Refurbishing Manning boat after 45 years Jan. 2011

At that time he operated part-time from his home place, opposite Glann Graveyard. In 1973 he set up a boatbuilding business beside his newly built house not far from his home in the same townland. The type of boat required by then had changed with better outboard motors becoming available. Although severe competition entered the boatbuilding business with the introduction of fiberglass, Jackie stuck to making the traditional timber boats. This he does to this day with great pride and despite all the changes that have taken place he still operates a thriving business. Jackie's boats can be found on most of the Angling lakes of Ireland and indeed the UK. He has also exported boats to Holland, France and Spain When approached by Donald M. Street, author and sailor who alternates his time between Ireland and the Caribbean Jackie advised on design and built a number of boats which are used in Barbados. He has built a number of timber passenger boats which are used on the Lakes of Killarney and also boats for use in the harvesting of seaweed off the west coast.

Boats made by Jackie for Lakes of Killarney

It is well accepted in boating and angling circles that for the craftsmanship involved in the building of the timber lake boats, there is no better to be found anywhere.

Another aspect of the traditions of Corrib is the respect of the people for one another from both sides of the lake. This would be particularly true of the Cornamona/Dooras area to Glann. There was many an occasion in olden times, when shelter had to be found if storms blew up. This was in times before weather forecasts or phones. The fondness and respect has continued down through the years and was evident in abundance at the anniversary of the building of the church on 15th Aug 2010 when many people revived the tradition of crossing the lake to mass. Families such as the Walsh's, Monroe's, Summerville's, Sullivan's, Diskin's, Varley's, Lydon's and Kinneavey's were all represented.

During the day a story was recalled when on St Stephens's night 1944, Paddy Kinneavey, Eamon (Doctor) Sullivan and his cousins, Michael John and Sarah Sullivan crossed the lake to a dance in Oughterard. On their return, after the dance to the area near the church where they had the boat moored they found that it was too windy to cross over the lake. They took refuge in the church for the night and by morning, being very cold they found their way to Mrs. Maria O Brien who was a relative of Eamon. She gave them breakfast before they headed for Dooras. Paddy Kinneavey and Sarah subsequently married and had a large family many of whom attended the church celebration that day. Also over at the dance that night were Paddy and John Sumerville. They had their boat moored further up the Glann shore near Martin Sullivans. They braved the storm but had to go for shelter on Tootoge island. They had to turn boat over to get water out. When they set out again they let the boat go with the wind and landed safely if not a bit weather beaten a little further down the Dooras shore than planned. All is well that ends well!

Lough Corrib—A Memoir

I first saw the lake when I was four years old. I had climbed to the top of the hill in front of our house. Reaching the top, I fell down among the tall grass that was ripening into hay, and beige seeds tickled my nose, and made me sneeze. I tumbled down the hill, shouting "I saw the lake, I saw the lake", not knowing then that the lake was Lough Corrib, the second largest lake in the Island of Ireland.

I cannot see the lake now from the hill. The sycamore and oak trees, mere saplings then have spread their arms and elbows wide, blotting out the horizon. Today, I am going to climb higher up the rolling hills that tumble down into the valley, a crumpled blanket of brown, patched with heather and furze, where bees buzz and rabbits burrow. Kim, the black and white collie, dozing in the sun, seeing me putting on the wellies is ready for adventure.

I pass Aille Muclach, the bog that kept the home fires burning long ago. Trailing briars pluck at my clothes, and hide the freckled boulders waiting to trip me up. Kim pushes his nose into every crevice, every heather tuft, hoping to rouse a rabbit. I press on towards the summit, while the capricious sun plays hide and seek with raggy clouds, as peat brown streams foam wantonly.

Reaching the top I choose a heathery tuft to sit on. Here I feel earthed, like an electric plug pushed into its socket, while a sense of the past flows through me. It is here, blowing in the breeze, in the sweet cry of the lark, in the sweep of sky like a Paul Henry painting, and especially in the lake stretched below that today is ruffled like corrugated iron. Against the horizon is Cong, and the celebrated Ashford Castle, where the Guinness family once lived. They owned vast tracts of land including islands, and sailed their yachts over the shining waters. There are a hundred islands sprinkled over the lake, some of them I know by name, Cannaver, Dunavilla, the Snathdadans, Inchaquin, Rabbit Island, Inisambo, and many more.

