deal," he said. "We're trying to generate as much interest as possible and hopefully next year go back with more riders. And we'd like to get some Europeans to ride with us.

"The Jerry Lewis (muscular dystrophy) telethon didn't start in one year. Each year we'd like to get more people interested and raise more money."



Michael (left) and Brian O'Malley are preparing for the 4,000-mile Celebrate Freedom Tour through six Eastern European nations.

CALIFORNIA MINI-RALLY

Bronwyn O'Malley

In August 12-18 1989, the families of Brian, Conor, Patrick and Ronan O'Malley, and Hilda Furminger, descended on Sand Dollar Beach California. Brian O'Malley, Hamilton, Canada is a son of former chieftain Michael of Barna, while his cousins Conor (Cathal), San José, California, and Patrick, Granger, Indiana, are sons of former guardian chieftain Conor. Ronan, Houstan, Texas, is a son of Thomas, Kilmilkin. Their cousin Hilda Furminger (née Allen), Kensington, California, is a sister of Clare McMyler. Westport.

Originating fromthe idea of meeting some fellow relatives who live in North America for the first time, these five families loaded up planes and



Top row (left to right): Patrick Sheehy, Patrick (Granger), Ronan (Houston), Michael (Kensington), Frank (Kensington), Ronan (Granger), Adrian (Houston)... 3rd row (left to right): Peter (San José), Conor (Granger), Stephen (Hamilton), Brian (Granger), Brendan (Granger), Ronan (Houston), Patrick (Granger). 2nd row (left to right): Brian (Hamilton), Mary (San José), Imelda (Granger), Elizabeth (Hamilton), Hilda (Kensingtoin), Conor (San José); Front row (left to right): Grace (Houston), Bronwyn (San José), Siobhán O'Malkey Sheehy (San José), Grace (San José).

cars and came with the intent of having fun in the sun (which unfortunately disappeared for the week). This rally of sorts started some strong friendships among the fourteen young cousins who attended. Only four were missing.

The rallygoers started their first evening together at a Thai restaurant after the more youthful side had watched a lifeguard surfing championship on Santa Cruz beach.

The enxt day was brunch, a beach volleyball game, and barbeque with the 'patriarchs' of each family telling a story about their offspring (some very amusing and embarrassing).

One day was spent visiting the famous Pebble Beach, Cannery Row, and Monterey Bay Aquarium with dinner after near San Juan Baptista an historic Spanish mission.

The 16th of August saw a gorgeous drive down to the middle of California along the coast to see the mysterious Hearst Castle – inspiration for the film of Orson Welles *'Citizen Kane'*.

Most memorable of all were walks on the beach, and catching up on years of talk.



At Bangkok West a Thai restaurant.



Brian O'Malley (Granger) strums some oldies while Grace, Bronwyn, Ronan and Conor listen.

Enjoy yourself at the Annual Rally.

THE UNDAYA O'MALLEYS IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Bernie O'Malley

In 1840 an O'Malley (male) emigrated to South Australia as a 'Free Settler'. As opposed to other states in Australia, where many arrived as convicts, South Australia was the only state colonized by free settlers.

At this stage of research into the family history the Christian name of that particular O'Malley is unknown. He first settled at a place named Woodville which is a suburb of Adelaide, about five miles north-west of the city proper. He was the great-great-grandfather of the writer, the fourth generation of the original migrant. He had two sons. One he named William and the other John.

The family commenced farming at Undalya which is located some seventy miles north of Adelaide. They built a small house on the banks of the River Wakefield. William O'Malley (the writer's great-grandfather) married Rosina Keelan. This union produced six sons and three daughters. One of the sons was John James O'Malley born in 1862.

Apparently a feud developed between the two brothers. The cause was said to be a disagreement over mail being opened by John when it was meant for William! The whole business was finally resolved by William changing his surname to O'Mealy. He died at Glenstall Farm, Undalya, in 1874, at the age of 37 years. It was said at the time that he was one of a very few people who had died from the cause of 'overwork'.

John James O'Malley (the writer's grandfather) married Agnes Teresa O'Callaghan. They had twelve children. One boy and one girl did not survive infancy. Seven sons and three daughters grew to maturity. One of these sons was Allan Barnard O'Malley, born in 1897 and died in 1982 at the age of 84 years. He was the father of the writer. In 1927 he (A.B. O'Malley) married Alice Young. In 1929 the writer was born and in 1935 a daughter named Sheila.

Between 1916 and 1922 five of John James O'Malley's sons moved from the relatively fertile lands in the mid-north to what is termed as the Murray-Mallee located to the east of South Australia. The land was very sandy, covered in virgin scrub, not very fertile and generally poor quality. (It was not until later years that trace elements greatly improved the soil.) However, the brothers' persistence was rewarded following a very hard life and living under trying conditions. Most of the families survived the Great Depression and were just able to manage to keep their properties,

which have now been handed down to their sons.

The ruins of the original O'Malley home are still evident about six miles downstream from Undalya township. Not only did William O'Malley (O'Mealy) farm his land, but he also had to transport his wheat, barley, etc., by horses and wagon a round trip distance of 140 miles to Adelaide for the market.

Despite the hardship encountered they all lived a fruitful life. Coupled with hard work they had a mixture of bad times and good. Their social life consisted of dancing, yarn-telling, singing and other gatherings. Deaths and subsequent funerals produced the inevitable 'wake' including drinking, singing and sometimes, fighting amongst the brothers.

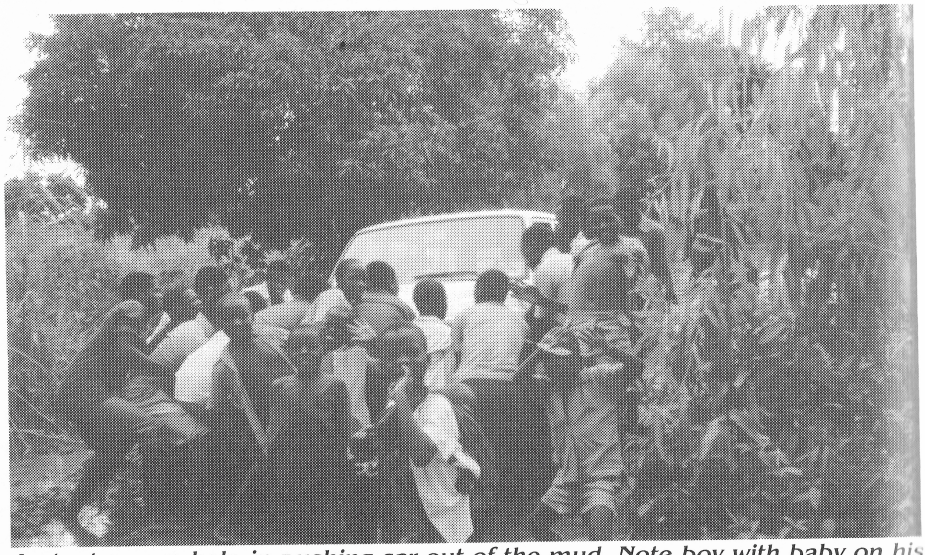
There are still eleven male O'Malley descendants to continue the survival of the O'Malley name. Of course there are may other O'Malleys in South Australia but of a different lineage.

It is hoped that I will shortly be able to establish the Christian name of the O'Malley who arrived in South Australia in 1840, and the ship which transported him. When my wife and I visit Westport in early October this year (1990), it is hoped to trace ancestry in Ireland.

Tell your friends about the Clan Association.

O'MALLEYS IN MALAWI

Máire Ní Chionna



Instantaneous help in pushing car out of the mud. Note boy with baby on his back.

(In late 1988 Máire Cris Ní Chionna (daughter of Eibhlín Ní Mháille) went to Malawi in Africa on a two-year contract as Water and Sanitation Officer with UNICEF (United Nations Childrens Fund). In these notes she describes some aspects of Malawi. Among the people whom she has met is Father Pat O'Malley, son of former Chieftain Anthony of Louisburgh, who lectures in the English Department of Chancellor College in the university town of Zomba.)

Malawi is a long thin country alongside the long and deep Lake Malawi in East Central Africa. Excluding the lake, the area is only a little bigger than the island of Ireland, but supports a population of 8½ million people. In the last five years 800,000 refugees have poured across the borders from Mozambique, so that now some districts have more refugees than natives.

In some ways Malawi can be compared to Ireland before the Famine because of the increasing numbers of people trying to wrest a living from small patches of land all growing the same crop – maize. But there is no America over the sea to emigrate to, only Zimbabwe and South Africa. Each of these countries has plenty of unemployed people looking for work but maybe Malawians work for even lower wages.

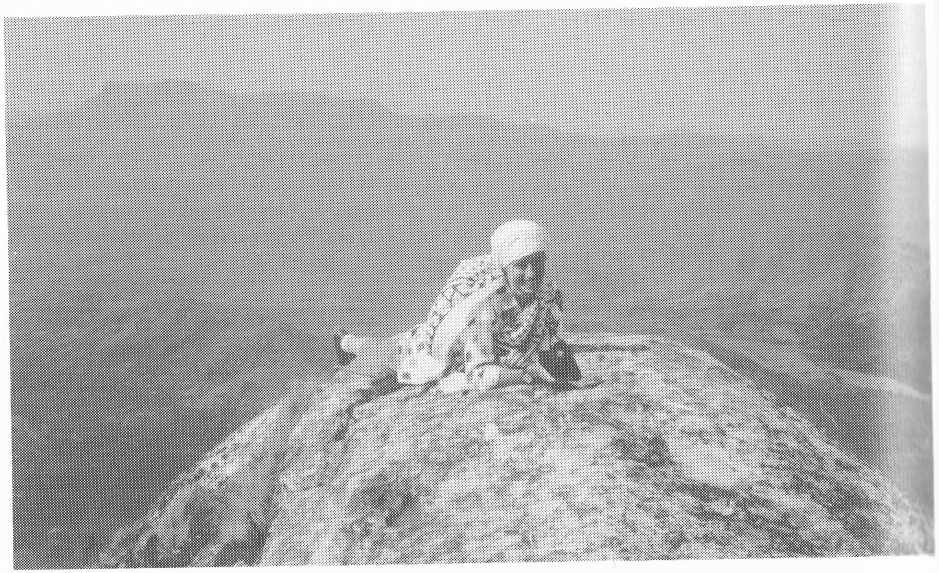
Living

Nearly 90% of the population live off the land, the majority being smallholders. In the southern and central regions where the population is high, you would be hard put to it to find any large extent of uncultivated land. Land left uncultivated might be lowlying and subject to flooding – this grazes cattle. The land may still be forested, but this is rapidly disappearing because of fuel and housebuilding requirements. Houses are small in areas where timber is scarce. People build their houses from local materials; if these are no longer available they make do with less.

