

was off in a different place from our house on Gregory Street in Chicago. He was back on Main Street in Louisburgh, just up the road from Gaffney's.

I heard my parents talk about Louisburgh so much that I thought I knew the place. I heard about the O'Malley bakery, Westport, Croagh Patrick, the road to Kilgeever, Clew Bay, and the weather! As I got older, I would read the letters with a detached interest. Cousins that I had never met were born, going off to school, getting honours and awards, and getting married. All in Louisburgh.

I finally got to Louisburgh. I don't know anymore what I think I knew about it and what I know myself. It is fun to go off and explore, both with cousins and on my own, to places that I grew up thinking I knew and had never known. But the most fun is when I am in Louisburgh and meet people on Main Street and they ask me "How long will you be home"?

Chicago

Mary O'Malley

CROAGH PATRICK

Croagh Patrick, or 'The Reek', has been a place of Christian pilgrimage for 1500 years. The Reek is about six miles from the busy town of Westport, its conical shape soars majestically over the surrounding Clew Bay and countryside. It rises 2510 feet (or 765 metres) above sea-level and very often has its pointed summit hidden in the clouds. On a clear day the view from the top is spectacular. To the west it stretches out into the Atlantic Ocean, and beneath, the numerous islands of the bay. The cliffs of Achill and Blacksod bay shimmer toward the north. Southward are the mountains of Connemara with their lakes that nestle there.

Whilst on the summit Patrick was said to have been tormented by birds and serpents which surrounded him and became demons. It is said that Patrick threw his bell at them, banishing them into a hollow known as Lag na Deamhan which is located on the north side of the mountain.

People climb the mountain because it is very much Saint Patrick's mountain. Croagh Patrick is very much a symbol of the spiritual journey to God. The annual pilgrimage and clime takes place in July. The hard, long climb to the top is a form of prayer and penance that involves the pilgrim climbing through torrential storms and wet mist to offer their prayers at the Mass celebrated on the top of the mountain. I find the reward is very much worth it at the end. Although Croagh Patrick soars so high into the clouds, the most real part of it is never seen. It is buried centuries deep in the hearts and spiritual traditions of our people.

Bristol

Kathleen Ward

FENCING THE "FREE STATE"

One task undertaken by the Congested District Board was probably the greatest source of employment ever to confront the people of the Kilgeever parish, particularly the half-parish of Killeen. The C.D.B., as they were called, were set up in Ireland in 1891. Their function was to assist in the migration of small farmers to more suitable areas in order to relieve congestion. They had authority over the Western Counties, their main offices being at No. 23 Rutland Square, Dublin.

In the latter part of 1800 all of the Thallabawn area had been evicted, comprising more than fifteen townlands that had been inhabited by the absentee Landlord - Lord Lucan, whose name was Bingham. The idea of the eviction was to make way for a sheep farm, known as the Killary Farm. The Bingham then sublet the farm to Arthur B. Houston or A.B.H. for short. Nobody was allowed on to the estate only the care-takers or herds as they were called.

The Killary Farm, which comprised many thousands of acres, remained in this situation until early 1913 when the C.D.B. decided that the Killary Farm was nothing more than a waste and immediately had both land, sheep and cattle taken over. News of the C.D.B. involvement was greeted throughout the parish, people knew that things would never be the same again. As the C.D.B. took over possession they branded all the stock with their initials, retained the caretakers or herds. Better still they offered grazing to any outside smallholder at a minimum cost.

It was a Mr. Guhon, a Land Surveyor employed by the C.D.B. that was assigned to mapping out the new proposed holdings. This was a tedious operation as every stream was designed to pass through as many holdings as possible - for drinking purposes. Men were employed driving posts into the ground so as to give orderly shape to the proposed holdings. Other C.D.B. personnel did a house-to-house canvas so as to get volunteers for the new farms. In order to have a valid application a farmer had to leave his present holding in another townland for the relief of neighbours there and if at all possible be married with a family. No other questions were asked.

The new holdings or farms were considered viable or above by the then standards. Although varying in size according to quality, each holding enjoyed a bog plot as well as grazing rights in adjoining commonages. Each applicant

could if he or she wish get £40 grant plus £40 loan to build a house and a cow-byre. By 1921 houses started to sprout up, people came from all over the parish to work at the fencing. Michael Casey lived in Louisburgh, as a young man he was employed as a Ganger. I was told he often had up to sixty men working for him each day. A man named Michael Hyland who lived in Carramore had a similar gang. Stone masons were rushing to get as many houses as possible built – carpenters were high in demand as all windows and doors had to be hand-made on the site, different to nowadays. The wages were small, but there seemed no end to the work; young boys, as young as twelve years, were employed. No wonder the Killary Farm was now called “The Free State”.

By 1923 the work was near completion. Twenty-two families had been placed in new holdings with absolute title to their property. A further seventeen families from the adjacent Sligo Estate received what was called “additions” to their present holdings. Efforts to find any further willing migrants failed so the remainder of the lowland had to be given out as common grazing. The end of the work came as the C.D.B. had erected more than twenty-three miles of fencing and more than seven miles of roadway, together with bridges, gullets and side drains. They oversaw the erection of twenty-two houses and twenty-two cow-byres. It was probably the last big job done by the C.D.B. as the Irish Land Commission took over its functions.

It took all this effort to re-plant and re-inhabit this vast area that Lord Lucan had evicted in a matter of weeks. To this day it still is referred to in many circles as “The Free State”.

P.S. I found it interesting to note that the C.D.B. used blue ink on all their dealings with numbers and maps, whereas the Irish Land Commission used red ink.

Devlin

Joe Murphy

Coinneal Index

It has been the practice in the past that we publish an index of the last five numbers of the magazine at the end of every fifth year. We did publish such indexes in the fifth, tenth and fifteenth issues. Normally, there would be an index in this issue to cover the *Coinneals* of 1988-1986. However, because space is so very valuable now, we are discontinuing that practice henceforth. Instead, a complete index of the entire twenty issues will soon be prepared in a cheaper format. This will be made available, on request, to any readers who has need or wish to have one. The idea would then be to update the index every five years. – Editor

AN DÍLEANN

I remember a lesson in our Irish school-book when we were in second class in the national (primary) school in Killadoon. It was an account of the deluge which is recorded in the Old Testament. Now let me see if I can really remember the lesson, which was of course written in the beautifully artistic Irish script which we were so familiar with then. I firmly believe that to abandon that lovely script in favour of one based on the Roman (or English) alphabet was a retrograde step, very much to the detriment of the unique Irish language and the pride we had in it. However, here is the Irish deluge story in the script which has taken over now:

Fadó fadó ariamh, d'éirigh muintir an domhain seo an-olc. Bhí Dia feargach leis na droch-dhaoine, agus do labhair Sé le fear maith darb ainm Noah. Dúirt Sé leis soitheach mór a dhéanamh mar go raibh Sé chun na droch-dhaoine a chur chun báis. An Airc an t-ainm a bheadh ar an soitheach mór sin.

Nuair a bhí an Airc déanta, chuaigh Noah agus a mhuintir isteach ann, agus péire de gach sort ainmí dá raibh ar domhan leis. Ansin chuir Dia an bháisteach anuas; agus bhí sé ag cur báistí ar feadh dachad lá agus dachad oíche, go dtí nach raibh beo ar domhan ach foireann an Airc. “An Díleann” an t-ainm a bhí ar an mbáisteach mhór sin.

Gheall Dia nach gcuirfeadh Sé aon díleann go deo arís ar an domhan, agus mar chomhartha ar an ngeallúint sin chur Sé an bogha báistí san spéir.

Cinn a'Dúiche

Úna Ní Mháille

Here a few helps for understanding the meaning of that Irish piece:

muintir = family, people
feargach = angry
soitheach = vessel (i.e. the Ark)
dachad = forty
díleann = deluge
ngeallúint = promise
an-olc = very bad
droch-dhaoine = wicked people
báisteach = rain
foireann = team, crew
mar chomhartha = as a sign
bogha báistí = rainbow

KEEP YOUR WORD!

This was a regular feature in the first eight issues of our magazine. Somehow we got the impression that it was not either appreciated or popularly demanded, so it was allowed to disappear. Then two influences intervened. One was a letter from Sydney, Australia (see p 8) which expressed regret that the feature had not continued, and made the suggestion that it be revived. The second was an article in The Irish Times of 23 December 1995 by an Irish word-lover and scholar, Diarmaid Ó Muirithe. In a weekly feature, "The Words we Use", Diarmaid answered a Clifden lady's query about the word loodheramaun, and wrote:

Father Leo Morahan, who used to write a most informative article on local words in the Louisburgh, Co. Mayo parish journal, *An Choinneal*, has this gloss: 'It is the correct name for the male of the honey bee. Social historians will be interested to note that the more common use of the word in Louisburgh was to indicate a fool. In other words, our ancestors equated an idler and a fool.'

Well, of course these two comments did the trick. Perhaps it is the challenge. Perhaps it is simply vanity. We hope that, whatever it is at this end, it will bring joy once more to many of our parishioners at home and abroad who will remember these words and their many contexts. We would always welcome any such words or expressions which readers remember, and we will try to explain if they have difficulty with the meaning. The feature is again arranged in the form of a parlour game. With each word is given the approximate Louisburgh pronunciation. Then four possible meanings are given for each word.. Test your memory to pick out the correct meaning; and then check the answers given on page 104. Remember that the ch is pronounced not as in cheese but as in Scottish loch.

Ailliúmhéaraí (*ayll-oo-wary*): a) a wayward or undisciplined youth; b) an old-style headgear; c) an 'unmerciful' roar; d) a wild youth on the football field.

Storc (*sthurk*): a) a call used in driving cattle; b) an older native of Inishturk; c) a sulking person; d) the lower part of a scythe

Manannán (*monn-anawn*): a) a large specimen; b) a special kind of patchwork quilt; c) the bog-cotton flower; d) a heavy blow with the fist

Banbh (*bonn-oo*): a) money left in a legacy; b) a young pig; c) an expression of welcome; d) a slight, dark-haired young woman

Bodach (*budh-uch*): a) The blossom of the potato crop; b) a churlish male; c) a cure for chicken pox; d) part of a horse's harness

Clamhsán (*Klow-sawn*): a) a dark, threatening cloud; b) a cooper's instrument used in making a churn; c) complaining; d) temporary deafness due to a cold

Creabhar (*kyrowur*): a) a severe headache; b) a horsefly; c) an edible seaweed; d) an ugly-looking, fat person or animal

Cóiste Mall (*koh-ishtche-moll*): a) a lady's long, dark coat; b) a meal of new potatoes; c) a slow worker or walker; d) an instrument for telling the time of day

Cruiteachán (*kritch-u-chawn*): a) a badly shaped person; b) a special kind of knitting stitch; c) a fertile garden; d) a skin disease on the inner leg

Dalbach (*doll-e-buch*): a) exceptionally good looking; b) a stick for driving cattle; c) a natural dyeing agent known locally as 'bog-ink'; d) stubborn or defiant

Deile (*dhelleh*): a) an after-dinner sweet; b) an exclamation of wonder; c) a wild flower found in wet land; d) pet-name for a favourite girl

Deis (*jesh*): a) a small bridge in a bog; b) a good chance or opportunity; c) a jostle or heave in a game; d) a small present, especially of money

Dáiríre (*dhaw-ryeery*): a) really and truly; b) a set of twin calves; c) an impediment in speech; d) a stack of oats before threshing

Droch-mheas (*dhurch-vass*): a) ugly looking; b) a glass vessel with a long stand; c) contempt or disdain; d) a bad marriage

Diabhalíocht (*jowl-ee-ucht*): a) insolent talk or 'cheek'; b) devilment or pranks; c) lockjaw; d) foolish belief in fairies or ghosts.

Now turn to page 104 and see how you have got on !

THE FIRST TRACTOR

There are many people in the parish who can remember the arrival of the first tractor. It was in 1948 and the proud owner was Peter McNally (R.I.P.). It was a grey Massey Ferguson 20 and arrived around the Bonfire Night (June 23rd). The price of a new tractor at that time was £275. He then purchased a mower, just in time for that year's hay-cutting. The farmers had cut their hay and oats by scythe up to this time, so they were looking forward to a new era with the help of Peter.

Peter was a man cut out for the job. He had married a few years previously and rented a cottage in Feenone. Having no land of his own he could devote himself to hire work and the care of his machinery. However, there was no steady income on farms and he had to depend on the fair day or the sale of wool to collect his income! He became an expert at his work and expanded his business to cover all aspects of a contractor's job. This was to take several years. Each year had a cycle: Spring was when the dung went out to manure the fields; early summer was for cutting hay and late summer for oats and barley; then there was turf to bring home. He also had a thresher for several years and went from village to village followed by a *meitheal* of men to man it. This was a big step forward from flailing the oats by hand.



Peter McNally at the wheel of his new Ferguson 20. John Fergus sitting on tractor. On the left is Michael Needham (R.I.P.). His son Austie cleaning the blade, all from Feenone. John and Austie emigrated to the United States.

Silage-making has replaced both hay and corn harvesting on many farms. Two or three tractors are required for each silage-making session. Those of us who remember the menfolk cutting hay for half-a-day and then making an excuse to go to the bog for the remainder of the day, are not sorry. For they left the women and children to shake and turn the hay. It gave us little time for idle trips to the sea. Our only consolation was the dance in Mickey Keane's or the Parochial hall on a Sunday night.

It must be hard for youngsters now to imagine the excitement that greeted the first tractor almost fifty years ago. But let us reflect for a moment on Peter's foresight and on his own family who helped him to achieve his ambition. The cost of his tractor and other farm machinery was a fortune then. Later in the 1950's other people, mostly farmers, bought tractors. Men like Austie O'Malley, Cross; Johnny Scanlon, Furmoyle (both R.I.P.). And James McNally, Roonith Hill. They used them for hire as well as for their own work. There was a lot of reclamation and farm-improvement taking place.

Now the wheel has turned full circle, there is a tractor on every farm. The parish has improved beyond all recognition – new houses, farm buildings, dairies and piggeries get better all the time. I am thankful to God for having lived at this time, and to have been part in this improvement for our beloved Parish.

Roonith Hill

Chris McNally



Louisburgh celebrates Mayo's G.A.A. expectations – UP MAYO – cut into field at Roonith Hill, before re-play of All Ireland Football Final in September 1996. Michael McNally, Roonith Hill and Richard Austen, Meath, now living in Louisburgh

Photo: Tommy Eibrand

BUNDORRAGHA

Once upon a time there was a town called Bundorragha. In the 1841 census returns for County Mayo there were separate figures provided for Bundorragha Town and Bundorragha Townland which included the rural hinterland of the "urban" area and contained 767 acres 0 roods and 23 perches. The houses were at the harbour. At Gobalaveal lay the town point which was situated at "the beak of the point of the mouth". Some two chains south-west on the Killary was the Quay for hookers and boats. The place had a police station and a salmon fishery.

It was an old name. "Bundorragha" occurs in an inquisition of the time of James I in the early seventeenth century. The Ordnance Survey Field Name Book of County Mayo, dated 1838, tells us that Bundorragha means "Dark Base". It is stated that the stones are green and there are no minerals. The soil is described as "light mountain". The crops are stated to be potatoes, corn, and interestingly, flax.

In the census for County Mayo in 1841 Bundorragha "Town" has 115 inhabitants comprising 64 males and 51 females. They occupied 22 houses. There was one uninhabited house; so the total comes to 23. By 1851 the town did not contain 20 houses. "Its population in 1851 has been merged in that of the Townland in which it is situated. The figures for Bundorragha "rural" in 1841 are more modest. A total of 65 persons included 35 males and 30 females. By 1851 the total was 54, 31 being male and 23 female. The decrease is 11, about 16%. There were 10 houses in 1841. By 1851 there were 7 inhabited houses and one uninhabited making 8 in total. This is a decrease of 2 over the ten year period, or 20%. In 1841 there were 180 inhabitants, that is 99 males and 81 females in the Bundorragha Town and Bundorragha rural townland areas combined. By 1851 the total had been reduced to 54 – being 31 males and 23 females, that is a decrease of 126 which is about 66%. In 1841 there were 32 inhabited houses and one uninhabited, a total of 33. In 1851 there were seven inhabited houses and one empty one which makes a total of 8, a reduction of 25 or about 75%.

The Marquis of Sligo owned the Townland in the 1850's when he let the land at £27 per annum; a steward's house and offices at £3 per annum and herd's houses with a total annual value of £1-10-0 to Captain William Houston. Unfortunately the number of Herd's houses is not stated. Elsewhere in the locality their value varies between 10s and £1 per annum. Some houses rated

only five shillings p.a.; so presumably there were between 2 and 6 houses included in this group. By 1901 the land of Bundorragha Townland was held by Boswell Houston and 67 people, 37 males and 30 females lived in 11 houses. There were two uninhabited houses and Bundorragha National School. All the inhabited houses had between one and four out-offices with the exception of Mary Gavan's which had none.

Michael Walsh, 43, his wife Mary, 37, and children John, 19, (born in Co. Galway) Mary Ann, 17, Martin, 13, Patrick, 9, Philip, 7, Thomas, 5, and James 3, lived in a two-roomed slated house which had two windows in front. This was the only second-class house in the village.

Anthony O'Donnell, 35, his wife Mary, 33, Annie O'Donnell, 70, his mother, and Bridget McLoughlin, 75, his mother-in-law, had the only other slated house which had two rooms but only one window in front. This house was placed in the third class along with nine thatched houses in the settlement.

In the five houses which were thatched with two rooms and two windows in front lived householders: Thomas Coyne, 50, with his wife Ellen, 45, and sons Patrick, 17, John, 14, Thomas, 11, and Peter 8; Peter Gavan, 55, with his wife Catherine, 40, and children Maggie, 18, Patrick, 16, Thomas 14, Peter, 12, Catherine, 9, Edward, 7, Anne, 4, and Jane, 2; Michael Heraty, 80, a tailor, his wife Kate, 60, and children Brigid, 12, Patrick, 16, Mary, 23, and Michael, 27; John Grady, 32 with his wife Mary, 34, and children John, 15, Michael, 13, Pat, 11, Mary 9, Brigid, 7, Winifred 5, and Maggie, 4; and Michael McLoughlin, 47, a widower, and his children Michael, 17, Brigid, 15, John, 13, Mary Ellen, 11, Patrick, 9, Annie, 7, Peter Martin, 6, Rose, 5, Thomas, 3, and Hugh, 1. John Needham had a one-roomed thatched house with two windows in front where he lived with his wife Brigid, 42, and children Mary, 14, Patrick, 12, Michael, 10, Catherine Rose, 6, and Bridget, 4. In the three houses which were thatched with one room and one window in front lived Patrick Grady, 70, a retired fisherman and his wife Mary, 70, Philip Gavan, 30, unmarried, Mary Gallagher, 20, his niece, and Mary Gavan, 80, unmarried and housekeeper.

All the residents were Roman Catholic. All were born in County Mayo with the exception of John Walsh who had been born in County Galway. The heads of households were all labourers – either agricultural or general – with the exception of Michael Heraty, a tailor, Patrick Grady, a retired fisherman and Mary Grady, a house-keeper. The other men were labourers with the exception of Patrick Heraty, 16, who was a postman. The women were housekeepers, with the exception of 4 seamstresses; Mary Heraty, 23, Maggie Gavan, 18, Mary Ann Walsh, 17, and Mary Needham, 14.