Inchagoill, meaning "the island of the devout stranger" or "the church of the stone", whichever historian you believe, is famous for the remains of fifth century churches, especially "Teampaill na Naomh". One of the earliest inscriptions in Ogham letters is found on an erect stone on the island. In the centre is an ancient graveyard, where according to legend certain families buried their dead, and the keening of the women was heard over the lapping of waves on the shore. The Guinness family installed a caretaker, called Tom Nevin on the island. Many of the young men from Glann rowed over to see Tom. They were strong, well built men well used to the lake and all its moods. The young women, known in the town of Oughterard as the GGSs, the Glann Glamour Girls" went with them. They went to keep Tom company, listen to matches on the radio, and get up to other shenanigans, I'm sure. It was a day and sometimes a night out that they enjoyed with all the exuberance of youth. Tom Nevin is long dead, and the island no longer belongs to the Guinness family. It is now a favourite spot for picnics. Since 1960, after four hundred years Mass is celebrated there every year in memory of those lost on the lake and for all those who fish or sail its waters.

Indeed Lough Corrib is impregnated with history. It is about thirty miles in length. Starting in Maam and narrowing into the River Corrib in Galway. It rushes headlong under the Salmon Weir Bridge, gurgling and chattering, anxious to break from its

Looking west from Inchagoill

banks and spread itself into the Atlantic. The Irish name for this sheet of water was Lough Orbsen, derived from the navigator Orbsen Mac Allod, more commonly known as Manannan Mac Lir.

Perched on my heathery tuft I can only see the island studded middle lake. Hidden from my view to the West of the lake is the Hill of Doon, a wooded cone shaped promontory descending into the lake, Behind the Hill of Doon is a rocky outcrop. Perched on top of the rock are the remains of a castle called "Hens Castle" or "Caislean na Circe". It was built by the kings of Connacht, the O'Connor's. According to legend Grainne Mhaol, the Pirate Queen repulsed her enemies pouring boiling oil on them from the battlements. The Hill of Doon is a Mecca for tourists. Encircled by the mystical grey blue mountains of Maam and Cornamona it is indeed a magical place.

Also to my left is the Cairn of Seefin, crowning the hill which rises from the lake shore. It was supposedly the dwelling place of Fionn MacChumhaill. In folk tradition Fionn got bored and restless one, day and started throwing stones and rocks across at an enemy in Cornamona. Naturally, the enemy threw rocks back. Result, the Carin of Seefin. A likely tale! Fionn is supposed to be buried there.

Today, the lake is a rippled grey, a good day for fishing, a breezy fresh day. The water mirrors the grey sky, full of pregnant vaporous clouds. I have known the lake in all its moods, from raging storms in winter, when foam flecked waves lash the shore, to calm and placid in summer, when the islands are reflected in the water. "A sure sign of rain" my father said.

Today, I can see two oar boats powered by an outboard engine whoosh across the water leaving long lines of lacy foam behind them. Other boats are drifting, the fishermen dapping for the elusive trout or salmon that lurk in the dark depths. I don't see any little punts. Perhaps they are now obsolete, left to rot in peace against stone walls above the high water mark. Old boats are never destroyed or burned. It is bad luck they say!

I learned to row in those little punts, keeping close to the shore and swishing through the bullrushes. Learning to synchronize the two oars was the hardest part, but like riding a bicycle, once learned never forgotten. I must have been quite adept at rowing,

as I had the nerve to enter the ladies race at the Baurisheen Regatta. My partner and I came second, but then there were only three boats!

I wouldn't go into a boat now without a lifejacket. Curiously, all the men who fished on the lake couldn't swim, except perhaps Martin Molloy, who lived beside the lake. I spent a lot of time with other children by the lake. In July we fished with makeshift fishing rods for perch that arrived in shoals near the lake shore. When my parents asked me where I was the inevitable answer was "down at the lake". "What were you doing down there?""Nothing", and indeed it was just messing around, except when the perch were in dabbling our feet in the water, squelching in the marshy shore, plaiting the bulrushes or whistling through them. We watched the boats coming and going. Sometimes we hitched a lift with an experienced boatman to go to Dunavilla, the nearest island. But we also honed our entrepreneurial spirit, or at least the boys did, gathering bait for the tourists and making some pocket money.

In May, the news spread "The Mayfly is up!". The boys knew where the fields were clamorous with grasshopper chirpings. They put them into empty jam jars with perforated lids, and sold them to the local fishermen, and especially to the Dublin and English visitors. When a blizzard of mayflies danced their mating ballet, they really hit pay dirt. The English were the best customers, very generous and great spenders in the pubs, where many a fisherman's tale was spun. Around the village you could hear people asking "are they rising today?" or "did you catch anything?", "A bad day for the fishing", or "Did you hear about your man from Dublin — he caught an eight pounder". Mischievous boys liked nothing better than having one over on the "gents" as they called them. A few "artful dodgers" didn't pick a pocket or two, but they certainly sold the same batch of mayflies twice to an Englishman. How this sleight of hand was done I'll leave to the imagination! All the pocket money made from the "gents" was spent in Mattie Hanley's Shop in Camp Street in Oughterard on penny biscuits, bull's eyes and gobstoppers. I'm sure boys still gather mayflies for sale, but my generation was probably the last to pick blackberries, hazelnuts and mushrooms. In the soulless suburbs, you knew your neighbour's car, but not the owner. As children, we knew everybody for miles around, and as the old folk said "their seed, breed and generation". In the morning when the pale globes of the mushrooms stuck their heads up in the fields we were there. We watched the plums ripen from green to luminous orbs, around Edmund Peter's house. We stole them brazenly, even though we knew that Edmund kept a pitchfork outside the door for the scallywags — as he called us. We knew where the hazelnuts hung in clusters over the wandering stream, near Pat Thornton's house. We bashed the nuts on a stone, or the brave ones broke them with their teeth to get at the sweet kernels. We braved the prickly brambles for the blackberries that grew wild in the hedgerows. Wild blackberry jam is still my favourite.

