



An Caomhnóir

Nuachtlitr Fhondúireacht an Bhlascaoid 2013

Uimh. 33

£5.00

Pádraig Ó Catháin (1921 - 2012)
– Deireadh ré mhóir agus Peaidí imithe
ar shlí na fírinne. Féach lch. 14

1953
– 60 bliain imithe ón Oileán ...

*“Scríobhas ... d’fhonn go mbeadh cuimhne i bpoll
éigin orthu ... agus chun go mbeadh a dtuairisc
inár ndiaidh, mar ná beidh ár leithéidí arís ann.”*

– Tomás Ó Criomhthain

... agus 2013
– 20 bliain faoi bhláth san Ionad.

Focal ón gCathaoirleach



Is le fonn atáim ag cur peann le pár uair amháin eile don gCaomhnóir.

Tá bliain eile curtha dinn againn agus sinn go léir le chéile ag iarraidh aidhmeanna na Fondúireachta a thabhairt chun críche go foirfe.

Táimid thar a bheith sásta go bhfuil an rialtas ag leanúint le caomhnú na seanfhothrach ar an mBlascaod agus is iontach leis go bhfuil airgead dá chur ar fáil ag an Roinn Ealaíon, Oidhreacht agus Gaeltachta, chun cabhrú le sábháilteacht ag caladh an Oileáin. Ar

ndóigh táimid ag feitheamh fós le bunú an Choiste Bainistíochta agus táimid ullamh chun a bheith rannpháirteach go smior ann.

Traoslaímid ó chroí le Coiste an Cheiliúrtha – comhfhiontar idir sinn féin agus Ionad an Bhlascaoid. Bhí ard-dheireadh seachtaine againn i mbliana agus bhain an slua mór a d'fhreastail air idir thairbhe agus thaitneamh as. Cheana féin táthar ag prapáil do Cheiliúradh 2013. “Sealbhú agus Saibhriú na Teanga” an téama a bheidh faoi chaibidil. Tá sé seo thar a bheith tráthúil le Stráitéis Fiche Bliain na Gaeilge seolta agus ar ndóigh an tobar rí-shaibhir Gaeilge a d'fhág na hlar-blascaodaigh againn.

Ba dheas linn an deis a thógaint freisin chun buíochas a ghabháil le Muintir Chearna i Springfield, Mass. agus lena gcairde as ucht a bhfhlaithiúlacht leanúnach ag cur linn bliain i ndiaidh bliana agus dóibh siúd a chabhraíonn in aon slí leis an gCeiliúradh nó leis an gCaomhnóir. Buíochas ó chroí freisin le Mícheál de Mórdha, Bainisteoir an Ionaid, agus lena fhoireann as ucht a ndúthrachta agus a gcomhoibrithe.

“Go mbeimid go léir beo ag an am seo arís”.

– Pádraig Firtéar

An Caomhnóir © 2013

Foilsithe ag Fondúireacht an Bhlascaoid le tacaíocht Oifig na nOibreacha Poiblí.

Oifig Chláraithe

Comharchumann Forbartha Chorca Dhuibhne, Baile an Fheirtéaraigh, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.

In eagar ag

Bernie Firtéar agus Máire Uí Ainín.

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Fiagaí na gCeann Gaelach / The Irish Headhunter

Cuireadh tús le taispeántas fíorshuimiúil in Ionad an Bhlascaoid Mhóir, Dún Chaoin, “Fiagaí na gCeann Gaelach/The Irish Headhunter”, cartlann de ghrianghraif de chuid Charles R. Browne (1867-1931) ar 3 Bealtaine 2012.

Dochtúir agus antraipeolaí ab ea Charles R. Browne as Baile Átha Cliath, a bhailigh grianghraif a tógadh de mhuintir na bpobal tuaithe in iarthar na hÉireann idir 1891 agus 1900. Tugann na grianghraif speisialta seo léiriú cuimsitheach ar shaol na ndaoine mar aon le comhthéacs sóisialta do mhuintir na Gaeltachta tráth an ama sin.

Gné shuntasach a bhaineann leis an gcartlann grianghraif ná na hainmeacha pearsanta a luaitear leis na daoine a shamhlófaí a mbeadh anaithnid, rud a léiríonn nasc pearsanta leis na pobail. Sna grianghraif feicimid daoine ó Chorca Dhuibhne ar nós Seán ‘An Common Noun’ Ó Dálaigh agus na daltaí scoile ar fad sa tseanscoil i nDún Chaoin; na chéad ghrianghraif de mhuintir an Bhlascaoid Mhóir agus, meastar, grianghraif de Thomás Ó Criomhthain (*féach Ich. 22*) agus é ina ógfhear folláin.

Is iad Ciarán Walsh ó www.curator.ie agus Dáithí de Mórdha ó Ionad an Bhlascaoid Mhóir atá i mbun coimeáda agus b'é an tAire Donnacha Mac Fhionnlaoidh a d'oscail an taispeántas go hoifigiúil.

Agus tá leabhar ag dul leis an taispeántas faoin teideal céanna foilsithe ag Oifig an tSoláthair agus ar fáil ar €10.95.



An Blascaod le linn chuairt Charles Browne.

(Coláiste na Tríonóide, BÁC.)

Minister Brian Hayes visits Island

State expected to take over Blasket schoolhouse ruins

On a visit to the Blasket in July, Minister of State for the OPW, Brian Hayes, said he hoped the process of transferring responsibility for the old village to the state would be completed shortly.

The ruins of an old schoolhouse on the Blasket Island are soon expected to be in state ownership.

Negotiations are at an advanced stage with St Brendan's Trust which manages Catholic Church property in the Kerry Diocese.

As well as being a centre of education, the school was also used as a base for religious ceremonies by the church (see page 9).

Most of the island and about 80% of the ruined village are now in state hands and the long-term aim is to develop the island as a national historic park.

A sum of €8.5m has already been allocated for a future management plan for the island but a lack of funding due to the recession is delaying progress.

The school walls and parts of the village houses still remain. The plan is to conserve, rather than restore, the



Outside Dáil an Oileáin

Minister of State for the Office of Public Works, Brian Hayes, TD, accompanied by Dr. Eugene Keane, OPW, and Mícheál de Mórdha, Manager, Ionad an Bhlascaoid Mhóir.

ruins as they are.

For the past two years, the Office of Public Works (OPW) has been carrying out conservation work in the village which it hopes to complete this year.

A key feature of the management

plan is to build new piers, one on the island and the other at Dunquin, the main embarkation point from the mainland to the Great Blasket.

Funding is not available, at present, for the proposed piers but it is hoped to carry out interim work to improve the old pier on the island.

Ionad an Bhlascaoid, which offers insights into the island's culture, history and way of life, is annually visited by 50,000 people.

More than 15,000 visit the island, availing of ferry services provided by four companies in the area.

Blasket Centre manager, Mícheál de Mórdha, said the Great Blasket was very important to the Dingle Peninsula, culturally and for tourism.

"If anything, interest in the island is growing and books continue to be written about it. Nobody has lived there permanently for almost 60 years, but many people want to go there," he said.

Mr Hayes unveiled a commemorative stone in memory of the islanders, many of whom emigrated to the US. The stone was crafted by Dingle-based sculptor Antonio Fazio.



Minister of State for the Office of Public Works, Brian Hayes, TD, unveils commemorative stone in memory of the Islanders.

Ceiliúradh an Bhlascaoid 2012

Tiarnaí Talún agus Tionóntaí

Má cheap aon duine go raibh baol go dtiocfadh laige ar an éileamh ar Cheiliúradh an Bhlascaoid tar éis sé bliana déag ar an bhfód, chruthaigh ócáid na bliana seo a mhalairt ar fad, le tinreamh iontach, cainteanna suimiúla agus imeachtaí bríomhara le linn deireadh seachtaine deireanach Mheán Fómhair.



Cathal Póirtéar
ag tabhairt aitheasc na hoscailte
Pict: Lorcán Ó Cinnéide

Is cinnte go bhfuil an Ceiliúradh, eagraithe mar chomhfhiontar idir Fondúireacht an Bhlascaoid, Ionad an Bhlascaoid agus Oidhreacht Chorca Dhuibhne, ar cheann de mhór-imeachtaí



Cormac Ó Gráda le Micheál Ó Cinnéide ina chathaoirleach.

Pict: Lorcán Ó Cinnéide

cultúrtha ar an fhéilire, a bhuíochas sin as caighdeán na n-imeachtaí agus diansaothar an choiste eagraithe.

Ag eascairt as an Oileán a bheith i seilbh Tiarna Talún, Iarla Chorcaí, tráth, is ar an téama “Tiarnaí Talún agus Tionóntaí” a bhí ceiliúradh na bliana seo dírithe. Is é an craoltóir agus staraí Cathal Póirtéar a d’osail an ócáid: ní amháin sin, ach gur thug sé ceannlíne smaointiúil ina aitheasc a bhí an-oiriúnach agus mar is gnáth le Cathal, snasta.

Bhí an tigh lán san Ionad oíche na hoscailte. Thug Siobhán Ní Chorca,



Seán Ó Dubháin

Pict: Lorcán Ó Cinnéide

iarscoláire Choláiste Íde, a bhain céim máistreacht amach in Ollscoil Luimní i “Family History”, cur síos fíorspéisiúil d’aon duine as Corca Dhuibhne. Labhair sí i dtaobh na dtiarnaí talún is mó i gcuimhne an phobail, na Tiarnaí Fionn Trá, a mhair sa tigh ina bhfuil Coláiste Íde ann anois, i mBaile an Ghóilín.

Chuir Christy agus a bhuíon lónadóireachta fáiltiú blasta ar fáil i mbialann an Ionaid, le tionlacan ceoil ó Thomás Ó Conchúir agus Aina Davis. Thug sé seo deis do sheanchairde is nua, caint agus comhrá a dhéanamh le chéile, agus chuir sé clabhsúr sóisialta leis an gcéad oíche.



Fáiltiú Blasta i mBialann an Ionaid, oíche na hoscailte.

Pict: Lorcán Ó Cinnéide

Maidin Sathairn bhí trí léacht iontacha againn, ag léiriú gnéithe éagsúla de thiarnaí talún agus a gcuid saothair. An chéad cheann le Sean Ó Dubháin, staraí agus iar-chigire scol, ina raibh mionchuntas ar Bhliain na Mine Déirce. Thug Cormac Ó Gráda as Coláiste na hOllscoile, Baile Átha Cliath, léacht cuimsitheach ar dea agus droch thiarnaí talún in Éirinn. Bhí an tríú ceann, le Niall Ó Ciosáin as Ollscoil na hÉireann, Gaillimh, dírthe ar thiarnaí talún, bíoblóireacht agus Gaeilge.

Bhí an Dochtúir Mícheál Ó Cearna i láthair arís, anall ó Springfield na Stáit Aontaithe, agus áthas mór orainn é a fheiscint. Faoi mar atá luaite áit eile sa Chaomhnóir, bhunaigh Mícheál Sparánacht an Bhlascaoid, scéim chun tacú le scoláirí ón gceantar gur suim leo cultúr agus oidhreacht an Bhlascaoid. Bhronn Mícheál trí dhuais ar bhuaiteoirí na bliana seo chun cabhrú leo, is iad ag scaoileadh fé'n ollscoil: Fiona Ní Ghairbhia as Log na gCapall, Abhainn an Scáil, Meghan Ní Laoithe as Baile Bhoithín agus Jamie Ó Flanáir ón Daingean (*féach cúl leathanach*). Ba dheas é buaiteoirí na bliana seo caite a fheiscint i láthair, agus cuntas acu do Mícheál ar a ngnóthaí idir an dá linn.

Ní raibh ar chumas cainteoir a bhí ceapaithe a theacht as Albain, an tOllamh Donald Meek, a bheith i láthair chun léacht a thabhairt, ach bhí iarnóin iontach acu siúd a d'fhreastail ar thuras bus go dtí



Matt Mac Cárthaigh agus Dairena Ní Chinnéide i mbun aistriúroireachta an Cheiliúrtha.

Pict: Mícheál de Mórdha

láithreacha stairiúla a bhain leis na huaisle sa cheantar, faoi stiúir Mhichíl Uí Choileáin, Staraí agus Seandálaí. Tráthnóna Dé Sathairn, eagraithe agus curtha i láthair ag Breandán Mac Gearailt, bhí léiriú ar amhráin agus ceol a bhain le Cogadh na Talún ag amhránaithe agus ceoltóirí áitiúla.

Chríochnaigh an Ceiliúradh maidin Dé Domhnaigh le sárléacht ó Phódraig Ó Niallagáin ar eachtra uafáis sa Daingean in 1793 ar a dtugtar Lá Maraithé na bhFear, agus scaip an tionól, sásta le deireadh seachtaine iontach staire, ceoil, eolais, cur agus cúiteamh, is iad ag tnúth le teacht le

chéile arís i 2013 chun athnuachan ar charadas agus léargas a fháil ar ghné eile den scéal Blascaodach.

Cé go bhfuil béim ar Ghaeilge ag an gCeiliúradh, mar is ceart, cuirtear ar chumas daoine nach cainteoirí dúchais iad páirt iomlán a ghlacadh tré chóras aistriúcháin atá go héifeachtach agus cruinn a bheith ar fáil.

Tá an-mholadh agus buíochas tuille ag an lucht eagraithe, foireann an Ionaid, na cainteoirí, foireann aistriúcháin agus na cathaoirligh a thug deis den scoth do chlann an Bhlascaoid a thabhairt le chéile ag an gCeiliúradh seo. Ar aghaidh bliain eile!!



Ceolchoirm an Cheiliúrtha

– curtha in eagar agus i láthair ag Breandán Mac Gearailt.

Muireann Nic Amhlaobh, Páidí Mhárthain Mac Gearailt, Sláine Ní Chathalláin, Ben Ó Loingsigh, Peadar Ó hUallaigh, Feargal Mac Amhlaobh agus Billy Mag Fhloinn.

Pict: Bernie Firtéar

Filleadh ar an Scairt

Lorcán Ó Cuinneagáin

Is leanúint ar alt "Aimsiú na Scairte" é seo san eagrán deireanach ach go raibh céad ainm an údair mí-cheart againn ag dul leis. Ár leathscéal faoi sin. – Eag.

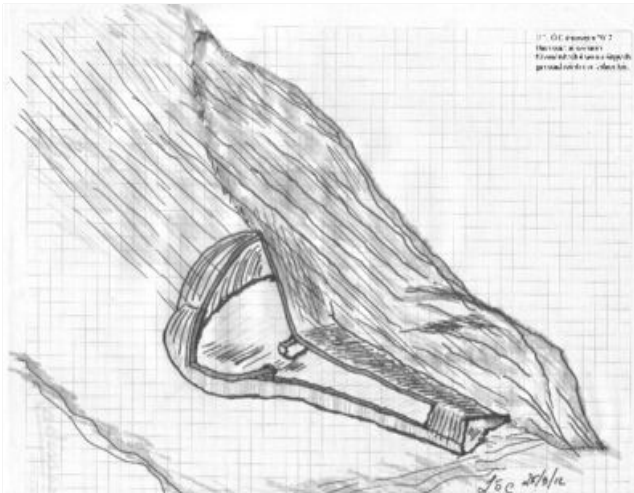
Réamhrá

D'fhillleas ar Scairt Phiarais ar an mBlascaod Mór i rith na bliana 2012 agus san alt seo ba mhaith liom tuiscint níos fearr a thabhairt duit, a léitheoir, ar cén sort áite í an Scairt úd. Ní ag gach éinne a bheidh an deis dul ann os rud é go bhfuil taobh an tsléibhe achrannach fiú don ghnáth-dhreapadóir.

Tá sé deacair an scairt a dhearadh do dhuine fiú le cabhair ó phictiúir; mar sin, tá léaráid láimhe curtha agam leis an alt mar chabhair sa bhreis. Dála an scéil, úsáidim an focal "scairt" chun tagairt ar dhá rud le chéile – an phluais féin agus an pasáiste isteach chuige.

Pasáiste

Dorcha agus caol agus íseal atá an pasáiste a thugann isteach tú. Téigh síos ar do ghlúine anois agus, ag casadh ó ghlúin go



glúin ar nós lachan, druid isteach leat. Tá do ghlúine fliuch agus salach agus tinn anois ón láib bhog, fhuar, chlochach atá fút. Lean ort ar feadh tríocha troigh nó mar sin, do cheann cromtha go maith (níl ach b'fhéidir tríocha orlach ó dhíon go hurlár sa phasáiste) agus ansin druid fó chlé chun díriú i gceart ar bhéal na pluaise. Fiú ag an bpointe seo, ag dul ó phasáiste go pluais, níl in airde na hoscailte ach thart ar ocht n-orlach is fiche agus é tuairim is dhá uair an mhéid sin ar leithead.