The youngest working man is 16 with the exception of Michael Needham, aged 10, who was working as an agricultural labourer. Mary Needham was the

youngest working girl at 14. The next youngest was Bridget McLoughlin at 15 working as a housekeeper; her mother was dead, and she was probably working in the family home. No one spoke Irish only, but everyone over eighteen spoke English and Irish. In Peter Gavan's family the seven children under seventeen did not speak Irish, nor did one illiterate ten-year-old boy. Children seem to have acquired the ability to speak Irish when they learned to read and write about 6 or 7 years of age. Two boys, aged 13 and 8, could read only. Otherwise, all those between 8 and 19 could read and write. The oldest "scholar" was 15 and the youngest 4. There were 13 literate and 5 illiterate people between the ages of 20 and 60 inclusive. On 31st March 1901, there was one sick person in the Needham household. No-one in the townland is listed as handicapped. There is nothing that suggests that marriages were very late. There is an average of about 6 children per marriage.

In 1901 there were 67 residents, 37 males and 30 females. Between 1851 and 1901 Bundorragha population gained 13 people, that is a rate of 25%. Inhabited houses increased by 4, a gain of over 50%. The total housing, including the two uninhabited houses and the National School house came to 14, up 6, which is an augmentation of 75%. These 1901 figures are for the townland of Bundorragha only, not for the Electoral District of Bundorragha which contains twelve townlands and four small islands. The population of the D.E.D. of Bundorragha in 1901 was 275. In 1991 it was 93. This is a drop of 182 or about two-thirds, that is roughly 66%. The rate of decline has accelerated in the last five years.

It was sad to learn from the "Census '96 – Preliminary Report" published in the Mayo News of August 7th. 1996 that there had been such a rapid rate of decline in the population numbers in the District Electoral Division of Bundorragha, between 1991 and 1996. No other area in County Mayo suffered a reduction of over 20%. The drop from 93 to 59 shows an actual loss of 34 over the short five years period. In so short a time 36.6% is an alarming rate of decrease. It would be good if the families of those who have for so long lived in their magnificent corner of south-west Mayo could continue to find the means to do so with some degree of prosperity in the coming century.

The Ordnance Survey Field Name Books of County Mayo 1838, Griffiths valuation for the Union of Westport, 1855, and the 1901 Census returns for the Parish of Kilgeever are available for consultation in the Mayo County Library in Castlebar. I would like to thank the Director and Staff of that institution for their help in the use of their facilities. I am also particularly grateful to Michael O'Grady, Old Head Crossroads, for providing me with the data in the 1841 and 1851 census returns for County Mayo.

CLEW BAY

*Where soars Croagh Patrick's rugged peak
In grandeur to the sky,
And isles unnumbered, close beneath,
In peace serene all lie,
In freedom stretches far and wide
A scene that lives always –
The rolling waves, the rushing tide
Of dear, beloved Clew Bay!*

*The pleasant glen, the limped stream,
The mountain over all;
The verdant isles, that deck the scene,
The storied past recall,
When Patrick preached the saving faith,
A faith that lives to-day
Around thy shores, stronger than death,
My dear, beloved Clew Bay.*

*God guard the souls that round this shore
The paths of truth pursue.
And keep them now and evermore
To Him and Ireland true.
And when, in answer to His call,
They may no longer stay,
Be theirs to slumber, each and all,
Beside their loved Clew Bay.*

September 15th, 1944

Contributed by Sister Teresa Delaney, Roscommon, and found in her uncle's papers.

MUILREA AG CAOINEADH

*Is dubh anocht an tsáile mhór
Ach ó is duibhe atá mo chroí
Is mé ag caoineadh mo leanaí
Múirneach, anseo im aonar*

As children you have romped and played on my slopes. In manhood you scaled my heights, I nourished and sheltered your flocks, you quenched your thirst in my cool clear streams. When your friends visited, you brought them to me. You all waded thro' my lush grass, explored my crevices and ravines and picnicked on my dizzy heights; regaled by the Atlantic breezes that brought roses to your cheeks while you gazed in wonder at the scenic view around us.

My life was full of joy and laughter and your voices echoed in my ears like a beautiful melody haunting, yet memorable. Lovely days indeed!

Mo léan! that I have lived to see this day of misfortune and gloom. Tonight I feel desolate and old – older than I have ever felt in the thousands of years I have lived.

What a tragic sight I have witnessed this day, how I yearned to enfold you in my arms and comfort you, as you wilted and drooped; emaciated, starved, ashen, and ghost-like, until you finally dropped lifelessly into the waters of my lake while I towered helplessly over head.

My flowing tears swelled the waters that finally gurgled and enveloped you, eddying over you to mark your last earthly resting place there.

May the everlasting arms enfold you to-night, my beloved children, and may they carry you tenderly into a bright new home where death and mourning will be no more.

– Composed and recited by Mrs C. Lyons as a lament for those who died of famine on 31 March, 1849 in view of Muilrea.

AN CIPÍN

Many thank to the teachers who organised these essays in the two schools in the parish. They and the parents of the pupils can be justly proud of the essays produced. We had tried to wean the writers from choosing their own parents as their hero or heroine, just so that we might get a variety of choices in their essays. However some pupils insisted on proving that blood is thicker than ink! As a compromise we chose some of the best of these also and include them. Our thanks also to the following boys and girls who sent in essays, all of a very high standard. but limited space does not allow us to publish all:

Maria Coyne, David Sammon, Sinéad Cusack, Deirdre O'Donnell, Aisling Prendergast, Helena Moran, Joseph Dyar, Tommy Durkan, Padraic O'Grady, Brendan Grealis, Darragh McNamara, Brigid Durkan, Michael Needham, Manny Shiels, David Maxwell, Eileen Scanlon, Mark Kilcoyne, James O'Malley, Aoife Prendergast, John Philbin, Michael McNeill, Jasm Kahla, Brendan Keane, Eamonn O'Malley, John Harney, Michael John McNamara, Eileen Kilcoyne, Sharon Ruane, Deirdre Jennings, Michael O'Grady, Thomas Cannon, Ruth Gibbons, Anthony Jordan, Breda Joyce, Noreen McGreal, Adrian Tiernan, Thomas O'Malley, Tom Gallagher, Aidan Gibbons, Hannah Pfaff, Fintan Egan, Kenneth Kitterick

The subject for the essay was: "My Hero or Heroine"

A hero is a person whom you admire and you love the things they do. My heroine is Mother Teresa. She is a wonderful and famous person helping the poor and helping the sick. She was born in Yugoslavia in 1910 but now she lives in Calcutta. I saw her in Knock. A month or so ago Mother Teresa went into hospital. Everybody thought she was going to die but she didn't. She is still struggling doing what she can to help the poor and to help the sick. She is very brave. She will always be my heroine and I hope to meet her some day.

Breege McDonnell, Thallabawn

My hero is someone who is special to me. That person helps me when I need it. He needs my help sometimes to read or to bring up the gifts at the offering of bread and wine at the Eucharist in Church. My hero is Father Mooney, the Priest in our parish. Father Mooney lives down Bunowen near the Old Girls School. I do not know his age because I do not know him very

long. He says Mass in people's houses and he visits the sick. He comes to my Granny's every First Friday.

Kathleen Davitt, Curradavit

My hero is Eddie Macken, an International Showjumper for Ireland. One of his most famous horses is *Killbaha*. *Killbaha* is a grey horse, he is 16.2 hands. Eddie Macken himself had a top-class showjumper called *Boomerang*. He had originally ridden the horse as a youngster during his six-year stint with Iris Kellett in Mespil Hall in Dublin. After a while *Boomerang* was sold to Ted Edgar whose wife Liz, won a lot of speed classes with him. In 1966 Macken went to Iris Kellett for some training for six months; he ended up staying six years. Those six years under the critical eye of one of the world's greatest trainers were to stand Macken in good stead as he embarked on his International career. Riding *Pele*, *Oatfield Hills*, and *Easter Parade* for Iris, Macken was winning virtually everything in Ireland. In 1974 Macken brought *Pele* to Sussex showground for the World Championships. Macken was horrified by the size of the courses, but he and *Pele* put up a tremendous battle, forcing *Hartwig*, *Steeken* and *Simona* to a jump-off for the title. Macken was drawn first to go and with two fences down as good as handed the Championships to the German. *Steekan* also failed to go clear but with only a single error he claimed the gold medal leaving the young pretender with the silver. Retired in 1980, *Boomerang* finally had to be put down in 1983. He is buried at Macken's Rageenhan Stud just outside Kells. Described as the Milton of the 1970's by his rider, *Boomerang* is now commemorated by the beautiful trophy that is now presented to the winner of the Hickstead Derby, a bronze which depicts Macken and the great horse coming down the Derby bank - a glittering tribute to one of the all-time greats of Irish showjumping. This very special trophy took pride of place in the Officers' Mess at McKee Barracks, home of the Army Equitation School, when John Ledingham won at Hickstead with *Gabhnan* in 1984. Recently Macken has done well in the Olympics in Atlanta (1996); in the Kerrygold Horse Show he won the Grand Prix by a clear round with *Killbaha* and he did very well in the Hickstead Derby with *Killbada*.

Alanna O'Malley

My heroine is Michelle Smith because she brought great honour to Ireland by winning three gold medals and a bronze in the 1996 Olympics in Atlanta. She got no help from the Government or the Olympic Council of Ireland. She was nearly stopped from swimming in a race because of a late entry but instead of getting upset she got more enthusiasm to win than ever. The American papers accused her of being on drugs even though all her tests were negative. The papers couldn't believe that such a small country as Ireland could have a triple Olympic Gold Medalist when we didn't even have a fifty-metre pool; but they hadn't seen her in four years. They didn't see her train and prepare for the Olympics. They didn't see her going to Europe to train in

a fifty-metre pool. They thought she just improved quickly to win medals and took drugs to help to do so. It must have felt great, seeing the Irish Flag go up four times - three times in the middle and once to the right, at the Olympics in Atlanta, and knowing that you put them there. Michelle Smith has done a lot more for Ireland than just winning Olympic Medals, she has showed Irish athletes that, if they want to, they can do anything. She has also given athletes a boost - they want to be just like her.

Déirdre Philbin

Sonia O'Sullivan is mine. In the Olympics this year she was running for Ireland since she is from County Cork. She was unwell in Atlanta and a lot of rumours were spread, but I myself know that she had been training all year and too much was expected of her i.e. Michelle Smith's victory four times and her last experience in the Olympics and other events in her life. She had won medals for Ireland loads of times before. There was always a cheer for her when she ran. She is young yet for running and still is fit. Atlanta was a disaster but it's not over. She has a big future ahead of her. After each race she kept going. She made Ireland look good and very very royal and being nice. After each race Sonia O'Sullivan had great sponsors in her previous time I hope it stays that way. Ireland has very good athletes and Sonia O'Sullivan is one of them. Heinz Foods have sponsored them. Her Sponsor is Asics. She is a current World Champion and a European Champion. The running distances she does are 1500m, 3000m and 5000m. She is she also an Irish Record holder. At her training spends most of it in America rather than Ireland. America would have better equipment than here. She does go to her native hometown in Cobh, County Cork, occasionally. However she is a Champion.

Rosemarie Needham

It all started when Mayo reached the All-Ireland. No one really realised what a good team Mayo had and many people didn't know what a good manager John Maughan was. No one knew what a good free-taker they had, Maurice Sheridan. He can just tap them over: no problem to him! He is one of the best players that the Mayo team has. I really admire him. He is from Balla. He is twenty-three years old and he is six foot. He plays right-half-forward. He won the top scoring for the 1996 Championship. He won the top scoring by five points against Trevor Giles, Meath. Maurice Sheridan has never got 'Man of the Match' but he will soon. He is in College as a student. He saved Mayo many, many times in taking his frees and from scoring from play and I think he will continue in doing so. And that's why Maurice Sheridan, that Mayo Man, is my hero.

Breta Gibbons

There are many people I admire and look up to like pop singers, football players and comedians, but there is one person who I think is my hero and that is my Uncle Patrick. He is my hero because he is generous, kind, loving

and understanding. My Uncle Patrick lives in Cong, where he grew up as a young boy. He has three brothers and one sister. Two of his brothers live in England and his other brother lives in Galway. He likes to watch television, read books and cycle in the country. When I visit my uncle he shows me where he lived when he was young and what he got up to. I have known my Uncle Patrick since I was very young because I had visited him a lot of times and he had visited me. I have chosen my Uncle as my hero because he is a very special person to me and will be for a long time.

Emmet O'Malley

My hero is somebody who cares for me very much and looks after me. My name is Seán Joyce and I am eleven years of age. I have two heroes and they are my mother and father. They are my heroes because when I was young they helped me and cared for me and showed me how to do things I couldn't do. They cared for me when I was sick and cheered me up when I was lonely. They are still caring for me now. They are my heroes because they do things that I would never do. My father is a farmer and when I was young he did things like dosing sheep and cattle and catching rams and climbing up onto the roof to get something, and I thought that this was dangerous but as I grew up these things became easier. As I grew older they got me bigger clothes and bigger books and stationery for school. Now I am here in sixth class my last year in Primary School and I am doing my best at homework and other things. I am studying and learning for spelling tests and other tests. My mother and father are very supportive and are always signing my homework so I won't get into trouble if it is not signed. I am thankful for my mother and father.

Seán Joyce

There are many things and people that I like and admire. I Wesley Morrison picked one person, John Maughan. You probably know why I'm writing about him. Mayo's last win was in 1951. They waited thirty-eight years for their next All-Ireland. John Maughan brought Mayo football back to life. His dream is to bring "Sam" back to Mayo. He started working for this dream a year ago. It almost came true this year but we will have to wait just one more year. He trained the Mayo team in the Winter with weights and when the weather got better they started on their skills and talents in football which made them a stronger and more skilful team. John Maughan's devotion to the training of the Mayo team brought them to the 1996 All-Ireland Final in just a year. I think John Maughan is a very good manager and I wish that I would meet him some day. I hope that he will bring the Mayo team to the next All-Ireland Final in 1997 and unlike 1996 they would bring "Sam" back to Mayo.

Wesley Morrison

A hero or heroine is a person to be looked up to or to be admired. I have a heroine. President Mary Robinson is my heroine. She is President of Ireland. She was born on the 21st of May, 1944. She went to a Private School in Ballina. She spent six years as a boarder in Mount Anville Convent School in Dublin. In 1963 she entered Trinity College, Dublin, and spent four years there studying Law. It was there that she received her B.A. and L.L.B. Degrees followed by her Barrister's Degree from King's Inn. In 1969 at the tender age of twenty-five she became a Professor of Law at Trinity College, Dublin. On the 26th of April, 1990, history was made when Ballina's Mary Robinson was chosen as the first ever female Presidential Candidate. She was then elected President of Ireland. I saw President Mary Robinson in Louisburgh in July 1994. When I was standing at the side I waved to her and she waved back. She opened Gráinneuaile Centre in Louisburgh. She is my heroine and will be my heroine for many years because she has travelled to many other parts of the world to make peace and to be a peacemaker.

Michael Sammin

Well, in my eyes a hero has to be someone to look up to, respect and to admire, so my hero fits into that category perfectly. His name is Michael Flatley. Born in Chicago of Irish parents, he is the best Irish dancer I have ever seen. He first became famous two years ago during the interval in the Eurovision Song Contest when he danced *Riverdance* with Jean Butler. Then Moya Doherty worked to come up with an idea for a full length show called *Riverdance - The Show* starring Jean Butler and my hero, Michael Flatley. That was a big success. I admire Michael Flatley so much because he started dancing when he was eleven and most World Champions start when they are three or four years old. He has a world record for his beats per minute. His style is captivating and his rhythm is out of this world. My name is Charlene Morrison and I absolutely love Irish dancing so I would love to go and see his new Show, 'Lord of the Dance' but I would especially love to meet him and dance with him on stage one day!

Charlene Morrison

There are many people I admire but one person I admire the most is Doctor Patricia Heneghan. She lives in Old Head. She has a surgery in Louisburgh. I admire her for what she does, helping old and young to overcome their sickness. If they are badly hurt she would care for her patients and maybe send them to hospital. Doctor Heneghan gives her time every day for the sick, injured and un-well people, going around to their houses if they are very sick and can't go into the Surgery; giving them medicine and tablets. Doctor Heneghan came out to my Granny when she was sick and gave her tablets that made her better, and I am sure that she goes to lots of other people and gives them medicine and makes them better, too. I admire Dr. Heneghan for what she does helping the sick.

Noreen McDonnell, Thallabawn

ON BOTH SIDES

As the long summer days shortened into autumn and the lush green leaves of summer were transformed into the myriad of golds and browns, a telephone call which was to change the lives of many Mayo people in Coventry was received in the Needham home. I am of course talking of the autumn of 1994 and the phone call came from Michael O'Malley, Chairman of the Louisburgh Drama Group. The drama group had been performing very successfully for many years before that, but had always limited their shows to their native Mayo. It was only that summer that the idea had been mooted that maybe they could take their production elsewhere. Pádraic Needham had suggested that if anyone could do anything about it in Coventry his brother Michael could, and thus the aforementioned phone call was made. Now not only Michael, but indeed his whole family, was so delighted at the thought of such an exciting prospect that at once the wheels were put in motion.

Michael O'Malley arranged to have a mention of the forthcoming event put in the *Mayo News*, with the Needham telephone number as contact point in Coventry. Every member of the Needham family volunteered to undertake some task. There were posters to produce, letters to write and contacts to make. Telephone calls were made and received and who could have envisaged the marvellous response. A mini-office was set up by the phone with lists of people requiring tickets; others suggested names to contact, accommodation to be booked (not only for the cast, but people travelling from far and wide, from Sheffield in the North to London in the South, from Norwich in the East to Stoke on Trent in the West) and each one had their own story of why they were keen to come. "My sister, cousin, aunt is in the cast. My brother, mother, grandfather is from Louisburgh". The thrill and the joy at receiving those calls made the Needham home a buzz of excitement. Meetings of the Coventry Louisburgh Committee ensured that everything was working to plan. Nellie Prendergast, the Manageress of Saint Brendan's Club where the play "Sive" was to be staged, is herself a native of Louisburgh - Grady by birth. From the outset she had the confidence that this, like all other Louisburgh events that were held there, would be a rousing success. She was to be proved right.

The day we had all been waiting for was upon us. Michael Needham in a minibus borrowed from Jim Walsh a native of Lecanvey (who sadly has since

died) set off for the airport with daughter Fiona in her car to collect our expected visitors. Seán Cave was coming overland with the stage props and was expected around the same time. The gathering point was the Needham home and what a gathering that was! It was just like one big happy family. Francis was serving drinks, whilst Michael's other daughter, Siobhán, was taking round the food she had prepared with her mother. Josephine made sure the kettle was kept on the boil and everyone felt welcome. A real party atmosphere pervaded with Basil Morahan settling down to the piano and encouraging all to sing along. If this was the beginning, what a night must be in store for us at the play, and we were not to be disappointed. But still there were more preparations ahead. After a good night's sleep in a very comfortable Bed and Breakfast, run by another native of Mayo, Kathleen Kennedy (*nee* Kerrigan) it was time to erect the set.

Once again it was all hands to the wheel but nobody seemed to mind. If you couldn't hammer a nail, you could make a sandwich and if you weren't a lighting expert you could put out the chairs. Very soon all was ready and once again the buzz of excitement as evening approached was tangible. I don't think any of us could have anticipated the marvellous reception the whole cast received for what was truly a marvellous production. The standard was so high I am sure they would have been equally well received in the Abbey Theatre. The dance that followed was equally as enjoyable with Basil Morahan providing the music till the early morning and everyone being carried along with chatter and laughter, singing and dancing.

But who would ever have thought that the decision taken to stage this wonderful play "Sive" could have been the foundation for such experiences in the years to come. Since that marvellous occasion, the Louisburgh Drama Group have visited Coventry twice, staging "The Righteous are Bold" in 1995 and "The Field" in 1996. We feel that many friendships have been made because of this and the links between Mayo and Coventry, the adopted city of many Mayo people, have been strengthened. Thank God for the inspiration and dedication of all those people both sides of the Irish Sea who had confidence to believe in this venture and determination to see it through.