Elections were big in those days. Candidates for the opposing parties harangued us at the church gates after Mass. The locals heckled the candidates with shouts of 'Up Dev', 'Down with the Blueshirts', 'Go on outa that ye flyboys'. Sometimes the insult of calling Dcv a 'Spanish blow- in' rose the hackles of the Fianna Fáilers. Fisticuffs would start and the meeting would end in disorder. Everybody knew the Fianna Fail houses and the Fine Gael houses, so the tallymen had no trouble predicting the result. When the local FCA went through their paces during the 'Emergency' my father was heard to remark 'One fart from Hitler would blow them all to smithereens!'. In those days dances were held in certain houses called 'Buail Isteach'. The men and women danced the half sets with the onlookers shouting "around the house and mind the dresser". Lady singers sang the ballads of the time while one of the men recited "The green eye of the little yellow god". They all joined in with 'Abdul a bul bul a meer! James Sullivan played the melodeon with gusto. They were indeed innocent times.

But the lake was still our favourite place. As we grew up we picnicked on the islands, even tried our hands at fishing. We little thought that in olden times sailing boats were used for carrying goods and passengers as well as sheep and cattle. Copper ore was occasionally taken by boat from the Glann Mines. Anthony Raftery's poem "Anach Cuan" describes the disaster off Menlough in which nineteen people were drowned in 1828. They were ferrying sheep to the terminus in Woodquay. Gradually the ferrying of people and goods petered out with the coming of roads and railways. Nowadays, speed boats jump the waves for the thrill of it, "frightening the fish" one old fisherman said, I'm sure native species, the trout, salmon, eel, perch and pike don't mind. They are more at risk from pollution. As

well as small boys, the Glann fishermen made money ferrying the "gents" around the lakes, where they knew the best shoals lurked. Midday they pulled into the nearest island for sandwiches and a drop of Jameson or a few bottles of Guinness. Perhaps, they raised a glass to the Corrib water sources, the streams and rivers that flowed into it from the Connemara mountains, and the waters from its sister lake, Lough Mask that flowed through limestone caverns into it at Cong. I wondered if fishermen in charge of mechanically propelled boats could now be prosecuted for drunk driving!

From my vantage point I could see our farm with its patchwork of fields. Some of those fields had names "Drom na Sceatha", back of the thorn bushes, "Cluain Faisce", the sheltered meadow and "Billy Mans Field" — who was Billy Mans? Maybe Billy Mans got rid of all the ghosts that haunted my childhood. Or perhaps it was the ESB that brightened up every nook and corner.

Kim, waiting patiently, head on paws, looked up at me and barked, "Ok, Kim lets go home". We slipped and slithered down the craggy hills until the tall trees hid the lake from view.

Peg McDonagh
Summer 2010

Traditions

Traditional beliefs, rituals, superstitions and customs, no matter how strange, have been with us for thousands of years. Much has been lost, and what little remains is that which was passed down through the centuries by word of mouth, some in the form of rhyme.

Saint Brigid the patron saint of this area has her feast day coinciding with the first day of Spring. Special crosses were made using rushes from the fields. The rushes to make these crosses were not cut, but had to be pulled from the ground. They were then placed above the door of the house and at other vantage points throughout the homestead. Fresh butter was churned that morning. Brown bread and scones were freshly baked for supper. The bread was marked with the sign of the cross. In the evening, children went from house to house with a straw doll called the Brideog.

On the third of February, the feast day of St. Blaise, patron saint of sore throats, people gathered in churches for the blessing of throats. Using two crossed and unlighted candles, the priest touched the throat of each person, and recited a special prayer.

On Shrove Tuesday night, the night before Lent, pancakes, doused in lemon juice and sprinkled with sugar were the supper treat. The following day, Ash Wednesday, was a day of Black Fast. On such a day, people were only allowed to eat one full meal of moderate size and two smaller snacks called collations. The faithful attended Mass and had their foreheads blessed. During this ritual they were marked with a cross of the blessed ashes as a symbol of their faith. Those who attended Mass might have someone at home who, through infirmity or otherwise could not attend Mass. In this case a small portion of the blessed ash was brought home in order that they, too, could be blessed.

