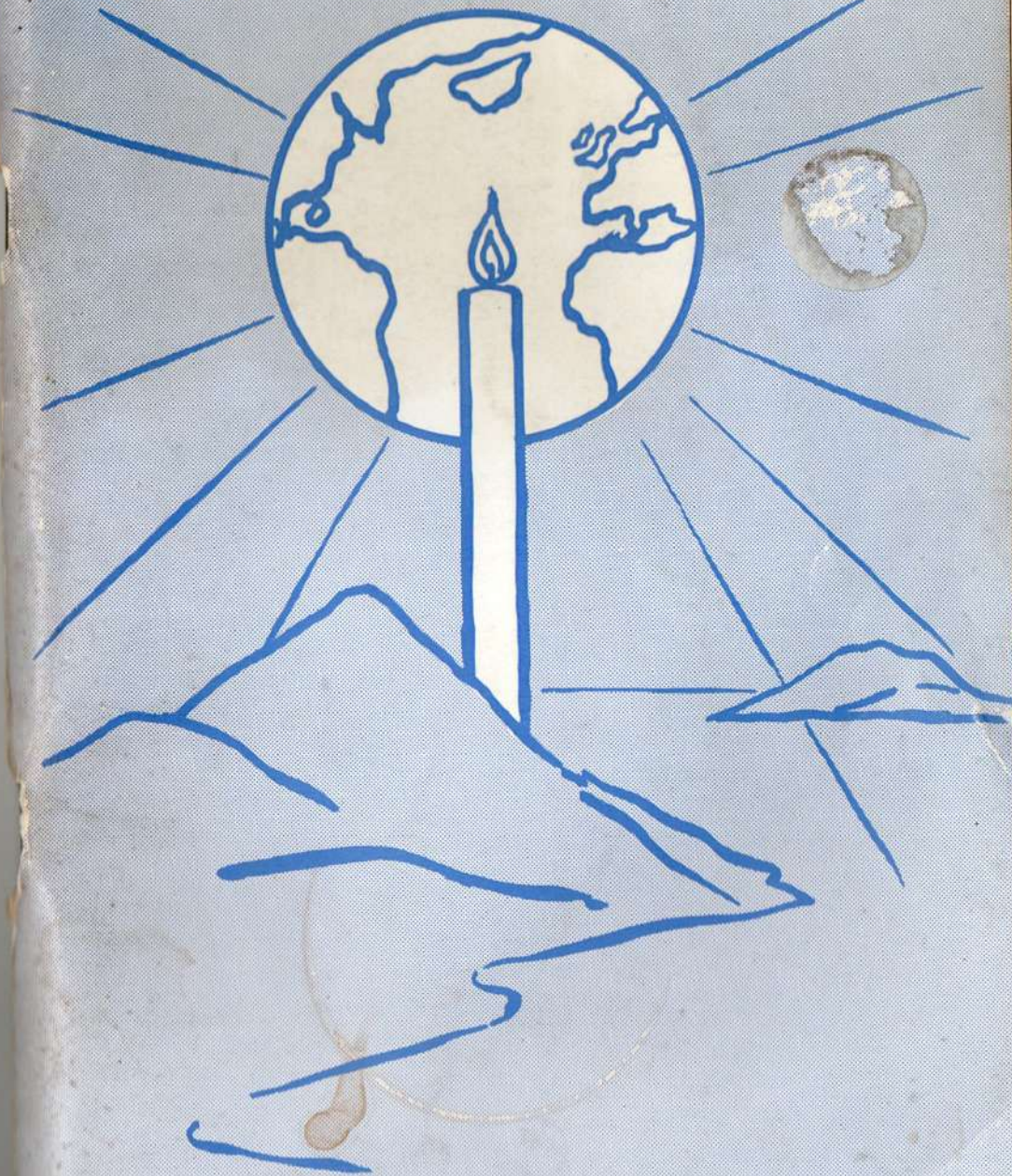



# An Cúinneal



LOUISBURGH .





An Connéal

NUMBER TWO

AUTUMN 1961

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*An Choinneal* is a periodical of Kilgeever Parish; the first number appeared at Christmas, 1959.

*Editor:* Father Leo Morahan.

*Editorial Board:*

Father John Burke, P.P.; Father Joseph Moran,  
Doctor Columb McHugh.

*Secretary:* Mr. Seamus Durkan.



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#### COVER DESIGN

Our cover has again been designed by MRS. EVELYN PHILBIN (Bridge Street). It depicts a *coinmeal* arising from behind the Reek, and which represents a parish united in its effort to be a light to the world.

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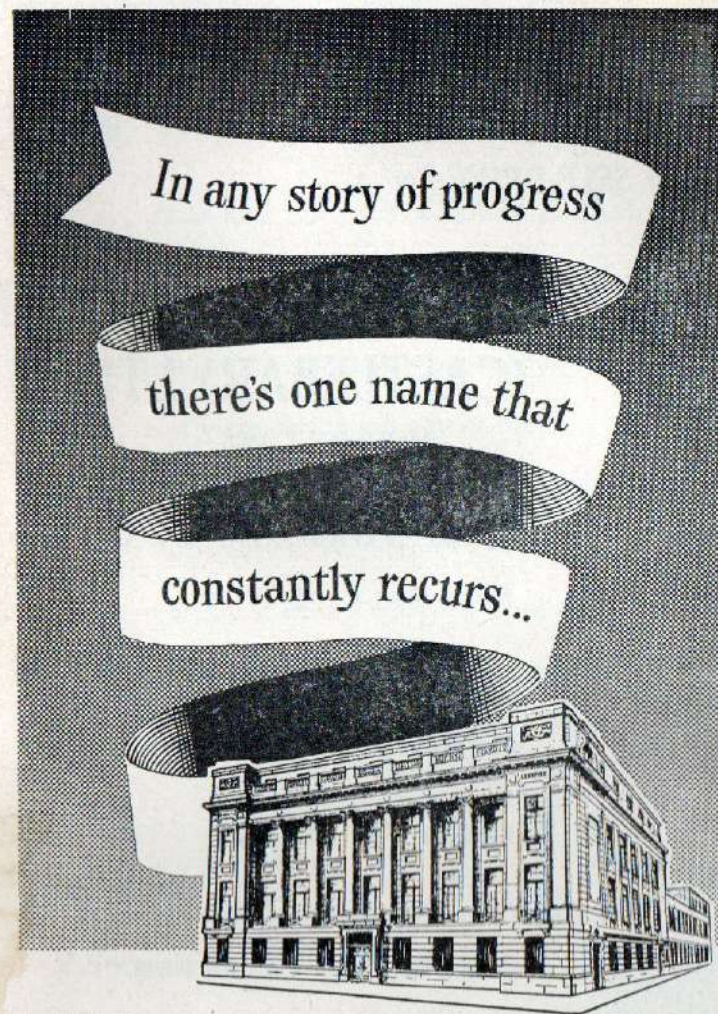
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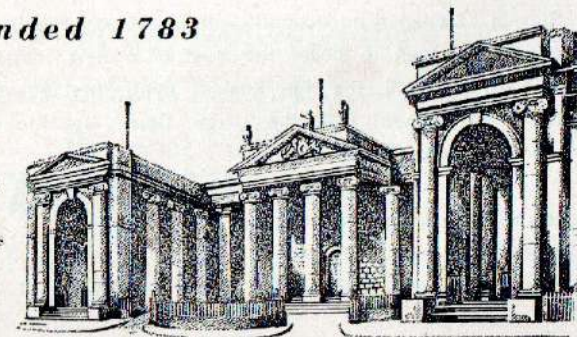
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## Our Contributors

**Very Rev. John Burke** is a native of Castlebar and is Parish Priest of Kilgeever.

**Mr. Micheál Ó Flannagáin** is a Vocational School teacher in Castlebar, well known in Louisburgh where he taught Irish classes (1923).

**Father Leo Morahan** (Main Street) is teaching in St. Mary's College, Galway.

**Mr. Rudolf Baeschlin**, a (now-retired) foreign correspondent for a Bradford woollen firm, is a native of Basle, Switzerland. His wife was formerly Miss Sarah McHale (Pulgloss).

**Mr. John O'Dowd** (Falduff) spent a year in San Francisco (1905-'06). He was Clerk of Louisburgh Petty Sessions for fourteen years until 1921, and District Court Clerk for Westport area 1923-'55.

**Mr. Edward Gallagher** is a native of Leenane and brother of Mr. Bernard Gallagher, whose poems have appeared in *An Choinneal*. He has just retired from teaching in Whitwell, Worksop.

**Father Pat Prendergast**, D.D. is a native of Accony and teaches at Kylemore Abbey, where he is Headmaster of the Secondary School.

**Father William Tiernan** (Main Street) is a curate in Manchester. Besides two written contributions, he has supplied many photographs to the present issue.

**Mrs. B. A. Morahan** is a retired schoolteacher who taught for many years in Louisburgh Boys' School.

**Mr. P. S. MacConmara** (Bridge Street) is a Post Office official in Westport and is a well-known *Mayo News* sports columnist.

**Father Vincent Kelly** (Chapel Street) is a curate in Moone, Co. Kildare.

**Father Joseph Moran**, B.D., is teaching at Sancta Maria Secondary School, Louisburgh.

**Mr. Stephen Fahy**, B.Agr.Sc., is County Agricultural Instructor for Mayo.

**Mr. Michael O'Brien** (Chapel Street) is Agricultural Advisory Agent for Louisburgh district.



following the glorious example of their forefathers, made immense sacrifices to get the work completed. I am happy to have this opportunity of paying this small tribute and thanking you with all my heart. May the good God reward you a hundredfold. Canon Heaney had the satisfaction of seeing the new roof finished before he was called by God to his reward. I congratulate the present pastor, Father Burke, who has finished the work and restored this church, ample and stately and substantial . . .

"Today we have handed over this church by the ceremony of dedication and Christ in his twofold character of King and Priest has taken formal possession of His house. In this church God Himself is truly and really present night and day in the Sacrament of His love; and every morning the priest ascends the altar to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Oblation of the Body and Blood of Christ in atonement for our sins and for the sins of the whole world. Let this glorious day, this important ceremony bring a new light into your lives. 'It is the Mass that matters.' By the Mass and through the Mass come all holiness and grace. In the Mass, the millions of Catholics find strength to face the wickedness and pagan ideas that threaten to engulf the world. Through the Mass the needy will get help; the old will get strength and courage; the young, a heart of purity and sobriety. God grant that through the Mass we may all be lifted up to become more like Christ, our Divine Model, so that later with Him we may share the happiness of Heaven for all eternity."

Every family has its own family house, its home; it gives the physical environment and atmosphere for close association and intimate life. The parish, too, has its home, the parish church. There the family of God will learn to associate together and share an intimate life while re-enacting the sacred mysteries and performing the liturgical services. Catholics must learn to revere their parish church as they would a mother, for from it do they receive spiritual life and nourishment, instruction and protection.

—The Living Parish (Dr. Pius Parsch).

## St. Patrick's—Our Parish Church

FATHER JOHN BURKE, P.P.

ONE September day in the year 1856, John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, solemnly blessed and laid the foundation-stone of Louisburgh Church before a large gathering of priests and parishioners. Looking at that church today—with its fine lines and splendid cut-stone exterior—one is amazed that such a building could have been erected a hundred years ago in the lean, hungry decade that succeeded the Great Famine. And one marvels at the courage and faith of those who attempted and accomplished such a work in those dark and evil days. For this achievement we must acknowledge our deep debt of gratitude to Father Michael Curley, to his parishioners, and to the Irish emigrants in America who assisted them.

On leaving his curacy in Castlebar in 1853 to become Parish Priest of Louisburgh, Father Curley was presented with a farewell address which, in the following words, pays tribute to his heroic work there during the terrible famine years: "But just recovering from the effects of a very severe and long-protracted Famine, who amongst our people can look back but with feelings of gratitude and admiration to your almost superhuman exertions for the relief of the impoverished and sick and destitute poor? In season and out of season, and at all hours, regardless of your own health and safety, you were ever at your post, sparing neither time, labour nor unwearied services to the alleviation of distress, and suffering, and procuring timely relief for the afflicted and destitute people." A year after his arrival in Louisburgh, Father Curley had a memorable mission given here by Fathers Rinolfi and Vilas of the Fathers of Charity. At this mission the attendance was so large that the old church—situated in Chapel Street, where Mr. Tom Harney's garage now stands—was incapable of accommodating the crowd, and so the mission exercises were held on the Square. Perhaps it was this which directed Father Curley's thoughts to the building of a new and larger church. How large should he make it? He solved this question in a simple, rather novel, manner. One Sunday after Mass



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# Editorial



EVERY beginning has one real advantage. The first member of any series, because it is the first, is welcomed: it will have many sponsors, many favours, and much goodwill. So it is with a first child, or with a first lamb, or even with a first song. But there is an element of risk in an *encore*, for it is less an appraisal of the past than a challenge to the future. The reception given to the first *Coinneal* was an *encore*, and *An Choinneal*, Number Two, accepts the challenge.

Our aim is unchanged. It is to record the life and thoughts of a parish; to tell its stories, sad and happy, proud and humble; to write Kilgeever's age-old lessons to her children, and to hear those children's comments and suggestions in a family circle that makes us one. The present issue hopes to do just this. We have profited by the help of many contributors—in ink, in money, and no less in sincere criticism, all three of which are blessings which we prize.

But if our parish magazine is to be expressive of our whole community, it must contain more writings from the very people who mistakenly think that to write is beyond them. If *you* write something for the next issue, then the next issue may be better or may be worse; but, what is more important, it will *be*.

“Reading maketh a full man: writing maketh a perfect man.”  
Our target is not plenitude but perfection.

## A Blazing Fire



## Patrician Year



**T**HIS year, Ireland commemorates—in memory and in prayer—the fifteen-hundredth anniversary of the death of Saint Patrick. Celebrations are centring on the Patrician places, on Armagh, Downpatrick, Tara, and on the Reek where a treble pilgrimage is being held. Ireland does not need such an occasion to remind her of the debt she owes to her National Apostle; but this epoch underlines his personality and achievement: it rescues them from the mists of legend and surmised and brings the character of our great saint into a clear, historical focus.

*The year has a personal message for a people baptised in a Church dedicated to Patrick's name, a people blessed by the water of his Holy Well, and who have waxed and waned within the shadow of his Holy Mountain.*

*Kilgeever offers him, this year, a gift which is exquisitely appropriate. It is a remittance in kind: it is a mirror-image of his own bounty. It is the offering of three more of her young men—a shamrock of priests.*

Father Sean O'Leary



Father Liam O'Toole

Father John Walter O'Reilly

**Father Sean O'Leary** is son of Garda and Mrs. O'Leary, Bunowen Road. He was ordained at All Hallows, Dublin, and will serve in the diocese of Sacramento.

**Father Liam O'Toole** is son of Mrs. Bridget and the late Austin O'Toole, Chapel Street. He was ordained in Los Angeles in April and will serve with his brother, Father Eugene, in that diocese.

**Father John Walter O'Reilly** is son of Austin and Mrs. O'Reilly, Shraugh. He was ordained in Wexford in June and will serve in Melbourne.



# Archbishop's Address



ON THE occasion of the dedication of St. Patrick's Church, Louisburgh, His Grace, Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Tuam, addressed the congregation:

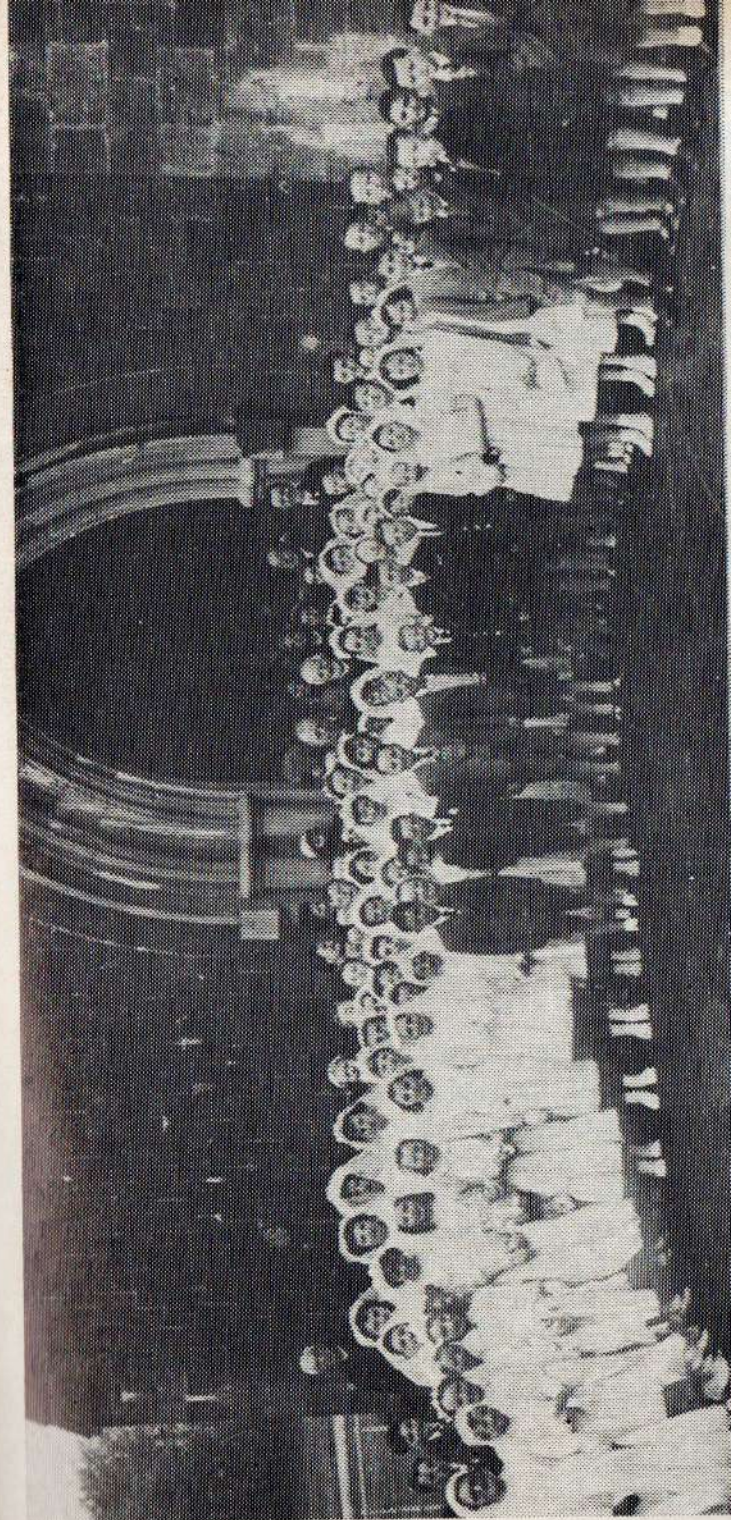
"This day's work puts the roof and crown upon a hundred years' stubborn endeavour, for today we are assembled for the dedication of this church which was built by a great parish priest, Father Michael Curley; and which has now been renovated and put into a state of excellent repair.

"It is with regret that I express the opinion that many young people today are taken up only with the things that minister to their sensual enjoyment or material prosperity. They have little interest in the history of our country or in the sacrifices which our forefathers had to make for faith and fatherland. It might be well then to recall some events in the history of this parish, in the hope that the young people of Kilgeever will realise what a glorious heritage is their Catholic Faith and how carefully it ought to be guarded. In passing I may mention that this ancient parish of Kilgeever has a close connection with Saint Patrick. After spending Lent on Croagh Patrick, he passed through this parish and halted at the spot where the burial-ground of Kilgeever now stands. Indeed, in olden days people always finished the station of the Reek at the blessed well in Kilgeever . . ."

After tracing the history of the building of St. Patrick's Church, His Grace continued:

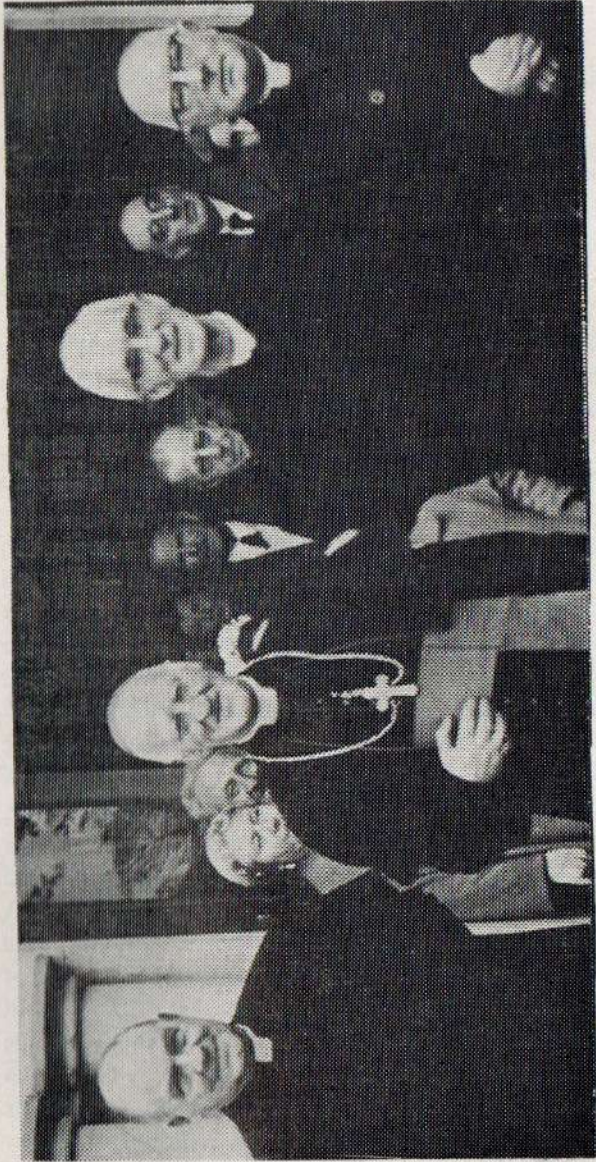
"When the work was finished it stood out as a church of enduring strength and beauty. But time will not spare even the most venerable building. Some years ago when priests and people were considering the celebration of the centenary of the church it came as a great shock to learn that practically all the woodwork of the roof was in an advanced state of decay and that the roof was in a dangerous condition. Other defects became apparent also, and the parish priest, Canon James Heaney, was faced with the work of restoration.

"All honour to him! he showed great faith and courage in the crisis. It ought to be put on record that the people of the parish



Confirmation Day 1960





*A group photograph taken at the centenary celebration of St. Patrick's Church, May 1961. With His Grace are three priests who are grand-nephews of the founder, Father Michael Curley. From left: Very Rev. Hugh Canon Curley, P.P.; (His Grace), Right Rev. Msgr. Timothy Gunnigan, P.P., V.G., and Very Rev. John Greally, P.P.*

he assembled all his parishioners on the selected site. He then measured the ground occupied by them, and worked out the dimensions of the church from the information obtained. His church is one hundred and sixteen feet long and thirty-six feet wide containing a gallery considerably larger originally than at present.

