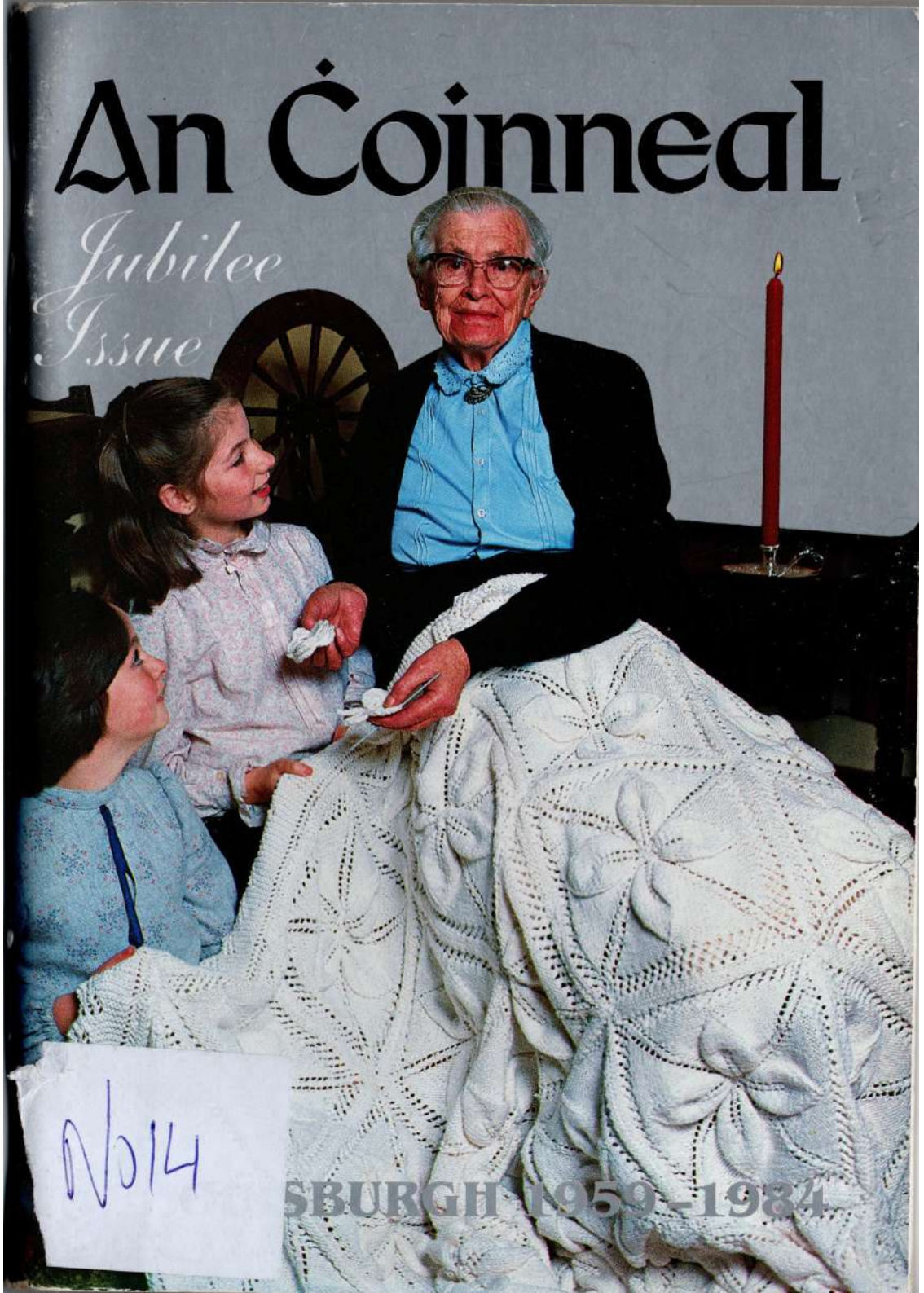
All the way from
LOUISBURGH

TO _____

An Ċoinneal

Jubilee Issue



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SBURGH 1959-1984

COVER PICTURE:
Pattern for Life: Mrs. Mary (Mai) Lyons (Accony) passing on a craft to her grandchildren, Nichola, aged 11 and Olivia, aged 10; and at ninety!

An Coinneal

Number Fourteen *Jubilee Issue* Christmas 1984

An Choinneal is a periodical of Kilgeever parish; the oldest parish magazine in Ireland. It has appeared in alternate years since 1959.

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Subscription: Three pounds *(Postage extra)*

The list of foundation members has now been formally closed.

© Father Leo Morahan

The Editor wishes to thank all whose voluntary efforts have helped to produce this issue. In particular we express thanks to Frank Dolan, Liam Lyons and Damian Slater who supplied photographs free of charge.

Because of postal uncertainties we request all foundation members to acknowledge receipt of this issue, even formally. Members' copies are posted the day after publication. Please notify us of any change of address.

Berry's Printing Works (Westport) Ltd.

A Salute from our Readers:

Congratulations on your silver jubilee!

An Choinneal is an excellent magazine, full of interesting items of literary historical and cultural worth that appeal to young and old residents of Louisburgh and descendants of Louisburgh people at home and abroad. It is especially appreciated by all of us who proudly claim among your contributors, both writers and readers, our own "kith and kin"!

May you continue to nourish minds and hearts and souls for many years to come!

Sister Mary James Walsh SND,
of the Walsh-Gallagher Clan
of Louisburgh and its environs
Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

Letters to the Editor

Thank you for sending the copies I asked for. I believe that "*An Choinneal*" means "the candle" in Gaelic. I will circulate it to my Irishborn cousins. The article on *Kith and Kin* by Sister Mary James Walsh was exactly what I wanted and as soon as she recovers from a recent illness I will be able to see her and fill in the rest of the family tree. If my enclosed cheque does not cover costs and postage I will square accounts on my next visit home before I "walk the strand" of my father.

Tom Tierney (Halliston, Mass.)

Excellent, Tom: first things first! But we hope you did get to walk the strand later; and perhaps you can give us some account of the thoughts awakened.

I am interested in receiving the parish periodical and in supporting your fine literary production. The last issue I have seen is from 1973 and I am sure that the fee is more now. I have a personal interest in the publication, as my mother (Brigid O'Grady) was born in Cloonty which is just five miles from Louisburgh as I understand it. She still refers to Louisburgh as her town and often tells us of the beautiful landscape between Cloonty and Louisburgh. I am eager to have your reply.

Helen Cleary (Chicago)

We hope you have since enjoyed the later issues of our magazine, Helen. The arrival of your letter was as welcome as the arrival of a member of the O'Grady clan into the town on a fair day in the Louisburgh of the past. Now that you have joined the gathering, we hope that you have enjoyed the later issues of An Choinneal. *Our warm regards to the 'young girl from Cloonty'; you must ask her to give you her memories or stories of her childhood for publication in future issues. Incidentially, did you know (as she does, of course) that the name* Cloonty *means* meadows?

I have not had the time to read all of the last issue as yet but what I have read is beautiful. I hope An Choinneal *will not* die. I would like to continue to sell them here . My sister Julia also has received her copy.

Ann Carr (Framingham)

Postage-costs are so prohibitive at present, Ann, that we have to think out new ways of reaching an increased readership in our "colonies". Many thanks for your fine work of sales in the past. Greetings to all the Louisburgh in the Framingham-Worcester-Clinton area, especially to the members of the Carr family of Ballyhip.

Thanks for *An Choinneal:* I'd like to contribute to its continuation.
Jim Hallinan (San Diego)

And thanks also to you, Jim for your two *contributions. Your paragraphs on Pat Mack are just the kind of contribution on which a magazine such as this thrives.*

As one of your foundation members I am always pleased and thrilled to receive the latest copy of *An Choinneal.* The present issue is splendid and is a source of considerable enlightment to me. I send you this little contribution to help to keep you afloat in these difficult times. God bless you all in your work and if I can be of any further help don't fail to call.
Father John F. Burns (Waltham, Mass.)

Sincere thanks, Father John, for your understanding and your loyalty. Things are less serious with us this year than when we sent out our SOS, which was so readily answered by concerned readers like you. We would earnestly hope that we can break even in coming issues, but printing-costs for a magazine of our standards are always going up. We hope that you enjoy this present issue.

Would you please send me a copy of the Louisburgh Parish magazine for Christmas 1982. Cheque enclosed.

Margaret (Prendergast) Mahon
(Birmingham)

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There was also one anonymous sponsor. We return sincere thanks to these generous people. Their generosity has helped to keep our flame alive. — Editor

Letters . . . *(CONTINUED)*

Welcome, Margaret. You will tell us more about yourself in a future letter won't you? Do you think we could organize a fund-raising function in Birmingham for our silver jubilee soon?

A friend gave me a look at the latest *Coinneal* and I really enjoyed it so I now want to send one to a friend and have one for myself. I was housekeeper to Canon Eddie O'Malley and he told me all the history of Gowlawn Church shortly before he died (R.I.P.). He was one of the last if not the last to be baptized there. I was with him for twenty-five happy years and had many visits with Nora and Jim and also Lena and Joe. I was very pleased that Sister Hilary remembered Canon Eddie for his generosity to the sick and hungry children in her mission at Serabu.

Margaret Leonard (Ballinrobe)

A lovely bit of information, Margaret. Perhaps we could coax you to send for publication any of the Canon's memories (about Gowlawn for instance) which have not already appeared in our pages?

Many thanks for *An Choinneal:* always so very interesting and informative.

James Fergus
(retired Bishop of Achonry)

We all wish you continued good health and fruitful enjoyment of your years of retirement, Bishop Fergus. We have kindest memories of your faithful support of our parish magazine.

I worked for Austie Keane's Mam and Dad and knew all the folk around Louisburgh. So when the *Coinneal* came, I read it over and over again as it brings back memories to me of Louisburgh. I spent six months in San Francisco recently and met Harry O'Malley and had a good chat about Louisburgh. My brother Willie, says that he could write a book about fome from a dance in the Colony or in Crickeen, my Dad would be getting up going to work. He would say to them: "Where do ye think ye are going now? not to bed, I can assure ye"! Willie also got the *Coinneal* and he wrote to say he enjoyed it very much.

Brigid O'Malley (Huddersfield)

Congratulations on all your travels, Brigid. If Willie is going to write a book, let him first practise his pen on an article for our next issue. We would all love to hear of (some of) his escapades on the long road from the Colony or from Crickeen to Doughmakeown before going to work in the morning! And keep up your own prolific letter-writing.

I received the latest issue of *An Choinneal* (number thirteen). Thank you and all the good people who have worked so hard to keep the magazine going with the costs of publication so high. We enjoy reading it very much and hope that it will continue. Cheque enclosed.

John P. Connors (Wiliamstown, Mass.)

There's a practical, not to say an intelligent, reader!

We are sending this donation to help with the cost of publishing *An Choinneal.* We would be sorry to see the magazine going out of circulation as we have always enjoyed having a copy and found it very interesting.

Mrs. J. (McGreal) Trodden (Coventry)

Your goodness and that of many others has kept the wolf from the door on this occasion, Mrs. Trodden. We hope to embark on some projects which will put our finances on a firmer foundation for the future. Maybe a fund-raising tour to places such as Coventry!

In the last issue I was very interested to read of the Mass that was celebrated in Gowlan. I suppose no-one will ever be able to find the whole history of it. Gowlan was roofed with timber that came off the *Spanish Armada,* which was put on the rocks the worst night that ever blew, 12 January 1588. Her sister ship

Our Writers

Apart from our established roster of regular contributors, well known to readers, we introduce further writers:

Mr. Chris Curtin is lecturer in Sociology at University College, Galway who is at present giving a course of lectures in Louisburgh.

Mr. Séamus Durkan (Bridge Street) takes time off from his supermarket business to help in almost every voluntary committee in the parish.

Paul Henaghan (Cahir) is a Redemptorist clerical student at Saint Joseph's, Dundalk.

Mr. John Lyons (Bunowen) teaches Irish and History at Sancta Maria Secondary School.

Marie Therese Morrison (Bridge Street) is studying for Higher Diploma in Education at University College, Galway. (Her parents: John Joe, and Kathleen O'Toole).

Mrs. Chris McNally lives in Roonith where she farms with her husband, James.

Mr. Johnnie Mulvey, a native of Collacoon, runs a modern book-shop on Castle Street, Castlebar. His life-long interest in the GAA was evidenced in careers as inter-county player and referee. Mayo County Board secretary and, currently, secretary of Connacht Council.

Mr. John O'Brien (Main Street) is at present working in Limerick.

Mrs. Marie O'Malley with her husband, Michael, and their talented family returned some years ago from the U.S. to live in Doughmackeown.

Mrs. Sally O'Toole was one of our writers in the 1959 issue. With her husband, Dick, she runs an up-market guest house in what was in old-time Louisburgh known as the Glebe.

Mr. Geoffrey Prendergast, native of Accony is married in Dublin to Mary (Gibbons) who played — and in our last issue wrote of — camogie. Geoffrey was a regular member of football teams (Accony, Louisburgh and Mayo Junior) and now writes of his memory.

Mr. Padraic Seoighthe (Achill) is a retired schoolteacher and author of a number of Irish books.

Mrs. Ciss Salter will be better known to *Coinneal* readers as Ciss Staunton, sister of Tommie Andy (R.I.P.) She shares Tommie's interest in history and folklore.

Mr. Martin Taylor, poet, artist and mystic has come recently to live in Askelane.

Eibhlín Bean Ui Léime teaches in Holy Family (primary) School in Killeen.

Our young symposium writers are:

Anne Mannion (Killadoon), now at Saint Patrick's Training College, Dublin; (Parents: Richie and Mary Mannion).

Tom Durkan (Bridge Street), a security guard at Allied Irish Banks, Mullingar; (Parents: Séamus, and Ita Kilcoyne).

Mary Morahan (Main Street), just qualified in Business Studies at Galway Regional Technical College; (Parents: Basil, and Catherine Fleming).

Patrick Conway (Askelane), works at home on the family farm. (Parents: Michael, and Eileen Burke).

Alexandra Lyons (Chapel Street) is studying for Higher Diploma in Education at Saint Patrick's, Maynooth. (Parents: Austie, and Clementine Morahan).

Pádraic Ó Léime (Bunowen) is a science student at University College, Galway. (Parents: Paddy, and Eibhlín Durkan).

was put on the rocks off Dingle, County Kerry. Seven men were lost but *Kerry Blue* and six men made land.

M. J. O'Malley (Nottingham)

You must tell us more of the event you mention, M. J. Especially we would be keen to know whatever sources you could indicate, and we might get some student of history to do the necessary research so as to piece together whatever of the history of Gowlan is still collectable.

Many thanks for the latest issue. I am so happy to get it. I wish your secretary, Mrs. Lyons, every good wish for a happy retirement and congratulate her on her retirement speech which I read in the magazine. Cheque enclosed to help you to overcome your financial troubles.

Betty (O'Grady) Ryan (Blackrock)

Much appreciated, Betty. Your sentiments about our secretary are shared by many of our readers.

I am happy to let you know that I received it a few days ago. As usual I am delighted as I know I will enjoy every line. It brings back fond memories. In appreciation I am happy to do my little bit to help you along. Keep up the good work, Father.

Mrs. Anne M. Malley (Dorchester)

We must keep remembering that the reader is equally important to a magazine as is the editor. Especially if the reader is appreciative and co-operative. Your 'thank-you' card was very welcome, Anne.

It arrived here on Ash Wednesday Because of the memory of so many pleasant hours spent on past issues my first reaction was to defer reading it to another time — Ash Wednesday being a day for repentance, self-denial etc. I must confess that the temptation was too strong. Other things were put aside and, *mea culpa*, I thoroughly enjoyed the current number. The increasing years and the lack of any present family ties in Louisburgh cause a feeling of loneliness whenever I return. Yet there is a consolation in each visit which I would not forego. Believe me, *An Choinneal* is for me a real light: it gives light and warmth to the past and, equally important, seems to light the way to a bright future for Louisburgh. My heartfelt thanks to all who contribute their time and talents to the creation of this excellent magazine. To forestall any fear that it may not survive I enclose a small donation.

Thomas O'Malley (California)

What a beautiful gift that letter is for our silver jubilee! Many thanks, Father Tommie; we must really try to continue to live up to your compliments.

Congratulations to your secretary on her retirement: we all hope she will enjoy a happy retirement and have time to do some of things which, I am sure, she did not have time to do when working . . . It was sad to read of Alec Wallace's death and the interesting accounts of his wonderful abilities. You will be interested to know that my copy is passed on to two friends; one is the widow of Howard Knee, the artist who used to do painting round about Oldhead and Louisburgh. The other, is my next-door neighbour . . . she was at an Irish-speaking convent school and is especially interested in items such as "Keep Your Word", and the old days and traditions of the West. I do hope that *An Choinneal* will never have to close down. My dear next-door friend has taught me how to pronounce the title properly!

Nora McAllister (Rathfarnham)

May we first of all sympathize with you, Mrs. McAllister, on the death of your dear life's partner since our last publication. We hope that time has healed the wound of separation, insofar as that can be. Thank you for your generous letter and contribution. Not alone can you pronounce our title but you can also write

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it properly in the beautiful old Gaelic script, which unfortunately we can no longer get from printers.

It was a very kind thought of yours to send my copy after me to Liverpool. However, I was in another part of England when it arrived, and my daughter took full advantage of my absence by reading it and then passing it on to her friends. They could hardly believe that a small West-of-Ireland parish was capable of turning out a magazine of such high standard. I did not read it until I got back here and was sad to gather that, owing to the high costs of production, it was liable to fold up. It would be tragic if this were to happen. Let us hope not.

We are surprised to have surprised anyone so! Thank God we are still solvent and hope to remain so for the foreseeable future. Any ideas for fund-raising?

Sincere thanks for *Coinneal:* congratulations to all who are helping to provide such an interesting magazine.

Mary Jackson (Kettering, Northants)

I am enjoying its contents, and being five years out of Louisburgh now, it has made the parish and its people very real to me again.

An tSiúir Caoimhín (Ballinrobe)

That's it, Sister: you can take the nun out of Louisburgh, but you cannot take Louisburgh out of the nun! Céard faoi dréacht eicint a scríobh don chéad cheann eile?

I am sure you do not remember me. We lived in Louisburgh years ago. Please send me the parish magazine: I saw it advertized in *The Irish Post.*

May Burke (Coventry)

Now let me see . . . which *May Burke could you be? There is an old saying that the best place to hide a sod is in a rick of turf! Similarly in a parish so full of Burkes it is hard to distinguish. Can you give us another clue? We hope that you enjoyed our magazine, anyway.*

It's a book that I really enjoy reading, every page of it. The stories in it are most beautifully written. *The Letter from Home* is very interesting and the letters to the editor tell us what people think of *An Choinneal* every year. I wish the editor and all his staff a very happy new year.

Mary Teresa Dolan
(Killegar, County Leitrim)

One of our happiest memories is that of April 1977 when Canon Fitzgerald stayed with us, sitting in our humble home, having his meal with the family. No fuss: no bother. Let us hope we have another reunion some time. I was sorry to hear of your financial difficulty. The cover-picture in the last number, and the article by Una O'Malley about Gowlan were lovely, as indeed was everything from cover to cover.

Mary (Mannion) Sheridan (Coventry)

You may have heard, Mary, that our good friend, Canon Fitzgerald, was called on his last journey earlier this year, God rest him. We are indeed considering a reunion this coming year by way of fund-raising for the magazine, and to overcome the recurring worry of high expenses. We would be glad to hear from you as to the possibility of organizing a Coinneal *function for the coming spring.*

Keep it going if at all possible as I believe that everyone from the old sod would regret its demise.

Joe Kerrigan (Camolin, Wexford)

Well we are here this year again, Joe; and if all our readers are as generous as you we will face the future with confidence.

The latest issue has arrived recently, and you are right! Indeed *An Choinneal* should not die. The staff does a splendid Job.

Mary McQuillan (Ayer, Mass.)

The entire staff agrees with you, Mary.

JUBILANT

On Saturday, 19 December 1959, the first copies of the new parish magazine arrived in Louisburgh. It was published by the local *Muintir na Tíre* guild, edited by the present editor, printed by the *The Mayo News* at a cost of one hundred pounds for the thousand copies, and was put on sale for half-a-crown (twelve and a half new pence) per copy. People bought it on their way from Mass on Sunday, 20 December. *An Choinneal* got a warm welcome and was read with relish. During the twenty-five years of its life it has been appreciated and looked forward to: it has become an indispensable part of the parish social life. Even more so, as Louisburgh visitors to England and the United States discover with surprise, the magazine is awaited and hailed among our emigrants. It has a particularly cherished place on their book-shelves. Past issues quickly become collector's items.

The decision to found such a magazine has been justified, we think, in its performance. Almost without exception the reported reaction by our readers is very favourable, indeed complimentary. Its very first editorial introduced *An Choinneal* as "a periodical — perhaps an annual — which hopes to interest *all* Louisburgh people in the past and future of their home". It has not become an annual: finance has decreed that it appear only in alternate years. Future planning, which should accompany any jubilee celebrations, must tackle the questions: Would it be advisable to change the format? Is the present magazine too *elegantly* produced? Should there be a decision now to have a cheaper production and have it appear annually? How should finance be provided without raising the price any further? Should there now be a new editor? A changing editorial board? Or is it best to retain the formula which has elicited so many compliments in the recurring letters to the editor? It was a wise decision also in 1959 to have the new magazine published by a community group, *Muintir na Tíre,* rather than by an individual or family. Even though there was quite a deal of procrastination by the guild initially (a hundred pounds was a formidable investment then on an unknown project!), the local guild of *Muintir na Tíre* deserves acclaim for sponsoring the venture. It was an enlightened and courageous decision.

Has the magazine afforded, as it set out to do, "a pooling of experience, of ideas and suggestions for practical enterprise such as might benefit the home parish in any sphere whatsoever?" The answer must be looked for by thumbing through the past issues and noting the contributions and the contributors. Here is a

random list of people who wrote in the *Coinneal* and are no longer living: Austin McDonnell, Robert Nicholson, John O'Dowd, Father Pat Prendergast, Michael O'Brien, Helena Berry, Anthony Jordan, Martin O'Reilly, Sister Philomena, Michael J. Burke, Mrs. Margaret McGreal, Mrs. B. A. Morahan, Mrs. Brigid Gallagher, Tommie Andy Staunton, John P. McGrail, Jimmie Mannion; and there are many more. When one considers how much of their personal *witness*, folklore and knowledge of the parish they have left in the magazine pages, and that they most likely would not have done so if the *Coinneal* had not been in existence, one gets a measure of what the magazine has given to the parish in the quarter-century. Inevitably there will be room for lament, that so much of our rich tradition had disappeared before its foundation. That lament must be balanced by the realization of the many writers still living who are putting their own pieces of the jig-saw in place so that at the golden jubilee or centenary celebrations (yes: hope springs eternal!) coming generations of Louisburgh people will have a better knowledge of our era than we could have of the past.

In common computation a quarter of a century is regarded as a generation. The most encouraging aspect of this jubilee issue is the transfusion of new, young blood. Readers will welcome the ideas of our writers of a new generation, (who were not born when *An Choinneal* first appeared!) and their suggestions as to how to improve our society and our environment. We hope that the fact that so many of our young parishioners have written in this issue will encourage others, old and young, to write (or to get someone else to write for them) their ideas, criticisms, stories or suggestions which only *they* can contribute to a community magazine. And because it is truly a community magazine there will always be need for further voluntary help whether at committee or ground level; as writers, organizers, sales assistants and, of course, intellegent readers.

We thank God for our past achievements and ask his continued help to serve in the coming years the people and the parish of which we are so proud to claim origin.

ENOUGH!

We have welcomed the pleasant and hopeful innovation of the large number of contributions to this issue from a younger generation of parishioners. We resist change at our peril; for change is, in one sense, a proof of growth and life. The fresh ideas, and their modern expression, will give growth and life to our community; to *their* community. It is essential that they be afforded a platform for their expression. Their opinions and observations are those of people who, for the most part, have completed their formal — second or third-level — education and are applying the fruit of that education to the assessment of our society now. (See pp. 23-30) Surprisingly perhaps, they not infrequently show a sense of maturity which would coincide with the values of an older order. As the French novelist, Karr, has said "the more things change, the more they remain the same". So, for instance, whereas naturally some have written of the need for employment in the community, quite a few have looked beyond economics to the need for *quality;* for *values*. Specifically, some have referred to the need for alternative recreation from that being provided by alcohol. "That would be scanned"! There can hardly be any serious questioning of the statement that in Ireland today we are abusing alcohol to a serious degree. Because we have failed to recognize, or admit, that alcohol is itself a drug we have traditionally accorded it a tolerance which was a recipe for tragedy. It may well be that the public "drunk" of old-time fair evenings has disappeared, but statistics present an ungainly picture as to how much of our scant resources are mis-spent on that drug. On 30 November 1984, Doctor Aaron McNeece, Professor of Social Work at Florida State University, told a seminar on alcoholism in Dublin: "As a foreign visitor the most obvious problem I see is the permissive attitude towards alcohol" Quoting a Dublin coroner's recent statement at an inquest on a twenty-year-old that 'alcohol abuse is now the most common factor in inquests in Ireland' the professor added: "If a coroner in the U.S. were to make such a statement there would be calls for a national enquiry". He went on to express his shock at the frank admissions in Irish schools by young people of fifteen, sixteen and seventeen. Louisburgh people abroad will find this hard reading. They will realize that if that is the general situation throughout the country, it would be foolhardly to think that our own parish is immune. The old people were fond of telling of a final, predicted war which, however 'would not come any farther west than the Bridge of Belclare'! In face of facts we can have no such assurance with this latest struggle. And young writers

in this very issue are giving us the signals! If we are cynical about statistics, we might try to explain away the unbelievable number of cars parked on the streets of our town on *several* nights of what is called a 'normal' week: or the fecklessness of so many of our resident parishioners who take a holiday(!) — inevitably a drinking holiday — whenever any relative emigrant returns. The private observations of those very emigrants must be rather like those of the Florida professor. They know how they have to keep to a work-schedule in their new home and frankly must be aghast at the irresponsibility they see on their return.

What is to be done? Essentially some *thinking* must be done; the simple application of our gift of reason. We are, of course, speaking not of the use of alcohol, but of its *abuse*. Reason should be let speak — before it, too, is doused. And one outcome of any serious thinking must surely be a voluntary decision to return to a more sensible and temperate way of life. For obvious reasons, the danger to a younger generation is extreme: it is like the danger of early shipwreck. Who will be a warning lighthouse? If no one else, then *An Choinneal* will. This magazine puts it firmly and simply to responsible people, all of them, in our parish that enough is enough; that it is high time to call a halt. *An Choinneal* puts it plainly to its younger readers (for once again it declares its concern and commitment to them) that they should begin to see the havoc that is being played with their young energies, and decide to break out of this imprisoning pressure which society imposes on them. It is a prison which is in almost every conceivable aspect the very antithesis of the glorious freedom of being young. We have no firm reasons to believe that publicans in our community are irresponsibly serving alcohol to those under the legal age. (If we had we would state them, and consider that a duty of service to the community.) But we do know that in practically every sizeable town in Mayo there is at least one licensee who continually breaks the law of the land, and later pleads in court, under a faulty law, that this was not done "knowingly". Generally speaking, discos are notorious for similar flaunting of the law. Are parents aware what may be entailed when their boy or girl goes to such a disco?

