

tells us that he could raise a thirty-six foot ladder without aid. To keep in shape, he played handball, and there are some firemen around who remember how he excelled at this sport.

In my eyes he could do anything. The truth is, he built a summer home with the help of a few firemen, he could do electrical work, plumbing repairs and was really an "all around handyman". In the depression years, we never wanted for anything for he was a "do-er" and "go-getter" and had untold strength and energy.

My mother, Agnes, had just turned her forty-ninth birthday when God claimed her, leaving their youngest child nine years of age. Days off on the Fire Department were few in number in 1938 and he had to be a mother and father to all of us . . . we all tried to keep him from being too lonesome.

God blessed him with strength and kindness galore
With faith and humility and something more;
A very long life, having reached four score and five
We will always remember his Irish smile.

He retired from the Fire Department in 1951, but as he was not one to sit and look out a window, he got himself another job as Fire Inspector for a bedding company. God gave him good health and he worked until past his seventy-second birthday.

At the age of eighty-one he fell and broke his hip. This couldn't hold him back, however, and with the aid of a cane, he got around reasonably well until his eighty-third birthday . . . then it was just a matter of time. However, now we could take care of him and in some measure repay all the love and devotion he gave to all of us. Finally, on November 15, 1975 God called him to his reward.

We remember and admire his "great faith": he was a daily communicant and for twenty-five years or so made the Stations of the Cross daily.

In death, the Fire Department and Robert Quinn, the Fire Commissioner, gave him a magnificent tribute and all his family and friends will not soon forget this.

Love of God, Love of Country, Love of Neighbour, he possessed them all — in great quantity.

We miss you from our home, dear father
We miss you from your place
A shadow o'er our life is cast
We miss the sunshine of your face.
We miss your kind and willing hand
Your fond and earnest care
Our home is dark without you
We miss you everywhere.

Rita Gibbons

AUTUMN JOURNEY

There is a land of Arcady,
Whose windy hills do touch her skies.

I read this somewhere in my youth, and it has epitomized for me in two short lines a part of Ireland which I first knew and fell in love with nearly forty years ago and which, to me, has been a land of enchantment ever since. I think never was more beauty, music and magic crowded into so few square miles; where time stands still and only the rivers run. One cannot live in fairy land if one is mortal; but if one is lucky one can escape there; and this I strive to do every year in the Autumn. It is at these times that I long to be an artist; to sit at a canvas and put in great sweeps of colour; to conjure up the incredible tones and contrasts that lie wherever the eye turns. Or to be a poet, and in a deathless sonnet to capture the sound of the trees' rustle, the great brown stretches of country spangled with blue lakes, reaching to the sombre hills, the endless song of running water, the cry of the curlew. For me I can only look and smell and listen and dream a little.

Let us start on our short journey from the house on the bank of a salmon river, and follow the road across the bog and marshlands to the coast, a mile or so away. There lie the islands and headlands and the sea, sometimes lit with strange halcyon lights, sometimes grey and dark, with the Islands crouching like dim monsters. There are acres of sand, and sandhills with embedded rocks completely covered with creeping willow, nibbled to almost carpet smoothness by the sheep. Leaving the sea we turn away and dawdle across to the Doolough valley; over Shrawee Bridge, past the ruined house of the man who married a mermaid who bore him eight children before slipping back one black night into the sea; past the haunted Lake of the Dog, where no-one goes willingly after dark; down between the steep, stony mountains, haunt of ravens, where Doolough lies, often black and sinister and sunless.

Further down the valley, at Delphi, the tune changes. The river widens, the trees crowd and grow tall; the mountains step back a pace. In their deep hollows lies a blue that would seem an exaggeration if truly painted.

Shadow chases shadow over the green uplands, and rainbows play about the heights. Suddenly the Killary, that great natural harbour, is on our right and Connemara's Twelve Pins are rising in the middle distance, calling us to travel on and find more, lovely surprises round each turn in the road. Names there are too, music in themselves, Tullabawn, Leenane, Kylemore, Moyard, Renvyle.

But we must turn homewards and, a little weary with all this beauty, let us take the less emotional way by the lovely Erriff river to Westport, and turn along the coast road that runs between Croagh Patrick and the sea. The Reek, as it is known locally, that great mountain, up which the pilgrims toil on hands and knees, changes from day to day, but cloud-capped or clear is an ever-changing delight in its long, strong contours.

And we are home again, down the avenue of lichened trees to the house; a welcoming turf fire, a real Irish tea. The post is in; the papers have come; a radio stands ready to our bidding. But somehow the papers go unread, the radio is silent. What need we to hear of men's rancours and troubles, of life's far hurly-burly, who live a few short weeks in Arcady?
Hampshire

Mabel Harford

Remembering Sion . . .

When I was child in Doughmakeone in the '40's we had a bonfire at the crossroads outside our home which was situated three miles from Louisburgh, and a quarter of a mile from the Atlantic Ocean. My four brothers, Pat Tom, Frank, and Austin, and my sister, Mary Rita, our neighboring cousins, the O'Malleys, and our neighbors, the Gibbonses, brought turf and whins, and the three supplies were put together to build a bonfire. I recall numerous discussions about the pronunciation "bonfire" and "bonefire" but no adequate explanation of the word. However, an animal bone was often added to the conflagration. As the night wore on other neighbours and cousins, more O'Malleys and Gerragtys and Burkes and Corrigans brought their contributions of turf and whins. A melodeon (accordion) and a fiddle were played. Sets and reels and jigs were danced on the crossroads in the firelight.

Bonfires in the neighbouring villages of Emlagh, Accony, and Askelaun were observed, with attempts to make ours burn higher than theirs by lighting whins (furze, gorse), and holding them up in the air to increase the height. The legendary origin of the custom, as I recall it, was that it was a pagan midsummer festival that had been Christianized by Saint Patrick, blessed, and made to celebrate the birthday of Saint John the Baptist.

Toledo

Sister Brigid Ann O'Malley

"ROUND THE HOUSE . . .!"

When we look back at the period during World War Two, the people of this country will never be able to give sufficient honour to the memory of the late President Eamonn de Valera for his having declared neutrality at the outset of the war, thereby saving us from the horrors experienced by so many people in all the countries about us. When most of Europe was being ravaged in bloody campaigns and many cities and towns of England, familiar to us in story and in conversation, were being blitzed by Nazi bombs, many of our emigrants returned to the safety of neutral Ireland. Rejoicing in the peace and security of their native land and among their own kith and kin they found life untroubled here in spite of the upheavals in the current world. The only thing that gave us any sign of a war going on "out there" was the forced landing of coffee on our daily menu when tea got scarce!

The increased number of youth in the area was bound to enliven the social scene, but they would have been at a loss for a venue for their social activities had not Michael Francis Keane of Aillemore come to the rescue. A returned "yank" who had distinguished himself in World War One under the banner of the Stars-and-Stripes, Michael, living in his neat bungalow in Aillemore after returning, saw the local need and filled the void. He had built a new barn of good size, with a galvanized-iron roof, cement floor and good windows. His decision was to open his hall for dances for the local people and, naturally, his decision had the blessing of all the young people around. There was no other such outlet for them and "Sir" Michael Francis Keane became their friend and hero!

Who came to the dances? It is hardly an exaggeration to say that at some time or other down the years almost everyone of the dancing public who lived within a radius of thirty miles came to dance in the hall at Aillemore. Many came who lived much farther away. The music for dancing was supplied by local musicians on violin and accordion,

sometimes two of each instrument, sometimes less. The most frequent dances were half-sets, waltzes and fox-trots; but as the cement floor responded best to the tempo of a half-set, these were the most popular of all, especially on a cold winter's night!

The hall served many another public and social function too, not all of the entertainment variety. During those emergency years, for instance, it was the centre used for drilling the L.S.F. (Local Security Force) — one of the fore-runners of the present F.C.A.), and occasionally Patrick O'Toole (R.I.P.) of Carramore, who was himself trained in the English Police force, came to put "the boys" through their paces. As some of the aspiring cadets were well past their teens, drilling them was a delicate art! So that, on second thoughts, one might say that the hall provided entertainment on such occasions also! Another purpose served by the hall during the emergency was the first-aid classes which were run during winter season. A high-point in the life of the hall, as well as of the community, was the production of a play: they were often organized by a local group, and other plays were brought to Aillemore by groups from Louisburgh town, Lecanvey and Murrisk. Some of the titles that remain with me over the years are "The Colleen Bawn", "Cough-water", "Johnnie's Breeches" and "The Poachers" though there were, I know, a host of others. Another memory from one of these drama-nights is hearing the late Seán T. Morahan reciting in stirring fashion "Páid O'Donoghue". Occasionally, too, we had pictures shown; by the "Shandon Talkies" in the nineteen-forties and other groups later.

On dancing nights there were often long intervals between dances: people sat and talked and there was great all-round fun. Many who later travelled and went to other halls and other countries frequently speak of this — of all the fun we used to have in Keane's Hall. It is only right, too, that I would record here that I never saw a person under the influence of alcoholic drink in the hall in Aillemore. It was, I think, one of the most enjoyable places of amusement in all the world. My opinion here is shared by many others, and this bears out the truth of what the great Jesuit priest and writer, Father Daniel A. Lord once said — that young people should have enough spirit and light-heartedness in themselves to enjoy life without having to fall back on alcohol as a stimulant. (Other drugs had not come on the scene when he wrote).

There are many happy memories of Keane's Hall that come to mind as I write this, memories which, like those retained by many other patrons, might appear to us too

trivial to put into print; and yet these simple, joyful experiences mean so much, especially now that the world has changed so radically and such an atmosphere is gone forever. Perhaps my reference to them will entice some other reader or readers of our parish magazine to record in a future issue their own memories of the hall. The most important event that took place ever in the hall was a sacred one: it was here that we had the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass during the renovations of Killeen Church some years ago. I thought it lovely that such a privilege should be conferred on a building which was the scene of so much innocent fun, and I believe that this was more providential than accidental.

There was an old song which, I think, originated among the Irish in Clinton in the last century. Some lines of it go like this:

On Sunday night it is my delight
And pleasure, don't you see
To meet with all the boys and girls
Who work down-town with me:
There's an organ in the parlour
To give the house a tone;
And you're welcome every evening
To Maggie Murphy's home.

Someone on the "home front" adapted it to the local scene and setting, and the last two lines of the parody were:

And you're welcome every Sunday night
To Michael Francis' Hall.

Kinnadoohey

Una O'Malley



Killeen School Band

PHOTO FRANK DOLAN

KEEP YOUR WORD

Questions on page 46

1. **Aerach** means light-hearted, buoyant, gleeful. It is used especially of someone who is unexpectedly so: a widow, an elderly person. It has undertones of fresh air and light summery clothing. "Isn't it you that's **aerach** in your light shirt (dress) on a cold evening like this!" But these are the mere external trappings: being **aerach** belongs essentially to the spirit and to the heart.
2. A **bacán** is a hinge-support of a very special kind, namely a pipe-shaped or L-shaped piece of pig-iron driven into the door-post and the corresponding hole on the hinge was slipped down over it to rest or swing there. The real advantage of the system was that the door or gate was so easily removable. Invariably, for instance, the traditional "half-door" was swung on a pair of **bacáns**. The Irish word **bac** means a hindrance or support.
3. **Cantalach** is simply cranky — for whatever reason. It describes someone who is 'narky' for want of tobacco, or having been forced out of bed too early, or displeased with some intimate news or happening. The word comes from **cantal** (crankiness) which is also the name given to a habitually cranky person. In the third person, usually!
4. **Clochar** is the name given to the hollow sound made in a patient's throat and regarded as a symptom of approaching death: a death-rattle.
5. **Deannach** is dust. Basically this is the ordinary dust or ashes which may be raised by a gust of wind, or has to be dusted off the furniture from time to time. But the more usual meaning of the word in our locality is the figurative, not the basic meaning. So if a child spends a lot of money foolishly on a nonsensical toy, his mother might say: "Take it out of my sight or I'll make **deannach** of it!" One occasionally hears a mid-day gossip session brought to an abrupt ending by: "I must

- go in. I put down the potatoes half-an-hour ago and they'll be in **deannach**".
6. A **dúbhradán** is a speck of dust: it is the translation in the Irish Bible for the **mote** in your brother's eye. That meaning has practically died here now, but a much more poetic usage remains. **Dúbhradán** is now a term of endearment, especially used by parent of offspring. It pictures a small, and therefore harmless, helpless child. Tautology goes mad in its most endearing form: "**My little dúbhradáinín**"!
 7. **Faiteach** is frightened, although it means a continuing state of being easily frightened. The quality is to be expected in children; in adults it becomes more blame-worthy. It appears, too, to run in certain families: "they were always **faiteach**"! And the fear entailed doesn't refer only to ghosts, banshees, etc: one could also be **faiteach** of a teacher, a priest, a stranger, even of electricity.
 8. **Faoileán** is a sea-gull. By some obscure reasoning the word is also used of someone who is temporarily insane: "She's seeing **faoileáns**".
 9. **Geidimín** is an unlikeable character, but that is only scraping the surface. So let's examine a **geidimín**: he's small — small that is, for his years; he's generally a social nuisance; someone who whines and complains; who cannot be trusted with any responsibility although he has somewhat of a standing among the public; he may be a trickster but not a wholesome type; he talks in public or semi-public and when he does he gives the impression that an invisible hand is holding him by the scruff of the neck. Simple really! keep a look out and an ear out — you cannot miss him. There is no known female specimen.
 10. **Gleic** is a twist of the neck such as is likely to make its owner known in any company. A stranger arriving in an old-time dance hall with a **gleic** (and one can dance quite smoothly without losing it!) would become a marked man among the ladies present. There are a few varieties: one involves the shoulders and makes them semi-static as a coat-hanger; another more agile **gleic** effects the lower jaw and gives an impression of a sneer; and yet another is the dramatic **gleic** adopted for effect. (In the 1965 *Coinneal* p. 63 "Mother" attributed this to the late Jack Benny!) And by metonymy (container for contained) the person who has a **gleic** is often called simply a **gleic**. Our friend of the dance-hall could indeed turn out to be "a nice oul' **gleic**".
 11. **Puiteach** is soft mud. Just say the word softly again to

yourself: can't you hear a cow's hooves being slowly pulled out of the mud. Making a mess of anything can be called making **puiteach** of it.

12. **Scraith** is an earthen sod — the raw material for a sod-fence or for the under-layer of a thatched roof. (Whisper: the cannon-fodder also in school-boys' sham battles of old). The word appears in Chamber's Twentieth Century English Dictionary as **scraw** — which is the common pronunciation. Used also as a verb, to scraw — apart from its belligerent import — means to remove the top layer of bog before using a slean to cut turf.
13. **Seibhneach** is a strong individual. It is a rare word and has an accompanying idiom. A manly specimen, six feet by three feet by one foot, is a **seibhneach of a man**. Harmless enough perhaps but imposing.
14. **Súgán** is of course a straw-rope or even a hay or grass-rope made by twisting. Variant local pronunciations are "soo-gun" and "suggun". A miniature such rope could be made on a man's thumb (some feat!) and was known just as a thumb-súgán.
15. A **traisleach** is an untidy heap — at least, it is in so far as any few words can translate the term. However the word certainly includes some action — due to gravity; and it can be applied figuratively also. Example: She carried a basket of eggs across the icy yard, but just as she came to the door she "**fell of a traisleach**" (Note the idiom!) Example: He got all his exams with honours until his final year but "what did he do then but **fall of a traisleach!**" Disappointment, disarray — perhaps "flop" in all its meanings translates most of the word's content.

Five Glorious Mysteries!



Five Lyons sisters (Furmoyle) re-unite at home:
L. to R. Sister Dympna Lyons, Annie Gibbons, Nora, Sek, Christina Mullooney,
Mary Taaffe

STARTER'S ORDERS

It is true to say that Kilgeever parish can really boast of one event that has lived down the years. It still has much the same interest and glamour as it had when the first races were held on the strand about the middle of the last century. Annually, the races — or flapper-meeting as the event is properly called — are held on the strand. A flapper-meeting is one not recognised by the Racing Board but which is not illegal to hold. In earlier times Carramore and Cross Strands were the venues for racing; for the past number of years they are held in Carrowniskey with great success.

In the days immediately before the Races, almost as much as on the day itself one could notice the hive-like activities, enquiries and telephone calls. On the big day the beach is thronged with people, who are entertained between races by hawkers competing for custom; games of chance and skill such as "Rolling Pennies"; "Tower" amusements and other side-shows. Nearly every family in the parish has at one time or another contributed to the Races either with entries or by being members of the organizing committee. Some of the great personalities of the Races in the past were: Tom Gallagher (Thallabawn), Patrick Burke (Roonkeel), Pat T. Gibbons (Roonith), Martin O'Malley (Cross), John Staunton and Tom McNally (Thallabawn) and Michael Gallagher (Furmoyle) — all now departed, God rest them!

With a new meeting being held now in Killadoon, racing in the parish still continues; and the Louisburgh Horse-Show and Racing Committees hold two events on the Green. The fact that entries came last year from so far afield as Ballygar, Ballinasloe and Newbridge (County Kildare) shows how widely our parish is known as a centre for this type of sport.

