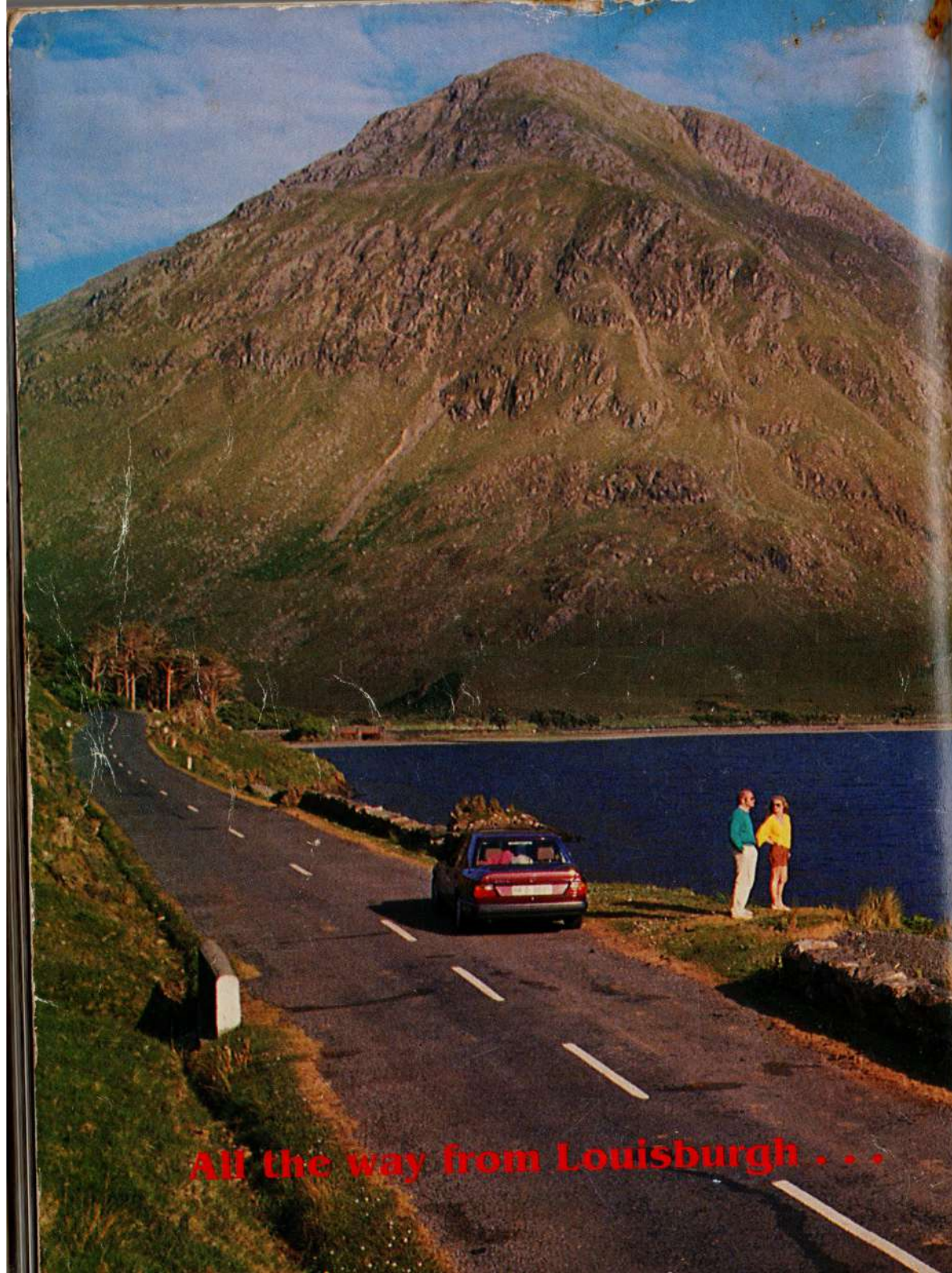


An Coinneal

LOUISBURGH

1988

No 16



All the way from Louisburgh . . .

An C oinneal

Number Sixteen

Christmas 1988

An Choinneal is a periodical of Kilgeever parish (Louisburgh, County Mayo). The oldest parish magazine in Ireland. It has appeared in alternate years since 1959.

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Our thanks to our two typists: Ms. Mary Reid and Ms. Breda McGinn

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The Editor wishes to thank all the people whose voluntary efforts have helped to produce this sixteenth issue. In particular we express thanks to Liam Lyons and Frank Dolan, professional photographers, who have supplied photographs free of charge; and the many shopkeepers in town who exhibit and sell the magazine without any commission.

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

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Letters to the Editor

The *Coinneal* arrived in its white jacket in perfect condition, as if it only crossed the road. It was 11 a.m. when the post came and our sub-tropical sun was getting very hot. I removed the *Coinneal* and took it under the shade of my Queensland nut-tree. The heat did not bother me for the rest of the day. My mind was fully occupied with Old Louisburgh.

Johnnie O'Malley (Queensland).

And this one will be of more interest for you, Johnnie! Thank you for your thoughtful memory of your Dad (page 72).

It came on Holy Thursday. A very busy week-end with no time for reading. But I managed a preview while others did the work!

Sarah O'Connell (Camden, London).

Perfect, Sarah. Every day that a new Coinneal comes should be a holy day in a Louisburgh home. And on a holyday no Louisburgh person works!

Many times over the past years someone has given me a copy of your lovely magazine. Congratulations: it's a refresher! Perhaps you will be interested in the note about Father Nee. He is my brother.

Mary McGoey (Yonkers).

Thank you Mary, for your letter and for your generous subscription. Don't allow Father Eugene to go into absolute retirement. Too much energy there to lie dormant.

I grow in admiration every time I receive it and notice all the hard work and preparation that the good people of Kilgeever parish put into it. The whole magazine is full of such interesting items

about people and places that my husband and family love to read it as they have fond memories of holidays spent in Kilgeever. Keep up the good work!

Bridie Brush (Tasmania).

Happy to hear that it serves its purpose at such a far outpost, Bridie. We have noted your changed address.

As a Foundation member, I was truly impressed with the latest edition; the improved format and the system of distribution here in the States. Sadly I report the death of my uncle Anthony McNamara originally of Devlin South. Another of his nephews is manager of the Boston Red Sox who nearly won the World series Baseball championship last fall. My mother, Winifred Frazer Burns, now ninety-four is originally from Barnabawn and is in fair health and keen mind as I write. I ask your readers prayers for her.

Father John Burns Waltham, Mass.

Readers of our earlier editions will remember your article on your visit to your mother's home, Father John. Bring our kind wishes and prayers to her for many happy years ahead.

Fresh, bright and oh, so practical. The famine article left me enlightened, speechless and sad; while we wallow in a mountain of plenty! Keep up the good work and may God always hold you in the palm of his hand.

Alice Sammon (Islandeady)

We enjoy your comments always Alice. Don't shrink from constructive criticism too. We could benefit by such comments.

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Louisburgh and District Association in London sent us a gift of £500, and Mayo Association in Boston a gift of \$100. Míle buíochas both.

I have been reading and reading, and lots more to read. I know of no other. Mine came through Mary (Dunne) Richter in New Jersey; must write to her.

Sister Dympna Lyons (Texas).

Yes, Celine, Mary has been of sterling service to us in the whole North American area. She and her husband, Bob, have handled all our work there with efficiency and with joy.

Monsignor Scahill paid us a visit in Perth this year and I was glad to have read "Cantate" before I met him! Thoroughly enjoyed this *Coinneal* again; as Roy Rohu said *chuir sé ar bhóthar na smaointe mé.*

Al Morahan (Perth, W. Australia)

And did the bóthar reveal for you anything that might be committed to print, Al?

I am looking for family ties that have evaded me so far, although I have met many O'Toole's and have made friends but no definite ties yet.

John B. O'Toole (New Bedford).

In our last (1987) issue, John, you will find quite a family history of one branch of the family written by Michael O'Toole, now resident in Leenane. I have retained the partial tree you sent me until perhaps you can enlarge it having seen that article.

I have always felt that it was an invaluable medium for binding Louisburgh parishioners across the world. Indeed the trojan work by the committee has, perhaps, been taken a little for granted through the years.

Anthony Sweeney (Boyle).

Glad to know that you are in such good health and spirits, Anthony.

The *Coinneal* was great and we all in Boston enjoyed reading it. Our little effort was worth it for a such a great *Coinneal*.

Paddy O'Malley (Boston).

Glad to have another opportunity, Paddy, to thank you and Peggy for your hospitality and the Boston Committee for their time and energy in getting our magazine sold and distributed in the whole area. Many letters to our Louisburgh office have expressed appreciation.

We are grateful for receiving it and we appreciate the work Mary Richter is doing in seeing that subscribers here get their copies.

Michael J. and Gertrude McDermott.

We all agree that Mary's work is invaluable.

My mother, Mary Hanlon, received her copy on behalf of her sister Brigid O'Malley from Huddersfield, England. She is very happy for the news from home, which will always be Louisburgh. She is now unable to read as she is eighty-nine, but I am her daughter and read to her. The news and names are very familiar to her and thank you very much.

Lillian Hanlon (Sonoma Ca).

Your Aunt Brigid is one of our most active correspondents, Lillian, and it is a joy to think that your mother, too, can get the breath of home, even vicariously! We hope you don't have any difficulty in reading aloud the many Irish names and words that appear in any edition!

Beautiful production. Better than ever.

Joseph Moran (Aghamore).

Ditto, Father Joe. Kind memories of you are still fresh in the community at home and abroad.

OUR WRITERS

Apart from our roster of well-known writers we introduce in this issue:

Father Michael Flannery is a son of a Louisburgh mother. He is at present curate in Cornamona, County Galway.

Marie Keane teaches in Killeen National School. Originally O'Grady from Cregganbawn, she is married to P. J. Keane, Bridge Street.

Sister Mary Kelly is present principal of Louisburgh Girls School.

Lesli O'Dowd is a native of America, married to John O'Dowd of Moneen. Co-chairperson of *Mining Awareness*.

Vincent O'Loughlin is a native of Kilmaine and teaches at Sancta Maria. He serves on many local bodies.

Vincent O'Reilly formerly lived in the family home on Tooreen Road. Inherits a family gift for writing, as well as the building trade.

Johnnie O'Malley was born in Bunowen and now works a large sheep-farm in Queensland, Australia.

Pat Joe McHale (Emlagh) now lives near Maynooth, but keeps close contact with his McHale relatives everywhere.

Malcolm Murphy (Carramore) is a young writer who has many poems published in the parish Newsletter.

Joseph Murphy (Devlin) is a keen student of local folklore, oral and written. He is perhaps now the leading exponent of this rich tradition.

Teresa Niland (Belcarra) has just completed a stint of two years with the Louisburgh Resource Centre. She is succeeded by:

Mary Reid, a young Donegal woman, who in her leisure time explores the remoter beauty spots of the district; and has taken part in local dramatics.

Roy Rohu is a regular visitor to the parish as a break from his academic life in Dublin. A keen student of the Bible.

Justin Sammin is employed at the Louisburgh Resource Centre. He takes a real interest in local history and is at present researching the local details of the Great Famine.

Patrick Scanlon (Bridge Street) lives now in New York but recalls in surprisingly accurate detail the events of his boyhood.

I was horrified to see what the postage amounted to (85p!) I remember the incident of the German plane landing though I did not see it. It was very exciting! I think that it was after that that the word EIRE was put in huge white stones on the mountain-side. I think that they were kept white-washed.

Nora McAllister (Rathfarnham)

God bless your memory, Nora. Incidentally, have you any old Louisburgh photographs which we could reproduce in our "Museum Pages"?

You'll be swamped with congratulations and I'm delighted to add mine and my brother, Paddy's, from Liverpool. It's a great number: better and better it gets all the time. We do miss Father Joe McNamara of Upper Bridge Street since he died here in Liverpool last year; he was so lovely, so totally unique. He had all the warmth, all the charm and friendliness and good humour that's so typically "Louisburgh".

The old folk loved him, as did the housebound. They remember him best but he's missed by all. So if you have another, send him over.

And soon!

Michael Casey (Bootle)

But what about the old and the housebound here, Father Michael?

It gives much pleasure to all my friends around who have visited Louisburgh and thoroughly enjoy that little town.

Joan Coyne (Bootle)

Shh!, Joan. Between yourself and the Louisburgh Tourist Association so many people will come to Louisburgh that we will not have any more than three of the seven strands to ourselves!

Remembering the 1959 issue, and having read them all since then, I think that the present issue does the Editorial Board proud. For me personally it brought back some happy memories. I have always had a special place in my heart for Louisburgh; possibly because I regard it as having a somewhat similar lifestyle as Newport. When we had a dance-band (Twilight Serenaders) we loved playing in McDermott's.

Gerard Bracken (Newport)

Happy times and serenades in the twilight of your well-earned retirement, Gerry!

I am very happy to have my own copy because both my parents are from Louisburgh (Askillaun). Our name was Hallinan. I know that I shall enjoy it and I am so happy with it that I want you to send a copy to the enclosed address of a friend.

Teresa Horne

You have got the right idea, Teresa. Philosophers say that good is diffusive of itself. You have qualified in philosophy!

Charming is the only word for the cover pages. The contents, in Irish and English, reach the highest standards of former issues. I have enjoyed as well as learned from them a great deal that I didn't know before. Apart from Father Waldron's history of the 1880 famine and Father Leo's wide-ranging and most intelligent contributions, and the well-deserved tribute to Monsignor Scahill, and all the other people of the past and present, I was specially touched by the fine appreciations of Father Dan Conneely. He was my first Mass-server over sixty-five years ago. We always kept in touch and I had a visit from him a week before he died. As I am now over ninety-one years, I cannot hope with any probability that I will see another

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issue of *An Choinneal*. So I would like to send a word of warmest congratulations to Father Leo for his most untiring and intelligent work. To his secretary also a similar compliment is due. May God grant Father Leo the health for very many more years to keep *An Choinneal* lighting for the pleasure, the information and the honour of the homes of the parish of Kilgeever *sa mbaile agus i gcéin*.

Bishop James Fergus (Ballaghaderreen)

I accept and appreciate your generous remarks and prayer, Bishop Fergus; with the obvious exception, of course, namely that you have already survived another edition. Agus gurab ioma Coinneal a chuireas tú as fós!

1136 Morris Road
Wynnewood, PA 19096
U.S.A.
March 14, 1978

Mr. Leon Ó Mórcháin
c/o *An Coinneal*
Louisburgh
County Mayo, Ireland

Dear Leon:

You do not know me. We have never met. However, I feel no need for an introduction, as I think your "Memories of a Cousin" so eloquently and beautifully expressed in the most recent issue of your parish magazine has already introduced us.

Death at any time is cruel, but when the victim is taken in the fitness of life it makes it doubly so.

I had the memorable pleasure of meeting Martin when he first came to America. He visited us quite often in Philadelphia. He was a handsome young Irishman then, possessing those great qualities of courage, faith, laughter, sense of humor and love of country which are

the sure safeguards of a nation's greatness. He reflected great credit on his family, and represented everything that was fine and honorable. We were all deeply saddened by his untimely death. Everybody loved him on earth, but God must have loved him even more and I am very pleased that someone recognized his sterling qualities and articulated them so well in the parish magazine. I congratulate you!

Martin told us all about the bog and how he carted the turf to Louisburgh and also all about the Sunday night dances in Mullach. If you were to listen to him describe it you might think you were listening to some great philosopher or Irish poet; but then, I think Martin was a poet. I know he loved it all and they were very precious hours of his life.

Before I went back to Ireland (Kinnock) in 1948, Martin made me promise to visit his family in Ballyhip. I stopped to see them for a while and I shall always remember it. His dear Mother was so very proud of him. I know she painfully misses him and I know she has suffered deeply. God love her.

Many of us here in Philadelphia fondly recall our little visits with Martin. He was a remarkable human being. America has lost a noble citizen and we are all poorer by his passing. He died too young, but I know he sleeps in restful peace under that "blue canopy of heaven."

Sincerely,

Michael J. Grady
(formerly Kinnock-Westport
sub-parish)

P.S. I am not a member of your parish. We received "*An Coinneal*" through the courtesy of our very good and faithful friend Mrs. Mary Ellen Kenny, Louisburgh. We appreciate it, are most grateful and really enjoy it. Was delighted to read that John O'Dowd (Moneen) was the winner in the Golden Voice contest.

GOLD AND VALUES

Editorial

For a parish which seldom blows its horn too loudly, Kilgeever is making a habit of surfacing regularly in national, and occasionally international, headlines. The latest spotlight trained on the district has to do with gold-prospecting and possible gold-mining in the localities of Croagh Patrick and Doolough. Exploration licences have hitherto been granted in respect of both areas and although mining leases have not yet been issued drilling has gone to an advanced stage on the Croagh Patrick site. The mining companies involved are Burmin (at Croagh Patrick) and Glencar (at Doolough).

Overseas readers who might be tempted to dismiss this news as an attempted joke should be informed as to why such prospects for gold are now being entertained for areas which were never before charted on a gold-mining map. A combination of two factors has brought it about. One factor is the increased price of gold on world market. (\$422.25 almost £300 per ounce as of 4 November 1988) The second is an improved mining process by which huge quantities of gold-bearing rock can be crushed and the precious metal extracted from the powder by use of chemicals; specifically cyanide. The net result from these two factors is that sites which were hitherto regarded as insignificant or uneconomic to mine have now become attractive and valuable. Many sites along the western seaboard in Ireland have now come under that designation. The whole area between Clew Bay and Killary Harbour appears to have distinct possibilities, and Croagh Patrick and Doolough are the focus-points of present attention. Naturally, the news has made headlines.

As the news sank in locally, reactions have differed from interest, to pride, to concern, to fear. Within the local community individual opinions were openly or secretly being expressed. They formed and still form a whole spectrum from delight, to approval, to apathy, to caution, to resentment, to alarm. Predictably, the mining companies give assurances of safety in the entire operations. Predictably, too, they dismiss as premature a belief in the original estimates of three hundred millions pounds' worth of gold. (To a layman their dismissal appears curious, because the estimate was calculated from the companies' own declared findings!) Commendably, the companies have honestly stated the there must be some disruption of the environment and that there might be some cause for concern. The debate has begun. A public meeting in Louisburgh Parochial Hall on Friday night, 21 October 1988, heard the many viewpoints put unemotionally and reasonably. That meeting was the latest in a series of thought-provoking steps taken by a group called *Mining Awareness*, which lives up to its name by persistently alerting all interested people as to the possible eventualities if the proposed mining should go ahead in the entire West Mayo-North Connemara Area.

Mining Awareness is not to be dismissed as an elitist and merely idealistic movement which has no concern for the practical and harsh economic difficulties of life in Louisburgh of the 1990's and after. Because of the nature of events, the movement is cast in the role of adversary to any mining interests. A careful reading of their statements, public letters and published newsletters will show them to be far more objective. "*Mining Awareness* is not anti-mining per se," say their joint Chairwomen (Connacht Tribune, 29 July 1988), "we are against mining without sufficient safeguards and in unsuitable places". That seems such an eminently reasonable statement that further debate must centre on what safeguards are sufficient, and what places unsuitable.

Sufficiency of safeguards was discussed at the Louisburgh meeting and opposing views were expressed. They centred on: proper storage of cyanide-toxic effluent until it breaks down chemically and becomes harmless; the danger of leaks, physical or biological (that is by traffic of birds, insects and smaller animals); the permanence of scars on the environment; the possibility of restoring the landscape almost completely; the dangers to livestock; the hopes of sorely needed employment, and the question of the length of term of such employment. Mr. John Killeen had travelled from Tynagh (a now dormant lead-and-zinc mining area in South-East Galway). From his own experience he warned of unfulfilled promises and of loss of livestock. An directly opposite account from the Navan mines was quoted by another speaker.

Suitability of place was discussed mainly in the context of water-pollution and the detrimental effect this could have on at least three exceptionally precious fisheries – Carrownisky, Doolough and Clew Bay. Strangely it was a recently arrived non-native of the parish Ms. Mary Reid who, at that meeting, protested against the desecration of the Reek as a sacred mountain. She made a neat parallel with the Dakota mines (which had been shown on video at the meeting) as the sacred mountain of the American Indians. Happily, without exception these arguments and viewpoints were put in a restrained and very civilized manner.

Good humour, has, of course, a place in the general debate; but flippancy must not be allowed to cloud the issues. To the environmental argument, someone is reported as having replied: "You cannot eat the scenery". That remark is in danger of being elevated to the status of a proverb and considered wise and irrefutable. A little thoughtful reflection on the economic realities of a tourist industry would question the truth of that humorous quip. Simply stated, scenery can mean tourists; tourists can mean employment, and employment can mean income and food. In that sense one *can* eat the scenery! The local grocer, butcher and publican can. The local hotelier or B-and-B owner can. Someone with an acre of arable land and a naggin of perspiration can. That is, if we organize ourselves with efficiency and determination. As this magazine has repeatedly pointed out in the past, the real economic value of a tourist industry comes where a community produces the materials for the tourist menus.

Perhaps the man in the street was not in the hall that night, but it would

appear that popular opinion also is quite divided; and along the same lines of argument. Happily it is a contained division. Gold has proverbially always been an emotive subject; its worth, its good effect, its dangers. So too can cyanide become an emotive term; or employment, or emigration, or even environment. The community is to be congratulated that there *is* a debate; and more so, that — despite some controversial newspaper treatment — the debate has still been reasonable and unemotive. Because there are still the two real possible effects from the proposed mining, one bad, one good; and because there is a distinct *possibility* that the bad might outdo the good, *An Choinneal* takes this timely opportunity to suggest that:

- (1) there is need for still more information, more awareness — particularly before full planning permission is granted.
- (2) the proposed moratorium should be enforced at once, and should obtain until all the possibilities are sifted;
- (3) when and if mining leases are granted Irish law should demand that, before each successive phase of mining, sufficient capital be set aside by the mining company to ensure that *that* part of the environment be restored. And failure to do this at any phase should mean closure of the mining concern;
- (4) toxic waste be monitored by independent experts, answerable to the Irish Government on a continuing basis;
- (5) local public representatives, including the Irish Minister for Environment, should initiate a move to have Irish mining law, which is notoriously lax in comparison with other European countries, amended forthwith;
- (6) local interests should agree on a plan of action and that all local parties unite to see it through.

An Choinneal hopes that, in the interest of the community which we serve, time will be allowed for a debate which is slow, deliberate, honest and dignified. We advise that nobody should be hasty to take up irrevocable position on *either* side; that all interested parties would both speak out *and listen*. We hope that eventually all parties involved will arrive at whichever overall decision will save the real gold of people and their values for the Louisburgh of coming generations.

Coinneal Accounts – Excerpt

May 1987 – Balance at Bank	£3972.39
May 1987 to October 1988 – Lodgements from sales	£2813.41
Total at Bank	£6785.80
22 May 1987 – Printing of 1800 copies of <i>An Choinneal</i> No. 15	£4000.00
Balance at Bank (31 October 1988).....	£2785.80

GOLDEN YEARS

LOUISBURGH GIRLS N.S. (1938 - 1988)

In 1926, Very Rev. Canon Healy appointed Mrs. O'Hara (who was assistant in Louisburgh N.S.) as Principal of Tully N.S. He then applied to Tuam for a sister to work as an assistant teacher with Mrs. Bailey. Sister Cecilia Donnellan was sent from Tuam to fill this post until Sister Laurence O'Brien and Sister Cortona Cunnane made profession of final vows. In 1927 when Mrs. Bailey retired, Sisters Laurence and Cortona were appointed as Principal and assistant. Like Sister M. Cecilia, they had to work under many disadvantages and inconveniences, on the second floor of a most dilapidated building reached by a flight of stone steps which were most dangerous especially for young children. All classes were taught in one badly ventilated room which was in such a very disreputable condition that it had been condemned twenty years before that.

The need for a new school was indeed urgent. Reverend Mother Augustine immediately set about this task, but the obstacles along the way were numerous. The first difficulty was acquiring a suitable site convenient to the Convent. The place selected was nominally a Fair Green but in reality was never used for that purpose. Instead it had often been used as a dump and as a result the place was veritable eye-sore. When Reverend Mother applied for it as a site for a school, she was told that it would require an Act of Parliament to allow a Fair Green to be appropriated for any other purpose, despite the fact that fairs were never held there! After much prayer, and discussion with the Land Commission authorities concerned, Mother Alphonsus finally succeeded in securing it on condition that another Fair Green would be provided by the community. For this purpose, a piece of land was purchased at the other end of the town for sixty pounds.

In 1937 the building of the new school began. A grant of two-thirds of the total cost was promised by the Educational Authorities. The community provided the remaining one-third. The building was under the care of the Board of Works, according to the Board of Works plan for Primary schools. The contractor was Mr. McCormack. It was completed in 1938 and Mass was celebrated there by Father Michael McDonnell. Reverend Mother de Sales came from Tuam for the occasion and brought with her the pioneers of the Louisburgh Foundation, Sister M. Gertrude and Sister M. Columba. The building itself has three rooms complete with cloakroom and toilets. There is also a play-ground attached.

In September 1971 the first lay appointment took place in Louisburgh Girls N.S. when Mrs. Kathleen Morrison was appointed as assistant teacher. Two schools in the area were closed, Kilsallagh and Accony. The girls from Kilsallagh and Accony were amalgamated with those in Girls N.S. Louisburgh and Mrs Kathleen Morrison who was teaching in Kilsallagh was transferred with them. Mr. Tommie McHale was transferred from Accony with the boys from

Accony and Kilsallagh to the Boys N.S. Louisburgh. Up to that year there had been three sisters teaching in Scoil Mhuire - Sisters Eugene, Kevin and Conleth. Sister Conleth then left Ireland for the Missions in San Diego.



First row: Nancy McNally, Nora Maxwell, Mercy Harney, Mairéad Ryan, Katie Hallinan (R.I.P.). Second row: Mary Moran, Anna Mulvey, Maura O' Malley, Delia Hallinan, Ann Flanagan, Ann Durkan. Third row: Joan Scanlon, Eileen Dunne, Ann Maria Cannon, Virginia Sammon, Josephine McNally, Mary O' Malley. Front row: Phil Geoghegan, Nancy O' Malley, Mercy Dunne, D. McGreal, Sr. Concilio (R.I.P.), Sr. Teresita (R.I.P.), Eda Hannon, Nancy Prendergast.



Top row from left: Angela O'Leary, Phil Prendergast, ———, Maureen Prendergast, Margaret Fergus, Mary C. Sammin, Mercy Dunne, Annie Mary Flanagan, Una Sammin, Joan O'Leary, Gertrude O'Reilly, Monica Burke, Christina McNamara, June Cannon, Joan Philbin, Gertie McNamara, Yvonne McKeown, Maura Sammin, Breta O'Malley, Enna O'Malley, Sally O'Grady, Attracta O'Donnell, Claire McMyler, Marie Keane, Francis McNally, Maimie O'Grady, Mary Delly, Mary Harney, Noreen Needham.



Certainly not mugs! – Sixth Class 1988



Break-time – All work and no play makes Jane . . . !



5th and 6th Class 1963 or 1964 (approx).

Standing L. to R.: Sr. Kevin, Deirdre O'Malley, Ann O'Grady, Phyllis Fergus, Ann Keane, Mary T. Sammon, Breta O'Reilly, Josephine Morrison, Mary Lyons.

Seated L. to R.: Mary Kerrigan, Ann Fergus, Bernadette Sammon, Anne McNamara, Mary McNamara, Eileen McEvilly, Maureen Heaney, Marie O'Toole, Lucy Morahan, Ethna Curran, Breta O'Malley.

SCHOOL PRINCIPALS

Sister M. Laurence	1938 - 1941
Sister M. Cecilia	1941 - 1960
Sister M. Consillo	1960 - 1966
Sister M. Eugene	1966 - 1981
Sister Teresa Fahy	1981 - 1984
Sister Mary Kelly	1984 -

OTHER SISTERS WHO WORKED IN SCOIL MHUIRE:

Sister Corona, Sister Teresita, Sister Ambrose, Sister Francis, Sister Dominic, Sister Finian, Sister Kevin, Sister Christine, Sister Rita, Sister Eugene, Sister Conleth, Sister Philomena, Sister Maria, Sister Clement.

Down through the years Sisters Michael, Annunciata, Columbanus and Ursula gave individual music lessons to many of the Primary school children

Sister Mary Kelly

The School Roll in 1938:

Infants and First Class: Mary Prendergast, Pauline Fallon, Mary B. O'Grady, Philomena Scanlon, Mary B. O'Toole, Bernadette Geoghegan, Mary Burke, Mary Needham, Mary E. McMyler, Eva T. Kenny, Nora Durkan, Etna Heneghan, Mary Josephine McNamara, Sheila Hallinan, Mary Dunne, Annie Maughan, Mary Maughan, Mary O'Malley, Teresa Jennings, Kathleen O'Toole, Katherine O'Reilly, Pauline Philbin, Catherine Durkan, Kathleen Sweeney, Nora O'Malley, Mary Mulvey, Eileen Hyland, Catherine O'Grady, Margaret O'Reilly, Margaret Flanagan, Brigid C. Burke, and Máire Glynn – Teacher: Sister Concilio

Second Class: Sally Geoghegan, Nancy Gaffney, Annie Casey, Sheila Hemeghan, Mary Hallinan, Anne O'Malley, Sheila Ruane, Agatha Gaffney

Third Class: Chris McDonnell, Anne McNally, Lily Philbin, Sheila O'Reilly, Siobhán Hallinan, Sarah Durkan, Carmel Doyle, Catherine Duggan, Mary Gill, Máire Walshe, Mary McMyler, Mary T. Heneghan

Fourth Class: Frances McGreal, Lily Prendergast, Lily Fallon, Mary Durkan, Lucinda Carr, Brigid Durkan, Brigid McMyler, Brigid M. T. O'Grady, Mary Toner – Teacher: Sister Teresita

Fifth Class: Sheila Scanlon, Nora Geoghegan, Mary Duggan, Anne Scanlon, Mary O'Malley, Laura Kerrigan, Catherine Doyle, Patricia Heneghan, May Fallon, Angela McDonnell, Catherine Toner, Teresa Ruane, Sarah McNally, Brigid O'Grady, Carmel Sammon, Siobhán O'Grady, Anne Gibbons

Sixth Class: Annie Doyle, Mary Doyle, Brigid Fergus, Nora Durkan, Brigid Duggan, Anne O'Malley, Rachel Carr, Eileen Philbin, Mary O'Reilly, Mary Nicholson, Mary Casey

Seventh Class: Kathleen Harney, Úna Scanlon, Sarah Philbin, Gabriella Morahan, Alice McNamara, Sarah Durkan – Teacher: Sister Laurence

To make recognition easier these names have been translated from the Irish rolls and may include some errors (such as Mary for May, Siobhán for Sarah etc.)

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?



Fifth and Sixth classes – 1978-'9



Fifth and Sixth classes – 1980-'81

ROAD TO REMEMBER

On June 19th, 1988, several hundred people from all parts of Ireland, England and America congregated on the Square in Louisburgh to commemorate an event that has occurred almost a hundred-and-forty years earlier and to take part in a sponsored walk from Louisburgh to Doolough. The event in question, now referred to as the "Doolough Tragedy" concerned the huge loss of life which happened when hundreds of people travelled the ten miles between Louisburgh and Delphi on foot at the height of the Famine in the area in March 1849. They went in the hope of Relief or food aid from the Board of Guardians who were then staying at Delphi Lodge. A graphic account of this calamity is given in a *Coinneal* article by John D. O'Dowd under the title "A Journey into History". Almost a century and a half later the equivalent number of people waited outside the chemist shop in Louisburgh (from where the first march departed) waiting for the arrival of RTE personality, Donnacha Ó Dulaing, to officially start the walk. The idea for the commemorative walk had originated with AFrI (Action from Ireland), who have a commitment to working on the "suppressed memory" of the Great Irish Hunger in order to create an awareness, and highlight the existence, of hunger and injustice in the Third World today. So convinced is AFrI of the need to remember the Irish Famine that they have decided to devote a considerable amount of their energy over the next decade to a "Famine" project. The aim of this project is "to impress upon the Irish, at home and abroad, our collective responsibility as a nation, towards the establishment of a more just economic order for the world's poor today".

Eddie Nee, chairman of the Louisburgh Tourist Co-Operative welcomed the large crowd to Louisburgh and outlined the route of the walk, indicating that refreshments would be supplied en route. He then introduced Don Mullan of AFrI. Don spoke of the paradox of the so called "Famine" in Ireland. "Famine" he said "meant lack of food. But this had not been the case in Ireland. Even as the nation starved, shiploads of grain were leaving our ports daily for other destinations. There are many parallels with this in the Third World today. Most of these impoverished countries are net *exporters* of food, while often the people of the nation are dying from the effects of famine." He told the assembled crowd that AFrI intended to use the example of the Irish experience especially to illustrate the immorality of hunger in today's world. The abandoned goat-track to Doolough has been renamed 'The Road to Remember' so that the terrible lessons of this dark epoch in our history can be used by us in our efforts to alleviate the plight of the poor and starved in our modern world.

Thomas Gallagher, the American author of "Paddy's Lament" (a history of the Great Famine) spoke of the Irish experience of that period and the awful debt, in terms of human life and suffering, which the event has left in its wake. He remarked that in speaking to Irish people about the 'Great Hunger' he was always shocked by the paucity of the facts and the scant — almost deliberately

obscured — memories they have of the period. It is his belief that we have as a nation deliberately suppressed this moment in our history, and that we are unable or unwilling to take an empirical view of it today. He felt that the educational establishments aided this obscurantism and have deliberately ignored the causes and the consequences of the Great Hunger. He expressed the hope that the Doolough Walk would serve to reawaken interest in, and understanding of, the terrible years. Thus we might be able to pass on the lessons and help to alleviate the effects of contemporary tragedies. While the speakers were addressing the crowd the Louisburgh Drama Group (under the direction of Clem Lyons) re-enacted, in a very moving performance, the scene of the starving people of Louisburgh begging for aid from an official. So realistic was the portrayal that many present wept openly, as if the past had become the present and the ghosts of 1849 had returned to admonish the neglect of their memory and their consignment to oblivion in ignored and unmarked graves.