Some four years ago a scheme was launched in Mayo by four concerned adults who saw this up-coming development: Mr. Tom Higgins and Mr. Joe Mulhern (both of Kiltimagh), Father Benny McHale (Westport) and the editor of this magazine. Their method was two-pronged. Identity-cards were made available through all second-level schools in Mayo (14,000 cards have been issued to date); and representation was made by interview to successive Ministers of Justice for updating the Licensing Laws. Specifically this group asks that: nobody under eighteen be allowed on licensed premises (hence the I.D. cards); that the law on

"extensions" be tightened up; that abuses by off-licences be checked and that that infamous word, "knowingly", be removed from the law. We have so much lost our orientation in this landscape that these suggestions may be considered negative! American readers will have their own assessment of them as compared with the existing laws in that liberated land.

But there is still the very positive measure for remedy which has been signalled by our young writers. There must be the provision of alternative recreation for people who are so full of wholesome energy and are caught in the trap of unemployment, or of a job which is less physically demanding; and are trapped, too, by the extreme pressure from their peers — not just in Louisburgh but worldwide, as presented by the modern communication media — to take the soft option and begin a downward slide. The remedy will require all the talents and organizing powers of every sincere individual and movement in the community. Leaders must surface; and they must be prepared to leave their television sets regularly, because *time* is of the essence of the remedy. Church, schools, youth clubs, GAA club, ICA guild, Community Councils, Drama Groups, Badminton club and even ad-hoc committees who will organize and provide any kind of healthy alternative (as many of these are already doing in their own context) must all be prepared to see the position we have got ourselves into; and must have the determined tenacity to get ourselves out of it. Far from thinking that our community is worse than others in this context we think that ours has the resources and the leadership potential to be a flag-ship in the movement to recovery.

Parents must take a leading role; they must *meet*. They must pool their several talents and experiences and be prepared to take on a most demanding task as a proof of their practical love for their own children. And, most important of all, the young people of our parish must rise up against this fettering imposition. They indeed have the character, the spirit and the talent to free themselves. A pessimist could well picture some future issue of this magazine giving the ruined life-story of some anonymous Louisburgh man or woman in an effort to warn would-be followers. We prefer to think of a *Coinneal* of the future where one of our present young generation will, in middle age, reflect on a period when the young men and women of Kilgeever parish took time off to think of how they were being led astray and took a collective decision to stand up in society and say to one and all "Enough"!

Young men and women of Louisburgh, you are being challenged! "Never let it be said . . . !

QUARTER-CENTURY

Easter 1982, for the Jubilarians

On Easter Tuesday, nineteen fifty-seven,
Two days beyond my priestly christening
I stopped in my tracks on The Old Road —
After my second Mass that morning with a small village flock
After the transubstantiation for myself of bread and wine
After communion from the stock-piled tabernacle

After the years and years . . .

Who was I?

What if anything had changed
Over those hectic days since my anointing?
I'd walked this road last year and the other years
How different now, 'sacerdos in aeternum'?

A passing neighbour touched his cap in greeting,
Knelt for first blessing, crossed my palm and left.
I tucked my shinging breviary into a quarter-century of priesthood —
Nine thousand days! Nine thousand question marks?

There have been answers — yes. Visions, revisions —
Yet the question stands. And you, my friends,
Grown gold or silver with me into priesthood,
What have you seen beneath the ice-berg tip?

Nine thousand Masses! Nine thousand interventions in eternity!
God's glory and a people sanctified
And much besides that's won

But for all that, what change in quarter-century?

What peri-winkle daring out of doors into fresh April waters?
What ocean currents wearing down stalagmites of settled ways?
What gracefilled rainbows shafting through stained-glass fragments in my temple?
What thunderbolts to scorch or knock from height?

What arrogance!

A humble, contrite heart wilt thou approve, O Lord.

Malawi — Pádraig Ó Máille

WORKING TOGETHER FOR EACH OTHER

There is one old proverb which says that when spider-webs unite they can even tie up a lion. In the early eighties many people in the Louisburgh parish realized that there were many "lions" to be tied up, but that this could be done only by strengthening the webs of the community throughout the parish. We began to realize that not only God, but also local authorities and State agencies, are better disposed to helping those who first show signs of helping themselves! After a great deal of soul-searching we decided to set up a Community Council in Louisburgh, similar to the one already operating so successfully in Killeen, and with whom we now have a great deal of co-operation. The main aim of the Council was, and still is, the furthering of worthwhile development throughout the parish. But we are also concerned with strengthening communication and trust throughout the parish, building a community of service and sharing, of faith and commitment, where people matter more than things.

The Council was formally established in March 1982, and is now representative of all areas and voluntary organizations within the parish. Recognizing the very valuable asset that young people are in our community, local youth organizations were offered representation on the Council, and this was willingly accepted.

We identified the needs of the parish under three headings: *Water supplies/Drainage, Cultural/Recreational, and Industrial/Environmental.*

We decided to give attention to these areas through the sub-committee system and, for the purpose of this article, I propose to deal with them separately.

WATER SUPPLIES/DRAINAGE

Because of on-going representations by the Community Council a treatment plant has been installed for the Louisburgh/Falduff Water supply. Tenders are currently being examined for the Laughta Group Water Scheme which, when completed, will serve forty or fifty houses with piped water. At the time of writing, however, there are still difficulties to be ironed out at Departmental level. We hope these can be resolved quickly and that bureaucratic red tape will not be allowed to hold up such a much needed scheme. Drainage, or the lack of it, continues to be a problem throughout the parish, with the so-called Western Drainage Scheme never existing as far as Louisburgh is concerned. Efforts continue by the sub-committee to have proper attention paid to this problem and the campaign for action will be stepped up in 1985.

CULTURAL/RECREATIONAL

Our main project under this heading is the Cahir Sports and Recreational complex which, when completed, will include dressing-rooms, pitch-and-putt course, ball-alley, tennis-court and children's playground. The dressing-rooms and showers are already in use and the pitch-and-putt course will be officially opened in the Spring. The next phase of the development is the erection of a ball-alley, tennis-court, etc, but I am concerned that this may have to be put on "the long finger", as we are already more than IR£10,000 in debt. Perhaps some readers of *An Choinneal* will come to our assistance as they have so often done for Louisburgh in the past! We are indebted to Mayo County Council and the Youth Employment Agency for their special support for the work to date. The limited development that is already there has been warmly welcomed by locals and visitors alike. On the cultural front our council has succeeded in organizing a number of successful art competitions and exhibitions. There is a great awareness within the council of the need to promote "all things Irish", including our own native songs and music. This objective is always kept in mind in the planning of social events.

INDUSTRIAL/ENVIRONMENTAL

Again, the council has had some successes under this heading, though much remains to be done. *Nomadic Structures* brought extra jobs to Louisburgh, and in recent months the council let a room in the Vocational School (which we succeeded in purchasing from the Vocational Educational Committee) to Mrs. Anthony O'Toole, Chapel Street, for the manufacture of packing-cases for *Nomadic Structures*. We
see it as an important role of the council to give support to all efforts which help to create or maintain jobs in Louisburgh, and we wish Mrs. O'Toole and her staff every success in their new venture. Proposals are already being examined for the letting of another room in the school for another small industry and our hopes are high that it, too, will be successful. The Community Council recently formed its own development company known as Louisburgh Development Company Limited. It is an act of faith in our own future, and shares are on sale at the rate of IR£1 per share. There has been considerable local support for the Company through *An Choinneal*. I am extending an invitation to all our exiles to purchase shares in the Company. Such a gesture would be an act of practical patriotism for your native place. In the area of physical environment we can boast beaches, landscapes and seascapes that are unrivalled in most parts of the country. Maybe we take them for granted, but we must ensure that nothing is ever done to spoil their enjoyment for local people and the many visitors who holiday in the area and who are so important to the economic survival of Louisburgh. The Community Council is also aware that Louisburgh town has the

potential to win the Tidy Towns competition, but it is a potential that has yet remain untapped. The council cannot do it on its own, it requires the participation and support of every active member of the community, especially in the areas of litter control, derelict sites and the presentation of buildings. A win in the Tidy Towns competition would be good for Louisburgh and would improve the quality of life for all of us.

I have dealt with the "formal headings" under which the council operates, but of course there have also been many other areas of activity. There is an acute awareness within the council of the value of tourism to the Louisburgh area, particularly since the development of Louisburgh's holiday cottages. We are eager at all times to aid and abet the growth of tourism to Louisburgh and we see the development of the Cahir complex providing much needed facilities for tourists to the area. A major archaeological survey is also in progress and, when completed, will be published in brochure form for the benefit of visitors to the area. Any article on the Community Council would be incomplete without a reference to our Annual Parish Re-union, an event that is greatly looked forward to by local and exiles alike. Indeed, we know that many of our exiles plan their holidays to coincide with the re-union. The re-union affords us an opportunity to come together and celebrate as a community, it is now a definite annual fixture on our local calendar.

The council has been involved in organizing many other social activities, in the provision of adult education and communication courses, in the erection of Christmas lights in the town, in generating support for the Annual Saint Patrick's Day Parade . . . Indeed the list is almost endless. All is not to suggest that we are satisifed with our rate of progress. Council members would be the first to admit that more could have been achieved, and a great deal more *has yet to be achieved*. But as chairman of the council I have witnessed the commitment and dedication of so many members over the past two years, and the amount of time and energy they are prepared to give in voluntary service to their own community. With more broadly-based support from the whole community, I am confident they will rise to meet the challenge of the future. Yes, we have had our share of "knockers" but while we are not above constructive criticism, we realize that there will always be the few who will adversely criticize the efforts of those willing to "stand up and be counted" in serving their community. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that the Community Council has helped to instil a spirit of self-help in the people of our parish, and the "I-could-not-care-less" mentality is not as prevalent as it used to be.

I believe this community is best equipped to determine its own needs, that everyone should have a say in deciding what these needs are and that a campaign for development should be undertaken with common, united voice and with the full support of everybody in the

community. Healthy communities must be encouraged to grow and if that encouragement does not come from *within* the community the alternative is, at best, stagnation; at worst, decay and ultimate death. Community development must be about people and in its efforts the council strives to maintain the beliefs, attitudes, values and behaviour patterns that mark us out as a Christian people. Our attitude and values are formed to a great degree by our overall environment and the social setting that we find ourselves in. For most of us our beliefs and values are the same, and we can justly claim that our environment is, indeed, a Christian one. But does it follow that our Christianity is as alive and active as it should be? How concerned are we about people in our community who are old and alone? Is our sense of neighbourliness as strong as it was with past generations? Have we a caring and concerned approach to the deprived members of our community? When things have to be done do we leave it to a few and then criticize those who stick out their necks? Are we doing our bit to ensure that Christian values and attitudes are passed on to our youth, the trustees of the future? Those are questions which we should give a great deal of thought to if we are really concerned about the establishment of *community* in its best sense in our parish.

Bridge Street — Séamus Durkan (Chairman)

Remembering Sion . . .

When I was a little boy, I remember going visiting with my father to a nearby house. The man of the house would tell stories of his experiences in England and of his youth in Ireland. The woman baked bread over the fire and she would give me a bit of the dough to make into a little cake and leave it on the coals on top of the oven. She would then turn it for me on the coals and soon it would be a lovely hot bun.

Sitting there on the hob, beside a blazing fire, listening to the old man telling his stories, with the clock ticking on the dresser, and the hound asleep in the corner on top of a bag of oats, I thought it would be great if this happy scene would last forever.

LOUISBURGH'S NEEDS

In our first issue, eight parishioners wrote their ideas as to what the parish then needed most. In this issue two of the eight, one a lady resident non-native (Mrs. O'Toole) and one a gentleman native non-resident (Michael J. Durkan) look back; and forwards. — Editor

Mrs Sally O'Toole:

How now, Louisburgh? How have you fared in the past twenty five-years since I so blithely said that Louisburgh didn't need anything? A quarter-century later I still think I was not far off the mark! Louisburgh has such a wealth of things that money can not buy; marvellous qualities of hospitality and caring, handed on from generation to generation, with faith and fatherland (in that order) getting top priority. Where else would an electrician say to you "make me a cup of tea and we'll be quits" having finished a tricky piece of work for you?

Changes for the better there have been aplenty. Much that I had wished for then has since been accomplished. Thanks to the efforts of a very active Tourist Development Association we now have ample accommodation for our visitors be it Hotel, Guesthouse (farm or otherwise) or Rent-a-Cottage. The latter group of cottages are said (by visitors who have been around) to be the best in Ireland from the point of view of siting, amenities etc. The leisurely pace of life in Louisburgh, seemingly beckons the same people back, year after year. The nostalgic, music of bygone days ("Dan the Street Singer" immediately come to mind) not to mention Comhaltas Ceoltóiri, the local bands and the big show-bands all add to the conviviality of a drink with friends in the evenings. Excellent restaurant and 'Take-aways' have sprung up, too. Our beaches are perfect but please, stop removing all that sand and gravel, or far from being among the ten best beaches in Europe we'll have no beaches at all.

Methinks the foreign travellers are fishing too near our shores, judging by the catches in recent years. But it was heartening to hear from Madame X, who regularly holidays in Louisburgh, that having a meal one evening in Maximes and talking to the Manager about her recent holiday in Ireland she was pleasantly surprised to hear him exclaim "Ah Louisburgh! We get our choicest oysters from Clew Bay".

Soon the 'whining hill' will be no more. Paint it quickly — paint you mastepiece "The field of the cloth of gold! The new breed of farmer can not afford to be sentimental about the furze and the lovely whitethorn. Sure green fields are beautiful too.

There is a great band of 'public spirited' people round Louisburgh and the half-parish of Killeen to-day. Would there were more! We have

a fine Drama Group and a G.A.A under the umbrella of the Community Council and the I.C.A. there is wonderful work being done. That portion of the Sports Complex which is complete is a credit to the young men, as indeed, also, is the 'pitch-and-putt' Course. With lectures and practical gardening exercises our flower-gardens should be worth seeing next year not to talk of the 'grow-your-own-vegetable' scheme. Nationwide this latter should be a great boost to our economy.

Speaking about economy. They say that Japan enjoys the best economy in the world to-day. Funny that! I believe the work in the factories is being done by little tin men and the people are engaged in the manufacture of (yes you're guessed it) tin men! Like the one in the Buck Rodgers Show who never says but "Biddy-biddy", meaning "will do; O.K."

Watch your step you young progressives lest you take a leap too far too soon and visit us with an invasion of "Biddy-biddy men". Who knows? perhaps in twenty-five years time every house in Louisburgh will have its own 'Biddy-biddy' man. I'll call my one 'Biddy', of course. It wil be "Biddy will you fetch my slippers"? 'Biddy' will you make me a cake as quick as you can. I'll goad him into changing his tune to 'tá go maith'. That will be the day.

Michael J. Durkan

Twenty-five years ago who of us has not said things that would come back to haunt us? When I advised that Louisburgh should have faith in itself it seemed to me that it was the right thing to say. Now that the flush of enthusiasm has departed and grey hairs are supposed to bring wisdom I feel that that counsel is still valid after a quarter of century of great change for Ireland and for Louisburgh. Change is generally for the good and this has been so for Louisburgh. Those of us who live outside look for any news of the fair land — we read with interest Michael Viney's Saturday column in the *Irish Times* — we find ourselves less concerned with the accounts of his Greenland trips and wait for his return to more familiar territory, even though his columns tell us less about Louisburgh than about Michael Viney. Other printed news is scanty and records little apart from accounts of former schoolmates who have achieved prominence and are accounted fair game by the media whenever they run foul of the law. Our sources for real news are the letters from home and the accounts of returning visitors. We learn with sorrow of the passing of the old guard — many of them near and dear to us, but this is in the nature of things. We are told, too, "people have no time" for one another; that concern for another's difficulty is gone. We hear of the pervasive violence in Irish society, a

violence which is not confined to the political arena alone. We hear the good things too, the hard grind is becoming less so; the quality of life improves; prosperity is evident on all sides. On balance things seem to be well with Louisburgh. That faith in ourselves seems still strong —that pride in ourselves and in our way of life, that determination to always do our best, to be honest rather than silent, to show charity to all.

During this past summer I attended the requiem Mass for my cousin, Jim O'Malley of Cahir. Among the celebrants I noticed a vaguely familiar face — Father Michael Coyne had heard of Jim's death the night before from a friend, and had come from New Jersey to pray a fellow parishioner to his rest. That to me showed the unselfish, caring spirit which symbolizes Louisburgh at its best.

OUR NEEDS TODAY

Young Parishioners give their considered opinions:

We have asked six young natives of the parish, three men, three women, to give their versions of the same problem in 1984. Four of these are working and/or studying away from home; two are working in the parish. Our apologies to one other writer whose script has been mislaid. — Editor

1 Anne Mannion (Dublin):

As a young person from the Killeen area of the parish I believe that our greatest need now is to realize the potential of the youth of the district. We need to help them to lead full and happy lives there, and also to give them the opportunity to contribute to life in the community in whatever way they choose. In these paragraphs I will look at the needs of these young people. As far as I can see they fall into three categories — primary-school children, secondary-school children and people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. Of these three groups I feel that one in particular is being very well catered for; namely, those who attend the local secondary school. They have two youth clubs, *Feachtas* and *Foróige;* they have football, basketball, and camogie leagues, school tours and discos. This leaves two groups who have special needs.

Firstly, let us look at the primary-school children. I feel that very little is being organized for these children outside the school hours, especially during holidays. It seems a pity that they have to wait so long before they can go to youth clubs or discos. With a little help clubs like

boy scouts or girl guides could be set up to cater for these fun-loving and enthusiastic children. Through these clubs they could be taken on outings or taken away for week-ends where they could enjoy themselves and also meet other children. Such an experience would give them an ability to mix with other children and this would be very important to them in later life. They need not travel far on these outings; for example, Achill adventure week-ends are organized with children of this age in mind. Small projects could then be organized involving them. As Louisburgh is a farming area, projects connected with the land would be worthwhile and enjoyable. For example, competitions involving the sowing, care of, and harvesting of crops, vegetables and flowers could be organized. Leagues in football and basketball could be arranged between the different villages in the area: the boys already have a league, so this would be a new departure for the girls.

The second group that needs to be catered for includes people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. A lot of these have already left the area to work elsewhere in Ireland; or, recently, in London. Others are attending college in Dublin, Maynooth, Galway, Sligo or Limerick, or else in one of the AnCo training centres. I think that we should support and encourage local industry or private enterprises such as specialized farming or craft work (including pottery, woodwork and knitting). There are a lot of talented people in the area who could help with these. But even if we do not manage to provide full employment in the area we could improve immensely on the situation as it is. People who work away from the area could participate more in the parish activities and so contributed to the running of it. There is no reason why they should drop out of the community because they do not live there full-time. Their contribution could well be the organizing and supervising of youth clubs and activities. If they have some particular skills, musical or athletic for instance, they could share these with younger children. To ensure that these people do come home at week-ends on a regular basis entertainment other than that provided by the publicans should be organized. (That is not to depreciate what *is* being provided; but it's not everyone's cup of tea!) Popular videos could be shown, games arranged, music sessions held, and groups set up to visit the sick, the handicapped and the elderly in hospitals. These are a few things that could be done to give our young people the opportunity to become involved in work and activities in the parish. I do realize that the young people are only one part of the community, but I really think that they have a lot to offer — especially the younger children, because they are so obliging and so lively. It is to be hoped that they will not have to leave the area to find work, for that would be a great loss.

If people really make an effort to cater for the needs of the youth in the parish then it is also important that their effort is sustained. As the old saying goes: *Tús maith leat na h-oibre!* But it is only *half* the work; and effort must be made to realize the second half.

2 *Tom Durkan (Mullingar):*

I am working away from home and there are times when I feel that the week-end won't come fast enough for me to go home to Louisburgh. Yet by Sunday evening I am glad to be going back to Mullingar, where I work. Usually the week-ends tend to be an anti-climax: why?. It is hard for me to say but, to be honest, Louisburgh is lacking in what I'd term the *exuberance of youth*. There is an obvious scarcity of young people — between, say, the ages of eighteen and twenty-five; and so I think that Louisburgh's greatest need now is jobs to keep the youth of the area at home. In writing this I keep asking myself is there any point in doing so. After all, it is easy to say that Louisburgh must find jobs for its young people but creating these opportunities is a different story. I see two main areas where we can, and must, take action; but before setting them out I must mention one fundamental factor which is obviously lacking in Louisburgh, namely a spirit of hope and enthusiasm. We have got to be zealous in working for what we want to achieve.

Firstly, let us look at the possibility of creating jobs in the industrial sector. It is easy to dismiss this area by saying that we do not have the infrastructure; that we are too far away from the economic markets etc. Yet, look at *Nomadic Structures*, the concern with a factory in the Caher area; it is a vivid example of what can be achieved. It has defied economic reasoning: it is there because Louisburgh needed it. There are so many products being at present imported which could be manufactured at home. The Central Statistics Office in Dublin would have details of such products. I am sure that if this was researched we could find something which we ourselves could manufacture and distribute here in Ireland. And preferably, of course, in Louisburgh.

Secondly, there is so much we could do with what nature has given us, i.e. by way of tourism as an industry. We have beautiful beaches: Old Head, Carramore, The White Strand (voted number three beach in Europe recently), to mention but a few. We have rivers, lakes, mountains: in short, we have a potential tourist resort. Some may say that we cannot do any more than we have already achieved. Yet, why does not Louisburgh appear to have the same tourist status as Killarney, Tralee, Lahinch and other such resorts? We have more to offer than the places I have just mentioned. What we need to do is to advertise our haven; to run festivals and introduce a carnival spirit for the summer period.

"Louisburgh is a place for married people and young children" — it is not so long ago since I heard that. Sadly, for the moment it is true. Yet, I believe that this can be changed; and it will have to be if the young children of today are to get a chance to remain in "God's Pocket". Why should they have to become exiles?

3 Mary Morahan (Main Street):

No place, no matter how lovely, is without its shortcomings. Louisburgh is no exception. It is a beautiful place to live in, but can be made much more of in specific areas. It is we, the people of Louisburgh, who have to try and make our surroundings more interesting and pleasant for ourselves and for visitors. We, the youth of today, are the adults of tomorrow, and the environment we live in will influence the way in which we lead our own lives and also the example we give to those younger than us.

Of the main areas I would like to see developed much more in Louisburgh is that concerning entertainment for young people and teenagers. At the moment there is very little in the way of social entertainment for the younger teenagers.

To begin with I would like to re-open the games room in the Parochial Hall. There could be pool-tables and football-games in that room; and a good idea, I think, would be to have a television-set and a video-recorder there. This could be used to tape local events, e.g. sporting events and social gatherings. These home-made films could be shown to the public at a later date. Funds could be raised to buy this equipment: some events could be organized by the youth in order to help in the raising of the required finance. In time a juke box would be a nice addition to the room. This room would be open to the public at specific times and especially at weekends.

I would like to see more projects being started by youth. There are many things which could be undertaken by the local teenagers; the cleaning of the graveyards, restoring the grotto at the church, anti-litter campaigns, visiting the people who are living alone, organizing senior-citizens' parties, and taking part in the planning of social events. I think this would help the younger people to have confidence in themselves and help them to make the most of themselves later in life.

A sports-complex would be a good idea for the people of Louisburgh; a complex where all sports could be played involving young and old together, special times being allocated to each sport. This would fill up spare time especially during the long, wet, winter evenings.

The above suggestions would mean a healthy community involvement that would lead to a better and healthier parish envolvement.

4 Patrick Conway (Askelane):

Maybe its a perverse view of economics, but I happen to think this much maligned present recession is about the best thing that ever

happened Kilgeever Parish, for never before was there such a profound number of young people staying and, more importantly, wanting to stay, in their native place. Of course the job-prospects away are not good, but one no longer hears the idiom of the Leaving Certificate being the "passport out of Louisburgh" quite as often or as loud. Ironically the "ones that got away" are not so vocal in knocking "this oul place" as they once were.

Of course the job prospects in the parish are not good and any young person will have to wait a long time for a job to come along; but where you have any number of young people, you immediately have a vast reservoir of talent. It then behoves us all in the Silver Jubilee of *An Choinneal* to find ways of harnessing that talent and using it to our advantage and to that of the parish. How often do we do it? and what do we need to encourage this talent and make Louisburgh and its surrounds a better place to live in?

Education:

Any person young or old living here for any period of time can be forgiven for thinking there is nothing else to do in their spare time, but to drink and play cards. There is no place to go where one can further oneself educationally in his or her native area. A major effort should now be made to get some adult courses going in winter to alleviate this situation. It would relieve the pervading sense of boredom and provide variety in leisure-time. We should also add our voices to those who seek to have a regional Technical College built in Westport or Castlebar. It would be to our advantage as our students would not be do far away for long periods and the more ambitious older people could partake in night-courses if such a facility existed.

Infrastruture:

The new harbour at Roonagh is a welcome development for the employment it will generate, but I can't help feeling that if some of the monies allocated to this project were spent on arterial drainage and roads in the area it would be easier for the heavy machinery that is needed to build it to get there. How much easier it would be for us to farm the low-lying land instead of praying for fine weather in July so we can get our crops in safely. Bog roads in the parish are in need of urgent attention. Two other projects that require the support of the people of the parish are Knock Airport and Castlebar General Hospital. While there are those who will ridicule the building of the airport, I can see only positive results from this and similar parishes in the West. Our communication-links with the rest of the country will be vastly improved. There is nothing I can say about the General Hospital that hasn't already been said. The argument for a new hospital in the county is overwhelming.

Farming:

While one of the deepest recessions of modern times is still going on, the farmers of the parish are fighting on regardless as can be witnessed by anyone who travels outside the area. Louisburgh is the only area where land reclamation continues unabated. In the face of falling income and a threatened Land Tax their courage is to be applauded. There are now a considerable number of young people willing to wait on the family farm, willing to work hard to develop their farms into efficient money-making units and generally raising the status of farming to as high a level as possible. Those farmers need the support of everybody including our public representatives to highlight the difficulties of farming in a very severely handicapped area.

Youth and Culture:

What a great achievement it is for Louisburgh G.A.A in this Silver Jubilee and Centenary year to have reached the County final. Their efforts this year have generated an enthusiasm and support which can only be improved on in coming years. While we now have a thriving G.A.A. club, the same cannot be said of Athletics. It is high time an Athletic Club was formed for the holding of events like cross-country, road-races and mini-marathons etc.