Devlin

Mary Murphy (nee McDonnell)



Resting during a Sponsored Walk in May 1977: R. to L. —
Connor Gaffney, Joseph O'Malley, Ailish Duffy, Sean Duffy, Jo Ann Ball, Helena
Bennett, Anne Ruddy, Siobhan Harney, Andrea Harney, Margaret Houlihan

CHRISTIAN TITAN

It has been established historically that the O'Reilly clann of Shraugh, Louisburgh, County Mayo, originally came from near Mountnugent, County Meath. This branch of the Breffni O'Reillys, boasted of fighting men under the leadership of Myles the Slasher, (who died heroically on the bridge of Finea defending his people against a huge English army). The present owner of Ross Castle, Sir Hugh Nugent, is related through his mother to our O'Reilly clann. These brave men left their ancestral castle on the shores of Lough Sheelin in 1798 to rally support along the way for General Humbert against the retreating English. It so happened that the English mustered extra troops, and defeated Humbert and his French and Irish allies at Ballinamuck, County Longford. This sad defeat changed the life-style of the O'Reillys, as they were driven across Connacht by the marauding Hordes of Lord Cornwallis' army. Eventually the O'Reillys settled in Mayo; some at Ballyglass, others further west at Murrisk, and eventually at Shraugh. Pat Bán O'Reilly settled at Murrisk, where he married a Miss Jordan of Galway. Pat O'Reilly of Ballyglass, a farmer, was a brother of Affie O'Reilly of Shraugh. Another daughter of the Ballyglass family married in Boston to a Mr. Fitzgerald, and had a son Father Fitzgerald (who would be a second cousin of Simon O'Reilly, Shraugh). The late Delia Murphy, wife of Doctor Kiernan, the Australian ambassador from this country was a relative of the Ballyglass O'Reillys.

Father John M. O'Reilly was the son of Affie O'Reilly and Brigid Gibbons (Carrowniskey). He was brother of Pat, who married Ann Heneghan and lived in the ancestral home in Shraugh; of Simon, who married Brigid O'Malley (Cahir) and settled in Louisburgh; of Martin, who married Mary Purcell of Tipperary and settled in Westport; and of Brigid, who died in her youth. Father John's grandfather, Pat, was married in the home to Mary Duffy (who brother was a hedge-school teacher at Drummin, and known as "Tom Latin"). An "Aunt Brigid" whom I often heard mentioned in Shraugh was an aunt of Father John's and was married

Father John Myles O'Reilly (Shraugh). Ordained in 1888. Served in Sydney, Achill, Carna, Tourmakeady, Aughamore, Moore, Williamstown, Monivea, Glenamaddy and Bekan; claimed to be the greatest living authority on the Irish language



to Johnny Maxwell of Ballyhip. Another aunt was married to Austin McGing (father of "Faction" McGing, Westport).

After this short introduction on the genealogy of the family, suffice it to mention that Father John was born at Shraugh in 1863. He received his early education in Kilsallagh National School, then at Saint Jarlath's and he also spent some time at Blackrock College. He entered the college at Maynooth about 1881 to study for the priesthood. Here he was sought out by other students who were similarly bent on advancing the Gaelic culture and language which John had inherited in the home at Shraugh. One of the students, Eoin O'Growney, attached himself closely to John because of the excellence of his Irish, as did another enthusiast, Peter Yorke. In later years as Vicar General in Los Angeles, where Father O'Growney died in 1904, Yorke wrote in his reminiscences: "During that first winter my recollection of O'Growney is that he was studying Irish. I think it was that year the "Gaelic Journal" was published. In the Tuam 'batch' John O'Reilly, (that is the Father O'Reilly who lately preached his friend's funeral oration at Maynooth), was an enthusiast. I remember he was at that time compiling an Irish dictionary. After a great deal of red tape, we got permission to contribute to the 'Gaelic Journal'. I remember O'Growney was very keen after O'Reilly because of the excellence of his Gaelic. There certainly was in that winter quite a lot of interest in Gaelic".

It appears that John asked for his exeat from the college when he ran foul for correspondence with a nephew of the Archbishop of the time, Doctor McEvilly. A nephew of Cardinal Cullen, a Doctor Moran, Archbishop of Sydney,

took John into his diocese and he was ordained in Dublin in 1888. According to his brother, Martin, the Ordination took place at Clonliffe College (which had been built in 1860 by Cardinal Cullen).

When he arrived in Sydney, he was appointed as secretary to Cardinal Moran. From some contributions which he made to the "Gaelic Journal", one entitled "A voice from Australia (Vol. iv, 201), and "Dis-harmed imprecations" (Vol. vi, 199) we glean many interesting facets of his early priesthood. While in Australia, he wrote a hymn to Saint Patrick, "Céad Slán do Naomh Pádraic, Ard Aspol na Fodhla, (Vol. iv, 118) and another called "The Language of the Gael". In acknowledging these two contributions, the editor of the Journal, Eugene O'Growney, wrote the following. — "We have much pleasure in transferring this characteristic article and poems written by one of the raciest Gaelic writers and speakers it was our privilege to know".

Father John, however, did not enjoy good health in Camperdown, Sydney, and his doctor advised him thus: "If you remain here you will not live very long, but should you return to your native clime, you could live to a ripe old age". John took his advice, and having packed his bags, he set sail for Ireland in 1896. It appears that he spent many months on forlough in and around Louisburgh, until a deputation of the townspeople made representation to Archbishop McEvilly when he was confirming the children at Louisburgh about 1897. The Archbishop accepted John into his diocese, and appointed him at the turn of the century to a curacy at Achill on the princely sum of forty pounds a year. After a year there he went to Carna. He was stationed at Tourmakeady in 1904, when he was chosen to preach the panygeric at Maynooth on the occasion of the arrival of the mortal remains of Father O'Growney. Doctor Mannix, later to be Archbishop and Cardinal in Melbourne, conducted Father John to the pulpit before a vast crowd of priests and people in the college square. Doctor Douglas Hyde, who was present, recorded the length of the sermon at twenty-nine minutes: "Thug an tAthair Sean O'Raghallaigh as Conndae Mhuigheo seanmóir ghonta uaidh do mhair naoi noimead fichead. Thug sé diabhlughadh do'n choláiste, agus fogha faoi á rádh go raibh an tAthair Ó Gramhna nios crionna ná iad go léir".

We know from various letters written by him to his friend Father "Pa" Moran, P.P., of Galway diocese, that Father John spent six years as curate in Carna, County Galway, from about 1898 onwards. In one letter John sought the assistance of Father "Pa" to speak on his behalf to

various civil and education authorities so that he might secure the Regius chair of Irish at Galway University. Father John's letter reads thus: "As an old campaigner with plenty of scars of battle on his back, for in the back and from the dark he has been always struck by the cowardly enemy who feel safe that no blow could be returned. Get me the chair of Regius Professor of Irish in Galway, and I'll correct fellows — and direct".

Alas, Father John did not sit on that chair, but instead it was filled by Professor O'Malley. Writing in the "Mayo News" later Father John is referred to by the writer, James Berry of Carna, as the man who introduced the professor to him in Carna. He writes: "Last June I had the honour of being introduced to Professor O'Malley by a mutual friend, the learned, energetic Father John O'Reilly". (p. 117 Tales of the West). All this time Father John was closely involved in the pastoral work of his parish in an area where people lived in out-of-the-way places. In one of his letters about this time (1912) he writes: "I am still the same zealot. But have you known the . . . (Archbishop's) regime in this diocese? He huddled hell year after year on my back, precisely to make it literally impossible for me to have a moment to myself. He kept me ever banished from one Siberia to another, always at the points furthest from the most rudimentary civilization. You should see the beggarly, churlish letter he supplied me giving leave to go and preach the O'Growney panegyric. You may see it yet. It is of course true that he was "environed" with deadly jealous asses". According to Tuam Diocesan Records, he was in the following places between 1905 and 1915 — Aughamore, Moore (two years), Williamstown and Monivea.

One of those "Siberias" to which he was sent, was Glenamaddy from 1915 until the year 1921. He was all this time deeply involved in the Irish resurgence, and was a regular visitor to Pearse at his Ros Muc cottage and on platforms where culture and the language were concerned. He entered into a controversy with Canon Peadar O'Leary the Cork author on the subject of Irish grammar and syntax. Dealing with this, he writes from Glenamaddy to Canon Moran as follows. "Cuim O'Leary has ever been a thing stark, hateful, and contemptible to me, tho' of course I would give him to eat if he was hungry. — I have a book as big as the "Native Speaker", apropos of the "Déanta in Eirinn", with a worthy amount of flail in it, ready, but what's the use? I doubt if three priests in the whole West ever bought my book "The Native Speaker". Most of the western critics would delight in seeing me mocked and scorned, and to say the South fellow did for me, as if the the asses West

or South knew a straw of what the matter was all about. The West's cause suffers much from want of high-placed men. Pa, do you think you could make me a cardinal? that's when the asses would bray me up! And my poor words would carry".

Before we move on to his last curacy at Bekan, let him tell of the humiliation he endured under two bishops. In an undated letter Father John writes with humour. "The Archbishop got frightened it might come to be thought by Louisburgh there were two great fellows from there. He must show there weren't. And the way of ways to show that was to send the 'other fellow' into Clare Island where he'd have to pass through Louisburgh and let the town see who was the one and only great fellow from Louisburgh, and what he could do with 'young Pretenders'. Had he ordered me to Aran or so, it would be bad, but Louisburgh would not see it. Clare Island was the ticket. The Archbishop couldn't refrain from humiliating me at a Conference — 'fellows going to Maynooth reading papers! Fitter for them to shtop at home. I said to myself, I'd put them riding their buy-shtickles in the sea". This apparant jealousy of his Superiors towards him became the bane of his life, and indeed could have contributed to his being soured by the lack of opportunity afforded to him in his devotedness to the Irish language. In fact one could sum up Father O'Reilly's life as being one long life of devotedness to the Irish language, and one of devoted love and service to his rural flocks.

And so he reached a district at Bekan in April 1921 where for the first time in his priestly ministry he would be beside a railway station. He had come in from the Siberian cold. Bekan is a small parish adjacent to Ballyhaunis, County Mayo. All Mayo tinkers came to Bekan to be married. It was deemed to be a lucky place! It was the place where Father John served under Father Freely, whom the tinkers regarded as a lucky priest and the one who could christianize the wildest husbands, and make them for evermore obedient and respectful. In his book "It All Happened", the Kerry school-inspector, Séamus Fenton wrote about Father John. "At the table sat Father O'Reilly, from whose lips shot forth lightning phrases whose sparks bedazzled for a moment. The paternal Father Freely was just the priest to live under the same roof as the author of 'The Native Speaker Examined Home' and other forceful essays: they formed a perfect complementary union. Father O'Reilly hailed from that interesting region between Cruagh Phadraig and the Western ocean".

These sentiments were expressed in a letter written by the late Professor of Irish at Maynooth, Donnchadh O Flynn.

"Father O'Reilly contributed to many articles to Western provincial papers e.g. "Tuam Herald", and "Connacht Tribune". I did not know Father O'Reilly myself, but my contemporaries in the Diocese of Tuam did, and I have often heard them speak about him as a most interesting and lovable character".

He was on a visit to Shraugh prior to the ordination of his nephew, Father John O'Reilly one time Professor in Saint Jarlath's, and Father John Heneghan, his cousin (R.I.P.). They decided before the holidays were ended to do a cycling tour of Connacht. They called to the Imperial Hotel in Castlebar for a light repast. Patrick Pearse had been presiding at a Feis in the town at the time. When they were about to resume their journey, Father John Myles encountered Pearse in the foyer, they exchanged greetings being energetic members of the Gaelic League. He brought Pearse into the dining-room to meet the junior members. He requested Father John Heneghan to sing "Jackets Green", as he had a good tenor voice. Pearse listened attentively in silence, and then he and Father John retired into another room. When they were leaving he told them that they had met a man, who was destined to make history in Ireland in the coming time, that would revolutionise the country. How predictable it turned out. During the fight for Independence while Father John was stationed in Bekan parish near Ballyhaunis, lorry-loads of Black and Tans and Auxiliaries invaded the village, rounding up all the young men and boys of the parish. confining them in a field near his house, prodding them with bayonets and guns. When he saw what was happening he walked down the road, stood in front of his flock, producing a large crucifix, held it high to the gaze of the Officer in Charge. Addressing him thus: "This is a quiet village and I am their pastor. If you mock me and this, (pointing to the crucifix) and my people the vengeance of an all-seeing God will overtake you. The officer, non-plussed for a few minutes, consulted another; and then ordered his troops into the lorries, saying "Good-bye Padre" and drove away. This took place, after they had murdered Canon Magnier of Cork and Father Griffin of Galway, whom they buried in a bog.

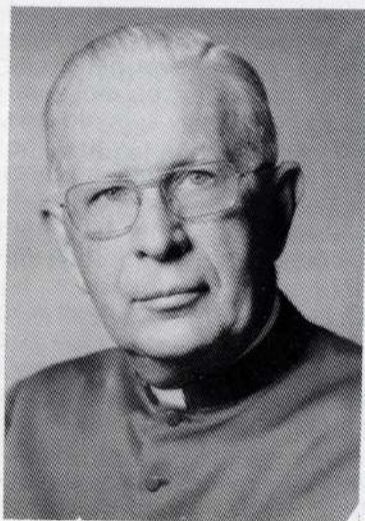
During his sojourn in Australia proselytising was rampant; the proselyters' agents were aggressive, jostling people on the streets to take their pamphlets and tracts. As he was walking up the street one day, he noticed a burly fellow plying his trade. Father John confronted him, and ordered him off. He only jeered. Then Father John divested, taking off his coat, collar and stock, saying as he placed them on the window sill of a shop. "These are only sacred

millinery" and, rolling up his shirt sleeves, proceeded to box him. The people around noticing this, gathered round the priest, and backed him up in a menacing attitude. The agent took flight, and none of them appeared again during his time there. The incident was front page news in the Australian papers, one with a heading. "The Fiery Christian Titan from the Emerald Isle". A Westport priest who was there years after this incident, told me that he was remembered, by the older generation with gratitude and respect. He is remembered and revered in the Bekan parish to this day.

This short and rather scattered biography of a distinguished scholar must of necessity suffer from lack of detail regarding the life and work of Father John. When he died in his seventy-eighth year in 1941, after two months in Castlebar Hospital, on 23rd August, 1941; a splendid tribute to his work was paid by Archbishop Walsh. He lies in a prominent place in the church grounds at Louisburgh under a limestone celtic cross awaiting the Resurrection. Most others made profit by their Irish, and mostly without really having it. Father John certainly had taken the trouble to know it, and his purpose in life was, to save it from its "great natural enemy, the Native Speaker" to quote the preface of his book, Indeed Father John who got the name of "Myles" at his Baptism or Confirmation, had the courage of Myles the Slasher in the chequered career which almost covered a century.

Coolmakeen, Claremorris

Martin J. O'Reilly



Anthony Wallace, born 20th April, 1910 in New York City. Son of Thomas (born Woodfield, Louisburgh, Mayo, Eire) and Nora Dever (born Glenhest, Newport). Lived in Woodfield 1913-1920 with grand parents Anthony Wallace and Mary O'Malley Wallace. Taught by Master John Tiernan in Cregganbawn National School

Ordained priest in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, New York City in June 1938

U.S. Navy Chaplain 1942-1946 and 1950-1961

Pastor of the Mother Church, Westchester County, New York from December 1969 to the present.

Given title of Domestic Prelate on November 14th., 1976

A delegation of Boston cousins came by chartered Bus to New Rochelle, New York, on January 25th when Monsignor Wallace had his Ceremony of Investiture in Blessed Sacrament Church.

KITH AND KIN

We continue this feature with two unusual contributions:

1 — OPERATION ANCESTORS

In order to spark up my English class after Easter vacation last year, I assigned my sixth graders a composition on their cultural heritage. The homework was to extend over a period of two weeks and to entail research on their family history. The purpose? To develop in sixth graders a sense of roots in the past and a knowledge of their ancestry.

Our sixth grade texts — **This Is Our Heritage** (reading), **Before America** (history) and **Neighbors in Eurasia** (geography) — all involved the study of Europe. During our lessons, we had sometimes discussed pupils' European origins, but they had little knowledge of their cultural heritage.

My announcement of the composition assignment met with groans, but the following outline on the board helped to alleviate their fears.

- I. Paternal Ancestors: Names, nationalities, religions, occupations
- II. Maternal Ancestors: Names, nationalities, religions, occupations
- III. My family now: Origin, location, favourite recreations

Little did I guess that this assignment would involve detailed letter writing with grandparents and relatives as far distant as South America, long distance phone calls to Indiana and New Mexico, and an extension of time in order to be able to unearth more information.

On the day the assignment was due, only six papers came in. The other students were still searching. They were discovering interesting facts about their ancestors who came from Europe. Most of their ancestors came from either Germany or Ireland, but others came from England, Scotland, Wales, France, Italy, Austria, and Luxembourg.

Many Germans started farming communities around the Lima, Ohio, area and were among the first settlers in the

towns of Delphos, Glandorf, and Vaughnsville, Grandparents and other relatives still farm in these areas. Some of the Irish worked on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and lived in the East before settling in Lima. The occupation of rail-roading still runs in some families from generation to generation. Other interesting occupations were those of cooper, collier, hotelier, driller, plumber, and carpenter.

One young boy proudly proclaimed that Western civilization was brought to the New World by his Italian forebears. A girl began: "I am me because of my ancestors". Another started: "I never even knew that I was Irish and Scottish till I did a little climbing up my family tree".

Some heirlooms were discovered at home as a result of this research. A plate from Wales brought over by a grandmother took on a new lustre. A wooden chest in a bedroom still bore the name of a grandsire who left Saxony in the nineteenth century. A sword used in the Civil War was also discovered.