Donnacha Ó Dulaing was unfortunately delayed and missed the start of the walk but arrived in Louisburgh in time to lead the crowd on their march from the town. At Cregganbawn, a half-way point, local people came out from their homes to welcome the marchers, and here refreshments were supplied to the participants. The warmth and generosity of the welcome was greatly appreciated by the visitors and has since been widely commented on in both the local and national press.

As the march crossed the Glenkeen River, the Drama Group again acted



Drama group members in the silent crowd acting out the tragedy of 1849 on Louisburgh Square.

out the scene where many of those starving victims were drowned as they forded the river on that dark, windswept night. The gentle stream that flowed on a summer's day in 1988 was in stark contrast to the raging flood which had confronted the pitiful crowd on the nightmare march across the snow-covered mountain.

Having unsuccessfully petitioned the board of guardians and been ordered to make their way back to Louisburgh, throngs of people were (according to James Berry's account) blown into Doolough on their return and drowned at Strappabue. When the 1988 march stopped there, Father Niall O'Brien placed a cross in the ground as a memorial to the Louisburgh dead and as a reminder to the living that we can no longer neglect our starving brothers and sisters. That cross had an added significance in that it was made from the timber of a hinged coffin from Brazil which was used as a communal bier for the poor. Similar hinged coffins were widely used in Ireland during the Great Hunger.

Further on, on the shore of Doolough a platform had been erected to accommodate the speakers. The crowd had by now swelled to twelve or thirteen hundred. Here Don Mullan again addressed the crowd. He explained that he had read on account of the tragedy in "Heritage of Mayo" by Áine Ní Cheannáin, which recalled a description of this event in local history as recorded by James Berry in "Tales of the West of Ireland". It was from these reports that the idea for the walk grew. He extended thanks to the staff of the Resource Centre, in particular, for the additional research they had carried out on the period, and for their efforts in co-ordinating accommodation and the organisational details of the Walk. He paid special tribute to Eddie Nee and the Tourist Co-Op for their enthusiasm and support in launching the project.

Father Niall O'Brien — the Irish priest whose imprisonment under the Marcos regime in the Phillipines caused an international campaign for his release — then addressed the crowd. Speaking movingly he drew clear analogies between the man-made starvation of the Irish Famine and the injustice and poverty experienced in the Third World to-day. The following excerpt is taken from Fr. O'Brien's text:

... "We have come here today to tell the dead that we are ashamed for what happened. We have come to ask their forgiveness and at the same time we ourselves are challenged, while not compromising the Christian obligation to struggle for justice, to forgive those who perpetrated this evil and not to use these deaths as a justification for taking more lives or for a diminished nationalism which would forget the primary and more sacred bond of the brother and sisterhood of the whole human family. Before we are Irish or English we are first brothers and sisters in the human family. And every time we do not treat each other as brothers and sisters, no matter what our religion, we deny the existence of God.

Finally, we have come as it were, to stretch out our hand to touch the dying, for they are still with us: they live under a bridge in Calcutta, they squat in a slum in San Salvador, they are refugees in a camp on the Thai border, they huddle in a burnt-out hotel in Beirut, they cower in hiding from Indian hunters in a forest

in Brazil, they shiver in Siberia, they beg along the streets of Manila . . . they are calling to us, to you and me. It is in answering this call that we are granted a chance to redeem those evil days of the last century, to stretch across the decades and touch the dying with love. It is thus that we rediscover the Gospel, rediscover ourselves and our own humanity".

A specially-composed ballad, drawing parallels between the tragedy of 1849 and present-day famine and injustice, was recited by its composer, John Tunney. Donal Lunny, the ex-Planxty musician, composed a special slow air for the occasion and this was played on the uilleann pipes. David O'Dowd, Louisburgh, read a passage which had been written by his father for a previous *Coinneal* and which recorded the local folk-memory of the tragedy. Áine Ní Cheannáin, author of 'The Heritage of Mayo' laid a wreath on the water in memory of those who had died. Simultaneously, Clem Lyons read a poem in Irish (which had been written by Father Leo Morahan) about the event. She was accompanied by John O'Dowd, who played a slow air on the tin-whistle. Then Catriona Ruane, a Trócaire worker, who has spent three years in Central America, spoke of the significance of the 'Road to Remember' as a reminder to the rest of the world that the root causes of famine and hunger lie in the nature of our society. In Ireland, Michael Davitt of Straide, County Mayo founded the Land League and made it his life's work to expose and struggle against the social and political roots of poverty. The ceremony ended with a symbolic distribution of bread among the assembled crowd — a vivid reminder of our responsibility and duty to feed the hungry.

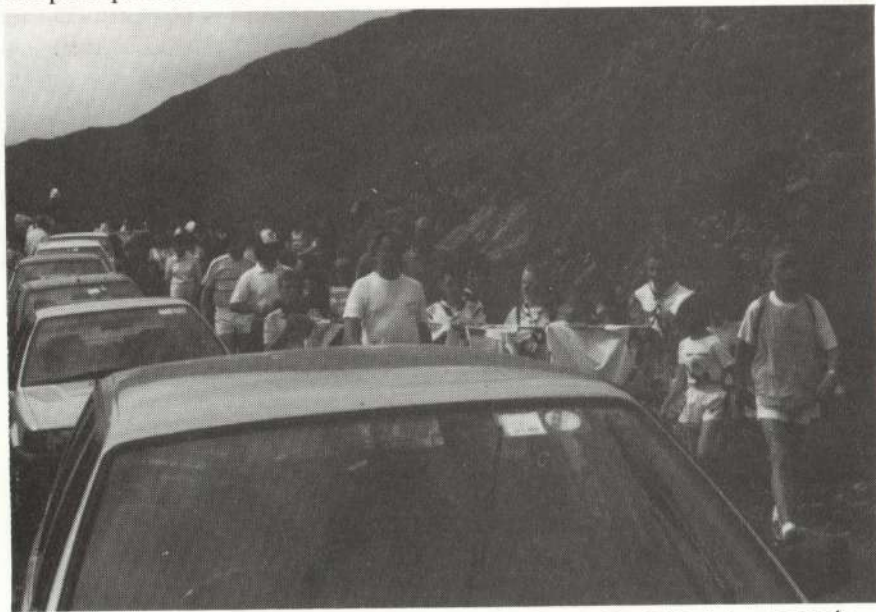


Áine Ní Cheannáin, author, lays a wreath on the water in memory of the famine victims.

Justin Sammon thanked the participants for making the journey to Louisburgh and joining with the people of the area in the day's tribute to those who had been lost during those darkest years; and inviting visitors, along with the people of Louisburgh, to mark the event in the future so that finally, after almost one hundred and forty years, a glimmer of light would shine out from the place which had known only grief and lamentation. The entire proceedings were filmed by both CBS News and RTE. The American network, which reaches an audience of sixty million people, broadcast both the march and the ceremonies which accompanied it as an extensive feature.

It is hoped that on March 31st, 1989, the 140th anniversary of the tragedy will be commemorated by another Famine Walk and the mass graves at Doolough will finally be marked by a cross. It is to be hoped that this next memorial walk will be organized by the people of Louisburgh ourselves as a simple and fitting tribute to those who went before us and who so suffered so greatly in this world.

For the future, the 'Road to Remember' and the long-term Famine project — in co-operation with AFRI — are of great importance to Louisburgh. From the historical perspective it will serve to awaken interest in a much-neglected aspect of local and national history. Already the Famine Walk has wrested the staid, statistical data from the history books and given it a human dimension. Folk-memory in the area must still hold many more accounts of those terrible times and perhaps those who heard tales in their childhood will now find the courage



The famine road remembered at Doolough: Donncha O'Dulaing (R.T.É.) joins in the march.

to relate them to their children and grandchildren. The names of the victims of the 'trail of tears' must be found, names like Affie Dillon and many other familiar names so that these our own anonymous, but maybe ancestral, dead can be identified and their passing mourned. The youth of the parish should be encouraged to enquire into the experience of the Great Famine in the area. The schools might help the children to locate the forgotten, mass graves so that we can fittingly mark them. Again, the mass emigration which began with the Great Hunger should be re-examined. How many left the parish, where were their abandoned homes — in what villages? — on the sides of which hill? Who left? Which families? Which survivors? — Where did they go? What did they do? Who and where are their descendants today? If such a research project could be co-ordinated in Louisburgh, it would serve as an example to other areas in Ireland, in the west and north-west in particular, and it would bring the hidden past back to its proper place — at the forefront of our minds.

The 'Road to Remember' has created an awareness that we should re-examine the past; not only for its historical insights but also for the valuable lessons it teaches the world today. Global starvation as we know it in the twentieth century should begin to have a real meaning in Louisburgh. The Doolough tragedy is our own immediate and vivid pointer to the man-made catastrophe that hunger is. Louisburgh, today, remains a place decimated by emigration. Let us use the Famine Walk to realize clearly the roots and consequences of this mass exodus as it has affected us now for a century and a half. Emigration which was once the result of Mayo's extreme poverty, is today becoming one of its causes. It is time to remember, reflect and move forward. 'The Road to Remember' restores the past, for all its tragedy, in a positive way. It is a vital and essential element of our cultural heritage. It will stimulate an awareness in us of the real resources in Louisburgh — its people, our history and our magnificent — moving but unmoved — natural environment. It will make us responsive to our role in the wider world. We must pause and look inward at ourselves and our past in order to look outward with clearer eyes and embrace the future.

Resource Centre

Justin Sammon

LOUISBURGH GOLD RUSH?

Rumour has been flying for many months about the incredible possibility of a gold-rush occurring right here in the west of Ireland. As twenty exploration companies are busily prospecting around Mayo and Connemara, searching for the noble metal, people around Louisburgh have been asking each other whether this could really be happening here, beneath our very feet; if Klondyke-sized nuggets might suddenly appear in our back gardens and make us all rich over night; or whether the whole thing is some sort of practical joke.

Well, we now know the truth of the matter: There will be no nuggets for us, but there is "gold in them there hills", and the first one to be dug is Croagh Patrick, Mayo's own Holy Mountain.

Burmin Exploration and Development PLC, a Tipperary-based company working in joint venture with Finnish-owned Tara Prospecting Ltd., has been poking about in the Louisburgh-Lecanvey area since 1985. All summer long two enormous drilling rigs sat perched astride the Saint's Mountain, plunging their works deeper and deeper into its core, to determine just how much gold there was inside. The drilling now completed, the company has at last announced that their find is "economic", i.e., that they think it is profitable for them to go ahead and take the gold ore out. What they've discovered exactly are ten gold-bearing quartz veins up to fifteen feet wide and averaging four feet wide, and extending over an area between the mountain itself and Kilgeever, in Louisburgh. Their tests have indicated an average concentration of 0.5 ounces of gold per ton of rock, and they hope to take out perhaps 250,000 tons from the mountain. Multiply this by the current market price of an ounce of gold and you'll quickly see the kind of money the company hopes to gain for its efforts.

Burmin's discovery, much as it has taken people here by surprise, is not in fact startling news. For some time gold has been known to exist throughout Ireland, in very low concentrations, and at least one hundred and thirty known gold localities, twenty-eight of them in Mayo and Galway, dot the country. Why the gold was never mined before now can be answered with reference to two simple developments: the rising price of gold since a ban on private ownership by U.S. citizens was lifted in 1975, and improved modern techniques of gold extraction from low-grade ores using a cyanide leaching process. The first enables the mining companies to earn more for the bit they get; the second allows them to get a bit more. All over the world mineral exploiters are looking with new interest at sites previously thought unviable; even tailings waste of old mines can now be profitably re-leached for precious metals. In Ireland the craze is just beginning. Five years ago a significant gold discovery was made in the Sperrin Mountain in County Tyrone. Since that time virtually hundreds of prospecting licences have been snapped up all over the country, and more licences are granted by the Department of Energy each monthly. There is hardly a corner left in Connemara and south Mayo that is not currently being explored for minerals.

Since the State owns the mineral rights in Ireland, once a company has a state licence they can enter on anyone's land they please and do whatever testing they like. It is only a matter of time before another company uncovers an economic strike in our area — as Glencar Explorations, a company prospecting in the beautiful Doolough valley south of Louisburgh, seems already to have done.

The coming of gold mining to Louisburgh may be a very mixed blessing. On the one hand, this is an area plagued by emigration and badly in need of employment opportunities for young people. From this perspective, the chance of any development that might provide jobs is jumped at. Unfortunately, in spite of stories of mass employment which have been circulated, the actual job potential for a gold mine on Croagh Patrick is very limited. Geologists have predicted that the mine may have a lifespan of only five years or so. This type of mining is a highly mechanised industry, where tons of rock are bitten away in seconds. Highly skilled operators will be brought in from outside the area to carry out the excavation and processing. There may be a few labouring jobs available for local lads — it is possible these may involve working with explosives or hazardous chemicals. Of course, during the initial building phase, there are bound to be a few very short-term (six months to a year) contracting positions.

There is also talk that profits from gold mining will help our gasping national economy and will balance the Irish budget. Sadly, nothing could be further from the truth. All the gold will be taken out of the country, as we have no smelting facilities in Ireland. What the government stands to gain are some taxes and royalty payments — which may amount to only one per cent of the companies' profits. Indeed, Tara Mines in Navan have taken over 626 million pounds' worth of zinc ore concentrates out of the country in the past ten years, and have never paid a penny of royalties — and apparently do not intend to. They claim they are in debt and have made no profits at all. This, it would seem, is difficult for the government to dispute.

So, with only a few jobs, and even less capital for the country, what is left to excite us about gold mining? Certainly individual landowners whose property is directly in the miners' path, stand to gain a bit of compensation. But one wonders how a few thousand pounds will make up for the years of pollution they are likely to suffer. Anyone who has ever been to any mining area is familiar with the sight: acres of barren wasteland, heaps of abandoned rock, dust being blown in every direction. In a high amenity area, heavily dependent on tourism, this type of eye-sore is bound to hit hard. Already this year's tourists have been shocked and angered to hear of the proposed mining, and some have experienced it first-hand, drinking the silt-polluted water washed down from the disturbance on Croagh Patrick into Lecanvey households. Many have said that they would not take their holidays here if mining were to go ahead. Local businesses looking forward to a boom of prosperity while the mine is open may realize too late, when it is suddenly gone, that the bottom has fallen out of our modest, but stable, economy. Emigration may be worse than ever before. Agriculture, too, is dependent on clean air, pure water and uncontaminated soil; and here dust is not

the only threat. Typically, gold is dissolved from the crushed surrounding rock in huge baths of cyanide compound; alternatively, the gravel is heaped up and cyanide sprinkled over the top for long periods, with ponds to collect the pregnant gold solution at the base. No one needs to be told the dangers of cyanide. In the event of a spillage, it is a quick killer. Fish are particularly susceptible to cyanide poisoning, which is of enormous concern to anglers and fish-farmers, especially those in Clew Bay, where the mine's effluent would be dumped. Similarly, wildfowl spy the cyanide ponds from the air, and alight — to their peril. Gun-scarers and coloured flags draped across ponds have proved to be no use in preventing this accident. At Tynagh mines, near Loughrea in Galway, where eight tons of cyanide were used every week in the processing of silver ore, men were sent out each morning to collect the dead swans and ducks. Tynagh, mined extensively during the 60's and 70's, still is marred and two thousand acres of farmland surrounding the mine is completely unusable. The heavy metals (especially lead) present in the host rock which were liberated as dust during the crushing phase, will poison the soil there for a very long time to come.

To prevent these sorts of tragedies happening around Louisburgh, we need to educate ourselves now. Mining does not *have* to utterly destroy our landscape, kill our animals and endanger our health and livelihoods. Yet, if we sit back and let it go ahead *without proper restrictions*, we will inevitably end up with a mess. Ireland has perhaps the weakest environmental legislation of any European country. Though there is an attitude that pollution is bad, there are few controls here for ensuring it doesn't happen. All over the country factories are dumping chemical wastes into our waterways unchecked; raw sewage is being pumped into our bays and rivers; one single E.S.B. power station at Moneypoint is spewing one hundred tons of sulphur-dioxide (the principal cause of acid rain) into the air every day; Irish aerosols continue to eat away at our seriously endangered ozone. Mining will be no different, unless we make a concerted effort to check it.

Mining Awareness is a voluntary organization which has sprung up in response to this potential problem. We have spent many long months trying to get information to people and to convince the government to put in place the safeguards necessary to protect Louisburgh and other threatened areas. In particular, we have lobbied for the legal implementation of an EC directive requiring that thorough Environmental Impact Assessments be carried out before any such development takes place. Unlike every other EC country, our Minister for the Environment has refused to pass this into legislation here, and has instead put the responsibility onto the local county council. This body, sorely handicapped by budget cuts and poorly informed on the many issues involved, will be content to settle for the mining companies' own limited and biased study, which obviously will be carried out with their own interests in mind. To counteract this, *Mining Awareness* is desperately trying to raise the funds to hire our own *objective* professional expert to carry out a complete survey of the impact that mining could have on the land, the flora and fauna, our health, our

economy and social structure, our religious, historical and archaeological sites, etc. This study will be made available to the public and to local representatives and the government; and will, we hope, influence any decisions made about the shape that mineral development will be allowed to take in our area. It will take tens of thousands of pounds to produce, but it is our only chance of ensuring that mining does not interfere with our wider interests, until proper legislation is introduced and enforced. If you would like to help us, or simply would like more information about mining and the issues which surround it, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Moneen, Louisburgh

Lesli O'Dowd

Mr. Hugh McCullough of Glencar Explorations sent us this comment on the work and the prospects in the Doolough area:

Glencar Exploration PLC and Andaman Resources PLC are the joint holders of ten prospecting licences in County Mayo between Clew Bay and Killary Harbour. Regional exploration has been carried out over a two-year period and it indicated that gold did exist in the area. More detailed exploration was then carried out which located gold in bedrock near Cregganbaun, south of Louisburgh. Bedrock sampling and trenching in the bog was carried out and these resulted in the definition of a zone some 3 Km long where gold mineralisation occurs.

Further detailed exploration over a protracted period will be required before any conclusions can be drawn as to the commerciality or otherwise of the gold deposit already located. It will be at least early 1990 and maybe later before any such decision could be taken.

Glencar and Andaman have engaged Cairns and Partners, the international environmental consultants, to carry out a baseline environmental programme in the area. This programme will provide information relating to the current status of the environment in this area and will allow future exploration activities to be carried out with maximum environmental sensitivity.

Mr. Des Burke (Burmin) added that Burmin understands that local people do wish to be informed and so the company does not wish to hide information, much less misinform. At present they are concentrating on the technical aspects of proving that there is an economic deposit present. Burmin are hopeful that there is. Baseline environmental study is about to be carried out in the Croagh Patrick area by an expert environmental group.

LOUISBURGH RESOURCE CENTRE

Louisburgh Resource and Enterprise Centre is situated in the old Vocational School in Chapel Street. The school was brought, renovated and extended by Louisburgh Development Co. Ltd., which financed this with local, state and European Community resources.

The centre comprises a half-acre site with a 3,000 sq. ft. building. The building consists of work-spaces, meeting room, offices, kitchen facilities and is fully centrally heated. The resources available to the community in the centre include full office, conference and secretarial facilities. There are at the moment two full-time and two part-time people working in a development project for Louisburgh Development Co. Ltd. There are two others working in manufacturing on the premises. The centre is owned and managed by Louisburgh Development Co. Ltd. This company was formed by Louisburgh Community Council and the council maintains a controlling shareholding in the company. The Community Council's interest in the development of the area is diverse and varied and the resource centre reflects this wide view of development.

The aims and objectives in resourcing the centre are to stimulate, initiate and facilitate economic, social and cultural developments in the Louisburgh area. At this time the district is suffering from a severe shortage of work opportunities and employment. This is leading to large-scale emigration which tends to sap the spirit and initiative of the community. The reducing population is now putting pressure on the facilities and services in the area, and will increasingly in the future. The farm structure and land type limit farming in the area and so there is a need for farmers to increase earned income for all.

To attempt to alleviate this the Resource Centre (which fundamentally means the individuals involved in it, as a building in itself will not achieve anything), aims at the economic development of indigenous resources of the area. The resources to be developed are many: fishing, both in river development and suitable aquaculture; much of which is now maturing and which can give rise to employment for locals (marginal land could be planted by farmers, at little cost, and real return achieved where there was little before); Agritourism, a resource that is just now being tapped and is set to provide substantial income for those involved if they avail themselves of the growing market. The Resource Centre has helped to form a Tourism Co-operative to spearhead future development in this area. There are many specialist types of agriculture, such as mushrooms, that can be and are being developed in the area. The various statutory agencies involved in these activities have been brought to the area and meetings have been arranged with interested individuals and groups. In the economic sphere the Resource Centre provides work space and offices, with planning permission for manufacturing and so users can avail themselves of Industrial Development Authority grants. The centre has helped individuals to research and finance some enterprises, A 'start your own business' course was held in the centre for seven

months in 1987 - 1988 during which the skills needed in business were developed in twenty-five people. Some of these have got involved in business, but the long-term benefits of this have yet to be realized.

Another of the indigenous resources the area has is its tourism. The centre is trying to broaden the tourist industry by developing cultural tourism. In June 1988, part of the Resource Centre was opened as a 'Gráinuaile Interpretive Centre' and in June the centre and the Tourist Co-operative organised the 'Famine Walk'. Next year in association with Louisburgh Craft Co-Operative a craft-shop and picnic area will open in the centre. This is the beginning of the development of an 'Interpretation' of the Louisburgh area to interest both locals and tourists. The culture of the area can be exploited positively for economic benefit. The centre is used as an Education Resource. Mayo V.E.C. provide adult education courses, when required. The national training agency F.A.S. run training and development courses. Difficulties in getting sufficient numbers for courses limit the full utilization of the facilities provided.

The Resource Centre has a role in co-ordinating the activities of various state agencies and their input into the community. The workers in the centre liaise with state agencies and various voluntary groups so that services and help needed in the area are delivered. There are many groups that have been facilitated in the Centre. The Louisburgh Credit Union was started there by the staff. The Credit Union is now independent and all concerned are to be congratulated. The Elderly Resource Committee and Womens Group are providing a stimulus to the development of resources, both personal and material, in their area. Louisburgh play-school and 'Mothers and Toddlers' group now use the centre for their activities. Many other groups use the facilities of the centre which include video and other equipment as well as meeting rooms. Some effort at co-ordination of voluntary local groups is achieved through the publication of a bi-monthly newsletter circulated free throughout the area. These above give some idea of the wide range of activities of the Resource Centre in the integrated development of the area of both voluntary and statutory bodies. All this activity has been achieved by the staff and management of the centre. The staff include: Justin Sammon, Teresa Nyland (replaced by Mary Reid) Mary Keane and Tony Sammon. The management is appointed, as directors of Louisburgh Development Co. Ltd., by Louisburgh Community Council. These include Clementine Lyons (Chairperson L.D.C. Co. Ltd.) Séan Harney (Chairman L.C.C.) Séamus Durkan, Tommy Duffy, Patrick Kitterick, Michael P. O'Malley and Vincent O'Loughlin. Senator Martin J. O'Toole and Patrick Durkan M.C.C. are also directors of Louisburgh Development Co. Ltd. appointed by Mayo County Council.

This development has been made possible partly through a Combat Poverty project which is due to end in 1989. This four-year project has benefited the area in many ways, especially through the development of the centre. The work involved in this project put severe pressure on dedications, skills and stamina of the voluntary management and the staff. The future of the centre depends on the staff and management group directly and community support in

development. The centre has been set up at minimal financial cost to the community and to maintain the centre, continuity of funding is essential. The funding must come from the users of the facilities through groups leases and Interperative centre income. The facility must be self- sufficient and not be a drain on the diminishing community resources.

To manage any endeavour a range of talents and skills is needed. The wide range of activities undertaken demands many diverse talents, from book-keeping, to building, to common sense. In this geographical area of little employment and high emigration, the wide range of skills is not available and development work could be viewed as social outlet, when a more pragmatic and businesslike attitude is needed. The voluntary management of projects by people from the area is necessary; but these managers must be willing to learn the skills needed, and take the responsibilities that go with the project. The list of skills is endless, from a knowledge of European funding to a local view on geese-breeding, to developing personal relationships within the group!

The future management of the centre needs to have a spread in its age-structure to maintain continuity and allow new ideas that can be tackled with the enthusiasm of youth and the back-up of the experience of others. This is a problem in an area of high emigration when many of the young, educated, skilled people leave the area.

An essential part in any voluntary involvement is community support. Some groups feel that the community could support work with a more positive attitude. In a time when many services in the area are under pressure due to financial and other constraints, the community, for its own survival, must look to itself and support itself in efforts at development.

To maintain the momentum generated, Louisburgh Resource and Enterprise Centre must rely on its people. Louisburgh Development Co. Ltd. and Louisburgh Community Council issues an invitation to every body to help in the development of the Louisburgh area to maintain its people in a dignified, self-sufficient, independent state.

Louisburgh

Vincent O'Loughlin

Abbey Candles

Ballinrobe

October 1988

Abbey Candles was set up in 1987 to create employment in the local area.

At present it employs two people but hopes to expand in the future. It supplies church requisites in the Western area from Sligo to Galway and also manufactures hand made candles which are distributed throughout the country. At present we are furthering our market in the hotel business. We can supply various types and colours of candles to suit the needs of individual hotels.

As a growing small business we encourage people to buy Irish.

SWEET MEMORIES

One of the favourable pastimes of those who will never see sixty again is recalling the "good old days," the days of our childhood. The sun seemed to shine more brightly then and the games we played were more fun. The songs we sang were more truthful; the football games in Heneghan's better; and the races in Killeen and Carramore more exciting. Even the candy we ate had more flavour. Ah, such sweets! Certainly nowadays no penny could buy such quantity, and who were we to worry about quality?

A penny in those days was wealth. You didn't come by one that easily. Of course there were occasions when pennies were more plentiful – Christmas, fair days, or pay for putting out the turf or saving the hay with the neighbours. Sometimes you got a penny or a few caramels for doing an odd job like bringing water from the pump (if the Kellys and Gaffneys allowed you!) and on a rare occasion you might find one lost. Once I found a half-crown. I can still see it shining round and clear on the grass at the roadside. I could go now, after all those years, and point out the exact spot where it lay waiting for me. But the hard won penny was something different. You didn't rush wildly out and spend it in one glorious burst, willy-nilly. If you were going to be cautious and invest only a halfpenny, then a "money-ball" was a good thing because here you had a chance to get your money back. What ecstasy it was, after biting avidly, to come on a beautiful "goldly" halfpenny embedded in the sweet.

There were "hot" sweets and candy such as peppermint and creams, brandy-balls and lozenges. The latter were a great comfort on a cold winter's day. You could suck warmly on it while going for a bucket of water or bringing the cows home to be milked. If your tastes ran to sour candy, you had a choice of lemon-drops, acid-drops, fruit-sweets, and sherbert. Sherbert came in a bag with a sucking tube of liquorice attached or in a box with the smallest spoon in the world! There was "bottle" or "jar" candy as distinct from "gallon" sweets; and there was a decided gulf between the two: bottle sweets were the "luxury" class, while the gallon sweets were for what might be termed the "peasant" class. For your penny's worth of "gallon" sweets, you had a choice of black bull's-eyes, brown bull's-eyes, clove-balls, and mixtures. From the luxury jar, you got NKM's, chocolate coated, four-a-penny, and kisses.

Other toothsome delicacies included jelly-babies, marshmallows, Peggy's leg, Marty Hehir's sugar-stick and, mystery of mysteries, a lucky bag known as a penny-package. This was a wonder and a delight, for as well as a collection of miniature sweets with quotations, your package might hold within its hidden depths a beautiful ring with a scintillating stone, a necklace of tiny beads, or maybe an old whistle or a tin frog which went "clack-clack" when you pressed it with your thumb.

If you had tuppence, you could go to all luxuries and indulge in such delicacies as whipped cream walnuts, plain cream Rowntree or Cadbury bars,

raspberry cream-tarts, Turkish delights, and whipped-cream whirls.

Candy and sweets may come and go, but the memories go on forever. Maybe it had something to do with the taste-buds. It's just that we remember those sweets of long ago as something special. Whatever it was, there was a fragrance, a flavour that had in its essence the elixir of youth. Children are the owners of the sweet, and they always will be.

Perhaps readers may remember the wonderful shops of those by-gone days:

Bridge Street: Jamesy Scanlon, Ma Philbin, Honny McNally, Mary Fadian, Pete (Dan), Joe Mack, Delia O'Donnell.

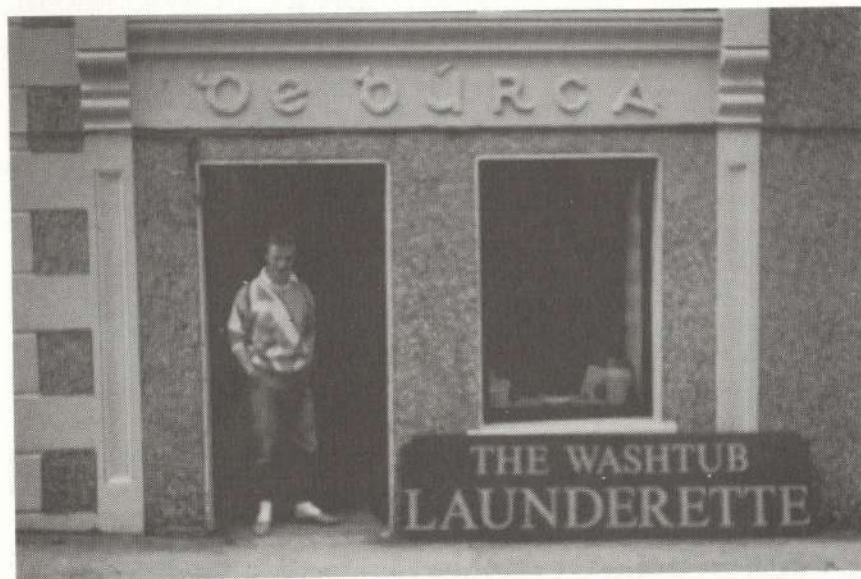
Pump Street: Maggie Durkin, Big Tommie's, Austin O'Toole's, Delia Burke.

Long Street: Casey's, Annie Burke, Paddy Martin, Needham's.

All the names of streets and people are as we knew them, and loved them, as children.

Bronx, N.Y.

Patrick J. Scanlon



NEW LIFE IN AN OLD SHOP

"The Washtub" Launderette was opened at Main St., Louisburgh, on the 1st July 1988. This is an essential and long sought service, not only for our tourists, but it serves the area from Tallaghbawn to Murrisk.

It is a family-run business, run by the Scanlon family of Bunowen. Chief-of-staff (during the summer season) was Joseph, who was highly popular with customers and gave an excellent service. To quote one visitor holidaying in the area "its the best-run Launderette in the country".

AN EYE TO EUROPE

When I was a child, I always wrote my address as: Iniskilane, Ireland, Europe, The World. That childish address remain true to-day.

As a very newcomer to Louisburgh, I preface my remarks with that apologia, begging *An Choinneal* readership's patience for the glaring gaps in my local knowledge. That said, my first impressions were so memorable that the pleasure they brought me virtually obliges me to share them. Early one morning I was walking through rain and silence towards Muilrea when suddenly a dark, whispering lake spread out before me. Later I learned the name of the lake which had stopped my breath, Doolough. Later still I would learn of Doolough's tragedy. Late evening strolling through the lanes of Askillan, the hedges forming arches of colour — red fuchsia, golden breccia from Africa, glittering blackberries, I remembered Raftery:

"... tá sméara is súchraoibh ann
is meas ar gach sórt..."

and spied on a pair of foxes sporting themselves in the heather. An autumn sunset at Carramore, glancing behind me from the point where Bunowen laps into the ocean, I surprised a glowering sun resting on Clare Island's shoulder. Such were my first impressions. They are indelible; little treasures of the soul which I will guard precious for greyer days.

A kaliedoscope of images, faces, snatches of conversation and music have followed. If not the entire tribe, certainly significant septs, of O'Dowd's, O'Malley's, Sammon's and Durkan's have inspected me while I fought a losing battle with an evergrowing list of names. The fine-looking people of West Mayo, I have discovered, combine an art for delicate interrogation with a genius for intricate, Irish-flavoured conversation. Sometimes, as I flounder about in the deep, although I suspect I've already been netted, I wonder why my guardian angel did not prepare me better for the Mayo School of Philosophy.

Take, for example, the town of Louisburgh. This is a beautiful town. It reminds me of a family heirloom. Sometimes abandoned and dusty, it's true, but nonetheless safe, snug and perfectly preserved in its jewelcase. The streets are as graceful and flowing as an evening gown (a rare sight anywhere these days); the houses rise and fall with a gentle cadence — almost as if they were breathing. The architecture of the 19th century 'Linen Hall' and the decorative, though decaying, turn-of-the-century shops fronts are the town's best features — and the most overlooked. So, the town of Louisburgh itself — which would respond so well if a little attention was lavished on it — almost serves as a parable for the surrounding area.

Although I have at different times been a citizen of the world, Europe and the rest of Ireland, the truth of the matter is that, at heart, I remain an emigrant

from Iniskilane. I look at Louisburgh; and Louisburgh half-pretending it's asleep looks back. My little Donegal voice whispers: "Tóg go bog é. Somebody out there might be taking a hand at you!"

Is it foolhardy to swim against the tide? Impossible to imagine that a rich, varied life can be enjoyed by everyone who lives west of the Shannon? Obviously — given my immigrant status in Louisburgh — I think not. Rather, I believe it is, to a certain degree, a matter of rephrasing old questions in new ways and subsequently seeking fresh solutions for them. The problem of emigration is a case in point.

Emigration is an emotional subject, with good reason. During the Great Famine years as many people fled the country in coffin-ships as died of hunger at home. Emigration which began with the Famine will always be linked with its memory. This drain of young men and women as generation followed generation onto boat-trains and across the Atlantic has greatly impoverished Irish society as a whole, and crippled the West in particular. The loss to this country can be calculated when we remember that there are now forty-four million American citizens of Irish descent. Kilgeever Parish has contributed a significant part of its life's blood to that pool. These emigrants were often the major source of income for those who remained at home. In the post-Famine years it was their savings which rebuilt the devastated countryside. They improved the family home and were often the ultimate safety net against destitution on small farms. Until the late 1950's in Donegal, it was commonplace for shop goods to be paid for in dollars. In the 1980's, the floodgates of emigration have opened again. The lack of jobs and opportunities at home is driving tens of thousands of young people every year to seek a new life in the cities of North America. On the face of it, little seems to have changed: in 1988 we find ourselves with the same state that prevailed in 1888 or 1958. In practice however, there have been significant changes both at home in Ireland and abroad — changes which eventually will shape our idea of emigration.

