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1989

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CLAN ANNUAL

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# 37th O'Malley Clan Rally

**Friday 21 July, Saturday 22 July and Sunday 23 July 1989**

Our Chieftain, Alice O'Malley of Chicago, invites all O'Malleys, together with their spouses, relatives and friends, to join her for three days of celebrations at our annual rally. We hope you will be able to come.

## **Friday 21 July**

7.00 p.m. Civic Reception at Urban District Council Building, Castlebar Street, Westport, to be followed by informal gatherings.

## **Saturday 22 July**

a.m. Morning at leisure for shopping and visiting the Westport area.

2.00 p.m. Barbecue lunch at Séamus Daly's premises in Mulrany (18 miles from Westport) with local entertainment. In case of inclement weather the party will be held indoors. Coach will depart from Olde Railway Hotel, North Mall, Westport, at 12.45 p.m., returning to the same hotel at 6 p.m. approximately.

8.00 p.m. Annual General Meeting of the O'Malley Clan Association in Old Head House Hotel, Old Head (1 1/2 miles from Westport).

9.00 p.m. Chieftain Alice O'Malley's Reception at Old Head House Hotel. Entertainment will be provided by local musicians.

## **Sunday 23 July**

11.30 a.m. Mass in Assembly Hall, Saint Patrick's Girls' School, Altamont Street, Westport, by kind permission of the Sisters of Mercy.

12.30 p.m. Pipe recital by Pipe Majors Michael O'Malley and Ailean Nicholson and Rory Somers.

2.00 p.m. Assemble at Hotel Westport, Westport, for annual Rally Luncheon. It is requested that each former Chieftain will preside over a table of ten at the luncheon, as there will be no formal top table. A draw for several valuable prizes will take place during the luncheon, and entertainment will be provided afterwards.

# THE O'MALLEY CLAN ANNUAL

This year we have decided to change our name from *The O'Malley Clan Record* to *The O'Malley Clan Annual*. We found that the first title caused some confusion with two other items on our list – the *Granuaile Symphony* and *O'Malley People and Places*. This is our sixth annual and we hope our readers enjoy it. Once more we appeal for contributions from readers who feel they have something of interest to tell us about their families. We are grateful to the following who have contributed to this year's publication: Anne Chambers, Frank Dolan, Síle Ní Chionna, Bairbre O'Malley, Jarlath Duffy, Ann Kelly, P. J. O'Malley and Jane O'Malley (Chicago), Michael O'Malley (Romsey) and the Granuaile Trust. A very special word of thanks to our advertisers who made this production possible.

*Westport, July 1989.*

## **O'Malley Clan Committee**

Chairperson:

SHEILA O'MALLEY MULLOY

Secretary:

ANTHONY O'MALLEY

Treasurer:

MAURICE O'MALLEY

Recording Secretary:

KITTY O'MALLEY HARLOW

Committee:

BRENDAN O'MALLEY, JOSEPH O'MALLEY BLACKWELL,  
JOHN JOE O'MALLEY, GRÁINNE O'MALLEY McKIBBEN,  
PETER McGEE, MICHAEL O'MALLEY.

Hon. Editor:

SHEILA MULLOY, Carrowbaun, Westport, Co. Mayo.

*Back numbers 1985, 1986, 1987 and 1988, may be purchased at the Clan Rally for 50 pence each, or by post for £1 each. Please make the necessary adjustment if paying by dollars. The rate of exchange at going to press is one Irish Pound – One Dollar 42 cents.*



*Alice O'Malley, Chicago, United States of America.*

## **CHIEFTAIN 1988-1989**

Alice Maria O'Malley was born in 1914 in Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., the daughter of William Joseph O'Malley of Knockfelim, Westport, and Alice Josephine O'Malley of Buckfield, Kilmeena, Westport. She was educated in Chicago at the Sisters of Mercy Elementary School and the Sisters of Charity High School. On graduating from Business College in Chicago, she worked for four years in the well-known Ormond Hotel, Dublin, which was owned by her uncle Patrick O'Malley of Knockfelim. On her return to the United States she worked for the Illinois Bell Telephone Company until her retirement. She has always been keenly interested in the O'Malley family, and was a founder member and first woman chieftain of the Chicago branch of the clan. She is also the first woman from the United States to be elected chieftain of the international O'Malley Clan Association.

## GUARDIAN CHIEFTAINS OF THE CLAN

1954-1959	John J. O'Malley, Westport.
1959-1982	Professor C. Conor O'Malley, Galway.
1984-1988	Martin O'Malley, Dublin.
1988	Dr. Patrick Pearse O'Malley, Delgany, Co. Wicklow.

## CHIEFTAINS OF THE CLAN

1953	John J. O'Malley, Westport.
1954	Prof. C. Conor O'Malley, Galway.
1955	Patrick E. O'Malley, Limerick.
1956	Dr. P. Pearse O'Malley, Belfast.
1957	Charles O'Malley, B.D.S., Limerick.
1958	An tOllamh Tomás Ó Máille, Galway.
1959	Charles O'Malley, Westport.
1960	Prof. Michael G. O'Malley, Galway.
1961	Bartley O'Malley, Dunmore, Co. Galway.
1962	George O'Malley, Manchester.
1963	Matthew O'Malley, Cleggan, Clifden, Co. Galway.
1964	Patrick O'Malley, V.S., Castlebar.
1965	Thomas O'Malley, Chicago and Dublin.
1966	Prof. Eoin O'Malley, Dublin.
1967	George O'Malley, Castletroy, Co. Limerick.
1968	Stiofán Ó Máille, Galway.
1969	John O'Malley, Manchester.
1970	Martin O'Malley, Dublin.
1971	Tim O'Malley, Limerick.
1972	Gerry O'Malley, Ballycastle, Co. Mayo.
1973	Ward O'Malley, Golden, Co. Tipperary.
1974	Richard Kilroy O'Malley, Clonbur, Co. Galway.
1975	Prof. Ethna O'Malley Gaffney, Dublin.
1976	Michael O'Malley, Athlone, Co. Westmeath.
1977	Martin O'Malley, Tourmakeady, Co. Mayo.
1978	Thomas J. O'Malley, Navan, Co. Meath.
1979	Dr. Thomas O'Malley, Florida, U.S.A.
1980	John E. O'Malley, Ardee, Co. Louth.
1981	Grace O'Malley Purcell, Dublin.
1982	Declan O'Malley, Dublin.
1983	Michael O'Malley, London.
1984	Judge Peter O'Malley, Dublin.
1985	Brian O'Malley, Boston, U.S.A.
1986	Anthony O'Malley, Louisburgh, Co. Mayo.
1987	Joseph O'Malley Blackwell, Newport, Co. Mayo.
1988	Alice O'Malley, Chicago, United States of America.

## O'MALLEY CLAN RALLY 1988

The 36th Annual O'Malley Clan Rally took place this year from Friday 22 July to Sunday 24 July. It was a highly enjoyable event, and its success reflects the enormous effort put into it by Chieftain Joseph of Ross and the members of the local clan committee.

The first event was the Civic Reception at the Urban District Council Building in Castlebar Street, hosted by the Chairman of Westport Urban District Council Joseph Ring. Here the Chairman and Councillors welcomed all present, and their liberal hospitality made a convivial occasion for old rally hands and newcomers alike. Overseas visitors were given a warm welcome to the capital of O'Malley country.

After the reception people gathered informally with their families and friends. The party of the evening was that hosted by Alice O'Malley from Chicago, our incoming Chieftain. She brought with her a party of twenty-seven, and local O'Malleys were happy to greet them and wish them a happy stay in Westport.

Unfortunately, the proposed boat trip to Clare Island on Saturday from Darby's Point, Achill, had to be abandoned because of gale warnings,



*The Saturday Coach Tour.*



*Pictured at the launch of Sheila Mulloy' "O'Malley People and Places", were (left to right): Councillor John J. O'Malley; Des O'Malley, T.D.; Sheila Mulloy; U.D.C. Chairman, Michael Ring.*

much to the disappointment of the eighty or so people who had arranged to travel. In the event, the gale did not hit Westport until the following Monday, but safety first is ever the motto of the organizing committee.

Nothing daunted, committee members Kitty O'Malley Harlow, Gráinne O'Malley McKibben and Maurice O'Malley, improvised a most successful alternative in the form of a coach tour of Achill Island on Saturday. Brendan Fahy, N.T., from Achill Sound and Joe Daly from Mulrany, kindly agreed to accompany the party, and their flow of spontaneous information and entertainment kept the passengers in a state of high good humour throughout the day. Lunch was eaten at Connaughton's Hotel in Achill Sound, and stops were made at other strategically located hostelries on the island. Our heartfelt thanks are due to Messrs. Fahy and Daly for a splendid day.

The Annual General Meeting of the Clan Association was held in Hotel Westport on Saturday night. The attendance was large and representative. The usual reports were presented and a spirit of geniality prevailed. The Constitution was adopted and should provide a firm basis for the future well-being of the Clan Association. The most important event of the meeting was the proclamation of our new Guardian Chieftain Dr. Pearse O'Malley from Co. Wicklow, a native of Armagh, and a member of a small but significant branch of the clan in that county. Pearse is the longest-serving chieftain of the clan, having attained that position at a

very young age in 1956. He is a distinguished medical man and has been a staunch supporter of the clan rallies down through the years, together with his charming and talented wife Mary. An expression of his deep commitment to the clan is his formation of the Granuaile Trust, which seeks to promote the cultural interests of the clan and safeguard its heritage. Pearse and Mary have been extremely active in fund-raising activities since the Trust's inception, and have as a result promoted the cultural image of the clan as a force in Irish life. Long may he and Mary, their children and grandchildren, continue to be present at our gatherings!

The deep appreciation and heartfelt gratitude of the clan was extended to our retiring Guardian Chieftain Martin of Dublin. Martin, who was a prominent administrator in the public service, is a member of the Rathdowney family which has always been pre-eminent in its support for clan activities. Martin's father hailed from Clare Island, the homeland of the O'Malleys, a fact of which he has always been justifiably proud. We hope he will grace our rallies with his presence for many years to come.

The AGM was followed by the launching of Sheila Mulloy's *O'Malley People and Places*. Desmond O'Malley, T.D., leader of the Progressive Democrats, played the leading part in this ceremony with his customary



*The Sunday Mass, Saint Brendan's Church, Kilmeena. Celebrant, Canon Éamon O'Malley, P.P.*

graciousness and eloquence. With his wife Pat and daughter Maeve, they were warmly welcomed to the rally, and we hope they will make many return visits.

The last event in a crowded evening at Hotel Westport, was our chieftain's reception. The entertainment on this occasion was provided by Una Quinn and her talented group of singers and dancers. This was a fitting conclusion to a long day of festivities.

Sunday began with Mass at Saint Brendan's Church, Kilmeena, celebrated by our Honorary Chaplain, Canon Éamon O'Malley, P.P., assisted by Rev. Des O'Malley, O.F.M., Galway, Rev. Pat O'Malley, Malawi, Rev. Tom O'Malley, C.S.Sp., Dublin and Rev. John O'Malley, C.R., Dundalk. Here, our pipers Michael O'Malley, London, Christopher Burt, Hertfordshire and Rory Somers, Dublin, added considerably to the occasion with their stirring music and faultless ceremonial. The Newport choir, organized by Sergeant Tom Rochford, moved all hearts with their musicality and inspired soloists. Canon Éamon in his homily spoke of the past sufferings of members of the clan, and urged us in the true Irish spirit of charity to be mindful of our obligations towards less well-favoured nations. A timely reminder indeed of our duties as privileged members of society.

The main event of the rally, Sunday's luncheon in the Mulrany Bay Hotel, was attended by about 250 people. The hotel on its spectacular



*Pipers Chris Burt, Rory Somers and Michael O'Malley at Mulrany Bay Hotel.*



Outgoing Chieftain Joseph O'Malley Blackwell congratulates Tánaiste Michael O'Malley, Castlebar, while new Chieftain Alice O'Malley looks on.

site overlooking Clew Bay, was a fitting choice for the occasion. The friendly staff served an elegant meal, which concluded with a heart-warming glass of Irish coffee presented by the proprietors. The excellent and plentiful wine had been kindly presented by Mr. and Mrs. Kieran Thompson of Newport House Hotel.

Chieftain Joseph of Ross presented beautiful paintings of local O'Malley castles by Nicholas Drummond to the lucky recipients of awards for outstanding service to the clan. These were Shaun Davey, composer of the widely-acclaimed *Granuaile* Symphony; Anne Chambers, whose biography *Granuaile* is an authoritative study of its subject; and Sheila Mulloy, the chairperson of the O'Malley Clan Committee. Joseph then introduced our incoming chieftain Alice of Chicago, and so ended his period in office, a period which will be long remembered for the dedication and generosity with which he carried out his duties.

The luncheon concluded with the draw for the attractive raffle prizes presented by Walter Curley, former American Ambassador to Ireland, and Anthony O'Malley, Secretary of the Clan Committee. There was traditional entertainment afterwards sponsored by Peter and Kirstin MacDonagh, proprietors of the popular Quay Cottage Restaurant. As always, the festivities came to a close with dancing to the strains of Tony Chambers and his orchestra. And so ended one of the most successful rallies ever.



*O'Malley Clan Committee with Des O'Malley, T.D., and incoming Chieftain, Alice O'Malley, Chicago. (Left to right) front row: Alice O'Malley, Joseph O'Malley Blackwell, Anthony O'Malley, Des O'Malley, Kitty O'Malley Harlow. Back row: Michael O'Malley, Gráinne O'Malley McKibben, Sheila Mulloy, John J. O'Malley, Pearse O'Malley (Guardian Chieftain), Anthony O'Malley.*



*Traditional entertainers at Clan Rally, flanked by pipers Michael O'Malley and Chris Burt.*

## CONSTITUTION

### THE O'MALLEY CLAN ASSOCIATION

1. The O'Malley Clan Association is an association of people bearing the O'Malley name, their spouses, relatives and friends.
2. The purpose of the association is to promote friendship between the members, knowledge of the history of the clan and loyalty to its traditions.
3. Friendship between the members is fostered by the annual Clan Rally which strives to attract participants from the home country and overseas.
4. Knowledge of the history of the clan is fostered by visits to places associated with the clan, and by the publication of an annual booklet entitled *The O'Malley Clan Annual*.
5. Loyalty to the clan's traditions is fostered by encouraging the members to cherish the clan heritage by watching over the surviving monuments associated with that heritage.
6. The Taoiseach Coimhdeachta or Guardian Chieftain will be chosen by the former chieftains. His term of office lasts three years, and during that time he will watch over clan affairs at home and abroad.
7. The Taoiseach or Chieftain holds office for one year, and during that year promotes the interests of the clan and especially the annual rally. He takes an active part in the running of the rally, in conjunction with the local committee.
8. The Tánaiste or Chieftain-Elect is nominated at least one week before the annual rally. He is elected from among those nominated, at the annual general meeting of the clan association. He will cooperate with the Chieftain in the promotion of clan affairs.
9. The clan business is carried out by the O'Malley Clan Committee, based in Westport, Co. Mayo. Membership of this committee is open to all on application to the current secretary. All business is transacted in the name of 'The O'Malley Clan Association' or any limited liability company formed for that purpose.
10. The Annual General Meeting of the O'Malley Clan Association takes place within seven days of the annual Clan Rally. At this meeting reports are presented by the officers of the committee and matters of general concern to the clan are discussed. At this meeting also the election for Tánaiste takes place.
11. Any proposed amendments to the Constitution must be given in writing to the secretary at least one week in advance of the Annual General Meeting of the O'Malley Clan Association. A two-thirds majority of votes will be required to carry any such amendment.

# GRACE AND THE EARL OF ORMOND

By Anne Chambers

On her return from the meeting with Elizabeth, Grace resolved to combine her promises of loyalty to Elizabeth with an effort to recoup her substantial losses. She gathered together the remnants of her fleet and strengthened it by acquiring additional galleys. Bingham noted her movements with apprehension. He realised that she was about to launch on a new chapter of her career on sea, this time in the guise of fighting the Queen's enemies. To thwart her ambitions, Bingham, contrary to the laws of the Composition, cessed or quartered a number of soldiers on her and her followers which rendered her powerless and penniless. Bingham further ordered Captain Strittas and a company of soldiers to accompany her on all her sea voyages. The surveillance of her activities plus the added hardships imposed on her slender resources, by the quartering of soldiers on her territory, was too great a strain so that finally, in late 1594 or early 1595, she was compelled to flee into Munster to seek assistance from her old acquaintance Thomas, Earl of Ormond.