Some "skeletons in the closet" were brought out during the oral sharing of the compositions. I had made clear at the outset that the purpose of the assignment was to help children learn about their past and to gain an awareness of what their ancestors had given them. Therefore, they did not have to report anything that was embarrassing. Of course this didn't work.

A boy reported that one of his ancestors was hanged in Germany for being a horse thief. Another relative of noble blood had owned a castle in Germany. When he ran away with a scullery maid, he was disowned by the family. Still another relative had achieved fame by wiring the Statue of Liberty. His fame though was short-lived. The wiring fell apart and he was never heard of again.

Some outstanding ancestors were claimed. One boy insisted that he was a descendant of St. Augustine of Hippo, and also that he had a great-aunt who was burned at the stake in Salem, Massachusetts. Theodore Roosevelt, John Smith, and Thomas Jefferson were proudly called relatives by other children.

Some children ended their compositions with family trees. They began with themselves and moved backwards. Others started in the Old World and moved forward. All, I hope, acquired a new appreciation and understanding of their cultural heritage. Most admitted that their ancestry had been a mystery to them until this assignment. Typical of the class reaction to Operation Ancestors was the following paragraph by twelve-year-old Sally.

"At first I wasn't too interested. It was just another

assignment that had to be finished by the end of the month. When I started, I found it to be more interesting than I thought. When I was finished, I was surprised to know that I was very, very interested. I think that the assignment was a success to get people like me wanting to learn all they can about their ancestors".

Toledo

Sister Jane Anthony

2 — MY PROUDEST BOAST: MY IRISH HERITAGE

Most of the relatives on my father's side come from County Mayo specifically, from the area around Louisburgh. As a child growing up, I heard much about Aitinaveen, Doughmackeown, Furmoyle, Roonith, Curra and Westport, so that I had a fairly good knowledge of place names. To test my memory with reality, and to people these places with real live Walsh-Gallagher-O'Malley-O'Toole-Gibbons-Joyce-O'Grady-Hester-Burke personalities, I resolved that if I ever got the opportunity I would explore my Irish heritage. And so it was that in 1970 through the painstaking research of first and second cousins on both sides of the Atlantic, that I was able to put together the **Genealogy of the Walsh-Gallagher Families**, of which I am very proud.

Through "**An Choinneal**", the magazine of the Louisburgh Parish, I would like to share with all the people of Louisburgh and its environs the information of my **Ancestral 1 Family**.

Sister Mary Walsh

Unfortunately, Sister Mary James' family tree arrived when it would be impossible to have such a copious document reproduced. We hope to do so for our next issue. Meantime we are happy to publish:

3 — A LOVE LETTER

To all the good people of Mayo, especially my dear relatives and friends

Greetings to all of you from the pages of the "Coinneal"! You will see from the **Family Tree** that I am the fourth child in a family of six children born to James Patrick Walsh (Doughmackeown, Mayo) and Margaret Logan Walsh (Ballymeena, Antrim). At Baptism, I was christened Mary Elizabeth, but when I entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Notre Dame, I retained the Mary and added James to my name (the name of my saintly Father, and my Jesuit Brother, Father James). I am known today as Sister Mary James Walsh. Currently, I am a Professor of English and Anglo-Irish Studies at Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A., the first Catholic College for young women in New England.

Both of my parents have gone to God, but they have left to their children a precious legacy of Faith and devotion to the "Old Country" and everything Irish. Both of them were exemplary Catholics whose three loves were these: Love of God, Love of Country, and Love of

one's Fellowman. Ours was a model Catholic home, where Christ was at the centre, and Mother Mary, the Queen! The Rosary was a definite part of our daily lives, said each evening after dinner with Father taking the lead. This was the home that nurtured religious vocations, and taught us our Irish heritage, the history of the Irish people, and the inspired poetry of the Irish Bards. Later, I studied Irish History and Irish Literature, and have since taught both of these in the college here.

At various times during the years, several of my Irish cousins have spent their holidays in the States and have invited members of the family to return the visit. My life-long dream of going to Ireland was realized in 1970, when Emmanuel College released me for the summer to set up a **Study Programme of Foreign Study** with University College, Dublin. I was delighted with the prospect, and so **"I came, I saw, and I was conquered"**. I fell in love with Ireland, and its people and I have come back every three years since.

Without the help of my Irish cousins, I never would have been able to make a dent in my Family Tree . . . Their homes and hearts were open to me, and I have been the recipient, over and over again, of that special brand of Irish hospitality, cordiality, and graciousness, that cannot be matched anywhere in the world. My deep gratitude goes to Mick Gallagher of Aitinaveen, his wife, Margaret; his mother, Brigid, his sister, Bridgie (Mrs. Lyons) and her husband, Redmond whose research and generosity I can never measure. To Mr. Edward (Ned) O'Malley of Dublin, and his wife Breda O'Malley, who housed me in their lovely home in Monkstown, and took me on so many trips throughout Ireland. I am sincerely grateful. To Father Charles Scahill, P.P. of Balla, Mayo, who chauffeured me around Lousburgh and its environs, and introduced me, in the first place, to all my loving cousins of Mayo, I owe a great debt of gratitude and appreciation. Wherever I went, or wherever I stayed — in Aitinaveen, the home of my paternal grandmother (the First Brigid Gallagher) — in Furmoyle at the home of the Lyons's — in Louisburgh, Doughmackeown, Feenone, Aillemore, Curra, Roonith, Cahir — I experienced such warmth and thoughtful kindness that I felt "like a child of the house".

I can never thank all these good people sufficiently, but I do want you to know that you are thanked every day in my prayers before the altar of God.

This "Love Letter" is for you and your children, and your children's children, from one who is very proud of my Irish background, and proud, too, to be one of **you!**

God bless us all with his superabundant grace — prosperity, health, and happiness, to carry on the work of the Walsh-Gallagher Clan in this world, and in eternity!

Your loving cousin,

Emmanuel College, Boston

Sister Mary James Walsh

ANNAL REVIEWED

The June heatwave of 1967 found the two of us camped on Caher Island, looking forward to three weeks of splendid isolation. I had discovered the delights of holidaying on uninhabited islands through a spell of solitary on Inish-vickillane — the remote outrider of the Blaskets that Mr. Charles Haughey has since purchased. But this was Ethna's introduction to the sport and it has seemed a good idea to begin with an island she had seen from the top of the Reek and often wondered about.

We had scarcely settled in to living with the seals when there came the sound of an engine and a hail from the sea. Chris O'Grady, who left us in to Caher, had returned to tell us that Father Pat Prendergast had organised a pilgrimage to the island. Since the weather was holding steady and a flat calm was needed for the landing, we could expect the visitation next day.

Father Prendergast had been sunbathing at Roonagh Pier when we were loading our gear onto the boat and we had talked about Caher and its monastic settlement. He told us of the pilgrimage of 1963 and wondered if it might be possible to arrange another while we were on Caher. Since so much depended on the weather, it had all seemed just a possibility and no more than that.

As I cleared away the grass in the ruined chapel and Ethna picked wild flowers for the altar, we were not sure what to expect. Certainly not the armada of boats that converged on the island next day. They came quite literally from every point of the compass — from Bofin and Turk and Clare Island as well as from the mainland. The scene as the pilgrims landed and as the elderly and frail were helped from the currachs was one that will stay with us always. As Father Prendergast wrote in "An Choinneal" that year, it was a pity an R.T.E. camera could not be at hand to document a sight almost Biblical in impact.

The memories recalled for me by Father Prendergast's article show "An Choinneal" in its role as annal — as the community's own diary to which Kilgeever confides the feel-

ings and events it wants on record. Who, for example, could have experienced The Big Flood and not want to keep the 1975 issue? Micheál Ó Briain's report was a model of vivid narration. Reading it again, I can hear the rush and rumble of the river beside the house and feel the wet pyjamas at my ankles as I tried to dig a moat around the door.

In another role, "An Choinneal" has been a careful monitor of what is written about Kilgeever. Nowadays, perhaps, it shows a more confident tolerance than on some occasions in the past. In the 1963 issue, for example, the editorial gave a prickly reception to a piece an **Economist** correspondent had written about emigration from the parish. At the same time, "An Choinneal" used the article to prompt a forum of debate in the following issue. That was just one example of the straight but mannerly discussion that has emerged in the parish in response to its problems — as in the later controversy over whether or not to "go Dutch".

One important strand of thought in that controversy was the likely impact of such a massive foreign tourist development on the social traditions of the parish. As "An Choinneal" said in 1973, the project might seem full of economic promise, but those who opposed it felt it would be "not just an intrusion into their private life: it will much more be an unfair challenge to a way of living; a vulgar over-riding, by sheer force of numbers and money, of the life-style of a people which has been developing from the roots for perhaps three thousand years. They will see it as monstrous that cement should be poured on these roots; that a culture as well as an area be tarmacadamed . . ."

A culture under siege, not merely by speculative development, but by everyday media whose values are essentially urban, is bound to become self-conscious. It needs to be self-conscious, or its loss will be marked too late. When I was younger, I might have held patronising reservations about the weight of local history, tradition, placenames, vocabulary that appears in "An Choinneal", seeing it all as the deadweight of nostalgia. Now I am old enough to know that change and progress are not always the same thing, and I find great value in these cultural cards of identity, as well as great enjoyment. Who would exchange the sheer vigour of language, the piercing metaphors, to be found in "Saying It With Starch" for the homogenized, mid-Atlantic English of our urban middle classes?

It was a wise thought to open the journal to the oral history of the people, taking the story of an event as it is remembered or transmitted locally, without insisting that every detail be verified from written archives. The "wasting" of Thallabawn, as rendered by Miss Una O'Malley, or the

wreck of the "River Dee" and what became of its cargo, as set down by Mrs. Brigid Gallagher — these may be events that could be checked in the records, but they could never have been written from them. The heart of a story is how it is remembered.

Similarly, it was an inspiration of the editor's in 1973 to take a walk along the coast with Mr. Thomas O'Malley of Kinnadoohey. Between the Killary and Cross, he pointed out and explained the names of more than a score of nooks and inlets. We tend to use names without listening for their meaning, especially, perhaps, when the words are in transition from the Irish. Here at Thallabawn, for example, the sand hills are "the duachs", but not everyone who uses the name would know its origin.

By such creative dealings with memory, "An Choinneal" helps to ensure a future for the past.

Thallabawn

Michael Viney

Index to Five Issues

As in 1967 we print here for convenience a complete index of article which appeared in the five foregoing issues. Copies of the 1967, 1971 and 1973 issues are no longer available owing to the losses in the now historic Big Flood. Copies of 1975 and 1977 issues are available from the Secretary in Louisburgh.

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Recurring features — Letter from Home, Letter from Seán, Keep Your Word, Saying it with Starch, Home-made recipes, Remembering Sion . . . — are not listed in the above index.

Carramore

how can i tell
all that you mean
to me
when i see
in each vision
an illusion
a village spilled
among the hills
secure
demure
and untouched
by pressures
and busy milieu
of each day
in L.A.
i look at the ocean
in constant motion
and suddenly
it occurred to me
that a brother sea
in mystery
had helped shape
this me
to be
in love with life
and feeling free

i
i search for life
in many places
and see
in a thousand faces
the reflection
of dreams
taking shape
in the mind
and i remember
a scene so tender
of silver moon
on a roaring shore:
it's peace and love
it's Carramore
the people there
live in care
of the God who planned
the sea and sand
and placed in each
a quiet niche
where friend and foe
could always go
and feel once more
a sense of home.

Margaret McMyler (Carramore)

ii

The sea pounded relentlessly against the black rock
Which stood there as a symbol of Almighty power,
My thoughts ran like the tickling of the great clock
While pondering deeply all I saw during that grand hour.
Then the comparisons began between what I saw and me:
These grand, monumental works of his Almighty power,
The cliffs, the sky, the gulls and the white horses of the sea,
All looked and stared and reminded me of mine own dying hour.
Then my heart warmed to the sight of the warming sun
My thoughts raced along lines of everlasting love and life
Which the Almighty has promised to each of us, his thoughtless sons,
Especially to those who live a life of sorrow or of strife.

Cahir Road

John Heneghan

Bits and Scraps

London-based Dubliner Cornelius Roe, who lost both legs and an arm in a building site accident in 1970, is the latest victim of builders in Ireland. He and his wife should now be in possession of a bungalow near Louisburgh, County Mayo, but the site lies abandoned with only the foundations laid.

"We have long hoped to return to Ireland and with two of the children now based there, we felt the time had come. We bought a site near Louisburgh and signed a contract with a . . . builder last November. The contract specified that we should take possession of the bungalow on May 1 of this year", Con explains. "But when we recently visited the site we found to our dismay that there was no bungalow — just an abandoned plot with only the foundations laid".

— Irish Post
13 August, 1977

The Mayo town of Louisburgh seems to have a special attraction as a law-and-order holiday centre. The Garda Commissioner, Mr. Edmund Garvey, is away from it all in his house there at the moment, while the Director of Public Prosecutions, Mr. Eamonn Barnes, has just returned from a holiday in a house less than a mile from Mr. Garvey's.

— Irish Times
20 August, 1977

By the beginning of this month, the new school band was able to give a community concert. But making music is an everyday accomplishment here. In Michael's house next to us, the children play

pipe and button accordion; in the house after that, the father sings to a piano accordion. It is in this community, if anywhere, that our daughter will take up her grandfather's violin; here, if anywhere, that the battered old family piano we have lugged across the country will actually be played again.

Television is in many houses, not all, and the older, live entertainments endure. Twenty-five, that wily tribal ritual of the West, is played one night a week at the hotel and every night at somebody's house.

— Michael Viney in Irish Times
26 November, 1977

Rev. Sister Gregory Lohan, Principal at the Sancta Maria Secondary School, Louisburgh has celebrated the Silver Jubilee of her Religious Profession.

A native of Kilkerrin, County Galway Sister Gregory came to Louisburgh in 1962 and was appointed Principal in 1965. She had taught at Saint Brigid's Secondary School in Tuam prior to her coming to Louisburgh.

And to mark the occasion a presentation on behalf of the students at the Sancta Maria was made to Sister Gregory by Emer Gaffney, Gerard Morahan and Geraldine Scanton.

Mr. Vincent O'Loughlin on behalf of the staff, also made a presentation to Sister Gregory.

— Mayo News
2 July, 1977

Louisburgh Tenor plays lead in Galway opera: Michael Hannon, winner of the Tenor of the Year award 1975 plays tenor role of

Bits and Scraps . . .

Ferrando in the Irish production of Mozart's tuneful and humorous opera "Cosi Fan Tutte". October 9th—16th.

— Mayo News
1 October, 1977

In reading the accounts of the auctions of the contents of the big houses in Ireland in the 1780 period one is often surprised to learn that many houses were surprisingly spacious and very well furnished. In the Dublin Evening Post of March 13th, 1784, there are details of a house in Old Head, County Mayo, that contained a hall, two parlours, six bed chambers, a pantry, two garret rooms, a servants' hall, housekeeper's rooms, dairy, wine and beer cellars. Nearby was a kitchen with a hot hearth, ovens, a larder, a brew house as well as two large rooms for servants.

In the yard was a double stable, coach house for four carriages, a steward's house with two rooms and in the top storey was a granary, barn and hay loft. Such establishments with the lands attached could only be maintained by a great number of servants and labourers and the advertisement for the Mayo house also mentioned there were several adjacent villages to supply the necessary staff.

— M. J. Kelly
in *Biatas*, September 1977

From the bend at the top of the hill where the big strand comes into view there begins a community of some twenty-six houses, scattered through the townlands to the corner of Killary. Twenty years ago, there were just two houses

sending children to school — eight children between them. Today, about half the houses have children for the mini-buses: about forty of them for the new central primary school at Killeen and the secondary school at Louisburgh. It has been quite a recovery from the missing generation, the bachelor homes of the long depression.

The new primary school, with four teachers, stands up from the bare bog with all the brightly innocent geometry of a drawing by Klee. Our daughter, nearly nine, took to it without hesitation. She had been lucky in Dublin to be taught in a class of only forty-two children. Here she does far better, in a combined class of twenty-four.

The teacher is exactly what we hoped for: committed, traditional, with a strong mind of her own and happiness to spare. Any fears I may have had about comparative levels of application between Dublin and rural Mayo turn out to be foolish urban snobbery: even repeating third class, our daughter is kept at full stretch.

Musical community

She is also, at long last, able to carry a tune. On her second day at school she arrived home with a tin whistle. Within a week, she had the first, faltering notes of "Fainne Geal an Lae". And it is with sheer incredulity that I now hear her threading her way, like some earnest Victorian contralto, through lines like these:

**"Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy waters;
Break not ye breeze thy chain of repo-o-se!"**

— Michael Viney
in *Irish Times*, 26 November, 1977

Mr. Frank Carney, a native of Mill Street, Westport, who died in Dublin at the week-end made his last visit to Westport in March of this year. The purpose of his brief visit on that occasion was to accept an invitation from Louisburgh Drama Group, to attend their production of Mr. Carney's once controversial play, "The Righteous are Bold", in the Parochial Hall, Louisburgh.

— Mayo News
17 September, 1977

According to Thoreau wherever men have lived there is a story to be told and it depends chiefly on the storyteller or historian whether that is interesting or not. Reading *An Choinneal* one may well conclude that Louisburgh is a parish of storytellers and historians . . . and their stories are extremely interesting. The copy in this magazine is almost entirely home-produced and one can quickly understand the remark of the Editor. "Yes, there is talent in this parish and we are happy to give some of that talent an opportunity to express and display itself".