The most significant difference is the state in which "abroad" finds itself. Both the UK and the US have been severely affected by the recession. Detroit, Chicago and Washington D.C. have all as great a percentage of people living on the poverty line and dependent of welfare cheques as Dublin, Liverpool or Derry. The faltering consumer society has created a class of people known as "the new poor". This grim reality will be one of the first lessons learned by our young exiles. It is a grim truth many will have tasted at home before leaving. "One in three of the population and one in four children in Ireland today are living in poverty. — There are now 1.3 million people dependent on social welfare payments. Half of those who are poor are children." (*Economic & Social Research Institute 1988*). "Just over one third of full-time farms in the country in 1986 had an income per farm of less than £5,000. Over 80% of farms in the west earned below £5,000 per annum" (*An Foras Talúntais 1986*.) The statistics since 1986 show that the situation is worsening. When we discuss emigration we are discussing the most obvious aspect of poverty in Irish society. If we are to

eradicate one then the other must be tackled too.

One hundred years ago the United States was a young, expanding nation. The hunger to push the frontier west, (a hunger which, we should sadly recall, consumed and destroyed American Indians and their aboriginal culture) demanded courageous and energetic volunteers. Those emigrants poured into the land of liberty from Ireland, Scotland, Italy, Russia. A generation of European emigrants fleeing tyranny, religious persecution, hunger and poverty in their native lands. Those emigrants built the new world. But to-day, while emigrants everywhere still look to the land of opportunity for their salvation, the United States no longer needs them. The US Immigration Department has never been so besieged, restrictive or severe before. They issue a limited number of immigrant visas annually and any immigrant who enters the country without one is an *illegal* immigrant liable to be deported. The majority of young Irish emigrants to the United States in 1988 are in this situation. The land of opportunity is for them a land of subterfuge. They have exchanged the devil they know at home for a nightmare existence dedicated to evading the US legal authorities. They are exploited — there are even reports of blackmail — in their work-place, and at home. Unscrupulous employers and greedy landlords, knowing that the "illegals" have no recourse in law, have been cashing in on the Irish wave. Without legal status, to-day's emigrants cannot hope to marry and settle down in the States. Their days there are numbered. America — from the Irish point of view — is not what it used to be.

In short, the traditional pattern of long-term emigration is breaking down and is being replaced by the shorter term modern phenomenon — migration. Migration has become a feature of contemporary life in all western countries for a number of reasons. In the first place, the speed, efficiency and relative cheapness of modern travel give us much greater personal mobility. Young people in particular appreciate this and take advantage of it. In the 1950's American "wakes" were still held in the north-west, and the family returning from the journey to Shannon Airport was as sad as if it had been to a funeral. Today Knock Airport is as near JFK or O'Hare International as it is the Inisowen Peninsula or Cork City. At the end of the twentieth century the world is a smaller and more accessible place than it has ever been before. We should thank our high-speed technological society for this one small blessing at least, the road home has been greatly shortened.

A casual conversation with young people who have gathered together to swap notes on foreign parts quickly reveals another startling change. London and New York are being rapidly elbowed aside to make room for Amsterdam, Copenhagen and Paris on the emigrant's map. Emigration from Ireland to other EEC countries is increasing and will continue to do so. This is in keeping with the spirit of the Treaty of Rome, which foresaw the need to create an economic community that would allow for the free movement of workers between member states. Modern technological advances demand that the work-force be mobile and adaptable. It is in the nature of that world that we will all have to move homes

and change jobs at least once during our working lives. The structures already exist between EEC member states to facilitate such movement.

There are numerous advantages in migration to another EEC country, the major one being that it is perfectly legal to do so. The other significant advantage is that it offers greater social security to the migrant. Social welfare contributions paid in one country can, and should be, claimed in the other. Any unemployed people can inform the Employment Exchange of their intention to seek work in France, Germany etc. Their unemployment benefit will be transferred and can be claimed in the second country. It is important to remember though, that the rate which will be paid in the second country is the rate which was claimed in the first country. An Irish *dole* would not go very far in the higher-cost-of-living European cities. Nonetheless, the principle has been established. From 1992 European price/income/benefits differences will begin to iron out and the reality of being European workers in the pan-national European work force will become increasingly evident to us.

Although the economic rationale for EEC migration already exists, my own experience of it has convinced me that it is a positive cultural experience, and that it is in a cultural context we should begin to understand this pattern of the future. Quite simply, through living and working in Europe we will become Europeans. A much belated, but very welcome, development. Ireland was spared during the Second World War. Twenty million people perished, at least half of them in Nazi concentration camps. It is the most barbaric episode in the recorded history of mankind — and it all happened less than fifty years ago. Memories of the war are everywhere on the Continent. Every town, village and hamlet gives pride of place to its war monument — monuments inscribed with long, long lists of names. Everyone prays that the last war really *was* the war to end all wars. It is impossible to live among these scars and not be touched by the trauma which tore Europe apart and which has inspired our modern-day experiment in European co-operation.

But if we should share the sadness of the European experience we are also invited to enjoy the delights. These are many and splendid, displayed in a two-thousand-years-old cultural heritage which is rich in art, music, literature, history and philosophy. The barrier to Europe is a small one — it is the barrier of language. Our ancestors spoke Irish and acquired English. They were bi-lingual. The great majority of the world's population to-day are bi-lingual. It is a facility easily acquired by small children. It should be a major goal of our schools to-day to ensure that by the year 2,000 our children are fluent in at least two languages. It is to be hoped that they will speak Irish, too. It is the greatest service we could render them to prepare them for the future.

Ireland is a small country with a small population, less than four million people. The European Open Market is a vast area with an enormous population, 300 million. From 1992 we will be fully integrated into that market. Our

economic survival depends on us being able to supply goods and services to that market. This applied in all areas of business and industry but it has very direct implications for the tourist industry and for its development in the west of Ireland. At present the equation seems to be:

$$\text{Bed \& Board + Amenities} = \text{tourist} = \text{£££.}$$

However, I would argue, that there are many complex intangibles involved in the tourist industry which require considerable thought. I believe that now is the time to do this analysis in order to develop strategies for the changing tourist market.

Once again, let us attempt to ask old questions in new ways:

1. Q. What is a tourist?
A. A tourist is someone who comes to Ireland on holiday.
2. Q. Why does the tourist come to Ireland?
A. Personal reasons, scenery, fishing . . .
3. Q. *Who* is the tourist?
A. — well, what is the answer?

Who our tourists are and why they come are questions we will have to answer in order to plan for the future. It is important to bear in mind (even if I seem very silly pointing it out) that the tourist who comes to Ireland has made a conscious choice in the matter. He could have decided on Majorca or a Greek island; but after examining the brochures, and possibly reading some background material, he planned his holiday in Ireland. We can deduce two certainties from this observation; firstly our tourist is not hell bent on twenty-four-hour disco music (as in Majorca); and secondly, he is not in search of baking bodies on sun-scorched beaches (as in the Greek isles). No, our anonymous tourist has come to enjoy an *Irish* holiday. The only question that remains to be answered is this: do we know what the tourist means by "Irish"?

The foreigner arriving in Ireland expects to find a land of great natural beauty. He hopes to be able to explore that scenery as he travels through the countryside. Moreover he expects to appreciate a country whose past has informed the cultural life of the people. Perhaps, most of all, the foreigner hopes to experience Ireland's legacy of spirituality informed by beauty and consciousness shaped by history; an awareness expressed in our music, art, poetry and drama which makes Ireland unique. This is how the world's eye views us, but it is rarely the way we see ourselves. This gap between foreign expectations and our own self-definition of ourselves is the elusive key to development of a healthy tourist industry.

At present the visitor can explore Ireland by road — but such a tour is necessarily limited. In general, the mountains are inaccessible to him. Should he wish to spend a few days walking in the Sheaffrey Hills, Muilrea or Ben Gorm

he will encounter considerable difficulty. The mountains are not adequately mapped — or, if they are, the maps are a well-guarded secret; no clear, precise trails have been surveyed or defined; simple shelters against the hazards of bad weather are lacking. In short, the basic infra-structure for a mountain-orientated holiday, e.g. maps, trails, shelters, are non-existent. Thus the tourist remains confined to his hired car, spends a day or two at most in the area — and drives on. West Mayo enjoys little return on its most striking natural resource.

Simple examples of untapped potential are evident in every field. Although the sports enthusiast can fish or play golf locally an entire gamut of adventure sports — rock-climbing, sailing, scuba-diving, canoeing etc. — are not generally available. Although Irish cooking is rapidly improving there is an unfortunate trend which equates good food with (too) high prices. Ireland will be able to boast of European stands in *cuisine* the day the versatile potato and humble herring find their merited place on menus.

So let us finish with a simple symbolic supper of potato and herring. It is symptomatic that we have thoughtlessly discarded the sustenance of the spirit of our ancestors along with their traditional food. The tourist industry need not be a blind rush to commercialize at any price. We are not in the business of selling our souls; we should endeavour with every means at our disposal to place the highest value on what we have and on what we are. Both we ourselves and our visitors will be the richer for the experience.

Familiarity may not quite breed contempt, but it often nurtures myopic sight. The first requirement for progress is *vision*. The Granuaile Interpretive Centre in Louisburgh is a prime example of how the tide can be turned. It brings the history and culture of the area to life. The delighted response of both Irish and foreign visitors to the Centre since it opened in 1988 proves that it fulfills a need which hitherto had been neglected. The historical treasure trove preserved intact in Louisburgh is its inheritance; its modern-day stocks-and-shares. It is time to see Cluain Cearbán — the “meadow of buttercups” — in a new light. Children pluck buttercups for the wonder of seeing their gold-glimmering petals reflected in their faces. Let us give Cluain Cearbán the chance to work this same magic on us.

Resource Centre
Louisburgh

Mary Reid

DERRY RE-VISITING

On Sunday, 19 June 1988, a Derry group travelled to Louisburgh to take part in a “famine walk” in aid of AFRI a movement to provide relief for famine in Africa. The Derry visitors were pleasantly surprised to find that an official welcome was planned for them in memory of a community project, called L.O.V.E. which had linked Derry and Louisburgh in 1972 (See An Choinneal Number Eight p. 27)

Cathaoirleach of Louisburgh Development Company (who sponsored the welcome), Mrs. Clementine Lyons addressed the visitors:

Ladies and Gentlemen,

This is a very busy week-end in our community and among the many items on our crowded programme few will touch our instincts and our hearts as much as the arrival of our visitors from Derry. The weekend is to commemorate the history of a hundred and fifty years ago. But our welcome for our Derry visitors today brings the memory of a history which many of us have seen in our life-time. I now hand you over to Séamus to give you the short details of that history.

Mr. Séamus Durkan then spoke:

A Chathaoirligh, Ladies and Gentlemen, and my dear Derry friends.

Céad míle Fáilte! Sixteen years ago last February, Louisburgh and Derry were linked in a project of love commemorated here on the wall of the Parochial Hall. In three phases of that project our community was able to entertain twenty boys from Derry, and later an equal complement of girls, in the houses of the parish; and finally thirty-nine Derry families were enabled to have a caravan holiday here. That was 1972. It was perhaps, the darkest hour in your years of horror. And what was most important of all was the fact that our invitations were so arranged that people of both religious persuasions were in equal numbers in each group. The boys and girls who came to Louisburgh as twelve year olds in 1972, are now women and women of twenty-eight. They have seen a great deal of tragedy and of sorrow. May your visit here in 1988 re-ignite their memories of a holiday which bridged the religious divide for a few peaceful weeks.

I know that you will join all the people of our community in paying a special tribute to the man who conceived the idea of that project and saw it through. That man is Basil Morahan, and we sincerely wish him a full and speedy return to full health. So, we welcome you and hope that you will enjoy your short stay here among “the kind hearts and gentle people who are living (here) in my home town”. We wish you a safe return to your northern homes and a growing peace there in “the town you love so well”. Céad míle fáilte arís!

Mrs Lyons (Cathaoirleach) then concluded:

I am here to represent my brother, Basil, who unfortunately cannot join us, but Séamus Durkan and Dick O'Toole who stood in this very spot sixteen years ago to welcome the Derry children are, thank God, with us to-day. I now ask Dick to make a presentation of a video of Louisburgh, to your leader. I have also ten copies of our Louisburgh folder-map and brochure for you.

Let us now join hands and say the Our Father together for peace in our land, north and south.



*Dick O'Toole, Seamus Durkan and Clem Lyons welcoming the Derry leaders.
(Background – Seán Harney)*

CAOINEADH NA MARBH

Louisburgh was always a topic in the home in Milltown where I was reared. Louisburgh news was always relevant because my mother — Teckie McDermott — was a Louisburgh woman. The same was true in my uncles' homes in America and London. My uncle, John Joe McDermott, loved every inch of Louisburgh soil and his brother, Paddy McDermott — with his red setter, Jack — hunted every quarter of the Kilgeever parish in his dreams. You would have pity on any non-native who had to spend some time with themselves and Joe Fergus as they travelled down memories' lane in later life. They were miles away from Louisburgh but their walks and talks never crossed Kilgeever parish boundaries. My mother had an inner yearning to visit Louisburgh twice a year. As children we thought it was the call of the sea; but whatever the reason a visit to Louisburgh and Kilgeever had always a therapeutic value for her. She sent me to school to Louisburgh for two years "to let Louisburgh values rub off on me"! I remember feeling very proud at Mass in Louisburgh one Sunday in 1947 when Fr. Tommy Martin, C.C., in one of his rambling homilies couldn't decide whether Louisburgh parish or Milltown parish had the greatest number of native sons in the priesthood. I felt proud that morning because, as my father was a native of Milltown, I had to be on a winner!

I remember taking my mother and aunt — Una Sarsfield — on one of these therapeutic journeys a few years ago. We went through the Maam Valley and our first stop was to admire Evie Hone's stained-glass window of Saint Brendan, the patron saint of the O'Malley clan, in Kilmilkin Church.

Their grand-father — Micil Ó Máille — was a native of Kilmilkin and was evicted by Lord Leitrim from his Maam home to make way for Leitrim's hungry flocks. We stopped at the site of the old Kilmilkin Church near Grigins and prayed for our dead. I quoted this extract from 'Halls Tours':

"Half way from Maam to Leenane covering a small and perhaps artificial hill, stands the remain of an ancient Cahir. On a Sabbath morning during the summer of 1821 I was a pedestrian here at one of the oldest ruins in the West country — the remain of a banquet hall and chapel — the former, memorable in tradition as having been the scene of many a Bardic Meeting; the latter sacred as the only spot for twenty miles around where the service of the Roman Catholic Church was performed. Many hundreds of the peasantry, clad in their gay purple and scarlet dresses, were grouped along the sides of the mound on which the cross of the old chapel stood. The wind was so still that it moved not the papers that were lighting on the rude stone altar. The officiating priest had raised above his head the Consecrated Wafer which the whole congregation — uncovered and bowed to the earth — received with one long and loud 'Míle Fáilte do Chríost an Slánuitheoir' that broke from every lip and rang through that peaceful and secluded dell".

Our farewell prayers as we left this ancient site of worship was "Beannacht dílis Dé le h-anamnacha ár marbh agus le Micil Ó Máille a thug leis siar go

Gleann Chaoin a chreideamh láidir a fuair sé den chéad uair ag umar an Bhaiste sa Mám”.

Our next stop was Gleann Chaoin (on Delphi-Louisburgh road) where Micil Ó Máille and twenty seven other evicted tenants from Maam got refuge from Lord Sligo to settle down in the valley of Glenkeen, built their stone houses, cultivate the land and build the long boundary walls that still stretch up the mountain sides from the quiet of the valley. They must have been good, strong workers for within a few years after subduing the mountain side and making fertile the land, Lord Sligo with his sense of values felt that they had accomplished their life-mission and outlived their usefulness. He evicted them from their lands at Glenkeen and Micil Ó Máille went west to Louisburgh intending to settle there as an eggler and small shopkeeper. His ambition to be a small farmer had been killed by two evictions and it was in Louisburgh that he married Anne Gill of Ballyhip, (approx. 1864) to raise a family of six children in his small business. His eldest and only son, John, became a priest and died as P.P. in Milltown in 1952. Mary married Pat O'Malley — father of Mrs. Mary Ellen Kenny and Mrs. Annie Gaffney. Anne married Michael McGreal of Owen Bhuí. Brigid died in Clinton, U.S.A. Ellie married Martin Cooke of Kilkerrin, Carna and was father of Dr. John Joe Cooke who was the courageous student to raise the national flag over the statue in Saint Jarlath's College during the troubles. The youngest daughter, Kathleen, married James H. McDermott in 1900 and celebrated their wedding breakfast in the Leenane Hotel in June 1900. She was my Grannie.

Our journey from Maam to Glenkeen was shortened by the story of our roots. Do bhain cuartú ár bhfréamhacha fad as an aistear anoir! The mountain mist had descended on Glenkeen when we stopped. It was too wet for my mother and Aunt Una to leave the car but I was commissioned to visit the broken-down



The Grandparents: James H. McDermott and his wife Kathleen (O'Malley).

house in the valley where Micil Ó Máille resided, and to lay my hand on the tree in his memory growing through the old kitchen floor. When I returned to the car I found the two women keening their dead. They had delegated the privilege of laying a hand on the tree of memory to me but had reserved the joy of keening their dead to themselves. It was a genuine 'caoineadh na marbh' dimmed by no rising tears. As we left the Valley, the words of Terence McSweeney's *In Memoriam* was recalled:

Think not of them in sorrow for they rest
Like weary travellers when the day is done
Their task fulfilled, life's sweet reward is won
And they stand at God's throne among the blest.

O think of them as pilgrims that had prayed
That they might see the dawn light up the skies
And ever turned to God with hopeful eyes
Till for their steadfast faith they were repaid.

Think of rough paths that they shall tread no more
Think of dark hours now buried in the past
Think of their labour long through all the years
And then think of the peace of Heaven's shore
Where all things by God's glory overcast
Speak of deep joy dimmed by no rising tears.

Our normal visit to Louisburgh usually ended in Kilgeever but not this one — the therapeutic value of Kilgeever was for another day. We turned east from Glenkeen and had one stop in Delphi on our way home where James H. McDermott, son of Patrick McDermott of Tubercurry Co. Sligo and Mary Winifred Henry of Co. Roscommon, saw the light of day in 1858.

He was my mother's father, one of a family of twelve — seven boys and five girls — and they all later on moved to Louisburgh. Of the twelve all moved to America to earn their living except two who because of ill-health weren't expected to survive the hazards of emigration. Emigration isn't a new problem for Kilgeever parish — and later seven of the family of ten of James H. McDermott and Kathleen O'Malley saw the inside of the *bád bán* or emigrant ship. They all moved towards the horizon of life bringing Louisburgh values with them to shield them against the penetration of false ones. They all left the shores of Louisburgh taking their markings from the homeland of Kilgeever as an assurance of a safe passage forward as they rowed to their future homes.

Bhí bóthar na smaointí siúlta againn agus bhí sé thar am dúinn aghaidh a thabhairt ar an mbaile. Thaitnigh an turas thar cinn le mo mháthair agus m'aintín Úna. Bhain siad sásamh agus suimhneas inntine as an lá. Bhí a muintir caointe go maith aca. Bhí an dúil chaointe comhlíonta go ceann leath-bhliana eile. Ag dul thar an gCaol-Sháire dhúinn d'fhógair mo mháthair lán an phaidrín agus cuireadh muintir Mhic Diarmada agus muintir Uí Mháille atá imithe ar shlí na

fírinne faoi bhrí ár nguidhe. Ag deire chuile rundiamhair d'fhógair sí de ghlór ard:

“Dia idir mé agus uisce mo bháite;
Dia idir mé agus tine mo dhóite;
Dia idir mé agus bás gan cháirde’
Dia idir mé agus timpísti bóthar”

Another set of Louisburgh values was rubbing off on me.

The postponed visit to Kilgeever never materialized for my mother. It was deferred for another day and before that other day came she was called for the longer journey to eternity. Her day of resurrection dawned and called her to the other shore. Nuair a théim siar go Kilgeever anois bíonn sí féin curtha faoi bhrí ár nguidhe in éindigh lena bhfuil dá muintir imithe ar shlí na fírinne. She is now included in our “Caoineadh na Marbh” and the therapeutic value of the *caoineadh* has rubbed off on another generation.

Cornamona

Michael Flannery

Where on earth?

Paddy Fallon, young classmate of mine, where in the world are you?

Do you remember a November evening forty-five years ago when you lured me into Bridgie Boyle’s “for a surprise”? And having me there you taught me how to smoke – properly! How I enthusiastically obeyed your experienced instructions: “light up: long deep pull; now a deep inhale like this”! And how even as you seemed to laugh when I coughed and choked with near-suffocation, I could detect the pity in your anxious countenance; pity for your dear friend who had serious work to do before he could hope to join the “Real Smoker’s League”! But ‘work at it’ I did – and successfully! Two years later God smiled on me and I gave up smoking forever.

Since then I’ve spent thirty-five years singing. In May 1988 I had a coronary. A week later a coronary angiograph showed me my own heart on screen. I was as proud as the most scrupulous of caretakers. The cardiologist warmly complimented me on my heart’s condition and then left me. Alone with my thoughts and my past, I reflected on the goodness of God, the futility of worry and stress. I thought about “nicotine fingers”, “low” tar, triple by-passes, ‘caretakers’ And I thought about you, Paddy Fallon. Where on earth are you at all – all six feet four inches of you?

Basil Morahan

IN TRANSITION

The Vocational Preparation and Training (VPT) Course was offered to the post-Inter Cert pupils who wished to avail themselves of it in Sancta Maria College for the first time last year (1987 - 1988). The course is designed to prepare students for life and work and therefore the students who opt for it have time to develop many skills and talents which, because of examination pressures, cannot be accommodated in the ordinary senior cycle.

Last year, in what is being called a transition year’s curriculum, eighteen students took part in this new and innovative programme. They worked through practical modules in carpentry, cookery, computer studies, typing, art and crafts. In order to prepare them directly for work they participated in the P.I.P.E. pilot programme, “The Working World”. Here they got practice in filling out application forms, writing C.V.’s and letters of job-application as well as preparing for interviews. They actually joined with the Leaving Certs for the mock interviews in the last term. Built into this programme too was information-gathering on courses, apprenticeships and jobs available, as well as information on emigration, saving, trade unions etc. One day of work experience in each week provided a useful and much appreciated link between the school and local businesses.

The constructive use of leisure-time is a challenge to all of us in this age of technology and so opportunities for a variety of leisure activities were built into the course. Most of the VPT students learned to swim during their weekly visit to the swimming pool in Castlebar in the first term. During a three-day stay in the Leisure Centre in Delphi they enjoyed many outdoor activities including mountain climbing and canoeing. Some excelled in the karate classes while others developed a liking for horse-riding in Drumindoo. Basketball and Volleyball were popular most days at break-times. For the more passive in the group, games like scrabble, chess and various card-games were played on occasion. The whole class presented an Irish drama, “An Chlann Bhocht”, which all of us greatly enjoyed. With the onset of the longer days and better weather the group went camping for a night to Clare Island and visited Inishturk on the return journey. The final outing of the year was to Ballintubber Abbey where they spent a day of prayer and reflection in the company of Father Frank Fahy.

The majority of the students completed the course and presented an exhibit of their work at an open afternoon in May. A video made by the pupils themselves gave us a flavour of all the activities they got involved in during the course of the year. The pieces of furniture made in the carpentry class were greatly admired – especially those made by the girls! The art and crafts products were displayed to advantage and they revealed many hidden talents among the various members of the class. Towards the end of the afternoon the guests were invited to the cookery kitchen where the students had prepared cakes, tarts and sandwiches. This gesture of hospitality was to say thanks to all who had helped to make the

year such a success.

Earlier in the afternoon each student was presented with a portfolio which contained many certificates for the various modules of the course in which they had participated. It also included a Department-of-Education certificate of completion of the course. The contents of these portfolios together with their Group and/or their Intermediate Certificates will be of great benefit to these students in their interviews for jobs in future years. Four of last year's students returned to school to prepare for Leaving Certificate and most of the others are employed, some in Ireland and some in England.

The VPT class is in progress again this year and we hope to continue to offer it in the future to pupils who show an interest in it. We see it as a very useful year where pupils can develop personally and socially, so that when they leave school they will be good citizens and competent workers wherever they find themselves working, be that at home or abroad.

Sancta Maria

Sister Ann

SURVEY OF SCHOOL-LEAVERS

Sancta Maria College fifth years of 1987 - 1988 were asked, as part of their Community Action Programme, to compile statistical information on Emigration.

The class decided to survey school leavers who had been students at the college, 1983 - 1987.

Figures are as follows:

Total number of school leavers: 184
i.e. 97 Girls - 52%
87 Boys - 47%

Total Emigration: 60 = 32%
i.e. 30 Girls - 31% of all girls
30 Boys - 34% of all boys

The students surveyed were all registered at Sancta Maria College, and have left Ireland. The rate of emigration seems to be accelerating somewhat.

John Lyons

SEA-QUEEN RESTORED

We need ordinary people to take power into their own hands and realise the greatness of collective effort . (Father McDyer - An Autobiography.)

The existence of the Granuaile Interpretive Centre in Louisburgh pays testimony to the dedication, determination and commitment of a few people who were convinced of the contribution such a Centre could make to the development of the Louisburgh area and the indirect benefits of such an attraction to a large percentage of the population. Where did the idea come from? and what are its objectives? — At a Louisburgh Development Company/Combat Poverty Project meeting early in 1988 the idea of a "Granuaile Interpretive Centre" was discussed in detail. It was agreed that work should commence on the Project and that the Centre would be in operation by June 1988.

The objectives of the Centre included the following:

- (a) the Centre would act as a tourist attraction, encouraging tourists and visitors to come to Louisburgh.
- (b) The Centre would act as an educational aid by providing factual information on the life and times of Grace O'Malley.
- (c) the Centre would seek to increase an awareness of our cultural heritage.
- (d) the development of the Centre would attempt to ensure the continuation and use of the Resource Centre following the termination of the Combat Poverty Project in 1989.

What was involved in transforming the Resource Centre into the Granuaile Interpretive Centre? In an effort to provide an accurate interpretation of the life and times of Granuaile, it was agreed that the advice of Ann Chambers, local historian and authoress on Granuaile, would be enlisted. Her knowledge of Granuaile was of great benefit to the project. The transformation of the Resource Centre to provide access to this knowledge involved many more people. The involvement of the directors of Louisburgh Development Company, and especially that of Vincent O'Loughlin, deserves special note in this regard. Vincent's commitment to the development of the Centre was an inspiration to us all. He worked voluntarily often into the early hours of the morning arranging stands, organizing lighting and providing the leadership and guidance necessary to ensure the development of the Centre.

In addition, the work of Michael McNally, Freda and Tony Sammon, Bob Rainey, John O'Dowd, Jim O'Malley, Nuala O'Loughlin, Mary Keane and Justin Sammon was instrumental in ensuring the completion of the Centre for the official opening on 19 June 1988. In the true spirit of co-operation they all worked together regardless of time or other commitments.

On June 19th, the people of Louisburgh joined by representatives of Bord

FORMAL



Formal opening: L to R – Enda Kenny, T.D., Pádraic Flynn, Minister for the Environment, Martin J. O’Toole, Senator, and Vincent O’Loughlin, Resource Centre.

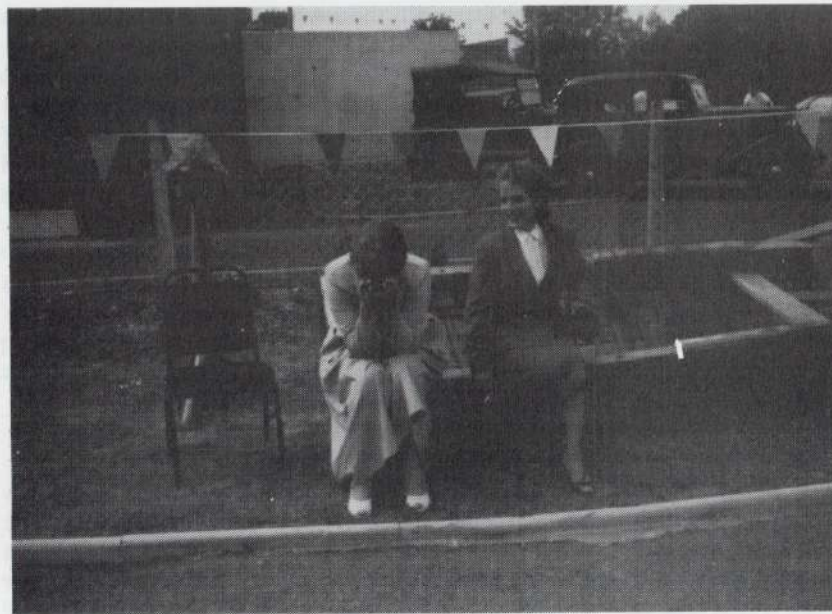


The local scout troop prepare to lead the parade.

..... INFORMAL



Of course a lot depends on how you look at it!



“Janey Mac! And I wasn’t even smoking!”

Fáilte, Ireland West, County Development Team, National Manpower, Combat Poverty Agency and the 3rd Louisburgh Scout Group watched as Mr Pádraic Flynn, Minister for the Environment, cut the ribbon and officially declared the Granuaile Interpretive Centre open. The wooden platform tied with *sugans*, the venison-and-mead reception, the lone piper and the harpist all contributed to the festivities. The Centre remained open seven days a week from 10 a.m. until 8.00 p.m. during the summer months and will open on request for the remainder of the year. Grainne Kilcoyne from Kilsallagh and Alyson Sammon from Carramore were employed on a part-time basis to operate the Centre, with Combat Poverty Project Staff responsible for the Centre during normal working hours of the project.

THE FUTURE

The Granuaile Interpretive Centre attracted more than two thousand tourists to Louisburgh during the summer of 1988. The Westport Tourist Office deserves special mention in this regard for assistance given. In order that the Centre would continue to attract visitors to the area it will require continuous development and promotion.

Members of the community can play an active role in its development by:

- (a) advertising the Centre in their business premises
- (b) encouraging their relations, friends or tourists to visit the Centre
- (c) promoting the Centre, especially those who operate Bed and Breakfast and other accommodation.

Louisburgh Development Company and the Combat Poverty Project is justly proud of the Granuaile Interpretive Centre. As a former project-worker I regard it as a tremendous privilege to have been involved in the development of the Centre and other project activities. The Centre is an example of what "ordinary" people can achieve through collective action. It may take "extraordinary" people to maintain and sustain that effort!

Cork

Teresa Nyland

In our last issue an article by Post Office assistant, Rose Donnellan, was appreciated by many readers at home and away. The article had the title "The New Line". Little did we know! We now congratulate Rose on her engagement to Tony McMulkin and wish both happiness wherever their future lies. We cannot resist snatching this exactly suitable opportunity for reminding Rose of the re-adjusted proverb – that a ring on the hand is worth two on the 'phone!

FREE FOOD

It was a year that no-one would ever forget. The first signs of trouble were a virtual replay of 1846. A farmer in County Wexford noticed that his neighbour's potatoes didn't look quite right. A closer inspection revealed blight. Bad but not a tragedy, the two men agreed. The trouble was that that same evening and the following day, hundreds of farmers all over Ireland were finding the same thing. Within days, the national picture was clear. A worried Minister of Agriculture revealed that the crop all over the twenty-six counties was a write-off. Industrial chemists were interviewed and admitted they had no idea why the usual sprays had failed to work. The I.F.A. started to lobby T.D.'s in an effort to rush a compensation deal through the Dail . . .

It was 1995. All over Europe, the merciless rain had seen to it that crops generally were poor . . .

It was then that old, old people wished they had listened more attentively to their great-grandparents stories about The Great Hunger, about the berries, leaves and roots which had made all the difference between life and death in those far-off and terrible days.

Fortunately for the folks around Louisburgh, an article had appeared in the Coinneal of 1988; it told a little, a very little of the wildfoods that could be found in hedges and ditches all around the parish. A few thick-skinned folk went out to find food which was free. For a time, the more "respectable" held back (what would the neighbours think?). In the end, people took to going round with a Coinneal in one hand and a plastic bag in the other . . .

You didn't believe all that, did you?

It takes getting used to, food to be had free but it is educational and it's fun! My longsuffering wife wasn't sure of that. Was I sure that it isn't poisonous? Was it fair to the children? Well, I thought, *Brachán Neantóg* was eaten from at least earliest Christian times until, in some parts, the early days of this century. It was made of water, nettles, salt, milk and oatmeal.

First, I tried **Nettle** (*urtica dioica*) as a vegetable. It was tough and stringy. While I smiled encouragingly, the children pushed theirs to the side of their plates. My first mistake. If you don't get nettles by early June, don't use them as a vegetable. Soup will be far better, delicious, in fact. You might like to try it.

Two onions, two large potatoes, some stock, preferably chicken, a quarter of a pint of cream, salt and pepper. Chop and fry the onions and potatoes in a saucepan. After five minutes, add the nettle-leaves (no stalk) and the stock. Simmer until the potatoes are soft. Liquidize, stir in pepper and salt and cream. Then enjoy it!

Chickweed (*stellaria media*) between Autumn and Spring makes a nice soup also. To make it, just substitute the Chickweed for the nettle. The plant is low-growing and straggling, has lots of small, white star-shaped flowers. It can be found almost everywhere.

One day, I was gathering **Watercress** (*nasturtium officinale*) from a wet ditch. A man who saw me shook his head doubtfully; was I sure you could eat that stuff? You can. Raw on buttered bread with salt. Nice. If you're worried about possible fluke, you can add the cress to simmering potato and onion soup or chicken soup. Serve with a dollop of cream.

There is plenty of **Hogweed** (*heracleum sphondylium*) about in the Louisburgh locality. It is a tall roadside plant with an umbrella of small, white flowers. Do check that it has rough hairy, grooved stems. The young shoots, lightly boiled, as a vegetable taste rather like asparagus.