In those days the building of such a church imposed great sacrifices on all concerned. The parishioners had very small holdings of rather poor land for which they paid high rents. When the rent was paid and the necessities of life purchased, very little was left to give—even for a work so dear to them as the building of their parish church. Yet they contributed generously of the little they had, and they gladly gave of the strength of their arms to the work on hands. But there was limestone to be carted from Lecanvey, and when that failed it had to be brought by boat from the islands of Clew Bay to Old Head and thence by cart to Louisburgh. And in the whole parish there were not more than six carts! The limestone had to be cut, and skilled stonecutters—the Foy's—had to be brought in to do that work. Skilled builders and woodworkers were also needed. And all this and timber and slates and other items cost money—much more money than was at hand. So Father Curley set sail for America and appealed to our Irish emigrants for help. They responded generously. Even in those early days the Irish in America responded with great generosity to many similar appeals from the land of their birth. After a considerable time, Father Curley returned home. In his absence the work had gone on more slowly than he expected and was costing much more than he had anticipated. In time he found his funds exhausted and his church still unfinished. Undaunted, he again sailed for America and made a second appeal. So successful was it that in three months he was again aboard ship, bound for home. Backed by strong gales, his ship made a record crossing. And now at length he completed the work he had laboured so hard and so long to accomplish.

On 11 August, 1873, Father Michael Curley died. He was buried in the church he erected. It is his monument and his memorial. As long as it stands he will not be forgotten.

For the past one hundred years this church has withstood all the storms and tempests that beat upon our western shore. But after that long lapse of time, considerable renovations were urgently needed. The most formidable of these was the re-roofing of the



## The Founder



Father Michael Curley, P.P.

church. The late Parish Priest—Canon James Heaney—had just completed this work when his lamented death occurred. The present Parish Priest has carried out the interior renovation of the church. The people of the parish and their friends abroad in America and England contributed most generously to the whole work of renovation. Then on 12 May, 1960, the centenary of the church was celebrated by the parish. On that day the Archbishop of Tuam—Dr. Joseph Walsh—solemnly blessed and dedicated to the National Apostle this church, of which Archbishop McHale had laid the foundation stone in 1856. In a moving address to the parishioners, the Archbishop applied to their church the words of Isaias: “O poor little one, tossed by the tempest, bereft of all comfort, behold I will set thy stones in order and will lay thy foundations with sapphires.” (Is. LIV ii). Among those present for the occasion were three grand-nephews of Father Michael Curley. They were Rt. Rev. Mons. T. Gunnigan, P.P., Ballinrobe; Very Rev. Canon Hugh Curley, P.P., Claremorris, and Very Rev. John Grealley, P.P., Partry. Thus across all the years the centenary of this church links up very closely with its foundation.

## Patrician Pilgrimages

A TRINITY of pilgrimages in honour of Saint Patrick can be performed in Louisburgh district, and in our tradition the three pilgrimages are chained to form one. They are the *stations* at Croagh Patrick, at Kilgeever Blessed Well, and on Caher Island in Clew Bay. The traditional exercises are as follows:

### ON CROAGH PATRICK:

There are three stations: the first is at the base of the cone and is performed on the way up; the second is on the summit, and the third is some distance from the summit, on the Lecanvey side of the mountain.

**First Station—Leacht Benain**—At this Leacht the pilgrim says seven Paters, seven Aves and one Creed, and walks around the Leacht seven times.

**Second Station—Leaba Phádraic**—Having reached the summit, the pilgrim, kneeling, says seven Paters, seven Aves and one Creed.



Next, in front of the altar of the little chapel, he kneels and repeats fifteen Paters, fifteen Aves and one Creed and walks fifteen times around the circular mound on the top, praying as he goes. Having finished this, he enters Leaba Phádraic and repeats on his knees seven Paters, seven Aves and one Creed. This done, he walks seven times around Leaba Phádraic.

**Third Station—Roilig Mhuire**—The pilgrim, at each of the circles forming this Station, repeats seven Paters, seven Aves and one Creed and travels around each seven times. Then he goes around *Garra Mór* seven times, walking. This completes the traditional Stations of the Reek.

#### AT KILGEEVER:

The traditional station begins with a circle about the blessed well while the pilgrim forms his intention. Then, kneeling opposite the well, he says seven Paters, seven Aves and the Creed. He then circles the well seven times praying, and kneels again to repeat seven Paters and Aves and the Creed. He now walks to the three flagstones (there *were* five) south of the well, where he says five Paters and Aves and the Creed, kneeling. At Saint Patrick's Rock he kneels and says three Paters, three Aves and the Creed, and entering the Abbey from the east he says seven Paters and Aves and the Creed for the dead. He walks back by the stream towards the blessed well where he completes the station by circling three times in honour of the Blessed Trinity.

Custom has embellished these exercises. It is customary to count the rounds of the well by picking seven stones and dropping one at each round. And in returning to the well it is usual to walk *in* the water if the station is for a living person. Pilgrims pray, before leaving, for Henry Murphy of Castlebar, who had the cross erected over the well.

#### ON CAHER ISLAND:

The station is begun at the little church by praying at the stone altar. The pilgrim then goes to the eastern gable and at the stone known as *Leabaidh Phádraic*, which has an incised cross, he repeats seven Paters and Aves and the Irish invocation:

*Mo leabhaidh is ciorcal cruaidh  
Mairg a Chríost, a chuaidh ina sheilbh.*

Then, circling each penitential *leacht* seven times, he repeats seven Paters, Aves and Glorias.

Going to *Tobar Mhuire* on the west of the island, he goes about the well seven times on his knees, praying while doing so; and he completes the circuit of the island by returning to the church, where the station finishes.

(A full description of Caher Island appears in *An Choinneal*, No. 1).



Pilgrims on Reek

[Farrell

- The time for pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick—hitherto confined to the last Sunday in July, and performed by local people on “Garland” Friday also—is now officially extended to the period between June 1 and September 30 annually.
- In addition, during this Patrician Year, three special pilgrimages will be held as follows:
- **July 30**—Usual national pilgrimage;
- **August 27**—Diocesan pilgrimage for Tuam Archdiocese;
- **October 1**—National pilgrimage of thanksgiving.
- For the pilgrimage to the Reek, a plenary indulgence may be gained, on the usual conditions, by those who visit the oratory on the summit and pray for the Pope's intentions.



# ΤÓΣΤΑΙ ΠΑΘΡΑΙΣ

1

## ΣΚΑΙΣΛΕΑΝ ΑΝ ΒΑΡΡΑΙΣ

ΜΙΣΕΑΛ Σ. Ο ΠΛΑΝΝΑΓΑΜ



**Ν**ΑΙΡ Α ΕΙΡ ΜΗΝΤΕΙΡ ΣΑΙΣΛΕΑΝ Α' ΒΑΡΡΑΙΣ ΡΟΜΠΑ ΤΟΣΤΑΙ ΝΟ ΠΑΓΕΑΝΤ Α ΕΙΡ ΑΡ ΒΗΝ ΙΝ ΟΝΟΙΡ Ο'ΑΡ ΝΑΟΜ-ΠΑΤΡΥΝ, ΠΑΘΡΑΙΣ ΑΡΣΤΑΙ ΝΑ Η-ΕΙΡΕΑΝΝ. ΚΥΡ ΣΙΑΘ ΤΥΣ ΛΕΙΣ ΑΝ ΟΒΑΙΡ ΙΝ ΑΜ. Ι ΜΕΑΝ ΡΟΣΜΑΙΡ ΝΑ ΒΛΙΑΝΑ ΣΕΟ ΚΑΙΤΤΕ, Ο'ΙΑΡΡ ΜΙΣΕΑΛ ΟΣ ΜΑΘ ΛΟΘΑΓΑΜ, Β.Λ., ΑΡ ΑΝ ΣΚΡΙΟΒΗΟΙΡ ΣΚΡΙΟΡΤΑ Α ΡΕΙΤΕΛΕ, ΚΕΑΝΝ Α ΒΕΑΘ Ι ΒΡΟΙΡΜ ΟΡΑΜΑ ΑΓΥΣ Α ΛΕΙΡΕΟΘΑΙ ΑΜΥΙΣ ΡΑΟΙΜ ΣΠΕΙΡ ΟΕ ΣΙΥΛ ΟΙΘΕ.

Ευαίο μέ ι γκιονν οibre γο ρονμηαρ—αγυς γο η-ιμνιόε κομ μαίε; αε νί ιν α γκόνυι α βί οαοιμε ειτε αε αν οιρεαο ό'η λά σιν αμαε. Τυγαό κρυμνιύ μór τε έείτε. Κυρ γαε κυμανν σα γκεαννταρ βαυλ έυιγε. Ταίγς Κυμανν λυίε-έλεαο γαετ αν páιρε βρέαγ σιν, páιρε μηε έιλ, μαρ ιοναο οο'η Τόσταλ. Δυνιόό ρό-κοισοί α έιοεραό τε έείτε γο μιμικ, α έύραμ πέιν αρ γαε κεανν ορρυ. Κινεαό γο βρυιγέι έύιγ έεαο ουιμε—πιρ, μνά, páιστι—α βέαό σάστα páιρε α γλαεαό σα λείριύ—αγυς, ρυο α έαβρυιγ έαρ κιονν τε Κοισοε να Δολλσκαίρεαότα αρ βαυλ, γεαυλ να πιρ γαν ράσύρ α τεαγαν αρ λεαεαυ γο μβέαό τρέμψε αν Τόσταλ έαρτ! Βα γεαυρ γυρ τυγαό ραοι οεαρά γο ραιβ βορραό 's pás αγ τεαετ ραοι να ρεάσόγα, βα γεαυρ γο ραιβ μυιμητιρ βέαλ αν άετα, έαεαίρ να Μαρε, Κοιυλτε Μαγαε, αγυς ειτε αγ κυρ σόνραί ιμς να πιρ όγα ρεάσόγαεα α έίοις αγ τεαετ ας Καίσεαλν α' Βαρραίγς. Κυαίο σεαλ να βρεάσόγ αρ ρυο να τίρε. Ρυαίρ λυετ ηυαετáιμ ριοο αιρ ιο έυαίο αν σεαλ (αγυς σεαλ αν Τόσταλ κομ μαίε λεις) έαρ παραίγε γο τίορτα ι γκεέμ. Βιμίοο βυιόε οε'η τ-έ α έυιμνιγ αρ αν γελεαο ροιυσεάιν σεο!

Τρί ρυοαί ναε η-αιρίεταρ α ράο, οείρτεαρ, κίοο, αοις ιο ρεάσόγ; αε μά βί να ρεάσόγα αγ ράο γαν στροβ, ηίορβ σιν έ αγ αν γκυο ειτε οε'η ρείτεαεάιν έ. Β'ιομα σιν γαο α βί τε γεαυραό; γαν βρέίγ βα οοιυγ α γκομáιριύ να ορισεαεα κοοάιν α βί τε γλαναό ας αν τσλί. Αν τάρο-Σκυρτέοίρ, β'είγεαυ οό κυαίρε α έοίρε αρ να Σαίε

Δοντυίτε ι Μί να ρεαβρα. Βί να ρο-κοιστι γο σαοτραε, ορεαμ αμáιν αγ βρεαετνύ ιμοια σοιυσι, γλór-μέαοαεόιρι ιο οά ρείρ; να μνά ι γκιονν σιοούρ ιο σνάεαο τε γο μβέαό γαε αιστίεοιρ γλεάοτα μαρ βα έυιβε οο'η αιμσιρ ιν αρ μáιρ σε νό οοη γράο ιο οοη γáιρμ α βί αίγε.

Τυγπεαρ ηίοο ρεαυρ να οεαεραετα α βί ρόμπα αγ λυετ αν λείριεε μά κυμνιέταρ αιρ γο ραιβ τρί γηιομ σα οράμα αγυς έύιγ ραοαρε οεαγ τε τεαοπάιντ; γυρ έοσυγ σε τε τεαετ αν Ναοίμ γο Τεαμáιρ σα μβλιαν 433, αγυς γυρ έριοέκνυιγ σε τε τεαετ λεαγáιρ αν Πάρα γο η-άρο Μαεα Λά πέιλ' Πάοραίε να βλιαν 1961. Σιν βρείς ιο μιλε έύιγ έεαο βλιαν οε Σταιρ να ηέιρεανν! Αγυς έε'η έαοι αρ έάιμικ αν οιρεαο σιν σταιρε ιστεαε σα σεαλ? Τά, γο βρυαίρ Πάοραίε, ιο έ αγ αγαιρε Οέ αρ Βαυρ να Κρυαίε, γο μβέαό να γαείλ οίυις γο οεο οά γκεριεοεαμ; γο βρυαίρ σε λεαργυο αρ α μβέαό τε ρυιγίγτ αγ α "ροβαλ οίυις" ό'η λά σιν ι λείε. Αν Ρέ Όρδα έαρτ, έίρεαό σε να Οαναιρ αγ τοσεαό ιο αγ μαρβύ ρόμπα, να Νορμáναί αγ γεαυρ-λεανύιντ τε λυιη έιυίσε ιο έρομαίλ, Ουιβεαγán Ουβ να ηΟετύ Δοίσε Οεαγ (Καυραίγ αν Διρρην, Σκοί κοίς Καίρε), Αν γορτα Μόρ ιο να "Κόνραί"—αγυς, αννσιν, αίσείρε αν Λαε ιμνιύ, αν γκυο Μισιύμείρι αγ ούλ αμαε αρις αρ ρυο αν οομáιν τε Σοίσεαλ έρίοστ α τεαγασε οο γαε κίμε. Έυιμνιέαό Πάοραίε, ιο έ ιμα σεαοαμ ανσιν αρ Βαυρ να Κρυαίε, ροετα υαίστε αν Πάρα Εογαν XXIII:

"Βί ταλαμ να η-έιρεανν οεαργ σαν αμ α καίεαό τε ρυιλ να Μαίρτίρεαε . . . αε έίρε, αν τίρ βεαννυίτε σιν! Ρυγ σί λείτε αν έραοβ ό γαε τίρ ειτε σα οομáιν τε η-α οετυγαν σί οε ααγαιρε 's οε ιμνά ριαυτα ο'εαγλαίς Οέ."

Σιν αν έλάρ α βί λεαγτα αμαε αγ λυετ σκυρτέα αν Τόσταλ τε κυρ οο κομáιρ να γκυαίρτεοίρι, αε ηί ραιβ αον σμαετ αευ αρ αν αιμσιρ ιο βέαό να συαίρτεοίρι γαν οίον όο α γκιονν αγυς αν οίεε ανν! Ηίλ κυρ-σιοο τε οεανáμ αρ αν ιμνι α βί αρ έάε—"ριορ-έοσαε αν Διβεάιν, ναε βρεαοραό σε βείε αγ γλεαυαό βáιστι . . ." . . . "γαν τρί λά να βό ριαβαί πέιν έαρτ, έά βριοο ναε βρατ βáιν σνεαετα α βέαό αρ αν ταλαμ!" . . . "ιμπίγι αρ Πάοραίε Ναορα τεαετ οε έογναμ έυγανν."

Αγυς 'σε έάιμικ! Τάιμικ αν λά, έάιμικ αν οίεε, έάιμικ να οαοιμε; βυιβεαεαο μór τε Οια να γλóιρε, βί αν páιρε κομ τίρην, κρυα τε η-υρλίάρ τί. Βί γαε λείριεοιρ ιν α άίε πέιν; λαοαό να σοιυσι μóρα ιο ο'οιβρυγ σιαο γο μίορύιυτεαε; έυιμνεαό γλórτα αν Δεαυ υί Μάυιλε ιο αν Ουύμ μηε γιουλα Μαρταίμ αρ ρυο αν βαιλε μóιρ; λείγ αν ηυαα οονα ιονταίς ιο σάοσαετα αοτυ ηυαίρ α νοεταό ραοαρε άυιμν



na Teampaí—Laoire . . . . is a bairníon, maíte is mór-uaisle,  
cláirseoirí . . . . daimseoirí, draoite . . . . Cloispeá biorán as  
tuicim nuair a múcaó na soilisí go tobann is go bfractas blaóairí  
na teinead a o'pauí pádraic ar Énoc Sláine a' deargad na spéine  
ó tuair.

Ní móite go mbéad páirsinge spais as an easartóir le go  
bfeápaí cunnas iomlán a éabairt ar na raóarcanna éagsúla ad  
ba cóir focal a ráo paí ceann amáin orru, an "Cónra," le go  
ceuispí clisteadé luét a lámhite. An fear a raib cúram na  
loinge air, Ristéard Ó Corcrám, O.S., tar éis cabair is cómairle  
páil sa nSairm-Scoil, deasuis sé crainn is crainn-seoit na loinge  
go cliste taob éall de balla na páirce; agus rinne an balla sin  
sháite go h-álumh mar balla céibe. Níor mór cáblaí a éur ar  
páil annsin, acé tuis sé nár mór a beit tiosbúsad paoin airgead.  
Ní as ceannaét cúpla scór fead de rópa siopa a éuait sé! U'éard  
a rinne sé, fear tuaithe a éur as sníom rópaí súgáin agus sreang  
caol in a lár istis le h-a láiríú! Sean-máirnéalad a éipead iad  
agus an solas spréite orru tar éis trí seadtaimí paí síonta an  
éarraig hóib, béarfad sé an leabár gur éreashíodar an t-aiséan  
mór—níos mó ná uair amáin.

Labair mé paoin tóstaí le Ristéard, fear na "loinge" agus ar  
seisean:

"Mara mbéad asainn dá bair acé an ruo seo amáin, b'píú é  
beit ann."

"Agus céard é an níó sin?" o'páfruí mé de.

"An cáirdeas, an comrádasíocht, an co-oidriú a noét sé is a  
ceuis sé. Ní fáca mise a leitéio eile ariam ceana," ar seisean.

"Agus ar bair na daoine a connaic é doibneas as, meas tú?"

"I gcruúnas tuic gur bair," ar seisean, "níl duine ar bit a  
connaic uair amáin é—agus an deis a beit aige éirse—naé nveaca  
a féacaint arís air. Tá píos asam go nveaca cuio acu éuite oíce  
ann, ó tús go deiread."

Le linn na poela seo a beit dá mbreacad síos asam, éáimic licir  
ó'n taob eite de'n doimán ar lorg scriopta, seanáin agus céiríní  
tóstait éaisteán a' éarraig. Raéaio síad as an seolaó seo:

Presentation Convent, Paraparamum, New Zealand!

### padraic mór

"Sáe ré lá ó mo lá-sa amad," arsa Driúio;

"Sáe lá ó mo lá-sa amad," arsa pádraic!

## Croke Patrick—1961

FATHER LEO MORAHAN



ALMOST I had left the city and missed it. It would have been just  
another instance of "what you miss, you have no way of  
appreciating"; but some blessed influence or other made me stay. I  
was at once sorry and glad I had already read Chesterton's *Christen-  
dom in Dublin*: sorry, because it would have been more gratifying to  
feel one's own reactions after coming with a mind unbriefed; and  
glad, because the book was like a Catholic guide to the city and it  
was of interest to see how much was now valid of what he witnessed  
during the Eucharistic Congress in 1932. The Patrician celebrations  
had not gripped the country just so widely; but for Congress week  
Dublin was again beflagged as only Dublin can be. And again, as  
in 1932, it was the poorer areas that were most richly decorated.  
The whole city seemed to be crawling north of the river on that  
Sunday morning. The traffic-pulse was beating faster: cars edged  
urgently into the same lanes for the same turnings: Gardaí under-  
stood, and gave directions without waiting to be asked: parking was  
gone through with an air of jettison abandon, for we were all  
hurrying to the Pontifical High Mass in Croke Park, which was to  
be the Congress climax.

It is an intriguing study to watch people performing old acts in  
new surroundings; or to see them adapting themselves to situations  
where place and performance are both familiar but have never  
hitherto been combined. And so Croke Park was a study on that  
June morning. Even at Fitzgibbon Street one felt the freshness of  
the fusion: there were the familiar things—the programmes and the  
peddlars and the badges and even that instinctive semi-ritual trot  
in Jones's Road: but today the badges were all one colour, today  
there were no hats on sale, and prayer-books were the tickets for  
the stands! My first glance over the canal wall was almost an  
aggrieved one: six French Sisters of Charity were sitting primly in  
the centre of the Cusack Stand! And then a priest beside me in the  
throng struck the keynote for the occasion: to a flippant question,  
"Is it you that's reffing, Father?" he delayed with a tolerant smile  
and then said: "Thank Goodness, we are all one today."



Holy Cross College, beside Croke Park, was our appointed vestry and we walked in procession back along Jones's Road, which was now a green corridor of men of the F.C.A. It was tantalising to us who were still outside to hear the reception being given to the Papal suite as, headed by a motor-cycle escort, they drove once about the field and out; but we were to be rewarded for our delay by the sight that awaited us on our entry to the Stadium. The Croke Park we knew so well was transformed beyond recognition. At the centre of the pitch a shrine—indeed a *Church*—of wood and glass had been erected, and was crowned with a golden cross reminiscent of the Irish cross at Lourdes. And what a spectacle that varied congregation presented to us who were favoured with seats on the field! There is a story (it behoves me to say an *unkind* story!) that when some Mayo footballer was seriously injured in Croke Park in the thirties, the whole Hogan Stand arose to give him absolution. But today, although the priests are on the field, the blacks and whites are evident in the stands; and in the absence of any county colours, they are blended and toned by the browns and blues of various habits or by the myriad shades among the ninety thousand who are here. Beside us on the field a specimen corps of *Gárdaí* present a noble and imposing picture in their rich-blue uniforms; congress scouts, all with white shirt, green tie and yellow beret, cordon off each section with firm though quiet efficiency; and their younger brothers, vested as Mass-servers, are in and out among us enjoying the freedom of the Lord—many of them with prying cameras within the innocence of surplice folds. In the climbing tension of the approaching hour, the music of Handel's *Alleluia Chorus* throbs through the arena. "Break forth into joy; sing together, sing together . . . For the Lord hath comforted his people,"—the loud-speakers almost appear to lip the words, so appropriate are words and music to this occasion. Yet through the crowded stands there is an uneasy attempt at a medium between the profane and the religious, a balancing of Croke Park hilarity with our devotion for the Mass. Presently, the congregation becomes an audience: applause greets the arrival of Mr. de Valera, *Uachtarán na hEireann*, and *An Taoiseach*, *Seán Lemass*. An Irish Patrician hymn has just re-established the Church atmosphere when another burst of applause shakes the stands and the ensuing moments are much too much for all of us. Here, from a corner of our own Croke Park, between the Canal End and what used to be the Long Stand, the princes of the Church are approaching

—Cardinal Marella and Cardinal Giobbo of Italy, Cardinal Döpfner of Germany, and Cardinal Arriba y Castro of Spain. Applause becomes acclamation to greet the arrival of our own Cardinal Dalton whose recent indisposition would, it was feared, prevent him from seeing this glorious array. And the Irish censure on apartheid was never more pronounced than in the unprecedented welcome accorded to Africa's first Cardinal, the coloured Cardinal Rugambwa of Tanganyika. (I remember: *Thank Goodness, we are all one today*). The throng again composes itself as the Mass-procession enters—headed by forty-seven mitres, the fibres of many lands; and again a peal of joyous welcome is reverberating, for the entry of the saintly figure of Cardinal Agagianian who is Papal Legate and celebrant of the Mass.