The parish, as everybody knows, is rich in tradition, culture, folklore, but like everywhere in these times we are losing sight or simply do not care. What a pity if we lose this particular part of our identity, for then we will become just another parish caught up in a whirlwind of modernity with no past. What a great achievement it would be if we could produce a history, detailed and inviting, for all the people of the parish home and away, recording events and characters that have made it unique.

Industry:

While *Allergan, Travenol* and *Nomadic Structures* are thriving and absorbing a lot of our young people there is still a need for some factory based on raw material, such as Timber of Fish, produced in the area — an idea talked about before probably but worth another look.

Our greatest need in this Jubilee Year is not just a list of material needs, but a need to assess what we have and how to use it. Our greatest resource is our young people. Our greatest challenge, how to use that resource.

5 Alexandra Lyons (Maynooth):

Development in Louisburgh has brought obvious changes but the effects of these changes on the people have been more subtle. Generally

speaking, we in Louisburgh are 'progressing'. What were once dreams, like the Cottages, the factory, the water-filter, and the play-school, are now realities. Even things we never dreamt of, like super-markets, 'chippers' and night-clubs, are also features of change. Coupled with this, however, I think there has been a tendency to overlook traditional events which has resulted in a difference in the *quality* of life within the community.

The death of the Pattern is one example of a past tradition disappearing, and the passive nature of the Festival might soon, I fear, provide a second model of fading customs. As a rural population undergoing change we have a greater need for open-air gatherings; they help us to break down rising formalities and tempt us into *making time* for renewing friendships. More and more, we seem to be content with a passing wave for a car-window, a few rushed comments after Saturday-night Mass or a couple of hurried words at the supermarket check-out! We need therefore to increase opportunity for slow and substantial conversation with a view to reviving the essential *personality* of Louisburgh.

Very often the values perpetuated by the television differ from what we as sensitive and discerning people respect; and therefore we have become a bit distant both from our *true* selves and from each other. This is not only sad but is a threat to our traditional belief in, and love and support for, one another. So in my opinion one immediate need in Louisburgh is discussion and debate of television programmes, e.g. a motion such as "*Dallas* has negative effects on personality". Such a debate *could prove more entertaining than* Benny Hill and could simultaneously restore confidence in our values. It could give us self-trust and place us in control of our own lives rather than being subject to control.

The formation of groups or societies for those with similar interests is a fine source of stimulation: taking one example, there are many among us who have 'green fingers', and a gardening society would be a social outlet for their knowledge and experience. The formation of other societies would generate 'cyclical' entertainment, e.g. running buffet, or sales of work for fund-raising. In this way our sources of enjoyment would be less limited and more varied in nature.

I often wonder if the Dutch Complex at Thallabawn was proposed again would we, the people of the parish, be as decisive and emphatic about what we appreciate and value? I believe we would, but I also believe that what we need most of all is co-ordination or harmony; and so our present greatest need is either a leading group or an individual leader, who will combine the natural and civil, blend the traditional and modern, and unite us together again. One who is willing to organize and channel our resources in such a way would thereby restore what in the past was Louisburgh's greatest attribute and is at present her greatest inheritance — dignity.

6 Pádraic Ó Léime (Galway):

Ever since the famine, and probably for long before, Louisburgh has been a great youth-exporter. As one of these exports, and having spent the last six years away, I can only address this subject from the point of view of a frequent visitor to the parish. In those six years a lot of change has taken place. One thing that hasn't though, is the need for more local employment. This will always be high on Louisburgh's list of needs; not so much for the school-leaver as for those who would like to come back and rear their families in the peaceful and healthy atmosphere that Louisburgh offers. Recreational facilities are always high on young people's lists, and speaking as one who has felt the breeze blowing from Clare Island, I think there is no more urgent need than the dressing-rooms at Cahir. It's little more than our footballers deserve, having won the "West Mayo" and gone on to the county final in this, the G.A.A. centenary year. The handball alley in Carramore is still longing for a face-lift. As a great possible source of enjoyment, why not fill up the holes in it at least?

Six years ago, there were no video-games in Louisburgh, not to mention home-computers. Now home-computers are the "in-thing" and this is as it should be, provided they are used properly, of course. Is there a need for a Computer Users Group (C.U.G.)? Another good sign of Louisburgh having moved into the eighties and one of its great needs being fulfilled, is the building of the automatic telephone-exchange. How often has the sentiment "It's a pity I can't dial home"! been expressed by us who are away! But are all these needs *real* needs? or are they just things that Louisburgh is lacking? Comparing Louisburgh with other parishes, communities and towns, it is very well off. There is no hunger or great poverty and we should be thankful for that. There are plenty of things to do, plenty of active groups and clubs, not to mention all the natural facilities. I would just like to mention the two youth clubs, *Foróige* and *Feachtas;* they are probably the most important clubs in the parish because from them will come the basis of the parish in years to come. So parishioners should take an interest in them and be supportive.

So what are Louisburgh's needs? I believe the answer to that lies in what one local lady said to a young fellow who had expressed the opinion that he and others wanted to work and live away from the parish. She said: "Well, we'll always be here to welcome ye back". That's what makes Louisburgh different, the welcome, the friendliness, its values and its attitude towards others. Far greater than any of its materialistic "lacks", is the need to keep its values.

WITHOUT VERDICT

I am on trial.
Your rhetoric is the jingle in my ears,
the world your stanza lamely composed.
You bridge abysses with over-simplification.

From my window the rain slants ugly.
For days I've slept and listened,
thought of the dark hood you put over my mind;
your struggle to regain what's gnarled, rotted.

Like Hamburg 2 p.m. from a park bench
when I finally forsook the letter-box;
the refracted light of a Berlin cafe,
it all floods back suitably draped.

You immerse me in your life-eucharist.
My sentence: this correct emotional fix.
With trademark sterility it closes in
and I have no formula.

Galway — Marie-Thérèse Morrison

Past Issues:

Earlier numbers of An Choinneal *are becoming more and more rare.*

With the exception of Numbers One (1959), old issues are still available from: The Secretary, An Choinneal, *Louisburgh, County Mayo.*

All issues now cost £3.

MUINTIR NA TÍRE GUILD OF LOUISBURGH

Back row: Séamus Durkin, John Joe Philbin (R.I.P.), Mick Gallagher (R.I.P.), Paddy Scanlon (R.I.P.), Thomas Harney (R.I.P.), Richard Lyons, Michael O'Brien (R.I.P.), Donald Wallace, William McNamara, Séamas O'Dowd, Doctor Columb McHugh. Sitting: Annie B. Casey, Austin O'Reilly (R.I.P.) Kay O'Malley, Reverend Joseph Moran, Clementine Lyons, Evelyn Leamy and Philomena Scanlon.

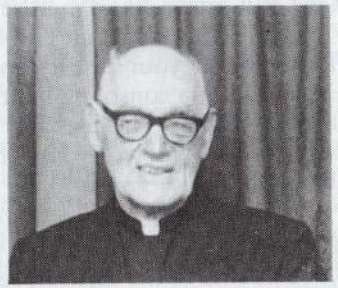
SHEPHERD RECALLED

In welcoming our new parish priest, An tAthair Tadhg Ó Mórain, An Choinneal *marks our loss at the passing of his predecessor, Canon John Fitzgerald. To all the Canon's relatives and to his brother-priests we offer sincere sympathy.*

Following are the text of Archbishop Cunnane's address at the funeral Mass on Good Friday 20 April 1984 and a tribute by his fellow-priest in the parish, Father Daniel Conneely.

— Editor

Born	*June 12th 1908*
Ordained (Rome)	*April 4th, 1931*
Diocese of Leeds	*September, 1931*
C.C., Annaghdown	*December, 1931*
C.C., Tuam	*December, 1934*
C.C., Moylough	*July, 1943*
C.C., Knock	*September, 1956*
Adm., Knock	*August, 1963*
P.P., Louisburgh	*July, 1967*
Canon of the Cathedral Chapter	*July, 1974*
Died	*April 18th, 1984*



I think if a priest were free to choose the days of his death and burial he might well decide on this Holy Week as the most suitable season for them. Yesterday, Holy Thursday, was the special feast of the priest- hood, today is the day when we remember in a very vivid way the death and burial of Christ. Yesterday, priests from every diocese in the world gathered around their bishops to promise again that they would faithfully carry out the tasks assigned to them by Christ their Master. In the presence of the people and of the bishop they declared their willingness to renew their dedication to Christ. They were reminded that at their ordination they had accepted the responsibilities of the priesthood out of love for the Lord Jesus and his Church, and they promised that they would try to become more like Christ and would strive to bring his love and His peace, His word and His sacraments, to the people entrusted to them.

For that is what a priest's life is about: it has to do with preaching the good news of Christ to His people, offering the Mass for them, trying with all his powers to promote among them the peace and love that Christ has told us are to be the mark of His true followers — "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples if you have love one for another".

And if yesterday reminded us forcibly of what a priest's life ought to be, today is our great lesson in the meaning of death, whether for priest or layman. Death gets an entirely new meaning, a new dimension

of hope, from the Death and Resurrection of Christ: "Dying you destroyed our death, rising You restored our life, Lord Jesus come in glory" we say after the Consecration of the Mass. Christ has taken away the sting of death.

He has not, of course, put an end to the sorrow and pain that death leaves among those who mourn the dead — that will come only in the final consummation when every tear will be wiped away, when "there will be no more death, and no more mournings or sadness", when "the world of the past has gone".

But even before that the Christian's grief at the death of a loved one must be different from those who have not the faith. "We would not have you grieve like the others who have no hope".

Holy Thursday and Good Friday then are days that help us to see the death of your priest, your brother and our friend, Father John Fitzgerald in a consoling light, summed up best perhaps in those words of Saint Paul: "The life and death of each of us has its influence on others: if we live, we live for the Lord, so that alive or dead we belong to the Lord".

Canon Fitzgerald truly lived and died for the Lord. I have known him since my ordination. He was a young curate in the parish of Tuam when I came to the Archdiocese. His gentleness and kindness endeared him to all of us, the priest and people of Tuam, and many parishioners still remember him as a quiet, modest, but very efficient young priest of Moylough where he again endeared himself to all and is still vividly and affectionately remembered. He was later given the task of ministering at Knock Shrine, first as curate and then as Administrator. It was not an easy task then any more than now, but Canon Fitzgerald's patience and kindness again were evident and pilgrims found him easy to approach and understanding in their difficulties and problems.

Here in Louisburgh the two churches and the central school bear tribute to his zeal and devotion to work. But his memory will remain most of all because his human qualities: that kindness and courtesy and fatherliness that endeared him to young and old, that great charity that kept him from ever saying an unkind word, the love for the children that was one of his special qualities. A man of considerable intellectual ability with an enquiring mind and a great love of books, an opponent to be reckoned with in theological discussion, he was, even in this, most unassuming, and his title of Doctor of Theology was probably the least used in the diocese of Tuam!

Among his fellow-priests he was relaxed, good-humoured, witty in his own very special way, with a keen eye for the ridiculous or the pretentious, a man of strong personal friendships and always and in everything the gentleman and the priest.

To his family, his sisters and brothers and all his relatives, and to you the people of the parish of Louisburgh, for whom he worked for the

last seventeen years. I extend the sympathy of the priests of the diocese and my own. *Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord.*

A colleague writes:

Father John Fitzgerald's summons home to God came unexpectedly on Tuesday of Holy Week, April 17th 1984. He had driven to the church around 9 o'clock to lock up for the night. Sister Philomena of the nearby convent noticed his car still outside the sacristy some twenty minutes later. That was unusual, and she went over to investigate. She found the Canon seated in the sacristy "I'm very unwell," he told her. "It may be the beginning of the end, but don't be afraid. Just call the doctor". He died in his house three hours later, after receiving the Last Rites from Father Waldron.

His serene acceptance of death expressed what was deepest in John Fitzgerald. He was a man of faith, a man of God. He had lived his fifty years of priesthood in service of his Lord and of his Lord's people. For some years past his health had been gradually deteriorating, and the possibility of his having to withdraw from active pastoral work he had found disturbing. In the event, the Lord to whom he had been faithful took him while he was still serving the parish and the people he loved.

His pastoral qualities were evident to all his parishioners: his solid, unostentatious piety, his sense of duty and his regularity in performance of his many duties, his constant availability for consultation, advice, encouragement.

At the root of it all was his love for people. John Fitzgerald could not think harshly of anybody; he was too humble and large-hearted for that. And because he was loving, he was loved, The sick to whom he ministered loved the 'Canon'. The children he enjoyed teasing, and for whom his ample soutane pockets usually held sweets, or oranges or apples, loved him. The many who experienced his sympathy in their bereavements and his help in their needs remember him in their hearts and their prayers.

Kilgeever parish has had by gift of God a long line of good pastors. Those who knew him will find it hard to think that it ever had a better or more devoted pastor than John Fitzgerald. *Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.*

Daniel Conneely

CALCUTTA – UNIVERSAL CITY

"Happy your eyes because they see, your ears because they hear. I tell you solemnly, many prophets and holy men longed to see what you see, and never saw it, to hear what you hear and never heard it". The words of Jesus and they happened to be the words of the Gospel on my last day in India. Mass on that morning was a truly thanksgiving celebration, and, as we hurried by motorcycle through the ruined and broken streets of Calcutta, towards the airport, my heart was choked with tears and memories which these same words of Christ recalled.

Poverty – seeing is believing

It's one thing having great thoughts about helping the poor; having dreams of doing something great for the third world. It's quite another thing being there. I had dreamed of this opportunity for years and I was convinced that I would be able to cope with the worst. I had prayed much and had tried not to romanticize about the whole affair. However, the moment my feet touched Indian soil my dreams began to wither. This was reality: I had arrived. I expected poverty, but a poverty I could relate to the situation at home. No such look: the damp hot air, shortness of breath, the sweat, the airport delay; the noise — oh, the noise! my head was spinning! And then the journey by taxi into the city, heading for the motherhouse of the Missionaries of Charity to meet Mother Teresa. The cars seem like centuries old and my first sight of Indian society still makes me shiver with horror. The utter poverty: human degradation at its worst. No sanitation, no hygiene, no drainage systems, no glass. To make matters worse, my friend and I had arrived for the monsoon, the rainy season — floods galore and the effects were obvious. Huts (the mud huts) washed out, destroyed: filthy brown water in which the poor washed their bodies, their clothes, their all. All the street is a toilet and everywhere people are squatting or lying, conserving the little energy they have. At night, all night, weird music roars through the city, the moslems are called to prayer — "Allah! Allah!"; every car, bus, truck and rickshaw, hooting horns needlessly. The mosquitoes bite, even through the net. But I *have* a net; outside, those who must sleep on the streets suffer malaria, T.B., cancer, but they've hardened to the bites and the disease or, perhaps they've just grown to accept it all with their favourite expression: "What to do?" Not a pessimistic reaction: no, a positive response: "This is God's will for us." How could one from the scientific and hugely productive west understand such mentality? Meanwhile, the air is still heavy, I can't breathe and I can't sleep.

Mother Teresa — "my secret is quite simple"

Saint Francis De Sales once said that it takes only one good woman

to overcome a city. Here is a woman who has overcome the world. I had met Mother Teresa once while I was in England before going to India, and I was profoundly impressed with her whole way of life. Since then I have heard many things about her, quite a lot of which is not complimentary. In Calcutta I had the opportunity to judge for myself. Within our first hours in India we met with Mother and, though I was very tired, that same sense of awe and admiration was reawakened within me. I would meet with her quite often during my stay and I watched and listened carefully, both to her and her critics, many as they are. And yes, Mother Teresa is stubborn; very stubborn and quite authoritarian. She is hard on her sisters, demands a high standard in everything and is a shrewd business woman to boot. But she sees all for Christ and gives all for Him. Humility radiates from her very presence. Self-effacement is her constant desire: "My secret is quite simple," she says. "I pray; through my prayer I become one in love with Christ, and I see that praying to Him is to love Him . . . If we pray we will believe. If we believe we will love. If we love we will serve. Only then can we put our love for God into living action through service of Christ in the distressing disguise of the poor."

It is often pointed out that her work provides only temporary relief for the poor and that through her continuous giving she takes away their desire to work, to make their own living, their need for dignity. She replies, as always, with simple faith: "We can do no great things, only small things with great love." Her work is for those who cannot help themselves and of course there *are* abuses. But she and her sisters provide immediate care and love for the poorest of the poor. Let those who criticize begin to further this work: more action, less words. Mother's life is ruled by service through deeds. She shares an instance as an example of this: "If you are preoccupied with talking about the poor, you scarcely have time to talk *to* the poor. I had the most extraordinary experience once in Bombay. There was a big conference about hunger. I was supposed to get to that meeting and I lost my way. Suddenly I came to that place, and right in front of the door where hundreds of people were talking about food and hunger, I found a dying man. I took him home. He died there. He died of hunger. And the people inside were talking about how in fifteen years we will have so much food, so much this, so much that, and that man died. See the difference?".

Prem Dan — a gift of love

Each of Mother Teresa's homes is given a special name to mark the particular area of ministry in which the sisters engage. "Sishu Bhavan," (Childrens Court) is the home for the children; "Nirmal Hirriday," (the place of the Pure Heart) is the home for the dying. "Prem Dan," (a Gift of Love) was the home in which I worked and for me the name signifies what Calcutta gave to me. We, my friend and I, stayed with our own Redemptorist family and went to work daily in this home for

The writer (centre) with two fellow-workers in Calcutta

handicapped, mentally ill, T.B. patients, homeless, and sick children. No particular speciality here, but each person is a gift of love. We shared in all the labours, toiletting, feeding, tending wounds, painting, laughing, washing, crying; and dying! I did die many times over in that place, and I shared in the death of those I cared for.

Sister Vanessa, the sister in charge, a woman with whom I shared great joy and laughter, asked me to care for four particular patients in a special way: an old, dying man who wanted to die quickly, a young man with T.B. who had three children, a twenty-one-year-old deaf mute, and a man who had been rich, but who, through illness was reduced to poverty. Despite my best and most tender efforts, the old man died, smiling as if to indicate that he had one up on me. Dennis, the T.B. patient followed him, and Gopal my deaf mute friend died too. His death crowned the other two and it shattered my comfortable world. My own poverty began to emerge. Only Prasad, the rich man reduced to rags, was left of my special patients and ironically, amidst all our joking together, it was he who would eventually teach me my own emptiness. In fact his life is a reflection of my own. He couldn't accept his poor condition, he had known so much better, he was an educated man and of a caste. So was I and I recalled Mother's words: "By having nothing we will be able to give everything — through freedom of poverty."

Universal city

"They suffer so much during these floods," Mother had told us. We had seen the suffering too, the children bent over with spinal T.B., the

cancerous growths, the homeless, the awful stench, the lepers, the blind man with a cross in each eye. Why could a God of love allow so much suffering? But this suffering is man-made, not God-made. In Calcutta the poor are abused and exploited in unthinkable ways. And yet the poor live on: "What to do?". "I wonder," says Mother, "what would the world be like if there were not these great people who continually suffer, suffer with such dignity and love. We don't realize the greatness of the poor and how much they give us. It is a wonder."

Suffering is meant to purify, to sanctify. It was my fourth week in Calcutta before I even began to entertain such thoughts as those expressed above by Mother Teresa. I had fought off bravely any infiltration of my own feelings of inadequecy and emptiness. But in my last days I paid a visit to the home for the dying and the home for the children. The latter reopened the many wounds I had received in "Prem Dan", after the death of my friends. *"Suffer the little children to come unto me."* A child's heart will penetrate even the toughest of masks. Seeing the many babies, sick, handicapped, under-nourished; listening to their cries, their laughter, their needs to be loved, I became uneasy. I laid in her cot, the child whom I had cuddled for some time, and then I indicated to my friend that I wished to leave. I'm sure he didn't share my discomfort. Before I could leave, however, a woman with her dying child stopped me, handed me the child and began to cry miserably. Now I understood the phrase, "What to do?". I was helpless, angry, embarrassed, weak, and *poor;* and in my poverty I shed a tear with that woman. I gave her back the child, holding them both for a moment. Then I left, broken and dying, recalling the deaths of the old man, Gopal, and Dennis. But I had also come to new life, new awareness — Prasad was still alive. Perhaps in my new-found understanding, he and I could learn from each other's poverty. We did, and with great joy.

This is Christ in his 'distressing disguise'; and this is Calcutta, the universal city; a city poor and broken. It is here that each of us finds our home, our fallen and weak human nature. "The streets of Calcutta lead to everyman's door, and the very pain, the very ruins of our Calcutta of the heart witness to a glory which once was and ought to be. What was once our fullness has become our great emptiness, and this is our thirst, this is our poverty.

The poorest of the poor, therefore, are not just the materially poor, but the unwanted, the uncared for, the rejected, the crippled, the alcoholics, the blind, the old, the unemployed, the sick, the dying, people who have nothing and nobody. Poverty hits the heart as well as the pocket and that's why our greatest duty to the poor can be lived out in the place where we live, the family, the neighbours, the parish. What the First, Second and Third World needs is the person who will, not so much work for the poor, as *witness* to the Gospel truth of love. "Love", says Mother, "begins at home. If we do not love one another whom we

see twenty-four hours, how can we love those we see only once? We show love by thoughtfulness, by kindness, by sharing joy, by sharing a smile, a laugh — through the little things."

Homeward Bound — co-workers with Christ

The day before leaving India I called at the Mother-house to say "slán" to Mother and the sisters. I thanked her for my experiences and the awakening of my new self-awareness amidst the people of Calcutta. She expressed her thanks to all at home for the generous gifts you had sent with me for the poorest of the poor, and I reiterate that thanks myself. She then blessed me and, holding me firmly, smiled and cautioned me to be "a holy priest." Those words will remain always with me and, as we neared the airport on that last morning they echoed the words of the Gospel I had just listened to. Indeed I was happy and in my new-found joy I say with Job: "I knew you then only by hearsay (Lord); but now, having seen you with my own eyes I retract all I have said, and in dust and ashes I repent."

In these reflections I have mentioned the Redemptorists once, but I referred to them as my family. We tend to take our families for granted, but this fact doesn't lessen in any way our love for them. They're always there, through good and bad alike. The Redemptorists were such a family to me in a special way this summer. Readers of *An Choinneal* will pray for me that, God willing, I will persevere and become "a holy priest". In the meantime, at home you can do what I can't do. Here, I can do what you can't do. But, together we can do "something beautiful for God."

Saint Joseph's, Dundalk — Paul Heneghan

Pictured in the New Industry at the Enterprize Centre Louisburgh: Justin Sammon P.R.O. Community Council, John Harney Community Council, Ann O'Toole Proprietor, New Industry, Seamus Durkan, Chairman Community Council.

DREAMS OF THE SHORELINE

"Ah we had a great summer in 1944" said I to the family, during a discussion on the fine summers we had known. "That's going back a long way" said my daughter. "What makes you draw down that particular year?" As I gazed down to the sea, with that faraway look in my eyes, my family knew that they had triggered one of "Mother's reminiscing spells". That was the year I was introduced to kelp-making. The previous year had been the untimely death of my dear father (R.I.P.), leaving behind a household of ten including my mother and my grandfather. To combat poverty we made an all-out effort to put our shoulder to the wheel. Like other large families we worked in two teams; one saving the turf and the other at the shoreline making kelp. The women played an important role in the latter.

Several families in each village along the coast took part in the kelp-burning. The heavy work fell to the men. With horse and cart they banked the *wrack* (seaweed) on to the *duach*. Each family had their own section on which to scatter the seaweed. This is where we were brought into action and my pet hate was spreading the wrack in the sweltering sun. I had already spent a day in school, eaten my dinner and walked a mile carrying a snack for my brothers. The drying process continued for a few weeks and the wrack was made into stacks to await the burning. Maggie was acknowledged to be the expert when it came to lighting the kiln. A few coals form a nearby house started it off. Fortunately patience was not wanting among the women, as this virtue was called into play when it came to sorting out the dry wrack for burning. It was my mother's first season burning the kelp, but under Maggie's tuition she was a fast learner and soon she had us all working like beavers. The sea-rods were taken from the fences, where they had been banked during the winter and spring, and stacked near the kiln. As they contain a high percentage of iodine (and this was a determining factor in the remittance) were added liberally to the flames in order to yield a good product. Each kiln was kept burning for two days and took the same length to cool. There was great camaraderie among the wracking fraternity. Rural electrification was still over a decade away and people had little contact with outside news items. The portable radios had arrived, (perhaps there was one such wonder in every village!) and the newspaper was sometimes passed from house to house. As these were the war years, 'Lord Haw Haw' and Hitler were often discussed among the men when they sat for a well-earned rest after tea. *Dev* and Lemass got a trouncing as did Churchill and Attlee. Nearer home the price of cattle at the July fair generated a lot more interest than the world news.

The hazards of kelp-burning were brought home to us one day. While attempting to leap over a cooling kiln my six year old sister slid

one foot in. Her wailing brought distant help and comfort but the blisters were quickly appearing. My sister and I carried her up the steep road to our house where 'the missus' (Mrs. Maguire) was summoned to wash and dress the wounds. Grandfather and my eldest sister, Mary, looked after her for the remainder of the kelp season and apart from a few petty marks on the leg she was none the worse for her experience. I recall another evening when my brothers hungrily eyed the arrival of the fishing boats. They bought four well-deserved pollock. Tying them in pairs, they handed one to my sister and one to me. We were then told to head for home without delay. We forgot this warning when we came to the boats and discovered a very cosy nest under one of them. A full moon shone through the darkness and then we heard the sound of horse's hooves. Was it our brothers, we wondered. When the horse came near the boat he reared up and a voice said softly, "is there anyone there?" No comment! "Come out of there if there's anyone under that boat or you'll be dragged out", came the voice. The horse was still neighing. Out popped my sister and I, but instead of going on the road we headed for the black shore and hid at the rocks. The man and his horse soon went on their way. We jogged home to try and have the fish cooked before our brothers arrived.

As the kelp-burning drew to a close the bags of material were removed to the premises of Mr. Pat O'Toole, Accony, where all the weighing took place. Horse-power was used, and practically every horse and cart in the area were on the road. This was customary and in our case people such as Martin Mannion, James Grady (Cloonty), John Kitterick, the Sheridan-O'Malley family (Aillemore) and the Staunton and Davitt families (Curra-Davitt) answered the call. They did not make kelp but were able and willing to lend a helping hand. Grandfather insisted on travelling on horseback to Accony, for the weighing and testing ceremony. He was hoping to sway the testers in our favour as he was acquainted with them from previous years. We borrowed Austie McNamara's horse and saddle, our own having already been in harness. After spending the morning preparing Grandfather, we helped him into his finery. He looked like a knight on horseback (minus the shining armour!) as we helped him onto the saddle.

