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Ó Máille

O'Malley Clan Association Monthly Newsletter

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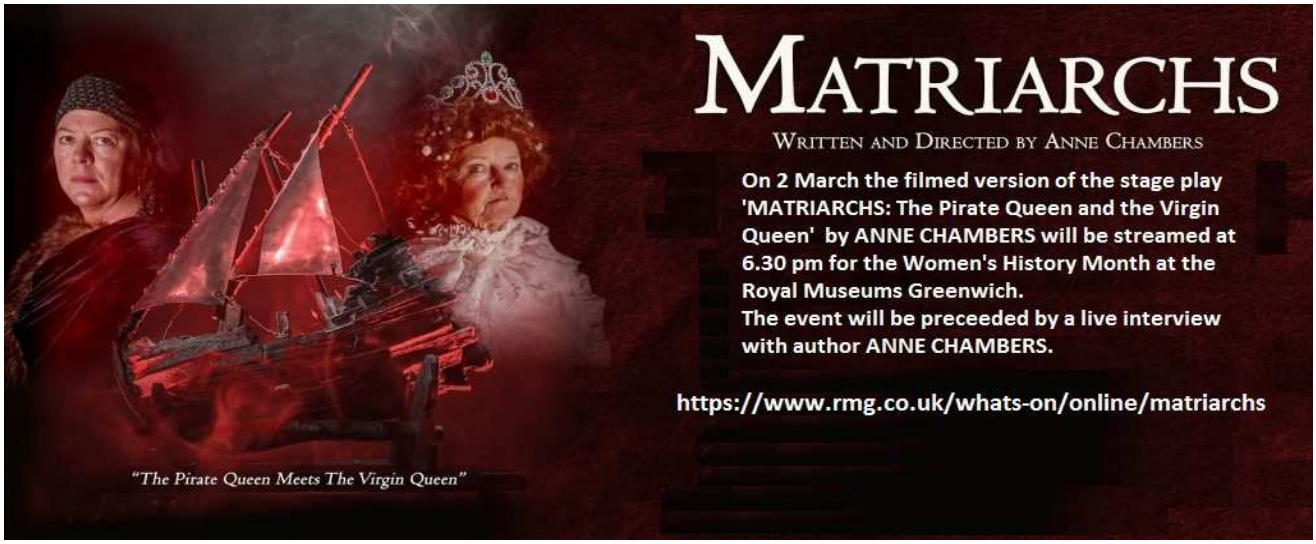
Happy Valentine's Day Everyone!

Hopefully you all had a nice romantic weekend, with plenty chocolates, flowers, cards, and lots of love going around!

Why not love yourself a bit, and start planning that trip to Ireland this summer. The O'Malley Clan Gathering is on the weekend of 26th to 28th June in Newport & Westport, County Mayo. It'll be a fabulous weekend of music, song, dance, and meeting people. Yes meeting people! We can't wait to welcome you in June.



The Handover of Dublin Castle – 100 years on from 1922

Britishsoldiers, civilians and a police officer outside the Palace Street gate to the Lower Castle Yard, early 1922. Note the canvas screens above the gate. These were erected as a security measure to reduce visibility into the castle complex during the War of Independence, though, as can be seen, the screens had fallen into disrepair during the Truce.

The importance of Dublin Castle to Irish history is straightforward enough; it was the home of the British administrations that ruled Ireland up to 1922. In 1204 King John ordered the construction of what became Dublin Castle, on elevated ground alongside the feature that gave Dublin its name: the 'Dubh Linn', or black pool, which was formed by the meeting of the rivers Liffey and Poddle. Dublin Castle evolved over time and by the early twentieth century would have been virtually unrecognisable as a medieval citadel, being tucked away from view within the bustling commercial and retail district that had built up on what was once the edge of the old city.

Visitors to the castle were often underwhelmed by its appearance. But Dublin Castle was where the levers of power were. All political, security and financial policies evolved there. While the organs of the British administration were scattered across a variety of locations in Dublin, the principal offices were located within the walls of the castle. The nationalist journalist R. Barry O'Brien succinctly captured this point in 1909: '*politically*, the Castle is the Executive, and the Executive consists of the Lord Lieutenant, the Chief Secretary and the Under-Secretary' (the latter was the deputy to the Chief Secretary, who was the minister in charge of Irish affairs). Next in the castle hierarchy came the chief legal officers and the heads of the departments. Security policy too was shaped in the castle: it housed the commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police (DMP) and the Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary (RIC), and the prison board, and alongside these were organs of central administration such as the treasury and financial offices, along with myriad other official bodies. The significance accorded to Dublin Castle arose, in part,

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because decisions were made there.

By the end of 1919, the British coalition government of David Lloyd George had recognised that a withdrawal from Ireland's domestic affairs was a political necessity for a settlement of the 'Irish question.' A necessary prelude was the reform and restructuring of the government based within Dublin Castle. In May 1920 Sir Warren Fisher, the secretary of the British treasury, subjected the castle regime to a scathing critique. There was some acknowledgement that the castle had often simply picked up the pieces left by decisions made in isolation in London. But Fisher bemoaned the hard-line political stance of the Dublin Castle administration and its alignment with the 'ascendancy', and effectively recommended a purge of the key positions in a government which he characterised as 'almost woodenly stupid and quite devoid of imagination.' A raft of new appointments to key positions would follow, along with a distinct change in policy and approach. But this was the prelude to a settlement, and the castle's reputation was almost certainly beyond redemption in the eyes of nationalist Ireland. George Chester Duggan, who served in a senior role in the chief secretary's office, put it more bluntly: government policy in Ireland was 'always damned under the title "Dublin Castle".'

