

An Coinneal

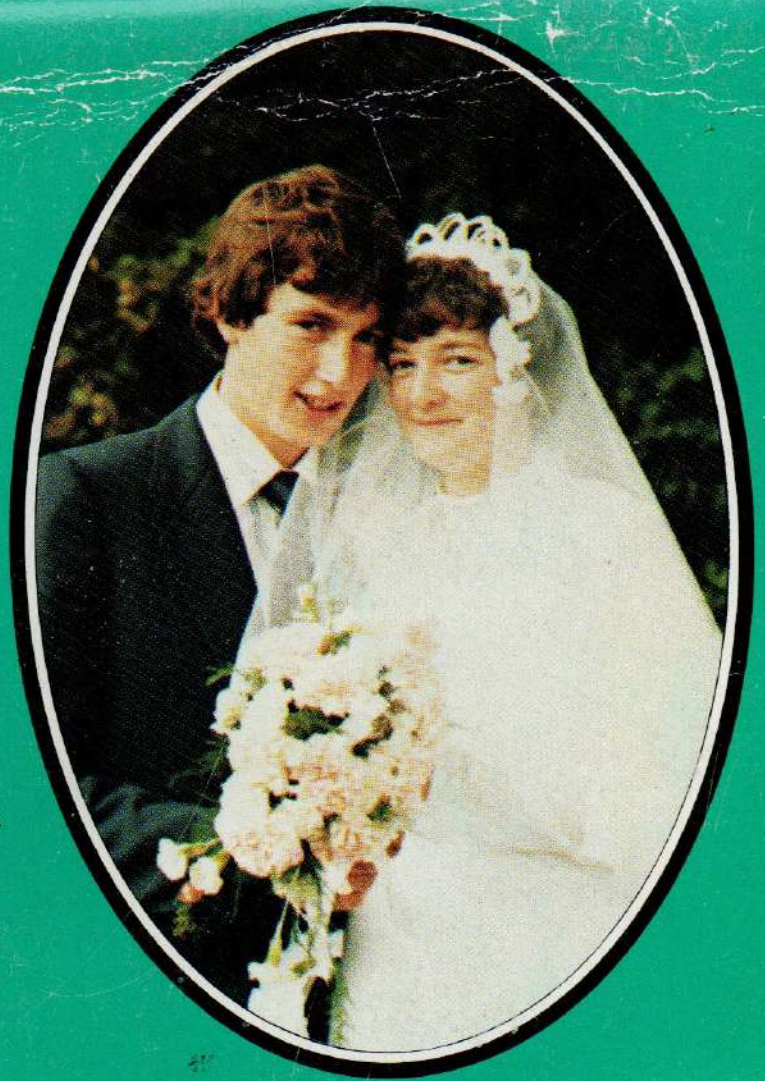
*Celebration
Issue*

LOUISBURGH 1959-1980





All the way
from
Louisburgh



TO _____



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Cover picture: A twin twin occasion! see page 95.

An Coinneal

Number Twelve *CELEBRATION ISSUE* Christmas 1980

An Choinneal is a periodical of Kilgeever Parish; the oldest parish magazine in Ireland. It has appeared in alternate years since 1950, hence this present issue celebrates the twenty-first anniversary.

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Foundation members subscribe £10 or \$25 and have a copy of every issue sent to them on publication.

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The Editor wishes to thank sincerely our photographers — Frank Dolan, Liam Lyons, Damian Slater — who supplied photographs free of charge. Some pictures also supplied by Lady Harman of Tully, and still others without credits attached.

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Our sincere thanks to the following readers who have handsomely sponsored our celebration issue:

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One anonymous sponsor.

Letters to the Editor

What a pleasant surprise to find the latest copy of the magazine in the mail . . . I was interested to read the list of people who are returning to take up residence in the area. It is a beautiful area and I am happy that circumstances make this possible. You publish a superb magazine. I wish you and all your staff as well as your contributors continued success in your efforts.

Mary McQuillen (Ayer Mass)

Thank you Mary. Now that we are twenty-one we promise to be even better still.

. . . it was a delight, better than ever. I spent a lovely Sunday afternoon reading and enjoying every line. What better way to spend a Sunday afternoon? I think the cottages are a great idea; after reading about them I feel as if I had seen them. Also, Eamonn Keane's account of the trip to see the Pope was excellent. God bless you all for a job well done.

(Mrs.) Anne M. Malley (Joyce)
Dorchester

Thank you for your gift, Anne, towards our expenses; and thank you for taking the trouble to thank us! You are one of many who wrote in praise of Eamonn's article. His first one: but, we hope, not his last.

. . . It means an awful lot to all of us from Louisburgh. I am very proud to let all my friends read it.

Ann Carr (Framingham)

We hope, Ann, that your family has overcome the sorrow that you experienced in the last year; and that this issue will help to fill the void.

I received it and now I enclose my cheque. Thank you for trusting me by sending me the book without money.

John McGing (Gurteen, Shrule)

Trust us, John.

I thought that the account of Our Holy Father's visit to Ireland in the last issue was really exciting. New York went wild when he visited us; such a delightful Polish Pope with the handsome Irish face! . . . I enclose a gift for this grand little magazine.

Helen Ready (New York)

Thank you, Helen. Incidentally your Irish writing of the name of the magazine on your envelope was first-class. Have you been taking lessons?

My uncle Canon Eddie asked me to acknowledge receipt of *An Choinneal* and to congratulate you on the high standard maintained in this issue. Donation enclosed.

Mary O'Malley (at Corofin)

God rest him, Mary. In him we have lost a genuine, quiet and loyal friend.

The *Coinneal* was really worth waiting for, a very good edition.

Mary Taaffe (Drogheda)

It was a long wait, Mary. Our apologies to all our readers. We hope this issue compensates.

It was a very pleasant surprise for me this morning, but before I could justify myself in sitting down to immerse myself in it felt I had to write to thank you.

Al Morahan (Perth)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!!

The news has been warmly welcomed, especially by those of us in exile, that the twenty-first birthday edition *An Choinneal* will be on sale this Christmas. When this issue rolls off the presses twenty-one years will have been spent recording in permanent form the drama that is the lives of Louisburgh people at home and abroad.

To those of us who are away, the parish magazine comes each time with a great sense of expectation and a tingle of excitement. Eagerly it is opened to establish who the contributors are to this particular number. Many thought-provoking articles and features have appeared in its pages during the many years of its existence. The various contributions of the late John O'Dowd of Falduff and the interview with Anthony McDonnell of Main Street come readily to mind. These two recalled their days and experience in the great cities of the United States of America. The pictorial record of the *Coinneal's* "museum pages", recalling as it does remarkable events or people of the past in the parish, is very much appreciated. A well-researched family tree in a recent number is a welcome innovation and will, perhaps, inspire other families to research and eventually publish a like tree for their families.

Latterly we who are away are conscious of the enormous work put into your Rent-a-Cottage scheme and its attendant, well-merited success. Why not now advertise for an Autumn "break" in Louisburgh rather than in Majorca or Tenerife? That question may prompt into action the Western Regional Tourist Board, B+I line and our own Father P. J. Sammin, whose organisational ability was very much in evidence when he launched the first annual Louisburgh Reunion. (Incidentally, we are wondering when the next one will be.)

The parish magazine is an indispensable link with home. Through its pages friendships have been forged and old friendships preserved and strengthened. It is a particular source of pride and joy for all parishioners, although it is probably appreciated most of all by

Letters . . . (CONTINUED)

We received it late, but even late it was most welcome. Fifty dollars enclosed; please send one to Anne and take a contribution for the special issue at Christmas.

Norah Gibbons (Framingham)

Practical generosity on the double, Norah. We are very glad to have lived up to your trust in having this issue for our twenty-first anniversary.

As soon as the *Coinneal* dropped through the letter-box I dropped the housework, flopped into a chair and started to read. Oh what a joy! For at least one hour I re-lived my childhood. Although I only scanned through the issue, what caught my eye first was a picture of "A fair day in 1926" on page one hundred and nine. And in my mind's eye I picked out one man, and thought it surely must be Daddie, God rest his soul. Now in my leisure time I'll read from cover to cover again. Again, sincere thanks and long may *An Choinneal* continue to be published. I wish you and yours God's blessing.

Alice (Jennings) Sammin
(Islandeedy)

Full marks, Alice. It was indeed your own Dad, beannacht Dé leis.

I love to read all about Louisburgh and the wonderful people that come from there.

Delia McNamara (Chicago)

Truth forbids denial: modesty orders silence!

Delighted to receive it . . . always so interesting. A celebration for 1980 — yes. Yes.

Bridie (Jennings) Brush (Tasmania)

Cogar, Bridie, turn quickly to page one hundred and nine and share Alice's find.

Many thanks. We fully enjoyed reading it. Especially *Totus Tuus* as we were following the Pope's historic visit on the television. We saw the Louisburgh banner come up on the screen again and again at the Ballybrit Mass. Eamonn and Jimmy must have the long arm of the law.

Mary Sheridan (Coventry)

How about using the Louisburgh banner during the Papal visit to England next year, Mary? We will return the compliment.

Many thanks for the magazine: Dan and myself were delighted to get it. I enclose a cheque to have it sent to us every time it is published. Let me know if and when I owe any more. God bless to all at home.

Beatie (Love) Gibbons

The magazine is published every second year, Beatie. This is a special issue; the next will appear in 1982.

I was reared in Tommy Andy's (R.I.P.), my maiden name being Loftus . . . I got the *Coinneal* about six years ago from Tess and then lately I saw an advertisement for it in the *Irish Post*, a newspaper here, so it's a small world. I must if I can track down the history and take up where Tommy Andy left off . . . I used to hear Andy talking about the church on the sandbanks — Templedoomore, which is described on page forty-six of the last issue. It's lovely reading all about the home news though it does make me very homesick.

Kathleen Ward (Bristol)

Welcome aboard, Kathleen. Anois innis scéal dúinn.

those of us who have left home, that during the past two decades the home parish has through the medium of *An Choinneal* got a voice of its own; and that in its pages writers young and old have been given an opportunity to express their talent.

We hope that the future will reflect the past; that the magazine will continue to hold a warm place in the hearts and memories of its readers. To *An Choinneal* and to all who are associated with it I, in the name of so many grateful Louisburgh men and women throughout the world, send warm greetings. Many happy returns on this twenty-first anniversary. I hope your celebrations will be as joyful as your work has been deserving. And I am truly sorry that we cannot be with you to blow out the candles!

London

P. J. McNamara

Congratulations!

I congratulate you and your committee on reaching your "majority" and wish you and the magazine every success in the years to come.

J. P. Bredin, Manager, Ulster Bank Limited, Westport

Comhghairdeachas ar an *gCoinneal*: lá breithe álainn di. Tá mé ag cur bronntanais chugat ar a son. Is maith linn í a léamh gach bliain. Beannacht Dé ar an obair!

Máire, bean Tommie Joe Uí Mháille agus a gclann go léir

The Editor and Editorial Board, with the Coinneal Committee send greetings and gratitude to many readers who have encouraged our efforts during the life of the magazine and especially those who have contributed articles, poems or financial assistance to ensure that the magazine should survive.

We thank particularly the many who have written to support the idea of this celebration issue and those who sponsored this number so handsomely. We feel that a good issue of the parish magazine is the gratitude that our readers most appreciate; and we hope that this Coinneal lives up to their expectations.

Letters . . . (CONTINUED)

From the latest issue the two articles that made most impact of me were 'Blas ar an mBeagán' and 'Tótu Tuus', in that order. I think that the idea of the former of these is great: I found myself longing to try out my very limited vocabulary and faded *blas* when I was home . . . I thought Eamonn Keane's article was a vivid pen-portrayal of the mind and heart and goodness of Eire — bound up with religion (why not?) but exquisitely *scríofa* in a young and wonderful vein.

Seán Morahan (South Australia)

Beidh an-spéis agat a Sheáin ins an leathanach den 'Giolla Dubh' atá agaim ar leathanach xxx den Choinneal seo. Beidh tú indon an blas a chleachtú leis.

It's a great pleasure getting it and reading it. I enclose ten pounds to help with the Christmas issue.

Michael Casey (Bootle)

Thank you, Father Michael. Truly the printing costs are such now that your donation is most welcome. We are very grateful for the notes: both.

What a good idea to build those holiday cottages . . . I'm delighted to see that they have half-doors . . . I was greatly moved by the thought of Mrs. Woodham-Smith having her ashes scattered on Croagh Patrick. A beautiful idea . . . That was a very good account of the Youth Trip to Galway for the Pope's visit. We watched it on T.V. and I was quite thrilled when I saw a banner with LOUISBURGH on it . . . I'm sorry that I'm not clever enough to write something for your magazine.

Nora McAllister (Dublin)

Really? Now just read those last sentences again. So . . . ?

As good and as interesting as ever if not even more so, which is high praise indeed. Bhail ó Dhia ar on obair.

James Fergus (Bishop)

Go maire tú i bhfad, a Easpaig!

I have been reading with great interest. I think your idea of a special twenty-first birthday issue at Christmas excellent, and enclose cheque towards the cost.

David Cabot (Dalkey)

Sincere thanks, David, for your practical vote of confidence.

I was delighted to receive it and even more delighted when I saw in the "Museum Pages" a picture of myself in a school group. I must say that it made me feel very old . . . I didn't get my name down in time for the cottages this year, so now I have to wait until the summer 1981 to stay in "the town I love so well". Regards to all kind friends.

Betty (O'Grady) Ryan (Blackrock)

Old? Hm . . . museum pages, I suppose. But museum can mean a collection of works of art. Feeling any younger?

Pat McNally, my Dad's old friend is now one-hundred-and-four. He says that all the seaweed he eat in the West when he was young is keeping him alive. But quite often he will say "I wish I was with Austin".

Ann Carr (Framingham)

Give Pat our continued good wishes, Ann. He is indeed lucky to have such good friends near him in his declining years.

Greetings from Louisbourg

Last Summer an interested visitor to Louisburgh was Mr. Steward Donovan of Louisbourg, Nova Scotia whose brother, Ken is staff historian at the fortress there. A 'message' from the Editor to Ken brought the following reply:

Louisbourg,
Nova Scotia,
21 November, 1980

Dear Father Leo,

I would have written you earlier but I wanted to consult a few sources before doing so. As you doubtless know, I have written Stewart asking him to check out the connection between Louisburgh, Ireland, and Louisbourg, Cape Breton. He visited the National Library but was unable to discover any specific material.

The information that I have to offer is based on secondary sources which unfortunately, do not appear to be completely trustworthy. This is why I wanted to verify the material before writing to you. My information on Louisburgh, Ireland, comes from Claribel Gesner, Cape Breton Vignettes (Windsor: Nova Scotia, Lancelot Press, 1974). While well written and generally reliable, Mrs. Gesner, in her pamphlet of sixty pages, relies on other secondary sources which may not be well researched. In her Cape Breton Vignettes, Mrs. Gesner stated:

Not all the traffic was from the Old World to the New, either. At least one link was forged the other way. On Ireland's West Coast there is a pleasant little town called Louisbourg, whose founder, Lord Altamont, married the niece of Admiral Howe. Two of the admiral's brothers served at the Siege of Louisbourg, one of them being killed there, and legend has it that when Lord Altamont built his new town of Ireland, he called it Louisbourg in memory of his wife's uncles. (Page 42).

It is not Admiral Howe who served at Louisbourg but William Howe, fifth Viscount Howe (1729-1814), General, the younger son of Emmanuel Scrope Howe, second Viscount Howe, by his wife Maria Sophia. His elder brothers were George Augustus, third Viscount Howe — killed at Ticonderoga — and Richard, Earl Howe, the Admiral. On 4 January 1756, Howe was appointed major in the newly raised sixtieth (Anstruther's) Foot, which was remembered as the fifty-eighth Foot in February 1757. He became lieutenant-colonel on 17 December 1757, and the year after took the regiment out from Ireland to America, and

Letters . . . (CONTINUED)

I acknowledge with gratitude the receipt of *An Choinneal*. I would like to see the twenty-first birthday number and the enclosed cheque is for that purpose. If the special issue does not materialize, just put it into the *Coinneal* fund.

Liam Durkan

An craiceann agus a luach, Liam. True Bunowen generosity.

Thank you most sincerely for the copy of *An Choinneal*. The magazine made most interesting reading and is a credit to each and every one involved. The article headed "The Builder of a Parish" had a particular interest for me as Monsignor Michael Coyne, the subject of that article was a classmate of mine many moons ago in Saint Muredach's College, Ballina. Coincidentally, I met another Louisburgh person a few months ago whom I last saw in Saint Muredach's in 1949 — Francis O'Grady — and he was a firm friend of Monsignor Coyne in our college days. Congratulations on an excellent production.

Dermot Blythe
(Manager AIB, Westport)

We appreciate your kind words, Mr. Blythe. tracing and re-forming links are part of our purpose and mission.

Congratulations once again! . . . You may count on me for support of the projected Christmas number.

Thomas O'Malley (California)

Can you recall an experience such as this, Father Tommie: you were trying to climb a high wall, but unless you were helped up to get the first grip, you were frustrated? Then a friend came and gave you "a leg-up" and suddenly you were there. Thank you, friend, for the "leg-up"; and, suddenly, we are here!

My father, John Gibbons, who falls from Feenone reads it from cover to cover and thoroughly enjoys reading about all his old pals many of whom have gone to their reward as he is now eighty-seven years since last March. He does not go out much but is very fond of reading, so it is a great pleasure for him. Keep up the good work I would like to become a foundation member and enclose a cheque. Monsignor Coyne is my brother-in-law and if God spares us we hope to attend his silver jubilee celebrations in America in June.

Joan Coyne (Bootele)

Greetings to your Dad, Joan; it is great to feel that we give him so much pleasure in reading about home. Now if he would like to give us and our readers some extra pleasure, he will ask his dutiful daughter to take out pen and paper and begin to write down anything he can remember from the Feenone of old. There are not many of his age left to us, so we must treasure what they have to tell. Thank you for your contribution. And now, don't be boasting about the Monsignor! After all, he's not from Feenone: he is from Aillemore!

I enjoyed reading this last issue. All them Walshes are our second cousins. Our grandmother was Mary Walsh's sister. She was ninety-nine years, and Pat was a hundred-and-one. I could write a history of them . . . I went to Carrowniskey School with some of them Walshes when the teachers were John Gibbons, Marie Carroll from Louisburgh and Miss Bowe . . . I meet Sister Ambrose often.

Brigid O'Malley (Huddersfield)

And did you give Sister Ambrose our invitation, Brigid? And did she hear you? . . . and . . . like . . .

commanded it at the siege and capture of Louisbourg. (Dictionary of National Biography, Vol. X, Oxford University Press, 1949-50, p. 102).

As noted, George Augustus Howe was killed at Fort Ticonderoga, not Louisbourg. (Fort Ticonderoga is in present-day New York State). Promoted to a brigadier-generalship in December 1757, George Augustus Howe was named by Pitt as second in command of General Abercromby's expedition against Fort Ticonderoga the following summer. According to Lawrence Shaw Mayo, General Jeffery Amherst's biographer, Howe "was beloved by everyman in the army and was one of the few British officers to win the good-will of the Colonial soldiers." After Howe's death, "the soul of the army expired." Lawrence Shaw Mayo, Jeffery Amherst A Biography (New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1916, pages 95-97).

What are we to conclude from the above? I believe that Mrs. Gesner's Vignette is basically correct but it definitely contains some mistakes. Lord Altamont probably married one of the three daughters of Richard Howe 1726—1799, Admiral of the Fleet, Second Viscount Howe in the peerage of Ireland. Although he did not fight at Louisbourg, in 1755 he went to North America and, as Captain of the Dunkirk, captured the French vessel Alcide which was bound for Louisbourg, near Newfoundland. From 1755 to 1763 he served in the English Channel in various more or less futile expeditions against the coast of France.

When Lord Altamont founded Louisburgh, Ireland, he presumably named the town after Louisbourg, Cape Breton, where his wife's uncle, William Howe, commanded the sixtieth Foot during the siege of Louisbourg in 1758. Louisbourg has always been a bright spot for the British for they were successful in two sieges against the fortress — 1745 and 1758.

Sorry, I cannot be of more assistance. My own area of expertise at Louisbourg concerns children and family life. I will eventually send you some of my material, if you desire it. If I can be of any further assistance, please write.

Have a Merry Christmas, and congratulations on the twenty-first anniversary of your magazine, An Choinneal.

Sincerely,
Ken Donovan,
Staff Historian,
Fortress of Louisbourg

Letters . . . (CONTINUED)

I read *An Choinmeal* through and was very pleased with "Kith and Kin". You did an excellent job in setting up and I thank you most sincerely for it. I never would have had the courage to undertake such a colossal piece of work without the help and encouragement of Mick Gallagher of Áitínaveen, who made contacts for me and arranged visits with various members of the Walsh-Gallagher Clan. I owe him, his wife, sister and mother a big vote of thanks. I see some *lacunae* in the tree as I re-study it and I hope to remedy these in time. At any rate the tree is in print, thanks to you dear Father Leo, and we can always add or subtract. My gratitude to you and to all the dear people of Louisburgh, my 'kith and kin'.

Sister Mary James Walsh (Boston)

Congratulations again, Sister James, on your mountain of work, which was given immense interest and enjoyment to many of our readers. Did you hear the Irish proverb "When you marry a mountain woman, you marry the mountain"?

I have so much enjoyed reading it that I have taken it on the buses etc. and re-read some articles. I took it to the bowlers alley. Some of our bowlers are from Mayo: one was Teresa O'Malley from beside Kilgeever. I promised to loan it to her when I have it all re-read. I enjoyed Stanley's article on words and agree with his philosophy.

Christine Mullowney (Chicago)

It is sad to read of all the old gentry going out the Kilgeever road; and the brains and breeding going out the Westport road. It seems there are few children playing in the streets of Louisburgh; not a man to be seen in the harvest fields on a harvest day.

Michael J. O'Malley (Radford)

... found it most enlightening and entertaining. Father Leo and his committee deserve to be highly complimented on the wonderful job done. I am looking forward to the special edition and enclose a contribution to help the good work.

Joseph Moran (Coolarne)

For which, Father Joe, we say a sincere thank you.

Haven't got time to write more than a note. Too much *reading!*

Mrs. O'Connell (London)

I just down tools as soon as it arrives and start reading. As soon as I come to the wedding photographs I realize how old I am getting . . . If you are producing a commemorative issue accept this donation towards the cost.

Phil (Scanlon) Quinn (Kilcolgan)

Thank you, Phil. Now we have heard of golf widows and GAA widows: is there a new phenomenon now — the Coinneal widower? We hope all these poor men are not starved while our pages are being read.

Greetings from Louisburgh, Nova Scotia! (A summer visit in 1980).

John Gibbons

You thoughtfulness is very much appreciated, John. You will be interested in the letter on pages 9-10.

I am willing to support the issue for 'Twenty-one at Christmas! I am enjoying number eleven.

Enda Connors Teillon
(Williamstown)

And here it is Mrs. Teillon. Thank you.

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Our Contributors

Apart from our usual well-established rosters of writers we introduce our readers to some who are, as yet, less known:

Mary Treasa Armstrong (Althore) is a fifteen-years-old student at Sancta Maria Secondary School.

Patrick Ball (Tooreen) is a native of Ballyhip. Principal teacher at Louisburgh Boys School, he is a keen student of natural sciences. This is his first published article.

Mary Behan (Wisconsin) is a regular visitor to the McHugh family of Main Street.

John Gibbons (Accony) teaches as principal of Summerhill School in Meath. With his footballing brothers he has won many games awards in Mayo and Meath.

Mrs. Mary Hennigan (Chicago) spent a holiday in Accony in 1926. We are indebted for her article to the Editor of *Good Counsel* and to her kinsman, Mr. Richard Lyons, who let us know about it.

Joseph Kerrigan (Main Street) is a retired official of the Land Commission. He and his family live in County Wexford.

Maurice Lynch is a Kerryman who was in charge of Doolough Forest up to a few years ago. Gratefully remembered also for his energy with Louisburgh G.A.A. club.

Thomas McNally (Clinton, Mass) is a proud descendant of Kilgeever now living in Bray, County Wicklow. As a pastime he researches our parish history from public records.

Mrs. Brigid A. Morahan (Main Street) was assistant teacher at Louisburgh Boys School for many years.

Mary Lyons (Furmoyle) is a nurse who has qualified as R.G.N., R.M. and R.P.N. She is at present working at Saint Brigid's Hospital, Ballinasloe.

Basil A. Morahan (Main Street) is a secondary-school teacher at Westport C.B.S. His long-playing record is due next spring.

Johnny Mulvey (Collacoan) is well known as a G.A.A. personality in Ireland, England and America. He is Connacht G.A.A. secretary.

Roy Rehu (Dublin) is grandson of an Achill man. He teaches at Newpark Comprehensive School, Blackrock and holidays in Doughmackeown.

CELEBRATION

"Every man," wrote Charles Lamb, "Hath two birthdays." The second one was New Year's Eve, about which he was about to write. Birthday celebrations are, in the philosophical sense at least, accidental things. There must be quite a number of our parishioners who in their young life never celebrated — perhaps never *knew* their own birthdays. Sophistication and their own children may since have changed all that for them; and so too has the commercialization of private occasions. A birthday does, however serve the purpose of a milestone: a rest, a look back and forward. Like New Year's Eve, a birthday is especially a time for thought, for memory and for planning. Such is the twenty-first birthday of this magazine. We are grateful to our many readers who have marked the occasion with an expression of their good wishes, and especially those who have written with moral or financial support. A magazine marches on its bank account!

