



POLICE OFFICERS	END OF WATCH
PTL OTTO MOSHOLDER	12/10/1936
PTL WILLIAM J GRELLER	09/18/1964
PTL FRANK HUMR	10/29/1965
PTL LOUIS GOLONKA	07/23/1968
PTL JOHN L HUBBELL	06/04/1979
PO DESMOND SHERRY	07/03/1980
PO STEPHEN M KOVACH	03/11/1984
PO ERNEST C HOLBERT	10/25/1987
DET ROBERT J CLARK	07/01/1998
PO WAYNE A LEON	06/25/2000
DET JONATHAN J SCHROEDER	08/31/2006



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Editor's Corner



John O'Brien, Jr.

Of course, our theme this month is to be Thank full – you'll never go hungry.

In life, the wonders never cease, but in autumn, we see them so much more clearly.

When I was young, I felt the pang of no relatives in the US. Families adopted us, but I saw the families near me swarming with cousins and other relations. Now, our family has grown to 27, with the first of my 17 nieces and nephews marrying last month. I relish gatherings, to see them interact, to see them share in each other's lives. Despite a hellish famine and forced emigration story, the Irish are family fanatics; family full, we never go hungry.

Some love Christmas, some love Halloween, summer or St. Pat's. For me, Thanksgiving is the one that means the most. I have nothing; I am nothing; I need nothing, and I am so grateful to be so blessed. We gather, we eat, we visit; the tea gets cold, we are blessed to be able to make more, and then ... we eat more ...

The diet dies, but the starvation for family and friends is more satisfying, providing me with insulation against the coming cold. No pressure on gifts, no guilt on extravagance, except for hugs, those are given in abundance, freely.

From Thanksgiving through New Year's, the focus turns from within, to being with out – and offers a format for recognition of the good in a day and a life; for saying thank you, for saying what someone means to you, without wilting as a sap.

Inside, listen and look for a laugh, a language lesson and a letter from Ireland; a Heroes Run, a ravioli, a review and a raid; a puzzle to do and many puzzles to plan, plus amazing advertisers who, by their very actions, create the Ohio Irish American News.

Do You Remember ...? we often ask that in the OhIAN – we love the richness of our past, and the success of #tbt (throw back thursdays) on social media shows others do too. In nostalgia is a fun place to dwell; we Irish seem to have a particular affinity for that. We don't live there, as vibrancy must be fed for the future, but our progress across the world has been a function of survival. Not of looking back, but toward a better life going forward. Our backs may bend; our hearts may break, but still, we pay it forward.

I am proud to serve on the board of the RISE Foundation. Founded by singer Frances Black,

the RISE Foundation helps the families of those struggling with addiction, especially alcohol. Providing service to those in need has been a driving force for us, and is one for Frances and RISE too. Save the date: The 2nd Annual RISE Foundation Fundraiser is January 17th at The Music Box Supper Club. Frances Aoife Scott and The New Barley: corn will perform, the food is fantastic and the event will sell out. Go to www.musicboxclub.com for tickets.

Irish playwright Brian Friel passes:

"His passing will be celebrated. He will have many eulogies from friends and statesmen and women, but there will be others such as I, who never knew him but loved his craftsmanship. There will be those of us who will mourn the fact that Ireland may not produce another playwright who can make the simple profound, and who exposes the cracks of our lives with such compassion, and humility."

- Terry Boyle's Terry From Derry's Cracks of our Lives column, on page 23.

Slán, John

"Follow me where I go, what I do and who I know; O'Bent Enterprises includes: www.twitter.com/jobjr www.facebook.com/OhioIrishAmericanNews www.linkedin.com/in/jobjr/ http://songsandstories.net/myblog/feed/

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14th Annual Cleveland Heroes Run

There is no greater price to pay than to give one's life in the line of duty. The West Park Cleveland Police & Fire Fighters Memorial Walkway was built to honor the brave officers who lived in or died in West Park. The Memorial Walkway, set off by a scenic view, not only recognizes the tremendous sacrifice these officers made, but serves as a gathering place for family, friends and community to honor the service of the fallen officers.

Proceeds of the Heroes Run benefit the West Park Cleveland Police & Fire Fighter Memorial Scholarship Fund. The day starts with the 7:15 a.m. Mass, 8:10 am Opening Ceremony, National Anthem and Fallen Heroes Roll Call. Then the Cleveland Heroes Run kicks off at 8:30, taking participants on either a 5-mile run or 2-mile run/walk through the local community. Each person sets his or her own pace and everyone has won before the event has even begun.