The cattle graze on the 'long acre' as well as on the lowlying areas, and always have herds in attendance since the fields are not fenced. A haggard beside the house would be fenced by ramming poles and tree branches into the ground closely together. Unlike Ireland, Malawi never had glaciers scouring the landscape and leaving a scattering of stones for building walls and fences.



Waterfall near Livingstone.



Author in Nyika National Park.

Climate

I was nearly three weeks in Malawi and still could not get my bearings; something was disorienting me. Then I remembered that south of the equator the sun swings north during the middle of the day, so the shady side of the house is on the south.

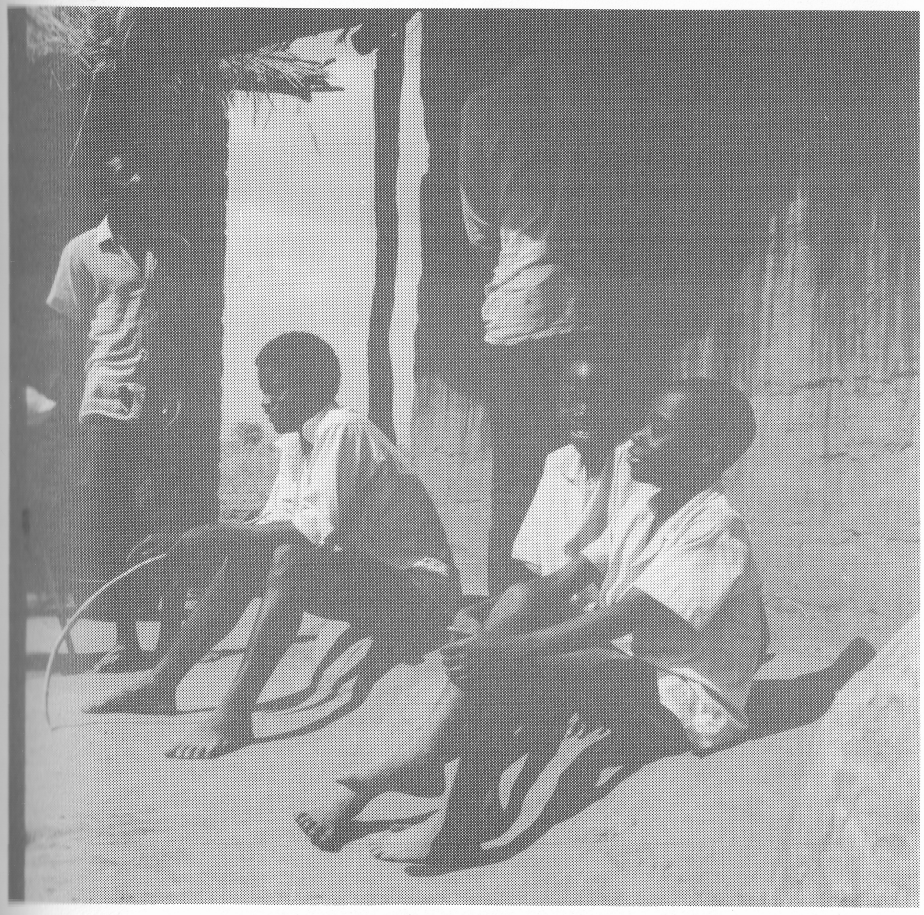
In May, the harvest is being gathered and we are coming into the cool season. In June and July I am glad of a fire at night when the cold wind blows. We will not have any rain until October, and everything gets dried out and brown when the warm season starts in September. Yet in contrast to the brown grass certain trees put out a magnificent show of flowers. In the forests I have seen trees covered with flaming red flowers, while in the city the streets are lined with jacaranda trees famous for their pale blue-purple flowers. We wait for the first rain, usually only a brief storm, but by December we start to get the steady downpours.

The driest place in Malawi gets 700 mm of rain in a year, which is a bit more than Dublin, but unlike Dublin it is concentrated into three to four months. The rain is very intense and can be very destructive. Flood damage is becoming very serious as forest or bush is being replaced with cultivation. The unprotected soil runs down the hill with the rain so the streams have huge silt loads. The whole hillside has lost its capacity to absorb rain, so the amount of water all rushing into the stream at the same time is intense. An engineer in the Ministry of Works told me that

they are now revising their standards for bridges because the rivers flood to higher levels than they did thirty years ago. The big loads of silt get dumped when the floodwater slows down causing rivers to change course. I have travelled on roads where the bridge was unharmed during the flood but the road just beside it was washed away.

Agriculture

People living at different altitudes in Malawi grow different crops but the main crop is maize. In the driest areas they grow sorghum and finger millet; down at the lakeshore cassava is very popular. It is a root crop, and you can leave it in the ground until you want some. That is the best place to store it, as once it is harvested it does not keep very well. Much of the country is at the altitude of the Reek (Croagh Patrick) or higher,



Village boys.



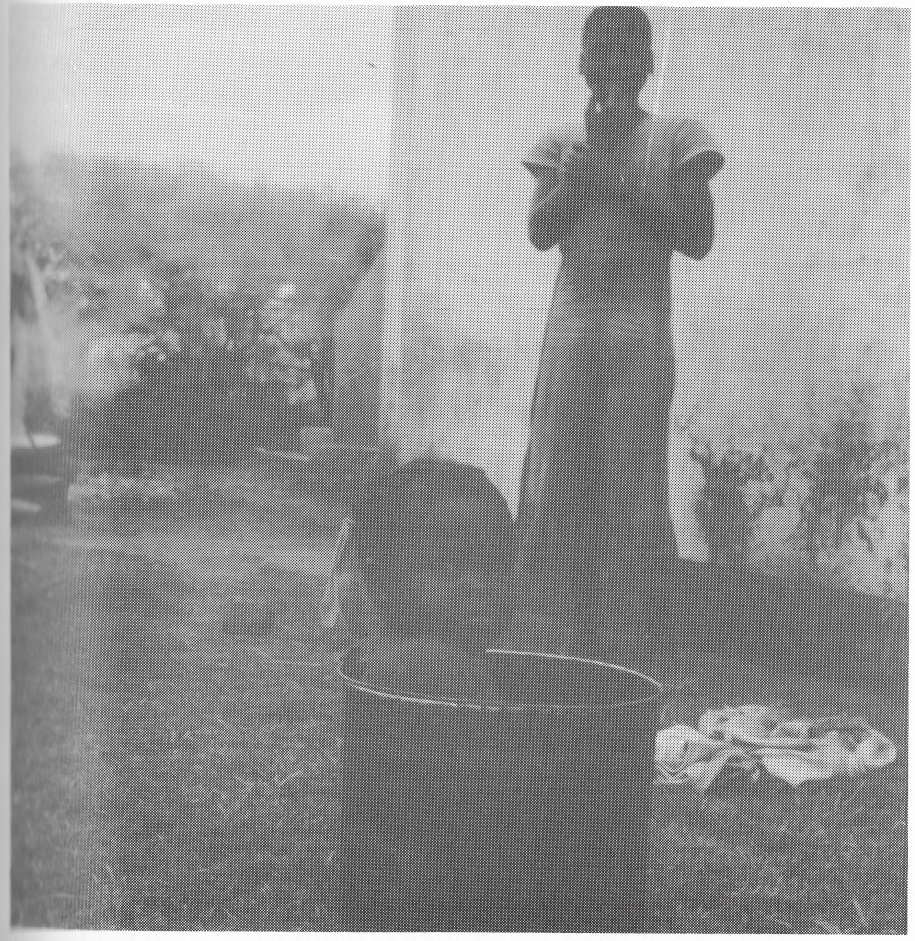
View of Zomba (where Fr. Pat teaches English in the University).



Maize growing in January in Ntchisi District.

and maize is the favoured crop here. In between the maize, beans grow up the stalks and pumpkins are grown as a ground cover crop. Up in the high mountains they grow potatoes – known as Irish potatoes. The cash crops for smallholders are maize and peanuts; the big cash crop – tobacco – is only allowed on estates. Another estate crop is tea. These estates are mainly owned by Europeans of the colonial time, while Malawians own the newer tobacco estates.

The agricultural work is all done by hand; I have only seen tractors on estates and at the Agricultural College. Some people might have a plough pulled by two oxen, but most do not. Just before the rains you see dug fields of red earth ready and waiting, carefully formed into ridges for the maize.



