

Volume 1, Issue 100

April 2023

Ó Máille 100



O'Malley Clan Association Monthly Newsletter

This month's highlights....

- Happy Easter from The O'Malley Clan!
- A word from the Editor after 100 issues
- The Chieftain's thoughts on 100 issues of Ó Máille
- Some of our favourite articles from the 1st 50 issues, (The First Gathering 1953, How the O'Malleys Survived, Kit O'Malleys Big Fight, The Sergeant, the Snake, and the Cough Bottle, Chicago to Ballyagran for a Bet, A Basket Encounter).
- Tánaiste Election reminder, (and how it's done).
- Helen Hooker-O'Malley online exhibition from The National Library of Ireland
- "The Locked Down Cat" by Mary O'Malley
- The full programme of events for the Gathering in June 2023
- About the O'Malley Clan Association
- We need your Help to Spread the Word!

Happy Easter from The O'Malley Clan!

We hope you had a wonderful Easter weekend wherever you are around the globe. Remember, **tag the O'Malley Clan Association on Twitter, Facebook, and Instagram** if you're putting up some nice pictures on your social media from parties, or egg hunts, or anything else you were up to during the holidays!



Bookings for the O'Malley Clan Gathering 2023 are live!
Click on the image below



[www.omalley
clan.ie](http://www.omalleyclan.ie)

100 Issues, A word from the Editor

Happy Easter everyone, I hope you all had a great holiday weekend. Just a quick word of thanks to everyone who has helped out with the newsletter over the past 8 plus years. It's only with the help of the O'Malleys around the world, and our friends, that we're able to keep in touch every month.

The newsletter wasn't my idea, (it's always somebody else that comes up with those good ideas!), but it landed on my desk, and has been there since. The idea of the newsletter came from Denis O'Malley, (Chieftain 2015-2016), and was thought by all to be a great way to keep in touch with all of the O'Malleys on a regular basis, instead of only in June at the annual gathering, and sadly often only meeting at funerals.

There's a great gang of regular article subscribers who really help with having something to put into the newsletter each month, and there's also a couple of proof readers who are invaluable, and without them, I'd simply be lost. I'm not going to name names as I'd be sure to leave somebody out, but all of the gang who have helped out with all of those fabulous stories over the years know who they are. Thank you all so much for the help.

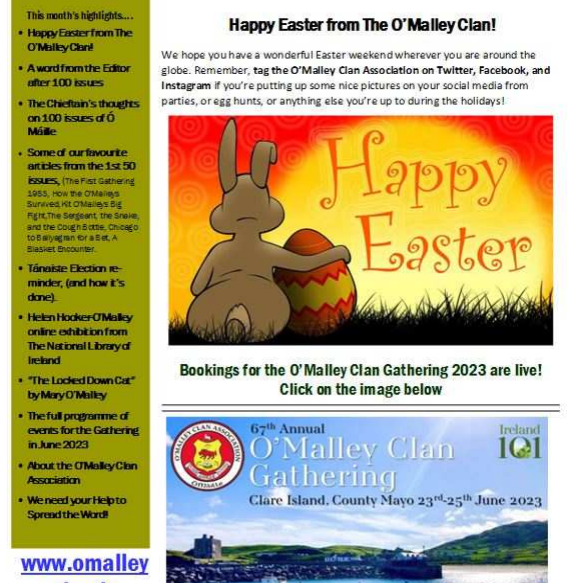
Anyway, Here's to another 100 issues. Hope you're enjoying the regular contact, and remember, if you have a story to tell, I'll be here ready to get it into the newsletter and get it out there for all of our O'Malleys and friends around the world to enjoy.

Don O'Malley

omalleyclanireland@gmail.com



Below Left: The front cover of Issue 1 from January 2015, and Below right: Issue 100



A word from our Chieftain, Martin O'Malley

Welcome to the 100th Edition of the O'Malley Clan Association Newsletter.

It's my great honor to be the Chieftain of this storied Irish Tribe, and I'd like to thank all of you throughout the world for keeping us going through your support, your interest, and your love.

Our O'Malley Diaspora Tribe has truly been spread about and into "all the kingdoms of this world." At any given O'Malley gathering over these last decades you meet O'Malleys from Ireland, from Australia, from Europe, from South America, from all parts of the USA, from everywhere. And yet, there is a part of our hearts that always looks to Ireland, always remembers Ireland, always smiles at the very notion of "returning" to Ireland even if we've never been.

So this year, do the hardest thing required for a trip to Ireland — decide to go.

Come to this year's 70th O'Malley Rally Gathering in Westport and Clare Island. It is going to be epic. There will be some awesome, world class musicians like Luka Bloom, Rita Connolly, Niall McCabe, Shaun Davey, Patricia Treacy, & O'Malley's March (ha!!! Chieftain's editorial privilege on that last one...). Former Chieftain Cormac O'Malley will be exhibiting — for the first time ever — his mother, Helen Hooker O'Malley's iconic black and white 1930's photos of Clare Island ON Clare Island. There will be games for the kids on the beach. A giant "everybody dance with your cousins" led by the Clare Island Ceili Band. There will be a "Session after" to welcome the stars. A bonfire on the beach. And a closing Mass in the twelfth century abbey with the bones of our matriarch, Grace O'Malley in the crypt there next to the altar.

So, "will you meet me on Clare Island...?"

It's gonna be great. Just decide and come.

And thank you, Don O'Malley for telling our diaspora story in these last 100 issues of the newsletter.

— Martin O'Malley

You can call me, "The" for three more months...



Above: Chieftain Martin O'Malley, and Below: Beautiful Clare Island



A few of our favourites from the first 50! - The First Gathering 1953

A Trip back in time to the First O'Malley Clan Rally in 1953

One of our subscribers kindly emailed through some pictures and a newspaper report of the first O'Malley Clan Rally in 1953.....