Coventry

Josephine Needham

Irish Proverbs

- Is gaire cabhair Dé ná an doras.
- *God's help is nearer than the door.*
- Níor dhruid Dia doras ariamh nár oscail sé bearna.
- *God never closed a door that he did not open a gap.*
- Ní bhíonn an rath ach mar a mbíonn an smacht.
- *Things flourish only where there is discipline.*

LETTER FROM SEÁN

Dear Mother,

Time once again to say "hello" and how is everything in Louisburgh. I keep running into an occasional friend who has been home and can hardly believe all the accounts I hear of the new cars and farm equipment everywhere and plenty of money circulating and supermarkets with everything in them that you would find here or in England. But then you hear the sad stories of the ones who have died. John Joe Love I remember you saying he was the first you heard singing the "Rose of Aranmore" since your young days and Michael Joe Durkan who used to always visit you on his trips home. You were asking about Nora Fadden of Barnawan, I meet her quite often. I think I sent you the memoriam card of her daughter's husband, Maurice O'Brien dead at forty-two and left three babies. He was an eminent lawyer in Worcester, and they tell me he would have been made a judge in a very short time, but it wasn't to be. Nora is helping to rear the children and Nora O'Grady of Furrigal, she looks great, never seems to get a day older, and Anne Grady (Daniel) of Kilgeever, I see her occasionally in Saint Paul's. She says she misses Mary of the Bridge a lot! Poor Mary went very quickly but then there never was anyone as well prepared to meet her God as Mary was, kind and generous to a fault and ever thoughtful and unselfish. She will be missed by all that knew her. It's so sad though, she had planned a great retirement, half the year in Louisburgh and trips to Fatima, Lourdes, Medjagorie, and all those places of worship and pilgrimages and just when she had acquired enough wealth and time, God took her away.

You'll be glad to hear that John O'Malley (Tony) had his youngest son Gerry graduate at the head of his class at the Police Academy here in July. I'm sure he'll have a bright future as his record in the military was also outstanding. It's nice to see the second generation being successful as it's a reflection on the parents that reared them and surely John and Kathleen are grand people to know and never spared themselves when it came to bringing up the children. Bill and Barbara send their regards to you. So you're not confused Bill is William "Mock." I told you he had open heart surgery just after Saint Patrick's Day and is doing well and hopes to be in Croke Park to see Notre Dame play Navy in November with God's help. I'm hoping to make it back in the Summer of '97. It's been so long but I must go next year before the arthritis and all the other miseries creep in. They tell me there's eight more houses being built between the Holiday Cottages and Seán McEvilly's house in Bunowen and Delia Maxwell's man Gerry Coen is building eight or more houses on the Tooreen road and I must see the new school. They tell me we are going to co-education in Louisburgh. I hear great accounts of the

Dramatic Society. I'm told Peter Sweeney is the new star discovery; a nice lad I've always found him to be very helpful and willing to go out of his way to help when needed. You always spoke well of his grandmother from Cloonty, Katy Grady. I'm sure you heard of Eddie Norton's death in Dorchester. He went very sudden and him a marathon runner. Well like a lot of people you were entertained highly at their summer house in North Scituate when you were here a few years ago. I see Mary every now and then; Grace and Nora occasionally. I met Joe at the Irish Festival at Stonehill College in June and Mary Stanton passed away, that's Tommy Andy's sister. Is there anyone left in that family now?

On the brighter side it's nice to see the new generation coming here and doing well. I met Sally Gallagher and Marie McGreal in Nash's in Dorchester one night. Lovely bright intelligent girls; Sally would be a daughter of James Gallagher and Nora Frazier and Marie is a daughter of Michael McGreal and Bridie Davitt. And one weekend at the Cape I met Martina Hegarty working at the Cape Codder Hotel. You would know her well, she's a granddaughter of James Reilly of Carramore, who was a great friend of yours and is in her third year at U.C.G. She told me she had been in Worcester with Margie and Rosemary for a couple of weekends and went to see their mother, Maggie Mack, who's going into 94 and she doesn't talk about anything much except Carramore as it used to be in her younger days. All the gang from Clinton send their regards. Eva Hester's sister was buried last week and Eva who used to have a big job in the State House in Boston is not too well at the moment, and John Gibbons who was Principal of the High School was buried two days later. I think he must be the same Gibbons as the James Mylies in Feenone and the Johnny Mylies of Carrowniskey, related to Mary and Salome in Philadelphia and on the mother's side I believe it would be the O'Malley's from Roonith (Michael Clarkes) one of them would be the mother of Tommie Joe in Six Noggins, but I'm sure you could trace all that relationship better than me. Anyhow, I met them all at the wakes, Virginia Maxwell who's married to a first cousin of Tommy Harney of the Square - John Ferguson and Ellie (Arthur) O'Malley Gillchrist, and Mary Davitt Ward who has a son working in the State House also. Yes, they all did well and it's great to meet them all once in a while only it's nearly always at wakes and funerals, though we do have the occasional wedding too. Hope to see you the Summer of '97 in fairly good health. When you meet Annie Heanue of Bunowen, would you please extend to her my congratulations on the election of her nephew Michael Ring to Dáil Éireann. It's well I remember him down at the sea in Bunowen when he was a little boy with his great-grandfather, Tom Glynn, and if you happen to meet him sometime, maybe at a wake or funeral, tell him I said "if he's half as good a T.D. as his great-grandfather Tom Glynn was a blacksmith, he'll be 'top notch'."

All the best for now - write soon again.

Your loving son,

Seán

SOME IRISH PROVERBS

The Irish language contains great riches of wisdom in its store of proverbs or seanfhocail (literally, old words) as they are called in Irish. In response to a reader's request we publish here and elsewhere in this issue some examples of these proverbs with an approximate translation in English. The proverbs always have several layers of meaning that do not appear in the literal translations. It is left to the reader to visualise the aptness of the application of these proverbs especially to human everyday situations:

- Is geal leis an bhfiach dubh a ghearcach fhéin.
- *The black raven regards her own chick as being white.*
- Céard a dhéanfadh mac an chait ach luch a mharú?
- *What would you expect the cat's son to do but kill a mouse?*
- Briseann an dúchas tré shúilí an chait.
- *Nature breaks through in the eyes of a cat.*
- As a béal a blítear an bhó.
- *A cow is milked from her head.*
- Fear na bó féin faoina earball.
- *Let the man who owns the cow get under her tail.*
- Ceannaigh droch-rud agus beidh tú gan aon rud.
- *Buy a useless thing and you'll finish up without anything.*
- Is fearr an tsláinte ná na táinte.
- *Health is better than riches (lit. herds of livestock).*
- Muna mbí ach pocaide gabhair agat, bí i lár an aonaigh leis.
- *Even if you have only a puck goat, bring him to the middle of the fair.*
- Aithníonn ciaróg ciaróg eile.
- *Birds of a feather flock together. (Ciaróg is a beetle)*
- Is minic a bhris béal duine a shrón.
- *Often a person's mouth broke his nose.*
- Ní théionn cuileog sa mbéal a bhíos dúnta.
- *A closed mouth catches no flies.*
- Siad na muca ciúine itheas an mhin.
- *It is the quiet pigs that eat the meal.*
- Tá muileann Dé mall ach meileann sé mín.
- *God's mill is slow but it grinds very fine.*

PARISH WEDDINGS 1995-1996



Bernadette Lyons, Roonagh and Christopher O'Keeffe, Farrytown, New York, married in Saint Patrick's Church, Louisburgh



Eamon O'Malley, Culleen and London and Selma Kelly, Tyrone, married in Saint Patrick's Church, Lecanvey



Séamus Duffy, Chapel Street, Louisburgh and Sal Gibbons, Cloonlaura, Killadoon, married in Holy Family Church, Killeen

PARISH WEDDINGS 1995-1996



Sal Moran, Falduff, Louisburgh and Michael Lenehan, Daingean, County Offaly, married in Saint Patrick's Church, Louisburgh



William McDonnell, Furrigal, Kilsallagh and Orla Devereaux, Castlebar married in Ballintubber Abbey



Olivia Harney, Louisburgh and Kieran Ryan, Kildare, married in Saint Patrick's Church, Louisburgh



James McDonnell, Furrigal, Kilsallagh and Mary Brennan, Claregalway

PARISH WEDDINGS 1995-1996



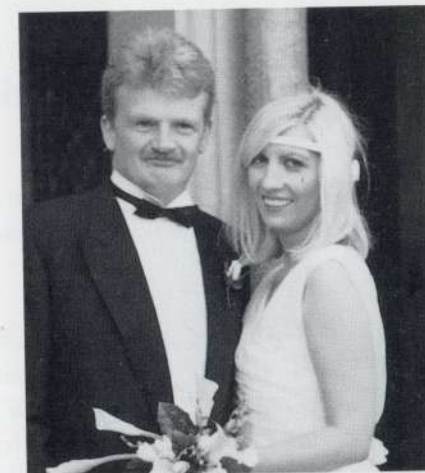
Kathleen McDonnell, Furrigal, Kilsallagh and Eamon Moran, Abbeyleix



Catherine Duffy, Chapel Street, Louisburgh and Vincent Flanagan, married in Bearna Church, Galway



Anna McConnell, Shraugh and Joe Kitterick, Shranacloya, Louisburgh married in Saint Patrick's Church, Louisburgh



Seán Morahan, Main Street, Louisburgh and Fanchea Flynn, Killyconnigan, Monaghan, married in Saint McCartan's Cathedral, Monaghan

PARISH WEDDINGS 1995-1996



Cathleen Morrison, Killadoon, Louisburgh and Donal Wickham, Dundrum, Dublin married in Holy Family Church, Killeen



Thomas F. McNamara, Louisburgh, and Anne Lyons, Furmoyle, Louisburgh, married in Ballintubber Abbey.



John Noone, Belmullet, and Christina Lyons, Furmoyle, Louisburgh, married in Westport



Frank Mulchrone, Knockglass, Newport and Attracta Heaney, Inisturk, married in Saint Patrick's Church, Lecanvey.

Comhgháirdeachas . . .



Father Paul Heneghan, with his parents

Ordained in Leeds

Father Paul Heneghan, son of Seán and Maree Heneghan of Moyhastin, Westport (and formerly of Cahir, Louisburgh) was recently ordained to the priesthood in Leeds Cathedral.

Father Paul, a past pupil of Louisburgh Boys' N.S. and Sancta Maria College, Louisburgh, has been appointed to the staff of Leeds Cathedral. In the mid-1980s he worked for a period with Mother Teresa of Calcutta and later worked as a counsellor and co-ordinator of retreats with the Ursuline Sisters in Walsingham House, Essex. He has three brothers – John, Cyril and David; and three sisters – Áine, Niamh and Ciara.

An Choinneal, its committee and its readers congratulate him and wish him God's grace and help in following an age-old Louisburgh tradition.

Comhgháirdeachas . . .



Áine Gibbons, daughter of John and Mary Gibbons, Furmoyle, Louisburgh, who was recently awarded her wings and permanency with Aer Lingus



Lara O'Malley, daughter of Michael and Ayleen O'Malley, Main Street, Louisburgh, representing Dubai, in the Rose of Tralee Festival

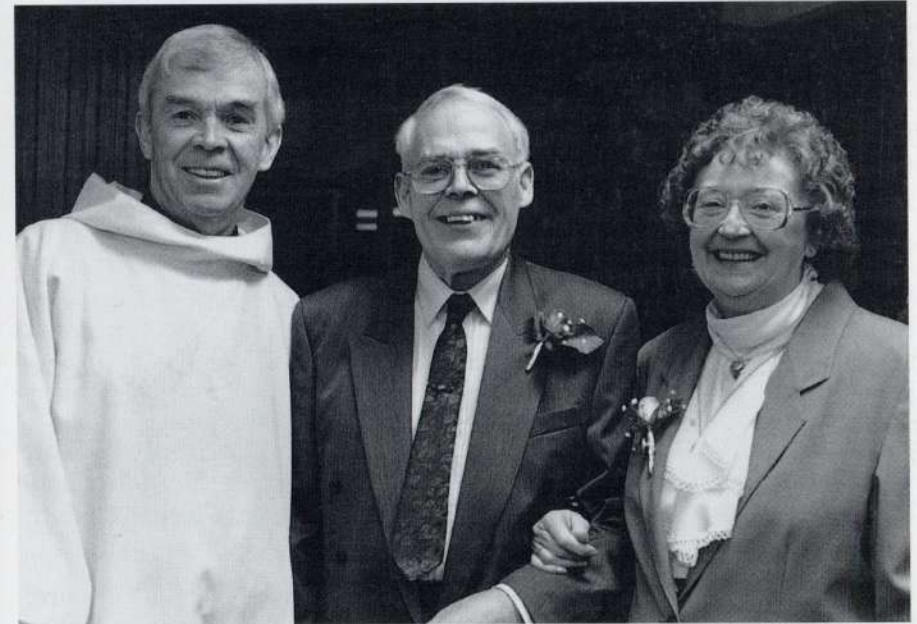


Elaine Duffy, B.S.S. N.Q.S.W. Graduation at Trinity College, Dublin



James F. Morrison, Killadoon (M.Sc. Degree at Dublin City University)

Comhgháirdeachas . . .



Patrick and Joan Coyne, celebrating their 40th wedding anniversary in March 1996, with Monsignor Michael Coyne

Forty Years Complete

Killadoon Beach Hotel was packed to capacity on Sunday night, 6 August, 1995 for a community tribute to Councillor Martin Joe O'Toole, organised by the local Fianna Fáil organisation, to mark his forty years service as a public representative. Among those present to pay tribute to him were several County Council colleafues, including Deputy Séamus Hughes, and in a spirit of political camaraderie, Deputy Michael Ring. Many tributes were paid to Councillor O'Toole for his outstanding service as a Councillor, Senator and TD in a career that has spanned forty years and looks set to continue for some time to come.

He and his wife, Breege, were the recipients of a number of presentations.

An Choinneal joins in the tributes and good wishes, and sends him felicitations on the celebratory occasion.

Priests of the Parish

The up-to-date list of Louisburgh-born priests is:

In the home diocese (Tuam): Canon Eamonn O'Malley, Louisburgh; Father John Ball, P.P., Ballinlough; Father Paddy Gill, P.P., Milltown; Father Liam Durkan, P.P., Leenane; Father Francis McMyler, P.P., Balla; Father Austie Fergus, Adm., Tuam; Father Ollie McNamara, Ballinrobe; Father James O'Grady, Tuam; Father Brendan Kilcoyne, Diocesan Secretary; Father Redmond Lyons, CSSp., Glenisland.

Elsewhere:

Ireland: Canon Peter Morrison, Ballina; Father Eugene Duffy, Louisburgh; Father Vincent Kelly, Dublin; Father John Heneghan, Louisburgh; Father Leo Morahan, P.P., Bearna; Father John O'Malley, CsSR, Athenry; Father Pádraic Ó Máille, Kiltegan.

England: Father Eugene Nee, Curradavitt; Father Geoffrey O'Grady, Curradavitt; Canon Gerard Harney, Louisburgh; Canon Sylvester O'Donnell, Louisburgh; Father P.J. Sammin, Carramore; Father Austin Gannon, Falduff; Father Patrick McNally, Carrowniskey; Father Paul Heneghan, Cahir.

U.S.A.: Father James O'Grady, Glenkeen; Father Michael Coyne, Aillemore; Father Michael Lyons, Louisburgh; Father Liam O'Toole, Louisburgh; Father Seán O'Leary, Bunowen; Father Willie Davitt, Curradavitt.

Africa: Father Pat Kitterick, Shranacloya; Father Alexis Morahan, Moneen.

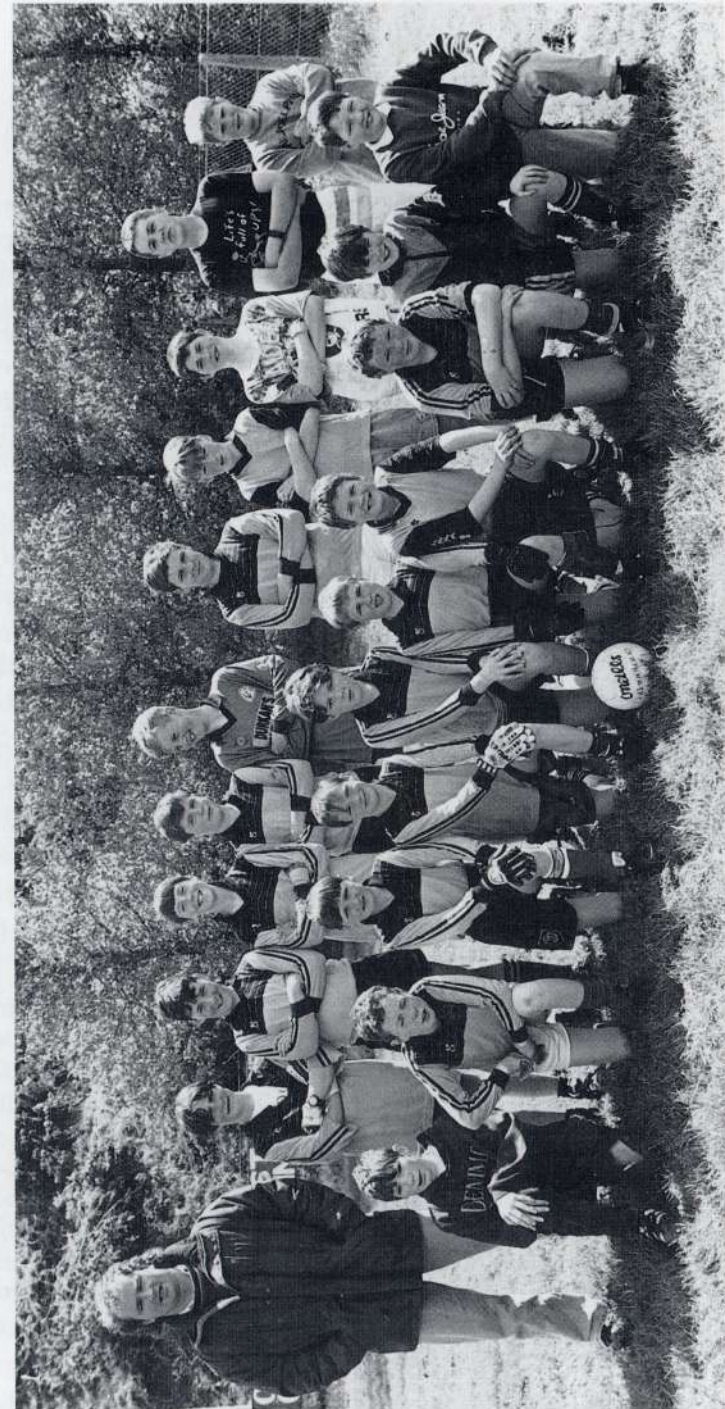
Australia: Father Charlie O'Malley, Moneen; Father Alex Morahan, Louisburgh; Father John O'Reilly, Shraugh.