An early depiction of Dublin Castle can be seen in this woodcut from John Derricke's The image of Irelande (London, 1580), written in praise of the Tudor viceroy Sir Henry Sidney. The image depicts Sidney at the head of an English army departing from Dublin Castle; the spire of Christ Church can be seen on the top right-hand corner, with severed heads on spikes visible in the top left (Image: NLI, Prints and Drawings, PD 4061 TX 6; courtesy of the National Library of Ireland)

While the British government recognised the need for a political settlement of some kind in Ireland, they had also committed themselves to crushing the independence movement. The Irish War of Independence intensified in scale and scope throughout 1920 and Dublin Castle became increasingly fortified as the conflict unfolded. Three companies of the newly recruited Auxiliary Cadets (a paramilitary adjunct to the RIC) were based there. One of them, F Company, actively participated in raids around the

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city. In August 1920 many officials and civil servants, including some seconded from England who had previously been ensconced in the Marine Hotel in Kingstown (renamed Dún Laoghaire the same month), relocated themselves to the safer confines of Dublin Castle. The Mayo-born revolutionary Ernie O'Malley noted how, by autumn 1920 the Castle 'was again a fortress which higher officials seldom left openly.' For security reasons even the recently appointed Under-Secretary, Sir John Anderson, and his colleagues in the Irish administration were advised to live within the cramped confines of Dublin Castle, where their offices were situated. Anderson took up riding for exercise, unperturbed in the face of the threat of assassination by the IRA, but others were soon targeted.

Members of F Company of the Auxiliary Division of the RIC, photographed in uniform with the Chapel Royal in the background, c. 1920. Recruitment for this paramilitary unit began in July 1920, and these new forces acquired an unevniable reputation for brutality and indiscipline after they were deployed as the British administration in Ireland stepped up its campaign against the IRA. The photograph is from the papers of Piaras Béaslaí, who was a publicity offier for the Dáil government and the editor of the IRA newspaper An tÓglach. It appears to have been annotated, possibly to identify those pictured (Image: NLI, Piaras Béaslaí collection, BEA 12; courtesy of the National Library of Ireland)

The most notorious events of the War of Independence in Dublin came on 'Bloody Sunday', 21 November 1920 when the IRA killed numerous British officers (along with some civilians) at their lodgings around Dublin. This was a watershed in the conflict; its immediate consequence was a British attack on a crowd attending a match at Croke Park, in which fourteen spectators and players were killed. Concerns over the implications of the IRA attacks prompted even more officials and security personnel to relocate to the castle. A number of adjacent buildings, which had been requisitioned as buffers to protect the Castle from

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attacks, were pressed into service as accommodation (In January 1921 number 3 and 4 Palace Street, near the entrance to the lower yard of the castle, were commandeered as being 'dangerous houses'). Overcrowding led to a ban on wives moving in, though some were enrolled as typists to get around this stricture and were apparently accommodated on Palace Street. But remarkably some families lived inside Dublin Castle, where the children led, according to Duggan's recollections of the hustle and bustle within, 'an Arcadian existence, without lessons, without governesses.' If this was true for children, it was certainly not the case for the adults. The ongoing confinement of people within the complex ensured that tennis courts were laid out in the walled garden behind the state apartments which permitted some degree of exercise and entertainment. Eamon Broy of the DMP, who provided information to the IRA during the War of Independence, recalled in his statement to the Bureau of Military History how DMP commissioner Edgeworth Johnstone was accustomed to walking in and out to the castle from his home in Booterstown until 'it dawned on him in early 1920 that this was no longer a healthy habit.' He moved into the castle, where he and other senior officers now tried their best to exercise, in dispirited fashion, 'inside the comparative safety of the Lower Castle yard.'

The exterior of the castle, insofar as it could be seen, told its own story about the conflict. The lower gate and its adjacent buildings were draped with barbed wire and mesh to prevent bomb attacks. There was even barbed wire placed inside the culvert for the River Poddle, regularly checked by Royal Engineers. Sentries and machine guns posts were placed on some of the more exposed rooftops such as the record tower, where the union flag usually flew. Canvas screens were erected inside the complex to prevent the movements of people and vehicles from being seen from nearby rooftops. The gate to the upper yard, beside City Hall on Cork Hill was closed, while the lower gate on Palace Street was guarded by military police and members of the DMP who could draw upon the services of the Auxiliaries as required. The lower yard was used as parking for military vehicles, and Patrick Moylett, who was acting as a go-between as the British moved towards negotiations, recalled Auxiliaries outside the Chapel Royal in May 1921 'firing revolver shots at small barrels filled with clay, the class of barrels that came from Spain with grapes.' David Neligan (another member of the DMP who assisted the IRA) gave the Bureau of Military History a vivid account of the castle 'virtually in a state of siege':

All night long the Square gleamed with headlights as raiding parties came and went. Officers and civilians dashed in and out in covered oars. About 100 Auxiliaries were quartered there - the notorious 'F' Company. They were an extraordinary collection. I saw men in Airmen's uniforms, highlanders complete in kilt, Naval officers, Cowboys and types from every quarter of the globe. A sprinkling of the crowd wore the blue tunics of the R.I.C. with the letters 'T.C.' (temporary cadets). All wore glengarry caps. Some wore old British Army uniforms. Auxiliaries were paid £7 (seven pounds) a week, most of which went to the Canteen, which did a roaring trade, night and day. Once, when cash ran out, a squad raided the City Hall in broad daylight and stole several thousand pounds. Night after night a dark tall fellow wearing a Colonel's epaulettes and a glengarry cap was frog-marched to a lorry by his men. I did not know his name. Some of them, including the S.S. men, adopted a different name for every day of the week. He was so drunk that he could not proceed under his own steam but at the same time insisted on going out to look for the 'Damn Shinners.' He was left in the front seat of an open Crossley tender, a pair of which always travelled together.