The **Elder** bush (*sambuca nigra*) is known to Johnnie Tiernan as the *boltarra* and to John O'Toole as the *Trom*. Both remember it as the main ingredient of an ointment for burns. Johnnie is prepared to vouch for its efficacy, as he was treated with it for a very severe burn as a boy. The bush gives berries in Autumn that you can use in a pie. You can add a little apple or rhubarb for interest. Even the flowers can be eaten raw (watch for greenfly!) and have a pleasant, nutty taste. Alternatively, you can dip the flower head in batter and deep-fry. Leave a little of the stalk on to hold it by, dip in sugar and enjoy it.

There are **Pignuts** (*conopodium majus*) almost everywhere. The plant grows about a foot high, stands upright but has a rather zig-zag stem crowned with an umbrella of small white flowers. The whole thing grows of a nut which can be up to six inches underground. Children in my own lifetime used to stop on the way home from school to dig them up and eat them. They remind me of radishes.

If you can find **Comfrey** (*symphytum officinale*), do. Dipped in batter and fried, the leaves are delicious. Serve with sugar and lemon-juice. The Irish name for this plant is *Lus na gCnámh mBriste* (the Herb for Broken Bones) after its medical use. It grows up to three feet high with drooping, bell-shaped flowers and large, hairy leaves.

On the shore there is **Rock Samphire** (*crithmum maritimum*). It was sold on the streets of Dublin up to less than hundred years ago and eaten raw. It has a spicy taste which I enjoy but which the members of my family dislike. It is a low-growing plant with round, fleshy leaves. A greenish yellow umbrella-shaped flower appears in July — that is, a normal July! Also on the shore are the seaweeds. The best of the seaweeds to my taste is the well-known **Carrageen** (*chondrus crispus*). Everyone knows how to prepare the blanchmange, but have you tried the soup? Soak the seaweed for fifteen minutes, then chop it small. Chop three rashers, several carrots, celery to taste and boil in two pints of water for three-quarters of an hour. Season as needed.

Another really good one is the **Oarweed** (*laminaria saccharina*). It can grow to about nine feet in length and is brown with crinkly edges. Dry it well, cut it in bite-size pieces and fry in cooking-oil. Remove from the pan when they start to brown, drain on absorbent paper and serve. Also on the shore is the **Sea Beet** (*beta maritima*). The leaves are an excellent spinach.

Widespread in the parish is **Angelica** (*angelica sylvestris*). It grows up to

five feet tall, has hairy, pink-and-purple stems and has broad, toothed leaves. The flower-head is an umbrella-shaped mass of small, white flowers. Do not confuse it with a similar but poisonous plant called Hemlock. The Hemlock has smooth stems with purple spots and smells unpleasant. The chopped Angelica leaves are good with rhubarb and other stewed fruit.

Down at the lake you will find the **White Water Lily** (*nymphaea alba*). The root is boiled in salted water and is considered a delicacy in the Scandinavian countries, even served in restaurants. I like it. There are all sorts of plants to liven up your summer salads. A good example of these is the **Hairy Bittercress** (*cardamine hirsuta*). The name is misleading, for it is only slightly hairy. It is low-growing, often in walls or on waste ground. The leaves are mostly at the base. The flowers are small and white. You can also throw a handful of leaves from the **Hawthorn** tree (*crataegus monogyna*) into your salad. They are nutty.

Even on the mountain there are plants to eat. The young tips of **Bracken** (*pteridium aquilinum*) are the poor man's asparagus! They have a light smoky taste. The **Bilberry** (*vaccinium myrtillus*) is an excellent filling for a pie.

There are other plants you can use as **Spinach**. The ordinary **Red Clover** (*trifolium pratense*) the leaves can also be eaten raw in a salad — **Good King Henry** (*chenopodium bonus-henricus*) and its relative, **Fat Hen** (*chenopodium album*) grow in nitrogen-rich places, farmyards, edges of meadows. These are two to three feet high and have triangular leaves. Both are excellent. Butter and lemon juice to taste.

Thallabawn (do we have to use these nonsense names when we have perfectly good ones of our own, like An Talamh Bán?) — has mudflats. So has Deerpark. On the mudflats you can find a most unpromising-looking plant called **Glasswort** (*salicornia europaea*) which was used in glassmaking. Carefully washed and lightly boiled, it is a nice vegetable. To eat it, close your teeth on the flesh and pull! (This is to scrape it off the woody inner.) You should find **Purslane** (*halimione portulacoides*) in the same place. It is a low-growing, branchy plant. The leaves are green but have a whitish, mealy-looking appearance. Purslane should be used as a spinach with lemon-juice, butter, pepper and salt.

One day I came across what looked like an onion gone wrong. It turned out to be **Crow Garlic** (*allium vineale*). You'll like the leaves chopped into mashed potatoes. I am indebted to Michael Sammin for the following recipe for a good tonic.

7 whole garlic tops, 2 ounces Epsom Salts, 2 ounces Caraway seeds,
1 glass Whiskey, 1 glass vinegar, 7 tops of nettles.

Boil the garlic, nettles, salts and caraway in 2 pints of water until there's only a pint left. Strain when cold and add the whiskey and vinegar. Take a glass before breakfast.

The Editor says I must stop: there is more, much more food to be had free. Bon appetit!

Sandymount, Dublin

Roy Rohu

Kith and Kin

We welcome in this feature a remarkably-well researched essay on family history and we sincerely applaud its author, Mr. Pat Joe McHale of Emlagh (now resident at Maynooth). With our plaudits go our good wishes for Pat Joe's continued good health. (Editor)

There is a probably never a best time to do anything in life. And so it is with this account of my family, the Mac Hale's of Emlagh. Lest age and poor health finally catch up, I offer these few pages of history. They are based only on the personal family knowledge of mine and other people before my time, since so little is written down. If anyone can enrich this account through additions or corrections, then I would be so happy to hear from them. Most of those who know me would know that I have great pride in the name of the Mac Hale's. I like to think that they were one of the many great families of the Louisburgh area. Times change very fast nowadays: perhaps too fast. I hope that knowing a little more about the past will give some pleasure to those in, or connected with, the family. It always did for me.

The Mac Hales of Emlagh

It is only a very few short years since the original family house in Emlagh has gone into ruin. It is an even shorter time since the last tenant of that house, Andy Mac Hale, has passed away; so that only Joe Lyons, Charlie Prendergast and Tommie Gibbons now remain as "survivors" in the village, although Tommie is not living there at the present time. A far cry indeed from the middle of the last century when "the rock of Emlagh" saw gatherings of no fewer than fifty first cousins, of whom about twenty-five bore the name Mac Hale! Our story however starts much further back than the gatherings on the rock.

A man called De Exeter was among the Anglo-Normans who arrived with Strongbow in 1170. As time went on some of his descendants grasped a large territory in the barony of Gallon and called themselves Jordan's. On the arrival of Cromwell in the middle of the seventeenth century he "relocated" the Jordan's from Rosslavin in the Barony of Gallon. The Jordan's were accepted as tenants by the Browne landlords and were allocated several townlands which were collectively known as "the Farm". Jordan built himself a house at Legaun on what James Berry describes in his "Tales of the West" as "the bright, sunny western slope of the hill of Oldhead, which commanded a fine view of the valley of the great Achill mountains, Clare Island, and the wild western Atlantic. Both Browne and Jordan knew that this development was not welcome in that particular area, for while the O'Malley's, former lords of the territory had lost much of their power, they were still able to cause great trouble to unwelcome settlers. Perhaps, therefore, as a form of insurance, Jordan brought with him

some Mayo natives who would be more acceptable and help to achieve a peaceful settlement in a hostile area.

Three families travelled west with Jordan from Roslavin. The first was McNicholas who got a farm of about a hundred acres in Bunowen with further land in Derrylahan. They forfeited the "Mc" in their name and became Nicholson. The second family were the Durkan's (there may have been two brothers or cousins) who settled in Carrowclaggen and later got Lord Sligo's farm in Askelaune on the recommendation of Jordan. The third man was my own great-great-great-grandfather, John Mac Hale, who was given about four hundred acres in Emlagh again on Jordan's recommendation. Born in the townland of Tobarnaveen near Lahardaun, in the parish of Addergoole, John was either a first cousin or brother of Pádraic Mór Mac Hale who was married to Mary Mulkieran. Pádraic Mór was a farmer and innkeeper, and father of the famous Archbishop John Mac Hale, who was praised by Michael Davitt for his "unwearied love for the Irish people, his unceasing efforts on their behalf, and his high character and personal worth". John Mac Hale of Emlagh would therefore have been a second cousin or an uncle of the Archbishop. On arriving in Louisburgh, John Mac Hale spent the first few years tending the Jordan stock on the farm at Legaun. One can only imagine how he must have felt when on getting Emlagh (probably around 1780) he surveyed his property on horseback for the first time. While four hundred acres was a substantial property in those times, one must remember that the area was in a wild state, intersected with cuttings that brought water from the mountains to the sea. There were no roads, then or for long years afterwards, leading to the area. Doubtless also, John saw the possibilities and was a courageous man.

The O'Toole's from Inishturk used to land at Emlagh Point on John's land. It must have been on one of these occasions that John laid eyes on Cecilia O'Toole, the only daughter of the O'Toole family. She was a very pretty girl. Her people were reputed to have come around the coast from Wicklow and had to settle on the island. Her father was so happy with the idea of John and Cecilia's marriage that he gave them the fertile island of Cahir six miles from Emlagh. Sometime after the marriage, the O'Toole's found a treasure hoard of gold bars and other valuables on the island. The treasure was shared generously with John who took the bars by horseback to Dublin to get them valued. This must have been a formidable journey at that time. He then found himself with a wife, a large farm and the money with which to develop it. The O'Toole's were delighted to have a son-in-law in control of the seashore in Emlagh. There they could land their stock and sell them on the mainland from the flat-bottomed boats then in use. John's cattle enterprise continued. He does not seem to have sown any crops but to have brought them in as required. It was in the course of such purchases that John met a man called Redmond Lyons in the market in Westport. Redmond had a small farm in Tevinish, Aughagower and had problems with getting a supply of turf. John encouraged him to leave and to come west to see this farm in Aughony – land grazed by John where there was a good supply of turf available.

If Redmond liked the farm, John agreed to recommend him through Jordan to Lord Sligo. And so it came to pass and the first Lyons came to Auhony. A friend of Redmond, Geoffrey Gibbons (also from Auhagower), came the following year, also on John's recommendation. The Prendergast's from Claremorris also arrived in the same way about the same time.

John had one son James and three daughters, Ann, Sarah and Mary. In a society where there was little contact with the outside world and where people married their neighbours, and even their near relatives, the Mac Hale daughters, Ann, Sarah and Mary soon became Mrs Lyons, Gibbons and Prendergast respectively. While I propose to confine myself to the Mac Hale line as far as possible, a quick mention of Ann and Redmond is appropriate.

They had two sons, Redmond and Patrick. Redmond married Brigid McMyler while Patrick married Rose O'Malley (the youngest sister of her brother James' wife, Catherine). Patrick was later drowned and his son Patrick was killed after falling from a horse, thus setting a sad tradition of associations with sea and horses in the history of the family. Rose married Charlie O'Malley seven years after Patrick's death and their eldest daughter Mary married Prendergast from Auhony. Her husband died suddenly and her parents took Mary and the baby back to Emlagh. As there were no sons in the family, the baby (the present Charlie Rimmie's grandfather) inherited the holding in Emlagh and is progenitor of one of the three survivors in Emlagh village at the present time.

James and Kitty

James, son of John, therefore emerged at the apex of the family tree as the single male heir of the original John Mac Hale. James married Catherine O'Malley from Dadreen, Tallaghbawn – "Kitty above all", as she was known. She was a much sought-after young girl and won many prizes as the finest girl at many of the patterns and fairs at the time. James had five sons who formed the core of the family tree and who form five natural divisions in the Mac Hale ancestry. The five sons were called Austin, Patrick, James, Michael and Richard. Only Austin's and Patrick's line have continued the name to the present day and it is perhaps fitting that as I sit down to write this article, I have just been informed of the latest addition to Austin's line – a baby, called James Michael, who was just born to the son of my brother Dick, who lives in England. It is not easy to put dates on events over a hundred and fifty years ago but James and Kitty were married at around the turn of the nineteenth century so that the sons which I am about to describe would have started their families around 1830 to 1840. All family trees become very complex and mine is no exception. In order to avoid confusion I'll take each son separately and carry the line of the family as far as I can to the present day.

1. Austin (son of James)

Austin married Mary Joyce from Leenane, an only daughter of Séan Bán Joyce. Mary's four brothers owned the Maam Valley. Austin's father, James,

had divided Emlagh between three brothers, Austin, Patrick, and James in roughly three equal parts. Austin built a house on his share of 135 acres using foundations laid by his brother Michael who had intended to stay in Emlagh before deciding to take over Furmoyle. Austin built a slate-covered house (the first in the area) using slates from a nearby quarry at Feenone, where slates were subsequently commercially quarried. Four sons and seven daughters made up Austin's family. Their names were Michael, James, John, Patrick, Sarah, Mary, Honor, Nancy, Maggie, Catherine and Brigid.

Michael was drowned going to Clare Island around about 1875 and the circumstances of his death deserve a brief mention. Michael's sisters, Sarah and Mary, had married Anthony and Michael O'Malley from the island – two brothers who owned Ballytoughey. Lord Sligo had sent out a gunboat to claim cattle on the island because of the withholding of rent. On seeing the gunboat on the bay, the O'Malley's had gone to Emlagh for Michael to mark the cattle as Mac Hale stock before Lord Sligo's men arrived. Michael had told the O'Malley's to go ahead before him and to get the boat ready at Roonagh. Since none of the three were boatmen, Michael had intended to get the help of Pádraic Ó Malley (Pádraic Rua of the Point, as he was known) a good boatman, before heading out back to Clare Island. As bad fortune would have it, Pádraic couldn't find his shoes and Michael ended up going ahead to tell the O'Malley's to wait. The O'Malley's were anxious to depart, however, because the arrival of the gunboat was imminent. When Pádraic finally arrived at the pier, he saw the yawl already headed out towards Clare Island with no ballast aboard. Sadly, the boat had not gone a mile when a squall blew her over and all were drowned.

Michael's eldest brother *James* was educated in Leenane with his mother's family. He was a brilliant manager and managed the lands of his widowed sisters, with whom he lived for at least fourteen years. James was another victim of the "horse and the sea" and spent most of his life as a semi-invalid following a fall from a horse early in life. He still remained, however, a strong and powerful man. He died unmarried.

The other brother *John* married Mary Gibbons (sister of James Gibbons, Roonagh) and emigrated to Australia. They had four sons and four daughters. The boys were called James, John, George and Edward. The girls' names were Sarah, Margaret, Catherine and Alice. James went on to gain considerable fame as a rugby coach and player in Collingwood, Melbourne, Australia. His son J.J. (Jock) Mac Hale is still alive and Jock's own son Robert will be making a return visit to the home of his ancestors in the near future.

We now move on to the fourth and last brother in Austin's family *Patrick*, who was my own grandfather. He married Ellen McDonnell from Carrowclaggen, Louisburgh, and in 1892, had one son, my father, Austin. Austin inherited the 135 acres from his father through his grandfather, and was a great businessman in his time. He married Catherine Scott from Roonagh around 1912 and sadly died, a young man of forty, from cancer. A year previously, he had fallen from a horse injuring himself seriously. As to Austin's family, he had five sons and

four daughters: myself (Patrick), Dick, James, Michael, Austin, Evelyn, Mary, Anna and Nora. Austin died young from heart-failure in 1963; James is in Dublin, and Michael, in London both unmarried. My brother Dick is in London and has five sons and two daughters Austin, Richard, Michael, Francis, Declan, Regina and Deirdre. As for my own family, in 1946 I married Delia Burke (born in Roonkeel) who lived on the Square in Louisburgh with her uncle Walter for a number of years. In 1957 we moved from Emlagh and got a Land Commission exchange to Knockanally in County Kildare. We later moved to Taghadoe, Maynooth, where we now live. We have four sons and four daughters: Joseph, Austin, James, Waltie, Mary, Annette, Carmel and Helene. All are gathered in close proximity to the family home in Maynooth except for Waltie, who is currently in the United States. We have twenty-one grandchildren of whom five have the combination of being male and carrying the Mac Hale name.

My widowed sister, Evelyn, (married to Paddy Ned O'Malley) lives in Castlebar. She has three sons and four daughters one of whom, Mary, is married to Johnnie Gibbons in Furmoyle. It is worth noting that Paddy Ned's ancestry lies in the line of "old" Austin's son, Michael, and represents one of the many links between the Mac Hales. My other sisters, Mary and Anna, were married in England and Nora (unmarried) is in the United States.

2. Patrick (son of James)

Patrick, who had continued to live in the old home (being the eldest) married, late in life, Alice Leneghan from Ballycroy. He had inherited a farm of about 140 acres but rented other extensive areas of land which he stocked with cattle and sheep. He was for a time a member of the local Board of Guardians and was a prominent man in the district. He had a family of three sons and three daughters; Patrick, James, Andrew, Alice, Mary and Nora. The first son, Patrick, was another horse-accident victim but went on to become a schoolteacher in Aillbrack, Ballyconnolly, Clifden. He had two sons and three daughters. One of his sons, Joe married and became a prominent doctor in Galway. The marriages of Patrick's daughters, Alice, Mary and Nora, were as follows: Alice married Tom Durkan (Louisburgh) so she was Seamus Durkan's grandmother; Mary married John Durkan (Bunowen and became mother of Willie Durkan); Nora married Paddy Gibbons (Kinnadoughey grandfather of Michael Gibbons).

Old Patrick's farm had been divided between Patrick the schoolteacher's brothers, James and Andrew. Oddly enough, both Andrew and James were married twice. James' first marriage was to Anne Gibbons of Askelawn and James built his own house for this family of one son and one daughter, Walter and Brigid. Neither got married. His second marriage was to Brigid Toner who bore him two sons, Austin and Patrick and one daughter, Maggie. Patrick went to America and Austin married Anne Sammon. They had three sons, Jarlath, Pádraic and John, and one daughter, Rhena. Pádraic lives with his father in the

present holding. Jarlath and John are in England, while Rhena is in America.

The third brother Andrew's first marriage was to Mary Gibbons, a sister of Anne who was James' first wife. Andrew had inherited the island of Cahir which, as you may recall, had been given to the original John McHale. Andrew and Mary had one son and three daughters: Patrick, Kate, Brigid and Alice. Patrick went to America with his sister Kate and married Ann Chambers. They had no family. Brigid married Dominick McGreal and these are the ancestors of the late Michael McGreal of Tallaghbawn. Alice married Tom Gallagher and these are the ancestors of the present James Gallagher of Tallaghbawn and his brothers and sister Mrs. Molly Gibbons (deceased).

Andrew's second marriage was to Maggie Berry. All their family, Michael, John, Andy, Margaret and Mary are dead and never married. Andy sadly, as I mentioned at the start of the article died only recently.

3. James (son of James)

We now move on to the third of old James' sons – the one who had his father's name. He was known as "Jim of the Rock". He held about 120 acres of the original Emlagh settlement and built his own house beside where one of his descendants, Joe Lyons, one of the only three surviving residents of Emlagh, now lives. Jim married Brigid Prendergast from Aughony and Brigid's two brothers (James and Tom Prendergast) married Jim's two sisters, Mary and Ann. Jim and Brigid had one son and six daughters: Richard, Ellen, Sarah, Mary, Brigid, Ann, and Catherine. Richard married Brigid Gibbons (Cloonlaura, Killeen) and they had one son, John, and two daughters, Ann and Margaret. John was yet another horse-accident victim and was killed from a fall while riding on the seashore. His sister, Ann, married Dan O'Malley and his other sister married Richard Lyons. Richard had two sons, Joe and Jim, and a daughter Mary. Joe still lives in Emlagh on the holding, while Jim got married in England and is now dead. Mary married in Chicago and is now dead also. Their father Richard went to America in 1927 taking his daughter, Mary, with him. He met his death through an accident in Chicago around 1930. The Mac Hale name had therefore disappeared from the line of James son of old James.

4. Michael (son of James)

This line also failed to maintain the Mac Hale name and was characterised by emigration by the sons. Michael, who had taken over Furmoyle, married Ann McGirr whose family were in business in Louisburgh. The McGirr family were of Scottish extraction and achieved a certain distinction, for a nephew of Ann emigrated to Australia and his son, (James McGirr) eventually became Prime Minister of New South Wales. Ann herself was well educated and kept the accounts of her husband's business, which encompassed both farming and contracting. He was responsible for a number of road-construction projects

financed at that time by the Balfour Funds. His projects included the road from Caher to Roonagh and from his store house (which subsequently became the family house) in Furrmoyle to Killeen. He also helped with the building of the Louisburgh to Kilcoynes (Kilsallagh) road. Michael, locally known as "Mister" (because he was a source of employment), eased the burden of poverty in the locality during those harsh times. He was a courageous man and constantly fought for funds to generate as many road construction projects as possible in an area badly hit by poverty and famine. Michael lost three sons and four daughters. His surviving three sons and three daughters were Austin, James, Patrick, Nora, Ann and Mary. All the daughters married locally while the sons emigrated to Australia through their mother's connection there. Nora, the youngest, remained at home and married Ned O'Malley (Cahir). Ann married John Philbin (Louisburgh, father of Rickie) and Mary married Eoin O'Donnell (Bunowen). Nora and Ned had four sons, Michael, Austin, Eddie and Patrick (Paddy Ned) and five daughters Molly, Kitty, Nancy, Norrie and Brigid. As I've already mentioned, Paddy Ned married my sister Evelyn who is now widowed. The girls' marriages worked out as follows: Molly married Dick Prendergast (Aughony); Nora married twice – firstly to Walter Burke and secondly to Paddy Scott; Nancy married Michael Fitzgerald (Westport – no family); Kitty married Dr. Gilbert Archer, who was a prominent medical man; and finally, Brigid married Austin Keane (Louisburgh) who sadly has only recently died. Brigid (the last of that family) still lives with her sons PJ and Eamonn in Louisburgh. She has five daughters.

5. Richard (son of James)

I know very little of this line of the family except for the fact that he married an O'Malley girl and moved to his mother's farm in Dadreen, Tallaghbawn. He had six daughters and the farm eventually came into the possession of one of the girls thus ending the McHale name on that line.

Footnote

And so I close this brief account of names, places and events. By its nature, it can only be a simple description of the passage of generations. Hidden behind the names and the dates are a bubbling cauldron of pain, heartache, joys and happiness which have been impossible to communicate. I leave it to all those who have been part (however distant) of this great family to take out their own personal memories.

An Choinneal has for so long given such great service to Louisburgh and district through encouraging writing on family histories that no words of mine can do it justice. Poor health nowadays prevents me from visiting old places and friends that I love as often as I would like. I offer these few lines therefore as a

gesture of esteem to those friends for whom the road from Louisburgh to Maynooth has never been a barrier. And these are many.

Tennyson once wrote:

The old order changeth
Yielding place to new
And God fulfils himself
In many ways

May His fulfilment be in the happiness of my western people.

Maynooth

Pat Joe McHale

Remembering Sion

During the war many mines were washed up on the beaches throughout Louisburgh parish. One incident I would like to recall is where a mine was washed ashore at Carramore. This mine was guarded by the Local Defence Force until a bomb-expert arrived from the army head-quarters. After the mine was examined the expert asked one member of the Local Defence Force to hold a flashlight for him – a job he did not fancy. First he opened the screw on the cap, to reveal a mass of wires. Sweat started to pour off the man holding the light, for this was the first time he had seen such a sight or stood inches away from instant death. Next the expert removed some cotton and pulled slowly a long, glass tube out of the mine. He then undid the end of the glass tube and poured out the deadly liquid on the strand. The army expert was first to break the silence: "There is enough T.N.T. in that bottle to blow Louisburgh completely off the map." The expert then made some connections of the wires and attached a length of fuse and said to his helper: "Run now as fast as ever you ran before and I hope we don't meet a high wall or a wire fence". After they had run for some time the expert pushed his helper into a drain and then there was ear-splitting explosion with burning red shrapnel flying through the air. The expert said slowly: "She was a big one, and the Louisburgh people can thank their God it did not hit a rock!"

May the Lord grant those brave men eternal rest!

Letter from Home

7 December 1988

Dear Austie,

Before I start writing at all now you'll have to understand and forgive me for being a bit rushed and maybe not as organized as usual. What I always do is when I get the *Mayo News* or *Farmer's Journal* or such like that has any piece of news that would interest you, I don't do but to tear out the full page and put it behind the big dishes up on the dresser. (You remember where we used to keep the cards for the cattle.) Well, I went to Westport there one day, myself and Eileen, where she was buying me a new coat for my birthday, God bless them. I won't write down what age I am now on this letter, but you know anyway. Now where was I? - Oh yes. When we were gone the day was wet and what did Michael and little Austie do but start cleaning the kitchen. Dadda didn't get up at all that day - not sick or anything, thank God. Well, about the papers (I'm so long coming to it) poor little Austie the creature thought he was doing great tidying down the shelves of the dresser and whatever he did with the papers, sight or light I didn't see of them since. What harm, the kitchen was like a palace when we came back and I thought it best not to let on. 'Twould take the good out of it all for them. So the most of the news I have for you this time is coming out of my own owl head or else out of the new *Newsletter* that the Community Council here at home gets out every month or so. I'll stick in one copy of it with the *Coinneal* when I post it.

Strange, I think I'm always telling you of all the clubs and councils and committees that are active in the parish. I suppose a begrudger would say that's all we have for it. Still, when you look back over the years an awful lot of work was done, since first Muintir na Tire started nearly forty years ago. And you can read for yourself in this *Coinneal* about such committees as Combat Poverty and Gráinnuaile Centre and the Resource Centre. And of course the Louisburgh Cottages are still going strong and the Community Councils. Little bit of tension there between the two community councils for a while and I heard there was fur flying at a few meetings. But things seem to be peaceful and nice now and sure if people have different opinions it's no harm but all the good it is, for them to say out what they think. That's how people learn; so long as nothing ugly is said or nothing kept in the nose for anyone.

You'll often hear people saying that there's nothing doing around here - no social life, as the young ones say. Well I think, the place is very busy and I'll put down after other now a list of things as they come into my head. We wouldn't give you a "thank you" now for a television camera coming around! There's this programme here "Faces and Places"; a lady called Kathleen Watkins interviewing. She had three from the Resource Centre on, *Teresa Nyland* and *Helena Bennett* and *Julie Kennedy*; and then *John Joe Kilcoyne* and *John Lydon* of Oldhead

Hotel, and *David O'Dowd* of Falduff. *Teresa Nyland* is finished now and *Mary Reid* has come in her place. A capable woman, from Donegal. Did you hear that *Frank Noone*, the Mayo footballer, has opened a place for outdoor pursuits at Delphi? Big numbers coming, too, I'm told. A Credit Union has been set up in Louisburgh. Do you know how it works? You should, because I'm afraid that enough people don't realize what a great idea, it is, for helping ordinary people in money matters. *Séamus O'Toole* of Mooneen (Martin Joe's) is winning all round him as a young farmer. First he won the award in Connacht-Ulster; and later down in Limerick, at the National final of the "Star Young Farmer", didn't he win an Educational trip to Europe. We cannot stand the O'Malley's at all, with all their rallies and sallies, but God bless whoever readied out the Gráinnuaile Centre, it's lovely. Lots of people are calling to see it and to see the video that was made of the parish. Oh and of course we had television - two televisions! - the day of the Famine Walk to Doolough. I heard them say that the American T.V. (CBS, as they call it) had the whole thing on their programmes that very Sunday night beyond. You didn't see it, I suppose? Did you hear the *Kerr's* have left Bunowen? Mrs. Dunne will be lonely now, but Eileen comes back often. Oh by the way if you're coming home soon keep an eye out for our two new Louisburgh air-hostesses, *Sarah Williams* of Bridge Street and *Anne Marie Scanlon* of Bunowen. Both are with Aer Lingus. You'd never know but you'd see them on the plane or at the airport. Knock Airport is doing famous. Ten flights a day all booked out for the Christmas season. You heard we have a new Archbishop, Dr. Joseph Cassidy, another Mayoman. Poor Archbishop Cunnane was nice and natural; he retired in Knock. The new man visited Louisburgh, just to see the people, there in November. That's November 1987. We all met him. Now as to the young people, they're qualifying out of face, but the trouble is no jobs hardly. *Una Morrison* (Killadoon) is teaching in Killarney and her neighbour *Marian Kilcoyne* in Castlebar. *Derval McHale* (Carramore) qualified as a primary teacher, like both her parents; *Joe Staunton* as a chemist like his father; *Michael McCormack* (Caher) got his B.A. at N.I.H.E. Dublin, *Gerard McDonnell* (Bridge Street) got the Vere Foster medal as student of the year in Limerick Training College; and *Kathleen Corrigan* won the Sheahan Award, as best academic nurse in the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin. Away from school and colleges then, *Jim Bowe* was made area bank-manager in Ballina, *Andrew Durkan* won several medals and awards for fishing, *Davy O'Toole* Doughmackeon won awards for draught-mare and brood-mare. You must have heard talk of *Bernadette Burke* from Askelane and the gifted talent she has for making wedding cakes. There were pictures of her cakes, and of Bernie herself all over the papers here. I'd safely say she could make a cake and ice it in the shape and form of any blessed thing you'd care to mention. Extraordinary. Talking of weddings there was a whole shoal of people celebrating golden or silver jubilees during the year. Eileen is saying we should be preparing now for two years' time, what would you think? I'd lay a lot of value on your opinion. Then again, the old people always say one shouldn't count chickens before they're hatched. By the same token I

suppose there isn't a chicken now west of the bridge of Belclare rearing. Changed times. And not for the best.

I'll leave all the football news. They had a great year entirely, the school youngsters, too. But I'm sure you'll find that in the *Coinneal*. What happened Seán he didn't write for a long time? He'd always send a newsey letter the way I could send it in in time for the magazine. But one time there he missed out and it was only after I found out that he had an accident with the hand at work. I hope it isn't the same now. Everyone used to enjoy his letters. I suppose ye are flooded out now with young Irish. It's a pity they cannot get work at home, but honest to goodness if they could itself I'd like them to get a few years abroad to learn from the world and to appreciate home. They'll be lonesome now at Christmas away from home.

I must draw rein or it will be a marathon letter. Oh that's a thing. *Imelda O'Grady* (Michael's wife) from Kilgeever ran in the Dublin marathon lately. She must have it in her head for a while because she ran a mini-marathon in June with *Lucy Dyar*, *Aileen O'Malley* and *Frances Morahan*. Frances' husband, *John Morahan*, ran the Dublin marathon too. 'Twasn't given out what places any of them got. We miss *Father Kieran Waldron* greatly, he was into everything. *Father Ó Móráin* went to England for the Louisburgh re-union in the latter end of October. A crowd went over from here. They had a great night but we didn't hear the whole account yet. Of course they could nearly come home for the weekend from London now.

So that's it all now. Be careful of your health, Austie. It isn't like before now and you a married man. But ye have a long way to go till ye have the hundred of salt eaten together. Don't forget if you're coming to come to Knock it's so swift and handy.

And God keep ye all safe over the Christmas and the New Year.

Your loving
Mother

Where on Earth?

All you Louisburgh people who I, hear, are at present living in the entire area of New York, New Jersey or Philadelphia, where on earth are you all? I would really like your help to get something together for the *Coinneal*, so please write or call me: Mary Dunne Richter, 299 Tenby Chase, Drive, Delran, N.J. 08075 (609-764-1662).

REFLECTIONS

Evening time. The town quietens as the shoppers head for home and an evening before the fire and the T.V. It could be any small town in any country. This time the country is Ireland and the town is – well, the town is any town. Since it is the people who make up daily life and not the location, names do not matter.

As night draws in the town wakes again somewhat and the street-lights come on as do the lights above the pub-signs. The keys are turned in the shop-doors for the incoming hours of darkness and men and women come out to socialize. A solitary figure comes up the town and enters a bar. In the silence that descends, he goes to the bar and orders a drink. When those already there recognize him in the light over the counter the chatter begins again. The man pays for his drink and sits and sips. To look at him you would be correct in thinking he did not work, for he was dressed poorly. He wore a long, black trench-coat from beneath which peeped tired and faded jeans with patches, and one neglected hole below the knee. He was unshaven and his blond hair hung wildly about his head as if trying to break free of its roots. On his feet he wore runners that were long-travelled and worn with holes along the sides. If you watched him closely enough you would see nicotine-covered fingers with bitten nails on hands which reached for his drink. But for all that this man was clean. His wild hair was fresh-looking and he eyes lit up by pub-light seemed to sparkle and dance. But he did not smile; he just looked – into his drink, up at the pictures on the wall, down at the floor. He just looked and drank in silence. He wouldn't have minded a chat but what did he know about the prices at the mart or the health problems with sheep? Now if it was Shaw, or Kavanagh, or even Elvis Presley, he could talk, then he could show that he was not just a face in a bar but had something to contribute. But what was the use? Shaw was dead, Presley was dead, Kavanagh was dead. In this place talk was dead.

In this country all that survived were the wreckers. Wreckers with suits and big pay-packets and letters after their names like T.D. Wreckers who sat at desks in Social Welfare offices all over the place and made it difficult for you to get a few miserable pounds on which to live. It was not just a matter of going in and signing your name and collecting what was yours. First of all you had to carry your pride under your arm and leave it after you when you left. You had to watch week after week as pieces of your soul disappeared through the glass wall to the unsmiling benefactor sitting within. And then, after all that, people still stood up and told you that you were getting money for nothing. Indeed, wreckers do not always wear boots or sport skin-head haircuts. The do not always break window and beat up old ladies. More often than not they wore white collars and broke the human spirit and beat upon your pride.

He sipped his drink again and remembered the ultimate irony he had seen the day before. As he had left the Welfare office he had seen a gathering of

gombeen men cheering around a trailer parked outside the town. Investigating, he had seen a politician standing before the public, electioneering. Promising. Pleading. Promising. Half the world was starving and this man was looking for approval to starve the other half. Half the country out of work and this man was looking for permission to wreck further; to further steal pride; to further his career at the expense of people. This monster was actually looking for a pat on the back because he had secured three or four jobs for locals while hundreds more were left on the line. He had no relatives out of work; his family were o.k. This monster who practised the 'I'm all right Jack' and 'jobs for the boys' way of life would go a long way.