Grace in the knowledge that Ormond's word carried some weight at the English court, requested his services to prepare and dispatch a petition on her behalf to the Lord Treasurer. On 17 April 1595 Ormond wrote

My very good Lord the bearer hereof Grany ni Maly has been so importunate upon me for my letter to you in her behalf as I could not refrain to write these few lines unto your Lordship by her - Though I was very loath considering your Lords weighty causes to trouble you with her private suite, declaration whereof I refer herself and so committing her causes to your Lords good consideration I leave you to the blessed guidance of God. From Carrick. 17 April 1595, Yours to command. Thomas Ormond.

From the tones of Ormond's letter it would appear that Grace was preparing for another visit to the English court. There is no record to show that she did undertake a second mission, however, so one must assume that she forwarded another petition to the Queen's Treasurer. Since her visit to the Queen, she stated

She procured all her sons, cusons, and followers of the Mailles with a number of gallies whereof some were built after her last return into Ireland furnished with men and victwelles at their own chardges, accompanied with a Capten Strittes and his band of souldiers to repaire to the sease, where in certain Illandes eighteen of the Chiefest of the Burkes here under named, being proclaimed traitors and a great number of souldiors came to that place of the country where the supplant, her sonnes cusens and followers dwelled and then did place and ccess themselves taking up meat and drinke after their own serving and six pens per diem for every

souldier and four pens per diem for his mann, where they do remain all these seavenn monethes without any cause of service in that part of the country to be don. But if privat respect impoverished the poore enhabitantes; wasted the contrey disabled them to serve her Majestie, deminished her heighnesses rentes and enforced your suppliant and the rest beinge not hable to sustain the butthann (burden) of that cesse and to pay the said rent, to abandon and leave the contrey and to withdrawe themselves into the province of Monnster, where they do remain in great distresses; which cesse is contrarie to the couvenautes promised on her Majesties behalf in discharge whereof your suppliant and the rest with all the inhabitants of Connaght have yielded to pay unto her highness that yearlie rent by the name of comossission (Composition) rent. In regard of all which and that your suppliant, her sonnes cusens and followers will serve with a hundred menn at their own chardges at sease uponn the coaste of Ireland in her Majesties warres upon all occasions every yeare for eister (Easter) till Mighelmas (Michaelmas), and hafter to continue dutifull unto her Majestie, as true and faythful subjectes ought to do; most humbly do I beseech your Honourable Lordship, to be a means to the Queenes most excellent Majestie to accept a surrender of your suppliants sonnes and cusens, of all their maners, castles, Illandes, townes, lands and herediturents in Connaught aforesaid to be immediately holden from her Majestie her heirs and successors, in manner and formm, as in the schedoll hereunto anexed is set downn, and to that effect to grant her gratous letters to the Lord deputie of Ireland uppon the acceptance of the said surrenders to passe the same over to you suppliantes sons cusens and followers may be suffered to inhabit and dwell upon their ancient patrimony and inheritance paing the said rentes and other duties comprised in the indentors past and confermed in her Majesties behalf and all the lordes, cheftains, gentlemen friholders of Connaight aforesaid and your suppliant, her sons and the rest will not only put their lives at all tymes in daunger to the advancement of her heighness service but also pray for your honourable lordships' successe long to lyve in happines.

Grace's plight was desperate. Bingham would give her no respite despite the explicit provisions made for her in the Queen's letter. He realised her potential for intrigue and rebellion much better than Elizabeth. The situation was highly charged in the north where O'Neill and O'Donnell were building up their forces for the great offensive and Connacht was waiting for the call to arms. Bingham realised that Grace's abilities, especially on the seas, would be eagerly engaged by her friends O'Donnell and O'Neill for the transport of men and arms to the battle areas or into Connacht to raise the rebellion. He was determined that this situation would not develop.

There is no record of any reply from the Treasurer or the privy council to the petition and later, on 5 May 1595, Grace petitioned Burghley again in the same vein: 'For her Majesty's letters to the Lord Deputy to put her in quiet possession of the third parts of the lands of her late husbands M'William and O'Flaherty and to live secure of her life'. This is the final recorded petition by Grace, the final attempt to secure what, in her opinion, had been wrongfully withheld from her. It would seem that it was not only the English administration in Connacht but her own sons,

especially Murrough in Bunowen, who had treated her unjustly in her declining years by withholding from her the third of their estates which she deemed was hers by right. However, it would seem also that Grace had forfeited her right to any inheritance, especially from the O'Flaherty estates, when she abandoned her first husband's territory in order to obtain power and fortune as a leader in her own right in Mayo. Her marriage to Richard-an-Iarainn further nullified her claim to any part of the O'Flaherty possessions. Now at sixty-five years of age, she was still faced with the problem of securing her own survival. With the worsening situation in Ulster and Connacht, her latest petitions would seem to have received little attention.

### O'DONNELL IN CONNACHT

In June 1595, the castle of Sligo, which was regarded as the key to the defence of Connacht against invasions by O'Donnell from the north, was held by George Bingham aided by Ulick Burke of Clanrickard. Ulick Burke and his followers mutinied, killed George Bingham and turned the castle over to O'Donnell. O'Donnell had now free access to Connacht. As he marched into Mayo the Burkes, including Grace and Tibbot-ne-Long, flocked to his side. Richard Bingham who was in Dublin hurried westwards but O'Donnell, not willing to give battle yet, slipped back to Sligo castle where Bingham, owing to the usual lack of men and supplies, was unable to besiege him. Meanwhile, O'Neill, anxious for time to regroup and prepare for his all-out offensive, made overtures of peace to the Queen. Elizabeth, eager to end the costly and indecisive war, ordered her generals to desist from offensive operations against O'Neill and O'Donnell and a truce was made in October to last until January.

At this time, Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim and north Roscommon were in the hands of O'Donnell and his supporters, and petty warfare among rival factions had commenced again. A new conspiracy for the removal of Bingham from the office of governor of Connacht was afoot, led by his adversaries, Theobald Dillon, Anthony Brabazon, Justice Dillon and other commissioners. Allegations, some of them quite unfounded were lodged against him and he was ordered for trial in Athlone to give account of his services and practices during his governorship of Connacht. Fearing that the trial was fixed against him, Bingham fled to England where he was promptly imprisoned. Sir Conyers Clifford was appointed governor in his place.

Mayo was unified in its support of O'Donnell, and with Bingham's departure the support grew daily. O'Donnell arrived at Kilmaine in December 1595 and decided to re-establish the MacWilliam title which had been abolished by Bingham. A new MacWilliam was to be installed.

The contenders for the title were the senior Burke, William of Shrule; Edmund of Cong; John, son of Richard, son of John of the Termon; Richard, son of the Devil's Hook; David and Oliver, sons of Sir John; Theobald, son of Walter Kittagh and Grace's son, Tibbot-ne-Long. All the chiefs of Mayo, among them The O'Malley, MacJordan, MacCostello, MacMaurice, O'Dowd, the chiefs of the various septs of the Mayo Burkes and Grace were present at this gathering from which would emerge the new MacWilliam and chief of the Mayo Burkes. With her old friend O'Donnell assuming the role of inaugurator, Grace's hopes were high that Tibbot-ne-Long might yet assume the title previously held by his father. But this was not to be. O'Donnell conferred the title on Theobald, son of Walter Kittagh, who had been active in O'Donnell's cause. 'The appointment was an unwise act, which weakened O'Donnell's influence in Mayo by giving offence to every family of the Burkes, whose rights and feelings were openly disregarded'. It was a devastating setback for Grace. With the departure of Bingham and the decline of English power in the province and with Mayo in O'Donnell's hands, her hopes for an improvement in her own and her son's political status had been rekindled. In return for her friendship and previous co-operation with O'Donnell, she had reason to expect his support for her son's political aspirations. But O'Donnell decided otherwise and in so doing alienated Tibbot-ne-Long from his cause. It was a mistake O'Donnell was to regret.

### **TIBBOT NE LONG**

Elizabeth's war with The O'Neill and O'Donnell continued despite the truce, O'Donnell maintained and extended his hold over Connacht. His appointee to the MacWilliamship, Theobald MacWalter Burke, had not secured the loyalty of the other septs of the clan, who had in the first instance strongly disputed the appointment. Theobald continued as The MacWilliam only so long as O'Donnell was willing and able to support him. With few exceptions, notably the disgruntled septs of the Burkes, all the important chiefs and clans of Mayo rallied to O'Donnell's cause. In the north, O'Neill continued his show of loyalty to the Queen who had no option but to believe him; a method of bringing her one-time protégé 'him whom she had raised from the dust', to his knees appeared nowhere in sight.

Sir Conyers Clifford, who succeeded Bingham as governor of Connacht, took up the position during January 1597. O'Donnell's many incursions into Connacht via Ballyshannon resulted in the devastation of the countryside, and Clifford reported that famine-like conditions existed in the province and that he had great difficulty in feeding his troops. Clifford toured his province during February and dispersed his army of

1,400 men to guard various English strongholds throughout Connacht. Sligo castle was recovered and garrisoned by him, aided by O'Connor of Sligo. In Mayo, The MacWilliam, unable to muster any strength, now that his protector O'Donnell was back in Ulster, was driven out. At Lahinch, in April 1596, Tibbot-ne-Long, Richard the son of the Devil's Hook and other Mayo chieftains, offered for terms and threw in their lot to fight with the Queen's forces against O'Neill and O'Donnell.

Grace was sixty years old at this time and would seem to have settled permanently at Rockfleet. Her son's decision to fight with the English against her former ally, O'Donnell, no doubt received her approval, as once again survival was at stake and the English this time offered the best terms for procurement of that basic and prized commodity. Her disappointment at O'Donnell's decision regarding the MacWilliam title must have been surpassed only by her son's. Furthermore, her country had been ravaged and wasted repeatedly by O'Donnell and his MacWilliam in their search for cattle and booty to sustain their troops.

Grace's galleys, now that Bingham had departed, were able to put to sea more often in search of maintenance and her ships were reported to be operating off the coast of Thomond, where the Earl was obliged to do battle with some of her followers who had come ashore in search of plunder. It was a grim time along the west coast with the land bare of cattle and produce and clan after clan divided in their loyalties, some fighting for the Queen's cause, others with O'Neill and O'Donnell. It is unlikely that Grace brooded over her misfortune but rather set about resolving it, and with her son away on his warring missions, her own ability and enterprise were her only refuge. One of her raiding excursions at this time was reported to the Council by the Dean of Limerick, who stated 'MacNeil of Barra and Grany ny Mallye invaded one another's possessions though far distant'. Whether an attack or a reprisal, this incident established that Grace continued to be active in her trade, a remarkable feat at her age.

Tibbot-ne-Long, Richard Burke, son of the Devil's Hook, and the other chieftains who had decided to align with the English, met Clifford at Castlebar to submit and receive their pardons for past offences. They agreed to pay the arrears in the Composition rent and to give pledges for their good behaviour and loyal support. (This custom of 'giving pledges' was a widespread practice in sixteenth-century Ireland and meant that when a chief submitted and was pardoned he gave his son or relatives into the care of the English authorities, depending on the importance of his status as chieftain and the seriousness of his crimes. If he broke his promise of loyalty, his 'pledge' could be legally killed by the English as

recompense for the chief's misconduct.) Clifford in turn secured their pardon and provided them with beef, a very scarce commodity at the time. The agreement was signed by Oliverus MacShane Burke, Oliverus MacEdmund, Tibbot Burke, Richard Burke, alias the Devil's Hook's son, David Burke, Owen O'Malley, Mac Jordan and others. According to H. T. Knox, 'these names are taken partly from an original at Westport House, which must have been a duplicate in possession of Tibbot-ne-Long, now not entirely legible, and partly from a copy in the Public Record Office in London'.

As a pledge for himself and his sept, Tibbot gave his son, Grace's grandson, Moylar or Myles Burke, to the English. Tibbot realised that he himself was a valuable asset to the English given his superior seamanship, his strength as a leader in Mayo, his sizeable fleet and his absolute knowledge of the entire coastline, accomplishments inherited from his remarkable mother. Beef and a pardon, however, were hardly a fair exchange for these valuable talents, so Tibbot presented Clifford with a list of demands which were dispatched to the English Privy Council for their consideration. On 25 June, an abstract of the demands and the Privy Council's decisions regarding them was recorded thus: 'An abstract of the Demands of Theobald ne Long Burke unto Sir Coniers Clifford, Governor of Connaught, at Lehinche 25 April 1597; sent unto England and answered by the Lords of the Council 25 June 1597'. In it Tibbot asks for aid from her Majesty's forces to banish The MacWilliam and to secure his lands and a 'title according to the worthiness of his service'. Although this was granted to him, Tibbot was unable to banish The MacWilliam and he had to wait many years before a title was conferred on him. He asked that lands, unfairly seized in Sir Richard Bingham's time, be returned to their rightful owners; this was denied. He asked for 'Her Majesty's letters' on behalf of his stepbrother, Murrough O'Flaherty of Bunowen, and on behalf of his mother and this request was granted. He asked that the Devil's Hook's son should be pardoned and have a pension and this was granted. Tibbot was also granted possession of all rebels' lands, rebels of his own sept. His demand for possession of the castle and lands of Castlebar was denied but he received a company of foot soldiers in the Queen's pay for his use. He also secured pardons for other relations. The fact that his demands were considered by the Privy Council was proof enough that the English considered the procurement of his services a valuable asset. Tibbot had made a good bargain and if he happened to be on the winning side at the final outcome of the war, his future looked bright indeed.

Tibbot's bargain with the English must have secured greater freedom of movement for Grace and her galleys, and it is likely that she took full

advantage of the free rein. Tibbot was his mother's son; he had inherited Grace's intuition, williness and foresight, qualities which had sustained her throughout her life, and had enabled her to out-manoeuvre anyone or anything English or Gael had put as an obstacle in her path to personal gain and achievement. Tibbot, however, kept his bargain for the most part with the English, and his name appears in many of the dispatches of the English generals and governors in the final years of the war with O'Neill and O'Donnell. Grace's other son, Murrough O'Flaherty, also sided with the English, as he had tended to do in the past, and both he and Tibbot were created captains of their own followers.

Grace backed her sons' decision to fight on the side of the English and she would seem to have profited also by her sons' agreements with Clifford, who stated in a dispatch to the Lord Deputy in August 1597 that he had 'given him (Tibbot), his mother and brother amongst them in money and other necessaries, £200' for their valuable services by sea.

### **BATTLES OF THE YELLOW FORD AND THE CURLEW MOUNTAINS**

On 14 August 1598, the English were overwhelmed by the forces of O'Neill and O'Donnell at the Battle of the Yellow Ford. One thousand Connachtmen in O'Donnell's pay fought in battle. O'Donnell now had a free run of Connacht and raided deep into Thomond. In the autumn, O'Donnell sent his MacWilliam and O'Doherty into Murrisk and Burrishoole (i.e. Owle Uachtarach and Owle Iochtarach) with orders to seize all the cattle herds in the area. The deed is remembered in the lines of the poem:

Grainne na gCearbhach do creach  
Is Clann Ghuibuin na ngreadh n-uaibhreach.

Grace of the Gamblers be plundered  
And the Clan Gibbons of proud steeds.

With Tibbot and the other chieftains of the area away fighting in the war, Grace could offer little resistance to the intruders from the north and she watched helplessly, as the Annals of the Four Masters record: 'They collected all the cattle that were on the mainland outside the small islands, and though great was the gathering and collection of preys, they made, they encountered no danger or difficulty on account of them, save only the trouble of removing and driving them off'. These cattle raids were usually accompanied by the general plunder of property and countryside. Since the attack by Captain Martin in 1574 on Grace's fortress of Rockfleet, there is no indication that its stout defences came

under attack again and Grace was left in relative safety inside its walls.