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The IRA carried out many attacks in central Dublin throughout the conflict, but Neligan was quite scathing of the fact that 'from the beginning to the end one serious attack was not launched on the Castle Auxiliaries.' Likewise, according to Eamon Broy, '[Michael] Collins had plans all the time for burning or blowing up portions of Dublin Castle…However, nothing ever happened afterwards in this line.'

What the IRA could and did do was obtain useful information from within the castle from individuals working there, from sympathetic policemen like Broy and Neligan, and staff members like the typist Lily Mernin, who, amongst other things, supplied the details of many of those killed on Bloody Sunday. Such information generally related to security matters; it proved virtually impossible for the IRA to obtain intelligence from within the castle administration itself.

During this period the castle was used for the temporary detention of suspects before their transfer to prison; City Hall, located beside the castle, had been seized by the British army in December 1920 and was used to host courts martial. Detention in the castle could often involve brutal treatment at the hands of the army and police, as the young IRA volunteer C. S. (Todd) Andrews observed. Having been picked up near O'Connell Street Andrews, who gave his captors a false name, was taken to what appeared to be the guard room in Dublin Castle, adjacent to Exchange Court. He was regularly marched through the castle to exercise outside Ship Street Barracks, in what he felt were effectively 'identification parades.' After a few days Andrews was eventually brought for questioning in the State Apartments, where he noted the incongruous presence of a vase of daffodils ('except for the Auxiliary in the background and the daffodils, the scene might well have been an interview in the public service'). Andrews was treated reasonably well, partly as he successfully convinced his interrogators that he was in Sinn Féin but not the IRA. But after being returned to detention in the castle he briefly encountered a prisoner who had been badly beaten in custody following an IRA ambush on Brunswick (Pearse) Street. It disabused him of the notion that British regular forces were less likely to mistreat prisoners than their paramilitary counterparts. Andrews was soon transferred to Arbour Hill: 'I was delighted to get out of the Castle.'

Others were less fortunate. Ernie O'Malley recalled friendly encounters with Auxiliaries while imprisoned in Dublin Castle at Christmas 1920, but also left a vivid account of his torture there. His recollection of his detention was, in later life, intertwined with a sense of the Castle's history, describing it at this time as 'the symbol of all that was hateful in the British domination of Ireland' as well as 'the great symbol of misgovernment in the people's minds.' His own treatment, in his reading of his life, seemed to place him in a long line of those who had suffered at the hands of the regimes based in the castle. But O'Malley lived to tell his tale; others did not. On the night of Bloody Sunday, 21 November 1920, Peadar Clancy and Dick McKee of the Dublin Brigade, along with a civilian, Conor Clune, were apparently tortured in the castle before being killed, having been picked up the night before; the official story was that they were killed while trying to escape. Eoin MacNeill – later a member of the Provisional Government that would assume power in the same castle in January 1922 – was subsequently detained in the 'murder room' of the castle, and was shown a 'mark on the side of the wall' by one of his captors, who said 'Do you know what that is? That's the brains of some of your lot.' Such incidents magnified the already sinister reputation the castle had in the eyes of republicans and nationalists.

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Dublin Castle during the War of Independence was an intense, claustrophobic environment. Some limited social and musical events did take place there during the war, mainly for the benefit of its overwhelmingly British residents. Any potential perception of insensitivity was outweighed by the need to let off some steam in the course of a lengthy confinement, though they also 'enabled the remnants of Dublin society to invade the Castle precincts in the afternoon and while away the official hours by jazz or foxtrot.' In January 1921 there was much consternation when F. Company of the Auxiliaries tried to take advantage of the absence of some senior officers by staging a New Year's Eve ball in St Patricks Hall and were found selling tickets for the event. The exasperated civil servant Mark Sturgis noted in his diary that most of those who worked and now lived in the castle had to adhere to rigorous security checks, 'yet these beauties can almost without by your leave or with your leave import a pack of women of whom nobody with the possible exception of themselves knows anything at all. Interesting to see when I get back to-morrow whether the Shinns have got in disguised as buxom wenches or whether failing this the whole place has been fired up by the festive ex-officers themselves.

'In the castle': cartoon produced for the Freeman's Journal (10 January 1922) by its cartoonist 'Shemus' (Ernest Forbes). It depicts General Neville Macready reading a copy of the *Freeman's Journal* while an armed Black and Tan peers over his shoulder. The caption ran: 'The Black and Tan: "Any orders to-day, sir?". General Macready: "Pack your kit and stand by to embark."'

