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O'Malley Clan Association Monthly Newsletter

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A Happy Easter to O'Malleys out there !

We hope you all had a wonderful Easter out there! Lots of chocolate and a bit of time with family over the holidays.

For any of you planning to travel to Limerick in June, "planning" is the important word! Time to get your trip planned and booked! We'll see you there.

Limerick 2024. Get Planning Your Trip! (Click image)

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Julia O'Malley and The Alaska Crab

BILLIONS OF SNOW CRABS ARE MISSING. A REMOTE ALASKAN VILLAGE DEPENDS ON THE HARVEST TO SURVIVE.

My small turboprop plane whirred low through thick clouds. Below me, St. Paul Island cut a golden, angular shape in the shadow-dark Bering Sea. I saw a lone island village — a grid of houses, a small harbor, and a road that followed a black ribbon of coast.

Some 330 people, most of them Indigenous, live in the village of St. Paul, about 800 miles west of Anchorage, where the local economy depends almost entirely on the commercial snow crab business. Over the last few years, 10 billion snow crabs have unexpectedly vanished from the Bering Sea. I was traveling there to find out what the villagers might do next.

The arc of St. Paul's recent story has become a familiar one — so familiar, in fact, I couldn't blame you if you missed it. Alaska news is full of climate elegies now — every one linked to wrenching changes caused by burning fossil fuels. I grew up in Alaska, as my parents did before me, and I've been writing about the state's culture for more than 20 years. Some Alaskans' connections go far deeper than mine. Alaska Native people have inhabited this place for more than 10,000 years.

As I've reported in Indigenous communities, people remind me that my sense of history is short and that the natural world moves in cycles. People in Alaska have always had to adapt.

Even so, in the last few years, I've seen disruptions to economies and food systems, as well as fires, floods, landslides, storms, coastal erosion, and changes to river ice — all escalating at a pace that's hard to process. Increasingly, my stories veer from science and economics into the fundamental ability of Alaskans to keep living in rural places.

You can't separate how people understand themselves in Alaska from the landscape and animals. The idea of abandoning long-occupied places echoes deep into identity and history. I'm convinced the questions Alaskans are grappling with — whether to stay in a place and what to hold onto if they can't — will eventually face everyone.

I've given thought to solastalgia — the longing and grief experienced by people whose feeling of home is disrupted by negative changes in the environment. But the concept doesn't quite capture what it feels like to live here now.

A few years ago, I was a public radio editor on a story out of the small Southeast Alaska town of Haines about a storm that came through carrying a record amount of rain. The morning started routinely — a

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reporter on the ground calling around, surveying the damage. But then, a hillside rumbled down, taking out a house and killing the people inside. I still think of it — people going through regular routines in a place that feels like home, but that, at any time, might come cratering down. There's a prickly anxiety humming beneath Alaska life now, like a wildfire that travels for miles in the loamy surface of soft ground before erupting without notice into flames.

But in St. Paul, there was no wildfire — only fat raindrops on my windshield as I loaded into a truck at the airport. In my notebook, tucked in my backpack, I'd written a single question: "What does this place preserve?"

The sandy road from the airport in late March led across wide, empty grassland, bleached sepia by the winter season. Town appeared beyond a rise, framed by towers of rusty crab pots. It stretched across a saddle of land, with rows of brightly painted houses — magentas, yellows, teals — stacked on either hillside. The grocery store, school, and clinic sat in between them, with a 100-year-old Russian Orthodox church named for Saints Peter and Paul, patrons of the day in June 1786 when Russian explorer Gavril Pribylov landed on the island. A darkened processing plant, the largest in the world for snow crabs, rose above the quiet harbor.

You're probably familiar with sweet, briney snow crab — Chionoecetes opilio — which is commonly found on the menus of chain restaurants like Red Lobster. A plate of crimson legs with drawn butter there will cost you $32.99. In a regular year, a good portion of the snow crab America eats comes from the plant, owned by the multibillion-dollar company Trident Seafoods.

Not that long ago, at the peak of crab season in late winter, temporary workers at the plant would double the population of the town, butchering, cooking, freezing, and boxing 100,000 pounds of snow crab per day, along with processing halibut from a small fleet of local fishermen. Boats full of crab rode into the harbor at all hours, sometimes motoring through swells so perilous they've become the subject of a popular collection of YouTube videos. People filled the town's lone tavern in the evenings, and the plant cafeteria, the only restaurant in town, opened to locals. In a normal year, taxes on crab and local investments in crab fishing could bring St. Paul more than $2 million.

Then came the massive, unexpected drop in the crab population — a crash scientists linked to record-warm ocean temperatures and less ice formation, both associated with climate change. In 2021, federal authorities severely limited the allowable catch. In 2022, they closed the fishery for the first time in 50 years. Industry losses in the Bering Sea crab fishery climbed into the hundreds of millions of dollars. St. Paul lost almost 60

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percent of its tax revenue overnight. Leaders declared a "cultural, social, and economic emergency." Town officials had reserves to keep the community's most basic functions running, but they had to start an online fundraiser to pay for emergency medical services.

Through the windshield of the truck I was riding in, I could see the only cemetery on the hillside, with weathered rows of orthodox crosses. Van Halen played on the only radio station. I kept thinking about the meaning of a cultural emergency.

Some of Alaska's Indigenous villages have been occupied for thousands of years, but modern rural life can be hard to sustain because of the high costs of groceries and fuel shipped from outside, limited housing, and scarce jobs. St. Paul's population was already shrinking ahead of the crab crash. Young people departed for educational and job opportunities. Older people left to be closer to medical care. St. George, its sister island, lost its school years ago and now has about 40 residents.

If you layer climate-related disruptions — such as changing weather patterns, rising sea levels, and shrinking populations of fish and game — on top of economic troubles, it just increases the pressure to migrate.

When people leave, precious intangibles vanish as well: a language spoken for 10,000 years, the taste for seal oil, the method for weaving yellow grass into a tiny basket, words to hymns sung in Unangam Tunuu, and maybe most importantly, the collective memory of all that had happened before. St. Paul played a pivotal role in Alaska's history. It's also the site of several dark chapters in America's treatment of Indigenous populations. But as people and their memories disappear, what remains?

There is so much to remember.

The Pribilofs consist of five volcano-made islands — but people now live mainly on St. Paul. The island is rolling, treeless, with black sand beaches and towering basaltic cliffs that drop into a crashing sea. In the summer it grows verdant with mosses, ferns, grasses, dense shrubs, and delicate wildflowers. Millions of migratory seabirds arrive every year, making it a tourist attraction for birders that's been called the "Galapagos of the North."

Driving the road west along the coast, you might glimpse a few members of the island's half-century-old domestic reindeer herd. The road gains elevation until you reach a trailhead. From there you can walk the soft fox path for miles along the top of the cliffs, seabirds gliding above you — many species of gulls, puffins, common murres with their white bellies and obsidian wings. In spring, before the island greens

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up, you can find the old ropes people use to climb down to harvest murre eggs. Foxes trail you. Sometimes you can hear them barking over the sound of the surf.

Two-thirds of the world's population of northern fur seals — hundreds of thousands of animals — return to beaches in the Pribilofs every summer to breed. Valued for their dense, soft fur, they were once hunted to near extinction.

Alaska's history since contact is a thousand stories of outsiders overwriting Indigenous culture and taking things — land, trees, oil, animals, minerals — of which there is a limited supply. St. Paul is perhaps among the oldest example. The Unangaŷ — sometimes called Aleuts — had lived on a chain of Aleutian Islands to the south for thousands of years and were among the first Indigenous people to see outsiders — Russian explorers who arrived in the mid-1700s. Within 50 years, the population was nearly wiped out. People of Unangaŷ descent are now scattered across Alaska and the world. Just 1,700 live in the Aleutian region.

