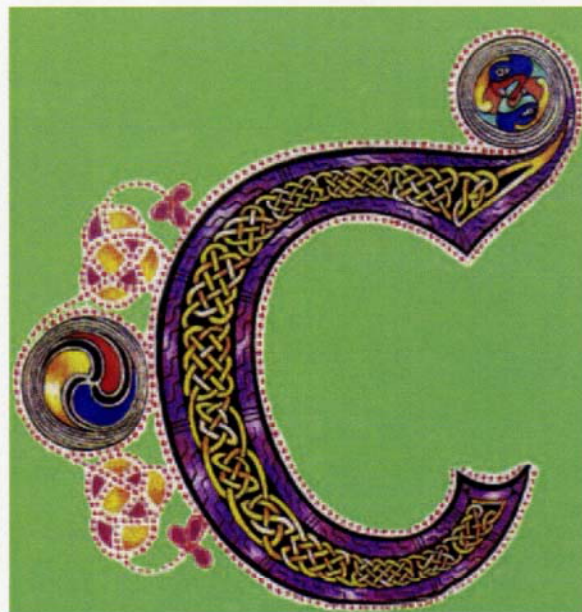
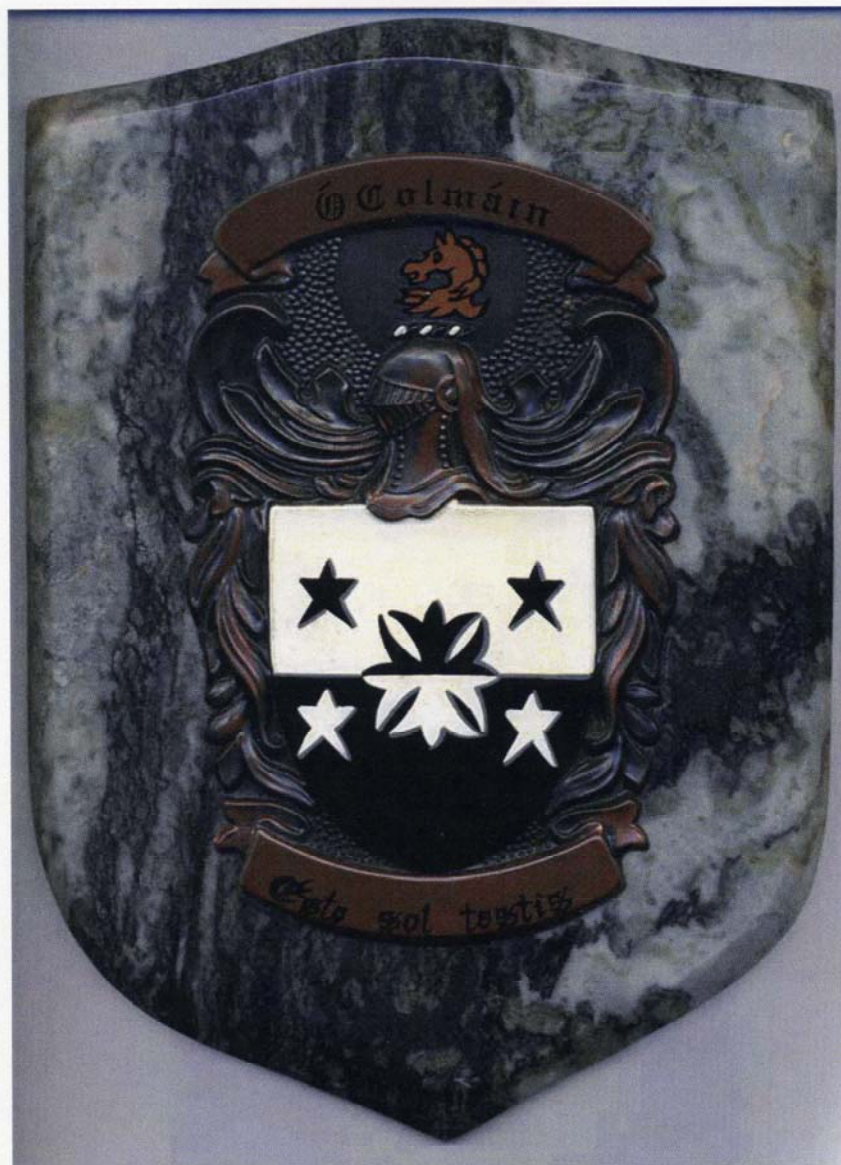


Clan Coleman
Genealogy
and
Family History





Clan Coleman Genealogy and Family History

Martin Coleman



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Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.

In Praise of Books No. 166 – Sept. 10, 1711

PREFACE

When I started on the Clan Coleman website over five years ago, it was to give the Clan branches throughout the world access to some of the information that I had been researching and collecting for years. It was always my intention to use part of this and other information in a book on the Coleman family. Unlike the book, the website attempts among other things to presents the history of each branch in photos. In fact, it contains the photos of all the descendents of John and Mary Coleman who married in 1901. The book on the other hand is more anecdotal and descriptive, and every effort has been made to include mainly recent family photos.

I have always found history fascinating and appreciate the question posed by renowned historian and author Thomas Cahill: "Is it just an enormous soup, so full of disparate ingredients that it is uncharacterisable?". If researching history teaches you anything, it is this that history can be made to say whatever you wish it to say. Every age writes history anew, reviewing events and texts of other ages from it own vantage point. But while this is to be expected, what grates to the core is the deliberate distortion or omission of facts by intelligent 'historians' because of their politics, religion or colour.

If you want to really understand the present, you must try to understand the past. What has happened in the past has determined in no insignificant way what and where we are today. By way of analogy, to clearly understand the workings of the modern motor, you need to embrace the history and science of its development. In other words, you need to acquaint yourself with the language and thought processes involved in its evolution. The same thinking applies to all other situations whether cultural, historical, religious or scientific.

The **Introduction** to this book is meant to give you a general view of our family history. It comprises a summary of headings and short paragraphs organised to give you an outline of the whole story. For those of you not interested in history, it will stand as enough for now at least, but for all others it will present a meagre outline of much more interesting things to come in the pages ahead.

Acknowledgements and Dedication

The driving force behind this book is my desire to make available to my family and their descendents some information on their heritage and their current family connections around the world. While only a token of the information out there or indeed in my possession, it might arouse in some the desire to investigate further some of the topics touched upon or perhaps take time while travelling overseas or around the world to greet family connections close by

I dedicate this book to my family and to our daughter, Dominique, and our cousin, Jackie, whose lives though cut short through illness have left abiding and fond memories.

Over the years, I have approached and relied upon so many family members in Ireland, Canada, England and Australia for photos and other material for inclusion in this book and the website. I now take this opportunity to thank you and acknowledge your invaluable assistance.

Finally, my very sincere thanks to my wife, Patricia, for the thousands of times she has had to leave the comfort of her seat to comment on or select the most appropriate photo or plan or comment, and indeed for her mountain of work and effort in seeing this book safely into production.

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INTRODUCTION

We begin by taking a brief look at the political and social structure of Celtic Ireland when our ancestor, **Eochaidh Muigh Meadhoín** (OH-he Muee -Moyvone), became Ard-Rí, the 124th Monarch of Ireland, in 357 AD. Celtic Ireland was divided into a number of small kingdoms or tuatha (TOO-ha), with the number gradually increasing to about one hundred and fifty by the turn of the seventh century AD, and each ruled by a king or rí (REE). A number of these rulers were also over-kings, receiving tribute from neighbouring kings. There were also kings of provinces, and a high king, or ard-rí of all Ireland. The two pivotal institutions of the time were the *fine* (FEEN-eh) or joint-family which was the social unit, and the *tuath* (TOO-eh) or petty kingdom-the political unit. The *fine* included all relations in the male line of descent for five generations and in it was vested the ultimate ownership of family land, *fintiu* (FEEN-chew).

Initially Ireland was divided into the so-called 'five fifths of Ireland'. These corresponded to the present provinces of Ulster, Connacht, Munster and Leinster, except that north Leinster formed the Middle Kingdoms or the ancient Irish territories of Midhe (Mee-eh) and Brega or Breagh (Bray), which roughly equate to the modern counties of Meath and Westmeath.

There was no system of primogeniture. Land was shared equally between brothers but the head of the senior line of descendants was the *cenn fine* (CAN), who represented the family.

In royal families, each king was elected from a small group of people, known as the *geilfhine* (GAYL-fee-ne) or *derbfine* (also *deirbfhine*) as often called, and comprising the male descendants of a common great-grandfather, four generations in all. A *tánaiste rí* (TAWN-ish-teh) or heir-apparent was usually elected during the king's lifetime.

Beneath the king were the nobles or *flaithi*. The highest grade of nobleman or the *aire tuise* (AH-reh CHEW-sheh) was the *toisech* (TEE-shock) or chief of a large group of aristocratic kinsmen known as a *cenél* (ken-ALE).

The *áes dána* (AWS DAW-na), the 'men of art', constituted the most important element of early Irish society and comprised the learned classes, the poets, the brehons, the historians and genealogists as well as the musicians, and the skilled craftsmen.

The *brehons* (BREH-huns) were professional lawyers, who had drawn up a very elaborate scheme of the different degrees of relationships, and when disputes arose, it was to them that people turned as arbitrators, for there was no public enforcement of law.

The *filidh* (FEE-lee) were more than poets. In addition to composing and reciting poetry they were custodians of the history, mythology and genealogy of the Celts.

Next came the freemen, the tillers of the soil, usually bound by contract to a nobleman. Under this contract, which could be terminated by either party, the nobleman provided protection and lent the freeman cattle to graze his land, receiving in return a rent which might consist of sacks of wheat or malt and possibly a salted pig or a young calf.¹

¹ While the information here is derived from a number of sources, the main two are a brilliant book entitled "Early Irish Contract Law" by Dr Neil McLeod and "The Course of Irish History" edited by TW Moody and FX Martin.

1. This then was the political and social structure when **Eochaidh Muigh Meadhoin** (OH-he Muee -Moyvone) became Ard-Rí, the 124th Monarch of Ireland, in 357 AD. He had five sons, Brian, Fiachra, Oliol, Fergus and Niall. From his sons sprang the powerful **Uí Néill** (EE-NALE), **Uí Briúin** (EE-BREEN), and **Uí Fiachrach** (FEE-kra) line of kings of Ireland, Ulster, Midhe, and Connacht for the next 700 years. From Fiachra and Brian were descended the two most dominant dynasties of Connacht, the Uí (EE) Fiachrach and Uí Briúin Dynasties. Fiachra's descendants gave their name to *Tír-Fiachra* (*Cheer-FEE-krah*) in north east Connacht, known today as *Tireragh* (*CHEER-rah*) in County Sligo but also included back then parts of north-east County Mayo.
2. **Niall** was himself a powerful prince of the Connachta and became the 126th Monarch of Ireland in 378 AD. Nine *tuatha* around the northern capital of Emhain Macha (EV-n MOK-ha) put themselves under the protection of Niall and formed a federation called the Airgialla (eerGEE-lah) - 'the hostage-givers' - from whom Niall got the epithet of *Noígiallach* (Nine Hostages) - Niall of the Nine Hostages. His descendants took the dynastic name of **Uí Néill**. Two of his sons, Eoghan (Owen) and Conall conquered north-west Ulster and founded there the great **Northern Uí Néill** Dynasty with its capital at Aileach, and the others ruled in Midhe and Brega as the equally powerful **Southern Uí Néill** Dynasty. Almost without interruption Niall's descendants were considered the high kings of Ireland for 600 years with the position alternating between the Northern and Southern Uí Néill Dynasties. (Note that the modern O'Neills derive their surname from Niall Glún Dubh, who died in 919.)
3. While **Fiachra's** son, **Dathi** (DAH-hee), succeeded Niall of the Nine Hostages in 405 as Ard-Rí (High King), It was Niall's son, **Laeghaire** (*LEE-reh*), as the 128 Monarch of Ireland who received St. Patrick at Tara in 432, an event that led to the conversion of Ireland to Christianity. He chose *Ard Macha* (Armagh) close to *Emhain Macha*, the great hill fort once occupied by the Gaelic kings of Ulster, as the ecclesiastical capital of Ireland. As the gospel spread, more and more people wanted to dedicate their lives to God. In this rural society there were no great towns or cities where they could join together in prayer and contemplation, and so monasteries quickly came into existence.

From the Latin **Columba** ('dove') and **Columbanus** ('little dove') to the Irish **Columhán, Columáin, Ó Colmáin** (11th Century) - the Latin Celtic origin of the surname **Ó Colmáin** – anglicized **Coleman** in the 18th Century.

4. The collapse of the Roman Empire meant that communication with the mother church was impaired, and the Celtic Church in Ireland developed its own separate character and rites. While a number of monasteries existed before then, the first Irish monastery to become famous was founded by St Enda on the Aran Islands at the end of the fifth century. St Finnian founded Clonard early in the sixth century. He became known as the 'teacher of the saints of Ireland', for twelve of his pupils, often referred to as the 'twelve apostles of Ireland', founded a number of important monasteries. They included ones by St Columcille, or St Columba the name under which he usually appears in accounts written outside Ireland, at Derry, Durrow, Kells and at 38 other places, all by the time he had reached the age of forty-one. In fact by the time of Columcille's death in May of 597, sixty monastic communities had been founded in his name in Scotland alone.
5. **St Columcille** (Columba) was the greatest Irish figure after St Patrick. He was born and baptised Crimthann (Fox) at Gartan, County Donegal, in 521. He was prince of Clan Conaill

of Tir-Conaill and direct descendant of Niall of the Nine Hostages whose son Conall had founded this dynasty. It was during his days of study under St. Finian of Moville (Co. Down) that he was given the monastic nickname of Columcille or Dove of the Church, *Columba* being the Latin for *dove*, and *Cille* the Irish for *Church*.

6. As Irish monasteries had quickly attracted thousands of foreign students, the Irish monastic tradition began to spread beyond Ireland and, as the learned Thomas Cahill puts it in '*How the Irish Saved Civilisation*', "Columcille's reputation spread like wildfire". The other Columba, *Columbanus*, following in the steps of the great Columcille, left the monastic community of Bangor for the continent in 590, just seven years before Columcille's death.
7. The fact that there are thousands of references in ancient manuscripts and books with over a thousand in the "*Annals of the Four Masters*" alone to monks, abbots, bishops, clans and kings with the name **Columhán, Columáin, Colmáin** (Kol-mawn) - the Irish for the latin *Columba* (Dove) and *Columbanus* (little dove) - and also that there are well over a hundred Irish saints of this name attest to the popularity of the two Columbas. While this symbol of peace was a very popular choice as a religious name among those turning to the gentler ways of the church from the earlier Irish warrior society, it was also adopted as a clan name by cousins of Columcille in both the **Southern Uí Néill** (Middle Kingdoms) and **Uí Fiachrach** (Connacht) Dynasties.
8. **Uí Fiachrach Dynasty Connacht**
Fiachrach had two main branches, one in the north of that province, the **Uí Fiachrach Mauide**, and the other in the south, the **Uí Fiachrach Aidne** which also dominated much of north Munster in the 7th century.
9. **Southern Uí Néill Dynasty Midhe and Brega**
The **Southern Uí Néill** was the leading dynasty in the Middle Kingdoms from the 5th century up to the arrivals of the Normans in the 12th century with Clann Cholmáin (Clan Coleman) playing a prominent role.
10. The **Colmáin** sept belonged to the **Uí Fiachrach Mauide** branch and were chiefs or princes of Tireragh until the arrival of the Anglo-Norman families in this area in the early thirteenth century. The sept had its ancient headquarters in the townland of **Grangemore**, parish of Templeboy, County Sligo. **Columhán** of this sept was the 10th Christian King of Connacht, and ancestor of the Colmáin (Coleman) families. He was slain in 622 by Rogallach mac Uatach of the Uí Briuin at the battle of Cenn Bugo (Cambo, Co. Roscommon).
11. **Uí Fiachrach and Uí Bríuín Dynasties**, to which all the rulers of Connacht from the 5th to the 12th centuries belonged, had their power disrupted by the Anglo-Norman settlement of the mid 12th century and seriously curtailed in 1227 when the English king Henry III granted Connacht to the Norman baron Richard de Burgh (or de Burgo).
12. As **counties** were formed, they were divided into **baronies** formed out of the territories of the Irish chiefs who were gradually forced to submit to English rule. County Mayo had nine baronies when it was created and named in 1595 AD, and by then there was a branch of the **Colmáin** sept (Ó Colmáin) in most of its baronies including the barony of Kilmaine which had been formed from the ancient territories of Conmaicne Quiltola.

13. **DANIEL COLEMAN** (1744 – 1818), ancestor of all the Colemans in this book and on the family website, lived and worked in the townland of **Turloughmore** in the parish of **Kilmolara** which was in the barony of Kilmaine.

Chapter One

Why This Story?

How can you sit down and write so many pages about your family? Who's going to read it anyway? And that'll take you ages!" responded my friend, Robert McCann.

No, I don't expect family members to brim with enthusiasm for it as it presumes an interest in both antiquity and history. My grandchildren and their children's children I assured him would be very grateful one day that I had taken the time to put such a record together. It's a regular occurrence to hear many Australians remark that their grandparents or one or both of their parents came from Ireland, but not all of them are able to name the county or townland that they came from let alone the year or decade of their arrival here. You can see in many of them that longing to be in touch with their roots. It might not seem important, but the question of our identity I believe is a very important one, and the more we know about it the more secure and complete we feel in ourselves.

No, I won't be writing so many pages, and this Robert was glad to hear. He rightly remarked that something of epic proportions, as I had jokingly suggested, would surely condemn not only the more apathetic but also many of the more interested to everlasting ignorance of their roots. But he was amused by my story about a past student of mine whose moods always took a turn for the worse, and who wanted all to know that he shunned success. Every Friday afternoon, my year eleven class would rush to complete their work so that we had at least thirty minutes for our regular weekly quiz competition. The local television quiz, "Sale of a Century", was very popular among the students. It was my task, as quiz master, to prepare a set of ten questions for each Friday afternoon worth in all one hundred points. The leader in points at the end of the semester was declared the winner and would receive a special certificate and a small present. This particular Friday afternoon I began with a question that required them to explain the difference between ignorance and apathy. When they had finished writing their answers, I invited Ray to read out his answer. The perfunctory, "I don't know and I don't care!" response brought the usual gush of laughter and seemingly inappropriate comments from the class.

"Excellent, Ray! The first ten marks of the afternoon are deservedly yours for such a succinct and dramatised response. Well done!"

The brighter ones who had savoured the moment could be seen to explain it to the more perplexed in the midst of Ray's disappointment.

Well I don't expect any member of the Coleman clan to allow himself to be so outwitted. 'Not knowing and not caring' is nowhere in our creed. And that is one of the reasons that I feel compelled to tell our story.

Our Family Tree has been growing for hundreds of years long before any attempts were made to conquer its island. Its branches are so numerous and expansive that to attempt to trace them now would involve travelling the highways and byways of the great continents of the world. As my father was heard to say on that special occasion, "The Coleman Clan is a rare breed. To join it is to feel the warmth of heaven upon you!" That same warmth he assured me has been felt by many down the centuries, and in many different places. It wasn't so much what was said then as how it was said that captivated me, as I tried in my youth to grasp the significance of those proudly reassuring words.

What I intend to do here is to write briefly about the Coleman Clan, and to piece together by way of document and anecdote its own unique story. Often as I sat in class in primary school, the mention of places such as America, Canada, England and Australia evoked all sorts of feelings, ones that many of us had in common as our uncles and aunts, our cousins and in some cases sisters and brothers as well as close friends who had gone to settle in those far off lands that to us were worlds away, so strange and out of reach. My father's voice always dropped an octave, or so it seemed, whenever he spoke about his brothers in Montreal and in England. As I looked at their photographs or pictures as they were called on the parlour wall, I would wonder about them and if we would ever meet. On my mother's side, the story was the same but it had unfortunately and very sadly a finality to it before I was born. There is no way I could write about the Coleman family without including a commentary on my mother's side of the family. So out of my love and respect for my mother, and for the benefit of her descendents, I have included a separate chapter entitled 'Glencorrib' which hopefully gives some insight into her side of the family.

The photos on the parlour wall told in part the family story of that time. You can imagine my disappointment when I returned home in 1974 to find that all the photographs had vanished from the walls and sideboards. No one seemed to be aware of it or could say what had happened to them. In my visits since then to cousins in Birr, Co Offaly, and in Montreal, Canada, I have been able, I am happy to say, to procure copies of copies of a few of them. How I would love to see once more the photograph of that dashing young soldier, my father, in the uniform of Michael Collin's Free State army or the one in which he appears with his brothers, Jim and John, and a friend.

Unfortunately, the practice of piecing together a family album did not exist when I was a child. In fact it must have died out shortly before my parents were married, as there are no photographs of their wedding, which I believe was a very big and happy occasion celebrated with more than its share of the traditional ceremonies and customary festivities, including many bonfires along the way. There are no childhood photographs of my brothers, sisters or me. It was not until I bought a box camera in 1953 when I was a third year student at the Sacred Heart College in Carrignavar, County Cork, that I was able to begin, if only modestly, our family album.

Today, I am surrounded by thousands of photographs, slides and videos, but the circle was incomplete until September 1997, when Patricia and I had the great pleasure of visiting the Colemans in Montreal, my uncle Jim's many descendants. It was a wonderful and rare experience meeting my aunt-in-law, Maud, and all her children and most of her grandchildren. Maud's daughter, Martha, organised for copies of family photographs to be sent to me. Among them, I'm delighted to say, were copies of two photographs that were the same as those that one time hung on our parlour wall. My circle of friends was not completed, however, until my cousin, Michael Joe Swift from Coventry, directed me to the descendants of my other paternal uncle, John. The opportunity to meet John in 1974 came and went and it is to my everlasting regret that we never met. I did, I'm delighted to say, meet seven members of his family at the Coleman Clan reunion in Ireland in 2004. It was a wonderfully uplifting and satisfying occasion for all of us, and we have stayed in touch.

Chapter Two

The Home Village of Cahermaculick

Often I think of where I was born and the family home in the townland of Cahermaculick in the parish of Kilmaine, County Mayo, Ireland.¹ Whenever I return there, despite my willingness to acknowledge the very significant improvements in the lifestyle of its people, I privately bemoan the demise of tillage in favour of dry stock, where all you see are cattle or sheep in green field after green field with the word 'herding' being freely used to convey its modern connotations of vets, artificial insemination, motorised buggies and an array of tractors as against those of the past when simple caring on foot was all it took. Today, it's so uncomfortable to walk across the fields to childhood haunts because of the unevenness, the hoof holes and the mud caused by herds of cows and other stock. Gone are many of the woodlands and the hedges of blackthorn and hawthorn that once separated the meadows, the lakes and ponds, the fields of oats and barley, wheat and potatoes and all those drills of carrots, parsnips, cabbages, and onions. Gone through organised drainage is the lake as well as the unending lines of wild daffodils that stood so colourfully and majestically along its northern foreshores. As you came over the small hill between our home and the lake, this large expanse of wild daffodils came into view as a beautiful golden carpet. The contrast was breath-taking! I was first introduced to Wordsworth's *Daffodils* when I was away in college in Cork as a young teenager. This poem nearly said it all for me.

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed-and gazed-but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

¹ Its postal address is Cahermaculick, Shrute, Co. Mayo.

Missing, however, was our wandering through the thousands of wild daffodils that were taller than we in order to observe the many birds' nests they concealed. The flights past our home of large flocks of birds, including wild ducks, geese and swans on their way to and from the lake were daily occurrences. They just didn't appear in straight lines but in formations that so perfectly resembled single and indeed sometimes double arrowheads and other shapes. How often did I gaze in silent wonder as the unanswered questions of my childhood once again occupied my mind! Where did they learn to fly like that and from where were they coming and to where were they going? And why did they announce their presence so much more loudly on those frosty winter afternoons approaching dusk. I enjoyed back then as I treasure now not only those wonderful sights but what others like Yeats had experienced before me that absorbing and sonorous 'bell-beat of their wings above my head'.

The local community, like all other communities throughout Ireland, has so many stories that will never make the history books. Its history, as well as that of the Irish nation, and its rich folklore has always fascinated me, despite my living on the other side of the world, because through them I am able to link with my roots and enjoy that feeling of family continuity which is so important to me.

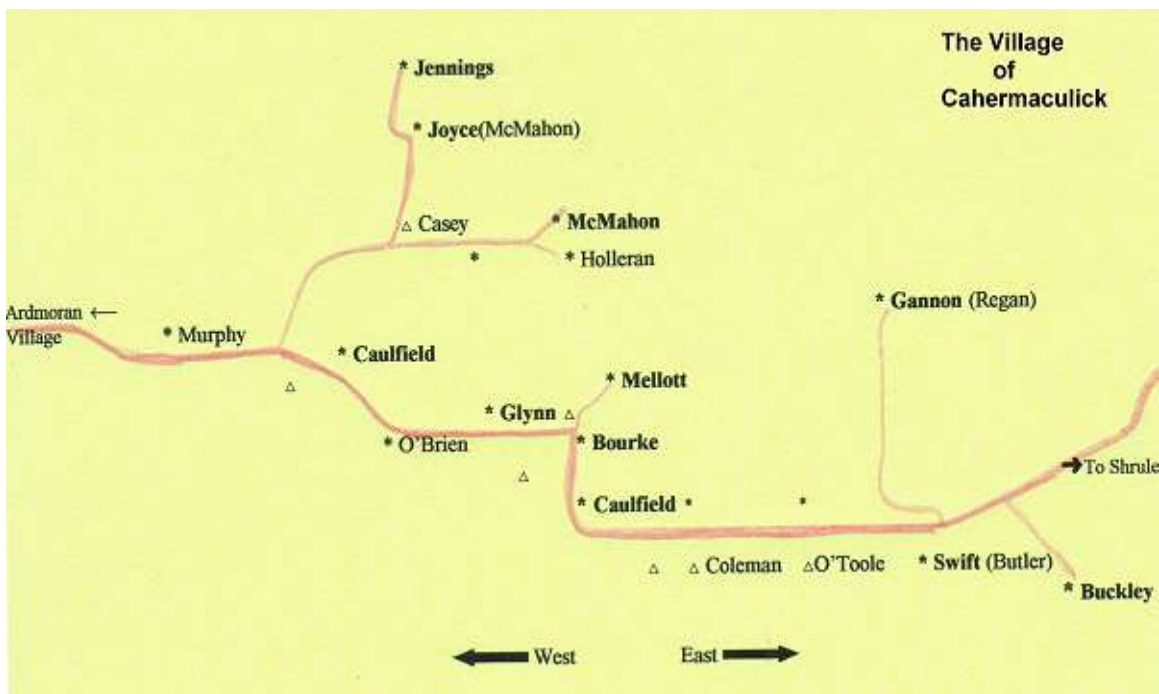
There is, however, no way that our family's way of life when I was a child will ever be known to you unless I provide a few windows through which you can see for yourself a world that was so different from your own. Ours was a farming neighbourhood with its own style of mixed farming that was quite labour intensive and involved everyone in the household. You bred and reared your own fowl and stock and when the time was right sold most of them at the local fairs. Hens, ducks, geese and turkeys roamed the yards alongside every house right across the countryside. All the tiny chickens, ducklings and goslings were forever a great source of joy and fascination to us as children. We didn't have to read about them in books. We were there for their hatching and their breaking through the shells, captivated by their taking that first step or beakful of milk or meal. The young piglets, or bonhams (from the Irish 'banbh') as they were called, were equally captivating as were the young lambs in springtime as they played and cavorted their way around their feeding mothers.

Whenever I visit a fruit shop or the nicely arranged fruit shelves in super markets and shopping centres where in many instances it all only looks so fresh, I recall the beautiful orchards in the village of my childhood and all that very fresh and crunchy fruit. Alongside just about every home were a well-kept orchard and a vegetable garden the likes I have not seen since in all my visits to Ireland. It is so hard today to imagine their ever being there. My uncle-in-law, Mike Swift, two doors or farms up the road from us always had the finest vegetable garden around for miles. If there existed back then prizes for the best in terms of variety and quality, his garden would have won hands down. The farmers were very proud of their orchards and gardens, and were indeed very protective of them, particularly the orchards that were often the target of well planned incursions by the local youth on their way home from school.

This rural structure of small farms of between thirty and forty acres coincided with the removal of the English and their semi feudal system from most of Ireland during the first quarter of the twentieth century. Prior to this development, most of the Irish people were huddled into small villages where the average family was forced to exist on between one to five acres of land rented from the local landlord. This land was usually the least arable in the region. Towards the end of the 19th Century some tenants with good rent-paying records were allowed to rent a few extra acres.

During my childhood and indeed into the early seventies, the countryside was ever changing its patchwork design with equal variegation to announce the seasons. Back then, a glance at the countryside proclaimed the seasons, spoke of the greatness and possibilities of nature and made you so aware of its ability to just be itself in so many different and wonderful ways. This patchwork design was made all the more conspicuous by the large number of small fields and the diversity of crops that were constantly changing in both form and colour throughout the spring, summer and autumn months. Often, as I reflect on the themes of Seamus Heaney's or Gerard Manly Hopkins's nature poetry, I wonder what it evokes or conjures up for the modern reader in its very reverent enthusiasm for the activities of the seasons, given now that those activities no longer exist; or is it as these lines suggest 'the soil / Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod'.

Today, sadly, the changes are confined to merely the climate and hours of daylight. The countryside changes little throughout the year. Gone to a large extent is the habitat with its fauna and birds and to a certain extent its flora that so enriched one's life. The cuckoo, the corncrake and the skylark that gave voice to the life of spring and summer are rarely to be heard. All this and so much more that were wonderful parts of the fabric of life back then in the 1940's and 50's are no more. The organic crops and drills of vegetables that once sustained a healthy lifestyle are now replaced by imported foodstuffs in tins and plastic wrappings. Modern consumerism greets you even in the most remote of boreens as a continuous reminder of the price of progress. All that was worthwhile about the older way of life has been pushed aside to make way for the new, repeating once more the mistake made by so many of the other western countries. The health of a people depends on a lot of factors not least among them the quality of their food and drinking water. In Ireland today, the quality of both its food and drinking water leaves, I'm sad to say, a lot to be desired.



Cahermaculick did not exist as a village until the second decade of the twentieth century. Up until then it was part of the thousands of acres controlled by Lord Kilmaine² and his family. In the 1940's and 50's, the Townland of Cahermaculick had seventeen farming families whose names

² See chapter on **The Neale** for more information on Lord Kilmaine and the land situation

are shown in this diagram. All the families in bold print have died out except Joyce who has relocated to the Midlands and McMahon who has moved to the Joyce homestead. Regan and Butler through marriage have replaced Gannon and Swift. Most of those seventeen families were resettled there during the First World War from Turloughmore, The Neale and from around Ballinrobe. They were former tenants of lord Kilmaine whose family controlled thousands of acres of land in Co. Mayo alone. Most of this land including Cahermaculick was formerly used for grazing to provide stock for the English markets as was the case with other landlords whether absent or present. Most of the landlords used agents to conduct their business including the extraction of rent and labour from the tenants.

Ireland has seen so much change in the last couple of decades as a member of the European Union - most of it I concede for the better. To echo the words of W. B. Yeats, things "Are changed, changed utterly", but whether "A terrible beauty is born" remains to be seen. While conditions I suppose could only improve, no one could ever have expected or predicted such rapid change and improvements. I can think of few countries that have gone ahead in such leaps and bounds in a relatively short period of time. This becomes all the more remarkable when seen within context of very keen competition from the big trading nations. Like other developed countries, Ireland will experience the ebb and flow of global trading. No matter what happens though, one thing is certain - Ireland will always be ready to take up the challenge. Gone forever are the many yokes of her past history, those yokes of servitude that fastened her to centuries of barbaric treatment and until quite recently to economic misery and stagnation.

Chapter Three

The Neale



Entering the village of The Neale from the north on a late summer evening

On my visits to Ireland, I have always been drawn to the district of The Neale where, according to my father, my ancestors had lived in Turloughmore for many generations before moving to Cahermaculick in 1917. Apart from the role it played in their lives, this pleasantly quiet and very attractive part of Ireland is steeped in history. It was to the plains of Moytura just outside the village of The Neale that the noted Irish scholar Seumas MacManus went early last century for the subject to the opening chapter of his magnificent book "The History of the Irish Race". It was there in the year 3303 BC that the ownership and control of Ireland, for at least a few thousand years until the arrival of the Celts, was determined in the battle that took place between the Firbolg and the Tuatha De Dannan.

Across its landscape are many monuments that speak of the different ages of Irish history from the most ancient times to the present. Cairns and stone circles from the Neolithic and Bronze Age Periods, raths or ring-forts from the Early Iron Age (sixth century BC in Ireland's case), crannógs from Neolithic times right up to the Middle ages, monastic sites from the early Christian Period as well as stone abbeys from the early Medieval Period, many castles from Norman times with the De Burgo family responsible for most of them, as well as a host of other fascinating and sometimes unusual monuments.





The Gods of The Neale

Close to the ruins of Lord Kilmaine's house is a fascinating stone monument. Central to it is a stone slab with carvings of a human, an animal and a reptile which are referred to as the Deithe feile (The Gods of Welcome), Dia na Ffeale or 'The Gods of The Neale', 'The Neale' being the anglicised form of 'na Ffeale' (of welcome). The slab itself was found in a cave in 1739 close to where it is now enshrined. The Lia Lugha (Stone of Lu) that stands at the fork of the roads to Cross and Cong just south of the



Lia Lugha

village of The Neale is said to mark the burial place of Lugh Lamhfhada (Lu of the Long hand) who was slain in the Battle of Moytura. He was the son of Nuadha, king of the Tuatha De Danann.



Just north of The Neale on the Balinrobe side is the first of two unusual stone structures, a step pyramid approximately 9 metres (30 ft) high and 12 metres (40ft) wide which was built about 1760. According to the Browne family, it was built by John Browne, the 1st Baron of Kilmaine, in memory of his brother, Sir George Brown. One of the more plausible stories, according to locals, explaining the reason for its building is that lord Kilmaine in his efforts to alleviate the extreme poverty of his tenants employed them to pick up the stones around his estate and had them built into a pyramid. I am quite convinced that this story demonstrates only one thing which is the capacity of the local people in their comfort today to be a lot more generous in thought and spirit towards those who usurped the lands of their ancestors, forcing them to live in extreme poverty and stripping them of all their rights including their age-old Celtic name and dignity.

The second of those two unusual stone structures is a Doric-like temple. It was built by John Brown, Baron of Kilmaine, in honour of his first title of Lord Mount Temple. It was made of carved stone, but never quite finished. The base was built sometime before 1865 when the Doric columns were added to give the structure elevation. It was used by the ladies of the Big House

for family meetings and relaxing. It was during the 18th century that the great houses and estates of the landlords were built and enclosed by high stone walls. It was during this time also that the

Irish people were subjected to unparalleled deprivation and suffering with the introduction and enforcement of the Penal Laws. The Neale estate of lord Kilmaine was about 400 acres, but in Co. Mayo alone he owned 114,000 acres by 1710.

John Browne¹, the first English man to settle in The Neale in the 1580's, was an accomplished sailor and explorer. He was granted land there by Elizabeth 1 for services rendered to the crown. The initial grant was thirty quarters where each quarter was 125 acres, a very handsome grant by any standard of others' land to a loyal subject! This was the impetus for the Browne family's acquisition of thousands of acres of land throughout Mayo and elsewhere in Ireland. It was conveniently sustained on a grand scale by the events which followed the fall of Ulster and the signing of the Treaty of Mellifont by Hugh O'Neill himself in 1603. Ulster had proved a most difficult province to subdue, and the Flight of the Earls in 1607 stirred ever so darkly the hearts of the Irish. The Tudor conquest was now complete and the old Gaelic society was doomed. The three hundred years of persecution that followed has no parallel in the annals of human history. England's energies were so ruthlessly concentrated, as if no one should care, upon the utter and most heinous annihilation of the Irish race. The **Cromwellian** and **Williamite** wars, as well as the **Penal Laws**, were to recover Ireland at all costs for England and to exterminate the Catholics. They are unsurpassed in history for their brutality, butchery and betrayal where the lack of honour was absolute, and they make Machiavelli's strategies in *The Prince* for gaining and keeping control pale into insignificance. Cromwell's massacres at Drogheda and Wexford, condoned and applauded by the English Church and Parliament, read like pages of Nazi atrocities in Poland and the Ukraine.

The conquest of Ireland appeared completed. The clan and communal system was overthrown and the great Gaelic Houses destroyed, and centralisation established by a despotic power. This placed the government, power, patronage and the ownership of the land in the hands of the colonists. Yet, the conquest was as Seumas MacManus describes it only "surface deep. On that surface the English Law ran, and her armed forces moved. But the soul of the Irish was unconquered." The uprisings continued only to be crushed time and time again. The English recognised that the bulwark of Irish nationality was the Irish language and made every effort to destroy it. The memory of **Brehan Law** still survived as was demonstrated in the **Land League** founded by Michael Davitt at Castlebar in 1879 and in the on-going agitation by the Irish people for ownership of the soil. During the 1870's the plight of the Irish tenantry was desperate. It is so difficult for us today to really understand the condition of affairs in those bygone years. It is made even more difficult by our tendency to want to feel comfortable with our humanity. The landlord was "the master". He could raise rents at will, and could evict whether rent was paid or not. If the tenant improved his holding, he could be taxed for doing so - the rent went up. If he defended the chastity of his daughters, or they did so, he was liable to eviction. The landlord owned the tenant, and the tenant's land, and the tenant's vote, and, as he thought, sometimes even his tenant's women-folk. Rack-renting and evictions were rife. The evicted tenant who made his home on a strip of waste bog was rented, when with the sweat of his brow he had converted it into land so called.

Mayo was one of the worst counties for rack-renting and evictions. It seems proper then that the first organised assault on landlordism should be made there. The imminent danger of famine supplied Michael Davitt and his Land League movement with additional momentum. The crop of 1879 failed. Rack-renting worsened. The landlords demanded payment for the land which the

¹ He became sheriff of Mayo in 1583. It was John Browne, head of the seventh generation of the Browne Family who first received the title of Lord Kilmaine. Thirteen generations of the Browne family lived as landlords on The Neale estate until 1925 when they moved back to England. Holding on to the title, the present Lord Kilmaine resides in Alcester in England.

land never earned. England's Parliament refused to do anything to remedy matters. Between 1870 and 1876 *fourteen* attempts to amend the Land Act failed. Every motion in that direction was rejected with scorn. Little wonder then that the Irish people took matters into their own hands. What were calls for a 'fair rent' were quickly changed to ones of 'no rent'. Meeting after meeting was attended by tens of thousands. Michael Davitt and James Redpath, an American journalist who had already risked life and fortune in the cause of human freedom, outlined to farmers the system that was soon to be known as 'boycotting'. Mayo was ablaze and an extraordinary revolution had begun. Charles Parnell who had recently been elected to the House of Commons threw his weight behind the movement, exhorting the farmers on the 19th of September 1879 to adopt the policy that **"When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted you must shun him on the roadside when you meet him, you must shun him in the street of the town, you must shun him in the shop, you must shun him in the fairgreen, and in the market place and even in the place of worship. By leaving him severely alone, by putting him into a moral convent, by isolating him from the rest of his countrymen as if he were a leper of old, you must show him the detestation of the crime he has committed."** This at last was the powerful weapon to be used against rack-renting and evicting landlords, bailiffs, land grabbers, process-servers, rent-warners and all the crowbar brigade.

The Neale area played a prominent role in this struggle. Almost half of what were termed 'agrarian outrages' of the late 1870's and early 1880's, such as the maiming of cattle, destruction of property, wounding and even killing of land agents and landlords and those who were considered 'land grabbers', occurred in Mayo, west Galway and Kerry. In that same month of September 1879, the district of The Neale attracted international attention, and in the process gave a new word to the English language, by initiating a rather novel form of non-violent protest. This involved a campaign of ostracisation against Captain Charles Cunningham Boycott (agent for Lord Erne), who lived at Lough Mask House close to The Neale. It all began when, on instructions from Lord Erne an absentee Landlord, he offered only a 10% reduction in rent and not the 25% demanded by the tenants. He also dismissed his labourers owing to a dispute over wages. No others would take their places. The Captain was so furious that he decided to have eviction notices served against 11 of his tenants. On the 22nd of September, David Sears accompanied by 17 constables set off from Ballinrobe to serve the notices. The women of the Lough Mask area descended on them with stones, mud and manure, forcing them to take shelter in Lough Mask House. When they tried again next day, a swell of people rushed from Ballinrobe to support the women of Lough Mask. The action had been inspired by the parish priest of The Neale, John O'Malley and James Redpath. The people swamped the estate, invaded the house and advised the servants to abandon their posts. The first 'Boycott' has begun in earnest. The blacksmith was too busy to shoe the Captain's horses. The herds found the weather unhealthy. The baker ran out of flour. The 12 year old postman was liable to overlook Lough Mask House, unless his missives for the Captain were unmistakably bills. The Captain's crops were ripening with no one to harvest them. But relief was coming in what was described as the 'Boycott Relief Expedition' and the 'Boycott Relief fund' established by the Belfast Newsletter.

Fifty northern Orangemen escorted by two thousand soldiers arrived in Mayo to assist Captain Boycott. A campaign against the 'Boycott Relief Expedition' was effectively orchestrated by Father John O'Malley. It was he who suggested to James Redpath, special correspondent of *The New York Herald*, the term 'boycotting' as being easier for his parishioners to pronounce than 'ostracisation'. When the expedition arrived in Claremorris, there was not a vehicle or horse in Claremorris fit for the job of transporting any of them. The labourers and their escort had to walk the fifteen miles from Claremorris. On arrival, they encamped on the Captain's lawns. No provisions for their stay had been made. As they were doing the Captain's work, they presumed

that they were to be fed at his expense. They ate his turkeys, geese, piglings, goslings, ducklings and all other of the most succulent part of his possessions. Apart from what it cost the Captain, it was estimated to have cost the country over ten thousand pounds, ten pounds for every pound's worth of crop harvested on his land, or as Parnell said, "a shilling for every turnip dug".

By late November, Boycott realised that all his efforts had been in vain. On the 26th the northern expedition left Lough Mask staying over night in Ballinrobe. The following day they set off on their journey back north, and were passed on the road by Captain Boycott, his wife and his niece in an ambulance wagon which they had to borrow. They returned to England until the agitation had subsided.

Needless to say, the "outrages" were not all on one side. Gladstone's Chief Secretary, known as Buckshot Foster, had replaced his Royal Irish Constabulary's rifles with shotguns which he described as more treacherous when discharged on a crowd. He proceeded in the traditional way to pacify Ireland by arresting all the leaders and organisers. His Buckshot Brigade loyally and zealously carried out their master's orders. In addition to the buckshot, the peelers were provided with a more deadly type of bayonet. A few examples will suffice to show how the orders to break the spirit of the people were carried out. At Grawhill, near Belmullet in October 1881, a crowd assembled, chiefly composed of women and children. The officer in charge of the crown forces gave orders to fire a volley of buckshot into the crowd and then charge with the bayonet. Numbers were wounded; the crowd rushed away in shrieking panic, the police freely using their bayonets indiscriminately on all they came up with. Mrs. Mary Deane, a widowed mother, was shot dead; a young girl, Ellen McDonagh, was stabbed to death. On May 5th, 1882, a band of lads of twelve years and under paraded in Ballina, County Mayo, with tin whistles and cans to celebrate Parnell's release from prison. They were assailed with a hail of buckshot, chased and stabbed. One poor lad, Patrick Melody, fell dead at his father's feet on the threshold of his home.

Great numbers of Irish emigrated, many dying on their way to a foreign shore. It's perhaps just as well that the dead do not talk! The years immediately after the great famine and right up to 1900 took such a heavy toll of lives. The Irish were down but not out and so put the boot in more forcefully still! So many speakers like John Mitchell and writers of the eviction horrors give terse and terrible summaries and descriptions of the happenings upon estate after estate throughout Ireland.

The Land League went ahead. The leaders were arrested and imprisoned but Davitt had laid his lines well. He had established the "Ladies' Land League" where he relied, and he wasn't disappointed, on the women of Ireland to carry on, even if all the leaders were in prison. Huts were erected for evicted tenants and relief works were started. The landlords' power was beginning to slip and their grip on the land was slowly weakening. Yet the coercion, oppression and poverty which had caused for centuries so much misery and pain were to continue for another forty years. By 1903 when my father was born, life was improving, albeit ever so slowly, for the people of Mayo and elsewhere. Some measures were adopted to cope with the failure of the potato crop. The development of the Irish railway was organised and a bill for land purchase was introduced under which the tenants became full owners of the land. A board was constituted under the new **Congested Districts Act** but its powers to transfer tenants from the many congested areas were so limited that it realised only minimal success. Some sixty years later, when I was about to leave Ireland to settle in Australia, the government was still relocating families from our area to the rich plains of the midlands.

Boycott returned to Lough Mask after an absence of one year without undue fuss or hostility

towards him. But in 1886, he returned to England to sell his lease at Lough mask, having the added bonus of 2000 pounds which he received from public subscription. After the turn of the century, my father and his parents and family who were tenants of Lord Kilmaine in Turloughmore moved from there to Cahermaculick where they purchased land under the state-aided land purchase scheme. Whatever the merits of the scheme, it was very seriously flawed in its design to more than handsomely 'compensate' the landlords for the land handed over to the scheme. My grandfather and my father and the other farmers like them were saddled with a gnawing debt for over sixty years which in one of the most twisted ironies of history the landlords and English government described as 'just' reparation! On the initiative of a Galway landlord, Capt Shawe-Taylor, representatives of landlords and tenants met in 1902 to discuss the land problem. They reached an agreement on the basis of long term purchase which would secure the landlords against any loss by making the cost of purchase of their farms considerably higher than it should be while at the same time enabling tenants to secure money at a low rate of interest, and thereby secure them their land at a fixed annuity which would be lower than the actual rent.

This agreement resulted in the Land Act of 1903 which was welcomed by the tenants as a means of getting rid of the landlords at all costs. The tenants' champion, Michael Davitt, passed away in 1906. Charles Stewart Parnell had also passed from the scene having died on September 27th, 1891, leaving a vacancy that none of his fellow parliamentarians were able or willing to fill. The English leader, Gladstone, the one statesman who could be compared with him, regarded Parnell as an "intellectual phenomenon". Sadly the years from 1892 onwards for some thirty years were characterised by strife, bitterness, aggression and further coercion and oppression. The performance of the Irish Parliamentary Party was nothing short of disgraceful, and its involvement in the question of self-government for Ireland compromised Ireland's every claim to nationhood. In 1906, when the British Liberals were returned to power, Birrell, the newly appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, introduced the Irish Councils' Bill, a sort of enlargement of the Local Government Act of 1898. Irish Parliamentarian John Redmond was in favour of it until he learned the temper of Ireland.

The Irish Parliamentary Party had become dictatorial in its management of Irish affairs. In 1914, a play-at 'Home Rule' Act was passed allowing the Irish to play at a "Parliament" in Dublin. Its enactments could be vetoed by the British Parliament or the British Lord Lieutenant or ruled illegal by the High Court of Justice, and Ireland's finances were to remain in England's hands. This was the nation's "great charter of liberty" according to the Irish Parliamentary Party and it begged and begged Ireland to accept it. Parliamentarian John Dillon in the House of Commons solemnly pledged, for Ireland and his Party, that the Act would be accepted as a full and final settlement of Ireland's claims! The Party had now become the pawn of the British Liberals. But when the Home Rule Bill became law, it was immediately postponed, not because of the war as some people seem to think, but because Edward Carson, the Unionist Leader, forbade its implementation.

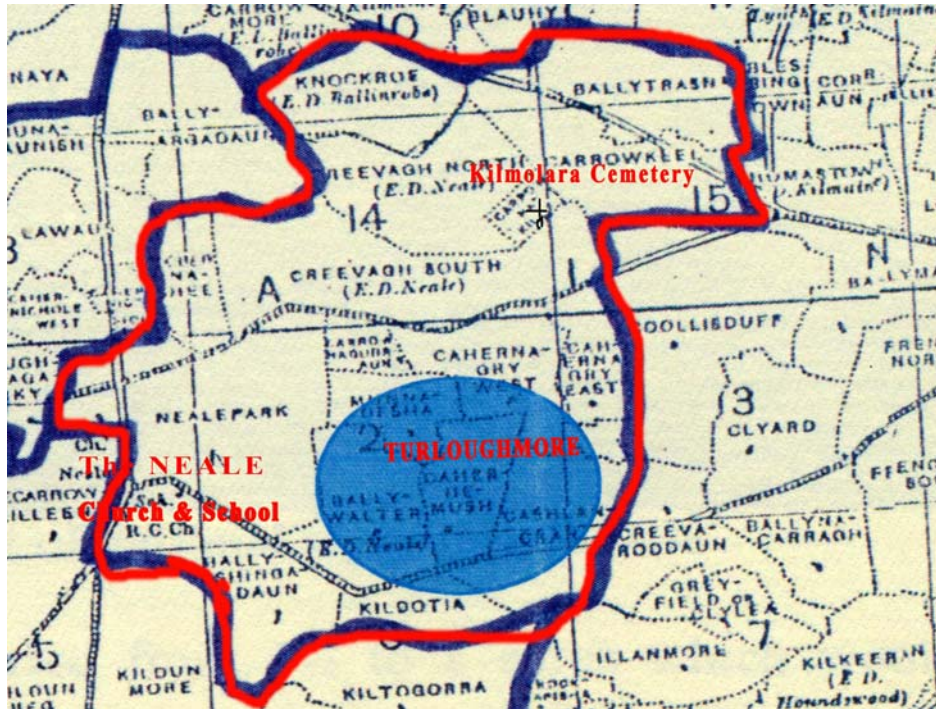
It seems fitting to conclude this chapter on The Neale with a picture of the latest monument to be erected there. It is known as the Fr O'Malley Fairgreen in honour of John O' Malley for not only his role in the success of the Land League movement but also for his tremendous support of his parishioners during the dark days of near famine and crop failure during the 1870's and 80's. He laid the foundation for future generations by building the old Neale school in 1883 and the existing church in 1875. This monument was erected from the stone from the old school and church.



2004

Chapter Four

The Civil Parish of Kilmolara



The Parish outlined in red shows the Kilmolara Cemetery as well as the village of Turloughmore within the blue circle. When our ancestor, Daniel Coleman, was born in 1744 in Turloughmore, it formed part of the civil parish of Kilmolara which was located in the centre of the Barony of Kilmaine and contained 3961 acres of ground. In 1831 the parish population was 1350¹. The population dropped slightly to 1296 by 1841 and significantly to 864 by 1851. In the 1830's the land of the parish, save the demesne of Lord Kilmaine and some grazing of the larger tenants, was given over principally to tillage. Shortly after the Great Famine of 1845 to 1850, the civil parish of Kilmolara, together with the civil parishes of Ballinchalla and Cong formed one Roman Catholic parish. Until the end of the 19th century, the parish church was at The Neale but was then transferred to Cong with, what is locally called, chapels of ease at Cross and The Neale. When my father, his sister and two brothers were born during the first decade of the twentieth century, Thurloughmore was part of the parish of Cong and The Neale.

Prior to the establishment of national school education in the 1880's, education was encouraged by parents especially for those who intended to emigrate. "Hedge Schools" were operated by private individuals and taught maths, reading, writing and English which was necessary for emigration. Religious education was taught in the chapels on Sunday afternoons. Before the Famine, Kilmolara had two schools: a private school which educated about 80 children and a public one which had about 100 pupils in the 1830's. Earlier, in 1826/1827 James Gilmore ran a pay school for Protestants in the Church of Ireland chapel which charged one shilling per quarter while Patrick Ford operated a similar establishment for Roman Catholics. The schools were attended by 9 Protestants and 65 Roman Catholics, most of whom were male.²

Chapter Twenty looks at the townland or village of Turloughmore from the time of Daniel Coleman onwards.