He left the bar, another victim. Just another victim of progress.

Carramore

Malcom Murphy

A Brother in the Night

We walked the mile home and
he spat at the white lines.
We turned down the bohreen and
he cursed at the whispering chippings.
We reached the house and
he cried some more,
his tears fell on the rusty gate.
As we opened the front door
I put my arm about my friend's shoulders
and in that moment we became brothers.

Now he is in bed sleeping with his frustrations,
turning occasionally as he gets too warm.
There is no comfort here for him for he is
a prisoner of this town and it will not release him.
The little people who talk at his back
are cutting his throat with their tongues.
He ignores them and dies slowly
without his story ever having been heard.

I watch my brother sleeping soundly now. I think
his dreams are good for he has stopped crying and turning.
Maybe now in the night he will find some peace.

Carramore

Malcolm Murphy

A NEW DAWN

Earlier this year there was a real possibility that *The Mayo News* was heading for the "Scissors and Sellotape" section of *An Choinneal* for the last time. Despite the best efforts of management, journalists and typesetting staff, outdated equipment prevented the paper from meeting the challenges of modern times. The possibility of closure loomed, and a paper which had served the community for all of ninety-six years seemed destined for closure. It was a prospect which did not appeal to one of Ireland's best known printers, Joe Berry. Back in the 'sixties Joe got

his first taste of printing as a staffman with the "Mayo", and even when he decided to set up his own printing firm he never lost his affection for his old *Alma Mater*. By the time the *Mayo News* closed its doors on April 29th a syndicate of local businessmen made up of Jim Kiely, George Conroy, Seamus Gavin, Colam O'Neill and Joe Berry formed a new company so that this respected title would not die. Buoyed by the public goodwill for the survival of the paper they completed the purchase in record time and invited this scribe to become Managing Editor.

New Plans

Our first – and, with hindsight, our easiest – task was to ensure that publication continued without a break. The following week the "Mayo" was again on sale throughout the county as plans began to form for its long-term survival. It was obvious to the new team that to survive in the tough newspaper world the operation would have to be highly efficient, responding to the growing demands of readers and advertisers. This, in turn, meant moving to new premises, changing from the old 'hot metal' method of printing (the paper was the last provincial in the country to do this) to modern technology; and increasing the number of pages from sixteen to twenty-four in the short-term and, ultimately to thirty-two. Already we have made it to twenty-eight pages per week. The consultancy service of Typetec Ireland was called upon to produce a plan for a high technology system which would allow direct input and full page layout on-screen. It was the Typetec team that had helped Joe Berry's own company to make the transition from convention photo-typesetting to a high technology Mac-based typesetting and make-up system at their Westport based printing



works which has become internationally famous in the areas of medical and computer printing.

Training

Immediately the plan was put into action. Macintosh equipment was set up in a special training area in the old James Street headquarters, a building that had faithfully produced the "Mayo" every week since the year 1892. As soon as the staff finished one week's newspaper with the age-old hot metal process they moved into the twenty-first century, training on the Qwerty keyboards of the Macintoshes. By the time the first issues of the paper were produced on the new system in early September 1988, the operation had been transferred to new premises at The Fairgreen. This was a case of going back home for Joe Berry, whose roots are in the area. The transition brought it s own problems: the weekly deadline for the first new issue was met with only minutes to spare, and all staff having worked through the night. At the new "Mayo" we now know all about working a 23-hour day! But we have learned a lot since September and are currently producing a twenty-eight-page paper in the normal working week. Reaction from readers and advertisers has been very encouraging and circulation figures continue to grow. Long may they continue to do so. While nobody can predict what the future holds we are already looking forward to 1992; not just because it will see the introduction of the European Internal Market, but because it will also mark the one hundredth birthday of the *Mayo News*, founded by the late Pat Doris. Thanks to a group of people who took a courageous decision, ours is already a success story and we plan to celebrate that success in style in less than four years' time. In that celebration, we hope to remember with appreciation the work of succeeding editors and staffs who kept the *Mayo News* masthead raised in difficult times between 1892 and today.

New Challenges

The communications industry is a volatile one and the proposed introduction of legal local radio will no doubt pose its own challenges for weekly newspapers. But the *Mayo News* and other papers have already survived the "pirates". There is no reason why, with proper planning, we can't co-exist with community radio; perhaps even work with it in informing, entertaining and, dare one say it, educating the community.

Here at the *Mayo News* our new masthead slogan 'the voice of the community - guth an phobail' was not adopted without some thought. We want our newspaper to be just that — a community talking to itself on a weekly basis; sometimes agreeing, sometimes disagreeing . . . but always communicating.

In all of this we will occasionally make mistakes, even offend from time to time. The challenge of optimum use of our space and of meeting the weekly deadline will inevitably lead to this happening, but it will never be our intention

to deliberately cause hurt. Despite modern-day sensationalism in some sections of the media, good journalism still allows for compassion in day-to-day reportage.

Our Exiles

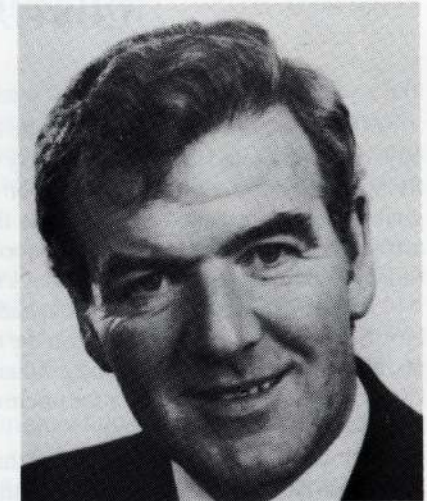
It is, I think, entirely appropriate that an article about the new *Mayo News* should appear in *An Choinneal*, even though it is essentially a parish magazine. Just as *An Choinneal* is compulsive reading for every household in Kilgeever parish so too, we believe, is the *Mayo News*. It is very much part of our plans to give greater news coverage to the Louisburgh area, to provide a better platform for discussion and to further strengthen links between the parish and the paper. In all of this — just as *An Choinneal* does — we will have one eye towards our exiles; giving them new from home, publishing news-items that they send to us and constantly reminding them that "out-of-sight" does not mean "out-of-mind".

Just a few short months ago the *Mayo News* was given its own *coinneal*, a light to help it to shine long in the future. We are grateful for that vote of confidence; and for Louisburgh's sake and that of all other areas that we serve we have no intention of ever letting it flicker and die.

The Mayo News

Séan Staunton
Managing Editor

With all Louisburgh people An Choinneal rejoices at this good news for the entire locality and wishes Séan Staunton and his staff continuing success into their 1992 centenary celebrations and long afterwards - Editor.



COSTLY HELP

He was born in Clare Island, the eldest of a family of four girls and three boys. His father had died when the boy was seven years old. An uncle, who was living in London and was a member of a construction company with large government contracts, arranged that this eldest boy be sent there. When he arrived at Euston Station the uncle took him on his shoulder to a waiting cab (horse-drawn, of course, in those days of the 1870's, approximately).

The uncle was not married but had a housekeeper who was very kind to the boy. So he settled in well into life in the big city; and after school hours he would visit his uncle's office where he gradually became very friendly with the staff. Everything was going well for the uncle and his plan was to take the whole family out of Clare Island to London.

It was not to be. It happened at that same time that three Irishmen arrived in London from America. Soon one of three fell sick and in those days it was very difficult to get into hospital in London, especially for someone who was a stranger. O'Malley was approached as a man of influence and asked to write a letter of introduction to enable the sick man to be admitted to hospital. On an afternoon when the boy was paying his usual visit to his uncle's office, he saw two well-dressed men coming in and enquiring where O'Malley was. They were told that he was out and due back in an hour. They left and returned later and asked O'Malley if it was he who wrote that letter of introduction. He replied "Yes. I will always help an Irishman!"

Of course it turned out to be bad news for O'Malley. All of his construction contracts were cancelled; the boy had to return to Clare Island and his uncle as far as we know, emigrated to Canada. Sadly, all contact with him was lost. Shortly after the boy's return to Clare Island the Congested Districts Board built a boundary-fence on the Island and the young man worked on the project. When the job was finished the overseer brought him to the mainland, where he continued to work for the Board in Mayo, Galway, Donegal and on Tory Island.

Finally he bought a property in Bunowen, Louisburgh and there settled and reared his family of whom I am a member. He was, I am sure, known to many older readers of *An Choinneal* as Pat O'Malley of Bunowen.

Queensland, Australia

Johnnie O'Malley

EASTERING HO!

During the week-end following the 23rd March 1955, nine families left their roots in Mayo and made new homes in Castlepollard, County Westmeath.

That week-end twelve names, (8 boys and 4 girls) were struck off the roll in Cregganbawn National School. The total number on roll was reduced from 36 to 24.

The twelve were:

Críostóir Ó Corragáin, Bríd Ní Niadh (Naíonáin), Tomás Ó Niadh, Máire Ní Chorrágáin (Rang 1), Micheál Ó Niadh, Micheál Mac Riadaigh (Rang 11), Pádraic Ó Niadh (Rang 111), Séamus Ó Bhailís (Range 1V), Máire Nic Riadaigh, Caitlín Ní Niadh (Rang V) Tomás Mac Riadaigh, and Tomás Ó Bhailís (Rang V1)

Why did they leave? Promise of a brighter future? Better land? Prosperity? Long grass?

To mark this historic occasion a re-union was held in Castlepollard, County Westmeath on the week end of 28th/29th, March, 1987. A busload of friends and neighbours whom they had left behind travelled to the re-union accompanied by Father John Fallon. Father John Burke was the celebrant at the Mass of Thanksgiving in Whitehall Church, Castlepollard, on the Saturday. Father John, son of Paddy and Margaret Burke, was the youngest person to leave from Cregganbawn crossroads thirty two previously, being carried as a baby in his mother's arms. In his address to the congregation at that Mass he spoke of the three dimensions of time: the past, the present and the future.



The re-united Cregganbawn people in Castlepollard – March 1987.
Front row (l. to r.): Two grand-daughters of Tommy Needham and daughters of Patrick Needham, Mike and Margaret Corrigan, Margaret and Paddy Burke, Johnny and Margaret Grady, Sarah McNicholas (Bohola), Maureen Needham. Back row (l. to r.): Jim Mullrennan nee Bekan, Ballyhaunis, Kathleen and Johnny Wallace, Lily and Stephen Wallace, Mary McLoughlin, Gerald McNicholas, Maureen and Mike Needham, Kathleen Needham, Tom Needham, Anne and Joe Kilcoyne, and Mike Grady.

Reflecting on the *past* he told the story of when Jack Currin, his neighbour, and his father Paddy were travelling between Louisburgh and Cregganbawn through Log Mór. Jack said "Paddy, it must have been a happy day the day you left this land and hills, running after those mountain sheep, you would have been dead years ago if you had stayed". "What are you saying?" Paddy replied "A happy day?" Look at that beauty; those heavenly hills, streams and lakes, I don't know why I ever left." And I'm sure the Mike Corrigan's, John O'Grady's, Tommy Needham, John Wallace's, Mike O'Grady's, Paddy Burkes, Peter Kilcoyne's who all left from Cregganbawn area, Michael Moran's who left from Furrmoyle, the Carroll's from Falduff and Peter Nee's from Curra would all agree that it was a sad day thirty years before as they left their roots in Mayo and went to Westmeath. Speaking to some of the people in the area who remember that day let me verify the truth. Austin Armstrong, Althore, cried his *nough* after his neighbour Mike Corrigan. "It was a lonesome day" he said. We all went over to the school, and who came along but Mr. Flanagan. He said there was a fine gang of men going from the West. They had worked under him and he knew. He went into the bus and shook hands with everyone of them." Tommy Needham gave a bit of a speech and thanked Mr. Flanagan for putting a few "bob" in their pockets!

Mike Needham, Althore, recalls the day. They loaded up at *the walleens*. The cattle, horses and sheep were loaded on to five or six lorries "as long as the house". Tom Kitterick, who travelled to Castlepollard with them remembers the hard time they had loading Paddy Burke's mare on to the lorry of horses. "And I think she caused a bit of bother before they landed above" he said. Even the donkeys were all rounded up. One of Tommy Needham's boys was determined



– Much easier to scraw a bog than cut a cake! Johnny Grady cuts the celebration cake. Included are his son, Austin; grandson, Oliver; and Christopher Corrigan.

to bring his "asheen" and used all his persuasive powers on each driver in turn until at last he got his friend on a lorry. The dogs were in cleeves, the hens were in cleeves and the potatoes and turf were in cleeves. Every item was loaded on to the trailer behind the lorry. The beds had all been brought to the bridge at the crossroads the night before and everything from the cup and saucer to the tongs and the harrow were thrown in together the following morning. Was it Maggie Burke who couldn't find her tongs when they landed in Kiltoom? Johnny Wallace who lost his dog on the way? Pat (Bán) Kilcoyne who inquired where the graveyard was when he landed above? The people all went on a bus, Austin Tom and Pat Bán the two oldest on board waved good-bye and sadly pulled away, tears streaming down their cheeks. "But to-day" said Father Burke in his address "as they look back over the years they have experienced much happiness, and many blessings and are very satisfied with the contribution they and we, the members of their families, have made here in Westmeath.

Father King the present parish priest and his predecessors would vouch for their contribution to Whitehall school and parish, to the national game of hurling, to the community activities and to each other in times of sickness and times of death. Father John then led the prayers for all the loved ones who had died in those thirty-two years. He also thanked the local and native people of Castlepollard for their welcome support and acceptance down through the years.

Speaking of the *present* he acknowledged some of the obstacles facing everyone when such a reunion is called – mistakes made, finance, some people getting two invitations, others forgotten, and the biggest obstacle to the reunion – the sudden and unexpected death of James Grady who had such close ties with the Castlepollard crowd down through the years and perhaps the first to respond so enthusiastically to the get together, encouraging others to make the trip; and the "the Lord calls him to his reunion in Heaven and not to our reunion in Westmeath". Father John thanked everyone for travelling long distances to be there on the night.

"We hope you will have a most enjoyable week-end with us and that you will have happy memories of this visit for many, many, years to come. I think you will because over the past few weeks I have never seen so many walls being white-washed. I have never seen so much food being purchased, so many yards being cleaned and put in order, so much silage, hay and grain being fed to cattle and sheep to have, even them, looking well for you. So we hope a good time is in store for all.

Finally, with our hopes and dreams we live in the *future*. Today we thank God for our parents and for the fruits, blessings and rewards we have enjoyed, from the slowly growing tree planted by them thirty-two years ago, and we hope that we their sons and daughters are sowing today as good a future for our children as our parents sowed for us."

PILGRIMS IN THE BAY

"The good ship *Montclare*, direct from Montreal to Clew Bay, will land here probably at 11.00 a.m. on Thursday, 26th July. Everything is in readiness to receive the *Montclare* and her passengers. The tender *Dun Aengus* from Galway will take part in the work of disembarking. At the present time of writing we do not know how many pilgrims the *Montclare* is carrying. Addresses of welcome will be presented to Commander Griffiths and to Mr. John Graham, Cleveland, Ohio, the leader of the pilgrimage Party. We trust that at this pilgrim children.

The landing of the *Montclare* in Clew Bay will mark on epoch in the history of the West." (*Mayo News* 25 July 1928)

In the summer of 1928 the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company's S.S. *Montclare* made a one and only sailing from Montreal to Clew Bay. I was one of the passengers on board; it was also my first trip to Ireland. Actually it was the first time, unlike teenagers now-a-days, that I had ever been out of Chicago, on a train and on a huge liner. It was my first sight of an ocean.

In the fall of 1927 my uncle Father James Prendergast, then parish priest of Athenry, County Galway, came to visit us in Chicago. My father, Michael Prendergast of Accony, was the only one of his family in America. So all of our relatives on the paternal side of our family were in Ireland. Our closest link to Ireland was my cousin, Father Thomas F. Scott, who came to live with us while he was in the Seminary in Saint Paul, Minnesota. When Father James returned to Ireland, my sister, Anne, went with him and spent almost a year in Accony. So when we heard that friends, Tommy Flynn and his aunt Mary Moran of Clare Island, were making the trip on the *Montclare*, my father arranged for me to accompany them and my sister and I would return together. I recall that the ocean voyage was very pleasant. It was like living in a grand hotel with everything laid on. We sailed from Montreal, up the Saint Lawrence river some days before entering the Atlantic. The ocean seemed vast to me. It was quite cool though it was mid-July; and one day we knew the reason as we sighted icebergs!

My memory of our arrival is rather vague. I know it was very late, after midnight and too dark to see land. I did not know or realize it then but we lay at anchor less than two miles from my father's birth place. The following description from the *Mayo News* best describes what took place:

It was 2.30 a.m. on Friday morning when the *Dun Aengus* sailed into Westport quay with the pilgrims from the S.S. *Montclare*. Scenes of intense emotions were witnessed when the pilgrims, numbering about one hundred, were welcomed by friends and relatives under the shadow of Croagh Patrick in the grey dawn. A number of representative people from the county travelled by the *Dun Aengus* to Clare Island on Thursday evening to meet the liner, which arrived at 11.30 p.m. Amongst others (including many ladies) were Reverend P. Patterson, Adm. Westport; Reverend M.J. Browne, D.D.; Reverend Fathers Hanrahan, Godfrey, Killeen, Prendergast and O'Donnell (Cleveland), and

local dignitaries. The *Montclare* anchored outside Clare Island. The tender came alongside. The reception party boarded the liner where warm greetings were exchanged and addresses presented to Captain Griffiths and to Mr. John Graham, the leader of the pilgrimage party.

The address of welcome was made by Mr. P.B. Conway C.E. Town Surveyor, Westport. County Council address by Mr. Eamon Moane, who congratulated Captain Griffiths on being the pioneer commander of the first trans-Atlantic passenger ship calling at Clew Bay. Captain Griffiths thanked all on behalf of his Company and appreciated the remarks that his Company was the first to bring a liner into the Bay and the fact that the liner had successfully anchored in the Bay showed that it was possible to do so. While these proceedings were taking place the transfer of passengers to the tender was being carried out, and the liner, amid the cheers of those in the tender, resumed her voyage to Liverpool. The pilgrims were conveyed to Westport Quay where despite the lateness of the hour many people demained to welcome the visitors." (*Mayo News* 4 August 1928)

I remember that the ship was a lovely sight as it sailed away with lights streaming from all the portholes. Arriving in Westport, we went to the home of my cousin, Mrs John McMyler, James Street. Later my uncle, Tommy Lannon Prendergast, my grandmother and my sister came to collect me. My recollection of the following Reek Sunday is of many people around Murrisk who had been on the Reek. It would be many years later before I would climb it. On a beautiful August Sunday I went up with my cousins Rita Scott, and Father Joe Scott who offered Mass in the chapel. There were only a few people there that day but it was something I will never forget.

That July of 1928 was the beginning of a memorable summer and the first of many trips I have since made. I met my many relatives, the Prendergast's, O'Malley's, Scott's, Sweeney's, Gibbonses, Lyonses, McHales and McMyler's. Through the years I have enjoyed their hospitality and their genuine welcome and found them true friends. I feel that Ireland is my home away from home.

At the urging (I might say prodding) of my cousins Mary and Geoffrey Prendergast, who live in Raheny, Dublin, I have "dredged" up my remembrances of S.S. *Montclare*. I may be the sole survivor of that "historic" event.

I wish to thank Mary Prendergast who "researched" the *Mayo News* articles for me.

Glen Ellyn, Illinois

Mary Prendergast Conley

CLEW BAY'S SANDY SHORE

Full two score years I've been away from Clew Bay's sandy shore
But my mind's eye still sees Mweelrea's peak, The Reek and Gorrymore
As clear as when I walked to school two sods beneath my arm
Oh I wish that I was back there now, carefree and safe from harm.

The stacks of turf at gable walls, the little thatch-roofed barns
Young girls milking Angus cows on tidy little farms
The vigil at Kilgeever Well, I'm told its kept no more
These scenes still flash into my mind, far from Clew Bay's sandy shore.

I still recall the scythe-mown hay, bayed out on well-fenced meadows
Lithe children playing evening games, casting eastward shadows
And lifting oats in the upland fields, the "clumhán" it was sore
On hands and knees and tanned bare feet, by Clew Bay's sandy shore.

When I was young and full of verve I loved to chase the hare
O'er bog and hill, through *duach* and rill I wandered free from care
And on a Sunday after Mass to Old Head I would go
To play and sport to fish or court by Clew Bay's sandy shore.

The money to be earned here can make life snug and easy
With all *mod cons*, like magic wand push buttons, at the ready
But all of these I'd gladly trade to be back home once more
And stroll at ease in the fresh sea-breeze by Clew Bay's sandy shore.

Will I ever more return again to the scenes I love so well
Or must I die on foreign soil that's where I now do dwell
My heart it pines for Louisburgh town, The Reek and sweet Altóir
But my weary bones each night lay down far from Clew Bay's sandy shore.

Kilgeever

Michael O'Grady

AIR: An Cailín Deas

AN CIPÍN

On Tuesday, 25 October, 1988, the Editor visited the three primary schools in the parish and by kind permission of the three principal teachers issued an invitation to pupils of each sixth class (twelve-year-olds) to write a few paragraphs for this issue of An Choinneal.

The suggested subjects were: My Village; Our House; My Father and Mother; or My Grandparents(s). It was not a competition. The most suitable three or four essays from each class were to be published.

We heartily congratulate the teachers, the parents, and the boys and girls themselves, on the very high standard of matter and of form which they presented. The pages of future Coinneals will surely display their maturing talents. Here are the chosen essays:

An Cipín means "the match". We hope to make this mini-Coinneal a permanent feature.

Editor

JOHN GERARD O'MALLEY

Doughmakeon is the name of the village I hail from. It lies between Emlagh and Carrownisky. It derived its name from Dough-Mc-Keon (Mc Keon's *dough*). A man named Mc Keon that owned the *dough*.

It is a beautiful sea-side village about four miles west of Louisburgh. There is a lovely beach a mile long. While standing on the beach at Doughmakeon you can see St. Patrick's holy mountain (Croagh Patrick). On a fine day the church on its summit can be seen clearly. On the left the largest island around Ireland (Achill). Straight ahead is Granuaile's lovely Island (Clare Island). You can almost count the houses when you look across the bay. Not far up the way is Inishturk, another island.

There is a fresh-water lake on the Dough. Every year wild life make their home among the reeds. The most common are swans. I could stay watching for hours at them diving for eels. I never go too near them they might attack me. It is nice watching the cygnets gracefully swim after their parents. Also it is lovely watching them take off like an aeroplane. In olden times the area around Loch Céas was used as a graveyard for babies that were not baptised. Further up the *dough* there is a cross-inscribed stone with ogham writing. This attracts many tourists. At the other end of the village, there is a green patch in the mountain called Creagán an Aifrinn, where Mass was celebrated in the day of Seán na Sagart. An old man from the village said he found a bell there. He gave it to the local priest.

Next door to where I live is 'Duhallow', a comfortable holiday home which is occupied by visitors from Easter until October. They all love the peace and tranquility of the village. The main livelihood of the people is mixed farming. I

am proud to add to my story that the champion draft foal in Ireland for 1988 was bred in Doughmakeon the owner being David O'Toole.

The village is noted for its stations, now known as the Neighbourhood Mass. It always has been and still is a joyous occasion for the people to meet, pray, chat, wine and dine, dance and sing along together.

Old age seems to be another striking factor of Doughmakeon, both men and women have over the years enjoyed a long healthy life. Just now there are quite a few octogenarians. My Grandad is just five years short of a century. I hope the tradition continues for many a year to come.

Should I have to emigrate in years to come? I shall always have a soft spot in my heart for my native Doughmakeon.

MICHELLE O'GRADY

My name is Michelle O'Grady. I live on a small farm in Tully. My father is a farmer and my mother is a housewife. I have one brother and one sister. We live beside the Bunowen River which is well known for its salmon and sea trout fishing. Fishermen come from all parts of the world to fish in the river.

In my village there is a lodge which is owned by the Harman family. It is a beautiful place. It is a very large house with beautiful furniture and ornaments. There are beautiful gardens around the house which does be laden with flowers in Summertime. Some of the flowers, trees and shrubs which grow in the garden are very rare in the West of Ireland. Lady Harman lives in the lodge.

There is an old mill along the river, used in years gone by to mill wheat into flour. It's not in use any more. All the men in the village used to work there.

My Grandfather, Owen O'Grady, was born in Tully and my Grandma Brigid O'Grady, came from Cregganbán. My mother, Imelda O'Grady, came from Killaallagh. Her father, Michael McNeil, helped to build the church on Croagh Patrick. He came from Roscommon. He was also a small farmer. When they were building the church he used to bring up supplies of stones on the donkey's back. He also used to have stalls up on the reek and he sold tea and sandwiches every year. My Grandmother used to help him with the stalls up there.

SIOBHÁN O'TOOLE

As you well know by now parents are an important part of life. My parents hail from different parts of Ireland. Mom is from Kerry and Dad from county Mayo. Mom's mother is Mary O'Donnell and her father (RIP) was Niall O'Donnell. Dad's mother (RIP) was Brigid O'Toole and his father was John O'Toole (RIP). Mom and Dad work in the Resource Centre making plastic carrying cases used for holding stands. They take this job with pride as they hope one day that their children will carry it on. Mom and Dad met in England and later got married in the Sacred Heart Church, Coventry, England. They had two

children in England and then made their living in a pub near Ballyhaunis. After a few more years she had two more children. We then moved to Thallabawn. But first we lived for seven years in Louisburgh. My next-door neighbours were Mrs Clementine Lyons on the left and John and Eileen Durkan on the right. In 1985 Mom and Dad set up their own self-running business in the Resource Centre at the end of Chapel Street. They came into work Monday to Friday and worked to give us our food that is laid before us on the table everyday. Children are foolish to think they are a higher quality than their parents. Parents have twenty-to-thirty years' more experience than we have. Along with my parents we have our Grandmother Mary O'Donnell living with us. Dad was taught in the National School, Thallabawn and Mom was educated in the Presentation Convent, Cahirciveen, County Kerry. Dad's teacher was Mrs. Clementine Lyons. All Dad's sisters emigrated to England and America. Daddy then decided to go himself. It was the same with Mammy. She emigrated to England in the time of emigration. They worked in Dunlop only they were in different sections. I have great pride for my parents as every child should have. I would say to every child that doesn't respect or care for their parents in any way to say sorry before it is too late. Love your parents while you have them.

MAJELLA TIERNAN

My village is named Doughmakone. The Irish for it is "Duach Mhic Eoghain", which means *duachs* of the sons of Owen. It is a large village and is divided into three parts, namely upper, middle and lower Doughmakone. The people are friendly and very helpful to each other. They help out with silage making, hay making and threshing. If anybody is in trouble the neighbours get together and help out in whatever way they can. They also visit each other during the long winter nights and talk and chat about different things. Mammy switches off the television when a neighbour comes in.

The stations are held every year in the village. At one time they were held twice each year, in March and in October. It is a day of great celebration when the Mass is being offered in the village and for all the people. There is always great excitement preparing for the stations. The house gets a good clean up and the houses along the road on which the priest has to travel all get cleaned and painted as well, as a mark of respect for the Blessed Sacrament. When Mass is over in the house there are always refreshments, such as tea and sandwiches, cakes and biscuits. The neighbours all denote some things towards the refreshments. Some people bring tea, sugar, others bring cakes or whatever they think is necessary. The day of the stations is a wonderful day in our village.

Doughmakone is a great village for tourists as it is a lovely seaside place and very safe for bathing. My sisters and brother and myself spend lot of time at the sea during the fine weather. A big whale was washed ashore last year and people came from far and near to see him.

Some of the people who emigrated from the village, return every year on

their holidays. The neighbours all call to see them and welcome them home. There are nineteen houses in my village. They are all farmers except one. Some of them keep cattle and sheep. Others keep cows and they send the milk to the creamery. My Daddy collects the milk in the bulk tank and brings it to Ballaghderreen creamery. There are about ninety people in Doughmakone, thirty-three children and fifty-seven adults. The oldest man, Tony O'Malley, is ninety-five years. Anthony O'Malley and Dick Gibbons are each ninety. They are great historians, and can tell stories of long ago, of events and happenings when they were young. They are all good people and my village is a lovely village.

DAVID O'MALLEY

The name of my village is Kilsallagh. It is about three miles from Louisburgh. It is along the Westport road. Falduff borders it on the west side. It is a maritime village so we have a good view of the sea. A lot of people go fishing on the rocks. I have also a good view of Croagh Patrick. It is east of my house. There are about sixteen houses in Kilsallagh. Kilsallagh is broken up into two regions, higher and lower. There are about thirty people in the village. A lot of young people had to emigrate because they had no jobs. There is a Post-Office in Kilsallagh. There was a school in it twenty years ago. Then all the pupils went to Louisburgh National School. Croagh Patrick is the main tourist attraction to our village. When I climbed it for the first time I thought I would never reach the top. On a fine day you can see the church on the summit. Tourists come at the end of July to climb it. They come on Reek Sunday. Fishing is another good tourist attraction. A lot of tourists go fishing on the rocks. I also caught a few mackerel from the rocks. It is a great pastime for me. I am glad to say I live in such a nice village and I hope I will never have to leave it.

ADAM CHAPPELL

I live in Accony. I like it there because we live right beside the sea. It is a rocky shore with a river running down to it called the Siccín. I often go fishing in it. There is also a primary school beside our house that was built in 1943 and is now derelict. There are twelve houses in the village. Recently there was a death in Accony, a woman in the village called Mai Lyons, who has a son that owns a pigfarm and his wife is a district nurse. There is also a man called Geoffrey Gibbons living here and he is a distributor for N.C.F. and we get our milk from him. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in August. All the people in the village are kind and generous. Every one of the people are farmers except us. The Mayo County Council have made a pier and I also go fishing off that. I catch mackerel, coalfish and pollock. You can use a spinner or feathers. But in the winter the sea is very rough and when there is a spring tide the waves hit the wall and shoot straight up in the air and bring rocks over the

wall; and an odd time you will see a seal on the shore. There are a lot of islands across the sea and we live right beside it so we can see every boat that goes across to Clare Island, and back to the pier. There are a lot of tourists around the pier waiting to cross to the island. We can see a lot of mountains around us such as the Mweelrea, the Sheffry and there is also the famous mountain called Croagh Patrick that has a church on the summit. On a clear day you can almost see the door of it. But unfortunately it is normally clouded.

CON DUFFY

The village in which I live is called Falduff. This name was given to it long ago, when everybody kept their turf along the cliff. This formed a black wall. In Irish it was called "an Balla Dubh". When English became the main language this was changed to Falduff.

It is two miles east of Louisburgh and twelve miles west of Westport. It is shadowed by Kilgeever Hill to the south and overlooks Clew Bay to the north. The village surrounding it are Kilgeever, Kinnock, Kilsallagh and Old Head.

Like most other villages it has also been hit by emigration. The main occupation here is farming but the farms are small so this means there is no room for young school-leavers to stay at home. Some of them travel abroad to find work. There are numerous old ruins about. Some have vanished altogether as whole families went to England and America.

There is a lovely strand and I find it quite enjoyable going swimming there. Part of it is good for gravel and larger stones. Off the rocks there is good fishing grounds. Whenever I get a chance I am down there hoping for a bite. The most common fish caught are mackerel and pollock. They come in after the sprat.

Croagh Patrick is easily seen from here. On very fine days you might even see the door of the church. I have climbed it twice and each time I thought I would not make it especially on the last bit. Kilgeever Hill which is directly south of here is not nearly as high and is very easy to climb.

Falduff to me is the nicest place to live. As an emigrant, when asked to describe what Falduff was like, said: "It is a most central village because if you want to get to any place important you have to pass through it."

STEPHEN MAXWELL

Bellakip is our village. There was a tunnel leading from an old monastery in Kilgeever and it is supposed to have ended up in our village; nobody knows. The name has been changed over the years and now it is called Ballyhip. You would think Ballyhip was a hole because every direction you look up you can see mountains or hills. To the south east is the historic cone-shaped mountain of Croagh Patrick. Usually the summit is enveloped in clouds, but on a fine day you can see the church on the top. There are four roads leading into a crossroad in the middle of the village. Our village is nearly two miles from the town of

Louisburgh. There are a few houses and the people are friendly. If they ever meet you on the road they would always stop and give you a lift. They would always offer you a cup of tea. The small river flowing about half a mile west of my house is a tributary of the main Louisburgh river. It is called the Ballyhip river. Until a year ago the people of the village got the water from it. This was changed because the people of the village got together and asked somebody to start a water scheme. It was very successful. The land is very wet because of the continuing rain. Many of the farmers are changing from hay to silage because of the poor weather in the Summer. Our village is nearly a mile from the Atlantic Ocean. This causes much of the bad weather. I like Ballyhip very much and I wouldn't move for the world.

OLIVIA O'MALLEY

The name of my village is Doughmackeon. My village is about four miles from Louisburgh town. Our parish is Kilgeever. Doughmackeon is not a small village, but a village full of white glowing houses and happy faces. There are about seventeen to eighteen houses in Doughmackeon. Most of these houses have young children in them and yet some of these houses have oldish people living in them. There are three families of Tiernan, one McGreal family and of course there are plenty more such as Burkes and Corrigan. There are plenty of O'Malleys and a family of Cannons. There is plenty of most beautiful things we can see from our village, the home of Grainne O'Malley, that's where the O'Malleys came from at first. That's my surname, O'Malley. I really like my village. You can also see Inishturk, a very nice little island.

Our village has not many trees. It's a sort of a mountainous area. There are two big two-storey houses in this village. It has a beautiful sea and in that there is a big bare rock and that's how our sea got its name. The name is *Cloch Mhaoil*.

I never really was told how my village got its name. I believe it was called after a man called MacKeon that lived beside a *dough* and was called in honour of this man. Thank you God for the village of Doughmackeon.

JAMES GIBBONS

I live in the village of Carrownisky. It consists of sixteen houses. One time before the famine there was a hundred houses in the village. One of the houses now, my own, has a post-office attached to it. In fact it has been in my family for three generations.