St. Paul is home to one of the largest Unangaŷ communities left. Many residents are related to Indigenous people kidnapped from the Aleutian Islands and forced by Russians to hunt seals as part of a lucrative 19th century fur trade. St. Paul's robust fur operation, subsidized by slave labor, became a strong incentive for the United States' purchase of the Alaska territory from Russia in 1867.

On the plane ride in, I read the 2022 book that detailed the history of piracy in the early seal trade on the island, Roar of the Sea: Treachery, Obsession, and Alaska's Most Valuable Wildlife by Deb Vanasse. One of the facts that stayed with me: Profits from Indigenous sealing allowed the U.S. to recoup the $7.2 million it paid for Alaska by 1905. Another: After the purchase, the U.S. government controlled islanders well into the mid-20th century as part of an operation many describe as indentured servitude.

The government was obligated to provide for housing, sanitation, food, and heat on the island, but none were adequate. Considered "wards of the state," the government compensated Unangaŷ for their labors in meager rations of canned food. Once a week, Indigenous islanders were allowed to hunt or fish for subsistence. Houses were inspected for cleanliness and to check for homebrew. Travel on and off the island was strictly controlled. Mail was censored.

Between 1870 and 1946, Alaska Native people on the islands earned an estimated $2.1 million, while the government and private companies raked in $46 million in profits. Some inequitable practices continued well into the 1960s, when politicians, activists, and the Tundra Times, an Alaska Native newspaper, brought the story of the government's treatment of Indigenous islanders to a wider world.

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During World War II, the Japanese bombed Dutch Harbor and the U.S. military gathered St. Paul residents with little notice and transported them 1,200 miles to a detention camp at a decrepit cannery in Southeast Alaska at Funter Bay. Soldiers ransacked their homes on St. Paul and slaughtered the reindeer herd so there would be nothing for the Japanese if they occupied the island. The government said the relocation and detention were for protection, but they brought the Unangax̂ back to the island during the seal season to hunt. A number of villagers died in cramped and filthy conditions with little food. But Unangax̂ also became acquainted with Tlingits from the Southeast region, who had been organizing politically for years through the Alaska Native Brotherhood/Sisterhood organization.

After the war, the Unangax̂ people returned to the island and began to organize and agitate for better conditions. In one famous suit, known as "the corned beef case," Indigenous residents working in the seal industry filed a complaint with the government in 1951. According to the complaint, their compensation, paid in the form of rations, included corned beef, while white workers on the island received fresh meat. After decades of hurdles, the case was settled in favor of the Alaska Native community for more than $8 million.

"The government was obligated to provide 'comfort,' but 'wretchedness' and 'anguish' are the words that more accurately describe the condition of the Pribilof Aleuts," read the settlement, awarded by the Indian Claims Commission in 1979. The commission was established by Congress in the 1940s to weigh unresolved tribal claims.

Prosperity and independence finally came to St. Paul after commercial sealing was halted in 1984. The government brought in fishermen to teach locals how to fish commercially for halibut and funded the

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construction of a harbor for crab processing. By the early '90s, crab catches were enormous, reaching between 200 and 300 million pounds per year. (By comparison, the allowable catch in 2021, the first year of marked crab decline, was 5.5 million pounds, though fishermen couldn't catch even that.) The island's population reached a peak of more than 700 people in the early 1990s but has been on a slow decline ever since.

I'd come to the island in part to talk to Aquilina Lestenkof, a historian deeply involved in language preservation. I found her on a rainy afternoon in the bright blue wood-walled civic center, which is a warren of classrooms and offices, crowded with books, artifacts, and historic photographs. She greeted me with a word that starts at the back of the throat and rhymes with "song."

"Aang," she said.

Lestenkof moved from St. George, where she was born, to St. Paul, when she was four. Her father, who was also born in St. George, became the village priest. She had long salt-and-pepper hair and a tattoo that stretched across both her cheeks made of curved lines and dots. Each dot represents an island where a generation of her family lived, beginning with Attu in the Aleutians, then traveling to the Russian Commander Islands — also a site of a slave sealing operation — as well as Atka, Unalaska, St. George, and St. Paul.

"I'm the fifth generation having my story travel through those six islands," she said.

Lestenkof is a grandmother, related to a good many people in the village and married to the city manager. For the last 10 years she's been working on revitalizing Unangam Tunuu, the Indigenous language. Only one elder in the village speaks fluently now. He's among the fewer than 100 fluent speakers left on the planet, though many people in the village understand and speak some words.

Back in the 1920s, teachers in the government school put hot sauce on her father's tongue for speaking Unangam Tunuu, she told me. He didn't require his children to learn it. There's a way that language shapes how you understand the land and community around you, she said, and she wanted to preserve the parts of that she could.

"[My father] said, 'If you thought in our language, if you thought from our perspective, you'd know what I'm talking about,'" she said. "I felt cheated."

She showed me a wall covered with rectangles of paper that tracked grammar in Unangam Tunuu. Lestenkof said she needed to hunt down a fluent speaker to check the grammar. Say you wanted to say "drinking coffee," she explained. You might learn that you don't need to add the word for "drinking." Instead, you might be able to change the noun to a verb, just by adding an ending to it.

Her program had been supported by money from a local nonprofit invested in crabbing and, more recently, by grants, but she was recently informed that she may lose funding. Her students come from the village school, which is shrinking along with the population. I asked her what would happen if the crabs fail to come back. People could survive, she said, but the village would look very different.

"Sometimes I've pondered, is it even right to have 500 people on this island?" she said.

If people moved off, I asked her, who would keep track of its history?

"Oh, so we don't repeat it?" she asked, laughing. "We repeat history. We repeat stupid history, too."

Until recently, during the crab season, the Bering Sea fleet had some 70 boats, most of them ported out of Washington state, with crews that came from all over the U.S. Few villagers work in the industry, in part

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because the job only lasts for a short season. Instead, they fish commercially for halibut, have positions in the local government or the tribe, or work in tourism. Processing is hard, physical labor — a schedule might be seven days a week, 12 hours a day, with an average pay of $17 an hour. As with lots of processors in Alaska, nonresident workers on temporary visas from the Philippines, Mexico, and Eastern Europe fill many of the jobs.

The crab plant echoes the dynamics of commercial sealing, she said. Its workers leave their homeland, working hard labor for low pay. It was one more industry depleting Alaska's resources and sending them across the globe. Maybe the system didn't serve Alaskans in a lasting way. Do people eating crab know how far it travels to the plate?

"We have the seas feeding people in freakin' Iowa," she said. "They shouldn't be eating it. Get your own food."

Ocean temperatures are increasing all over the world, but sea surface temperature change is most dramatic in the high latitudes of the Northern Hemisphere. As the North Pacific experiences sustained increases in temperature, it also warms up the Bering Sea to the north, through marine heat waves. During the last decade, these heat waves have grown more frequent and longer-lasting than at any time since record-keeping began more than 100 years ago. Scientists expect this trend to continue.

A marine heat wave in the Bering Sea between 2016 and 2019 brought record warmth, preventing ice formation for several winters and affecting numerous cold-water species, including Pacific cod and pollock, seals, seabirds, and several types of crab.

Snow crab stocks always vary, but in 2018, a survey indicated that the snow crab population had exploded — it showed a 60 percent boost in market-sized male crab. (Only males of a certain size are harvested.) The next year showed abundance had fallen by 50 percent. The survey skipped a year due to the pandemic. Then, in 2021, the survey showed that the male snow crab population dropped by more than 90 percent from its high point in 2018. All major Bering Sea crab stocks, including red king crab and bairdi crab, were way down too. The most recent survey showed a decline in snow crabs from 11.7 billion in 2018 to 1.9 billion in 2022.

Scientists think a large pulse of young snow crabs came just before years of abnormally warm water temperatures, which led to less sea ice formation. One hypothesis is that these warmer temperatures drew sea animals from warmer climates north, displacing cold water animals, including commercial species like crab, pollock, and cod.

