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# an còinneal

N 11



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The Cromlech —  
Model, construction  
and completion of  
Louisburgh Holiday  
Cottages*

# an choinneal

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NUMBER ELEVEN

APRIL 1980

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

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The Editor wishes to express once again our gratitude and appreciation for the support given by our above sponsors, who have continued their financial support, and at the same time have helped us to economize on page space.

We also wish to record our grateful regard for local shopkeepers who sell the parish magazine, without profit, and so contribute to the community effort on which our publication so depends.

## Letters to the Editor

While I was doing the dishes this noon, the mailman arrived and brought *An Choinneal*. I stopped work and sat in the living room and read and read. One would think I knew the people mentioned very well. Many names are familiar to me. Truthfully I enjoy seeing my name as part of such a friendly, newsy publication. Our parish is larger than Kilgeever and quite a well-to-do one but we don't have any publication. I don't think anyone would have the stick-to-it-tiveness to do it.

Edna C. Teillon (Williamstown)

*That's it, Mrs. Teillon: stick-to-it-tiveness. It's like doing the dishes! Has your Uncle Paddy given you any of his stories for our pages?*

It's better and bigger than ever. Even though I had work to do I just couldn't put it down. Enjoyed John McGreals' article about Clinton also the fine tribute to Tommie Andy, God rest him. Very enjoyable reading which I am happy to share with my friends.

Mrs. Anne M. Malley (Dorchester)

It's a remarkable magazine. You folks should be proud and happy.

Jim Hallinan (California)

*Thank you for your article for this issue, Jim. We're prouder and happier now!*

... better than ever. I liked very much all that is written about Tommie. Thank you very much.

Teresa Staunton (Knappagh)

*This magazine is the poorer for not having now any of Tommie Andy's unique stories. Perhaps someone of the family could remember others he told and write them to keep his memory living?*

I look forward to it because it keeps one in touch with all that's happening. I was particularly interested in the article on Killeen School in the 1975 issue. The James Burke (schoolmaster) who was sacked by the hierarchy was my grandfather — my grandmother being

Margaret McHale, sister to the late Mrs. Nora (Ned) O'Malley of Furmoyle. I have wondered where exactly my grandfather came from. I know he must have married Margaret McHale somewhere about 1872-73 as my uncle John Michael Burke, was born in 1874 and my father, Patrick Joseph Burke, was born in 1876. My uncle John always said his father came from Thallabawn and that there were two brothers one of whom emigrated. But whether this is true I have never been able to find out . . .

Kitty Donnelly (Lancs)

I read from cover to cover. Many thanks to all of you as I understand what a big job it is. However it is beautiful.

Ella Mitchell (Framingham)

*Glad you have got your copy Mrs. Mitchell. Your new address noted.*

Suggestion for employment — raising flowers and tomatoes in that vast stripe of waste land by Cregganbawn School. This has been done in the Portumna area where they have a lovely lot of hot-houses. There would be no fuel problem and no fund-raising to buy land — as far as I know it is commonage. With Common Market prices for tomatoes it could be a gold-mine.

I was saddened to hear of Mary Coyne's death. A coat she once made for me lasted almost forever . . . I must get reading. Keep up the good work!

Mrs. O'Connell (London)

*Ideas are always welcome Mrs. O'Connell; keep showering us with them. Some of them will be bound to bear — tomatoes.*

Congratulations on the latest number of *An Choinneal* to the Editor and all the team. It's just magnificent.

Michael Casey (Bootle)

*Thank you, Father Michael, for your subscriptions for two new foundation members. That is how we grow!*

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## Letters (CONTINUED)

Please send a copy to my brother William in California . . . Keep up the good work . . . We have a Sister Ambrose here who taught school in Louisburgh once.

Brigid O'Malley (Huddersfield)

*Give our regards to Sister Ambrose, Brigid. Now if she would like to write to all her friends and pupils from Louisburgh at once, well, tell her, like . . .*

It arrived here on May 2nd. Somewhere along the way it got soaked and dried out again but I lovingly separated the pages and then forgot everything until I had finished it. Unfortunately, no other Louisburgh person about to share the pleasure with. Well done again!

M. Wallace (New Guinea)

*A touching thought. Perhaps it fell into the holy well at Althore? Incidentally you now have shared your feelings with us all — for which we are appreciative.*

May blessings galore come to all connected with *An Choinneal*.

Helen R. Reidy (New York)

*Simply, Helen, thank you!*

My thoughts re-echo the sentiments of the letters to the editor — well summed-up by Bishop Fergus, I thought . . . I was suprised at the number of news items that were news to me!

Al Morahan (Perth)

The best compliment I can pay to it is to say that I have read it from cover to cover almost without stop and found myself at the end wishing for more. Congratulations to you and to all your collaborators.

James Fergus  
(retired Bishop of Achonry)

Once again the arrival of *An Choinneal*, with its newsy content, brought back many memories of my childhood. It is

an excellent way to bring Louisburgh people, like myself, up to date with the happenings of today. We were especially interested in your cottage development and look forward to a holiday in that beautiful area of Bunowen.

Betty (O'Grady) Ryan, (Boosterstown)

Louisburgh seems to be a hive of industry these days! I hope you get your factory going in the near future and thus keep some of the young people from wandering away. I was interested, too, in the Rent-a-Cottage Scheme. Elsewhere in Ireland it seems to be a great success and should be just as successful in such a beautiful part of the country as Louisburgh . . . There were a number of names, well known to me, mentioned in *An Choinneal*. One was Martin Joe O'Toole, now a Senator. I shall scan the papers for his speeches in the Senate. It was sad to see that some had died. Congratulations to all on the 1979 issue . . . I was amused and pleased to see myself in print!

Nora McAllister

*Aris, Nora! Next time an article perhaps — at length?*

We read it with great interest. Sorry we missed you last summer when we visited Ireland. Cheque enclosed.

John P. O'Connor (Williamstown)

*But you can repeat it this year, John P. The visit, not the cheque!*

I was delighted to get the back issue; no matter how old they are, you cannot tire of the stories past and present, the tales of long ago — of people gone now to their reward.

Mary T. Dolan (Cavan)

. . . *An Choinneal* is always interesting. Donation enclosed to help to keep up the good work.

Joseph Cunnane  
(Archbishop of Tuam)

I have already sold four of the dozen

*An Choinneal* 6

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## Letters . . . (CONTINUED)

which came yesterday. . . . Dad and Pat McNally still going strong.  
Ann Carr (Framingham)

*Ann, recent days have brought the news of your dear father's death. May God take him home, and console his family. An Choinneal feels the loss of an appreciative reader and loyal friend.*

You can't imagine the pleasure my aunts, who are all in their late eighties and nineties, receive from reading it. My sincere appreciation. Cheque enclosed to help to defray costs; for, being a Sammin, McGrail and Ryder, etc. I regard the *Coinneal* as doubly dear to me.

Mary Ryder Harney (Worcester)

*Occasionally we get just such a reminder, Mary, as you have sent us, that this magazine brings to our senior emigrant citizens some of the fragrance of bog, sea and mountain which permeated their childhood. Give our warm regards and wishes to our readers, and your aunts. And could you coax any memories from them for publication?*

I had my nephews here Sunday from Leeds. I gave them all the back issues, and my brother Jack read them over and over again. He is eighty-one and enjoyed them so much. Do you know where I could get the book "Here's Ireland" by Harold Speakman?

Brigid O'Malley (California)

*We hope, Brigid, that by publishing this letter we may encourage some reader to let you know. In a later issue we hope to publish a list of books relating to the parish.*

It is a wonderful production: a credit to all concerned. Donation enclosed.

Canon O'Malley (Corofin)

My husband, Thomas J. Tierney, lived in Aillmore and attended school in Killadoon; the teachers were Mr. and Mrs. Maguire and Mrs. Hannon. Recently he heard of "An Choinneal"

and would be very interested to get the 1975 and 1977 issues.

M. M. Tierney (Burnley)

*Mrs. Tierney, imagine that after twenty-one years of Coinneals there may even still be natives of the parish who just have not heard of the magazine. Could you start a crusade?*

It is so interesting and full of news that I read it over and over again! It was sad to read "Memories of a Cousin"; he was everything the article said, and more. I can well recall many of those occasions when we accompanied Martin to Mullagh and home again. Everyone felt safe in his company. I feel sure he is gone to a better place; God rest his soul. I also enjoyed "Round the House". How well I recall the many nights I spent dancing at "Micky Kean's Hall". I used to look forward to it all week! Thank you, Una, for bringing it all back to me: I remember you well from our school-days. I was grieved to hear of the death of dear Sister Dympna and of many more too numerous to mention . . . . But keep up the good work!

Bridie (Jennings) Brush (Tasmania)

*Bridie, thank you for the feed-back from one of our farthest-flung colonies. Do give us also your suggestions for improvements.*

I look forward to every issue. My father, John McQuillen, was a native of Falduff: he lived next to McCarthy's, but the house is not now standing. In 1966 when he was eighty we went to Ireland and I enjoyed Louisburgh and the lovely coast. Mamie McCarthy who was a frequent visitor here when I was a child was living with her brothers and sister-in-law and family in the old homestead so we had a grand reunion. I had hoped that we would return in the following years but my father did not feel up to it. He died on 25 May, 1977 aged ninety. His sister Mary (Guilfoill) died in Worcester two years before aged ninety two . . . . My mother

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## Letters . . . (CONTINUED)

was Annie Harray from Carrowniskey. You put out a splendid publication and I am happy to receive it . . . If you really need back issues, because of your flood losses, much as I hate to part with mine I shall send them. I put off sending them because my father enjoyed reading them.

Mary McQuillen (Ayer, Mass.)

*Mary, you must keep your copies, which are — doubly now — such a link with the past. We pray that your father has been rewarded; and that time has healed your wound.*

I am particularly interested in the last issue because of the article by a personal friend of mine John P. McGrail. I have read many issues of *An Choinneal* and find it interesting and enjoyable.

Mildred E. Hannon (Clinton)

*With all of Louisburgh, at home and abroad, we mourn the passing of John. This magazine has lost a real friend.*

I figure it is the best of its kind of any parish comparable to Louisburgh. You have every reason to be proud of your handiwork. Even I, with just a limited knowledge of the parish, thoroughly enjoy every article; and especially I must pay tribute to the works of the late Mr. Staunton (Tommie Andy). His histories of the people of the area will be sadly missed as, from what I can see, I fear the youth of today are concerned only with the present. The past and all its richness I am afraid will soon be forgotten.

Joe Meade (Belclare)

*Your words are a challenge, Joe. Perhaps a few of our younger generation will see the wisdom of your ideas and accept the challenge to disprove them.*

I love to read it because it keeps me in touch with Louisburgh. I recognized quite a number of faces in the olden photographs.

Monica (Lynch) Fearon

I was confined to bed when it arrived, but it was a great tonic and helped my speedy recovery. Thank you!

Eileen McNelis (Meath)

The Bible, I believe, tells us that we can assess a commodity by the fruit it bears. This magazine is surely a wonderful fruit. It is a credit to your labours and initiative, that of the editorial board and of the people of Louisburgh. Long may it linger on the bough and may the roots that produced it be continually refreshed and renewed. Slán!

Myles Gibbons (London)

*Because you, too, have tended the crop, Myles, shall we settle for a handshake beneath the boughs? But we must keep on tending!*

Please send us on the copies as they are printed and I shall send the remittance, because the news from "home" is such a happy arrival and so very welcome.

Mrs. Gert McDermott (Hartford)

"All the way from Louisburgh!" — that is what met my eye as I went through the mail this morning. It is a very rainy day in California — something for which we are most grateful. *An Choinneal* confirmed my intention to remain indoors and to put off until tomorrow what I could do today!

I read the whole issue of the magazine through. That was not the wisest thing to do. Like a rare wine, *An Choinneal* should be enjoyed slowly, not gobbled up. Each article evokes memories which should be dwelt on and allowed to germinate. All the articles are good. In my humble opinion one has a mark of special excellence: it is: "She's that if she's a day!" by Mrs. Golden. I knew her parents very well. Please tell her how much I enjoyed her piece.

Now I must ask a favour: please send a copy to my brother John (address enclosed). He and I were in Louisburgh in September. We stayed overnight in Old Head and I said Mass in the

*An Choinneal* 10

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**Letters (CONTINUED)**

renovated parish church. My classmate, Canon Fitzgerald, and the people of Louisburgh are to be congratulated on the exquisite result of this work. God bless you in your undertaking.

Thomas O'Malley (California)

*I am intensely pleased, Father Tommie, that you reinforce the opinion of all our enlightened readers that Mrs. Golden's article was a thing of truth and beauty. Thank you for your appreciative reactions to our general effort: it is so good to know that we are in some way achieving our aim. Now, with such impeccable credentials, you have earned the right to express criticism and suggestion as to how we could be better!*

I've seen in the paper where you are to issue the *Coinneal* soon. I would be very glad if you would send me one. I've had them before and I enjoyed reading them.

Myles Ruddy

My niece Eileen and her husband Tony Zazzaro visited Ireland in late February. They have a travel agency in Bennington, Vermont, about twenty miles from Williamstown, and wanted to see Ireland so they can tell their customers, first hand, of its beauty. Now they want to go back and spend a longer time there!

I have looked for *An Choinneal* 1979 but did not receive one. My brother John P. Connor did not either. About Number Twelve in 1980 if there will be an additional fee please let me know. I gathered this from the Editor's Page in 1977.

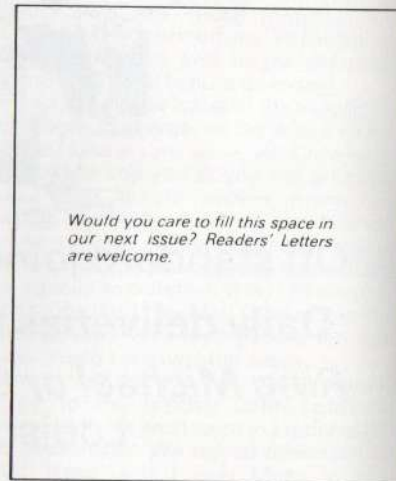
*We hope your friends can return (and accompany you!) soon on a trip to Louisburgh, Mrs. Teillon. We again apologise for the unprecedented delay in producing this issue and hope that it is worth waiting for. We shall apprise you as to Number Twelve: we hope to hear from other interested readers.*

May I quote a few lines from Father Michael's recent letter: "Well I'm still here in the same station, all by myself — over six years now. And from what I've seen from travelling around, I'm as well off as in a lot of places. Every Sunday I have an average of one thousand people at Mass between the main station and four or five out-stations. I have about fifty adult baptisms now for Christmas, and on Saturdays there are about two hundred for confessions".

My Bostonian cousin is also a lover of Mayo, although he did not attend the Cregganbawn School as Father Michael and I did. Father Vincent has been teaching in the Aquinas Secondary School for several years. He assisted me here last summer, and I hope he can do the same this year. My aunt, Mrs. Delia (Cannon) Dever, Ballyhip, enjoys reading your wonderful publication as much as I do each issue.

Anthony T. Wallace

*Father Anthony, the death of Father Michael gives us cause for deep sympathy with you. We know how he shared your love for home. You both share our prayers now.*



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## Our Contributors

Apart from our roster of well-established writers we introduce to our readers in this issue some new contributors.

**John Durkan** was born in Bunowen. He is married in Worcester, Mass.

**Father Gerard Harney** is a native of Chapel Street, working as a priest in Yorkshire, England.

**James M. Hallinan** teaches in San Diego but is very close to, and proud of, his Louisburgh roots.

**Eamonn Keane** (Bridge Street) is scion of an old Louisburgh family. Student of Sancta Maria.

**Sister Hilary** is Mary Lyons of The Colony. She is a medical doctor in the Medical Missionaries and is at present working in Sierra Leone.

**P. J. McNamara** (Bridge Street) was for many years a reporter for **Mayo News**. Now in London he is a most interested and active researcher for this magazine.

**Myles Mitchell** (Derreen) teaches at Saint Mary's, Galway. True to a long and honoured family tradition he has special interest in local history.

**Johnny Mulvey** (Collacoön) is particularly identified with the Gaelic Athletic Association. He has been active as player (club, college, county), inter-county referee, and official (county, Central Council and provincial).

**James Murphy** (Devlin) farms in his native village and is fortunate in both having a keen interest in history and the gift of telling a story well.

**Mary T. Murphy** (Aillmore) inherits from her own family a deep interest in social history and a literary touch in description.

**Michael O'Toole** (Inishturk) has already contributed to **An Choinneal**. He is an employee of An Foras Talúntas at Maam. Continually on the frontiers of agriculture development, nationally and inter-nationally, he has contributed many useful papers on subjects as diverse as mari-culture, turf-development, seeding of moorlands and sheep-industry.

**James Sammin** (Carramore) was a farmer with a lively mind and a love for conundrum. James died, relatively young, last October. Beannacht Dé leis!

**Stanislaus Sek** (Chicago) is of Polish origin. He qualifies for inclusion here not so much by his thoughtful writings as by his having married Nora Lyons of Furmoyle.

**Seán Staunton** (Westport) is a journalist and long-serving member and chairman of the Urban District Council. He earns Louisburgh's gratitude and regard for his role in the Holiday Cottages project.

**Mrs. Ethna Viney** (Thallabawn) is a native of Cavan. With her journalist-husband, Michael, she has left the city to enjoy the good country life in the parish.

**Sister Mary James Walshe** lectures at Emmanuel College, Boston. Descended from Doughmackeown and Áitinaveen, she is compiling a most thorough family tree.

## CROMLECH

Among the many, pleasant traditional customs that have practically disappeared in our parish, as in the country at large, was the practice of the harvest *meitheal*. It was at once social and economical. A job had to be done quickly: a hay-rick could not be built piece-meal; one man could not do his own chore in sufficient haste; so the community united and the ricks were built in turn by community spirit. Archaeologists infer that such a community spirit existed in ancient times wherever now a *cromlech* (or dolmen, one huge flat stone supported on two or more upright ones) remains on the landscape. Many men — a *meitheal* — must have cooperated to erect that stone table. Progress has meant that man can now outwit inclement weather: the farm *meitheal* is a need of the past. But it is reassuring to note that in matters of even greater moment a community effort is still needed if some important ventures are ever to take off the ground. In our parish the last three years have seen such a venture and such a challenge. Today, because of the splendid community effort a *cromlech* has been raised on the Bunowen landscape. The efforts which combined in executing the daunting work of a holiday cottage scheme are traced elsewhere in this issue by Mr. Seán Staunton, who was a close observer and adviser of the scheme.

The completion of these cottages may well prove to be a turning point in the modern history of the parish. It is probably true to state that the project was born of frustration. Parishioners who had given time and energy to the development of the parish, and to making maximum use of our tourist potential, were disappointed and frustrated that the proposed "Dutch Project" was rejected in 1973. But, having accepted the temporary set-back, they then put it starkly to the objectors (principally the West Regional Tourism Board): "If we can't develop thus, how can *you* help us to?" That was where the *meitheal* took over! Louisburgh people at home and away provided more than the initial financial target; and so, encouraged by the sense of local commitment, Bord Fáilte, the Regional Tourism Company and the Mayo County Council backed the project handsomely. The new company, Louisburgh Holidays

Limited, was incorporated on 15 December 1976. *An Choinneal* offers its warmest congratulations to the heads and hearts who planned and worked so untiringly and have seen their just reward in the beautiful landscape which now adorns Bunowen, whether by night or day. Common consent asserts that the lion's share of the effort, and hence of the credit, rests on the shoulders of Father Kieran Waldron. In a typical Irish rural community it is possible that parishioners are slow to compliment each other and so by default, praise devolves (blame too!) on the local priest: that leaves the social ecology pleasantly undisturbed! In this instance, however, it is fair to record that Father Waldron's contribution was vital, and far in excess of what might be expected of a man with an already demanding curriculum. This magazine, for itself and its readers, places on record a richly deserved tribute to him and to the chairman and members of Louisburgh Holidays Limited. (The precise form of our appreciation which they would prefer can be gathered from an application form inserted into this issue!)

To put a cynical, old question in a constructive and practical vein: *What next?* The *meitheal* must not disband: there are other harvests. It is natural indeed that a community who erect a *cromlech* would sit and admire; but it must not be for long. The expertise which the company members have acquired must not either lie dormant or be dissipated: the parish needs further direction. To say so may appear to spur a willing horse; but we hope that the spur is gentle as the horse is willing.

No doubt many of the company members have, in other parish committees, applied themselves to the ideas and criticisms presented in the project prepared for the Mayo-Galway Regional Development Committee by Brady Shipman Martin (planning, landscape, architectural consultants) some year-and-a-half ago. Perhaps a widening of the company's brief could now instigate some or all of the improvements which that project envisaged? It could easily be an extension of the project just now completed to provide for holiday-makers further recreational facilities, river-side walks, better beach facilities, boating and fishing accommodation, pony-trekking or nature walks. Are we giving serious thought to what holiday-makers look for and enjoy — however naive they may appear to us? Have we thought of the need of indoor functions — dances, concerts, plays, "top-of-the-towns", international nights to which some visitors themselves could contribute? Is there a future for a weekly market with (here's the rub!) home-grown and home-produced vegetables and handcraft? Visitors to Louisburgh would surely prefer a Louisburgh parsley, or pullover, or postcard, to one from Israel or Hong Kong! The very magnitude of the work just

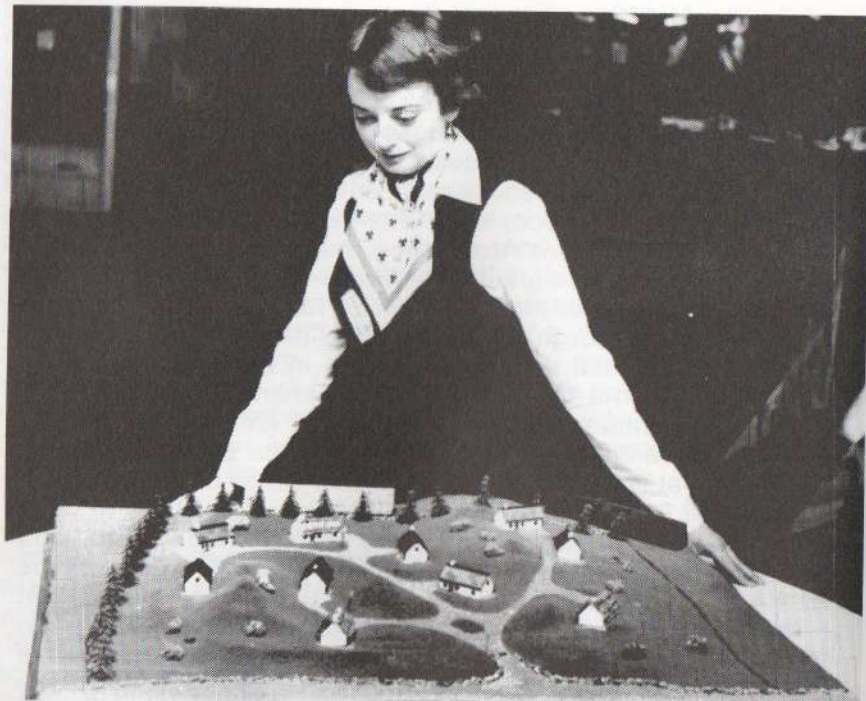
completed raises the question of many more possibilities. We have just set the table. Now how do we garnish it fittingly?

Selectivity is important if we are to retain our identity and tradition in the new *melieu* — for it is inevitable that the door of tourism, now opened, will not close again. How much shall we change? The long-awaited advance factory is imminent, thank Heavens, now that the sod has been officially turned. At the accompanying celebration, Mr. Charles Gaffney, Chairman of Louisburgh Development Association, made a most enlightened remark which deserves a greater platform. In thanking the I.D.A. and other public officials for the boon which a future factory entails, he observed that Louisburgh community should not be happy with just *any* factory; but must choose one which in terms of refuse and pollution, would not militate visually or chemically against our unspoiled surroundings! Brave, independent, enlightened words!

The great difference we see between the present splendid development at Louisburgh and the earlier Dutch project is one of *time*. We will have time to assimilate change; and time to plan, rather than be out-planned. Above all, we have had time to work together; to know the stress, the perspiration and — perhaps the ultimate and permanent effect — the joy and confidence that accompany a sense of achievement. It is the satisfaction of a group of men who look back proudly at a finished rick, or of a *meitheal* of our prehistoric forebears who gazed with satisfaction on the silhouette of a newly-completed cromlech. If the complex at Bunowen is to be given a distinctive name to celebrate an achievement of togetherness in overcoming adversity, it could well be named *Cromlech*. Indeed an artistic reconstruction of a table-stone on the site would be a becoming memorial.