Tibbot, with his stepbrother, Murrough O'Flaherty, commanded three large galleys, each able to contain 300 men, off the west coast. In July 1599, Governor Clifford was ordered to transport supplies, military stores and building materials by sea to Sligo. Tibbot sailed with the cargo from Galway city and anchored off Sligo bay and waited for Clifford's arrival. A detachment of O'Donnell's troops kept him under constant surveillance. On 15 August Clifford attempted to cross the Curlew mountains. O'Donnell's men held the pass, attacked and routed the English, leaving Clifford among the dead. It was a resounding victory for O'Donnell and many of the Gaelic chiefs, who up to now had either fought with the English or had been undecided either way, submitted and joined his cause. Among them was O'Conor Sligo, Tibbot's brother-in-law. Tibbot still maintained his position off the coast and made no move to submit to O'Donnell who, the day after the battle, realising the importance to the campaign of Tibbot's services, attempted to induce him to join his cause. Tibbot sent Murrough O'Flaherty to parley with O'Donnell, who suggested that Tibbot should serve the O'Donnell cause by seizing English shipping in the area. Perhaps O'Donnell's terms were not substantial enough, or perhaps with his inherited foresight Tibbot realised that, although O'Donnell was now at the height of his power, the day would finally be won by the English, and it was on the winning side Tibbot intended to be; for one reason or another, Tibbot slipped anchor and sailed with his cargo still intact back to Galway city. O'Donnell might well regret the alienation of Tibbot from his cause; the seamanship which Tibbot and his clan possessed were now vital to the outcome of the war, in the speedy transport of men and equipment from one place to another. The English had realised the real value of Tibbot's services and had offered him the best terms first.

The year 1600 saw the fortunes of O'Neill and O'Donnell at their highest. O'Neill had brought the war right into the heart of Munster, while O'Donnell had subdued Connacht. Elizabeth, in a final effort to secure her now almost lost kingdom, sent Lord Mountjoy and Sir George Carew against O'Neill and O'Donnell. The government realised the danger to England's security should Ireland, in Gaelic hands, become the entry point for Spain into England. O'Neill's dispatches to the Spanish court made an invasion from Spain seem imminent. Sir Francis Bacon had warned the parliament earlier 'that ulcer of Ireland . . . hath run on and raged more, which cannot but attract the ambition of Spain'. In May 1600, Henry Docwra landed behind O'Neill's defences on the Foyle with 4,000 troops while Mountjoy and Carew attacked Ulster and Munster, destroying everything in their path.

## THE FINAL RECORD OF GRACE O'MALLEY

While Tibbot features in many of the English dispatches of this time, and his exploits during and after the war against O'Neill and O'Donnell are well recorded, no records of Grace's life and activities exist. No, some seventy years old, Grace must have left her struggle both with the world and the sea in her son's capable hands. The final recorded reference to her name appears in the State Papers for July 1601. It is a dispatch from one of the Queen's naval captains, Captain Charles Plessington, who was on patrol off the western sea coast on the look-out for the daily expected Spanish invasion force, and is written to the Queen's private secretary, Sir Robert Cecil. In the dispatch Captain Plessington states:

All the sails I have seen since I came upon the coast was a galley I met withal betwixt Teelin and Killibeggs, where I made her run on shore amongst the rocks, notwithstanding she rowed with thirty oars, and had on board, ready to defend her, 100 good shot, which entertained skirmish with my boat at most an hour and had put her to the worst. But coming up with my ship to her rescue, I quickly with my great shot made an end to the fray. This galley comes out of Connaught, and belongs to Grany O'Malley, whereof a base son of hers is Captain, and, as I learned since, this with one other galley, was set out and manned with a people called the Flaherties, who was purposed to do some spoils upon the countries and islands of McSwyne Fanad and MacSwyne ne Doe, about Lough Swilly and Sheep haven. From on board Her Majesty's ship Tremontaney lying at sea off the Blackrock, 1601 July 17.

That the captain of the galley was Grace's 'base son' is unlikely. The error in identification is thought to have arisen in the translation of the information which would have been given by the crew of the galley in Irish to the English captain. That he was an O'Malley and possibly related to Grace is likely, as Grace's two sons were at that time employed elsewhere in the services of the English, and there is no evidence to suggest that Grace had other sons. That Grace was alive at this time seems likely, and although unable through age to partake actively in maritime expeditions, it would appear that under her direction her trade of maintenance by land and sea was being continued by her followers.

Thus the extraordinary career of Grace O'Malley ends as it begins, shrouded in uncertainty. The exact date of her death, as of her birth, is uncertain. From the evidence to hand it would seem that her death occurred at Rockfleet, about the year 1603. She possibly did survive to hear of the defeat of her former friends, O'Neill and O'Donnell, at the battle of Kinsale, the final and conclusive milestone in Elizabeth's campaign to reconquer her Irish kingdom.

This is the final extract from *GRANUAILE, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GRACE*

*O'MALLEY, 1530-1603*, by Anne Chambers, M.A. She is the author of *CHIEFTAIN TO KNIGHT, TIBBOT NE LONG BOURKE FIRST VISCOUNT MAYO, 1567-1629*, and of *ELEANOR COUNTESS OF DESMOND, 1545-1638*, which was shortlisted for the Irish Book Award 1987. We are deeply indebted to this talented writer for sharing so much of her authoritative biography with the readers of the *O'Malley Clan Annual*.

# OLD HEAD

Sheila Mulloy

The wooded promontory, on which is situated one of the oldest natural forests in Ireland, is two miles east of Louisburgh. A walk through the oak trees with the sunlight filtering through to encourage rich undergrowth and birdlife, is a refreshing change from walking in newly-planted coniferous forests where all is dark and foreboding. An added bonus are the sea views from the cliffs at the edge of the woods with Mulrany, Corraun and Achillbeg opposite you on the north side of Clew Bay.

The strand must be one of the most spectacular in Ireland with Croagh Patrick (the Reek) standing guard over it, the woods coming right down to the foreshore, and cliffs off to the east with glimpses of the offshore islands on the horizon. Sheltered by its pier this beach is deservedly popular with people from the surrounding area.



*Old Head House Hotel and Cottages.*

Old Head Hotel is beautifully situated overlooking the beach. The building has been greatly enlarged by the present proprietors, John and Kathleen Lydon, who have also built a group of self-catering houses in the grounds of the hotel. The previous owners were the Wallace family, now represented by Donald Wallace, whose brother Alec restored Boathaven House nearby. The Wallace family ran a successful hotel here for many years, since they purchased the house from the Stanner family of Ballinrobe in 1939.

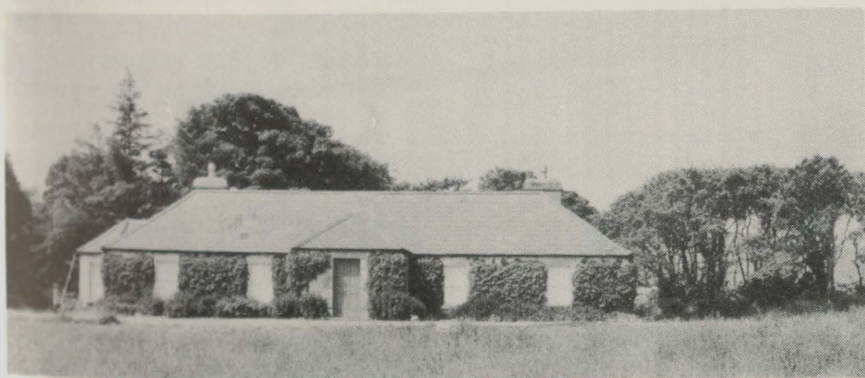
Old Head House, now Old Head Hotel, was built by Lord John Browne, the future Fourth Marquess of Sligo, in 1870, and became the home of his sister Lady Marion Wilbraham, wife of Colonel Hugh Wilbraham. The house was burnt during the Troubles and later rebuilt.



*Boathaven Lodge, Old Head, Louisburgh.*

Until Old Head Hotel was built, the Wilbrahams lived at Boathaven Lodge. This house was lived in by the Rev. J. D. Sirr in 1837. It is now the property of Louis Heneghan and his wife Dr. Patricia Heneghan.

The Jordans were once the predominant family in this area, and their vicissitudes are graphically described by the late John O'Dowd in his letter on the following pages. These present notes will concentrate on some important houses in the area and their present owners.



*Old Head Lodge, Louisburgh, Co. Mayo.*

Old Head Lodge was the summer residence of the Rev. Francis Lambert Ruttledge in 1837. The Rev. Ruttledge was a cousin of the O'Dowds who were later to live at Fallduff Lodge. Old Head Lodge was subsequently the property of, among others, Redmond Gallagher, managing director of Urney's Chocolate. Charles Plunket, grandson of Bishop Thomas Plunket, is the present owner.



*Fallduff Lodge, Old Head, Louisburgh, Co. Mayo.*

Fallduff Lodge was lived in by a branch of the Garveys of Murrisk. Patrick O'Dowd subsequently bought the estate and Tully Lodge and lived in Fallduff Lodge from 1889. The present representatives of the family are Patrick's grandsons, Séamus and David O'Dowd. David lives there with his wife Dr. Thora O'Dowd and family.



*Sea View, Killsallagh, Westport, Co. Mayo.*

Seaview at Killsallagh, now owned by Joe Staunton of Louisburgh, was formerly the residence of the Russell Cooke family. It is an old house situated by the edge of the sea, and is said to have been built by a descendant of Tiobóid na Long Bourke, son of Gráinne Ní Mháille, who was knighted in 1603. Patrick O'Dowd spent his later years here until his death in 1917 at the age of 85.



*Lady Sally Harman with her granddaughter Becky in front of Tully Lodge, Louisburgh, Co. Mayo.*

Another prominent house in the area is Tully Lodge, also lived in by the Garvey family, and bought in 1947 by Sir Charles Harman, Lord Justice of Appeal, from the O'Dowd family. Lady Sally Harman has resided there permanently since the death of her husband.

A Garvey link with the area is the summer house at Dadreen, Thallabawn, purchased by Sir Terence Garvey, a distinguished member of the British Diplomatic Service, who died in 1986. His widow Lady Rosemary Garvey continues to live there for the greater part of the year, and is joined there for the summer months by members of her family.

## SOME TALES FROM FALLDUFF

The following letter was written by John O'Dowd, father of David O'Dowd of Fallduff Lodge, Louisburgh, to Charles Conor O'Malley of Galway who was so long associated with the O'Malley Clan. It is full of interesting sidelights on the Old Head, Fallduff and Ballyhip areas, and deserves to be preserved in print for the enlightenment of future generations. It was presented to the Editor by Ann Kelly, daughter of Conor O'Malley.

Linden,<sup>1</sup>  
Lower Salthill,  
Galway.

Dear Dr. O'Malley,

You asked me the other night to let you have anything I knew about Captain George O'Malley,<sup>2</sup> and I told you I knew very little. I will give you now what little I know so that it may be preserved if it's worth preserving.

I do this because I have so many regrets that I did not put in writing what I had from my father, and regrets that I did not ask more questions of him who knew so much, not indeed about Iar Umhall and the O'Malley country but about his own country, for he had a memory that went back to Sean Bhrian Ó Dubhda who led the men of Ui Fiachrach at the Battle of Athenry,<sup>3</sup> when most of the important men of the Connacht families were slain trying to fight against armour and the long bow in their linen shirts. He could trace his descent to that man who he remarks was the greatest man of the Ó Dubhda race, a thing I cannot do now with certainty when it comes near to Brian, though I can go back for about ten generations.

All I know about Captain O'Malley was what my mother often told me, that he would come down every other day to her mother's house<sup>4</sup> at the Quay, Westport, and receive some kindness in the way of a drink or two and tobacco, but she told me that he was always talking about the manuscript he had written all about his life and his adventures, and how he would have money and fame when it was published. He was as I told you in the Workhouse in Westport, where he died, and I hope he was not like the rest of the inmates of that institution buried in the Rocky Field without a stone over his grave.

The Matron of the Workhouse at that time was Mrs. O'Malley, mother of Middleton O'Malley, whom you may have known, whose son now has possession of Captain O'Malley's manuscript. I gathered from my mother that no one paid any attention to the old sailor when he spoke of his adventures and his manuscript.

I heard a story from the old men in Fallduff about the Captain, that he was captured at one time by the Coastguard, and that his ship was brought into Oldhead where there was a Coastguard Station. His ship was secured by a cable to a tree that grew beside the old salthouse there, the Coastguard quarters being up along the road that runs from the seashore up between the two hills adjacent. The road is still there; it runs at the bottom of the land on which Oldhead Hotel is built. This road was the original road from Louisburgh to Westport, and part of it can be still seen on the bank along the sea near Killsallagh, as it left the sea bank there and ran up beside the present Seaview Lodge to the present main road to Westport near Kilcoyne's home and now the Post Office. But I will return to this later on . . .

Captain O'Malley, the story went, produced plenty of good liquor and the Coast Guards drank so much that the local men were able to get his ship afloat, and to do this they had to cast overboard cannon, and then the cable was cut and the captain got away. The story told me went on to say that the local men carried the cannon and threw it into a boghole.

I also heard the story of him being chased by the Revenue Cutter or ship, and ran up the Killary, and then when he came to a certain rock coming about quickly and running between the rock and the cliff over the Killary, got away as the Revenue cutter could not come about in time to catch him.

Seaview Lodge was as far as tradition goes built by Lord Mayo. It was the demesne land of Killsallagh (Coill Salach, 'willow wood'). I never heard from any of the old people in Fallduff or Killsallagh about the building of it. Generally you would find a man who knew a man who saw it being built.

Coill Salach was apparently confiscated land and by tradition it was granted to a Colonel Jordan one of the Rossleven Castle Jordans of East Mayo. He got also the land from Oldhead back to near the present Louisburgh.

The present townlands of Fallduff, Kilgeever and Ballyhip, parish of Kilgeever, were church lands belonging to the parish church of Kilgeever, portion of which stands yet. I was told by a man that it was built by a disciple of a disciple of Saint Patrick himself. There is a Holy Well there, and the Stations of Kilgeever drew people from Connemara and from as far as Foxford. My father told me that in the house he was born in, Moorebrook House about two miles north of Foxford, there was an old woman who attached herself to the family as was not unusual in those days. This old woman, he told me, made a pilgrimage to the Reek, and as was the custom, did it on foot, and after doing the Station of the Reek,

she travelled back to Kilgeever and made the Station there also, and then turned and walked back to Moorebrook, a matter, according to my father, of sixty miles.

To revert to the townlands of Fallduff, Kilgeever and Ballyhip, these were confiscated and handed over to the Protestant Bishop of Tuam, and in 1777 he leased them to the Rutledge family of Cornfield,<sup>5</sup> and they later on sold the townland of Fallduff to the Jordans of Old Head. They in turn sold Fallduff to the Garvey family, who were Catholic, and they built Fallduff Lodge. When selling the townland of Fallduff to the Garveys, Jordan retained a portion of land from his own land straight down to the seabank for turbary purposes. The Jordans lost Coill Salach retaining only the house and twenty acres. Then they lost Oldhead and tradition relates how they lost it.

The Brownes of Westport were a prudent cautious family and they began to buy up all the properties they could get hold of, cios cosanta or not. They were anxious to get hold of Jordan's property at Oldhead. (I do not know if they then had acquired Coill Salach.) Jordan refused again and again to sell, and the story goes that at a dinner in Westport House, they so plied him with drink that he signed the contract of sale.

In connection with that, my father told me that he was in the Rent Office in Westport<sup>7</sup> one day with James Jordan, the last of the Jordans of Oldhead and Killsallagh, and heard John Browne,<sup>8</sup> as he then was, ask James Jordan what had the Jordans got for Oldhead, and James Jordan replied 'We got a good dinner anyway for it.'

Then Lord John said to James Jordan, 'But Jordan, your family and my family are someway related', and the old man's reply was 'Well, my lord, if I knew that I had a drop of your blood in my veins, I would open it with my knife and let it down the river.'

James Jordan's daughter was married to Augustus McEville of Ballyglass, who had a fine farm there near our farm of Mountpleasant. They also had the Post Office there. James died then and his grand daughter came into possession of Sea View, Killsallagh, and the strip of land formerly retained for turbary at Oldhead. Miss McEville's nephew came in later for any property left. His father's name was O'Hara.

Dr. Delargy told me that Captain O'Malley's memoirs are of great interest, and that he gave the names of the ships and their captains that sailed from the port of Westport.