Both races start and finish at Saint Joseph Academy (3430 Rocky River Drive) in Cleveland. Parking is available at Saint Joseph Academy and Kamm's Plaza. There is also a kids-only race for children 7 years old and younger, after the 5-mile race. For those who embrace the competitive spirit, awards are presented at the end of the races to the top three finishing male and female races in a plethora of age groups and categories.

Multiple scholarships have been awarded annually to family members of the police officers and fire fighters whose names are inscribed on the West Park Police and Firefighters Memorial. The Memorial was dedicated September 9th, 2002. This is made possible due to the generosity of the community and the sponsors of the West Park Police and Firefighters Fund.

Patrolman John L. Hubbell
EOW: 6/4/1979
Patrol Officer Desmond Sherry
EOW: 7/3/1980
Patrol Officer Stephen M. Kovach
EOW: 3/11/1984
Patrol Officer Ernest C. Holbert
EOW: 10/25/1987
Detective Robert J. Clark
EOW: 10/25/1987
Patrol Officer Wayne Leon
EOW: 6/25/2000
Detective Jonathan Schroeder
EOW: 8/31/2006

Fire Fighters

Fire Fighter Herman David
Last Alarm: 6/19/1911
Captain Theodore P. Brenyas
Last Alarm: 3/26/1947
Fire Fighter Charles G. Doehner
Last Alarm: 8/4/1966
Fire Fighter John A. Petz
Last Alarm: 8/4/1966
Fire Fighter Ralph E. Simon
Last Alarm: 8/4/1966
Fire Fighter Joseph A. DeCrane
Last Alarm: 7/22/1972
Fire Fighter Daniel M. Pescatrice
Last Alarm: 12/31/1985
Captain Edward M. Carey
Last Alarm: 6/18/1995
Fire Fighter Joseph G. Toolis
Last Alarm: 8/4/1966

For more information, the history and to contact the Heroes Run, see <http://westparkmemorial.org>.

About Our Cover

The West Park Cleveland Police and Fire Fire Fighter Memorial Walkway. Photo by John O'Brien, Jr.



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West Park Cleveland Police and Fire Fighters Memorial

Police Officers

Patrolman Otto Mosholder
EOW: 12/10/1936
Patrolman William J. Greller
EOW: 9/19/1964
Patrolman Frank Humr
EOW: 10/29/1965
Patrolman Louis Golonka
EOW: 7/23/1968

On This Day in Irish History.

1 November 1884 - The Gaelic Athletic Association, "for the preservation and cultivation of the national pastimes of Ireland," was founded at a meeting in Thurles, County Tipperary.

3 November 1854 - The Catholic University of Ireland is opened. John Henry (later Cardinal) Newman, is its first rector.

6 November 1649 - Owen Roe O'Neill, military commander and victor of the Battle of Benburb (1646) died at Cloughouter Castle. Co. Cavan.

8 November 1847 - Birth in Dublin of Bram Stoker, author of Dracula.

12 November 1952 - The body of Patricia Curran (19), daughter of Mr./Justice L. Curran, was discovered on the grounds of the family home in Whiteabbey, Belfast. She had been stabbed thirty-seven times. (See this month's Off the Shelf book review).

14 November 1823 - W. B. Yeats receives the Nobel Prize for Literature.

19 November 1913 - The Citizen's Army, also referred to as the Irish Citizen's Army, was founded by James Connolly.

24 November 1922 - Erskine Childers (52) anti-treaty republican, arrested a fortnight earlier and found to be in possession of revolver, which was a present from Michael Collins, was executed by a Free State Army firing squad.

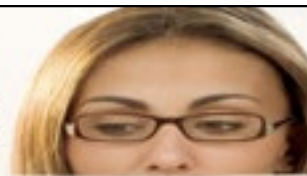
25 November 1913 - At a meeting in the Rotunda, Dublin, the Irish National Volunteers was established, 3,000 men immediately enrolled; Eoin MacNeill was elected commander.

MILESTONES

Congratulations to Fallon Irish Import's Pat and Becky Fallon, celebrating their 25th Wedding Anniversary!

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Growing UP Irish

by Maureen Ginley



Giving Thanks

There is something truly magical about the Fall. Something about the changing leaves, the smell of weekend bonfires in the air, and pumpkin-flavored everything makes me feel so blissfully happy, that nothing can bring me down between September and November. One of the best parts about this season though doesn't have to do with food or falling leaves that I so look forward to every year. It's Thanksgiving. A time spent with relatives and family members as we reminisce on the past year and express what we're most grateful for – what could be better? I'm a firm believer in expressing one's thanks for the people and places and things surrounding and enriching the lives we live, so this month I will be expressing the thankfulness for all of the people, places, and things that make my life as blessed as it is.

