again . . . Clare Island lies resting on the bay, luminous with early light. Gradually, I 'block-in' my picture, the mist lifts and the hump-backed outline takes shape. The whitewashed houses of Kille and Strake and Ceapnagower are faintly discernible. Below my feet the massive rocks are colourful as a Persian carpet and set me wondering at the years of gradual building-up that embedded so many small stones—white and red and green, sparkling granite—as jewels in those mighty rocks. As I paint, my mind drifts through many things. The castle at the harbour beyond speaks to me of ships and fighting men, and especially of Gráine Ní Máille, Sea Queen of the West, who visited Queen Elizabeth in London and laughed scornfully when she offered to make her a countess. "Does she not know," asked Gráine proudly, "that I also am a queen?"

A currach now rides into the scene, with mails and merchandise from the mainland; and manned by those tall and sturdy men of the slow speech and quick wit. I think of their brothers walking and working with sad hearts in Chicago and New York; and of their nostalgic feelings as they tramp through dockyards hearing the weird, sad cry of the sea-gulls and feeling, in the wind, the tang of salt from the Atlantic breaking on the shores of Accony and Pulgloss . . . My painting is completed—a glowing, colourful reminder of another occasion when time was bridled and my thoughts and brushes had free rein.

On turning to retrace my steps homeward, I found that the sun had illumined a picture for another day's work. The sweep of Carramore Strand, the Bunowen river, the frothy edges of Clew Bay to the north-east and Achill, Mulranny and Nephin mountains—all formed a beautiful panorama over which Croagh Patrick pointed to heaven. I could not stay to paint *now*. Would I *never*? 'The Reek' does make one think of eternity!

I feel that the time I spent on these pictures was well spent: time for thought, intangible as the clouds drifting over mountains or as the rippling waves between me and my floating, morning island. What is the meaning of that *clichè* "saving time"? Where does it get us in the long run? Time is the measure of our pilgrimage through life. And life and time are a succession, not of clouds or waves, but of precious, priceless moments of triumph and of failure by which to prepare for an eternity.

—EVELYN PHILBIN



Ashleagh Falls, Louisburgh (I.T.A.)

Music in School — 1.

By FATHER PAT PRENDERGAST

*Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.*

—SHELLEY.

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that of all the five senses the one that can most vividly recall the past by means of association is the sense of smell. Thus the scent of new-mown hay has the power to bring clearly back to mind happy experiences which were associated with the hay-making season fifty or sixty years ago. Again, the smell of fresh sea-weed (or, perhaps, more particularly, of decaying sea-weed) suddenly wafted on the breeze to an exile who has been years away from the sea will take him right back in imagination over the years of time and the miles of distance to the place and time of his childhood. He can clearly see in his mind's eye the little pier with gently bobbing boats tied up at the slip or riding at anchor a little way out. He can hear again the never-ending sound of the surf mingled with the myriad of other old familiar sounds, such as the cry of the sea-birds, the laughter of young people and the music of fiddle or flute, heard with heightened pleasure across calm water, as those same young people came to dance on the pier on Sunday evenings long ago. All these and many more sounds and sights can be conjured up long years after by a simple experience of associated smell. We can well imagine that it was some such experience in London (possibly in the Covent Garden market) that inspired the exiled Irish poet, Francis A. Fahy, to pen the lovely and nostalgic verses of the song *Bantry Bay* which has become so deservedly popular wedded to the music of the composer Molloy.

While it may be conceded then that the sense of smell, generally speaking, comes first as a medium of recalling

the past, it seems to me that the sense of hearing cannot be far behind, and in some particular people, especially those who are fond of music, it may be a more powerful medium of recollection. For me, at any rate, in writing these recollections of my schooldays at Accony school, music will not only be my principal medium of recollection but also my main theme; because the most vivid and most pleasurable memories of my schooldays are associated with music. And let me say at once that I will deal exclusively with vocal music or singing, because it was only later in life that I had the opportunity of learning instrumental music. Memories of singing in the infants' and lower classes have become blurred—mainly, I think, because it figured as just another school exercise and did not extend itself to extra-school activities. However, the coming of the late John T. Morahan as our principal teacher marked the beginning of a remarkable advance in singing in the school, leading eventually to the vintage years of 1927, 1928 and 1929, when Accony School won the premier awards both for choir and drama at the Mayo County Feis.

Very soon after the arrival of Mr. Morahan it became necessary to carry out some repairs to the school and in order to raise funds he decided to stage an entertainment in which the pupils of the school provided the main items. A makeshift stage of barrels and planks was erected at the west end of the school and the whole platform was divided into stage and wings, with home-made curtains and strong twine. Lighting was provided by paraffin lamps. There were no footlights but to us it seemed the last word in stage equipment. As far as I can recall, the sketches we performed were either written by the teacher himself or were so interpolated with topical and local references that they might as well have been. We had also step-dancing, recitations and solo songs. The choir, however, is what I can recall most clearly. In addition to pieces in unison, even at that early stage he had trained us in two-part harmony. We learned, for the concert, a chorus called *The Brooklet*, and I can recall that in the refrain

while the firsts sang the melody at a slow pace the seconds sang the same words at double that speed but all ending together. It was our first introduction to what some of us later learned to know as counterpoint; and I think it really remarkable that we not only could sing it but also enjoy it as we did.

Some time later, we contributed to a concert which was given in the old school—upstairs—in Louisburgh. The proceeds were in aid of the repairs of one of the schools in the parish and I can recall that the late Canon Healy, P.P., attended and spoke enthusiastic words of appreciation at the end. I remember, too, that it was the first time I saw a piano at close quarters: on that night it was played by Father Scahill, who was then quite a young student. The holding of the Mayo County Feis in Westport in 1927 provided for us our first opportunity of wider recognition and it also provided a challenge. We entered into the preparatory practices with enthusiasm. First of all, we spent the time allocated to singing in the ordinary curriculum in practising our Feis pieces; and later, as the great day drew near, we spent extra time in the evening after the non-singers (or the "crows" as we rather contemptuously dubbed them) had gone home.

Here I must digress to explain something about the old school in Accony which will not be familiar to those who know only the new one. Young people of the present generation will find it hard to believe that in 1927, in spite of the fact that there were about 120 on rolls, the school consisted of one room and its total floor space, I should say, would be only about half that of the present school. As a result, only half of the pupils could be seated at any given time and the other half stood round the desks so as to form three sides of a square. After each class period the two groups changed places. This change over was done in a very orderly fashion, somewhat in the manner of a military manoeuvre. Mr. Morahan taught us a very fine Irish marching song called *Clann na hEireann*, which we sang while we marked time and marched at the change over. When time came for choir practice, the singers

took up the standing position in rows at the back of the desks and partly at each side. The others sat in the desks in front and were supposed to be doing "sums," or composition, or some other written work. The teacher conducted the choir from the front of the desks and this arrangement enabled him to keep an eye on the activity (or lack of it) of the seated ones while giving most of his attention to the singers. Some of my readers will recall the amusement caused when, without any loss of time or interruption of his conducting, he delivered on a down beat a well-timed, neat, resounding "clout" to a misbehaving lad in the front desk who thought he could carry on unnoticed.

As the day of the Feis approached, however, and Summer approached with it, we did our after-school practice outside under God's air on fine days. How is it that when one looks back to those times all the days seem to have been fine days? Can the climate have changed that much or is it that we tend to remember only the fine days? We really enjoyed those open-air practices and so did the people of the village as they worked in the fields round about. The school was built on rising ground facing the south, with the hill at the back. On a still day our singing could be heard as far as the village and beyond it to the "New Line". With the gentle murmur of the nearby sea as accompaniment and with distance lending enchantment, it gave pleasure to the village people and eased the monotony of their heavy and endless toil.

At this point, it will be of interest to give some account of the methods of our teacher. First of all, he put the whole work under the protection of St. Aloysius, the patron saint of youth, to whom he inculcated a great devotion in us and whose feast day, June 21, was always a day of special devotion in the school. After preliminary tests in scale singing, he divided us into firsts and seconds. He taught us the parts separately but by the time we were finished each one of us could sing either part note perfect. Paying particular attention to the way we stood while singing—head erect and shoulders back—he did breathing

exercises with us, making us take deep breaths and exhale slowly and in a controlled fashion. To ensure easy breathing he made us hold a sheet of rolled-up paper in front of our chests. He insisted that every pair of eyes be kept glued on his hands during the whole time that he conducted. Using a minimum of effort in the actual conducting, he conducted usually from the wrist, sometimes from the elbow and rarely from the shoulder. I have in my mind's eye a clear picture of him as he stood before us with his head slightly tilted back showing a broad forehead with his ample hair brushed straight back. He conducted with his right hand, keeping the left by his side or tucked into his coat in the front and used it only rarely for some special effect. His beat was always clear and unmistakable and he established such a perfect understanding with us that we responded accurately to every sign he gave. In fact, the whole choir was to him like an instrument to an expert player, which he could handle with ease and from which he could produce any effect that he desired. Particularly noteworthy was the way he could get us to end a phrase or verse as neatly and as uniformly as if it had been cut off with a knife.

We now come to the actual Feis itself. The first Feis in which we competed was the Mayo County Feis held in Westport in June, 1927. Great excitement prevailed when the morning arrived. We were transferred to Westport in a lorry and most of us were picked up at the Accony crossroads, which was a convenient centre for the three or four villages from which the majority came. We were joined by a few others at Louisburgh and for the majority the rest of the journey brought the thrill of seeing places they had never seen before. And what lovely places they were, although under the circumstances we probably did not appreciate the matchless scenery to the full! The competitions were held in the Town Hall, which is now the New Cinema. I recall that we all had in our pockets a small picture of our patron, St. Aloysius, from which we derived no little confidence. When our turn came, we trooped on to the stage and took our places in rows

as we had been accustomed to at practices at home. At a single click from Mr. Morahan's fingers we bowed to the audience as one man. The note was struck from the tuning fork, we got our notes, breathed a silent prayer to St. Aloysius and, at a signal from our conductor, we confidently began our first test piece.

THE COUNTY OF MAYO

(Translated from the Irish by George Fox, 1834)

*On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sat in woeful plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day and weeping all the
night.*

*Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
By the blessed sun, 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo.*

*When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did much
abound,*

*In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went
round.*

*'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm
forced to go,*

*And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my
own Mayo.*

*They're altered girls in Irrul now; 'tis proud they're grown
and high,*

*With their hair-bags and their top-knots—for I pass their
buckles by.*

*But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have
it so,*

*That I must depart for foreign lands and leave my sweet
Mayo.*

*'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not earl in Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the Hill;*

*And that Colonel Hugh MacGrady should be lying dead
and low,*

And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo.

—Contributed by MICHAEL J. DURKAN.

Eist Le Fuaim Na hAbhann

CÓTA báistí ort, bútaisí go cromán leat, leabhar cuileoga i do phóca, slat iascaigh thar ghualann ort agus caipín búihte ar do cheann—sea a chara, caipín faoi leith le cleití air, nó ar na cuileoga atá sáite ann ba chóir dhom a rá—dar m'fhocal, a dhuine, tá tú ag dhul ag iascaireacht.

Caithfidh gur mí Iúil atá ann agus go bhfuil tú i gCluain Cearbán, d'aghaidh agat ar Bhun Abhann, nó ar Cheathrú an Uisce. Nach tráthúil gur lá ceathach é seo agus gurb í an ghaoth aniar andeas atá ag séideadh. Is cinnte go ndearna tú greas cainte leis na hiascairí cróna sar ar bhuaile tú bóthar. Fuair tú uatha gur bé seo an lá is oireamhnaigh le dhúl go "Poll Philbín"—tá "siad" ann, nach bhfacthas iad ag léimrigh athrú inné—na bradáin atá i gceist dar ndóigh. Seo é an tráth a mbíonn gluais-eacht fútha on bhfairrge isteach, tig leat iad a fheiceál in a sluaithe thíos ag an Sruthair nuair a bhíos an taoille ag trá. Mura bhfuil fhios agat é, is maith atá fhios ag do námhaid—an potsaera—é. Do réir scéil caithfidh tú fanacht nó go lúbann an beart eorna sul a dtéighidh tú ar lorg "sgoth an Éisc" i gCruicín. Dar ndóigh, caithfidh an tuile a bheith íslithe roimh ré agus cóir gaoithe leat anseo co maith.

Ach is cuma an ar Phol Carr, nó ar Pholl Dhurcáin, nó ar Pholl Bhuí, nó ar Pholl Philipín, ná ar an bPoll Cam, nó ar Chruicín féin atá do thriail, is cinnte go bhfuil na bradáin ar fáil anois agus is dearbhtha go mbéidh lán do mhála agat i ndeire an lae, sé sin má bhíonn an "tógáil" ortha agus má bhíonn an baoite ceart agat don ionad agus don aimsir.

Sé an baoite féin an chuid is tábhachtaí den ghléas a bheas agat, d'fhéadfaí slat mhaiseach a bheith agat, do-rugha teann, cochall slán agus cast galánta ach mura bhfuil an baoite ceart in áirde agat, tá tú ag obair in aisce.

Fíú amháin leis an mbaoite oireamhnach—an Claret-

and-Mallard i gCeathrú an Uisce lá mheán-tSamhraidh, an Silver Doctor agus Jock Scott i mí Bealtaine agus Meitheamh i mBun Abhann, an Thunder-and-Lightning sa tráthnána (toisc na dathanna), an Fiery Brown agus an Connemara Black gur féidir a n-úsáid gach sórt lae, nó an péistín umhal féin nuair a bhíonn tuile mór san abhainn agus an t-uisce árd—ach fiú leo seo, is minic nach mbíonn an tógáil ar na héisc agus tig leis an iascaire chuile chuileog ina leabhar a chur ináirde gan toradh. Inistear scéal i dtaobh an fhir a fuair dhá bhradán ar an bpéistín lá go raibh tuile mór san abhainn, bíodh gur theip ar gach iascaire eile an lá céanna; ach mhínigh an t-iascaire cliste seo go mbíodh an péistín tomtha roimh ré aige in ubhagán (custard). Dar fiadh is aisteach an tógáil a bhíonn ar na héisc amannta do réir scéil!

Is cóir a chur in iúil duit anseo, a iascaire, go bhfuil cuid thábhachtach ded' ghléas ar iarraidh mura bhfuil foighid agat; is cuma an san mála í, nó id' phóca nó faoi do chaipín, ach í bheith agat agus dóthain mór di. Ar do chúrsa dhuit siúlfaidh tú na mílte agus na mílte bealaí ar bhruach na habhann; léimfidh tú thar chlaí anseo, rithfidh tú thar an gceis sa díog ansúd agus béidh tinneas i do shúile ag faire ar an uisce ag feitheamh leis an "bpriocadh" sin a chuireann áthas ar chroí an iascaire agus gliondar in a shúile.

Má airigheann tú an priocadh, beidh leat. Leimfidh do chroí ionat, tiocfaidh creathadh i do láimh agus béidh tú ar bís le mí-foighid go bfeice tú an bradán mór atá i bhfastó agat ar do dhuán. Ach fan ort go foillín, caithfidh tú ligint leis. Céard a ligeas tú? An dorugha dár ndóigh—mura lige tú leis brisfidh sé do shlat ort. Tochrais suas go réidh anois, a mhic ó! Siúd chun bealaigh arís é, an rógaire! Tógfaidh sé slata agus slata ded' dhorugha leis agus mo thruaí thú! mo sheacht dtruaí thú má bhíonn aon snaidhm innti—béidh tú gan iasc, gan dorugha, agus gan foighid, déarfainn. Más rathúil do chuid ghléasa beidh spóirt an domhain agat agus ag "mo dhuine" có maith; tógfaidh sé tóin phoill air féin agus féachaidh sé le do shlat a bhreith leis; ach bíodh tusa ar d'aire. Leig leis arís

agus lean é, agus nach breá gur poll mór fada é seo!

Tiocfidh sé go bárr an uisce arís. Bainfidh sé searradh as fhéin agus scuabfaidh sé de léim in áirde. Beidh dúil ionat féin léimrigh chun breith air, ach cuir do chuid foighidne ag obair, tóg go deas bog é, coinnigh do mhéar ar an spól agus bíodh greim daingean agat ar do shlat. Deir an sean-fhocal gur "deacair an tslat a lúbadh nuair a chrúann sí." Tuigfidh tusa faoi seo gur rí-dheacair do shlat a dhíriú nuair a lúbann sí, ach na bac léi, lúbtha is cóir í bheith anois. Tochrais suas go réidh arís . . . caithfidh go bhfuil sé ag tuirsiú . . . tá sé ag teacht chugat go réidh anois . . . ach a chara, bí ar d'aire i gcónaí, d'fhéadfadh sé scur arís le h-iompó do bhoise.

Leanfaidh tú ort ar an dorugha a thochrais do réir a chéile. Scaoilfear uait é arís agus arís eile nó go mbéidh tú fhéin tuirseach traochta. Ach ná géill go foillín, a dhuine . . . tá seisean ag géilleadh dhuit . . . agus tá an lá leat! . . . Seo chugat ar bhárr an uisce é agus có spíonta . . . có spíonta . . . leat féin. Ná bíodh faitíos anois ort, cuir do chochall faoi (ná bíodh aon mhogall briste innti) agus tóg isteach ar an bport é.

Nach gleoite an radharc é, bradán mór, geal agus naoi bpunt meadhchain ann. Suí síos, a mhic, agus lig do sgith: nach maith a thuilleann tú sgith beag! Tá do shúile dlúite le do dhuais agus ní thógaim ort é. Is geal lonnrach é, a lannaidhe ar dhath an airgid agus na heiteoga go breá cruadh air, rud a theaspáineann nach fada isteach ón saile ó.

.