The first issue of *An Choinneal*, published by the local Muintir na Tíre guild and printed by *The Mayo News*, arrived in Louisburgh on Saturday, 19 December 1959, and was on sale on the following (Sunday) morning. The original decision was that the magazine be a periodical and that factors such as material, market and finance would set their own period. They have in fact gradually dictated that an issue appear every alternate year; the main constraint being, predictably, that of finance. The first issue cost a hundred pounds to produce one thousand copies: the present one costs £2,600 for 1,300 copies. Such is the economics of publishing today. The 1959 issue sold for half-a-crown (twelve and a half new pence); the 1980 one costs the reader two pounds. We have treated ourselves to a full-coloured cover as a birthday present!

By magazine standards the achievements of *An Choinneal* are modest. Some readers are impatient with the two-year wait: some feel that the scope of article should be widened. Our belief is that the achievement of our parish magazine — which is the oldest in the country — lies largely in its distinctive quality, its Louisburghness.

The suggestion that it could serve a wider area and become a West Mayo organ, with obviously greater market and resources, must be weighed against the strong argument of loyalty to our native parish. Its aims were simply stated in its first editorial: "to afford a pooling of experience, of ideas and suggestions for practical enterprise such as might benefit the home parish in any sphere whatsoever. A perusal of the twelve issues to date will show whether this has been achieved. One extraordinary triumph is the number of people from the parish, many of them with no more than first-level formal education, who have been encouraged to commit to paper for posterity the stories, experiences and ideas that would otherwise have been lost. The magazine has afforded ordinary people the opportunity and the thrill of going into print for the first time. And if a good parish magazine is a thermometer of the health of the parish its twelve issues have recorded the "cool sequestered" days as well as the occasions when temperatures rose. We are happy with our memories on this birthday.

What of the body temperature today? "How does she stand?" After twenty-one years it may be well to survey; to examine the present state of the parish under such headings as *social life, education and economy*.

It has often been averred that the mass emigration of the 'forties, 'fifties and 'sixties was in some degree unnecessary, and was caused principally by the lack of social life at home. Observers have noted this and have expressed it in the phrase "the lure of the bright lights". "*Social life*" has many different shades of meaning in a quickly changing society, especially as a variety of new pastimes spring up to fill the increasing hours of leisure in the modern world. The schools in the parish are, as always, a centre of training and activity for such games and pastimes; the parochial hall in Louisburgh has been re-planned and improved to serve as a multi-purpose recreational centre; and the local G.A.A. club, after a year of voluntary suspension, has shaken off its indolence and is poised for a programme of activity and expansion. Such expansion should surely include modern dressing-rooms and an indoor handball-alley. More such facilities are urgently needed now, for it is the inescapable fact that an unhealthy quotient of our recreation time at present is centered on the public house. It is hardly necessary to underline the human damage which this can entail. Acquiescence, or the wish for peaceful coexistence, or the reluctance to offend, cannot blind us to

the fact that our dependence on alcohol for recreation, for comfort or for solace would in any vigorous and self-respecting community be regarded as deficiency and degradation. It is not a question of total abstinence but of knowing how to enjoy alcohol in moderation. Is it true that in the twenty-one years this is the one blind spot in our vision? that it is the one aspect of our community that has deteriorated — and in proportion to our increased standard of living? that most of our earnings are spent on drink? Do we need adult education for saving and spending in our new-found comparative wealth? Is there a need for a Credit Union Co-operative in the parish?

By way of formal *education*, the parish might well be the envy of many another: the theory is supported by the number of external pupils who come to the parish for their formal education. The area is fortunate in its *unity* of educational interests: too many Irish towns are victims of a sorry rift between 'rival' second-level schools, vocational and secondary. In our parish they fuse and complement each other. If there are flaws in our schools they are mainly those of educational system — examination pressures and need for academic results. There may be some truth in the opinion that there is still an emphasis on educating our youth into occupations and professions that take them away from the community; that there is room in the curriculum for agriculture and home economics as sciences. It may well be that our youth are not interested in such; that the "bright lights" still shine. And indeed in recent years two very successful Macra na Tuaithe clubs within the parish have made up any leeway. Schools of course can not give a full education. The home has a basic role to play. And education must also be about choices — choosing the good, whether in life-style, or in the many things that money can nowadays buy.

This last point leads to a consideration of the *economic* state of the parish at the present time. Without a doubt the parish has in the twenty-one years improved economically beyond recognition, even if the present world recession has caused a slide from the high point of the late 'seventies. Enterprising farmers — but they are still too few — have availed themselves of the rising tide which has flowed from the agricultural policy of the E.E.C. The country house now has the new car, or the second car, or the colour television set, indicating a welcome upturn in standards of living. Naturally, news of this has lured home people who were born in the parish and would have been glad to return even if the living standards were somewhat lower than they had enjoyed elsewhere. It is to be hoped that the many who have

so returned will not be made reconsider their decision because of the present financial squeeze or the undoubtedly higher cost of living here. In the economic field, too, there has been the welcome opportunity of constant employment in the factories at Westport and Castlebar; welcome, not merely for the monetary consideration, but also for its accompanying inducement to a regular life-style — early rising, pride of work, commitment, and ample recreation-time. The economic scene is further enhanced by the erection, at present, of a new factory at Cahir.

But there is a fly in the ointment of the parish economy; one of rather ancient vintage. It is not peculiar to our parish, but it is our concern to examine a national weakness at parish level and to try to prescribe for, if not cure, it. The fly in the ointment is the present system of *dole*.

The word has had a bad press through the years: it has been mentally associated with *Outdoor Relief* and *The Red Ticket* of old, schemes that were of great benefit to those who were really poor in the goods of the world. As a result they were schemes which were availed of only by those whose need overcame their commendable pride. It is now the accepted view of qualified economic observers (although the extreme opinion of Mansholt has been challenged and found wanting) that the small farm as we know it is not a viable independent unit. The ideal arrangement would be that farmers would have temporary or seasonal off-the-farm employment, a modern substitute for the *Minor Relief Works* or *Draining Schemes* of two or three generations ago. In the absence of such off-the-farm industries, some subsidy must be made available if farmers are to be encouraged, not just to *exist*, but to live and work in reasonable comfort and dignity on the farms that they have inherited. For a short period after the introduction of this subsidy the term “farmers’ dole” was in use as a distinction which was based much less on snobbery than of truth. (There might have been a happier choice of name. If memory serves correctly it was also called a “Defence of the West subsidy; clumsy, but quite in accordance with fact.) But the stigma remains. The men (and women?) who come to the post-office and the Garda station on Tuesdays are made feel small. The Irish word *stocaire* still lives, with its nasty connotation. Shopkeepers who will eventually benefit from the largesse will not express criticism: a generation ago their own predecessors in business were being despised for what was also being regarded as ‘easy money’. It is probably the professional people, complaining that their earned

salary is decimated by the PAYE method of taxation, who most depise the dole system by comparison. Something for nothing is insufferable. And they can point to other subsidies and grants. We can appreciate their chagrin, but the subject merits further thought.

It is our view that present-day farmers must have financial assistance to keep the business of farming going. But we believe that it would be difficult to come upon a more obnoxious system than which is at present in vogue in this country. Here is the situation: within the present system of dole, if an enterprising and energetic young man finds and exploits a method of increasing his income by production, he is more than likely to have his present subsidy curtailed or even withdrawn. The practical consequences of this anomaly is so obvious, so predictable, that it is hard to fathom why the sorry malaise has not long ago been rectified. That consequence is this: people are quick to appreciate the arithmetic of the case and will certainly not endanger a steady modest income and a life of leisure for the sake of a difficult if somewhat greater monetary reward. In cold fact, if for some reason we wished to *reduce* production throughout the country we could hardly have found a more efficient method of doing so than our present system of dole. A placard at a recent farmers protest march read: “We could make more from the dole than farming”. It is regrettable that many will not calculate the ill-effects of idleness on health and spirit; but this is the fact, and an understandable one.

We offer two proposals which are so simple that they should long since have been tried. One is that those who are entrusted with the reins of power in this sphere should forthwith provide an alternative system of subsidy for farmers on small farms; a system which would remove the stigma by attaching the remittance to a *definite amount of work done by each individual, even on his own farm*. The benefits of such a scheme are too patent to need stressing. To put it simply, there would be more production, and more of the dignity of work with a decent reward in money and in satisfaction. An objection might be that such a scheme would be too costly to administer. We would wager that in the ultimate and considering our present health bill it would be far less costly than the present one; and the very administration of the scheme would provide further employment.

Our second proposal is this: it is evident — though nowhere admitted publicly — that no one political party can risk alientation by putting an end to the “cakes and ale”. Why then can there not be a *joint* decision by the main political parties to do away with this

pernicious system and *jointly* put forward, for the good of the country, a positive and productive one? Politicians have, to their credit, so united before for the national good in times of emergency. There is truly an emergency in this matter now. And incidentally, is there any insurmountable objection (that is, legalisms apart) to having this farmers subsidy signed for on *Sunday*, rather than waste a half-day, or more, per man per week, on men who have ample business to attend to at home? At a conservative estimate the Tuesday journey has wasted 40,000 man-hours last year in our parish alone. What of the waste in the entire country? It never appears on the national economic returns!

Finally there is the question of tourism, and of the image which we project in tourism; an image on which in turn our tourist success will depend. We should tread warily here. The success which has attended the Louisburgh Cottages project has been nothing less than spectacular; and the achievements, as recorded elsewhere in this issue, merit our unstinted praise and congratulations for all concerned. The question remains: why will people come to spend their holidays and their money among us? Natural amenities? — yes, if we do not pollute these. Favourable charges? — yes, if we do not greedily escalate these. Quality foods? — yes, if they are not the packed potatoes they have seen in their own supermarkets; or cellophaned celery from Israel! More than all, tourists will come to us *if we remain ourselves*. Will we? Can we? Will the very tourist trade change us? A post-office linesman worked in Achill twenty-five years ago, and when asked at different houses to have the gang's kettle boiled he was invariably invited to join the family dinner as he waited. Two years ago, on a road in the south of Ireland he saw a notice outside a house: "Kettle boiled 20p." Will tourism change us so? Where is the balance between open generosity and economic good sense? Is it possible to avail ourselves of a tourist boon and yet remain ourselves?

In another twenty-one years Louisburgh and the Parish of Kilgeever will have entered on a new century. Decisions taken now will still bear fruit then. Who will make these decisions now? Comparing the present-day parish with that of 1959, and despite the excellent work done by individual committees and councils, it appears to us that there could be still greater benefit to the parish if there were in operation one umbrella association such as the Muintir na Tíre guild in the fifties. The Killeen Community Council does, in its limited area, operate in such a capacity; but the parish as a whole

could well do with such a concerted approach. There is a proliferation of talent, of expertise and of good will. It seems a pity that it should be diversified rather than coalesced. Such a united council might well effect the establishment of the parish as a pilot area in which the government of the day would be willing to experiment with a new system of farm subsidy. And in an age when class interests form barriers between erstwhile friends, such a parish council could ensure the retention of our particular way of life, which is worth working to protect — even if nobody ever came to observe it.

Meantime, *An Choinneal* hopes to continue observing with interest; and reporting with pride.

For my Mother — in Memory

Over the years an ease had crept
into our partings. I cried once,
many years ago, and you were frightened —
"You never cried before" — since then
in all the years I've saved my tears
for window-seats on jets or nights of passage.

Last spring you welcomed me again
to home-made tastes and smells
that you had planned,
to promises recalled:
"I knew you'd come one of these days
and hoped the snow'd be gone
And that it might be just as we had said."

"I'll come in March," I'd said,
there in the garden. "In March?
That's a good time to come —
The days are stretching then
and there will be the daffodils."

Pádraig Ó Máille

COTTAGES REPORT

At the annual meeting of Louisburgh Rent-a-Cottage Scheme on November 4th 1980 the Chairman, Mr. Charlie Gaffney, reported on a year's progress and satisfaction despite difficulties in the business and tourist world in general. Mr. Gaffney said: "It is my pleasant duty as chairman to present this report — the first since the completion of Louisburgh Rent-a-Cottage scheme in the early part of this year. I wish to compliment all concerned in making this achievement by a small community possible — the Directors, you the Shareholders, the collectors, the members and staff of Ireland West, Bord Fáilte, Mayo County Council, Mayo County Development Team, our Consultants, Messrs. Patrick J. Tobin & Co., Galway; the building contractors, Messrs. Cox, Walkin and Cox and all the many helpers who were involved in the final stages of fitting out the cottages. The universal satisfaction of our customers since the inception of the scheme is the best tribute to all concerned.

"During the year under review, the building work was proceeding — for much of the year in very difficult circumstances arising from the unusually poor weather conditions, the prolonged postal and telephone dispute and — most of all — the alarming nationwide increase in costs of labour and materials. All of those factors together with difficulties met in site development made an extension of time inevitable. It was clear to your Board in late 1979 that a major campaign would have to be mounted to attract extra finance in order to off-set increased costs. To-date this campaign has been very satisfactory and is continuing. The directors were determined that, irrespective of increased costs, the standard of the tourism product would, in the final analysis, be the determining factor in the commercial success of the enterprise. In this decision they were to be proved right as bookings for 1980 were confirmed. The commercial success of the Rent-a-Cottage scheme, of course, still depends on our ability to keep the level of Bank borrowings to an acceptable level, and for this reason only is the Share Capital



A view of the holiday cottages in Bunowen

(Photo — Liam Lyons)

campaign being kept open. It is gratifying for our directors to be able to report at this stage in the first year of operation that this commercial success seems assured. We are particularly pleased to bring this report to the early investors, many of whom in 1976 thought of their investment more as an act of faith and support than as a purchase of shares. It would be fitting if these pioneer investors would derive a greater benefit in the future from the commercial success of the scheme by an increase now in their original shareholding while the shares are still being offered at par. Last year I appealed to those with investments of less than £50 to bring their holdings up to that amount because of the cost to the company servicing small allotments of shares. This year I renew this appeal. From these especially and, indeed, from all who are interested in the project and the general development of the Louisburgh area, the company will welcome applications for shares — at least until the

final account is cleared and we have reached our present share capital target of £125,000. As this report is being prepared, the various share capital drives have yielded approximately £112,000. If the present value of our ten cottages, their furnishings and the four-acre site is estimated at £270,000, then the true value of our shareholding becomes apparent.

“Our marketing success in our first year of operation is due, not solely to the great attractiveness of Louisburgh as a tourist destination but to their international reputation in the tourist trade achieved by our good friends in Rent-an-Irish Cottage Co. Ltd., Connemara West Limited, and Ballycastle (Mayo) Enterprises Limited, all of whom were most helpful in the establishment of Louisburgh Rent-a-Cottage scheme. We are also indebted to Castle Tours Limited and the marketing Section of Shannon Development Company Limited, to Ireland-West and Bord Fáilte, through whose commitment many new customers have been introduced and valuable publicity has been achieved. The local and national newspapers have continued to support us by their positive approach to our community achievement; and Louisburgh Parish magazine, *An Choinneal*, celebrated the endeavour with characteristic pride.

“What is important now for the company and for the Louisburgh area is that the shareholders should have an active day-to-day interest in the success of the Rent-a-Cottage scheme and through their elected directors strive for ever increasing standards and further developments. Already, the benefits of this scheme and the involvement of Bord Fáilte in the area are being felt, and it is hoped this trend will continue. It is a matter of honour that our shareholders who do not reside in the Louisburgh area would also, in the future, derive benefit from their substantial investments in the scheme. All of this will impose a great responsibility on successive boards of directors to maintain and increase the success achieved in its first year.

I close on a note of sadness as I record the death recently of one of our Directors, Councillor Jackie Gibbons, who served as a member nominated by Mayo County Council since July, 1979. I also record with sadness the death of our Cottages Supervisor, Joe Scanlon, through whose good-will and local patriotism the attractive site for our cottage scheme was made available four years ago. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a n-anamacha.”

DOOLOUGH FOREST

The official name of the forest area in the Louisburgh district is “Doolough Forest”. It consists of eleven properties scattered over a distance of some twenty miles, and stretches from Old Head to Loughnamucka and Tawnydoogan, through the Glenamurra valley and on to the Erriff valley within one mile of the bridge over the Erriff river on the Westport-Leenane road. The combined area of the forest area is in the region of 2,477 acres. The centre was opened in 1950 by the then Minister of Lands, the late Mr. Joe Blowick, and the first planting was carried out in Tawnydoogan (locally known as “Doogan Hill”) in 1951. Areas in the following townlands have now been afforested: Falduff (seventy five acres), Shraghrewagh (one hundred and forty nine acres), Derrygarve (seventy acres), Tawnygoogan (three hundred and thirty four acres), Glenamurra (seven hundred and five acres), Tawnyard (one hundred and thirty three acres), Derryintin (eighty one acres), Barnaderg (three hundred and twenty eight acres). Work is also being completed recently in Loughnamucka (four hundred and eighty three acres) and Furmoyle (forty acres); and there are sixty five and a half acres of native woodland at Old Head.

The Glenamurra valley runs in an east-west direction. The land rises steeply to a height of two thousand feet but the general top elevation of the plantable land is at about nine hundred feet. This mountain forms part of the Sheaffry range. It could be said that the areas under forestry in the district are very typical of the hill sheep land of the west. The more fertile areas of the mountains are the steep middle slopes and some of the lower slopes where the dry mineral soil is derived from the ardovocian shale; while the infertile peat areas occupy the valley floor. The sharp distinction in quality is probably due to the very high rainfall and humidity. Rock outcropping also occurs.

Tree species

Afforestation is essentially along economic lines in that it utilizes wastelands, wet lands and lands generally unsuitable for any other

purpose. It renders these lands productive and eventually capable of providing part of the nation's timber requirements. Only land which is regarded as unsuitable for any type of agriculture is used for afforestation. The tree species best suited to this type of land and to the severe climatic conditions of the western seaboard are Contorta Pine (lodgepole pine) and Sitka Spruce (white deal), making up twenty two per cent and sixty six per cent, respectively, of the national planting programme. The percentage of broadleaved (hard wood) planting is approximately *four*. Both Sitka Spruce and Contorta Pine are fast-growing: they produce timber from thinnings of about twenty years and onwards; and at about the age of forty-five years mature to commercial tree size. This is a much better proposition than our native oak or beech, which would require first-class land to grow to about two hundred years or more to mature. Sitka Spruce and lodgepole pine are exotics: they are imported trees from western North America. Other species which have been planted in the Doolough forest are: Norway Spruce (Old Head), Japanese Larch (Glenamurra), Corsican Pine (Glenamurra) and Monterey Pine (Glenamurra). Scots Pine is the only native pine.

Sitka Spruce and Contorta Pine were first introduced into England between 1830 and 1851. Sitka Spruce thrives on high rainfall areas and stands exposure reasonably well. It is best suited to grow on rushy lands and the more fertile tracts of bogland. Its main uses are: pulpwood, fencing, roofing, and flooring. Contorta Pine grows under diverse weather conditions and is the best tree for afforestation on poor soil such as the western blanket bog, stony soils and high-lying land. It too, is used for pulpwood and for fencing.

Development

It may be of interest to readers to know what is the process by which bare land is developed into forest. There are seven successive steps. Firstly the land is *manured* by treating it with unground phosphate at a rate of four hundredweights per acre. This is normally distributed mechanically and manually spread. Then follows the *ploughing*, which is done by a double mould-board Cuthbertson plough drawn by a fifty-horse-power crawler tractor turning out fifteen-square-inch ribbons two yards apart. *Fencing* is done with sheep netting, six-inch barbed wire and stakes of five-feet-six-inches. *Drainage* is done with a single mould-board plough. Where mechanical drainage is not possible surface water at least must be removed. For *planting*, a spade or dibble is used: the plants are supplied by the Department of Agriculture nurseries. It is often

necessary to spend some care in *cleaning* the area at this stage; but in blanket bog no such cleaning need be done. Finally there is need for a *second manuring*: this is carried out between the seventh and tenth years. After some fifteen to twenty years the crop is pruned and later thinned.

The woodland at Old Head is one of the few native woods in this part of the country. It was acquired in 1953 and in 1957 a belt of Sitka Spruce was planted along the lower edge. Some Norway Spruce and beech were also planted. The plan is to restore the wood to a more natural condition by fencing, by removing the spruces as soon as is feasible, and eliminating the beeches gradually so that regeneration of oak seedlings may be encouraged. Oaks may also be planted from nursery stocks. Even as it is, in a semi-natural state, Old Head has most of the characteristics of a native wood. The oak occurs on the lower and middle slopes, merging into birch and mountain ash and finally into heather on the top of the hills. Under the oak there is a shrub layer of holly and hazel, with woodruch and bilberry on the forest floor. The altitudinal range of the woodland is from forty to five-hundred feet. The woodland is generally scrubby and has unfortunately been subjected to considerable human interference in the past.

Recreational Amenity

One aspect of afforestation which has become increasingly important in recent years has been called "social forestry", dealing mainly with facilities for recreation which are offered to the public in state forests. With this in mind, work has been carried out on two areas of the Doolough forest. A car park, with picnic area and viewing point has been provided at Tawnyard on the Doolough-Drummin road about four miles from Doolough. The public have easy access also to Old Head wood at the back of the Old Head pier where a walk has been provided through the woods. This wood forms a picturesque background for the strand of Old Head and is of considerable amenity value. An excellent headline in private planting was given by Louisburgh Muintir na Tire Guild in 1959 when one and a half acres of Sitka Spruce was planted at Old Head by voluntary labour. This project was recorded in the 1959 issue of *An Choinneal*; so to echo the words of that writer,* "Why not take a trip Old Head way and see how (the new and old) grow"? A grant of twenty pounds per acre was available at that time: it has since been increased to thirty-five pounds per acre and is payable in two instalments. An additional twenty pounds per acre is available for scrub clearance.

The following statistics may be of interest to indicate how we compare with other counties, districts and countries with regard to area of planted forest. Areas given here are in the metric unit, *hectares*. (One hectare is about equal to two and a half acres).

Area in hectares of forest in leading Irish counties; with percentages of national total:

Cork	39,200 (13%)	Donegal	25,300 (9%)
Wicklow	30,000 (11%)	Tipperary	23,500 (8%)
Galway	29,000 (10%)	Mayo	19,900 (6%)

The total national area under forest is 296,400 ha.
 The leading areas in Mayo are: Nephin Beg 3,450 ha.; Ballycastle 2,830 ha.;
 Glenisland 1,900 ha.; Crossmolina 1,840 ha.; Doolough is about 1,000 ha.

The percentages of the countries' land under forest for some of our EEC partners:

Luxembourg . . . twenty one per cent, Italy . . . twenty one per cent, France . . .
 twenty per cent, Denmark . . . nineteen per cent, Britain . . . seven per cent,
 Ireland . . . three and a half per cent.

Maurice Lynch

*Andrew G. Durkan — Ed.



Staunch friend of Louisburgh, visitors annually since 1950. L. to R. (front): Alban Donnelly, his wife Kitty (formerly Burke, of Doughmakeown descent), Mr. J. Roache; (back) Bernard Donnelly, Delia Roache and Mrs. Roache. Patricia Donnelly took this picture in 1961 at Old Head pier.

A DAY AT HOME

Mary E. L. Hennigan

When the Editor of Good Counsel asked Mrs. Hennigan to write a story of her delightful experiences in Ireland, he suggested only one thing — and that was the story be called “A Day at Home”. With no further clue, the author set about her task, the result of which is charming little tale of Irish life, in which she takes us all “back home” on the morning of a lovely Summer Sunday, when a “ladeen,” quite grand enough, to be sure, to be a Pope, but at least a Cardinal, is to be christened, and she herself is to be God-mother. When all the expectant joy and excitement of the grand affair lull into the pleasant peace of a Sunday afternoon, we follow her, our hearts going with delight — out over the cliffs, and then back again, to the indescribable serenity of Rosary time, when all Ireland bows its head in prayer. We feel sure you will agree with the author that, could your heaven be of your own choosing, you would want some little part of it to hold “A Day at Home.”

Here is a phrase filled with magic for you! A day — twenty-four hours, poured from the hand of God — full of golden sun and silver rain; skies — grey, dawn-pink, noon-blue, and twilight-purple; of wind, of clouds that rush and scurry, or move in majesty across the floor of Heaven; of light — morning light, moonlight, starlight — and of deep velvet dark. Home — but there the pen falters, for what poor pen may describe all that that world holds? A day at home! The world is in it!

“Home,” so the old proverb says, “is where the heart is.” But the heart, mind you, next to the soul, is the part of us most like God, for the heart is not confined to any particular place at one time. That is why so many of us born in America of Irish parents can say “at home in Ireland” as naturally as we do, with no disloyalty whatever to our birthplace, which is also truly home. “When were you back at home last?” “Will you be going again this summer, d’ye thing?” “Tell me, had you any newses lately from home?” Questions that an American, this-country-born, answers readily, with a sure understanding that “back home” can only mean back home in Ireland. Home is where the heart is, surely, and when did anyone bring his heart away again from Ireland?

A day at home in Ireland. Which day shall one choose, out of shining treasure days? It must be a Sunday, of course, for Sunday is

always the loveliest day of the week, and I think it should be the Sunday of the christening, for in a summer of almost constant rain and cloud, that was the loveliest of all the Sundays.

He was a beautiful child that was to be christened that day, with a fine, straight nose on him, and slender, long fingers. His cradle stood on the very hearth where my father had been rocked more than half a century ago, and now he has to bear my father's name and Tommy and I were to be his God-parents. "He should be a lucky child," observed his great-grandmother, gravely. "You should make a priest of him, I think."

"What a priest?" I had retorted, and mused. "Well — an Irish Pope — hardly; I suppose — still, oh, a Cardinal at least!"

How she had twinkled back to the twinkle in my own eye, and with what gravity saud, as she restrained Paddy from setting himself down a quite bundle that lay in a certain chair, "Paddy — Oh, have a care! Would you sit on the Cardinal?"