The *Coinneal* Committee is considering the production of a special commemorative issue for our twenty-first birthday next Christmas. We would appreciate any reactions you might have for or against this idea; and any suggestions for such a publication.

—Editor



Model of Louisburgh Holiday Cottages on display at Áras Fáilte, Galway being admired by hostess Mary O'Shaughnessy.

Photo—Jimmy Walshe



Settling in: A party of students from Duluth, Minnesota with their lecturer Doctor Kate McPherson (right). Father Kieran Waldron has just called in!

Photo—Liam Lyons

## HOLIDAY COTTAGES

"We must develop or die" was the editorial message to the people of the parish in the last edition of *An Choinneal*. A stark and blunt message, but one which seems to have struck home. For as the eleventh edition of the oldest parish magazine in Ireland gets ready for the printing presses enough has happened 'in-between' to suggest that the prospect of 'death' did not appeal at all to the local community. Down through the years they made their calls to the power-that-be for aid and development, but without much success. Then somewhere along the line there was a turning point in attitudes; people began to think in terms of identifying local resources, examining their potential and utilizing talents within the parish for their development. Only then did they seek aid from outside. Sure, there is still a long way to go and a lot of work to be done. But the building of an advance factory at Louisburgh, house building by the Rural Housing Organization, proposals for mussel-farming in the Killaries and the completion of a number of group-water schemes all suggest that the community is committed to a policy of solid support for any worthwhile project.

And then there is Louisburgh's Holiday Cottages, a project talked about since the early seventies and at last due for completion in the first spring of the eighties; a monument to community endeavour, achieved by people who refused to take 'no' for an answer; who saw every obstacle along the way as a minor hump to be levelled out on the pathway to success. It is unlikely that any future undertakings in the parish will require the same degree of commitment from local people as Louisburgh's holiday cottages. For this was a scheme that was built against all the odds, a £220,000 asset that will be wholly owned by the local community within a very short time, a catalyst for further development. I am hoping to be in Louisburgh in a few weeks' time for the arrival of a group of forty students from Saint Scholastica's College, Duluth, Minnesota. They will be the first occupants of the holiday cottages and they will stay for nine weeks. Arrangements are already in hand to give them a traditional welcome in the parish hall. But the welcome will also be

a celebration of achievement — by a people who brought off what many regarded as impossible.

### Daunting

The cynics said it couldn't be done, and on a summer's night in June, 1976 I began to think so, too. That was the night that a large audience in the parish hall heard of the implications of the proposal to build a holiday cottage scheme. A suitable site was needed, and, if the scheme was to get the 'green light', the Louisburgh people themselves would have to invest £30,000 in it . . . . . this to be collected in a three-months period! I was present at that meeting as an Ireland-West Tourism representative, and I remember thinking at the time: "That will surely kill, once and for all, any talk about a cottage scheme in Louisburgh. If you don't want to say 'no' to people, you set them an impossible task and they wind up saying 'no' to themselves". A suitable site mightn't be that hard to find, but how could anybody expect a place the size of Louisburgh to come up with £30,000? I was wrong of course, and it is now a matter of history that that figure was not only achieved, but handsomely exceeded. Bunowen provided a suitable site and on 15 December, 1976 Louisburgh Holidays Limited was incorporated. Some months later Bord Fáilte agreed to grant-aid the scheme and Mayo County Council and Ireland-West Tourism also agreed to invest in the Company by way of share capital.

So, after many meetings of Louisburgh Holidays Limited and many ups and downs along the way the cottages are now almost complete. Those of us appointed to the Board from outside the parish had little to do during the months of construction except to attend meetings and offer occasional words of advice. But we were well aware of the mountain of work carried out by the 'home' directors — the time and effort put into the scheme by Company Chairman Charlie Gaffney, the letters, the phone-calls, the car trips by Secretary, Father Kieran Waldron, the attention to site details and related problems by Paddy Duffy, Joe Staunton, Martin Joe O'Toole and Paddy Leamy and the picking of furnishings, electrical ware, delph, curtains and a thousand other things by Mrs. Clementine Lyons, Mrs. Patricia Morahan and Bill McNamara. The fruits of their endeavours will be visible to all shortly and the majority of the six-hundred-plus shareholders will get some idea of the work done by these people on their behalf over the past two years.

### Promising future

The area now has a prime tourism product and one which will open up the many scenic beauties of the region to thousands of

extra tourists. Self-catering accommodation, particularly in the form of traditional Irish cottages, is always in demand by home and overseas visitors. Marketing undertaken to date has had an extremely encouraging response and the target of a seventy-to-eighty per cent year-round occupancy certainly appears achievable. The spin-off effects of this are obvious, more business for local shops, vegetable growers, craft workers and the like . . . . . a greatly unspoiled countryside, a town and area which has had its tourism potential somewhat neglected up to now. An even more positive spin-off effect is the confidence such a scheme must give to the local community, a restoration of faith in themselves, a regeneration of the spirit of self-help and one that is fuelled by little talk and a whole lot of voluntary action. Action does, indeed, speak louder than words! But the final chapter of this Louisburgh success story has yet to be written, and it can be done only by way of further investment in the Company by existing and new shareholders. Because of increases in building costs, unforeseen site development works, wage and oil-price increases and other factors original estimates have had to be revised and substantial upward adjustments made. The Company is now faced with finding a further £50,000 to £60,000 to complete the scheme and, while Bord Fáilte and Mayo County Council are being asked to increase their investments, it has become obvious that the local share capital must also be increased.

Can the people of Louisburgh, at home and abroad, be asked to increase their investments? The Company thinks so and has already launched a further campaign to bring this about. They are not looking for hand-outs, just further *investment* in a tourism industry, the viability of which has already been guaranteed. If you are reading this at home in Louisburgh, in Birmingham, London, Boston, New York or, indeed, any corner in the world, remember you can share in the pride of your native area by purchasing shares in the Company. Father Kieran Waldron will be happy to hear from you. But don't say 'I must do it' or 'I'll do it on my next visit home'. Do it *now*, because it is *now* that further investment is needed to bring the scheme to a successful conclusion. You'll find a shares application form in this edition of *An Choinneal* and when you do, remember the old proverb 'a nimble sixpence is far better than a slow shilling'.

### New life

It is appropriate that the cottages will open in spring, that time of year when new life bursts forth all around us, when spirits are high with thoughts of summer's lease. They will prove the mettle of

a community that is also looking for new life, a community that pondered the question 'develop or die' and chose the former.

Whereto from here? Only time will tell.

The surface has merely been scratched, but as Charlie Gaffney said at the annual meeting of Louisburgh Holidays Limited on October 11th last it has been scratched with a scheme 'that will prove an overwhelming success and will serve as an encouragement and an example for future development in this area'.

Westport

Seán Staunton

The directors of Louisburgh Holidays Limited are: Mr. Charlie Gaffney (Chairman), Father Kieran Waldron (Secretary), Mr. Patrick Duffy, Mr. Joseph Staunton, Senator Martin J. O'Toole, Mr. Bill McNamara, Mr. Patrick Leamy, Mrs. Clementine Lyons, Mrs. Patricia Morahan, Mr. Michael O'Malley, Mr. Jackie Gibbons, Mr. Joseph Lally and Mr. Seán Staunton.



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## The Half-Door Returns

Dear Editor,

By Saint Patrick's Day, the first renters of Louisburgh Cottages, thirty students from Duluth Minnesota will have begun their nine-week Spring semester in Louisburgh. Already these eight cottages are booked out for a further four months of 1980. So the Louisburgh Rent-a-Cottage Scheme, so often hoped for in the pages of *An Choinneal*, has come at last.

A good friend of Louisburgh, Seán Staunton, has an article on the cottages elsewhere in this issue. As Secretary, I write to assure readers who have enquired about the possibility of being shareholders that they will be very welcome, particularly at this time when increased costs during construction are a burden on the Company, Louisburgh Holidays Limited. All that is required is that the name and address and occupation of intending shareholder with investment (minimum shareholding is £50) be sent to the Secretary, Louisburgh Holidays Limited.

Perhaps readers may be interested to read the following extract from the Sales brochure — written by Michael Viney — on the cottages:

The cottages have the charm of traditional materials — deep golden thatch, weathered slate, whitewashed walls. Each has a front porch and a half-door to lean on. The interiors blend authentic tradition with today's comfort and convenience. In the living room, with its rugged stone flooring, pine dresser and rocking chairs, a peat fire flickers on the hearth beneath the old iron pot. But there is also central heating throughout, an all-electric kitchen and warmly carpeted bedrooms.

Seven of the cottages have two bedrooms on the ground floor and another in the loft; they sleep seven people. The remaining three cottages, without loft bedrooms, sleep five people. All household equipment is supplied, and our supervisor is there to help with any special needs. The village stores are family-owned and their doors are seldom closed.

It sounds so appealing! And it is!

Yours sincerely,  
Reverend Kieran Waldron  
Louisburgh

## The Scanning Eye

Our prolific letter-writer, Micheál de Búrca, again raises some points for discussion:

Dear Editor,

Many changes have taken place recently in our Government and they in general may or may not effect our native parish. Consider the important case of the Irish language: it was a familiar to our ears fifty or sixty years ago from Uggool to Belmullet, Erris and Achill. It is a sad state of affairs that for sixty years of native government no Minister for the Gaeltacht has taken any positive step on behalf of the language. Under ancient Irish law (known as Brehon Law) the whole of Ireland was declared by the High King to be "the Great Kingdom of Erin", thousands of years before Saint Patrick came here. Now, however, small areas of Gaeltacht are set up and all other places virtually ignored. But are not all our school-children Irish speakers? At least at secondary level they pass a test in Irish which qualified them for most jobs in that aspect. I do not think that our Government ministers appreciate this: they tell us that the children are not **native** speakers. At the same time small picked areas can qualify for grants galore — a clear case of discrimination.

I hope that the present Minister for the Gaeltacht will draw a clear line in this respect. I am sure she has the ability; but then it is up to the people of the parish to speak out and to get our rights. As I have often quoted: "It does not do to stand where the river enters the sea and wonder why the waters pass you by". There wants to be a new awakening in this parish. Times are changing rapidly. What have we to look on in the Year of the Child (1979) from our legislators? — laws passed which years ago would shock this Catholic country, but now taken for granted. I admit that our legislators have to legislate; but any Christain Government which legislates for something immoral is forming a brood of immoral people.

I think that our Church leaders are falling behind in their duty to their people. Pope John Paul in his Irish visit condemned anything that would destroy the life of a child. Millions of pounds spent on that purpose should be spent in feeding children in this country and in foreign lands. For is there anything so cheering in this life as to see children grow and develop into mature life to fill the void left by the passing of their forbears?

Micheál de Búrca (Roonkeel)

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## THE HORNIES CAME TO STAY

To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
With the wild flock, that never need a fold;  
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;  
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stones unrolled.

Visitors to the west of Ireland are often fascinated by the hill sheep lying in the middle of the main road or grazing quietly nearby. These sheep are so much part of the local scene that we have taken them for granted and never stop to wonder how they got there initially. From the literature it can be determined that domesticated sheep have existed in Ireland for at least 2,000 years as skeletal remains of sheep have been found in excavations of New Stone Age settlements. The sheep were tended and milked within circular settlements known as "crannogs" or raths. The size of bone suggested a small primitive sheep as did also the presence of skulls with four horns. This tendency to develop extra horns is found in more primitive breeds such as the Soay and Shetland of Scotland and the Loaghton breed native to the Isle of Man.

Samples of woollen cloth have been found, well preserved for centuries, in Irish bogs. Clothing from a body located fairly recently in a bog near Newbridge in County Kildare had coarse fibres similar to those of the Soay sheep of Saint Kilda island on the Scottish coast. Pollen analysis dating suggested that the bog was formed in the early centuries A.D. Somewhat similar type woollen clothing was taken from the body of a seventeenth century girl found in a bog near Dingle in County Kerry. There are numerous references to black or brown clothing down the years, suggesting that there were sheep of these colours, but of course white woollen garments or "báinin" were also very much in evidence. Apparently the problems of common grazing were also with us from an early date. Seventh-century Brehon Laws laid down rules for common grazing of livestock. One adult cow was considered equal to eight sheep and one sheep was equal to two geese!

### Native Irish Sheep

The hill sheep seen in the hills around Louisburgh to-day were

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introduced there only shortly before the oldest present inhabitants of the area were born. Before that a native sheep was farmed. Early writers refer to two types of sheep in Ireland, long-woolled and short-woolled. The long wool without doubt belonged to the Galway and Roscommon breeds and the short wool to the much older native sheep. This native sheep was small and mainly white but black and brown animals also appeared. The rams had horns, but these were sometimes absent in the ewes. In Wicklow the breed was referred to as the Cottagh (catach, curly) and in Connemara as the Cladore (cladóir, of the shore). As this last name implies these sheep were found mainly in coastal areas, with seaweed forming a substantial part of their diet. This tendency to eat seaweed was not of course confined to that breed. The present-day sheep can be observed grazing seaweed all year round in the Leenane area where the shore is flat.

The Wicklow Cottagh has long since been crossed out of existence, with the introduction of Cheviot sheep from the north of England and Scotland but some of the Cladore are still to be found relatively pure in south Connemara. These represent the last remnants of a domestic sheep of an earlier period.

#### **Blackface sheep or "Hornies"**

The Blackface is now the predominant hill sheep in the west of Ireland and numerically it is the most important breed of sheep in this country. The breed is thought to be of European origin but it was definitely well established in the north of England as early as the fifteenth century. In the eighteenth century it made a rapid spread north into Scotland with such success that the breed became known as the Scottish Blackface. By that time the breed was also established in northern Ireland but it was confined to the north-east for a long time before spreading westwards to Donegal. It did not reach the west of Ireland until after the middle of the last century (a little over 100 years ago) and then through direct importations from Scotland and England. Importations were made into the south of Ireland at about the same time.

Some of the first introductions into the west of Ireland were into the Louisburgh area. Captain Houston lived in Bundorragha from about 1850 onwards and he was landlord over a vast area of some 100,000 acres extending from Killary Harbour northwards to Louisburgh and eastwards through the Erriff Valley. Mrs. Houston in her book "Twenty years in the Wild West", published in 1879, refers to her husband bringing large numbers of Blackface sheep from Scotland into Mayo and that before this the natives kept an Irish sheep. She also mentions that "at one shearing he marked

23,000 sheep on his demense". The Congested Districts Board made further large importations of Blackface sheep from Scotland about the beginning of this century. The Blackface sheep introduced into the Louisburgh area were specially selected in Scotland for their hardiness and length of leg to enable them to get through snow and to traverse high hills such as Mweelrea. Their other great attributes are good mothering and milking ability. They also utilize rough herbage such as heather to a greater extent than any other breed, and can survive on the fat from their backs for long periods.

At this stage the Blackface horny sheep grazing the hills of Mayo and Connemara could be described as a distinct off-shoot of the Scottish Blackface found in Kerry, Waterford, Donegal and over the most of Scotland. A much sought characteristic in the local sheep is the black face with a grey muzzle developing as it matures. It is interesting to note that this is also a characteristic of the Swaledale breed which is located in the north of England and is thought to be another off-shoot of the Scottish Blackface.

#### **What is their future?**

There are too many sheep on the hills nowadays and this brought about a decline in the quality of the Blackface sheep. Despite advances in technology there is also a deterioration in management. Fifty years ago there were fewer and better sheep. These were shorn earlier, and more attention was given to castration, docking and weaning of lambs.

However, because of their hardiness and great mothering ability, the Blackface sheep now grazing of Mweelrea, Sheeffry and Croagh Patrick will not be replaced by any other breed. The Hornies have come to stay.

An Foras Talúntais, Maam

Michael O'Toole

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## **Two or Thirty-two?**

An old-time local Irish riddle was **Cé mhéad cos faoi ucht caorach?** Because of an Irish Pun (**ucht** = breast, and **ocht** = eight) the question could be misunderstood to ask "How many legs under eight sheep?" But it didn't. And the answer is "**Péire**" (two)!



## KEEP YOUR WORD

The "buzz-words" of our age come fast and thick, foisted upon us by unthinking and imitative communicators.

They have a few definite limitations: they destroy native originality; they make conversation flat and uninteresting; and because of repetition they soon become cliché and lose whatever meaning they had. The old, Irish, words still in use in our parish are a direct counter to the "buzz-words". We again present fifteen such words in our usual format by way of a test.

1. *Butún* (buthoon) — (a) hind-quarters, (b) the remains of a hay-cock, (c) a home-made cigar, (d) a wild flower
2. *Buailteán* (bole-shawn) — (a) a wooden bolt, (b) herding, (c) part of a threshing-flail, (d) cow-dung
3. *Caoran* (keeran) — (a) a hair-comb, (b) a wild berry, (c) a trough for dipping sheep, (d) a clod of turf
4. *Cladhrae* (klee-ehra) — (a) a musical instrument, (b) a stone mason, (c) a rogue, (d) an insect found in hay
5. *Coicín* (kuhkyeen) — (a) a "lap-cock" of hay, (b) a cock-shot, (c) a hair-style, (d) a busy-body
6. *Climirt* (klim-urch) — (a) the last part of the milking, (b) the "trimmin's" of the rosary, (c) an ailment, (d) back-biting
7. *Dathúil* (dho-who-ill) — (a) home-made dye, (b) a black-eye, (c) a shout of encouragement, (d) handsome
8. *Dóideog* (dhoh-jogue) — (a) an awkward lump, (b) a pipe, (c) a baker's dozen, (d) a milking-vessel
9. *Giotarlóg* (gither-logue) — (a) a gosling, (b) a small piece, (c) a "reel in the head", (d) the wing of a bird
10. *Leib* (Lyejb) — (a) a half-wit, (b) a stroke of handball, (c) a standing-jump, (d) part of a spinning-wheel
11. *Liúdrámán* (lyoo-dhrum-awn) — (a) a drink of hot whiskey, (b) shout of disapproval, (c) a drone, (d) a cudgel blow
12. *Seafóid* (Shoff-oje) — (a) chaff, (b) an old ewe, (c) light unsubstantial turf, (d) nonsense
13. *Scriltreach* (skril-huch) — (a) an itch, (b) a head-covering, (c) an untidy person, (d) a menu of fried potatoes
14. *Somachán* (sum-a-chawn) — (a) a term of endearment, (b) part of a horse's trappings, (c) a heavy meal, (d) a clump of small trees
15. *Súghán* (soo-awn) — (a) a child's swing, (b) a shell-fish, (c) a weak-willed person, (d) part of a creel

To check on your performance turn to page 89.

## A GLANCE AT OUR PAST

In recent times there is increased interest in the past and more especially in the lifestyles and customs of our forefathers. Television serials such as "Roots" have generated world-wide queries about family history and the fortunes of those who came before us. One possible reason for this is the fact that one's lifestyle and environment are changing at such a rapid pace that we are eager to have some understanding and appreciation of the past. Here in Louisburgh we see the genesis of new development in the form of the "Rent-a-Cottage Scheme", increased expansion in tourism and a planned factory. Perhaps it would be appropriate, and interesting to many if we took a fleeting glance at the social conditions of this parish around the middle of the last century.

An important reference book for this period is "A Topographical Dictionary of Ireland". Compiled in 1837 by C. S. Lewis, it gives a general geographical and social description of the counties, towns and parishes of Ireland. Louisburgh or "Lewisburgh" as it was sometimes spelled is described as "an ecclesiastical district in the parish of Kilgavower . . . . This place is pleasantly situated on the southern shore of Clew Bay on the Western Coast. The village is neatly built; a market for provisions is held on Monday and there are fairs on the 24th of June, August 4th, and September 29th . . . . the church of the district, a neat edifice; was erected . . . . in 1828. In the R.C. divisions this place constitutes a separate union or district; the chapel is a good slated building".

In the years previous to the great famine of 1845, Kilgeever parish had a very high population. A primitive form of agriculture, and more particularly the cultivation of the potato, was the chief livelihood of the people. Housing was extremely primitive; the vast majority of the population lived in small, one-roomed cabins. In nineteenth-century Ireland houses were divided into four classes, the fourth being the smallest and most primitive. In Kilgeever in 1841, over ninety-five per cent of all families lived in third and fourth-class houses. Most of us have heard or read of the appalling

conditions which prevailed in the Irish countryside during this period, and there is little need to dwell on that particular aspect here.

### School

Moving into the area of education we can take a glance at the number and types of schools in the parish during this time. By 1835 the National Board of Education was the body responsible for the majority of schools and there were a total of ten under its authority in the area. The number of children on the roll-books was relatively high but the average daily attendance was low. The national school at Tully, where the master was Thady Keane, had one-hundred-and-twelve pupils on the roll but the average daily attendance was only fifty-four. In 1835 there were two hedge-schools in the parish, one at Doughmakeon kept by Michael McLoughlin; and the other at Bundorragha, run by Michael Fraser. The Tuam Society had one school and there are also records of one Sunday school in the parish. In all schools the number of boys attending was much greater than the number of girls; and reading, writing and arithmetic comprised the instruction generally given. In 1841 more than seven-hundred-and-forty-one of the total parish population over five years of age could neither read nor write. This however is slightly lower than the illiteracy level for Mayo as a whole, which was about eighty per cent.

Another social factor which is also of interest here is the different religious groupings in the parish. The vast majority of the population — over ninety-nine per cent were Roman Catholics. Of these it seems that about twenty-five per cent went to Mass regularly. This low attendance rate at the two churches in Louisburgh and Devlin (Gowlawn), was probably due to the fact that many people, and especially the women and children, had no proper shoes or clothing to wear. A clear sign of the high population was the church in Clare Island which had an average attendance of seven hundred people. The Protestant church attendance in the parish varied from fifty in summer to thirty in winter, and in the mid-1830's the total number of Protestant parishioners was about one-hundred-and-two. In 1831 there were three presbyterians but these were no longer present by 1834. Of religious interest also was the annual pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick. Lewis in his "Topographical Dictionary" 1837, stated that "the mountain is a celebrated place of pilgrimage, on the summit which commands a fine view, is Saint Patrick's Chapel, built of loose stones and there are several small piles of stones that are used as altars".

### Land and Tillage

In the preceding few paragraphs I have looked generally at housing, education and religion in Kilgeever during the 1830's and 1840's. I now turn to the most influential social factor of all, which of course was the land system. In the immediate pre-famine period the landlords in the parish were: Lord Sligo, Sir Francis Garvey, Lord Lucan, Sir George Moore and Robert Rutledge. Many of the tenant holdings were exceptionally small, some being as little as one acre. On average, each acre of arable land in the parish supported over two people. The majority of the tenants were "tenants at will", holding their lands from year to year, and the tenancy was determinable each year on March 25th. Rent was paid on "Gale days" which occurred twice annually, on 25th March and September 29th. Much of the land was held in "rundale", a system whereby the little acreage of land the tenants leased was divided into numerous stripes of good and bad land. The relics of this system are still visible today and one notices that most fields were divided into lots of ten ridges or so. Renting land by conacre was also popular among the day-labourers. This was a contract which allowed the tenant to occupy the land for a year in order to grow one crop. It was not a lease and the rent for conacre was extremely high, sometimes over ten pounds an acre. The yearly rent for the leases amounted to approximately one pound per acre. The annual rent for many tenants could therefore have been four pounds or five pounds and the source of this money was usually the pig which was sold on market day. It was also popular to work on the landlord's estate in lieu of money payment for rent. Almost three quarters of the holdings in the parish were under five acres. Most of the land was planted with potatoes, and sometimes a little cabbage was sown. The potato was the staple food and if you were not a calorie-conscious person, it formed a scientifically satisfactory diet. It has been estimated that in the pre-famine period the average Irishman ate twelve pounds of potatoes per day. Although the menu seldom varied, the people were generally well fed. However there were always the hungry or "meal months" from about June to August when the old potatoes ran out and the new crop was not available. Small famine occurred regularly during these months and people were often forced to eat nettles and "práiseach".

Despite the precarious livelihood of these people, marriage was almost universal and large families were common. Kilgeever, by the year 1840 had a growing population of over fourteen thousand people! The average landholding was less than five acres and there was a total (and fatal) dependance on the potato. With

increase in population subdivision of land became a prominent feature of the day and families were forced to eke out a meagre living wherever a patch of land could be found. Today the trace of potato ridges high up on the hills and mountains of the parish are a grim reminder of their fight for existence!

### **Tragedy**

The great famine occurred in 1845 and caused widespread devastation throughout the parish. Its most notable result was a sharp drop in population. Hunger, disease and emigration resulted in the population dropping by nearly fifty per cent. Villages such as Cloonty, Feenone, Falduff and Killadoon experienced the worst population decline, whilst areas such as Ballyhip, Cregganbawn and Kilgeever underwent little or no decrease.

