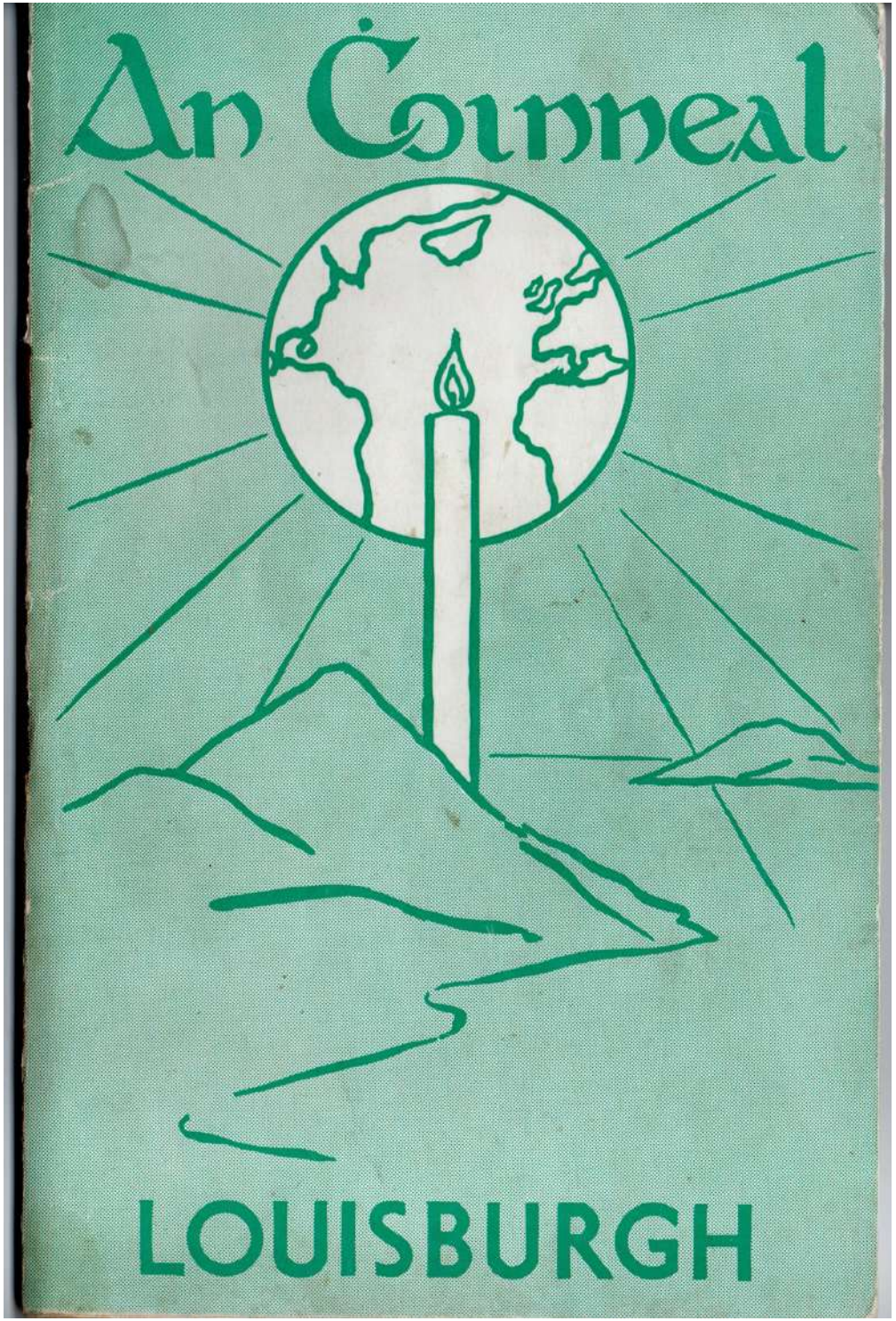
An Comneal



LOUISBURGH

An Coinneal

NUMBER THREE SUMMER 1963

An Choinneal is a periodical of Kilgeever Parish. The first number appeared at Christmas 1959 and the second in August 1961.

Editor: Father Leo Morahan

Editorial Board:
Father John Burke, P.P.; Father Joseph Moran, B.D.;
Doctor Colum McHugh

Secretary: Mrs. Clementine Lyons, N.T.

Treasurer: Mr. Seamus Durkan

Subscription: Single copies—Three Shillings (Half-a-dollar); Post free—Three Shillings and Sixpence

Foundation Members (1963) subscribe £5 (or $20) and have a copy of every issue of the magazine sent to them on publication

---

COVER DESIGN

Our cover has been designed by Mrs. Evelyn Philbin (Bridge Street). It depicts a *coinneal* arising from behind the Reek, and which represents a parish united in its efforts to be a light to the world.

Our Contributors

Miss Helena Berry is a native of Carna, where she now lives. She is a daughter of the author of *Recollections of My Early Boyhood*, a series of articles in the *Mayo News* about 1912.

Mr. Michael J. Durkan is a native of Bridge Street, at present Librarian at Wesleyan University. Middletown, Connecticut

Mr. Edward Gallagher is a native of Leenane who has retired from teaching at Whitwell, Worksop. He has contributed poems to an earlier *Coinneal* and to *Ireland's Own.*

Mr. Michael Gallagher is a young farmer in Aitinaveen. He is secretary of the Louisburgh Muintir na Tíre guild and is well known as an amateur actor.

Mr. Peter Gibbons is a farmer in Tallabawn with a store of local tradition and folklore.

Father Martin Gleeson is a native of Dunmore, County Galway. He has been Administrator in Clare Island for some years.

Mr. Anthony Jordan is a farmer and general merchant in Carrownskey. He is a member of the Mayo Committee of Agriculture and is an enterprising and practical farmer.

Father Vincent Kelly, a native of Chapel Street, Louisburgh, is a curate in Ringsend, Dublin. He has contributed historical articles to earlier issues of this magazine.

Mr. Liam Maher is a Muintir na Tíre correspondent for the *Irish Press.*

Mrs. Mollie McConville was formerly Miss Haran of Main Street. She is married to Sergeant Harry McConville (who was stationed in Louisburgh) and she is chairwoman of the Monivea I.C.A. branch.

Mr. Jarlath McHale is a Leaving Certificate student at Saint Mary's College, Galway. He is a native of Emlagh.

Father Justin Morahan is a native of Main Street and is at present a curate in Ros a' Mhíl, Spiddal.

Mr. Sean T. Morahan (R.I.P.) was principal teacher at Accony and Louisburgh Boys' Schools for many years.

Sister Jane Anthony O'Malley, a native of Doughmackeown, is a nun of the Ursuline Convent in Toledo, Ohio.

Mr. Michael A. O'Toole, B.Agr.Sc., is at present engaged in the Peatland Experimental Station at Glenamoy, Ballina. He is a native of Inisturk, who had his secondary education at Sancta Maria Secondary School.

Mr. P. W. O'Toole (Carramore) served for many years in the detective branch of the British Police Force. In recent years he has taken up gardening as a hobby and has won many awards for his roadside garden.

Father Pat Prendergast, D.D. (Accony) is Headmaster of the Secondary School of Kylemore Abbey, where he teaches and is also chaplain. He has had many articles published in earlier issues of *An Choinneal.*

Miss Mary Tiernan (Doughmackeown) is a past-pupil of Sancta Maria who is at present training as a national teacher in Carysfort College, Blackrock.

Father William Tiernan (Main Street) is a curate in Manchester who has already contributed to an earlier *Coinneal.*

By coincidence, two readers, Miss Brigid O'Malley (San Francisco) and Mr. Joseph Fergus (Cromwell, Conn.) have sent copies of *Louisburgh in County Mayo* (p. 73) for publication.

The series *Remembering Sion* (pp. 66, 78, 114, 119 and 121) is a collection of memories by various people. We would welcome many such paragraphs for future issues.

In this issue . . .

We Are Observed!

THERE ARE forfeits that follow on achievement; even on endeavour. And frequently the forfeit is proportionate to the success achieved. It is common knowledge that during the past decade our parish community has applied itself to the task of self-improvement at many levels. In doing so, our people have merited repeated favourable comment at national level; and teams from our parish have acquitted themselves with distinction in many spheres. It was to be expected that flies should gather on the ointment; and since our last publication there were mainly two.

We publish elsewhere in this issue a report on our parish which has appeared in *The Economist*—a London magazine which deals with economic surveys and reports from the world at large. An *Irish Press* correspondent. Mr. Liam Maher, whose comment we also publish, has already dealt with and assessed the worth of this report. We shall content ourselves with Mr. Maher's overall defence of our way of life and our activities. He is an unbiassed observer and can hardly be charged with erring through sentiment, or by reason of any allegience. But we would break a lance with "Special Correspondent" on matters which might appear as side-issues in his report but are, nonetheless, significant.

We are, in general, a people slow to take offence. In particular, we have inherited a traditional code of generosity and of tolerance with a stranger. Yet this unknown writer urges us to the reluctant conclusion that he has some sensitive grudge against us—against our religion and our way of life. He does this mainly by the addition of sarcastic words or phrases in sentences which otherwise would be inoffensive. We are disappointed by this smallness. We hate sneering. We do not like sneerers.

Let it be understood clearly that we do not at all cavil with being made the subject of an economic report. We, in common with all communities, have our faults and our deficiencies and—though we might wince!—we would benefit by having these pointed out to us

by a qualified observer. We must not think of asking: "What is his point?" For a report may be a detached, impersonal thing which does not seek to make a point. Here, however, is where we are disappointed: this may be a report, but it is not satisfied with just reporting.

So when "Special Correspondent" refers to our parish as: ". . . having (despite its high Roman Catholic birth-rate) lost twenty per cent. of its people . . .", we are confused. We ask ourselves: In an economic report, what is the precise value of attaching a religion to a birth-rate? What was the correspondent's motive as he wrote "Roman Catholic"?

Again, we think that "flush with cash and flushed with Guinness" is a neat turn of phrase indeed; but we have a mixture of sorrow and pity for a writer who wastes it in a sentence that admits: "The days [of these] . . . *are over*." We ask ourselves: Why did he describe things that he is not reporting? And we feel that—neat phrases or not—the report might concern itself only with the present.

Then, "Special Correspondent" hints that young people leave our parish because "... they find themselves bored by the long, chaste evenings." We may be odd, but we regard that as an unfair thing to write. It is unfair, we feel, because there are people who would wish to believe it and therefore will. We admit, of course, that we cannot *disprove* that this is our emigrants' motive in leaving—for the same practical reasons for which "Special Correspondent" cannot prove it. But it was "Special Correspondent" who wrote it.

Are we rash in entertaining the notion of the possibility of a suggestion of a tender grudge against us? Perhaps we are misinformed, but we had thought that reports and surveys were factual and sacred things, to be written with a dignified and discerning pen. Of course, it may still be that it is we, the people of Louisburgh, who are wholly to blame—we, who remembering a carpenter in Egypt, fail now to see anything "ugly" in "migrant labour", or debased in a shovel or a mop; we, who regard as our equals all human beings, Indians or negroes (or Irish!); we who do not even have collective diversions, we are so satisfied with our Sunday evenings.

Or is there the faintest possibility that we are not so wrong; and that "Special Correspondent" is not so right as clever? Eagerness to win a trick has led him to show his hand; and his idea of trumps is not ours. The remark about "long chaste evenings" affords an interesting yardstick; for its author has unwittingly paid us a latent tribute

which, by any code of human dignity and honour, outweighs the rudeness that he has already shown.

It is a tribute that we would teach him to appreciate: one that we shall cherish long after we have brushed away the stings. We shall remember that the narrowest pen that has come among us forgot itself, and wandered beyond its terms of reference to bear witness to the virtue of our people's lives.

. . . . .

IN OCTOBER 1962 we had a curtain call. The event was given headlines in successive Sunday papers and repeated mention in the dailies. When one recalls that frequently the news which swaggers in bold capitals on Sunday editions has vanished into the limbo of forgotten things on Monday, this Louisburgh item must be taken to have had some value by news standards. Some of us will still think that it had; but many folk in these parts are doubtful, and their faith in Sunday headlines has been restrained accordingly. A detail of the incident was that news reports paid tribute to the people of Louisburgh for their stand in the issue: in fact, the stand was taken by their "country cousins" in the half-parish, Killeen. The headline-making news-item was the disapproval shown by some of the people of the half-parish when they realized the form of a film which was being shot in the area.

Except that the responsible people in the film-unit seemed to be an Englishman and a German lady, nothing is known locally of the sponsors of the project. It was believed that the unit had English and German television network connections. The concern must be credited with an eye for natural, rugged beauty and variety, in setting up camera here; for the chosen background was to be that beautiful stretch of mountain, strand, sea and island between Killadoon and Tallabawn.

The film-unit arrived in the area in late September and, having approached different people and households for co-operation, found many who were interested in and intrigued by the project. Gradually, the theme of the film was appearing. The English director explained that the film was to feature life as lived along the west coastline: the proposed title: "A Man and his Donkey" may have come from him. Certainly, a donkey—hired locally—figured

largely in the outfit and had first-class treatment—trailer accommodation, balanced diet, special blinkers—for the duration. In the absence of any script, rumour had it that the film was to portray the life of an abandoned child whose childhood playmate and manhood helpmate was to be our blinkered friend. This was not a theme to appeal to people who had promised co-operation. They had heard of, and many of them had seen, pseudo-Irish films in England and America. One of these in particular was uppermost in their minds; and, whereas some of its scenes were so ridiculous that here at home one could only laugh, those same scenes had embarrassed and humiliated our kith and kin in cinemas from Clinton to Kilburn. Emigrants made no sceret of their feelings when they returned or wrote home.

The implications of placing themselves and their homes at the disposal of an anonymous film-unit were not at first appreciated by the local people, but as they saw the pattern unfolding they began to have second thoughts. One man had to decide for himself without delay for, within two days, he, his mother and his home were to feature in detail. He was not as yet involved and, influenced perhaps by the thought of how his American brothers and sisters would have regarded this molesting of their childhood home, he decided that he would not be involved. Before the unit had shown up at the site of the day's shooting, he had come to acquaint them of his decision. Others who were to figure in the film were having misgivings too. They consulted among themselves, sought advice and, as a result, withdrew co-operation.

Meantime the Press had arrived. They, the film people, those no longer film-inclined, even the Gárdaí, had some busy days keeping track of events and of each other. Some people who had the publicity of the district in mind were disappointed. Those on the fence enjoyed the excitement; but many were relieved when the unit, after some few days, showed signs of abandoning the idea. Even the Reek, which was also to be filmed, wore its cloudy headgear to show that it, too, was not film-disposed.

In a paddock in Aillemore a donkey is again shaking his ears. Returned to less sensational days and more solid fare, he will, while he lives, constitute an object-lesson for others who would wish to trifle with a people's dignity and self-respect.

The blinkers, we hope, are being removed!

Laying The Foundation Stone Of The New Catholic Church At Louisburgh

(From *The Telegraph*, September 10, 1856)

On Saturday evening (August 30, 1856) His Grace, accompanied by the Very Rev. Thomas MacHale, D.D., of the Irish College of Paris, arrived at the hospitable residence of the Rev. Michael Curley, the Pastor of Louisburgh, and on the following morning Masses were celebrated from an early hour by the several clergymen who attended from the different parts of the archdiocese to take part in the interesting proceedings of the day. His Grace the Archbishop celebrated the nine o'clock Mass at which a very large and respectable congregation assembled. After twelve o'clock Mass, His Grace, attired in full pontificials, and the clergy with soutanes, surplices and caps, formed into procession, the vast crowd of people in attendance numbering several thousands accompanying them, and proceeded through the principal streets leading to the beautiful and appropriate site fixed for the erection of the new church.

Having advanced to the eastern end of the proposed building, to the very centre of the gable in front of which the altar is to stand, and where the foundation stone and the stone on which it was to be set were duly prepared, His Grace blessed the holy water and the stone which he was to lay. The several anthems and psalms having been chaunted, and the full ceremonial prescribed by the Roman ritual having been gone through, a vial containing the several coins of the realm and the following Latin inscription on parchment, was deposited in the under stone in a place carved out for it, and the Rev. Mr. Curley, P.P., handed His Grace a beautifully-wrought silver trowel which was then used in the ceremony of laying the foundation stone. At the conclusion of this part of the ceremony, His Grace, with the clergy and people, went in procession all round the foundation chaunting the usual psalms and antiphons, sprinkling it with holy water as he went along. After taking the entire round

of the spacious area they returned to the point from whence they proceeded and chaunted the Litany of the Saints. His Grace, the Archbishop, then ascended a platform prepared for the occasion and addressed the immense congregation then present,both in the English and Irish languages in one of the most powerful and eloquent discourses so peculiar to His Grace himself, strongly and earnestly recommending all to use their best endeavours to bring the good work that day so auspiciously commenced to a speedy and satisfactory completion.

The following is the inscription referred to above:

"Anno ab Incarnatione Salvatoris, 1856, die sacro S. Raymundo 31 nempe mensis Augusti; cum Pius Nonus annum undecimum feliciter agerit super Cathedram Petri: Johannes MacHale, annum vegesimum tertium inchoasset in sede Metropolitana Tuamensi: Victoriae super solium Magnae Brittanniae et Hibernae annum decimum nonum nondum explevisset; Parochiam hanc de Kilgeever R. Michael Curley pastorali cure administravit; lapis primarius hujusce ecclesiae Deo, sub invocatione sanctissimae Virginis Mariae sine labe conceptae, et S. Patritii dicandae, ab ipsomet Archiepiscopo, frequentissima fidelium multitudine adstante, solemni ritu positus fuit."*

When the Archbishop ascended the temporary platform the Rev. Michael Curley came forward and, on behalf of the people of the parish, presented His Grace with the silver trowel used in the laying of the foundation stone, which His Grace accepted in the most gracious manner; but afterwards returned for the benefit of the building fund. At the conclusion of the religious ceremony, the vast assemblage cheered most enthusiastically for His Grace, the Archbishop, the Most Noble the Marquis of Sligo, George H. Moore, Esq., M.P., and for the several gentlemen then present who had come very long distances to encourage by their presence and subscriptions the great work that day inaugurated. . . .

*In translation, the inscription runs: "In the year eighteen-hundred-and-fifty-six from the Incarnation of Our Saviour, on the feast day of Saint Raymundus, namely, the 31st of the month of August; when Pius the Ninth was happily reigning for his eleventh year over the Chair of Peter; [and] John MacHale had begun his twenty-third year in the metropolitan seat of Tuam; while the nineteenth year of [the reign] of Victoria over the land of Great Britain and Ireland was not yet completed, [and] Reverend Michael Curley administered to the pastoral care of this parish of Kilgeever; the first stone of this church—dedicated to God under the invocation of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary Conceived without Sin, and of Saint Patrick—was laid in solemn rite by the same Archbishop in the presence of a very great multitude of the Faithful." —EDITOR

SAINT PATRICK'S CHURCH, LOUISBURGH

Founder: Father Michael Curley, P.P. Architect: John S. Butler, Dublin. Foundation stone laid: 31 *August,* 1856. *Dedicated:* 7 *September* 1862 *by Archbishop John MacHale.*

In the course of the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated; an amateur brass band, accompanied by hundreds of the people paraded the streets to a very late hour—all vieing with each other in their endeavours to pay every mark of respect in their power to their Archbishop on the occasion of His Grace's present auspicious visit amongst them. On the next day (Monday) His Grace visited the school of the town and distributed Catechisms among the children. His Grace expressed himself delighted at the answering of the pupils in the several classes examined by him. On Tuesday His Grace took his departure, amid the blessings and prayers of thousands of his faithful people.

After six years' work Saint Patrick's Church was completed. The dedication ceremony took place on Sunday, September 7, 1862. Archbishop MacHale again officiated and present also were Most Reverend John McEvilly, Bishop of Galway, and Most Reverend John Derry, Bishop of Clonfert, who preached.

Louisburgh and Its name

Ave Maria,
Louisburgh,
County Mayo.
3 May, 1963

Dear Miss McLennan,

Further to our correspondence regarding the possible connection between the names of our respective towns, I should like to acquaint you with some information and facts, relative to the matter, which I have met with in some recent research on events prior to the Siege of Louisbourg. As you shall see, they differ in some few respects from our hitherto accepted theories.

May I remind you of the general hypothesis. I have been of the opinion that *our* Louisburgh was named after yours because of the fact that our local landlord of that period was married to the daughter of a British officer who had taken part in the Siege of Louisbourg (1758).

Firstly then, as to the facts:

The Howe family, to which I have referred in an earlier letter, had four brothers, at least three of whom were British officers in the American campaign. These were: ADMIRAL RICHARD (later EARL) HOWE of the famous First of June Victory, 1794, who was appointed commander-in-chief of the North American Station (15 February 1776) and got a joint commission with his brother, GENERAL WILLIAM HOWE, to deal with the revolt there. A third (the eldest) brother, GEORGE AUGUSTUS HOWE, as a young officer, had served earlier under General Abercrombie and was killed in action. Sir John Barrow's *Life of Earl Howe* (p.55) records this as in July, 1758, although in the *Gentleman's Magazine* it is referred to as on 8 September of the same year. (*Gent. Mag.*, 1758, p. 496, col. 2).

The *Annual Register* of 1758, recording the same event, states that General Abercrombie conducted the first expedition to drive the French from Ticonderoga. His army went there in four columns through wooded country and with unskilled guides; and, marching disorderly, came upon a French advance column. In the ensuing combat the gallant and daring young officer, George Augustus Howe,

was killed. What is of special interest to me is that this account occurs in a paragraph dealing with "The Siege and Taking of Louisbourg" (*Annual Register* 1758, p. 72, chap. XIII, col. 2). Of further interest is a footnote to the above reference (*Ann. Reg.* 1758) which states that in Nottingham on September 14, 1758 the officer's mother, Charlotte Howe, requested that her other son, Lt.-Colonel Howe, *who is with his regiment at Louisbourg*, be allowed to supply for his late brother in Parliament.

Another pertinent fact is that, on May 27, 1787, the youngest daughter of Admiral Richard Howe — namely, Louisa-Catherine —was married to the then Earl of Altamount (later first Marquis of Sligo); and lived at Westport. Louisa-Catherine was born on December 9, 1767 (*Life of Howe*, George Mason, p. 54). Lastly, according to a French traveller through Ireland in 1797, "the present lord [Altamount] . . . has commenced to lay the foundation of another town, *to be called Louisburg*" (*A Frenchman's Walk Through Ireland*, De Latocnaye, p. 173).

So much for the facts: now to the hypotheses.

Accordingly, I feel that it is more than a coincidence that Lord Altamount, in building a new town, should choose for it the same name as that of a town in Nova Scotia where his wife's uncles had been in military action, and where one of them—a favourite —had been killed. I feel that such a coincidence would be more difficult to accept in view of the name (*Louisa*-Catherine) of the young lady who came to live in Mayo, presumably in 1787. I venture the opinion that her name commemorated the victory at Louisbourg, nine years before her birth; and that the name of your town was transferred, through her, to a town built by her husband some ten years after their marriage.