The name of the village in Irish is *Ceathru an uisce* meaning "quarter of water"; and no wonder, as there are lakes, a river and the sea. The river is a favourite of local fishermen (and poachers). The river rises in Glenkeen and flows steadily onwards through the villages of Shrahooskey, Cregganbawn, Furmoyle and through Carrownisky out at the Sruthar and into the sea.

The oldest building in Carrownisky must surely be the old school. It was

built in 1862 from hand-quarried stone which all came from the village itself. The stones were then cut into blocks with chisels. The outside of the building remains unchanged but inside it has been turned into a house. It is now owned by a family whose father went to school there and, shortly after buying it, died there.

One of the most exciting days in the village used to be the day of the Carrownisky races. Horse-boxes, cars and vans used to go down the village all morning. At the races, the riders pressed the horses to the limit not just for prizes but for the sport of it. The races had to be stopped due to coastal erosion.

I think Carrownisky is the nicest village in the world and I don't care how green the hills are far away.

MICHAEL DAVITT

There is a long story of history about my village and it goes way back. I have been able to find pieces of news that were put away over the years. There it only one house in my village, that is my own. It stands on the top of a hill. Trees and mountains grow behind my house and the green plains and rivers pass by. It has changed over the years since the first settlers were here. The fields which the sheep and cattle graze have changed, but one thing that does not change is the mountain and streams and the *scorrivs*.

We came to live here with my beloved great-uncle Pat Gavin, in the year 1977. He died last August. He told me some of the history of the village. At one time all the lands around here were owned by the Landlords named the Grants. At that time there were two houses in my village. One house was lived in by my great-great-grandfather, Johnnie Davitt. The other house was lived in by the O'Grady family that now lives in Glenkeen. At that time they worked as herds for the Grants. Later down the years when the Landlords left, the land was taken over by the Land Commission and later divided amongst the people of the area. It was at that stage the O'Grady family moved to Glenkeen. Johnnie Davitt had three daughters. Brigid stayed in the home place and married Michael Gavin from a neighbouring village. My great uncle, Pat RIP, was their son. He grew up on the farm and never got married. He left the farm to his sister's son which is my father and funny enough which is also a Johnnie Davitt. So history must repeat itself, as they say.

My great-uncle also told me that when the soldiers on the run came and stayed a week at his father's house they were all put out of their beds for them to sleep in and also sent out to the hill to get the fattest wethers to kill for them; and if you did not do it a gun would be put to your head. They ate everything that was in the house.

He also told me that he heard his grandfather talk about the famine and all the people that died. He said they were told if they went to Delphi Lodge they would get food from a ship coming in to Killary, but most of them died on the way. When they got there, there was no food for them. That walk was re-enacted this year. I walked in it and my uncle was glad that I walked all the way to

Doolough in remembrance of the people long ago. Even though he was ill at that time I could still tell him about it. I wonder what would those poor people think if they knew that in 1988 a company would be prospecting for gold in the lands of Shrahrooskey that they walked through in that fatal year. I said in the beginning that the mountain and streams hadn't changed, so I hope that the prospecting for gold will not change the mountain and streams. So that is the history and story of my village that was told to me by my beloved great-uncle Pat whom I loved very much.

SINÉAD O'MALLEY

Lougha's my townland,
The place I love best.
Tranquil and scenic a gem in the West.
Its hills and its valleys
mountain and lakes
Its river cascading
Through rocks in its wake.

It's home to the wild geese
from far away nations
To the wild duck and salmon
and trout from the oceans
where on its grass green
the sheep graze night and day.
While lambs in the Spring time
will gambol and play.

Cradled by mountains
Transcending all time
with wild ferns waving
in wind and in shine
Abounding with luster
and laughter and lore
Lougha's my townland
How could I want more?

RELUCTANT SCHOLARS

It was the custom in our house, as it was in our neighbours', that certain household jobs passed from older members of the family just stopped from school, to younger members still attending there. And so in time those jobs which had to be done before going to school each morning and after school each evening, were acquired by my companions and me. Inlying cows and calves and outlying cattle had to be fed. Horses had to be watered at the river (their feet washed in the salt water) then brushed down and fed, in that order. After breakfast, stables and cowhouses had to be cleaned. As the drudgery of those weary winter tasks faded into early spring, the sunny summerlike days ahead were looked forward to eagerly. Then those jobs would be reduced to bringing in the cows to be milked from whatever field they were in overnight, and "driven" again before or while going to school in the morning. Though still young, we were conscious of how fresh, green and beautiful the countryside looked in the early morning sunshine and as we tripped along kicking the early morning dew in our bare feet, we noted the order of the first smokes from the village chimneys lazily ascending into a clear blue sky. We were happy then, for schoolltime was yet a long way off.

I cannot remember our house without a clock but it was always fast or slow or stopped. At times it had to be pampered and turned on its tummy to cough up any time. Indeed, correct time was a luxury which no one craved with any undue urgency. Except for Sunday Mass and emigration it was not even necessary; for you knew if it was late or early by the sun and by the time a certain neighbour went to work or certain children went to school. In later life you might be aroused from your morning-after reveries with the greeting, "Get up out of that, isn't So-and-so gone back the road for the past hour". A watch, considered far superior to any clock, gave the bearer a high standing in the community, for wouldn't it be a bad watch that couldn't carry correct time for three miles, after being synchronized with a clock in town, allowing for the usual discrepancy of ten minutes. However, in our house, we were talking no chances. We learned, with help from the clock, to calculate our own time from the sun's shadow on the wall of the kitchen window, making the necessary adjustment from time to time, the sun willing. As I watched that shadow creep along the wall, my heart grew heavy. It was time to hang my schoolbag on my back and in reconciled silence "drive" the cows on my way to school.

Because access to some of our land could be gained only from the Askelane Road it was necessary for me sometimes, while driving the cows, to pass by and go beyond the schoolhouse. The view so much admired on Saturdays was not appreciated now as I hurried the cows inside, and secured the gap. There I would await my classmates and companions from Askelane and Pullgloss and return with them on their sorrowful journey. Here I realized that the same collective sadness experienced on one road was duplicated on the other. In silence we

proceeded, each one brooding on the uncertainty of the day ahead. As the west window of the school came into each one's view, it was their cue to fade in behind each other and, like ducks in a line, hugging the northern fence as if for cover, break into a *sodar* peculiar to this road down the long gradual decline. Down the *brae* we hastened slowly, past the wild rosebush, to the school gate where the scholars from both roads met in sorrow and sadness each school morning and parted in joy and jubilation each school evening.

The old school was built on our land by the Board of Works in the year 1848. The west gable was about five yards east of the east gable of the new school. It had a southern aspect, on elevated ground, only two stones' throw from the Sickeen shoreline. Six steps, approximately, took you off the one-time main road through a gateway to school-level. Similar to other schools of its time, it had a small hallway protruding in the centre with an eastern side-entrance doubling as a cloakroom on wet days. One large, unpartitioned room accommodated three class areas and three teachers. It had one fireplace in the Master's room on the east end. Sitting on a type of high bar stool, the master held a commanding view from an elevated podium. A small blackboard hanging in the Master's class area showed how many in each class, and the total number present each day. I am reliably informed that on a particular day in the mid-thirties all but one of the 144 on roll were present. A stone wall surrounding the school was constantly in need of repair, because scholars inside wanted to get out and our cows wanted to get in! (During one of my many humiliating journeys home for a broom and shovel, a neighbour maintained it made little difference who or what was inside or out!)

It was during one of those repair jobs with my father that I first became initiated to school. The master at that time, though gone when I started school, presented me with a pencil and jotter. From that moment on I knew I was doomed; so much so, that I can recall their smell to this day at will. In contrast though, the smell of the new books each year hold far more pleasant memories. I have a few recollections of my five years in this school. We shivered, huddled together on cold mornings at the cloakroom waiting for the Master to come and open the school door. My earliest memories recall walking the highways and byways with the Old Missus praying for this one's and that one's troubles and they were many! – barraging the heavens with constant repetitious ejaculations: "Sweet Heart of Jesus be Thou my love! Sweet Heart of Mary be my salvation!" She would also bring us out on sunny warm days, to sit on the *skye* above the cliffs, teaching us the catechism for the Christian doctrine examination. We all loved this partial freedom and got a bonus if the Murrisk fishing boats passed up or down the bay. But the thought of returning inside prevented us from being completely happy.

Although hating school was a tradition handed down from generation to generation and rigorously observed by the boys, we had some happy days; like the feast of the Sacred Heart when the girls brought flowers to decorate the shrine, draped in blue velvet, in the New Missus' class area. This, together with

other decorations and lighted candles, made the shrine look like a vision. After we recited the dedication prayer, "To Thy Most Loving and Adorable Heart O Lord", three sweetcans of can sweets presented by the teachers were distributed amongst us. We had other happy days too, like the days on which we got "leave" especially summer leave; for we thought, wishfully, that perhaps somehow we would be saved the agony of returning. Though my class just escaped the responsibility of collecting the Béal Oideas I did string along with the fact-finding missions; each night listening to all sorts of traditional cures, yarns, stories, and best of all, the ghost-stories from the elders. The following day in school all gathered information was examined scrutinized, bisected and dissected much to the anxiety of the collectors, who were sometimes castigated for their briefness or plain inventiveness. To the credit of all concerned, this folklore can be read today in University College, Dublin.

The new school, under construction in 1936 and ready for occupation in 1937, was built by P.J. Kelly, Westport. It, too, was built in our field; and as I have indicated was in line with and west of the old school, approximately. This move west, though little, together with the three large windows in each room, increased the panoramic view from within. The entrance to the school grounds, through a gateway on a graded incline, was wide enough to afford off-the-road parking. Since there was no disturbance allowance for teachers or scholars in those days, the transfer was made with the least amount of fuss or fanfare. We knew only too well that, new or old, it was just more of the same. It had separate entrances and separate cloakrooms for boys and girls, a long corridor connecting the three separate classrooms and two playsheds, one for the boys, which they seldom used, and one for the girls, where they froze daily. There was a fireplace in each classroom, which necessitated a supply of fuel. A levy (in turf) was imposed on each household according to the number attending school. Just as in present-day fiscal planning, supply never met demand; so when the supply ran out we were admonished in the evening to bring two sods of turf the following morning. Invariably this was forgotten by the same scholars, until a turf-stack along the roadside reminded them. It was here the characters of future generations were moulded! In the lowlands beneath the school, a small river ran silently beneath the wooden bridge to the sea. On either side the local farmers, with their tools of trade, the *láighe*, shovel and pitchfork (the *slane*, scythe and hayfork added for seasonal changes) worked the land. My fellow inmates and I watched the seasons change from the cold grey of winter to the green of spring and summer and the gold of harvest time with anticipations of liberty, for each change shortened our stay within.

Since the village of Doughmakeown was furthest from the school, the children had to leave earliest in the morning and I had pity for them. On their way, they would join up with Emlagh, together they would link up with Accony, while all three would connect with Accony Thiar, before crossing the wooden bridge. There were mornings when there would be an unrehearsed regrouping at the "Ball Alley" or "Big Barn gable." This gable, demolished in 1953 because of its

angle to the schoolhouse, afforded a perfect school house-blind where sums were copied and comfort sought in numbers previewing the coming day. Here too, silent prayers were offered up, seeking anything that might alter the course of nature. To prove that prayers are always answered eventually, an event did happen which caused books and bags to be abandoned and caution thrown to the wind even without group consultation; but that is another story. (See *An Choinneal* 1987 "Crash at Emlagh".)

On those mornings you picked your companions, generally classmates who understood your anxiety and heartache, on setting out to school. Once over the wooden bridge – the bridge of sighs, on school mornings! – you were alone with your troubles. This bridge, wooden until about 1940, stirs feelings within me. It was here in the evenings on the way home from school that disagreements or disputes originating at school or elsewhere were settled. The boys would find some excuse to tarry, lest the girls, (so far ignorant and unaware of the pending battle) infiltrate and the news be at home before us. Even then we knew that girls should not know or be told everything! It was here in the long twilight summer evening when a light mist hung over the river upstream and a gentle warm soft land breeze fanned your cheek, that boys and girls gathered for an evening dance. It was here too that my companions and I, lurking unseen from the shadows on the outside, watched in silence lest we be discovered and sent home.

In fancy I step over this bridge of my childhood and walk once more with my companions on our way to school. We proceed along the beach, only feet from a full and swollen tide pounding the shoreline. This beach, once a mighty bulkhead of resistance but since raped of its defences in the name of progress, before helpless caring and concerned eyes, has caused havoc to the coastline. On my right is the football field, as we rise in full view of the school between the two hillockeens. I wonder if the master will buy us a new football this year. I remember well the day Joe "skied" the football and we all watched, dumbfounded, as if drifted out to sea towards Achill Island! We are at the last stretch of beach now, leaning sideway into a northern biting wind on a cold December morning. Below, at the butt of the beach, brothers and some sisters wet from head to foot, gather wrack from an angry tide. I turn to my hooded friend and whisper loudly into the cutting wind "Isn't it happy for them." Around the *skye* we turn, up the long incline. Like the last furlongs in the English Derby it drains one of all stamina and the will to go on. In turn we step into the ever running, clear stream along the stone-wall fence to give the final ablution to our shoes, in winter, or to our feet in summertime; being extra careful if we are sitting in the front seat.

Now in my time all three teachers usually came in the Master's car. Just as one learns the signs of weather at an early age in the countryside, so too one notices certain signs that forebode the coming schoolday. The teachers arriving late or early may have been one omen. Lingered outside to talk on a sunny morning may have been another. But the one all dreaded was the sight of the solitary figure of the Master standing outside, his ashen face camouflaged against the grey background of the school wall. That was bad. Eyes strained to

determine if he was wearing his grey pin-striped suit. If so, that spelt disaster!

"Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace

The day's disasters in his morning face"

– long before they learned Oliver Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" by heart.

And so the school was entered on such a morning in fear and trembling. There was the usual line-up in the corridor where each one was interrogated and sometimes punished for continuous tardiness. Inside, a complete knowledge of the chief towns of every county in Ireland, and what was manufactured therein, could save you further punishment. Woe betide whoever forgot that shoelaces might also be manufactured there; such knowledge serving little comfort to the shoeless! Uncertainty lingered until high noon, when, after a thousand "Do not forsake me's", catechism time came. Playtime, so much looked forward to, was like mid-term break today, the time before and after felt so long. Unless "kept-in" from play for missing a catechism question, we acted like little wild animals just released. The two cuts of dry bread (now stuck together with condensation) were devoured with difficulty; while the more affluent or less healthy washed theirs down with raw cow's milk from blue magnesia bottles. Wild in our freedom, the hounds followed the hare up the hill, out to the banks and cliffs, and down by the river, quenching our thirst in the forbidden spring, until lost in the chase we became oblivious to the sound of the recall bell.

From inside the school we could distinguish every sound from without. Each passing cart had its own particular rattle and each horse its specular footstep. The voices of passing workmen were as discernable as the teachers in the classroom. It is half-past-three and we are free once more. We race down to the sea. We linger at the burning kelp-kilns walking through the thick, heavy smoke, drinking it in and choking on its goodness. We are anxious to get home to eat and work; anything but school or homework.

But everything changes. The winds of change were blowing long before the change itself came. As the old people passed away one by one, and the young ones emigrated, the numbers in the fields grew less and less. Although I had seen a horse-drawn mowing machine cut hay in our field in the mid-thirties, it was not until the late 'forties that they became prevalent in our area, the first step to silencing the corncrake forever. Those machines with their own same distinctive monotonous sound were soon motorized; and the horse, so much loved and respected, disappeared too and was not replaced.

It was a meeting in the early 'sixties between Seán Lemass and John F. Kennedy that eventually stemmed the tide of emigration to the United States – something all politicians promised to do if elected to Dáil Éireann, throughout my youth. With the gateway closed to the West, boys and girls turned east to Dublin and other cities to join the public and civil service. This massive exodus left in its wake a terrible void. The number of children going to the country schools was reduced to a trickle. This, together with the free transport and free education scheme, made it only a matter of time before centralization of the country's National School system came into effect. And so, like other schools

in the parish and throughout the country, the Accony National School was closed just one generation after it was opened.

After twenty-one scholars answered the roll call, the key was turned in the door for the last time in 1971 by the principal, Tom McHale, Pullgloss and his assistant, Mary Tiernan, Doughmakeown. Thereafter the crows and seagulls which came so regularly after each playtime to collect the fragments, came no more. From inside the windows you can see the silence without. The listing, eroding gates which heard so many morning sighs, groaned at their own closing. There are other changes taking place around the school, for good or bad I do not know, but the school itself is one landmark which remains, and retains good and bad memories for all.

Chicago, Ill.

Geoffrey Prendergast

Remembering Sion

After the very wet Summer of 1946 everybody was looking forward to the Spring of 1947 with hopeful expectations of a fine year. However in the first week of February as preparations were made for sowing, suddenly a blizzard of snow together with high winds covered the parish under a thick blanket of snow, in some places up to fourteen feet thick. On high grounds it was much lighter of course as the storm blew the snow into sheltered places. Roads looked the same as fields; everything came to a standstill. No lorries could travel and there was no post. Farmers had nothing to do only play cards. During all the following weeks there was lovely sunshine; but it was freezing practically all the time. Hundreds of sheep died in the Louisburgh area and it was much worse throughout the country.

It was the time I made my first snowman. I remember that the local people, who played cards in our house, on leaving would kick the snowman each in turn to see if it had frozen much during the night.

The snow lasted about seven weeks. It left a trail of damage after it. The wildlife suffered most: foxes could be heard crying with the hunger in the hills at night. They would not eat the frost-bitten carcasses of dead sheep! Old men said that anything that happened once could always happen again. This was a true saying as Louisburgh had witnessed a severe snowstorm some thirty years previously.

FURMOYLE BLOOD

Interview with Mick Lyons, Meath County Footballer

Editor: Congratulations, Mick, to yourself and Pádraic on another All-Ireland win with your native Meath. Louisburgh people have had a particular interest and pride in both your football careers. Can you say firstly for our readers, what is your exact connection with Louisburgh?

Mick Lyons: Thank you. My grandfather, Paddy Lyons, was born in Furmoyle. He was the son of Tom Lyons and Beecy Prendergast (Tommy Lannon) and he emigrated to America before coming back to Meath.

Have you been to Louisburgh often, and what are your memories of the parish?

No, I haven't been to Louisburgh since I was a young boy and really my memories are very vague.

Do you mind easing our readers' curiosity about your personal life—your work, your family members, your home etc.?

I've recently opened a hardware store in Summerhill with my cousin, Austin Lyons. I've also been involved with Plant Hire machinery with my brother Pádraic. My wife is Helen Collins and we have two children, Michelle, who is two years old, and Alan, who is four months. We live in a bungalow in Oldtown, close to my father's farm, the original townland that my grandfather, Paddy Lyons, came to.

Our own people (that is, your own people) would love to know things like the size of the Lyons farm, the nature of the land, the stock, and the machinery. Can you give enough details to satisfy them without unduly alerting the excise officials?

There's about one hundred and fifty acres in the farm and it's a good quality Midland farm. I should imagine it's a better type of land than where my grandfather left, at least from my vague recollection of Furmoyle. It's a dairy farm with about a hundred cows.

Your personal strength is a byword among sportspeople. Is this totally an inherited gift or have you built up your strength by any deliberate forms of training?

I don't know how much of my strength is inherited but I do know that it has taken a lot of hard work and a lot of training to make me strong. I haven't deliberately lifted weights to build strength but I've worked hard physically in my job.

People are prone to say: "What does he eat?" Is it too personal to ask you about your normal diet?

No, it's not too personal at all. I eat everything: lots of good healthy food; meat, fish and plenty of vegetables.

You probably are tired, perhaps annoyed, of listening to people saying that Meath are a dirty team. Would you like to reply to such a comment here?

Meath do not set out to be deliberately dirty. We are a very strong team, and a physical team; and we play the way we are brought up. Meath football, as you know yourself, is very physical and demanding though not often dirty. A lot of players in Meath are farmers, or farmers' sons, so they are well able to play hard football. That will surely transfer itself to the county team.

How demanding is the training that you do on your time, your energy and your life-style?

I train two or three times a week for seven or eight months of the year with the club and county; so it takes up a lot of my time, particularly since both Summerhill and Meath have been so successful over the last number of years. Practically every weekend is taken up: but that's the price you have to pay if you want to be successful. During the League we just train the odd night so that does afford us a break.

You were in fact the captain of the victorious Meath team last year. How would you sum up the privilege and the responsibility of leading your county team to an All-Ireland win?

It is a great privilege to lead your team to an All-Ireland victory but I think it means more afterwards than when you are actually going through the championship campaign. Of course, you have to have good players around you to make your job easier, too. Here in Meath the captaincy is not given to the most experienced player, but to a representative of the county champions.

Some regular attenders at Croke Park expressed disappointment that as winning captain in 1987 you did not speak any word—even the few formal words—of Irish. Was that a matter of principle or of forgetfulness; and how would you react to their disappointment now?

Níl aon fhocal agam! No, it wasn't a deliberate thing. It was just that I felt strange enough talking to millions of people in English as I accepted the cup; and I didn't want to complicate things for myself in front of such a huge audience. I felt the sooner I got the cup and got down out of there the better! Had I been captain on replay day last I would have at least thanked the President in Gaelic.

How do you rate the present Mayo team which Meath defeated in the All-Ireland semi-final this year? And from your own experience do you think that they have the material to win an All-Ireland?

They certainly have to improve their forward line a lot. You cannot hope to win an All-Ireland on the performance of one or two good forwards and Mayo certainly don't have enough good forwards at present. You also need a place-kicker who can put frees over from anywhere within forty to fifty yards and can do it under pressure. Mayo must also learn to believe in themselves, in their own ability.

Many counties have their own distinctive style of football. What are the main differences that you notice between Mayo and Meath?

Meath's is a much more direct style of play and they use their strength to

good effect. Mayo are very stylish and are lovely to watch certainly; but, whereas Meath can knock over good long range points — Colm O'Rourke, Bernard Flynn, Brian Stafford — Mayo seem to prefer to have a great movement that nearly gets a score rather than to do something simpler that would end up in a score.

Your colleague, Colm O'Rourke, has been quoted recently as favouring the payment of GAA players as professionals. Have you any thoughts on that idea?

I really can't see it happening in the next ten or fifteen years. After that it is possible that you could have semi-professional players but if that does happen then there will probably be a separate organisation.

Mick, what keeps you playing Gaelic football?

Well, I really do get great enjoyment out of it and as long as I do then I'll keep on playing. Of course, success breeds success so the more successful you become the easier it is to keep at it — up to a point, that is.

You have been honoured also by the Irish selectors and chosen to play in the "composite rules" games against Australia. What is your over-all assessment of the Australian tour of 1986?

It was a marvellous trip and one of the great rewards for being successful. I would probably never have had the opportunity to see Australia otherwise. Taking into account the fact that we won, and the friendships that were formed with players that we would normally regard as the "enemy", were the factors that made the tour itself very successful.

Do you see a real future for these as competitive games?

It's difficult to say because it will be very hard to have compromise rules when the most fundamental difference — the shape of the ball — is never likely to be settled to the satisfaction of both sides. Anyway, the Aussies are far too aggressive.

What improvements, if any, would you like to see introduced into the rules of Gaelic football to make it more enjoyable for all?

One improvement that has to come about is that the tackle must be clearly, and without any ambiguity, defined. Until that happens there will be foul upon foul, most of which are not penalised.

I will not join the queues asking you the easy questions about winning next year's All-Ireland, or about the possibility of your retiring now. But when you eventually do retire, have you any wish to take up refereeing or coaching? And why?

No, I do not intend to take up coaching or refereeing as they take up too much time. When I finish playing it will be to have a rest! I do coach the youngsters and that I hope to carry on doing.

Besides the obvious one, what games and pastimes do most enjoy?

The only real pastime I have outside of football is golf. I play whenever I can, and I enjoy it.

Which Gaelic footballer, outside of your Meath colleagues, do you most admire and for what reason?

Dermot McNicholl. He has great ability, great speed and is a very nice fellow as well. I also admired Kevin Moran as a Gaelic player and, of course, it takes an exceptional sportsman to make the transition from one top-class sport to another as Kevin did.

Are there any other sportspeople who have really impressed you? And why?

Sean Kelly has impressed me because he has really been the first Irish cyclist to become a world figure in his sport. This must have taken tremendous determination as well as a great natural talent. Lots of people have talent but only a few have got the determination to realize their full potential.

You were unable to bring the old Sam Maguire to our Louisburgh annual GAA dinner last year. We have had our own bit of history-making in the club recently. If you are given a timely invitation this year (unfortunately, I am not competent to issue one here!) is it likely that we could get a first close-up peep at "Sam Óg" this winter?

I would love to have come last year, or even this year, but time, and the timing of other events, often dictate what I can or cannot do.

Sincere thanks, Mick for giving this interview. Congratulations again on your long football career and on its recent dual jewel! We wish you many years of sports enjoyment; and further success, too — with the obvious limitations! And, as the Fermoyle cousins would say: Nár laga Dia thú!

(The Editor acknowledges with gratitude the role of John Gibbons, of Summerhill and Accony, in setting up — and setting down — that interview.)

NOW HERE'S AN IDEA

In this feature, An Choinneal opens its pages to any reader who thinks s/he has any good idea about anything relevant to our lives. Our hope is to have in a short paragraph, the pith of what that idea contains. In this issue, however, we include in the feature an open letter which had already arrived and which we consider apposite.

— Editor

Idea: Knock Airport is now in full swing, and hundreds of our emigrants work in England. Why not organize Louisburgh charter-flights to let relatives visit England for a week-end; and at Christmas etc. to accommodate returning emigrants? It should be a reasonably-priced ticket. And later, perhaps, to America?

Idea: The Famous "Famine Road" to Delphi, commemorated this year, should be made the site of a public Stations of the Cross; each, say, half-a-mile distance from each other.

Idea: Simple classes to teach the very basic words of welcome in French, German, Dutch, etc., so that foreign tourists arriving in Louisburgh could be greeted in their own language; and notices with information in shops and public places. Business people especially should be interested.

Idea: A small studio in Louisburgh to produce taped letters from home to the family members abroad. Videos, perhaps later.

Idea: Some community-members to undertake the sending of copious Louisburgh news to the *Mayo News*. Emigrants do really look for Louisburgh news in local papers.

Idea: An Open Letter to Louisburgh People:

Dear Friends

This message to you signals the start of activities which I hope will bring about an event in Louisburgh, the idea for which came up at a family get-together in upstate New York.

Having just arrived from Louisburgh, I was bombarded with questions about friends and neighbours. This was followed by queries about the well-being and whereabouts of school-friends from Accony National School. "Where is so-and-so now? Did he/she get married? Do they come home often"? Some of these I could answer, others I could not, as I did not know the answers. "I haven't seen him/her for years. It must be twenty or twenty-five years since I last met them"

were frequent endings to a round of queries. Then came the wistful "Wouldn't it be great to meet them all again, to be in Louisburgh at the same time!" That statement gave me the idea I mentioned at the start, that of a reunion of Louisburgh emigrants, in Louisburgh; as I felt sure that similar questions were being asked by other emigrants around the world about their school-friends from the other schools in the area.

I've toyed with the idea for three years and earlier this year had a meeting with a number of interested people. It was agreed to give it a shot. We felt that to have the reunion next year (1989) would not give people enough time to plan and finance a trip home. So we decided that 1990 will be the year for the 'Louisburgh Come Home Week' but no specific date has yet been set.

To make this idea work, the co-operation of all at home and overseas is needed. At home, a committee will be formed to plan and co-ordinate the reunion. It is thought that people overseas should have a contact and/or telephone number in their area which would keep them informed of developments. Would anyone willing to act as such a contact please write and let me know and once we have our committee set up here, we will be in touch and start the ball rolling.

I hope this meets with your approval and enthusiasm and that we will all meet in 1990, God willing. Meanwhile, I would like to wish all of you a very happy and holy Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

Sincerely,

Tommy Mc Cormack,
Chapel Street, Louisburgh

Remembering Sion

In olden times nearly all provisions for local shops in the Kilgeever parish was transported from the wholesale warehouses in Westport by way of horse-and-cart. Nowadays they would be called haulage contractors, but at that time they were called "carters". They brought boxes of eggs and fish to Westport and took anything from shoe-polish to a bag of oatmeal, back to Louisburgh.

"Carters" were looked upon as very reliable people; never a mistake when their load was checked out; and sure they were only when a cask of wine or stout had to be brought from the railway station. A "carter" would rest his horse at a lay-by on the road and bore a hole with a gimlet in the cask and insert a goose quill in the hole. (A gimlet is a carpenter's tool about the size of a corkscrew.) In this way he could draw any amount of liquor at ease and having drunk sufficiently would then put a wooden peg into the gimlet-hole and hammer it tightly so the cask would not leak.

Closing the gap was a word used when a "carter" was nearing his destination. As they would be closing the gap sounds of melody could be heard above the noise of the grinding wheels as the "carter" hummed joyously to the sound of the horse's hooves.

FORCE AND THE POLICE

This story still holds for me most of its glamour as it did when I first heard of John Keane, a native of the townland of Kinnakellew in the dark days before the great Famine.

The story starts with a boat-load of herrings from Boffin Island that anchored at Dooneen Rock at the mouth of the Killary. Before the Great Hunger, this area was densely populated. There are still signs of the ruins of old houses that fell victims to both the famine and eviction. John Keane comes into this story when he bought most of the herrings in one lot from the skipper, for resale in the Louisburgh parish. Herrings were until recent times sold by the hundred *hand*; a *hand* was three herrings, so if you bought a hundred fish you would get forty *hands* making one-hundred-and-twenty. There was three *hands* to the good and two hands "rough and tumble" making a total of one-hundred-and-thirty-five fish to the hundred. Sixty-four was referred to as two quarters; thirty-two, one quarter; and sixteen a half-a-quarter. The same count applied to cabbage plants and eggs. I never knew what "rough-and-tumble" meant, but it did not apply if you bought less than a hundred.

John Keane having loaded his mare and cleaves, started to sell his herrings from door to door, and the further away he got from the boat the better price he could expect. His sales took him to Louisburgh, and he started to sell outside the old church, now Harney's Garage. At that time there was in Louisburgh a policeman who, it was thought, was an excellent boxer: no-one it was thought would stand before this mighty man. The hefty policeman was Keane's next customer. The policeman started to make little of the fish saying "They are small and stale" and amidst his complaints he was flinging the fish from one cleave to another. Keane asked him stop saying that, if he wanted a few herring he could take them. The policeman replied that if he, Keane did not shut up, he would stuff one of the herrings down his throat. To this Keane replied that it would take two like the policeman, and with that the policeman hit Keane with one of the herrings. As Keane tried to defend himself the policeman hit again and again. Keane managed to get a crack at his opponent and then it was all over: the policeman fell to the gravel street, with blood pouring out of his broken nose. Keane then took his mare and herrings and continued to sell through Kilgeever and Tully. He was advised not to come back into Louisburgh that evening, as now all the police would be out to get him. Keane ignored all advice and rode his mare into Louisburgh. The police were indeed waiting for him and he was arrested and taken to the barracks.

In the barracks there was one man dressed in plain clothes who described himself as "the D.I.". He heard Keane's account of the fight, then he heard the version of the policeman who was now bandaged up. The D.I. seemed to have enjoyed the whole affair, in other words he did not take it seriously. It was at his point that the D.I. told Keane how he had knocked down one of the best fist

fighters in the force and made him an offer that, if he would enlist in the police-force the whole matter of the fight would be forgotten. The D.I. knew that Keane was the type of man that was needed in the force and Keane knew that if he joined the force he would be expected to take part in, say, evictions or protection of the Landlord. He replied that he would like to consider it, although he knew that his conscience would not allow him to work against his own people. With that he was let home and as months passed the D.I. and the force knew that Keane had coddled them into believing that he would join the force when he had no intention. Now the police were out to get him one way or another. Their chance came when there was an incident in Thallabawn involving a scuffle.

The police went to arrest Keane. They called several times to his house but never found him, so they sought a warrant for his arrest. Four times it came before the magistrate and Keane could not be found. It was also known by the police that he used to stay with his aunt in Dadreen as well as with his mother in Kinnakelley. The night before the fifth court hearing in Louisburgh, the police made one last attempt to arrest him. Three policemen watched his mother's house. At day-break both houses were to be searched. What happened in his aunt's house is unknown as everything centred around his mother's house. The sergeant involved smashed open the door of Keane's mother's house and found John Keane in the kitchen bed. The officer grabbed him by the hand and twisted it, although Keane agreed to go quietly. His mother pleaded with the sergeant to let her give some oatmeal bread to her son. With that the sergeant pushed her, knocking her against a table. This annoyed her son and his fist came crashing on the mouth of the officer. Keane then handcuffed the officer and dumped him head first into a cleave that was used for holding turf. The two policemen that were outside had batons drawn but did not know what or who would come to the door first. Keane rushed out and hit the first policeman knocking him unconscious. The second was not so easy as he had the aid of the baton. However Keane got hold of a pot-hooks and in a few seconds the fight was over. Keane then kissed his mother good-bye, took some oatmeal bread and took to the hills. He was now a hunted man and the threat of a jail sentence in those days was dreaded.

When the two policemen arrived from Dadreen at Kinnakelley they had to link their companions into Louisburgh. When the case was finally called the magistrate, having heard the events of the morning, became so enraged with the police that he tore the warrant and shamed the police with abuse. What chance had the police against a man like Keane who it was said could knock out a beast with a blow of his fist.

Keane made his way through Galway to America and later enlisted in the American police-force. He became a highly respected policeman and was known to have settled many a street-brawl. He was known to his friends and even the force as John Iron Keane. Many people in the Louisburgh parish could trace their relationship to this man.

Devlin

Joseph Murphy

DISAPPEARING PLACENAMES

The parish magazine intends to collect and publish all the lesser placenames and field-names that abound in all our villages. The intention is to make an index of these referring each name to the relevant site on an Ordinance Survey Map. To alert other villages we publish here a list of names collected in his own area by Mr. Pat Kitterick (Shrahnacloya), whom we thank for his interest and care.