Ní bradáin amháin a bhíos le fáil ins na huiscí magcuaird anseo orainn: tá na bric iontu freisin—neart acu—agus más mian leat tabhairt fútha arís is cinnte go mbéidh lán do mhála agat—idir bric is bradáin—roimh titim na hoíche—má leanann an "tógáil" dar ndóigh. Deirtear "ní scaoth breac" ach is dóiche ná a chéile go bhfuil do dhóthain iascaireacht déanta agat don turas seo agus le cuidiú Dé "beidh lá eile ag an bPaorach".

Builfidh tú ar ball beag leis na hiascairí eile. Is cuma leat anois. Beidh tusa có maith le fear agus do bhradáin

beathach i do mhála agat. Bí cinnte gan do mhála a dhúnadh in iomlán agus bíodh ruball an éisc ag luascadh san aer agat. Nach mórdhálach thú ag trácht le do cháirde ar an spóirt a bhí agat, ar an bpléidh a thug “mo dhuine” dhuit í bPoll Philibín! Ní thógaimíd ort é má ligeann tú leat féin anois, samhliotar dhuit anois, dár ndóigh, go raibh deich bpunt meadhchain ann. Agus na cinn a bhris uait! Bhíodar sin punt agus dhá phunt deag meadhchaint an ceann. Is trua leat do chara ansin a deir “nár mhothuigh sé fiú is priocadh” inniú, an créatúir! Ach lasann tú féin le díogras arís ag trácht ar an méid a d’imigh saor uait. Togha iascaire tusa dar m’fhocal, ach bíonn ceadúnas faoi leith ag iascairí nuair a bhíos siad ag trácht ar a n-imeachtaí len a chéile.

B’fhéidir gur chuala tú i dtaobh na néise a ghabhann “an abha suas” agus a thógann “an bóthar anuas”—ní le slat ach le ‘píosa snáth’ a gheibhtear iad. Dar ndóigh ní chuirfheá aon spéis san obair sin, mar is fear spóirt thú!

Má thagann maolú ar do spéis—ceal eachtraí—tig leat bheith ag socrú lá a thabhairt ag iascaireacht ar an bhfarraige anseo taobh linn i gCuan Módh. Tá flúirse éisc — scadán, runnach, leathóg, gliomach, faoitín agus truisce le fáil innti. I lár an tSamhraidh, bíonn comórtas iascaireachta ar siúl ar an gCuan agus iascairí ó thíortha na hÉoraipe Thiar páirteach ann.

Ach mo léan! tá an lá caite doinnige seo: tá d’aghaidh tugtha agat ar bhaile cheana féin, tú tuirseach traochta agus stiúctha leis an ocra. Sea, a chara, déanfaidh tú cion fir ag do shuipéar anocht mar bíonn faobhar ar ghoile an iascaire.

Tá an ghrian ag dul faoi, tá an domhan ag dul chun suain anois. Oíche mhaith agat, a iascaire, agus is cinnte gur sámh an codhladh a bhéas agat anocht. Céard deir tú? Go bhfillfidh tú arís? Dearbhaíonn leat go bhfillfidh tú arís agus arís eile agus béidh fíor-chaoín fáilte agus flúirse éisc romhat chuile uair.

—CLEMENTÍN UÍ LAIGHÍN.

See How They Grow !

By ANDREW DURKAN

LOUISBURGH, often described by a well-known journalist as “The Killarney of the West,” has once again set a lead for the rest of the country.

At a meeting of the local Guild of Muintir na Tire last November, Mr. Seamus O’Dowd, a prominent member of the Committee, placed some of his land at the Guild’s disposal. Such an offer is nowadays a rare experience and it was accepted with gratitude. All members present were well aware of the qualities of the land, but its utilisation to the advantage of the community was the problem. Situated in Old Head and overlooking Clew Bay, it was readily agreed that the site had tremendous possibilities. During a lengthy discussion, many suggestions were put forward, debated and abandoned. Eventually, someone suggested the planting of trees. Why not? The soil was right—fertile, loose and porous; and so it was agreed upon. Members were deputed to visit the site, measure the area and undertake an assessment of the work required. Local Forestry supervisor, Mr. Michael Leonard, was called in to give some technical advice and with his help the first essential job of land measurement was completed—it was found to be one-and-a-half acres. It was learned that the Forestry Division of the Department of Lands was issuing grants of £20 for every acre of land planted. The money, it was decided, would cover the initial cost of purchasing equipment for the preparation of the soil and later would help to purchase the actual plants themselves. From the outset, it was generally acknowledged that this was quite an undertaking. Striding over their holding, the committee found plenty of impediments. They realised that there was much draining to be done, whin-bushes

to be disposed of and quite a bit of fencing to be erected. But these were men of purpose who set to their task with a will.

I can well remember my first introduction to 'Operation Old Head.' I was at home for my Christmas holiday when volunteers were sought to aid in the work and I, like many more, enlisted. Days passed but no call to action. Then, one cold morning it came. Transport was ready at the door and, togged for the occasion, I proceeded to the "battlefield". On arriving, I found that most of the men had already commenced work: some draining, others clearing away scrub and undergrowth. I joined in the fray and alongside me worked farmers and businessmen, professional men and students. By evening, we were all tired but immensely satisfied at the signs of progress everywhere. So it continued during the holidays. We mustered early in the morning, worked hard during the day, but night-time always found us attending to the Christmas festivities. In such a hearty atmosphere, work went smoothly until the day arrived when it was announced that the site was ready for planting. Sitka Spruce plants were deemed most suitable for this type of soil and it was decided that March was the most favourable month for the operation.

By now, enthusiasm for the project had reached a high level in the parish, but one question was foremost in the minds of many: "What financial gain will be reaped from this venture?" Being mercenary minded myself, I visited the office of the Forestry Department in Dublin and what I found was both pleasing and revealing. One acre of Sitka Spruce properly planted and looked after will produce £20 worth of thinnings in the first 20 years, £250-£350 worth of thinnings at intervals over the next 25 years, and £900 worth of matured timber after 45-50 years. This indeed was most encouraging news. In years to come the trees would develop into a real financial asset and would also help to constitute picturesque features in the landscape.

The weather was now becoming milder and towards the end of February 2,000 plants were ordered. Another call to the volunteers: again it was nobly answered! About the middle of March, Mr. O'Dowd, the generous benefactor of the land, was given the honour of sowing the first plant. He well deserved the ovation accorded him by the eager men who encircled him. Work commenced. There was no respite, nor was any expected, save on the arrival of the dutiful "bearers of food" who had the happy knack of appearing when most needed. As usual, the men were in a gay mood, with stout-hearted Bill McNamara leading them magnificently by word and example. Soon the planting was complete: the bulk of the work had been accomplished. True, there was more fencing to be done and notices to be erected, but now was the time for celebration; and who would deny these heroes any drink of their choice!

Looking back on the work, it is not surprising that this branch of Muintir na Tire has captured the McDonagh Cup for the past two years as being the most outstanding guild in Connaught. Certainly their drive and initiative is an example for all and I feel sure the late Canon Hayes, founder of Muintir na Tire, had some such men in mind when he said: "Those who take a pride in their parish and work for the betterment of it are, without doubt, the backbone of our nation."

Among those who gave outstanding service to this voluntary planting project were:

Seamus O'Dowd, Willie Heaney, Mick Gallagher, Richard Lyons, William McNamara, Joseph Staunton, Seamus Durkan, Richard O'Toole, Donald Wallace, Michael Leonard, Tom Harney, Michael O'Brien, Dr. McHugh, Frank Kenny, Paddy Scanlon, Paddy O'Malley (Bridge), John Joe Philbhin, Joseph Moran, Patrick O'Reilly, P. J. O'Malley (Chair), John Ryder, John Joe McDonald, Tommy Duffy, Johnnie Fergus, John Moran, Anthony Sweeney, Martie Grady, Damian O'Leary, Patrick J. O'Donnell, Seamus Harney, Jim Harney, James Bowe.

So, some day why not take a trip Old Head way and
See how they Grow?

—ANDREW G. DURKAN.

CROAGH PATRICK

By REV. JOSEPH MORAN

AS the visitor approaches Westport on the Castlebar road and comes to the top of Sheeaun Hill he comes face to face with a panoramic view as beautiful as there is in the world. Straight in front and below him lies Clew Bay, dotted with innumerable islands (people say there is an island there for every day in the year); and at the farthest end of the bay stands Clare Island, like a giant guarding the entrance to the harbour. To the right, Achill Island like a colossal pier stretches far out into the Atlantic, beyond Currane and Mulranny. But the visitor will be impressed most of all by the cone-shaped mountain to the left with its majestic bearing, looming heavenwards and standing guardian-like over the whole scene. This is our holy mountain—the Sinai of Ireland—Croagh Patrick itself.

The unique features of this mountain appealed to St. Patrick and attracted him to retire to its summit to refresh his soul in solitude. He had the example of Moses, who spent forty days on Mount Sinai, and of Our Lord, Who spent forty days in the desert preparing for His mission. Setting out from Aughagower, Patrick betook himself to the mountain-top on the Saturday before Ash Wednesday in 441 and remained on the summit in prayer and fasting till the following Easter Saturday. Here, we are told, with all the powers of his soul he begged God with prayers and tears that the Faith might never fail in the land of Erin. From that sacred spot on Holy Saturday Patrick, with outstretched hands, blessed the people of Ireland that they might ever remain steadfast in the Faith. Then refreshed with Divine Grace, and comforted with the assurance that his labours would bear fruit for-

ever, he came down from the mountain to celebrate Easter with his flock at Aughagower. The Tripartite Life relates that when Patrick was on the Reek in 441, word was brought to him that a new Pope ruled the Church in Rome. The new Pope was St. Leo the Great, who had been consecrated on 29th September, 440. Patrick immediately despatched his own nephew, Bishop Munis, to bear his filial homage to the Vicar of Christ, to render an account of his labours and to beg a blessing for the infant Church in Ireland. Archbishop Healy's comment on this is worth noting: "It is a very interesting fact connected with the history of this Holy Mountain that it was from its summit St. Patrick sent this wise message to Rome and got back the Pope's blessing." It adds a special glory to Croagh Patrick that the first tribute of homage from the Irish Church to the Chair of Peter was sent from its summit.

We have reliable evidence that from the earliest times pilgrims have climbed the Reek to honour our National Apostle. The learned historian, Professor Bury, tells us that the Reek is the one place where we can be sure we are standing in St. Patrick's footsteps. Reference to the pilgrimage are found in many places in the ancient annals. It is recorded that in the year 1113, on the night of 17th March, during a thunderstorm, thirty of the pilgrims perished on the summit. The *Annals of Boyle* relate that Hugh O'Connor, King of Connaught, dealt severely with an outlaw who dared to molest a pilgrim on his way to the Reek. On 27th September, 1432, Pope Eugene IV granted special indulgences to pilgrims who visit and give alms for the Church on the Reek "whither resorts a great multitude to venerate St. Patrick on the Sunday before the feast of St. Peter's Chains," i.e., the last Sunday in July. In recent years, with improved transport, as many as 70,000 have climbed the mountain on Reek Sunday—a crowd of 50,000 would be regarded as just a fair-sized pilgrimage. Our Archbishop takes a keen interest in the Pilgrimage and comes every year to meet and speak to the pilgrims.

The mass-cave on the summit known as "Teampall

Phadraic" was finally demolished in Penal times, when Murrisk Abbey was also destroyed. The summit was without a chapel until 1905, when the present oratory was built and dedicated by Archbishop Healy on 30th July of that year. Mr. Joseph Heneghan, the present post-master in Louisburgh, worked as a young lad with his father, who was the contractor, at the building. The late Mr. Tom Duffy of Falduff worked as a tradesman at the construction. Another parishioner, Mr. John O'Malley of Mooneen, is proud to recall that he worked on the Reek when a second door was opened in the oratory to accommodate the large numbers going to Communion. Mr. Heneghan describes the herculean task of taking up the scaffolding, casing, the iron girders and the cement. The cement had to be taken up in small portions on donkeys and ponies, a few stones weight at a time, and even the water for mixing the cement had to be carried up from a spring in Garra Mór at the base of the peak. The contractor and his assistants slept on the summit during the week, coming down only at week-ends to attend Mass. The workmen from Murrisk made the ascent every morning and returned to their own homes every evening. In between, the young men made many shopping-trips down to Murrisk!

The climbing of the Reek is a real pilgrimage—a work of prayer and penance—and in this lies its great appeal. The performance of the traditional station demands the greatest effort and the sight of so many people—including many well on in years—going through the penitential exercises is a great edification. Many take off their shoes at the foot and make the arduous ascent and perform the stations in bare feet over rugged and stony ground. We are reminded of God's words to Moses on Mount Horeb: "Put off the shoes from thy feet, for the place whereupon thou standest is holy ground" (Exodus III, 5). Garland Friday (the last Friday in July) is the traditional day for performing the station by the local people. The number of pilgrims who make the climb on that day ranges from 500 to 1,000, most of whom

perform the station in all its rigour. The traditional station consists in going seven times round Leacht Benain, fifteen times round the summit, seven times round Leaba Phádraic, seven times round each of the mounds in Roilig Mhuire on the west side, and seven times round Garra Mór, and reciting the prescribed number of Paters, Aves and Creeds. Last year, our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, at the request of our Archbishop, the Most Reverend Dr. Joseph Walsh, granted the following indulgences to pilgrims: a Plenary Indulgence on the usual conditions (i.e., Confession and Communion) can be gained by climbing the Reek, visiting the Oratory and praying there for the Pope's intention. The specified times are: St. Patrick's Day and the Octave, and any day during the months of June, July, August and September.

The late Fr. Angelus, O.F.M.Cap., "the Father of the Reek," will be long remembered for his devotion to Croagh Patrick. From 1906 until his death in 1953 he hardly ever missed a pilgrimage. Many pilgrims will recall the Friar in his brown habit and his flowing beard, reminiscent of the Patriarchs of old. The late Fr. Anthony O'Toole, parish priest of Aughagower and a native of Kilgeever parish, was a man deeply imbued with a love of St. Patrick and the spirit of the early Irish Church. For many years he never missed the Garland Friday pilgrimage, and I remember him a few years before his death crawling up the peak on his hands and knees. Mrs. Norah O'Malley of Furmoyle, who went to her reward on 19th March, 1954, after receiving the Last Sacraments on St. Patrick's Day, made her first climb at the age of nine in 1879. In 1950, the Holy Year, at the ripe age of 80 years, she took part in the pilgrimage and performed the full traditional station. She climbed for the last time in 1951, having fasted from the previous midnight and received Holy Communion on the summit. Between 1879 and 1951 she made the pilgrimage over 60 times, and did the rigorous station 40 times. Readers will be interested to learn that in 1947 Mr. Eamonn de Valera, now President of Ireland and Taoiseach during the war years, came to

Croagh Patrick, after doing Lough Derg, to thank St. Patrick for having saved our country from invasion during the Second World War.

We in Louisburgh are privileged to live under the shadow of Ireland's Holy Mountain. That, I feel sure, accounts to a great extent for the very great number of parishioners who have been called to the priesthood and religious life, and are now labouring in the Lord's vineyard in Ireland, England, Africa, America, Australia and New Zealand. We are glad to record, too, that the number of vocations among the children of our emigrants is very high. Here at home many of us can look up at the Reek from our chairs at the fireside; the little Oratory on the summit is plainly visible from our front doors on a clear day. Sometimes the mountain is beautiful and majestic, bathed in sunshine; and we love to watch the change of colour from the russet to light blue to deep purple. At other times it is buffeted by the storms and lashed by the rains that blow in from the wild Atlantic. But at all times it is awe-inspiring. It is a symbol of Ireland's faith, at one time shining forth in all its splendour, and at another time battered and straitened by persecution. But whatever its aspect, it is for ever rising above the earth and pointing heavenwards, reminding us to "lift our thoughts above where Christ sits on the right hand of God" (St. Paul Col. III.1).
—JOSEPH MORAN.



I.T.A. Block

Old Head — A Recollection

(By B. J. GALLAGHER, Bunowen)

*In the golden light of an Autumn eve I first beheld
that spot
Which on my mind impressions left that ne'er can
be forgot.
Though far away in a foreign clime, in fancy still I
tread,
By the water blue where the heathbells grew, on the
banks of sweet Old Head.*

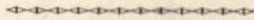
*O! God, to think that in city slums far away from
my island home,
By the cruel hand of oppression's laws, an exile
forced to roam.
How dear to me the moment then that by blissful
fancy led,
I am young once more by the lovely shore of my
dearest, sweet Old Head.*

*There are some I know—would they were here—who
wandered by my side,
When we plucked the heathbells from the bank, o'er
Clew Bay's surging tide;
Or chased the thrush from bush to bush or the rabbit
from his bed,
As in innocence we wandered round the banks of sweet
Old Head.*

*But sweetest, saddest thought of all: 'twas there that
first we met;
Light of my light, how soon to quench and dash the
hopes that set
A happy future ne'er to part from one who now is dead,*

*But whose spirit breathes through the rustling leaves
of the woods of dear Old Head.*

*My life is all but spent and now that God would hear
my prayer,
'Tis the voice of old man's broken heart weighed down
with grief and care..
I would ask a grave by my true love's side—a lovely
earthen bed,
In that spot I love next to God above, my dearest,
sweet Old Head.*



BLIND BILLY O'MALLEY

In his book, *Carolan: The Life, Times and Music of an Irish Harper* (London, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1958), Donal O'Sullivan has this note on Blind Billy O'Malley: A blind piper of Louisbourg, County Mayo, usually referred to in Bunting's notebook as "Blind Billy" or simply "B.B." Lynch says of him: "I never found anyone who had so great a variety of good old songs and tunes, nor anyone who could repeat so correctly. He sings well, and has a great memory."

Does anyone remember any account of this remarkable musician? Any information would be appreciated.

Initiative

If this hall were in darkness, and you struck a match—only one match!—there is an infinite difference between total darkness and that one match lighting.