A link between our towns is not, of course, uncovered; but I shall appreciate any help you can give in proving (or disproving!) its existence. It is quite possible that the enigma will be explained only from the Sligo family papers. I am sending a copy of this letter to the present Marquis of Sligo and shall share with you any further data that comes to light.

With sincere good wishes from Louisburgh to Louisbourg,

Yours sincerely,

Leo Morahan (Rev.)

Miss Katharine McLennan,
Honorary Curator, Louisbourg Museum

Song Of A Louisburgh Emigrant

The following verses which have been sent for publication appear to have been written in Louisburgh sometime in the nineteenth century. We shall be grateful for any information regarding their origin and shall be glad to acknowledge it.—EDITOR

Ye dark rolling billows—ye cloud-kissing mountains,
Ye brown heathy moorlands—ye crags wild and hoar,
Ye red-tumbling torrents—ye silvery fountains,
Farewell ye dear scenes, I behold ye no more.
No, never again in that land of my childhood
With fond raptured eye from Croagh Patrick sublime
Shall I gaze on crag, tower, lake, river, wildwood,
Or aught that belongs to that romantic clime.

Ye isles of Clew Bay, fairy dwellings of ocean—
Adorned with Nature's embellishments fine,
Ye waked in my bosom a swelling emotion
That thrilled every cord in this fond heart of mine.
As grey-eyed Aurora the east was unfolding,
Or Phoebus outshedding his sweet parting beams,
And I saw your grand, exquisite features beholding,
To me thus ye seemed a fair Eden of dreams.

For aye thou mine own beloved birthplace—Kilgeever,
My memory fondly around thee shall cling:
In fancy I'll stray by the lone winding river
Where first on whose banks the Muse taught me to sing,
Thou, land, where the bold eagle, heavenward soaring,
Escapes from man's view in its proud, daring flight.
And wild breakers roll on the beach loudly roaring,
Arise in thy grandeur of glory and might!

Familiar landmarks—Oldhead Pier and Croagh Patrick

There once as my garland of song I was wreathing
The "Phantom of Pleasure" uprose in my way,
The spirit of joy o'er me wildly was breathing
And hope shone before me with exquisite ray.
But now, welladay! the enchantment is over:
The vision of life's early morning has flown;
And sorrow on black waving pinion does hover
Around me today on the bleak earth alone.

Farewell to thee, land of the grey, feudal tower,
The steep promontory and yawning abyss—
The green-rising mound and the heath-woven bower
Where light fairies revel and young lovers kiss;
Farewell! and as long as thy mountains ascending
Shall cleave the dark clouds rolling densely along,
So long shall thy name with the picturesque blending
Triumphantly flourish in legend and song.

Caher Pilgrimage

FATHER PAT PRENDERGAST

IT WAS on a glorious June day—the 18th to be exact—that I first visited Caher Island, and as soon as I saw the ruins of the tiny chapel with the remains of the altar table still discernible inside the east window, the thought immediately occurred to me that I would like to say Mass on that altar some day. The sight of the ruins, and especially of the many carved stones to which I shall refer later, could not fail to make an immediate impression on anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with the remains of early Irish Christianity. In my case this impression was greatly strengthened by stories I had heard about the island from as far back as I can remember. Had not Saint Patrick himself visited it and established the monastic settlement whose ruins are still there? Do not all seamen who pass by it lower their sails in salute and, blessing themselves, invoke the intercession of Saint Patrick and Saint Brigid? Have not remarkable favours been granted to those who did the stations there? On the natural plane, too, its very remoteness, peaceful air and almost "otherworldliness" all added their appeal. Finally, to bring the matter right home to myself, there was the enthusiastic devotion of Aunt Annie to the stations on Caher which she had promised more than once in times of worries and fulfilled later when her requests had been granted.

All these considerations built up a strong determination in my mind to get the necessary permission whenever a suitable opportunity should present itself. So matters rested till the proclamation of the Patrician Year, in 1961, by the Irish bishops. The traditionally accepted connection of Saint Patrick with Caher gave me a good reason for asking the Archbishop for permission—by a happy coincidence it was on the occasion of Confirmation on Inisbofin—and it was readily and graciously given in July 1961.

The problem now was to find suitable weather for the pilgrimage venture. There is no pier on the island which, of course, is uninhabitated and has been for as far back as memory or records go. To land a large number of people in safety it is necessary that the weather be settled, with a calm sea and very little wind, especially from the south. On more than one occasion I could have gone with a few ablebodied boatmen and landed and said Mass at short notice but I did not wish to disappoint the very many people, some of them elderly, whom I knew to be most anxious to share such an experience. During the whole of that summer the weather was very poor. It never really settled to the extent of giving three fine days in sucession.

Finally however, in late August the weather improved, and we fixed on August 31 as the day for making the attempt. On the previous evening we notified boatmen in Bofin, Inisturk and Clare Island and also in the Renvyle area of Connemara. Chris O'Grady of Clare Island was to pick up the group from this parish at Roonagh. But first he was to check with the Inisturk boatmen as soon as the phone was open on the following morning. As they were the experts on the conditions around Caher, the final decision was to rest with them. In the parlance of Cape Canaveral the final countdown had begun!

On the following morning conditions still looked promising to us landsmen, but the news from Inisturk was disappointing. A southerly wind had sprung up and a swell was running sufficiently strong to make the landing of a large number rather risky. Determined to take no risks, sadly and reluctantly we sent telegrams and phone messages to all concerned and decided to wait for another day. As the year had already advanced and several people who were interested or directly involved had gone back to work, we decided to wait for another year. We were determined however to make the attempt as early as we could find suitable weather in the following year. Our opportunity came in Easter week. On Thursday the sea was flat calm and the weather forecast was good. It was actually as late as six o'clock on that evening that we took the decision to make the attempt on Friday. Messages were again sent to all interested parties and Chris O'Grady was alerted as before. On Friday morning there was a slight drizzle on the sea and over the island, though inland it was dry but dull. We contacted Clare Island about nine o'clock, and the news was good. The final decision was taken and we decided to leave about ten-thirty. Actually it was two before we set out

from Roonagh, for at the last moment we discovered that we had no camera and we really wanted to have some pictorial record of the occasion. Our great regret was that we had no movie camera but, as explained above, the decision to go had to be taken and carried out at very short notice. We had twenty-seven people on board that morning as we sailed out from Roonagh. There were six priests among the group, namely, Father Gleeson of Clare Island, Father Jennings of Louisburgh, Fathers O'Malley and Shannon of Castlebar, Father Durkin of Saint Jarlath's and myself. The journey took us about an hour. As we rounded the south-east corner of the island which is called Kinkeel, we could see to the south the boat, *The Southern Cross*, skippered by John Concannon, bringing the Bofin contingent. Soon several currachs with outboard engines were chugging their way from Inisturk. John Lyons had taken his currach in tow from Roonagh and with this we started to disembark our group. The arrival of the other currachs helped to speed up this operation. Those of us who had gone ashore first had got the altar ready, and by twelve-thirty we were ready to start Mass. Meantime several of the pilgrims had gone to confession, and so they had the joy and privilege of receiving Holy Communion at the Mass.

The Pilgrimage Group

I shall digress for a moment to say a word about the ruins of the little chapel. It is quite small like many other chapels of the early Irish Christian period, measuring about fifteen feet by ten. Roofless now, it is made of coarse masonry with a low western door; and an eastern window which is a very narrow slit on the outside but much wider on the inside. According to the best archaeological opinion (cf. below) only the lowest part of the walls of the chapel dates from the early Christian period, the rest of it dating from the fifteenth century. Under what circumstances it was restored or rebuilt we have no way of knowing. Perhaps it marks the re-establishment of inhabitants on the island after centuries of abandonment. It is possible that some religious community was started again, though this is less likely to have gone unrecorded. At any rate we were conscious, as the Mass was about to commence, that this was probably the first Mass on the island for five centuries and possibly for thirteen. We felt linked in spiritual bonds to our countrymen of the late middle-ages who used the little chapel, and beyond that to the monks of sixth and seventh centuries who lived and prayed and offered Mass here, and back to our great Apostle himself whose holy mountain stood out clear and unmistakable on the mainland to the north-east.

As the people of Inisturk had not yet put their cattle on for the summer grazing the only living things on the island were the sheep, their lambs, and the birds. Some of the group sang sacred music during the Mass, unaccompanied except for the bleating of lambs, the song of birds and the ever-present though gentle murmer of the sea. One would be very phlegmatic indeed if one failed to be moved by such an experience, and some declared that they felt as near to heaven as they ever hope to feel in this life. My Mass was followed by a Mass celebrated by Father Durkin who had got permission independently of me and quite unknown to me. Afterwards we all had an al fresco meal and then we performed the traditional stations. As these have been described in some detail by Father Durkin in an article in an earlier number of this magazine,* I shall not describe them beyond saying that at the final station at Tobermurray we made a small departure from the

* Number One, 1959

The Open-air Sung Mass

traditional practice of doing the rounds here on the bare knees. As our group numbered upwards of fifty we decided that it would be long and awkward for such a large number so we compromised and went around on our bare feet instead.

From the time we landed on the island—at noon—till we left at about four p.m. the weather was improving and the sun getting hotter. As this was the first long exposure to the sun that most of us had got that year, it was possible during the days that followed to pick out the pilgrims by their sunburned faces! We were back at Roonagh about five, tired but spiritually uplifted and very conscious that we had shared a very rare and moving experience. Some had made the pilgrimage in thanksgiving for favours received, others for future favours, but all included in their prayers the safety of all the brave seamen who traverse the western waters around hallowed and historic Caher. When word of the accomplished pilgrimage got about in the days that followed there were so many expressions of regret from those who would have wished to participate that I am convinced that if we could have organized the pilgrimage with sufficient notice and publicity all the boats on mainland and island between Clew Bay

and Galway Bay would hardly be sufficient to bring all who would want to be numbered among the pilgrims.

. . . . . .

We now turn from our pilgrimage to consider the antiquities of Caher. Many of our readers will have read the article referred to above in which Father Durkin gives a description of the size, situation, topography and modern history of the island. Taking all this for granted we shall consider its ancient history in so far as this can be deduced from a study of the buildings and carved stones that remain. In this we shall follow the account given by the French lady archaeologist, Francoise Henry, who made two visits to the island, the first in June 1939 and the second in August 1947. She published her findings in the Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland under the date July 1947. This article with photographs, diagrams and maps was reprinted in pamphlet form but it is now, regrettably, out of print. Miss Henry is now a lecturer in archaeology in University College Dublin, and we have been assured that she is an expert on the antiquities of primitive Irish Christianity whose conclusions can be confidently accepted as trustworthy. She has made a study of early Irish Christian remains all along the west coast from Kerry to Donegal. As an example of her thoroughness we may mention that she visited the old cemetery of Kilbride in Askelane, the upright carved pillar on the sandybanks at Doughmackeown and two similar pillars in the Killeen cemetery as well as the ruined churches at Killeen and Kilgeever. With these remains she compared the remains at Caher. I shall now briefly summarize her account of the stone remains, and her conclusions.

Her account of the chapel I have already given. At the back of the chapel she identifies part of the original stone rampart or *caher* which gives the island its name. This contains a stone chamber, probably a cell originally, similar to the chambers found on other islands off the west Irish coast. It cannot be definitely established whether this rampart existed before the monastery in pagan times or was built later as a protection for the monastery. Other traces of the rampart are to be found on the north side of the chapel on the rising ground. The rectangle of stones around the chapel was not part of the original rampart but was constructed at a later date. The stone enclosure west of the

chapel was probably a cattle pen, also of later date. There are several tombs in the area around the chapel but no certain conclusion can be drawn from their date. I might say here that I never heard any tradition about burials taking place in the island in modern times. On the other hand it is quite probable that long after the monks had disappeared from the island the people would have regarded it as sacred ground and would have wished to be buried there—as we know to have happened at Clonmacnoise and elsewhere. There is a tradition that a massacre took place there at the time of Graineuaile and this of course would account for some, at least, of the tombs.

The most fascinating part of Miss Henry's account is undoubtedly her description of the fourteen carved stones, and the conclusions she draws from them. These are all to be found near the chapel. Some are flat on the ground, either embedded like the Leabaidh Phadraig, or just lying loosely. Others are standing upright and mark some of the stations around which the pilgrims walk in prayer. She gives a brief description of each, listing them A, B, C, etc. She then selects a few for special consideration. Slab "A" is particularly interesting. Standing about thirty inches high, it is decorated on the west side with a large Greek cross in a circle over two dolphins standing upright and facing each other. In early Christian art the dolphin is a common feature. Probably because of the Roman legend that dolphins saved drowning men by bringing them ashore on their backs, the dolphin became to be regarded as the symbol of the Redeemer. We do know that dolphins are easily tamed and that in modern aquaria they show a high degree of animal intelligence and attachment to human beings. They are found on early Scottish sarcophagi and in the Catacombs. Several examples of carved dolphins are found on Scottish slabs of the eighth century. Slab "B" belongs to the type of slab known as *pillow stones*, which stood at the heads of graves and are a feature of the early Christian remains of Lindisfarne Island and Hartlepool in the north-east of England. Again Slab "I" is significant as the outline of its cross occurs on some pages of the Book of Lindisfarne. When we recall that a great English ecclesiastical historian, the Venerable Bede, has put it on record* that Saint Colman came from Lindisfarne to Bofin after the Synod of Whitby about

* See article by Mr. Durkan, p. 62—Editor

the middle of the seventh century, it could hardly be a coincidence that these types of carvings are found on this other island in the same area. This conclusion is strengthened by the evidence from Slab "N." Standing on the station which is at the highest point of the rocks south of the chapel, it is five feet eight inches tall and is the only slab on the island which is carved on both sides. On one side is a carving of a head without the body, which seems to be intended to represent the Crucifixion. It seems to belong to a class of slabs which archaeologists date from the late seventh century. Slabs of the same general class are found in Duvillaun and Carndonagh. Miss Henry makes an interesting comparison between Slab "D" on Caher which is known traditionally as Leabaidh Phádraigh and a slab in the old graveyard at Killeen and, from the comparison, comes to the conclusion that the carving on the Caher slab represents a chalice rather than a cross.

Summing up in the final section of her article, Miss Henry draws some interesting conclusions. First, that there was on the island an early Christian monastic settlement similar to that on Innismurray. Whether the island was inhabited before the monks settled there, it is impossible to say. As regards the date of the foundation of the monastery, "all that can be said is that, from the character of the carvings and their connection with the Lindisfarne of Saint Colman's time on the one hand, and with the Carndonagh Cross on the other, the slabs can be dated to the seventh century, which we are then justified in considering as the time of the greatest development of the monastery. But it may have existed before this date, and the tradition which connects its foundation with the time of Saint Patrick may not be purely legendary . . . It seems that in the fifteenth century or thereabouts the chapel which may then have been in ruins was rebuilt."

It may interest our readers to know that an Augustinian priest of the English province who visited Caher in recent times, and who has considerable experience in matters archaeological, would date the remains considerably earlier than Miss Henry does. She however is not dogmatic in stating her conclusions and does admit the possibility of an early date for the foundation of the monastery.

As regards the tradition that Saint Patrick himself visited Caher,

a few facts may be noted. In the early written account of the life of the saint, namely the Tripartite life which dates from about the end of the seventh century, there is an account of his visit to Croagh Patrick. It is stated there that he arrived in Aughagower from whence he went to the top of the Reek which was then called Cruaghan Aigle. There he spent the forty days of Lent (the year is traditionally taken as 440). Coming down from the mountain he celebrated Easter at Aughagower where he set up the son of a local chieftain as bishop, and then he continued his missionary journey. There is no mention of his going west of the Reek. I think that we may reasonably suppose that he may have sent one or more of his followers to evangelize the district west of the Reek and the islands on which he must have looked with admiration so many times during his forty days. If a monastic settlement was set up in Caher as a result of this mission that fact in itself would account for its being regarded as a Patrician foundation. In later years the transition in popular tradition from "Patrician foundation" to an actual visit by Saint Patrick would be an easy and natural development.

Perhaps we may be permitted one final piece of speculation. As far as we know there is no evidence from history as to how the monastic settlement on Caher came to an end; nor is it likely that any new evidence will come to light at this stage. While it seems to be generally accepted that the Danes in their raids by-passed the northwestern counties and concentrated on the Shannon estuary and southwards, yet it is not unlikely that in their first raid along the northwest coast they would have visited the islands, especially any island with a monastery where the prospect of getting valuable loot in the form of sacred vessels etc. would be particularly promising. However, these are all matters of opinion and it is not likely that we shall ever be able to give a final and definite answer to these and many other questions that will naturally occur to anyone who takes an interest in the remains of ancient Christian Ireland.

Meantime, Caher lies in its ocean home—serene, remote and aloof—a reminder of Ireland's first fervour in the faith; a challenge, perhaps, to our modern materialistic mode of life; ever beckoning to, and inviting, those who would come aside a little while to rest and contemplate and pray.

Activity and Economy:

(A SYMPOSIUM ON OUR WAY OF LIFE)

Contributors:

"Special Correspondent" in The Economist

Mr. Liam Maher in The Irish Press

Mr. Michael Gallagher, Secretary Muintir na Tíre Guild

Mr. Michael A. O'Toole, B.Agr.Sc., Peatland Experimental Station Glenamoy

Mr. Anthony Jordan, County Agricultural Committee Member

Father Justin Morahan, C.C., Ros a' Mhíl

Mrs. Mollie McConville, I.C.A. Chairwoman

The Exiles' Home

(from Special Correspondent in *The Economist*, November 11, 1961)

[*We reproduce this article by kind permission of* The Economist]
—EDITOR

MIGRANT LABOUR is an ugly word: exile is somehow a more gracious one. In London, New York or Sydney the strong Irish myth of exile can still impel many a native-born son to song, but along Europe's most western seaboard it is a less attractive reality. The rocky parish of Cluain Cearbán, fifteen miles by five between the mountains and the sea in West Mayo, can now sustain only 2,200 souls, having (despite its high Roman Catholic birth rate) lost over twenty per cent of its people in the last thirty years. To England alone it has sent twelve doctors, six graduate engineers, four priests (there are twenty in America) and some forty qualified nurses.

But the bulk of the emigrants wield the shovel or the mop, and they are precisely the people who have most to fear from any attempt by Britain to restrict the flow of workers from overseas. If this outlet were cut off the outlook for the parish would be black indeed. In the past few years the region has welcomed electricity, the telephone, tarred roads and afforestation. The Irish government's scheme for converting peat into industrial fuel has foundered on rocks in the machines and high transport costs. There are rumours of an impending German holiday camp, and the first waterproofed English caravaners have faced the August gales. There are lavish government grants for house improvement and subsidies for drainage. But still the people leave.

With the railhead twenty miles off, and Dublin a hundred-and-sixty miles from there, transport charges handicap any industry from the start; the profits from mountain sheep, wiry black cattle and virus-free potatoes can enable only the lucky and the hard-working to lift tmemselves on to a cash economy. At least half of the five-hundred-and-fifty families in the parish receive regular remittances

from abroad, which provide quite literally the jam on the subsistence bread. English or American money buys the old Ford, builds the bathroom or enables a child to stay on at school. The new barn or the tractor are bought from savings made overseas, where with the incentive of a cash wage these people are famous workers. People are the only export.

Except at holiday times, there are not even enough young people to pay for a dance band in the village on Sunday evenings. There is no cinema, no other collective diversion for twenty miles. One long mountain valley sent sixty children to its school in 1900; now there are sixteen.

Perhaps half of the emigrants go to America—the next parish westward is Boston—and quota restrictions present no barrier to people so amply supplied with American cousins to act as sponsors. But from England home is at least accessible and work is easier to find. The days when teams of Irish left for the English harvest at the end of June and returned flush with cash and flushed with Guinness for Christmas are over; yet many of the jobs they do are in fact seasonal in sugar-beet factories, in hotels or in the inevitable building sites. This, of course, is precisely why, despite the threats of British action to limit all immigration, the Irish know they are needed.

Responsible locals would even welcome some measure of control if it did not mean outright restriction. England is widely regarded as a sink of moral iniquity and is known to present infertile soil for maturing Catholic minds. New regulations might prevent unprepared young people from lighting out for the cosmopolitan joys of Wolverhampton as soon as they quarrel with their parents or find themselves bored with the long, chaste evenings.

Finally, the Irish are well used to soft talkers, and no special perspicacity was needed by the Dublin paper that remarked: "The real purpose of the proposed new legislation is to control the flow of coloured immigrants into Britain". Irish immigrants to the United States, *pace* the Clan Kennedy, have never been specially tender to the coloured people who compete for unskilled jobs. A limit on negro or Indian migrants to Nottingham or Notting Hill might well reduce tension while raising casual wages for their Irish competitors. But as a philosopher on a hill farm queried, in the blandest of brogues: "Wasn't it us that chose not to be British?"

Mr. Liam Maher in the Irish Press (*January* 13, 1962) *had the*

following comment on the Economist *report. We publish the following excerpt by kind permission of the Editor of the* Irish Press.

Comment

When writing about the parish of Louisburgh, County Mayo, "Special Correspondent" saw all the symptoms of decay and none of the signs of positive construction. . . . This is the type of slanted, biassed reporting that has built up among the nations a false image of the Irishman as a carousing, fighting Paddy; a false image which Mr. Frederick Boland at U.N.O., our soldiers in the Congo, our Irish grandson in the White House, our industrial revival or our community endeavours seem capable of shattering. Maybe we are too vocal over trivialities and too silent over essentials; maybe we are afraid of foreign critics.

For the truth is that "Special Correspondent" missed the things that really matter to the Louisburgh people. For example, last summer our overseas social science students found in Louisburgh the most intense community-consciousness they had ever met. "Special Correspondent" did not even notice its existence. Among the recent activities of the Louisburgh people are: three-and-a-half acres of land purchased for conversion into a town park; second annual farm prize scheme; more than a hundred-and-thirty hours of voluntary labour put into drainage-work; canvass carried out in connection with starting a local creamery and a hundred shares bought locally, and shore angling competition organised. A drama group, weekly céilí, adult education course, annual agricultural show, regular debates and help of the sick and lonely are among its many projects.

You decide . . .

Are these the symptoms of a sick community? of a community that "sponges" on its exiled sons and daughters? Or are they symptoms of a virile people facing up to their tough problems with energy, courage and hope? I leave you to decide.

The Louisburgh Guild is once again winner of the McDonagh Trophy, given annually to the most active community in Connacht. Its junior Public-speaking team—Margaret McMyler, Vera O'Malley and Louis Heneghan—were brilliant when winning the National

competition at Cavan during Rural Week last August. Its Question-time team—Mrs. Philbin, Michael O'Brien, P. Ball, W. Curran and O. P. Morahan—missed national honours only by the barest of margins.

Was "Special Correspondent" mentally blind-folded before ever he set eyes on Louisburgh? Having eyes, he saw not!

See editorial comment: "We Are Observed!"