Tommy and I planned to walk to early Mass, four miles to town along the new line, and back by the old road that follows the sea. This was not the simple matter it seems, for in Ireland one never grows up but is forever respectfully submissive to an older, wiser head in the house; which head, in this case, might well decide that eight cobbly miles were more than enough for light American boots and feet. Now, the best way at all in Ireland to do anything is to say nothing about it 'til you have it done! 'Tis time enough then to be asking should you! So on Saturday night, I slept at the foot of my bed with an ear close to the window, waking at once to Tommy's low call and soft tap on the pane. As I tip-toed out, dawn was making the little room beautiful, touching the snowy walls with delicate, pink fingers of light, picking out softly all the sweetly-familiar details that made it so truly, if temporarily, home; the tiny dressing table with its tinier mirror, the huge dark press, whose opened doors would reveal piles of home-spun linen and warm blankets of yellow wool; the mantel over the fireplace, with its bright embroidered cover and its gallery of friendly, pictured faces; my father, thin and wide-eyed, as he had been on the day when he looked around this little room for the last time through lonely tears; myself, thin and wide-eyed, too, as I had been when I saw it first, through a child's curious eyes; "Herself" and "Himself" looking out of a fine gold frame, the one mildly, the other truculently, as always.

No one stirred in the village as we sped quietly down the brae to the cross-roads, and turned into the new line, where we broke

joyously into talk. Larks were making a joyous chorus over meadows silvered with dew. The ditches, or banks above the dykes of dark water, on either side of the road, where they were not velvety-green, were heavenly-blue with thick-massed forget-me-nots, or sunny with yellow Mayflowers. *Perhaps* we walked. Confidentially, I believe we just stood and settled the affairs of the village, Ireland, and the world at large, while the miles unrolled themselves magically from under our feet. Before we knew it we were crossing the old stone bridge over the brown stream that chatters a noisy way to the sea, and entering the sleepy little town that drowns in Sunday quiet.

Boys from many villages around were gathered in groups on the bridge, leaning against its rough, grey sides, or perched with dangling legs on the walls. A little later in the morning "his Reverence" would be thundering against the idlers who loitered on the bridge, until the second bell itself had rung, and would preach the decorum and the decency of proceeding straight up the narrow street to the chapel without halt or stay. Ah, well! My father had lingered on that bridge fifty years ago, and his father fifty years before that, and, without a doubt, fifty years from now "his Reverence" of the day will be thundering still, and the boys of the day will still be nudging and whispering and chuckling on the bridge while the girls ride by.

Mass over, and the ladeen happily named a name that had once been borne by as fine, as handsome, as merry, and as honorable a gentleman as had ever lived, Tommy and I must again escape the "wiser head," who would see us ride sensibly home on the jaunting car. So, at the cross-roads, just at the other side of the bridge, we turned towards the sea, along the road, the narrow, pebbly, crooked little road, where side-cars do not travel. Perhaps we did hurry a bit. Perhaps the "wiser head" had expected, when he let us go, to pick us up somewhere along the new line. However——

The old road is the high road. It goes steadily up until it is about a third of the way up the steep side of Ascalon Hill, then runs along the hillside until it comes out almost on the cliffs, in full view of the sea. Looking across the meadows toward the new line below, you can discern the slow procession of side-cars jogging along, homeward bound. If you are Yankee born, and city-born, one car looks just like another at that distance, each a moving bulk. But if you are Irish-born, and country-born, with clear, golden eyes that have always swept wide horizons, like Tommy, then you know a black are from a brown, and you tell James Pat Lannon's mare by her stride, and you pick out at a glance Myle's car, or Pat Forick's, or even the one

carrying a diminutive, white bundle, which is a "potential Cardinal." For a moment you may look beyond the road with its slow procession to where Connemara hills rise softly rounded against a sky that changes constantly, and is more lovely with every change. But if your father, and his father, and their fathers for countless years before them, have lived within sound of the pulsing sea, then your gaze does not linger on meadow or hill. Straightening you shoulders flinging up your head, turning your face to the swift wind, you rest your eyes gladly on the restless sea.

The sea is never long the same. Sometimes it is grey silk — smooth, rippling, and rustling only a bit, like the skirt of a gentle old lady. Sometimes it is a vast emerald — flecked all over its sparkling, green bosom with fluffs of feathery, snowy foam. Sometimes it is royal, wine-purple; but that's in the evening, when the sun has just slid down behind Clare Island's two hills. Sometimes it is grey-black — a heavy, angry, sullen giant. On this Sunday morning it was the blue sea, "the blue, the fresh, the ever-free!" We followed it gladly, the sea filled our eyes with color, our ears with music, our nostrils with keen, sweet fragrance. We turned our backs on it reluctantly at the little wooden bridge — four planks and a rail, over a brown stream — and hurried up the road to the village, so as not to delay the dinner.

There is a beautiful peace in an Irish kitchen on Sunday afternoon, dinner over, the delft is back again in shining rows of blue and white on the dresser, the hearth is brushed clean, the fire replenished, and the child gone to sleep. The turf glows to a clear, deep red. The kettle, on a sooty, black crane over it, purrs and hums. The sun pours a golden flood through the window. It glides the hospitable old meal-box, under the sill, that can hold so many young visitors if they just crowd a bit together. It lays shining squares of gold on the clean-swept grey stone floor. It flings a treasure prodigally through an open door against cloud-white wall opposite. Perhaps it lingers on a tangled heap, as gold as itself, lying on the hearthstone, before the fire. That will be Redmond, tired out with romping, fallen asleep with his face down on two chubby arms. The peace that passeth understanding hangs over the kitchen — over the village.

By and by the girls begin to gather in, one by one, bright-haired, bright-eyed, merry, fresh as flowers, in their crisp, white blouses or the colourful jerseys they have knit themselves. When all the heads are counted and none found missing, they start out for the Sunday

afternoon walk; to Sikeen-of-the-cliffs, wild, bleak, lonely, fairy-haunted; to the top of Ascalon, where one can see the world and all spread out before one, like a picture book, town and village, dyke and ditch, hill and valley, sea and meadow; or to the sandy plain of Hugh McKeown, with its myriad scampering hares. On this particular Sunday, however, it was back to the harbor.

We followed the cliffs of course, though there is a broad, easy road to the harbor. Following the cliffs gives one high walls of sod and stone to cross, where one may be gallantly assisted up, and over, and down; and narrow little paths on the top of the other earthen walls with a ditch on one side and the swift, deep descent to the rocky beach below, on the other, where one *must* hold *someone's* hand, and perhaps even be further supported by an arm around one's waist! How can it be explained, to those who have a plethora of sophisticated amusements, the very real joy of that afternoon of freedom and simple pleasure to those whose every hour during this week has its homely, simple, but exacting task. We had a violin with us, naturally, for the harbor is a grand place altogether for a dance. Sea-breezes ruffle the water around its great stone wall, and blow, cool and sweet, across it. Little sheltering hills and cliffs rise all about it, grassy, thick-starred with purple violets, yellow Mayflowers, and pink-tipped daisies. Some of the great stones that make its floor are rough and uneven, but there is one fine, smooth flag that will hold a set, at least, with no trouble at all. We danced the afternoon away there, until the sun warned us at least that it was milking time, tea-time, home-time, and we hurried — by the road! — back to the village.

There comes another hour of holy peace at twilight in Ireland! Milking is done. Tea is over and cleared away. The glorious lamp of the day is just gone and the feeble lamps of the house are not yet lighted. Outside, the dusk is faintly purple, like half-opened lilacs; and quiet, for no one is stirring along the street or at the gable-ends. Inside, the pink glow of the fire shines softly on the white walls and dark rafters, and at every hearth in every house there is a reverent circle of kneeling figures and bent heads, while the phrases of the Rosary and the Litany fall in liquid beauty on the evening air.

After the Rosary in their own homes, on the Sunday of the christening, the young people gathered in ours. One house is usually a favorite "visiting house," and what one would it be this summer, but the one that had a "Yank" in it? We sang, singly, and in duets, and in groups, and all together; young and old, boys and girls. We

danced; sets and slip-jigs, reels and hornpipes, the Lancers, the White Cockade, the Walls of Limerick; again singly, or in groups. Everyone was called on in his turn to contribute his share to the entertainment — a song, a few steps of dance, a story, a recitation, a fairy tale. The oldest one did his part enthusiastically, if a bit feebly. The youngest did his, cheerfully, if a bit awkwardly. And the lilacs of dusk had become the faint pink buds of dawn before they trooped away, raising their voices in song in a way “fit to raise the heart in your breast!”

It is not easy for us mortals, with our pitifully limited imaginations, to form a picture of Heaven and its joy. But at least we have an idea that it is a place of reward, where the heart is satisfied, filled with quiet peace and simple joy. I think I shall ask the dear Lord to let me have a little part of mine, should I earn it, in the form of just one more “Day at Home!”

A paragraph from the above article was published in our last issue from an incomplete copy sent to us by Mr. Richard Lyons, Main Street. The search for the complete article brought us in contact first with Father X. Martin O.S.A. (of Wood Quay fame) at Ballyboden, County Dublin. Through his good offices we were referred and recommended to the present Editor of the Augustinian magazine, Good Counsel, at Villanova, Pennsylvania, Father Joseph C. Schnaubett O.S.A. Father Schnaubett not only had the original copied for us by photo-stat but also gave us permission for reproduction. To all these newly-made friends, our sincere thanks!

— Editor

Trí cóil atá ferr folongat in mbith: cóil srithide hi folldeirb; cóil foichne for tuinn; cóil snáithe dar dorn dagmná.

The three slendernesses that best support the world:

The slender stream of milk into the pail;
the slender blade of green corn growing;
the slender thread over the hand of a good woman.

A DAY IN THE BOG

It was an August day in early nineteen-twenties; warm and close even for that time of year. He was about twelve years of age and was sent to the bog that day to put out some late-cut turf with an ass and cleeves. Perhaps I should say ‘an ass and *párdógs*’, for he was indeed using those cleeves with collapsible bottoms which allow the turf to fall through to the ground by pulling a looped gad or rope.

The bog was about three miles away on the Leenane road, and when he got there the first thing he did was to put the bottle of milk into a drain up to its neck to keep it cool for his dinner. He then put the bread-and-butter into a hole in the bank. He had to repair the *ceis* at the roadside with a few screws; and then the path from the turf to the road wherever it was too soft for the ass to walk — although the poor beast had hooves so long that their toes turned up to the sky.

The first few loads were easy as they could be let out through the bottoms of the cleeves; but when the clamp got bigger he had to throw the turf out by hand, which was pretty hard work. This turf had been cut from the bottom spits and was black and as hard as coal. It was almost as good as coal for the fire.

As the day wore on he noticed that no one had passed up or down the road since his arrival in the morning: no women from the Creggáns with their boots slung over their shoulders to be put on at The Haggard and taken off again when they had their business done in the town: no Hugh Grady from Glankeen with his distinctive knickerbockers, cap and walking-stick — the dead image of Douglas Hyde: no John Tiernan N.T. with his hands under his coat-tails *agus* “*an bhfuil tú i do bhuachaill mhaith?*” *ar bharr a theanga aige*: not even the postman, Tom Kilcoyne, who must have gone home through Tully.

After dinner, which he judged to be at about one-thirty sun time, he resumed work. He had no watch, but he could guess the time of day by the sun to within an hour either way. It was really hot now. Although there was a slight haze over the sun and even a slight breeze, that sun could burn more fiercely than any encountered in June or July. He was wearing only a light shirt and short pants and

had bare head and feet. The heat was oppressive and the midges and *creabhars* tormented him. Sweat ran down his face and chest, and although he occasionally splashed water from the bog-holes over his face from time to time, this brought no relief. However, all things come to an end, and by evening he had the bank cleared and was ready for home. He sat up, side-saddle, on the ass and let him make his own pace. He was too tired even to urge him to a trot.

As he approached the hill on the road home he saw a woman open a gate into a field on the left-hand side and walk towards a cow which was standing about fifty yards from the road. This was the last person he had seen on his way up in the morning when she greeted him from her doorstep. Now she was the first person he saw on his return. She has a tin can and a saucepan in her hand, and when she reached the cow, which was standing quietly chewing the cud, she knelt down and started to milk. He was about one hundred yards away at the time but the evening was so calm and still that he could hear the first squirts of milk making music on the bottom of the can. He was parched with the thirst as he had no drink since dinner time and could not drink the bog-water. As he proceeded up the hill he noticed that the woman glanced in his direction from time to time, and when he came opposite her the woman filled the saucepan and signalled to him to stop. As she came to the roadside to meet him he could see the froth on the top of the milk in the saucepan and he licked his parched lips in anticipation. He was off the ass as soon as she reached the roadside fence, took the pint saucepan of milk from her and drained it on the spot. He handed the vessel back to her and thanked her. "You must be dead with thirst, *agrah*", she said; "will you have another sup?" He said he had enough, thanked her again, got on the ass and resumed his journey.

During the last mile home he fell to thinking about the woman and the milk. From her doorway she had seen him pass in the morning: she knew he would have a hard, hot and lonesome time on the bog all day. Did she time her milking to coincide with his arrival at the right place at the right time, so that a drink of milk would quench his thirst at least for the time being? He liked to think that she did it from the goodness of her heart. She was then a young married woman with children of her own; and although that incident happened over sixty years ago it is as clear in his mind today as if it happened yesterday.

Camolin, County Wexford

Joseph Kerrigan

BOATHAVEN, COUNTY MAYO

The eye of the stranger, coming to Old Head for the first time, must be held by three prospects. To the east, the marvellous silhouette of Ireland's Holy Mountain, Croagh Patrick; then, much closer to him, to the west, the Little Hill of Old Head itself, completely covered by an indigenous hardwood forest in every possible shade of green and brown and gold; and, finally, between the woods and the strand, the ruined façade of what was one a large eighteenth-century house — *Boathaven* is its name.

Large eighteenth-century houses are rare in south-west Mayo, and it is rarer still to find one built, not by the landlords, but by the plain people, yet such was *Boathaven*. It was built in about 1720 by a smuggler, Valentine Jordan. Probably quite small and square in its original plan, it was extended by wings as business improved, until, at last, it had thirteen bedrooms, and innumerable sitting-rooms. In its plan it was unlike any other Irish houses, and its design, I think, owed much to the Spanish house with which Jordan must have become familiar in the course of the trade. Its principle feature was a small elegant circular two-storey hallway with a minute Minstrels Gallery. Even more remarkable, the two main bedrooms — on either side of the hall upstairs — had casement windows facing each other across the hallway, in order perhaps to allow a good gossip at night after going to bed, or to listen better to music.

The family and its trade prospered for nearly a hundred years. The late J. C. Garvey, of Murrisk Abbey, once told the present writer that his family in the eighteenth-century always purchased their claret and brandy from the Jordans. One of the family eventually formed a partnership with another famous Mayo smuggler — George O'Máille — and their Day Journal is still in existence: perhaps some day it will be published.

The house has two strange associations with the misfortunes of the Fitzgerald family. Valentine Jordan of Boathaven House was the foreman of the jury which found Fighting Fitzgerald guilty of the crimes which led to his hanging on Castlebar Green. Some years later

Joseph D'Arcy Sirr became a tenant of *Boathaven*. He was a younger brother of Major C. H. Sirr, who wounded and captured Lord Edward Fitzgerald in 1798.

Some time in the early nineteenth-century *Boathaven* was acquired by Lord Sligo. Perhaps his family had always been the Head Landlords. For a while it was let by them to tenants, but it eventually became a sort of Dower House for the family, and by the 1860's was occupied by Lady Marion Wilbraham, a sister of the then Lord Sligo. She had the house pulled down in 1883, and she built a new three-storey Victorian House where Old Head Hotel now stands. The façade was left standing, and also a few rooms at the back of the house, where, a few years later, the late Mr. Jackie Bowe of Louisburgh was born. He will be remembered by many readers.

In the old days in Ireland, there was a custom that Wandering Minstrels would visit the big houses, and, in exchange for their bed and board, would write a poem in honour of the owner of the house and his lady. One of the last of these minstrels — Gielty by name — reached *Boathaven* in the 1860's, and, almost miraculously his poem survived. In the 880's a manuscript copy was given by Lady Wilbraham to a young boy John Heneghan of Mooneen. Forty years ago he gave it to the writer, and it now appears in print below for the first time. It is not by any means a great poem, but it is perhaps unique survival of the many which Gielty must have written in his wandering through Ireland.

EVENING AT BOATHAVEN

The summer sun's last beam is sped
On Old Croagh Patrick's hoary head,
While all the heath-clad hills in view
Are tinged with evening's purple blue.
The lark forsakes the cloudless sky
And sleeps secure from human eye.
The primrose in its mossy bed
Has gently turned its yellow head.
Beneath the hedge the violet blue
Lies sleeping 'neath the evening dew.
The seabird rocks itself to rest
Upon the Bay's untroubled breast.
The eagle seeks Clare Island's cliff.
The hardy boatman moors his skiff.
The shepherd drives his flock along,
While hills and dales give back his
song.
The moon sends down her silver beam

On whitewashed cottage, tree and
stream,
While Ocean calmly sinks to rest,
And, mirrorlike, upon its breast
The distant hills their shadows throw,
And woods beneath them seem to
grow.

There silence reigns and all around
Is still, save where the trembling sound
Of some lone rill strikes on the ear,
So sweet that Heaven itself seems near,
Or when the sheep, each pause to fill,
Would waft its bleatings o'er the hill.
This is the hour for those who love
To meditate on visions above,
Or for the religious recluse,
Or for the Heaven inspired muse.

Hail Solitude! Celestial maid
Who comes with sable garb arrayed;
Thrice welcome thou unto my breast
To soothe my weary soul to rest.
With thee I'll seek the lonely glen
Far from the "busy haunts of men"
Choice spot. I gaze upon the scene
With pride that nought can come
between.

Thy never fading beauties bring
The gift to me thy praise to sing.
Thy walks recall my early days,
Thy grandeur now invites my lays,
Poor as they are — they're freely given,
As free as dewdrops sent from Heaven.

Long may thy generous owner share
Thy broad domain unknown to care.
May Health and Happiness attend
His movements onwards towards their
end.

Long may his Lady, ever dear,
Enjoy his home devoid of fear.
Long may she to the poor impart
The impulse of a tender heart,
And may their offspring always live
In virtue's path with power to give
A good example to their kind,
Led on by feelings most refined.
Long may they to their parents prove
An offspring worthy of their love,
And may their parents live to see
Each child enjoy prosperity.

There is a corresponding, but much longer, poem by Gielty entitled Morning at Boathaven. We hope to publish it in a future issue. — Editor

Advertisement in The Achill Missionary Herald Volume One, Number Ten (20 April 1838)

County Mayo — to be sold
The interest in the Lease of the House and Lands of
BOATHAVEN

Beautifully situated on the sandy beach of Old Head and commanding a noble prospect of Clew Bay its Mountains and its Islands. The House contains Nine Bedrooms, and three Sitting-rooms, besides Kitchen, Laundry, &c. The principal part is furnished. There are good Offices and Ten Acres of Land. It possesses uncommon advantages. It would make an admirable *nucleus* for a Protestant Colony; it would be disposed of at a sacrifice for this purpose. It is protected from the Atlantic by the wooded hill of Old Head, and is Ten Miles from Westport.

Proposals to be made (if by letter, post paid) to George Glendining Esq. Westport; C. E. H. Orpen Esq. M.D. 11 North Gate Street, Dublin — or Reverend J. D. Sirr, Claremorris. Immediate possession will be given.

NOTES ON FAMILIES

1. The Grant Family of Glankeen

The family at Glankeen consisted of father and mother ("Mr. and Mrs. Grant"), one boy Lochy, and three girls Bella, Sarah and Jessie. Bella was the eldest and best-looking of the three girls; Sarah was also good-looking; Jessie was not as noticeably handsome but had her own charm. I never saw Lochy, but the girls often mentioned him when they came to Anthony O'Grady's to buy groceries, drink and other commodities. I occasionally worked there (the shop now owned by the Duffy family in Bridge Street) while I was going to school in Louisburgh. This was about the year 1899.

I believe that they came to Ireland, for they were themselves Scottish, as retainers for the MacDonald family who settled in Thallabawn, and they were appointed herds on the Glankeen estate. They were Presbyterians, and came to town to attend Service once a month in the then courthouse (now Staunton's chemist shop). The Service was presided over by a Presbyterian minister who came to Louisburgh for the purpose, from where I do not know. The Grants came to town on a side-car driven by themselves. The MacDonalds would also be in the same day, and this was a big business day in O'Grady's, where both families centered for the day. The day, incidentally, was not a Sunday but the last Thursday of every month. The ceremony would last about an hour and a half; and I think it comprised hymn-singing as well as reading and a sermon. The singing could be heard on the Square. Occasionally both these families came also to the ordinary Church of Ireland Service conducted by Mr. Forbes in the Protestant Church in Louisburgh.

Mrs. Grant acted in the capacity of maternity nurse for Mrs. Forbes, the Rector's wife on at least one occasion. Mrs. Grant was of slight build, quiet and gentle and occasionally given to mirth. Sarah was working for a year or two as mother's help in Forbes's. She was a very jolly girl, very likeable; and we loved her to come to visit in O'Grady's at night before she returned to Forbes's, where she

resided. The Grant family did not have a pronounced Scottish accent; but occasionally some Scottish phrases or words, such as: "Scootland" or "bonnie lass", did surface in their speech.

— Collected from Mrs. B. A. Morahan (R.I.P.) July 1978

A Connection

One day in August 1980, as I travelled by C.I.E. express coach from Enniskillen to Westport, I noticed that there was just one other passenger, a lady, who was travelling all the way. Towards the end of the journey we got to having a necessarily brief conversation. I asked if she was going to Westport. She said yes, and that she had a very early start for she had to travel from Ballymena in County Antrim to catch this express from Belfast. I mentioned that I was going to Louisburgh and she said that her mother had come from Louisburgh — somewhere *near* Louisburgh. Of course I became interested. Her mother's name, she said, was Grant; and she had lived in Erriff. I had never heard of anyone called Grant in the Louisburgh area. It appears to me now that the lady in question does not know much about Louisburgh: she did mention the name of Boswell Houston, but had some difficulty in remembering the name Erriff. However she comes to visit friends in or near Westport, and told me that she travels on the Belfast-Galway express in winter time when the Belfast-Westport-Dooagh one is off. She has visited her mother's area as she said that she visited one house there, where one of the family was a priest. I have a vague recollection that she said she was in County Westmeath during her early years. I am now sorry that, although we sat for hours within a couple of feet of each other, reading, and admiring the scenery, I did not ask her to tell me more of the connection her family had with our parish.

I wonder if by sending this note for publication I might find some information?

(Mrs.) Eibhlín Leamy (Bunowen)

Mrs. Leamy's note is a coincidence of great interest. Readers would very much like to know which of the Grant family makes this regular journey into her family past. If some reader should know our Ballymena friend perhaps you will send her a copy of this magazine with the article on page 40. A response from Ballymena would be more than welcome for our next issue.

— Editor

THE ART OF BEE-KEEPING

A boy sitting by a fence while he takes his 'evening tea' in a field notices a bee moving and resting from one blossom to another: a man with a scythe uncovers a nest of wild bees on a hillock in an old meadow: both of them have just touched on and viewed an aspect of one of the most interesting wonders which is presented to us by Nature. When men have become so interested in the details of this particular wonder they have developed the remarkable and engrossing art of Bee-keeping. Already some of our parishioners in Louisburgh have practised this art, and perhaps many more would wish to do so and to learn a little about the fascinating details it entails. It is one of the most ancient crafts, evolving from the original skills of those who gathered honey from the wild. Perhaps the enormous fascination of the honey-bee causes many to be carried away on a tide of interest with these marvellous insects who are so unlike ourselves and yet live in cities fifty thousand strong without our need for committees or councils. They regulate this city of insects, keep it in good repair, clean it, guard it, and conduct internal and external business in a truly remarkable fashion.

Like all other insects the honey-bee is composed of three main parts: head, thorax and abdomen, but the complexities of the subdivisions are far too numerous to be dealt with in a short article. One example will give an indication of the intricate formation and the remarkable use of just one set of organs — the glands — in this small insect. Situated in the head and just inside the mouth are several glands of enormous importance. One pair of these secrete *bee-milk*, or part of the brood food which is fed to the young bees while they are in the larva state: another pair of glands pipe a preservative into this food so as to prevent its destruction by any form of bacteria: and, later on, the bee-milk glands change their function to produce an enzyme which inverts sugars. Again, in the abdomen the bees has glands that produce wax, a scent gland which directs bees to forage, and glands which are connected with the insect's defensive mechanism. Anyone who has been at the receiving end of a bee's

sting is unlikely to appreciate at that time how the sting is formed and produced — a series of barbs rather than a simple needle — but it may be a small consolation to a non-bee-keeper to know that, in stinging, the bee tears the abdominal muscles and thereby causes its own death!

The beehive

Bees are cared for in a hive. The beehive is a very simple structure: a series of square or oblong boxes without tops or bottoms and built one above the other. There is a simple floor at the bottom, and at the top a *crown board* and a simple, water-proof roof over all. Inside these boxes wooden frames are hung perpendicularly from ledges on top, and within these frames the bees are encouraged to make their *comb*. Anyone who has bought honey-comb in a grocer's shop has a good mental picture of what this part of the hive looks like. The comb is built by the bees out of sheets of wax which the bee-keeper provides and it is shaped into the familiar six-sided or hexagonal cells which at one stage of the year hold the young brood, and later hold the honey supply. It should be said that it is a relatively easy task to make the timber hives oneself from an instruction sheet; and one well within the capabilities of an amateur carpenter or even student of woodwork.