Another has to do with food availability. Crabs depend on cold water — water that's 2 degrees Celsius (35.6 degrees Fahrenheit), to be exact — that comes from storms and ice melt, forming cold pools on the bottom of the ocean. Scientists theorize that cold water slows crabs' metabolisms, reducing the

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animals' need for food. But with the warmer water on the bottom, they needed more food than was available. It's possible they starved or cannibalized each other, leading to the crash now underway. Either way, warmer temperatures were key. And there's every indication temperatures will continue to increase with global warming.

"If we've lost the ice, we've lost the 2-degree water," Michael Litzow, shellfish assessment program manager with the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, told me. "Cold water, it's their niche — they're an Arctic animal."

The snow crab may rebound in a few years, so long as there aren't any periods of warm water. But if warming trends continue, as scientists predict, the marine heatwaves will return, pressuring the crab population again.

Bones litter the wild part of St. Paul Island like Ezekiel's valley in the Old Testament — reindeer ribs, seal teeth, fox femurs, whale vertebrae, and air-light bird skulls hide in the grass and along the rocky beaches, evidence of the bounty of wildlife and 200 years of killing seals.

When I went to visit Phil Zavadil, the city manager and Aqualina's husband, in his office, I found a couple of sea lion shoulder bones on a coffee table. Called "yes/no" bones, they have a fin along the top and a heavy ball at one end. In St. Paul, they function like a magic eight ball. If you drop one and it falls with the fin pointing right, the answer to your question is yes. If it falls pointing left, the answer is no. One large one said "City of St. Paul Big-Decision Maker." The other one was labeled "budget bone."

The long-term health of the town, Zavadil told me, wasn't in a totally dire position yet when it came to the sudden loss of the crab. It had invested during the heyday of crabbing, and with a somewhat reduced budget could likely sustain itself for a decade.

"That's if something drastic doesn't happen. If we don't have to make drastic cuts," he said. "Hopefully the crab will come back at some level."

The easiest economic solution for the collapse of the crab fishery would be to convert the plant to process other fish, Zavadil said. There were some regulatory hurdles, but they weren't insurmountable. City leaders were also exploring mariculture — raising seaweed, sea cucumbers, and sea urchins. That would require finding a market and testing mariculture methods in St. Paul's waters. The fastest timeline for that was maybe three years, he said. Or they could promote tourism. The island has about 300 tourists a year, most of them hardcore birders.

"But you think about just doubling that," he said.

The trick was to stabilize the economy before too many working-age adults moved away. There were already more jobs than people to fill them. Older people were passing away, younger families were moving out.

"I had someone come up to me the other day and say, 'The village is dying,'" he said, but he didn't see it that way. There were still people working and lots of solutions to try.

"There is cause for alarm if we do nothing," he said. "We're trying to work on things and take action the best we can."

Aquilina Lestenkof's nephew, Aaron Lestenkof, is an island sentinel with the tribal government, a job that entails monitoring wildlife and overseeing the removal of an endless stream of trash that washes up ashore. He drove me along a bumpy road down the coast to see the beaches that would soon be noisy and crowded with seals.

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We parked and I followed him to a wide field of nubby vegetation stinking of seal scat. A handful of seal heads popped up over the rocks. They eyed us, then shimmied into the surf.

In the old days, Alaska Native seal workers used to walk out onto the crowded beaches, club the animals in the head, and then stab them in the heart. They took the pelts and harvested some meat for food, but some went to waste. Aquilina Lestenkof told me taking animals like that ran counter to how Unangaŷ related to the natural world before the Russians came.

"You have a prayer or ceremony attached to taking the life of an animal — you connect to it by putting the head back in the water," she said.

Slaughtering seals for pelts made people numb, she told me. The numbness passed from one generation to the next. The era of crabbing had been in some ways a reparation for all the years of exploitation, she said. Climate change brought new, more complex problems.

I asked Aaron Lestenkof if his elders ever talked about the time in the detention camp where they were sent during World War II. He told me his grandfather, Aquilina's father, sometimes recalled a painful experience of having to drown rats in a bucket there. The act of killing animals that way was compulsory — the camp had become overrun with rats — but it felt like an ominous affront to the natural order, a trespass he'd pay for later. Every human action in nature has consequences, he often said. Later, when he lost his son, he remembered drowning the rats.

"Over at the harbor, he was playing and the waves were sweeping over the dock there. He got swept out and he was never found," Aaron Lestenkof said. "That's, like, the only story I remember him telling."

We picked our way down a rocky beach littered with trash — faded coral buoys, disembodied plastic fishing gloves and boots, an old ship's dishwasher lolling open. He said the animals around the island were changing in small ways. There were fewer birds now. A handful of seals were now living on the island year -round, instead of migrating south. Their population was also declining.

People still fish, hunt marine mammals, collect eggs, and pick berries. Aaron Lestenkof hunts red-legged kittiwakes and king eiders, though he doesn't have a taste for the bird meat. He finds elders who do like them, but that's gotten harder. He wasn't looking forward to the lean years of waiting for the crabs to return. Proceeds from the community's investment in crabbing boats had paid the heating bills of older people; the boats also supplied the elderly with crab and halibut for their freezers. They supported education programs and environmental cleanup efforts. But now, he said, having the crab gone would " affect our income and the community."

Aaron Lestenkof was optimistic that they might cultivate other industries and grow tourism. He hoped so, because he never wanted to leave the island. His daughter was away at boarding school because there was no in-person high school any more. He hoped, when she grew up, that she'd want to return and make her life in town.

On Sunday morning, the 148-year-old church bell at Saints Peter and Paul Russian Orthodox Church tolled through the fog. A handful of older women and men filtered in and stood on separate sides of the church among gilded portraits of the saints. The church has been part of village life since the beginning of Russian occupation, one of the few places, people said, where Unangam Tunuu was welcome.

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A priest sometimes travels to the island, but that day George Pletnikoff Jr., a local, acted as subdeacon, singing the 90-minute service in English, Church Slavonic, and Unangam Tunuu. George helps with Aquilina Lestenkof's language class. He is newly married with a 6-month-old baby.

After the service, he told me that maybe people weren't supposed to live on the island. Maybe they needed to leave that piece of history behind.

It was only a matter of time until the fishing economy didn't serve the village anymore and the cost of living would make it hard for people to stay, he said. He thought he'd move his family south to the Aleutians, where his ancestors came from.

"Nikolski, Unalaska," he told me. "The motherland."

The next day, just before I headed to the airport, I stopped back at Aquilina Lestenkof's classroom. A handful of middle school students arrived, wearing oversize sweatshirts and high-top Nikes. She invited me into a circle where students introduced themselves in Unangam Tunuu, using hand gestures that helped them remember the words.

After a while, I followed the class to a work table. Lestenkof guided them, pulling a needle through a papery dried seal esophagus to sew a waterproof pouch. The idea was that they'd practice words and skills that generations before them had carried from island to island, hearing and feeling them until they became so automatic, they could teach them to their own children.

Julia O'Malley, Grist, 2023

Another amazing O'Malley—Bert W O'Malley

Dr. Bert O'Malley is the current Tom Thompson Distinguished Leadership Professor of Molecular and Cellular Biology and Chancellor at Baylor College of Medicine.

He graduated medical school at U. Pittsburgh where he was elected to the presidency of the student body and there he met and married his wife and partner Sally Ann Johnson who was president of the women's body and homecoming queen. Their happy and lifelong marriage produced four children, Bert Jr. Sally Jr., Rebecca and Erin.