Appropos of her thesis on page 58. Mrs. Kathleen Golden sent this story:

There was an old doctor, greatly loved by his patients, but who absolutely refused to retire although he was getting on in years. There was great speculation as to his age. One sad day the doctor died. This was the patients' chance to find out how old he was. They crowded around his coffin peering at the inscription.

It read:-

Doctor McKinnon,
Departed this Life,
1st November, 1930.
Surgery Hours,
2—4 p.m.
and
5—6 p.m.

The appeal of *An Choinneal* extends far beyond the limits of Louisburgh and those of us who felt that earlier editions contained too few photographs have nothing to complain about. This edition contains forty-five and where else would you find a photograph of Mayo County Council chairman Martin J. O'Toole as an altar boy except in *An Choinneal*?

— Western People
17 January, 1976

At the recent conferring of awards at the Regional Technical College, Dundalk, Seamus Duffy, Roonagh Point, Louisburgh, received a National Diploma in Civil Engineering, as well as an additional award for Best Civil Diploma Student, presented by the Dundalk Company of Ecco Ltd. He is at present studying for his degree in Structural Engineering at Bolton Street College of technology, in association with Trinity College, Dublin.

He is son of the late Martin Duffy.

— Mayo News
26 November, 1977

LETTER FROM HOME

Dear Austie:

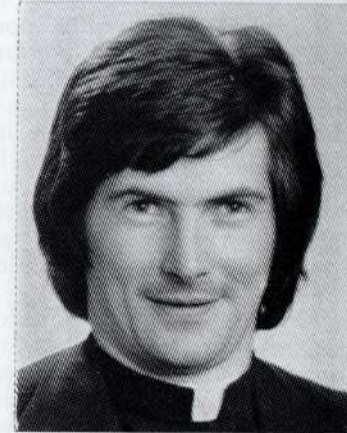
You have settled down well by now, I hope. I never saw you as lonesome leaving home since the first time you went fifteen years ago. Of course I know well what was on your mind. Dadda and me thought she was a very good girl and that ye'd suit each other well whether 'tis to be over there or at home — that she's sensible and serious and still good-humoured not like a lot that's going nowadays. I would not like you to think now that you have cut your stick with home when ye get married. We were all glad that you brought her home for us to see and meet and we all understand that it's the girl should get married in her own parish. Is it in February for definite? If it was a bit out more in the year I might make it; but let that not stop ye. Michael or Tommy Joe or someone will go. Or Eileen maybe. God send ye both luck; ye'll want it all, Austie, and the grace of God, with the queer times that are in it — here as bad as anywhere. I often said in the times gone by that if you got as good a wife as Michael did I'd be happy for you; and I'm thinking now you did. Of course we cannot be sure of anything: "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"; and the old people used to say "Never judge a marriage until they've a hundred of salt eaten together"!

Mrs. O'Brien (Annie) said she had a great night with ye when she was over. Her son, **Doctor Michael** is in Boston, I believe; lecturing. I was wrong when I said **Enda McGreal** was going to America — he's gone to Perth in Australia and is teaching secondary there.

Well you know how I said when you were home that I was keeping a diary of things happening. Well I won't be loading this letter with lists of names and anyway it's a sight easier for me to stick in the diary — má's diary é! — than to be writing out the whole lot again. I haven't all the dates accurate and I'm sure I have left out names — "important names" (as though we aren't all important!) I think people are getting to know now that it's me that's "Mother" and you should hear all the digs I get from those that think their people should be mentioned. The same way, I believe, with the marriage photo's, they won't send them in until it's too late. The devil mend them if they're left out! And everyone coming home says that's the first thing they look for in the "Coinneal", who got married. But I'll put in and leave out

Life Vocations

Father Oliver McNamara son of George and Eileen (Flannery); educated in Louisburgh Boys School by Mrs. B. Hannon and Mr. P. Ball; in Sancta Maria Secondary School and a Saint Patrick's College, Carlow where his uncle, Father Joe McNamara studied.



Father Oliver was ordained by Archbishop Cunnane in Saint Patrick's Church, Louisburgh on 11 June, 1977 and now ministers in Clare Island.



James Lyons, Roonagh Point and



Eamonn O'Malley, Cross and Geraldine Walsh, Belclare at Westport

Middleton

PHOTO FRANK DOLAN

what I think fit in my own letter. As Jack Roache said, God rest him, about the bottles: "I'll fill my bag anyway and devil take the begrudgers"!

Well I'm looking down through the list of deaths in this "Coinneal" and I'm just noticing how many people younger than myself have died since the last one was brought out. **Mrs. Fallon, Sergeant Fallon's** wife was one age with me, she told me when they were here. She died, God rest her, early this year. And isn't it remarkable what nature does, their grandson (I don't know was he **Pádraic** as well, **Mickey's** son) wasn't he in the high-jump and the 3,000 metres for Ireland in the International Student Games in France and Wales last August! And with success. You remember what a great performer **Guard Fallon** was himself; or at least you heard us talk of him. We had a good day again at the races: I'd say if anything it's getting good it is again.

We had a nice television programme about life in the parish — or at least showing-up the difference between life in a city and in a parish like ours. **Mary B. Durkan**, seeing that she's working in Dublin and home at week-ends, was the girl the programme was made about. It was lovely. You'd never believe the place was as nice until you'd see it on television like that. "Survey" was the programme, or at least the series; and this was one programme in the series. They showed Mary B. in Dublin; then back home again. **Séamus** and **Ita** were shown at Sunday Mass, and the choir, and then Mary B. serving in the family pub, and a lovely one of her walking along the shore in Thallabawn. Some said it was Carrowniskey, but wherever it was it was a beautiful scene. **Michael Viney** I told you about that's living in Thallabawn that organized the programme. He's writing an article every Saturday now in "The Irish Times" about how he gave up life in the city to come and live in Thallabawn. And sure, mo léan géar, I thought how many did the opposite!

Talking about television, do ye ever hear a radio programme called "Overseas Request"? People sending messages home from away: mostly England. I heard **Michael Needham** from the Side-over — Culleen, I think — sending a message to his parents one morning from Coventry, and to his uncle and aunt in Doughmackeown, Paddy and Nora McEvilly. And indeed, the lovely cultured way he spoke you could know that, as Big William said, he had the breeding and the training on top of it. Didn't I hear **Mrs. Dan Garvey** who was in Louisburgh long, long ago on that programme another day. Oh yes, and there were a few programmes from Old Head Hotel: "Take me to the Sea-side" was one and **Martin O'Malley** of Tourmakeady, the manager, spoke

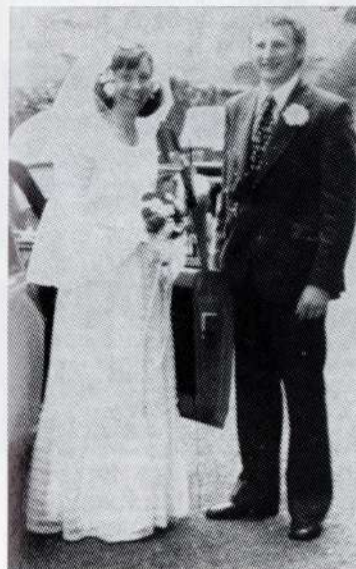


Tom Hensey, Dublin and Evelyn Prendergast, Emlagh in Dublin



Bernard McCabe, Clare Island and Mary Prendergast, Emlagh at Louisburgh

PHOTO LIAM LYONS



Jimmy Egan, Derrygarrow and Mary Carty, Ballydooley, Donamon, Roscommon at Clover Hill Church



P. J. Keane, Louisburgh and Marie O'Grady Cregganbaun at Killeen

PHOTO LIAM LYONS

well about the attractions of Old Head. Then again this Donncha Ó Dualaing had "Highways and By-ways" — a lovely programme it is, too — from Old Head. Just now I think of a few more we heard on radio. **Michael O'Toole** from Innisturk spoke about his studies of deer-rearing in New Zealand when he went out there; and **Father P. J. Sammin** of Carramore spoke on another programme about his work as youth guidance leader in an English parish. He spoke of the great influence exerted on him by poor **Father John Burke** our one-time parish priest. (R.I.P.) **Father Pat O'Malley** of Doughmackeown spoke also on a "Church in Action" programme, paying tribute to the work of some Scots Presbyterians in Milawi (where he is) over a century ago.

And by the way, **Sister Regina (Durkan, Bunowen)** who is Superior in Carysfort Training College is now also a member of the new Advisory Committee on Educational Broadcasting. I saw a photo of her between two bishops at the centenary of the college the other day: if I think of it I'll stick it in.

Well when I haven't mentioned Dadda much you know he's well, thank God. We're all counting the days until the new government's promises are all fulfilled — no rates, no tax, no nothing but grants galore: £1,000 for one that's building a new house. You asked me about houses in Cahir: **Kathleen McGreal**, wife of **Doctor Golden**, is back in Cahir I'm glad to say. They bought **Mrs. Hester's** house. Or were you talking about the twelve new houses that are to be built in Cahir by the Rural Housing Organization soon? I hear a lot of Louisburgh emigrants are making enquiries about them so tell them rich uncles of yours. Or maybe you would convince Irene when ye're married.

I'll be praying for you now Austie, that you'll think well about marriage and what it means. The two of ye should go together now to them preparation courses; because it seems marriage isn't now what it used to be. I won't write again now until after the Christmas. I heard lately how many families are now leaving their home at Christmas and spending that whole week in a hotel. Could you imagine Christmas in a hotel! I just wonder how far they'll go until they begin to turn back. But I suppose we won't live to see it. Still, there's satisfaction to think all you said will come true.

God bless you always Austie; and, if ye're for each other, may God give you and Irene some of the happiness and joy that Dadda and I have together; and the blessing of children as good as ye all were and are.

Your loving,

Mother



Seamus O'Malley, Cloonty and Virginia Gibbons, Cloonlara at Killeen Church
PHOTO LIAM LYONS



Michael S. Kilcoyne, Cregganbaun and Philomena Moran, Castlebar at Castlebar
PHOTO LIAM LYONS



Tom Burke, Ugool and Ann O'Grady, Feenone at Killeen Church



James Scott, Roonagh Point and Nancy Kelly, Donegal at Saint Columba's Church, Fintown, Donegal

John Keane, Devlin and Jane O'Neill, Donard, County Wicklow: married in September 1976

Mother's Random Diary

1975

Christmas — Midnight Mass and Carol Singing.

1976

January — Commissioner Edmund Garvey (husband of Breta Kenny) attended meeting re security matters in London.

January — Mrs. Des O'Leary (Margaret Coyne) — publicity officer for Aer Lingus appeared in television film of Young Scientist of the Year Exhibition.

March — Louisburgh Drama Group presented John B. Keane's "The Field" in the Parochial Hall.

Sale of work in Girls School, Louisburgh: huge success: for church funds.

Father Wallace (of Cregganbawn) celebrated Mass in the Parish Church, Louisburgh.

April — A second doctor has taken up local duty — Dr. Patricia wife of Louis Heneghan (Collascon).

July — Davie Gibbons (Roonith) bought McDermott's Hotel.

Sheep-shearing competitions.

Louisburgh Pattern.

Thallabawn school bought by Tommie Morrison.

Visitors — Father John O'Reilly (Shraugh) from Australia

Doctor Walter Heneghan (Louisburgh) from Newfoundland

Mary O'Malley (The Bridge) from U.S.A.

Sister Pádraic (Sara Durkan, Bunowen) from Uganda

Father John Heneghan and Sheila from U.S.A.

Father Liam O'Toole (Chapel Street) from U.S.A.

Paddy Gaffney (Chapel Street) from Cleveland

Sister John McHale (Main Street) from New Zealand

August — New public health nurse in Louisburgh — Miss O'Connor from Ballyduff, Kerry.

Sir Terence Garvey former British Ambassador to Russia has come to live permanently in Thallabawn.

Doctor Murphy who bought O'Toole's house in Carramore has died.

September — Tragic death of Michael McGreal, Thallabawn, father of four children, in a tractor accident.

Carrowniskey Races.

October — Winner of "Miss Ireland" competition, Miss Jackie Moore, is grand-daughter of Mr. G. Moore retired bank manager who holidays in Louisburgh for many summers.

December — John Cox (Main Street) picked for Connacht Rugby team.

Third-level education students (in training college, university or regional technical college) include: John O'Malley (Main Street) — U.C.G.; John Heneghan (Cahir) — U.C.G.; Tommie O'Brien — R.T.C.; Kieran O'Malley — R.T.C.; Eamonn Keane, Seán Morahan — Drumcondra T.C.; Marie T. Morrison (Bridge Street — Carysfort T.C.; Mary Staunton,



William Keane and Eileen Cannon, Martin Keane, Feenone and Mary Shraugh, Louisburgh in New York Morrison, Killadoon in Killeen

PHOTO FRANK DOLAN

In our last issue these two wedding pictures (above) appeared over inter-changed captions. Our mistake! With our apology we express our renewed good wishes.

Mr. Tommy McHale sends this poem — found on a devotion card, not accredited:

For the promises of Spring,
For the heron on the wing,
For the song the blackbirds sing
Gracious Lord we thank You.

For the Autumn's purple haze,
For the beauty of her ways,
For the fruitful harvest days
Gracious Lord we thank You.

For the Summer's roses red,
For the beauty that they spread,
For the cloudless skies o'erhead,
Gracious Lord we thank You.

For the Winter white and drear,
For the woodlands gaunt and sere,
For the passing of the year,
Gracious Lord we thank You.

For the Truth that sets men free,
For the Love that leads to Thee,
For the Life that is to be,
Gracious Lord we thank You.

Random Diary . . .

Concepta Ball, Rosaleen Love, Brid Kerrigan — all Teacher Training; Rosarie O'Toole — Sion Hill; Myles Mitchell (Dereen); Marina Durkan (Askelane); Patrick McHugh (Main Street) — U.C.G.; Anette Duffy (Chapel Street) — U.C.D.; Pádraic Walsh (Main Street) — R.T.C. and several others.

Called to Nursing — Norita O'Malley (Main Street) and Ann Cox (Main Street), Mary O'Malley (Collacocon).

Degrees conferred — John O'Dowd (Mooneen — Science; Gerard O'Malley (Main Street) — Science; Claire Ruddy (Collacocon) — B. Comm.; Mary Jo and Catherine Duffy — see page ; William Lyons (Main Street) — B.A.

Alexandra Lyons is caring for mentally-handicapped children in Temple Hill in preparation for teacher-training.

Department of Agriculture posts in Castlebar — John Francis O'Toole (Square) and Patrick Cox (Main Street).

Visitors in 1977 — Johnnie and Anthony Durkan (Bunowen); Geraldine Dunne and Una Scanlon (Bunowen); Ann Carr (Ballyhip); Mrs. Jessie O'Leary (Cahir); Mrs. M. Hallinan and Jim; Tommie Glynn.

April — Louisburgh Re-union in Coventry.

July — Martin O'Malley (Manager) elected Chief of the Clan O'Malley at a rally in Old Head Hotel.

June — Fr. Michael Lyons returns from U.S.A. to take up duty in Ballyhaunis. Father Liam Durkan appointed to Innisbofin.

September — "The Golden Years" (Life of Percy French) being prepared by Ballinrobe School: musical director — Sister Francis McMyler.

Further Visitors — Walter and Mrs. Kerrigan from Newcastle; Gussie O'Toole from U.S.A.; Kevin Harney and Mrs. Bridie (nee McNamara) from New York; John and Ciss Trodden (nee McGreal) from England; the sister of Mrs. Kay O'Malley; Mary and Evelyn (U.S.A.), Lizzie (England), Annie — Mrs. Strauss — with her daughter, son-in-law and children (South Africa); Mrs. Betty Ryan, daughter of late Doctor O'Grady, Tooreen; and Mrs. Kitty Bruen (nee Doyle, Bunowen).

A group of young Louisburgh professional men — including Tom Bowe, Walter Fleming, Richard Scott, Martin O'Malley and Pádraic McKeown, and Frank Kehilly (Cork) hired Chris O'Grady's boat for a day's fishing in the bay and then gave away their catch, free, on the streets of Louisburgh. Making a point? Natural resources: fifty mile limit and all that!

October — Adult education lectures in Louisburgh.

November — Louisburgh children won many medals in Castlebar for dancing. They included: Marie Kerr, Elaine McEvilly, Rona Scanlon, Janie O'Malley, Ann Marie Maxwell, Regina Leamy, Coleen O'Malley, Mary O'Reilly, Yvonne McEvilly, Heather McEvilly, Margaret Burns, Breda Nicholson, Helena Morahan and Set.

A request was played for Mary B. Durkan at the request of her pals in Dublin who said Mary B. comes "from Louisburgh, God's own spot"; to which Compere Pat Kenny added "So it is"!



L. to R. Macra na Tuaithe members Julia McNally Secretary, Michael Lacey P.R.O., Mr. John Bruton T.D., Secretary to Minister for Education, Jimmy Egan Club Leader, Brendan Gormley of E.S.B. Sponsors of competition



Anne-Marie Scanlon, Mercy Primary School, Louisburgh, who won the Raftery Cup and Moore's Melody Cup at Feis Chaislean a' Bharragh recently. Her teacher of poetry is Sister Eugene; her singing teacher is Sister Kevin. Also included in photo is her brother Padraic who won first place in the under ten singing competition. His singing teacher is Mrs. McHale, National Teacher.