The hub of activity along the coast then came to a standstill until the winter, when the same process started again with the first *port* of searods. Our ten tons of kelp brought in a cheques of £90, a small fortune in those days! Ah! yes, 1944 was a great summer indeed. I am proud to be associated with such a happy and industrious community, most of whom are gone to their eternal reward. *Ar dheis Dé go raibh a n-anamnacha dílse!*

Roonith Hill — Chris McNally

RETURNING EMIGRANTS

Our exiles, will they ever return? The answer is *yes:* they already *have* returned to see their old homesteads in different parts of Kilgeever parish and surrounding areas. They have come especially "in their thousands" this summer to visit or revisit haunts from the celebrated Ugool Rock bordering Port Éire, Killery Bay to the great island rock, Innisdagle, where in ancient times the great Goll and his wife put up their last stand against Fionn and his legions (as referred to by Pádraic Pearse in his writings.) The princely O'Tooles of Wicklow possessed this island after they were driven from their Wicklow homes by the hand of the invader. They also came to possess the island of Omey off the coast of South Connemara, an island which had long beforehand been made famous by Saint Fechin who built a monastery there in the sixth century; a monastery the remains of which can be seen today.

The descendants of those princely O'Tooles of Innisdagle about the year 1923 got holdings of land in Currigan, i.e. where Professor Cabot of "wild life" fame now lives. Some of the family recently paid a visit to their native surroundings and stayed in Aillemore, in the home of their uncle, Michael Keane. This was the Michael Keane who ran a Gaelic dancing-hall in Aillemore for years. (To disgress, I may note that many of our exiles will remember the great times they enjoyed in that hall before Father Mullarkey built the parish hall in Louisburgh. Many a fine play was also produced there by John T. Morahan, God rest his soul, and his pupils: one I remember was called *The Poachers* and I am sure it was enjoyed by everyone present. I know that we have talent galore among the young people of the parish to produce such plays now. We have two community councils, one in Killeen and one in Louisburgh, but why they are not used more often for Irish plays and Irish dances I cannot fathom. I know that the disco has taken over; but why so? Our parish hall, built by parish funds, was neglected for years to the detriment of our young people. When a dance was run there, it usually began when the pubs closed. I know that the pubs, too, have to make money to exist, but the parish hall should be opened at an early hour to facilitate our young boys and girls who have to go to school, or some to work early next morning. I would think myself that our new parish priest, God bless him, should look into the running of the hall to raise money for the parish as Father Mullarkey did in his time. He showed a good example for our parishioners, God rest him!)

Another family who have returned to see and enjoy their parents' homeland is the Burkes, who come to Ugool; to that lovely scenery which cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world. There they can see the celebrated Ugool Rock to which I have referred, on the banks of Port Éire, where the British navy came on manoeuvres many years ago.

The King of England came in person during those manoeuvres. He visited Bundorrcha and called to an old lady who was then one-hundred-and-five years old. When leaving her home he asked her if he could do any favour for her in return for his visit. She replied: Your Royal Highness, I would like to see a bridge across the Killery before I die". He replied: "Oh, my Irish subjects!" It was at this time that he stopped the recruiting for the R.I.C. for twenty years: he said that Ireland was then the most peaceful place of his dominions! I wonder what he would have to say if he were to visit here today!

Another family who have come back recently to the area are the Hesters, first and second generation descendants of Thallabawn. Some of them came from England, others from America; and they came to visit their brother who still lives there. They told me that they had a most joyful visit to the Silver Strand which is one of the most unspoilt and beautiful in Europe. It is surprising that Bord Fáilte or the Mayo County Council would not erect some sanitary facilities there and preserve the beauty and cleanliness of that lovely strand.

A member of my own family, a brother of mine, returned to his native Devlin accompanied by his daughter from Chicago. His son is an educational administrator at the University of Chicago, and he was accompanied by his wife and three of their family. One of their daughters, who is fourteen, speaks very fluent Irish, which she picked up from her grandad! They were disappointed that the cottages at Louisburgh were all engaged when their booking agent called. But they were lucky in that they did get one vacant cottage at Oldhead. They so enjoyed their stay there that they intend returning, probably next year. From there they went on to Prosperous in County Kildare, where my own son lives. They made a base there and travelled to Dublin daily, visiting some of their relations there. They also visited Trinity College as my nephew has a friend from San Diego who lectures there. They paid a trip to the Dáil and met many friends there too. My son organized a good *Ceili* for them in the local hotel in Kildare and there they enjoyed the music of the Chieftains and of others musicians from many parts of Ireland. For the last few days before they left for the States, they naturally came back to the parish of their ancestors, staying again at Oldhead and enjoying the fishing and swimming in the nearby bay. They took special interest in the environment at Oldhead, having read and appreciated those fine verses in praise of Boathaven which were written by the wandering minstrel, Gielty, and were published in the last two issues of *An Choinneal*. I would like the Editor to know that those verses were very much appreciated by readers far and near, and increased the sales of *An Choinneal*. What a great pity that they were not published long ago! My cousin, John Heneghan of Mooneen, did very well to save them for so many years. they remind me of poems like *The Lady of the Lake* or Milton's *Paradise Lost*. My American friends were really impressed by them and I thought that verses like those if

they were to appear often in *An Choinneal* would boost the sales of the magazine, especially where verses like Gielty's are appreciated. That in turn reminds me that it is a pity that so many books of our ancient literature are sold out of our country for relatively small sums by our museums. These should really be declared the property of the nation and should not be sold. It is little wonder that our great leader, Éamonn de Valera did not give his records and notes to the nation when he was dying.

The O'Tooles of Currigan are yearly visitors, but this year they came in strength. It is grand to know that they come, for they were always old friends of my father's family, of mine, and in turn of my son, Frank, who got many of his violin tunes from Mrs. O'Toole, who herself played the accordion. I would say that she had more tunes than any other player in Mayo. It is a great pity that most of them went to the grave with her and will never be played again. We also had Murphy visitors to Devlin this summer: they are sisters of Gárda Peter Murphy, now living in Dublin. In Doughmackeown we had O'Malley visitors, nieces of Father Pat, who was himself home from his African mission. Mrs. Fitzgerald (a sister of James Garavan of Devlin, and a cousin of the O'Tooles of Currigan) returned from Coventry with her husband to visit in her ancestral Devlin.

In conclusion, I would like to thank whatever party moved the bishop's cross at Dadreen into its original site from the position to which it had been removed at the roadside. I had made mention of that in my last article in the *Coinneal* two years ago and it does show that even in a local matter the magazine has a powerful influence towards having things done properly.

Dubhlinn — Micheál de Búrca

Remembering Sion . . .

It was war time and there was little paraffin oil to be got. If people knew that it would get so scarce and be so hard to get, they could have used less and made it last longer. There we were: as far as artificial light was concerned we were in the dark! But were we?

There was a full moon and as it came gradually up from behind Muilrea, its lights streamed through the windows, supplementing the fire-light. It was a beautiful unforgettable experience, as if the Divine message were written across the sky "I am the Light of the World".

LETTER FROM AMERICA

Dear Mother,

It's been too long since I wrote and thanks again for your long newsy letter. We are all well thank God but like at home there is the odd one passing away and one feels sad but it is the way of life. Last month we had two Cregganbaun men pass away. One was PAT KILCOYNE who was married to KATHLEEN GRADY (the Cregganbaun P.O. Gradys); he had a daughter married to JOE PHILBIN of Carrowniskey and another to TOMMIE JOE O'MALLEY Doughmakeon (Tony Shop's). Then there was MICHAEL CORRIGAN, they were both a good age and had nice happy deaths, God rest them both. We had a very sad one last June when ELLIE O'MALLEY'S man died suddenly at the Confirmation in Clinton leaving her with six children. Ellie is a daughter of NED ARTHUR and BEECEY NEEDHAM and lived in one of those cottages above Killeen chapel. It was very sad, he had two for Confirmation and had put in a hard week around the church and the grounds, they lived right across from the Holy Rosary Church and he always put in a lot of time keeping it looking nice. The oldest, SHEILA, is eighteen and will be a big help, but the rest are young. I was a very sorry to hear that THOMAS O'DONNELL, who was a great friend of mine, went so suddenly. We did an all-night vigil in Knock a couple of years ago when I was home; a cold, wet, miserable night it was but never a complaint from that man. A real saint he was, always nice and kind; never heard him say a bad word about anyone. I was down in Boston at a benefit dance a couple of weeks ago and I met three MACKELL girls from Cuilleen, MARY, KITTY and SADIE, all married with families but I'm no good at remembering married names. I met the CARRS from Ballyhip. LUCINDA and JULIA and big JIMMIE MAILLE from Gowlan. A bunch of us went in a bus from Clinton and VIRGINIA MAXWELL was with us, her mother hasn't been too well. I also was talking to ARTHUR DURKAN from Rowan na Sionnach; he's married to PHILOMENA (Pat-Pat) O'TOOLE and has four boys and a girl. Philomena is a sister of HENRY who owns the Three Arches in Westport. I'm not sure if I mentioned this before but even if I did it's good news and it's no harm to mention it again, but the second and third most important jobs in the city of Worcester are held by the son and daughter of two Louisburgh-born men. JOHN DURKAN was selected from the sixty-four applicants for Superintendent of Schools, handling or rather responsible for a bigger budget than even the City Manager does. He is a son of TONY DURKAN from (Truinnse Buidhe) Askelane who was a brother of MICKEY "Shoemaker" who was married to BRIDGIE FLYNN. There's a son of Mickey's — Red Johnny — married in the place in Truinnse Buidhe; he'd be a first-cousin of the man who has the biggest job here in Worcester. His executive Secretary is PEGGY SCANLON whose father,

PETE, was born in Brackowney, God rest him, he had great welcome for me when I came here years ago. Another woman I met recently was a MRS. PETE KELLY; she'd be a sister to JOHN TED GIBBONS from Mullagh (R.I.P.) and her husband is from Feenone. Their son Father Francis, is a very important man in the Catholic hierachy in Washington D.C. I think he's a doctor of Canon Law like FATHER JOHN HENEGHAN and he has to represent the Church in matters of law in all kinds of controversial situations. Have you seen Father John Heneghan lately? I hear he gets home every year. I'm told he's a very eminent man on the West Coast and has a power of influence in the Pacific North West all around the Puget Sound Area right up to the Canadian Border. He used to come and visit us a lot one time, but I suppose that he's much too busy now that he's involved in such a variety of important things. I met PADDY O'MALLEY, "Tom" and his wife PEGGY (Navin) at the dance the other night and we had a great chat he's a great man to keep up with the home news and has a thousand good stories, a legacy he got from JIM HARNEY (R.I.P) with whom he spent many years in Tom's garage before he left. It is lovely to meet some of the old crowd even if it's only once in a while. There is hardly any immigration from Ireland now but thank God we meet many a one out on a visit, and it can be very heart-warming. I ran into JOHN O'MALLEY from Doughmakeon at the Y.M.C.A. the other night; playing racquet-ball he was and the sweat pouring off him like the rain. I said to him: "I never saw you sweat like that when you were working for the E.S.B. long ago, or when you were a gasúr in Ugool". He was reared in THOMAS BURKE'S for a while when he was young and the mother died. John is great man for the physical fitness and has a wealth of knowledge on all kinds of sports. He was in charge of the baseball and football fields at Boston College before he married his wife KATHLEEN (a lovely girl from Kerry) and moved to Worcester. His oldest son, JOHN FRANCIS, is six feet six inches and only seventeen years old. John was telling me that ANTHONY DURKAN of Bunowen had moved to Burlington, Vermont. He work for the U.S.A. Department of Agriculture and when he got the promotion he had to relocate. We'll all miss him in Worcester. Before I forget again I want to tell you how proud I was last July to stand on a football field in Cahir (Louisburgh) and to listen to that team Father Leo brought in from Ros Muc, using the native tongue. It was a great experience for me and I wished that JOE FERGUS, JAMES GALLAGHER, PAT MACK and a host of others could have been standing beside me for that hour and a half. I often think of them, all passed away now, who took up their stand when there was a need. They gave me the right to be born under an Irish flag and were all a credit later to the country of their birth in the country of the adoption.

Well, Mother, when I get nostalgic I tend to get boring so I'll cut it short. We are all well and working, even though there's a fair share of

unemployment just like at home. But times will get better: they always do. The children are getting big now and I'll be poverized putting a few of them through College, so I probably won't be able to get home as often as I used. However God is good, and maybe a couple of them would get scholarships! They give them here for football and baseball and athletics of all kinds, and as you know there's a couple of lads very good. You'd have to be proud of them in spite of their devilment.

Love

Seán

ASH IN THE SOUL

I dare not dream
I have watched such Sundays
clingy, timeless
grow pale at the window.
Caustic reminders.

Godot-like questions
Tentatively . . .
I dare not.
Interminable
the words of the hollow wind.

I do not care that the ivy has turned red.
I see only beyond the wall
the black-grey blush
the pre-Winter arc;

And the sound of a deserted street
the shuffle through leaves;
compressed grime in a dustman's barrow.
In the mean light
wicked gleams of dereliction.

Start like the wet brick of Saint Andrew's
feeble tattered forms
Immobilizing.
The uneasy anarchy of hours
expended.
Imprimatur of Gods, I wonder.

Galway — Marie-Thérèse Morrison

TÁ DIA LÁIDIR

Tráthóna breá Fomhair a bhí ann, mar adeirtéar sa mBuntús. Chuaigh mé ag siúl go bun na h-abhann tar éis dom béile an trathnóna a chaiteamh. Bhí an ghrian ag dul faoi, taobh thiar de Oileán Cliara, agus ní fhéadfainn cur síos a dhéanamh ar áilleacht an radharc sin. Bhí an spéir ar dhath an óir agus an fharraige ag spréacharnaíl le gluaiseacht an tsáile. Mar sin féin bhí mé tromchroíach go leor, mar bhí mé ar éis nuaíocht an lae a chloisteáil agus a fheiceáil. Bhí sé ansin léirithe ós comhair súl an domhain, an gorta agus an bás san Aetóp. Shuigh mé ar charraig, agus na smaointe agus na cainteanna ag dul thart in mo cheann. Cé'n ceart tá agamsa do mo dhóthain le n-íthe agus le n-ól, nuair nach bhfuil greim bia ná braon uisce féin, le cur in a mbéal ag na mílte míle de mo chomharsana i dtíortha ar fud an domhain? Céard ba chóir dom a dhéanamh mar gheall ar an scéal? Céard is féidir liom a dhéanamh?

Tháinig sé chugam, is mé ag machtnamh ar "coraí chrua an tsaoil", gur fíor an seanfhocal adeir gurb' olc an ghaoth nach séideann maith ar bith. Is minic a cheap mé go raibh cuid de na cláracha ar an teilifís ag milleadh óg agus aosta. Chuirfeadh siad déisteann agus náire ar dhuine. Bhíos ag ceapadh go raibh droch-thionchur ag an teilifís céanna ar na daoine óga, agus ias ag fás suas. Ba é mo thuairim go mba fhearrde an domhan gan é. Ach anois chonacthas dom go bhfuil a buntáiste féin ag gabháil le gach rud. Murach an "bosca" sa gcúinne ní bheadh fhios ag an saol cé chomh dona is atá an scéal ag na daoine ins na tíortha sin san Aifric. Gan an scannán ní fhéadfadh duine a chreidiúint go bhfuil an scéal chomh h-uafásach is atá. Is cinnte gurb iad na pictiúir lom-nochtaithe ós comhair an domhain uile a d'oscail na sparáin, na gráinseacha, agus go mór-mhór na croíthe, i gcaoi nár osclaíodh iad ariamh roimhe sin. Táthar ag déanamh fóirthin ar scála nár déanadh in aon trua-chás go dtí seo. Ach céard faoi na mílte gur tháinic an chabhair ró-dhéanadh dóibh; iad-san, atá anois féin ar shlí na fírinne nó ar a mbealach chuige?

Bhuel, nach bhfuil a dtriáil agus a bpurgadóir curtha tharstu acu? Nach méanar dhóibh, ní chuirfidh ocras ná tart, fuacht ná teas, sainnt ná éad, mí-charthannach ná éagcóir sibhialta isteach orthu go deo arís. Caithfidh go bhfuil siad sa "tír ina bhfuil sé ina Shamhradh i gcónaí".

Bhí an ghrian imithe as radharc ach bhí solas íontach ag éirigh fós, ó thuaidh uaim, agus bhí leoithne fionnuar ag séideadh. Bhí sé in am agamsa filleadh ar mo bhaile is ar mo chlann. Aisteach go leor bhíos éadrom-chroíach, dócasach ar an aistear gearr abhaile ón bhfarraige ag bun na h-abhann. Sé an seanfhocal eile a bhíos ag cuimhneamh air: "Tá Dia láidir, agus tá máthair mhaith aige".

Bun Abhann — Eibhlín Bean Uí Léime

KITH AND KIN

Continuing this series we publish a very welcome research article on

The McGreal's of Derrygorrow

If you listen to any Irish emigrant bound for a return visit to the west of Ireland you will no doubt at some stage hear him say he is going 'back home'. It doesn't really matter if he left Irish shores five or fifty-five years ago, it's still 'back home'. My father, John McGreal, left Derrygorrow for Lancashire in England in 1948 and after his marriage to Winifred Foy (originally of Foxford, County Mayo), settled in my home town of Blackburn. It can be seen, therefore, that my own upbringing was on English soil but maybe tongue in cheek I could use the term 'back home' safe in the knowledge that my grandfather, Pat McGreal, and his grandfather before both lived at Derrygorrow. I have loved this part of Ireland ever since my parents first brought me on holiday many years ago and as I stand on the land with nothing but the wind for company it is not difficult to imagine that nothing has changed for generations past.

Derrygorrow — or Derrygarve More, to be more correct — lies pinned between mountain and sea but manages to steal a little shelter by packing onto the long spur that runs from Mweelrea mountain. Fortunately, my husband Tony shares a love for the wild and open spaces and last summer we came over to the West with daughter Michelle (her first visit) and my mother and father. It's fair to say that the sea-crossing was a lot more comfortable than those I used to have with mum and dad when the cattle boats were in operation taking livestock across the Irish Sea. Coming back to Derrygorrow is a little like having a revision course in family history, with much of the surrounding country having a connection with the McGreal's, past and present. The old house used to stand a couple of fields back from that where my uncle, Paddy McGreal, and his wife now live. I have a picture of the house at home, with my grandfather Pat McGreal seated in front of his wife Mary, originally a Burke from Feenone. The custom at the time was for the husband to remain seated (in a photograph) while his partner stood close by. Little of the old house now remains although it was this home that Pat and Mary McGreal brought up their four children: John, my father, now in Blackburn as I have mentioned; Ann, now in America; Maureen, in Pontefract, Yorkshire; and, of course, my uncle Paddy, still at Derrygorrow.

I remember my grandfather Patrick with great affection and many I'm sure will recall his gentle nature. By all accounts he was a good card-player too, playing a great deal in the evenings with friends such as

Thomas Kerrigan of Feenone and Dick Lyons from Accony. A great friend also was Austin Egan and on many a wet day my grandfather would lift the latch of his neighbour's door to have a chat for an hour or two. Like the McGreal's, the Egan's have been in Derrygorrow for many generations and both families can be found quoted in the Primary Valuation of 1856 along with the Malley's and Burke's. This document of course dates after the great famine, a subject that has been well written about on many previous occasions. Suffice to say, however, that between 1841 and 1851 the number of inhabitants in Derrygorrow fell from eighty-two to forty-two and over the same period the total of occupied houses decreased from eighteen to just five.

My great-great-grandfather, Michael McGreal, must have been born only a few years before the desperately difficult famine years but fortunately managed to survive and in later years married Anne Malley. From the scant records I have been able to examine and from delving into the family history handed down by word of mouth it is clear that they produced several offspring dating from the early 1860's. The years of emigration were of course not over and at least half of their children later left for America: Dominic, born 1866; Michael who married a Maguire from Drummin; James, married to Honor Burke (parents of John P. McGrail who passed away only a few years ago); and Mary and Brigid who married an Ahearn and a Noon respectively. Of those that remained a daughter, Margaret, appears to have been the last born and during a holiday with Paddy at Derrygorrow in 1980, Tony and myself were fortunate to find her name in the old attendance records at the school at Cregganbaun. She made the trip to Cregganbaun school and back for four years between 1893 and 1897 and later married Pat Durkan from Drummin. Margaret, or Maggie as she was shown in the school register, lived well into her eighties and now rests in Drummin churchyard. Now that the old school has closed I hope that the records are safely tucked away. What a story they could tell if only we could bring their pages to life. David McGreal, headmaster of course for many years, remembers my father as 'the one with the blond hair'; along with Paddy and sister Ann and Maureen he attended the school in the 1930's and early 1940's. I won't embarrass anyone by commenting who had the worst attendance record! No one should imagine that the McGreal's received any special favours from their headmaster as despite having the same surname there is no family connection as far as I am aware. If you travel down from Cregganbaun to Derrygorrow, however, you might notice the ruin of a house on the right hand and opposite side of the road to that where Paddy now lives. It was here that David McGreal's aunt, Kattie McGreal, lived and she was married to William O'Malley who was largely responsible for teaching card-play to my grandfather Pat McGreal, and Austin Egan. Another popular pursuit of that age was the game of handball — a little like modern day squash but without a

racquet — and summer Sunday evenings at Carramore would often see Pat McGreal matched against Thomas Kerrigan from Feenone.

Returning for a moment to Maggie Durkan (nee McGreal) in Drummin, one of my father's early memories consists of the tiring journey on foot with his father across the rough land north of the Sheefry mountains all the way to Drummin and back in the same day. It was not a journey he volunteered for again! Maybe he passed close to Glenkeen bridge where on holiday last summer he played by the river with grandaughter Michelle while we waited for Tony to return from a day's walking on the Sheefry mountains. It would be nice to think that my grandfather Pat McGreal, who had helped to build the bridge, could see his son John and great-grandaughter Michelle down by the water's edge. I think at some stage everyone must regret not having listened more closely to their grandparents or elderly relatives about life as it used to be. What, for instance, might I have learned from Maggie in Drummin who could perhaps have passed down stories of the famine years from her father Michael? What also might I have learned from my grandparents about life in the Derrygorrow area at the turn of the century and the stories passed down by their parents? So let me repeat the plea made previously in the *Coinneal:* pick up a pen, talk to friends and family and write down what you hear.

Blackburn, Lancashire — Mary Blackburn

Remembering Sion . . .

"We learn, not for school but for life; We live, not for time but for Eternity" — I cannot now recall where I read about a lady school-teacher, who wrote the foregoing lines on each of her pupil's new copy-books.

KEEP YOUR WORD!

We present fifteen more old Irish words that are still common in the speech of Louisburgh. By way of test see if you can pick, out of the given four, the meaning which each word has. Approximate pronunciation is given in parentheses.

1. *Colpán* (Koll-epawn) — (a) a fat leg; (b) a stout stick; (c) a noxious weed; (d) a dowry
2. *Ceolán* (Kyole-awn) — (a) part of a cleeve; (b) a melodeon; (c) a noisome child; (d) a jib-sail
3. *Cnaig* (Kinagg) — (a) a small rock; (b) a measure of land; (c) a large knuckle; (d) a source of annoyance
4. *Cnáthadán* (Kinaw-hadawn) — (a) a prickly weed; (b) a skeleton; (c) a miserly person; (d) a hunch-back
5. *Dalbhach* (Dholl-ebuch) — (a) speckled; (b) bold; (c) whisky-punch; (d) blind-folded
6. *Deileadóir* (Jell-a-dhoh-ir) — (a) a stone mason; (b) a shaky bog area; (c) a complainer; (d) a saddler
7. *Fuílleach* (fwee-lyuch) — (a) a shell-fish; (b) the remains of something; (c) a minor whirlwind on a lake; (d) farmyard manure
8. *Lúidín* (Loo-i-gene) — (a) a four-lined rhyme; (b) a chalk-pipe; (c) a discount in farm rent; (d) a little-finger
9. *Raingealtach* (Rang-ill-thuch) — (a) itchness; (b) an outburst; (c) a tall, ungainly person; (d) a load of green ferns
10. *Ruaig* (Roowig) — (a) remorse; (b) rout; (c) a violin-string; (d) a red-haired schoolgirl
11. *Siamsáil* (Shee-um-saw-iyll) — (a) enjoyment; (b) the breathing of a horse; (c) wailing; (d) a special stitch
12. *Sneách* (Shnyawch) — (a) a slow person; (b) a snow drift; (c) tell-taling; (d) a boatman's knot
13. *Spideog* (Spidge-ogue) — (a) a toy spade; (b) a drop on the nose; (c) a robin; (d) a young spider
14. *Storc* (Sthurk) — a kind of bird; (b) an unyielding person; (c) a shoulder-charge in football; (d) a shout after cattle
15. *Tús* (Thoos) — (a) a start; (b) a fletch of bacon; (c) the top 'spit' in a bog; (d) a pair of wild geese

Answers are on page 82

MICHEALMAS STORM

Although the feast of Saint Michael the Archangel is on the 29th of September, it is rather the first day of October that is locally called "Michealmas Day". It was a great day for fairs all over the country, before the marts took over. People who had cattle in "good condition" looked forward to selling them on that day, before the long nights and cold weather made them lose weight. One Michealmas Day, of which I write, dawned bright and clear; not a cloud to darken the sky; not a breeze to shake the leaves on the trees. Three boats left the little harbour of Inisturk for the fair in Cleggan, Connemara. The sea was as calm as a lake and mirrored the blue sky above them. It was a day that anyone would have chosen to go on the sea, for the sheer delight of being there! In one of the boats were two experienced boatmen who were brothers, and the son of one of them. Weather conditions were so favourable that it was the boy who was steering.

Suddenly and before they were half-way on their journey, a fierce gale blew, thunder rolled and lightning flashed. The rain lashed down on the open boat and the sail was flapping in the wind. One of the older men took over the steering, the other attended to the sail and the boy was told to pray and above all to say an Act of Contrition, as they were in danger of being drowned. The men were praying, too, and indeed it was not their first prayer that day, for it was their custom to place themselves in the hands of God before going to sea. Living close to Cahir Island, which Saint Patrick had blessed by his visit there, they had a special prayer to him called *The Maireann Phádhraic* which they said because he has promised among other blessings, *An té a déarfaidh mo Mhaireann ag dul chun toinne na farraige, tiocfaidh sé slán sábháilte gan báthú loinge ná anachar.* ("He who will say my *Maireann* going to the waves of the sea will come safe and sound, without drowning from boat or misfortune)". And what of the cattle, their precious cargo for the fair? There were three or four of them and they lay down quietly beside the mast as the boat tossed and shook on the raging sea without showing any sign of fear or panic. The storm was so fierce that the man at the steering had little control in directing their course. They were being driven straight for a breaker when the wind miraculously changed and drove them in another direction. This happened more than once as they struggled along, inch by inch, until at last they reached their destination. By this time the storm had eased and they landed safely. The men of the two other boats who had left Inisturk, decided as the storm grew worse that they would not be able to make land with the cattle on board. Probably the animals got excited and restless and could not be quieted, so they threw them overboard. It was a sad sight to see the frightened, helpless, dumb creatures lowing and swimming after the boat until one

by one they sank exhausted under the waves.