And even though your scratch might be only a match in the darkness, it is still infinitely brighter than the darkness which had no brightness at all.

—CANON HAYES, at a Muintir na Tíre Social Week.

Carramore Trefoil

(By FATHER VINCENT KELLY)

THE Mass Rocks of Ireland, eloquent in their still silence, have echoed their sad recital in song and in story to the utmost corners of the world. The story of heresy that swept over the countries of Northern Europe in the 16th century, and centered mainly around the altar and the Mass, became a veritable storm of hatred and persecution when it reached Ireland. With fire and sword the soldiers destroyed the churches and monasteries, scattered the flock and declared the pastor an outlaw and a marked man.

If one were to compile the annals of the parish of Kilgeever, pride of place would be given to the noble band of sagarts who laboured unceasingly along the mountain fastnesses and secluded glens which stretch from Kilsallagh along the coast line to the Killary. At the rock, on the wooded hillside, they would gather those devoted peasantry who kept the Catholic faith alive from the days of Elizabeth down to the days of Catholic Emancipation. The visitor may find in this historic parish many reminders of the unhappy days of the Penal Times.

During the dark days of persecution, no man could enter a college in Ireland in order to study for the priesthood. It was towards the colleges of France and Spain that young students turned at a time in our history when the Tudors broke up the trading which had been carried on for centuries between the seaport towns of Ireland and the Continent. The people along the coast from Donegal to Kerry took up the challenge and every trader worth his salt built ships of about seventy tons which were called luggers. It was aboard these luggers that the young students from the midlands, or those dwelling along the coast, set sail for their favourite *alma mater* to study for

the priesthood. These brave young sons of the peasantry had been prepared in the hedge-schools by well-informed teachers in the classics. It was in these hedge-schools that they learned to be steadfast, honourable, truthful and courageous. They required wisdom and fortitude for the long years of preparation in the Spanish and French colleges. These young men were piloted to their destination by fearless smugglers and traders. It was indeed those brave sailors who kept Ireland supplied with priests for a period of 200 years. After seven years on the continent, each newly-ordained priest sought out a berth on a smuggler's boat bound for Ireland and on his return home he would spend himself in ministering to the spiritual needs of the people—very often at the risk of his own life. Confronted by the soldiers of the king and the priest-hunters who infested the land, with a price on their heads, the "Spanish priests," as they were called, gathered their people Sunday after Sunday for the celebration of holy Mass. At times, the sagart was tracked down to his secret "catacomb". The swift onrush of brutal soldiery led by a hunter, more mercenary than Solome of old, terminated his worship, leaving at the altar base Christ's Precious Blood commingling with the blood of His dying priest.

The following is a story of these difficult times told me by a very old inhabitant of Feenone. It concerns a famous family which gave three sons to the Church. Seamus Fodda O'Malley of Carramore had the blood of the old sea-kings of the Owles circulating in his veins. He belonged to a fearless clan who never wondered at anything and who, through a long night of persecution, retained a genuine love for their faith and country. Seamus Fodda was married to Una, only daughter of Owen Bawn O'Fergus of Collacoon, adjacent to the town of Louisburgh. Her three brothers had been educated as Augustinian monks in France and after landing in Murrisk they spent the rest of their lives in the old abbey at Murrisk, and are buried there before the high altar. Seamus Fodda and Una had seven children, five sons and two daughters.

When they grew up three of these sons expressed their desire of becoming priests. Una, whose brothers in the Abbey encouraged the boys' vocations, gave her consent to her sons, even though she had forebodings of the fate that might await them on their future mission. Her noble sacrifice was shared by her spouse and so the preparations commenced in the Carramore household for the great journey to Salamanca aboard Seamus's lugger.

Seamus, meantime, raised his two great lug sails and prepared his boat with more than his usual enthusiasm. When all was ready, Una bade a fond farewell to her sons, Brian, James and John, on the strand and in her anxiety for their safety she invoked the blessing of God on them. Then she ascended the hill of Carramore to watch the great lugger as it tacked its course towards the south-west until it disappeared beyond the headland of Renvyle on the voyage to Spain. As Una descended, she must have conjured up in her mind the many incidents which would ensue before her three sons would again return to that same shore. Meanwhile, Seamus steered his boat along the well-known course to Spain. Soon after, his three sons entered the hospitable halls of the college of Salamanca, where they were warmly welcomed by kindred spirits from the old country. Their nostalgia was soon abated and they settled down to the ecclesiastical training which would continue for seven years.

At the end of that period, Seamus Fodda raised his sails once more and sailed to Salamanca for his three sons, who were now fully fledged priests. When the time drew near for them to arrive home, Una and her relatives gazed wistfully for the first view of the lugger off Clare Island. With what joy they must have beheld the craft speeding gracefully towards the shore, and what a welcome awaited those young priests from their mother and friends! With joy in their souls, the young clerics landed on the strand and received the traditional welcome home. Then they raised their hands in blessing on their mother as she knelt on the sand. When they had blessed the kneeling relatives,

all set out to the banquet prepared by Una in Carramore.

Soon after the great occasion, the Archbishop of Tuam appointed Father Brian parish priest of Achill and Father John parish priest of Ballinakill, with Father James as his curate. Father Brian, who subsequently became the hero of the people in Achill during his life, set forth from his parents' house on foot for his parish. From the day they left home, these brothers never had a house of their own. All they asked for was a bed and food, all of which they got willingly from their devoted parishioners. They were over forty years of age when news reached them in their respective missions of their dear mother's death. With haste they set out for Carramore, Father Brian crossing over the bay from Achill. So Una had her three priests at her obsequies and well indeed did she deserve it. She was buried with her husband in the old abbey at Murrisk. Even to the present day one may read on the weather-beaten limestone at the foot of the altar the inscription which asks for prayers for the soul of James O'Malley and his wife, Winifred Fergus. Little more is known of the adventures of her priest-sons, except that Fr. John and Fr. James are buried in one grave in the old cemetery in Ballinakill, Connemara. Father Brian died in his sister's house in the village of Feenone.

VINCENT KELLY.



Doolough, Louisburgh (I.T.A.)

Music in School — 2.

We won the cups for both unison and two-part choirs and, in addition, some individuals won medals for singing and for Irish conversation and history. We also won the cup for the best Irish play. The play which we presented was called *An Deoraidhe* ("The Exile"). It gave an opportunity to some of the non-singers to take part in the Feis competitions and even though the majority of the cast were also in the choir, we did have a few talented actors who were not able to sing. To my mind, this play did more to give us a facility in speaking Irish than any amount of class-work. Through dint of rehearsing we all practically knew the whole play by heart. It was written in good, idiomatic Irish and was full of proverbs and turns of phrase that many of us found useful in other contexts later on. At this distance of time I cannot recall the details of the plot but I do remember that its main theme was concerned with anti-emigration propaganda. In this case, the emigration was to America. The most memorable scene was an "American Wake" in which all the neighbours came with good wishes and presents for the departing exile.

During the day in Westport, we enjoyed ourselves as we all had got pocket money, and its purchasing power was much better then than now. Most of us tasted ice-cream for the first time and we could watch it being made in the yard at the back of the West Hotel. I remember, too, how disgusted some of us were when we bought some very ripe-looking fruits which we saw in a shop window and found that they were not sweet. They were tomatoes!

We were held over for the prize-winners' concert which was held that same night and we had to sing our test pieces again. I remember that Mr. Denis Cox of Dublin, who became so well known as a radio singer in later times,

sang at that concert dressed in the Irish kilts. He was then at the beginning of his singing career and both looked and sounded very impressive. Our return after the prize-winners' concert that night was a real triumphant procession. News of our victories had preceded us and bonfires blazed at the village cross-roads and also at Roonagh where the lorry went to deliver the contingent from that end of the district.

In 1928, the County Feis was held in Westport and the school repeated its successes of the previous year in the choir, drama and individual sections. In 1929, the Feis was held in Castlebar and again the school had entries in all sections, as in the previous years. One of the adjudicators for choirs that year was Mr. Clandillon, who was then director of Radio Eireann and was himself both a fine baritone and a collector and publisher of Irish songs. He was delighted with the performance of the Accony choir. His comments were reported in the *Mayo News* of August 10, 1929. Mr. Clandillon said that when he left Dublin for the West he never expected to meet anything like the beautiful choral productions he had that day listened to. He paid glowing tributes to the teachers of the choirs, and especially complimented Mr. J. T. Morahan for what he termed "the marvellous precision and accuracy" in his interpretation of the pieces rendered. Continuing, he said: "It is the duty of an adjudicator to find out the good and faulty points in the work of a choir; but, in this instance, I can scarcely find words to pay tribute to Mr. Morahan's ability. In arrangement, phrasing, breath control, quality of tone and *blas* I have never met anything to surpass what I have heard today from the choir prepared by him. Accony choir is awarded the County Feis Cup for Unison Choirs, and only for the unfortunate choice of a modern Irish song as a second piece in the Harmony Choirs competition, Accony would have secured the two cups. I confess a weakness for the older songs and that alone, to speak fair, militates against Accony choir carrying off the second cup. I pray God that the teacher may be spared many

years to continue the noble work he is doing for the glory of God and the honour of Ireland."

The modern song referred to by Mr. Clandillon was *Babaro*, written by Fr. Kelly of Summerhill College, Sligo; and, oddly enough, it had always been hailed as the most popular piece at previous Feiseanna and at all our concerts. One cannot help wondering whether any particular system of marking was laid down for the adjudicators such, for instance, as is used at drama festivals at the present day. The number of marks assigned to choice of play is but a small fraction of the whole and it seems clear that under such a system whatever marks we would have dropped under the heading "choice of song" would have been amply compensated for on every other score. On the other hand, however, it has to be put on record that Mr. Clandillon was so enthusiastic about our performance that he was most anxious that we should travel to Dublin to broadcast both our play and choral pieces. Financial considerations, however, ruled it out. Nowadays there would be no difficulty, as tape-recordings could be taken on the spot and later broadcast.

Mention of the play reminds me of an amusing incident that occurred during the performance in competition at Castlebar. One of the presents which was brought to the departing exile at the "American Wake" mentioned above was a turf-spreading implement, referred to in the play as a *cláirín*. The actor who presented it had made it himself from the handle of a broom and some small boards. When demonstrating its use before presenting it, he provided the audience with one good laugh not intended by the author. So vigorously did he swing it that the top part flew off and struck one of the adjudicators, leaving the bare handle in his hands! On this occasion again we were kept over for the prize-winners' concert in the Town Hall. Another amusing incident occurred that night. In the old Town Hall in Castlebar the audience had to walk in by a long, narrow passage from the street and enter from the end farthest from the front. The stage entrance was near the street. The father

of one of our members, who was a faithful fan and follower of the choir wherever we performed, went in by the stage entrance and got on to the stage where he got a special ovation from the audience before being rescued by a member of the committee! A very interesting account of this concert appeared above the pen-name "Exile" in the number of the *Mayo News* already referred to. One excerpt will be of interest: "Miss Annie Fagan, Dublin, the well-known Irish harpist, held us all enthralled with her beautiful music on the national instrument. What a treat it was for us all but particularly for young Irelanders in Mayo who, perhaps, never saw a harp before except in their new school books or on the Saorstat coins!" I recall that I was particularly impressed by the great size of the instrument (it was a full concert harp) and intrigued by the manipulation (if one may use the word in this context) of the pedals. Mr. Clandillon also delighted us with his singing that night and sang no less than six songs.

During the week following the 1929 Feis, we held in the school a re-union of all who took part in the Feis. We had a celebration party; and a photographer took pictures which were published in the *Mayo News* of the following week. The same issue contained all the results of the Feis and a special article on what was referred to as the unique record of Accony school. It recorded that in addition to the choral and drama cups the school carried off no less than sixteen individual prizes. I have before me at this moment a photograph of the whole group of pupils with the two teachers. Miss O'Reilly (later to become Mrs. O'Toole) is seated in front with Mr. Morahan and some of the youngest members. The rest are arranged in rows at the back, in front of the old school. One feature which this photograph recalls is the constant and keen interest that Miss O'Reilly took in all our Feis activities. She entered into the spirit of our enterprises with an enthusiasm scarcely less than that of Mr. Morahan himself and shared our anxieties and our triumphs to an equal degree. It certainly impressed on our young minds the

spirit of harmony and co-operation which existed in the school and which must have played no small part in the success of the school work. Looking at the photograph of the group is now a rather sad experience. One is reminded of the lines from *Bantry Bay*, referred to above:

*Some are gone upon their last, long homing,
Some are left but they are old and grey.*

If not old, at least some are beginning to grow grey. At least five, including the two teachers, have gone on the last, long homing. The rest are now widely scattered—two are in Australia, one in South America, two are in the U.S.A., several are in England and the remainder are fairly widely dispersed in our own country. The group produced one nun, two priests, one member of the legal profession, and some teachers and civil servants, by and large a fairly respectable record. Several have now children of their own who are coming up to the age that they themselves were when the picture was taken.

I feel sure that all of us carried away happy memories of our days at Accony school, but of all the memories surely the happiest must be those associated with our concerts and Feiseanna. The old school is now replaced by a modern building which is better in every way. One could not wish it otherwise, for time marches on and we must move with the times. However, there is no one of our group who will not experience a sense of fellow-feeling with the girl who, when the new school was being built, kissed the stones of the old school and shed tears over it before returning to England from her holidays.

Before concluding, I would like to remind any of my old school companions who may happen to read this, of their duty in charity to pray for the souls of their deceased companions and especially for our two old teachers who, while they trained us to appreciate and enjoy the good things of this life, never allowed us to forget that greater and higher life which is to come and of which they are already assuredly in possession.

—PATRICK PRENDERGAST.

Three Men in a Boat

By BASIL A. MORAHAN

I FELT happy about the way I had handled my written examination. Still, within my tired mind the word "Monday" intervened between relaxation and me. Tomorrow, Monday, was the day on which I was to present myself in Galway for oral Irish, the most important and decisive part of my final examination. I was reading aloud simple Irish passages when Johnny's smiling face appeared at the door. To my shame I must confess that his sound logic and exuberance of philosophy forced me to agree that I should take a complete break from books in order that I might be refreshed for the morrow's ordeal.

Together we chatted until we reached Bunowen. There we were joined by Anthony, who suggested that we try for some mackerel, and if the said mackerel refused our invitation—which they did—that we draw in our lines and head for Clare Island—which we did—and have some refreshments there—which we didn't. The excitement of our plan was punctured when Johnny announced "No plug". He explained to us how the good sergeant—one of a syndicate who owned the engine—had removed that indispensable part, no doubt through sheer concern for Johnny's safety, for he thought he knew Johnny. It was a pitiful sight, three able-bodied men, a calm sea, a boat, an engine—but no plug! The dauntless Johnny hopped on his bicycle and within ten minutes was sauntering down the strand—armed with a new plug. Anthony, who was wearing wellingtons, pushed out the currach and then joined us within. As the morning had predicted, the fish ignored us, so with our lines drawn in, Johnny steered us towards Clare Island.

It was a warm June day and, as we sped along the

still waters, we watched the ever-expanding ripples which we left behind. Only the harmony of our voices, breaking through the syncopating rhythm of the engine, kept us company. Roonagh point, to our left, was our only landmark as Bunowen, Old Head and Croagh Patrick faded from our view. Anthony and Johnny took turns at the rudder and when I looked again Roonagh Point was no more. I thought that Clare Island should soon be naked to the eye, but hearing my two friends differ in their estimates of the direction of the island, I began to fear. One look at Johnny, however, drove away that trepidity and I felt ashamed.

Time slid by and gradually a haze enwrapped the sea. From now on it was chance. The following six or seven hours I shall never forget. We were now, like Macbeth, at a stage when "returning were as tedious as go o'er." Just then our engine cut out. Feeling lost and probably lonely without the engine's roar, Johnny set to work to dry the plug by holding it over the flame of several matches—Anthony's matches. Despite the dryness of the plug and the plentiness of petrol, our obviously healthy engine feigned illness, and we reluctantly left her aside and put out our two sets of oars. After two weary hours of rowing, a dark object stood out in the fog. Closer examination showed that it was a large rock and nothing more. Each of my companions gave it a different name; I imagined it to be "Gibraltar". We moved away from "Gibraltar" and after many rests and changes at the oars, we at last saw something which just then supplied the necessary incentive to row on. I think it was pardonable if some of the crew did not chant the praises of the saints when, on reaching the object, we discovered that it was none other than the "Gibraltar" which had confronted us some hours before. It was heartbreaking. Anthony dropped his oars and proceeded to light a cigarette, only to realise what *he* considered a far greater disappointment — no matches left; not even one!

Seven times in all we passed by that vexing obstacle. Our previously gay voices had dropped to a deep melancholy

monitone. We rowed a little; then stopped and listened. It was unanimously agreed that the sound to our left must be breaking on the shore. We rowed further and stopped and listened; now that sound was to our right! This witchcraft continued until at last we could hear nothing at all. Johnny's face was serious; I could scarcely believe it was the face of "happy, carefree Johnny." Small wonder if—on seeing Johnny's lips move in prayer—I made a perfect Act of Contrition. We both wondered at our friend who in that awful moment of peril continued his series of absurd lamentations to the *nth* term. "A man should never go on the sea without a compass, tch tch! I wish I had a match, tch, tch! You could get a grand compass for ten-and-six in Woolworth's. Tch, tch, tch! I have cigarettes all right but no matches, tch, tch! It's a poor thing to be without a smoke, tch, tch!" The series was interrupted by a sudden, hopeful suggestion as five seagulls circled above us. "Watch the seagulls, they always make for the land at this time of night." The incredible happened—the flying group of five birds broke up directly over our heads and went in five different directions. No language could express our feelings! Had the silence lasted I would surely have gone mad, so I appreciated the continuation of Anthony's lamentations as the lesser of two great evils. "You'd often hear of a fellow having no cigarettes but I have the cigarettes but no matches, tch, tch! I wish I had a match. Tch, tch, tch!!"