Kilgeever parish was in the Westport Union and a workhouse had been built in Westport town in 1842 at a cost of ten thousand pounds. This workhouse was opened for the reception of paupers on Wednesday, 5th November 1845. Meanwhile at government level steps were being taken to assess the extent of the blight. In May 1846, questionnaires enquiring into the state of the potato crop were issued from Dublin Castle and distributed to every parish. Three were sent to the Louisburgh area; one each to Bundorragha and Clare Island and one to Kilgeever proper. In all three areas the acreage of land planted with potatoes had dropped. For the Louisburgh part of the parish Constable Michael Bourke reported that seven-hundred-and-fifty acres of land has been planted with potatoes in 1846 (two hundred acres less than in 1845), and one-tenth of the land was let in conacre. The purchase of Indian corn was one relief measure adopted by the government, and on July 1st twenty tons of this meal was sent to each of the Coastguard stations of Achill Beg, Clare Island, Boffin and Innisturk. No meal was sent to Louisburgh because a depot had not been established there. The nearest meal depot was in Westport but even if the people procured the Indian corn it had to be ground extremely fine before it could be eaten. Louisburgh town had one mill situated on Bridge Street, but like most Irish mills at the time it was incapable of grinding the Indian corn to the proper refinement necessary for human consumption.

The blight struck again in 1846 but government relief ceased when the Whigs came into power in July of that year. The relief papers for the parish contain urgent appeals from clergy and relief officials. On October 28th 1846, John C. Garvey, chairman of Kilgeever Relief Committee urgently requested help for the area. He

asked the Central Relief Commission to establish a provision depot in the town of Louisburgh and he further stated that "the great distance of this parish from Westport and the almost total want of provisions renders such a measure absolutely necessary to preserve the lives of the people. In many instances persons have to travel a distance of fifty miles going and returning before they can procure a single stone of meal or any other description of human food". In its reply the Central Relief Commission informed Mr. Garvey that "there will be no depot in Louisburgh". No assistance was offered and the local committee were also instructed not to give free food or to sell it cheap.

### **Organised Relief**

Both Catholic and Protestant clergy were actively involved in providing relief for the people of the parish. A Father Sheridan from Westport was parish priest and Reverend Robert Potter was the Protestant curate. On December 9th 1846, Reverend Potter published an appeal in the *Connaught Telegraph*. He stressed the remoteness of the Kilgeever area saying that it had been "grossly and shamefully neglected". Potter's plan was to establish a meal-shop in Louisburgh in which he could undersell the market. Meanwhile hunger and death continued on a large scale. On February 17th 1847, George Lynch, secretary of the Kilgeever Relief Committee stated in a letter to the *Connaught Telegraph* that "the deaths from want are daily increasing". He also commented that the dead were being buried without any coffins "in order to apply the price (of the coffins) to the purchase of the food".

Lord Sligo was on many occasions commended for his relief schemes in the parish and for his general concern about the conditions of his tenants. By early 1847 the workhouse in Westport had become bankrupt and Lord Sligo offered "to support the house at his own expense for three weeks". However all forms of relief were coming to a halt and hunger and disease were widespread. During January of "Black 47" there were between seven and ten deaths per day in Louisburgh. Deaths were so numerous that inquests could not be held and so there were mass burials in "famine graves" many of which locals will still point out today. The blight did not strike in 1847 and the potatoes were of a superb quality but the supply was insufficient. However 1848 saw the return of the disease repeating the same havoc it had caused in 1846.

### **Depletion**

Throughout the country the famine had taken its toll and Kilgeever parish was no exception. In 1841 the parish had a

population of fourteen-thousand-one-hundred-and-five people. By 1851 this number had dropped to seven-thousand-nine-hundred-and-thirty-nine. Almost fifty per cent of the people had either died of starvation and disease or had emigrated. Devastation of population by hunger ceased in 1848 but the curse of emigration continued. In 1851 about five-hundred-and-fifty-six people left Kilgeever parish stating it to be their intention not to return. These people headed for the Lancashire area of England, or further still dared the perils of the Atlantic Ocean and hoped for a better life in the "new world". Besides the permanent emigration there was also the seasonal migration of the "*Spailpín Fánach*" to parts of Ireland and England. The figure of the scythe-man moving from place to place in search of work has been immortalized in poetry and lore ever since.

The famine then cast its gaunt shadow over the course of future Kilgeever and Irish history. The trends which it initiated have continued almost to the present day. However at last we seem to be escaping the influence of the 1840's and this parish is beginning to take a new direction. Probably for the first time in one-hundred-and-thirty-four years, families are returning to settle in the area. The new cottages are in one way an excursion into the past but they are built with progress and commercialism in mind. Development is needed now and a common sense of culture and community is necessary for this. It is important to remember that the preservation of our past with its rich heritage and customs is essential part of this development.

Derreen

Myles Mitchell

## Books of Louisburgh interest

A random list of books written by parishioners or referring to the parish include:

The Native Speaker examined Home (Seághan Ó Raghallaigh)

Curadh Glas an Fhómhair (Seághan Ó Raghallaigh)

Here's Ireland (Harold Speakman) — one chapter

God in an Irish Kitchen (Leo Ward)

Vendage — Andrew G. Durkan

Dú-dhúchais — Pádraic Ó Máille

A Problem Solved (comedy) — Basil Morahan

Another Life — Michael Viney.

*We would welcome further information, with details, in the hope of publishing a complete list. — Editor*

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## TOTUS TUUS

*Bliss it were that dawn to be alive  
But to be young were very Heaven*

— Wordsworth

This is the quotation that comes to my mind as I write these lines to describe 'our day to remember' at Ballybrit Racecourse in Galway on Sunday the 31st September, 1979 when we, the Youth of Ireland all assembled in Ballybrit to welcome His Holiness Pope John Paul II to the City of the Tribes — "The Man from a far Country" who had come to bestow his blessings upon us. The excitement for weeks before this great historic event are better imagined than described. The prevailing thought on the minds of all the population of the Land of the Saints and Scholars was the visit of his Holiness Pope John Paul II. Everywhere you'd go in Louisburgh as in every other part of Ireland, you'd hear or see something about the Pope. While walking down the streets of the 'Burgh, one could hear the women of the parish as they'd meet while shopping, chatting about the coming of the Pope. They were asking such questions as: "Do you think will there be any riots or trouble at Knock or Galway or the Phoenix Park? I hope there won't. It would spoil it really, wouldn't it?" etc. In the pubs, the main topic of conversation between the men of the parish was about the Pope. On television, there were many programmes as well as flashes on the News. Different Irish singers even brought out songs to mark this historic occasion e.g. Catriona Walsh with 'Viva il Papa' or Jim Tobin with 'Welcome John Paul'. There were large pictures of His Holiness for sale around the town. Even the children of Louisburgh while playing in the streets talked about the Pope coming. People just seemed to eat, drink, breathe and sleep the Pope!

Everyone was very anxious to go to see him but many were not sure whether they would go to Knock or Galway. The majority of the people of the parish were going to go to Knock. One Sunday at Mass, Father Waldron gave the details about the visit to Knock and Galway and also mentioned that they were looking for volunteers to

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go to Knock as stewards. He also mentioned that a place had been allocated at Ballybrit in Galway for thirty-three youths from the parish between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four years at the special gathering for the youth of Ireland. He said he would collect all the names of the youths who wanted to go to Galway and would pick thirty-three out of a hat for the thirty-three specially reserved places. A lot of the youths of the parish jumped at the chance and gave in their names. There were a few meetings for those going to Ballybrit, and at these the names were picked and called out. Talk about getting in by the skin of one's teeth, but I was lucky! I was picked at number *thirty-three*, the last reserved place for our parish. Many more youths would go but would not have a reserved place, and would be farther away. Then at the next meeting came the best news of all: we were going to be in Corral Nineteen, just the second Corral from the altar where His Holiness would be; and also, ten more reserved places had been assigned to the parish. So now forty-three rather than thirty-three would get a close-up head-on view of Pope John Paul II.

Rosarie O'Toole and Mary Staunton made for the group a fine banner reading LOUISBURGH and this was blessed at evening Mass which was said in the Church each evening for the week before the Big Event. At another meeting, Jimmy Scott and myself volunteered to hold the banner and all the transport arrangements were made. There were more than fifty youths travelling by both minibus and cars. Sean Harney's and Thady Kitterick's minibuses were to go and many more people would bring car-loads — Joe McNamara, Patrick Cox, Patrick Ball, Eamonn O'Malley, Tom Staunton, Bernie Kilcoyne, John Morahan. We would assemble on the Square at three-thirty a.m. on Sunday the thirty-first. Each group of youths had to have leaders and our leaders were Patrick Ball and Bernie Kilcoyne.

Saturday the thirtieth saw television screens tuned on all over Ireland to see his Holiness at the Phoenix Park and in Drogheda. That night we all went to Mass in Louisburgh and after the Mass the hours only dragged along waiting in suspense for our departure for Ballybrit. The atmosphere in the town that night was terrific! Everyone getting ready for heading to Knock or Galway. Some were going to leave at two o'clock; others would wait till six. A lot of the youths headed straight home to snatch whatever few hours they could in bed while more waited up till three-thirty in suspense. I went to bed for an hour and at three my sister woke me with a shout "Come on. Get up. We are heading for Galway!". I do not think I ever

got out of bed as fast or enjoyed getting up as much. I jumped up and pulled on my clothes and we headed up to the Square, to meet the rest of the group all set with packed lunches and rain-coats and stools to use at the event.

Then the panic started about the banner. There was no banner. Where was it? I had not it, as everyone thought I should have. I said I did not know where it was. Then someone said it must be in the Sacristy. How would we get into the Sacristy? "Get the key from the Canon". Patrick Ball and myself went down to the Canon's house, but he had left for Knock. Then we went down and woke up Father Conneely at three-thirty to get the key. He was in great humour for a man just roused from his sleep in the middle of the night and he gave us the key and wished us luck on our journey. We went up to the church but the banner was not in the Sacristy either! Just then Justin Morahan came down to tell us that Joe McNamara had arrived at the Square and that he had the banner all the time. So much ado about nothing, and poor Father Conneely's night's sleep ruined for nothing! We checked that everyone was in their proper cars and buses and when all was set and the banner secure at last we pulled out from the 'Burgh, on what may well have been the most famous and memorable journey of our lives — the trip of a lifetime one might call it. So we rolled on into the night a convoy of cars and buses to represent Louisburgh in Ballybrit on that historic day — Sunday the thirty-first of September, 1979. We left a little later than scheduled and we were only gone as far as Lecanvey when I was the cause of a further delay for the lads I was travelling with. Patrick Kilcoyne, Jimmy Scott and myself were travelling with Joe McNamara and it was only when Patrick mentioned something about tickets that I discovered I had forgotten my tickets for my place in Ballybrit to get into Corral Nineteen. So back again we had to go to Louisburgh for the tickets, upon which many a papal blessing was bestowed on me by my travelling companions and driver, I might add. While we were going through Westport there was a great crowd of people gathered at the Octagon ready to go to Knock. They gave us a great cheer as we passed, showing the great unity between all the towns and people of Ireland on this momentous occasion.

We travelled on and joined the rest of the Louisburgh convoy between Westport and Ballinrobe. Even then, one could experience the great atmosphere of the event. Far ahead in the distance along this open stretch of road, we could see the line of double red lights travelling on into the night — we guessed it was our own contingent. All the roads around were alive with cars and buses

We were there — don't you see us?

Photo—Jimmy Walsh



heading for either Knock or Galway. We all moved along together and as we approached Galway the traffic got thicker. We travelled *via* the Ballinrobe-Kilmaine-Headford route. Eventually the traffic got very heavy and we were reduced to minimum speed until we arrived at the Ballindooley car park on the Headford road. There we parked all the buses and cars together and had some tea and sandwiches from our lunches before setting off on our long trek into Ballybrit. We went to the road, where the whole youth of Ireland it seemed, were moving in one huge walking mass of people. Amidst the throng, one could distinguish the different accents from different parts of the country — Belfast, Derry, Dublin, Kerry, Cork, Meath, Mayo and Galway. All areas north, south, east and west. And one could even hear the Gaeilgeoiri from the Gaeltachtaí of Ireland. All had come to pay homage. Everyone was happy, cheerful and talkative, People laughing, talking, cheering, singing, praying. There was a great oneness between all the people from so many different areas. Here we all had come in unison to witness this great historic event.

We journeyed along until we reached our destination — Ballybrit. Everyone gave a big cheer and we rushed to find Gate Seven. This was the entrance for those with tickets and also the parting point for the group with places reserved and those who had to wait outside. We with tickets bade farewell to the rest of our group and headed inside to get to Corral Nineteen. Finally, we reached it and we were delighted to have such a brilliant close-up view of the altar. We took up our positions and looking around early in the morning (it was now about seven) one could see the huge multitude that had come on this great young people's pilgrimage to the Vicar of Christ. There was a brilliant colourful display of flags and banners from all parts of Ireland. Some, like ourselves very near the altar and some far away. The T.V. cameras were right beside ourselves and the altar and also we were very near the helicopter pad. As I waited in the early morning mist, I thought to myself how lucky I was. How blessed and gifted and how downright privileged I was to be there! In just a matter of a few hours I would be seeing, witnessing in the flesh, His Holiness Pope John Paul II! I glanced around at the mass of dropping heads around me, some trying to snatch whatever few hours sleep they could, but most unable to sleep. All age gaps, personality differences, provincial differences, etc., that are part of normal life had disappeared and there was an incredible unity.

The minutes ticked away slowly amid laughter, chatting, shouting, the occasional yawn and always that steady flow of

people to and fro past the corral. Such a bitterly cold morning and yet such a radiant glow on each face. Familiar faces passed by the corral from time to time and friendly hellos were exchanged. As dawn crept nearer and rays of dim grey light appeared over the horizon, people who had managed to sleep began to awaken and that spirit and atmosphere began to grip each person.

Eight o'clock was upon us before we realized and all of a sudden we were jolted from our crouched positions by the sound of a cheering, booming voice which bellowed: "Are you all awake down there?". There was something in that tone that immediately warmed you if you were drowsy. I could sense that from here on in, it was to be an experience I would never forget. The voice was that of Father Cleary, the "singing priest". And indeed did he live up to his name. He told a few jokes to get us into a lively mood and he got the whole congregation singing hymns until the Pope should arrive. We hoisted our banner high amidst all the other Mayo banners in our section and we sang and swayed spontaneously to the rhythm of the music. Incredible — almost three hundred thousand people singing and swaying together — a fantastic oneness! I cannot find words to describe the brilliance of the atmosphere on that historic occasion. Father Cleary started calling out the names on some banners. He called out Belfast, Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, Sligo, Tralee etc. and then he continued: "Have we anyone here from Mayo. Oh! yes there is a huge one over there all the way from Louisburgh!" We waved the banner and cheered and sang wild with delight that we got a mention on Radio Telefis Eireann on this the day of days.

The vital hour drew nearer and then Father Cleary interrupted the singing with the gret news: "The Pope has left Clonmacnoise!" An excited cheer, perhaps better described as a roar went up and the crowd burst into spontaneous song and clapping again. Father Cleary burst in again: "The helicopters are coming! He is in the orange one". Then came the sound of the helicopters coming from the east. All eyes were directed up to see where they were. They appeared just as specks in the distance growing quickly until finally you could see His Holiness waving from the window of the orange helicopter. The crowd cheered and roared wildly and waved their banners high. We almost went hysterical chanting "We want the Pope". It was only fantastic! I cannot find words worthy to express my feelings as the helicopter flew in. At Father Cleary's suggestion we all sang "He's got the whole world in his hands". Situated so close as we were, we got an almost perfect view of him as he

approached the pad. He wore his perpetual grin and blessed the crowd from inside the helicopter. As he looked down and smiled, you got the feeling that this smile was meant for you, you were not just one of the crowd but an individual and unique person, someone who mattered.

We cheered and waved our banners wildly as he took his place on the altar. Once again our banner was mentioned when Father Cleary asked us to take it down as it was so big it was blocking some people's view!

The Pope started the Mass and said it among occasional wild cheering and singing. One could see he was moved with emotion as he sang on the altar. We cheered so much that we delayed the Mass and he was late on arrival in Knock! During his sermon, I also experienced that same feeling of importance as when he arrived. He told us that we should realize that we were the future, that we should not lose all our sense of values and be dragged along by meaningless new ideas but to have our own minds. He gently warned against the bad influences of sex, drugs, robbery, etc. He encouraged love and marriage. (So we decided to head for the Royal Ballroom in Castlebar that night!) We mattered to this big world! We all cheered again when our own Father Leo Morahan came to the microphone to introduce all the different people from all the different walks of life and they joined in the offertory procession to hand their gifts to the Pope — the tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, guard, teacher, housewife, athlete, the boy blinded from the violence in Derry, the fisherman, the deaf girl, etc. Father Leo introduced each in their turn, some 'as Gaeilge'.

The whole sermon was brilliant and everybody enjoyed it immensely; but, undoubtedly, the most brilliant and moving moment of the whole Galway Pilgrimage was clearly shown as the crowd went frantic when the Pope exclaimed: "Young People of Ireland, I love you"! And the crowd chanted back — "We love you too". This was one moment of my experience I will never forget, *go dtí go gcuirfear mo chorp faoin gcré!* Afterwards, we received Communion from a vast number of priests, and the Pope travelled through the crowd on the open chariot for this purpose. He travelled all through the throngs smiling, waving, blessing; and then he headed back for the helicopter amidst cheering, waving and even some tears. In a matter of minutes he had mounted the helicopter all the time smiling, waving, blessing; the helicopter took into the air once more and accompanied by a few garda helicopters, headed for Knock — 'his ultimate goal'. We waved while singing "He's got the

whole world in his hands", as the helicopter went further and further into the grey sky, soon to be seen only as a speck as when it arrived a few hours earlier. Yes: it was all over. The famous, historic event was over as far as we were concerned. Looking around the crowd as we all headed for home, one could see some tired faces, some not-so-tired, but most were saddened at the passing of such a great event.

Never again will we, the Youth of Ireland, assemble as we did in the City of the Tribes on a cold September night, to welcome this great man. Probably never again will we chant "We want the Pope" or "He's got the whole world in his hands".

It was all over and we all headed home with our banner flying low back again to Louisburgh in County Mayo, where we were told that we had been mentioned on the radio a few times, pictured on television and again in the *Irish Times* newspaper the following day. We were happy that on such a great occasion we got Louisburgh such publicity which it is entitled to because of all the priests it produced in the past and moreover because it is 'God's own spot'!

So whenever I turn on the radio and hear the advertisement for the RTE record about the Pope's visit, or if I hear any of the papal songs 'Viva il Papa' or 'Welcome John Paul' my mind goes back to that September night — the gathering on the Square; the convoy of cars and buses into the night, the banner, the arrival of helicopters, the waving, cheering, singing; the brilliance of such a fantastic historic occasion. He came, he saw, he conquered. Yes: Pope John Paul II certainly had the whole world in his hands as far as Ireland was concerned from September thirtieth and thirty first.

"Now and forever, Let ther be peace".

Bridge Street

Eamonn Keane

## Your patience . . . .

. . . is appreciated. This issue, which we shall refer to as the 1979 issue for convenience, has been delayed for several different reasons the latest of which was the involvement of the editor in the production and editing of a full-colour commemorative book of the visit of Pope John Paul II to Galway last September. That book will be on the market almost at the same time as *An Choinneal* Number Eleven. By special arrangement it can be had from the Coinneal office (Price £2.00 plus postage).

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## BLESSED ARE — WHO?

"It is just like preparing for Christmas. The whole thing is in the atmosphere, it's in the air, it's all over. Everyone is on about it". So ran a cross-channel telephone conversation from a Louisburgh man, a few weeks before the Pope's visit. It was all a bit too much for the Louisburgh man on the other side of the water. He was getting it daily from the BBC's Nationwide, he was getting it in people's homes, he was getting it on Sundays after Mass. The tempo was rising and time was running out. Saturday morning came, and again the TV cameras did their own inimitable job. The Jumbo was picked up in the blue Dublin sky and straight on to millions of screens. The image, the occasion suddenly took a great pleasure into the soul of every Irishman.

### Decision

Pope John Paul spoke to us. He understood us. He brought us back to our deep, rich and ancient roots and told us too that he loved us. This was the build up to a decisive point. I wanted to be there. A few telephone calls around South and West Yorkshire, and seven clerical pilgrims were committed to a 3.15 a.m. crossing from Holyhead on Monday. By fate or by grace we wanted to be at Maynooth at 8.00 a.m. And we arrived at the Maynooth parishioners section shortly before the helicopter appeared out of the grey clouds. A Cork man and a Cavan man broke from our ranks, and whether through false passes, bribery of security men, sheer exuberance or just simple back-bone, made their way to the front and told us on return they touched the Pope. Here the Knock dimensions of the week-end took on a new perspective. News had come through of the 400,000 — the early morning start, the excitement of the children, the parking of the car, the long walk, the anxious though happy wait, the singing, the helicopter arrival, the old man in the crowd not clapping or looking upwards but dropping to his knees and fingering through the aged and overworked brown beads. There were the vantage points too for the Popemobile, the little white speck through the binoculars, the transistor contact, the darkness falling and the tragic final straw — the news of the early

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departure. Then there was the empty and numb feeling, the disturbing questions of the children, the tears, the sense of being a fool, the tired feet in the dark and the homecoming late on Sunday night.

**"No room . . ."**

'Preparing for Christmas' the Louisburgh man had said. And indeed Christmas had brought it all — a birth in poverty, misunderstood and final rejection. Echoes had stretched across the centuries — echoes from Gethsemane to Knock and to the towns and villages of Mayo. These were echoes not new to the hearts of the people of the West. The cry, "My God why have you forsaken Me", came down once more to earth and took its place in the pulse of human life, old, middle-aged and young, on that misty Sunday evening in September.

The man who wrote 'The Sign of Contradiction' — that sign that was set for the fall and the rise of many, that sign destined to be rejected — that man would, I feel, have a special understanding and love for the people at Knock. Yes John Paul II would know the pain, the suffering. He would draw lovingly to himself the small and tired heads of the children — wet heads, white heads, black heads, red heads and curly heads, all heads. He would love too and make his own the Faith of a people who have received it from generations that are gone. For is it not a rich and God-given wealth that can say in all its beauty and simplicity: 'Fáilte roimh toil Dé.'

### Paradox

That wealth from above stretches back beyond Patrick. It comes from the centuries of preparation for the first Christmas. It describes groups of people called the Anawim of Yahweh — God's very own. The groups continued and would continue. The Christian ethic is strong and compelling; 'Blessed are those who mourn . . .', 'Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for what is right . . .'. 'Rejoice and be glad', it says. That hunger and thirst and rejoicing must continue. For it is the Christianity of the Gospels. It is the Christianity of John Paul II. And to everyone at Knock, I think he would say through his half-closed warm eyes, through the wrinkled brow and the slow, repetitive, understanding nod of the head: "Yes. Blessed indeed are you who waited so long and did not see the Pope".

Barnsley, Yorkshire

Gerard Harney

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## TEMPLEDOOMORE AND THAT

*What is the origin, and what the significance of the ruin on the sands at the western extreme of the parish? With characteristic erudition and reverence for established fact a writer well known to Coinneal readers presents the following notes:*

Before wind and tide swep away forever all trace of Templedoomore I feel some mention, however meagre, should be made of it. After all, it is rather unusual to come across a Church-site on a sandbank with the high tides lapping all round.

The following Ordnance Survey note on it has been already published in "An Choinneal" some years ago — "Dumhach Mór (Great Sand Bank) situated on the lands of Wastelands near the Six Knaggins. The cemetery is now just covered by the sands". ('Wastelands' is a translation of Thallabawn). That was in 1838.

The Ordnance Survey Map has 'Templedoomore', meaning Church of the Great Sand Bank. Teampall usually means a Medieval Church.

Sixty years ago the name Teampalldoomore, or even Teampall alone, had ceased to be used locally. It was usually called 'The (Old) Graveyard'. But the name was retained and in constant use for a fishing mark in the bay outside — Tanaí Teampaill.

Very little of the masonry remained to my day but on the south side there was indication of a wall running east to west, with a doorway facing south. Some of the stone had come from the Owenadornawn stream close by — easily identified by its smooth surface, somewhat oval shape and dark brown colour. I have never seen this stone used for building; nor have I noticed it in any of the ruined houses still remaining thereabouts in my youth. Could it have been used in the foundation?

Occasional burials continued in the cemetery till about a century ago.

The Strafford Inquisition of 1635 has the following — "The lord Archbishop of Tuam — in right of the see of Tuam of the qr of

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Aghavaill; the qr of Beallclare; the qr of Glasspatrick; the qr of Kilgower; the townlands of Dwoghmore contained 4 qrs whereof the islands of Inistinrick and Iniscaher is 1 qr".

Down to my day, Thallabawn and a half dozen of the adjacent townlands were together known as 'Bishopland'.