Traditionally, during the forty days of Lent, people were not allowed to eat meat or eggs. They would also abstain from alcoholic drink and cigarettes. In those days meat was never eaten on Friday. Fish was allowed to be eaten in place of meat on such days. If a person felt it necessary to eat meat or eggs they could receive dispensation from the priest. A derogation of this nature was not given lightly. Weddings did not take place during Lent. Social nights out such as dances or hops, were forbidden. Prudently, this was the time to set eggs so that baby chicks would be hatched by Easter. Nearing Easter Sunday, fresh eggs were stored for the eagerly awaited feast. It was also the time of year to set potatoes. Early potatoes were to be sown by Saint Patrick's Day and the main crop was to be sown before Good Friday.

Good Friday was another day of Black Fast. People would attend the Stations of the Cross, and go to confessions in order to prepare for Easter Sunday. On Holy Saturday people attended the Easter Vigil. There was a special ceremony to have Holy water blessed. The Paschal Candle was light and presented to the altar of the church as a symbol of the Risen Christ.

On Easter Sunday people rose before dawn to see the sun dancing in the sky. This tradition has been revived in recent years with Dawn Mass being celebrated on the lake shore in Baurisheen. Hundreds attend and the numbers attending are growing each year. Easter Sunday dinner was a feast. Children gathered eggs into parcels called pruthogs. They would meet out in the fields in specially built makeshift dens. There, they would cook the eggs and have a feast all of their own. Egg shells from Easter Sunday were coloured

and fashioned into decorations to be used on May 1st for decorating the May Pole Tree. In this area a Mountain Ash or Rowanberry tree was dedicated as a May Pole. There was one such tree in Glann, the location of which is identified on the map of the Farravaun section.

Strong superstitions were associated with May Day. May Altars were set up in the home with Blessed Statues and lighted candles. On the night before, people were uneasy about going outdoors. Those who ventured out would carry a piece of ferrous metal, a spent coal from the hearth, or a stick of mountain ash for spiritual protection. After milking the sign of the cross was made on the cow's side using the froth of the fresh milk in the pale. Milk was not to be brought away from the home on this day for fear that the ability to make butter would be lost from the farm. Easter Holy Water was sprinkled throughout the homestead. Mountain ash was placed over the door of the cow barn and prayers were said to protect the stock.

"The cuckoo came in April". Her song heralded the arrival of summer. On hearing her distinctive voice for the first time each year, people would say "Go mbeirimid beo ar an am seo aris". This prayer expressed the hope to be alive at that time on the following year. "She laid her eggs in May. In the month of June she changed her tune. In July she flew away".

It was impolite to startle someone by approaching them unannounced. When entering a neighbour's house, "God save all here" was said aloud as the threshold was being crossed. When walking or cycling along the road one would sing, whistle, or hum a tune to alert the unsuspecting who might be working inside the ditch. On approaching the person who was working, or performing a task, one was expected to say benevolently, "God bless the work". "You Too" was replied in kindly fashion.

When herding stock on the hill or travelling across it, perhaps, to a fair, a wake or a funeral, it was customary to carry a piece of bread in one's pocket for fear of encountering the "Sliabh Gortach". "Sliabh Gortach" was the name given to a bewildering disorientation and an insatiable hunger believed to befall a person if they walked over the spot where someone had died during the famine. If one became lost in this fashion, they were to take off their jacket and put it back on inside out. This would restore orientation. Eating the bread would relieve their pangs of hunger.

Another superstition, which was given great respect, had to do with the task of butter making. In those days butter was home made. The churn vessel itself was made of timber. Called the dash type, it was hand operated, using a vertical motion plunger, which travelled through a hole in the lid. It required great effort to make butter. A hot cinder from the kitchen fire was placed under the churn. If visitors entered the house, they were asked to lend a hand. It was feared that not to do so would cause the churn to fail.

Saint John's Night, on 23rd June saw massive bonfires and great festivity. The smoke from the fires in Glann could be seen from as far away as Mayo. For weeks before the children came together 'to gather for the bonfire'. Tyres at boat moorings were not safe at this time. Fireworks were rare, but the odd splash of paraffin oil livened up the fire. The children collected sweets, crisps and soft drinks for the outdoor party. Once these were consumed, the games began.

Whitsuntide was associated with drowning. Extra care was exercised while boating or fishing. Swimming in Lough Corrib was taboo at this time.

Before the Planning and Development Act 1963, planning permission was not required to build an extension to one's house. However, there was one major restriction attached to building work. The building was never to be extended in the Western direction. To do so was to defy God himself. "An té a chuirfeadh siar le teach, tá sé níos láidire ná Dia". Blessed artefacts and holy water were put into the foundations of a new building. Some placed coins at the four corners, for luck. When taking up residence in a new dwelling it was customary to make the move in on a Friday.

