

SWINGING DOORS

"Those doors are locked, where we were won't to find
Ecstatic patrons of the sober kind;
Now dance-hall phantoms caoin their baneful lay,
And view foul bar-exemptions with dismay . . ."
(*"Burning Truths"*)

Louisburgh Parish Hall was built in 1943, on the site of the old Boys and Girls Schools in Main Street. P.J. Kelly, Westport, was the contractor, and the late Cox brothers (Frank and Jim), foremen. It is a credit to all of them that, fifty years later (November '93) the acting architect could (and did) declare the long-neglected building "structurally sound". Like hundreds of other parish halls in rural Ireland over recent decades, our hall too was made essentially redundant – the focus had moved to the pubs! Those once happy, lively dance-halls were now mere 'white-elephants', eyesores that bespoke spiritual surrender. Their cracked roofs wept; their broken windows yawned; their rusty door-hinges complained . . . – in all, a disenchanting chorus of lament for happy days and nights long gone.

In spite of some honest, concerned efforts by the few over the years, Louisburgh Hall too had remained, in essence, just another 'white elephant' – until December '93 that is, when the people of the entire parish (through its newly-formed Hall Committee), issued their determined proclamation of intent: "Our hall must be restored. Now!"

To date, the committee members have sat (and planned) through thirty-three lengthy meetings. A joint Parish Lotto (with G.A.A.) was launched in the last week of December '93, and by July '94 the hall was fitted with a new composite-sheeting roof with 50 mm insulation; two new teak exit-doors; and twelve new P.V.C. windows – including six of Gothic design, to retain the character of the auditorium. It is expected that by the dawn of '95, the project will be nearing completion. With continued parish support for our weekly Lotto, the entire debt-balance (including repayment of a loan)



The Hall – just before re-modelling 1994

should we hope, be cleared in full by May 1995. The total cost could be between forty-five and fifty thousand pounds. With the promise of £20,000 from the National Lottery Fund, that would still leave £30,000 to be raised through our Parish Lotto; we earnestly request continued support for this worthy project.

The Hall Committee wishes to express sincere thanks to:

All the people throughout the entire parish, and beyond, who have generously supported our Hall Lotto project to date;

All the Traders who have displayed, and pushed the sale of, Hall Lotto envelopes in their premises;

An Taoiseach Albert Reynolds and his government, for sanctioning a £20,000 grant; Our local public representatives, for their welcome support;

Seán Staunton and "The Mayo News" for invaluable assistance along the way;

The people of Killeen half-parish for their much appreciated, practical, goodwill gesture (by way of a 'kick-start' loan);

FÁS management personnel and workers for their very significant help;

All contractors and suppliers involved, for their business-like co-operation;

All individuals who diligently sold (and continue to sell) substantial quotas of Lotto envelopes for the Hall, often at considerable inconvenience to themselves.

To all – for the palpable goodwill "vibes", discernible throughout the entire parish, towards the present Hall Project. This goodwill plays a vital supportive role here – 'the wind beneath the Committee's wings', so to speak. Buíochas mór!

The Committee members are:

Fr. Paddy Mooney (Chairperson); Eileen Maxwell (Secretary); Mary Philbin (Assistant Secretary); John F. O'Toole (Treasurer); Aileen O'Malley (P.R.O.); Sister Mary Kelly; Mary Keane; Brid Needham; John McLoughlin; Patrick O'Grady; Marie Keane (regrettably, since deceased, and sorely missed by all who witnessed her generous, life-long involvement with the Hall and the youth of the parish); Peter Sweeney; Basil Morahan; Michael Reilly; P.J. Sammin; John Needham; Rosarie Tiernan; Chris Maxwell; Theresa Sammon; Margaret O'Malley.

Soon, with God's help, our restored hall will once again be a comfortable rendezvous for young and old, whether for Drama, Concerts, Lectures . . . Dancing, Céilí-ing, Discos . . . Cards, Bingo, Bowling, Table Tennis, Indoor Football . . . Scrabble, Chess, Monopoly, Parish Parties, Public Meetings . . .

That will be welcome, nostalgic news especially for all those elderly parishioners (at home and abroad), who 'featured' years ago on the same beautiful maple floor of our Parish Hall. For, what observant parishioner of that era would ever question the (unverified) statistic, that 79.47% of all proposals initiated in Louisburgh Hall over the period 1940's to 1960's, ended in blissful, harmonious, eugenic wedlock? Go maire an scéal ud!

As the Louisburgh emigrant-father in Coventry still graciously recalls: "It was a lucky old hall; and many a 'middling' man got a damn fine wife there."

Louisburgh

Basil Morahan
Committee Member

HOMEcomings

Dad's land was a place of magic, of dim blue hills and winding rivers. I knew that from the songs he sang. I heard them from my earliest years and they all held the feel of Ireland. There were whimsical and rollicking ones which he sang while bouncing my small sister or myself on his knee: "Paddy McGinty's Goat", for instance; or "Off to Philadelphia in the Morning". But the magic was found in the line: "... like fairy gifts fading away . . ." in the song he sang as his party piece, "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms", which I loved even when I was too young to understand the archaic beauty of Tom Moore's words. And the dim blue hills were presented to me in the song which was a great favourite of his own, the tender "Moya My Girl":

*"... Over the dim blue hills,
There winds a river . . ."*



The writer's father Martin Glynn, as a young man

Even when very young, I could see a mental panorama of Dad's native land whenever he sang that song. Perhaps it came from an inherent race-memory because I had never seen much beyond the bricks and mortar of our south-Manchester suburb.

This was the early 1930's, a depressed and struggling time in industrial England, as in so many other parts of the world. Dad had arrived in England as a young hopeful in 1924 and my mother was an English-born girl with maternal connections to Belfast. They married in 1928. Both were singers. They sang in the choir at the temporary wooden church then serving our infant parish and, as an infant, I sat with them in the small enclosure which housed the choir. At High Mass, the incense swirled through the church and the cadences of sung Latin swelled around my small self. Sometimes, my parents took the solos, my mother's soprano leading the *Gloria* and my father's shy tenor singing the *Agnus Dei*. I suppose I was inheriting treasure without knowing it.

There was certainly treasure in Dad's songs and in his tales of home. He spoke of his antics with other youngsters of the town and of having to watch his step because his father, a retired Peeler, had strong ideas about orderly behaviour. There were tales of his schooling under the "Master", John Toole, who also had rigid standards, as Dad knew to his cost – though he never claimed to be an innocent victim of retribution which came his way. A strange schooling it seemed to me, a city-bred child, for Dad and his schoolmates had to take a sod of turf under each arm when they arrived for lessons in winter mornings! He spoke of Canon Healy and of the Minister who had charge of the Protestant church close to his old home and I learned early of Gránaile and that there was a history other than that taught in English schools. Dad spoke of the Reek and he seemed to have known Saint Patrick personally. In my child's

imagination, he lived on top of this mysterious Reek, another neighbour like all those Durkans, O'Malleys and Prendergasts who figured so strongly in Dad's stories. Dad's Ireland was a presence, just the space of a song or a story away. Time brought disruptions, including those six years of war in which we endured air-raids, separations and sorrows, but there were joys too. At last, Dad had a chance to briefly return home and I had my opportunity to see the dim blue hills of his song as well as his ocean and his town – Louisburgh.

It was 1950, Dad had not seen Louisburgh since he was there for the funeral of his father in 1927; and I was 20, visiting Ireland for the first time. We arrived as a family, driven by a friend out of Galway into Mayo with Dad looking out for landmarks and making comments all the way. The inherited race-picture of Dad's own land which had been with me almost since babyhood proved astonishingly accurate. Here were rugged folds of land, rising against the summer sky; here was the mystic Reek and the great Atlantic which featured so strongly in Dad's tales. And here was Louisburgh and in the town was a welcome from so many friends to whom Dad simply appeared out of the blue. The first port of call was Maggie Durkan's small corner shop. Little Maggie was an old family friend and she was astonished when Dad walked through the door:

"Well, Marty! After all these years!" Maggie was the first to utter what became a common greeting and I learned that while I had known my father to be called only "Martin", he was "Marty" to everyone who knew him in Louisburgh. Talk flowed in Maggie's shop, memories recalled with the names of old friends and news of who was still here and who had gone, some to their reward. Then on to look in on another who had shared those past Louisburgh days with Dad, – yet another Durkan, if I remember rightly – who kept a butcher's shop. There were more greetings and more memories exchanged and, out in the street again, it became wholly Dad's day, with people who had known him gathering around and shaking hands. I recall Dad saying to a group of his cronies: "Do you remember the time the Free State Army came in and rounded us all up on The Square?" Nods and grim faces all around as they recalled a time they had lived through when a country struggled to express its nationhood, so often in ways we now view with regret.

A man in a city suit parked his car nearby and strode over.

"You'll remember Doctor Toole, the Master's son, Marty," someone said.

The doctor, visiting from Dublin, shook hands with Dad but they did not recall each other because the doctor was very young when Dad left home.

"Have you had a word with my father?" the Doctor asked.

Dad looked astonished. "You don't mean he's still alive?"

"He is and standing just behind you."

Among a group of men was one obviously full of years but still with the dignity of an old-time schoolmaster and still obviously receiving the respect of those around him.

"I'm not sure he'll remember you," said Doctor Toole. "His memory is not what it was."

Somebody asked: "Do you know who this is, Mr Toole?" as Dad extended his hand.

"Sure, why wouldn't I?" said the old teacher, his eyes searching Dad's face. His memory was certainly fading but he showed some recollection of my father and his family as they chatted.

Later, Dad said to me: "I never thought I'd meet John Toole in his old age." There was plainly a note of sadness in it and I suppose he was remembering the time when the Master was a powerful force in his life and thinking of the inescapable changes brought by time. Suddenly, a nun in the full black and white habit of the time came running along the street, threw her arms around Dad and kissed him "Marty – after all these years!" she exclaimed. "I heard you were here and came to look for you." Dad was as astonished as the whole family of us, standing there with our mouths open. He seemed to me to be blessed indeed. Even beings so holy as nuns dropped out of heaven to greet him!

"Well, it's Kathleen!" gasped Dad when he had a chance to find his breath. "When did all this happen?" he indicated the habit of her vocation.

"Oh, quite a few years ago," she laughed.

The sister was, in fact, the daughter of the Master and sister of the doctor and she, too was visiting home from Dublin. Dad and she were old schoolmates and they plunged into another session of talking over old times.

We visited Dad's old home, a little house just opposite Saint Catherine's Church. The house, I think, was unhabited at that time but it was there that my grandfather, Peter Glynn, and his family settled when he became an RIC pensioner in 1905. Opposite, the Church of Ireland building was unused. This little corner of Louisburgh had been the hub of Dad's world in his formative years and I think it is pretty certain that the words of the well-loved old song "The Old House" were passing through his mind on that return visit.

"We must go to Bunowen to see Mr. and Mrs. Maille," said Dad and off we drove to the edge of the bay to look in on old friends of Dad's family, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Malley, now an ageing couple who gave us a tremendous welcome for all that we arrived unexpectedly. At Bunowen, I really fell in love with the great ocean, at least as it was that June day, in calm summer mood. And, strolling on the strand, with the sun close to setting, drinking in the stunning panorama of land and sea, I seemed to have entered the very picture conjured out of my inner being when Dad sang "Moya My Girl". My sister, too, was affected by the wonderment of it all and took a practical step to preserve the moment. She picked up a large pebble, worn smooth by the sea and later decorated it with the word "Louisburgh". She might have it yet at her home in Ohio.

It was all too short a homecoming for Dad, that single day spent in Louisburgh, but I think it must have been one of the happiest days of his life. It was not given to him to repeat the experience for, seven years later, at the age of fifty-six, he died. Whenever I think of him, surrounded by his cronies that day, the words of Belloc, writing of his desire to be among the honest tillers of the soil in the corner of England he regarded as his own, come to mind:

*"And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me".*

Perhaps every man deserves such a moment before he dies. I'm glad Dad had his. Not for thirty-four years did I see Louisburgh again. Again, it was an all too fleeting visit and, again, it left its mark. Driving in, invigorated by the nearness of the sea and delighted that this corner of Ireland still held its old tranquillity, I stopped at the lower reaches of the Reek and there met a young French couple who told me they were going right to the summit. I joined them in a token few yards up the lower slope.

Perhaps it was significant that I should meet them for, by 1984, we were all part of a new Europe. Not that this part of the West was ever unaware of its continental links. And, come to that, hadn't Patrick himself received his instruction in a monastery in what we now call France?

And there was a new spirit in Louisburgh. In 1950, the town had more of a touch of rustic quaintness with more thatches in evidence. Now, it had a briskness about it but it was still the town I remembered. It was unspoiled by modern horrors and eyesores yet it an improved and spruced-up appearance.

The little spot that had been the hub of Dad's young world had changed too. The old house was demolished now but Saint Catherine's Church had a bright and refurbished look and was plainly in use. I learned that it had a verger, that the ladies of Louisburgh lent a hand in caring for it and that a clergyman visited from Westport for service. So a wholesome ecumenical spirit flourished in the town: a good thought in our troubled world. No one remembered Dad and his family – at least no one I encountered on that short visit – but there was an easy friendliness to the townsfolk. I happened to fall into conversation with the curate whom I met when buying postcards in The Square.

"Glynn's?" said he when I mentioned the family name. "I came across some Glynn's in the parish records only a few days ago."

That specific entry might not have concerned my own family, of course, for we are a widespread Western tribe, but there was a sense of anchorage, of rootedness, in knowing that my paternal kinsfolk will be recorded in the long-lasting church annals.

On Carramore Strand, I walked beside the magnificent bay which was again in gentle summer mood and felt once more that sense of oneness with my surrounding which I knew so long before at Bunowen. The whole vista of sea and shoreline was secluded, unspoiled and conducive to contemplation. Such surroundings strike a profound affinity in me and small wonder. I have always loved the sight and sound of the sea though I have lived wholly as a landlubber. My father told me that his father had gone to sea as a young man and had sailed in Baltic waters when little more than a cabin boy. He bore a tattoo as a souvenir of some distant place. But only lately have I learned how much a part of Peter Glynn was seafaring.

Thanks to the National Archives in Dublin, I own a facsimile of his RIC record from the day he joined, aged twenty-one, in 1879 until his retirement twenty-five years later. It reveals many things, not least that he was a native of Mayo, as was my grandmother whom he married in 1892, so my Mayo line is clearly established. Under "Trade", the clear Victorian copperplate of the Dublin Castle clerk has recorded: "Sailing master". So ships and the sea were once the whole calling of my grandfather and, while still young, he had a master's command of a noble craft. Landlubber I might be, but I can claim the seagoing traditions of Granuaile's own ocean as part of my personal history.

And there is much more in me that I owe to Mayo, to the West and to the whole of Ireland. May all exiles and the successive generations of what President Robinson calls the "Irish diaspora" never forget the corner of Ireland that is their own and may they find their way back to it now and again. I know my own corner and I am grateful for the gifts it gave me by way of my father. My visits to it were infrequent, too few and too short but, please God, there will be more.

In the meantime, I cherish the memories of those homecomings.

LIVE AT THREE

Some lucky people watch the TV programme "Live at Three" regularly and have done so for years. Others are not often in proximity to a TV set at that time of day. Being one of the latter group, it was with mixed feelings that I agreed to take part in the show. Two very charming ladies, Tess Redmond and Mary, from RTE came to Louisburgh to meet the proposed participants – eight in all. Mary and Tess proved to be very nice, friendly and encouraging, and it was there that the subjects on which we chose to speak were taped, for future reference.

The dawn was breaking fresh and clear on the morning of Monday, 8th May 1994, as the senior citizens of our parish arose to get ready for the mini-bus and cars which would take us to the station in Westport. Ensnared in our comfortable seats on the train, fun and *craic* abounded; and as I looked around at our happy group, I thought that I would be "over the moon" too, if only I did not have to take active part in the show. It was such a beautiful morning: the trees were greening in the May sunshine, the birds were singing: it was enough to raise the spirits, and before we knew it, we were in Heuston Station. A bus was outside to take us to Dublin 4. We passed through what must be the better area of Dublin.

Arriving at the goal of our journey, we were taken to a spacious restaurant within the RTE building where we were treated to an appetising lunch by courtesy of RTE. After lunch we were brought to another part of the building, and on the way photographs were taken. Some of our group had brought their cameras, and photos of that day's proceedings must now be plentiful in different parts of our parish. In a large hall with lots of seating accommodation we were entertained by Tess, whom we had met in Louisburgh. She calls herself "Auntie Tess" to the senior citizen, whom she calls "older adults" (in an effort to help us try to recapture our fading youth!). A singer and entertainer named Dermot was also there to add to our enjoyment and between Tess and himself we felt our dread of the unknown evaporating.

In another room we met Thelma, a lady of great charm and refinement who, when we spoke to her, dispelled our last doubts about going before the spotlights. In the meantime, the rest of our group had gone in to their allocated seating ahead of us and we, who were to participate had to sit in the front row. The heat from the lights was felt by some of us!

Thelma spoke to Mrs Clementine Lyons first. True to the tradition of her family, Mrs Lyons spoke about her native town of Louisburgh – the progress that was being made there, culturally and artistically, the Heritage Centre, the Famine Walk, which had attracted such people of note as Archbishop Tutu and his wife from Africa, Mahatma Ghandi's grandson from India, and some of our own ministers such as Tomás Kitt. In her effort – in such limited time – to promote her town and its surroundings, she never once mentioned her own talented family, or her years of teaching, in which she went beyond the call of duty to teach musical skills, drama, etc. She did not mention her committed activity in every worthwhile project that has been undertaken in the town. But Thelma understood and said she could talk to her for half the day on what seemed her favourite topic, Louisburgh.

John McConnell spoke about his youth in Shraugh, his emigration to England and working and settling down there. How at the request of his mother, he had to come

home with his wife and young family to work the family farm. How, with the facilities of a first-class college in Louisburgh, his family had done remarkably well in producing two doctors. He spoke of his association with different projects in Louisburgh as well as running his dairy farm. "I bet Louisburgh is glad you came back", said Thelma. A loquacious Corkman had come to launch a book on aviation and spoke at great length – a fact which delighted some, whose time for speaking was shortened thereby! Some of our group felt that, as it was Louisburgh's "day out", he should not have been there at all, or at least not have been so "long-winded".

As for myself, I spoke about my idyllic youth and adolescence in my native village of Kinnadoohey; of the beautiful scenery, and of the social life which brightened our growing years and lightened the task of pre-mechanised farming. Thelma said "And you say it is like Heaven: would you swap with me?"

Next, it was Michael Philbin of Dublin and Furmoye, a retired and returned Marine officer. He had wanted to join the force but his father did not approve. As a marine, he had the onerous task of bringing back to Ireland the remains of Roger Casement, to be buried in Irish soil. That was a great day: President De Valera was there, and Michael laughingly said the best china was brought out! After all the excitement and adventure of life at sea and on shore, Michael is a youthful-looking retired man, enjoying life with his wife, partying, dancing, etc. "It's not fair!" said Thelma in comparison. Four more of our group were to take part but time ran out, as the programme lasts only one hour. But before we left and after the show most of our group got a chance to speak to Thelma and got photos taken of her. Some even got her autograph!

The bus was waiting to take us to the station, and as our train was not due to depart for some time, we all went into a nearby restaurant. At every table the events of the day were re-lived and everybody was delighted with the warm, friendly reception we had received from all with whom we had come in contact.

Then "home to Mayo" on the train – talking, reading, laughing or playing cards. A happy crowd who would not at all mind having another outing to "Live at Three", now that the first hurdle had been crossed!

The kindly mini-bus drivers were there to meet us again and through the dark night, took us safely home.

Kinnadoohey

Una O'Malley



Live at (Sixty?) Three at Montrose

LOUISBURGH AND CHANGE

During their Development Year at Sancta Maria College, Louisburgh, the boys and girls of Fifth Year researched and presented a project on Changes in Louisburgh Town. The project was on display in the Gránuaile Centre. The written version was presented by Caroline Keane, Mark Mayberry and Mary Gibbons. Our gratitude and appreciation to them, to their class-members and to the college staff. – EDITOR.

Caroline:

Society worldwide, is undergoing a fundamental and rapid revolution. This social, cultural and economic transformation has a profound effect on all society but none more so than on small rural towns and villages like our home-town, Louisburgh. For our "Change Project" we undertook to study Louisburgh town and the major changes it has undergone over the past seventy years. I will speak of all the areas of our town that have declined. *Mark* will speak about all the improvements and developments in our town and *Mary* will explain how our project was carried out.

Over the years we have studied, we have seen our businesses fall like dominoes and derelict buildings grow like weeds. Gone is our monthly fair, our Forge, our Picture-House, Dance Hall, our Bicycle Shop and Shoemakers. Twenty grocery shops have fallen, five bakeries, seven tailors, eleven hardware and clothes shops, four butcher shops, one hotel and even seven public houses.

Our population has decreased by 46% over the past forty years. Another worrying feature in our population trend is the fact that there is a marked decrease in the under twenty-five age group; leaving our town with an ageing generation lacking the magnetism to hold our youth. Louisburgh has not escaped our major national problem of unemployment with figures up by 40% over the past seven years alone.

Louisburgh, a boomtown of the sixties, has declined; but it hasn't fallen into obsolescence, as *Mark* is going to illustrate by describing the improvements in the last seventy years.

Mark

We cannot deny that Louisburgh has declined as *Caroline* has shown. However, much has been done to tackle these problems. We have seen great community effort to develop our town.

Our town traders have developed a three stage improvement plan. Phase One is already underway, transforming our town square. Our Parochial Hall is currently being renovated – thanks to much local support. Our new hall will continue to serve the parish in the years to come.

Our school, Sancta Maria College, the first co-educational Catholic Secondary School in the country has flourished, from twenty-nine students in 1920, (with classes in the dining-room of a local hotel) to over 250 students to-day in our new Sancta Maria building. Our school stands to-day as a valuable resource for the community with its modern equipment, and is always to the fore in new subject development.

The school has also been involved in cultural exchanges, bringing both French and Italian students into the town.

The tourism industry has grown and developed over the years. Many new attractions have been developed. Tourists to Louisburgh are now spoilt for choice with a range of Hotel, Bed-and-Breakfasts and self-catering accommodation available. Two of our beautiful beaches have been awarded the coveted Blue Flag and our well-



Project presenters: From left – Mark Mayberry, Mary Gibbons, Caroline Keane

stocked river is a great attraction for the freshwater fisherman. The Gránuaile and Famine Centre has been developed and our new Pitch and Putt course proves very popular. The businesses have developed to cater for the tourist trade. Our town now boasts an Art Gallery, Coffee Shop, Washeteria, Financial Service; and night owls are well catered for in a modern Night Club.

As we can see, the Louisburgh Community is not prepared to let our town become a non-entity but, through great community effort we hope to give Louisburgh its deserved title of "Tourist Capital of the West".