I would be remiss if I didn't begin my "list of thanks" by singing my family's praises. There is something unique about growing up with four siblings that are all close in age. As kids, we were each other's first and best friends. My parents encouraged my brothers, sister, and I to explore the world and discover what our true passions were.

We spent afternoons playing soccer, baseball, and other games in the front yard. Well, Katie, Chris, Mike, and Billy played. After an unfortunate incident that ended in a metal bat making swift, harsh contact with my face, I made a graceful retirement from the Ginley Sports League.

We spent weekends going to Geauga Lake or visiting at my Grandma and Grandpa's house, where countless cakes, pies, and loaves of soda bread were made. We goofed off and had fun. Cackling laughter was the soundtrack to my childhood years. Now that everyone is older and off at

school/working awesome jobs, some would think that things may change.

That is not the same. In fact, in the years since my siblings and I have gone off to school/graduated/began working, the entire Ginley family unit has grown closer than ever. This is due, in part, to the constantly buzzing group message we've got going, which is littered with life updates, the occasional viral video, and of course – lots of smiley face emojis. Thanksgiving is one of the several times a year we all are able to get together and spend a day talking and laughing together, and I am looking forward to see what the 2015 celebration has in store.

Throughout my life, education has been something that's been extremely dear to my heart. For someone that wasn't the best athlete/dancer/artist as a youngster, I compensated for those lacking talents by throwing myself into schoolwork. Some of my earliest memories are of recess times during Kindergarten and grade school – I'd take a book out on the playground with me, explaining the photos to my friends and eventually reading the text myself. I fell in love with words at a young age.

As a kid, I think I knew exactly what a story could do, and how it could change one's life. Now, years later, as I approach the "halfway to an MFA" point in my schooling, I am reminded more than ever just how lucky I am to be able to learn about something I'm so passionate about.

Not everyone has been presented with the opportunities I have. It is a blessing that I get to wake up everyday, go to school, and expand my breadth of knowledge. I hope to take this luck, turn it around, and work hard to make sure everyone has access to the educational opportunities I've encountered during my life.

Through my years of schooling



and the countless extracurricular activities, I have met an abundance of silly, thoughtful, and caring people I am lucky enough to call friends. They are smart, they are unique, and they challenge me in countless ways to grow and become a better person.

Some I've met through classes; they push me in moving beyond my writing comfort zones and encourage me to look at all views when it comes to any given subject. Others I've met through work; they make me laugh during long days, cracking jokes and making various projects even more fun. And some – as you may have been able to guess – I've met through the Ohio Rose Centre; they show me the true light and love of the Irish spirit, and encourage me to be strong and confident every single day.

Something I'm thankful for every year, but particularly in 2015, is my Irish heritage. The pride I feel for it was heightened ten fold by my experience with the Ohio Rose Centre, but even more so by the sheer amount of information I have learned about my family and their history in County Mayo.

To know I have relatives that worked as hard as they did to provide the life they did for their children/grandchildren/great grandchildren/etc. makes me wish I had the opportunity to meet those Ginleys (and Lofuses) that are no longer with us. From the stories I have heard from my Dad, my Grandma,

and other relatives, I come from a long line of strong, confident Irish men and women. The greatest gift my Irish ancestors have given me is the strength to look on the bright side of things, and I plan to make them proud by continuing to maintain this positive outlook throughout every aspect of my life.

I have a lot to be thankful for,

but not nearly enough space to single out, comment on, and praise each and every individual/experience that's helped shape me into the person I am today. My life is full of love, light, and laughter, and I am so thrilled to be able to share that joy with all of you.

Happy Thanksgiving, everyone.

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By J. Michael Finn



The Christmas Raid

Phoenix Park (in Irish: Páirc an Fhionnuisce or Park of the White Water) is one of the world's largest city parks and one of Dublin's main attractions. The park covers 1,752 acres in the Irish capital. Around 40 Viking graves were discovered in the 19th century at the edge of the park, making it the biggest Viking cemetery outside of Scandinavia. Phoenix Park started life in 1662 as a royal deer park for King Charles II.

A number of important buildings are also to be found within the Phoenix Park, the most notable of which is Áras an Uachtaráin, the residence of the President of Ireland. Another building in the park of some historical significance is the Magazine Fort; the star shaped fortress is located on the south side of Phoenix Park.

A house called Phoenix Lodge once stood at this location. In 1734 the house was knocked down and the Duke of Dor-

set directed that a powder magazine be provided for Dublin. It was rarely used for this purpose and the fort just became an empty symbol of British occupation.

During the 1916 Easter Rising, thirty members of the Irish Volunteers and Fianna Éireann captured the fort. They took guns and withdrew, after setting fires to blow up the magazine's ordinance. Unfortunately, the fuses burned out before reaching the ammunition and little damage resulted from the attack. After the founding of the Irish Free State in 1922, the Irish Army used the Magazine Fort as it was originally intended – a place to store arms and ammunition.

