

O'MALLEY CLAN NEWSLETTER

Sheila O'Malley Mulloy
Chieftain

Ellen O'Malley - Dunlop
Tanaiste

Gerry O'Malley, Guardian Chief



41st O'Malley Clan Rally

Saturday 26th June and Sunday 27th June 1993

Our Chieftain, Sheila O'Malley Mulloy of Westport, invites all O'Malleys, together with their spouses, relatives and friends, to join her for two days of celebration at our annual rally.

Saturday 26th June

- 3 p.m.** Opening of O'Malley Art Exhibition in the Linenhall, Castlebar. This is a unique opportunity to see this important collection of Irish and international art made by Helen O'Malley Roelofs and the late Ernie O'Malley.
- 8 p.m.** Annual General Meeting of the O'Malley Clan Association in the Grand Central Hotel, The Octagon, Westport. This is your forum for voicing your suggestions and criticisms.
- 9.30 p.m.** Chieftain Sheila O'Malley Mulloy's Reception in the Grand Central Hotel. Entertainment will be provided by local musicians.

Sunday 27th June

- 11.30 a.m.** Mass will be celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Lecanvey (six miles west of Westport), by kind permission of Revd John Walshe. This will be followed by a short talk at Murrisk Augustinian Friary founded in 1457 by Hugh O'Malley.
- 1.30 p.m.** Annual Clan Luncheon at Hotel Westport, Westport, the highlight of our Rally. There will be a draw for several valuable prizes and entertainment will be provided afterwards.



Sheila O'Malley Mulloy

Sheila O'Malley Mulloy, Chieftain

"Terra Marique Potens"

by
Emer Sweeney

Very definite interests in manuscripts, old documents and research are not the sort of subject interests that immediately illuminate a particular career path in any era. Very definitely not - particularly in the 30s and 40s - when as Sheila O'Malley Mulloy says herself 'You just went into things, to do something' without any real account being taken of where your real interests might lie. Even today, in a relatively more enlightened era, I could see many a stout-hearted career guidance counsellor and parent break out in a sweat at the prospect of steering someone such as Sheila O'Malley Mulloy in the right direction!

So it was not until 1945 that Sheila had a chance to at last embark upon a course of studies that directly related to her interests, and in which she continues to involve herself to this day. However, in the intervening years, in quick succession, between leaving school in Loreto Abbey Rathfarnham and her arrival in Paris, she was characteristically busy. From U.C.G. she received a B.Comm. and B.A., and from U.C.D. an M.A. and an H.Dip.Ed., and thanks to her husband John, seated to my left as I conducted this interview, I managed to learn that these were received with 'notable distinctions'. (To glean information from the very modest and self-effacing Sheila, a duly proud husband to my left was a necessary prerequisite!).

In 1945 Sheila received a much-coveted French Government scholarship to the Ecole des Chartes in Paris, a school for the training of archivists and palaeographers. During this period - between 1945 and 1947 - she set herself the task of examining all the French manuscripts that related to Ireland. Sheila modestly considers this a 'timely period' - a case of being in the right place at the right time. Following her period of research in Paris she received a doctorate from U.C.G. for her work on the correspondence between France and Ireland during the Jacobite war of 1689-1691, a thesis based on French manuscripts which she had located during her period in Paris.

Daughter of Professor Michael O'Malley of the Kilmilkin O'Malleys and Christina Ryan, B.A. of Tomcoole, Wexford, Sheila hails from an academic family particularly prominent in medicine on her father's side and politics on her mother's. Her grandfather Peter O'Malley married Mary O'Malley from Ballyburke near Westport, Co. Mayo. Thus, after many centuries the families were as Sheila put it 're-united in marriage'. Peter and Mary had five sons who all entered the medical profession.

Michael, her father, and his brother Conor were to become surgeons and university professors in Galway, and her uncle John Francis, a well-known ear, nose and throat specialist in London, was responsible for 'the rather sinister sounding O'Malley Guillotine an invention of his for the removal of tonsils' (*O'Malley People and Places*).

In 1949 Sheila married John Mulloy, managing director of a family business founded in 1762 in Westport. Having arrived in Westport ('the land of my ancestors'), Sheila began the arduous, but enjoyable process of editing her French manuscripts. She also contributed to many academic journals, including *The Irish Sword* and the *Journal of the Galway Archaeological and Historical Society*, and to the book on Irish Kings - *Ireland-a Thousand Kings*.