¹ Samuel Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary* published in 1837

² Commissioners of Irish Education Appendix to Second Report, 1826/27

THE NEALE
NATIONAL SCHOOLS
A D-1883

The first National School at The Neale was built by the famous Land League priest, Fr John O'Malley, in 1883



**Taken in 1986
before it was
demolished**

My father, Pat Coleman, his sister, Mary, and brothers, John and Jim from Turloughmore, attended this school, my father from 1909 to 1915



The new school with the old school in the background - the new school taken from where the first school stood

Kilmolara Cemetery

My parents are buried in Shrulce Cemetery but my paternal grandparents and their ancestors are buried in Kilmolara.



From the main entrance and picturing a well-kept cemetery with the ruins of the original parish church top right. The headstone right stands within the ruins of the old church. It marks the graves of my father's uncle, Patrick Coleman after whom he was named, and my grandparents, John and Mary Coleman, from Turloughmore.

Chapter Five

Hard Times

Part A

In the chapter on The Neale, we saw where the success of the Land League movement meant that the landlords were losing their power and grip on the land. Periodically though evictions continued to be carried out despite the protests and whole families, orphans and widows were forced into Workhouses like the one in Ballinrobe. These charnel-houses of the Great famine survived still to inflict utter pain and mental torture, separating families on entry and thereafter subjecting them to hard labour and often premature death.

Spurred on by the Land League movement, tenants were more than anxious to own their own land and in the spirit of Brehan Law, that for so long was part of their deeper memory, they insisted on that right. Land acts were passed providing for a degree of tenant land purchase. **The Irish were at last emerging from centuries of coercion and oppression.** Co-ops were set up that became the focal point of the community. Those changes as well as the founding of the GAA or Gaelic Athletic Association and the Gaelic League breathed new life into rural Ireland as up until the late 1890's the Irish were also barred on social grounds from competing in sports and games. The Gaelic League was founded to halt the decline of the Irish language and promote a revival of Irish culture. The literary revival that followed, based on a fast growing awareness of Irish nationality and inspired by Ireland's past, led to a Celtic renaissance that revitalised the Irish psyche.

The centuries of coercion, oppression and famine which had caused so much misery and pain had made poverty endemic and the cure proved ever so elusive. By 1903 when my father was born, life was improving, albeit ever so slowly, for the people of Mayo and elsewhere. By today's standards it was indeed a very exacting and meagre existence with few comforts. Homes were cold and draughty with no indoor plumbing and little furniture. Meals were cooked in pots and pans over open fires. Most farm work was done by hand with the aid of the spade and the fork, the sickle, the scythe and the rake. The donkey and the horse were the beasts of burden. When it came to farm work, the horse was the farmer's most prized possession as it was used to pull the plough, the harrow and the cart.

When my father's family relocated to Cahermaculick from Turloughmore, the English had not done with Ireland yet. For a detailed account of more broken promises and the most shameful betrayal of the people of Ireland who must have felt that they were encountering the reincarnation of Cromwell in the atrocities of the infamous Black and Tans, refer to the pages of any history book on this period. Briefly, though, this is what occurred. In December 1918, at the General Election, all Nationalist Ireland declared its allegiance to the republican ideal, and the Sinn Fein policy of abstention from Westminster was adopted. In January 1919, the republican representatives assembled in Dublin and founded Dáil Eireann, the Irish Constituent Assembly, proclaiming the republic of Ireland once again as in 1916. A message was sent to the nations of the world requesting the recognition of the free Irish State, and a national government was erected.

No sooner had the new Government begun to function, established its Courts, appointed Consuls, started a stock-taking of the country's undeveloped natural resources, and put a hundred constructive schemes to work, than Britain stepped in, with her army of Soldiers and Constabulary, to counter the work, harassing and imprisoning the workers. This move of

England's called forth a secretly built-up Irish Republican Army (developed from the Irish Volunteers), which, early in 1920, began a guerilla warfare, and quickly succeeded in clearing vast districts of the Constabulary who were ever England's right arm in Ireland.

Lloyd George met this not only by pouring into Ireland regiments of soldiers with tanks, armored cars, aeroplanes, and all the other terrorising paraphernalia that had been found useful in the European War, but also by organising and turning loose upon Ireland an irregular force of Britons, among the most vicious and bloodthirsty known to history - the force which quickly became notorious to the world under the title of the Black and Tans. And then, with carefully planned purpose to quickly break the Irish spirit and subdue the nation, was waged upon the Irish people - alike combatants and non-combatants, Irish women as well as men, toddling child and tottering aged - a war of vengeance, unparalleled for blind fury and fearful cruelty by any war in any civilised country of the world since the seventeenth century. The wholesale burning of a hundred villages, towns, cities, the looting, the spoliation of the inhabitants, though in themselves appalling, were as nothing compared with the cold-blooded murders perpetrated by the British, and the elaborate refinement of torture, worse far than death, which they visited on non-combatants as well as combatants.

It was intended that the job of "settling Ireland" should, like Cromwell's campaign on which it was modelled, be sharp, short, and decisive. It should be over and done with ere the outside world awoke to the fearful reality of what was happening. And the English press generally, the English correspondents of foreign newspapers, and the English cable service did their part to back the British army in the field. They saw to it that not only was the hideousness of their campaign in Ireland concealed from the world, but that instead the Irish fighting for freedom in a fearfully unequal fight were lied about and painted to the world as ruffians. And, loyally doing their bit in the disgraceful campaign of hoodwinking the world, the highest, most "Honourable" Government officials, from Prime Minister Lloyd George down to Irish Secretary, Sir Hamar Greenwood, from their places in the British House of Commons deliberately and persistently falsified the accounts of occurrences in Ireland, denied, without wincing, the barbarous crimes of the British which they knew and approved of.

Yet the well-planned campaign for the quick wasting of Ireland, and breaking of Ireland's spirit did not come off on schedule. The atrocities which were meant to frighten and subdue, only stimulated the outraged nation to more vigour: and by the time the fight was expected to end it was found to be only well begun. And, carefully as the army of falsifiers guarded every gate by which the truth might escape to the world, tricklings of truth had begun to find their way out, and the world was beginning to whisper of strange British doings in Ireland. More than by anything else, probably, the world was awakened to the truth of the situation in Ireland through the extraordinary heroism of Terence MacSwiney (Mayor of Cork in succession to the martyred MacCurtain), who in protest against the foreign tyranny which seized and jailed him, refused to eat in the British dungeon where he died with the wondering world watching on.

The general aspect of the British Campaign in Ireland is best summarised, perhaps, in the findings of the **American Commission on Conditions in Ireland** - a Commission whose members were selected by the American Committee of One Hundred - this latter being composed of many of the most representative men and women in America, Protestant, Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian and Jew - including Governors of States, Senators, Congressmen, Protestant, Catholic and Methodist Bishops, College Presidents, Editors, Business men, and lay men.

Here are the most **remarkable** of their findings:

"1. The Imperial British Government has created and introduced into Ireland a force of at least 78,000 men, many of them youthful and inexperienced, and some of them convicts; and has incited that force to unbridled violence.

"2. The Imperial British forces in Ireland have indiscriminately killed innocent men, women, and children ; have discriminately assassinated persons suspected of being republicans; have tortured and shot prisoners while in custody, adopting the subterfuges of 'refusal to halt' and 'attempting to escape'; and have attributed to alleged 'Sinn Fein extremists' the British assassination of prominent Irish Republicans.

"3. House burning and wanton destruction of villages and cities by Imperial British forces under Imperial British officers have been countenanced and ordered by officials of the British Government, and elaborate provision by gasoline sprays and bombs has been made in a number of instances for systematic incendiarism as part of a plan of terrorism.

"4. A campaign for the destruction of the means of existence of the Irish people has been conducted by the burning of factories, creameries, crops, and farm implements, and the shooting of farm animals. This campaign is carried on regardless of the political views of their owners, and results in widespread and acute suffering among women and children.

"5 Acting under a series of proclamations issued by the competent military authorities of the Imperial British forces hostages are carried by forces exposed to the fire of the Republican Army; fines are levied upon towns and villages as punishment for alleged offenses of individuals; private property is destroyed in reprisal for acts with which the owners have no connection; and the civilian population is subjected to an inquisition upon the theory that individuals are in possession of information valuable to the military forces of Great Britain. These acts of the Imperial British forces are contrary to the laws of peace or war among modern civilised nations."

All of this in the aftermath of the Great War, World War 1, 'the war to end all wars'. All of this in the fashion of a nation's conspiracy perpetrated in the most pernicious and criminal manner. Surely one of the lowest and most barbaric chapters in England's history. Surely one of the darkest hours in Ireland's history. And despite the number of Irish and of Irish descent in the dominion (commonwealth later) countries, these countries supported - and not often blindly - England's brutal and inhuman treatment of the Irish during my parents and grandparents' years of the first quarter and more of the twentieth century. The dominion countries' serious discrimination against the Irish is well documented. In fact when I settled in Australia in 1958, Prime Minister Menzies and his Foreign Affairs Department were still having some difficulty recognising the ambassadorial status of the Irish Diplomat appointed Ambassador to Australia, and chose instead to ignore his presence, despite the great contribution of the Irish in this country to its development and its role in the two world wars where to those soldiers Irish and of Irish descent went more than 60% of all Victoria Crosses awarded to our Australian soldiers.

The old adage and theme of many publications that 'good ultimately triumphs over evil' was more than put to its test in Ireland's case if you can conceivably see 'ultimately' as stretching over some three hundred and more years. Or was it the very nature of the evil itself that made it for so long so implacable?

In the spring of 1921 there was galloped through the English Parliament a "Home Rule Bill" for Ireland whose object was, by giving the eastern part of Ulster, the Orange corner, a Parliament of its own, to detach it from the rest of Ireland, thus dividing the nation on sectarian lines and thereby endowing the Irish nation with one of the meanest cuts of all, that has so festered her to this day.

Part B

Despite Ireland's neutrality, the war years of 1939 to 1945 and the post-war period were times of extreme suffering and hardship, particularly for those in towns and cities, and much resourcefulness and ingenuity were required simply to eke out a basic standard of living and merely survive. There was a chronic scarcity and shortage of everything except for what the land could produce as most imports simply did not arrive because of the frequency with which ships were being sunk. A system of rationing known as 'The Emergency' was introduced. Each household received a ration book and could attend the local shop or the travelling shop once a week in order to receive its weekly ration of 2oz of sugar (57g), ½oz. of tea (14g) and three loaves of bread which were allowed per person if the family was in a position to pay for them. Often their allocated ration was not available or was insufficient forcing those who could afford it to buy on the "black market" where tea cost as much as £1 per lb. (.45kg). As each household sold eggs to the travelling shop, this provided a much needed boost to the family income as well as paying for the weekly ration. Some families were fortunate enough to receive clothing and food supplies, with items like tea and coffee, in the post from relatives in America.

During the long winter evenings, lighting was provided by paraffin oil lamps or by wax candles in the absence of paraffin oil. Central heating was a thing of the future but each room had an open fireplace where fires were lit when needed. The kitchen with its open fire was also the living room. Over the fire was fitted a steel crane that was adjustable and could be easily moved in and out over the fire. From it were suspended the cooking pots and the kettle. It was here at the table that we did our homework before the visitors arrived. For as long as I can remember, our home was the meeting place or communal centre of the nearby villages. During the long winter nights, the locals gathered there around the open fire to share stories, tell tales and spin yarns, play cards and conduct card drives as Christmas approached with turkeys and geese as prizes. Apart from the occasional radio program, local community play, parish dance, wedding or wake, our entertainment was home made. There is, however, one occasion that really stands out in my mind. Mick Caulfield who lived on the farm next to ours held all those present captive for all of two nights with a fantastic story that he began about nine o'clock one evening, retiring at midnight only to continue the story about the same time next evening for just about as long again. And as my father used to say, "That's no word of a lie".

Landowners were obliged under another measure introduced called 'Compulsory Tillage' to till a certain proportion of their land in order to provide home produced goods to cater for the population. The harvesting of wheat, oats and barley was part of this arrangement and farmers kept so many bags of oats and wheat for their own use. In our case, these were taken as needed to the nearest mill or crusher in Shrile or elsewhere. The flour which was merely crushed wheat was made into wholemeal bread called caiscín (Kawshkeen). We all loved this type of bread with a generous spread of homemade butter.

A number of farmers, particularly those with large families, grew sugar beet which in our case was sold to the sugar factory in Tuam. Depending on the amount grown, and this was measured and checked by inspectors from the sugar factory, farmers were rewarded with so many stone of white and brown sugar. Some of this would go to needy or worthy neighbours who had helped the family in other ways with, for example, knitted socks and jumpers or other garments which were greatly appreciated as only an inferior grade of cloth was available.

As new shoes were difficult to obtain, people became excellent cobblers. I can recall the fine job my father did in repairing our old shoes with new half soles and heels. This he did by placing

them on the iron shoe last and attaching the new leather with studs or tacks to original soles before shaping them to size with his special knife. More often than not though he sewed the new half-sole to the original using an awl and hemp thread treated with wax to make it waterproof. Clogs became increasingly popular and didn't I hate them. One incident in particular stands out in my mind. I was about eight at the time and we were on our way home from primary school. There was a lot of fresh snow on the ground and with every step I took in my clogs higher and higher I went, often falling over, with clump after clump of snow attaching itself with a vengeance to the steel tipped wooden soles of my clogs. It was ever so hard to remove the snow, and it happened again and again all the way home. Despite the help of my older brother, John Joe, I became ever so frustrated and upset that not even John Joe has forgotten the incident.

Of course the bicycle was the primary form of transport but like just about everything else bicycle tyres and tubes were ever so scarce. As children we spent many exciting hours constructing our own bikes from those parts occasionally discarded by others in the neighbourhood. There was nothing we couldn't do with those parts. What wouldn't fit was made to fit by patient and loving modification. Old tyres and tubes when available we in time mended with expert ease. Wooden blocks were often used when standard pedals were unavailable. To fit the blocks to the spindles, we burnt out the holes in the blocks with a narrow piece of steel heated in an open turf fire. Old saddles were mended and chains adjusted to fit, and though brakes and mudguards rarely came into the equation the final product was road tested with the anticipation and pride associated with a modern day lamborghini.

Understandably, some tasks were considerably more appealing than others. On my way to and from school, I enjoyed watching the crops grow and the meadows, which were havens for local fauna and such birds as the skylark, sway to the movements of the wind. There was something special about the smell of newly cut hay explaining perhaps why I liked helping out at harvest time. Nothing could beat working in the bog and spreading the turf, and anyone I have ever spoken to always agrees. As children we looked forward to working with Dad in the bog which was located at Dalgan just a few miles east of Shrulce and each household had its own plot there. Those were really great times during the long summer days, and nothing can compare to the feel of walking barefooted on the bare bog with the squelched fresh peat rushing between your toes, or enjoying the picnic-like atmosphere while sipping the sweet bog tea prepared over the bog fire in that special bog can, or racing across the bog jumping over the new cuttings and channels to visit our neighbours, cuttings often ten feet deep filled with that brown bog water but rarely an obstacle to the vigour of youth knowing that to fall prostrate was a sort of comfort in itself. Observing the precision with which Dad used the sleán (shlaun - a special turf spade) to cut and toss the sods of turf up for us to spread and our handling those fresh and soft and slippery sods - real kids' stuff - are among those pleasant memories never to be forgotten.

Seeing nature quietly at work in the fields was something else. After they were ploughed and harrowed, and the seed broadcast by Dad and rolled into the soil, the fields in contrast to those other fields around lay flat, brown and bare. Brown and bare also were the fields of drills from end to end that were potato, sugar beet and mangel seeded. But to witness the transformation to shortly follow was such a wonderful experience. Over night the fields changed their appearance completely to a lush green, with the drills all displaying straight long green lines along the top. That was indeed a sight to behold next morning, and in no time at all the young plants ever so profuse were about 100mm high. Whenever I hear the expression 'hard labour', I can picture myself on my knees astride drill after drill of sugar beet or mangels, for hours on end, performing the thinnowing process as I moved slowly along each drill, leaving one plant standing about every 170mm and removing bare-handed all the others. Imagine those skinned and calloused

knees and hands at the finish or 'láimhiragh' as Mam used to say! Seamus Heaney's poem "AT A POTATO DIGGING" though disturbingly evocative of the Great Famine does describe the task of potato picking well. The words "Fingers go dead in the cold" bring back many memories. We all dreaded the job of picking the potatoes in late autumn. It was the most back-breaking, boring and tiring job imaginable with, to echo the words of the poet, heads bowed and trunks bent and hands fumbling towards the cold earth or dragging full buckets to the pit.

A few of the tasks that fell to us as children were in hindsight downright dangerous. If you have ever seen or used a hay fork with its two very long and pointed prongs, you'll appreciate the dangers in spreading and compacting hay on top of the cock or stack as it was forked up to you by often more than one person. It was rare to come away without a few pricks in your shins and thighs for your troubles.

I often wonder where Mam found the time for all the work she did. As well as often helping in the fields, she looked after the poultry, baked bread, cooked food for a large family, prepared the churn and made butter, cured bacon, carried water, did the washing, cleaned the house, prepared the 'shlits' (pieces cut from potatoes for seed) for planting, did the milking, made and mended clothes and helped with homework and more.

There were always lots of animals around and many pets among them, but there was one in particular that was everyone's favourite. Her name was Winnie and she was much more than one of our farm horses. She was a wonderfully kind and caring friend to us all. We grew up with her and from a young age could handle and work with her as well as any adult. It is difficult to imagine how such a big, sturdy animal could be so co-operative and dare I say discerning. She

was happy to do whatever we asked her as long as it was safe and didn't present a threat to us as children. With bridle in hand we would call out to her and she would respond immediately. Recognising our size, she would lower her head to allow us to put the bridle on correctly. She would move alongside the stone wall to enable us to get onto her back. If she felt you weren't balanced properly or about to slip off she stopped immediately in order to allow you to re-balance. She would canter or gallop only when she sensed you were old enough to manage it. I often felt that she must have had eyes in the back of her head whenever she was harnessed to the cart. To sit high on top of a cart load of hay or sheaves was exciting, but the moment we tried to stand up Winnie stopped immediately and refused to move till we were seated again. The simple way to get into the cart was to step on the spoke of the cart wheel and hop aboard. There was no way you could get her to move if you were anywhere near the wheels or in front of the cart, and she would look from side to side to see where you were. I can recall so many situations when she intervened in order to ensure our safety. One in particular stands out in my mind. I was fetching a canful of fresh water from Caulfield's well and had just crossed over the stile into our property. As I crossed the field where the sheep were grazing, I noticed Winnie who was in the same field galloping towards me. Little did I realise at the time that a young ram had positioned himself to charge at full pelt. Suddenly Winnie had positioned herself between the ram and me challenging every one of his moves while at the same time half turning her head towards me and neighing with such urgency as if saying, "Get to hell out of here quickly". And of course I gratefully obeyed.

In the weeks leading up to Easter, we would leave our warm beds at seven in the morning and cross the fields to check on the number of new-born lambs. The fact that it was often freezing cold escaped our attention as our minds were preoccupied. Occasionally, when we came across a

sheep having difficulty lambing, we would give her whatever help she needed in order to ensure the safe birth of her lamb. Sometimes that meant using techniques that we had acquired along the way, and sometimes it meant summoning our father to the rescue when the going got too tough. To be given an egg for breakfast was a rarity and came as a reward for having achieved something. Arising early in the cold of the spring morning to locate the new-born lambs was deemed such an achievement. During the coldest winters we were clad in shorts, shirt, and jumper which was usually home made. Boys had to wait until they had finished primary school to qualify for the wearing of trousers. It wasn't so much a case of having or not having. It was instead a case of making do with what you had. No one that you knew had very much more or less than yourself. Being a child or teenager didn't set you apart from your parents and other adults. Generally speaking, you were involved in their conversations and adults accorded you the same respect as they showed one another.

The local smithy was always in great demand, and of course we all could recite "The Village Blacksmith" from an early age. There were a few blacksmiths in our area but the one I saw as our blacksmith was Jack Ford of Kill (Cille) whose forge was there at the junction of the Shrulce and Cahermacullick roads. His trade was a busy one and was in great demand until the early 1950's when the tractor gradually took over. It was common to see a number of horses in line to be shod just about every day but particularly during spring-time. I can't recall ever going past there without stopping to watch him ply his trade. Like so many others, I found the whole culture of the forge fascinating from the rhythmic ring of the anvil heard from afar and the lingering cloud of smoke with its rather intoxicating smells to the roar of the bellows and the sight of white heat as the irons turned white from the great heat of the forge fire.

The making and fitting of steel tyres on large wooden wheels for carts, traps and side cars was a very difficult job that required great skill and patience. To observe the welding process alone of knotting the ends and heating them to the point of melting before forcefully hammering them to create the perfect weld was quite an education. Among other things, the farmer also relied on the blacksmith to supply and repair steel shoes for both the standard and drilling ploughs, and leaves and springs for the harrows, as well as cart axles and gates, both plain and fancy.

That was the Ireland I knew and that was the Ireland I left in 1955. As I have said earlier, Ireland has seen so much change in recent years as a member of the European Union, and most of it for the better, that it's difficult for the younger generation to perceive of an Ireland that was so very different from their own. Despite the deep scars still in the Irish psyche, gone forever are the many yokes of her past history, those yokes of servitude that fastened her to centuries of barbaric treatment and until quite recently to economic misery and stagnation. Ireland today 2007 is a very modern and vibrant nation with an unique culture and a very successful economy, and with that same indomitable spirit and sense of fun and optimism that have been the hallmarks of her dignity down the centuries and hopefully into the future.

My parents have passed on but I am grateful that they lived long enough to see the new Ireland. The land that became my grandparents' land nearly a hundred years ago is still in the family. Today it is worked by my brother Noel and his family.



The Coleman Home in Cahermaculick as it was until 1974 when a new one was built in the field across the road from it

Chapter Six

Our Antiquarians

The information that I have here is based on a number of sources, too numerous to be outlined here, but you will find them listed in the footnotes and elsewhere. I would like, however, to comment briefly on the main source for Ancient, Medieval and Early Modern Ireland. This is the "Annals of the Four Masters", the most extensive of all the compilations of the ancient annals of Ireland. They commence, nominally at least, at A.M. 2242 (2957 BC) and are continued down to AD 1616. The entries which are bare and meagre during the earlier period grow less so as the 'Annal'¹ progress, and towards the end they become in parts almost like a history in their diffuseness. The principal compiler of these 'Annals' was Michael O'Clery, a native of Donegal, who had been by profession a trained antiquary and poet, but who afterwards joined the Franciscan Order, and went to their Irish house in Louvain. Thence he was sent back to Ireland by his famous compatriot, Father John Colgan, to collect the lives of Irish saints. Many of these lives which he copied upon that visit out of the old vellum books of Ireland are now in the Burgundian Library at Brussels. Afterwards, under the patronage of Fergal O'Gara, Lord of Moy Gara and Coolavin, in County Sligo, he conceived the idea of collecting all the ancient vellum books of annals which he could find throughout Ireland, and of combining them into one continuous whole. "I thought", says O'Clery, in his dedication to O'Gara, "that I could get the assistance of the chroniclers for whom I had most esteem, in writing a book of annals in which these matters might be put on record, for that should the writing of them be neglected at present, they would not again be found to be put on record even to the end of the world. All the best and most copious books of annals that I could find throughout all Ireland were collected by me - though it was difficult for me to collect them - into one place to write this book." It was to the secluded convent (religious centre) of Donegal that the learned friar retired while engaged upon this work which was commenced by him and his fellow labourers on the 22nd of January, 1632, and concluded on the 10th of August, 1636. His feelings as to the fate of the material that he worked from were prophetic. Scarcely one of the ancient books which he brought together with such pains has survived to the present day, having perished in the cataclysm of the Cromwellian and Williamite wars.

It was Father Colgan, himself a celebrated author, who in the preface to his "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae" first conferred the title by which they are now always known, "The Annals of the Four Masters", upon these annals of O'Clery. "As in the three works before mentioned", writes Colgan, "so in this fourth one, three (helpers of O'Clery) are eminently to be praised, namely Farfassa O'Mulconry, Peregrine O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duignan, men of consummate learning in the antiquities of their country, and to these were subsequently added the co-operation of other distinguished antiquarians, as Maurice O'Mulconry who for one month and Conary O'Clery who for many months laboured in its promotion. But since those 'Annals' which we shall very frequently have occasion to quote, have been collected and compiled by the assistance and separate study of so many authors, neither the desire of brevity would permit us always to quote them individually, nor would justice permit us to attribute the labour of many to one, hence it sometimes seemed best to call them the 'Annals of Donegal', for in our convent of Donegal they were commenced and concluded. But afterwards, for other reasons, chiefly for the sake of the compilers themselves, who were four most learned masters in antiquarian lore, we have been led to call them the 'Annals of the Four Masters'."

¹ *Annals of the Four Masters*

These 'Annals', written in a very archaic language, difficult to be understood, even then, except by the learned, give us the reigns, deaths, genealogies, etc., not only of the high-kings of Ireland, but also of the provincial kings, chiefs, and heads of distinguished families, men of science, historians, poets, etc., with their respective dates given as accurately as the Masters were able to give them. They record the demise and succession of saints, abbots, bishops, and ecclesiastical dignitaries. They tell of the foundation and occasionally the overthrow of countless churches, castles, abbeys, convents, and religious institutions. They give meagre details of battles, murders, tribal wars, wars with the foreigners, battles with Norsemen, Normans, and English, and political changes. Sometimes they quote ancient verses in corroboration of the facts they mention, but no such verses are quoted prior to the third century. We have here the condensed pith and substance of the old vellum books of Ireland which were then in existence, but most of which, as the Four Masters foresaw, have long since perished. Their facts and dates are not their own facts and dates. From confused masses of very ancient matter, they, with labour and much sifting, drew forth their dates, and as far as possible synchronized their facts. It is not too much to say that there is no event in the whole of Irish history from the birth of Christ down to the beginning of the seventeenth century that the first enquiry of the student about it must not be: "What do the Four Masters say of this?"

These 'Annals' have been published, at least in part, three times, but are now always read in the edition of the great Irish scholar, John O'Donovan². In this splendid work the Irish text is given with a translation into English and a mass of the most valuable notes, topographical, genealogical, and historical, the whole contained in seven great quarto volumes. So long as Irish history exists the "Annals of the Four Masters" will be read in O'Donovan's translation, and the name of O'Donovan will be inseparably connected with that of O'Clery.

There are so many other magnificent Irish works of old, to my envy of antiquarians, that the temptation to which I frequently fell victim was the ever-present challenge to delve further. The

² *The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland by the Four Masters*. Six volumes, edited and translated by O'Donovan.

-- now published by CELT

Volume 1: 2242 A.M.-902 A.D.

Volume 2: 903-1171 A.D.

Volume 3: 1172-1372 A.D.

Volume 4: 1373-1500 A.D.

Volume 5: 1501-1588 A.D.

Volume 6: 1589-1616 A.D.

1809, July 9: born at his father's farm in Atatemore, Co. Kilkenny; educated in Dublin

1826: appointed to work in Irish Record Office

1829: worked in historical department of the Irish Ordnance Survey: examined manuscripts and toured Ireland

1832- 1833: wrote many articles, on Irish topography and history, in the Dublin Penny Journal

1837: volume published by Ordnance Survey which contains a long Irish text and translation from the 'Dinnsenchas' by O'Donovan

1840: married Mary Anne Broughton, with whom he had nine sons. By this marriage he became brother-in-law to Eugene O'Curry, another Celtic scholar

1840-1841: wrote articles for the Irish Penny Journal

1841: first volume of the Irish Archaeological Society published: *The Circuit of Ireland* by Muirheartach MacNeill edited by O'Donovan; this work contains the first good map of ancient Ireland

1842: *The Banquet of Dun na nGedh* and *the Battle of Magh Rath* published

1843: *The Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many* from the Book of Lecan published; prepared a text and translation of "Sana Chormaic"

1844: *The Genealogies, Tribes, and Customs of Hy Fiachrach*, from a manuscript of Duald MacFirbis, published again accompanied by a beautiful map; entered Gray's Inn, London on 15 April 1845: *Grammar of the Irish Language* published by Trinity College Dublin, the expense of printing shared by O'Donovan and TCD

1846: *the Irish Charters in the Book of Kells* published

1852: employed to transcribe legal manuscripts by the commission for the publication of the ancient laws of Ireland

1848-51: transcribed, translated and edited the *Annals of the Four Masters*, often called the "Fifth Master" for this work.

The Irish type in which the text is printed was designed by George Petrie

1850: conferred with honorary degree of LL.D. by University of Dublin (TCD)

1852: employed by the commission for the publication of the ancient laws of Ireland; made transcripts of legal manuscripts in Irish which fill over 2,000 pages and a preliminary translation of these in twelve volumes 1860:

1861 December 9: died in Dublin and is buried in Glasnevin cemetery.

737 page Annála Connacht (Annals of Connacht) covering the years 1224 to 1562 is a fascinating history of not only the province but of Ireland generally. It shows great scholarship and dedication by its unknown authors, although the last entry on page 711 ends amusingly enough with the sentence: "I am John and I am worse for the absence of Dolp".

Apart from the many history books, among them John O'Hart's *Irish Pedigrees or The Origins and Stem of the Irish Race*, and the *Coleman Family History Report* compiled by Gerard Delaney at the South Mayo Family Research Centre in Ballinrobe, other important sources used in the development of our family history are the *Index to Griffith's Valuation of Ireland, 1848-1864*, from *Family Archives* CD# 188, *Irish Source Records 1500s-1800s* CD#275, and the *International Land records: Tithe Applotment Books, 1823-1838*, CD262. The index to one of Ireland's premier genealogical resources, *Griffith's Valuation*, references more than one million individuals who occupied property in Ireland between 1848 and 1864. It is, essentially, the only detailed guide to where in Ireland people lived during the mid-nineteenth century and what property they possessed. It is a record of extreme importance that can be used as a census substitute for the years before, during, and after the Great Famine. Few other records can be used to identify an Irish ancestor's exact place of origin in terms of a specific townland and civil parish. *The Irish Source Records, 1500s-1800s* comprises the images of the pages of thirteen volumes of Irish census, land, marriage, and probate records. This information was thought to have been lost forever in a 1922 fire at the Public Records Office in Dublin. While nearly all of Ireland's pre-1901 census records were destroyed, here you'll find extensively researched reconstructions of the 1841 and 1851 censuses.

To those of you who have joined me on this trip into the past, fáilte róimhaibh go léir. First up, we are going to look briefly at (i) the origin of Irish family names and at (ii) the descriptions by a few genealogical groups of the derivation of the surname **Coleman** or **Ó Colmáin** (**Colmán** and earlier **Columhán**). Then we'll have a brief look at (iii) O' Hart's Roll of the Monarchs of Ireland and the **Coleman Lineage** as well as the ancient **Uí Fiachrach** dynasty in northwest Connacht, a dynast of Niall of the Nine Hostages one of the sons of Eochaidh Muigh Meadhoin (also Eochu Mugmedón), a fourth century 'high king' of Ireland. We will travel north and also east to where his descendants established the Northern Uí Neill dynasty, whose descendants were to dominate the Irish high kingship over a long period, and the Southern Uí Neill dynasty represented in particular by **Clann Cholmáin** (today the 'h' has been substituted for the Irish búilte (dot) above the letter 'C', a form of inflection that gave the C a slight guttural sound). By the time we finish our journey in the 21st Century, you should figuratively speaking be well versed in time travel, alternating on a regular basis between times past and present.

Chapter Seven

The Origin of Irish Family Names – SURNAMES

The origin and evolution of Irish names as well as how they have changed over the centuries as a result of particular events in Irish history is a subject worthy of examination.

In ancient Ireland, the population was much smaller than today and the mass movement of people was uncommon. Each province or provincial kingdom comprised a large number of petty kingdoms or tuatha (TOO-ha) amounting to about one hundred and fifty in all with a few thousand people in each by the turn of the seventh century. It was usual and customary therefore for a person to be known by only one name: Niall, Eoin, Art, etc. Once there was no one else in the locality with the same name then this was not a problem.

The Gaelic 'Clann' system was well established and this gave people a common identity with their people of the tuath (too-ah - small kingdom) and with the commonly shared area. This single name system began to break down during the tenth century as the population was growing and there was a need for a further means of identification. The solution was to adopt a prefix such as *O* or *Mac* (*Mc* is an abbreviation). *O* mean 'grandson of' or 'descendant of' whilst *Mac* means 'son of'. *Mac* surnames are generally of a much later date than *O*. The vast majority of Gaelic Irish surnames were created during the tenth and eleventh centuries.

It should be noted that the Scottish Gaels were actually descendants of Gaelic (Irish) emigrants to Scotland. The word 'Scotus' is Latin for 'Irishman'. Many of the Scottish settlers who moved to Ireland later, and especially to Ulster, were of Gaelic Irish descent.

The Clans (dynasties) eventually broke up into a number of distinct septs or groups as was the case with Clann Cholmáin. These groups were headed by an original member of the clan and dominated a particular part of the countryside. It was not uncommon for septs from the same clan to be found in completely different parts of the country. The sept system was an integral part of Gaelic society, and it survived and was even propagated by the Norman invaders. This system, however, did not survive the English invasion and colonisation of the seventeenth century, when it became a disadvantage to have a Gaelic-sounding name.

Although up to the tenth century surnames in Ireland were not hereditary, the influence of the church can still be seen in many common modern Irish surnames, in particular those beginning with 'Gil' or 'Kil', an anglicised version of the Irish 'Giolla', meaning follower or devotee. Thus Gilmartin which in Irish is *Mac Giolla Mháirtín* means 'son of a follower of (St) Martin'. Similarly, the church is the origin of all of those names starting with *Mul*, a version of the Irish *Maol*, meaning bald, and applied to the monks because of their distinctive tonsure. Thus Mulrennan (Ó Maoilbhréanainn) means 'descendant of a follower of St Brendan'.

While many of the names appearing in accounts of this time appear similar in form to modern Irish names, incorporating in particular the prefix 'mac' (meaning 'son of'), in fact they were not hereditary, lasting only one generation. Thus Turlough mac Airt was Turlough, son of Art; his own son would be Conor mac Turlough, Conor son of Turlough.

Nonetheless, Ireland was one of the first European countries in which a system of fixed hereditary surnames developed. The earliest names appear to be those incorporating 'O' or its

earlier form 'Ua', meaning 'grandson'. The first recorded fixed surname is O'Clery (Ó Cléirigh), as noted by the Annals, which record the death of Tigherneach Ua Cléirigh, Lord of Aidhne in Co. Galway in the year 916. It seems likely that this is the oldest surname recorded anywhere in Europe.

By the eleventh century many families had acquired true surnames. All of these surnames incorporated the same two basic elements, 'O' or 'Mac', together with the personal name of the ancestor from whom descent is indicated. In many cases this ancestor can be quite accurately identified, and the origin of the name dated precisely. Thus, at the start of the eleventh century, Brian Boru possessed no surname, being simply 'Brian, High-King of the Irish', his grandson Teigue called himself Ua Briain in memory of his illustrious grandfather, and the name became hereditary thereafter. Similarly, the O'Neills derive their surname from Niall Glún Dubh, who died in 919.

Due to linguistic changes, the origins of many of the personal names such as Niall or Brian which form the stem of the surname remain obscure, but two broad categories can be distinguished: descriptive and occupational. In the first category, we can guess that the progenitor of the Traceys (Ó Treasaigh) was a formidable character, *treasach* meaning 'warlike', while the ancestor of the Duffs must have been dark-featured, since *dubh*, the root of the name, means black or dark. Among the occupations recorded in names are the churchmen dealt with above, clerks (Clery, Ó Cléirigh, from *cléireach*), bards (Ward, *Mac an Bháird*, from *bard*), spokesman (MacCloran, *Mac Labhráin*, from the Irish *labhraidh*), and smiths (McGowan, *MacGabhann*, from *gabha*). One category of surname, common in English, which is extremely rare among Irish names is the toponymic, deriving from the name of a locality. It seems likely that this reflects the fact that, for the Gaeil, whom you were related to was much more important than where you came from.

Although the immediate reason for the early adoption of hereditary surnames in Ireland may have been a rapidly expanding population, it can also be seen as the logical outcome of a process at work from the times of the earliest clan names. Originally, these indicated identification with a common god, often connected with an animal valued by the clan, as in the case of the Osráí, or 'deer-people', for example. Next came identification with a divine ancestor, the Bóinnri, for instance, claiming descent from the goddess Bóinn, the divinised river Boyne. Later the ancestor was merely legendary, as for the *Eoghanacht*, while later still the clan claimed direct descent from a historical ancestor, as in the case of the Uí Néill. This slow emergence of kin-relationships out of religion and myth into the realm of history would seem to reach its logical conclusion with the adoption of hereditary surnames, permanent proof of verifiable ties of blood. On a more mundane level, of course, such proof was a valuable political asset, since it demonstrated membership of a powerful kin-group. Even today, the fact that all Gaelic names, with few exceptions, begin with O or Mac is undeniable and continuing proof of the significance of family and kin for the Irish. One has indeed only to look at the social structure within the Tuatha (plural form) to realise the great importance placed on genealogy as the important process for recording history.

Although it began early, the process of creating surnames was slow, and continued for over six hundred years. As the population grew and new families were formed, they sought to consolidate their identity by adopting hereditary surnames of their own, usually by simply adding Mac to the first name of the founding ancestor. In the course of this process, then, many surnames were created which are in fact offshoots of more common names. Thus, for example, the MacMahons and the McConisines are descended from the O'Brien family, the former from Mahon O'Brien, who died in 1129, the latter from Constantine O'Brien, who died in 1193. The continuing division

and sub-division of the most powerful Gaelic families like this is almost certainly the reason for the great proliferation of Gaelic surnames.

The Penal laws that were enforced by the colonists in the second half of the 17th century and throughout the 18th century attempted to completely subjugate the Gaelic way of life. It is about this time, then, that many Gaelic names changed to their Anglo equivalent or translation. This caused confusion as many of the names were misinterpreted or misspelled. The name *McEaney* for example has a number of variants including *McAneny* and *Bird* (the Irish word for 'bird' is 'ean'). *Mac an Thomáis* was converted to *Holmes*, *Mac Giolla Íosa* to *MacAleese*, and *Ó Colmáin* to *Coleman* or *Colman*, etc. The conversion of names beginning with *Mac* and *Mc* was even more difficult because the removal of the *M* sound from the name often completely changed the sound of the name.

The revival of Gaelic consciousness in the later eighteen hundreds saw many Irish families reassume the *O* or *Mac*, *Mc*, or other Irish forms of their names although this was reduced in a number of cases depending on the sound of the name. What a pity it wasn't more widespread but there were many inhibiting factors including large scale emigration. *Kelly* and *Coleman* are still much more prevalent than *O'Kelly* and *O'Coleman*, *Murphy* more prevalent than *O'Murphy*, etc.

The name *Fitz* appears to be an adoption of a French word *fil*s which means son. So a *FitzAllen* was again a son of *Allen*.

There are many different origins for Irish names today but the vast majority can be broken down into three categories: Gaelic Irish (vast majority), Cambro-Norman, and finally Anglo-Irish.

Chapter Eight

The Derivation of the Surname *Coleman*

Genealogy at the Irish Times.

"In Ireland the name is almost always of native Irish origin and comes from the personal name **Colmán** (Kole-mawn)¹, a version of the Latin *Columba*, meaning 'dove'.

Its popularity as a personal name was due to the two sixth century Irish missionary saints of the name, in particular St. Columbán (Columbanus), who founded monasteries in many places throughout central Europe and whose name is the source of many similar European surnames: *Kolman* (Czech), *Kalman* (Hungarian), *Columbano* (Italian).

Irish Genealogy on www.goireland.com

"*Coleman* in Ireland almost always denotes a Gaelic origin. The sept of Ó Colmáin, a branch of the Úi Fiachrach, was located in the Barony of Tireach (sic), Co. Sligo, and representatives of it are still living in north Connacht(sic). Colemans, however, are more numerous in Co. Cork. These are a sept called Ó Clúmháin² in Irish which, like the foregoing, originated in Co. Sligo. The branch of it which migrated to Munster became numerically strong. Indeed they are even more numerous than would appear from the statistics at first sight, because Ó Clúmháin has also been anglicized Clifford and there are many Cliffords in Kerry and Cork.

Coleman family History Report - Mayo Family History Centre, Balinrobe.

The surname Coleman, as it occurs in Ireland, is borne by a number of families of different origins. The great majority of Colemans in Ireland today derive their descent from two old Irish families who adopted "Coleman" as the anglicised form of their surname. Both of these families have their origins in present-day County Sligo.

Ó Colmáin.

This surname means "descendant of Colmán." The personal name Colmán, a diminutive of Colm, meaning "dove", was very popular in ancient Ireland and was borne by over one hundred Irish saints³! While it is possible that a number of these Colmáins gave rise to different Ó Colmáin families, the only recorded family of the surname were a branch of the Úi Fiachrach, a tribal group who held sway in Connacht over the present counties Mayo and Sligo until the arrival of Anglo-Norman families here in the early thirteenth century. This Ó Colmáin sept had their ancient headquarters in the townland of Grangemore, parish of Templeboy, Barony of Tireragh, County Sligo⁴.

Ó Clúmháin (pronounced 'o-cloo-waun', emphasis on the 'cloo').

¹ á as aw in 'dawn'

² ú as oo in 'moon'

³ Woulfe, Rev. Patrick, *Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall - Irish Names and Surnames*, Dublin 1923. P. 176

⁴ Woulfe, Rev. Patrick, *Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall - Irish Names and Surnames*, Dublin 1923. P. 473
MacLysagh, Edward, *Irish Families, their Names, Arms and Origins*, Dublin 1991, p57

This surname means "descendant of Clúmán", where Clúmán (pronounced 'cloo-maun') is a personal name derived from clúmách, meaning "hairy"⁵. This was a literary and bardic family in County Sligo. They were hereditary poets and chroniclers to the O'Haras, one of the most powerful families in old Sligo. Some of the families migrated to south Leinster and West Munster where they anglicised their surname as Coleman and Clifford.

Comment

I ascribe the differences in pronunciation and spelling between **Ó Colmáin** and **Ó Clúmháin** to the ongoing vowel and consonant shifts occurring in language, and to conclude that both names have the same source **Columhan** (Kole-u-waun). Add to this the fact that spelling wasn't given any regularity or uniformity until well after the introduction of printing in the fifteenth century⁶ - in fact, the Irish were denied access to printing - and even in the English language spelling could hardly be said to be fixed until the development of lexicography and the subsequent publication of dictionaries in the eighteenth century⁷. If it was not my aim here to be descriptive rather than to become involved in theories, I would pursue it further. However, these consonant and vowel shifts which were far more significant in olden times are explained in detail in such sciences of the language as etymology, philology and phonology.

⁵Woulfe, Rev. Patrick, *Sloinne Gaedheal is Gall - Irish Names and Surnames*, Dublin 1923. P.468

⁶ William Caxton introduced the Printing Press from Germany in 1476

⁷ The publication in 1755 of the two-volume *Dictionary of the English language* by Samuel Johnson

Chapter Nine

The Coleman Lineage

When I visited Ireland in the September of 2002, I spent some time at the Reference Department or Archives of the Thurles Library in County Tipperary studying John O'Hart's *Irish Pedigrees* or the *Origin and Stem of the Irish Nation*. The first edition of this work, which is probably the best known Irish genealogical publication in the world, appeared in 1876 and was followed by several subsequent editions that added greatly to its overall size.

John O'Hart was born in Crossmolina, County Mayo, in 1824. He was both an Irish nationalist and committed Catholic, and both of these factors permeated his work. The principal sources for the information in his book were Gaelic genealogies like those of O'Clery, MacFirbis and O'Farrell. Using the Gaelic annals and especially the Annals of the Four Masters, O'Hart was able to reconstruct many medieval and ancient Irish pedigrees, although it should be noted that he was obviously unaware of the existence of many other equally important Irish vellums. He died in 1902 in Clontarf, County Dublin at the age of 78. The following information is taken from his book which contains over 1000 genealogies and many appendixes of additional information.

ROLL OF THE MONARCHS OF IRELAND since the Milesian Conquest

NAMES Of the one hundred and eighty-four Kings* or Monarchs Of Ireland, from the conquest thereof by the Milesian Nation, Anno Mundi, 3,500, down to Roderick O'Connor, the Monarch of Ireland, A.D. 1186: a period which embraces two thousand eight hundred and eighty-five years. The date opposite each name tells the year in which the Monarch began to reign:-

	Before Christ	
1. H. Heber and Heremon, jointly, began to reign	1699	
A.M. 3,500; or	1698	
2. E. Heremon, alone	1683	
3. E. Muimne.....Three Brothers		
4. E. Luighne		
5. E. Laighean	1680	
6. H. Er..... Four brothers		
7. H. Orba		9
8. H. Feron		
9. H. Fergua	1680	
10. E. Irial Faidh	1670	H
11. E. Eithrial	1650	
12. H. Conmaol	1620	
13. E. Tighearnas	1543	F
14. L. Eochaidh Edghothach	1532	e
15. 1. CearmnaBrothers		r
16. 1. Sobhrach	1492	g
17. H. Eochaidh Faobhar-glas	1472	u
18. E. Fiacha Lamhraein	1448	a
19. H. Eochaidh Mumha	1427	
20. E. Aongus (or Æneas) Ollmucach	1409	
21. H. Eanna Airgthach	1382	
22. E. Rotheacta	1357	
23. 1. Seidnae	1352	
24. 1. Fiacha Fionn-Scothach	1332	
25. H. Munmoin	1327	
26. H. Fualdergoid	1317	
27. I. Ollamh Fodhla, A.M. 3882	1277	
28. 1. Finachta Fionn-sneachta	1257	
29. 1. Slanoll		

*Kings: As the kings descended from Heber, Ir and Heremon (the three sons of Milesius of Spain who left any issue), as well as those descended from their relative Lughaidh, the son of Ithe, were all eligible for the Monarchy, the letter H, E, I or L, is employed in the foregoing Roll of the Monarchs of Ireland, before the name of each Monarch there given, to distinguish his lineal descent. Thus H, E, and I refer to the three brothers Heber, Heremon, and Ir, respectively. H is placed before the names of the Monarchs who were descended from Heber; E before those

descended from Eremon or Heremon: I before those descended from Ir; and L before those descended from Lughaidh.

	Before Christ
30. I. Gead Ollghohach	1240
31. I. Fiacha (3)	1228
32. I. Bergna	1208
33. I. Olioll	1196
34. E. Siorghnath Saoghalach lived 250 years and reigned 150 years	1180
35. H. Rotheacta (2)	1030
36. H. Eiliomb	1023
37. E. Gialleadh	1022
38. H. Art Imleach	1013
39. E. Nuadhas Fiotinfail	1001
40. H. Breas Rioghachta	961
41. L. Eochaidh Apach	952
42. I. Fionn,	951
43. H. Seidnae Innaraidh	929
44. E. Simeon Breac	909
45. H. Duach Fionn	903
46. E. Muireadach Bolgach	893
47. 1-1. Eanna Dearg	892
48. H. Lughaidh Iardhoun	880
49. I. Sior Iamhach	871
50. H. Eochaidh Uarceas	855
51. E. Eochaidh (Brother of No. 53)	843
52. H. Lughaidh Lamhdearg	838
53. E. Conang Beag-eaglach	831
54. H. Art (2)	811
55. E. Fiacha Tolgrach	805
56. H. Olioll Fionn	795
57. H. Eochaidh(7)	784
58. I. Argethamar	777
59. E. Duach Ladhrach	747
60. H. Lughaidh Lagha	737
61. I. Aodh Ruadh,	730
62. I. Dithorba	
63. I. Cimbath.	

These three, Nos. 61, 62, and 63, were grandchildren of Argethamar, No. 58; and they mutually agreed to reign by turns, each of them for seven years. They accordingly ruled until each of them reigned three times seven years; and Aodh Ruadh (No. 61), before it came to his fourth turn to reign, was drowned at Eas Ruadh (Easroe), now Ballyshannon, in county Donegal (eas..Irish, a cataract; Heb. eshed, a pouring of water) ,leaving issue one daughter named Macha Mongrua, who succeeded to the Monarchy.

64. I. Macha Mongrua (that daughter)	667
65. H. Reacht Righ-dearg	653
66. E. Ugaine Mor (Hugony the Great)	633
67. E. Bancadh (survived his elevation to the Monarchy only one day)	593
68. R Laeghaire Lore	593
69. E. Cobthach Caoil-bhreagb	591
70. E. Labhra Longseach	541
71. R Melg Molbthach	522
72. H. Mo,ghcorb	505
73. E. Aeneas Ollamh	498
74. E. Iarn Gleofathach	480
75. H. Feareorb	473
76. E. Coula Caomb	462
77. E. Olioll Casfiacalach	442
78. H. Adhamhair Foltchaion	417
79. E. Eochaidh Atleathan	412
80. E. Fergus Fortamhai	397
81. E. Aeneas Turmeach-Teamreach	384
82. E. Conall Collaimrach	324
83. H. Niadhsedhaman	319
84. E. Eanna Aigneach	312
85. E. Crimthann Cosgrach	292
86. I. Ruadhri Mor	288
87. H. Ionadmaor	218
88. I. Bresal Bodhiobha	209
89. H. Lughaidh Luaighne	198
90. I. Congall Clareineach	183

91.11. Duach Dalladh-Deadha	168
92. I. Fachna Fathach	158
93. E. Eochaidh Feidlioich	142
94. E. Eochaidh Aireamh	130
95. E. Edersceal	115
96. E. Nuadhas Neach	110
97. E. Conaire Mor	109

After the death of Conaire Mor, there was an Interregnum of five years.

98. E. Lughaidh Sriabh n-Dearg	34
99. E. Conchobhair	8
100. E. Crimthann Niadh-Nar,	7

In the seventh year of this Crimthann's reign, our Lord Jesus Christ was born.

Anno Domini

101. - Cairbre Cean -cait* (of the Firbolg race)	9
102. E. Feareadach Fionnfeachtnach	14
103. E. Fiatach Fionn (a quo. 11 Dal Fiatach	36
104. E. Fiacha Fionn-Ola	39
105. 1. Eiliomh MacConrach	56
106. E. Tuathal Teachtmair	76
107. I. Mal MacRochraidhe	106

Coan-cail : This word cean-cait (" cat," gen. " cait : " Irish, a cat ; 'Gr. Vulg! kat-is," "gat-as," and "kat-a"; Lat. , "cat-us;" It. and Span. "gat-o ; " Pr. "chat ." BeL " kat-te "; Russ. " kot-e ; Arm, " kas;" WeL and Cor. " kath ; " and Turk. " ket.i " means cat-headed Anno Domini.

108. E. Felim Rachtmar,	110
109. R Cathair Mor,	119
110. E Conn Ceadcatha	123
111. E. Conaire MacMogha Laine	157
112. E. Art Eanfhear* (ancestor of O'Haro)	165
113. L. Lughaidh Maccon	195
114. E. Fergus Dubh-Dheadach	225
115. E. Cormac Mac Art (or Cormac Ulfada)	226
116. E. Eoctiaidh Gunta	266
117. E. Cairbre Liffechar	267
118. L .Fothadh Airgtheach) Brothers	284
119. L Fothadh Cairpeach)	
120. K Fiacha Srabhteine(ancestor of O'Neill)	285
121. K Colla Uais (ancestor of MacUais)	322
122. F. Muireadach Tireach	326
123. 1. Caolbadh	356
124. E. Eochaidh Muigh Meadhoin	357
125. H. Crimthann (3)	365
126. E. Niall Mor (Nial of the Nine Hostages)	378
127. F. Dathi	405

All the foregoing Monarchs were Pagans; but some authors are of opinion that Nos. 112, 115, and 126 were enlightened by the Holy Spirit in the truths of Christianity. Others are of opinion that the Monarch Laeghaire, son of Niall Mor, and who is No. 128 on this Roll, died a Pagan, although reigning at the time of the advent of St. Patrick, in Ireland.