In the impressive ceremony that follows, some few incidents will live to dominate our memories; the moment, for instance, when the Legate's clear voice begins the Introit—words that are so full of meaning today: "*Go forth out of thy land . . . and come into a land which I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great nation*"; or the familiar voice of Tuam's Archbishop preaching on his text from the Acts of the Apostles: "*I send thee to open their eyes that they may be converted from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God*"; or the enthralling, sustained silence of the packed stands, emphasised by a passing train; or that unique Guard of Honour: *Gárda onóra, sinigh cleiti!* and Irish officers, many wearing service-medals of Lebanon or the Congo, stand in salute while an army fanfare greets the greatest Arrival of all. But one memory overrides all, for it expresses all and focuses all to a point: it is the memory of a small bell tinkling at the Elevation, a physical link with the man who brought us all here. It is now history that this same bell of St. Patrick, after centuries of silence, was rung at the Mass in Phoenix Park in 1932; and to hear it in such an atmosphere evokes a sensation that is not indescribable, for it has already been described. "It was," says Chesterton, "as if it had come out of the Stone Age; when even musical instruments might be made of stone . . . From far away in the most forgotten of centuries, as if down avenues that were colonnades of corpses, one dead man had spoken and was dumb. It was Patrick, and he only said: 'My Master is here'." For an Irishman that sound was like metallic contact with a saint whose memory—let alone whose character—brings granite Faith into the mosaic of our lives. We felt him near us then, as if the microphone had touched his crozier.



Thoughts come freely with such an elevating stimulus. At first I recalled a far-off boyish fancy—before I came to reason—when I used to think that Croke Park was the top of Croagh Patrick and that the crowds on Reek Sunday were thronging to an All-Ireland final. Today, the fancy had become something more than a fiction. I thought, too, of the inscription now engraved on the shrine of that bell, *The sound has gone through the entire world*, and it took little reflection to see that its sound had, indeed, travelled across the world with the Irish; and that the echoes of that same sound had now returned to its source, echoes in human form—bishops, priests and religious of the Irish diaspora, the O'Carroll's and O'Donnell's, the Hurley's and Dooley's, the Sheen's and Scanlon's and McCarthy's and Muldoon's—whose very presence in Croke Park today was at once a testimony and a manifestation. Another thought was one that would not, I feel, have occurred even to Chesterton. It was the fittingness that such a magnificent Irish event should choose as its arena Croke Park, where every Irishman is at home. When I thought of the Requiem of Bloody Sunday; and of the G.A.A. founders—Croke, Cusack, Nally—whose achievements are more lasting than the stands or stadium to their names, I felt that having this ceremony here was right; or, as we say, *it was only right*. That idea evoked a memory: of the many young Irishmen who had once played here for their respective counties and were now growing old playing a priest's part in representing Christ for a people somewhere or other on the globe; and a memory, too, of many earnest Irish people who were now absent—absent in death or in infirmity—who would have relished this unparalleled honour conferred on their association. It would have more than repaid them for the buffeting of unappreciation to have seen this Supreme Act performed here. It was the "Stations" on their own floor! As I saw how the people present watched and took part in the ceremony, a quaint simile struck, and I found myself adjusting a phrase of English Soccer commentators; for here, I knew, was a glorious example of *the Game that we—Irish—had taught the world*: and that, three times over! What wonder if, after a silent rosary of centuries—glorious, joyful, sorrowful—we should at last speak our Magnificat to the world!

How we spoke it on June 25, 1961, will be a memory to retell, and so relive. Never before had I seen the genuine point of "Faith and Fatherland." It was a unity of all apparent opposites and the

proportion was always right. Chesterton would have revelled in the paradoxes. A football pitch had become a cathedral: the thronged stands were dumb: the goalposts were dwarfed by a towering cross and the President's salute was replaced by Saint Patrick's hymn. An Armenian Cardinal celebrated Mass for a congregation black and white, Irish and alien, so diverse that their only unity was their Faith. Ninety thousand people stood and sang the international anthem of a *Credo*, and a nation's bayonets were the Guard of Honour for the King of Peace. "*Thank Goodness, we are all one today*"! All this was unnatural only because it was supernatural. Ireland had left aside profane things and was bringing her two hands together in prayer. Typically, on the Hogan Stand, Ireland's Primate was kneeling with Ireland's President. It was the twining of our twin ideals. It was once more Patrick and Laoire. It was Croagh Patrick on Croke Park.

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### Appreciation

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"This model of the Congress Altar that I present to you with heartfelt gratitude is meant to be a memorial of your loyal homage to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass so worthily celebrated on your lovely grounds. It is also, I trust, a pledge of the reward that Our Divine Master has promised to those who acknowledge Him before men. Certain it is that Our Blessed Lady, to whom we entrusted all the conduct of our Congress, has obtained for you in your very hard task a strong, protecting grace.

"May her intercession with her Divine Son continue to protect you and your families, in recompense for the mighty act of Faith that was the Dublin Congress at Croke Park."

(—From an address by His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, to the President and Executive Council of the G.A.A., July 1961.)



*Lines from*  
*St. Patrick's Breastplate*

“ . . . an old Irish morning prayer, in its present form most probably dating from the ninth century. Its composition by St. Patrick is a possibility not rashly to be dismissed.”—(DR. BIELER).

*Arise today*  
*through God's strength to pilot me:*  
*God's might to uphold me,*  
*God's wisdom to guide me,*  
*God's eye to look before me,*  
*God's ear to hear me,*  
*God's word to speak for me,*  
*God's hand to guard me,*  
*God's way to lie before me,*  
*God's shield to protect me,*  
*God's host to secure me—*  
*against snares of devils,*  
*against temptations of vices,*  
*against inclinations of nature,*  
*against everyone who shall wish me ill,*  
*afar and anear,*  
*alone and in a crowd . . .*

*Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me,*  
*Christ in me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me,*  
*Christ on my right, Christ on my left,*  
*Christ where I lie, Christ where I sit, Christ where I arise,*  
*Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,*  
*Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks of me,*  
*Christ in every eye that sees me,*  
*Christ in every ear that hears me . . .*  
*Salvation is of the Lord,*  
*Salvation is of the Lord,*  
*Salvation is of Christ,*  
*May Thy salvation, O Lord, be ever with us.*

*Around the Hearth*



## A Swiss Looks At Louisburgh

RUDOLF BAESCHLIN

IS THERE anything startling in this title? It was startling enough for the writer when he looked at Louisburgh the first time. Although this happened many years ago, the memory of those days is as fresh in his mind as if it had been yesterday. This needs explaining, because a chance visit by a stranger would hardly produce such a lasting effect. The crux of the matter is that the young lady who had recently become my wife hailed from a place outside Louisburgh, as was clearly shown by the birth-certificate that had to be procured in order to have the marriage legalised in England, the country where the Swiss made his living.

Louisburgh, at that time, was but a place-name to me, in a country into which I had never set foot before and whose inhabitants, according to English notions, prevailing then, were not exactly tame and of a quiet disposition! So, the reader of these pages will understand my secret misgivings as by my wife's side I made my way to the West, by train, from Dublin in 1924; that is, not so very long after the Civil War. Many strange sights I had to absorb on that long journey! Somehow, the name of Louisburgh, French-sounding to me, held a certain amount of reassurance and, strange to say, my first view of the little town by daylight, when I came to Sunday Mass, did remind me of certain country-places in Upper *Alcase*. It was not dissimilar in the street-plan, in the style of the house-frontages abutting straight on to the pavement and sporting



Old Louisburgh

[McLoughlins



many shops for the provision of immediate needs. Besides, what I took for a barracks at one side of the Square was not unlike a *Poste de Gendarmerie*.

All this had to be taken in and digested privately, whilst I was orientating myself amongst my wife's numerous relatives and friends, to whom I was a complete stranger from a country much less familiar to them than U.S.A. For the time being, subjected as I was to many handshakes and even male-embraces on both cheeks, which again reminded me of French customs, I must have felt pretty dumb. Fortunately, I was able to grasp much of the talk addressed to me in English of a charming brogue with which I had become quite familiar during a lengthy courtship.

Needless to say, I have since those days paid repeated visits to Louisburgh and can only express my pleasure at finding such few changes in the town itself. True, some buildings have gone up here and there, traffic is a good deal livelier, due to the introduction of the motor-car, which again has called for the establishment of garages and petrol-pumps. A number of hotels now cater for tourists who may make Louisburgh a centre for excursions and who formerly would hardly find such up-to-date accommodation and service. The scenery and bathing at Old Head is attracting visitors from many parts. I recall with some amusement the comments of my revered mother-in-law at the sight of a group of *real hikers* in the Square. Strangers passing through Louisburgh have multiplied considerably since then and hardly any notice will be taken of them. If the town itself has not undergone structural changes such as the erection of multi-storeyed houses which would be a blot on the landscape, much rebuilding and re-housing on modern lines has been going on and is still going on in the rural parts of the Parish of Kilgeever to which Louisburgh belongs. One might deplore the gradual disappearance of the traditional thatch-covered cottage that was more picturesque than the fairly uniform slate-covered houses of bungalow-style which have taken its place, but time marches on, and it is only by improved housing that the younger generation is likely to remain attached to the native soil.

My thoughts revert, however, to that memorable first Sunday visit to the "chapel" where as a convert I felt no stranger, having through God's mercy and my good wife's prayers found the gift of faith. It was a beautiful morning in June when we set off from my wife's house at Pulgloss in a hired car, and the wide landscape dotted with long single-storeyed whitewashed homesteads made me

think of Spain rather than of France. This impression gained force at the sight of loaded jaunting-cars and of riders with wife or daughter sitting sideways behind them, all on their way to Mass in Louisburgh, whose grey houses I saw spread out in the plain with the majestic background of Croagh Patrick, whence, one might say, the Faith has been carried by sons and daughters of Ireland to the ends of the earth.

So, on the several roads leading into Louisburgh, worshippers, many also on foot, made their way to the "Chapel" at the eastern end of the town. I found it strange that we Catholics went to "Chapel", whilst for Protestants, if any, there was a typical church built in the English style peeping out of a rookery and surrounded by a wall enclosing a burial ground. As often as I passed that way going up to the delightful hillside locality known as Bunowen, where I found great welcome from dear relatives, I could not help forming the impression that the winding lane leading from the church was somehow English in character. There was a sheltered sandy beach behind Bunowen, which became a favourite of our daughter during her many visits to her grandparents' home.

Here I would like to say a few words about the children I met during my first visit. I found their shyness very attractive, but was also glad when they placed confidence in me and showed me their little treasures and their favourite haunts among the cliffs. How daringly they could walk along the narrow brink! Many of these children, nephews and nieces, have since grown up and founded their own families, but we have remained very attached to them. We are also happy and proud of those who have become priests or teachers or have entered the religious life as nuns and we keep a fond remembrance of those who have gone before us to a better place.

There was magic in the air during those first holiday weeks in this favoured corner of Mayo—with a view of a wide plain, bounded by mountains of bold outline and a shimmering sea dotted with islands, all under ever-changing shadows of wonderful cloud-formations floating in the azure. Talk of Swiss scenery: lacking the sea, it just has not got that sense of expansion and openness to the sky that one meets on the Irish shores of the Atlantic, and if there is a finer spot on the West coast than Clew Bay, as seen from Pulgloss or Roonah Point, I have yet to discover it, and I have been well-around that coast lately.

Nevertheless, restless as I was by nature, I felt a thirst for action,



which was first appeased by climbing Croagh Patrick, the "Reek," as I heard it commonly named. Apart from the spiritual experience that was gained through the devotions connected with the climb, a truly magnificent view from the top amply rewarded the effort. I could not help being very respectful of the physical feat performed annually by legions of pilgrims less inured to mountain climbing than I was and the desire stirred in me to attempt some other of the peaks which I fancied to be within a day's reach. But better counsels prevailed when I realised that, after crossing the wide plain to the foot of the Mweelrea range, I would still have to negotiate, presumably without guide, the approaches to the mountain and find myself most likely bogged. A simple experience served as a lesson. Having gone to Louisburgh on my own, I decided on my way back to explore an outcrop of rock outside the town and got into difficulties among a network of ditches, from which I had to be rescued by people working near-by. It was decided then that only runs by car could satisfy my craving for sight-seeing. Mullranny had been visited after our descent from Croagh Patrick, and an excursion through Doolough Pass to Leenane and Delphi, with a diversion to Kylemore Abbey, certainly was regarded by me as a high-light of the holiday.

There were, of course, other outlets for sport, such as fishing in Clew Bay and taking dips from the canoe, spending long hours down on the beach, watching the marine life in the pools left by the tide, and generally enjoying an untrammelled freedom, variegated by visits to the farms of relatives, where I was duly impressed by the hospitality practised in this part of Ireland.

Once again Louisburgh had me in thrall, when the monthly fair thronged its streets, and many a hearty welcome was extended to me and sealed with a drink in those peculiar shops-cum-bar. It was also an opportunity to please the younger generation with a good supply of Martin Hare's famous sugar-sticks.

There was yet to come the never-to-be-forgotten treat of a musical evening at one of the larger town-houses in Main Street, where dwelt a fine family of near relatives whose talented members were eager to entertain me and my wife with Irish music and songs.

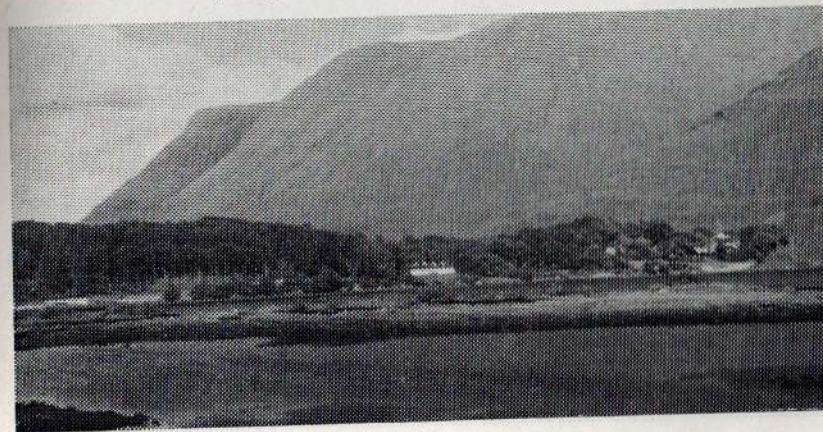
Alas, this brings me to the realisation of how many of the dear faces that I saw around me on that first visit to Louisburgh have since to be remembered as belonging to the faithful departed and that my own life is drawing to a close. But, as long as I have the strength to travel, I pray that I may be granted the joy of walking the streets of Louisburgh and the roads beyond!

## A Louisburgh Recollection

*Where Mweelrea looks towards Patrick's Hill  
With brow in thoughtful frown;  
Where Bunowen river, broad and still,  
Winds close to Louisburgh town;  
Where rank and green the willow is seen  
Profuse beside the river,  
There Summers past a spell was cast  
That holds me now and ever.*

*Where blue skies over Louisburgh  
Flecked through with golden brown,  
Arose in wond'rous dome-work  
High over Louisburgh town.  
With blue and green of sky and scene,  
The white light on the river,  
The glow of fronted shop and cot,  
The sun-light streets a-glimmer.*

*The throb of life where life is quiet  
In day-long sunshine rousing,  
Till night meets day and day meets night  
In Summer's long carousing.  
Staccato'd beat of children's feet  
Is loud on summer air;  
The voice of child and bird and dog  
Is lingering ever there.*

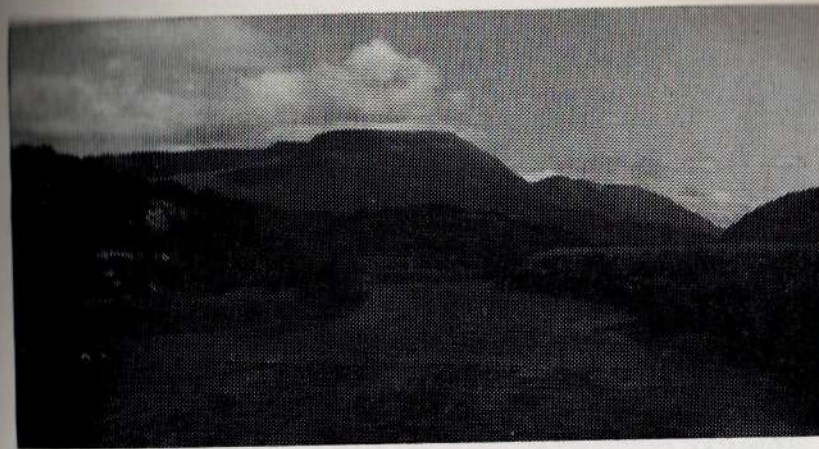
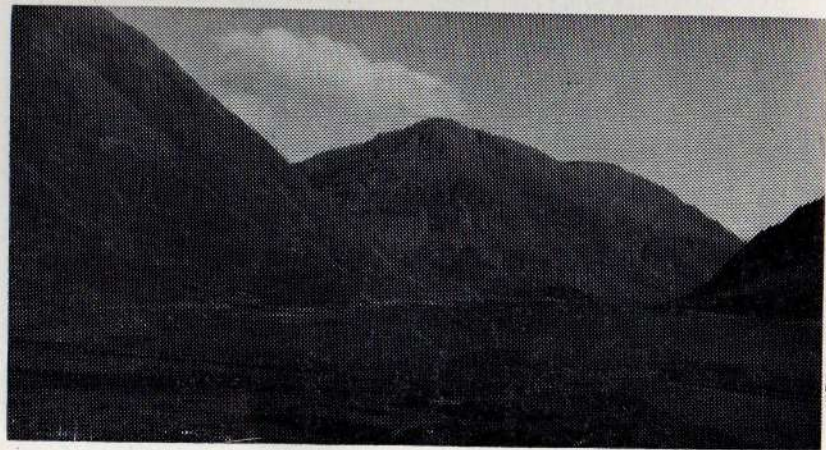




*To westward go where wavelets roll  
 Across a sandy shore  
 To sate with joy my very soul  
 By sea-washed Carramore;  
 Or south to make the Doolough Lake  
 My joyous destination,  
 To watch the hills all light and shade  
 In water's incarnation.*

*A golden glow is o'er Old Head,  
 On hill and beach and pier;  
 The mellow light through trees is shed  
 The sea's soft voice we hear.  
 Far Thalabawn aglow like dawn  
 Is one broad vista fanned  
 Of valley, hill and dell and fen  
 And Killary's Silver Strand.*

*How oft when white-fleeced morning dew  
 Is towards the hill-tops blown,  
 Great wonder fills me then to view  
 The Doochs of Doughmackeon.  
 O, Soul's release in Heaven's own peace,  
 —This happy sea-warmed land  
 Fills heart with bliss of sound and sense  
 By fair Carniska Strand.*



*One lingering glance towards Glankeen's Heights  
 Will memory yet inspire  
 With pictures bright as flashing lights  
 That set my soul afire.  
 Nor art of man, nor genius can  
 On canvas rediscover  
 The lights that glow upon those hills—  
 Their myriad hue and colour.*

*Whenever in my wanderings far,  
 I see a kindred sight,  
 I people it with forms that are  
 All creatures made of light;  
 Yet as I gaze, O glad amaze,  
 One peerless form is seen—  
 That little layer of contour there  
 Is Ghost of Old Glankeen.*

*Were I by Providence decreed  
 A man of far renown,  
 Boasting of deeds Fame's fires that feed  
 That light up home and town;  
 Though others sing till echoes ring,  
 Have other flags unfurled—  
 I'd give my work that fair Louisburgh  
 Should shine across the world.*



# Inside Ghana

ROBERT J. NICHOLSON



IN 1946 I was offered a teaching post in a Training College in the Gold Coast and as I'd always had the ambition to travel, especially in such a fabulous country as Africa, I thought this opportunity too good to let pass. With little hesitation I accepted.

## ARRIVAL

We arrived in Takoradi, the chief port, on a Sunday morning, January 1947, and although a fortnight's voyage from Liverpool had helped to acclimatise us to conditions prevailing at this latitude, yet those of us new to the "Coast" felt most uncomfortable in the sticky heat when we stepped ashore. Nor were we relieved by the appearance of the Europeans waiting to welcome the passengers. For the most part they looked hot and perspiring, faces yellow from anti-malarial drugs, clothes rather crumpled and soiled with a reddish dust. We did not know it then, but we arrived at the height of the dry season when no rain falls for almost six months and the great burning heat is aggravated by a dry dust-laden wind from the Sahara—the Harmattan.

The Gold Coast has a short rugged coast line dotted here and there with insignificant fishing villages and three or four large towns. The road linking those towns from Takoradi in the West, through Cape Coast and on to Accra, the Capital, in the East, winds and curves along the Coast through scenery striking at times, but slightly monotonous. Rolling low hills and flat plains on the left thickly covered with lush tropical vegetation, dark green and seeming to slumber in the heat. On the right, occasional glimpses of the sea through a fringe of palm trees right to the waters edge, huge glassy waves rolling in from the Atlantic, and booming of the surf always in one's ears.

Amisano, our destination, has a musical romantic sound but in reality it is a "clearing" in the forest, half way along the coast and

about five miles inland from the main road. The Gold Coast is largely covered with forest, very dense but low-growing along the coast, getting ever thicker and gloomier as one moves inland to Ashanti, thinning out finally to low scrub and thin grass lands in the Northern territories bordering the Sudan. In order to build houses, therefore, one must cut down some trees, prepare the ground and constantly attend to it; else what is a garden today will be a miniature forest next month.

Our clearing was about 200 acres in extent, had good modern buildings for College and staff, a model-school, football grounds, school garden and tennis-court. At one end was a small seminary for African Priests run by the Dutch Fathers. The whole area was laid out in walks, flower-beds and rare and exotic flowering shrubs but at night it seemed to contract and the ring of trees would appear to move in menacingly and stealthily as if watching and listening.

## THE GOLD COAST

The region along the coast is called the "Colony." The people, fishermen and farmers, have had long association with European traders, from the Portuguese to the British. The Portuguese were the first traders. They built forts along the coast and used them as strong points when venturing inland to trade with the natives. Their most enduring monument is the Castle at Elmina, a small fishing port five miles from Amisano. Here one may still see the dungeons in which the slaves were manacled before being shipped to the Americas. They were bartered by the Chiefs from surrounding areas in exchange for guns, cloths, and beads. It is said that the name Gold Coast derives from the numberless gold ornaments thrown into the sea by those slaves in a last despairing offering to their gods to save them.

The fisherfolk are the most primitive of the natives. Mostly they live in crumbling clay-walled houses thatched with banana leaves. There is always a stench of rotting fish around as the custom is to cure the smaller fry in the sun and then send them wrapped in leaves up country, where they are greatly relished and always used for making soup. Appropriately enough, the Negroes inland call them stinking fish. The larger fish are used (or sold) locally, but the entrails are simply thrown outside to be fiercely devoured by



the vultures, those bald evil-looking birds, so ugly, but so useful that it is a grave offence to destroy one.

### ADVANCE IN EDUCATION

One result of the war had been to make West Africans more conscious of themselves as a worth-while people, eager and ready to learn and with a little help capable of governing themselves while maintaining normal relations with other countries. This was recognised in several ways but nowhere so well as in education. Generous grants were given to existing foundations and a University College was founded in Accra. The Missionaries, the traditional educators of the people, were called in and the result was, as far as Catholic education was concerned, the establishment of two year Training Colleges designed to train infant-junior teachers for schools in Bush areas. It was thought advisable therefore to build the Colleges as far away as possible from the main towns, but in areas where good primary schools already existed and where conditions otherwise were suitable. It was, therefore, no great shock when, in November 1947, I was sent to Ashanti to start the new Training College there. As an idea of the sort of work involved, it may be interesting to know that the Chief donates an area of jungle, or Bush as it is called in Africa, and you are just told to start. As a Government grant for a modern College depends on ones own efforts, a great deal of hard work is involved. The area must be cleared, the first buildings erected, students found, suitable teachers employed and all this in a region where language and customs are entirely strange. It stands to reason that without the advice and aid given by the Missionaries and the goodwill shown by the Chief and his people, it could not be done.