In the lecture on smuggling recently, the lecturer dwelt on the part played by the Isle of Man in the smuggling trade in the eighteenth century, which came to an end about 1760.

I am very curious to know if Captain O'Malley mentioned the name of

any of the Gills of Islandmore in Clew Bay. I heard that they came originally from the Isle of Man, and wonder did this occur through the suppression of smuggling there in 1760. I know that my maternal greatgrandfather William Gill of Islandmore flourished towards the end of the eighteenth century, and know that at the time of the French invasion in 1798, William Gill brought Lord Altamont and his family with all their goods and valuables to Scotland in his ship. The principal families on Islandmore were the Kellys and the Gills, and they were all sailors and owned ships, and made money bringing up cargoes from the big four-masted sailing ships that could only come as far as Inishlyre beside Islandmore where there was deep water.

The Kellys of Islandmore were descended from an O'Kelly from Galway who fought with his four sons at the Battle of Aughrim,<sup>9</sup> losing three of them, one a lad of fifteen years, as well as his property, just as my own greatgrandfather Ruaidhri O'Dowd came to Mayo, settled near Westport and eventually moved to Islandmore, and then my greatgrandfather came to Callow (Coill Loch) halfway between Swinford and Foxford.

The Kellys and the Gills intermarried. Rev. Dr. Peter Clarke of San Francisco was a prominent figure in his time. His mother was a Kelly from Islandmore. Forgotten in his native place, Galway, San Francisco has honoured him by naming a boulevard after him.

If the Kellys and the Gills made money with their ships, they spent it like princes, for even in my own youth the island welcomed any visitor no matter where he came from. Anyone could go to Islandmore for a week or a month or any time he liked, and he would be housed and fed with the best, with any drink he wanted. There was open house for all, and now the Kellys and the Gills are gone. The last of the Kellys, my good friend John, died in Chicago a few years ago, and Joseph Gill came out and built a house on the mainland. His wife by the way is a close relative of Princess Grace.<sup>10</sup>

Dr. Delargy told me that he thought that the reluctance of Harold O'Malley, son of Middleton O'Malley, was due to some severe things the captain had to say about some of the O'Malleys. Every family has its black sheep, and the O'Malleys can well afford to have one or two.

I remember one time when the late Colonel Buchanan of Prospect was shooting over our property and afterwards when he had dined, himself and my father were drinking their punch. They were talking of various things and various people, and I then heard the old colonel screwing his monocle into his eye, saying 'Pat, there is something in those O'Malleys. Look at Big William of Ballyburke, Big John of Furmoyle, Big John of

Roonith. There is something in them; these men stand out.'

My own opinion is that in your family there may be one or two (black sheep), but on the whole I never met a mean one, and I was proud of the men of the name who were my friends, from Pádraig from Muintir Eoin, and your own brother Tommy from Kilmilkin, two of my dearest friends, down to the poorest. They were men and good to know, and I married an O'Malley and a finer woman the world did not hold, God rest her brave soul!

I did not know Harold, but I knew Terence (Captain)<sup>11</sup> and I liked him very much. I have two sons with an O'Malley drop in them, and I think a drop of Gráinne's, for my first wife was descended from Anthony O'Malley, M.P.,<sup>12</sup> who had O'Flaherty blood through the Coneys family.

Mise,

John O'Dowd

11 December 1964.

## NOTES

- 1) The home of Mary, daughter of John O'Dowd.
- 2) See following article.
- 3) Fought against the Anglo-Irish in 1249.
- 4) She lived in Bridge Street according to David O'Dowd.
- 5) This family also owned Westport Lodge, now the Sacred Heart School, and Rosmalley House, Rosbeg, Westport, now a holiday house for the handicapped. They were land agents to the Brownes of Westport House and the Moores of Moore Hall.
- 6) Protective rent.
- 7) The Westport House Rent Office, formerly in Castlebar Street.
- 8) Lord John Browne, who became Fourth Marquess of Sligo in 1898.
- 9) Fought between the Jacobites and Williamites in July 1691.
- 10) The late Nora Quinn from Inishcuttle. The Gill and Kelly houses have been bought for use as summer houses, the Kelly house by Dickie Ryan, a nephew of John Kelly, and the Gill house by F.X. Gill, a cousin of the late Joseph Gill.
- 11) The late Captain Tyrrell O'Malley.
- 12) William O'Malley, M.P. (1853-1939).

## CAPTAIN GEORGE O'MALLEY (1785-c1865)

Smuggling was widespread off the west coast of Ireland in the eighteenth century, although not quite as widespread as tradition would have it. The boats sailed in ballast or with cargoes of wool, principally to the Channel Islands, and returned with cargoes of brandy, tea and tobacco. The boat-owners were frequently landowners or merchants, and the contraband was for their own use or for sale in the nearest town. The boats put in at lonely coves often with the connivance of the revenue police, who were too few in number to deal with the crews, who had in addition cemented the goodwill of the local populace by a careful division of the spoils. As surveillance became more effective, with more surveyors, boats and revenue men, the smuggling business became uneconomic, as cargoes had now to be bought at such places as Flushing and the Isle of Man and then make the hazardous trip round the north coast of Ireland. Finally, the establishment of a residential coast guard in 1819 helped to put an end to the illicit trade.

The O'Malleys were not backward in joining the ranks of the smuggling fraternity, and prominent among them was Captain Patrick O'Malley who had been evicted from Inishturk, and settled near Letterfrack, where his famous son Captain George was born in 1785. The family claimed relationship with the Castlebar, Burrishoole and Joyce Country O'Malleys. Patrick's activities ensured that the family was comfortable. He brought regular cargoes of tobacco, brandy, wine and silks from the Channel Islands, and these goods were distributed all over Mayo and Galway.

Young George was initiated early into a life at sea, joining a revenue cutter of all things, an experience which was to prove invaluable in later life when he became the king of the Mayo smugglers. He later worked on a boat belonging to his uncle Captain Ned O'Malley and was shipwrecked in Sligo Bay. Subsequently, he served on many ships in all parts of the world. Caught by an English press gang in Oporto he served for a time on a warship. He escaped, however, but was recaptured in Liverpool. This time he was rescued by the crew of an American vessel.

Captured by a French ship in 1811, he spent three years in French prisons. At one time he was captain of a pirate vessel that brought slaves from Africa to the cotton plantations in the Southern States of the United States. He was part owner of a boat that was subsequently wrecked, and owner of another that he brought from New York to Clare Island. This last was looted by the islanders while George was celebrating in Westport.

In one of his frequent encounters with the revenue men, he put in at Boathaven, Old Head, where his boat was wrecked. However, he wrote in his autobiography that he preferred this to having his vessel and cargo captured. In recent years Donald Wallace has discovered remains of old boats at low tide on the beach at Old Head. He feels they may have some connection with our captain as the Jordans of Oldhead were also known to have been involved in the smuggling business, and for that reason he may have operated from this area, or his boats may have been left here when he retired from active life.

Captain George retired from smuggling in 1829, but had numerous other adventures, some of which are quite incredible or exaggerated out of all proportion, as recounted in his lengthy autobiography. This he tried to have published in later years when he was a pathetic figure in the Westport Workhouse, but it remains unpublished to this day. He is credited with the authorship of two well-known songs, and is the subject of innumerable stories that are still recounted in the area around Clew Bay. He died about the year 1865 and is buried in an unmarked grave.

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This is an extract from *O'Malley People and Places* (1988)  
by Sheila Mulloy.

# 'AN CAIPTÍN MÁILLEACH'

A Song by Caiptín Ó Máille (Captain George)

This song is a well-known one and has been published in *An Gaodhal* (1886), *Fáinne an Lae* (1898) and *An Claidheamh Soluis* (1905). This version is from Micheál Ó Tiománaidhe, *Abhráin Gaedhilge an Iarthair* (1906). Ó Tiománaidhe describes the captain as 'a small, thickset, agile, strong and hearty man.'

An chéad lá de mhí 's d'fhóghmhar do thóigeamar ár seolta,  
Ag breathnughadh ar na cóstaí ag Tóin an Mhionnáin thiar,  
As sin suas go Cliar iath Acaill Bheag in a dhiaidh sin,  
Inis Tuirc taobh thiar de mar bhí iarraidh orainn ann,  
Suas le Rin a' Mhaoile is anuas le Cró na Caoile,  
Cloigeann le n-a taoibh sin 's Tráigh Bhríghde ina dhiaidh,  
Gur dhóirteamar le fánaidh anuas thríd fhairge cháithte,  
Go dtáinigemar chun na Ráithe mar is ann a bhí ár dtriall.

Ar sgeinneadh dhúinn thar Árainn ansiúd a neartuigh an gáladh,  
Bhí cúrsai istigh ár sáith againn 's níor thráth dhá fhailliughadh é.  
Chuaidh an oidhche chun feochain is as sin chun cuacha móra,  
Thóigeamar ár seolta 's níor mhór dhúinn féin é,  
Shéidh an fhairge 's phléasg sí ina madhma geala glégeal,  
Chrith orainn an spéir le duibhthean is ceo,  
Ansiúd a bhí na ceolta ag bluic is ag rópaí,  
An Zephyr bhocht gur leonadh í ins na tontracha bhí tréan.

Tráth theann mé uirthi an t-éadach chrith sí thrí n-a chéile,  
A cuid ádhmaid bhí ag pléasgadh 's gach nidh dá raibh ós a cionn,  
Thoisigh sí ag lúbadh 's ag imtheacht mar bheadh cú ann,  
Ag bailte an amhairc as mo shúile 's níor léir liom mo lámh,  
An sneachta a dtuaidh dhá shéideadh go cruaidh isteach in m'éadan,  
An fhairge bhí ag pléasgadh ins an spéir ós mo cionn,  
Trí dhul de rópa cnáibe bhí ar mo chum chaol fáisgthe,  
Nach gar a chuaidh an bás dhom 's mé lag sáruighthe i n-a ceann.

Bhí fuireann na luinge i n-éinfheacht ag breathnughadh suas in  
m'éadan,  
Ag iarraidh orm cabhair a dhéanamh gan aon mhaith dhóbhtha ann,  
Bhí lámha bochta stróichthe ó shíor-tharraingt ar na rópaí,  
Bhí an leathar 's an fheoil díobhta tóigthe amach o'n gcnámh,

'Sé dubhairt mé leobhtha ar aon chor go ndéanfainn cabhair dá  
bhféadfainn,

Acht iomchróchadh uirthí an t-éadach an fhad 's féidir léithí snámh,  
Má's é seo an bás gheall Mac Dé dhúinn, dheamhan cabhair dhúinn ghá  
shéanadh,

Acht ólaim sláinte a chéile má théidhmid beo chun cuain.

Is mór an clú 's an t-ádh dhúinn ár gceann a thabhairt chum láthair,  
Gan againn acht ár námhaid ins gach áit dá raibh ár dtriail,  
Bhí waterguards ina ngárd' ann 's póilíos le n-a sála,  
Revinue na háite ann 's gach dream dá ndeachaidh leo;  
Bhí cutars bheag is mhór ann, bhí an beardín (?) salach leobhtha,  
Luings Ríogh Seoirse 's iad sa tóir orm go dian,  
Mise Caiptín Máille fear maith de chineál Ghráinne,  
A chuireadh amach a lucht go sásta is ná riabh maith aca.

Air: Jenny Ward.

## Translation

(Perhaps there exists an English translation of this song in rhyme, or perhaps a reader would care to attempt one? Meanwhile, this is a literal translation.)

### 1

On the first day of autumn we hoisted our sails,  
We skirted the coastline west from Menawn,  
Then to Clare Island and Achill Beg after,  
To Inish Turk then because they wanted me there,  
Up to Renvyle and down to Killary Harbour,  
To Cleggan as well and then Tráigh Bhríghde,  
We ploughed our way through choppy seas,  
Until we came to Roigh which was our destination.

### 2

As we swept past Aran the gale strengthened.  
We had reefs enough in our sails and it wasn't the time to neglect the job,  
A stiff breeze was blowing and soon it wa a raging storm,  
We raised our sails and we were obliged to do so,  
The sea swelled up and burst into a bright foaming mass,  
The sky shook with darkness and mist,  
It was then we had music from blocks and ropes,  
The poor *Zephyr* was being broken by the mighty waves.

## 3

When we put on full sail she shook from stem to stern,  
 Her timbers were breaking and her rigging was being torn asunder,  
 She began to toss and turn like a hound,  
 Taking the sight from my eyes so that I couldn't see my hand,  
 The snow from the north blowing cruelly into my face,  
 The sea breaking in the sky over my head,  
 A hempen rope was wound three times round my slender waist,  
 I was near death's door weak and exhausted.

## 4

The ship's crew were standing there together looking at me,  
 Beseeking me to help them, but knowing it was hopeless,  
 Their poor hands were torn from pulling ceaselessly on the ropes,  
 Skin and flesh were torn away from the bone,  
 I told them I would do what I could,  
 But I would keep the sails on her as long as she kept afloat,  
 If this was the death promised us by the Son of God, it would be useless  
 to refuse it,  
 But we would drink each other's health if we reached the harbour safely.

## 5

Good fortune and fame were ours in the end,  
 Our enemies were before us everywhere we ventured,  
 Waterguards on the watch and police on their heels,  
 There were cutters big and small, the bay was full of them,  
 King George's ships hunting hard for me,  
 I am Caipín Ó Máille, a good man of Gráinne's breed,  
 Who would put his loads ashore for ever in spite of them.

## CELEBRATION AT LOUISBURGH

A painting by Tom Smith, Pigeon Point, Westport, of Anthony O'Malley, Doughmakeon, Louisburgh, was unveiled at the Granuaile Interpretive Centre, Louisburgh, on Monday 9 May on the occasion of Anthony's 90th birthday. The portrait was presented by the O'Malley Clan Association to Anthony, who has been a life-long supporter of clan activities, and Clan Chieftain in 1986-1987. He was congratulated by his many friends and well-wishers on this happy occasion.



*Presentation of Portrait to Anthony O'Malley by Clan Committee. (Left to right): Anthony O'Malley, Secretary; Brendan O'Malley; Sheila Mulloy, Chairperson; Kay O'Malley; Gráinne McKibben; Joe O'Malley Blackwell; Kitty Harlow.*

## ADVENTURES IN NEW ZEALAND



*Síle Ní Chionna, a dietician and daughter of Eoin Ó Cionna and Eibhlín Ní Mháille of Dublin, has been working in New Zealand. She has sent the following account of her adventures together with a newspaper clipping.*

9 February 1989.

I was invited to the South Island for a few days last weekend by Diana – one of the New Zealand staff girls here. Her parents were spending some time on D'Urville Island and we were to join them. As you can see from the newspaper clipping, it turned out to be quite an adventure. We set off on Saturday morning, 'hitching' a lift with the Kapiti Aero Club. Diana's dad knows people at the Aero Club and he suggested we ask them for a lift as they were going to the island for the weekend. So we got a ride in a four-seater 'Cherokee' flying from Paraparaumu (up the coast north of Wellington) to the island. D'Urville Island is at the very north of the south island. It was about a fifty minute flight.

Visibility wasn't great as it was a wet day but it was still great to fly. As we came nearer the island we could see a lot more. Diana tried to phone her parents just before we left to confirm that we were going but we couldn't get through as lightning had struck the lines somewhere in the

area. So to let him know we'd arrived she asked the pilot to 'buzz' them in French Pass where they were staying. This meant that the pilot flew the plane over the little village doing a circle and then flew off again. He decided he'd tip the wing as well so without warning to me (in the back) we went over on one side and then he tipped it the other way! What a view we had! But it was like being on a roller coaster. French Pass is the nearest point on the mainland to the island, and the strip of water between the two is very narrow but also dangerous as the different currents meet each other there. Going over the island was a bit bumpy. We landed on the other side at Greville Harbour. There's a small airstrip here – a grass one. The approach to it is quite tricky but we were in safe hands as our pilot was the instructor at the air club.