128. K Laeghaire MacNiall	428
129. E. Olioll Molt, son of Dathi	458
130. F- Lugbaidh; son of Laeghaire	478
131. E. Muirceartach Mor MacEarea, brother of Fergus Mor MacEarca, the Founder of the Milesian Monarchy in Scotland	503
132. E. Tuathal Maolgharbh	527
133. E. Dairmid, son of Fergus Cearrbheoil	538
134. E. Donall (1) 1 Brothers-both died of the Plague	
135. E. Fergus (3) in one day	558
136. E. Eochaidh (13)	
137. E. Boitean (1) Nephew and Uncle, 561	561
138. E. Anmire, 563	563
139. F. Boitean (2) 5	566

Art Eanfhear : It is stated in the "History of the Cemeteries," that this Monarch believed in the Faith, the day before the battle (of Magh Mucroimhe, near Athenry, where he was slain by Lughaidh Maccon, A.D. 195), and predicted the spread of Christianity. It would appear also that he had some presentiment of his death for, he directed that he should not be buried at Brugh on the (river) Boyne, the pagan cemetery of his forefathers, but at a place then called Dumha Dergluachra (the burial mound of the red rushy place), " where Trevait (Trevet, in the county Meath) is at this day," (see Petrie's " Round Towers," page 100).-Irish Names of Places.

Anno Domini

140. E. Aodh (2) 567	567
141. R Aodh Slaine 594	594

Some annalists state that this Aodh Slaine was a brother of Lochan Dilmhain, who, according to the "Book of Armagh," was ancestor of Dillon; but (see the "Dillon" pedigree) Lochan Dilmhain was brother of Colman Rimidh, the next Monarch on this Roll, who reigned jointly with Aodh Slaine, for six years.

142. E. Colman Rimidh.	
143. E. Aodh Uar-iodhnach	600
144. E. Mallcobh	607
145. E. Suimneach Meann	610
146. K Donall (2)	623
147. E. Ceallach	639
148. E. Congall (3)	652
149. E. Diarmid (2) Reigned jointly	656
150. E. Bladhmhac	
151. K Seachnasach,	664
152. E. Ceanfail	669
153. E. Finachta Fleadhach	673
154. R Longseach	693
155. E. Congall (4)	701
156. E. Fergall	708
157. E. Foghartach	718
158. F. Ceneth	719
159. E. Flaithertach	722
160. E. Aodh Olann	729
161. E. Donall (3)	738
162. R Niall Frassach	759
163. E. Doncha (1)	765
164. F- Aodh Ornigh	792
In this Monarch's reign the Danes* invaded Ireland.	

* The Danes: " Ten years with four score and seven hundred was the age of Christ when the pagans went to Ireland." The Vikings (or Danes) having been defeated in Glamorganshire in Wales, invaded Ireland, in the reign of the monarch Aodh Ornigh. In A.D. 798, they ravaged the Isle of Man, and the Hebrides in Scotland ; in 802 they burned "Hi Colum Cille ;" in 807, for the first time in Ireland, they marched inland ; in 812 and 813, they made raids in Connaught and Munster. After thirty years of this predatory warfare had continued, Turgesius, a Norwegian Prince. established himself as sovereign of the Vikings, and made Armagh his head quarters, A.D. 830. Sometimes the Danish Chiefs mustered all their forces and left the island for a brief period, to ravage the shores of England, or Scotland; but, wild, brave, and cruel, they soon returned to inflict new barbarities on the unfortunate Irish. Turgesius appropriated the abbey and churches of the country; and placed an abbot of his own in every monastery. A Danish captain was placed in charge of each village ; and each family was obliged to maintain a soldier of that nation, who made himself master of the house, using and wasting the food, for lack of which the children of the lawful owners were often dying of hunger. All education was strictly forbidden: books and manuscripts were burned and "drowned"; and the poets , historians, and musicians, imprisoned and driven to the woods and mountains. Martial sports were interdicted, from the lowest to the highest rank; even nobles and princes were forbidden to wear.

By A.D. 948, the Danes were converted to Christianity; and at that time possessed many of the sea-coast towns of Ireland-including Dublin, Limerick, Wexford, and Waterford.

165. E. Conchobhair (2)	817
166. E. Niall Caille	831
167. E. Malachi I	844
168. E. Aodh Fionnliath	860
169. E. Flann Sionnach (ancestor of Fox)	876
170. E. Niall Glundubh (aquo O'Neill)	914
171. E. Doncha (2)	917
172. E. Congall	942
173. E. Donall (4)	954
174. E. Malachi II. (ancestor of O'Melaghlín)	978

Malachi the Second was the last absolute Monarch of Ireland. He reigned as Monarch twenty-four years before the accession to the Monarchy of Brian Boroimhe [Boru], and again after Brian's death, which took place A.D. 1014, at the Battle of Clontarf.

175. H. Brian Boroimhe (ancestor of and aquo O'Brien) 1001

Brian Born reigned sixty-six years, twelve of which as Monarch he was eighty-eight years of age when slain at the Battle of Clontarf.

After Brian's death, Malachi II was restored to the Monarchy in 1014. After nine years' reign, Malachi died a penitent at Cro Inis (or the "Cell on the Island"), upon Loch Annin in Westmeath, A.D. 1023 ; being the forty-eighth Christian King of Ireland, and accounted the last absolute Monarch of the Milesian or Scottish (Irish) line: the provincial Kings and Princes always after contesting, fighting, and quarrelling for the sovereignty, until they put all into confusion, and that the King of Leinster brought in King Henry the Second to assist him against his enemies.

Those and such as our histories mention to have assumed the name and title of Monarchs of Ireland, without the general consent of the major part of the Kingdom, are as follows.-

176. H. Doncha (or Donough) 1022

This Doncha was son of Brian Born and was King of Munster till the death of the Monarch Malachi the Second. He then assumed the title of Monarch, till defeated and banished from Ireland by Dermot, son of Donough, called the Maol-na-Mho," King of Leinster, who is accounted by some to succeed Doncha in the Monarchy; yet is assigned no years for his reign but that he contested with the said Doncha until he utterly defeated and banished him, A.D. 1064 : from which time it is likely that Dermot reigned the rest of the fifty-two years assigned for the reign of Doncha, who died at Rome, A.D. 1074.

177. E. Diarmid (3), or Dermot

By the Irish historians this Dermot, son of Doncha or Donough, King of Leinster, is assigned no date for his accession to the Monarchy.

178. H. Tirloch O'Brien 1074

This Tirloch was the son of Teige, eldest son of Brian Born; and was styled Monarch of Ireland from his uncle's death at Rome A.D. 1074.

179. E. Donall MacLoghlin, son of Ardgall, King Aileach, was styled Monarch, and ruled alone for twelve years; began to reign 1086

180. H. Muirceartach O'Brien, King of Munster, was, from 1098 up to his death, A.D. 1119, jointly in the Monarchy with Donall MacLoghlin 1098
Donall reigned alone, after the death of Muirceartach O'Brien, to his own death, A.D. 1121; began to reign alone the second time, and reigned two years. 1119

From Donall's death, A.D. 1121, to A.D. 1136, though many contested, yet, for fifteen years, none assumed the title of Monarch.

181. E. Tirloch Mor O'Connor, King of Connaught for fifty years, and Monarch from A.D 11

182. E. Muircearth MacLoghlin, grandson of Donal (No. 179, above), was styled Monarch from A.D 1156

183. E. Roderick O'Connor,* 1166

184. (E. Brian O'Neill ** No. 113 on the O'Neill" pedigree 1258)

Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, was the last undoubted Monarch of Ireland from his predecessor's death, A.D. 1166, for twenty years, to the year 1186; within which time, by the invitation Of Dermot-na-n-Gall, King of Leinster, the English first invaded Ireland, A.D. 1169. The Monarch Roderick, seeing his subjects flinch and his own sons turn against him, hearkened to and accepted the conditions offered him by King Henry 11, which being ratified on both sides, A.D. 1175, Roderick continued in the government (at least the name of it), until A.D. 1186, when,

weary of the world and its troubles, he forsook it and all its pomp, and retired to a Monastery, where he finished his course religiously, A.D. 1198.

** Brian O'Neill: It is worthy of remark that at A.D. 1258, the **Four Masters** mention that " Hugh, the son of Felim O'Connor, and Teige O'Brien, marched with a great force to Caol Uisge (near Newry), to hold a conference with Brian O'Neill to where the foregoing chiefs, after making peace with each other, granted - the sovereignty over the Irish." And, two years later, at the Battle of Down, this Brian gallantly laid down his life in defence of the Kingdom of Ireland, which he claimed to govern. (See D'Arcy McGeel's History of Ireland, Vol. I., p. 208.) Again, the Four Masters, at A.D. 1260, in giving the names of the killed at the Battle of Drom Deirg, mention Brian O'Neill as " Chief Ruler of Ireland.". In his letter to Pope John XXI, Donal, the son of the said Brian, says he is " Donald O'Neill King of Ulster, and by hereditary right lawful heir to the throne of Ireland." — See Connellan's " Four Masters", p. 722.

Descendants of Milesius

The following is the **Coleman lineage** from Milesius, father of the Irish race, to **Fiachra**, who was the ancestor of the **Uí Fiachrach**. Most Irish can trace their ancestry to the Sons of Milesius. This is taken from Part III, Chapter IV of *Irish Pedigrees*, by John O'Hart, published 1892, pages 351-9, 664-8 and 708-9. The numbers are the generations from Adam, according to O'Hart, which are in turn based on the *Annals of the Four Masters*. Generations I-36 are available in the *Descendants of Adam*.

THE LINE OF HEREMON

Heremon was the seventh son of Milesius of Spain (who is No. 36), but the third of the three sons who was left any issue. From him were descended the Kings, Nobility, and Gentry of the Kingdoms of Connacht, Dalriada, Leinster, Meath, Orgiall, Ossory; of Scotland since the fifth century; and of Ulster since the fourth century.

THE STEM OF THE "LINE OF HEREMON" OR

The Stem of the Irish Nation from Heremon down to (No.124) Eochaidh Muigh Meadhoin, Monarch of Ireland in fourth century, who was the ancestor of **Columhán**, **Colmáin** 6th Century, **O'Colmáin** 11th Century, anglicised **Coleman** 18th Century.

36. Milesius of Spain.
37. Heremon: his son. He and his eldest brother Heber were, jointly, the first. Milesian Monarchs of Ireland; they began to reign, A.M. 3,500, or, Before Christ, 1699. After Heber was slain, B.C. 1698, Heremon reigned singly for fourteen years; during which time a certain colony called by the Irish Cruithneagh, in English "Cruthneans" or Picts, arrived in Ireland and requested Heremon to assign them a part of the country to settle in, which he refused; but, giving them as wives the widows of the Tuatha de-Danans, slain in battle, he sent them with a strong party of his own forces to conquer the country then called "Alba," but now Scotland; conditionally, that they and their posterity should be tributary to the Monarchs of Ireland. Heremon died, B.C. 1683, and was succeeded by three of his four sons, named Muimne, "The House of Hereman," Luigne, and Laighean, who reigned jointly for three years, and were slain by their Heberian successors.
38. Irial Faith (" faidh": Irish, a prophet): his son; was the 10th Monarch of Ireland ; d. B.C. 1670. This was a very learned King; could foretell things to come; and caused much of the country to be cleared of the ancient forests. He likewise built seven royal palaces, viz., Rath Ciombaoith, Rath Coincheada, Rath Mothuig, Rath Buirioch, Rath Luachat, Rath Croicne, and Rath Boachoill. He won four remarkable battles over his enemies: - Ard Inmath, at Teabtha, where Stirne, the son of Dubh, son of Fomhar, was slain; the second battle was at Teanmhuighe, against the Fomhoroice, where Eichtghe, their leader, was slain; the third was the battle of Loch Muighe, where Lugrot, the son of Moghfeibhis, was slain and the fourth was the battle of Cuill Martho, where the four sons of Heber were defeated. Irial died in the second year after this battle, having reigned 10 years, and was buried at Magh Muagh.
39. Eithrial: his son; was the 11th Monarch; reigned 20 years, and was slain by Conmaol, the son of Heber Fionn, at the battle of Soirrean, in Leinster, B.C. 1650. This also was a learned King. He wrote with his own hand the History of the Gaels (or Gadeliens); in his reign seven large woods were cleared, and much advance made in the practice of agriculture.
40. Foil-Aich: his son ; was kept out of the Monarchy by Conmaol, the slayer of his father, who usurped his place.
41. Tigernmas : his son; was the 13th Monarch, and reigned 77 years; according to Keating, he reigned but 50 years; he fought twenty-seven battles with the followers of the family of Heber Fionn, all which he gained. In his reign gold was mined near the Liffey, and skilfully worked by Inchadhan. This King also made a law that each grade of society should be known by the number of colours in its wearing apparel: - the clothes of a slave should be of one colour; those of a soldier of two; the dress of a commanding officer to be of three colours; a gentleman's dress, who kept a table for the free entertainment of strangers, to be of four colours ; five colours to be allowed to the nobility (the chiefs); and the King, Queen, and Royal Family, as well as the Druids, historians, and other learned men to wear six colours. This King died, B.C. 1513, on the Eve of 1st of November, with two-thirds of the pie of Ireland, at Magh Sleaght (or Field of Adoration), in the county of Leitrim, as he was adoring the Sun-God, Crom Cruach

- (a quo Macrom).
- Historians say this Monarch was the first who introduced image worship in Ireland.
42. Enboath: his son; It was in this prince's lifetime that the Kingdom was divided in two parts by a line drawn from Drogheda to Limerick.
 43. Smiomghail: his son; in his lifetime the Picts in Scotland were forced to abide by their oath, and pay homage to the Irish Monarch; seven large woods were also cut down.
 44. Fiacha Labhrainn: his son; was the 18th Monarch; reigned 24 years; slew Eochaidh Faobharglas, of the line of Heber, at the battle of Carman. During his reign all the inhabitants of Scotland were brought in subjection to the Irish Monarchy, and the conquest was secured by his son the 20th Monarch. Fiacha at length (B.C. 1448) fell in the battle of Bealgadain, by the hands of Eochaidh Mumho, the son of Moefeibhis, of the race of Heber Fionn.
 45. Aongus Olmucach: his son; was the 20th Monarch ; in his reign, the Picts again refused to pay the tribute imposed on them 250 years before, by Heremon, but this Monarch went with a strong army into Alba and in thirty pitched battles overcame them and forced them to pay the required tribute. Aongus was at length slain by Eana, in the battle of Carman, B.C. 1409.
 46. Main: his son; was kept out of the Monarchy by Eadna, of the line of Heber Fionn. In his time silve shields were given as rewards for bravery to the Irish militia.
 47. Rotheachtach: his son; was the 22nd Monarch; slain, B.C. 1357, by Sedne (or Seadhna), of the line of Ir.
 48. Dein: his son; was kept out of the Monarchy by his father's slayer, and his son. In his time gentlemen and noblemen first wore gold chains round their necks, as a sign of their birth ; and golden helmets were given to brave soldiers.
 49. Siorna "Saoghalach" (longaevus): his son; was the 34th Monarch; he obtained the name "Saoghalach" on account of his extraordinary long life; slain, B.C. 1030, at Aillin, by Rotheachta, of the Line of Heber Fionn, who usurped the Monarchy, thereby excluding from the thron.
 50. Olioll Aoicheoin: son of Siorna Saoghalach/
 51. Gialchadh : his son ; was the 37th Monarch; killed by Art Imleach, of the Line of Heber Fionn, at Moighe Muadh, B.C. 1013.
 52. Nuadbais Fionnfail : his son; was the 39th Monarch; slain by Breasrioghacta, his successor, B.C. 961.
 53. Aedan Glas: his son. In his time the coast was infested with pirates ; and there occurred a dreadful plague (Aphthach) which swept away most of the inhabitants.
 54. Simeon Breac: his son; was the 44th Monarch; he inhumanly caused his predecessor to be torn asunder; but, after a reign of six years, he met with a like death, by order of Duach Fionn, son to the murdered King, B.C. 903.
 55. Muredach Bolgach: his son; was the 46th Monarch; killed by Eadhua Dearg, B.C. 892-, he had two sons - Duach Teamhrach, and Fiacha.
 56. Flacha Tolgrach : son of Muredach; was the 55th Monarch. His brother Duach had two sons, Eochaidh Framhuine and Conang Beag-eaglach, who were the 51st and 53rd Monarchs of Ireland. Fiacha's life was ended by the sword of Olioll Fionn, of the Line of Heber Fionn, B.C. 795.
 57. Duach Ladbrach: his son; was the 59th Monarch ; killed by Lughaidh Laighe, son of Olioll Fionn, B.C. 737.
 58. Eochaidh Buadhach: his son; was kept out of the Monarchy by his father's slayer. In his time the kingdom was twice visited with a plague.
 59. Ugaine-Mór: his son. This Ugaine, (or Hugony) the Great was the 66th Monarch of Ireland. Was called Mór on account of his extensive dominions, - being sovereign of all the Islands of Western Europe. Was married to Caesair, dau. to the King of France, and by her had issue-twenty-two sons and three daughters. In order to prevent these children encroaching on each other he divided the Kingdom into twenty-five portions, allotting to each his (or her) distinct inheritance. By means of this division the taxes of the country were collected during the succeeding 300 years. All the sons died without issue except two, viz: - laeghaire Lorc, ancestor of all the Leinster Heremonians; and Cobthach Caoibhreagh, from whom the Heremonians of Leath Cuinn, viz., Meath, Ulster, and Conacht derive their pedigree. Ugaine was at length, B.C. 593, slain by Badhbhchadh, who failed to secure the fruits of his murder - the Irish Throne, as he was executed by order of Laeghaire Lorc, the murdered Monarch's son, who became the 68th Monarch.
 60. Colethach Caol-bhreagh: son of Ugaine Mór; was the 69th Monarch ; it is said, that, to secure the Throne, he assassinated his brother Laeghaire; after a long reign he was at length slain by Maion, his nephew, B.C. 541.
 61. Melg Moibhthach: his son; was the 71st Monarch; was slain by Modhchorb, son of Cobhthach Caomh, of the Line of Heber Fionn, B. C. 541.
 62. Iaran Gleofathach : his son was the 74th Monarch ; was a King of great justice and wisdom very well teamed and possessed of many accomplishments; slain by Fearchorb, son of Modh-Chorb B.C. 473.
 63. Conia Caomh: his son; was the 76th Monarch of Ireland; died a natural death, B.C. 412.
 64. Olioll Cas-fiachlach : his son; was the 77th Monarch; slain by his successor, Adhamhar Foitchaion, B.C. 417.
 65. Eochaidh Alt-Leathan: his son; was the 79th Monarch; slain by Feargas Fortamhail, his successor, B.C. 395.
 66. Aongus (or Æneas) Tuirneach-Teamrach: his son; was the 81st Monarch; his son, Fiacha Firmara (so called from being exposed in a small boat on the sea) was ancestor of the Kings of Dairiada, and Argyle in Scotland. This Aongus was slain at Tara (Teamhrach), B.C. 324.
 67. Enna Aigneach: the legitimate son of Aongus; was the 84th Monarch; was of a very bountiful disposition,

- and exceedingly munificent in his donations. This King lost his life by the hands of Criomthan Cosgrach, B.C. 292.
68. Assaman Eamhna: his son; was excluded from the Throne by his father's murderer.
 69. Roighen Ruadh: his son ; in his time most of the cattle in Ireland died of murrain.
 70. Fionnlogh: his son.
 71. Flonn: his son; m. Benia, dau. of Criomthan; had two sons.
 72. Eochaidh Feidhlioch: his son; was the 93rd Monarch; m. Clothfionn, dau. of Eochaidh Uchtleathan, who was a very virtuous lady. By him she had three children at a birth - Breas, Nar, and Lothar (the Fineamhis), who were slain at the battle of Dromchriadh ; after their death, a melancholy settled on the Monarch, hence his name "Feidhlioch." This Monarch caused the division of the Kingdom by Ugaine Mór into twenty-five parts, to cease; and ordered that the ancient Firvolgian division into Provinces should be resumed, viz., Two Munsters, Leinster, Conacht and Ulster. He also divided the government of these Provinces amongst his favourite courtiers: - Conacht he divided into three parts between Fiodhach, Echaigh Allat, and Tinne, son of Conragh, son of Ruadh Mór, No 62 on the "Line of Ir;" Ulster (Uladh) he gave to Feargus, the son of Leighe; Leinster he gave to Res, the son of Feargus Fairge ; and the two Munsters he gave to Tighernach Teadhbheamach and Deagbadah. After this division of the Kingdom, Eochaidh proceeded to erect a Royal Palace in Conacht; this he built on Tinne's government in a place called Druin-na-n Druagh, now Craughan (from Craughan Crodhearg, Maedhbh's mother, to whom she gave the palace), but previously, Rath Eochaidh. About the same time he bestowed his daughter the Princess Maedhbh on Tinne, whom he constituted King of Conacht ; Maedhbh being hereditary Queen of that Province. After many years reign Tinne was slain by Maceacht (or Monaíre) at Tara. After ten years' undivided reign, Queen Maedhbh married Oilioll Mór, son of Ros Ruadh, of Leinster, to whom she bore the seven Maine; Oilioll Mór was at length slain by Connall Cearnach, who was soon after killed by the people of Conacht. Maedhbh was at length slain by Ferbhuidhe, the son of Conor MacNeasa (Neasa was his mother); but in reality this Conor was the son of Fachtna Fathach, son of Cas, son of Ruadhri Mór, of the Line of Ir. This Monarch, Eochaidh, died at Tara, B.C. 130.
 73. Bress Nar-Lothar- his son. In his time the Irish first dug graves beneath the surface to bury their dead; previously they laid the body on the surface and heaped stones over it. He had also been named Fineamhnas.
 74. Lughaidh Sriabh-n Dearg: his son; was the 98th Monarch ; he entered into an alliance with the King of Denmark, whose daughter, Dearborguill, he obtained as his wife ; he killed himself by failing on his sword. in the eighth year Before CHRIST.
 75. Crimthann-Niadh-Nar: his son ; who was the 100th 'Monarch of Ireland, and styled "The Heroic." It was in this Monarch's reign that our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST was born. Crimthann's death was occasioned by a fall from his horse, B.C. 9. Was married to Nar-Tath-Chaoch, dau. of Laoch, son of Daire, who lived in the land of the Picts (Scotland).
 76. Feredach Fionn-Feachtach : his son; was the 102nd Monarch. The epithet "feachtach" was applied to this Monarch because of his truth and sincerity. In his reign lived Moran, the son of Maoín, a celebrated Brehon, or Chief Justice of the Kingdom; it is said that he was the first who wore the wonderful collar called lodhain Morain; this collar possessed a wonderful property: -if the judge who wore it attempted to pass a false judgment it would immediately contract, so as nearly to stop his breathing; but if he reversed such false sentence the collar would at once enlarge itself, and hang loose around his neck. This collar was also caused to be worn by those who acted as witnesses, so as to test the accuracy of their evidence. This Monarch, Feredach, died a natural death at the regal city at Tara, A.D. 36.
 77. Fiacha Fionn Ola: his son; was the 104th Monarch; reigned 17 years, and was (A.D. 56) slain by Eiliomh MacConrach, of the Race of Ir, who succeeded him on the throne. This Fiacha was married to Eithne, daughter of the King of Alba; whither, being near her confinement at the death of her husband, she went, and was there delivered of a son, who was named Tuathal.
 78. Tuathal Teachtmair: that son; was the 106th Monarch of Ireland. When Tuathal came of age, he got together his friends, and, with what aid his grandfather the king of Alba gave him, came into Ireland and fought and overcame his enemies in twenty-five battles in Ulster, twenty-five in Leinster, as many in Connaught, and thirty-five in Munster. And having thus restored the true royal blood and heirs to their respective provincial kingdoms, he thought fit to take, as he accordingly did with their consent, from each of the four divisions or provinces of Munster, Leinster, Connaught, and Ulster, a considerable tract of ground which was the next adjoining to Uisneach (where Tuathal had a palace): one east, another west, a third south, and a fourth on the north of it; and appointed all four (tracts of ground so taken from the four provinces) under the name of Midhe or "Meath" to belong for ever after to the Monarch's own peculiar demesne for the maintenance of his table; on each of which several portions he built a royal palace for himself and his heirs and successors; for every of which portions the Monarch ordained a certain chiefry or tribute to be yearly paid to the provincial Kings from whose provinces the said portions were taken, which may be seen at large in the Chronicles. It was this Monarch that imposed the great and insupportable fine (or "Eric") of 6,000 cows or beeves, as many fat muttons, (as many) bogs, 6,000 mantles, 6,000 ounces (or 'Uinge') of silver, and 12,000 (others have it 6,000) cauldrons or pots of brass, to be paid every second year by the province of Leinster to the Monarchs of Ireland for ever, for the death of his only two daughters Fithir and Darina. This tribute was punctually taken and exacted, sometimes by fire and sword, during the reigns of forty Monarchs of Ireland upwards of six hundred years, until at last remitted by Finachta Fleadhach, the 153rd Monarch of Ireland, and the 26th Christian Monarch, at the request and earnest solicitation of St. Moling. At the end of thirty years' reign, the Monarch Tuathal was slain by his successor Mal, A.D. 106 This Monarch erected Royal Palace at Tailtean ; around the grave of Queen Tailte he caused the Fairs to be resumed on La Lughnasa (Lewy's Day), to which were brought all of the youth of both sexes of a suitable age to be married, at which Fair the marriage articles were agreed upon, and the ceremony performed. Tuathal married Baine, the dau. of Sgaile Baibh, King of England.

- Fedhlimidh (Felim) Rachtmar: his son; was so called as being a maker of excellent wholesome laws among which he established with all firmness that of "Retaliation;" kept to it inviolably; and by that means preserved the people in peace, quiet, plenty, and security during his time. This Felim was the 108th Monarch; reigned nine years; and, after all his pomp and greatness, died of thirst, A.D. 119. He married Ughna, dau. of the King of Denmark.
80. Conn Ceadeathach (or Conn of the Hundred Battles); his son; This Conn was so called from hundreds of battles by him fought and won: viz., sixty battles against Cahir M6r, King of Leinster and the 109th Monarch of Ireland, whom he slew and succeeded in the Monarchy; one hundred battles against the Ulsterians; and one hundred more in Munster against Owen M6r (or Mogha Nua-Dhad), their King, who, notwithstanding, forced the said Conn to an equal division of the Kingdom with him. He had two brothers - 1. Eochaidh Fionn-Fohart, 2. Fiacha Suidhe, who, to make way for themselves, murdered two of their brother's sons named Conla Ruadh and Crionna; but they were by the third son Art Eanfhear banished, first into Leinster, and then into Munster, where they lived near Cashel. They were seated at Deici Teamhrach (now the barony of Desee in Meath), whence they were expelled by the Monarch Cormac Ulfhada, son of Art; and, after various wanderings, they went to Munster where Oilioll Olum, who was married to Sadhbh, daughter of Conn of the Hundred Battles, gave them a large district of the present county of Waterford, a part of which is still called Na-Deiseacha, or the baronies of Desies. They were also given the country comprised in the present baronies of Clonmel, Upper-Third, and Middle-Third, in the Co. Tipperary, which they held till the Anglo-Norman Invasion. From Eochaidh Fionn-Fohart descended O'Nowlan or Nolan of Fowerty (or Foharta), in Lease (or Leix), and Saint Bridget; and from Fiacha Suidhe are O'Dolan, O'Brick of Dunbrick, and O'Faelan of Dun Faelan, near Cashel. Conn of the Hundred Battles had also three daughters: 1. Sadhbh, who m. first, MacNiadh, after whose death she m. Oilioll Olum, King of Munster. (See No. 84 on the "Line of Heber"); 2. Maoin; and 3. Sarah (or Sarad), m. to Conan MacMogha Laine. - (See No. 81 infra). Conn reigned 35 years; but was at length barbarously slain by Tiobraidhe Tireach, son of Mal, son of Rochruidhe, King of Ulster. This murder was committed in Tara, A.D. 157, when Conn chanced to be alone and unattended by his guards; the assassins were fifty ruffians, disguised as women, whom the King of Ulster employed for the purpose.
81. Art Eanfhear ("art:" Irish, a bear, a stone, noble, great, generous, hardness, cruelty. "Ean:" Irish, one, "fhear," "ar," the man; Gr. "Ar," The Man, or God of War): son of Conn of the Hundred Fights; a quo O'h-Airt, anglicised O'Hart. This Art, who was the 112 Monarch of Ireland, had three sisters - one of whom Sarad was the wife of Conaire Mac Mogha Laine, the 111 Monarch, by whom she had three sons called the "Three Cairbres," viz.- 1. Cairbre (alias Eochaidh) Riada - a quo "Dalriada," in Ireland, and in Scotland; 2. Cairbre Bascaon; 3. Cairbre Musc, who was the ancestor of O'Falvey, lords of Corcaguiney, etc. Sabina (or Sadhbh), another sister, was the wife of MacNiadh (nia), half King of Munster (of the Sept of Lughaidh, son of Ithe), by whom she had a son named Maccon; and by her second husband Oilioll Olum she had nine sons, seven whereof were slain by their half brother Maccon, in the famous battle of Magh Mucroimhe [muccrove], in the county of Galway, where also the Monarch Art himself fell, siding with his brother-in-law Oilioll Olum against the said Maccon, after a reign of thirty years, A.D. 195. This Art was married to Maedhbh, Leathdearg, the dau. of Conann Cualann; from this Queen, Rath Maedhbhe, near Tara, obtained its name.
82. Cormac Ulfhada: son of Art Eanfhear; m. Eithne, dau. of Dunlang, King of Leinster; had three elder brothers- 1. Artghen, 2. Boindia, 3. Bonnrich. He had also six sons- 1. Cairbre Lifeachar, 2. Muireadach, 3. Moghruith, 4. Ceallach, 5. Daire, 6. Aongus Fionn; Nos. 4 and 5 left no issue. King Cormac Mac Art was the 115th Monarch of Ireland; and was called "Ulfhada," because of his long beard. He was the wisest, most learned, and best of any of the Milesian race before him that ruled the Kingdom. He ordained several good laws; wrote several learned treatises, among which his treatise on "Kingly Government," directed to his son Carbry Lifeachar, is extant and extraordinary. he was very magnificent in his housekeeping and attendants, having always one thousand one hundred and fifty persons in his daily retinue constantly attending at his Great Hall at Tara; which was three hundred feet long, thirty cubits high, and fifty cubits broad, with fourteen doors in it. His daily service of plate, flagons, drinking cups of gold, silver, and precious stone, at his table, ordinarily consisted of one hundred and fifty pieces, besides dishes, etc., which were all pure silver or gold. He ordained that ten choice persons should constantly attend him and his successors- Monarchs of Ireland, and never to be absent from him, viz.- 1. A nobleman to be his companion; 2. A judge to deliver and explain the laws of the country in the King's presence upon all occasions; 3. An antiquary or historiographer to declare and preserve the genealogies, acts, and occurrences of the nobility and gentry from time to time as occasion required; 4. A Druid or Magician to offer sacrifice, and presage good or bad omens, as his learning, skill, or knowledge would enable him; 5. A poet to praise or dispraise every one according to his good or bad actions; 6. A physician to administer physic to the king and queen, and to the rest of the (royal) family; 7. A musician to compose music, and sing pleasant sonnets in the King's presence when thereunto disposed; and 8, 9, and 10, three Stewards to govern the King's House in all things appertaining thereunto. This custom was observed by all the succeeding Monarchs down to Brian Boromha [Boru], the 175th Monarch of Ireland, and the 60th down from Cormac, without any alteration only that since they received the Christian Faith they changed the Druid or Magician for a Prelate of the Church. What is besides delivered from antiquity of this great monarch is, that (which among the truly wise is more valuable than any worldly magnificence or secular glory whatsoever) he was to all mankind very just, and so upright in his actions, judgments, and laws, that God revealed unto him the light of His Faith seven years before his death; and from thenceforward he refused his Druids to worship their idol-gods, and openly professed he would no more worship any but the true God of the Universe, the Immortal and Invisible King of Ages. Whereupon the Druids sought his destruction, which they soon after effected (God permitting it) by their adjurations and ministry of damned spirits choking him as he sat at dinner eating of salmon, some say by a bone of the fish sticking in his throat, A.D. 266, after he had reigned forty years. Of the six sons of Cormac Mac Art, no issue is recorded from any [of them], but from Cairbre-Lifeachar: he had also ten daughters, but there is no account of any of them only two- namely, Grace (or Grania and Ailbh [alve], who were both successively the wives of the great champion and general of the Irish Militia, Fionn, the son of

- Cabhall [Coole]. The mother of Cormac MacArt was Eachtach, the dau. of Ulcheatagh. Cormac was married to Eithne Oilamhdha, dau. of Duniang, son of Eana Niadh; she was fostered by Buiciodh Brughach, in Leinster.
83. Caibre-Lifeachar, 117th Monarch of Ireland; son of King Cormac Mac Art: was so called from his having been nursed by the side of the Liffey, the river on which Dublin is built. His mother was Eithne, daughter of Dunlong, King of Leinster. He had three sons- 1. Eochaidh Dubhlen., 2. Eocho; and 3. Fiacha Srabhteine, who was the 120th Monarch of Ireland, and the ancestor of O'Neill, Princes of Tyrone. Fiacha Srabhteine was so called, from his having been fostered at Dunsrabhteine, in Connaught, of which province he was King, before his elevation to the Monarchy. After seventeen years' reign, the Monarch Cairbre Lifeachar was slain at the battle of Gabhra [Gaura], A.D. 284, by Simeon, the son of Ceirb, who came from the south of Leinster to this battle, fought by the Militia of Ireland, who were called the Fiana Erionn (or Fenians), and arising from a quarrel which happened between them; in which the Monarch, taking part with one side against the other, lost his life.
 84. Fiacha Srabhteine. King of Conacht, and the 120th Monarch of Ireland: son of Cairbre-Lifeachar; married Aoife, dau. of the King of Gall Gaothail. This Fiacha, after 37 years reign, was, in the battle of Dubhcomar, A.D. 322, slain by his nephews, the Three Collas, to make room for Colla Uais, who seized on, and kept, the Monarchy for four years. From those three Collas the "Clan Colla" were so called.
 85. Muireadach Tireach: son of Fiacha Srabhteine; m. Muirion, dau. of Fiachadh, King of Ulster; and having, in A.D. 326, fought and defeated Colla Uais, and banished him and his two brothers into Scotland, regained his father's Throne, which he kept as the 122nd Monarch for 30 years.
 86. Eochaidh Muigh Meadhoin [Moyvone]: his son; was the 124th Monarch; and in the 8th year of reign died a natural death at Tara, A.D. 365; leaving issue four sons, viz., by his first wife Mong Fionn:- 1. Brian; 11. Fiachra; III. Olioll; IV. Fergus. And, by his second wife, Carthan Cais Dubh (or Cadona), daughter of the Celtic King of Britain,- V. Niall Mór, commonly called "Niall of the Nine Hostages." Mong Fionn was dau. of Fiodhach, and sister of Crimthann, King of Munster, of the Heberian Sept, and successor of Eochaidh in the Monarchy. This Crimthann was poisoned by his sister Mong Fionn, in hopes that Brian, her oldest son by Eochaidh, would succeed in the Monarchy. To avoid suspicion she herself drank of the same poisoned cup which she presented to her brother; but, notwithstanding that she lost her life by so doing, yet her expectations were not realised, for the said Brian and her other three sons by the said Eochaidh were laid aside (whether out of horror of the mother's inhumanity in poisoning her brother, or otherwise, is not known), and the youngest son of Eochaidh, by Carthan Cais Dubh, was preferred to the Monarchy. 1. Brian, from him were descended the Kings, nobility and gentry of Conacht - Tirloch Mór O'Connor, the 121st, and Roderic O'Connor, the 183rd Monarch of Ireland. 11. Fiachra's descendants gave their name to Tir-Fiachra ("Tireragh"), co. Sligo, and possessed also parts of Co. Mayo. III. Olioll's descendants settled in Sligo- in Tir Oliolla (or Tirerill). This Fiachra had five sons:- 1. Earc Cuilbhuidhe; 2. Breasal; 3. Conaire; 4. Feredach (or Dathi); and 5. Amhailgaidh.

Fiachra to Columhán (Colmáin)

The line of Fiachra from Irish Pedigrees by O'Hart, Volume 1, page 754.

87. Fiachra Folt-leathan ("folt:" Irish, "...vein; "leathan" broad) the second son of Eochaidh Muigh Meadhoin, the 124 Monarch of Ireland; a quo were called the territories in Connaught known as Tir Fiachra or "Fiachra's Country" now the barony of Tireragh in County Sligo and a quo O'Fuitleathan, anglicised Fulton. This Fiachra had two sons -1. Amhailgadh, and 2. Dathi: the former was the second Christian King of Connaught, who died without issue; it was after him that the territory of Tir Amhailgaidh, now the barony of Trawley, in the County Mayo, was so called.
88. Dathi: second son of Fiachra Folt-leathan', was the 127th Monarch. This Dathi (in imitation of the heroic actions of his uncle, the Monarch Niall of the Nine Hostages, and in prosecution of the conquest of France undertaken by the said uncle, but prevented by his death,) went with a great army into France; and, marching over the Alps, was there killed by a thunderbolt, which put an end to his conquest and life together, A.D. 428.
89. Eocha Breac: his son. This Eocha had three brothers -1. Olioll Molt, the 129th Monarch of Ireland, who leaving no issue was slain in the battle of Ocha, A.D. 478; and 2. Fiachra Ealg, who was the ancestor of O'Dowd; 3. Amhailgadh, who was the ancestor of Forbes and MacFirbis90. Eogban (or Owen): son of Eocha Breac. This Owen had a daughter named St. Faoileann, whose feast is on the 13th Sept.
91. Conall: his son; had a brother named Conn Berneach, who was the ancestor of Moghan.
92. Gobhneann: his son.
93. Cobthach: his son.
94. **Columhán** ("columban:" Irish, a prop, Lat. "columna; 'Welsh, "colovn;" Span. "coluna..." Gr. "kolona"): his son; was the 10th Christian King of Connaught, and the ancestor of Colmáin (Coleman) of that province. Had a brother Aodh who was the ancestor of Cahill of Connaught

Chapter Ten

The Political and Social Structure of Ancient Ireland

We begin by looking at the political and social structure of Celtic Ireland when our ancestor, **Eochaidh Muigh Meadhoin** (OH-he Muee -Moyvone), became Ard-Rí, the 124th Monarch of Ireland, in 357 AD.

In the early years of Celtic Ireland, great war-lords dominated the land with their chariots and hill forts. Such heroic ages as they are known do not last long but they are remembered and indeed recorded at the time in the earliest of Old Irish sagas by men who united native and Latin learning. Ireland had settled down to become an agricultural country, divided into a number of small kingdoms or tuatha (TOO-ha), with the number gradually increasing to about one hundred and fifty by the turn of the seventh century AD, and each ruled by a king or rí (REE). A number of these rulers were also over-kings, receiving tribute from neighbouring kings. There were also kings of provinces, and a high king, or ard-rí of all Ireland. The two pivotal institutions of the time were the *fine* (FEEN-eh) or joint-family which was the social unit, and the *tuath* (TOO-eh) or petty kingdom- the political unit. The *fine* included all relations in the male line of descent for five generations and in it was vested the ultimate ownership of family land, *fintiu* (FEEN-chew).

Initially Ireland was divided into the so-called 'five fifths of Ireland'. These corresponded to the present provinces of Ulster, Connacht, Munster and Leinster, except that north Leinster formed the Middle Kingdoms or the ancient Irish territories of Mide (Mee-de) and Brega or Breagh (Breh), which roughly equate to the modern counties of Meath and Westmeath. The plain north of the Liffey River was referred to anciently as Brega, and it held one of the great ritual and royal sites in ancient Ireland, that of Tara (Teamhair). Later, however, two additional units were formed on the borders of Ulster by the defeat of the *Ulaid* (dynasty) who were driven east of the Bann by *Connachta* (dynasty). These were Aileach and Airgialla.

There was no system of primogeniture. Land was shared equally between brothers but the head of the senior line of descendants was the *cenn fine* (CAN), who represented the family. Moreover, the *fine* was responsible for the transgressions of its members. If, for example, one of its members was slain, it was its duty to exact blood vengeance. More often than not a payment of blood-money was accepted from the slayer or his *fine* whose responsibility it was ultimately to ensure this payment known as the *éraic* (AIR-rick) was made. Female members of the *fine* could not inherit land, but they could have a life interest in their father's land if they had no brothers.

In royal families, each king was elected from a small group of people, known as the *geilfhine* (GAYL-fee-ne) or *derbfine* (also *deirbfhine*) as often called, and comprising the male descendants of a common great-grandfather, four generations in all. Thus a king could be succeeded not only by a son or grandson, but also by an uncle or a great-nephew. What is particularly interesting to note here is that if one branch of the family was allowed to hold the kingship for four generations, the others could fall outside the *derbfhine* and so lose their royal status. Consequently, the temptation was there to kill one's own kin or commit *finjal* (FEEN-gul), the worst crime in Irish society as there could be neither legal vengeance nor compensation. To prevent this, a *tánaiste rí* (TAWN-ish-teh) or heir-apparent was usually elected during the king's lifetime. Given the ramifications of the *fine* and *deirbfhine*, it is easy to see why Celtic or Irish noble families were so careful to preserve their genealogies.

Beneath the king were the nobles or *flaithi*. The highest grade of nobleman or the *aire tuise* (AH-reh CHEW-sheh) was the *toisech* (TEE-shock) or chief of a large group of aristocratic kinsmen known as a *cenél* (*ken-ALE*). These were warriors and owners of cattle, and had an important role as patrons of the *áes dána*, the 'men of art', who constituted the most important element of early Irish society and comprised the learned classes, the poets, the *brehons*, the historians and genealogists as well as the musicians, and the skilled craftsmen. They alone enjoyed franchise outside their own *tuatha* and travelled freely throughout Ireland. They were all originally druids. In the centuries before Christianity reached Ireland the druids exercised great influence, not merely as priests but also as learned men who could judge disputes and advise kings. Their training lasted possibly a dozen years, and their traditions were passed on orally. The druids practised magic and claimed to foretell the future. They conducted public sacrifice, offering captured animals to the gods after a successful battle. Christianity meant the end of the druids, but the poets and the *brehons* continued to have a very important role in Irish history.

The *brehons* were professional lawyers, who had drawn up a very elaborate scheme of the different degrees of relationships, and when disputes arose, it was to them that people turned as arbitrators, for there was no public enforcement of law. There was a complicated system of sureties to make certain that contracts were fulfilled or that the parties to an arbitration accepted its outcome.

The *filidh* were more than poets. In addition to composing and reciting poetry they were custodians of the history, mythology and genealogy of the Celts. In the Christian era the *filidh* acquired much of the authority which had once belonged to the druids, and did much to preserve Irish tradition and learning. The chief poets and *brehons* were known as the Ollams. Socially, an *Ollam* was of equal status with the king of a *tuath*, a status also enjoyed later by bishops and abbots.

Next came the freemen, the tillers of the soil, usually bound by contract to a nobleman. Under this contract, which could be terminated by either party, the nobleman provided protection and lent the freeman cattle to graze his land, receiving in return a rent which might consist of sacks of wheat or malt and possibly a salted pig or a young calf. These people lived in individual farms but the better homesteads were raths (ring-forts) surrounded by an earthen rampart and stockade, the so called 'fairy forts' of the modern countryside. The king's house, according to Brehan law, should have a double rampart. His main functions were to lead his people in war and preside over the *óenach* (*OWN-nock*) or fair where the people of the *tuath* met to conduct public and private business and for entertainment. There were also slaves, probably captured in war, but comparatively little is known about them and they may not have been very numerous. All freemen, though, were landowners. The lawyers catalogued elaborate sub-divisions of each class according to property qualifications. The *báire* or higher grade of freeman had to have land worth thrice seven *cumals* that is to say an amount equalling the value of 63 milch-cows. The Irish had a simple agrarian economy and did not use coined money. The basic unit of value was a *sét* (SHATE-Modern Irish *séad*) - a young heifer. A higher unit was the *cumal* - a female slave, reckoned as equal to six *séts*. We find similar units in Homeric Greece, and even the Latin word for money *pecunia*, comes from *pecus*, 'cattle'. The *cumal* and *sét* are not always to be understood in their literal sense, for they were equated with sums reckoned in shekels and ounces of silver, and we find the *cumal* also used as a measure of land¹.

¹ While the information here is derived from a number of sources, the main two are a brilliant book entitled "Early Irish Contract Law" by Dr Neil McLeod and "The Course of Irish History" edited by TW Moody and FX Martin.

Chapter Eleven

Eochaidh Muigh Meadhoin the 124th Monarch of Ireland

Columba – St. Columba (Colmcille) – Columbanus – Columháin – Colmáin – Ó Colmáin - Coleman

This then was the political and social structure when **Eochaidh Muigh Meadhoín** (OH-he Muee Moyvone) became Ard-Rí, the 124th Monarch of Ireland, in 357 AD. He had four sons, Brian, Fiachra, Oliol and Fergus, by his first wife Mong Fionn, and one son, Niall, by his second wife, Carthan Cais Dubh. From his sons sprang the powerful **Uí Néill** (EE-NALE), **Uí Briúín** (EE-BREEN), and **Uí Fiachrach** (FEE-kra) line of kings of Ireland, Ulster, Midhe, and Connacht for the next 700 years. From Fiachra and Brian were descended the two most dominant dynasties of Connacht, the Uí (EE) Fiachrach and Uí Briúín Dynasties. Fiachra's descendants gave their name to *Tír-Fiachra* (*Cheer-FEE-krah*) in north east Connacht, known today as *Tireragh* (*CHEER-rah*) in County Sligo but also included back then parts of north-east County Mayo.

Niall, Eochaidh Muigh Meadhoin's son by his second wife, was himself a powerful prince of the Connachta and became the 126th Monarch of Ireland in 378 AD. He conquered the territories of the Middle Kingdom of Brega and established next to it the Kingdom of Mida. He won fame and power by successful raids on Britain. Nine *tuatha* around the northern capital of Emhain Macha (EV-n MOK-ha) put themselves under the protection of Niall and formed a federation called the Airgialla (eerGEE-lah) - 'the hostage-givers' - from whom Niall got the epithet of *Noígiallach* (Nine Hostages) - Niall of the Nine Hostages. His descendants took the dynastic name of **Uí Néill**. Two of his sons, Eoghan (Owen) and Conall conquered north-west Ulster and founded there the great **Northern Uí Néill** Dynasty with its capital at Aileach, and the others ruled in Midhe and Brega as the equally powerful **Southern Uí Néill** Dynasty. The over-kings of the **Uí Néill** called themselves 'kings of Tara', but unlike the earlier great kings of Tara they themselves lived more modestly in raths (ring-forts) or lake dwellings such as the crannog at Lagore in County Meath, the home of the **Uí Néill** kings of south Brega. Almost without interruption Niall's descendants were considered the high kings of Ireland for 600 years with the position alternating between the Northern and Southern **Uí Néill** Dynasties.



While Fiachra's son, Dathi (DAH-hee), succeeded Niall of the Nine Hostages in 405 as Ard-Rí (High King), it was Niall's son, *Laeghaire* (*LEE-reh*), as the 128 Monarch of Ireland who received St. Patrick at Tara in 432, an event that led to the conversion of Ireland to Christianity.

Patrick initially considered himself a Roman citizen and the church which he established was Roman in character and organisation, with its bishops exercising authority within their own dioceses which corresponded to the political structure of the tuatha. He chose *Ard Macha* (Armagh) close to *Emhain Macha*, the great hill fort once occupied by the Gaelic kings of Ulster, as the ecclesiastical capital of Ireland. As the gospel spread, more and more people wanted to dedicate their lives to God. In this rural society there were no great towns or cities where they could join together in prayer and contemplation, and so monasteries quickly came into existence.

The collapse of the Roman Empire meant that communication with the mother church was impaired, and the Celtic Church in Ireland developed its own separate character and rites. While a number of monasteries existed before then, the first Irish monastery to become famous was founded by St Enda on the Aran Islands at the end of the fifth century. St Finnian founded Clonard early in the sixth century. He became known as the 'teacher of the saints of Ireland', for twelve of his pupils, often referred to as the 'twelve apostles of Ireland', founded a number of important monasteries. They included ones by St Columcille, or St Columba the name under which he usually appears in accounts written outside Ireland, at Derry, Durrow, Kells and at 38 other places, all by the time he had reached the age of forty-one. In fact by the time of Columcille's death in May of 597, sixty monastic communities had been founded in his name in Scotland alone.

St Columcille (Columba) was the greatest Irish figure after St Patrick. He was born and baptised Crimthann (Fox) at Gartan, County Donegal, in 521. He was prince of Clan Conaill of Tir-Conaill and direct descendant of Niall of the Nine Hostages whose son Conall had founded this dynasty. It was during his days of study under St. Finian of Moville (Co. Down) that he was given the monastic nickname of Columcille or Dove of the Church, *Columba* being the Latin for *dove*, and *Cille* the Irish for *Church*.

From the Latin **Columba** ('dove') and **Columbanus** ('little dove') to the Irish **Columhán, Columáin, ÓColmáin** (11th Century) - the Latin Celtic origin of the surname **ÓColmáin** – anglicized **Coleman** in the 18th Century





As Irish monasteries had quickly attracted thousands of foreign students, the Irish monastic tradition began to spread beyond Ireland and, as the learned Thomas Cahill puts it in *'How the Irish Saved Civilisation'*, "Columcille's reputation spread like wildfire". He was mostly responsible for reconnecting illiterate Europe to its literate past 'by way of scribal Ireland'. The other Columba, *Columbanus*, following in the steps of the great Columcille, left the monastic community of Bangor for the continent in 590, just seven years before Columcille's death. Historians are still assessing his tremendous influence there. Fursa went to East Anglia (England) and Gaul around 633 to establish Irish foundations of learning. In 635 King Oswald of Northumbria sent to Iona for a missionary to convert his people to Christianity. Aiden was chosen for the task and with his twelve followers or fellow monks established a monastery at Lindisfarne, near the King's castle at Bamburg. Lindisfarne flourished under Aiden and Finian. In 660 AD **Colmáin** (Colman) who was a member of **Uí Fiachrach Maide** of north Connacht and who had received his education at Iona was appointed Bishop-Abbot of Lindisfarne.



The most important centres of Irish Christian influence in Europe

Ireland's 'golden age' began in the sixth century and lasted well into the ninth century. Ireland was known as an 'Island of Saints and Scholars' whose wandering missionaries and teachers were a beacon for the rest of Europe when the continental countries were said to languish in their 'Dark Ages'. The Irish carried the torch of learning to Europe during these centuries. The documentary evidence places the scholars of Irish monastic schools at an academic pinnacle, and there seems to be little doubt of the contributions made by the scribes and monks in preserving the West's written heritage. The flowering of literature and learning in early Ireland is firmly linked with the rise of Christian monastic schools which came into prominence in the latter half of the sixth century. From these monastic centres Irish missionaries were to establish religious centres of learning in other parts of Europe.

The fact that there are thousands of references in ancient manuscripts and books with over a thousand in the "*Annals of the Four Masters*" alone to monks, abbots, bishops, clans and kings with the name *Columhán*, *Columáin*, *Colmáin* (Kol-mawn) - the Irish for the latin *Columba* (Dove) and *Columbanus* (little dove) - and also that there are well over a hundred Irish saints of this name attest to the popularity of the two Columbas. While this symbol of peace was a very popular choice as a religious name among those turning to the gentler ways of the church from the earlier Irish warrior society, it was also adopted as a clan name by cousins of Columcille in both the **Southern Uí Néill** (Middle Kingdoms) and **Uí Fiachrach** (Connacht) Dynasties. **My Coleman Family is descended from the Uí Fiachrach Coleman Clan.**

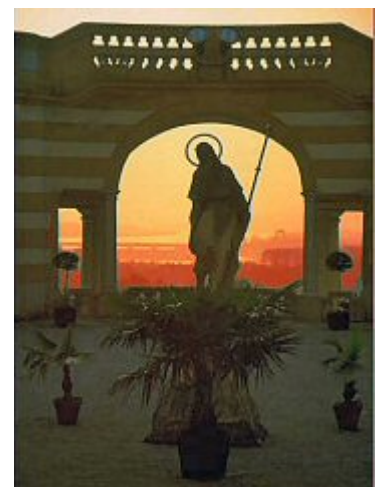
As a matter of interest, another Irishman, St. Colman a prince of Clan Coleman is patron saint of lower Austria. He is buried in Melk Abbey which is about 110 kilometres from Vienna in the Danube Valley. This famous Benedictine abbey of Melk is one of Europe's most splendid examples of Baroque architecture. A special courtyard is dedicated to his memory and this is what the Melk Abbey web site www.stiftmelk.at has written in its article entitled the *Coloman Courtyard*:

"Coloman, according to legend a king's son from Ireland on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, was martyred in 1012 in Stockerau, near Vienna. In this dangerous border area he was suspected of espionage. He came under suspicion because of his strange language and clothing, and was then imprisoned, tortured, and finally hanged from a dead elder tree.