This was not an isolated incident either. According to Lily Mernin, 'the Auxiliaries also organised smoking concerts and whist drives in the Lower Castle Yard', and some of them saw their female visitors to the tram afterwards, only to be shadowed by IRA members seeking to identify them. Security in and around the castle intensified as the conflict dragged on, but the IRA tried to exploit any vulnerabilities. George Duggan, for example, left a mordant observation (in his own account of 'the last days of Dublin Castle') about the photographic identification that was introduced to get in and out of the castle. This was 'admirably suited to London offices in wartime' but in Ireland such documents were 'a menace to those labelled in this way'; he blamed them for the death of at least one officer, and photographs were ultimately abandoned, to be replaced by the memory and discretion of the castle guard. The threatening atmosphere in the streets around the castle, and the city at large, weighed upon some of those who worked there. Duggan recalled that 'as one left the Castle one had a feeling of watchfulness. As I walked up Dame Street I have at times looked back with that - sub-conscious sense of being followed - and by whom? The life of a Civil Servant in London seemed hum-drum when compared with this brooding sense of fatality, but I don't suppose many English Civil Servants would have wished to exchange places.'

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The air of menace felt in Dublin on the part of officialdom dissipated with the truce of July 1921. Afterwards, officials and civil servants began to venture out once more. The castle remained under guard, though Duggan noted that the canvas screens in the lower castle yard 'were allowed to fall into disrepair, and hung for many months in unsightly remnants.' In the meantime, 'the Auxiliaries beat their swords into ploughshares, and Lancia lorries, instead of bearing them forth from the Castle gates clad in the panoply of war, sallied out on the more peaceful errands of bearing towel-girt warriors to the pellucid depths of the forty-foot at Sandy-Cove.' In September Todd Andrews was surprised to find the life of the city proceeding with total indifference to 'the great issues of peace or war.' Theatres and cinemas were busy, race meetings ('racing people were exceptionally low in my scale of values') were being held across the country, and Andrews 'began to wonder did it really matter to the man in the street whether the British stayed or got out.'

Yet this was the issue that lurked in the background. On 7 December 1921, the day after the Anglo-Irish Treaty was signed in London, the *Freeman's Journal* despatched a correspondent to the castle, where they were told by an official that 'there is nothing new here.'

'Not yet?'

'Oh, not yet, of course.'

The paper reported 'an air of vacancy and spiritlessness' in the castle. Just inside the gate, 'Two Black and Tans were sparring and chaffing each other in Cockney accents. Beyond them was the blank emptiness of the Lower yard, relieved only by an infantry officer who, with cane under arm and hands behind back, strolled rather dejectedly in the direction of Headquarters. The bustle of the Irish war days had departed.' It was 'the interregnum...for the moment the Castle is awaiting orders.' The impression of an era being brought to its end was reinforced by other changes, as the security around the castle was gradually dismantled. On 10 January 1922 Mark Sturgis noted in his diary that 'The Castle makes a good propaganda appearance with its gate standing open for the first time in at least two years and soldiers busy removing barbed wire.'

Less than a week later a newly appointed 'Provisional Government', comprised of men who throughout the War of Independence had been the enemies of the British regime, would arrive in Dublin Castle to be officially installed as the body that was to oversee the transition from British to Irish rule. It prompted an oft-quoted passage in the Irish Times of 17 January 1922, one that neatly sums up the understated reality of that event: 'After the fluctuating history of seven centuries Dublin Castle is no longer the fortress of British power in Ireland. Having withstood the attacks of successive generations of rebels, it was quietly handed over yesterday to eight gentlemen in three taxi-cabs.'

John Gibney and Kate O'Malley are historians and assistant editors with the *Documents on Irish Foreign Policy* series, a partnership project of the Royal Irish Academy, the Department of Foreign Affairs and the National Archives. This is an edited extract from their new book *The Handover: Dublin Castle and the British withdrawal from Ireland, 1922*, published by the Royal Irish Academy.