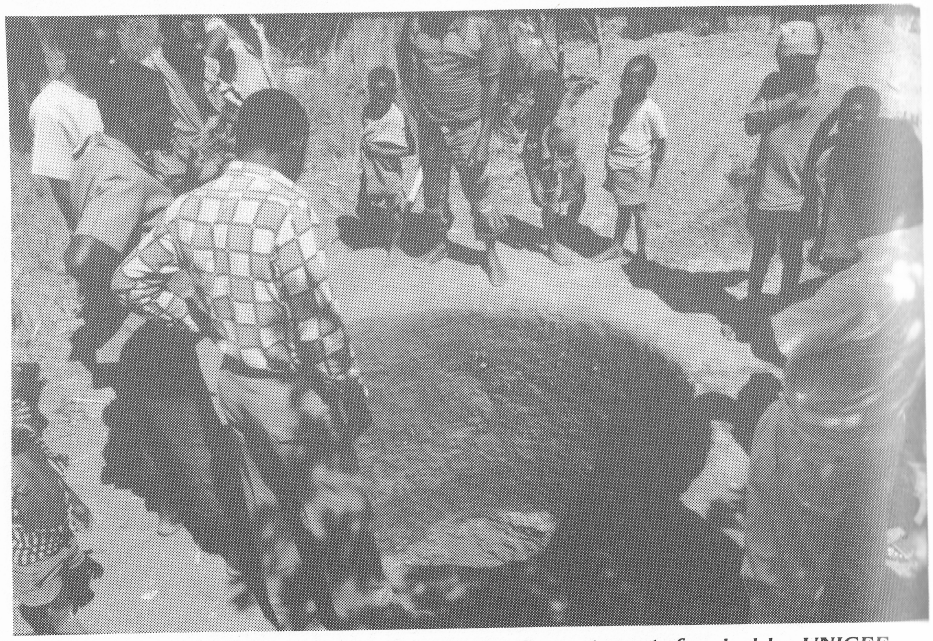
Child (age 2½) having bucket bath.

Headloads

The habit of carrying loads on the head is quite gone out of use in Ireland, and is uncommon in Europe, but it is the norm in Malawi. The children learn at an early age by copying their elders. At the well the women and teenagers will carry twenty litre buckets of water, while the six year old will have a two litre tin. I saw a woman carrying a new door home balanced on her head. Once I saw a schoolgirl chatting with a small bottle of pills on her head, something so small that we would think it easier to carry in your hand. The most common headloads are buckets of water, bundles of firewood and round baskets of flour or maize or other food items. These baskets are so tightly woven from strips of certain plants that they can store flour without leakage. People make mats from split reed and split bamboo, and chairs from certain light woods and cane.

White People

Always in the villages children will come and stare at me. The smaller ones are usually frightened at seeing this strange white face with pointed nose, thin lips and pale eyes. When I have been away from the city for a while, the first few minutes of seeing white people also surprises me;



Well construction supervised by Water Department, funded by UNICEF.

I have got some idea then of what I look like to Malawians. In Ireland I distinguish people by the curl of their hair and the colour of their hair and eyes, and whether their skin is tanned, freckled or pure white. Malawians distinguish people by shape of head and face and by skin shade – there are shades of brown – but there must be other ways of distinguishing that I am not aware of yet.

Markets

The market in Lilongwe city is surrounded by a high wall so that only those who pay a fee are allowed to sell inside. For the fee they get shelter, running water nearby, and regular sweeping of the market surrounds. In the uncovered part of the market you find tinsmiths raising a racket manufacturing pails and basins, watering-cans, cooking pots and rubbish bins. You can find cheap 'oil lamps' made from recycled olive oil tins (from Italy?) or powdered milk tins (from Denmark). Some of these are made into amusing shapes for fun – like the lamp that was in the shape of an aeroplane. Once I saw an old light bulb which had been transformed into an oil lamp. It was upside down on a little stand, the insides gutted and replaced by a wick and wick-holder at the neck.

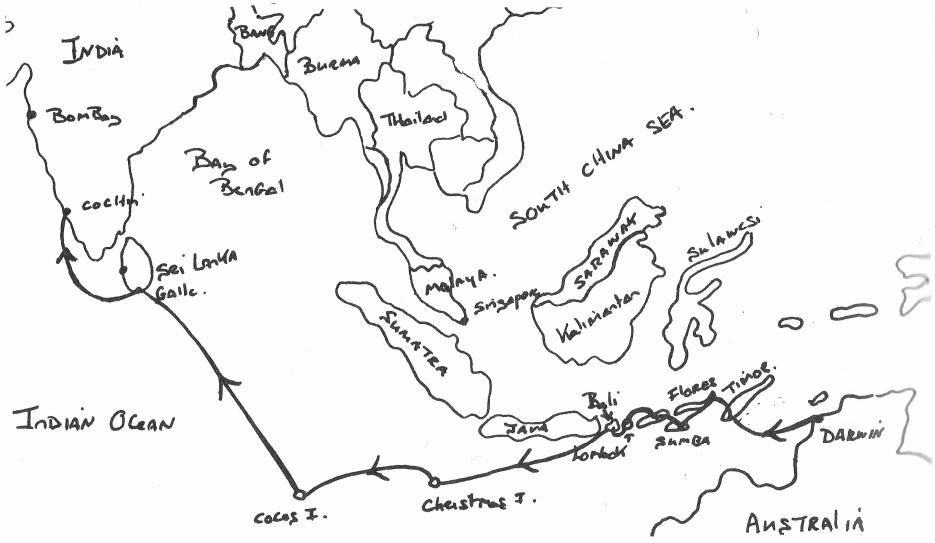
As in many other countries, nearly everything gets recycled. Imported manufactured goods are expensive, cloth is expensive, shoes are expensive, and the wages are very low in relation to the cost of these things.

Please become a Friend of the Clan Association.

PASSAGE TO INDIA

Bairbre O'Malley

(Our intrepid veterinary surgeon Bairbre O'Malley, daughter of former chieftain Judge Peter and Mary Pat O'Malley, Dublin, who is now working in County Donegal, describes her voyage from Australia to India.)



The voyage of the Ketchup.

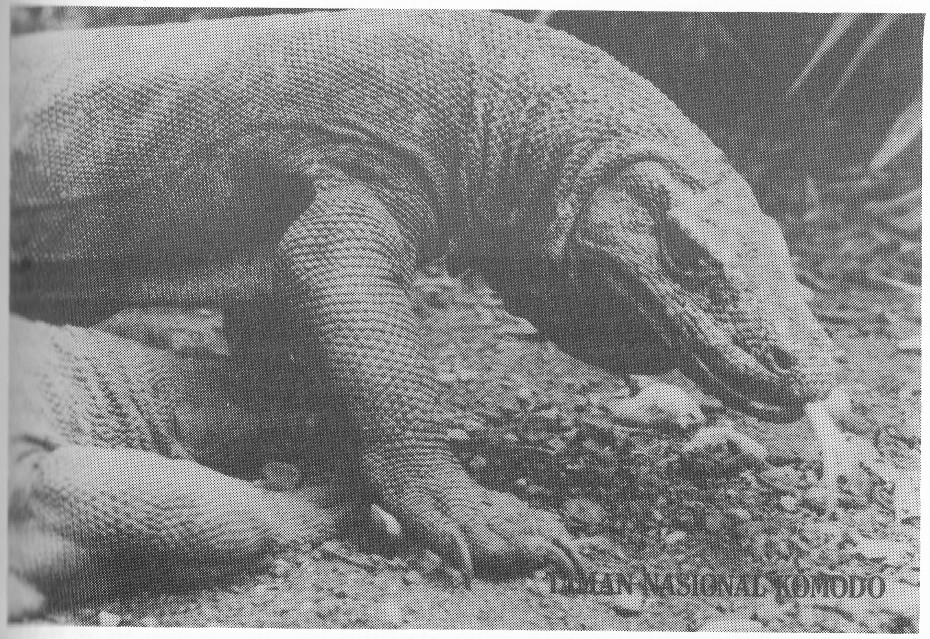
After 18 months travelling around Australia it was time to head for home. Since flying from Sydney to London is long and dull, sailing on a yacht through Asia seemed the obvious alternative start to the journey. So after exploring the Red Centre of Australia and climbing Ayers Rock, I backpacked my way north to Darwin where I chanced upon a ketch called *Ketchup* which happened to be going the way I wanted to go. As Ken, the skipper was overhauling her before starting on a world cruise, I decided with Alison, another crew member, to explore Indonesia overland and rendezvous with the boat at the island of Bali. Armed with Indonesian phrasebooks, padlocks on our backpacks, and moneybelts, we set off for the islands of Nusa Tengarra which form a long chain stretching from Papua New Guinea west to Bali.

Indonesia is a fabulous place, an exotic whirlpool of different cultures, customs and religions, and learning Indonesian is a must. An

incredibly easy language to pick up, its charm and logic are impossible to resist. *Orang utan* means literally 'man of the forest', *Mata Hari* the sun, is 'eye of the day' and a vet like me rejoices in the title of 'Doctor Heaven'. Chatting our way through the islands, it was fun to be able to haggle over the price of papayas and to order a meal, especially in the more remote places.

Island-hopping from Timor to the beautiful volcanic island of Flores, we slept on the deck of the ferry packed like sardines between a sack of garlic, 3 roosters and a loaded coffin! There were people everywhere and travelling overland can be an exhausting and terrifying experience, squashed in the ubiquitous Bemo (minibus) on roads with potholes like volcanic craters, but everybody was kind, friendly and chatty, and we answered the same questions, hundreds of times. Everywhere was interesting, but one spectacular memory was setting off at 2 a.m. to climb the famous Kelimutu volcano, trekking 12 km. up the side of the mountain in the cool of the night and arriving at the top where the stark, lunar landscape was eerie. In the pre-dawn light the swirling mists made it like a dragon's lair, but suddenly the sun rose and the panorama unfolded to reveal three crater lakes below us, side by side but of three completely different colours, one blue, one green and one black.

Pagan Sumba, Moslem Sumbawa, Lombok, Komodo, the home of the



Komodo Island dragon.