"The miracles that then occurred soon caused the local population to venerate Coloman. Heinrich 1 became aware of Coloman through these wonders, and had his corpse brought to Melk in 1014. A ceremonial funeral was held on October 13, 1014 in the St. Peter's church on the castle cliffs in Melk.

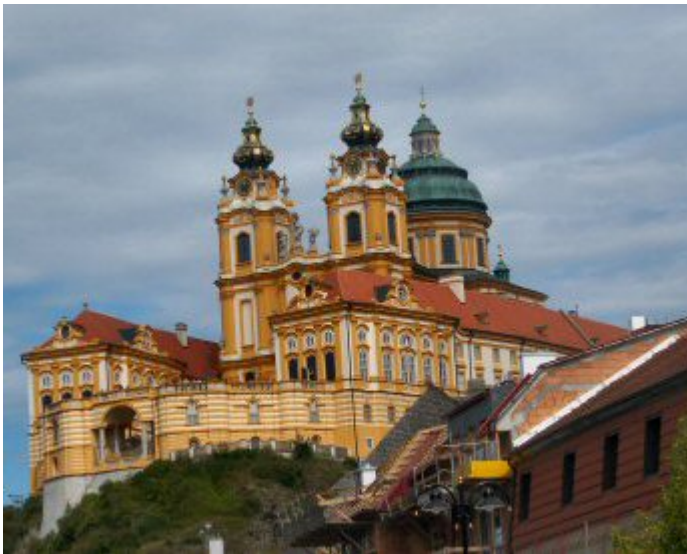
"One reason for Coloman's translation to Melk may have been a desire on the part of the Babenbergs to enjoy the mercy of the saint in life and death. Having a saint in their castle was seen as a sort of divine confirmation of the rule conferred upon them by the emperor, and was intended to promote the inner stability of their realm.

Next to Coloman's grave the Babenbergs could now establish a burial site worthy of them. The existence of this burial site was probably also one reason why Leopold II made a Benedictine monastery out of the Melk castle in



1089. The Benedictines in Melk have kept the memory of St. Coloman alive and he is venerated to this day. Numerous churches in Austria, Bavaria, Swabia, and elsewhere are dedicated to St. Coloman. Coloman was also Austria's first patron saint. The Babenberg margrave St. Leopold III was not made patron saint until 1663. St. Coloman is still the patron saint of the town and monastery of Melk. Every year in Melk monastery a mass is celebrated on October 13th to honor St. Coloman. Since 1451, his saint day has been celebrated on this day in the town with a big fair. In our times, where listening to each other has become increasingly difficult, he can be seen as a contemporary saint, as he, stranger in a strange land, was not understood. Whoever is different, looks or speaks differently, makes himself suspicious, causes fear, and can easily become the victim of prejudice."

This is a picture of that part of the abbey seen from the entrance to the town of Melk on the south bank of the Danube. Alongside is a photo of the left altar of the transept of the abbey church. On it is a sarcophagus that contains the remains of St Coloman. The statue shows the saint as a pilgrim, his prayers ascending to Heaven.



Martin & Patricia with friend Kerry Tattersall at Melk in 2004

The abbey is very large. Take a few minutes to check it out at [**www.stiftmelk.at**](http://www.stiftmelk.at) and perhaps do a virtual tour. The magnificent church, the library, the school and museum are worthy of a visit. The two photos of the abbey at the bottom of the previous page are taken from the carpark. In the foreground on the left are Patricia Coleman from Sydney and Kerry Tattersall from Vienna and on the right are Martin and Patricia.

Chapter Twelve

Uí Fiachrach Maíde of Connacht & Clann Cholmáin

Uí Fiachrach Dynasty Connacht



Southern Uí Néill Dynasty Midhe and Brega



The **Southern Uí Neill**, represented in particular by **Clann Cholmáin**¹ and Sil Áeda Sláine, established dominance in northern Leinster province with their new territories on the plains of Meath/Westmeath (Midhe and Brega). They were the leading dynasties in the "middle kingdoms" of Midhe and Brega from the 5th century up to the arrival of the Normans in the 12th century. Prior to the arrival of the sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages in the 5th century, the areas of Midhe and Brega were ruled under dynasties which included the Laigin, as the area has been speculated to be previously a part of the kingdom of ancient Leinster. The sons and grandsons of Niall who conquered territory in this area included Lóegaire, of Cenel Lógaire; Conall Cremthann, ancestor

¹ Excerpts from the Annals

552 AD - The killing of Colman Mor, son of Diarmaid, in his chariot, by Dubhshlat Ua Treana, one of the Cruithni.

571 AD - The battle of Tola, by Fiachna, son of Baedan, son of Cairrell, against the people of Osraighe and Eile; and they were defeated. Tola is the name of a plain situated between Cluain Fearthu Molua and Saighir. Also in this year was the battle of Feimhin, by Cairbre, son of Creamhthann, King of Munster, against Colman Beg, son of Diarmaid; and Colman was defeated.

572 AD - The battle of Doete, which is called Bealach Feadha, by Aedh, son of Ainmire, against the men of Meath, where fell Colman Beg, son of Diarmaid.

576 AD - Colman, son of Cairbre, King of Leinster, died at Sliabh Mairge.

591 AD - Aedh Cerr, son of Colman, son of Cairbre, King of Leinster, died.

601 AD - The battle of Slaibhre was gained by the Uí Neill over Bran Dubh, son Eochaidh, King of Leinster; and Bran Dubh, i.e. son of Eochaidh, was killed by the Airchinneach of Senboithe Sine, and his own tribe. Also in this year Colman, son of Fearadhach, chief of Osraighe Ossory, died.

610 AD - In this year Ronan, son of Colman, King of Leinster, died.

639 AD - Oilill, son of Colman, chief of Cinel Laeghaire, died.

of **Clann Cholmáin** (Mide) and of the **Clann Cholmáin**² line of high-kings of Ireland in the 8th through the 10th centuries, and (Brega).

In Connacht, the **Ui Briuin** and **Ui Fiachrach** became dominant. By the 780's the **Ui Briuin** had consolidated their power to become the natural heirs to the kingship of Connacht. The powerful Northern Ui Neill of Ulster and Southern Ui Neill of Midhe (Meath/Westmeath) vie for the title of Ard Ri and continue to alternate as high-kings of Ireland. Early sources suggest that a king who held the title "Rí Temro"³ (king of Tara) was often held in greater respect above the other kings and lords on the island. It has been said that Ollam Fodla first gave historic fame to Tara by founding the Feis (or Triennial Parliament) there, seven or eight centuries before Christ.

Uí Fiachrach had two main branches, one in the north of Connacht, the **Uí Fiachrach Maide**, and the other in the south, the **Uí Fiachrach Aidne**, which also dominated much of north Munster in the seventh century. Much of Counties Mayo and Sligo was ruled by the **Uí Fiachrach Maide** up to the 13th century, shared by the influential Ua Maile and Gailenga clans. At its widest reach, this territory included what were later to be known as the baronies of Erris and Tirawley in County Mayo and Tireragh in County Sligo.



As we have already seen, the personal name **Colmáin** was very popular in ancient Ireland. It was adopted as a clan and sept name by cousins of Columcille in both the **Southern Ui Neill** and **Uí Fiachrach** dynasties. While **Clann Cholmáin** was an important part of the **Southern Ui Neill** and while it is possible that a number of these *Colmáin*(s) gave rise to different **Ó Colmáin** families, the only recorded family of the surname was a branch or sept of the **Uí Fiachrach**

² Domnall Midi, son of Murchadh, son of Diarmaid, of Clann Cholmain, circa 739 to 758 AD.

Donnchad Midi, son of Domnall Midi, of Clann Cholmain, circa 766 to 792 AD.

Conchobar, son of Donnchad Midi, of Clann Cholmain, circa 818 to 831 AD.

Máel Sechnaill, son of Máele Ruanaid, grandson of Donnchad Midi, circa 845 to 860 AD.

Flann Sinna, son of Máel Sechnaill, circa 877 to 909 AD.

Donchad Donn, son of Flann Sinna, circa 919 AD.

Congalach Cnogba, son of Máel Mithig, of Sil Aedo Sláine, circa 944 AD.

³ Excerpts from the Annals

758 AD - After Domhnall, son of Murchadh, son of Diarmaid, had been twenty years in sovereignty over Ireland, he died. He was the first king of Ireland of the **Clann Cholmain**, and he was buried at Dearthagh (Durrrow) with honour and veneration. He was succeeded by Niall Frosach, son of Fearghal, in sovereignty over Ireland.

Mauide in north Connacht. This sept provided the chiefs or princes of Tireragh⁴ until the arrival of the Anglo-Norman families in this area in the early thirteenth century. The sept had its ancient headquarters in the townland of **Grangemore**, parish of Templeboy, County Sligo. **Columhán**⁵ of this sept was the 10th Christian King of Connacht, and ancestor of the Colmáin (Coleman) families.



To correct a view shared by some of those people interested in the origin of the anglicised surname **Coleman**, where they believe its derivation to be occupational, I will refer to *A Dictionary of British Surnames*, London and Boston 1976, by P.H. Reaney Litt.d., Ph.D., F.S.A., one of the foremost authorities on English surnames. In page 79, the full entry for Coleman, with abbreviations expanded, reads: "**Coleman, Colman, Collman, Coulman**: Coleman 1066 Domesday Book; Colemannus de Eston 1176 Pipe Rolls (Buckinghamshire); Hervicus, Richard Coleman 1166 Red Book of the Exchequer (Rolls Series 99, 3vols, 1896)(Yorkshire, 1176 Pipe Rolls (Surrey). The surname is early, frequent and widely distributed. In the north is usually from Old Irish **Colmán**, earlier **Columbán**, adopted by Scandinavians as Old Norse **Kalman**, and introduced from Ireland into Cumberland, Westmoreland and Yorkshire by Norwegians from Ireland. In Domesday Book the personal name is southern and south eastern and is probably Old German **Col(e)man**. In the Sussex Subsidy Rolls, where both Coleman and Collier are frequent surnames, both probably mean 'charcoal-burner'"⁶.

⁴ Extract from John O'Hart's *Irish Pedegrees* Part vii, 571

Of the tract from the river Gleoir to Easky, the clans were O'Murchada, O'Maolduin, O'Ruadhraigh, O'Fenneadha, O'Flannghaile, O'Luachain, O'Duibhscuile, O'Rothlain, O'Maonagh, O'Beollain, O'Conbhuidhe, MacEoghain, O'Cuanain, O'Discin, O'Dunghaile, O'Suidhlearga, O'Cuain, O'Columain, O'Fuala, O'Ceallaigh, O'Loingsigh, O'Caomhain, MacGiolla, MacGiolla Duibh, and O'Sionna.

⁵ The *Annals* cite:

For 655, Guaire Aidhne, son of Colmáin, king of Connacht.

For 598, The battle of Eachros, in Muirisc, by Colman, chief of Cinel Cairbre, against Maelcothaigh, chief of Cinel Fiachrach, of Muirisc; and the battle was gained over Maelcothaigh.

For 600, Conall Guithbhinn, son of Suibhne, son of Colman Mor, slew Aedh Buidhe, chief of Uí Máine.

For 622, Columhan, king of Connacht was slain by Rogallach mac Uatach of the Uí Briuin at the battle of Cenn Bugo (Cambo, Co. Roscommon).

⁶ Members of one of these English Coleman families came to Ireland during the Anglo-Norman invasion in 1169 AD and settled in Dublin. They left descendants who settled in a few locations in the province of Leinster. * A few other Colemans of English origin settled in Ireland at different times since then, but their descendants are not very numerous today.

*Woulfe, Rev. Patrick, *Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall - Irish Names and Surnames*, Dublin 1923, p.238

Long before the Vikings from the various Scandinavian countries turned their attention to Ireland or England, the Irish monks had, as Thomas Cahill states in his book, *"launched a spiritual invasion of England from their monastery of Lindisfarne in the northeast corner of Northumbria, establishing new monasteries in brisk succession. On account of this activity, Aiden, Columcille's beloved disciple and first abbot of Lindisfarne, has far better claim than Augustine of Canterbury to the title Apostle of England, for, as the Scottish historian James Bullock has remarked, 'All England north of the Thames was indebted to the Celtic mission for its conversion'. Nor was Lindisfarne the only launching pad for the Irish monks: they were on good terms with the British Celts and began to set up bases in the western territories as well."*

The adoption of **Columbán (Colmán)** as a religious name, owing to the popularity of the two **Columbas**, was no less popular in England north of the Thames than in Ireland. Given the widespread use of **Coleman, Colman, Collman, Coulman** in England long before the derivation of names from occupations, it is only reasonable to conclude that the name Coleman in the Sussex region was not derived from 'charcoal-burner'. As the name was already popular, there was no need for such a development. Indeed the reference in the extract from *A Dictionary of British Surnames* to the Old German **Col(e)man** fails to make the link with Columbanus's (**Columbán**) popularity in mainland Europe which would explain its origin. One has only to look at one of the decisions of the Synod of Whitby (Abbey in Northumbria) in 664 where the differences between the traditions of Celtic Christianity and those of the stricter Roman Christianity of St Augustine's Canterbury were thrashed out, Augustine having introduced Roman Christianity to southern England in 597 AD. The Irish party was led by **Colmán**, abbot of Lindisfarne. The main issue was the correct date for celebrating Easter. The Roman party viewed the Irish calculation, which differed from the Roman by a few days, as tantamount to heresy. The king too worried about the likely penance from Rome ruled in favour of the Roman party, but the person responsible for bringing the Irish party over to the Roman observance was the Irish abbot, Cumman. The Irish party agreed, however reluctantly, *"that their father in God, Columcille, whose name was invoked in all their customs, took second place to Peter, the prince of the Lord's apostles, in whose name the Roman party made its argument."* (Cahill.) This last statement demonstrates further the great influence and importance of this Irishman, and it's easy to see why the Irish name **Colmán** would be so popular in Christian England long before any Viking influence. Furthermore, **Colmán**, a native of north Connacht and member of **Uí Fiachrach Maide**, who as bishop-abbot of Lindisfarne led the Irish party at the Synod of Whitby, had a large number of Saxon monks retire to Iona with him in protest at the outcome of the synod. A short time later, he returned to Ireland with his Saxon monks and founded a monastery at "Magh Eó" (Plain of Yew Trees) not far from his birthplace in north Connacht. The importance and size of **Mayo (Magh Eó) Abbey** as it was later called is recorded in many chronicles of that period, the most important being the *Ecclesiastical History of the English People*, written by the Venerable Bede of Jarrow and the *Annals of Ulster*.

The **Uí Fiachrach** and **Uí Bríúin**, to which all the rulers of Connacht from the 5th to the 12th centuries belonged, had their power disrupted by the Anglo-Norman settlement of the mid 12th century and seriously curtailed in 1227 when the English king Henry III granted Connacht to the Norman baron Richard de Burgh (or de Burgo). His descendants held the lordship of Connacht with the earldom of Ulster until the titles fell to the crown in 1461. The land of Connacht was thereafter controlled for a period by two junior branches of the de Burghs, who became known as the Clanricarde and Mayo Burkes.

As **counties** were formed, they were divided into **baronies** formed out of the territories of the Irish chiefs who were gradually forced to submit to English rule. County Mayo had nine baronies when it was created and named after the famous St. Colman's Mayo Abbey during the composition of Connacht under Sir Henry Sidney in 1595 AD. By then there were branches of the **Colmáin** sept (Ó Colmáin) in most of the baronies including the **barony of Kilmaine** which had been formed from the ancient territories called Conmaicne Quiltola.

Distribution of the surname Coleman in Ireland and Mayo

According to the Appendix to the Twenty-ninth Report of the Registrar General (1894), there were 138 Colemans born in Ireland in 1890. The distribution of these births is a good indicator of the overall distribution of Coleman families throughout Ireland in the late nineteenth century (the pattern of distribution would not have changed much since the early years of that century):

Leinster (east of Ireland)	31
Munster (south of Ireland).	63
Ulster (north of Ireland)	14
Connaught (west of Ireland, including Co. Mayo)	30

The counties where the surname **Coleman** was particularly common, according to this report were Cork, Roscommon, Dublin and Waterford.

The earliest listing of heads of household in Mayo is the *General Valuation of Rateable Property in Ireland*. This source was compiled (as a basis for the levying of local taxation) through 1855 and 1856. It lists every individual who held a house or any size of property in those years, with very few exceptions. With the non-existence of pre-1901 censuses on Ireland, the *General Valuation* is the earliest, most complete listing of landholders (each of whom was a head-of-household) in Mayo. This source, therefore, allows one to discover the distribution and numerical strength of any surname in Mayo in 1855/56. It was compiled immediately after the Great Famine (1845-50) and reflects a population much depleted after several years of starvation, disease and emigration. However, the geographical distribution of any particular surname would not really have been all that different from before the Great Famine. A number of earlier sources exist which list landholders, voters, tithe-payers etc., but these are in no way as inclusive or complete as the *General Valuation*.

An index to the *General Valuation* for every county in Ireland was compiled by the National Library of Ireland. This gives the numbers of occurrences of landholders of every surname in each Barony, and within each civil parish, in each county in Ireland. From this source it is apparent that the surname **Coleman** was most common in the barony of Costello with forty-three occurrences of landholders of that name; thirty occurrences of the surname were found in the barony of Tirawley, while the barony of Gallen had eleven occurrences of landholders of that surname. There were Coleman landholders in every Mayo barony but the greatest numbers were in the baronies of Costello, Gallen and Tirawley which border counties Sligo and Roscommon. The surname was rarest in those baronies in the west and north-west of the county. This distribution pattern also lends weight to the view that the Coleman families in County Mayo and

indeed Connacht descend from the Coleman families (cited above) who originated in County Sligo."⁷

From the evidence available, the **Colemans** and **Cliffords** of Munster and Cork where they are most numerous descend from members of the **Ó Clúmháin*** family ('o-CLOO-waun'). This surname means "descendant of *Clúmán*" (CLOO-maun) and was a literary and bardic family in County Sligo (Refer to my comment above). They were hereditary poets and chroniclers to the O'Haras, one of the most powerful families in old Sligo. Some of the family migrated to south Leinster and West Munster where they anglicised their surname as **Coleman** and **Clifford**.

⁷ *Coleman Family History Report*, p.3.

Chapter Thirteen

Irish English

and the rest

Recently, when Patricia and I attended the three-day “Carnivale Christi 2005” at St Mary’s Cathedral in Sydney, we had the pleasure of listening to Francesco de Vito, who played Peter in Mel Gibson’s movie “The Passion of the Christ”, give an insider’s view of “The Passion” in one of the earlier sessions entitled ‘Inside the Passion’. Not only was what he had to say extremely interesting but also the way he said it in his very expressive and fascinating Italian accent. We didn’t need to know who he was in order to be able to identify his accent. It is a fact that most people learning a foreign language tend to apply the sounds of their native language to the new language. It is this that gives us French, Spanish, German and Russian accents.

The Irish, similarly, have applied the sounds of their native Irish language to English and it is this that gives us an Irish accent. The term ‘brogue’, itself an Irish word, was used in the past to refer to the Irish accent in a connotatively demeaning and belittling sense by the British press and its supporters. To-day, however, because of improved education, it has lost most of this type of connotation.

There are many definitions of language but the one that comes closest to the mark defines language as a system of vocal symbols or sounds stored in the minds of members of a particular speech community. It is conventional and orally based. Each member of the group approximates the system of his fellow members, and communication depends entirely on this agreement established by custom and practice. The spoken word is the primary form of language, and despite claims to the contrary man is the only creature to have a sufficiently varied sound system and the intelligence to modify this system into agreed or conventional patterns of language, and the ability to pass it on to his descendants. We are not born with language - it is not instinctive – but we are born with the mechanism for using it. The variety of languages and indeed the variety within any one language show that man has a great part to play in shaping his speech.

For this reason, spoken language is always in a state of flux with changes to all aspects of it taking place. Over a period of time, these changes are quite noticeable and significant and usually go hand and hand with the changes that impact on our way of life. The language spoken around me in the west of Ireland in the 1940’s was, as I reflect on it, quite different in both composition and delivery from that spoken in the area today. Many of its words were rooted in the Irish language and survived well into the late 1900’s. Over fifty percent of the words and phrases in my grandmother’s language were Irish. This meeting or fusion of the two languages was for me and others like me a natural form of communication. It was only later when in college that I began to appreciate the unique nature of the assimilation that was obviously at work between the two languages. While the following list records some of the words in common use, it is by no means exhaustive:

Anglicised Usage	Irish Word and Meaning	Comment
crocaun	Cnocán - little hill	
srath (srah)	Srath - river valley	Used to refer also to flat marshy lands next to a lake - the cattle grazing in the srath.
boreen	bóithrín - country lane	Down the boreen.

trauneen	tráinín - long thin blade of grass	A tráinín of a garsún (boy).
boochaluan	buachalán buí - ragwort	
poreens	pór - potato seed	
	also	
shlits	sliseanna - pieces cut of the potato for seed	Preparing the shlits.
scraw	sraith - cleaned off sod on bog	Removing the scraw before cutting the turf.
scutch	scoth (scuh) - tuft of grass	
slaan	sleán (shlaun)- turf spade	
lochaun	lochán - little lake	Above at the lochaun.
glugar	ubh (uv - <i>u</i> as in <i>put</i>) ghlugar - rotten egg	In Irish, the adjective follows the noun - cailín deas (girl pretty).
rickle also reekle	ricil - small stack of turf	
meitheal	meitheal - gang	Meithael of men.
scagh	Sceach - thorny bush	
focal	focal - word - comment	Not a focal (comment) from him.
mearacaun	méanacán - thimble	
barm brack	báirín (cake) breac - cake speckled with raisins	
bruteen	brúitín - mashed potatoes with milk and butter	
cally	ceaile – mashed new potatoes with scallions and home-made butter	
drisheen	drisín - pig intestine boiled with onion and oatmeal	
griskeen	griscín - slice of meat	
scalteen	scailtín - hot whiskey	
koshkeen	caiscín - wholemeal bread	Made from crushed wheat homegrown.
shlug	slog - drink or swallow	Take another shlug now.
praetees	prátaí - potatoes	
whisht	fuist - silence	Hold your whisht or I'll give you a scelp in the smeesh.
Scelp or shcelp	sceilp - slap	
smeesh	smaois - mouth or snout	

There were lots of words to describe people:

ceolaun	ceolán - miserable whimper	
blather	bladair - foolish incessant talk	
oanshagh	óinseach - foolish woman	
amadaun	amadán - silly and foolish	Usually in reference to a male
gaum	gamaí - rattle brain	
gligeen	gligín - a foolish gaum	
skitar	sciotaráil - foolish laughter	Stop the skitar you amadaun!
glick	glic - smart or shrewd	Pateen glick – smart Pat.
strooanshe	stróinse - lazy, idle woman	
spaug	spág - big clumsy foot	

plaumause	plámás - flatterer
ludeen	lúidín - little finger
kithoge	ciotóg - left handed and clumsy
gubaun	gubán - lazy, useless person
gubaunseer	gubánsaor - master craftsman

Pull my ludeen!

He's a kithoge.

That's gubaun's work!

All around where I was raised are ruins of abbeys. I recall how, during a visit to the abbey ruins at Kill (Cille), my father pointed out the part of the stone work completed by the saor cloiche (stonemason) and gubánsaor as an example for the other stonemasons to follow.

dúidín	Dúidín - a small pipe, usually made of white clay, with a long stem
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Often smoked by older women and in the olden days given to mourners at wakes. I have seen my grandmother, Bridget Murphy, smoke her dúidín which she kept hidden under a small cushion on the hob.

keening	ag caoineadh - crying
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It was customary to have someone cry loudly at wakes to both praise and mourn the deceased. My only experience of this custom was in 1953 when I drove Willie Caulfield and his mother Sarah from our village to a wake near Finney in south west Mayo. Two elderly ladies in black shawls took turns at keening all in Irish, and it was indeed a fine performance.

sugaun	Súgán - rope made from straw by weaving and twisting it into a rope
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Words of love, endearment and address:

acushla	cuisle - vein or pulse
macushla	mo chuisle - my pulse
cushlamochree	cuisle mo croí - pulse of my heart
avourneen	muirnín - sweetheart
mavourneen	mo mbuirín - my darling, beloved
astore	stór - darling
agraw	grá - love

Darling!

Literally, you're my pulse.

Addressing one's sweetheart.

A common practice that survives to this day.

biteen (pronounced 'bitteen')	It means 'a little bit'. The ending 'ín' in Irish means the diminutive of the noun to which it is appended. It is still fairly widely used and also quite often used with English words, for example, "Seaneen (Seánín) is still a biteen slack since he had the flu" or "Sure it's a lovely headeen of hair the child has".
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As we say in Irish, “Níl anseo ach samplaí” – this is just a sample, but it is true to say that increased travel and communication with the outside world, educational advancement and the development of a strong modern economy and indeed the passing of generations have all led to a continuing decline in the use of many of these words in colloquial and spoken English.

Another category of Irish words used in English and officially adopted in modern Ireland as part of the vocabulary of Irish English includes among others the following:

- Áras an Uachtaráin (Presidential Palace) [pronounced 'Awr-as un Ook-thar-awn]
- Ard-Fheis(eanna) (party congress(es) of Fianna Fáil, Fine Gael, Sinn Féin) [pronounced 'awrd esh'(ana)]
- Ard-Rí ('The High King' (of Ireland), name of the Irish overlord king in medieval times [pronounced 'Awrđ Ree']
- Bord Fáilte (tourist board - literally 'welcome board') [pronounced 'bawrd fawl-cha']
- Bunreacht na hÉireann (Constitution of Ireland) [Bun-ruckt na Hair-in]
- Ceann Comhairle (Speaker of Dáil Éireann) [pronounced 'kyann koar-la']
- Dáil Éireann (House of Representatives) [pronounced 'Dawl Air-in']
- Éire (Ireland) [pronounced 'Air-a']
- Fianna Fáil (The largest Irish political party, translation: 'Soldiers of Destiny') [pronounced 'Fee-na Faul']
- Fine Gael (The second largest party, translation 'Family of the Gael') [pronounced 'Fee-na Gale']
- Gaeltacht (Irish-speaking area) [pronounced 'gale-thuckt']
- Garda Síochána Irish police force [pronounced 'gawrda shee-a-cawna']
- Garda police officer, pl. **Gardaí** [pronounced 'gawr-dee']
- Príomh-Aire (Prime Minister 1919-21) [pronounced 'Preeve Arra']
- Punt ('pound' (currency), was often used in English to refer specifically to the Irish pound, now replaced by the euro) [pronounced 'punth']
- Radio Telefís Éireann (Irish national broadcasting service, RTÉ) [pronounced 'Radd-eeoh Tell-if-eesh Air-in']
- Saorstát Éireann (Irish Free State's name in Irish) [pronounced 'Seer-stawth Air-inn']
- Seanad Éireann (Irish Senate) [pronounced 'Shan-nad Air-in']
- Sinn Féin (Political party in Ireland with ties in the republican movement, translation 'We, Ourselves') [pronounced 'shin fayn']
- Tánaiste (Deputy Prime Minister since 1937) [pronounced 'Thaw-nish-ta']
- Taoiseach (Prime Minister since 1937) [pronounced 'thee-shuck']
- Teachta Dála (Member of Parliament; used as 'TD') [pronounced 'Chock-ta dawla']
- Uachtarán na hÉireann (President of Ireland) [pronounced 'Ook-thar-awn na Hair-in']
- Údarás na Gaeltachta (development agency for Gaeltachtaí) [pronounced 'ooda-rawss na gayl-thuk-tha']

Some of the words listed here appear also in the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*.

The influence of the Irish language on how the Irish pronounce certain words is also quite evident. For instance it is not uncommon to hear butther (butter), laddher (ladder), wardrobe (wardrobe), thue (true), etc. with the ‘t’ and the ‘d’ both being sounded as they would in the Irish language. “Dis, dat dese and dose” (this, that, these and those) can be heard in many parts of Ireland with the ‘th’ replaced by the Irish ‘d’ sound, and in words like ‘tirsty’ (thirsty) and ‘fate’ (faith) the Irish ‘t’ sound is spoken instead of the ‘th’. To the trained ear, there is a marked difference between the substitution of the Irish ‘d’ in the pronunciation of these words and the

substitution of the English 'd'. This difference can be explained by comparing the formation of the consonants in the two languages. In both Irish and English, the 'd' is pronounced like the 't' except for the use of the vocal cords. In Irish each has a broad sound when the nearest vowel in the word is 'a', 'o' or 'u', and a slender sound when the nearest vowel is 'e' or 'i'.

To form the broad sound in Irish as in 'dún' (doon) and 'tú' (too), the front of the tongue is placed up against or very close to the teeth ridge and touching the back of the teeth. For the slender 'd' and 't', the process is similar except for the position of the lips and the fact that the sound has a trace of the 'y' sound at the end of it as in 'teach' (tyahk) and 'dearg' (DYAR-uhg).

In English, the 'd' and 't' sounds are formed by the action of the blade of the tongue against the teeth ridge causing the mouth passage to be completely blocked, and as the pressure of breath or voice behind the blockage increases, it is suddenly released to form these plosive sounds.

'Shtop', 'shticks and shtones' (stop, sticks and stones) would be considered by many as a rather rough form of speech but the real reason is that the Irish sound as in words like 'sneachta' (SHNUKH-tah) is used instead of the English sound. 'Tay' (tea) and 'kittle' (kettle) are other examples of the influence of the Irish language on day-to-day speech.

It is said that the life of a people is pictured in their speech which can be defined as a national or regional language or dialect or a certain people's characteristic manner of speaking. Australian English, for example, has its own regional variety of the language with its own characteristic manner of speech which can be explained, though not entirely, by considering pronunciation, slang and colloquial terms and expressions and intonation patterns peculiar to it. The same can be said of Irish English but then that's only part of the story. Here we have also the situation where the native language has a lasting influence on all aspects of the adopted language from vocabulary and pronunciation to the very structure of the language.

At the turn of the last century, John Synge who was one of the leading dramatists of the Irish national theatre was persuaded by his friend William Butler Yeats to visit the Aran Islands, off the west coast of Ireland, and study its people. It was a rather primitive wind-bitten life, but in the joys and sorrows of the people Synge found a deep strain of poetry. He listened carefully to the musical speech of the islanders, and then wrote his play *Riders to the Sea* in 1904. It is the tragedy of a mother who loses her men folk one after another to the sea. There are few more powerful and flawless dramas than this little one in its lilting, rhythmic prose that captures the symphonic quality of the appeal to the ear in the phrasing of the speech of its characters. This same quality is a distinct feature of his other play of the Aran Islands, a comedy entitled the *Playboy of the Western World*. It is also an enduring feature of Irish English as a direct result of the very significant influence of the Irish language on spoken English. Such expressions as –

There was he sitting ... Bhí sé ina shuí - verb + subject + modifier

It's a fine day that ... Is brá on lá é sin

It's not much I have ... Ní mórán atá agam (use of negative)

Curse this for a pen ... An mallacht ar on rud seo mar pheann

That you may do well ... Go n'éirí an t-ádh leat.

and "There does be school", "I do be at my lessons", and "I am after finishing my meal" are other common examples of regional variations of Irish speech that can be traced back to Irish.

When Patricia and I were in Ireland in 2004 for the Clan Coleman reunion, I noted the following words and expressions that were part of my cousins' speech:

Daft ... Don't be daft! (silly)
 Grand ... Sure I'm grand (okay or fine)
 Getting along famously ... Having a great time together.
 It was fierce (amazing) altogether
 We had a glorious (fantastic) time there
 It's having me on you are (just kidding)
 'Twas a mighty (great) night.

The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary contains quite a few words of Irish and Irish language origin, in fact more than its lexicographers acknowledge declaring the origin of some of these words as unknown or obscure. The following list contains some of the more familiar ones as well as a few rarely heard outside Ireland:

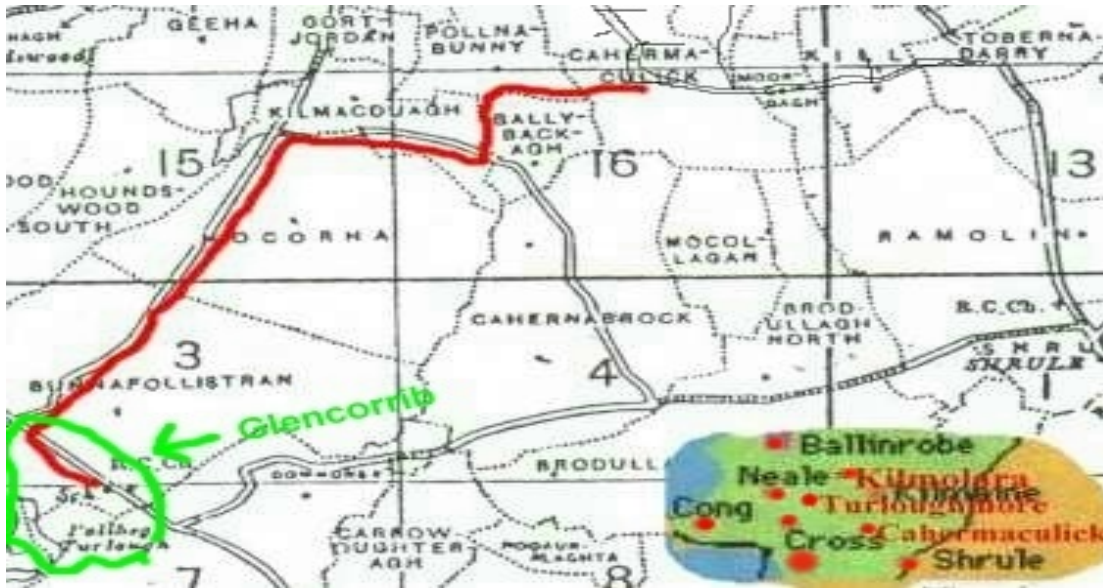
English Language Word	Irish Origin	Meaning
banshee	bean sídhe – fairy woman	A female spirit whose wail portends death in the house.
bard	bard	Any of an ancient order of minstrel-poets who composed and sang verses usually to the harp celebrating the achievements of chiefs and warriors, recording historical events and traditional lore.
ben	beann – a mountain peak	Common in Ireland and Scotland. (I could see the Twelve Bens in Connemara from where I lived in south Mayo.)
bog boreen or bohereen	bogach or bog – soft bóithrín – diminutive of bother (road)	Wet spongy ground, peaty soil. Small country road or lane.
boycott	From the surname “Boycott” – Captain Boycott, an agent for an absentee English landlord, Lord Erne, at Loch Mask in County Mayo.	In September 1879, a campaign against Boycott who ignored the demands of the tenants was effectively orchestrated by Father John O'Malley of The Neale. It was he who suggested to James Redpath, special correspondent of The New York Herald, the term 'boycotting' as being easier for his parishioners to pronounce than 'ostracisation'.
brogue	bróg – shoe	Earlier, it meant a strong outdoor shoe.
brogue	Perhaps from bróg	A strongly-marked regional (esp. Irish) accent.
callow	Originally from the Latin 'calvus' meaning 'bald.'	Low-lying land liable to be flooded.
colleen craic	cailín – girl An Irish spelling of the	Usually referring to an Irish girl The craic (fun and entertaining

eejit	word 'crack'. An Irish form and pronunciation of 'idiot'	conversation) was great. It's a real eejit you are to go there.
galore	From the Irish 'go leór'	For the Irish enough was a lot and more than most people had.
gob	The Irish word 'gob'	Beak or mouth.
gobshite	Irish compound of 'gob' and 'shit'.	An ignorant loud-mouth.
Keen(ing)	From the Irish 'caoin' – to cry	To wail mournfully at wakes.
loch	From the Irish 'loch'	A lake or arm of the sea.
leprechaun	From the Irish word 'leipreachán'	In Irish folklore, a small usually mischievous being of human form, often associated with shoemaking and buried treasure.
poteen	From the Irish 'poitín' – small pot	Bootleg alcoholic drink often distilled from potatoes.
shebeen	From the Irish 'síbín' – illicit whiskey	An illicit drinking place.
shenachie or sennachie	From Old Irish 'senchaid'	A professional recorder and reciter of family or traditional history and genealogy. In Modern Irish 'seanchaí' - story-teller, historian.
sheogue shite	From the Irish 'síóg' Euphemistic Irish pronunciation of 'shit'.	Fairy.
smashing	From the Irish 'is maith é sin' (ismohayshin)	That's good.
smithereens	From the Irish 'smidiríní'	Little pieces.
tilly	From the Irish 'tuilleadh'	It means an additional quantity or article as a gift from the vendor.
whiskey	From the Irish 'uisce beatha'	Water of life

Well might it be said that the life of the Irish people is pictured in their speech which is more than words; it's to be found all around and it's part of what they are.

Chapter Fourteen

Glencorrib & Norah (Murphy) Coleman



The district of Glencorrib is part of the Lakes District of south Mayo and is located just south of the village of Cross as indicated by the large red dot. As the name itself suggests, it is the glen by the Corrib, one of the largest lakes in Ireland. It is here that you feel you have at last experienced the true Celtic meaning of *glen* from the Gaelic word *gleann* or *gleantán*, and one would travel far before enjoying again such tranquillity and natural beauty.



My mother, Norah, was born to Michael and Bridget Murphy on 25th March, 1906 in this beautiful thatched cottage in the glen. My Grandparents were very proud of their home with its wonderful garden which to us was always the best place in the world to visit and, if lucky enough as sometimes happened, to stay for the weekend. From a very early age, we looked forward to what should have seemed back then a long trek from Cahernaculick to Glencorrib. But we loved every step of it and the haunting stories that Mam told along the way of her childhood and growing up in Glencorrib. She was an intelligent woman with a great sense of humour. The fields we crossed and passed as well as those families who worked them were often the source of much

of her inspiration and no seannachi could have told a better tale. Every place and family was a living monument to the history of times so terrible that the lush green fields, the meadows and crops of wheat, oats and barley, so protected by their stone walls and rambling hedges, indeed the very glen itself, could not hide that lingering melancholia that pervaded still that quiet countryside. The presence and indeed the prevalence of something akin to the paranormal were so obvious to us as children that back then it became the normal. To say that I wish there were a button that you could click on right now for an instantaneous recreation and experiencing of this condition would be thoughtlessly cruel, because I suspect, indeed know, that you would never be yourself again. There are many visitors to Tasmania's Port Arthur who say that they sense another presence and experience a strange clamminess which leaves them feeling rather uneasy, and which they put down to the harsh and cruel treatment of the convicts. Their pain, their suffering, their tears and blood sored the soil and its environment till this day and beyond. Now multiply this by tens of tens of thousands of times and then by three hundred years and you'll obtain a better understanding of what it is that I'm alluding to.

Back then, though only in primary school at the time, I thought the *De Profundis* was an essential part of the mass that was binding on all Catholics the world over. It was only later when in college in Cork that I learned its true significance as a special prayer peculiar to Ireland. "Out of the depths I have cried to Thee O Lord; Lord, hear my voice" Around our area at least, it was seen as an earnest plea to the Lord to set the spirit world at rest, a world that seemed to be leaning so heavily on the natural world of everyday. It was as if the two worlds needed to be separated from each other for the eventual well-being and peace of mind of the living. It would indeed be very difficult to convey in a fairly convincing way to the modern reader or the youth of today what it was that people back then believed they saw and experienced in those troubled times. The *De Profundis*, introduced so to speak as a type of spiritual antidote, would have had a special cathartic or cleansing effect that gave people comfort and made them feel better able to cope.

The Gilded Trap

The red line on the map shows the route we followed from our home in Cahermaculick to our Grandparents' home in Glencorrib. We crossed the fields and joined up with a boreen that took us to the Ballybackagh Road. To have followed the road from home around by Ardmoran and Gortjordan would have added a couple of miles to the trip. From a young age we would often travel on our own walking all the way. Whenever one of us travelled with Mam, she took her bike which we lifted over the walls till we reached the boreen. From then on it was pedal power with junior sitting on the carrier. The bike and the horse drawn trap and sidecar were the main means of transport. There were few cars and trucks because of wartime restrictions. By the time we were about ten we had our own bike or something that looked like one, or we borrowed Dad's where we had become adept at peddling under the crossbar, holding onto the handlebars with one hand and the saddle or thereabouts with the other.

During the Autumn months, we made many stops along the way to pick the freshly ripened blackberries, sloes and wild strawberries, and closer to Glencorrib to pick the many hazelnuts from the trees along the road. Directly across the road from my Grandparents' home was a large hazel wood which no doubt explains why the nearby road is known as Wood Park Road. Many an hour we spent as children exploring the wood with its many burrows and nests including the wren's among the briars, and eating our fill of hazelnuts. The wood has gone now and 'its airy cages quelled' as the poet Hopkins said of another. No more 'the leaping sunthe sandalled shadows...(the) wind-wandering'. Gone also are the old thatched home and that magnificent trap used by my Grandparents whenever they came to visit us. If only I had a photo of it! They never

missed that special occasion such as our first communion or confirmation. They were there to take us in their trap all the way to our parish church in Kilmaine and back again. Suspend disbelief for a moment and imagine this 'most' perfect trap, beautifully painted and polished and gilded towards the top, flawless and pristine, with rich leather seating and black and golden lanterns mounted on each side at the front, and drawn by the proudest black stallion, majestic in every stride and movement, dressageful for ever in his fine gear and plaited mane and tail and shining hooves, with his spotless leather reins extending through golden rings mounted on the front of the trap to his master, himself attired in the finest from his gentleman's hat and fur-collared black coat and leather gloves to his golden buckled shoes as each the other complemented, and you dear reader have now a picture of what it was that we were so excited about and now cherish.

The Rosary in Glencorrib

I have some very vivid memories of those times and our visits to Glencorrib in the forties and early fifties. In preparation for the saying of the rosary, begun on the dot of 6 o'clock, Grandfather Murphy rearranged the kitchen chairs for us to kneel by. My Grandmother always faced the hob on the right of the open fire watching whatever it was she watched on the hob for the duration of the rosary which was begun by Grandfather with extraordinary flair and petition. That look of disapproval on his face should have been enough to remind us to have our rosary beads. But forget we did and of course we were all expected to take our turn at saying a decade of the rosary causing us to substitute the rungs on the back of the chair for beads. That worked fine on the couple of times that I was visiting on my own but proved an absolute disaster when accompanied by my mother and one or more of my brothers. The looks and giggling began whenever one of us started counting the *Hail Mary's* on the back of the chair, and despite every effort by Grandfather to control the situation uncontrollable laughter took control, especially of Mother, with the resultant postponement or abandonment as invariably happened of the rosary to grandfather's annoyance. The rosary itself was easily the shortest part of this prayer routine. Grandfather knew a litany of litanies and prayed by name for all his relations and friends who seemed to number many hundreds. I couldn't get over the number of animals he owned at rosary time!

I can as it were still see the burning sheaves and the big straw ropes across the road at the top of the hill between my Grandparents' place and the church. I couldn't have been more than three at the time but my memory is a vivid one of that special occasion which I believe was the wedding of Bridie Biggins and Jim Browne. All the music and set dancing that evening in Murphy's old loft with lots of people sitting on bags of corn or grain! I remember being outside in the yard with my brother, Sonny, just below the loft when he fell over and a sharp piece of stone pierced the right side of his face just above the eye. The mark is still there today. He had been treated to some poteen by Uncle Sonny Murphy at the ripe old age of four. Uncle Sonny never forgot the incident anymore than my brother, and occasionally reminded him that he was the first of the Colemans to become inebriated. And as my mother said to my Uncle in 1986 when we were revisiting our youth, "O Jesus, Mary and Joseph, wasn't it an awful thing for you to do!"

I wish I could adequately describe and portray my Grandmother, Bridget Murphy. To me she was the embodiment of nearly two thousand years of Irish history. You don't see or meet or hear of people like her anymore. She was the last of the truly Celtic women whose demeanour, traits, customs and superstitions, as well as her spoken word, which in itself was a fascinating mix of lyrical 'old' Irish and English, placed her anywhere in traditional or Gaelic Ireland between 400 and 1900 AD. In her met Maeve, Deidre and Dark Rosaleen and those who wrote the *Táin* were

surely thinking of women like her. Everything about her speech, not just its vocabulary and structure but also its pitch, its tone, its inflections and intonation patterns were of a time past and culture lost. No one, not even in the most Gaeltacht part of Ireland speaks like that anymore. It was so proud and haunting and so elegant and rich from beneath that shawl.

The Annual Sportsday

The Glencorrib annual sportsday provided an unique bonding experience for the local community and its many visitors. We set off from Cahermaculick bright and early on the day, crossing the fields and running a good part of the way in order to be at Grandparents' place nice and early. It was like a clan gathering with all the cousins and their parents meeting for a great day of celebrations. Grandparents were always generous but on this day it must have felt like one of great annual sacrifice to them because they really excelled themselves. Grandmother would call you aside, whispering, 'Sure a Grá, how much did himself give you now?' If he had beaten her to it, she gave you more, as much again and an extra sixpence or so. And, naturally, if he hadn't beaten her to it, you waited with great anticipation for himself to repeat the performance! Ah, but for the innocence of little children how easy it might have been to double the amount!

So off we set, the young millionaires, up past the church and finally through the gate, which Uncle Sonny and cousin Tommy Biggins controlled, and onto the sportsfield itself without any reduction in funds. It was such a great fun day full of action and colour. Uncle Sonny was in charge of a number of events, or so it seemed to us anyway. He saw to it that we took part in a few of the novelty ones, and so what could be better as that meant a lamhful of sweets at the finishing line. I often wonder how we were so enthusiastic watching the field events, the cycling and the tug-of-war with such interest. John Joe Tedders from Shrule was my hero. What he couldn't do with that bike as he cut the track around the field in pursuit of yet another victory! In sprint events in particular, he made the other cyclists look as if trailing in slow motion. He made it look so easy and even in the longer races where he lapped and lapped again the other cyclists there was never the need for him to enter the sprint mode towards the finish. We all knew John Joe and his father, Jack Tedders, as our local postmen. John Joe was a fine athlete and must have monopolised cycling events for many years both locally and further afield.

Local Customs, Folklore and Piseóga

It was during our trips to Glencorrib that I learned from my Mother most of our local customs and folklore. Some of the local beliefs frightened the hell out of me and I made sure I got home before dark whenever I travelled alone to Glencorrib as so many places along the way were obviously haunted. Whenever we cycled and took the long way around by Gortjordan, we peddled fast to get past the hill just before Gortjordan school while there was still some daylight in case we met the Cóiste Bodhar or Silent Coach that passed by there at night time drawn by two white horses. My mother was convinced that it overtook her and her sister one night and to hear her talk about it, the fright was obviously still with her. The Féar Gorta was a frightening experience and Mother used to point out those fields along the way that had it. If in crossing those fields you were to get the Féar Gorta, you would get so terribly hungry that you could hardly move. This explained why she often carried some bread in her bag to fight the Féar Gorta should it strike you. Having seen what happened to her once when hit by it was more than enough to convince me. I suppose its explanation is somewhere to be found in the memory, genetic or otherwise, of the Great Famine and the other famines to ravish the country. The Fódín Mearúil was in a few places in Glencorrib. It crept upon you by stealth as you crossed the fields at night. Water appeared before you here and there and to avoid it you started going astray. It was

the work of the fairies and to counter it, but it didn't always work, you turned your coat inside out. You had no chance if you weren't wearing a coat. It led you across ponds and rivers without bridges. It was said that when the fairies left you that you knew where you were. My worry was that if I got the Fóidín Mearúil, they might decide to leave me midway across a river.

We all saw Jack the Lantern at one time or other and he wasn't such a bad guy at all. He appeared as a ball of light rolling across the fields at night and was thought to herald bad weather, something not too difficult to verify in Ireland's case. But the Bean Sí (Banshee) was another story and surely she must have been that dark and night visitor from the world of evil fairies. The Grim Reaper of more recent times, though male and silent, has reminded me of her more than once. Yet ironically there's something I feel more natural about the Bean Sí. Her loud and mournful crying during the early hours of the morning, in the vicinity of a homestead, told of the impending death of a member of that household.

I heard my mother say more than once as night approached on our way home from Glencorrib, "The Lord between us and all harm!" There were so many greetings that were prayers back then. Though I saw my Grandparents a number of times between 1952 and 1958 when I left for Australia, my last memory of grandpa working in the field was in 1952. I had called to visit them before returning to college in Cork. Grandpa was up in one of the fields between the house and Pollbeg turlough. That picture of him on padded knees astride drills of sugar beet at the age of seventy five stooped low weeding the beet has stayed with me to move and somewhat haunt me from time to time. I remember my greeting him and his response: "God bless the work, Grandpa" and "Thanks, dear Máirtín; His blessing I do need on this hard work". There were so many other similar greetings such as "God save all here" instead of "Hi there" when entering a house. Unique and many were the customs and local "piseoga" associated with Easter, Christmas, the first of May (Beltaine), a spring celebration distinguished by bonfires, the first of August (Lughnasa), a celebration of the harvest, the last night of October (Samain), marked the beginning of winter and the night when ghosts and other unfriendly creatures were allowed to frighten the living, not forgetting a host of others associated with animals, birds, death, wakes and funerals.

Pollbeg Turlough

Along the side of that beautiful old thatched home that was my Grandparents' ran a tree-lined boreen back to Pollbeg turlough ('pollbeg' means 'small hole'). This is a wetlands area that floods in winter and dries up in summer, though not entirely. I loved that area for its flowers and wildlife and the many tall trees along the way where the crows always nested. On a few occasions I accompanied my grandfather as he drove the cattle there to drink during a dry spell. The boreen though overgrown, as it is no longer in use, is still there but many of the tall trees have disappeared. Though the wood and the old home and all those mainly associated with it, my Grandparents, Aunts, my Mother and Uncle Sonny have all gone, and many other changes have taken place, it is still as charming as ever and I never fail to call there whenever I visit Ireland. In its tranquillity and beauty it will always be that glen by the Corrib - Glencorrib.

The Murphy Family



Delia Murphy



Michael & Bridget Murphy with daughters
May, Margaret & Norah 1931

Sisters Margaret Murphy and Delia were born in 1910 and 1911 respectively. Delia died in 1930, about a year before this photograph of her parents and sisters was taken. Both girls were very bright students and talented violinists when they joined an English order of nuns at fifteen years of age. The demands of a very harsh and rigorous convent life quickly took their toll on ones so young. Within a couple of years they had contracted tuberculosis and were advised by their superior to leave the convent. Their parents realising the inevitable were heartbroken. Dad Michael, who had his misgivings about their joining the English order in the first place, travelled alone to England to bring his daughters home. It was the saddest of journeys, and despite the best medical attention available, both sisters succumbed to the disease. Delia died on the 31st October, 1930, aged 19 years. Margaret died on the 15th of February, 1938 aged 27.



Grandfather Michael Murphy with his son Martin (Sonny) and grand-daughter Mary Walshe, shortly before she sailed to join relatives in America in 1948

Sonny Murphy Himself

On a warm and sunny July afternoon in 1986, Sonny accompanied Tricia & me on our visit to the Walshe family, my cousins in Keekill (Coichille). Sonny had a great sense of humour and in the nicest of ways nothing was sacred to him. As my father would have said, "He was gifted, he was a gifted story teller!" And while he performed well on his own, find him in the company of his son Gerry, or any of his sons for that matter, and they were absolutely brilliant.