Between 400 and 500 members of The O'Malley Clan, nobody knows the exact figure invaded Westport in County Mayo yesterday in two coaches and approximately 100 cars for the first in what is expected to be a series of clan reunions. They came from places as far apart as Leeds and Chicago to see the renowned stronghold of the famous Grace O'Malley "the Sea Queen" at Carrickaholey, opened by Lady Mary O'Malley who lives beside the castle. The welcome was as big and sincere for the humblest of clansmen as it was for the most materially favoured of our clansmen. John J O'Malley the Clans first President welcomed the gathered masses in a speech from the back of a lorry in The Mall in Westport. Mr O'Malley, at 83 years was the eldest of the gathering, with the youngest being Imelda

O'Malley, a 2 year old from Achill Island.

The gathering included Doctors and Professors, Farm Labourers and Fishermen. There were O'Malleys in tweeds, O'Malleys in Sunday suits, O'Malleys in caps and O'Malleys in flowered hats, red-haired O'Malleys, and white haired O'Malleys, they came in Limousines and on Bicycles.

All of Westport turned out to watch them. Mass was said for deceased members of the Clan in Westport and in Newport.

At the castle in Carrickaholey, (Rockfleet), The Westport Boys Band, (including at least one youthful O'Malley), led the procession to the castle. The group was then joined by more O'Malleys from Clare Island and other Islands in Clew Bay who arrived by boat at the castle. The lorry was brought into use again A cold wind blew in from Clew Bay but the O'Malley Clan were undeterred. The speakers included

University College Galway, and Mr Thomas O'Malley, Lecturer in Irish at University College Galway.

Lady Mary O'Malley who welcomed everyone to Carrickaholey on behalf of her husband Sir Owen O'Malley, who had to travel to London to see a sick relative, spoke about the importance of preserving the monuments that previous O'Malleys had left us. She also echoed Dr O'Malley's earlier words that this is only the beginning of O'Malley Clan Rallies which could and should go on for a thousand years.

The castle was then opened and the group crowded in and a few moments later a bandman was playing his trumpet from the parapet. The group then carried on to Malranney where lunch was served in the local hotel, where 2 sittings were necessary, due to the multitudes that had travelled. A gettogether was held then that lasted long into the night.

Source: Sarah Kelly



Some of the Large Crowd of O'Malleys in 1953

A few of our favourites from the first 50! - The First Gathering 1953



Included in picture: Back Row: L-R, Conor O'Malley, Harold O'Malley, Andrew O'Malley, Stiofán Ó Máille, Tomás S Ó Máille, Páidric Máille, Sean Máille.

Middle Row: L-R: Cissie Ó Máille, Brian O'Malley, Peter Ó Máille,

Front Row: L-R: Ann O'Malley, Eithne O'Malley, Lil O'Malley, Brigid Ó Máille, Sally O'Malley

**Rockfleet Castle at
Carrickaholey, Near Newport
County Mayo. Former home
of Grace O'Malley, and
visited by the Clan members
at the first rally in 1953**



**Pictures taken by Ann O'Malley & submitted by Sarah
Kelly**

“A few of our favourites from the first 50! - How The O’Malleys Survived!

By the 9th Century the Vikings, or Norse sea raiders were making their presence felt in the Western world. The Annals record battles between the “sea-robbers” and the men of Umhall in 807, 811, and 812., with further raids from then at intervals until the middle of the following century.

In the 812 raid it is recorded that they slaughtered Cosgrach, son of Hannabhrat and Dunadach, King of Umhall.

This slaughter, though it predates by 300 years the first mention of the name O’Malley in the Annals, appears to be the source of an old O’Malley legend which is commemorated in a beautiful stained glass window in Kilmilkin Church in the Maam valley in Connemara.

There are two versions of the legend, with the same theme in both, the miraculous survival of the clan.

According to one legend, the family, with the exception of one young boy was wiped out by the Danes. This boy was saved by his nurse who fled with him to the South of Ireland. Here the nurse married and the boy was raised as her own.

When the boy grew up however, She thought it unfair to leave the boy in ignorance of his true birth and parentage. When she told him of his illustrious descent he travelled back to Umhall where he was recognised by a blind man named Ó hOireacta, (Herrity), an old retainer of the O’Malley family. It was said that He knew him by his hands!!

The young man told him his story and immediately with manifestations of great rejoicing, He was proclaimed Chieftain of Umhall.

The other version of the legend is the one chosen by the great Evie Hone for her stained glass window in Kilmilkin Church. The window was dedicated to the great London surgeon John Francis O’Malley.

In this version the young mother, with her Son, the only surviving male member of the O’Malley Clan, fled to Inish Glora, off the Mullet Peninsula. The child was sickly and restored to health through the intervention of St Brendan at who’s well his mother prayed. There is a variation of the story which attaches the incident to St Brendan’s well in Kilmeena Parish. It was believed that this well could change the sex of babies who were dipped into it, and when all the male O’Malley children were slain a baby girl was dipped into it and changed to a boy, and from him all O’Malleys are descended.

The stained glass window, (pictured right) depicts St Brendan with the mother and child at the well in the foreground.



“A few of our favourites from the first 50! - How The O’Malleys Survived!”



A few of our favourites from the first 50! - Kit O'Malley fighting the good fight

From our October 2015 issue we heard about brave little Kit O'Malley in Kansas, fighting a tough battle with Leukaemia, and how the O'Malleys were going to help in any way they could.....

Kit O'Malley is a brave little 3 year old girl from Kansas in the USA who's fighting a tough battle with Leukaemia. When We heard of Kit fighting the good fight We all wanted to help.

We've organized a table quiz to take place in **Crokers Bar, Murroe, Co. Limerick on the 23rd of October next at 8:30pm.**

It would be great to see as many of our O'Malley cousins and friends as possible on the night in Murroe where We'll raise a few Euros to help with Kits treatment. It'll be a great night for a good cause so come along if you can!



Above: Kit O'Malley during treatment in 2015 as a brave 3 year old, and below, Kit after tuurning 11 in March 2023

A great night was had back in October 2023 with the fund-raising table quiz in Crokers Bar in Murroe, County Limerick. The funds raised were a great help with Kit's treatment and were gratefully received.

It was great for The O'Malley Clan Association to be able to help out.