He entered Pitt Medical school where he graduated first in his class. This was followed by periods at Duke for medical residency, NIH for research and clinical training in endocrine cancer, and Vanderbilt as Director of the Reproductive Biology Research Center. He relocated to Baylor Medical School in 1972 as Chair of Molecular and Cellular Biology and assumed the Chancellorship in 2019. In his career, he discovered the molecular pathway for hormone action, and the existence and role of 'nuclear coactivators' in this process. Coactivators turned out to be the master regulators of all gene expression and a key determinant of animal evolution. He proposed that a Coactivator Code is a determinant of genotype function and phenotype in mammals.

Bert was born in Pittsburgh Pennsylvania in 1936 and raised in the city's Garfield section. He was the only son of Bert Sr. and Rebecca O'Malley. His father was a car salesman and mother a homemaker and the family was of modest means. He was part of an extended Irish immigrant family and the first to go to college. He was educated in Catholic primary schools and Central Catholic High School. He attended the University of Pittsburgh College and Medical School where he graduated first in his class. He relocated to Duke University for resident training in Internal Medicine. He then went to NIH-NCI for advanced clinical and research training. While at NIH he popularized the chick oviduct as a endocrine organ in which female sex steroids induced the synthesis of ovalbumin mRNA and protein. In the midst of host of confusing theories as to how hormones work in cells in the 1960's, his experiments in the oviduct allowed him to be first to prove in 1972 that hormones act at DNA to induce gene expression changes which in turn direct target cell growth and function.

Middle Scientific Career

After he proposed that nuclear receptors are transcription factors that regulate mRNA production in target cells in response to intracellular hormones, he uncovered detailed mechanisms for activating steroid nuclear receptors (NRs), and discovered the existence of mysterious coactivators that he proposed to be

Another amazing O'Malley—Bert W O'Malley

required for receptor-dependent gene transcription. These coactivators turned out to be the long sought 'master regulators' of the entirety of mammalian genome function. His work led to a molecular understanding of how hormone agonist ligands and antagonists/SERMs work. Importantly, he revealed the major importance of coactivators in physiologies of reproduction, genetics, metabolism, inflammation, cardiovascular function, and especially cancers. His lab's publications of the first structures of full-length ER/SRC3/p300 and AR/SRC2/p300 and PR/SRC3/p300 complexes on DNA represent

landmark achievements in his field. He then went on to delve deeply into coactivator-mediated novel therapies.

Later Career

He uncovered the impressive cooperation of nuclear coactivator proteins in dysfunctional processes of transcription in metabolic diseases, in heart and brain degeneration, and especially in cancers. This interest was fueled by his multiple studies of structure/function of mammalian coregulator complexes and their crossover roles in transcription, oncogenic disease and tissue repair. He discovered small molecule drugs that could regulate coactivators to produce therapeutic outcomes for diseases such as cancer and stroke and heart failure.

Based upon intuitive evidence, he discovered a master role for the SRC-3 coactivator in immune T-regulatory cells, which guard against auto-immunity to one's own tissues, but which deleteriously inhibit the immune attack of Tcon cells on cancers. His lab constructed a mouse with only the SRC-3 coactivator gene deleted and in only Treg cells; he found these animals had the Treg brakes off their Tcon immune cells which could now attack and destroy inherent tumors. Remarkably, these animals were now 'completely resistant' to all major cancers for their entire lifetime. He then developed a new preclinical coactivator-centric adoptive cell transfer method for cancer in which one injection of SRC-3-deleted Tregs led to permanent eradication of existing cancers without 'any detectable toxicity'. The technology was patented by Baylor and licensed to CoRegen Inc. for translation to future cancer patients. He currently heads the Baylor Center for Coregulator Research' along with his executive staff of Drs. David Lonard, Sang-Jun Han and Clifford Dacso.

Bert O'Malley is considered the founding father of the field of Molecular Endocrinology and he is an elected member of the 'National Academies of: 'Sciences'; and of 'Medicine'; and of 'Inventors'. He received over 65 honors and major awards for his work, including the National Medal of Science (White House, 2008). He trained over 220 scientists and published over 750 papers and holds 33 patents in the fields of Gene Regulation, Molecular Endocrinology and Steroid Receptor-Coactivator Action and Molecular and Cell Based Medical Therapies.

A South Kerry O'Malley Update!

THE SOUTH KERRY O'MALLEYS

CREATED BY

THADY O'MALLEY

WITH

A HISTORY AND FAMILY TREE OF THE SOUTH KERRY O'MALLEYS

BY

GERARD O'MALLEY

DONATED BY TOM HORGAN, OIDHREACHT UÍBH RÁTHAIGH/HERITAGE IVERAGH

Following on from our articles in previous editions last year, we recently received the magnificant news that the archive of "The South Kerry O'Malleys" created by Timothy, Thady, O'Malley, held for a number of years by Tom Horgan of Iveragh Heritage in Kerry, and now authored by Gerry O'Malley of Limerick, has been donated to The Kerry County Museum, where everybody will be able to go and check out the details, with the archive possibly being of assistance in family history research, and a fabulous historic record.

The archive was created by Timothy Thady O' Malley, native of Waterville, County Kerry, Ireland. The contents include genealogical information, a large collection of important photographs, letters from several generations of O' Malleys and their extended families, newspaper and magazine cuttings, correspondence between Thady and O' Malley Clan Chieftains such as Conor O' Malley, Galway about the development of the Clan Association, and Sir Owen O' Malley about fundraising for the refurbishment of Rockfleet Castle, County Mayo. Thady raised funds with family members who had emigrated to the USA. In turn Thady corresponded with Clan members in Ireland and the US for the refurbishment of Derrynane House, the ancestral home of Daniel O' Connell in South Kerry.

Thady attributes the arrival of the O' Malleys from the West of Ireland in South Kerry to Daniel O' Connells ancestors. They were granted land in Termons , some settled in Spunkane, Derrynane and Gleesk, South Kerry.

The O' Malley family in Waterville played a key role in establishing the Waterville unit of the Irish Coastguard Lifesaving Service from 1923. At one time Thady's father Crohan and his brother John served together with Thady. Thady was " No.1 Man " at Waterville C.L.S. S. from 1934 until his retirement in May 1973 aged 70 with fifty years service.

The O' Máille newsletter published an abridged history of the South Kerry O' Malleys by Gerard O' Malley in the June and July 2023 editions. They can be accessed through the O' Malley Clan Association website in the newsletter archive.

A South Kerry O'Malley Update!

The O' Malleys, Malveys and Malleys descendants originating from South Kerry may now access The South Kerry O' Malleys Archive by contacting

The Kerry County Museum, Ashe Memorial Hall, Denny Street, Tralee, County Kerry, V92CXE3, Ireland.

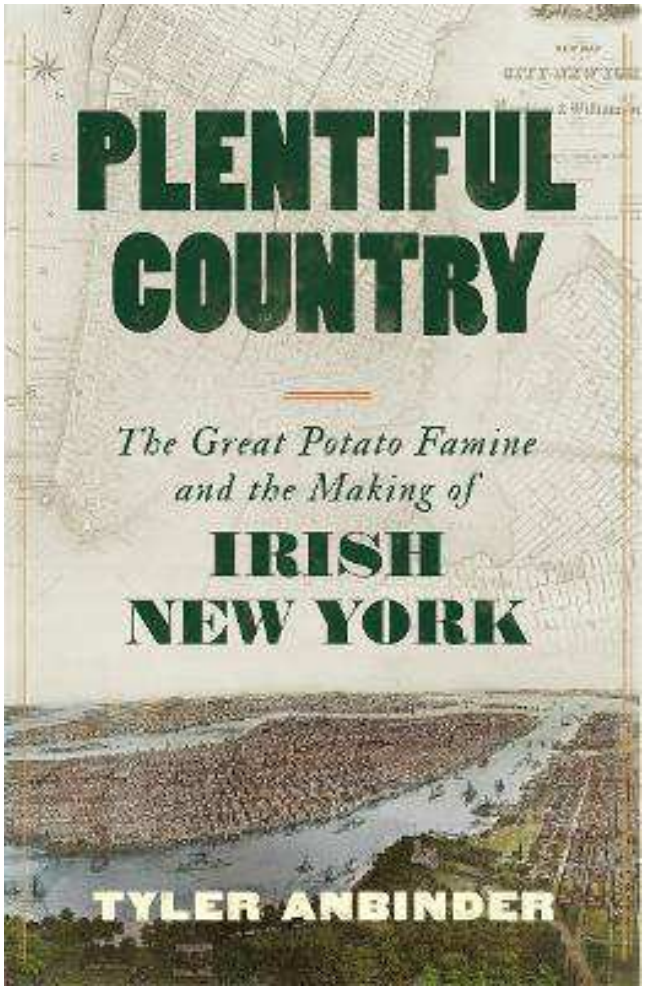
Curator/Manager - Helen O' Carroll, email: helen.ocarroll@kerrycoco.ie