John, her husband, shares her enthusiasm for history, and over the years has had an active interest in the history of trade in the Clew Bay region. Together they were involved in co-founding and establishing the Heritage Centre in Westport. While Sheila's name is prominently connected with the Military History Society of Ireland where she has held the post of Vice-President for the past five years, John has been a more than willing companion to his wife on her extensive trips both here and abroad, to lecture and attend conferences.

Fortunately both were and remain keen travellers. In her book, *O'Malley People and Places*, published in 1988 as part of a series on Irish families, Sheila pays a fitting tribute to her husband. She dedicates the book to him 'for his unfailing patience and encouragement in my historical endeavours'.

The O'Malleys, in particular, are indebted to the author for this exhaustive publication - a most compelling and enjoyable read. We can also thank her for *The O'Malley Clan Annual*; each annual published from 1984 to 1990 being compiled and edited by her.

A good man yet there never was,
Of the O'Malleys, who was not a mariner
Of every weather they are prophets,
A tribe of brotherly affection and friendship.

So wrote Seán O Dubhagáin in the fourteenth century as hereditary historian and poet to the O'Kellys, and at this point I find it both fitting and appropriate to quote this verse, which I came across in Sheila's book *O'Malley People and Places*.

For the people of Westport who know and appreciate her and her family, this verse must appear very appropriate indeed. They probably feel quite blessed that an O'Malley of such academic calibre should have joined (or re-joined!) their ranks. For in addition to co-founding its Heritage Centre, Sheila as a member of the Westport Historical Society since its inception, edits that society's journal *Cathair na Mart*.

Her magnanimous energy has also extended to people with special needs. This led to an involvement in the establishment of Western Care in 1966, with Sheila becoming its vice-president, and later chairperson of a committee which provided holidays for handicapped persons and their families. (The people of Westport might feel doubly blessed that this particular O'Malley has demonstrated so often over the years what it means to belong to 'a tribe of brotherly affection and friendship'.)

As one can see from the preceding paragraphs her life has been very full indeed. However, during all this time she remained true to her manuscripts. There were eleven volumes of them in the Château de Vincennes in Paris. The Irish Manuscripts Commission published her three-volume edition in 1983-4.

For a brief moment during our meeting, Sheila found herself wondering about the length of time her manuscripts took to be published, when her husband interjected with "well you know, Sheila, there were over 2,000 manuscripts, and you did have eight children." So, over 2,000 manuscripts and eight children later the *Franco-Irish Correspondence 1688-1692* - the largest French language publication ever undertaken in Ireland - was published!

True to the family motto Terra marique potens (Powerful on land and sea) the maritime tradition lives on, at least with her children, for even as this interview was being conducted, Sheila's daughter Onóra sails the high seas. Not between her ancestors' islands, but in the Pacific Ocean, in a small boat no less, 'for a year and a day' with her husband Brian Lynch from Galway and their three young children.

A doctor will be on board though. For "on land" Onóra (following the Kilmilkin medical tradition) is a doctor, as is her sister Eithne, at present practising in Saudi Arabia. (Sheila tells me 'at the last count there are forty-two doctors' from the Kilmilkin Family!).

Both her son Michael and son-in-law James Ryan are pioneers in Irish mariculture. Michael cultivates mussels and abalone while James farms salmon and trout.

While Sheila herself has been nothing less than 'powerful' in her pursuit of the past, her love of gardening has no doubt inspired her children. For daughters Sheila and Evleen, a solicitor and teacher respectively, have both won prizes for their gardens, while for eldest son Frank, horticultural pursuits have become a fulltime career. Máire, the eldest daughter, has a doctorate in Greek and lives with her husband and children in Germany. Meanwhile, John, the second son, is a professional artist filling his canvas with both land and sea.

BETWEEN ISLANDS

a short story by

John F. Deane

It was not yet dawn, but she was up and dressed. She had scarcely slept and certainly had had no need of the alarm clock set for five. She spilled the milk at breakfast and dropped an egg onto the scullery floor. Nora O'Flaherty's hair had grown white and wispy during the last months; lines that had been waiting somewhere inside had appeared on her forehead, round her lips, along her cheeks; under her eyes the flesh had folded and hardened until the top of her cheeks had become ridged, like lazybeds.