Once landed we decided to go to the nearest farmhouse with a phone. When we arrived there we were welcomed by the woman in the house as if she was expecting us which took us by surprise. The others had phoned from French Pass to say we were coming in on their airstrip. So she showed us round the farm. This one had hens and pigs, etc. In fact some of the pigs were wild pigs they'd caught a few months earlier in the forest. When Captain Cook came to New Zealand he brought pigs with him, black ones, and some of these must have escaped at some stage. They are quite common in areas where there is native bush growing. Diana's dad arrived around 7.30 p.m. and went straight down to the airstrip to see the planes. Meanwhile we'd heard that the plane that landed after us had come down just short of the runway and torn its undercarriage off and bent its propellers. No one was hurt. So we went down too to have a look.

We finally left to go to the other side of the island at 8.30. Owen Beadle, a friend of Diana's dad (her dad's name is Les) had come for us in a land rover and we were to stay at a small holiday house he has on his property. It was raining hard by now and had been for a few hours. The roads are unsealed, naturally enough, and so he was anxious to get home in case we got cut off by a 'slip' or something. It took about an hour to get there, not because the island is so big but because you can't go directly across it. The road goes around the island but yet does climb quite high. It felt at times like we were in the jungle especially since most of the island is under native bush. The funny thing was that in a few places you'd come across nice neat little AA road signs.

At 6 a.m. the next morning Les woke us up telling us to hurry and get out. So we packed everything quickly and stepped outside – into water. It wasn't very deep – the little 'creek' on one side of his property, beside the road, had just burst its bank. We went up to Owen's house which was

further away from the creek and on slightly higher ground. We were just beside the beach. It was still dark. The newspaper story picks up from here and is in fact quite accurate. But I'll fill in the details. To start with Diana and myself went to the sunroom to lie down, but we didn't stay long there as Owen had got up and started to make a cup of tea. So as it was beginning to get light, we decided we'd get up to see what was happening. The small field between Owen's house and the one we were in, was now a river and the water was really churning it up. All sorts of things were floating past – buckets and oil drums, etc. – things from Owen's shed.

Then we heard the rumbling sound. Les and Owen knew what it meant and warned us to get ready to run. I was in the front of the house and saw a new river on the right side of the house with lots of timber and debris in it. Les was in the kitchen at the back and when he saw water suddenly halfway up the window he decided it was time to leave. At the same time we heard a big crash so we ran to the trees on the left side of the house. Diana and I were still in our nighties and had jumpers on over them. As I was up the tree, I could see the cushions I was lying on in the sunroom floating past!

We got down out of the tree after a few minutes and went back inside the house when Owen gave us the all clear. The sunroom was quite wrecked, and the kitchen had a lot of mud on the floor, but besides that there wasn't too much damage to the house. Thank God the kitchen window didn't break. In fact what happened in the sunroom was that the water lifted up the furniture – a couch and table, took the rug (an expensive Persian one), all the cushions and our sleeping bags, etc., away with it, and then deposited the furniture back again in the room! I cut my big toe on glass before I realised that there was a lot of glass lying around. It was a nuisance as it was hard to keep clean with so much mud around.

We went outside to investigate the damage. The whole area on either side of the house seemed to have a maze of little rivers running over it, and the water was still coming fast. The flash-flood that hit the house had brought with it big boulders and a big tree that stopped on the level ground before reaching the house in which we originally stayed. In fact it wasn't flooded at all. There was a row of trees behind Owen's house, and these saved the house from the worst of the flash-flood. In fact a land rover that was parked on the other side of the trees was washed down in to the garden behind the house. The whole area was totally changed. There was mud and shingle and a number of large rocks everywhere.

We decided to have some breakfast in case things got worse and we'd be stuck without food. It didn't get worse though, thank God. Diana and

I were anxious to get onto the road and onto higher ground while we could. The bridge was damaged but we could cross it on foot. As we went up the road we saw how the little creek had widened to a river and had torn away banks and bush on either side. Where the road crossed the river further up (the water used to go through a large pipe) there wasn't any road any more. However, it didn't look like there was any danger of another dam forming. Tons of stuff must have been washed out to sea. The water was stained brown for quite a distance out.

When we got back to the house the phones were back, so we contacted French Pass. A boat came out to pick us up at 11 a.m., and we left Owen behind as he didn't want to leave. It was still raining quite heavily. Diana and I had wanted some adventure that weekend, and I think we got as much as we could handle within 24 hours! We were a little shocked after it all but yet glad we'd experienced it. Nobody was hurt in the flood but two other houses were flooded badly – one of them a holiday home or 'batch'. The farmhouse we originally went to was safe but all around and right up to their front door, was deposited lots of mud and shingle, etc. It has virtually ruined all their grazing land.

It took us all day Tuesday to get back to Wellington. We couldn't fly back as there wasn't room anymore. So we had to catch the mail van at 9.45 from French Pass to Rai Valley. Again most of the roads were unsealed but we had the most fantastic views all the way. The area is almost like a fjordland. Then we caught the bus to Picton and the ferry to Wellington, where we got back to the monastery at 6 p.m.

### ***The Dominion, Wednesday 8/2/89***

## **D'Urville Island guests take to the trees to escape floods**

Three guests on a D'Urville Island farm clambered up trees on Sunday to escape raging floodwaters.

Farmer Owen Beadle was sound asleep at his home on the outer Marlborough Sounds island on Sunday morning oblivious to the rain.

He woke when he heard voices inside his home.

Three people staying in one of the two motel-batches on the property had sought shelter in the farmhouse.

"They said the water was rising quickly and they got across here when they could."

Mr. Beadle said he then heard "an almighty rumbling."

"There must have been a natural dam formed up in the bush. Then it broke.

"I got the others out of the house and they ended up climbing the trees outside.

"I snuck in on the lee of the house, as it crashed straight through the big window of the sunroom."

Silt, mud and debris sifted through the sunroom and the kitchen but an interior door slammed shut, preventing more serious damage to the rest of the house.

Mr. Beadle said his guests – Les Sutherland, his daughter and an Irish exchange student – stayed in the trees for about five to 10 minutes till the water receded.

"They stayed remarkably cool throughout," he said.

"They must have been about 10 feet up".

Scenes of devastation greeted Mr. Beadle as he inspected the damage. Three storage sheds on a property 200 metres behind his were smashed.

Two boats, a tractor and a trailer were picked up and shunted through the paddocks.

Boulders, some 2m round, were strewn round the formerly grassed grounds where sheep had grazed.

Large rocks landed close to Mr. Beadle's home.

They were stopped from wreaking further havoc by a stand of established trees just in front of the building.

A matai tree, about 15m tall and 1.5m wide, was felled.

A 6m deep screen bed beside the creek was "all flush and filled up with debris".

An access bridge listed at an acute angle after being hit by the tide and both motel-baches were layered with muck and mud.

Mr. Beadle said the noise was "incredible, like massive doses of thunder".

He said he didn't have time to be worried.

"I was looking at a wall of water, eight to 10 feet high. You only see it in the movies.

"But it was all happening pretty quickly and I had to get on with the job of making sure the others were safe".

Mr. Beadle, who has business interests in Nelson, has been based at D'Urville Island for three years.

He was unsure yesterday of his future plans.

"I haven't decided yet, I'll see how things work out.

"I'm just going to play it day by day". – NZPA

## ADVENTURES IN AUSTRALIA

*(Bairbre O'Malley, a veterinary surgeon and daughter of Judge Peter and Mary Pat O'Malley, Dublin, has been having some exciting times in Australia.)*



*Bairbre and Koala baby.*

I was spending a week at Nguin, an Aboriginal mission on Bathurst Island, 80 km. off the coast of Darwin in northern Australia. The previous day I had gone hunting with the Aboriginal women, wading through the mangrove swamps in the cool of the early morning and feasting on turtle eggs, barramundi and wriggling mangrove worms under the coconut palms on a golden beach. With screams of laughter at my antics the Tiwi

women had endeavoured to teach me the ritual dance of the Crocodile, the Buffalo and the Shark. Later I attended a 'Kulama', the Tiwi equivalent of a wake where with chanting and wailing they bid farewell to the dead man's spirit. It was an eerie ceremony held on the night of a full moon, down at the water's edge, the tribal elders in full facepaint dancing and lamenting around the fire while the women squatted in the shadows cooking yams, the ritual food. Back at one of the Tiwi houses afterwards we listened to the women singing as we sat on tarpaulin on the verandah, one of my companions chewing a half-cooked fruit bat, the children boiling seagull eggs in a billy over the fire and one of the husbands husked a coconut with his teeth!

It was an island of contrasts, old and new – where a TV snack is a wallaby leg and the tribal elders paint their faces and hair in traditional ochres using the side mirror of a Toyota truck! Tiwi Land is two islands



*The old and the new – elder applying traditional facepaint.*

inhabited by 2,000 Aborigines and 60 whites. White people need a special permit to visit and Ireland can only be explained by 'Long time away - between Australia and America.' So it was with a strange feeling of disbelief that on my last day there I found a book that actually contained three photographs of members of the O'Malley clan - two of my aunts and one of my father's cousins! Easily explained, however, by the fact that the only doctor on the island, a Malaysian, had trained in Dublin and had rooted out his College of Surgeons Yearbook. Having listened and learned all week about the Tiwi culture and customs, about the different skin groups, the 'Pukimani' ceremony and the sacred sites, it was fun to retaliate by pointing at the book - 'O'Malley tribe - my people.'

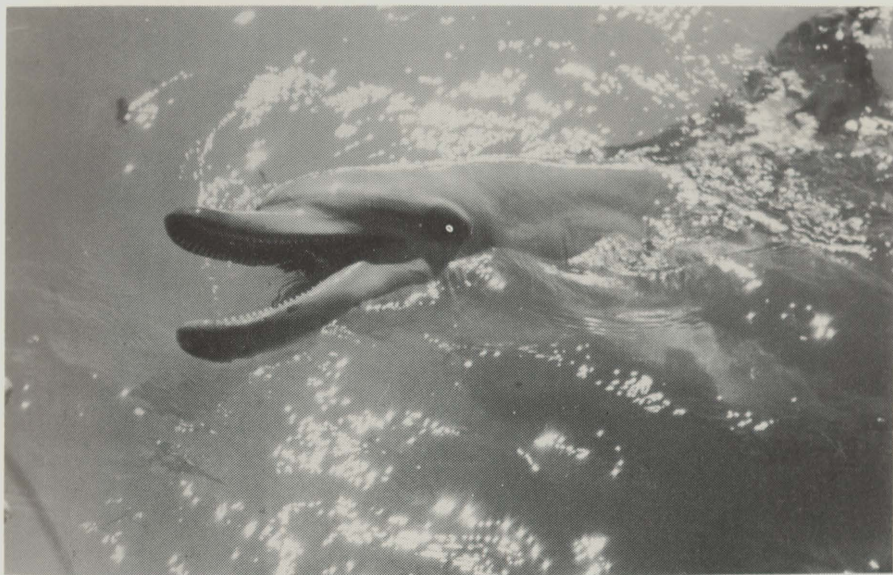
That's the adventure of travelling around Australia especially to the outback places - the unexplained always happens. Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide were fun but when a vet in Kalgoorlie, a gold mining town out west, rang asking me to do a few weeks work on my way to Perth I leapt at the chance. The east coast faded into civilization as I boarded the Indian Pacific train for the three day journey across the Nullarbor plain. Arriving at 'Kal' as the locals call it, it was *hot*, 42 degrees centigrade, and the red soil stuck to everything. Founded when Paddy Hannan, from Co. Clare struck gold in the 1890s, it still retains its old mining character. The main street looks like a Hollywood stage set from a wild west movie, and the central pub has a mine shaft in the middle of the bar where in the old days the miners used to smuggle up gold and flog it to the barman! This was the 'real' Australia - hot, red and dusty, where booze, darts and pool are a way of life and the pace of life is slow. Being the only veterinary practice within a 500 mile radius, I had to adapt to people flying their animals down from stations way up north. Coming back for a check-up was a physical impossibility. A town of macho miners and tough, hardy station folk, where bull terriers were all the rage, and the commonest complaint was what I called 'Ute disease' (utility truck) 'I-was-out-Bush-hunting-kangaroos-and-he-fell-out-of-the-back-of-the-Ute.'

It was my first time working in the shadow of a goldmine - Mount Charlotte mine loomed like a great red anthill behind the surgery. One day when Angie, the nurse, was hanging out the surgery curtains she found a gold nugget just under the clothes line! I spent the rest of the afternoon down on my hands and knees scouring the rocks hoping to make the family fortune, while queues of Ute-infested bull terriers filled the waiting room inside. All to no avail! I saw gold glinting in the narrow tunnels of the mine while down learning to drill and blast one Sunday morning, and down there I met up with a rock-jazz band. Three weeks

later I found myself sharing a house in Fremantle on the coast with them.

Perth and Fremantle are beautiful. I lived in a typical old Australian house, white weatherboard and galvanised iron roof and lovely wood panelling inside. Living in 'Free' was easy – browsing at Fremantle market, cappucinos at 'Papa Luigi's' and home brewed beer at the 'Sail and Anchor'. Despite its popularity since the Americas Cup, the Italians still jabber away in their native tongue and the place is alive with artists and musicians. I lived to the strains of the saxophone, double bass and violin, and after a pleasant day's sailing from Fremantle Yacht Club ended up shipwrecked and being airlifted off the rocks. Travelling never lacks variety!

But here I was eight months in Australia and it was time to head north. Meeting up with a pair of sheep farmers, we loaded up their 'Four wheel drive' with water, diesel, guns and shovel (in case of flash-floods) and 'went bush'. Western Australia is a vast state and it's a long two thousand kilometre trek from Perth to Broome. But there is nothing to



*Playing with the dolphins.*

beat the thrill of actually touching and swimming among the wild dolphins at Shark Bay, and scaling down steep red gorges in the scorching dry heat to find lush tropical oases and sparkling rock pools to swim in. As dusk fell we would drive off the road a kilometre or so into the bush and camp for the night. Sunrise in the bush is magical – when there is a crisp freshness in the air before the intense daytime heat, the

birds are a raucous chorus and you find a dingo print just behind the tent. As you head further north it's a red arid land broken only by prickly spinifer clumps, cattle grids on the roads and giant fifteen foot termite



*One hundred year old anthill built by blind termites.*

mounds, but there is a lovely feeling of freedom and space with nobody for miles except skinny station cattle and wedge-tailed eagles gliding high in the sky.

Broome was a total contrast – lush and tropical with mangroves, coconut palms, luxuriant pink and white bougainvillaeas and the bluest sea I have ever seen. Still a thriving pearling port, this is also the gateway

to the Kimberley Ranges – some of the last frontiers of Australia – where the station folk are cut off from the outside world for five months of the year during the wet season. Flying out in a tiny four-seater plane to Beverly Spring Station was like going back in time – a simple but tough existence, sleeping in swags under the stars and rising at dawn to muster the cattle. T.B. testing 1,000 cattle wasn't the only problem – we also had to contend with the heat, dust and flies. Finishing after dark due to delays, we had to line up all the station trucks on the dirt track 'runway' so that the pilot could get some light for take-off!

A week out at the stock camp working with a mustering team was like a non-stop adventure. This was serious stuff – dawn to dusk and a curious combination of high technology and old traditional ways. There were helicopters for mustering the cattle, steel portable yards, trail bikes and bull buggies yet we still slept out under the stars, dined off billy tea and 'damper' cooked over the fire, and once a week they did a 'killer' – shooting a nice fat steer for the week's meat supply. Bush tucker was good but lacked variety with beef for breakfast, lunch and tea!