### ASHANTI

Ashanti is covered with dense forest, giant trees reaching up to two hundred feet and more, thickly entwined with vines striving for the light, underneath a lush green entangled mass of growth, the air hot and damp, and over all a faint stench of decay, of stagnant water and ever-rotting vegetation. Two or three good roads run through the forest, connecting up towns and villages. Along these, at all hours of the day, run the local transport, the mammy wagons. These are the lorries roofed with canvas and provided with forms for sitting on. Men, women and children crowd into them, together

with hens, goats and sheep and all sorts of vegetables for the market. The drivers are colourful characters and quite dangerous because quite fearless. They roar along in clouds of red dust, at sixty miles an hour or more, their lorries seeming to bulge with human freight, some even hanging on desperately to the sides. To travel in one is frightening, but a great experience. On one occasion I had to avail myself of this form of transport for a journey of fifty miles. The driver was a Mohammedan, in his bare feet, long white dress below his knees, very eager to impress me with his knowledge of English. He kept repeating, "You wait, Massa, we reach him next stop—you see." Eventually we did arrive and the driver jumped down. Then, looking up, a stern expression on his face, he shouted to us, "Ladies and gentlemen, p . . . please." Then looking at me with a huge grin, he said, "You see?"

### SOME CUSTOMS

This is the region of black magic, juju and fetish. Sacred groves abound everywhere and strangers walk warily when chiefs die. A powerful fetish can still be made from a human heart. In the hot palpitating night the drumming begins in earnest, whipping up to a leaping, racing frenzied rhythm in honour of some initiation ceremony or festive occasion. For those people are animists and have sacred trees, rivers and streams and all those spirits must be honoured, as well as the spirits of the dead. The belief is that those spirits reside in the seats they used when alive—actually carved stools—and the most celebrated one of all is the Golden stool of Ashanti. A famous Ashanti King once asked his magician to perform some magic before the assembled people. Immediately he caused a golden stool to fall from the skies. He then told the king that the spirit of the Ashanti nation resided in this stool and that as long as it was kept intact, no harm would befall the people. And now, in every village, Christian and Pagan, there is a Stool House, where old mouldering stools of Chiefs are preserved and sacrifices of sheep, goats and eggs are made to them on special occasions. The idea was gradually extended to include the country—resulting in "stool land" which belongs to the people.

As for the original Golden Stool, it is still preserved, plated with gold and used on state occasions but never sat on. The British used every means in their power during the Ashanti wars of 1899, to find the stool and destroy it, but it was too well hidden. Today, the



Ashantiheni, or King of Ashanti, has this stool placed beside him when he holds high council while he sits on his throne and rests his sandalled feet on a human skull—the skull of a Colonel McCarthy, a British soldier captured in the wars.

### FARMERS

The majority of the people in the Gold Coast are small farmers. Many of them have cocoa farms, but nearly all sow mixed crops as well. They simply cut down some trees in the wet season, leave them to dry and the burn them. In those clearings they sow Indian corn, tomatoes, onions, redpepper, groundnuts, yam and cassava and a variety of African vegetables resembling spinach in taste. Rotation of crops is practically unknown. Next year a new clearing is made and the old one reverts to Bush. Much valuable timber has been destroyed in this manner and much erosion has resulted. The Departments of Agriculture and Education were keenly aware of this and partly through Adult Education lectures and partly through the Training College were making great efforts to teach the people the rudiments of scientific farming.

Polygamy is widely practiced by the pagans. The Chiefs, the hereditary rulers and leaders of the people, noted for their prowess in the arts of peace and war, easily lead the field with many wives, and in this respect are magnificently captained by the Ashantiheni who is entitled to every female born in his lifetime in Ashanti. The present incumbent, I was informed, has only six!

Food is plentiful and beggars are rarely seen. Oranges, grapefruit, bananas, pineapple and of course, cocoanuts are found in every village. Yam and cassava, the former a good substitute for potatoes, the latter somewhat like a parsnip in shape and very starchy, form the staple diet together with rice, ground nuts and chicken. Palmoil is used for cooking and palm wine is used instead of milk for making bread. It is also drunk in large quantities. "Fu-fu" is the national dish and is most appetising. It is made from boiled and pounded yam, together with ground nut soup, rice and chicken and highly seasoned with African spices.

### WIND OF CHANGE

1948 was a year of change. There was unrest in the air. It came with a former student of St. Augustine's College—the only Irish College in the country—Kwame Nkrumah, now Prime

Minister, when he arrived from America in 1947. One felt it in the Colleges in the constant queries about salary scales, the slightly-rebellious attitude of the teachers, in the ridiculous slogans written on the mammy lorries, e.g., "Lord love a duck, but not white massa," and in many other small ways difficult to name. The people were still the same, gay, laughter-loving and courteous. Then in February, a parade of ex-service men, marching towards the Governor's residence in Accra, was fired on and the leaders shot. Immediately riotings broke out all over the country—stores were sacked, cars burned, Europeans beaten-up. Even the students in the Colleges and Convents rioted and had to be sent home. Machine gun nests at every street corner in the towns, and guarding Banks and public bulidings are common sights. But the change had come. The Negroes just swaggered by sneering. And then Nkrumah started to hammer away at the idea of Independence, immediate and complete and through the medium of his "seditious" paper, the *Accra Evening News*, promised the sun, moon and stars to the people when the white man was thrown out. He had the angry young men behind him and all the discontented semi-educated firebrands. The line was to visit every town and village and whip up the people against alien rule by white oppressors. No one was spared. It was all very lively and interesting, but even more interesting was the attitude of the British Government. Firstly came the Commissions which solemnly found in favour of certain changes—more promotion for African civil servants; then when the anti-white campaign got really going, a Destroyer anchored outside Accra! No one knows whether this was a serious gesture or not, but when it withdrew after much laughter from African and European alike, Nkrumah's paper was declared seditious and he himself imprisoned. He was in and out, but finally jailed for some time in 1950 when he became a martyr overnight. When elections were held in 1951, the first time in the history of the country, Nkrumah was the choice of the people by an overwhelming majority. The Government had the good sense to release him, and he became the first Prime Minister in 1952. In 1957, the Gold Coast achieved independence as a sovereign state within the Commonwealth under the name Ghana—a word originating from the great Ghana Republic which flourished in the Sahara and Sudan in the 2nd century and from which there is vague evidence that the people of the present Ghana are descended.



## Keep Your Word

THIS FEATURE presents another fifteen words of Irish origin which are in common use in our parish dialect. Such words are, we think, worth preserving because they are part of our own tradition and heritage; and because they add distinct colour to the greyness of everyday modern language. Put yourself to the test and see if you have been able to KEEP YOUR WORD!

1. *Arcán* (Arkawn)—(a) a mountain shrub; (b) a weakling; (c) a wooden drinking-vessel; (d) harmless joking.
2. *Bachlóg* (Boch-logue)—(a) an armful of turf; (b) a potato-sprout; (c) part of a flail; (d) a tying for a wandering animal.
3. *Banráinteacht* (Bon-rawin-chucht)—(a) gibberish; (b) excessive drinking; (c) match-making; (d) a "hen-party."
4. *Budabhothar* (Budh-a-wohur)—(a) a tramp; (b) the public; (c) a hearse; (d) the grass margin by the roadside.
5. *Buntsop* (Bunthop)—(a) a bus-stop; (b) upside down; (c) a hairstyle with a coiled "ball"; (d) the eave of a house.
6. *Cáirín* (Kawiyr-reen)—(a) a smile; (b) a wheel-barrow; (c) a young scaldcrow; (d) a box (half-cart-load) of turf or potatoes.
7. *Carrachán* (Korr-achawn)—(a) dried sea-moss; (b) a sharp stone; (c) a precocious child; (d) a river dam.
8. *Cuimireacht* (Kyum-iyur-ucht)—(a) "Strippings" of a cow's milk; (b) gleeful hand-rubbing; (c) household chores; (d) tidiness.
9. *Fámaire* (Fawm-iyreh)—(a) a haphazard housewife; (b) a sea-rod; (c) a thieving animal; (d) a holiday-maker.
10. *Mutóg* (Moo-thogue)—(a) a riddle; (b) a dunce; (c) a muzzle; (d) a deaf-mute child.
11. *Poltóg* (Poll-thogue)—(a) a stout stick; (b) a big word; (c) a sea-fish; (d) a salmon-hole.
12. *Sioscú* (Shuskoo)—(a) winnowing; (b) whispering; (c) a shears; (d) "Scram!"
13. *Tráithnín* (Thraw-nyeen)—(a) a wisp; (b) a white homespun cardigan; (c) the foreshore; (d) a few minutes' interval.
14. *Trillín* (Chrill-yeen)—(a) a small ridge; (b) a lace head-garment; (c) a lifeless person; (d) a gimlet.
15. *Útamáil* (Ooth-emawl)—(a) "blind man's buff"; (b) fumbling; (c) a shout of encouragement to footballers; (d) "Alas!"

Answers on page 61

## San Francisco—1906

JOHN D. O'DOWD

THE San Francisco that I first knew in 1905 had an air of its own—something of the old Spanish proprietors, of the followers of St. Francis and their missions, and of the American invaders who crossed the plains in their wagon trains during the 1849 Gold Rush, fighting the Indians who resented the invasion.

In March 1906 we had a visit from Dr. Douglas Hyde, who was collecting funds to aid the work of the Gaelic League; and a leading figure in welcoming Dr. Hyde and in organising the fund-raising campaign was the Reverend Dr. Peter C. Yorke, a Galwayman who was known throughout the Western State of America for his fight against the bigotry and intolerance of the A.P.A.—American Protective Association, as well as for his leadership of Labour against a selfish and unscrupulous Capitalism. Comparatively speaking, San Francisco outdid all other American cities in contributing to the Gaelic League Fund. Perhaps this was to be expected, for Irish influence was strong and influential and in Nob Hill were the mansions of the Irish millionaires who were lucky in the Gold Rush—notably Mackey, Flood and Fair.



San Francisco was a city of hills. Beside Nob Hill was Russian Hill; and, although Market Street was level, the other streets running from it at an acute angle had to climb; and some, like California Street, were so steep that you had to travel up by means of a cable car. On April 17, 1906, I remember walking down Market Street on my way to *The Leader* office and thinking, as I looked down all the way to the Ferry Building, what a lovely city it was. My wife and child had arrived on April 13 and I had taken an apartment in Pine and Hyde Street where I had a room in the Roswell Apartment house. On my way home I purchased a beefsteak for our dinner



next day. I never imagined then where I was to cook that beefsteak!

Back in the Roswell all was as usual until five in the morning, when I awoke and found myself sitting up. Then the world went into a dance. At first it was a sway, but in that sway I could see at times the bottom of the Cable cars powerhouse; and then as the house went over I could see the top of its huge chimney. Meantime, the furniture was flying around, and the noise was deafening, and we were hard set to keep ourselves from being thrown out of bed. Then came the final phase, lasting about ten seconds, when I felt that the Almighty had got that city of St. Francis in His hand and was shaking it in His anger. I knew that He had me at His mercy; I was helpless. Then all movement stopped and there was silence for some seconds, followed by an outburst of shrieks and shouts that was not soon to end. Instinctively, we tried to get out into the street, and although our door was slightly jammed we eventually got it open. The first sight I saw in the street was a mother carrying in her arms her dead child who had been struck by a falling brick as she ran for safety.

As I walked to the top of Nob Hill I got a view of some of the wreckage, and especially of a mile of fire that stretched along Market Street and to the Ferry Station—the very streets that I had admired the day before. Fortunately, no fire broke out in our area; but a fireman in the city told me that his station alone had taken twenty-five calls in the first half-hour. The water-mains, however, were broken and the fire-brigades were helpless. As I came by Grand Avenue about half-past eight the city shivered in another severe shock. The Paulist Church in California Street was standing, but its clock had stopped at quarter-past five and now I noticed the inscription, so appropriate to the time and place: "Son, observe the time and fly iniquity!"

We were told that the militia had been called in to keep order and that everything was under control. How often we were to hear that in the next few days! Fires were forbidden in all houses, so we had no proper meal that day; but through the help of a cousin of mine (Dr. Egan, a veterinary surgeon), my wife and child and I got to Golden Gates Park where with many other families, including his, we could camp for the night. Leaving our apartments I had taken with me some utensils and whatever food I could, including the beefsteak! Towards evening as we spread our blankets I got together some branches and twigs and started a fire on the roadway beside our camp to cook the steak. Despite the glances of an

official policeman, my steak sent up an aroma that made many more heads turn to my pan; and, although it had gone beyond its best, no one objected to the flavour.

As we sat there it was pitiable to see the refugees who had been driven from their homes by fire. I saw a young man pushing a bedstead which his wife pulled in front and all their salvaged goods were in the bed. Another man pushed an armchair with his belongings tied on. All day there had been a continuous stream of people flying from the fire. All during the night we heard from time to time that the fire was under control; but when I returned to the Golden Gate Avenue in the morning and moved down the city, I saw that it was just as bad as ever. Fire arched itself across a street and moved faster than one could imagine. A house was intact, then a spark appeared; in one minute a flame was creeping up a curtain, and in five, the house was a blazing fire. Dr. Egan was veterinary officer to the Fire Department and took me with him on a tour of inspection. The block opposite his own apartments was burned down early the day before. The owner had at first tried to commit suicide but later he found that, with the destruction in the city, his property had become twice as valuable.

As we went down the street we were to see some unusual sights. Here, we were accosted by a militia man with cocked rifle and charged with not obeying his shouted order; there, we saw a grocer with another gun guarding his provisions and selling at whatever prices he could get. However, an impatient mob soon overpowered him and looted his shop of any food it contained. It would be up in smoke within an hour or so. Later we were stopped and ordered to carry a relief man up to the fire engine. We did, but on our way we found that the flames were arching across the houses; and I can still see the papers and street-refuse being sucked up in the draught towards the vacuum that was being created. We thought it prudent to get away before we were trapped in fire, and as we moved out under the roar of that fire I remember that I saw a motor-car sweeping down towards the scene with two nuns within, on some errand of mercy.

Out again on Van Rees Avenue, we could see the fight against fire in full view. A number of men volunteered to bring loads of dynamite from the neighbouring county, and to see those men driving at full speed (1906 standards, of course!) with dynamite loaded in the back seats, was to admire courage. Then the demolition work began. We saw the men running into a fine old mansion



with their boxes of explosives, then they scampered out post-haste to some shelter down the street, and within minutes that fine house erupted into the air and descended as matchwood.

A note of comedy was struck when a man, unaware of the explosions, walked to within fifty yards of a doomed house, and as it went up he crouched with his hands over his head. But when the rain of debris had fallen he had escaped without a scratch! At last, on Van Rees Avenue—it was one hundred and twenty-five feet wide—the fire-fighters won the battle. They cut off the spreading blaze; but as the rest of the city burned, people who were on board ship in the Bay of Oakland could read newspapers at midnight with the light from the burning city.

Even now in retrospect a lasting memory of mine is the goodness of the American people and their promptitude to succour those in distress. I think that in California I met the finest people on earth, good-natured, generous, kind, always ready to help and never afraid of public opinion to do what they thought should be done. Bill Kirby—a nephew of our manager on *The Leader*—told me that when the earthquake was over he had dressed himself and decided to take with him a suit which he had just bought. On the street he met a fellow wearing the remnants of pyjamas. “And what could I do?” he said to me, a little sadly, “I had to give him my new suit!” In hospital a little later I was to hear of another courageous act. In the next bed to me lay a Frenchman who had escaped from his burning house when he remembered that a crippled woman was still on the top floor. He and another went in to rescue her and as they came back with her through the heat, a box of matches in his pocket took fire; yet he held his human burden bravely till he reached the street when his clothes were torn off to reveal a badly-burned back.

Such was the horror of San Francisco as I saw it. Soon the people set to work to build their city again from the ruins. But there remained for long the charred debris, and such extraordinary sights as bank-safes dug up and left to cool in the streets. Indeed, in one case the contents of a safe which was opened after a month burst into flames as soon as it got air. Shortly after the earthquake, I wrote a letter home which I still have in my possession. The letter recounts the main events of earthquake and fire; but I do not wonder now that in that state of mind I finished my letter to my father: “There is no country like Ireland after all, where the ground at least is solid under your feet!”

## Christmas on Killary



*The blustering wind along the valley moans,  
A crescent moon scuds through the billowy sky,  
Rolling in torture on the weedy stones  
The restless waters sob and groan and sigh,  
As before dawn the hurrying figures pass,  
To hear again an early Christmas Mass.*

*Along the hillside shines the starry light  
Of Christmas candles, lit to guide the feet  
Of Child and Virgin, through the wintry night,  
To unlocked door and cosy turf-fire's heat.  
The stained-glass Chapel windows all aglow  
Throw saintly shadows on the graves below.*

*Upon the altar radiant with light,  
The vested sagart reads the Holy Mass,  
And tells again of airborne angels bright  
Singing to lowly shepherds as they pass.  
Each side the gloomy aisle the people pray  
As o'er them steal the first red streaks of day.*

*Then out to see another Christmas day,  
In golden glory tint the ancient peaks,  
In crimson bathe the restless Killary Bay,  
Bring deeper blush to Connemara cheeks.  
And hearty wishes pass from friend to friend,  
As homeward through the Christmas dawn they wend.*

EDWARD GALLAGHER.



# The Kelp

FATHER PAT PRENDERGAST

A STRANGER visiting Roonah Point who leans across the well-named "Idle Wall" and looks out over the sea will notice in the foreground, on the little headland that overlooks the pier, a small group of sheds or stores. If he inquires about their purpose, a casual bystander (one is rarely absent) will, especially if over forty years of age, say that they were built originally as kelp stores. The younger generations may well have missed hearing of their original purpose and may imagine that they were always used for storing provisions for Clare Island, as the one that is still roofed is occasionally used now. If the stranger further enquires what is, or was, kelp, the bystander will find it necessary to enter on a long train of explanations and reminiscences. I propose in this article to record some memories connected with the kelp industry in our parish which may prove interesting to our younger readers and bring back the past to the older generation.

In the years between the two world wars, the kelp industry was a thriving and lucrative one all along the west coast. The reason for the demand for kelp was that in those days it was the chief source of iodine. What killed the industry eventually was the discovery by chemists of a cheaper way of obtaining iodine industrially and also the introduction of other more efficient medicines.

As I recall it, the kelp-making consisted of three stages. First came the hardest part, the gathering of the seaweed or searods in the winter. Next came the actual burning of the kelp in spring or early summer. Finally, there was the testing, weighing and shipping of the kelp, usually in late summer.

The gathering of the seaweed and rods was a really slavish task. It involved getting up before dawn, as the supply was often limited and it was a case of first come first served. It also involved plunging into icy cold sea water up to the waist and spending hours hauling the seaweed with pitchforks on to the shore, then loading it on horses and taking it away to some field where it was spread out for drying. The rods were usually left across stone walls where they dried more easily. The extraordinary fact was that men never seemed to get colds from these wettings. They were helped by the

fact that they worked hard while they were wet and, of course, they came home and changed into dry clothes as soon as they were finished. When the seaweed was dry it was piled up into great cocks or ricks to await burning. The rods were similarly piled into heaps.

The burning of the seaweed and rods to make the kelp was a much pleasanter task and recalls happier memories. It has associated memories of both sight and smell. I can recall seeing the columns of smoke rising from burning kelp kilns all the way from Thalabawn in the west, along by Cross, Roonith, Carrowniskey, Doughmackeon, Emlagh, Roonah, Sickeen and around by Pulglass Carramore. If the wind were blowing from the south-west or west all the smoke was carried into the interior of the parish and one could get that peculiar, and not unpleasant, smell which is so hard to describe but which will easily be recalled by anyone who ever experienced it. We imagined that it had an iodine quality about it, but I daresay that was because we knew that it did actually contain iodine.

The kelp was burned in long narrow kilns. To start a kiln going three or four small turf fires were lit at intervals of a few feet. The dry seaweed was put on the coals which gradually coalesced into one long fire and from then on it was necessary to keep putting on more weed or rods at carefully measured intervals and also in measured quantities. If too much were put on the fire would go out. In the earlier years of the industry the buyers demanded that the kelp should be delivered in large solid slabs. To achieve this it was necessary to use long, iron rods with which the burning kelp had to be constantly mixed and "tempered" in the final stages of its burning. It then cooled down into a solid mass like toffee and could be broken up into the big slabs as required. In later years this method was completely changed. The buyers wanted to have the kelp loose and crumbly so that it could be loaded into sacks. It was considered that the change was caused by a modification in the machinery and the method of extracting the iodine in the factories in Britain and France. But it was also darkly whispered that the change was due to the fact that large stones which by accident or design would find their way into the big hard slabs of kelp had caused damage to the factory machines.

I can remember passing the kelp kilns on the way to school. If the wind blew the smoke across the road it was quite an adven-



ture to get past, as the smoke could be quite thick and blinding. When we were very small we found it necessary to take the hand of an older companion and when we emerged at the far end of the smoke column we felt that we had come through a long, dark and dangerous adventure. By that time our clothes were thoroughly saturated with the smell of the kelp which clung to them for the rest of the day, or even for days afterwards.

Another memory associated with the kelp burning is one of evening gatherings around the kiln. By that time all the weed or rods would have been burned and the kiln reduced to a dull red glowing mass. However, it was necessary to watch it until it had cooled and burned itself out. It was a favourite time for the very young and the very old to join the able-bodied men, who had been working at the kiln all day, for a chat or a quiet smoke or just to sit and gaze across at the setting sun according to each one's fancy. The kiln would still be giving out great heat and the night might have turned a little chilly, and I have vivid memories of feeling hot in front and cold at the back—a sensation which if it ever occurs nowadays, always brings back memories of the groups around the kelp kilns. The bits of news of the day were exchanged, the everyday problems and prospects were discussed and generally, as the poet expressed it in a similar context, "Jokes went around and harmless chat." Sometimes we got shellfish (*bairneachs*) or the claws of the big crabs, and what tasty morsels they made when roasted in the hot kilns! Some of my readers will recall how much Mrs. Heneghan of Chicago was inspired by the memories of meetings at the kelp-kilns; and will, perhaps, remember the nostalgic and sheer poetic articles she wrote for a number of American magazines. She gave some scope to her imagination as well as to her memory, and the resulting mixture of fact and fiction must have made pleasant reading for her American readers, even if it did not always find favour with her acquaintances at home.

When the kelp was burned, it was either put into sacks or piled up in slabs to await the testing, buying and shipping. This was done through a local agent and at different times the kelp was bought by Scottish, English and French companies. I remember listening to a conversation between a French company representative and a local agent, in which one of the McBride family of Westport acted as interpreter. It was sometimes a trilingual conversation, because in discussing various kinds of seaweed the interpreter was often trans-

lating Irish words into French, since the local man knew only the Irish for the different varieties of seaweed. However, they seemed to manage quite well.