Pluais

Isteach beagán eile agus anois téigh i do sheasamh, go mall ionas nach gcnagann tú do chloigeann ar aon rud. Tá tú sa phluais anois agus tú tar éis dul faoin leac ollmhór atá os cionn na scairte go hiomlán agus in éineacht le sin, atá mar fhalla ar aghaidh thuaidh na pluaise féin. Os do chomhair atá an cúlfhalla agus nuair a deirim falla, sé atá ann ná a lán cloch beag fáiscithe le chéile ag an láib chrua atá ar nós moirtéil tí.

Tá do dhroim leis an 'doras' go fóill agus d'aghaidh dírithe ar chúl na pluaise, 'sé sin ó dheas. Féach anois, tá aillchlais



© L. Ó Cuinneagáin 2012
Gach ceart ar cosnamh
Ní ceadmhach é seo a atáirgeadh
gan cead rúmh ré an
griangrafadóir.

amháin ar thaobh na lámhe clé agus é thart ar cúig troigh ó chúl go tosach. Ach níl sé ard go leor chun seasaimh istigh ann, de bharr go bhfuil na trí falla timpeall air cuartha ó urlár go díon féin.

Bog leat go lárphointe na pluaise; tá an díon ar airde dhuine anseo (thart ar céad orlach) agus tá go leor spáis duit féin agus do bheirt eile bheith i bhur seasamh, an triúr agaibh le chéile.

Ar taobh na lámhe deise, tá an tarna aillchlais, é thart ar ceithre troigh ó chúl go tosach agus gan na fallaí bheith róchuartha – is féidir seasamh istigh ann. Ach ní dhéinfeá ar feadh i bhfad de bharr na mbraonacha uisce atá ag sileadh anuas ort, agus iad mór agus fliuch agus iad fuar ar chúl do mhúineáil agus iad trom ar bharr do chloiginn. Tá an chuid is mó den urlár fliuch dá bharr, rófhliuch chun suí nó luí air. (San aillchlais eile, tá an t-urlár tirim go leor).

Cas timpeall ar an spota anois agus díriú tú féin i dtreo an phasáiste as a dtáinig tú, sé sin ó thuaidh. Os comhair d'aghaidhe, fiú do shrón, tá an leac fairsing, ard, a théann go hiomlán trasna aghaidh thuaidh na pluaise agus suas as radharc sa talamh os a cionn. Agus breacaithe ar an leac seo tá línte, uimhreacha agus litreacha spéisiúla.

Línte

Bhuel, tá trí phéire de línte comhthreomhara inscríofa ar an leac. Péire amháin díobh, tá sé gairid, b'fhéidir orlach nó dhó ar fad, ach an dá phéire eile, ar an taobh clé den leac, táid cúpla troigh ar fad. Agus tá an chuma air go bhfuil craiceann na leice scriosta nó ídithe fúthu.



© L. Ó Cuinneagáin 2012
Gach ceart ar cosnamh
Ní ceadmhach é seo a atáirgeadh
gan cead rúmh ré an
griangrafadóir.

Ní fheadar cén chúis atá leis na línte in aon chor? Cheapas uair go rabhadar ann mar saghas treoir scríbhne don inscríbhneoir. Ach dúradh liom go háitiúil gur b'fhéidir gur cuireadh líne trí ainm a bhí scríofa anseo, nuair a d'fhág an té sin an tOileán. Tuairim eile ná gur ainm Sasanach a bhí ann agus go raibh duine éigin míshásta lena leithéid a bheith i Scairt an Fheirtéaraigh! Mar sin cuireadh dhá líne tríd chun é a scrios. An mbeidh a fhios go deo againn?

Litreacha

Bhuel, is ainmneacha iad na litreacha céanna agus measaim go bhfuil said an-spéisiúil ar fad ar fad. Tá dhá ghrúpa ann, saghas fó chlé is fó dheis de lár líne na leice agus beagnach ar chomh-airde leis na súile.



Ar clé tá*:

JAMES DunLEVY (an litir “L” níos airde ná na litreacha eile)

P KEARNEY (nó an T nó R atá ann?)

P DunLevy (arís an “L” níos airde ná na litreacha eile)

Martin Kearney (nó Martan?)

S. Tom (nó S. Tam? Tá ponc go soiléir anseo tar éis an “S”)

Chomh maith le sin, tá seans go bhfuil litreacha beaga eile ann, b'fhéidir an t-ainm “Tomás”, inscríofa idir P Kearney agus P Dunlevy.

Na hainmneacha atá sa ghrúpa ar thaobh na láimhe deise ná:

Eiblin Ní Guithín

Mary Dun (roinnt litreacha ar deireadh ídithe)

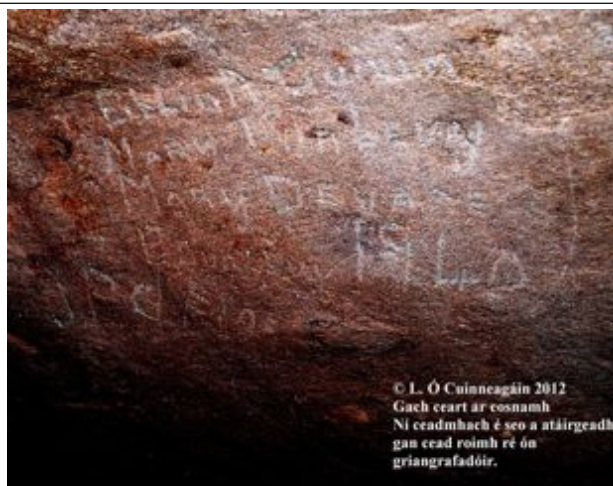
Mary DEVANE

P DunLEVY

J. P O FINE I

Nach orainn a bhí an t-ádh gur anuraidh a d'aimsigh mé an Scairt agus ainm Mary Dunlevy fós soiléir! Anois tá craiceann na carraige ag deireadh an ainm imithe agus níl ach an “Dun” le feiceáil go soiléir.

Ach ní fheadair cérbh iad na daoine seo, atá a rian fós le feiscint i Scairt Phiarais? Arbh Oileánaigh iad go léir (nóir



chualas féin trácht san Oileán ar an sloinne “Devane”); an é sin Peatí Dunlevy leis an “P”; an gaol do Pheig Sayers í Eibhlín Ní Guithín. An bhfuil gaol le héinne díobh fós ag maireachtáil anseo nó i Meiriceá? Agus cérbh é S. Tom, cén sloinne a bhí air?

Gan amhras tá freagra na gceisteanna seo ag daoine fós agus ba mhaith é an t-eolas sin a chur chuig Ionad an Bhlascaoid uair éigin!

Ach an cheist is spéisiúla, dár liom, ná cén t-ainm atá mar an ceann deireanach, an ceann a thosaíonn leis na litreacha J. P? An “d” í an tríú litir nó cén litir atá ann?

Cad é do thuairim?

Agus cad a thagann ina dhiaidh sin? Measaim féin gur “F” an ceathrú litir agus “i” an ceann tar éis sin, ach cad faoi na litreacha ina dhiaidh sin arís? An “n” atá ann mar an cúigiú litir nó “a”, nó litir eile atá ídithe le ham? Agus an litir dheireanach atá rian go fóill ann dí, an “E” í nó céard í?

Ní sin deireadh na litreacha sa scairt. Tá cinn eile ann, “J M C” mar shampla agus an litir “M” leis féin agus í scríofa le stíl an-difriúil ó na cinn eile. Tá an t-ainm Kearney ar chloch eile ann agus ní fheadair an bhfuil a thuilleadh litreacha fós inscríofa sa scairt, agus cinn eile arís agus iad go hiomlán ídithe, cailte go deo.

Agus tiocfaidh an lá go mbeidh siad go léir imithe agus go bhfágfar an Scairt arís mar scairt – gan ainm ag baint leis féin ná inscríbhinn fágtha ar aon leac ann.

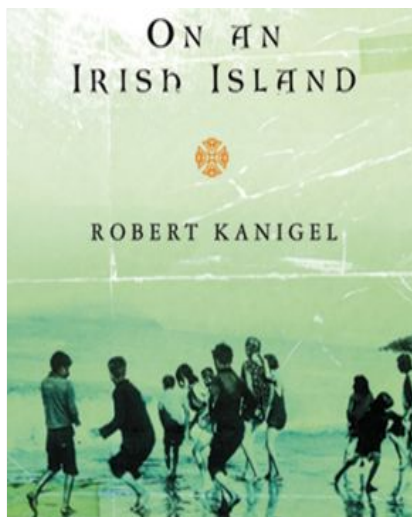
Uimhreacha

Tá na huimhreacha 1940 le feiceáil soiléir go leor, agus iad taobh leis an ngrúpa fó dheis de lár na leice. Agus fó dheis (nó soir) go hiomlán, beagnach sa chúinne, tá an chuma ann go bhfuil an bhliain 1811 inscríofa ar an leac. Deirim ‘an chuma’, mar tar éis tamall de bheith ag breathnú ar an leac fhliuch faoi sholas trilseáin, téann do shamhlaíocht i bhfeidhm agus b'fhéidir go gcuireann d'aighe cruth daonna ar mharcanna nádúrtha!

Bhuel, sin mar atá i mbliana sa Scairt agus sin mar a bhfuil san alt seo. Tá súil agam go bhfuil pictiúr níos fearr anois agat den Scairt, a léitheoir, idir léaráid, focal, grianghraf agus an tsamhlaíocht.

– Is iar-innealltóir agus Gaeilgeoir ó dhúchas ó Bhaile Átha Cliath é Lorcán Ó Cuinneagáin go bhfuil suim ar leith aige i stair agus i logainmneacha an Bhlascaoid. Bhí sé páirteach i gclár le TG4 – “Scaoil Seol” (2007) agus “Bua na Fáistine” (2010).

* Tá iarracht déanta na hainmneacha a athchruthú san alt seo mar atáid inscríofa ar an leac féin .



A Paradise Lost to Time

The Wall Street Journal, February 25, 2012
BY KARIN ALTENBERG

On an Irish Island By Robert Kanigel

Knopf, 320 pages, \$26.95

Vintage paperback edition to be published in February, this time with a subtitle: *The Lost World of the Great Blasket*.

A remote setting, a handful of young visitors, a collection of colorful locals, an ancient language and a story that spans half a century: These are but a few of the elements that make Robert Kanigel's "On an Irish Island" an exuberant and delightful book.

It might be seen as slightly quixotic to write a 300-page account of a lost way of life. In this fast-moving age, where information is only a click away, where relationships are increasingly electronic and mass consumption is spreading beyond our means, do we even have the time—and the peace of mind—to stop and reflect on what qualities of (traditional) life we have lost to modernity? Largely avoiding the pitfalls of sentimentality, Mr. Kanigel guides us through a world that is now gone forever.

"On an Irish Island" is a richly researched collective biography of the men and women who crossed paths on Great Blasket Island—a small, isolated community off the Dingle Peninsula on Ireland's Atlantic Coast—from around 1905 to the final evacuation of the island in 1953.

During this time, Great Blasket Island was home to around 150 people. Untouched by modern ways, they lived a communal life based on fishing and small-scale farming; there was no electricity, no Catholic priest, no shop of any sort, and the only contact with the outside world was by curragh, a wooden-framed canoe that the

islanders would row to the mainland to collect mail and supplies.

In the evenings, the members of the largely illiterate community entertained themselves with music, dancing and storytelling in their own distinct form of West Kerry Irish. It was a free and peaceful life, if harsh and unforgiving. When asked, the islanders did not think they lacked anything in particular. Early 20th-century visitors described them as possessing "dignity and poise" and "heroic grace." By contrast, the socio-political climate on the mainland was anything but calm: The Rising in 1916 was followed by the Irish War of Independence and finally, in August 1923, by the first elections within the Irish Free State.

At the center of Mr. Kanigel's story are five young visitors who arrived on the island in their 20s and early 30s to learn how to speak West Kerry Irish but who became so captivated by the otherworldly spirit of the people and the place—a Tír na nÓg, or "Land of the Young," as many of them called it—that they kept coming back. The best known was J.M. Synge, the author of "The Playboy of the Western World," who first arrived there in 1905. Carl Marstrand, a Norwegian linguist, came in 1907 and soon brought along his student, the Celticist Robin Flower, who would later publish "The Western Island; Or, the Great Blasket" (1944). Later arrivals included Marie-Louise Sjoestedt, a French-Swedish linguist who would later take her life during the Nazi occupation of France, and George Thomson, a Cambridge classicist, Irish scholar and Marxist philosopher with links to Wittgenstein.

Their lives touched those of the natives of Great Blasket Island, among them a few notable writers and raconteurs. Peig Sayers's stories would become compulsory reading in Irish schools, and the Free State would later promote her as the personification of the enduring strength of Irish womanhood. Tomás Ó Criomhthain (Thomas O'Crohan) would publish his distinctive life story, "The Islandman" (1927), as would Muiris Ó Súilleabháin (Maurice O'Sullivan) with "Twenty Years A-Growing" (1933). These works, often championed by their young compatriots from the mainland, form what we now call the Blasket Library.

Joining the party in Mr. Kanigel's pages are minor characters like Moya Llewelyn Davies, a mesmerizing Gaelic scholar, spy and gunrunner during the Irish War of Independence; Willie Long, the blustering innkeeper, merchant and schoolmaster of Ballyferriter, County Kerry; and the Daly family of five sons and five daughters, who were the sole inhabitants of one of the smaller islands in the Blasket archipelago. As the author writes about these people, a wonderfully vivid portrait of the island itself

emerges.

The Gaelic renaissance was a powerful cultural expression of Irish nationalism during this period, and the growing interest in the Gaelic fringe, the "Gaeltacht," certainly helped to spur the great flowering of writing and literature about Great Blasket. But the shepherds of this literary output—in particular Synge, Flower, Sjoestedt and Thomson—came to the island driven not by political passion but by enthusiasm and curiosity.

It is true that these visitors were, as Mr. Kanigel notes, "privileged people with time to read, write and think" and that they were, to some extent, cultural voyeurs. But reading Mr. Kanigel's narrative, one is struck by their great humanism. They seem to have been remarkably unaffected by the nationalism of the time. Their attitude toward the islanders was not arrogant, superior or opportunistic; rather their keen interest in—and attraction to—the Blasket culture resulted in lifelong and life-changing friendships characterized by mutual love and respect.

From the 1930s, however, largely because of its new literary renown, Great Blasket was suddenly crowded with tourists, journalists, linguists and film crews. This influx, together with the increasing emigration of islanders to America, was to change the island culture forever. During and after World War II, life on the island became almost untenable due to shortages of basic goods. When the remaining islanders, unable to get hold of a doctor from the mainland, had to stand and watch the death of a young man from meningitis, they decided that they had had enough and, in 1953, asked to be evacuated to the mainland. There has been no permanent habitation on the island since.

The Blasket books themselves endure because they reflect a premodern way of life within living memory. As Mr. Kanigel points out, it is for this reason that "the Blaskets speak to us not only of what they once were, but of how we, the rest of us, are today." "On an Irish Island" adds another dimension to the Blasket Library, and it can be read in a variety of ways: as an erudite primer to the works of the islanders; as a beautifully assured ensemble biography; and as a large-scale portrait of a remarkable time in the history of Great Blasket and the wider world. Yet it is, above all, a compelling tale of ordinary—and often enviable—lives in an extraordinary setting.

—Karin Altenberg is the author of the novel *Island of Wings*.

—Robert Kanigel is a biographer and science writer. Author of seven books and more than 400 articles, essays, and reviews, he lives in Baltimore, Maryland, with his wife, Sarah Merrow (see *Caomhnóir* 2012, p. 22).

Scoil Náisiúnta an Bhlascaoid Mhóir

1 Feabhra 1864 – 31 Nollaig 1941

Scoil Éanna, Uimhir 9337

Edna Uí Chinnéide

Bunaíodh Fondúireacht an Bhlascaoid i 1986, le forbairt an Oileáin mar Pháirc Náisiúnta Stairiúil a chur chun cinn, go mbeadh cead isteach ag muintir na hÉireann agus cuairteoirí ann. Tá mórán bainte amach. Is leis an Stát anois formhór d'fhoirgintí an Oileáin. Ach go dtí seo ba leis an Eaglais Chaitliceach, sé sin Deoise Chiarraí, an Teach Scoile.

Dár ndóigh, dob é an tAthair Seán Ó Cathasaigh, sagart paróiste Bhaile an Fheirtéaraigh, fé ndeara an scoil a oscailt an chéad lá. B'shin an 31 Lúnasa 1863, nuair a tháinig an tEaspag David Moriarty chun an Oileáin. Ina theannta bhí Lord Thomas O'Hagan, Caitliceach, Lord Chancellor na hÉireann. Bhronn sé siúd £25, airgead mór an t-am sin, chun scoil Chaitliceach a bhunú. Glacadh leis go fonnmar agus fuarthas láthair scoile ó Mhuintir Cheárna. Bhí sé tamall fós gur

tháinig cigire chun na leanaí a scrúdú, agus glacadh mar scoil náisiúnta é agus fuair sí an t-ainm Scoil Éanna agus uimhir 9337, agus fuair an múinteoir, Áine Ní Dhonnchú, a tuarastal a bhí ag dul di.