Mary

For our change project we undertook to study the changes in Louisburgh town from 1920 to to-day. Our first step was to carry out a survey of the town, house by house, street by street, in order to find out the changes in each building's function over the years. Our work involved researching old magazines, newspaper reports, church records and census records, whilst others made many phone calls to find the information necessary. As well as this, trips were made to the local library and interviews were held with town traders, teachers and members of the local community. After many weeks of hard work, we processed our information on our new school computer system which we also used to give our graphical presentation of change.

Side by side with our change project all project members got involved in an eight-week rural development course organised by "Meitheal Mhuigheo", which showed us how to develop a town such as ours using its natural resources. Also on May 19th all project members undertook a clean-up of "Scotts' Island," an island on our town river, which is soon to be developed as a picnic area. We feel we have gained immensely from this project. We are now aware of the changes our town has experienced and we hope this awareness will help us to respond positively to change.

Our steps towards helping to develop Louisburgh may be small, yet as the Chinese proverb states –

"It is better to light one candle than forever curse the darkness".

AN CIPÍN

This is a primary-school feature which, as well as finding our children's views, will encourage school-children to write for the parish magazine and, in time, for other publications.

The Editor thanks and compliments the teachers and all the pupils of the fifth and sixth classes in our parish primary schools (1993-4) who sent in their views. This is not a competition. The Editor has selected the most suitable essays for publication.

The subject was: WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO FOR MY COMMUNITY

Tracy O'Toole, Kinnock – Age 12

A community is a mass of people joined together, helping each other to make the place they live in a better place to be. People that pull together, not apart, have a friendly environment to live in.

My thoughts are that I would like to see a new park with swings, slides and a sandpit for the children and a park for the old people to chat with each other and enjoy themselves. I would like to talk to the Chairman of Mayo County Council about getting planning permission for the park where the old one was. It should be free to get into the park but if anyone wanted to give money I would put it towards our new school.

Then there is the matter of pollution in our rivers and lakes and beaches. I would try and get at least some of my friends to clean up the beaches for at least one hour every week. Then it might be a better and tidier place to be.

Then we might try and get a cinema. But to do that we might ask Mr. O'Dowd to paint some pictures to sell and the money could go towards the cinema. We could ask the Youth Club to run it.

It would be nice if we could do all these things. But our biggest problem is money. Still there are some things that can be done without money. Fund-raising can be fun, as well as getting money. As long as we are a strong community we do not have much to worry about.

There is not much crime here. Still I would like to see the Garda Station being done up. I think the cinema should go in place of one of those old ruins in the centre of town. I would like to see this Girls National School become a gym and a crèche and a playgroup.

Róisín Scanlon, Kinnock – Age 12

First of all I would like to see the number of derelict buildings that are in the town demolished and new apartments built for the older people in our town and surrounding areas. I would also like to see a town park provided with lots of amusements, such as swings, slides and lots of indoor games as well. All this would benefit young children and would be good for lots of young mothers who could meet here and have a chat and a cup of tea or coffee while the children enjoyed themselves safely.

I would also like to meet with local committees about how we could remove all the old cars, that are at Roonagh Quay, all gone rusty and have bits and pieces coming off, and are very dangerous. If there was a sharp piece of metal it could cause a serious accident.

Another thing I would like to do for my community is to talk to Mayo County



Sister Mary's class in Louisburgh Girls School, October 1994

Council about the condition of the water in the town, which is not good for drinking, for it is very dirty. I think they should build another well which would have much cleaner water and be healthier to drink.

And now that we are getting a new school I would like to see classrooms for handicapped children so that they could learn more songs, games and stories from us. Then we could knock down the inside wall of the Girls National School and make it into one large cinema where all the tourists and visitors could use it.

Claire O'Malley, Bunowen – Age 10

I would love to be able to build a Library, I know we have one already, but it is only a small one. Lots of people like reading as a hobby, I am one of them. I used to be a member of it except there are no books for my age group, they are all baby books or adults books. The books I enjoy reading are Sweet Valley High books, they are very good, but there is not any in the Louisburgh Library. I would like a big side for children and a big side for adults. I would also have age groups, I would have four shelves for each age group and on each shelf I would have age, say, "three to four" on the three to four books and so on like that. I would also have stairs and up them I would have tables where you can study, and books you can study, like history, English, and others like that.

I would also like a small video library upstairs. It would be good to have a good library in Louisburgh because people would learn a lot if there was one; and people would also enjoy reading books out of it.

Libraries are good because they have books for all ages, and you will never get bored of reading because there'll be loads of different kinds of books, that is why I think we should have a bigger library.

Cora Kilcoyne, Tully – Age 11

One Saturday afternoon after having travelled thirteen miles to Westport with my Mother and Father for a pair of school shoes, feeling tired and hungry I said to my Mother: "What a pity there is no shoe-shop in Louisburgh". I said to her: "If I win the Lotto that is what I would like to do." I also thought to myself, if I could get her to borrow some money from the bank, buy some old building in the town, have it re-decorated and open my own shoeshop! I would help out as often as I could while attending school, and I could give an extra help at week-ends. Perhaps in time to come she would say to me: "This shop belongs to you, it was all your idea in the first place".

We live in a beautiful place, it is a pity we have no shoe-shop. We have beautiful country walks, and mountains to climb, and plenty of summer days to be spent in the bog, so we indeed want plenty of footwear, not to mention what we would like to wear when we dress up! I have also thought of trying to raise money for a shoe-shop by doing little jobs in my village, like washing cars, keeping the beaches clean and baby-sitting. So who knows? I may be lucky some day. My sign would read "Come on in, and see for yourself the best shoes are laid on the shelf!"

Joanna Sammon, Main Street – Age 11

A community is a whole bunch of people pulling together to make the community a better place for ourselves and our children. I live in Louisburgh and it is a very nice place and it has a good community but it does need some changes.

I would like to see the Parish Hall done up so that old people and the young people could use it all the time. The young people have no place to amuse themselves. It would be good to have a room with amusements and a snack-bar. We should not expect this to be free, I am sure people would be happy to pay for this. Older people would prefer old-time dancing, drama, card games and bingo. Young people should be encouraged to help to organise these events too.

Louisburgh has made a lot of improvements to the town this past year. Every child should be taught not to throw litter; and to have to clean-up on our lovely beaches. We should not leave this work to somebody else. If we have a clean environment people will want to come to our town and our parish.

I would love to see our present school used for something when our new school is built. Maybe it can be used as a Day-Care Centre for older people. Maybe the Garda Barracks could also be put to use and the "Grotto" area could be planted with shrubs and flowers.

I hope the trees in the front of our Church are never broken down, but there could be a lot done to the ground of the church. "You never get a second chance to make a first impression" and this is one of our entrances to town and people would want to stop in a lovely place.

Thanks to all the other pupils, who sent in other essays – including: Maria Sammon, Cahir; Yvonne McNeill, Kilsallagh; Laura Cave, Shranacloy; Patricia Gibbons, Cregganroe; Lorraine Harney, Legan; Charlotte McGuinness, Cahir; Fiona Dyar, Moneen; Andrea O'Grady, Tully; Denise Moran, Falduff; Mairéad Nicholson, Bunowen; Noreen O'Malley, Kinnoek; Michelle McDonagh, Askelane; Evelyn Bonar, Bunowen; Caroline Gill, Kilsallagh; Irene Healy, Falduff; Claire Morahan, Moneen; Claire Kilcoyne, Cahir.

KELP

The painting *The Kelp Gatherers* which hangs in the foyer of the Folklore Department of U.C.D. emphasises the role of seaweed in the economies of the villages on the western coasts. The picture depicts a coastal Connamara scene with a blue mountainous background, a sandy cove in the middle distance and small groups of kelp burners and gatherers in the foreground. Samuel Lover, the artist, maintained an active interest in picturesque activities throughout his career, both in his paintings and novels. Two versions were exhibited, in 1830 and 1835. The painting is vivid, beautiful, but a little sentimental and needs to be supplemented by the many manuscript accounts which were gathered from the Scottish Hebrides, through Rathlin Island in Antrim, to Donegal and down the West Coast to Cork.

Kelp harvesting was a seasonal activity practised from the eighteenth century to the middle of the twentieth. Kelp yielded carbonate of soda and was first used in the manufacture of soap, bleach and glass. Later the kelp industry concentrated on the production of iodine. In all cases the accounts show a strong and vigorous people engaged in an elemental struggle of great value.

Up to thirty tons of seaweed were required to produce a ton of iodine. Not all seaweeds were of equal value. The best was *coirleach* or *corrlach*, (strapwrack, *Laminaria digitata*) which grew out below the spring tides, a long slippery frond, about six inches wide, but often to twelve feet long. It was attached to the rocks by a rather weak stalk. A *croisín* or *corrán croise* was used by men in boats. The *croisín* was a light piece of timber, two inches by four, perhaps fifteen feet long, with a crosspiece of fifteen to eighteen inches length attached to one end at right angles. A pounding motion would detach the weed, and the crosspiece was then used to draw the weed ashore or take it into the currach or boat. The *coirleach* would be taken ashore, and carried by wives and children up the foreshore, or strand to the "spread ground". *Coirleach* was very difficult to dry, any passing shower would turn it into a glutinous mess, so they might have to gather it, attempt to cover it, and then spread it again. As it dried, they treated it like hay, they could also roll it like a carpet, and ultimately make a great "cock" of it.

The next grade was closer to shore, *feamainn dhearg*, tangles, or *slata mara*, sea-rods. March wrack grew on top of the sea-rod stalk, reached maturity and fell off by the tenth of May. If it did not come ashore then, it decayed quickly. It sometimes came ashore in great quantities, particularly at spring tides.

The third kind was variously called *leathach*, broad seaweed, or *lomhach* or "tangles" or *feamainn dhubh* and was closest to shore. The worst variety of *leathach* was called *ruanach*, sea lace. A further variety, *stiallach* was used for manuring only. Black wrack was no good.

There was considerable variation in methods of gathering or cutting the weed. If the local population was small but shores and coasts were extensive, they had merely to divide the shore in a fairly equitable manner. Each family would have the use of a

certain "stripe" by arrangement with the landlord or agent. They then waited for storms or spring tides to do the work for them. But most of the western coast was heavily populated, economic need was great, and there was much scope for aggression and competition.

East coast bays and inlets such as Strangford Lough in County Down had shallow areas seeded with stones so that the growth of seaweed was encouraged, and the tidal area was divided into small plots, of a quarter-acre each.

Tensions on the foreshore led to many long fueds, and a deep sense of injury – "spite feamainne" (seaweed enmities). The first person on the shore had a great advantage. Some men went down cliffs or swung over gravel cliffs on ropes to save time. Each family might have a chain length, twenty-two yards of foreshore. Where the pressure was intense, many men would sail in currachs or heavy boats to isolated rocks or uninhabited islands, or inhabited islands where this resource was being ignored. Such an island, or large rock was Sceirde Mhór, nine miles off the coast of Carna, County Galway, surrounded by rich fishing grounds and great beds of seaweed. You could fill a currach in less than an hour, though you could spend most of the day filling the *bád seoil* (sailing boat). Then the journey to the mainland *le coir gaoithe*, (with the help of the wind). Laden boats seemed like mounds of seaweed with an incongruous sail aloft.

"An té d'fheicfeadh na báid ag teacht abhaile agus iad luchtaithe le feamainn, mura mbeifeá an-ghar dóibh, nach raibh blas ar bith de cholainn an bháid le feiceáil as an bhfarraige, ach gur ar charnán feamuinne bhíodh an crann agus na seolta socraithe".

Large groups of men went for short periods to small islands, built huts on the beach, and established a camp. They would cut the weed, carry it ashore in a *cliabh* or *pardóg* (basket), spread, dry and make great cocks of it. Food would be cooked, boiled on the beach. The food would often be provided by the landlord in return for half of the value. When the kelp was burned it would be sent by boat to Galway, then re-loaded for Scotland or France. When payment was made, the money was divided, and Connamara shopkeepers would attend, so that debts were settled.

In Rathlin island, seaweed was cut in May. The wrack was gathered with the *corrán croise*. Men came home after a day cutting rack and blood ran from their feet. Older men, wives, boys and girls carried the wrack up the rocks and cliffs. They made temporary paths of sods and scraws from the waters edge to the spread ground. There was a special skill of building low walls and a skill in stacking the rods so that they would not be blown off them. The classic picture all along the western coast was the strong man, up to his waist in water, to his belly in the tide, cutting the weed, his equally strong wife carries the weed in a *cliabh* on her back to the spread ground. In some cases horses and asses were used to carry the weed. In Connamara and the Aran Islands men wore *bróga úirleathair* or shoes of cowhide also called pampooties. Although some communities would dry weed from November, right through the winter, the high tides of spring were the signal everywhere, and the efforts came to a *crescendo* during late June and early July, for the burning.

The dried weed or tangles was burned in a kiln, (*turnóg* or *aith*). There was considerable variation in dimensions, but the general form was about two feet wide, two or three feet deep and as long as was needed, perhaps thirty feet long, or more. As you dug out the base of the kiln you lined it with round boulders. You caulked the spaces between with clay or "mould" to keep the molten kelp from running through the walls. In most cases two men would get up early. They would build a wall on each side like a tradesman would build a house. They would place flagstones at both ends, and build the end-walls. They would have a gravel base.

They would start by laying three or four little fires of briars and ferns, some turf, a drop of paraffin. They would light at three or four a.m. and feed the small fires gradually so that they merged to one bed of fire. Feeding the fire was incessant until 9 or 10 a.m. when it was time to let the fire subside sufficiently to rake out the impurities or *smúiteáin*. One person would position on the smokey side, two on the other side. Stripped to the waist they would rake for an hour and a half with long iron rakes, until the kelp would take the consistency of heavy black oil.

"Thosaíodh fear agus fear eile acu ag racadh agus bhéadh siad stripeáilte ina gcuid léinteacha ag oibriú na haithche, ach a ndéanfadh siad an aithche sin mar a reathfa luaidhe".

Then more seaweed for four hours, then another raking, then repeat the process once or twice more until all the weed was burned. The heat was intense: fire's heat and cold night air was a bad combination. Help was appreciated. The men would feed a little on potatoes and fish, a *garbhanach*, sea bream, roasted on the sidewalls. Men drank a lot of liquids and a little whiskey. Family members came and went with messages and support. Teenagers, though such a word was unknown, might spend time courting. Iodine smoke was thought to be a disinfectant and the smoke would rise from as many as fifty kilns together in Rathlin Island and was so bad on one occasion that a ship ran aground.

When the seaweed was burned, you left the liquid to cool and solidify into one great slab. Some people covered it with weed and light stones, they cut sods and scraws for covering and left it for a week. When it was ready they pulled the kiln away, and broke the kelp with chisels, wedges and hammers. Some families would have many kilns to make, and burn. The whole process was fraught with exploitation. When the kelp was tested for iodine content, there was considerable variation in price, and this was a great cause of concern for people who would have done a huge year's work for three tons of kelp. The kelp was tested for quality and adulterations and indeed many people would throw gravel and stones into the molten mixture. The trade was organised from Scotland and there was some suspicion about impartiality, that they favoured the landlords. On the other side landlords and their agents would make sure their favoured tenants were treated well.

In Rathlin Island, for example, the price varied over the years from £5 to £20 per ton, and a shore rent had to be paid for the right to gather wrack. If the price was seven pounds a ton, you paid the landlord two pounds, you had to carry the kelp by boat to his store, and when the ship came, you put the kelp aboard free. The income usually

paid for arrears of rent, but in either case you got no money, you got credit in a shop in Ballycastle. If the landlord advanced money for food, he took half the value. If he did not he still took one third. There was also a strong feeling of "favour and faction". Friends of the landlord or of his buyer would get top price, kelp from other people would be refused entirely, for no good reason.

No matter what the expenses, it was a splendid earner in those days. A large household should be at an advantage. Shores and strands and beaches were divided as fairly as possible. Communities and individual families could always go to offshore rocks and islands and overcome restrictions as to their shares. Rents and debts were cleared. Houses were slated and enlarged, dowries were provided for daughters, and money for land purchases by sons. Apprenticeship to trades could be purchased, as entry to these was contingent on payment of sums of money to the master craftsman. Emigration could be financed from Ireland where no American relative would furnish the money.

One family in Accony, Co. Mayo, in the early 1920's paid royalty of forty-four pounds on twenty-two tons of kelp for which their income would be one hundred and seventy six pounds, the price of a small farm. Four hundred tons filled the stores at Roonagh Point, County Mayo on which the landlord made a minimum of eight hundred pounds and the community three thousand two hundred for such a huge quantity of work. An adjacent landlord took no commission and much of the kelp used to be carried to his beach by night.

The last ten years of kelp burning in the 1930's brought on a kind of Indian summer in the industry. The buyers did not require the same quality in the product and the combing and raking of flux became less important. The Irish Land Commission became patron of the industry and they planned right of access to one hundred yards of land around the coast for the purpose of drying seaweed. The Department of Agriculture became the purchasers, and designed kilns. By the standards of these days there was considerable prosperity in many seaside communities. In 1942 the kelp was taken away by rail. That was the end of an era.

It was at this point that the price of iodine and kelp collapsed, there were new industrial processes that eliminated the product. There was great dismay. A man from Erris comments:

"Nuair a chuala na daoine sin cheap siad nach mbeadh siad beo ar chor ar bith, mar bhíodh airgead mór á bhaint aisti gach bliain".

The collapse of the herring trade in '28 and '29 followed by the collapse of kelp were two blows which sealed the fate of many coastal communities. In the fifty years that have elapsed since, no industry had come to replace the earning potential of kelp burning. Today, seaweed rots on shores and beaches undisturbed.

Baile Átha Cliath

Seán Ó Dúill

Cf. The Aran Islands, Pg 48. Kelp burning in Inis Meáin. J.M. Synge
Glimpses of my life in Aran: Experiences of a district nurse Pg 62-64 by B.N. Hederman Published 1917
Kelp burning by Fr. Pat Prendergast in *An Choinneal*

NEDFEST 1993

The summer of 1993 seemed to be just crammed with anniversary celebrations, reunions and festivals. Amongst these the re-introduction of the Louisburgh festival which contained an extremely popular pattern day being the *piece de resistance*.

Quite a separate festival took place, however, on the final weekend in July. Nedfest '93, celebrating 100 years since the marriage of Nora Mac Hale and Ned O'Malley or Maille of Furmoyle, was a three-day reunion festival bringing together their grandchildren and great-grandchildren as well as many other family members from all corners of the world.

The family festival was the brainchild of their American grandchildren; Mary, Theresa, Deirdre, Nancy and Eileen O'Malley now living in Chicago, California and Hawaii, with a strong interest in binding the family links together. Since 1893, that family tree has been widespread with branches throughout America, Canada, England and Australia and veins leading back to the strong roots in Furmoyle, Cahir and Emlagh. A sincere tribute to the past and to the people who through their strong faith, hard work and survival had great pride in their homeland and ancestry, the gathering was also a platform on which friendships and relationships could be further cemented and passed on to future generations.

The reunion programme commenced on July 28th with a special Mass of thanksgiving at Saint Patrick's Church in Louisburgh, celebrated by Father Vincent Kelly, formerly of Westport and a cousin of the family. This was followed by dinner, music and dance as well as slide shows from the past, in The Derrylahan. Day two of



A group of the descendants of Ned and Nora O'Malley of the Hill, some from Dallas, Chicago, New York, parts of England, Dublin and Furmoyle, standing in the ruins of the ancestral O'Malley home to which the family is traced for seven generations.

the festival included a trip to Clare Island which was drenched with sunshine and a perfect destination for hill walker or historian; or just a secluded getaway for the day. Following a rough passage back to the mainland, festivities continued with a gathering in Cahir.

The third and final day of Nedfest was spent in Fúrmoyle where a buffet was served alongside the very best in entertainment. Of course there was a nostalgic visit to "the Hill" and the old ruins which lie there today carrying memories of the past. The visit to the Hill was probably the highlight of the festival, as the last family members of the O'Malley's had departed the Hill and Furmoyle when they moved to County Meath in the 1960's. Today the Hill is part of the estate of John Gibbons who some years later bought the land outright from the Land Commission; and following an inheritance of land from his aunt Brigid Gallagher (nee Gibbons) in Aitínaveen. He relocated to Furmoyle with his wife Mary, granddaughter of the aforementioned Ned and Nora O'Malley of the Hill and they were proud to host the gathering in Furmoyle as a conclusion to the festivities.

Although the many family members who travelled thousands of miles to come to Louisburgh have long since returned to their respective countries and continents, plan are afoot for a follow up 'Nedfest', possibly to take place in the next couple of years. Such interest in heritage and culture surely sets a perfect example for future generations.

Furmoyle

P. J. Gibbons

MEMORABILIA

*Awaiting the time to be born, mother,
To be tenderly held to your breast;
Later to smile and touch your face
And be lovingly kissed and caressed.*

*But while softly moving beneath your heart,
A God-given seed of life,
I was suddenly dismembered within your womb
By abortionists' forceps and knife.*

*A seering incinerator received my body,
No compassion or mercy as I died.
O, mother do you sometimes weep for me,
Your baby, whose birth you denied?*

Anon

- Contributed by Alice Sammon

LETTER TO MOTHER

Dear Mother,

It's always so great to get your letter to keep up-to-date on current happenings in Louisburgh, even though some of the news is so sad. We were all shocked to hear of Marie Keane's untimely demise. We had very recently buried her Aunt, Anne (Grady) Leary here in Worcester, but at least she had lived to see the family grow up. Poor P. J. Keane would be one in my opinion who least deserved a blow like that. That family, I can say of my own personal knowledge, had to be the most kind and charitable in the whole parish. But I can't elaborate on that any further at poor Marie's own request. And Mike Corrigan, her uncle, was called away too. He spent a few years here in Worcester, too, and was always nice and decent. What a wonderful family God gave them! Peggy will have lots to occupy her time with all the children and grandchildren.

From what you tell me the County Council are spending a fortune on beautifying the Square. You must send me a few snaps when it's all finished. It will be lovely to see trees growing all over the place, it was very bare and bleak. It's too bad it wasn't ready when the Taoiseach visited ye for him to have a ribbon-cutting ceremony. And you tell me they are working on the old Protestant Church and the Parochial Hall; and Josie O'Donnell's house is down and Eileen Durkan is going to have a lovely house there. If John Burke is building it she'll have a mansion! He seems to be a bit of a genius: I've seen a lot of his jobs and surely they are not only a credit to him but to the parish. It's amazing when you think of it how one man can produce wonderful creations out of cement and timber and provide employment as well and others can hang around and do nothing for most of their lives.

I'll send you the obituary notice of Tony Burke. He was known and loved by all. I remember when he was a young soldier on leave from Germany and you met him going down to the sea and you were so impressed you made the remark that he would be a success in life as he had personality to spare. God rest his mother, Mary Salmon from Carramore, wasn't she a grand person. Which reminds me to ask you about her niece, Eileen Hyland; where ever did she go? She was here in Worcester when I came in the middle 50's.