When the storm ceased their dead carcases were already landed on the beach in Cleggan as the boats passed by the harbour. The men whose cattle had stayed so quietly in the boat during the storm were glad they sold them that day or the next. The names of those men were Michael O'Malley (Curragaun), his brother Pat and Pat's son, Michael. It was Michael senior who told us this story on one of his many visits to our house. They have now all arrived at "the safe harbour" for which Cardinal Newman prayed and also found, and are now enjoying that "peace at the last" for which we all are hoping. Meanwhile in Louisburgh on the "Michealmas Day" the same storm swept down on the fair that was being held there. It was so intense that people ran for shelter into their houses leaving their cattle to their fate. Naturally, the untended animals ran in all directions from the fierce gale, rain and thunder. Some made their way home, others were found wandering next day and their owners looking for them.

One man alone stood with his cattle, having herded them into an alley-way. When the storm ceased he sold them. He had experienced more hardship in this life than a mere thunder-storm, for as a boy of twelve he had seen his happy and comfortable home in Curragaun, being levelled to the ground by the "Crowbar Brigade" and he, his parents and the other members of their family were left homeless like many others that day.

That man was my grandfather, James O'Malley called "Jimmie T." by his parents and locally known by that name to distinguish him from his Uncle Jimmie Dhiarmhuid (his mother's brother) and the other Jimmie of the Dadreen and Curragaun O'Malleys to whom he belonged.

Kinnadoohey — Una O'Malley

Fáilte Isteach!

An Choinneal *welcomes into our community the following people who have recently come to live here:*

Seán and Margaret Cave to Shranacloy.
Liam Ó Meachair from Dublin to Bridge Street.
Sister Mary to Convent of Mercy.
Sister Marie to Convent of Mercy.
Sister Ursula to Convent of Mercy.

THE BLACK FROST

It is thought that the Black Frost of 1739 did more damage to the population of this country while it lasted and probably claimed as much lives as the Famine in the 1840's.

The weather was lovely and fine in early November as the people dug the last remaining ridges of potatoes. Potatoes were the main diet. November 11th 1739 was the first day of the Black frost. It lasted ninety-three days leaving a trail of damage behind it. At first it was thought that it was only to last a few days but as it neared the end of November and early December a thick haze covered the sun, it was freezing day and night. There was no hope of getting out of the ground any of the potatoes that were not then harvested. The ground was now frozen as solid as concrete. Solid sheets of ice had to be boiled in order to get water for drinking. Cattle were the biggest problem because, while they were housed in thatched dwellings and help to provide a certain amount of heat, they also drank a lot of water that had to be boiled. This in turn put a big strain on fuel situation. Turf, bog deal or anything that would burn was used in order to keep a fire going at full pace to heat the houses. Straw was used to make mats to cover the doors. Outside it was bitterly cold, freezing during the day and night.

Old people and children were the worst off. Those with bronchitis or chest-complaints died while asleep. Sheep wandering from the hills were slaughtered in order to make soup, and their hides were used for bedding. Birds died by the thousands: wild life was almost wiped out: only the very strong survived. By January the ground was so rock hard that people that died could not be brought to the graveyard. The graveyard itself was impossible to dig. Coffins were then made by handymen; just a few crude boards bound together. The corpses were placed in stone fences. These were marked by two lintels placed upright so that the relations of people would know where they were and have them buried in the cemetery when there would come a thaw. History has it that where large stones still are upright in the fences were sites of temporary graves. People helped each other the best they could but where people were living alone and in out-of-the-way places they suffered a lot. In many cases people died. As all travelling was done on horseback quackdoctors could not be contacted and even if contacted they were often times unable to visit the sick or dying. Cottiers too had a hard time (these were people living in small mud cabins). As they had no land and often times did not have enough potatoes they were depending on what they could earn by working or in cases bartering labour for food.

It was very trying time here in Louisburgh area but it was much worse in England and on the Continent. It was believed that more

people died in the Great Freeze-up than died with the Black Death. February 11th 1740 saw the first thaw in 93 days of continued freezing temperatures and a period in which there was "no Christmas", as supplies of imported fruits which were abundant and cheap at that time lay in ships tied up at the docks until the Spring. By then they had decayed and had to be dumped overboard. Later that Spring, after the thaw, when the farmers were sowing their potatoes for the next season, they found that while the soil was thawed out on the top, deep down there was still lumps of ice to be seen. A lot of bog deal was lifted that year. During the freeze-up it is interesting to know that while the ground lay underneath. These were marked to be dug up later. Almost all of the houses in Kilgeever parish were roofed with such beams. Some old sheds still have such roofs. Our great Louisburgh saying from that period is "Storm is bad; snow is worse; but God between us and the Black Frost, it's bad for Man and Beast.

During that difficult period there was a rent known as Hearth Rent. When the tax gatherers come to collect, they found that many of the houses were closed up, the tenants dead, and the roofs burned by the neighbours for firewood. It was through this collection that the real extent of the misery was estimated.

Devlin — Joseph Murphy

The Big Wind

The "Big Wind", a storm that swept Ireland on the night of January 6, 1839, is a historic landmark even to this day. Local memory has the account from the people that were the victims of such a fierce gale. The weather was very warm in the evening. A dance was held in Killadoon by a travelling musician and the dancers enjoyed themselves. Coming up to 10.30 p.m. the storm started to rise in a few minutes. It took three men to help to shut the doors. By 11 o'clock what was thought to be a breeze was now a hurricane. The dance had to be called off as the dancers returned home, often times crawling on their hands and knees . . . The hurricane lasted almost two hours, tearing the thatch from houses and ripping the roofs off others.

At daybreak all the people were out collecting whatever could be found of their ricks of hay and stacks of oats. One of the marks still remaining is the levelling of the sand dunes from Barnabawn southwards to the Dooaghtry: it did in two hours what a bulldozer would not accomplish in years. Even to this day if you dug a hole there you would find the peat or bog and a layer of two feet or upwards of sand spread evenly overhead.

It was also remembered that when the first old-aged-pensions act was passed, one of the prima facie proofs of having reached the qualifying age was an applicant's recollection of the Big Wind. The old-age-pension act was passed 1909.

CLARE ISLAND DROWNING

It is now just over a century since the Clare Island drowning on December 28th, 1883, and as a grand-daughter of one of the victims of that event I thought that it would be of interest to some of the *Coinneal* readers if I were to set down on paper what I can recall of the story as I heard it told and retold by those who lived through that period.

My grandfather, Anthony O'Malley, with his brother Michael and some members of the Moran family left Ballytoughy (Clare Island) for Roonagh on that fatal day. Anthony was married to Sarah McHale of Emalagh and his brother, Michael, was married to her sister, Mary McHale. They were paying a visit to their in-laws in Emlagh. My mother, Alice O'Malley (daughter of Anthony and Sarah) was then nine years old and was staying with her grandparents there. It was her father's intention that she would return with him that day home to the island. Her grandfather, Austin McHale, insisted however that she would stay until after the New Year, as he was going to the New Year's fair in Westport to buy and sell cattle and was treating her to a new pair of shoes. It was a showery day when the boat left Emlagh to return to the Island; and included in the party now was Michael McHale, who was going to the Island to buy cattle. They had left some time when the weather developed into a very heavy squall. My great-grandmother, Mrs McHale said to my mother that it was a very bad one and that she hoped that the men would be alright. But the tragedy happened; and only one body, that of Michael O'Malley, was found. He was later buried in Clare Island.

In olden days there was no help for widows; so after the tragic drowning both young widows and their families went to live in my grandmother's house in Ballytoughy and brought up their children there as one family. Sarah, who was later to become my grandmother, attended to the household duties and looked after the children; her sister, Mary, attended to the outdoor chores with help from their brother, James, who never married; and from good neighbours. When the children were grown up Mary and her family returned to their own homestead which was close by and had been looked after well over the years. Considering the tragedy, and the fact that there was no employment in the west at that time, the family all did well.

Anthony O'Malley left six children: Austin, the eldest, married and settled in the homestead. His daughter, Sal Hayes, still lives in Clare Island. Two other sons of Anthony, John and Pat O'Malley, were salesmen in the county of Laois for the company of Singer Sewing Machines. Both married and settled in that area. Many *Coinneal* readers will be well acquainted with the family of John O'Malley of Rathdowney, for they continue to visit the West of Ireland. Another

son, Anthony, became a policeman and later got married and settled in Dublin. A daughter, Alice, married Andrew Staunton: they had fourteen children, and I am one of that union! Mary, who was the youngest member of Anthony O'Malley's family, died young in Clare Island.

The other brother, Michael O'Malley, left four children: Pat got married and lived in the homestead, where his son Michael still lives. John became a county surveyor in Westport; his daughter, Maureen, who lives outside Dublin often visits the West. Alice married Patrick Gibbons of Roonith Hill and they brought up their family there. The fourth member, Mary, married Thomas Campbell of Kilmeena and some of their family still live there.

After my own brother, Tommie Andy, died there was a request in *An Choinneal* for a member of his family to continue where he left off. I must admit that I am not blessed with Tommie's gift of knowledge of people and places, but I have made an attempt to meet with that request. But to conclude: but for a grandfather wanted to treat his grand-daughter, my mother, to a pair of shoes, (and what a treat that must have been at that time!) I would not be writing this contribution for the *Coinneal* now. But for fate had stepped in, my mother would have been drowned at the age of nine on that fatal journey!

Blackpool, England — Ciss Salter (*nee* Staunton)

Doomed Boat

There was a firm belief or superstition among sea-faring people that, if a boat was eventually to cause a drowning, a sign would be given to the boatwright in the making of the boat. So, for instance, a nail being driven into the timber would perhaps bend; or a shaving falling onto the floor would assume an unusual shape. Such a 'sign' pre-figured the boat's doom. This was poignantly brought into the open in the case of the drowning of Antoine Mac Conmara of Ugool whose father afterwards composed an Irish poem as lament for his son. In one line he curses the man who made the boat (and must have known that it was doomed) for not revealing that fact to him when he went to use it.

GOOD OLD DAYS?

"The new cottages are in one way an excursion into the past but they are built with progess and commercialism in mind" — (Myles Mitchell. An Choinneal 1980 No. 11, p. 34).

Happily Louisburgh's Holiday Cottages are an unqualified success. To quote the sales brochure they "have the charm of traditional materials — deep golden thatch, weathered slate, whitewashed walls. Each has a front door and a half-door to lean on . . ."

The Connaught Telegraph of 20 September 1879 contains a letter written by one who describes himself as "A six-acre tenant-farmer three miles behind Louisburgh". He writes "during the Spring, trying to work without a good shoe, standing ankle deep in cold water, setting potatoes, sowing oats, turnips, myself and my little children without so much clothes as would keep out the lightest shower — at breakfast time sitting down to a plate of Indian-meal stirabout without milk . . ." I sometimes wonder about him; if only he could return to tell about his whitewashed walls, his half-door. The good old days were not so great, really. The Connaught Telegraph of 29 September 1879, has a letter from James Berry. He writes: "Our chief resource, kelp, has proved a mere drug and would not be bought even at one shilling a cart, some time ago we were getting £7.00 per ton".

Myles Mitchell's excellent article "A glance at our past" deals with our parish up to the 1850's. He notes that devastation of population by hunger ceased in 1848 but the curse of emigration continued. In 1851 about 556 people left Kilgeever parish stating it to be their intention not to return. There is an impression abroad that the post-famine years saw a return to normal living in the West. This is not altogether true. The scourge of emigration continued. (Indeed, the supreme irony of today is the return of so many Irish-Americans to our Holiday Cottages). What exactly did they experience, how did they get on. Population figures for Kilgeever Parish are interesting. 1841: 12,572; (a drop of 5,681, due to the Great Hunger). 1851: 6,892; 1861: 6,442; 1871: 5,830; 1881: 5,918; 1891: 5,538; 1911: 4,602; 1979: 2,107; except for the period 1871-1881, there was a steady decline in population. In the thirty years 1841-1871, the decline was 6,743 people. The causes of decline are varied; for example, the ending of subdivision, late marriages etc. The curse of emigration was probably the greatest evil during those years. Archbishop McHale wrote in 1864: "We are grieved at the terrible evils that are driving our faithful flocks to foreign lands and the more so on account of the cruel indifference with which those evils are viewed".

The cities of Ireland were founded by Danes, Normans and English; none was founded by the Irish themselves. In the U.S.A. the Irish reversed this pattern: they concentrated in the cities and shunned

the farms. The main reason was economic: having arrived in the seacoast cities virtually penniless they had no funds to travel inland. Moreover, farming on the frontier was radically different from tilling the small plots in the old country. In 1821, an Irish farmer who had pioneered successfully in Missouri wrote home:

I could then go to a fair or a wake or a dance . . . I could spend a winter's night in a neighbour's house cracking jokes by the turf fire. If I had there but a sore head I could have a neighbour within every hundred yards of me that would run to see me. But here everyone can get so much land . . . that they call them neighbours that live two or three miles off.

In the nineteenth century nineteen million immigrants entered the U.S.A. Of these four and a half million were Irish. About 70,000 of these Irish went to the States between 1820 and 1840. There is an impression today that economic stress and emigration began with the Great Famine. The annual average exodus to the U.S.A from Ireland between 1820 and 1840 was 35,000. Then came a spectacular jump; from 1840 to 1860 one and three-quarter million Irish fled the country. Put another way: in 1851, 216,000 Irish went to the U.S.A.

Leaving Home:

Many Irish sailed directly from Irish ports, especially from Limerick, Galway and Cork. But a far greater number sailed from Liverpool. From Cork the passage to Liverpool took between twenty-two and thirty-six hours. In 1851 there were three classes of ships. Convict-ships were at least second-class and much better than emigrant ships: second-class were "unfit for carrying dry cargoes, but perfectly fit for the conveyance, on any voyage, of cargoes not in their nature subject to sea damage". Third-class vessels were good for short voyages only, and not for voyages out of Europe. These are Lloyds classifications and it was in vessels good for short voyages only or in vessels not considered by Lloyds good enough even for that, that most emigrants embarking direct from Irish ports would have sailed across the Atlantic. In 1847 Stephen de Vere, a Limerick landowner, went to America as a steerage passenger, to see for himself how poor emigrants were treated. He sailed from London in a ship which he said was better regulated and more comfortable than many others. But the food was seldom cooked enough, "because there were too few stoves . . . There was plenty of water on board, but the passengers were given so little . . . they didn't have enough to cook the food and satisfy thirst". In August 1853 the ship, *George Canning,* docked at New York. Eighteen passengers had died on the voyage; soon after landing, a four-year-old girl died. After the inquest the *New York Times* wrote of the emigrants: "Once at sea their anticipations were cruelly mocked, as they found themselves under the rule of a brutal captain, or at the mercy of a greedy cook". In the decades after the American Civil War the Irish developed their own style in American politics. They brought two advantages which other immigrants did not have: a knowledge of the

English language and an acquaintance with the dominant Anglo-American culture. They took over the Democratic Party at local level, in order to control city government. The Irish machine provided for the destitute; it funded the lawyers. Nepotism was all-important: building-programmes were particularly attractive, because city government awarded the contracts. The earliest leaders organized the Irish voters as a battering ram to break the power of a hostile majority. They put an end to elementary forms of discrimination, such as the exclusive use of King James Bible in the schools, and the assignment of Protestant chaplains to Catholic hospitals. They fought for the appointment of Irish as teachers, policemen and firemen. Finally they sought to take all political power into their own hands. Ní neart go cur le chéile!

Let us not forget our six-acre tenant-farmer friend, writing in 1879 from three miles behind Louisburgh. His letter goes on to tell us that he went annually to England. "When I arrive home from England, I am persecuted for debt till I am picked to the bone". In 1872 the potato-crop failed almost totally. Apart from that the 1870's were reasonable, up to the heavy August rainfall of 1877. Blight struck in 1878. The year 1879 was disastrous with heavy rain and a cold summer. But while our immigrants were struggling in the States to better themselves, our people at home were not going to go through another Great Famine, if at all possible. Well before their plight became desperate in the winter of 1879-80 the smallholders of the West had found an outlet for their bitterness. The Land Act of 1870 had afforded greater security of tenure: this together with easy credit of the early 1870's led to financial crisis; and evictions more than doubled in 1878-1879. The great Irish National Land League was the product of a relatively well-educated tenantry, unwilling to bow to the spectre of famine again. Already, in December 1875, four years before Davitt's great league, a local tenants defence association was founded in, of all places, Louisburgh! Gerard P. Moran, writing in the Westport Historical Society Journal "Cathair na Mart" 1982, states that the Louisburgh Association was more a direct response to the rent increases than a desire to further the tenants' all round grievance. Lord Sligo had increased his rents. James Daly, owner of the *Connaught Telegraph,* became actively involved in the Louisburgh movement. The tenants were prepared to pay a fair rent. The Louisburgh Tenants Defence Association continued until 1879, to become part of the Land League. More attention will be given to that Louisburgh Association at some future time and indeed, to the Father O'Malley of the Neale who coined the term "boycotting".

I have disgressed from the emigration topic. Time is against me. It is a Bank holiday afternoon and I shall walk by the new cottages, maybe, to see the thatch and "the half-door to lean on": to consider reflections of a golden past that never existed!

Bunowen — John Lyons, B.A., H.D.E.

IDENTITY

Is there anything gone or dead
As he turns the bohreen and takes the road to town?
His eyes deep in a rugged face softly reflect
The countryside, like lonely lakes lost in landscape.
Bright shirt-collar, fresh as rain on whitewash,
Trousers clipped neatly away from a threatning chain
Polished black boots pedalling . . .

He never read other than rigid lines of clay
Written and rewritten on pages of poverty
Nor travelled but half-an-acre of freedom, bound
By the stone walls of isolation
And still his spirit echoes, deep as a well,
Mysterious and reflective.

The public-house vibrates with
Germans, Dutch, and French among locals.
Informed Europe sounds in his ears
Like the Angelus bringing close a reality he respects
But is sometimes afraid of. Words ring out in
Broke repetition and language like a bell
Belongs to everyone and to no one.
Dignified as a dolmen he takes his standing-place in silence.

The fiddler starts to play, and speechless before his art
We drink and dream of self-subsistence in quiet places
Where the fuschia cries unheeded, and streams flow freeiy
Unaware of their sources.
Knees crossed, one foot tapping
We wonder again, revived, intoxicated with culture.

He fills a peaceful pipe and hears again
The warm black kettle singing from its crook
The aluminium bucket clanging on cement
The swishing twig sweeping to the hob
And the screeching seagull above a sea, fierce and violent,
Echoed, all echoed in the fiddler's elbow;
Native, as his own wrinkled hand.

"It's a fine night now" as
He follows a ghostly road homewards
Majestic as the moon
And silent as a shadow
He is the mirror of our motion
An identity that cannot pass.

Chapel Street — *Alexandra Lyons*

BEDTIME STORIES

(A Louisburgh father in another home sketches his boyhood memories for his nodding son)

It's dark, and it's late; for your bed it's past time,
Yet you ask me to tell you a story or rhyme.
Every Saturday night you have waited for me,
So, Sonny me lad, jump up on my knee:
Tonight I will tell of the place of my birth
And the people who live there, the 'salt of this earth'.
It's back in Mayo, on the river Bunowen,
It's Louisburgh — yes Louis-burgh — that's my native town;
It's shaped like a cross, like your small crucifix
(and 'twas there that I picked up all your little tricks!)
The priests and the nuns who have come from the place
are now spreading the Gospel to each tribe and race;
. . . ah, now you look tired, no wonder you would;
little thumb in your mouth, you start 'chewing the cud' . . .
There were teachers and writers, so many I knew,
and, believe it or not, a bishop or two!
We played many games, we made our own fun;
like you, we were tired when each day was done;
we'd eat up good dinners till our bellies were full,
then we'd meet with our pals to go jumping on wool;
off up to the bog, or off down to the sea;
or at riverside games we were steeped to the knee;
sent to Kenny's for ice-cream (only if we were good)
doing errands for neighbours, as every child should;
I must bring you back sometime, if just for a peep . . .
Do you hear me, you rascal?

He had nodded asleep!

Cork — *Pádraig Burke*

LETTER FROM HOME

Dear Austie,

You heard, I suppose, by now about my little accident. I wasn't going to tell you at all but Eileen thought it was as well and all I hope now is that you weren't too put about. It was a storm in a tea-cup really. The wrist was the worst. How I was rinsing the bucket in the yard before feeding the calf and when I bent down didn't the magpie bullock come behind unbeknownst and gave me this pucks in the small of the back. Well, "one for sorrow", they used to say; and surely I was put out on top of my head. The doctor said I was as lucky as a black cat that it wasn't a hip I broke or to catch an eye in the corner of the bucket. He gave me five stitches on the side of the forehead, and the hand was in a plaster this eight weeks until yesterday I was in the dispensary for the last turn. Times it used to be very cold when I could not warm it with work; and awfully itchy times. But thank God I have it off now and I feel my hand as light. Even if I don't write much this turn, you'll know that I'm in the land of the living. *Mo léan géar,* the calf is gone sucking on the cow when I wasn't after them, but I'll say nothing. But you understand anyway why I amn't writing much. Besides, all the news about deaths and weddings is in the *Coinneal.*

Did you see that television programme since that I was telling you about last Christmas when you were here, *The Ballroom of Romance?* Well as I told you, Austie, don't tell your friends to be watching out for it or they'll get a strange idea about Ireland in the past. I wouldn't go across the room to see it again. The only *slacht* that was on it was Tony Chamber's music, and that was really good. A credit: just like he used to play in Louisburgh longo; we'd often stop at the hall door to hear him when we were coming from the Rosary in the town. A lot thought "Ballroom of Romance" was good and that, but I think that there wasn't anything like that carry-on with drink them times. That's the big difference I see always in the change of times: people could go to a dance that time and dance from nine maybe until three in the morning or half- three, and if they took a bottle of lemonade of grapefruit once or twice in the night it was as much. I dislike a programme giving a wrong idea. But then fair enough the hall and the music and the dancing was good in the programme and very like what we knew.

. . . Did ye hear about this "summit" we had? about the trouble in the North, or do ye get much Irish news at all? Margaret Thatcher cut a quare caper. But I suppose she was annoyed after that bombing in the hotel and a good right she had. It's a strange human being that could leave a weapon of murder for anybody I don't care who. She cooled her heels when she came to the E.E.C. meeting in Dublin, though. But the killing is still going on in the North. I warned you before, Austie, about

being tempted to give money to those collecting for arms here. All that talk about freeing Ireland is only all humbug. I don't blame the Yanks that are born over there: they know no better but thinking it's the same as in 1919 and 1921. But those that are going over collecting know full well that we have an Irish government now what we hadn't then, and that it's by political means we must win any result we are looking for. As Dadda said one night, watching that programme, *Today Tonight,* it's easier and easier to become a so-called republican the more you get far away from the seat of the real trouble! Times I do waken up at night thinking and praying that no member of our family will have hand, act or part in anything that would take Irish lives here at home. or any where for that matter. Tell the girls, too, because the kind of a world that's in it you wouldn't know who is the next that you'll hear is acting queer. Keep visiting them.

I was to join the I.C.A. as I said this winter weren't for the hand. They are a great organization, surely, and me saying longo that they did nothing but talk and make tea. They're great life in the parish; Mrs. Breda O'Malley is a great woman, God spare her. And isn't the *Nomadic* factory to be complimented? Do you know what it must be great for the town to have people going to work regular like that, and early too. I'd say it makes other people be up and working too.

Thanks be to God but I don't think we ever had a year the likes of this for weather. Turf was home sooner this year than ever I remember since I came to the place, and even Dadda says the same. There were people that had turf on the road this year before we'd have it cut another year. People cut twice, most of them, and some could have cut the third time and got it if they had the mind. And what harm but we never ran short of water like we used; the taps kept running through the whole summer. God bless those that provided. There is a filter now for the town supply near where Kelly's shop was longo and they are well enough off for water. Not as good as us, though!

Aren't we doing the same thing now as you told me about the Stations — the Mass in the houses in the town. They all like it. They asked us down to the stations in the town house but I wasn't able to go. They say that hardly anyone that was asked refused the Stations. Pity but they would, of course.

Now, what else — oh yes, isn't there a Regional Technical College to be built in Castlebar at last. It will mean a great thing for the boys and girls of the parish because with the scarcity of jobs now they may as well all go in for third level education as they call it; and isn't it a great thing for parents to have them coming home every night instead of paying digs for them away, and maybe them not getting fed right either. A young person could turn out an engineer, or an accountant or such then without ever having to spend a term away from home. Isn't Monsignor Horan a mighty man? Did ye hear that he has started the airport again after the government refusing to give him any more funds? They say the

money is rolling in because people admire a man who has the courage and the determination to do something he believes in. The day will come yet when you'll be flying in to the Connacht Regional Airport to come home; only I bet they'll call it the Horan Airport at the latter end and it's well he deserves it.

Will you come this Christmas? I'll be fumbling with a plum-pudding of some sort, now that I have my hand again, thank God. It could be worth your while in one way to come because the sterling is very strong now. The Irish £1 only worth seventy-five pence of sterling now so even if prices are high here you'd be getting good value for things you'd be buying. Now that's all I have to write this time. I'm feeling the beginnings of *tálach* in the wrist now after holding the pen so long. I won't be expecting you because that might put pressure on you to come. But of course at the same time you know I'll always be expecting a surprise!

God keep you safe and sound, Austie.

Your loving

Mother

Seán McClory with his wife Peg, both film and television stars. Seán visited his mother, Mrs. Mollie (Ball) McClory, in Chapel Street, during the year.

AWARD-WINNING CLUBS

It has been our custom in recent years to choose the three clubs in the parish which have been most active and successful during the two-year period. Unfortunately there is no fund to make a material award. (An opportunity for a benevolent sponsor, perhaps?) The Coinneal *committee have selected as their three (in no order of preference): the Community Council; the I.C.A. guild; and the G.A.A. club. The first mentioned is recorded by its chairman on pages 17–20. We here present the other two:*

I.C.A.

We compliment the guild on a year of intense activity at home and away as outlined below. We rejoice with them in the single honour paid to their President, Mrs. Breda O'Malley, who has been appointed co-ordinating secretary of the Association in Ireland which is to be hostess for the Eighteenth Triennal Conference of Association of the Country Women of the World. The conference will be in Killarney in May 1986.

Chairperson: Mrs. Breda O'Malley
Secretary: Mrs. Mary Fergus
Treasurer: Mrs. Berni Sweeney

'Here we are again'. These four words will long be remembered by our I.C.A. members, certainly the Louisburgh I.C.A. Guild has enjoyed a most eventful and successful two years, since our formation in 1982.

One of the most memorable competitions the guild entered was *The Elenora Gibbon Competition*. At first when Mrs. Clem Lyons thought it would be a challenge to enter, I'm sure she didn't realize what she was letting herself in for! With a little bit of persuasion, Clem had fifteen volunteers, including herself of course. I myself thought it would be a nice way to pass a few weeks in the dead of winter, presuming it would all be over in February, at the Federation final in Castlebar. The ideas Clem had for the show, were fantastic, the show had to be based on Ireland: ten years in the E.E.C. Hence the song: "Here we are again/In the E.E.C./all good friends and/One in Community".