Special Collections Officer - Jemma O' Connell, email; jemma.oconnell@kerrycoco.ie

At the recent donation by Thomas F. Horgan of the South Kerry O' Malley Archive to the Kerry County Museum, Photo Left to Right , Tom Horgan, Oidreacht úibh Ráthaigh/ Heritage Iveragh, Helen O' Carroll, Manager/Curator, Jemma O' Connell, Special Collections Officer, Gerry O' Malley, Limerick, author of, A History of the South Kerry O'Malleys.

"Plentiful Country" - The Famine & Irish New York

How a surprising detail in bank records helped a historian bust a longstanding myth about Irish immigrants



Tyler Anbinder didn't know what he'd find when he started digging into a vast trove of records that had been locked inside a bank — and inaccessible to the public — for nearly 150 years.

One detail immediately caught the historian's attention: The accounts described in the bank's ledgers had much more money in them than he expected.

As he first combed through files from the Emigrant Savings Bank at the New York Public Library that day about 25 years ago, Anbinder was working on a book about the city's famed Five Points neighborhood.

That 19th-century enclave, portrayed as a battleground for warring criminals in the 2002 Martin Scorsese film "Gangs of New York," was "notoriously overcrowded, run-down (and) impoverished," Anbinder notes. It was also "home to more Irish immigrants than any other part of New York."

Still, the bank records Anbinder found revealed that even day laborers, who many would assume lived hand to mouth, had savings in their accounts that would amount to around $6,000 in today's dollars.

"I was really surprised … It just went against the whole reputation of Five Points that it was this terrible, impoverished place," he says. "It's not that they were rich, but they weren't poor. And their bank accounts clearly showed that most of the people who lived in Five Points could afford to live elsewhere if they wanted to."

That finding stuck in Anbinder's mind for years, and eventually became the basis for his latest book, which published last week. In "Plentiful Country: The Great Potato Famine and the Making of Irish New York," Anbinder uses the bank records to dispel a myth that's prevailed for generations about the 1.3 million Irish people who fled to the United States when famine hit their homeland.

He argues that many weren't "immigrants locked in gloomy lives of poverty," as they were often portrayed — not just in more recent Hollywood movies like "Gangs of New York," but also by their contemporaries and by generations of scholars.

"Plentiful Country" - The Famine & Irish New York

Anbinder, an emeritus professor of history at George Washington University, paints a distinctly different picture of the famine immigrants. That's something he says he could only accomplish because the extensive biographical information in the stunningly detailed bank records allowed him to do something that past historians and even descendants of this group of immigrants couldn't. With assistance scouring records from dozens of his students and a professional genealogist, Anbinder documented more than 1,200 famine immigrants' lives in detail over time — looking beyond the moment they arrived on US soil and showing what happened to them afterward. Many of them, he says, did better than longstanding stereotypes would lead us to expect.

"All those stories, which were untraceable before, I bring out for the first time in this book," Anbinder says.

A few days before St. Patrick's Day, Anbinder spoke with CNN about some of the most fascinating details he unearthed and how the history behind them still resonates today. His comments have been edited for length and clarity.

You note that, for years, there's been a myth many believed about the Irish immigrants who came to the US during the potato famine — that they were so impoverished they could never make it in America. Why did it perpetuate for so long, and when did you start to suspect that the story was different?

Ever since the famine immigrants arrived, Americans were convinced that they could not succeed in America. In those days, it took a lot of resources to make it to the United States. The journey from Europe was 35 days … You had to bring your own food. You had to make it to Liverpool, and so you had to have a good amount of money to come to the States. Typical immigrants to the United States were fairly well off.

With the Great Potato Famine, where all of a sudden millions of people are starving in Ireland, people are fleeing and they get on ships even though they don't have 35 days' supply of food. And they just figure, somehow, they have to make it, because it's life or death. They get to America half-starved. And many of them are discriminated against because they're Catholic. Americans thought, "The Irish, they can't succeed here. They're too poor. They're too Catholic. They don't have the capital — the resources — that other immigrants had brought with them."

And then through the generations, historians started making the same argument. In part, that was because it was just impossible to trace Irish famine immigrants and find out what had happened to them. There were just too many with the same names, hundreds and hundreds of Murphys and Kellys and Sullivans.

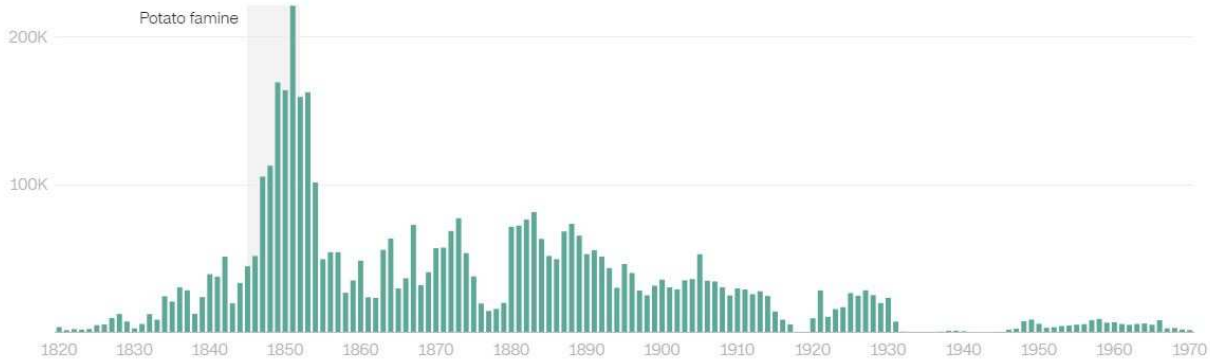
But when the records of the Emigrant Savings Bank became available at the New York Public Library, I went there and started looking at the bank accounts of people who lived in Five Points.

I had another book planned, but all the while I kept thinking, these bank records are just so insanely good, because they have so much biographical detail about each depositor. You could see what happened to them, because it listed so much detail about their families and where they came from in Ireland when they arrived in the United States. And then over the years, as their occupations changed, as their addresses changed, they would give that information to the bank, and so you could trace them. And then even people who only had bank accounts for a few months could be traced. There was so much biographical detail in the bank records that allowed you to tell one Michael Sullivan from the next. After I started researching the whole of Irish in New York, and not just Five Points, I saw that the upward mobility for the famine Irish was really quite remarkable.

"Plentiful Country" - The Famine & Irish New York

When you came across these records from the bank, did you set out with a hypothesis, or did you just say, let's see what story comes out when we try to look over time at this group?
I knew that the Irish had saved more than I expected. But I didn't know that there was socioeconomic mobility tied to that. My goal was just to use the fact that you could trace these people's lives like never before to try to tell the story of the famine immigrants with a level of detail that had never been done before. I made myself a little Excel spreadsheet and I put people in it. Each person got a line. As I went from having 10 lives to 100 lives to 1,000 lives, I came up with codes (for different types of jobs) and tallied it up. What I found in the end was 41% of the people who started out as day laborers and other unskilled positions end up at the end of their lives as business owners or other white-collar jobs.
Nobody — even the experts in Irish American history — nobody imagined that four in 10 day laborers could end up in white-collar jobs. This is just inconceivable to anyone who had ever thought about the famine Irish given the obstacles that faced them.