I'll always remember her rousing rendition of "The Gypsy Rover came over the Hill" when she was the vocalist in Martin Joe's Band. Not too many remember that Martin Joe was a fine fiddle-player and vocalist before he went into politics. Does he ever play now, I wonder? His cousin, John Affie Pat, was a gifted violinist too before he emigrated. He used play with Charlie McDermott's band. He lives in Quincy now. And the other Mary Salmon (Mary Hegarty's aunt) passed away recently, too. Her sister, Tommy Red John's wife from Cloonlaura, used to come to visit her faithfully in her declining years. It was grand to meet her on these occasions. I always said it's too bad you weren't in the stock-market or betting on the horses, you were great at picking winners! Two that come to mind are Father John Heneghan and Michael O'Toole from Leenane. Did you know that Father John was made "Knight of the Holy Sepulchure" by the Holy Father at a big ceremony last October so the next time you meet him you can address him as "Sir John." His new designation carries that title. I'm

told he will be retiring soon and coming to live in Collacoön, in Red Cap's House as we used to call it, more recently Dr. Heneghan's for her Dispensary. And Michael O'Toole put some life into Leenane. I was very honoured to be present at the official opening of the Heritage Centre, which was done by President Mary Robinson who's certainly a very impressive lady by any standard. I was impressed by her speech; she said it was a notable performance putting together the whole complex, but it wasn't anything more than she would expect from a man of Dr. Michael's training and background in Logistics and organisation. But she said he showed remarkable judgement when it came to picking a wife, he came to Ballina and how could he go wrong! Of course you know Michael's wife, Kathleen Lawless, is from Ballina and would have been a neighbour of Her Excellency, the President, who was Burke from Ballina.

And you tell me about the relations that came here last harvest and never came near us, or even made a phone-call! I realise one party only had a couple of weeks and could be forgiven, but the other cousin you tell me stayed out here a couple of months. It must be something very important that would keep a man away from his place for two whole months. Did anyone find out? It must be a legacy or something. I talked to a man that was home this summer and who talked to him but he got no real information. The man said Dallas Texas was mentioned a few times, and I thought, God between us and all harm, he wouldn't be marrying some rich ould widow or divorcee from down there, sure he'd be better to marry the tramp off the road. There might be some chance if he was bringing her to a lovely village like Accony but sure one of them rich ould yankee ladies wouldn't stay in his village six months.

I was talking to Tom O'Neill our cousin who teaches Psychology at Harvard and he said it could be delusions of grandeur, (whatever that is). He said lots of men when they get older and into middle age, they get it. But most of the time it wears off. Anyway, we'll have to wait and see. If you hear anything let me know. Nora Grady from Furrigal sends her regards and Maggie Mac is still with us but only remembers the things of her youth. I met Rose Mary recently she told me herself and Margie and her son Jeff were home in Carramore and spent an evening with you. I'm told Ray Prendergast has built the finest house and biggest house in Bunowen. If you are in the town some day you should go down and see it. He got a grand wife; she should be, if she is half as nice as her mother, Nancy. It's many a year since she cooked a couple of grouse for our lunch at Lady Harman's Lodge when we were working for the E.S.B. She and Winnie used to come to the Choral Classes in the winter. I have great memories of those classes and adventures associated with them. Clem Lyons used to put a lot of work into it, but she had the great love of the singing. Bill Durkan (Long Street) sends his regards; I see him every week, and John Tony O'Malley is in great shape. I haven't seen Johnny Durkan of Bunowen in ages, any time I call he is either in California or Montana or in Ireland. Who does he know in Montana? I'll send you the obituary notice of Anne Bodah whom you used to know, she just made the hundred. You'll give it to Christina and James Lyons in Accony Thiar.

I must say goodbye for now. Write soon, Love from us all.

Seán

THE VILLAGE SHOP

One Saturday afternoon this spring, my wife Eileen and I were invited to dinner by Martin and Kathleen Duffy (Ballyhip). Gussie O'Toole and his wife May (Kathleen's sister) were there also and, as always happens on these visits, we went back to our childhood days, our school days, and our youth. We started at the Bridge, went the whole cycle and finished at the Bridge again; and in between, we had stories to tell about every house and every character in Louisburgh. I wish Martin would write for the *Coinneal*, as he is the complete historian. As we get older, we tend to reminisce about the "good old days" and I was at it again recently.

My wife and I went to the local supermarket to stock up on food and supplies. We were expecting two emigrants, green card recipients; a national holiday was coming up, and the barbecue was ready! The shopping was hectic: the men pushing the shopping carts, the women picking up everything in sight, and the children screaming, demanding this and that, and running all over the store. Eventually we got to the check-out line, and I immediately went back in memory to shopping in the village shops in Louisburgh. Thinking of that never fails to intrigue me, and from the vantage point of advancing years, I cannot help comparing my 1994 shopping spree with the village shopping of my youth. The shops, cum general stores, were almost a social centre for the parish, and there was always a bit of news or gossip being discussed. Most of the shops had one counter – the big ones had two – but the owner was the only attendant. They carried a huge selection of goods for that era: groceries, tea, sugar, loaves of bread, cigarettes, home-cured bacon, sausages from Castlebar, local and dried fish, cups, saucers, basins, saucepans, and even candles and paraffin oil. Out back you might get "bag stuff", like flour, bran, Indian meal or pulp. But the only luxuries were a few sweets or Jacob's raisin biscuits.

Some days were busier than others. Tuesday was "dole day" and there was always a few extra bob to spend. Friday was "pension day" and the old-timers could buy their tobacco or cigarettes. Of course, the fair day was always the busiest and best for business. The housewives from the villages around came in with their homemade butter and eggs to sell or to barter for other essential goods. The farmers brought in their surplus potatoes and sold them for five or six pence per stone. Unless the sale was privately or to a friend, no money changed hands, as goods were exchanged for household necessities like groceries, flour, sugar, tea, bread, etc., and anything left over was taken to pay the many bills run up during the month. I remember in those days that the old-age pension was awarded on a means test. If you had nothing in worldly assets, you got the maximum magnificent sum of ten shillings per week which, at that time of poverty in the thirties, could keep an ordinary family in groceries.

The village shops did not run sales, but a pound of sugar was often a pound and a quarter! The shopkeeper was your friend and knew your circumstances, and when times were bad, credit was never refused. Trust was honourable, and bills were always paid when money was available. At Christmas time everybody shopped a little extra – wherever the money came from! – and they always got generous "Christmas boxes" with an odd currant loaf or jar of jam slipped into the shopping bag.

One wonders: were people better off in their simplicity in the good old days, compared to the crazy competition of the present system? Then, people shopped for want; now, people want to shop.

Bronx, New York

Patrick J. Scanlon

ENCOUNTERS WITH THE LAW

I loved reading in the last *Coinneal* the text of the homily preached by Father Tadhg Ó Móráin, parish priest, at the funeral of Garda Tom Hannon. I agree with every word he spoke, and Father Tadhg has inspired me to write about my boyish encounters with this wonderful man.

Just inside the gate of the Garda Barracks in Louisburgh there's a large manhole cover measuring about two feet square. When my peers and I were young enough and still gullible enough to believe him, Garda Hannon used to tell us that this manhole cover was the entrance to the Black Hole which led to the dungeons; and anyone who misbehaved would be imprisoned down there on a diet of bread and water! Sometimes when one of us dared to express our disbelief, he would call Dick Lyons across to verify the existence of this terrible Black Hole. Dick, another wonderful God-fearing man, willingly ployed along with Tom's little disception, knowing that it would help to keep us little miscreants in order. Even my father was roped in to help and convince us, as he passed the Garda Barracks twice or thrice daily travelling to and from our farm. Of course, I was such a well-behaved little boy that I rarely had any need to fear being thrown into the Black Hole. Well, except perhaps for the odd time, once or twice a week!

In our early years my friends and I used go bowleying along the quiet country lanes around Louisburgh. An old tyreless bicycle-wheel, rusty and a little buckled with age, would suffice as what we called a "bowley", but it was very basic and rather noisy when "bowled" along with a short stick clasped tightly in a hot little fist. Much better was a proper bicycle wheel borrowed from a bike belonging to someone in the family, and it was almost worth a thick ear or a slapped bottom to have a well-tyred, pumped-up bicycle-wheel bowleying merrily along, bouncing gently over the odd stone or pebble and swishing smoothly through the puddles. But I wasn't happy with a bicycle-wheel as they were much too fast for me and my plump little legs couldn't keep up with them. I used an old car-tyre instead. It required a bigger stick and a lot more effort to get it moving, but once it got going it just lumbered along and I kept pace with it easily, except when going downhill. Even then it wasn't usually very difficult to keep it under control. All I had to do was press the end of the stick against the crown of the tyre and it made a very effective brake. I didn't often lose control, but now and then I did, like the day I nearly bowled over Garda Tom Hannon!

I decided to take my bowley down to our farm, but I'm not sure why. We went down Main Street at a rate of knots, going faster and faster. We were about level with the Post Office when I slipped and dropped my stick. I scrambled to my feet immediately and ran after my bowley in a vain effort to stop it before it reached the Garda Barracks and bowled down the hill past the girls' school. But I was much, much too late. Down the hill it went, in the middle of the road, accelerating rapidly towards Mick Fadden's gate.

Near the bottom of the hill it struck a small stone and veered sharply to the left, bounced over a rock which had fallen from the stone wall, flew gently over the strands of barbed wire strung along the top of the wall, and landed on its side in the field

beyond, scaring the living daylight out of a small herd of about ten young heifers which scurried off in as many different directions. Just beyond Faddens' gate the road rises steeply for about twenty-five yards before levelling off to a plateau about one hundred yards long, beyond which it descends sharply again just before it reaches the Bunowen Road entrance to our farm. On this plateau, on the left as you go down the road, Garda O'Leary and Garda Hannon lived in two lovely big houses which, from where I was standing just then by the gate of the Girls' School, were obscured by trees and roadside bushes. Just as the tyre landed in the field and scattered the cattle, I suddenly became aware of two black, shiny boots rapidly approaching the brow of the hill the other side of Faddens' gate. One of the Gardai was returning to the Barracks from his house. Not waiting to see which one, for fear of being seen myself, I scampered along the Westport Road to the other entrance to our farm and spent the afternoon helping my father erect some fencing. I was hoping we would walk home together, in case I had been spotted earlier, as my father might be able to help me to avoid being thrown into the Black Hole by paying a small fine perhaps, or through promising to make sure I behaved in future. However, he sent me home ahead of him while he stayed back to milk the cows, and I couldn't think of a plausible excuse to stay behind with him. I approached the Garda Barracks warily and passed slowly by, expecting to be collared at any moment. About three feet beyond the gate I breathed a big sigh of relief only to hear someone clear his throat right behind me. "Ahem! Michael Scott, may I have a word?" I turned round, blushing a deep crimson, vainly hoping it might be Garda O'Leary, although why he should be any more lenient on me I cannot quite fathom. "Uh-oh," I thought, when I saw the stern look on Garda Hannon's normally smiling face, "I'm going into the Black Hole now for sure!" "About - no, wait now, let me see - yes, it was about three hours ago, a young lad pushed an old car-tyre down that hill there. It wasn't you, Michael, was it?" "Oh no, Garda Hannon," I lied glibly as if butter wouldn't melt in my mouth. "Not me." "Well now, I'm glad it wasn't you, Michael, as you're a nice lad and I wouldn't like to have to put you down the Black Hole. But when I find the culprit, that's where he's going, and all he'll have to eat or drink for a week will be bread and water."

A few years later when I was about eleven or twelve I used to spend hours riding around on my bike, and I could never get it to go fast enough. It took me, on average, about two minutes to cycle from our front door in Bridge Street to the gate of our farm on the Bunowen Road; which was quite fast. One fine summer day I decided to see if I could chop five or maybe even ten seconds off my previous best time of one minute and fifty seven seconds. The bike literally flew down the hill towards Faddens' gate, shot up the short hill like, as the saying goes, a bat out of Hell, and past Garda O'Leary's house like a rocket. Unfortunately, as luck would have it, Garda Hannon was on the point of driving his car out through his gate. I applied both brakes as hard as I could, skidded past his gate, slid broadside down the little hill and along the short stretch of road to the gate of our farm - a manoeuvre most speedway cyclists would have been proud of. That evening I cycled the long way home from the farm, climbing up McGarry's Hill, along by Pat Josie O'Donnell's and Willie Heaney's cottages, down past McEvilly's and Scanlons' and up to the town past Saint Catherine's Church, thus avoiding the Garda Barracks and possible imprisonment in the dreaded Black Hole. I

should have saved my breath to cool my porridge, for Garda Hannon had been off duty that evening. He was very much on duty next morning when he stopped me near the Post Office and had a quiet word in my ear to the effect that he was setting aside a special cell for speeding cyclists down the Black Hole and that if I carried on taking chances like I did last evening, I might be one of his first guests. I cycled slowly and carefully everywhere I went after that; for at least a couple of hours!

Half way through my seventeenth year Sergeant O'Rourke from Ballinrobe took charge of Louisburgh Garda Barracks, and his younger son, Andy (then aged about eleven or twelve) and I became firm friends. He saw me cycling past to and from the farm and one day he invited himself along to help with the milking. It took me a while to pluck up enough courage to ask if he knew what was under the manhole cover just inside the gates of the Garda Barracks. "Oh, you mean the Met. Office gear? Do you want to see it? I'll show you." Quick as a flash young Andy pulled the cover up and across to reveal, not a great big Black Hole leading to underground dungeons, but the wherewithall to measure the average rainfall! Well Tom Hannon, you certainly had me fooled! May you always keep smiling as you patrol the peaceful streets of that other Louisburgh called Heaven.

Huntingdon

Mike Scott



Considering the home-work?

RANDOM DIARY

(Our thanks to the COINNEAL committee who compiles)

1993

Joe Broderick retired from Bus Eireann, a good friend to all Louisburgh travellers . . . Louisburgh Holiday PLC reported a successful and profitable year at their 16th AGM . . . Martin Joe O'Toole retired from the Dáil after a three and a half years' service . . . the first Dáil deputy from the parish or from the area . . . Dr Séamus Caulfield of Céide Fields fame gave a very interesting talk on "The role of Heritage in Development", mentioning the need for appreciation of archaeological treasures in our own area . . . WISE means Western Initiative for School Enterprises: a project of Meitheal Mhuigheo under manager Justin Sammin . . . Aimhirgin Art Gallery hosted many successful exhibitions this year including paintings by Wayne Harlow, drawings by Michael Viney and photographs by Ron Rosenstock . . . Louisburgh Enterprises Group (Chairman, John O'Dowd) got first prize in the Mayo competition for their innovative tree-planting programme . . . Bernadette Burke, Askelane, got second place in the Raytex National baking Competition in Dublin when she represented Mayo . . . The Duluth, Minnesota, students and professors had their annual semester in Louisburgh again . . . Séamus O'Toole has opened his own farm supplies store at Moneen since October 1st . . . The Development Company hosted a delegation from Northern Spain and the visitors say they got inspiration from the Louisburgh area to achieve their goal in future . . . The 3rd Louisburgh Scouts won a National Outdoor Award for completing twelve outdoor activities from September 1992 to August 1993 . . . A FÁS scheme was completed in Louisburgh with a supervisor and ten people working . . . The Traders Association won an AIB/Mayo 5000 award; presented to Annie B Casey in Breaffy House.

1994

Sancta Maria won the final of the 13th Mayo Public Speaking Project . . . "Community Alert" signs to be erected in the Louisburgh area . . . Bi-centenary Draw raised £35,000 to finance the proposed town development plan . . . Tom Durkan appointed assistant manager of the Castlebar AIB . . . Annie B Casey (the secretary) drew 11th prize in the Traders Bi-centenary Draw . . . Basil Morahan was a panelist on Andy O'Mahoney's Sunday Show on Radio Eireann, about his recent book . . . Father James O'Grady (Cregganbawn) elected chairman of Tuam Stars juvenile club and is also involved with the Irish Wheelchair Association, (Tuam Branch), having done the Holy Land sponsored walk with them . . . Louisburgh Credit Union table quiz - Caroline Cannon, Sean Tiernan and Aidan Gallagher from Holy Family School were runners-up . . . Chris O'Grady's Clare Island ferry, "Rossend" was wrecked when it crashed into rocks near the island harbour . . . Sancta Maria won the Western Final of the M.H.A.I. public speaking project . . . two thirteen-year-old girls from County Kildare who were missing were found in Louisburgh, safe and well . . . public meeting about phase two of the Mayo General Hospital was held in the Derrylahan . . . New Community



*Senior Citizens Get-Together in Grannuaile Centre, Louisburgh:
Back Row (l. to r.): Tommy Duffy (Group Organiser), Father Paddy Mooney (guest),
Una O'Malley, Nora McDonagh, Beecey Scott, Mary O'Malley, Mary O'Malley, Lizzie Sammon.
Seated (l. to r.): Agnes O'Reilly, Nora O'Grady, Kay O'Malley, Tessie Feely, Annie Heaney,
Nora Dunne, Josephine Scanlon*

Council – offered congratulations and hopes for good co-operation by Traders Association . . . A comprehensive talk on personal and property security by Garda Sergeant Jim Friel . . . New principal appointed in Sancta Maria – Mr Vincent O'Loughlin, who was vice-principal . . . Tom Staunton, Lecanvey has got an airline licence . . . Health Eating Week hosted by Louisburgh I.C.A. with guest speaker Marguerite O'Donnell . . . Donald O'Leary is new Chairman of Louisburgh Community Council . . . The Trinity Dancers from Chicago and Milwaukee presented a plaque to the Grainneuaile Centre . . . Arun Ghandi, grandson of Mahatma, and his wife, Sunanda, led the Famine Walk on 7th May 1994 . . . Sancta Maria officially twinned with Lycee de Foucauld from France . . . Senior Citizens were on RTE programme "Live at Three" . . . O'Malley's Hardware and Builders Providers Superstore has opened . . . Anthony O'Malley, Doughmackeown, celebrated his 95th birthday . . . New monument on the Doolough Road unveiled on the day of the walk by Karen Gearson, one of the Dunne Stores strikers . . . Tom Kitt, Minister at the Department of Foreign affairs, visited Louisburgh for the Famine Walk and announced a new Government Committee to organise the commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the Great Irish Famine . . . Mr Joe Staunton, a founder member of Louisburgh Holidays cottage company retired after twenty years . . . Sancta Maria students organised a clean-up of the river bank at Bridge Street, and 5th Year group did a great clean-up of "Scotts' Island" . . . Nine Mayo beaches were awarded blue flags, three of them in this area – Carramore, Old Head, and Bertra; Mayo County Council chairman, Martin Joe O'Toole called this a



A young meitheal cleaning up the mill-race in order to beautify the environment.

superb boost to tourism in the county . . . Grant aid sanctioned for work at Sancta Maria – replacement of windows and roof repairs . . . Grants approved for Bunowen Group Water Scheme . . . Aiden Hughes and Lara Gavin (Leaving Cert class) were awarded silver medals for the Gaisce Project in Sligo . . . Forty Italian students came to learn English . . . Our U-21 team captured the county title . . . The Boys and Girls National Schools are to amalgamate . . . John F Deane gave a poetry reading . . . New Grainneuaile Centre opened in the old Saint Catherine's Church, a tribute to Louisburgh Development Company which was established in 1984 . . . The group, "Anuna", of "Riverdance" fame, sang the new O'Malley Mass in Clare Island church . . . John Heneghan has been elected chairman of Lismore (County Waterford) Town Commissioners . . . Clare Island's first ever football trophy won by their school in the small schools competition . . . His Kilmeena parishioners gave Canon Eamonn O'Malley a farewell function in the Castlecourt, Westport. He retires to his home in Main Street . . . Louisburgh summer festival was a great success; on "Heritage Day" old and new transport and fashions mingled on the Square . . . Eric Heneghan and Brian Gallagher (with a Cahir father) were on the Mayo minor team . . . Grainneuaile Centre proving a great attraction for visitors . . . The £20,000 grant promised by the Taoiseach during the election campaign for the Parochial Hall renovation is being eagerly awaited as the work nears completion . . . A Senior Citizens day during the festival was organised by the Senior Resources committee . . . Louisburgh Beavers were awarded the Beaver Outdoor Quality award for 1993-4 . . .

SCHOOL-DAYS AND DANCE-NIGHTS

AT SCHOOL

Thallabawn National School was built in the 1930's. The school itself is situated in a superb location with a backdrop of the Muilrea mountains. It looks across the beautiful White Strand, where parts of Connemara and the Islands of Inishturk and Clare Island are quite visible. The school itself contains two classrooms, one for the girls and one for the boys. When I started school, I was five years old. We had a Master by the name of Michael McKeown, who had an assistant teacher called Miss O'Keane. We were taught by various teachers throughout my school years – Mrs O'Flaherty, Mrs Clementine Lyons, Eveline Durkin (later to be Mrs Leamy) Patrick Ball (who did not like us girls at all at the time!), Mrs Mary Duffy and others.

My school companions were excellent. We all “stuck together in all kinds of weather.” Sometimes school days used to get very tough especially if we had a teacher we did not like at the time! We would find the struggle uphill hard going now and then. Speaking for myself, I was not very clever at school, and asked myself why I wasn't clever like my class-mates. We would say to one another, “Oh! What does this matter? this or that does not concern us”, but down through the years, how foolish of us then; all we had in our heads was to play. Looking back now, we must have given our teachers a very hard time, but when we went home from school our teacher's name was a household word, which was nice because we respected our teacher in a quiet way and deep in our hearts we were very fond of them.

Those who were determined to stay at home on the farm or who planned to emigrate usually remained at the National until they were fifteen years old. There were the ‘big ones’ at the back of the class called “seventh and eighth”, the top class who enjoyed a higher status than the rest of us.

All our teachers were very hot on grammar; but importantly now, what we were taught has stayed. Even now, at a much later age living here in England, I sometimes drift back to school in my mind in moments of peace and quiet stillness to get away from the relentless pressures of life. To my teachers, my one and only wish is that we could and should have appreciated you a lot more then. I was always a struggling pupil but I will always remember all your efforts in the class. We all owe you for having such wonderful patience and for our happy days at Thallabawn National School. No other school could have compared to it!

AT THE DANCE HALL

On approaching my teenage years It was always my dream to look forward to the weekly dancing that lay ahead of me in years to come. I used to envy people when they would come home on holidays, to see their lovely style, observe what they wore from day to day especially on a Sunday evening when I would visit a neighbour's house and watch with delight all the dressing and preparation for the night that lay ahead; and thinking to myself: “This will be me when I grow older.”

I will always remember as soon as I reached my eighteenth birthday I was allowed to go to my first dance in the local hall, having been told all the Do's and Don't's. I am afraid they were soon forgotten when it came to the mischief-making!