Needless to say we had great fun at the rehearsals: everybody in the cast was very dedicated, even though some of us didn't have a clue about acting or singing. Mrs. Lyons, being expert in both drama and music, seemed to bring out talents we didn't realize were there! We are all very grateful to Father Leo Morahan, for coming in on several occasions and giving us great encouragement, also for not telling us what we must really have been like at the beginning. The Mayo final arrived in Castlebar. It was hard to believe our ears: Louisburgh had won! So we were on our way to Manorhamilton in County Leitrim for the regional finals, The pace certainly stepped up at this stage; even though we knew we would have a tough competition in the regional finals, we planned on putting on a good show for Louisburgh. It would be a nice drive up into Sligo, and we could be making our plans for some serious gardening and spring-cleaning, while enjoying the scenery. At this stage our husbands were beginning to wonder what exactly we were rehearsing for. When there were no divorces in the Louisburgh area, in the spring of 1984, I don't think there will ever be any! Father Leo came in again to give us more encouragement; Father Waldron also came in, gave us a great deal of help with the lighting and stage-directing, and told us we would win for sure, and there was no need to be nervous. I never asked him if he was as surprised as myself when we actually did win in Manorhamilton! Back to rehearsals again, we really had to put in a great deal of effort now, it was a great honour to represent Connacht in the final. We were not surprised at the high standard in Dublin as the other teams competing there had already, like ourselves, won twice; and even though we didn't win the final, we felt all the cast had done extremely well to bring the show from Louisburgh to Dublin's Fair City.

The spin-off from the show was our contribution to the school concert, for funds for the school band, and the knowledge that we had done something worthwhile for the winter, that fifteen women can actually work together and have great fun at the same time for what turned out to be nearly six months instead of six weeks.

Mrs. Clem Lyons certainly had a busy year, she not only directed and produced the I.C.A. show, she brought the resolution in support of Eire Óg to the Spring Council of I.C.A. in Clonmel, County Tipperary which was seconded by Mrs. Berni Sweeney and was passed unanimously.

An Irish competition was held, and Mrs. Clem Lyons won a prize of a week at An Grianán, I.C.A. Headquarters in County Louth, which she thoroughly enjoyed. Another member who was successful in the Pork and Bacon Competition was Mrs. Mary Fergus, who also received a week at An Grianán. Our Guild has also been very busy within the Louisburgh Community providing various classes for would-be gardeners and musicians. We also had some very interesting demonstrations, one by C.B.F. on meat dishes! Tim Tiernan had no trouble at all showing the many different cuts of meats, and indeed he had great courage to face so many women at one time. Then it was on to cakes and biscuits with Odlums. Another very successful demonstration on icing and decorating cakes by Mrs. Bernadette Burke, and last but not least, wine-making by Eileen Gaffney. The husbands and families of the area, I'm sure, are reaping the benefits of all these demonstrations.

All of the I.C.A. members were very happy to help the other local organizations, the proceeds of our cake-sale, which realized £400, went to the Hall Fund, and the proceeds of the Christmas Social which also realized £400 went towards the Development in Cahir. Several other smaller donations went to other local groups. In June we completed our very busy year by hosting the Federation meeting in the "Derrylahan", Louisburgh which was a big success. I am now back where I started, our now-famous show was again performed, starting of course with these words:
"Here we are again/in the E.E.C./all good friends and/One in Community!"

Marie O'Malley

G.A.A.

Because this was a gala year in the Association, we compliment the local club on their special activity: it included the entertaining of Michael O'Hehir at the annual dinner; a get-together of older footballers in August, steady if slower work on the collection of club history; representation at the unique G.A.A. Reek climb organized by a club member on August Monday for all Mayo clubs, and voluntary work on the Sports Complex. The year climaxed in the winning of the Cusack Cup for West Mayo, and the eventual defeat by Kilmaine in the Mayo Junior County Final.

A number of articles have been submitted by P. J. McNamara (that man again!) but these have already appeared in a local paper and will be incorporated in the coming history. We present here three article by men whose playing days are over.

Johnny Mulvey sketches the life of Paddy O'Keeffe General Secretary of the G.A.A. with whom he himself has much in common, including a native Louisburgh mother and non-native father who served in the police force. — Editor

A MAN CALLED *PADDY-O*

In this, the centenary year of the GAA, it is proper that Louisburgh people should recall with pride the son of a Louisburgh woman; a man who, more than anyone who preceded or succeeded him, made an immeasurable contribution to that association. He transformed a struggling association and made it one of the greatest amateur sporting associations in the world. I refer, of course, to Pádhraic Ó Caoimh (Paddy O'Keeffe), who became general secretary of the Gaelic Athletic Association in 1929 and held that honoured position until his death almost twenty years ago, in May, 1964. "Paddyo" (so he was popularly known) was the son of a Cork father and a Louisburgh mother, she being Mary O'Malley from Main Street (then Long Street). She was one of three sisters who lived beside the local Catholic church. Another sister was mother of the late Jackie Bowe who lived on the same street; and whose wife Mrs. Sarah Bowe, is a sister of Bishop James Fergus, lately retired bishop of Achonry.

Paddy O'Keeffe's father, Michael, came to Louisburgh as a policeman and there met, and eventually married, Mary O'Malley. They later went to live in Ballinagare, County Roscommon, on transfer and "Paddyo" was born in that county. As a boy he frequently visited Louisburgh during his holiday periods. In his early manhood he joined the Volunteers and came under notice for his activities in that sphere before coming into GAA prominence. He was appointed secretary of the Cork county board in 1919. In December of that year he was arrested and sentenced to fifteen years of penal servitude. He was

Two men who have much in common the writer Johnny Mulvey (left) and his subject, Paddy O'Keeffe.

transferred by destroyer from Cork prison to Wormwood Scrubs prison. He later was a 'guest' in Pankhurst prison for a period. After regaining his freedom he wore the Cork county colours and also became a well-known referee, a fearless administrator and a strict disciplinarian. When the then General Secretary, Luke O'Toole of Wicklow, retired in 1929 the efficient secretary of Cork county board succeeded. Already, as Cork secretary, he had been influential in setting up the Railway Cup competitions, the National football and hurling leagues and the All-Ireland Minor championships. He it was who organized the famous Cavan *v* Kerry All-Ireland in the Polo Grounds in New York in 1947. Under successive presidents he guided the gradual development of the national stadium from the Jones' Road days to the Croke Park that we know today.

Since his death in 1964 his ability and success as the GAA's chief administrator and public relations officer have received national recognition. In 1954 the Association had presented him with a lifesize oil-painting of himself to mark the occasion of his silver jubilee as general secretary; and just a year before his death he was awarded the Cuchulainn Trophy as the outstanding GAA personality of the year 1963. When he was asked one one occasion how he had achieved so much, he replied: "It was due to no one individual, but to the unknown, silent workers throughout the country who give so freely of their spare time to the promotion of our national games; and, of course, to our players, who by their skills advertise those games." The late lamented GAA writer, Pádhraic Puirséal, described him as "a genial and hospital host, the most entertaining of companions at home or abroad, an admirable raconteur with the happy knack of being able to tell, with the greatest aplomb, an amusing stroy against himself. He had a host of memories of the Fight for Freedom — of Terence McSweeney, who died on hunger strike; and Cork's murdered Lord Mayor, Thomas McCurtain". Indeed he was a member of the guard of honour for McCurtain's lying-in-state.

Paddy O'Keeffe was a close friend of the late Paddy Mullaney of Balla, and I have no doubt that they both influenced the Central Council to name the corner stand in Croke Park after the Balla patriot, P. W. Nally. A magnificent new stadium in Cork city now bears the name of Pádhraic Ó Caoimh, but the association as a whole, as we know it today, bears lasting testimony to his devotion and loyalty. He died in Dublin in May, 1964, and is buried in Glasnevin cemetery in that city. His parents are buried in the old cemetery of Kilgeever, a mile from Louisburgh. The headstone that stands on their grave states that Michael O'Keeffe died on August 2nd 1929; and Mrs Mary O'Keeffe on March 23rd 1899. Go ndéanfhaidh Dia trócaire ar a n-anamnacha!

Castlebar

Johnnie Mulvey

AN CHÉAD CHUAIRT

Well-known Achill writer, retired schoolteacher and ardent G.A.A. official, Padraic Seoighthe, tells of his very first visit to Louisburgh with, of course, the Achill team; and of the embarrassment and fun that developed: — Editor

Bhí Cluain Cearbán ansin treasna an chuain uainn leis na cianta ceo ach níor glaodhadh aon ainm air ariamh in Acaill ach *Louisburra!* B'shin a thugadh chuile dhuine air. Ní raibh aon bhaint againn leis agus mise in mo Bhrian óg, diomaite de chébi lucht scadán a theadh treasna nuair a bhíodh scadáin dá gceapadh san Fhomhar. B'fhusa go mór fada cur i dtír ar chladach *Louisburra* ná a dhul isteach Béal oileán go Cathair na Mart. Thart faoi lár na dtríochadaí a thoisigh sinne — an t-aos óg — ag cur crothnaí i *Louisburra.* B'shin é an t-am ar cuireadh tús le bailiú na slata mara, tóigeadh tornógaí agus ar toisíodh ar dhóigheadh na ceilpe. Chaithfeá *Louisburra* a thabhairt faoi deara ag an am mar amach faoi Lúnasa bhíodh deatach ag éirí in áirde sa spéir as na tornógai ceilpe.

Bunaíodh fó-chumann de chuid Chumainn Lúthchleas Gael in Acaill sa bhliain 1941 agus an bhliain dar gcionn bhain muid craobh Mhuigheo Thiar agus craobh an Chondae. Má bhain féin, níor imir muid féin agus *Louisburra.* Ní raibh aon aithne agam ach ar aon fhear amháin as an pharráiste sin a raibh ainm na peile air agus cáil bainte aige ar fhoirinn Mhuigheo. B'shin é Austie O'Toole, beannacht Dé lena anam, ar ghlaodh an bás air agus é i mbarr a réime. Bhuail an bás buillí troma orainn féin thart faoi lár na nDachadaí, nuair a cailleadh beirt de na peileadóirí ab fhearr a bhí againn. Bhí an parráiste faoi néal agus faoi smuid go ceann cupla bliain.

Thoisigh muid ag iarraidh a theacht ar ais ó na mairbh mar adéarfá sa bhliain 1947 sílim. Buachaill siopa as *Louisburra* a bhí ag obair i gCathair na Mart a shocraigh cluife idir Acaill agus a pharráiste féin. D'fhág muid an baile i gcupla carr — ní raibh sé furusta carranna a fhostú ag an am. Tchí Dia a raibh de chumas peile ag cuid den mhuintir a bhí linn, ach phioc muid suas cupla duine ar an bhealach. Cébi nach raibh linn, bhí buachaill báire as an bhaile 's againne linn; fear nár shalaigh a bhróga ariamh ar pháirc an imeartha! Thug muid linn é mar, fearacht an Ghobáin Saoir, bhí sé ábalta an bóthar a ghiorrtú. An oíche dar gcionn agus muid uilig i dteach na cuartaíochta, chaith sé an oíche ag cur síos ar an bhéile bhreá a fuair muid sa teach ósta i *Louisburra,* agus an chaoi ar tugadh dó lom lán pláta den fheoil sin "a mbíonn an min bhuí uirthi" mar adúirt sé féin. "Léan ort, a spéice," arsa Sean-Niall a bhí sínte isteach ar leaba na cistíneadh, "nach *cold ham* a bhí agaibh".

Ag cáthadh bréag a bhí mo dhuine, ár ndóigh, mar is ar éigin a bhí tógáil na laiste ag cuid mhór againn ní h-amháin suí isteach ag béile i dteach ósta!

Caitheadh go fial linn ár ndóigh, agus nuair a bhí an cluife thart (sílim go bhfuair muid gláireadh saolta!) b'éigean dúinn a dhul inár mbeirt agus inár dtriuir le imreoirí *Louisburra* le greim bidh a bheith againn. Bhí sé de cháil ariamh ar mhuintir *Louisburra* go raibh siad dóighiúil agus nach ligfeadh siad duine ó dhoras. Thug Seán Mac triúir againn leis; mé féin, fear eile agus fear an 'cold ham'. Ar éigin a bhí muid inár suí síos i gceart nuair a glaodhadh orainn a theacht isteach sa rúma, áit a raibh béile breá faoin ár gcomhair — arán tíre, cácaí milse, dalladh bainne agus plátaí a bhí ag cur thar maoil le feoil. Bhí chuile shórt ar an bhord ach amháin im. (Creidim nár chuimhnigh an cailín beag a bhí ag freastal orainn ar an im.) Ba chuma liomsa sa diabhal im ann nó as, mar gur mhaith an t-annlann an t-ocras. Thall ar m'aghaidh ag an bhord bhí Seán (fear a' tí) agus fear an "cold ham". Thoisigh mise orm ag ithe ná bhí géargóg orm. Thoisigh an bheirt eile chomh maith ach bhí mo dhuine ansin ina staic agus é ag corrú a chuid tae ar dhóigh gur shíl mé go gcuirfeadh sé poll i dtóin an chupáin! Bhí sé ag fanacht go gcuirfí im ar an bhord! Fios agamsa go raibh sé dearg-mhillte sa bhaile. Tharraing muid orainn an chaint — peil, Muigheo, Acaill agus *Louisburra;* iascaireacht, Cliara agus an Cogadh Mór. Bhí mo dhuine ina thost ach bhí fhios agamsa go gcuirfeadh sé a chos ann chomh luath in Éirinn agus a d'osclódh sé a bhéal. D'airigh mé féin an bhróg a brú ar mo lorga. Mo dhuine! É ag dúil go n-iarrfainnse im. Diabhal baol a bhí ormsa sin a dhéanamh. Sháith mé amach mo chos le brú air-sean ach cé dó a dtug mé cic ach do fhear an tí féin! Bhí stán ar feadh tamaill agus ansin arsa mo dhuine: "Didn't butter get an awful shlap in the mini-budget?" Bhí an cailin beag ag dul thart ag líonadh ár gcupán don dara h-uair. "Oh, I'm sorry," ar sise, "I forgot to give you butter". Bhí mé féin agus an fear eile marbh le náire.

Nuair a bhí ár gcuid ite againn ghlac muid buíochas leis an bheirt agus amach linn an doras. Fuair mo dhuine íde na muc agus na madadh agus muid ar ár mbealach abhaile. Dúradh leis gur fada aríst go dtabharfaidh go *Louisburra* é, ná go h-áit ar bith eile ach oiread!

Acaill

Padraic Seoighthe

McHALE PARK AND O'TOOLE CUP (1950-1958)

Throughout 1948 all G.A.A. roads led to the Cross Dooagh where almost every Sunday the Killeen Club would have organized a football game between Town and Country. This created great rivalry between the two sides which ensured that each game was keenly contested. Some spectators and players walked the five or six miles to and from the Dooagh, others cycled while the few came by motor-car. James Lyons (Furmoyle) regularly cycled from Barley Hill (Newport Road) Westport to the Croos Dooagh for the games, attended the all-night dance (ending 3 a.m. at the earliest) in Louisburgh Hall and afterwards cycled back to Westport. On Monday morning he was back again in Roonagh P.O. at 9 a.m. — this time *driving* the mail-van! During the winter months, he spent the five hour overlay at Roonagh keeping fit by shooting, hunting and practising general track and field events. He had a great encourager in James (Jimmy) O'Malley, who travelled with him as his advisor when competing in various sports competitions throughout the West County.

As days became warmer, James Lyons, together with two local lads, James and Paddy Prendergast, (who should have been otherwise engaged) "kicked the football on the Hillockeen" where the great Andy McHale and John Joe Prendergast, together with some of their

Practice on "The Hillockeen" on a Sunday morning!

Louisburgh team-mates, Pat Lannon, Pat Joe Prendergast, Michael McKeown and Father Redmond Lyons had played before them. But erosion, generally man-made, had made it smaller and unsuitable for playing on. So the lack of a proper place big enough and flat enough to practise on led to long discussions in the van on wet days; and the getting of a proper field of their own got top priority. After months of negotiations, Austin McHale, Emlagh, eventually conceded to letting a field at a reasonable yearly rental, but ways to finance the rental cost led to many more wasted turf-footing hours of discussions. Top level financial conferences were the order of the day as more and more people began to take an interest. Martin Duffy R.I.P. would stop and confer at the van, on his way to and from the seashore. Boys and, of course, girls — all seemed anxious to find excuses for going to the Post Office, offering to mail letters for neighbours and take the opportunity to bring themselves up to-date with the goings-on.

It was decided to do what the Killeen Club had done to finance their activities, namely to run plays and dances. (This was later to create a slight bit of rivalry between the two clubs, as it was a sort of muscling in on Killeen's sources of revenue). A club was formed and named "The Roonagh G.A.A. Club". Except for Martin Duffy, who was living in Roonagh with his uncle James McKeown, all other members were "outsiders". Liam Duffy was from Drummin; James Lyons, from Furmoyle; James, Richie and Paddy Prendergast, from Accony; Michael Geraghty and Michael Patrick O'Malley, from Doughmakeown; Anthony McHale, from Pullgloss; Paddy and Arthur Durkan, from Askelane; even the field was in Emlagh and the van, now a mobile club-house, was from Westport! Characters for a play were recruited, and auditioning continued daily in the van as all arrivals at the Post Office, male and female, became possible "victims". The natural talent of the club members together with Mick Gallagher (Áitínaveen), Mary B. O'Malley (Doughmakeown), Teresa and Annie Gibbons and Nora McHale (Emlagh), made directing comparatively easy for Paddy Prendergast to produce the first play "Love and Romance in an Irish Kitchen". This was not the real title of the play, but the director changed the name to avoid paying royalties! James Lyons, who knew most people and places between Roonagh and Westport, and beyond, was able to put his knowledge to good effect when material for the play was required. The play was staged in Mickie Keane's (Aillemore), in the Parochial Hall, in Drummin, in John Ted Gibbons's (Mullagh) and in Clare Island, where alarm clocks were raffled! A member of the cast was heard to say "The less said about the artistic merits of the play the better", but looking at some of the high-priced "junk" on T.V. nowadays, perhaps the customers weren't cheated that badly. It was a financial success though, and now the organizers could proceed with their objective. Goal-posts were acquired from the Demesne. The pitch

was marked and set up with the aid of Michael O'Brien (Louisburgh). A game was arranged between Westport and Louisburgh. Michael Foy from the *Mayo News* and Anthony Lavelle from the *Western People* were invited to report the game; both came on bicycles.

On Sunday, May 22nd 1949 the Westport Football Team, together with the Murrisk Pipe Band led by J. Carroll N.T., travelled by bus for the game. After the teams paraded behind the band and came to the centre of the field, Mr John T. Morahan N.T., M.C.C. walked towards the players and called on the hundreds of spectators to gather round. He dedicated the pitch to Archbishop John McHale who was associated in a special way with the area and the people. He complimented and thanked all concerned. Declaring the Park open he impressed upon the young men and women to keep the high and noble ideals of the Fianna: "truth on their lips, strength in their limbs and purity in their hearts". This game, the first played in McHale Park, Emlagh and ending in a draw, was refereed by Tommie Hoban (Westport) Mayo and Connacht Football star. Tommie Durkan, Chairman of Louisburgh G.A.A. for the fifth consecutive year, immediately saw that the pitch had potential. Mayo had reached the All-Ireland Final in 1948 and were winning the League. Louisburgh had reached the Junior County Final in 1948 and had now enough players to form two teams, Junior A and B, and McHale Park became the Louisburgh G.A.A. home ground.

In order to provide winter-time practice for the local (non-college) members of both teams it was decided there was enough football enthusiasm among young and old to start a parish league, with four teams — Louisburgh, Lecanvey, Killeen and Accony (not Roonagh which was the name of the Club or Emlagh where the pitch was). Donations for a cup and set of medals were solicited from the shopkeepers in town, and from anyone else who might wish to donate. The "Louisburgh Parish League Cup", as it was called, was played for by teams of nine players each and they played "home and away". The picking of a team went into the small hours of a Saturday night and Sunday morning, with many A.N.Others appearing until a final selection could eventually be made. Mothers and sisters went into full production manufacturing various style football togs; while potential players, hoping to make a come-back or debut, searched vainly for a matching left or right football boot which came in all shapes and sizes. That illusive, misnamed "community last", in popular demand on Saturday nights and so difficult to trace as it moved from house to house, straightening, levelling and mending shoes for Sunday Mass, was needed desperately by the football players to ease the pressure on "foreign" toes in the alien environment of their newly acquired football boots. It was therefore no pleasant surprise in the early hours of a Monday morning when a toe found the same last during one of the many shunting movements between dresser, fire and table, in a kitchen, in the

dim light of the Sacred Heart lamp! After the team was selected and final tactics were given to players, some would be instructed to stand their ground whenever the ball came their way, while others were advised to act as decoy to confuse the enemy. There was a lot of inside humour attached to the forming and running of every club. Because the "Statutes of limitations" has expired it can now be told how an over-zealous ticket-seller caused consternation behind the curtain during a play intermission, when it was discovered that he had returned with one hundred percent *surplus* revenue only.

Fixing the boundaries for the different divisions created an interesting item for discussion on the agenda. Delegates would argue for hours that a certain field or stream or ditch should be included inside their boundary, not for territorial gain but because a suitable player dwelt there. Accony decided on one such occasion that Michael (Mylie) Gibbons (Carrowniskey), was just the one they needed to win the cup. At the convention their delegates held out for hours for a Carrowniskey River boundary which would ensnare Michael in the ploy. Eventually, the boundary was conceded. Not alone would this strengthen the Accony team considerably but it would weaken the Killeen team with whom he played and which was considered the strongest that year. Killeen were first to play. The news that Mickie played with Killeen spread like wildfire. There were charges and counter-charges. An emergency general meeting was called to deal with this bare-faced infringement of the rules. The hall packed to capacity, with players and delegates alike, waiting for the debate to open. After the Accony delegates asked that the minutes dealing with divisional boundaries be read, the Secretary was unable to find the information pertinent to the request. Somehow the page had mysteriously vanished! Accony had considered it wishful thinking from the beginning and were reluctant in a way to force Michael to play with them through boundary manipulation, when he had always played with Killeen. With him they had a great chance; without him none.

Louisburgh players were impatient to lay their hands on the Mayo Junior County Cup, so as early as January 8th 1950, they were beginning to get into shape with a game on the Cross Dooagh between the college players and the "locals". By March 5th the Louisburgh League Cup was in full swing — Accony and Lecanvey beat Killeen and Louisburgh respectively. The local papers reported the games in detail, rocketing *Mayo News* sales in the parish. Again on March 19th Accony and Lecanvey beat Louisburgh and Killeen and on March 26th, Accony and Lecanvey were still unbeaten. On May 7th 1950, Lecanvey were the first winners of the Louisburgh Parish League Cup by defeating Accony 4-10 to 1-3. in McHale Park, Emlagh.

The Lecanvey Team:
Paddy, Jack and Joe Staunton, Paddy Gannon (Captain), Paddy

Needham, George Holland, Paude Kilcoyne, Michael O'Toole and Tim Conway.

The Accony Team (playing in Red and Yellow):
James Lyons (Captain), Liam Duffy, Frank Lyons, James, John and Paddy Prendergast, Mick Purcell, P. O'Malley, Tommy Gibbons and Mick Sammon. Andy McHale was unable to play in the final due to an injury.

£6.15 was collected, at a 'bob' a time. The gate receipts would be much higher had not some spectators beat inflation by crossing the fields. Tommie Hoban (Westport) was again referee. James Lyons emigrated to the U.S. in September 1950, leaving a vacuum in the Accony Team and Club.

In 1951, two new teams, Doughmakeon and Thallabawn joined the other four to compete in the Parish League. The "Louisburgh Parish League Cup" was by now renamed the "O'Toole Memorial Cup", in memory of the late Austie O'Toole who had distinguished himself on the playing-fields of Ireland. Although Killeen were beaten twice by Lecanvey in the preliminary rounds, they met again in the final on June 10th at McHale Park, Emlagh. Killeen beat Lecanvey 6-4 to 2-6. Killeen were the first to win the cup under its new name.

The Killeen Team:
Frank (Dan) O'Malley, Billy Maloney, Josie Lyons, Myles Lyons, Michael Gibbons, Frank Grady, Austin O'Malley, Paddy Kerrigan and Tommie Lyons(?).

On February 10th 1952 the O'Toole Cup League was in motion once more. Six teams competed, Mooneen for the first time while Doughmakeon gracefully bowed out. A player of the Doughmakeon team said in later years they had set a record of their own: they had the distinction of never having won a match! By September 14th, Lecanvey looked good with top points; Mooneen, Killeen and Louisburgh were even, and Thallabawn and Accony were out of the running. Mooneen had got a bye but since Louisburgh withdrew, Mooneen and Killeen played for a place in the final. On October 25th 1951, before a very large crowd at McHale Park, Emlagh, Mooneen beat Lecanvey and the Cup was taken home midst great joy and jubilation. Lecanvey's best could not counter Mooneen's determination. The Mooneen team on that day was: Martin J. O'Toole (Captain and brother of Austie), Jarlath Morahan, Patrick Ball, Frank and Gussie O'Malley, Pat Fergus, Oliver P. Morahan, Pat Needham and John Nee.

In 1953, the same six teams competed on a different system. There were two divisions: Accony, Killeen and Thallabawn in West Division and Louisburgh, Lecanvey and Mooneen in East Division. This arrangement was made to cut down on travelling-expenses. The team

with most points in each division qualified for the final. They came by all roads and all modes of conveyance on November 15th, 1953 to see Killeen beat Lecanvey 3-3 to 2-3 and wear the crown for the second time.

In 1954, at a specially convened meeting, rules governing the O'Toole Cup Competition were formulated. Three teams of fifteen players, Lecanvey, Louisburgh and Killeen would compete; and, for the first time in the history of the competition, college-players from the parish were allowed play. To facilitate this change, the games were played in vacation time.

On August 29th 1954, Lecanvey took the O'Toole Cup by beating Louisburgh 3-4 to 2-1.

In 1955, the three teams again competed in the O'Toole Cup. On August 28th 1955, the Louisburgh fifteen beat Killeen 1-3 to 0-5.

In 1956, the competition returns to the old system of 9-a-side but college-players could still play, Louisburgh, Mooneen, Killeen, Accony and Lecanvey compete. On September 2nd, 1956, Louisburgh beat Accony in extra-time in the final in McHale Park: 3-6 to 3-5. Mick O'Malley, Askelawn, former Mayo star played for Accony.

In 1957, Clare Island participated in the O'Toole Cup for the first time while Mooneen went out. Clare Island beat Louisburgh on home ground: 4-6 to 2-7. On September 1st, 1957, Accony, third time lucky, won O'Toole Cup for the first time by beating Louisburgh 1-10 to 1-1.