In proportion to the quickly-falling darkness, our hopes grew dimmer and darker. "There's something over there," Johnny yelled, "pull hard." God had not forsaken us: the fog lifted for just a few minutes and we pulled our currach into a quiet haven as night and the fog closed in once more. Once on land, Johnny and I thanked God, and adopted an optimistic and adventurous air. Anthony seemed to think that God should post on some matches before He deserved *his* thanks.

It was a dark, moist night as we set off to investigate our surroundings and, of course, to secure some matches. Here the ground was rocky, there it was boggy. As a

precautionary measure we held hands and Anthony steered us through flashes and swamps, for he complained that he couldn't hold his feet on the rocks. Johnny and I were wet to our knees. On we tramped. One suggested that we must be in Achill, another confirmed that assumption, explaining the history of the little stone-heaps about us which, he said, were a recurring feature of that island. We climbed to what we thought was the highest point, but saw no sign of life, so we abandoned the idea of looking-up a friend with whom we intended to spend the night. Anthony's greatest headache was the thought of spending one whole night without a smoke. Consequently, once again all pockets were turned inside-out but "not the match"! After a little conference, we decided to spend the night under our boat; but getting back to it proved a difficult problem. As we groped along in the pitch-darkness, Anthony expressed the feelings of all. "We shouldn't have left the boat at all. Tch, tch!" Perseverance and sheer good luck took us to where our upturned currach still lay and we cuddled together beneath her for the night. We had no overcoats and the ground was saturated. Johnny relaxed; I failed to nod, but Anthony slept. At about 4 a.m., as Johnny and I chatted in subdued tones—for fear of waking our friend—we noticed that the fog had lifted and across the bay we could see the head-lights of several cars reflected in the water. We knew that the dance in Lecanvey was over, and Johnny recalled: "And I was supposed to be there." Thoughts of home made us wonder: "Would they think we were lost? Maybe they think . . . Maybe they think . . ." Some time later, night had excused itself and the grey of the morning coaxed us from under our miserable bunk. What a pity we shook Anthony from his slumber at that particular moment for, as he sadly told us, "I was just dreaming that I had a match, tch, tch! If ye left me sleeping another five minutes I'd have had a smoke. Tch, tch, tch!!"

After a stretch and a little investigation, Johnny gave the first correct information since we left the mainland: "We are on Caher Island." God had directed us to that

holy place where, on the previous Sunday, Johnny's pilgrim mother had spent the day in prayer. It was too good to be a coincidence: it was a near-miracle. It was God's own hand which made that brief opening in the fog, just at the right time; it was He who guided us to that particular spot—the only landing point on the whole island; it was God . . . "Come on and push off the canoe and we'll hit for Roonagh. I can get a match there and have a smoke." How many horrible moments of agony that man must have endured, and all for one little match! We put our oars to work in a choppy sea; we were tired, wet and hungry. The rowing was tough, but familiar landmarks urged us on. Croagh Patrick peered questioningly at us over Kilgeever hill; a white-washed gable in Polgloss smiled affectionately to us; Roonagh yawned in the slowly-decreasing distance as onward we meandered. I feel sure that when Johnny alights from his Yankee 'plane in Rineanna the thrill will be no greater than that which we realised as we stepped on to the shore at Roonagh harbour. A car took us to the Square in Louisburgh. We were questioned, scolded, but most of all—welcomed. As I set off hastily and hazily for Galway, I got one pleasant glimpse of my good friend Anthony. He was standing at his door, enveloped in a different fog, and blowing rings of thanksgiving heavenwards.

My name was announced and I entered for my Irish-Oral. "An raibh tú ar thuras farráige ariamh? Innis dom faoi." I got the exam.

THE CHOOSING OF A MARE

One white foot—buy the mare;

Two white feet—try the mare;

Three white feet—have your doubts about the mare;

Four white feet—better off without the mare!

—Collected from Redmond Lyons, Furrmoyle (R.I.P.)

Keep Your Word

HAVE you ever, in the company of strangers, used a word in conversation which made them blink and ask what you meant? Did you ever feel embarrassed or apologetic for such a word and were you able to explain it? Did you search in vain for it through a dictionary? It is more than likely that this is a word you brought from home. Much of our natural speech is inlaid with terms and expressions which are either pure Irish or literal translations of Irish idioms. Such turns of expressions identify us: they are part of our heritage. And they are often a welcome upset to the monotony and colourlessness of hackneyed modern conversation. These ways of speech are as a salt; and they give the listener a salty satisfaction. In our parish, many such Irish words are still in use—words, in some cases, which are lost even to the speech of the Gaeltacht peoples. Many of them, naturally, are the names of household utensils, of materials or farm implements; some are forceful expressions of different human feelings. There is the possibility that nowadays such words and phrases would be despised, and so die out of the speech. If this happened, a vividness and originality would disappear from our conversation which could not be replaced.

Below are listed fifteen such Irish words in use in colloquial English in the parish. The *approximate* pronunciation follows each word in parenthesis; and its meaning is one of the four listed after each word. See if you can identify the proper meaning in each case. This little exercise may help you to *keep your word!*

1. CAOINEACH (*Keen-uch*)— (a) wailing for the dead; (b) a discharge from the eyes; (c) mildew; (d) generous.
2. SCEIDÍN (*Shkedg-een*)—(a) a young unfledged bird;

- (b) a drink of milk and water; (c) a bogland flower; (d) a terrible anger.
3. SCORÓG (*Skur-ogue*)—(a) a great hurry; (b) a straddle-peg; (c) a hand-grip for a scythe; (d) a growing youth.
 4. TÁLACH (*Thaw-luch*)—(a) a clumsy person; (b) very strong; (c) weakness in the wrist; (d) a clutch of chickens.
 5. SCEACH (*Shkach*)—(a) a bush; (b) a jostle at football; (c) an expression used to chase away hens; (d) a thorn.
 6. BIONÓG (*Bin-ogue*)—(a) a small woman; (b) an air-tight container for bread; (c) a kid; (d) a headscarf.
 7. CAISCÍN (*Kosh-keen*)—(a) want of tobacco; (b) a weapon used in the faction-fights of old; (c) home-made brown bread; (d) an ornamental button.
 8. GAILEÁN (*Gawl-yawn*)—(a) an inexperienced person; (b) a steam-boat; (c) a destructive wind; (d) a gosling.
 9. GRUAMACH (*Groom-uch*)—(a) neatly dressed; (b) (b) churlish; (c) a species of sea-fish; (d) a violin-string.
 10. FLAITHÜIL (*Floh-yule*)—(a) Roaming about; (b) big and strong; (c) very generous; (d) a threshing-flail.
 11. CEIS (*Kesh*)—(a) a riddle; (b) a footbridge; (c) a wicker-basket; (d) cheese from goats' milk.
 12. PITEÓG (*Pitch-ogue*)—(a) part of a donkey's creel; (b) black dye made from sloes; (c) a small pot; (d) a womanish man.
 13. BÍODÁN (*Bee-dhawn*) — (a) the wind-pipe; (b) a rosary-beads; (c) gossip; (d) a strong gust of wind.
 14. CUPÓG (*Kup-ogue*)—(a) egg-cup; (b) a pillion-rider; (c) a weed; (d) a natural hollow in a rock.
 15. CAILLEACH (*Koll-yuch*)—(a) an old woman; (b) a kitchen-bed; (c) a witch; (d) a roll of straw ropes.

(Consult page 90 now to check up on your selections)

THOSE WERE THE DAYS!

By P. S. MAC CONMARA

FOOTBALL, 1916—1952

THE year 1916 had come and gone. National tension had somewhat eased. Another glorious chapter had been written in the sad story of this island nation. But the happenings of those eventful days had a salutary effect: amongst the Irish people a new spirit was born.

The year 1917 was still young when the G.A.A. rooted itself in the soil of Louisburgh. Down the years western Gaels have given leadership and inspiration to the Gaelic Athletic Association, cradled in Thurles, Co. Tipperary, in 1884. They still give service to the Association on field or in forum and wherever they have travelled their games have gone with them: throughout England, in New York, Boston and Chicago they promote the games of the Gael, these our ambassadors of peace and goodwill. But nostalgic memories of crowded hours of glory and the friendship cemented on the playing fields of their youth will preserve a link with home.

Let us journey into the past, along the winding and picturesque roads of the parish, on a jaunting car, which was in the early twenties a feature of our roads and was the popular mode of travel for our footballers in the "good old days." There was an old-world atmosphere about the side-car that integrated it in a remarkable way with rural life. In the formative years, football was played on an unorganised basis in the parish. A club was not formed until 1929. From 1917 to 1920 there were three teams in the locality: Louisburgh Town, Falduff and Carrowniskey. They played many stirring games against such well-known combinations of that time as Tullycross, Leenane and Westport. Louisburgh had a well-balanced

fifteen in those days. A game with Tullycross was eagerly looked forward to, Thallabawn being invariably the venue. The "Tully" boys—typical examples of Connemara manhood—rowed across the Killary in their frail currachs. Louisburgh relied on the old jaunting car to take them to the silver strands. A cavalcade of side-cars, comprising twenty or more, conveying players and supporters, drove steadily enough until they reached the cross-roads at the outskirts of the town. Once they entered the straight—most popularly known as the "New Line"—a rivalry began. Each driver wanted to be the flashiest man there and his passengers were not slow in urging him. The stay-at-homes along the route provided the gallery. Crossing the fields from the various homesteads, they lined the moss ditches in scores, cheering and encouraging the excursionists who acknowledged their greetings; the musical among them playing fiddles or melodeons. But the straight avenues of speeding commerce have changed all this. O! for the days that are gone!

The Green, Carramore, was the setting for many contests between Westport and Louisburgh, often associated with the parish races. A member of the Westport team of that period was Joe Ring (R.I.P.), who afterwards lost his life in the Civil War. For the games with Carrowniskey it was usual for Louisburgh Town to march to the venue at Carrowniskey seaside—a distance of over three miles. Louisburgh brass band—a musical combination of renown—provided an advance guard for the footballers.

CLUB FORMED

In the year 1929, a G.A.A. club was first formed in Louisburgh. At the inaugural meeting the following officers were elected: Dr. William O'Grady, chairman; Patrick W. O'Toole, vice-chairman; Paddy Anglim, treasurer; James Mannion, secretary. The infant club made an auspicious debut in competitive football. Louisburgh humbled the pride of the west that year. The club colours were Green and Gold.

A share of success crowned their efforts in 1930 and '31. Mr. Martin O'Reilly, who now resides in Westport, was club secretary during those years.

The Club went out of existence in 1931. In 1935 it was re-organised. A wave of enthusiasm swept the parish. Mayo Gaels were joyful: a lost club had returned to the fold! Louisburgh signalled their return to the Gaelic arena by carrying their new colours (black and red) to victory in the final of the regional championship. The southern standard-bearers, Ballinrobe, ended their quest for Junior laurels that year. They foiled them in the final stages of the competition.

In 1936—the year in which a gallant Mayo fifteen brought the Sam Maguire Cup to the county for the first time—Louisburgh again entered the "home" final; but, after a marathon struggle in which FOUR full matches were contested, they tasted defeat at the hands of Ballyvary and departed from the Junior championship.

Their fate was similar in 1937. Officers elected that year: Very Rev. William Heaney, P.P., patron; Rev. M. McDonnell, C.C., president; P. W. O'Toole, chairman; J. J. Philbin, secretary; T. Durkan, Assistant Secretary; A. Keane, treasurer.

With the dawning of 1938, Louisburgh entered the West Mayo Championship with renewed hope. Fancied teams followed in their train as once again they won the Divisional crown. Garrymore, standing proudly on the Southern pedestal, came tottering to the ground one Sunday evening in August, 1939, as Louisburgh swept to a one-point victory in the semi-final of the 1938 championship. On a cold October evening they lined out against Charlestown in the Mayo Junior Football Final. The game ended in a draw and was re-fixed for a Sunday in February. The year was 1940, but they were still deciding the championship of 1938! Charlestown ended the marathon with a merited victory. Back in the West again that year—in the 1940 championship—Louisburgh bowed the knee to Newport's Lily Whites. Then, discreetly, they departed from the Gaelic arena and for four long years their names

never fell from the lips of Mayo Gaels.

The following are prominent players who wore the Black and Red from 1935 to 1940: Mayo Co. Secretary, Johnnie Mulvey; Garda Joe Farrell of Monaghan and Ulster Railway Cup fame; Garda Joe Small, Swinford; Sergt. Pat Fallon, Cong; Austie O'Toole (R.I.P.), Mick O'Malley, Tim Mulvey, John Joe Prendergast (R.I.P.), Matt and John McEvelly, Michael McKeown, N.T.; Dr. Bill O'Toole, Richard O'Toole, Tony McNamara, Andy McHale, Pat Prendergast, Robert Nicholson, Austie Lyons, Charlie McDermott, Fr. Richard Prendergast, Austie Keane, Peter Scanlon, Pat Kilcoyne, Paddy Staunton, Dr. Tommie Staunton, Georgie Gannon, Fr. Redmond Lyons, Waltie Kerrigan, Paddy Hopkins, Tommie Durkan, J. Rattigan, N.T.; Paddy Golden, N.T.; Broddie McCabe.

Johnnie Mulvey, Mick O'Malley and Austie O'Toole distinguished themselves on inter-county fields. Austie O'Toole, who was one of the greatest all-round athletes of his day, was a regular member of the Mayo Senior Football team and played for the Connaught Railway Cup team in the late thirties. His death in 1948, while still in his prime, removed from the G.A.A. one of Mayo's greatest and most popular footballers.

MURRISK'S RISE TO FAME

In 1944, a new combination came to dazzle the Mayo Gaelic scene. Murrisk "took the salute" in championship football. With Louisburgh G.A.A. Club defunct, Louisburgh footballers contributed to the success of the Murrisk fifteen. The seaside village was agog with excitement in the early days of 1944. Guided by Carlow-born Garda John Doyle, a club was founded. The late Paddy Gibbons, N.T., was chairman. The young club affiliated a team in that year's Junior Football Championship—a team that sent Murrisk rocketing into the Gaelic limelight. In the County Semi-final they lowered Ballinrobe's prestige. The men of the North—Belmullet—were their opponents on final day. Belmullet were crowned champions with four points to spare.

CLUB RE-FORMED

In September, 1945, Louisburgh G.A.A. Club was re-formed. The following officers were elected: Very Rev. J. Mullarkey, P.P., patron; Rev. T. Morley, C.C., president; T. Durkan, chairman, A. Keane, vice-chairman; R. O'Toole, treasurer; J. Cusack, secretary. In later years, Michael O'Brien of Carlow senior football fame, and Paddy Scanlon discharged the secretarial duties. John Joe Morrison was treasurer.

In 1946, Louisburgh were a "new look" side. They changed their colours from black and red to blue and gold. It was symbolic that the gold crest was restored, as in a few years they were destined to write a chapter in letters of gold in the club annals. They won out in the West that year, but Mayo Abbey foiled them in the semi-final and went on to win the title. They failed to redeem themselves in 1947. Liam Hastings (Chairman of Longford Co. Board G.A.A.) assisted Louisburgh in '46 and '47. He won two All-Irelands with Mayo. In 1948, the men from the far West defeated The Neale by a single point in the closing championship stages. Killala won the final by a three-points margin. But Louisburgh's star was shining brightly on the Gaelic horizon; their spirit must triumph in the end.

COUNTY HONOURS

Perhaps some of the Castlebar Junior team had seen the sun rising in the East on Easter morning. That evening they got a touch of another rising—the Louisburgh Rising of 1950! Louisburgh went on to wear the Divisional crown for the fifth time. Swinford, the champions of the East, provided stiff opposition in the Co. Semi-final, which was played at Balla on 7th January, 1951. But the men of the West overcame this obstacle. Highlight of the hour was Seamus Durkan's (Louisburgh cul baire's) penalty save from the boot of Pádraig Carney. In the Final, Ardnaree were their opponents. Louisburgh beat them at Balla on 1st April by 3-2 to 1-2 and won their first Junior title. They had celebrated their "coming of age" in a very

appropriate manner. It was easy to span those years by a bridge of memories, for deep in the deserts of the heart time stands still. The shadows of intervening years now paled into insignificance as the Western standard-bearers emerged out of the darkness of defeat into the full light of victory!

The champions were given a tumultuous welcome home. Bonfires blazed from Murrisk to the Killary. The bells of victory were ringing—a victory which presaged a golden era in Louisburgh football. But no team knows better than Louisburgh how twisted are the threads of fortune. The Louisburgh team read: Seamus Durkan; Michael Gibbons, Joe Staunton, Pat Ball; John McMyler, Bernie Maloney, Frank Grady; Paddy Gannon, Anthony O'Toole; Gussie O'Malley, Tommie Lyons, Evor Morahan; Colm O'Toole, Josie Lyons (Capt.), Richard Lyons, Charlie Lydon, Bill McNamara, Myles Lyons, Michael J. Coyne, John Prendergast, Jack Staunton.

In a review of county activities, Mayo's All-Ireland triumphs in Senior and Junior grades transcends all. After fourteen years in the wilderness, fifteen stout-hearted Mayo men marched to Croke Park, in 1950 to take the Sam Maguire Cup home for the second time. Two Louisburgh footballers—Joe Staunton and Anthony O'Toole—were on the county fifteen which won Junior honours, while Tommie Lyons, Jim Lyons and Geoffrey Prendergast played in the preliminary rounds of that competition. While it is significant that Louisburgh won their only Junior crown in 1950, that year was also a memorable one on the "home front." It was in 1950, too, that the O'Toole Memorial Cup competition was launched. The O'Toole Memorial Cup was initiated to promote the standard of football in Louisburgh and to commemorate the memory of Austie O'Toole, whose achievements are a perpetual inspiration to the rising generations. That it has fulfilled that cherished ambition of a number of Louisburgh Gaels, who donated the beautiful trophy for its promotion, has been proved conclusively.