Our village hall was called Mickey Keane's in Aillemore which he himself had built as a barn of good size with a galvanised iron roof and a solid cement floor. People came from far and near to this dance-hall. The music was supplied by the local musicians, accordion, fiddle, sometimes two of each instrument. This dance-hall will go down in history for many of us. I will never know how he put up with us lot. He was such a gentle, gracious, wonderful and most placid man you could wish to meet. May God rest his soul. Quite honestly we used to have the fun of our lives in that hall – no one will ever know the mischief we got up to, my friends and I (who was the ringleader of it all). We were so full of fun that it used to take us all of Sunday afternoon to scheme up all the mischief we had in our heads especially if the band was not very lively and we got bored.

One of my most outstanding memories was taking with me one night a tin of white paint and an old pair of gloves and during the dancing hours we (meaning my friends, who shall remain nameless) would sneak out unknown to anyone, see where the bikes were, paint the handlebars etc, and turn the saddles backwards. Mind you it was only done to the owners we did not like or would not ask us to dance! But do not worry; there was always a spy hidden in the hedge very carefully watching all the antics and activity. Believe me the following Sunday night a similar trick would be returned on us. The procedure was a little different from that of ours. I am sure if our folks at home ever dreamt of all the mischief that was in our heads they would have us barred there and then.

The weather never seemed to bother us as we had such a lot to look forward to and if the dance was no good in Mickey Keane's it was nothing for us to head off to Louisburgh to the Parochial Hall where a lot of famous bands used to play, which was fantastic. I look back on it now and say it was a luxury. Sometimes when we had no money or we wanted to save it we used to sneak in behind a crowd of lads at the door and while they were paying for themselves we got in free. Mickey Keane would always have more dances in the summer on account of the visitors home on holidays, but more often than not they used to end up in Mullagh, Leenane or Westport while transport was available. There are many happy memories of Keane's Hall that come to mind as I write this, memories which are like those retained by many of us. We did meet boyfriends as an end result but eventually I decided I would like to travel far afield and settle down in years to come.

What would we have done without our bicycles
On a lovely moonlight night
To be cycling home from dances
And the stars shining bright

Bristol

Kathleen Ward (nee Loftus)

MAC AN DÁILL¹

Bhí fear ins an sean-reacht ag dul ag marcaíocht ar a chapall ag dul go Gaillimh. Ag dul aníos ag Ruadh an Átha dó tháinic an síogaí as an bhfarraige agus labhair sé. “Breac, Ballach, Brógaí an daill ag tíocht ón tuinn².

An áit a snoightear an crann is ann a faightear a sliseanna.”

Níor labhair sé níos mó nó go dtáinic sé go Gleann Chaoin.

“Mise an síogaí suairc a thagann ar chuairt go minic. Luigh ansin sa luachar agus bain a chluas den sionnach.³

D’imigh siad go ndeachaigh siad ansin gon Eas Rua, go barr an easa. Chuir an taibhse ceist air. “Cé mhéad cairt a thagann le fána chuile cheithre huairé fíchead anuas an tEas Rua?”⁴

“Níor thomhas mise ariamh é ina chuisní ná ina chartaí, ach a scaoileadh le fána mar thagann sé.”⁵

D’imigh siad leofa go ndeachaigh go Béal Átha na mBreac chuig teach an ósta. “An dtiocfaidh tú isteach go nólfaidh tú deoch?⁶ adúirt an fear saolta leis an taibhse.

“Fanfaidh mé anseo go dtaga tú amach.”⁷

“Tá táirne scaoilte ar chrúdh mo chapail agus caithfidh mé táirne a chur ann, beidh moill orm.”⁸

Ghabh sé isteach. D’inis sé don ghabha, bhí teach an ósta ag an ngabha, go raibh an síogaí ag siúl leis.

“Chuir braon⁹ as umar na ceartann leis,” adúirt sé “tabhair deoch dó agus mura nólfaidh sé an deoch, buail idir a dhá shúil air é.”

Bhí an fear ag fanacht, shíl sé dá mbeadh sé ina lá go nimreodh sé ar an síogaí. Nuair ab fhada leis an síogaí, labhair sé. “Tá an capall ar an eas¹⁰, tá sí ar easpa ama,” adúirt sé.

D’éirigh an fear amach agus bhí braon as umar na ceartann aige. Bhuail sé idir a dhá shúil air é.

“An té nach nólfaidh deachmha, biodh sé ar easpa an leanna.”¹¹

“Mo bheannacht duit” adúirt an síogaí “Agus mo mhallacht do bhéal do mhúinte.”

1. A blind man's son would have an extra portion of his father's knowledge and cunning. He is a proper opponent for a sprite.
2. A mysterious formula of menace designed to intimidate.
3. To cut the ear off a passing fox is an impossible demand, another strike for the fairy!
4. Calculate the capacity of a moving column of a waterfall. Another blow for the sprite!
5. His reply is casual and shows no lack of courage.
6. A second blow for the mortal man. He goes on the initiative. The preternatural sprite cannot drink.
7. This is the first sign of weakness on the spirit's part.
8. The phantom loses his power at daybreak hence the necessity for delay.
9. Water used by the smith to cool iron had many magic properties including the

power to protect against spirits.

10. The horse is in danger. This is a variant of the great motif “The fairy hill is on fire!” (TYPES OF THE FOLK TALE: 501). If a fairy changling were suddenly told that the fairy hill is on fire, he would rush out to save his family and you barred the door to keep him out. The intention in this version is that the man should rush out and be seized.
11. “The unsociable person is refused a drink.” This shows the resilience of Mac an Dáill and how he deserved the victory.

LOUISBURGH DRAMA GROUP

Re-established 1970.

Comprised of some thirty parishioners, natives or residents, totally on an amateur basis.

1994 Producer: Mary Hegarty.

Usual annual programme includes a three-act production during winter and a radio play on Mid-West and North-West Radio. For the first time this year a summer production – J. B. Keane's “Sive” – was presented in Louisburgh Hall (Festival Week). The group will travel to Saint Brendan's Club, Coventry, on Saturday, November 19th, to present “Sive” at 7 p.m. to emigrants there. It will be followed by dance music by Basil.



The cast of “Sive”:

Front Row (l. to r.) Edward Ball, Breda McGinn, Bridie McHale, Vera Durcan.

Back Row (l. to r.): Michael O'Malley, Michael Fetherston, Seán Cave, John O'Dowd, Tommy McCormack.

THE OLD GATE

*When I first became acquainted
with this old gate of ours
It was new then, in early spring
when fields were full of flowers.
The wild birds sang around our house
I remember well, the date,
When with outstretched hands,
I opened back our very own new gate.*

*For many years now it has stood,
between the road and door,
It's worn and old-looking now,
But each day I love it more.
Fond memories, it holds for me.
Even tho' it don't look "nate",
Whenever I walk in or out,
or gaze on that old gate.*

*Looking back on years now gone,
Many faces come to mind,
of kindly friends and people good,
and many lost behind.
But fond memories of them linger still,
Too numerous to relate.
While their fond farewells, God Bless and thanks,
Cling forever to that old gate.*

Collacoon

Annie Ruddy

ORÓ SÉ DO BHEATHA ABHAILE!

An Choinneal welcomes our returned pasishioners:

Celine Lyons (Kameieh)
Father Eamon O'Malley
Father John Heneghan
Joe and Judy McHugh
Jimmy and Gertie O'Malley
Tommy and Sue Bennett
Seán Frazer and Family
Bridie and Tony Connelley
James Cannon



PARISH WEDDINGS 1993-1994



*Miss Catherine Duffy, Cregganbawn, Louisburgh
and Mr. Brendan Kelly, Treenabontry, Swinford,
married in Killeen Church, Louisburgh.*



*Miss Marie Moran B.A., H.Dip.Ed., Falduff,
Louisburgh and Mr. Liam McNamara,
Main Street, Boyle, Co. Roscommon, married in
St. Patrick's Church, Louisburgh.*



*Gerard McDonnell, Bridge Street, Louisburgh and
Dr. Margaret Tuite, married in Church of St.
Alphonsus Liguori, Kilskyre, Co. Meath.*

SCISSORS AND SELLOTAPE

The following news-items have been culled from local newspapers – mainly *The Mayo News* – to give a general view of news-media records or comments about the parish community and its activities. Thanks to Mairéad Staunton for assembling these.

News-items from other news-media for inclusion in this feature will be welcomed – Editor.

“Should auld acquaintance . . .” Old acquaintances will not be forgotten at Louisburgh Parochial Hall to-night (Wed., Jan. 6) when many of the people who attended the opening dance in the hall back in 1943 will gather there for the Gala Golden Jubilee Dance.

It will also be an occasion for a reunion of many friends and acquaintances who enjoyed dances in Louisburgh Parochial Hall over the past 50 years.

Tony Chambers and his Orchestra (of “Ballroom of Romance” film fame) will provide the music from 10 p.m. and for Tony it will also be a nostalgic return visit to the hall in which he played at the opening dance in 1943 as a member of the Newport-based “Twilight Serenaders” band.

It promises to be a great night’s entertainment for the young . . . and the “young at heart”.

– *Mayo News 6-1-93*

Mr. Joe Broderick, Bridge Street, Louisburgh, who recently retired after decades of exemplary service as a bus driver with C.I.E./Bus Éireann, most of it on the Westport-Louisburgh bus route, will be guest of honour at a function being hosted by the Westport staff of Irish Rail in the Grand Central Hotel, Westport, on next Sunday night, February 21, commencing at 9.30 p.m. Popular group “Twice As Nice” will provide the music at the function for which a bar exemption will be in operation. Admission £7.

– *Mayo News, 17-2-93*

Western Regional Fishery Board Manager, Mr. Michael Kennedy, speaking at a meeting of Louisburgh Traders’ Association, outlined major proposals for the development of the Bunowen River. The river is a very important amenity in the area and the proposed development was very enthusiastically received by the large attendance at the meeting.

Mr. Kennedy, who is a native of Westport, said the Louisburgh development could make the Bunowen River into one of the leading fisheries in the country. Mr. Kennedy was thanked for his interest and assured of widespread support for the development.

– *Mayo News 10-3-93*

To my mind one question has either been glossed over or totally ignored. That question is who, in the first place, granted an exploration licence to the mining companies to go to work on Croagh Patrick? Surely, if the mining companies have a legal leg to stand on, it harks back to the first crucial permit. But who gave the permit, and why, and after what, if any, consultation? That’s where the gouging of the Reek was first given the green light.

– *Mayo News 21-1-93*

This year’s St. Patrick’s Day Parade in Louisburgh was organised by the local Traders’ Association and was hailed as one of the best in years. It was led by an FCA Colour Party (under Lieut. Tommie Duffy, Kilmeena) and featured a number of very attractive floats. Participants included school bands from Louisburgh and Killeen and the students of St. Scholastica’s College, Duluth, Minnesota, who are on annual semester in Louisburgh. The parade was reviewed by local community leaders. The Traders’ Association has expressed thanks to all who took part in the parade.

– *Mayo News 24-3-93*

A very attractive new tourism brochure on Louisburgh will be launched at a Gala Dance being held by Louisburgh Tourist Association in “The Derrylahan”, Louisburgh, on Wednesday night, April 14, when music to suit all ages will be provided by Tony Chambers.

– *Mayo News 3-3-93*

The doyen of the O’Malley Clan, Mr. Anthony O’Malley of Doughmakeown, Louisburgh, celebrated his 95th birthday on Sunday last. He celebrated the occasion with a special Mass offered by his son, an tAthair Pádraig Ó Máille, and later observed the event with a small gathering of family and friends.

– *Mayo News 11-5-94*

The postal address of Inishturk Island is “Inishturk, Renvyle, Co. Galway”. The island is nearer the Co. Galway mainland than Co. Mayo. But for all that, the island is very much a part of the territory of Co. Mayo and under the jurisdiction of Mayo Co. Council. To put an end to the public

Weddings . . .



James M. Staunton, Thallabawn, Louisburgh and Miss Sheila Connolly, Illinois, Chicago, married in Chicago, U.S.A.



John Joe Staunton, Thallabawn, Louisburgh and Miss Noreen Lawless, Ballinasloe, married in Ballinasloe.



P. J. O’Malley, Culleen, Kilsallagh and Marian Griffin, Irishtown, Claremorris, married in Irishtown Church.



Liam O’Malley, Culleen, Kilsallagh and Barbara Brady, Athboy, Co. Meath, married in Athboy Church.

confusion as to which county (Mayo or Galway) the island of Inishturk "belongs", Mayo Co. Councillor, Pdraig Bourke (Coolcran, Ballina) proposed at a meeting of the authority last year that the Mayo Co. Council provide a flag-pole outside the island's new Community Centre and that a formal military ceremony be held on Inishturk to raise the Tricolour and Mayo Flag on Co. Mayo's most westerly and isolated outpost. The historic flag-raising ceremony took place on Friday, May 21, 1993 in conjunction with the official opening of Inishturk Community Centre by Mayo native, President Mary Robinson. The flag-raising ceremony was performed by F.C.A. members of 'A' Company (Westport Area) of the 18th Infantry Battalion. It was the first military ceremony ever conducted on the island . . .

- Mayo News 2-6-93

Since September, the students of Sancta Maria College, Louisburgh, have been engaged in a number of extra curriculum activities. Five students from the Enterprise Class - Claire Kitterick, Mary Olivia O'Malley, Linda Keane, Stephen Maxwell and Aidan Hughes - spent a week in the Enterprise Simulations Centre in Foxford. Stephen Maxwell is representing the school this week at another Enterprise Seminar in Glasgow. The A.I.B. Student Bank is in operation again under the capable eye of its Manager, Con Duffy, Linda Keane and Mairéad O'Grady, as PROs, are doing their part to encourage all to save a little.

- Mayo News 3-12-93

Mayo is the safest place in Ireland to live . . . and it's official. Last year the crimes in Mayo per 1,000 of population were 7.5, the lowest of any county in Ireland. This compares with a crime rate of 9.8 per 1,000 of population in Galway West and 10.2 in Sligo/Leitrim. The total number of indictable offences in the county was 828, plus 0.15% on the previous year, and 427 of which (51.6%) were detected. A breakdown of indictable offences in Mayo was as follows: Against the person (37 with 35 detected); Against property with violence (371 with 140 detected); Larcenies (417 with 249 detected); other indictable offences (3 with 3 detected). Non-indictable offences in Mayo for the year amounted to 6,882, with a detection rate of just over 50%. Mayo was the only county in Ireland with a nil return for aggravated burglaries where firearms were used.

- Mayo News 13-10-93

When it comes to welcoming visitors to Louisburgh nobody does it better than the amiable Mrs. Mary Duffy of Chapel Street. Some time ago

a German family were among the many people befriended by Mrs. Duffy and when they returned to Germany they decided to write her a letter of appreciation. Also, they had mislaid her name and address, but with typical Teutonic ingenuity they sent their letter to

"Mrs.
Owner of a Shop,
Louisburgh,
County Mayo or County Galway."

They also drew a map on the envelope indicating where they thought the shop was. The letter duly found its way to Westport Post Office where members of the postal service have a reputation for finding people that would put the CIA, the FBI, M15 and even the Garda Síochána to shame. The An Post sleuths used all their detection skills to trace the "owner of a shop" and a delighted Mrs. Duffy duly received her letter. She said: "The address was extremely vague and full credit must go to the staff of An Post for getting the letter to me."

- Mayo News 19-5-93

Westport Tourism Organisation has demanded an explanation from Mayo Co. Council as to why it has failed to take action in the past five years over the alleged unauthorised fencing of a beach near Thallabawn which leads to Killary Harbour. The organisation's PRO, Mr. Paddy Hopkins, said it was impossible to escape the conclusion that the Co. Council was deliberately dragging its heels in the matter. This is something that has been going on for five years and numerous visitors have been denied access to the beach. What is even more worrying is the fact that there now appears to be further fencing taking place in the general area and if this is permitted it will make access to beaches even more difficult," he said. Mr. Hopkins said Westport Tourism had written numerous letters to the Co. Council over the years and had never received more than "the matter is being looked into" reply to their queries. "We will not be fobbed off any longer and we will now be taking the matter up with the Minister for the Environment and the Ministers for the Marine and Tourism. There are many people working on a voluntary basis for the promotion of tourism in the Westport-Louisburgh area who are wondering why they are getting such statutory indifference from Mayo Co. Council to their efforts," said Mr. Hopkins.

- Mayo News 9-6-93

The third talk in the series "The Challenge of Change - Louisburgh's response to the future" held in Sancta Maria College, was most stimulating and

Weddings . . .



Michael Mulvey, Collacoan, Louisburgh and Gabrielle Harmann, married in Germany.



Nora Gibbons, Cregganroe, Louisburgh and Ray Prendergast, Accony, married in St. Patrick's Church, Louisburgh.



Joseph Scanlon, Bunowen, Louisburgh and Nicole Ann Freese of Minnesota, U.S.A., married in St. Patrick's Church, Louisburgh.



Ann Duffy, N.T., Louisburgh and James Lally, Durless, Kilsallagh, married in Rome.

thought-provoking. Many issues that Louisburgh needs to address were aired and the need for definite co-operative planning was shown. Mr. Tony Barrett raised issues like the idea of 'work' and 'jobs' in the future and the need for the West and Louisburgh to insist on equitable wealth distribution. The need for the community to work together, for the community to take responsibility for its future and for members of the community to experience involvement in community activity, were also highlighted. Mr. Barry Kennedy discussed the new role of the Department of Social Welfare in job creation and community development. Mr. Jimmy Glynn, Employment co-ordinator in this area explained how Social Welfare helps communities and the unemployed in getting paid work. Further details can be got in Social Welfare offices and in Louisburgh Resource Centre.

- *Mayo News 25-8-93*

Granuaile, the legendary Connaught pirate, who epitomised female strength and independence, was promoted as a role model for the women of Louisburgh on the recent RTE1 documentary "Risen Women". The documentary charted the progress of sixteen women who took part in a Horizon self-development course. The course was funded by the E.C., the Department of Social Welfare and the Combat Poverty Agency. According to Hugh Frazer of the Combat Poverty Agency their reasons for supporting the course were to help women to help themselves and to assist them to become powerful forces in developing their own community. The documentary was produced by the husband and wife team of Ethna and Michael Viney, using the facilities of Telegeal in Spiddal. The Vineys have lived near Louisburgh for more than fifteen years and Ethna Viney did much of her growing up in Westport. Bill and Jane Farrell, another husband and wife team, acted as facilitators and co-ordinators on the course. The documentary looked at the women before, during and after the course. In particular it focused on the fears and hopes of three women - Brid Sammin, Mary Gibbons and Eileen Maxwell.

- *Mayo News 9-6-93*

Louisburgh youth, Pdraig Ó Laighin (Lyons), aged 15, of Acconry, cycled a round trip of 54 miles to compete at Castlebar Feis in June, 1954, where he won a scholarship to attend an Irish College.

- *Reprinted in Mayo News 25-8-93*

According to the Western Regional Fisheries Board both rivers fished well for salmon last week, particularly at the weekend. The Bunowen provided

the best fishing in years for local and visiting anglers. Seamus Ball, Louisburgh, landed five a day, and another local, John Bennett, had four. Austin Lyons landed several fish and lost a few. Around 25 salmon were landed at the Bunowen for the week, most ranging between four and seven pounds and the best 10 lb. For permits contact: Charles Gaffney, telephone (098) 66150.

- *Mayo News 11-8-93*

A new book shop has opened at Lower Bridge Street, Westport, in a premises that boasts a magnificent new traditional-type shop front. "The Book Shop" is the business venture of Mr. Seamus Duffy of Chapel Street, Louisburgh, whose family has many connections with the Westport area. Seamus is Chairman of Louisburgh Holidays plc, of which his late father, Paddy, was one of the founders. His mother, Mrs. Mary Duffy, runs her own business at Chapel Street. Open daily, early 'til late, seven days a week, "The Book Shop" has an extensive array of books on a wide range of topics. All leading authors are stocked . . . all at very competitive prices.

- *Mayo News 11-8-93*

After very impressive performances at County and Regional levels, the Louisburgh Community Games Choir achieved a very commendable sixth place in the National Community Games Finals held recently in Mosney. The Louisburgh choir's musical director, Mrs. Jackie Cassidy, said she was very pleased that the dedicated work, rehearsals and natural talents of the choir members had been rewarded with such a satisfactory placing in the National Finals.

- *Mayo News 30-9-93*

In 1995 Louisburgh will celebrate its bi-centenary and already the local community has embarked on an ambitious development programme to mark the occasion. A central part of the programme is the renewal of the town centre, a project spearheaded by Louisburgh Traders' Association, with the support of Mayo Co. Council and other local bodies. Said Association PRO, Mr. Andy Durkan: "the forthcoming bi-centenary has given us the impetus to work for the restoration of Louisburgh's fortunes. Our town has much to offer to tourists and industrialists and a united effort is now being made to project a strong and positive image of the area.

- *Mayo News 15-12-93*

Reports were received by the Western Regional Fisheries Board on Saturday last, 27th

Weddings . . .



Una Morrison, Killadoon, Louisburgh and Jim Power, Celbridge, Co. Kildare, married in Holy Family Church, Killeen.



Eileen Morrison, Killadoon, Louisburgh and Michael O'Rourke, Cootehill, Co. Cavan, married in Holy Family Church, Killeen.



Francis Ward and Mary Ward (nee Davitt, Curradavitt).



Leo Morahan, Mooneen and Joan King, Kiltimagh, married in Meelick, Swinford.

November, 1993, of massive silting on the Bunowen River, Louisburgh.

– *Mayo News 1-12-93*

The Big Man from Louisburgh has done it again. Eamon Keane, school-teacher cum strongman extraordinaire, has just returned from Florida, U.S.A., where he astounded all the experts and broke every existing record in the Iron Man (Strength, Speed and Endurance) Gym Circuits Championship.

– *Mayo News 22-12-93*

Louisburgh's "McGirr's Hotel" was the venue for a public auction on January 9, 1928 when Westport auctioneer, Mr. T. Hastings, offered for sale the 23-acre holding, with house and out-offices, of Mr. Anthony Gavin of Feenone, Louisburgh with accompanying Turbary and Seaweed rights.

– *Reprinted from Mayo News 1928*

News of the sudden death of Garda Sergeant Gerry Cannon, Louisburgh, at the early age of 42 was heard with profound regret, both in the local community and Loughrea district. A native of Kilmeena, Westport, he joined the force in November 1972. His first post was to Loughrea District in 1973. He then went on to join the Traffic Corp in Galway City in 1978, until on promotion in January, 1991 he was transferred to Louisburgh as Sergeant. A keen footballer in his youth, he always supported his local team and county.

– *Mayo News 2-2-94*

Cllr. Martin J. O'Toole, retired member of Dáil Éireann and Seanad Éireann, will be honoured at a special function in Hotel Westport on Friday night, February 19th, for his years of service as a member of the Oireachtas. A special presentation will be made to Cllr. O'Toole by former Taoiseach, Mr. Charles J. Haughey. Several T.D.s and western public representatives will attend. Tickets are £7.50 each, covering a meal, bar exemption and music by 'Sound Affair'. They are available from Paddy Muldoon and Margaret Adams.