A Year's Work

MICHAEL GALLAGHER

FOR THOSE who are not familiar with the movement of Muintir na Tíre, I would like to state at the outset that it is a movement for the promotion of the true welfare, spiritual, cultural and material, of Ireland and, in particular of its rural people, through the application of Christian social principles. Its aims include social, educational, economic and recreational objectives. It encourages and assists the rural people in obtaining additional technical knowledge in their various callings, in developing rural industries, and in securing the co-operation of urban people for these purposes. In this way it builds up a strong and contented rural population and guarantees national well-being. Time and time again we are asked: "What are ye doing in the Guild of Muintir na Tíre?" I shall here outline our work for one year.

At the time of our Annual General Meeting (which begins the year, usually in March) in 1962 we were busy rehearsing *The Country Boy* which our drama group had entered for the Mayo Muintir na Tíre Drama Festival. Our first success and thrill of the year came in the first week in May, when at a very enjoyable social in Knock Hall, we were declared winners of the Michael Davitt Memorial Cup for the best performance in the county, and so in the small, dark hours of that May morning we took the first trophy for 1962 home with us to Louisburgh. Our cast were: Misses Vera O'Malley, N.T.; Margaret McMyler, N.T. and Phil Scanlon; Sylvie O'Donnell, Michael Ball and myself. We entered a team also in the county public speaking competition. This team also won the County Mayo

Cup by defeating a grand Balla team in the final; and then went on to win the Connacht championship, thus qualifying for the national final in Thurles on August 15. This certainly was the big day of the year for our guild as the team won for us All-Ireland honours for the second year in succession by defeating the Leinster champions, Carlow, and Cork, who represented Munster in the All-Ireland final. We also had a team in the county Question Time final and were narrowly defeated by a very fine Balla team who were beaten only in the All-Ireland final.

Our Guild believes in taking part in *all* competitions, no matter what we think our chances of success are and I think this is as it

Mr. P. W. O'Toole in his prize-winning garden at Carramore last spring

should be. First of all, by competing we are helping the movement out and also helping the organizers who put so much effort into the promotion of competitions and games. Secondly, we are making our parish better known; and we are also proving that we can take our stand as useful members of any community. So this year, for instance, we entered Louisburgh in the *Tidy Town* competition and, even though we got the same marks as in 1961 (68 per cent.), we feel that the interest everybody took in doing up their houses (and surely the decoration in 1962 was beautifully done) was evidence that

Louisburgh people will some fine day make sure that their little town will win for us national honours in this sphere too. The guild also nominated three people to compete in the national Roadside Garden competition. Although we didn't get a national win, we are very proud to say that Mr. P. W. O'Toole of Carramore won first prize in Mayo. This is Mr. O'Toole's second time winning the county award and we are ardently looking forward to his national win—next year, maybe! The other two competitors were very highly commended by the judges. One of our members competed in the national bread-baking competition sponsored by the E.S.B. and National Ploughing Association. Although our competitor did not win, we proved what we all believed—that we still have women in Louisburgh fit to bake a cake with the best in Ireland! On the lighter side, too, I might mention that we had twelve children's céilithe during the year. Those were very well attended by the school-children and most enjoyable for our summer visitors and tourists who came in to see the Irish dancing being done.

The parish guild sponsored many lectures and film-shows during the year. Most of these dealt with agriculture and they were very interesting and most useful to the farmers. We were honoured again by the National Executive in being picked as one of the guilds to play host to students of Swansea University. For the past few years those students are sent to Ireland to study community development through the medium of Muintir na Tíre. The students themselves are social welfare workers (from Persia, Africa and many other countries) who are studying in Swansea University; most of them have some kind of scholarship. I am often asked what could they learn from us in Louisburgh, so briefly I'll give a little explanation.

First of all, they had to work at our projects such as the Town Park, our Forestry plantation at Oldhead (where even a *Sister* worked a few times) and anything else we were doing—like painting derelict houses for *Tidy Town* competition. In 1962 we had two students for a long time. The first was from Iran and was a social welfare worker, Moslem by religion, married to a secondary teacher, who accompanied him with their young son, Ramien. They stayed with us for eight weeks. Apart from working with the guild, he had to have a detailed account of our parish, its population, its age-groups and sex ratio within that population. The traditions and values of the parish; religion, the place of the priest in the community; local

history, emigration record, growth and decline in population in the past fifty years; local customs, special festivals or celebrations, local legends or often-quoted local history; the effect of commercial entertainment on the community, were some of his interests. The others might be summarized in the form of a questionnaire: *What are the occupations of the local people? what professional people? details of local agriculture, crops and livestock, transport and communications; any industries and who runs them? tourism; what shops, who runs them? a knowledge of our associations and agencies; how many local schools and of what type? what clubs, etc, and with what membership? youth organizations; political party groups; cultural or sporting groups; how does Muintir na Tíre fit into all this? what central government agencies affect local life? community development; what membership have we in our guild? what were the achievements of our guild in the past?* Our second guest was a student from Cuba who had to cover the same course. This course I think was very interesting for us all for, although it looks simple, we found by putting the students over it that we learned things about our parish that we didn't know ourselves until we had to find the information for them. It also got us to be more interested in our parish and its history, which most of us knew so little about until then.

During the year we made several representations to different departments on behalf of the people of the parish, such as trying to get the E.S.B. to extend the current to outlying areas. This, I am glad to record, will be done inside the next year, so that things will "come to light" after ten years of our asking. Representations were also made to the Board of Works for piers at Roonagh, Clare Island and Inisturk. (It was while surveying for these projects that the late Charles McLoud, Board of Works Head Surveyor, died in Louisburgh last autumn. R.I.P.) The work is held up at present. We made very successful representation to the Department of Agriculture through the Department of Lands for the surface-seeding of bogland and as a result got twelve such plots for Louisburgh. We took a party from our guild to see the Peatland Experimental Station at Glenamoy. This was the best move we made last year. We were so impressed that we plan to try and get everyone in the parish to see this splendid work this summer. We also took our sheep-breeders to Creagh sheep-breeding station and returned with our minds full of knowledge. I'd like to point out in this regard that we have the

most efficient advisory service in Ireland in County Mayo. We have the research stations staffed with highly-efficient agricultural scientists, advisers and technicians; we have also the help of the staff and and members of the county agricultural and vocational committees. But do we make proper use of this fine service? I'm afraid not, and we have no-one to blame but ourselves. *Our* work has put me into contact with all those advisers over the past twelve months and the attention and service our guild has enjoyed from them cannot and should not go without our deepest and heartiest thanks.

Another venture of ours was an attempt to get a branch of the banks to come to our town. In this we failed even though we succeeded in bringing some very useful creamery cheques to our farmers! We held our agricultural show, the most successful so far, last August in the Boys' School grounds which is getting a bit small for the increasing number of entries every year; but thanks to our Town Park committee we will soon have our new park available as it is now ready for seeding and may be fit for our next show.

One other progressive sign is that Louisburgh is now picked by Bord Fáilte as a pilot tourist area similar to Glencolumcille. Two officials of Bord Fáilte visited us and were very well pleased with their findings. I am also glad to say that our new vocational school will be built within a few months. Thanks to our president, Father Moran, B.D., for his great work in pushing this on.

The guild keep a Parish Diary and items of interest are recorded every month. This year the most unusual items were: the German Film Unit with the "Donkey in the Kitchen" and the disappearance of the "Killeen Cats"! At present we are trying to get a pig-fattening station erected in the parish but this project is only in its infancy at the moment. Other present activities are the development of homecrafts and rug-making among the ladies' section and in the near future a tennis hard-court on a plot given free by Mr. W. McNamara. This latter will be our big project when the Park is finished.

The reader will gather then that our local guild of Muintir na Tíre had a definite plan and programme for the year which finished last March; and for the coming year may God bless the hands that toiled in the past and give them the strength and energy needed for the future programmes!

More Money from Bog and Mountain

MICHAEL A. O'TOOLE

Solum est patria; illud colere est huic servire.

Soil is our country; to till it is to serve her.

THERE ARE over four million acres of rough mountain grazing, bog and marsh in Ireland. In the natural distribution of agricultural land in the country, the parish of Kilgeever was extremely unlucky, being largely endowed with bog and moorland. Such land is automatically associated with Sraith Riabhach, Furmoyle, Breacthamhnaigh, Logmore, Lough na Muice, Srahnacloya, Collacoon, Carrowniskey, Leachta, Creggaun Rua, Dereen, Feenone, Altore, Róin na Sionnach, Curra and Cinn na Coilleadh. Louisburgh farmers in general are well acquainted with *fraoch, cíob rua, cíob dubh, ceannbhán, garbhfhéar and raideog* which comprise the sparse, unproductive vegetation of bogs. Bogs and mountains (excluding, of course, Croagh Patrick) are amongst the least appreciated of our natural resources. Economically they yield little, while aesthetically they strike most people as desolate, barren and useless expanses. Properly improved, they could, however, play a major role in the development of the parish of Kilgeever and pave the way for similar development elsewhere.

What exactly are bogs? They are areas where the rocky ground or subsoil has been covered with plant-remains in various stages of decay which have gradually accumulated through the ages. Moist, cool conditions and low evaporation, which accompany high rainfall and wet summers, will promote peat formation wherever waterlogging occurs. Peat itself is charcaterized by high water-content (less dry matter than milk) and low nutrient status. The nutrients naturally present are insufficient for grass and clover growth.

Surface Seeding

From time immemorial some agricultural utilization of bog has been practised. Traditional methods of reclamation were slow and tedious. Fertilizing alone is effective only when better grasses or

clover are already present. Surface seeding is a low-cost technique which dispenses with ploughing and costly cultivation, and can result in the production of a first-class pasture.

With surface seeding the grass and clover seeds are broadcast on the bog surface, together with a carefully balanced lime and fertilizer mixture. In mountainous regions a high annual rainfall, fairly evenly distributed over the year, is normally assured. Under such wet and mild conditions the sown seeds, being in contact with reserves of moisture, germinate and establish successfully. Covering of seed is entirely dependent on early grazing and treading-in by stock. The simple procedure involved leaves the surface layer undisturbed and this layer with its protective mat of plant roots is more fertile and is more resistant to poaching by stock. Damp conditions are especially suited to white clover establishment and growth. The native vegetation is gradually replaced by the sown species giving an output comparable with that of richer mineral soils. Burning of the original bog vegetation helps the sown seeds to come in direct contact with the damp bog surface where they establish best.

Time to Sow

Early sowing gives a greater opportunity for young plants to establish themselves before the stagnant conditions of winter set in. Heavy rain after sowing is desirable and the dry spell often experienced in May would be detrimental to surface seeding. At low altitude April sowing gives good results with some useful grazing in the initial year.

Drainage and Fencing

As a preliminary to surface seeding, drainage and fencing may have to be considered. Some mountain areas are naturally dry underfoot and in such areas drainage is not necessary. Where an intensive drainage programme is envisaged it may be better to be delayed until the sward has established. The seeds *take* better under wet conditions. Shallow drains to ensure run-off of surface water would be sufficient before sowing.

Fencing is desirable if not essential, as unfenced pasture does not lend itself to proper grassland management. This is extremely

important in the initial year when very heavy stocking is needed to graze off the rough native herbage and allow the new seedlings light, air and room to develop.

A view of mountain land at Glenamoy before surface seeding

Lime and Fertilizers

Lime and phosphate are essential if the sown seeds are to become successfully established. However, the amounts required are not excessive. 1-1½ tons of ground limestone, 4 cwt. of superphosphate and 2 cwts. of muriate of potash per acre will suffice. The potash helps to promote clover growth. Sea sand may be used as a substitute for ground limestone. Incidentally, five tons of Carramore sand or three tons of Carrowniskey sand has approximately the same value as one ton of ground limestone. 1-2 cwt. of a nitrogenous fertilizer applied three weeks after sowing will help the seedlings to establish.

Copper and cobalt are at extremely low levels in the peat and the addition of these in the form of 20 lb. of copper sulphate (bluestone) and 2 lb. of cobalt sulphate is desirable. Copper helps grass and clover growth while both copper and cobalt are essential for animal health.

Seeds Mixture

The success of surface seeding on peat is largely due to spectacular

growth of white clover which fixes a liberal quantity of atmospheric nitrogen. This nitrogen helps to establish and maintain a highly-productive pasture capable of carrying sufficient stock to make the

A view of the same mountain—clover-laden—after surface seeding has borne fruit

investment of money in reclamation well worth while. White clover is therefore an essential component of a surface seeding mixture. It should be included at the rate of 2-3 lb. per acre with approximately 20 lb. of grass seed—preferably perennial ryegrass.

Annual Maintenance

Improvement by surface seeding is progressive. The sown species gradually take over, until eventually all native species are completely eliminated—usually in the third year. The pasture can then be maintained in a highly-productive state by ordinary management without danger of its reverting to its original, unproductive condition. An annual dressing of 2-3 cwt. of basic slag and 1 cwt. of muriate of potash will prevent the regrowth of peat-forming vegetation. It is worth noting that this is also the recommended annual maintenance for high-producing pastures on mineral soils. Annual fertilizing is practised on all farms where good output is obtained.

A farmer will be more amenable to applying a normal maintenance manuring when the effects of improvement are evident in a greater turnover of livestock.

Where to Surface Seed

Surface seeding is generally successful on deep peat, but there are sizeable tracts of cutaway bog now becoming available in the parish due to steady use of turf. These cutaway areas are also well suited to surface seeding and in cases where the peat is cut away to a suitable depth, the ground stands up better to machinery and heavy stock.

Hill Sheep

Sheep have always played a considerable part in Louisburgh's economy. In fact, there are a number of farms almost entirely devoted to sheep-farming. Today the mountain ewe is more popular than ever as a breeder of cross-bred ewes for fat-lamb production. Her many useful properties, such as high milk production and ability to survive on scanty fare, combined with quality of flesh, will always earn her a major role in our sheep industry.

Hill sheep are more dependent on pasture—and thus more independent of other foods—than any other type of farm animal. The majority of hill sheep are required to survive on a level of nutrition which is scarcely sufficient to maintain body weight. During the winter months the level falls below this. To complicate matters further, the ewe's annual pregnancy coincides with this period of semi-starvation. Production is reduced excessively by this undernourishment at a critical period. The first weeks are the most important in a lamb's life. A setback in growth during this period can have serious consequences later. Since lambs at an early age do not consume any fibrous foods and are dependent on milk produced by the ewe, rate of growth is a reflection of the ewe's diet and resulting milk production. It follows that while breeding is an important factor in livestock production, the question of nutrition must receive priority where hill sheep are concerned.

As already suggested, there are extensive areas in the parish of Kilgeever suitable for surface seeding. In these areas there is a definite pressure of population on available mineral soil. This results in the mountain ewes being confined to hill land during the critical spring months. The provision of improved grazing at

lambing time and during the early weeks of the lamb's life would have a remarkable effect on the rate of growth of the lamb. Such a lamb, having got off to a good start and having access to surface seeded pasture during the summer months would give a cash return in the first year equal to that obtained for a three-year-old wether off the hill. The higher level of nutrition would also give ewes of greater body weight, with higher lambing percentages, better wool and consequently a greater financial return per head. A farming system whereby the ewe-replacemant lambs would be returned to the hill when three of four weeks old and the ram lambs retained on pasture and fattened, would be well rewarded. Fattening ram or wether lambs for sale in their first year is very desirable. Older wethers on the hills compete with ewes for food and can indirectly lead to serious undernourishment and loss of ewes. The wool sold off the wethers is poor compensation for such loss. Further, the number of wethers sold at two or three years always falls short of the number of wether hoggets put to the hill.

As well as increasing output from Blackface mountain flocks, surface seeding produces conditions ideally suited to crossbreeding. Such a breeding programme could be based on the use of Border Leicester and Suffolk rams for the production of Greyface and Suffolk-cross lambs. The Greyface ewe which is second to none for milk and fat lamb production, when crossed with a Down ram, has a ready market. The Blackface-Suffolk cross is a "butcher's lamb" and also sells well.

The Outcome

A project aimed at the improvement of hill farmers' economy and carried to its logical conclusion would have immense advantages to the parish of Kilgeever and play an important part economically and socially in rural development. The hill land survey now being undertaken by the Agricultural Institute in this parish and elsewhere, will provide the necessary information for planning such a development scheme.* Any improvement resulting in extra land would ease congestion and help to put a stop to depopulation of rural areas. Surface seeded pastures when drained are also well suited to milk and beef production. Mineralized peat is ideal for the growth of vegetable crops of high cash value—celery, carrots, cabbage, cauliflowers, leeks, spinach, parsley and asparagus. With pasture improvement, and cash crop growth, would go the development of

* See page 59

farmyard enterprises, helping further to remove the mere subsistence element from western farming. With success, enthusiasm replaces lethargy and a spirit of competition is fostered among local farmers anxious to play a full part in the nation's economy.

There *Is* A Place For Pig Farming

ANTHONY JORDAN

ON THINKING over the subject on which I am to write, my memory takes me back to a time when every farm in this parish kept pigs, when a few sows were kept in every village, and the *banbhs* were sold to neighbours at the Louisburgh market. I can still remember clearly some neighbours of mine taking *banbhs* to Westport to sell at the market. This is a big contrast to the present conditions when we now must go to Westport market to buy our *banbhs* there. Notwithstanding the great advances made in present-day methods of feeding, housing and general management of pigs, our pig numbers have seriously declined. It might surprise the reader that in a parish with a real tradition of pig production in the past, our breeding stock at the present time consists of no more than eleven sows and one boar. Our annual output of bacon pigs from the parish at present amounts to only two or three hundred animals. Looking back over the years, I remember seeing up to two hundred pigs being sold at the monthly fair in Louisburgh—nearly as much as is now sold from this parish in the whole year.

The Causes of Decline

The decline in pig production set in especially during the last war, at least in our area. This was partly due, I would say, to the fact that we were a turf-producing area and all available labour was employed at the turf industry. But it was mainly due to the fact that no feeding-stuffs were available during that period to supplement local supplies. The decline in pig production is not confined to Kilgeever parish alone: it is the general picture in the west of Ireland. Although the pig-killings in the south and east of the country have increased by 600,000 annually, the west has experienced a serious

decline—so much so that the manager of one of our local bacon-curing factories has recently had this to say: "We in this factory are in a position to offer farmers a service equal to, or better than, that in any other part of the country. Despite this we are starved for supplies of pigs *and we have to go to Cork and Dublin to maintain our present meagre throughput*. The money wasted in transport could well be paid to local farmers were they to make surplus available to us." He also stated: "I am hopeful that the newly-constituted Pigs and Bacon Commission will have some effect by offering a scheme of assistance to the west. But we must first help ourselves and it is up to the farmers in our area to *produce*, for us and for their own benefit, if they do not want to see this industry disappearing for lack of supplies." With regard to the grading of pigs, he further stated: "In 1961 the returns showed fifty per cent, Grade A in this factory, while other factories in this country showed returns of seventy-five per cent Grade A." This low percentage in grading has, in my opinion, contributed mainly to the local decline in pig-killings; and it in turn is caused more by over-feeding (especially in the later stages of fattening) than by defects in breeding or in quality of feeding.

Returns

I have been requested by the editor to include data relating to my own experience in pig farming and so, at the risk of displeasing some readers, I shall refer to sales made by me to the Castlebar Bacon Company. On September 6, 1961, (and that is the year referred to in the report which I have quoted above) I sent seventeen bacon pigs to the company. Of this number, twelve were graded *A-special* and five were graded *A*. The *specials* measured between 0.791 and 0.820 millimetres. These pigs had been purchased as *banbhs* in the local (Westport) market and were typical of our local breeds which are predominantly the large, white variety. This is not a representative picture for the year mentioned; but the grading averaged over eighty-five grade *A* or *A-special* in a turnover of one hundred pigs for the year. As it is impossible in a short article to describe fully the various methods of pig-feeding, I shall be content with sketching briefly the system that I have followed on my own farm.

Feeding

I buy in *banbhs* at eight to ten weeks of age. I feed them on sow-

and-*banbh* meal for a week or two and then change them to a diet of about fifty per cent low-grade pig ration supplemented by barley meal, crushed oats, bran and skim milk as a balancer. I also feed them potatoes and young grass when these are available. The pigs are fed twice daily and I increase the ration gradually to six pounds of meal daily per pig. When they come to about thirteen stone (live weight, of course) I decrease gradually to four pounds daily. This system allows for the pigs to grow and mature in the early stages and to develop into long lean pigs later and so to give carcasses which are best suited to the modern market. I have found, too, that pigs will not thrive without an ample supply of water and for that reason I have a continuous supply of water available for them. I would like to mention here that my success has been mainly due to my accepting the advice given to me by the local officer of the committee of agriculture.

Breeding and Housing

Careful selection in the buying of *banbhs* of *different* breeds is, I find, more important than in the buying of any particular breed, when particular attention is being given to feeding at the different stages of growth. The piggeries on my farm consist of sleeping quarters with open yards attached. The feeding-troughs are made of cement and are permanent fixtures; and the pigs are fed over the wall and on to the troughs. The troughs have nine inches linear space per pig and are raised eight inches on the outside yard floor. I allow the standard six-feet-square sleeping space and four-feet-square yard space per pig. The floors and ceilings are insulated. It takes no more than half-an-hour to mix and to balance with skim milk (which I have always available) enough food for fifty pigs and to feed it to them. My house-units are made to hold seven pigs each and I find this a more successful arrangement, for the pigs are more restful and warmer than when in larger units.

Of course pig-fattening on a large scale would be a specialized branch of farming and with the numbers required to make it worthwhile—an output of, say, one hundred pigs yearly—it takes quite a big amount of capital for the buying of *banbhs* and of meals to supplement home-produced food. Breeding requires far less capital to start with and is also the most profitable branch of pig farming especially if there is family labour available; and the food requirements of a few sows can be produced on the small farm.

A Fattening Station

This brings me to the matter of a project that we are interested in the parish just now, namely, the setting-up of a modern pig-fattening station with a view to providing a regular market for *banbhs*. A committee, representative of two local organizations—*Muinntir na Tire* and *N.F.A.*, with Father Moran as chairman, are organizing support for the project. So far, response from the farmers is very encouraging and a certain amount of capital has already been subscribed. Being a member of the Mayo Committee of Agriculture, and visualizing the great benefit that can be derived for our type of farmer from such a project and the great necessity to increase these farmers' incomes to meet the requirements of the present time, I felt it was my duty to bring forward for discussion last November a motion for the setting-up of six such stations—one in every electoral area in the county. I am pleased to say that the motion got the full approval of the chairman and my fellow-members and that it was forwarded to the Agricultural Department in Dublin from whom we expect encouragement and support. In this local committee we feel that, with the advantages now open to us of supplying milk to the creamery separating station in Castlebar, we have a means of development such as was not heretofore at our disposal. The by-product, skim milk, is an excellent balancer of home-produced foods for sows and *banbhs*.

Marketing and Finance

Recent surveys made by our advisory service show that on a twenty-acre farm *without* pigs the net income is only £200 to £250 annually—that is, an income of between four and five pounds per week. This will not go far at the present time to meet the demands of a home and family budget! The survey also shows that where pigs were kept (along with the other usual farm enterprises) the net income was up to £430 per annum or approximately eight pounds per week! And it is the view of the members of the advisory service who undertook this survey that this latter income could be increased still further—to ten or twelve pounds per week by a more intensive farmyard enterprise on such farms.