Having grown up in Sydney, Tricia was fascinated by Sonny's accent. We both loved to hear him talk and to our great enjoyment, the stories kept getting better the further we went. As we turned right for Keekill off the Headford-Galway Road, the little grotto of Our lady on the corner reminded Sonny of his recent visit with son Gerry to the moving statues down south in Co Cork. "They were there in thousands! They had come from everywhere all over the world, and sure it was a grand sight! Them there kneelin and prayin and gaspin and waitin for her to move, the statue to start movin. Ah we waited and waited!" (*Pause*)

'Did *you* see her move, Sonny?"

"What was that?"

"Did she *move*?"

"Did she *move*! Did *she* move! Well she rocked and she rocked, moved left and right and left and right again faster and faster till sure at the end you were so dizzy everything was movin and rockin, the trees the people - everything! Ah 'twas a lovely sight, and sure the lad could tell you that now himself without a word of a lie!"

It reminded me of his description a few weeks earlier of a pothole in the Cahermaculick Road just outside Willie Murphy's. Gerry and Sonny had called to visit Mam shortly after Dad had passed away. As it so happened I had seen that same pothole myself about an hour earlier. Certainly noticeable. But it was the way Sonny and Gerry bounced off each other during Sonny's description by way of complaint that made it one of the most entertaining and humorous of stories.

"You saw it? That you did and all and how could you not!" (*Sonny to me*)

"What with all those cars going past, oh it's so dangerous!". (*Gerry as he watched Sonny*)

"It is that and big too, really big.."

"Ah you're right there alright - sure it's mighty big altogether".

"Well now without a shadow of doubt, it's the biggest pothole I've ever seen...."

"Lord God if you went down into't and survived, it would take you half an hour to get up the other side!"

That was indeed a fine story as was that July afternoon and evening in Keekill with cousins Michaelleen Walshe and Eileen and their children Damien, Selena and Jason. The picture of Sonny by the boat reminds me of what was in hindsight a funny incident during our boat trip on the lake, Lough Corrib. Our host, Michael Walshe who has a lot of respect for the lake, knowing its many moods, gave us a running commentary of its complex character - not a pleasure ground for the uninformed and inexperienced by any standards. About halfway into the trip as we traversed a deep stretch of water not so calm as earlier, Tricia decided to move from my right on the seat to my left to obtain a little more protection from the rays of the sun. The chain reaction that this caused saw us all frantically scrambling to stay in the boat as it bounced like a cork in turbulent waters. I can still see that picture of a shocked Sonny as he fought to hold on to his cap, glasses and the boat all at the same time. We all did laugh about it later over a drink in the security of Walshe's place.



This photo of Gerry and me taken in 1986 during one of his stories says it all



By calm waters after our trip on the lake

Chapter Fifteen

The Lake Isle of Irishmacatreer

Inis Mhic a'Trír (Inishmacatreer) "the island of the son of the three" is an island in Lough Corrib. According to my cousin, Sonny Daveron, "Sure it's the loveliest place in the world to live in and for that matter die in", and Patricia and I certainly need no convincing. We first met the Daverons in 1986 when we called to tell Sonny that my father was unwell and wasn't expected to survive. Though Dad and he were always the best of friends, I had not ever met Sonny or any of his family. For as long as I can remember, I have wanted to visit the Island and the Daverons about whom Dad had spoken so often. If you have already read the script

of my taped chat with Dad when he and Mam visited Australia in 1997, you are aware of the warmth and enthusiasm with which he spoke about them. My paternal grandmother, Mary Daveron, was born here in 1869 to Pat and Margaret (Holleran) Daveron, and her nephew, Sonny, whom I have visited a number of times since 1986 was born here on the 9th January, 1920. He married Mary Delia Casey on the 6th July, 1944. I last visited Sonny and his family as recently as 2004. Margaret Holleran's brother was the grandfather of Tommy Holleran of



Cahermaculick. I have always known that my father and Tommy Holleran were related but didn't realise how until I met Sonny Daveron. Tommy's son Paddy Holleran, my own third cousin, lives in Cahermaculick about two kilometres from the Colemans.

As well as being keen farmers, Sonny and his father, Pat, were proud of their reputation as boat builders, producing small to medium sized wooden boats. Three of the four boats in the picture

were built by Sonny. In the summer of 2001, Tricia and I had the pleasure of travelling in one of the boats with Sonny's son, Jarlath, to a couple of the larger neighbouring islands to check on stock grazing there.

Mary and Sunny Daveron with Martin Coleman – 1997



During the Clan Coleman Reunion in 2004, we arranged to call to the Island of Inishmacatree to visit our cousins. Since 1986, Patricia and I have visited a number of times during our trips to Ireland and on each occasion I have learned something new about my grandparents who had died some five



years before I was born. As Sonny knew his first cousins, Jim and John Coleman, well, this was an excellent opportunity to introduce their sons and daughters to him. Sonny looked forward to the meeting and was delighted to be able to talk to them about their parents. He appears with his walking stick in the photos. Others in the photo (left) are, from L to R, Patricia Coleman, Geraldine Daveron (Sonny's Grand-daughter) & Pauline (Sonny's Daughter-in-Law), Clair Timms, Patrick & Barbara Coleman, Max Timms in the arms of Linda Downie, Martha Caluori

and Mary Meehan, Sonny Daveron, Mick Coleman & Roisin Naughton, Kevin Meehan and Jack Timms.

It was here back on the 25 May, 1901 that my grandfather, John Coleman from Turloughmore, married Mary Daveron from the Island of Inishmacatreer.



Clarin Church on the road from Inishmacatreer to Headford.

Consider the craftsmanship required to make such a fine and durable wooden boat as this one in the picture below. Needless to say, Sonny Daveron was very proud of this boat which was the last one he made and sadly the last to be made on the Island since the arrival of the aluminium and fibreglass ones of all shapes and sizes. As our party bid farewell to Sonny and



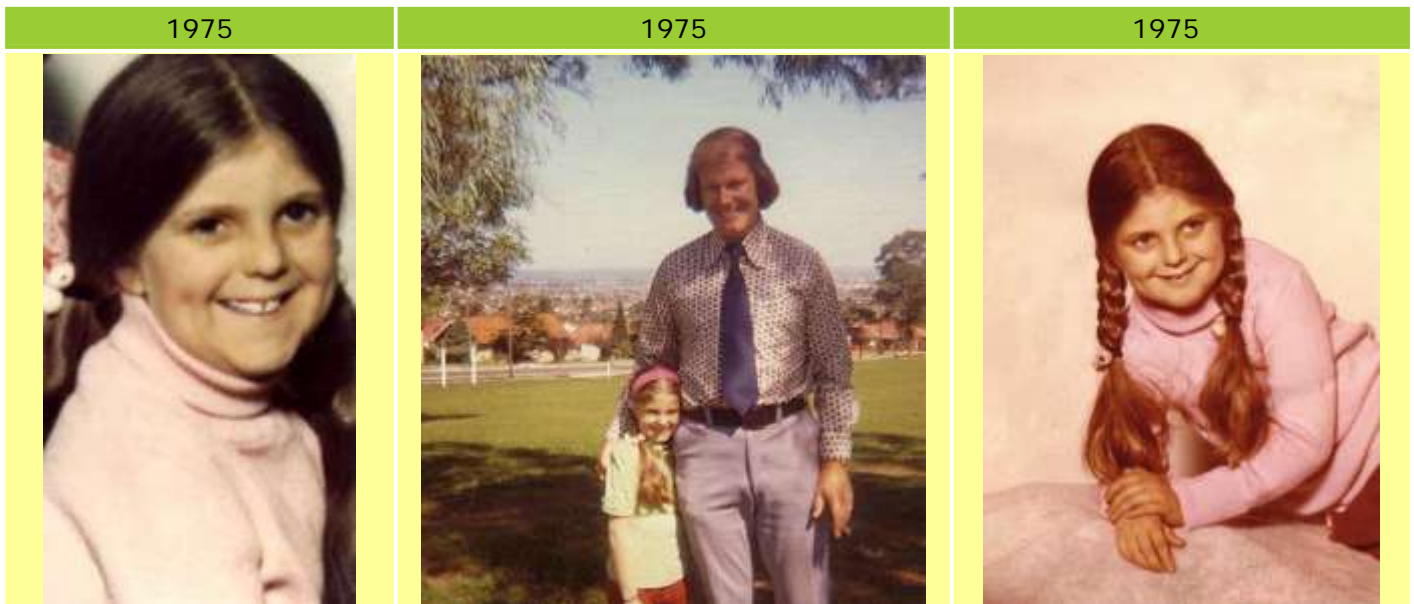
his family, he handed me a parcel which I was not to open until I had left the Island. I won't ever forget that moment. It was a very moving one. I could sense that Sonny was parting with something he held so very dear and special, something that was part of him, something he wanted

me to have. It was the first and only photo, beautifully framed, of this finely crafted wooden boat, his and the Island's last great work of art.

When we met at the Anglers' Rest Hotel in Headford for the Clan dinner on Sunday 8th August, 2004, we were I'm delighted to say joined later that evening by our Daveron cousins, Anne and Gerald O'Connell, Jarleth and Pauline Daveron and Mary Barry.

Chapter Sixteen

Dominique Catherine Mary Coleman



While I will leave it to my other children to write their own story, I feel I should with the help of Patricia write briefly about Dominique who unfortunately wasn't given that opportunity. Try as I may, my greatest fear is, however, that my best efforts will be found wanting because to be true to one so wonderfully extraordinary will not be easy. I am certain, though, that with Patricia's help and guidance the story that we are about to tell of our dear daughter, Dominique, will rightly capture many of her endearing qualities as a very special person.

Dominique was born on Wednesday 25th March 1964 at Canterbury Hospital in Sydney.



Today, as I begin her story, is Good Friday the 25th March 2005, twenty nine years after her death, a fact that had escaped my attention until Patricia reminded me just now as I was about to complete the previous sentence. She was the first of our five children and in her own unique way brought much joy and love into our lives. "You have such a beautiful baby!" and "Isn't she the pretty one!" were regular comments made by both the doctor and nurses as recalled by Patricia. When I first saw her, I couldn't get over how beautiful and healthy she looked. Yet over the next twelve months, Dominique was to spend some time in Wade House, the private wing of the Children's Hospital in Camperdown, Sydney, as doctors tried to correct a health problem that continued to plague her and was ultimately to bring about her untimely death on the morning of the 1st January 1976.



While Patricia and I have many very vivid memories of our daughter Dominique, we are both surprised at how many more have now come rushing back down the years as we begin to write. The one that stands out for me in that first year above all the rest is what happened when I called to visit Dominique in Wade House early one afternoon after work in November 1964. As I approached her room, I met Sister in the corridor and her first words to me were, "I believe Dominique is expecting you". We chatted for a moment within earshot of the room.

Then as I entered I beheld the most beautiful picture I have ever seen. There was Dominique in this bright and sunny room sitting up in bed, beautifully dressed and with her lovely shiny blonde hair tied up in a colourful ribbon, her composure and face radiance itself, blessed by the most beautiful smile so pronounced by her very welcoming large blue eyes. This was the first time that I had seen her sitting up on her own and it so became her right then as she stretched out both hands in welcome! The serenity of that moment in time is one of her many great gifts to me, and one that has brought great comfort to some rather daunting situations in recent years.



Dominique loved life and spent every waking moment learning more and more about it. Patricia and I were amazed at how quickly she acquired a lasting interest in so many things. Her grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins were very important people in her life. She would chat about them in the nicest of ways and loved visiting them. It was a regular occurrence for Grandfather Pop Lynch and she to spend hours together having what she called 'a good chat' while they enjoyed a game

of cards or dominoes. She would speak about my parents in Ireland, or 'in Cahermaculick' as she put it, as if she were born on the farm and reared among them and her aunts and uncles there. This familiarity was the direct result of all the information she had acquired because of her deep interest in them and their lives.

It was like that as well with everything else such as her interest in art, music, drama, religion and nature. She loved outdoors and visiting different places, in particular the seaside. By the water or in the water - it didn't matter- she loved it. In fact the ocean held a special fascination for her. She never tired of talking about it, its enormous size, what lived in it, the ships that sailed it and the countries it joined. Quite often, as she sat there by the ocean, she could be seen to muse about it.

Regularly, she questioned me on different aspects of my trip to Australia in the ship the 'Orion'. She loved to hear about life aboard the ship, the games, the entertainment, the different parties and socials organised for those who helped out in some way. She knew that I had taught maths for an hour and a half a day to the children aboard who spoke English and so was a regular guest at the captain's cocktail party just before dinner. She liked to hear again and again about the places we visited such as Egypt and the Red Sea as they held a special mystique for her having met them in her bible stories. From the time she could speak, and that was at a very early age, she put her request in regularly for a visit to the beach or the shore or a particular pier. So on a few afternoons a week after school we would head off for one or the other with all the children who, by the way, also enjoyed the sing-song and folklore with Patricia while in the car.



So on a few afternoons a week after school we would head off for one or the other with all the children who, by the way, also enjoyed the sing-song and folklore with Patricia while in the car.

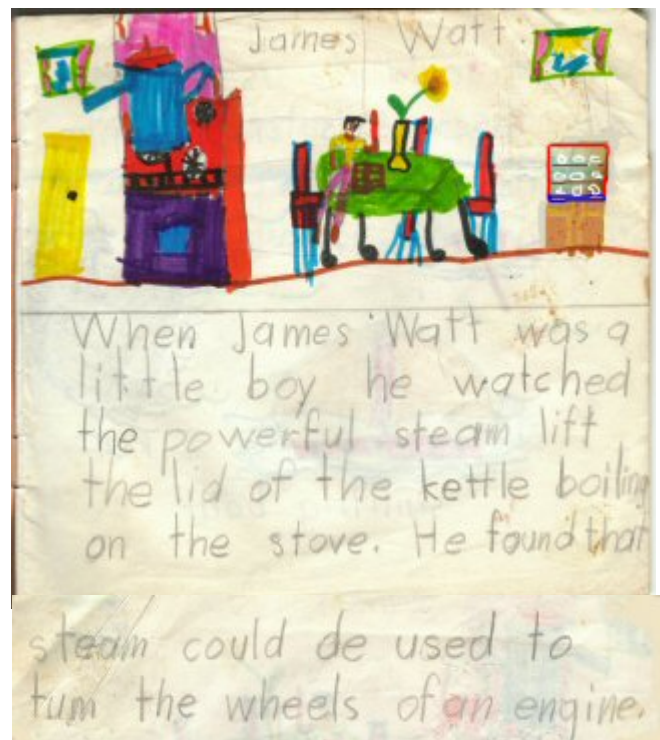


Though Dominique had more interests than most children her age and enjoyed meeting people, she was never loud or demanding. In fact to be with her was to share a calmness and joy that are rare. She had a lovely sense of humour that always considered the feelings of others first and showed a level of sensitivity and fairness beyond her years. To her brothers, Martin and Michael, and sister, Bernadette, she was very supportive and understanding and indeed quite protective. If Patricia and I were out for the evening, she would make sure that she saw us when we returned home or early next morning to reassure us that the boys were well behaved for Nan. Whenever she saw that one or both misbehaved in a

manner that was unfair to Nan, as occasionally happened, she explained this carefully in order to be fair to all concerned. One incident in particular comes to mind. The light was on in her room and so she was probably awake and would like to hear about our evening out. She enjoyed such chats and was always delighted to hear that we had a good time. As we were about to say good night, she calmly but rather apologetically explained how one of the boys was 'very naughty to Nan'. This she followed up with, "He's really a good boy; so please don't smack him, but he does need a good talking to for Nan's sake."

Mrs Carson who lived on her own just across the road from us looked forward to Dominique's visits and their long chats together as they sat on the front veranda. Often she remarked to Patricia that talking to Dominique was like talking to a very kind and wise, little old woman. "Oh, it's so peaceful here away from those boys! You know they can be so noisy!" This and many similar comments that were likely to punctuate their talks were a source of great enjoyment to our neighbour.

Dominique looked forward to going to school and liked to chat about what she would learn there at St Jerome's. As the time approached, she set about putting together with Patricia's help all she needed making sure nothing was left off that list provided by the school. As it worked out, Martin Pat and she began school together. In fact they were both in the same class, something that was very helpful to her as her attendance was not as regular as she would have liked it to be. She loved school and got on well with everyone there. Whenever she was hospitalised, all she wanted was to get better quickly in order to return to school, and she tried so hard to be there as often as possible.





Sept. 1967



Dominique & Bernadette 1971



Dominique on her way to school 1972

Bernadette and her friend, Tracey, often talk about how Dominique loved to play *school*. "Tracey and I would play school and, most of the time, this was with Dominique who loved playing the teacher. Thinking back, we have often wondered why she wanted to play the teacher all the time. The two little white wardrobes in her room served as her blackboard. We would open up the end doors and put up a piece of paper or cardboard, stuck to or tucked into a drawer to keep it vertical, so that she could write on it. Quite often she got mad at us for being naughty and not paying attention, and would have us sitting up straight, listening to her and not making a sound. We played many other acting games as well and the story was

always the same. Whether we played *hospital* or *down on the farm* or whatever, Dominique was the doctor, the farmer and the boss and we paid attention!"

While in hospital and during those periods when away from school, she took lessons by correspondence. The teacher in charge of her at the Correspondence School was wonderful to her. She enjoyed working her way through those lessons at home with Patricia. Often she called me into her bedroom when I arrived home from teaching at Fort Street Evening College. I would sit on the side of her bed while she explained what they had done and what a great time they had together and how they had laughed so much at this and that. Those happy times with Patricia she relived as we laughed our way through her descriptions of them. She had such a hearty laugh and wonderful sense of humour! Patricia reminds me of an incident that occurred at school during Education Week and after their special sports Mass in the church. The School Principal, Sister Ann, who was always so kind to Dominique, had invited her to carry the basketball during the Offertory Procession. Dominique was delighted to be involved, but at the end of Mass as they walked across to the school, she gratefully and quietly said to Patricia, "Mum, I prayed silently to Mary to give me enough strength to be able



to walk around the school to all the classrooms". She couldn't have been feeling well, but of course she had been looking forward to the exhibits in the classrooms as part of Education Week, and was so grateful to be able to do those things or at least some of them that other children her age took for granted.



Being among others and seeing them enjoy themselves gave her a lot of pleasure. Her birthday parties were always great occasions with all her cousins and friends celebrating with her. She

enjoyed celebrating all our birthdays and times like Christmas and Easter, and bought that special present in plenty of time. As my father would have said, 'She really felt for you to the heart if she knew that you were unwell'. In her own quiet way, she went about both humouring and helping you in the hope that you felt better quickly. One Sunday morning while visiting her in Wade House, we decided as it was such a beautiful day to take her for a walk in the garden. On our way there along the corridor, we passed by a number of rooms including the children's Oncology Ward. The sight of other children so obviously very sick concerned and visibly upset her. She talked about them and hoped that the doctors and nurses would get them well soon. She was capable of extraordinary compassion always seeing their situation and suffering as worse than her own.

Dominique loved Ballet and Ballet music like 'Swan Lake' and 'The Nutcracker Suite' and enjoyed attending with the family stage or screen performances. She liked all types of



(Below)
Dominique
as Alice in
Wonderland

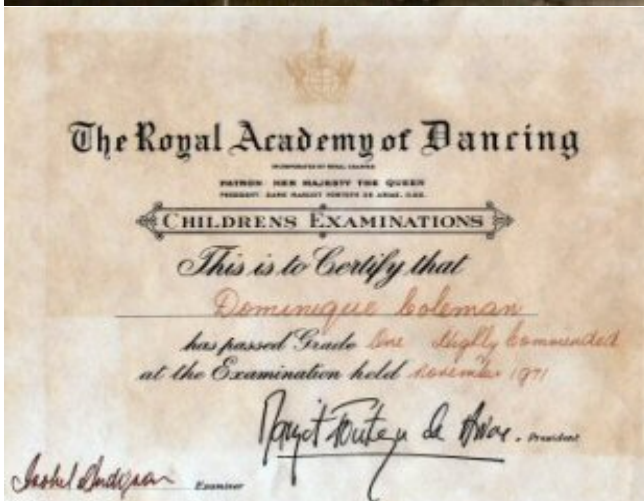
(Left)
Practising for
Grade 1 Exam

(Right)
Dominique and
Betty Andreone
about to perform
at their School's
Christmas Party
1971

music, playing as Patricia recalls her Ballet music ever so softly but then increasing the volume for Rock n Roll. She was very familiar with all the popular Musicals and knew the score of 'Joseph and His Technicolour Coat' from start to finish which not only bears



testimony to the number of times she played it but also to the number of impromptu performances started by Patricia or Dominique when we were all together after dinner or travelling out together in the car. "Edelweiss" was a favourite of hers long before the "Sound of Music" became popular. A scene never to be forgotten for its calm and lyrical beauty was Dominique's going asleep to Patricia's singing of 'Edelweiss' while sitting on her lap. I would love to be able to describe properly the relationship that



existed between Dominique and Patricia. There was something extra special and unique about it. I have nothing but absolute admiration for the way Patricia coped during those years, caring for Dominique and our other three children. The assurance, the care, the beauty, the love and kindness, and indeed the joie de vivre with which she invested those years and Dominique's life have no parallel.

Since settling in Australia in 1958, the first real opportunity to visit my family in the west of Ireland came in May 1974. I couldn't get over how happy everyone was for me now that I was at last going to see

my parents after so many years. Dominique was delighted and talked about it with great excitement at every opportunity. In fact it was she who suggested to me that I should take Martin and Michael after Michael had told her how he would love to go Ireland. My desire was

for all of us to travel there together but unfortunately our doctor had advised against our taking Dominique. I could understand his concerns but it is to my everlasting regret that we had not all travelled there together. I know now that all would have been fine and even felt so back then.

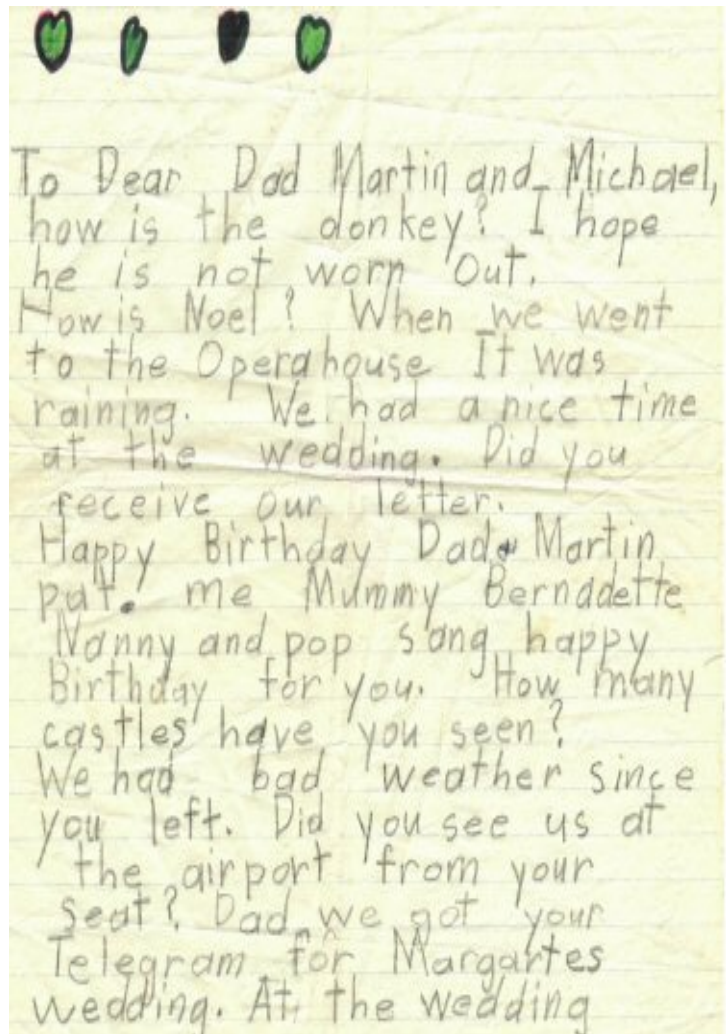
A big farewell had been organised for us at my brother Michael's place in Revesby. It was a great occasion with lots of families present including those of my two sisters, Delia and Margaret. Using a super 8 camera, I filmed the event so that I had plenty of footage of all my parents' grandchildren and extended families in Sydney to take back to them. As it so happened, I had quite a few other films of birthdays, outings and other occasions to take with us as well. It was a very exciting time for all of us and Dominique had her presents and letter all parcelled up for me to take to Nan and Pop. Where Patricia got the time to make so many lovely items of clothing for the two boys including two very stylish leather jackets I'll never know!

Going overseas back then was seen as quite an undertaking and a number of family and friends came to see you off at the airport. There was a lot more excitement and emotion associated with it.

Dominique, after saying how she wanted me to write plenty of letters and bring back films of Nan and Pop and the farm, whispered, "I'll miss you all and I'm so sad we can't go with you". I had already assured her, before we got to the airport, that one day when she was well we would all make the trip together.

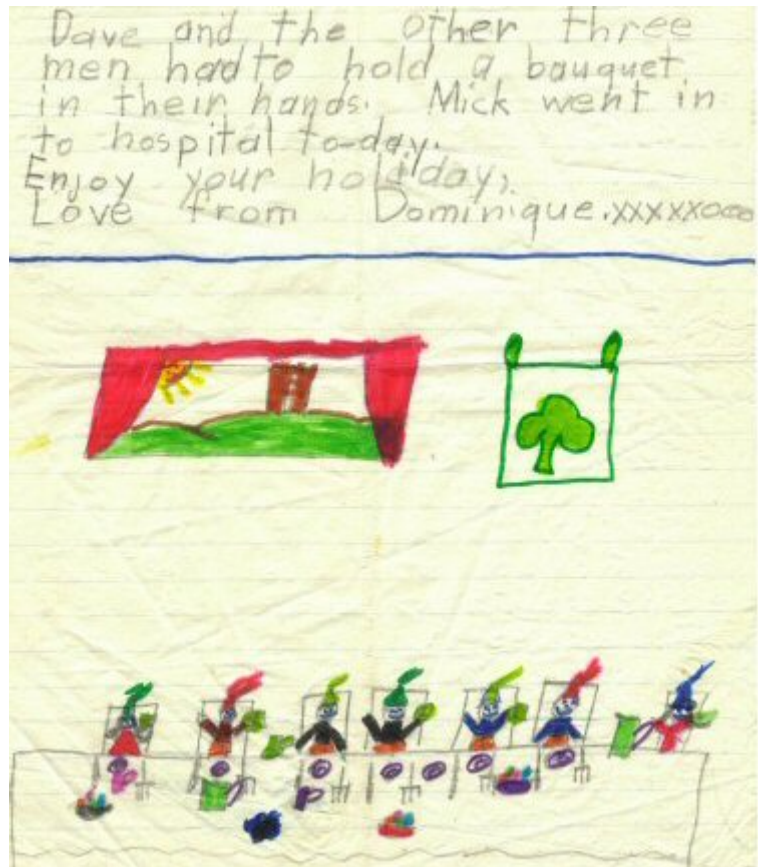
After eight very enjoyable weeks in Ireland, we were glad to be back home with the rest of the family. We had so much to talk about and so many films to view. Dominique loved the boys' stories about the funny things that happened to them along the way and on the farm. She wrote to my parents regularly and in fact I recall my mother writing in one of her letters that Dominique was the only person who wrote to them.

I'm sure that Dominique believed that grandparents are the loveliest people in the world. Two of the most important people in her life were Nan and Pop Lynch. They helped care for her, sat with her and played games together for hours on end. Pop kept a very impressive vegetable garden where he spent a few hours every day. She enjoyed working with him in the garden and learning all about the different plants and vegetables. Nan and Pop couldn't have been more kind and wonderful to her. I'm sure that the attitudes and love she experienced with Nan and Pop Lynch influenced in a very positive way her love for my parents



To Dear Dad Martin and Michael,
how is the donkey? I hope
he is not worn out.
How is Noel? When we went
to the Operahouse It was
raining. We had a nice time
at the wedding. Did you
receive our letter.
Happy Birthday Dad Martin
Pat. me Mummy Bernadette
Nanny and pop sang happy
Birthday for you. How many
castles have you seen?
We had bad weather since
you left. Did you see us at
the airport from your
seat? Dad we got your
Telegram for Margartes
wedding. At the wedding

The second half of 1975 was a particularly difficult period for her. Of all the doctors who had treated her, none was more kind and caring than Dr Paul Roy, a young Urologist at the Children's Hospital. All through her life, Dominique had shown remarkable strength of character and courage in the face of much adversity. Her resilience was remarkable. I remember our putting in an urgent call one morning to the family doctor where Dominique had become very ill. After seeing her, the doctor was so concerned that she contacted Dr Roy. If her condition showed any deterioration, she was to be hospitalised immediately. A couple of hours later there was Dominique sitting next to me on the seat in the garden saying how we should go for a drive on such a lovely day. I don't know why I agreed but about forty minutes later we were down by the bay at Ramsgate enjoying an icecream. From there



we drove to Kingsford and along Anzac Parade to the city where she had convinced me that we should visit Luna Park. My hate of Big Dippers and Scary Cats and Ferris Wheels I had to push aside as we rode one after the other. When we got off the Scary Cat, my head was so light and my legs so wobbly that I had to make for the nearest seat. You should have heard her laugh and didn't she enjoy it! Before we left there, we played every game and ride that was on offer. I don't know how she had the strength to keep going!

As Christmas 1975 was rapidly approaching, Dominique bought her presents for the family and sent a card to her Nan and Pop in Ireland in time for Christmas. On 16 December, she was back in Wade House and the prognosis was bad. Patricia and I were told not to expect her home for Christmas as the medication prescribed could have serious side effects that required constant monitoring. Patricia was with her for some time on the morning of Christmas Eve and had told her that I would call in the afternoon on my way to her brother Gerald's shop to collect supplies that had been ordered for Christmas. As I walked along the

corridor to her room, I couldn't but notice all the empty rooms and wards. "Dear Dominique, what must she be thinking?" Not knowing what I was going to say, I entered her room. She was sitting on the side of her bed looking more beautiful than ever, and before I could say a word she greeted me with "I'm going home for Christmas, Dad! Dr Roy said I could, and Sister has helped me pack" Oh, she was so excited and talkative, it was wonderful!



As we drove away from the hospital along Pyrmont Road, I happened to remark, "Wasn't it great of Dr Roy to let you home!"

I can still see that twinkle in those smiling blue eyes as she whispered, "I told him I would blow the place up if he didn't let me go home; and he said, 'Well, we can't have that happen, can we?'"

A little further on at Glebe, we stopped to allow a very elderly nun cross the road at the pedestrian crossing. Dominique waved to her and turned to me and said, "I'm going to live till I'm a hundred like that nun!" And the excitement continued!

We stopped at a few places along the way including the beach at Manly, where to my surprise she asked if she could have some chicken and chips. I was delighted that she was feeling well and excited about coming home for Christmas, but I knew that things could change quickly and was hoping and praying for that not to happen and for her to have a happy Christmas with us all at home.

10-7-1974
To Dear Dad Martin and Michael
How are you and how is Nanny and Pop? Michael I hope you will come home I miss you.
Dad please don't lose our letters. I went to Mass on the 9th of June at 6⁰⁰ clock in the evening when I went to see Jesus Christ Super Star I thought it was good.
We had a good time at Auntie Winns and Uncle Bill and we went to the farm to Dad it was very good to talk to you on the phone.
Bernadette is well and so is Nanny and Pop to.
I can hardly wait till you come back but Mummy said I have to. Not very long now is it. But now I must say good by. Love from Dominique. xxx
P.S. I love you

Gerald was delighted to see her and was as excited as we were about her going home. We visited a few of the shops close by to have a look at the Christmas decorations. I could see that she was getting tired and so I arranged the car seat for her to have a rest. About forty five minutes later and some five kilometres from home, she woke up looking and feeling very ill. In fact she looked so ill I thought she wouldn't make it. I rushed home as quickly as I could in order to get her help, and as we entered the driveway, she sat up looking much brighter. I'm convinced that she summoned every ounce of energy in her little body at that moment in order to be ready to meet her Mum and Nan and Bernadette and Pop and Martin and Michael. She was so very brave!



We had a lovely Christmas Day and later that afternoon were joined by Dominique's uncles and aunts and cousins. Dominique spent most of the afternoon and evening in bed but had many visitors. Among them was one we shall never forget for his selflessness and kindness towards her. He was her twenty year old cousin, Patrick Lynch, who stayed with her for most

of the evening chatting about different things, playing cards, telling her stories and jokes. Later that evening, after she had said good bye to everyone, she said how really nice Patrick was and how much she had enjoyed his company.

Early next morning, Boxing Day, the side effects of the medication were all too obvious as we hurried to her aid. Fortunately and I'm certain with the help of a greater power, we were able to successfully counter the severe side effects with skills we didn't realise we possessed. A short time later, she quietly asked me a question that took me completely by surprise; 'Dad, am I going to get better?' I tried to answer but for a moment my emotions got the better of me. Seeing this, she immediately sat up and with the bravest face I've ever seen, pointed to the side of the



bed and invited me to sit with her and started to talk about Christmas Day. About two hours later, we took Dominique back to Wade House. With her mother by her side, she passed away on New Year's Day at 9.05 in the morning. Soon after my mother retired for the night late on New Year's Eve, she was woken up by a 'very real' dream that caused her great distress. She kept saying to my father that something terrible had happened in Australia and she feared that Dominique had passed away. Ironically, Dominique's Christmas card was the only one her Nan and Pop in Ireland received that Christmas as it got through before the mail strike began. Tragically and very sadly, her dear cousin, Patrick Lynch, lost his life in a road accident a week later on the 8th January, 1976.



Chapter Seventeen

A Chat with Pat

This is a written version of a taped chat with my father, Pat Coleman, made during my parents' visit to Australia in 1977. It was made at my sister Delia's place in Baulkham Hills late at night when the Party in their honour was over and everyone else had gone home or was preparing to retire for the night - not the ideal time for an interview of this nature, given the number of calls from my mother for us to go home in order to let the others go to bed. But persevere we did.

I should point out, however, that the written language is a most imperfect record of the spoken language, particularly of the conversational level of language. The two forms, written and spoken, are very separate and independent varieties of the language, each with its own set of distinctive and indeed unique characteristics. The stream of consciousness quality alone of conversation virtually makes recording it on paper an impossibility. The nuances, the shifts, the inflections, the intonation patterns, the tone, the pace, the assimilations, the junctures and so on, all are unaccommodated in the written word; and they are after all as much the vehicles of mood and feeling and indeed the real meaning in conversation as the words that accompany them. It's a bit like the skeleton without the body!

(For purposes of identification, my comments and questions are both indented and italicised)

Everything was fine, as Dad had already begun to tell me about his parents, until he realised that he was about to be recorded on tape. The hesitation was all too obvious! Yet the desire to talk about everything took control.

How will I start it at all now. Well for a ...

Forget about the tape. Don't worry about that. I'll just take it off that later myself

My Mother's maiden name was Mary Davoren.

Mary Davoren?

Mary Davoren

I thought her name was Bridget.

No!

Was it Mary? Is that what it has on the headstone, is it?

No, it's only my Uncle's name that's on the headstone.

But I thought her name was on it too.

No.

Isn't it?

No, because that headstone was there before she married my father.

Mary Davoren

Mary Davoren

Where did the Davorens come from?

(Having left home at the age of thirteen to attend a boarding college that was run by the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart in Cork City, I seemed to have missed the opportunity to learn what perhaps I should have learned about the extended family and the broader local scene.)

Inshagotree.

Inshkatree.

Or Inishmocatree - that's the way....

What do they call it?

Inishmocatreer.

Inishmocatreer

Now wait a minute and I'll spell it for you - I-n-i-s-h-m-a-c-a-t-r-e-e-r.

Ah, Inishmacatreer

Inishmacatreer. (*Really 'Inishmicatreer' -the plural of 'mac' meaning 'the island of the sons of three'*)

Where's that - that's in Lough Corrib, isn't it?

Yeh, it's in Lough Corrib.

Did you know her mother?

I seen her mother, but I was only young. She was Hollran.

Yeh..

I think Margaret was her mother's name.

Was it O'Holleran or Holleran?

Holleran . (spells it) **H-o-l-l-e-r-a-n..and she was from a village near the Chapel of Clonbur..**

So there must be a lot of Hollerans around Clonbur still?

Oooh yes, I know them all- they were all, they were all friends - second cousins like now of me - first cousins of my mother.....(*That lovely lyrical quality of speech!*)

Right..

And they were from a place called - a village near Clonbur within about three hundred yards of the Chapel of Clonbur, a place called Carahakeen....

Cara..?

Carahakeen

Carahakeen

And my mother's father - his name was John Davoren- John Davoren. I knew him well. Of course I was young at the time, about you'd say eight or nine years if that.

And he was from Inishmacatreer?

Yes, he was there and that was his place, and he married in there then.....

How did you get into the Island?

There's a road going in now. There's a tarred road into it now.....

From where?

From Ballynalty, Glencorrib - you go back that ways and it's just, you go down and it's only just about two miles from Glencorrib.

Is that all?

That's all. There's a road going all the way in - in by Lough Corrib, in that ways. And that road then - half the road belongs to Mayo County Council an' in County Mayo, and so the inside part of it was done. They wanted to get it tarred with a long time. I seen that road when there was a wooden bridge in it. Now there's a, there's a metal bridge there. So in any case - Galway had the roads done, by-roads before Mayo. But then Mayo had to do the other half. I think the bridgewas in County Galway. The bridge -it's a big high road, and Galway had their own tarred and Mayo had to do the other part of it. (*And*

'high' doesn't mean the distance above the water!)

And you said your mother's father - what was his name again?

John Davoren. Well... my mother had two brothers ...Pat Davoren, he was married there, and to a woman from above Cross...Billypark. Billypark they called it....

Billypark..Where was that place?

That was just now about a mile from Cross, a mile as you go back now from up where O'Malley's is there ... you follow up a bit there..you go in a byway and it's on the height there, where that John Wall is now there up there - Billypark. There's a burying ground there too in Billypark, and there was ah.....

Did you say she had two brothers, was it?

Yes, my mother had two brothers. Pat Davoren, he was my uncle then you know ... and she had another brother then, James Davoren. Oh he was a well educated man . He was travelling, travelling for Singers Sewing Machine you know. I can remember that now even though I was young at the time, and because he came into our house back in Turloughmore, The Neale, and he left one of these small ones , you know, you see like for girls now...they could sew, could sew anything now in the line of say a piece of cloth and shirt and things like that now, you know

That's right, they were a big company of course, Singers.

Yes.

And ..right, that was your mother. Can you remember her grandmother at all?

My mother's grandmother - no. But Margaret...Margaret Holleran was my grandmother. Ah, they were good people. Their cousins were out from a place called Killbride behind the Chapel of Finny, a half parish of Clonbur. One of them had a big place there - there was a wood - he had over 350 acres of land. Oh, he was...

So there are a lot of Hollerans around there then?

Oh yes, there was a lot of Hollerans! A lot of Hollerans - there were Hollerans then in Cole Park, Michael Holleran....

Where's Cole Park?

Cole Park, it's on the south side of Clonbur. There were Kynes up there..you could see them, them lads..they used to play football long'go...seven a side - they used to play in Shrule. Well up from that, about a mile up from that, in a place called Carakeel..

Carakeel..

Carakeel....there was Hollrans there, a good decent lad or two..But this Michael Holleran - they had a place in an Island in there. They used to go in a boat... Duras. Did you ever hear about Duras?

No...

Back from Clonbur, an island. It's a lovely place. I was myself once in it.

That would be in the Corrib too?

The Corrib, Lough Corrib. It's a nice place too in there. There was this Holleran fella..Michael Holleran..he lived within a mile off the island you know. They used to go out by boat, and in any case, he had the most land that was there in the island. He had a lot of land. He had a two storey house there. I was in in it - I was in in it there in Cole Park!

(Dad is coughing a little - a dry cough - and getting tired)

But yes, is there anything else now like the..?

Now what about we'd say your own family? Where were you born?

I was born at Turloughmore, The Neale

And who has that land now do you know, Dad?

That land was our land. My father had 21 Irish acres there. Tommy Holleran, a cousin of our own, had only 5 acres. Jimmy Caulfield had only 5 acres. Johnny Caulfield had only an acre and a half.

But didn't that land belong initially to Lord....Kilmaine..yes, Lord Kilmaine.

Kilmaine, yes.. and he wanted the tenants there then - of course they were his tenants - and he had this property in Cahermaculick, and he'd rather see his own tenants getting it , you know.

This was Lord Kilmaine?

Lord Kilmaine..

And was that the reason you moved to Cahermaculick?

'Twas..well they they...

Or was it the Land Commission?

The land..well 'twas the CDB Board that time...

What's the CDB...?

Congesterstrict Board...

(The Congested District Board was set up to move people from congested areas onto land given up at a price by lords and other members of the crown.)

And it was they that built the house in Cahermaculick, and in fact inTurin, Kilernan, and there was a fifteen year limit then, and they'd hand it over to the Land Commission - the Board..

All right, well when did your father get that land at Turloughmore?

Oh, I wouldn't have an idea, because my father was there ever and his father before him, and my Uncle - that headstone that you'd seen there ..in Kilmalora..

What was his name? Patrick, wasn't it?

Patrick...Patrick Coleman -oh, a great man..My Grandmother was there but I couldn't exactly say what her first name was now...Yes...my father's mother was there.

You can recall her name, can you?

Well I think myself it could be ..Mary too, Mary Coleman.. (Actually, it was Catherine)Yes, but I hadn't seen my grandfather you know. (Interruptions of call for us to finish)

Go ahead; you go ahead! (Plea)

My father's mother was there when my mother married into there....and me uncle, my father's brother - this man now that the headstone was put for at Kilmalora - that's where the grave is ...

I have seen that..and I've a good movie of it too..

You have but..ah, he was buried there..they were buried inside. That's the Chapel where that headstone is - that was the Chapel. They were buried down there in the Chapel.. the only ones in the graveyard to be buried in the Chapel..they were buried in the Chapel..in the ground there . So I hadn't seen me father's I hadn't seen me grandfather my father's side at all, or my grandmother my father's side but my mother, I used to hear my mother saying, talking about her, that she was a lovely woman. She was a big woman too, a big tall woman, and that she was a nice woman but..

You can't recall like your father's father, in other words your grandfather's name ?

I think his name was John. As far as I can recollect now it was John.

And what was your father's name?

John.

John too..yes, it might have been John. And would they have been in that area for a long time?

Oh, they were there for years n years n years.

What..they would have been tenants..?

There were other Colemans there too but I think they were no relations. (Cousins)

Around The Neale there now would you have many Colemans related to you?

Well, well they're all dead now..(Not really) They're all dead now. They weren't..they weren't related.

You have no Coleman at all now around The Neale related to you, none at all?

There was a Coleman there ..he had a son there. He's married in The Neale I think. He was but he's a young fellow; he got married there. I think he's a carpenter ..in The Neale... to Mohans in The Neale..

And how's he related?

I wouldn't think he's anything.. His father's name was Peter Coleman, and there was a John Coleman then, a brother of Peter, and he had a place there and if Noel minded his business right, he'd have that place!

But why did John want to give it to Noel, if they weren't related to you? Why did he want to give it to Noel?

Ah..He was always like in our house. He'd come you know. John was never married you know. He never got..John Coleman..

He must have been related?

He used to come into our house now. He'd go to early mass in The Neale I used to hear my mother saying...every Sunday, and he'd come in and they were ..well his father could be something - his father's name ...his father's name was Dan. I knew him well, Dan Coleman. I think like it's a third cousins to my father - third cousins to my father (*correct*), and ah.. Dan died then you know, and he had two sons, John and Peter. Peter is married twice I think. He was..married twice; he had a little house there in Turloughmore, and John, Dan's son as well, he never got married. But he was always very grateful to my mother like; he'd come in now and they'd both go to early mass, and if he wanted to ah like my mother would be up early and she'd go to half eight mass in The Neale, and he'd be up there, I used to hear her saying, just before she'd go and he'd have a cup of tea , a cup of tea - and what he'd say, 'A cup of tea would bring you a mile of the road any day'...Ah.ha ha ha!! But he was..he was a perfect scholar! And he'd have the paper then, he'd.. he'd read the paper and he could tell what he read from end to end again after reading it...

And tell me, tell me, Dad...

He was a great scholar alright!

Right, now you were born in Turloughmore there. The house is down now and...

Ah, you wouldn't know where it was now...

Kilmalora is where your mother is buried, isn't it?

Yes and my father..and they're buried down side by side like..

Side by side there and Patrick is there too, isn't he?

Yes, that's right.

The uncle and so they're all in the same sort of plot there..

Yes, yes..

And tell me did Patrick ever marry?

No..Patrick, my uncle, he was in England.

And where did he die?

He died at home there with my father. That's before my father got married.

Ah, did he! He died young.

He was dead. My mother never saw him. Well he - I don't think that he was too long dead. We could know the...I forget the year now in the headstone (It was 24-1-1891). We seen it that time....

It shows up in my film; so I'll be able to get it... and tell me what year did your father die, John Coleman?

Well now I see that's a six mark question now too...ah-no-no..

Did he die before you came to Cahermaculick, did he?

No, he died in Cahermaculick.

Did he. Were you married when he died?

No,I didn't get married..my father and mother were dead eighteen months.. a year and a half when I got married..

You got married in thirty..eh?

'33

33..that's right..

February, '33 ..

So they'd have died about eighteen months before that..

Yes..

So that would have been February '32. So they would have died something like... September was it.. '31. (They died in January, 1932)

Yes, about that now..The two died in the one week.

What caused it?

Well..well I suppose my father was sick awhile, but..he recovered a bit, but still he fell ill again..

What age was he roughly when he died, do you know, Dad,?

Well he wasn't the pension age ..about 69 I think as far as I could recollect....He was about that now.(73 according to his Death Certificate)

And what about Mam? She died the same week, didn't she?

She did. Well she wasn't she wasn't next as near as old as my father.(63 according to her Death Certificate)

What did she die from?

I think she could be about 59.. 58 or 59..

What did she die from?

Well..the way it was now she went to the father's funeral, and that time..that time, cars were very seldom on the roads - there were no cars. Well we were bringing him to the church - there were two funerals you know - Toole...Pete Toole's brother. The two funerals were one after the other..

That's right, Pete Toole's brother died the same time. What was his name?

Jim Toole...Jim Toole..and Canon Healey in Kilmaine came out and gave them the Sacrament, and he said he'd run to Toole's first, and he was running back breaking his neck to come in to give the Blessed Sacrament to my father. I was eye witness for that alright, the whole thing, and so the very minute my father got the Blessed Sacrament....from Canon Healey, he died immediately...

He died..

And I was at his bedside when he died ..

That was nice; that was very peaceful..

I was at his bedside, and I made an Act of Contrition into his ear..

Good on you; that was lovely..

I did. Well my mother then ..she was at my father's funeral a week before she died and there were a few cars there - that Walter Keady now we were talking about - because we used to deal with them. They were big manure agents, and Tom Gibbons in Shrulc - he was the undertaker. The coffin that went with father, 'twas an oak coffin, and it won't be rotten ever I think, because the contractors in Kilmaine and the Welshes (Walshes) - Martin Welsh in Kilmaine you know in the pub there and my father they were cousins, do you see. They were second cousins and the Donlins (Donalds??) over in the Shrulc road..they were the same thing and the Welshes and my father and the Heskins in Creevach. The Heskins in Creevach were first cousins of my father..

Were they.

They were..and ah..'twas an oak coffin. They said they never seen the likes of a coffin going through the village of Kilmaine..

Aw that's lovely..

Do ye see..'twas beautiful.

Your mother died the same week?

She did. My father was buried on the Sunday and my mother was buried the following Monday.

Isn't that extraordinary! That's a week and a day....

A week and a day!

And what did she die from?

Well I think 'twas pneumonia in fact..if right..because she got a cold. And there was a nurse there. She was nurse O'Hara in Shrulc.. she was very old. She wasn't married...she had a few old brothers there, and they died too. They lived in a house above Jack Craddock's there..

Your mother died so quickly from pneumonia and that.. She probably was upset too and it set in and got her and..

That's it. We didn't expect her death in a way..

Was there any sort of virus going or anything like that?

Now be God there was a bit of a flu going, a bad cold going at the time alright. But they wanted to put her in a car. These now -there was a few cars there. The weather was bad now. There was a lot of horses and sidecars, and it was as bad now the horses couldn't travel the road to night. Ah? (*reaction to Delia's offer for us to stay the night*)

Ah no, we'll be off in a moment.

Be off now.. (*In the background - Delia: 'If you want to'.*)

No..no, give me two minutes and we'll be right. (Delia: 'I'm not rushing ye - I mean if you want to stay the night. I don't mean to rush you or anything. Plenty of beds ...')

No..no..we'll be right thanks..

Anyways, anyways my mother wouldn't go in the car. 'Twas the ould custom to go up in the sidcar, one side of the corpse..

Ah..yes.

Did you ever hear that now?

Yes ..

And I knew it was but...and she had, she used to wear a - 'twas that time 'twas very nice - a cape and a bonnet. Did you ever hear about..

Ah, yes..yeh .

Well I seen the odd woman but she had it from old like. She had it when she got married - an all velvet thing. I could see that down three quarter now on the cape, the bonnet and the big harp.

I have often heard you talk about her. You seem to have a lot of time for your mother; she seemed to have been a great lady, was she?

Ah, she was....she was, she was, she was gifted! I remember this now.. and when we'd be reading or spelling - she (*his mother*) might be doing something..we used to have a lot of pigs that time..she might be fixing up shtuff (*stuff*), and they having the tea ready for supper, and she'd have us at our books, and she say 'Spell it,' and she'd be abroadside (*outside*), and we'd have only the first three letters spelt - oh, that's definite.. I could think of that now and I was even young, going to The Neale school myself and I didn't get half the time going to school, because I used to have to go with my father, I used to have to go a quarter of a mile in the morning, giving cattle straw..do you see ..and be back in school then at nine o'clock in The Neale after that, but..yes she'd tell us spell it, and we'd spell the word and we wouldn't have it half spelt.. we wouldn't have three letters and she'd have the word finished for us..tell us to keep on and was there any other word, and she still working and telling us that. Ah, she was gifted! She was gifted and she was a great scholar. She'd read the paper and everything. She used to get the paper too...and she had the loveliest head of hair, curly hair..like that now (*as he envelops his head with his hands*), and there was no hair oil going that time or shampoo or powder or anything else either, and I remember her saying now like they'd rub some kind of oil, paraffin oil. I remember seeing her doing that. I used to feel to the heart for her alright, but she died anyways (*a tear in his eye*), because she was a good mother, a very good one and everyone loved her. There wasn't one that left the village when we come to Cahermaculick - I think they didn't shake any of the Caulfields or even the Hollerans - and 'twas like a funeral outside our house, the day we were leaving. I used to come up to Cahermaculick.. for a month before we came to live in it .. for more. My father used to have sheep, hoggets, a score of hoggets in it, and we used to have mangels (*a type of beet used as cattle-food*) thrown in ..in .in the stable that was there you know, and I'd come up twice a week.. Wednesday.. after school, and I'd come up and go down again in across here at Ardmoran and out across and down Ballinacarra and out at Illanmore Road opposite Keady's and home and..Wednesday and a Sunday, and throw mangels out to the hoggets so much of them, and I'd have to go around O'Brien's then looking for them, and they'd be back behind O'Brien's you know - O'Brien hadn't land that time; he was a herd. He got that holding later again you know, a few years after us getting a holding...Gaps or anything wasn't fixed up that time..(*He was a 'herd' means that he was employed by Lord Kilmaine, who owned all the townland of Cahermaculick, to attend to his stock.*)

No, they wouldn't have.. walls or anything like that.

Only an odd fence may be fixed you know..

O yes, she must have been, she must have been a great woman..

Oh..she was she was. Everyone, everyone back there- what they said, 'She'd make peace in the parish don't mind the village..