Fáilte Isteach

Owen & Betty O'Grady, Thallabawn
Celia & Margaret O'Grady to Louisburgh
James Frazer to Six Noggins
Kevin & Janet Munnely to Aillemore
Clans & Evelyn Setchler to Aillemore

and those who have built holiday homes in the parish

John Morrison
John Guider
John O'Connor
Richard Hudson
Evelyn Fennessy



Louisburgh N.S., participants in the West Mayo Cumann na mBunscol Football Championship. Back row (l. to r.): Éamon Keane (Manager), David Heneghan, Dara Hennessy, Eoin Grealis, Patrick Cannon, Michael Grady, Michael Kilcoyne, Adrian Healy, Vincent O'Malley, John Paul Tiernan, Brendan Grealis. Front row (l. to r.): Kieran Keane, Brendan Keane, Éamonn O'Malley, Tommy Durkan, Rory O'Malley (Capt.), John Joe Philbin, Joseph Dyar, Declan Keane, Pádraic O'Grady, Jonathan Hughes

LOUISBURGH DRAMA GROUP

The Group's production for 1996 was John B. Keane's *The Field*. One of Ireland's best-loved writers, Keane was born in Listowel, County Kerry in 1928. From a prolific output of twenty-four plays, his *Sive* (1959), *Sharon's Grave* (1965) and *Big Maggie* (1969) are widely regarded as classics of the modern stage. *The Field*, however, is probably his best-known play and indeed many critics would regard it as his finest. It has the stuff of great drama, larger than life characters and a theme as old as Adam, the hunger for land. In 1990 Noel Pearson made the film version. It starred Richard Harris as 'The Bull McCabe' and was filmed in the village of Leenane, County Galway. Our Louisburgh Drama Group chose it for their 1996 production.

Four performances of the play were staged by the Group in the refurbished Parish Hall in June-July 1996. They then travelled with it to Coventry. This was the third year in a row that the Group performed in Coventry. On both previous occasions the play was staged in Saint Brendan's Club, but due to the demand for tickets this year's performance was in the College Theatre. With its computerised lighting and sound system, this is one of the most modern and sophisticated theatres in England. And so, on the night of Saturday, 20 July, almost six hundred people – most with Louisburgh connections – packed the theatre for the play. Many had travelled from as far away as London, Liverpool, Newcastle and Manchester. Following the play a reunion dance was held in the nearby Saint Brendan's Club.

The Group received a grant of £900 from the Coventry Arts Council to help with travel and accommodation expenses. In return the Group held a workshop on different aspects of Irish Theatre in Coventry City Library.

For all these visits to Coventry, the Group have stayed with Catherine Kennedy (formerly Catherine Kerrigan), who runs a beautiful guest-house on Park Road where there is always a special welcome for Louisburgh people. Our group would like to thank Michael Needham (formerly of Culleen) his wife, Josephine, and their family; Nellie Prendergast (formerly Grady of Cloonty) and her son, Denis, of Saint Brendan's Club; Philomena O'Malley (Bundorrcha) and Joe Williams of Wheatsheaf Players, Coventry. Without their help and support our trip to Coventry would not have been possible. The cast of *Sive* in our production were: Stephen McCormack Peter Sweeney, Tommy McCormack, Kitty O'Malley, Helena Morahan, Michael O'Malley, Martin Nee, Michael Davitt, Seán Cave, John Joe Kilcoyne, Mary Fergus and John O'Dowd. The producers were Mary Hegarty and Vera Durkan.

Main Street

Michael O'Malley

WHERE ARE THEY?

This survey lists most of the Leaving Certificate Classes of 1995 and 1996 at Sancta Maria College, Louisburgh and the choices of work or further studies they have now undertaken. Except where 'working' is mentioned, it is to be understood that the past-pupil is studying for the course listed. Our thanks to Caroline Keane, Bridge Street, for a worthwhile task in compiling – Editor

1995

Eamon O'Malley - working in Nomadic Structures
Sean McLoughlin - working in Nomadic Structures
Brian Dyar - working
Damien O'Malley - Computer Aided Engineering in Galway
Stevie McCormack - Applied Computing in RTC, Waterford
Pádraic O'Reilly - Electrician Apprenticeship
Bridget Gavin - Marine Engineering, RTC, Cork
Áine Joyce - working in Allergan Pharmaceuticals, Westport
Sharon Walsh - working in Allergan Pharmaceuticals, Westport
Clare Tiernan - Arts, in Maynooth College
Philomena Cannon - working in O'Byrnes Accountants, Castlebar
Mary Lally - marketing in RTC, Galway
Anthony O'Malley - Professional Cookery, Galway
A. J. McCormack - Bar Management, RTC, Galway
Rory McCabe – studying Arts in Dublin
Kevin Flynn – working with Mayo County Council
Andrew O'Leary – Civil Engineering in Letterkenny R.T.C.
Mark Mayberry - Electrical Engineering, Castlebar Campus of RTC Galway
Owen Kilcoyne - Electrical Engineering, Waterford
Caroline Keane - Commerce, French ath in U.C.D.
Sorcha O'Grady, B. Education in Saint Patrick's Drumcondra
Mary Gibbons - Arts in U.C.G.
Brid Ryder - B.Education in Saint Patrick's Drumcondra.
Honora Burke - Arts in U.C.D.
Ann Marie Tiernan - Social Care in RTC, Waterford
Liam Gannon - Manufacturing Technology, RTC, Galway

Martin Nee - working in N.C.F. Westport
Thomas McDonnell - Civil Engineering RTC, Galway
Walter Egan - European Studies Limerick
Owen O'Grady - working in New York
Stephen O'Malley - working at home
Noreen Gill - Secretarial Course, Westport
Martina Cave - working in Restaurant in Louisburgh
Martina Frazer - Accounting Technician, RTC, Athlone
Sandra McNeill - Business Studies, Castlebar Campus, RTC, Galway.
Isobella Murphy - FÁS Course in Ballinrobe
Patricia O'Malley - Secretarial Course in Westport
David Moran - Computer Studies in Castlebar

1996

Barry Bonar - Agricultural Studies in Mountbellew
Michael Davitt - Arts in Saint Patrick's Drumcondra
Mark Finnegan - Electronic Engineering, Galway
Conor Gray - repeating Leaving Cert. in Sancta Maria College
Andrew Maxwell - Business Studies in RTC, Galway
Michael Maxwell - Construction Studies in RTC, Galway
Lisa McDonagh - Sociology in Trinity College, Dublin
Ciara McGuinness - repeating Leaving Cert. in Sancta Maria College
Karina Moran - working and repeating Maths in Sancta Maria College
Anthony O'Malley - Arts in U.C.G.
Emer O'Malley - B. Education in Saint Patrick's Drumcondra
Paul O'Malley - Mechanical Engineering in RTC. Galway
Celia O'Toole - Secretarial Studies, Westport
Gerard Tiernan - working
Séamus Egan - Fitter Apprentice in Kilmaine
Sineád Grady - Hotel & Catering, Galway
Paul Healy - working in Allergan Pharmeculicals, Westport
Georgina Hughes - working in O'Connors, Westport
Ian Kenny - repeating Leaving Cert. in Galway
Robert Lee - working in Bolton, Lancashire
John McEvelly - working
Áine McNamara - B.Education in Saint Patrick's Drumcondra
Dermot Morahan - Arts in U.C.G.
Darragh O'Grady - repeating Leaving Cert in Sancta Maria College

Aonghus O'Loughlin - Medicine in U.C.G.
Jarlath O'Malley - Business Studies in D.C.U.
Mary O'Toole - working at home
Maeve Staunton - Business Studies, Castlebar RTC.
Gerard Coyne - Security Guard in Galway
John Hegarty - Engineering in U.C.G
Waleed Kamhieh - A Levels in Cardiff, Wales
Joanne Lyons - Nursing in Meath Hospital, Dublin
Ann Marie Maxwell - Secretarial Studies, Westport
Fiona McDonnell - Childcare in Blackrock
David McNeill - Science in U.C.G.
Ann Marie Needham
Bernadett O'Malley - working in Carraig Donn, Westport
Stella O'Malley - Business Studies in RTC. Sligo
John Burke - working in Louisburgh
Teresa Geraghty
Mary Harney - Commerce in U.C.G.
Martina Heanue - Professional Cookery in Galway
Austin Keane - Engineering in U.C.D.
Mary Rose Mayberry - Secretarial Studies in Westport
Arlene McGuinness - repeating Leaving Cert. in Sancta Maria College.
Michael Joe Moran - Engineering in RTC, Tralee
Una Needham - working
Aoife O'Leary - Science in U.C.G.
Linda Sammon - repeating Leaving Cert. in Sancta Maria College
Kevin O'Malley - working in Castlecourt Hotel, Westport
John O'Malley - Civil Engineering in RTC, Galway
Mary O'Toole - working at home

Remembering Sion

I remember how much I learned of nature, at a very young age by being always out with my father and brother as they worked in the fields. The day came when I had to go to school and our good teacher would stand in the school room door, which led to another room, and pray. On these solemn – and to me – sad occasions, my thoughts went back home, to open spaces, singing birds and family pets.

KEEP YOUR WORD?

These are the answers to the test that was put on page 72. Have a look at that test and try your knowledge of these words before you read the answers.

Aillíumhéaraí: is an unmerciful roar. Notice that someone “lets an *aillíumhéaraí* out of” him or even her. By its nature this word, like the roar itself, is used very sparingly. The reason for such a roar has to be something quite extraordinary. Try this sentence for sound: “Long Gibbons was stretched back in bed, but when he saw the burglars moving through the house he let an *aillíumhéaraí* out of him that would waken the dead”. Our dictionaries give no help with this word. Indeed the spelling here has been improvised to get the sound correct. Has anyone ever seen the word in print (before)?

Storc is a sulking person, and it would seem always male. (Do females ever sulk?) Possibly someone who has been offended, and as a protest has temporarily opted out of society. Or maybe “it’s the nature of the beast”. Like “he was sitting there of a *storc* without a word out of him”. Lack of communication is of the essence!

Manannán is a large specimen. But it’s not a nice large specimen like a gentle giant or a big Christmas cake. No: a *manannán* is something or someone ungainly; the very size of this monster is in itself offending. “I told her I’d bring a parcel to America for her; and then she gave me this *manannán* of a box” (Possibly containing two dozen *Coinneals*)!

Banbh is of course a young pig. By some inexplicable connection this name is also used freely for the Ace of Hearts in the game of twenty-five.

Bodach is a churlish male. The males are offending again! In older, harder times a bad landlord was often referred to as “the *bodach*”. So one has the idea not just of a male who is churlish, but one who is also well-off and has little feeling for those who are not. Bigness and fatness and lack of culture are qualities that help towards *bodach*-hood.

Clamhsán is complaining. Not “complaining” in the sense that we often use it at home when a person is sick. This is the real thing, the belly-aching that someone does about the neighbour that has a dog barking at night, or the family member that just won’t put back the Hoover where it should be.

Interesting when some starts *clamhsán* about someone who is always *clamhsán*!

Creabhar is a horsefly; in more precise terms a gadfly. The word will evoke memories of a sunny day on the bank of a bog, usually at the time of spreading or “footing” the turf, when all unannounced the fly alights on your neck or on an exposed calf of the leg, and actually bites.

Cóiste Mall is a slow worker or walker. Indeed we have translated it directly into English as a “slow coach”, with the speech stress on the *slow*. Couldn’t you name a few?

Cruiteachán is a badly shaped person. Literally it is a hunchback, a person with a *cruit* or hump. But whereas it would be bad form (i.e. not P.C.) to apply this to an actually deformed person, usage does allow it in reference to someone who has a slouch or slump especially if that person should merit our censure for what we regard as some kind of misbehaviour. Such as: “That *cruiteachán* went and told about us” or “Did you hear how the *cruiteachán* voted at the election”. Handsome is as handsome does!

Dalbach is stubborn or defiant. If you say it properly it even sounds that way. It is especially reserved for young people. A child visiting his aunt’s house but who has decided to buck the system by refusing to stop breaking the furniture when he has been cautioned. The report going home might have a phrase “little bit *dalbach*.”!

Deile is an exclamation of wonder. It actually is the fused remains of two words, céard *eile* meaning “what else”. This is probably the origin of the English expression of wonder that we use freely “What next!” It can be used to introduce the amazing news item or else as a response to it: “*Deile*, did you hear that she attacked the boss or: “The Yanks will be at Shannon tomorrow morning” – “*Deile!*” Enough said.

Deis is a good chance or opportunity. The way it’s now used in English is not as wide as its Irish meaning given in standard dictionaries. We say of a left-handed man working with a hammer or saw in a narrow space: “He can’t get the right *deis* on it there.” Probably from that comes another meaning, to fix or improve something. “He put a great *deis* on the lawn-mower”. Or “she put great *deis* on this house since she came in” – a rare compliment by, say, a mother-in-law!

Dáiríre means really and truly. It is often added onto a statement to give verification, and naturally so if there is an Irish word already at the end of the statement. “She’s a bit of an óinseach, *dáiríre*.”

Drochmheas is contempt. But of course that is only the beginning of it. The second half of the word, *meas*, means appreciation. “He has great *meas* on

her work” And the first part spoils it because *droch* means bad. So there you have it: the whole word means the opposite of appreciation. When a real craftsman examines what an amateur has made, or a professional singer listens to his or her favourite song being murdered by a debutante, one usually can read the *drochmheas* on the professional’s face. At a sale of works you might see a home-made Aran gansey being left back on the stand by talented hands after scrutiny, but with *drochmheas*. We have found this sentiment so necessary, and so frequent, that we have devised a special facial expression to accompany it. The bottom lip is silently curled downwards and held in position for a time proportionate to our intensity of *drochmheas*.

Diabhalíocht is devilment, or perhaps more accurately “divilment”. It can run almost the whole spectrum from practical jokes on April Fools’ Day to organised pranks of a more anti-social nature. The proper reaction is “dth-dth-dth” and perhaps a smile at the memory of *diabhalíocht* we all engaged in in our wayward youth!

We welcome any contributions to this feature. Please give the word’s pronunciation as accurately as you can, and an example or two of how you heard or hear it being used. — Editor

FURMOYLE HILL

*There never was a king that rules or reigns,
By even a shore or sea
No Lord of fertile or fair domains
Would have envious thoughts from one
Could I only rest ’mid the heather gay
When the blackbirds notes are shrill
For the whole sweet length of a summer day
On the side of Furmoyle Hill.*

*Oh! the winds are fresh that across it blows
And the sky is soft o’erhead
And the bogs and plains that lie below
Are with emerald verdure spread;
And the larks that high in the blue sky soar
Do sing with right good-will
As well they may, when they warble o’er
The heath clad Furmoyle Hill.*

Composed by Mrs Nora O’Malley (“Mother Ned”) for a Furmoyle emigrant in the U.S. in the nineteenth-twenties.

REEK SUNDAY

*Dawn breaks pewter grey.
Downpour gives way to drizzle.
Mountain and moor is a wet
sponge.
Sticks are procured, the course is
plotted.
Skirting the grassy contours of the
river
On wet grass and soaked sedge,
Shoes slip like ice skates.
Wellingtons squelch through
stagnant pool
And squirt slimy puiteach
The earth smells fresh.*

*Brown fidéans thunder down fern-
covered gullies
Eroding, churning, uprooting.
The gorge of the Lecanvey River
Is a noisy torrent, porter frothed
From last night’s rain
The air is heavy with the smell of
ruilleog
We pause here in the jade opulence,
Belts are adjusted, knapsacks re-
aligned.
Midges drive you half-insane
Swarming like black pollen
To chicken pox each face.
Hands scratch and flail in a frenzy.
Forward we sprint in search of a
breeze.*

*The gradient increases
Heads and shoulders slouch
forward.
The pared hazel is now probing
Like a rock climber’s hammer.
We leave behind woodbine, fern and
fox glove,*

*The fog thickens into carded wool.
Curious black-faced ewes, freshly
raddled,
Stop and stare
Then carry on unconcerned.
The “croak” of a raven cuts the
silence,
We are entering his domain.
His black spectral silhouette traces*

*An ellipse above my head,
He’s on dawn reconnaissance.
Thirst tortures the throat,
The gurgle of water draws me like
gravity.
Oil-skinned knees crater the soggy
bank
Palms reach for flat flags
Hair and nose delve into the
brimming water
Long relieving slurps and gulps
Bring instant relief,
Life-giving water.
Mountain water, half lukewarm
Flavoured by its lofty terrain.*

*Garraí-Mór at last and the broken
stones,
Ghost-like figures, circling stone
cairns
Appear out of the fog
Some halfway through a station.
The clatter of feet on broken stones
Mingles with prayer.
Yards are reduced to inches,
Each step now a miniature
landslide.
Hands grope for scraggy rocks
Smooth, smouldering fog veils the
summit.*

The murmur of prayer fills the air,
A modern people acting out an
ancient ritual,
Here where Patrick's shamrock
Battled the dark night of the Druid.
An endless procession circles the
white chapel
Like the pulse of an artery.

In the glass oratory, the ivory host
Is raised towards heaven,
The bell resounds.
Rain-soaked heads bow in
adoration,
Men beat their breasts in
humiliation.
Hacked hands from well-worked
fields,
Clasp knotted blackthorn
Sticks arrayed like primed balusters
Propping heavy shoulders.
Perfumed hands with manicured
nails,
Delicately circle the beads,
Rosary beads, braille for the sinner.
Bare, bruised feet noiselessly
navigate
The grey quartzite.
The soft mud of the black banks
Bring momentary relief
From shingle sharp as rivets.

Tent canvas furls and flaps
Like schooner sails.
Two straddled asses stand in a
huddle
Motionless, necks stretched, heads
drooped
Rumps keeled into the prevailing
wind.
They, like the prodigal Pilgrim,
Will have a lighter homeward trod.
The smell of tea wafts on the wind
Strong tea brewed from iron water,

But it never tasted so good
As here among the clouds.

Near a cairn of broken stones,
A woman kneels.
From her open prayer book reads:
Saint Patrick's Breastplate:
"I bind this day to me forever
By power of faith, Christ's
incarnation
His death on the cross for my
salvation
His bursting from the spiced tomb
His rising up the heavenly way
His coming at the day of doom
I bind unto myself this day."

Fog and drizzle wheel and whirl
Winnowing, sifting, soaking
An ethereal dance
To the summit's secret choreography
Near the second station a break at
last
The clouds split open,
The slope is awash in colour
A potpourri of pastels sneaking to
Campbell's.
My view is a bay window,
Beneath me half Mayo stretches to
infinity.
Murrisk is a patch-work quilt
Mosaiced by the glitter of parked
cars.
Flung to the west, Clare Island and
Achill
Afloat on the rim of the tide.
To the north, Mulranny and
Nepin
Fade into the haze of the horizon
Bertra reaches out its long arm
To embrace Innis Shraher
Clew Bay is varicosed with islands,
Like green icebergs,
Probing their heads above the azure
blue

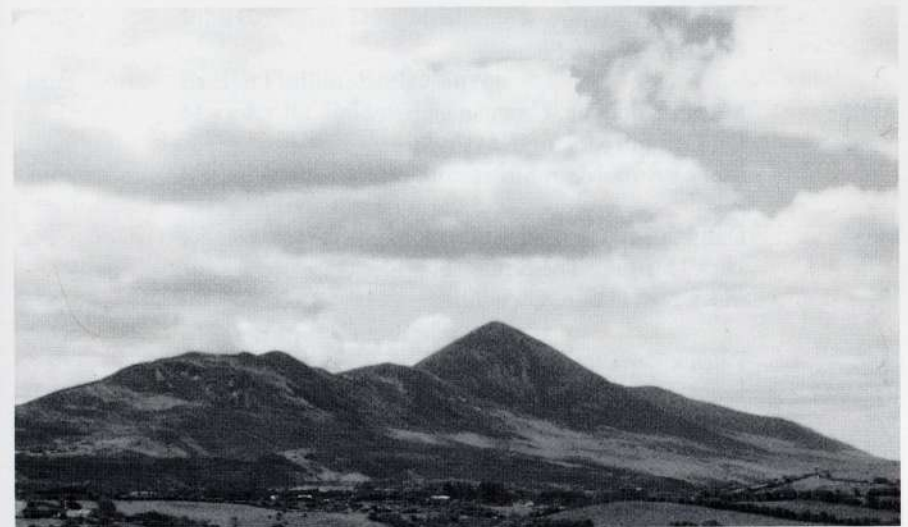
Abandoned glacial deposits, sunk
forever.
Like beached whales they lie,
Forged to the bedrock.
I sit to savour the unveiled
splendour
Visored eyes strain to decode distant
landmarks.
Within minutes, it's gone,
Fleeting as an apparition
White bleaches blue
As another fleece of fog uncoils
From the abyss of Lug na
nDeamhan.