IN SENIOR RANKS

Eager to enhance their reputation, Louisburgh entered Senior ranks in 1951. The championship was played on a league basis. In their only contest, Louisburgh beat the pride of Ballinrobe and The Neale. Castlebar won the competition on points. And that year also, Joe Staunton won a Celtic Cross—the greatest honour Gaelic football can bestow—when Mayo Senior footballers won premier honours for the third time.

There was a vacant chair at the annual convention of the Louisburgh G.A.A. Club in 1951. Tommie Durkan, who, it may be said, fathered the "golden age" of Louisburgh football, declined to seek election that year. For seven successive years he had been unanimously appointed chairman of Louisburgh G.A.A. Club. Louisburgh's Junior victory of 1950 was in the evening of a glorious career, an epoch in the life of one whose zealous and prudent service to the G.A.A. is a milestone in the history of a great organisation. —P. S. MAC CONMARA.



THE VICTORIOUS TEAM OF 1950

Team members: Front (from Left): S. Durkan, R. Lyons, J. Lyons, P. Gannon, A. O'Toole, B. Maloney, G. O'Malley, J. Staunton, P. Ball. Back: C. O'Toole, J. McMyler, F. O'Grady, T. Lyons, O. Morahan, M. Gibbons, M. J. Coyne.

Officials: A. Gannon, T. Durkan (Chairman), R. O'Toole.

Caher Island

By FATHER LIAM DURKAN

“TO this parish of Kilgeever belongs the very blessed island of Caher, which is called by the Irish ‘Oileán na Cathrach,’ ‘Cathair na Naomh’ and ‘Cathair Phádraic.’ It is at present entirely uninhabited but I got all the traditions connected with it from Mr. O’Toole, the proprietor, and Thomas Geraghty of Carrow McLoughlin, the quondam proprietor of St. Patrick’s black bell, who often performed stations upon it. Mr. O’Toole, who is a very enlightened man, states that there is no cathair, or stone fort on this island and that the natives of Inishturk and the opposite coasts understood its name to mean the ‘City of the Saints,’ or the ‘City of St. Patrick,’ and it was called cathair or city in the same way as Armagh, Leighlin and other distinguished ecclesiastical places..”

This quotation is taken from a book called “Letters containing information relative to the Antiquities of the County of Mayo, collected during the progress of the Ordnance Survey in 1838. Volume One,” written by the famous Irish scholar, John O’Donovan, Barrister at Law, the same scholar who later edited, in the year 1848, the “Annals of the Four Masters.”

Caher Island is known to our younger generation only in an obscure way. It was, however, even until the last century well known and venerated as a holy place. In fact, with the exception of Irish Gluaire, off the coast of Blacksod Bay in North Mayo, it was the most venerated of our places of pilgrimage in the last century. The little island is situated six miles southwest of Roonagh Pier; it is six miles south from Clare Island and three miles north of Inishturk. It is, as in the days of John O’Donovan, uninhabited; and of its history ancient or

modern, I know little. What I do know, however, is that judging by the ruins, namely a small church called Teampoll na Naomh or Teampoll Phádraig, several penitential leachts or crosses, probably seventh- or eight-century, and a holy well, it was once inhabited by a community of monks of whom no history has remained. The name of no saint, except St. Patrick, has been associated with it. As for modern times, it seems to have been inhabited by some families in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, because the whole island, which is flat and green, is covered with the remains of ridges of cultivated land called *eitre* in Irish. On the mainland at least, one associates these ridges or *eitre* with Famine times, when the country was densely populated and every inch of arable land was sown with potatoes. In such a small island as this, however, one cannot be so sure that these are the remains of famine times; they may be the traces of early Irish monastic cultivation. The old seanfhocal says that time will never blot out these traces: “Trí eitre íogra, trí íogra is go deire a tsaoil.”

In the beginning of this century it passed into the hands of the MacHales of Emlagh, who owned many cattle and sheep and were regarded as being the wealthiest people in the parish of Kilgeever at that time. They used it for grazing until it was taken by the Land Commission and given to the people of Inishturk. These still own it and put cattle and sheep to graze there in certain periods of the year. It is owned in common by all; whereas two smaller islands lying by it, called Baile Beag and Inistealla, are owned by individuals. Historically, these are the meagre facts (or if you like, absence of facts) about Caher Island. There are, however, a certain number of traditions which have grown up about this island and have come down to us. Some of these I have heard and want to record, because I believe that among the young people of this parish I am one of the few who have had the privilege of visiting the island and performing the traditional station. The facts and traditions which I both saw for myself and heard from the people of Inishturk—some of whom

accompanied me there and performed the station with me—are the same as those which the scholar, John O'Donovan, recorded on 13th July, 1838.

To get to Caher Island is not as easy as it seems. When the late Archbishop John Healy wanted to investigate another holy island, Hy Island off the Clifden coast, it took him some weeks to get there. One must take into account all the facts—a very precarious landing place which can be availed of only under certain very calm conditions of sea; the chariness of the local islanders or fishermen to venture out on any but a very fine day, and many other difficulties, psychological and physical, which beset such unusual voyages. So when I decided to set out for Caher Island on a Monday morning in August, hoping to do the station on that day, to be picked up by the boat in the evening and to be at Roonah pier that night, I was destined to be disappointed.

How did it happen that I went to Caher Island on a pilgrimage? My grandaunt, Mary MacHale, married an O'Toole man in Inishturk. When she was dying, my two uncles and my mother went up on a Sunday morning to see her. They rowed up by canoe from Polglass and as it was rather early in the morning they put into Caher Island to pass some time and pray at the little church, for in their youth this island was venerated for its sanctity. That was their first visit and the peace and solitude impressed them with the feeling that surely it was holy ground. My mother then decided that she must come some time to perform the complete pilgrimage. Some pressing need or other caused her to renew her resolution in August, 1957. My mother and I set sail on Pat Prendergast's boat for Inishturk and arrived there after one hour and thirty-five minutes. We stayed in the house of Pat O'Toole (Mickey) in Ballyhere.

It was a full week before we succeeded in attaining the purpose of our voyage. I must confess that it was a rather strange week for me. Inishturk is small, with seventeen houses and one hundred and seventeen people, forty of whom were schoolgoing children. It had no priest, no

doctor and no schoolteacher at that particular time. The priest comes every other week from Clare Island, weather permitting, to celebrate Sunday Mass there. The Sunday we were there there was no Mass, which we all felt very keenly, but otherwise we had a very enjoyable week—what with complete relaxation, plenty of welcome and gifts! The man of the house killed a lamb especially to celebrate our visit and each of the seventeen houses made presents of fish and fowl to us and invited us to dinner or tea.

On Sunday, Johnny Heanue, one of the ablest and bravest boatmen of the island, launched his new boat and twenty-six of us began the pilgrimage. I have never seen such a devout group of pilgrims as the island people who accompanied us, twenty-three of them in all. They prayed the Rosary all the way to Caher Island and sang all the loveliest hymns we know, the *Adoro Te, Anima Christi, Soul of My Saviour, Sacris Solemniis* and *Pange Lingua* being among them. One might well ask how these liturgical jewels came to a remote and neglected island people. They came, of course, through a good teacher, a Louisburgh lady, who has since left the island and married at home, but whose work has lived after her. With such prayers and hymns we reached Caher Island, and had a favourable landing. We commenced the station at the little church by praying at the stone altar. We next proceeded to a stone at the east gable of the church, which is inscribed with a cross and called *Leabaidh Phádraic*, at which we repeated the customary seven *Paters*, seven *Aves* and the invocation:

*“Mo leabaidh is cearcal cruaidh,
Mairg a Chríost, a chuaidh ina sheilbh.”*

This means: “My bed is a hard circle, poor Christ you had to lie on it.” In other words, Christ had not whereon to lay His head except a hard, circular stone. We performed seven rounds of each penitential *leacht* or cross and repeated around each seven *Paters*, *Aves* and *Glorias*. All the *leachts* or stations lay close to one another and in the east of the island. We left the east and went

around to the west to the holy well called *Tobar Mhuire*, the Well of Our Lady. This we had to circle seven times on our knees, an exercise which was very severe, because the stones cut through our flesh and everyone's knees were bleeding when the rounds were finished. From this point we finished the circle of the island to the little church, where the station was concluded. We had a quiet journey home.

A few traditions regarding Caher Island and described in John O'Donovan's letters are interesting. When the boatmen are passing by this island they always take off their hats and say: *Umhluímid do Dhia mhór na n-uile-chúmhachta agus do Phódraic míorbhúilteach*, i.e., "We bow (submit or make reverence) to the great God of all powers and to the wonderworker Patrick." There is on the altar of the little church a stone called *Leac na Naomh*, or the "Flag of the Saints". The tradition is that when a man's good name was wrongfully taken away, if he fasted and prayed and then sailed to the island and turned the flag on the altar, immediately some event occurred which showed clearly that the person who turned the *Leac* had been wronged. This was a very strong belief which was, of course, superstitious. Nowadays, these superstitions have died.

The next tradition is that anyone affected by epilepsy or imbecility who sleeps in the little church or on *Leaba Phódraic*, or indeed on any part of the island, will be cured. This is not a superstitious practice. It is praying in the best sense. It is said that no rats or mice can live here for a moment and its clay or sand would destroy the rats and mice of any other place. The proof or disproof of this I leave to agricultural scientists or geologists or chemists! The belief is very strong at all events.

Lastly to quote O'Donovan as I did in the beginning: "A kind of *Cloghann* or road is shown under the waves, leading from this blessed Island in the direction of the Reek. It is called *Bóthar na Naomh*, because it was passed

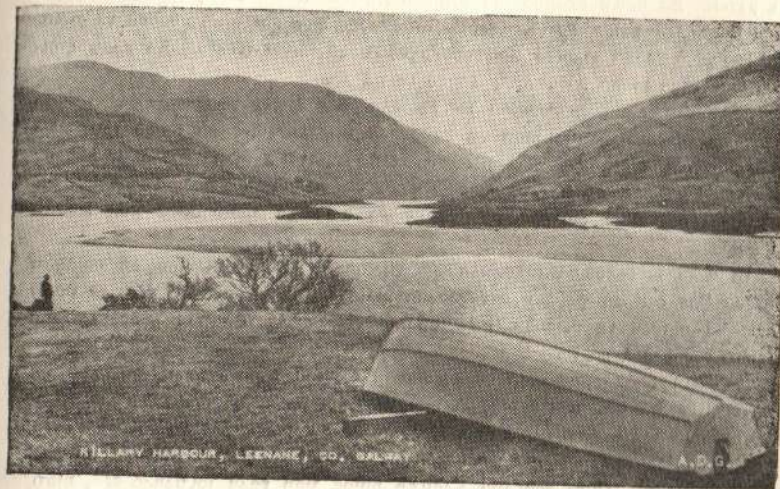
by Patrick, by his charioteer, Bionnan, (the widow's son who was buried on the Reek), by St. Brigid and other saints who were along with the Apostle."

May God grant that all the people of this parish of Kilgeever—those who have gone before us, those of us who are still plodding through our earthly exile, either here at home or in foreign lands, and those who will come after us when we are gone—may all meet together at the end of *Bóthar na Naomh*.

—WILLIAM DURKAN.

St. Jarlath's College,

Tuam, Co. Galway.



Killary Harbour

“ AN GLEANN INAR TÓIGEADH MÉ ”

Tá leabráí scríofa faoi léigear na Traoi, faoi na Cogsaí Púineaca, ac fós, ní fáca mé leabdar scaire arián scríofa faoi mo céantar féin. Is dóca go mberó sé sin amlaó go scríofaí mé féin ceann! Tá áiteaca scairiúla ann a baineann le saé ré ó Pionn Mac Cumhail anuas go tici an Lá acá inniu ann. Ní áit is suimiúla ná i ar éalam, agus tugaim túbslán scaraí ar bit nuair a veirim é sin.

Táim im' éónaí pé scáé Cruac Pátraic ar bruaé Cuan Mod. Cár pátrún aspalaé na tíre daéad lá is oíche as troscad agus as fuidé ar bárr an tsleibe go bfuil a bhor géar srian-clócaóite mar véad sé as gearrad na scamall mbán. Saé bliain, bíonn oilitreacé éuis an suib sin. An Domnac veireannac ve mí lúil, tagann daoine ó éian is ó cóngar agus gabann siad an casán cruac aihreid go bárr an tsleibe éun onóir a tabairt go pátrún na héireann.

Is iomaí áit éarc ar mo páróisce a bfuil “Cill” o'ainm air. I gcill-íibear, a glaoad i ndiaio Naomh Ibor, tá fallaí ven mainistir a tós sé sin sa dóú haois véas le feiceáil fós. Seas siad go tréan in aghaó na síne. Tá cill Naomh Cillín ann fós freisin. Is suimiúil an éaoi a bfuil na fuinneoga véanta; táto bioracé cosúil leis na cinn sotaéa ar a raib clú is cáil faóó. Sa reilts ééanna ina bfuil Mainistir Naomh Ibor, tá tobar bean-naite Naomh Pátraic. Faóó, véantaí oilitreacé mór éuis an ceatrá lá véas ve lúnasa. Céann daoine ann fós agus véanann siad scáisiúin éarc timpeall air agus bíonn pátreaca áirite le rá acá.

Tá cúpla carragis áifrimn le feiceáil fós timpeall an céantair. In aimsir na bPéinóite ba mór an tabarcas oo Carlicis na háite iao. Tá scéal ann fós faoin ácair Ó Meiscill (Macsuell) a maraíóó in aimsir na bPéinóite agus é as rá áifrimn. Sabad na daoine a bí as éisteacé agus láháíóó iao. Téic cuio acu agus bí an tóir go dian ortu gur sabad iao freisin.

Ní raib eicléán ná ingearán as Óiarmait is as Sráinne as teicéad oóú ac “is oic an saóé nac séveann maic oo óuine éisim” mar ní véad uacais na veirte le feiceáil inár bpáire cois trá. Cuatár i bfolacé ann ar fead roint aimsire:

“Codaíl beagán, beagán beas; Óir ní heagail tuic a véas,
A sílle ná veardas seirc; A mic Uí Óuibne, a Óiarmait.”
Cá bfiós nac san uacais sin a éum Sráinne an suantraí gra úó!

Rugad Hardiman—an scaraí cáilúil a o'infúic filioé—im áit oúcais, Cúaim Ceardán. Bíoó scoláiri saeilge buioé von fear ioláanaé séo, bioó caáir na Saillme buioó oo éom maic.

Lá is fuidé anonn ná an lá inniu, beó cáil ar an gcumann coisicé imirce is cumann na sceleáinnas éun na fir ionpósta is na mná óga a pósaó is a éomneáil sa mbaité. Ní féoir a séanaó nac bfuil as éiri leis le veic mbliana anuas, mar níor túnaó teacé ann ó som.

O'féatpáinn teanaéé go lá an luain as scríob mar géall ar mo céantar, ac ní maic le mo muicir an-tomarca saisce a véanaim.

—peisí ní scantáim.

FAIRYHILL

*'Tis an evening still and neath Croghan hill the sun has
sunk to rest,
Its golden beams have tinged to red Clare Island in the
West;
A rural peace rests upon all—even Clew Bay's shores
are still,
And God looks down on sweet Bunowen at the foot
of Fairyhill.*

*O! some may roam the wide world o'er gay scenes and joy
to find,
Italian skies and sunny France where summer clouds are
lined
With silvery streaks, the air is balm and Nature
showers at will,
These gifts which surely can be found at the foot
of Fairyhill.*

*But for me in calm and quietude no place I love so well,
As where a thousand memories rise of many a flowery dell;
Where childhood's days come back again, when every
rippling rill
Made music gay to join our play at the foot of
Fairyhill.*

*As bright a star as ever yet from holy Tuam has shone
First saw the light in this quiet spot, but from the world
is gone
To a better land, where eagerly his soul is guarding still
His native home—dear beloved Bunowen—at the foot
of Fairyhill.*

—By B. J. GALLAGHER, Bunowen.

Second Mass

By FATHER LEO MORAHAN

I LOVE Second Mass in Louisburgh. It is not that I like celebrating Second Mass any more than another: in fact, what I mean is that, having read Mass earlier, I love to go in again and get lost among the congregation at eleven-thirty. We had an Italian visitor in Mooneen once and I remember how widely his eyes spoke his wonder as he saw the black line of people hurrying in along the Westport road on his first Sunday morning. At the time, it more delighted than disappointed me when he said: "Nothing like this in Italy." But we never wondered at it: it was part of our life. "Sunday," wrote Addison "clears away the rust of the whole week," and so indeed it did—and does—for all of us. So it does for that last car-load arriving at the church gate "with the second bell"; so it does for the young townsman jerking his neck within a tight collar and side-stepping his hurried way through children down along Main Street; so it does for the flustered matron still searching for a penny while "the Acts" are on. Sunday is a day to live for; and the real focal point of Sunday in our parish is Second Mass. It is a family reunion; and my joy is to slip into that family to do with them that Greatest Act of All.