After checking in with Kit's Mom, Mary Kate, in the past few days, I can report that Kit is a very happy, bubbly 11 year old, loves art, and cheerleading, and amazes all of her family with her grit and passion.

Thanks again for all of your support. Well done Kit!



Left: The winning team at the Table Quiz in Crokers, October 2015, Seamus Keating, Eoin Keating, Marie Hayes, & Ignatius Walsh

A few of our favourites from the first 50! - The Sergeant, The Snake, and The Cough Bottle

Thanks to Gerard O'Malley, Newport, Co. Tipperary for this article on one of his ancestors.

Tim O'Malley (son of John and Alice) was born in Towerhill, Cappamore, Co. Limerick in 1874. He enlisted in the army in Cork when he was 16, following a previous unsuccessful attempt two years earlier, when he was only 14 years old.

During his early career he served in India and South Africa (Relief of Ladysmith), before eventually returning to Ireland, where he married Elizabeth Morrow in 1912 and settled in Cootehill, Co Cavan. He had two sons, Edmund and Denis.

In the early years of WW1, he served as a recruiting officer for the war effort. However, the stress of sending so many young men to certain death took its toll on him and he eventually volunteered himself for active service in France, with the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers. There is no record of exactly when he went to France but it is most likely sometime from the latter half of 1916 to early 1917. By that time he had reached the rank of Company Sergeant Major, the highest rank awarded to non-commissioned officers. We are also told that he refused a commission because of the social and financial implications.

On the evening of 11th May 1917 Company Sergeant Major Tim O'Malley, Reg No. 5367, 1st Bat Royal Irish Fusiliers, "B" Company (age 43yrs) was killed in action during the final offensive of the 2nd Battle of Arras.

He is commemorated at Bay 9, Arras Memorial, Faubourg d'Amiens cemetery, Arras, along with 35,000 servicemen who have no known grave.

Paddy Shannon also lost his life at The Somme, in 1916.



Above Tim O'Malley

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them. (Laurence Binyon)

A few of our favourites from the first 50! - The Sergeant, The Snake, and The Cough Bottle

The following is an extract from "Faugh-a-Ballagh", the newsletter of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. "Faugh-a-Ballagh" means "Clear the way", the regimental motto of the Fusiliers:

Rough Surgery: When I was in India there used to be posted in each barrack room three notices which read:

"Dog Bite," "Snake Bite" and "Heat Apoplexy"

These notices were read to the men by the Corporal in charge of the room, immediately after Colonel's inspection of the barrack rooms every Saturday. In time every man knew by heart what to do in case of any of those three things happening.

During the Summer of 1904 we were stationed at Kuldonna, on the Murree hills, a beautiful place among the forests of Pine, Spruce and Cedars. At this time "A" company, in which I was bugler, was marching along a mountain trail from the rifle range. I was bringing up the rear of the long, single file of men behind **Sgt. O'Malley**, a big red-faced man of six feet three, who was afflicted with a deep throat cough, for which he always carried a silver flask of medicine. At least that is what **Sgt. O'Malley** said it was! Although to those who had a good sense of smell it had a very potent odour. But, who was going to doubt the word of **Sgt. O'Malley**?

Marching in front of **Sgt. O'Malley** was **Paddy Shannon**. Suddenly he stopped and pointed, saying, "Begorrah! Look at the size of that snake." Looking in the direction of his pointing, we saw a long green and black snake about four feet long, slithering across the trail towards the underbrush.

Paddy, instead of leaving well enough alone, especially snakes, stepped over and raised his foot to stamp on its head; but the snake was quicker than Paddy. Rearing up, it struck him on the bare thigh just above the knee. In a flash **Sgt. O'Malley** let fly with his fist, catching Paddy a knock-out blow on the point of the jaw. Sitting down on the unconscious man he whipped out his clasp-knife and cut out of Paddy's leg where the two punched marks of the snake's fangs showed, a piece of flesh about the size of a rupee, at the same time shouting to a man to knock the bullet out of a cartridge and to fire the blank into the wound. This the man did and at such close range the charge not only seared the wound but blackened the whole knee with powder burns.

Sgt. O'Malley then cradled Paddy's head in his left arm. Taking out his flask of cough medicine, he pushed the neck of the flask into Paddy's mouth and emptied the contents down his throat.

Paddy came to almost immediately, but was now a raving lunatic, what with the burning pain in his leg from the rough surgical treatment, and the equally burning throat from **Sgt. O'Malley's** cough medicine. They had to tie his arms and legs and place him on a stretcher to carry him, as he hollered blue murder, to the hospital.

When the doctor had given Paddy a sedative he looked at the wound. Shaking his head, he said, "There is nothing I can do, as everything has been taken care of and by the patient's temperature and pulse no poison has got into the blood stream."

The snake, which had been killed by a blow of a stick, was sent to the laboratory. And we all had a laugh when the report came in stating that the reptile was a harmless, non-poisonous, grass snake. I said, "We all laughed," but it was with the exception of **Sgt. O'Malley**, who was heard cussing about the loss of a flask-full of good cough medicine.

*John E. Harrington (Reg. No. 7108)
1934 Mission Avenue,
San Diego 16, California*



A few of our favourites from the first 50! - Chicago to Ballyagran, for a bet!

The Grand Nephew of Mr Patrick O'Malley originally from Moher, Ballyagran, Co. Limerick sent us in this story which featured in the Cork Examiner in November 1939. Thanks to Jim O'Malley for the submission. Remember this bet took place in 1908 prior to transatlantic jet travel!