If we recall that Flaithrí O Maolchonaire (Florence Conry) Catholic Archbishop of Tuam died in Madrid in 1629, not daring to return to his native land, we can rest assured that six years later no successor of his held the "townlands of Dwoghmore".

These lands afterwards passed to others but the name 'Bishopland' remained.

About the name Dooghmore — In recent times, Doo or Doogh, has come to mean not a mound or sandbank as originally but a sandy flat on the landward side of the sandbanks, quite the opposite of the older meaning. And so all along the coast of this parish.

But if the flats had stolen the name 'Doogh' how were the sandbanks called? They were 'The Guairi', (pronounced like English 'gory').

The big question remains — Why was this Church built on a sandbank?



*Templedoomore pictured in 1935.*

A good question truly and one which is certainly not new.

Some suggests that the character of the ground was very different in ancient times. this can readily be accepted for prehistoric times but for later days we must needs be honest and appeal to the men of science to tell us — if they can.

But it is certain that our western coasts have seen great changes down the centuries, some of them in this very neighbourhood. Within living memory we had the exposure of the shell middens north of Templedoomore and along Kinnadooghy.

Past generations here have pondered this problem of the church on the sandbank and we can hardly be suprised if their conclusion was somewhat wayward. They could not believe that any one in his senses would build anything on sand, least of all a church. The Gospel itself had stern warning for such. But there it was!

Their solution was an amazing, supernatural one — The original site was in Log a' Ghárrtha on the Thallabawn hillside but one night the church slid down from this bog depression and rested on the sandbank. No one had witnessed its passage but one fine morning in the distant past it was found so.

Unacceptable as the sandbank site was, Log a' Ghárrtha was unthinkable from every point of view. And it is evident there was some uneasiness about its claim because an alternative on higher ground was sometimes offered at Béal a' Mháma, the pass between the Six Noggins and Thallabawn hills, somewhere near Sheeroe and Meall Thaidhgín.

What prompted the selection of these sites? If anything but idle fantasy? My guess is no better than yours and the only surmise I can offer is that they may have fancied some apparent tie-up between a name below and some apparent of those on the hillside, for this game of teasing out names and extracting story material from them was without end amen.

I may add that this is not the only legend of the kind in the parish. Just a mile or two across the hills in the Creagán Bán district there was a similar one to explain the presence of the Altóir dolmen. This structure was said to have appeared overnight too but no former location was assigned to it.

There remains only the reference to Teampall Dumha Mór in the widely-known seventeenth century Irish song, Contae Mhaigh Eo and George Fox's fine translation of it in the Oxford Book of Verse. I give only the last verse —

Dá mbeadh Pádhraic Lochlainn ina Iarla ar Iarumhaill go fóill,  
Brian Dubh, a chliamhain, ina Thiarna ar Dumhach Mór;  
Aodh Dubh Mhag Riada(igh) ina Choirnéal i gCiartha  
Is ansin a bheadh mo thrialisa go Contae Mhaigh Eo.

It is my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl of Iarumhaill still;  
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the hill;  
And that Colonel Hugh O'Grady, Alas! is lying low,  
And I sailing, sailing swiftly the County of Mayo.

The Irish speaks of a certain Brian Dubh as Lord of Dooghmore. What is meant is, as in Strafford, Lord of the lands belonging to the Church of Dooghmore. Dooghmore as later understood would not be a Lordship for anyone. Fox, (or whoever helped with the translation), has "Brian Duff as Lord upon the hill" taking Doogh in its former meaning of 'mound, hillock', and evidently not aware of the set-up with regard to the church lands. And in fairness he could not be expected to know.

For 'Aodh Mhag Riada(igh)' the English version has 'Hugh O'Grady'. But the two surnames are unrelated. While Irish was spoken here the Gradys were Clann Mhag Riada. And no mean people they. One authority takes their name to mean 'Riders on horseback or in Chariots', the aristocrats of their day. And he adds that Rennes in France got its name from them. Follow that!

These things are mentioned not for fault-finding but because they are, or should be, of local interest.

Nothing is known of the three people mentioned in the verse quoted. Nor have I ever heard of the title "Earl of Iarumhaill". Perhaps the three were just boon companions of the poet. The sense of the Irish verse is, as has been said elsewhere, that if certain impossible things were to happen he would then return to County Mayo; in other words he will never come back.

Perhaps I should say a word about the translation of my native village as 'Wasteland'. Of 'bán' referring to land all the examples I have over this district have one definite meaning — green, grassy. And my first examples Garrai bán is in Thallabawn townland itself. This has always been a green grassy field except when tilled.

'Bán' can mean fallow but this would be utterly inappropriate for Thallabawn in the first half of the nineteenth century for the Census of 1841 gives it 50 houses and 300 people. When all lived on potatoes if they could get them, every square yard of its arable surface must have been turned. And believe it or not that same Census — three years after the Ordnance Survey's 'Wastelands' — has just Tallavbaun!

*Continued Opposite*

## *THE BUILDER OF A PARISH (culled from a Parish handbook)*

Father Michael J. Coyne, one of the many missionary priests who are natives of our parish, has been making the American press headlines in recent times for his work in that country.

Son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Michael Coyne, Aillemore, Louisburgh, he received his national education at Killadoon National School. He later attended Saint John's Seminary in Waterford and was ordained to the priesthood for the Diocese of Camden at Saint John Cathedral on 19 June 1955. Father Coyne has served that Diocese as an assistant Pastor, Hospital Chaplain, Parish Administrator and Pastor. He was the Pastor of Saint Nicholas, Egg Harbour from 1972 until he was appointed founding Pastor of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton Parish.

Less than two years after Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton Parish was formed, clergy, friends, and parishioners gathered for the official ground breaking ceremony by Father Coyne. The winter of 1977 may go down in American history as one of the most severe but the freezing temperatures did not deter the many well wishers. In January 1977 the dream of many began to materialise. Bundled against the cold, Father Coyne blessed and broke the ground for the new church. He had a difficult task to turn the frozen sod with each of the two shovels that were donated for the happy occasion. Father Coyne's prayer for this special day summed up the feelings of all those present:

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*TEMPLEDOOMORE AND THAT (continued)*

I am sorry I have so very, very little about the old teampall. Who founded it and when? Its story down the generations? We would all so wish to know!

Nothing now left but the 'cárnán criata cnámh' (heap of crumbling bones) and that must very soon vanish too.

Maybe some day, someone, somewhere, would find something to tell the coming generations. Go dtuga Dia sin!

Cluain Cearbán

Daithi Mag Reill

"Heavenly Father, You made the earth and from it you made man. From you everything good takes its origin and received its steady and full growth. We ask you to bless this ground on which we will build a church and hall in which we will grow spiritually and socially. As we open the ground and lay a foundation for this building we ask You to open our hearts to let in Your son, Jesus, so that He will be the foundation of Life."

The church was dedicated on 19 November 1977, the Bishop of the Camden Diocese, Doctor George H. Guilfoyle, blessed and placed the cornerstone at a ceremony by area clergy and parishioners, and at which Father Coyne gave the first homily in the new church.

### **Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton**

Elizabeth Ann Bayley-Seton is the saint which the parish is called after, but while she may have lived almost 200 years ago she is indeed a woman of our time. Born into a wealthy, Episcopalian family in New York City in 1774, she found great comfort in life by remaining close to God. In January of 1794 she married William Seton and bore five children in a brief marriage. In December of 1803 her husband died. While friends tried to console her grief she was introduced to Roman Catholicism. In March 1805 she was received into the Catholic Church in spite of great rejection from family and friends. She received her First Communion in March, 1805 and was confirmed in May 1806.

As a result of the interest and support from members of the clergy she moved to Baltimore. In 1809 she founded the Daughters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul and received the title of "Mother". In early summer of 1809 arrived at Emmitsburg, she began community life. In February of 1810 she opened the first parochial school in the United States. She is now known as the foundress of the parochial school system in the U.S.A. Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton was canonized in Rome, by the late Pope Paul VI, in September 1975. She is the first American born saint to be recognised by the Church. Her Feast Day is January 4th.

### **Conclusion**

Louisburgh-man, Father Michael J. Coyne, or Monsignor as he was recently made, was the one responsible for the setting up of the first parish to be called after the first American saint. He brought the area from "nothing" to be one of the best parishes in its Diocese. During this year of 1980, Monsignor Coyne, who is brother of Sister Ailbe of the Convent of Mercy, Claremorris, will celebrate the silver jubilee of his ordination. In his twenty-five years of priesthood, he has probably achieved more than most priests would in their lifetime!

## **AFRI-THOUGHTS**

Sierra Leone is a small country of great natural beauty on the west coast of Africa and six to nine degrees north of the equator. The total land area is twenty-eight thousand square miles. The country has two seasons, one wet and one dry. It is hot; the mean annual temperature is seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit. It is humid: it can be ninety to ninety-five in places, and when it rains, it rains! The mean annual rainfall along the coast is one-hundred-and-fifty inches. Unfortunately, man does not feed on flowers; nor does the view fill his belly!

The sunshine which the affluent come to enjoy is brutal to the soil. Like so many other countries of the third world, Sierra Leone is poor. The G.N.P. is less than two hundred dollars and the struggle to break the fetters of survival farming is proving a long and painful task. What does it mean to live in a village where the World Bank tells us that the G.N.P. is less than that two hundred dollars? It means that you live in a mud house, drink water from a stagnant pool; cook on a few stones in a mud hut; preserves food in humid heat without refrigeration by perpetually turning it, drying it, smoking it, for fungus grows even on rice. You walk anywhere you are going, sometimes through swamps and sometimes you only reach a main road after five to ten miles walking — a long way if you are sick. You go to bed when night falls because there is not much you can do without light. If you need the doctor you cannot use a telephone — there is not any. If you are sick or in labour five miles is a long walk. There are some roads, of course, but the network is not extensive nor are the bridges many. If you are having a baby on the wrong side of the big river fifty miles from a hospital, your chances are not great.

### **Care and Education**

So, food is scarce, nutrition status is low, disease abounds. A full fifty per cent of the population is under fifteen years; consumers, non-producers. How do you plan health for this situation?

Predictably, we started with hospitals. Hospitals need

personnel, buildings and equipment. There has to be training of nurses. There has to be medication: intravenous fluids and blood-transfusions. One blood-transfusion costs fifteen dollars to give, and the mean monthly wage is \$3.75. Is there another way? Does this expensive outlay produce maximum result in health? How about the gastro-enteritis? Intravenous fluids, repeated infection and intravenous fluids, then finally no one can afford it or the child can not get to the Health Post in time — it is all too late. And all unnecessary. Consequently research here means: can we find a way to generate health within the present socio-economic framework? We try by teaching the nurses what the morbidity situation in the village is. They in turn start health committees. The committee calls to the town and explains that a little more sanitation would work wonders, so would availing themselves of the immunization project of the hospital against T.B., measles, whooping-cough, diphtheria, tetanus, polio, and smallpox. We have mobile teams who visit the villages to educate. They take on even the grannies! Granny is highly respected for her grey hairs, she has a lot of answers but they are not all the right ones. So we explain about tetanus, and other avoidable errors in child-birth. We send our trained staff out on Hondas to help existing personnel in the field. We bring the committee members to the hospital to familiarize them with what can be done. We show Gran that we have a few tricks that she has not got!

We have financial problems. Staff have to be paid; including ourselves. We charge small fees. We get help from Oxfam, Cafod, Misereor, Concern, Trócaire, Swiss Lentin fund and many Catholic womens leagues. We join forces with anybody else we meet in the field: we look for new ways all the time.

How about Louisburgh? At home and abroad? I often feel that my home parish knows little enough about my work or should I say their work — the work that I do on their behalf. It is not their fault. It has taken the editor about four years to get this out of me!

May I hope that this will be the first of a series of articles on Louisburgh and Africa. There must be more Louisburgh accents round Africa than we know; and a lot of places in Africa that it would be unsound to call a man an *amadán* and count on him not understanding!

Sierra Leone

Sister Mary Hilary

## SEARCHING AND SEARCHING

During the summer of 1977, wanting to better understand my Irish heritage, I decided to return to the villages where my mother and father were born. It was in the early 1920's when my father, Michael Hallinan, left Askelane and my mother, Margaret McNamara, left Carramore. From the West Coast of Ireland they journeyed to Clinton, Massachusetts, where they met and married.

The Irish in Ireland have a very strong cultural tradition, and it doesn't seem to lose much of its strength until well into the second generation of the children of those people who emigrated. I, for one, wanted to understand in a deeper way the values and traditions that had so strongly influenced my life. Some people of Irish descent who return to Ireland look for the remaining members of their families and attempt to trace their genealogy; I was looking for my emotional roots. Just what were some of the attitudes and behaviours of the people of the Louisburgh parish which so strongly moulded and affected my parents and, consequently, me?

While exploring these influences, I was hoping to understand some of the behaviour of many of the men in the Louisburgh area, especially the bachelors. Just why have so many Roman Catholic Irish males, both in Ireland and in other countries — and myself included — developed a reluctance to court and marry?

I had been to Ireland a number of times in the past, both to travel as a tourist and to visit my uncle, Joe "Mack," of Carramore. However, I had stayed only a few days on each occasion. This summer I wanted to become a part of the life of the parish.

### Re-transplanted

During the nine weeks that I lived in Carramore with my uncle, Pat "Mack," and my mother, Maggie "Mack," (both on vacation from America) I had the opportunity to be a part of a life style that I had heard so very much about. For twenty-three years while living in Worcester, I was a part of a transplanted Irish community. In many ways Louisburgh, Carramore and Askelane were not new to me; in other ways, they were. During my visit I had the delightful opportunity of meeting and working with the Louisburgh people.

Slowly, I became aware of the rhythm and ease with which the people move through the day; of the value of the daily trips to the pub; of the feeling of community which creates an intimacy and familiarity that lingers on for years after many of the participants have parted; of the quiet concern for the life of the community and its slow decrease in population; of the natural beauty of the area which so often goes unnoticed. So much in life is understood and appreciated only by comparison; I had come eight thousand miles with the hopes of doing some of this appreciating.

### Gracious discomfort

However, all was not easy. In the beginning, it was difficult for me to make the change from the balmy, predictable climate of San Diego, California, where I live and teach, to the moody climate of Louisburgh. In my home town, community interaction and cooperation such as that of the Louisburgh community is virtually missing. In America, my behaviour goes unnoticed except by an occasional friend; in Louisburgh, where living is more intimate, one's actions are almost public knowledge.

For me, some of my roots are in Louisburgh. These roots are values and traditions that at times enrich my life and at other times — both in Ireland and in America — make my life uncomfortable. However, they are my roots and I am proud of them.

There were a number of people, too numerous to mention in detail who were quite gracious to me this past summer. I will mention one in particular, a delightful woman, Annie McHale. Unfortunately, Annie won't be in Louisburgh to read this thank you note. She was a kind person.

The people I met in Louisburgh were a serious, thoughtful, quick-witted group, far from the stereotypical image of the fighting, drinking Irishmen so often glamorized by the media. Louisburgh is not the idealistic Irish town that travel agents will lead you to believe. It is a real place with real people struggling, as are all people, to make the most out of their lives. The people of the Louisburgh parish are a self-sufficient people who try to live relatively lusty and decent lives as moral as they must be, as free as they may be, and as masterly as they can be. This rather elusive arrangement is happiness.

San Diego

James M. Hallinan

## FARMING MUSSELS

Killary Harbour has long been celebrated in *An Choinneal* in song and in story — from the haunting memories of emigrants to the tales of marauders from the Galway shore raiding the townlands on the Mayo side for crops and captive brides. Now time has tempered the feuds and, this year, the people of Killeen in co-operation with the communities on the Galway side are laying the foundations for a new mussel farming industry in the Killary. This is a departure from the old ways, more significant in history than an accommodation with the Connemara men — it is an early venture in a changing pattern of harvesting the sea, in the transition from haunting "wild" fish to breeding and farming them. The hectares discussed in Killeen Vocational School are not EEC adjusted acres of land, but areas where each fish farmer will harvest his crop of shellfish.

It is said that Killary Harbour was deep enough to shelter the British Navy during the First World War. The Admiralty map shows twenty two fathoms between Inishbearna and Dooneen Point, and a mile further in it is still nineteen fathoms — well over one hundred feet — deep. In 1974 we penetrated the mysteries of these deeps when underwater television cameras filmed the aquatics of marine biologists and other scientists from the Shellfish Laboratory of University College, Galway and Roscoff Biological Station in Brittany. During the survey carried out by the two research establishments, it was confirmed that Killary Harbour was one of the finest natural mussel hatcheries in Europe.

### Pilot Scheme

Recognizing the value of such a resource to the coastal communities, Niall Herriott, one of the Galway scientists, drew up a proposal for its development. Gaeltarra Éireann (now Údarás na Gaeltachta) took up the proposal and authorized its subsidiary Beirtreach Teoranta, with Niall Herriott as consultant, to carry out a pilot scheme to assess the potential for mussel farming, and to devise and test the equipment necessary. Beirtreach Teoranta (beirtreach is the Irish for an oyster, or shellfish, bed) was already

involved in mariculture in Connemara, developing an oyster hatchery and carrying out experiments on rearing salmon in cages. After four years of trials and tests the pilot scheme proved a success. Several different types of raft were developed and the return of top-grade mussels was very satisfactory. It was time to involve the communities.

The Community Council in Killeen was invited to take part in the next phase of development with other communities — Ballinakill Community Council representing the people of Renvyle, Ballinakill, Letterfrack and Lettergesh, Comharchumann Dhuiche Sheoigheach (Joyce Country Co-operative) representing Leenane area. A mariculture sub-committee, consisting of Eddie Nee, Tommie O'Malley and Ethna Viney, was set up to pursue negotiations with the Galway communities and Beirtreach Teoranta. There followed innumerable journeys through the mountains to meetings on the other side, interminable discussion, while the democratic system found agreement at a snail's pace, and cross-Killary telephone conversations that would have been more intelligible if belloyed from shore to shore without benefit of communications technology. Finally an agreement was forged between the three communities and Beirtreach Teoranta on the best form of development. A company representing all sides was formed to apply to the Department of Fisheries for permits, to undertake mussel farming in the Killary waters, and to oversee the orderly development of the new industry. The rights of other traditional users of the Killary had also to be protected. Killeen representatives on the Killary Mussel Development Company were Tommie O'Malley and Eddie Nee from Feenone and Jim Egan from Derrygarve. Each mussel farmer would be allocated a half hectare of sea with an option on the other half; and Beirtreach Teoranta would make available to the mussel farmer the knowledge and expertise gained during the years of the pilot scheme.

#### **Mariculture classes**

Niall Herriott, now employed by the National Board of Science and technology as a shellfish site officer, held a series of eight classes in Killeen Vocational School for those intending to take up the project, and the mysteries of mariculture were unfolded to the twenty trainees that attended. Mussel seed, or spat, floats freely and abundantly in the waters of the inner Killary in the months of May and June. Ropes are hung out on long lines to collect the spat and these are then transferred to the raft, anchored in the outer Killary, a more suitable site for growing. As the seed mussels get bigger they are thinned on the ropes to give the crop room to grow. Harvesting takes place eighteen months later. A catamaran raft

## *TOGETHER AWAY*

Three-hundred-and-sixty-four people attended the first annual Louisburgh Dinner Dance, held in the Penthouse Suite, Barker's Restaurant, Kensington High Street, London, on Friday October 6th 1978. They came from Scotland, Liverpool, Leeds, Coventry, Birmingham, Nottingham, Brighton, Middlesex, Romford, Essex.

A contingent of thirty-five people came from Louisburgh, for the happy occasion. Reverend P. J. Sammin, Saint Michael's Presbytery, 21 Tinbury Road, East Ham E.B. a member of the organizing committee in London, was Chairman for the evening. Following a very enjoyable dinner, Mr. Tony Lavelle, Chairman of the Castlebar Association, in London, proposed a toast to Ireland. Reverend P. J. Sammin proposed a toast to Louisburgh. He was greatly honoured and proud to welcome those who had come from the home parish. He also extended a céad míle fáilte to those present from England and Scotland. The idea of a re-union had been conceived he said, some months ago at a meeting between Canon Fitzgerald and himself. An idea had found substance; a dream had become a reality.

The function was an opportunity for Louisburgh people to meet at a friendly get together. A vital link with the place of birth had been

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#### *FARMING MUSSELS (continued)*

costing about £1,000 can produce about ten tonnes of mussels.

Killeen Community Council threw its whole weight into promoting this new industry. It sponsored meetings, provided expenses for delegates and awarded a special grant of £100 each to the first applicants for the rafts. In 1980 ten rafts, representing twenty people on the Mayo side of the Killary, were prepared and launched with the help of Beirtreach Teoranta. These will form the nucleus of a new industry that could grow to include other shellfish farming and perhaps, in a few years' time, a processing plant.

Thallabawn

Ethna Viney

maintained. Emigration had been high from Louisburgh, during the past fifty years. Those who had left had done well and contributed to the Church and State in foreign lands. Father Sammin, felt proud to be a Louisburgh man when he met so many successful Louisburgh people. They love to go to the West, on their holidays. Many excellent families had been produced in that parish on the western seaboard.

All the dedication and hard work of the organizing committee, had been rewarded with a very successful re-union. Reverend D. Conneely, C.C., Louisburgh, regretted the inability of Canon Fitzgerald to be present. The Canon sent best wishes to those in exile. Father Conneely said that the three years he had spent in Louisburgh, were as happy as ever he had experienced in his priesthood. No people were more friendly or warmhearted. He congratulated the organizers on the success of the dinner and alluded to the work done by Senator M. J. O'Toole, and Tommie O'Malley, in relation to the development of the parish.

Reverend K. Waldron, Sancta Maria Secondary School, brought greetings and good wishes from all at home to those in exile. He also conveyed a message for the success of the dinner from the Archbishop of Tuam, Most Reverend Doctor J. Cunnane. Louisburgh was on the road to recovery economically, he said. There was a rise in morale. Good neighbourliness and co-operation reflected itself in the renovation of churches and the construction of homes. A very prestigious Rent-a-Cottage scheme had been launched. People should take shares in this project. It was a great privilege for him to serve as a priest in Louisburgh.

Senator M. J. O'Toole, was very pleased to be present. The re-union was a major success. He had been a public representative in the Louisburgh area for twenty years. Our Irish emigrants had done us proud; they were worthy ambassadors of the homeland. Irish people would hold their own in the European Community. He referred to the functions of the Mayo Development Team. There are opportunities for establishing industries in the county. A promotional drive was held in London, some time ago. A site had been acquired for the provision of an advance factory in Louisburgh. He hoped to see a thirty-two county Ireland, one day.

Other speakers included Mrs. C. Lyons, N.T., Secretary "An Choinneal", Mr. Séamus Durkan and Mr. Tommie O'Malley, Vice-Chairman Killeen Community Council. Mr. Johnnie Hyland, and the Highlanders provided music for dancing.

London

P. J. McNamara

*An Choinneal* 58

## . . . IN ROSE AND PURPLE

A popular singer of other days used to tell us that 'memories are made of this'. As I pen these lines memories of a bygone Louisburgh come to me thick and fast; all — or *nearly* all — of them pleasant memories even if a few did not seem so at the time. Most of us remember our school days and with them many of the events that took place on the way to and from school. My own memories are connected mostly with the return journey, because I was generally an hour ahead of the rest of the field in the morning and was consequently out of harm's way. Somebody at a higher level had decided that I should know something about music; and so it was that, in common with established pianists like Clem Morahan, Beatrice Love, Maureen McNamara, Josie O'Malley, Sheila Sinnott, Salome Lynch and others. I made the acquaintance of Mother Michael for early morning piano lessons in the Convent. After Mother Michael's lesson, the pupil was supposed to retire to the *old* music room to practise for a prescribed length of time. If you have ever tried studying something that is Greek to you, you'll know that half an hour can seem like an eternity; so the temptation to cut it short was ever present. The only snag was that you had to run the gauntlet as far as the Front Gate which was some fifty yards away and seemed five hundred! I nearly made it on a few occasions: but not quite, because Mother Michael's lesson room was to the front of the Convent and, when she could no longer hear discordant notes from the practice room, she guessed that the bird had flown. All the windows in the Convent were fitted with pulleys, so, when you heard the bottom of the window shooting noisily upwards, and saw the black-and-white habit beckoning you to return and heard the sharp imperative clap of her hands coming forth on the morning air, you had — like the man in "The Trimmin's on the Rosary" to "face the crisis bravely and would start around again"!

It goes without saying that I never made the grade; but I have been always grateful for the experience and even today I have the fondest memories of Mother Michael. She was a great lady, who



took far more interest in me than I cared to admit but who, in the heel of the hunt, satisfied both of us that I had, as she put it, "an ear" for music. All the good sisters whose acquaintance I made then, and later at the Secondary School, have gone to their reward; and if this pupil did not reach any academic heights it certainly was not their fault.