– *Mayo News 12-2-94*

The Louisburgh Bi-Centenary Draw took place in the Derrylahan, Louisburgh, on Friday last, the 14th of January. The Gala Night was exceptionally well supported with almost 500 people in attendance. A sum of around £35,000 was raised in the draw. The huge crowd were entertained by Basil, Donal & Joe who provided the music for the occasion. Savouries were provided on the night by the hard-working ladies on the committee. The

Draw itself took place at 12.15 a.m. and was covered live by Mid-West Radio.

The Draw was overseen by three local Peace Commissioners – Mr. John Joe Morrison, Louisburgh; Mr. Tommy O'Malley, Thallabawn and Mr. John Lyons, Bunowen.

The 21 prizes were drawn as follows: 1st – £2,500 Holiday to Anywhere in the World – Michael O'Toole (Ml. John Junior), Inishturk; 2nd – Air Tickets for Two to Boston or New York with \$1,000 Spending Money – Fr. Austin Fergus, Tuam; 3rd – Holiday for Two in the Canaries – John and Ann Kilcoyne, Cregganbawn, Louisburgh; 4th – Mitsubishi 25" TV. – Frank Duffy, Parke, Castlebar; 5th – Belling Cooker – Michael John Durkan, Bridge St., Louisburgh; 6th – Hotpoint Dishwasher – Mrs. Cave, Carramore, Louisburgh; 7th – Ladies' and Gents' Mountain Bikes – Cathy/Eamon/Gerry, c/o Cunningham's Londis, Ballyhaunis; 8th – Weekend for Two in the Abbey Glenn Hotel – Sheila O'Grady, Six Noggins, Killadoon; 9th – 800w Microwave Oven – John Campbell, 19 South Mall, Westport; 10 VHS Video Recorder – Johnny Casey, 34 Gladswood, Clonskeagh, Dublin; 11th – Weekend for Two, Slieve Russel Hotel – A.B. Casey, Main Street, Louisburgh; 12th – Carpet to Value of £200 – Michael Sammin, 19 Pandora Road, Coventry; 13th – Furniture to the Value of £20 – Alex Newman, c/o Michael Tom Durkan, Louisburgh; 14th – 20-Piece Galway Royal Set of China – Paul Heffeman, Davitt House, Castlebar; 15th – Household Goods, value £150 – Cathy McMyler, "Clifden", Coast Road, Malahide, Dublin; 16th – 1 Ton of Coal – John Philbin, Carramore, Louisburgh; 17th – 1 Trailer of Turf – Phil and P. Dawson, 128 Glengary Ave., Glengeary, Dublin; 18th – Dinner for Four in the Weir Restaurant – Michael and Mary O'Toole, Bunowen Road, Louisburgh; 19th – Garden Equipment to the Value of £10 – Michael John O'Toole, Ballyheer, Inishturk; 20th – Food Hamper, value £100 – Michael Sammin, Askelane; 21st – Weekend for Two in London – Lorena Murphy, Breaffy Road, Castlebar.

– *Mayo News 22-1-94*

The trustees of the Falduff (Louisburgh) Group Water Scheme have appealed to members of the group to eliminate leakages on their lands and premises in order to curtail the high level of water wastage. Those who fail to do so and are found negligent will face extra charges.

– *Mayo News 23-2-94*

THE Mayo IFA Industrial Committee spokesman, Mr. Joe Murphy has demanded that changes to the law on Occupier's Liability must protect farmers

COMHGHÁIRDEACHAS

We warmly congratulate the following parishioners and applaud their achievements:



P. J. Gibbons, Furmoyle, was conferred in June 1993 with a Higher Diploma in Media Studies at University College, Dublin. He was also awarded a Certificate and Diploma in Theatrical Studies at U.C.D. P. J. is pictured above (centre) receiving his awards from Rev. Sean Fortune, Course Lecturer, and Minister of State, Mr. John Browne, T.D. Co-presenters of the awards were Mr. Bil Keating of R.T.É., and Mr. Joseph Power of the Irish Independent.



Sancta Maria Junior Team – Connaught Winners:

Back (l. to r.): Dermot Morahan, Paul Healy, Michael Maxwell, Tom McDonnell, David Moran, Liam Gammon, Michael J. Moran, Seamus Egan, Eoin O'Grady, John Durkan (Trainer). Front (l. to r.): Aonghas O'Loughlin, Walter Egan, Martin Nee, Seám McLoughlin (captain), Kevin Flynn, John Hegarty, Jarlath O'Malley.

against claims arising from injury to child trespassers. He said: "Farmers will be placed in an impossible situation if legalisation introduced to update the law on Occupier's Liability creates a legal loophole allowing claims for children who have injured themselves while on farmland without either the farmer's knowledge or permission. Mr. Murphy made his remarks at a recent County Executive meeting.

- *Mayo News 13-4-94*

Dadreen, Killadoon,
Westport
Dear Sir,

Your excellent picture of Killary Estate Employees in 1912 (*Mayo News*, 16th March, 1994, Page 6) is of great interest at this end of the road, especially as many of our neighbours are their descendants; but the caption describing Killary Lodge as near Leenane is confusing. Killary Lodge is a two-storey house in Sixnoggins, owned since the 1920s by the Staunton family who, about 1970, sold it to a French racing motorist as a holiday home. The Stauntons kept most of their land and built a new house close by, where John Joe Staunton now lives. Both houses still get their water from a 5,000 gallon concrete tank, built in Boswell-Houston days, now on the land of their neighbour, Tommie Joe O'Malley. The Killary Lodge near Leenane was until 1988 known as Dernaasliggan, for many years the home of the Thomson family (originally, says Hugh Thomson, Derry-na-Sliggan, but the postmistress found that a bit long on the telegrams). It was re-named by the owners, Jamie and Mary Young (who also run the Adventure Centre at Salruck) who have turned it into a special interest and conference centre.

Sincerely,
Rosemary Garvey.

- *Mayo News 22-3-94*

One of the founding directors of Louisburgh's holiday cottage company has retired after twenty years of voluntary service. Mr. Joe Staunton said he had decided to retire because of pressure of work and because he felt it was time to make way for 'new blood', but, he added "I intend being present at the annual meeting of the company for the next thirty years at least!"

- *Mayo News 1-6-94*

A number of ladies who took part in the course, when contacted for the purpose of this article, referred to (1) A growth in confidence. (2) A "bond" with the other members of the group. (3) A willingness to play a bigger part in community affairs in future. (4) A need for similar courses for

all rural women and men. All the women contacted were enthusiastic about a continuation or "follow up" course. It is the general opinion of the instructors and participants in the course that while President Mary Robinson has advanced the causes of women greatly since her election, it could be said she has only scratched the surface. In many instances, the organisations and individuals she meets are the "end" result rather than the "beginners" groups, similar to the newly "risen" women of Louisburgh.

Patrick Conway in Mayo News

It's the festival everybody is waiting for... the Louisburgh Midsummer Festival, and it takes place this year from July 10 to July 18. A huge programme of activities has been arranged to cater for visitors and locals alike, with special emphasis on high-quality family entertainment. Full details of the festival will appear in next week's "Mayo News".

- *Mayo News 29-6-94*

The entire parish of Louisburgh has been passed for connection with the Rural Electrification Scheme. Very Rev. Canon Heaney, P.P., Chairman of a local committee, formed with that end in view, has received a communication to that effect. Work will commence on this project in the immediate future. During a house to house canvas conducted by an ESB official in this area recently, 75% of the parishioners signified their intention of accepting the current. The town of Louisburgh is at present the farthest point west connected with the scheme.

Reprinted from Mayo News 1954

The Children of Inishturk are an educated and ambitious lot. Here's what some of the boys and girls of Inishturk had to say, on the day of the recent brochure launch: Margaret O'Toole (10) thinks visitors to the island have loads to do. They can visit 'The Club', go for a walk, a swim or go to the shop, she says. Mary McHale Heaney (8) would like to see more visitors coming, "but not that often!" What's more Mary has made her mind up: "I would like to work on the island and I want to live here forever." If Inishturk experiences a 'tourism boom' then Stephanie O'Toole (8) won't complain, for she would like to work as a waitress. By comparison, Anthony O'Toole, also eight year old, wants to be a carpenter. "And I doubt I will change my mind... My uncle is a bit of a carpenter." More immediately, Philomena Margaret O'Toole (13) is looking forward to the next visit to Clare Island for a soccer game. "We have a couple of good players and we are due to beat them next," she says confidently.

Allen Meagher in Mayo News 29-6-94

Comhghairdeachas . . .



Sancta Maria Senior Football – Connaught Winners:

Back (l. to r.): Aonghus O'Loughlin, Eric Heneghan, Martin Staunton, David O'Malley, Liam Gannon, David Moran, Seán McLoughlin, Dermot Morahan, Niall O'Malley, Eoin O'Grady, John Durkan (Trainer).

Front (l. to r.): Michael Maxwell, Tom McDonnell, Walter Egan, Aiden Gill (captain), Martin Nee, Kevin Flynn, Aiden Hughes, Jarlath O'Malley.



Sancta Maria Juvenile team:

Back (l. to r.): Pat O'Malley, Martin Ruane, B. O'Loughlin, Dermot Morahan, Martin O'Grady, John E. Gibbons, Seamus Nicholson, David Kenny, Marcus O'Malley, James O'Malley, John Durkan (Trainer).

Front (l. to r.): Eamon Gill, Seán Burke, Matthew Maxwell, Edward Nee, Jarlath O'Malley, Michael McCabe, Seán Gill, Austin O'Malley, Owen O'Malley.

The Taoiseach, Mr. Reynolds, has pledged to send Minister of State, Mr. Liam Aylward, to Louisburgh in connection with the approval of a £20,000 Lottery grant for the renovation and refurbishment of Louisburgh Parochial Hall. Said the Taoiseach: "There is no better place he can spend £20,000 than here in Louisburgh."

- Mayo News 25-5-94

Louisburgh was visited by a mad dog (said to belong to a farmer from Knockfin, Westport) on May 12, 1893. The dog, suffering from a bad case of rabies, ran into the house of Mrs. Anthony O'Toole, Louisburgh and bit her, through her leather boot, on the foot. Mrs. O'Toole was attended immediately by Dr. Griffin who cauterised the wound. (Mrs. O'Toole was sister of Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, and mother of Rev. Jeremiah O'Toole, C.C., Newport). The mad dog subsequently bit a cow the property of Dr. Griffin, a pig the property of Mr. Robert Atkinson and a number of local dogs, before being pursued and shot and killed by the constabulary a short distance from Louisburgh. At a subsequent sitting of Westport Petty Sessions Sergeant Guinane outlined the trail of destruction left by the mad dog in Louisburgh and gave details of the police destroying the animals bitten. He made application to have dogs owned by Pat Durkan and Thomas Joyce, Louisburgh, put down by shooting because they were bitten by the mad dog. The court made an order for the destruction of the dogs.

- Reprinted from Mayo News in 1893

Around 1,000 people joined the grandson of the late Mahatma Gandhi, Arun Gandhi, as he marched towards Delphi on Saturday afternoon last to commemorate both the Tragedy of Doolough and the 125th anniversary of the birth of his famous grandfather.

- Mayo News 11-5-94

Contrary to the trend at many National Schools, the number of pupils on the roll at Clare Island N.S. has increased in recent years and went from 27 to 31 last September when a second teacher, Mr. John Farrell, N.T., was appointed to the school at which Mrs. Mary McCabe is Principal.

- Mayo News 18-5-94

Fr. Tom O'Malley, Long Beach, California, who has died, was a native of Bunowen, Louisburgh, and is mourned by his brothers, sisters and other relatives. Burial took place in Long Beach.

- Mayo News 10-8-94

At Louisburgh Summer Festival the town turned back the clock for a day, duplicating life as it would have been in the earlier part of this century. The streets were not only alive with the sound of music but with the buzz of hundreds of people including many foreigners, several of whom donned bowler hats, shawls and clothes of yesteryear. The events of the day kicked off with live music and animal roasting on a spit on the Square, while onlookers visited the various stalls on the square which included exhibits of Louisburgh's heritage, butter churning, wool spinning, fish stall and even a poitin-making still. Bringing back memories of old fair days, Louisburgh's exhibition of heritage, combined with glorious sunshine, drew a huge crowd as the day progressed.

- Mayo News 4-8-94

Wolverhampton,
West Midlands,
Dear Editor

I have been on holiday in the West of Ireland. Among the places I visited were Céide Fields and Louisburgh. They were both interesting from different perspectives but I could not help noticing the superior presentation of the Ann Chambers Video on Grace O'Malley at the Louisburgh (Grainne Uaile) Interpretive Centre. Congratulations to Ann and all those involved in the making of the video.

Yours sincerely,
Sister Liam Cummins

- Mayo News 18-8-94

Louisburgh Drama Group's highly-acclaimed production of John B. Keane's "Sive" is to be staged in Coventry for one night only in November. Such has been the success of the production that the Group have been invited to perform at St. Brendan's Club, Coventry, on Saturday night, November 19 as part of a big "Louisburgh Night" social which will also include dancing to the music of Louisburgh's magnificent minstrel, Basil Morahan. Tickets for this memorable night can be obtained in advance from Michael Needham in Coventry, 'phone (203) 593640. "Sive", regarded by many theatre-goers as one of John B. Keane's best plays, has all the ingredients for a superb stage entertainment - drama, music, comedy touches, human passion and tragedy - and the very talented cast of the Louisburgh group's production do the script full justice. Cast members are Vera Durkin, Bridie McHale, Breeda McGinn, Michael O'Malley, Edward Ball, Tommy McCormack, Sean Cave, Michael Featherston and John O'Dowd. For Louisburgh people in the general Coventry area the

Comhghairdeachas . . .



Lava O'Malley, Main Street, Louisburgh, received a B.Ed. (Hons) at St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra.



Richard John Gibbons, son of John & Mary Gibbons, Furrymoyle, Louisburgh, who was conferred recently with an Honours L.L.B. Degree from University College Galway.



Geraldine Kilcoyne, Creggancopple, Louisburgh, who graduated with Merit at the Donagh O'Malley Regional Technical College, Letterkenny. She received the National Certificate in Computer Programming and Systems Analysis. She is now studying for her diploma in Sligo Regional Technical College. She is daughter of Mary and the late Peter Kilcoyne, Creggancopple.



Loretta Gibbons, Furrymoyle, Louisburgh, who was awarded "Employee of the Year 1994" by Ryanair for ongoing performance, dedication and productivity in her work. Loretta who is on the permanent staff of Ryanair, Dublin, was awarded a holiday of her choice for 2 worldwide.

"Louisburgh Night" on November 19 in St. Brendan's Club, Coventry, is a night not to be missed and the historic stage presentation by the Louisburgh Drama Group is already being eagerly looked forward to. Tickets should be booked early. It's bound to be a sell-out night.

- Mayo News 7-10-94

There was plenty of cause for celebration by Inishturk islanders on Saturday, September 19. Two of the island's young men were wed on that day - Jim Prendergast married Innishboffin girl Ann O'Halloran and there was another inter-islands marriage when Bernard Heaney of Inishturk wed Philomena Cafferkey of Doough, Achill Island. And on the same day, Inishturk Gaelic footballer, Michael John O'Toole, won an All-Ireland medal with the Mayo Over 40s team who defeated Louth in the final. There were further celebrations on Inishturk Island on last Saturday night when Robert O'Toole celebrated his 21st Birthday at a party in the island's Community Centre.

- Mayo News 30-9-93

10 year old Siobhan Morrison was the toast of Louisburgh Parish, Co. Mayo, after she brought off a series of "firsts" at the All-Britain Fleadh Cheoil.

WILD BIRDS

Dear Editor,

The famous English poet, John Keats, would probably not have written his most famous poem, the *Ode to a Nightingale* if he had been alive today instead of nearly two hundred years ago. The nightingale, once quite common, is now a rare species, and a Keats of today might never hear it. When I was a boy, the common bunting could be seen, one perched on every telegraph pole, mile after mile across England. But not today: and other species, once common enough, like the nuthatch or king-fisher have become rare; or, like the red-beaked shrike or "butcher bird", nearly extinct.

For a long time I have been coming to Louisburgh district every summer, and have been very conscious of the richness and variety of the birdlife - dapper stonechats darting about in hedges, winchats, wheatears, pipits, and so on. But this summer I have seen very few. (One morning, true enough, there was a flock of starlings). Likewise with the larger birds. A hundred or so jackdaws rose up once from forestry land, but the snipe seems to have gone; dunlins seem fewer on the strand. I have not seen a single gannet, and the heron, cormorant, raven and kestrel, once a familiar sight, seem absent this year.

A good systematic account, by a permanent resident, of local bird population, and whether there has been significant decline in numbers (as in so many other places of recent years) would be most interesting and valuable, and I hope some qualified person may take it on for *An Choinneal*.

Queen's College, Cambridge

John Holloway

An Choinneal would be delighted to publish such an account in an effort to preserve our precious wild-life. - EDITOR

Siobhán won the U-12 section for the accordion at the fleadh, first place in the Irish Singing section. She is daughter of Charles Morrison, Killadoon, Louisburgh and Maureen Morrison (Coyne), Liverpool, and grand-daughter of Winnie & James Morrison, Killadoon, and Paddy & Joan Coyne, Aillemore & Liverpool.

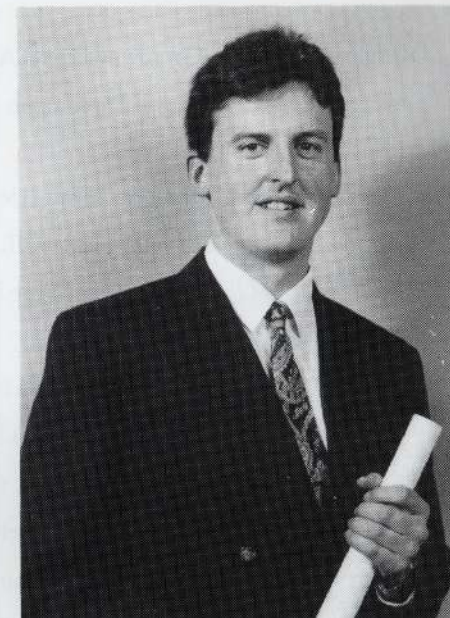
In nearly forty years since serving my last Mass I've never known anyone who inspired the awe of Father John Ball. It wasn't physical fear . . . it was as though all the authority and wrath of God . . . had taken flesh in this robust young black-haired, dark-eyed Irishman . . . You knew by the way he looked at you that he knew what you were thinking, so you'd try to think of something good but that wouldn't work either since he'd know what you were really thinking even if you didn't . . . I thank Fathers Quinn and Ball . . . for having taught me the important thing that's happened there on the altar behind the yellow balloons and the children's paintings . . . On my next visit to Seattle I'm going to look up Mike Hurley and we'll agree that they don't make them like Father Ball anymore.

James F. O'Callaghan in a West Coast U.S. Church Magazine

Comhgháirdeachas . . .



Patricia Gibbons, Cloonlaura, Killadoon, Louisburgh, who graduated last year with an honours B.Sc. Degree in Computer Science in the Regional College, Waterford. She now has a permanent position with the Allied Irish Bank, Bank Centre, Dublin. Patricia was educated in the Holy Family School, Killeen, and the Sancta Maria College, Louisburgh. She is daughter of David & Eileen Gibbons, Cloonlaura, Killadoon, Louisburgh.



Seamus McConnell, Shraugh. Awarded a Civil Law Degree and qualified as Solicitor.



Siobhan Morrison, winner at All-Britain Fleadh Cheoil.



Johnny Mulvey who retired recently presents a young Pádraic Walshe (Main Street) with trophy.

Congratulations also . . .

Margaret Donnelly, Carrowniskey. B.A. (H.Dip.)

Ann Sammon, Carramore. Diploma in Hotel Management. (Shannon College of Catering)

Elaine Sammon, Carramore. B.Ed. (Home Economics)

Mary Duffy, Falduff. Certificate in Office & Information Systems (Athlone)

Helen O'Malley, Kilsallagh. Certificate in Office & Information Systems (Galway)

Nicola Lyons, Bunowen. B.A. (Hons)

Caitriona Gannon, Kilsallagh. Degree in Environmental Science

Shane Bergin, Furmoyle. B.Sc. (Eng.) Bolton Street

Karen Gibbons, Doughmakeon. B.Sc. (Pharm) T.C.D.

Tania Corcoran, Bunowen. Garda Siochana

Richard Gibbons, Dougmakeon. B.Comm. U.C.D.

Denise Lyons, Bunowen. A.I.B. Bank Official

Fiona Kelly, Mullagh. Accounting Technician

Christina McDonnell, Furrigal. Accounting Technician

Austin Duffy, Bridge Street. Degree in Civil Eng. U.C.D.

Richard Lyons, Askelane. Computer Studies

Austin Lyons, Askelane. Farm Management

John Lyons, Askelane. Certificate in Business Studies

Ann Marie Gibbons, ????. Degree in Psychology.

Seamus McConnell, Shraugh. Civil Law Degree and qualified as Solicitor.

Joseph Scanlon, Bunowen, and his cousin, Reneé Cronin, Crossmolina.

Both graduated at Co-Act College, Limerick. Joseph received his Diploma in Instrumentation and Control and Reneé in Art and Design.

Michael Ward, Elected State Representative for 13th Worcester District, Mass.

Michael Gibbons, Cloonlaura, Killadoon, Louisburgh, was promoted to Garda Sergeant during the year. He is at present working in Bray, Co. Wicklow.

Comhgháirdeachas . . .



Captain Niall Corrigan – too full (and too tired) for words!



Trainer John Durkan lifts the precious victory cup!



Versatile Duo – Jarlath O'Malley and Dermot Morahan, played on Juvenile, Junior and Senior for Sancta Maria.

Comhgháirdeachas . . .



Austie Lyons

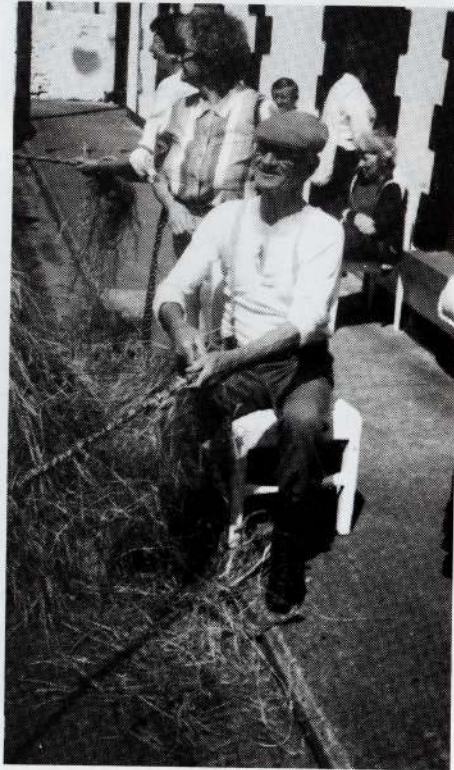
Salmon catch

On 26th April 1994 Austie Lyons, Chapel Street, angler and retired haulage contractor caught this twelve-pound salmon at Durkan's Pool on the Bunowen River. Apart from the appreciable weight, this two-year-old salmon is of special interest. It is the heaviest so far caught of 32,000 salmon fry released into Carrs Pool in May 1992 (see Coinneal Number Eighteen p.91). The fry were a cross between Corrib and Louisburgh strains and were tagged to that data was retrievable. This fish has gone to sea – perhaps as far as Greenland – and returned to the river, twice.