Ní raibh cuma ná cló ró-mhaith ar an scoil ó thús agus níor thángthas ar scoil nua a bhí beartaithe ach oiread, ach ba mhaith ann é in ainneoin sin is uile.

Deineadh an-phlé ar chúrsaí oideachais cheana sa bhliain 2001, cur síos sa *Chaomhnóir*, uimhir 22, agus tá mioneolas agus taighde iomlán déanta ag Mícheál Ó Dubhshláine, Príomhoide, Scoil Dhún Chaoin, grásta ó Dhia air, agus arís ag Mícheál de Mórdha, ina leabhar nuafhoilsithe *Scéal agus Dán Oileáin* ar chúrsaí oideachais, agus daoine eile nach iad.

Mar sin, nuair a tháinig an tAire Brian Hayes, Bainisteoir Chontae Chiarraí Tomás Ó Curráin, an sagart paróiste an tAthair

Eoghan Ó Cadhla agus Bainisteoir an Ionaid, Mícheál de Mórdha le chéile ar an mBlascaoid ar an 16 Iúil 2012, bhí fógra tábhachtach le cur amach acu – 'sé sin, go raibh Scoil an Bhlascaoid le bronnadh ar an Stát ag an Eaglais, agus go mbeadh fógra in airde chun an scéal sin a léiriú.

Is ar áilleacht nádúra an Oileáin a chuimhníonn daoine ar dtús, agus is cinnte nach bhfuil a sárú le fáil lá breá gréine. Ach nuair a tháinig an Lochlannach agus Robin Flower agus a thuilleadh a lean iad síos tríd na blianta is mar gheall ar an teanga a tháinig an t-uafás daoine – an cultúr, an amhrán-afocht is ceol, caitheamh aimsire, creideamh agus seanchas na ndaoine.

Bhí Seán Ó Duinnshléibhe ann ar dtús lena chuid filíochta ach is féidir liosta de 150 leabhar a lua – trí cinn ó na hOileánaigh féinig go bhfuil cáil domhanda orthu, is iad sin, Tomás Ó Criomhthain (*An tOileánach*), Muiris Ó Suilleabháin (*Fiche Bliain ag Fás*) agus Peig Sayers (*Peig*).

Ach lean an scríbhneoireacht (*féach lch. 12*). Agus ní fada go mbeidh leabhar amuigh foilsithe ag an Dochtúir Mícheál Ó Ceárna, go bhfuil céim litríochta bronnta air ó Ollscoil Mhaigh Nuad.



Minnie Fitz nó Máire Nic Gearailt le daltaí ag Scoil an Bhlascaoid, 1937.

Sin suas le 28 leabhar ó scoil bheag scoite amach ar oileán mara.

Mar a dúirt an Dr. Áine Hyland (ó Ollscoil Chorcaí ag an am) ag *Ceiliúradh an Bhlascaoid 6*, gur dhóigh léi go raibh iolrachas éirime na nOileánach le feiscint ón múineadh a fuairadar ar scoil agus ón saol a chaitheadar ar oileán mara scéirdiúil.

Chuireas an cheist cúpla uair ar Oileánaigh, “Cad iad na leabhra a bhí agaibh ar scoil?” Ní bhfuairas freagra cinnte ó éinne riamh! Béarla ar fad a bhí ann, gan aon tuiscint air, ach é a chur de ghlanmheabhair go dtí 1870. Ansin bhí cead an Ghaolainn a mhúineadh ón gceathrú rang suas, go dtí go dtáinig Seán Ó Cíobháin mar mhúinteoir.

Ach tá cóipleabhar lámhscríbe amháin ann, leabhar aistí le Máire Ní Ghuithín. Is amhlaidh go raibh Bailiúchán na Scol ar siúl ar fuaid na tíre agus cnuasacht béaloidis curtha le chéile, dá bharr i mBaile Átha Cliath. Bhí Máire san ardrang ar an Oileán, ach b'éigin di féin agus a deirfiúr Nell, an tOileán a fhágaint agus dul go dtí na muintir ar an gCarraig. Thug sí léi an cóipleabhar agus choimeád

Múinteoirí an Oileáin

Áine Ní Dhonnchú	4 bliain
Cáit Ní Dhonnchú	9 ½ mí
Roibeárd Gabha	3 mí
Micheál Ó hAiniféin	6 bliain
Pádraig Ó Dálaigh	3 bliain agus 6 mí
Seán Ó Cíobháin	8 bliain
Tomás Ó Scarláin	2 mí
Micheál Ó Cíobháin	3 bliain agus 6 mí
Micheál Ó Cinnéide	3 bliain
Pádraig Ó hUallacháin	3 bliain agus 6 mí
Liam Ó Beoláin	9 mí
Liam Prenderville	3 bliain agus 6 mí
Arthur Beckett	2 bliain
Tomás Ó Sabháin	18 bliain
Cáit Ní Mhainín	
Uí Dhuinnshléibhe	28 bliain
Pádraig Mac Gearailt	1 bliain
Nóra Ní Shé	6 bliain agus 6 mí
Máire Ní Ghearrailt	6 bliain

sí é i Nottingham, Sasana nó pé áit a chuaigh sí. Ach sa bhliain 1993 bhuaileas leo beirt, agus tamall ina dhiaidh sin chuir sí chugam an cóipleabhar – atá anois san Ionad i nDún Chaoin. Táimid thar a bheith buíoch díot, a Mháire.

Cuimhnímid ort, agus ar na múinteoirí uilig a chaith seal ar an Oileán – an

misneach a bhí acu tabhairt faoi fharragí arda agus saol aonarach i bhfad óna muintir a chaitheamh (féach painéal).

Ba í an scoil croílár an bhaile. Níor gá d'aon leanbh dul abhaile lár lae, bhí gach aon tigh sa chongar.

Is ann a bhí na Stáisiúin uair sa bhliain. I mí na Bealtaine de ghnáth a bhídís. Lá áirithe thagadh dhá naomhóg amach ag triall ar an sagart, nó beirt shagart a bhíodh ann an t-am sin. Bhíodh gach aoinne gléasta, ullamh don ócáid - faoistin ar dtús (i dtig Cheárna) agus tar éis Aifreann gach aoinne ar a shuaimhneas agus na sagairt á dtionlacan síos chun na naomhóige ar deireadh.

Fiú gach Domhnach de ghnáth bhailigh na mná agus na leanaí sa scoil chun an choróin a rá fhad is bhí na fir agus na hógánaigh imithe amach ar Aifreann i nDún Chaoin. Agus uaireanta sa tSamhradh bhíodh sagart deoranta ar saoire san Oileán agus bhíodh Aifreann sa scoil.

Mar sin b'fhéidir go dtiocfaidh an lá go mbeidh Scoil an Oileáin ath-tógtha i gcuimhne na ndaoine go léir a bhí bainteach leis?



An tAthar Tomás Ó Muirheartaigh, sagart paróiste Bhaile an Fheirtéaraigh, ag caint le hOileánaigh lasmuigh den scoil.



Thar bealach isteach

Pictiúirí iad seo don Ath Tomás Ó Muircheartaigh, sagart paróiste Bhaile an Fheirtéaraigh, agus é ar an Oileán chun Aifreann Stáisiúin a léamh i 1951, tógtha as scannán a dhein an sagart cúnta ag an am, An tAth Mícheál Ó Cíosáin.

Táimid buíoch do Bhreandán Feiritéar as iad a sholáthar dúinn.



Ag teacht i dtír ar an Oileán.



Tá an tAifreann thart ...



Ag léamh an Aifrinn sa scoil.



... Imigí faoi shíocháin



Tar éis an Aifrinn.

Leabhair ag Oileánaigh

(móide eagrán bhreise agus aistriúcháin go teangacha eile. Foinse: Seoirse Ó Luasaigh, An Café Líteartha, An Daingean).

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Another Basket book translated into French

ONE of the best known books by a Basket writer has just been published in French.

Letters from the Great Basket, by Eibhlís Ní Shúilleabháin, was first published in 1978 and gives a woman's account of daily life on the island when it was still inhabited. The French edition is translated by Hervé Jaouen who has written a number of books about Ireland.

Eibhlís Ní Shúilleabháin's daughter, Niamh Ní Chriomhthain Uí Laoithe, told The Kerryman the translation of the book into French would have been beyond her mother's dreams.

"The Basket centre got a copy of the book and Daithí de Mordha said to me that little did my mother think, when she was writing those letters to George Chambers, that some day people would be reading them in French. My mother started writing those letters to George Chambers in London in 1931. He wanted to know about life on the Baskets and when he died his family sent me the manuscripts. He had typed out all the letters," Niamh told The Kerryman.

"I gave the manuscripts to Seán Ó Coileáin in UCC and he said it would be nice to have some of them published and they were published by Mercier in 1978. I have the original papers and they read like a diary of events on the islands," she added.

– *Kerryman*, Wednesday March 02 2011

... agus a thuilleadh fós ar siúl ...

Leabhar eile ón mBlascaod aistrithe go Fraincis anois – *Letters from the Great Basket* ag Eibhlís Ní Shúilleabháin. De réir a hiníne, Niamh Ní Chriomhthain-Uí Laoithe, thosaigh a máthair ag scríobh chuig George Chambers sa bhliain 1931 agus lean sí uirthi ar feadh 30 bliain. Deireadh sí lena fear céile, "Tiocfaidh mo leabharsa amach i gcló leis, lá éigin!" Ach is beag a cheap sí go mbeadh sé i bhFraincis chomh maith (féach cuntas ón *Kerryman* ar clé).

Agus litir ó Ollscoil Oslo a fuair Niamh anuraidh ag lorg a cead chun dhá mhír a scríobh a seanathair, Tomás Ó Criomhthain, in *Allagar na hInise* a bheith áirithe sa tionscnamh atá ar bun sa Roinn Teangeolaíochta dá cuid.

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Date: 17 October 2011
Your ref.:
Our ref.:

Enquiry- permission to include Irish narratives in Oslo Parallel Corpus

Dear Mrs Niamh Uí Laoithe,

The Text Laboratory at the Department of Linguistics and Scandinavian Studies at the University of Oslo is building a large parallel corpus of modern languages. The parallel corpus will contain both fiction and non-fiction with originals and translations in several languages.

The Oslo Parallel Corpus project is a collaboration between the different linguistic communities at the Faculty of Humanities, University of Oslo. Jenny Graver and professor Jan Erik Røeddal, Department of Linguistics and Scandinavian Studies, are representing Irish literature and language in the project.

Tomás Ó Criomhthain's "Stoirm gheimhridh" and "Ar ndlí féin againn", in *Allagar na hInise* (1928) are two of the texts that we would like to include in the corpus. Since you are the copyright holder of Ó Criomhthain's works, we hereby ask for your permission to include these two narratives in Oslo Parallel Corpus.

We have already asked the publisher An Gúm for their permission. If your answer is positive, we will send you a licence agreement.

If you have any further questions, please do not hesitate to contact the undersigned or Jenny Graver (jenny.graver@iln.uio.no, phone: +47 22856119).

Yours faithfully,


Ingebjørg For Gjørmandsen
research assistant

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<http://www.iln.uio.no/iln/english/about/organization/text-laboratory/>
<http://www.iln.uio.no/iln/english/about/organization/text-laboratory/projects/osloparallel/>



– Kerryman, An Chéadaoin,
3 Deireadh Fómhair 2012

Deireadh ré mhóir agus Peaidí imithe ar shlí na fírinne

Pádraig Ó Catháin, trócaire air.

Chuala ar Raidió na Gaeltachta go raibh Pádraig Ó Catháin, (Peaidí 'n Oileáin nó Peaidí Mhaigh a' Rí) cailte agus thug sé thar n-ais im chuimhne, tamall ó shin fadó nuair a thugas cúpla biaiste ag iascach le Ger. Níor thugas ró-fhada ag iascach mar chaitheas scaoileadh fé Shasana ach chaithead a rá go mbaineas ana-thaithneamh as an ré sin dem' shaol. Bhíodh Peaidí linn go minic mar bhí sé fiáin chun iascaigh agus chun na farraige. Mianach an Oileáin gan dabht fé ndeara é sin.

Bhí sé lán de phiseoga i dtaobh na farraige agus bhí chuid acu ana-ghreannmhar. Is cuimhin liom tráthnóna amháin bhíomar ag feitheamh leis ach ní raibh aon radharc air agus chaitheas dul ag triail ar Shéamus Eoghainín ina ionad. Lá arna mhárach nuair a tháinig sé d'fhiafraigh Ger de cad a d'imigh air agus dúirt sé gur bhuail sé le bean ag seoladh na mba agus gur chaith sé casadh abhaile toisc na mná a bhí ann. "Agus cérbh í féin?" arsa Ger. Bhí fhios againn go maith gurbh í bean chéile Jamesín Shéamuis a bhí ann agus go raibh gruaig rua uirthi agus gur shin an fáth gur chas sé. Ní fhéadfá aon ní RUA a chur os a chomhair agus é ag dul ar an bhfarraige. "Maireann sí trí thigh suas ón gcrosaire," arsa Peaidí ach ní lú go ndéarfadh sé a hainm.

Is cuimhin liom babhta eile bhíomar ag iascach in aice leis an bhFiach agus pé súil fhéachaint a thugas ar fhaillteacha Cheann Síbéal, chonaic mada rua ag dreapadh leis in airde ar chosán a bhí chomh cúng leis féin agus cheapas go dtitfeadh sé aon neomat. Theastaigh uaim é a chur in iúl don triúr eile a bhí sa naomhóg ach toisc go raibh Peaidí ann ní

fhéadfainn "Mada Rua" a rá ar eagla go gcaithfí i bhfarraige mé. Chaitheas rud éigin a rá agus dúirt, "Ó my, féach an t-ainmhí fiáin," agus d'fhéachadar go léir agus chonaiceadar an t-action a bhí á dhéanamh ag an mada rua agus bhí áthas orainn gur dhein sé an beart go barra na faille. Ach ní dúirt éinne an focal "mada rua" ar eagla go gcuireadh san isteach ar Phaddí mar fear gleoite, cneasta, macánta é agus bhí ardmheas againn air.

Ana-fhear naomhóige é. Ba dhóigh leat gurbh amhlaidh a rugadh i naomhóg é bhí sé chomh gasta agus neafaiseach istigh innti. As sliocht Rí an Oileáin é. Maigh a' Rí a mháthair agus b'é an Rí a thugadh an Post isteach agus amach ó Dhún Chaoin. Mhair sé sa Choloní tamall siar ón mBuailtín agus bhí meon deas sibhialta aige. Ba bhreá leat a bheith ina theannta agus cé go raibh sé deacair comhrá a bhaint as uaireanta bheadh a luach go maith agat nuair a thosnódh sé ar a scéalta. Agus is aige a bhíodar. Bhí ana-cur síos aige ar na Laethanta Breátha a thagadh isteach san Oileán fadó agus d'fhan cuid mhaith acu i dtigh an Rí.

Níl ach naonúr de mhuintir an Oileáin fágtha anois. Tá triúr acu anseo i Springfield, Mass., áit ina riabh cuid mhaith acu tamall agus táim féin ana-mhór leo. Tá sé féin agus Ger, Tomas Thaidhg, John Bhell, Jack Thomáis, Pádraig Ó Loinsigh, Bill Beaglaí, m'uncaíl Jack agus cuid mhaith eile acu ag iascach sna Flaithis anois. Cad é scéalta atá acu. Cad é aighneas agus gairí acu freisin. Tá maicréil, gliomaigh, scadáin agus ballaigh go fluirseach ansiúd agus Fiach Mara Sciatháin scuabach ag stiúradh na naomhóige ó chaladh go caladh i rith na Síoraíochta. Beannacht Dé lena n-anamacha. Cuimhneod go deo orthu mar chuireadar bun le mo shaol.

– *Muiris Ó Bric, Na Gorta Dubha
agus Nua Eabhrach.*

I líontaibh Dé go gcastar sinn...

Le déanaí fuair duine eile de shliocht an Bhlascaoid Mhóir bás, rud a fhágann go bhfuil líon na mBlascaodach a saolaíodh ann ag diothú go tapaidh anseo agus i Springfield, Mass., áit a ndeirte ina raibh "an leath eile de dhaonra an Bhlascaoid Mhóir".

Bhí Pádraig Ó Catháin 91 go leith bliain d'aois agus é seamhrach dea-chuimhneach go dtí le fíordhéanaí nuair a cailleadh é in Ospidéal an Daingin ar an 12 Meán Fómhair, 2012. Bhí "ríthe" ón dá thaobh ag Peaidí, duine ar an míntír agus duine ar an Oileán Tiar. Mac ab ea Peaidí do Sheán 'n Rí Ó Catháin ón mBlascaod Mór agus do Mhairéad "Meaig an Oileain/an Rí" Ní Chíobháin ó Bhaile an tSléibhe i bParoiste Fhionn Trá.