A snapshot of Irish immigration to the US
Irish immigration peaked in the mid-1800s, when famine forced many to flee. A decade after the potato blight first struck, 1.3 million immigrants had made the journey from Ireland to the United States.



Why did you feel like this story needed to be told?
There are just so many stories that you uncover. And what they all show is how ambitious and driven the Irish were. And it tells you so much about immigrants today, because immigrants today are really just like immigrants 175 years ago. Like the famine Irish, they're not the dregs of the societies they come from. They are the most ambitious people, and they're people with some resources, typically, to get to the United States. They tend to be very young, very driven.
The native-born Americans at the time the famine Irish came said, "oh, they're going to all ask for charity and we're going to have to support them." But no, they didn't want to rely on charity. They wanted to make money. They wanted to become rich. And they worked really hard to try to do that.
Today's immigrants do the same thing. Once our ancestors become hyphenated Americans, we forget. We don't realize that they went through the same things that other immigrants have gone through.

The publisher's description of your book notes that four US presidents descended from the famine immigrants. That detail really jumped out at me.

"Plentiful Country" - The Famine & Irish New York

They're mostly recent. Biden, Obama, Reagan and Kennedy.

Was there anything particular to the Irish famine immigrant experience that somehow kind of set the stage for that?

What I think is more surprising is that there haven't been more. And the reason there haven't been more is because of what I was saying before. It's hard to remember in the 2020s how strong anti-Catholicism has been in American history up until very recently. With Kennedy, that was a huge deal. People thought, how can we elect a Catholic president? He's going to just do whatever the Pope tells him to do. Kennedy had to go to great lengths to say, "I am not beholden to the Pope and I don't take my commands from Rome." Biden doesn't have to say that, so that's a way in which things have changed.

When the famine immigrants arrived, how did they encounter this prejudice as they were trying to establish themselves in the United States?

The prejudice took several forms. The Irish were denigrated as lazy, as stupid, as incompetent. Those stereotypes led to another kind of discrimination: employment.

If you had an Irish accent, there were lots of jobs you simply couldn't have, unless you could find an Irish employer to hire you for that kind of job. That also manifested itself in advertisements in American newspapers saying, "no Irish need apply." Those were pretty rare, because most newspapers refused to publish them. When they did publish them, people boycotted their newspapers. But every once in a while, one got in. And even though those were relatively rare, they were so well remembered and so outraged the Irish that it scarred them.

Lacking employment opportunities means it's harder to climb the socioeconomic ladder because you can't advance to the higher-paying, white-collar jobs as easily as native-born Americans can. The result, however, is in some ways beneficial to the Irish, because what the Irish then do is they concentrate in terms of their aspirations in self-employment, starting their own small businesses. Because your boss can't discriminate against you if you're the boss.

So Irish immigrants are much more likely to start businesses than native-born Americans in that era. Just like today, immigrants are much more likely to start small businesses than native-born Americans. And that's not a coincidence.

You paint such a vivid, horrifying picture of how devastating the famine was. Why did you feel it was important to delve into that before you got into what life was like for them in the United States?

"Plentiful Country" - The Famine & Irish New York

Wanted.

COACHMAN WANTED—A Man who understands the care of horses and is willing to make himself generally useful, on a small place six miles from the city. A colored man preferred. No Irish need apply, at No. 72 South-st.

MRS. GALE, Widow of James Gale, formerly of No. 84 Liberty-st., will hear of something to her advantage by immediately sending her address to the subscriber. Any one knowing her address will be rewarded by communicating it. W. H. DUSENBERRY, Att'y, &c., Clinton-court, No. 13 Beekman-st.

NEW INTELLIGENCE OFFICE—The European American Employment Office, No. 95 Greenwich-st. will open for business on Monday, 17th inst.—This Office will make it its sole study to procure good German, British, French and American Servants for families, boarding houses and hotels; and good male and female assistants and workers for store-keepers, mechanics, farmers, builders, &c., in New-York and all the Union. Parties in want of Servants, and employers of every kind will find the utmost attention paid to their wishes by this office free of any charge, and they are requested to apply at once in English, French or German, prepaid if by letter, at the Office, No. 95 Greenwich-st.

SIX MEN WANTED—All must be Protestant.—A private Waiter, Coachman and Gardener, Vegetable Gardener, a useful Man, and a Farmer; also a Waiter Boy. Apply at No. 148 Grand-st.

The famine really scarred these people. And you see that manifested in so many different ways. Probably the thing that I saw the most with the records that are available is the way the famine immigrants were obsessive savers, because they never wanted to be in a position again where they couldn't buy food for their kids.

I talk towards the end of the book about this one guy who is a gardener for his first 10 years in America. He saves enough money as a gardener to open a saloon in Manhattan, just south of the George Washington Bridge. He opens a saloon up there, which he can afford to do on his gardener savings, because it's kind of out of the way. But the city grows, and it grows around where he set up the saloon. He runs it for 30 years. And when he dies, they come and evaluate his possessions for probate purposes. And this house has hardly anything in it. And they say $30 worth of possessions is all he has. But he also has this tiny safe. And the judge allows them to open it.

There are bank books from 30 different banks. It turned out he had the equivalent of about $1 million today in 30 different bank accounts and government bonds and real estate, and he owned whole blocks of northern Manhattan as part of his real estate holdings. That was the kind of thing you did when you were scarred so much by the famine.

I thought it was interesting that they were using banks for their savings. Today we hear a lot about the unbanked.

There's a couple of reasons for that. In your tenement in Five Points, or pretty much any place in New York in those days, there were no locks on the doors. So you either had to carry your money in your pockets or put it in the bank. Tenement apartment robberies were common.

The other thing was, banks paid really high interest rates. Today, you put your money in your checking account, you get 0.1%. The Emigrant Savings Bank paid 6% or 7% interest every year, whether it was good times or bad. That's huge.

If you've come from a place like Ireland where you've been so poor — somebody's willing to pay you 6% or 7% interest, that's a lot of money that you're throwing away if you don't put your money in the bank.