PHOTO FRANK DOLAN

Congratulations! . . .

— apart from those mentioned elsewhere —

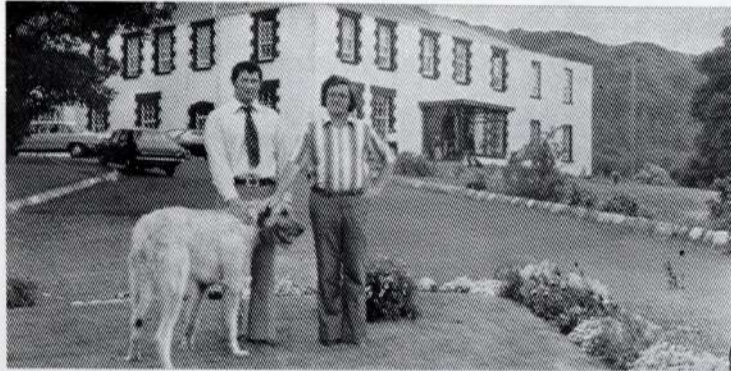
- to *Bishop James Fergus* who retired as Bishop of Achonry having served as bishop there since 1947;
- to *Michael J. Needham (Feenoone) G.S.*, called to the bar in the Supreme Court in July 1976;
- to *Miss Sara Gibbons (Bunowen) B.A., H.Dip.*, who retired from secondary teaching and was recipient of a presentation and well deserved tributes from her staff — colleagues in Westport;
- to *Johnny Mulvey (Collacoön)*, now Connacht G.A.A. Secretary, who retires from being Mayo Secretary after twenty two years;
- to *Padraic Walsh (Main Street)*, captain, and his team-mates who won the West-Mayo under 21 cup;
- to *John O'Dowd (Mooneen)*, winner of the Galway final in the Golden Voice contest;
- to *Michelle Mannion*, grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hannon won first prize in an art competition which had 4,023 entries. Here drawing "Reaching Out", was the cover of the "Galway Advertiser" at Christmas 1975;
- to *Myles Mitchell (Dereen)*, best individual speaker in inter-schools debating;
- to *John Lyons, P. J. McGrath, Micheal O'Brien* and his son *John*, winners of the Junior Chamber of Commerce Question-time competition;
- to *Sister Anne Fergus*, recently qualified as a Froebel teacher in Sion Hill and now teaching in Claremorris;
- to *Canon Charles Scahill, P.P., Balla*, recently appointed to the Tuam Chapter;
- to *Sister Gregory Lohan*, Principal of Sancta Maria, who celebrated her Silver Jubilee of profession in June;
- to *Joseph Murphy (Devlin)* appointed to the National Sheep and Wool Committee of the I.F.A.;
- to the *O'Malley Brothers (Old Head)*, who have built up a most successful construction firm in Galway



Two sisters who graduated from University College Dublin. Catherine who received an Honours Degree in Social Science and Mary Jo who got her B.Sc. Pharmacy. They are both daughters of Paddy and Mary Duffy, Chapel Street, Louisburgh.



Drama Group — "The Righteous are Bold"
L. to R. Paddy O'Malley, Donald Wallace, Bridie McHale, John Tiernan, Emer Gaffney, Michael Gallagher, Father Kieran Waldron, Vera Durkan, Mary Fergus, Mary T. Hegarty, Rose Donnellan, Michael O'Malley



Martin O'Malley and Donncha O'Duiling outside Old Head Hotel on the occasion of Radio recording from the Hotel

PHOTO FRANK DOLAN

The Irish of Clinton

(Tune: The Boys from the County Mayo)

1.

Now the Irish of Clinton came mostly from Mayo
 From Louisburgh the town near Croagh Patrick the blest
 Carrowniskey, Aillemore, all are villages haloed
 Ballyhip, Carramore, Derrygorrow the blest
 From Fermoyle to Falduff and from Roonith to Mooneen
 The Creggáns, Roonkeel and Old Head, Askelaun
 There's Leachta, Kilgeever, Shranaluseth and Killeen
 Doughmackeon, Mullach, Shraugh, Thallabawn.

2.

Lads that came from Bunowen wed lassies from Culleen
 From Devlin, Lecanvey, Clare Island, Shaubwee
 Some came from Aillemore near the chapel of Killeen
 Or from Althore (the absent) looking down on the sea
 Looked for mates from Cloonlara, from Feenone, from Curragh
 From Ugool, from Murrisk, Kinnadoohey and Cross;
 The matches were made Killadoon and Killsallagh
 Innistegil and Durlas, Collacoan and Pulgloss.

3.

Yes, they came here to Clinton, to Worcester, to Boston,
 New York and Chicago, North, South, East and West
 Their families established and no love ever lost on
 Position or wealth — education was best!
 Soon doctors and lawyers and teachers galore
 In business and banking and arts they excell;
 They're dentists and writers, politicians and more
 — And their soggarts — expected to save them from hell.

Berlin, Mass.

John P. McGrail

ACTION REPLAY

Happy memories, happy days and years were those spent under the loving guidance and admirable teaching of Annie Philbin (Mrs. Patten). Hail to you Mrs. Patten from all of us and from many others who benefited from your sympathies. We too sympathized with you as the wind often protracted your "slavish" pedalling on the road from Louisburgh to Tully. (Surely your labours must be those of love!) Remember "the upward push" especially from the "Lodge" brae, the many mornings you had to enter your one-roomed school by an artificial gangway, thanks to the generosity of the flooded river! How excited we used to be (because we were sure of extra playtime or a lull in study) to see visitors arrive, clergy, cigire and especially a big handsome Gárda whose duty was to check the attendance register. We say hello to him, he can thank us for you — now his devoted wife.

To my classmates and friends wherever you may be, I say "Hello". To the O'Malley's and Ralph's (Laugha), Kilcoyne's and Grady's (Tully), Joyce's, Cannon's and McConnell's (Shraugh), Kitterick's and Donnelly's (Dereen) and Maxwell's (Ballyhip). Wings of remembrance fly me to places where some of you are now settled and earning a living — New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Thailand, Korea (where John Kitterick R.I.P. died while serving with U.S.A. Forces) London, Birmingham, Wigan, Dublin and Mayo.

Remember our exploits — pinching sods from Peter's turf-stack to make up the quota for the school fire, refreshing ourselves with sweet turnips from neighbours' fields; or whipping cherries from Harry and Honnie's garden fence; or with drinks from the banks of the Tully river, or crossing the current there (after donning shoes and socks if we were affluent enough to possess same) to "booh" the traffic — frequently a noise-jibbing donkey who refused his owner, Tommy Tony (O'Malley) of Falduff, to cross the bridge until the noise abated. How amazed we used to be at the hunting

party — Lord and Lady Harman with their sons, Gerry and Nickey and their obedient dogs.

How we eagerly looked forward to the "Stations" and anticipated an invite to the well-stocked tables of the particular house along the route. Those of us who had to "shanks' mare" it for miles kept a wary eye out for the "Lougha Express" going to town.

Tommy Gibbons and his horse and cart were more of a traveller's dream than the "Jumbo" is now! Those who managed to get on board were lucky as Tommy never "braked" when we jumped on or off. With rough surfaces and numerous potholes (Pat had missed patches here and there!) and the galloping horse as he belted towards town, seat-belts would be hindrances towards quick descents.

Then home we would go to tell of the day's events, await our evening chores, complete our homework, make the circle after supper for the family Rosary, and then to dreamland to await another school-day.

Tooreen Road

Delia Coen



Tully National School 1949.

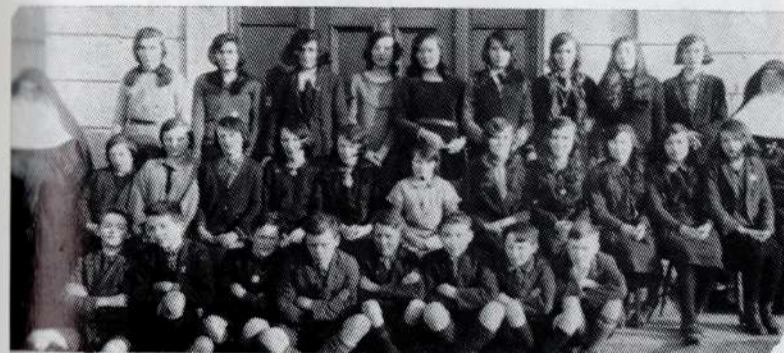
L. to R. (standing) Mary O'Malley, Teresa Kilcoyne, Kathleen Cannon, Vera O'Malley, Joe McConnell, John Kitterick, Tommy Joyce, Miss Philbin, Michael Joe O'Malley, Dennis McConnell, Seamus Grady, Patrick Donnelly, Mary Kitterick, Mary Joyce, Mike Maxwell, Delia Maxwell, Vera Cannon, Chris McConnell, Paddy Joe Cannon, Vera McConnell. Sitting L. to R. Joe Grady, Mary Donnelly, Bridie Grady, Josephine Cannon, Bridie Kitterick, Martha Joyce, Brendan O'Malley, Paddy Ralph

Museum Pages



Accony School 1928.

Back row L. to R. Michael McKeown, Mikie Lyons, Petie Scanlon, Christina Gibbons, Bridgie Keane, Molly Prendergast R.I.P., Mary Prendergast, Cissy Burns, R.I.P., Dick Prendergast R.I.P. Second Row (standing) L. to R. Bridgie O'Toole, Nora Gibbons, Kitty Prendergast, Mary McKeown, Tessie Prendergast, Evelyn McHale, Patricia Gibbons, Katie O'Toole R.I.P., Thomas O'Donnell. Third row (sitting) L. to R. John Joe Prendergast R.I.P., Pat Joe Prendergast, Mary Keane R.I.P., Nora Kerrigan, Nellie McEvilly, Violet Scott, Clementine Morahan, Bridie Duffy R.I.P., Sadie Gibbons, Margaret Keane, Margaret McEvilly, Pat Prendergast R.I.P. Front row L. to R. Jack Morahan, Richard Prendergast, Jim Prendergast, Mrs. Mary O'Toole R.I.P., Oliver Morahan, John T. Morahan R.I.P., Mikie Prendergast, Dick McHale, Geoffrey Gibbons



Lonsburgh Secondary School 1931-1932.

Back row L. to R. (standing) Mother Alphonsus, Chris Keane, Margaret Heneghan, Margaret Philbin (R.I.P.), Mary Durkan (R.I.P.), Bridgie O'Malley (Keane), Molly O'Malley, Salome Lynch, Maureen McNamara, Katie O'Malley, Sister M. Dymnna (R.I.P.). Middle row (sitting) L. to R. Ellie Berry, Annie Fergus, Sara Berry, Chris Joyce, Gretta McGreal, Mollie Scanlon, Lizzie McNamara, Mary O'Donnell, Josie O'Malley, Bridie Duffy, Annie Philbin. Front (sitting) L. to R. Joe Kilcoyne, Paddy Scanlon (R.I.P.), Tony McNamara, Eddie O'Malley, John Sammin (R.I.P.) Paddy Sheridan (R.I.P.), Eamon O'Malley, Marty Duffy



Louisburgh Boys School — late nineteen-twenties

Back row L. to R. John Joe McDonnell, Marty Duffy, Anthony Philbin, Johnny Mulvey, Eamonn O'Malley, Willie McNamara, Anthony O'Donnell, Mr. John O'Toole N.T. (R.I.P.). Middle row L. to R. John Kerrigan, Tony McNamara, Eddie O'Malley, Tommy Duggan, Tommie Glynn, Petie O'Malley (Askelaun), Peter O'Malley (Cahir), Eamonn O'Donnell. Front row L. to R. Tony O'Malley, Molly Harney, Andy Harney, Kevin Harney, Tommie Harney, Seamus Durkan, Tommie Geoghan, Paddy Keane (R.I.P.)

Blooming at Ninety-four!

Mr. Austin Carr (Ballyhip) is still hale and hearty in Framingham — and “rejoices that a Louisburghman bought McDermott’s Hotel”. His daughter Ann writes:



I'll be glad as always to sell copies of this next 'Coinneal'. My Dad is still doing well: always glad to hear any news from home — and that the smoke is going up the chimney just the same! He will be ninety-four on 18 January 1978, please God, and Pat McNally will be **one hundred and two!** Dad said one day this week “I wonder will I go before Pat? But God’s will be done!” Pat said “We will be on the road together!”

Ann Carr (Framingham)

Apt and witty to the very end! Ann, if they do come together wouldn't it be an idea to leave a tape-recorder between them and introduce the subject of old times. What a dialogue that would be for publication! Renewed thanks for your loyalty. Greetings to our dear old friends. Tell Pat he must really try to beat his mother's record of one-hundred-and-seven!

Amhran Affy Gibbons

It is a deep disappointment that no proper article in Irish has been presented for publication. We would ask competent writers from the parish to see to it in future that this other ancient strand of our tradition is not forgotten. Rather than allow Number Ten into print with such a defect we publish here the following stanzas written, near the beginning of the last century probably, about a local hero, Affy Gibbons, a first cousin(?) of “Johnny the Outlaw”. These stanzas were written down from John (Rua) Gibbons of Aillemore in August 1973 — by candle-light!

1

Seanfhocal agus ní bréag é: coidir is ná taobhaigh
An coimhthíoch má féidir, agus beidh tú níos fearr,
'Sé Affy 'fuaire le léamh é; is fada siar in Éirinn
A ndearnadh éagóir air agus feall.

2

Nach ioma marcach spéiriúil agus cúlóg dhóighiúil gléasta
A thiocfaidh fó do dhéine agus tú 'dhéanamh chun a' bháis!
Mura mbeadh an chinnúint a gheall Mac Dé dhuit, bheadh id
shocraid leath le hÉirinn;
Na gártha beannacht Dé leat is go dteighe tú ar staid na
ngrás.

3

Tá an smóilín milis béal-bhinn faoi bhruach na coille
craobhaí
'S tá 'n ealla ar bhruach Loch Éirne is ní féidir léi snámh:
Tá an gheallach agus na realtaí faoi dhuibheann agus faoi
éclips
Ó d'imigh croí na féile a thug a sway leis as gach céard.

No doubt there is a fuller and more precise version of this poem already in print. Some readers may have heard a translation, the second verse of which was also quoted by John Rua in his early nineties (God rest h'm!):

Many a grand spectator of birth and education
Would hurry to your chamber their last visit for to pay;
But as Providence has hastened your cruel destination
May your precious soul into heaven by angels be conveyed.

Who knows the story of Affy Gibbons and his “cruel destination”?
Could we have it for Number Eleven?

Baptism completed . . .

At home:

The following parishioners have died in the period covered by this issue. May they rest in peace.

1975	9 December	Mary K. McGreal, Doughmackeown
	30 December	Mrs. Brown, Derryheigh
1976	4 January	Seán Morrison, Killadoon
	13 January	Patrick Kilcoyne
	29 January	Brigid O'Donnell, Cahir
	10 February	Brigid O'Grady, Kilgeever
	12 February	Mary Morrison, Killadoon
	12 February	Ann Davitt, Kinnadoohey
	28 February	Joseph Prendergast, Bunowen
	2 April	Catherine O'Malley
	14 April	John Philbin
	6 May	Patrick Flanagan, Accony
	10 May	Austin O'Too'e Doughmackeown
	20 June	Patrick O'Malley
	12 July	Mrs. Catherine Gavin
	19 July	James McDonnell, Thallabawn
18	September	Michael McGreal, Thallabawn
21	September	Thomas Mackell, Bridge Street
	18 July	James Berry, Carrowniskey
	16 August	Thomas O'Toole, The Square
	23 August	James Sammon (John), Carramore
	31 October	Mrs. Angela Moran, Chapel Street
16	November	John O'Malley, Aylemore
21	November	Willie O'Grady, Kilgeever
22	November	Margaret Foy
16	December	Brigid Kitterick, Crickeen
	21 February	Mary Needham, Cross
	17 March	Margaret Joyce, Louisburgh
	4 April	Patrick (Tim) O'Malley, Accony
1977	7 January	David Geoghegan, Derryheigh
	4 January	Patrick O'Malley
	7 January	Sarah Needham, Devlin
	9 January	Ann Ferrins, Furmoyle
	12 January	Anthony Coyne, Cross
	15 January	Ann Walsh, Bunowen
	15 January	Mrs. Annie Ward, Carramore
	3 February	Julia Gavin, Glencullen
	6 February	James Foy, Tooreen
	24 February	James Nicholson, Bunowen
	27 February	Nora Kilcoyne, Furmoyle
	1 March	Michael Scanlon, Furmoyle
	4 March	Teresa O'Toole, The Square
	9 March	Austin Hynes, Kilgeever

1	May	Owen O'Malley, Collacoan
21	May	Brigid Grady, Crickeen
9	June	Mrs. Mary McDonnell, Main Street
15	June	James Grady, Kilgeever
19	June	Annie Grady
25	June	Mrs. Laurena Harney, Chapel Street
12	July	Anthony McLoughlin, Ballyhip
14	July	Ellen O'Malley, Roonith
19	August	Mary Coyne, Chapel Street
21	August	Thomas Burke, Askillaun
30	August	James O'Malley, Legan
11	September	Mary Ferrins, Furmoyle
15	September	Mrs. Annie McHale, Emlagh
27	September	Peter O'Malley, Feenone
1	October	Patrick McNamara, Bridge Street
21	October	Patrick Kitterick, Cregganawoody
4	November	Brigid O'Malley, Feenone