Pósadh Meaig agus Seán sa bhliain 1919 agus slán mar a n-instear é fuair Seán bás tar éis cúig bliana déag pósta. B'amhlaidh gur tháinig cneá nó cnapán tinn ar a chúl agus ar feadh tamaill níor thug sé aon aird air agus nuair a ghearán sé, bhí nimh déanta ar an gcneá agus fuair sé bás laistigh de cheithre lá.

Bhí ochtar clainne acu, seisear cailíní agus beirt bhuaachaillí. Fuair cailín amháin bás tar éis a breithe agus cailín eile in aois a fiche bliain. Fós ag maireachtaint tá Mairéad (Uí Choiste-ealbha) i mBaile an Fheirtéaraigh agus Nóirín in Ospidéal an Daingin agus go leor garchlann.

Agus an t-athair scuabtha uathu i mbláth a óige, bhí Meaig i gcruachás ag iarraidh clann óg a thógaint. D'aistríodar go dtí an mhíntír i 1934. Chuireadar futhu ar dtús le teaghlach a muintire i mBaile an tSléibhe go soláthraíodh tigh i mBaile an Fheirtéaraigh.

Cé gur chuaigh an chuid eile den chlann as baile ag treabhadh dóibh féin, d'fhan Peaidí i dteannta a mháthar. Mhair Meaig go raibh sí 88 bliain d'aois. Bhíodh Peaidí ag obair le conraitheoirí tithíochta. Ach ba bhreá leis dul ag iascach.

Is maith is cuimhin le Séamus (Eoghainín) Feirtéar ón mBaile Uachtarach, Peaidí mar dhéagóir ag



teacht go dtí trá Bhaile an Calaidh don chéad uair lena naomhóg. Ba ann a thosaigh cairdeas i measc na n-iascairí. Cairdeas a tháinig fé bhláth le linn a saol. Fé mar do scríobh Múiris Ó Bric, “Ana fhear naomhóige é Peaidí. ‘Dhóigh leat gur amhlaidh a rugadh i naomhóg é, bhí sé chomh gasta agus neafaiseach istigh inti.”

Mhair Peadí go neamhspleách ina aonar i mBaile an Fheirtéaraigh go dtí trí sheachtain roimh a bhás. Bhí Peaidí ana bhuíoch do na comharsain, do na “home helps” agus dá dheirfiúr Mairéad agus do chlanna a dheirféaracha a bhí an-mhaith do Pheadí i ndeireadh a shaoil. Nuair a chuir Breandan Mac Gearailt faoi agallaimh é le déanaí b’ é a bhí le rá ag Peaidí: “Deinid a ndícheall bualadh chugam go rialta.” Tá mac deirféar dó i mBaile Átha Cliath, ina léachtóir i gColáiste na Tríonóide, a dúirt sé, agus thagadh sé gach tríú seachtain ar a thuairisc tríd an mbliain amach. “Is diail é,” ar sé. “Ní fhéadfainn locht a fháil ar aon duine acu,” ar sé.

Cinnté tá fear sibhialta cairdiúil éalaithe uainn. Beannacht Dé lena anam uasal. Tá Peaidí ag iascach sna Flaithis anois i dteannta a chairde is a mhuintire. Cadé scéalta atá acu! Cadé aighneas agus gairí acu!

Gan dabht tá an tobar Bhlascaodach ag dul i ndísc níos tapúla ná mar a bhí. Meastar go bhfuil ar a laghad triúr i Springfield, Mass. agus seachtar in Éirinn beo fós. Go gcumhdaí Dia iad agus a muintir.

The Rescue of Éamonn de Buitléar and the Party of Birdwatchers

Ray Stagles

In 1969 my wife Joan and I planned, for the first time, to stay three weeks on the Great Blasket Island. So we brought with us from England a 20lb box of Granny Smith apples, a collection of Austrian cheeses and other delicacies. We often purchased plenty of potatoes, carrots, wholemeal flour, tinned meats, powdered milk, tea, coffee, packets of biscuits and so on, in Dingle. All in all these provisions filled several large cardboard boxes.

As in the two previous summers, we spent the first night after our arrival as the guests of Kruger Kavanagh in Dunquin, meeting our old friend and curragh captain, Seán (Whalley) Keane and his crew in the bar that evening. We would be making the crossing into the Island the next day, “weather permitting”. This time it didn’t – it was too misty.

So we had an interesting day calling on old friends, and making new ones. On a visit to Dingle Hospital we met once again Pat Dunleavy’s eighty-year-old uncle Eoghan, who was to join us later on the Island; and also, for the first time, in the same building, An File, Mike Guiheen, Peig Sayer’s poet son. He was

pleased to see us and talk for a while in a faint, high voice, a little weak, he confessed, because Bo Almquist, the Swedish scholar, “had milked me dry this morning”. We learnt that Bo was making a massive collection of Irish proverbs, many of which he took down from Mike’s dictation.

By late afternoon the mist had cleared and the sun came out, but the sea was now too rough for a safe passage. Seán told us we would have to see if tomorrow would be any better.

By the next morning the sea had quietened down somewhat, but it was clearly not ideal for the crossing. Nevertheless Seán was keen to get us away as soon as he could – “fed up with the weather” as his wife Bríde told us. He came striding back from Mass with Seán Pheats Tom, both respectable in black suits, swinging in step, hands in pockets against the cold mist, coats flapping open. We were to be ready at two o’clock to depart.

Up at the Dunquin Pottery for mid-morning coffee we were told that the previous afternoon someone had seen a “smoke signal” (a rocket, in fact, as we learnt later) from the Great Blasket, and had reported it to the Guards, but nothing had come of it, so far as they knew. The conversation passed on to other matters.

When we got back to Kruger’s at twelve noon, Bríde was waiting for us. “The men are at the pierhead, ready to go now, she told us. Good. We drove to the “car park” at the top of the harbour track, and I unloaded the car. Joan took some gear down to the slip. No one there! However, Seán soon arrived, and I then motored back to Kruger’s. He had told me that he had a bag of lime for me in the garage, so that I could whitewash the walls of “our” house, the Dáil, at the top of the Island village. When Kruger slid back the garage door there was revealed to us Richard, the tall young English hippy we’d met briefly that morning, sitting in the middle of a jumble of garage odds and ends, writing! Richard was to follow us into the Island a few



Éamonn de Buitléar filming in the early 70s with Nóra de Buitléar and Paddy Hayes.

days later, and provided us excellent company and much entertainment.

After some delay Kruger drove me and the sack of lime in his battered old Ford to the cliff top above the harbour where Joan greeted us with “Where have you been all this time? Seán’s raring to go. He’s already saying there’s too much load. We can’t take that heavy sack too!” Kruger was non-plussed, but only for a moment. “Seán O’Sullivan will bring it in to the Island with Richard, he said, so it was stowed under one of the upturned curraghs, along with our two folding chairs, which Seán also refused to take.

Soon we were out of the harbour on a slight swell, but Seán was much happier now that we were on our way across the Blasket Sound. The curragh was not noticeably low in the water I thought, despite all our baggage and stores. Joan engaged in a halting conversation, half in Irish, half in English, with Seán, I noted one pleasant exchange:

Joan: You have a nice wife

Seán: You are nice yourself.

As we approached the tiny Island harbour I could make out one blue tent and one orange one just above the slip, and a line of seated figures, only one of whom waved back to my greeting. On the other, southern, side, there was a man seated with a tripod in front of him, on which was what I took to be a telescope. However, it turned out to be a TV camera, with Éamonn de Buitléar recording our arrival, which was shown on RTE news that evening, as we learnt three weeks later!

Two young men hurried down to meet us as we drew alongside the slip, faces haggard with anxiety. “Have you come to rescue us?” “No, we’ve come for a three week holiday on the Island!” “Then you’re not here in response to our distress signal?” “No!” One of them burst out indignantly “We’ve been waiting five days to be taken off this Island, and we’ve had nothing to eat for the last three – and there’s a four-month-old baby in the party!” Others joined in, more calmly, and soon we had the whole story, they were a party of ornithologists, some from England due back at work the next day, who had set out two weeks before to do a bird count on all the Blasket Islands, under the leadership of Colin, the bearded father of the baby. “Kerry Boats” from

Cahirciveen had been engaged to drop them on each of the Islands in turn, the outer ones first, finally the Great Blasket. The arrangement had been that they would stay a couple of days on each island, and then be taken on to the next. It had all worked well until this week. Their boat should have come to pick them up on the Wednesday, when the weather was quite good, but it just hadn’t turned up then, or since. Why not? I was not to find the answer to that question until eighteen years later!

Everyone cheered up considerably when we said we had masses of food in the curragh, and that they would all be welcome to chocolate and biscuits and apples and tea and coffee, as we could easily get replacements sent over from the mainland. Seán, on his return to Dunquin, could arrange for their proper rescue. In gratitude they all set to work to unload our gear, taking it up the steep rough track to the grassy carpet above the harbour, where we could all have an impromptu picnic together.

They had certainly had a rough time. On the day of “the storm” – Thursday, when Joan and I were driving across Wales through sweeping rain to Fishguard – they had broken into two of the village houses, as they could not keep dry in their tents, and they had borrowed rabbit snares, but had caught only one rabbit, which, with a few biscuits, had constituted their last meal. They had no means of catching fish, nor had they collected sorrel, which makes a good salad, or looked for mushrooms, of which we were to find plenty during our stay. The calmest of them all was the mother of the small child, who had managed to breastfeed her baby throughout. And Éamonn de Buitléar seemed to take all that had happened as a normal part of a day’s work.

No sooner had the emptying of the curragh been completed than the Valencia lifeboat appeared round the Gob, with a dinghy in tow! The crew said that they had come in response to a radio message from a passing trawler, which had picked up an SOS signal which one of the birdwatchers had flashed with a hand mirror. The tide was low now, and the lifeboat men were keen to get away quickly, as it would take two hours to make the trip back to Valencia with the dinghy in tow.

There was no time even for a snack!

The whole of the bird-watching party hastily set about dismantling the tents and getting them and their rucksacks and other gear into the lifeboat and dinghy as quickly as they could. We waved a fond farewell to them as they moved out of the harbour to the southwest, and took several photos to record the occasion. Seán and his crew left at the same time.

Within a matter of minutes everybody had gone, leaving Joan and myself alone on the Island, as we had expected to be. But all our stores had by a minor miracle been whisked for us up to the beginning of the Island’s main road. A very good way to begin our three week holiday!

Post-script number one. The next morning I caught the last item of news on the radio: “A party of eleven bird-watchers, which included a four-month-old baby, has been rescued from the Great Blasket Island by the lifeboat from Valencia, after the boat which should have taken them off failed to turn up. They had been without food for three days.” I looked at the full boxes of food surrounding us in our Island house and smiled to think how eager we had been to get on to the Island, while they were so desperate to get off!

Post-script number two. Eighteen years later, in the summer of 1987, I met on the Island Seán O’Shea, a noted Kerry local historian. He had been in Cahirciveen in 1969 when the Valencia lifeboat brought back the party of bird-watchers, and assured me that the explanation for the failure of Kerry Boats to pick them up when they should have done was very simple. The boat owner had just forgotten about them, and had gone off to the USA!

Post-script number three. In the summer of 1993 I heard from Maria Simonds-Gooding, the artist, another strand of this extraordinary story. She had been camping on the Great Blasket Island in the week before we arrived. By the time she left by curragh, the relief boat for the bird-watchers from Cahirciveen was already overdue. Éamonn de Buitléar asked her to telephone Cahirciveen as soon as she reached Dunquin, to tell them of the plight of the bird-watchers. She did so. Perhaps it was *this* action, and not the sun-flashed SOS signal that brought out the Valencia lifeboat. Who knows? As is so often the case in Island stories reality and legend have become intricately, and possibly inextricably, intertwined.

Máirín Feirtéar

Bean thar mhná, ildánach agus cumasach

1933 - 2012.

Bhí cairde uilig Fhondúireacht an Bhlascaoid go mór faoi bhrón i mbliana ag bás Máirín Feirtéar, Cathair Chaoín, Baile an Fheirtéaraigh ar an 20 Iúil. Cara dílis ab ea Máirín don bhFondúireacht i gcónaí. Bhí sí mar eagarthóir comhairleach ar an gCaomhnóir leis na blianta agus tá an leabhar nua-fhoilsithe *Ceiliúradh an Bhlascaoid 14* faoi John Millington Synge tiomnaithe di i mbliana. Níl rud níos fearr le déanamh anois ach an dréacht molta álainn pearsanta a scríobh a buanchara Bríd Ní Mhóráin, file eile dar ndóigh, uirthi sa *Kerryman* 1/8/2012. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a hanam!

BEAN THAR mhná – fíorálainn, ildánach, cumasach in a lán slite a d'imigh uainn ar Shlí na Fírinne ar an 20 Iúil nuair a cailleadh Máirín Feirtéar, go ndéana Dia trócaire ar a hanam uasal.

Lonraigh Máirín mar réalt ar na céadta daoine a theagmhaigh léi i mBaile Átha Cliath agus ar a fód dúchais in Iarthar Dhuibhneach – mar ba léir ón slua ollmhór a d'fhreastail ar a tórramh insa tigh i gCathair Caoin agus ar a sochraid i sáipéal an Bhuailtín.

Mar dhuine de phearsana móra na Gaolainne lena linn, thuill sí ómós agus buíochas ó óg agus sean, uasal agus íseal, fearaibh agus mná.

Fágann a bás scamall dubhróin ar a teaghlach, ar a gaolta is ar a dlúthchairde ó tá a gerann taca grámhar tuisceanach ar lár agus folús mór i saol an phobail ina héagmais.

Labhair Máirín, mar seo leanas, ar aoibhneas na hóige:

Teaghlach an-sona ab ea mo theaghlachsa, mé féin agus mo dheartháir, Séamas, agus m'athair agus mo mháthair.... Is mór mar a chuir m'aintín iontach, Eibhlín, Eibhlín a' tae, a bhí ina cónaí i mBéal Bán, lem' shaol.¹

Bhí sí ana-mhórtasach, leis, as a hathair críonna a shiúlaigh 'on Daingean agus é 90 bliain d'aois. Ní foláir nó gur chruthaigh na blianta sona úd a meon oscailte, leathanaigeanta, dearfach i leith an tsaol agus thug sí léi ó dhúchas na deathréithe a dhein pearsa chomh mealltach, tarraingteach di gur gheall le féasta bheith ina comhlúadar, maidir le

flaithiúlacht, cuileachta agus saibhreas cainte.

Bhí lé ar leith aici le leanaí agus le daoine óga, chuimhnigh sí i gcónaí ar laethanta breithe, agus ar ócáidí speisialta, ar nós baisteadh, céad Chomaoine nó dul fé láimh easpaig. Ba chuí mar sin gurbh é an fliútdóir óg, Feidhlim, a chaoín cois na huaighe í.

Mar a deir an salm, "Chóirigh sí bord chun béile dá haíonna". Sárchócaire ab ea í a chuirfeadh uisce led' fhiacla agus togha is rogha an bhídh réitithe aici – feoil agus prátaí, Irish Stew, Ashes' Sausages nó, thar aon bhia eile, maicréal úr rósta le linn na biaiste.

Dheineadh sí maidin Lae Nollag a cheiliúradh le champagne agus oráiste agus nuair a bhí sí ina cónaí sa phríomhchathair, tar éis na Nollag, bhíodh féasta traidisiúnta Duibhneach – langa agus praiseach bhán – aici féin, ag a páirtí dílis, Nell Ní Mhurchú, agus ag a geomhlúadar, is mara raibh fuisce is fíon is filíocht acu ní lá go maidin é!

Chaith Máirín a saol oibre mar oideachasóir agus í ag múineadh i mbunscoil ar dtús, is mar Leas-Phríomhoide ina dhiaidh sin, ar Choláiste Íosagáin, "an scoil is fearr in Éirinn", dar léi.

Má chreid sí go láidir nach mbíonn an rath ach mar a mbíonn an smacht, fós, thaispeáin na hiarscoláirí, na múinteoirí agus cór na gcaoilíní ina n-éide scoile a dhein garda onóra di, tar éis an Aifrinn, an meas thar na bearta a bhí tuillte aici de bharr a díograis is a hábaltachta.

Nuair a d'aistrigh sí thar n-ais go Cathair Caoin tar éis éirí as an múinteoir-eacht, tháinig a saol fé bhláth i gceart agus bhain sí úsáid as taithí na mbliain chun cabhrú le foghlaimoírí na Gaolainne, idir dhaoine fásta is dhaltáí scoile a bhíodh ag prapáil don Scrúdú Béil.