Paddy fields of rice on Bali.

famous six foot dragons and, finally, Bali. Bali is beautiful, lush and tropical, and alive with colourful customs and music. Unfortunately, its lovely climate, surf and beaches have made it the Mecca of package tourists which has rather spoilt its appeal. After four weeks' travelling in the more remote islands where *orang putih* (white man) are still a novelty, and the women pinch your skin curiously to see if its real, it was rather depressing to arrive at the Australian equivalent or Benidorm full of pubs called 'Koala Blue' and 'Midnight Oil.' However, inland away from the 'surfie shorts' brigade, it is lovely and unspoiled and the Balinese are amazing. Of Hindu religion, their island is thronged with temples and every day brings some religious festival. Driving past lush paddy fields of rice, you turn a corner and chance upon a cavalcade of excited Balinese in procession to the local temple, the girls in elegant colourful sarongs, balancing exquisitely-decorated baskets of fruit and flowers on their heads, and the men dashing past with a clash of cymbals and the rippling tinkle of xylophones. In an island where religion, art and music are a way of life, it's colourful enough to make you convert! House, Bemo, shop or paddy field, wherever you go in Bali, there is always a beautiful little shrine where floral offerings are sprinkled daily to appease the gods.

Since Indonesian roosters start crowing on the stroke of 2 a.m.,





Religion is a way of life in Bali. Offerings at the temple at the foot of Mt. Batuc, one of Bali's live volcanoes.

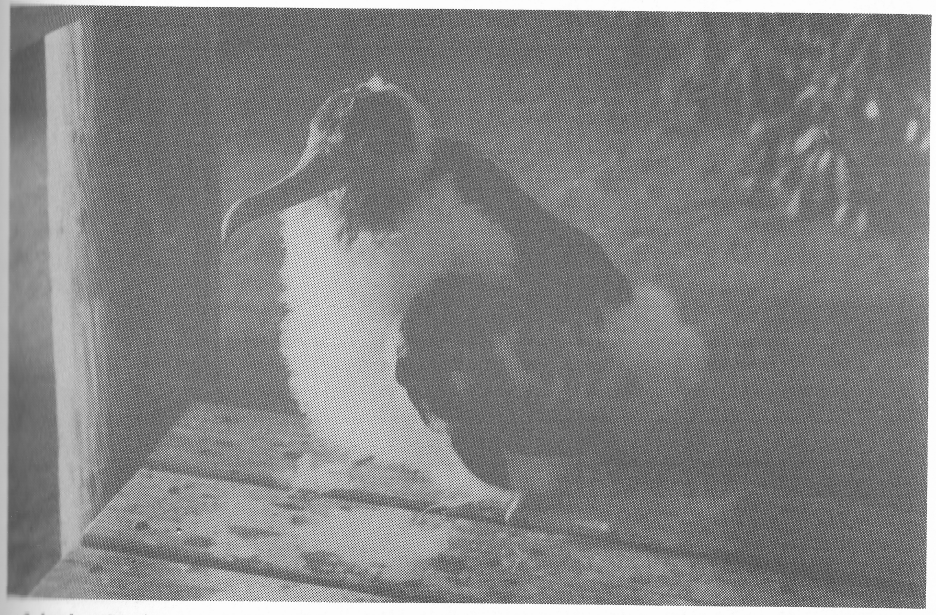
rivalled by the call to Allah of the mosques (and every guest house seems to have a mosque next door), it was finally very peaceful to board *Ketchup* and escape the clamour for a while. We now had a mad rush to stock up on supplies and organise the boat before our visas ran out. Having a 'home' to supply adds spice to travelling, since one of the main pleasures of Asia is visiting the bustling markets and bargaining for the exotic, multi-coloured fruits and vegetables. Our Indonesian now proved invaluable, as Alison and I bargained our way furiously from stall to stall,



Our writer enjoys the hot sulphur springs, Bali.

trying desperately to explain to the puzzled vendors why we preferred green under-ripe fruit to the luscious ripe array of bananas, mango, papaya, passion fruit and pineapples. Hours later we emerged triumphant staggering under a load of mung beans, lentils and spices, and enough fruit and vegetables to keep scurvy at bay for years.

Living on a yacht at Beroa harbour was fun except for the endless bureaucratic red tape of Customs and Immigration. Fortunately, the fact that *Ketchup* in Indonesian means 'soy sauce' was a great source of amusement to all the port officials, and the odd bottle of Scotch to the right people helped to oil the troubled waters. Beroa Harbour Yacht Club is beautiful, with pillared portals and marble floors, but is always deserted. Every 'yachtie' worth his salt eats around the corner at the local 'warung' or food stall, where we feasted daily on some of the best and cheapest Indonesian food. Exhausted by a hot sticky day in Denpassar, hunting for ship's warp, brass lanterns, toilet rolls and hand carved Buddhas, we would congregate like moths around the cosy glow of the paraffin lamp at 'Cassie's Warung' on the edge of the harbour to share a *Bir Dinga* (cold beer) with the local tuna fishermen. To the strains of guitar music, under the motherly eye of Mama Cassie, we would dine on delicious *nasi goreng istemiwa* or *gado gado* watching the twinkling lights of Bali.

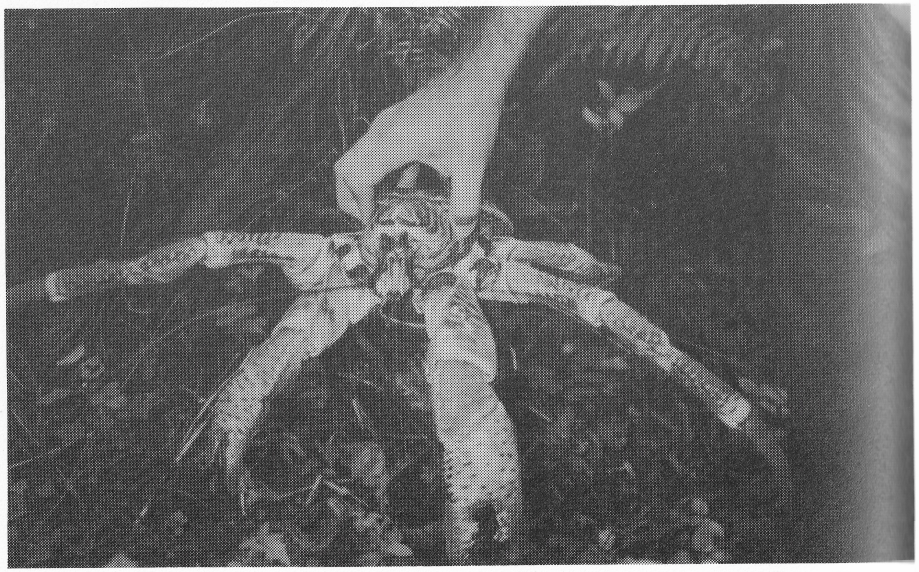


A baby Christmas Island frigate bird, comical when juvenile, but magnificent as adults soaring high on the thermals like aerial vampires with their forked tails.

Raring to get sailing, we finally snipped the last inch of red tape and resisted a last-minute urge to purchase a ship's monkey. The good ship *Soy Sauce* sailed off just before sunset bound for a tiny speck on the Indian Ocean called Christmas Island. As we cruised past Nusa Dua under the starry gaze of the Southern Cross, we were suddenly surrounded by a school of dolphins who escorted us for miles diving and somersaulting playfully at the bows of the boat. In the dark night the phosphorescence transformed it into a fireworks display as the shimmering torpedoes exploded out of the water in a burst of green flame.

Ketchup was a 47 foot ketch owned by Darwin doctor Ken who had stocked up for a world cruise. Apart from the five of us and the naval equipment, it had a few basic essentials like bicycles, a baby Honda motorbike, a kayak, three guns (in case of pirates, a hazard in all parts of Asia), ten cases of Scotch and 500 cassettes to while away the night watches.

Cruising and arriving at new destinations is always exciting, but Christmas Island had a magic appeal as the tiny dot on the chart became suddenly transformed into the reality of tall cliffs swathed in rainforest. As we tacked our way into Flying Fish Cove and dropped anchor, the stillness after five days of wind and spray was beautiful – deep crystal – clear water, sheer cliffs surrounding the bay, and the magnificent frigate birds gliding high overhead on the thermals.



There is only one way to catch a robber crab and that is from behind! The world's largest land crab.

Christmas Island is an enchanted isle with fascinating flora and fauna, the only eyesore being the phosphate mine for which Chinese and Malay labour was imported 100 years ago. Due to its ecological isolation it not only has eight endemic bird species but is also the kingdom of the crabs. Exploring the lush rainforests under the towering canopy of trees, there is the uncanny experience of coming face to face with an enormous crab scuttling across the forest floor. The crabbiest place on earth, it boasts eighteen species of land crab who act as island litter wardens keeping the forest clean as a whistle. Most famous of all is the lurid red crab which stages a massive migration in the wet season, surging down from the jungle in a red carpet heading towards the seashore like an army of crustacean lemmings to mate at the water's edge. But the Giant Robber Crabs are more amazing still; bigger than a lobster with massive crushing pincers, they are so called because being extremely curious they used to steal from the early settlers. The first night on land as we drove up the hill in the moonlight, the black shadows of the monster crabs as they foraged on the open road surface was incredibly eerie. We caught two to show to the others and they rattled round curiously in the back of the truck, and tried to claw their way through the driver's window, scratching on the window pane like something out of a horror movie.

Happy Christmas days – a naturalist's delight watching tasselled tropic birds, boobies and noodies, crab-hunting in the jungle and exploring caves a-twitter with glossy cave swiftlets. As only employees and relations can fly into the island, passing 'Yachties' are the only visitors. Hence the fantastic hospitality of the islanders who adopted us with open arms. Lazy days – in between the inevitable boat repairs ('cruising' as one yachtie cynically put it, is merely sailing from place to place to get things fixed!) we revelled in the wonderful ethnic mix of Chinese, Malay and Australian culture. You can get your Fosters lager and crayfish on the barbie, sate and banana fritters at the Malaysian kampong or watch the Chinese play Mah Jong at the Poon Saan Club. With the yacht only a swim away, the club became a second home with an 'Honesty Box' bar system and a shady verandah under the palm trees. On a beautiful golf course with a breath-taking view over the Indian Ocean, I had my first golf lessons, dodging in between crabs and collecting coconuts – par three, coconuts four! In return for all the hospitality we staged the first ever Christmas Island yacht race, cramming half the islanders onto the total of three yachts.