Away from home:

The following former parishioners living elsewhere died since our last issue:-

1975	October	Mrs. Brigid Bourke (nee McHale, Pulgloss) — in England
	October	John O'Malley (Shranacloya) in Blackburn
	October	Anthony Joyce (Carrowniskey) in Connecticut, U.S.A.
	November	Brigid Prosper (nee McDonnell, Main Street) — in Maryland, U.S.A.
	December	James Gibbons (C'oonlara) — in Chicago
	December	De'ia Joyce (Shraugh) — in U.S.A.
1976	January	Mrs. Brigid O'Malley (nee Mitchell, Dereen) — in Boston
	February	Eddie Duffy (Askillaun) — in Coventry
	March	Matt Scanlon (Bridge Street) — in New York
	March	Mrs. Mary Prendergast (nee O'Malley, Ballyhip) — in Clinton, Mass.
	April	Sister Felicitas O'Donnell (Cahir) — in Massa- chusetts
	May	Patrick O'Malley (Furmoyle) — in Castlebar
	May	Thomas O'Malley — in Chicago
	May	Frank McNamara (Louisburgh) — in Castlebar
	May	Mrs. Annie Clisham (nee Geoghegan, Bunowen) — in Clinton, Mass.
	September	Michael Halloran — in New York
	October	Mrs. Mary McHale (nee O'Grady, Kilgeever) — in U.S.A.
	October	James Gibbons (Cregganroe) — in Dub'in
	October	Austin O'Malley (Doughmackeown) — in Boston
	November	Mrs. Stella Heneghan

- November** Mrs. Brigid Mulroy (nee O'Toole, Roonagh) — in U.S.A.
- December** Mrs. Nora Kilcoyne (nee Geoghegan, Bunowen) — in Clinton
- Mrs. Mary Hester (nee Corrigan) — in Clinton
- James Gibbons (Accony) — in Dublin
- Patrick Lyons (Accony) — in Chicago
- 1977 January** Patrick O'Malley — in Chicago
- Mike O'Malley (Collacocon) — in England
- James Lyons (Emlagh) — in Saint Helen's, Lancs
- February** Martin Geraghty (Doughmackeown) — in Boston
- Anthony Gill (Askillau) — in Clinton
- Mrs. Helen Payne (nee Hester, Falduff) — in Chicago
- 1977 March** Mrs. Helen Prendergast (nee O'Toole, Doughmackeown) — in Chicago
- Mrs. Ann Tunney (nee Hastings, Loughta) — in Dublin
- April** Mrs. Ellen Burke, (nee Moran, Falduff) — in Boston
- Michael Flanagan (Kilsallagh) — in Chicago
- May** Patrick O'Grady (Kilgeever) — in Boston
- Mary Lyons Hennigan (Accony) — in Chicago
- May** John Prendergast (Emlagh) — in Chicago
- June** Father Michael Philbin (Carramore) — in Australia
- June** James O'Malley (Bunowen) — in Arizona
- June** Patrick Carty (Falduff) in New York
- July** Agnes O'Reilly (Collacocon) — in Coventry
- July** Mrs. Kitty O'Grady (wife of Patrick Joseph O'Grady) — in London
- October** Sergeant Charles O'Malley (Askillau) — in Dundalk

At Rest

*Shall I lie down to sleep, and see no more
The splendid affluence of earth and sky;
The proud procession of the stars go by,
The white moon sway the sea, and woo the shore;
The morning lark, to the far heavens soar;
The summer roses bud, and bloom, and die,
While life and life's delight for me be o'er?
No! I shall be in my low, silent home
Of all earth's gracious ministries aware;
Glad with the gladness of the risen day
Or gently sad with sadness of the gloom,
Yet done with striving, and so free from care;
At rest — at rest — what better thing to say.*

Louisburgh

Jimmy Mannion

FOLDED TOGA

The tragic news of the sudden death of Ursula McDermott on 9 December, 1975 stunned the school staff and students at 'Sancta Maria'. One of their own was unexpectedly taken from them, and many of them openly wept. She had been teaching right up to the end, and when she sent a message on that morning that she could not attend, nobody was unduly worried — it must be a touch of the common cold that was prevalent at the time. The sad news quickly spread through the parish, and many homes felt a personal sense of loss. She was their friend and benefactor who, for twenty-five years, had given unstinting service as a teacher, so that their children would have the benefit of a second-level education.

She was born in Derryronane, near Swinford, in 1914; attended the local primary school, the Mercy Convent Secondary School in Swinford, and afterwards graduated from U.C.G. with a First Class Honours B. Comm., her B.A. and Higher Diploma. Having taught in Swinford and Ballybofey, she came to Louisburgh in 1950 to join Mother Josephine on the staff of the Secondary School. At that time there were only about twenty-five pupils on the roll, divided into five classes; Intermediate and pre-Intermediate. The two teachers had to teach all subjects on the curriculum. There was no such thing as a free class for preparation and correction of work; and that involved many hours of night work at home. But life was not all work; it had its brighter side too. It was in Louisburgh that she met her future husband, Andy McDermott, of McDermott's Hotel. They married in the summer of 1951 and she took on the task of supervising the hotel, in addition to her school work.

The late Archbishop of Tuam, Most Rev. Joseph Walsh, some time in 1950 he encouraged Mother Josephine to extend the school programme to a full five-year course for boys and girls. The late Joe Blowick, T.D., then Minister for Lands, persuaded C.I.E. to extend the bus service to Killeen to cater for the school. Gradually the number on the roll increased to eighty, and some years later reached the hundred mark. The quota of teachers allowed by Department regulations for this number of students did not provide a teacher for every subject. Ursula found herself having to teach over thirty hours a week, and to take Mathematics, Commerce and Geography with Leaving Certificate and Latin, French, Commerce and Mathematics with the Junior classes.

To say that she entered whole-heartedly into her work would be an under-statement. She took a personal interest in every student, and spared no effort to develop the abilities of every pupil. Realizing the role of parents in education, she was keen to meet them, and advise them to encourage their children to make the most of the opportunity they had.

In the fifties and sixties, jobs were very scarce. During her early years in the school, the majority of the students were reluctantly forced to emigrate after leaving school. To acquire any worthwhile post at home or abroad, one had to produce the Intermediate or Leaving Certificate, and the danger of not making the grade had to be averted. To ensure that such a thing did not happen, Ursula used to take her students for private tuition before the examinations.

But it would be an injustice to say that her interest in education was confined to passing examinations. From her University days in U.C.G., she was a great admirer of the writings of Newman and I often heard her quoting his philosophy: in the staff-room: "Education is the enlargement of the mind not a passive reception of facts Its objective is to prepare the student to fill any post with credit and master any subject with facility". She would like to see the students leave school confident and sure of themselves, the kind of people who would aspire to leadership in later life. A capacity for hard work she regarded as an essential part of training. In her own classes, she always concentrated on the subject in hand, teased the matter out fully, and glossed over nothing.

While cultivating a serious approach to work, she had a very kind and warm personality. Many of the things she said, and the way she said them, were very witty, without being hurtful. She loved repartee, poking innocent fun at others; and enjoyed a joke against herself. As one of her friends said: "She could give as good as she got". I'm sure she is as interested as ever in how the work of the school is going on. It would be delightful to hear her comments now, — but we will have to wait for that for another day!

Her death was a severe blow to her husband, Andy; she was a most devoted and loving wife to him. (How often she prefaced her remarks with the words: "As Andy said") Her sisters will miss her very much too: she always loved to have them here in her home at Louisburgh. The nuns have lost a most loyal and faithful friend, especially Mother Josephine, to whom she was so close for twenty-five years. The school staff and her past-pupils will remember her with affection, and recall with nostalgia many of the good things she said and did.

Ave atque Vale! In iothlainn De go gcastar sinn.

Coolarne

Joseph Moran

MEMORIES of a COUSIN



"Whenever I go to Sufferan
Along the Airy track,
I pass by a poor old farmhouse
With its shingles broken and black"

I like to remember him as he was that summer day in the nineteen-forties; big, healthy, free, happy. He was giving us a lift to the bog in his father's cart, standing amidships with the reins in one hand; and, as we passed by a house that had recently become derelict, he stretched his other arm dramatically towards the empty building :

"I suppose I've passed it a hundred times,
But I always stop for a minute
To look at the house, that tragic house,
The house with nobody in it".

A stranger would have thought it was fun merely, but we who knew him noticed in his eyes, his voice, his face, the pathos which always lingered on the borders of Martin's humour and revealed that lovely care of his for things beautiful, human and local. In a way his character might be summed up in good humour and deep feeling. Now that he is dead it is too easy to pay cheap

compliment — that, as boy or man, he was popular among all his associates. It is true indeed that he was the best-loved of all his well-regarded family — and I believe, best-loved by the family members themselves.

His school-days were, I think, unhappy. Because he did not have the same degree of mental acumen as his many brothers he may well have developed an inferiority complex about education; and school-work for him was a distasteful burden. From morning to evening the school was a cage for this boy who loved the outdoor and seemed to have set his heart and life on the farm. Two typical sayings of his summed up his resistance. One was about the morning feeling: “Whenever I come up Foye’s brae in the morning and see that black gable facing me my heart sinks for the day”. (The school, with its “black — discoloured — gable” was where the Parochial Hall now stands). The other saying had to do with end of day, then at 3.30 p.m.: “How well a fly wouldn’t sit on the long-hand of that school-clock and swing it down to half-three”! Of course one often felt that these were mere schoolboy extravaganzas, calculated to entertain his agreeing and admiring comrades; still, it is no secret that he did resent the system of corporal punishment and fear-psychology which was the norm in Irish schools then.

But there were happy hours. One remembers his ebullience during play-time; always some new story, some new exploit or suggested adventure and — characteristically — the plot for some practical joke which, if it succeeded, was conversation topic for a month. I have another vivid memory, of an inter-village handball league in the school-yard, when he and his brother, Patrick, (now principal teacher in the new school) represented Ballyhip. Martin’s great strength and his *ciotóg* skill were entertainment enough; but his continuous, rollicking comments, asides and directions were still more enjoyable to us onlookers. I have only one clear memory of him from within the school. His class had been given an essay, “Why I like Country (or Town) Life” — one which evoked in us all the competitive spirit of *Town v. Country* encounters on the football field. Our class was working(!) in the desks while the essays were read aloud and I recall one sentence of Martin’s: “The townsman works in the dust and smoke of the city; but the farmer’s work is always out under the blue canopy of heaven”. There was a hush of reverence over the school-room: the eyes of all Kilgeever, Carramore, Askelane and Collacoon, not to mention Ballyhip, glistened with pride; and even an odd Bridge-Street or Main-Street head was shaken sideways in honest admiration, as if to say: “Blue canopy of heaven — well said”! “That’s his father’s phrase”, I thought to myself, knowingly!

“The boy is father to the man”. When he left school — relatively young — Martin retained the same qualities he had as a schoolboy. He retained, too, his love of poetry and of fine

language. He was a tremendous worker: one who really took pride in doing the job well. I clearly remember some challenges in his life then: the challenge of the scythe, for instance. I recall the first full day he spent mowing hay, and afterwards his boyish *gaise*: “I felt six o’clock the morning after, just the same as any morning”. Another challenge was the horse, especially because *Bob* had high and exuberant spirits; but Martin’s courage eventually gained control. The war years caused our two families to be thrown together a good deal, especially at bog-work. They were hard years, as he reminded me later in New York: providing the home-produced necessities of life left us little time for social graces or refined accomplishments. Still, in pathetic ways, his buoyant spirit often came through. He instigated a long-jump competition for dinner-hour in Barr a’Bhaile, with the added prank of a covered-in pit to trap some newcomer on the run-in! And he did learn, and enjoyed, dancing. As was the custom, he usually walked to Mullach from his home and back for Sunday-night dances. It was one such night that his comrades and he left a long stone against the bolted door of a friend in Claggan; yet Martin — typically — later returned alone two miles on foot to remove it, lest it cause damage to someone in the morning.

It always seemed to me that he should never have emigrated; that his life would continue under heaven’s blue canopy. His whole life-style was country: this seemed like expecting a mountain-ash to grow on tarmacadam. Work was scarce at home, of course; and despite his success with *Bob* he did eventually tire of carting turf so often to Louisburgh. In his own picturesque phrasing: “I know every gap and bush from Barr a’Bhaile to the town by heart”! People will say that it was his fate to go; but at least one happy outcome of his emigrating was that in New York he met Mary Tunney of Swinford who soon became his wife. Mary was a good and faithful wife who suited Martin eminently. I had the good fortune of being guest to them and their five children in The Bronx in 1963, and noticed at shorter focus two qualities which I shall not dwell on: his hospitality — typical of the parents and home that reared him — and what I shall call his good Christian living, which oftentimes put me to shame. Still, there in his new, happy surroundings one felt that the mountain-ash was feeling with its roots for home: it was interesting to notice his near-addiction to Gaelic Park, although he literally never had time to play adult football at home; and his home loyalty was most noticeable in his caring for his kinsman, John Gibbons (of Kinnadoohey, R.I.P.), during John’s last, protracted illness. It was noticeable, too, how all Martin’s stories, comparisons, criticisms and hopes inevitably involved the parish where he was born. He had done the required stint of military service, and I recall him telling, individually, of two minor episodes in uniform which revealed this thinking of home. He was in a guard-of-honour for

Cardinal Spellman one Saint Patrick's Day in New York Cathedral: "Up we marched to the top of the church, and where were we halted but in front of the statue of Saint Patrick! I looked up at him and sez I: 'I know you: I saw you before in Louisburgh!'" The other episode was on manoeuvre when their truck pulled up at some country crossroads where one sign read: "Louisburg — 15 miles". "And I said to myself: I wish to God it was!"

For all his attachment to home he wasted no time "pining", and in his work with the New York Edison Gas Company he was respected and repeatedly promoted because the sheer honesty of the man and his will to work were easily recognized. I think it sad — yet in a way beautiful — that, working on a school-grounds once, he stopped to notice how freely children conversed with their teacher during recreation, and lamented that Irish children did not do the same. You felt that he had spent many moments of his emigrant life remembering, questioning, analysing; and the refinement of his thoughts often issued in criticisms which were as unusual as they were unexpected: "We never treated our animals well enough at home; often after a hard day's work the pour out' collie was sent away from the fire and put out for the night". I remembered afterwards the care which he had always taken in feeding and providing for *Bob*.

When he knew that his health was failing he made sure to visit home often. He and Mary had considered changing home earlier, but emigration being what it was they could foresee that their children would later return to America and — pathetically, now — they wanted to be with them. One of his last visits home was for the death of his father, my favourite uncle. I shall forever remember the strong, quiet dignity of Martin's farewell before the coffin-lid was closed. He himself was soon to follow: his great physique had wilted and he died on 5 June, 1973. Tragically for their family, his wife Mary died within three weeks, on 25 June, 1973. May God rest them both!

Those are the memories that his name evokes in me. I have not tried to appraise his life or qualities or the pain that his death brought to his good mother and family. But then, in so many ways, he lives on. I think of him often: when I see a country boy, a prank, a human loyalty, a laugh, a thoughtful emigrant, a hand-ball alley, a school-clock, an honest worker, a *ciotóg* or a finely-turned verse. I think of him, too, when I see a bank of driven snow . . . and I always stop for a minute.

May he again share with his good father "the blue canopy of Heaven"!

Ros Muc

Leon Ó Mórcháin

Committee Reports:

Killeen Macra na Tuaithe

Chairman : John O'Toole

Secretary : Barbara McNally

Treasurer : Annie B. O'Malley

P.R.O. : Julia Mannion

Adult Leaders : Mr. James Egan

Mrs. Marie Keane

Advisory Leader : Mr. George Gibbons

The main highlight of the past club year was the winning of the National Citizenship Award. The project which was entitled "The Youth Look at Killeen of the Past" dealt with four sub-titles (a) land and agriculture (b) ancient ruins and monuments (c) old crafts and skills (d) customs, cures and *prisreogs*.

The principal aim of the project was to revive the history at Killeen and to make it known. We knew that to do this project the older section of the community would be involved and parents and all adults would be given a greater part in the club. From the information we compiled a booklet was published. Copies were bought by parishioners and the National Museum. Copies were also distributed to other clubs.

A Symposium was held to explain and display all the crafts learned by members, they were spinning and weaving, basket-making, thatching, cleave-making and butter-making. The guest speaker was Mr. John Wallace, Education Officer of the National Museum — many distinguished guests were included in the two hundred and fifty that enjoyed a buffet and social and some light entertainment at Old Head Hotel.

Another item in our activities was a First Aid Class organised by Civil Defence. Our instructor was Mr. P. Flanagan. Many members received First Aid certificates.

We were invited to a social and quiz by KILLSALAGH MACRA and they paid a return visit. A basket-ball league was held, also a twenty-four hour fast was organised in aid of "Trocaire". The annual parents social, and children's Santa Party was held.

Lastly the club would like to extend their congratulations to both our club-leaders on their marriages and to the Egan Family on the birth of their son.

Barbara McNally
Julia Mannion

Louisburgh G.A.A. Club

President : Rev. Leo Morahan, P.P.

Vice-Presidents : V. Rev. Canon Fitzgerald, P.P.

Rev. Mr. Searight Mr. Joe Staunton

Chairman : Michael O'Malley

Team Manager : Donal O'Leary

Vice-Chairman : Joe Keane

Groundsman : Basil Morahan

Secretary : Tommy Lyons

Finance Committee : Joe Keane,

Assistant Secretary : Michael Lacey Tommy Lyons.