"Have you the tickets, Owen?"

"Yes, mother, I have everything; stop fussing and fidgeting; I'll be fine, don't worry."

They stood at Scanlon's cross in near darkness, under a hedge of fuchsia that leaned out over the wall; the bus reached the cross-roads at twenty minutes past six and was in Westport in time to catch the train for Dublin. Now there was nobody on the road; the rain had stopped though an occasional drop gathered on the tips of the fuchsia flowers, hung there interminably, then plopped onto the road. The restraining wall opposite was dulled and darkened with the damp and a poster advertising Friday's film was drooping upon itself, sodden and dead.

"Have you got the apple tart? and the soda bread?" she asked him, happier to think of these stout supplies in his bag during the journey, happier to break the silences that hung between them.

"Yes, yes, I have all of them, here, look, in this bag."

Nora frothed her fingers along her coat, as if she was remembering the dough still sticking to them and falling off in little worm shapes of loss onto the floor. She remembered how the waters had broken, oh how many years ago! in those primrose days when all the world cohered! how he had put his head out through the fissure in her womb and screamed, how he always said he had a memory of it, as of standing in night-stillness at the edge of a huge expanse of water. There had been blood, of course, and she had known great pain. But then she had held him moulding him like white dough in her hands. How he had enjoyed, later, the dried currants she had given him from the cake-making and how he would run from her out into the grove to eat them and then, while she stood rubbing her hands and leaning against the red door of the house, she would watch him swing on the lower branches of the trees; how green he was, then, but how his eyes were deepening, like darkening berries.

She was silent now, while they waited. She longed to reach out and hold him hard against her, as a drowning person would cling to a floating spar. But he was too old for that now, he was free of her, independent, an island awash on his own ocean. He was shifting gently from foot to foot as if he had already spent years aboard ship, as if the earth beneath his feet were rolling in its passage across the waters of space.

"You will write to me, Owen, won't you? As soon as you get a chance you will write."

"Yes, mother, I promise, I will write. Whenever the ship touches port I'll write. And it won't be that long till I'm back home for a spell and then I'll be with you for about three months."

Somewhere through the air there was a stirring; the day would darken and the storms would come; waves would rise over the harbour wall, tickling the currachs lying face down under ropes and stones. That perpetual movement of the sea was in her blood, too, and she knew it, it had always been there, the restlessness that the ocean breeds, the need to hear its breathing, to feel its surge and fall in the beating of your heart.

The bus appeared on the top of the long slope leading down to Scanlon's cross; at first only its eyes were visible, those wide, dim lights that brought it through the dawning; then they could hear it, changing gears towards the bottom of the hill, gathering hold, preparing for the turns. Nora reached out suddenly and gripped him and a flood of anguish reached upwards from the depths of her soul. He yielded to her and sank his head once more on her bosom, knowing the warm smell of her the hugeness of her simple love, the emptiness he was leaving to her after all. Then he was gone, the small red lights of the bus so quickly passing round the monastery turn, vanishing into the future and in to the past.

As she turned back towards the silent house she found herself repeating the names of places on her island with sudden affection Rusheen, Lake Nakeeroga, Bulls Mouth, Breann Ascaill, Bun an Churraigh, Dun Inbhir da Tonn, familiar places she had often been to, with him; then she spread her arms out to the sky, like wings, and pleaded; now Lord, now, let my heaviness lift from the earth into your loving arms.

* * *

Nora followed Owen's progress on an old school atlas; she would take the strange stamps off the envelopes and imagine his life from them. Papua New Guinea, stamps with the *sagra speciosa* and the *marpesia acilia tervisia*, strange coloured creatures suggesting light and sunshine and deep, tangled undergrowth. Tasman's Arch. Tete and Poaka birds of New Zealand. Sizpo makers and naked chieftains of Samoa. Figi, the Gilbert Island, dugouts and flying foxes. The red Lauan trees and the Capu-Lapu of the Philippines.

Then the letters began to be less frequent, he seemed to take great leaps across the world, from Australia to China, from China to South Africa, and once, the closest yet, he wrote from some great port in Greece. He was happy, he always told her, working in the engine room of a trading ship, friendly with the crew, people from all over the world, from all continents, coloured, whites, blacks The ship was large, and sound, all the typhoons and all the storms of the seven seas could scarcely touch her. He said. And went silent.