Accony team — O'Toole Cup Winners 1958

Father Burke P.P. presented the Cup to Mike Gibbons (Captain), Father Pat Prendergast presented Canon Heaney Cup to Paddy Gibbons (Captain) in the juvenile decider.

In 1958, the Cup was played on a knock-out system and on August 31st, 1958, Accony were champions for the second time by defeating Louisburgh: 3-9 to 0-10.

The O'Toole Cup games created excitement among the local people. They were supported and followed with great enthusiasm. Each team wanted to win the much-coveted prize and I greatly regret not achieving that honour in my time. Reams could be written about each individual game. On one occasion an over-excited supporter threw his camera on the pitch in disgust (by mistake, of course) at the referee's imagined blatant bias. It might have been the remembrance of this incident which prompted a staunch supporter of the maligned team to hesitate in taking the out-stretched hand of greeting of the same referee on a street in Chicago, before that supporter made certain there was no bone to pick.

Having a football-pitch in the area was a new experience for us and much appreciated by the older men in the villages. Those who had listened to Michael O'Hehir commenting on Mayo's climb to the top could now see some of those players play with their respective clubs in McHale Park on Sunday afternoons. Some of those we were privileged to see were John Forde, Mick Flannagan R.I.P., Pádraic Carney — considered to be among the greatest — and our own Joe Staunton. This among other things helped to make McHale Park a success and a popular place to be. While Mayo had won All-Ireland honours in 1950-'51, Louisburgh had won Junior County honours in 1950. No less than fifteen on the Louisburgh panel were playing minor, junior and senior for Mayo in inter-county Championship! The football-field as we called it, helped to maintain and nurture this abundance of talent, at the same time encouraging the young who were competing in the Canon Heaney Cup, some of whom also played inter-county championship for Mayo later.

Sports were held there each year on the 15th August, sponsored by the "Western Home Social Club" and, as has been recorded in an earlier *Coinneal*, camogie was also played. Whether by accident or design, admitted or not, one could argue that this was an enticement for one side to "show off" before the other and so help to increase attendance not only on Sundays but also during evening practice on weekdays. The Killeen Club and the Cross Dooagh had laid the foundation which had made all this possible and the parish league, or the O'Toole Cup as it was later called, helped in maintaining and creating the interest. It may be unfair to see only one side to the coin, for all this excitement in McHale Park had an adverse affect on other things. All other Sunday afternoon activity suffered.

Pitch-and-toss, which went on from early Sunday afternoon at the "Idle Wall" at Roonagh pier, almost vanished overnight. Seldom now could the familiar figure of Paddy (Dick) Lyons be seen hastening to the harbour to join his team mates Martin Duffy, Andy McHale and John McEvilly and play their game of pitch-and-toss.

Here was the focal point of local activity for years as many from the surrounding villages found time to visit the quayside, or lean on the "Idle Wall" to watch the boats coming from the islands. Visitors from near or far were always welcome to compete in the game at hand, their efforts always encouraged and finally judged without question by the ever-present James Austin Dan O'Malley standing at the *bob*.

The name given to the field was appropriate and the committee gratefully thank Austin McHale and family for the pleasure it gave them and the people of the parish. Our generation look back on this period of our youth with memory of the the joys: of McHale Park on Sunday afternoon, of dancing on the quay on the long fine summer evenings to the flute music of Martin Duffy, Dick Prendergast, Anthony Gibbons and the fiddle-playing of the Coyne's, of community rick-making, and many other pastimes which were enjoyed with youthful, carefree abandon.

Dublin — Geoffrey Prendergast

READY FOR THE MATCH!

The men of tomorrow: (L. to R.) Austin Lyons (Askelane), Michael Mulvey (Collacoon), Conor Morahan (Mooneen), Richard Gibbons (Doughmackeown), John Staunton (Kilsallagh), Michael John Ball (Ballyhip), Shane Bergin (Carramore).

— Photo: Father Kieran Waldron

KEEP YOUR WORD?

Questions are on page 53

1. A *colpán* is a stout stick. Specifically it was the thicker part of a flail, and was held in the hands as the flail was used.
2. A *ceolán* is a noisome child. It literally means a music-maker but is applied disparagingly to a child (especially one small for his age) who makes a nuisance of himself by offering precocious opinions.
3. A *cnaig* is a source of annoyance — like, say a square peg that will not fit into the round hole. It is also applied to a stubborn person who, physically or otherwise, will not fit in with our plans. "Take this *cnaig* out of my way"; and "Is that *cnaig* still in the kitchen?" give the idea!
4. A *cnáthadán* is a prickly weed. Its proper English name is the *burdock*, and its head is very prone to stick onto one's clothes. (Remember our playful version of missiles on Sunday evenings of old, and the rumpus at home if you arrived with a jersey covered with *cnáthadáns?* The dictionary now spells it *cnádán.*
5. *Dalbach* is bold; it is especially used of a child, and particularly so if he (or she) persists in the boldness.
6. *Deileadóir* is a complainer — of any size or age or state in life. It is the kind of person who has the complaints lined up so that when one source of complaint is removed he has another . . . and another and another!
7. *Fuílleach* is the remains of something — the "lavins". Perhaps the most frequent use nowadays is the rather peculiar one "We didn't see a *fuílleach*" when asked how did a day's hunting go.
8. *Lúidín* is the little finger: the name probably means "the little lesser-one". A modern children's song begins *"Lúidín, Lúidín, a mhic . . ."*
9. *A raingealtach* is a tall, ungainly person. Long legs are necessary for qualification and a tousled head of hair helps. The term is far from complimentary. It is generally used about someone who is quite capable, so capable that the only criticism is personal. A *raingealtach* can be male or female; no sexism!
10. *Ruaig* is a rout; but you have to use the word in the right phrase. And the right phrase here, as in so many other cases, is a direct translation from Irish. So if cattle walk into your front lawn, or if children peer in through your window, you don't just *ruaig* them. You *put the ruaig on them!*
11. *Siamsáil* is wailing. It is often the repeating wail of a child who has been chastized or disappointed. The *siamsáil* actually outlives the sorrow and has to continue, even in scarcity of breath, as if to advertise the injustice that has been done.
12. *Sneách* is a slow person but, naturally, the word must be drawn out to give it its full meaning. Another Irish word, *cóiste mall* (slow coach) gets the meaning. A *sneách* is someone you are waiting for to come forward with cooperation and that the wait seems interminable. Did you ever hold a bag of flour between your hands while someone took five (or more) minutes to place a box for it? The *sneách!* Dictionaries don't support us, but we thought a *sneách* was a snail. Figurative perhaps!
13. *Spideog.* Walk with care here! A *spideog* is, of course, a robin; but colloquially it was used (in slang, we thought) to describe that kind of drop on the nose that one associated with a December fair! Lo and behold! A modern Irish-English dictionary (ÓDónaill) gives as another meaning "a drop from the nose"! Could Ó Dónaill have walked through a December fair?
14. A *Storc* is exactly what it sounds like, that is an unyielding person. It is very often someone who has possession of a needed object — a football, a piece of land, a box of crayons — and will not budge. Such a person is never graceful in refusing: he just sits there (get the phrase right!) *of a storc!*
15. *Tús* is a start — that is, a beginning. Elsewhere in this issue the Irish proverb appears *"Tús maith leath na h-oibre"*. (A good beginning is half the work). A local use, now forgotten perhaps, had to do with the game of pitch-and-toss. When a newcomer joined the circle he was allowed a practice throw. "Give him a *tús"*.

If you can recall such Irish words from ordinary speech, perhaps you would forward them for entry in our next issue. Come now, don't be dalbach; *don't be a* storc, *we'll give you a* tús.!

Editor

Óró 'Sé do Bheatha Abhaile!

We warmly welcome new arrivals into our community:

Margaret and Seán Staunton to Main Street.
Mr. and Mrs. (Teresa) Finlay to Cahir.
Stanley and Nora Sek from Chicago to Collacoon.

MEDITATION UPON A BEEHIVE HUT

We have boarded our currach and left the land. We are tossed from wildly rushing foam-topped wave down steep slopes of tumbled spume at the mercy of angry overhanging watery serpents and God. We buckle, twist, turn and bounce; in this overwhelming cauldron. Rain lashes and rips at our faces: water, wind, and fearful sound; pound and pound our senses in orchestrated *crescendo,* ripping us to the very core. Naked, but for our flimsy clothes, we bow deeply in prayer, finding the strength to carry us safely. Then rising up before us, wrathlike; our destination.

Imagine if you will, a small, sharp, toothed island rising majestically from a wild tempestous ocean, pounded constantly by wind and wave; both shrieking and roaring in mind-benumbing *crescendos;* a constantly united climax of primal power, as if bereft of mercy. Huge waves, marching in from all directions known to man; smashing, and then rising up after impact; up the watery faces of the cliffs in an explosion of foam and power, causing the imagination to observe the action and interaction of form and shape being carved with infinite slowness in that foamy eruption. Seabirds flit about screeching, their sound adding to these primeval soul-stirring elementals from the depth of creation. The smell of the weed; clutching upon the rocks, intensifies; their fronds whipping at the oars of the currach, as we land. Ascending a cut-stone stairway; waves grasping at our heels; the currach below, frail to our eyes, departs; a few seals crawl amongst the rocks being slashed by the waves. We remain composed. We climb higher, away from the sea's damp embrace; the sky lies dark, leaded, angry; violently so, as if the very host of hell had disgorged itself. How frail we are. Us. And the elements, in this storm-lashed cauldron.

We reach some structures; all made of stone. What else in this Godforsaken place? Strange shapes they are, perched on terraces hewn from the naked rock. One; long, square cut and pointed to the sky: the communal chapel; others, round, like beehives; a doorway the only opening; simple, imposing and inviting as if the Queen would say "come, come into my house". Monks walk about, hair blowing in the wind; others tend a garden of hardy herbs, while others drift towards the chapel, withdrawn in their silence. Nature has full control.

Night creeps furtively at first; a few fires are lit; smoke ascends from the huts, before being wrenched away by the wind's invisible arm. The darkness of day descends towards the blackness of night in a final shattering lightburst of pure white; and then darkness rules; and the sound of the storm intensifies in a howl of rage at losing light, and the wind grasps searchingly with forceful hand for any hold. We are nothing

now. Helpless dolls tossed to and fro at nature's mercy, frail to the extreme.

We enter one of those huts now. A warm glow awaits us from the flickering dancing round the walls of stone from the fire upon the floor. Smoke wafts up to the domed roof. A bench of wood, a bible; some parchment and quills; a few manuscripts full of words, brushes and colours; a candle; a pallet for sleep upon the floor; a pot bubbling upon the fire — are all that adorn the hut. We shut the door; shut out that elemental banshee. Silence now descends.

The walls; rough hewn, are square towering to a dome. This is the squared circle from ancient Egypt; their sacred geometry, and Atlantis before. The fire dances. We contemplate the flames; feel them dancing all around; slowly bringing us to the heart. Smoke drifts in curls and spirals up, up to the night. We follow its path with rapture, bound to this sacred umbilical cord in reverent unity. We absorb that light. We are now inside the womb. A pulsating womb, that pounds and pounds. Deep inside something awakes. Slowly uncoiling within us, rising up to those flames; rising up, vibrating; sending ripples of pure golden energy pulsating up and out, and all around. The serpent rises consuming all, like lovers united, coiled in the pure ecstasy of the fire of love; drenched in those sacred flames, awash in the primal cause, glowing in the light. The room vibrates. Pure pounding power. The roaring silence. Create. Sow the seed. Those ancient words roar; "Be silent. And know that I am God".

We take a quill into our hand. Mix our colours, slowly with reverence; open our parchment and by the light of a candle and fire we put down our mighty runes. His voice courses through our veins; the blood of the universe pumps out its seed through our quills.

"Or ever the silver cord be losed or the golden cup be broken . . . shall the dust return to earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it". Ecclesiastes XII 6-7.

And yea, inside that ancient hut both cup and cord were in communion; united through the sacred flame; and man.

Askelane — Martin Taylor

Remembering Sion . . .

During our schooldays and youth in the town we never knew if there was any bell on Saint Catherine's (Church of Ireland) Church. It never rang. Then out of the blue, between the two Masses on a Sunday, the clang of an unfamiliar bell startled the crows around Saint Catherine's. In some strange way it startled us, too: we felt threatened. But then my mother prayed aloud, thanking God for the fact that Protestant parishioners, too, were worshipping God. That was long before Pope John XXIII, but often since I have blessed her memory as a true ecumenist!

IN SEARCH OF PEARL BARLEY

There was a time when *supermarket* was just another word, like *garbage* or *incinerator,* which first entered our vocabulary when visiting Yanks were enlightening us on the marvels of their adoptive land. It was a time when *check-out girls* would have conjured up all sorts of possibilities; a time when modesty in all things was the order of the day, even in the purchase of household goods! The idea of a woman (a *man* being unthinkable!) flaunting a trolly around a shop with *naked* groceries (including possibly even toiletries) before all and sundry, was abominable and would indicate a decadence reminiscent only of Sodom and Gomorrah. No, that was a time when a woman had her purchase wrapped and discreetly handed over the counter (indeed *under* the counter should the delicate nature of the item in question demand that!) by her friendly grocer. In all these dealings it was essential that a trusting relationship existed between the customer and shopkeeper; the latter seemingly being bound to an oath of secrecy, as the hushed tones of most transactions would indicate.

There were, however, a number of items with which caution could be thrown to the wind, items which could be brandished before the most modest eyes. One of these was *pearl barley*. The older mothers had as much faith in pearl barley as they had in the Mother-of pearl Rosary. When nothing else worked — or to be more accurate, when there was nothing else available — the pearl barley was reached for. Be it one's throat or any other passage-way he may (or may not) care to mention that was effected, the pearl barley was called on to do the trick! Whenever the saucepan rang out with a clanging sound, you could make a safe bet that it was either the "marrowfats" or else the pearl barley it was being loaded with!

For those weaklings who could not take the thing straight, it could be disguised in the soup. In fact, in soup it took its pride of place and was a "born natural". It had great bulk and could prop up the sickliest of brews. It could remain there practically undisturbed until some unsuspecting brute plunged deep down and brought up a spoonful, crying: "So that's where you hid it!"

I walked the town yesterday looking for this all-encompassing medicinal concoction, and I am glad to report that I found it nowhere!

Ballykeeffe, Limerick — John O'Brien

NOMADIC STRUCTURES IRELAND LIMITED

Nomadic Structures Ireland Limited is now completing third year manufacturing the "Instand 100 Series" portable Exhibition System at its plant in Louisburgh.

The Instand 100 Series is lightweight portable display system manufactured in various sizes, the standard size is 134, a 12 panel 10 ft. by 8 ft. unit. This is a revolutionary portable system designed to save the user time and money while dramatically conveying a message. It can be used for Trade Shows, Exhibitions, Conventions, Sales Presentations, Lectures, Shopping Malls, Design Studios and Theatres among many others. It can be set up in ten seconds, the graphic panels mount easily in ten minutes.

The units which are tubular aluminium construction fold up into "11 by 33" cylindrical, which can accommodate panels also. The 134c weighs only 23 lbs. (10 kilos) complete with panel and case. Instand is exported to agents in the following countries: Germany, Holland, Finland, France, Spain, Denmark, England, Sweden, Australia, Belgium, Norway, New Zealand, Switzerland, Italy.

Nomadic have also set up agents and are now beginning to distribute to the following: Japan, Korea, Saudia Arabia.

Nomadic also markets Instand in Ireland. This is handled through Louisburgh Factory. *Nomadic* has recruited and trained an enthusiastic workforce, a total of 14 people are now employed, 13 full time and one on Youth Employment experience:

Joe Ryan Manager and Director, John McNally, Michael Tiernan, Patricia Moran, Cathy Geraghty, Colin Kitterick, Eileen Mitchell, Evelyn Kilcoyne, Martina Kilcoyne, Teresa Geraghty, Breda Nicholson, Padraic Fadden, John Kilcoyne and Gerilyn Hoban.

Nomadic plan to manufacturing a new product before the end of 1984 — the Instand 300 series. It is an ultra-light-weight three dimensional folding frame system, factory assembled and rapidly deployed. It is stored and transported with ease in its compact folded shape. On site it is unfolded to its rigid operational mode. It is manufactured in a stronger aluminium tube than the present model. Instand 300 series is not designed to replace the 100 series but to extend the possible use of larger and stronger folding frame ceilings walls and beams for use outdoors as well as indoors. All Instand uses are limited only by the user's imagination. The difficult configurations in the series can be combined in a variety of arrangements and the light weight of the structures makes it simple to experiment with new ideas.

In today's economic climate all business men weigh up the total cost

Manager, Joe Ryan and John Joe Kilcoyne arrange a display system in Nomadic

of exhibiting against the potential return in business terms. In this light the cost involved often dictates whether the company will participate or not. It is in this area that low cost display equipment makes it a most valuable contribution. When viewed in terms of overall value for money, cost and convenience of transportation, ease of handling and erection, coupled with the man-hour investment of preparation and setting up the display, the Instand both "100 series and 300" series are easily the front runners.

Nomadic enjoys an enviable position in industry to-day, it is well managed and a financially sound company. Being a private company it has control over its own destiny. With a strong commitment to an already successful European, Far East/Middle East market *Nomadic* has a bright future for 1985.

POPULATION TRENDS IN LOUISBURGH

Perhaps the most basic resource of any locality is its human population. The size of this population, its spatial distribution and its age and gender composition all have consequences for social and economic organization and community development. This short article will be concerned mainly with trends in population size and male/female numbers in Louisburgh District Electoral Division (DED), but some comparative information on Westport Rural Dustrict (RD), on County Mayo, and the state, is also provided.

The population of Louisburgh DED declined by 45% between 1911 and 1981. During the same period, Westport's RD's population decreased by 52%; County Mayo's by 40%; while the population of the state as a whole increased by 10%. The periods of greatest population decrease were between 1911 and 1926 (−20 percent) and between 1961 and 1971 (−14 percent).

TABLE
Population Changes in Louisburgh District Electoral Division, 1911-81

Year	Total	Males	Females	%+/−	Period
1926	1,128	556	572	−20	1911-1926
1936	1,107	568	539	−1.9	1926-1936
1946	1,058	539	519	−4.4	1936-1946
1956	959	493	466	−9.3	1946-1956
1961	931	484	447	−2.9	1956-1961
1971	805	407	398	−13.5	1961-1971
1979	766	383	383	−4.9	1971-1979
1981	771	374	397	+0.7	1979-1981
				−45	1911-1981

In the 1966-71 intercensal period, a reversal of the national population's downward trend was registered. In the period 1971-1981 a 16% increase was recorded for the state, 5% for County Mayo and 3% for Westport RD. By contrast Louisburgh DED experienced a 4% *decrease* for the same period.

The table (page 89) provides information on the number of males and females in the population for different years. In 1926 there were less males than females in Louisburgh, 556 as against 572. By 1936 this pattern had been reversed and in each census until 1979 there was an excess of males over females. The gap was widest in 1961 when the number of males was 484 and the number of females 447. In 1979 the numbers were exactly equal and in 1981 the 1926 pattern had again re-emerged with 374 females and 397 females.

In summary, Louisburgh population displays some distinct features. Firstly though experiencing the broad pattern of rural decline, it did not unlike so many other areas experience any increase between 1971 and 1981. Secondly unlike most rural areas ratio of males to females favours the latter rather than the former.

Sociology Department, University College, Galway — Chris Curtin

Cameos of Parish History

The census taken on April 13 1901

A writer in the 1900's selected a townland in the Kilgeever Parish which had ten houses with no more than three rooms each. They were occupied by sixty-eight people, thirty-four males, thirty-four females. All of them could speak Irish and English well though not all of them could write. All of them except the children could read. Milk cows, pigs and crops provided their income. To-day the same townland is occupied by eighteen people, ten males and eight females, living in fire houses of five rooms or more. One holding has more stock than the ten holdings had in 1901.

Future survey

In future issues we intend to make a survey of the villages in the parish — one village per issue. This would entail a census of its population and known emigrants, a short history, collection of the old names of fields, gardens etc, and a survey of the general terrain. Any village wish to set a headline? — Editor

Tidy Towns Competition

PROGRESS AND CHANGES 1983–1984

Centre: **Louisburgh** County: **Mayo** Category: **B** 1984 Mark: **104**

	Max.	1983	1984
Effort — may take into account sustained effort over a number of years of the overcoming of special local difficulties More co-ordinated effort is necessary if Louisburgh is to progress in the competition. Individual effort in many instances, is, however, very good. The painting of some derelict buildings is commendable as a short term solution to the problem.	**35**	**24**	**25**
Tidiness — appropriate placing of litter bins, absence of litter, derelict sites, buildings and indiscriminate dumping Litter is quite bad in places including the beach. Dumped sand, cars, etc. distract greatly from the village. The gate to the field beside the Church of Ireland is very untidy as are some derelict buildings.	**20**	**16**	**14**
Presentation of buildings — shops, business premises, banks, factories, historic and public buildings Many buildings look very well, especially those with shop fronts that are sympathetic with the streetscape . . . . It is encouraging to see some restoration work being carried out. Perhaps the Clew Bay Hotel could be restored. The 1943 Hall and National School could also be better presented but the church and convent look very well.	**20**	**14**	**14**

	Max.	1983	1984
Presentation of natural amenities — open spaces, village greens, river banks, foreshore, parks, trees The wide grass verge along the church and convent should be closely cut, perhaps some seats could be provided. The riverside area is an amenity and ought to be developed. The beach area needs to be simply and sensitively developed, especially where the road terminates.	**25**	**14**	**14**
Appearance of approach roads — verges, streets, back lanes and footpaths Some grass verges have been cut but all need improvement at the time of adjudication. The footpaths are quite well maintained. Some stone walls need weeding.	**20**	**16**	**15**
Presentation of residential areas — including open spaces Most houses are well presented but some need to pay attention to the verge between their boundary and the road. Rent-a-Cottage Scheme as usual looks well.	**15**	**13**	**13**
Presentation of street furniture — on roads, car parks, open spaces, including road signs Much effort is needed with street furniture to raise it to an acceptable standard. The dirty signposts in particular give a very poor impression.	**15**	**12**	**9**
A plan of campaign is needed to tackle the problem area; the school children in particular should be encouraged to take part.			
	150	**109**	**104**

Comhgháirdeas!

We are happy to extend congratulatory greetings to our young students who have just qualified:

Patricia Ball (Bank Official)
Jo Jo Cox (Certificate in Business Studies)
Desmond Cox (Certificate in Construction Studies)
Tom Durkan (Student Officer in A.I.B. Mullingar)
Ann Duffy (B.E.D.)
Eugene Duffy (B.E.D)
Pauline Fadden (B.A. Degree)
Nicola Fadden (M.A. Hons. Degree)
Pádraic Fadden (Position in Nomadic Structures)
Conor Gaffney (Certificate in Business Studies)
Alexandra Lyons (B.A. Degree)
Laurena Mitchell (Certificate in Business Studies)
Anne Morahan (Certificate in Business Studies)
Mary Morahan (Certificate in Business Studies)
Mary McDonnell (B.A. B.E.D.)
Marie Thérèse Morrison (B.A. Degree)
Majella Morrison (B.A. Degree)
Breda Nicholson (Position in Nomadic Structures)
Ann O'Malley (S.R.N.)
Nuala O'Malley (Qualification in Photography)
Gráinne O'Toole (B.A. Degree)
Martin O'Toole (Certificate in Butchery)
Ann Ruddy (B.A. Degree)
Ann Ryder (nee Leamy — B.A. Degree)
Ann-Marie Scanlon (Scholarship to College of Music, Dublin)
Carmel O'Malley (Qualified Nurse)
John Morrison (Hons. B.Sc.)
Brendan Ball (B.Sc. H.Dip.)
Fíona Gaffney (Degree in Fine Art at Crawford College of Art, Cork)

Margaret McNamara (Carrowniskey) and Michael Lacey (Feenone) married at Killeen Church

Mary Gallagher (Thallabawn) and Jimmy Canavan (Carna) married at Killeen Church

Anne Kitterick (Shranacloye) and Michael O'Reilly (Leachta) married at Louisburgh

Julie McNally (Roonith) and Vincent McDermott (Roscommon) married at Killeen

Doctor Margaret McConnell (Shraugh) and Doctor Michael Haugh (Kilkee) married at Louisburgh

Barbara McNally and Seán Sammin (Monaghan) married at Killeen

Colette Gibbons S.R.N. (Cloonlaura) and Gárda Michael Murray, (Castlebar) married at Killeen

Breege O'Reilly (Loughta) and Gárda Jimmy Corrigan (Creggánbawn) married at Louisburgh

Parish Weddings Away from Home

Gárda James Prendergast (Accony) and Déirdre McCabe B.A. N.T. (Portlaoise) married at Portlaoise

Sandra Hayes (Raheny) and Séamus McNally (Roonith) married in Dublin

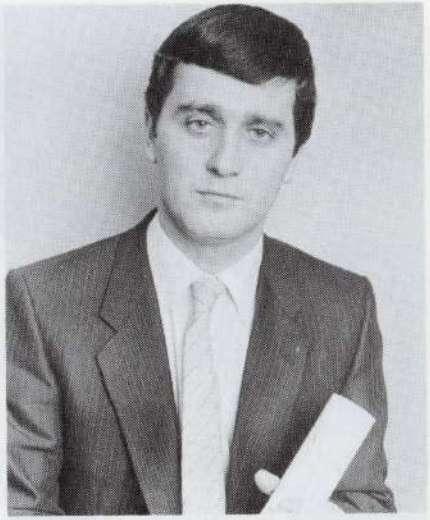
Edward Joyce (Collacoon) and Tommie Gibbons (Leachta) ninety-seven years of age.

Comhgháirdeas!

The Murphy family of Devlin with their four sets of twins:
Back row (L. to R.): Raymond and Marcus, Pádraic and Séamus.
Middle row (L. to R.): Nicholas and Margaret, Honor and Isobella.
Bottom row (L. to R.): Helena and Desmond.
Also in the picture are Joseph and Mary (parents). The oldest child is thirteen years old and the youngest three. There are three sets of twin boys and one boy-and-girl set. There are eight of these children attending Holy Family School at Killeen!

Comhgháirdeas!

Alexandra Lyons (Chapel Street) conferred with B.A. at Maynooth.



Séamus Duffy (Chapel Street) who was conferred with his Higher National Diploma in Clothing and Textile Management at Hollings College Manchester Polytechnic.

Celebrities celebrate! (L. to R.) Seán Bán Breathnach (Radio na Gaeltachta), Catherine Keane (Bridge Street), Monsignor Horan (Knock) and Mr. Jimmy Burke (Doughmakeown). Catherine won a look-alike competition based on Sally O'Brien in a commercial advertisement. Our congratulations to Sally O'Brien — on being so like Catherine!

Comhgháirdeas!

Leaving Cert Class, Sancta Maria 1983

Brendan Ball (Ballyhip) conferred with B.Sc. and H.Dip.