- Editor

1. River-pools in Lougha Uachtar

- (a) "Poll na gcaorach"
- (b) "Poll na sailigh"
- (c) "Poll Uí Aodha"
- (d) "Poll Dubh"
- (e) "Linn a'dairigh"
- (f) "Easa Bhán"

2. Rivers in Lougha Uachtar

- (a) "Abhann na goiníní"
- (b) "Abhann na bhrá'in"
- (c) "Abhann na saileog"

3. Lugs (shoulders of hill)

- (a) "Lug Ui Uailchaoirigh"
- (b) "Lugan ghlasmhaoil"
- (c) "Lug a cholbabhuí"
- (d) "Lug a bhrá'in"
- (e) "Lug Buidhe"
- (f) "Luigín Garbh"
- (g) "Lug a'lochán"

4. Fidéans in LoughaUachtar

- (a) Fideán Sailigh
- (b) Fidéan Bán
- (c) Fidéan Thadhg
- (d) Fidéan Breach
- (e) Fidéan Croiseach
- (f) Fidéan Donncha

5. Placenames in the Hills

- (a) "Lag a'riabhach
- (b) "Aill Bán"
- (c) Corróg
- (d) Aill a'phúca
- (e) "Leac Dhubh"
- (f) "Barr na claighe"
- (g) "Broc Buidhe"
- (h) "Gar na craige"
- (i) "Eitir Bhroc"
- (j) Scoiltiú
- (k) "Curach an ngealach"
- (l) "Aill na gcoiníní"

6. River-Pools in Shranacloye

- (a) Poll an fhídeáin
- (b) Poll na hátha
- (c) Poll Mór
- (d) Clochán
- (e) Cam Linn
- (f) Poll Áit a'bhaile
- (g) Poll na bhfóideog
- (h) Poillín garbh
- (i) Poillín Neansaí
- (j) Bruach Dubh

7. River-Pools in Ballyhip

- (a) Poll Buidhe

8. Na sraitheanna in Shranacloya

9. Creagáns

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| (a) Sraith na Cloiche | (a) Creagán Mór |
| (b) Sraith a tornán | (b) Creagán Rua |
| (c) Sraith na Sciath | (c) Creagán na gcon |
| (d) Sraith na mbainte | (d) Creagán mhadaralla |
| (e) Sraith na ngabhar | (e) Creagán na Míoltóg |

10. Roighin (?Tough land)

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| (g) Sraith na h-aille | (a) Roighin na h-aille |
| (h) Sraith Riabach | (b) Roighin bhreach |
| (i) Sraith an aire | (c) Roighin na Tulaigh |
| (j) Sraith Chuibhigh | (d) Roighin na Sionnach |
| (k) Sraigh na seascaí | (e) Doirín Roighin |
| (l) Sraigh mhór | (f) Sraith na cloiche - Roighin |
| | (g) Roighin na Feadóig. |

THE WASP AND THE BEE

A wasp met a bee that was just buzzing by
 And he said "Little cousin, can you tell me why
 You are loved so much better by people, than I?
 My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold
 And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
 Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told".

"My cousin," the bee said, "that's all very true
 But if I were half as much mischief to do,
 Indeed they would love me no better than you.
 You have a fine shape and an elegant wing
 They know you are handsome, but there is one thing
 They cannot put up with, and that is your *sting*"

From this little story let people beware
 Because like the wasp if ill-natured they are
 They will never be loved, if they're ever so fair.

Collected from Mrs. B. A. Morahan (Louisburgh)

TWO FOR JOY

Every parish, town or village in Ireland has had some great characters, and Louisburgh in the past has had some outstanding people. It is with reference to two of these, namely, Pa Ruddy (Collacoon) and Michael O'Grady ("Fellow") of Louisburgh town — both now, sadly, deceased — that I decided to put pen to paper. I had the privilege as a young recruit to march alongside them, most of their activities concentrated on wild life and fishing (legal and illegal). During this time I gained some very important knowledge of the above-named subjects.

Michael O'Grady lived on Main Street and worked part of his life with Doctor O'Grady from Tooreen. In later years he moved to a new house in Chapel Street, built for him on a site we used to call "The Plot"; and it was here we got to know Michael in full. He cut a bog of turf in Collacoon; it was considered a privilege for youths on our road when asked by Michael to give him a hand with the turf. He used to borrow an ass-and-cart from Peter Foye, Tooreen to draw home the turf, which was then carefully built at the rear of his home. In wintertime he would have a nice fire and the front door was left open. That door really caught a draught. On our way home from the Rosary in the winter months some of the youths from my area would congregate in front of the fire. The older lads got stools and we sat on the bed.

Michael's knowledge of Births, Marriages and Deaths never failed to astonish us; this also extended to every known disease and some unknown, most of this knowledge gained from working with Doctor O'Grady. He was also good at flashing chimneys and an expert at pulling teeth! I can think of one of the older lads who sat near that fire, who is now a dentist and I believe runs a very successful practice. But then didn't he have a great start listening to Michael talk about all the teeth he pulled with a bad pliers he used for fixing his bicycle. On one occasion the local Garda Sergeant called to the door and told Michael he wanted to see him in the barracks in the morning. We were very curious to know what the Sergeant had wanted and the following night we called into Michael to see what was wrong. Michael had been prepared for us and told us that the Sergeant was going on a month's holidays and that he wanted Michael to take over while he was away! Somebody mentioned: "Aren't there two or three more Guards down in the Barracks couldn't they carry out his work?" Michael promptly replied "Well, the Sergeant would not trust them to carry out his duty". We sat on that bed late into the nights as Michael told us many a good story. Usually a lively debate followed, and I can assure the reader that the *Late Late Show* or *Today Tonight* was never as interesting as an evening spent with Michael O'Grady.

Living about one mile distant from Michael's home, in the village of Collacoon, lived another great character, Pa Ruddy. Pa started every sentence with: "As the man said and as I said before". No one ever got to know who the man he referred to was. He was an expert fisherman with rod and line, he was also

an authority on the Vale or the "Mine Sweeper" as he called them. His whole life was geared around two activities — river-life and training greyhounds. Any man that touched on either of these subjects needed to know what he was talking about. Pa knew everything about salmon and white trout that any fisherman could care to know. The little "Connemara Black" or the "Thunder and Lightning" were his favourite flies. He had the uncanny knack of keeping a salmon that was hooked, up to the top of the water for fear he would get his line caught in any barbed wire that was tied to boulders at the bottom of the pools.

Pa was well known for his ease of reply when asked an awkward question in a public house by a man well known for his accuracy with the speech. On one occasion their conversation drifted towards boxing (Pa was also an authority on boxing). He asked Pa what did he think of boxing, Pa took the glass from his lips and replied: "Well, as the man says and as I said before, it's busy work while you're at it". He wasn't far wrong in that comment. When asked about bacon, was it better eaten raw or boiled, Pa quickly answered "Well, I suppose it's the better of a bit of a boil". He never married, but it wasn't for the want of the jitterbugging which he would call dancing, or for his ability to meet people and talk to them. He had not much time for farming; he was convinced that a particular farmer brought on rain every time he started to cut his hay, and another brought on blight when he sowed his spuds. He was once asked by a man to come to the bog with him, Pa replied that he would rather be looking in to an empty glass anytime than looking into a hollow-bog.

I held greyhounds for him in a field in Tooreen once while Pa went to the far end of the field to call them. To see the dogs run towards him was a sight in itself! Likewise the way he would stand behind them and give them a rub. He would describe a good dog by the way he stood on his toes, the wide breast and "the way he would roll up the field". He was in charge of two great dogs in that era namely, "Furmoye Lass" and "Bunowen".

Every character is, I suppose, individual; but I found something different and special about Michael and Pa.

God rest them!

Brackloon

Vincent O'Reilly

Remembering Sion

It was a lovely Summer evening, nature was at its best. It was milking-time and the cows were content to stand quietly for milking out there in the field. One cow in particular was so placid that I thought it alright when the dog sat quite close to her hind legs. Indeed I thought what a pity there was not someone with a camera to take the unbelievable picture of the cow standing so quietly and the dog sitting behind her.

CONGRATULATIONS!



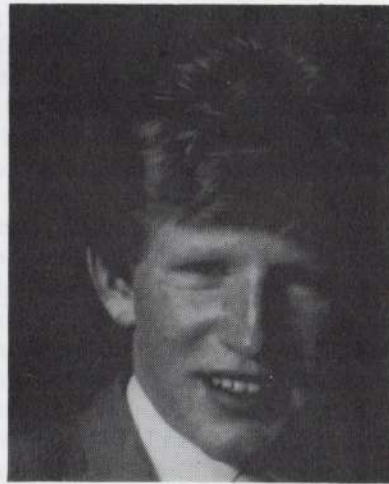
Father Paddy McNally (Carrowniskey) pictured on the day of his silver jubilee with his father.



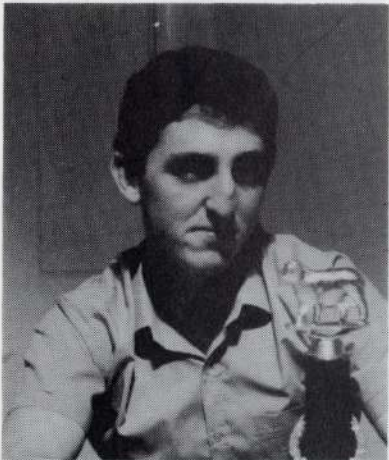
Úna Morrison B.A., H.Dip., Killadoon, graduate of Saint Patrick's College, Maynooth, 11 November 1987. With her are her parents James and Winnie.



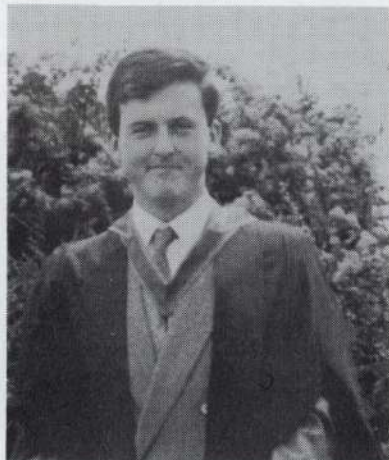
Ann Marie O'Malley, Thallabawn. Graduated in Carysfort College, Dublin with a B.Ed. Hon. Degree. She also won the Eamon De Valera Gold Medal and Prize in Maths. She was educated in the Holy Family School, Killeen, and Sancta Maria School, Louisburgh.



Patrick Corrigan, son of Michael and Margaret Corrigan, Shrawee, Louisburgh, was recently conferred with a National Certificate in Fine Woodwork and Design at R.T.C. Galway. He is now working in America.



Michael McConnell (Shraugh), pictured with the sheep-stock Man of the Year 1987/'88 trophy, which he was awarded by Ballinafad Agricultural College.

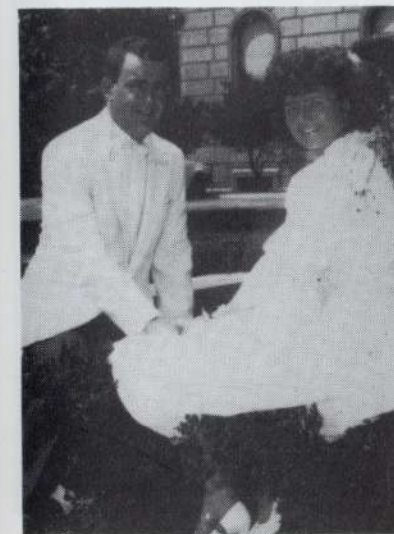


Séamus McConnell, Shraugh, son of John and Margaret. Past pupil of Louisburgh Boys School and Sancta Maria. Conferred with an honours degree in Civil Law at U.C.D.

Parish Weddings



Ms. Anne Taylor, and Patrick Morrison, both from Killadoon. Married in Holy Family Church, Killeen.



Ms. Anne Ruddy, Collacoan, Louisburgh, and Mr. Joe Nevin, Letterbrock, Liscarney. Married in Rome.



Ms. Joan Ruddy, Collacoan, Louisburgh and Cathal O'Conchúir, Highfield, Galway. Married in Rome.



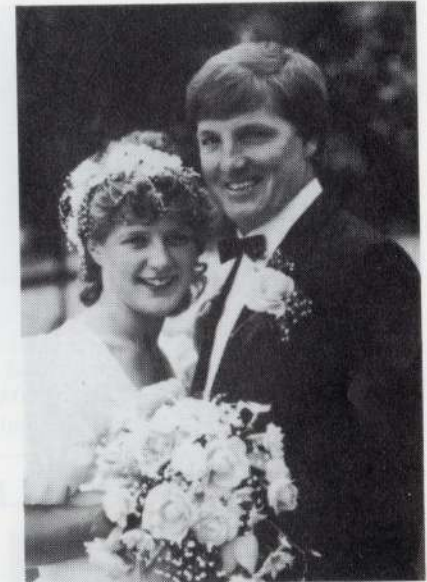
Padraic Leamy, Bunowen, Louisburgh, and Ms. Sharon Stevenson, Letterkenny. Married in St. Eunan's Cathedral, Letterkenny.



Ms. Mary Teresa Corrigan, Shrawee, and Gabriel Gibbons, Feenone. Married in Holy Family Church, Killeen.



Ms. Nora Duffy, Cregganbawn, and Michael McNally, Ballyhip. Married in Holy Family Church, Killeen.



Rosaleen Gallagher, Thallabawn, and George Gibbons, Cloonlara. Married in Holy Family Church, Killeen.



Ms. Margaret Corrigan, Shrawee, Cregganbawn, and Austin Lacey, Feenone. Married in Holy Family Church, Killeen.



Ms. Bernadette Kilcoyne, Cregganacopple, Louisburgh, and Mr. Tony Butler, Waterford. Married in St. Patrick's Church, Louisburgh.



Ms. Kathleen Staunton, Curradavitt, Killadoon, Louisburgh, and Peter Gavin, Woodfield, Carrowniskey P.O., Married in Holy Family Church, Killeen.



Evelyn Kilcoyne, Shranacloye, Louisburgh, and Gabriel Gibbons, Carrowniskey, Westport. Married in St. Patrick's Church, Louisburgh.



John Joe Gibbons, Derreens, Louisburgh, and Mary McNulty, Cashel, Achill. Married in St. Joseph's Church, Bunnacurry, Achill.



Myles Mitchell, Derreen, Louisburgh, and Bridget Skeeahan, Rath Cormac, Co. Waterford. Married in Sacred Heart Church, Rath Cormac, Co. Waterford.



Ms. Breda Morahan, Louisburgh, and Henry McGinn, Dundalk. Married in St. Patrick's Church, Louisburgh.



Mr. Joseph McHugh, Louisburgh, and Ms. Judy O'Brien, Ennis. Married in Our Lady of the Wayside Church, Ennis.



Left to Right: Mr. Oliver O'Malley, Clare Island, and Ms. Mary Heany, Inisturk; Mr. Patrick Heany, Inisturk, and Ms. Sinéad Cowley, Castlebar. Married in Westport church.

AN IRISH CHAPLAIN RETIRES

On April 7th 1987 Father Eugene Nee received his Certificate of Retirement from military service in the United States Air Force, having served honourably and faithfully as a Chaplain, and retired in the rank of Lt. Colonel with three Meritorious Service Medals and four Commendation Medals, a National Defence and Expeditionary Medal and the Republic of Vietnam Service Gallantry Cross Palm, plus others. Chaplain Nee also received the title of Canon from his Excellency, the Archbishop of IZMIR/SMYRNA, Archbishop Bernardini Giuseppe, for his priestly work of preaching and teaching Jesus Christ, and building bridges between Christians, Moslems and Jews in that 7,000 year old city. Eugene was born in Western Ireland, Curra, Louisburgh, Mayo, and received the beginning of his education from his parents, four brothers and three sisters, and the Killadon National School. At twelve years old he continued his education at Duleek National School, Meath, Saint Joseph's Christian Brothers School, Drogheda, Louth, and Saint Kieran's College, Kilkenny.



Canon Nee, a certified Reality Therapist, served as Chaplain with NATO in Germany, Iceland, Norway, Turkey and England. In the Pacific theatre he served in the Vietnam war, Thailand and Korea. He has also served in several bases and hospitals in the U.S.A. Father Eugene Nee has chosen England as his place of retirement so he can be close to his native Ireland.



Louisburgh – Mayo Junior Champions 1987

Back: Tony Lyons, Séamus Healy, Paddy Ruane, Michael O'Malley, Austin Lacey, Richard Austin, John Prendergast, Pat Corrigan, John Joe Staunton, Michael Sammon, John O'Toole, Pádraic Walsh.
Front: Martin Joe Keane, Éamonn Cox, Leo Morahan, Michael McNally, Brendan Kelly, John Durkan (Captain), P. J. Moran, Vincent O'Malley, James Morrison, Patrick Morrison.



Killeen N.S. West Mayo Champions 1988 (For 3,4 Teacher Schools)

Back Row L. to R.: John Scanlon, Stephen Cannon, Tom McDonnell, Martin Staunton, John Gallagher, Walter Egan, Eoin O'Grady, Michael Davitt.
Front Row L. to R.: Austin Keane, Martin O'Malley, James Egan, Austin O'Malley, Michael McGreal (Captain), Eric Heneghan, Justin Cox, Martin Fergus.

VICTORY AT LAST

We truly regret that a fine article chronicling our Louisburgh footballers' road to victory can not be included in this issue because of the demands of copy-date. Some extracts from that lengthy article by Father John Fallon, dedicated secretary of the club, are printed here to give a taste of the atmosphere of elation.

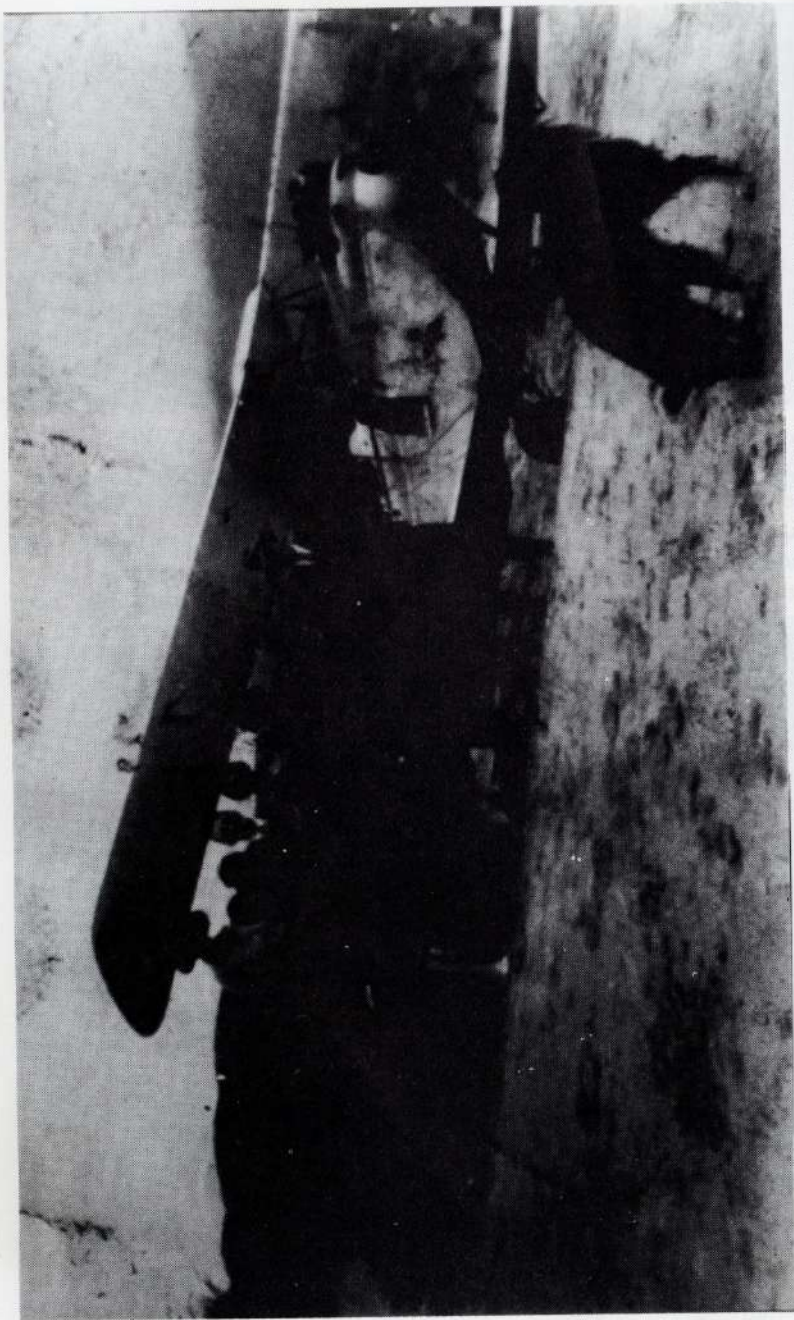
– Editor

September 13th was the day: would it be a lucky one? Castlebar were the opposition. It was Louisburgh's objective not just to reach this final, but to win it. After the final whistle it was a very proud John Durkan who, as captain, accepted the Cusack Cup. Louisburgh were West Mayo Champions: they had defeated Castlebar by 0-9 to 0-4 . . .

Now in was County Final time: McHale Park in Castlebar on October 25th, 1987. Louisburgh v Glencorrib, the South Mayo champions. It was all to play for. Two goals and three points from the boot of Pádraic Walsh shattered Glencorrib: at half-time we led by 2-4 to 0-4. But the Pete McDonnell Cup was not yet won . . . Glencorrib pressed for twenty minutes and had three points from frees, one from play. Two points ahead with eight minutes to go. One scoring chance by Glencorrib well taken and it would be all over for Louisburgh! But it never came. Louisburgh took over again: two great points, by substitute Richard Austin and Pádraic Walshe, and the full-time score was: Louisburgh 2-6, Glencorrib 0-8. The Pete McDonnell Cup was on its way west! 1987 was added to 1950! The full panel of our players that day was: Austin Lacey (goal), John Durkan (Capt.), Joe Staunton, Séamus Healy; P.J. Moran, Vincent O'Malley, Michael McNally, Tony Lyons and John Prendergast; Brendan Kelly, Leo Morahan, Pat Corrigan; Éamonn Cox, Pádraic Walshe, Éamonn Keane. Subs: Richard Austin, James Morrison, Michael O'Malley, Michael Sammon, Patrick Morrison, Paddy Ruane, John O'Toole, Martin Keane, George Gibbons, John Gibbons, John Joe Staunton, Pat O'Malley, Tom Kilcoyne, Richard Gibbons.

It was John Durkan's moment again. What a smile he had as he held the magnificent cup aloft! It was great for the club and great for the parish. The contribution made by Noel Sammin (team Manager and Trainer) and by Geoffrey Gibbons, Christy Gibbons and Tony Lyons was indispensable.

In 1988, as a result of a reorganised schools competition, Louisburgh Boys School and Killeen School had separate teams, and in different divisions. And what happened? Killeen defeated Kilmeena in a close final at Westport, and their captain, Michael McGreal, was the first player to be presented with the Area Shield in this new competition. And then the Louisburgh boys travelled to their final against Ballyvary and beat them in a great game. Creaven O'Malley took the new Area Shield for that division back to Louisburgh. A great performance indeed for the trainer of both teams Éamonn Keane.



A historic photo at Thallabawn, September 1928 – L. to R.: Lady Heath, Austin Staunton (at rear), Alice Staunton, Mr. Sheppard (at rear), Annie Staunton, Ciss Staunton (writer), Bridie Staunton, and a Galway mechanic.

MUSEUM PAGES

Heath and Sand

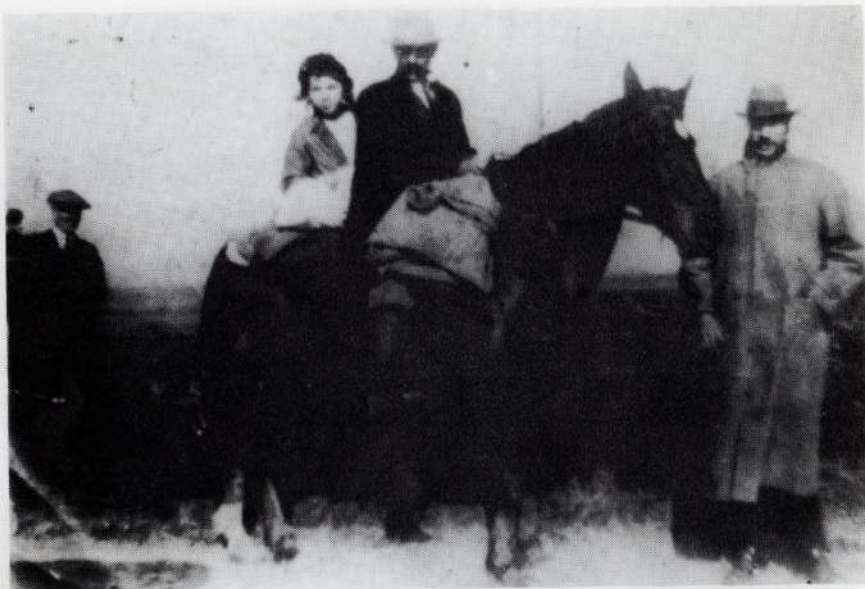
The arrival of Lady Heath in a light Air Craft: Thallabaun Strand, September 1928.

Lady Heath was on her way from Dublin to Renvyle, County Galway to visit her friend, Senator Gogarty. It was a warm Sunday afternoon. The sea was calm. She decided to land on the White Strand to have a swim! On her return to the plane she was unable to take off as the plane was stuck in the sand. She made contact with Dublin by radio and left. On the following Tuesday she arrived back, accompanied by two technicians from London. They were brothers, and natives of Tipperary. There was also a gentleman from Galway City in charge of petrol etc. The brothers' name was Shephard.

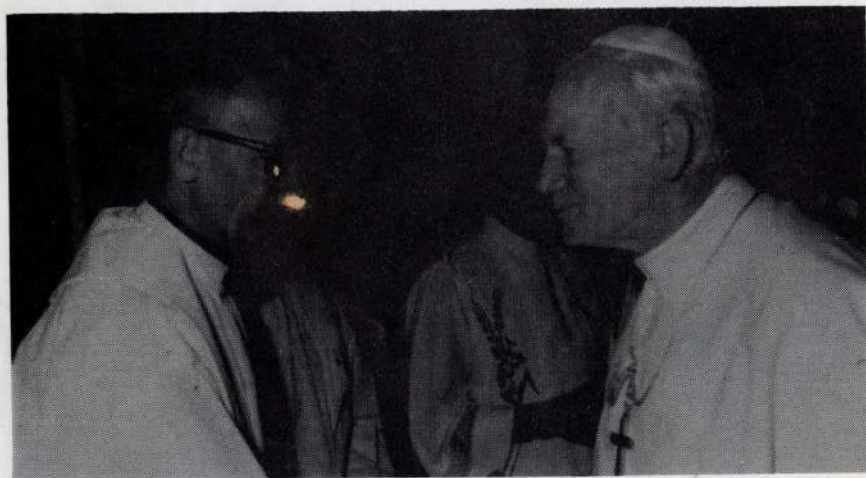
A crowd of us gathered on the Strand as we had never seen a plane before at close range. When they got the plane in order, Lady Heath enquired if there was some place she could get a cup of tea. My mother (R.I.P) was there and she invited her to our house near-by. To my mother's great surprise, she asked if she could have a bed for the night! She showed her a bed-room. Again to her surprise the Shephard brothers asked for a bed: they would share one bed-room and they also asked for a bed for the gentleman from Galway. Fortunately we had a large attic with beds in it so there was no problem. That night some neighbours came to visit and, as we had an accordion, we had a social evening. The Shephard boys sang "Climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy". My parents and I sang. On Wednesday, Lady Heath returned to Renvyle. The newspaper reporters and a crowd of people were on the scene that day.

In later years she was often in the English news which I followed with interest. In late-1940 she had an accident and died as a result of it. In October, 1963 Mr Shephard travelled to Thallabaun to call on our family. On his way he inquired about the family and was told that they had all emigrated except Tommie (R.I.P.) and even he was in U.S.A. on holidays. When he heard that he did not complete his journey. To conclude I wish to thank Father Leo Morahan for the pleasure and happiness he gives to so many people at home and abroad, through publishing the *Coinneal* as it keeps us all in touch with the news around Louisburgh. I am grateful to my sister-in-law, Tess Staunton for still having Family Albums in her possession.

Ciss Salter



*Transport as it was fifty years ago
Our picture shows Hugh O'Grady of Glenkeen, and his daughter Annie, coming home from the fair in Louisburgh, around 1937. At right is neighbour, Michael Gavin. Hugh was noted for his expertise in attending sick animals. He was a great help in the neighbourhood, as vets were not too available in those days.*



Cute man, his Holiness! (People go to all lengths to get their picture in the Coinneal). Here he has a shake hands for Father James O'Grady of Gleann Chaoin. Father James concelebrated Mass with the Pope in Vatican City, 27 April 1988 and had a ten-minute private audience afterwards.



Annie O'Grady, Glenkeen, and her husband, Albert Stark. Albert, who was a U.S. army officer, served in Europe during World War 2 and in Korea. He was decorated four times for bravery. They are now retired in Temple City, California, U.S.A.



James McKiernan, his wife Bridie (nee O'Grady, Glenkeen) and five of their children, in the company of Bridie's brother, Fr. James O'Grady. The family have since qualified as lawyers, teachers and nurses.



*Killadoon National School 40 Years Ago
Back Row L. to R.: Martin John O'Malley, Cloonty; Patricia Nee, Curra Davitt; Beatrice Needham, Feenone; Lena McDonald, Cross; Michael John Needham, Feenone; John Frazer, Barnabawn; Eugene Nee, Curra Davitt.
Middle Row L. to R.: Ann Mannion, Killadoon; Mary O'Grady, Curra Davitt; Margaret Coyne, Cross; Veronica O'Malley, Feenone; Kathleen Coyne, Ailemore; Mary Gibbons, Feenone; Mary Lyons, Clonty; Patrick Joe Davitt, Curra Davitt.
Front Row L. to R.: Michael Lyons, Connolly; William O'Grady, Curra Davitt; Joseph Kerrigan, Feenone; Alphonses Hannon, Louisburgh; Séamus O'Malley, Cloonty; Martin Staunton, Curra Davitt; Joe Jennings, Killadoon.*

1988 Tidy Towns Competition PROGRESS REPORT

Centre: **Louisburgh** Category: **B** County: **Mayo** 1988 Mark: **130**

	MARKS		
	Max.	1987	1988
<p>Effort: assessment may take into account sustained effort over a number of years of the overcoming of special local difficulties.</p> <p>Thank you for completing the questionnaire; it was of great assistance to the adjudicator. Overall, a good effort is being made in Louisburgh, however, there are still a number of problems that need attention.</p>	40	29	29
<p>Tidiness: appropriate placing of litter bins, absence of litter, advertising hoardings and indiscriminate dumping.</p> <p>Litter control generally is good. Main Street was litter free, but Chapel Street was in a disgraceful condition on adjudication day. Also, on the road leading to the cottages, there was quite an amount of litter.</p>	35	22	20
<p>Presentation of Buildings: shops, business premises, banks, factories, historic and public buildings, derelict sites and buildings, statues and monuments.</p> <p>McNamara's grocery shop is nicely decorated, as is the corner chemist. Durkan's Hotel front is very attractive, but the seat in front of the hotel should be repaired and painted. The derelict house beside Casey's foodstore should be boarded up. Also, the Bank of Ireland premises could be painted. The derelict houses three doors down from the Bank of Ireland should be boarded.</p>	35	23	24
<p>Presentation of natural amenities: open spaces, village green, river banks, foreshore, parks, trees.</p> <p>The cottage scheme looked nice again this year. I would suggest some tree planting. Open spaces are generally well presented.</p>	30	18	19

	MARKS		
	Max.	1987	1988
<p>Appearance of approach roads: verges, street, back lanes and footpaths. Also car parks, seats, telephone kiosks, post boxes, litter bins, pumps and road signs.</p> <p>The tree planting on the approach road from Westport is very nice. Some litter bins could be repainted. The Bed & Breakfast 'Ponderosa' sign is obscuring the Louisburgh sign and should be removed. Grass margins on all approach roads need attention, as was mentioned last year. Also, the streets should be named.</p>	40	20	21
<p>Presentation of residential areas: including open spaces.</p> <p>There are some very good individual gardens that are nicely presented. The church grounds are nicely kept.</p> <p>Louisburgh is a very attractive village and has great potential. More community effort, rather than individual effort could be made to improve the problems with derelict houses, etc.</p>	20	16	17
	200	128	130

A suggested motto for Louisburgh Tourist Association runs like this:

"Now that you have visited Louisburgh, don't leave Ireland without seeing Killarney; it's the Louisburgh of the South!"

Can any reader top that as an advertisement?

First prize – A week-end in Louisburgh

Second prize – A week-end in Killarney.

MOUNTAIN AND MAN

When St. Patrick came to Ireland
Many centuries ago.
He did not rest till he came west
To the county of Mayo.

He sought a place of solitude
Where he might fast and pray
Then he came to Cruachan Aigle,
'Twas there he chose to stay.

He climbed this stately mountain
'Tis shaped just like a cone
He gathered rocks about him
and made his bed of stone.

Full forty days and forty nights
Spent this holy man in prayer
As visions flashed before him
Of the grief our race would bear.

Still he prayed and prayed for us.
Till tears ran down his cheek
So was this holy mountain blessed
The one we call the Reek.

An angel came to comfort him
and bade him not to weep
For the Gaels would suffer, but never yield
The Faith they'd always keep.

When strife and famine swept the land
The people were in despair
They built that chapel on the Reek
And asked for Patrick's prayer.

Our Lady came to visit Knock
No need for her to speak
She knew that we had kept the faith
The proof was on the Reek.

So year by year the pilgrims come
And climb this rugged peak
But the mystery will ever live with us
Of Saint Patrick and the Reek.

Patrick Kitterick

SLÁN ABHAILE . . .