My earliest school-memories are connected, however, with going home from the National School. A distinguished townsman named Tommy Sweeney once sent home with me the ingredients of a cake so that my mother would do the needful, for he was a bachelor. Included was a prized packet of raisins in a red cardboard box. Advance knowledge of the potential booty had apparently reached the lads who were going home the Carramore Road because I was taken into protective custody on the Bridge, below the town. What was left of the fruit disappeared on the road home when the flesh proved stronger than the spirit! The other ingredients were consigned to the bushes on the breen that leads to Collacoön. Although household remarks about the flour in "Mack's hedge" went unheeded, the secret was out when next "herself" met Tommy Sweeney. The sequel, needless to say, was severe.

On successive evenings after school, the Big Lads used to dragoon myself and a boy from the Kilgeever area to Gaffney's Wicket-gate in an effort to decide the Boxing Championship of the school. No more harmless pair of pugilists ever squared up to each other, and although "shapes" had to be made we were both too timid to strike a blow. The other party in this affair (which I used to dread) was later to die in the full flower of his youth. Poor boy, he was just as timid as myself!

Apart from that event, national school had no unpleasant memories, and I always managed to escape the wrath of "The Missus" as she was known to us (the late Mrs. Morahan). To her patience and skill I owe a good proportion of whatever knowledge and sense of discipline I acquired during my early years. When I graduated to the "Master's Classes" (taught by the late Mr. John O'Toole) I fear that my application to the job in hand suffered from too many distractions, like going fishing with a man named Harry when I should have been elsewhere; going out the country with Father O'Donohue to serve Mass in the many new houses built in the parish during the years; getting out of school to serve at Requiem High Masses; and manoeuvring to see who would get the thurible at Benediction on Sunday evenings. The server who had charge of the thurible was privileged, because he went out, during

the recitation of the Rosary, to Mrs. Ellen O'Malley's or Mrs. Fallon's in Main Street to obtain live coals for burning the incense at Benediction. Charcoal was to come later!

I was on speaking terms with all the "characters" who lived in and near the town, most of them living within a stone's throw of the old national school which was then sited where the Parochial Hall is today. I had a word with them all — Tom Glynn, Austie "Soldier" O'Malley, Michael "Fella" Grady, Pat Boyle, Mainie Foye, Paddy McDonnell, Pat Heaney, Johnny Mick O'Malley and many more.



*Presentation to Johnny Mulvey when he retired from secretary-ship of Mayo G. A. A. in January 1978, after twenty-two years' service. Included also (from left): Seán Ó Siocháin, Father Seán Durkan, Michéal O'Hehir, Michael O'Malley (Mayo County Manager).*

Photo—Frank Dolan

The "old" fair days were always welcome because there was no school, and if you had any coppers you could sample the delights to be found on such occasions at Mary Haire's tent beside Morrison's Corner — peggy's leg, sugarsticks, pigstail (liquorice) and apples and gooseberries in season. Then there were aerobats to delight and enthrall us by "tumbling the wild-cat", or lying bare-backed on broken glass, or swallowing lighted papers. I have memories too of night-classes and dancing-classes later on in the old Courthouse, and of the villians who pushed a donkey up the stairs to class, blocking the poor animal's retreat by pushing up the stairs after him one of Patrick Morrison's bales of wool! Memories recur of the pulpit-thumping missions in the church; of the responsibility of lighting the tall candles at the back of the altar; of the church choir directed by Mother Michael, with Master Morahan supplying half the vocal power on his own; of the plays in McDermott's when Carrickford's came to town and produced "Smiling Through", "East Lynne", "Pal of My Cradle Days" etc.;

and, of course, the many productions of concerts and dramas featuring local talent and interspersed with witticisms from "the gods" at the back of the hall. I remember the bread-van that came on Saturday evenings to bring the shops hot-cross buns, doughnuts and sausages; the Christmas and Easter killing of the pigs by "Michael Tom" and the headlong race to see who would get the pig's bladder, which would be used as a football until the inevitable happened; the fine summer days in June and July when you leaned over the Bridge and the sea-trout were running — but some not fast enough!; the horse-drawn side-cars thundering down the New Line from Accony and parts west on Sunday mornings, and then the stabling of the horses in Bridge Street. Those were the days when you "went to the Rails" on your sodality Sunday, and if not, why not? But if by chance you got free of the apron strings you knelt on one knee, like the Big Lads, at the back of the chapel. If there was any stray missal around, you read the memoriam cards. Ah! our disrespectful youth!

Many readers will surely recall the activity in town on the eve of Corpus Christi procession, when motor-tyres were converted into painted flower-beds; every shop-window was a miniature shrine; and, of course, on the day itself there was the unforgettable public rendering of the *Lauda Sion*. These evoke other memories: collecting the holly for Christmas; the wrenboys; the pancakes on Shrove Tuesday or any other Tuesday, the goose on Saint Martin's Day; the profusion of cabbage-heads on the streets after Hallow E'en and — most vivid of all — crossing the river at Poll Buidhe to see Louisburgh in their green, yellow-sashed jerseys take on the might of Manulla's "Rock Tigers" in Willie Bennett's field.

Simple pleasures were the norm in those days. But all things change; at some stage the great world beckons and the winds of change blow us hither and thither. Wherever you read this, dear reader, whether in New York, Chicago, 'Frisco, Canada, Australia, one of the English or Irish cities, or elsewhere, I hope it will help to bring back to you even more pleasant memories of your young days. For me they are summed up by Father John O'Brien in the opening verse of "The Trimmings on the Rosary" to which I have already referred:

"Ah, the memories that find me now my hair is turning gray,  
Drifting in like painted butterflies from paddocks far away;  
Dripping dainty wings in fancy — and the pictures, fading fast,  
Stand again in rose and purple in the album of the past".

Castlebar

Johnny Mulvey

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## LETTER FROM HOME

Dear Austie

You'll say I'm a caution not to write to you for Christmas and indeed I'm sorry I didn't. I was putting it off from day to day thinking that we would have a *Coinneal* to send with it because it was due at the end of 1979. I know I saw the notice in the *Mayo News* there in October; but I heard there was another notice later saying that they could not get it printed in time. We were afraid then that maybe it's how there was to be no *Coinneal* at all anymore. You know the way all the good things seem to be going off the market nowadays. We hadn't even a goose for the Christmas this time and surely the *Coinneal* was a treat for the Christmas as much as the goose ever was. As Mary said: "There was always good, wholesome stuffing in the two!" Surely it would be a pity if the *Coinneal* was to fail; but no fear! Here it is again, this time for Easter. This is now number eleven and I have every one of the past ones kept in the drawer in our room. The magazine will be twenty-one years old this year and I hear there are plans for celebrations and for a special issue for the event. December 1959 it began, I remember, the year we bought the new meadow. It's a shame for us really with all that's writing for it, out foreign and at home, not one of the family has put a pen to paper to write an article for it. Some one of ye should; ye were all clever enough at school.

You don't want me to go writing all the marriages and deaths and that, you'll find them all in the *Coinneal*. **Eamonn Keane** has described the visit of the Pope but as he said you couldn't describe it in words in a way that would do justice. The television was full of it for days. *Faraor géar* I didn't trust to the television instead of going to Knock like a two-year-old; but then again I wouldn't be easy in my mind now itself unless I had gone. Did you say the girl you're walking out with is from Barnacarroll? Well you can tell her not to show her nose in Louisburgh for a while because surely we were not blessing Barnacarroll the night when we had to walk from Knock with the traffic I don't know how many miles and worse still to stand

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there for five hours until the buses got through. I didn't do myself but to sit down on the tarred road waiting. Thank God we got no rain. And do you know I never felt as supple as I did all the weeks after — me that couldn't walk down to the *scairbh* to drive the cattle. God can write straight on crooked lines!

Talking of the cattle, they're down and up for the past year. We had plenty of hay so we kept all we had for the winter; they're stirring a bit again now so we will likely get rid of a few heavy ones. I don't know what's happening to the milk. They say E.E.C. are going to cut down on milk-production by reducing the price. More is the pity, because the milk-cheque came in handy often. Soon people will be better off idling than working; and *mo léan géar* some of them don't need much encouragement for idling. Not them all, though. You can see in this issue of the parish magazine how many of our young boys and girls are pushing ahead in their careers — like **Annie Keane, Justin Sammon, Catherine Duffy, Anne Staunton, Rosaleen Love, Pádraic Walsh, Jim Bowe, Majella Gibbons, Walter J. Cox** and scores of others I cannot think of just now.

The footballers don't seem to be that active lately down whatever is the reason. Strange but I often think that when ye were young and had to walk or cycle to Emlagh or to the *duach* there was a lot more football in the place. True enough they have other things now to take its place that ye hadn't but so have all the other places, Westport and Tourmakeady and Kilmeena and Achill and them; and I think myself they could do better if they'd stir themselves. Do you remember the Sunday longo that the cow was calving and Daddy sick. I know your heart was broken that I kept you from the football and many is the time since I regretted it. But I know you never kept it in for me even though you were so lost always to the football games. May God give you sons in time as good as yourself!

Well of course there was a great hullabaloo about the new Taoiseach, Mr. Haughey. I'm sure all the papers had it abroad. The budget they brought in was stiff enough. It could be worse of course, but £1.50 for a gallon of petrol is too Irish: what harm but us thinking we were made-up for life when they took the tax off the cars! But sure, *astór ó*, if petrol was £5 a gallon the people are so lost for flying round nowadays that they'd buy it still.

You never saw such traffic on the roads as there is, and leave it all to what the town is like at night with cars. You wouldn't know where the money is coming from. Dadda says time and again that what we need is another Economic War or a Wall Street crash to bring people to their senses. So come home as often as you can before the depression sets in. In all that comes and goes from

England and America I don't see anyone as regular and as faithful as **Tommy Durkan** from Askelane. He mustn't have missed out once for the last twenty years at least; he seems to love coming home. I see **Sister Hilary** (that's **Mary Lyons** of the Colony) has an article in this *Coinneal*. I saw a book called "Builders of Bridges" one day I was up in Uncle John's. All about the missions, and if there wasn't one full article about your Sister Hilary — how this tribe made her a chief with all the work she did for them. She's a doctor of course. There were pictures too.

Well the transistor radio is great. God bless you it's only you would think of it. I have it round with me now everywhere. I go except to Mass and to bed, and I'd have it in bed too but you know Dadda and the noise! One morning in the news I got a great surprise. Do you mind those three that crossed the Atlantic in a balloon about a year ago last August? Well in the news didn't it say that morning how they, were coming in over Ireland and "they crossed over the town of Louisburgh". Well it was lovely somehow to hear the name. Sorra sight of them I saw and me out milking early enough that morning where Eileen had to go to the dentist with little Tommie. Another day then shortly after I had the radio out in the new meadow at the hay (they think I'm cracked but the divil a hair I care; they'll learn) and who did I hear but **Johnnie Needham** from Bunowen. 'Twas a programme called "Highways and Byways" — always about old customs and times and that — and Johnnie was giving the history of the Louisburgh area. Him that knew all about it too! The television isn't half as good, and between you and me and the wall we could do without a lot that's put on it — our own buckoes just as bad as the foreigners. Pity they wouldn't put on the decent programmes all on one night and we could leave it off for the rest of the week. 'Twas grand to see two from the place on a "Landmark" programme one night, **Michael O'Toole** and **Jim Tiernan**, discussing sheep-farming and the French lamb market. No nonsense. **Basil Morahan**, too, was on one night about P.A.Y.E. Have ye P.A.Y.E.? They won out here lately.

**Father Wille Tiernan** retired and is living with his sister **Mrs. Dick Lyons**. Oh, and **Johnnie Mulvey** retired from Mayo G.A.A. secretary, he was made secretary of Connacht before. They had two great nights in honour of Johnnie one in Castlebar and one in Old Head, and if anyone deserved it he did. He was in America later down with the All-star team; and he had a big piece in *The Western Journal* about all he met. You mustn't have met him, he had all the names down.

Well there's a few that used to write in the *Coinneal* gone to God since the last time — **Mrs. McConville** and **Marty Reilly** and **Mrs. Morahan** and **Jimmy Mannion**. Jimmy used to have a lovely poem in every issue: I remember one of them was "At rest". Musha did you hear that **Mrs. Woodham-Smith**, you know, the writer, had her body cremated and her ashes scattered on Croagh Patrick. In a way wasn't it a lovely thing? There was a big festival in the Protestant Church — I didn't know it was called Saint Catherine's until I saw it in *The Mayo News*. A Harvest Thanksgiving it was called: I thought it a very nice thing to thank God for the harvest. A lot of the people of the parish were in it and so was **Canon Fitzgerald** and **Father Waldron** and **Father John Heneghan**. Father Waldron is killed with the cottages.

If you come in the Summer there's one night of old-time dancing in the hall every week. Mondays I think. They're coming from all over to it, there's a waltz competition for grown-ups and another for those under twenty-five. The best of it all is that the young crowd are learning it, they'd never had a chance only for this. **John F. O'Toole** and **Martina Durkan** won the younger competition and a couple name **Carter** from Westport won the senior. Will Carter waltz past Ted Kennedy do you think? Maybe it was the year before last those couples won; I'm a bit mithered now and Tommy Joe is gone to the town or he'd give me the whole low-down. Anyway it's time for me to stop: as Dadda said the day longo when I kept you waiting for the letter to post in the town, you'd think 'twas to Australia I was writing! The blood-pressure is normal enough now thank God, but the doctor has me warned to be careful. Everyone is giving me this cure and that cure, but you know the one cure I want. I was very sorry when you told me that Irene and you had broken up because she seemed such a good person from her letters. But isn't it better to break away now than after marrying like so many are doing. And sure maybe the Barnacarroll one would turn out just as nice or better! Anyway don't marry in haste to repent at leisure! I'll be praying for you, I always do. Thanks for the picture of the Pope, we got it framed since. If God spares me until you come we'll go to Knock together. I suppose you'll want to go to Barnacarroll to see her people but I can tell you I'll have no *grádh* ever again for that road. I might go out just for spite!

God bless you Austie, I'll be counting the days.

Your loving

*Mother.*

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## BLAS AR AN mBEAGÁN

Thárla rud íontach i mo bhaile dhúchais, Cluain Cearbán, le cúpla seachtain anuas; tháinig dream daoine as an mbaile le chéile agus é d'íntinn acu, a ndian-dícheall a dhéanú, an Ghaeilge a labhairt feasta gach uair a thiocfas an deis chuige. Déanaim có-gáirdeachas óm chroí leis an scuainín beag seo agus guidhim rath agus beannacht ar an gcúram atá tógtha acu orthu féin. Is beag duine fásta inniu (an bhfuil aoinne?) nar fhólaím an Ghaeilge agus é sa mbunscoil, agus is aonraic an té a fhágas an scoil sin, gan foclóir fada agus líomhacht láidir inti, aige, ach mo léan! is iar sin a thosnaíos an fhaillí. Níl a fhios agam faoi thalamh an domhain cén fáth: is ioma duine a thuigeann an Ghaeilge, ach toisc an easpa cleachtadh is dócha, ní thig leis a smaointe a nochtadh in a theanga dhúchais fhéin. Tá neart daoine sa bparóiste seo go mba mhian leo feabhas a chur ar labhairt na Gaeilge, agus is chun fóirrhint orthu siúd atá muintir "CÁIRDEAS" ag teacht le chéile chuile Chéadoin, san Halla Paróiste, chun deis a thabhairt dá chéile, an cleachtadh agus an comhrá a dhéanú gan cheartú, gan chúthail.

Bfhéidir go raibh an iomarca béim ar "dul na Gaeilge," agus ar an ngramadach go nuige seo, agus b'fhéidir fós gurb 'shin faoi ndeara an chúthaileacht nó an leisce a bhí ar dhaoine an méid Gaeilge a bhí acu a chur in úsáid. Anois, áfach, tig leis an té go bhfuil dúil aige inti, teacht i gcomhluadar le daoine atá ar chomhcéim leis fhéin agus an teanga a mhalartú leo — bíodh séolc, maith, nó measartha. Tosnófar le beannachtaí, foclaí a deirtear agus a deirtí leis na blianta fada, nuair a castaí daoine ar a chéile. Leanfar ar aghaidh le hainmneacha na ngnáth-rudaí atá i ngach teach agus ins na siopaí, b'fhéidir go dtabharfar iarracht ar mhion-drámaí a léiriú, fiú. Is gearr go músalófaí spéis ins na meáin chumarsáide, sa nuaíocht, sna cláracha Gaeilge ar raidio agus ar theilifís, agus dar ndóigh, i gcláracha dá-theagacha, ar nós 'Trom agus Éadtrom'.

Ní gá caighdeán an-árd a shantú, agus ní haon "tragóid" é úsáid a bhaint as an bhfocal Béarla, nuair a bhíonn duine i gcruach as. Na cainteoirí ó dhúchais fhéin, is ioma uair a chloisfeá an dá-theangachas uathu, m.sh.: "Gabh i leith anseo mo ghirlise"; nó "Gabhfaidh mé siar ar mo bhicycle", so ní haon náire dhúinne

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bearnaí a líonadh anseo agus ansiúd, agus i ndeire na dála, ní thig linn uilig a bheith foirfe. Tá súil agam féin nach fada uainn an lá go bhfeicimid fógraí 'sna siopaí, san halla, agus sa séipéal in ár dteanga dhúchais, nó fiú sa dá theanga, agus go gcloisfidimid an focal agus an bheannacht as Gaeilge ar an tsráid agus thart timpeall orainn.

Cuimhnimis ar an sean-fhocal adeir "Gan teanga gan tír"; agus déanaimis beart dá réir. Tá sé de dhualgas orainn an oidhreacht a tugadh dhúinn fhéin a shíneadh anall chuig an ghlún óg atá ag teacht aníos. Má cailltear an Ghaeilge, is orainne an locht. Gabhann an cultúr Gaelach uilig leis an teanga — na cluichí, an rinne, an ceol agus na h-amhráin, táid go léir fite-fuaite len' a chéile. Mar sin, bí i láthair gach oíche Chéadaoin i measc muintir "CÁIRDEAS", san halla paróiste, is cuma muna bhfuil agat ach focal amháin no péire, beidh deis agat cur leo. Is fíor go mbíonn gach tosnú lag, ach is fíor fós an seanfhocal eile "Ní neart go cur le chéile". Cífidh mé ann thú le cúnamh Dé, agus eadrainn cuirfidimid *blas* ar an mbeagán!

Cluain Cearbán

Clementín Bean Uí Laighin

## Óró Sé Do Bheatha Abhaile!

*The trend of emigration is still being reversed and An Choinneal welcomes back to the parish the following people after a long or short term away:*

Joseph and Mrs. McDonagh and family, Askelane  
 Doctor Eric and Kathleen Golden, Cahir  
 Peter and Mrs. Burns, Louisburgh  
 Tony and Mrs. Scanlon and family, Shraugh  
 Tony and Mrs. McCormack and family, Louisburgh  
 Anthony Jordan, Carrowniskey  
 Thomas and Mrs. Cannon and family, Doughmackeown  
 Eugene and Mrs. O'Malley and family, Doughmackeown  
 Desmond and Mrs. O'Malley and family, Roonith  
 John and Mrs. McGreal and family, Roonith  
 Frank and Sal O'Grady and family, Aillemore  
 Thomas and Mrs. Cox and family, Aillemore  
 Séamus and Mrs. Heneghan and family, Feenone  
 John and Mrs. Davitt and family, Shrahhrooskey  
 Paddy and Mrs. Philbin, Cahir  
 Eamonn O'Malley, Bunowen  
 John and Frances Morahan and family, Mooneen  
 Leo and Lucy Dyar and family, Mooneen  
 Liam and Mrs. McNamara and family, Chapel Street  
 Patsy and Anne O'Grady (nee Keane), Falduff  
 Michael O'Toole, Louisburgh

## GALLOPING MEMORIES

A custom which had a considerable amount of sport and excitement up to the turn of the century was the marriage races. Many thrilling fireside stories were told about those races held in Kilgeever parish, though only a few since 1900. Some of the stories were told to me by the late Thomas Tonra R.I.P. (Devlin).

As most of the marriage ceremonies were performed in Louisburgh, a horse-race would take place from the church to the home of the bride or groom or wherever the reception was to be held. Many of the entrants might not be invited guests, but as tradition had it, the competition was open to all interested. The only time that one of those races would not collect local interest was when the couple lived in the vicinity of the church and the distance to the reception venue would be too short. However if the bridal party had to travel from Louisburgh to, say, Killeen or Thallabawn, then such an event would be regarded as the Gold Cup of to-day! On such an occasion there would be great excitement in Louisburgh. The farmers participating would have their horses well "put up" in order to do the distance and a suitable rider found, usually a *stócach*, between fourteen and eighteen years — the difference between a boy and a man. It was many a one that wished he was never involved as the riders stood pale-faced waiting for the start.

The owners spoonfed their riders with the different tricks of the trade. "Don't shift the reins from one hand to the other": "Don't pass in front": "Don't let your horse into a *rochán* (meaning a wheel-track in the road, in case he might trip); and: "Don't, above all, let your backside touch the saddle, keep your weight off the horse's lung!" These were said over and over; there was no time to think of the rider's safety — that was a matter for himself. Of course in case of injury a tight pants would act as bandage until the doctor would arrive; a thick woollen cap was the next best thing to a crash-helmet, whereas having coins or silver in his pockets would only add to the pain if the worst happened and one of the riders had

a bad fall! Indeed the riders had many odds against him: broken girths and poor tackle often gave way under pressure leaving a riderless horse with reins dangling. I am sure such was the cause of much laughter along the routes. Advice was always sought after. Maybe an old man cleaning his pipe with a *traithnin* from the thatch could foretell the outcome of one of these events long before they would reach the finish!

### "Mad Catherine"

One of those events which was told to me and was regarded as the top event of its time was a marriage that took place in Louisburgh and the bridal party travelled by way of sidecar to the home of the groom in Kinnadoohey, six miles west of Louisburgh. As soon as the bride got onto the sidecar the horses lined up on the Square and as usual nearly half the population of Louisburgh shouted: "S-s-s! OFF!" The horses cantered down the street over the bridge and out of sight into the country. As they reached Furmoyle the favourite went into the lead. She was called "Mad Catherine"; she was owned by a family of Mannion's from Killadoon and ridden by a John Morrison. Morrison pushed on a hard as he could. But, as he neared Killeen, he was challenged for the lead by a Patrick Tierney from Aillemore. Tierney was on his own mount. Side by side they topped the hill of Killadoon. Tierney inching his way to the front eventually romped home an easy winner, although he had been a rank outsider. His mare was sold to a Patrick Burke of Roonkeel and went on to win many other events. The mare "Mad Catherine" got her name from a drunken tinker woman.

Another thrilling finish took place years later, also at a marriage in the same vicinity. The favourite this time was Martin O'Malley from Devlin. As the horses left Louisburgh, O'Malley found that he was being pressed by a Patrick Duffy from Cregganbawn. Duffy and O'Malley shared the lead six times, but as they reached the top of Killadoon Brae, it was anyone's race. However as they neared the finish, Duffy made one last bend to get in front and beat O'Malley by the bridle rings! There was no prize at the finish only to be recognized as having the best animal. Drinking, dancing and dining continued until early hours of the following day.

Now nearly one hundred and fifty years later one can look back at the great sportsmen of Louisburgh. Through their gaiety and happiness they made this parish a lovey place to remember.

May they all enjoy eternal peace!

Aillemore

Mary T. Murphy

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## THE OTHER WHITE HOUSE

Over the years I have been asked by many if I had ever heard of a White House in Thallabawn, who built it, who owned it. The answer is yes! But first I must go back a few years to shortly after the 1798 rising, when there was little law and order in backward areas of this country. Looting became widespread in many parts of rural Ireland particularly in the west. Crews of marauders or looters used to come down the Killary in boats to raid along the shore and all the way around the coast, even as far as my own native Devlin.

The band that concerns us was led by a great giant of a man called John Joyce. The names of the rest of the party are not known. They did not come from the village of Leenane, but, probably, from adjacent villages. They called into each farmhouse as they went along, taking a firkin of butter, some dried fish, eggs, an occasional goose or whatever, and potatoes were in great demand. They generally came in the fall of the year, in late harvest or early winter, when the farmers were digging their potatoes.

### Resistance

At that particular time, there was a man named Roger Kane who lived in the village of Duivillra. He tried to organize a group of his neighbours to oppose the marauders, but he didn't get much attention as the band of raiders were always well armed and they would inflict heavy casualties on those who resisted them or refused their demands. Kane, a determined man, said that he would stop one man whatever the results, and it would be up to all the other farmers to do what they could, themselves, to save their produce or property.