My earliest memories of Second Mass are of the people whom we saw there as regularly as the Sabbath. Somehow or other, it is the old people that I can remember in particular. In the period that I can best recall, there was a precept in vogue: "Men on the left; women on the right"; a rule which—apart from summer visitors and inseparably married couples—was pretty well adhered to. And since we, as boys, were always cautioned to "go up

high in the church," I nearly always found myself among a team of old men. Now that I try to analyse it, I feel that the congregation divided itself into three almost distinct strata. Not exactly, of course, for there are always conscientious objectors; but by and large. I am inclined to think, too, that the division was on a basis of age. In front were the patriarchs. They were saintly old men, these;—grey-headed, blue-suited, frieze-collared, white-fronted, rough-handed, big-knuckled old men who put their black, round, hard hats in front of them; and, now that I think of it, heard Mass with a great faith and with a strong devotion. The memory of them almost fuses with my memory of priests in choir at a High Mass; and their presence seemed so essential that their black hats might well have been birettas. The middle section, down to the confessional box say, was sacred to serious, middle-aged men—Gardai, professional men, officials, and a solid core of solid farmers—many of whom had to wait until the Acts were over to move up to their seats, but did so with enough confidence to show that a seat awaited them. That or else they tip-toed up the aisle and stood at the seat-end, demanding a shuffling of knees and a dragging of handkerchiefs to allow them in. Below the confessional box were the younger men—always reluctant to come higher—unmarried most of them, and graded from the "Key of Heaven" in front to the cap and beads at the door.

Insofar as the women kept any order—and we always held that they didn't—it was just the reverse of this. On the Epistle side under the pulpit, and just across from the old men, the schoolgirls perched themselves. ("They were goin' on, so they were, all the time: we saw them!") Midway down was a mothers' regiment—town mothers especially. They always seemed to be whispering prayers, so much so that when we played at "reading Mass" and had distributed the roles of priest, servers and choir, if there were any girls left after the seat-ful of nuns, they were detailed to do "the women praying." And down behind the pillars and under the gallery were the smiling,

wrinkled faces within nun-like shawls—" somebody's grandmothers"—old ladies smiling to everyone who even glanced their way.

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I am a boy again in the third seat at the top and the men are filing in. The dust of the white roads is on their boots; they are perspiring—even steaming—for some have walked from Kilgeever, from Leachta, or from Doughmackeon. They take their same places as infallibly as an orchestra. How vividly I can picture them in their places; looking so much alike that one might be the mirrored image of the other. How their names almost force themselves off my nib! The second bell rings for Mass: they bless themselves: and then I do. They take handkerchiefs from top-pockets and settle them for kneeling. The priest comes down for the Asperges and their shrivelled arms are stretched out like withered limbs between the sodality standards to catch the rain of Holy Water as it falls. These men mean their religion! The Acts are read: "O my God, I believe that Thou are one only God . . .," ". . . that He will reward the good with eternal happiness and condemn the wicked to the everlasting pains of hell . . ." ". . . in this faith . . . by Thy holy grace, to live and die." The old people repeat the prayers almost aloud; they could prompt the priest if he were to miss a line. They continue the "Prayer before Mass"; now and again some tired voice picks on one sentence or another to whine aloud: "We humbly beseech Thee that . . . we may always assist with the utmost devotion and reverence . . ." ". . . we offer It . . . for all who are in high station, that we may lead quiet and holy lives . . ." ". . . particularly for the congregation here present, to obtain all blessings we stand in need of in this life, everlasting happiness in the next and eternal rest to the faithful departed." All bless themselves again at the names of the Blessed Trinity and the Mass begins.

A man or two near me has put on wire spectacles and has opened a prayer-book. All are intensely serious and intent on the altar. I climb up to the seat level to look

into a prayer-book and beyond a huge thumb I see words like "Graciously" and "Beseech" and "Deign". But these mean something to them: they are serious, they are praying, they are like statues come alive. They are heedless of me and, meantime, pages turn or decades roll. There is a loud noise of beads on the seats as we strike our breasts for *Kyrie Eleison—Lord have mercy on us!* The choir stands up in front of us and we nearly miss the Gospel. Then, after the Creed, we sit and the choir sings again. There are two pieces which will always remind me of the old-time Louisburgh choir. One is a hymn to St. Patrick—*Dóchas Linn, a Phádraic*—which we learned as school children and sang with great gusto in middle-March. The other is the *Regina Coeli* at Easter-time, which was sung by the adults—predominantly men. The strength and power and triumph of their *Resurrexit, sicut dixit, alleluia!* communicated itself to us long before we even knew that it was Latin.

Meanwhile, during the Canon of the Mass, the men are seated but their books are still open and as the midday sun streams in over the pulpit it gives their faces a symbolic glow. If I miss the warning bell or am turned about vacantly, an old arm checks me or nudges me into attention for the Consecration of the Mass. Silence descends on the whole church while the priest bends over the Host. How did these old men behave during this solemn portion? A memory haunts me of their moving lips and rising eyes, and of the hands striking often on their breasts. But it is only a vague memory. Did they pronounce an Act of Faith? or was it the ejaculation of St. Thomas? or was it, perhaps, the cry with which their own grandfathers were used to greet Him in Oldhead, or in Althore, or at Carrig-an-Aifrinn: "Céad míle fáilte rót, a Thíarna!" Little wonder that such ancient, vintage faith would retain its vigour in two changes of earthen jars. Only in later years did I realise that I had been often in the company of saints.

The sermon is always an event looked forward to. "What the people want," someone said to me many years:

ago, "is a nice, short sermon at First Mass, and they don't mind a long one at Second if 'tis interesting." The old people are very intent on the sermon. Down through the church the middle-aged farmers might steal a wink—tired out with a week's turfcutting or "wracking" or mowing. On the women's side, a baby might begin to cry; might even imitate the priest, and its mother would perspire with confusion, and the girls under the pulpit giggle. Away up in the unknown regions of the gallery, boyish men or mannish boys might be engrossed with the gyrations of a wasp about a bald head in front of them. But the old people are intent on the sermon. The old people are turned sideways in their seats with an elbow on the seat-back and a forgotten foot straggling. And as the sermon works up, their faces wear that exquisite frown of admiration and approval which is, I think, peculiar to our old people. It meant that they said: "He's a great priest, God bless him!" It meant that they cupped their bony hands about their ears to lose nothing, much as one shades his eyes to look afar. It meant that they would ask the young folk when they went home: "Did you hear what the priest said off the altar this morning?"—and so the sermon was brought home in terms of spade, or scythe, or bicycle.

Nowadays, I go to the gallery often and it is hardly a distraction for me to study the congregation below. "Here," I say to myself, "is Louisburgh as we knew and know it; and as we would always have it." Things seem to me to form a river: a river in that they are ever changing; and a river, too, in that the shape of things is unyielding and unchanged. There has been a general gliding movement. We have carried the old men and women to Kilgeever; but the middle-aged have floated up and the young men at the door have married the girls at the front and have drifted into the middle seats. All this has happened in a timeless way: in the telescoping years a Mass-server has been called into the sacristy and has returned with a chalice and a chasuble. But the river-shape

remains. It still is Second Mass in Louisburgh and it is in many, many ways the same. When Mass is over, the same—at least they seem the same—black-clothed women are moving and bowing, like so many Queens of Clubs, about the candelabra; and the faces in the procession outwards are just so many living mortuary-cards of the men and the women I studied as a boy. A happy thought strikes! If nature can reprint such clear copies of our bodies, surely grace can repeat the likeness in a soul? What if we now wear hats that are brown and soft? What if no sidecars are left, anti-aircraftlike, "back the town"; no horses moored, currach-like, to the Convent hedge? Christianity can flower in any surroundings: a pure heart—a Christ's heart—can beat as well within a blazer as beneath a *bainin*; the faith that walks now in a costume can be—is—the faith that was swaddled in a shawl. Our Second Mass is still part of our 'quiet and holy lives,' where we show the faith in which 'we hope to live and die.'

Perhaps our reverence for Mass was never kernelled as well in words as by the man—now dead, God rest him!—who was passed on the Tooreen road by another singing gaily on his way to Mass. "You'd think," he said, "that that man was going to a dance, instead of going to Calvary!"

—LEON Ó MÓRCHÁIN.

The celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, should, without question, hold the central place in the life of a parish . . . Indeed, the Sunday Mass is the very heartbeat of a parish.

—*The Living Parish* (Dr. Pius Parsch).

As is a candle in a holy place

So is the beauty in an aged face.

—S. Campbell.

Symposium :

WHAT IS LOUISBURGH'S GREATEST NEED ?

Eight of our parishioners here express their opinions of what we lack as a community. The group consists of two priests, a Customs-and-Excise official, a housewife, a fire-brigade officer, a librarian, a solicitor and a businessman. One is in America, two in Louisburgh, two in Dublin and three elsewhere in Ireland.

WHEN the editor first asked me to contribute to the symposium on the above question, the answer that immediately sprung to my mind was "Louisburgh needs greater faith in Louisburgh." This very brief answer does not explain itself. It demands expansion and explanation. First of all, by Louisburgh I mean the whole parish, not just the town. In fact, what I have to say will probably apply more to the country villages than to the town itself.

How, you will ask, does Louisburgh lack faith in itself? It seems to me that this lack of faith in itself—this lack of confidence in Louisburgh's future—is clearly indicated by the number of people who are leaving it year in, year out; and above all, by the number of homesteads that are disappearing or in danger of disappearing. It may be said that this problem of emigration and depopulation is not peculiar to Louisburgh but is nationwide. That is undoubtedly true but nevertheless I think that it is the most serious problem that exists for Louisburgh and that it is far more profitable for us to consider it in reference to our own parish than to be forever deploring it as a national evil in a vague, general sort of way. Since we have obviously failed to remedy the evil at

the national level, it behoves us to try to tackle it at the parish level. In fact, one could go further and say that it is primarily a problem to be tackled by each individual family.

Emigration, of course, we have had to a greater or less degree since the famine. However, it is my view that emigration, however regrettable it may be, is not entirely a bad thing. Out of it has come a lot of good. First of all—and chiefly—it has contributed in very great measure to the remarkable growth of the Catholic Church in the English-speaking world in the last hundred years. If we except the occasional defections, our exiles have been also missionaries, and the religious leaders in England, America, Australia and New Zealand are the first to acknowledge this fact. Then again, from the purely material point of view, emigration has helped the parish, because our exiles generally have not forgotten the people at home; and when they come back on holidays, as they frequently do, shopkeepers, hoteliers and others benefit materially either directly or indirectly.

We are all familiar with the pattern of emigration that existed up to about thirty years ago. In the typical family in the parish one son was given the *place* and most of the others had to emigrate. Some of the daughters might settle down in the parish, or at least in the country; and in some cases a boy or girl might be sent to a boarding school. But in general, the majority had to emigrate and in those days it was mainly to America. However, the important thing was that the son who got the *place* did settle down and got married and reared another family and the same pattern repeated itself. In other words, the continuity of the family in the old homestead was insured. At present, however, even that position is not being maintained. Already it is only too painfully evident that homesteads have disappeared and are still disappearing; and if one looks ahead it is clear that in twenty or thirty years' time the position is going to be very much worse.

What is the basic reason for the depressing, and even

alarming, situation that I have outlined above? It seems to me that the reason is want of confidence in Louisburgh's future, want of faith in Louisburgh. In times gone by, young people married and settled down here in conditions which gave far less promise for the future and far less security than they do at the present time. They were aware that they faced a period of anything from fifteen to twenty years of a hard struggle in rearing their families. However, with trust in God and their own fortitude and mutual support they took their chance; and who will say that their confidence was misplaced? Let no one say that I am advocating a return to the hard conditions of living of our ancestors. We know that most of them lived only a very little above the subsistence level. I recognise that the world is advancing and that we must move with the times. However, the parish has now got most of the facilities of modern living. The coming of electric power and its extension through the parish has changed the whole pattern of living for the better. Radio is now commonplace and television may be just round the corner. For those who are prepared to work at home as hard as our exiles have got to work abroad there is possible a decent standard of living; not as high, admittedly, as the corresponding standard in England or America but nevertheless, I repeat, a *decent* standard of living; and one which, when all the compensations of living at home are taken into account, gives promise of a happier and more balanced life.

At this stage, readers may wonder what suggestions I would make towards remedying the situation I have been dealing with. It must, however, be remembered that the original question was "What is Louisburgh's greatest need?" and I have given my answer and the reasons for that answer. Suggestions about remedying the situation implied in the answer would take me too far afield and would be best treated of in a separate article or articles. Two things I will say: I believe that the fault lies more with our young women than with our men. The men are, generally, willing to marry and settle at home; but

the girls find the lure of a life in England or America, which is so often exaggerated and misrepresented, too strong; and they just will not become farmers' wives. Another suggestion I would make is this: I think that the system of seasonal emigration, such as is found in Achill and Donegal, is preferable to the complete emigration that is the rule in our parish. In those districts, the homesteads are maintained, the roots are kept at home and the young people are not lost entirely to the country.

REV. P. PRENDERGAST.

2

ONE problem facing most country places of Louisburgh's size is stagnation. There is a feeling of being left behind, of the backwoods, of being forgotten in the modern rush to God-knows-where. This feeling of stagnation is particularly strong in western areas along the sea coast. Only when there is an election is a light thrown on the place and the feeling is abroad that one still counts. When the fuss dies down the old, muttering discontent can still be heard.

These general observations apply in particular to Louisburgh—to villages and town combined. What I think Louisburgh most needs, therefore, is to break away from this drowsy lethargy, this mire of discontent, and set its face to the future, confident in the knowledge that as a parish the people rate as high as any in this country. There is a despairing idea, widespread to-day, that our future as a people is in jeopardy. This idea has seeped into every nook and cranny of the country. Two great problems on a national scale—unemployment and emigration—are still to be solved. Some people would say that very little has been done to solve them. Take the first one, unemployment, and its relation to Louisburgh.

Almost one hundred per cent. of the people in the parish make their living from mixed farming. All farms are small, producing only at subsistence level and often below

it. In other words, they are uneconomic farms. That means that very little agricultural labour can be maintained and, more important still, only one son can get married on the *place*; and very often there is no dowry for the daughters. The pattern is familiar. The younger sons leave gradually, so do the daughters. They don't forget their people at home and money is sent to help to rear the new family. That is all very good, but it must not be forgotten that good Catholic boys and girls are leaving their homes for an atmosphere vitiated by pagan ideas with all the dangers that they can bring. And from the material point of view, potential producers of wealth for their own parish are now lost. Can this situation be remedied? I believe it can, but it will depend on the sincerity of our people in wanting it and on their ability in carrying it through.

I see no reason why a parish the size of Louisburgh cannot have a farmers' club in every village. This idea is nothing new: many parishes have them in the Twenty-six Counties and they are widespread in the North. Times are changing rapidly: new inventions and modern machinery have revolutionised farming and only the farmers who will take advantage of these things can be optimistic of the future.

It may be asked: "How can land, as we know it in Louisburgh, be improved?" That is precisely one of the big problems facing the farmers' club. There is a wealth of literature dealing with the subject, and financial backing for such projects from the Department of Agriculture. In addition, there are agricultural inspectors—often dedicated men—well qualified to give advice—advice which, unfortunately, is often turned down in favour of *what was good enough for my father is good enough for me*.

Then there is the allied industry, fishing. I am not suggesting that people who have more than enough to do to improve their farms should give undue attention to fishing, but a small improvement in the situation would be welcomed. It is an extraordinary thing that one cannot get fish of any sort in Louisburgh—even on a Friday.

There is a big opening here for enterprising people, both in fishing for pleasure and for profit.

Another function of these clubs, and a very important one, is to cater for the social and cultural life of the community. What amusements have the people of the parish? How do they employ their leisure? In pitch-and-toss at a cross-roads on a Sunday as one sees up and down the country? Or crouched against the gable-end of a *pub* waiting for opening time? I sincerely hope not.

Not very long ago a popular feature of parish life was the country dance. I am not suggesting that this was cultural, but it did amuse a generation of people. It was something to look forward to after a hard day's work. It was a social occasion in a warm(!) atmosphere and many a friendship was formed there and many a romance. All that is changed. Young people must now rely on the "hall" to find amusement and then only on Sunday nights or on gala occasions. Those dances are often sorry affairs and anyhow only young people attend.

I feel that the farmers' club could help out here to make life a little brighter for young and old alike. Life in a rural community is a simple thing and the people enjoy simple pleasures. A start could be made with a band. I suggest a band for school boys because this seems to be one satisfactory outlet for the energies of young people. It brings music in an original form to the village and gives the music-makers a sense of pride in themselves. Inter-village contests could be arranged and individual contests, too. The Irish people are famous for their love of music and song. In the villages long ago each had its own band and the people loved them. Then there is the organising of plays, lectures and debating societies which, if not too ambitious and if wisely arranged, could be productive of great good. They are important in the life of every community, for they broaden the mind, give a keener insight into world affairs and sharpen the interest in community life. In short, they make for the good citizen.

Finally, these clubs should not regard themselves as exclusively for men. The women of the parish are no less important and should be ardent supporters. Now that branches of the Country Women's Association are widespread, why not one in Louisburgh, too, so that their joint activities could combine to make life more pleasant and interesting, and the parish a better place to live in?

ROBERT J. NICHOLSON.

3

THE great ice sheets which have been so generous to other parts of Ireland have dealt very niggardly with the area around Louisburgh. The soil was completely removed and there seems to be no drift soil in the parish. The few bits of good land are alluvium along the banks of the rivers and streams. The rest of the parish is covered with a great area of blanket bog which could be a source of considerable wealth. But to use bog as a source of wealth properly requires a lot of hard thinking and initiative—of courage to risk mistakes and of ability to learn from mistakes made.

Despite the fact that the land is so poor, that it requires so much labour and initiative to make a living from bog, there are some hopeful signs for the parish. In other parts of the country, where the land is better and the farms bigger, many young people are abandoning the country. But in Louisburgh, the number of new houses being built shows that its people are not going to leave the parish except where it is impossible to make anything like a reasonable living.