Anne Mannion student at Saint Patrick's, Drumcondra. Her article is on p. 23.

Comhgháirdeas!

Sister Mary Teresa McConnell after making her Final Profession at the Convent of Mercy in Colwyn Bay, North Wales, pictured here with her parents, John and Margaret McConnell of Shraugh, Louisburgh.

Football Champions

Louisburgh Junior Football Team West Mayo Champions 1984

Slán Abhaile . . .

The following parishioners have died in the period covered since our last issue. May they rest in peace.

1982		
November	**25**	Mrs. Teresa Gibbons, Askelane
December	**13**	Margaret O'Grady, Kilgeever
	21	Mrs. Brigid Donnelly, Carrowniskey
1983		
January	**19**	Patrick Jordan, Carrowniskey
February	**4**	Anthony Gibbons, Doughmakeon
	12	James Scott, Shraugh
	19	Edward Joyce, Collacoon
	23	Patrick Ruddy, Collacoon
March	**11**	Mrs. Mary Morrison, Bridge Street
	28	Anthony McDonnell, Main Street
April	**1**	Thomas Burke, Carramore
	16	Brigid Moran, Falduff
May	**23**	Mrs. Ellen Hynes, Kilgeever
June	**11**	Michael (Broddie) McMenamin, Louisburgh and Tralee
July	**10**	Austin McDonagh, Askillaun
	11	Timothy O'Malley, Doughmakeon
	14	Mrs. Mary Jordan, Carrowniskey
	20	John Kilcoyne, Furmoyle
	28	John Joe Philbin, Bridge Street
August	**9**	Mrs. Mary Cannon, Shraugh
		Austin Keane, Bridge Street
	18	Mrs. Mary Gavin, Woodfield
	28	Mary Fergus, Caher
September	**18**	Mrs. Brigid Teresa Frazer, Kinnadoohey
October	**14**	James Tiernan, Doughmakeon
November	**5**	Mrs. Mary O'Malley, Roonith
	13	Eamonn O'Donnell, Caher
	23	Hugh Keane, Devlin
December	**7**	Thomas McCormack, Polgloss and Main Street
	9	Peter Foye, Falduff
	14	Owen Philbin, Carrowniskey
	22	Michael Cox
1984		
January	**30**	John Needham, Legan
February	**1**	Anthony McCormack, Caher
	5	Patrick Scott, Bridge Street
	7	Mrs. Mary O'Dowd, Mooneen
	22	Mrs. Margaret Ann Gibbons, Dereen
	27	Thomas O'Grady, Kilnakelllew
	29	Edward O'Malley, Aylemore
		Eamonn O'Malley, Doughmakeon (in England)
March	**4**	Richard McEvilly, Roonagh
	14	Thomas Philbin, Carrowniskey
	11	Bridget Fergus, Caher
	21	Mrs. Brigid Gallagher, Aitinaveen
	25	Anne Scanlon, Furmoyle (in New York)

April	**4**	Mrs. Alice Prendergast, Accony
	18	Canon John Fitzgerald, P.P.
	30	John Gibbons, Aylemore
May		Mrs. Kate Kerrigan, Feenone
June	**20**	Anthony Kelly, Askillaun
	27	Michael Gallagher, Aitinaveen
July	**12**	Patrick O'Grady, Derryheigh
	13	Mrs. Mollie McClory, formerly of Ballyhip
	16	Mrs. Mary Moran, Aylemore
August	**3**	Mrs. Maimie McNally, Moneen
September		Michael O'Malley, Roonith
October	**3**	Thomas McMyler, Chapel Street
		Anne Needham, Cross

The following parishioners died away from home since our last issue:

1982	**October**	Thomas Kilcoyne, Furmoyle, in Dublin
		Mrs. Jane O'Grady, (nee Foy) Doughmakeon
		Paddy McDermott
		John Maxwell, Ballyhip, in Yorkshire
	November	John O'Malley, Roonith, in England
		John Joe Kitterick, Furmoyle, in Newcastle-on-Tyne
1983	**January**	Sr. Patricia Catherine (Katie) O'Grady, Cregganban, in Worcester
		Mrs. Mary Keenan, Cortoor
		Walter Burke, Devlin, in Boston
	February	Patrick Kelly, Crickeen, in Worcester, Mass.
	March	Michael Lyons, Accony, in London
		Thomas Needham, in Castlepollard
	May	John Gibbons, Askillaun, in England
		Michael O'Malley, Askillaun, in Dublin
		Mrs. Mary Clarke, (nee Lyons), Emlagh, in Chicago
	June	Mrs. Mary Flaherty, (nee Maxwell), in Clinton, Mass.
		Mrs. Bridie Keane Gibbons, Bunowen, in Chicago
		Mrs. Susan O'Malley, in Chicago
	August	Michael Jennings, Aylemore, in Philadelphia
	October	Mrs. Mary Shaughnessy, (nee Durkan), Askillaun, in England
	November	Tommy Armstrong, in England
	December	Michael Moran, Kilgeever, in England
		John Kilcoyne, Shranacloya, in England
1984	**January**	Doctor Conor McGuire, Killadoon, in Newry
		Mrs. Annie Murray, Thallaban, in Liverpool
		Patrick O'Malley, Bunowen, in England
	March	Monsignor Tony Wallace, Cregganban, in New York
		Paddy Burns, Polgloss, in New York
	April	John Burke, Askillaun, in Dublin
	July	Mrs. Beattie Gibbons, (nee Love), in England
		Mrs. Margaret Ann Ryan, (nee Conway), Chapel Street, in Florida
		Jim O'Malley, Caher, in Pennsylvania
	October	Mrs. Mary McKeown, (nee O'Grady), Kilgeever, in U.S.
		Mrs. Katherine Keegan, (nee O'Malley), Falduff, in New York
		John Gibbons, in Coventry

We regret the occasional omissions (of details, etc.) in the above lists. Could we please have full details sent directly to the Editor for future issues?

PATRICK McNAMARA
Carramore, Louisburgh

He was born on December 15, 1885 in the village of Carramore. As a young man he became committed to the I.R.A. movement in the West of Ireland. It was while he was "on the run" with Mayo's Flying Column that he was involved in the ambush on June 21, 1921 at Carrowkennedy. He was proud of this encounter. Not only did the flying column rout the Black-and-tans, but the event itself had national significance: shortly thereafter the English asked for a truce.

Ireland's civil war following this truce greatly saddened Captain "Mack". Rather than sacrifice his ideals, he chose the anti-Treaty side against the Irish Free State. This decision resulted in him spending over a year in the Curragh in Kildare. After his release from prison, like many of his countrymen, he left his family and friends for the journey to America. While in America, he once again put his beliefs "on the line" in fighting against the Germans in North Africa as a member of the U.S. Army Medical Corps.

He came home often to Carramore to visit his brother Joe and friends in the village. Men like James (Reilly) Sammin, Pete Sammin, Johnny Needham, Jimmy Sammin, Paddy Mack, and John Joe Philbin shared a love and a bond over the years and over the seas. As youngsters, my sisters and I remember the excitement when Uncle Pat and Aunt Mary came from New York to visit. Then, and through the following years, he was kind, sensitive, proud, generous and humorous — qualities which endeared him to us and to those to whom he was close in Carramore, Bohea, and New York.

He returned to Ireland for the last time on July 5, 1982 to be buried next to his beloved wife, Mary (*nee* Gannon of Bohea, Liscarney) in the cemetery at Aughvaule, Parish of Westport.

San Diego — Jim Hallinan

Death Notice

News has come to Mr. Joe Burke, Mooneen of the death of his sister Mollie, Senior Psychiatric Aide at the Institute for the Living, Philadelphia, where she had served for over forty-one years. She had the record for unbroken service in the Institute, and many tributes were paid to her at presentations during her lifetime and after her death. Mr. Joe Burke has been sent, from the medical library, copies of various issues of the bulletin, Personews, *in which warm tributes were published to Sister Mollie Burke for her dedication and capability in service. God rest her soul!*

MAN OF THE PEOPLE

Few parishioners have been so widely mourned, few so genuinely universally praised at their death as has this man of the people, Mick Gallagher of Aitínaveen. Among his many real services to the people of Kilgeever Parish was his devoted work for this magazine, both in committee-room and in the more tedious work of ground-level research. Coming so soon after the death of his mother, Mrs. Brigid Gallagher, Mick's death was a grievous blow to his beloved family to whom we express not only our shared sense of sorrow but our deep gratitude for the generosity of his many talents. A fellow-member of the Coinneal *Editorial Board who was himself close to Mick in many of their community undertakings contributes these paragraphs:*

It may be said that there is a 'Michael Gallagher' in every parish in Ireland — a community-oriented individual of boundless energy and versatility. There was, nevertheless only one Mick Gallagher, and his death on 27th June 1984 was Louisburgh's loss. His funeral was an exceptional one in the parish, the crowd attending was immense, for Mick had remained young at heart and active to the end. People felt for his wife, Margaret, and their two young boys (Noel and Michael), and for his brother and sisters, to all of whom Mick was utterly dedicated; it was the quiet, yet public man, that they loved and mourned. When he accepted his thirtieth (or fortieth?) part in Louisburgh Drama Group's play this year — "a small part this time", he said — his cast colleagues knew this would be the last of Mick's many exits and his entrances. Twelve weeks before he died he gave his last performance and in the cast photograph taken on that night he still displayed that familiar pose of impishness and wide-eyed tomfoolery which so often had set his audience 'on a roar' of laughter. His sense of humour never deserted him, and at a meeting or gathering his ability to set the right mood by some ridiculous story or other was a God-given gift. His description of his one appearance on a TV chat-show (on the Budget) and the theatricality of the whole affair was hilarious. During the discussion news came through that the Government had fallen — which lead to Mick's claim that he had 'gone up to Dublin and brought down the Government'.

This man in his time played many parts, for he was involved in everything that was good for his community: Vice-Chairman of the Community Council; organizer of parties for Senior Citizens and the mentally ill; of Horse Shows and Sheepshearing competitions, an apostle of the Pioneer movement among the young and a participant in innumerable other projects. He was President of the local Pioneer Association for many years, he himself being a Pioneer for over forty years.

Last winter after he had recovered from two serious operations there was a special urgency and pace in his work for the community. That he never incurred even the slightest envy or opposition in his years of doing things, was a tribute to his humility, his tact and his total respect for all classes of people. A few weeks before his final illness he attended a preparatory course to become a lay Eucharist Minister. This was not to be — but his enthusiasm for this new role was born out of his solid and authentic faith that saw devotion to his religious duties and to the Eucharist and dedication to his fellowmen in the same light. Ar dhéis Dé go raibh a anam uasual.

Tribute

Tribute to one of Louisburgh's most beloved citizens and one of *An Choinneal's* contributors:

A devoted son, beloved brother, loving husband and model father, Mick Gallagher was a respected Christian gentleman whose faith was his "glory", as his Gallagher coat-of-arms depicts; true to God, to his Church, to his family and to his community. An ambassador of peace, a "thespian" on the local stage, a jovial and spirited entertainer whose influence was widespread in Louisburgh and beyond . . . "He was a man, take him for all in all, [We] shall not look upon his like again". May his dear soul rest forever in God's presence; and may he obtain through his intercession many graces and blessings for Louisburgh and for *An Choinneal.*

Boston — Sister Mary James Walsh (Boston)

Death Notice

James Hastings, 82 Franklin Street, Clinton, Mass., late of Devlin North, Louisburgh, died on the 19 June 1984 — one month before his one-hundred-and-third birthday!

He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. Mary Kilcoyne, a son-in-law, three grand-sons, grand-daughter and one great grand-daughter in Clinton.

Museum Pages

*Photo of Hugh and Margaret O'Grady (*nee *McNamara), Glenkeen, on the occasion of their marriage at Saint Patrick's Church, Louisburgh. On the Groom's left is his mother, Anne (*nee *Kelly, native of Drummin) and to the couple's right is Mrs. Nora Berry, Derrymore. The photo was taken at Srahroosky, former home of the O'Grady's. Mrs. O'Grady was of the McNamara family Crickeen. The Galway Shawl, worn by Mrs. O'Grady was then popular, but unfortunately has gone out of fashion. Contributed by their son, William O'Grady of Glenkeen)*

Cameos of Parish History

November 1 1821

At a meeting in Louisburgh the price of oats was set at fifteen shillings and two pence per barrel. Louisburgh was considered to be a good area for growing grain, this being the next largest crop to that of potatoes. Fifteen shillings and two pence equal to seventy-five and a half new pennies approximately. A barrel of dry matter was 196 lbs.

A view of Louisburgh Square, including the old barracks, on a fair day about 1910. Notice the police uniforms and people's dress.

A view of the old arched bridge over the Bunowen river at the lower end of Bridge Street. This picture was taken about 1909. The bridge was replaced about 1938.

January 12 1889

At Westport, the Board of Guardians meeting called attention to the wall around the ancient graveyard at Kilgeever. It was stated that the Louisburgh dispensary Committee had decided to recommend allowance of £2 a year to the caretaker for minding the place and keeping the wall in repair. It was further stated that Kilgeever was a peculiar place in many respects particularly on account of the holy well for which it was famous; and much frequented by people from many parts of Ireland.

The Guardian considered that a fee of £2 was too much but decided to give the caretaker £1 a year with ten shillings expenses for the necessary repairs.

A view of Killary Bay during the visit of the British navy about 1904.

Cameos of Parish History

January 3 1830

It appears that the Land Valuations was set out on that date in every townland in Kilgeever Parish. How much of a survey was carried out beforehand is really not known but this Land Valuation or P.L.V. placed in effect a great burden on the small holders in the Louisburgh area. One townland that the writer selected consisted of 317 acres 3 roods and 9 perches considered profitable; and 47 acres 2 roods and 3 perches considered non-profitable. This townland had a total valuation of £92. Of the nineteen land-holders each had to share the £92 according to the farm's size. This in turn went up annually; for example, if a holding had £5 Valuation and if the rate struck against it was, say £3 that in turn would be five times three making a total of £15. This sum had to be paid yearly whether or not that holding made any income.

Here is an extract from that event:

Louisburgh, Monday January 3 1830.

The above Valuations and assessment was duly heard and confirmed by us at a meeting this day in the church at Louisburgh pursuant to notice of that effect and served on the church and was due to the union — 4 — George IV Chapter 99 Section 21.

Signed: Alexandra Glendining

(Another name was signed to this document but it is so faded that the writer could not decipher it fully).

1885

Almost one hundred years ago a news item and advertisement in a Mayo newspaper announced that Louisburgh races and sports were to be held at Carramore on August 12. The first race, at 1 p.m. open to horses the property of persons residing in the parishes of Aughavale and Kilgeever. Second race and third race confined to Kilgeever parish. There was to be a currach-race, three men to a boat; and a boat-race four men to a boat. Four boats or no race. Donkey-race on the strand later. As a special note it was added that Louisburgh Temperance band was to be in attendance. Stewards for the events were: Lord Richard H. Browne, W. E. Kelly Esq., P. C. Garvey Esq., W. E. Fair Esq., Messrs. W. McEvilly, W. P. McNamara, W. Henaghan, M. P. McNamara, M. T. Hastings, P. Nicholson, O. O'Donnell, A. Keane, A. O'Grady, R. Scott, P. Joyce, P. Morrison, J. O'Malley, T. Durkan, and Peter Joyce. Judge: H. Wilbraham Esq., Treasurer: Mr. Jeremiah McEvilly; Secretary: Mr. J. J. McGirr.

Contributed by Johnny Mulvey

On the map of the barony of Murrisk (Petty's Maps 1863) the following place-names in the Louisburgh area appear as follows (present-day versions of the names are added here in parenthesis): Aghanny (Accony), Askellan (Askelane), Carrowlisk (Carrowniskey?), Fermoyle (Furmoyle), Rownalt (Roonith?, Roonagh?), Fennone (Feenone), Cullahan (Collachaun?), Killdowne (Killadoon), Kennadoughy (Kinnadoohey), Carrowmore (Carramore), Carrowlegan (Legan), Caraclagan (Carrowclaggan), Bouning (Bunowen?), Cloncrult (. . . .?), Cullican (Collacoon?), Kilgoure (Kilgeever), Mony (Mooneen), Kinnyknock (Kinnock), Altefernon (. . . .?. . . .), Glankeyne (Glankeen).

There is, of course, no mention of Louisburgh, because the town was not built for more than another hundred years.

Contributed by Johnny Mulvey

Go n-éirí an bóthar leo!

Two Mercy sisters who were involved for a long time in the educational scene in the parish have left us in recent times. In thanking them for their work and concern for the children of the parish we wish them God Speed and continued fulfillment of their teaching vocation in their new communities: Sister Assumpta, Superioress of the Mercy Convent has gone to Glenamaddy; and Sister Philomena assistant at the Mercy National school has gone to Achill.

An Coinneal

(THE CANDLE)

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

EDITOR—Rev. Leo Morahan.

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

Maiden Issue — Christmas, 1959.

Price—Three Shillings. U.S.A.—Half a Dollar.

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

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

1

Facsimile of title-page and editorial which appeared in the first Coinneal *19 December, 1959*

Letters . . . *(CONTINUED)*

What a splendid response to your *cri de coeur* by those who, as you say, "were the people who made this issue possible". Contributions enclosed towards *the silver jubilee issue*. I notice that the postage on each magazine is now thirty-six pence: in my day in Louisburgh you could get *nine* loaves of bread for that from Haran's Bakery.

Kathleen (McGreal Golden)

Observant girl, Kathleen: you are doing our propaganda in style. But whist, was not the price of Haran's loaf four old *pennies? That meant three loaves for a shilling. Now thirty pence is the equivalent of just over* seven shillings; *or, in other words twenty-one Haran loaves! And (further propaganda!) I will not even mention the "baker's dozen"!*

It is always a pleasure to read, and what a lovely surprise to see our good friend, Mrs. Gallagher, with young Noel on the cover! Ellie Gallagher lives in Chesterfield and often we phone all the news from Louisburgh to each other. We appreciate how costly the magazine must be to print and enclose a donation.

Kitty Donnelly (Leigh)

Thank you, Kitty. You were saddened, I know, to learn of the deaths during this year of Mrs. Gallagher and her son, Michael. Both were real friends of our magazine and had contributed in their own different talented ways. We pray that their candles are lighting brightly on high.

I have paid a visit to Coventry to see John McNally Chairman of the Mayo Association with the hope of getting a function going in that town for the *Coinneal* fund. There are quite a number of Louisburgh people there . . . I am also prepared to hold another parish reunion here in London. I could get together the nucleus of a committee to help Father P. J. Sammin if he would like to organize again.

P. J. McNamara (London)

You have earned the respect and gratitude of all our committee members, P. J., because they realize the devotion and energy you have displayed for many years in the work of our magazine. We do dearly wish we could get the co-operation of all our emigrants to hold worthwhile functions in every centre of Louisburgh emigrants.

I love the magazine and I would not ever wish to see the candle quenched. Please! There is no one from home near me here that I know of, and the magazine helps me a lot. My husband died a year ago, may God love him and bring him to heaven. Dick O'Toole, and Sister Malachy and Mary (R.I.P.) met him when we were in Ireland in 1980. I enclose a cheque. You will be interested to know that my grandchildren call *An Choinneal* 'grandma's brag book'!

Ann B. Ryan (Greenwich, Conn.)

That makes us feel good, Mrs. Ryan. We hope we continue to give you plenty to brag about!

I know it is not too late to thank you for the warm and generous tribute to my father published in the last issue. The article is a very special document for me, far beyond an obituary in any ordinary sense. P. J. McNamara's affection and admiration for my father was very evident; and I was grateful as Mick O'Brien would have been, for P.J.'s generous description of his achievements, as he saw them. A very unique part of the article were the descriptions of my father in memorable word-pictures. Of all the *memorabilia* I have of him, photographs, personal belongings and such, the portraits in the *Coinneal* article are the most vivid, never failing to evoke the fondest memories on reading or re-reading a year later. My second purpose in writing is to enclose a contribution. *An Choinneal* is a vital resource as well as a source of pride for all of us from Louisburgh.

Michael O'Brien (Boston)

Michael, simply and sincerely, thank you.

Sorry to hear of the financial difficulties . . . but admist the dark recession it has appeared again like a white speck in a cloudy sky! Full marks to the driving force behind it: ye should all take a bow. Sad indeed for Louisburgh would be the day that *An Choinneal* would be dormant. So to all of you I say:

Look forward to the future and start those hopes today;
Be confident and cheerful to help you on your way.
And though it may seem hard at first, you'll still come smiling through;
For it's really quite amazing what an *optimist* can do!

Alice Sammon (Islandeady)

Your words of encouragement have borne fruit, Alice, As also has your generous contribution. For both, we hope another Coinneal *brings you our thanks.*

This note is as a result of having received the *Coinneal* from my sister, (Sister M. Richard) in Hampstead. When I have properly read it I intend sending it on the Sarah Prendergast (now Farrelly) in Sydney. So the 'Candle' does shed its light from the west to the far ends of the earth! Though I enjoy reading the articles and items of interest that fill its pages, the *Coinneal* reminds me that the march of years leaves me unfamiliar with many contributors and people and places mentioned. But the book, in *toto*, brings memories of places and events that were once part and parcel of childhood and youth, and closely linked with the burdeoning of our dreams for the future. Congratulations to your secretary on her long years of teaching the young people of the parish. I liked her farewell talk in particular.

Sister Kathleen Prendergast (Queensland)

That march will have been worth while, Sister Kathleen, if we can leave footsteps as a guide to later travellers to guide them home. Could I invite you to write at greater length to our next issue? (for I believe we will *have another issue).*

In June, 1980 our family spent a wonderful week in the Holiday Cottages in Louisburgh, and came to love Louisburgh and County Mayo. We will never forget the hospitality shown to us by the Duffy family of Chapel Street. Please convey our greetings to them. I have just been re-reading my copy of *An Choinneal* and would like to purchase your most recent issue . . . We think of Louisburgh often.

Ken and Andrea Lajoie (California)

Sh-h-h! keep it quiet, both. If too many people get to know of the pleasures of a holiday in Louisburgh and the riches of our magazine pages, then ours will become just another ordinary *tourist resort; and our magazine just an* ordinary *old magazine! (That's our soft sell line)!*

I do hope that the money will roll in now that the appeal is made. I often think that people are too casual: they should really have it explained to them how much work goes voluntarily into producing it. I suggest that the young people of the parish start organizing functions every summer such as coffee mornings, bring-and-buy sales etc. Ye should also celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary; but that would be better in summer when weather is more suitable than at the actual time at Christmas.

Gabrielle McMenamon (Tralee)

All suggestions noted, Gaelie. Noted by our young readers, too, I hope!

It brought back to me the good times I had there. I read it four or five times a year. I knew your father and mother well: I can still hear your father signing in the choir in Louisburgh. I was in a play he put on in the school, called "The Dawn of Freedom".

Bill Gallagher (Dorchester, Mass.)

Thanks for the kind memories, Bill, Any chance you could give us the names of the entire cast of that play and the date of production?. I have considered making a collection of such data for publication and would welcome such material from those who remember.

As you can see I am far away from Bray and Louisburgh, but I was lucky to read Michael Viney in the *Irish Times*, and he mentioned the recent issue of *An Choinneal.* I would like to have it sent to me to Rome through Bray.

Tom McNally (Rome)

Roma locuta est! *Now while you are there, Tom, could you send us something for publication?* Ex cathedra, *like.*

We had a death in the family recently: it was that of John Keegan, who was better known to Louisburgh people as "Flip-me-John".

Sarah O'Connell (Camden Town)

Another ship passing in the night, Sarah. God rest "Flip-me-John".

The sponsorship I have got for *An Choinneal* now (July, 1984) stands at £100, and I shall hand that over when in Louisburgh in September.

P. J. McNamara (London)

I am happy to use this further opportunity, P.J., to record again the debt which we all owe you for your consistent and practical loyalty to An Choinneal *from your London centre of activity. Many times the Magazine Committee have noted, and complimented you on, your sterling work. And who knows, we may increase the* sterling *results of your work if we can get our emigrants organized for a fund-raising function in the new year. (English and American papers, please copy)!*

My cousin Ned and Breda O'Malley of Louisburgh wrote me this week that *An Choinneal,* your parish magazine will celebrate its twenty-fifth jubilee at Christmas, and that if I wanted to contribute anything to the magazine I would have to meet your deadline of 1 November 1984. I enclose two short messages: one, a congratulatory one, and the other a tribute to a deceased cousin. I hope that they will arrive on time and that you can print them. I had hoped to write something longer, but time is lacking and the mails are slow. All my Walsh family join with me in sending congratulations to all who work on *An Choinneal,* which is an excellent parish magazine of high quality. I am happy to be among its contributors. Special regards to all, especially to Father Leo Morahan, the editor. I hope to visit Mayo sometime soon.

Sister Mary James Walsh (Boston)

You've made it, Sister! Your two messages appear in our regular pages. I hope that you are in full health and that your visit to Mayo will be fruitful and enjoyable.

Washing Facilities

We are pleased that as a result of a proposal put forward at A.G.M. of Louisburgh Holidays Limited, washing facilities are to be provided shortly by Mrs. Vera Scanlon, Bunowen, for cottage clients. We hope that this amenity will also be patronized by the general public.

New Matron for McBride Home, Westport

The Western Health Board has appointed Sister Bernadette McNally, S.R.N. S.C.M. ANA. as New Matron of the McBride Home Westport. Sister Bernadette is a native of Carrowniskey, Louisburgh, and received her Primary Education at Carrowniskey N.S. and secondary education at Sancta Maria Louisburgh and Saint Angela's Castlebar.

After Leaving Certificate, she entered the Novitate at the Mercy Convent Castlebar, and was finally professed on August 15th 1963. She obtained her R.N. at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Dublin and later qualified as State certified Midwife at the Regional Hospital, Galway. Sister Bernadette also studied Advanced Nursing Administration at the Royal College of Nursing London and passed with an honours certificate.

Her father, Michael McNally, now resides at Peter Street Westport and her brother, the Very Reverend Patrick J. McNally P.P.V.F. at Netherly, Archdiocese of Liverpool. Until Sister Bernadette's appointment to Westport she was Matron of the New Geriatric Hospital Castlerea, County Roscommon.

Focal Scoir

At the end of the twenty-five year period the Editor sends greetings to all natives, descendants and friends of Louisburgh. It has indeed been a genuine pleasure to edit a magazine which, over the span of the quarter-century, has received such loyal support from its readers. This is more than evident in the letters which arrive on the Editor's desk after each issue; as it was in a very tangible and practical way when readers came to our assistance when we were in financial straits. We know that readers feel recompensed by the recurring appearance of An Choinneal *and we hope to be able to keep producing it. The way in which it has given Louisburgh people throughout the world an identity and a continuing sense of unity is ample reward for the work entailed. It is only correct, too, that our appreciation of the work of our staff be noted now.*

Go mbeirimid beo an t-am seo arís!

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