* * *

Dear Owen,

I am writing this in the kitchen. It is early, about eight o'clock, but I have been up for a long while. I have made soda bread and an apple tart but I don't know who's going to eat them. My fingers are sensitive still from the dough. The kitchen has been warmed with the smell of the baking. It is the smell that reminds me of you, it is your smell.

The days have grown very long for me now and I search about the house for chores; I find myself shifting vases from one place to another, as if it mattered. There cannot be many days left to me now. But enough of that. Perhaps if you were to come home now you'd find it dull.

I fret at any sound of the wind rising. Sometimes at night, when I pray beside the bed or when I sit just watching the fire, I can hear the sea about the island gather all its force to fling against the shore; the sound comes reaching down the chimney, and it rattles the frames of the windows and the doors. I cry then, sometimes, because I think of you and I know the seas where you are must be wild and strange. There have been so many losses. Enough of that. Forgive me. Please write.

Do you remember: I gave you coping saw and glue, breast drill and plywood, you made a Viking ship, you carved stern and prow like the ends of a pew in the Monastery Chapel; for mast and boom you took my knitting needle and a piece from an apron that had tiny red stars on it, and then you sailed the boat down the stream beyond our gate; do you remember the day? you were six or seven and Oh I was sorry then because the excitement in you was so great you could not find the words. Please write. The sea is in our blood, Owen, and it will not rest. Please write.

The kitchen is filling up with your smell. When you come home perhaps you'll find it dull. I leave the yard light on through these, the darkest nights.

* * *

Norah walked the island roads, an ordinary old woman filled with sadness. She visited the graveyard where her husband, Donal, sheathed in brown habit, lay in the womb of earth, slimed with the afterdeath; stone angels drowned under foxglove, montbretia, grass; columbine was an ocean weed draping her daughter's bed and over it lay a fishing-net and four glass globes that had been used as marker buoys; and there was her name, Patricia, drowned at the age of twenty-one, lying now under the waves of the earth, listening out, with her father, for the distinctive footsteps of the One who had walked on water.

She wandered by the shore, watching where the Atlantic narrowed between mainland and island, a deep wound where the current rushed, now one way, now the other, where the old O'Malley tower house stood, an empty shell that once guarded the approaches to the island. Here lay hidden the memory of Grace O'Malley, pirate queen, ancestor to Nora O'Malley, widow, and to her dead husband Donal. Nora went in to the damp hollow darkness of the tower and watched out through one of the narrow slits over the sea. The blood in her veins flowed, she thought, noisily, like the wash of the current, the surge almost audible, tangible, a hurt.

Only the postman, Michael, noticed how thin and worn she had become. She was always looking out for him but when he called it was only for a chat; there were few letters now, few cards. One evening, when the winds were sounding in the chimney, the door opened and her husband, Donal, came in. He said nothing to her, hardly seemed to notice her, but she could see that he was soaked through to the flesh. She got up to make his supper while he sat warming himself by the fire. One of the things

she most loved was to take a fresh mackerel and fry it for him in butter; she put on the pan, cut a great blob of butter and placed it in the pan to melt. When it was sizzling she went to the sink where the fish would be; but there were no fish, there was only the empty sink, the slow, eternal drip, drip, drip from a tap. When she came back to the fire he was gone. Only then the terror came upon her. That night she cried herself into an uneasy sleep.

She told Michael what had happened.

"You should eat a bit more, Nora," he said; "you're not looking after yourself, you'll have to keep your strength up. You never know when Owen will be back and he'll want to see you in good shape. Eat lots, Nora, eat lots."

So she cooked Owen's favourite dish, potato cakes; she cooked a lot of them and placed a dish of hot cakes on the table, with butter melting over them and dribbling down onto the plate, and she sprinkled them with sprigs of freshly cut parsley. Owen came in from the yard and sat down to eat. She sat in her corner, content, watching him. He delighted in the cakes and when he had finished she shifted the iron kettle onto the open fire and waited for it to boil. As she poured water into the teapot to scald it she turned towards him, but he had gone, leaving no sign. The cakes were untouched, a slight scum had begun to settle on the butter.

"I'll ask Doctor Weir to call on you, Nora," Michael promised; "it's just a slight turn you had, that's all. A good tonic will soon put the blood back into your veins."