The essential equipment for handling bees is not too expensive. It consists of a smoker, a veil, gloves, a hive tool and a boiler suit. The smoker is very necessary and a good one should last a lifetime. It consists of a small firebox connected with a bellows which can be operated with one hand. A piece of smouldering wood or fabric is placed in the firebox and the smoke is blown out to quieten the bees. The theory is that the bees' ancient forbears, when they sensed a forest fire approaching, gorged themselves with honey to sustain them during the crisis; and that when they smell smoke they do likewise still. But, more important, when they are full of honey they are unable to sting and therefore harmless to the keeper who has to handle them intimately. The veil is made of black net or wire cloth and, with the gloves, is to protect from stings.

As in every well-regulated society the most important citizens of the city of insects is the *queen*. She is larger than the ordinary bees: her body has structural differences. She it is that lays the eggs for the formation of new brood; she also produces from her glands an acid known as *queen substance* which is of vital importance in controlling the workers, and she is waited on and served by ordinary bees! She is

indispensable to the life of the hive and it is a fascination to watch her movements among her family. Because of her large size the queen can be restricted to one section of the hive by use of a metal grid called a *queen-excluder*. This is used by the keeper just as in olden times a farmer used a *púirín* in a fence — to allow sheep to go through to other pasture while keeping the cattle restricted. As a result the queen is kept in the lowest of the boxes. There she lays her eggs and so the box is known as the *brood-chamber*. The upper ones, or *supers*, are where the bees store the honey that can be removed by the keeper for human use.

Population

A colony of bees consists of the queen and some fifty thousand working bees in summer or about ten thousand in winter. In summer it also includes anything from two hundred to a thousand drones. The species is believed to have originated in the tropics and spread northwards to the temperate regions. In the change, certain adaptations had to be made due to climatic difference. From October to March there are little or no flowers producing forage, so the colony must then rely on stores packed away during the period of plenty. The population is therefore built up in April and May by the queen increasing her laying rate. A worker bee takes twenty-one days in development and then lives for only another thirty to thirty-five days; so because of the sharp increase in egg-laying there is a large increase in workers during the months of June and July when the flora is of much better quality and there is a higher sugar concentration in the nectar. For the first few days of its life the worker bee stays indoor helping to look after the nurseries or brood, and at this time are called *nurse* bees. Gradually they take part in general work such as building, cleaning, or guarding the entrance. This later operation is another fascination to watch. The 'guards' are not to be seen at all when all is quiet. However if you tap gently on the hive, one or two appear. A few more taps and a whole regiment are out. If nothing can be seen one or two take to the air and scout around to see what is going on. The guard challenges any intruder, and if it recognises a friendly smell it will not press the challenge. Sometimes a snail will enter the hive, as they get to work and kill it by sealing it over with wax and leave it there, as it will not now smell. After a period of guard duty and other indoor activities, the worker progresses to the outside work of collecting such materials as nectar and pollen. How are all these tasks allotted? Who shares out the work? Certainly not the queen: it seems to be done instinctively and as naturally as birds migrate.

There are no arguments, no confusion, no trade unions, no employers, in the darkness of the complicated interior of the hive!

Some phenomena

Many people will have noticed from time to time a hive become alive in mid-summer and bees emerging like a black cloud. This phenomenon is known as *swarming*. I have already referred to the *queen substance* used for the control of the workers. This substance is licked from the queen and passed around the colony, and it inhibits the bees building a new queen-cell to produce a rival queen. As the queen gets older, however, the amount of queen substance she produces gets less; and so some of the workers prepare a new queen-cell. Eventually the old queen leaves and with her goes a portion of the colony, so forming the swarm. The queen flies to a resting place such as a tree branch and they all cluster about her, hanging on to one another with their claws — to give the unusual formation which easily attracts the notice of an observant passer-by.

Yet another remarkable phenomenon of the bee life is the famous bee-dance. About two per cent of the adult bees act as scouts going about the fields flying from flower to flower and bringing home samples of nectar. When they have chosen the best source of supply they return to the hive, give out samples of their collected nectar and indicate the position where this source is to be found. The method they use to communicate this knowledge is almost unbelievable: they perform a dance in the hive which is interpreted by the others. If the source is less than a hundred yards away they do a round dance during which they give to the worker bees a sample of the nectar and also the scent of the pollen from their legs. If the source is at a greater distance they do a *wagtail* dance showing by the length of dance the distance to the source; and, by the direction they move, the angle of the source with regard to the sun. For instance, if the bee moves vertically up the comb in the dance, then the source is directly in the line of the sun outside.

Returns

The most valuable product of the bee is, of course, the supply of honey from the hive, and volumes could be written on its nutritive value as well as the proper methods of its extraction. Basically it is a composite of sugars (seventy-nine per cent by weight) and it also contains vitamins, pigments and enzymes, and has an inbuilt anti-bacterial substance which makes it a very safe food for children. It

appears to me that in our Louisburgh area, which is so rich in flora, and has a late season of heather (which many bee-keepers would wish for and actually take their hives out to exploit) we could make great use of our natural resources which — as in the case of nectar — are now being lost without any advantage to man or nature. Comparatively little else other than carbondioxide and water is removed from an area in honey production; and this is surely a level of exploitation of an environment that anybody would be prepared to forgive.

This ancient art is one of the fastest growing of productive hobbies. Interest in the honey-bee is not confined to any particular group or class but reaches out across the whole spectrum of society. One of the most important by-products of bee-keeping which a beginner quickly observes is the great volume of human good-will generated among bee-keepers themselves. You cannot move among people who to some extent share their lives with these social insects without being touched by their remarkable generosity, and kindness and friendship. This should stimulate the uncommitted like myself for a more active involvement with this ancient craft.

Tooreen

Patrick Ball

Remembering Sion . . .

During the long winter nights, when our lessons were done we sat around the fire and sang songs. We sang every song we knew; and when the supply ran out we sang the poems in our school-books to the airs of our choice. One such poem-song was "Bengin on the Rhine". After much trial and error we got it to run in harness with the air of Only a bunch of Violets. The opening lines were :

*A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears:
But a comrade stood beside him as his life's blood ebbed away
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.*

WORK IN THE EIGHTIES

From an early age children learn that work is a necessary part of life. The doting grandparents, aunts and uncles ask very young children what they want to be when they grow up. Some of the more usual answers are: "I will be a train-driver . . . a farmer . . . a nurse . . . a teacher". Some are lucky and eventually reach their childhood ambitions.

Work is of course important, and the capacity to enjoy one's work is a blessing. My late maternal grandfather, who reached the age of eighty-five years and did what would now be considered more than his fair share of physical toil — as did many other men of his day — had a theory which he passed on to his family: Work is either hard labour or simply play, depending on your attitude towards it! Even in our own time it is to be regretted that some people are so absorbed in their work that it causes upheaval in both their personal and family lives. A new word has entered our vocabulary, *workaholic*; the term is used to describe someone who works twelve hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks year.

Occupation or pre-occupation?

We all know the very old saying that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy". Jack a grown man becomes a very narrow person if his over-indulgence in work persists. What can be more boring than the company of a business man who persistently expounds on inflation, economic depression and the 'national understanding'? One might say that the teacher who has no other interest except reading-problems or the new maths, is the major offender in this regard. Into this category also falls the progressive intensive farmer who can irritate listeners by continually harping on the problems of disease in his herd.

A real problem which follows on over-indulgence in work is that people sometimes can and do lose ground in other important areas of life. Relationship with one's children missed out on in this way is lost ground which it is hard if not impossible to recapture; because

children are children once only, never again. Both parents and children need an enthusiastic involvement of both sides if a sound, lasting relationship between them is to be fostered and nurtured.

Balance

Workers who are over-conscientious often set unreachable goals for themselves, then fail to achieve them, and finish up as added numbers to the list of the middle-aged coronary fatalities so prevalent nowadays in the developed and well-off countries of the world. The picture is not, of course, all darkness: there are very many people who have a moderate and sensible approach to work. They have come to terms with it knowing that work is here to stay — or at least we hope so. Statesman and government statisticians assure us that x new jobs will be created in y years ahead.

With computers taking over in office blocks and modern machines in factories we will just have to wait and see. It is common knowledge that at present we hope to spend one third of our adult life working and one third asleep. If we are mature adults, and do not wish to appear as one-dimensional people, we should spend at least part of the remaining one third of our time developing a broad scope of interests outside of work.

Furmoyle

Mary Lyons



General view of the new I.D.A. factory at Cahir

LETTER FROM HOME

Dear Austie,

You'll have no satisfaction at all in this note. I wasn't to write until Christmas week, the way the big rush would be over and you often get a letter sent quicker that week than posting in early December. But now this *Coinneal* is out and me never expecting it until next year. I hope it is a good surprise for you.

Well of course there isn't all that that happens in such a short time in the parish. Everything getting dearer of course, except what we have to sell. Cattle aren't doing so well for past year. And if we get the winter that most people are threatening, we could be short enough in fodder for all the cattle we have. Of course I don't do that work now for many's the day; still I am very interested that the stock would be well fed. Michael is very pleased with the silage; but between me and you and the wall, I'd forgive the smell. I do be ashamed of people passing the house, especially ones that would not understand.

McDermott's Hotel is sold by TAYLOR'S and bought by JOHN and MRS. DURKAN. I hope they'll be lucky in it because their people were always good. You could say that MICHAEL TOM'S was a hotel for all of us longo on a fair day or if you had some business in town. I hear the year wasn't too good for hotels, though. The recession, they all say. How bad are things with ye? What are we to expect from Reagan? Did you see that his family came from Ireland, too? The cottages have done famous all the year round. I gave them the hundred pounds you sent — the dollars came to a few pounds more — and they said you'll get a receipt as a shareholder yourself. Did you? Wasn't it very sad about poor JOE SCANLON? God rest him, he did not even live to see the cottages in full swing, and people don't realize what a good thing he did for the parish to let them have the land for that scheme. As time goes on it will show.

A few of the young people in the parish qualified since last Easter: 'CEPTA BALL of Tooreen and SEÁN MORAHAN; and then

GOD'S POCKET

Well have you ever noticed that the hills so far away
All seem so green and luscious and tempt young hearts to stray?
When I was young and eager for the thrills of far-off sights
I too was captivated by the sparkling city lights.
I left farewell to all my folk who came to say good-bye
I landed on another shore whose hills seemed green and high
But I was only eighteen then and how was I to know
My heart had stayed behind me in a cottage in Mayo!

Chorus:

They call our home God's Pocket, no safer spot on earth;
There a heart remained when a body chose to go.
And it's time I was returning to the cradle of my birth,
God's Pocket, dear old Louisburgh in Mayo.

Since first I hit New England in the spring of 'forty-nine
I must confess the Stars and Stripes have smiled on me and mine;
And the lights of Massachusetts lend a bright and warming glow
But it's hard to laugh in Boston when your heart is in Mayo.
The ladies here are most precise, no perfume will they buy
But the dearest, most exotic the beauty-stores supply:
But you'll never sense a fragrance like the one I used to know
Where the salt sea-breeze and mountain air caress in old Mayo.

It's a long, long way from Clinton to the cross of Louisburgh Square
But in my dreams each lonely night I find myself back there,
And I pause in spanning memory on the bridge below the town
Where my past flows gently by me as the river to Bunowen.
There in my dreams stands Gabhlán's church against the western skies,
Our forbears' consecrated ruin — a font that never dries;
O! the myst'ry, O! the magic from Falduff to Ugool shore
Will haunt the Louisburgh exile till he sleeps at home once more.

Chorus:

They call our home God's Pocket, no safer spot on earth;
There a heart remained when a body chose to go.
And it's time I was returning to the cradle of my birth,
God's Pocket, dear old Louisburgh in Mayo.

Basil A. Morahan (Copyright)

The above words, set to music composed by the writer, will be sung by him on a long-playing record which is due for release in the new year.

ANYONE SWEATING!

Our parish: summer 1980. The state of the national economy wasn't great indeed, but the music and the "crack" was in full swing. The dance floor was crowded; and hot. As the last piece of the set dance (a polka) came to a close, the flushed and happy faces smiled and puffed in the big swing. Every now and then there was the old-fashioned "yipee", that momentarily mocked at the National Inflation and his spoilsport retinue. Then the music ceased, the dancers clapped their heated brows as they left the floor. It was at this moment that Joe, the box-player, leaned over to his drummer and said: "Mickey Keane is still alive, God rest his soul!"

Undoubtedly, before the God called him, Mickey Keane had done his bit here in our parish to keep *céilí* dancing alive. When "there was nothing here" Mickey arrived home, carried the stones in bags on his back and built his hall in Aillemore, to the delight of all itching Irish feet for miles around. Come to think on it, much credit must go to two men, one on either side of the town of Louisburgh, for all we retain of our old-style dancing. Mickey Keane of Aillemore and John Ted Gibbons of Mullagh gave the kiss of life to those dances when they were fast dying for want of dancing accommodation. This summer night in 1980 saw past pupils of those two dance halls, and their children, tap it out in style to the last beat of the last set dance. 'Twas as if one had turned to clock back . . . Should you happen to have seen the Stauntons, the Gradys, the Davitts, the O'Malleys, Needhams, Kilcoynes, Faddens, McNamaras, Frazers . . . in action in the half-parish or in Lecanvey's new social centre, you too would appreciate the legacy that Mickey and John have left us. Their two halls were cultural landmarks, and will always evoke the warmest memories.

Warm is the word. Many an emigrant who reads this will, perhaps, recall John Ted's cry above the music: "Anybody sweating?" when it was so obvious that there was nobody who *wasn't* sweating, and panting, too; too heavily to make a reply. After every dance, set or siege there was a regular exodus from the dancing area

— the gentlemen out into the night to cool off in the open air: the ladies to the powder-room to freshen-up and adjust a little for the next round, because ladies were kept really busy at these dances and the eccentric who invented *Unislim* and slimming tablets probably wasn't even born!

The "All Blacks" rugby team have often been greeted at the tunnel onto the grounds by an applauding guard of honour from the host team. But in Mullagh after the national anthem, the ladies leaving John Ted's hall were honoured by truly appreciative guard of honour of men who lined up to pay their respects. There is a certain magic even in the memory of it now.

It is of interest to compare the two proprietors: both had spent years overseas; both showed a sense of social responsibility; both had a genuine regard for youth and allowed for their pranks; both saw the need, and having seen it acted positively. And many genuine penniless patrons who got the nod to come in and dance can now affirm that the profit side of the business was far from a priority. They were gentlemen, were Mickey and John; and they were gentle men.

Summer 1980 saw a link with the Mickey Keane school when a former 'pupil' Mrs. Ward — formerly Kathleen Davitt — holidayed at home and up to a few hours of her plane's departure from Shannon for her new home in Florida, she sampled the rhythm and satisfaction of an old-time half-set on the floor of the Killeen hall. Indeed wherever a Louisburgh pair of feet springs onto a floor for a set there must always be a moment of tribute for the memory of the two men who ensured its survival in our area. Those who benefitted by their initiative will recall a happier time when nowadays they look around a modern dance-hall and see nobody sweating! Someone with deeper knowledge of the doings of these far-off days will, I hope, pen a more detailed account for them at a future date. Meantime I like to honour in our parish magazine the memory of those two men who, long before the advent of E.S.B. (or E.S.B. music!) brightened the social life in our parish when they came home to find it in the dark. May they enjoy everlasting light!

Main Street

Basil Morahan

FOOTBALL MEMORIES

My first introduction to the Gaelic Athletic Association came through the medium of a sponge ball when I was about twelve years old. Footballs were hard to come by in those days; and, by the same token, so were football fields. In our case the teams were two aside; and the players were Paddy, Willie and Tony McNamara and the present writer. (Sadly, some years ago and in the prime of his life, Tony died in Canada. God rest him!) Our Croke Park in those days was a hallowed spot called "Mack's Garden". There was, of course, no referee and so it is not surprising that on most occasions the game ended abruptly with one of the teams walking off the field. As there was no such thing as suspension, the decision was probably the lesser of two evils. Since we had no proper goalposts we made do with four coats or *gansies* as they were then called. (Nowadays, they have become sweaters") Our football boots were good *Times Test* or *Farmer's Friend* — two popular brands at the time; but as shin bones were pretty dependable there were no such things as shinguards. Neither were there dis-located ankles, knees, collar-bones, broken ribs or noses; and no cartilages or concussion. All these were invented in later times and are well-known complaints nowadays.

We later graduated to "Ruddy's Field" on Sunday afternoon where the "Big Lads" of the locality indulged in a general mêlée, and we got an odd "soft one" on the edge of the ruck that developed every time the new American football belonging to Mike Ruddy went to ground. I remember it was a great occasion when that new ball was first produced, and we *gasúrs*, used to vie with each other to see who would fetch it when it went over the fence into Pa Ruddy's field. As time passed and our skills increased we were initiated into the real action. The summons to battle was generally heralded by the *Buailim ort!* of one self-appointed captain and the *Tigim leat!* of the leader of the opposition. Immediately then the battle was joined. There was no referee, so one had to be endowed with fortitude to survive; and like the Greeks of old you came home "with your shield, or upon it". Alas! the contestants are now scattered to the four winds although

some of them are still in the locality, and there are no games now in "Ruddy's Field" or in "Mack's Garden". It was there we were gradually educated to be good losers; and some of us have had plenty of practice at it ever since!

Bennett's Field, and later Heneghan's Field, was the Mecca for local GAA men when deadly rivals, Murrisk or Westport came to pay their respects to the Louisburgh Junior team; and if the entertainment on the field was not always of the classic variety, there was no lack of excitement on the sideline. Apart from those mentioned, some other famous clubs of the day were annual visitors, such as: Manulla Rock Tigers, Ballybourke, Islandeady, Derry Croaghpatrick's, Kilmeena and Newport. The first Louisburgh colours I can remember were a green jersey with a white sash; later the team wore black with a red band, and later still blue with a yellow sash. The first local heroes I can remember were Johnny Boyle and Austie ("Soldier") O'Malley. In later years some splendid footballers, many of them of county standard, wore the Louisburgh colours: the late Austie O'Toole, Dick and Dr. Bill O'Toole, Matt and John McEvelly, Austie Lyons, Mick O'Malley (Askelane), Andy McHale, Austie Keane, the Staunton brothers — Joe, Paddy and Dr. Tom (Lecanvey); Paddy Gannon (Lecanvey), the three Gardaí: Joe Small, Joe Farrell and Pat Fallon; Broddie McCabe (Clare Island), Paddy Golden (Clare Island, now in Castlebar), Liam Hastings (Derrymore), Eddie O'Malley, Mike Gibbons, Séamus Durkan, the Lyons brothers, the Prendergasts, Frank Grady, "Gussie" O'Malley, Oliver P. and Leo Morahan, Lorcan Geoghegan, Willie McNamara, the Morrisons; and, of course, the late Tommy Durkan, sometime goalman and the greatest motivator of local GAA youth in that era. I have always felt that the Louisburgh team of those days — the late thirties and the forties — was the best ever to represent the parish, even though they did not win the county title until the 1950 final which they won in early 1951.

But I have traversed the years too quickly. I first became aware that there was such a serious thing as an All-Ireland Championship in existence, in 1934 when I went to Saint Jarlath's. That September we tasted the pleasure of a free day with the compliments of the victorious Galway team of that year. How all of us envied those heroes of the maroon-and-white! and how we remembered the pain when the Galway boys reminded us of Mayo's fate earlier that summer! Nevertheless, I remember the thrill I experienced when I was able to touch the Sam Maguire Cup for the first time; and how,

after looking to see that there was no Galway boy within hearing distance, I expressed the hope that next year there would be green-and-red ribbons on it. Nineteen-thirty-five came, and sure enough Mayo dethroned Galway in the Connacht final and were due to meet Kildare in the semi-final. The thought of travelling one-hundred-and-seventy-five miles to see it was only a dream; but I well remember leaning over the Bridge in Louisburgh on a Sunday in August, watching "Pa" practising the art of fishing without a fishing-rod, when a local football fan came along and said that Cavan had just beaten Tipp by a last-minute, Jim Smith goal in the other semi-final. "I heard it on the wireless in Durkan's", said the man. As the Mayo-Kildare semi-final was due on the following Sunday, I was seated in "Michael Tom's" kitchen in good time. As on many future occasions in that homely establishment (which I would later regard as my second home) there was a capacity attendance. Those who can recall the prophecies that Mayo were home and dried for the All-Ireland will remember the shock that Tom Keogh's two goals in the first five minutes administered to us all. Mayo never recovered the leeway and lost by 2-6 to 0-7. With a return to Jarlath's due in September the only consolation left was that "we had beaten Galway, anyway".

The year 1936 saw Mayo win the Connacht final against Galway and the semi-final against Kerry, and we went back to school in September with high hopes and tongues in cheek until we had beaten Laois at least. That was a day to remember as we assembled in the large study-hall for the annual privilege of "listening-in" to the final. Things were looking very rosy at half-time when Mayo led by 2-6 to a few points. Just the same, we kept our enthusiasm in check in spite of Frank Kinlough's assurances that "it was in the bag". The same Frank, by the way, was to win All-Ireland medals with Roscommon in 1943 and 1944. It is now history that Mayo won the 1936 final by 4-11 to 0-5; and though the victory was suitably celebrated the following day with a free day, I somehow cannot recall "Sam" joining our celebrations. Those were great days, and the enthusiasm which that 1936 victory kindled in us became a flame when one of my classmates, Seán Flanagan, led Mayo to victory in the finals of 1950 and 1951. Sadly, no Mayoman has, in senior grade repeated the performance. The embers remain, however, waiting to be fanned once more by some giant in green-and-red. God send him on a hare's back!

Castlebar

Johnny Mulvey

One Irish visitor found it 'easier to pass a camel through the eye of a needle' than obtain —

THE GREEN CARD

"Home of the brave and land of the free" sounds so attractive. Unfortunately these days, it's not all that easy to move there. Gone are the coffin-ships and Ellis Island, but gone also is easy entry into the United States of America. Sometimes I wonder what they are protecting themselves from: we aren't all that bad!

It all began because I came here on an exchange visa and decided it would be fun to stay. It so happened that at a Thanksgiving party I met a fellow foreigner, who had embarked upon the rocky road to a Green Card, and we discussed my chances of ever getting one. What he omitted to tell me at the time was that two years later, he was no nearer to his goal.

Let me digress briefly to let you into the secrets of the Green Card. First of all, it's *white*. That should give you a hint of things to come. Getting one is not an easy task, but the rewards are great, for with one, you can stay and do everything that a real American does (chew gum, wear cowboy boots with impunity, etc.) short of voting; and who would want to vote in a country where the Republican Party isn't even republican? I was told a few easy tricks: join the armed forces; be born here (too late), be born of American parents in Ireland (much too late), marry an American (well . . .) and live together for two years at least (impossible), and some others which are better not transcribed. None of these was guaranteed either, so I applied maximum strategy (and cost) and got myself a lawyer.

Terry was rotund, Jewish; smoked a cigar, had his office in a high-rise building in Chicago, and looked much more like a private-eye than a respectable member of the bar. I paid forty dollars just to say hello to him, but the parking was almost that expensive too. Thinking to save money, I drove a few miles along the street on which his office was located, and came to a neighbourhood where basically they had given up. The road ended more or less abruptly in Lake Michigan, and I suspected my car might end up there too if I left it unattended; so I drove back and parked right outside the high-rise.

The process of obtaining a Green Card is thoroughly legitimate: a lawyer just helps you wade through the myriad of forms, Departments of Labour, Justice, and State, and for their services charge fourteen hundred dollars plus expenses. Still, it's cheap for a future, I suppose.

The first six months after consulting Terry, I did nothing; neither did he. Oh, there was advertising my job to see if any American citizen wanted it. None did, so I was "certified". Granted, I made sure the advertisement read well: ". . . five feet, two inches, blonde hair", no, not that specific! Actually, that stage of the proceeding is the most traumatic, for if anyone does qualify, not alone are you out of a job, but also out of the country, your application automatically forfeit.

Then came the serum test, the chest x-rays, the psychiatric examination and the fingerprints. By the way, they don't take fingerprints on weekends, or at least not in my local. And for once in your life there is an advantage in being a felon: you get free fingerprints, otherwise it's three-dollars-fifty, thank you. Once, in the midst of this treasure hunt to accumulate the correct number and type of papers, I had to go to the Immigration Office in Milwaukee; just to ask a question, mind you, but they are not very informative over the phone. I suppose they're not used to conversing with anyone in English. It happened to coincide with the Iranian hostage crisis, and the waiting room, built to accommodate maybe twenty-people, was literally bursting. Every Iranian there seemed to have brought the whole family, and the man beside me muttered something like: "You're not one of *them*, are you", to my astonished blonde-haired, winter-pale face. We took numbers, as if waiting at the deli counter of a supermarket, except that these numbers never seemed to move. Several hours later, I heard my question answered to another person, so I sighed and left. I wonder did they ever get to my number!

Finally the day arrived for my interview. It was delayed for a couple of weeks while I telephoned home frantically for a birth certificate, and I know they cannot read Gaelic. But third preferences were still open when it arrived. Ireland had not yet filled its quota, and everything seemed to be in order, so my lawyer and I appeared before the Immigration authorities and I was provisionally accepted. He bought me lunch afterwards to celebrate, and didn't even bother to charge me "expenses" for it. Despite all the hassels, it *did* feel worthwhile. Mind you, now the FBI or CIA or MAFLA or someone like that checks out my fingerprints to see if I was ever in the

Baader-Meinhof or the like, but I'm feeling pretty confident.

Three months later Well, I've got it at last! Actually, that's not quite true. I've got a piece of paper that tells me that the Green Card is on the way, with estimated delivery time three to six months. In five years time I can become a citizen and vote. I must admit however, that besides not wanting to, I'd be afraid to give up my *other* green card. If I ever change my mind, it might take years to become Irish again!

Middelton, Wisconsin

Mary Behan

Remembering Sion . . .