At dawn the day of the big muster, things were delayed by the fact that one of the high-tech helicopters would not start. The problem was eventually overcome by jump-starting the motor with the aid of an

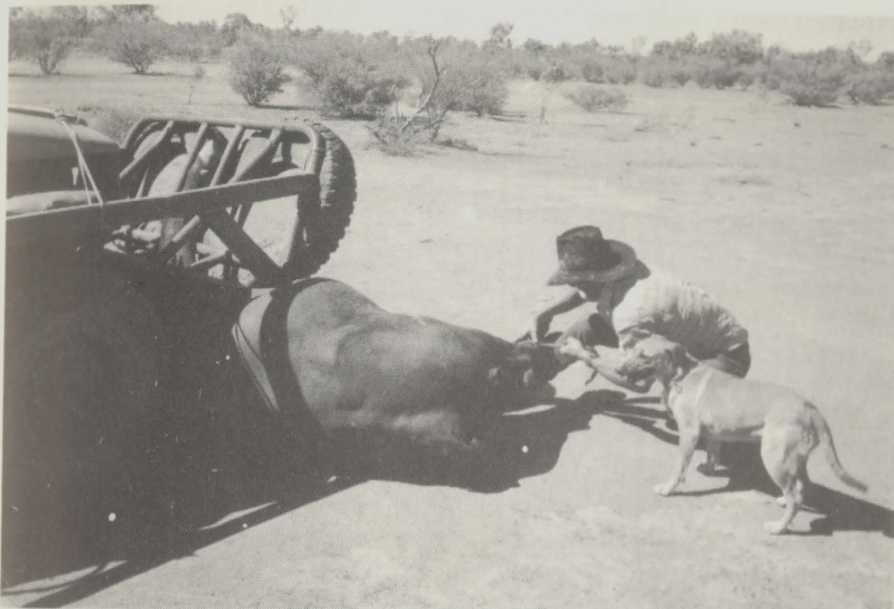


*Jump starting helicopter at 4.30 a.m.*



*Cattle mustering by helicopter.*

ancient old jeep! So much for modern technology! Riding in a helicopter is exciting but heli-mustering is the ultimate, a non-stop, action-packed roller-coaster ride, made even more hair-raising by the fact that, due to the heat, they don't bother with doors or sides! I could almost touch the tops of the trees as the tiny bubble-size copter twisted and nose-dived in chase of wild bulls. 'Don't worry' yelled Andy the pilot 'G force will keep you in.' As we whizzed side-ways along the dried-up river bed hounding galloping cattle, I found it hard to pin my faith in G force! An hour and a half later as we were still on the chase spinning like a Catherine wheel, I began to regret all the breakfast I had eaten as my stomach churned in sympathy with every twist and turn. After a short break under a gum tree for 'Smoko', the Aussie tea-break, we were off again, this time chasing the wild unbranded bulls or 'Cleanskins' in the bull buggy. In this large jeep, heavily reinforced with tyres, we screamed through the bush (at times literally through the bush) guided on the two-way radio by the two helicopters overhead. Finally cornering a massive old bull, with horns like antlers, the trick is to knock him over and wind him. The ringer then has about 30 seconds to leap from the jeep and hobble the hindlegs before the furious bull staggers to his feet. As the enraged beast then wrestles with the front of the jeep, the next step is to throw a rope over the huge horns and tie him to the back of the truck.



*The ringer hobbling a bull.*

With a bit of luck he is then towed and hitched to a nearby gum tree to be collected later by the bull truck. Hard, physical, thirsty work in the aching hot sun, but within a few hours we had left five bulls venting their fury on defenceless gum trees.

The following days I spent horse tailing, helping Johnny the Aboriginal horse-man escort the herd of fifty horses out to pasture and water and keeping an eye out for strays. After a few peaceful hours practically dozing off in the sun to the buzz of flies and the swish of horses' tails, a cloud on the horizon would forecast the arrival of a large mob of cattle being chivvied towards the horsemen by the helicopters. As the cattle approached, it looked just like the Wild West with the rangers circling the dusty mob, cracking their whips and chasing after runaway steers. As the helicopters buzzed to and fro like angry wasps, the air was filled with choking dust and the mad bellowing of the cattle as they were herded into portable yards for branding.

Time was flying by and I had to head on to Darwin in the north before 'the Wet' made travelling too humid and unpleasant. Fortunately I was able to hitch a flight to Kununurra with one of the 'copter pilots. A fabulous trip, 3½ hours flight over the Leopold Ranges, some of the wildest and loneliest landscape in Australia, but beautiful. A harsh

isolated land – apart from the occasional station homestead there was no-one, just wild horses galloping in fright below and crocodiles basking on the river banks.

Darwin dawned, hot and sticky but laidback and friendly. It may have the highest suicide rate, murder rate and beer consumption in Australia, but it is still a great place! Wilting in the heat I hopped on a yacht bound for Cairns on the east coast, on a fabulous eight-week cruise. Sailing in the tropics was very different to sailing in Clew Bay – with 100 per cent guaranteed sunshine, T-shirts and swimwear were the usual attire and hiding from the sun's glare was the main problem. With no fridge on board, food went off very fast and cool drinks became a memory. Although it was so hot, swimming was out due to stinging jellyfish, saltwater crocodiles and sharks. But the sailing was fabulous – cruising along the coast of Arnhem land, Aboriginal territory, an area so poorly surveyed that some of the charts have not been updated since 1803! Arriving at the town of Nhulinby after two weeks at sea we gorged on iced drinks as we waited for the winds to change. The previous day an Aboriginal man had been killed by a crocodile while fishing and practically every morning they caught a croc in the special trap in the harbour. Rowing back to the yacht at night in our little dinghy was quite hair-raising – the night would be still and balmy but for the odd ominous 'plop' in the water around us!

Leaving the comforts of civilised fare behind us, we headed across the Gulf of Carpentaria for six tough days of sailing, beating against the prevailing South Easterlies; with only two of us to do two-hour watches we lost total track of time. Best of all were the night watches – sailing alone at sea with the Milky Way sprawling above, a full moon and glinting green phosphorescence in the black water. Eventually reaching Thunder Island we rounded the top of Australia, navigating the treacherous Torres Straits, and set a course southbound along the Barrier Reef to Cairns. This was Captain Cook and Captain Bligh country – we passed the spot where Bligh landed in his longboat and the reef where Cook's ship H.M.S. *Endeavour* was holed. **We** were aided by satnas and echosounders – how he ever managed to get that far north at all was a mystery. We cruised south, escorted by turtles, bright yellow snakes and schools of dolphins, landing at coral cays where we played boules on the beach with coconuts and watched the thousands of plump Torres Straits pigeons roost in the mangroves at night.

As we neared Cooktown we entered the tropical rainforest belt and the scenery was spectacular with soaring high trees, flights of multi-coloured parrots and deep crystal clear bays like Scandinavian fjords.

After holing his ship Captain Cook was less appreciative and the names reflect his state of mind – Mount Despair, Weary Bay and Cape Tribulation!



*Night in the rainforest – Brushtail possum and her baby coming down a tree.*

Returning to civilisation at Cairns its tourist bustle was a total shock after eight weeks at sea. After exploring the rainforests and snorkelling on the wonderful Great Barrier Reef we headed south down the Queensland coast. Returning eventually to Sydney, I felt as if I had hit all the doubles on the dartboard. I went for the bulls-eye a few months later when I flew to Alice Springs to explore the red centre of Australia, with a slight feeling of sadness since it was my last port of call. Ayers Rock is a 'mere' 400 km. away from Alice Springs and it is a tough climb up – five people have died in the last few years. At the base of the vast rock is a sign 'No camping, no dogs, no bicycles' – apparently to stop mad Japanese cyclists carrying their bikes up the rock as part of their round Australia cycle trip. Maybe next time! This time round I'll stick to buses, planes, helicopters and yachts – speaking of which I must finish off since I have a train to catch in Beijing – the Trans-Siberian express home – see you all soon!

## AN O'MALLEY ARCHAEOLOGIST

(Michael O'Malley, Romsey, Hampshire, England, had a distinguished career with the Ordnance Survey. He made some important archaeological discoveries in the Romsey area, and received the Chronicle Archaeology Award for 1979. In 1982, he published *When the Mammoth Roamed Romsey, a study of the Prehistory of Romsey and District*. Michael hopes to attend this year's clan rally, and has consented to give a talk on his discoveries in the Granuaile Interpretive Centre, Louisburgh, after the rally, an event which will be eagerly awaited. The following article by Gordon Griffiths appeared in the *Southern Evening Echo* on 18 December 1975).

### SCALED A FENCE TO FIND THE STONE AGE

The quiet village of Braishfield has suddenly appeared on the world's archaeology map – and it is almost entirely due to the spare-time efforts of one man.

For Mr. Michael O'Malley has discovered perhaps the most important site of its kind, a partly underground family home dating back 8,500 years to the middle Stone Age.

For five years he has spent summer weekends and holidays excavating the hillside and sifting through tons of sandy soil looking for flint implements.

And he has spent the winters analysing his treasures, including 1,700 minute tools known as microliths which can only be appreciated under a microscope.

It all adds up to a remarkable achievement by an amateur archaeologist who has learned virtually everything he knows on a "do-it-yourself" basis.

Mr. O'Malley, who works at the Ordnance Survey and lives in Clarendon Close, Romsey, has been interested in archaeology since he was a boy in Scotland and found his first Stone Age axe when he was 14.

His discovery of the Braishfield site – and for obvious reasons he is reluctant to identify the location until his work there is finished – started during a countryside walk with his family.

Climbing over a fence he hopped on a piece of flint which he recognised as a scraper.

Soon after, the farmer walked up, they chatted, and the farmer gave permission to Mr. O'Malley to have a closer look at the fields.

During several surveys of the area he found first Neolithic – new Stone Age – and then Mesolithic – middle Stone Age – flint implements.

In 1970, at the point in the fields where the flints were most dense, he sunk a trial trench. There he found a tremendous number of implements – decided to start work on a proper basis.

With knowledge gained from books and his work as a surveyor, he began in 1971 to excavate using the transect method – dividing the site into equal sections.

"I bought a trowel, but everything else came out of my garden shed," he says.

"During that summer I found an oval pit containing 82 microliths, an extremely high number and more than have been found in some professional excavations on other sites."

The microliths are tiny implements, many of them  $\frac{1}{16}$  in. long, worked in flint in geometric shapes, with cutting edges and other marks best seen under a microscope.

They can be classified into some 20 different types and were probably used for arrow points and fishing spears.

As he uncovered several hundred blades, scrapers and axes, Mr. O'Malley began to realise the importance of the site.

Thanks to continuing co-operation from farmers and landowners, work went on in 1972 and he found a pit dwelling with a post hole and a hearth. Charcoal samples were taken from the hearth and sent for dating by the radio carbon method. They were found to be about 6,500 years old, well within the Mesolithic period.

In the same pit he found 185 microliths and an ochre pestle. The pestle would have been used for crushing the red ochre used for decoration and painting bodies and faces.

The next year while he was being helped by Mr. Nicholas Johnson, son of a Romsey doctor, Mr. O'Malley noticed the occasional microlith slipping through the 2in. hand sieve he was using to sift the soil.

Mr. Johnson designed and built a water sieve with three different meshes –  $\frac{1}{16}$  in.,  $\frac{1}{32}$  in., and  $\frac{1}{64}$  in. – and involving sprinkling a light jet of water on to the soil. It was installed on the site and connected to a farm tap with 200 yards of hose.

"The effect was startling," said Mr. O'Malley. "There was a 70 per cent improvement in retention, or in other words I had been missing 70 in every 100 microliths.

"The idea has made many experts think again about earlier excavations."

It was also during 1973 that Mr. O'Malley made his major discovery, a large pit which turned out to be a semi-subterranean dwelling.

It was important enough to take two months unpaid leave from work to excavate the next summer.

"On the edge of the dwelling I found a hoard of carbonised hazel nuts, most of which had been opened. These were dated 7,250 years old, although they were only twelve metres from the previous charcoal samples."

By now Mr. O'Malley was receiving help – money from Romsey Archaeological Research Committee, and practical help from volunteers from the Lower Test Valley Archaeological Study Group.

"We came to the edge of the pit and took some further charcoal samples, which gave us the date of 8,565 years old – 1,000 years older than the nuts and 2,000 more than the earlier samples."

This year the Department of the Environment made a grant enabling the dwelling to be covered, so that work could go on in all weathers.

About 14 post-holes and 30 stake-holes were discovered and to Mr. O'Malley's knowledge there is no instance of another Mesolithic dwelling in Britain having anything like that number.

One cubic metre of soil was carefully excavated in 62 layers and sent off for tests which should show the seeds contained in it.

The final results are still awaited. But what is certain is that Mr. O'Malley has discovered the second oldest site of a Mesolithic "geometric" industry in Great Britain.

The dwelling, which probably housed half a dozen people, is unique in that it was a home rather than a temporary camp used by hunters. And it is a striking thought that the Mesolithic people were able to shape and work those minute pieces of flint which Mr. O'Malley has to examine under a microscope.

"We know they were hunters, and we know from analysis of the flints the skill and deftness of there people.

"We can deduce from some of the implements that clothing was worn, probably made from deer skin.

"We know they utilised the fruits of the land and had nuts, rose hips and berries. The microliths would have been ideal for fishing harpoons and fowling and they could catch beaver, wildcat and roe deer in the Braishfield area.

"They also had an ingenious transverse arrowhead which, in my opinion, could have been used to stun an animal, keeping it alive and fresh until they wanted to eat it."

Mr. O'Malley says the biggest thrill in pulling a flint from the ground is the realisation that he is probably the first person to touch it in perhaps 8,000 years.

"These people lived there, ate there, had children there. You sit down and try to conjure it all up in your mind – well you do if you have a vivid imagination like me."

The excavations have revealed 60,000 flints of which some 5,000 were implements. These have included 1,750 microliths and over 100 axes.

And Mr. O'Malley believes these are only a proportion of the total made on the site. "The best implements would have been taken away from the dwelling and used in hunting or lost in the fields."

There may be hundreds more implements on the Braishfield hillsides, but he believes there is a limit to the extra information they can reveal.

He says: "I shall continue the excavation myself for another year, but then I must sit down to complete the analysis of the material and documentation. It will probably take me at least two years."

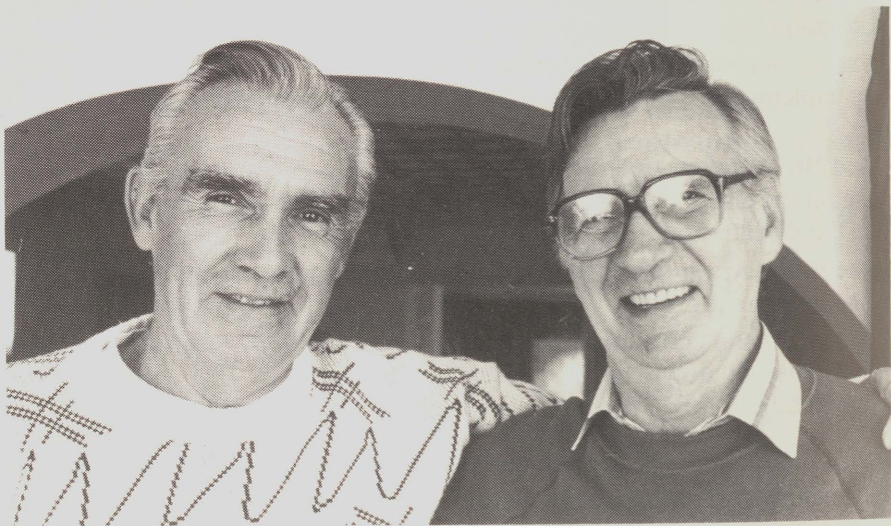
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(The *Southern Evening Echo* of 17 April 1989 has a story about the meeting of Michael and his brother Pat after nearly 40 years. Pat commented that it was 'a good article except that they omitted to say that we shot the V1 bomb down at night making it the first one "bagged" at night.')

## GREAT TO SEE YOU, BROTHER!



*Patrick and Michael O'Malley.*

There was plenty to talk about when two brothers met for the first time in almost 40 years.

Michael O'Malley, 63, of Clarendon Close, Great Woodley Estate, Romsey, was being visited by big brother Pat, 65, from Australia.

Both of them were in the services during the Second World War, before Pat moved Down Under, and those wartime experiences were one focus of reminiscence.

The young Pat O'Malley was something of a dare-devil.

"I took a pilot's course but I got wiped for low flying," he said. He flew his Tiger Moth upside down over a train and someone took his number.

With the pilot's seat denied him he became a navigator and flew in Mosquitos and Beaufighters, mostly from Middle Wallop and Hurn.

It was in a Mosquito that he helped shoot down the first V1 flying bomb to be destroyed by the RAF, earlier than the one officially credited.

"We did about seven runs against V1s before we got one," he said. "When we were about ten miles away we made a turning dive to get behind it and get more speed.

"We were doing more than 470 mph which was the Mosquito's official top speed. We hit it with our cannon, it blew up and bits of it went into the Channel."

The Mosquito was hit by fragments of the V1.