Halloween was a mystical time and a special time for children's games. Tales of ban-shees, pookies and

magic made hair stand on end. There were stories about a little womaneen reputed to haunt the hazel groves up at Acres in Barratleva. An encounter with her could be avoided by jumping the running water in the stream at Móinín Bán and legging it home. Jack O The Lantern was symbolised by candle lanterns carved from turnips, much like the pumpkin lanterns today. It was a night for practical jokes and harmless mischief. The vegetable patch was raided. Turnips and cabbage were thrown at doors. In those days, the cottage doors were made of solid timber, and were better able to withstand such impact. Barn brack cake, hazel nuts and apples were seasonal treats. Children ''dived for apples" in basins of water. They hung apples from the ceiling and agonisingly tried to take bites from them. They searched slyly through each slice of barn brack for 'the ring'. Saucers were laid on the kitchen table for a game of fortune telling. There were usually four saucers, one containing water, another clay, another a ring and one had a set of rosary beads. Children were blindfolded and the saucers were mixed about. Each in turn was asked to choose a saucer. The outcome could be ominous. Choosing water meant that one would travel abroad. To lay your hand on the saucer of clay meant that you would be the first of the family to die. To choose the rosary beads forecast a life in the clergy. The ring warned of marriage. The month of November was a time to remember the dead and to pray for their souls. Plenary Indulgences were sought in an effort gain a remission of sentence for the unfortunate souls who might still be in purgatory. Those who normally took a drink would not drink this month and 'offered it up'. No doubt they would make up for it over the Christmas.

In the untimely event of a death in the village, traditional protocol determined funeral arrangements. In line with custom, the wake was to take place on the first night after the person died. The corpse would be laid out at home, with a crucifix, holy water and lighted blessed candles placed on a stand beside the bed. The bed was covered with a white bedspread. The priest came to bless the corpse. Friends and neighbours gathered to support the grieving family. Old women covered in black shawls mournfully wailed in the ancient custom of 'crying the dead'. Food and drink were provided to all who attended. Tobacco and clay pipes were given to tobacco smokers. The rosary was said at midnight. These prayers were led by a respected neighbour and close friend of the deceased. That night, mourners kept constant vigil by the corpse as a mark of respect. The following evening the coffin containing the remains was taken out from the house. It was placed outside, supported by two chairs. The poll bearers would ceremoniously raise the coffin, kick away the chairs and carry the coffin to the hearse. The cortege proceeded to the chapel, where the coffin remained overnight. The mourners filed in, men taking their place in the left aisle, and women, with their heads covered, taking possession of the right hand side. The Funeral Mass took place next morning. The funeral procession should never take a short cut. This final dignified journey would travel slowly to Faughnakilla Burial Ground in Currareevagh. There, the coffin was raised and borne, shoulder high, to the graveside. The grave was blessed by the priest who recited the rosary while the grave was being filled in. Mourners gained some comfort if a little rain fell whilst the coffin was still above ground. One would quietly whisper 'Happy is the corpse that the rain falls on'.

There were traditions associated with grave digging also. Gravediggers were chosen from within the village. A grave was not to be dug on a Monday. To keep with this tradition it was felt necessary, on occasion, to dig part of the grave on Sunday. The coffin was to face to the East. Those performing the grim task of opening the grave were given a bottle of whiskey to bolster their courage.

In the run up to Christmas card playing was a popular night pastime. Card games were held in local houses. Turkeys, geese, sheep and bottles of whiskey were played for. When playing twenty five, each school, had nine card players. Arranged into three sets of partners, they assisted each other with military precision in contesting each play or trick. The victorious trio divided the spoils in a cross play, where there could be only one winner. Victory was emphasised by banging the winning card on the table and the crying 'Turkey'. The incisive post mortem held after each hand of cards while the new hand was being dealt, scrutinised performance. Woe unto he who made a mistake or lost a trick on his other two other partners. The highlight of the card playing calendar was the trip to Varley's in Doorus where live turkeys were the coveted prize. Glann had an extra special bond with Cornamona and Doorus. They were near neighbours by water and many in the village had relatives and friends there. For

decades the trip was made by boat, but in later years people found it more convenient to go by car. Sadly the tradition of travelling to Doorus for this event has died out.

Though now not as popular as it was years ago, the visit from the Wren Boys on Saint Stephen's Day was once a great event. The "Wran-Boys," as they were called, paraded from house to house with a fake wren embedded in a clump of holly.

In olden times they sang,

Dreoilín, dreoilín, Rí na nÉan
Is mór a mhuirthín, is beag é féin
Lá 'le Stiofáin a gabhadh é
Is tabhair dhom pingin a chuirfeas é.