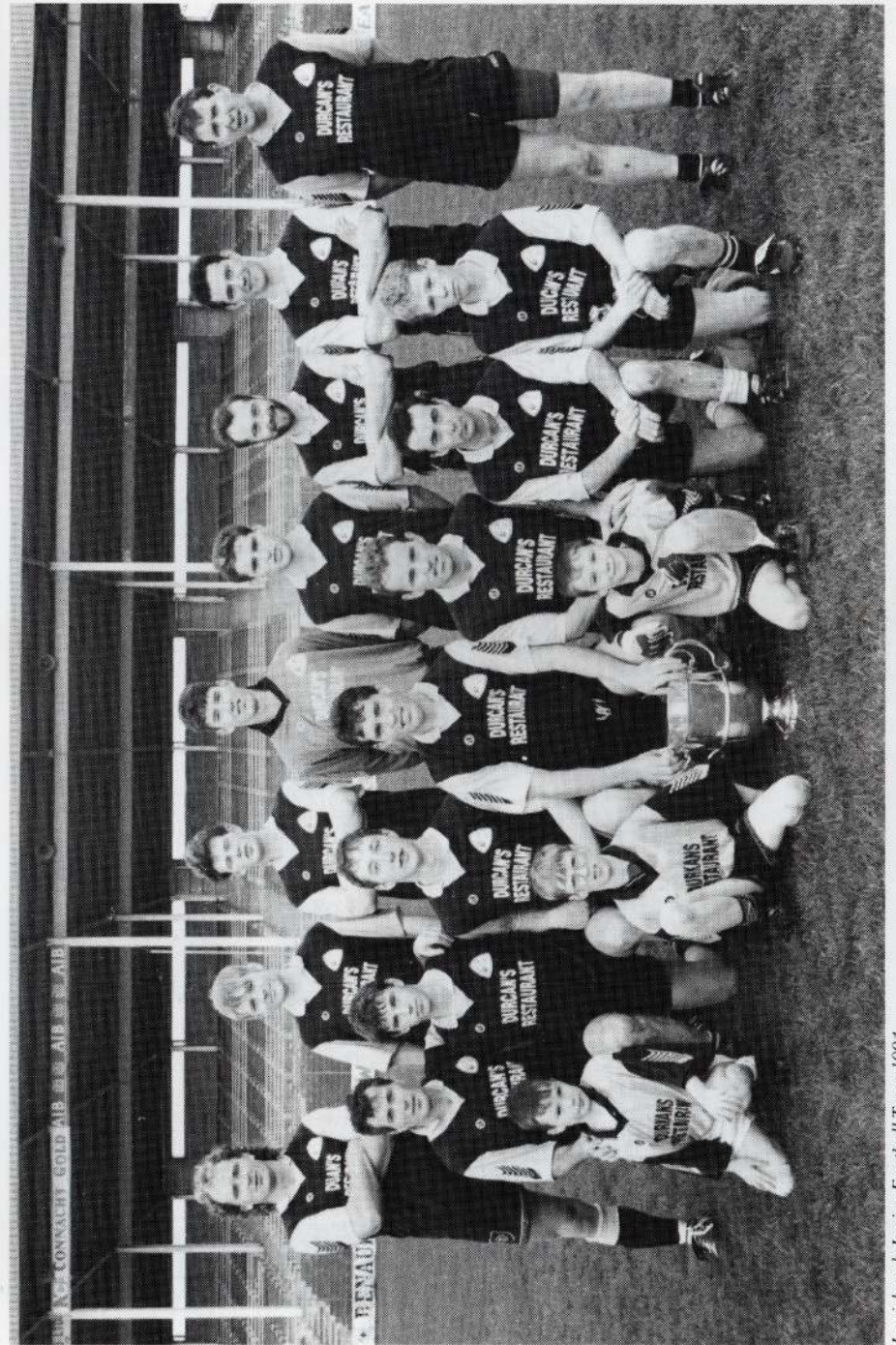
Heritage Day, Louisburgh, July 17th, 1993

The chair on which Geoffrey Prendergast is sitting, is perhaps as old as any other item at the Heritage Day. The chair was made from timber washed ashore from the wreckage of the "River Dee" a British cargo ship wrecked while on her way to Westport with a load of timber, on New Year's Eve, 1871.

This chair is one of a set of chairs made by old Thomas Gibbons of Emlagh (a grand-uncle of the present Tommie Gibbons and Margaret Scott) for Geoffrey (Myles) Gibbons, Accony.



Geoffrey Prendergast



Louisburgh Junior Football Team 1994



Two winning captains. Aiden Gill (Senior) and Seán McLoughlin (Junior)

MY WINTER OF '42

I remember winter of '42, mostly because I started to work on the roads for the County Council and left my childhood behind forever. I had turned fourteen and hadn't gone to school for nearly two years. My teacher, John T. Morahan, was an understanding man and knew I was needed at home on the farm more than I was needed at school. He was also on the Mayo County Council, and a close friend of my father's, so that winter of '42 I found myself embarking on the second level of my education with an old mare I called Dolly and an old cart and harness that had seen better days! There were eleven of us at home including my father and mother: four girls were older than me, all fairly bright and going to school in places like Tuam and Kiltimagh and Claremorris. Some were on full, some on partial, scholarships; but it must have been quite a struggle to come up with the money for books, transportation and all the incidentals, so I'm sure the wages from my winter job were very helpful.

The road to Killeen was being widened in preparation for steamrolling, and that's where I started one Monday morning. The ganger was Broddy McMenamín from Belclare. He was very nice and put me at my ease, telling me I would not be expected to compete with the adults, some of the best men from Cahir, Furmoyle, Carrowniskey and Doughmakeown. "Just keep filling the cart and keep the old mare moving at her ease". He also asked me to get a long pants, as I was still in the short pants schoolhoys wore at that time; and to work for the County Council one was supposed to be eighteen. They probably had child labour laws even back then! My mother bought me a pair of overalls that night in the town. I remember they cost thirteen shillings and lasted the whole winter, after which I got my first long pants. The job lasted six weeks. I had Thomas Cannon of Dougmakeown as helper a lot of the time. He was a great friend as he had ten children himself at the time and I know he felt sorry for me being so ill-prepared for the minor hardships. There was hardly a day that something didn't break: straps on the harness and chains on the old cart; and Thomas was always there with a horse-nail or a whang or a split-link; and always a great sense of humour. I think Broddy put him with me for that reason - to give me self-confidence, which he certainly did. The money ran out on that job and I was sorry to leave then. Broddy would later marry Gaelie Morahan and go to live in England after the war.

The second phase of my job took me to the road that runs from Oldhead Crossroads to Lady Harmon's Lodge in Tully. My new ganger was a lad from Curvey in Aughagower called Pakie Lally. At that time he was boxing for Saint Anne's Club in Westport and was a better-than-average welterweight. We would become life-long friends as he was commissioned a lieutenant in the F.C.A., a reserve of the National Army established after World War II, to which I would later belong. Our section of the road ran through Falduff, Kilgeever, Ballyhip, Derreen, Shraugh and Tully and when we worked the Kilgeever section, Pakie, after he would assign the work details, would go to visit Big Thomas Jennings a few hundred yards from the work-site. He would assign me the task of alerting him if the engineer came, as I was the fastest runner on the gang. The attraction was the three lovely teenage girls living in that house at that time: Mary and Alice, and Bridgie who was exceptionally pretty. Theresa would have

been in National School and Bernie was a baby; their mother was Winters from Clare Island and was a fine-looking woman. Big Thomas was very funny and was one of the few who could take liberties with my neighbour, Tom Glynn the blacksmith. There are great stories told of exchanges between the two. On wet days (and there were as many then as there are now), Pakie the ganger would set up a boxing ring in John Duffy's threshing barn and there used to be some interesting bouts. My one and only experience was very brief and instructive: Martin Ball hit me so hard and so often that I could tell after a couple of short rounds that there was no future for me in that sport. It would be all of four years before I would lace on a boxing glove again, in Renmore Barracks in Galway. The best fights were between the ganger and Paddy Maxwell of Ballyhip. Paddy was a fine, imposing figure; always wore a ruby ring on his left hand and an expensive hat, and when he dressed up would draw more than a passing glance from the girls. He could handle himself very well and used to give Pakie a good run for his money. There were three Maxwell brothers working on the job: Willie, who lived in Cailleachán; James, who was married to Annie Gavin from Cregganbawn (who used to work for Father Mullarkey), and Paddy, who had come back from England when the German bombing got very bad.

I spent a couple of very interesting weeks building a gullet (a small bridge) on the road between McConnell's and Tully Lodge. Paddy Maxwell was the mason. Marty Duffy was his attendant and my assignment was supplying the necessary raw materials – sand and gravel from Cuinnane's river – for making mortar and building stones; and flagstones from Oweny Grady's quarry. Not too far from the gullet was a small house down by the river occupied at that time by Harry and Honnie. I think he was Harry Gill and she used to be Honnie Moran. Marty Duffy had spent time in England and had been in the air-raid shelter under the Rudge Whitworth Factory the night the Germans destroyed Coventry. He would describe the awful misery and fear as the factory took a couple of direct hits and the fire-brigade was out there trying to put out the fires. The water was seeping in through the ventilation shafts and the women trying to pacify infants and frightened children; and the awful gut-wrenching fear of never getting out and being entombed forever under the rubble. There would be fifteen babies born in that shelter on that awful night and all fifteen survived. Marty had gone to school in the convent, which is now known as Sancta Maria College and Paddy used say to me that it did him more harm than good and that he would have been better off if he stayed with John Toole in the National School. Paddy did not approve of co-education and said it was asking too much of any healthy young lad to keep his mind on books when the classroom was full of pretty teenage girls. Marty would agree that it wasn't easy to get an education under those circumstances but at least it was worth the effort. He used to talk about Nora Duggan and Annie Philbin and Lizzie Mack and others I've forgotten. Paddy would say that education was great if you could enter the professions – Law, Teaching, Medicine, or Engineering; but for the likes of Marty and myself it could be more of a liability than an asset. I asked him to explain that to me, as all I ever listened to at home was the value of education. He explained that where it applied to myself and Marty, it could cause great dissatisfaction: in my case making a living in Bunowen on thirty acres of bad land and Marty destined to swing a pick for Wimpey or MacAlpine over in England, we would be better not knowing anything of a



Louisburgh Drama Group with "Sive". They had an unforgettable re-union with emigrants in Coventry in November 1994

better life. And he said in his opinion I had got plenty out of the National School when I dropped out at twelve-and-a-half years old.

Marty was at an age where the big thing in his life was love and romance; and the conversation was 85% on that subject. He used to tease Paddy a lot. For instance he would ask him to compare the love that existed between Harry and Honnie and the love that caused King Edward VIII to give up his crown to marry a twice-divorced American lady called Wally Simpson. My admiration for Paddy increased daily as he would answer Marty's questions (and mine) with very sound logic; and he would back up his answers with stories of local lads who married lovely girls in Birmingham and Glasgow and other places and brought them home to a farm life for which they were totally inadequate. Always the love had died in the face of hardship and hard work.

While I was old enough to acknowledge Paddy's commonsense I desperately wanted to believe Marty's philosophy as he would sing for Paddy bits of a current song the chorus of which went: "*I don't care what they say, I won't live in a world without love*".

Besides, I was myself completely and hopelessly in love with a girl called Frank for over a year, or since I dropped out of school. She was the youngest of ten children who lived in Cahir. When you crossed the Bridge and went straight up the hill there were two cottages on the left: Jimmy Williams, who worked as a butcher in town and was the last of a family of twelve, lived in one and in the other lived the light of my life. The beautiful houses now owned by Teddy and Dympna Coyne, Tony and Mary Lavelle, Peggy Burns and Rita Lyons were not even thought of. There were just fields of rushes and *shellestrings* there belonging to John Hester. Frank was two weeks younger than I was; she had jet-black wavy hair and beautiful brown eyes. I had seen a film called *Mutiny on the Bounty* in which the first officer on the ship fell in love with the Chief's daughter on the island of Tahiti. He eventually mutinied, put the captain adrift in a lifeboat, took the *Bounty*, sailed back to Tahiti and took his loved one away to an island where the Royal Navy could never find them. The film star doing the Chief's daughter was a Mexican girl called Movita (married at one time to a handsome Corkman called Jack Doyle who was a successful heavyweight boxing champion in the late thirties and later made a living as a singer). Frank looked like Movita but was more beautiful in my opinion. She and Breege Durkan, who is now Breege Love, were constant companions. Breege was reared in Tom Gallagher's, her grandfather's house in Cahir. Her Aunt Kathleen was an excellent seamstress and used to make dresses and outfits of the same materials for both girls; but they never looked like sisters. Breege was tall, blond and lovely (still is!) and Frank was short, dark, slightly plump and beautiful. They always came to Mass and school and the Rosary together and, knowing their schedule pretty well, I made sure to take up my position inside my aunt's window at the Square whenever possible, so that I could feast my eyes on them crossing over from Morrisons' corner. And then I'd give them enough time to reach the church, and race down to take my place in the choir as far back as I could so I could continue to admire from behind my hymn-book. The organ at that time was up near the altar on the left-hand-side with the boys behind it and the girls on the other side. Mother Michael was the organist and there was no happier boy in that choir singing the *Tantum Ergo* and the *Adoremus* and inhaling the lovely mystical aroma of the incense at the

Benediction, and worshiping from afar! There were times I would feel a little guilty as most of us at that time had a kind of puritanical upbringing and you weren't supposed to be that happy till you died and went to heaven.

All of this and more Maxwell and Duffy got out of me, as I wanted to talk about it to someone who would not laugh at me; and, fairplay to them! they never did. Maxwell, I think, felt obliged as a relative to try and get my feet back on the ground and give me a sense of reality; and he explained that while it might be all very well on Tahiti or Pitcairn Island where you didn't even need a house and when you wanted milk you could climb a tree and crack open a coconut, or if you were hungry you swam out in the lagoon and speared a fish; and you could live in a grass shack and have a beautiful baby every year, and always plenty of breadfruit without even planting it – "Bunowen," he said, "was going to be a totally different picture with cows to be milked twice every day, barns to be thatched, dung to be spread on ridges in the Spring, pits of potatoes to be turned, slits to be cut, oats to be harrowed and bonhams to be fed, geese and ducks and clutches of eggs to be set and calves fed. I'm afraid," he said, "the tailor's daughter would not suit at all in Bunowen." Frank's father was a tailor, and her mother was from Scotland. I hardly remember the sisters except the twins, Patricia and Lizzy, who died in their late teens. There were Tessie and Kathleen and Molly and Mora and Gretta and a boy John who died at nine years old. Whatever Paddy might say, I knew when I grew to be a man I was going to marry Frank and we were going to have a houseful of lovely girl babies all just like their mother and I didn't really care if she didn't know a thing about farmwork. I was strong: I had inherited a good strong back and shoulders from my father and a little intelligence from my mother; and I could do it all. Marty said there were exceptions to every rule and love could conquer all in spite of all Paddy's sound advice. And even at fourteen, wasn't I making nine shillings and ninepence, working with the horse and cart and they were only getting five shillings and fourpence? I could see no insurmountable obstacles. Sadly, of course, Frank would never know of my love or my plans for our future. I never got the opportunity to tell her and even if I did I probably would not have the courage to open my mouth. So it was like the song said "*though I never laid a hand on you, my eyes adored you*". That was the Winter of 1942 and while I was blissfully in love there were terrible things going on in the world.

Night after night young English and Irish lads, most of them barely out of their teens would take to the skies in their Spitfires and Hurricanes in a valiant effort to repel the marauding hordes of German bombers sweeping in over the Channel, pledged to destroy all the English cities. They were so young; and so many would die. It was of them Churchill would say "Never was so much owed by so many to so few". Lots of them would have done their Leaving Cert only two or three years before in Saint Jarlath's in Tuam, Saint Mel's in Longford, Saint Patrick's in Cavan, Saint Flannan's in Ennis and indeed any second-level college in Ireland you could think of. All you needed was twenty-twenty vision, good health, and honours Maths, and fifteen months training and you were flying a Spitfire. The big dance-bands were playing, and Vera Lynn with her magnificent voice was singing "*Blue Birds over the White Cliffs of Dover*," "*Silver Wings in the Moonlight*," "*Auf Weidern*" and "*Lily Marlene*". Mussolini's mighty army bearing little resemblance to their great forebears, the mighty Roman Legions who

had conquered all the known world two thousand years before, were beaten ignominiously in North Africa by the British and Anzacs. There were three million young Germans fighting on a front that stretched all the way from Leningrad in the North all the way to the Black Sea. Over half-a-million would die that Winter trying to take Stalingrad, a huge industrial city spread along the Volga for over thirty miles. Where the frozen bodies of friend and foe were stacked like turf to try to protect the living from the bullets and the killing Siberian winds. Meanwhile, while the German army was fighting a more or less conventional war, the terrible S.S. units, worse than the hordes of Ghengis Khan or Attila the Hun, were killing all the people in the undefended towns and villages for no other reason than that they were slaves and considered subhuman by the standards of Hitler's Third Reich. The poor Russians suffered more loss of life than all the other combatant nations put together, over a million civilians would die in Leningrad alone of famine and related diseases while under siege for three years. By the time it was all over, they would have lost twelve million military and twenty million civilians, eight times the population of Ireland; and at the same time the German engineers and scientists were designing bigger and more efficient ovens to burn up all the undesirables. The world would hear a lot about the six million Jews cremated in Hitler's ovens but very little of the other five million hoboes, gypsies, mental and physical rejects and deviates of all kinds, anybody not having a useful function in the state. Eleven million would die in the ovens after their bodies were stripped of all useful materials, gold fillings and even hair. They were converted into lard to make candles and soap. Unbelievable depths of depravity were reached, but happily we were not aware of the terrible atrocities and conditions in far-off places, and would complain of not having enough tea or sugar or paraffin oil. Roosevelt, arguably the greatest man of our time, would pour in endless supplies of war materials into the ports of Murmansk and Archangel in Northern Russia by huge convoys assembled in the North Atlantic up through the North Sea where they suffered sixty per cent casualties from the U-Boat packs and the Luftwaffe flying off the coast of German-occupied Norway. So Joe Stalin would supply the bodies and Roosevelt would supply the guns and tanks; and between them they would break the back of the most powerful army in the history of the world in front of Leningrad, Moscow and Stalingrad.

One day, thank God, it was over; and it seems like everyone went away. There was work for everyone to repair and rebuild the destruction wrought by six years of sadness and insanity; and nothing would ever be the same again. A new world would emerge from the ruins. Electricity and indoor plumbing, central heating, television and telephone, cars and tractors and a lifestyle of wealth and opulence comparatively speaking. When I think of that Winter of '42 I can never forget the kindness of one old lady, Anne Cuinnane, Paddy Joe Cannon's grandmother, in Shraugh. She used to heat my bottle of tea at lunch-time and dry my clothes when I got soaked. She was an aunt of Josie and Bridie and Father Eamon and it's many a time I enjoyed the comfort of her fire. Paddy Joe was a baby then. Nancy was the oldest; May-Bea was next and would marry Gussie O'Toole in later years; my good and loyal friend Marty Duffy would marry Kathleen (He would say it was the one really smart thing he did in his whole life!) and I believe Vera was next. Their mother was Geoghegan from Derryheigh, and was a fine-looking woman, dark and impressive, as were the oldest girls. I never got to

know the younger part of the family.

The winds of change which would sweep the western world after World War II would also sweep away my childhood love and it would be all of thirty years before I would see her again. It was in Saint Gregory's Hall in Dorchester at a fundraising dance for the church in Louisburgh. We sat and talked a long time. She told me she lived in Saugus, North of Boston, and had seven children. My own seventh, Kevin, was due to be born that Spring. I showed her a snapshot of herself and Breege Love in identical summer dresses, she looked at it a long time and then said: "Where did those happy times go!" and I could only say: "just as long as we have the good memories". And we all will, as long as we live. We will have something to keep us going when things get bad, as will happen occasionally, and the load gets too heavy and we get the urge to quit. It will be those good memories that give us all the courage to pick up the load again and go forward even against what might seem insuperable odds. And as I talked, somewhere in the deep recesses of my mind, I seemed to be hearing the lovely strains of the *Pange Lingua* and getting the aroma of the incense of long ago Benedictions when I was young and so blissfully happy, living in my world of make-believe.

Worcester, Mass.

Seán Mac Duarcáin

THE ROAD TO REMEMBER

The Road to Remember
Paved with lost souls
Lest we forget
Where we're coming from
Empty mouths
Empty bowls
In search of food
Where none's to be found
In our own comforts
How easy we forget
The pain and suffering
Of past generations
Still it goes on
In far corners of the world
Why can't we learn from
Past trials and tribulations?

David Lyons – November 1992

MUSEUM PAGES

When writing in the most recent issue of *An Choinneal* Johnny Durkan (Bunowen) wrote a very fine article about Bunowen and the families in that village. Johnny mentioned the townlands of Bunowen, Carrowclaggan, Baloor, Derrylahan and Legan. He mentioned Eddie O'Malley (Baloor) and was modest enough to say that Eddie should have written the story. Unfortunately Eddie, who is a historian in his own right, has not got around to writing 'his story' for this issue. However, he has handed to *An Choinneal* a letter written by his dad, John O'Malley, to another son in San Francisco in 1951. At that time John O'Malley was in his eighty-sixth year. Younger readers should bear in mind that the letter was written in the aftermath of yet another depression in Ireland, following the war years. It was a time when there was still no electricity or gas in rural Ireland. To remind one of how desperate the people were at the time Eddie recalls the statement of a mother on the Westport/Louisburgh bus: "I would have bought a bit of meat if I had any way of cooking it". If the turf could not be saved due to a bad summer it was a serious matter: without turf there was no means of cooking.

The following letter from John O'Malley to his son Harry in San Francisco reminds us of the rural Ireland of the 1950's.