The testing of the kelp for iodine content was always a very fascinating spectacle for us as youngsters. A chemist from the purchasing company would set up his box of tricks in a room near the stores. Small samples of the kelp were taken from every bag belonging to the seller. The whole lot was thoroughly crushed and powdered and mixed, thus getting as fair an average sample as possible. A small sample of this mixture was then carefully weighed and mixed with other chemicals in various test-tubes and beakers. I remember that in the last stage of the test the sample which was then liquid took on the red colour of iodine. After a brief calculation on paper the chemist announced the price per ton. This was always an anxious moment for the seller because the earning of a whole season of hard work depended on the result of the test. The price could vary quite a bit from one seller to another, as of course, it often varied from season to season. It was never easy to make out the reason for the variations in price from one seller to another. Often it varied between two men who took the same kind of seaweed from the same shore. It seems that the process of drying and burning and other unaccountable factors all played their parts. However, families could make up to or beyond a hundred pounds in a season and in those days money had from two to three times its present purchasing power.

The kelp was taken from the various places along the coast to Roonah by horse and cart. Lorries were hardly known then and each family brought their own kelp or a few families would join together, one supplying a horse, another a cart, and so on. The characteristic rattle of a horse-drawn cart which now is largely a thing of the past, was then a familiar sound. One could see and hear dozens of them passing along the New Line and could distinguish from afar the slow, heavy sound of the loaded cart from the lively and rhythmic clatter of the empty vehicle returning.

The shipping of the kelp was, for us, the greatest thrill of all, for it meant seeing a real steamer at close quarters and, if we were lucky, actually getting on board. We looked forward to the arrival of the "kelp ship" as we always called it, for weeks in advance, and many a false alarm disappointed us before it actually arrived. The steamer had to ride at anchor about a quarter of a mile from the



pier and the kelp was taken in small rowing boats. The work of putting the kelp into the boats was hard. The bags had to be carried on men's backs down the pier steps and men had at times to wade waist-deep in water in the process. But then the work afforded some extra, and welcome, wages. The kelp was hoisted on board the steamer and stowed away in the hold by the ship's own winches. Some local men were also employed on board ship to assist in packing the kelp away in the ship's hold. On several occasions the ship was manned by a French crew and the two sets of workmen had quite a time picking up words and phrases of one another's language. Nor was it always parliamentary expressions that they taught one another!

We always made great attempts to get on board the ship. It all depended on the boatmen, of course: if they were in bad humour we might be repulsed once or twice, but usually perseverance won out in the end. And what a thrill it was, especially the first time we got aboard! It was strange to be able to walk or run around the deck of an iron ship which unaccountably floated on the water and to be able to climb iron ladders to the higher decks and to the very bridge itself and examine the shining brass fittings, the compass and the wheel.

Generally, it was a tramp steamer which came to ship the kelp but on one occasion a lovely three-masted schooner—the *Mary B. Mitchell*—arrived. She had been fitted with a marine diesel engine and so there were no sails but, nevertheless, she retained some of the grace of her former days and one could easily imagine her under full sail, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The captain's wife and sister were on board and the touch of the woman's hand was obvious in the spotless cleanliness and tasteful decoration of the living quarters. I remember that she was at Roonah on a Sunday and, as no loading was in progress, scores of visitors, young and old, went on board. All were received kindly and some of us were treated to tinned fruit, the first we had ever tasted. We also heard radio broadcasting for the first time—it was about 1926 or 1927—and although as compared to present-day reception it was poor and indistinct, to us it was a wonder of wonders.

By way of digression, it is interesting to recall a subsequent role played by this vessel—namely, the part she played in the film *The Mystery of the Marie Celeste*. This was the film version of a prize-winning novel written to explain the mysterious disappearance

of the crew of another three-masted schooner—*Marie Celeste*—which was found in full sail but completely deserted in the South Atlantic. If any of my readers have a chance to see this film, it will give them a further thrill to know that the schooner filmed as the *Marie Celeste* once rode at anchor at Roonah, was visited there by scores of the parishioners—perhaps by their parents or themselves—and then shipped away our humble but precious cargo of kelp.

So the kelp industry gave rise, off and on, to pleasant social interludes and relations; but, of course, its main boon was that it was a lucrative occupation. On the debit side, it undoubtedly involved some slavishly hard work—especially in the first work of collecting the seaweed. Nobody could reasonably wish to see our young people condemned to such hardship again. On the other hand, it did give employment and helped many young people at home. One cannot but regret seeing the whole coastline of our parish, once a hive of industry, now comparatively deserted and the shores which once resounded to the merry laughter of carefree youth now re-echoing merely the lonely seabird's cry.

## KEEP YOUR WORD

### Questions on page 50

1. *Arcán* means a weakling. It is applied to the one weak animal which often appears in a clutch of chickens or in a litter of bonhams. The term is then used of a weaker child in a family.
2. A *bachlóg* is the sprout which comes on potatoes in a pit, or is specially sprouted on seed potatoes before setting, to hasten their growth.
3. *Banráinteacht* is an expressive word for gibberish or senseless talk. A very useful answer when you are accused of something which you think better not to admit!
4. *Budabóthar* is three words. It means the public (literally "the person on the road"). This is the Irish translation for "Mrs. Grundy" or "the man in the street."
5. *Bunstop* is the eave of a house. Its literal meaning is "the bottom wisp"—a reference to the part of a thatched roof where swallows often build.
6. A *cáirin* is a smile, but it's a certain kind of smile. The precise meaning is "a little mouth", so it entails a suggestion of a smirk. A *cáirin* is the smile with which one purses the lips, inhales gently through the nose and allows a slight, complacent



lowering of the eyelids. You compliment a country girl on the cup of tea by saying that she should open a café: her mother informs you that Kathleen *is* manageress in a leading London hotel. And then the mother *has a cáirín!*

7. *Carrachán* is that precocious kind of child who is so old-fashioned that you would love to pinch him if his mother wasn't looking. In zoology, it is the name of the beetle known as weevil.
8. *Cuimireacht* means that endless litany of household chores, indoor and outdoor—such as milking, cleaning byres, foddering, cutting mangolds for cattle, digging tomorrow's dinner, bringing in turf and so on. Irish-language students will recognise in the word a corrupt form of the term *timireacht* (=errands).
9. A *fámaire* is a holiday-maker: not a mere tourist, who is a bird of passage. A true *fámaire* is one who stays around and is associated with sea- and sun-bathing.
10. A *mútóg* is a muzzle—the home-made muzzle which prevents a young calf from swallowing straw or such foods as are detrimental to the young digestive organs.
11. *Poltóg* means, nowadays at least, a big word—a “jaw-breaker.” Its first meaning is an inconveniently large stone. Is this the reason that in English, we use “rocks” as synonym for “jaw-breakers”? Or is it the result? *Poltógs* (of both species) abound in the parish!
12. *Sioscú* is whispering, especially of that subdued kind that we associate with plotting, or with anxiety, or with reverence. Women at the back of a Church, or young people in the presence of a pensioned relative, are prone to *sioscú*.
13. A *tráithnín* is a wisp. Hence the idiom “I don't care a *tráithnín*.”
14. A *trillín* is a lifeless or sickly person—or animal. The word implies disappointment as, for instance, when used of a young wife who is unable to attend to the house duties.
15. *Útamáil* is fumbling. Stick a few dozen drawing-pins into the table. Now put on boxing-gloves and try picking up the pins in the dark. That's *útamáil!*

#### SCOREBOARD

All correct—excellent.

11-14—very good—one *cáirín* permitted!

8-10—good; but learn the *poltógs!*

5-7—fair; suggest you become a *fámaire!*

Less than five—*banráinteacht!*

## Photography in the West

FATHER WILLIAM TIERNAN

MANY years ago, in a far-off city, I stood one morning intrigued by a large and colourful poster above a “Temperance Hall” entrance. The poster advertised a “Lecture on the Appreciation of Art” that was due to be given at the Hall that evening. The lecturer, too, was a well-known artist, so, compelled by curiosity, I decided to attend.

The lecturer introduced his subject by exhibiting a painting of a beautiful landscape. In this painting was portrayed in soft, restful colours a low-lying hill, a green, fertile valley and a bright, sparkling stream that watered the valley. It was a dream-painting.

“If any of you possessed the ability to paint this same scene,” said the lecturer, “the picture you would execute should be a totally different picture to the one I hold, and the scene painted should appear a different scene.” “The mind of the artist,” he continued, “must of necessity impart to the picture the artist paints his own individuality and personality. So invariably is this true, that when we look upon a painting, we are actually looking into the soul of the artist who has painted.”

Whilst this lecturer was correct in his exposition of art and the appreciation of art, his statement about photography was in striking contrast to what he stated concerning art. Photography, too, is art, but art of a different form. The art of the photographer lies not in self-expression, or in “subjective expression,” as we say, but in interpreting and recording the completely objective reality of the scene photographed. The message which the painter conveys in his painting is the message of the painter himself. The message which the photographer conveys in his photograph is not the photographer's but the message contained in the scene he photographs.

I am sure that if any person born in the Irish West were an artist, he should find limitless inspiration for his art in the West. Every high hill, every wild valley, every sheltered bay, every sparkling stream should be interwoven with his most noble soul-expression and aspiration. His fondest thoughts, his life's gladdest moments, his most cherished fancies—all should come to life again and should become immortalised in works of art that should forever give



pleasure to all the world as well as to himself. For those of us who are not artists, there remains, however, one medium of art and that medium is photography.

Photography provides for a native of Western Ireland effective and conclusive proof of the fact that these richly beautiful western scenes can convey their own "messages" of beauty and need no borrowed lustre of an artist's soul. If we might state that it is for the artist, in a sense, to discover and portray like the poet "the light that never was on land or sea, the personation and the poet's dream," surely we can also state that the photographer in the West can prove that this "light" does in fact exist on land and sea and that the poet's dream becomes in the West objectively real.

I have had many pleasant experiences of the result of showing photographs of the West to people who never visited the West. It is when I note how these people gasp with pleasant astonishment at the beauty of the scenes that I realise that here in the West we possess an inexhaustible variety of wild and beautiful scenery that speaks its own language to stranger and native alike. We can with certainty say to ourselves, that we have in profusion beauty that is strikingly obvious to everybody. Here along the Mayo-Galway coast are a hundred scenes or more that for sheer beauty can only exist outside of the West merely in the dreams of poet or photographer. Furthermore, Nature, all-resourceful as she can prove herself, provides for these scenes her own hues and colours—a limitless variety of lights and shades that constantly blend and change, so much so as in one day even the same scene can provide numerous different pictures.

I can well recall how, years ago, I looked upon one of those dreamy scenes with some regret in spite of the beauty which gave so much joy, because the thought intruded itself that I should possibly never again view this pleasant scene in the exact same lighting and bright colours as I then beheld it. Would that I could have recorded this scene on canvas before it was forever lost to me. On the morrow I could again view that same scene and only too sadly realise that there was now something lost that had been there the day before. That was before I discovered, as I did later, how the camera could make an apt and faithful record of the scene. What if at times, the time of the exposure had been wrong, what if the focussing had been poor or if the hand had been unsteady, the photograph could still recall the joy of that bright scene.



Fenlough

[A. Durkan

I will always treasure photographs taken around Old Head—pictures of the scenes around lovely Clew Bay and of lofty Croagh Patrick. I have photographs of the Glankeen and Doolough Hills, Mweelrea and the Thalabawn country. Through the years I have photographed the same scenes many times. I have, for instance, photographed the Doolough Lakes often because I have found that these lakes, reflecting so faithfully and in such wonderful detail the surrounding hills, provide for artist and photographer alike a most fascinating and entrancing study. What if I have in my album many photographs of the same scenes, each of these is a totally distinct picture, because each has been taken in a totally distinct lighting. It is only one chance in a thousand that you can photograph any of these scenes more than once in exactly the same lighting, such is the infinitude of changing hues that constantly play upon these ever-beautiful landscapes.



Here, in the very heart of an English city, as the clouds lower and the fogs of winter close out the light of day, and the cold eastern winds chill the mind as well as the body, each of these pictures is to me invaluable. I open my album, then, and the light that plays so enchantingly around the Doolough Lakes and Hills, Old Head and Carramore floods into the very room where I sit, and life is radiant and beautiful again. I have photographs, it is true, from many other parts of Ireland—beautiful photographs that never fail to thrill the soul. I have some of wonderfully beautiful scenes in other lands. But none possess that distinctive charm and the gentle softness of the Irish West. Croagh Patrick in the morning light from Louisburgh Bridge or from Sheean Hill, Doolough in the afternoon, Old Head or Thalabawn in the soft glow of the evening sun—these are but a few examples of pictures that delight the eye and fill the heart with joy. Strange as it is to state, my best photographs have been taken after those torrential rains that sometimes descend upon these Western scenes, as the sun comes out to shine upon the russet green of the fields and the newly-washed heather of the hills, and when the lakes and rivers most strikingly catch and reflect the azure blue of the Louisburgh skies.

Photography in the wonderland of the West savours as much of a sport as of an art. The photographer may be most amateur or even immature, but he will quickly come to value his camera as highly as the fisherman his rod and tackle and the huntsman his gun and dog. That sheer delight of expectancy and achievement, of challenge and adventure, too, so familiar to the keen sportsman, becomes in the West the experience of the photographer. With quite as loving care then as the fisherman chooses his tackle and the huntsman his dog, should the photographer choose his camera.

When I first considered taking up photography, I sought the advice of a priest-friend who was himself an expert in this line. His advice was this: "Read a good but not too-technical book about the principles of photography and the parts of a camera. Pay special attention to the lens. All depends upon the quality of your lens. It must be a fast lens of 2.8 (focal length) if possible. The highest speed upon your camera should be at least 1/400 of a second. Pay attention to the focussing apparatus. The coupled shutter is important. Study the light-metre and learn to set your camera according to what it indicates." I read the book as he advised me and borrowed his camera. I had a good deal of success. "But how," I asked him,

"can I invest so much money in an expensive camera such as this?" "The answer to that question is equally as simple," he said. "If you have read your book well and know the value of the camera parts, go to as many second-hand camera shops as you can find in Dublin until you find a good second-hand at half-price and as good as new." "Cameras," he added, "do not deteriorate with age unless they are abused. Find the lens you desire, and the accessories, and make sure that the bellows is in good condition and above all, light-proof, then you find your camera." So, for two long summer days I searched the Dublin second-hand camera shops and discovered a 120 superb camera with Tessar 2.8 lens and speed of maximum 1/400 of a second. All was in excellent condition and the price was very moderate, indeed. So did I discover a camera of which I am very proud. I have, on the other hand, seen photographs that were taken with cheap cameras and which were very beautiful. The fact remains, however, that the dearer camera with its multiple exposures and its fast lens as well as its coupled shutter focussing and its view-finder, has far greater capacity for catching the wonderful play of light and shade for which the West is so peculiar. We do admit the possibility that a school-boy with line and bait and hook will often land a fish when the well-equipped fisherman will return from the water empty-handed. At this point, however, the analogy between the fisherman and the photographer runs false, because we are dealing with photography in the West. If the photographer in the West knows his camera and is painstaking in its use, whatever the grade or price of his camera, he should never return from a day's picture-hunting empty-handed and disappointed. And there is a further discrepancy in the analogy between the photographer and the fisherman, when we speak in connection with our Irish West: the delight of a photographer who discovers and photographs a beautiful Western landscape far exceeds that of a successful fisherman. The fish that is landed is corruptible, and the delight in catching can be soon forgotten in the expectation of a greater catch; but the pure delight of the photographer in the West can never be lost, much less forgotten, because the record of these golden western scenes remains in the form of photographs that will ever recall vividly and in exact detail the joys of discovery; so that the photographer can relive forever each precious joy and moment of his holiday. Our Irish West abounds in landscapes of wild and haunting beauty. These "things of beauty" become for the painter, poet and photographer "joys forever."



# Recipes For A Day

MRS. B. A. MORAHAN

Is YOUR husband Irish? Too Irish? Try him with these Irish appetisers! (The second and third are original).

## 1. For Breakfast:

### WHOLEFLOUR BREAD

INGREDIENTS: 1 lb. whole flour, 1 ounce of butter or margarine, 1 level teaspoonful of bread soda, 1 level teaspoonful of salt, 1 level teaspoonful of sugar, buttermilk in sufficient quantity.

METHOD: Sieve the flour, separating the white portion from the brown, and mix this white portion with the soda, salt and sugar. Rub the shortening into the *brown* flour until both are well incorporated in each other. Then add the white mixture. Mix well together and wet with buttermilk, using a knife blade for mixing. Knead lightly and put into a well-greased tin (seven inches diameter). Bake in a hot oven (400°-500°F) for 50-60 minutes. Rub or brush with melted butter or margarine when taken from the oven.

NOTE: The buttermilk must be fairly fresh; if it is sharp or acidy the flavour will suffer.

## 2. For Dinner:

### VEGETABLE SOUP

INGREDIENTS: 4 medium-sized potatoes, 2 medium onions, a sprig of fresh parsley, a bunch of celery, 5 baby carrots, 1 ounce of butter or margarine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce of grated cheese (optional), a nut of garlic,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 pints of water, 1 pint of milk.

METHOD: Wash, scrape and slice thinly the potatoes, carrots, onions and garlic. Put them into a clean, greased saucepan, with celery and parsley well washed. Add water and boil until soft enough to be rubbed through a sieve; then rub it through with a wooden spoon. Return the puree then to the saucepan, add the milk, put it on the heat and bring it to the boil, stirring all the while to prevent sticking. When boiling point is reached add the butter (and grated cheese). Boil up once again and serve hot with fingers of toast.

## 3. For Tea:

### POTATO CAKES

INGREDIENTS: 4 large potatoes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of bread soda (optional), sufficient flour to bind.

METHOD: Mash the boiled potatoes into a clean mixing bowl and add salt (and soda, if being used). Add enough flour to make a nice mixture that will not stick to the hands. Turn on to a well-floured board and form into a round shape, kneading well and pressing the edges to avoid their cracking. Have a clean pan, preferably iron, ready, and melt down a teaspoonful of dripping on it. When it is well heated, that is when a blue smoke ascends from the pan, put on pieces of cake which may be cut into any shape to suit taste or fancy. When one side has become a nice, crisp, golden brown, turn the piece with a palette knife and cook the reverse side. Pile in a deep dish or plate and serve hot.

NOTE: These may be kept hot (for latecomers!) by putting the plate over a saucepan of boiling water, putting the saucepan on a warm cooker and covering the cakes with a saucepan lid or plate cover.

"Good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!"

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# O'MALLEY'S

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# A Man's Game

P. S. MACCONMARA

THE influences that form and mark the life of a nation are usually the glamorous ones—its invasions, its battles, its kings; but few can realise or appreciate what a potent, although peaceful, force in the shaping of the new Ireland was the Gaelic Athletic Association. Since its inception in Thurles in 1884, the Association has continued its quiet policy of channelling youthful energies into healthy fields while at the same time focussing the attention of Ireland's young men and women on truly Irish activities. But the founders of the Association which has since mushroomed into what we and the world now know as *the G.A.A.* did not confine themselves to the more well-known games of football and hurling; and the official guide-book of the Association contains the rules, too, for handball and rounders. Indeed, the founders could hardly have ignored the game of handball; for, in certain areas, it was then and for long after a more popular pastime than its other counterparts, and was the perfect complement of the field games. In many areas the group at the alley or at the gable wall was more typical of the country than was the incidental "kicking" or "pucking" about a set of goal-posts.

As a game, handball fits well into the ordinary Irishman's life and activity. After a day's work it provides a recreation which, though strenuous, does not entail much running: it is a game in which keenness of eye, sureness of hand and the ability to make a quick decision all come to the top: and perhaps no small part of its appeal in a rural community is the happy and intimate opportunity it affords for conversation, story or repartee. The village alley produced a *Wattletoes* as often at least as a *Matt the Thresher*.

When the Association was young, there was little of an organised or uniform nature about the game. Alley sizes varied up and down the country; even their shapes—often dictated by the shape of the original buildings which were no longer inhabited—were round or square or twisted; but the alleys were welcomed for they were the social and recreational centres of the community. The finer points were of necessity forgotten; and adapting itself like a language to various local usages, handball became a *series* of games like dialects.

It was this that the G.A.A. set out to cure and in an effort to unify different aspects of the game as it was then played, they concentrated on uniformity of alleys and of size and weight of the handball. The present regulation is that the alley be between sixty and sixty-three feet long, and between twenty-eight and thirty feet wide. The front wall must be at least thirty feet high and the back wall at least nine feet. If it is a hard ball, it may weigh one-and-a-half to one-and-three-quarter ounces, have diameter of one-and-thirteen-sixteenths to one-and-fifteen-sixteenths inches, and, when dropped from eight feet high rebound two-and-a-half to three-and-a-half feet off a concrete floor.

The game, with its many rural appeals, had a strong hold on the affections of the people of the parish forty-five years ago. In the town the venue was McDonnell's Alley (at the rear of Mr. Seamus Durkan's present shop in Upper Bridge Street); and here the men gathered, and a contest was decided while dinners grew cold all through the neighbourhood. The ring of a toss and the dead sound of a *butt* were sufficient enticement to keep as onlookers even men who had yet to walk a mile or two home. Among the prominent players of the period were: Fr. Heaney, C.C., Pa McGirr, William McNamara, Pat Durkan, Anthony O'Grady, Charlie McDermott, Pat Carty, Anthony Carty, Pat Boyle and Pat O'Malley. In 1928 a ball-alley, the product of voluntary enthusiasm and labour, was erected at Carramore. It was a focal point for the young men of the eastern portion of the parish for many years. A few years later the site for an alley was excavated from the south-west side of Askelane Hill by the men of Askelane and Pulgloss. To raise funds for the construction of this alley a cement floor was laid in a barn lent by a local farmer, and dances were held there. In the alley—which is seventy-five feet long and thirty feet wide—games were played for "sixpence a man." The decline of interest in this alley has been attributed to emigration; and in some measure, too, to the popularity which Gaelic football has gained in McHale Park, Emlagh. While there are no handball facilities in the town, games have been "stolen" at the Courthouse; played up against the wall (and windows!) of the building and with the whole Square as an alley-floor. The audience stood around at the street corners: some were appreciative, others critical, a few resentful. And thereby hangs a tale!

Like many another generation of boys one particular group,



about whom the story centres, began their sporting career on the streets of Louisburgh; and this did not increase their popularity with the long arm of the law. One evening they were engaged in a keenly-contested game at the Courthouse—so engrossed were they, they did not notice the approach of the traditional “enemy.” But there he was, as large as life, and he seemed now to be enjoying the game. He stayed on to the end and then, calling the boys over, complimented them on their handball. “That was a grand game,” he said; “You are all good handballers. It’s a pity you’re not members of a proper club.” One of the boys piped up “But we will, when we grow up!” “Right!” said the guard, “but what are you going to do in the meantime? Why don’t we form a club of our own? I’ll be chairman, and if you give me your names and addresses I’ll write to you to call you to our first meeting.” In a moment names were being volunteered singly and confirmed in chorus . . . The boys waited patiently for their notifications of the first meeting. Then, after a few days they arrived. Each one was delivered personally, and the boys were not too pleased about them. Neither, indeed, were their parents for the notifications were summonses—to Louisburgh District Court! The story does not tell what punishment the Courthouse meted out to those who had defiled its grim exterior with a flippant handball; but it is more than likely that the victims returned later, in force, to exact revenge!