This article, then, will consist of a number of suggestions about how the wealth of the parish might be increased and emigration from it slowed up. It does not claim, however, to have discovered all the cures for the ills of the parish—it is merely a suggestion to put people thinking in the hope that something good will come of it. The land of the parish is not everywhere well cared-for

or got to produce all that it could yield. The fields in many places give the impression that they are entirely underfertilised and badly seeded. Much more could be done by way of draining and removing stones, trees, furze, useless fences and drains—in short, in opening up the fields to the plough and the tractor. If the fields could be opened up to heavy machinery, more cultivation would be possible, production would be higher and at the same time the back-breaking labour would be gone. More cattle could be kept and fed—in general, there would be a much-needed raising of the standard of living.

It is when we come to the question of the utilisation of the bog that the most hard thinking is required. Many families in the parish still remember the handsome cheques that came to their homes each year during the war, and for a few years afterwards, from the sale of turf. The turf market has now disappeared and the parishioners themselves are not entirely without blame. Many householders turned over to coal when it became plentiful because they were sold badly-saved turf when coal was not to be had. This exploitation of the fuel-market, in order to get rich quickly, has done a great disservice to the parish. In other parts of the county, Bord na Mona are only slowly undoing the damage done during the war by the quality of their products. They are slowly making people realise that Irishmen working on Irish bogs can produce a fuel capable of competing with anything the foreigner can offer. For the people of our parish, the problem is how to revive the market for turf. Some council or body would have to be set up to do this by advertising and by collecting orders for turf. The orders could then be supplied by awarding contracts to people who are prepared to produce turf. Nothing short of that would seem to have any chance of success. This turf marketing board—let us call it such—would be able to maintain the market by importing coal in bad years so that its customers would never be in danger of being left without fuel. All this presupposes that good turf can compete successfully with imported coal at a price that

will suit both consumer and producer. There seems to be no doubt about it.

The bog, too, is very suitable for afforestation. A start has been made at planting in our parish and it is to be welcomed and encouraged. Unfortunately, some years of experimentation with the planting of blanket bogs will have to pass before the responsible Department knows whether this particular type of planting is a success.

Tourism could bring more wealth into the parish, too. As far as tourist attractions go, the parish has a very great deal to offer. There are rivers, lakes, mountains and miles of strand which make up a scene equal to anything in Ireland. Very few views can compare with what the tourist sees from the top of Sheeaun hill to Louisburgh and round by Doolough to Leenane. Louisburgh should claim the title of "Ring of Mayo" for that route and publicise its attractions more. A few parts of the road are bleak but that bleakness could be hidden by marginal planting of trees, which would be an addition to the scenery and at the same time would form shelter belts for the farms. Tourists are very much attracted by rhododendron and fuchsia and since the soil of the parish is so suitable to these plants, people should be encouraged to sow them all along the road and hedges. Old Head alone excepted, the beautiful little resorts around the sea are not as well known as they deserve to be. More amenities are required before these places become better known—shops to sell soft drinks, ice-cream and sweets, and restaurants to cater for the passer-through and the Sunday tripper. It might be said that such things would spoil the beauty of these places, and it may be true, but they are necessary to attract the modern tourist.

Above all other things, what Louisburgh needs is the co-operation of men with brains and initiative. Only they will be able to get the best out of what God has given the parish by way of natural gifts. The active Guild of Muintir na Tire is one place where these men might be found.

—REV. PATRICK GILL.

IT is difficult to assess the needs of any particular parish; but however difficult this may be, it is much harder to find the remedy for them. Every parish has its own deficiencies, some greater than others, depending on the population and geographical situation. In a town and parish like Louisburgh and Kilgeever the population is comprised, for the greater part, of small farmers. The greatest need of this community is to find a market for its produce. It is true to say that for the most part cattle and sheep are the main output and for these there is a ready market. That is true at present, but has it always been so? And will it be so in the future? As regards agricultural goods, there will invariably be a steady level of produce if markets can be found. That is exactly the trouble with Louisburgh—the markets are wanting; and this, chiefly because we have a habit of waiting for the outsider to come in and do what we ourselves could but will not.

The egg trade, the pig trade and the turf market are worth considering. Farmers complain—quite understandingly—about the prices. If the output is increased, the price falls. In some cases, there is a monopoly of the purchase of the commodity. All the farmers know this, but what have they done to remedy the situation? Nothing. Why not find our own markets? Why be satisfied with one price? The same refers to the other farm products. There is no market, so the farmers will not produce the goods.

In seeking the remedy for all this, if we take an example from another organisation—Muintir na Tire—we can learn a few things. If the people who would benefit from it are not interested, then the parish will be the worse off. Why not co-operate with one another and form an organisation of our own? We find a co-operative society in many small parishes of Ireland: why not have one in Louisburgh? Let the people invest in it. They benefit from their own investment and from employment, as well

as from the opportunities it offers to the farmers to market their goods at their own prices.

The town stands to benefit from such a move just as much as the farming community. It brings more money to the parish and so to the shopkeepers. As we see, the townspeople are looking after their own interests by encouraging tourists. Is it not time the farmers did something about their plight—something they themselves will benefit by, instead of letting outsiders come in and reap the benefit of their work?

Every community needs the spirit of co-operation. Much more can be benefited by a co-operative movement than by individual effort, provided it is properly organised so that the majority will benefit by it, and not the few. If our neighbours can organise things so successfully, why can't we do it?

As regards the town itself, the people in it should co-operate to make it look like a town that would encourage visitors; not like one that "has been." It would take very little to brighten it up and make it appealing to strangers. We must remember the numbers of tourists that pass through it each year. Those are the people who will advertise it—favourably or unfavourably—according to the impressions made on them during their stay.

Louisburgh is more lucky than many townlands. It has got what many places lack—a community of educated people, second to none in Ireland. Those people, with a little co-operation, are capable of making the parish a place that could be the envy of all other townlands in the country.

—ANTHONY O'MALLEY.

5

BEING a Louisburghman, I feel that I can express my views on our shortcomings in a forthright manner without being accused of indulging in unfair criticism. To my mind, Louisburgh needs an injection or two to help her out of some afflictions. The most pressing affliction

is, to my way of thinking, a lack of punctuality. An old maxim runs: "Punctuality is the politeness of Kings," and although I do not necessarily believe in kings, I do acclaim the virtue of being punctual. In Louisburgh, social events, sports fixtures and such public functions seldom commence on schedule. By degrees over the years, a scheduled time seems to mean less and less and it is now commonplace that the entertainment, meeting or function commences one or two *hours* after the official starting time. It is imperative that every committee which runs such an event take positive steps to see to it that, whatever the attendance, the function should commence on time. It is indeed disheartening to the few enthusiasts who arrive punctually to find that invariably an hour or more must elapse before the arrival of the general public and the commencement of proceedings. But I emphasise that this lack of punctuality gives a very damaging impression to visitors to our parish and tends to provide any cynical visitor with ready "ammunition" for damaging propaganda at the expense of Louisburgh in general.

The second injection we need should be directed towards the eradication of the very great degree of selfishness from which, in general, we individually suffer. I think that the vast majority of us are so engrossed in our own private concerns that we have little time, if any, for the needs of our fellowman. We need a greater degree of brotherly love among us and in this regard I commend highly the efforts of our local Guild of Muintir na Tire. Some of us are, I am certain, inclined to spurn the work and the ideals of the Guild—not because of what they stand for, but being motivated rather by remorse of conscience for our own egoistic outlook. I appeal to all Louisburgh people to support the ideals of Muintir na Tire and I believe that in so doing they will live their Faith—and they will show that they have faith in the future of Louisburgh.

—OLIVER P. MORAHAN.

WHEN I was asked to contribute some thoughts on "Louisburgh needs more faith in Louisburgh," I was a little perplexed. Not having seen either the parent article or other contributions, I felt at a loss as to what to say or how to define "faith in Louisburgh." Finally, I decided for myself what it should mean and since this may not coincide with other definitions, I shall briefly state my own. It is a belief that in Louisburgh we have a way of life that is individual, valid and can contribute much to our integrity either as residents of Louisburgh itself or the world at large.

This way of life that I claim for Louisburgh can be exemplified in many ways. I have chosen two examples: that of generosity and that of being ourselves. That there are others more important I do not deny. Our common Faith is one that immediately springs to mind. I will leave this and others in the hope that a more able pen than mine will pay them tribute.

One of the qualities most deeply implanted in any son of the parish of Kilgeever is that of generosity. I have eaten "gunner" in Thallabawn, lobster in Accony, salmon in Collacoon, chicken in Askelane, wild duck in Doughmakeown, dilisk, stirabout, oatmeal-bread, soda-cake, currant-cake in villages from Bunowen and Cahir to Cross and Ogoal. I have had drink ranging from port-wine to poitin (I won't mention any names here). I had all these and much more not through any formal invitation, but merely because I happened to be passing the time of day with people in these villages. I remember when I first went away to Tuam. I had more ten-shilling notes in my pocket than ever I saw since—all gifts from people who had no earthly reason to be kind to me. It was all part of that inborn open-heartedness which somehow seems to be taken in with the air you breathe in Louisburgh. It would be a shame if ever we were to turn our backs on this generosity and refuse to practise it in the name of progress or some such shibboleth. Since coming to the

United States, I have had very tangible evidence that though far away from home the Louisburgh man still is true to his upbringing. I was at an Irish-American dance in a town in Massachusetts when at the end of the night I was told "there is a Louisburghman here who would like to see you." I went down to see this man whom I had never seen before. After we met, almost his first words were: "I'd like you to stay the night at our house." I had quite a time convincing him that I was being taken care of and that I could not accept his offer. At the same time, I felt quite thrilled to find that here was a man who was true to the tradition of hospitality with which he had been brought up in Louisburgh.

The other virtue to which I would like to refer is that of being ourselves. By being ourselves I mean having a decent pride in our ways of doing and saying things. We are often inclined to think that the fellow in the next town, or county, or country must have the right way of doing things and that consequently our own way is the wrong one. It is only when we look into things a little further that we discover that our way, while it may not be fully right, is close enough to the truth. By following it, we are being ourselves. I should like to think that as we pass a man at work in the field we would greet him with "God bless the work," or "Bail ó Dhia" rather than "Good morning" or "Hello". I hope that in a certain village people will continue to name their sons Geoffrey, Redmond, etc. I hope that the "Stations" will be continued in village houses for many years to come. I hope that Irish phrases that linger in the speech will not be discarded. I heard a Louisburghman who has been here in America for over thirty years use the word "dealán" (spark) in the middle of a story with complete naturalness. I hope that people will continue to use terms like "frock" to describe a man's jacket. There are so many things I hope for that I could catalogue them until doomsday. There is enough conforming in the world to-day. What we need is more individuality, which I think Louisburgh has to a marked degree. If we are true to ourselves and to

Louisburgh, we need fear no man: "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man. Farewell, my blessing season this in thee."

—MICHAEL J. DURKAN.

7

"LOUISBURGH does not need *anything*." These were the words that came to my lips when I was asked to give my opinion on Louisburgh's greatest need. Because, to me, Louisburgh has *everything*.

In my mind's eye I still see Louisburgh as I saw it when, as a young slip of a girl visiting here, I met its people for the first time. I can never forget the sunshine that seemed to be everywhere that day—sunshine glancing off the rocks, sunshine on the blue hills that encircle the town, sunshine reflecting off the river where the salmon leaped while we looked on at the weir; sunshine warming the stretches of golden sands and turning Clew Bay into a sea of dazzling diamonds, and sunshine in the faces of the people—a reflection of the sunshine of their hearts. That sunshine invaded the very homes and injected into their inhabitants a gaiety which makes them say more readily, when sorrow comes, "Thy will be done!" It is a gaiety which reaches out to the stranger, drawing him and making him kin. I can not easily forget the welcome that we got. Nowhere else have people got quite that same way of making one feel at home: there is something Christ-like in the manner in which they take one to their hearts and homes. They ask for no credentials and the stranger experiences a flowering of all that is best in him. What a wonderful influence for good these Louisburgh people exert and yet seem wholly unaware of it! It is not surprising that their sons make such fine heralds of the Gospel wherever they go; or that their daughters bring joy to many a convent. I may appear to have got away from my subject. Not a bit of it. These are my opinions of Louisburgh.

A few years ago, we heard of the Louisburgh man who saw a mirage at sea. There were many who doubted it but I am among the less sceptical. It was a vision of beautiful and shining buildings, with palm trees swaying about them and human figures carrying golden trays of fruits and viands of all kinds. I think that this vision, like that of Mirza, had a moral. I think that what he really saw was a "preview" of the Louisburgh in which our grandchildren—our children, perhaps, if we work hard enough—will grow up. Whatever we build must also be bright and beautiful; and those trays are symbolic of our future as a tourist, and a catering, centre.

What little things will hasten the growth of this El Dorado? I say: more *accommodation* for our visitors. Let every one of us become tourist-conscious, add a room or two to every house and keep a few visitors. I know that they would love the place. As an American once remarked to me: "Louisburgh is a million-dollar playground." The approaches to our many beaches might be improved—steamrolled, sign-posted; a slice, say, cut off the top of the climb at the Fairyhill approach to the sea; a passage laid down which would earn the prayers of the pram-rollers of Louisburgh; and a turntable, to let motorists manoeuvre in safety. Could Doughmakeown be laid out as a golf-course (still, of course, leaving its sweet grass for the sheep)? We could produce extra food supplies by more intense and more varied sowing of root crops, of fruit trees and of vegetables; by taking more fish from the sea and erecting a small deep-freeze plant to store the surplus. These, and adult classes—manual instructions for men, cookery and handcrafts for women—are the things that I would welcome.

But in all our progress we must carry out our work in the spirit of our forefathers—with kindness and dignity and simplicity; for these are the corner-stone of the citadel that is Louisburgh.

—MRS. R. O'TOOLE.

CASTING my mind over Louisburgh district, as viewed during my holidays from time to time, I asked myself if Louisburgh had any need, great or small? I thought of the usual answer given by politicians, economists and writers to such questions: "Hard Work!" The returned American also came to mind. Year after year we heard the same old story: "Doesn't anybody work round here anymore? Say, when I was a young fella, etc., etc." I immediately told myself that this must be the answer to the editor's question. Hard work! It's just as simple as that. But NO! A thought from the distant past flashed back to mind and I visualised old comrades wending their way to the garage on Sunday after Mass saying: "Tom, did you see in the parish magazine what your man considers our greatest need? Hard Work! Sure hard work wasn't his own strong suit before he went out into the world?" However, the people of my native parish do not need exhortations from such as me! Hard work is second nature to them. Folk who could make wet, marshy land and rocky uplands fertile would, as somebody said, outrival Columbus. He discovered new land—they made it.

By the villages and townlands at the foothills of the Reek,
Where the work is twice as hard and the going twice as tough;
In Tallabawn and Accony, Old Head and Killadoon
The man who holds his own is GOOD ENOUGH!

Industrial workers in towns and cities realised many years ago that co-operation through the medium of Trade Unions was necessary to increase their standard of living. Co-operation through such organisations as Muintir na Tire and Macra na Feirme is therefore one of the first great essentials, so that politicians will give serious consideration to the requirements of their own constituents, not by words but by deeds.

The importance of drainage, reclamation, soil fertility, liming and the use of artificial manures are all too obvious and are better left to the expert advice of the agricultural

instructor for the area. Tourism, of course, also comes to mind; and it is quite possible that some of the residents in Louisburgh district, from their knowledge of the countryside, might have some very practical ideas that could be worked out for the purpose of attracting tourists.

If our new parish periodical is able to help the farmer to bridge the gap between his income from the products of his labour and the cost of what he has to buy, leaving him some margin of profit that will give him encouragement for future endeavours, then it will solve Louisburgh's greatest need.

I certainly wish it luck.

—AUSTIN McDONNELL.

It is better to light one candle than forever to curse the darkness
(Chinese proverb).



Keep Your Word

If you have read through pages 45-46 you will find here the meanings of the Irish words mentioned:

1. Caoineach means *mildew*, or any parasite growth. The name is also applied to the green moss on an unused well. The fungus which appears on old food is called "caoineach liath" (i.e., grey). [The wail for the dead is a *caoineadh*].
2. Sceidín is the milk-and-water drink so popular during the haymaking season. In this sense, it is used as a disparaging name for weak tea.
3. A scoróg is a straddle-peg from which the creels hang on either side. [A growing youth is a *scorrach*].
4. Tálach is weakness or powerlessness in the wrist; often arising from such work as turf-cutting, milking cows or mowing hay. In some parts of Ireland, especially in the South, this is pronounced *thraw-luch*.
5. Sceach is a bush; especially a whitethorn bush. [The cry to hens is *sh! cearc!*]
6. Bionóg is a head-scarf, or nowadays a pixie.
7. Caiscín is home-made brown bread. It really means the bread baked from home-grown wheat brought to the mill to be ground. This word is not common in Louisburgh (but the bread, thank goodness, is!).
8. A gáileán is an inexperienced person. The word is often used (quite erroneously, of course!) by a town tradesman of a country tradesman.
9. Gruamach means *churlish*. It is applied usually to men or to children, and refers as much to appearance as to manners. A son-in-law, for example, is often described as *gruamach*—especially if his mother-in-law is giving the description!
10. Flaithúil means very generous, but it means a lot more, too. The literal meaning is *princely*; and so it

signifies *big-hearted, noble, bountiful*.

11. A Ceis may be said to be a footbridge. It is really the kind of footbridge improvised to allow a donkey to pass over a mountain stream or ditch. [The wicker-basket is a *ciseán*].
12. Piteóg is a word for a womanish man, especially that abominable species who presumes to cook as well as his wife. He cannot! It's not his job; he is only a *piteóg*!
13. Bíodán is gossip—especially (or is this tautology?) women's gossip.
14. A cupóg is a weed, of course—that is, if it is growing out of place. Its English name is *dock*. Botanists call it *rumex* and distinguish many species. To us they are all "cupógs".
15. Have you decided on the meaning of "cailleach"? The peculiar thing is that it can have any of the four meanings mentioned. Besides meaning *an old woman*, it is a name for the alcoved kitchen bed—a feature of almost all thatched houses. (This probably came from *cúl-teach*=back of the house). Another natural meaning, unusual now, is *a witch*. The fourth meaning is the most engaging, namely, the roll of *sugans*. This is often referred to also as a "*hag of sugans*." It may be best not to suggest possible reasons for this usage!