Bunowen,
26/1st/1951

Dear Son Harry,

I was sure glad to get your letter at Xmas with money order for which I duly received £7. 1 Shilling and 11 Pence, it was too much for you to send. I would be glad to get your letter without any money. However, I must thank you for your generous gift and pray that God may bless you. I also had gifts of money from Jimmy, Mary, also from Charley his wife, and Tommy. None of them came home at Xmas. I enjoyed a happy Xmas, was at Mass Xmas day, went by car. Had an awful bad harvest in this country from mid July it was almost continual rain. Many people round here were caught with the turf on the bogs sodden in water, and hay lying rotten in the meadows, which has left a shortage of both commodities. Any turf that can be found to buy is going £1 a crib and hay is from 12 shillings to 15 shillings a cart and oats 32 shillings a hundred. We were lucky in getting turf and hay with much difficulty in good time. Tommy had them secured before going to England to Charley's marriage. To give you an idea Eddy Pat came yesterday to ask Eddy for a cart, he gave it to him. They are cutting anything worth cutting in the little wood and cutting down the whins over Sweeney's land, Tony Durkan, P. J. O'Donnell and J. Durkan (Willy).

This war in China is looking bad, still with China? now helping them, Moscow is still blocking the U.N.O. for a cease fire. We are praying that God may save the world from another world war. We are all well at home presently. Ed and Mary joins in wishing you a bright and prosperous new year. Again thanking you for your generous gift and hoping to hear from you soon again. I remain yours.

From Father.

This item has broken new ground and has, we hope, set a happy precedent. There may well be other such letters written from the parish and giving valuable items of social history. We compliment the O'Malley family and would welcome other such contributions. - EDITOR



Outward bound: Emigrants en route to U.S. in 1929. Included are Tom and Paddy Lyons (Furmoye) and Dave Dan O'Malley (Cross). Any further recognitions?



Goldflake Cup c.1965:

Front Row (l. to r.): Jim Healy, John McIloney, Jim Healy, Austie O'Malley, Paddy Donnelly, P. O'Malley (Kinnock).

Back Row (l. to r.): Gold Flake Rep. J. Walsh, Frank Joyce, P. J. Cannon, Séamus Maxwell, Paddy O'Malley.



Michael Jennings with family members in Tallabawn around 1925. (See page 28)



Louisburgh G.A.A. team of the 1930's.
Included are: Charlie McDermott, Walter Kerrigan, Tommie Durkan, Austie O'Toole, Austie Lyons, Dick O'Toole, Matt and John McEvelly and Doctor Bill O'Toole. Any further recognitions?

SLÁN ABHAILE . . .

The following parishioners have died since our last issue. God rest them!

1992

December: Mary Anne O'Malley, Askelane
Margaret Jennings, Althore
Patrick Kneafsey, Curradavitt
John O'Malley, Cahir

1993

January: Thomas McNamara, Aillemore
Richard Prendergast, Accony

March: Paddy O'Malley, Moneen

April: Joe Jennings, Killadoon
Willie Browne, Derryheigh
Teresa Jordan, Feenone (infant)
Richard Gibbons, Doughmakeon
Kahleen Rattigan, Askelane & Dublin

May: John Ryder, Falduff
Margaret Mulchrone, Askelane
Austin Gill, Ballyhip
James Kilcoyne, Cregganbawn
Margaret Davitt, Kinnadoohey

June: Kathleen O'Malley, Cahir
Eddie Reilly, Collacoan
Lochlann O'Brien, Roonagh
Redmond Lyons, Furmoyle
Margaret McLoughlin, Falduff
Joseph McGreal, Devlin
Peter Staunton, Thallabawn

July: Michael O'Malley, Cloonty

August: Mary O'Donnell, Cahir
Paddy Fair, Lecanvey

September: Paddy McLoughlin, Falduff

Mary Kitterick, Woodfield
Joe Moran, Falduff
Anne O'Malley, Doughmakeon

October: Bridget O'Grady, Cloonty
Agnes O'Malley, Cahir & Bridge Street

November: Austin O'Malley, Kilsallagh Lower
Joe Flynn, Askelane
Nora Gibbons, Roonith Hill

December: Michael Morrison, Louisburgh
Pat Berry, Carrowniskey
Sgt. Gerry Cannon, Louisburgh & Kilmeena
Tommy Jennings, Ballyhip
Peter Gibbons, Thallabawn
Maisie O'Malley, Bridge Street & Cushin

1994

January: Mary Anne O'Toole, Roonagh
Frances McHugh, Main Street
Edward O'Malley, Westport Road
Mary McNamara, Kinnadoohey
Owen Kilcoyne, Cregganbawn
Nonie O'Malley, Tully
Peter Jennings, Kilgeever

February: Annie Cannon, Chapel Street

March: Peter Kilcoyne, Cregganacopple
Annie Heneghan, Thallabawn & Bundorragha

April: Bea Fergus, Cahir
Mary Egan, Derrygorrow
Peter Browne, Derryheigh
Marie Keane, Bridge Street
Willie Mayberry, Ballyhip
Pakie Walsh, Culleen

May: Michael Corrigan, Shrawee
Brigid O'Malley, Six Noggins
Winnie O'Malley, Laughta

June: Mary O'Grady, Falduff

Annie O'Brien, Louisburgh
Peter Flanagan, Kilgeever
Brigid Geoghegan, Derryheigh

July: Mrs Mary Heneghan, Doolough
Jimmy Heneghan, Thallabawn & Bundorragha

DEATHS AWAY FROM HOME

1992

December: Margaret Toner, Carramore, in London
Mary Mansfield (nee Ruddy), Collacocon, in Coventry

1993

May: Michael McNally, Carrowniskey, in Westport
Annie Fergus, Cahir, in London

July: Nora Murphy (nee O'Grady), Woodfield, in Boston
Kitty Moran (nee McNamara), Collacocon, in U.S.A.

August: Isobel Kerrigan (wife of late John Kerrigan, Falduff), in
Cheshire
Mary Ferguson (nee O'Malley), Bunowen, in Rhode Island

September: Evelyn Mahon (nee McNamara), Collacocon, in New York
Geoffrey Gibbons, Askelane, in Birmingham
Annie McGinty (nee Hunt), Devlin, in Castlebar
Martin Kneafsey, Bunowen, in Wicklow

October: Anthony Egan, Derrygorrow, in Chicago
Dr. J. Morrison, Bridge Street, in Preston
Austin O'Malley, Roonagh, in Chicago
Bridge O'Toole (nee Jennings), Ballyhip, in Chicago
John McEvelly, Doughmakeon, in Navan

November: Frank Jennings, Kilgeever, in Dublin
Maureen O'Neill (nee Keane), Bridge Street, in Tralee
Vincent Maguire, Killadoon, in England

December: Sadie Murphy (nee Conway), Kilsallagh, in Birmingham
Winnie Walsh (nee O'Malley), Aillemore, in Swindon

John Callanan (husband of Nora Tiernan), Creggancopple, in Boston
John Patrick Scanlon, Kinnock, in Glenhest

1994

January: Sarah Kavanagh (nee Gibbons), Roonagh, in England
Peter Duffy, Woodfield, in Northampton
Patrick Duffy, Askelane, in Dublin
Pat Hyland (husband of Katie McConnell, Cloonty), in Manchester
Peter Murphy, Devlin, in Dublin

February: Mrs Mary Harney, Belfast
Ann O'Leary (O'Grady, Cregganbawn), in Worcester
Rosie Dolan (Burke, Askelane), in Athlone
Jim Gibbons, Roonagh Point, in Chicago
Michael Corrigan, Castlepollard & Cregganbawn

March: Dan O'Malley, Cross, in America
Johnny Sweeney, The Square, Louisburgh, in Dublin
Patrick McPadden (husband of Kathleen Kilcoyne, Shranacloya), in New York

April: Ena Toolin (nee O'Malley), Cahir, in Dublin
Pat O'Malley, Doughmakeon/Emlagh, in San Francisco

May: Mary Scanlon, Bunowen, in Wicklow
Julie Tapp (nee Gibbons, Ballyhip), in Chicago
Brendan Keegan, Donegal & Collacoon
Rosaleen Tuttle (nee Love, Main Street), in New York
Michael Nee, Bundorragha, in Manchester

June: Thady McNulty, Achill (father of Mary Gibbons, Dereen)

July: James McDonagh, Pulgloss, in Birmingham
Marian O'Toole (wife of the late Anthony O'Toole, The Square, Louisburgh), in Dublin
Eddie Ball, Ballyhip, in New York

*Ó bhás go críoch, nach críoch ach ath-fhás
I bParrthas na ngrás go rabhaimid!*

OBITUARIES

THE WIND BENEATH OUR WINGS

*"Hold her in your arms,
And let her henceforth be,
A messenger, of love between
Our human hearts and Thee".*

Ms. O'Grady, later Mrs Keane, had a teaching technique that was as lively as the way she walked or danced. From her moulding infant days in Cregganbawn N.S. to the day God took his child back into his arms, her person to me was everything I wish I could be. Every detail taught was linked with a thousand others from the outside world and hence, never forgotten, even the First Holy Communion prayers. She had the gift of sensitivity and encouraging talent. Her abundant love of her life, love for God and all he stood for was transmitted to her pupils and spilled forth to their families. We can only repay you, Marie, by trying to follow your example and by building on the milestone you set in our community.

We are always close to you, Marie, in our hearts and our homes in so many ways:

- willing hand when help was needed; leader, organiser and helper;
- choir founder and leader, with music and faith intertwined;
- developer of budding talents - teaching by doing - with music and crafts;
- wife, mother, daughter, sister, neighbour and true friend.

Family life was your number one concern. It flowed from your upbringing in Cregganbawn to your late home in Louisburgh. Pride, loyalty and care from this rippled to everyone you touched. Though you were a busy community person, your priorities were always solid and deep-rooted, a model for all who would aspire to your high standards. P.J. and your children - Caroline, Austin, Pádraic and Séamus - were your first and last thought. You were very close and loyal to your family in Cregganbawn and the neighbours and people you grew up with. You followed the progress of the pupils you taught in Cregganbawn and Killeen National Schools for twenty years with a motherly concern.

Lack of time was never an excuse. You were there for the needy, the lonely, the pupils, your husband and children, the parents and the church. Your heart and hands were always open to everyone, day and night. When funds had to be raised, when a concert had to be staged, or a re-union arranged, Marie, you were always turned to for your ideas and organisational ability e.g. Castlepollard Re-Union, First Famine Walk etc. Nothing was ever too much: your energy and *joie-de-vivre* was inexhaustible.



Nothing was ever too challenging for you.

The biggest task for someone else was only a small chore in your eyes, Marie, because of your positive attitude, self-belief and most of all your belief in God. Things got done in the community by a busy, silent, competent and dedicated servant of the Lord.

Your love for life clearly manifested itself through music and dance. You had the gift to recognise and encourage the child's budding talent. You taught accordion, tin-whistle and organ, led your school band in the Saint Patrick's Day parades and had the dancers go through their paces. The present Killeen Choir was founded by you and your Uncle Mike R.I.P. This choir was conducted by you fervently at all church ceremonies, even at two Masses on a Sunday. Hymns were a great source of spiritual expression for you and you encouraged us likewise when saying: "Open 'yer mouths and sing to the Lord"; then you gave that reassuring smile! The first hymns you taught us were *Christ be beside me* and *Hail, Queen of Heaven*. Carefully arranged flowers were placed by you at the altar every week "just to brighten it up". Your eye for colour (you always loved red) and your gift for craftwork and artistic design are also shown in the project "The Youth of Killeen Look Back." This project won a first in the All-Ireland Youth Club Project in 1976 under your leadership and Jimmy Egan's.

Saint Brigid's Cross was always made on February 1st: model cottages were made from matchboxes: fresh flowers and plants always decked your classroom and home.

Total dedication for task as well as affection for the human shone forth in your marriage and parenthood. These were your whole life. You always walked in step behind and gave strength. It might have appeared to go unnoticed, but we've got it all here in our hearts. We want you to know, we know the truth: we would be nothing without you. We might be flying higher than eagles but you are the wind beneath our wings. Thank you; thank God, "the wind beneath our wings."

Your loving cousin and eternal friend,

Nora Corrigan

DOWN-TO-EARTH LADY

The joyful peal of New Year Bells should have been heralding in the dawn of 1994, but, instead, alas, the funeral bells tolled for the passing of a very much loved and highly respected lady member of our Louisburgh Community in the early days of this New Year. A deep gloom descended on our little town, as people in the street whispered in shock, and with deep reverence of the death of Mrs. Frankie McHugh.

Frankie first came to Louisburgh in 1956 when Dr. Columb brought her as his bride to live in our midst. From day one she was welcomed and loved by us, she was a very "down-to-earth" person, the essence of humility, with no snobbery or false airs. She never took advantage of the role that she played in our locality as the wife of our beloved G.P. nor did she seek any notoriety or even the privileges that inevitably accrue to one of her standing in the community. To me, she displayed the true meaning of Christianity; she understood and put into practice the divine message of loving and

servicing her fellowman. The old and infirm were her dearest friends, for them she showed her concern by service freely given to them.

I think of her daily delivery of the newspapers to those housebound or to those living alone; the provision of boiled water and other necessities when E.S.B. left us without power, also her provision of safe drinking water to those who needed it, most particularly, the sick and infirm. When her children were growing up she sent them to the local schools; in bad weather she carried other local children who were not lucky enough to have their own transport. Her neighbours never ceased to recount her thoughtfulness and generosity. They enjoyed this kindness because they were her neighbours. Indeed "Qugh", as they affectionately called her, will have a very special place in their hearts for all time.

Frankie was basically a shy, retiring lady of great dignity and grace. Not for her the glare of cameras, spotlight, limelight or publicity of any kind, yet she had a mind of her own too, and if you consulted her on different subjects (as I often did) she gave her honest unadulterated opinion without hedging or patronising in any way. For this we valued her all the more. She was always true to Christian values and never deviated from the truth – always giving credit where it was due. I admired her as a citizen who was keenly interested in the day to day happenings in our community, which she adopted completely as her own, and she thus adapted to life, with its ups and downs, in our small rural parish.

Louisburgh people will fondly remember her little dog as she cheerfully did her daily round delivering newspapers and other goodies every morning.

Because of her keen interest in the development of Louisburgh, she deeply resented any downgrading of life therein. While very conscious of the environment, the history and heritage of our district, she was also vigilantly in favour of any new development, if it was for the ultimate benefit of, and progress in, the community.

She had a great love of nature, of gardening and of animals and she jealously guarded the environment. She regarded these as God's gift to us to be appreciated and treasured.

When her children were attending the local schools, both at primary and at secondary levels, she was deeply involved in parents committees and she respected and appreciated the teachers in a very practical and co-operative way. Her husband's role in the community was of great concern to her and I know that she always supported him in his work in many and varied ways. She sought in her own sphere to make life better for him and for all of us – his patients. Whether driving him to the bedside of terminally ill patients at night time as well as day time, or sitting in the car waiting for him while he ministered to the medical needs of some sick person whose soul was on the way to eternity, she silently expressed the concern she felt for all the people in this community.

These are but a few of a host of golden memories I have of Frankie McHugh and I humbly offer them to her husband Dr. Columb, to her family Patrick, Joseph and Columba, to her sisters, Pat, Carmel and Sally; to her cousins and other relatives, as my personal tribute to her. I also offer the sympathy of Austie, of our family and of the Morahan and Lyons families to them all. We thank God for having been privileged to share the life and times of such a great lady.

We feel a deep personal loss on the death of Frankie and we assure you, her loved ones, that she will always be remembered by us with great love and gratitude.

Lady indeed she was, in her own right and a great example to us of true Christian values which she ceaselessly nurtured in her life-time. The people of Louisburgh will miss her sorely. I personally grieve for her as my friend – a very dear friend – and I feel privileged to have known her during her all-to-short sojourn among us.

I will always cherish your memory, Frankie. I bPárrthas na nGrást go raibh tú. Ní bheidh do leithéid ann arís.

Louisburgh

Clementine Lyons

A TRULY GOOD MAN

As Mike was laid to rest in Killeen Cemetery on a fine summer's day the simple yet beautiful words of the Roman Soldier as he looked at Jesus dying on the Cross came to my mind "Truly indeed, this was a good man". Mike Corrigan was goodness personified. He was a good, dedicated family man. In an age when it was neither deemed fashionable nor economical to have large families he with his wife Peggy reared and educated fifteen children, and despite the worries involved and the sacrifices which had to be made, his home was always full of love, happiness and the joy of life, chiefly because Mike himself was always happy and content in himself. His family and home will always be a living tribute to him.

He was a good neighbour and a community-conscious man. His spirit of service and love extended beyond his family in Shrawee to take in the much broader family, the whole community, the parish in which he lived. He took an active interest in the affairs of the local community which he served for many years as a member of Killeen Community Council, and as a member of the Board of Management of Cregganbawn National School. He was always on stand-by, day or night, to go to the help of a neighbour in any kind of need; a man of many talents who used these talents for the service of others.

Mike was a man of God. His strong sense of faith and religion was at the heart of his working life. He put his time and talents to good use in the liturgical life of the parish. As a founding member of Killeen Church Choir he sang the praises of God every Sunday and encouraged others to do likewise. As a reader and minister of the Eucharist he brought the message and love of Christ into the lives of his fellow parishioners. Throughout his life he did what we are all called to do, to love and care for each other and in whatever way we can make our homes, our parish and our world a better place for all of us to live in. This parish and indeed the world is a better place because of Mike.

May God reward him for his years of unselfish giving and good example to all of us. The large attendances at his funeral ceremonies bore ample testimony to the great regard in which he was held. It was a fitting tribute to Mike for "truly indeed he was a good man".

May he rest in peace!

Cregganbaun

P. J. Grady

LONG JOURNEY'S END

The death of Richard Gibbons of Doughmakeon on 28 April 1993, left a feeling of personal loss not only among the members of his family but also among neighbours and the many people who had known him over his long and fulfilled lifetime. A wonderful bright and very informative person, Richard (or Dick, as he was also known) was born on 19 April 1899 in Doughmakeon, Louisburgh, in a time and land where he was to witness many transformations over a period spanning almost a century.



Having lived through two world wars and the civil war in Ireland he was a very proud Irishman, fully aware of the cultural, political and economical problems of the country and the world as a whole. He was a man never known to shy away from a debate on any of these topics. One of his first loves most definitely was music, particularly traditional Irish music and songs. A great entertainer himself he was well known to take up the flute or accordion and play alongside his son John; or sing a song or dance at the many family gatherings or social occasions which he graced with his presence.

A well travelled man, he left home at a young age first visiting Liverpool where he worked for a short spell before departing for America. It was the 1920's, a boom period for America, an age of revolution, hope and opportunity; and although thousands of miles from home, he made friends very quickly and started work with the Bell Telephone Company in New York. He also visited Altoona where he met up with a familiar face from home and his future wife to be, Annie Moran. After the birth of two of their children they returned home to Doughmakeon, the birthplace of their three other children. At that time he was Chief Overseer on the Moy drainage scheme in Ballina, later to become one of the country's most popular fishing resorts. Reaching the ripe old age of ninety-four, grandad was a fortunate person in that he effortlessly won respect and affection, a pattern which was to continue throughout his lifetime. Even at this great age in the weeks preceding his death, he retained his physical and mental faculties intact. He had still a great interest in what was happening at college and how everyone was getting on.

Brought up a devout Catholic, he always had a very strong religious faith, he would strongly recommend a visit to Knock Shrine to his many friends and relations at home on holiday; and undoubtedly he would accompany them on the journey. A firm believer, who never wavered in his ideals of the importance of one's faith, it was indeed appropriate, as referred to by Father Mooney C.C., celebrant at his funeral Mass, that he responded to the prayers at his bedside in the days preceding his death, by the lifting of his finger. A sign of a departing loved one with an undying faith. Still very much in our thoughts and prayers. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam dílis.

Furmoyle

P. J. Gibbons

MEMORIES OF A GODFATHER

His nephew, Father Michael Flannery, Parish Priest of Knock, Indreabhán, County Galway, remembers his uncle:

I celebrated the funeral Mass for the late Charlie McDermott of Louisburgh in the Redemptorist Church of Saint Mary, Clapham Common, London. He was my uncle, and it was appropriate that I should celebrate his final departure from Church in appreciation of his assistance at the celebration of my first official entry into Church at Baptism years earlier. Charlie was my god-father at Baptism.

He lived in London for years but while physically in exile miles away from Louisburgh, its treasured values, memories and recollections were ever with him. He valued a football medal acquired for keeping goal for some Louisburgh team in the 1940's. He also treasured his memories of his fishing exploits with fly, rod and line on the Carrowniskey river; and whispered about some more venturesome attempts at shooting and hauling a net in "The Flash" or "The Ling" or "Carr's Pool".

Charlie had music in his feet, fingers and tongue, and McDermott's band with Charlie on the accordion was a household name along the Clew Bay coast-line and even from Clifden to Achill in the years between 1940 and 1950. He later pioneered an attempt to provide a cinema for Louisburgh — with the prudence and caution of using the black hat of his uncle, Father John O'Malley, as an unofficial church censorship to obscure and obstruct from viewing any dodgy picture that was focused on the screen!

Charlie had a flair for quality cooking, and the presence of some Louisburgh friends was always a challenge to him to aim high. "Trifles make perfection; but perfection is no trifle", he would say. A shared meal with him years ago in London, with jellied eel on the menu got him to reflect on the lost opportunity for some Louisburgh young man to stay at home and harvest the endless supply of eels around the weir on the Louisburgh river.

His Louisburgh faith and values were treasured by him to the end. He was a daily Mass-goer at Saint Mary's in Clapham Common and was very proud that his professional skills as painter, carpenter, landscaper and handy-man enriched and enhanced the Redemptorist monastery and church there.

Thoughts of sympathy are extended to his wife, Salome Lynch (of Louisburgh); their family, Mary and Vincent; his sisters, Una Sarsfield and Evelyn Duggan; and his brother, Michael Joe.

May the memory of that treasured medal of his evoke the consoling hope of an eternal reward.

May the thoughts of his fishing interests well up an image of his being embraced in the Big Fisherman's harvest net.

His musical talents can surely warrant an invitation to share them to the beat of an angel drummer. (And it is re-assuring to reflect that the office of the church censor would be redundant on that other shore!)

His flair for quality cooking could merit promotion to serve at the heavenly table, with jellied eels replaced by a much richer fare.

But may his Louisburgh faith, brought abroad and practised in exile through his life, be rewarded with an eternal vision, celebrating with all his Louisburgh friends around a common table in the heavenly home.

LAST OF THE GENTLEMEN

If it is true that "The eyes are the windows of the soul", then his twinkling smile said it all. It was a smile not reserved for 'fair days and state occasions' nor for the chosen few but was "for all seasons" and for each individual, be he or she relation, friend, acquaintance or stranger — although in his book no one was a 'stranger'. His warm hand-shake completed the welcome. It was all part of his innate courtesy as was the sensitivity that made him converse with children as equals, never harshly and certainly never with condescension.