Weary wind-swept pilgrims
Loiter round the white statue,
Posing in relays for one last photo.
Strained muscles can now relax.

Mullagh

Blistered heels are patched and
pampered.
Parched mouths guzzle from coke
cans
Others by now are white
moustached
From Owen's creamy stout.
A conclave of discarded sticks clog
the gullies
Torn raincoats lie skewered on
briars.
It's over.
I have climbed Calvary.
Sin-sick souls have sensed salvation,
Pilgrims by the busload, home
returning,
Imbued with a fresh faith,
Enchanted by the beauty of West
Mayo.

James McDonnell



SLÁN ABHAILE

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

1994

September Michael McNamara, Furmoyle

October Thady O'Malley, Corrigaun

November Sean Gibbons, Ballyhip
Peg Jennings, Kilgeever
Anne Burke, Carramore
Michael J. Keane, Roonkeel

December Nora Walsh, Main Street

1995

January Nora Tiernan, Cregganacopple
Kate Cannon, Doughmakeon
Michael Kilcoyne, Tully Bridge

February John Gavin, Glencullen
Paddy Connor, Ballyhip

March Nora McDonagh, Askelane
Beecie O'Malley, Aillemore
Tommy O'Malley, Roonith
Owen McNally, Feenone

April Martin Kilcoyne, Cregganacopple
Dr. Columb McHugh, Main Street
Mary Bowe, Main Street

May Delia O'Malley, Laughta
Dick O'Toole, The Square
Mary Ann Gavin, Glencullen

June Patrick Davitt, Curradavitt
Frank Frazer, Kinnadoohey
Pat Prendergast, Accony
Brigid Grady, Feenone/Cregganabawn
Sara O'Grady, Tully (Infant)
Jim Bradley, Chapel Street

July Mike Fergus, Cahir
James C. Morrison, Killadoon

August Patrick Hastings, Dereen
Frances O'Toole, The Square

October Jane Sammon, Carramore
Dick Scott, Roonagh P.O.
Johnny Moran, Falduff

December Maggie O'Malley, Furmoyle
Redmond Lyons, Askelane/Meath

1996

January Tommy O'Grady, Cloonty
Jane Ann McDonagh-Newman, Askelane/Castlebar
Delia Mae Buckley, Carramore

February Patrick Cox, Main Street

March Michael Kilcoyne, Cregganbawn/Cahir

April Annie Friel, Carramore
Michael Morrison, Killadoon
Mary Flanagan, Cailleachann
Katie Cox, Devlin
Jimmy Corrigan, Woodfield
Willie Moran, Cailleachan
John Corrigan, Doughmakeon

May Evelyn Philbin, Bridge Street
Mary Ryder, Falduff

June Kay O'Malley, Main Street
Mary Beirne, Carramore
Davie O'Malley, Cloonty
John Tiernan, Doughmakeon

July Mikie Burke, Cross /Bundorragha
Mary Lavelle, Cahir/London

August James Fergus, Cahir

September Walter Egan, Derrygorrow
Mary O'Grady, Glenkeen

DEATHS AWAY FROM HOME

The following deaths have taken place outside the parish since our last issue:

1994

- September Austin Prendergast, Bunowen, in London
Sara Campbell (Fergus, Cahir) in Dublin
Father Thomas O'Malley, Bunowen, in Los Angeles
Agnes Crowley, Carramore, in Boston
- October Nora O'Connor (Gallagher, Cahir) in Boston
Annie Joyce (Gibbons, Roonith) in Castlebar
Margaret Hynes (Scanlon, Furmoyle) in U.S.
Mary Ginty (mother of Mamie McCormach, Cahir) in Doohoma
Kathleen Reilly (mother of Angela McGuinness, Cahir,) in
Bunnahowen
James Donnelly (father of Imelda O'Grady, Old Head) in Tyrone
Brian Sheirdan, Falduff, in Cork
Geoffrey Prendergast, Accony in Dublin
- November Tom Hestor, Falduff in Chicago
Bea Harvey (Gibbons, Aillemore) in Texas

1995

- January Jim O'Malley, Askelane, in Dublin
Bea O'Grady (Lyons, Accony) in Chicago
- February Laura McMenamin (Kerrigan, Falduff) in Manchester
Annie Glynn (Maxwell, Ballyhip) in Boston.
Anna Kilcoyne, Kilgeever, in Boston
Anthony McGreal, Thallabawn, in Mass. U.S.
Patricia Bonar (mother of John Bonar, Bunowen) in Stranorlar
Thomas Burke, Devlin, in San Diego
Peggy McGrath, Dundalk, (wife of Joe Needham, Culleen)
- March Donald McCurn, Curldaff, (husband of Maureen Needham,
Bunowen)
Ciss Salter (Staunton, Thallabawn) in Blackpool
Mary O'Malley (Gavin, Shrahooskey) in Clinton.
Sister Maria Agnes Foy, Doughmakeon, in Victoria, Australia.
Paddy Flannery, Roscommon, (father of Cathy McDonagh,
Askelane)

- April Tilly Burns, Pulgloss in New Jersey
Maggie O'Grady (Donnelly) in Westmeath
- May Pádraic Coyne, Aillemore in Manchester
Christina Gibbons, Westport, (mother of Gerardine O'Malley,
Bunowen
Mrs Ann Conway, (Tiernan, Doughmakeon) in Watford
Bridie Ryan (Kerrigan, Falduff) in Tuam
Frank Sheridan, Coventry (husband of Mary Mannion, Killadoon)
- June Anne Philbin (O'Toole, Aillemore) in Boston
Nora Walsh (O'Malley, Cloonty) in Belcarra
Julia Hyland, London (wife of Johnnie Hyland, Carramore)
- July Redmond Gallagher, Thallabawn, in Wigan
Michael Carty, Roscommon, (father of Mary Egan, Derrygorrow)
- September Ellie Mangan (McLoughlin, Moneen) in England
James O'Grady, Cloonty, in Wigan
Mary O'Malley, the Bridge and Boston
- October Bridie Gibbons, Roonagh in Leeds
- November Bea Harvey (Gibbons, Aillemore) in Texas
Nora Kelly, (Jennings, Althore) in Castlebar
- December Brigid Dover (O'Malley, Bunowen) in London
Bobby Bennett, Shraugh, in London
Mary McGeough (Kilcoyne, Shranacloya) in Castlebar
Nellie Connolly and Mrs Pierce (O'Grady sisters, Kilgeever) in
Chicago
Mary Scott, Lecanvey, (mother of Killy Kilcoyne) Cahir
Anthony O'Toole, Chapel Street, in San Francisco

1996

- January Mary Kate O'Malley, Cross in Birmingham
Delia Hegarty, Killala, (mother of Sean Hegarty, Carramore
Tommie Gibbons, Roonith in Chicago
Mrs Christina Field in Bray
- February Mollie Mitchell, Augagower, (wife of late Johnny Mitchell,
Laughtha)
- John Cannon, Doughmakeon, in Reading
Mary Carty (Carr, Ballyhip) in Florida
Josephine Carty, Roscommon (mother of Mary Egan,
Derrygorrow)
- March Paul Hernandez, Texas (husband of Noreen Keane, Bridge Street)
Julia Roche (O'Toole, Doughmakeon) in Chicago

	Barbara O'Malley, Emlagh, in San Francisco
	Paddy Hastings, Cregganroe in Oxford
April	Mary Rita Thornton (Fergus, Feenone) in Chicago
	Pat O'Malley (Furmoy) Sydney + Castlebar
	Mary A. Staunton, (Killary Farm) in Boston
	Julia O'Mahony (McEivilly, Bunowen) in California
	Sal Finnegan, (Gibbons, Carrowniskey) in Wexford
May	Seán Gallagher, Coothill (husband of Nora Durkan, Bunowen)
	Ann Cuddihy (Gibbons, Dereen) in Chester
	Pat Naughton, Carrowniskey in Telford
	Teresa Ruddy, Australia, (sister of Kathleen Lydon, Old Head)
June	Mary K. McSweeney (McLoughlin, Moneen) in Boston
	Maureen Maguire, England (daughter of Sara Browne, Derryheigh)
	Michael Joe Durkan (Bridge Street) in Philadelphia
	Sister Ailbie O'Toole, Aillemore, in Beaumont, Dublin
	Charles Nicholson, Bunowen, in Kilkenny
July	Michael O'Malley, Falduff, in Westport
	Mary Doherty (McNamara, Collacoan) in New York
August	Brigid Sheirdan, Castlebar (mother of Ann Hastings, Ballyhip)
	Beatrice Gildea, (O'Toole, Doughmakeon) in Chicago
	Jessie O'Leary (McGreal, Cahir) in Boston
	John Joe Love, Main Street in New York
	John Gallagher (James) Aitinaveen in Coventry
	Kathleen Farragher, Askelane in Clare
September	Danny Hyland, Carramore in London
	Ethel Hester Murphy, Clinton, (daughter of Mary Corrigan, Shrawee)
	Monsignor Charles Scahill, Bridge Street, Louisburgh in Balla
	Jimmy O'Reilly, Laughta in Cork

It is proving difficult, and becoming increasingly so, to get the complete list of deaths, especially of deaths that take place away from home. We must now, reluctantly, put the onus on the bereaved relatives. We therefore ask that, in every case, the relatives send to An Choinneal notification of the death and the date. Page 120 of this issue gives a form which can be filled in easily and forwarded. If a short obituary is also submitted it will be welcomed and considered for publication. – Editor

Obituaries . . .

PASSING FRIENDS

Our *Coinneal* Committee has suffered the loss of some old and valued members since our last number when we lamented the recent death of Dick Lyons, who has also been a contributor. We have since lost of one of our very first Editorial Board, Doctor Columb McHugh, who over all the years since 1959 has kept a loyal and keen interest in the work of the magazine, and for many years up to the time of his death has been Chairman of the *Coinneal* Committee, formed in 1973. Mrs Evelyn Philbin was associated with *An Choinneal* from the very beginning, having done the artwork for the cover of the 1959 issue. She also joined the committee in 1973 and even in indifferent health kept up contact to the end. Yet another member of that 1973 committee who continued to serve for many years was Dick O'Toole, who brought his own contribution and knowledge of the area to bear on the contents of successive issues; and shared with his wife, Sally an abiding interest in its continuing publication. Dick, too, has been called to his reward. The *Coinneal* has also lost, since our last issue, one of the very first Foundation members who came to our rescue when that list was first initiated in 1963. Geoffrey Prendergast retained an informed and live interest in everything that might be material for this magazine; and his own written contributions, spurred and ably abetted by his wife Mary, were read and enjoyed even by many who were hearing of such a world for the first time. Geoffrey died in Dublin after the last issue had gone to print. And quite recently another old friend and faithful supporter, Monsignor Charles Scahill, left us. Few things would please the editor as much as to be able to publish tributes to all of these friends and benefactors. Some have been written of in this present *Coinneal*. Perhaps others writers will be prompted to pay their own tribute to the others in a later issue. We hope at the launching of this 1996 *Coinneal* to remember these loyal friends in prayer. *Go raibh coinneal gheal ar lasadh anois dóibh anois i láthair Dé!*

Geoffrey Pat Lannon

*Tá Scoith Imligh in imní ó rinne sí an t-ár;
Tá do mhuintir ag cuimhniú ort d'óiche is de lá;
Ní raibh cuimsiú ar t'inntleacht ag gabháil an bhaáid,
Ach suaimhneas go bhfágha t'intinn i bhFlaitheas na nGrást.*

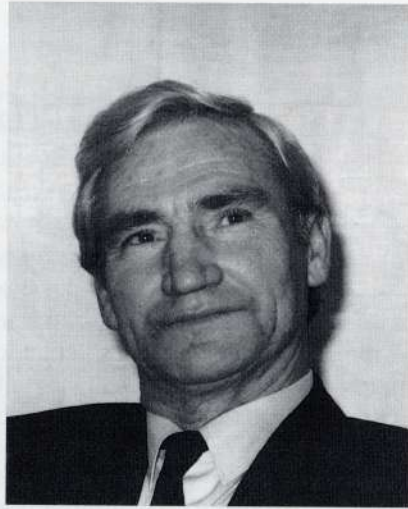
He asked that I would preach this homily. He said he wanted no *ráiméis*. I find myself wondering now what exactly he did say, or how he said it. Did

he say: "You'll preach so that there will be no *ráiméis* "? or did he say: "You'll preach, and let there be no *ráiméis* "? They were too nice to tell me! I know quite well, of course, why he said it: he did not want any empty platitudes. Nor did he want the repetition of easy praise. I am happy to accept this sad privilege. And, of course the proper balance to strike is the truth. As well as I can, I want to keep to the truth.

Why do we at funerals times recall the doings of a friend? Surely we do so in the context of this liturgy for two main reasons: because we appreciate the soothing, God-given gift of memory, by which we can call up at will and replay as on a video the events and experiences of the past; and also, by recalling the goodness and the example, we are offering all this back to the Creator, and genuinely thanking him for how much we have been enriched by knowing the friend. I can just give my own witness, limited though it be compared with that of Mary and the family and his closer friends.

Trying to establish for myself when it was that I first got to see Geoffrey, I am almost sure that it was on his father's sidecar behind the goals in the football field in Collacoön. That sidecar was, indeed, almost a permanent piece of furniture at all the football matches and was often the nearest we got to a grandstand seat at the games. Later, as boys, we were in the same dormitory in Saint Jarlath's College. And, naturally for our parish, we often played together on Louisburgh club teams. He later played junior football at full-back for Mayo, where I played behind him, and literally got to see another side of him then! We were colleagues during his Navan college days; and when, years afterwards, I was able to visit himself and Mary in their Chicago home it was easy to pick up the threads of friendship because of their welcome. That was in 1963 and I recall now the interest and support they both showed for the parish magazine which was then in its very early years. Indeed they then became jointly the very first Foundations Members of the *Coinneal*. Together they have continued that live interest in all that the *Coinneal* tried to do; and in his maturing years Geoffrey loved to contribute his own essays, which were relished by readers as much for their natural and commonplace wisdom as for his very distinctive style.

In recalling the gifts with which God endowed him, I thank God for



Geoffrey's *naturalness*; for his love for home and all that home means; for his appreciation of music, of the Irish language and particularly of Irish poetry. I thank God for the blend of nature and of grace which we saw in him. I thank God for his loyalties – to people, to places, to beliefs, to customs and to traditions. And, somehow, all of that seemed to come from and to return to his own great loyalty – for Accony. Hilaire Belloc, in "The Path to Rome" has written : " One's native place is the shell of one's soul." Accony was the shell of Geoffrey's soul in two senses: Accony had shaped and formed him; it left its imprint on him and on his sayings and doings and attitude to life. And Accony was his shell, too, in the sense that it was always somehow *home* to him, even in all his travels. He loved to return there, and in recent years it was in Accony that he and Mary built their home. He seemed to know and love every stone in the village. He wrote in loving detail of the village school he attended as a boy. And he spoke the placenames as if they were his empire – Accony Istigh and Accony Thiar, The Hillokeen (which was often to serve as our modest training ground!), Creagán na nUan, Cregán na gCapall, Sickeen; and even as far away as Imleach, Réabhán and Cuainín Ceasach. These were the pegs on which he hung the clothes of his stories and judgments. The people who inhabited these places were at once the axis and compass by which he charted his philosophy of life and even his theology.

I thank God for Geoffrey's great loyalty to his own family and especially to Mary. (This now is exactly the place where I could be in danger of sliding down the slope into *ráiméis*, so I intend to walk the precipice with care!) Not indeed but that they must have had their disagreements from time to time. I am sure they had, especially since Mary had always such a gift of being able to throw the kitchen – truths, at all and sundry! But we never thought of one without the other. When Geoffrey was home we all knew that Mary was. When we saw Mary coming out from the church we could expect the tall, familiar, stately figure appearing at the church door. And their natural love for each other was their expression of God's love. Nature and Grace were blended.

So, what message do we his friends take from today's memory and today's celebration. Let other voices speak some relevant words. John Milton grieved the loss of his Irish student colleague, Edward King, who was drowned; and in his famous monody he wrote:

*Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more;
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead;
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the Daystar in the ocean bed
And yet anon repairs his drooping head . . .
Flames, in the forehead of the morning sky.
So Lycidas; sunk low, but mounted high.*

Milton was a Christian believer. So are we.

I quote another voice. And if this sounds like *ráiméis*, he can blame himself, not me; because these are his own words to me in a letter some short time ago. He was describing an incident that happened to him shortly before in (of course) Accony. A boat had come in from Clare Island and three nuns from Sligo having disembarked approached Geoffrey with anxiety to ask him where they could attend Mass that evening. "I said to them: 'Walk up that road to a pleasant spot and bathe your feet in the pure Atlantic. Then walk up the hill and admire God's creation; and go back to Sligo recreated.' They didn't think much of my theology and we parted – they thinking that they met the wrong guy; and I thinking that they met the right guy." Nature and Grace!

Another, more famous, Christian poet had once written:

*Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages.
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.*

Wages. That thought awakens in me a seaside memory which I think is apposite today. During the years that I served as a priest in Ros Muc, the house in which I lived had a large window opening on to a bay. In springtime and in early summer I repeatedly saw a man pushing out a *currach* in the morning and rowing out to the *raic*-laden rock or shore. There he worked during the day cutting seaweed and heaping it onto a rope, spread on the dry shore. When the full tide returned it lifted the huge mound of seaweed – they called it a *climín* – and the man fastened this by the rope to the end of his boat. At evening time he began to row back across the bay with the fruit of his day's work. Today, I think of the great *climín* of goodness harvested all through his life. I think of the Accony man in the evening of his life rowing his harvest home on the full tide. And I see on the other bank the Man, to whom he was no stranger, ready to welcome him to the other shore. *Ag Críost an Fómhar!* Let his be the last voice: *Whoever lives and believes in me, even though he dies, shall live.*

Bearna

Leon Ó Mórchain

Nature's Gentleman

By coincidence, I was visiting Castlebar hospital where a family member had heart surgery, when I heard of the death of Doctor Columb McHugh on 3 April 1995. My initial reaction was a mixture of shock, sadness, despair and even numbness that someone I had regarded, not just as a great friend and medical advisor but in fact a mentor, was gone forever from my life. He had

come to work as G.P. in Louisburgh in the early fifties and had in fact played a very important and vital role in the lives of Louisburgh people who benefited so deeply from his care, expertise and loving concern. These he showed to every person under his care throughout all his working years.



He entered into almost every aspect of life in Louisburgh community. He was responsible for establishing a Guild of Muintir na Tíre here after the Tóstal celebrations of 1954. This brought all sections of the community together into a Parish Council which met regularly to discuss and decide on the matters that were brought forward by any section. He headed the guild and never in my life-time have we experienced such a successful, unbiased, competent and fair-minded chairman. He certainly understood the office and be it said that his example showed the rest of us how to behave in such a position.