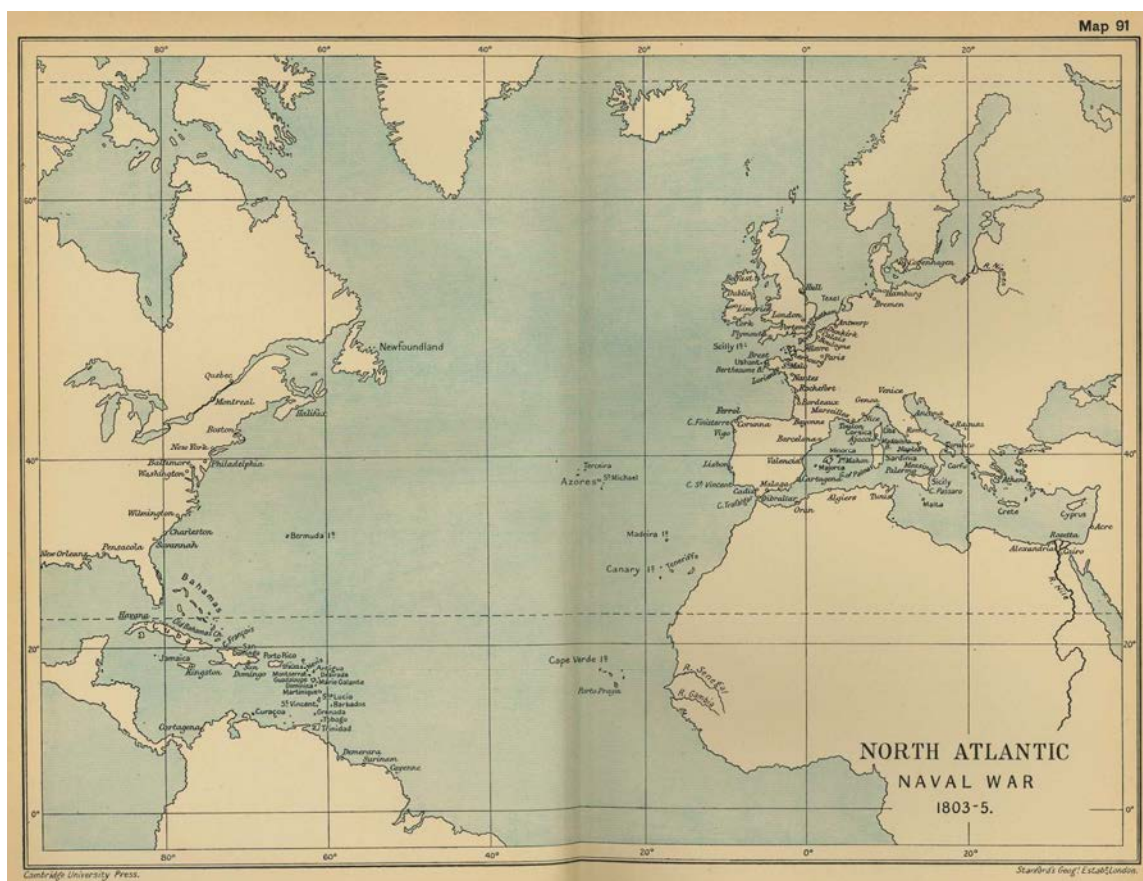
Patrick O'Malley, originally from Moher, Ballyagran, Co. Limerick emigrated to the US in around 1890 and settled in Chicago, where He became a prominent businessman, and member of the local Democratic Party organisation. He ran several saloons and "handbooks" (gambling games), and is said to have amassed significant wealth over the years.

His best known premises was in Dearborn Street which was said to have a daily turnover in betting of \$100,000.

His most famous exploit turned out to be a bet of \$1,000 he had with a Jim O'Leary, the biggest bookmaker in the docklands in Chicago.

The story goes that both men were having Champagne at a Democratic Party function in 1908 and that Mr O'Leary had commented that "it'd be a long time in Ireland before you'd get any stuff like this to drink" Patrick O'Malley countered saying that Champagne had been the regular tippie at his Father's table in Ballyagran County Limerick before He ever came to America. He bet O'Leary that He'd be at his parents table drinking Champagne within 1 week..

A fast train landed him at the docks in New York where He boarded the Luisitania with only 15 minutes to spare, from there He landed in Cobh, and hired a car to take him to his family home in Ballyagran, landing at the door after 167 hours, leaving 1 hour to spare!



A few of our favourites from the first 50! - A Blasket Encounter

On Easter Monday morning, April 12th 1982, we weighed anchor at Portmagee harbour and set sail for the Blasket Islands, some 20 miles to the north. We were a group of six friends from Cork on a cruising holiday on the southwest coast. Our boat was a 36 foot ketch, chartered in Bantry where we had departed from the previous day. The day was glorious. The sea was slight, and the breeze was a gentle force 3 on the beam.

We reached the Blasket archipelago shortly after noon and spent a few delectable hours sailing amongst the islands. On approaching Inishvickillane island we were hailed from the cliff top and invited ashore "for tea" by the owner, Charles Haughey, who was spending his Easter vacation on the island. We anchored in eight fathoms in the bight at the north side of the island and proceeded ashore in the dinghy. It was late evening when we disengaged from the very welcome, if unexpected, hospitality afforded us on Inishvickillane. As we made our way back to the anchorage I noted that the wind had dropped to nothing. It wasn't just a local condition as I could see smoke from gorse fires in the distance on the mainland rising vertically. The sea was now calm as a millpond. Our original intention had been to press on to Dingle. Now, given the very rare set of circumstances which would permit a comfortable anchorage in the Blaskets, we decided to forego the fleshpots of Dingle and stay put for the night.

I was delighted. It had been an ambition of mine to spend a night in what the 'South and West' cruising guide describes as the "loneliest anchorage in the world". We discussed the events of the day and the plans for the morrow over a very pleasant meal and turned in.

About 2 a.m. I awoke to hear a strange, mournful, eerie, wailing' sound. The piteous moans reverberated like they were emanating from a vast echo chamber. It was surreal. I had just awakened from a deep sleep and I was struggling to make sense of what I was hearing.

I knew that I had never heard anything like this at sea before, but somehow there was something vaguely familiar about the sounds. I racked my brains. Then it came to me. I was listening to the song of a Humpback whale. Some years previously National Geographic magazine published an article by zoologist Roger Payne on the singing habits of the Humpback. The magazine had supplied a sound record of some of Roger's Humpback whale song recording. I had idly played this record a few times, prompted more by curiosity than any particular interest in the subject. Then I had forgotten all about it, until now. At this stage I had to convince myself that I was actually awake and not dreaming, or hearing Charlie's "tea". I awakened Vivienne, one of the crew and together we listened, enthralled, to this symphony of the deep for the best part of half an hour. The remainder of our cruise passed off very pleasantly, but my experience that night triggered a whole series of questions. I wondered how I could have heard underwater sounds at all. I was aware from my reading of the Blasket literature of the "fairy music" of Inishvickillane. Could there be a possible connection? This fairy music was supposed to be the inspiration of a traditional air "Port na bPucail", literally translated "the ghostly tune".