Treasurer : Michael T. Durcan

In both years, 1976 and 1977, Louisburgh G.A.A. club fielded five teams in the county and divisional competitions — intermediate, junior, under-21, minor and under-16. In 1976 our intermediate team failed narrowly against Ballintubber in the County Semi-Final. Ballintubber later went on to take the county championship. In 1977 our efforts were rewarded with a divisional championship when our under-21 team defeated favourites Kilmeena by eight points in the West-Mayo, final.

The club hold their annual festival each year on the first week in August. Competitions are held in the various grades, including a 13-a-side invitation tournament for Corn Cluain Cearbáin and a set of trophies. Louisburgh took the cup for the first time this year, when they defeated Islandeady in a thrilling final. Islandeady had possession of the cup since the inception of the competition in 1974.

Louisburgh Parochial Hall Committee

Chairman : Donald O'Leary

Treasurer : Peter O'Malley

Secretary : Michael O'Malley

Committee : Mrs. Clem Lyons, Miss Mary O'Malley, Rev. K. Waldron Mr. Basil Morahan, Mr. Seán O'Malley, Mr. John Morahan.

The hall Committee meet once each month and arrange such matters as — hall bookings, insurances, maintenance etc. A total of seventeen committees within the parish use the hall for various meetings, functions and dances. During the past year the games committee has provided facilities for badminton, table tennis, and pool. A notable feature of the year's activities was the revival of "Strict Tempo" dancing which proved very successful with both local people and visitors. A new roof was fitted over the library room in September and plans are well in hand for a complete renovation of the toilet areas and the provision of a large meeting-room-cum-kitchenette on ground-floor level.

Senior Citizens

President : Canon Fitzgerald **Vice-President** : Father Dan Connelly, C.C.

Chairman : Owen McNally, Feenone

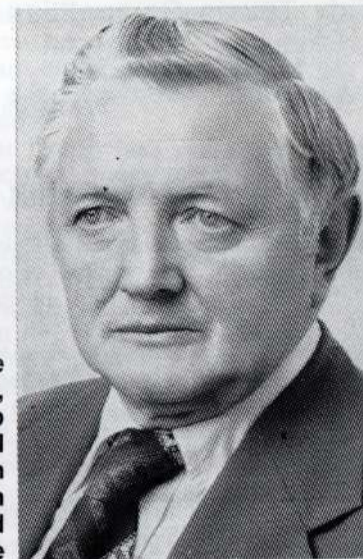
Secretary : Mrs. Vera Durkan, Askelane

Treasurer : Mick Gallagher, Aitinavean

Organisers : Basil Morahan, Thomas O'Donnell and Mrs. Mamie McNally, Mooneen.

A very enjoyable social is held each year in December. The Committee also visit Saint Mary's Hospital, Castlebar each Christmas and take presents to Louisburgh parish patients.

SPEAKING WITH A SENATOR



Editor: Martin J., (I may be expected to call you 'Senator', but our life-long friendship makes it difficult, as yet). All of our readers will wish to join me in congratulating you on your recent election to Seanad Éireann. Could you outline

for our overseas readers what the Seanad is, how one is elected to it, and what are the functions and powers of that house?

Senator O'Toole: Seanad Éireann is the upper house of the Oireachtas and is composed of sixty members, eleven of whom are nominated members and forty-nine elected members. The eleven are nominated by the Taoiseach of the day, six are elected by University graduates and the remaining members are elected on the following panels, Cultural and Educational, Administrative, Labour, Industrial and Commercial, and Agricultural. I was chosen by my party to contest the Seanad election on the Agricultural panel. The candidates on the various panels are voted on by an electorate comprising Dáil deputies and Senators, elected members of County Councils, elected members of Dublin Corporation and Cork Borough Council. The voting system is proportional representation by means of the single transferable vote, and by secret ballot.

Every Bill initiated in and passed by Dáil Éireann must be sent to Seanad Éireann and may, unless it is a Money Bill, be amended. The Dáil must then consider any such amendment. A Bill other than a Money Bill may be initiated in Seanad Éireann and, if passed by the Seanad, must be introduced in Dáil Éireann. All Bills are presented in the Seanad by the particular Minister of each Department or his Parliamentary Secretary (just now elevated to the post of junior Minister) on his behalf.

Tidy Towns Competition 1977

Centre : LOUISBURGH
County : MAYO

MARKS : 150
AWARDED : 92

Population Section C

Effort — community involvement in improving the general appearance.

Whilst most of Louisburgh's buildings are again very well presented in attractive colour schemes, litter control and the appearance of the approach roads are this year seriously deficient. It is disappointing that few of the suggestions made in last year's extremely detailed report have in fact been acted upon. It is suggested that that report be again read in conjunction with this 1977 report and that the remarks be reconsidered by the Tidy Towns Committee.

Tidiness — appropriate placing of litter bins — absence of litter, derelict sites, buildings and indiscriminate dumping.

Litter control has deteriorated compared with the standard achieved last year. Litter and rubble was very unsightly in the verges near the Church of Ireland. There was also a lot of litter at the road junction in the centre of the village. There was some litter in the verge at the bridge and on side roads the problem was serious. Despite last year's appeal for more regular emptying, this year many of the litter bins at the time of adjudication were filled to capacity. Rusty corrugated steel roofs remain a problem and the derelict building near the bridge is again unsightly.

Presentation of buildings — shops, business premises, factories, historic and public buildings, etc.

It is good to see that a lot of the excellent traditional shopfronts continue to be well maintained. The Fire Station is again freshly painted this year, but the Church of Ireland grounds are still overgrown. The Catholic church and its grounds are reasonable and the Convent nearby was excellent. The Garda Station was reasonably presented and this year its grass had been trimmed. Harney's Garage was good and McDermotts Hotel was very smart in a new paint scheme. The Hotel Clew Bay had also been repainted recently. Generally indeed, business premises were again very well presented and among those which especially caught the adjudicator's eye were

Marks

** *

35 22

20 9

20 16

Q. In point of fact I believe we should congratulate you more on the many years you have spent in the public service of the people of our county, especially of our locality. Can you please describe briefly what your political career has embraced?

A. When I entered politics over twenty-two years ago as a member of Mayo County Council I was anxious to play a part in bringing about worthwhile development on various fronts. The improvement of our road network system in the county was one of my principal concerns. The health services were then the concern of County Councils and with my fellow councillors I worked hard to ensure that Mayo did not fall behind in the provision of modern hospital buildings. We campaigned incessantly for up-to-date equipment for our hospitals so that patients could avail themselves of specialized services. Our efforts resulted in a forty-bed maternity unit at the General Hospital in Castlebar, a new home for geriatric patients in Castlebar, welfare homes at Claremorris, Westport and Belmullet and, on the psychiatric front, a new admission unit, Saint Teresa's, in Castlebar and a domiciliary treatment programme for outdoor patients.

I was particularly anxious to ensure that the Council's subsidiary bodies, the Vocational Committee and the Committee of Agriculture would play an effective role in the development of educational and agricultural facilities. The number of new vocational schools in the county in the past fifteen years bears testimony to the effectiveness of the former; and I am satisfied that the Agricultural Committee, of which I have the honour to be Chairman, has played a major role in improving farming methods and increasing production throughout the county. The development of the county's fire-fighting services was also dear to my heart, as was the provision of facilities which would benefit tourists and natives alike. These special interests apart, I saw my role as one of keeping a watching brief for the constituents of my electoral area over the years.

Q. Was there any one of the many posts you filled which gave you most personal satisfaction; and why?

A. It would be difficult to single out any one of the posts which came my way in recent years. I felt tremendously honoured when I was unanimously selected as Chairman of Mayo County Council which still remains the premier development agency in the county. Other positions which gave me much personal satisfaction were my selection as Chairman of Mayo Committee of Agriculture and Chairman of the Mayo/Galway Regional

P. Morrisson, J. Morrisson and M. Durkin. The Bank of Ireland was pleasantly in keeping with the town-
scape.

Presentation of natural amenities — open spaces, village green, river bank, foreshore, park, trees, flowerbeds, etc.

The open spaces on the Westport approach need more regular trimming, and the road edge is somewhat ragged. The river area would still benefit from improvement. Planting this year is very good at the Grotto.

Appearance of approach roads and verges, streets, Again, verges had not been trimmed at the time of adjudication. The fencing on the Killadoon approach is quite tatty in appearance and on the side road behind the national school verges were badly overgrown. However, near the Catholic church kerbs and verges have been weeded. The Leenane approach had not been trimmed, and there was also tatty fencing and the beginnings of a dump in the verge.

Presentation and appearance of residential areas, including their open spaces.

Housing is again very good and individual property owners are to be congratulated on the excellent standard of presentation. One example, again at random, is the house between Morrisson's Keane's. 'The Sycamores' was attractively painted this year.

Presentation of street furniture on roads, car parks, kiosks, post boxes, litter bins, village pumps,, statues open spaces, etc. — including road signs, telephone and monuments, seats, advertising hoardings.

The plastic litter containers are this year good, though it is beyond understanding why the very battered mesh ones have still not been removed. The water pumps continue to rust and a lot of the road signs need cleaning or repainting. This year the telephone kiosk was in reasonable condition.

** Maximum

* Awarded

Marks

** *

25 14

20 9

15 13

15 9

Development Group. In the latter organization parochialism had very little place. County boundaries disappeared and we all worked together for the development of the region. I am confident that this will continue to remain our mutual goal.

Q. In your public activity up to now, you must have witnessed many changes in the social life of the area. Can you name any accomplishments (of the different boards on which you served) which could be regarded as major advancement for the sector of the public concerned?

A. Accomplishments is a word I am slow to use because the solution to one problem only makes you aware of the many others that exist. I am, however, happy to have involved Mayo County Council in various development works in the parish. Repairs have been carried out to a very substantial number of roads, though many others still remain to be done. Running water has become a reality in the homes of many remoter parts of the parish and electricity is now in almost every house. All these have brought about a change for the better in the social life of the area, but in saying that I am very conscious of the need for further development.

Lack of funds is the biggest single reason why all our needs can't be met quickly and that is why the fight for development must be an on-going one. It is my constant aim to ensure that the parish will always get its due share of the financial cake and in trying to achieve this I have always had the full support of the Louisburgh community as a whole.

Q. You have already attended sessions of the Seanad. What are your first impressions of order and procedure as conducted on national level?

A. I have attended all sessions of the new Seanad so far and have spoken on a few new Bills which have been put before the house. I think it is well known that I have no intention of being one of the 'silent majority'! I believe that the people I represent should have their views made known and there is no need for me to point out that almost every Bill that comes before the Seanad is relevant in some way to the lives of every man and woman in Ireland.

I find the level of debate in the Upper House very high and extremely constructive. But I must say that I was already used to this in the County Council Chamber and at RHO meetings. Certainly I find that there is very little time given to footy ceremony in the Upper House. Members are anxious to get on with the job for which they have been chosen.

Killeen Group Water Scheme

Chairman : James MacNally, Roonith Hill

Secretary : Mrs. Sal O'Malley, Feenone

Treasurer : James O'Malley, Roonith

Work has commenced on the Killeen Group Water Scheme which will provide a supply to a wide rural area and also supplement the supply to Louisburgh town. The gravity supply source is Loch Coinneal, in the Mweelrea Mountains.

The scheme was officially opened and blessed by Rev. Father Conneely, C.C., Louisburgh at Loch Coinneal on Friday, October 21st and the opening was attended by the committee and the contractor, Mr. Tony O'Hora of Ballina.

Tourist Development Association

Chairman : Mr. Charlie Gaffney **Vice-Chairman** : Father Kieran Waldron

Secretary : Mary O'Malley **Treasurer** : Mr. Paddy Duffy

From February 1976 — November 1977, fifteen meetings were held. Hereunder is a synopsis of work carried out by the Association during this time.

1. Erection of litter bins in the town.
2. Representations were made to Mayo County Council regarding the need for an improvement to the existing water supply.
3. We negotiated with same with regard to sign-posting in the area.
4. We co-operated in the inquiries being made by the I.D.A. regarding the purchase of a site for an Advance Factory in the Louisburgh area.
5. We submitted a further application together with other interested parties for an all weather harbour at Old Head point.
6. Early in 1976 we heard the long-awaited news that a Rent-a-Cottage Scheme was in the pipe-line for Louisburgh. This scheme, mooted in the Tourist Development Association, was formally transferred to Louisburgh Holidays Ltd. We express our congratulations and wish continued success to the seven people who volunteered to act as interim directors.
7. We compiled and produced a holiday accommodation brochure of the Louisburgh area, which proved to be very popular.
8. Final reclamation development work was carried out on the field owned by the Association at Cahir during 1976.
Work on hands at present but not completed includes:
 1. Development of field to its full potential as a tourist amenity.
 2. Improvement of roads in the area.
 3. Negotiating with Lord Sligo to have the caravans re-routed to base at Carramore beach.
 4. Renewed effort to improve our standard in the Tidy Towns competition.

To achieve results, and see this work complete we need the full co-operation of all Louisburgh people, particularly our younger generation. With a willing spirit difficulties will be overcome and we can look to the future with optimism.

Q. In view of the fact that you wear so many public "hats" — a friend might say "too many", for every one of them is a sufficient chore for a man of normal energy — do you find this making inroads on the running of a modern farm at Mooneen as well as catering for the demands of a home? (Or should I ask Mrs. O'Toole to answer that question?)

A. Certainly it makes some inroads on the running of my farm but I am not complaining about this. I went into public life with my eyes open and was prepared for the consequences. The fact that I have spent those years working in the interests of the public without any remuneration was my own free choice. One doesn't look for thanks; but every so often it's all made worthwhile when somebody does acknowledge your efforts. If you are to give of your best as a public representative you must devote a lot of time to the people you represent and this I have tried to do. I have found that the longer you serve, the greater the work-load and the more you do the more you are expected to do. My family life is curtailed to a degree by my public involvement and this could be a problem but for the fact that I have an understanding wife and family who appreciate that my role is one of trying to help other people to the best of my ability. They have been a tremendous source of sustenance to me over the years, as also have my many friends in Louisburgh.

Q. Politicians are often the target of cynics. There are snide remarks about "pull", "faction" and straight-forwardness. Do you find that people make it difficult for a politician to follow his convictions — by demanding or expecting special treatment from a politician whom they know?

A. If you want to stay in politics you must have the stamina to take criticism, good and bad. It is important to be able to rise above destructive criticism and take note of constructive criticism. Words like "pull" and "faction" are often associated with the activities of politicians but from my own experience I am satisfied that the position isn't at all as bad as is sometimes made out. Occasionally a politician might try to use his position to gain favours for others, but this is a rare enough occurrence and only goes to prove that some politicians have the same human weaknesses as other sections of society! Politicians are often accused of using 'pull' when all they are trying to do is speed up the entry of a patient into hospital, speed up the payment of a loan or grant to somebody building a house, or have a Council house allocated to somebody living in sub-human conditions.

Louisburgh Pioneer T.A.A.

Spiritual Director : Rev. K. Waldron **Secretary :** Mick Gallagher
President : Michael O'Brien **Treasurer :** Mrs. Ethna Farren

Four members got their Golden Jubilee Pins at a very enjoyable function held after a special Mass on 13 June, 1976.

They are Mrs. B. A. Morahan, Ex-N.T.; Mrs. Ellie McMyler, Chapel Street; Miss Tess Burns, The Presbytery; Mrs. Marguerita O'Malley, Aillemore.

Also twenty-four members got the Silver Jubilee Pin and they are: Redmond and Brigid Lyons, Furmoyle; Jim Lyons, Furmoyle/Dublin; Jeffrey Gibbons, Accony/Dublin; Mick Gallagher, Aitinaveen; Mrs. Evelyn Philbin, Bridge Street; Nora Lyons, The Colony; Maureen and Jimmy Duffy, Falduff; Tommie O'Grady, Kilgeever; Mrs. Mary O'Dowd, Moneen; Mrs. K. O'Malley, The Bakery; Mrs. Moira O'Malley, Askelane; Mrs. Evelyn Prendergast, Accony; Mrs. Vera Durkan, Askelane; Mrs. Kathleen O'Malley, Collacoony; Mrs. B. Fergus, Cahir; Mrs. Angela Moran, Chapel Street who has since died; Mrs. Clementine Lyons, N.T., Chapel Street; Mrs. Brigid Morrison, Thallabawn; Mrs. Lizzy Sammon, Cross; Mrs. E. Leamy, N.T., Bunowen; Mr. Bill McNamara, Collacoony; Paddy Gallagher, B.A., Aitinaveen/Belclare; Mrs. Lyons, Killadoon P.O.

The Gold and Silver Pins were presented by Father Dan Conneely, C.C.



Back row L. to R. Paddy Gallagher, Tommie O'Grady, Father Dan Conneely, Michael Gallagher, Redmond Lyons, Vera Durkan, Evelyn Leamy, Evelyn Prendergast. Middle L. to R. Mary O'Dowd, Mrs. O'Malley, Clementine Lyons, Bridgie Lyons, Mrs. Lizzie Sammin, Mrs. Morrison, Maria O'Malley, Mrs. Lyons, Bea Fergus. Front L. to R. Evelyn Philbin, Angela Moran (R.I.P.), Kay O'Malley, Tess Burns, Mrs. E. McMyler, Mrs. Margeurite O'Malley.