Bhí sé de bhua aici gach éinne acu a mhisniú is an dea-fhocal a úsáid chun iad a chumasú. B'é a grá buan daingean úd do theanga a sinsear ceann de bhunchlocha a saoil; sin í a thug uirthi bheith páirteach go fonnmhar i ngach gné do shaol na Gaeltachta – í ina cainteoir sárlíofa ar "An Saol ó Dheas" – an clár ab fhearr léi ar Raidió na Gaeltachta; í mar Chathaoirleach ar Bhord Bainistíochta Bhunscoil an Bhuailtín; bhí sí páirteach sa Chlub Leabhar agus thug sí cabhair fhial d'Oidhreacht Chorca Dhuibhne agus



Máirín Feirtéar

Pict: Valerie O'Sullivan © Brenda Ní Shúilleabháin do mhórán d'fhilí na dúiche trí eagarthóireacht a dhéanamh ar a saothar – ní raibh a sárú le fáil maidir le ceartscríobh na Gaolainne.

Mar dhuine de bhunaitheoirí An Fhéile Bheag Filíochta ar an mBuailtín agus mar láithreoir líofa, seoigh ar an Mike Oscailte, chuaigh sí i bhfeidhm go mór ar scata filí ó Luimneach nár leas leo an chomaoín a chuir sí orthu a chur in iúl lá na sochraide.

Cé gur mhúinteoir í go dtí'n ndeireadh thiar, níor stop sí riamh den bhfoghlaim – ríomhaireacht, peannaireacht, Iodáilis, Spáinnis, Francis, cócaireacht agus, an caitheamh aimsire ba mhó a thaitníodh léi, an ghrianghrafadóireacht.

Ní raibh sí riamh chomh sásta is a bhí amuigh ag siúl ar Thráigh Chom Dhíneol, Chloichir nó Bhéal Bán i dteannta Charlie, an madra agus í ag tógaint pictiúirí dó ina rogha timpeallachta.

Ní dócha go raibh aon ghadhar sa tsaol a fuair oiread grá is go raibh aon duine chomh leachta anuas air agus a bhí Máirín ar Charlie sa tslí go ndúirt sí, "I hope I die before Charlie"; leag cairt é agus marafodh ar an dtóirt é Aoine an Chéasta seo caite. Bhí a croí istigh sa dúlra; ar an liosta a scríbh sí do na nithe ab' fhearr léi sa tsaol, bhí: spideog im ghairdín, an chéad sméar dubh, an chéad samharcín, spéir dhearg os cionn Cheann Sibéal, tráthnóna gréine agus mo cheamara ag feidhmiú... Thóg gach éinne a thug cuairt ar an dtigh i rith an deireadh seachtaine ceann d'áilleacht an ghairdín a raibh rian láimh Máirín le feiscint sna pósaís go léir a bhí fé bhláth ann agus sa leabaidh bheag ina raibh prátaí, leitís agus oinniúin go flúirseach aici.

Bhí an áilneacht mórthimpeall uirthi,

Scéal agus Dán Oileáin le Micheál de Mórdha

Seoladh Scéal agus Dán Oileáin ar 6 Iúil 2012 ag Máire (Ní Shúilleabháin) Uí Chíobháin, iníon le Muiris 'Fiche Bliain ag Fás' Ó Súilleabháin, agus is mar seo a labhair sí:

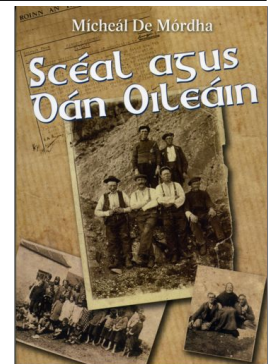
Chuireas aithne ar Mhicheál nuair a thug sé cuireadh anuas ón nGaillimh chuig cruinniú, an chéad chruinniú faoi bhunú Fhondúireacht an Bhlascaoid. Ar ndóigh, bhí cluas-aithne againn air ó Raidió na Gaeltachta óna bhunú, an stáisiún raidió iontach sin. Fear dian díograiseach ar son na Gaeilge agus todhchaí an Oileáin, eolas thar chumse ag Micheál ar mhuintir an Bhlascaoid, an cultúr agus stair shóisialta atá scríofa síos aige i bhfoirm an leabhair bhreá nua seo. Scéal an Oileáinín draíochtúil, anois gan duine ná deoraí, ná solas san oíche ná deatach an lae, sínte gan mothú ar chlár na farraige, leathshúil aici ar Éirinn, go síoraí ag faire amach, ach mar a deir an tseanbhean fadó ar an Oileán, "Imeoidh agus a dtiocfaidh agus a dtáinig ach ní imeoidh na grásta ó Dhia. Imeodsa agus tusa ón áit seo ach fágfaimid a bhfuil sa tsaol seo inár ndiaidh". Nuair a thagaimís chuig na cruinnithe faoi thodhchaí an Oileáin, bhí iontas orm faoin méid eolais a bhí ag Micheál mar runaí, agus Séamus Mac Gearailt mar chathaoirleach, agus is linne a bhí an t-ádh go raibh. Bhí aithne mhaith ag Micheál ar an seandream amach ins na caogaidí agus a shocraigh síos anseo i

nDún Chaoin, muintir Ghuithín agus na Súilleabháinigh, na Dálaigh agus muintir Chearna agus, ar ndóigh, muintir Chromhthain roimhe sin ar an Muirígh. Mar a deir Seán Ó Guithín i 1952, "Ní haon áit do sheandaoine an tOileán anois, gan sagart ná bráthair, ná doctúir ná banaltra, ná scoil ná leanbh óg. Tá sé in am éirí as." Mar sin, d'fhágadar é i 1953. Ag féachaint timpeall ar an bhfoirgneamh breá seo, bhí baint nach beag ag Micheál lena bhunú. Foirgneamh go bhfuil meas agus cáil bainte amach ar fuaid an domhain aige. Agus ba cheart go mbeadh muintir na hÉireann bródúil agus buíoch gurb é Micheál atá i gceannas air. Mar ní dóigh liom go mbeadh éinne níos fearr chun é a bhrú chun cinn mar atá déanta ag Micheál thar na blianta.

Chomh fada is atá an tine bhreá oidhreacht seo ann, beidh cuimhne go deo ar na hOileánaigh, idir ár sirsir, na cuairteoirí, na scoláirí mór le rá agus, go mórmhór, na scríbhneoirí. Ní gá domsa caint ar na scríbhneoirí, Tomás Ó Criomhthain, m'athair Muiris, Peig agus Lís Ní Shúilleabháin, mo mháthair Cáit anseo anocht agus iad ar fad, agus chun cur le leabhair an Oileáin, tá ceann nua glan ó pheann an Mhúraigh saolaithe anseo anocht, leabhar a bheidh mar théacs ag scoláirí móra an domhain agus na glúinte atá le teacht faoi shaol atá imithe, saol simplí crua, ainns go leor, ach mhair siad ar scáth a chéile. Níor cailleadh riamh, táim ag ceapadh, aon duine le hocras ar an Oileán, mar d'fhair

siad amach dá chéile. Ach cailleadh cuid acu le briseadh croí agus uaigneas, i gcathracha i bhfad i géin, go mórmhór i Meiriceá, mo chuid gaolta féin, mo dheirfiúr agus deartháir agus deirfiúr le m'athair, níor tháingadar riamh abhaile. M'aintín Neilí, nó Neilí Sheáin Lís, cailleadh í – bhí sí daichead ar trí nó daichead a ceathair – deir siad gur cailleadh le huaigneas í i Meiriceá nuair a tháinig deirfiúr eile di abhaile, agus níor tháinig sí féin riamh riamh abhaile.

Mar sin cuireann sé gliondar ar mo chroí bheith anseo i bhur measc anocht ar fód mo shinsear chun an leabhar breá seo a sheoladh. Ceapaim go bhfuil ana chuid oibre déanta ag Micheál le cúpla bliain anuas, obair chruaidh agus, ar ndóigh, mar a deir siad i mBéarla, "Behind every of a successful man, there is a powerful woman". Mar sin comhghairdeachas le Angela agus ardóimid na seolta ar leabhar mór galánta Mhichíl de Mórdha, *Scéal agus Dán Oileáin*, foilsithe le Coiscéim. Go n-éirí leis agus libh go léir agus, mar a deir Ian Foster nuair a tháinig leabhar m'athar amach i 1933, "I give to you here, the egg of a seabird, lovely, perfect and laid this very morning". Agus leis sin, seolaim an leabhar seo go hoifigiúil.



Scéal agus Dán Oileáin
Micheál de Mórdha
Coiscéim €25.00

istigh is amuigh, mar scáthán dá meon is da haigne féinig. Ní hé amháin gur thacaigh sí leis an aos ealaíne áitiúil in sa chaoi gur cheannaigh sí pictiúirí uathu ach b'ealaíontóir cruthaitheach í féin chomh maith.

Bhí tuiscint thar meon aici ar an aestéitic – b'shin an taobh gurb í an Iodáil a rogha tír iasachta dos na tíortha go léir gur thaistil sí iontu, toisc gurb í a chruthaigh Michelangelo is Andrea Bocelli.

B'fhéidir nach eol do mhórán daoine gur file cumasach nádúrtha ina ceart féin ab ea Máirín – ní haon iontas sin agus í síolraithe ó Phiaras Feirtéar.

Ghlac sí páirt i gceardlanna filíochta an cheantair; cé go mbíodh leisce uirthi a saothar a léamh, bhaineadh an lucht éisteachta sárthaitneamh i gcónaí as mar léitheoir gan cháim agus foilsíodh dánta dá cuid i *Cúirt Phiarais – Idir Chruach is Chuan*, Comhairle Contae Chiarraí, 2006, *Mil ina Slaoda*, An Sagart, 2011 agus An

Chraobh Óir – Festschrift Mhons. Pádraig Ó Fiannachta, 2011.

Bhí grástúlacht thar an gcoitiantacht ag baint le cló is pearsa Mhairín agus bhíodh rogha na ndathanna, an cheannbhirt agus an tseodra ag teacht le chéile ar áilneacht an domhain.

Bhí sí chomh dathúil agus seasamh ríoga aici gur chuaigh sí i bhfeidhm ar Charlie Haughey féin, ina hóige:

Bhí ana-shuim i gcónaí in éadaí agam. Ní fada a bhíos ag múineadh nuair a chuas go dtí Aifreann an Bhuailtín maidin Domhnaigh agus gúna dath uachtair orm agus Lurex tríd, agus caipín corera go raibh *sequins* air. Cheapas go rabhas go hálainn.... Cé a bheadh laistiar dom ná Charlie Haughey.

Thóg sé ceann dom agus nuair a chuaigh sé isteach i dTigh Chatháin tar éis Aifrin, chuir sé mo thuirisc.²

Dhein an tAthair Eoghan Ó Cadhla, sagart paróiste an Bhuailtín, tagairt don tarna bunchloch ina saol – an creideamh thar a bheith láidir a bhí mar charraig in aon anaithe a bhuaíl í. Fós, níor bhrúigh sí a tuairimí ar dhaoine eile ach thug an tsaoirse chéanna dóibh a roghnaigh is a chleacht sí féinig.

Is í an inspioráid a fuair sí ón gcreideamh céanna, chomh maith lena meon lán dóchais is grá a dhein réalt reatha di a shoilsigh saol a teaghlaigh, a cairde agus a pobail – na trí nithe sin a chiallaíonn go bhfuil sí anois ag lonnú i láthair Áille na hÁille, i dteannta a muintire is a páirtithe atá ar shlua na marbh. Go raibh Solas na Soilse aici ar feadh na síoraíochta.

1. *Bibeanna: Memories from a Corner of Ireland*, Brenda Ní Shúilleabháin, Mercier Press, Corcaigh, 2007, lgh. 204-205
2. *do. lch. 206*

Imeachtaí san Ionad le Linn na Bliana 2012

Is iad foireann Ionad an Bhlascaoid a d'eagraigh na hócáidí, mura gcuirtear a mhalairt in iúl. Cuirtear áiseanna an Ionaid ar fáil saor in aisce d'eagrais áitiúla pobail a eagraíonn imeachtaí cultúrtha nó oideachais. Bíonn cruinnithe rialta ag Comharchumann Dhún Chaoin san Ionad i rith na bliana. Más suim leat ócáid a reachtáil san Ionad i 2013, tá fáilte romhat dul i dteagmháil linn ag blascaod@opw.ie.

- 16/02/2012: Léacht le Breandán Feiritéar ar 'Moss Martin, A Shaol is a Cheol', arna eagrú ag Scoil Cheoil an Earraigh.
- 17/02/2012: Ceolchoirm – Oíche Éire is Alba - ag Scoil Cheoil an Earraigh.
- 12-13/04/2012: Tionól na bhFeirtéarach – ócáid do Fheirtéaraigh ó cheann ceann na cruinne, arna eagrú ag Margaret Campbell.
- 03/05/2012: Seoladh Fiagaí na gCeann Gaelach/The Irish Headhunter: Grianghraif an Dr. Charles R. Browne, ag Aire Stáit na Gaeltachta, Donnchadh Mac Fhionnlaoidh, T.D.
- 04/05/2012: Léamh litríochta le Colm Tóibín, arna eagrú ag Féile na Bealtaine.
- 07/05/2012: Siompóisiam Polaitíochta 'Cúrsaí Fiacha in Éirinn', arna eagrú ag Féile na Bealtaine
- 23/05/2012: Seoladh thogra Shiúlóid na Cille ag Micheál Ó Mhuirheartaigh, eagraithe ag Comharchumann Dhún Chaoin.
- 04/06/2012: Cúrsa Gaeltachta Coicise ó Choláiste Phádraig Durlas Éile.
- 02-06/07/2012: Cúrsa Gaeltachta Chumann Bunmhúinteoirí Éireann, arna eagrú ag an gcraobh áitiúil.
- 05-06/07/12: Tionól Gaeltachta Chonradh na Gaeilge, arna eagrú ag baill an Chonartha.
- 06/07/2012: Seoladh an Leabhair 'Scéal & Dán Oileáin' le Micheál de Mórdha.
- 12/07/2012: Ceolchoirm le Caitlín Ní Bhéaglaoi & Orna Loughnane.
- 19/07/2012: Léamh Litríochta le Jim Lucason.
- 15/07/2012: Taispeántas Grianghraif le George Karbus.
- 16/07/2012: An tAire Brian Hayes ar chuairt ar an Ionad agus ar an Oileán.
- 31/07/2012: Ceolchoirm ar mhaithe le paróiste eaglasta Bhaile an Fheirtéaraigh.
- 13-18/08/2012: Cúrsa Comhar na Múinteoirí Gaeilge, arna eagrú ag Oidhreacht Chorca Dhuibhne.
- 20/08/2012 - 31/08/2012: Cúrsa Gaeltachta Ollscoil na hÉireann, Má Nuad.
- 28/09/2012: Ceiliúradh an Bhlascaoid 2012: Tiarnaí Talún agus Tionóntaí, arna eagrú ag Ionad an Bhlascaoid, Oidhreacht Chorca Dhuibhne agus Fondúireacht an Bhlascaoid.
- 17/10/2012: Tionól Dochtúirí Leighis ó Londain.
- 30/11/2012: Léacht ar Logainmneacha Dhún Chaoin le Breandán Ó Cíobháin, arna eagrú ag Comharchumann Dhún Chaoin.



Donncha Mac Fhionnlaoidh, TD,
Aire Stáit na Gaeltachta
ag Dáil an Oileáin.



Mollaí Ní Chonchúir ag ceiliúradh le Pádraig 'An Gabha Geal' Ó Mathúna tar éis di glacadh le Teastas "Benemerenti" a bhronn an Pápa Benedict XVI uirthi ar 15 Iúil 2012 mar aitheantas ar an obair iontach a dhein sí do Shéipéal Dhún Chaoin le blianta fada.



Mícheál Ó Muirheartaigh agus daltaí Ghaelscoil Uí Ríordáin in Ionad An Bhlascaoid Mhóir agus Lúbshiúlóid na Cille á seoladh, samhradh 2012.

The Islander

— a review

— A Basket Bore —

KEITH RIDGWAY *The Irish Times* -
Saturday, October 13, 2012

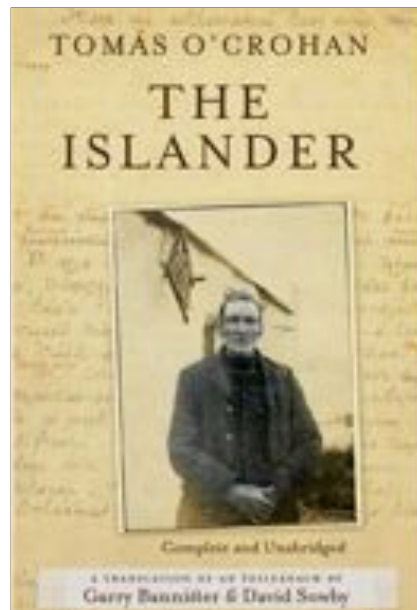
AUTOBIOGRAPHY: *The Islander*, By Tomás O’Crohan, translated by Garry Bannister and David Sowby, Gill & Macmillan, 314pp. □24.99

BORN IN 1855 on the Great Blasket Island, Tomás O’Crohan wrote *The Islander*, his autobiography, in his later years, at the request of others who foresaw the end of lives like his, and who worried, too, about the end of the Gaelic language. The book stands alongside those by Peig Sayers and Muiris Ó Súilleabháin as testimonies to the lives of people who seem connected to us now only very remotely, and tenuously. And as central, vital texts of the Gaelic Revival.