I remember a man named John Fitzgibbon who worked with me on *The Leader* in San Francisco in 1905-'6. He told me that as a boy he came often from his native Claremorris to Louisburgh to visit his uncle who was working on the building of Louisburgh Church.

— Collected from John O'Dowd (R.I.P.) Falduff, in 1953

Books of Louisburgh interest

Readers have kindly forwarded the following information which will interest anyone interested in the history of the parish and area:

Ireland: Its scenery and character by Mr. S. C. Hall, London 1853
A Visit to Donegal and Connaught in the Spring of 1880, by James H. Tuke, London 1880

Lights and Shades of Ireland, by Asenath Nicholson, London 1850

Under Croagh Patrick: by Mrs. William O'Brien, London 1904

(This was also published in French "A pied du Croagh Patrick")

Twenty Years in the Wild West by Mrs. Boswell Houston

Missions in Ireland by *The Irish Fathers of Charity* (Cork)

Travels in Ireland by Thomas Reid of London 1823 (National Library No. J9141 P3416)

"GOD'S OWN COUNTRY"

I looked at my wife and said, "What will we do?" Just a few weeks before our proposed farmhouse holiday near Lough Talt in Sligo. The people regretted, but they couldn't let us have the house after all. Next year perhaps

It is never easy to take small children on holiday, but when hotels won't have them ("the other guests complain"); when houses can't be rented ("the last family did a lot of damage and I said I wouldn't have children again"), — you feel like giving up. "No problem", said Peter Moran on long-distance telephone, "I've no objection to children. Paddy will look after everything". Just a fortnight later, we arrived in Falduff after an exhausting journey. Could it be otherwise, with Mum and Dad and five children ranging from 3¼ to 3¾, a dog, luggage for a fortnight, a canoe on top (no trailer) in an Austin A40? Within a few days, we were certain: Falduff, Old Head, Carrowmore, Doughmakeon, even in the rain; Doolough, Shrawee, Cregganbawn, even with clouds of midges, this was it! Paddy and his wonderful wife and family did look after us! Too soon, it was over.

July 1974 found us back at Falduff. There was terrible rain that year. Did you ever see the Bunowen so angry before? Many hadn't. Dodging the rain, we drove. We were beginning to doubt the existence of the ring-fort at Durless when Mary Agnes Breen offered to show us the place. When we were leaving, our new friend offered us a puppy. We accepted. It was the first of many kindnesses she and Mary Ann Kendrigan were to do us.

For two years, Summer, late Autumn and Easter, we camped at Mary Ann's. We crossed the Mám more than once. The scenery was (still is!) breathtaking. So was the hospitality of our friends Mick and Annie Heraty and family of Drummin. We had stopped to ask the way and ended up eating soda bread and drinking strong tea in their cosy kitchen. Not for the last time, either: great folk.

A fine day. There would be good canoeing in the surf at Doughmakeon. The day we were to meet John O'Toole of "our

village”, John and Michael Tiernan and family of “the Dumhach”, the McGreals and Johnnie Tiernan (Michael), our very good friend.

It all happened very suddenly. Johnnie and I came to terms on the Foy house. There it was. Imagine it: thirteen years vacant; windowless, forlorn in the rain. It was Joan who saw its potential.

Our second home. In the middle of “God’s own country”, as I’ve called it ever since. Halfway between the lower and middle village, we just stood there and gazed. Take it from me, the finest view in all Ireland, all three-hundred-and-sixty degrees of it: Achill, Clare Island, Corraun, Askillaun, the Reek, Furmoyle, the Sheffreys, Mweelrea, the Galway coast, Innisturk, Caher Island. I think I know how you emigrant readers feel as you “see” the view, you remember so well and miss so much.

Ní bheathaíonn na briathra na bráithre. Ní dheisióinn na radharcanna seanteach, ach an oiread!

There may be those who acquire holiday homes “at the drop of a hat”, with hardly a thought; those who can employ tradesmen to do all the work for them. With us it was different: hard work that was a lot of fun. There were new skills to be learnt. The interior doors were gone and the gaps piled with stones. I had to make new doors. I bought windows in a Dublin scrapyard and fitted them; had to make new front and back doors, a three-bar gate for the top of the “street”, a fence to keep out stray cattle and sheep. The chimney was closed. I had to build a new one. All internal plaster had to be stripped back to stone. That’s how we met Dr. McHugh for the first time: falling plaster opened a cut on the head of our eldest boy which the good doctor expertly stitched. Re-plastering was the next problem. Willie Mike O’Malley patiently explained why he didn’t stock cement any more. “Sorry, Kelly’s or Mulloy’s” Lime? “Morrison’s of Killadoon, maybe”. Sand? “Yes, that would be Johnnie Scanlon”. When the sand was delivered, it suddenly hit us - how do you mix cement without water?! One of the ironies of Doughmakeon, a waterless village except for James Tiernan’s well, is that it is next-door to Ceathrú an Uisce, the watery one! Nothing for it but Jack Bennett! Jack came very willingly and, just like that, found water. Now why didn’t the old people think of it? Next we met Tim and Nuala Kitterick. Would Tim be interested in coming with his digger? “Out of order”. Enter John Foy. Well, he’d try but he hadn’t the right digger. He did a deal of work, but Michael Grady’s longer boom was needed to finish the excavation. At last, a strong trickle through the dobe. Well-liners? “Yes, Tommy Harney would help”. Next day,

they arrived. Three thirty-six-inch pipes from Castlebar. The neighbours rallied round: Tiernans, Corrigans, O’Tooles, long ropes, muscle. “Easy! easy! It’s there” Cups of tea all round. Good neighbours! The well has been wonderful: two-hundred-and-ninety-five gallons of water just ten paces from the front door. One of the children dropped a big bar of soap into it and we had to empty it by the bucketful! The plaster was soon up; Mary Ann, Johnnie Walsh, my two oldest and myself. Then there were the repairs on the roof, thatching, fencing, draining. See Seán McGuinness at Doolough Forest about poles, Tommy John (O’Malley) about building blocks, John Joyce about a black kettle for the fire, Johnnie about a crane to hang it on, Michael Sammin about a turf basket of sally rods for the fireside. Johnny Gibbons about a few slates, Joe Gavin about a digger, and so on. We have friends in all the villages, Cross, Roonagh, Roonith, Killadoon, Thallabawn will they forgive us if we don’t name them all?

Jimmy Burke came aound. He told us all he could of the history of the house, the half-loft that used to be in it, the neighbours round the fire, the storytelling. John O’Donnell filled in the gaps. Willie Ferrins did his bit, too. The Hesters said that before Foy’s it was McNamaras, before McNamaras it was O’Malleys, Mary O’Malley of Shraugh confirmed that her grandmother lived in the house. That made the house almost two hundred years old. We had noticed that the roof had been raised twice since the original building. Down came the broken and rusty old iron gutters. Up went “Wavin”. Whiten interior walls, paint woodwork in and out. Pull out the cupboard that had replaced the original “hag” or “collach” (*cailleach*, of course, in Irish.) Burn it all but the doors and use them to restore the “hag” or bed beside the fire to the pattern of the old hag bed, kindly given to us out of his old house by Willie Mayberry. Pádraig Colum in his poem, *An Old Woman of the Roads*, makes the old lady to long for “A dresser filled with shining delph, speckled and white and blue and brown”. We wanted the same. Mary Ann to the rescue: dresser located at Kilsallagh and a deal happily done. The “speckled delph” was picked up in Castlebar; a table and chair or two from Katie Scahill at Mullagh. One thing the Old Woman of the Roads didn’t have — or seem to want — was a donkey. You never know; if we were to rent a bit of bog, we’d need the ass to carry turf and in the meantime, sure, the children will get great crack out of him. Maybe, even the committee might decide to include a donkey event in the Doughmackeon or the Killadoon races! A great deal of

this is nonsense; the plain fact is we wanted at the time when nobody else seemed to; and we like to think we saved one from the dogmeat factory. He has the name *Seisean* (Himself)! A dresser from the Bennett's old house, two cupboards from a friend in Achill. Taking shape now. Two of the rooms had no ceilings. One tongue-and-groove. It took a day and a half. The other wallboard: two days. Joan was busy too. She dreamed-up all kinds of good ideas; painted, made curtains. Then one day Mrs. Foy, Peg and children came to see how we were getting on. They were surprised!

We did a lot of walking between times and met a lot of people. Mary Gallagher at Thallabawn, James Corrigan at Shrahowee, Mrs. Kilcoyne at Cregganbawn, John, Mike and Mary Gavin of Doolough. Michael Kelly had to pull the car out of a ditch for us with his tractor and very nice he was about it, too. Then there was Charlie and Mrs. Prendergast who advised us about the well; and our good friends, Austie O'Malley and family. So many downright funny memories; so many minor emergencies.

Shopping is a pleasant experience round about. We count amongst our friends Ellie and Maggy (Carrowniskey), Séamus and Ita Durkan, Joe and Bríd Staunton, John Joe Morrison, Maura Higgins, the Philbins, all concerned at Tommy Mac's, Oliver and Siobhán Harney, the Duffys. A visit to Maggie and Michael J. at the Carrowniskey shop is always a joy. We have a groove worn in the path to Carrowniskey Post Office. We do not forget Francie O'Malley and his pleasant calls with the travelling shop. We are well known too at Morrison's and Kilcoyne's of Killadoon. The Lyons family have been great about the telephone and Rose's cheerful voice at the switchboard is always a tonic. Amongst our closest friends are the folk who made us welcome at "the Charismatic": Nuala Kitterick, Oliver and Patty Morahan, Clem Lyons, Eileen Ferrins, Kathleen Duffy, Una O'Malley, Michael J. (Prendergast), Brigid Ann O'Grady and others.

We never missed a Sunday at Saint Catherine's in Louisburgh. Our valued friend, Donald Wallace, made us welcome from the first. There we met the Bennetts, Lady Harmon and others from time to time. One of the high spots is to visit Tully Lodge, where our friend and brilliant conversationalist, Lady Harmon, always makes us welcome. At Saint Catherine's we have sensed the closeness of God and enjoyed worshipping the Lord.

Almost simultaneously, we were invited to join the water scheme and avail ourselves of the Rural Electrification Scheme. One

of our earliest experiences of "local shorthand": we were told we needed "P. J." No-one seemed to think it necessary to add "Sammin"! Like the time we needed rubber boots and were told to see "Michael J."! James McNally was very helpful. No problem. Now we have water on tap (I had to learn plumbing), and good water it is. But I still prefer tea made on well-water!

Johnnie, Nora and family with James Tiernan have been the best of neighbours, without whose kindness and help it would all have been so very much more trouble. The cheery fires they light when we're expected mean a lot. Now that our "little grey home in the West" is a reality, with the bulk of the work done, we look forward to many happy years of relaxation amongst the friends we have made, and hope to make yet in "God's own country."

Blackrock, Dublin

Roy Rehu



"A home of our own — in God's own country"

KEEP YOUR WORD!

“Sorry?”; “Oh high!”; “Hopefully!”; “Sorree?” Modern conversation becomes more plastic yearly. And what is more frustrating is that the idea seems to gain ground among ordinary people that unless one uses these latch-words one is somehow second-rate. Readers of this magazine over the past twenty-one years are familiar with our attempt to halt this inane trend. If we must use clichés let us use our own original ones! The following words are basically Irish but are in use in the English spoken in the parish. You can check on how native you have remained by choosing in each case the meaning nearest to the word in the question.

1. *Báinín* (bawn-yeen) — (a) a species of shellfish; (b) a fair-haired child; (c) home-made woollens; (d) a fit of temper
2. *Bosach* (bossuch) — (a) a bribe; (b) part of a hurling stick; (c) flat-footed; (d) authoritative or demanding
3. *Cab* (kobb) — (a) a net; (b) the lid of a kettle; (c) a person's mouth; (d) a distaff for holding spun yarn
4. *Cíib* (keeb) — (a) mountain sedge; (b) a woman's hair comb; (c) a shower of rain; (d) a disease in sheep
5. *Fadharcán* (for-kan) — (a) inflammable bog-deal; (b) wild-fire; (c) a corn; (d) a boil
6. *Féirín* (fair-yeen) — (a) a thumb-súgán; (b) a leipreachán; (c) a cock-shot; (d) a present
7. *Gráinneog* (graw-in-yogue) — (a) freshly threshed wheat; (b) a drink; (c) a hedgehog; (d) a grand-aunt
8. *Geamp* (gyamp) — (a) a jagged cut; (b) a kind of deportment; (c) a sandwich; (d) a yearling filly
9. *Gám* (gomm) — (a) “Go away!”; (b) an idiot; (c) a clutching hold of something; (d) a fistful
10. *Lampaire* (lom-pur-ye) — (a) a stable-stamp; (b) a load of seaweed; (c) a fat child; (d) a lame person
11. *Mogall* (mugg-el) — (a) messing; (b) meshing; (c) murmuring; (d) an old Irish coin
12. *Mí-ádh* (mee-awe) — (a) misfortunate; (b) family trouble; (c) an old-time headgear for women; (d) a middle-man
13. *Meitheal* (mah-ul) — (a) hay-fever; (b) a disapproving shout at football; (c) voluntary community help; (d) a musical grace-note
14. *Staic* (sthack) — (a) a traditional dance; (b) a sulk; (c) a huge collection of money; (d) a stammer
15. *Smig* (smigg) — (a) a quick drink from a bottle; (b) a mocking leer; (c) a middle-sized osier basket; (d) the human chin

Answers are on page 89.

OUR PAST: This issue has an embarrassment of history and folklore — which is basic material for a parish publication. The following essays are grouped in probable chronological order :

ALTHORE

The following essay, presented for publication by a fifteen-year-old girl who is a native of Althore, portrays not only the sketchy traditions regarding the local well and grave, but more so the young writer's pride in, and loyalty to, her village and people. Her essay is reproduced with a very minimum of editing so as to preserve the rich sense of family tradition and vivid descriptive phraseology which we think will awaken echoes for many readers.

— Editor

As far as my grandfather knows, the history of the blessed well at Althore goes back 3,500 years. In former times it was said that Mass was celebrated there, the reason being that the English authorities threatened to behead any priest found saying Mass in a church or public place and many priests said Mass in the hills. Later they found out about this well and so priests came here and Mass was said for the people of the surrounding place. Thus it became known as a blessed well.

In the well there was a small trout, When people came to do stations for the sick the trout had a very special purpose. The station was begun by walking around the well fourteen times and then the pilgrim crossed the road to the small quarry. Near here also, was a small well and the station ended there, in our land behind the house. During the station if the trout came up for a minute, that was a sign that the sick person would live. On the other hand if the trout came and turned on its back, that was a sign that the sick person would soon die. When people saw this sign they would return home without finishing the station. From then on and even to the present day, the main day for people to come is the fifteenth of August. They came from far and near, but today people tend to think of it as a monument rather than a blessed place.

In this present time both my parents and my grandfather can remember two incidents concerning the disappearance of the water and the trout; and this is for a fact true. About forty-five years ago a neighbour dug mud and scraws from near the well thinking that it was no harm; but when it was dug a short while the water, trout and

the lovely silk moss which had surrounded it had disappeared. From that day to this it has never returned. On another occasion two neighbours from the same village dug from beside the well a scraw to make a cleve. That night the people in both houses couldn't sleep but they kept hearing a noise like a bell ringing. Next morning when both households met, each had the same story about the previous night. They returned the scraw that moment, before breakfast, as they were afraid of some other misfortune to happen. It was remarkable that the scraw had grown back within two days. Some people began to do stations for their cattle. The priest found this out and gave a sermon about it, forbidding people to do it again.

About fifty years ago my Uncle Martin and a Needham lad were sitting near the quarry around Mass time and they heard a bell ringing which they said came from the blessed well. They told the local priest but he paid no attention to them. A local man who had been in America returned here and wanted the priest — Father Burke — to erect a statue there and everyone would pay so much towards the cost. He enquired if anything had been done about it previous to him. When he heard that nothing had been, he said that he'd have absolutely nothing to do with it. This present day there is a cross inscribed on the top of the rock and there are letters inscribed as well which look like E O N.

My great-grandmother was at Mass in Drummin one Sunday. The priest's sermon was about the "Blessed Well in Althore" and he said that it was as good as Lourdes or Knock to go to if you had a proper intention. He also told them that there was a book published — a Catholic one — and it had a small article about the blessed well and called our village the "Holy Land of Althore". The land on which the well is situated belongs to three families: Needhams, Jennings and our family.

Not many people come to the well nowadays to pray at it but thousands come during each year to take photographs of it, especially in the summer-time. It is referred to as a 'gallery grave'. The grave was associated with the well long ago as well. My grandfather has it from his parents that a priest was killed there and that his body has been buried beneath where the blessed well now is. But it is truly remarkable because no number of men could have raised the top flag up on top of the other upright stones. There are some briars growing there now but you can go into it still.

The local people believe in it very much, one of the reasons being that our grandparents saw the trout for themselves; and the main



Able teacher and apt pupil — Mary Teresa Armstrong with her grandfather

reason is that they saw a miracle performed at it. This is definitely true because it was my grandmother who did the station. There was a Miss Mary Jennings who was very ill in America: she had three operations: none was a success and she was given a certain length of time to live. A relation of Mary knew about the blessed well as they were both natives of Althore, but had gone to America for work. Word was sent to my grandmother asking her to perform a station for the benefit of Miss Jennings. She did this and welcome; and with great joy returned home because the fish had come up and down quickly. She also sent a small piece of the moss over to her. When this moss was applied to Miss Jennings (on her side) she immediately got better and never suffered from that illness again.

Some of the information has come from my parents, but mostly from my grandfather, who remembers most, because he is going on for ninety years old. As I live so near to this blessed well, I find all this information very interesting and I am glad to know all I can about it.

Althore

Mary Treasa Armstrong

Forever researching, a scholar and historian turns his mind and pen to —

FORTS AND THINGS

A glance at local forts may be of interest. They deserve some notice if only because they are so numerous from Croagh Patrick to the Killery.

Often only the outline of the strong containing wall is now visible on the ground; the timber has rotted and the sods and stones have collapsed. Sometimes there is no trace on the spot; only the name *cathair* (or *caithrín*), *lios* (*leisín* or *liosachán*) remains to show there was once a fort on that ground. Some are a few miles inland, some by the sea. The boundary wall was almost always in ring form. The names *cathair* and *lios* seem to have been interchangeable here. So one would gather from a stern command by the defender of the fort to the local farmer who had entered to cut grass — “A Bhriain, fág a’ lios!” though the fort in question was usually called *cathair*. The names containing *Dún* are south of Killeen. Why there and none elsewhere I cannot guess. But one thing they all had in common — their association with fairies. Many will know how or have heard of *Dún* in Dooaghtry. It was here that “Hearty Talaimh Bháin” returning late at night heard the fairy music and thought pity to let it go to waste. So he “struck a foot on it” and danced till daybreak when he collapsed. Later he struggled home but was never the same man again.

In my own time a young man saw a white cow grazing by that same *dún* at a time when no one in the area kept a white beast. You must note that white cows were fairy cows — in the very old tales “white cows with red ears!” Inishbofinn is, of course, named after a white (fairy) cow.

Another common theory was that the forts had been built by the Danes and were connected by underground passages. I feel there was little faith in this; that it was just a subject for conversation in dull times.

But no one in my youth seemed to know that they were really the sites of farmers’ dwellings in olden days. And that inside that big

protecting wall he brought his animals at night to save them from wolves and thieves. (Tully and Leachta each have a Creagán a’ Mhadralla meaning The Wolf’s hillock.) How old are the forts? Anything from a few hundred years to a few thousand. Only expert excavation and assessment can establish this and not one fort in our district has been so treated.

But Caiseal in Goirtín may be taken as Christian (castellum). Its position quite near the ancient Kilgeever Church may be significant. It is the one example I know here.

What of Rath, the generic name for fort through the country generally? Not one have I met and this is surely astonishing. I wonder does anyone know of such?

The fort in Scahill’s land in Durless has a souterrain and is well worth a visit.

Cathair Gorún in Coillín seems to contain the word Garrán, a wood, the only instance I know, though indeed we had goráns for stumps and wattles of bushes.

What Cathair Lán in Devlin North means I cannot say. But I regret to see its great boundary wall has suffered since my day.

In Corragán the name Cathair Gortnáin on the Ordnance Survey (1838) did not survive till my time. We knew it as the Big Caithrín. But the name Tobar Gortnáin, a stone-throw away, survived because the blessed well was still in use up to the early years of this century. Gortnán was a man’s name.

A little further south was Cathair a’ Bhile in Dádreen. Bile usually means a great tree or a sacred tree. The only ‘tree’ there in my memory was a lone Whitethorn by the boundary. Outside the fort but close by was the large cross-inscribed standing-stone facing west.

It is said that in olden times there were in a fort in Dádreen two round white stones resting on an “altar.” If they were removed “even if they were locked in the chest” they would be back on the “altar” in the morning. They were called “the Bráithrí.”

It is hard to know how to take this name or whether it is related to the name of the Townland. It looks a good puzzle for “the long nights after Samhain.”

We must not forget the most important Cathair of all, Cathair Phádraic in Cahir Island. What was the name of the island before Patrick? I don’t know and I don’t know any one who does. If you look at page one hundred and twenty four, Micheál Mhac Suibhne agus Filidh an tSléibhe (1933) you may read —

Oileán-dá-Chruinne, nó Cathair (na Naomh). No indication is

given as to when the name was in use or what it means but it does refer to the same island.

In a Dictionary I see —

Cruinne Roundness

Cruinne cloch duirlinge, the roundness of shore pebbles. A further complexity arises from the meaning some take from 'dá' in certain ancient names, 'god' — heathen god, that is, usually the Sun-god in some aspect. Either way it may suggest that Patrick had urgent business in Oileán-dá-Chruinne. To suppress a pagan sanctuary?

Cluain Cearbán

Dáithí Mag Réill

FATHER PATRICK GIBBONS

Parish Priest of Kilgeever 1813—1841

It is unfortunate that one of the more active priests in Kilgeever Parish in the last century has often been neglected. Father Patrick Gibbons, priest in Kilgeever from 1813 till his death in 1841, led his parishioners through some very difficult times during this period in Kilgeever Parish. This active clergyman helped the parishioners in several different ways. During times of starvation it was Father Gibbons who was actively seeking funds from the government to help to feed his parishioners. When Daniel O'Connell formed the Catholic Association in his drive to remove the last of the penal laws that discriminated against Catholics, it was Father Gibbons who organized the people of his parish to support the cause. In 1832 when the National School System was established, it was Father Gibbons who first sought the available funds from the Commissioners of National Education help to maintain to schools that were already in existence in Kilgeever Parish since at least 1822. All this, and more, evidence leads towards the conclusion that Father Gibbons must have had a tremendous influence on the people of Kilgeever Parish.

The early years of Father Gibbons' ministry in Kilgeever were particularly hard ones for the parish, and poverty and distress were widespread. He approached the problem with his usual vitality. Two references to his efforts to relieve distress in the parish are documented: In May 31, 1822 and June 1, 1822 he is listed in *The*

Freeman's Journal (the largest newspaper in Ireland during this period) among a number of other clergymen in the country who were helping to distribute relief funds. In *The Freeman's Journal* of June 13, 1835 the statement made by Father Gibbons before the Mayo Central Committee in Castlebar indicates his deep concern for his parishioners. This committee collected evidence also from other individuals from Mayo who were concerned about the distress in their parishes. Reporting on Father Gibbons' statement, *The Freeman's Journal* said:

"Reverend Mr. Gibbons stated the population of his parish (Kilgeever) at nine thousand. The Crop failed there last year owing to the rotting of the seed and to harsh winds. Two-thousand-five-hundred are now in distress. About one half of those may struggle through summer if they sell their few head of cattle to procure provisions, but the rest have no resource. The Reverend Potter the Protestant Clergyman has already endeavoured to call attention to this parish but hitherto without effect."

The Catholic Association was founded in Dublin in 1823 by Daniel O'Connell to help to free the Irish Catholics. Most of the early membership was composed of people who lived in Dublin. Partly to help in financing this effort, O'Connell devised a programme by which every adult could become an associate member through payment of one penny a month. The collection of this money, call the rent, was largely organized through the Catholic Clergy. *The Freeman's Journal* was very much in sympathy with the ideals of this association and would from time to time publish lists of those people and parishes who have contributed towards this association. This newspaper often published letters sent to the Catholic Association. One such letter, sent by Father Gibbons, was published in *The Freeman's Journal* of February 10, 1825.

Louisburgh, Westport 2nd February, 1825

Sir — I have the honor of sending you the signatures of my parishioners which would have been more numerous were we not limited as to time, and being anxious to forward them according to the wishes of the Association, as appeared by the advertisement in the newspapers.

This month's rent of my poor parish will reach you by the next post, through trifling, I hope to be enabled to keep it up regularly every month; at the same time that I have sixteen schools in my parish nearly three years back, supported by the poor people at the rate of from 5d to 2s. 6 d per quarter from each family. In these schools are educated from eleven to thirteen hundred children.

P. Gibbons, P.P., Kilgeever

"This month's rent of my poor parish" referred to in the letter was reported in *The Freeman's Journal* of March 19, 1825 (along with a list

of other contributors) and it showed that Father Gibbons had collected a total of £4, 3 shillings, 4 pence that previous month.

Father Gibbons also supported the fund established by the Association to compensate Eneas McDonnell. Born in Westport, Eneas McDonnell was the London Parliamentary Agent of the Catholic Association who was imprisoned in Kilmainham gaol in 1828 for a short time. Those who contributed to this fund were listed in *The Freeman's Journal* of April 5, 1828 and the contributions of Father Gibbons and his parishioners are mentioned:

"Per the Most Reverend Doctor Kelly, from the Reverend Pat Gibbons, P.P., Kilgeever — £4
From his curates McHugh and Ward, £1 each = £2
From his Parishioners of Kilgeever — £7, 2 shillings"

All this points to the deep involvement of Father Gibbons and his parishioners in the important national issues of the day.