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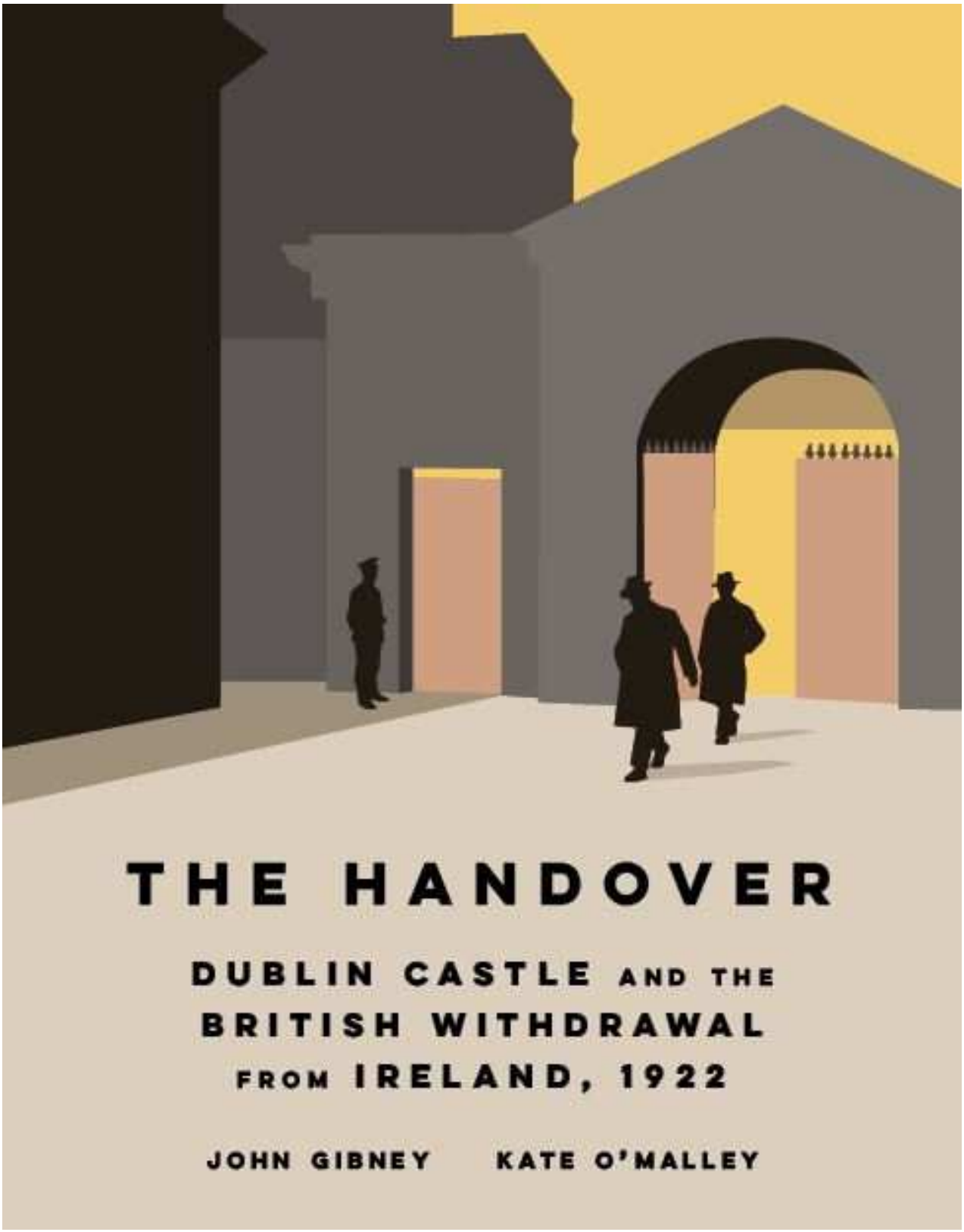


O'Malley Poteen—From Galway to New York!

An article by Michael O'Malley in the "Daily News" in New York on Sunday 17th March 1985. Kindly provided by Sue Molnar, a niece of Michael.

I can't remember when I learned to make poteen. I suppose I picked it up following around after my brother. Drink was certainly no favourite of my Mother's, she hated it, and the idea of brewing it too, but there wasn't a great deal else to occupy my time in the West of Ireland in 1919.

If you've been there, to Connemara in Galway, you've seen the rocks. Rocks are practically all there is to the place, and a few scraggly blades of grass in between. There's rain in plenty, the mountains are a grand sight, with the fields of green rippling around all that granite. The rest is just green grass, the grey rock, and the blue sea.

Poteen (Poh-cheen), what we called our homemade whiskey, meaning in Irish "the little jug" was hard to come by in 1919. Between the Black and Tans and the Royal Irish Constabulary so many stills were destroyed there were times when we had to drink beer. A fair number of the young lads had gone off to America on the boats that sailed each month from Dublin, but my parents said that 18 was too young to emigrate. Most of my time I spent on the run with the IRA.

Even that you wouldn't call regular work. We'd go out on the weekends into the barrens near Derryrush we called Boreen-a-skrahog. It was against the law to hold any sort of military drill, but we'd gather up bits and pieces of raggedy uniforms and old guns from other the wars the village boys had gone off to see. So we'd march up and down in the barrens and drill, and plot ways to get back at the Tans.

What was terribly scarce in those bad times was the main item for the making of poteen, a thing called the worm. A worm is a copper line or tube, twisted in a sort of loose coil, and it carries distilled whiskey out of what we called the beer barrel, through a cooling barrel, and finally out of the tailpipe and into a pail where you'd collect it. In those times there was barely a scrap of copper in the West of Ireland and so whiskey was scarce. Till St Patrick's Day in 1920, the day we blew up the bridge to Recess, a town beside a lough, up near the Maamturk Mountains. The British had a hotel in Recess and that very night it burned down. All our lads joined in of course to help fight the fire, and by morning there wasn't a wall left standing, and every inch of copper plumbing had dissappeared.

O'Malley Poteen—From Galway to New York!

So we were all able to get back to business. You'd have to get 300-400 pounds of grain to make a batch of whiskey. Once we'd cut it down in the fields, we'd tie it in bundles and hit it on the rocks till the kernels fell off, then we'd gather up the kernels in a sack and let it soak in the river for a few days. Next we'd dry the kernels in a kiln and grind them up between big stones called quairns. Usually the tinsmith in the village would make your barrels out of sheet tin and solder that he'd hammer into a vessel of 48 gallons. You'd need two of them for a still, each with a hole on top to accomodate the worm. It was hard work to get just the right twist into the worm itself. We'd fill it with sand so we could turn it and shape it without cracking the copper.