He was a person of many gifts and virtues; quiet, with a deep and profound faith in, and respect for, Christian values. A true humility – by-product of dwelling close to God – was one of his loveliest traits. His handling of serious problems and tragic happenings was exceptional. He gave of himself unselfishly and his very presence in a sick room or in any emergency calmed and comforted his patients. I heard a priest who had served with him in Louisburgh, and who had observed him in many sick-room and death-bed situations, night and day, say that he believed that "Doctor McHugh was a saint". A verse from "Nature's Gentleman" seems to me to be particularly appropriate to our memory of him:

*He turns not from the cheerless home, where Sorrow's offspring dwell;
He'll greet the peasant in his hut, the prisoner in his cell;
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love,
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above*

Columb McHugh, the man, was a very sociable and popular person. He had a unique sense of humour, and those who knew him well found that he was a very entertaining man, able to converse readily on any subject, controversial or otherwise. We were privileged to have him as our G.P. for nearly all our married life. He was our medical advisor through all the ups and downs of family life and had indeed cared for all the grandparents of our

children in their declining years. They, too, respected and loved him for his qualities. He was everyone's friend – even to the extent of chiding when we transgressed against health or nature. Indeed looking back now, I feel that he first introduced us to the holistic approach to medicine; always thinking of treating the *whole* person of the patient.

It was a great wound to so sensitive a nature when he suffered the death of his life's partner, Frankie. He lived only one year without her. Their passing has created a great chasm in our lives. Doctor Columb McHugh deserves to be remembered and thanked by the people of Louisburgh community, not least in our prayers.

*He holds the rank no king can give; no station can disgrace
Nature sends forth her Gentleman, and monarchs must give place.*

Chapel Street

Clementine Lyons

NOTIFICATION OF DEATH

Dear Editor:

Please publish the death of

.....

native of

.....

living in

who died on

Any life details?

.....

.....

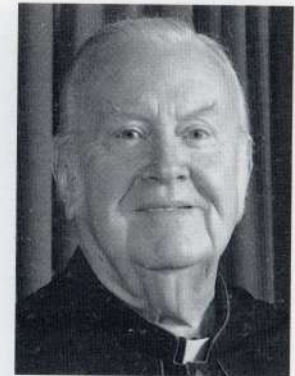
.....

.....

.....

Charles Scahill

Born	1912
Ordained	1936
St. Jarlath's College, Tuam	1936-1957
C.C. Glenamaddy	1957-1967
C.C. Ballinrobe	1967-1973
P.P. Balla and Manulla	1973-1990
A.P. Balla and Manulla	1990-1996
Died	September 15th, 1996



Following is the homily preached by Archbishop Michael Neary of Tuam on the occasion of the Funeral Mass at Balla 18th September, 1996.

Let me begin by welcoming you all and by extending a most special welcome to Monsignor Charlie's family and friends, to the people of Balla Parish, to the priests of the Diocese, especially Monsignor Charlie's classmates and the priests who have ministered here over the years.

Monsignor Charles Scahill has been with you here in Balla as a priest for twenty-three years, seventeen of these as your parish priest. For sixty years he has been a priest of this Archdiocese and brought life and colour to gatherings of priests and people. Over the years at this altar he has fed you with the Body of Christ. From this very spot he has proclaimed the Word of God, an encouraging word, a consoling and challenging word. In his pastoral work he has helped individuals and families to carry crosses of worry and anxiety, of serious illness and loneliness.

The central role which education assumed in Monsignor Scahill's pastoral concern was expressed in the time and attention he gave to the school, to pupils and teachers. The week after his arrival in Balla he became involved in a project which resulted in the building of the General Purposes Room and the new extension in the National School. He shared his extraordinary musical talents very generously in his work with the children and took a special interest in them and enjoyed their school concerts. He maintained his boyish personality right up to the end. He saw the value of having boys and girls educated in their own area, and supported the development of the Community School when the Sisters of Saint Louis left Balla. The priests and teachers of the Archdiocese are indebted to him for the work he has done as Diocesan Education Secretary since 1968 and later as Provincial Education Secretary. He laboured tirelessly for the Catholic Primary School Managers' Association and was for many years a member of its Central Executive. When

the liturgical renewal was taking place in the Church after the second Vatican Council Monsignor Scahill played a central role and was instrumental in composing with others the 'Prayer at End of the Day', a million copies of which went all over the world.

He had a very winning personality, larger than life. He used his extraordinary talents and particularly his gift of Music in the Cathedral as Organist and Choir Director and to bring life and joy to parishioners in Glenamaddy, Ballinrobe and Balla. Each year in Saint Jarlath's he produced an opera. His boyish capacity for wonder was maintained in his frequent travels abroad. He enjoyed relaying this and spoke with great admiration of the work of the Columban Fathers especially in the Philippines. I asked him recently what he considered to be the most memorable project in which he had become involved. He reflected and said that, while he was very happy as a priest whether in Saint Jarlath's, Glenamaddy, Ballinrobe and especially in Balla, the most exciting project was preparing the choir for the Pope's visit to Knock in 1979.

Monsignor Charlie fostered fraternity among the priests of the Deanery area. They enjoyed his company and admired his capacity for making people feel at home, his ability to cope with difficulties and his wide variety of interests, sporting, cultural and travel. The Mayo team held a special place in his heart.

The fact that he could spend his final illness here in Balla is a testimony to the esteem in which you his parishioners held him. He received medical attention which far exceeded the bounds of duty from Doctor Broderick and nurses Marian Coleman, Mary Begley and Marian Rogers.

Father McMyler, Father Bell and many of his colleagues in the priesthood attended to his spiritual need while his devoted housekeeper, Mrs. Killeen, his many friends in Balla, Garda Tom Howley, Pádraic Cunnane and others provided him with the opportunity to die with dignity.

Archbishop Cassidy is unable to be with us today but on his behalf and on behalf of Archbishop Cunnane and all the priests of the Diocese I offer my sympathy to Monsignor Charlie's family and relatives to his housekeeper and to the people of Balla. I offer my repeated thanks to all his parishioners for the support which they always gave him.

May his soul and all the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace, Amen!

Dónal O'Leary

Donal O'Leary's untimely death has left our community devastated. Louisburgh Community Council has suffered a severe blow in losing a Chairman and member with such vision and capacity to lead.

In the past days, I looked back to April, 1994, when Donal took up office. I read the comprehensive proposals distributed by him at the first meeting of the new Council, setting out what he had envisaged for the future of our community. Regretfully, circumstances and time prevented him from putting his plan fully into action.

The changes brought about under his leadership are a lasting tribute to his memory. He had wealth of talents and gave unselfishly of his time, energy and ability.

Memories return us to that historic night on the Square, Jan 1st, 1995, when Louisburgh "200" Celebrations were launched under his capable chairmanship.

The Pitch and Putt course at Cahir is clear evidence of his consuming commitment to the betterment of our Parish. Even, during the course of his illness, he was still labouring to bring this amenity to its full potential.

We have lost a good friend, a man of great character, honesty, integrity and loyalty.

We extend our deepest sympathy to his wife, Teresa, his children, Aoife, Cian and Eanna; his mother, Julia, and family.

Beannacht Dé lena anam uasal.

*Mary O'Malley,
Vice-Chairperson, Louisburgh Community Council*



Thomas O'Malley

Monsignor Thomas O'Malley, recognized as a papal prelate of honour and described by friends as a saintly man, died Thursday at his San Pedro home. He was 87. He would have observed his 88th birthday August 15. And just two weeks ago, he celebrated his 63rd year as a priest. Father O'Malley was born in County Mayo on Ireland's west coast and began his studies for the priesthood at Saint Jarlath's in the town of Tuam in County Galway. He was ordained June 21, 1931, in Dublin.

Over the years, he would return to Ireland to visit relatives whenever possible, but most of his ministry was spent in California, including 20 years in Long Beach.

His first Los Angeles County assignment was assistant pastor of Saint Mary's Church in Boyle Heights during the early years of the Great Depression. Later, he served at Saint Vibiana's Cathedral for three years, then moved on to Saint Andrew's in Pasadena. His next assignment was at Cathedral Chapel. In December 1940, O'Malley joined the National Guard as a chaplain. He spent most of World War II in the South Pacific and served with Donald Regan, who in later years was secretary of the treasury and White House chief of staff in the Reagan administration. Regan remembers Father O'Malley fondly in his book, "For The Record".

After the war, he returned to Southern California and was appointed pastor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Newhall. In 1948, he was appointed pastor of Saint Gertrude's in Bell Gardens. While there, he enlarged the church and opened a parish school. Three years later, he was reassigned to Saint Rita's in Sierra Madre. He was pastor there for 22 years. In 1973, after replacing the old Saint Rita's with a large modern church, he decided it was time to move on. "I thought a younger man should replace me, and I asked for a smaller church," he told the Los Angeles Tidings in March 1981.

The cardinal advised him that Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Long Beach was available. Mount Carmel, the original Saint Anthony's, was the city's oldest and smallest Catholic church. Built on the southern slope of Signal Hill, it was a 78-year-old wood-frame church with an ancient rectory.

Father O'Malley said he had second thoughts when he first saw the building, but it quickly grew on him. The tiny church served a poor neighbourhood, and he wouldn't have exchanged it for a cathedral. While he was at Mount Carmel, in 1978, Pope Paul VI named him a prelate of honour. A few years later, also at the little church, he celebrated his 50th anniversary as a priest.

"This is a great place in which to grow old gracefully," he said of Mount Carmel in the Tidings article. "I don't have to think about retiring. I can stay here as long as the Lord needs me." Eventually, however, he did retire and took up residence at Saint Cornelius Church rectory. He spent the last year of his life with the Little Sisters of The Poor in San Pedro. Friends said he died peacefully.

He, who enjoyed golf and reading, had hundreds of friends and will be missed by all of them. Eileen Talley remembered him as a fine man and a well-rounded scholar who was appreciative of all the arts. Another friend, Mia Beglinger, called him "a very saintly man, a gentle caring man and a true gentleman." He is survived by three brothers, Patrick, George and Anthony O'Malley, all of Ireland, and many nieces and nephews.

(Unattributed publication)

G. M. Bush

Mike Corrigan

Born and raised in the village of Althore surrounded by good neighbours, Mike Corrigan had the same upbringing as most of his generation. But there was always a bit of fun to be had at the crossroad and at the dances.

After leaving school he helped on the land and also helped his brother Anthony to build a new family home, still in Althore but on the main Cregganbaun to Killeen Road. Whilst still a teenager he started working for his cousin Anthony Jordan a general merchant, where he drove the delivery van, delivering goods all over the country. Anthony Jordan had a horse which he entered in the Carrowniskey races. He persuaded Mike to enter our little mare, she had been drawing turf from the bog all week, but she was entered for the race anyway. You guessed it – she won, much to the disgust of Anthony! The jockey on the day was called O'Malley from Bunowen, he later headed one of the biggest construction companies in Galway.

In his late 20's Mike went to England and there he met and married our dear Mam, Margaret Kilcoyne (Maggie Baun) of Woodfield. By 1946 they both moved back to the family home in Althore, where they set up their own shop selling general provisions. In the following years Mike also worked for the Forestry and the Mayo County Council.

In the early 1950's, after a lot of thinking and discussions, Mike made some enquiries to various sources including Mr Blowick the then T.D. about moving to better farmland. After much interest from his neighbours, the Land

Commission agreed and so in March 1955 eight families headed for the "Promised Land", Castlepollard. We had newly built homes to move into but unfortunately no running water or electricity! Once again Mike Corrigan of Althore was off on his campaigning trail and eventually he got the necessary County Council permission, but at a price. Each family had to pay for material and do the labouring themselves. Meanwhile he joined the local branch of the NFA (IFA) and became a Collector of Easter Dues for the local church and also helped to build the new National school.

Mike lived to see all his nine children happily married and present him with nineteen grandchildren, seven grandsons and twelve granddaughters. He has made sure the West is never forgotten.

When he died in January 1994, he was brought home to the family house and waked in the proper Louisburgh way. His funeral was one of the largest ever seen in our parish. His sister, Mary Kelly (Mamie) from Castlebar, was there, but unfortunately only outlived him by five weeks. More sorrow was to follow with the death of Uncle Mike Corrigan and cousin Marie Keane - may God rest them all!

I can only end this by saying what lucky people we were to have had such a man to call "Daddy". Mike Corrigan and Althore will never be forgotten.

Brentford

Maura O'Connor

Michael Joe

Three times we were colleagues. Three times we lived and moved in the same society. And three times I was enriched by the experience. We were of course baptised at the same font; by the same priest, I believe; and not too far separated from each other in time. I find it hard to single out from confused childhood memories when I first became conscious of him. One early memory is of a relatively tall figure coming to school from "back the town" and dressed in a full, knitted blue suit which was the produce of his mother's, Mary B.'s, deft needles. We were colleagues, then, in the old school on Main Street, sharing all the lessons, games, tricks, troubles of boys of our age in that era. One detail has remained in my memory. It must have been from our year in fifth class together. It was a word that he used in an essay at a Christmas examination. The essay was some usual one; *Why to live in the Town or the Country*, or *Why I like Winter*. But in giving his opinion he began one sentence, I remember, with "Methinks". "Cripes," said I to myself, "this guy is using words that we never heard outside of poetry or drama." In some kind of rival

spirit I both admired him and envied him. And even in that one word I see now the seed of one of his great characteristics: he was *other*; the pedestrian and the cliché had no appeal for him.

We separated. He went to Saint Jarlath's College; but we were colleagues again there when I joined him after the Inter Cert. It was remarkable how, although he became such a well-adjusted part of college life and of the student society, when you met and walked with him the conversation was invariably about home. Through his family connections and business he had access to many areas of parish life that would have been less known to us, so his anecdotes and descriptions of the parish characters were a welcome entertainment.



The third time was in Maynooth. He had gone there directly from Leaving Cert. I spent a year in Saint Mary's College and so went on for the Galway diocese; so we were now neither of the same year nor of the same diocesan group. One small matter addled me: for some reason he now had become known simply as "Durks": I found myself having to change step mentally to think of or refer to Michael Joe by this strange name. Here again he became famous for his affable spirit and, of course, for his humour and the wealth of anecdotes - a gift he had inherited from his good father, Michael Tom. Each diocesan group had a certain location in the grounds where they collected after meals; and when during those years one heard an explosion of laughter from the Tuam group, one frequently thought or said "That's Durks again!" Yet through all that hilarity there was a strong seam of dignity, of indefinable calibre, of *class*, which I have so often with delighted wonder noticed in very many of the men and women which our parish has produced in different eras - many of them indeed who never had a second-level, let alone a university, education.

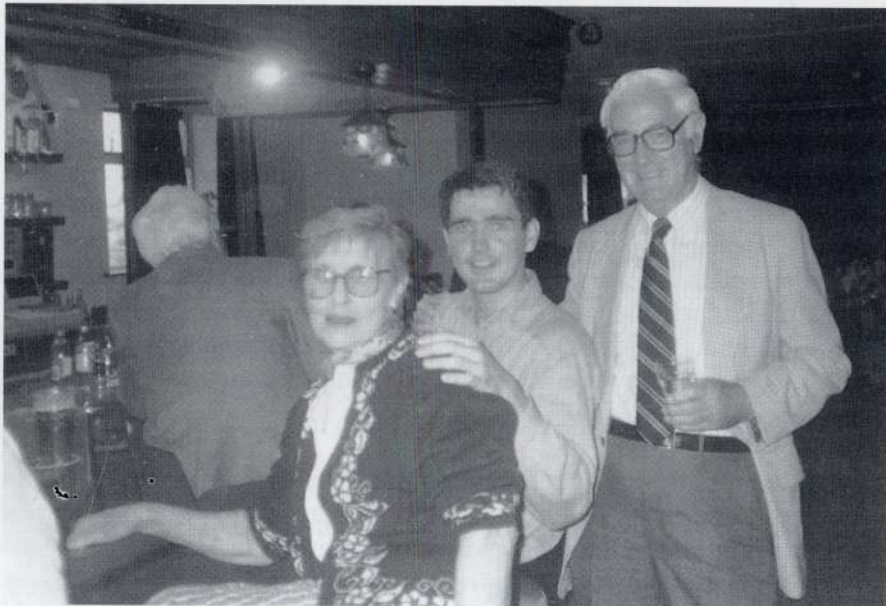
This, our third term as colleagues finished in sorrow; a sorrow that can not be measured in our thinking today. I was at study in my room one harvest night, when he was in his sixth and I in my fifth year in Maynooth, when a scratch at my door told me by convention that another student was calling. He had come to tell me that he was leaving in the morning. They often told

us in Maynooth that it was the better people that left. They may have been using that as an incentive to all who remained, but on that night it seldom seemed so true. And on that night I was really put back to thinking things out anew.

It was my personal good fortune to have retained his friendship through the setting up of this magazine. He was a willing mentor and helper; and although his written contributions were far fewer than I would have wished, what he wrote was quintessentially himself. It displayed his abiding interest in Kilgeever parish and its people; and as development of that, a scholarly interest in Irish history, writings and poetry. A cherished memory I now have is of a visit to his home in Wallingford, PA on *Coinneal* business. He was the host supreme: Mary B.'s generosity and Michael Tom's charm translated into another age and another culture, but still authentically Michael Joe. Another page of this magazine records the last address he gave to the students on campus last June. One can only guess at the effect his presence and his personality had on all who came under his gentle, scholarly influence. There will never again be a Louisburgh person so loyal to his roots and so influential in his cultural activities. Methinks!

Bearna

Leon Ó Mórcháin



Relaxing with family members at home

MUSEUM PAGES

We introduce an innovation in this issue, in that we have been fortunate to receive a recorded tape of a celebration in a house in the parish made in 1955. The occasion was the Golden Wedding Jubilee of Redmond and Mrs Mary (McNamara) Lyons of Furmoyle on 5 March 1955 and, after the Jubilee Mass in Saint Patrick's Church, Louisburgh, the celebration was held in their family home. We are grateful to the family members who have given permission for the reproduction of these recorded snippets. We hope that it will stimulate other readers to search their family cabinets and perhaps find there some old tapes which, although of little enough importance at the time of their recording, might hold real interest for readers after such a passage of time.

The recordings reproduced here are just a part of the "concert" event. Amazingly, the couple were speaking impromptu, without any forewarning. They most probably had never spoken into a microphone before, much less made a recording. As regards the technicalities, this recording was made on a Soundmirror recorder, a wooden-cased instrument (two feet by one by one) which had a free-standing microphone. It came to the parish at Christmas 1954, undoubtedly the first in the area.

*The text has had only the very minimum of necessary editing. Pauses are indicated here by omission marks (. . . .), and applause by asterisks (****).*

The scene is the parlour, the meal is over and the couple are asked to speak:

Mrs Mary Lyons: My dear friends, this is one of the happiest days of my life, after fifty years of married life. We had many happy days, and we were happy all the time. We are happy, and thankful to all our friends at home and all our family in Chicago. They have been very good to us

Mr Redmond Lyons: It was a good job she was never any good at talking! * * * * * I had ease! * * * * * And I suppose she won't get the speech now! * * * * * I was lucky! * * * * *

Mary: And we're just as much in love today as we were on our wedding day! * * * * *

Redmond: Oh I'm sorry for you, Mary! * * * * * Oho! I'm sorry for you!
* * * * *

Mary: We had messages from all our family in Chicago. Good messages and from Celine in Texas, Sister Dympna and from all our friends in England cousins and nieces and *daughter* and five grandchildren and from all our neighbours round about.