This has been replaced for many years in this area by an English Language version,

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze,
Although he is little, his family is great,
Rise up good lady and give us a treat.
Up with the kettle and down with the pan,
And give us a penny to bury the wren.

The wren is said to have betrayed St. Stephen. For this reason he was hunted, killed and paraded on St. Stephen's Day.

The "Wran-Boys" told of a contest held amongst the birds to decide who would be their King. The one who could fly the highest was to be given the title "King of the Birds". The eagle expected to win. Before the contest began, the wren climbed onto the eagle's back unknown to the eagle. When the eagle flew as high as he could, he exclaimed, "I'm king of the birds"! The wren immediately flew up from his back going even higher and shouted "No you're not, I'm king of the birds"!

Weather and Nature

Weather began most conversations. It affected all, but especially the farming community. They needed to predict weather so that crops, vital to their survival, could be sown, reaped and harvested. Nowadays, the weather man uses sophisticated apparatus to predict the weather. He gets it right so often that he can't be ignored and yet, he gets it wrong so often that we cannot fully depend on him. In bye gone days, in the absence of orthodox weather forecasts, people had to forecast the weather using a science of their own. To be a good judge of the weather gave one a high ranking in the community.

An accurate guide to weather and farming was formed using knowledge of the moon's phases.

A new harvest moon falling on a Saturday was an extremely unwelcome portent. It was said to be "eleven years too soon".

The weather at the first quarter of the new moon was expected to be similar to that experienced during the last quarter of the old moon. A break of weather at the change of the new moon was bad. When the weather did not break for the "change of the moon" it would not break for the whole quarter.

If the new moon appeared upturned or on its back, none of its water could spill out so it would "hold the rain", and good weather was expected.

When the moon appeared to have a halo round it, rough weather was feared.

"See a ring around the moon, rain is sure to follow soon." This has basis in fact as the cirrus clouds causing the halo are associated with a warm front or low pressure.

When her time was due, he cow was expected to give birth with the change of moon. "Two days before or two days after". The time to sow corn was during the first quarter of the waxing moon.

The sun also gave a great indication of the weather to be expected.

A red colour in the western sky at sunset was a welcome sight.

'A red sky at night is the shepherd's delight, but, a red sky in the morning is the shepherd's warning'.

When the trees in Inchagoill cast long reflections onto Lough Corrib, inclement weather was expected. When visibility was at its best and "You could count the stones of the walls in Doorus", rain was said to be near.

A meteorite seen shooting across the night sky, was a soul making its way to heaven. Harsh weather would follow. Clear skies in winter and spring meant frost.

The sun shining through the apple trees on Christmas Day meant that a bumper crop would be had in the following Autumn.

Clouds like 'goat's whiskers' foretold of rain.

When the mist clouds touched down over Mount Gable's peak a downpour was on the way. "Mount Gable is capped, it's going to pour".

A light fog skirting along the hill at the time of a new moon was a great sign.

The direction from which the wind came gave good indication of the weather to follow. The East wind brought cold, hard weather. Lough Corrib went blue and fishing was poor. West winds brought a misty rain and were better for the angler. North West winds in Spring were welcomed by the briceen fishermen. The backing of the wind to the South meant rain, 'Wind gone South, Rain tomorrow'. Winds veering from South in a clockwise direction towards the West gave better weather. North winds brought cold weather and snow in winter.

The degree of frugal sustenance to be eked out for any given year was parallel to that which the birds, animals and insects could achieve. As a result their actions were closely monitored.

The behaviour of the honey bee was a particular source of conjecture.

"A swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay,
A swarm of bees in June is worth a silver spoon,
A swarm of bees in July isn't worth a fly",

"One swallow never made a summer", but the arrival of the swallow was a welcome sight. Holy and clean, they never eat off the ground.

"When the swallows fly high the weather will be dry".

"When the birds are flying low,

Expect rain and a blow".

People with rheumatism and arthritis suffered pains in their bones during low pressure and bad weather.

Sheep moved down from the hill when bad weather was imminent. Cattle lay on the lowlands and the cat came into the house and put her backside to the fire.

The bees declined to fly far from the hive and the midges 'would eat you' before rain in summer.

The 'caileach dubh' flew her solitary journey inland when rough weather was on the way. Likewise the heron or 'crane' flew up along the river. Large heron gulls flew inland when storm was at hand.

In the advent of summer thunderstorms, the flying ants or 'shingauns' were highly active. Static electricity in the air made dogs nervous. They were not to be left inside the house for fear that they would attract the lightning. One was never to shelter, from lightening, under a tree. People counted the length of time between seeing the flash of lightening and hearing the plump thunder. The shorter the time between them, the nearer the lightening had struck.