A few of our favourites from the first 50! - A Blasket Encounter

I had never heard the tune. When I did hear it, would it bear any resemblance to the sounds I heard that night? I re-read Roger Payne's article and anything else I could lay my hands on regarding the subject. Lo, it transpired that, yes, underwater sounds could be transmitted through the hull of a boat. In fact, in the era of the sailing ships, before engines, sailors were well accustomed to hearing the sounds of whales and dolphins through the hulls of their ships.

I turned my attention now to the literature and the legends. Robin Flower, an English scholar who developed a deep affinity with the Blasket Islanders during the early part of this century wrote of his experiences in his book "The Western Island". In it he relates one story of the origin of Port na bPucaí.

In the old days, when the island was inhabited, a man sat alone one night in his house, soothing his loneliness with a fiddle. He was playing, no doubt, the favourite music of the countryside, jigs and reels and hornpipes, the hurrying tunes that would put light heels on the feet of the dead. But, as he played, he heard another music without, going over the roof in the air. It passed away to the cliffs and returned again, and so backwards and forwards again and again, a wandering air wailing in repeated phrases, till at last it had become familiar in his mind, and he took up the fallen bow, and drawing it across the strings followed note by note the lamenting voices as they passed above him. Ever since, that tune, port na bpucaí, "the fairy music", has remained with his family, skilled musicians all, and, if you hear it played by a fiddler of that race, you will know the secret of Inisicileain.

I had difficulty reconciling the legend with my own experience. Inisvickillane is a high island and I could not explain how underwater sounds, however intense, could be heard so far above the surface of the sea. The search continued. In the music section of Cork city library I located an L.P. by traditional fiddler Tommy Peoples which featured Port na bPucaí. As I listened to Tommy's unaccompanied plaintive rendition of the tune I heard, with excitement, familiar twists and phrases in the music which were evocative of the Payne recordings and what I had recalled hearing myself in the Blaskets. But now I made an unexpected discovery. The sleeve notes on Tommy Peoples L.P. had a piece written by Tony McMahon, himself a noted traditional musician, which gave a different version of the Port na bPucaí legend.

Tony's version puts three Inishvickillane men in a currach returning home from a ceili on the Great Blasket Island. It was a calm moonlit night. While at sea they heard the strange music. One of the three was a fiddler and he played along with the music thereby absorbing the tune. I was now quite excited. This version of the legend was compatible with my own experience. It was a boat at sea. The currach would have been approaching the landing place near where we were anchored. Their night was calm as was ours. For a traditional musician to pick up a strange tune by ear would not be considered extraordinary. It was then and still remains the normal method of passing on traditional music.

I have discussed my experience with authorities on traditional music. I learnt that Sean O'Riada was intrigued by the tune and sought to determine its origins but without coming to any conclusion. In relating my story I detected a slight resentment at the explaining away of a legend. This is a pity. I know that it is a lovely concept that such a wonderful tune might have come to us from the parallel supernatural world of the fairies.

I think that it is no less lovely a concept that this tune might also have come from the parallel natural community of the oceans - the great whales.

An article kindly submitted by Eugene O'Malley, of Tivoli, in Cork, originally published in the newsletter of The Irish Whale & Dolphin Group in April 1992

Helen Hooker O'Malley –A Free online exhibition from the NLI

Online Exhibition | A Modern Eye: Helen Hooker O'Malley's Ireland

Date
Permanent Online Exhibition

Location
Online

Category
Exhibition

Price
Free

[View exhibition](#)



Helen Hooker O'Malley gifted over 1,200 of her photographic works to the National Library of Ireland in 1992, the year before her death. Almost all of these works date from the 1970s.

An American by birth, Ireland became Helen's home following her marriage in 1935 to the Irish writer and revolutionary, Ernie O'Malley. Though their marriage ended in 1952, her love for Ireland remained constant throughout her life.



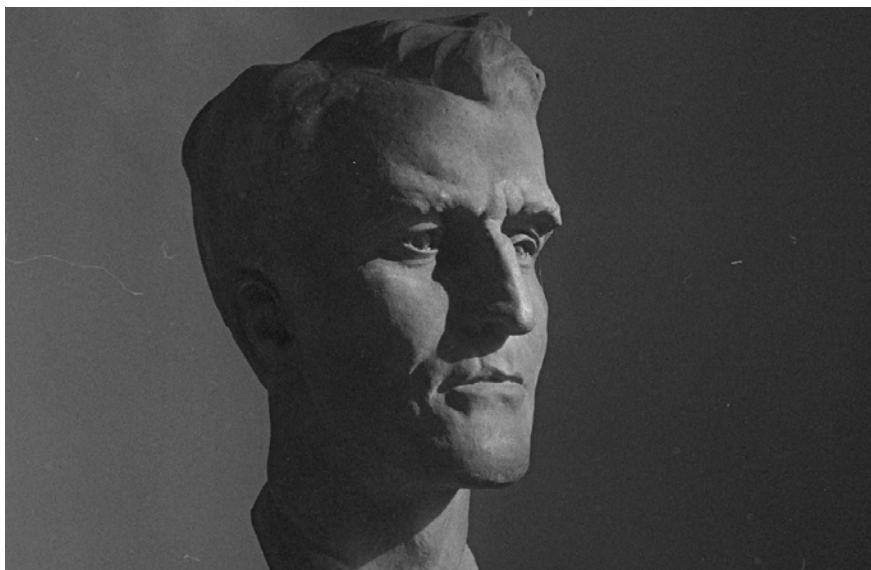
Helen Hooker O'Malley's life was shaped by her creativity. Born in the US in 1905, to privilege and wealth, Helen defied family and societal expectations to follow her own path. It led her to art, and the avant-garde modernist ideals of simplicity, integrity, and abstraction. In the 1920s and early 1930s, Helen travelled extensively in Europe, Russia, and Asia. However, it was Ireland that became her most important inspiration for over half a century.