Also in August of 1977 four members were again presented with their Silver Pins. They and Mrs. Phil Kilcoyne (Phil Scanlon of Bunowen); Ellie Gallagher, Aitinaveen/Chesterfield; Mary O'Malley, The Bridge/Boston and James Prendergast, The Canadian Mounted Police. James is from Accony and son of the late James Prendergast (James Pat Lannon). What a joy it is for us to see some of our emigrants coming back to Louisburgh for their Silver Jubilee Pioneer Pins!

As regards job appointments: all such appointments must be made by an independent panel of interviewers. Since the Managerial Act was passed in the early 'fifties interview boards are set up by the County Manager, and panels are formed in order of priority. From this panel, staff from all local authority bodies are selected and there is absolutely no question of 'pull'. It has been my experience over twenty-two years that the people who are closest to you are the last to look for your help in a political capacity.

Q. I think it is correct to say that you are the first native resident of the parish to be elected to any house of the Oireachtas, and this enhances our rejoicing and redoubles our congratulations. It would be uncouth to ask how we can "use" you; but do you wish to tell our readers how they can best avail themselves of the services you as a Senator can provide?

A. This is correct. I am the first Oireachtas member of my party elected west of Westport and from the parish. This is something of which I am very proud.

On the question of how people can avail themselves of my services as a Senator I would say this: I am always available to listen to the views of others about legislation that is going through the Upper House and I will not be slow to expound those views. Being a Senator I am nearer the distribution hub of the national cake and am therefore always available to campaign for development, particularly in the west of Ireland.

I have never questioned a person's class, colour, creed or political beliefs when one came to me for help; and while I continue in public life I never will. My door is always open to everybody.

Q. And there are limitations — things which people might mistakenly expect of a Senator, and should not?

A. Yes, there are limitations at times. Occasionally people look for something which would require a miracle. At other times, too, people look for things which they are not legally entitled to. It is not a question of them wanting to break the law or expecting me to break it on their behalf — it is more a question of them finding it difficult to understand the intricacies of a complex system of legislation and regulations.

I don't think anybody approaches me expecting things which they should not. They are often deserving of them but, because of a plethora of rules and regulations, clauses and conditions, unable to get them. I can understand their frustration in situations like this and it often makes me wish that there was more emphasis on implementing the spirit of the law rather than the letter.

Horse-and-Pony Race Committee

Chairman — Edward D. Martin

Treasurer — Joseph Murphy

Joint Secretaries — Mary O'Malley and Mary Murphy

Starter — Frank O'Malley

Judge — James McDonnell

Stewards — Tommie J. Coyne, Peter Morrison, Patrick Ruane, Thomas O'Malley, John O'Malley

Carrowniskey Race Committee

Chairman — Jim O'Malley, Roonith

Treasurer — Michael Gibbons, Roonith

Starter — John Scanlon

Stewards — P. J. O'Malley, Tom McGreal, John F. Ki'coyne, Joseph Gibbons, Richard Gibbons

Connacht Shearing Championships

Senior Hand:

1. Gabriel Walsh, Crossmolina
2. Tommie J. Gallagher, Thallabawn
3. John Lydon, Maam
4. Peter Morrison, Killadoon

Under-18:

1. Tommie J. Gallagher, Thallabawn
2. Paddy Joyce, Durlless
3. Michael Hastings, Durlless
4. Gerard Heraty, Taobhnacruaiche

Queen of the Shears:

1. Mary Alice Gallagher, Thallabawn
2. Margaret Gallagher, Thallabawn
3. Mary Ann Kendrigan, Durlless
4. Mrs. Breen, Durlless

Adult Education Committee

President : Canon Fitzgerald

Vice-Presidents : Father Waldron and Father Conneely

Secretary : Mrs. Mary Duffy, Chapel Street

Treasurer : Mick Gallagher, Aitinaveen

Again this year this committee is arranging a course to run on five Wednesday nights in November and December. The theme of the course is "Family Life".

The Committee members are : M. Corrigan, Shrawee; Pat and Maureen Kilcoyne, Cregganbawn; T. J. O'Malley, Thallabawn; Richard and Mrs. Mannion, Killadoon; Mrs. Noreen O'Malley, Roonith; Anthony and Bridie McHale, Polgloss; Vera Durkan, Askelane; Mrs. Eleanor Lyons, Bunowen; John McConnell, Shraugh; Mrs. Delia Coen, Tooreen Road; Joe and Breege Staunton, The Square; John and Sheila Tiernan and Gerard and Margaret O'Malley, Doughmackeown; Mrs. Kathleen Duffy and Mrs. Eileen Ferins, Furmoyle; Mrs. B. Lyons, Furmoyle; Mrs. Needham, Mrs. Scanlon and Owen McNally, Feenone.

Q. If we can eschew the relative qualities of present-day Irish political parties (so as not to chafe any sensitive ears or eyes!) could you — again especially for our overseas readers — give a personal response to Napper Tandy's famous query: "How is poor old Ireland and how does she stand"?

A. I could talk about foreign borrowing, high unemployment, industrial unrest, the growth in the crime-rate etc. and say that she doesn't stand at all. But that would be to take a wholly cynical look at the situation. Of course such problems exist and they are of major proportions; but on the more positive side I believe that the Irish people are better in many ways than their predecessors. There is a will among the people to have these problems solved and we must never allow ourselves to believe that they are insoluble. The will of the people must be conveyed to the Government and they must take positive steps to bring about the necessary improvements. There is a lot of criticism of our young people, but not all that much credit is given to them for their generous involvement in voluntary and community development works. Our youth are the trustees of the future and I am optimistic enough to believe that our future is in good hands.

I look forward to a continuing growth in co-operation between voluntary and state agencies and I believe that this co-operation has already brought about many worthwhile achievements. Long may it continue. We are still a young nation and I am satisfied that in a democratic society like ours very powerful forces for good are operating. At the end of the day they will win out over the evils that now prevail but the victory will require the efforts of everybody — there can be no hurlers on the ditch. As an Irishman I am committed to securing the unity and independence of Ireland as a democratic republic. I want to see this coming about by peaceful means because I believe that it is a wish that is dear to the hearts of every true Irishman. I feel that a proper economic strategy could promote confidence between North and South and facilitate a return to a normal economic and tourist environment. This, I think, would be a very positive step on the road to an eventually united Ireland.

So if I met Napper Tandy I think I would say to him — "Poor old Ireland doesn't stand all that badly. She may have to pass through a tunnel but she's bolstered by the fact that she can see a light at the end of it".

Q. Many young people from our parish have, in the last issue of An Choinneal, expressed a wish to live on at

Parish Gun Club

Chairman : Josie Lyons, The Colony **Vice-Chairman** : J. J. Philbin

Secretary : Geoffrey Gibbons, Accony

At present engaged in restocking the area.

Committee for the Blind

Chairman : O. P. Morahan, Mooneen

Secretary : Jim Bradley, Chapel Street

Vice-Chairman : S. Durkan, Bridge Street

Treasurer : A. B. Casey, The Square

The Committee holds its fund-raising function in December.

Sheep-Shearing Committee

Chairman : Mick Gallagher, Aitinavean

Secretary : Seán Cadden, B.Agr.Sc.

Treasurer : Tadhg Hastings, Drummin

This committee was started in June 1976 and organised the Connacht Hand-Shearing Championship of 1976 and 1977. Competitors came from Maam, Leenane, Drummin, Achill, Crossmolina, Aughagower, Lecanvey, Durlless and several from Louisburgh area.

The 1976 Connacht "Queen of the Shears" was Margaret Gallagher, Thallabawn and the 1977 Connacht "Queen of the Shears" is Mary Alice Gallagher of Thallabawn (a sister of Margaret's). They are daughters of James and Nora Gallagher. This has turned out to be one of the highlights of Louisburgh competition and attracts huge crowds.

The prizes are sponsored by the Irish Wool Board, and Trophies are given by the Wool Board, Barrett's of Ballina and the cup for the "Queen of the Shears" is presented by Louisburgh Vintners Association.

Committee for Mentally Handicapped

Chairperson : Mrs. Mary O'Malley, N.T., The Bridge

Secretary : Mrs. Sheila Tiernan, Doughmakeone

Treasurer : Charles Gaffney, Louisburgh

Delegates to Council : William McNamara, B.A., Bunowen and Mrs. Mrs. Eleanor Lyons, Bunowen.

A fund-raising dance is held each year. A house-to-house collection is also made which realises almost £600. This money goes towards the care of Mentally Handicapped patients in institutions all over Ireland.

POLITICAL ORGANIZATIONS

Louisburgh Fianna Fail

Chairman : J. J. Philbin

Treasurer : Paddy Gannon

Secretary : Séamus Durkan

Killeen Fianna Fail

Chairman : John D. Gibbons

Secretary : Charles Morrison

Vice-Chairman : T. J. O'Malley

Treasurer : Joe Keane

Louisburgh Fine Gael

Chairman : Oliver P. Morahan

Treasurer : John Lyons

Secretary : Joe McNamara

home but saw no future for doing this. Can you see a change coming which would ensure them a livelihood at home?

A. We are striving all the time to create conditions which will enable our young people to find employment at home and make it possible for those who want to return home to do so. The present unemployment situation makes our task very formidable, and while I do not see Utopia coming overnight I am fairly confident that, in a local context, some of our emigrants will get a chance to come home in the next few years.

Louisburgh is a community on the move, and developments which are now taking place or in the pipeline indicate a healthy future for it. We are in the final stages of negotiating a site for a factory at Cahir and I am using every available opportunity to press the I.D.A. and the Government to locate suitable industry there. A scheme of County Council housing is in the pipeline and the Rural Housing Organization — a body committed to the revitalization of rural areas — are constructing ten new houses which have already been sold. Local people have contributed in excess of £30,000 — a phenomenal sum by any standards — towards the provision of a rent-a-cottage scheme in Louisburgh. Not a small amount of that money came from our emigrants, and I would like to pay a very special tribute to them for their generosity. All the indications are that the schemes will get under way early in 1978. Recently we sent the County Development Officer, Mr. Sean Smyth, and his deputy, Mr. Frank Fullard, to London and Birmingham in an attempt to interest Irish people in England in commercial activities in Mayo.

Mayo was the first county in Ireland to do this, and early indications suggest that the exercise will be very successful.

For these and for other reasons I believe that we are well on the way to giving people a choice of employment at home. I hope that the efforts of Government, the I.D.A., other development agencies and the local community will mean that we will no longer have to export our most valuable commodity, our young people.

Q. Do you think you could serve the area even better as a T.D.? And have you any hopes of doing so?

A. In reply to the first part of the question I would say that my role as a Senator enables me to serve the area just as effectively as if I was a T.D. I have the same access to Government Departments and Ministers as T.D.'s have,

Killeen Fine Gael

Chairman : P. Berry

Vice-Chairman : M. Cannon

Secretary : J. Murphy

SCHOOL COMMITTEES

Killeen

Canon Fitzgerald
Michael McKeown, N.T., Principal
David O'Malley, Cloonty
Mrs. Bernie Kilcoyne, Killadoon
T. J. O'Malley, Thallabawn
Mrs. B. Lyons, Furmoyle
Mrs. Noreen O'Malley, Roonith

Cregganbawn

Canon Fitzgerald
Mrs. Leamy, N.T., Principal
Michael Corrigan, Shrawee
Mrs. Maureen Kilcoyne, Cregganbawn
David McGreal, Ex-N.T.
Michael O'Brien

Louisburgh Boys

Canon Fitzgerald
Patrick Ball, N.T., Principal
Mrs. Delia Coen
Senator Martin Joe O'Toole
Mrs. B. Hannon, Ex-N.T.
Mr. J. Staunton
Mr. Pat Prendergast, Accony

Louisburgh Girls

Canon Fitzgerald
Sister Eugene, N.T., Principal
Mrs. Mary Duffy, Chapel Street
Mr. O. P. Morahan
Doctor McHugh
Mr. John Lyons
Mrs. Evelyn Philbin

Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann

Chairman : Séamus Durkan

Secretary : Nora Lyons, N.T.

Vice-Chairman : Charles Gaffney

Treasurer : Joe O'Toole

There are twenty members in the branch. Last winter we started a music class and we hope to continue it this year.

and I can make my voice heard at National Executive level and Parliamentary Party level.

I was chosen to contest the Seanad Election and, while the question is not of immediate concern, if my party or the people I represent indicated that they wanted me to stand for the Dáil I would certainly make myself available in their interests.

Q. What are your personal wishes for the parish in the future?

A. As far as the development of services is concerned I would like to see every road in the parish tarmacadamed, a piped water-supply in every home, greater efforts being made to realize the full tourism potential of Louisburgh, suitable industrial development, housing for young married couples and for other needy sections of the community and, greater recreational facilities to cater for the needs of our youth. I want all Louisburgh people to work together in the best interests of the area because I believe that the value of voluntary effort to community development can't be overstressed. Neighbourliness has always been an important characteristic of our community. The values and practices which have been handed down to us by our ancestors have stood the test of time and should be kept here and fostered. There is a great sense of interdependence among our people; and it is my personal wish that these outstanding qualities will continue to be the hallmarks of our community.

And may I add a final comment: I would like to express my sincere thanks to you, Father Leo, for giving me the opportunity of contributing to **An Choineal**, our parish magazine. Its bi-annual production is eagerly looked forward to by our people at home and by our emigrants abroad. It is an accurate reflection of the life of the historic parish of Kilgeever and I hope it will continue for many years to come. I offer my sincere congratulations to the Editorial Board who, by their generous giving of their time and talents, make it possible. I would also, if I may, take this opportunity of extending greetings and good wishes to Louisburgh people all over the world in saying to them: You are frequently in our thoughts; and we know that 'the ould place' is always in yours.

Thank you, Senator O'Toole. "May you see things well done there . . ." Go r-éirí an bóthar leat!

Editor's Page

We have found it most suitable to have the parish magazine in print for Christmas each year of publication. Readers agree that this for many reasons is the most suitable time. But for many reasons also this is otherwise an extremely busy time and it is a continuing difficulty to have material for the magazine collected in reasonable time to give our printers fair opportunity in production. We would on the one hand thank Berry's Printing Works for their patience and co-operation, and on the other ask our contributors *please* to send in all material — articles, reports, photographs, etc. — before the specified copy date. Some of our emigrants will not have this issue for Christmas precisely because of such hold-up.

An Choinneal first appeared in 1959; so those who live until 1980 will see its twenty-first birthday. The Editorial Board are at present considering how to mark that event, and two possibilities are being considered — the production of Number Twelve that year (which is a non-Coinneal year); and the publication of the best contributions from former issues as a book. This latter would entail canvassing a few hundred subscribers who would guarantee to buy the book and so ensure its financial success. A further question would be: what specific articles to republish? We would appreciate readers' suggestions on these or any other aspects of a proposed celebration.

Meantime we repeat our gratitude to those who carry the work-load from year to year — our foundation members, sponsors and the shopkeepers who continue to sell the magazine free of charge, our photographers, our readers (especially those who take time to write to us — even sharply) and of course those who supply the written material which is the magazine's life-blood. Their combined efforts have brought us as far as this tenth issue.

Go mbeirimid beo an t-am seo aris!

McHale — Mr. Anthony, Pulgloss
McHale — Mr. Michael, Chicago
McHugh — Doctor Columb, Louisburgh
Mellhoney — Mr. John, Carramore
McMenamin — Mr. Michael and Gaelie, Warrington
McQuillan — Mrs. Mary, Ayer, Mass.
McVane — Mrs. Mary J., Chicago
McNamara — Mr. Jim* and Della, Chicago
Mitchell — Mrs. Ella, Framingham
Monagle — Mrs. Sara, Mass.
Morahan — Father Al, Bassandean, Australia
Morahan — Mr. Basil, Louisburgh
Morahan — Mrs. Brigid A., Louisburgh
Morahan — Mr. Justin, Dublin
Moran — Father Joseph, Coolarne
Munnely — Mrs. D. A., California
Murphy — Miss Teresa, Brighton, Mass.
Nilson — Mrs. Mary, New Jersey
Neillis — Mrs. Eileen, Enfield
O'Connell — Mrs., London
O'Leary — Desmond, Dublin
O'Malley — Mrs. Anne (nee Joyce), Dorchester, Mass.
O'Malley — Michael (Ned), England
O'Malley — Miss Brigid, Huddersfield
O'Malley — Mr. John, Huddersfield
O'Malley — Father Tommie, California
O'Malley — Mr. Ned, Monkstown
O'Malley — Canon Eddie, Corofin
Phibin — Congressman Philip, Clinton, Mass.
Prendergast — Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey, Dublin
Ready — Miss Helen, New York
Reilly — Thomas J., New Jersey
Ryan — Mr. C. A. Brainerd, Minnesota
Ryan — Mrs. Betty, Bocterstown, Dublin
Hyder — Harvey, Miss, New Jersey
Sammin — Father P. J., Essex
Sek — Mrs. Nora, Chicago
Sammin — Father Michael, Monvea
Seahill — Canon Charles, Balla
Scott — Monsignor Thomas, Shraugh*
Smiddy — Doctors T. and E., Kerry
Taaffe — Mr. Jack* and Mary, Drogheda
Teillion — Mrs. Vincent, Williamstown, Mass.
Wallace — Father Anthony, Hontrose, New York
Woodham-Smith — Mrs. Cecil, London*
Anon.

*Deceased member

Our sincere thanks to such practical friends. Remember, please notify us that you received your copy, or if you change your address.

There's room for one more!