Plant growth reflected changes in atmospheric conditions. People noted when growth began. They also noted the order in which the different species sprouted their leaves.

Tommy Sullivan recited a verse he had learned from his uncle Michael.

'If the oak opens before the ash,
Then we'll only have a splash.
If the ash opens before the oak,
Then we'll surely have a soak'.

Experiences at certain times of the year were used indicators.

If March comes in like a lion it will go out like a lamb.

Saint Swithin's Day, if we have rain,
For forty days it will remain.
Saint Swithin's Day, if it is fair,
For forty days it will rain no more.

Nearing the end of June, people were wary of a deluge called "Saint John's Flood".

"If the October moon comes without frost,

Expect no frost till the moon of November".

Bad weather on December 6th indicated that a bad year would follow.

A tangible rise in humidity, associated with wet weather, made the salt damp, heavy and difficult to pour. The wooden door became swelled and the timber drawer in the kitchen dresser was hard to open. Soot fell down the chimney. The wooden chairs became creaky. "When a chair squeaks, it's of rain it speaks". Chimney smoke descended as the fine weather ended. It hovered like balls of cotton over the cottage roofs unable to rise.

The old people spoke of a homemade weather glass. It was said to have been made from an upturned bottle placed in a jam jar that was partially filled with water. When the water "rose in the bottle", it meant that fine weather was coming.

FAUGHNA KILLA
The Glann Graveyard

Faugh Na Killa (*Faiche na Cilla*—Cemetry Green) is the local burial ground for the Glann area. It is situated in the townland of Currarevagh. It is on a sandy rise in a cleared area surrounded by forest.

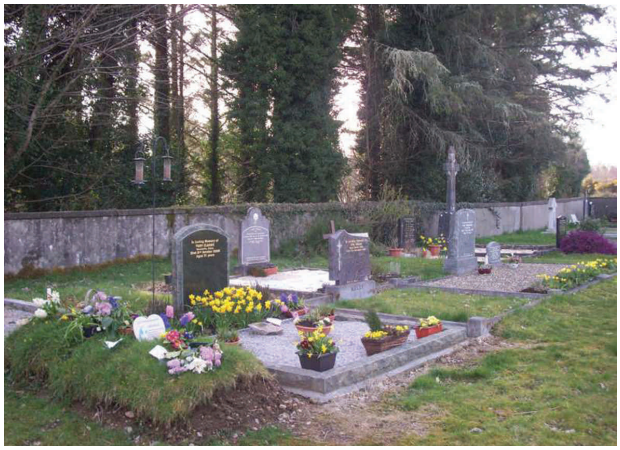
The graveyard is part of the Hodgson Estate and was originally a post famine graveyard and children's grave yard. It is indicated on the first edition of the Ordnance Survey Map as an enclosed "L" shaped area (ca 25 x 20m) but on the second edition (1899) as a larger oval shape. It is enclosed by a concrete wall built in 1946 with the original burial area towards the centre which is a raised area. There is evidence of much stonework hidden under the long grass which shows many children's graves. The grave yard contains both Catholic and Protestant graves, with the Protestant graves of the Hodgson family to the north eastern corner.

To the north of the graveyard there is a holy well known as St. Cuthberts well. St Cuthbert of Lindesfarne (643-687) was an Anglo – Saxon monk and bishop in Northumbria. Many churches are named after him the most famous being Durham Cathedral. He had a great love for animals and the Eider Duck is known as the Cuddy Duck after St. Cutbert, who protected them on Farne Islands.

The well was also known as Tobercullier or St.Callin's well. This is documented in O Donovans field notes of the mid 1850s

In the graveyard we have both Protestant and Catholic graves. In the Protestant section there are seven graves in total. Four to the Hodgson family James Oliver (1914) and Alfred Jackson (1930). And Ankatel Jones 1932.

St Cuthbert's / St Caillin's Well



In the Catholic section there are sixty one family graves and four unmarked graves. The first record of a grave was of Mattie Mons who died in 1912. The next was James Kelly in 1916.

Many families continued to be buried in Oughterard Cemetery and some were buried in the graveyard on Inchagoill Island.