On a keen morning in early November four boats pulled in to the White Strand. It seemed that their leader, John Joyce, had given orders to the men, because each man took a cliabh or creel on his back and went to a different farmhouse. The big man, Joyce, went straight to where Roger Kane was digging his spuds and addressed him saying, "You have good spuds there and you will fill up this cliabh of them for me". But Kane didn't answer. "Hear what I've got to say — fill up this cliabh or else you'll get this", said Joyce, raising

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his hand-stick. Kane answered him. "If you try to interfere with my produce you'll get this", he said, leaving down the spade and going for his own stick which he had left hidden beside him.

So the two men fell fighting and after a short time Kane, being well skilled in the art of stick fighting, dropped Joyce's hand and made him drop the stick, and he gave him a sound thrashing. When Joyce was forced to run, leaving his stick and cliabh behind him, he was a well-beaten man. He went as far as the boats and lay on the ground until the rest of his party returned. When they saw their leader in such a state they must have considered that he required medical attention or that he was dangerously ill, because they put to sea and that was the last time the raiders ever came down along the Killary.

### **Fire**

Well if Roger Kane was a good stick fighting man, he was also very industrious, and he used to grow flax. In the harvest when the flax was out and thrashed, hackled and cloven, washed and bleached, it was always stored up in a dry place. The Kane family always stored their flax over the fireplace on three planks, where it remained dry and warm. There was a great market then for flax, and, I suppose, the housewife used to spin some of it for home use.

Now one night, when the man of the house was out and the older members of the family were attending stock, the good housewife was doing her work through the house. She needed a light as it was getting dark, so she lit a rush candle. This was made by peeling the green outside from a rush and, when the inside was dry, dipping it in tallow. While the woman of the house was about her work the cat got the smell of the tallow and approached it unknown to her, taking it in his mouth to eat it. When she found what the cat was doing she went to stop him, and he jumped on the back of a chair and from there to the top of a bed, that was in the kitchen, and then in among the flax. As everyone knows, flax, when dry, is very inflammable, and in seconds it was in a blaze. She rushed out and called her husband and help, but the house was on fire, and all they could do was save the bedclothes and a few bits of furniture. The house was burned, but in a few days the good neighbours came and roofed and scrawed and thatched it and the family was soon again back living in it.

### **Re-building**

It was a belief in those days that when bad luck crossed the threshold of a home, it would remain for seven years. So Roger Kane decided to build a new house, and, with the help of his good friends and neighbours, he made a great job of it. He gathered

cliabhs of shells which were plentiful along the Killary, and burned them into lime. I have seen shells burned and they make lime that is as white as chalk. Roger Kane plastered his house outside with the shell lime and whitewashed it and made a beautiful job of it. It was very rare, in those days, to have a house plastered on the outside. If a tenant made such improvements the landlord or his agent would consider that he could afford to pay more rent and generally his rent was raised. But Kane didn't pay any attention, he plastered his house and made a beautiful job of it. The house became a landmark — it could be seen from the sea and was widely known to the Connemara and Mayo fishermen as the White House of Thallabawn.

Roger Kane had a beautiful daughter, and she married a man named Tom Ruane who lived in Feenone in or about where Paddy Jordan now lives. He had only four acres of land, but he had a trade — he was a shoemaker and he used to fix horse saddles and bridles and pillions. With the help of the land and the trade he reared a family of five, all of whom emigrated and settled in Chicago. A few years ago, a grandson of theirs came home here to Ireland. He was enquiring where his grandmother, Mary Kane, and his grandfather, Tom Ruane, were buried. Our good friend, Tommie Andy Staunton, the Lord have mercy on him, whose own grandmother was a Ruane, was able to point out their grave in Killeen cemetery.

### **Superstition**

Coming back to the White House, people in those days were very superstitious. Whenever they built any building, outhouse or else, they always put a less valued animal in it for a time to see what would happen, to see if it would be lucky. Roger Kane's friends advised him to put a cat in the new house for a while before he started to live there himself. He did this, and the next morning the cat was dead. I don't know how true that part of the story is but one thing is certain, Roger Kane or his family never lived in that house and it remained as a store barn until the eviction.

When they had to move out, like all the neighbours, they brought the roof off the building with them, and the walls remained intact for a time. Most of the stones were taken away to build the house and outoffices of Johnnie Ruddy, the Lord have mercy on him — that is where Michael Burke, of Ugool, and his family now live. Today the foundation of the house can still be seen. And any of you, readers, who wish to, can go and see it, and walk inside the walls and sit on the ground, as I did, and you can proudly tell your friends that you took a seat in the White House!

Devlin

James Murphy



*TURNING THE SOD — for the advance factory which is to be built at Cahir. Mr. Denis Gallagher, then Minister for the Gaeltacht, uses the spade.*

Photo—Liam Lyons



*Sister Regina (Durkan, Bunowen), Principal of Carysfort Training College, with Bishop Cathal Daly (left) and Archbishop Ryan at the opening of a new wing in the College, 24 November 1977.*

Photo—Irish Press

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## IMPRESSIONS

When I was a young lad, there were not many aeroplanes or motor cars. When occasionally one came in sight we watched it till it was out of sight. Back in Bunowen where I was born fifty years ago, life was really quiet and serene. The world was headed for a depression which would last for over ten years, and to aggravate the already bad situation, Fianna Fáil came into power in 1932 and proceeded to defy certain conditions of an ignominious treaty imposed on the country ten years previously by characters like Winston Churchill and Lloyd George, with threats of total and terrible war on the civilian population. Well, as I recall it, DeValera refused to take the oath of allegiance to the King of England or to pay annuities for land taken from us by conquest in the first place; and so the English decided to teach him a lesson and would not buy our cattle — the only product we had to sell at the time. We couldn't do much about this because the English owned the ports and we had no shipping. This was also part of the infamous treaty imposed by threats and blackmail so once again we were driven to the edge of starvation by our powerful and friendly neighbour, who decimated the country seventy-five years prior to this by shipping out our cattle and allowing the people to die by the thousands.

Which brings me to September 1939. The Germans had bombed Warsaw on Friday, September 1st and invaded Poland to start World War II. Sunday, September 3rd, England declared war on Germany and Killkenny played Cork in the All Ireland hurling final in a torrential down-pour. I'm sure Killkenny won. We went back to school on September 4th and I remember the master giving a little speech:

### Taking sides

"Boys", he said, "I'm sure you all know that England is at war with Germany. Hands up all here who would like to help Hitler crush the British". Every hand in the room shot up, with the exception of one. "Now", the master said, "hands up all who would like to help the English". Not one showed. I asked my classmate afterwards why he didn't put his hand up to help the English and he said: "I

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don't like the English either, but I think they are better than the Huns". We were ten years old at the time but some lads do have a mind of their own even at ten. His name was James Foy from Tooreen. He was the only one in the class who was a natural at the Irish language. It came to him so easy. I often wonder how he'd have made out as a linguist. Well, he's dead these many years, God rest his soul! We were definitely anti-British in our school. There wasn't much action the first year but the German U-boat packs were putting down thousands of tons of British shipping in the Atlantic and we celebrated each victory and I remember the mighty British Navy was getting hit badly too. We had celebrations when the Germans sank *The Royal Oak* and *The Ark Royal* and I remember a U-boat captain cut his way into the impenetrable defences of Scapa Flow and sank six ships one night.

We had waited a long time for this. It mattered little that we had cousins in the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force and all branches of the British service, we exulted in each British defeat or calamity, as if it was our personal victory. In our hearts we repeated what the Irish Brigade screamed in their final assault on the British lines at Fontenoy: "Revenge! Remember Limerick! Dash down the Sassenach!".

#### Arrivals

When the Germans began to bomb the English cities some people came home. One who did was a little chap with black eyes that seemed to sparkle all the time, and curly black hair which came down over his collar. He was married to my cousin and lived across the river from our house. His father-in-law didn't take kindly to him at all. At first he said: "I thought he was a poet"; and then he said: "I reckoned he must be some kind of a musician". He was neither; but he was in fact an excellent acrobat, having spent a lot of his time like many of the unemployed Irish around the athletic clubs in the big cities of England. He could walk on his hands and hang like a monkey off the rafters and do all kinds of tricks to the extent that myths grew up around him and he was credited with doing impossible deeds like his neighbour, Johnny, said: "I declare to God, I seen him cycle up the telephone pole cross the wire and down the other pole!" Frank Fallon would swear that he flew across the bog in Collacoan for a bet!

One thing he did have was a great sense of humour and he was a super-optimist. I spent a lot of my young life with him and he kept me laughing all the time. He had an ass which he called "The Blue" and to which he attributed great powers of speed, endurance and even levitation. He claimed that when occasion demanded it in a

real bad bog she could actually walk on water. We were taking out the two bottom spit one evening in Collacoan and he said to my brother: "Would you throw the straddle and cleaves on "The Blue" and fill up a load of good turf that I can take home with me?" We finished out and got up on the bank but there was no sign of my brother or "The Blue". We looked around and he spotted them a half a mile away on his own bog. He said: "Glory be to God it's probably the only bank on the mountain you couldn't even fill a basket of clods!" So he whistled him back up and said: "I'm afraid, Liam, this college education is not the thing in the bog! Didn't you see that stack across the road from you and don't you know very well Jamsey Scanlon would be angry if he knew I didn't bring him home a load and discuss its fine quality over a hot cup of tea with my good wife?"

#### New Year Band

There was a custom we had on New Year's Eve: around midnight we used to assemble and wake up the town as best we could with whatever noise-makers were available. One particular New Year's Eve, we found the roof of an old car that Con Ryan (R.I.P.) used to own. Paddy Kenny, William Durkan and myself carried it through the streets and all the younger kids banged on it with every available stick and iron as a waker device. It was very successful and when we were finished we hung it on a sign-post at Morrisons' Corner. During the night, the wind blew it and the sign post right across the street! We had a very alert Garda Sergeant in town at the time and apparently he made a New Year's resolution to wipe out all crime and criminal activities in the area! Ruthlessly, Paddy Kenny, William Durkan and I were summoned to court. I had a problem: going to court didn't bother me; it was telling my father that did. I consulted my friend as to how I'd handle the problem and as always he was very wise in his advice. He said: "You'll wait till the next fair day. I'll make sure Willie has at least four pints or more and you won't have any difficulty breaking the news around seven o'clock in the evening". Unfortunately, the court day was before the fair day, so when I told him this he said: "Then you'll have to face the music, the best way you can. Willie will do a lot of shouting but don't say a word. He'll be all right after".

As it turned out, the three fathers hired J. C. Garvey and paid him two pounds to defend us. Judge Coyne and Garvey had a laugh about it and the case was dismissed. Garvey gave back a pound, so it cost us six-and-eight-pence a piece to redeem our honour. The *Mayo News* printed the story with the headline: "Louisburgh Boys Hang Band on Pole".

## Nostalgia

There's a place called "Green Harbour" on the inside of Cape God Bay about forty miles south of Boston. I sit there and watch the boats go in and out listening to the Irish music programmes on Saturdays when the frost is out of the ground, and it's the time of the singing of the birds. I get nostalgic, and occasionally, a tear comes to my eye when I think of it all. One of my girls often sits with me. One day she spotted a tear drop. She said: "Why are you crying?" I didn't have any answer and she said: "Is it because your mother used to sing sad songs to you when you were a little boy?" And I suppose that was as good an answer as any!

I often think of my friend with the black hair and black eyes. His name was Johnny Murphy, he was the most unforgettable character in my life. There would be those who would say he wasn't much good, but to me he was always there for advice, and he always steered me right. He'd say: "You do what I tell you; because I tried it the other way and it was the wrong way, so I know". And always there was the joke to keep one laughing. He came to the parish in bad times but he brought a lot of mirth and joy into my life and into many others. May God rest his soul! I still think one day I'll walk down by the ball-alley and meet him coming around the corner with a joke that will keep me laughing all day.

Worcester, Mass.

John Durkan

## Fáilte Isteach!

*An Choinneal* joins with parishioners to welcome to the parish community the following people who have come to set up home among us:

Michael and Eithne Viney and family, to Thallabawn  
Albert and Mrs. Saunders, to Killadoon  
Derek and Philomena Taylor and family, to Killadoon  
Chris and Mrs. Harper and family, to Louisburgh  
Vincent and Nuala O'Loughlin and family, to Cahir  
P. J. McGrath, to Cahir  
Brendan and Mrs. Byrne and family, to Louisburgh  
Charlie and Mrs. Scott to Clew Bay Hotel, Chapel Street

Go maire siad i bhfad!

## THE BAND FROM THE WEST

I had been reading *An Choinneal* of 1975 and saw that the editor asked for the story of the band from "The West" that marched to Louisburgh on Saint Patrick's Day 1918.

As far as I remember it was during the years of the first World War that the band was in action. The boys of Kinnadoohey and Devlin and two or three from Thallabawn decided to get up a band. That was at the time before "The Farm" in Thallabawn was repopulated: it was about the year 1915. There were more than a dozen players and a good many to follow up. It was a big undertaking for only two villages and two or three houses in Thallabawn. They didn't have a hall or meeting place either. They considered that the old Church in Gowlawn would be suitable: the slated roof was intact at the time and it didn't need much repair. Two or three of the leaders decided to approach the parish priest, Father Thomas Healy (R.I.P.) for permission to use it. The priest received them kindly. He told them he had no objection to them getting up a band. But he told them also that he would be pleased if they could provide an alternative meeting place. He told them also what they hadn't known, that Gowlawn Church — with only one other church in the archdiocese — had the honour of being consecrated in olden times. All others were only dedicated. So they were very glad to take his advice and procured a Council cottage — one of two rooms and a kitchen — as a meeting place.

### Finance

The big task then was to collect money for drums big and small, for brass cymbals and all equipment. In late October three boys got up at dawn of day and walked to Ugool. They signalled a canoe fishing on the Killary to take them across to Connemara, and then they went into the villages of Rosrúa, Mullaghgloss, Gloshillaun and others. They got a royal welcome: money in every house and all the refreshments they needed from the lobster fishermen that used to come down along the coast. The two men left them across the bay again. They walked the seven or eight miles home, tired and happy to have enough money for their enterprise.

## Tutor

What they needed most was somebody to instruct them how to play the flutes. They procured an O'Malley man from Bunowen for two weeks to instruct them. While they were practising they used to march and play, going past our house on the way home. Then it was two or three years after after they got up the band that the big day — Saint Patrick's Day, 1918 — came. They marched to Killeen and after eleven o'clock Mass started for Louisburgh marching and playing all the way. They marched and played the four streets of the town, and then stood on the Square and played all their tunes before starting the six or seven miles home after getting some refreshments before leaving.

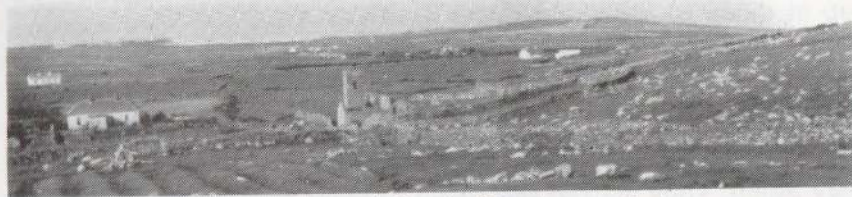
## Disintegration

In the years after the 1918—'19 period all band marching was suppressed. All the band's drums had to be hidden away until they deteriorated and were never fit to be used again. More than half the number of boys emigrated to America between 1918—'23. John Davitt and Anthony Garvan were two of the leaders and collectors: John died in Clinton at the age of eighty-four, and Anthony died in Boston at seventy-eight. Jim McDonnell died in Thallabawn at seventy-six and John Gibbons in New York in his sixties. Michael Flynn and Tommie died in Boston. Pat Mack has died at the age of eighty-six. John Davitt was my brother. May God rest all of them! I have forgotten a good many other names but a few are still living: John McDonnell, a retired Garda, lives in Dublin; and John Mack lives in Chicago.

It is now over sixty years since that band was in existence. I still remember how we used to stand outside our house in Kinnadoohey listening to them playing as they passed by. It was delightful to hear them and I can still remember some lines from one of the first tunes they played, "Let Erin remember the days of old".

Aitinaveen

Mrs. Brigid Gallagher



Western vista, with Gowlan Church as sentinel.

Photo—Liam Lyons

## KITH AND KIN

*In continuing this feature we publish, as promised in our last issue, the Walsh-Gallagher family tree compiled by Sister Mary James Walsh, Emmanuel College, Boston. Our great regret is that it is technically impossible for us to reproduce the accompanying artwork in Sister James's original presentation. — Editor*

### The Walsh Gallagher Family Tree

Flowers and Fruits — families on the family tree:

#### Walsh:

Walsh, Hester, O'Malley, O'Toole, Burke, O'Malley, Tiernan, Mullahy, O'Grady, Joyce, Coleman, Finn, McGrath, Walsh.

#### Gallagher:

Gallagher, O'Toole, Gibbons, O'Malley, Berry, O'Dea, Scahill, Grady, Lyons, Durkin, O'Donnell, O'Connor, Gallagher, Morrison, Keane.

#### Mottoes (on coats of arms):

Walsh — *Transfixi — non Mortui* (Pierced but never dead!)

Gallagher — *Mea Gloria Fides* (My glory is my faith)

The Walsh motto indicates *warriors*; the Gallaghers *christians*. So the combination of crests is: *Christian Warriors*.

The Branches and their members

### WALSH-DOUGHMACKEOWN

My grandfather, Patrick Walsh and grandmother, Brigid Gallagher had the following children:

**Patrick Walsh** (Doughmackeown) — settled in the old homestead.

Most of his large family died early. Among the children were: Patrick, Thomas (young man, studying for the priesthood), James, Walter (only living member, in Kildare; only bearer of this Walsh family name in Ireland), Ellie (Mrs. James Mullahy, Bundoran), who has the following children: Desmond (New York), Donald (Dublin), Mrs. Dorothy McGloin (Bundoran), Mrs.

Dympna McCallion (Sligo), Mrs. Nuala Slevin (Ballyshannon), Mrs. Madeleine Kelly (Mullingar), Mrs. Irene McLoughlin (Dublin). All seven have families.

**Thomas Walsh** (Uncle Tom, Malden, Mass.) married Jennie McLoughlin and settled in Malden. They had two children: Mary Helena (died aged thirteen), Catherine (worked in office of Boston and Maine railroad for years).

**James Patrick Walsh** (My beloved father, Dorchester, Mass.) — came to U.S. as a young man and married Margaret Logan (Antrim). Settled in Dorchester. They had six children: James (Father James, S.J.), Professor of Theology at Fairfield University, Conn. where he died, 20 May 1977  
Helen (James's twin) married Thomas McGrath, Concord, Mass. She has one son, Captain Thomas McGrath Jr., U.S. Air Force California, who has three children: (Margaret Mary; died as a baby; Mary Elizabeth — Sister Mary James S.N.D. — Emmanuel College, Boston; Thomas, married, lives in Lynnfield Center, Mass. Vice-president of John Hancock Ins. Co.; retired 1975; he has one son, Doctor Peter J. Walsh, M.D. Kentfield, who has three girls and a boy)  
Agnes (Concord) married George Coleman and has six children: Robert (Waltham) who has three children, Mrs. Julie Burns (North Scituate), Mrs. Helen Russo (Natick), George Jr. (Waltham), Philip (Concord), Joseph (Waltham).

#### WALSH-DOUGHMACKEOWN

My Father's sisters and their children, my cousins are:

**Catherine Walsh** (Mrs. Michael Hester) Doughmackeown had these children:

Michael (Doughmackeown), William (R.I.P.), Patrick (R.I.P.), Mrs. Mary Jennings, U.S.A., (R.I.P.)  
Mrs. Catherine Conroy, N. Quincy, Mass.

Mrs. Annie Tierney Quincy, who has a family of several children  
Margaret (Doughmackeown)  
Mrs. Brigid O'Grady (R.I.P., Crickeen) whose children are: Michael, John, James, Mary.

**Maria Walshe** (Mrs. Michael O'Malley) Askelane has three sons (in England: Thomas, Michael, Patrick

**Ellen Walshe** (Mrs. William Burke) Feenone, who has a son James

**Brigid Walshe** (Mrs. John O'Toole) Roonith whose children were: Joseph, Patrick, (R.I.P.) Timothy (R.I.P. Woburn, Mass.), and Brigid

**Anne Walshe** (Mrs. Patrick O'Malley) Curra had seven children: Mrs. Mary O'Malley R.I.P. who had six girls and one boy; among them: Anne Marie (England), Helen (R.I.P., England), Mrs. Kathleen Sheehan (Limerick) who has one son; and Edward (only son), Beatrice (Mrs. Patrick Finn) who had ten children: Anne Marie (married), Patrick (married), Bunny, Helen, Kathleen, Mrs. Margaret Green who has a family, Alice, Martin, Evelyn, and another boy) and Ted who married Bridie Garrity of Allston, Mass. and whose four children are: Eddie (m. Maryann McMahan; one girl Shannon Marie) Jimmie (m. Bernadette Walsh; lives in Walpole); Jackie (m. Mary Jane Doherty; one son Michael; Newtownville, Mass.) and Peggy (m. Richard Green; three girls — Kerry Ann, Stacey Marie, Kimberly Lyn; South Harwich Cape Cod).

Pat Joe O'Malley married Nora McDonnell and settled in Curra. Their children were: Anne Marie (England: married: one child), Desmond (England, married), Nora (Dublin), James (Curra) and Edward (England)

Helen O'Malley (Waltham, Mass.)

Edward O'Malley (Ned) married Breda Hans; lives in Dublin  
Kathleen (Mrs. Thomas Oldman) Coventry, England, who has three children; Patrick (Coventry, married; three children), Annie Marie (Mrs. Stephen Price-Bates (London) and Tommie (Coventry)

#### Gallagher-Aitinaveen

Michael Gallagher (Grandmother's brother, my granduncle) married and settled in Aitinaveen. He had the following children: Michael II (Aitinaveen), Patrick (Louisburgh) Thomas (Waltham, Mass.), Mrs. Brigid O'Malley (Roonith), Mary (Sister Mary Hyacinth, O.S.F., U.S.A.), Mrs. Ellen Berry (Polgloss), Mrs. Catherine O'Dea (Brighton, Mass.), Mrs. Annie Scahill (Louisburgh), and Mrs. Honor Gibbons (Roonith)

The children of each of these in turn are:

- 1) Michael II, who married Brigid Davitt:  
Brigid (Furmoyle) married Redmond Lyons; their children are: Tommie, Mary, Christine, Anne, Redmond, Patrick, Nora;  
Michael III, married Margaret Fergus and their children are: Michael IV and Noel; (Aitinaveen)  
Patrick, married Gertrude O'Grady; four children: Lucy, Norita,

Brendan (Belclare, Westport)

Mary, married John Wall; three children: Brendan, Michael, Edward; Ellie, living in Chesterfield

- 2) Patrick Gallagher (Louisburgh) had a large family: John (England), James (R.I.P.), Annie (R.I.P.), Joe (Louisburgh, now in Galway), Doctor Bernard (Cavan), Mrs. Mary Bruen (U.S.), Mrs. Kathleen O'Malley (Maam, Galway), Bridgie (R.I.P.)
- 3) Annie Gallagher married Patrick Scahill, Louisburgh. They had two sons: Right Reverend Monsignor Thomas Scahill (R.I.P.) California, Very Reverend Charles Canon Scahill, P.P., Balla, County Mayo
- 5) Ellen Gallagher married Michael Berry, Polgloss. Their children are: Michael (U.S.), Tony, Sarah, Ellie (England), James, Mary (R.I.P.)
- 6) Brigid Gallagher married Patrick O'Malley (Johnnie), Roonith. their children are: Mrs. Brigid O'Malley, Tallabawn (three children: Tommie, Padraic and Mary); Mrs. Katie Joyce, Carrowniskey (seven children: Mrs. Breda O'Connell, Austie, Pat, John, Mrs. Ann O'Connor, Mrs. Kathleen Cullen, Mrs. Mary Bennett); Michael O'Malley, Roonith; John O'Malley (U.S.); and Mary Ellen O'Malley who married Pat Gibbons of Kinnadoohey and whose children are: Paddy (R.I.P.), Michael, Annie (U.S.) and Mary O'Malley (Cross) who has nine children.