Once we were ready to make batch we'd shovel about 150 pounds of grain into a barrel and fill it up with hot water. We'd stir it for 4 hours or so, and then dump this water into another barrel, along with some yeast. We'd keep repeating this job until we had four barrels full of this juice. Then we'd make a fifth barrel, but instead of drawing the water off we'd dump the hot grain into each of the first four barrels and let the whole works ferment for a couple of days. The grain would eventually sink down to the bottom. What was left at the end of it all we called the beer. We'd put this into the first barrel of the still, with the worm sticking out of a wooden cap. We'd run this worm through another barrel which was filled with cooling water, and into the tailpipe. All that was left to do was start the fire under the barrel with the beer in it. The 48 gallons of beer would give you eight or ten gallons of what we called single stuff, distilled out of the beer and dripping slowly from the tailpipe.

Once we had 40 gallons of single, we'd run it through again to make double proof. Then my brother and I would pour this into five and ten gallon wooden kegs and sink them in the bog to keep them out of the wrong hands. Money was scarce but we'd always sell it sooner or later, the O'Malley Whiskey was well known for its quality.

It was handy to have the poteen stored under the bog. When we'd go out at night to see how it was aging, we'd often take along a reed and just raise the keg up just a bit clear the water, pull the plug and take up a nice draft of it through the reed. If the Tans or Constabulary came along, we'd plug the cork and tumble the keg back into the bog before anyone was the wiser, "Taking the air Sir" we'd say to them. We had poteen stashed all over that bog. I'll bet I could go back tomorrow and still find some of it, and it would be good for drinking.

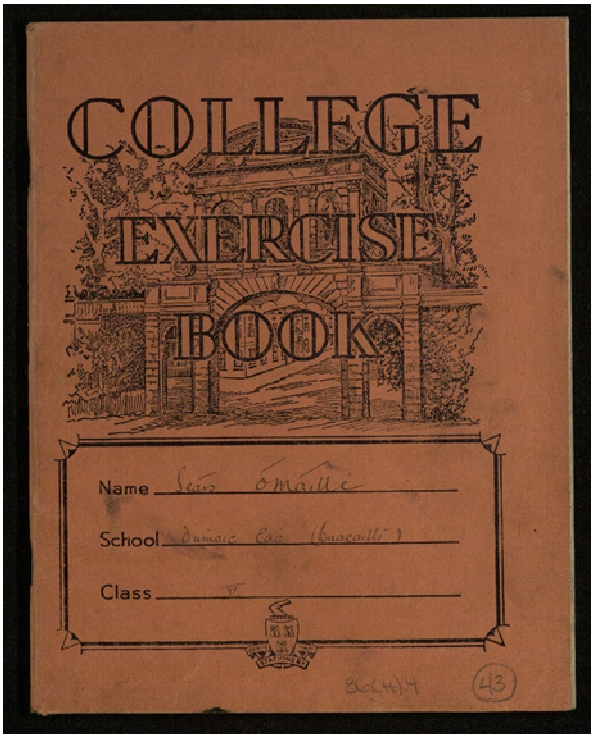
When I first came to this country I tried making poteen in the cellar, but I rigged the worm wrong and just the fumes were enough to knock me out cold. Mary found me on the floor and dragged me outside to revive. She didn't appreciate that at all., and so that was the last batch of O'Malley's famous poteen.

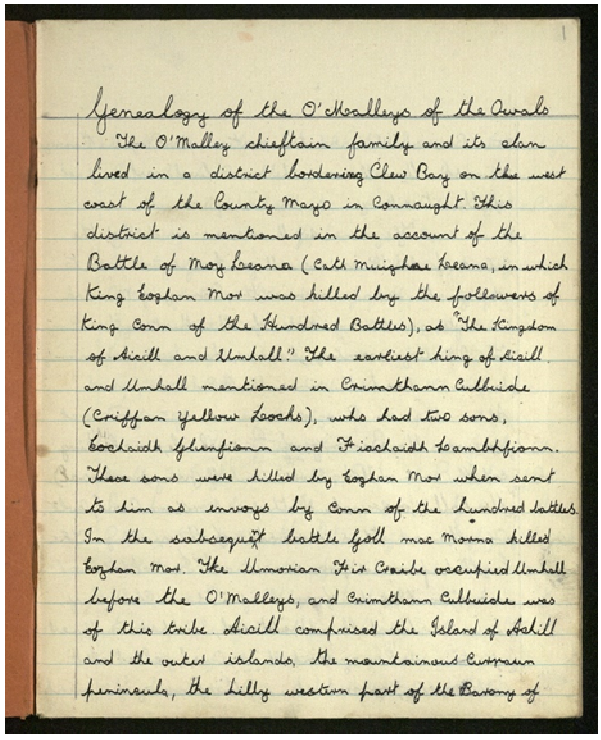
The O'Malleys of The Owals

Genealogy of the O'Malleys of the Owals

Brendan O'Malley

In 1935, the Irish Government set up the Irish Folklore Commission to collect and preserve Irish folklore. This was particularly important given the strength of oral tradition in Irish culture over the centuries, with bards and poets playing essential roles in preserving the knowledge of family landholding and genealogy, as well as local beliefs and customs. One of the early projects undertaken by the commission was the Schools Project. Each school in Ireland was encouraged to ask pupils to collect stories, songs, superstitions, proverbs and suchlike from their family members and to bring them to school. Time was provided in the curriculum for this material to be recorded by the schoolmaster and sent in to the commission. Some 740,000 pages of folklore and local tradition .