LIST OF GRAVES

1. Paddy Mons 1976
Margaret Ann Mons 1976
2. Theresa Joyce 2009
3. Thomas F. Joyce 1958
Thomas Joyce 1968
Florence Joyce 1984
4. Morgan Lydon 1949
Barbara Lydon 1951
Peter Lydon 1982
5. Matt Clancy 1929
Anne Clancy 1933
Paddy Clancy 2001
Mary Clancy 2003
Bridget Clancy 2008
6. Brian Flaherty 1953
Mary Flaherty 1954
Bridget Flaherty 1980
Paraic Flaherty 2009
7. Michael McDonagh 1963
Catherine McDonagh 2003
8. Mary Molloy 1994
9. Gerardine Manning 1993
Dennis Manning 1994
10. Martin John Molloy 1973
Bartley Molloy 1965
Martin Molloy 1980
Mary Molloy 1985
11. Michael McDonagh 1981
Helen McDonagh 1998
Martin McDonagh 2002
12. Stephen John Tierney 2010
13. Bartley Butler 1963
Eddie Butler 1968
Terry Butler 2007
Delia Butler 2008
Ann Butler 2010
14. Bartley Sullivan 1976
15. Tommy King 1974
Mary King 1979

16. Bridget Clancy 1974
John Clancy 2006
17. Joseph Lydon 1955
Kate Lydon 1958
Frank Lydon 1990
18. Joe Kelly 1955
Ann Kelly 1956
Martin Joe Kelly 1969
Michael Kelly 1981
19. Terry Hynes 1954
Mary Ann Hynes 1977
20. John Edward Joyce 1944
Mary Joyce 1953
Thomas Joyce 1983
Mick Joyce 1988
21. Edmund McDonagh 1944
22. James Divilly 1937
23. Thomas O'Halloran 1974
Maggie O'Halloran 1985
24. Martin O'Halloran 1937
Sarah O'Halloran 1941
Thomas O'Halloran 1942
25. Charles O'Brien 1945
Mary O'Brien 1971
Margaret O'Brien 1935
Marie O'Sullivan 1961
James O'Sullivan 1976
26. Pat McDonagh 1961
Barbara McDonagh 1978
27. Richard McDonagh 1995
Tony Daly 2001
Mary Daly 2002
28. Walter Butler 1972
Mrs. W. Butler 1962
Christy Butler 2010
Gretta Butler 2011
29. Eva Kelly 2002
30. Tony Clarke 2006
31. Michael Sullivan (?)
Bridget Sullivan (?)
Tommy Sullivan 2008
32 John Readin 2009
33. Michael Rielly 1982
Maggie Hynes 1983
34. Mary McDonagh 1963
35. Walter Treacy 1970
36. Peter Clancy 2001
Cassie Clancy 2001
37. Josephine Clancy 1998
Edward Clancy 2000
38. Margaret Kelly 2005
James Kelly 2010
39. Pat Clancy 1951
John Clancy 1963
Michael Clancy 1966
Mary Clancy 1976
Bridget Clancy 1999
40.. Mary McGloin 2006
John McGloin 2010
41. Walter McDonagh 1946
Delia McDonagh 1981
Paddy McDonagh 1942
Cellia McDonagh 1955
Mary McDonagh (?)
Walter McDonagh (?)
Michael McDonagh 1993
John McDonagh (?)
42. Martin Sullivan 1950
Mrs. Margaret Sullivan 1955
John Sullivan 1957
Mary Ellen Sullivan 1954
43. Matthew Mons 1912
44. Kathleen Connolly King 1992
45. Anthony Canavan 1938
May Canavan 1949
Michael Canavan 1975
Delia Canavan 1975
46. Mae Canavan 2006
Roisin Canavan 1990
47. Nora Clancy 1941
Kevin Cowley 2009
Mary T. O'Regan 1929
Bridget Clancy 1947
48. Patrick Lydon 1930
Anne Walsh Lydon 1938
Thomas Lydon, child (?)
Joseph Lydon, child (?)
49. William Kelly (?)
Mark Sullivan (?)
Therese Sullivan (?)
50. Sarah McDonagh 1953
Pat McDonagh 1962
51. Michael McDonaghq (?)
Mrs. Michael McDonagh (?)
Nonnie McDonagh (?)
Mary Bridget McDonagh (?)
52. James Kelly 1916
Tom Kelly 1960
53. James O'Sullivan 1920
Bridget O'Sullivan 1920
Thomas O'Sullivan 1930
John O'Sullivan 1930
54. Joseph McNamara 1954
55. Stephen Joyce 1962
John Joyce, child (?)
Julia Joyce 1964
Thomas Joyce 1967
56. Bridget McDonagh 1928
Michael McDonagh 1952
57. Pat McDonagh 1942
Ann McDonagh 1941
Nancy McDonagh 1928
Kevin McDonagh 1986
58. Pat Butler (?)
Mrs. Pat Butler (?)
Thomas Butler (?)
59. Martin Sullivan (?)
Honnor Sullivan (?)
60. Edmund Thornton 1963
Mrs. Edmund Thornton (?)
Eddie Thornton 1977
Mary Ellen Thornton 1951
61. Eddie Sullivan

The seven Protestant graves are:

a. Elizabeth Hodgson 1978
b. Sheila Hodgson 1990
c. Henry Hodgson 1969
d. Dudley Hodgson 1933
e. Ankatel Jones 1932
f. Alfred Jackson 1930
g. James Oliver 1914