In the older generation in Aitinaveen there were also:

- a) James Gallagher who had three sons: Tom Pat and James; and three daughters: Mary, Katherine and Brigid
- b) Tom Gallagher settled in Cahir and had these children: John (Cahir), William (Dorchester, Mass.), Kathleen (Cahir), Mary Ellen Mrs. Durkan (Louisburgh); Teresa (Mrs. O'Donnell, who has a son a priest) Annie (Mrs. O'Connor) County Kerry, Delia (Mrs. John Walshe, has a son a priest) Worcester, Nora (Mrs. John O'Connor) Medford U.S.A. All of these have families.
- c) James Gallagher settled in Aitinaveen and married Brigid Gibbons. Their family are: James, Pat, Tom and John.
- d) Patrick Gallagher settled in Aillmore marrying Margaret Gibbons: they have two daughters, Nellie (Mrs. James O'Grady, Feenone) who has twenty children, including one priest, and Nora (Mrs. James Gibbons, Mylie) who have nine children

#### WALSH-DOUGHMACKEOWN

**Mary Walsh** (Grandfather's sister) married Austin Tiernan (Doughmackeown) and they had these children: John, who had six children — Father Michael, Father Willie, Austin, Thomas, Mary, Mrs. Mary Prendergast, Mrs. Margaret Lyons  
Michael had ten children, among them: Mary, Maggie (R.I.P.), Mrs. Anne Kate Hennelly, Austin, Pat, James, John, Mrs. Ellie Donnelly, Mary (R.I.P.), Mrs. Annie Conway (England)  
James had six children: Mary, Maggie (R.I.P.), Mrs. Anne Kate Hennelly, Johnnie, Austin (U.S.A.), Michael.  
Patrick (Kilmaine) had five children: Austin, Michael, Thomas, John, Maud.  
Austin (U.S.) had four children: Mary, Sheila and two boys  
Ann (Mrs. O'Toole) had four children: Tommie, Austin, Mrs. Nora O'Dea, Mrs. Winnie Hester.  
Brigid (Mrs. O'Malley) had seven children: John, Willie, Pat, Austin, Brigid, Mary, Kate.  
Catherine (Mrs. Moran) had nine children: Pat, Peter, Michael, Joe, John, Mrs. Annie Gibbons, Mrs. Nora O'Malley, Bridgie, Maisie.

#### GALLAGHER-AITINAVEEN

Brigid Gallagher (my Grandmother) had four brothers and two sisters: Michael, James, Patrick; all settled in Aitinaveen  
Thomas went to England; joined R.I.C. force  
Mary (Mrs. Patrick O'Toole) Roonith, who had these children: Mrs. Kate Murphy, and  
Mrs. Maria Gibbons (m. James Pat Mylie) whose children were: Mrs. Lena O'Malley (Dorchester), Mary (Cahir), Mrs. Kate Nicholson (Bunowen), Mrs. Nonie McGuinness (Claremorris), Mrs. Ann Feehan (Kilmeena)  
Catherine (Mrs. Michael Keane) Aillmore, who had these children: John, Went to U.S.A.  
Pat, who married Margaret Morrison and lived in Aillmore. They had two daughters, Mrs. Mary Needham (Aillmore) and Katie, who lives with Mary's son in Aillmore  
Mary (Mrs. James Gibbons) Bunowen who had three children: Mary Kate, Sarah (B.A.), Mrs. Margaret Doyle (who has three children.

#### OTHER RELATIVES ON THE WALSH SIDE

John Tiernan (James) married Greta McNamara and had six children: Jimmy, John, Michael, Mrs. Mary French, Margaret Ann. All are married and have families.

John Tiernan (Michael) married Nora Prendergast. They have six children: Michael, Padraic (married, one child), John, Tim, Mary, Sheila.

Austin O'Malley married Ann Gibbons; their children are all married, including Francis O'Malley in Doughmackeown with six children.

Pat O'Malley married A. Gibbons and settled in Emlagh. They have eight children including Michael, who settled in Emlagh and has four children.

Michael Moran married Sarah McNamara and has two sons: John (m. Mary Sheridan; three children); Michael (m. Bridie Prendergast; five children)

Joe Moran married Alice O'Malley and has three children: John (England, married, with family), Joe (Falduff) and Mrs. Mary Mulvey, Collacoan; three children)

#### **OTHER RELATIVES ON THE GALLAGHER SIDE**

Mary Keane married John Morrison; they had five children: John, Michael, James, Paddy, and May.

*After all that ramification of tribal branches, Sister Mary James declares that she has quite a bit of work to do still on her family tree! Despite the necessarily inartistic form in which it must be produced on the printed page this tree shows the colossal work that has been done in tracing the branches; and to anyone with the slightest "nature" it shows how rewarding such a tree would be within the members of the extended family. Perhaps some other reader would wish to undertake a similar project for his own kith and kin, and if it is equally carefully researched, to present it for publication so that our readers may enjoy it as much as they will undoubtedly relish the family tree of the "Christian Warriors"!* Editor

## **Fading lights**

Since the appearance of our last issue the grim reaper has taken many loyal and active supporters and contributors to *An Choinneal*. The list includes the names of Jimmy Mannion, Mrs. Mollie McConville, James Sammin, Mrs. Brigid A. Morahan, John McGrail, Father Michael Wallace, John McIlhoney (one of our first foundation members), Austin Carr and Martin O'Reilly.

May their *Coinneals* burn brightly in their new home!

It is our considered policy not to attempt to publish appreciation of our recently-departed friends, but rather to keep their memory alive by thoughtful well-turned articles in the ensuing years. We would welcome such for future recurring issues.

## **LETTER FROM SEÁN**

*Dear Mother,*

Now that Christmas is over and we are settling into a new year I thought I would take my pen in hand once again. I hadn't a minute to spare since last October and I know you will be sorry to hear of all the old stalwarts that passed away since then. **Mary O'Malley** from the Harbour in Clinton (that used to be Mary Mack from Carramore, she was in her middle nineties) and **Dominick McGrail** from Derrygarve. He used to be a policeman in the City here, he was a good age too; and **Austin Carr** from Ballyhip, I don't think he made a hundred but he was close enough to it. He lived in Framingham where **Lucinda, Julia, and Anne** reside and nicer people you couldn't visit. **Pat McNally** is still going strong. I think he is a hundred-and-three now, that's Pat from the West who also lives in Framingham; and I know you'll be heart-broken to hear of **Austie Burke's** death. He'll be praying for all of us up there, I never knew of a holier man in my time, you'll be sure to tell Aunt Theresa, he used to stand beside her in Accony school-house in the days of Gerry and Bidy. Wasn't it nice that he had some from the old village visit him just before he died? **Thady Mike** was here and **Tony Maille's** wife and he was well enough to recognize them and have a little joke before he passed on. Well so much for those passed on, I want to say to you that one and all they were a credit to the parish that bore them and I hope some can say as much for me when my time comes. God rest them all!

I want to tell you of a nice visit I had with an old friend, **Paddy Scanlon** of the town. He lives in New York, he's an executive with an Insurance Firm down there and was here to visit his cousin, **Austie Cannon**. Well we covered a lot of ground, he used to be quite the athlete when he went to Mount Saint Joseph in Roscrea. Rugby and long-distance running were his speciality, I can remember some good boxing matches he and **Tommy Harney** from the Square had in the old school at home. I spoke to **Mary O'Malley** of the Bridge the other day, she just got back after a visit home for the Christmas and she filled me in on a lot of the home news, mainly about new houses being built all over the place and people getting jobs in factories and

in the Civil Service, a good healthy sign of the times. In my time there were more boards nailed across doors and windows than foundations being dug! Thank God that's all changed, and the younger generation, they are great.

I spent a few days at the ocean in the Summer with the **Durkan's** of Bunowen. Johnny's oldest lad, about fifteen or so took me out in his boat each morning and lifted lobster-pots and we killed a few coalfish before we came in each day. We even dug sand-eels and picked carageen moss. They scrape it off the rocks here with drags like we used to clean the drains with and they can sell it wet! Remember all the work we had bleaching it? Well I had a grand time; made me think of **Martin Duffy** and **Michael** and **Martin Friel** and **Finn Grady** and **Anthony McHale** and all the fishermen we used to know, not forgetting **John Needham** of Bunowen. You'll give him my regards. I am very sorry to hear of **James Sammon (Reilly's)** death. I had heard he was coming to visit his sister here in the Fall and was looking forward to meeting him. We used to have great crack now and again. I met his sister **Mrs. Gibbons** from Cloonlaura and her son here the previous year. You asked about **John O'Malley** of Doughmackeown: yes he did have an accident but not near as bad as you heard. All the children are fine. I used to see him a lot at the handball but he took up racket-ball about a year ago with a lot of doctors in the building where he works and I warned him: "Don't lose touch with us common people, it can happen very easy. Also you could lose the use of your good left arm and hand with that old racket ball!"

There were a few more you inquired about and I do meet all of them occasionally at wakes and functions. **Pat Davitt** and his wife and the other **Baynes** woman from Durless that's married to the Kerrigan man from Owenwee. The three **Durkans** from Bunowen, **Sara, Josie** and **Catherine**, they are all well and nice to visit. **Maggie Mack** from Carramore and her two daughters (who are so nice you would swear they were born in Carramore that's **Margie** and **Rosemary**) and the two **Coyne** girls from Aillemore and Cross, **Mary Jo** and **Mary Margaret**. Do you know to this day Mary Margaret claims there were enough singers in Killeen for the Corpus Christi procession without bringing out a bunch of dunces from the town to help them! You'll tell Father Leo his good friend **John P. McGrail** from Berlin passed away but I'm sure he'll have heard of that from Clinton people. God rest him he was a great man for the geneology he could trace relationships back five generations.

It's late. I'll say cheerio for now. Do write when you get a chance.

Love *Seán.*

*An Choinneal* 88

## KEEP YOUR WORD

Questions are on page 28.

1. *Butún* means the hind-quarters, animal or even human. The word is useful as a term of disparagement when one wishes to avoid vulgarity.
2. *Buailteán* is part of the old threshing-flail, that part which is swung aloft and comes down to beat the sheaf. The basic Irish word, *buail*, means 'to beat'.
3. *Caoran* is a clod of turf. When you sit before an open fire whose embers glow and glow, it's probable that this is because the fire was replenished with *caorans*.
4. A *cladhaire* is a rogue — in that gentlest and most smiling sense. So it is often used in the vocative to someone who has tried to play a trick on the speaker. "Get away, a *chladhaire*, you won't fool me!" Or a card-playing "You're a real *cladhaire*, the way you hit me every time!"
5. *Coicín* is a hair-style in which a woman's hair (perhaps a man's also, nowadays?) is tied in a "bun" at the back of the head; a modified chignon.
6. The *climirt* is the last part of the milking; the "strippings". The word can be applied figuratively to the last part of any supply — most delightfully perhaps when one refers to the youngest of a family (better still, twins!) as "the *climirt*"!
7. *Dathúil* means handsome. Present-day criterions of beauty may not concur, because *dath* is the Irish word for 'colour'. *Dathúil*, then, means "colour-some".
8. *Dóideog* is not a pipe; that's a *dúidin*. It is an awkward lump — especially a large ungainly sod of turf. But it could be an out-sized boot, or word, or person. Indeed, on second thoughts and in view of some known samples, a pipe might also be a *dóideog*!
9. *Giotarlóg* means a small piece of something — of bread, of cloth, etc. The word is obviously related to the Irish word *giota* (a bit) but it is not itself included in modern Irish dictionaries. A

particularly Louisburgh usage refers to a small or young person who is inadequate for some responsibility. "What could you expect from a *giotarló* of a girl!"

10. *Leib* almost gives its meaning if pronounced carefully. A *leib* is a half-wit. It conjures vague images of a large man (not a woman) who has been sent on an important errand or chore but wanders round bewilderedly not knowing where to begin or whom to ask. Note the usage though: "he's there of a *leib* with his mouth open". The *leib* has cousins — the *pleic*, the *amadán*, the *leath-dhuine*, etc. of varying I.Q.
11. *Liúdrámán* is a drone: it is the correct name for the male of the honey-bee. Social historians will be fascinated to find that the more common use of the word in Louisburgh is to indicate a fool — another cousin of the *leib*! In other words, our ancestors equated the idler and the fool!
12. *Seafóid* is nonsense. Besides its general use, it is also applied to the childish ramblings which sometimes accompany old age. Used as an interjection after somebody's contribution at a public meeting the term is almost equivalent to withdrawal of ambassadors!
13. *Scriltheach* is an untidy person; of a very precise description, however. The essence of *scriltheach*-hood is frayed edges — of cuffs, of trouser-ends and of hems on skirts or on coats. One (historical) quotation catches the idea: "Mary, why would a tidy girl like you marry that out' *scriltheach*!"
14. *Somachán* is a term of endearment. Not for a close friend or relation, however; it refers to a likeable young person. Ideally the young person should be rather heavy in build and of a genial disposition — the kind of youngster (male, usually) you could imagine coming to your door with a pleasant message or to volunteer help. The modern Irish dictionary (Ó Dónaill) describes a *somachán* as 'a plump youngster'.
15. *Súghán* is part of a donkey's creel. Now to be exact: you know what a *párdóg* is? and you remember the *túnóg* of a *párdóg*? Do you recall the *gabhlóg* that kept the *túnóg* of the *párdóg* in place? Well then, the end of the *gabhlóg* went into the *súghán*. Of course if you were born east of Falduff or west of Ugool just accept that a *súghán* is a looped *gad* used on a *cliabh*.

As the reader can see the source of such words is still fertile! We would, however, welcome any such word that sticks in your memory.

## Ripples

Tremendous wave crescendous  
over-ride the limits of universe.

Tide of living presence withdraws,  
eluding stilled shores.

Fleeting effusion of ebb and flow  
motions infinite ripples of thought  
that evoke everlasting communion with words.

Can universal medium  
transcend its own means  
of conveying infinity?

Chapel Street

Alexandra Lyons

## Carramore

There is a place in the west that is heaven to me  
just a mile behind Louisburgh, and skirting the sea,  
where Clew Bay's blue water in deep-studded sail,  
sweeps up by Clare Island of famed Graunuaile.  
How often I pined in a far, foreign land,  
to stroll once again o'er your smooth, golden strand;  
and the skylarks at morn from their silver throats pour,  
o'er the white roads that wind themselves around Carramore.

II.  
Oh, how pleasant at evening to stroll down by "the ling",  
with the call of the sea-birds coming in on the wing;  
the salmon and white trout disporting at will,  
and the ball-alley nestling 'neath the brow of the hill;  
the fishermen laden coming up from the shore,  
and the old folk conversing across the half-door,  
that memory abides in New York's traffic roar;  
from the white roads that wind themselves around Carramore.

III.  
And there on an evening in the year '21,  
When four of my comrades were "out on the run",  
we were planning an ambush at next morning's dawn,  
when surprised by the "Tans", at nearby Askelane;  
They fought with grim courage as the shots echoed o'er,  
the white roads that wind themselves around Carramore.

IV.  
And if I ever go back there I'm sure I shall find  
the young folk unchanged, and the neighbours still kind;  
when nearing old Louisburgh (where I went to school,  
to a kindly old master, who knew every rule)  
my heart will go a flutter, and ne'er more will roam,  
from the white roads that wind themselves around Carramore.

Coolmakeen, Claremorris

Martin J. O'Reilly



## Twilight on Clew Bay

In the twilight of a Summer's Eve  
 One evening in July  
 Calm was the great ocean  
 Beneath the dark blue sky;  
 A gentle breeze was blowing  
 As I strayed along the shore  
 And the evening dew was falling  
 On the Banks of Carramore;  
 The mountain stream above me  
 Did gently wind its way  
 Down to the valleys far beneath  
 That lie along Clew Bay.

The ripple on the water's edge  
 Kept tossing on the strand  
 While the little seabirds rested  
 On the rocks along the land;  
 Right across the ocean  
 Came the lighthouse into view  
 While the moon behind Croagh  
 Patrick

Like gold came peeping through  
 It shone across the waters  
 Where the salmon were at play  
 As I viewed them from the sandy  
 banks

In the twilight on Clew Bay.

When I was just a little boy  
 (And that was years ago)  
 It was here we played on Sundays  
 With my comrades to and fro;  
 Here we had the races  
 and we saw horses run  
 The little green and strand are here  
 But my comrades — they are gone!  
 Some are in a foreign land  
 More beneath the clay  
 And no more we'll hear their voices  
 When it's twilight on Clew Bay.

Fond memories of the country dance  
 With a half-set on the floor  
 The oil-lamp bright in the moonlit  
 night

And a crowd around the door;

To young and old the jokes were told  
 as they danced the whole night  
 through  
 Ah! If I could only see again  
 The faces that I knew!

The accordion played and the  
 couples danced  
 And they sang, 'til the dawn of day;  
 Although they're gone, they still  
 live on  
 In our thoughts along Clew Bay.

The empty homes around me now  
 have made my heart feel sore  
 To see the windows boarded up  
 And a padlock on the door.  
 The paint has fallen off the walls  
 And the streets have all turned green  
 And from those cozy kitchens  
 No more the lights are seen  
 While the young have emigrated  
 And the old have passed away  
 Their voices are now silent  
 When it's twilight on Clew Bay.

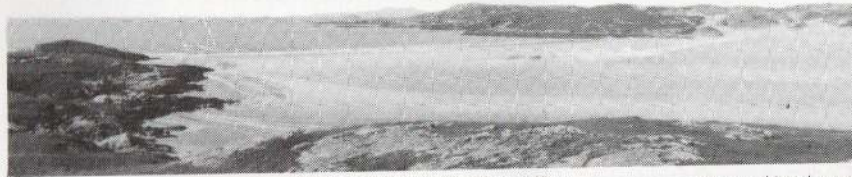
Though the years have come and the  
 years have gone  
 it is in my memory still  
 The pleasant walks where we sat and  
 talked

At the foot of the little hill  
 The tide below would ebb and flow  
 O'er the quay and the silvery sand  
 Where we played and strayed in other  
 days

On the shore along the strand.  
 But now that I am growing old  
 And my hair has turned grey  
 I'll always cherish in my heart  
 The twilight on Clew Bay.

Carramore

James Sammon



Rugged, beautiful coastline

Photo—Liam Lyons

## Fragments

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

— A passage from "A Day at Home" written by Mary E. L. Hennigan in Good Counsel magazine in 1926 describing her visit to Accony. We are hoping to trace the entire article for publication in our next issue. — Editor

Somersworth July —. The condition of Owen O'Grady, more familiarly known as "Ownie", hero of the recent trolley car accident at Dover on July 5th continues to grow worse each day and hour . . . . .

. . . . . Owen A. Grady died at his home in Linden Street this morning. Without regard for personal safety, even for life itself, and thinking only of the safety of passengers and motorists and pedestrians in the path of a runaway car which he was operating, he stuck nobly to his post of duty and vainly tried to bring the car to a stop despite the fact that the brakes refused to function. Somersworth is proud of "Ownie".

— Passages from newspaper cuttings on which the date has, unfortunately, faded. Owen Grady was a native of Curra in our parish. Can any reader provide more details of his story? Is it possible to come by a fair copy of the relevant newspaper cuttings? — Editor

## Congratulations to:

- *Mr. and Mrs. Anthony O'Malley (Doughmackeown)* who celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in September 1978;
- *Mr. John Lyons, Bunowen*, appointed chairman of Mayo history teachers association;
- *Miss Maureen O'Malley, Roonagh*, winner of "Golden Voice" competition;
- *Mrs. John Fergus, Cahir*, appointed public health nurse in Clare Island; and her sister-in-law,
- *Miss Mary Fergus, Cahir* to a similar position in Ballycroy;
- *Mr. Peter O'Malley, Main Street*, elected president of the Westport-Plougastel Twinning Committee having acted as (French-English) interpreter during mutual visits;
- *Paul Heneghan, Evelyn Kerrigan, Majella Morrison, Seán Ryder* and teacher *John Lyons* who gave Sancta Maria School an impressive debating win over C.B.S., Westport;
- *Father Michael J. Coyne, Aillemore* recently appointed a monsignor (see article);
- *Mrs. B. Mannion, Tallabawn* who made a most commendable and artistic contribution, in person, on a R.T.E. television series entitled "Hands";
- *The Duffy Family, Chapel Street* on the repeating successive achievements of their members in their various academic fields;
- *Sister Ann Fergus, Cahir*, on her final profession in the Cathedral, Tuam in August 1978.
- *Sister Dympna (Celine Lyons, Furmoyle)*, who celebrated the silver jubilee of her profession in the Incarnate Word Convent, Bellaire, Texas on 12 August 1978. In the offertory procession for the Mass were her two sisters, Mrs. Christine Mullowney and Mrs. Mary Taaffe. Their cousin, Sister Brendan O'Donnell (Kilmeena) was a reader;
- *Séamus Duffy (Roonagh)*, who was conferred recently with his B.Sc. (Eng.) degree at Trinity College. He is at present employed

at Cullens (Consulting Engineers and Contractors) Dublin; also his sister,

- *Martina Duffy (Roonagh)*, awarded her National Diploma in Fine Chemicals and Pharmaceuticals at the Regional Technical College, Galway. Both are past pupils of Sancta Maria;
- *Father Eugene Nee (Curradavitt)*, who was awarded the U.S.A.F. commendation medal for "meritorious service" at Georgia U.S.;
- *Doctor Michael J. O'Brien (Louisburgh)*, M.B., B.Ch., B.A.O., M.R.C. Path, who is currently Senior Staff Member, Boston City Hospital and Boston University Medical Centre; Assistant Professor, Boston University of Medicine, and Instructor, Harvard University School of Medicine.



**IRISH LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY FOLKLORE AWARD**  
 Winners in a competition to mark the 50th Anniversary of the Irish Folklore Society. Pictured left to right: (back row) Mr. John Manning, District Manager Irish Life, Galway; Mary Gibbons, Cregganroe; Mary Walsh, Durlless; Martina Joyce, Bouris; and Mr. Tom Staunton Irish Life Rep. Westport Louisburgh area. Front row: Bridie Walsh, Durlless; William McDonnell, Furrigal; Kathleen McDonnell, Furrigal. The pupils undertook the study when attending Bouris National School. They are now pupils at Sancta Maria Secondary School, Louisburgh. The picture was submitted by the teacher under whose guidance the project was undertaken, Catherine O'Reilly, Owenwee, Westport.

**Congratulations also to:**



*Sister M. Teresa McConnell, Shraugh, Louisburgh, who entered Convent of Mercy, Oldham in August 1976. Had her first profession at Easter 1979. Continuing her studies at Accrington, Lancs.*



*Doctor Thomas McConnell, M.B., B.A.O., B.C.H., Shraugh and Miss Joan Tuck S.R.N., Oughterard, Galway.*



*Doctor Thomas McConnell, Shraugh, who was conferred with M.B., B.A.O., B.C.H. degrees at University College, Galway, pictured with his parents John and Margaret McConnell.*



*Annette Duffy daughter of Paddy and Mary Duffy, Chapel Street, Louisburgh, who received an Honours Degree in Social Science at University College, Dublin in November 1979.*



*Séamus Duffy is son of Mrs. Annie Duffy and the late Martin Duffy of Roonagh, who received his B.Sc. and Engineering at Trinity College, Dublin recently.*

*His sister Martina Duffy received her Diploma in Fine Chemicals and Pharmaceuticals at Regional College, Galway.*

*Both are past pupils of Sancta Maria Secondary School Louisburgh.*



*Sister Dympna (Celine Lyons, Furmoyle) recently celebrated her silver jubilee in the Incarnate Word, Texas.*



*Sister M. Hilary (Mary Lyons, The Colony) see "Afri-thoughts". Page 51*

## What's in the Word?

In the beginning was the word, but no more. Ancient Greeks called it 'logos'. Logos was more than the word as we know it. The importance of logos was stressed so much that it filtrated to us in such words as 'logic', 'logographer' and all those with endings such as in 'geology', 'pathology' and 'zoology'. They had to know how to use correct and precise words in their communication between distant localities. Their language developed to such a degree that the present students of classical languages are astounded at its precise form and good-sounding words, and above all with the grammar. It is well known that Romans and Celts also cultivated a proper usage of the word. Romans were so much impressed with the rhetoric of the Gauls, that they sent their sons to Gaul to be taught oratory.

Let us now examine our present state of the use of the word. It is very disappointing that the worth of a word is devalued. Now, the communications media, sociologists and other experts bombard us with communication barriers, generation gaps, advertising and propaganda. The teachers confuse children with communication lectures, lawyers addicted to the sixteenth century verbiage confuse the truth, and intellectuals try their jargon on the uninitiated. The young will not communicate with their elders. The words are no longer valued, believed and respected. This problem is all over the world; our art of conservation is replaced by television: we are sceptical about the advertised words. Idealism is tarnished with cynicism. We are becoming silent receptacles of communication media, radio, television, movies, and slowly we are forced into hypnotic sleep, so that we may accept the seeping words used by perverted men for their selfish schemes. We are becoming incompetent of communicating with other people, of reading good books, listening to — or creating our own — music, and pursuing our creative work. Too much of the shoddy and ready-made one can buy in the shops, mass-produced and glistening in its plastic cover.