Isn't that extraordinary..

And she would! If there was anyone there now that had words. I know that myself. You mention of your mates' going on .. neighbours you know they might have words, and she'd attempt talking to one and one again and she'd make peace in the village. The Bigginses down the end of our land and with borrowed land from the New Turloughmore they used to call it, and they used to go up to Keady's with eggs on every Saturday night. The Biggins weren't married this time. There were two houses of the Bigginses in it, Pat and Luke, and..they..no one in the village would let them travel up. There were two stripes (*farms*) more with our and we were in the middle, and they could come through our land, but the other neighbours wouldn't let them travel up; and they came up to our house the day we were leaving; they were crying; they said they were finished now; they could never travel Coleman's land again. Do you see now .. do you see now! Weren't it nice alright! But they were so sorry..she'd make peace not alone in the village but in a parish; and she would, she would! Everyone liked her - even the priests, when they'd come there I remember when there used to be stations, and what the priests used to have that time when they come out, no motors cars, a horse and saddle. They used to come out you know and they'd put the horse up then in the stable. The people would take the horse up there. There was Father O'Malley there; I remember him, and then you had Father Pendergast. He used to come out. Father Pendergast was the parish priest. Father O'Malley was the curate. Well the Parish of The Neale was the same as now. There was Cross..Cross, Cong and The Neale. 'Twas the one parish, and before that the old parish, 'twas the parish of not The Neale in olden times..'twas the parish, and it was even down in the Certificate Books - I seen it too the first time - the Parish of Kilmolara..

Kilmolara..!

Do you see now! The Parish of Kilmolara. That's the burying grounds now do you see. Well that was the old parish..Turloughmore you know was in the Parish I suppose of Kilmolara in olden times until they gave the name of the parish to The Neale..

But how far now is it from where you were born ...you were born in Turloughmore ,isn't that right?

Ah t'would be only about a mile and a half..

How many years by the way were you at school anyway? What age were you when you finished.

Wait an I see now..

About thirteen or?

In and about that..

About that..well now you know as you come towards Kilmolara, do you come through Turloughmore?

Well you could come...go from Turloughmore to ..there was a road leading on that way to Kilmolara. You go out at Creevach. You go over that ways over and that road would bring you out at the crossroads at Kilmaine again you know.. where Kenny, Dan Kenny is from, over that ways now Coollisduffin and Ballylassagh, over that ways..

O I thought that Dan Kenny actually came from near Hollymount, no?

No, Dan Kenny is from the parish of Kilmaine..Ballylassagh there where the ..you know the time they used to call it Culleentie..

Culleentie! Oh, yes..

There was a village inside that woodeen. That's where Dan Kenny's place. That's where Mick is living yet. Did you know that Jimmy Duddy that was up there in the Shrul road was in there, and he had a brother there, Johnny. They were .. they reckon they were great men. My father knew them in olden times. Jimmy, Jimmy Duddy was out of there where the Kennies were, do you see..

Ah when I go home next time, you'll have to take me to Turloughmore and show me where your parents' home was.

You wouldn't know where it was at all because they have the walls..new fields made there and the walls..

But when I go home next time, you'll have to take me there.

I will but you won't see the ruins..

Alright, I won't ..just the area, just the area..

You won't see the ruins but I can show it to you alright.

Alright, another thing .. I know you want to go to bed and I want to let you go to bed..to have a sleep. Let me see if this (tape) is still working ...it is. Now, Jim, Jim went to Canada. What age was Jim when he died?.. Roughly? I recall when we got the telegram at home; I was only very, very young. We were over in the big meadow and we were turning the hay. What age was he?

Not sure now, was it nineteen years, because how I know now there was an election, a general election coming off and he was gone. He was in Canada this time and he wouldn't have a vote for it. At that time you'd want to be twenty one. Of course they have a vote now at eighteen..

But he went to Canada when he was about what, what age?

Well nineteen years..

Well he died about 1947 I'd say or '48 .

About that anyway..

Was he younger or older than you?

Aw he was the youngest in the family.

How many years younger than you would he have been?

Ah, well... John, I had a brother now in England..

I know..

Well I'm two years older than John and...

Jim would have been a couple of years younger than John..

There was another Girl between me and John. Her name was - I seen her...

What was her name?

A lovely girl, Bridget.

Bridget, she died. What age was she when she died?

Ah she was young, only a child now when she died. They were making out some kind of a flu or something. I seen her in my mother's arms and she having her up in a white dress.

Yeh..

But Jim then, Jim was the youngest. Jim was younger than John. Mary has two years over me and though she want making out it was only a year, but she has two. By the way I heard my mother saying.. She has two anyways. I had two years over John, because there was another girl, Bridget born between ..

So you so you'd be roughly six years older that Jim.

Yeh..yeh I would.

About that, six years..I see..now tell me..

He died in Canada..

I know - how many kids did Jim have ..in Montreal?

I think it's five.. He's got four anyways. I think it's five. One died the same time as himself..around the same time as himself..

Ah, ..and his wife comes from out around Achill, does she?

Achill Island..

Achill Island..

I think they moved.. they're all moved out of there now. But she has a sister in Castlebar..

Had she..

I do know.. she married I think a contractor ..Roach, I think.

Roach!

I think it's Roach.. but ah she has a sister there in Castlebar anyways.. O be God she looked good the last time she was at home. Her son - he was twelve years she said that time in the police. A lovely man..a lovely man. He was the only son..

I believe..

Two daughters and a son..

I believe a daughter of hers came home after my leaving too..

Oh, she did! They've all got good jobs. O she was graduated this time. I seen her over at Swifts. You'd know well. She was all..she had them rings on her fingers ..now you see..

Well, all right, Dad, that's a good bit at the moment..

He .. I was very near .. I was telling them but herself didn't know..

Very near going over?

I was very near going over. I got a letter back ...backing me and everything..

You might get a chance yet to go over..

He brought a big bottle of whisky , and we spent a few hours in Shrile after mass, and he came in back.. didn't delay at Butlers'. They came back and he walked right in and left it on the table in the room and ' Patrick', he said, 'that's for you'.

And what is his name?

Jim, Jim..

Jim after his father..

After his father - after his father.

And how many kids did John have in England, do you know?

John was married twice..

That's right..yeh.

The first wife, she was a lovely woman. Be God he has her picture in his pocket yet.

Is that right?

I was told that..I was told that along time ago.. And I don't know now did he take it up when I was over there and show it to me in the this hotel. But in any case, in any case..are ye tired lads? (to the boys - Sons Martin and Michael, 12 and 11 year olds sitting close by, showed remarkable patience and understanding .)

Yeh, we better let them go..

He got married again to another one. She's an English lady..She's a Sasanach..haha..

She's a Sasanach..yes..But it was nice to see him go home though after so many years in England., after I suppose the best part of forty years there..

'Twas nearly forty years out there.

Isn't it..after all those years..

Thirty nine anyway. Well I knew about forty. John Joe said to me, 'Dad', he said,'you'll have to go out and see John'. These days they go often you know, himself and Bridie and them, up the highway now from Wood Green..

I was sorry I hadn't..

Ah 'twas a long way down too..

I was sorry I hadn't..

Sunday morning very early we got off and that's the time the petrol was scarce in England.

Alright, alright, I'll tell you something now, just to interrupt you..

We convinced him to come home and he came home the next year.

That's good. Well when I was there, we left Coventry, because we had been to Coventry to see Michael Joe Swift and others, and we left there at I think half past seven in the morning to get back to London, and we passed by and John Joe said to me, 'Down there on left is John Coleman but it's too early', he said, 'to call down'. I was sorry we hadn't called even at that hour to see him. But you have Jim's children's address in Montreal? You'll have to send it to me when you get back.

If I can find it now again..

Ah go on you can.

I'll do my best..

But you can get it from Mary.

You never know they might send another card.

But you can get it from Mary Swift anyway..

I'd get it from Mary Swift in any case.. It would be a nice thing you know for you to have it anyways..

It would be lovely. I don't know...

O he's a lovely man alright! And he wanted to find out all naturally enough about his father and...

I bet he did too...

He was a great fella (*his brother, Jim*), he putting all the Irish fellows working. He was foreman. The boss, the boss he was a very big man out there. The time the free beef was going - you remember..why wouldn't you!

No I wouldn't remember that, no..

There was ...De Valera was in this time and there was free beef then going.. 'twas the biggest..

He had gone over before I was born -Jim had gone to Canada before I was born..

Ah sure he had but I mean then...I don't know that in your time there was free beef. Ah why wouldn't. That's not so many years ago. 'Twas going there and people were going for it you know and they were getting free beef. And there were two lads working for Jim, two brothers and he got them on the job - Matie Burke could tell you too about it - and their two lorries down in Abbey

Street - you know where the pratie market used to be in Abbey Street, Ballinrobe?

Yes..

And they were handing out this free beef out there and people collecting it you know, taking it in big junks, four or five pounds or maybe more. And we just called in..we seen the people collecting it, and I had a bicycle, a rally bike left in at Stantons the same day, and just killing time I went down; and one of these two said to the other brother, one of them said to the other, 'Take the eye out of me', he said, 'if that's not a brother of Jimmy.' Matie Burke was there. Of course Matie Burke was a bit.. you know, and 'sgad', said Matie, 'he had a brother named Jim.' 'Where?' said the fellas, the two fellas. They were from Ballyhaunis. A good way up they used to come selling beef there, to every fair place, you know. And ah..Matie Burke wasn't able to answer and I said, 'Canada'. 'What part?' they said, and I said, 'Montreal'. 'Ah', they said then, and they were only half an hour there and when we got into conversation, they closed up their lorries - you know they had these covers on them - closed it up and about twelve o'clock or half twelve went into you know where McGiggs is there in Ballinrobe. We went in there and waited till eleven or half twelve at night.

And they told you all about him?

And now just now everyone was in bed when we came home and up Kilmaine. Meself and Matie Burke cycled up, and they told us all about him, and I said, 'Ye done well in the job'.. Do you see..they were able to come home and buy lorries and sell beef; and they said they'd done alright, and we may thank your brother for it. He got all the Irish fellas that's going over; he got them in in the job. Ah they told us everything. There was this big tunnel down in the ground and they went in and he gave them a hand. Aw he was mighty strong you know. You wouldn't think..

Do you know what he died from?

I do. Haemorrhage.

Where? ... Cerebral?.

At the finish he was in hospital and he wrote home, wrote home and he said not to be troubled about the wife; he said the government would look after her and sure they did too you know. O he had everything off and he said the government would see to it that she would be well away. They did too..Canada..and he ah he died from the haemorrhage and the lads told us the same thing.. And they were at his funeral too..before they came home..

We'll finish for now, Dad, and talk some more later.

But that 'later' never came because the next time I was to see Dad was a fortnight before his death in 1986. I am, however, grateful to have had the opportunity during Dad and Mam's visit to Sydney in 1977 to record this interview. Since then Patricia and I have visited Montreal and met Maud Coleman, uncle Jim's widow, and her children and grandchildren.

Pat Coleman &
Norah Murphy
1931



Martin, Pat &
Mick 1977



Parents Pat and Norah Coleman's visit to Sydney 1977 with daughters Margaret & Delia and Sons Martin & Mick



Mum Norah with daughters Margaret and Delia 1977

Chapter Eighteen

Gortjordan National School

This picture of the School was taken in 1996 for the cover of a book compiled by members of the local community to mark the celebrations of its centenary. The book was edited by the school's current Principal, Donal Carey, and Ann Hyland and Moe Mullin. While documenting the many significant achievements of the school, it is an invaluable record and history of local customs and practices that are no longer part of the way of life of the local community. For many years I had clung to the memory of many of the local customs and practices, but as the years passed more and more of those memories passed away with them. Now, thanks to this book, I can revisit them at will.



Gortjordan - Gort an tSiurdain - Jordan's field



From long before the golden age of monastic learning, Ireland had a great regard for both learning and justice. The Nine Years' War was the last stand that Ireland as a nation under her own laws made against England and her laws. After the battle of Kinsale in 1601, the new law was well and truly enforced. The Flight of the Earls in 1607 saw the overthrow of the clan and communal system and the destruction of the great Gaelic Houses. Not everything, however, ceased immediately. The great schools continued for a time, and new ones arose that kept the traditions and the learning of the past very much alive. In fact they produced a generation of scholars who saved from utter destruction the records of Irish civilisation and history. Despite being deprived by law the power of printing, Irish scholars keeping well abreast of the rest of Europe made tremendous advances in science and literature. According to historians, it was indeed an age of national scholarship which has never been equalled. It produced such scholars as Geoffrey Keating, the four Antiquarians of the Four Masters and Duaid MacFirbis who, despite war and plunder, worked so hard to save from destruction those Irish records, books and vellums, which today make "the name of Ireland honourable for her antiquities, traditions, and history, in the eyes of the scholars of Europe". (Douglas Hyde's *Literary History of Ireland*)

These schools were finally crushed at the end of the seventeenth century. Under the Penal Laws established by William of Orange and enforced until Daniel O'Connell won Catholic emancipation for Ireland with the Catholic Emancipation Act becoming law on 13th April 1829, Irish Catholics were forbidden to receive education, play any form of sport, enter a profession, hold public office, engage in trade or commerce, live in a corporate town or within five miles of one, own a horse of greater value than five pounds, purchase or lease land, vote, attend Catholic worship, be a guardian to a child or leave one's children under Catholic guardianship.

But the Irish love of learning was unquenchable. Defying the English laws, Irish schoolmasters continued to teach in secret under the hedges or in what were called hedge-schools where one of the students or parents was constantly on guard against approaching English soldiers. While the Irish language remained the language of the mass of the people, the history and traditions of the country would remain familiar to them. So much were the classical languages of Greek and Latin part of what was taught that many Irish spoke Irish, Latin and Greek indifferently.

This then was the situation before Catholic emancipation and the establishment some years later of the national system of education which ultimately led to the building of the GortJordan National School in 1896 in order to cater for the educational needs of children in the local area.

While my father, Pat Coleman, and his two brothers, John and Jim, and his sister, Mary, attended the National School of The Neale, my uncles, John and Jim, transferred to GortJordan when the family relocated to Cahermaculick. They would have crossed those same fields twice daily that my brothers, sisters and I crossed a few decades later to get to school. The aerial photo below shows the school in relation to the village of Cahermaculick. The names of the homesteads were those families that made up the village in my time. The path we followed across the fields from 1. to 2. on the aerial photo began with our crossing over a stile into Casey's field at O'Brien's corner and through a gate into another of Casey's fields and then over another stile into Murphy's fields. To complete the trip, we travelled along a boreen from 2. to GortJordan School at 3. We normally followed the headlands adjacent to the stone walls as tillage was very much part of the scene back then. As well as the grain crops of wheat, oats and barley, there were fields with drill after drill of potatoes, cabbages, lettuce, scallions, swedes and turnips. I used to love to see those crops as there was something very attractive and profusely wonderful about them in their rich and natural state there in the fields. I feel quite sure that uncles John and Jim, like the rest of us, would have helped themselves occasionally to a discrete sampling of the scallions, lettuce and swedes when

the temptation got the upper hand. Despite the fact that the local farmers were obviously quite tolerant of our actions, one incident in particular stands out above all the rest. As I have mentioned elsewhere, just about every home had its own fine orchard that was rarely immune to our presence. Willie Ryan who lived close to the school would from time to time hand out apples to us as we passed his place on our way home from school. One afternoon, however, the smell of fresh apples piled up on the floor of his little barn by the boreen was too inviting to pass up. But before we had time to

escape to secure ground, Willie Ryan arrived on the scene with his shotgun which he immediately discharged over our heads. Not wanting that sort of scare ever again, we quickly put his little barn out of bounds. I don't believe we ever mentioned the incident, or at least for a very long time, to our parents.



After a lot of rain and particularly after heavy snowfalls in winter, we took to the road through the village of Ardmorean and around to Gortjordan. It didn't matter between April and October as we didn't wear shoes then but things were different in winter. There is always something appealing in weather changes be it to sunshine, rain, frost or snow. One afternoon on our way home from school, we the kids from Fountain Hill, Ardmorean and Cahermaculick stopped by the last field on the right before our turning right for Ardmorean. The very significant hollow along the centre of the field was full of water and what's more it was frozen over by the first real frosts of winter. So the scene was set for some fun, some skating and some challenges. We were used to the distinctive sounds and movements of ice under weight and usually knew when to call a halt or so we thought. About ten of us including John Flannery from Ardmorean joined hands and proceeded in a straight line to cross the frozen water to the other side. The echoing shrieks and

slight movement of the ice under our weight seemed manageable as we approached the centre and deepest section. Then suddenly it gave way plunging us into the freezing water with only one swimmer among us, John Flannery. The water was over our heads and to this day I've been unable to work out how he managed to drag us all to safety. Many years later when I met up with John in Sydney and we were spending a couple of hours together at Cronulla beach, John happened to refer to the incident which he said had often crossed his mind, and like me he was at a loss to work out how he had saved us all.



During the Clan Coleman Reunion in August 2004, we had arranged to visit those places close by that featured prominently in the lives of our ancestors, and particularly in the early lives of Mary, Pat, John and Jim Coleman. This picture shows us in the fourth class classroom of Gortjordan National School where John and Jim Coleman finished their primary schooling. John settled in England in 1936 and Jim in Montreal in 1931, and so I was delighted to be able to take John's children, Patrick and Linda, his grand-daughter, Clair, and great grandsons, Jack and Max, to this fine old school. I was equally delighted to have with me Jim Coleman's daughters, Mary Meehan and Martha Caluori, and his grandson, Kevin Meehan. As this was also the school which my brothers, sisters and I attended in the 1940's and '50's, it was a good feeling to return there once more. In the picture from the left are Colette Devcich, Mary Coleman, Patrick Coleman, Mick Coleman, Linda Downie, Clair Timms, Barbara Coleman, Patricia Coleman, Kevin Meehan, Martha Caluori and Mary Meehan. Sitting at the desk is Roisin Naughton, Mick and Mary Coleman's grand-daughter from Shrulc. It was great to have my cousin Colette, very knowledgeable and helpful in local matters, along as well as my brother, Mick, and his wife, Mary, and of course my wife, Patricia, who was born and reared in Sydney.

Chapter Nineteen

REPORT on the 2004 CLAN COLEMAN REUNION



Until we meet again in Sydney in 2007

May the road rise to meet you.
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face.
May the rains fall soft upon your fields.
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the hollow of His hand.

It's a Rare Breed

My father, Pat Coleman, got it right, not that I had ever any reason to doubt his word, when he was heard to say from time to time that the Coleman Clan was a rare breed. All this was indeed readily apparent to those of us who were lucky enough to be present at that very special gathering of the Coleman Clan in Ireland from the 6th to the 8th of August, 2004. The historic significance of this event is made all the more obvious by the fact that this was the first time for many centuries that the Colemans have met in such numbers under the banner of Clan Coleman. The correspondence that I have received since returning to Australia about a month ago has declared the gathering a resounding success.

The Barbecue at Colemans



The weekend began with a barbecue at the Coleman family home in Cahermaculick where Noel and Helen Coleman were fine and very gracious hosts to both local and overseas visitors. It provided an excellent opportunity for cousins from around the world, many seeing one another for the first time, to meet in a very relaxed and informal setting, the long, bright and warm evening as well as the fine food, wine and other labels available adding to the overall atmosphere which we all very much enjoyed. No party, particularly an Irish one, would be complete without a few songs and there could be none better to fill the bill than Paddy Holleran, Carrie Coleman and Willie Butler who, according to some, made a very surprising but entirely successful debut on the evening.

Many of us, though first cousins, met on this evening for the first time. Here are Patrick Coleman from Dunchurch in England and Mick Coleman from Sydney with so much to catch up on. Incredible as it might seem, this was Patrick's first ever visit to Ireland. His wife Barbara and he revisited in 2006.



The Clan Reunion Dinner at the Anglers' Rest in Headford on Sunday 8 August, 2004

Anglers' Rest Hotel in Headford proved a very attractive venue for our clan dinner. The staff went out of their way to make the event as successful as possible. The management even acquired a new data projector for my use on the night when they learned that I intended doing a presentation with the aid of my laptop computer. From the time I first contacted them from Sydney some six months before the event, they could not have been more helpful. The attitude of both management and staff in the provision of excellent service and first class facilities added in a very real sense to the success of the evening.



A task completed on arrival by all members was the signing of the *Clann Cholmain Rolla*. Here we have an excellent photo of young Michael Naughton from Shrule signing the clan roll as his dad, John Joe, and brother, Patrick, watch on with interest. I thought it was just great when Michael insisted on doing his own signing. There was no way he would allow his dad to sign on his behalf. He did a fine job as this photo shows!



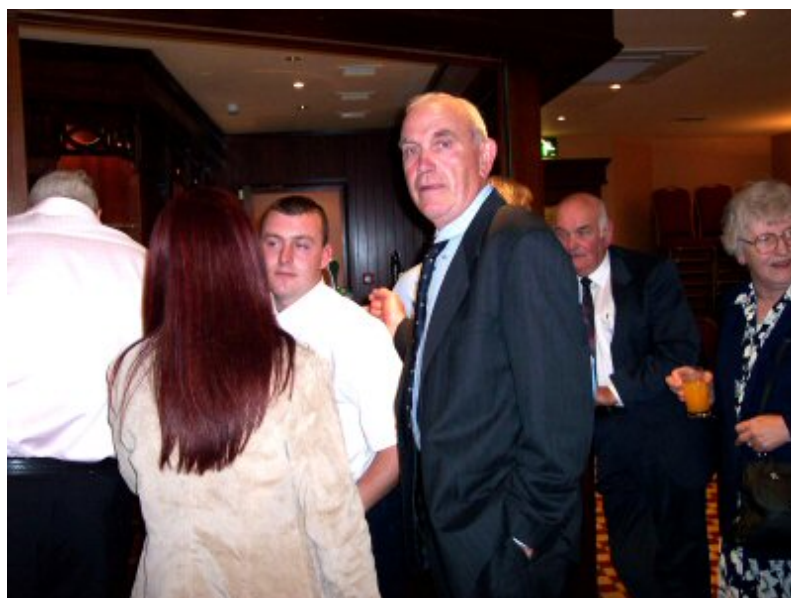
I was sorry afterwards that I hadn't arranged the seating for dinner by using place names. It wouldn't have been difficult to achieve this successfully and appropriately, and it would certainly have brought members together faster adding a touch of spontaneity to the early part of the evening. Despite this, most members would have met one another during the course of the evening.

Given that the occasion had brought family together for the first time from all over the world, one would have expected a goodly number of cameras there to record the event. As this was not the case, I have included nearly a number of photos which I believe do just that as well as capture something of the atmosphere of the evening.

In this photo, we have Colemans everywhere. Seated are Michelle, John and Calum Coleman with John, Martin and Michael Coleman in conversation just behind. To the right are Chris and Amanda Coleman with John Joe and Bridie Coleman just behind them.



Taken by surprise, Mick Coleman from Sydney turns around in time for this photo.



Whatever Martin and Michael Coleman are up to, John is not too sure about it.



Mary Coleman, centre, enjoying a chat with daughter Catherine Naughton and Teresa Murphy from Glencorrib.

Where would we be without the coalition of the willing? Well here's a coalition of a much better type. Maureen Glynn from London, Delia Doyle from Sydney had indicated their inability to attend the function and so to find them there was a lovely surprise. Their presence was really appreciated by Martha and the rest of us.





A very relaxed scene with another five Colemans - Mary, Kate, Michelle, Pat and John.



Amanda, Chris and Noel Coleman,

Our family tree has over twenty 'main' branches. During the evening, a member from each branch was invited to the microphone to introduce all his or her branch members as their photos were projected onto the wall enabling all present to view them clearly. As my cousin, Gerry Murphy, mentioned on the night, all the genealogical information aside, it is a great achievement alone to have photos of the members of all the branches since the turn of the last century available on the web site. No one is missing!

In this photo are members of the Cahermaculick Colemans - Helen with sons Alan and David.



It was great to have cousins from my mother's side of the family with us on the night some of whom I hadn't met for years. Here we have Gerry Murphy from Glencorrib, with arms outstretched and about to break into song, in the company of brother Jimmy and sister-in-law Anne. I recommend the page on Glencorrib in the web site to you if you haven't already seen it.





Clair Timms with son Max, husband Derek and mother Linda Downie

Let me say here and now how very grateful I am to our cousins from Dunchurch or Rugby for their tremendous support. My first contact with uncle John's descendants was as recent as four or five months before the reunion. They promptly and very kindly provided all the information and photos used in the web site for their family trees. They also all showed great interest in what I was doing and their enthusiasm for the reunion was most heartening and encouraging.

The children were quick to get into the spirit of things. We have Michael and Patrick Naughton from Shrute with their cousin Jack from Rugby, and Roisin Naughton to the right. The adults are Colette Devcich from Dublin, Patrick Coleman from Dunchurch, and Mike Swift from Coventry. Mike was also a great help, and from what I have heard went out of his way to be with us. It was he who provided the information that enabled me to get in



touch with the Dunchurch Colemans. When Patricia and I returned to Sydney, there waiting for us was a lovely 'thank you' letter from Patrick and Barbara Coleman from Dunchurch.

Before leaving Australia, I felt good about the reunion in knowing that Mick and Mary Coleman from Sydney were going to be there. There is really something special about knowing that you can always rely on certain people like them for their support. With them in the picture is Nonnie O'Reilly from Loughrea. It was wonderful to see our sister Nonnie enjoying the occasion as she met many of her cousins present for the first time.



Where else could you get a picture like this with such happiness radiating from it? This is the lovely Butler family of Gerry, Rhys, Shauna and Colette. This picture alone tells the whole story of the reunion.

It wouldn't be an Irish function without a demonstration of Irish step dancing. We were entertained by a spectacular display of dancing from a wonderful group of young dancers in dazzling costumes. My sincere thanks to all the dancers and their teacher Catherine Naughton, all of whom must have been feeling exhausted after competing up country during the day. Catherine's three children, Patrick, Roisin and Michael, were among the dancers and performed magnificently. In the photo on the right is Roisin who not only looked the part but danced with such ease and grace.



Hayley, Carrie and Kirsty - the happy, talented and glamorous Coleman sisters from Westport who are always so lovely to meet whether at a function or at home.

It's time to go but Willie Butler is not ready to budge despite some gentle encouragement from Martha and Mary.



I hope that the photos and comments recall for you many very happy and memorable moments of our clan reunion. Patricia and I were delighted to meet you all in such exciting and special circumstances. The joy and pleasure of meeting cousins after all those years and especially of meeting them in Ireland at a family reunion, and being able to accompany them to where their father was born and went to school, cannot be measured. While we had the good fortune of spending a very memorable week in 1997 with our Coleman family in Montreal, and we have met Jim Coleman and his son, Kirk, in Ireland since then, it was the first time that we had met Martha Caluori and Mary Meehan on Irish soil and it felt good. Our first contact ever with my uncle John's descendants was earlier this year. Imagine what a thrill it was to learn a few weeks later that Patrick and Barbara Coleman, as well as Linda Downie and perhaps other family members, were planning to be at the reunion. This was all it took! I immediately set about securing a venue and confirming dates. In fact, to my great delight, a party of seven was joining us from Rugby comprising Patrick and Barbara Coleman, Linda Downie and her daughter Clair Timms accompanied by her husband, Derek, and their children, Jack and Max. Ours was a special meeting that was repeated again and again for them as they met for the first time so many cousins during the weekend of our reunion. A wonderful weekend, a rare and grand event, a fine people, a great and special family! My sincere thanks to all of you for coming and being part of it.

So, until we meet again in 2007 in Sydney at the Second Meeting of Clan Coleman of the Modern Era, may you and your family enjoy good health and fortune.
Martin & Patricia.

Chapter Twenty

Daniel Coleman of Caherheamus (Turloughmore), The Neale

Our Great Great Great Grandfather – to those in Generation 6 (G6) of our family tree.

DANIEL COLEMAN (1744 – 1818), ancestor of all the Colemans in this book and on the family web site, lived and worked in the townland of **Turloughmore** (Caherheamus) in the parish of **Kilmolara** which was in the barony of Kilmaine (See Chapters 3 and 4). The records of the time show that he received a grant of four spinning wheels from the Linen Board in 1796. This indicates that our Coleman family was established in Turloughmore, Kilmolara, from at least that time. He married (wife unknown) and had two sons, **PETER AND PATRICK**. Our family's ancestor is **PATRICK**.

The townland of Caherheamus is in Irish *Cathair Shéamuis* which means 'James's Stone Fort'. It was referred to as *Caher James* in an Inquisition in the time of Elizabeth 1 and as *Caherenuish* in the Down Survey Map. It is located in the centre of the civil parish of **Kilmolara** (See map on p. 18) and contains 134 acres, 1 rood and 17 perches of land. In the 18th and 19th centuries it was part, and one of the poorest parts, of the property of the **Browne family** of The Neale the heads of which held the title Baron Kilmaine. The soil is light and rocky and produced poor tillage crops. The area in which Caherhemush is located is referred to locally as **Turloughmore** because of the flooding which occurs there in the winter months. Indeed the townland name is rarely used save in legal documents. The tenants were all Roman Catholics in 1838. (Ordnance Survey Field Name Book, compiled 1838, unpublished.)



From Bald's Map of Mayo compiled circa 1812 showing the village of **Turloughmore** with a cluster of fourteen houses



Ordnance Survey Field Map 1838

In 1838 the farm sizes in Turloughmore varied from 1½ to 8 acres which would suggest that there were at least 16 houses in the townland and perhaps several more. In 1841 the population of Turloughmore was 87 persons in 16 houses. By 1851 the population stood at 72 persons in 13 houses (Census of Ireland, Part 1, Area, Population and Number of Houses). This suggests that three households died out or emigrated during the period of the Great Famine but also suggests that the number of houses had been reducing in the period 1838 to 1841.



This shed now stands where the Coleman Home stood for many generations till 1917. In the background the flooded turlough can be seen through the trees



'Turlough' the Irish for a lake (lough) that floods in winter and dries up in summer. 'More' means 'big'. Hence the village name.



Turloughmore Village



The Village junction



Site of the Coleman home adjacent to it

A few years ago, I commissioned the South Mayo Family History Centre to research and write what is called the *Coleman Family History Report*. It is now both interesting and timely to refer to this report as it attempts to describe the way of life of **my Great-Great-Great Grandfather, Daniel Coleman's family** in the 1790's. *"From the Coleman genealogy we are aware that the Colemans were involved in flax growing and linen production in the 1790s. Flax growing provided sufficient employment and income in the period 1770 to 1815 to allow families to exist on small holdings. This economic boom encouraged early marriage and sub-division of land holdings with a resultant increase in population. However, peace in Europe after the Battle of Waterloo made the importation of cheap cotton possible from Egypt and America. This, coupled with industrialisation in Britain, made it uneconomical to market Irish linen in Britain. Consequently, the population who resided on small holdings were forced to subsist more and more on the produce of their holdings and on whatever occasional employment they could find. Since the potato supplied the greatest volume of food per acre it became the staple food. Oats, the most lucrative cash crop, became the main source of income and went mainly towards rent payments. Season migration to the north of England for agricultural employment also became a feature of life for small holders and their older sons."*

It must be remembered, however, that when 'historical facts' are aligned a particular way they can so to speak appear, like the picture aligned on the wall, attractive and engaging. The fact that this description errs quite seriously by omission can hardly be excused given the availability of so much factual information on the suppression of Irish trade by England. I would, therefore, exhort the reader to take a few minutes to read MacManus's description of the extraordinary steps taken by England to destroy Ireland's trade and resources. This description is available as Event 5 under 'Important Events in Irish History' in the family website. In this way you will be able to gauge for yourself what it was that made things so very difficult for the Irish family while at the same time developing an understanding of some of the real and man-made causes that precipitated the Great Famine of 1845 - 1850. There are so many descriptions like the one quoted here trotted out by agencies and institutions to explain the causes behind important occurrences in Irish History – descriptions that are blatantly inaccurate through lack of scholarship and any real desire to be intellectually honest and forthright.

Our Great Great Grandfather

***PATRICK COLEMAN** (1775 - 1860) held a house, out-office and approximately 161/2 acres of land in 1856 (1). He married and had issue:

Our Great Grandfather

***JOHN COLEMAN** (born 1809, died 15 March 1892 aged 83 years)(2) married **Catherine Heskin** (born 1831, alive 1901 aged 70 years)(3) and had issue:

- A. **Winifred Coleman** married **Martin Hughes**, (born circa 1857), a farmer of Bullaun, son of **Patrick Hughes**, a farmer, in The Neale RC church on 26 July 1895 (witnesses: Redmond Walsh and Bridget Coleman).(4) They had issue:
- i **Mary Hughes**, born 9 February 1897,(5) baptised 9 March 1897 (sponsors: Michael Hughes and Bridget Coleman).(6) She resided with her grandmother in 1901.(7)
 - ii **Patrick Hughes**, baptised 25 April 1899 (sponsors: John Coleman and Bridget Farragher).(8)
 - iii **Sabina Hughes**, baptised 18 April 1903 (sponsors: Peter Hughes and Bridget Conry).(9)
 - iv **Bridget Hughes**, baptised 23 October 1904 (sponsors: Thomas Reilly and Mrs. Farragher).(10)

B. **Our Grandfather**

***JOHN COLEMAN** (born 1859, died 14 January 1932 in Cahermaculick, Shrule) resided with his mother in 1901 age understated as "30" years.(11) He married 1901 **Mary Davoren** (died 22 January 1932) of Inishmacatreer in St. Mary's Church, Claran, Co. Galway on 25 May 1901 and had issue:

- | | | |
|--|--------------------|---|
| Branches in
Ireland & England | i
Mother
G6 | *MARY COLEMAN , born 8 June 1902, baptised 10 June 1902 (sponsors: James Davoren and Margaret Holleran).(12) |
| Branches in
Ireland, England &
Australia | ii
Father
G6 | *PATRICK JOSEPH COLEMAN , born 25 August 1903, baptised 29 August 1903 (sponsors: James Davoren and Margaret Holleran).(13) |
| Died in infancy | iii
-- | BRIDGET COLEMAN , born 30 January 1905, baptised 31 January 1905 (sponsors: John Davoren and Margaret Holleran).(14) Died 23 July 1905 |
| Branches in
England | iv
Father G6 | *JOHN JOSEPH COLEMAN , baptised 25 February 1906 (sponsors: James Davoren and Margaret Halloran).(15) |
| Branches in
Canada | v
Father
G6 | *JAMES JOSEPH COLEMAN , born 13 February 1909, baptised 14 February 1909 (sponsors: James Davoren and Margaret Halloran).(16) |

1.General Valuation of Rateable Property in Ireland, "Griffith's Valuation", Union of Ballinrobe, p. 133

2. Ballinrobe district, deaths, vol. 9. P. 75.

3. 1901 census, district electoral division of Neale, townland of Caherhemush, house no. 4

4. Ballinrobe district, RC marriages, vol. 12, p. 33.

5. Cong district, births, vol. 11, p. 49.

6. Kilmaine RC parish, baptisms, vol. 2, p. 104.

7. 1901 census, district electoral division of Neale, townland of Caherhemush, house no. 4.

8. Cong RC parish, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 83.

9. Kilmaine RC parish, baptisms, vol. 2, p. 143.

10. Kilmaine RC parish, baptisms, vol. 2, p. 153.

11. 1901 census, district electoral division of Neale, townland of Caherhemush, house no. 4.

12. Cong RC church, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 93.

13. Cong RC church, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 97.

14. Cong RC church, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 107.

15. Cong RC church, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 105.

16. Cong RC church, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 114

- C. **Bridget Coleman** baptised 6 January 1873 (sponsors: Patrick Coleman and Bridget Heskin). She married **Patrick Vahey** of Mucrossaun, son of **Patrick Vahey** and **Ellen Rochford** on 10 March 1901 (witnesses: Michael Heskin and Margaret Heskin).(17) They resided in Mucrossaun and had-issue:
- i **Bridget Vahey**, born 13 January 1902, baptised 14 January 1902 (sponsors: John Coleman and Catherine Casey).(18)
 - ii **Mary Vahey**, born 21 March 1903, baptised 22 March 1903 (sponsors: John Heskin and Margaret Heskin).(19)
 - iii **Ellen Vahey**, baptised 7 April 1904 (sponsors: Patrick Farragher and Mary Farragher).(20)
 - iv **Michael Vahey**, baptised 13 December 1906 (sponsors: Martin Casey and Bridget Malley).(21)
 - v **Catherine Vahey**, born 30 December 1907, baptised 31 December 1907 (sponsors: Patrick Vahey and Bridget Vahey).(22)
 - vi **Catherine Anne Vahey**, baptised 29 September 1909 (sponsors: Patrick Farragher and Julia Heskin).(23)
 - vii **John Vahey**, baptised 26 January 1911 (sponsors: James Malley and Bridget Coleman). He married 20 January 19- to **Anne Feerick** of Kilconly.(24)
 - viii **Anthony Vahey**, baptised 8 April 1912 (sponsors: Michael Farragher and Bridget Hoban).(25)
 - ix **Patrick Vahey**, baptised 11 April 1915 (sponsors: Patrick Farragher and E.Malley).(26)
- D. **Patrick Coleman**, a labourer, born circa 1855/1858, died unmarried on 24 January / 20 February 1891 aged 33/36 years.(27)

In the next four chapters, the Family Trees of **Mary Coleman, Patrick Joseph Coleman, John Joseph Coleman and James Joseph Coleman - B. i. ii. iv. & v. above** - are developed further to show all branches in Ireland, England, Australia and Canada to November 2007 when this document goes to print.

17. Cong RC church, baptisms, vol. 2, p. 16 with note of marriage appended and Cong RC parish, marriages, vol. 1, p. 29.

18. Cong RC parish, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 92.

19. Cong RC parish, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 96.

20. Cong RC parish, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 99.

21. Cong RC parish, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 104.

22. Cong RC parish, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 110.

23. Cong RC parish, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 116.

24. Cong RC parish, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 121.

25. Cong RC parish, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 125.

26. Cong RC parish, baptisms, vol. 1, p. 132.

27. Ballinrobe district, deaths, vol. 9, p. 36 - age given as 33 years and date of death as 21 January 1891- and gravestone inscription no. 55 Kilmolara cemetery "O Lord have mercy / on the soul of / Patrick Coleman / who died on the 20th of February 1891 / aged 36 years / R.I.P. / Erected by his cousin / Mary Coleman / U.S.A. /"

Chapter Twenty One

The Australian Clan Coleman Branches

Martin and Patricia Coleman



SYDNEY					
The Martin Coleman(G6) Family Tree					
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d.	JOHN b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002
	Cahermaculick				
G6.	JOHN Joseph b. 8.10.1933 m. Bridie Wall 12.7.1958 b. 16.1.1938	MICHAEL Joseph b. 22.9.1935 m Mary Brooks 19.8.1964 b. 6.12.1938	MARTIN b. 18.6.1937 m. Patricia Lynch 2.1.1963 b. 23.6.1937		NOEL (James) b. 8.12.1938 m. Helen O'Reilly 25.1.1975 b. 24.5.1941
	MAUREEN b. 14.9.1941 m. Michael Glynn 29.6.1963 b. 10.6.1937	DELIA (Bridget) b. 1.11.1943 m. Fergus Doyle 3.1.1969 b.26.12.1946	MARGARET Ann b. 16.1.1946 m. Patrick Halpenny 3.6.1973 b. 18.9.1947	PATRICK Francis b. 2.2.1949 d. 11.4.1949	NONNIE (Norah) b. 8.6.1950 m. Padraic O'Reilly 14.8.1971 b. 22.12.1943
Sydney					
G7.	DOMINIQUE Catherine Mary b. 25-3-1964 d. 1-1-1976	*MARTIN Patrick b. 1-6-1965 m. Patricia Vineburg 18-12-1988 b. 19.3.1966	MICHAEL Lincoln b. 4-7-1966 m. Alyson Linnen 29-12-2007 b.	*BERNADETTE Margaret b.28-11-1968 m. Peter McLellan 19-4-1991 b. 22.1.1967	*KIERAN Paul b. 4-2-1977 m. Janelle Mackee 23-11-2009 b. 19.3.1976
G8.		*CIARA Maree b. 4.3.1992 *MATTHEW John b. 19.1.1994		*CONOR Thomas b. 30.12.1995 *LUKE David b. 4.10.2000 *SIOBHAN Dominique b. 4.10.2000	*FLYNN Oisín b. 29.3.2012 *CILLIAN Lee b. 27.4.2013 *SYBELLA Cara b. 28.11.2015

Martin and Patricia Coleman



Tom & Margaret Lynch 1945



1959



Norah & Pat Coleman 1931

Dominique 1975



Patricia 1995



Martin 1991



Bernadette 2001



Martin Pat 1991



Michael 1996



Kieran 1997



G6 of our family tree lists the children born to Pat and Norah Coleman of Cahermaculick, Shrule, Co Mayo, Ireland. I come in as the third son and child born on 18th June, 1937 (My Birth Certificate has in error the 26th July). I was educated at Gortjordan National School, Co Mayo, and at the Sacred Heart College, Western Road, Cork City and the Sacred Heart College in Carrignavar, Co Cork. Sport wasn't included as part of the curriculum at Gortjordan National School. That was for older students back then. Religion, Irish, English, Mathematics and to a lesser extent Geography and History were the subjects studied. Conditions were basic. Most of those students who attended in my time were scattered throughout the world five or six years later. While my years in Cork City and Carrignavar hold mixed feelings for me, I do not regret my time there. Naturally, I missed my family and friends and my home village, the only place familiar to me as I had rarely ventured far from there. Down the years since then, I have often thought about this and wished that things could have been different. In fact when I left Ireland in 1955 aged seventeen, I had seen very little of the country or my relatives and friends. Back then in 1950, it was quite an undertaking to become a boarding student so far away as Cork City. Fr Clarkson who visited our primary school in Gortjordan was a very persuasive but fair representative of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. I didn't have a problem signing up as it were because in doing so I felt I was helping alleviate a family problem as I perceived it at the time. Something else that made the signing up easy was the fact all fees involved would be met by the Order of St. Joseph.

My father accompanied me and another student, Tom Kilgannon, to the Western Road College of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart in Cork City. Tom though not from my school was from the same parish. I recall the occasion as if it were yesterday. It was 9.30 in the morning on the 9 September 1950, and we were due to take our first train ride ever from Hollymount Railway Station all the way south to Cork City. Our first stop was Claremorris where we changed trains for Limerick going through stations like Tuam, Athenry, Gort and Ennis. In Limerick, we changed again for Cork City stopping at such stations as Patrick's Well, Croom, Charleville, Mallow and Blarney. There were in fact thirty two stations in all and everything associated with them was new to me. This new and strange and exciting world of chuffing trains, and all those people coming and going not to mention the activity associated with the loading and unloading of tons of produce and other goods at station after station certainly took me by surprise, but it was in marked contrast to another world equally new whose images have traced themselves on my memory never to be erased. I will never forget the sadness associated with just about every platform and station along the way. Everyone seemed to be dressed in black as if it wasn't sombre enough with parents and other family members trying to touch for the last time their teenage daughters and sons and young brothers and sisters as the train pulled away from the platform for the long trip south to Cove, the last port of call before the Americas. I still read those faces and the story is still the same, the desperation, the sense of hopelessness, the loss.

It was about eight that evening when we arrived at the College. The reception by the Director of Studies, Fr Cleary, was warm and businesslike. There were moments when I thought, and perhaps wished, that Dad was about to grab my hand and walk out of there with me. He called as promised next morning before catching the train back home to Mayo but must have stayed awake for a fair part of the night thinking about what to emphasise to Fr Cleary in order to extract from him a sincere promise that he would look after me well. My father was a very accommodating and gentle person but always knew when to rise to the occasion and control the situation.

Our school year began the second week in September and finished about mid June. While the accepted period of preparation for The Leaving Certificate was five years, students at the Sacred Heart College took four. There was only one class in each year and the curriculum was biased

towards classical education with Latin and Greek compulsory languages. All students were expected to participate in team sports and, for a very small college, our record in county competitions was second to none. The same could also be said for athletics. As a matter of fact, I was the leading athlete in both the Junior and Senior Colleges. At my first athletics carnival, I took out the finals of 110, 220, 440, 880 and mile events. I also won the high and long jumps and shot put but bit the dust in the pole-vault when my pole snapped and I withdrew. I avoided pole-vault thereafter. During the long summer vacation, just about every student in the senior school played for their parish and their county minor or junior teams in either Gaelic football or hurling. As we trained twice daily and for longer periods on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays under very keen coaches, we had a decided advantage over most others in fitness and skills. I have very pleasant memories of my playing in the 1954 competitions for both GortJordan and Kilmaine. I was the youngest player in the 1954 Kilmaine team that went on to capture the South Mayo Junior title for the first time in their history. It was my first and last opportunity to play for Kilmaine. I often wonder what might have been if I had not emigrated four months later. You can imagine how pleasantly surprised I was to receive from the Kilmaine G.A.A. Club, thirty years later in 1984, a certificate in appreciation of my services and loyalty to the club; and again how wonderful it was to receive in 1987 a copy of its book entitled "1937 Kilmaine G.A.A. History 1987". The following quotation is from pages 89 and 90:

"Unique Game - A Scoreless Draw

Kilmaine: 0-0

Carramore: 0-0

A Kilmaine team, with seven players under 20 years, looked promising for the 1954 championship. This promise was to be realised in 1954, when Kilmaine captured the South Mayo Junior title (for the first time). Having defeated The Neale 1-7 to 0-2, Garrymore 3-3 to 0-2 and St. Coman's 0-11 to 1-2, Kilmaine lined out against undefeated Carramore on a very wet 18th July at Hollymount. Jim Heneghan was referee.

It was a game dominated by two fine half-back lines. On the Kilmaine team, the youthful Joe Kilgallon and Martin Coleman flanked Kilmaine's "discovery of 1954", the strong, abrasive Eugene McNicholas to form an almost unbeatable half-line. On the opposing Carramore team, the rock-like Henry Dixon, a Mayo star of the early 1950s, was flanked by the dashing Willie Duggan, a Mayo "junior" of 1954. They shall not pass was their motto, and they meant it.

As the rain kept pouring down, the old leather ball became heavier and life became even more difficult for ball-playing forwards. Even Mick Conwell's long kicks-out tended to fall shorter as the first half drew to a close. Both teams made valiant efforts after the interval, but the strong back lines, slippery surface and greasy wet ball made scoring impossible. Johnny Maye soloed through at last but his shot rebounded off the up-right and so Kilmaine's last chance of opening their account disappeared. Shortly afterwards Brendan Gilligan at midfield for Carramore met a kick-out from the Kilmaine goal on the half volley and from over sixty yards just missed the upright. A mighty kick, considering the heavy ball and wet conditions. When Jim Heneghan sounded the final whistle the game was still scoreless, and so ended a game which must rank unique in South Mayo football.

Despite the scoreless draw, Kilmaine proceeded to capture the South Mayo Junior title for the first time in their history.



1954 Team

Back Row left to right: Paddy Sheridan, Joe Kilgallon, John McGrath, Mattie McNicholas, Paddy O'Neill, Christy Durcan and Mick Conwell

Front Row: Brendan Keane, Vincent Hession, John Flannery, Johnny Maye, Mickey Walsh, Eugene McNicholas, Martin Coleman (Missing Mylie Molloy)

I was equally surprised to come across on the net references to our team of 1954 in the archives at Croagh Park. The following excerpts are from the Brendan Keane eulogy:

Keane, Brendan

22 December 2004

The Late Brendan Keane

The death occurred of Kilmaine native, Brendan Keane, an All-Ireland winner with Mayo back in 1953. Below is the eulogy delivered by Fr Gerry French at the funeral Mass in Terenure.....



With the coming of Brendan, Kilmaine at long last made the South Mayo breakthrough in that fiercely contested 1954 Championship. Brendan for the later stages of the county championship had gone to St Pat's training school and failed to get out for the game which they lost to Swinford. Paddy Curran, his great mentor, was to Brendan like a benign Oriental Uncle who lamented with his veteran players Molloy, Surkan and Mick Conwell, "that we'd have won if young Keane were here".....

He was an unorthodox but effective player and his 'barr na broige kick was famous in our school days. Our mentor used say "Never mind Brendan Keane, his style works for him".

That persistence and effective style worked for him in his studies and academic life later too and while pursuing a most effective teaching life he veered into many other subjects and took qualifications in them; including being called to the bar, where he never practiced.

Like Newman, he enjoyed learning for its own sake. He was much sought after as an interior decorator and was a superb DIY performer. He wrote papers on many of those subjects and became Editor-in-Chief of the Kilmaine GAA History. He was rightly proud of it, and like a gem will become more treasured with age.

The 'Global Awareness' people say to be globally aware one needs to be truly local. That was Brendan Níbhaidh a leitheid ann aris. I hope Carmel and his sons and daughter will meet some of his sporting academic and craftsmen colleagues around the world like Gortjordan's Martin Coleman in his college in Sydney or Pádraig Carney in his clinic in Southern California and enjoy their memories of Brendan.

Brendan Keane (1935 -2004) - born Ballymartin, Kilmaine, Father; Paddy Keane. Mother; Brigid Dowd, Rathduff, Balla. Brother; Gerard Keane; Ballymartin, Kilmaine. Sisters Maura, (Sr Grace London) Sr Josephine. (Uganda)

Phyllis. (Belfast) Wife; Carmel, Sons, Michael, Shane, Colm and daughter Linda.

Mayo Senior full-back for the League in 1956 and championship from 1957 to 1962. Football Honours Flanagan Cup 1953, All Ireland Minor title 1953, Connacht Colleges All Ireland 1953, South Mayo title 1954, (Kilmaine) Dublin Senior Football title (Erin's Hope) where his colleagues were Mattie McDonagh (Galway), Tom Long (Kerry) Fintan Walsh (Laois), Padraic Gavin (Swinford), Bertie Towey (Foxford), Dublin Senior League medal (Clanna Gael) where his colleagues were; Paddy Holden (Dublin) Mickey Whelan (Dublin), Kevin Coffey (Kerry) Sean Hunt (Charlestown and Mayo).

Brendan took part in the famous South Mayo Final of 1954 against Carramore in which neither team failed to raise a flag of any colour. The late Mayo great Henry Dixon played in that game and hit a post from play. Kilmaine won the replay but were defeated by Swinford who were crowned champions that year. Because of the restriction at that time Brendan wasn't allowed out for the Swinford game.

For the record the Kilmaine team that lined out was Mark Conwell, Paddy O'Neill, Mattie McNicholas, Christy Durkan, Joe Kilgallon, Eugene McNicholas, Martin Coleman, Brendan Keane, Paddy Sheridan, John Maye, Mick Walsh (An uncle of present Kilmaine selector and former Minor All winner Michael John Mullen), Vincent Hession, Johnny Flannery, John McGrath, Miley Molloy; Subs used ; Mick Heverin, Paddy Joyce, Brendan played in the National League Final of 1958 in which Dublin narrowly defeated Mayo.



To return to my time in Cork, I was both very shy and sensitive, not perhaps the ideal qualities for one as Coleridge said of his own upbringing “pent ’mid cloisters dim”, although I must admit that this allusion applies more to my two years at Western Road in Cork City. We still very much enjoyed the open spaces of the College and its farm in Carrignavar. The College in Western Road was beautifully located in the angle created by the division of the Lee River. Across the road were and still are the impressive Mardyke Sports and Recreational Grounds stretching for more than a kilometre along the banks of the Lee River. Every time I visit Ireland, I call there. It's no longer a College and so a few changes have been made to the place including the construction of a house for visiting and retiring priests. When Patricia and I called there unannounced in August 2004, we were delighted to meet a couple of my classmates and one of my teachers from the 50's. The Google adapted picture of the Western Road centre shows the whole complex.

The photo taken in 2004 is of the parish church and the front section of the old College. The rest of the college has been replaced by other buildings.