Helen's decades-long love affair with the landscape, history, and people of Ireland was ignited by her relationship with Irish revolutionary and author, Ernie O'Malley. They met in the US in 1933 and despite her family's opposition, married in 1935 and moved to Ireland.

Although Helen divorced Ernie in 1952, her love of Ireland endured. In the 1970s, her visits to Ireland lasted up to 6 months. The images in this exhibition date from that period, when Helen, even in her seventies, found a new freedom, enthusiasm, and energy to pursue her art.

View the Exhibition at <https://www.nli.ie/exhibitions-events/online-exhibition-modern-eye-helen-hooker-omalley's-ireland>

Helen Hooker O'Malley –A Free online exhibition from the NLI



Nomination of a new Tánaiste

Each year The O'Malley Clan Association elect a Tánaiste, (a deputy Chieftain), who then serves a 1 year term in this position and then becomes Chieftain after that one year term as Tánaiste.

This years Tánaiste, Nano McMahon will become Chieftain at the Annual Gathering in Clare Island on Sunday 25th June, taking over the reins from Martin O'Malley.

At the Clan AGM, during the weekend of the Annual Clan Gathering, we'll also need to elect a new Tánaiste to fill Nano's current position, and they will then become the new Chieftain of the Clan at the 2024 Annual Clan Gathering in Limerick.

Do you know of an O'Malley who might be interested in becoming Tánaiste, and then Chieftain?

The procedure for electing a new Tánaiste is very straightforward.

Nominations are sent to the Clan Guardian Chieftain a minimum of 2 clear weeks prior to the AGM. (For the 2023 AGM, that 2 clear week minimum would mean that signed nominations would need to be emailed to the Clan Guardian Chieftain on or before Thursday 8th June)

A nomination for the position of Tánaiste must be made by 2 full members, and the person being nominated for the position of Tánaiste must also be a full member, and the person being nominated must have agreed to their name being put forward for nomination.

Time to put the thinking caps on!

The nomination form is available in the members area of the Clan website, and details of where to send the form are on it.

Current Tánaiste Nano
McMahon



“The Locked Down Cat” from Mary O’Malley

As part of celebrations of the Arts Council’s 70th year, they’ve commissioned a series of blogs by members of Aosdána, exploring creativity and collaboration, including this piece by poet Mary O'Malley.



My first experiences of making were domestic. My mother was a good dressmaker and knitter of Aran jumpers, beautifully made. I inherited none of her skill, though I learned the basics of course. I used to thread needles for my grandmother, who still darned and sewed small rips and dropped hems into her late seventies.

The truth is that apart from not being good with my hands, I wasn’t really interested enough in either knitting or sewing to overcome my handicap. I loved the aran patterns, the raglan sleeves, the crossover necks but the actual pattern, a large leaflet written in what might as well have been Sanskrit, or shorthand, another thing I never mastered, or even attempted.

What did interest me was the work done outside the house.

I used to watch from the door of my uncle’s forge as ugly lumps of metal were heated, bent, hammered and shaped. They were fused into wrought iron gates, fire grates and horseshoes. I watched the horses being shod, and was shown the various types of shoes required for different purposes. All had been made there, in that forge, by my uncle. Out of the interaction between the anvil and the horse, magic comes. Add in fire, and you have somehow permission to turn an ordinary day inside out. None of the men that gathered from time to time to chat ever made me feel unwelcome. When I first came across Haphaestus, I recognised him immediately, placing him first in a solid world of a small forge in Errismore.

I was sometimes allowed to pull on the bellows and it might have been then I saw that air could be a thing of force and strength, an essential part of making.

An essential part of poetry too, as Yeats knew when he wrote:

But weigh this song with the great and their pride;

I made it out of a mouthful of air,...

Many years later, when I first met painters and sculptors during visits to Anaghmakerrig, the Artists’ Residence, I felt shy about asking them questions because I had had no background in the visual arts and didn’t know what questions would sound stupid or crude, but they were unfailingly kind and helpful. I was drawn to their studios and to watching them work in the same way as the child had stood quietly outside the great rolling door of the forge in Aillebrack. I had visited a lot of galleries by then, but never seen an artist at work, nor visited a studio. I liked how they talked about art, in very practical, matter-of-fact terms. Mostly I asked them about colour, which they seemed to see very differently from me. I suppose I was learning how to look, and see more or differently or in more depth.

During one of those visits, I met the painter Mick Cullen who taught me how to look at Picasso. He was painting a version of Las Meninas on a huge carpet. I must have mentioned that I had never understood the attraction of that subject for Picasso. Mick was fascinated by the painting, and he gave me what I later understood was a masterclass in art history and perspective, telling me about Picasso’s fifty or so variations

“The Locked Down Cat” from Mary O’Malley

and interpretations of Velasquez’ masterpiece. Years later when I saw the Velasquez painting in the Prado, and later again when I saw the Picasso series in the museum he had donated his paintings to in Barcelona, it was as if they slotted into a cleared space, though nothing prepared me for the energy and obsessive shifts of light and perspective in that the gallery on the Carrer Montcada. There was a ravenous energy at work in those sketches and paintings, as if Picasso was determined to dissect, dismantle and re-assemble not just the composition itself, but was playing God by re-creating and assembling it at will.

If someone want to copy Las Meninas, entirely in good faith, for example, upon reaching a certain point and if that one was me, I would say..what if you put them a little more to the right or left? I'll try to do it my way, forgetting about Velázquez. The test would surely bring me to modify or change the light because of having changed the position of a character. So, little by little, that would be a detestable Meninas for a traditional painter, but would be my Meninas. So said Picasso, and I think the same applies, to a greater or lesser extent, to literary translations and versions of the classic texts in any language.