Within days of our arrival Ken, our large and charismatic skipper, had been nicknamed 'Kaptain Kaos of Ketchup' by the island radio station and it was easy to see why. Cruising the world on a fully-equipped yacht



Rendezvous in mid-ocean en route to Cocos-Keeling Islands. Throwing over some bananas to the Seadog.

the world is your oyster, but it's hard to choose the right pearl. Every morning at breakfast we would pore over the charts and sea routes trying to select our next destination out of all the exciting possibles. Along the coast of Java to Thailand? via Singapore to the dark jungle of Borneo? or west to Africa and around the Cape? Plans and departure dates changed from day to day. The problem was finally solved when *Seadog* cruised in one day from Perth bound west for the Cocos-Keeling Islands, then on to Sri Lanka and India. They tuned into the same wave-length as our motley crew so why not travel together? The Christmas islanders breathed a sigh of relief.

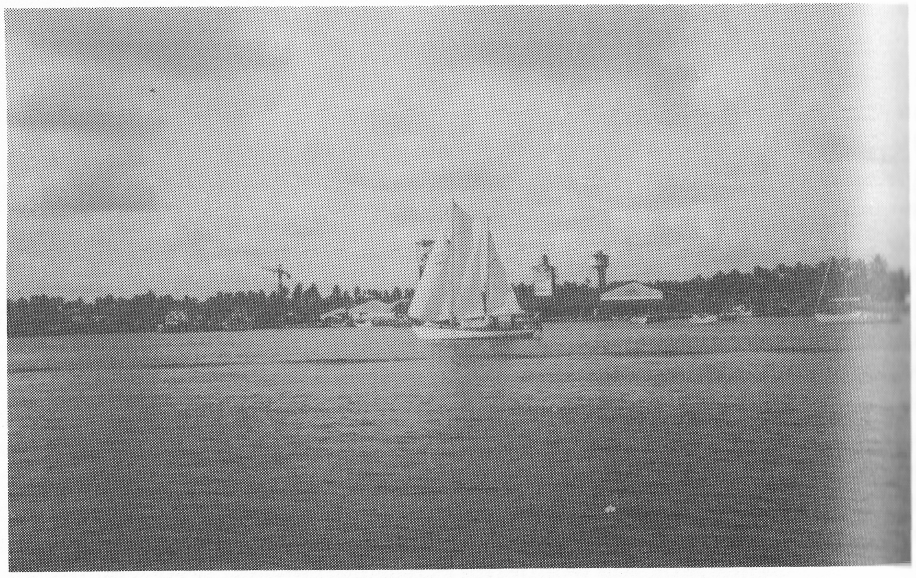
Before Kaptain Kaos had time to re-route us to Antarctica we drank one for the road at the yacht club, had a last freshwater shower and hoisted sail. *Ketchup* began to look even more like an Indonesian praha laden down with tropical bounty, two huge banana trees perched astern, ten enormous papayas, a sack of rice and Ziggy a new crew member. A Malaysian Christmas Islander he was keen to visit his relations on the next island group, and hopped on board simply equipped with his guitar, scuba gear and speargun.

The three day passage to the coral atolls of Cocos-Keeling was short but exhausting, since with squalls and high seas all the crew except for the skipper and myself succumbed to seasickness. The first night at sea while doing the midnight watch with Ziggy, we suddenly heard an ominous crack up the mast, and discovered to our horror that the 35kg. radar reflector had snapped at the sprocket and was hanging high above our heads by a single electrical flex! A rather seasick and sleepy Don, ship's electrician, was dragged from his bunk and unceremoniously hoisted up the mast to disconnect the massive flying saucer, and lower it down before it fell and smashed the decks not to mention us. Two days later, after a rough passage, we were all slumbering in our bunks when Ken on the dawn watch yelled out 'Everyone on deck! The steering's gone!' Bleary-eyed and half-asleep, we staggered out in the grey dawn madly lowering sails while the boat lurched in the heavy swell like a drunk. Fortunately, within minutes we had rigged the emergency tiller and managed to limp the last 30 miles to Cocos-Keeling.

Also Australian territory, the Cocos islands are completely different from Christmas Island. A group of twenty-six coral islands with a central lagoon, the highest point of land is ten feet above the ocean, and yachts have been known to miss it completely. However we soon spotted the graceful shapes of the tall palm trees and sailed into the sheltered waters of Direction Island in late afternoon. After squalls, grey weather and three metre seas, it was like arriving at Paradise – turquoise blue water, shoals of multi-coloured fish and golden beaches fringed with coconut palm. Two of the islands have a small Malaysian population, but Direction is uninhabited except for passing boats. Being one of the safest anchorages in the Indian Ocean, it's like a cruising crossroads where yachts stop for a bit of R and R before tackling the tough three week passage west to Africa or North to Sri Lanka. A perfect Paradise – kayaking, snorkelling on the coral reef, husking coconuts, spear-fishing and BBQs on the beach with the other yachties swapping seafarers' tales round the fire. We lived on what we caught – fish, crayfish and coconuts – and feasted like kings on wonderful Malaysian curries cooked by Ziggy, who turned out to be not only a wonderful cook but related to half the

Cocos islanders. Best excitement of all was 'the Rip', a narrow channel between Direction Island and the next island, where the current is fast and furious and the deep trough serves as a gourmet restaurant for all the local fish. It was a daily thrill to hop in one end of a snorkel and fins and spin downstream with the current, among a technicoloured array of parrot fish, coral trout, enormous wrasse and even the sinister grey form of a six foot reef shark. An aquarium jacuzzi – total silence yet a hum of marine life darting madly to and fro, feasting on the colourful coral.

After two glorious weeks of aquatic existence it was time to prepare for the next leg to Sri Lanka. A few hitches arose now, since due to the Australian plane strike fresh food was in short supply (apart from coconuts!) and one spare part had not arrived from Perth. The legend of *Ketchup* had spread from Christmas Island and an S.O.S. was spread among the locals to replace our steering cable. Kaptain Kaos scoured the island workshops and rubbish dumps in quest of a suitable motorbike chain but to no avail. With time running short, help arrived unexpectedly from a passing cargo ship, *The Mary Durack*. Native barter fashion, the ship's engineer repaired the cable while Ken in fair exchange performed miraculous surgery on the bosun's leg! On a grey windy day *Ketchup* and *Seadog* finally set off from the sunny waters of Direction Island, cheered on our way by the entire crew of the cargo ship. As a parting gift they tossed down two huge sacks containing twenty Swiss rolls and, best of all, ten heads of fresh Iceberg lettuce!



Arrival at Galle port, Sri Lanka. The Seadog drops anchor.



Sails lowered as we arrive at Sri Lanka after two weeks at sea.

Normal passage time from Cocos to Sri Lanka is up to three weeks, but with steady Trade winds blowing we made it in just fourteen days. By a stroke of good luck I drew the best watch of all, the three hour stint from 5 to 8 a.m., rising sleepily each night in total darkness, groping up to the dark cockpit and steering for the first hour by the cosy glow of the compass light, Alone on the ocean in a sleeping boat, there is a lovely feeling in the air as Orion the Hunter slips over the horizon; the sun begins to rise and you put on the kettle to revive the next watch with a cup of coffee. That first week we flew along, cramming on every sail for extra speed. Then the Doldrums struck – the aching hot sun blazed down and there was not a breath of wind for three days. We crept across the Equator at snail's pace and celebrated in eccentric style with a bottle of champagne and, of all things, – plum pudding and custard!

Long hot days, but we passed the time escaping the relentless heat by diving overboard into the mirror sea and practising target shooting at coconut shells in preparation for pirate attacks. And suddenly the wind sighed and fluttered and picked up, and within minutes we were speeding north again on our Odyssey, bound for Sri Lanka, Island of Serendipity and the vast sub-continent of India.

CLEW BAY HERITAGE CENTRE



Mickey Cavanaugh presenting the cheque to Jarlath Duffy, Chairperson Westport Historical Society. On left is Sheila Mulloy, Vice-Chairman Westport Historical Society. (Photo Frank Dolan).

The Clew Bay Heritage Centre is located in an old stone building at Westport Quay. The building was acquired by Westport Historical Society in 1988 and renovated at a cost of £30,000.

In April of this year the Heritage Centre was opened to the public. It consists of four sections:

1. *The O'Malley Section,* which contains records of the O'Malley Clan and items of historical interest.
2. *The Birth of our Nation,* where memorabilia of Ireland's struggle for independence is displayed.
3. *The Port of Westport:* section displaying artefacts showing the life of a once thriving Westport Port.
4. *Computerised Genealogical Service* providing roots research. The records available for this research includes church registers of births and marriages, cemetery records, school registers, rent rolls and street directories. The charges for this service are an initial research fee of £15, which covers a preliminary report and administration costs, and thereafter £7 per hour. Apply to: Clew Bay Heritage Centre, Westport Quay, Co. Mayo.

THOMAS O'MALLEY MEMORIAL FUND COMMITTEE

April 11,1990

Mr. Jarlath Duffy, Chairman
Westport Historical Society
Carrowholly Lodge
Westport, County Mayo
Ireland

Dear Jarlath:

Several months ago friends of the late Thomas O'Malley formerly of Liscarey, Westport got together to raise funds to send a donation in his memory to the Heritage Center at the Quay. Tom O'Malley was a member of the Mayo Association of Philadelphia for over 50 years and an Officer of the Association for over 30 Years.

The Committee's efforts were successful and we are pleased to enclose a check for $1,000.00 in the memory of Tom O'Malley for the Heritage Center. Also, within the next few weeks, we will be sending a plaque in Tom O'Malley's memory which we would appreciate being hung in the section of the Heritage Center dedicated to the O'Malley Clan.