Genealogy of the O'Malleys of the Owals
The O'Malley chieftain family and its clan lived in a district bordering Clew Bay on the west coast of the County Mayo in Connaught. This district is mentioned in the account of the Battle of Mag Leana (Cath Muighe Leana, in which King Eoghan Mor was killed by the followers of King Conn of the Hundred Battles), as "The Kingdom of Aicill and Umhall." The earliest king of Aicill and Umhall mentioned in Crimthann Cathbuidhe (Criffan Yellow Locks), who had two sons, Eochaidh Glunfionn and Fiachaidh Leambfionn. These sons were killed by Eoghan Mor when sent to him as envoys by Conn of the Hundred battles. In the subsequent battle Goll mac Morna killed Eoghan Mor. The Domnonian Fir Craibe occupied Umhall before the O'Malleys, and Crimthann Cathbuidhe was of this tribe. Aicill comprised the Island of Achill and the outer islands, the mountainous Corraun peninsula, the hilly western part of the Barony of

Cover and first page of the copybook in the Dúchas archive, University College Dublin

compiled by pupils from 5,000 primary schools in the Irish Free State between 1937 and 1939. Among them was a handwritten copybook compiled by Sean Ó Máille, a schoolteacher in the village of Dooagh on Achill Island, Co Mayo.

It records the history of the Mayo O'Malleys from the earliest times to the early 20th Century. As well as the history itself, it explains how he came to know it. Most ancient records relate to powerful families who held land and titles. In Ireland, this also holds true, but because of the way in which inheritance worked, many more people were involved – and not just the rich and powerful.

Below is an extract from Sean Ó Máille's account of how this system worked and why the ancient genealogies are still known. For those who would like to know more, the collection has been digitised and a complete facsimile of the copybook is available to view online at: https://www.duchas.ie/en/src?q=genealogy+of+the+O%27Malleys+of+the+Owals

The O'Malleys of The Owals

Argument for the Authencity of the Genealogy

A clan grew out of a family; it was strictly a group of families related by blood, living in community, under the rule of a chief, from the male line, who represented the progenitor. The chief of an Irish clan was called the Rí, the king. The growth of the clan was at first apparently a gathering of the branches of the family under one head for defence or offence. After about nine generations, cousins grew so far apart through varying interests, and the attenuation of the original blood, that there was a tendency to close the family at the seventh degree of cousinship, to begin a new sept. In the early church blood relationship as an impediment to marriage extended to the cousins included; this was cut down to the third cousins by the Council of Latexan in 1215. In Brittany the Celts there, even to well on in the last century carried out cousinship to the twelfth degree.

In Ireland a family, Fine (pronounced fin-eh), extended from a given ancestor to the seventh cousins included, and such a family was called a Fine Duathaig, a hereditary family. The members of this family were entitled to inherit a given property, and were liable to pay part of an eric (blood fine), or other impost, which might fall on any member of the Fine Duathaig [who] could not himself cancel the debt. It was very important, then, to know just who was and who was not your cousin out to the seventh degree, consequently every man had to have proof of his descent for at least nine generations backward, or for about 250 years. As a matter of fact it is very common at the present day to find Irish peasants who know their descent for seven generations, as a result of this custom.

The property-holders, the freemen of the clan were the citizens; they could be jurors and bondsmen; their rights were so fixed by law that if even the chief invaded them he would be liable to the loss of the office. All these men held property only because they belonged to the clan by blood, and the older the clan the farther out the descent passed. Hence the absolute necessity of knowing one's ancestry sometimes for centuries back to establish a right to a given property. A record of ancestry thus took the place of a modern recoding of deeds. Sean O'Dubhagain, who died in 1372 gave a list of those families who held lands they occupied in his own time from before the Cambro-Norman invasion and many of these same families held these lands down to Cromwell's time; that is for at least 500 years.

The chieftaincy of a clan remained in one family, and the chief and his clan were obligated to pay taxes to provincial overlords, according to blood relationship, which necessarily in many cases had begun to diverge centuries before the time of the given chief. In the same manner certain families were eligible as candidates for provincial kingships; the O'Conors, O'Bourkes and O'Flahertys might become kings of Connaught. Still others had hereditary privileges, such as the performing of some ceremony at the inauguration of a new chief, which was essential to the validity of the inauguration.

All these facts, and others, made it a social necessity to keep an exact record of genealogies. As O'Donovan said, "It was from his own genealogy that each man of the tribes, poor as well as rich, held the charter of his civil state, his right of property in the cantred in which he was born. From the earliest records of the Gael in Ireland, these same customs prevailed, and they lasted until Cromwell's time, unchanged in essential quali

The O'Malleys of The Owals

ties. The chieftaincy, as was said, remained in one family, the main line of the clan family, unless as a result of civil war, or similar agency, it was wrested from the main line. Such an event happened in 1615, in our clan. In a case of this kind the records of the main line were liable to become obscure after about two centuries. The office of chief did not however, descend by primogeniture, but it went to the man best fitted for it among the chief's sons, grandsons, nephews and brothers. As these families were large, an average of twenty men in a generation was ready to keep up the descent. Hence one important reason for the physical possibility of a family enduring indefinitely.

Each family kept its own genealogy. The chief had a Crannog, a fortified and sacred House where such records were hidden in time of danger (the O'Malley Crannog was on an island in Loch Maher, behind Croaghpatrick) and there were special hereditary officers to guard these documents. A principal requisite in the lawyer and judge was a full knowledge of tribal genealogies, since the clan laws centered about blood kinship.