When I read yet another version of The Odyssey or The Iliad in English, I have to judge the work on its own merits, or against the two or three translations I like best. I have no Greek, so I have to rely on English, on the small or large shifts of light and perspective each translator brings, on his or her interpretation, novelty, freshness or otherwise. And this is even more true of the Greek plays. Writer after writer uses them as templates, as inspiration, as launch pads for their own particular ends, whether consciously or not. So a lot of what a poet does is to shop around for a myth, or choose one from the many handed down, or occasionally if you are very lucky, the myth chooses the writer.

The poems I am finishing now are all, in one way or another, concerned with time, perhaps one of the most misunderstood myths of all. Not ageing, but the strange coils and twists of the thing itself, and with that comes the wonderful world of quantum reality, which sounds completely bonkers but seemingly isn't. Nothing described in the miracles and sometimes terrifying world of miracles and eternity of my childhood faith is stranger or more unlikely than this version of reality. I loved the notion of visions and miracles as a child. The Church version of Hell and Heaven was nicely balanced against the more immediate stories of pookas and actual signals from beyond the grave I knew about from casual mentions of such normal occurrences. I also knew it all had to be taken with a pinch of salt. “Do you believe in the fairies, Granny?”

‘Musha, I do and I don’t.’

Poets are practical realists compared with quantum physicists. Artists are realists. We cook, go to work, get the roof fixed, have new gutters and soffits (whatever they are) and facia put in whenever we can afford such extravagances. We grow things, in my case herbs, salads and poppies because they all grow for me and pretty much everything else dies, except for blue love-in-the-mist.

We chop briars, and cut grass and have children. We feed and wash and live mostly on what we have and when we haven't got much, we live on less. Many of us would make a better stab at managing the country's finances, not to mention dealing with the housing shortage, than most of those who set themselves up as experts because we know how to make do and use what is to hand.

We manage time. We have to. We know that without discipline, no work gets done. Some of us love nothing so much as a deadline, or a commission. Managing time is also managing chaos and imposing a shape on it. I have always had to do this, but it became clear me during the pandemic that it's not something everyone is used to.

“The Locked Down Cat” from Mary O’Malley

Any notions of linear time I still cling to were challenged during lockdown, when its elastic nature of became clear, and I often felt trapped and in its frozen coils, stuck in some in-between state like Schrödinger’s famous cat, both dead and alive until the Gods of the HSE, the WHO and the Government decided to open the box. Mostly I was alive, luckily, then they’d shut the box again, and we hung suspended.

In his book *Helgoland*, Carlo Rovelli writes that all facts are relative. Schrödinger’s cat is both dead and alive, as soon as he is observed.

‘Do you believe in the fairies?’

‘I do and I don’t.’ No artist will be surprised at this, nor at the idea that it is only in interaction we experience reality. I have taken the name of that Northern island where the scientist Werner Heisenberg developed the germ of what would become the theory of quantum mechanics. The landscape was barren and windswept, and sounds not unlike where I grew up.

‘Heligoland, with its one tree’ James Joyce called it in *Ulysess*, and I took Joyce’s version of the name for the title of a poem on the nature of time.

Throughout the various lockdowns, I read Joyce’s letters and tracts of *Ulysess* and *Finnegan’s Wake*, with its quantum jumps and curves and coiling reality. I found myself writing a poem about waking up to find I had Joyce’s eyes. This was after I woke one night with a lightning storm in my eye.

There were flashes and shadows and severe blurring in my left eye. I was left with a sorts of veil over my vision after the flashing subsided, and a small spot like an island that rose and fell slowly. It still does, at times. After strokes and other horrors were ruled out, and I found out a tiny bit of gel or nerve or something had come unstuck, that this is neither uncommon or harmful, I had yet another reason to admire Joyce. He suffered from troublesome eyes and endless operations all his life, and wrote most of *Ulysess* and *Finnegan’s Wake* in what must have been serious ‘discomfort’, to use a medical term.

So the poem, while unexpected, was not altogether surprising.

I am writing this in the house where I’ve written most of my work – poems, scripts for radio, a draft of a memoir and assorted essays and prose and some other abandoned things stuck in files and boxes. Without regular time away to get a fresh perspective and some badly needed courage, I don’t think I’d have gone on writing.

Eavan Boland recognised that need over thirty years ago when she told me to spend time out of out of Ireland as often as possible. You need it, she said. She told me how to apply for a travel grant and explained the form to me because she knew I hadn’t the confidence to do it by myself. Forms, like knitting patterns, are another skill I’ve never mastered and now it’s tax time, and my annual descent into the purgatory called accounts. More mysterious to me by far than the world of Erwin Schrödinger and his mystical cat. Or cats, if you prefer.



The O'Malley Clan Gathering 23-25 June 2023



The 67th Annual



O'MALLEY
CLAN GATHERING

CLARE ISLAND

Co Mayo, Ireland
23 - 25 June 2023



The O'Malley Clan Gathering 23-25 June 2023

NOTE: Details of events below are the best information available at time of publication (14th March 2023) and are subject to change. In the unlikely event of bad weather preventing ferry sailings, alternative venues will be organised.

Chieftain Martin O'Malley and the O'Malley Clan Association invite you to join us for the 67th Annual Clan Gathering in Co Mayo from the 23rd to 25th June, 2023

Note: All event bookings should be made at <https://www.ireland101.com/booking/book/omalley> only.

Please do not contact the venues looking for tickets as they do not have them.



Friday 23rd June

5:00 p.m. Annual General Meeting of the Clan at the Castle-court Hotel, Castlebar Road, Westport.

Guardian Chieftain Ellen O'Malley Dunlop will chair the AGM.

5:30 – 7:30 p.m. Chieftain's Reception at the Castlecourt Hotel

Welcome to the 67th annual O'Malley Gathering from Chieftain Martin O'Malley. Special guest Anne Chambers, biographer of Grace O'Malley.



8:00 p.m. Gala Concert at Holy Trinity Church, Westport

Shaun Davey, Rita Connolly Donal Lunny, David Brophy and Cora Venus Lunny will perform extracts from Shaun Davy's renowned Granuaile suite, portraying episodes in the life of Grace O'Malley, Ireland's Pirate Queen, and other works.