Finally, the "bridegroom" of the day made a formal speech, still off the cuff:

Redmond: Father Moran, and my dear friends:

I cannot contain myself this morning without saying a few words to express the happiness and the joy I feel at seeing so many of my immediate friends around me and some of them at great inconvenience to themselves, on this the occasion of our Golden Wedding. Somehow, I feel happier today, and more content, than I did on this day fifty years ago. I felt then confronted by the anxieties of a world that was a new and unopened book to me. Now I feel that I have discharged my obligation to that world to a great extent. And in a lesser way to the good young wife who became



on that day the guiding star of my life and our little homestead that she made so happy. * * * * * And reared seven choice boys, and five nice girls. I want to mention our good daughter, Christina, who has come all that long way from Chicago to visit us. She represents very deeply today the many members of our family in that great city. And today, my dear friends, it is my fervent prayer that God will spare me for the next ten years to welcome you all at our diamond jubilee.



The above photograph was published in our last issue (1994) and we asked that readers would if possible identify the un-named faces in the group. We struck oil, as this note from Mrs Mary (Gibbons) Prendergast from Raheny (formerly Accony) explains:

"I got the list of the names of the outward bound emigrants to the U.S.A. from Patrick (Dan) O'Malley from Cross who lives with his wife, Grace, in Chicago. The group sailed from Queenstown (now Cobh) on the ship *Republic*, 12 March 1927. Here are the names insofar as they are (all but one) remembered. From left to right:

Back row: John Philbin (Carramore or Cahir); and James Hester (Falduff)

Middle row: Patrick (Dan) [not Dave] O'Malley (Cross); Patrick Keane (Bunowen); Tommie Morrison (Killadoon); Paddy Lyons (Furmoyle); John Sammon (Carramore) and Tom Lyons (Furmoyle).

Front row: ? ~ ? (Old Head or Shraugh); John McNamara and his wife, Bessie, with their two children, returning to Chicago after a vacation; and - - - - Burns (Pulgloss) who later went on to Boston."

Many thanks to Patrick (Dan) and also to Mary Prendergast for having supplied the missing information. This is a symbol of what An Choinneal is capable of doing with the help of its readers, in piecing together the strands of our story as a people, strands that could so easily have perished. We welcome all old photographs and their stories for future issues. - Editor



Carrowniskey School Band 1969 – (l. to r.): Nan Ferrins, Christina Lyons, Maureen Naughton, Mary M. Gibbons, Pádraic Tiernan, Anne Lyons, Mary Tiernan, Paddy Ferrins, Joseph MacNamara, Patricia Ferrins, Anthony O'Toole, C. Lyons, Margaret MacNamara, Anne Giblin, Paula Lyons, Alexandra Lyons, Mary Duffy, Bridgie Ann Naughton. Front row (l. to r.): Redmond Lyons, Gabriel Gibbons, John Tiernan, John O'Toole.



Accony School approximately 1912 – can readers identify?



Taken on Feenone mountain 1966 – (l. to r.): Davy O'Malley, R.I.P., Cloonty; Michael McDonnell, Cross; Michael O'Malley (Sally) R.I.P., Aillemore ; James McNally, Roonith Hill; Séamus O'Malley, Cloonty.

Sent in by Chris McNally.

Remembering Sion

*What it is all, when all is told,
The ceaseless striving for fame and gold,
The bitter hours, the silent tears,
We are only here for a few short years,
Nothing our own, but the silent past,
Joyful or sorrowful nothing can last,
Each pathway leads to a silent fold,
So what is it all when all is told.*

Anon

– Contributed by Bridie Brush

BOOK REVIEWS

Louisburgh – a History. John Lyons.

Pub. – Louisburgh Traders Association – £6.99

In June 1995 I had the pleasure of launching *Louisburgh – a History* written by the local historian and teacher, John Lyons. Local history can be defined as the systematic and disciplined study of the past and in this work John Lyons has certainly carried out such a study. Everything one would want to know about the history of the town from its foundation 200 years ago is contained in this work. The written records, the memories of old people, the folklore, the derivations of place names, maps and charts all tell the history of the locality to the reader.

At times the feeling comes across, that the author was overwhelmed by the wealth of the material at his disposal. Yet he flagged not and erred on the side of putting everything in rather than treating us to a selection of his own biases in local history study. Even items he leaves 'out' he mentions in the introduction! Any historian studying the history of this area will do well to study John's work first.

As he states in the foreword, John feels anger in relation to some of his material but he keeps these feelings under control. However, as a fellow local historian, I would have liked if now and again he lost this control and opened up more to his readers. Perhaps this will come in his next work where he could tease out some of the information and put flesh on it and awaken our feelings to the hard lives suffered by our forebears.

One would have liked to see the author move out of the confined area in which he set himself and to see him examine the influence of the Connemara people to the south or the Achill people to the north on the Louisburgh peninsula. Both had a great influence on the Louisburgh people. To help fellow historians, I would ask John to consider an index to the second edition.

It is a brave writer that moves into this century. In this we enjoy a short history of the War of Independence, local elections and politics, the founding of the local G.A.A. Club, the restrictions put on dancing, education and some local sons who reached prominence in the world outside Louisburgh. The author wisely refrains from comment and presents only the facts.

Berry Print Group of Westport, publishers the Louisburgh Traders' Association and the author John Lyons can indeed be proud of *Louisburgh a History*. There is no excuse now for anyone living in this area to lack a sense of place, of belonging to a community which has been forged, as is narrated here, over the centuries. To those who have not yet purchased a copy, I urge them to do so. To lend a copy to another would be foolish especially to those who boast of large local history libraries.

Ár mbuío chas duit, a Sheáin as ucht do chuid oibre. I bhfad amach beidh do leabhar ar fáil agus muidne go léir faoin fód glais!

Westport

Jarlath Duffy

Getting It In The Head. Mike McCormack.
Jonathan Cape Publishing. £9.99

Although it is not aimed at any particular market, "Getting It In The Head" has, according to its author, found an audience mainly of teenagers and twenty-somethings. This is not surprising, considering that most of the sixteen short stories are about young people and concern their problems, real and imagined. These are stories of fantastic proportions in everyday situations; of overstepping the boundaries of "normality". Perhaps this is why they appeal to the post-adolescent mind. They entice a generation not yet cynical enough to dismiss them as merely self-indulgent flights of fancy.

To an older mind especially, this book might appear far-fetched, even ridiculous. But to the mundane stereotypes in our community and in our lives, McCormack brings fresh, imaginative, sometimes shocking new aspects. From travelling salespeople to librarians, subsistence farming to emigration, basic truths and accepted norms are attacked and modified. A young West of Ireland farmer turns out to be a gay transvestite; a disfigured adolescent emerges as the first Irish axe-murderer; a boring librarian is actually the mother of the re-incarnated God.

A lot of these stories are based in Louisburgh or somewhere similar to it; a "small, devout village", a "townland surrounded by subsidence farms", and therefore bring these "oddities" closer to home. They are a reminder that hidden beneath the surface of orthodox living are freaks and abnormalities.

Admittedly, there are a few stories in the collection that I, personally at least, would have no inclination to re-read. However, most of them are praiseworthy, not just because of their strong thought-provoking characters and plots, but also because of their rich, often assaulting, language.

Mike McCormack's first novel "Crowe's Requiem" is due to be published this year, and his book of short stories will be more widely available in both Ireland and the U.S. in early 1997.

Bridge Street

Caroline Keane

A Dictionary of Anglo-Irish. Diarmaid Ó Muirithe. Four Courts Press, Dublin

This is it! Anyone who has enjoyed the feature "Keep you Word" in the early issues of this magazine (and fortunately revived in the present issue); anyone who has been looking for a dictionary of all those lovely Irish words that we find scattered like pearls through our ordinary English conversation in Ireland, need look no further. This is the work of an expert. Already joint-author or editor of works such as "The English Language in Ireland", "The Dialect of Forth and Bargy" as well as "The Words We Use", which readers of *The Irish Times* have been flavouring for years as weekly pieces, Diarmaid Ó Muirithe is an acknowledged philologist who obviously gets sheer enjoyment out of his work. Here he has collected what must be close on the entire list of words which linger on that misty border between the two languages in this still bilingual island. Not only that, he also gives derivations, examples of usage and copious quotations from a whole assortment of sources that range from Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* to the Department of Irish Folklore Collection to (would you believe?) our own parish magazine! There must be some 6,000 words or phrases listed and explained here. An ideal Christmas or New Year present for a friend who relishes expert information on such words. We recommend.

The publisher's addresses are: Kill Lane, Blackrock, County Dublin, and c/o ISBN 5804 N.E. Hassalo Street, Portland, OR.97213

The Íosa Video

Íosa is a new translation of **Jesus**: a film made in the seventies in Israel. Its cast is mostly composed of amateurs and led by **Brian Deacon**, the Shakespearian actor in the part of **Jesus Christ**.

The translation into Gaelige was done by Dubliner Roy Rohu of the Church of Ireland. The voices were dubbed or synchronised at Raidió na Gaeltachta studios in Casla, Connemara.

Directing the synchronising of the Gaelic voices with the lip movements and gestures of the English speaking actors were technicians from **Inspirational Films, Orlando, Florida.** Before coming to Connemara, the Inspirational Films representatives (Doug Sjostedt and Greg his colleague) had just completed a translation of 'Jesus' into the language of Thailand. **Internationally, the film has been viewed by 600 million people in 200 countries!**

Among those whose voices are heard on the *Íosa* video are Máirtín Jamesie Ó Flatharta in the role of Jesus. Máirtín, a news presenter at Raidió na Gaeltachta, was formerly 'Damiaan' of Glenroe. Also to be heard are the voices of Máirtín Davy Ó Coisteala, Micheál Ó Cuainín, Seán Ó Conghaile and Riobárd Ó Lia. **In addition, there are many other parts provided by native speakers from the neighbouring areas of Rosamhíl and An Cheathrú Rua.**

The video now sells for £16.48. It is available from the National Bible Society, 41 Dawson Street, Dublin 2 (01) 677 3273, or from Fr. R.E. Lee P.P., Liscannor (065) 81284.

SCISSORS AND SELLOTAPE

(Incorporating "Random Diary". Thanks to our diarist and to the "Mayo News" files)

January

Louisburgh 200 gets off to a spectacular start. Two hundred candles were lit to form a 200 sign across the Square. Saint Patrick's Church Bell rang in welcome for the New Year . . . Eamon O'Malley, Bunowen and Tommy Duffy, Falduff, represented Louisburgh at the Mayo Chapter of Credit Unions Dinner Dance in Breaffy House Hotel . . . Pupil's from the Girl's National School entertained the large gathering with the Fisherman's Dance at the opening of the Louisburgh 200 Celebrations . . . Congrats to Noreen O'Grady, Director of Westport Chamber of Commerce on her appointment to the Executive Staff of FÁS in the West Region. Noreen is daughter of Joe and Kathleen O'Grady, Thallabawn . . . Well done Kathleen Gavin, winner of an Opel Corsa in the National SuperToy Free Draw at McGreevey's, Westport. Kathleen and family live in Carramore and is formerly Staunton from Curra . . . Michael O'Toole, of O'Malley Builders Providers presented a plaque, on behalf of the firm, to Noel Sammon, Chairman of Louisburgh G.A.A. Club . . . The Grealis Family, Falduff, were winners of a T.V. in the Ark Life Savings Plan promotions at A.I.B. Westport . . . Féile Chois Cuain, including sean-nós singing and music workshops organised to celebrate Louisburgh 200 . . . Mairéad Staunton's set dancing class continues every Wednesday night in the Parochial Hall. Mairéad says it's a great cure for cold feet . . . From Louisburgh to Liberia - A container load of household items donated primarily by the people of Louisburgh . . . a new ferry will soon be launched to serve Clare Island. The 96 seater will operate from Roonagh Pier . . . Underage G.A.A. presentation night in Killadoon Beach Hotel for Louisburgh under-17 team.

February

Louisburgh commemorates the death of Father John Heneghan of the Maynooth Mission to China. Father John is one to the parish's most famous sons, a Columban Father, he was murdered by the Japanese in the early forties . . . The Granuaile Visitor Centre, Louisburgh will be among the other Exhibitors at the Galway Holiday World '95 to be held in at the Corrib Great Southern Hotel. No doubt an interesting place to visit . . . Alan Mayberry,

Ballyhip is G.A.A. player of the year for Louisburgh and was presented with a trophy. Congrats Alan . . . From small beginnings Lousburgh Credit Union members have now passed the 500 mark . . . Congrats to John and Nora Kitterick, Huddersfield and Cregganbawn on their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary . . . Mrs Eleanor Lyons, Bunowen has been appointed Secretary/Administrator of the Louisburgh Holiday Cottages . . . Louisburgh - Junior County Champions 1994 celebration dinner in the Derrylahan . . . Congrats to Michael O'Malley on the winning of the West Mayo recitation in the senior Scór na nÓg Competition.

March

Archbishop Michael Neary describes Louisburgh as "One of the great Seminaries of the West". He was speaking at the celebration of Priesthood Mass of Father John Heneghan . . . Tanya Corcoran, Bunowen takes up duty in Donnybrook Garda Station after graduating from Garda College in Templemore . . . Holy Family School, Killeen are winners of the inter-primary schools table quiz organised by the Credit Union . . . Johnny Mulvey congratulated on the occasion of his retirement as Secretary of the Connacht Council G.A.A. . . . Louisburgh welcomes Minnesota Students. Saint Scholastica's College have been associated with Louisburgh since the late 1970's.

April

Famine Walk through the Doolough Valley to celebrate that dreadful Famine Walk in 1849 . . . Louisburgh Parochial Hall re-opens after extensive renovations . . . Congrats to Michael Tom Durkan of the Derrylahan who begins a new career as Pilot with Ryanair. We wish him many safe years in the air . . . Famine sites in Louisburgh and Killeen areas to feature in BBC T.V. series . . . Louisburgh Community Council plan on planting twenty trees as part of 200 celebrations . . . Louisburgh Beavers visit Finner Army Camp . . . Bunowen Inn Darts Team wins the Westport Darts league.

May

Louisburgh Scouts are on the Granuaile Trail, visiting all her Castles, Buckingham Palace and, the highlight, a cruise on the Thames . . . Castlebar Choral Society and local artists perform in Lousburgh Hall; all proceeds to Goal . . . Ann Marie Maxwell, Ballyhip, is appointed Director of Westport Chamber of Commerce and Industry . . . Martin Joe O'Toole honoured by Mayo County Council after forty years service. Congrats from all, Martin Joe!

June

Carramore and Old Head named Blue Flag Beaches again, in top ten . . . Prince Charles passes through Louisburgh on way to Delphi Lodge . . . Louisburgh again joins in the O'Malley Clan Rally . . . "Louisburgh, A History" is launched at the Parochial Hall, Louisburgh . . . Congrats to John Lyons on this important publication in celebration of Louisburgh 200 . . . Photographic Exhibition at Granuaile Centre, it's part of a collection housed in the National Library of Ireland

July

Louisburgh Summer Festival gets under way, one of the highlights being Louisburgh Drama Group's performance of "The Righteous are Bold". Heritage Day takes us back to our past with many interesting events . . . Parish reunion in the Derrylahan, a get together of friends and acquaintances to reminisce about the past . . . Andy Durkan is among the winners in the Allergan inter-Firms Fishing Competition . . . Great excitement in Louisburgh on the occasion of President Robinson's visit to officially open the Granuaile Centre. The Centre is located in the former Saint Catherine's Church of Ireland . . . Best wishes to Kathleen Fahy, Achill, on the occasion of her retirement from teaching after thirty-five years of service. Kathleen is McHale from Pulgloss and sister of Tommy and Anthony . . . Minister Enda Kenny was at the launch of the Mayo Visitor Guide in Louisburgh . . . Clementine Lyons is the winner of £1,100 in the Murrisk Development Draw . . . Louisburgh Community pays tribute to Martin Joe O'Toole to celebrate forty years as a public representative . . . Louisburgh Drama Group bring "The Righteous are Bold" to Coventry and Birmingham . . . Sancta Maria College '95 Deb's Ball in the Derrylahan . . . Best Wishes to James and Nora Gibbons, Feenone celebrating fifty-eight years of marriage with family, friends and neighbours.

September

Pádraic Needham of Culleen, walks from Westport to Louisburgh to raise funds for Cappagh Hospital trust Fund . . . Louisburgh I.C.A. Ladies host a twenty strong women's group from Belfast for the week-end . . . Russian ship lands at Old Head and presentation is made to captain by John J. Kilcoyne on behalf of Louisburgh Development Company.

October

Tom and Paddy McGreal, Doughmakeown are first-prize winners in the mare and foal section at the Westport Horse and Foal Fair . . . Tommy and Jonathan

Durkan picked a huge mushroom weighing 5lbs 5ozs . . . Mary Fergus, winner of the E.S.B. sponsored course at An Grianán, County Louth.

November

Sancta Maria College first in the county to enter the Irish Energy Centres New Energy Watch Awards scheme for Transition Year Students . . . Father John Ball is appointed Canon by Archbishop Michael Neary . . . Louisburgh and Sancta Maria College is greatly saddened by the death of student Georgeann Fair . . . Liam and Joe Grealis celebrate twenty-five years of marriage . . . Patrick O'Grady is presented with Video recorder for Killeen National School at a fund raising function in Killadoon Beach Hotel . . . Marian Kilcoyne has been appointed County Secretary of the Fianna Fáil Executive . . . Louisburgh-born actress Mena McNicholas (Hannon, Bunowen) will appear in a murder series on T.V. "Thou Shall not Kill" . . . Irene Cannon, Shraugh is promoted to Sales and Marketing Executive with Ryan Air . . . Mary Needham, Culleen, received her Certificate in Professional Cookery . . . Monster Draw for new Primary School Fund takes place in Derrylahan . . . Third Mayo Louisburgh Scouts celebrate their tenth birthday . . . Computers won in National Draw by Seán Hegarty, Carramore and Cathleen Morrison, Killadoon and Dublin. Seamus Duffy, Chairman of Louisburgh Holiday Cottages received a surprise presentation from the Company to mark his recent wedding. Sal and Séamus are wished many years together.



Senior citizens get together

SCHOLAR'S BAG

(A medley of local teasers and conundrums for the quizzical. We are encouraged by the interest many readers display in this feature. We would welcome contributions of a similar kind.)

- A) "Have you Mickey Maille's method of telling the age of the moon?" – an old parishioner was quizzing a young maths teacher freshly released from university. The young man's reverent silence was met by the old man's stare. He continued: "If you were to ask Mickey any day what age was the moon, he'd do nothing but make a few strokes with his stick in the dust of the ground, and he'd have it calculated for you since I began talking". So now!

First of all, Mickey Maille was a remarkable character whose fame and talents should not be let slip from the community memory. Private school-teacher, a kind of literary heir to the hedge-school masters, living in Carramore, Mickey was educationalist, historian, mathematician and folklorist. By his tuition he helped many a young parishioner through an examination which led him to employment in some profession. Someone who knows his story should record it for *An Choinneal*. And what did Mickey know about the age of the moon? Well we are not talking of the cosmological or even the geological age. We are asking about how much of the 27 or 28 days of the life of the moon has gone by on a date in question. In other words, how long has gone by since "this" new moon began. Has Mickey's formula disappeared? or is there some past pupil of his somewhere in the world who has retained the method? And is there any other formula? The Scholar's bag is wide open for answers!

And how is your Latin? Try it out here. Apparently some monastery communities, especially the scribes, had a pastime of composing Latin riddles to amuse themselves and each other. The Latin was often of doggerel quality, but playful to suit the theme:

B). If then a monk were to *sign* himself thus:

A ceathair is a dó is Laidin ar luch (*i.e. four plus two, plus the Latin for mouse*) – what was the monk’s (Irish) Christian name?

And for the honours Latin student:

C) How would you decode the following inscription, supposedly written as the epitaph of an over-bearing superior:

<u>O</u>	<u>QUID</u>	<u>TUA</u>	<u>TE</u>
BE	BIS	BIA	ABIT

RA-RA-RA ES, ET IN RAM-RAM-RAM II

One essential cue: the Latin word for ‘over’ is ‘super’.