Our dormitory looked across the Lee to the OK Garage, the City Baths and the Capuchin Friary, a strict and autonomous branch of the Franciscan Order. Two things about the Friars are etched on the memory of surely every student to have slept in our dormitory. On the dot every quarter of an hour throughout the twenty four hours of every day seven days a week, the Friary bell tolled loudly and mercilessly ensuring an ongoing state of wakefulness in all for miles around. This was a far cry from the peace and quiet of the Mayo countryside.



Then on the dot of eight morning after morning, a procession of friars in their distinctive hooded garb and buckled sandals filed past in pairs along Western Road that for precision could only be matched by a disciplined unit of the best marines. They were on their way to University College Cork and come hail, rain or snow the picture was always the same. If numbers meant anything, they certainly had them to be a force within the university.

No sports carnivals were conducted at Western Road. Instead, we were transported by bus to the Carrignavar College once a year for the big event. This was where we all wanted to be and September 1952 couldn't come fast enough. Set among trees and surrounded by beautiful gardens and creeks as well as the ruins of an old castle, the college was located on a five hundred acre property that seemed to have everything. Its land was equal to the best in Europe and worked accordingly by an experienced farm staff. For those of us born and reared on a farm, we couldn't have wished for a better or more idyllic place with a variety of walks along lanes to different parts of the farm, plenty of animals, creeks and ponds and lots of colour and excellent playing fields.

Facilities within the College were equally impressive. There was something very charming about the old building with its winding wooden staircases and wide corridors and large wooden doors and large rooms. Whenever we moved between rooms, it seemed right and proper to do so slowly and quietly and to acknowledge the approach of a fellow student with a nod of the head. It was, however, a very different story in the well equipped recreational quarters where the variety of games available was matched only by the interests of the students. It was a great place to retire to when it was too wet or wintry outside.



Our day began at 6.30am with the ringing of the bell mounted on the wall just outside our dormitory door. The dormitories were located on the second floor. We had twenty minutes to get ready and be seated in the Study on the first floor by 6.50 for morning meditation which was conducted by one of the priests. At 7.05 we moved to the college chapel for Morning Prayer and Mass. Morning Prayer was led by the college prefect and we all took our turn at serving mass. By 7.45, we were ready for breakfast in the College Refectory which was just across the hallway from the Chapel. It was rather meagre to say the least comprising a couple of slices of buttered bread and a cup of tea, and it never varied. Silence was maintained during breakfast except on special occasions. Our first break began half an hour later which was spent outside relaxing in the gardens or taking a stroll along the lanes before lessons began at 8.40. Our mid-morning break began at 10.40 with a cup of tea and another slice of bread. On special occasions, a soft drink and a cake or piece of fruit replaced the tea and bread. Our next lesson began at 11.00 until we retired just before noon to the chapel for The Angelus. Again we crossed the hallway at 12.10 to the refectory for lunch or perhaps I should say dinner as it was then that we had our main meal of the day. It was just about the same every day except Friday and Friday was the same as every other Friday. Boiled mutton was the order of the day with a couple of potatoes and a slice of bread followed by either tapioca or bread pudding and a cup of tea. There were two readings during lunch and we all took our turn. The first was a paragraph from the *Imitations of Christ* read while everyone stood by his chair. Then when everyone was seated the second reading began and usually continued for the duration of lunch or at least until the provincial or head priest said out loud 'Deo Gratias' consenting to a stop to the reading and a suspension of the silence rule. The second reading was usually from a biography or autobiography of some well known religious. That was where I acquired my knowledge of Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne. Friday was abstinence day and went hand and hand with smoked red haddock. I have tried it once since out of curiosity to see if it was really so bad and my opinion remains unchanged.

With dinner behind us, at about 12.45 we got ready for either football or hurling practice. All students were expected to participate in both codes as well as athletics. Controlled games were conducted on Wednesdays and Saturdays. We all enjoyed our sport and being part of inter-college and local competitions which took place on Sundays. Come 1.45, practice ceased and we had fifteen minutes to change and be back in the College Study to commence private study in preparation for our afternoon lessons commencing at 2.30. When the last lesson finished at 5.30, we retired to the Chapel for the saying of the Rosary. Supper was served in the Refectory immediately afterwards and, like breakfast, comprised two slices of bread and a cup of tea. The silence rule applied. 6.20 to 7.00 was spent in the Recreational Room playing one of the many games there or outside strolling in the gardens or lanes. This was often the most enjoyable part of the day particularly during the long summer evenings. All students returned to the Study at 7.00 to work on their assignments, revise the day's lessons or attend to some private study. While quiet was maintained at all times, it was possible to discuss our work with other students as long as we did so quietly. On the sound of the low bell at 9.30, we reported to the Chapel for Night Prayer. Ten minutes later, we were slowly climbing the stairs to our dormitories to retire for the night.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays lessons finished at noon. The 7.00 to 9.30 session in the College Study before retiring for the night applied seven days a week. Supervised walks were occasionally organised for Sunday mornings to places of interest outside the College. We spent some time on Saturdays and Sundays in the College Library borrowing books, researching assignments or reading for leisure. Occasionally, we attended drama presentations at the main Cork theatre, among them a number of Shakespearean plays. One in particular made me a fan of Shakespeare for life. It was a wonderful stage presentation of "As You Like It".

As years went by, I had quickly lost contact with my classmates after leaving Carrignavar in June 1954. The very poor state of things in Ireland meant that I followed in the footsteps of millions of Irish before me. Time and circumstances over such a long period had seen to it that it was very much part of the Irish psyche to accept and indeed expect the country's youth to emigrate. So for me and those tens of thousands like me, the pier beckoned as it were and inevitably its call was answered. I was not to meet any of my classmates again until 1969 when Tom Kilgannon was visiting Sydney on business from New York. Tom had obtained a masters in both chemical engineering and administration from Columbia University New York and was employed by one of the oil companies. We have met twice since 66. When my two sons, Martin and Michael, and I were returning from a visit to Ireland in 1974, we stayed with Tom and his family in Matawan New Jersey. Twelve years later in 1986, Patricia, Kieran and I met by chance Tom and his family during our visit to Ireland. We travelled the Ring of Kerry together and visited both Western Road and Carrignavar. The years passed and I didn't hear from Tom again until November 2006 when I received an email where he had come across the family website. Tom has retired and Mary and he live in Naperville Illinois next to their children and grandchildren.

This picture of some of my classmate means a lot to me as a reminder of the wonderful years we spent together in Cork. We had I think twenty one in our class and to a man they were all fine students and sportsmen.



Standing L to R: Joe Burke, Bill Barrows, Colm O'Grady, Eamon Lynch, Jack O'Brien, Martin Coleman
Seated L to R: Tom Kilgannon, Dennis Kelleher, Tom Egan, Mickey Sherlock, John Geraghty

I received a letter from Colm O'Grady just before Christmas 1954. He was my best friend throughout College. I left Ireland shortly after receiving his letter and I never did get round to answering it. In 1958 when I visited my family in Ireland before leaving for Australia, I had intended calling on him at the Order's Moyne Park College in Co. Galway but learnt that he was

studying at the Irish College in Rome. As I learnt when I visited Carrignavar in 1974, Fr Colm O'Grady was killed in a plane crash outside Istanbul in January 1971 when he was returning to Louvain University after visiting friends he had made in Istanbul during a lecturing tour there. The moment I heard this I remembered seeing it on the news and reading about it in the newspapers and had wondered back then why this particular accident had grabbed my attention. He completed his studies in Rome with Doctorates in Philosophy, Divinity and Christology. He was a prolific writer and by the time of his untimely death aged thirty four, he had scholarly books on Christology on the shelves of all leading universities and other educational institutions across Europe and elsewhere. In fact he had already established himself as Europe's foremost authority on Christology. Tom Kilgallon met him a number of times during his national service tour of duty in Europe. He had this to say in a recent email: "As you know, Fr Colm O'Grady was killed in a plane crash near Istanbul when he was teaching at Louvain University in Belgium. Many of the Americans in Brussels knew him well because he said Mass often at the American Church outside Brussels where we attended."

Ted O'Shea our class gadgeteer is one of those missing from the photo. Like many of the others, he too rose to great heights. Following the fall of the Third Reich, German Dr. von Braun joined the United States in its early efforts at rocket missilery and space exploration. He first directed the Research and Development Service of the U.S. Army Ordnance Corps at Fort Bliss, Texas, and in 1950, moved to Huntsville as Technical Director of the Guided Missile Development Group, Redstone Arsenal. The years since then have seen the Huntsville facility greatly expand its experiment and research. In 1960 Dr. von Braun was named Director of the newly-created George C. Marshall Space Flight Center at Huntsville, under the direction of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. His assistant and right hand man a short time later was none other than our Ted O'Shea.

My brother Mick who had come home for Christmas 1954 didn't look any the worse for having worked most of the year in Birmingham, and so when he was returning on the 4 January I joined him for the trip across the Irish Sea.. I was seventeen at the time and it was a bitterly cold and miserable Birmingham that greeted me. I don't think I had ever seen so much snow and ice in the one place at the same time. I had experienced as a youth heavy snow falls in Mayo and Cork but nothing like this. Fortunately, I was able to stay at the same boarding house as Mick, but I never got to like it there. Early next morning and knee high in snow, we made our way to the nearest tram stop guided through the dark and smog by a few pale gas lamps. Mick was returning to work at Cadbury's and knew that they were looking for employees. With about five others, I was led into this big room and handed a heap of forms to read and complete by this mustachioed and military like official who obviously took pride in having won the war for England and was now enjoying his just reward. What followed was the first of a number of interviews that took up the whole day. When it was time to leave, Mick was nowhere to be seen. That would have been fine if I had known where we were staying and the tram to catch there. I looked in every direction but nothing clicked. After all it was still dark when we had arrived there in the morning. In desperation, I jumped on a tram, any tram, not knowing where it was going or what to look out for. I kept my eyes fixed on the footpath and fences looking for anything that might be of help. Suddenly this leaning spluttering gas lamp came into view and I jumped to exit the tram. It was the house. I was there.

I enjoyed working at Cadbury's as most members of the team I joined were from Germany and were quite intelligent having completed second level and some third level education. I was the youngest member of the team, fresh out of college and a Catholic one at that. I didn't realise I had so many beliefs to defend or justify, and so coming to work each day was like having to tackle a new treatise. Traditions, customs, attitude towards life and religion all featured in our discussions and debates. At first it was rather daunting but I did get to like and certainly missed it when I left there four months later to join the City Corporation in order to become a bus driver. By then Mick and I had moved to lodgings in Grantham Road, Stoney Lane. A couple of months later, Mick sailed for Australia. Of course I was too young to apply for a public transport licence and so had to assume our oldest brother's identity. It was strange at first responding to his name. I enjoyed my eighteen months on the buses, driving and travelling to new places and meeting so many different people. When I moved to London at the beginning of 57, I reverted to my own name to avoid national service. I worked for the British Railways Department in its office at Cricklewood. During my free time I studied Mechanical Engineering in 1957 and 1958 at the Baker Street Polytechnic.



When national service began to raise its head again, I decided to head for Australia. In early May, I attended an appointment at Australia House, completed all the forms, underwent a medical and received the necessary vaccination. In a meeting that followed later that afternoon, I was given my identification document and told to be ready to sail in June at fairly short notice. As it so happened, the telegram arrived on 17 June, the day before my 21st Birthday. After fixing things up at work next morning, I headed home as I wanted to see my family before sailing. It was lovely to see my family again and while Dad and Mam were very sad to hear of my plans, they found some comfort in the knowledge that I would be joining Mick in Sydney. The weather was beautiful as I drove around with Dad to visit my relatives and I wished I had a couple of weeks rather than just six days. I remember our visit to my Grandparents in Glencorrib as if it were yesterday. Mam didn't want to come with us. It was obviously too much for her. I can clearly recall how, when we were all seated at the table to one of the biggest bacon and cabbage meals I had ever seen, Grandad stood up and stayed standing there ever so quietly despite being told by Grandma to sit down and have his dinner. I could see that Dad was trying to act as if nothing was happening. Then I felt the gentle grab of my hair to the words, "Sure I'll never see ye and Sonneen (Mick) again it's so far ye're goin'". Back home, my memory of the scene in the kitchen as I left Mam and my sisters could be no more sharply etched. Mam was in a terrible state. The tyranny of distance back then must have been so real and troubling to our parents. I often think about this and how unfair it was to have to put our parents through such an ordeal. Noel and Dad took me to Galway to catch the train for Dublin. I had the worst headache I have ever experienced and as I boarded the train Dad asked two students returning home to England from University College Galway to look after me as I wasn't well. As the train pulled away, Dad kept running along the platform waving goodbye hat in hand. This and our parting in Cork eight years earlier are for me very special memories of my father.

Packing completed, I spent some time with John Joe and Bridie before setting out from 43 Lady Margaret Road Kentish Town on the morning of 26 June 1958 for Tilbury Dock on the Thames. About noon, I was a passenger aboard the 'SS Orion' as she pulled away from the quay on her voyage to Sydney. She was the biggest ship I had ever seen and I thought she was beautiful. I liked everything about her. She was considered to be one of the most famous ships on the Australian immigrant run as the first British liner with air conditioning in all her public rooms. After meeting a number of passengers on the first afternoon aboard, I couldn't get over my luck in scoring such a comfortable cabin on C Deck which I shared with a young industrial chemist from Leeds. It came with two bunks alongside a couple of windows and had its own bathroom as well as washing and ironing facilities. I quickly realised, however, that my cabin mate's expectations of Australia were quite different from my own. They were obviously derived from select readings about Englishmen who had transcended their status as only an Englishman can do with all the trappings that this type of success suggests. Yes, he was going to be surrounded by servants and maids and butlers in the colony, and in no time at all would feature in the same literature that ironically was the source of his delusions. Despite the fact that, like most others aboard, he was travelling under the Assisted Migrant Scheme, or the '10 Pound Scheme' as it was more popularly known, he remained unfazed. He was no adherent of egalitarian principles and if by chance he had heard of the egalitarian Australian, he must have thought it was one of those myths associated with little known places.



From the outset, everything about the trip was interesting. Can you imagine my surprise to be seated at the same table in Dining Room A as the famous Dr Adams of Harley Street and Old Bailey fame! His trial took over three months and made for great reading in the daily papers. His wife and he as well as a fellow doctor, his wife and daughter were travelling to Greece on vacation. We met daily for breakfast, lunch and dinner and his wife, when she felt like joining us, seemed the most finicky person imaginable. She was always late to table and always asked to inspect just about every dish on the menu before, if at all, accepting one. I began to feel sorry for her as she looked both frail and sickly and the sight of food was obviously enough to make her unwell. Adams himself



Specifications:

Tonnage: 23,371 GRT Length: 665ft (202.7m)

Beam: 82ft (25.6m)

Engines: Six Parsons SRG Steam Turbines Service

Passenger Decks: 7 Crew:565

Passengers:708 Cabin Class,700 Tourist Class.

was Irish from Dublin but had practiced all his life in London. I sat next to him at the table just across from his wife and the other ladies. I think there were eight of us at the table. Adams was quietly sociable with the knack of being able to involve everyone at the table in the chats and discussions that made for more enjoyable dining. We all dressed up for dinner usually in lounge suits but it was a black tie affair for Dr Adams. When I turned up one evening in suit and black bow tie, he was tickled pink to learn that I had just come from the Captain's cocktail. Shortly after leaving Tilbury, the Pursar announced over the public address system that he was looking for volunteers to help out with the children aboard in areas such as reading, writing, arithmetic and swimming. I volunteered to take two small groups daily for arithmetic between 9.30 and 11am. The room was very comfortable and we had lots of fun. The ship certainly looked after its volunteers by providing them with special vouchers for free drinks and cigarettes as well as invitations to the Captain's cocktail which commenced about forty five minutes before dinner. The black bow ties were provided by the Pursar. The affable Dr Adams seemed to take great pride in our turning up in bow ties the following evening and towards the end of dinner invited us to join him in the main lounge for drinks a little later that evening. In no time at all, one of the best parties aboard was in full swing.

Our ports of call were Gibraltar, Naples, the Port of Pylos, Port Said, and after sailing through the Suez Canal, Aden, Colombo, Fremantle, Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney. After crossing a relatively calm Bay of Biscay and enjoying some good views along the coastline of Spain and Portugal, we went ashore at Gibraltar. I was with eight other males ranging in age from twenty one to thirty four. A few of the older ones who had worked as lumberjacks in Canada showed remarkable experience in the ways of the world and certainly knew how to enjoy themselves. Whenever we went ashore, they seemed to know the best places to visit. It was the middle of summer and a warm one at that. I often think about our trip across the Mediterranean Sea. It was more a leisurely cruise across the most beautiful waters I had ever seen. The azure sky with its fluffy still clouds was a fitting companion to the very calm and sparkling blue waters. I recall how it reminded me at the time of the barrels of beautiful blue stone water prepared by my father to be sprayed on the drills of new potatoes. It was something that fascinated me as a child, those barrels of sparkling blue water located on the headlands from which stretched out in ever increasing numbers the uniform drills of all those tall potato stalks with their white and blue flowers as if nature somehow had outdone itself as surely it must have on this occasion. I loved it then and I loved it more and more as we sailed further into the Mediterranean. It was a special experience like so many others that made this voyage for me the trip and holiday of a lifetime.

We geared up or so we thought for our trip ashore at Naples. After a boat trip to the Isle of Capri, it was down town to Mamma's restaurant for the best food, wine and entertainment in this hectic city. Only two of us made it back to the ship before the gangways were raised and it set sail for Navarino Bay in the Messina region of the Peloponnese in Greece. Left behind were my Cabin mate and about seven others and we heard nothing about them thereafter. Though we didn't go ashore when we were in Navarino Bay, the views of Pylos as it rose up the hill from the harbour were magnificent. I had seen nothing like this before and it seemed so foreign and different. The scorched earth, the square flat-roofed buildings, the colours, all seemed so foreign and recalled the pictures in our school bible stories that my mother read to us as children. I would love to have gone ashore. As Dr Adams' party and some others were preparing to disembark, there were a few barges of migrants approaching to come aboard. Dr Adams didn't leave without going out of his way to say good bye and wish us well in Australia.

Our next port of call was Port Said before entering the Suez Canal as a member of a convoy without, of course, the escort of warships. The Canal had only recently reopened to shipping

after the English-Egyptian conflict. As progress was slow, we had plenty of time to observe what was happening around the place. Dozens of Egyptian children were performing all sorts of aquatic stunts close to the moving ship and then diving to collect the coins thrown into the water by the passengers. All along the east bank, thousands of workers, ant-like in the distance, were excavating hills of sand bag by bag. The ship's crew was busy covering the main decks with



tarpaulin in preparation for the ship's stop in the Gulf of Suez in order to allow a convoy coming north to pass. This was the middle of summer and I had not ever experienced such hot and humid weather. I remember writing to my parents while the ship lay at anchor. When I finished the letter in one of the air-conditioned lounges, I took it to the Pursor's office to be posted. Before I had time to place it in the envelope, it got so wet from my perspiration that I had to return to the lounge to rewrite it but not before I collected a towel from my cabin. This hot and humid weather continued until we entered the Gulf of Aden some days later.

When the ship docked at Aden, I was somewhat apprehensive at first about leaving the shops adjacent to the pier to travel, as the group suggested, by minibus to the centre of Aden, particularly after our frightening experience on the outskirts of Cairo after going ashore at Port Said. There were about twenty of us on the bus heading for El Giza and the Great Pyramid of Cheops and the Sphinx. When the bus stopped for petrol, we were surrounded by a mob that grew by the second. We didn't know what to expect until the chanting started and by then it was too late to tell them that we weren't English, not all of us at least, as the rocks showered down upon us. A few of us grabbed the driver and in pushing him behind the wheel, persuaded him to make a hasty exit out of mob's reach.

Fortunately, it was a bus without glass windows and we counted our luck as we arrived back at the ship all in one piece. We should have known that many Egyptians were still hurting from the English bomb attacks during the conflict.



It was about a twenty five minute drive to the centre of Aden. Along the way, we saw a number of chain gangs in their motley prison attire repairing the road. Aden itself was a disaster, a waste of time, and to say it was a shanty town would be to invest it with more respectability than it deserved. I don't think that I have seen so many professional beggars in the same place at the one time. While we were still in possession of our dress, we headed back to the ship but not before encountering lots of beggars among the shops at the port. Loose change was all



it took to satisfy them. Despite this, one of our kind resorted to pushing a couple of the younger ones quite forcefully out of his way and knocking them over. Obviously some code was breached but I didn't stay around to find out what it was and must have gone under two minutes for the half mile back to the gangway.

If variety was what we wanted, the Indian Ocean didn't let us down. This was sailing at its best and so far we had seen nothing like it. We encountered all types of weather from the very warm and calm to the cold and stormy. It was quite an experience to visit the highest bow deck during a storm and watch the mountainous waves pick the ship up bow first and then drop it bow first again into a big trough before repeating the action over again and again. Earlier on in the voyage, I had met a Scottish family of four from Greenock. They were on their way to South Australia. Their daughter, Catherine, had her Masters from Edinburgh University and was looking forward to taking up a teaching position. When we docked at Colombo, she and I went ashore together. She was interested in visiting the main store there owned by the parents of a student who was in her class at Edinburgh. A couple of hours later but not before we had enjoyed a lavish lunch, we were being driven to centres of interest on the Island in the store owner's white Rolls.

King Neptune warmly greeted our arrival at the Equator in the customary manner. The ship's horn accompanied by a rousing fanfare on the upper deck aft announced the occasion. The atmosphere engendered and sustained throughout the remainder of the day was second to none and craftily qualified by the very best in food, wine and entertainment. It was the biggest and best party of the whole voyage, and was on the tips of tongues for days proving a real morale booster for the trip south of the equator. The captain announced that the ship would sail close to the Cocos Islands and anchor there for a couple of hours in order to allow the locals to display their wares. Then it was full speed ahead for Freemantle where we went ashore on 24 July, 1958. There was nothing much and little action in Freemantle and so we joined a bus tour of the City of Perth. The highlight for most of us was a guided tour of the University with refreshments provided in a magnificent old building with spectacular views across the Swan River and parts of the city.

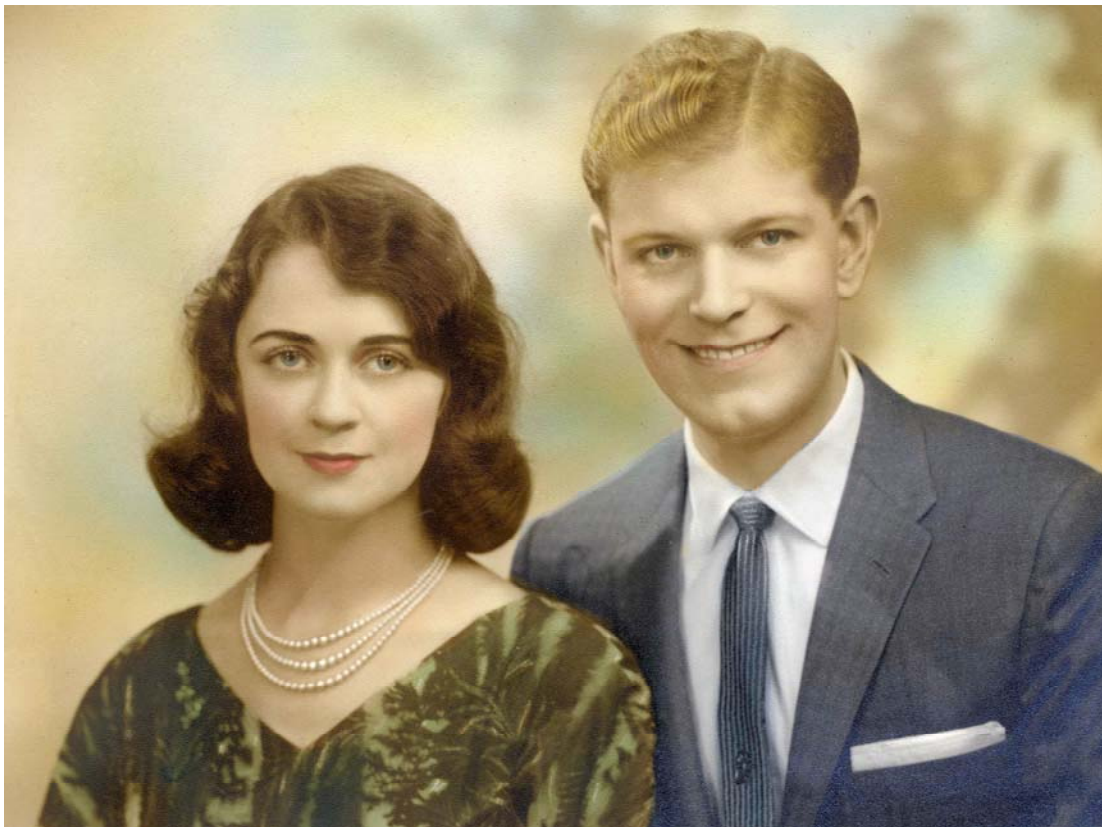
When we returned to the ship, everything was latched down for the trip across the Great Australian Bight. We spent most of this part of the journey indoors or in the sheltered parts of the decks. Many of the friendships formed during the voyage were about to come to an end as a number of passengers prepared to disembark in Adelaide. Among them was the McDavitt family and I knew that things wouldn't be the same aboard without them. We had very little time together ashore before their transport arrived to take them to their first Australian home. Catherine and I corresponded for a number of months thereafter but didn't manage to get together

as promised for Christmas 1958. A few days after arriving in Adelaide, she was making her way to the Southern Flinders Ranges to a primary school about ten miles from the town of Laura. I often wondered what that must have felt like to an energetic, well-travelled, beautiful young lady brought up in Glasgow with a master's degree from Edinburgh. In all probability, Catherine was the most academically qualified primary teacher in a South Australian school at that time.

Two days later, a small group of us including Tom Quigley from Dublin were having our first taste of real Aussie cuisine, steak and eggs, where Fr Paul Fitzgerald who had joined the ship in Freemantle had taken us for lunch to a club in Melbourne. I couldn't get over how inexpensive it was compared to a similar meal in London. Before returning to the ship for the last leg of a really wonderful voyage, we spent the afternoon sightseeing in and around the city and riding the trams.

On the morning of 3rd August 1958, the 'SS Orion' docked in Sydney. I disembarked to a very warm welcome that really exceeded my expectations. Mick, Bill McDonagh, Fr Con Sexton, Lenore Sowden and a host of others were there to greet me. It was absolutely lovely and took me completely by surprise. Fr Con who was Parish Priest of Dover Heights had two sisters who lived in my home town of Shrute. He had served as Chaplain to the Australian forces in Singapore and when it fell to the Japanese he was captured and imprisoned in the infamous Changi Prison until the end of the war. In fact Mick and his friends had organised a welcoming party the following weekend at the home in Lenthall Street Kensington where we were staying at the time. Everyone including the landlady enjoyed the evening and I met a lot of wonderful people.

A month or so later, Mick and I moved into a flat in Todman Avenue. I used to walk from there daily to the Motor Registry Department in Rosebery where I worked. Hardly a weekend went by



Patricia & Martin's Engagement – April 1960

without our calling to visit Fr Con and we weren't the only visitors. We had some great times at Dover Heights. It was there that I met Justice McKeown who persuaded me to take a teaching position at Waverley College at the beginning of 59. While there I enrolled in part-time studies at Sydney University and left Waverley at the end of 1960 to attend full-time. I completed my teacher training at Sydney Teachers' College within the University and after taking up teaching at Punchbowl Boys' High School I continued my studies at the University of New England, Armidale, NSW.

During Easter 1959, while on a trip to the Central Coast with some friends, I met Patricia Lynch, daughter of Tom and Margaret Lynch of Sydney. We were married on 2 January 1963 and so began another branch of the Coleman Clan. Photos of our five children appear at the beginning of this chapter. Tom Lynch's Grandfather and Grandmother, Michael Lynch and Mary Fitzgerald, were born in Patrick's Well, Co Limerick, and Limerick respectively. Margaret Lynch's parents were also from Ireland. Her mother, Bridget (Kennedy) Kearns, was born in Glown near Neanagh, and her father, Thomas Kearns, was born in Galway. Patricia has gathered over the years considerable information about her ancestry on both her father and mother's sides of the family. I can recall the very special emotional impact the visit to Glown and the home of her Grandmother had on Patricia. It was wonderful to be part of it. Today, a very small part of that homestead in the form of a slate enjoys pride of place in our possession.

I have dedicated Chapter 23 to our daughter Dominique who passed away on 1 January 1976. Martin Pat and Bernadette are married and photos of their families appear below. Martin and his family live in Melbourne.

1984



1984



1993





Dominique, Martin, Michael & Bernadette with Mum & Dad – Oct 1972



Kieran



Michael



Alyson & Michael – 2007



Martin & Patricia on the Fox Glacier March 2007



Patricia and Martin Coleman - Sydney 1991



Martin & Patricia with daughter Ciara and son Matthew on Sydney Harbour – 2007



The family celebrates Patricia and Martin's 70th Birthday – June 2007
 L front to back: Luke, Patricia, Kieran, Peter, Conor, Bernadette & Patricia
 R front to back: Martin, Matthew, Ciara, Siobhan, Michael & Martin



23 June 2007



23 June



Bernadette, Peter and Conor helping Siobhan and Luke celebrate their 3rd Birthday – 2003



Siobhan, Conor and Luke – 2007



Kieran & Janelle with Patricia & Martin - 2009



Flynn & Cillian - 2015



Kieran & Janelle with Flynn (centre right), Cillian & Sybella - March 2016



Kieran & Janelle with Flynn (centre) and Sybella, Cillian and Mia 2022

Mick and Mary Coleman



SYDNEY					
The Michael Coleman(G6) Family Tree					
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d.	JOHN b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002
	Cahermaculick				
G6.	JOHN Joseph b. 8.10.1933 m. Bridie Wall 12.7.1958 b. 16.1.1938	MICHAEL Joseph b. 22.9.1935 m Mary Brooks 19.8.1964 b. 6.12.1938	MARTIN b. 18.6.1937 m. Patricia Lynch 2.1.1963 b. 23.6.1937		NOEL (James) b. 8.12.1938 m. Helen O'Reilly 25.1.1975 b. 24.5.1941
	MAUREEN b. 14.9.1941 m. Michael Glynn 29.6.1963 b. 10.6.1937	DELIA (Bridget) b. 1.11.1943 m. Fergus Doyle 3.1.1969 b.26.12.1946	MARGARET Ann b. 16.1.1946 m. Patrick Halpenny 3.6.1973 b. 18.9.1947	PATRICK Francis b. 2.2.1949 d. 11.4.1949	NONNIE (Norah) b. 8.6.1950 m. Padraic O'Reilly 14.8.1971 b. 22.12.1943
Sydney					
G7.	*CATHERINE Mary b. 20.12.1965 m. John Joe Naughton 28.7.1994 b. 26.1.1965	NOREEN Margaret b. 4.2.1967	*BERNADETTE Ann b. 24.11.1968 m. Shane Dyde 11.3.2001 b. 17.2.1969	**MICHAEL Patrick b. 24.8.1971 m. Monique Akins 8.3.1997 b. 28.10.1973	**JOHN James b.27.9.1972 m. Janine Schindler 7.9.1999 b. 30.6.1973
	Ireland		Sydney		
G8.	*PATRICK B. 22.12.1995 *MICHAEL B. 31.11.1997 *ROISIN B. 13..3.1999		*AIDEN John b.13..3..2003 *CHLOE Mary b. 10.5.2004	**MICHAEL Joshua b. 17.5.2001 **JESSICA b. 17.5.2001 **JOSUHA James b. 18.2.2005	**LIAM Joshua b. 22.8.2000 **JACK b. 24..9..2002 **ALANAH Jade b. 9.6.05

Mick Coleman is the second son and child of Pat and Norah Coleman. He was born on 22 September 1935. Mick back then was called Sonny which was a popular family name with our uncle Martin Murphy and cousin John Davoren also called Sonny. After completing his schooling at GortJordan National School and the Christian Brothers' College in Ballinrobe, he settled in Birmingham England in 1954. After working at Cadbury's for about nine months, he spent a few months in the construction industry before sailing for Australia aboard the 'New Australia' in June 55. Aboard the ship, Mick met another Irishman, John Peters, from Northern Ireland. John was an experienced diamond driller who had worked in Africa and was on his way to join Thiess Brothers in Mary Kathleen in North West Queensland at Australia's first uranium mine. Both were among the first to come to Australia under the Assisted Migrant Scheme, the '10 Pound Scheme' as it was called, that was introduced by the Australian Government. I believe Mick was meant to have stayed in Sydney although I couldn't see the Government objecting to his opting for Mary Kathleen on the other side of the never never.

So on their second day in Sydney, they took the train for the long trip to Brisbane. On arrival, they reported to Immigration to claim back their entitlement of five pounds, 50% of the cost of the passage out, a fair sum back then, before calling at the headquarters of Thiess Brothers where they were warmly welcomed by Pat, Cecil and Les, three of the seven brothers involved in the company. They were provided with lunch and accommodation and given two days off to take in the sights of Brisbane before heading north in the company plane to Townsville where they stayed for the weekend before boarding the silver 'Overlander' for Cloncurry located in the Gulf Savannah region of the state.



Today, Cloncurry is still an important mining town with a population of 2,758. Back in 1861, John McKinlay, leading a search for Burke and Wills, reported traces of copper in the area. Some six years later, pastoralist Ernest Henry discovered the first copper lodes. During World War 1, Cloncurry was the centre of a copper boom and the largest source of mineral in Australia. But shortly after the war a pastoral industry took its place when copper prices slumped. Qantas was conceived there and the original hangar can still be seen at the airport. The town also became the first base for the famous Royal Flying Doctor Service in 1928 which was founded by Irishman John Flynn, and later still it became the training centre for the state's police force.

When Mick and John arrived there in 1955, its population was a mere few hundred. It boasted, however, five hotels to cater for the visiting bushmen and miners escaping the blistering sands and the scorching blinding sun pounding away hour after hour, day after day, week after week until the only relief was escape. The respite was welcome and indeed essential to one's sanity. As severe as it was, this wasn't the only predicament that miners like Mick and John faced. On arrival in Cloncurry, they were taken by jeep to the uranium mine at Mary Kathleen, a centre located about 65 kilometres from Cloncurry in the



Section of the Camp at Mary Kathleen

direction of Mount Isa and now long abandoned. The incessant heat and scourging light, the repetitive work, the dust and tormenting isolation, all took their toll in one form or another. Mick and John Peters worked as a team out in the open and up to a few miles from the mine drilling to locate the much valued uranium. Being exposed to the elements had its advantages over the conditions in the dusty mines where dry drilling was the order of the day. The union bosses who from time to time drove up in their big cars showed no concern for the health and welfare of the workers. They knew who lined their pockets and so only approached so far before getting back into their cars.

Though paid by the foot drilled, how much Mick and John actually collected at the end of the week was entirely up to them as the number of bores recorded was never checked. It meant that they were collecting on average up to ten times the weekly wage. There was no scarcity of diamond drills to replace those left behind stuck in the bores and those not stuck in the bores. The American bosses in charge were more than willing to supply all the drills requested though some of them were making their way into the hands of other mining companies.

A high percentage of those working in and around the mines and towns were in fact Irish and the scenes they regularly created when they hit town didn't quite endear them to the local constabulary. Though company policy was a bottle of beer per person a day, alcohol was a problem as many of the men sneaked out of camp during the night and were in Cloncurry an hour later. There was no scarcity of vehicles. Mick found the aborigines who worked there to be reliable, intelligent, very friendly and hard-working. Pat Thiess was in charge of operations and come Friday it was not unusual for him to down tools for the weekend and head for town with the boys. Mick has many pleasant memories of their taking him to Mary Kathleen for his 21st

Birthday. The mine had its own preferred hotel in Cloncurry, the “Serwyn” that among other things provided good entertainment and occasionally conducted talent quests.

When John Peters did not return, however, as planned after a weekend in Cloncurry, Pat Thiess dispatched Mick to locate his friend and bring him back. Having sought him in vain in the usual places, he turned to the publican’s wife at the “Serwyn” who was well respected by the townsfolk. The local police didn’t have the best of reputations for tolerance, and so if he was to get anywhere with them he needed the help of someone like her. His hunch was right. The police had picked up John and sent him to the Goodna Mental Asylum in Brisbane when all he really needed was time to dry out somewhere away from the alcohol. Mick was very concerned for his friend and immediately took a plane to Brisbane. He decided to first visit Immigration and to explain the story to them in the hope that they might be able to help. As it worked out, they were very helpful. Mick located John and signed him out. He was looking and feeling remarkably well but had no hope of getting out of that place on his own.



John Peters

After spending a couple of days sorting things out and buying some new clothes, they returned to Mary Kathleen. A short time later, Mick and John’s other friends persuaded him to visit a doctor in Cloncurry who advised John to leave North West Queensland for a cooler place such as Tasmania. This and the fact that he was worried about what the police would do to him should they see him in town again particularly after a drinking session got him thinking about moving on. Having set his mind on New Zealand, he headed for Sydney accompanied by Mick who was to help him organize his trip across the Tasman. After seeing him off, Mick returned to Mary Kathleen but was unable to settle back into the routine of drilling. For the next few months after a short period of training, he operated one of the mine’s large bulldozers. Most of the heavy equipment used by the mining authorities was American left behind after the War. During this time, Mick heard from a person from home, Bill McDonagh, who had settled in Sydney. Prompted by this, he decided a few months later to pack his bags and head for the big smoke towards the end of 1957.



Martin & Mick – Bulli 1958

Bill and Mick had arranged to meet at the Jubilee Café, located at Haymarket in George Street. Bill who had arrived a bit early was looking forward to a good chat with Mick about life in the outback but nothing prepared him for what walked through the door. Henry Lawson himself would have taken a step back. A tall, thin, dishevelled, bearded, bare-legged and dark-tanned specimen in tattered shorts, sandals and t-shirt had appeared out of nowhere with a bag slung over the right shoulder from which projected rather menacingly the barrel of a rifle. Mick had arrived in Sydney but not before an encounter with a courageous representative of the law at Central Railway Station while strolling along the platform rifle over the shoulder on his way to meet Bill. Mick was told that people just don’t do this in Sydney, walk through the streets sporting a rifle

over their shoulder. To the relief of the plain-clothes policeman, Mick explained that he used the rifle to shoot only wild turkeys and pigs. The confrontation came to a close with the policeman reminding him that, as he was unlikely to find any in Sydney, he should take the rifle apart and place it in his bag.



Mick & Mary - Taree Jan 1962

Most stories have an ending satisfactory or otherwise. Deservedly, this one has a most satisfactory one. Mick and Bill spent most of 1959 and part of 1960 working on the Snowy Mountain Scheme. When they returned to Sydney in 1960, Mick met Mary Brooks from Cranny in County Clare. At the time Mary was teaching at the Holy Cross School in Woollahra. In 1955 at the age of seventeen, Mary left Ireland for New Zealand where she worked at Waitara near New Plymouth in Taranaki in the North Island. Her uncle was parish priest there. Keen to meet her two grand aunts who lived in Sydney, Mary arrived here in 1958 and applied for a teaching position at the Holy Cross School not very far from Aunt Eileen with whom she was staying. Mick had tried his hand at a few different jobs, but along the way, he had become interested in what today we call the hospitality industry. When he could manage it, he did some casual work for a friend of his in the bottle department of the Maroubra Bay Hotel. Who

should walk into the bottle department one afternoon in February 1964 but his drilling mate and friend John Peters who was on holidays in Sydney with his New Zealand girlfriend! Imagine the surprise all round not to mention the celebrations that must have followed. But the biggest celebration was fast approaching. Mary and Mick got married as planned later that year on the 18th of August and we were all there to help them celebrate. It was indeed a very good year.



**Mick & Mary with Noreen,
Bernadette, Michael & John on
their last night at their Bald Faced
Stag Hotel in Leichhardt Sydney
1986**



**Mick & Mary in Shrle during the Clan Coleman Reunion in August, 2004
with Catherine and John Joe Naughton and Grandchildren Roisín, Patrick & Michael**



Bernadette, Aiden, Shane & Chloe



Liam, Janine, Jack, John and Alanah



Michael & Monique with Jessca, Michael and Joshua - 2007

Delia and Fergus Boyle



SYDNEY					
The Delia (Bridget Coleman) Doyle (G6) Family Tree					
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964 .	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d.	JOHN b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002 .
	Cahermaculick				
G6.	JOHN Joseph b. 8.10.1933 m. Bridie Wall 12.7.1958 b. 16.1.1938	MICHAEL Joseph b. 22.9.1935 m Mary Brooks 19.8.1964 b. 6.12.1938	MARTIN b. 18.6.1937 m. Patricia Lynch 2.1.1963 b. 23.6.1937		NOEL (James) b. 8.12.1938 m. Helen O'Reilly 25.1.1975 b. 24.5.1941
	MAUREEN b. 14.9.1941 m. Michael Glynn 29.6.1963 b. 10.6.1937	DELIA (Bridget) b. 1.11.1943 m. Fergus Doyle 3.1.1969 b.26.12.1946	MARGARET Ann b. 16.1.1946 m.Patrick Halpenny 3.6.1973 b. 18.9.1947	PATRICK Francis b. 2.2.1949 d. 11.4.1949	NONNIE (Norah) b. 8.6.1950 m. Padraic O'Reilly 14.8.1971 b. 22.12.1943
Sydney					
G7.	FERGUS Patrick b. 4.1.1970	MONIQUE Mary b. 28.6.1971 m. Nicholas Gooley 14.11.1999 b. 28.6.1967		SEÁN James b. 22.8.1973 m. Anita Blows 23.2.2002 b. 21.8.1974	
G8.		QUINLAN Fergus b. 6.9.2003 OSHEA Patrick b. 26.9.2005		KATERYNA (Katya) b. 22.12.2004 LAYLA Norah b. 26.2.2007	

Delia Doyle is the second daughter and sixth child of Pat and Norah Coleman of Cahermaculick, Shrulc, Co Mayo, Ireland. She was born Bridget Coleman on 1 November, 1943. Bridget was a popular Christian name on both the Coleman and Murphy sides of the family but more so on the Coleman side. As the name of Dad's sister and Mam's mother was Bridget, both would have been happy to give this name to their second daughter. The name Delia, however, was quite popular on our mother's side of the family and while it didn't make it to her baptismal and birth certificates, it would appear that Mam's preference for Delia, after her own sister Delia Murphy, prevailed in the end. I realise that this type of comment begs clarification and one has to look no further than Irish history for the cause. Despite the importance of history, mythology and genealogy to the Celts, events over the hundreds of years that followed English occupation had taught the Irish not to trust officialdom or government regulations or requirements of any type. Many births, deaths and marriages were never registered for this reason with the state. The Irish were happy to register them with the church although I suspect that the threat of hell and eternal damnation from the pulpit at the time had something to do with it. The first Irish government of the new era, however, formed after the general elections of June, 1922 was quick to become aware of this and imposed fines for failure to register births, deaths and marriages with the state. Even so, the half-hearted approach to it in my youth left many of us with incorrect details on our birth certificates and saw some of us called by a name not recorded on our baptismal or birth certificates.

After finishing school, Delia worked at home for a few years before joining her sister, Maureen, in London in 1962. While she enjoyed life there, the lure of Australia proved too strong. In June 1966 Delia, accompanied by her sister Margaret, touched down in Sydney to begin a new chapter in her life.

The following year, she met Fergus Doyle who had recently arrived from Coventry where he had worked for a couple of years after moving there from Ireland. Born on 26 December 1946, Fergus is the fourth son of James and Mary Doyle of Ballygarrett, Co Wexford. Taking up where he had left off in the construction industry, Fergus worked in Sydney for a short time before work commitments took him to Melbourne for most of 1968 and 1969. Fergus and Delia were married in Sydney on 3 January 1969 beginning yet again another branch of the Coleman Clan.



Fergus & Delia – 1999



Fergus Pat - 2007



Anita, Layla, Katya & Seán - 2007



Monique, Oshea, Nick & Quinlan – 2007

Margaret and Pat Halpenny



SYDNEY					
The Margaret(Coleman) Halpenny (G6) Family Tree					
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d.	JOHN b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002
	Cahermaculick				
G6.	JOHN Joseph b. 8.10.1933 m. Bridie Wall 12.7.1958 b. 16.1.1938	MICHAEL Joseph b. 22.9.1935 m Mary Brooks 19.8.1964 b. 6.12.1938	MARTIN b. 18.6.1937 m. Patricia Lynch 2.1.1963 b. 23.6.1937	NOEL (James) b. 8.12.1938 m. Helen O'Reilly 25.1.1975 b. 24.5.1941	
	MAUREEN b. 14.9.1941 m. Michael Glynn 29.6.1963 b. 10.6.1937	DELIA (Bridget) b. 1.11.1943 m. Fergus Doyle 3.1.1969 b.26.12.1946	MARGARET Ann b. 16.1.1946 m. Patrick Halpenny 3.6.1973 b. 18.9.1947	PATRICK Francis b. 2.2.1949 d. 11.4.1949	NONNIE (Norah) b. 8.6.1950 m. Padraic O'Reilly 14.8.1971 b. 22.12.1943
Sydney					
G7.	AMANDA Mary b. 3.31974 m. Ed Stenson 18.10.2003 b. 3.3.1970	ADRIAN Patrick b. 29.10.1976 m. Raelee Johnstone 26.02.2006 b. 7.2.1975		COLUM Joseph b. 25.4.1979	
G8.		TYRON Hunter b.2.02.2007			

Margaret Halpenny is the third daughter and seventh child of Pat and Norah Coleman of Cahermaculick, Shrule, Co Mayo, Ireland. Born on 16 January, 1945, she was named after her mother's sister, Margaret Murphy, who died on the 15th of February, 1938 aged 27. In the chapter entitled 'Glencorrib', there is a brief comment relating to Margaret Murphy and her sister, Delia, as well as a couple of photos.

After finishing school, Margaret worked at home for a few years before deciding to join her two sisters, Maureen and Delia, in London in 1963. She has many happy memories of her three years spent there working with her sister, Delia, for Barlings of London and couldn't speak more highly of her employer or immediate boss. When they were leaving to come to Australia, Barlings showed how much they had really appreciated their time working for the company by paying for their trip home to visit their family in Ireland. They were also given glowing references by management, ones that are still part of their valued possessions after all those years, and assured that their jobs would be there for them if things didn't work out in Australia.

Pat Halpenny is the first of five sons and the second child born to Margaret and James Halpenny of Rosslea, Co Fermanagh, Ireland on 18 September, 1947. After completing his formal education at Tierney's School Rosslea and Clones Technical College, he worked locally before taking up an apprenticeship at the Sawmills in Duncrue Street Belfast. In 1967, he moved to Birmingham where he worked in the construction industry for three years before deciding to head for Sydney in 1970. After about six months working on the new Tullamarine Airport in Melbourne, he worked at Roebourne and Karratha in Western Australia before joining some friends in the construction of the new township of Nhulunbuy (Gove) on the northernmost tip of the East Arnhem Peninsula. The place is so remote that even today the only access is by plane or boat. Pat and Margaret met in Sydney in 1971 before Pat signed up for Nhulunbuy and, when Pat returned to Sydney in 1973, they were married a few months later on 3 June.



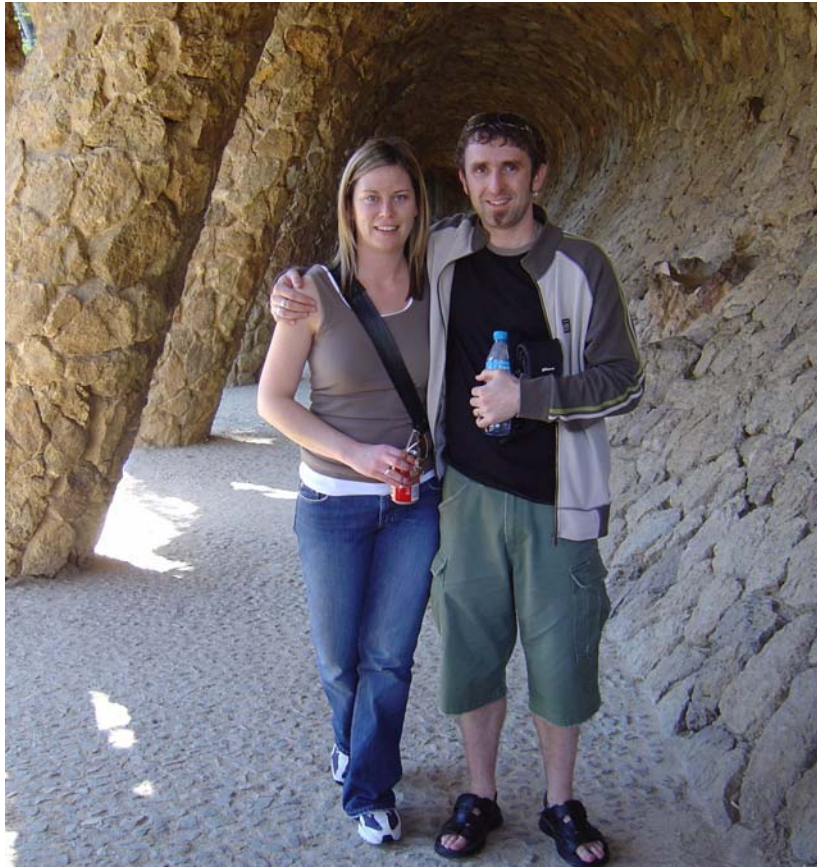
Pat & Margaret - 2005



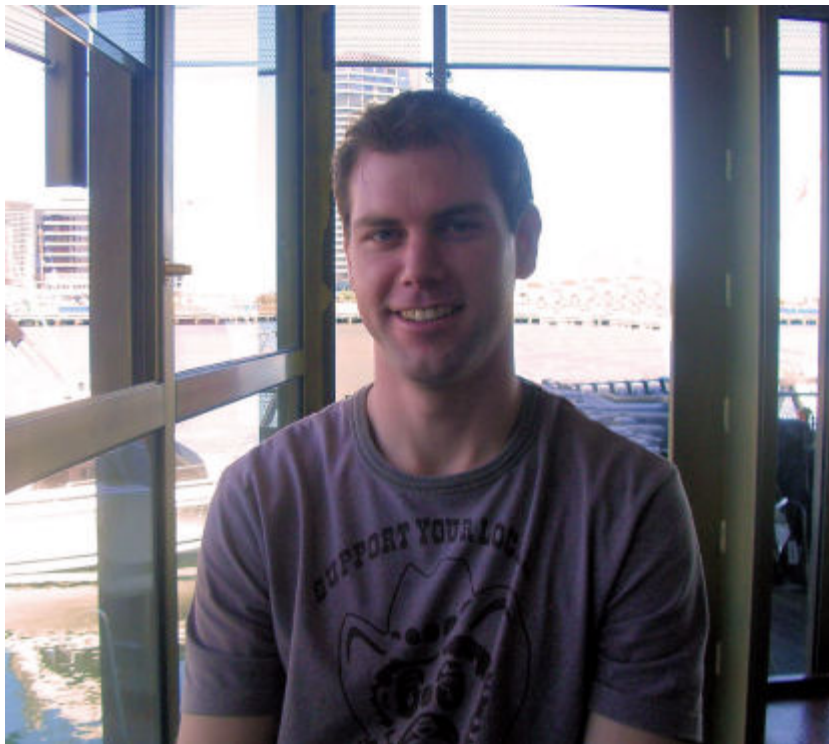
Colum, Amanda and Adrian - 1988



Adrian, Tyron & Raelee



Amanda & Ed – Barcelona 2005



Colum - 2007

Chapter Twenty Two

The Canadian Clan Coleman Branches

Jim and Maud (Burke) Coleman

Jim Coleman was born to Mary and John Coleman on February 13, 1909 in Turloughmore, The Neale, County Mayo, Ireland. He was baptised James Joseph Coleman a day later on February 14 in The Neale Catholic Church by Fr John O'Malley, the renowned Land League advocator and leader. Parents were expected to have their children baptised as soon as possible after birth, a responsibility that usually fell to the grandparents and sponsors. Jim had the same sponsors as his sisters and brothers, Uncle James Davoren from the Island of Inishmacatreer and Cousin Margaret Holleron from the Island of Duras, two very picturesque islands in Lough Corrib.