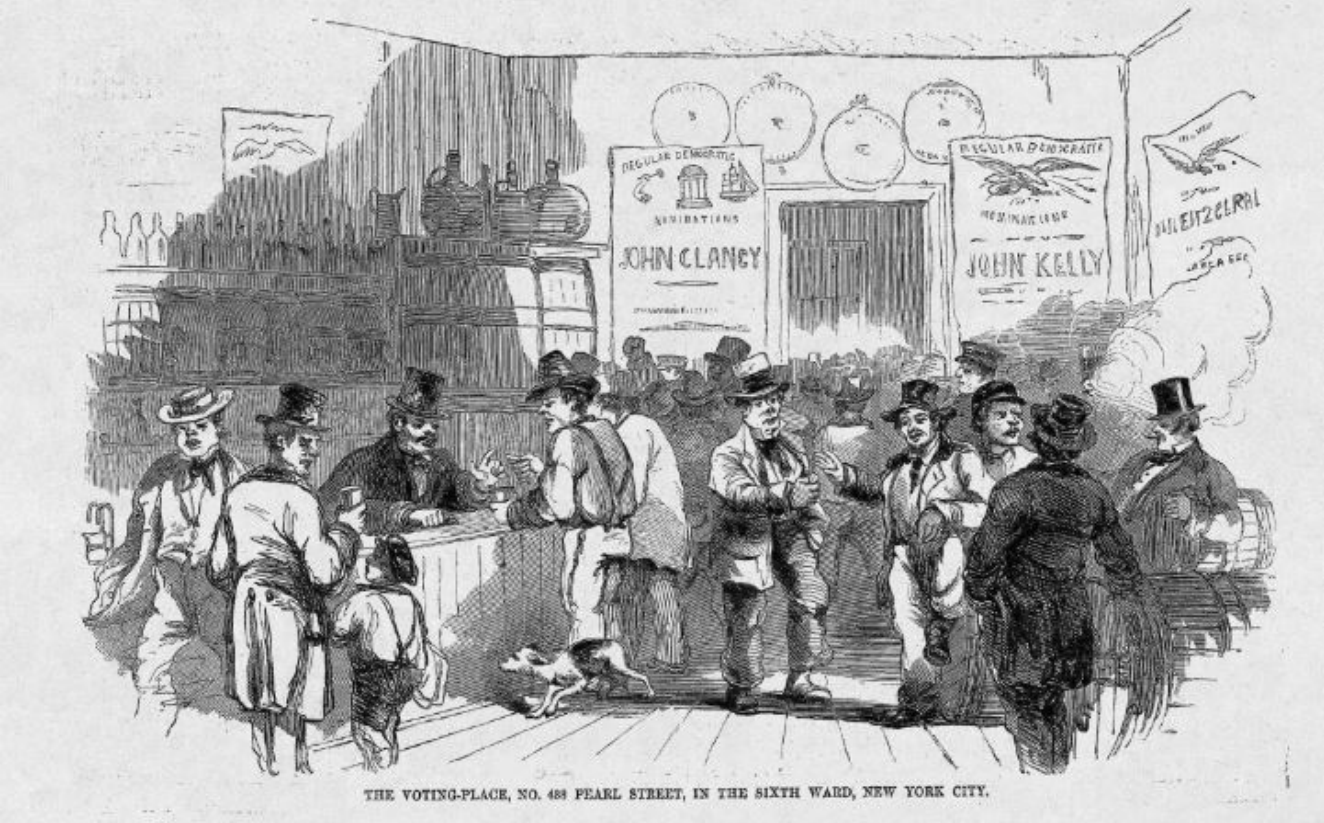
And as a result, what we can tell is that at the very least, half of Irish New Yorkers had bank accounts, and probably a lot more. And studies even show that Irish immigrants, were more likely to have bank accounts than native born Americans.

"Plentiful Country" - The Famine & Irish New York

In the book you mention being a police officer or saloonkeeper were paths that a lot of people gravitated towards. Why was that?

There were a couple of reasons that an Irish immigrant would want to be a policeman. First of all, it was a position of respect and respect was something that the Irish had very little experience receiving in Ireland under British rule. Second, it paid well. Third, it paid whether there was rain or shine. The jobs that most Irish immigrants had when they got to America were seasonal. The number one industry that Irish immigrants worked in was construction. And then the final thing was it had a pension, which was just inconceivable to most famine immigrants that they would keep paying you after you stopped working.

Becoming a saloonkeeper was popular because it was considered the pinnacle of Irish American success. The only Irish immigrants who had more money in their bank accounts than saloonkeepers were doctors and lawyers, and very few of the famine immigrants had the education necessary for those jobs. As a result, if you wanted to strike it rich in America, being a saloonkeeper was your best bet.



THE VOTING-PLACE, NO. 488 PEARL STREET, IN THE SIXTH WARD, NEW YORK CITY.

Zooming out and thinking of the broader American story, how would you describe the significance of the famine immigrants?

The famine immigrants really were the ones who cemented the idea of the American Dream as we understand it today.

Up to that point, people thought only the right immigrants could make it in America. You had to be Protestant. You had to be educated. You had to have some resources behind you. So when the famine Irish get to America, people say, "oh, these people can't succeed. They have the wrong religion. They're so uneducated." More than half of them couldn't write their own names. But the famine Irish proved that anyone could succeed in America.

"Plentiful Country" - The Famine & Irish New York

And the fact that they climbed the socioeconomic ladder so swiftly — even if it was not something that was recognized immediately in the United States — eventually it was recognized. That changed the whole idea of the American Dream to Americans. And from that point on, Americans never said only certain people can succeed in America. Americans revised the idea of the American dream to its current iteration, which was the idea that America has the right circumstances. It allows anybody to rise from rags to riches. Anybody can succeed because America is uniquely full of opportunity and economic vibrancy.

As part of your research, you traced some of your own Irish family tree. Were you excited to learn that you had a personal connection with this chapter of history?

I was, because I didn't know I had a famine immigrant in my family tree. And the immigrant himself, John Killeen, I thought his story was fascinating. He worked for the New York Central Railroad for 50 years, until he's 80 years old. That was very typical of the famine immigrants. You have a job, you don't just give it up voluntarily. You keep working as long as someone is willing to pay you, because who knows what'll happen.

How important is New York City in the Irish famine immigrant story? How did they shape New York and how did the city shape them?

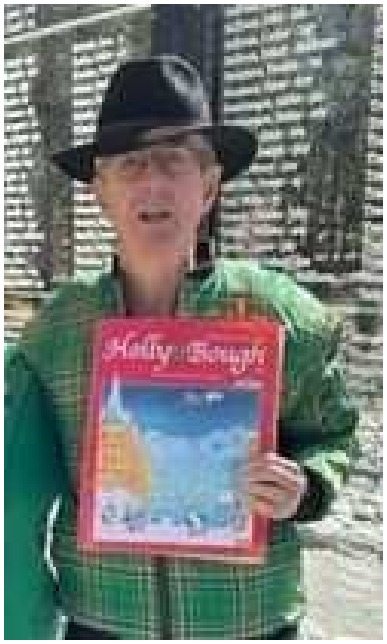
About 80% of all immigrants arriving in America in those years landed in New York. The Irish overwhelmingly land in New York when they arrive in America, and because they're so poor, most of them can't afford to go any farther than New York when they first arrive.

So most of the famine immigrants have an experience in New York. They might not live there for their whole lives, but most of them live there for at least a few months. And certainly a large majority lived there for at least a few years. After five years, probably the majority have moved someplace else.

"Plentiful Country" - The Famine & Irish New York

But New York really shaped them and shaped their perception of the United States. It shaped how they looked at doing business and opening a business. It taught them the value of real estate.
Early on, you might invest your money in a saloon. But saloonkeepers eventually learned that the safest place to put their money was not in more saloons, but in real estate. And often that was in Manhattan. But then sometimes they would say, well, I can buy a 25-by-100-foot lot in Manhattan, but I can buy a whole block of Chicago for that same price when I move there. And then I can rent all those blocks out and become a landlord.
As the famine immigrants spread out across the country, they took those New York experiences with them and helped shape America. Whether it's California or Minnesota or Saint Louis, wherever they went, they used what they had learned in New York to make their way.

CNN



Left: Paul McLoughlin, of Colorado, (a regular contributer to the O'Malley Clan Newsletter, who contributed to "Plentiful Country" and right, Tyler Anbinder

Tell us your O'Malley Stories—What O'Malley would you love to have met?

We want to put together something very special for the O'Malley Clan Gathering coming up in June. There'll be various great events over the weekend, including Irish Dancing, and Irish Music, but something we want to include too, is the great Irish tradition of storytelling.

What we're looking for is your stories. We want you to tell us about an O'Malley that you would have loved to have met. on a single A4 sheet, with no more than 500 words, (please include an image too),

It could be artist and freedom fighter Ernie O'Malley, it could be Grace O'Malley, the Pirate Queen herself, or maybe Lord Sligo, one of the men that ended the slave trade. It could be someone from your own family history. A great grandad that sailed the seas of the world and would have lots of stories to share with you. It could be a grandad that dropped into Normandy by parachute in June 1944, or maybe a great great grandmother that sailed to the new world in the 1800's to find a new life for herself. It'll be your story, so you tell us who it is that you would have loved to meet and have a chat with. To hear all about their life, their adventures, their triumphs and tragedies.