We plan on being in Ireland this summer and look forward to having an opportunity to visit the Heritage Center in Westport.

Yours Sincerely,

Thomas O'Malley Memorial Fund Committee

John Durkan, Chairman

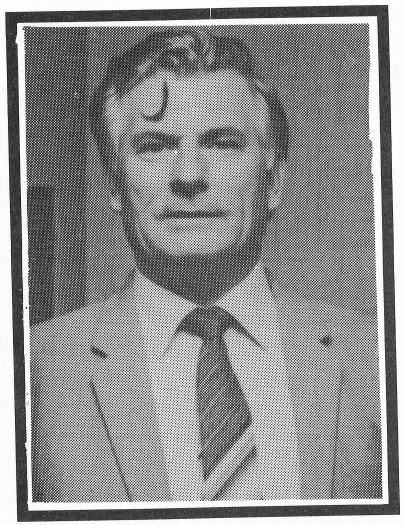
Pat Hynes, Vice Chairman

Sean McMenamin, Treasurer

Kathleen Boyle, Secretary

1011 EDGEWOOD ROAD HAVERTOWN, PA. 19083

MICHAEL O'MALLEY



Mayo County Manager, Michael O'Malley, died suddenly at his home, Maryland, Castlebar, on 11 October, 1989. Aged sixty, he was a native of Tourmakeady and was one of the best-known local government officials in the country.

He was Deputy Chairman of the Connacht Regional Airport Company, and was closely associated with the development of the airport from the time it was first conceived by the late Monsignor Horan of Knock. An engineer by profession, he was a vigorous campaigner for the development of infrastructural facilities throughout the county, in order that Mayo would be fully geared for industrial development. He was also a great supporter of Mayo tourism and of the tourism development programme of Ireland-West.

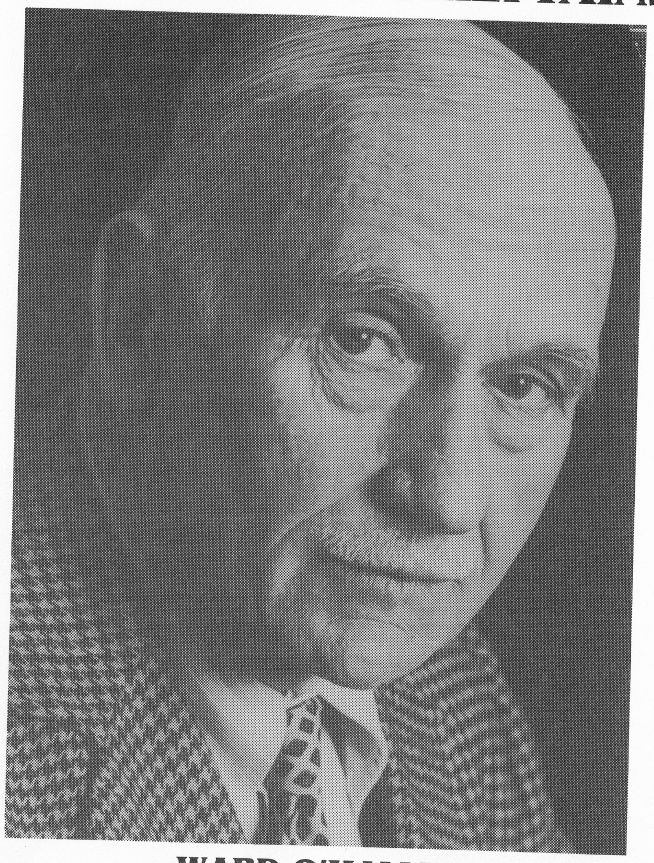
A fluent Irish speaker, he was the first Chairman of the Board of Údarás na Gaeltachta. He was also Chairman of the Mayo Co. Development Team. A staunch GAA supporter, he was a sub on the Mayo team which won the All-Ireland final in 1951, having played the game with distinction during his time at St. Jarlath's College, Tuam.

In his local government career he served in Donegal, Meath, Kildare, Wicklow and Wexford, before returning to his native Mayo in 1976. A measure of the esteem in which the late Michael O'Malley was held is the naming of the magnificent new Central Library in Castlebar 'Leabharlann Uí Mháille' in his honour.

Go ndéanaí Dia trócaire ar a anam uasal!

Courtesy *Mayo News.*

SOME FORMER CHIEFTAINS



WARD O'MALLEY

Born in 1918 in New York City, Ward is the son of journalist and playwright Frank Ward O'Malley and Grace Edsell Dalrymple. He qualified as a mining engineer from the Colorado School of Mines in 1942, and was awarded an M.Sc. in geology from Stanford University in 1948. Ward served in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers from 1942 to 1945. After the war he was engaged in gold mining in Ecuador, and later worked as a petroleum geologist in the Rocky Mountains and the Middle East. he settled in Golden, County Tipperary in 1970, where he is a consultant geologist and farms with his wife Catherine Halloway. He is Honorary Treasurer of the County Tipperary Agricultural and Industrial Show and An Taisce, Tipperary South Riding. His other interests are tennis and hunting, and he is currently President of the County Tipperary Lawn Tennis Club. Ward O'Malley was elected Clan Chieftain in 1973.



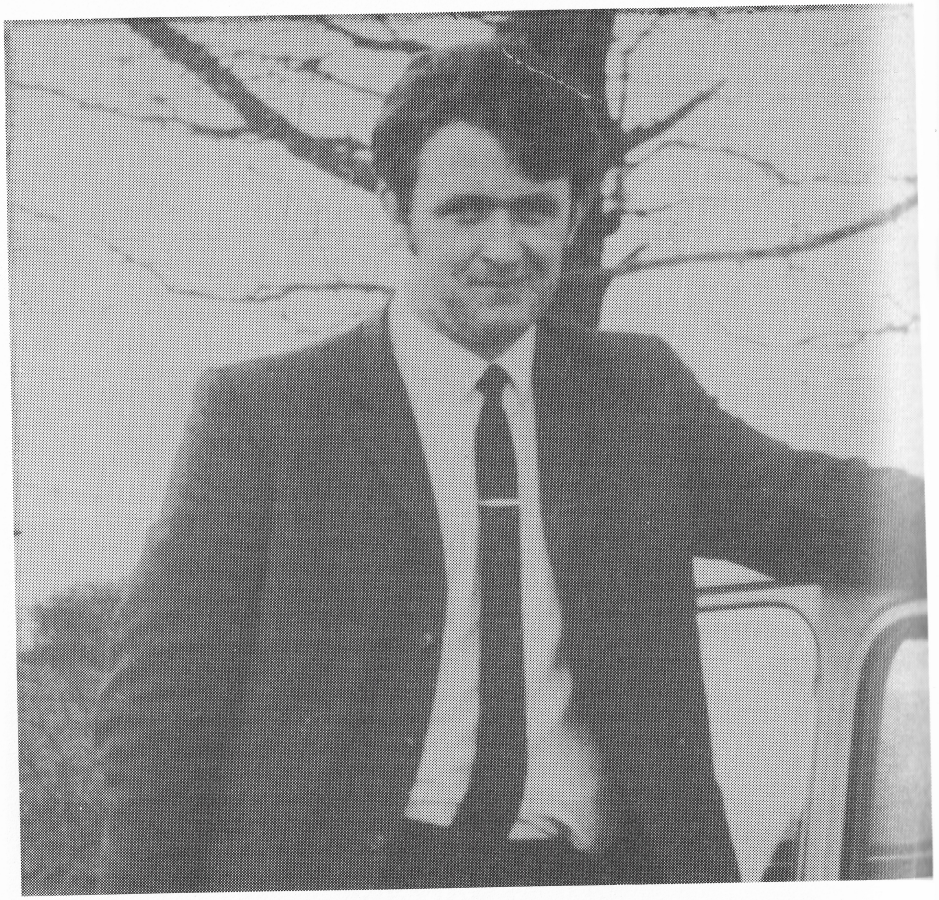
RICHARD O'MALLEY

Richard Kilroy O'Malley was born in Portland, Oregon, U.S.A. in 1911, the son of Malcolm George O'Malley of Bridgeton, Missouri and Cora Mae Wooten of Laporte, Indiana. Educated at the University of Montana, he became a war and foreign correspondent for the Associated Press, starting with World War Two and ending in Germany in 1972. At that time he was director of AP operations in Central and Eastern Europe. He and his wife Jeanne Bright lived near Clonbur, Co. Mayo, for many years before their recent return to the United States. They have two daughters and Richard enjoys fishing, hunting, golf and writing. He was elected Clan Chieftain in 1974.



ETHNA GAFFNEY

Ethna Elizabeth Gaffney, daughter of former chieftain Michael O'Malley of Barna, Co. Galway, and Christina Ryan of Taghmon, Co. Wexford, graduated in Science in U.C.G. in 1940. She worked for the Medical Research Council from 1941 to 1944, and was awarded her Ph.D. in Biochemistry in 1944. She inaugurated a Dietetics course in St. Mary's College of Domestic Science in 1944, and remained there until 1947, when she married James Gaffney, Lecturer in Clinical Pathology, Trinity College, Dublin. After her husband's death in 1952, She worked in the Medical Research Laboratories in Trinity College, and was appointed an Extern Examiner in Chemistry and Physics in the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland in the same year. In 1954 she became a lecturer in Chemistry in RCSI, and worked there as a professor from 1961 to 1988. She was elected Clan Chieftain in 1974.



MICHAEL O'MALLEY

Michael Joseph O'Malley, son of the late John Joseph O'Malley of Rathdowney and Evelyn Saunders of Manchester, is a grandson of J.A. O'Malley of Clare Island. Educated at St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny and the Vocational College, Rathdowney, Michael trained as a mechanical maintenance fitter. He worked for ten years at the Tynagh and Tara mines, and was plant maintenance manager with H.B.M. Ascon on the Jetty Project, Moneypoint Power Station. He and his wife Kathleen now live with their three children – Denise, Kenneth and John – in Barefield, Co. Clare. Michael's hobbies are motor sport, fishing, shooting and hurling. His family has always been noted for their great involvement in the clan gatherings. He was elected Clan Chieftain in 1976.