Just now the game of handball is experiencing an upsurge; and in the country at large an estimated three hundred regular alleys have been built. An organised championship—in senior, junior and and minor grades—operates on a provincial and national basis, very much like the All-Ireland series in the team games. *Cumann Liathroide Láimhe* is indebted to Gael-Linn, an organisation which has devoted itself enthusiastically to the revival of Irish life, including the promotion of handball. The Gael-Linn Cup competition commands such a widespread appeal that eight hundred and fifty-six competitors competed for it in 1960. This is an individually-contested championship in which players from all over Ireland take part. In Mayo, nine clubs have affiliated teams to the 1961 championships: Foxford, Rathduff, Ballindine, Castlebar, Shrule, Belcarra, Charles-town, Hollymount and Newport. How suitable it is that so many athletes should display a loyalty to, and pride in, their native parish or village through this virile and lovable game! The game was was flourishing in Westport some years ago; indeed, All-Ireland

honours rested there. And although time should have taken its toll of those victors, yet their prowess in the game seems to have wilted little with the years. Recent developments in Castlebar indicate that the county town will have a modern ball-alley this year. In Louisburgh, too, the progressive Town Park Committee have an alley on their schedule; and, through the good offices of Gael-Linn, may benefit from a bequest made by an Irish American and which has been ear-marked for the development of handball in Mayo.

So the future may soon reflect the past; and those former Louisburgh boys, whose love of this Irish game once brought them outside—and inside—the white house on the Square, may yet have the pleasure of sitting on a three-decker stand or looking through a glass back-wall to see their sons and nephews tossing and dodging while more dinners grow cold—and housewives hot!

#### THROUGH THE MEDIUM!

THE GAME of handball is itself hardly more engaging to an onlooker than the dialect, which is to an alley-game what cream is to strawberries. Here are some samples of the *correct* terminology!

A *butt* is the ball deadened at ground level.

The *dodge* is the playing-out of an ace after the toss has been played up.

An ace (won) is not an ace with us: it’s a *mark*.

A wrong toss is “no-ball”; a *tús* is a free toss as practice; and a *cat’s-ace* is a merciful twenty-second.

Has Louisburgh a unique way of keeping and counting the scores? The system of “box-marking” (each *box*, with a diagonal, reading five) is hallowed by local custom; and hence arises the slang “one-leg-off” for five. Ten is “two-legs-off,” and “three-legs-off” is fifteen. Above this, counting is in higher mathematics!

Sixteen—*Tally*; Seventeen—*Tally-one*; Eighteen—*Look-Sharp*; Nineteen—*Set*; Twenty—*All-but*.

From these arise the rhymes in which metre overcomes sense and, often, syntax:

“Tally, tally, the ball is in the alley.”

“First set, never bet!”

“All-but the one, the game is gone!”



# In Blighted Times

FATHER VINCENT KELLY



OF the great catastrophe, the loss of the potato crop in 1845 and the subsequent years, many and heart-rending are the accounts found in the newspapers and reports of the period. There were people living in Louisburgh about forty years ago who remembered the Great Famine. Many of their memories are still preserved in writing. In order to give some account of the conditions prevailing in Louisburgh and its surrounding area, several of these sources have been helpful.

It would be false, however, to suggest that conditions prevailing in the area in pre-Famine years were Arcadian. The parish had its problems, and as in every other parish in the diocese, the priest was fully occupied as a guide and counsellor, and a protector in times of crisis. The clergy were champions of the poor tenants, and advocated a settlement of the land question; an abolition of rack rents; and the introduction of some form of tenant right. The Devon Commission report of 1840, on the type of land tenancy common in the West, states that "In the Poor Law Unions of Ballina, Swinford and Westport alone, 364,603 acres were held in common tenancy."

Much of the land around Louisburgh was held by this system of common tenure which is called "rundale." The linen industry established by Lord Sligo in the town had provided considerable and lucrative employment to these tenants in the early part of the century. Lord Sligo was mainly responsible for building most of the houses in the town, including the Linen Hall where regular markets took place. Several families were brought from Ulster to teach the trade to the local people. In the case of the linen industry, as in other parts of the country, the uncertainty of the prevailing land tenure was a factor in halting the growth of the industry. The common tenure had its advantages as well as its disadvantages as we shall later see. The townlands were co-terminous with the rundale villages. Generally, from the time that the crops were gathered until the following spring, the whole townland was common to the villagers. Disputes and agrarian problems were not

unknown to the Brehon Court (which existed up to 1850), the fore-runner of the legal sessions which now take place at regular intervals in what was once the local Linen Hall. One particular dispute which had its origin in the peaceful village of Feenone, led to the establishment of the Irish Church Mission when the famine was at its height in the parish. We shall later meet the one-time peace-loving blacksmith, Gordon, and we shall see the manner in which the Parish Priest stood by his flock and saved them from the revenge sought by this blacksmith-turned-preacher, against those who did not decide the land dispute in his favour.

There were three priests in the parish in 1847, when life turned black in the West with the advent of the black-blighted potato. A letter written by a parish priest of the Westport Deanery published in *The Freeman's Journal* in 1846, reads: "Catholic curates, from the nature of their office, which places them in daily and constant communication with the poor of Ireland, are of all others best acquainted with their suffering and poverty." This and several other complaints against the action of the newly-elected Whig government under Lord Russell, in excluding Catholic curates from acting on relief committees, led Lord Monteagle to remark in a letter to the Lord Lieutenant: "Without the clergy, and here they are labouring like tigers for us day and night, we could not move a stroke."

When the Famine set in there were about fifteen hundred families in the parish of Louisburgh. One-third of these had no land of their own, but depended for a livelihood on conacre; some others called "cottiers" depended mainly on their employers, who paid them one shilling a day. When their staple food, the potato, failed, their doom was sealed, and they were mowed down by hunger at the rate of nearly a hundred a week. "At Louisburgh, between ten and twenty deaths daily were reported during January 1847. Coffinless burials, bodies uninterred; the quick and the dying lying side by side." (*The Great Famine*—Edwards and Williams). So desperate were the hungry outcasts, that they clamoured for relief from the Relieving Officer in the town, a Mr. Carroll. He sent many to far-off Bundorragha for a supply of Indian meal. Others got a ticket to the Workhouse at Westport, a Union built to hold one thousand inmates. Three thousand clamoured for admission some days here—of thirty-three anointed in one day at this Union, only three were living the following day." (*D'Alton's His-*



*tory of Ireland*, vol. 5). Of the hundreds who set out for Delphi Lodge in the Spring of '47, very few survived to tell the tale. The two vice-guardians there refused to grant the miserable, famishing people either meal or a ticket to the Workhouse; and so after unheeded pleadings, they returned crestfallen to Louisburgh during the night. Next morning the trail along by Doolough from Housten's lodge as far as Glankeen river, was strewn with emaciated corpses. Many of those desperate and lonely outcasts threw themselves down fatigued and hungry along the mountain paths or in the shelter of the river banks, to snatch a sleep, and died where they lay.

Many and vivid are the oral traditions concerning the alarming changes brought about by the Famine on the social, religious and economic life of the parish. Hundreds of people, including the amiable pastor, who lost heart, fled to America on the "coffin-ships." Fr. Tom McCaffrey became parish priest, but as he was a very ill man he soon passed to his reward in his house at Tooreen. This critical time proved to be a golden opportunity for the Irish Church Mission. They were let loose among the starving parishioners, led by their ranting preachers, chief of whom was a former resident of Feenone, a blacksmith called Gordon. They raised their flag in "the colony" which they built at Bunlahinch, where they enticed the famishing peasantry to attend their church, and be sustained in their soup kitchens.

The man responsible for bringing these proselytisers to the parish was Gordon, who fell foul of a neighbour in a dispute over rundale in Feenone. The Parish Priest was asked to mediate, and he decided against Gordon. The latter was so enraged that he went the following Sunday to the Protestant Church, and was forever boycotted by his friends for this apostacy. He fled to England, and was almost forgotten for twenty years, until he grasped this opportunity of the Famine to take his revenge. It was not indeed surprising that Fr. Sheridan, P.P., had to adopt very stringent measures in an effort to save his flock from the dangers of this "soupperism." He had loyal parishioners who stood by him through thick and thin, and these when necessary, repelled the repeated attacks of the "Jumpers".

It soon transpired, however, that when the Mission Church funds were almost exhausted, all the bogus converts had fled from the Colony and returned to their own Church. By the year 1853, the words of prophecy spoken by Archbishop McHale on Roonith Hill

as he looked across towards Gordon's Colony, had come true. "People in this gathering" he said, "will live to see the crows going in and out through that roof." Gordon was a failure, and so was his plan. He soon asked for and was granted pardon in the Catholic Church on Chapel Street where he read his recantation before the congregation in a humble but contrite voice. The Parish Priest, Fr. Michael Curley, was very kind to him, and he took up a substantial collection for him in Louisburgh and in Gowlan Churches. Later he arranged that Gordon, well advanced in years, be admitted to the Workhouse in Westport where he died subsequently.

It would be impossible to assess the effect of the famine years on the people who survived to tell the tale. *The Times* gloated over the exodus from the Irish countryside at the time. "In a short time," it stated, "a Celt would be as rare in Ireland as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan." Many Prelates spoke very vehemently against the Government's failure to protect the rights of the tenants, and they linked this problem with the daily tide of emigration. Attempts were made to organise emigrants, and most of the people leaving Louisburgh remained together in America, united particularly in centres such as Boston, Cleveland, Clinton and New York. Down along the years to the present day since their departure, they have continued to assist their friends and relatives not merely by their princely generosity, but also by their remarkable contribution to the shaping of modern Irish history. May the noble work achieved by the descendants—at home and abroad—of the loyal people of the parish, who withstood the onslaught of the Famine, and who defied the proselytisers, be recorded and preserved in the annals of our parish.

#### OUR FUTURE . . .

WHILE we hope and pray that Ireland will always remain true to the Faith of St. Patrick, it is most necessary to remember that this will depend to a large extent on ourselves . . .

If there is one test by which, under God, we may form a judgement concerning the future, it is the extent to which we model our lives on the virtues of our National Apostle.

—Most Rev. Dr. Fergus (Lenten Pastoral, 1961)



# Drama

FATHER JOSEPH MORAN



THE DRAMA GROUP of Muintir na Tíre continues to be very active. Last year on the fourth Sunday in Lent they staged *The Mummy and the Mumps*, a hilarious American comedy. The action takes place in a high-class Boarding School presided over by Miss Agatha Laidlaw. The author has devised the most fantastic situations, as when the dashing young Briscoe impersonates Sir Hector Fish, a professor of languages from England; and Sir Hector, suspected of having the mumps, escapes through the Customs, disguised as a Mummy. Later, when an investigation is being held to find out who is who, the staid and solemn Sir Hector disguises himself as a woman to make his escape. The climax is reached when Briscoe and Sir Hector Fish are confronted with the Sheriff and each claims to be Miss Agatha Laidlaw, before the eyes of Miss Laidlaw herself.

Mr. Dennis Franks produced the play, and the cast showed the great benefit they derived from the training by a professional producer. Cast:

<i>Billy Laidlaw</i>	. . .	Mick Gallagher
<i>Miss Agatha Laidlaw</i>		Mrs. C. Lyons
<i>Anna Hampton</i>	. .	Phil Scanlon
<i>Dulcie Dumble</i>	. .	Nuala Dunne
<i>Maud</i>	. . . . .	Agnes Hughes
<i>Sir Hector Fish</i>	. .	Donald Wallace
<i>Bobby Briscoe</i>	. . .	Seán O'Malley
<i>Rocken</i>	. . . . .	Sylvester O'Donnell
<i>Phoebe Beebe</i>	. . .	Mary Sweeney
<i>Perkins, the Sheriff</i>	. .	Mick O'Brien

Stage effects and lighting: Donald Wallace.

May 15, 1960, provided a novel treat in the premiere production of Mr. Basil Morahan's first play, *A Problem Solved*. The setting

is an Irish country village where a stern father picks what he regards as the most suitable partner for his son, and tries to force the lad to marry against his will. But the son has his own ideas, and triumphs in the end. The play abounds in comic situations, and the audience thoroughly appreciated the comedy. Mick Gallagher as Charlie McGuinness, Michael Ball in the role of his son, Martin McGuinness, and Oliver Morahan playing Dan Morgan were three very contrasting characters; yet they combined very well in putting across the humour of the dialogue. Michael O'Brien gave a skilful performance as the doctor, as also did Sylvester O'Donnell as the care-free University student. Phil Scanlon displayed her usual talent in the difficult role of Sarah Joyce, especially in the fortune-telling scenes. Mary Sweeney acted with great self-assurance in the role of the young teacher, Anastasia O'Dea, and contrasted well with Agnes Hughes as Peggy Murphy (the girl Charlie McGuinness had picked for his son). The author expressed himself highly pleased with the interpretation, lighting and staging. Co-producers were Basil Morahan and Donald Wallace, the stage was arranged by Johnny Sweeney and the lighting effects were ably done by Michael Moran.

*Autumn Fire*, a tragedy by T. C. Murray, was entered for the Mayo Muintir na Tíre Drama Festival in the Parochial Hall on the first Sunday in Lent, 1961. Mr. Peter Tolan, the adjudicator, commented very favourably on the standard of acting. Michael Ball interpreted the part of Owen Keegan well and rose to great heights in the tragic closing scene. Oliver Morahan as Mongan and Mick Gallagher as Michael were highly praised for the natural acting of their parts. Phil Scanlon gave good expression to the different moods of Allen and was highly commended. Mary Sweeney played Nance with fine feeling and reached a fine climax in the emotional scene at the end. Agnes Hughes in the part of the lighthearted, carefree Molly, and Sylvester O'Donnell as the breezy young athlete, Tom Furlong, played their parts satisfactorily. The lighting effects by Donald Wallace were adjudged the best in the Festival. In the opinion of the adjudicator, the cast succeeded in putting the play across effectively, and this was the most important factor; but, he said, there were a few things that could be improved: more care with the make-up, better timing of entrances and exits, and more attention to clear enunciation. The adjudicator awarded 78 marks, which was third place in the Festival.



# Are We Peasants?

STEPHEN FAHY, B.AGR.SC.

and

MICHAEL O'BRIEN (Parish Advisory Agent)

**L**OUISBURGH is essentially an agricultural parish as almost all families, urban and rural, are said to belong to the category of peasants. A peasant is a small farmer who cultivates by his own labour a patch of land which he owns or rents. Relatively few of the town residents depend solely on their shops for a living so we may, for convenience, speak of our parishioners in general as a peasant community.

Half a century ago the peasant was characterised by three things: (a) his intense love of the soil; (b) his willingness to work long hours for small return, and (c) his tendency to cling to old methods and customs. If we are to be, in practice, what we are deemed to be in theory, we should embrace the above trio! so it might be well to review the situation in the light of these characteristics and see if we are at any point alien to what we are proclaimed to be. The last two are closely related as old methods and customs necessitate long hours, so I shall deal with those first. We are still inclined to cling to old methods of farming and are usually loath to yield to the proven experiences of those more versed in the application of scientific farming. "What was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us" is our attitude, so in this respect we are peasants to the backbone. Willingness to work long hours has long since gone on the "river of no return." Our ancestors were familiar with the aspect of the rising and setting sun but we seldom see the rising sun (unless superstition goads us on to catch a glimpse of old Phoebus tripping the light fantastic on Easter morning!) This fact does not necessarily mean that we sleep more than our ancestors did, but we are so preoccupied with pastimes and recreation that we rarely get to bed before 1.30 or 2 a.m. It is deplorable to have to admit that it is possible to find a pair or group of farmers chatting at a crossroads or meandering homewards in the early hours of the morning. What are we to expect their nervous and physical condition to be on the morrow? Certainly their aptitude for a decent



Fair Day

day's work will be a minus quantity. (Oh! yes! Lest I be reminded of "at first take the mote from thine own eye . . . etc", I must state that the white-collar worker, who is on a five-hour day, finished at 3.30 p.m. and has nothing to do but relax for the rest of the evening, does not come within the scope of this paragraph). A strict eight-hour day for the farmers is impracticable as the type of weather and the particular occupation govern this factor; but the question may well be asked: "do we work eight hours of concentrated effort for even 100 out of the 365 days?" How often is precious time wasted on the casual passerby in idle gossip or enjoying a smoke? Of course, we are obsessed by a new idea—"only fools work." The only remark we hear being made about any man who works hard is "Isn't he foolish, killing himself!" I am inclined to think that we depend too much on State-aid. I need not dwell on such evils as *dole* and its kindred benefits and their effect on the recipients, for their uses and abuses are well-known to the general public. We apply for grants for this, that, and the other and leave much-needed work undone if we do not qualify for those grants and if they do not cover the cost. The Government Departments and Societies are blamed for the meagreness of grants, but where would any Government get all the money we expect, gratis, from them?



Now, to take the first things last, we come to the "intense love of the soil." Most certainly we do love the soil, but it is a love that is dormant, sterile and sporadic. The only occasion on which we display that love is when somebody has the unenvied task of trying to make our holdings more satisfactory for ourselves—in other words, when the question of "striping" crops up. We quibble and quarrel over a few square yards of useless moorland and woe betide the unfortunate official who dares to lessen our expanse by a square foot to give *cothrom na féinne* to the neighbour. We are continually yearning for more land. This is the type of love of the soil that has been engendered in us—a degraded love best described by the term *lust*. In theory we are depending on the soil for a living (in practice we depend on the Government), so it is our wage-earner, so to speak. Now let us look at some other wage-earners with which we are familiar and see if our wage-earner gets a square deal in comparison. Take the hackney-car for instance—it is washed, greased, oiled and serviced at regular intervals in order to get the best out of it. The race-horse is groomed daily, taken out for a canter and fed on the best foods. These are just two examples among several quotable ones. Now we can ask how is the land treated and does it get a square deal? The answer is definitely negative. It is fed on fresh air for the most part and rarely tastes such necessities as phosphates or potash. Rarely, too, is it ploughed and re-seeded, so that the grass it produces will be of first-rate quality. Drainage is not attended to and whenever it is carried out, it is regarded as a panacea—a cure for all ills. We rest on our oars and expect that as a result of drainage rushes will disappear, weeds will be shell-shocked and luscious grass will smile forth at us in *saccula sacculorum*! Manuring is done irregularly and very often the same type of fertiliser is applied to the same patch year after year, and so it is overburdened with particular minerals while it lacks others to a great degree. The cause of apathy concerning the proper care and management of the soil is lack of interest in the soil—in other words, lack of *love* of the soil. If we loved the soil we would find out from the experts what each particular patch requires and we would get a better return even from the small amount of labour we expend. If we loved the soil we would expend more labour on its cultivation and thus in practice what we are merely in theory. Indeed, Louisburgh's greatest need in our opinion is an intense love of the soil.

## Flickerings



## Venerable Archdeacon Prendergast, P.P., V.G.

AMONG the priests who arrived regularly for the High Masses and funerals in Louisburgh, there were some whom we got to know quite as well as the parish clergy: priests of whom we stood in awe because, even as boys, we sensed somehow the added dignity that graces a man's strong character and the extra reverence due to exceptional priestly achievement. Such a man, and such a priest, was Father Geoffrey Prendergast—Archdeacon Prendergast to those who did not know him well. Father Geoffrey died in Ballyhaunis on Sunday, May 29, 1960, at the age of eighty-two. May God rest his soul!

He was born in Accony, of a family which has given many sons to God's service; and in Accony he had his early education. His college years were spent in Castlebar, in Tuam, and in Maynooth, where he was ordained in 1903. In his fifty-seven years as a priest his varied missions took him at first to Crossboyne and Letterfrack; then through the Archdiocese as Inspector of Schools; and later to Castlebar where he served from 1912 to 1933 except for his periods as Army Chaplain—in Palestine 1916-'17 and with the Irish Free State Army 1923-'24. In 1933 he became Parish Priest of Ballyhaunis where he remained, until his death, for twenty-seven years.

But appointments and different missions mean little in assessing the worth of such a man; for characters such as he form history as they live it; and transform circumstances by their vigour and their zeal. To one of a later generation, Father Geoffrey's main characteristic appears as *determination*; a whole-hearted giving of himself to what cause or causes he found worthy of patronage or support. The people of Castlebar in particular still recall many evidences of that fearless determination during nationally turbulent times. In later years this same charism flowered in such activities as the priestly care of his people, the Catholic Boy Scouts' Association, St. Joseph's Young Priests Society, the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association, and in particular, the Mayo Vocational Education Committee, of which he was a long-time chairman.

It is with special pride that we, in Louisburgh, recall that, while devoting himself so eagerly to the undertakings which confronted him in public life, his mind and heart were big enough to retain an



unquenching loyalty and an undisguised patriotism for Kilgeever—for the place which he never ceased to proclaim as “*my native parish*.” Kilgeever has sincerely missed him; and the people of Kilgeever pray that an eternal dwelling-place has been prepared for him in Heaven.

Leon Ó Mórcháin.

## Mrs. Mary O’Toole, N.T.

IT MAY seem paradoxical at first sight but a little reflection will show it to be true that the more you know about people, the more difficult it becomes to write about them, especially when you are limited to a short space. The difficulty is one of selection. There is room for differences of opinion as to which are the most characteristic and salient traits of personality and the final picture that emerges may appear to some distorted if not downright false.



The late Mrs. O’Toole, or Mary O’Reilly as she continued to be called by many, even after her marriage—in manner characteristic of our parish—was my first teacher and remained a life-long friend. Thus I had plenty of opportunity of getting to know her both as a teacher and as a person or character and it is under those two headings that I intend to write about her.

We sometimes hear nowadays of a lack of sense of vocation among some of our younger generation of teachers. Be that as it may, it can be safely said that if ever any teacher had a deep sense of vocation to teaching, then Mrs. O’Toole had. She was entirely dedicated to it and lived for nothing else. I know for a fact that whereas the pupils during term counted the days to holiday time, she, during the holidays, counted the days in longing expectation of return to school and to her “*daltai*” as she called them. So it was that when the time for her retirement finally came, she could only look forward to it with great sadness and even dismay; and I for one will always believe that her sudden and dramatic death so soon after retirement was more than anything else due to a broken heart. In a way there was a certain fittingness about it as one could not

properly visualise her as a retired or “ex-”teacher, but rather as a teacher in the full vigour and enthusiasm of her profession and that is how we shall ever remember her.

It has been said that the purpose of all teaching is to prepare the pupils for life and death. By that standard Mrs. O’Toole must be judged as standing right at the top of her profession. Religion was always kept to the forefront and permeated the whole life of the school. Apart from imparting a thorough knowledge of the truths of religion, as her results in this field showed, she instilled a strong sense of dedication and loyalty to the Catholic faith, which stood her pupils in such good stead in later years. The people who lived and worked in the vicinity of the school will remember how at recreation time on fine days she would lead her flock from the school down to the seashore as she recited the Rosary and they all answered as they followed behind.

She had a strong and carrying voice which she used effectively in her teaching. She could scold effectively, interspersing her English with the most expressive words from Irish, but nevertheless I cannot recall that she ever said anything really hurtful. When her past pupils get to reminiscing about their schooldays, the picture of her that emerges is always tinged with kindness, and even those who got the worst “tongue thrashings,” as she called them, retain no bitter memories. She could be extremely amusing as she spurred on the lazy and indifferent ones and we can recall how difficult the “master” at the other end of the old school found it to keep a straight face before the seniors as she dealt with her own problem pupils. Further, any sign of amusement on the face of a senior might draw down on the unfortunate offender a devastating sally which could effectively demolish any sense of superiority the seniors felt towards the activity of the junior end of the school.