Within the parish itself he displayed the same energetic concern. Before the existence of the National School system, it was the Kildare Place Society that provided funds for schools. In connection with this society (which in turn had received much of its funds in the form of grants from the British Parliament) Father Gibbons built schools in Louisburgh, Derralahan, Fallduff, Ballyhip, Glencheen, Bundorragha, Carramore, Askalane, Aughaney, Doughmacowen, Knockeen, Cloonlara, Devlin, and Kinnakillew. In 1832 when the National School system was established, he sought funds to maintain schools in Cloonlaur, Devlin, Derryheegagh, Fallduff, Kinnakillew, Louisburgh and Tully. The original applications for funds for these schools are in the Public Records Office in Dublin. Father Gibbons was manager of these schools until 1839, when, in consequence of Archbishop McHale's opposition to the National School, he closed down all the National Schools in his Diocese. It wasn't until 1847 that a second group of schools was built under the managership of George Hildebrand.

Father Gibbons died in Louisburgh on June 5, 1841 at the age of fifty-eight. His obituary in *The Freeman's Journal* of June 11, 1841 indicates the warm regard that was felt for him in Kilgeever Parish and beyond.

. . . Since the year 1813, the date of his incumbency, he resided constantly among his parishioners, completed three chapels, besides erecting four well-built and

capacious school houses, during the seasons of periodic distress and in aid of private and family want. His soothing charities and endearing acts of hospitality will be long remembered . . .

His obituary also stated the vast and distinguished crowd that attended his funeral, among whom was Doctor McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, whose participation in the funeral indicates Father Gibbons' great standing in the Diocese.

Bray

Thomas McNally

In 1835 a Royal Commission reported on the state of the—

POORER CLASSES

Persons who attended the meeting of the commission were:

John Barns, cottier, holds two and a half acres. — John Cox, farmer, holding eight acres. — James Frehill, cottier, holds one acre. — James Gallagher, farmer, holds seven acres. — Rev. Mr. Gibbons, roman-catholic rector. — Mr. Austin Gibbons, assistant to Mr. Durkin, apothecary. — Miles Joyce, cottier, holds one and a half acres. — Pat Mally, an old man past his labour, did hold two acres. — Roger M'Donogh, cottier, holds two and a half acres. — Pat M'Donnell, farmer, holding eight acres. — William M'Evily, farmer, five acres. — Rev. Mr. Potter, protestant curate. — Mr. Reed, land-steward to Marquis of Sligo, the principal proprietor of the parish.

In the whole of this parish, containing a population of above eleven thousand, there is no class of independent labourers, no employers of labour. The land is cut up into so many small holdings, that Mr. Reid says, "There are scarcely a dozen farmers in the whole parish occupying as much as ten acres of good arable land." All the witnesses agree that a man can scarcely procure thirty days' labour through the entire year, that no man can support himself without land, and that any man with a family, holding less than two acres at a moderate rent, must, at one time or other of the year, apply for support to the charity of the neighbours.

The nominal rate of wages is 6 *d.* and 8 *d.* without food; persons well able to pay for it, as the clergymen of the parish, will not get a day's labour for less; but Mr. Gibbons says, "For any person that need not be ashamed to make a bargain with them, they will work for much lower wages. I knew a man having a cabin, four miles distant, come in and work last spring in this little town for 2 *d.* a day and his

food, he was a good labourer; when I reproached his employer with taking his labour at so low a price, he boasted he could get another to work for 1½ *d.*, and I believe he could."

It is much more common to exchange labour than to hire it, the farmers being all persons who labour themselves. The witnesses all agreed, that distress has rapidly increased of late years among the small holders.

M'Donald says, "The old women can now give us no help, there is no employment for them. There is no price for our corn, while our rents are kept up as high as ever, or when a lease drops, are even raised." Rev. Mr. Gibbons says, "It is quite common with them to sell all their oats to meet the rent in harvest, when the prices are lowest, not being able to reserve even seed, which they buy in spring at double the price at which they sold it, and often upon credit; I have myself lent them money to pay an arrear of rent, or purchase seed for their ground; the only means they had of repaying me, was to hand me over a portion of their farm, which I allowed them to redeem, deducting the rent for the intermediate time; there are two of these persons present in the room."

M'Donnell says, "A neighbour of mine, holding three acres of land, when threatened with a distress for an arrear of rent, sold a rood of his ground for five years for forty *s.* (8 *s.* per annum) ready money, and now rented it from the person to whom he sold it, at 17 *s.* per annum."

Mr. Gibbons says, "I know holders, paying 3*l.*, 4*l.* and 5*l.* rent, to be destitute of clothes, as to be obliged, when going to market, to borrow a coat from one man, a trousers from another, and a waistcoat from a third; the person that looks decent in the market to-day you would take for a beggar if you met him at home, in his own rags, to-morrow."

M'Donnell says, "This day, I lent my coat to a neighbour taking his sack of oats to the market of Westport."

Rev. Mr. Gibbons says, "When I go to a village to hold a station, one man comes and confesses to me, and when he has done, goes out and lends his coat to his neighbour, that he may come in also; the very women do the same, and change not only their cloak, but their gown."

In connexion with the foregoing answers, Rev. Mr. Potter observes, "Say what you will, you cannot too highly colour the distress that prevails."

Pat M'Donnell living in the village of Cahir, containing forty-

two families; mentioned by name, to the satisfaction of the both clergymen, twelve families that are obliged to apply, at one season or other of the year, to the charity of their neighbour for support.

Roger M'Donogh similarly names ten in his village of Mooneen, containing thirty-seven families.

James Frehill names twenty-six in his village of Carramore, containing seventy-four families, and adds, "There are many more who want assistance nearly as much as them, but shame makes them hide their poverty."

M'Evily names ten in his village of Benown, containing thirty-nine families; all those named are mostly persons holding from a rood to an acre of land.

In each of the families that have been named, with the exception of some widows' families, the witnesses say, "There are men willing and able to earn their bread, if they had any one to employ them." Some of these beg throughout the year, some live on the private charity of their neighbours or relations, for four, three or two months of the year; a few get occasional assistance throughout the year; it is common with these last, when the neighbours are digging the potatoes, to apply for assistance from ridge to ridge, when they think little of helping them with a few stone. Most of the families named endeavour to have a stock of potatoes, that lasts them through the winter, which they have either from a small holding of their own or con-acre, the rent being paid by a pig. The relief they receive from their neighbours and relations, is by getting a stone or two of potatoes from one to-day and from another to-morrow.

M'Donnell says, "That these villages may be taken, on the whole, as fair instances of the condition of the parish. The last (Benown) is a favourable instance, as it is considered comparatively comfortable: Carramore is the reverse."

Miles Joyce says, "I am a labourer; I rent an acre and a half near the little town, at 40 *s.*, I have nine children, and am unable to support them, without either getting assistance from my neighbours for nothing, or borrowing from a friend, when neither of us can have much hope I ever can repay him."

Joyce is a stout, able labourer; as the other witnesses say, "He would work as much as two men."

Distress is comparatively unfelt until summer, when the potatoes run out; if the season be at all scarce, the small holders are then reduced to the great distress.

Gallagher says, "He knew a family this last summer (1834) to

have, during three days, but one substantial meal of potatoes;" he says, "They kept life in them by picking shellfish on the strand."

Cox says, "A neighbour of mine was reduced to great distress this summer; he was forced to send his family out of the parish to beg, while himself strove to struggle on at home; I knew him to live on one meal for two days: I tell you, as he told me, and I cannot disbelieve him, his case is too common; besides, I have reason to believe the same man lived on less in a former year."

In the failure of their potatoes these small holders are obliged to borrow meal at a great advance of price; it is borrowed in summer, the price to be paid at Christmas. M'Donogh knew meal to be selling in summer at 12 s. per cwt., when borrowers pass their notes payable at Christmas for 17 s. Henry Malley, a cottier, names four neighbours of his, who, at an earlier part of this summer, when meal was selling at 10 s., undertook to pay 18 s. certain, or the highest price it might reach in the mean time, at Christmas; he says, "They would promise any price rather than want it:" when at this advance of price, many who cannot give security for re-payment are unable to procure it. M'Donnell says, "Latterly, the small farmer cannot afford to keep over the meal, it is difficult to get it at any rate; I know many that would have promised 30 s. this summer, but could not get the meal. Their last resource is, either to beg (Burns and Gallagher mention several instances of this) or to dig their potatoes before they are half ripe; sometimes they go the best-looking stalks on the ridge, and root out the young potatoes with their fingers, then turn back the mould that they may injure the growth as little as possible." There were several small farmers and cottiers in the room, scarcely one of whom was not pressing on us some instance of his own neighbours, who would gladly have promised 30 s. for the meal, but could give no security for its re-payment. One of them, Michael Sweeney, says, "A neighbour of mine was distressed for provisions this year; he tried to borrow meal, and he offered to pass his note for any price, but was poor, and could give no security but his own; at length the priest gave his word for him to the miller, but when he went to the miller the meal was gone: I know that for two days he had not as much food as he ought to eat at a meal. When he was disappointed of the meal, a neighbour lent him a shilling; it was only last week he was able to pay that shilling, by cutting the grass from the sides of his potato furrow and selling it for hay; when the shilling was out, he tried the potatoes; I was with him when he was digging them, and I declare to you they were scarcely as big as hazle-nuts; it was only hunger could see them

on the stalks. I do not think his case was singular at all, for I know there were people in the parish had a better right to be in want than he."

Rev. Mr. Potter, though he cannot vouch for each particular case, says, "That from what he knows of the distress that prevailed before the new crop of potatoes came in, he believes them all to be perfectly credible; and wishes to add, in order to show that this distress does not prevail for want of resources in the parish, that as much potatoes were sent in from it, for sale to Westport, in this as any ordinary summer."

Rev. Mr. Gibbons, though not present at this day's examination, told us yesterday in connexion with this subject, that the greatest anxiety prevails among his people to learn whether any changes are in progress that are likely to better their condition; in the words of one of themselves, "Is the Government doing anything for us, or will we better off next year than we were this?" They always apply to him, as he gets the only newspaper that comes into the parish. "When I can tell them the Government is thinking of them," he says, "I send them away happy and contented: this inquiry has given them great hopes. God grant that they may be not disappointed!"

Father Myles Prendergast

(c1760—1842)

Father Myles Prendergast was an Augustinian friar in Murrisk Abbey in the late 1700's. It is probable, though not certain, that he was a native of Murrisk. When General Humbert and a thousand French soldiers landed at Killala in August 1798 it sparked off a brief, bloody revolution in the west of Ireland. Napoleon has been expected to come out but instead he went to Egypt. The arrival of any French force would have aroused great excitement, and it was probably with such enthusiasm that Father Myles and his companions went to join the battle. The following notes are culled from a longer article on the life of Father Prendergast which the writer is preparing.

—Editor

Father Myles Prendergast came to prominence after Humbert, the French general, took Castlebar in August 1798, during the battle that became famous as "the Races of Castlebar" (because of the large force of British that were put to fight). Together with Father Michael Gannon, another rebel priest and a Louisburghman, Father Myles

hurried to Castlebar to join Humbert. He was long reputed to have been associated with the United Irishmen; indeed his brother-in-law, Johnny Eamonn Gibbons of Drummin, who was agent to Lord Altamont, was secretly a staunch member of the United Irishmen and their chief pike organizer. Johnny Eamonn's sons, Johnny "the Outlaw" and Affy, also joined Humbert's forces. Other notable priests joined too, among Father Manus Sweeney from Newport and Father James Conroy from Lahardane. With these Father Myles followed the ill-fated Franco-Irish army on its campaign to the final slaughter at Ballinamuck, on 8 September 1798, where Ireland's hopes for freedom were again smashed. Father Michael Gannon escaped to France in the uniform of a French officer; Fathers Sweeney and Conroy were arrested, tried and hanged; Johnny Gibbons Jnr, escaped by hiding, up to his neck, in a boghole. Later however, it appears that Father Myles, Johnny Jnr, ("the Outlaw") and Affy were arrested, as the three of them ended up in Castlebar jail. While they were there their own people brought them food. A key to the outer gate was smuggled in to them in the belly of a herring. They made their way to the outer gate, where the guard was asleep crouched over his gun. They seized him and, the lot having fallen to Father Myles, he struck the guard rather heavily and killed him. They made their way to Connemara and made good their escape.

From that time (1799) until at least 1842 (according to the account books of the Augustinian House at Ballyboden, County Dublin) Father Myles was on the run in Connemara. With people like Valentine Jordan at Forkfield, Johnny Eamonn Gibbons (who was over seventy years of age at the time!), the "Outlaw", Affy Gibbons, and many more he travelled Connemara, always wary of strangers and always on the move. Life was very tough for the priest and the other rebels, with the poor living conditions, the inclement weather and the harassment by the yoemen. Their names often appear in various writings of the time: letters in Dublin Castle written by Lord Sligo and his brother, Denis ("Soap the Rope") Browne, to the authorities; in the Augustinian records and in Musgrave's *History of Rebellions*. Johnny Gibbons being agent to Lord Sligo, the infamous Denis Browne was godfather to Johnny Jnr, the "Outlaw". In 1801 Denis Browne wrote to Dublin Castle: "The rebel priest, Father Prendergast, is in the mountains of Galway and Mayo and has baffled all attempts to capture him despite considerable rewards (£500) offered by the Government for three years past for his apprehension. He is a desperate intelligent fellow,

was very deep in the mischiefs of the country . . . My opinion is that it would be well to put him out of the way of mischief by consenting to his transportation for life."

In 1803 the Marquis of Sligo complains in his letter that the friar is still at large. "There are still in the mountains of Connemara John Gibbons (Jnr), Father Myles Prendergast and Valentine Jordan, who it would be very desirable to arrest and send away. They are all outlawed rebels and have been chief leaders. Gibbons is mad; Jordan sickly and penitent, and the friar is the only one to do harm, being a most daring character of desperate courage and some influence arising from his sacred function." Another letter goes: "Prendergast the priest, a principal leader of the Mayo rebels in the late rebellion, is now in Connemara organizing the people. He has been within these few days seen near a place called Ardbear within five miles of Ballinahinch in that country at the head of an armed body of men holding a conference with an armed stranger . . . Prendergast is a notorious murderer as well as a most desperate rebel and in the late rebellion shot one of his own men on the spot for saying he was sorry he ever came among the party."

When Father Myles came to Connemara after the successful escape from Castlebar he went to Kylemore with Johnny Gibbons. Lake Kylemore lies between two stretches of hill. There is a high, bold, wild rise on the north of lake; Mweelin and other hills are on the south. There was a cave on the shoulder of the hill on the north in which he used to sleep, and he spent five years in the neighbourhood before he was caught. He was finally captured about 1804 and was taken to Galway jail. From there they escaped at night, and the following morning a woman washing clothes at the river saw four men under the bridge. They were gathered in the corner from the rush of water. There was no way they could get back onto dry land so high was the water. The woman went home and told her husband about the men. He first questioned her about whom she had spoken to, and having found that she had met or spoken to nobody, he locked her into her room so that she could not tell anybody. He then went to the four men, heard their story and took them to a safe house. That night they were smuggled out of the city and they came together again in Connemara.

There are many other stories told about Father Myles from that time on and these lived on in the tradition of the people of Connemara. Many have been recorded, as Myles and his companions were very famous people in their own day. Blind

Raftery, that famous poet from Kiltimagh, immortalized Myles and Johnny the "Outlaw" in an Irish poem. Douglas Hyde (Ireland's first president) translated it. It contains these lines:

If I got your hand it is I would take it
But not to shake it, O Denis Browne,
But to hang you high with a hempen cable
And your feet unable to touch the ground.
For it's many the boy who was strong and able
You sent in chains with your tyrant's frown,
But they'll come again with their French flag waving
And the French drums raving to strike you down.

The French never came however. Catholic Emancipation was in the offing and the pacifist, Daniel O'Connell, was soon to wage a warfare of words leaving Father Myles and his motley band of followers outdated and outcast. But that's another story.

Summerhill, County Meath

John Gibbons

A MISSION IN LOUISBURGH

During the years 1848 to 1854 a series of missions was preached throughout Ireland by the Fathers of Charity. Initially two priests, Fathers Gentili and Furlong, came to Dublin to preach a mission there in 1848. During his work there Father Gentili took ill and died. A second mission was preached by Father Rinolfi of the same order in 1850; and again in 1851 when he was joined by another colleague, Father Lockhart, who was an Oxford convert to Catholicism. After having preached in many parishes in Dublin, in Down and Connor diocese, in Galway (where they were aided by another colleague, Father Signini), they visited Oughterard, Oranmore (1852) and Clifden (1853). After many other journeys and missions through the country, Father Rinolfi with yet another confrère, Father Vilas, came to preach in the parish of Kilgeever in the summer of 1854. A written account of the whole series, including the mission in Louisburgh and district, was published by the Fathers of Charity in Cork in 1860 in a volume called *Missions in Ireland*.

The present-day reader would do well to realize what was the

atmosphere of the parish into which the Fathers of Charity came in June 1854. Some time before this, the Church of Ireland had established a 'colony' at Bunleinch, near Cross in the western half of the parish. The great famine was over, but its effects and its memories were still alive. Because of the rivalry between Catholic and Protestant clergymen and other people in the community, and because of the continuing bitterness due to conversions and perversions, the spirit of the parish was, to say the very least, not ecumenical!

Local tradition within the parish has preserved many stories and statements from those troubled times. The traditions are, no doubt, partisan, and oftentimes are an obvious exaggeration intended to boost the standing and claims of whichever religion one professed. There can be little doubt therefore that the passages here quoted from *Missions in Ireland* are written with a very pronounced bias. Still, they do give a view of events in the middle of the last century, and are of interest to any parishioner wishing to have a peep into the past. Far from giving offence to religious people today, they might rather underline the need for tolerance and peaceful understanding and co-existence. The reader should also be apprised of some of the social aspects of the 1854 community which have since changed or disappeared. The Colony in Bunleinch was in full operation, with a church and school as well as some cottages. (Vestiges of these can be seen there even today). Neither of the churches being used by the Catholic population today was built then. Gowlan was the church for the western half of the parish; the present church of Saint Patrick in Louisburgh was not to be built for another eight years. (The foundation stone was laid on 31 August 1856; the dedication ceremony was on 7 September 1862.) So the church referred to in this account as being too small for the crowds is the present garage owned by Mr. Oliver Harney in *Chapel Street*. The present church of Saint Catherine which is used by the Church of Ireland congregation had been built since 1828.

A *Coinneal* reader will find it difficult to believe that these following extracts have been severely pruned of their more turgid expressions of praise and condemnation. The written style of the place and time was excessive: it is but just to recall that the language of a contemporary Church of Ireland Gazette, *The Achill Missionary Herald*, was at least equally vehement. Some simple misprints or mis-spellings of local place-names have been corrected in the following version. — *Editor*

On Wednesday, June 14th (1854) the Fathers Rinolfi and Vilas, accompanied by the good and zealous Parish Priest of Kilgeever, the Reverend Michael Curley, left Westport for Louisburgh, a small village about ten miles distant from that town. Coasting along the charming Clew Bay, the Missioners reached Louisburgh in a short time, and made the necessary preparations for commencing the Mission on the next day, which was the feast of Corpus Christi. Surveying the country round they saw but a few small houses and huts, most of the former habitations, indeed whole villages, having been pulled down and destroyed, and their inhabitants having disappeared from the country; hence, they expected but a very small attendance during this Mission. But to their great consolation and surprise, the very first day of the opening of the Mission such crowds of people flocked into Louisburgh, that neither chapel nor chapel-yard could contain them, so that a platform had to be erected in the market square, from which Father Rinolfi addressed the assembled multitude, congratulating them upon their large unexpected attendance, and explaining to them the objects of the Mission, and the blessings it would surely bring to them if attended with the proper dispositions . . . What contributed very much to the success of this work of God, was a series of sermons preached in the Irish language by the Reverend Father Ryan, P.P., Kilmeena, the Reverend Father Geraghty, P.P. of Becan, the Reverend Father O'Malley, R.C.C., Islandeady, and others, which sermons produced a most thrilling effect upon the good people, such as words cannot describe; so electrifying is that ancient language upon the poor Irish who live in the extremities of that island . . . Thursday, June 22nd, was one of the most interesting days of the Mission. Knowing that the agents of proselytism had established themselves in this parish, and had even founded a colony, and that, owing to extreme poverty and other causes, several unfortunate Catholics had allowed themselves to be inveigled into their snares, Father Rinolfi was most anxious to reclaim them. And hence, on that day, after the conclusion of the Forty Hours' devotion, and after the Irish sermon, Father Rinolfi ascended the altar, and amidst breathless silence called aloud upon any or all of those present who had the misfortune, for any cause whatsoever, to have joined the ranks of proselytism, to come forward publicly to the foot of God's altar, and there beg pardon of the Almighty for the great scandal they had given, and seek reconciliation with the Church which they had so grievously disedified; saying that they would be received back with open arms. Upon this there was an indescribable commotion among the entire congregation, making way here and there through the chapel for the several persons who were anxious to avail themselves of his paternal invitation; and thirty-five of those, now we trust, happy people were in a short time seen ranged round the altar, to the universal consolation of the flock, who were offering prayers of thanksgiving to Heaven for the happy return of so many prodigal children. Father Rinolfi then, after their making a public profession of faith, absolved them from all censures incurred by their apostacy, received them back, and admitted them to partake of the consolations and sacraments of their tender and loving Mother, the Church . . . On the evening on the same day, the Father informed the people that on next day, weather permitting, all, priests and people, would repair to the West chapel of the parish, about six miles distant from Louisburgh, and perform a spiritual campaign through the proselytizing colony situated between the two chapels, about four miles from Louisburgh, and two miles from the West chapel. That colony is called the Bunlehinch Colony. A proselytizing company having obtained a long lease of a large plot of land, built small cottages upon it and a little Protestant church, schools, and parsonage; and hither they bribe as many poor

families as they can find willing to barter their immortal souls for a worldly consideration. Though some of those poor creatures had already been reclaimed, there were still a few families in that wretched den, who had not been allowed or had not dared yet to attend the Mission . . . The Mission was closed on Sunday, 25th June, as at Castlebar and Westport, by a solemn profession of faith, renewal of baptismal vows, Papal blessing. The weather, fortunately, being more favourable than during the week, from an early hour the people were coming in crowds, so that at last the little town became literally full of people from all directions for twenty miles around. A platform was erected, as before, in the market square, after twelve o'clock Mass; and the scene then presented was truly grand. The entire area of the spacious market square was occupied by human beings, literally jammed together; the windows of the adjacent houses were crowded, and the house-tops had their numerous occupants, so that the oldest inhabitants of Louisburgh say, that in that place they never before beheld so vast an assemblage. Father Rinolfi now ascended the platform, and, as on Thursday, commenced by calling aloud for any of those who had gone astray, to come forward, and immediately fifteen others of the stray sheep presented themselves before the platform, and were reconciled to the Church in the hearing and presence of the assembled thousands . . .

Gowlawn Chapel, and Bunlehinch Colony. — But on Thursday, June 29th, the glorious Festival of SS. Peter and Paul — the day fixed for the campaign to the Colony — a scene was witnessed in this part of the West, such as never could be surpassed — we doubt if ever equalled — in its imposing grandeur and religious display. It was literally indescribable . . . Early in the morning, Masses were celebrated in the chapel at Louisburgh; and as it was announced that there would be no Mass there at twelve o'clock, but in the West chapel, immediately after the nine o'clock Mass the people — some on cars and carts, others on horseback, but the vast majority on foot — proceeded in batches of twenties and fifties towards the West, each batch, as they had been directed, reciting aloud the Rosary of the ever Blessed Virgin Mary, as they moved orderly along. At about two miles west of Louisburgh, from a height there, when looking before, and then behind, and seeing the crowds in each direction as far as the eye could reach, eagerly pressing on their course, and reinforced as they went on by the inhabitants of the villages from every side for miles around, the most gratifying spectacle presented itself — a moving, living mass of fervent, pious, and devoted Catholics, with beads in their hands, and heads uncovered, and hearts raised on high to Heaven . . . As the Missionaries with other clergymen, and a great body of people, were just starting on their journey, cars laden with police from Westport and Murrisk arrived, which created some sensation, and not a little astonishment, each one inquiring of his neighbour what was the cause or meaning of all this; but in a short time those men were joined by some of the party stationed there, and put into marching order, and having got the word of command they wended their way to the Bunlehinch camp, the supposed scene of action for the day. They were soon followed by the Resident Magistrate, the local Magistrate, and by the Subinspector of the police from Westport. Why this display of force and magisterial authority, we are at a loss to discover; but it seems that the agents of proselytism, fearing the terrible blow that was going to be dealt upon their system, must have sworn in evidence that there would be a breach of the peace on the part of the Catholic population, hence they would put themselves under the protection of that law by which the Catholics had been established, and, if possible, frighten the Catholics from daring to go and preach in the Colony itself. However, as it so

happened, we think there was something providential in the presence of the police and the authorities . . .

On passing through the Colony the people conducted themselves in the most orderly manner; the only offence that could possibly be alleged at all against them was the pious fervour with which they prayed to Almighty God for the immediate conversion of the poor deluded people, who were there kept in bondage against their consciences by the devil and his agents. On reaching the chapel, which is situate about two miles west of the Colony, the congregation from north, east, west, and south was immense. After twelve o'clock Mass a temporary platform was erected in the open field, from which Father Rinolfi preached to the vast assemblage. After reading for them the portion of the Acts appointed for that great festival of SS. Peter and Paul, he applied the persecutions of the infant Church in the person of Saint Peter, and the chains in which he was bound, and the miraculous breaking of those chains and Peter's delivery from prison obtained by the prayers of the Church, which were made to God without ceasing in his behalf, to the state of bondage in which those unhappy creatures were enchained in the Bunleinch Colony, and to the chains which kept them bound there . . . He then called upon all the people, man, woman, and child, to repair in a body down to the very Colony, where, he stated, he intended to preach, and make his voice be heard through the very key-holes of their habitations, if the poor creatures were not allowed to come out. He cautioned the people to observe the utmost order, as their enemies would be but too glad to have the least cause of complaint against them; and again told them to say, as they had done in the morning, the Rosary for the poor people's conversion all the way along, till they reached the very spot.