It is apparent, then, that in our farms there must be a complete change-over from the old system to farmyard enterprises integrated with milk production. This is our only hope for the survival of our

small farms and for the continuation and regeneration of families on them.

. . . . .

By way of postscript I may add that I am hopeful that the people of our parish—who have done so much to improve their standards of housing and farmyards in recent years, and who have worked so hard to make life more pleasant and comfortable in this way—will eventually avail themselves of the new opportunities that are coming along. They can thus help themselves to supply the monetary needs of their families to a considerable extent from their own farms and farmyard enterprises.

Sliabh na nGael

An tAthair Iustín Ó Mórcáin

Is cúis átais domsa é nuair a feicim ar an *Mayo News* nó ar an *Western People* gur tarla ruo éigin fiúntach i gCluain Cearbán; cuirim i gcás, gur gnóthaig Cluain Cearbán comórtas labhartha béarsaíochta, nó an Corn Mac Donnchadha nó, fiú amháin, cluiche peile. Deirim liom féin, nuair a téim an nuacht sin: "Tá siad ag dul ar aghaidh, buíochas le Dia!" Da cúis átais dom, freisin é, nuair a bí mé sa mbaile ar mo laethanta saoire agus nuair a chonaic mé slua mór, idir buachaillí agus cailíní ag siúl is ag rothaíocht cuig an Meán Scoil. Dúirt mé liom féin: "Seobaidh siad obair sa mbaile agus beidh oideachas acu." Bí glionnar croí orm nuair a chuala mé, roimh bliantaí ó shoin, go raibh duais ag dul o'Feirm nua-aimseartha sa bparóiste, nuair a chonaic mé an bóthar nua á chosnú idir Cluain Cearbán is Lionán Cinn Mara, nuair a cuir mo bhaile féin (Cluain Cearbán ár nDó!) isteach ar Chomórtas na mBailte nGlan. Mar sin de, cuireann cuile ruidín beag a tharlaíonn sa mbaile glionnar croí orm, más peadhas nó dul chun cinn atá ann, agus cé go bhfuilim i mo chónaí in áit eile ar fad, bím bródúil i gcónaí as Cluain Cearbán. Ní h-iontas ar bith é sin, adeir tusa, mar deireann an sean-focal: "Gráionn an tadhas a thá dúthchais." Ach feictear domsa ina diaidh sin gur iontas

é. Mar luíonn sé le nádúir go mbíonn suim aghaidh go léir san áit a bhfuil cónaí orraibh ann, agus (admhaimís é) beagáinín éad orraibh, amantaí, le háiteacha eile. Mar shampla, tá suim aghaidh agamsa i Ros a' Mhíl, dá mhaith liom í a chur chun cinn ar chuile bhealach, na daoine óga a choinneáil sa mbaile, obair agus caitheamh aimsire a chur ar fhagháil dóibh, uisce reatha a bheith ins na tighthe acu, tighthe agus siopaí nua tógtha, sráideanna leagtha síos, an áit maisithe le crainnte agus bláthanna iolraitheacha, monarchain ag obair; mar creidim gur fearr is féidir le duine a bhfuil riachtanaisí an tsaoil ceana aige, cuirtha ar fhagháil dó thré dhea-mhéin agus thré chomh-oibriú a chuid comharsanaí in éinfheacht leis féin, gur fearr is féidir leis sin Dia agus an creideamh a chuiscint, agus a chlann a thógeáil in grá agus in eagla Dé agus do réir dlithe na hEaglaise, ná mar a bhféadfadh duine a mbeadh a bholg i gcónaí ag cur plan air. Bím ag cur ceiste orm féin, is mé ag breathnú amach trío an bhfuinneoig ar an talamh bocht, clochach ós mo chomair agus ar an scoil le céad go leith gasúr istigh ina lár: "Céard is féidir a dhéanamh ar son na háite seo? Céard is féidir le sagart a dhéanamh chun na gasúir gleoite sin a bhfuil togha na Gaeilge ar barr teanga chuile duine acu a choinneáil sa mbaile ag obair ar son a dtíre agus a dteanga féin?" Ach ní chuige sin atáim anois, ach chuige seo! Nuair a bhíonn mo chuid smaointe saolta ag imeacht anois le Ros a' Mhíl agus lena muintir, nach bhfuil sé fíor-aisteach go mbíonn an suim cheannann céanna agam i gCluain Cearbán?

Amantaí, bíonn fonn orm páipéar agus peann a tharraingt chugam féin agus litir a scríobh chuig mo chara, atá ina Rúnaí ar Mhuintir na Tíre:

"A Mhichéil, a chara," tosnóchainn i gcónaí, "bhí mhaith liom cóigeartheachas a dhéanamh le Muintir na Tíre i gCluain Cearbán as uchd an obair mhór atá déanta acu don cheantar mór-timpeall agus an spiorad nua atá ag borradh i measc na nDaoine dá bharr. Cuireann sé átas agus glionnar croí orm i gcónaí nuair a léim faoi na héachtaí móra atá sibh a dhéanamh. Thraoslaim libh as uchd an sraith léachtaí a cuireadh ar bun i rith an Gheimhriú (abair), nó an spiorad lenar seas sibh—más fíor a deirtear—in aghaidh sciobtha mursanta na n-abann is na sruth (abair), nó an chaoi ar deisiú an teach ag an gcoirneál"—Agus leanfadh an litir ar aghaidh mar sin ar feadh píosa beag. Ansin bheadh alt nua agam.

"Tá cúpla ruo, áfach, (a dhéarfainn) go mba mhaith liom cur os bur gcomhair. Ní inne nó inniu a chosaig mé ag smaoineamh orru

aċ ó ṫáinic mé go dtí Ros a' Ṁíl. Feictear domsa go ḃfuil an-ċuid tráċtála caillte agaiḃ ins na cuairteóirí nó turasóirí mar ġeall ar an gcaoi a ḃfuil an bóṫar atá ag dul go dtí Cluain Cearbán ó ḃóṫar Lionán-Caṫair na Mart i ḃfolaċ, coirnéal géar air agus droċ-ċaoi ar a ḃarr. Ḃ'ḟiú céad punt do ċuile ḋuine i gCluain Cearbán teaċt amaċ go dtí ceann an ḃóṫair sin agus ceaṫrú ṁíle de a ḋeasú, an coirnéal a ḃaint as, agus an giota mealta seo den ḃóṫar a ḋéanaṁ go deas slaċtṁar fairsing. Ní fios cé ṁéad turasóirí a raċfaḋ ar an mboṫar sin go Cluain Cearbán dá mbeaḋ an méid sin déanta, go mór-ṁór nuair atá an fógra breá ar an mbóṫar le feiceáil acu, ag tagairt don ḃaile. An dara rud, ba ṁaiṫ liom go mbeaḋ an crosḃóṫar ag an droiċead deisiṫe go deas le crainnte ioldaiteaċa a ḃeaḋ ag fás ar gaċ aon taoḃ; tearra curṫa ar a ḃarr, agus an taċar méadaiṫe faoi ḋó.

"Le na ċois sin, is minic a ṫugaim faoi deara liméir na sráide líonta le páipéirí, toitíní, boscaí agus a leiṫidí sin. Ḃa ṁór an gar é do ċuile ḋuine dá mbeaḋ araid bruscair curṫa suas ar na cuaillí telegrafa, agus dá raċfaḋ ċuile ṡiopadóir i gcomair le Muintir na Tíre ċun na sráideanna a ċoinneáil ċoṁ glan is atá na sráideanna, abair, i mbailte Ṡasana.

"Anois, a Ṁíċeáil, táim ag teaċt ċuig an poinnte is tábaċtaí de'n litir seo. Ḃa ṁaiṫ liom go mór Cluain Cearbán a ġaelú, sé sin le rá na daoine a spreagaḋ ċun Gaeilge a laḃairt ionnas go ḃfeicfeaḋ muid an lá nuair a ḃeaḋ Gaeilge á laḃairt ag ċuile duine mar ġnáṫ-ṫeanga . . . . . . "

Ag an ċuid seo den litir i gcónaí tosnaím ag samlaḋ dom féin baill an Ċoiste istiġ san halla agus cluas éisteaċta orru leis an litir. Feicim ansin iad ċoṁ soiléar is dá mbeinn ins an seomra in éinfeaċt leo: fir ċríonna, stuama, eagnaí a mbunáite, mná críonna, eagnaí, stuama an ċuid eile. Ċuirfeaḋ siad faitċíos ar ḋuine litir a scríoḃ ċucu in éinfeaċt. Mar sin féin, feicim go dtugann siad éisteaċt an-ṁaiṫ do mo litir. Aċ, más ceart dom é nó mí-ċeart, nuair a léitear amaċ an abairt deire sin as an litir, samláim dom féin i gcónaí go ḃfeicim raon an ṁiongáire ar ḋuine aṁáin, nó beirt, agus go mbíonn daoine eile ag craiṫeaḋ a gcloigeann le héadóċas.

"Tá's agam, a Ṁíċeáil, (deirim sa litir) go ḃfuil daoine i gCluain Cearbán a ċeapann naċ féidir a leiṫéid a ḃeiṫ fíor go deo. Tá cuid acu agus déarfaiḋ siad leat naċ ḃfuil aon tsuim

acu sa nGaeilge: cuid eile acu a ḃfuil fuaṫ acu ar an nGaeilge: cuid eile fós ar nós cuma liom. Aċ tá daoine ann go mba ṁaiṫ leo dá mbeaḋ sé indéanta, aċ faraoir, tá droċ-ṁisneaċ acu—creideann siad féin naċ dtiocfaiḋ Gaeilge go dtí Cluain Cearbán go deo.

Ins na daoine ins an mbuíon deireannaċ seo atá an suim is mó agamsa. Go dtí ceiṫre bliain ó ṡoin ċreid mé féin, in ainneoin an eolais a ḃí agam faoin nGaeltaċt, naċ raiḃ aon ṗaróiste a raiḃ Gaeilge á laḃairt ag na daoine ann ó ṁaidin go faoiṫin; naċ raiḃ a leiṫéid ann san fiċeadú aois. Ansin, sa mbliain 1960, lá breá Saṁraiḋ ċas mé mo ġluaisroṫar i dtreo an Spidéil de'n ċéad uair. Ḃí mé ag déanaṁ ar ċara liom a ḃí i Ros a' Ṁíl. Nuair a ċeap mé go raiḃ mé gar don áit stop mé an gluaisroṫar agus ġlaoiġ mé ar stócaċ. Riṫ sé anonn ċugam go fonnṁar. "Where is Rossaveal?' adeirimse, gan a ḃeiṫ ag cuiṁneaṁ orm féin. Níor ṫuig sé mé! Ġlaoiġ sé ar a ṁáṫair i dteanga nár ċuala mé ariaṁ, laḃair sé ċoṁ sciopṫa nádúrṫa sin. Riṫ sí amaċ. Táim a' rá leat gur ċuir mé an ċeist uirri-se as Gaeilge. Táim ag iarraiḋ a inseaċt duit dá dtiocfaḋ tú amaċ anseo agus laḃairt le daoine, go mór-ṁór leis na páistí atá cleaċtaċ ar Ġaeilge a laḃairt, ṫaḃarfaḋ sé dearcaḋ nua ar fad duit ar an nGaeilge. Tuiteann tú ingrá léi mar ṫeanga. Ní féidir, ar ndó, iaċall a ċur ar éinne tuitim ingrá: *'de gustibus non est disputandum,'* aċ cé hé mise le ḃeiṫ ag inseaċt sin duitse!

"Anois, a Ṁíċeál, tuigfiḋ tú ar ball cé'n fáṫ a ḃfuil suim agamsa ins na daoine go mba ṁaiṫ leo Gaeilge a ḃeiṫ á laḃairt i gCluain Cearbán aċ naċ féidir leo é a ṡamlú. Tá mise in ann a rá leo gur féidir é a ḋéanaṁ. Tá cónaí orm in áit naċ ḃfuil á laḃairt ag an gcuid is mó de na daoine aċ Gaeilge aṁáin. Tá sé cosúil le tír eile ar fad. Go deiṁin bíonn díoṁá ort anseo, má ċloiseann tú focal Béarla ag sciorraḋ uaṫu de ḃarr teangḃála le Radio nó leis na nuaċtáin leaṫúla.

Maiṫfiḋ tú ḋom é, a Ṁíċeáil, má táim ag rá an-iomairce sa litir seo; aċ tá nuaċt agam duit go fóill agus seo é: Tá sagairt in Éirinn, agus go leor acu, a ḃfuil sé de rún acu teanga na hÉireann a ṡáḃáil ón mbás atá beagnaċ tagaiṫe uirri. "Cumann na Sagart" a ṫugann siad orra féin. Ċuireadar comórtas ar bun do na bailte go léir sa tír agus ṫug siad duaiseanna flaiṫiúla do na bailte is mó a rinne obair ar son na Gaeilge, san Gaeltaċt agus san Galltaċt. Comórtas Glór na nGael a tugtar air. Ḃí a

Sóilse, Éamonn de Valera, Uachtarán na hÉireann, agus, go dtí n-a bás, a Mórgacht, Seán Cardinéal Daltún (R.I.P.), Príomháid na hÉireann Uile, ina bpatrúin air. Anuraidh Shocaigh Mainistir na Féile, Co. Luimní, an chéad duais (£200), Ait Luain an dara duais (£150) agus Aonach Urmhumhan an tríú duais (£50) san Gaeltacht. Shocaigh Mainistir na Féile Trófaí Glór na nGael coimh maith. Bí an tUachtarán i láthair ag bronnadh na nduaiseanna i Mainistir na Féile. An rud a rinneadar, beadh Cluain Cearbán in ann a dhéanamh an chéad bliain eile.

Tá dá chuid sa gComórtas imbliana, Roinn don Gaeltacht agus Roinn don Gallthacht. Is ionann sin is a rá nach mbeidh áiteacha san Gaeltacht ag iomaíocht in aghaidh áiteacha san Gallthacht. Tá roinn faoi leith do shráid-bailte agus bailte a bhfuil níos lú ná 1,000 duine iontu. Gach eolas le faghail ón Athair Tomás Ó Fiaich, Coláiste Phádraic, Má Nuad. Beidh an comórtas ar siúl arís i 1964. Cuirfead sé áthas ar mo chroí "Cluain Cearbán" a feiceáil ar liosta na mbailte a bhéas istigh ar an gcomórtas an bliain seo chugainn, agus Cluain Cearbán a feiceáil ar an Teilifís ag deire na bliana, ag glacadh Trófaí Glór na nGael go himeachtach ón a Sóilse, Uachtarán na hÉireann."

. . . . . .

Is aisteach an rud é litir. Scríobhann tú i bhfad níos fearr i do chloigeann é ná mar is féidir leat a dhéanamh ar an bpáipéar. Bíonn na focla ag sleamhnú uait fad is atá tú ag scríob. Sin é an fáth nár éirigh liom an litir sin a chur sa bpost ariamh, b'féidir. Ach, le cúnamh Dé, tá ar bith feasta, bígí ag súil le litir uaim, a Chluain Cearbáinígh!

Bantracht na Tuaithe

MRS. MOLLIE MCCONVILLE

LIKE ALL natives of our incomparable parish of Kilgeever, I am always deeply proud of its achievements. I have from time to time read with immense pleasure of the success which has attended the local branch of Muintir na Tíre. But my pride has been marred to some extent by the absence of its associate organization, Bantracht

na Tuaithe—the Irish Countrywomen's Association. For such a progressive little township, it appears almost unbelievable that such a defect should be permitted to exist; and I hope that the time is not far distant when the ladies of the area will get together and remedy this unhappy state of affairs. Since leaving Louisburgh I had the honour of being a member of this laudable organization. I learned much and contributed, I must confess, little; but the composite picture revealed that one and all benefited from our pooled ideas. So I give here a brief account of the history and aims of the I.C.A.

Let me begin by saying that this is a society which every lover of Ireland, country or town dweller, should help and encourage. It was one of the pioneers organizations for rural women, developing out of "The Society of United Irishwomen" which was founded in 1910 under the inspiration of the co-operative movement and which was dedicated to further the "better living" of that movement's three-point programme of "better farming, better business, better living." It is non-sectarian and non-political in the party sense, and is open to all countrywomen and girls over school-leaving age, all of whom have equal rights and privileges.

Purpose of I.C.A.

The aims of the Irish Countrywomen's Association include: promotion of the love of home and the arts of peace; preservation of local crafts and traditions; instruction in handicrafts, home-making, poultry-keeping, gardening, stock-raising, etc.; co-operation in disposal of surplus products; preservation and improvement of the amenities of the countryside; encouragement of the use of the Irish language; and education. One of the chief aims of our association is to keep alive the old handcrafts, such as spinning, weaving and rushwork. The material for all these crafts is readily available in the country. Beautiful articles can be made from the coarse rushes, which are gathered and dried into bundles and allowed to dry gradually—never in the direct sunshine. They include the simple Saint Brigid's Cross, table-mats, lamp shades, flower-pot holders, log and turf-boxes, suit cases and work-boxes. Weaving is another fascinating work, but is more complicated as it entails the setting-up of a loom. One of the most popular crafts is Lumra rug-making, made from unspun wool which has been washed and teased and, formed into coarse strands, is drawn through canvas, using an ordinary crochet hook. Delightful effects are

obtained by using wool of different shades, such as grey, black, brown and off-white or cream. Handsome rugs of a definite Irish character can be made from adaptations of Celtic designs, particularly the Key pattern. These rugs are much admired by visitors to our country and the makers have satisfaction in producing an artistic article which, besides being beautiful, will bring comfort to the home for a great number of years.

Social Aspects

These and other aims of the association have resulted in a great variety of activities. Co-operative markets have been started and exhibitions and sales of handicrafts have been held: community work has been undertaken for the blind, for the children and for the sick. Some guilds have formed choral and drama societies and frequently hold classes in Irish dancing. The typical activity is a monthly meeting where there is a demonstration or lecture by an expert on some subject of interest to women. This is followed by social activities—singing, country dancing, acting, etc.—and by tea which is provided by different groups of members in turn.

Spreading the Idea

A Summer School of the Association is held each year and provides an opportunity for guild members to combine instruction in practical subjects with study of a wide range of cultural subjects.

Through the generosity of the W. K. Kellog Foundation of U.S.A., the Irish Countrywomen's Association now has its own College for Adult Education at An Grianán, Termonfeckin, County Louth, where short courses are held in subjects of interest to countrywomen. Governments everywhere appreciate the significance of rural women's movements: in the rearing of children, looking after the family, cooking, tending the poultry and young stock and practising all the arts of home-making they do work of great social and national importance. A society such as the Irish Countrywomen's Association, which brings countrywomen together to exchange ideas and skills and to promote the general good of country life, is therefore deserving of every support. Where guilds are in operation it is customary to hold an annual birthday party. This is an occasion when the work of the members over the past year is on display.

More guilds of the Association are needed in every part of the Republic of Ireland. *Will Louisburgh be the next*? I look forward to hearing that a branch has been formed in my native town and if the initiative is taken, I have no misgivings about its ultimate success. With this conviction I should like to add that the organizer for Mayo is Mrs. Frawley, Adare, Rockbarton, Galway. I know from personal experience that she will be most helpful and anxious to assist in the formation of a guild.

Hill Farming Survey

THE AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE has undertaken a survey of hill land in Counties Mayo and Galway. The object of the survey is to obtain information on the present system of farming with a view to making recommendations for agricultural development. A team of officers from the Institute will visit a number of farms, selected at random in hill areas, commencing in Autumn, 1963.

Factors under consideration by the survey team are:

(*a*) Soil type—its present use and suitability for improved or alternative enterprise.

(*b*) Hill vegetation—its nutritive value, present stock-carrying capacity and potential for improvement by fertilizing or surface seeding.

(*c*) The present system of farming on the hills—what can be achieved by the application of modern techniques in breeding, feeding and curtailing losses.

Louisburgh is one of the areas being surveyed. Also included in the survey are the following areas:

The Twelve Bens Region,
Maam Region,
Tourmakeady,
Achill,
Newport and
Bangor Erris—Glenamoy

Fullest co-operation by the farmers concerned is needed. Without this, the team will be unable to obtain the information needed before making recommendations.

A group of parishioners who were on the platform at the exchange of gifts in Louisburgh Parochial Hall last December. Seated on the right is Representative Bourke who presented Mr. M. J. O'Toole (seated, left) with an autographed portrait of President Kennedy. In the centre is the portrait; and beside it a return gift—a Connemara-marble Rosary beads.

Standing (from L.) are: Messrs. Patrick Sammon, Richard O'Toole; John J. Philbin, James Sammon, John P. Sammon, Anthony O'Malley, Patrick Grady and Anthony McDonnell

President Kennedy's Gift

On receipt of an autographed portrait from President Kennedy through Representative Anthony J. Bourke of Worcester, Mr. Martin J. O'Toole County Councillor replied to the President:

President John F. Kennedy,
White House,
Washington D.C.,
U.S.A.

Mooneen,
Louisburgh,
Ireland

4th December, 1962

Dear Mr. President,

I take this opportunity to express my heartful thanks and appreciation for the fine autographed portrait that you were so kind to send me.

I sincerely wish that you will accept my enclosed gift of a Connemara-marble Rosary beads as a token of my appreciation for your kind thoughtfulness.

May I also take this opportunity to convey, not only my own best wishes, but also the best wishes of the people of my constituency to you and the your admirable family.

I can assure you, Mr. President, that you have the continued prayers of the people not only of this area, which I represent, but of the people of all Ireland in carrying out the duties of your high office.

Yours faithfully,

MARTIN JOSEPH O'TOOLE,
Member of Mayo County Council

From Lindisfarne to Mayo Of The Saxons

MICHAEL J. DURKAN

OUT ON THE White Strand in Thallabawn lie the ruins of a monastery which call to mind a man, a church and a nation in a heroic period. The period is that of the late seventh century when Irish missionary activity was at its peak. The man is Colmán, third Abbot of Lindisfarne in England, and finally Abbot of Inishbofin.

Little is known of the origins of Colmán. He was born about the year 605 A.D., somewhere in Connacht, probably in Mayo or Galway. We do not hear of him again until the year 661, when he succeeded Finan as Abbot of Lindisfarne. To explain Colmán's presence in an island off the north-eastern coast of England, we must go back to the year 563. In that year Saint Columcille left Ireland with twelve companions and founded a monastery on the island of Iona off the coast of Scotland. From this monastery—staffed with Irish monks—the Highlands of Scotland, southern Scotland, and northern England were converted to Christianity. In 635 King Oswald of Northumbria, who had accepted Christianity, applied to Iona for clergy for his kingdom. Bishop Aidan was sent in reply to the request and founded the mission at Lindisfarne, an island off the coast of Northumberland. From this monastery Aidan and his successors, Finan and Colmán, completed the conversion of Oswald's kingdom, and it seemed as if the Irish influence was to extend to the whole of the English people.

During Finan's term as Abbot of Lindisfarne a conflict had been brewing between the Roman missionaries in the south of England and the Irish missionaries in Scotland and Northern England. The controversy hinged mainly on the date of the celebration of Easter. Colmán, trained at Iona, adhered to the Irish custom and in this he had the support of the king. The queen and her son, however, observed the Roman method of computing the date of Easter.