An attempt to assess Mrs. O’Toole as a person or character presents a more complex problem. Perhaps the aspect that will first leap to the minds of most is her sense of humour. This showed itself in many ways, but in none perhaps so strongly as in her ability to describe the quirks of character and foibles of her acquaintances and her brilliant powers of mimicry. She could not only produce the expression, tone of voice and turn of phrase, but could also construct accurately what a person would say in any imagined set of circumstances. There was one particular party piece in which she would describe the gathering around the bonfires which



took place on St. John's Eve. As a finale to the whole proceedings the Rosary would be recited, but interspersed with various comments, which were uttered between the "Hail Marys" without change of tone or pause for punctuation. Another piece described her journey to school and her exchanges with the various people, men and women, she met on the way. I greatly regret that a permanent record of these and similar pieces was not made on tape.

Her wit and humour, however, though it might have been the most obvious trait of character to a casual acquaintance, hid a deep seriousness and even sensitiveness. If at times it seemed edged or barbed it was always basically kindly and no one was more understanding or tolerant of the weaknesses of human nature. Above all she never failed to put into practice in her own life the lessons she taught so well to her pupils in school. Her solid and practical piety were too well known to need any comment from me. Even here she could see the comic side. She had the habit of spending an hour in the church every evening. Often she would be driven there, but preferred to walk home if weather permitted. On such occasions she would say that she got the "midwife's ride." The reference was to the fact that in the old days of the sidecars, the midwife would always be fetched to the home of her patients; but afterwards, when her work was done, was allowed to walk home.

Space does not permit me to deal with her work for the folk-lore and antiquities of the parish which was so gratefully and generously acknowledged by Dr. Delargy. At her death the teaching profession lost a distinguished and dedicated member, her country lost an enlightened patriot, her wide circle of friends lost a delightful and entertaining companion, and the church lost a deeply devout and devoted Catholic.

So ndéanaió Dia trócaire ar a hanam éaoin d'áris!

Patrick Prendergast.

#### A THOUGHT . . .

OUR PEOPLE have a natural aversion to discuss or as we say, to *draw down the names of*, those who have gone to their reward. This issue has, necessarily, *drawn down* many such names. It will be a happy outcome if readers make a point of remembering them all in their prayers.

So mbeirimio beo an t-am seo áris!

## Very Rev. Thomas F. Gibbons, P.P.

FATHER TOM GIBBONS was born in the village of Roonith on June 19, 1872. He was ordained on June 10, 1900. He died in Minnesota on April 24, 1960. May God rest his soul!



These three dates are epochs in a long life which was remarkable: remarkable in its chequered missions, remarkable in its triumph over ill-health and most remarkable in its sixty years of devotion to a priestly vocation.

While he was still a school-boy at Louisburgh Boys' School, Tom Gibbons volunteered for service on the African Mission—at a time when life in Africa was a world horror. His college years were spent first at Wilton College Cork, and later in Egypt, where he was ordained at the turn of the century. After a few years in

Cork he was entrusted with his life's ambition, a mission in Lagos, West Africa; and with four priest-companions he set off for a five-year period in the then *White Man's Grave*. How well this name was earned can be deduced from the fact that of the five young missionary priests only the strong son of Roonith lived to complete the five years; and even he was stricken with the dread malaria of which his fellow-apostles had died. After a year's rest at home, Father Gibbons was appointed President of the Missionary Society College at Ballinacfad, but after six months of office his health again broke and even his two years at the Spa in Lemington brought him no lasting relief. Medical advice prevailed on him to seek a warmer climate, and when he set sail for California he met as fellow-passenger Most Rev. Dr. Ireland. The Bishop invited Father Gibbons to take a temporary appointment at St. Paul, Minnesota. He went to St. Paul for six months and the climate was so favourable to his health that he remained there until he closed his eyes in death at the age of eighty-eight. He was uncle of Very Rev. Edward O'Malley, P.P., Moore; Mr. Anthony O'Malley, Roonith; Mrs. S. Gibbons,



Bridge Street; Mrs. E. Gibbons, Carrowniskey, and Mrs. Gill, Kilmeena.

This magazine feels deeply the death of Father Tom Gibbons—feels it as the passing of one of Louisburgh's *other Christs* in the mission-fields; and feels it, too, because that in the list of parish clergy it last published, his was one of the very few names omitted. It does, we think, emphasise for us how little we of a younger generation know of the race of people from whom we have received under God, all that we have and are; people who had made Kilgeever known and honoured before we *were*. It was a compensation for us, in the humiliation of such an error, to receive letters from readers—old and not-so-old—who were quick to remind us of the omission. It is a further recompense to know that some months before his death he had received a copy of the first *Coinneal* with our explanation and apology.

May he enjoy the light of Heaven!

EDITOR.

## CAOINEAD

Seán Mac Conmara

**F**ILE ab ea Seán Mac Conmara a bhí ina cónaí in Oghúil agus a fuair bás ann timpeall na bliana 1865. Tá curd dá amhrán i gcló ag Tomás Ó Máille ins “An Šaoč Amiar” agus i “Mícheál Mac Suibne agus Pítrí an tSléibe.” Ní dóig liom go bhfuil an t-amhrán seo foillsiúe san leagan seo éana.

Caitlead mac Seán—Antoine—óna bás; agus ceap Seán an caoinead atá i gcló ins “An Šaoč Amiar” óó. Níl an oiread sin tagairt ó Antoine san amhrán seo. Is ó Peadar Mac Donnait, An tSráid Mór, Cluain Cearbáin a scríobad síos é seo i 1938. Tadh Ó Tighearnáin as Aillmór a tug óó san é. Ar óeis Dé dóib uile!

### I

Nuair a t'eigimse sa bás bíonn scáit orm imeáct ón gcéib,  
Ó u'imiš mo páirtí tá'n tráig uilig orm féin;  
Caitl mé an cúl báire a bhí láidir le seasam žac céim  
Ac mar bead sruc in ašaid áirde, ag tráct air ó u'imiš se  
uaim.

### II

Nac truaig leat suideam Síle žan suaimneas le páit aici i  
žcém

Ná cara aici le žlaoc lena sínead ar a páit sa žeré;  
Žoidé an máit an žaolta 'rad cóice dá žcaitlead sí a raóare  
Žo otósoč sí ag žlaoc san óice ar a mac as Orleans.

### III

Nuair a t'eim faoin ualad nil duine le žlaoc agam féin  
Tá'n tuille ag t'šeáct luac is ní f'óžrann an bhuit tú faoi  
réir;  
Tadžann sí ar cuairt ear éuan, žan duine ac é féin  
Mura bhuit an feamainn ar bhual sé is ual žo n-imeóč sé  
ar scrae.

### IV

Óá noeandá mo cōmairte is olúead seil eile liom féin  
Ní bead t'ionad amú is bead úuračt máit eadar oo léas;  
Ói an breac ag žac taoib óiot is tú ag iomrad žo hOiteán  
na néise.  
Sílím žo mb'fearr sin ná tú i žcontúirt ag uil žo hOrleans.

### V

Bíonn orm cumairt faoin žcúpla a u'imiš i žcém  
Ó eugadar cūrsa aduaid ó beas mar an žreim;  
Ac amare mo súit sé mo bhón ní feicead žo h-éas  
Ní éioaid síad róm i žcuan, i žcalaó, ná i žcéib.

### VI

Deannačt is céad žo h-éas is žo sroisid sí Urío  
Anonn žo hOrleans, nil éalóó orru ón éios,  
Níl tacsái na rates ann is tá éire bočt caite as a žcroí  
Ac nuair a éioaid sí i n-éipeáct béir a feite a' rič as an tír.

### VII

Duine máit éreitre ní féidir leis scaipead ón žaol  
Nuair a pósann sé céite bíonn scéilín aige i noaid na h-óice;  
'S mall builí don-oiró is ní éalad i noeire a mbri  
Mar sin a bíonns an t-é pážtar donraic 'sé i noeire a šaol!

The above poem is one of many composed by Sean Mac Conmara of Ogool after the death of his son, Anthony, in a drowning accident. The pathos of his poems—inspired by the loss of his son—is brought into focus in the last couplet above. A translation of these two lines is:

“Ah, feeble is one sledge beating! And little its blows  
achieve!

“And such is the lot of a lone, old man when left in the  
world to grieve.”



## Epitaph

O Jesu, Deus verax magnus  
Judex potens formidandus  
At Judex bonus plusquam clemens  
Supplicantis exaudi preces.

O misericors, o misericors,  
O tu solus non immisericors  
Comple opus quod incipit tua mors  
Cum beatis sit hic jacentis mors.

Vide quantus tibi datur honor  
Quantus quoque ministro favor  
Quum virginis matris tuae natali  
Reddidit spiritum in sacro tribunali.

Dum dira cum falce sua adstabat  
Minister tuus a culpis reos solvebat  
Dic ergo invicem Serve bone et fidelis  
Intra in gaudium domini tui.

Et tu frater qui isticitas et legis  
Memento hic jacentis Hugonis fratris  
Preces supplex in alto mitte Patri  
Ut sitis semper tu et ille beati.

Rev. Hugh Malone died Sept. 8th, 1845, aged 65.

The above Latin inscription marks the grave of Father Hugh Malone to the north-east of the ruined Abbey in Kilgeever. It has been copied by Pádraic Ó Móráin, Kilmeena.

## Translation

O Jesus, God both true and great,  
Judge powerful, dread potentate,  
And merciful—yet still most just,  
O hear my prayers, who in Thee trust.

O Merciful, O Merciful,  
Thou Who alone art not unmerciful,  
Complete the work Thy death begot,  
And with the saints make this man's lot.

What glory to Thy name was brought,  
And to Thy priest what favour wrought,  
When, on the feast of Thy Mother's birth,  
From the Penance box his soul left earth.

While Death stood nigh with sickle, grim,  
This priest absolved the people's sin,  
Give him, in turn, the great reward  
To enter into the joy of the Lord.

And thou, o friend, who stands to read  
Forget not Hugh, who lies in need;  
Send fervent prayers to God on high  
That he and you be happy for aye.

The third quatrain refers to Father Malone's death which took place while he heard Confession. He was curate in Kilgeever Parish, 1837-'45.



## Father John O'Reilly, P.P.

VERY REV. JOHN O'REILLY, P.P., was born in the village of Shragh in the year 1882; and, after attending school in Louisburgh, and college in Tuam and in Maynooth, he was ordained for the Archdiocese of Tuam in 1911. After ordination he continued his theological studies in the Dunboyne Establishment, but after one year there he was appointed as Irish professor in St. Jarlath's College, Tuam. This position he filled for seventeen years and it is the one with which his colleagues and his students most associate him in memory. In 1929 he left St. Jarlath's to become curate at Roundfort. It was to be his only curacy; for, ten years later, he was appointed to Clonbur as Parish Priest; and there he died in May, 1961. His passing—even at his advanced age—has been mourned by the peoples whom he knew and who knew him as a boy, as a young priest and as a pastor; and probably most of all by the students who sat in St. Jarlath's to learn his native West-Mayo Irish, the Irish of Shragh.

They remember him especially as a man of kindness: it was shown in his patience, in his humour, in his words, in his forbearance; and they recall that in such a long period of teaching he was never known to use a cane. Rather he had the gift of winning them by making their class-work so topical and so boyish that it was no longer alien to them; and many of them still recount his appealing, eye-twinkling introductions to the episodes of "that rascal, Jimín Mháire Thaidhg."

That kindness coloured all his doings—he was a kind priest, a kind host and, in time, a kind storyteller.

Shíolraigh sé ó mhuintir a rabh teanga agus dúchas na nGael ag rith leo ariamh; muinntear a bhí ariamh brodúil as an dúchas sin. Dar lena lán, ba mhó le rá é fhéin mar údarás ar an nua-Ghaeilge ná a uncal cáilmhear, an tAthair Seaghán M., a scríobh *The Native Speaker Examined Home*, agus a thug an óráid thar uaigh Eoin Uí Gramhnai.

Ba chineálta, lách an sagart é, agus gan ach an deá-fhocal i gcónaí aige don t-é nach mbeadh i láthair.

Go rabh deá-fhocal Dé agus cineáltas na bhFlaitheas fáite aige dá bharr!

—Liam Mac Duarcáin.

## Rakings

(PARISH ANNALS)



# Canadian Cablegram

APROPOS of the origin of the name LOUISBURGH, the following letter has arrived from our namesakes in Nova Scotia:

Thursday, August 13th, 1959.

Reverend Sir,

Mayor Hiltz of Louisbourg, Nova Scotia, passed your letter on to me. I understand that he has already answered it and sent you the historical booklet.

I am Hon. Curator of the Louisbourg Museum (under the Federal Government of Canada), so I hasten to answer your proposition that your Louisburgh is connected, by name, with ours. I fear this is not so. There were two Lord Howes, one, a brilliant young officer, who was serving under General Abercrombie at Fort Ticonderoga, when he was killed in 1758. The other Lord Howe (his father?) commanded the British army in America; he defeated Washington at the battle of Brandywine in 1777 but did not follow up the victory. He resigned as Commander-in-Chief in 1780. As you see, neither of the Lord Howes were at Louisbourg, which was named after Louis the XIVth.

With all good wishes to you and your Council, and also for the success of "The Candle," I remain,

Yours sincerely,

KATHARINE McLENNAN,  
Hon. Curator, Louisbourg Museum.

Miss McLennan holds out little hope for the validity of our theory—which still to us appears too much for coincidence—that *Cluain Cearbáin* was renamed 'Louisburgh' when the town was built (1788) and that this was in memory of a victory at Louisbourg, Nova Scotia, where Admiral Howe, who later married the daughter of Lord Altamount, distinguished himself. The coincidence is less likely if the name Louisa de Burgh (Howe) was given to the daughter of this Admiral and his Westport wife—and such is our information.

Does any reader wish to air an opinion—or a known fact—for either side of this Atlantic problem?—EDITOR.

## "The Honour of the Little Village"

DOCTOR COLUM O'TOOLE (Chapel Street) well-known Mayo Co. footballer, qualified at University College, Galway, and is now attached to the County Hospital, Castlebar.

VERY REV. JAMES PRENDERGAST (Accony) has been appointed Parish Priest of Aughagower.

GARDA FRANK LYONS (Accony) has been appointed Sergeant to Ballyvaughan, Co. Clare; and his brother GARDA BRENDAN LYONS, recently trained, has been assigned to Ballyshannon Co. Donegal.

Local Muintir na Tire teams have achieved peak level. As a Question-time team, MRS. EVELYN PHILBIN and MESSRS. PATRICK BALL, N.T., OLIVER MORAHAN, MICHAEL O'BRIEN and GARDA W. CURRAN have become Connacht champions by defeating Galway and Roscommon winners. In the under-25 Public Speaking competition, MISSES MARGARET McMYLER, N.T., MARY SWEENEY, N.T., VERA O'MALLEY, N.T., and MR. LOUIS HENEGHAN have also become provincial champions. Both teams qualified, at first, to represent Mayo: both represent Connacht in the national final in August. And to crown these achievements the Guild, for the third time in four years, has been awarded the McDonagh Cup as the most active Guild in Connacht!

The annual award for best-kept farm has been won this year by MR. THOMAS MORRISON, Thalabawn.

MRS. MARY HASTINGS (Leachta) has completed her hundredth year since December.

MISSES KATHLEEN McHALE and MARGUERITA HANNON, B.Sc. (now MRS. MANNION) qualified as national school-teachers in Carysfort College, Blackrock, Dublin, in June, 1960.

Among the priests ordained in 1960 were: REV. FRANCIS McMYLER (Chapel Street), REV. MICHAEL WALLACE (Woodfield) and REV. MICHAEL FLANNERY (Milltown), whose mother was formerly MISS THECLA McDERMOTT, Louisburgh. Ordinations in 1961 included: REV. LIAM O'TOOLE (Louisburgh), REV. JOHN WALTER O'REILLY (Shraugh) and REV. SEAN O'LEARY (Louisburgh).

MR. SIMON J. KELLY, B.Arch., M.R.I.A.I., designed the marble and deal casket presented by her Mayo cousins to Princess Grace of Monaco on her recent visit to Mayo.

Returned with the 34th Battalion from the Congo are two Louisburghmen—MR. PADDY O'MALLEY (Cloonty) and MR. WILLIE MORAHAN (Louisburgh).



MR. MICHAEL HANNON has qualified as national school-teacher in St. Patrick's, Drumcondra.

MR. MICHAEL J. PRENDERGAST, a Bridge Street merchant, has had the unusual experience of a helicopter trip to the islands off the parish coast. It happened on February 15, 1961, when the marooned islands sought relief. Mr. Prendergast supplied and accompanied the cargo which was loaded at the Bridge and dropped on the islands. The project was sponsored by Smithwicks' Ltd., Kilkenny.

MR. THOMAS STAUNTON (Thalabawn) has completed the sale of portion of his farm to the National Trust and Distributors Ltd., for £2,000.

All twenty-six pupils presented by REV. MOTHER M. MICHAEL at the recent music (R.I.A.M.) examinations passed with first-class honours. (*The printer will kindly preserve this line of type: it will, please God, be often recurring!*—EDITOR).

## Statistics

### 1840:

IN THE *Royal Irish Constabulary List* (first volume published in Dublin by Alex Thom & Co. Ltd., 1840), some interesting local historical tit-bits are preserved. The 1840 volume mentions that a constabulary police force is stationed in the town (Lewis's Survey notes this three years earlier); but no head-constable is mentioned until 1853. An 1843 addendum records that there are police stations in "Bundurra" and Clare Island and that the medical attendant at Louisburgh station that year is Doctor Fergus. Fairs are listed for the area as follows: Gowlawn—25 March (a patron) and 31 July. Louisburgh—1 May, 1 June, 1 October and 8 December. A market is held every Monday.

Murrisk—29 August (a patron).

Westport—1 January, 22 May, 6 August, 1 November, and a market every Thursday.

The 1843 addendum also lists the Coastguard stations: "Clare Island, Old Head—one mile from Louisburgh, Roonagh Point—four miles from Louisburgh, and Ennisturk—ten miles from Clare Island."

It mentions that the Baronial Cess Collector for the Barony of Murrisk was George Hildebrand, Westport. The issue of July 1869 is the earliest to record that Louisburgh is a Petty Sessions town.

Presumably until July 1899 there was no telephone connection to Louisburgh Barracks, for then it is first recorded. The station in Clare Island was discontinued in 1908 but re-established temporarily in 1916, according to the 1916 volume.

The following is a list of the Constables-in-Charge at Louisburgh 1853-1919: from 1844 onwards they are referred to as Sergeants:

1853-'58(?)—Michael Bourke; 1858(?)-'65—Thomas Coneys; 1865-'70—Laurence Fowke; 1870-'75—Martin Daly; 1875-'6—George Evans; 1876-'7—Philip Casey; 1877-'80—John Kennedy; 1880-'84—B. Harte; 1884-'88—Michael McGrath; 1888-'89—H. McKee; 1889-'95—Patrick Guinan; 1895-'96—Tim Sullivan; 1896-'97—Gar Fitzsimmons; 1897-1900—James J. McCarry; 1900-'02—Michael Harrison; 1902-'03—Kyrán Dolan (acting sergeant); 1903-'06—Val Hawkins; 1906-'12—John Donohue; 1912-'19—William Higgins; 1919-'22—William Fahy.

Under native government the sergeants have been:

T. P. McCullagh (R.I.P.), John Sarsfield (R.I.P.), Francis Crummey, Laurence Deely, David P. Ray.

### 1855:

*Griffith's Valuations* (Alex Thom & Son Ltd., Dublin, 1855) lists land and house occupiers through the country. A few extracts will be of interest.

AILLEMORE—House-occupiers:

Mary Costelloe, Austin Gannon, Michael Ruane, Michael McNamara, John McNamara, John Davit (William), Michael Jennings, Anthony O'Donnell, James Malley, Thaddeus Kittrick, William Davit, Roger Cane, Patrick Coyne, Patrick Grady, Patrick Hynes, William Malley, Jane Gibbons, John Gibbons (Sen.), John Gibbons (Jun.), Thomas Gibbons, John Davit, Charles Davit, John McMannamon, James Malley, Catherine Gibbons, Margaret Burke, John Grady (who also has a forge).

Total area—714 acres, 1 rood, 17 perches, of which 626 acres (odd) is held by *nineteen* tenants.

Individual valuations range from ten shillings to five pounds, except in three cases. For practically all holdings the immediate lessor is Louisa Moore.

CREGGANBAUN—House-occupiers:

Patrick Kilcoyne, Patrick Malley, Thaddeus Kittrick, Michael Kilcoyne (Pat), Patrick Grady, Bartholomew Kilcoyne, Michael Kilcoyne (Bartly).



The total area held (in common?) by these tenants is 368 acres, 3 roods, 24 perches. Total valuation is £15 (for land) and £4 (for buildings).

The immediate lessor is John William Garvey.

BUNOWEN—House-occupiers:

Thaddeus Berry, John Berry, William McEvelly, William Durkan, James Nicholson, Alexander Fieran, Anne Tully, Patrick Malley, James Sweeney, John Kerrigan, Timothy Heenaghan, Patrick McEvelly, John McLoughlin, Irish Church Mission (a school-house).

Land-occupiers: Michael Carroll, Rev. P. J. Callanan, D.D., Anthony Durkan, James McEvelly, Dominick Brown, Michael McHale, Michael McDonnell, James Grady, Hugh Wilbraham.

Total area is 171 acres and 34 perches. For house-occupiers the valuation varies from fifteen shillings to one pound.

The immediate lessor is the Marquis of Sligo.

#### 1961:

The following data has been kindly supplied by Sergeant D. P. Ray, G.S. (from 1961 census) and by Mr. Michael O'Brien:

Population—2,568 (including Clare Island, 205, and Innisturk, 108)

Households—626                      Farms—676.

Unemployed—225.                      Old-age Pensioners—190.

Townlands—104.                      Area of sub-district—58,203.

Public houses—13.                      Hotels—4.

Schools—11.                      School-children—390.

In 1959 there were twenty-three deaths in the parish and thirty-nine births (14 boys, 25 girls).

In 1960 deaths were twenty-five and births forty-two (22 boys, 20 girls).

In the first five months of 1961 there were twelve deaths and nineteen births (8 boys, 11 girls).

Department of Agriculture Farm Building Scheme:

Total amount of grants paid since 1955—£22,113.

Applicants involved—841.

Cow-byres erected—130.

Produce houses and horse-boxes—140.

Two-horse stables—30

Piggeries—30.

Hay-barns—94.

The remainder of the grants were for improvement or erection of concrete walls, walks, roadways and farmyards.

## Sancta Maria Secondary School

FATHER JOSEPH MORAN

THE new building was completed when the students returned from Summer holidays last year. It was blessed by Very Rev. Fr. Burke, P.P., who also celebrated Mass. The school was dedicated to Our Lady and named *Sancta Maria*. It comprises five spacious classrooms, and a Domestic Science Room, all modernly equipped. The construction work was expertly carried out by Cox Bros. under the able direction of Mr. Matt Cosgrove as architect.