The O'Malley Clan Gathering 23-25 June 2023

Saturday 24th June

10:00 a.m. Update on Clan Projects.

Among other updates, Dr Maurice Gleeson will update us on the exciting Finding Grace's DNA project. We're trying to track down her genetic signature, so that O'Malleys everywhere can check and see how closely they may be related to the famous Pirate Queen.



11:15 a.m. Travel to Clare Island

Buses from the Octagon, Westport outside the Town Hall Theatre will take you to Roonagh, to catch a ferry to Clare Island. If you do not wish to take the bus, and to make your own way to Roonagh, ferry tickets may be booked directly from the ferry companies at <https://www.omalleyferries.com/> and <https://www.clareislandferry.com/>. Ferries may also be available from Kildavnet pier, Achill Island. Check with the ferry companies.

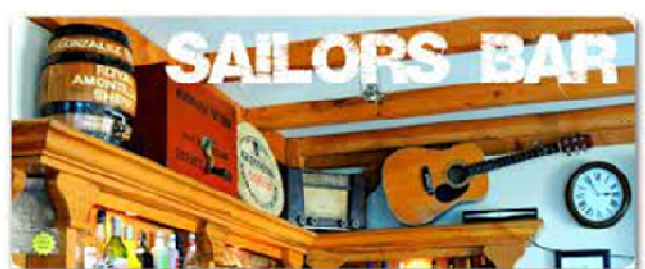


1:00 p.m. Saturday Festivities on Clare Island

On arrival at Clare Island harbour, overlooked by Grace O'Malley's castle, walk to the Community Centre for a light lunch. Use the early afternoon as you wish - rent a bike to explore the island or go on a guided Famine Walk. You could go for a swim at the beach or just relax with a drink and enjoy the scenery. There will be games and events for our younger visitors.



Then assemble at Sailors Bar for an evening of music and dancing. We'll have some famous and not-so-famous performers, and a chance to join in the Céilí. Eat at the barbecue and drink at the bar (not included in your ticket) as you wish. Weather permitting, we'll sit around a bonfire and sing a song or two before departing to catch the ferry and bus back to Westport. Choose between the early ferry around 6:30 pm or the late ferry around 10:30 pm.



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Sunday 25th June

9:15 a.m. Travel to Clare Island

Buses from the Octagon, Westport outside the Town Hall Theatre will take you to Roonagh, to catch a ferry to Clare Island. As on Saturday, if you wish to make your own way to Roonagh, ferry tickets may be booked directly from the ferry companies at <https://www.omalleyferries.com/> and <https://www.clareislandferry.com/>. Ferries may also be available from Kildavnet pier, Achill Island. Check with the ferry companies.

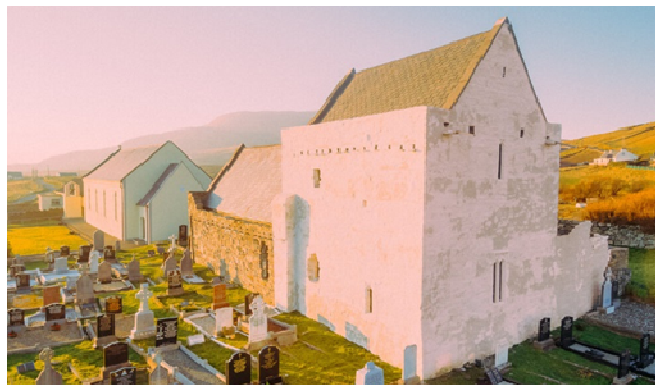


11:00 Arrive on Clare Island

Walk/cycle/minibus to Clare Island Abbey. It takes about 30 minutes to walk to the abbey from the pier. We will have two minibus taxis available for those who may not be up to the walk. These are not bookable in advance

11:40 Mass at Clare Island Abbey

Saint Bridget's Cistercian Abbey was founded in the 12th/13th century. It was rebuilt around 1460 and contains numerous O'Malley tombs. Tradition claims it as the site of the baptism, marriages and burial of Grace O'Malley.



1:30 p.m. Clan Lunch at Clare Island Community Centre

The formal heart of the O'Malley Clan Gathering. After a sit down lunch Chieftain Martin will review his year in office and recognise contributors to the O'Malley Clan.

3:00 p.m. (approx.) Inauguration of new Chieftain Nano O'Malley MacMahon

After the inauguration and the singing of Óró Sé do Bheatha 'Bhaile, relax and enjoy the company until it's time to say farewell and catch the ferry back to the mainland around 6:00 pm.



@clanomalley

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[o_malley_clan_association](https://www.instagram.com/o_malley_clan_association)

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 almost 70 years now.

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

Please Help Spread the Word about The O'Malley Clan Association

The O'Malley Clan Association needs your help. Yes you!

Our mission is to foster connections with O'Malleys all around the globe. Our hope is that you, the global O'Malley family can help us spread the word.

With the rapid development of digital technology, the internet, and social media over the past couple of decades, and particularly in the last few years, that mission could now be more achievable than ever.

We can only do it with all of our O'Malleys around the world helping out though.

Not everybody is on Facebook, but for those of you that are, (We have almost 1,100 followers on there), you can help spread the word of the O'Malley Clan Association's existence, **and its easy!**

When we put up posts on Facebook, (pretty much every day), only a handful of our followers actually see the posts automatically on their feed. **If all of you head over to The O'Malley Clan Association page on Facebook regularly though, and check out our posts, and like them, and share them,** then gradually, over time, all of our posts will appear on all of your timelines, and will spread further and further each time we post. The Facebook app puts things that we interact with regularly on our timelines and so if you interact with the O'Malley Clan Association page, the Clan Association's message will spread all around the world. It's free to do, and only takes a moment, (maybe once a week), when you've got some quiet time, to pop over to the page and check out the latest posts and like and share. More and more O'Malleys are connecting each month, but we want them all involved. Its the same with Instagram and Twitter too. If you can interact with the Clan Association social media then that will really help with the mission. Thanks so much.

Don O'Malley, Registrar & Digital Media