There is, in Prof Alan Titley’s foreword, and in Prof Seán Ó Coileáin’s preface, and in the introduction from the translators themselves, a repeated emphasis on the difficulties of translating from Irish to English. There is a sort of defensiveness in this, an insistence almost on the impossibility of it. As Titley puts it, “between Irish and English there are vast shelves of libraries and vast cities and practised bureaucracies and marching troops and technical wrestlings which make the gap of feeling immense”. The only previous translation is by Robin Flower, from 1934. Flower knew O’Crohan (who refers to Flower, sweetly, as *Bláithín*) and was one of the scholars who visited O’Crohan in the latter part of his life, keen to get him to account for himself and the Blaskets, and to document his language.

This new translation seeks to update that of Flower, and to present a version that prioritises, as the translators put it, clarity and readability. And in this they have succeeded. It’s clear, and you can read it. The translators also ask a question in their introduction: “To whom is our translation being addressed? – to students of Irish who might be studying the original Gaelic or to a much more general readership?” But they don’t answer it. And I wonder if that’s because here is a book which, in its full, repetitive, tedious entirety, I can only imagine being useful to Gaelic students as a reference, and of appeal only to the most masochistic of general readers.

Whomever it’s intended for, they will be frustrated by curious presentational deficiencies. There is talk in the various



introductions, and on the book cover itself, of several “earthy” passages missing from the Flower translation and restored here.

Nowhere are we told which passages they are. Five short appendices contain more from O’Crohan on aspects of island life, but there is no explanation of why these are separated out from the main text, or where they are from. There is no index. There is no assistance for the general reader on things such as dates (O’Crohan rarely specifies a year) or geography (a simple map might help), nor any context provided by way of notes on matters such as land ownership, taxes and rents, what was behind the various attempted administrative interventions in the islands that O’Crohan mentions, and so on. It makes for frustrating reading.

But none of that is O’Crohan’s fault. And it’s his company we keep for more than 300 pages. It’s wearying company, I’m sorry to say.

Here is a man who lives a hard, straightforward life, who “ploughs the sea” and works the land, who grows up and marries and has children, who gets drunk often, and who gets learning in fits and starts but seems to take to it, and who settles into an old age of Gaelic Revival-prompted reminiscences. But there are so many repetitions, so much attention given to minor occurrences and so little to major ones, that it becomes – like the life perhaps – an exasperating and tiresome chore.

O’Crohan was asked for this book by people who called at his door – a fact that shapes it and ultimately, I suspect, smothers it. He was writing for a very immediate and specific audience. He alludes at times to a wider readership, but he knew that what he wrote would be read

in the first instance by men who would turn up at his house every few months looking, and paying, for more. And you can feel in his tone and his focus a man who has no wish to be dishonest, who has been convinced of the anthropological worth of the project, but who makes of his life a list of things he’s done, easily told things, things in which he takes pride – which he balances with a bombastic humility – and who as a result gives us a peculiarly superficial idea of himself, delivered in an unrelenting, exculpatory banter.

We get a lot that seems familiar through the parodies it has engendered over the years, from Myles na gCopaleen to Father Ted. Shipwrecks and drownings, punch-ups at weddings, battles with tax- and rent-collecting authorities, lots of drink, diving for crab to use as bait, fishing, bad weather, killing seals, rescuing uncles, dancing lessons, singing, a succession of school teachers and inspectors, and death and drink, drink and death, repeatedly. Nowhere do we get any real sense of an interior life, of O’Crohan’s loves and griefs and doubts. And there may have been love. A woman on Inishvickillane is visited often – though he doesn’t say more than that he spent a lot of time there, and flirted with her. He is infuriatingly coy throughout. But he married, under apparent pressure from his family, a different woman. The lament he sings at his own wedding certainly suggests he wasn’t happy, but he says nothing. He mentions his wife’s name, Mary Keane, and doesn’t mention her again until she dies. After bearing 10 children. The first we hear of his children at all is when one of them is killed in a cliff fall.

We do hear repeatedly about his uncle Dermot, a “rake” and a “gasbag” who nevertheless seems to have provided O’Crohan with most of his adventures – all of them related to getting drunk on visits to the mainland, or getting nearly drowned closer to home. We hear too about his neighbour, called only the “old hag”, who seems to have provided, along with her “inept” husband, most of the entertainment of his growing up. O’Crohan is a hard man to like.

It would be wrong perhaps, anachronistic, to expect an autobiography of emotions, even if the lack of them is startling. But we hear nothing about his beliefs either. There is no politics other than a smug dismissal of Home Rule on the basis that the Blaskets have never had anything else. There is no religion, apart from the formulaic invocations that punctuate every page. There is no sense whatsoever of curiosity about a wider world. The US, interestingly, is repeatedly

disparaged as a terrible place – “the country of blood and sweat and toil”. O’Crohan gets about his business. He goes fishing again. There’s another storm. We get three or four pages on the trouble they have getting a catch in, and a couple of lines on the death of another child.

And it may be that these choices made in the writing really do reflect the man. But I doubt it. Late on in the book, he writes: “Of all the terrible things that have ever happened to me, dealing with death has always been the most terrible of all.” How could it be otherwise? But you wouldn’t know it from anything else in *The Islander*. And I can only think of those linguists and anthropologists sitting in Tomás O’Crohan’s house, asking him to write down the facts of his life for them. And he spending a few hours every week giving them whatever seemed to please. And I can imagine him, and I really hope this is true, going out of his house then and being a far fuller person than this book suggests.

– Keith Ridgway’s most recent novel is Hawthorn Child

Reviewing the Review ...

Tadhg Ó Dúshláine
agus Tracy Ní Mhaonaigh

On first reading this review, one is struck by the impression that the reviewer, a prize-winning creative writer, was, like many of his predecessors, as far back as Horace, reacting to the murder machine of bad teaching that would have us endure dollops of the classics, whether we liked it or not. For the tone of this mischievous little rant is mean, petty, spiteful, arrogant and sensational.

On first reviewing this review one is struck by the fact that it is not a review of the work under review at all (Bannister and Sowby’s translation), but a pretext for having a go at the author of the original, Irish scholars and Conradh na Gaeilge.

One might have expected a comparison with Flower’s translation, if only a reference to the superiority of the inclusive title *The Islander* to Flower’s *The Islandman*, and the advantages of such gender-neutral terminology in Irish (e.g. ‘cathaoirleach’, ‘chairman’, ‘chairperson’). But the reviewer doesn’t get it, and chooses to scoff at Titley’s introduction and Ó Coileáin’s preface instead. He draws attention to Titley’s note in relation to the ‘difficulties of translating from Irish to English’, and remarks, ‘This new translation seeks to update that of Flower, and to present a version that prioritises, as the translators put it, clarity and readability. And in this they have succeeded. It’s clear and you can read it.’

Is that to suggest that Flower’s translation could not be read? He goes on to criticise the failure, in the new translation, to highlight those restored passages which were missing from the Flower translation. Would this information add to the reader’s enjoyment, or not, as the reviewer believes, of this literary text? This new translation, having restored these passages, is more in line with the ‘original Gaelic’, a point which the reviewer fails to acknowledge.

But the butt of the reviewer’s bile is the original text and its author, although he doesn’t quote a single word of the original. He is repetitious in his criticism of, what he considers to be, the repetitiveness of the text. Title, subtitle and legend accompanying the illustrations are indicative of the reviewer’s pettiness. The plosive straining for alliteration in the title (like a bad ad. for Dunne’s Stores) is wide of the mark, for whatever else may be attributed to Tomás Ó Criomhthain, self-confidence, eccentricity, boring he most certainly was not, nor is the work, held in such high esteem by such critical minds as Máire Mhac an tSaoi:

In *An tOileánach* the writing has a flavour, a quality of goodness you can almost taste, like the goodness of fresh bread or of a sound apple. It recreates a climate made up of a profound acceptance of the realities of life coupled with an intense appreciation of the mere physical joy of living reduced to its simplest terms...

Myles na gCopaleen makes the point that ‘*An tOileánach* is the superbest of all books I have ever read’. Perhaps the greatest tribute to Ó Criomhthain’s masterpiece is Myles’ *An Béal Bocht*, in the same way that Joyce’s mock-heroic twenty-four hour pub crawl, *Ulysses*, is a tribute to Homer’s *Odyssey*, and yet, the reviewer cites the parodies of Myles and *Father Ted* as a negative accolade. Are imitation and parody not the highest forms of flattery?

The subtitle (‘Even in a new translation, a Gaelic classic shows no emotion or curiosity about the wider world’) implies that the fault lies with the original. Is the reviewer suggesting that this new translation should have rewritten the original story? The facts of evidence are simply not true: (references *repeatedly* to his uncle Dermot; getting drunk often).

He criticises Ó Criomhthain ‘who makes of his life a list of things he’s done, easily told things in which he takes pride’. This is the story of a people, not a person. However, if the reviewer considers this to be a purely autobiographical text then, what is he looking for? If an autobiography is not a list of the subject’s deeds in life, then what is it?

The illustrating photographs (‘remote ruins’ with no reference to the conservation and renovation now being undertaken; and the juxtaposition of the author ‘who gives an oddly superficial idea of himself’) are of the same genre, indicative of a total lack of appreciation or awareness of the living heritage of the Blaskets.

Ultimately, the reviewer protests that he ‘can imagine’ (and I really hope this is true’ – one wonders) that the author is ‘a far fuller person than this book suggests’. Again he doesn’t get it. Unlike Peig or Muiris Ó Súilleabháin, Ó Criomhthain is not telling his own story, but ‘*ár leithéidí*’, ‘*ár gcúrsaí*’, the story of a community, not autobiography, but ‘allibiography’, testimony to peoples ingenuity and heroism, before famine, emigration and State neglect obliged them to forsake their homestead. Donne’s ‘No man is an Island’ celebrates our animal sociability. But there is another side to existence: each of us is ‘An Islander’, marooned in a sea of infinity, trying to make sense of it all. Tomás Ó Criomhthain’s work then is a heroic epic of individual and communal struggle for survival and meaning.

Back in the 1960s the late Gus Martin chose chapter nine, ‘The Killing of the Seal’, in illustration of Ó Criomhthain’s philosophy, in the tv programme *Markings*. Here Tomás becomes a Beowulf or a Cú Chulainn, and his heroics will enshrine the memory of his race. The need to keep death in its place lies deep in human nature, and the art of biography arises from that need. Tragedies like the drowning of Tomás’ son are facts that are treated with the stoic dignity of the native heroic tradition, stretching from the Death of Aoife’s only son to ‘The Lament for Art O’Leary’. These are not the work of individuals but the defiant, lasting voices of a community mediated through individuals. He who has ears to hear let him hear. Surely, Ó Criomhthain cannot be faulted for his portrayal of a living people. What good to them dwelling on the loss of the dead rather than the survival of the living?

The reviewer states that there ‘is no politics other than a smug dismissal of Home Rule and the basis that the Blaskets have never had anything else.... There is no sense whatsoever of curiosity about a wider world.’ Even today when you cross the Blasket Sound and set foot on the Great Blasket you cannot help but get the sense that you have stepped into another world, where time almost stands still and the happenings of the outside world no longer matter. The expanse of water surrounding these islands created an independent people, for whom ‘getting about their business’ was akin to survival. What difference to them a change in rule or in

ruler? Had they not there own *Rí*, a figure who appears regularly in Ó Criomhain's work, to 'govern' when required?

Those of us familiar with the story of the Islanders know that, for many, An Daingean and, for some, Tralee, was the boundary of their world on one side. But to suggest that they were unfamiliar with parts of the world on the other side, is to show an ignorance, yet again, of Blasket life. Many of them were as familiar with tidings in *An Talamh Úr* as in their own locality, a knowledge borne out of the harsh realities of emigration. Surely the numerous references Ó Criomhain makes to *An Talamh Úr* and *Meirice* are indicative of, at the very least, a casual curiosity in the wider world.

The reviewer talks of the 'formulaic invocations that punctuate every page' and yet claims 'we hear nothing about his beliefs'. These invocations were the very essence of the living faith of the Islanders, their beliefs being a foundation stone of their community. Without this faith they would never have withstood the anguish and tragedies that inevitably befall an island community. For the reviewer to pass off Ó Criomhain's invocations as anything other than a portrayal of his beliefs, is to deny the very concept of a living faith. The absence of a church on the Island may give the impression to some of a faithless people. But rather it is indicative of the opposite. Without the on-site guidance of ministry, it is the true believer who actively practices his faith. Are we not told in *Romans* that 'the just shall live by faith alone'? As Mícheál de Mórdha puts it in *Scéal agus Dán Oileáin*,

Sagart nó gan aon tsagart, ba dhream iad a raibh creideamh láidir ina gcroíthe agus a chreid go diombháilte i nDia agus gach a bhaineann leis sin.

An Dr. Tadhg Ó Dúshláine, M.A., Ph.D. is Senior Lecturer in the Department of Modern Irish at the National University of Ireland, Maynooth, and An Dr Tracy Ní Mhaonaigh, M.Litt, Ph.D is a lecturer in the same Department.

Islander ps

Alan Titley

I remember travelling to the Great Blasket sometime in the 1970s and feeling a little sea sick. Not that sea sick, as I had some practice of churning stomachs outside the pleasant confines of Cork harbour on boats which my father crewed on. In the meantime I had suffered on dingy boats in parts of the world where monsoons strike without warning, but I never felt that queasy sickness of the Blasket Sound until I read Keith Ridgeway's hatchet job on Garry Bannister and David Sowby's recent translation of *An tOileánach*. It was obviously a hatchet job as the scribbler didn't appear to have the imagination of a duck egg.

The Islander doesn't pretend to be a work of the imagination. It is documentary, just how it was. But it takes a small sniffing smidgen of imagination to begin to empathise with what that might have been like. No leprechauns, no dryads nor nyads, just people. Just because they weren't down and out in London or Berlin or on the old main drag doesn't mean that they lived boring and uneventful lives. Try fishing off

the rocks or searching for crabs when they are the only last food you might have between you and starvation. I take it Keith's empathy could never stretch that far. The cosmopolitan mind has a problem with people who live beyond where the tram lines stop.

'Another Blasket Bore' may have been a sub-editor's smart line, but it did accord with Keith's bill-hook. One suspects that he may have read some teacher's notes on *Peig* when he was in secondary school, but it is unlikely that he read the book itself. If he did he would have noticed the deep humanity, and the mental loneliness of being out there on your own. For in Ireland in the 20th century being 'out there on your own' meant more than being a rugby player, or a feminist, or gay, or a communist, or a transvestite, or whatever-you're-having-yourself, it also meant being an Irish-speaker who simply could not live his or her full life in the language of his or her birth. I presume this was no small thing, although Keith Ridgeway's nasty polemic betrays not the least glimmering of understanding that it might have been really, like I mean, really tough.

But forget him and let him return to his eastern isles. As Tadhg Ó Dúshláine has correctly pointed out it was Myles na gCopaleen's 'superbest book.' I have this weird feeling that the same Myles knew a little bit more about the quality of literature than did the bould Keith. I also have this weirder feeling that John McGahern had a more profound insight into rural Ireland and the human condition than our Keith does. McGahern whined that 'The poetry seeped through the book as a whole, like water or the sea air round the place itself, so persistent is the form of seeing and thinking, and this, equally persistently, seems all the time to find the right expression. Unwittingly, through the island frame, we have been introduced into a complete representation of existence.' So, witlessly of course, Keith shows that he is as insular as the rocks that never moved on the Great Blasket, as shrill as the birds who shrieked about its head, as tick as the tock which thumps inside the unsympathetic crawlium.

We should not give a puffin pah about what he writes, but unfortunately some good folk may have been put off reading *The Islander*, this excellent translation of Garry Bannister and David Sowby, based on the definitive text by Professor Seán Ó Coileáin. They should not be, as this translation is, as Jack Nicholson might say, 'as good as it gets.'

— Professor Alan Titley, PhD, M.A. B.A., is head of the Department of Nua Ghaeilge (Modern Irish) at University College Cork.



Photograph of Blasket Islanders taken by Charles R. Browne as part of the Irish Headhunter project (1891-1900). Tomás Ó Criomhain as a young man is believed to be in the centre making this the earliest photograph of him.

(Trinity College, Dublin.)