The following students won distinctions during the past year: Mary Doyle won three University Scholarships—Department of Education, County Council and Entrance to University College Galway. Jimmy Tiernan secured a County Council University Scholarship and the Mayo Committee of Agriculture Scholarship entitling him to a year's practical training in Ballyhaise College, Co. Cavan. Maura Sammon, Julia Navin, Joan O'Leary, Sal Prendergast, Gertrude O'Reilly and Claire McMyler were successful in the Civil Service Examinations for Telephonists, and are now stationed at various centres throughout the country. Mary B. O'Malley, Christine McNamara, Maire Keane and Breta O'Malley were called for Writing Assistants in the Civil Service.

#### THE PIONEERS

There are now thirty-four Pioneers and thirty-seven Probationers on the Register, under a very active Council. President, Liam Davitt; Secretary, Mary Tiernan; Treasurer, Nora Jordan; Council: Tommy O'Malley, Geoffrey O'Grady, Myles Gibbons, Breda Joyce, Mary G. O'Malley, Mary Gill.

All the students are enrolled in the Apostleship of Prayer. Every morning before class they consecrate their day's work to the Sacred Heart and attend a spiritual talk on the Saturday prior to their Communion of Reparation.

The School Play and Concert were staged for two nights early in December. *Cough Water* was presented with the following cast: Sean Fergus, Richard Scott, John Maxwell, Tommy Needham, Josephine Cannon, Mary Harney, Mary Fergus and Mary G. O'Malley. Dancing items comprised the High Caul Cap, Four-Hand Reel, Three-Hand Reel, Trip to the Cottage. The Girls' National School took the stage with the Secondary in the dancing



and singing. A novel item was the presentation of two pieces of verse-speaking by the First and Second Year students.

Ceilidhe and Drill classes are held weekly on Wednesdays under the direction of Mrs. Redmond from Castlebar. The high standard attained was very evident at the Christmas Concert when the dancing and drill were loudly applauded by the audience.

Ten girls and seven boys are engaged in project work. So far the girls have made cane trays, lampshades, tweed pictures, painted moulds and knitted articles. The boys' projects include barley-growing, calf-rearing, pig-rearing, vegetable plots and woodwork. Each student chooses his own project for which he is entirely responsible. He enters in a note-book his expenses and work-hours and on completion of the work fills in a Project Sheet issued by Headquarters. The Macra na Tuaithe Cup will be awarded to the best project in the Club at the end of the year.

The F.C.A. Troop meets for an hour under Captain McGreal on Saturday. They took part in a number of outings, parades and field-days.

The entire School travelled to Knock for the Children's Pilgrimage. A group of twenty visited Dublin to see Orson Welles as Falstaff in *Chimes at Midnight*. In May fifty-two students went on a tour of the Spring Show and took in the Zoo and Dublin Airport as well.

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## AR ùeIS Ùé ùóíÙ



The following parishioners have died at home since July, 1959:

- 1959**
- 18 October:** Mrs. Brigid Grady, Kilgeever.
  - 6 November:** Mrs. Mary O'Malley, Cross.
  - 23 November:** Thomas Ryder, Ballyhip.
  - 23 December:** John O'Malley, Mooneen.
  - 30 December:** Anne O'Malley, Mooneen.
- 1960**
- 7 January:** Eamonn Kerrigan, Falduff.
  - 7 January:** Mrs. Mary Gibbons, Aillemore.
  - 13 January:** John Gibbons, Aillemore.
  - 6 February:** Peter Gavin, Shrawee.
  - 28 February:** Walter Cox, Devlin.
  - 10 March:** Patrick O'Toole, Accony.
  - 10 March:** Michael Needham, Feenone.
  - 13 March:** Mrs. Brigid Duffy, Furmoyle.
  - 15 March:** James Kitterick, Leachta.
  - 17 March:** Mrs. Mary Gibbons, Roonith.
  - 7 April:** Owen Duffy, Askelane.
  - 8 April:** Mrs. Nora Keane, Louisburgh.
  - 10 April:** John O'Malley, Derrygarv.
  - 18 April:** Mrs. Annie O'Toole, Mooneen.
  - 30 April:** Mrs. Mary Needham, Thalabawn.
  - 5 May:** William Durkan, Bunowen.
  - 6 June:** William McHugh, Louisburgh.
  - 18 June:** James Staunton, Thalabawn.
  - 27 June:** Mrs. Brigid Philbin, Carrowniskey.
  - 10 July:** Mrs. Maty Murphy, Killadoon.
  - 29 July:** Richard Lyons, Askalane.
  - 3 November:** Mrs. Honor Kilcoyne, Woodfield.
  - 13 November:** Patrick McHale, Colony.
  - 10 December:** Patrick Prendergast, Cross.
  - 18 December:** Austin O'Toole, Doughmackeown.
- 1961**
- 5 January:** Mrs. Mary Gibbons, Bunowen.
  - 12 January:** Mrs. Mary Kilcoyne, Delphi.
  - 6 February:** Mrs. Annie Scahill, Louisburgh.
  - 12 February:** Patrick O'Malley, Feenone.
  - 16 February:** Mrs. Brigid Kelly, Askelane.
  - 1 March:** Mrs. Ellen Needham, Feenone.
  - 3 March:** Mrs. Margaret Foy, Tooreen.
  - 6 March:** Michael O'Malley, Tully.
  - 15 March:** Mrs. Sarah Gibbons, Askelane.
  - 31 March:** Mrs. Margaret McLoughlin, Mooneen.
  - 5 April:** Thomas Jennings, Feenone.
  - 9 April:** Patrick Fadden, Devlin.
  - 16 June:** John McEvelly, Bunowen.

SINCE the publication of *An Coinneal*, Number I, the following deaths have been reported from abroad:

- 1959**
- August:** Thomas Durkan (Louisburgh) in Chicago.
  - September:** Mrs. Ellen Rucker (Knight, Carramore), in California.
  - October:** Charles O'Malley (Accony), in Chicago.  
Michael J. Fergus, (Gurteen), in U.S.A.



- November:** William O'Toole, (Roonah), in U.S.A.  
John O'Donnell (Pulgloss), in U.S.A.
- December:** William O'Malley (Accony), in U.S.A.  
Mrs. Jane Lynn (McDonough, Pulgloss), in U.S.A.
- 1960**
- January:** Mrs. Mary Golden (McDonough, Pulgloss), in U.S.A.  
John Francis Griffin, (Louisburgh) in U.S.A.
- February:** Mrs. Brigid Arthure (McHale, Louisburgh), in U.S.A.
- April:** Michael Coughlan (Louisburgh), in U.S.A.
- May:** Mrs. Nora McMaster (O'Malley, Mooneen), in U.S.A.  
Very Rev. Thomas Gibbons, P.P. (Roonith), in Minnesota.  
Mrs. McNamara (Accony), in U.S.A.  
John Kilcoyne (Furmoye), in U.S.A.  
Austin Prendergast (Kilgeever), in U.S.A.  
Ven. Archdeacon Prendergast, P.P., V.G. (Accony), in Ballyhaunis.
- June:** James Hestor (Falduff), in U.S.A.
- September:** Patrick Ryder (Falduff), in U.S.A.  
Mrs. Mary Ball (Geoghegan, Bunowen), in U.S.A.
- October:** Mrs. Winifred Duffy (McNamara, Collacoon), in Chicago.  
John O'Toole (Accony), in U.S.A.
- November:** Anne Kirby (Askelane), in England.  
Mrs. Nora Gibbons (Henaghan, Mooneen), in Westport.
- 1961**
- January:** Mrs. Mary Gavin, (Louisburgh), in U.S.A.  
William O'Malley (Doughmackeon), in U.S.A.  
Edward Duffy (Falduff), in U.S.A.  
Mrs. Ellen O'Toole (Louisburgh), in Chicago.
- February:** John Tiernan (Cregganacopple), in U.S.A.  
James Kelly (Askelane), in U.S.A.
- March:** James Gibbons (Emlagh), in U.S.A.
- April:** Mrs. Katherine Gazette (Ferins, Furmoye), in U.S.A.  
Michael Cannon (Sraugh), in U.S.A.  
Edward Cannon (Sraugh), in U.S.A.  
Thomas Prendergast (Accony), in New Zealand.
- May:** Patrick Lyons (Furmoye), in Chicago.  
Redmond Lyons (Accony), in Chicago.

### HANDING ON THE CHALICE

THREE PRIESTS of the forty listed in our last issue have since died. Six names are to be added; so that the number of Louisburgh priests now living is forty-three. Our apologies to Father John Jennings whose name was omitted in the last roll. Father Jennings was born in Carrowniskey; his parents were Mr. Anthony Jennings and Mrs. Anne Jennings (*nee Berry*), and he is now serving in Boston.

The priests newly-ordained are Fathers Michael Wallace (Woodfield), Francis McMyler (Chapel Street), Liam O'Toole (Chapel Street), John Walter O'Reilly (Sraugh), and Sean O'Leary (Bunowen Road).

### "Out of the Swing . . ."

"Ni éig liom a bfuil de éLann-mac na nSael agus mionaca na ríe ina manias agus ina n-óga le Críost, a comaiream."

—"I cannot count the number of the sons of the Irish and of (their) king's daughters who have become monks and virgins for Christ."  
—St. Patrick (Letter to Coroticus).

That the parish has given many sons to the Church is a fact by now well known—so much so that we might underestimate the generosity of our girls in giving their lives to God as nuns. This is a list of nuns, now living, who are natives of the parish—not a comprehensive list, perhaps, and we shall gladly publish any omissions. The Editor thanks sincerely those who helped in the difficult task of compiling such a list.

- ARMSTRONG, BRIDGET (Altore): Sr. Mary of the Divine Adoption, New York City.
- BURKE, HONORIA TERESA (Devlin): Sr. Francis Xavier, Ursuline Sisters, Toledo, Ohio.
- COYNE, MARY (Aillemore): Sr. M. Ailbe, Convent of Mercy, Claremorris.
- DURKAN, SARAH (Bunowen): Sr. Pdraic Muire, Ladies of Mercy, Scarborough Yorks.
- DURKAN, TERESITA JOSEPHINE (Bunowen): Sr. Regina Mundi, Sisters of Mercy, Inchicore, Dublin.
- EGAN, MOLLY (Derrygarve): Sr. Mary Baptist, Convent of Mercy, Worcester, Mass.
- FOYE, MARIA (Doughmackeon): Sr. Mary Phelim, I.B.V.M. Loreto Sisters, Claremount, Western Australia.
- GARAVAN, ROSE CHRISTINE (Devlin): Sr. Mary Xavier, Convent of Mercy, Lecanvey, Co. Mayo.
- GIBBONS, JANE (Carrowniskey): Sr. Mary Scholastica, Sisters of St. Louis, Rathmines, Dublin.
- GIBBONS, NORA (Carrowniskey): Mother Mary Martha, Sisters of St. Louis, Bundoran, Co. Donegal.
- GRADY, CATHERINE (Cregganbawn P.O.): Sr. Patricia Catherine, Sisters of Notre Dame, Roxbury, Mass.
- GRADY (MORAN), MARY (DOLLY), (Kilgeever): Sr. Mary Christine, Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine, West Richfield, Ohio.
- GRADY, MARGARET (Barnabawn): Sr. Mary Margaret, Worcester, Mass.
- GRADY (BRENNAN), MARY (Kilgeever): Sr. Mary Joachim, Sisters of Mercy, Clifton, Mass.
- GRADY, RITA (Shrawee): Sr. Marie Annunciata, Sisters of St. Augustine of the Assumption, Liverpool.
- HALLINAN, ANNE (Askelane): Sr. Mary Domitilla, Sisters of Divine Providence, Holyoke, Mass.
- JORDAN, ELLIE (Carrowniskey): Sr. Mary of the Incarnation, Sisters of Notre Dame, Cincinnati 8, Ohio.
- KILCOYNE, NORA (Shrawee): Sr. Mary Oliver, Sisters of Mercy, Sacred Heart Hospital, Manchester, New Hampshire.
- LOVE, LILY (Main Street, Louisburgh): Sr. Mary, Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, West Derby, Liverpool.
- LYONS, CELINE (Furmoye): Sr. Mary Dympna, Sisters of the Incarnate Word, Bellaire, Texas, U.S.A.



LYONS, MARY (Bunlahinch): Sr. Mary Hilary, Sisters of the Holy Rosary, Sierra Leone, West Africa.

LYONS, MARY (Killadoon): Sr. Mary Baptist, Convent of Mercy, Claremorris Co. Mayo.

MCGREAL, DAMHNAIT (Main Street, Louisburgh): Sr. Dympna, Sisters of St. Louis, Monaghan.

MCHALE, ALICE (Emlagh): Sr. St. Gertrude, Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood, Manchester, New Hampshire.

MCHALE, CHRISTINA (Main Street, Louisburgh): Mother Mary John, Sisters of the Presentation, Taita, Wellington, New Zealand.

MCHALE, MARGARET (Main Street, Louisburgh): Mother Mary Ita, Convent of Mercy, Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo.

MCMYLER, IMELDA (Chapel Street, Louisburgh): Sr. Mary Pius, Convent of Mercy, Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo.

MCMYLER, MARY ELLEN (Chapel Street, Louisburgh): Sr. Mary Francis, Convent of Mercy, Clonbur, Co. Galway.

MCNALLY, SADIE (Carrowiskey): Sr. Mary Bernadette, Convent of Mercy, Castlebar, Co. Mayo.

MITCHELL, ELLEN (Derreen): Sr. Mary Michael, Sisters of Mercy, Clinton, Mass., U.S.A.

NEEDHAM, ANNIE (The Colony): Sr. Mary Rose, Franciscan Sisters for Africa, Uganda, B.E. Africa.

O'DONNELL, MARY (Caher): Sr. Mary Brigida, Sisters of St. Louis, Monaghan.

O'DONNELL, NORA (Caher): Sr. Felicitas, Good Shepherd, Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

O'MALLEY, BRIGID (Doughmackeon): Sr. Jane Anthony, Ursuline Sisters, Toledo, Ohio.

O'MALLEY, MARY (Devlin): Sr. Mary Ailbe, Sisters of Divine Providence, Holyoke, Mass., U.S.A.

O'REILLY, ANNIE (Sraugh): Sr. Mary Evangelist, Sisters of Mercy, County Hospital, Ennis.

O'REILLY, ANNIE (Collacoön): Sr. Mary Joseph, Carmelite Order, Fairhaven, Mass., U.S.A.

O'REILLY, MARY (Collacoön): Sr. Clementine, Maria, Carmelite Order, New York City.

O'TOOLE, ELLEN (Chapel Street Louisburgh): Sr. Mary Anthony, Presentation Sisters, Tuam, Co. Galway.

O'TOOLE, KATHLEEN (Church Street, Louisburgh): Sr. Mary Malachy, Convent of Mercy, Claremorris, Co. Mayo.

O'TOOLE, MARGARET (Aillemore): Sr. Mary Ailbe, Sisters of Mercy, Drumcondra, Dublin.

O'TOOLE, MARY BERNADETTE (Chapel Street, Louisburgh): Sr. Marie Therese Convent of Mercy, Tuam, Co. Galway.

PRENDERGAST (MCHALE), BRIGID (Accony): Sr. Mary Jarlath, Bon-Secour Sisters, Arras, France.

PRENDERGAST (O'MALLEY), BRIGID (Accony): Sr. Mary Richard, I.B.V.M., Loreto, Sisters, Ascot, England.

PRENDERGAST, KITTY (Accony): Sr. Mary Claver, Convent of Mercy, Brisbane, Australia.

RUANE, ANNIE CAECILIA (Mooneen): Sr. Mary Vincent Theresa, Franciscan Sisters, Syracuse, N.Y.

SCANLON, NORA (Bridge Street, Louisburgh): Mother Mary Philomena, Mulranny, Newport, Co. Mayo.

**SUGGESTION**—Many nuns whose names appear above will not be able to get or read a copy of this magazine. We suggest that some friend send each nun a copy. Full postal addresses may be had on inquiry.—EDITOR.

In compiling the above list, we have come across the following names of nuns—natives of Kilgeever—who have died within the past few years. We recommend them to your charitable prayers:

Sister Hyacinth Gallagher, Aitin na bhFiann, died at Franciscan Convent, Syracuse, New York.

Sister Perpetuo (Nellie), McHale, Louisburgh, died at Mercy Convent, Claremorris.

Sister Luigi (Mary) McNamara, Devlin, died at Mercy Convent, Georgia, Atlanta.

Sister Victorine (Annie) Kilcoyne, Derrriheigh, died at Presentation Convent, Fitchburgh, Mass., U.S.A.

Sister Bernadetta (Brigid) O'Malley, Carracraggan, died Franciscan Convent, Drumshambo, Co. Leitrim.

Sister Brendan (Julia) O'Malley, Bridge Street, died at Prseentation Convent, Rhode Island, Connecticut.

Sister Nora O'Malley, Falduff, died at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Sister Ann of the Sacred Heart (Margaret) Grady, Cregganbawn, died at Notre Dame Academy, Roxbury, Mass., U.S.A.

Mother Augustine (Bridget) Fergus, Caher, died at Mercy Convent, Wattle Flat, New Zealand.

Sister Mary Patricia (Ellen) McNamara, Carrowiskey, died at Good Shepherd Convent, St. Louis, New Orleans.

Sister Xavier (Annie) Grey, Louisburgh, died at Mercy Convent, Mullingar.

Sister Michael (Katherine) Burke, Devlin, died at Ursuline Convent, Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

Sister Rose O'Toole, Aillemore, died at Clifton, Mass., U.S.A.

Sister Ellen Gibbons, Roonith, died in U.S.A.

#### A MAYO WISH . . .

SLÁINTE AN BRADÁIN AGAT: CROÍ FOLLÁIN, SÓB FLUÍC, AGUS BÁS I  
SCONDAE MUIRGEÓ!

May you have a salmon's health—a strong heart, a moist mouth,  
and death in County Mayo!

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS . . .

We gratefully acknowledge the help received from:

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Father William Tiernan (4 photographs).  
Farrell's, Photographers, Galway.  
Lafayette, Dublin.  
Farnan's, Castlebar.  
"The Far East", Navan.

OUR SINCERE thanks is due to the many willing hands that helped to make our first number a success; especially so to those who—often at personal loss rather than gain—furthered the sale of the magazine at home and abroad.

So gcúití Dia a b'péite úóib!





# COMMUNITIES FOUNDED!



Mr. and Mrs. William O'Malley

## AT HOME

1959

- 8 September: Michael Fergus (Cahir) and Miss Brigid Donnelly (Cahir).
- 21 October: John Joseph Ward (Sligo) and Miss Kathleen Sweeney (Louisburgh).
- 30 December: Patrick Malone (Westport) and Miss Christina O'Malley (Bunowen).

1960

- 6 January: Patrick Feeney (Spiddal, Co. Galway) and Miss Brigid Elizabeth Prendergast (Louisburgh).
- 25 January: David W. Ray (Louisburgh) and Miss Joan Scanlon (Bunowen)
- 3 August: Michael Grady (Devlin) and Miss Sarah McGreal (Thalabawn).
- 8 September: James Kilmartin (Dromahair) and Miss Mary Casey (Louisburgh).
- 25 October: Terence Gallagher (Currane, Achill) and Miss Mary McMyler (Carramore).

1961

- 4 April: William P. Mannion, N.T., (Abbey, Co. Galway) and Miss Marguerite Hannon, B.Sc., N.T. (Louisburgh).
- 10 April: Martin Cox (Kilmeena) and Miss Sarah Scanlon (Furmoy).

## AWAY FROM HOME

Liam O Duibhir (Caiscal) agus Triona Nic Réil (Cluain Cearbán).  
John Joe McDonnell (Louisburgh) and Miss Mary Naughton (The Post Office, Louisburgh).  
William O'Malley (Carrowclaggan) and Miss Joan O'Sullivan (Tralee).



[McLoughlins  
Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Feeney



Mr. and Mrs. Liam Mannion



Mr. and Mrs. David Ray



[Farnan  
Mr. and Mrs. Terence Gallagher



## We blush . . .

THE RECEPTION with which the first *Coinneal* met is reflected in the following comments—which we take the liberty to quote, in most cases anonymously:

“The magazine was too much centred on too few families.”

“An *Choinneal* dealt too much with the eastern half of the parish, and too little with the half-parish.—*A Louisburgh town exile in America.*

“More of the old people’s stories should be published—just printed, without editing.”

“Why not a few good recipes from Irish housewives?”—*A South of England lady reader.*

“The *Candle* was good; but we want more wick.—*Clerical wit.*

## . . . and blush

“An *Choinneal* has set a headline: it has made an excellent start.”  
—*Editor of an Irish Periodical.*

“It includes a number of delightful features which will warm the hearts of Louisburghmen everywhere. I enclose five pounds for another copy, which is an estimate of what I think every copy is worth to a Louisburghman.”—*A Louisburgh Priest.*

“You people in Louisburgh have done your part: now it’s up to us who are away from home to do ours.”—*Chicago.*

“I spent the most delightful moments of my life reading it: it has a place of honour on our bookshelves.”—*London.*

“There are so many things mentioned in your publication that bring back to me the most pleasant memories of my short stay in Louisburgh. In all the articles runs the same thread of love of God, country and fellowmen.”—*Chicago descendant of Louisburgh parents.*

“This is an excellent example of what may be done in this field by local communities.”—*Irish Independent.*

“One senses a strong community spirit in the parish as one reads these lively pages. ‘The brave banner of a man’s own people’ is proudly raised as native sons and daughters express themselves vigorously around the parish hearth. . . . A headline for parishes wishing to strengthen their memory of the past, the solidarity and common effort of their present inhabitants and the link with their exiles.”—*The Furrow.*

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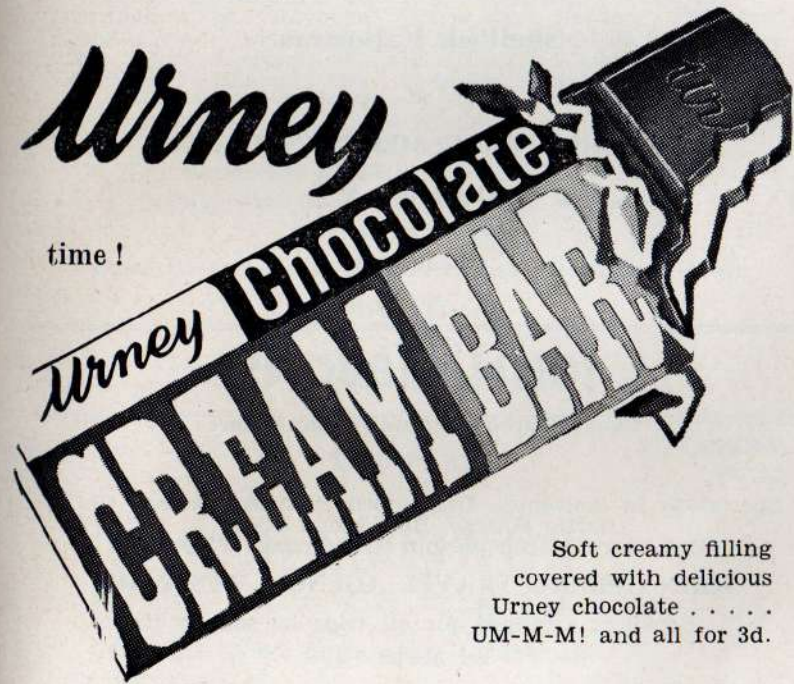


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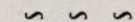
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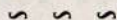
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