The learned society is failing us miserably, we are losing the word of truth, the values of our own creativity, and the dignity of manhood. Lacking the courage to stop the downward trend of inflation of our word, the precious possession of mankind, how do we measure up to our truth-minded ancestors. Let us stop using words to cover our weakness, fear, prejudice, ignorance and laziness. Instead we should use words so that what we say we mean; that we respect a word as a holy thing, and above all that the truth must flourish. Just as a mason builds a wall with a careful choice of stones, so we, too, must exercise care in using words to fit a precise and beautiful mosaic of values.

Chicago

Stanislaus Sek

*An Choinneal* 98

## Slán Abhaile . . .

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

1977	December	Peter Gibbons, Killeen Mrs. Ann Frazer, Kinnadoohey
1978	January	Nora O'Malley, Roonagh Martin O'Grady Martin Needham, Aillmore Mary Gibbons, Roonith Nora O'Toole, Doughmackeown Brigid O'Malley, Collacon James Morrison, Devlin Charles Morrison, Louisburgh
	March	Celia O'Malley, Ballyhip
	April	Ann O'Donnell, Cahir Michael Keane, Aillmore
	May	Ellen O'Malley, Louisburgh Matthew Sammon, Askelane
	June	Peter Gibbons, Doughmackeown Mrs. Margaret O'Toole, Thallabawn James Burke, Feenone
	August	Mrs. Brigid O'Toole, Thallabawn Michael Foy, Falduff James Mannion, Louisburgh Mrs. Sara Gibbons, Accony Michael O'Grady, Devlin Tommie Love, Louisburgh Mrs. Brigid O'Toole, Chapel Street
	September	Mrs. Margaretta O'Malley, Aillmore Patrick O'Malley, Laughta Mrs. Kate Gibbons, Cloonlara Mrs. Sarah Jane O'Malley, Doughmackeown
	October	William Gibbons, Cloonlara James Burke, Bridge Street John Joyce, Carrowniskey Mrs. Katie Kilcoyne, Cregganbawn Austin Hallinan, Kilgeever
	December	Mrs. Agnes O'Malley, Cloonty
1979	January	Martin O'Reilly, Claremorris Michael Kilcoyne, Shrawee Mrs. Brigid Gibbons, Cloonlara Mrs. Catherine O'Grady, Thallabawn Michael Davitt, Thallabawn
	February	Michael Keane, Bunowen John Joseph Moran, Falduff
	March	Mrs. Sarah O'Malley, Doughmackeown Austin McNamara, Bunlách
	April	James Frazer, Kinnadoohey Patrick McNamara, Bunlách
	May	John O'Malley, Carrowclaggan Richard Davitt, Kinnadoohey Mrs. Mollie McConville, Main Street

<b>October</b>	Mrs. Brigid Morahan, Main Street James Sammon, Carramore
<b>November</b>	Mrs. Mary Halloran, Ballyhip Mother Josephine Fitzpatrick, Convent of Mercy Martin Connor, Ballyhip
<b>December</b>	John McIlhoney, Chapel Street

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

- 1977** Mrs. Mary Borieni, (nee Flaherty), in Chicago  
Mrs. Sarah Basklin, (nee McHale), Polgloss, in Bradford  
Owen Ryder, Gurteen, in U.S.A.  
Ellen Berry, Polgloss, in Manchester
- 1978** Sergeant Prendergast, Accony, in Cork  
Helen O'Malley, Cregganroe, in Boston  
Edward Gibbons, Askelane, in Yorkshire  
Brigid Burke Walsh, Doughmackeown, in Worcester, Mass.  
Mrs. Brigid Malpass, (nee Burke), Askelane, in Boston  
Mrs. Margaret Carroll, (nee Ryder), Falduff, in Worcester  
Frank Friel, Carramore, in U.S.A.  
Matthew O'Reilly, Collacocon, in U.S.A.  
William McNamara, Collacocon, in Chicago  
Pat Ball, Tully, in Clinton  
James McNamara, Collacocon, in Chicago  
Mrs. Margaret Pellitier, (nee Kitterick), Aillmore, in U.S.A.  
James O'Malley, Kilgeever, in Chicago  
Mrs. Margaret Jennings, (nee O'Malley), Cahir, in Boston  
Austin O'Malley, in Westport  
Mrs. Margaret Holgrew, (nee Walsh), Falduff, in Worcester  
Liam Duffy, in New York
- 1979** Mrs. Mary E. McKeogh, (nee Hester), Falduff, in Chicago  
Annie Walsh, Falduff, in Clinton  
Mrs. Nora Hastings, (nee Ruddy), Collacocon, in Coventry  
Mrs. Ellen Shaughnessy, (nee Burke), Doughmackeown,  
in Boston  
Mrs. Bessie McNamara, (nee Burke), Devlin, in Tucson, Arizona  
Edward Prendergast, Accony, in Chicago  
Martin O'Toole, Falduff, in Chicago  
James Prendergast, Accony, in Chicago  
Mrs. Tierney, in Boston  
Patrick Ferrins, Furmoyle, in Yorkshire  
Ted O'Malley, Falduff, in Westport  
James Hester, Falduff, in Chicago  
Mrs. Mary Hudson, (nee O'Malley), Shraugh, in Florida  
James Nicholson, Bunowen, in Clones  
Patrick Hester, Cahir, in Chicago  
Walter McMyler, in California

## Louisburgh Hall Committee

Chairman — Donald O'Leary  
Secretary — Michael O'Malley  
Assistant Secretary — Patrick Corrigan  
Treasurer — Peter O'Malley  
Assistant treasurer — Rose Donnellan

Louisburgh is fortunate in having a hall of good general design and structure, under the control of a democratically elected committee, which operates under a constitution laid down by the trustees. The auditorium is sixty feet by thirty feet with maple floor. There is a good stage fourteen feet by thirty feet, two dressing rooms and four general purpose rooms.

During 1979 the committee carried out major renovations of the hall. For a number of years we were all too aware that certain areas were in urgent need of attention. We were, on many occasions, embarrassed by criticism from visitors and local organizations in regard to these problem areas. In addition, the directors of Louisburgh Holidays Ltd. were anxious that improved indoor facilities would be available to assist them in the marketing programme for the "Rent-a-Cottage" scheme, at present under construction.

Early in 1979 work began in the following areas:

1. Improvement of the foyer
2. Demolition of obsolete toilets and construction of new ladies and gents toilets (the re-design of this area has effectively added two new rooms to the hall.)
3. Enlargement of the upstairs games room
4. Re-wiring of re-constructed area
5. Installation of teak windows, repainting of the hall both inside and outside and the provision of floor-covering in the appropriate areas
6. General repairs to doors, windows, flooring etc.

Because of the costs involved in such an undertaking, the committee undertook to provide voluntary labour wherever possible. An appeal to the people of the parish did not fall on deaf ears.

The committee wish to record their appreciation and thanks to the very many people of our parish, and to some from outside it, who gave so freely of their time and expertise on a voluntary basis. There were others too, both organizations and individuals, who gave contributions towards the cost; to those too, we offer our sincere thanks.

The work on stage one of our project was completed by the summer of 1979. The library was moved downstairs to a more convenient location. A kitchenette was also provided downstairs and this facility doubles as a mineral bar, when required. A pool-table and football games were provided in the games room, one-hundred-and-fifty stacking chairs were bought to provide extra seating.

Stage two of our renovations, namely the provision of central heating and the rewiring of the main hall, and the dressing rooms, will be completed, it is hoped by Easter of this year. The cost of stage one of our renovations was £4,582. the cost of stage two, in the coming months, will probably amount to more than that.

The end result, we have no doubt, will more than justify the expenditure. The people of our parish, will, we feel, have a hall, of which they can be truly proud.

Michael O'Malley

## Louisburgh Development Association

Our result in the Tidy Towns competition is very encouraging. The town was placed fifth in the county.

The Tourist Development Association appeal to our young people to read the report, to be more litter conscious, to take an active interest in the competition which takes place during the summer months. We welcome contribution from the adult residents as to what they think would add to the over-all appearance of the town. We hope that, with extra community effort, the day is not far off when we will see Louisburgh placed first in the county.

Mary O'Malley, Secretary  
(Development Association)

## Tidy Towns Competition 1979

Centre: **Louisburgh**

County **Mayo**

Marks Awarded: **108**

ADJUDICATION	Population Section B	Marks	
		Max.	Awarded
<b>Effort — community involvement in improving the general appearance</b>		35	26
A very fine community effort was to be noted in Louisburgh this year. At the time of adjudication, a great number of people were painting their houses and business premises and looked very well indeed. Also, the town looked very clean and tidy. In the coming year, this effort should be extended to the presentation of natural amenities and maintenance of approach roads and verges.			
<b>Tidiness — appropriate placing of litter bins — absence of litter, derelict sites, buildings and indiscriminate dumping</b>		20	14
Litter control was generally very good throughout the town and as already mentioned, it looked very clean and tidy. However, some incidental litter was noted, especially along the street in front of the telephone kiosk. Some extra litter bins should be provided throughout the town and a greater care should be taken to see that litter control is total. A number of derelict buildings detract considerably from the great work that has already been done by the people. Some of these buildings need to be repaired and painted whereas others should be demolished completely.			

ADJUDICATION	Population Section B	Marks	
		Max.	Awarded
<b>Presentation of buildings — shops, business premises, factories, historic and public buildings, etc.</b>		20	18
Business premises were of a very high standard and most have been freshly painted. This is to be commended. However, one or two still need to be brightened up. The church and buildings beside it are very nicely presented as are the school, the post office and parish hall. The gates of the Church of Ireland need to be painted and the gardens need much closer attention. There are some very fine examples of traditional shop fronts in this town. It is hoped that these will be maintained in future.			
<b>Presentation of natural amenities — open spaces, village green, river banks, foreshore, parks, trees, flowerbeds, etc.</b>		25	14
Grass areas and open spaces generally need more attention. Grass should be cut more often and some trees should be planted inside the walls of some of the green areas. This would improve the overall appearance. The river area has yet to be developed, the banks should be tidied up and made more accessible.			
<b>Appearance of approach roads and verges, streets, back lanes and footpaths</b>		20	12
Grass margins and verges need to be better maintained. Again, the grass should be cut more often. The footpaths and walls throughout the town are generally very clean and tidy. However, some weeds along the bridge and heaps of sand on the Leenane approach road should be cleared. Greater attention must be given to this and the previous section if the town is to advance further in the competition.			
<b>Presentation and appearance of residential areas, including their open spaces</b>		15	13
Most houses throughout the town were very nicely painted. Also, some very nice houses and gardens were to be noted on the outskirts. Two very fine examples were those past the bridge on the Leenane side. However, one or two other houses in the town are yet to be painted.			

ADJUDICATION	Population Section B	Marks	
		Max.	Awarded
<b>Presentation of street furniture on roads, car parks, open spaces, etc. — including road signs, telephone kiosks, post boxes, litter bins, village pumps, statues and monuments, seats, advertising hoardings</b>		15	11
		150	108

The grotto looked very well but the statue should be painted as should the one in the church grounds. The pump was nicely painted but needs some minor repairs. The plastic litter bins near the pump and at the main crossroads were broken. These should be replaced and some more should be provided. The telephone kiosk should be freshly painted by next year.

The town was placed fifth in its class in the county.

## Select Committees!

There are, of course, many many committees working in different spheres of endeavour in the parish, as past issues have noted. Because their work and list of officers are both repetitive, for the work-load so often falls on the shoulders of the willing few, we have decided not to repeat lists which have recurred in recent years. Instead we intend in future to publish, in more detail, the reports of the three committees which in our opinion have been most active in the community in the period under review.

This year we have chosen as most worthy of commendation the efforts of: *Louisburgh Holidays Limited*, for their work in the cottages project; *The Louisburgh Hall Committee*, for the reconstruction, re-decoration and general management of the hall as a vital contribution to our social life; and *The Louisburgh Development Association* for the effort and perseverance which caused such an improvement in the present Tidy Towns Competition.

We congratulate all concerned.

—Editor

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## Parish Weddings



Miss Eileen Ferrins, Furmoyle, Louisburgh and Mr. Séamus Barrett of Ballina married in Louisburgh.  
Photo—Liam Lyons



Doctor Kevin Collins, Tramore, County Waterford and Martina Lyons, Louisburgh, in Louisburgh.  
Photo—Frank Dolan



Celine Lyons, Louisburgh and Doctor Khalid Qamhyya from Kuwait who were married in Dublin.

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**Parish Weddings**



*Margaret McNally (Killeen) and Adrian Doyle (Dún Laoire) in Killeen.*

Photo—Frank Dolan



*Noreen Jennings (Althore) and John Kelly (Ballintleva, Westport) in Killeen.*



*Mary Sammin, Askelane, Louisburgh, and Martin Finnegan, Banahoo, County Cavan; in Louisburgh.*

Photo—Liam Lyons



*Mary Fergus and Brendan Lyons both of Louisburgh, married in Louisburgh.*



*Patrick Scott, Louisburgh and Rita Mitchell, Castlebar, married in Castlebar.*



*P. J. Sammin, Cross, Louisburgh and Brigid O'Connor, Ballyduff, County Kerry (District Nurse in Louisburgh) married in Tralee.*





Maureen Duffy (Cregán a' Bhodaigh) and Martin Boylan (Blaney, County Monaghan) in Coventry.



Anthony Kilcoyne eighty seven years old of Philadelphia Pa. — (formerly of Woodfield, Cregganbawn, Louisburgh) and his grandson Michael Patrick Dever (five and half years) of Upper Darby Pa. Anthony is an avid reader and fan of An Choinneal. Is he the eldest? Is Michael Patrick the youngest?



At a recent gala Awards Dinner in Dublin, Westport photographer Liam Lyons received his associateship in portraiture from the Irish Professional Photographers Association. L. to R. Derek Famin, Pres. I.P.P.A., Mabel Lyons and Liam Lyons, A.I.P.P.A. being congratulated by British photographer Don Frazer. An Choinneal extends warm congratulations to a photographer who has been courteous, efficient and more than generous.

## Museum Pages



A fair day in 1926

Can any reader identify faces or figures?

— Lady Harman



Louisburgh Adult Choir who broadcasted on Radio Éireann in 1954.

Back Row L. to R. Leo Maguire, Danny Hyland, Michael Gallagher, Michael McKeown, Tommie Joe O'Malley (R.I.P.), Josie Burke, John T. Morahan (R.I.P.), Martin Roche, Pascal Spellman, Mossy Murphy, Johnnie Durkan, Bill Thomson, Frank Gaffney (R.I.P.).

Second Row L. to R. Mary O'Malley, Sarah Durkan, Mary Fleming, Pauline Philbin, Eileen Hyland, Mrs. Annie Collins (R.I.P.), Geoghan, Maureen Foye, Mrs. Friel, Mr. Eileen MacNamara, Annie Durkan, Mrs. Brigid Hannon, Mary Mulvey, Mary McDonnell, Clementine Lyons, Mary Durkan, Reverend Charles Scahill.

Front Row: Seated at extreme right Reverend Patrick Prendergast, D.D. (R.I.P.) also included in the group (seated in front) are members of Williamstown Céili Band.

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on  
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*A group at Louisburgh Convent School in 1940*  
Rows — starting at back, left to right 1 Breege McMyler, Mary Durkan, Mary Heneghan, Mary Fallon, Angela McDonnell, Sheila Scanlon, Lily Prendergast.  
2 Brigid O'Grady, Breege Durkan, Mary O'Malley, Carmel Sammin, Sadie McNally, Teresa Ruane.  
3 Mary McMyler, Lucinda Carr, Frankie McGreal, Sheila Heneghan, Nan Gibbons, Nancy Scanlon.  
4 Nan O'Malley, Betty O'Grady, Nancy Gaffney, Lily Philbin.

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*Manager: J. P. Bredin*



A group of senior boys in Louisburgh School in the fifties  
Front Row L. to R. Patrick Moran, Crickeen; Terence Heneghan, Bridge Street; Louis Heneghan, Bridge Street; Seamus Flannery, Milltown; Tom Bowe, Main Street; Padraic Cannon, Chapel Street; Seamus Ball, Ballyhip.  
Second Row: Oliver Harney, Chapel Street; Frank Kenny, Bridge Street; Kevin O'Malley, Cahir; Seamus Fergus, Cahir; Joe O'Malley, Cahir; Celestine Lyons, Main Street; Josie Burke, Carramore; Arthur Durkan, Askelane; Dickie Burke, Carramore.  
Third Row: Thomas Grady, Kilgeever; Eddie O'Malley, Cahir; Jimmy Grady, Kilgeever; Liam O'Toole, Chapel Street; John O'Reilly, Shraugh; Seán O'Leary, Bunowen; Seán Flanagan, Coolachawn; Seamus Harney, Chapel Street.  
Back Row: Seán Deely, Main Street; Thomas Reilly, Shraugh; Michael J. Gready, Kilgeever; Patrick O'Malley, Cahir; Gerard McNamara, Bridge Street; Seamus Deely, Main Street.

Their teacher is Seán T. Morahan (R.I.P.)



"Dear home of my childhood . . ."  
Louisburgh pictured (towards Chapel Street) in 1929.

—Lady Harman

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**Two-storey Residence for Sale**  
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Fully furnished (including carpets and curtains), central heating, Large sitting/dining room with open fire, kitchen, back-kitchen, bathroom, three bedrooms and box-room, out-offices, spacious garden, vacant possession.

£28,000 or nearest offer

**Apply: Oliver P. Morahan**  
**North Mall, Westport. Telephone : 9.**

**SCISSORS AND  
 SELLOTAPE . . .**

Inevitably, in such a large scale venture, we have come up against many problems and difficulties. To mention only two, the large increases in building costs over the past year or so which have increased the Company's Capital Expenditure on the site. Added to this has been the more recent oil crisis which, if it were to continue indefinitely, will be a source of concern to your Board. Your Board is, however, doing everything possible to keep costs to a minimum and to expedite the completion and commencement of the Scheme. In order to strengthen the Company's finances and to keep the Bank borrowing to an absolute minimum, we would welcome your suggestions on ways and means of further increasing our Share Capital. While our Share Capital campaign to date has been a success, we would welcome further investment in the Company and would ask those of you who have promised to increase your investment, would do so as early as possible.

—Mr. Charles Gaffney, Chairman,  
 Louisburgh Holidays Limited in his  
 Annual Address August 1979.

How Michael Viney became transformed into a one acre farmer working under Mweelrea, the highest mountain of Connacht, is told in his book "Another Life", just published by the Irish Times selling at £2.75.

The week by week account detailing his courtship of nature is known to Saturday readers of The Irish Times — "Another Life" is merely a well-presented collection of Viney's series of articles.

There's growing popularity for Viney's idea. Continentals and Americans apart, even among our own selves the discontent with urban ways has fostered within a yearning for the little country cottage, the sound of the sea in the background, home-made brown bread and a carefree young child wiping his nose with the sleeve in the bawnen.

The book carries a definite educational value. Viney tells how he comes to learn from neighbours that clay taken from a nearby lake makes the perfect lining for ranges and fireplaces. It's all very well thinking about the possible savings made by shooting your own fowl — Viney learns that his £165 double-barrelled shotgun is an expensive investment. Going to the Bog, Wood-Gathering, Making Hay . . . and such like, all are described with the freshness of a new and interested observer . . .

—Tommie Gorman  
 (Western Journal)

**Good, Bad and Ugly**

Our editorial refers (p. 16) to an excellent project on the Louisburgh area commissioned by Galway-Mayo Regional Development Organization and prepared by Brady Shipman Martin. The slim but thoughtful booklet outlines *inter alia* the features of the area which attract and detract.

**ATTRACT**

- \* This is an outstanding example of a planned town, still virtually intact and generally well maintained.
- \* A compact town core gives shelter and a feeling of enclosure. The continuous house and shop frontages have unity and variety. By their common form/materials and use of colour decoration they impart a distinctive character.
- \* Town has the opportunity to expand and consolidate in several directions and between radiating roads especially in segment to East.
- \* There are distant views to Croagh Patrick (East), Old Head (North-East) Hilltop (West) and mountains of south Mayo (South).
- \* The major impact of three planting at each of the churches provides shelter, 'frames' the views (distant) of the town and makes each location pleasant.
- \* Local effort is responsible for football pitch and site for rent-a-cottage scheme.

**DETRACT**

- \* This is an isolated town by Irish standards and is situated in an exposed plain,

vulnerable to wind and rain especially on its perimeter.

- \* There are no footpaths on the approach roads along which developments are now taking place.
- \* Car and truck parking in the street and on the Square can be chaotic.
- \* 'Improvements' on some buildings are regrettable; others defaced by advertising.
- \* Several buildings in main streets are in ruins, a few are in poor repair.
- \* River is generally uninteresting (visually) banks nearest to the town are unkempt and views from southern approach are to derelict rear gardens.
- \* There is a bleak junction at the southern end and this is a characteristic of most approach roads to south/west.
- \* New 'spotty' development is occurring on roadsides at a distance from town core — houses are stark on the landscape.
- \* Major new developments or proposals — I.D.A. site, R.H.O. Housing and Community Recreation area are in (or for) locations which are removed from the town.

## Twenty-one at Christmas!

*An Choinneal first appeared at Christmas 1959.  
Do you think we should have a formal  
celebration at Christmas 1980?*

*It is proposed to publish a special issue —  
including some articles from older issues as  
well as fresh material.*

*The issue would probably be costly (perhaps  
even five pounds per copy) to produce.*

*Do you support the idea?  
Would you support the reality to the extent of  
five pounds (or fifteen dollars)?*

*If you write to pledge such support you may  
also recommend one choice article for re-  
publishing.*

*Any written or photographic material suitable  
for such a commemorative publication will be  
welcomed by the Editor.*

*Write with pledge and suggestion to:*

**The Editor, An Choinneal, Louisburgh, Ireland.**

*Go mbeirimid beo an t-am seo arís!*

McClory — Mrs. Mollie, Galway  
McDonnell — Anthony, Louisburgh  
McHale — Anthony, Pulgloss, Louisburgh  
McHale — Michael, Chicago  
McHugh — Doctor Columb, Louisburgh  
McIlhoney — John, Louisburgh\*  
McMenamin — Michael and Gaelie, Tralee, County Kerry  
McQuillan — Mrs. Mary, Mass.  
McVane — Mrs. Mary J., Chicago  
McNamara — Jim\* and Della, Chicago  
McNamara — Father Joe, P.P., Prescot, Liverpool  
Meade — Joe, Westport  
Mitchell — Mrs. Ella, Framingham, Mass.  
Monagle — Mrs. Sara, Mass.  
Morahan — Father Al, Bassendean, W. Australia  
Morahan — Basil, Louisburgh  
Morahan — Mrs. Brigid, Louisburgh\*  
Morahan — Justin, Dublin  
Moran — Father Joseph, Coolarne  
Munnely — Mrs. D. A., San Francisco  
Murphy — Miss Teresa, Boston, Mass.  
Mullowney — Christine, Chicago  
Musco — Josephine B., East Walpole, Mass.  
Nelis — Mrs. Eileen, Enfield, County Meath  
O'Connell — Mrs., London  
O'Dowd — Patricia and Damien, Dunboyne, County Meath  
O'Leary — Desmond, Dublin  
O'Brien — Michael and Annie, Louisburgh  
O'Malley — Mrs. Annie, (nee Joyce), Dorchester, Mass.  
O'Malley — Miss Brigid, Yorkshire, England  
O'Malley — Canon Eddie, Corofin  
O'Malley — Harry, California  
O'Malley — Mr. John, Yorkshire, England  
O'Malley — Johnnie, Queensland, Australia  
O'Malley — Michael, Nottingham, England  
O'Malley — Ned, Monkstown, County Dublin  
O'Malley — Father Tommie, California  
Philbin — Congressman Philip, Clinton, Mass.  
Prendergast — Geoffrey and Mary, Dublin  
Reidy — Miss Helen, New York  
Reilly — Thomas J., New Jersey  
Ryan — Mr. C. A., Minnesota  
Ryan — Mrs. Betty, Booterstown, Dublin  
Ryder-Harvey — Miss Mary, Worcester, Mass.  
Richter — Mrs. Mary, New Jersey  
Sammin — Father P. J., Ilford, Essex  
Sammin — Father Michael, Monivea, County Galway  
Scahill — Canon Charles, Balla  
Scott — Monsignor Thomas, Shraugh, Louisburgh\*  
Sek — Mrs. Nora, Chicago, U.S.A.  
Smiddy — Doctors Tom and Evang, Ballyduff, County Kerry  
Sheridan — Mrs. Mary (nee Mannion), Coventry, England  
Taaffe — Mrs. Mary and Jack\*, Drogheda  
Teillion — Mrs. Vincent, Williamstown, Mass.  
Wallace — Father Anthony, New York  
Woodham-Smith — Mrs. Cecil, London\*

*† Deceased Member*