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. 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 three dollars.

Clan Association Badge

A really beautiful embroidered jacket badge. Price £20 or 31 dollars.

Clan Association Tie

Available in three colours – blue, maroon and green. Price £7.50 or 11 dollars.

Granuaile Symphony

A cassette of the widely-acclaimed Granuaile Symphony by Shaun Davey at the very special price of £6.50 or 9.50 dollars. Sung by Rita Connolly, with Liam O'Flynn, uileann pipes, and chamber orchestra.

Granuaile Biography

Anne Chambers' indispensable history of Gráinne Ní Mháille, the O'Malley heroine, is available at £6.50 or 10 dollars.

O'Malley People and Places

This is an account by Sheila Mulloy 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. Post your order to: Mrs. S. Mulloy, Carrowbaun, Westport, Co. Mayo, Ireland. Cheques to be made payable to O'Malley Clan Association.

LIST OF FRIENDS OF THE O'MALLEY CLAN ASSOCIATION

Certificates Nos. 128 to 187 have now expired. Nos. 188 to 277 should be renewed before the 1991 Rally.

188. Ambassador and Mrs. Walter Curley, One Rockefeller Plaza, New York.
189. Rev. Joseph M. O'Malley, 5100 West Evans Ave., Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.
190. Joseph E. Prather, Bernardsville, New Jersey, U.S.A.
191. Paul Vincent O'Malley, 303 North Commerce, Natchez, Mississippi 39120, U.S.A.
192. Kevin Albert O'Malley, 303 North Commerce, Natchez, Mississippi 39120, U.S.A.
193. Sir Peter and Lady Nugent, Blackhall Stud, Clane, Co. Kildare.
194. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Drummond, 6 St. Johns Wood Road, London NW8 8RE.
196. Ambassador and Mrs. Seán Ronan, Irish Embassy, Kowa Building, 25 Tokyo, Japan.
197. Miss Laura Nugent, 6 Southport Gardens, London S.W. 7.
198. Lady Prichard Jones, 30 Claylands Road, London S.W. 8 England.
199. Professor and Mrs. Ronald Pen, 2480 Wanda Way, Lexington, Kentucky, 40505, U.S.A.
200. Mr. Peter Stanley, P.O. Box 417, W. Waquoit, Mass. 02536, U.S.A.
201. M.A. de Acevedo, 131 Rue de la Tour, Paris 75016, France.
202. Mr. and Mrs. Peter McDonagh, Quay Cottage, Westport, Co. Mayo.
203. Mr. and Mrs. Liam O'Malley, Rossnakillie, Kilmeena, Westport, Co. Mayo.
204. Mrs. Pery-Knox-Gore, Coolcronan, Foxford, Co. Mayo.
205. Mr. and Mrs. Kieran Thompson, Newport House, Newport, Co. Mayo.
206. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin W. Stanley.
207. Mr. and Mrs. D. Phillips, 2151 Cleveland, Chicago, Illinois 60610.
208. Dr. and Mrs. Ulrich Dingle, Ludweiler St. 16a, 6624 Grossrossein, Germany.
209. Mrs. Tyrell O'Malley, Shamrock Products, Box 156, Waquoit, Mass. 02536, U.S.A.
210. M. et Me. Fenwick, 57 Rue Scheffer, Paris 75016, France.
211. Mr. Alex McC. Blackwell, Ross House, Newport, Co. Mayo.
212. Rev. Éamonn O'Malley, Kilmeena, Westport, Co. Mayo.
213. Robert J. Malley, 609 Franklyn Ave., Indialantic, Florida 32903, U.S.A.
214. Dr. Tom O'Malley, Gortawarla, Newport, Co. Mayo.
215. Ms. Breta O'Malley, S.R.N., B. Block, Surgical Unit, Castlebar General Hospital, Co. Mayo.
216. Mrs. Lynn Covington, 201 Queen's Lane, Palm Beach 33480, Florida, U.S.A.
217. Mr. and Mrs. Denis Tinsley, Burrishoole House, Newport, Co. Mayo.
218. Maureen O'Malley, Flat 4, Cap Martin, The Serpentine, Blundellsands, Liverpool L23 6TD.
219. Miss Margaret O'Malley, 555 Rose Hill, Pemberton, Wigan.
226. Atty. Joseph R. O'Malley, 91 Riverdale Road, Concord, Mass. 01742, U.S.A.
227. Caryl Kennedy Benish, 1206 Sherman Ave., Madison, Wisconsin 53703, U.S.A.
228. Anthony Gerard O'Malley, 11b, Chapel House, Tern Hill, Market Drayton, England.
230. Dorothy S. Miles, 3500 Magic, Apt. 12, San Antonio, TX 78229, U.S.A.
231. Dennis G. O'Malley, 28 Hayden Lane, Bedford, Mass. 01730, U.S.A.
232. Austin O'Malley, Doughmakeon, Louisburgh, Co. Mayo.

233. Rev. Michael O'Malley, C.C., Athenry, Co. Galway.
234. Terrance Hodges, 10206 S. Harding, Chicago, Illinois, 60642, U.S.A.
235. Eileen O'Malley, Marymount, Cleggan, Co. Galway.
237. Ellen Hodges, 10206 S. Harding, Chicago, Illinois 60642, U.S.A.
238. Joseph R. O'Malley, 91 Riverdale Road, Concord, Mass. 01742, U.S.A.
239. Michael Malley, 609 Franklyn Ave., Indialantic, Florida 32903, U.S.A.
240. Sal O'Malley-McInerney, 'Kelston', Bray Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18.
241. Terry O'Malley-Seidler, 755 Madre Street, Pasadena, California 9117, U.S.A.
242. Michael Patrick O'Malley, 28 Grove Wood, Dublin 11.
243. Martin O'Malley, 1 Calderwood Road, Dublin 9.
244. Alice J. O'Malley, 75 Hancock Avenue, Brockton, Mass. 02401, U.S.A.
245. Paula E. O'Malley, 75 Hancock Avenue, Brockton, Mass. 02401, U.S.A.
246. Thomas J. O'Malley, 512 N. Grand St., P.O. Box 96, West Suffield, CT. 06093, U.S.A.
247. Máire O'Malley-Sweeney, 61 Seabury Court, Sydney Parade Avenue, Dublin 4.
248. J. Patrick O'Malley, 17523 Roslin Avenue, Torrance, California 90504, U.S.A.
249. Denise O'Malley, 44 West Street, Brockton, MA 02401, U.S.A.
250. Michael Patrick O'Malley, 44 West Street, Brockton, MA 02401, U.S.A.
251. Stephen Coleman O'Malley, 44 West Street, Brockton, MA 02401, U.S.A.
252. Brian Thomas O'Malley, 44 West Street, Brockton, MA 02401, U.S.A.
253. Edward T. O'Malley, 'St, Anne's', Westport Road, Louisburgh, Co. Mayo.
254. Patrick J. O'Malley, 12344 Lakeview Pl., Orland Park, Ill. 60462, U.S.A.
255. Ruth & Austin O'Malley, 10701 S. Ridgeway, Chicago, Ill. 60655, U.S.A.
256. Robert O'Malley, 10325 S. Kathy Ct., Palos Hills, Il. 60458, U.S.A.
257. Adelle Becker, c/o 10325 S. Kathy Ct., Palos Hills, Il. 60458, U.S.A.
258. Sue Schreier, 3415 West 71st Place, Chicago, Il. 60629, U.S.A.
259. Margaret Casey, 3535 W. 57th St., Chicago, Il. 60629, U.S.A.
260. Kevin F. O'Malley, 8182 Maryland Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri 63105, U.S.
261. Eibhlín Uí Chionna, 38 Anglesea Road, Dublin 4.
262. Mary Hallinan, Killawalla, Westport, Co. Mayo.
263. Pauline O'Malley Claridge, 43 Bellevue Avenue, Christchurch, New Zealand.
264. Jim O'Malley, 18 St. Mary's Crescent, Westport.
265. Mary A. Staunton, 346 Ashmount Street, Dorchester, Mass. 02124, U.S.A.
266. John O'Malley, 4011 West Grace, Chicago, Ill. 60641, U.S.A.
267. Noel O'Malley, 'Leshmahagow', Benhar R.D.2, Balclutha, South Otago, New Zealand.
269. Grace O'Malley Purcell, 44 Eglinton Road, Dublin 4.
270. Anne Chambers, Murrisk, Westport.
271. Eileen O'Malley, Mourneen, Cleggan, Co. Galway.
272. Margaret O'Malley Kenny, Cloonbrackna Avenue, Roscommon.
273. Mary O'Malley O'Doherty, Ard na Dráine, Roscommon.
274. Thomas O'Malley, 69 Cambridge Avenue, Garden City, New York 11530, U.S.A.
275. Michael Dara O'Malley, 13 Avondale Road, Hoylake, Wirral L47 3AR, England.
276. Anthony & Rebecca O'Malley, 2 Hawley St., Levenshlume, Manchester, M19 295, England.
277. Shirley Keegan, 3/4 Laggan Avenue, Balmain N.S.W., Australia, 2041.
278. Dr. Brian P. O'Malley, 547 Scenic Drive, Ontario, L9C, 1G9, Canada.
279. Fred Malley, 7 Vale Terrace, Caldervale, Preston PR3 1SH, Lancs., England.
280. Michael & Christine Malley, 6 Yew Tree Road, Knutsford, WA16 OUQ, Cheshire, England.
281. Tommy & Anne O'Malley, 'Harbour View', Pollagh, Keel, Achill Island.
282. James Cahill, Ellison Street, Castlebar, Co. Mayo.
283. Warren S. Wolf, 56 Rockland Avenue, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538, U.S.A.