"A few bits of the aeroplane went with it, that's all, but we got back all right and landed at Ford.

"We lost part of the wing and part of an engine – the plane fell apart when it touched the ground. We were lucky to survive."

Meanwhile Michael was soldiering in the jungles of Burma with the 14th Army.

"We were kinda hungry," he remembered. "Everything was dropped from the air. We had no beds."

He was with General Staff Intelligence.

Both brothers were lucky to be born; before they came into the world their father was left for dead after a bullet went through his head in the First World War. But he was found to still have a pulse and was sent home on a hospital ship from Gallipoli.

What did Pat notice most about the old country after so many years? "I'd forgotten how changeable the weather is," he said.

Living near Wagga Wagga in New South Wales, he has had various jobs – building houses, selling shoes, running a music business.



Wartime 1938–1945. Pat (on right) at age 22. Mike (on right) at age 19. Pat, with pilot in front of their 'Mosquito' fighter-bomber aeroplane. Mike, with friend in 'forgotten' 14th army in Burma. G.S.I. Branch recruited 'Patriotic Burmese Forces' – P.B.F. and 'Naga' Tribesmen-Headhunters. The two brothers fought in their own ways to defeat the enemy.

## THE O'MALLEY CLAN IN CHICAGO

(The present chieftain is Joan Lynch, and the following are some of the events which took place during her term of office. We can only admire the energy and enthusiasm of our American cousins).

- 1). Members attended the Milwaukee Festival where the O'Malley Clan was the Honoured Family this year.
- 2). The chapter financed a float and marched in the St. Patrick's Day Parade. We had about 500 marchers on a cold snowy day.
- 3). The Clan as a group confronted the State Department representatives about immigration from Ireland and efforts to increase the percentage of Irish immigrants allowed to enter the U.S.A.
- 4). The entire profits of a dance and raffle were donated to the Irish Childrens Fund.
- 5). As a group we personally donated cash and physically contributed to the Irish Cultural Society. Each weekend about fifty persons do physical work for the Culture Building.
- 6). As a group we physically and financially supported Gaelic Park Centre, and also some of our members are on the committee.
- 7). Ellen Hodges (past chieftain) and her husband Terry sponsor two picnics every year to help finance the Irish Musicians in Chicago. This costs Ellen and Terry hundreds of dollars per event (They are terrific!).
- 8). We have a Dinner Dance annually just to get the 'blood' together, so that they may get to know and appreciate their heritage.
- 9). We are trying to organise a cruise this year if we are not all financially broke.

Please note that there is a priest or bishop or politician out from Ireland at least one per month collecting for some parish or cause.

Then there are benefits for people with families who are sick or who have died, and there is hardship involved. The Chicago Irish collect anything from 86,000 dollars to 125,000 dollars for the families.

- 10). We try to get some of our chapter members to go to Ireland for the annual Clan meeting.
- 11). We end the year with a Christmas party. Usually we exchange gifts and wish each other all that is good, etc.

# **A STORY FROM CHICAGO**

## **Mike, Anna, and Their Fifth Child**

**By Jane O'Malley**

Mike O'Malley attended the small schoolhouse on the edge of the town of Castlebar, County Mayo. Mike concluded his schooling just five or six years after he began. Anna Lee attended the same school beginning her studies some six years after Mike left. She pursued her formal education for some eight years, a lengthy period for an Irish child of the 1880s.

Both Mike and Anna emigrated from Ireland to America, yet at different times. Mike obtained a job in Chicago as a doorman at the Palmer House, and some years later as a maintenance engineer for the Edison Company.

When Anna first arrived in Chicago, she lived with her uncle above his tavern. At some point subsequently, her uncle introduced her to Mike. The two young Irish immigrants courted and married not long before the arrival of the twentieth century.

They settled in the Bridgeport neighbourhood on the Southside, an Irish enclave, and reared their eight children there. Mike and Anna's fifth child, the first boy, was enrolled in 1922 at St. Ignatius High School, the prominent Jesuit school that survived the great Chicago Fire of 1871. The school's motto is "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam", a principle the boy was to employ throughout his lifetime. The boy was an honours student, excelling in Latin and Greek, eventually graduating summa cum laude.

Additionally, he was a fine athlete, concentrating as a baseball outfielder and football end. He was the receiver of many a pass thrown by Quarterback Cornelius Collins. Collins and the boy likened themselves to the famous Notre Dame duo they had read about, Gus Dorias and Knute Rockne, who had attempted and completed the first forward pass not too many years earlier against Army.

The boy was nicknamed 'Irish' by his school chums, not so much for his ancestry, but for his fiery competitiveness.

In the spring of 1926, unbeknownst to the boy, his father took a train ride to South Bend, Indiana. He then walked to the Notre Dame campus. Mike sought assistance and eventually reached his destination, an office in the Administration Building under the Golden Dome. He had completed his first walk across the grounds of a school of higher learning.

After a considerable wait, he was admitted to the inner office of the person he wished to speak with. He, being a respectful, forthright man, apologised to the President of the University of Notre Dame du Lac, Reverend Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., for not calling ahead, and then said 'You know, Father, I'm considering sending my son, Bill, to your school.'

Mike and Anna's son was enrolled in the freshman class that fall. In the following five years the boy matured to manhood, became a boxer of some note, but much more impressively, left an indelible mark as a student of the highest distinction, graduating with the best academic record in the College of Law, and delivering the Oration to the Class of 1931.

(Note: William Lee O'Malley died March 15, 1986. He practiced law in Chicago for over fifty years. He and his widow, Agnes, raised their six children on the Southside of Chicago and guided them each through sixteen years of Catholic education.)

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## ORLAND MAN NEVER MET A CHALLENGE HE DIDN'T LIKE

(Patrick Joseph O'Malley, brother of Eileen O'Malley, Station Road, Westport, and Rev. Des O'Malley, O.F.M., The Abbey, Galway, and a regular attender of the O'Malley rallies in Ireland, has been hitting the headlines in the U.S.A. as a triathlon champion in the Seniors age group. (A triathlon consists of swimming one mile, cycling twenty-five miles, then running 6.2 miles.) Paddy came first in the Chicago Triathlon, the world's largest with about 4,500 participants. He also won the World Indoor Triathlon Championship in Chicago, and was selected for the All American Championship Team. Second in the marathon (26.2 miles), he won the Restaurant Association 10k (6.2 miles) race. As he says himself 'Not bad for an old coot who should be home saying the rosary'! The following is an interview with him written by Joy Strzechowski in a Chicago newspaper.)



*In order to stay in shape, triathlete, Patrick O'Malley of Orland Park works out regularly at the Riviera Country Club in Orland.*

Imagine running several miles against a brisk Chicago wind and after finally reaching your destination, jumping into the frigid waters of Lake Michigan. Then jumping on a ten-speed bicycle.

It certainly seems that triathlons like these can be a challenge for any age group. And they are.

Triathlon participant Patrick O'Malley, who believes he is a motivational influence on people, tries to convince others that they can participate in the sport just as well as he . . . regardless of what age they may be.

The Orland Park man originally began his career three years ago after being a part of several other sports for many years in his birthplace, Ireland.

For many years he specifically played soccer. Eventually he decided he wanted a challenge and became a boxer. In no time at all he became the boxing champion and held that title for 12 years.

Even while he was holding the boxing title, O'Malley continued to challenge himself. This time he started bicycle racing which soon became his new sport.

O'Malley competed in hundreds of bicycle races, but remembers one in particular.

"It was in 1941, a 25-mile race in Ireland in which I raced against the world champion cyclist, George Robinson. He was a friend of mine and we trained together often. Ninety nine percent of the time he beat me. But, in this race I beat him by a half a wheel. It was an accomplishment."

After obtaining hundreds of medals and trophies from his years of boxing and bicycle racing in Ireland, O'Malley decided to marry and to move to America (1947) in search of greater opportunities.

O'Malley lived in America with his wife and four children without touching a bike in nearly 20 years. "I finally started to race again after my kids bought me a racing bike." O'Malley said.

Eight years ago, O'Malley began running marathons and trained with his son, Jerry, at his side. Three years later his running career came to a surprising and painful halt upon the traumatic death of his 31-year-old son who was killed in an auto accident.

"I didn't train for a year," said O'Malley. "I finally got back into it because I thought that it was what Jerry would want."

Once O'Malley got back on his feet, he competed more and more in bi-athlons and was in his first triathlon three years ago where he took second place.

"I got into triathlons to see what my body could take and to be honest with you, I feel just as good as I did 30 years ago," said O'Malley.

O'Malley also considers himself a very dedicated athlete. "I've never quit a race in my life."

Not even in his toughest race in Belfast, Ireland (1942).

"The gun had just gone off and we had been racing for miles already. We saw planes above us and they turned out to be Germans bombing our harbour. But, I didn't drop out."

O'Malley often laughs about his dedication. "I don't know if you'd call it dedication. For my age maybe it's just postponing death."

As far as O'Malley's training goes, he is a member of a health club in which he trains four busy days a week by running five miles, swimming half a mile and biking 10 miles.

O'Malley, who in 1979 was honoured as Irishman of the Year, was pleasantly surprised at taking second place in *The Sun Times* All-American Race for his age division. He proudly reveals himself as one of the founders of the O'Malley Clan and currently works for the American Family Life Insurance agency in Chicago.

Many people admire O'Malley for being so competitive at his age, but he doesn't believe he's doing something other people can't.

"Everyone can be in a race. What's to stop you?"

Athletics are very important to O'Malley because he believes that they teach the right kind of competition and good sportsmanship. However, sports aren't *the* most important thing.

"The most important thing that any person has is loyalty – to a cause, family or job," said O'Malley. "Whatever it is, give it the best you can."

O'Malley shows no signs of slowing down. He's accomplished all he's ever wanted, but he doesn't let that close him up to new opportunities.

"It doesn't matter how ridiculous the goal seems – if you want it enough, you'll get it. The only limit on you is the one you put on yourself. Never forget that."

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## THE GRANUAILE TRUST OF THE O'MALLEY CLAN

In 1987 a bursary was established through the initiative of Mrs. Sara O'Malley McInerney, Treasurer of the Granuaile Trust. An endowment of £15,000 was given by the Trust to University College Dublin, to fund a bursary to be awarded each year to a student preparing for the new degree of Master of Urban and Building Conservation.

The first three students to receive the new degree were conferred in University College on 24 April 1989. Among them was Patricia Mary Hyde, Georgian Village, Castleknock, Dublin, who had been the first recipient of the O'Malley Bursary. She has expressed her gratitude to the Trust for their generous help, which enabled her to undertake the degree, and in particular she thanked Sal McInerney for her kindness, encouragement and support.

We must congratulate the Trust on this practical expression of one of their objectives, which is the 'preservation of the wall paintings in St. Brigid's Church, Clare Island, and of all ancient monuments and artefacts associated with the O'Malley Clan.' Their work deserves the support of all O'Malleys worldwide.



*Patricia Hyde, Castleknock, Dublin, the first winner of the O'Malley Bursary.*

## WESTPORT HERITAGE CENTRE

To have one's own home is a natural aspiration for every Irishman and Irishwoman. For Westport Historical Society the long wait for its 'home' seems now to be near an end with the commencement in late June of the building of Clew Bay Heritage Centre at the Quay, Westport.

Since its foundation in 1976, the Society has sought a building for its activities, lectures, and displays. In 1988 through the good offices of the Westport Harbour Board, a building known locally as the 'Slaughterhouse' was offered to the Society on a long lease at a nominal rent. The effervescent Minister for the Environment entertained a request for some of the lottery funds, local businesses promised some backing, a confined draw was initiated and the Society was able to appoint Brendan Byrne, Louisburgh, as builder for the Centre. The Society now looks forward to the completion of the Centre by the Autumn, and hopes to have a good show for the opening of the tourist season next year.

The work at the Centre will come under three headings:

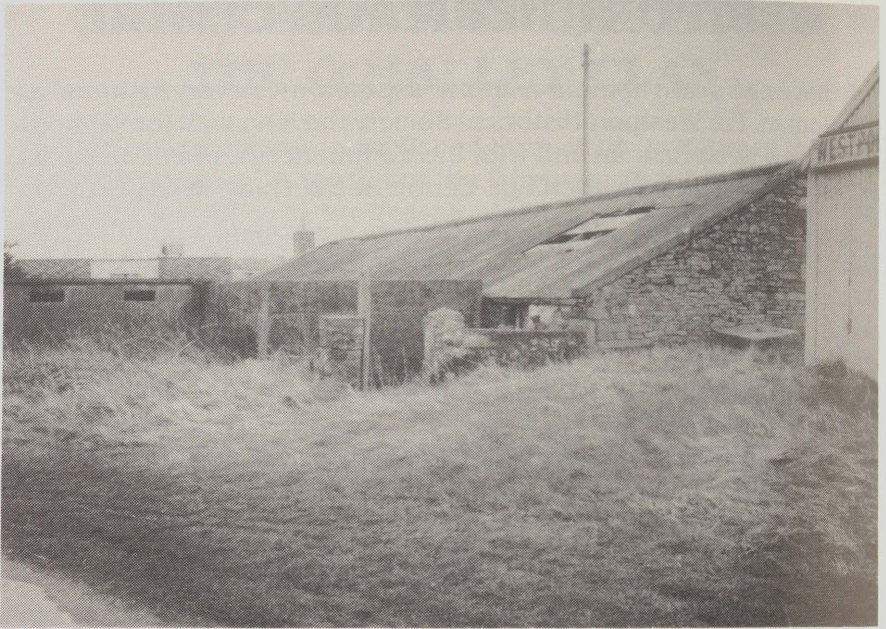
- (1) Study groups;
- (2) Displays of Archaeological and Historical material;
- (3) Provision of genealogical services to the general public.

As the journals of the Society, *Cathair na Mart*, produced over the last eight years show, the Society has always favoured the in-depth study of the environs of the ancient territory of Umhall. Attached to the Centre the Society has now set up three study groups to cover the areas of:

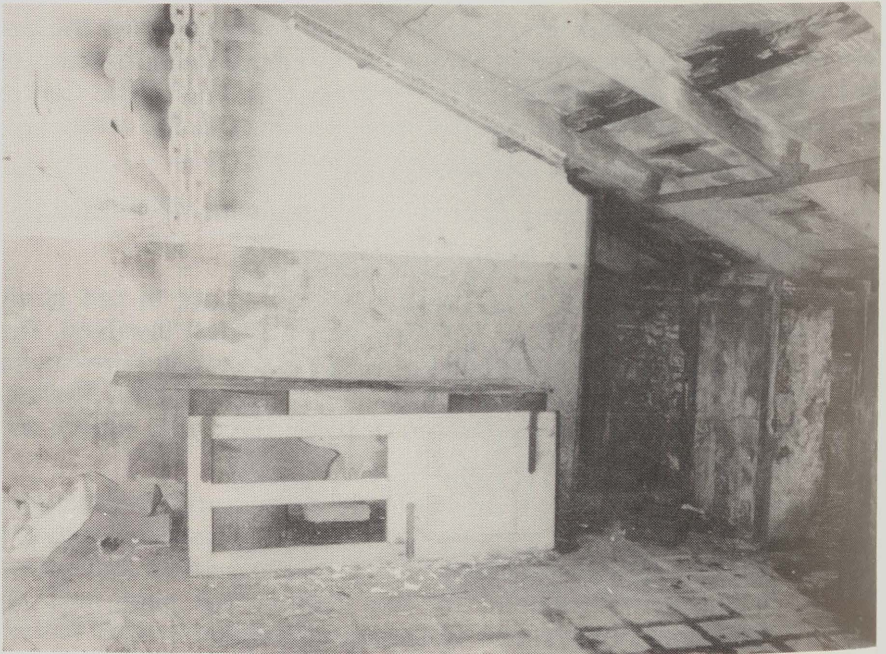
- (1) the maritime history of the West coast;
- (2) the historical and literary figures associated with West Mayo.
- (3) local influences on the Birth of the Nation.

Distinguished academics have agreed to participate in the study groups and guide the work of the members of the Society involved. The Society is proud to see among those who will keep a watchful eye on our work Victor Buckley, Anne Chambers, Dr. Maurice Craig, Prof. Michael Herity, Prof. John Luce, Gerard P. Moran, Desmond McCabe, Patrick and Maura Shaffrey.