November 21, 1935

He began his schooling at The Neale National School in 1915 but transferred to Gortjordan National School in 1917 when his family relocated to Cahermaculick, about five miles from Turloughmore, on the advent of the demise of British rule in most of Ireland. It was from here that he left for Canada arriving in the Port of Halifax, Nova Scotia in 1931 before travelling by train to Montreal.

Maud Coleman was born Maud Burke on 6th June, 1910 in Achill Sound, Co Mayo, Ireland. Maud sailed from Cobh, Co Cork aboard the *Dresden* on 24th March, 1929 arriving in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada on 31st March, 1929. She proceeded by train to Montreal on 1st April, 1929. Jim and Maud were married in Montreal on 21 November, 1935.

The word ‘parlour’ has a number of meanings today but when I was a child it was the name given to the room set aside with quality furniture and always kept tidy for the reception of visitors. The walls and sideboards were decorated with family photographs. My earliest recollection of my Uncle Jim had its basis in a photograph that hung over the fireplace in the parlour. In it were four tall young men and I can still picture them there. It was a photograph that always held a certain fascination for me and it’s easy enough to understand why. My father was one of the young men in the photograph. To me back then, he was a very tall and strong man and yet there towering over him was Uncle Jim. He was a giant of a man.



Jim & Maud Coleman and their four children.
From L: Mary, Jim Jr, Martha & Jackie (John)

When I visited my parents in 1974, all the photos had disappeared. No one seemed to know what had happened to them. To me it felt like the family had lost part of its history – visual at least – and I was very disappointed.

Anyone who has read any Irish history would be aware of the importance of family genealogy to the Irish and so my interest in it shouldn't come as a surprise. From a very young age, I was always keen to hear about family particularly those members whom I had not ever met. From time to time whenever I was alone with my father, I would talk to him about his brothers and cousins. I can still hear Dad as if it were just yesterday, "Ah, he was a fine stamp of a man, very bright and sure couldn't he do anything with his hands!" And "Yeah to that" I hear Sonny Daveron, Jim's first cousin, call out. As Sonny reported to me in 1986, when I visited him at home in Inishmacatreer, the Daveron family had a lot of time for Jim. They loved to see him call which he did quite regularly. I suspect that it was here that Jim developed his love for woodwork and carpentry. As well as being keen farmers, Sonny and his father, Pat Daveron, were proud of their reputation as boat builders, producing small to medium-sized wooden boats. They were master craftsmen and, according to Sonny, Jim was in his element when helping them out. He loved the work and was a very fast learner readily acquiring new skills and techniques along the way. You can imagine how delighted I was when Jim's daughters from Montreal, Martha and Mary, as well as his grandson, Kevin, met Sonny Daveron during our Clan Reunion in Ireland in 2004 as Sonny passed away the following year.

Farmer Pete O'Brien who lived a few homesteads down the village from us was without question the village historian with his share of oracular qualities. His family worked as herdsman in the townland of Cahermaculick long before it became a farming village during the First World War. Pete knew the intimate history of everyone who settled or grew up in the village. I got to know him well and had worked for him on the farm on a regular basis during my school years. He was well read, very intelligent, an extraordinary comic and storyteller and always good humoured. I have never met anyone who could see and exploit the bright side of life as well as he could and find humour in the most adverse or trying situations. Sardonic it might seem but in his case it was never scornful and was instead the product of a very sharp wit. According to him, Jim Coleman and he were the best of cobblers who were in and out of many scrapes together. "The big fella? There was no one like him. We all missed him when he left for Canada. The village was never the same again. He had such a way with people, so unassuming and dignified. He was a great stamp of a man and a great worker who could fix anything".

Pete was one of those people who when they laughed moved more of their body than most. In his case, the arms and shoulders did most of the laughing motion. So they got plenty of practice as he told story after story about himself and Jim. There was one that horrified me at the time and I recall feeling so guilty about laughing at it. That probably explains why I can remember it so well. It involved the two lads and the local parish priest. Back then the parish priest wielded a lot more power and authority in his demigod-like stature over his parishioners and the two lads seized the opportunity to play their own prank on him. When the parish priest was visiting one of the families in the village, they got to his horse and secured a short, sharp nail to the underside of its tail and waited for the reaction when the priest got back in the saddle. "In no time at all sure all hell broke loose with the horse rearing and charging. It was the funniest sight ever with himself thinking he was the best horseman around and having to dismount with people looking on and trying to lead the horse along the road when it wanted to race off in the opposite direction. In the end it broke away from him and ended up in Murphy's field of oats." It was the funny way Pete told the story that had me in stitches as I sort of counted up in my mind all the mortal sins they had committed. How did they ever confess!

To an Australian, the *Roaring Forties* are powerful trade winds that have helped so many sailing ships make Australian ports. To a Canadian, the Roaring Twenties were boom times in Canada.

The country had never been more prosperous with unemployment at its lowest and the earnings of individuals and businesses at their highest. This was the Canada that eighteen year old Maud Burke from Achill Sound had entered in March 1929 to start a new life for herself, and she certainly had every reason to feel good about her decision to leave her homeland and to feel optimistic about the future. Despite the tyranny of distance and its very real impact on when people like Maud would return to visit parents and family, I'm quite sure that Maud, given the very good conditions in Montreal, would have worked out in her mind, a short time after settling into life there, a time frame for such a visit. But eight months later without warning all plans and prosperity came to a grinding halt with the stock market collapse in New York, Toronto, Montréal and around the world on October 29, 1929. The crash set off a chain of events that plunged Canada and the rest of the world into a decade-long depression with devastating effects in both the industrialized countries and those which exported raw materials.

This was the Canada that Jim Coleman entered and adopted in 1931. It was quite a gamble and would have taken considerable courage and determination. The Great Depression caused Canadian workers and companies great hardship. Business activity fell sharply and many companies were wiped out affecting everyone. There was massive unemployment reaching a staggering 27% at the height of the Depression in 1933. Between October 1929 and June 1933, the gross national product dropped 43% and families saw most or all of their assets disappear. The big city would have been foreign to him having come from a farming background, and I'm sure had conditions permitted he would have headed for the countryside. But, while all of Canada suffered greatly, the regions and communities hit hardest were those dependent on primary industries such as farming, mining and logging as commodity prices plummeted around the world making those regions to suffer the greatest decrease in per capita income. To add to the hardships, nature was working against many Canadian farmers as a devastating drought on the Prairies wiped out the wheat crops.

This dramatic economic downturn and social upheaval and depression encountered by Jim Coleman when he arrived in Montréal would have taxed his creativity and resourcefulness to the utmost. Things were different in the community he left behind in South Mayo as the people there had learned to cope after decades of hardships. Sadly, Jim hardly had time to settle in to conditions in Montreal before learning of the death of not one but both his parents within a fortnight of each other in January and February of 1932. It must have been such a difficult time for him, a young man 22 years of age. The comforting thought of returning home to visit his parents could no longer be part of his plans.

In Montreal the workers had nowhere or no one to turn to and felt helpless, and because of this the Great Depression was a turning point for Canada. Before 1930, the government intervened as little as possible, believing the free market would take care of the economy, and that churches and charities would take care of society. But in the 1930s a growing demand arose for the government to step in and create a social safety net with minimum hourly wages, a standard work week, and programs such as medicare and unemployment insurance. The Depression also led the government to be more present and proactive in the economy. It brought about the creation in 1934 of the Bank of Canada, a central bank to manage the money supply and bring stability to the country's financial system.

When I asked Jim's children recently if they could recall what type of work he did in Montreal, I wasn't surprised when they told me that he worked on projects in the woodworking field making furniture such as wardrobes and finishing and staining them. He also enjoyed making different types of leather bags and his attention to detail showed great skill and patience. He worked for

anyone who hired him and in his free time worked for himself creating and making those quality household goods that people were happy to pay for. He worked underwater on the construction of the Mercier Bridge which is one of the main bridges connecting to the Island of Montreal.

By all reports, Jim was quite gregarious and very sociable. Patricia and I first met Maud in Montreal during the summer of 1997. It was a Sunday Morning and Maud's daughter, Martha, had rung to say that her husband, Rudy, and she accompanied by her mother Maud would pick us up at our hotel and take us to St Patrick's Cathedral for mass. I had been looking forward to this meeting for years. It was a wonderful moment and I couldn't get over how well Maud looked. One wouldn't normally expect to be able to talk about too many things during mass in St Patrick's but on this occasion that certainly wasn't the case. Maud and I sat together and we talked about so many things. Martha was quite surprised to see her mother speak so freely about the past. It was obvious to me that I was in the presence of a woman of extraordinary strength and character. Her memory of the past, particularly the 30's and 40's, had lost nothing of its sharpness with the passing of the years. Maud talked about Jim with the warmth of the personality she was describing. He was an excellent conversationalist and had many friends. They had met in the early 30's at a social gathering that took place after a meeting that Jim or both of them had attended. According to his children, he was a member of The Hibernians and a founding member of the Innishfail Social and Sports Association. Martha writes, "He had great penmanship and we have seen the minute books where his writing is displayed."

By 1935 conditions had begun to improve. Jim and Maud were obviously feeling good about the future as they decided to get married that year. Their first child John Joseph (Jackie) was born a couple of years later on June 2, 1937, the same month and year as myself. By January 1941, they had four children – Jackie, Mary, Martha and Jim in that order. Maud spoke with love and pride about the wonderful times the young family had together. Jim was a devoted husband and father and had great plans for their children's future. His children remember how much he enjoyed the countryside around Rawdon about 70km north of Montreal where he had begun to clear land which he had acquired in order to eventually build a house there. But as fate would have it, that was not to happen until his son, Jim, returned to the same land in 1967 and, after clearing it, built the house that his father wanted to build there, a house and wonderful retreat that has been enjoyed ever since by the Coleman family. I recall Maud's tender reference to it in 1997 and can only imagine what it must have meant to her!

Life at times can be so merciless and inexplicably heartless. As the 40's progressed, the young Coleman family suffered tragedy after tragedy. It was a period when the world, while trying to find a cure for tuberculosis, found itself confronted with the equally infectious and deadly poliomyelitis. As I sat next to Maud in St Patrick's Cathedral, she softly explained how she used to visit her husband, Jim, and son, Jackie, when they were hospitalized at the same time. Both Jim and Jackie were in isolation in separate centres. While having to care for three young children, she would visit one and then the other day after day and try to communicate with them as best she could from behind glass. The family was devastated when young Jackie passed away, a victim of polio, on February 13, 1946 aged just 9. While still trying to come to terms with this tragedy, Maud and her three young children lost their devoted and beloved husband and father to tuberculosis two years later on February 27, 1948. I remember where my father was at the time when he received the telegram because of his reaction to the news of Jim's death. My brother Mick and I were with him in what is called the big meadow collecting hay from the stack there for the animals housed over winter. I was ten years at the time and it was the first time that I had ever seen him cry. I know what it's like to lose a child but cannot begin to comprehend the feeling and effects of losing a father at such a young age or having to cope as a mother of three

very young children at a time in history when there was very little or no support. The situation could hardly have been worse for Maud not having any family in Montreal to turn to at any stage in the raising of her family.



Jackie (John Joseph) Coleman
b. 1937 d. 1946



Jim Coleman with his son, Jim
at the St Patrick's Day Parade - 1947

With her world in turmoil, Maud's strong convictions founded on an unwavering and deep faith and love of family restored that equilibrium in her life that developed in her children an intense pride in their mother and everything that she stood for. They write, "Mom's faith and love brought forth the perseverance, the pride and the strength, as well as the will and resilience, to guide her throughout her life. She had a strong passion for Ireland and especially for her home in Mayo which unfortunately she was unable to return to until 1959 when she visited her two sisters and brother. She also met, for the first time, her sister-in-law, Mary Swift, and her brother-in-law, Pat Coleman and their family in Cahermaculick. Her next visit was in 1975 accompanied by her son, Jim, and his wife, Marilyn, and her three grandchildren, Chad, Kerri and Kirk. She was very proud of her family and they drove throughout the west coast taking time to visit family members."

I did not get to meet Maud and her children and grandchildren until 1997. It was my only meeting with Maud. When I spoke to her by phone at St Mary's hospital in October 2002, she recounted during our conversation aspects of our meeting in 1997, and said that she was forever grateful to her grandson, Chad, for making it all happen. Maud passed away shortly afterwards on October 15, but not before knowing her legacy to Montreal and Canada of successful and

happy families of children and grandchildren who are proud of their ancestry and of their Mother and Grandmother's great strength of character and courage.



Maud with members of her family in 1997

Jim and Marilyn Coleman



MONTRÉAL					
The James (Jim) Coleman (G6) Tree					
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964 .	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d. 23.7.1905	JOHN b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002 .
	Montreal				
G6.	JOHN Joseph (Jackie) b. 2.6.1937 d. 13.2.1946	MARY Theresa b. 1.2.1939 m. Kenneth Meehan 21.9.1963 b. 18.6.34	MARTHA Ann b. 1.1.1940 m. Rudy Caluori 21.9.1968 b. 12.9.1925	JAMES Patrick (Jim) b. 17.1.1941 m. Marilyn Edwards 11.1.1964 b. 14.8.1943	
Montreal					
G7.	*CHAD Edward b. 27.8.1964 m. Patrizia Scappaticci 24.2.1990 b. 8.6.1964	*KERRI Ellen b. 19.6.1966 m. Curt Wakeling 30.9.1989 b. 7.8.1964		KIRK Patrick b. 15.6.1971	
G8.	*SEÁN b. 10.7.9991 *MEAGAN b.10.3.1994	*CHELSEA b. 5.1.1992 *TARA b. 4.12.1996 *ERIN b. 3.8.2001			



Jim and Maud's children Mary, Martha and Jim - 2007



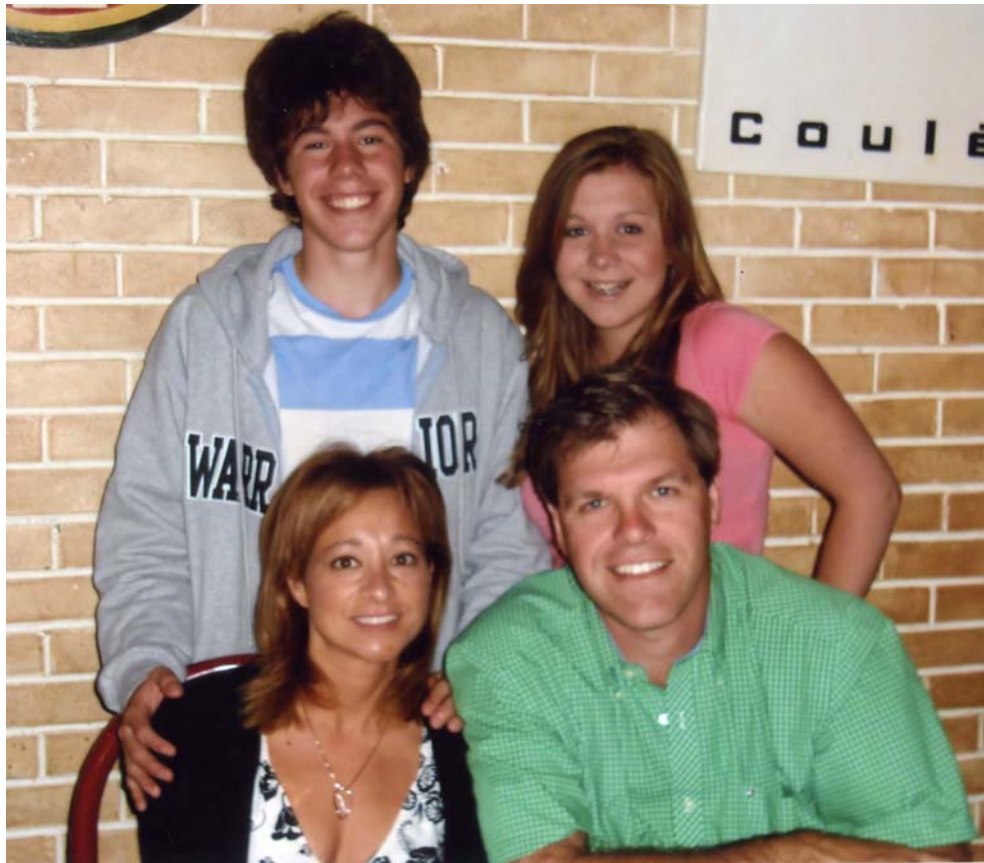
Jim at his parents & brother's grave with granddaughters Tara & Erin - 2007



Three generations of Montreal Colemans
Jim with son Chad and grandson Seán – 2007



Jim with sons Chad & Kirk & grandson Seán –Christmas 2006



Chad with wife Patrizia & children Seán & Meagan - 2007



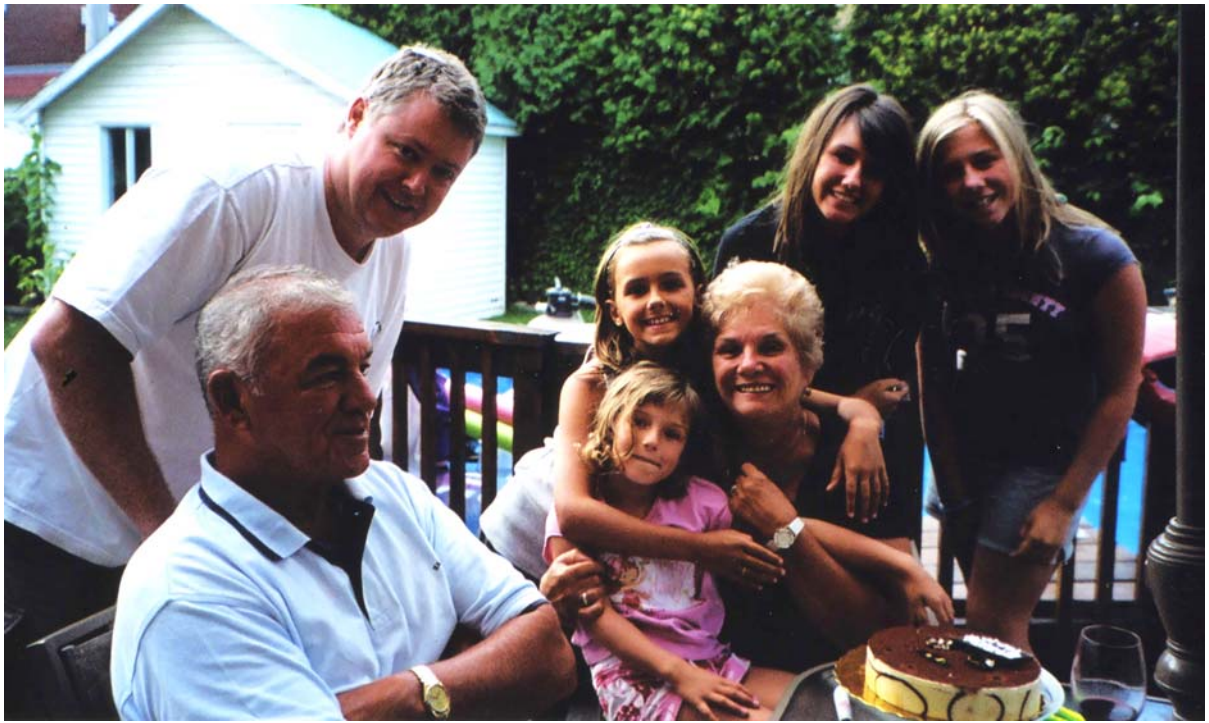
Kerri Coleman with husband Curt Wakeling – 2007



Chelsea, Tara & Erin Wakeling - 2007



Kirk Coleman at Rawdon – 2007



Jim & Marilyn with granddaughters Chelsea, Tara, Erin & Meagan and nephew Kevin



Eva & Kirk May 2010

Mary and Kenneth Meehan



MONTREAL					
The Mary (Coleman) Meehan (G6) Tree					
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964 .	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d. 23.7.1905	JOHN b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002 .
	Montreal				
G6.	JOHN Joseph (Jackie) b. 2.6.1937 d. 13.2.1946	MARY Theresa b. 1.2.1939 m. Kenneth Meehan 21.9.1963 b. 18.6.34	MARTHA Ann b. 1.1.1940 m. Rudy Caluori 21.9.1968 b. 12.9.1925	JAMES Patrick (Jim) b. 17.1.1941 m. Marilyn Edwards 11.1.1964 b. 14.8.1943	
Montreal					
G7.		*KENNETH James(Meehan) b. 15.10.1964 m. Catherine Dunn 24.9.1988 b. 16.12.1962	KEVIN Patrick b. 10.11.1965 m. Yumiko Okubo 18.9.2004 b. 25.5.1968		
G8.		*MATTHEW b. 22.3.1990 *LAURA b.25.6.1993			



Mary & Ken Meehan – 2007



Mary with son Kevin & sister Martha – 2004 in Cordroon Ireland



Ken & Cathy with children Matthew & Laura - 2001



Kevin & Yumiko - 2002

Martha and Rudy Caluori



MONTREAL				
The Martha (Coleman) Caluori (G6)Tree				
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland		
		Turloughmore		
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848
		Turloughmore		
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904		
Turloughmore				
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick				
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964 .	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d. 23.7.1905	JOHN b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987 .
	Montreal			
G6.	JOHN Joseph (Jackie) b. 2.6.1937 d. 13.2.1946	MARY Theresa b. 1.2.1939 m. Kenneth Meehan 21.9.1963 b. 18.6.34	MARTHA Ann b. 1.1.1940 m. Rudy Caluori 21.9.1968 b. 12.9.1925	JAMES Patrick (Jim) b. 17.1.1941 m. Marilyn Edwards 11.1.1964 b. 14.8.1943
Montreal				
G7.		TODD Michael (Caluori) b. 26.3.1973 m. Christina Esposito 16.9.2000 b. 26.7.1975		
G8.		MATTHEW Ryan b. 10.5.2004		MICHAEL Adam b. 15.5.2007



Martha & Rudy with Todd & Christina & their two sons Matthew & Michael - 2007



Martha with son Todd & grandson Michael - 2007



5 era -3 generations of Caluori boys
Rudy, Bill, Todd, Alex Matthew & Michael

Chapter Twenty Three

The Irish Colemans

John Joe and Bridie Coleman



CORDROON					
The John Joseph Coleman (G6) Family Tree					
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore - Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d. 23.7.1905	JOHN b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002
	Cahermaculick				
G6.	JOHN Joseph b. 8.10.1933 m. Bridie Wall 12.7.1958 b. 16.1.1938	MICHAEL Joseph b. 22.9.1935 m Mary Brooks 19.8.1964 b. 6.12.1938	MARTIN b. 18.6.1937 m. Patricia Lynch 2.1.1963 b. 23.6.1937	NOEL (James) b. 8.12.1938 m. Helen O'Reilly 25.1.1975 b. 24.5.1941	
	MAUREEN b. 14.9.1941 m. Michael Glynn 29.6.1963 b. 10.6.1937	DELIA (Bridget) b. 1.11.1943 m. Fergus Doyle 3.1.1969 b.26.12.1946	MARGARET Ann b. 16.1.1946 m. Patrick Halpenny 3.6.1973 b. 18.9.1947	PATRICK Francis b. 2.2.1949 d. 11.4.1949	NONNIE (Norah) b. 8.6.1950 m. Padraic O'Reilly 14.8.1971 b. 22.12.1943
London -----Mayo Ireland					
G7.	PATRICK Joseph b. 18.10.1958 m. Mary Cox 30.8.1986 b. 11.9.1958	*MARTIN Stephen b. 19.3.1960 m. Kathleen Crowe 28.8.1982 b. 2.9.1959		*JOHN Declan b. 13.11.1970 m. Michelle Farrell 2.9.1998 b. 11.2.1971	
G8.	*PAUL b. 31.1.1988 *KIERAN b. 3.4.1989 *NIALL b. 29.12.1995 *CALUM b. 7.1.1997	*HAYLEY b. 20.2.1985 *KIRSTY b. 3.2.1988 *CARRIE b. 14.6.1992		*JOHN Patrick b. 19.2.1997 *Abby b.21.10.2002. * JACK Joseph b.3.10.2006	
G9.		*DYLAN Martin Coleman-Walshe b. 13.1. 2006			



London 1958



Cordroon 2007



March 2002 – Sydney



Dylan - 2007



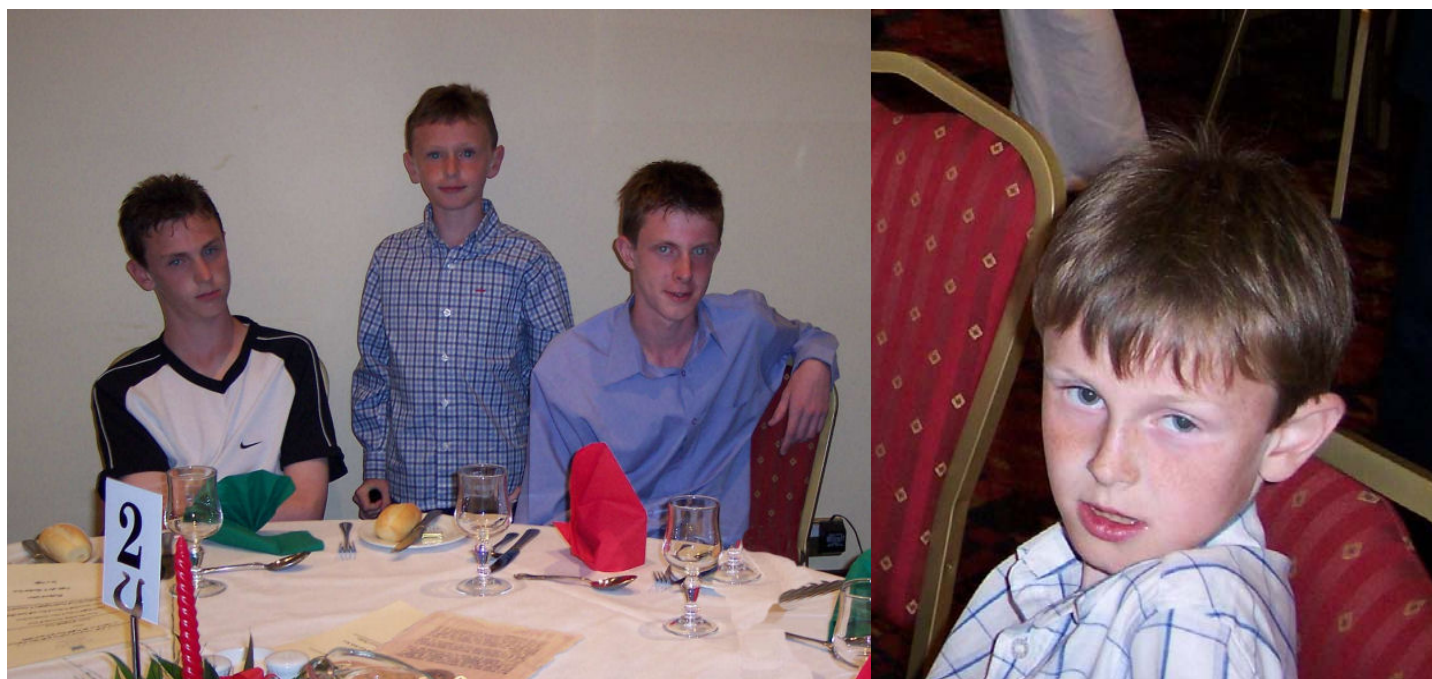
Kirsty, Martin, Kate, Hayley & Carrie - 2007



John, John, Kieran, Paul, Pat, Bridie & John Joe - 2004



Pat & Mary - 2004



Kieran, Niall, Paul, & Calum - 2004



Abby & John Coleman - Sept 2005



John & Michelle with children John, Jack & Abby 2007

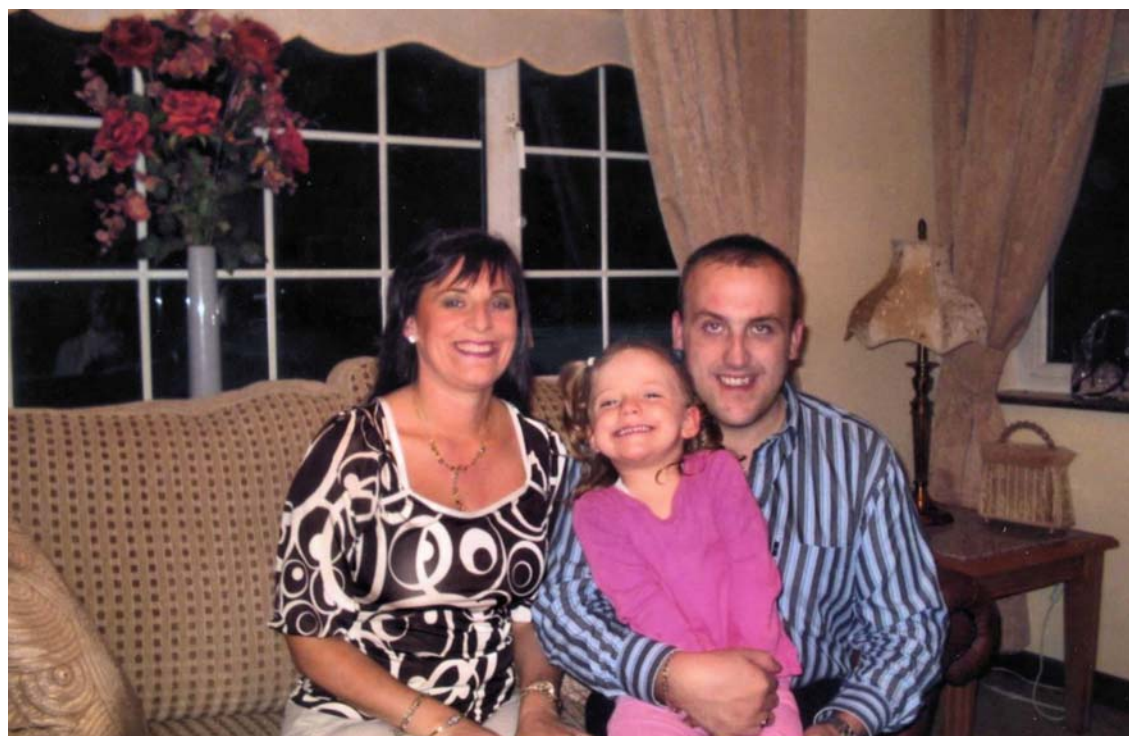
Noel and Helen Coleman



Cahermaculick					
The Noel (James) Coleman (G6) Family Tree					
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore - Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964 .	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d. 23.7.1905	JOHN b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002 .
	Cahermaculick				
G6.	JOHN Joseph b. 8.10.1933 m. Bridie Wall 12.7.1958 b. 16.1.1938	MICHAEL Joseph b. 22.9.1935 m Mary Brooks 19.8.1964 b. 6.12.1938	MARTIN b. 18.6.1937 m. Patricia Lynch 2.1.1963 b. 23.6.1937		NOEL (James) b. 8.12.1938 m. Helen O'Reilly 25.1.1975 b. 24.5.1941
	MAUREEN b. 14.9.1941 m. Michael Glynn 29.6.1963 b. 10.6.1937	DELIA (Bridget) b. 1.11.1943 m. Fergus Doyle 3.1.1969 b.26.12.1946	MARGARET Ann b. 16.1.1946 m.Patrick Halpenny 3.6.1973 b. 18.9.1947	PATRICK Francis b. 2.2.1949 d. 11.4.1949	NONNIE (Norah) b. 8.6.1950 m. Padraic O'Reilly 14.8.1971 b. 22.12.1943
Cahermaculick					
G7.	CHRISTOPHER b. 18.1.1977 m. Amanda Morley 4.8.2001 b. 29.7.1974	DAVID b. 15.2.1978			ALAN b.14.1.1981
G8.	Megan b. 9.2.2004				



Noel, Helen & Megan - 2007



Amanda, Megan & Christopher - 2007



Alan & David - 2004

Maureen and William Butler



CAHERMACULICK					
The Maureen (Swift) Butler (G6) Family Tree					
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d.	JOHN (Jack) b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002
	Cahermaculick				
G6.	MICHAEL JOSEPH b. 2.11.1937..... m. Christina O'Haire 6.8.1964 b. 19.12.1940		MAUREEN b.2.11.1940's m. William Butler 16.10.1964 b. 16.10.1936		
Cahermaculick					
G7.	Michael GERARD (Gerry) b. 3.7.1966 m. Colette Connolly 22.6.1966 b.14.1.1969	*COLETTE Marie b. 7.3.1971 m. Peter Devcich 14.9.2002		DENISE Anne Martina b. 6.10.1975	
G8.	RHYS b. 1.3.2000 SHAUNA b. 31.7.2002	*ALEXANDER (Alex) b. 23.5.2007			



Willie & Maureen - 2007



Joe & Denise - 2007



Colette & Alex – 2007



Pete & Colette with son Alex - 2007



Colette, Shauna, Gerry & Rhys – 2007

Nonnie and Padraic O'Reilly



LOUGHREA					
The Nonnie (Norah Coleman) O'Reilly (G6) Family Tree					
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d.	JOHN b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002
	Cahermaculick				
G6.	JOHN Joseph b. 8.10.1933 m. Bridie Wall 12.7.1958 b. 16.1.1938	MICHAEL Joseph b. 22.9.1935 m Mary Brooks 19.8.1964 b. 6.12.1938	MARTIN b. 18.6.1937 m. Patricia Lynch 2.1.1963 b. 23.6.1937	NOEL (James) b. 8.12.1938 m. Helen O'Reilly 25.1.1975 b. 24.5.1941	
	MAUREEN b. 14.9.1941 m. Michael Glynn 29.6.1963 b. 10.6.1937	DELIA (Bridget) b. 1.11.1943 m. Fergus Doyle 3.1.1969 b.26.12.1946	MARGARET Ann b. 16.1.1946 m.Patrick Halpenny 3.6.1973 b. 18.9.1947	PATRICK Francis b. 2.2.1949 d. 11.4.1949	NONNIE (Norah) b. 8.6.1950 m. Padraic O'Reilly 14.8.1971 b. 22.12.1943
Loughrea					
G7.	DECLAN Patrick b. 10.5.1972	IMELDA Geraldine b. 29.7.1975 m. Brian Matthews 24.9.1999 b. 4.12.1974	CATHAL Fergal b.14.3.1978	KIERAN Joseph b. 3.3.1981	
G8.		AVA b. 8.2.2001 ZARA b. 24.1.2003 COLIN b. 11.11.2004			



Padraig and Nonnie, Imelda, Cathal, Declan and Kieran- 1994



Colin- October 2006



Imelda, Eva and Brian Matthews - 2002



Cathal - 2007



Brian & Sara – 2007



Padraig, Imelda and Declan - 2007

Chapter Twenty Four
The English Clan Colemans Branches

Patrick and Barbara Coleman



RUGBY						
The Patrick Coleman (G6) Family Tree						
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland				
		Turloughmore				
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848		
		Turloughmore				
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904				
Turloughmore						
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children		
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick						
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d. 23.7.1905	JOHN (Jack) Joseph b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002	
	Rugby - England					
M1		PATRICK John b. 4.8.1941 m. Barbara Green 17.12.1960 b. 3.5.1941	M2	JOHN Harold b. 27.2.1946	RONALD John b.15.10.47 m. Gay Walton 5.7.1986 b. 15.7.61	LINDA Maureen b. 18.5.1949 m. George Downie 13.10.82 b.31.3.37 d.16.4.2006
Rugby						
G7.	SUSAN* b.29.9. 1962 m. Michael Clarke 14.1.1989 b. 16.3.1961	*JOHN b.24.8.1965 m. Sharron Vennard 24.8.85 . . Diane Chidlow b. 5.12.64		PATRICK (Shane) b.2.7. 1968	DAREN b.16.9. 1969	
G8.	JULIAN* b. 18.10.1994 CHRISTOPHER * b. 30.9.1998	*PETER b. 23.1.1986 *MARK b. 25.8.1995 *CHLOE b. 27.6.2000				

John (Jack) Coleman was born to John and Mary Coleman of Turloughmore, The Neale, County Mayo, Ireland on the 25th day of February, 1906. Next day, he was baptised John Joseph Coleman in the Catholic Church of The Neale on the 26th day of February, 1906 by the famous Land League priest, Father John O'Malley.

He began his schooling at The Neale National School in 1911 but transferred to Gortjordan National School in 1917 when his family relocated to Cahermaculick, five miles from Turloughmore.



Doris Watts

At the age of thirty, he migrated to England where he worked with horses in and around London and Epsom. It was here that he met Doris Watts who later in 1941 became his wife after they had moved to Grandborough. When not helping with the war effort, he worked on the land. Sadly, Doris passed away in 1942 shortly after the birth of their son, Patrick.



Jessie Lovell

For the next few years, Patrick and he lived with Doris's mother. During this time, he met and later married Jessie Lovell in 1945. While living in Grandborough, they had two sons, John Harold in 1946 and Ronald John in 1947.

Shortly afterwards, the family moved to a farm just outside Dunchurch where their daughter Linda was born in 1949. Three years later, the family moved to Dunchurch where Jack and Jessie lived for the rest of their lives. Jack died in 1986 and Jessie a year later. Jack loved the outdoors and so worked most of his life on the land. He took great pride in growing his own vegetables for the family. His children and grandchildren speak of him very affectionately as a wonderful father and grandfather. He made lots of friends, a quality he must have inherited from his mother, Mary Coleman, who was seen as the most friendly and pleasant of people in Turloughmore and that part of the country. His brilliant sense of humour was always enjoyed by both his family and his many friends and neighbours.



Jack with his sister Mary and brother Pat and great niece Colette on his only visit to Ireland in 1975

I had always wanted to meet Jack and came very close to it in 1974 when I visited Ireland and England with Martin Pat and Michael for the first time since settling in Australia in 1958. Early one Sunday morning in June, John Joe, Bridie and I were returning to London after visiting Mick Swift's family in Coventry. It was about 6.30 and I was driving where John Joe was sporting a fairly sizeable lump on the head sustained late the previous evening when his head clashed with that of a burly individual who had collapsed next to him. As we were driving through Dunchurch, John Joe pointed to the street where Jack lived saying, "Your Uncle John lives just a couple of hundred yards down the street there. Wouldn't it be great to call to see him? What a shame it's so early!" The chance came and went and I wasn't to visit Europe again until 1986. As Patricia, Kieran and I prepared for the trip north, we learned that Jack had passed away. We were too late this time!



Patrick and Barbara outside GortJordan School 2004

John & Daren 2007



Mark 2006



Chloe 2007



Christopher & Julian 2003

Linda and George Downie



RUGBY					
The Linda Downie (Coleman) (G6) Family Tree					
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d. 23.7.1905	JOHN (Jack) Joseph b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002
	Rugby - England				
G6.	M1 PATRICK John b. 4.8.1941 m. Barbara Green 17.12.1960 b. 3.5.1941	M2 JOHN Harold b. 27.2.1946	RONALD John b.15.10.47 m. Gay Walton 5.7.1986 b. 15.7.61	LINDA Maureen b. 18.5.1949 m. George Downie 13.10.82 b.31.3.37 d. 16.4 2006	
Rugby					
G7.		CLAIR b. 31.1.1973 m. Derek Timms 29.11.1997 b. 23.7.1972		IAIN b. 25.12.1975	
G8.		JACK b. 16.12.1991 MAX b. 12.11.2003			



Iain, Linda, Jack, Max & Clair - 2007



Iain, Linda & Clair - 2007



Max & Jack - 2007

John Harold Coleman



RUGBY						
The John Harold Coleman (G6) Family Tree						
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland				
		Turloughmore				
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848		
		Turloughmore				
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904				
Turloughmore						
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children		
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick						
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d. 23.7.1905	JOHN (Jack) Joseph b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002	
	Rugby - England					
G6.	M1	PATRICK John b. 4.8.1941 m. Barbara Green 17.12.1960 b. 3.5.1941	M2	JOHN Harold b. 27.2.1946	RONALD John b.15.10.47 m. Gay Walton 5.7.1986 b. 15.7.61	LINDA Maureen b. 18.5.1949 m. George Downie 13.10.82 b.31.3.37 d. 16.4.2006



2004

Ronald and Gay Coleman



RUGBY

The Ronald Coleman (G6) Family Tree

RUGBY					
The Ronald Coleman (G6) Family Tree					
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d. 23.7.1905	JOHN (Jack) Joseph b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002
	Rugby - England				
G6.	M1	PATRICK John b. 4.8.1941 m. Barbara Green 17.12.1960 b. 3.5.1941	M2	JOHN Harold b. 27.2.1946	RONALD John b.15.10.47 m. Gay Walton 5.7.1986 b. 15.7.61
LINDA Maureen b. 18.5.1949 m. George Downie 13.10.82 b.31.3.37 d. 16.4.2006					
Rugby					
G7.					VICTORIA b.20.5.89 RYAN b. 26.6.91
G8.					

Michael and Christina Swift



COVENTRY

The Michael Joseph (Mike) Swift (G6) Family Tree

G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d. 23.7.1905.	JOHN (Jack) b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002
	Cahermaculick				
G6.	MICHAEL JOSEPH b. 2.11.1937..... m. Christina O'Haire 6.8.1964 b.19.12.1940			MAUREEN b. 1940's m. William Butler 16.10.1964 b. 16.10.1936	
Coventry					
G7.	MARY b. 8.10.1965 m. Robert Watson 24.6.1989 b. 1.12.1965	LORETTA B. 14.11.1967 m. Robert Wright 38.7.1995 b.7.2.1967	SHARON B. 31.1.1976 m. Christopher Dutton 9.8.1997 b.20.10.1967		
G8.	ROISIN Mairead b. 2.4.1992	OLIVIA Sarah b.9.8.2000 ELANEOR Katie b. 28.9.1997	JOSEPH Thomas Swift-Dutton b. 1.11.1999 FINLAY James Swift-Dutton b. 29.4.2003		

Michael Joseph (Mick) Swift was born to Michael and Mary Swift of Cahermaculick, Shrule, County Mayo, Ireland on the second of November, 1937. He began his education at Gortjordan National School the same year as I. The Swift homestead was only a few hundred metres from our own with the Toole homestead between us. In fact, Mick Swift, John Toole and I were all born the same year and so started school together at Gortjordan National School. While our homes were about midway between the Gortjordan and Shrule National Schools, the route to Shrule was more direct, and so Mick's parents, who wanted to send him there from the start, elected to transfer him to the school at Shrule shortly afterwards.

From a very early age, Mick like the rest of us was expected to perform many of those tasks that were part of life on the farm. In our simple way, we saw ourselves as an extension of the land and all that nature had bestowed upon us. Without the influence of television or radio or anything else, we were free to explore the natural world around us such as the ancient woodland of hazel, blackthorn and hawthorn trees, rock mounds and ancient dwellings and medieval abbeys, as well as, the local lake and wetlands that our farms ran down to with their richness of flora and fauna and birdlife. I can think of no more ideal existence or upbringing for children.

After leaving school, Mick worked locally for some years before Tina and he relocated to Coventry in England where he worked as a carpenter in the construction industry. From time to time, he worked under contract as a member of a team of construction workers in Dubai and elsewhere. There would have been occasions though, and I'm sure many of them, when Mick like all those other products of Cahermaculick has found comfort in his reflections on his childhood. When Patricia, Kieran and I visited the Swift family in Coventry in 1986, I wasn't surprised to find that Mick had become an accomplished floriculturist winning many accolades at local fairs and shows particularly for his beautiful fuchsias; but that was not Mick's only hobby. He had achieved similar success in photography. When we met a few years back, he was doing a course at Tech on digital photography.



Mick & Tina 2007



Roisin & Mary 2007



Mick & Tina with children Mary, Loretta & Sharon and grandchildren Roisin, Ellie, Olivia, Finlay & Joseph



Loretta & Robert with children Ellie & Olivia



Sharon & Chris with children Joseph & Finlay

Maureen and Michael Glynn



LONDON					
The Maureen (Coleman) Glynn (G6) Family Tree					
G1.		DANIEL COLEMAN b. 1744 - d. 1818 - Turloughmore, Co. Mayo, Ireland			
		Turloughmore			
G2.		PATRICK b. 1775 - d. 1860 m. Mary O'Connor		PETER b. 1773 - d. 1848	
		Turloughmore			
G3.		JOHN b. 1809 d. 15-3-1892 m. Catherine Heskin b.1831 d.1904			
Turloughmore					
G4.	WINIFRED b. 1857 m. Martin Hughes 26.7.1895 4 children by 1905	PATRICK b. 1858 d. 24-1-1891	JOHN b. 1859 d. 14.1.1932 m. Mary Davoren 25.5.1901 b. 1869 d. 2 2.1.1932	BRIDGET b. 5.1.1873 m. Patrick Vahey 10.3.1901 9 children	
Turloughmore -- Cahermaculick					
G5.	MARY b.8.6.1902 d. 23.4.1982 m. Michael Swift 30.4.1936 b.1885 d. 5.7.1964 .	PATRICK Joseph b. 25.8.1903 d. 11.7.1986 m. Norah Murphy 25.2.1933 b. 25.3.1906 d. 9.2.1999	BRIDGET b. 30.1.1905 d. 23.7.1905	JOHN b. 25.2.1906 d. 24.2.1986 m1. Doris Watts 19.7.1941 b. 1912d.1.1942 m2. Jessie Lovell 1.9.1945 b. 4.9.1911 d. 13.10.1987	JAMES Joseph (Jim) b. 13.2.1909 d. 27.2.1948 m. Maud Burke 21.11.1935 b. 6.6.1910 d. 15.10.2002 .
	Cahermaculick				
G6.	JOHN Joseph b. 8.10.1933 m. Bridie Wall 12.7.1958 b. 16.1.1938	MICHAEL Joseph b. 22.9.1935 m Mary Brooks 19.8.1964 b. 6.12.1938	MARTIN b. 18.6.1937 m. Patricia Lynch 2.1.1963 b. 23.6.1937		NOEL (James) b. 8.12.1938 m. Helen O'Reilly 25.1.1975 b. 24.5.1941
	MAUREEN b. 14.9.1941 m. Michael Glynn 29.6.1963 b. 10.6.1937	DELIA (Bridget) b. 1.11.1943 m. Fergus Doyle 3.1.1969 b.26.12.1946	MARGARET Ann b. 16.1.1946 m.Patrick Halpenny 3.6.1973 b. 18.9.1947		PATRICK Francis b. 2.2.1949 d. 11.4.1949
London					
G7.	BRIAN b. 11.5.1967	FIONA b. 2.3.1969 m. Nigel Steele 29.6.2002 b. 26.61965			

Maureen Glynn was born Maureen Coleman to Patrick and Norah Coleman on 14 September, 1941 in Cahermaculick, Shrule, Co Mayo, Ireland. She was educated at Gortjordan National School and at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy in Oranmore in Co Galway.

Mike Glynn was born on 10 June, 1937 in Portumna, Co Galway, Ireland. He was educated at the local national and secondary schools.

In 1959, both Maureen and Mike migrated to London and first met at a dance there in 1961. They married on 29 June, 1963, had two children, Brian and Fiona, and now live in Enfield in North London. Son Brian lives in Turnford, Hertfordshire. Their daughter, Fiona, married in 2002 and lives with husband Nigel Steele in Manuden, a small village near Bishops Stortford in Hertfordshire.

I first met Maureen's young family in 1974 when my two sons and I stopped off in London on our way to Ireland to visit my parents. I recall Fiona and Brian telling me back then how much they loved to visit Cahermaculick and stay on the farm with their grandparents. Recently, Fiona recounted in one of her emails a few of those memories of their visits there when my parents were alive.

"When Brian was about 2 years old, the family were on holiday in Ireland at a time that Granny and Grandad were having the Stations at home in Cahermaculick. Mr Gannon was helping set the altar, Mrs O'Brien and Katie Toole were sitting with Granny having a cup of tea and a chat when Granny noticed a sudden gush of water coming into the house from under the back door. Brian was the other side of the door, emptying a bucket of water all over the floor. His love of water continued, as on another occasion he decided it would be a great idea to partly fill Grandad's wellington boots with water and then proudly carried them into the house to show Grandad what he'd done!"

The Mr Gannon referred to here was one of the villagers. John and his wife Delia were regular visitors to the Coleman homestead. In all your travels, it would be hard to meet two more colourful and interesting people from their concern for your well-being to their sense of humour. They were like two characters you could expect to meet in plays like "Riders to the Sea" and "The Playboy of the Western World". When I think back, I don't know how we got away with some of the pranks we played on them particularly on big John who was the tallest person in the village, up there at about six foot five. Occasionally, he would try to get cross with us but would feel bad about it and end up laughing with us.

"One thing both Brian and I loved about Ireland were the long summer evenings which meant that you could play outside until it was time for bed. One evening a neighbour Mrs Gannon called to the house, as she often did. On this occasion, however, once inside enjoying a cup of tea and a chat she was unaware that Brian and I decided it would be great fun to borrow Mrs Gannon's bike and go for a ride. At first everything was fine – until the chain broke! Obviously frightened as we had borrowed the bike without permission Brian and I came up with the foolproof plan – we'd fix the chain, and no-one would ever know. Unfortunately, our plan involved tying the broken chain together with a old piece of string that we found lying around. Confident that Mrs Gannon would be none the wiser, we went inside and eventually off to bed. Later that night, having spent a few hours talking to my parents and Granny & Grandad, Mrs Gannon left on her bike to head home. How far she got before the chain broke I don't know, and I don't know whether she ever told Granny and Grandad. By the following

morning, however, unable to keep our guilty secret, Brian and I confessed all to Mum and Dad!"

Well, if you are ever talking to Mick Coleman about his childhood, ask him about the night, not that it was the only night, that he was invading Toole's orchard for some of their beautiful fruit. Mick was a courageous kid not ever troubled by pitch-black nights or anything like that. The Gannons were visiting and in the family kitchen the craic was good. Everyone was oblivious to the scheming taking place outside. Mick had selected Mrs Gannon's bike as his mode of transport in his plan to collect in the dark of night some prize apples from Toole's orchard. He was so unprepared for what happened next. While collecting the apples, who should appear in front of him but old Tom Toole. You can imagine the scare this gave Mick particularly as old Tom had been dead for months. A ghost so real in the dead of night in an orchard where you shouldn't be! Mick got out of there so fast he jumped the wall that at any other time would have seen an impossible feat, highballing it home as fast as his legs could carry him. Of course, he never returned to collect Mrs Gannon's bike! You could tell that something was terribly amiss the moment Mick entered the kitchen. In fact he looked more like a ghost himself. I had not and have not ever since seen him so white. Whatever the nature of the spectre before him in the orchard that night, one thing is certain – it left a mental image with Mick for many a year of something most unpleasant. Even today, Mick still swears to this!

"We were in Cahermaculick on holiday one summer and staying in the old house with Granny and Grandad. Brian would have been 5 to 6 years old and was in a small bedroom off the kitchen by himself. In the middle of the night he got up to go to the toilet, but due to the darkness and unfamiliar surroundings he was unable to find his way back to his bedroom. Rather than let a small problem such as that come between him and a good nights sleep, Brian decided to sleep on the sofa, pulling a loose cover over himself to keep warm. The following morning, Granny was first up and decided to pop her head around the bedroom door to check on Brian - only to find the bed empty!! In a panic she looked outside but couldn't see him and then woke Grandad to help her look. They searched outside, poor Granny no doubt becoming more worried by the minute! When Mum woke up and came down to the kitchen she was met by Granny pacing the floor, who announced that "Brian was gone!" and that Grandad was out looking for him. Mum's repsonse was "what do you mean?" Preparing to explain, Granny sat on the sofa, and on top of Brian who promptly woke up, having slept soundly through all the fuss!!"

All that was about thirty five years ago and I'm sure that both Fiona and Brian enjoyed many visits to their Grandparents in Cahermaculick in later years.



Fiona & Maureen



Brian & Mike



Shrile in the early 1980's

Shrile Graveyard



My parents are buried here in the south west corner
My mother's parents and grandparents are also buried here as well as a few of my cousins



Sin é anois agus slán go foill

Cahermaculick