Matters came to a head with the Synod of Whitby in 664 at which Colmán presented the arguments for the Irish system. Judgment was given against him and he left Lindisfarne, taking with him the Irish monks and a party of English monks who adhered to the Irish custom.

Inisbofin and Mayo

Going first to Iona, he came at length to Inisbofin in 668, where he founded a monastery. The Irish and English monks, however, could not live in peace together; as the Venerable Bede puts it: ". . . the Irish, in the summer season, when the harvest was to be brought in, leaving the monastery, wandered about through places with which they were acquainted . . ."—leaving all the work to the English monks. To put an end to the controversy, Colmán brought the English monks to the mainland, " . . . and travelling about far and near . . ." founded a monastery at Mayo.

His first contact with the mainland is likely to have been at Thallabawn before moving inland to Mayo. Whether the monastery now in ruins was founded by Colmán on arriving on the mainland, or whether it was founded by one of the monks from Mayo Abbey, we can never tell: no records remain and much research will have to be done before it can be established with any degree of certainty who was responsible for establishing the monastery there.

It never attained any fame or notoriety, unlike Mayo, which eventually gave its name to the county, and came to be known as "Mayo of the Saxons." About the year 804 Alcuin, writing from the court of Charlemagne *Ad patres Mugensis ecclesiae*, tells them to attend to study: "Let your light shine in the midst of a most barbarous people."

Colmán himself finally retired to Inisbofin where he died on August 8, 676. The entry in Féilire Oengusso Céli Dé for August 8 reads: "Colman .i. alathair, o Hi Coluim cille agus o Inis bo finne for muir tiar i Conmaicne mara i n-iarthar Connacht. Colmani episcopi Insi bó finni. lxxx. anno etatis eius quieuit. (Colman, a pilgrim from Columcille's Iona, and from Inisbofin in the sea west in Connemara in the western part of Connacht. Of Colman bishop of Inisbofin. He died in his eightieth year).

The Irish Lay-Sister

FATHER WILLIAM TIERNAN

Our Mem'ry is charted in trails of the past,
Brightly tinted by Time—new beauty amassed,
Aglow in perspective—by new unsurpassed:
Trails never with grass overgrown;
Trails wind o'er moorland, mountain and rill;
Trails gleam the far landscape silent and still;
Trails lead cross the river and straight up the hill;
Trails criss-cross with trails of our own.

Of trails that are bright and pleasant to trace,
The boldest that challenge the new to efface,
One always attracts us, 'lumened with Grace:—
It recent appears though long-trod;
'Tis the trail of a virgin so joyous, so bright,
Shunning ever sin's darkness, questing God's light,
Fully steadfast in virtue, pure in God's sight—
Devotee of the Mother of God.

For a lay-sister toiling the choir so near,
Spouse of God, and so lay through all of life's year
Yet will thrill to God's call as resonant-clear
As the choir-nun chanting her *Prime*;
Although "lay" in her work as a mother always,
While she toils for the household she, wielding broom, prays—
As watching by sick-bed, or bare tables lays,
Her soul will search vistas sublime.

The "Lamb that was slain" keeps His court here below,
Where casts a red lamp sanctuary glow,
Where "laboured and burdened" can Heaven's peace know—
Dissipated life's sorrows and care;

There, morning and noon-tide and quiet of her day,
Almost spectral in hues of opaline ray,
Unconscious of Earth and of self, she would pray,
Enraptured with Christ in her prayer.

She was humble as flower-spray fallen on floor,
Or daisy that child has lost by your door,
Or rose-petal cast the Eucharist before
By page in our annual procession;
She was chaste as the far-remote Alpine snows,
Or lily that fragrant in mountain-lake grows,
Or may-bell that opens close where the stream flows—
For she was God's cherished possession.

Seeming timeless, though Time through her career ran,
Full alive in her God, sharing nature with Man,
Her life's day of Service till evening sun ran—
Till evening sun's last ray was shed:
She was found at the night beneath the stone-stair,
At peace and asleep but Death's pallor there,
Her life's smile prevailing—Death brought not a care
But caress for gentle, bowed head.

Well she imaged one truth that this world should know:
Lowliest among men can be holiest below:
God's fires in "lay" as in cloistered glow:
The Spirit where He listeth blows;
A wild-rose can bloom though remote and unseen;
A daisy can gleam though thick verdure between,
Reflecting God's light though through vesture of green
—Can rival for beauty the rose.

At her graveside I prayed in the May of the year:
The song of the birds was entrancing to hear:
The daisies beamed brightest over her bier;
In mem'ry I traced her again;
Quick the tear that had sprung dried in my eye,
Quick a song thrilled my heart where had been a sigh;
And soared my wild fancy into the sky,
As in soul welled a joyous refrain:

Of an Irish Lay-Sister who toiled a life-day,
With her mop and her pail and overalls grey,
Briefly pausing but only to kneel and pray
Or deep in the cloister roam;
Of a lay-sister prayerful, holy and mild,
Reputed her lifelong as merely a "child",
When she lived and loved and soulfully toiled,
Ere the call to her Spouse's home.

O the trails of the past refresh us to view
As from them their sunshine comes present anew;
Em'rald green of their past is agleam in Time's dew,
Where their highways and byways unwind;
For these trails of the past glow clear on the hill
Though morass and canyon will intercept still—
From down in the valley, from river, from rill,
Floats up voice for each trail in the mind.

And when clouds of the present bank massive above;
And sorrow in soul overshadows bright love;
And fog dense as night frustrates every move—
God's face in the mind overcast;
Then we'll gaze in reverse from darkness of night
To joy in the glory of memory's light,
To gazing on God and His mercy, His might,
Touch His hand in the trails of the past.

Remembering Sion . . .

I remember the visits we used to make to the Church in Louisburgh to gain the plenary indulgences for the Holy Souls on November 1 *and* 2. *Noteworthy, I think, was the fact that even as children we understood what a plenary indulgence was; and after each visit we would look up at the stars—if a star fell it was an indication that a soul had gone to heaven! So we piously believed, and it was extraordinary how many stars "fell" on those nights—or so it seemed to us; because, I suppose, we didn't pay much heed to the stars at other times.*

Memories Of My Father

Miss Helena Berry

Some time ago I was given a copy of *An Choinneal*, which I read with great pleasure. For this reason, and because my father came from Louisburgh parish, I feel quite honoured in contributing to the present issue, as I am certain that he himself, were he alive, would be glad to have a part in anything concerning his native parish.

Although I am now well into my eightieth year I can still recall as a child hearing him talking about three Friars of Murrisk Abbey, saying they were his grand-uncles and are buried in the old abbey with their parents, James O'Malley and Winnie Fergus. In fact, everything he spoke of when we were children began and ended in Louisburgh, so that we began to think, there was no Mayo *but* Louisburgh! The villages around the parish, Bunowen, Shraugh, Doughmakeon, Furmoyle and Pulgloss are names I have never forgotten. Quite a good many of his tales and recollections appeared in the *Mayo News* and the name of James Berry was well known to readers of that paper in those days. But perhaps the younger generation may wonder what connection there was between Connemara and Louisburgh, so for their benefit I write these notes.

His Life

He was born in Bunowen in 1842. His parents were John Berry and Bridget O'Malley. His mother had a brother, Father Ned O'Malley (ordained in Salamanca) who was first cousin to Archbishop McEvilly of Tuam, and became parish priest of Carna. During Father Ned's years in Carna, my father visited him annually, and during one of his visits, he met a young Connemara girl, named Sarah Greene. She was only thirteen years old then and he himself eighteen. Still, he must have had some sort of premonition about her, because he said to a friend, half in fun perhaps: "I'd like to meet that girl when she grows up." He did get to know her and they were married ten years later. Their marriage was a life-long

romance, and even in their old age, his greatest enjoyment was to sit with her at the fireside at night, reminiscing about Mayo and reading his favourite stories from the Bible, or singing, in his fine baritone voice, *On the Deck of Patrick Lynch's Boat.*

A visit home

Having heard so much about Mayo from him, my mother was anxious to see it all and he was even more eager to bring her down, so shortly after their marriage, they set off on their fifty-mile journey on horseback, she side-saddle (or *cúlóg*) behind him. At that time there was only a rough path for most of the way and it did not allow for a side-car or any wheeled vehicle. However, they reached their destination safely, where the proverbially warm, kindly Mayo welcome awaited them. Needless to say, it was not their last visit to Louisburgh. After some years, his mother being then alone, he brought her to his own home in Carna. She died there after a few years and was buried in Mynish cemetery. My father and mother are with her, awaiting the resurrection. (R.I.P.)

The only anecdote of my father's I can recall concerns a poaching incident. The people at that time considered themselves entitled to an odd salmon whenever the opportunity offered, as their rivers were stolen by their enemy. My father was summoned by a water-bailiff. The case was tried in Castlebar and Berry was the victor, even though he conducted his own case. He was the hero of his pals, who composed a song in his praise, one stanza is all I can remember: it went like this:

> Berry being noted and famed for great skill,
> His fluent oration the courthouse did fill:
> He defied all the lawyers who stood at the Bar
> To find him guilty on the evidence of —!

Youth!

It was a market day in Louisburgh and, in the midst of the business of choosing and judging, a *banbh* escaped from the cart and careered frantically on the Square, much to the hilarity of the admiring throng. Several vain attempts to apprehend the little jail-breaker seemed only to add to his frolics and to the general amusement.

So, too, did the owner's remark: "Let him be, the *creatureen,*" he said, "Youth must have its fling!"

Graineuaile — Atlantic Queen

JARLATH MACHALE

AS YOU STAND on Roonagh Quay and look in the direction of Clare Island, the sight of a stone structure, a victim of the elements for the last four hundred years, catches your eye. You will surely ask what lord inhabited such a stronghold, and you will find out, to your amazement if you are a stranger, that it belonged to none other than the "notorious" *Graineuaile* (Grace O Malley) who plundered and looted Spanish and English merchant ships along the wild west shore and shared the spoil with her tough O'Malley clansmen.

She was born about the year 1530 in the castle at Carrigahowley. Her fatherwas Owen Dubhdara (Black-oak),chieftain of the O'Malley clan which had never bowed the knee to the Norman invader. Owen ruled the lands from the Killary to Clew Bay and inwards as far as Lough Beltra. He was chieftain of the Barony of Murrisk and was married to Margaret, daughter of the ruler of the Barony of Burrishoole. By his marriage to Margaret, he got as a dowry the islands of Inisbofin, Inishark, Inisturk and Clare.

Woman Chieftain

When Gráinne was old enough, she accompanied her father on all his expeditions and took a great liking to looting and plundering. Indeed, even in such brutally piratical times, she was well able to endure any hardship, for she was a big-boned woman of great daring and of masculine strength and spirit; loud of voice and tougher than the men who manned her ships. It is said that from her habit of going bare-headed she was called *Gráinne Mhaol* or Gráinne the Bareheaded. She learned her father's trade in such a way, that the men who manned her ships idolized her and accepted her as their chieftain when her father died in the year 1550. Her clansmen admired her and were always ready to sail under her flag. She proclaimed herself "Chiefe of the Nayme", thus ignoring the rights of her young brother and of many others for the proud title. In

doing so she broke an old Irish custom—that only a male could be chief of the people.

Gráinne now took over leadership of the clan, and surpassed her father in courage and daring. She never lacked men for her ships as the King's, Flaherty's and Conroy's were only too willing to sail under her flag for the sake of looting. The pirate queen had many enemies, the chief of whom were the De Burgo's, and the O'Flaherty's, who longed for the lands she ruled. She decided to make her position on land and sea more secure by marrying Donal O'Flaherty, chieftain of the O'Flaherty's of Ballynahinch Barony. "His belligerent propensities could scarcely have been less than hers, for he is termed Donal an Chogaidh or 'of the wars'." Their fleets played havoc with all merchant ships along the Atlantic shore, Spanish and English vessels alike fell to her looting, all of which was shared with the crews. Their plunder was enormous, but it was scattered lavishly as both she and her husband were reckless gamblers. The queen was soon nicknamed Gráinne na gCearrbhach ("of the gamblers") because of the company she kept.

Riocard an Iarainn

Fate and time, however, were soon to put an end to their good time, for Donal died in 1576, leaving her to tend to herself and to their children, Owen, Murchadha and Gráinne. The O'Flaherty's at once threw off their allegience and elected a new chieftain. So enraged was Gráinne that she made several incursions into their land in the hope of subduing its people, but as her skill lay in sea-fighting, she was no match for the Iar-Chonnacht men on land. She abandoned her struggle and set about finding a new husband for herself! She married Riocard an Iarainn—one of the De Burgo's, who were an ever-present menace. He obtained the soubriquet from the circumstance of constantly appearing in armour. We find him described by the Four Masters as a *plundering, warlike, unjust and rebellious man.* Shortly after their marriage both attended a conference in Galway to which all the chieftains of Connacht had been summoned by the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sydney, who constrained them to make submission to the English Queen. Sydney, in writing to the Queen, describes Gráinne thus: "There came to me also a most famous feminine sea-captain, called Grany I Mallye and offered her service to me wherever I should

command her with three galleys and two hundred fighting men in Ireland or Scotland." Needless to say, Gráinne forgot about this promise as soon as Sydney and his train had left the West.

Her marriage was a trial for one year on the understanding that either party could dissolve it at the end of the year by saying "I dismiss you." She played the part of a loving and subjective wife and thus gained the confidence of her husband to such an extent that he allowed her to garrison some of his castles with her men. When at the end of the year Riocard sailed up to his own castle at Carrigahowley, Gráinne leaned out of one of the windows of the castle shouting "I dismiss you" and the gun-muzzles signalled the departure of Riocard! Her forays become so damaging to the English Government that five hundred pounds, an enormous sum in those days, was put on her head. She was spoken of to Elizabeth as being "powerful in galleys and seaman," "a terror to all merchantmen," and "a nurse of all the rebellions." No wonder that the English wanted so much to capture her as she was surely living up to the clan's old motto: *Terra marique potens* (Powerful on land and sea).

Imprisoned and Released

Gráinne now took to spoiling the lands of the Earl of Desmond in Kerry, and made many successful raids against him. On one of these raids in 1581 Desmond took her captive. Fearing, however, to put her to death, he handed her over to the President of Munster. She was sent by him to the Lord Deputy, who locked her up in Dublin Castle. He described her as "a woman famous for her courage and exploits at sea"; and as "a great despoiler and a commander of thieves and murderers", yet Elizabeth, although a ruthless women, pardoned her; and Gráinne returned to the West. By 1583 we find her again raiding in the south, this time helping the Earl of Desmond who was now in revolt. When Richard Bingham was appointed Governor of Connacht, he ordered Gráinne to come to Galway to make her submission, but she delayed so long, that he sent his brother with a strong force to fetch her. For a while he considered hanging her, but seeing that her death would probably arouse the west, he pardoned her and let her go, keeping her sons, Owen and Tioboid na Long, as hostages in Galway. Gráinne was now losing on all sides. Her great frame was deteriorating, and it seemed best for to accept the invitation from Elizabeth and to go to London.

Meeting of Queens

The episode is well known. The free-striding sea-queen in native Irish attire caused much hilarity among the courtiers. When Elizabeth presented her with a lap-dog, she roared: "A scald upon your *putach* which suits nobody but an idler like yourself!" When Elizabeth offered to make her a countess, she proudly replied that she herself was a *queen*. However she accepted the title "Earl of Mayo" for Tioboid de Long. Gráinne returned to Ireland and secured the release of her sons in 1593. but from this point onwards she fades into obscurity. She had held the chieftancy against Irish custom by the strength of arms and her personality. Tradition has it that she died in 1599 and is buried in Clare Island, in the graveyard of the monastery.

The old castle at Clare Island is now almost devoid of architectural features and is lamentably defaced and modernized, but the memory of this woman will always be kept alive around the fires of Kilgeever parish and of the islands.

Preparing for the Bonfire (Saint John's Eve)

Louisburgh In County Mayo

SEAN T. MORAHAN

'Mid sadness of fond recollections tonight,
A yearning possesses my soul
To end the hard struggle and thirty years' fight
For fame on Los Angeles' roll.
In exile I pine for my loved native Isle,
And my thoughts get full rein as they go
To scenes that were dearest when Heaven did smile
On Louisburgh in County Mayo.

I see the dear faces I loved as a lad,
And long to be with them once more:
A sweet, gentle mother, a kind, loving dad:
May God bless them both o'er and o'er.
And oh! for the friends that I knew long ago,
The truest and dearest on earth!
I'd love to be with them tonight in Mayo,
In Louisburgh, the place of my birth.

Dear home of my childhood, I see you again,
In fancy I visit once more
Your four cross-shaped streets and the Square with its crane,
Close hugging Clew Bay's genial shore.
At eve I gaze down from the heights round the town,
While smoke-wisps from chimneys below,
Wave toilers back homeward to tea golden-brown,
In Louisburgh in County Mayo.

I cherish the memories of days so long fled,
Recalling again 'mid my woes,
In grandeur and glory majestic Old Head—
Its beauty a heaven's repose.
Bunowen, too, a picture from Nature's own hand,
I fondly salute Fairy Hill;
Then, over the river to Carramore Strand,
And here fancy travels at will.

As mem'ries crowd on me, I pause to recall
The ever-unfading joys here—
The great parish races I loved above all:
For each one I now shed a tear.
O day of all days for the young and the old,
Who knew neither gentle nor low!
When sport was the glory and honour the gold
In Louisburgh in County Mayo.

Through Askelane, Emlagh, Roonagh and Polgloss,
By Accony's clustered array;
The Dooaghs, Carrowniskey, by Roonith and Cross,
By Devlin, Bunlach and its bay;
I hail Tallabawn, famed in story and song,
Then Gowlan, and rest at Aillemore,
And whisper a prayer for the great buried throng
In Killeen, God's own sacred store.

To Feenone and Cloonty I give a fond nod,
To Crickeen and Altore a bow,
And smile on the Creggans where oft times I trod—
Ah, would I were really there now!
Through Tully, Falduff, Ballyhip and the Shraughs,
By Moneen to gaze on the Reek;
Then over to hallowed Kilgeever where lies
God's acre, deserted and bleak.

I enter the graveyard and bend at the Well:
Its boils, bringing joy to my soul;
I pray for the dead lying each in his cell,
Awaiting the Great Judge's roll.
In spirit I offer a station alone,
To Heaven my earnest prayers flow
For life once again 'mid the friends I have known
In Louisburgh in County Mayo.

'Mid sadness of fond recollections tonight,
A yearning possesses my soul,
To end the hard struggle and thirty years' fight
For fame on Los Angeles' roll.
No longer I'll pine for my loved native Isle—
Tomorrow I'll leave here and go
To Ireland, my sireland, and Heaven will smile
On Louisburgh in County Mayo!

Hedge Schools Of The Parish

FATHER VINCENT KELLY

"THERE NEVER was a more unfounded calumny that that which would impute to the Irish peasantry an indifference to education . . . . The very name and nature of the *hedge* schools are proof of this . . . . When not even a shed could be obtained in which to assemble the children of an Irish village, the worthy pedagogue selected the first green sward on the sunny side of a quick hedge which he conceived adapted for his purpose; and there, in defiance of spies and statutes, carried on his work and instruction."

With these words William Carlton defended a system of education which was in vogue in the country—in Kilgeever parish also—in the era before the setting up of national schools. It was the system in defence of which Archbishop John McHale first came before the public eye, in 1820; a system from which he himself had received his early education in the vicinity of Nephin.

Archbishop McHale's Stand

Before Lord Stanley established the national schools system in 1831 the only schools in Kilgeever parish were hedge-schools, and day-schools maintained partly by the children's parents and in some cases by the Protestant societies supported by government grants. Archbishop McHale did not accept the national schools as such and gave them no encouragement in his archdiocese: he demanded denominational education as most suited for Irish needs. In the course of years some bishops accepted the system but tried to adjust it to meet Catholic requirements; and they achieved a very great measure of success in this, between 1831 and 1850. Doctor McHale, one of the first Irish bishops since the Reformation to have received all his education in Ireland, became Archbishop of Tuam in 1834. He had many stalwart priests to asist him in his task of securing good education for his flock, and Father Michael Curley, parish priest of Kilgeever (1853-73), was one of the most

devoted. A man small in stature but with great reserves of energy, he was responsible for the construction of schools in and about the town of Louisburgh. (His finest monument in stone is undoubtedly the present Church of Saint Patrick, which has just celebrated its centenary.) From a survey of schools made in 1845, to which reference will be made later, it has been established that the school in Louisburgh, while still functioning in 1839 was not in operation under the Board of Education. In 1849, however, three schools—Accony, Bundorragha and Killadoon had come under the Board. Though it has not been possible to establish exact dates for other schools it would appear that these were some of the latest of all to come under the Board of Education.

The Schools of 1826

A commission of enquiry set up in 1826 to report on the number, quality and size of schools—hedge or day-schools—provides the following interesting information about Kilgeever parish:

> **Louisburgh school:** teacher, Darby Melvin, R.C.; a free school (i.e. the teacher's salary is paid by subscription raised by the local parish priest and amounts to £9 per annum). The children on rolls are fifty-seven males and ten females.
>
> **A second school** run by Michael Brien is held in the chapel. It is attended by fourteen pupils.

Other schools in the parish mentioned in the report were:

> **Falduff:** Thomas Malley (teacher); size of school, twenty-four feet long, twelve feet wide; fifty pupils.
>
> **Accony:** Edward Malley (teacher); salary, four pounds, paid by the villagers; a wretched cabin housing thirty scholars.
>
> **Ballyhip:** Paddy Malley (teacher); fifty-two pupils; area of school, twenty-one feet long, twelve feet wide.

There were schools (hedge-schools, mostly) also in the following centres: "Glencheen, Bundorragha, Carramore, Askalane, Doughmacowen, Knockeen, Cloonlara, Devlin." The latter two were built at the expense of the Kildare Place Society. A further number of schools—eighteen in all—operated in the parish, many of them were run in local houses and referred to as hedge-schools. In the decades before the famine these schools not merely provided the learning of books, but trained their pupils in the practice of religions, honour and bravery. They were reckoned to be the best schools in the west of Ireland. Through the penal era they had

continued to pass on education, courage and love of country to a harasssed peasantry.

The hedge-school-boy had not a regular set of books as our schoolboys have. He took with him from the smoky loft of his parents' cabin whatever books were stored away beside wool-cards and spindles. He learned the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*; and then swopped them with other pupils for books which recounted the noble deeds of their favourite Grecian and Roman heroes. They learned at these schools the conventional manners of their day: how to address elders, sit at table, salute strangers. The salute was done by a boy, not by doffing his cap, but by pulling the bob or forelock of his hair. The schoolmasters, like the harpers, were itinerants, long before a national board had arisen to "cabin and confine" them behind the doors of of school-houses!