It really was a most delightful, heavenly sight. The road, without exaggeration, for at least one mile, was crowded with human beings as close as they could ride, drive or walk, arranged as described above, and proceeding along slowly, observing the most perfect order and devotion. As they were going along the mountain side, and descending to the low ground on which the Colony is situate, they presented to the view of the people at the Colony a most formidable and imposing sight of a powerful Christian army. Very fortunately for the Catholics, there was one field* in the Colony belonging to a Catholic, which was surrounded by the Colony land; that man had been repeatedly solicited to sell his right upon it to the owners of the Colony, but he could never be induced to do so. The field was just by the road side, a most convenient place; and to it, therefore, the multitudes were directed to repair; and lest any injury should be done to the tillage of the colonists, a number of men were appointed to surround the fences, to prevent even the slightest chance of any occurrence taking place, calculated either to provoke or annoy. Immediately one of the horses was untackled, and a cart carried, wheels and all, on the shoulders of the people into the centre of the field, that it might serve for a platform. At this stage of the proceedings, the magistrates, who with the police force had remained at the Colony during the day, interfered, and recommended that there should be no open-air preaching there, suggesting that it might create a breach of the peace, and that it seemed, in their opinion, contrary to law. But upon Father Rinolfi assuring them, that on the part of the Catholic thousands there assembled, there was not the slightest danger of breaking the peace, for not one of them, he was certain, would stir one inch, even under provocation, without his sanction, and that provided the handful of their opponents behaved properly, as they ought, all would proceed well; that, again, as to preaching there in the open-air, standing, as they were, upon Catholic land, he was sure there was no law to prevent it, it being a thing regularly

done in England by the Methodist preachers, and others, the magistrates withdrew; upon which the Reverend Father ascended the platform and preached another long sermon, taking for his text the words of our Saviour:—“Beware of false prophets, who come to you in the clothing sheep; but inwardly are ravening wolves; by their fruits you shall know them.” He took a rapid review of the unholy fruits of the so-called Protestant Reformation, in all its persecutions, sacrilegious confiscations, and brutal abominations, from the days of Henry the VIII and Queen Elizabeth down to the present day. Here however, the Reverend Father drew a line of distinction between the upright and conscientious Protestant, and those unprincipled hypocrites, who traffic upon the credulity of deluded fanatics at a distance, and receive thousands upon thousands of pounds from those people who are deceived by their false, lying, and groundless reports. He was sure that the well-thinking Protestant community repudiated as much as he or any other Catholic, the conduct and proceedings of those unscrupulous men; and he was glad to be able to inform them, and to announce thus publicly, that their landlord, the lord of the soil, the Marquis of Sligo, was no abettor, no patron of the unholy system of forcing or bribing men's consciences, and making of the people *stirabout* converts to Protestantism. He has Lord Sligo's authority for this statement in a letter published some time ago by his lordship in the *Times* newspaper, in which his lordship denied any sympathy for or connexion with the proselytizing movement now going on in the country. The people were delighted at this announcement, as his lordship's name and authority had been often abused by the proselytizing emissaries to threaten and overawe his lordship's respectable tenantry. At the close of his sermon, which was listened to by the overjoyed multitude with breathless silence, Father Rinolfi called upon the people to join him in saying aloud three *Hail Marys* for the poor people in the Colony who had turned their backs upon their God and their Church, though not their hearts; which call was most heartily responded to; and immediately the enthusiasm of the assembled multitude was excited to the highest pitch, when one shouted here, another there — “Here is one” — “Here is another, who is coming back,” and in a few minutes, in the face of steward, Bible-readers, parsons, and magistrates, *ten* of the so called “Jumpers” presented themselves at the platform, were received and absolved from all censures, to the inexpressible delight of very one present, except the self-interested hirelings of the Colony. The Father then told the people that he hoped to be able to visit them again in about a month's time with his worthy fellow-labourer, when His Grace the Archbishop himself would come, and be consoled at the fruits produced by the Mission among them, and administer to them the sacrament of Confirmation — an announcement which replenished all with joy and anxious expectations. It was now about six o'clock in the evening, and the vast meeting separated in the most orderly manner, each one filled with unbounded joy, blessing Almighty God for having spared them life to witness so glorious a scene, and for having been allowed to contribute by their prayers, and by their presence on that day, to the rescuing of those *ten* poor creatures from the snares of perdition, and continued to beseech Him and God's Blessed Mother to bring back also the rest, who, few in number, were still left in those snares . . . The following day was the one fixed for the departure of the Missioners from Louisburgh for Ballinrobe, where they had to commence a Mission the following Sunday. From an early hour the streets were crowded with people, anxious to receive a parting benediction from the revered servants of God, which was affectionately bestowed in the most affecting manner on the assembled people on their bended knees, and then prayer after prayer ascended up to heaven for the Missioners, and cheer after cheer

rent the air, to mark the esteem and veneration of this truly kind-hearted and grateful people for their spiritual benefactors, and their priceless appreciation of their labours and services during their sojourn among them. Not content with this manifestation of their feelings, the good people followed the car of the Reverend Fathers, cheering enthusiastically as they went along, waving hats and handkerchiefs, together with every other expression of respect in their power. When the people in the villages on the way ascertained the cause of such enthusiasm, they rushed out from their houses and ran from the fields, casting themselves on their bended knees to get a blessing, and then joining most heartily in every expression of veneration and gratitude. Thus escorted to the boundary of the parish, a parting benediction being given, the Reverend Fathers, accompanied by their faithful and kind-hearted friend Father Curley, P.P., drove off for Westport, amid the most enthusiastic cheering, again and again renewed, till the car drove out of sight.

Father Gibbons

The popularity enjoyed by Father Gibbons (see p. 72) is reflected in a poem composed after his death — some lines of which were quoted for the editor in 1954 by Mr. Anthony McDonnell of Main Street.

He was an emblem of tranquility,
that glorious western star,
and a brilliant lamp for Christian souls
before their tribunal bar.
It was sad to hear the orphans cry:
“O Lord, what shall we do?
O Father Pat, hard is our lot,
for such to part with you.

Does any reader recall further lines?

KEEP YOUR WORD?

Questions are on page 66.

1. *Báinín* is home-made woollens. The term is applied loosely now to mean any garment knitted or woven from home-spun white tread e.g. b. socks, b. cap, or b. pullover. The proper use of the word in an earlier generation was the jacket of like material worn by a man.
2. *Bosach* means flat-footed: a person with such a distinction is a *bosachán*. *Bos* is the palm of the hand and so, anything flat. Curiously enough another school of Louisburgh interpretation would say that *bosach* means ‘bow-legged’; but dictionaries give *bórach* as the proper term for this.
3. *Cab* is the human mouth — but it is a more derisory term than *béal*. If someone really wants you to cease talking he might well refer to your *cab*. *Cab milis* is a sweet-tooth. Does any Louisburgh reader know another meaning for *cab*? (Tut-tut! no, an ordinary meaning as a name for an object.) Watch this space!
4. *Cíb* is mountain-sedge — the type that was traditionally used in the parish for thatching houses. Its collection — usually from a remote lake or bogland was a routine excuse for a boy taking a day off from school. Question: Where was the best *cíb* in the parish? Lochnamuice? Doughmackeown? Leachta?
5. A *fadharcán* is a corn; but in parish lingo the name lived more as a ‘welt’ on the palm of the hand or at the base of the fingers. It came from continued work with spade or slean, when the hands had already gone beyond the soft blister stage. Are there any *fadharcáns* in the parish today?
6. *Féirín* is a present. It can be any kind of present but is usually small enough to be carried. Even money would qualify. And there is a small paradox in the fact that a *féirín* is rather a surprise, yet offered on some occasion — birthday, anniversary or such.
7. A *gráinneog* is a hedgehog (i.e. a porcupine). However, the word — like so many others in the Irish countryside — is made to work overtime. Because of its prickly appearance the *gráinneog* can be likened to anything that is round and spikey. After an unusually severe haircut a boy might “have a head like a *gráinneog*”. It should not be used of a grand-aunt!

8. A *geamp* is a jagged cut. A slovenly dressmaker would leave a garment "full of *geamps*". The word can be applied to any irregularity in something that should be regular — even, by coincidence, a hair-cut.
9. *Gám* is an idiot. readers have been introduced to many close relatives of the *gám* already — such as the *leib*, *liúdrámán*, *amadán*, *pleic*, *leath-dhuine* etc. The distinctive characteristic of the *gám* appears to be that he, or she, is unable to cope with the simplest situation. The slightly raised head, the vacant eyes, the open mouth, are the salient features. And the exact phraseology to use can be noted in the following (historical) admission: "When I first came to New York, straight from Louisburgh, I was standing *of a gám* — looking at Central Station until the roof of my mouth got sunburnt".
10. *Lampaire* means a lame person. Not very lame though; not someone who needs a stick or walking-aid. A *lampaire* is well able to walk about but in doing so rises and falls rhythmically because of a slight impediment, permanent or temporary, in one foot.
11. *Mogall* is meshing — as in a net. We form a verb out of the word too: in thatching a rick of hay or a stack of oats, when the rushes were in place a man had to form intertwining loops of the *sugán* to secure them. That was *mogalling*. There is another use of the word in the parish. Can anyone guess? Watch this space!
12. *Mí-ádh* is, of course, misfortune, but it had a hint of repeated misfortune — as if it were fated, or the evil result of a curse. Even a family could have *mí-ádh*. And as if to disown, or distance ourselves from, it we often say that "there is *some mí0ádh* on that crowd. The small word *ádh* means luck; and *mí-* has a meaning like 'mis-' or 'un-' in English. There is an old saying that when your luck is out your ducks can drown. That would be *mí-ádh dearg* (red bad luck)!
13. *Meitheal* is voluntary community help. That is it means the team of neighbours who helped each other with the pressing spring or autumn chores. Those were the days! Nowadays a *meitheal* would still operate for a public project (like renovating the parish hall) or for a charitable cause.
14. A *staic* is a sulk although a modern Irish dictionary doesn't seem to know. (It does come near it in mentioning 'an immovable object'.) Someone, even an adult, is passed over for a privilege or a gift and as a result he or she sits *in a staic*. Keener bi-

linguists will notice that the entire phrase '*in a staic*' is, in fact, an Irish sentence. A *staic* is usually accompanied by a belligerent silence; and the silence might be broken by a harmless-looking question: "Are you *staicing*?"

15. *Smig* is the human chin. A person whose most noticeable feature is a protruding chin would earn the comment, *in absentia*: "Did you see the *smig* of that fellow!" One delightful use of the word, *smigín* (a little chin) is when it is applied to help, a chin hold, given to a non-swimmer by an adept "*Tabhair dhom smigín*" is the gentle request.

Lingering Irish words in our English vocabulary are invited for future lists in this feature. — Editor

Ceo agus Réalta

Rud annamh óiche dhorcha
 Anseo i ndeisceart domhain
 Aréir bhí sgamall thuas
 Sheas mé aonaránach sa duibheagán
 Is chrónaigh mé gná-mhuintearas na réalt
 Ó am go céile.
 Go tobann siar ó thuaidh
 Ghlan an néal
 Ag nochtadh géag an Chléachta
 Ós mo chionn.
 Dhruid mé in a treo
 Ag súil go dtreabhfaínn liom
 Ach bhí sí easnamhach
 Is fágadh mé faoi smál
 I ndeisceart domhain.
 Anocht arís
 Is é sgammallach maguaird
 An bhfanfaidh mé ag breathnú
 Siar ó thuaidh?
 Cá bhfios, an babhta seo
 Nach seolfar chugam
 I dteannra le mo chléachta
 Scirseach!

Congratulations



Presentation to a retiring teacher: (L. to R.) Eddie Nee (School Management Board), Tommie Joe O'Malley (Parents Representative), Michael McKeown, and Dave Gibbons (Chairman, Killeen Community Council).

Presentation to Retiring Teacher

In making the presentation to Mr. McKeown, Canon Fitzgerald said that he considered it an honour been associated with a tribute to a retiring teacher. There had been a spontaneous reaction to the news of his retirement and a wish that his work in the area should be acknowledged by the community at a special ceremony. Mr. McKeown had spent the forty-three years of his teaching career in the locality: first in Thallabawn, then in Killadoon and finally in the Holy Family School as principal. The presence of so many people at the function was evidence of the esteem and regard in which he was held. As well as being a most efficient teacher he has been a model gentleman whom we all could follow. The Canon said that he, personally, was very grateful to Mr. McKeown for many reasons, and mentioned in particular the benefit of his advice and judgement. He hoped to feel free to seek such help as the need arose in the future. The occasion was a sad one for him too, he said. It was a modest event, because Michael was a humble man and requested such a ceremony. Canon Fitzgerald wished him many years of good health to enjoy his retirement.



Father James O'Grady, son of James and Mrs. Mary O'Grady of Cregganbaun P.O. was ordained in Tuam on 8 June 1980 by Archbishop Cunnane. He now is curate in Tir an Fhia, Conamara.

Picture shows the O'Grady family at the ensuing celebration.

Congratulations also to :

John Heneghan (Cahir) who was conferred with B.Comm. in University College, Galway;

Seán Morahan (Main Street) who was conferred with B.Ed. at Saint Patrick's College, Drumcondra;

Gerry Burke (Bundorragha), newly appointed Manager of Wynne's Hotel, Dublin;

Breda O'Toole (Mooneen), recently conferred with B.A. in University College, Galway;

Cyril Heneghan (Cahir), awarded a diploma in civil engineering at Regional Technical College, Galway;

Francis Scanlon (Carramore), recently conferred with B.Comm. at University College, Galway.



Congratulations also to:

— to **Catherine Duffy** (The Square), conferred with an M.A. in sociology in November, and now doing a Ph.D. at Carbondale University, Southern Illinois.

— to **Brendan Wall** (Chesterfield), B.A., H.Dip. in Ed. His mother was formerly Mary Gallagher of Aitínaveen. Brendan — grandson of Mrs. Brigid Gallagher who has written for *An Choinneal*, teaches now at Croydon.

— to **Concepta Ball** (Tooreen), B.Ed.



PARISH WEDDINGS



Double Wedding: Twin sisters Ann Kilcoyne R.G.N., R.P.N., and Beatrice who were married together in Louisburgh.

Left — Mattie Gill with his wife Beatrice; right — Michael Hynes and his wife Ann. See also cover picture.

(Photos — Damian Slater)



Another set of married Twins: Left Margaret O'Malley (Roonagh) who married Michael O'Malley (Aillemore); and, right, her twin sister, Noreen, who married Tommie McGreal (Prospect).

(Photos — Frank Dolan)

PARISH WEDDINGS



Leo McManamin and Susan Currey, married at Saint Mary's Church, Warrington



Mary Jennings (Kilgeever) and Noel Cannon (Mullagh) married in Knock
(Photo — Frank Dolan)



Patricia Morahan (Mooneen) and Paul Tipping (Edinburgh), married in Louisburgh

(Photo — Liam Lyons)



Peter Morrison (Thallabawn) and Leone Touhey (Askelane) married in Southport by Father Dan Conneely

SELECT COMMITTEES

Because of the restrictions of space and finance a recent decision of An Choinneal means that, although there are some twenty-five or six committees in action in the parish, the activities of only three will be recorded in any issue. These will be the three which, in the opinion of the Conneal committee, have made the greatest contribution to the community during the period under review. In this issue, and without any order of merit, the distinction has been awarded to: Apostolic Work Society; the Killeen Community Council and Western Care Association. We congratulate these committees' officers and members. — Editor.

Apostolic Work Society

President: Mrs. Evelyn Leamy
Assistant Secretary: Mrs. Kay O'Malley

Secretary: Mrs. Evelyn Philbin
Treasurer: Mrs. Marie Keane

The Society as such was founded in 1923 by Agnes McCauley in Belfast. Its purpose was and is to help missionaries in needy countries throughout the world by providing altar linens and vestments for their churches as well as Mass-kits for their bush stations. The members of the branch of the society in our parish meet one night a week. More recently, since the fuel problem became severe we have had to have our meetings only once a fortnight. Society members make not only vestments but also cotton dresses, nighties, boys' suits, woollens and socks for the destitute in the third world countries. In the Archdiocese of Tuam there are thirty-eight branches of the society. We have about twenty working members in the Louisburgh branch, but we have many honorary members, who help to provide the finance for the purchase of necessary materials. When the year's work is ended we hold a display of all the items made. We then send the finished work to the diocesan centre at Castlebar, whence it is forwarded to those who have asked for assistance.

Reading the many letters which come back from so many remote places in India, Africa and elsewhere, we feel that the nights spent away from home, hearth and television were all well worth while. Besides, during last year we felt privileged and rewarded in helping to make two hundred vestments used in Knock for the Papal visit.

Evelyn Leamy Bunowen

Killeen Community Council

President: David O'Malley
Vice-President: Mike Corrigan
Chairman: David Gibbons
Vice-Chairman: James Egan
P.R.O.: Mrs. Bernie Coyne

Joint Secretaries: Mrs. Anne Donnelly
Patrick O'Grady
Joint Treasurers: Joe Keane
Paddy Corrigan

The other committee members are: Father Dan Conneely, Mrs. Nora O'Malley, Michael Cannon, Owen McNally, George Gibbons, Peter Morrison, James McDonnell, Joe Gibbons, Tommy J. Coyne, T. J. Gallagher, M. Mannion, C. Jordan.

The mussel-farming project on the Killary Bay has progressed favourably and the local people involved hope to start reaping the benefits next summer. The council has put a lot of work into trying to get new bogs developed in the area, for this would be a great asset to the local people. We hope to get Killeen river drained and cleaned

during the coming year, especially as the drainage which was done on Carrowniskey river last year proved well worth while. A number of classes have been arranged for the Technical School at Killeen during the winter months: cookery, agriculture, woodwork and music lessons.

Our proudest moment during the year was the arrival at Killeen Church of one of our own, Father James O'Grady, as a newly-ordained priest on a June evening. Bonfires blazed, crowds gathered, flags waved and children played music in greeting. Everyone got the young priest's first blessing. About three hundred people were entertained afterwards to tea in the Technical School by the ladies of the Community Council. The Council joined with the Board of Management of Holy Family School for a social evening at Taylor's Hotel, Killadoon, to make a presentation to Master Michael McKeown on the occasion of his retirement from the school.

We hope to be able to report more work done in the community for the next issue of the parish magazine.

David Gibbons

Western Care Association

Chairman: P. J. Sammon

Vice-Chairman: Jim Egan

Secretary: Mrs. P. J. Sammon

Assistant Secretary: Mrs. John Tiernan

Treasurer: Sister M. Gregory

Assistant Treasurer: Mrs. Claire Kenny

P.R.O.: Sean Heneghan.

Meetings are held monthly and rotate between Louisburgh and Killeen. In spring an art competition on handicapped children was organized by the branch children from the parish national schools and secondary school proved that art was alive and well in the area. Prizes for the competition were sponsored by Mrs. Evelyn Philbin and Seán Heneghan. Present, and presenters of the prizes, were Miss Hilda Clinton, Principal of Saint Anthony's School, Castlebar, and Mr. Frank Turnbull, President of Western Care Association. Both were eloquent in their praise of the young artists. Prize winners were as follows:

Senior Section — First Prize, Tom Barry; Second, Kathy Geraghty; Third, Irene Morahan.

Junior Section — First Prize, Noreen Maxwell; Second, Patricia Ruane; Third, Nichola Lyons; Fourth, Lara O'Malley.

Our branch also sponsored a Foxtrot Competition, run by Hall Committee, who in return agreed to donate half of the proceeds to the Handicapped Fund. P. J. Sammon sponsored the second one. We are very proud that our annual collection was so generously contributed to for 1980. We asked our collectors, while on their rounds, to request extra contributions, and our many householders responded generously by doubling their contributions. Most of them, we hasten to add, doubled and some even trebled, without request to do so. We in the branch feel privileged to be part of such a caring community. Awareness of human sufferings when one is without affliction oneself, is truly a wonderful thing. Readers will, we are sure, be happy to learn that the annual collection amounted to £1,410, and an extra £450, being proceeds of a dance organized on the 26th October. If we were granted a wish for 1981, it would read as follows: "May your contribution for 1981, scheduled by the United Nations as the Year of the Handicapped, be even greater and better". "We are as we are, and there but for the grace of God, go I". May God bless all who have assisted us.

Mrs. Sammon

Slán Abhaile . . .

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

1979	December	John Corrigan, Shrawee Brigid O'Malley, Roonagh
1980	January	Mrs. Christina McKeown, Main Street
	February	Peter O'Malley, Roonagh Mrs. Alice Moran, Falduff
	March	Michael Corrigan, Doughmakeon Michael Kilcoyne, Doughmakeon Norah Kitterick, Furmoye
	April	Mrs. Molly Murphy, Carramore Teresa Davitt, Devlin Mrs. Margaret O'Malley, Inishturk Patrick Joseph O'Donnell, Bunowen
	May	Sadie Jennings, Ballyhip
	June	Joseph Scanlon, Bunowen George McNamara, Chapel Street Patrick O'Malley, Curradavitt
	July	Mrs. Ellen McMyler, Chapel Street Father William Tiernan, Main Street (Salford Diocese)
	August	Mrs. Jane O'Malley, Doughmakeon Richard Philbin, Carramore
	September	Mrs. Beatrice Pomerleau, Shranacloya Owen Duffy, Woodfield Kate Sammin, Askelane Mrs. Bridget O'Malley, Mooneen Patrick O'Toole, Falduff
	October	Mrs. Mary O'Reilly, The Square Mrs. Maria O'Malley, Corrigaun William O'Malley, Carrawclaggan

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

1980	Austin Carr, Ballyhip in Framingham, Massachusetts
	John O'Malley, Doughmakeon — in Huddersfield
	Mrs. Mary Cassels (nee Kilcoyne) — in New York
	Father Michael Wallace, C.S.Sp., Cregganban — in New Guinea
	James Friel, Carramore — in New York
	James Lyons, Accony — in Chicago
	Mrs. Mary Gill, Askillaun — in New York
	John O'Malley, Shraugh
	Austin Hester, Falduff — in Chicago
	Eoin O'Dowd, Falduff in Guyana
	James O'Grady, Kilgeever — in London
	Mrs. Brigid Connolly (nee McDonnell) Main Street — in Dublin

Mrs. Nora Leyden (nee Burke) Askillaun — in Birmingham
Thomas Kilcoyne, in Arizona
Austin Philbin, Carrowniskey — in Warrington
Canon Edward O'Malley, Roonith, Retired Parish Priest of
Cummer, Corofin, County Galway
Mrs. Ellie McEvoy (nee Morrison) Killadoon — in Liverpool
Mrs. Mary Lyons (nee O'Malley, Kinnadoohey) — in
Minnesota U.S.A.

FATHER MICHAEL WALLACE

In Papua clime so far away
There is a new-made grave today;
Dug by hands that loved their priest
Who served his people great and least.
They covered him gently with that
loam,
That man of God so far from home.

There lies a proud, brave Irishman
Dead in his youthful prime
Never to laugh or play again
Nor taste the summer time.

For Death came flying 'long that road
And snapped a life we all adored:
Touched his prey and left him there
Clay to clay.
They laid his body gently
In the soil of the land he saw come free,
And crept away.
Now o'er that grave sweet and clear
These words they pray.

His people hope that he can hear
Them softly say:
Go to sleep, go to sleep
Slumber well where you preached so
well.
Let your hands now rest
On New Guinea's shore.
You'll not raise them anymore.
Labour's past.
Now at last.
Go to sleep.

The above poem (after Joyce Kilmer's "Rouge Bouquet") was read by Father Michael's youngest brother, Thomas, at the memorial Mass and service.

WE REMEMBER . . .

Among the deaths listed in this issue are those of two priests, natives of Kilgeever parish and a layman who was a real benefactor.

Canon Eddie O'Malley of Roonith died as retired parish priest of Corofin, County Galway. He will be remembered as a kind and quiet priest who moved gently among people and loved to visit his native parish regularly. He was often to be seen with rod and line on the banks of Carrowniskey river during the fishing season; and he bore with him into society, high and low, the patience and tolerance of a good fisherman. It was both his hobby and in the other sense, his vocation. The Canon came into national lime-light when as curate in Cleggan in 1927 he sorrowed with his people in the drowning disaster.

Father Willie Tiernan had retired from the English mission due to ill-health; and after a brief stay with his sister, Mrs. Margaret Lyons of Main Street, he died at the Bon Secour Nursing Home in Tuam. He had written for this magazine in its early issues. The editor has one particularly grateful memory of him: at a time when *An Choinneal* did not enjoy its present popularity, he wrote the following words of encouragement, which appeared in Volume Three (1963) page 118: "For your encouragement I send this quotation though I cannot recall the author: 'If you wish to avoid criticism in this world, then think nothing, say nothing and do nothing'. After this issue of the *Coinneal*. Louisburgh will be getting used to the idea of having a magazine of its own and will not be critical". Coming from a man who appeared to be to unobtrusive and uncontroversial, these words displayed a mettle that perhaps few people would have suspected.