* * *

Dear Mother,

I have at last found somewhere I will be able to call home. It's an island, Western Samoa, in a little village on the Pacific coast. It's beautiful. Some people even say that this is where Paradise used to be. We get hurricanes here; there are mangrove forests along the coast. They say Robert Louis Stevenson is buried here somewhere.

You would laugh if you saw our house. The floor is made of stone and there are mats of coconut leaves all over the floor. The roof is thatch, but it's a thatch made out of palm leaves. One wall of the house is also made of leaves so that on very hot days you'd laugh to see us rolling up the wall of the house to let in the light and air.

The strangest thing has happened. Over here, in Apia, one evening in a bar in Apia, I met a girl who was born in Aughagower, just outside Westport, and do you know what? her name is Ellen O'Malley! There! she came out here some years ago with lay missionaries, loved the place, and stayed. Mother, we are going to be married! She is my own age, and lovely. I am very, very happy. Next month we get married. We are going on our honeymoon to New Zealand. We'll be there about two weeks as my ship has to call in there. Then we'll come back to live here. Some time after we're really settled in, I'll come home and visit. I might even persuade Ellen to come along. I know you'll love her, and I know she'll love you, too.

* * *

Late that evening Doctor Weir, searching for Nora O'Malley O'Flaherty, found her sweeping the clay floor of the old tower house, trying to dust the high, stone walls, and to clear away the rubbish thrown down over the years by hordes of tourists come to sense the presence of the old pirate, to imagine the rush of her wild blood along their own dull veins.

AN UPDATE ON THE ACTIVITIES OF THE GRANUAILE TRUST OF THE O'MALLEY CLAN

The Granuaile Trust was set up in 1986

1. To encourage research and scholarship into the background of the O'Malley Clan, including the publication of appropriate brochures, journals or books, or documentation or recording by any other medium.
2. To promote and encourage, particularly by those of the O'Malley Clan, architecture, art and design, music and musical composition, theatre arts, film arts and any other cultural or educational medium.
3. Preservation and restoration of the wall paintings in St. Brigid's Church, Clare Island and of all ancient monuments and artifacts associated with the O'Malley Clan.
4. To encourage the presentation of works of art and historical documents and memorabilia worthy of preservation to appropriate institutions.
5. Provision of a museum in Mayo in order to make available to the public, memorabilia and historical data which reflects Irish tradition and heritage.
6. To seek support for the objectives of the Trust in any part of the World.

With these objectives in mind I would like to remind you of the work of the Trust over the past six years.

1. In 1987 Sal O'Malley-McInerney presented a Bursary for £15,000 in the name of the Granuaile Trust, to the Department of Architecture, for a Masters in Environmental Architecture.
2. In 1991 the Clare Island Survey was launched and as part of the survey, restoration work began on the wall paintings of St. Brigid's Church. The Trust continues to contribute to the ongoing work of the preservation of the wall paintings
3. During the Chieftaincy of Sal O'Malley-McInerney, Michael McGlynn composed an O'Malley Messa Cantata, commissioned by Mrs. McInerney, which had its first recital in Trinity College Chapel in 1991.
4. A bursary was given to Kevin O'Malley to pursue studies at Oxford.

An Exhibition of the works of Tony O'Malley and a cheese and wine party held after a recital of the Granuaile Suite in the National Concert Hall (composed by Shaun Davey) were among other events, notably cheilis, held at Kelston, which helped in fund raising for the Trust.

In the last six months the Trust has decided to take on one project at a time and to concentrate on that project until it is completed. The project on hand at the moment is the Anne Chambers Film Project. Some months ago Anne Chambers came to the Trust for help in getting a film script off the ground, about the life and times of Grace O'Malley. Anne has written among other books, *Granuaile*, and over the years she has been a tremendous source of information re Grace O'Malley and indeed anything to do with O'Malley lineage. She has selflessly given of her time and energy to the clan and the Trust and has always been available to give talks whenever we needed her.

David Reilly is a script writer of considerable experience in the field and was invited to do this project with Anne, not only because of his experience but because she also wanted a man's input to give Grace O'Malley the full breadth that a character of her stature deserves.

This film will be done, as the life and times of Grace O'Malley offers such potential to the Creative Producer and audience. We would like it to have an Irish base and who better to write such a film script but Anne Chambers and her co-script writer, David Reilly. In the light of Neil Jordan's recent Oscar for best original screen script, who knows what the future might hold for Anne Chambers and David Reilly.