The Position in 1835

The first "Report to His Majesty of the Commissioners of Public Instruction", presented in 1835 gives the following data as to the parish population. In 1831 Catholics in the parish numbered 11,793, there were 104 members of the Established Church, and three Presbyterians. In 1834 the number of Catholics was 12,660; of Established Church members 103; and there were no Presbyterians. In 1834 the average number attending worship in Louisburgh, where there was one Mass on Sundays and holydays, was 1,500. In Gowlan, where there was also one Mass, the number was 1,000 to 1,200. A considerable congregation also attended in Bundorragha where three priests officiated once each month. Against this background of population and distribution of population the 1835 report examined the state of the local schools.

The Louisburgh school in 1835 was receiving eight pounds per annum from the Board; children's payments amounted to four pounds per quarter; books were available at half-price. The subjects taught by the Master, John Sweeney, were: Reading, Writing, Arithmetic and the elements of Geography. (His salary had risen to twelve pounds in 1838, the local contribution being £3-13-9d.) The school at Falduff was also paid eight pounds by the Board and the teacher received one shilling per term from some children. The hedge-school at Bundorragha was kept by Michael

McLoughlin, whose only means of support was payment by the children of sixpence or a shilling each per quarter. He taught "Roman Catechism" as well as the "Three R's" and the average attendance was from thirty to forty.

A Glimpse at 1802

One further earlier source has mention of a school-teacher in the parish. It is the diary (and letters) of a Patrick Lynch who was collecting songs for Edward Bunting and came here in 1802. The diary is quoted at length by Miss Charlotte Milligan Fox in "Annals of the Irish Harpers":

> **Thursday Midsummer day**—I came . . . to Lewisborough, inquired for Mass, was told that it was to be had a mile and a half south towards the mountains.
> **June 23**—I went three miles further west to Duach McKeon in quest of an Owen O'Maily, a school-master who, I was told, was an Irish scholar and had manuscripts. I saw none of them. He repeated a long song which I wrote down. In the evening he brought me to a farmer's house, Patrick Gibbons', where I stayed the night and got two songs, but I lost my knife."

It was on this visit also that he met the blind piper, Billy O'Maily.

Such are the gleams that we now see of an educational system and a love of learning which is probably unparalleled in history. Soon the famine was to come and to deface the country. Its toll in Louisburgh reduced the population from 2,200 families in 1846 to less than a thousand in 1870. In the various colonies of England and Australia and especially of America many found a new home, and there, they and their children—true to the training of the hedge-schools—have made a remarkable contribution to the formation of the communities in which they live.

Remembering Sion . . .

Three horses or no race! Tom Gallagher of the West rode his own mare; Paddy Andy McHale of Emlagh rode McHale's colt; and Arthur McGirr, whose people emigrated from Louisburgh town to Australia, saddled O'Donnell's mare from Bunowen. It was on Carramore strand. McHale and Gallagher made a hectic race for the first few laps and McGirr was at times nearly half-a-lap behind. However, round the polls for the last time the pair went so fast that they ran into the soft sand farther up. From then on McGirr closed up on them and in a hectic finish passed them and won the race.

Clew Bay's Western Land

(From Old Head Hill)

The saffron light of Autumn sun
Fills sky and sea and land;
The spreading wash of waves a-run
Glistens upon the sand;
The far-off cry of rock-perched gull
Contented for a day
Blends with the swish of oars that pull
Smooth currachs on the Bay.

Here land with water merging fair
Thrills to the ocean-song;
Here in this soothing mellow air,
Ecstatic raptures throng;
Here eyes must revel in the maze
Of sun-tints softly spread;
And hours will steal for fixéd gaze
While mind with dreams is fed.

Mid riot of light and sea and sound
And joyous harmony,
Where liquid song brings joy profound,
Come, pause to gaze with me;
Watch floating moisture o'er Clew Bay,
The gold rays piercing through,
Account for glowing colours gay,
That never canvas knew.

Clare Island's Hill in heather-bloom
Seen purple here and there,
With heather-garland round her dome
Was never seen more fair;
Each moment hues that blending change
Glow bright the Island Peak—
The tinted light—exotic, strange,
Falls there in beam and streak.

The mainland from Cro' Patrick's peak
Falls sheerly towards the sea,
And vice-like grips with rock and creek
The sheltered water-lee;
In graceful sweeps from Westport Town
Comes undulating coast
That's green and dark and purple-brown
And Nature's gladdest boast.

Now hill-tops bask in evening's sun;
And uplands soft and strange
Carry the eye to streams that run
The Connemara Range;
Now flash the birds in golden beam
Of joyous evening sun;
Now mountain lakes as mirrors gleam
Until all light has gone.

This lucent scene I'll always see,
This light from Clew Bay's shore;
This breeze will always blow towards me,
And waft this ocean-roar;
For Darkness draws a veil too soon
Blacks-out with callous hand
Those radiant scenes: and Clew Bay's croon
Lulls Clew Bay's western land.

FATHER WILLIAM TIERNAN

Railway Journey

P. W. O'TOOLE

(As told by the author at many a private function in the parish)

FOR MANY YEARS I lived in the town of Morecambe, Lancashire, where I was Detective Inspector in the Police Force. As I was numbered among the *Big Four*, I knew and was known by everybody and had to attend all the functions, big and small. Morecambe is a seaside resort with a population of 40,000 (and in summer about 80,000) so that there was always plenty of work for myself and my staff.

I came in one evening, in June 1921, very tired and sleepy, and found a telegram from a friend in London who was very ill and had earnestly requested to see me as soon as possible. I would have forgiven him and did not feel one bit like undertaking the journey! I had just come up from Liverpool where I had been for a week at Lord Derby's place, Knowsley Hall, where the then Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) was staying on an official visit. However, I had not much time for consideration, for the last train left Morecambe for Lancaster in half-an-hour; so I decided to throw a few things into the usual bag and catch that train. Perhaps I should say, more correctly, that I *half*-decided; for, between fatigue and sleepiness, I was thinking and moving as one does in a dream.

There was a change at Lancaster (five miles away) and there I discovered that the connection was not due for ten minutes, so I

took advantage of the delay to take a walk up town and have a shave and general brush-up. I was only a few minutes away and on my return saw a train about to leave one platform. In my anxiety to catch it I rushed along the platform and in doing so I knocked a book out of the hand of a young lady who stood reading. Apparently I was a little excited and did not wait to apologise or pick up the book as I should have done; but I found that the train was not the one for the south after all, and just to convince myself that the age of chivalry had not passed I returned and apologised to the lady, who of course was a complete stranger to me. She listened to me and said something or other smilingly. I at once saw that she was young and charming, about twenty-five years old, of medium height and with lovely, auburn hair which she wore without a hat. She was dressed in a pale green frock with green accessories. We talked about the weather —a very safe subject!—at first. She accepted my apology very graciously and made it clear to me that she was also going to London, on the same train, and suggested that we travel together! We did, and I felt at home almost right away. I had already told her of my errand and she was very sympathetic and told me that she was going to spend a week with her aunt who kept the Caledonian Hotel off Euston Square.

We were the only occupants of the carriage and at the first stop —Preston, for ten minutes—on my suggestion we had a coffee in there freshment bar; but to my great embarrassment *she* insisted on paying. I bought a box of Fuller's chocolates and we took our positions in the carriage as the train pulled out with mailbags for the south. We set about the chocolates but as were the only two in the carriage I found it extremely awkward to be reaching over so I suggested that I occupy the seat next to hers and she had no objection. So we talked and talked: I found that she was a highly-educated young woman; and of course I myself had graduated from Carrowniskey University! I felt that it was nice to be in such pleasant company: she spoke beautiful English and a little French and Spanish; and I could do a little in the latter as it was useful to me in my work. By this time were were calling each other by our christian names and never felt the time passing until, at four-thirty a.m., we steamed into Euston station. She seemed very disappointed when I insisted on going to my friend's house; and suggested that I went to her aunt's hotel, have breakfast, and go

to my friend in the morning. I was Irish and easily led: I decided that it would be the best thing to do; so we hailed a taxi and were there in a few moments.

The aunt was a fine, elderly lady, a Scotswoman; she was waiting and I was introduced and made welcome right away. Although it was summer time there was a bright fire in the breakfast room, and as breakfast was laid for three, the aunt joined us. What with travelling all night, and the heat of the fire, I felt quite sleepy and it was suggested to me that I go to bed for an hour or two before I visited my friend. This idea was sprung on me so suddenly that I fell for it and, in short, I was told the number of my room and that I should be called in time. I argued with myself that the young lady had travelled with me all night and apparently did not intend to do me any harm, so I agreed and was ushered into number ninety-three by the older lady. The room was bare as is so usual in a hotel and I recall that on the far wall hung a fine portrait of the Prince of Wales whom I had no difficulty in recognizing. This would indeed have been no feat except for the fact that, to my amazement, when the old lady slammed the door the lighting in the room was all switched off. More astounding, however, were the words I heard from outside the closed door: my fellow traveller was explaining to her aunt how she had managed to trap me; and when I protested against this absurd trick they both scurried along the corridor out of my hearing!

I was naturally anxious to find what was with me in this darkened room, something shut away from the morning light, something with which I myself would soon, perhaps, be accused. What would my colleagues in Morecambe say if they read of this on the evening papers! My hand trembled, more I think with excitement than with fear, as I cracked a match and moved through the strange room. A washstand, dressing-table, wardrobe, the Prince of Wales, an iron bed; and as the match died I found a slip of paper on the pillow. Feverishly I lit another but it quenched. A third match lit up a message on the paper: CAN YOU SEE ME? DO SO IF AT ALL POSSIBLE. VERY ILL. My cry was muffled by the fact that I found that I had just wakened up, *still in my room* in Morecambe, and saw the London telegram still on my desk. I was sorry that the last train was now gone; but in a special way I was glad to be still at home!

Blúirín Ċarraigín

An tSiúir Sinéad Antoine

Lá amáin ins na daċadaí ċuaiḋ scata de na páistí as Dubaċ Ṁic Eoin cois tráiġ ag piocaḋ carraigín. Ċuaiḋeamar amaċ ṫar Ċloċ Ṁaoil, ṫar Ṗoll a' Ċloċáin agus Linn na ḃFaoċán, i ḃfad, go dtí na carraigí móra. Ḃí an taoile amuiġ, an ġrian ag soillsiú ar an uisce glas-ġorm agus na cailleaċa duḃa ag eitilt agus ag fáil éisc dóiḃ féin.

Ċromamar ag obair. Lionamar ár málaí le ċarraigín leaṁ, fluiċ. Ḃí an t-uisce sáile fuar i dtosaċ. Fuaireamar dilleasc agus creannaċ freisin. Ḃí na buaċaillí beaga go gnóṫaċ ag breiṫ ar iascán ins na loċáin agus ag fáil báirneaċaí agus faoċáin. Níor airiġeamar an ġrian ag dul siar agus go raḃ an taoile ag teaċt isteaċ. Ḃreaṫnaiġeamar ṫart ar Ċonamara, na h-oileáin, Maolán Dub agus Scoiṫ Imleaġ.

I dtamall beag ḃí an taoile ṫart orainn agus ṫart timpeall na carraigí go léir ina raḃamar. Ḃí eagla orainn, aċ fuair an cailín is sine a ḃí linn áit ina raḃamar indon teaċt isteaċ gan ḟáil ró-ḟluiċ nó báiḋte. D'innis sí scéal dúinn, agus is minic a duḃairt sí: "Keep quiet there now." Ṡáḃáil sí sinn agus ċuiṁniġeamar ar an mbuaċaill a ḃí sáḃáilte in ár leaḃar scoile—"Tráinín an Ḋóḋa" i "M'Asal Ḃeag Duḃ" le Páḋraic Ó Conaire. Ḃíomar leaṫ-fluiċ nuair a ṡroiċeamar an gaineaṁ tirm. Ḃí ár málaí lán de ċarraigín agus ár gcannaí lán de ḃáirneaċaí, faoċáin agus iascáin.

Ḃí an ġrian ag dul faoi nuair a d'ḟágamar slán ag an dtráiġ. Ḃíomar tuirseaċ, traoċta, aċ lán-tsásta lenár lá oibre, agus buiḋeaċ do Ḋia gur ṡáḃáil Sé sinn. Ḃí ḟios againn go nḋéanfaḋ ár máṫaireaċa carraigín te ḋúinn le siúicre ann uair eicínt i riṫ na bliana nuair a ḃeaḋ slaiġdeán nó scórnaċ tinn orainn.

The Belfry Watches

Peter Gibbons

TALLABAWN with its silver strands watched over by Muilrea mountain was once populated by over a hundred families and had its thatched church at Gowlaun with a belfry, forty feet high, looking out to Barnabhawn and the Atlantic. There came to this church at one period a priest by the name of Father Ryan. On the first Sunday morning after his arrival the people who had come to Mass wanted to turn away the young priest. They felt that they would now have no one to lead them since the former priest had left; and as we know it was a time when people were in need of leadership. Their thoughts however, proved wrong as they understood in later years.

Father Ryan saw the strong loyalty that these people had for their priests and set about helping them at once in all their troubles, spiritual and otherwise. Soon they began to see in him a great friend. One Sunday in 1840 he proposed to his flock that they should have a new roof put on the church if this was at all possible. People say that he prayed that God would send him the means by land or sea. The following Saturday night a British sailing vessel was driven onto the rocks at Barnabhawn and was wrecked with a cargo of timber. The people saw a chance of getting timber to roof the church.

Customs officials came from Westport and employed all the local men they could get to collect and pile this timber and prepare for an auction. When the timber was piled the local workmen were left without wages and were ordered to keep away from the auction or they would be arrested. They went with their story to Father Ryan, who told them to keep quiet and to attend the auction. He said that he would see that they got their money and some of the timber, too.

The auction was arranged for a Sunday. There arrived at Barnabhawn an auctioneer and prospective buyers and also a large force of R.I.C.-men with the High Sheriff for Mayo, a man named McDonnell. When Father Ryan had read Mass in Louisburgh he was informed that the party had passed back. He put the saddle on his

horse, which was the only means of getting around in those days, and galloped to Cross where his horse got exhausted and he got the loan of a horse from a man named Needham. While the priest was on his way from Cross, a Bunlach man—whom I heard tell all this story with tears in his eyes, and who was a great friend of Father Ryan's—was going to the auction with a number of other men and went to have a word with the priest. The priest put up his hand and told him "not to let the sand that left the horse's hooves touch him." He arrived at Barnabhawn as the auction was going to start, and standing on the biggest pile of timber he defied the auctioneer to auction even one plank until the people they employed were paid. The men were paid; and he bought the roofing of Gowlaun Church which was visited later by Archbishop John McHale.

It was after that visit that the Archbishop took the flock from Gowlaun to where the two rivers meet at *The Colony*. He preached a sermon in front of the colony school and houses, warning the people to be loyal to their faith and saying that some of his flock would live to see crows nesting in those buildings. This was a thing that the old storyteller did live to see.

Killary—Atlantic Window

Killary Revisited

EDWARD GALLAGHER

Lonely I sit by Killary Bay;
My thoughts fly back across the years,
To when, a youth of spirit gay,
As yet immune from cares and fears.
I, with companions, careless, free,
Lived here each hour in ecstasy.

The ancient hills unaltered stand;
The sea-mist curls round Muilrea;
The tide creeps sinuous o'er the strand,
—Soft sighs the wind through loved Ashleagh,
The grey seals snort, and dive and rise,
The red-shank runs, the seagull flies.

Where are the happy friends I've known?
Alas! they are not here today;
A visitor, I sit alone.
Some o'er the sea are far away;
Some in the quiet churchyard lie;
The sad waves croon their lullaby.

Mavourneen of the golden hair,
The laughing eyes, radiant warm;
My boyhood's dream: I thought thee fair;
Your kindly smile my youth did charm.
You left for scenes far, far away:
Your beauty moulds in foreign clay.

The old folk of my youth are gone,
A generation new has grown:
Save for a few who linger on,
Vanished are all that I have known.
I, too, must soon be on my way,
Good-bye, my lovely Killary Bay!

Keep Your Word!

ONCE AGAIN we present fifteen words which are in common usage in the dialect of the parish, although not one of them is to be found in a standard English dictionary. What is the origin of such words? Obviously, they are terms from the Irish language, which was in use in the locality generally until some ninety years ago and which was known and spoken occasionally in the parish homes by the older generations until the 1930's. Very often Irish was used by those older people when they discussed confidential subjects. Today the position is nearly reversed, for it is the younger generations who, under the influence of a language revival, can speak and read the native tongue. But a language appears, and disappears, gradually, and all generations of Louisburgh people—even those who have left the parish for years—retain both a strong idiom of Irish and many actual Irish words which have changed a minimum in being anglicized. The most interesting aspect of this is that in our present dialect we retain Irish terms which have not survived in the Gaeltacht areas, and some which have never been collected in any modern Irish dictionary.

To preserve these words then, is to salvage part of the riches of our native tongue. To continue to use them is to give to our everyday conversation a flavour as fresh and unmistakable as the flavour of home-made bread or country butter. And it is more: it is to identify oneself with his roots and origins; it is to keep by the old ties, knowing that these will remain.

As usual, the fifteen words are listed here with their approximate Louisburgh pronunciation and followed by four possible meanings for each. Only one meaning is correct for each word. Test yourself to see if you have been able to KEEP YOUR WORD!

1. *Anró* (On-roh)—(*a*) worry; (*b*) a silly old woman; (*c*) the toll-pin of a rowing boat; (*d*) a springtime medicine made from boiled nettles.

2. *Blaspínteacht* (Bloss-peen-tchucht)—(*a*) spinning home-made yarn; (*b*) stuttering; (*c*) nibbling at dainty foods; (*d*) wasting time.
3. *Cleithín* (Kleh-yeen)—(*a*) part of a "dash"-churn; (*b*) dislocation of the breast-bone; (*c*) a fine scythe-stone; (*d*) a young hare.
4. *Dúidín* (Dhoo-jeen)—(*a*) a wet sod of turf; (*b*) a four-line home-made song; (*c*) a clay pipe used at wakes; (*d*) a timber flute.
5. *Galamaisíocht* (Golla-moshee-uchth)—(*a*) pretence in a trifling way; (*b*) youthful nervousness; (*c*) a disease in mountain cattle; (*d*) frog-spawn.
6. *Glafaire* (Gloff-iyreh)—(*a*) a bad egg; (*b*) a person who shouts instead of talking; (*c*) a boat with two sails; (*d*) a "handful" of hay, straw or wool.
7. *Leoiste* (Lyoh-ish-tche)—(*a*) a meal taken to the bog or field; (*b*) a lazy person; (*c*) the loft portion of an old-fashioned kitchen; (*d*) an old ewe.
8. *Píochán* (Pee-uch-awn)—*a*) a scald-crow; (*b*) a black-head worm used as fishing bait; (*c*) sea-fish picked in shells; (*d*) hoarseness.
9. *Pílí* (Peelee)—(*a*) a policeman; (*b*) a large specimen; (*c*) exhausted; (*d*) a piece of timber under one's finger-nail.
10. *Ráig* (Raw-ig)—(*a*) a beaten-up egg; (*b*) an improvised finger-bandage; (*c*) a sudden outbreak; (*d*) a large and cheery fire.
11. *Scothóg* (Sko-hogue)—(*a*) a boy between thirteen and sixteen years of age; (*b*) a "tick" on a cow's udder; (*c*) a tassel; (*d*) a bald spot on the crown of the head.
12. *Spairteach* (Spor-tchuch)—(*a*) an unusually long kick at football; (*b*) excessive saliva; (*c*) an inferior quality of turf; (*d*) a flash of lightning.
13. *Tortóg* (Thur-thogue)—(*a*) a lobster; (*b*) a small hillock; (*c*) a hive of wild bees, found usually in a meadow; (*d*) the foundation on which a rick of hay is built.
14. *Tultaisí* (Thul-thu-shee)—(*a*) useless old clothes; (*b*) newly-hatched chickens; (*c*) an outbreak of pimples; (*d*) "Silence, please!"
15. *Triuch* (Tchyruch)—(*a*) a rubber-wheeled bogey cart; (*b*) tough; (*c*) the 'flu; (*d*) a word to pacify a restless horse.

Answers on page 100

O'Toole Cup Ahoy!

FATHER MARTIN GLEESON

ON A MISTY October evening in 1960 members of the Louisburgh G.A.A. gathered at McHale Park, Emlagh, to present the O'Toole Cup to John Canning, captain of the victorious Clare Island team. Among those present were: Mr. Martin J. O'Toole, a brother of Austie O'Toole, whose memory the cup perpetuates, and Richard O'Toole, a cousin. After words of congratulations and praise had been extended, Father Patrick O'Malley, Doughmackeown, then home on holidays from Nigeria, presented each member of the Clare Island team with a replica of the O'Toole cup. Those who received replicas of the cup on that day were: Willie Moran, John Canning, Bernard McCabe, Johnnie Flynn, Bernie Winters, John Patrick Burns, John Burns, Charles O'Malley, Josie O'Malley and Patrick O'Toole. Clare Island had first played Accony in the final and had won on the score 6-8 to 0-4. On the face of it Clare Island's victory had appeared an easy one and one might be inclined to think there was not very much to cheer about. But, on the contrary, there was every reason to be joyful because it was success which had come only after many years of hard trying. For the full story of the winning of the O'Toole Cup one had to go back, far beyond the final of that day, back to the year 1957 when a club and team were first formed on Clare Island. The priest on Clare Island then was Father James Heaney; the medical officer here was Doctor William O'Toole of Louisburgh. During the spring of 1957 Father Heaney and Doctor O'Toole, together with an able committee from the island, formed a club and organised a team. One should mention the names of those who helped in various ways in the formation of that club and team; men like Michael O'Malley, Richard Hayes, Broddie McCabe, Pat McNamara, Michael James Moran, Chris. O'Grady, Chris. O'Leary, James Grady and many other enthusiastic supporters.

To procure a playing-pitch was the first essential. After some casting around a strip of ground near the harbour was chosen,

and here the goal-posts were erected. As one could expect in land facing the sea, there were many sand-hills and deep hollows which made it very rugged for football. However, it had one thing in its favour: it was always dry, even in the wettest weather. After providing the best playing-pitch available, the team was helped to get complete outfits. This was not hard as their interest was great and the team members freely contributed to the cost. All, or nearly all, the building material for a team was now provided. However, a team is not built in a few weeks or a few months. Much practice was still necessary.

But, Sunday after Sunday, and sometimes on week evenings, members of the team put in plenty of hard practice. Often, due to the vigour with which they were played and the uneven pitch underfoot, those practices were no small test of the strength of the human frame! Despite the rugged pitch not one serious accident took place, thank God.

The team entered for the O'Toole Cup competition in 1957. Clare Island was never easily beaten, but success did not often come their way during 1957, 1958 or 1959. Then George O'Brien, the team's best defender, emigrated to England, and Bobbie Flynn, a promising young forward, emigrated to Chicago. Their going away made hope of winning the O'Toole Cup seem remote. Their absence might not have been so keenly felt if many young footballers were available, but, for Clare Island, the loss of anyone was a big blow. Kieran McCabe, a student at that time, would have been a big asset to the team if regularly available, but was unavoidably absent for vital games. In addition to loss of players, there was always the added difficulty of making a sea journey on the day of a match. Listening to weather forecasts, watching for suitable tides for a boat, preparing engines, launching and hauling currachs, the three-mile sea journey often accompanied by plenty of spray—all demanded a good deal of exertion before ever McHale Park was reached. I have an unforgettable memory of my first journey on sea with the team shortly after my being appointed to Clare Island in July 1957. The boat in which I travelled was well filled with players and supporters. Away in the distance I could see currachs disappearing and reappearing from behind the waves. At times the sight was almost breath-taking, and I, at least, often wondered if some of the players would ever reach Roonagh, not to mention playing football! If only Micheál O'Hehir could see from his broadcasting box in Croke Park, I thought, how he would have

described it! For me it was surely a unique way of going to a football match. This business of winning the O'Toole Cup called for much more than football skill. One had to be an able-bodied seaman as well as a good footballer!