He lived to the age of ninety but remained young at heart. This, and his equable temperament meant that he was always approachable, so that his home became — and remained up to his last days in it — a meeting-place for old and young, where they felt free to enjoy the *craic*, and he with them. His total unselfconsciousness made him a natural host, and he welcomed newcomers to the village with equal ease and warmth, as he did the returning native. Little wonder, then, that in his final years, when he and his trusty steed — the bicycle — were finally forced off the road, there was no shortage of family or friends to rally around for the harvesting, thatching etc. He well deserved such support.

Those of us who were his neighbours for over half a century have never known him to raise his voice in anger, or speak uncharitably of anyone. If there were ever those who took advantage of his "easy-going" ways, his response was never one of recrimination, but always of understanding and tolerance. He was, in fact, a living example of the Gospel-in-action, a true Christian, and "the last of the gentlemen".

Richie Tommie Lannon, your passing leaves a void in our village, our lives, and our hearts. May you rest in peace.

Richie Dick Michael

THE "BALLOON MAN" OF OAK PARK

Like many people say about the place they grew up, I wouldn't trade the experience for anything in the world. I happened to be raised on the West Side of Chicago in the great State of Illinois. My parents were your average hard-working Irish immigrants. Dad was a railroad detective and Mom was a cashier for one of the grocery store "chains". I had two sisters; one was two years older and the other two years younger than myself. One of the early treats of my young life was our Sunday afternoon rides in Dad's 1950 green Plymouth automobile. Dad fancied himself as some sort of race car driver, and Mom considered herself as the owner and controller of the enterprise. Me, I fancied myself lucky to be off our city lot, on the road, and taking in new experiences in the back seat, usually next to a window, in the fine company of two typically demanding sisters.

Oak Park, Illinois, is a quiet old suburb immediately bordering the West Side of Chicago; and invariably we would wind up driving through that town to whatever our

destination might have been. In that town on the Northwest corner of the intersection of Oak Park Avenue and Chicago Avenue, stands a stately, old, yellow, brick mansion surrounded by a rigid-looking, black, wrought-iron fence. From the very first Sunday we travelled that route, we always encountered a little old man with a European-like snap cap on his head, selling helium-inflated, multi-coloured balloons. He remained there on weekends as I grew to travel to Fenwick High School in Oak Park, as I returned through the intersection during the years of my college education, and on and on through the chance trips past there through my middle-aged years.

On Sunday, March 4, 1990, I strayed back through that same intersection to find about twenty-five to thirty people congregating on the "Balloon Man's corner." The next day I discovered in a local Chicago newspaper that a Mr. Carmen Pistilli had died at the age of eighty-five years on Valentine's Day only to be followed in death by his wife a short six months later. He was the same man who had apparently sold balloons on that corner for forty-six years on weekends while working during the week as a machinist. He had charged only a small nominal fee for the balloons to cover his expenses and partook in the balloon-selling activity because he enjoyed seeing the happiness and joy they brought people. The crowd on the corner the previous day were local residents and family members remembering a kind institution that had passed forever.

Carmen, I just want to say thanks for inflating my eyes and my spirit for what will probably be over half my life.

James Patrick Hester

REMEMBERING SION

It was Reek Sunday in the 1920's, it was raining heavily and Pat decided to wear his heavy coat. He did not feel its weight as he rode his trusty steed in the direction of Murrisk. Having stabled her, he proceeded up Croagh Patrick. The rain suddenly stopped and the hot July sun made itself felt. Here is how Pat, God rest him, tells it :

The coat was so heavy with rain that I thought I would not be able to carry it; but I could not leave it there, either. Well I looked up at the Reek and I said, I am going to the top, I'll put my trust in God, and I will get there too. After I had climbed another piece I saw a young lad sitting a little piece further up. I knew him. "Oh Pat", he said "You must give me that coat, I'm after getting my pants burst as I

sat down and I want that coat." "Well, Michael, I said, "you can have it and my seven blessings." Michael was later Father Michael McEvelly, well known in our parish.

FÁILTE ISTEACH!

An Choinneal welcomes newcomers to our parish:

Shiels Family, The Square
 O'Malley Family, Moneen
 Derek & Mary Ingley, Emlagh
 Fallon Family, Moneen
 Gavin Family, Roonagh
 Fitzgerald Family, Legan
 Geraghty Family, Moneen

BOOK REVIEWS

Burning Truths - Basil Morahan (self-published)

I am coming to write about Basil Morahan's astonishingly different book, "Burning Truths", by way of a high and airy townland away to the North of Louisburgh, called Tattymacall and by way of a Sunday morning in 1882, the people going to Mass, and by way of a word which I have just minted and milled. If Basil can devise a uniquely rare proseotry format for "Burning Truths", say I, then surely this hack can fashion just one new word.

Anyway in the townland of Tattymacall, for forty years until 1882, there lived a small farmer called John A. Woods. He was one of my own clan on the mother's side. He was a creelmaker and he was a quack doctor locally for men, women, children and animals. He was a heavily built man, though not tall, and this is relevant. He was also a dreamer of dreams. One Sunday morning, sometime in the late summer, John A. Woods made one of his dreams come true. He *flew* down from his high mountain farm to Mass in the village far below. He used wings which he made by stretching flour sacks over a light willow framework that was no trouble at all for a creelmaker to fashion. Most of the harness below the huge wings was from his donkey. It is recorded in the local folklore that John A. Woods propped his wings against the chapel gable before going to Mass as cool as you please. Everybody today knows that hang gliding is easily feasible - a sport followed by soaring thousands even in Ireland. But this was more than a century ago. John A. Woods was probably the world's first hang glider, away above Tattymacall. He tried it again the following Sunday. It was a bit windy and, as I said, he was a heavy man. The folklore is detailed enough to record that it was the left wing that snapped. He fell and he died. I like to picture his light and clearly buoyant spirit having a head start towards Paradise even as his mortality plummeted downwards into the graveyard in a tangle of broken sally rods, flourbags, and the harness of a donkey.

And it is here, at this point, that I wish to deploy my new minted word. I believe that John A. Woods was of that rare breed of Irishman that I now christen our Complexetons. They live at the far other end of the scale from simpletons, do Complexetons; clearly, though they share one enduring quality. Neither is quite of this world. Both are insulated, by their natures, against the harshest of this world's inhumanities. The eyes of both seem to look out at the rest of us as if from a great distance. At one end of the scale they are full of the purity of puzzled innocence. At the other end, where the Complexetons abide, the same puzzled innocence cohabits with the questing of a high intelligence.

I've met a few complexetons in my time. On Tory Island there were the island painters, mainly called Rogers. They used rude brushes made from horsetail tufts to paint their hard island, with great raw strokes, the way visiting English mainland painters could never paint it. They were Complexetons. They had those eyes. So had the man off the Kerry coast in his curragh, eight miles offshore, with a strange contraption at the prow. Drying threads of sheepgut were stretched tightly inside a

wooden triangle. When the wind made certain angry notes against the strings, he said, he knew the weather was going to change. No, he had never heard of an Aeolian Harp. Again those eyes. And I saw them too, a decade and more ago, in Lahinch in Clare when Dan the Street Singer played the resort on a windy day; a small crowd. I close my eyes," he sang, "and picture the Emerald of the sea." He was pulling his car-battery-powered P.A. system behind him on a little trolley. He was wearing a hat and an old gaberdine coat. He walked up the street, amongst puzzled American tourists, singing away, and I remember thinking here was no ordinary busker. Here was somebody on the same lonely road that led John A. Woods to leap off Tattymacall Mountain and fly down to Mass.

So I am saying, with awed respect, what you people of Louisburgh know already and have always known. I am saying that Basil Morahan, the schoolteacher, the politician, the last of the streetsingers, is now, and probably always has been, a Complexeton. I am saying that his self-published "Burning Truths", subtitled, "The Vatican and the Church From A Strictly Lay Viewpoint", is in the same creative premier division as the Tory paintings, as the wooden wings of Woods, as the eerily singing curragh windharp. You don't review a book like this, you experience it. It's . . . complexetonic!

Some sections, for example, are entirely in poetic form. The especially compelling section on clerical celibacy produces more copulating couplets . . . all factual and historic . . . than any potboiler. The verse style is in the fashion of the only Pope who became famous without the assistance of the Catholic Church at all—Alexander, the tiny hunchback—and I have to say that for this blast of Popery alone, (and there is so much more!), "Burning Truths" well deserves to be picked up and opened and savoured at about three levels of appreciation.

Basil Morahan almost went to Heaven in 1988. He will get there easily sometime. When he does he will certainly meet John A. Woods and the Tory painters, my Kerryman, and only God knows how many more of their rare breed. And they will all sit up there, not talking much, watching with puzzled eyes as generations of us fumble our way towards burning great truths which they always saw clearly. And which they tried to tell us about through devices like wickerwork wings and horsetail hair brushes. And books like this one.

It is entirely in keeping with the line of action which produced Basil's book that I can find no price marked upon it. So I can say honestly, in every sense of the word that "Burning Truths" is priceless. And I do so.

Furrymelia West, Bearna

Cormac McConnell

Parish Church of Kiltullagh Parish

Editor Father John Ball – 108 pp. No price given

The parish of Kiltullagh (Ballinlough), Co. Roscommon, celebrates the centenary of its parish church in 1994. This volume collects the history of the church and parish with copious photographs from the various eras, statistics, recollections, parish map, records and history. It comprises an invaluable repository for anyone who has even a nodding acquaintance with Ballinlough and its people.

Louisburgh readers will find special interest. Apart from the fact that the Editor (who is the parish priest) is a native of Ballyhip, there are two contributions which will be read with added eagerness here. One is a pen-picture by the Editor of the man whom Louisburgh people knew familiarly as "Eddie Garvey", late Commissioner of the Garda Síochána and husband of Breta Kenny, Bridge Street. The other, by coincidence, features of the same family; an unsigned article on Michael Nolan Kenny, classical scholar and schoolteacher at Carrick National School in the parish. He was grandfather of Frank (and Breta) Kenny, and had an imposing list of past pupils – including one Tom Healy, who later became Canon Healy, parish priest of Louisburgh! A very creditable publication; only as time goes on will people in Ballinlough realise what a treasure this is of their history and traditions. Apparently not on public commercial sale, this can be had by application to Ballinlough Parish Committee for £3 plus postage.

Mayo News Centenary Issue

Published by Mayo News, Westport. Pages 144 Price £3 + postage

The *Mayo News* first appeared on December 3rd 1892 and this special issue celebrates that event, the achievement of a hundred years in print, but above all the weekly service of a community over the span of a century. It forms an invaluable collection of the history of the paper and of the area it has so well served in that hundred years. This centenary supplement is in great part a selection of articles from the paper over the century since the Doris brothers first decided "to spread the light of open truth abroad." It has indeed copious well-chosen extracts from the past, all of them of individual interest in their own right, and covering politics, history, sport, poetry, personal memories and the social life of the area. Included is a plethora of photographs, notably many from the famous Wynne collection which bring added life to the written stories. Specially commissioned articles pay deserved tribute to the unique place that "*the Mayo*" held and holds in the hearts of the people of the West. Naturally, Westport figures largely in the whole supplement, but the hinterland is also remembered. Louisburgh interest will be caught by three full-length articles by parishioners and by countless references and records which bedeck practically every page of the supplement. Some copies are still available at the "*Mayo News*" office in Westport. As this is a timeless treasure, it would still make a very welcome gift to any West Mayo person who has not already got a copy. Congratulations to the Editor and staff and all associated with the dear old "*Mayo News*."

Go maire sé an céad eile!

Favourite Recipes (of well-known people and places)

Editor Sadie Jordan – 106 pp. Price £5

A simple, excellent idea. As a fund-raiser for the proposed Hospice for the Mayo-Roscommon area, Sadie Jordan asked some 140 well-known public figures – politicians, sports people, hoteliers, media performers etc. – to submit a favourite recipe each for the collection. She then presents them in somewhat menu order: Fish, Fruit and Vegetable, Meat, Dairy Products, Cakes and Desserts. There will be ample room for

wisecrack humour in some of the choices: Albert Reynolds (Smokies), John Bruton (Chocolate Chip Log), Dick Spring (Scalloped Potatoes), Maureen Potter (Apple Flan). West of Ireland contributions include The Field Coffee Shop, Leenane (Chocolate Roulade) and Kylemore Abbey (St. Bernard's Raspberry and Rhubarb Crumble). The index is according to names of contributors. Next edition (and there will surely be another) might include an index of the actual recipes. A very worthwhile collection; practical in two senses.

Johnny Mulvey, Gentleman

Editor Leon Ó Mórcháin. Published by Green and Red Trust Fund, Castlebar. Pages 14 A4 (Landscape). Limited edition. Price £2 + Postage.

This is a special commemorative booklet to mark the retiral of Johnny Mulvey (Collacoön) from his position as Secretary of Connacht Council G.A.A.. It includes tributes from the four provinces, from colleagues and associates; a record of his service in forum and on field; his own recorded memories (some culled from *An Choinneal*), appreciation by friends and journalists; some thirteen photographs and a laudatory citation read on the occasion by fellow Louisburghman and G.A.A. colleague, Leo Morahan. Louisburgh readers will find it especially of interest. The first edition is bought out but a reprint is being considered.



First class of Leaving Cert students, Sancta Maria, June 1955: (Left to Right); Mary Lynskey, Ann Foy, Breege Fergus, Una O'Malley, Bernadette O'Malley, Mary Joyce, with Father Moran.

SCHOLAR'S BAG

A recently-introduced feature which poses questions about some erudite topics. Contributions to this page are invited for future issues.

After the Battle of the Diamond in Dungannon in 1789, many of the displaced Catholics were transplanted to Mayo, and several families came to the parish of Kilgeever and to the town of Louisburgh which was built some time later. A common name for the migrants among the local inhabitants was "the Cúigealachs". What exactly was the meaning of the term? The *obvious* meaning is "Cúige Ulachs", which would mean the people from the province (*cúige*) of Ulster (*Uladh*). But was there another reference? An Irish word *coigealach*, means a distaff or spindle, part of a spinning-wheel for flax. A modern Irish dictionary (Ó Domhnaill, Dublin 1977) explains the word as: "distaff . . . quantity of wool on a distaff; tall, unkempt person; scarecrow"! Both words have almost the same pronunciation. Many of the incomers were weavers of linen and did, in fact, spin from flax. Could it be that the Irish-speaking people of Cluain Cearbáin and Cill Gaobhar were employing a pun to comment on the newly-arrived, under the guise of describing them geographically? Just a theory!

Galore

Among the relatively few words that have come into "King's English" from the Irish language is the expression "galore". Even as early as Webster's Dictionary (1948) the term is explained as: "Irish *go leor*, enough: colloquialism: abundance". Students of Irish will realize that *leor* means plenty. The little word *go* is, in fact, a conjunction meaning *and*. Some will remember that the way to say "a penny-ha'penny" in Irish is: "pingin *go* leith" (literally, a penny *and* a half). So, when we say "money galore" we are really saying "money and plenty (of it)". But one interesting thing about the usage in the two languages: In Irish nowadays it is common to speak of "go leor airgid" or "go leor uisce". This has put the words in wrong order! Properly speaking it should be "airgead go leor" and "uisce go leor" as it is in "ceart go leor". Ironically, the correct order is kept in the English usage when we say "money galore" or "Whiskey Galore"!

Iris in Irish

A common wild flower in the west of Ireland, and found in abundance in wetter land or "bottoms" in our parish, is known locally as "shellastrings". The flower is yellow with green leaves and is also known as the Yellow Iris, the Yellow Flag or simply, in the plural as "flaggers". But, why *shellastrings*? Naturally enough, the answer is once more in an Irish word. The Irish name for the wild iris is *Feileastram*. The broken-down form of the word in our dialect is "shellastrings". Incidentally, there is a village called Glencorrib on the Mayo-Galway border near Headford: its name in Irish is *Bun na bhFeileastram* (the wetlands of the Irises). Nowadays the roadsigns are using instead the new name Gleann Choirb.

Greek inscription

The last issue of *An Choinneal* asked if anyone could remember where an inscription in Greek was displayed in public in the parish. The answer (or rather *one* answer) is that at the gates of Delphi Lodge the name of that house was displayed in its Greek form. (Pronounced *Hoi Delphoi*). That was when Delphi was owned and run by Alec and Donald Wallace of Oldhead. Alec was a classical scholar and a good historian, and it was he who had the sign erected in its original form. But the naming of the lodge has its own story. In the early nineteenth century a Lord Sligo who was interested in Greek classical civilisation and culture visited the Greek islands and the town of Delphi, celebrated for its oracle of Apollo. On his return to Mayo he named the residence near Doolough "Delphi". Understandably, the name is now freely applied not just to the house but to the surrounding area.

Accent under stress

If you have a family member called Sinéad, or Eileen, or Tomás, have you got into a habit of calling them S'néad, and EilEEN, and T'maws? If so, you may be keeping to your Irish heritage, but not to your Mayo tradition within that heritage. Here's how:

There is a very easy way of distinguishing between a Western speaker of the Irish language (i.e. Mayo or Galway) and a southern speaker (say, Kerry or Cork). The western speaker places the accent or stress on the first syllable. He would say SINéad instead of sinÉAD; and EilEen instead of eilEEN. And you don't have to be an Irish speaker to notice this difference. A Munster speaker *in English* very often places the stress on the second syllable in words like, sevenTEEN or fifTEEN. He will refer to what happened in nineTEEN sixTEEN! Not so with western speakers even in English.

One is naturally prejudiced, but there are some disadvantages in the southern usage in Irish. A Southern (i.e. Munster) speaker of Irish, since he emphasises the second syllable to the detriment of the first, can make very little difference between *coilleach* and *cailleach*. For him, both are pretty well "C'lach" A pity: Because the first word means a rooster and the second an old lady!

The only explanation that the Scholar has heard for this Munster accent is that it echoes a French mannerism of stressing the second of two syllables (as in *crochet*, *garçon*, *pendant*, *sauté*). The influence came about because of French commercial connections with the south coast of Ireland.

REMEMBERING SION

Among the many great books which passed around among our reading circle was a cowboy one, "Nevada" by Zane Gray.

It was the property of a returned Yank who lent it to me, and its entertaining qualities got around by word of mouth. It was returned and borrowed over and over again by members of the reading circle. I often wonder, and must find out, whether it got back to the owner eventually. Some years later a friend gave me "Forlorn River" by the same author. It was with great delight I found on reading it that "Nevada" was the sequel to it, "Forlorn River" was Part 1 of "Nevada" so to speak. Great reading, in great times.

POEMS

TAKE ME TO DOOLOUGH

*Fallen cloud on mountainside
Reaching down to Doolough
The Sun breaks through
And lights the Lake
Illuminating all round
The thread of a road
Hugs the rock
A man-made sinew
From end to end
To carry the traveller
On his way
Through its every
Turn and bend
Another world
Another time
Lost in its beauty
And peace
Take me to Doolough's serenity
Let all my cares, be released*

David Lyons, March 1993

THE LANDLORDS' SCORN

*Evicted from their humble hollows
For they'd no money
For their rent
Callous acts, by ruthless landlords
With no compassion
For their starving tenants
Time and time it happened
Throughout our impoverished land
And there wasn't many a landlord
Who would waive his dues
To lend a helping hand
As the thousands died
With mouths of green
In their eyes a desperate plea
That future generations
Would not suffer this way
And, from such landlords
They would be free*

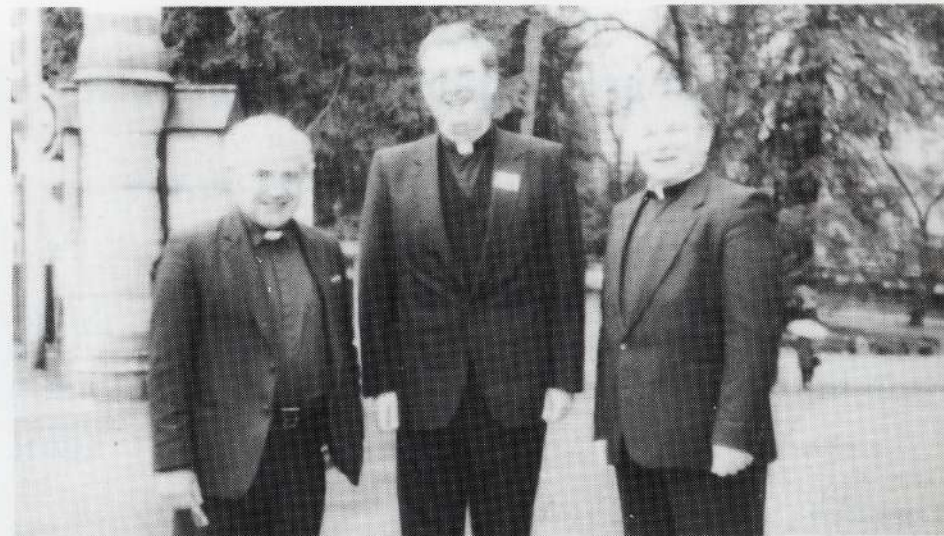
David Lyons – November 1992



The Square as it was in the thirties



The Charter for Fairs was granted on 3 November 1795. Now no more!



Three Louisburgh priests meet at Lourdes, 11 February 1994: (l. to r.) Father Gerard Harney, Chapel Street, now in Doncaster; Father P. J. Sammin, now in the London area; and Father Eugene Nee, Curra, retired military chaplain helping at the American Air Bases in Europe.

A BICENTERARY COINNEAL?

The suggestion has been made that a special copy of *An Choinneal* should be published to celebrate Louisburgh's Bicentenary year. It would not be the normal kind of *Coinneal*, but a selection of chosen articles from the past. Naturally the prior choice would be articles from the earlier issues – say from 1959 to 1984, the first twenty-five years. If such a decision were made, the Editor would be happy to hear the expressed choices of readers. The proposed cost would be about the same as a usual *Coinneal*. If you are interested, please fill in this form (or make a similar copy).

I would like to see a Bicentenary *Coinneal* produced from past articles and would purchase _____ copies. My choices from 1959 to 1984 would be

- (1)
- (2)
- (3)

Signed:

Address:

.....

An Choinneal Income and Expenditure Account

For the Period from 1st June 1992 to 31st July 1994

	£	£
Receipts from Sales – Lodged to Bank		5,115.78
Cash Expenses paid from Receipts		40.00
Deposit Interest		43.36
		5,199.14
Expenditure		
Printing	5,500.00	
Typing & Photocopying	140.00	
Advertising	59.00	
Auditor	75.00	
Sundry	150.00	
Postage	100.00	
Bank Charges	19.13	
		6,043.17
Deficit For Period		(844.03)
		=====
Cash on Hand 1st June 1992		5,942.12
Deficit for Period		364.51
		5,098.09
		=====
Represented by:		
Current Account		4,160.93
Endowment Fund		937.16
		5,098.09
		=====

McCann and Company, Auditors and Accountants, Malahide, Dublin.

Front Cover: Honours and Credit!
Mascots Tommie and Jonathan Durkan and Shane Walsh proudly display the big trophies.

Inset: Séamus Durkan realises an ambition. See page 38.

Back Cover: Saint Catherine's at its last Harvest Festival 1986.