You might assess your linguistic worth along this score:

15 correct—excellent.

11-14 correct—very good.

8-10 correct—good; you're still Irish.

5-7 correct—fair; you are out of touch!

Less than five correct—you need a holiday at home at once!

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

- Dr. Columb McHugh** is a native of Kiltimagh and is Medical Officer for the Louisburgh Dispensary District.
- Mrs. Evelyn Philbin** is wife of Mr. J. J. Philbin of Bridge Street. She is an artist and art-teacher: our cover design is part of her work.
- Father Pat Prendergast, D.D.**, is a native of Accony and is Headmaster of the Secondary School at Kylemore Abbey.
- Mr. Andrew Durkan** has completed a course in hotel management at Cathal Brugha Street, Dublin, and is now gaining further experience in Claridge's Hotel, London. He is a native of Bridge Street.
- Mrs. Clementine Lyons** is wife of Mr. Austin Lyons, Chapel Street. She teaches in Bouris National School.
- Father Joseph Moran, B.D.**, is teaching in the Convent of Mercy Secondary School, Louisburgh.
- Mr. B. J. Gallagher (R.I.P.)** was a schoolteacher—a native of Leenane. He wrote his poems while residing in Bunowen as a teacher in Louisburgh Boys' School. We ask readers to remember him in their prayers.
- Father Vincent Kelly** is a curate in Dublin diocese. He is a native of Chapel Street.
- Mr. Basil Morahan (Main Street)** is a secondary school teacher in Carrick-on-Shannon.
- Mr. P. J. McNamara (Bridge Street)** is a "Mayo News" columnist, widely known for his lively sports reviews.
- Father Liam Durkan** is a native of Bunowen. He is teaching in St. Jarlath's College, Tuam.
- Miss Peggy Scanlon (Bunowen)**—recently qualified—is at present teaching in County Kildare.
- Father Leo Morahan (Main Street)** is teaching in St. Mary's College, Galway.
- Mr. Robert Nicholson** is a native of Carrowclaggan. He is a Customs-and-Excise official in Dublin.
- Father Patrick Gill, B.D.**, (Ballyhip) is teaching in St. Jarlath's College, Tuam.
- Mr. Tony O'Malley (The Bridge)** took a commerce degree in Galway University. He has now opened a business in Galway City.
- Mr. Oliver P. Morahan** is a solicitor. He practices in Louisburgh and Westport.
- Mr. Michael J. Durkan (Bridge Street)** is Librarian at Wesleyan University, Middleton, Connecticut, U.S.A.
- Mrs. Sally O'Toole** is a native of Newport. She is wife of Mr. Richard O'Toole, The Glebe.
- Mr. Austin McDonnell** is a native of Carrowclaggan. He is District Officer of the Dublin Fire Brigade.

Annals

*Upon the rivers of Babylon,
there we sat and wept
when we remembered Sion . . .*



*. . . If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
let my right hand be forgotten!
Let my tongue cleave to my jaws
if I do not remember thee;
if I make not Jerusalem
the beginning of my joy!*

[—Psalm 136]

FROM CLUAIN CEARBAN

Louisburgh,
Co. Mayo,
Ireland.
June 29, 1959.

Your Worship,

We, the Parish Guild of the 'Louisburgh-in-the-East', are at present engaged in the production of a parish magazine. The publication will be a collection of literary essays—historical, descriptive, controversial,—by the people of our parish, as well as being a link with our many exiles in England and America. Our Louisburgh is a small town (population 300) on the west coast of Ireland, on the southern shore of Clew Bay. As editor of this first number of the magazine—which we are calling 'THE CANDLE'—I feel that we should form a link with our namesakes across the Atlantic. I am the more eager for this because I am convinced that the similarity of names is no mere coincidence.

Our information is that the Siege of Louisburgh, Nova Scotia, in 1758 was conducted by one General Richard Howe, whose brother had married a daughter of a local (Mayo) landlord, Browne. A daughter born to this couple was named Louisa-de-Burgh Howe, to commemorate her uncle's achievement. A short time later, our town was built by Land'ord Browne; and we surmise that he changed the old Gaelic name—Cluain Cearbán—to 'Louisburgh' to perpetuate the victory of 1758. I feel that even though some of this is based on conjecture, it deserves that an exchange of greetings should pass between us on such an occasion as this.

May we emphasise that we have no mercenary motive in seeking to form this bond. It will give us complete satisfaction if you bring my letter before your Corporation or Town Council, and send us a formal or personal reply for incorporation in our work. If, in addition, your colleagues can enlighten us as to the validity or otherwise of our received history, we shall be grateful for such help.

Here's hoping for lasting, cordial relations between the peoples of our towns in time to come. We expect that in the near future a ray from our CANDLE will cross the Atlantic!

With sincere good wishes,

(Rev.) LEO MORAHAN.

The Mayor of Louisbourg,
Nova Scotia.

TO LOUISBOURG

Louisbourg,
Nova Scotia.
27th July, 1959.

Dear Reverend Sir,

Greetings from Louisbourg, Cape Breton! Thank you for your very interesting letter. Our Town has a population, present day, of 1,400—comprises a mayor and six councillors. We are a shipping port and fishing centre, having a very modern fish plant, also a coal shipping pier. Louisbourg is a port which remains ice-free the year round, and our coal shipping is done during the winter months when the port of Sydney is frozen up. In 1958 we commemorated our Bicentennial of the second fall of Louisbourg—had a wonderful gathering, and there was presented to the Town a French cannon which had lain on the harbor bottom for 200 years, and which rests in our National Museum.

Now, Reverend Sir, after the first fall of Louisbourg, and by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Louisbourg was given back to France in exchange for the Island of Madras in India. In 1758 the Second Siege began. The British Fleet was commanded by Admiral Boscawen, and the troops were commanded by Major-General Jeffrey Amherst and Brigadier-General James Wolfe. It strikes me that I have read in history of a Richard Howe as having commanded one of the ships, under Admiral Boscawen, which was wrecked on the coast of Louisbourg. But our historian tells me that a General Richard Howe commanded a battalion of soldiers under Major-General Amherst. As soon as I can make sure of this I will write immediately to let you know.

If I can be of any more assistance, please do not hesitate to let me know and I will try to get that historical information to you as soon as possible. Again, Reverend Sir, my thanks for the interest you have shown in our town; and, wishing you the best of health, I hope and trust that your "candle will shed its beneficial rays even further than across the Atlantic."

Yours sincerely,

GUY M. HILTZ,

Mayor.

Rev. Leo Morahan,
Louisburgh.

Ar Dheis De Dhoibh

The following parishioners have died in the period July, 1958-July, 1959. We commend their souls to the prayers of all Louisburghmen.

7th July Margaret Gibbons, Cloonlaura.
 24th July Owen Philbin, Carrowniskey.
 31st July Mrs. Kate McEvelly, Doughmakeown.
 19th August Anthony Kilcoyne, Kilgeever.
 13th September Michael O'Malley, Carramore.
 21st September John Joseph Prendergast, Accony.
 24th September Mrs. Mary Tiernan, Crickeen.
 12th October John T. Morahan, Louisburgh.
 28th October Michael Ruane, Tallabawn.
 19th November Mrs. Mary Gill, Ballyhip.
 28th November Mrs. Nora Gibbons, Roonith.
 2nd December Mrs. Margaret McHale, Emlagh.
 11th December Mrs. Kate Harney, Legan.
 12th December Miss Margaret McGirr, Louisburgh.
 10th January John Frazer, Kinnadoughy.
 1st February Myles Mitchell, Dereen.
 2nd February Mrs. Ellen Gavin, Derrygarv.
 5th February James McLoughlin, Mooneen.
 6th February Mrs. Margaret McNamara, Aylemore.
 17th February Mrs. Mary Gibbons, Ballyhip.
 16th March Michael Berry, Pulgloss.
 18th March Mrs. Mary Morrison, Devlin.
 23rd March Mrs. Catherine Hester, Falduff.
 7th April David Gibbons, Cloonlaura.
 10th April John Duffy, Ballyhip.
 18th April Thomas Browne, Derryheigh.
 5th June Michael Grady, Kilgeever.
 22nd June Patrick O'Toole, Roonagh.
 26th June Mrs. Margaret Flanagan, Kilgeever.
 28th June Mrs. Bridget Kilcoyne, Shranacloy.
 28th June Mrs. Brigid O'Malley, Accony.
 3rd June Mrs. Brigid Walshe, Cahir.

Ó bhás go críoch
 —nach críoch ach ath-fhás—
 i bParrthas na ngrás
 go rabhamar!

*From death to end,
 —not end but new life—
 in Thy home of grace
 be all of us.*

Among the natives of the parish who died away from home were:

August: Ellen Kilcoyne (of Shrawee) in America.
 Mrs. O'Malley (Mary McGreal of Tallabawn) in Meath.
 October: Mrs. Annie Dawson (of Ballyhip) in Boston.
 November: Patrick Burke (of Louisburgh) in Chicago.
 Dr. Brendan Heneghan (of Mooneen) in Castlebar.
 December: Maureen O'Toole (of Roonagh) in London.
 Brigid O'Reilly (of Shraugh) in Clonbur.
 January: Mrs. O'Keeffe (Delia Burke of Doughmakeown) in London.
 Michael Cannon (of Doughmakeon) in America.
 February: Patrick O'Malley (of Ballyhip) in Murrisk.
 Honoria O'Malley (of Louisburgh) in America.
 John Foy (of Falduff) in America.
 Beatrice Kilcoyne (of Crickeen) in America.
 March: Anthony Staunton (of Tallabawn) in Boston.
 Mrs. Margaret O'Toole (of The Bridge, Louisburgh) in America.
 May: Thomas Kerrigan (of Falduff) in America.
 Rev. Sister Mary Xavier Grey (of Louisburgh) in Mullingar.
 June: Patrick Kitterick (of Shranacloy) in America.
 Mrs. McGough (Sara McEvelly of Bunowen) in America.

Marriages in the Parish

Marriages in the Parish. (July, 1958—July, 1959).

2nd July: Mr. John Joe Morrison, Bridge St., Louisburgh to Miss Kathleen O'Toole, N.T., Chapel St., Louisburgh.
 10th July: Mr. Patrick Gibbons, Ballinvoey, Westport to Miss Mary Josephine Prendergast, Bridge St., Louisburgh.
 17th November: Mr. Patrick Ball N.T., Ballyhip, Louisburgh to Miss Mary Mulvey, Collacoan, Louisburgh.
 17th November: Mr. Peter Staunton, Thallabawn, Louisburgh to Miss Ellie Garavan, Devlin, Louisburgh.
 30th March: Mr. Joseph O'Grady, Six Noggins, Louisburgh to Miss Kathleen Corrigan, Shrawee, Louisburgh.
 Away from home:—
 March: Mr. Paddy Casey, Louisburgh, to Miss Maureen Cremin, of Limerick—in Dublin.
 March: Dr. Andrew Harney, Louisburgh, to Miss Patricia McEvoy, of Ballyward, Co. Down—in Dublin.

Ó fhás go h-aois
 in ó aois go bás
 do dhá lámh, a Chríost
 anall tharainn!

*From youth to age,
 and from age to death,
 be thine arms, O Christ
 about us!*

“ Go ye into the whole world . . . ”

FORTY priests who are natives of Kilgeever Parish are now ministering in the mission-fields of four continents.

These priests are:—

In Ireland:

Most Rev. James Fergus, D.D., Bishop of Achonry.

Archdiocese of Tuam:

Ven. Archdeacon Prendergast, P.P., V.G., Ballyhaunis.

Very Rev. John O'Reilly, P.P., Clonbur.

Very Rev. Edward O'Malley, P.P., Moore.

Rev. Michael Tiernan, C.C., Kilmeena.

Rev. Charles Scahill, C.C., Glenamaddy.

Rev. Joseph McNamara, C.C., Cloonfad.

Rev. Patrick Prendergast, D.D., Kylemore Abbey.

Rev. James Prendergast, C.C., Achill.

Rev. Richard Prendergast, D.D., C.C., Letterfrack.

Rev. Eamonn O'Malley, C.C., Achill.

Rev. John Ball, C.C., Cornamona.

Rev. Patrick Gill, B.D., St. Jarlath's College.

Rev. Liam Durkan, St. Jarlath's College.

Diocese of Galway:

Rev. Leo Morahan, St. Mary's College.

Rev. Justin Morahan, Our Lady's College.

Diocese of Killala:

Rev. Peter Morrison, C.C., Lahardane.

Diocese of Clonfert:

Rev. John O'Malley, C.S.S.R., Esker, Athenry.

Archdiocese of Dublin:

Rev. Vincent Kelly, C.C., Moone, Co. Kildare.

In England:

Very Rev. Joseph McNamara, P.P. (*Liverpool*).

Rev. William Tiernan (*Leeds*).

Rev. Joseph Scott (*Tuam—special mission in Huddersfield*).

In U.S.A.:

Right Rev. Monsignor Thomas Scahill (*San Francisco*).

Right Rev. Monsignor Walter Burke (*Monterey and Fresno*).

Rev. Thomas O'Malley (*Los Angeles*).

Rev. Anthony Nicholson (*Texas*).

Rev. Thomas Scott (*Duluth*).

Rev. Patrick Sheridan (*San Antonio, Texas*).

Rev. Eugene O'Toole (*Los Angeles*).

Rev. Eugene Duffy (*Los Angeles*).

Rev. James O'Grady (*Los Angeles*).

Rev. Michael J. Coyne (*Camden*).

Rev. John Heneghan (*Yakima*).

In Africa:

Rev. John O'Malley, S.M.A. (*Jos, Nigeria*).

Rev. Patrick Kitterick (*Ogoja*).

Rev. Redmond Lyons (*Kenya*).

Rev. Peter Garvey, C.S.Sp. (*Owerri, Nigeria*).

Rev. Patrick O'Malley (*Nigeria*).

In Australia:

Rev. Michael Philbin (*Ballarat*).

Rev. Alexius Morahan (*Perth*).



RETURNING HOME

SINCE the above list was compiled, Louisburgh has heard of the death of one of her priest-sons in the mission fields. We mourn the loss of a great Churchman and a great Louisburghman in the passing of Rt. Rev. Monsignor Walter Burke (Main Street) of the diocese of Monterey and Fresno. May God rest his soul.

Our predominant memory of Monsignor Burke will be that, through all his pastoral activity, and despite his succeeding distinctions and honours, he was essentially a Louisburghman. He remained **Father Waltie** to the end.

He died in Chicago in July, when—significantly—he was on his way home. May God receive him into the everlasting Home.

“Lux perpetua luceat ei!”

PRAYER FOR EMIGRANTS

(Composed by the Irish Bishops, 1955)

O, Jesus,
Who, in the first days of Thy life on earth,
wast compelled to leave the land of Thy birth
and, with Mary Thy loving Mother and St. Joseph,
to endure in Egypt
the hardship and poverty of emigrants,
turn Thine eyes in mercy upon our people
who, in search of employment,
are forced to leave their native land.

Far away from all that is dear to them,
And faced with the difficulties of a new life,
they are often exposed to grave temptation
and dangers to the salvation of their souls.

Be Thou, O Lord,
their guide upon their way,
their support in labour,
their consolation in sorrow,
their strength in temptation.
Keep them loyal to their faith,
free from sin,
and faithful to all their family ties.

Grant that, when this life's journey is ended,
we may all be united
in the blessedness of our heavenly home. Amen.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, protect our emigrants!

*[The Editor includes this prayer in no patronising spirit but
conscious, rather, of the loyalty and devotedness of our emigrants
the world over; and feeling that they would wish to know of it. The
prayer is repeated in public before Benediction in St. Patrick's
Church, Louisburgh.]*

Congratulations from—

S. DURKAN

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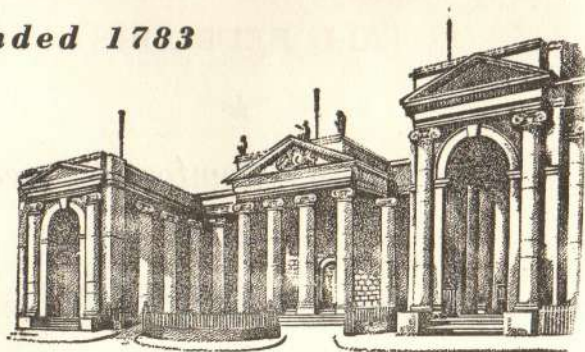
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EADRINN FHEIN

(An *entre nous* to our brothers and sisters)

Such is our first effort.

In this issue we have—of set purpose—tried to break new ground; and so, many of the more recountable things—because they are so well-known to you—have been passed by. In particular, historical essays and scenic descriptions have been kept in a low proportion; but these will, of course, be a recurring feature in future issues. There are many things which are not here and which you will miss. It was impossible, for instance, to contact all who might contribute. But there is nothing, we hope, in our pages which you would prefer to *have* missed. We hope that AN COINNEAL does not throw out its light unfairly: *it is furthest from our wishes that its rays should burn, or scorch, or singe, or that its light should anywhere cast a shadow or cause an umbrage.*

We shall value your criticism—favourable or otherwise—and your ideas or suggestions for improvement. Our hope is that you will regard AN COINNEAL as *yours* and that you will co-operate with us to better this in future issues—if there are future issues.

If you wish to see another COINNEAL, then—

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- (ii) Write an article for another issue, on any personal experience, suggestion or other topic of local or general interest;
- (iii) Advertise your shop, store or business in our columns;
- (iv) “If we pleased you, tell your friends; if not, tell us.”

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