Do try to work out the puzzle. Don’t turn too quickly to page 148.

Remembering Sion

The annual arrival of the school inspector has been written about in comedy and tragedy. I remember our school inspector, a Mr. Lovett – a lovely kind young man, whose “after-shave aroma” filled the school-room as he moved from class to class. I was asked to recite an Irish poem ‘Niamh Cinn Oir,’ of about five verses, all of which I knew except the last one. He must have seen my terror as I moved down the verses towards it. He took my arm and recited it with me;-

*Do stadamar uile den tseilg
Ar amharc deilbh na rí-mhná.
Do ghabh íontas Fionn is an Fhiann
Nach bhfacadar riamh bean chomh breá.*

HEROES AND WORSHIP

When I was a small boy growing up in Bunowen, I used to listen to all the stories of the brave men who fought for Ireland and the ones that died in the battles and the prisons but I never heard of anyone with the name Durkan who ever featured in any of those notable events and then I got old enough to read the paper and follow the fortunes for the local and county football teams.

There was Mike Maille of Acres who played for the county and Austie O’Toole of Moneen who won many national league medals and later on there was Johnny Mulvey and Liam Hastings who both played for Mayo and Joe Staunton who was in the big ones ’50 and ’51. But I was always disappointed when there never was any Durkan to be boasting about. My father, Willie Durkan was born in 1879, the same year as Padraig Pearse and I used to feel he should have gone out in 1916 and got himself killed or at the very least got interned in Frongach with the ones who were not executed, so that I could be very proud of him. There were others born in 1879 also, like Jamesy Scanlon and John Maille of the Bridge and Johnny Mock and I could not understand why they all didn’t get out there and become heroes when they got the chance like Pat Mack and the Salmons in Carramore and John Joe Philbin and all the Harneys and Austin MacDonald. Then as I got a little older, I realized that if my Dad went out and got himself killed in 1916, there would be no son to be proud of him. And he would not have won the gold medal for handball in 1917 in the ball alley that used to be in at the back of Séamus Durkan’s house. I suppose I really was very proud of that medal, just as much as if it was the Olympics today. Austie (Soldier) O’Malley won the silver in that tournament but my Dad brought home the gold and it was with great pride I used to admire it hanging on his watch chain. But somehow I always felt a bit cheated: dying for Ireland, or playing for Mayo that was the ultimate glory.

Then one day I got to thinking of the other side of the family. The McHales, there’s where I would look for my heroes. Wasn’t I three-quarters McHale myself? My mother was McHale from Polgloss and they were great boat-builders and even built the only three-storey house in Louisburgh way back before the Famine; and they were agents for the *Cunard and White Star* shipping lines away back too. And my father’s mother was McHale from Emlagh, one of the Andy Pats, and I knew they owned Cahir Island at one

time and surely owning an island was a thing to be proud of by any set of standards! I was very young and, like all small boys, I wanted to have heroes to worship. But I was fully grown and far from home when I found what I would call a real genuine hero and sure enough he was a McHale.

The name plate on his desk said "Major James A. Lutz U.S. M.C." He was looking at a wall map when I went into his office and when he turned around I must have looked startled as he could be an identical twin of Andy MacHale of Emlagh. He said: "At Ease!" and then he said: "you recognize me but I never saw you before and I never forget a face." So I told him he could be a twin of a cousin in Ireland and then he said: "He has to be a McHale and he must come from a town called Emlock!" We talked for a long time. He wanted to know all there was to know about the McHales from Emlock (as he called it) and I wished I knew a lot more. I knew very little really. I told what little I did that Andy was a fair good football player and a good fisherman. He used fish with Martin Duffy and Isaac and occasionally with my partner, Tom Hannon. Wasn't much good for land or didn't care for it. Then I told him about Cahir Island and he was really fascinated and then he told me of his background. His great-grandfather, after whom he was named, was James Andrew McHale. Born in "Emlock" in Mayo, Ireland, he served in the Union Army during the Civil War, 1861-1865. His most notable achievement was that he commanded Sherman's artillery at the Battle for Atlanta. The following week he signed out a small trainer plane and took me to see the locations of his great-grandfather's guns where he lobbed shells on the City for the entire month of August 1864.

On the first of September the defending army blew up the ammunition dump and pulled out. Sherman burned the rest of the city and began his famous or infamous march to the sea, laying waste to everything in his path but effectively sealing the fate of the Confederate Army." Without supplies you can't continue to fight a war", he said. Then he told me of his great-grandfather's younger brother, Austin, who was a great horseman and served with George Armstrong Custer in the seventh Cavalry after the Civil War and was killed in Montana in 1876, at a place called "The Little Big Horn". He told me something very interesting, General Custer's command was completely wiped out by the Sioux and the Cheyenne and of the 287 officers and men, 149 were born in Ireland and the only living thing to come alive out of the massacre was a horse called, Commanche, owned by Captain Miles Keogh, who was born in Carlow. So my new friend and commanding officer for the next fourteen weeks would be training a special battalion called "Pioneer Assault", for combat underground, lightly armed and very mobile. I would put in ten weeks of the most miserable times I can ever remember, crawling through mine-shafts through the Appalachian Mountains in Pennsylvania and old, worked-out silver mines in Colorado and all kinds of

places that I don't want to remember. If you had any tendency toward claustrophobia, you didn't have any hope of completing the course and those of us from rural areas who hadn't been exposed to much electric light had a great advantage as we could almost see in total darkness! But all in all, it was a most miserable existence. However, my friend, Major Lutz, was a very charismatic leader and he would assure us that those of us who did complete it (and he only expected 55% to do so) would belong to a fighting force which would be both "feared and respected." I heard my father say of Watt Burke, who lived in Bridge Street in what is now known as "Teach Na nÓl", he used to say about the Union Jack: "Anywhere that flag flies, it's both feared and respected."

My sister Evelyn, is forever concerned about my comfort on my visits home. I always tell her that I've slept in places a self-respecting dog wouldn't lie in, and it's true! The way that instructor used to drive us when we got the word to fallout, we dropped down and passed out wet or dry bats or rats or snakes or dung. So bone weary and totally exhausted you were you didn't care if you never woke up and you would wonder how you ever got talked into something like that and when I felt I just couldn't go on I would think of nice things like nights down at the butt of the river on a full moon spring tide, digging sand eels with the McMyers and John Knight from Carramore or picking *carrageen* moss during the war years when a lot of people were at it. And I would listen to my older sisters and Frank O'Malley from Moneen singing "Dearly Beloved" and "Stay Sweet As You Are" and "I Can't Begin To Tell You" or I would think of a night in Rick Philbin's meadow beside the ball alley with a girl who had red hair and who's name was Alice. She lived in Dublin and hoped to be a professional singer. She asked if I would stay out all night with her. Of course I would gladly, only girls usually never made requests like that and I wanted to know why she trusted me, whom she had known only two weeks. She said I asked Mrs. Hyland and she said you would be OK. I can still remember how good I felt getting a recommendation like that from a woman I hardly knew. But then I knew she knew my mother very well.

There are times and events that stick in your mind; that night was warm and still. After four fine sunny days half the meadow was cut and some saved and the wonderful scent of the new mown hay was delightful. You could hear the lapping of the waves in back of the Cuaneens, and somewhere up in Furmoye a lamb was calling for its mother and down by the river you could hear the corncrake every once in a while or a curlew or a *filibin*. I remember before she fell asleep, she sang "Stardust." I had never heard the beginning and can't even now help remembering how lovely it was, "And now the purple dust of twilight time creeps across the meadows of my heart. Love is just the Stardust of yesterday the music of the years gone by." I woke her an hour

later as the dawn crept in probably not much later than 3 a.m., but nobody had a watch in those days. I said: "Time to rise and shine: tomorrow you go back to Dublin and you can tell the girls in college you really did stay out all night and how was it?" "But it can't be morning yet," she said and I explained that we only had four hours of darkness in mid-July. "So why did you let me fall asleep, she said you were going to teach me the groups of stars." "It will have to be next year," I said, and as we parted at Hylands' gate, she said: "If we do meet again we shall smile and if not this parting was well made." "That's Shakespeare," she wanted to impress me, and in a way she did. There would be other nights and other fields and other girls, but there never would be all the ingredients or circumstances that made that night so memorable and so I managed to survive the caves and tunnels and mineshafts thinking lovely thoughts of times that would never come again for me.

Major James Andrew Lutz, whose grandmother was a McHale, took me to see an old aunt who he said had all the information on the McHale connection. Unfortunately she took an instant dislike to me. I gathered that I reminded her of a former lover or husband who had abandoned her years before and she would not let us see any of the papers. She was very proud of her nephew and had paid his way at Yale University, where he played quarterback on the football team and had an outstanding academic record until the Korean War broke out in 1950, and he joined the Marine Corp, like all his friends. He loved it for the challenge and excitement; and he would admit that he loved to kill and got lots of opportunity to do so until 1952, when he got badly wounded. He survived, but they wouldn't let him back in the line again. He worked on Wall Street for a brokerage firm making great money but could not stand it. He joined the French Foreign Legion and fought in Vietnam or Annam or whatever it was called at that time against the Vietmihn and loved it and that's where he learned his tunnel warfare.

The French were beaten out of there in 1954 by the Vietmihn digging thousand of tunnels, forcing a much superior French army into an enclave from which they had to be lifted out by helicopters. He went out on the third last helicopter, the last two were shot down and those who stayed to cover the evacuation were totally wiped out. So he taught us all he knew and he told me he had killed over two hundred of the little lads in black pyjamas in the tunnels around Dienbien Phu and could feel no remorse at all, he was the complete professional soldier and loved it. I told him it had to be the German blood in him. But he would argue it was the McHale blood. He would say how many people, soldiers and civilians, were killed in Atlanta in 31 days of constant artillery barrage? and the other lad, Austin McHale, who rode with the seventh cavalry was no angel. They killed a lot of poor Indians driving them west, off their lands and on to Reservations. Even though he was a relative, I have to say they got what they deserved and so we made plans to

visit Emlock as he called it and Andy and Cahir Island owned by his ancestors.

The Americans were back in Vietnam within ten years, trying to do what the French failed to do, the little lads in the black pyjamas were now called Viet Cong and after failing to defeat them, in another ten years of bloodshed and destruction, the American army, with its high tech equipment and vastly superior air power pulled out too. But my friend, Major J. A. Lutz, who's great-grandfather was McHale from Emlock, and who would most assuredly have made the rank of General, was not there; neither did he stand on the Island of Cahir, his ancestral estate he would call it. He was long since dead, had been shot down by guerrilla forces in the jungles of Guatemala in Central America. His body had been chopped up and thrown to the crocodiles. But he was never destined to live to middle age. Two years in Korea and fifteen months in Vietnam with the French, it was a miracle he lived so long and I think he knew it. Tough and ruthless and brilliant, and he was my loyal friend for a short two years. He was an operative for the CIA doing terribly dangerous missions in awful places and he paid the price. His philosophy he said was, "Better one short crowded hour of glorious life than an age without a name." But my wife does not like me to speak of him or glorify him in anyway because of his ability to kill without compunction.

My wife is a Joyce from Clashmore in Waterford and the only relative she knows who is a soldier is John Ledingham, who is a Captain in the Irish army, the ninth in a family of fifteen, and like the Corrigans of Shrawee all lovely talented and athletic people. John is a very successful show jumper and is on the Irish team and has made a lot of prize-money for the army all over the world with *Castlepollard* and *Gamrán* and his beautiful horse *Kilbaha* who got sick on his way to the Olympics. As she said John never fired a shot at anyone in his life, so she says that makes him a greater hero than my friend. The other famous relative she tells the children about never fired a shot at anyone either but the British hanged him for high treason in 1946. His name was William Joyce and he worked for the German propaganda ministry since 1938 doing English language broadcasts. For reasons she can't understand most of the sadistic monsters who ran the death-camps all over eastern Europe during that period never even went to prison for their terrible record of human crimes. Her cousin was captured, tried and hanged in a matter of four months, even though he was an American citizen and had an English mother. Churchill and the British high-command must have really hated him. That, she says, makes him a hero and she is seldom wrong, much as I hate to admit it. He was known as "Lord Haw-Haw" and I think they brought his remains back in recent years and reinterred him in a cemetery on Bohermore in Galway. And now as we head towards a new century and my admiration for the great heroes who died for Ireland tends to diminish as

my priorities are somewhat changed and my admiration increases for those who chose to live for Ireland.

I try to compare Pádraic Pearse with Willie Durkan, who was my father, and who built a road into the bog, first on the right after Creggán na gCapall, where Thomas John and Captain Tiernan (whom I was privileged to know as a good friend) used to live. I am told by my friends, Pat Thomas John and Paddy Armstrong that it's still known as "Willie Durkan's Road." I know that Pádraic Pearse wrote lovely poetry and prose and preached revolution and knew he was giving up his life as sure as if he was a Kamikaze pilot in the Imperial Japanese Airforce of 1945. But he never won a gold medal for handball or built a road into a bog or sent children and grandchildren into the world to be missionaries in Uganda in East Africa or social workers in Valparaiso or pioneers in Tasmania! But who am I to judge. They were both great in their own way and one thing they had in common, they were both born in 1879. God rest them!

Worcester, Mass.

Seán Mac Duarcáin

Answers to the Scholar's riddles (from page 41-2)

Ah, ah! You haven't really earned the answers yet. Go back and make a real try before you turn this page upside-down for the solutions.

- (B) The name is **Séamus**, an old form. Because $4+2=6$ and *luch* (mouse) = mus.
- (C) O superbe, quid superbis? Tua superbia te superabis. Terra es, et in terram ibis.
translation:
 O haughty one, what are you proud of? your arrogance will overcome you. You are earth, and into earth you shall go.
terris the Latin for 'thrice'; *bis* is the Latin for 'twice'; and of course, *terra* (m) is the word for earth.

ANSWERS for Scholar's Bag page ???

LOUISBURGH '200' - CALENDAR OF EVENTS

This is the programme which the Community Council set itself for the year of Bi-centenary

Official Opening of Louisburgh '200'	January 1st
G.A.A. Presentation Dinner	February
Parochial Hall Gala Concert	February
Annual Saint Patrick's Day Parade	March
Official Opening Credit Union Office	April
Féile Cois Cuan	May 5th-7th
Famine Commemorative Walk	May 13th
Official Opening of G.A.A. Pitch	May
Woollen Industry/Craft/Sheep Shearing Display	June
Western Care Beach Games	June
Foróige Historical Project Presentation	July
Louisburgh '200' Festival	July 9th-16th
Louisburgh '200' Parish Reunion	July 18th
Louisburgh Dramatic Society Presentations	July/August
Connaught Rounder's Finals	July
Tourist Céilí	January 22nd-April 2nd
Visit of Mayor of Coventry and Friends	May 21st-October 1st
Visit of I.C.A. Group from Northern Ireland	September
Siompóisiam Staire	October
Burying of 'Time Capsule' (Louisburgh Cub Scouts)	November
Louisburgh 'Charter' Day	November 3rd
Official Closing of Louisburgh '200'	December 31st

LOUISBURGH '200' CELEBRATIONS

'Charter' Weekend, November 3rd - 5th

History Lecture Series, Parochial Hall, Louisburgh

PROGRAMME

Friday, 3rd November - 8.00 p.m.

'Father Patrick Lavelle, Land and Politics in Mayo, 1950-1886.'

Gerard P. Moran.

'The Priest and the Power.'

León Ó Mórcháin.

Saturday, 4th November - 4.00 p.m.

'The O'Malley's of Iar-Umhall.'

Sheila Mulloy.

'Louisburgh, Aspects of its Past.'

John Lyons.

Saturday, 4th November - 9.00 p.m.

'Faction Fighting.'

Des McCabe.

'Folklore collected in the local schools, 1938.'

Seán Ó Dúbhail.

Sunday, 5th November - 8.00 p.m.

'Relief of Distress in the West, 1842.'

John McHugh.

'The Westport Workhouse, 1846-'49.'

Jarlath Duffy.

Weekend Displays - Exhibition of Old Photographs.

November 3rd - 5th Census for the Town of Louisburgh, 1901.

at the Local Mansion House Relief Letters, 1880.

Parochial Hall Samples of 1938 School's Folklore.

OUR NEW LOUISBURGH '200' LOGO

(reproduced on cover)

Cluain Cearbán:

Cluain Cearbán is the townland in which the village is built. The traditional meaning given for 'Cluain Cearbán' is 'meadow of the buttercups'. A buttercup is included in the design. John O'Donovan (Ordnance Survey Letters, 1838) however, translates the townland name as 'Carbán's meadow'.

Louisburgh:

It is believed that the English name comes from a connection with Louisburgh, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, where the French built a fortress following the Peace of Utrecht (1713) and which they named in honour of Louis XIV. Colonel Howe, a relative of the 3rd Earl of Altamont, to whom the Fair's Charter for Louisburgh (Cluain Cearbán) was issued (1795), fought at a battle for the Fortress of Louisburgh (Cape Breton), in 1758. Thus the name 'Louisburgh' was chosen.

Flax Flower:

The linen industry had been introduced to Louisburgh area, by the Browne family, before the building of the village. In the mid-1790's unrest in Ulster caused several migrant families to settle in Kilgeever parish. Many of these were weavers. The flax flower represents the linen and Ulster connections.

Croagh Patrick/Ship: The mountain and ship represent the Browne/O'Malley connection with Louisburgh. Maud Burke, the great-great-grand daughter of Gráinne Uaile, married John Browne, the great-grandfather of John Denis Browne, (3rd Earl of Altamont), instigator of the village. Some of the Browne titles are taken from Croagh Patrick, e.g. Baron Monteagle, Earl of Altamont. The village is situated in traditional O'Malley territory - Umhall Uí Mháille.

The River:

The Bun Abhann river was the boundary between two landlord properties, that of the Browne family on the east of the river and that of Sir Samuel O'Malley on the West.

Yellow/Black:

The local G.A.A. club, in existence since 1929, uses these in its club colours.

**An Choinneal
Income and Expenditure Account
For The Two Years Ended 31st July 1996**

	£	£
Receipts From Sales		6928.67
Cash Expenses Paid From Receipts		16.11
Deposit Interest		5.13
		6949.91
Expenditure		
Printing	5500.00	
Photographs	40.00	
Advertising	30.00	
Auditor	75.00	
Postage	112.36	
Bank Charges	40.90	
		5798.26
Surplus For Period		1151.65
		=====
Cash On Hand 1st August 1994		5098.09
Surplus For Period		1151.65
		6249.74
		=====
Represented By:		
Current Account		5307.45
Endowment Fund		942.29
		6249.74
		=====

Readers will be pleased to note from the above that the present state of our finances does not give undue cause for concern. However we must always be on the alert to provide for any financial hazards in the future. This was the thinking behind the setting up of a Coinneal Trust, which was first mooted by Michael Joe Durkan, God rest him, at a meeting in his Wallingford home. As of now, we maintain the position that each succeeding *Coinneal* pays for the next one. This is satisfactory in a way; but what would be ideal for the permanence of the magazine into the future would be that a fund would be built up so that the interest accruing would make the task of production smooth and assured. If you have the ear of some wealthy friend who would wish to endow such a project, why not consider making such a proposition? Even if he or she were to be benevolent at will! But don't you think in such terms about yourself yet. As we say in God's own country:

Go mbeirimid beo an t-am seo arís is ná bhfuighimid bás den anró choíche!

*Back Cover:
A general view of Gráinnuaile Centre on opening day.
Photos - Sally Gavin, Louisburgh.
Inset - the Louisburgh Logo (see p 151)*