Although success did not often come the way during the preceding years, it was quite different in 1960. After a fine spring, with serious practices every Sunday the team seemed to take on a new look in the early summer. Encouraged by favourable reports in the *Mayo News*, those men now began to play football with a confidence and a physical fitness not previously seen. Most of the games of that year—against Killeen, Bouris and Accony—were easily won. The opposing teams may not have been as strong as they had been in earlier years but Clare Island had definitely improved. When Michael O'Brien, who obligingly refereed so many of those games, sounded the final whistle on that October Sunday evening, to the joy and cheers of an enthusiastic following, Clare Island had won the O'Toole Cup for the first time. It was success after years of hard trying.

On that evening the team was warmly greeted on Clare Island. Many had gathered to greet them and they were cheered ashore to the playing of music and the lighting of bonfires. Although there was a chance that there would be a tang of salt off the beverage that would be drunk from the O'Toole Cup after it had been brought across Clew Bay, this did not prevent the traditional filling of the cup.

Every one of the players mentioned in this article deserves great praise for his contribution to the winning of the cup, and it is difficult to pick out any for special mention. Still, I think no one who watched the matches of those years will forget the stout-hearted displays of Bernard McCabe, Bernie Winters and John Burns (nephew of Father Austin Burns). Those three players not only contributed in large measure to the winning of the O'Toole Cup, but they were regular players with Louisburgh Junior team. All three of them were chosen to play with West Mayo senior team at one time or another; and, in 1960, the year in which they won the O'Toole Cup, they won senior medals when West Mayo won the county senior championship. John Burns was also honoured by the Mayo selectors and played for the county team. It may be a little too much to expect, but let's hope that Clare Island will one day give to Mayo what Valentia has given to Kerry—another Mick O'Connell.

A Break In Routine

MARY TIERNAN

FOR TWO WEEKS we had looked forward to the day. It was the general topic on the corridors and in the cloakrooms. The minutes between the classes, which at other times were spent in last-minute efforts to solve that problem in Algebra or perhaps trying to remember the intricacies of Ptolemy's theorem, were now spent in speculation about the great event. The matter in the prescribed texts began to take on a deeper meaning for us, like Macbeth's soliloquy: "*If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly*," or Horace's Ode: "*Carpe diem, absint luctus, turpes et querimoniae.*" In the science-hall the conversation between the pair at every experiment was more often concerning the forthcoming day than the reaction taking place in the test-tube. The school was to go on an educational trip to Dublin and tension was mounting as the day drew near, because for the majority of us it would be our first visit to the city.

• • • • •

It was 7 a.m. and the alarm clock was whirring at the bedside as if saying angrily that it was time to get up and start another day. By some freak of the unsconscious, known perhaps to depth-psychology, I found myself on my knees to start the Morning Offering. I must confess that Offering got a rather hasty finish as I suddenly realized that at last the day had come!

My next-door companions greeted me heartily and we hurried to the bus-stop gaily and, I fear, vociferously. It was one of those glorious May mornings and to us it seemed as if the sun was shining even brighter than usual. Was it that it was just an exceptionally fine day? Perhaps it was that we were in such a happy mood that we imagined that Nature also was rejoicing. From the crossroads we had an uninterrupted view of an immense span of countryside

bathed in early morning sunshine. Westwards, a trickle of grey smoke from a chimney in Doughmackeown presented a pale contrast to the blue ripples of Loch Céas and the deeper blue of the then peaceful Clew Bay in the background. The vivid green of the *dooaghs* stood out in bold relief from the gold of Carrowniskey strand. Creigeán an Aifrionn, clothed in a mantle of glowing heather, stretched away to the north. Its name recalled a time when the people of our villages gathered at the *cairrig* to assist at Mass where now is heard only the lonely bleat of the flock. Probably too, those same people had often come to a *céilí* at the crossroads where we now stood.

Outward Bound

In Louisburgh we were joined by more of our school-companions and in a deep-breathing, excited mood we left behind us Mooneen, Oldhead and Falduff and soon we were speeding round the foot of Croagh Patrick. The early morning train rattling out from Westport station was an alarm, as it were, for the people near whose houses it passed. The west seemed yet asleep and it would be asleep again on our return tonight. Gradually we left behind us the scenic mountain beauty of Connacht and gradually the picture changed to the lively green of the rolling pastures in the midland limestone plains. This in turn soon gave way to the huddled-looking back-gardens of suburban Dublin; and television aerials—taking the place of the fuchsia hedges—were the first indications that we were nearing the capital.

It was a busy day in this spacious and gracious city, as it was the opening day of the Spring Show at Ballsbridge. A specially-chartered bus took us to the Show where we had the opportunity of feasting our eyes on this shop-window of Irish agriculture and industry. There was the large industrial section where all the leading firms had their stands. An attractive selection of hand-woven tweeds, Waterford cut-glass, Irish lace and linen, and hand-moulded pottery was of particular interest to us. The farm-machinery display was another magnificent sight, but probably most fascinating of all was the horse-jumping section. Looking on, one could well understand why Ireland is famous for its splendid horses and superb riding. The showgrounds were cheerfully crowded and one could spend days exploring them, but time did not permit.

Discovering Dublin

Back on the bus again, a lively discussion was started as everybody described in his own individual fashion what he had seen. We were soon interrupted by our guide, however, who in the voice of a well-read historian, informed us about the historical background of the various buildings by which we passed—Trinity College, the Castle and the Four Courts. Our route was through the streets in the older part of the city, streets that are grey with time and murmurous with the echoes of history. If only those streets could speak, what historical tales they would tell—of Robert Emmet and Lord Edward, of Pearse and Connolly and the men of 1916! Our next stop was the zoo. For most of us it was our first visit here, but the interest displayed by the younger members of the group was particularly noticeable. Standing near the lion's enclosure, one could not help thinking that this animal must not be too unlike Milton's Satan of *Paradise Lost* "with head uplifted inside the cage and eyes that sparkling blazed." The zebra and camel seemed particularly interesting and the long-necked giraffe made his presence felt by rubbing his coarse tongue along M—'s face who thereby released a sensational shriek that caused a roar of laughter when the cause of the disturbance was discovered! The wild-bird section brought home to us, more than anything else, the beauties of Nature. One leaned against the railings and became unconscious of his surroundings as he studied the different shapes and sizes, the beautiful colours and the rather amusing habits. Time was slipping by, however, and although we would have liked to stay there longer, we we left the zoo with the determination of visiting it again at the next opportunity.

Collinstown

A visit to Dublin's ultra-modern airport was something not to be missed and we arrived just in time to see a plane coming in to land. It was a source of pride to see that Ireland had stepped into line with the most modern airports—Dublin airport is one of the crossroads of the world's airways. We watched a jet as it taxied along the runway: the next moment it had gone, leaving behind a white trail of smoke as it headed westwards. With its sudden departure came the realization that soon we must too start our journey westwards. It was strange to think that this plane, perhaps, would soon pass over our own parish; that people in the Doughmackeown or Carrow-

niskey fields would rest a spade and look up at it for a few seconds; and that before we would have arrived back in Louisburgh in the shadow of Croagh Patrick, that plane would have already touched down in the shadows of New York!

. . . . .

The journey homewards was spent in discussing the events of the day, reiterating in particular the humorous happenings. Drawing near Westport, however, as I walked along the corridor, I noticed H—— slumped at a rather awkward angle in a corner of the compartment as he lay, "asleep, (Francis Ledwidge would have said) like drunken Noah in the shade."

GROUP TAKEN AT A HIGH MASS IN LOUISBURGH

Front: Father John Burke, Parish Priest; His Lordship of Achonry, Most Reverend James Fergus (Cahir); Father James Prendergast, P.P., Aughagower (Accony). Standing: Fathers Francis McMyler (Louisburgh), Ballyhaunis; Leo Morahan (Louisburgh), Saint Mary's; Patrick Gill (Ballyhip), Saint Jarlath's; Liam O'Toole (Louisburgh), Los Angeles; John Ball (Ballyhip), Cornamona; Patrick Prendergast (Accony), Kylemore; John F. Heneghan (Louisburgh), Spokane; Eamonn O'Malley (Louisburgh), Achill; Liam Durkan (Bunowen), Saint Jarlath's; Charles Scahill (Louisburgh), Glenamaddy; Richard Prendergast (Louisburgh), Letterfrack

Letter from Home

Dear Austie,

I was delighted to get your letter last week and often I meant to write since Christmas, but you know the way things go and how easy it is to put things off from day to day. We were glad to hear that you are in good health, thank God. Mind yourself and don't be working too much overtime. It's short the overtime money would go on a doctor if you lost your health. I got the five pounds in the envelope too and what I'm doing now is putting your money into the post office savings bank, any more. We are not badly off at all. There was another rise in the pension there in April, and though some things are very costly, times are good enough, thank God.

Why do you want me to write all the news of the parish to you? You know well I could fill the *Mayo News* with it if I was to write all. But as luck would have it, the third book of *An Choinneal* came out last week, so I'm sending you that, and I'll only write any things that aren't mentioned in it. Be sure to tell me what you think of the magazine.

There was big work on the roads this while back. First the road from Cregganbawn to Killeen; and they widened a big piece of the Leenane road—nearly up to Logmore; and they tell me that you wouldn't know the Westport road now over beyond Murrisk with all the turns they have taken off it. The television came to the parish this last year, too, and now there are seven sets or maybe more. There are KENNY'S, and MCDERMOTT'S and DUGGAN'S Hotels, and HARNEY'S, and then MORRISON'S Hotel in Killadoon and BALL'S in Ballyhip and O'TOOLE'S in Carramore. We were debating getting it for a while ourselves, but Dadda went wild when he heard us planning. He said it would kill the visiting in the house if it came in and we should wait until he was gone first. He's finely this past twelvemonth, thank God, and never complained of the back all the year and the awful winter we had. Had ye?

Well an awful lot of young men and women were qualified and took positions lately. THOMAS BOWE (Louisburgh) and NOEL SAMMON (Lecanvey) and FRANK SAMMON (Carramore) and AUSTIE FERGUS (Cahir) got the B.A. degree; CELESTINE COLLINS was qualified as a veterinary surgeon; and MICHAEL HANNON, and YVONNE MCKEOWN (Louisburgh) qualified as national teachers. MARY HARNEY became a telephonist in Dublin and ATTRACTA O'DONNELL and JOSEPHINE CANNON became civil servants. It's grand to see so many of our young boys and girls doing well. Are you going to the night-school all the time? I'd like that a lot better than the overtime and big money, because the little bit of education will stand to you anywhere.

Did you see on the *Mayo News* that the courthouse was sold? It's grand to think that it's a Louisburgh man that bought it—JOE STAUNTON. I heard them saying the football teams did well enough but Burrishoole bet them in Westport in September. Tommie Joe came in from the field for a drink when I was writing this, and he said to tell you that the Louisburgh minors won out in West Mayo. They had celebrations in the town the night the medals were presented.

A few families got a change from the parish up the country. The O'DONNELL's of the town were changed to Wexford. MRS. KILKELLY from Westport has a hair-dressing saloon in their house in Main Street. Then the LYONS's (Paddy Lyons) of Accony have gone to a farm near Maynooth, and the FOYE family, with twelve children, from Doughmackeown; and the O'DOWD's have got a farm in Meath.

There were a lot home from England last year, and Yanks galore. FATHER JAMES O'GRADY of Glencaoin and FATHER LIAM O'TOOLE of the town were here; and then there were FRANK MURPHY and JAMES SCOTT and MRS. MCBRIDE (Wallace) and EDDIE BALL and MARGARET FERGUS and several I cannot remember. But of course there was a fair share *going* too. It's always sad to see them going. Of course, it's not like when we went, because they thought that time that they would never see us again. But travel has greatly improved since those days. Dadda is often saying: "It's a wonder Austie wouldn't come when they're all coming." Maybe you'd try and come next year. We'll be due for the Stations in the spring, with the help of God, and the house will be at its best. I often think of all the work you did when we were building the house and

it's only right you'd enjoy it every year if you want to. And to tell the truth, Michael and Eileen say the same thing. We are blessed with her surely, she's such a kind person in the house.

Well now I've nearly all the *seafóid* put through me. You'll read all about Muintear na Tíre in *An Choinneal*. They won the public speaking competition again and the students of the Convent School —DONALD O'LEARY, MENA HANNON and JOHN MAXWELL won the junior public speaking. You heard, maybe, that we have a new sergeant since SERGEANT RAY retired? This man is SERGEANT O'RIORDAN. Do you remember GUARD FALLON who was in the town long ago? He retired as a sergeant in Cong last year.

FATHER EDDIE O'MALLEY of Roonith is now parish priest of Corofin near Tuam, and FATHER FRANCIS MCMYLER of the town is teaching in Saint Patrick's College, Ballyhaunis. Didn't I tell you we had a mission last year in June? Redemptorists they were. A week for women and a week for the men. 'Twas grand.

We'll never feel until the Reek is on us again; and then the Show. It's improving every year, but it's often the same people that win. Myself and Eileen thought we'd put in some country butter last year, but we made a bad fist of it. We made the churning on the Monday but it was too hot or something and you'd want a strainer to gather the butter! You'ld never know but we would try again.

Well I must go out for turf or the fire will be gone out when the men come in—and you know what that means! There's always great hurrying at milking-time now since we started sending the milk to the creamery. Mind your health as I said and don't be sending money unless you want me to put it in the post office. Maybe we would see you before the winter, or maybe for Christmas, please God. But whatever you do or you don't do, Austie, as the missioner said, "Mind Number One", because that's all that counts in the latter end.

God look down on you always.

Your loving

Mother

Keep Your Word!

Questions are on page 88

1. *Anró* means worry; but like so many other of these words it depicts a whole set of circumstances or particular frame of mind. So *anró* is the worry caused by trouble, a death, an accident, a public disgrace, and the worry of having to make decisions while so distressed. And you don't say a person *has anró*: no! the anró *is on* him. Sarcastically one asks: "What *anró* is on you now?"
2. *Blaspínteacht* is nibbling at dainty foods. Watch a person with a sick stomach attempting a piece of chicken: or a child who has begun his dessert and is trying to spare it. That's it!
3. *Cleithín* is a dislocation of the breast-bone (or, as we say, of *the spool of the breast*). The ailment is fairly common and usually arises from lifting great weights. The old-time cure was a candle on which a breakfast-cup was upturned on the breast. The vacuum so formed righted the ailment by suction.
4. *Dúidín*, as everyone has guessed, is the clay-pipe which was so common a feature of Irish wakes in the recent past. The custom has now disappeared from the parish and with it the *dúidín*. One well-known brand of *dúidín*, known as the *forty-three*, was made in Knockrockery, County Roscommon. In common usage the *dúidín* had a broken shank.
5. *Galamaisíocht* is pretence—of a very particular kind. It is pretending to be ignorant of the reason for a compliment or pretending to be ignorant of good news which will benefit oneself. An example may clear up the meaning. A middle-aged man is congratulated on the news of his oncoming marriage. He says he hasn't heard anything about it, suggests that it must be someone else and asks who would marry *him* anyhow. The man might then be told to "stop your *galamaisíocht*."

6. A *glafaire* is one who shouts instead of talking. It is a common occurence with people—usually men—who spend all day in the open having to shout loudly to neighbours, to passers-by, to cattle, dogs, etc., and who forget later that they have come indoors. Women who do not appreciate the boon of a Sunday match broadcast frequently refer to a commentator as a *glafaire*.
7. A *leoiste* means a lazy person; but you have to say it in that lazy way. The word draws a picture—several, perhaps. So for instance, a *leoiste* is never thought of as standing or walking; he (and it is usually a 'he') sits or lies. If you are a woman, think of him as the languid individual who blocks your way to the oven when you have a cake in your hands. Out of doors, he is the lingerer when the men have finished dinner and are back at the hay; or the inert, long-legged specimen on a donkey; or the drooping figure seated on the floor of a cart who doesn't notice that the horse has begun to graze.
9. *Píochán* is hoarseness. But that is not an adequate explanation; for this is not the hoarseness that comes from a chest cold. *Píochán* comes from a head-cold or from cheering at a match, or from having cried a good deal. As if to show that it is a bird of passage, we say: "I have *a* piochán" not "*the* piochán." Traditionally it is about the third (and last!) excuse for not being able to sing, before one eventually *does* sing, at a party.
9. *Pílí* is a large specimen. It usually refers to a living thing and, in usage, is reserved for something long and thin—freakish and overgrown. So it may be applied to anything from a big eel to a tall Black-and-Tan. One has the impression too that to qualify for *pílí*-hood the specimen should somehow be revealed slowly or unexpectedly—as in the case of a long worm uncovered by a spade; or a tall youth appearing as a substitute on the field; or a gárda vaulting the garden fence (to check on T.V. licences!) If the specimen is stout as well as large, however, it ceases to be a *pílí:* it is now a *pánaí*. And the word cannot be used without the proper Irish idiom. You don't say: "His daughter is a pílí": you say "He has a *pílí of a daughter*"!
10. *Ráig* is a sudden outbreak, fierce while it lasts, but with the latent hope that it will soon finish. We think especially of two kinds —a *ráig* of temper and a *ráig* of rain. They conjure up memories of attendant circumstances—a neighbour's cattle in the oats; a

hurried run for shelter; or a memory of a field of hay shaken out and of being caught in one *ráig* and then in another!

11. A *scothóg* is a tassel—especially the ornamental tassel on the edge of a woollen scarf, a counterpane or on a weaver's blanket. The parasite on a cow's udder is a *sciortóg*.
12. *Spairteach* is an inferior quality of turf—especially the light turf which so often comes off the top "spit." It is applied as a derogatory term to such inferior turf (someone called it "callico"!) as is cut and saved in most of the bogs except the one *you* patronize. Occasionally the word is shortened to "spatcha"; and spat out!
13. A *tortóg* is a small hillock. Properly speaking it is one of those jagged elevations which are so common in undrained moorland and which are such an obstruction to turf-saving operations. By a delightful piece of symbolism the term is freely applied to a child who "should be seen, not heard."
14. *Tultaisí* is (or is it *are*?) useless old clothes. Generally speaking, they are discarded articles of apparel: in extreme cases thay may be clothes that are still being worn. A girl might complain (hintingly) that her best clothes are only *tultaisí*; or proclaim (seriously) that another girl's are. *Tultaisí* are recognised uniform for a *fear bréige*.
15. *Triuch* is the 'flu—whatever *that* is! Some present-day Irish writers use the word as "*tiuch*." Indeed the word is used in the parish to mean any "cold" epidemic which is current. If a person sneezes twice he is often greeted with :"Have you the *triuch*?" The relative gravity of the indisposition is indicated by the fact that we always say "*the triuch*" as compared with "*a píochán*." Properly, the word means the "whooping-cough."

HAVE YOU KEPT YOUR WORD?

All correct—excellent (Now, now! Stop your *galamaisíocht*!)

11-14—very good—no reason for *anró*.

8-10—good—still, lucky you're not a *glafaire*!

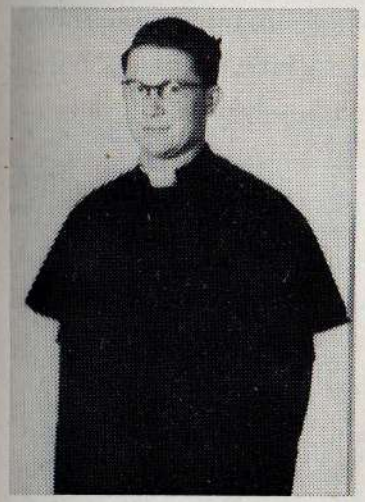
5-7—fair; mere *blaspínteacht*!

Less than five—you *leoiste*!

Handing on the Chalice

Father Charles O'Malley

Father Charles O'Malley is a native of Mooneen, Louisburgh, son of Mrs. Brigid and the late John O'Malley. He was at school in Saint Aloysius' Boys' School, Louisburgh, and Salesian College, Pallaskenry, and was ordained at Genoa in October 1961. He is now serving in the diocese of Perth, Australia.



Father Patrick McNally

FATHER PATRICK J. McNALLY who was ordained priest at Saint Joseph's College, Upholland, for the Archdiocese of Liverpool on Saturday, June 8, 1963.

He is the son of Mr. Michael and the late Mrs. Mary McNally, Carrowniskey; and brother of Sister Bernadette, Mercy Convent, Castlebar.

His primary education was at Carrowniskey National School and Louisburgh Boys' School and his secondary education at Saint Joseph's College, Freshford, County Kilkenny. He studied philosophy and theology at Upholland.

The total number of priests now living (16th June 1963) who are natives of Kilgeever parish is *forty-four*. The total number of professed nuns from the parish is *forty-seven*.