Wilson's Petrel and the Basket Islands

Edward Carty

Wilson's Petrel is also known as Wilson's Storm Petrel. They breed in vast numbers, with recent population estimates of 30,000,000 on the Antarctic continent and sub Antarctic islands, from Cape Horn (Chile) to Kerguelen Islands (French Southern Territories) during the northern winter. Small numbers migrate into the northern Atlantic after the breeding season.

Wilson's is a small to medium-sized storm petrel with an evenly proportioned body. It is best distinguished from other Petrels by its flight pattern, which can be described as Hirundine-like. Its flight is purposeful and direct with continually flapping wings on uniquely stiff wing-beats. It forages methodically, skimming low over the water with shallow stiff wing beats, interspersed with sustained searching glides.

The species typically collects food by hanging over the prey item, sometimes for long periods, with the wings held in a shallow V, stabilising by foot pattering on long spindly legs. Wilsons Petrel skilfully dances over the waves, making both Leaches and Storm Petrels appear rather clumsy.

On close views, typically less than 20 feet, it is possible to see the yellow webbing between the toes. The species has broad wings and pointed wing tips, the leading edge lacks a sharp angular bend at the carpal joint and the trailing edge is uniquely straight amongst 'our' storm petrels. The tail is long and there is normally an obvious toe projection beyond the tail tip. Wilson's petrel has obvious pale broad upper wing-covert bars and a white wrap-around rump patch.

The Wilson's Petrel spends the rest of



Pict: E. Dempsey 2009

its year at sea. It rarely comes ashore when it is not breeding season. The only reason for coming ashore is usually when a bad storm is brewing. There are more sightings of them in the north Atlantic than the Pacific Ocean. They are primarily pelagic

sometimes dive under water for small distances but this is not the norm.

The Wilson's Petrel is a very outgoing bird and is quite bold when over the open water. They will sometimes follow ships for miles. They are very hard to see from coastlines because of their size but are sometimes spotted from ship decks.

We depart from Dingle early, usually leaving the pier at 0800hrs and return back to the pier at 1600 hrs. The majority of the trips are in August and I usually organize just one trip every year usually around 7th - 15th. The cost at the moment is €50-€60 per person and the maximum is 10 persons on the boat.

I start to gather oil and prepare chum in early June, so that I have little to do in the days approaching the trip, except watch the weather forecast and discuss plans with the skipper. A mixture of fish waste, oil and other ingredients are dumped overboard in the hope of drawing seabirds close to the boat.

Ideally I think a gentle NE and overcast conditions would be the best but I have never had this weather. Usually it is local birders from County Kerry who go on the pelagic trip but several have travelled from all over the country to join me.

I welcome all interested birders but dread when the trip is cancelled at the last minute especially for people who may have travelled long distances. A sighting of Wilson's Petrel is NOT guaranteed but over the past 8 years we have seen about 13 and only 2003 was poor when we didn't get out on any boat due to bad weather on the dates selected.

But I have also had one or two trips where we have seen NO Wilson's Petrel at all!

Pelagic Observations

1998 (2) 6km off Inistearaght 08 Aug
2002 (4) 8km off Inistearaght 06 Aug
2004 (3) 8-10 km off Inistearaght 14 Aug
2005 (1) 10km WSW Inistearaght 09 Aug
2006 (1) 7km W Inistearaght 08 Aug
2007 (1) 8km SW Inistearaght 27 Aug
2008 (15+) 60 km SW Blaskets 25 Sept
2009 (6) 10 km SW Inistearaght 07 Aug
2010 (2) 9km SW Inistearaght 10 Aug
2012 (3) 10 km W Inistearaght 17 Aug

outside of breeding season. Pelagic means open sea. This term is used because of them living the way they do.

The primary food source for the Wilson's Petrels is plankton and other food items from the ocean's surface. They do



Former Blasket Student Meets Detective Son of Oldest Blasket Islander

Gerald W. Hayes

Michael P. Carney, the son of Michael J. Carney, the oldest surviving native of The Great Blasket Island, recently had a chance encounter in Springfield, Massachusetts with a spry and petite eighty-six year old woman named Bridie Gagnon.

The circumstances of their meeting were unfortunate indeed. In early September, 2012, Bridie's home was invaded by a burglar in the middle of the night. The next day, the younger Mike Carney, a Springfield police detective, was assigned to investigate the crime.

Mike visited Bridie at her home and asked here where was from, she said New York. Mike told her that he noticed an

Irish accent and she said she was originally from Ireland. Mike said, "I bet you're from County Cork." "No," she said, "I'm from Limerick." Mike told her that his dad was born on The Great Blasket Island and she replied, "Well, I went to school there." A very surprised Detective Carney asked how she got from Limerick to the Island. She replied "We went by boat. I went to learn my Irish there, but I wasn't that good at it."

The crime is still under investigation, but Detective Carney was able to recover the fingerprints of the perpetrator. He also relayed the information about Bridie's Blasket connection to his brother-in-law, Gerald W. Hayes, who met with Bridie to explore her life story.

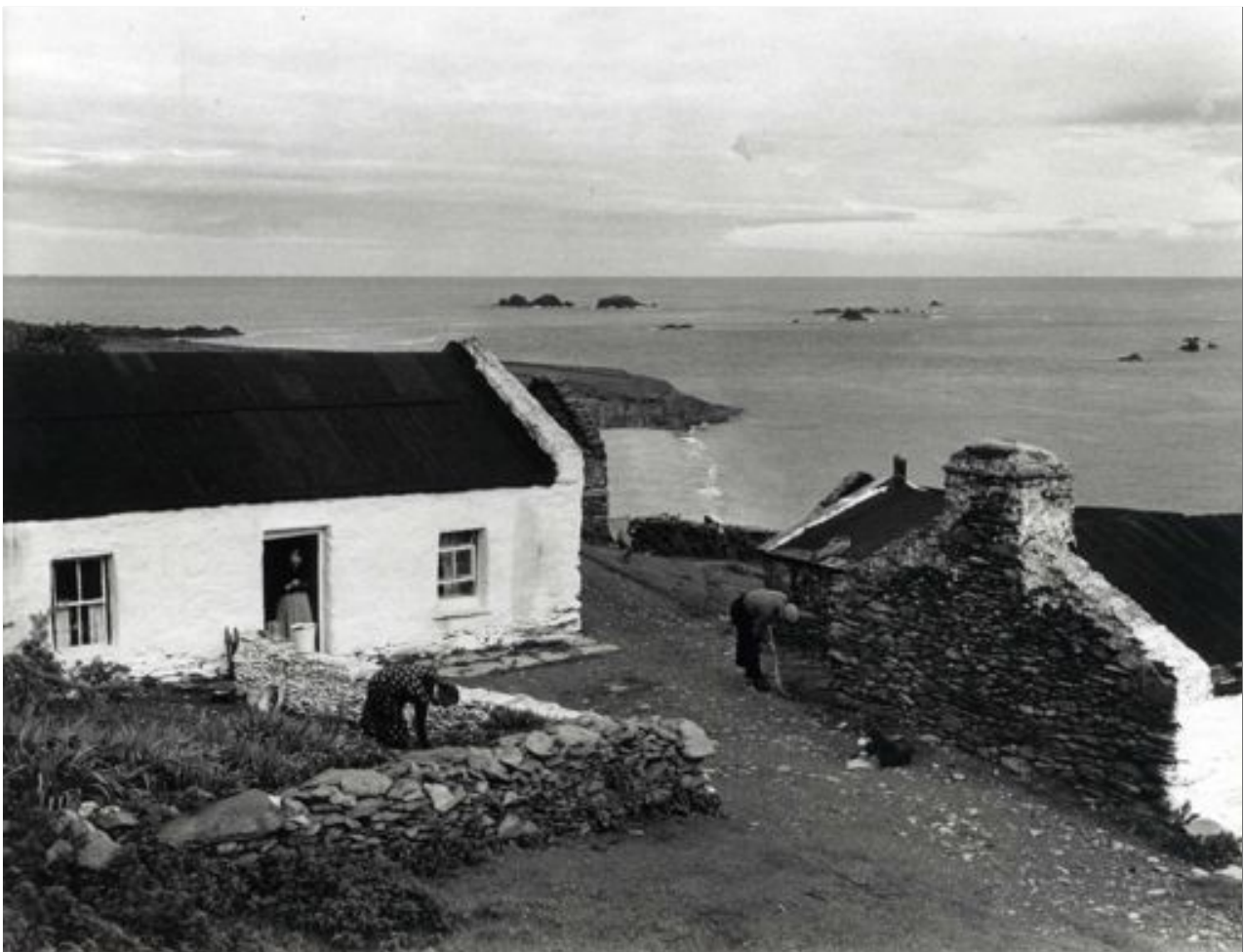
Bridget "Bridie" Mary Dore Gagnon was born on October 26, 1926 in Athea,

County Limerick, Ireland. She had two brothers and a sister, all now deceased.

Bridie was raised in an English speaking household. Her grandfather insisted that the family speak English at home. He often said that Gaelic would be of no use to the children as they grew up. So, she learned only a little Gaelic at home.

Bridie attended the local National School and, eventually, the Convent of Mercy School in Abbeyfeale.

The Leaving Cert test, the national exam for graduation from high school in Ireland, required competency in Gaelic. Bridie's family sent her to The Great Blasket Island, a small and isolated Gaelic speaking community, to improve her Gaelic so she could pass the test. She stayed on the Island for several weeks



Guiheen Family house on the Blasket. On the right, is the gable of the King's house.

during two consecutive summers in her early teens.

Bridie lived with the Guiheen family on the Island. Their small home was located in the middle of the village next door to the “king” of the Island, Patrick “Mickey” Keane. This is the same home where the famous Robin Flower stayed during his many visits to the Island. Flower was the literary mentor of Thomas O’Crohan, the author of the classic book, *The Islandman*.

Bridie’s family paid for her room, board and, of course, her lessons in conversational Gaelic.

Bridie traveled over to the Island from the mainland by naomhóg, an ocean-going canoe. The seas were very rough and quite often the trip had to be delayed until the weather improved.

Bridie’s memory is that the people of the Island were very nice and quite industrious. But, they lived a hard life and endured considerable isolation on the windswept island.

When she wasn’t learning Gaelic, Bridie played with the other kids on the island. She remembers football games and playing cards. She also remembers enjoying the storytelling, music and dancing.

She was very well fed with lots of fresh fish and tasty fresh baked bread.

Unfortunately, Bridie had a difficult time learning Gaelic. She found it to be a very challenging language and the dialect spoken on the Island was slightly different than the dialect spoken in Limerick. She says that the Islanders spoke too fast for her to keep up. And, of course, the Islanders were not trained teachers of Gaelic; they simply held informal Gaelic conversations and tried to help her build a Gaelic vocabulary.

Actually, Bridie remembers that she really would have preferred not to spend summers away from home on the Island. She would have preferred to spend the carefree summers of her youth back home in Limerick. Perhaps there was a bit of homesickness involved too.

After two summers, Bridie’s family hired a tutor to complete her study of Gaelic right at home. The tutor taught her in a Limerick-based dialect. And, not surprisingly, she eventually passed the Leaving Cert.

As part of her studies, Bridie was required to memorize two famous Island books, Maurice O’Sullivan’s *Twenty Years a Growing* and Peg Sayers’ *Peig*, in

Gaelic from cover to cover. To prove it, she easily recited from memory the first paragraph of *Twenty Years a Growing* in perfect lilting Gaelic.

At age eighteen, Bridie went to London for training in nursing. She then got a job in a hospital. She very much enjoyed living in England.

At the time, Bridie’s uncle lived in Brooklyn, New York. This uncle and his wife asked her to emigrate to America three different times and eventually she agreed to do so. She considered herself lucky to be able to emigrate because only three hundred visas were issued at that time.

Bridie arrived in New York at a pier on the East River near 57th Street on December 15, 1947 aboard the *RMS Mauretania*. She had travelled home from London to say her goodbyes in Limerick and then took a ferry from Dún Laoghaire, outside Dublin, to Southampton, England, for the voyage across the Atlantic.

Upon her arrival, Bridie lived with her uncle on Garfield Place in Brooklyn. She worked as a nurse’s aide at Samaritan Hospital. She enjoyed the single life in America and has fond memories of social activities among the large Irish community in the Rockaways, a beachfront community within New York City.

In 1951, Bridie met her future husband, Gilman Gagnon, at a dance at a bar next to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Gil was in the Army and was stationed at Fort Dix in New Jersey. He was spending the weekend in New York. They fell in love and were married on November 3, 1951

After the wedding, the couple moved to Gil’s hometown of Caribou, Maine, twenty seven miles from the Canadian border. But, because of his status as a military veteran, Gil was able to find a very good job at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, a manufacturer of jet engines, in East Hartford, Connecticut. Bridie was happy to escape the frigid Maine winters.

The Gagnon’s had two children, Maureen and Patricia. After a couple of years, the Gagnons moved from East Hartford to Springfield. They wanted their children to attend Cathedral High School in Springfield which had an excellent reputation for preparing students for college.

The Gagnons lived on Washington Street in the Forest Park neighborhood and eventually bought a house on nearby

Burton Street. Their new house had been in foreclosure and was in terrible condition. The couple worked hard to completely renovate their dream home.

Gil took the bus to work in East Hartford every day, a distance of thirty miles each way. He traveled with several other men from Forest Park who also worked at Pratt & Whitney.

The Gagnons were members of Holy Name Parish and the children attended Holy Name School before moving on to Cathedral High School. Both graduated from college, Maureen from Western New England College in Springfield and Patricia from Ithaca College in upstate New York.

Bridie had several jobs in the Springfield area including the cafeteria at Holy Name School, the Wesson Rehabilitation Center and the Jewish Nursing Home. She also cared for elderly clients in their homes.

She would have enjoyed being a member of Springfield’s John Boyle O’Reilly Club, but women were not allowed as members at the time.

Bridie visited Ireland in 1983. Her brother was her tour guide and she remembers visiting her relatives in County Limerick, as well as Ballybunion, Killarney, Tralee and Dingle.

Bridie recalls meeting Islander Michael J. Carney when he was managing the A&P Supermarket on Main Street in Springfield’s South End neighborhood. She remembers comparing notes with him on her visits to The Great Blasket Island during her youth.

Bridie’s daughter Maureen lives in Springfield, not far from Burton Street. Her daughter Patricia lives on Long Island, New York. She has four grandchildren, all girls.

Bridie’s husband Gil passed away on St. Patrick’s Day in 2004 after fifty three years of marriage. She still lives alone in the family home which she takes great pride in maintaining in spotless and tidy condition even at the age of eighty-six.

As one might expect, this is one Springfield crime that will get special attention from Detective Carney.



Bíonn An Caomhnóir á dháileadh tríd an bpost go bail na Fondúireachta agus an costas clúdaithe lena dtáille ballraíochta.