What we plan to do with these single sheet stories is to create display boards with multiple sheets on each, and to have these on display at the Gathering in June. So, even if you can't wing your way over to Ireland to be at the Gathering in Limerick, you can still be present in this small way, and share a little bit of your O'Malley story with us all.

Who knows, if we were to get enough of these single sheet stories, we could put them together into a booklet too, and make that available.

We'll need you to get on board and put your stories together though. A single A4 sheet, so no need to go into forensic detail. There won't be space for that. If you do end up writing a book about your ancestors, we can promote that for you in the newsletter too, but for this we're looking for a short extract, a small window into their story, a snippet of the bigger story.

We have an example of what we might be looking for on the next page, but this is only a suggestion, lets get our thinking hats on, and see what we can come up with.

Please forward all submissions to story@omalleyclan.ie before 1st April, and we can go through all of them then and get those displays put together.

It'd be fantastic to have input for the Gathering from everyone around the world, including those that can't make it to Limerick, so here's your opportunity!

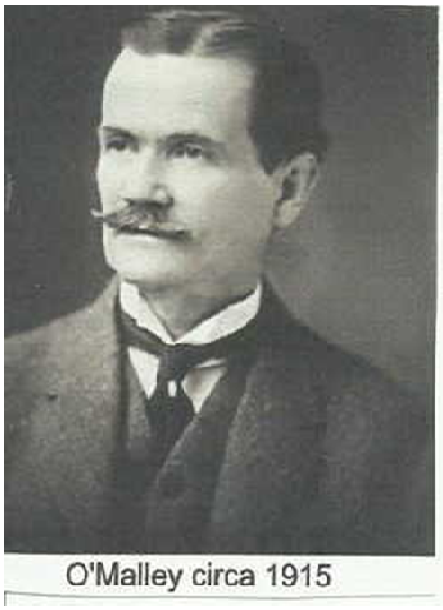
Thanks for your efforts, in advance.

Don O'Malley

O'Malley Clan Association

Tell us your O'Malley Stories—What O'Malley would you love to have met?

Dr. Austin O'Malley: Polymath, poisoning victim and O'Malley genealogist.


O'Malley circa 1915

Austin O'Malley of Philadelphia was by any account a remarkable man. As a writer and lecturer in both the arts and the sciences, he was widely respected. He was a university professor, physician, author of books on a range of subjects, lecturer to learned societies all over the USA, a linguist of note and an authority on the poet Dante. He also researched his descent from the O'Malley Chieftains of Co Mayo, compiling an extensive family tree in the process.

Born in 1858 in Pittston, Pennsylvania to an Irish immigrant from Westport, he entered Fordham University aged only 14 and graduated at the top of his class. He studied philosophy and languages in Rome and then undertook a medical career, studying at Georgetown University, the university of Berlin and medical schools in Paris and Vienna, specialising in bacteriology.

He returned to the US in 1893 and worked initially as a bacteriologist and pathologist in Georgetown. However, his writings led in a different direction and he was appointed Professor of English Literature at Notre Dame University in Indiana in 1895, a position he held until his health forced his resignation in 1902.

In March 1902, he married Ailene Ellis and shortly afterwards became seriously ill with food poisoning, initially attributed to accidental consumption of infected canned goods. His brother Joseph, also a doctor, brought him to Philadelphia for treatment. While there, Joseph became suspicious of Ailene's relationship with a former boyfriend and managed to tip off police who arrested the young couple attempting to catch a train west with several diamond rings stolen from Dr Joseph's wife. This led to speculation that Dr Austin's poisoning was not accidental after all! Austin made a slow recovery during which he divorced his errant wife and never married again.

He began to specialise in the study of the eye at the University of Pennsylvania and became an oculist in Philadelphia, which was his principal occupation for the next thirty years. Nonetheless, he continued writing and lecturing extensively on literary and medical subjects.

It is not clear when he first became interested in his O'Malley ancestry. The papers of Professor Conor O'Malley of Galway, Middleton Moore O'Malley of Ross House, Newport, Co Mayo and Sir Owen O'Malley all contain correspondence with and references to him, from the1890s to his death in 1932. He visited Ireland on several occasions during his research. A slim volume entitled *The O'Malleys of the Owles* by him is available in the National Library in Dublin. An accompanying family tree has been the basis for many other O'Malley genealogical articles and correspondence, leading to several disputed claims relating to the Chieftains of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and their descendants.

I would be fascinated to discover the sources he used in his Irish researches, particularly his first hand interactions with various elderly O'Malleys and others. It would be even more amazing to get to know such an extraordinarily talented and intelligent man.

Brendan O'Malley

O'Malley Clan Gathering 2024—Programme of events

Friday 28th June

Tinnatarriff National School Complex, Cappamore

2pm "The O'Malley Olympics" We'll kick off a mighty weekend for all O'Malleys and our friends with lots of fun and games for kids of all ages in Cappamore, with treats for the kids, and a great time to be had by all. For O'Malleys **and all of our friends too!** A nice informal, fun start to the weekend in Limerick!

Hayes' Bar & Sliabh Feilim Room, Cappamore

5pm: Chieftain's Reception, followed by a historical presentation on Ireland and the US, and our intertwined history over the hundred years since the Irish State was recognised by the USA, on the 28th June 1924. 100 years to the day. Professor Bernadette Whelan will examine the rituals of Irish emigration to the USA, from decision, to packing, to departure, and the intense impact on the social, psychological and emotional lives of those who left and those who stayed behind

O'Malley Clan Gathering 2024—Programme of events

St John's Church, Abington, Murroe

8pm Concert by The Sliabh Feilim Singers with special guests, in aid of Cappamore Day Care Centre and Milford Hospice, Limerick.

Hayes' Bar & Sliabh Feilim Room, Cappamore

10pm Drinks and nibbles back at Hayes' with Irish music and dancing, exhibits of family trees and family photographs. A great night in Cappamore!

Saturday 29th June

Bus Tour

11:00am Bus Tour will take us to a Guided tour of Ardnacrusha Hydroelectric Power Station, built in the late 1920's with O'Malley Engineers to the fore, then on to 1pm Lunch in Limerick.

2:30pm A combination of walking tours around Limerick City finishing at the Round House with a special cocktail for everyone, to round off the afternoon.

O'Malley Clan Gathering 2024—Programme of events

Saturday 29th June

Evening Events

7pm Pre-dinner drinks at the pub in Bunratty Castle Folk Park.

We'll meet up at the pub in Bunratty Folk Village for a little tipple before we head over to Bunratty Castle.

8:30pm till late, Medieval Banquet in Bunratty Castle.

What a night this will be! A medieval banquet in Bunratty Castle with the O'Malley Clan. This is an event that you won't want to miss.

O'Malley Clan Gathering 2024—Programme of events

Sunday 30th June

St Munchin's Catholic Church, Limerick

11:30am Annual Clan Mass

We'll pause and reflect on the year that has passed, and those we've lost in the past 12 months, with Canon Donough O'Malley celebrating mass.

Strand Hotel, Limerick

1pm O'Malley Clan Annual General Meeting. Time to look at the admin side of things, see how we're doing and see what can be done better. Time to have your say as a member of the O'Malley Clan.

2pm Annual Clan Luncheon

3:30pm Inauguration of New Clan Chieftain Grace O'Malley

We' have the booking link up on the O'Malley Clan Association website here, where you cansecure your spots at the various events.

If you've any queries at all, please drop us a line by email to omalleyclanireland@gmail.com Get your trip planned and we'll see you in Limerick, June 28th to 30th 2024!

Events are, at this early stage, subject to change

@clanomalley

The O'Malley Clan
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Unit 11, Abington Enterprise Centre
Murroe
Co Limerick
Ireland V94 XFD3

Email: omalleyclanireland@gmail.com

Website: www.omalleyclan.ie

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 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.

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The O'Malley Clan Association NEEDS YOUR HELP, Join Today!

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