The Trust has undertaken to raise £20,000 for the project and to date we have received donations amounting to £4,500. Your support is all important and all contributions will be graciously received and appreciated.

Please send your contributions to: The Granuaile Trust, 33 Springfield Road, Terenure, Dublin 6W.

Anne Chambers and David Reilly have given us a written undertaking that any monies paid to them will be returned to the Trust when the film makes the big time, which we all hope it will.

Ellen O'Malley-Dunlop
Chairperson of the Granuaile Trust

All contributions for the next issue of the Newsletter must be received before 31st October, 1993. Please send items to:

**The O'Malley Clan Newsletter
33 Springfield Road,
Terenure,
Dublin 6W,
Ireland.**

Recent Bereavements

Our sincerest sympathies to the families of Helen Hooker O'Malley and Joe O'Malley-Blackwell.

Joe O'Malley-Blackwell

1913 - 1993

**An Appreciation
by Middleton O'Malley-Keyes.**

Joe Blackwell shared with each of us a divine slice of life that he served up with his unique blend of brash elegance, extraordinary humour, bountiful generosity and love.

Joe was a passionate man. Passionately dedicated to the well being of his large extended family, Ireland, life, and his many friends throughout the world.

It would be impossible not to have an opinion about Joe Blackwell. His strength of personality left no doubt, to anyone, that you were dealing with the genuine article. This man was alive in the truest sense of the word.

Joe's range of life experience, is the stuff books are written about. He lived through and survived with distinction wars, economic depressions, personal difficulties, and business challenges, from the post Victorian era to the complex and highly technical age that we now live in. Joe was a man for all seasons because he had the courage to step up to the table and meet life head on.

On the lighter side, in any book written about Joe Blackwell, chapters might be devoted to his relationship with the late Tomasie Moran - with whom he created stories of legendary proportion. Another might be written on the value of practical jokes. And yet another on the delights of food entitled "How to defy your Doctor's Advice and live to be 80"!

Joe Blackwell's recipe for living included a thirst for knowledge, the importance of history and politics, showing respect for others, the significance of true friendship and generosity, the value of manners, thoughtful guidance for those that ask, commitment to family, love of his children and adoration of his supportive and loving wife.

For many of us, being Joe Blackwell's friend was a profound, life changing, eye opening experience that expanded our horizons and enriched us in many wonderful ways. Evidence of Joe's good deeds, for family and friends, abound throughout the world. How can we now, in our grief over his great loss, ever thank him enough.

While we now, may not be able to say thank you, we can all do him honour by living our lives, using his as an example of what it truly means to be alive. May Joe Blackwell's spirit and love of life live in your hearts and his energy in your bodies. May you also offer the world the brash elegance, extraordinary humour, bountiful generosity and love that Joe Blackwell gave to all of us.

Helen Hooker O'Malley Roelofs

1905 - 1993

An Appreciation

The passing of Helen Hooker O'Malley Roelofs in Greenwich, Connecticut, on April 2nd brought to a close an ardent love affair with Ireland. This began when she first set eyes on Ernie O'Malley, former revolutionary leader, in her mother's dining room in Greenwich. It survived their tempestuous marriage, retaining its passion and intensity to the end of her long life, as indeed did her admiration and respect for her first husband. In speaking of him and of Ireland, her impeccable Yankee voice took on a faint but perceptible Irish lilt. Hers was a life packed with activity - and hard work. Avid for knowledge of the world in all its diversity, she managed to cram into her life the experiences of ten less energetic mortals but with a heart and ear ever open to the still, sad music of humanity.

Her gifts were many, but they were used with discretion. Her talent for poetry she particularly developed in her latter years. That for sculpture was evident at the age of six, when she modelled in clay a young rabbit almost pulsating with fear. To a family which had more conventional plans for her future, this should have been a warning that art would win out over more socially acceptable talents.

Another of these was sport. By the age of eighteen she was one of the most accomplished young tennis players in the United States, winning the national ladies' junior singles and doubles in 1923. Wimbledon beckoned, with her father's enthusiastic support. But Helen put her foot down, insisting that she had more important goals. Tennis was abandoned; she was to concentrate on art thereafter. Extensive travels in Europe, including the study of dance in Greece, woodcarving in Germany, sculpture in Paris, were followed by stays in Japan, China and Korea. And then, eventually, came Ireland.