Since our last issue the following parishioners have died:

February	13th	John McEville, Roonagh
	19th	Katie Jordan, Carrowniskey
	20th	Michael O'Malley, Furrmoyle (died in Nottingham)
March	19th	James O'Grady, Cregganbawn
April	9th	Thomas Burke, Killeen
	17th	James O'Grady, Feenone
May	15th	Norah McEville, Doughmakeown
	21st	Sarah Gibbons, Aillemore
June	14th	Mary O'Malley, Roonkeel
July	11th	Annie O'Malley, Roonagh
	22nd	Mrs. Sarah Gill, Askelaun
August	29th	Dr. Bill O'Toole, Louisburgh
September	5th	Pat Jennings, Thallabawn (died in Wigan)
	25th	Mrs. Mary McNamara, Furrmoyle
	27th	Mrs. Evelyn Sheridan, Doughmakeown and Parke
October	9th	John O'Donnell, Pulgloss
November	19th	Peter Ryder, Falduff
	30th	Joseph O'Toole, Thallabawn
December	8th	Mrs. Bridget Hannon, Louisburgh
	25th	Mrs. Nora Scott, Falduff
1988		
January	28th	Patrick O'Leary, Bunowen Road, Louisburgh
February	2nd	Mrs. Brigid Joyce, Shraugh
	7th	Mrs. Annie Manning, Carramore
	8th	Brigid Lyons, Askelaun
	11th	James Maxwell, Ballyhip
March	3rd	Margaret Donnelly, Carowniskey

	16th	Michael Ruane, Thallabawn
	16th	Joseph Gallagher, formerly Louisburgh
	21st	John Ruane, Moneen
April	1st	Mrs. Annie Fergus, Cahir
	5th	James Murphy, Devlin
	7th	Thomas Carty, Falduff
	8th	Margaret Kneafsey, formerly Bunowen
	8th	Sarah Moran, Falduff
	9th	Nora Lyons, Killadoon
	16th	Paddy McEvelly, Doughmakeown
	20th	John Gallagher, Clare Island
May	4th	Martin Berry, Carrowniskey
	16th	Mrs. Katie Murphy, Cross
June	16th	Andrew McHale, Emlagh
July	16th	Mary Kate Gibbons, Bunowen
	16th	Mrs. Mae Lyons, Accony
	20th	Sarah Gibbons, Bunowen
August	2nd	John McDonnell, Louisburgh
	7th	Patrick Gavin, Shraurooskey
	17th	Patrick Burke, Carramore
September	9th	Lena Geraghty, Doughmakeown (died in Manchester)
	19th	Mary Ann Kilcoyne, Cregganbawn
	23rd	Patrick O'Malley, Accony
October	10th	Austin O'Malley, Cross
	12th	Patrick O'Donnell, Cahir
	29th	Patrick O'Malley, Shraugh

The following parishioners died away from home:

1987

February:	James Moran, Falduff in Pennsylvania
	Mrs. Margaret McGreal (<i>nee</i> Gibbons) Doughmakeon, in Glynsk,
Liscarney	Father Michael Sammin, P.P. in Crossboyne
	Michael O'Malley (Ned) Furmoyle, in Nottingham
	Pat Carroll, Falduff, in Castlebar
April:	Thomas Burke
	Mrs. Margaret Kelly, (<i>nee</i> Gill Askillau), in Chicago

May:	Mrs. Catherine Hastings, (<i>nee</i> Gibbons) in Westport
	John Friel, Carramore, in Chicago
	Michael O'Malley, Askillau, in Bristol
	John A. Burns, Louisburgh in Bury, Lancs.
	Anthony Burns, Askelane, in London
June:	Mrs. Noreen Hobbs (<i>nee</i> Heneghan, Moneen) in Kilkenny
	Mrs. Anne McElroy (<i>nee</i> Mannion) Killadoon
July:	Patrick O'Toole, Dooaghtry, in London
	Mrs. Sheila Trimble, (<i>nee</i> Cannon) Doughmakeon, in Reading
August:	John O'Malley, Derrygorrow, in Coventry
	John O'Grady, Shrawee, in Castlepollard
	Michael O'Malley, Cross, in Philadelphia
	Mrs. Bea Enright (<i>nee</i> Ryder Falduff) in New York
	Michael O'Malley, Shraugh, in Philadelphia
September:	Myles McEvelly, Roonagh, in Chicago
	Eugene Prenderast, (relatives in Emlagh) in Sligo
	Martina Rose, in Westport, (Mother from Carramore)
October:	Mary Kilcoyne, Furmoyle, in Westport
	Mrs. Margaret Sheridan, in Sheeane
	Mrs. Jane Hunt (<i>nee</i> O'Reilly, Collacoon) in New York
	Katie O'Donnell, Cahir, in Chicago
	Michael Staunton, Thallabawn, in Chicago
November	Mrs. Mary Ann Littleford, (relatives in Collacoon)
	Austin McGreal, Doughmakeon, in Chicago
	Mrs. Bea Bell (<i>nee</i> O'Grady), Kilgeever, in Boston
	Mrs. Bridie McLoughlin, (<i>nee</i> O'Grady), Tully, in Newport
	Mary Teresa O'Malley, Curradavitt, in Brackloon, Westport
	Margaret Ruddy, Collacoon, in West Roxbury, Mass
	James Burns, Pulgloss, in Lanmore, Aughagower
December:	Mrs. Nora O'Malley, (<i>nee</i> Burke) Doughmakeon, in Chicago.
1988	
February:	Mrs. Katie Muldoon, (<i>nee</i> O'Malley), Cahir, in Coventry
	Michael Grady, Cregganbawn, in Worcester, Mass
	Mrs. Annie Adams (<i>nee</i> Joyce) Shraugh), in California
	Matthew Kilcullen, Enniscrone, in New York
March:	Mrs. Annie McGoldrick (<i>nee</i> Burns) Roonkeel
	Mrs. Delia Gaffney, (<i>nee</i> Hestor), Falduff
	Agnes Joyce, Shraugh, in Boston

- Tommie Lyons, Furfmoyle, in Minnesota
- April:** Mrs. Nora Murphy, (*nee* Keane), Accony, in England
Mrs. Mary Sullivan (*nee* Ryder), Falduff, in Boston
- May:** Michael Sinclair (Husband of Eileen O'Grady, Currdavitt), England
- June:** William Hallinan, Kilgeever, in Tainworth, England
- July:** Margaret Kyle, (*nee* O'Grady) Kilgeever, in America
Kate Williams, Cross, in Mass
- August:** Andrew Minnock, in Co. Offaly, (husband of Margaret Tiernan, Doughmakeon)
Denis J. Sheridan, Askelane, in Newtown, Mass
Michael Gill, Ballyhip, in Boston
Charles O'Malley, (Cregganbawn)
Jane Davis, (*nee* Gannon)
Austin Kitterick
- September:** Anthony Scanlon, Furfmoyle, in Blackburn
Thomas Carney, (relatives in Cahir)
- October:** Mary O'Toole, Roonagh, in Cleveland
Mary Clarke, (*nee* Frazer), Kinnadoohey, in Drogheda

May they all rest in peace!

Remembering Sion

It was Good Friday and my pal and I were going to the church to make the Stations of the Cross. She was waiting for me on the road, so I grabbed the nearest beads to me in my hurry, and joined her. Girls' coats at that time (unbelievable now!) did not all have pockets, so I wound the beads around the hook on the front of the handlebars. All went well until, on the last slope near the church, the front wheel began to jerk violently, emitting a crunching sound. I jumped off and found the remains of the beads – my father's beads – dangling from the hook! There was just the cross, and the five stones that go with it, left; the rest had been ground by the wheel!

This was syrely my Good Friday! Nobody had ever taken that beads off its peg except himself. This was a very special beads, and how could I tell him? How could I show him just the cross and five stones? Luck was on my side, however, as he had not come home from work when I got home. My brother solved the problem. He said: "I have a beads just like that one, only the cross is different. We'll attach the rest of my beads to those five stones and cross and no one will ever know. The only difference is that there is one stone gone off my beads." So we 'doctored' the beads and hung it up in its usual place, awaiting the awful moment of discovery. Rosary time came and the beads was taken down as usual. All went well (under the keen observation of those "in the know") until my father came to the missing bead. He held it up to the light and looked long and hard at it. After the Rosary he said: "Which of you was meddling with my beads?" My brother said quietly: "It must have fallen on the ground." Boy, it had! But he never found out about the great fall it got!

Death

It is the journey of the soul,
it is the re-birth, it
is the dog chewing on the feathers
from the dead bird's wing,
the crashed Ford Cortina with the
black leather torn off the steering wheel and
the red blood scattered in tears on the
broken windshield, and
it is the pop artist's painting
of the mushroom cloud,
the poster with 'why'? written in black,
the land the farmer poisons in the name
of better growth, and
it is the child who is told how
to think, write and paint and
the adult who was never allowed to
think, write and paint and
it is the lake with the corpses of
the trout floating on the surface in the grease and
it is the green field that is built upon,
the child in Ethiopia
with more dust in her bowl than rice,
the mountains of butter,
it is the years of negligence and
spending and the piles of missiles
in the east and the west,
and . . .

death just is . . . that's all.

Carramore

Malcolm Murphy

GOD'S ACRE

An exceptionally thoughtful project was planned and executed throughout the Louisburgh area recently. Under the sponsorship of a scheme called Teamwork a group of local young men undertook the demanding task of surveying all of the graves in the graveyards of this district. They assigned each grave a number which they marked on a map of the relevant graveyard. Finally, they composed an alphabetical index of the entire list and copied onto it the entire text of the inscription on every headstone.

The Editor compliments the group on such a worthwhile project so diligently done. Parishioners at home and abroad will feel deeply indebted to them for such a ready index of their people's graves.

The following list is but an extract from the list for Old Kilgeever Graveyard. We hope to publish another such list in future issues. The data in the extract identifies the following, and in this order:

Family name, first Christian name mentioned, year of death and - in parenthesis - the number assisted to the grave. Our gratitude goes to Mr. Justin Sammin of Louisburgh Resource Centre who graciously provided the index.

Editor

Bailey	Mary 1895 - (298)	Durkan	Alice 1918 - (262)
Ball	Mary 1936 - (12)	Durkan	James 1911 - (595)
Burke	Honour 1888 - (593)	Durkan	John 1918 - (365)
Burke	John 1895 - (455)	Durkan	Patrick 1931 - (327)
Burke	Walter 1930 - (355)	Durkan	Thomas 1908 - (357)
Burke	Walter 1936 - (1025)	Fergus	James 1915 - (861)
Cannon	Delia 1980 - (1980)	Fergus	John 1927 - (985)
Cannon	Owen 1929 - (681)	Flanagan	Patrick 1926 - (24)
Cannon	Patrick 1923 - (340)	Foy	James 1944 - (77)
Cannon	Patrick 1932 - (639)	Foy	James 1941 - (727)
Carr	Katie 1940 - (320)	Foy	Patrick 1877 - (109)
Carroll	Mary 1941 - (420)	Foy	Peter 1929 - (230)
Carroll	William - (945)	Foy	Patrick 1937 - (714)
Comber	John 1865 - (166)	Friel	Edward 1948 - (507)
Corrigan	Peter - (777)	Gallagher	James 1932 - (995)
Dawson	Norah 1907 - (449)	Gallagher	Michael 1928 - (994)
Duffy	Thomas 1925 - (120)	Gallagher	Patrick - (372)
Duffy	Thomas (427)	Geoghegan	John 1918 - (235)
Duggan	Thomas 1911 - (801)	Geraghty	- (1009)

Geraghty	Thomas 1961 - (22)	Kilcoyne	Michael 1929 - (963)
Gibbons	James 1954 - (218)	Kilcoyne	Patrick 1907 - (43)
Gibbons	Myles 1880 - (793)	Kilcoyne	Patrick 1904 - (178)
Gibbons	Patrick 1942 - (414)	Kilcoyne	Thomas 1920 - (46)
Gibbons	Michael 1890 - (736)	Kitterredge	Patrick 1902 - (42)
Gibbons	Rev. Michael 1859 - (735)	Kitterredge	Edward 1910 - (805)
Gibbons	Rev. Rn. 1911 - (734)	Kitterick	Austin 1931 - (749)
Gibbons	William 1921 - (21)	Kitterick	Austin 1925 - (469)
Gibbons	William 1959 - (541)	Kitterick	Bridget 1937 - (803)
Gill	Patrick 1938 - (642)	Kitterick	Mary - (386)
Grady	Anthony 1947 - (704)	Kitterick	Patrick 1911 - (64)
Grady	James 1867 - (788)	M.M.	- (969)
Grady	Michael 1959 - (913)	Maher	George 1900 - (9)
Grady	Pat 1927 - (633)	Maxwell	James 1912 - (936)
Grady	Patrick 1895 - (270)	Mac Donnell	Ann 1815 - (796)
Grey	James 1936 - (54)	Mac Evilly	W. 1872 - (799)
Griffin	Anne 1900 - (296)	McCarthy	Michael 1908 - (459)
Griffin	Patrick 1874 - (68)	Mc Donnell	Anthony 1907 - (73)
B.G.	- (275)	Mc Donnell	Pat 1947 - (665)
Hallinan	Nora 1950 - (103)	Mc Evilly	John 1961 - (96)
Hallinan	Patrick - (750)	Mc Greal	John 1935 - (403)
Harney	Andrew - (166)	Mc Greal	Michael 1924 - (807)
Hastings	Patrick 1878 - (198)	Mc Namara	Anthony 1930 - (756)
Heneghan	John 1897 - (16)	Mc Namara	John 1916 - (13)
Heneghan	Walter 1887 - (15)	Mc Namara	Patrick 1916 - (383)
Heneghan	Walter 1913 - (14)	Mc Namara	John 1942 - (970)
Hester	Austin 1946 - (30)	Moran	James 1915 - (726)
Hester	James 1951 - (886)	Moran	John 1913 - (285)
Hester	John 1939 - (966)	Moran	John - (955)
Hester	Peter 1910 - (1015)	Moran	Patrick 1875 - (728)
Hester	William 1940 - (1014)	Moran	Patrick 1943 - (0126)
Hester	James 1946 - (452)	Moran	Rev. John 1873 - (330)
Jennings	Thomas 1969 - (1021)	Murphy	Mary 1939 - (61)
Joyce	John 1932 - (677)	Nicholson	James 1923 - (854)
Joyce	Pat 1914 - (97)	Nicholson	James 1895 - (848)
Keane	Patrick 1948 - (292)	Nicholson	Thomas 1898 - (798)
Kelly	Bryan - (548)	O'Donnell	Anthony - (579)
Kelly	James - (362)	O'Donnell	Patrick - (25)
Kerby	Patrick 1943 - (558)	O'Donnell	Patrick - (883)
Kerrigan	- (953)	O'Dowd	Michael 1916 - (273)
Kerrigan	Patrick 1949 - (1020)	O'Grady	Eddie - sec 120
Kilcoyne	Bridget 1900 - (447)	O'Grady	Mary 1873 - (996)
Kilcoyne	Mary 1915 - (234)	O'Grady	Patrick 1919 - (385)
		O'Grady	Patrick 1901 - (517)

O'Grady	Patrick 1936 - (667)	O'Malley	W. 1889 - (180)
O'Grady	Patrick - (984)	O'Malley	William 1889 - (329)
O'Grady	William 1963 - (911)	O'Raghaile	Padraig 1920 - (610)
O'Keefe	Michael 1929 - (350)	O'Raghaile	Simeon 1934 - (611)
O'Malley	Catherin 1930 - (426)	O'Toole	Patrick 1904 - (762)
O'Malley	Rev. Jacobi 1850 - (878)	Philbin	Richard 1870 - (508)
O'Malley	John 1902 - (300)	Prendergast	Patrick 1915 - (958)
O'Malley	Martin 1935 - (287)	Prendergast	Philip 1925 - (295)
O'Malley	Michael 1917 - (382)	Reilly	Martin 1937 - (967)
O'Malley	Michael - (232)	Ruddy	Patrick 1894 - (310)
O'Malley	Nora 1966 - (882)	Ryder	John 1928 - (458)
O'Malley	Owen 1954 - (110)	Salmon	John 1858 - (561)
O'M.	P. 1892 - (319)	Sammin	James 1917 - (562)
O'Malley	Pat 1918 - (319)	Scanlon	Anthony 1941 - (737)
O'Malley	Patrick 1945 - (313)	Scanlon	Peter 1910 - (182)
O'Malley	Patrick 1934 - (408)	Scott	James 1896 - (79)
O'Malley	Patrick 1951 - (417)	Scott	Patrick 1942 - (214)
O'Malley	Patrick 1918 - (522)	Sheridan	Patrick 1956 - (397)
O'Malley	Patrick 1903 - (732)	Sweeney	John 1919 - (643)
O'Malley	Patrick 1920 - (986)	Walsh	George 1886 - (356)
O'Malley	Philip - (384)	Ward	Ann 1911 - (33)
O'Malley	Thomas 1947 - (231)	P.M.	Mrs. M.G.. - (264)

In front of the main gate is a six-foot limestone cross over the blessed well. An inscription reads:

Pray for Henry Murphy of Castlebar who first erected a cross here and for the welfare of his family. Say one Our Father and a Hail Mary.

THE KNOCK APPARITION

In August 1879, that is many years ago,
 A strange phenomenon did occur in the County of Mayo.
 It was at the gable of the church in a place called Knock you see
 Which was honoured by a visit from celestial figures three.
 It was a rainy evening and when the work was o'er
 Locals here assembled as they often did before
 To discuss the topics and to say a little prayer
 As times were bad in Ireland, here and everywhere.
 When suddenly a ray of light appeared at the gable wall
 Witnessed by both young and old as they knelt in reverence all;
 They saw our Blessed Lady, on her a brilliant crown
 Adorned by a Golden rose and she wore a lily-white gown
 Behind her stood an altar, a lamb was also there
 Saint Joseph and Saint John beside her and her hands were raised in prayer.
 Some of them ran to tell the neighbours all that they did see
 They knew it was a vision and they said the Rosary.
 Our lady smiled upon them but nothing did She say.
 All did gaze in wonderment as they did loudly pray;
 Then the vision disappeared into the heavens once more
 And everything was just the same as it had been before
 So our Lady honoured Ireland and its people long ago
 When she came among them in the County of Mayo.
 Knock Shrine now is famous, here pilgrims come to pray,
 Where they find peace and solace as they go along their way;
 Invalids come in wheelchairs to this hallowed shrine,
 Some were cured miraculously and left their chairs behind,
 When Pope John Paul came to Ireland in nineteen-seventy-nine
 It was his goal to visit Knock, the Irish Marian Shrine,
 And to Mayo's hallowed spot, pilgrims come from many lands
 To intercede to Mary, the Queen of Ireland.

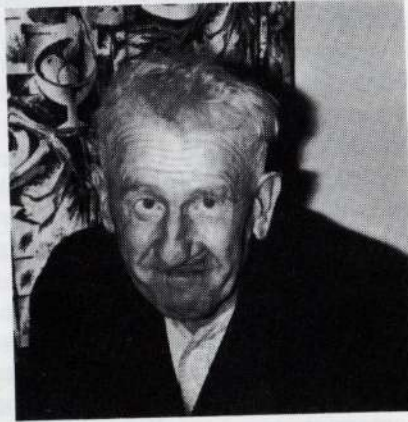
Furmoyle

Mrs. Sarah Scanlon

JOHN

(Panegyric at a funeral Mass)

One of the short stories of Leo Tolstoy is entitled "Where love is, God is". In short, the story is that a good man, Martin, thought one night that he had a dream - or vision - in which Christ came and said to him: "Martin, I will visit you in your home tomorrow". The next day was snowing and all day Martin kept a watch-out just in case the vision was real. But all day he was disappointed: there was no one even in sight except the street-cleaner. At dinner-time, the street-cleaner stepped in to shelter himself and Martin shared his own dinner with him. But all evening again he watched and he was disappointed. That night Martin had another visit in which Christ said to him: "Martin, I came; but you did not recognise me!". The street-cleaner!



John McDonnell

Although we are mourning the loss of someone whom we knew so well, someone whom I think I can truly say we loved, we are also genuinely rejoicing in the thought, which we firmly believe, that God has now invited him to share eternal glory. Because he lived next door to us for many years in Main Street, I probably knew him better than most. He was reared in a simple, honest, Christian home; a home whose story should some day be written. As we all knew, John went through life with a handicap which left him with a speech-impediment. And on a day such as this it is good to remember that an enlightened teacher in the Louisburgh of the 1900's, Mrs. Bailey, had him sent to Dublin for necessary medical treatment. The treatment was not successful; in fact John, who was then only four years old, almost died under the operation. But the Christian act of that good woman should be remembered with gratitude in our prayers today.

The fact that he went through life with one handicap should not blind us, however, to the fact that God blessed him with many talents. He had, of course, the great talent for work which he learned from his honest father. It was a talent that he used with eagerness and responsibility. It would have been easy enough for him to live on social benefits and plead unsuitability for work. John McDonnell earned his living. But he had other qualities which we recognise as talents only as we begin to name them. One was the grace of good humour: he was very seldom in bad humour and his hearty laugh was a tonic for us all. He had a remarkable talent for observation. It is almost literally true that no stranger came into Louisburgh, and no native returned home, without John knowing it.

As a result he was a mine of local knowledge, something of a local community radio service all on his own. Perhaps many people did not know that he had an unusual gift for mimicry; and here his talent for observation was put to full use; for his 'victims' could hardly realize how very accurately he was able to recall and enact their different characteristics or foibles. And one other very real talent he had was the gift of music and its appreciation. It might sound strange - even hilarious - for those who did not know him well to hear that for many years John never missed one of the Christmas Gilbert and Sullivan shows at Saint Mary's College, Galway. The truth is that he genuinely enjoyed them, referring afterwards to instances of the situation comedy and lilting snatches of the more catchy melodies. For he had a very pleasant singing voice; and despite his impediment he had a rare gift of voice-control, introducing delicacy or pathos as the sentiments of a lyric deserved. His repertoire went all the way from "The Rose of Tralee" to the plain chant for the Requiem Mass - a memory that is more poignant today. I wonder now, was John conscious of his own impediment? I do not think so, because that would have cast a sadness into his life; and sadness was something that one didn't associate with him.

I think of John not just as a person, but as a person in whom human nature was both unaffected and uninhibited. He retained all through his life the freedom to say and to do all the things that we would love to say and do, except that conventions and contrived living prevent us. So he enjoyed simple things. He really enjoyed a good meal. And among the trivial everyday things that he relished I can remember: a shining pair of shoes for Sunday morning; a freshly laundered shirt with a cream, open collar; a well-creased pants; a bright sportscoat when he had one; a particularly successful shave; and the rub of Brylcreem or of Brilliantine. The innocence and honesty with which he came up to you and presented each item for commendation - of sight and touch and smell - was almost Joycean. His entire outfit was frequently as a preparation for the Sunday-night local dance, and here yet another talent of his was on public display. He was generally regarded as an excellent performer on the dance-floor - full of rhythm and of timing - in an era when dancing entailed elegance. And it was often noted that he invariably chose the most accomplished partners! The cleanliness which he displayed in his personal attire carried over into the work at which we best remember him - keeping the streets of Louisburgh clean and tidy. It was a job he did conscientiously and well and one could share his righteous anger when someone frustrated him in that work.

But perhaps his greatest gift was his way with people. So many of us will recall his genuine and warmly expressed welcome on our return home; and the disarming openness of his greeting and handshake. The happy thing was that people accepted that and took him as he was. A few years ago someone said to me that the invention which more than all others was the greatest social disaster was the 'Yale' lock: it shut people away from each other. There was never a 'Yale' lock for John. He had such free entry into every house in the town that a townsman remarked yesterday that no room in Louisburgh was private to him.

He didn't know the meaning of privacy!

For at least three successive generations of Louisburgh children he remained unchanged. There must be many people of varying ages in this congregation who as children sat on his knee, went to sleep to his singing, or even shared with him a tasty food. He identified with all of them, remaining unchanged even physically up to the last few months of his life. And so today many of my generation will share a feeling that our youth has at last ended.

It is just possible that people who saw him or thought about him might be moved to pity him. But anyone who thinks of pitying John should perhaps ask himself the question: 'What is the purpose of life?' "What is life for?" And maybe in his life, in his simple enjoyments and goodness, we could find part of the answer. He did not worry about the morrow; and when his immediate family had died not alone did his good cousins, the Conway's and the Gill's care for him but so also, I am glad to say, did the people of Louisburgh town. To their credit it can be recorded that he was a welcome guest at every Louisburgh table.

The Tolstoy story should not be mis-interpreted. The real meaning was *not* that Christ came from heaven and dressed up and worked like the street-cleaner. The real meaning is more subtle but, I think, more truthful and therefore more beautiful. It is that that individual street-cleaner was *himself*; but that Christ asked and wished that we treat him, or any neighbour, as if it were the Lord. In Irish, the word used for a person with a handicap is *duine le Dia* (God's person). Today we can rejoice that the Son of God allowed us to serve him for a while in someone whom we knew and saw on our streets with wellingtons and a wheelbarrow and a brush.

Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine,

Ex lux perpetua luceat ei!

Go bhfaighidh a anam agus anamnacha na bhfiréan suaimhneas síorrai!
Amen.

Béarna

Leon Ó Mórcháin

Remembering Sion . . .

I remember going to my very first dance at home. I don't suppose there was a girl in Louisburgh or the surrounding area who when she went to her first dance did not get one first dance from John McDonnell. And a lovely dancer he was, too! With John's passing away we all feel, I'm sure, that we have lost a cornerstone of our dear home town. We all have kept the practice of saying "God rest him" about someone who has died; but somehow I think – and I really mean this – that John's eternal happiness would be to glide along the floors of Paradise to the celestial music. That would be real rest for him! May we all be favoured to have a first dance with John there!

Mary Dunne Richter (New Jersey)

They didn't sing the *Dies*

Dies (pronounced dee-ayz) is the name of a Latin sequence or hymn sung in the Requiem Mass in olden times

I've had word from friends in Louisburgh, John McDonnell passed away; In the County Home it happened. John McDonnell left this grey, Never hopeless, never happy vale of tears and dell of love, So the Saint called 'John McDonnell' has left earth and gone above.

Refrain: But they didn't sing the Dies at the John McDonnell Mass;
Why they didn't doesn't matter. Let us say: "It came to pass."

I remember John McDonnell as a caring, loving friend,
Always first to tell the joyful; at the wakes, there to the end,
Sharing love and understanding with Life's every mood and shade,
Quick to sing if cheer was present; sad when darkness filled the glade.

Refrain

Well remembered is that grey day when expelled from 'Jarlath's' lung,
Spat out as a speck of sputum – then for me the balance hung.
In disgrace, I rode to Louisburgh on the whisp'ring bus of shame,
John McD. was at the bus-stop; softly, gently spoke my name.

Refrain

Why they didn't sing the Dies, I can tell you and it's true
That, when John went to his Maker, Love was what was 'twixt the two.
"Dies illa", sang the angels as they bore John to his Lord;
"Alleluia", sang our spirits in that heavenly accord.

Refrain

No! they didn't sing the Dies at the John McDonnell Mass
For they knew that John McDonnell always had the saintly class.
Never wrath 'twixt God and human of the John McDonnell breed:
'Love your God and love your neighbour' was the John McDonnell creed.

Refrain

Sydney

Seán Morahan

SCISSORS AND CELLOTAPE

Sir, The article by John Walsh is grossly misleading because it does not compare like with like. Irish Primary teachers unlike their colleagues in Britain, in addition to teaching the subjects referred to in the article, English and Maths, devote a substantial amount of curricular time to the teaching of Irish.

This is prescribed in the curriculum laid down by the Department of Education for primary schools.

The policy of devoting a substantial amount of time to Irish in the primary school curriculum has been supported by successive Governments since the foundation of the State.

There is no evidence that any Irish Government wishes to change that practice as the Irish language is seen be a central part of the primary school curriculum.

The "Independent" article can only be seen as a veiled attack on the teaching of the Irish language to Irish children.

Paddy Ball N.T

Louisburgh Boys' N.S.
Irish Independent
1 . xi . 1988

Louisburgh "Famine" Walk

Dear Sir - Through your paper would be grateful if we could thank the people of Louisburgh who helped us with the launching of AFrl's Great "Famine" Project involving a walk from Louisburgh to Doolough.

As you know, the event was led by R.T.E.'s Donncha O Dulaing and included, amongst others, Fr. Niall O'Brien, Donal Lunn, Áine Ní Cheannain (Author, "The Heritage of Mayo"); Thomas Gallagher, U.S.A. (Author,

"Paddy's Lament"), and Caitriona Ruane.

We would like, here to acknowledge the contribution made by the many people in Louisburgh, who gave us so much support and who made all the visitors from Derry, Donegal, Dublin, Laois, Cork, Galway, Longford, etc. so welcome.

In particular, we would like to thank Mr. Justin Sammon of the Louisburgh Resource Centre; Mr. Eddie Nee and the members of the Tourist Co-Op; Mrs. Clem Lyons and the Louisburgh Drama Group; David O'Dowd; Louisburgh Gardai; F.C.A.; Scouts; Westport Order of Malta, and all those who provided accommodation, refreshments, the sound system and transport on the day.

We must also thank the people of Cregganbán who won the heart of everyone involved by their wonderful hospitality and spontaneous generosity. The miracle of the loaves and fishes seemed to be performed again as the hundreds of walkers were generously given sandwiches and refreshments by them.

In all, it was a very moving day and the people of Louisburgh have found a special place in the hearts of many people throughout Ireland. Given the success of this event, we can be assured that next year, please God, the event will be even better.

Yours sincerely,

Don Mullan,
Dublin 1.

Letter to *Western People*,
July 1988.

Scissors and Sellotape . . . (CONTINUED)

Glencar Exploration's gold discovery North of Killary Harbour, Co. Mayo, may contain over one million ounces of gold, possibly worth over £300 million at today's prices according to preliminary indications. A detailed rock sampling programme on the discovery is now under way. This programme is expected to be completed in about six months time, and is likely to be followed by small diamond drilling programme involving about 30 drillholes.

Irish Times

2 March '88.

Ladies of Cregganbán, thank you for your wonderful hospitality on our visit to your beautiful village last Sunday. Never enjoyed such delicious sandwiches. You certainly made it a day to remember on a walk to remember — From three grateful Sisters of Mercy, Maura, Suzanne and Gretta. (Dunmore, Galway)

— from a private *Thank You* card

June 1988.

To Our Friends In Castlepollard

All of us, your friends of Condae Mhuigheo, would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for your kindness and generosity all during the weekend. We wish also to thank Jim and Deirdre Murphy for playing hosts to the Mayoman's Ball. We extend our sincere sympathy to the families of Johnny O'Grady and Austin O'Malley (Cross), both of whom enjoyed themselves at the reunion and have since died. May they rest in peace.

We hope in the near future to have all of you enjoying a similar get-together in Louisburgh, please God.

Marie Kean

LETTERS

Following are some letters received by our New Jersey agent, Mrs. Mary (Dunne) Richter:

Mary, thank you for *An Choinneal*. Can't tell you how much we enjoyed reading it. If there is anything I can do from here, won't you let me know?

Kathleen (Cannon) Duffy

Two things, Kathleen. Mary will tell you of a coming event for fund-raising. The other is: Get Marty to write down every name of every field he remembers in the whole Ballyhip area. We will publish a full list when we have the collection made.

We feel, Mary, that you are doing an excellent job; and appreciate the long hours it takes to get every subscriber his or her copy.

Michael J. and Gertrude McDermott

And so say all of us!

My mother comes from Pulgloss: She was Burns and is now McCormack. At 86 she especially enjoys the book as it brings her back so many memories. Thank you, Mrs. Richter, and your husband.

Jean Testa

I think that it's getting better all the time. I was delighted you sent it to me. Because I know most of the people mentioned it is like a trip home for me.

Alice (Gibbons) Conaghan

A copy has been sent at your request, Alice, to your niece in Oak Forest. Just to bring a whiff of Roonith to the forest there!

Mary, I grew up in Furmoy, Celine Lyons; went to Carrowniskey School and Mercy in Louisburgh, finishing up in Mercy, Tuam. I came to Texas in 1948 to be an Incarnate Word Sister in 1949. I probably should know who you are, but don't.

Sister Dympna Lyons

But now you do! What a happy result the magazine has brought about.

Thank you for An Choinneal, Mary; it was a nice surprise to open the mail and see "Greetings from Louisburgh".

Bridie Harney

Good to link up with Bunowen, from Collacoön, through Louisburgh, Bridie!

Really enjoying it. I see there are plenty of O'Malley's back there. My grandmother's name was Brigid O'Malley. She and my grandfather, Austin Keane (from the Louisburgh area both), came here in 1870 and 1867 respectively. Each of them came at sixteen years of age!

The obvious thing to do, Thomas, is to pay a trip yourself to the home area. You will read here that they are prospecting for gold in this area. You surely will find another kind of gold among the roots of the family tree!

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WOODHAM-SMITH Mrs. Cecil,* London

*R.I.P.

At the October meeting in Louisburgh further contributions were made and are quoted here in resume from tape recordings, by kind permission of the speakers in question:

Dr. Adrian Phillips (Geology Department, Trinity College, Dublin): Mining should be viewed in the broad context of developing natural resources. Ideally, mining interests could be charged (as has happened in a Central Spain project) with reinvesting in the area – in agriculture, forestry, light industries, water resources, etc. – for community development. An integrated rural development plan is needed. Louisburgh Development Company could well be extended to serve the whole West Mayo area and be able to raise money from the Ireland Fund, from the EEC, local and even mining interests to see such a policy through. Dr. Phillips and his academic colleagues would be happy to share their expertise and give necessary advice.

Mr. Séamus Hughes (Vice-Chairman, Mayo County Council): The planning authority in this area is the Mayo County Council. Its thirty-five councillors have only an advisory role; its officials consider applications in detail; the County Manager (who, in addition, is an engineer) makes the actual decisions. Members of the public can make their views known, individually or collectively, and these are considered. Our Irish planning code is more advanced than most European countries. And a July, 1988 directive adds conditions regarding the impact on local environment.

Mr. Des Burke (Managing Director, Burmin Exploration): In the Croagh Patrick area drillings have proved that gold-bearing veins go into the ground to a depth of 220 feet. Burmin have not concluded or proved as yet that there will be economically mineable gold there, but this is their hope. They have undertaken environmental planning and intend to be able to make a planning application by July-August 1989.

Mr. Ralph Sheppard (Ecologist, Donegal anti-uranium campaign): World-wide, uranium mining has been a catalogue of disasters. Even one instanced “model” mine (in Bancroft, Canada) has sprung leaks. Navan does not compare with West Mayo: it has different land-contours, soil, and rainfall. Even there, the “closed water system” was infiltrated by wild life and was no longer closed!