Communities Founded

MARRIAGES IN THE PARISH CHURCH

1961

7 August	James Kevin O'Malley (Castlebar) and Miss Kathleen O'Grady (Kilgeever)
9 August	John Jarlath Heneghan (Shrule) and Miss Mary O'Malley (Thalabawn)
16 August	Patrick Connolly (Westport) and Miss Evelyn McHale (Pulgloss)
11 October	Ignatius Burke (Clonbur) and Miss Margaret O'Reilly (Shraugh)
23 October	Francis Lyons (Accony) and Miss Mary Sweeney (The Square)
29 November	Patrick J. Kilcoyne (Furmoyle) and Miss Nora Lyons (Killadoon)

1962

25 April	John Walsh (Durless) and Miss Mary Kitterick (Aillemore)
24 May	Brendan O'Donnell (Kilmeena) and Miss Agnes Prendergast (Accony)
7 June	Michael O'Malley (Westport) and Miss Catherine O'Malley (Mooneen)
1 August	Patrick J. Frazer (Kinnadoohy) and Miss Mary Bridget Grady (Kilgeever)
8 August	Matthew Ward (Crossna, Roscommon) and Miss Bridget Burns (Pulgloss)
5 September	John F. O'Brien (Headford) and Miss Mary O'Malley (Legan)
24 October	James Fadden (Barnabawn) and Miss Rose Cannon (Doughmackeown)
28 November	Thomas Nolan (Borris, Kildare) and Miss Sarah Bernadette O'Malley (Legan)

IN OTHER CHURCHES

Joseph Lyons (Accony) and Miss Joan Duddy (Dublin)
John Lyons (Accony) and Miss Mary Tiernan (Sligo)
Myles Lyons (The Colony) and Miss May Rooney (Kiltimagh)
Richard Lyons (The Colony) and Miss Dolores Moylette (Castlebar)
Noel Austin Garadice (Kilcock) and Miss Nan Lyons (The Colony)
Thomas J. Hunter (Doneraile) and Miss Nancy Cannon (Shraugh)

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lyons

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nolan

Mr. and Mrs. Noel A. Garadice

Mr. and Mrs. Myles Lyons

Ar dheis Dé dóib

THE FOLLOWING parishioners have died at home since June 1961:

1961

30 June	Miss Anne McHale, The Colony
19 July	Mrs. Catherine Kilcoyne, Cregganbane
13 July	Edward O'Reilly, Louisburgh
14 August	John Hastings, Laughta
20 August	Mrs. Bridget Jennings, Ballyhip
24 August	Redmond Prendergast, Accony
27 August	Martin Kitterick, Crickeen
28 August	John Kitterick, Dereen
6 September	Patrick McNamara, Kinnadoohy
26 September	Mrs. Ellen Gibbons, Ballyhip
7 October	Anthony Kilcoyne, Falduff
16 October	Thady Kitterick, Creggenbane
22 October	Mrs. Mary O'Dowd, Falduff
1 November	Mrs. Bridget O'Toole, Doughmackeown
9 November	Peter Maguire, Killadoon
10 November	John O'Malley, The Bridge
15 November	Patrick Hestor, Falduff
4 December	Mrs. Bridget Davitt, Kinnadoohy
6 December	William O'Malley, Corragaun
20 December	John Gibbons, Roonith
21 December	Peter O'Malley, Louisburgh
21 December	Mrs. Bridget Duffy, Askelane

1962

1 January	Mrs. Anne Gibbons, Askelane
5 January	Mrs. Mary Burke, Ugool
11 January	Mrs. Margaret Hastings, Cregganroe
3 February	Mrs. Beartice O'Malley, Cross
6 February	John O'Malley, Falduff
1 March	Richard Prendergast, Accony
3 March	Mrs. Bridget Tiernan, Louisburgh
6 March	Patrick Kilcoyne, Tully
3 April	John Kitterick, Crickeen
18 April	John Davitt, Kinnadoohy
21 April	Mrs. Margaret Sammin, Carramore
30 April	John Sweeney, Louisburgh
4 July	Michael O'Grady, Louisburgh
10 July	Patrick Fergus, Roonith
21 August	Thomas Grady, Gurteen
12 September	Patrick Sammin, Carramore
30 September	William O'Malley, Louisburgh
24 October	Joseph Lyons, Accony

1963

11 January	James O'Malley, Cross
24 January	Mrs. Anne Gavin, Glencullen
25 January	Mrs. Sarah Tierney, Cahir
29 January	William Hester, Falduff
20 February	Martin Duggan, Cahir
6 March	Thomas Kilcoyne, Cregganbane
13 March	Nora Grady, Kilgeever

21 March	Anthony Kilcoyne, Cregganbane
12 April	Peter Donnelly, Carrowniskey
2 May	Dominick McGreal, Thallabawn
18 May	Patrick Joyce, Shragh

The following deaths have been reported recently from abroad:

1962

October	Jeremiah McCarthy
	Patrick Hallinan (Askelane) in America
	Patrick Prendergast (Accony) in America
December	Austin Grady (Cregganbane) in England

1963

January	Patrick O'Malley (Kilgeever) in Chicago
	Thomas J. Kitterick (Furmoyle) in America
February	Michael Philbin (Bridge Street) in America
	Peter Prendergast (Bridge Street) in New York
March	Mrs. Bridget Heneghan (Gibbons, Louisburgh) in New York
April	Thomas Lyons (Accony), in Chicago
	Nora McNamara (Furmoyle) in America

In 1961 there were twenty-two deaths in the parish and thirty-nine births (eighteen boys; twenty-one girls).

In 1962 there were eighteen deaths and twenty-nine births (twelve boys; seventeen girls).

In the first five months of 1963 there were eleven deaths and nineteen births (six boys and thirteen girls).

STATISTICS

The following statistics have been kindly supplied by Sergeant John Riordan, Gárda Siochána, Louisburgh:

Population	2602	Households	626
Schools	13	Farms	676
Hotels	4	Licensed Premises	17

Unemployed 200 (approx.)

On September 8, 1962, Sister Clementine Marie of the Child Jesus (Mary O'Reilly, Collacoon) celebrated in New York the silver jubilee of her religious profession as a Carmelite nun. She is sister to Sister Joseph of the Sacred Heart (Fairhaven), who is also a nun of the Carmelite order.

Monsignor Thomas Scahill

R.I.P.

WEST-COAST American papers of May 1962 published obituaries and affecting tributes to a Louisburgh priest who was born April 26, 1908, ordained at Maynooth June 1932 and had served in the dioceses of San Francisco and Oakland until his death May 6, 1962. The tributes, from religious and secular press, were made to the memory of a man of God who had been pastor and leader of the people he served in every worthwhile activity.

From the Louisburgh side the story was slightly different. The people knew that Annie Gallagher of Aitinaveen emigrated; they heard she had married a Castlebar man in Boston, Mass; and they knew that when Patrick Scahill died she returned with her two sons to her home town. Both were later to become priests. Tommie Scahill was the boy who had been at school in Boston and whom his Louisburgh classmates smiled at when he finished his alphabet "eks, wy, *zee*." He grew tall and slight, finished his primary schooldays in Louisburgh and his secondary in Saint Jarlath's. He went to All Hallows in 1925. The last two years of his clerical studies were at Fribourg and he was ordained in Saint Patrick's, Maynooth in 1932, for the diocese of San Francisco. In a forgivable way we did not know much of him then. We did not know that he was assistant pastor of Saint Ambrose', Berkeley (1933-'36) and of Saint Joseph's, San Francisco (1936-'46); chaplain at Mary's Help Hospital (1946-'51); pastor of Santa Maria Church, Orinda (1951-'52), and administrator (1952-'55) and later pastor of Saint Jarlath's Church, Oakland. We did learn with joyful pride that he was made a domestic prelate in 1954. Then in May 1962 came the hard news of his early death, almost within a year of his mother's death at home.

Memories flowed freely—of his college-days, his industry at home during vacation; of the quiet, placid way and gentle humour which was always ready for an opening; of his lithe, boyish figure even as a Monsignor; of his gift of 'common touch': for one never had to *begin* a conversation with him—there was no crust to break—and as he spoke or listened, his whole attention was yours; of a kindly smile so very like his mother's; of his smiling recollections of snatches from his boyhood days and the things boys did; and of an undis-

Monsignor Thomas Scahill

guised loyalty to the home parish all through which made one happy to have origins in common with him.

It is not difficult to believe that the people who had him as their pastor suffered and felt a grievous loss. It is easy to visualize the background to a letter to the *Oakland Tribune* from a non-Catholic:

"Editor: The recent passing of Monsignor Thomas Scahill was a general shock to our community. Perhaps this word of appreciation would not be considered remiss for during my more than three years executive directorship of Oakland Council of Churches I found in Thomas Scahill a gentleman of high integrity, gracious and human in all association. While essentially loyal to his own church he was possessed of a wholesome tolerance for those of other communions; a rich appreciation for their diversified traditions and a truly ecumenical spirit which generated excellent teamwork in all interfaith consultations. He gave me excellent and sound advice and I felt in him a bulwark of true Christian understanding.

We salute his memory and join with his church in appreciation for his service to the community in general and the church-at-large in particular.

—Bertram Rodda, Oakland"

And we who knew so much of the 'other side' of him can fathom the appropriateness with which the Parish Guide of Saint Jarlath's applied to him his own words of appreciation of a priest friend: "He captivated by his charm, his refinement and his priesthood the hearts and the souls of the people he served. Monsignor was one of God's gentlemen. He was a nobleman of God. . . . His house was a house of the open door, a house of hospitality . . . of happiness . . . of holiness."

A brochure published for the opening of his church—Saint Jarlath's—paid his work this tribute: "Take a massive array of warm-red brick, touch it with the splendour of Gothic gone modern, breathe into it the spirit of an Irish faith that was and is now and ever shall be—and you have the almost monumental parish edifice that the Very Rev. Thomas Scahill has brought to Fruitvale Ave." But we will think it a truer tribute and a more revealing one, that his parishioners have presented to Saint Jarlath's a stained-glass window in his honour and that the children of Saint Jarlath's have donated the headstone in Hayward cemetery.

The Parish Guide of Saint Jarlath's, May 13, 1962, reads: "Last Sunday, May 6, our pastor, Monsignor Thomas F. Scahill, died. His death was a hard blow for the whole parish, priests, sisters and parishioners. We all loved him. He was a good pastor, a good leader and father of Saint Jarlath's Parish family. We will continue to love him. We will pray for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace!" To which prayer, Louisburgh all the world over answers "Amen!"

—Leon Ó Mórcháin

Michael O'Halloran of Inishbofin

R.I.P.

One of my earliest memories of the sea that washes our coast is of hearing the announcement from someone who had scanned its waters through spyglass or the naked eye that "O'Halloran's Boat" was sailing up to, or down from, Westport. And somehow even then, in various subtle ways, the notion was conveyed to my youthful mind that the skipper of the boat in question was a heroic and legendary figure. It was not very many years later that I came face to face with Michael O'Halloran and I must say that in spite of the sophistication that the intervening years had brough, my image of a heroic figure was not shattered. Characteristically, the first words that I heard from his lips were in Irish for he had the rare ability of being able to switch, from Irish to English and back, in his deep and resounding voice without any mental adjustment. As I travelled with him in his son's boat to the island of his adoption—he was actually born on Shark Island where his father was known as "King"—I soon learned very much about his life, adventures and interests. Needless to say they all grew out of and centred on the sea. It may seem trite to say that the sea was in his blood—in his case it was in the very marrow of his bones. He had spent his life sailing over that portion of our coastal waters which lies between Killala Bay and the Shannon estuary. One felt that he did not exaggerate when he claimed to know every inlet and island, every rock and shallow, every current and breaker in that area. I said that he was sailing; and "sailing" is the operative word. He never really came to terms with the marine engine and one could feel that he regarded the men who nowadays work with it as less than real seamen.

Even in his eighties he retained his upright carriage and bearing. Tall and rugged he might have been carved out of granite, with strong regular features and bristling eyebrows, which at times seemed to frown beneath his peaked cap, but which could relax in a moment into a genial smile or a hearty laugh revealing a fine set of strong and regular teeth.

His mother was a McDonagh of Pollglass and his wife an O'Malley of Thallabawn. More than half his heart was in this parish and this is the justification for including his obituary in this magazine. I never met him without having to submit to a lengthy questionaire about his very many friends and relations (and his regard for them seemed to be in the same order) from this parish; and also about the many priests of the diocese with whom he was acquainted. Interspersed with my answers would come from him tales of adventure on the sea as the mention of a particular name would set off a train of reminiscences.

For one who spent so many days and nights at odds with lashing wind and crashing sea the end came quietly in the calm of the district hospital in Clifden amid the devoted ministrations of the gentle Sisters of Mercy. As we looked on those rugged features now stilled in death we were conscious that his passing, in a sense, marked the end of an era. With his death the era of the sailing-boat was passing from our western coast and the era of the engine-boat had become finally and irrevocably established. Sadly we followed his remains on a glorious evening last January in sight of those snow-capped Twelve Pins which he viewed so often from the best point of vantage, the Atlantic waves. At Cleggan the sun was setting in a blaze of purple and amber into a sea of liquid gold as the boat with his coffin on deck moved gently westward from the quay. One was tempted to think of the last journey of great Wagnerian heroes to Valhalla or of Viking warriors being borne to cremation on remote Scandanavian fjords. Such a picture however would be far from complete. One rather thought of the homecoming of a faithful Christian mariner to a Master who, in olden days, had called the Gallilean fishermen to leave their boats and nets and all things and to "come and follow me."

"Home is the sailor home from the sea
And the hunter home from the hill."

KYLEMORE ABBEY PATRICK PRENDERGAST

Comments

From San Francisco: Thank you for sending me the books. It makes me very lonesome to read about Louisburgh . . . They do not write enough about the people of the West and behind Louisburgh.

From Dublin: I am sending you a cheque. I know very well that these are tough financial problems; and anyhow, to see a magazine for the old parish is worth a lot more.

From an English town: I enjoyed *An Choinneal* immensely and so have my family and friends. The articles are bright, breezy and topical; well written, and a splendid reflection of the latent talent in Western Ireland. Only one thing I did not like, and that was—that it will not appear for a couple of years. I appreciate the work put into compiling and editing, but I had hoped that it would be an annual. What about extending the area to Westport, Newport and the shores of Clew Bay?

From Africa: The latest number reached me from my parents' home in (England). I was delighted with it. . . Keep it to Louisburgh, keep within half-a-mile of your first high standards and it will continue to bring joyful memories to thousands all round the world.

From an Irish Convent: I had to read it twice, from cover to cover before I took my pen in hand. It is doing the rounds of the community and I heard a sister say: "Why do they not do in every parish the same as they are doing in Louisburgh?"

From Massachusetts: I was born in (the parish); I am here since 1911 and never went back. I enjoyed the *Coinneal* so much: it brought me so close to home. Could you send me the address of —— ——, who is in the Sister of —— ——? We left Ireland together and I had not seen or heard anything of her until I saw your *Coinneal.*

From an American Convent: It is wonderful to read the history of the parish and *An Choinneal* is really an inspiration to those of us from the parish of Kilgeever who are in foreign lands. I liked especially the tribute to Mrs. O'Toole (R.I.P.) and the articles in Irish.

From an American city: My six sisters and I came to America a good many years ago. We all really enjoy *An Choinneal* as it brings back many fond memories. At present I have not opportunity to solicit many subscriptions to the little masterpiece, but I enclose twelve dollars, hoping that you will send copies to the names enclosed.

A contributor to Number Two: I feel proud to have had the honour of contributing to a magazine that has been so carefully planned and produced. I think this number has reached a standard worth cherishing.

Leightheóir as parráiste eile: Taithnionn sí thar barr liom agus na h-aistí atá intí tá siad uilig beo bríoghmhar.

Louisburgh priest: It deserves the greatest credit for which send my congratulations most cordially. I hope it will keep going until we have enough to adorn a birthday cake.

An advertiser in Number Two: I have just skimmed through it and am very much impressed. As a parish magazine it is a great achievement.

An English-born housewife: We were delighted to hear of the success of *An Choinneal* and sincerely hope that the combined hard work on this wonderful venture for Louisburgh will continue to grow and to bring pleasure to many of its children far and near.

Remembering Sion . . .

ONE OF MY pleasantest memories of home is of a races at Cross. The date and year escape me but the race I shall never forget. It was, I suppose, about 1925. This particular one was a two-horse race and the jockeys were Páid Sweeney of Ballina, a very colourful character who had played football with the Stephenites, and one of the Moran family of Westport Quay, a fine jockey who had Curragh training. It was a thrilling race from the start and every post for four double rounds of Cross Strand was contested as a winning post. Sweeney had a chestnut; Moran a dark; and they sped on like greyhounds, missing the posts by inches. No more than a few lengths separated them at any time until the last turn, when, it seems, the chestnut interfered with the dark and then galloped home an easy winner, while Moran's mount bolted towards the sea. After an objection and inquiry, the interference was deemed accidental and Sweeney declared winner.

A Word From The Editor

[In reviewing the aims and position of AN CHOINNEAL *here, I propose to drop the usual editorial formalities. In writing to my fellow-parishioners about a common interest I am hopeful that such a course will not be interpreted as a breach of good form].*

WITH THE appearance of its third issue, *An Choinneal* may be said to have proved its validity and set its formula. By now, its readers understand its aims and purpose: they know what, in general, to expect from future issues. So far the magazine has appeared only in alternate years (1959, 1961, 1963)—a fact which has been lamented by quite a few of its readers. The thought of a parish *annual* has been a tempting one from the beginning and the reasons for not launching an annual magazine were originally twofold.

The first reason (need I state it?) was the financial one: there was the risk that the magazine would not pay for itself. If the first issue did not, then either another annual would have aggravated the position or else the magazine would have failed in its second outing and so, probably, would have died. The compromise was a fortunate one; and it is good to be able to state that both issues of *An Choinneal* have paid their way—with just a little to spare. In this context I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity to pay a tribute to the loyalty of our advertisers who, by their patronage, have supported our project in a real way. I wish also to record the work done by the Muintear na Tíre Guild at home in getting the important first issue known and sold. This was a work which no private group could have carried through. And in the selling of the magazine, shopkeepers inside and outside the parish showed loyal co-operation and took trouble to dispose of the magazines *without any profit—oftentimes at a loss—to themselves.* Their loyalty should not go unmentioned.

The second reason for avoiding an annual publication was that the magazine, which is entirely a voluntary effort, depended for its

Foundation Member

(APPLICATION FORM)

Please enrol me as a foundation member of *An Choinneal* (Louisburgh parish magazine), and send to the address below a copy of each issue in years to come.

I enclose five pounds (twenty dollars) in.....

Name .....
(BLOCK)

Address .....

.....

I should like to have a free copy of the issue of *An Choinneal* for:

1959 ☐ 1961 ☐ 1963 ☐

My connection with Louisburgh is:

COMMENTS:

Post to: The Secretary, An Choinneal, Louisburgh, County Mayo

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

literary contributions on the spare-time efforts of many people. There was the possibility that writers would not be available within our community; that after the first issue sources and pens would run dry. These were difficulties to be thought of rather than publicized; but now that the parish magazine has justified itself, it will be no harm to put some cards upon the table.

With regard to material, our fears have been wholly unfounded: indeed in both the second and third issues I have had to with-hold some articles merely for want of space. This does not at all mean that further articles are not always welcome, and I take advantage of this occasion to invite now *all* readers to send *any* length of contribution on *any* subject in keeping with our purpose. Perhaps not all can be published; but, whereas many readers will hope that writers whose work appealed to them in the first three issues will continue to contribute, all will agree that there is a special welcome for a new writer. Two pleasing aspects of this third *Coinneal*, from my viewpoint at least, are that quite a few new pens have been active and that a quota of the material deals with the western half of the parish, which was hitherto almost untouched. But above all is the continuing thrill of knowing that the magazine forms a common demoninator for people all of one stock although so widely separated; and two or three items which have come to hand this year underline the unity which is being formed. One does not have to be closely associated with the production end of *An Choinneal* to sense the significance of a nun from Doughmackeown taking her pen in hand in a Toledo convent to write *Blúirín Charraigín* (see page 84), an account in Irish of a day she spent picking carraigeen in Cloughmoyle; or the pathos of an account of James Berry of Bunowen, written by his daughter, Miss Helena Berry of Carna (page 67), or the collection of little fleeting memories of home published here as fillers under the title "*Remembering Sion*". In the background, too, *An Choinneal* has been forming many a criss-cross of Louisburgh contacts away from home. I feel that even if the magazine were now to die, it has been worth while to the parish; and, I sincerely add, to me.

That it may not die, its finances, as we all know, must be made secure. From letters which still arrive requesting the *first* issue, it is clear that even yet *An Choinneal* is not well enough known,

especially in our colonies abroad. Alongside this is the fact that it takes some twelve months to clear the bill for each issue.

This year, then, we are inviting Louisburgh men and women, if they wish to see *An Choinneal* prospering, to indicate their confidence in our magazine by becoming foundation members. The subscription is five pounds (or twenty dollars) and it entitles members to a copy of every edition of the magazine in years to come. The present limited stock of back numbers has now been withdrawn from sale and will be reserved for foundation (new) members. The exact purpose of funds so raised is to relieve each issue of the task of paying for itself and so to leave each issue financially independent. If the funds warrant, suitable improvements will be introduced in the form and frequence. Another page of this magazine gives an application form. A list of foundation members will appear in future issues.

Since its inception, *An Choinneal* has been fortunate in receiving the support—moral, financial and literary—of many from whom (and this is our best compliment to them) we would have expected nothing less. Its purpose and its hope remain unchanged: to stir the pulse of Louisburgh life wherever it beats and to give it a heart of unity. I think, especially, of those of our people, natives or descendants of our emigrants, who have known and heard so much and are too old now to return; and I hope that in a Clinton evening or a Boston twilight, our rays will enter and bring the light of joy and memory.

The magazine has so far, thank God, been successful: its further success depends on its being known and read. I shall take it as your vote of confidence if you spread its influence among your friends—who are, of course, ours.

Go mbeirimíd beo an t-am seo arís!

Saint Mary's College — LEO MORAHAN

Encouragement

For your encouragement I send this quotation, though I cannot recall the author: "If you wish to avoid criticism in this world, then think nothing, say nothing and do nothing." After this issue of the *Coinneal* Louisburgh will be getting used to the idea of having a magazine of its own and we will not be critical.

—From a letter to the Editor

Remembering Sion . . .

I remember the "night beat" on the streets: the strong, country lads with big boots whose main pastime after a hard day's work seemed to be to walk the streets from the Bridge to the Church-gate discussing their feats of strength, etc. At some stage of their parading—I don't know whether it was at the end or at the beginning—they would go into the Church and kneel along the railing that used to be at the back, saying their prayers. As they knelt there—usually saying the Rosary, I think—their broad shoulders were silhouetted against the dim light; for the Church was in darkness except for the light of a candle lit by some woman and placed in rhe candelabra.

Remembering Sion . . .

On a Louisburgh pattern day, some forty years ago or more, during our college holidays, three of us decided to go fishing. None of us knew the bow of a boat from the stern; nor did we care! Having crossed the Sickeen strand to Pollglass, we procured fishing lines in a friend's house and with oars fixed in the row-locks (some fitted in backways!) we made our way to the vasty deep. Sport and enjoyment we had in plenty; but we also took in a few mackerel and about half a score of pollock, despite the fact that we knew nothing of fishing marks or of the art of fishing. The witty remarks of my carefree comrades and the sunny sky of that July day made it one that I often wished would repeat itself. And the fact that it was original, unexpected and unplanned made it all the more enjoyable.

The training!

IT WAS dinner-time on some common piece of mountain (or was it just in the leisurely work of building a rick of hay?) and the pace of conversation was lively. The subject was the training of dogs and the effects of good training. Someone told of a dog who could "yowl" a tune while a melodeon played. A dog in Oldhead was said to lace its owner's boots. But a Ballyhip dog was acclaimed as winner: "I sent him home across the bog often for a coal." his owner explained. "Someone would put the coal on tl e top of a stick and the dog would carry it back to me in his mouth. But one day I saw him coming gallantly and when he disappeared into the hollow-bogs he was a very long time out of my sight. When I went back to see, I found that the dog had fallen into one of the bog-holes and he was now sitting on the brink blowing the coal!"

MAYNOOTH MISSION TO CHINA

(Society of St. Columban)

A Society of secular priests for the foreign missions—China, Korea, Philippine Islands, Burma, Japan, Fiji Islands and South America.

The official organ of the Maynooth Mission is

"THE FAR EAST"

an illustrated periodical published monthly

✱

Young men under the age of twenty-two, who have passed either the Leaving Certificate, Matriculation or Senior Certificate examination in the necessary subjects, including English and Latin, are eligible for admission to St. Columban's College, Dalgan Park, Navan.

Applicants for admission should write to:

THE VERY REV. DIRECTOR,
St. Columban's, Navan