Aristocratic, imperious, passionate, highly intelligent, proud of the family from which she came and its important role in the creation and development of her home state of Connecticut, she moved as surefootedly among all strata of Irish society as among the old WASP families in which she grew up. Her years in Ireland saw the creation of her home and gardens at Burrishoole Lodge on Clew Bay, where the world she brought into being enchanted an ever-increasing circle of her own as well as her husband's friends. Later in Dublin she helped to found the Players' Theatre. During these Irish years she sculpted many of the country's leading literary, musical and theatrical personalities, as well as civil servants, politicians and anyone she met whose ideas and character she found stimulating. She loved Ireland's traditions, its old churches and abbeys and the vivacity of its people. Out of this love came some of her best work.

Also out of this came her gifts to Ireland which, with the creative partnership of the Irish American Cultural Institute, have resulted in the O'Malley Art Collection, now in the Irish Museum of Modern Art at Kilmainham and at Turlough House in Co. Mayo, and the annual O'Malley Art Award, initiated in 1989. In addition, she gave a collection of her photographs to the National Library. Her sculpture of Irish heads, the Helen O'Malley Roelofs Sculpture Trust Collection, will be on permanent exhibition at the University of Limerick from September this year.

All of these generous gifts have been made with the help and encouragement of her three children, Cahal, Etain and Cormac O'Malley. That in her last year all three were living in New York and able to see her frequently, was great comfort to them and to her. To them sympathy is extended at the passing of this comet out of their firmament. To her - "may flights of angels sing thee to they rest".

P.F.D.

Reprinted from *The Irish Times* of April, 1993

The O'Malley Clan Annual

This journal, now discontinued, was published annually from 1984 to 1990. It is an excellent souvenir of the rallies of those years, and contains articles on O'Malley history, as well as on places associated with the clan. Back-numbers (1985 - 1990) can be obtained for £3.50 or 6 dollars each.

The O'Malley Clan Car Sticker

This sticker in three colours is exclusive to the O'Malley Clan Association and is similar to the crest on your rally invitation. The cost is £2.00 or 3 dollars.

Clan Association Badge

A really beautiful embroidered jacket badge. Price £20 or 32 dollars.

Clan Association Tie

Available in two colours - blue and green. Price £7.50 or 12 dollars.

Granuaile Symphony

A cassette of the widely-acclaimed Granuaile Symphony by Shaun Davey at the very special price of £6.50 or 10 dollars. Sung by Rita Connolly, with Liam O'Flynn, uilleann pipes and chamber orchestra.

O'Malley Mass

Composed by Michael McGlynn, first heard in Trinity College Chapel at 1990 Rally. Price of cassette £6.50 or 10 dollars.

Granuaile Biography By Anne Chambers

This indispensable history of Granuaile, the O'Malley heroine, is available at £7 or 11 dollars.

O'Malley People and Places by Sheila Mulloy

The second enlarged edition is now available. This book is an account of people, places and events prominent in clan history. Price: Softcover, £7 or 11 dollars; Hardcover, £11 or 18 dollars.

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

Post your order to:

Mrs. S. Mulloy, Carrowbaun, Westport, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

Cheques to be made payable to O'Malley Clan Association.

Name (block capitals please).....

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I/We enclose for the following items:

No.		No.	
.....	Clan Certificate @ £10 or \$16	Clan Badge @ £20 or \$32
.....	Clan Annual 1990 @ £3.50 or \$6	Clan Tie @ £7.50 or \$12, blue/green
.....	Clan Annual 1989 @ £3.50 or \$6	Granuaile Symphony @ £6.50 or \$10
.....	Clan Annual 1988 @ £3.50 or \$6	O'Malley Mass @ £6.50 or \$10
.....	Clan Annual 1987 @ £3.50 or \$6	Granuaile Biography @ £7 or \$11
.....	Clan Annual 1986 @ £3.50 or \$6	O'Malley People and places:
.....	Clan Annual 1985 @ £3.50 or \$6		Softcover £7 or \$11
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Sheila O'Malley-Mulloy and her husband Johnny with a clan of their own.
Not in the picture are 2 sons, 1 daughter-in-law and 4 more grandchildren (Rev. Frank Mulloy, brother-in-law)