284. Thomas O'Malley, North American College, Vatican City 00120, Italy.
285. Constance Dorman, #E1105 200 E66 Street, New York, New York 10021, U.S.A.
286. Mary O'Malley, c/o Thomas L. Higginson, 599 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10021, U.S.A.
287. Michael James O'Malley, 24 Mule Deer Trail, Littleton, CO 80127, U.S.A.
288. Teague W. McCarthy, 42 Bruce Lane North, Kingspark, NY 11754, U.S.A.
289. John R. Magee, Paine Webber Inc., 14 Pelham St., Newport, R.I. 02840, U.S.A.
290. Harold J. Butler, 76 Edward Heights, West Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, U.S.A.
291. Coleman O'Malley, 90 Morningside Dr., New York, N.Y. 10027, U.S.A.
292. Thomas L. O'Melia, Jr., 12295 East 55th Avenue, Denver, Colorado, 80239, U.S.A.
293. Angelica O'Malley, 3040 Idaho Avenue N.W. No. 721, Washington D.C., 20016, U.S.A.
294. Eloise O'Malley Stevens, 1325 Lemonwood Court, Holiday, Florida 34690, U.S.A.
295. Patrick O'Malley, Box 97, Weston, Missouri 64098, U.S.A.
296. Grace Maura O'Malley, 1601 Beach St., Apartment 303, San Francisco, Cal. 94123, U.S.A.
297. Noel Armstrong, Autec Andros Ranges, FPO Miami, Florida 34058, U.S.A.
298. Hamilton Reed Armstrong, 9013 Alton Parkway, Silver Springs, Maryland 20910, U.S.A.
299. The Honorable John V. Lindsay, 237 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, U.S.A.
301. James Carter O'Malley, 15054 E. Dartmouth Ave., Aurora, Colorado 80014, U.S.A.
302. Cedric O'Malley, 18 Auburn Street, Gladesville, N.S.W. 2111, Australia.
303. Joseph J. O'Malley, Twenty-Second Floor, 555 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, California 90071, U.S.A.
304. Patrick O'Malley, 52256 Hickory Road, Granger, Indiana 46530, U.S.A.
305. John Fr. Melia, 32 Burnside Drive, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York 10706, U.S.A.
306. Mary Malia Keenan, 3830 No. 26th Street, Arlington, Virginia 22207, U.S.A.
307. William Coleman O'Malley Jr., 351 West Elm St., Brockton, Mass., U.S.A.
308. William Coleman O'Malley III, 351 West Elm St., Brockton, Mass., U.S.A.
309. Ryan James O'Malley, 351 West Elm St., Brockton, Mass., U.S.A.
310. Robert F. O'Malley, 389 Eliot St., Ashland, Massachusetts 01721, U.S.A.
311. Michael O'Malley, 1 Clarendon Close, Woodley, Romsey, Hants. S051 7TB, England.
312. Don O'Malley, Sunning Hill, Monaleen Road, Castletroy, Limerick.
313. Brian W. O'Malley, 239 School Street, Walpole, Mass. 02081, U.S.A.
314. Peter O'Malley, 1000 Elysian Park Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90012, U.S.A.
315. Andrea O'Malley Munoz, 3839 W. 31st Street, Chicago, Illinois 60623, U.S.A.
316. Maria A. Munoz, 3839 W. 31st Street, Chicago, Illinois 60623, U.S.A.
317. Ellen O'Malley Dunlop, 33 Springfield Road, Templeogue, Dublin 6.
318. Austin Michael Staunton, 3 Fell Close, Grange Over Sands, Cumbria LA11 7JG, England.
319. Maureen Ann O'Malley McCabe, 14 Moorend Road, Leckhampton, Cheltenham, Glouchestershire, GL53 DEV, England.
320. Matthew McCabe, 60 Kingston Close, Northolt, Middlesex U355 AN, England.
321. Kevin James O'Malley, 105 Cambridge Road, Churchtown, Southport, Merseyside PR9 9SB, England.
322. Mary O'Sullivan, Miscellany, 56 Main Street, Portlaoise, Co. Laois.
323. Valerie Chambers, Main Street, Newport, Co. Mayo.
324. Thomas J. O'Malley, 2 South Park, Stanley Road, Edinburgh EH6 4SN, Scotland.
325. Anthony J. O'Malley, 2 South Park, Stanley Road, Edinburgh, EH6 4SN, Scotland.

326. Winifred Salter Staunton, 1 Codale Avenue, Bispham Village, Blackpool, Lancashire FY2 OBA, England.
327. Joan Lynch, 5127 South Newcastle, Chicago, Il. 60638, U.S.A.
328. Michael O'Malley, 24 The Bourne, Southgate, London N14 6QS, England.
329. Christopher O'Malley Burt, 51 New Park Drive, Hamel Hempstead, Herts., England.
330. Patricia Malley Reynolds, 56 Glenbeigh Road, North Circular Road, Dublin 7.
331. Dr. Patrick Melia, Glenbeigh, Co. Kerry.
332. Hon. Michael J. O'Malley, President Judge of Court of Common Pleas, 678 City-County Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219, U.S.A.
333. John Leonard Hewett, 14 Baxter Street, Penrith, N.S.W. 2750, Australia.
334. Edward O'Malley Welles, 2319 King Place, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007, U.S.A.
335. Mrs. Phyllis Jean Norris, 5/154A Gipps Street, Dubbo, N.S.W. 2830, Australia.
336. Eveline Foster, 154 South 500 East, Brigham City, Utah 84302, U.S.A.
337. Brian Joseph Hicking, 26 Lennox Street, Old Toongabbie, 2146, Australia.
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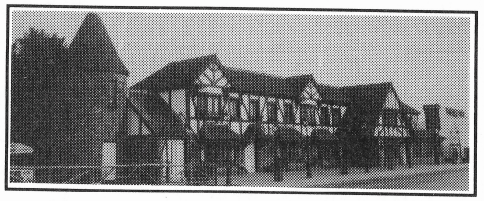
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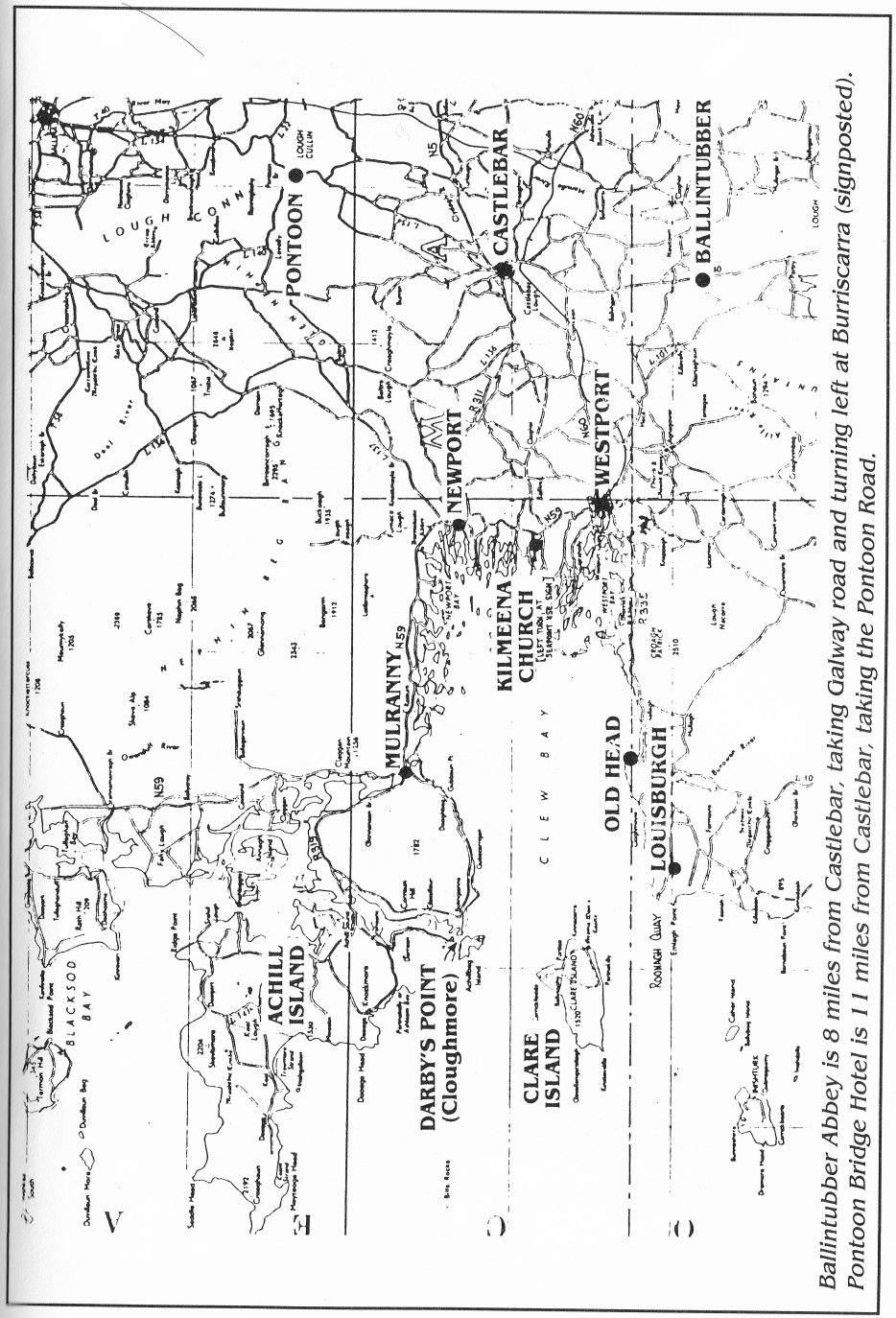
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