Ar eagla go bhfuil dearmad déanta ag daoine maidir le táille bliantúil ballraíochta a dhíol, seo thíos a leanas na bail atá díolta suas go 9 Samhain 2012:

An Caomhnóir is dispatched to members of Fondúireacht an Bhlascáid, the cost of which is covered by their membership

As some may have forgotten to update their yearly membership, below are listed members who have paid up to 9 November 2012:


Ághas Uí Cheallaigh, Cristín, 2 Cabhsa Fremont, Melbourne, Baile an Easpaig, Corcaigh.
 Allen, Frank, 10 Cois Cuain, Cúirt Mhic Sheáfraidh, Droichead na Bandan, Co. Chorcaí.
 Begley O'Shea, Máire, Liosnagrói, Castlegregory, Co. Chiarraí.
 Brangan, Carolín, 17 Balally Drive, Dundrum, Dublin 16.
 Breathnach, Fiontán & Máire, Baile Átha Cliath 14.
 Brett, John P., 488 Old Main Street, Rocky Hill, CT 06067, U.S.A.
 Brughna, Traolach & Máire, Bun na Fána, Baile na Rátha, Dún Chaoin. Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
 Connolly, Martin, Office of Public Works, Trim, Co. Meath.
 Corduibh, M.C. & Caitlín, Baile an Éanaigh, Baile an Fheirtéaraigh, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
 Davies, Mary, Winton, Castlefarm, Monkstown, Co. Cork.
 de Priondargást, Proinsias, "Avondonn", Bóthar na Creatalaí, Cloch an Mhaoir, Luimneach.
 Dollard, Ciarán, 32 Ardán Blenheim, Port Láirge, Co. Phort Láirge.
 Enright, Mrs T., 54 Skircoat Moor Road, Halifax, HX3 OHA, England.
 Firtéar, Muiris & Bernie, Fán, Ceann Trá, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
 Flower, Jane, No. 1, The Martlets, Ringmer, Nr Lewes, E.Sussex, England.
 Foley, Gertie, 50 Grange Wood, Rathfarnham, Dublin 16.
 Frost, Eithne, 34 Páirc Grosvenor, Ráth Maonais, Baile Átha Cliath 6.
 Gaelachas Teoranta, Gleann Maghair, Co. Chorcaí.
 Grainbhéil, Mícheál, Sráid Eoin, An Daingean, Co. Chiarraí.
 Guiheen Kenny, Carmel, "Suaimhneas" Carnmore, Oranmore, Co. Galway.
 Hamilton, Pádraig, 14 Ros Harley, Carraig an Déin, Bóthar an Tóchair, Corcaigh.
 Hayes, Maureen & Gerry, 109 Jamestown Drive, Springfield, Mass. 01108 USA.
 Hyland, Áine, 37 Mapas Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.
 Irish Cultural Centre, 291 Springfield Street, Chicopee, MASS 01013, U.S.A.
 Keane O Catháin, Pádraig, Ballincar, Rosses Point Road, Sligo.
 Kerwick, Moss, Rockhill, Bruree, Co. Limerick.
 Kimber, Dáithí, 39 Faiche an Ghrágáin, Port Láirge, Co. Phort Láirge.
 Leabharlann Chiarraí, Tobar Muí Doire, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
 Mac Amhlaoihbh, Feargal & Áine, Baile na Rátha, Dún Chaoin, Co. Chiarraí.
 Mac Aogáin, Eoghan, 18 Br. Chárthaigh, An Chabrach, Baile Átha Cliath 7.
 Mac Cárthaigh, Maitias, & Ní Mhurchú, Nóra Maria, An Cheathrú, Dún Chaoin, Co. Chiarraí.
 Mac Conghail, Máire, 14 Ascaill Ghairbhile, Ráth Garbh, Baile Átha Cliath 6.
 Mac Domhnaill, Marcas, Baile na hAbha, Dún Chaoin, Co. Chiarraí.
 Mac Gearailt, Gearóid, Baile an Phriour, Cill Sioláin, Cluain Meala, Co. Thiobraid Árann.
 Mac Ionnrachtaigh, Seósamh, 11 Croí na mBaile, Bóthar an Ghleann Mhóir, Cill Mhichíl, Co. an Chláir.
 Mac Síthigh, Domhnall & Máire, Baile Eaglaise, Baile an Fheirtéaraigh, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
 Magan, Cróine, 14 Ascal Carlisle, Domhnach Broc, Baile Átha Cliath 4
 Mannon, John, Lakeside Park, Loughrea, Co. Galway.
 Matson, Leslie, Newtown Villa, Port Láirge, Co. Phort Láirge.
 McAdam, Jim & Geraldine, 16B Dirnan Road, Cookstown, Co. Tyrone, BT80 9XL.
 Mhic Ghabhann, Áine Bn., 51 Bóthar Bhartúin, Rath Fhearnáin, Baile Átha Cliath 14.
 Mhic Ghearailt, Eibhlín, Bán na Comarach, Cionn tSáile Beag, Via Eochail, Co. Chorcaí.
 Mhic Giolla Bhríde, Máiread, Srath na Bruaigh, Doire Beag, Leitir Ceanainn, Tír Chonaill.

Muckcross House, Trustees of, Denis Reidy, Muckcross House, Killarney, Co. Kerry.
 Murphy, Una, Beau Soleil, 26 Ch. Des Jargillieres 01210 Ferney-Voltaire, Ain, France
 Ní Bheaglaigh, Máire Úna, 7D Aonach Mhargadh na Feirme, Baile Átha Cliath 7.
 Ní Bheaglaigh, Seosaimhín, Baile na bPoc, Baile na nGall, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
 Ní Bheidiúin, Ceaití, An Chlais, Baile na nGall, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
 Ní Chaomhánaigh, Caitlín, 2 Garrán an Ghoirt Áird, Cathair Sailí, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
 Ní Chatháin, Próinséas, 69 Bóthar Larchfield, Baile na nGabhar, Baile Átha Cliath 14.
 Ní Chinnéide Uí Ghearailt, Sighle, "Dúinín" 7 Woodley Park, Dublin 14.
 Ní Chinnéide, Lelia, 7 Whitechurch View, Ráth Fearnáin, Baile Átha Cliath 16.
 Ní Chinnéide, Mai, "Dún-an-Óir", Roscré, Co. Thiobraid Árann.
 Ní Chinnéide, Neasa, 22 Uppur Leeson St., Baile Átha Cliath 2.
 Ní Chóbháin, Simon & Máire, An Chreag Bhuí, Baile Chláir na Gaillimhe, Co. na Gaillimhe.
 Ní Chonchubhair, Máire, 64 Belgard Downs, Bóthar Bhaile an Róistigh, Corcaigh.
 Ní Chonghaile, Deirdre, Cill Mhuirbhígh, Cill Rónáin, Oileán Árann, Cuan na Gaillimhe
 Ní Dhubhda, Máiread, Baile na Leacon, Clochán Bhréanainn, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
 Ní Dhubhda, Rose, 9 Dún Éibhir, Na Forbacha, Co. na Gaillimhe.
 Ní Dhúgáin, An tSr. Attrata, Clochar na Trócaire, Cill Dá Lua, Co. an Chláir.
 Ní Loingsigh, Máiread, Roinn na Nua-Ghaeilge, Coláiste na hOllscoile, Corcaigh.
 Ní Mhóráin, Bríd, An Cam, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
 Nic an Oirchinnig, Úna, 23 Sráid Seasnáin, Luimneach.
 Ó Braonáin, Seán, 92 Br. San Labhráis, Cluain Tarbh, Baile Átha Cliath 3.
 Ó Broin, Antoine, Killrane, Co. Wexford.
 Ó Brolcháin, Fionnbarra, 2 Plásóg an tSruháin, Ascaill Chnoc Mhuirfean, An Charraig Dhubbh, Co. Átha Cliath.
 Ó Cadhla, An tAth Eoghan, Tig na Sagart, Baile an Fheirtéaraigh, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
 Ó Catháin, Colm, "Fionntrá" 78 Rush Road, Skerries, Co. Dublin
 Ó Catháin, Leachlain S., Eisc Thuaidh, Gleann Maghair, Corcaigh.
 Ó Ceárna, An Dr. Micheál, 133 Appleblossom Lane, East Longmeadow, MASS, 01028, U.S.A.
 Ó Céileachair, Lís & Donncha, Baile na Rátha, Dún Chaoin, Co. Chiarraí.
 Ó Céileachair, Seán, 26 Céide Bhréanainn, An Chúlóig, Baile Átha Cliath 5.
 Ó Céilleachair, Dónal, 8 Tivoli Road, Londain, N8 8RE, Sasana.
 Ó Cinnéide, Lorcán, Baile an Mhúraigh, Baile na nGall, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
 Ó Cinnéide, Micheál, "Ghantry", Ballysampion, Killinick, Co. L. Gorman.
 Ó Cléirigh, Muiris, Cnoc Garbh, Lr. Killeens, Blarney, Co. Cork.
 Ó Coileáin, Seán, Scoil na Gaeilge, Coláiste na hOllscoile, Corcaigh.
 Ó Conaill Cáit & Micheál, An Roinn, Cill Orglan, Co. Chiarraí.
 Ó Conaill, Micheál A., Gort an tSamhráidh, Eochail, Co. Chorcaí.
 Ó Conaire Breandán, 265 Ascaill Chrann Teile, Martello, Port Mearnóg, Co. Bhaile Átha Cliath
 Ó Conchubhair, Dónall, 20 Meadowvale Close, Raithín, Luimneach.
 Ó Cuinneagáin, Lorcán, 187 The Spinnaker, Cé Árainn, Áth Cliath 7.
 Ó Domhnaill, Conall, 8 Na Daireacha, Bóthar Thurlach, Caisleán a' Bharraigh, Co. Mhaigh Eo.
 Ó Dónaill, Seán & Caitlín, 37A Faiche an Ráschúrsa, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.



**CÉAD míle fáilte ábhaile!
CORCA Dhuibne agus na Bhlascaodaí**


Dingle Peninsula and Blaskets Welcome Home Week
23-29 May 2013

in association with 

A WEEK OF WELCOMES, MERRIMENT, REMINISCENCES, FOOD, LANGUAGE AND CULTURE IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACES ON EARTH

The people of the Dingle Peninsula would like to welcome our diaspora from all over the world to experience the Corca Dhuibne Peninsula, the Gaeltacht, the friendliness of our people, the goodness of our food and the wealth of our culture, language and heritage.

"To us there are no strangers, only friends we have yet to meet."



Ceannt Dubh (Black Head), the most westerly part of Great Blasket with Dingle Peninsula in background. Photo John Griffin

Info: blascaod@opw.ie +353 66 9156444 (Ireland)
scahillane@comcast.net (US)

— Some of the Treats that Await You —

We're organising a jam packed list of events to welcome our diaspora home such as:

- The Ball Night** – To kick off the planned events and activities, a gala 'Welcome Home Event' in honour of our visiting diaspora will be held in Ionad na Bhlascaoid Mhóir / OPW Great Blasket Center to celebrate the opening of the week's activities to include food, drink, music, song and dance.
- The launch of Dr. Mike Carney's Memoirs** by The Collins Press.
- Horse Racing Festival** on Béal Bán beach (near Ballyferriter).
Weather and tides permitting.
- Lecture** on 'Dingle Peninsula's links with Western Massachusetts' ... *and the screening, in Dingle's famed Phoenix Cinema of 'Blasket Roots/American Dreams'*
- Traditional Irish Music Concert**
- Fashion and Jewelry Show**
- Mutton Pies Night**
- Dingle Seafood Feast Night** *(in conjunction with Dingle Food Festival)*
- Baile an Fheirtéaraigh (Ballyferriter)/Baile na nGall (Ballydavid) 'Hooley' Night** ...
all four pubs to participate – music, song and dance.....
- Boat trips around Blasket Islands, to embark from Dingle...**
to go around all the islands (see Fungi on the way) ...weather permitting.
- Visit to the new Dingle Brewery and new Dingle Distillery**
Guided tours of West Kerry attractions...
including OPW Gallarus Oratory and Blasket Centre
- All-day tour to Abhainn na Scáil (Annascaul) and Clochán Bréanainn (Cloghane/Brandon)**
- Visit to 'Oileán' (Great Blasket Island show) in Siamsa Tíre in Tralee**
(with ample time for Tralee shopping malls)

Accommodation enquiries to: dingletio@faiiteireland.ie; +353 66 9151188 or 9152131

WELCOME HOME WEEK SUPPORTED BY FOLLOWING AUTHORITIES AND BUSINESSES:



- Ó Fiannachta, An Mgr. Pádraig, An Sagart, An Díseart, An Daingean, Co. Chiarraí.
- Ó Floinn, Liam, "Suaimhneas" 40 Meadowsprings, Radhairc an Chláir, Luimneach
- Ó Gorman, Máiréad, "Hillview House", Carrowreagh, Taghmon, Co. Wexford.
- Ó Greacháin N.T., Dónal, "Tiaracht", 24 Ferndale, Ennis Road, Limerick.
- Ó hAllmhuráin, Seán, 4 Ascaill Bhride, An tSr. Nua, Luimneach.
- Ó Héalaí, Pádraig, Aille, Indreabhán, Co. na Gaillimhe.
- Ó hÓgáin, Bríd & Éamonn, 17 Páirc na Mainistreach, Cluain Dolcáin, Baile Átha Cliath 22.
- Ó hOsáin, Micheál, 675 Feeny Road, Dungiven, Co. Dhoire, BT47 4SU.
- Ó Keeffe, OFN, Fr. John, Citta Del Vaticano, Roma, An Iodáil.
- Ó Laoghaire, Gearóid, Clochar Bhriain, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
- Ó Laoithe, Seán, Coarliss, Rathluirc, Co. Chorcaí.
- Ó Lideadha, Séamus, Lios Liath, Cora Chaitlín, Inis, Co. an Chláir.
- Ó Lorcáin, Uilliam, 2 Westwood Gardens, Kinsale, Co. Cork.
- Ó Mathúna, Diarmuid, 10 Bothar Burlington, Baile Átha Cliath 4.
- Ó Mathúna, Pádraig, Baile an Teampaill, Dún Chaoin, Co. Chiarraí.
- Ó Muircheartaigh, Tomás, Brí, Inis Corthaidh, Co. Loch Gorman.
- Ó Muirthile, Dónal, Villa Marie, 16 Wilton Ave., Bishopstown, Cork.
- Ó Murchú, Breandán, 18 Janeville, Bóthar na Carraige Duibhe, Corcaigh.
- Ó Murchú, Ciarán & Ní Mhurchú, Máire, "Teamann", Baile na hAbha, Dún Chaoin, Co. Chiarraí.
- Ó Scanaill, Micheál, Sliabh Riabhach, Baile Bhúirne, Maigh Chromtha, Co. Chorcaí.
- Ó Scannláin, Cáit & Tomás, Gleann Loic, Dún Chaoin, Co. Chiarraí.
- Ó Sé, Tomás, 5 Carraig Mhór, Baile Átha an Rí, Co. na Gaillimhe.
- Ó Siochrú, Pádraig, Baile Mhic a' Daill, Daingean Uí Chúis, Co. Chiarraí.
- Ó'Shea, Patrick, Shelton, Arklow, Co. Wicklow.
- Ó Súilleabháin, Seosamh, 5 An tArd, Baile an Easpaig, Corcaigh.

- O'Sullivan, Breeda, Dundullerick, Leamlara, Co. Cork.
- Ó Tórna, Colm, 3 Garrán Ghleann Sceiche, Ardaidhn, Baile Átha Cliath 5.
- Ploszay, Mrs Mary, K. 44 Woods Way, Newington, CT 06111. U.S.A.
- Ruiséal Pól, Ionad na Gaeilge Labhartha, Áras Uí Rathaille, Coláiste na hOllscoile, Corcaigh.
- Stack, Pearl & Máire, 2 Ferndene, Greenville, Listowel, Co. Kerry.
- Ua Cearnaigh, Seán, Ard Aoibhinn, Gort na Silíní, Inis Córthaidh, Co. Loch Gorman.
- Uí Aimhirgín, Nuala, 24 Páirc Moyola, Caisleán Nua, Gaillimh.
- Uí Ainín, Máire, Cloichear, Baile an Fheirtéaraigh, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
- Uí Almhain, Bríd Bean, The Barn House, 5 Birchcliffe, Hebden Bridge, HX7 8JA, England.
- Uí Chatháin, Nóirín, "Seoid" Br. na hAille, Baile an Bhunneánaigh, Co. Chiarraí.
- Uí Chinnéide, Edna, Baile an Mhúraigh, Baile na nGall, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
- Uí Cholmáin, Maedhbh, 4 Ascal na hUamha, Baile an Bhóthair, Co. Átha Cliath.
- Uí Chonchubhair, Pádraig & Áine, Leana Mór, Béal Átha Longphuir, Lios Tuathail, Co. Chiarraí.
- Uí Chruaí, Máire, Baile an Chollaigh, Lámh le Corcaigh.
- Uí Dhomhnaill, Máiréad, 19 Bóthar na Faiche, An Charraig Dhubh, Co. Átha Cliath.
- Uí Eachthighearn, Siobhán Bn., Tír, Henry St. Mews, Cathair Luimní.
- Uí Fhathaigh, Siobhán, Baile an Fheirtéaraigh, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí
- Uí Mhurchú, Máire, Baile an Ághasaigh, Daingean Uí Chúis, Co. Chiarraí.
- Uí Réagáin, Áine, 53 Estát Uí Mhúscraí, Baile an Chollaigh, Co. Chorcaí.
- Uí Rócháin, Úna, Sráid na Cathrach, Co. an Chláir.
- Uí Thuama, Máirín, Cloichear, Baile an Fheirtéaraigh, Trá Lí, Co. Chiarraí.
- Ware, Séamus, 13 Beithe Geala, Dún Droma, Baile Átha Cliath 4.

Tá foim iarrtais ar bhallaíocht agus clúdach faoi iamh san eagrán seo.
Is eagraíocht dheonach charthanachta í Fondúireacht an Bhlascaoid a bhíonn ag brath an an bpobal.

An application for membership with return envelope is included in this edition.
Fondúireacht an Bhlascaoid is a non-profit charitable organisation which depends on public support.

Ag Ceiliúradh an Cheiliúrtha



An Msgr Pádraig Ó Fiannachta faoi lán tseol ag an gCeiliúradh.
(Pict: Lorcán Ó Cinnéide)



An Dr. Mícheál (Mike) Ó Cearna leis an ealaíontóir,
Hugh Collins Walsh, go raibh ealaín dá chuid ar taispéan
le linn an Cheiliúrtha. (Pict: Mícheál de Mórdha)



Buaiteoirí Sparánacht an Bhlascaoid 2012
An Dr Mícheál Ó Cearna le Meghan Ní Laoithe,
Jamie Ó Flanára agus Fiona Ní Ghaibhía
(Pict: Mícheál de Mórdha)



Ag Seoladh Synge
Diarmuid de Faoite ag seoladh Iris an Cheiliúrtha
2009, James Millington Synge.
(Pict: Mícheál de Mórdha)



Slua éisteachta ag Ceiliúradh an Bhlascaoid 2012