His kinsman, Willie *Mike O'Malley* of Carraclaggan was also called to his reward in recent months. Many readers will agree that his passing should be marked by an expression of appreciation on

behalf of the people of the parish for the immense contribution that he made to the community over the past fifty years. His homely little thatched shop was his first venture into business; but later his immense talent and business acumen, as a joiner and as a manager, led him into bigger business in the extensive premises he built on the Kilgeever Road. Willie was widely respected, both for the perfection of his work and the integrity of his personality, in a wide area of business well beyond the confines of the province. But we think that his most enduring monument is not in the numerous houses that he supplied or built in our parish, but in the reservoir of deep gratitude which is stored in the hearts of Louisburgh and Kilgeever families for whom he was in practice the "bridging loan" while they undertook to build new houses in times of economic strain.

May the reward of their kindness, encouragement and Christian goodness await these three parishioners; and may their memories comfort those who mourn them. These are but three. Indeed we would welcome fuller tributes by people who know the warm details more intimately. We repeat our often published wish that *every* person who dies should be perpetuated in this magazine by even one sentence of tribute. Will any parishioner living at home volunteer to do this chore?

— Editor

MEMORIES OF AN UNCLE

A biographical account of the late Martin O'Reilly's career would account for much valuable space in your Magazine, but having been requested to include a brief history to his memory, I am impelled to do so out of a profound sense of treasured memories of him. Those nostalgic memories are very closely linked with the people and the countryside of Louisburgh. While he shunned any form of publicity-seeking in his modest life-style, he nevertheless continued to inculcate a sense of the values of the history and culture of Ireland in his interesting conversations and writings down through the years.

He certainly cherished the formative influences on his early career made by three well-known Louisburgh teachers — the three Johns: John Tiernan, John O'Toole and John T. Morahan. These influential masters, belonging as they did to that grand noble

generation who inspired a love of faith and fatherland in their pupils, made a deep impression on his active mind. Martin's hasty departure from the academic scene at the age of sixteen, was pre-empted by the constant harassment of his parents' and friends' homes by the forces of the Crown. He was appointed an intelligence officer with the local Battalion of the I.R.A. When the deadlock of seven hundred and fifty years conquest ended with the Truce, there was jubilation all around. His aspirations for a free Ireland continued to play an active role in his later years, when he became actively involved in the local G.A.A. and in his capacity as secretary for over twenty years of the Westport Branch of the Old I.R.A.

He will always conjure up in my memory an extraordinary collection of historical facts and pleasant anecdotes. As well as being a brilliant conversationalist, he was a man whose outlook was truly national; he never would approve of violence, bigotry or exploitation. He had simple tastes and moved unobtrusively through the turmoil of the country's subsequent progress. He was content to while away pleasant days in his Claremorris home, active in his garden, and content with his advancing years. The encouragement which he received from his loyal wife, Carmel, along with the pleasant interludes afforded him by the friends of his youth in the West, helped him to record in prose and in poetry many interesting articles for *An Choinneal*, and other publications.

Now that he has left us all poorer by his departure, I believe that his old adage has taken on a new meaning for him. "The world's all right, and God is in his heaven".

Oldtown, Dublin

Vincent Kelly

Remembering Sion . . .

When I was a pupil in the junior room in Killadoon school, a priest who was not one of our own parish clergy visited us one day. I do not remember what he said in the junior room; but I do remember the senior pupils telling how he asked them to write down the following sentence: "Who can describe the embarrassment of the harassed cobbler in his efforts to gauge the symmetry of a peeled pear?" There were, of course, many spelling pitfalls there for the unwary. Anyone would be forgiven for associating the cobbler with a pair rather than with a pear!

THE IRISH LAY-SISTER

Father William Tiernan



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

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

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

The "Lamb that was slain" keeps His court here below,
Where casts a red lamp sanctuary glow,
Where "laboured and burdened" can Heaven's peace know—
Dissipated life's sorrows and care;
There, morning and noon-tide and quiet of her day,
Almost spectral in hues of opaline ray,
Unconscious of Earth and of self, she would pray,
Enraptured with Christ in her prayer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OWEN O'GRADY

The last issue of *An Choinneal* reproduced some passages from newspaper cuttings of Somersworth papers referring to the story of Owen O'Grady. The editor asked if readers could help in giving details as to his identity.

The date of the accounts would be, I think, 1926 or 1927. The hero of the trolley-car accident, who lost his life in an attempt to stop the runaway vehicle, was Owen O'Grady. He was the eldest of a family of six boys and two girls, children of Owen O'Grady and Honor (O'Malley) of Kinnadoohey. His father was born and reared in Cloonty where the McConnell family now live; and his mother belonged to a long line of O'Malleys who had lived in Kinnadoohey for several generations. Her father, John — or Jack, as he was called — was brother of Paddy O'Malley, my great-grandfather. After finishing school in Killadoon "Young Owen", as he was affectionately known in the village, went to work for a Prendergast family in Roonith who were shop-keepers and also had some land. He regularly went to Westport with Prendergast's horse and cart for supplies for the shop, and helped generally besides. It was well known that his employer liked him very much for his reliability and honesty.

It was the trend of the times that young men, and young women too, were going to America, and Young Owen went as did many more. His brothers, John, Thady and Pat went there at later dates. Pat worked as a bricklayer in New York and was home in 1932, but by that time the O'Grady family had moved to Six Noggins where they had been allotted a new holding by the Congested Districts Board. Tommie was the brother who lived on the land; and anyone knowing him would not wonder at the heroism of his brother, Owen; for Tommie had the same lack of regard for personal safety, the same gallant spirit, and was ever ready to do "a good turn". His son, Joe, with his wife and family succeed him now in Six Noggins.

The American paper you quoted stated that "Somersworth is proud of Ownie". More so are we at home in his native village and parish proud to honour the memory of this gallant hero who was born and reared here. May the precious souls of all of them rest in peace!

Kinnadoohey

Una O'Malley

SISTER MARY HILARY

In our last issue we published an article by Sister Mary Hilary Lyons, who was born in The Colony. Meantime she was featured in Builders of Bridges, a publication of the National Mission Council written and edited by Hugh McMahon. We are grateful for permission to reproduce the following paragraphs from that book.

— Editor

Sister Hilary Lyons was twenty-two and not yet three years in the convent when she burnt the day's supply of bread. The penetrating aroma wafted up through the house from the kitchen and she was still trying to coax it out the window when, to her alarm, she was told the Superior General wanted to see her immediately.

Sister Hilary had been appointed to the kitchens only a short while and was getting to enjoy the work when the disaster occurred. She was sure that the Superior General was very upset by the incident and prepared herself for the worst. However, the interview began with the Mother General asking her if she had any objections to studying medicine. It took her a few seconds to understand that this had nothing to do with the bread and reply that she knew nothing about medicine but was willing to try. Mother General told her to continue working in the kitchen until September and to study Matric Latin. She turned to her ovens hoping she would turn out to be a better doctor than cook.

As she began to struggle with Latin verbs she wondered if medicine was not turning out to be the most difficult occupation after all. When October came she moved to Dublin and the excitement of attending U.D.C. That was in 1945 and just nine years after the Vatican had given permission for Sisters to practise medicine.

One night just before she finished at Saint Vincent's she arrived back late to find Mother Brigid, the Superior General, waiting for her with exciting news. She was to go to Africa. The Sister who had burnt the bread in Killeshandra departed shortly afterwards for Sierra Leone to take charge of a nursing home. It was an unusual, and alarming, responsibility for a recently qualified doctor.

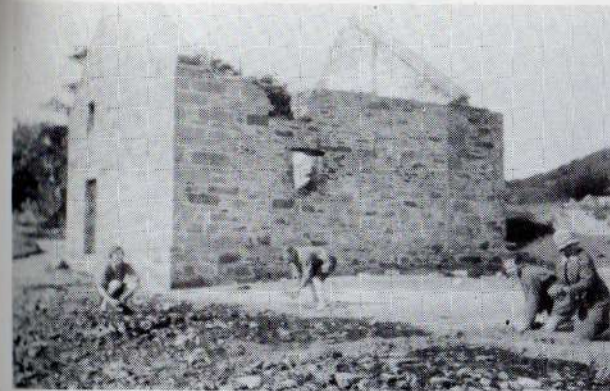
She says that the anthropologists would call her a "marginal Mende" because she has now spent over twenty-five years among the Mende people and their way of life is nearly closer to her than that of her own country. At her present age it would only be human to wonder where she should spend the rest of her life and what the future might have in store for her in Sierra Leone. But when she joined the Holy Rosary Sisters she put her life in God's hands and sees no need to worry about the future at this stage. The disaster of the bread burning was also the occasion on which she took the first steps to becoming a doctor. If another seeming disaster occurs, it too will lead to a blessing. She says, "This surely must be what he meant when she said "and your joy no man can take from you".'

Museum Pages

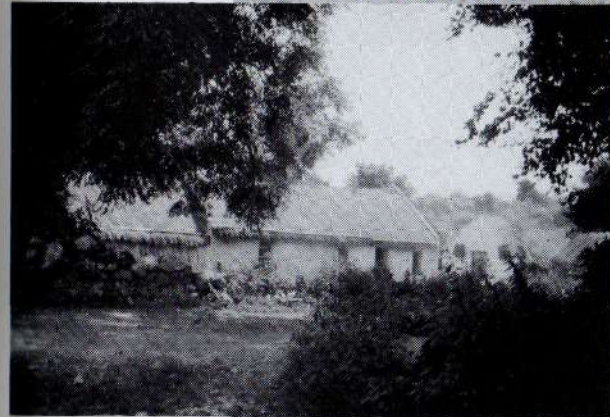


The old side-car — Martin Ball (Tully) driving

Sir Charles Harmon with an improved form of transport — a Rover — in 1929



*Seascapes, 1920:
Left, the old Salthouse at Old Head;
below, the lobster men.*



*Landscapes:
Left, a house in Tully 1932;
below, Louisburgh market, 1920.*



Our thanks to Lady Harmon for these pages — Ed.

Museum Pages



Fair day in Louisburgh, 1949. Paddy Joe Fadden (Kilsallagh) seals a bargain with — (does anyone know?) Also Michael Geraghty (Kilsallagh), Tom Gallagher (R.I.P. Cahir) and Hugh Keane, Devlin.



Louisburgh Pioneers at a rally in Cork, 1956. With banner — Mick Gallagher; also: Paddy O'Malley (Square), Tommie McMyler (Carramore), Jim Harney (R.I.P.), Paddy Scanton (R.I.P.), Paddy Gallagher, Eda Hannon, Marguerita Mannion (nee Hannon) and Garda Tom Hannon.



The initial committee of McHale Park, Emlagh in 1948. Front: Paddy Durkan (Askelane), Martin Duffy (R.I.P. Accony), James Prendergast (Accony), Mick Gallagher (Aitinaveen — partly hidden), Michael P. O'Malley (Doughmakeown). Back: Anthony McHale (Pulgloss), Michael Geraghty (Doughmackeown), Paddy Prendergast (Accony), Liam Duffy (R.I.P. Accony), Geoffrey Prendergast (Accony), Frank Lyons (Accony), Johnny Gibbons (Askelane), Tommie Prendergast (Accony) and Jim Lyons (Furmoye).

At the last meeting of the newly-formed Irish Youth Club "Feachtas", in Sancta Maria College, Louisburgh, Father Pat O'Malley, Doughmakeon was present. He had the difficult task of judging the Irish debate which took place that night.

Before reaching his decision, he expressed how happy he was to see how interested the youth of Louisburgh were in the Irish language. One of the main points he stressed was, that in order to achieve a goal in "Feachtas" we must practise speaking in the Irish language.

"Suffer us not to mock ourselves with falsehoods". By this he meant, not to be deceiving ourselves by having a knowledge of Irish, but not speaking it. In order to inspire the use of Irish, Father O'Malley gave "Feachtas" a goal to achieve, by putting up a prize for the best Irish speaker at the end of the year.

He also expressed a hope that Louisburgh should take part in the Glor na nGael, which we hope to do next year.

—Mayo News
12-1-1980

My father, John Thomas O'Malley, was born in Louisburgh, Ireland, one hundred and forty two years ago. In 1885 when he was in the White House, visiting, President Cleveland asked him: "Were you born in Ireland, Mr. O'Malley?" My father's answer was: "Yes, Mr. President, nature did me the honour." As the daughter of a true Irishman, I have always loved Ireland. The one unfulfilled wish of my life is that I have never seen its incomparable people. Old as I am that would be the great gift which providence has held in keeping for me.

— Evelyn Somerville in a letter to the
Galway Advertiser 21-8-1980

If you ever happen to be near the crown of Old Head, overlooking Clew Bay and its many Atlantic-washed islands, that's on the way out from Louisburgh, you may find yourself knee-deep in the foliage of a small undershrub known as Saint Dabeoc's Heath. Botanically *Daboecia cantabrica*, and in Irish *Fraoch na haon choise*, in summer it is a delight with its large half an inch long pinkish-purple bells; its shining green leaves furnished with rolled back margins and showing whitish beneath. The hanging flowers occur generally in loose, graceful, terminal racemes, their corollas somewhat similar to those of Bell Heather, but about three times as big. The flowers endure from June to August, and sometimes may be present almost up to Christmas, according, in the area, to the scutching sea breezes.

Saint Dabeoc's Heath tends to avoid wet bog and is inclined to mix with

Scissors and Sellotape

heather and gorse, its weak straggling shoots growing up through the wiry branches, when the blossoms of all three make a lovely mosaic of purple and gold.

On a slope of boulder-clay nearby a congener, Mediterranean Heath (*Erica mediterranea* L.), still lingers. Sometimes referred to as Irish Heath, from being locally common here and in Galway, its smooth leaves are in whorls of four, and its flowers with their tubular corollas out of which project the purple anthers form a one-sided spike. But it is across the Bay, an eroded basin of Carboniferous limestone with a background of drumlins formed of limy glacial drift, that Mediterranean Heath is found in abundance; beside Blacksod bay on the outer ridge of Achill Island and

around Carrowmore Lough in Erris. During my time in Blacksod, over forty years ago, the local fishermen used Saint Dabeoc's and the Mediterranean Heaths in the manufacture of crab and lobster pots, the springy elasticity of the branches supposedly adding to the capacity when a 'big one' enter the fish-baited trap. I remember also they used to tell me that chewing a bit of Saint Dabeoc's when out at sea warded off seasickness. It never 'worked' in my case, I usually landed at my destination more dead than alive, the romance of the wilderness and the voyage forgotten. The fishermen contended that the Law of Signature had something to do with the 'cure'. Growing in rough rough limestone soil Heath should create calmness and act on the stomach as an antacid.

O'S.

— From *Land and Water*, a regular *Irish Press* column. 28-12-1978

The stations are an historical commemoration of a time when churches were few and travel difficult, and the parish priest went twice a year to say Mass in houses in isolated areas. On our side of the hill every house has the stations once every 15 years, which provides a not unwelcome occasion to redecorate and refurbish the home. It is now a neighbourhood festival, social as well as religious, particularly when it is held in the evening and the traditional meal is followed by singing and dancing. Our neighbours, Joe and Kathleen, have just had the stations and are now recovering from weeks of hectic activity which culminated in a gargantuan feast preceded by Mass and followed by a dance for the thirty-odd families in the station area and their own nearby relations.

Like spring cleaning, the stations are dominated by women. Under their command, the house is turned inside out, recesses and presses are excavated, surfaces painted, floor coverings renewed, new curtains are hung. Men are commissioned to carry out repairs, improve streets and yards, and make innumerable journeys to the town for materials. Closer to the date, poultry are plucked, a lamb slaughtered and hams bought, cakes are baked and desserts prepared.

With the house and the food at the peak of her demanding perfection, the stations are a personal triumph for the housewife in the eyes of the neighbours, although those same neighbours are already well acquainted with the house itself and its hospitality. Comes the day and the women still have pride for place. Forming the core of the gathering they sit inside in the cleared livingroom, while the men stand on the fringes and overflow into the hall and out on to the street. It is an important cultural occasion as much as a Christian celebration. The modern trend to have the Mass in the church, with no subsequent feast, is an erosion of culture.

— Ethna Viney in *The Irish Times*
25-10-1980

Following a national schools amalgamation in Louisburgh discussions are now going on between the Department of Education, C.I.E. and the Killeen Central School authorities with a view to arranging a satisfactory transport system for pupils.

The Clew Bay Hotel in Louisburgh is up for sale. Formerly owned by Mr. Tommy Duggan, it was purchased in 1979 by Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Scott, who carried out major renovations to the building and have since been conducting a thriving business there.

Scissors and Sellotape

Representations have been made by Louisburgh Tourist Development Association to the Minister of State at the Department of Industry, Commerce and Tourism, Mr. Tom Meaney, with a view to having the Louisburgh Tourist Office reopened.

The closure of the office last year has been a bone of contention in the town since, particularly as its closure coincided with the opening of Louisburgh's holiday cottages.

Accommodation owners have consistently claimed that there was a major fall-off in bookings in the area following the closure.

Bord Fáilte, Ireland West Tourism and local Oireachtas members have been contacted and a strong case put to them for the reopening of the office for the 1981 season.

An Association spokesman said they were not prepared to carry on into '81 without an undertaking that the office would open.

"Tourism is very important to the economy of the Louisburgh area and we cannot allow anything to happen, which will adversely affect it. We are satisfied, beyond all doubt, that last year's closure had disastrous consequences for the area, and we will continue our campaign until the decision is reversed," he said.

The finishing touches are now being put to the I.D.A. advance factory at Cahir in Louisburgh, and local hopes of a suitable industry for the building at an early date have been buoyed by the appointment of Mr. Denis Gallagher, as Minister of State in the Department of Industry, Commerce and Tourism.

Popular Louisburgh Garda Sergeant, Jim McCaffrey, has been appointed Crime Prevention and Community Relations Officer at Mayo central division in Castlebar.

Jim, who is a native of Cavan served the past six years in Louisburgh and has served as a garda in Castlebar as well as many other areas in County Mayo before being promoted to Sergeant.

The position is a new one in Mayo and among Jim's duties will be lecturing in schools throughout the county.

Jim, who takes up duty tomorrow (Thursday), is wished every success in his new post by his many friends in the West.

He is being replaced in Louisburgh by Garda Sergeant M. G. Conroy from Kinlock, County Cavan who is a native of Claremorris.

— Mayo News
10-12-1980

Attempts by popular Louisburgh business-people, Seamus and Ita Durkan, to have a quiet celebration on their 25th wedding anniversary were doomed to failure.

Public congratulations were given at the annual dinner dance of the Irish Federation of Sea Anglers in Westport and the couple were in receipt of many warm compliments there. (Seamus has recently been appointed to the Regional Fisheries Board).

And, on the following day, the actual date of the anniversary, Seamus and Ita were the special guests of their own family at a function in Durkan's Hotel.

Scissors and Sellotape

This little gem of an essay, written by an eight-year-old, is reproduced from *Link* — the monthly magazine issued by Victoria Road Baptist Church, Chelmsford.

It is entitled 'What is a grandmother': "A grandmother is a lady who has no children of her own so she likes other people's little girls and boys. A grandfather is a man grandmother. He goes for walks with the boys and they talk about fishing and tractors.

Grandmothers don't have to do anything but be there. They are old, so they shouldn't play hard or run. They should never say "Hurry up". Usually they are fat, but not too fat to tie children's shoes.

They wear glasses and funny underwear, and they can take their teeth and gums off.

They don't have to be smart, only answer questions like why dogs hate cats and why God isn't married.

They don't talk baby-talk like visitors. When they read to us, they don't skip bits, or mind if it is the same story over again.

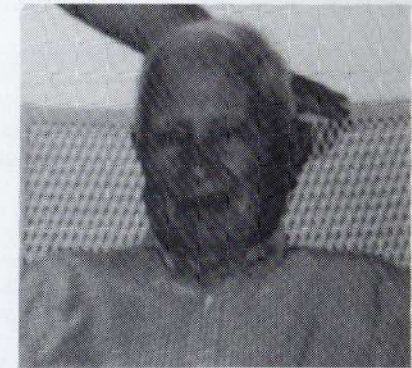
Everybody should have one, especially if you don't have television, because grandmothers are the only grown-ups who have the time.

— contributed by M. J. O'Malley
(Nottingham)

Mr. Padraic McKeown, B.A., who has joined the teaching staff of Westport Christian Brothers Primary School, is a native of Louisburgh. He previously taught at Terenure in Dublin.

Miss Breda O'Toole, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Martin J. O'Toole, Mooneen, Louisburgh, has been conferred with a B.A. degree at University College, Galway.

Breda is now continuing a national teacher training course in Dublin.



A long-burning candle! James Hastings (Clinton), son of the late Thady and Ann (Gill) Hastings of Devlin, will be 100 years old, please God, in July 1981.

Remembering Sion . . .

I remember a story I heard relating to the Tallabawn evictions. Lord Lucan had been in the Crimean War and disobeyed orders. When he came home he was welcomed in Castlebar: the houses were lighted up by way of rejoicing. But one householder refused to put lights in his window, and when Lucan asked "Why?", the man replied: "I'll light, my lord, when you restore the evicted tenants of Tallabawn."

FOUNDATION MEMBERS *(continued)*

GRODEN John F. R.I.P., Murrisk
GALLAGHER Michael and Margaret, Áitin na bFhiann, Louisburgh
GALLAGHER Mr. Bill, Dorchester, Mass.
HALLINAN James M., San Diego, California
HALLINAN Miss Marguerite, Clinton, Mass.
HARNEY Larry, Washington, U.S.A.
HAWKES Mrs. Nora, Easgéintine, Condae Luimnigh
JACKSON Mrs. Mary, Leek, Staffs., England
JORDAN Anthony R.I.P., Carrowniskey, Louisburgh
LEAMY Mrs. Evelyn N.T., Bunowen, Louisburgh
LYONS Tom (and Mary R.I.P.), Minnesota, U.S.A.
LYONS Redmond and Bridgie, Furmoyle, Louisburgh
LYONS Mary RGN, Furmoyle, Louisburgh
LYONS-O'BRIEN Mrs. Mary, Crystal Lake, Ill., U.S.A.
LYONS Sister Dymrna, Texas
MAHONEY Mrs. Julia, California, U.S.A.
MEADE Joe, Rosbeg, Westport
MacALISTER Mrs. Nora, Rathfarnham, Dublin
MacNAMARA P. J., London
McCLORRY Mrs. Mollie, Galway
MacDONNELL, Anthony, Louisburgh
McHALE, Anthony, Pulgloss, Louisburgh
McHALE, Michael, Chicago, Ill.
McHUGH Doctor Columb, Louisburgh
McKEOWN Michael, Louisburgh
McILHONEY John R.I.P., Louisburgh
McNAMARA Jim (R.I.P.) and Della, Chicago
McNAMARA Reverend Joseph, Liverpool
MacMENAMIN Michael and Gaelie, Tralee, County Kerry
MacQUILLAN Mrs. Mary Mass., U.S.A.
McVANE, Mrs. Mary J., Chicago, Ill.
MITCHELL Mrs. Ella, Framingham, Mass.
MONAGLE Mrs. Sara, Mass., U.S.A.
MORAHAN Father Alexius, Australia
MORAHAN Basil, Louisburgh
MORAHAN Mrs. Brigid R.I.P., Louisburgh
MORAHAN Justin, Terenure, Dublin
MORAN Reverend Joseph, Coolarne
MUNNELLY Mrs. D. A., California
MURPHY Miss Teresa, Boston, Mass.
MULLOWNEY Christine, Chicago, Ill.
MUSCO Josephine B., Mass., U.S.A.
NEILIS Mrs. Eileen, Enefield
O'CONNELL Mrs., London
O'DOWD Patricia and Damien, Dunboyne, County Westmeath
O'BRIEN Michael and Annie, Louisburgh

FOUNDATION MEMBERS *(continued)*

O'LEARY Desmond, Malahide, Dublin
O'MALLEY Mrs. Anne, Mass., U.S.A.
O'MALLEY Michael (Ned), Nottingham, England
O'MALLEY Miss Brigid, Huddersfield, Yorkshire
O'MALLEY Mr. John, Huddersfield, Yorkshire
O'MALLEY Father Tommie, Long Beech, U.S.A.
O'MALLEY Ned, Monkstown, County Dublin
O'MALLEY Canon Eddie R.I.P., Corofin, County Galway
O'MALLEY Johnnie, Queensland, Australia
O'MALLEY Harry, California
PHILBIN Congressman Philip, Mass., U.S.A.
PRENDERGAST Geoffrey and Mary, Raheny, Dublin
READY Miss Helen, New York
O'REILLY Thomas J., New Jersey, U.S.A.
RYAN Mr. C. A., Minn., U.S.A.
RYAN Mrs. Betty, Booterstown, County Dublin
RYDER-HARVEY Miss Mary, Mass., U.S.A.
RICHTER Mrs. Mary, New Jersey, U.S.A.
SAMMIN Father P. J., Essex, England
SAMMIN Reverend Michael, Monivea, County Galway
SAMMIN Mrs. Alice, Islandeady, Castlebar
SCAHILL Canon Charles, Balla
SCOTT Monsignor Tommie R.I.P., Sraugh, Louisburgh
SEK Mrs. Nora, Chicago, Ill.
SHERIDAN Mrs. Mary, Coventry, England
SMIDDY Doctors Tom and Evang, Ballyduff, County Kerry
TAAFFE Jack (R.I.P.) and Mary, Drogheda
TEILLION Mrs. Vincent, Mass., U.S.A.
WALLACE Monsignor Anthony, New Rochdale, New York
WOODHAM-SMITH Mrs. Cecil R.I.P., London

Focal Scoir

Our renewed thanks to all our friends who by their encouragement, support and contributions — literary and financial — have helped to keep our parish magazine going during the twenty-one years. A special word of thanks and approval is merited by our local shopkeepers who display true community spirit by selling each recurring issue without any profit whatever.

We hope to publish our next *Coinneal* in 1982 and — in whisper! — would welcome more articles or other written contributions from the younger people of the parish.

Go mbeirimíd beo an t-am seo arís!