At the Aeneachs or Fairs there was an officer, the Suide, whose duty it was to recite the pedigrees of the chiefs; and another, the Filid, who made the eulogies of the clan and rehearsed their history. The O'Malley's had such an Aenach or fair yearly at Aghagower, called the Aenach Derg (Acallamh na Senorach. Irische Texte, 4th Series, 1st heft.)
The provincial king had his own Aenach, and a checking records of the genealogies in his kingdom. The King of Connaught held the Aenach Cruachan, at his residence at Cruachan in Roscommon. Then all these records were checked again in the Roll of Tara by the federal king, and reviewed at the Feis Teamhrach. After the Feis Teamhrach ceased the Aenachs continued. So far we have seen (1) the necessity in an Irish clan of keeping records of genealogies; (2) the physical possibility of long genealogies; (3), the system of safeguarding the records. Now (4) there are very many actual records of this kind in existence today which have been continued uninterruptedly from the end of the fourth century.

[There follows a general account of various annals and texts that survive from ancient times. This is too long to include here.]

As to the antiquity of the genealogy of the O'Malleys, they themselves, the Chronicles of Ireland, Giolla Iosa mor mac Firbis who died in 1279, Séon O Duibhagain, who died in 1372, Duald mac Firbis in the great book of genealogies, the Aeneach records of Connaguth, the Ogygia, all without exception derived the clan family from Brian Orbsen, King of Connaught, the eldest son of the Archbishop of Ireland Eochaidh Muighmeadhain (358-366) Eochaidh XII. The Chronicles (e.g., The Annals of Ulster, anno 786), call the chiefs of Umhall "Hy-Bruin," son of Brian.

O Duibhagain in a poem, which was continued by O Huidhrin, who died in 1420, has these verses:

"Eochaidh, senior of the great Ui Briuin,
Was your ancestor, your progenitor.
Not slow are your flood-exactions,
O clan Maille, of the sea-sent treasures.
Every land is against you in this
You inherit the Umhalls
A good man never was there
Of the O'Malleys but he was a sea man.
The prophets of the weather are ye.
A tribe of friendship and of brotherhood."

The O'Malley Clan Gathering 2022 (Preliminary Programme)

PRELIMINARY PROGRAMME OF EVENTS

FRIDAY June 24th

Time	Launch, Townhall Westport
2:30pm	Updates on Clan projects, Clare Island Castle restoration, O'Malley DNA project and Genealogy
3:30pm	Screening of 'The Peacemaker' An award winning documentary directed by James Demo about Irish peacemaker and Author Padraig O'Malley who had a prominent role in the Northern Ireland Peace Process. He was born in Dublin and has family in Kilmeena and Newport area.
5:00pm	Official launch Chieftain Tom O'Malley Professor Padraig O'Malley (John Joseph Moakley Distinguished Professor of Peace and Reconciliation, University of Massachusetts, Boston) will talk to us about his soon to be published book ' Perils of a United Ireland'

SATURDAY June 25th

Time	Day Tours and Entertainment
10:00am	Bus tour to Ballintubber Abbey and National Museum of Country life Turlough Castlebar(collection Westport and Newport)
4:00pm 5.30 pm	Family tree presentations Newport Hotel Chieftains Reception and Dinner Hotel Newport Music by renowned singer Sean Keane and Doherty , Doocey brothers from Foxford. Céili Sean nos dancing and poetry reading by Mary Madec Newport

SUNDAY June 26th

Time	Day Tours and Entertainment
11 am	Traditional Clan Mass Burrishoole Abbey Newport Photoshoot at Grace O'Malley Rockfleet Castle enroute to lunch
1:00pm	Lunch Nevins Newfield Inn Tiernaur Presentations Inauguration of new Chieftain

The O'Malley Clan Association
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The O'Malley Clan Association aims to reach out to O'Malleys from all around the world and foster links between the O'Malleys around the globe and the clan at home here in Ireland.

The Clan Association formed in 1953 has been connecting O'Malleys around the world in The US and Canada, Britain, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, South America, and anywhere else you can think of for over 60 years now.

We hope with our new website, and newsletter, that We can go from strength to strength in our aim to connect all the O'Malleys around the world.

O'Malley Clan Association Membership Restructure

Firstly Thank you to our valued Newsletter Subscribers for your support for Ó Máille, the newsletter of the O'Malley Clan. Your subscriptions have helped to fund the ongoing efforts of The O'Malley Clan Association to forge links with The O'Malley Clan throughout the world, by helping us host The O'Malley Clan Association website omalleyclan.ie. For the past 7 years, we've been sending this publication exclusively to our valued Newsletter subscribers, every month.

As part of our drive to expand the O'Malley online community, we'd like to make it available to a wider audience, so the Council of Chieftains have decided to send it free of charge to everyone on our wider mailing list, starting with the December 2021 issue. Of course our Subscribers are on that mailing list too! So you'll still receive your monthly issue of Ó Máille into your email inbox.

We're also announcing a new approach to formal membership of the Clan. In appreciation for the support of our Newsletter Subscribers up to now, we have awarded our existing Newsletter Subscribers formal membership of the O'Malley Clan Association until the expiry date of their current subscriptions to the newsletter. At that point, we'll send an email to the Subscriber inviting them to renew their membership. We hope all of our current Newsletter Subscribers will do so and will continue to be valued members of the O'Malley Clan Association for many years to come.

If you've any queries in relation to the newsletter or your clan membership, please don't hesitate to drop me a line by email to omalleyclanireland@gmail.com

Regards

Don O'Malley

O'Malley Clan Association