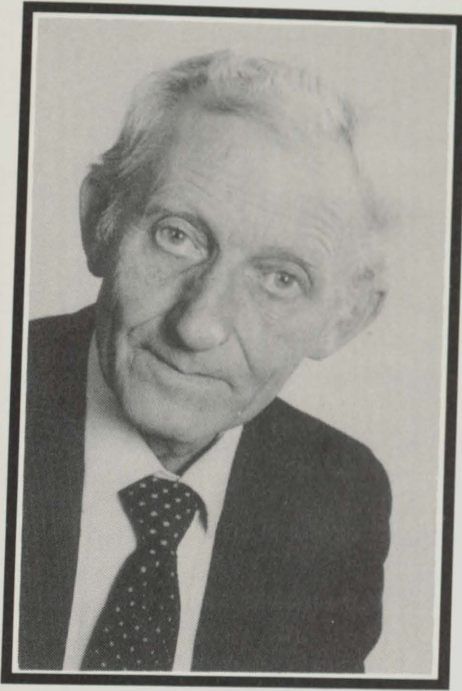
The long-term plans for the Centre include an interpretive centre for the O'Malley Clan. Members of the O'Malley Clan are asked to support our Confined Draw (£5 per month with substantial prizes), and where possible to consider donations to the Centre. All such will be acknowledged in our next edition of *Cathair na Mart*.



*Photographs showing the present condition of the building which has been donated to Westport Historical Society.*



## JIM O'MALLEY



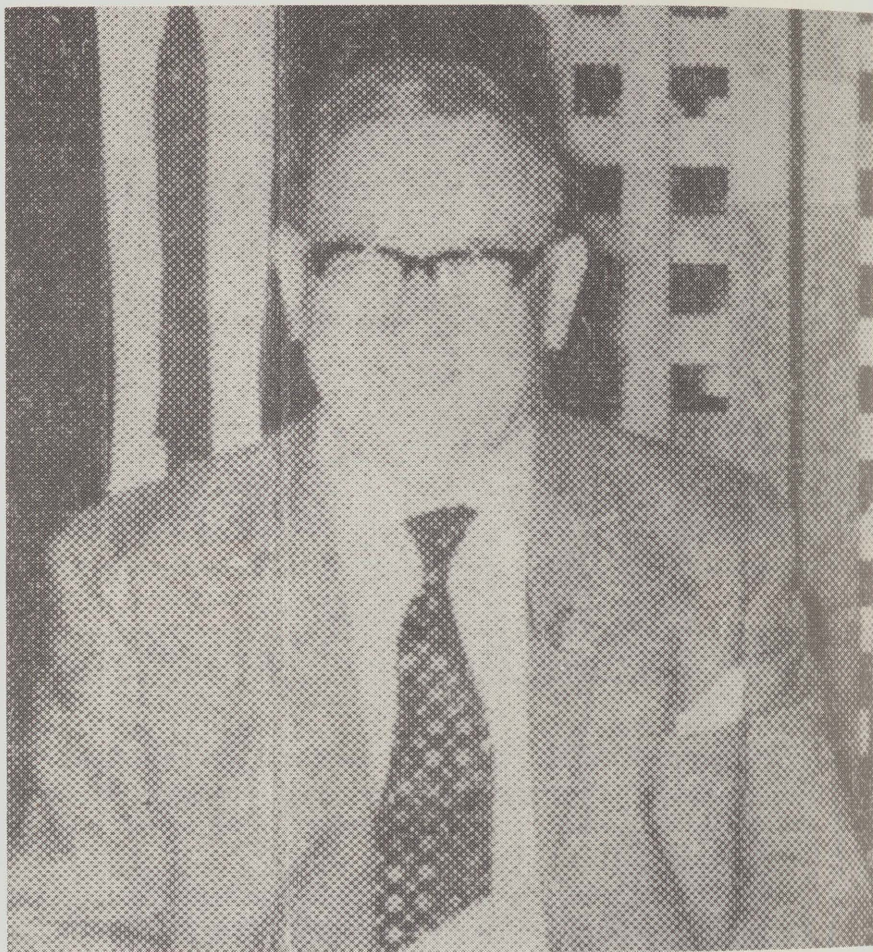
Jim O'Malley, 18 St. Mary's Crescent, Westport, an esteemed and valued member of the Clan Committee, died on 11 January of this year. He was a native of Ayle, Westport and is survived by his wife Nora, four sons and five daughters.

Jim was an extremely popular and respected businessman and was proprietor of Western Insurances and Auctioneering, Bridge Street, Westport, one of the leading auctioneering and estate agency businesses in the West of Ireland and a long-established and reputable insurance brokerage. A highly esteemed member of the M.I.A.V.I., he had the distinction of being the first member in the West of Ireland to be elected to the executive of the Irish Auctioneers' and Valuers' Institute.

A very keen angler, Jim was a life-long member of the Westport District Trout Anglers' Association and won many premier awards in club competitions, in addition to representing the club in provincial, national and international trout angling events.

May he enjoy the light of Heaven!

## SOME FORMER CHIEFTAINS



**JOHN O'MALLEY (DIED 1981)**

John Francis O'Malley was born in Westport, Co. Mayo, the son of Thomas William O'Malley, Westport, and Mary Anne Ford of Ballina. He was educated in Manchester, and was a manager with Imperial Chemical Industries until his retirement. He married Veronica Bohan and had five children. John and his brother George attended the O'Malley Clan rallies for many years. Their cheerful good humour won them many friends and their passing from the scene has left a void which cannot be filled. John was Clan Chieftain in 1969.



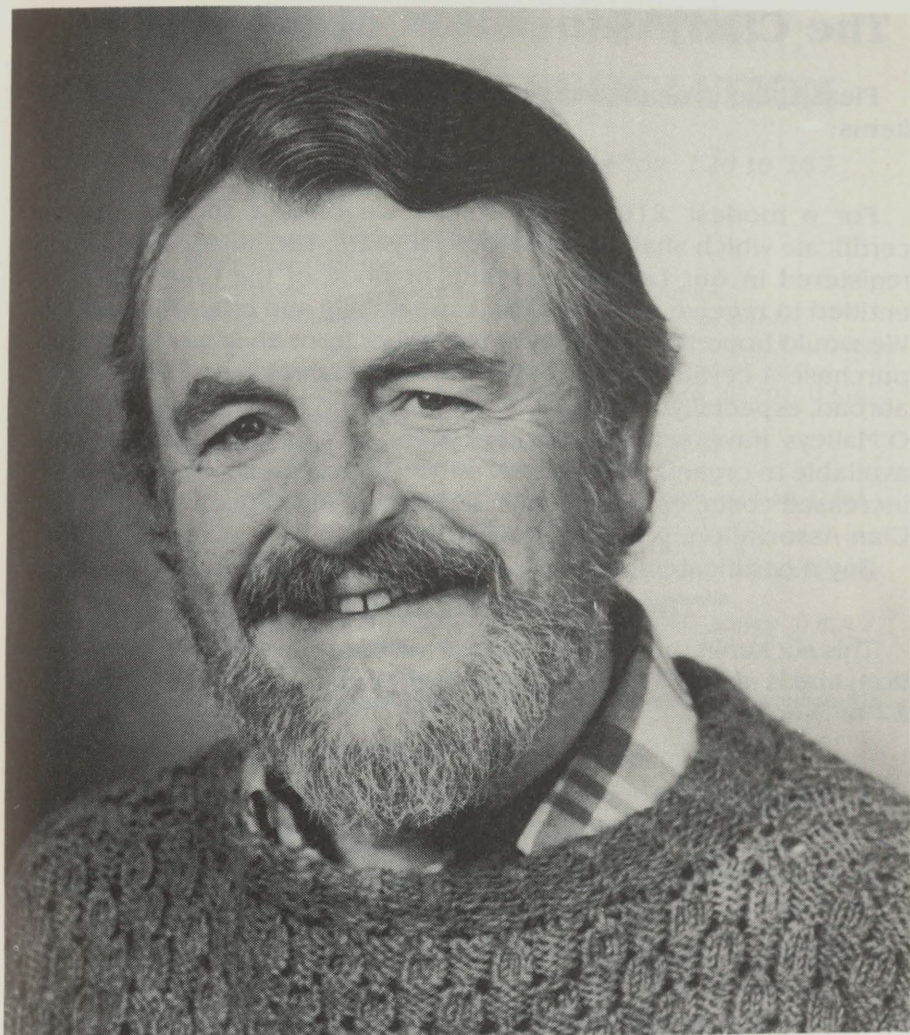
### **MARTIN O'MALLEY**

Born in Rathdowney, Co. Laois, Martin is the son of John O'Malley, Clare Island, and Ellen Whelan, Rathdowney. Educated at St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, and University College Dublin, he worked in the Department of Posts and Telegraphs from 1937 until his retirement as Assistant Secretary of the Department in 1979. He married in 1944 and has six sons and two daughters. Gaelic games, the theatre, and above all, the O'Malley Clan, have been his lifelong interests. He was elected Clan Chieftain in 1970, and was Guardian Chieftain of the Clan from 1984 to 1988. His son Declan and brother Gerry have also been Clan Chieftains.



**TIM O'MALLEY**

Timothy Vincent O'Malley, son of Denis O'Malley and Johanna Richardson, of Murroe, Co. Limerick, was born in 1903. Educated in Murroe and Limerick, his entire career has been with the family wholesale Tea, Wine and Spirit firm of P. O'Malley & Co., Round House, High Street, Limerick. In 1940 he married Margaret Hourigan, also from Murroe, who ran a successful Maternity Home at 19 Barrington Street, Limerick – the family home – for many years. They have six children including Donough, a Parish Priest in Limerick. Their other sons are John and Joseph, living in Dublin, Tim in Limerick and Gerard in Co. Cork. Their daughter Ann, a former tourist adviser, is now married with three children. He was elected Clan Chieftain in 1971.



**GERRY O'MALLEY**

Born in Rathdowny, Co. Laois, Gerry is one of the thirteen children of John O'Malley, Clare Island, and Ellen Whelan, Rathdowney. He graduated in engineering from University College Dublin in 1953, and worked for some years in Ireland and Sweden. A period of world travel was succeeded by ten years spent writing in North Mayo. He has had plays and stories broadcast on RTE and BBC, and is a regular contributor to 'Sunday Miscellany' the popular RTE programme. Married to Betty Rock, he now lives near Bray, Co. Wicklow. He was Clan Chieftain in 1972.

## **The Clan Association needs your help**

Please help in a practical way by buying one or more of the following items:

### **The Clan Certificate**

For a modest £10 or 15 dollars we offer a specially designed certificate which shall be valid for four years. The holder's name will be registered in our Leabhar Cloinne or Book of the Clan, and will be entitled to receive notice of the Annual Rally and other Clan activities. We would hope that at least one member from each household would purchase a certificate, and that we would also attract members from abroad, especially from the United States and Australia, where so many O'Malleys have settled over the years. In this way, funds would be available to organize the annual rally, which is presently at risk through increased costs, especially postal charges. As a Friend of the O'Malley Clan Association, you will be participating in the future of your clan.

Buy a certificate and help us to keep in touch with you.

### **The O'Malley Clan Car Sticker**

This sticker in three colours is exclusive to the O'Malley Clan Association, and is similar to that appearing on your rally invitation. The cost is £2 or 3 dollars.

### **Clan Association Badge**

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Anne Chambers' indispensable history of Gráinne Ní Mháille, the O'Malley heroine, is available at £5.50 or 8 dollars.

### **O'Malley People and Places**

This new book by Sheila Mulloy was launched at the 1988 Rally. It is an account of people, places and events prominent in clan history. Price: Softback – £6.50 or 10 dollars; Hardback – £11 or 17 dollars.

All prices include postage and packaging, and are based on current exchange rates.

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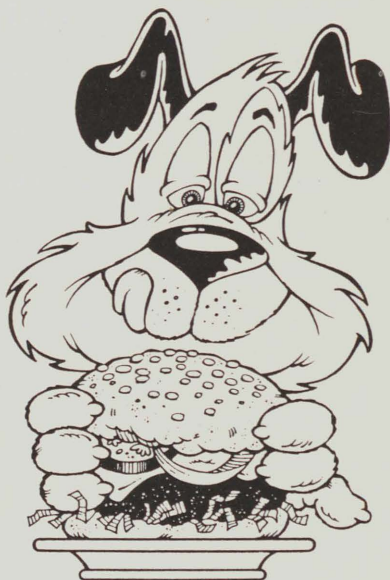
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When in Castlebar give us a call for all your drapery needs.

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*For a peaceful holiday*

**Chris O'Grady**

## **BAY VIEW HOTEL**

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*Home of the O'Malleys*

**Telephone: (098) 26307**

*Céad Míle Fáilte to all the O'Malleys, many of whom are our regular readers, on the occasion of their*

*Annual Clan Rally*

**From the**

## **MAYO NEWS, WESTPORT**

**The Fairgreen, Westport, Co. Mayo.**

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*Connacht's Brightest Weekly*

## **WESTPORT HOUSE**

**Jeremy Ulick Browne**

*Earl of Altamont and direct descendant of Grace O'Malley and Richard Burke sends best wishes from Westport House which is located on the site of*

*Grace O'Malley's Castle, Cathair na Mart*

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## **Darac Handcrafts,**

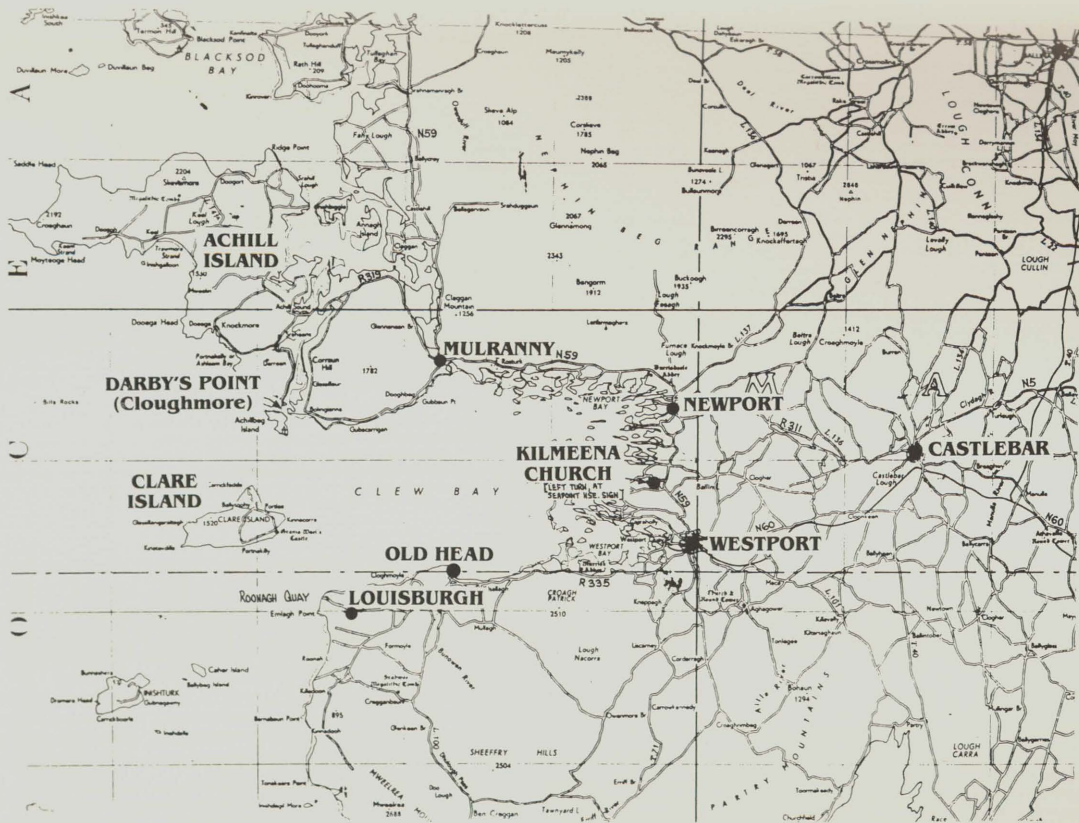
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Mulranny is 18 miles from Westport.

Old Head House Hotel is 11 1/2 miles from Westport, taking the Louisburgh road.