Beginning in 1937 the Irish Free State operated under its own constitution. The government had declared the Irish Republican Army (IRA) an illegal organization in 1936. In January 1939, the IRA began a Sabotage Campaign in England, and in September 1939 World War II began in Europe.

The status of the IRA by the fall of 1939 was shaky at best. It was still involved with the Sabotage Campaign, with a lot of units either interned, on the run, in England, or recently deported from England. A number of members of the IRA Army Council were also on the run, trying to evade capture by the Irish Free State police force, An Garda Síochána.

The IRA needed arms and ammunition. It was proposed that a raid be conducted on the Magazine Fort. The reason for the raid on the Fort was that although the IRA had many Thompson submachine guns in its arsenal (imported from the USA to Ireland with the help of Clan na Gael over the preceding decade), the .45 caliber ammunition used in these guns was not readily available in Europe. It happened that the Irish Army also used the Thompson gun and had large supplies of ammunition stored at the Magazine Fort. Permission was sought to steal the ammunition from the Magazine Fort; acting Chief of Staff Stephen Hayes approved the action.

A raid on the Fort was not a new idea – it had been proposed in 1937, but IRA Chief of Staff Mick Fitzpatrick had dismissed the idea because there would be nowhere to store the stolen ammunition. By 1939 Hayes felt the risk was manageable.

The Christmas season was chosen as the perfect time for the operation, as security was expected to be even more lax than usual. The fort is located in the

south-eastern part of the park, close by a wooded ridge, and has a commanding view of the surrounding area.

The raid took place on the evening of December 23, 1939, and is known to history as the Christmas Raid. On the evening of the Raid the fort was staffed with one officer in command, two non-commissioned officers, 10 regular troops; and one military policeman. The Magazine Fort did not have its own troops; these were supplied from infantry units stationed in the area.

That particular night the 7th Infantry Battalion, a reserve battalion stationed at Portobello Barracks, was responsible for supplying the guard. Around 8:00 PM, the gate bell rang and the Military Policeman saw a civilian who said he had a parcel

later court martialled).

Stolen that night were a total of 1,084,000 rounds of ammunition and a quantity of weapons. They were hauled away in thirteen trucks, with no casualties on either side.

Over the next four days a massive nationwide hunt was launched to find the stolen items. On January 1, 1940, it was reported that almost three-quarters of the ammunition had been recovered, a total of 850,000 rounds. Three tons were seized in County Louth; eight tons were seized in Swords, County Dublin; sixty-six cases of Thompson machine guns were found in South Armagh by the Royal Ulster Constabulary; and one hundred crates containing 120,000 rounds were confiscated in County Kildare. In addition,



to deliver to the officer-in-charge. The MP said he would take the parcel and he bent down to unbolt the gate, and when he stood up again he saw the muzzle of a revolver pointed in his face. The unidentified man told the MP to open the gate and put his hands up. At this point the IRA team appeared, confiscating the weapons of the sentry and MP.

The two hostages were then forced to act as human shields for the two intruders to the guardroom where the remaining soldiers were caught by surprise and surrendered without a fight. At this point all the troops attached to the fort and the gatekeeper were held prisoner that evening and made no attempt to resist. During this time the captives heard heavy trucks coming and going from the fort.

By this time, an alarm had been raised at Islandbridge Barracks. It was almost 11:00 PM by the time a party of soldiers was dispatched from Portobello Barracks to investigate what was happening at the fort. They managed to capture two of the IRA raiders, who were seen hiding near the fort's entrance. Around midnight a new guard was ordered posted at the Magazine Fort and orders were issued for the arrest all of the old guard (they were

some IRA volunteers were caught storing the ammunition, and were arrested.

The raid, although successful for the IRA, had turned into another disaster. The volume of material stolen, and the massive hunt to recover it that followed turned up all the stolen ammunition and weapons plus more. In addition the IRA volunteers attempting to store it were captured and imprisoned. The positive effect on morale that the raid had initially made quickly evaporated.

Worse yet for the IRA, the day after the raid, the Irish Minister for Justice, Gerald Boland, at an emergency session of the Dáil introduced the Emergency Powers Bill to reinstate internment, Military Tribunals, and executions for IRA members. It was rushed through and given its third reading the next day.

*J. Michael Finn is the Ohio State Historian for the Ancient Order of Hibernians and Division Historian for the Patrick Pearse Division in Columbus, Ohio. He is also Chairman of the Catholic Record Society for the Diocese of Columbus, Ohio. He writes on Irish and Irish-American history; Ohio history and Ohio Catholic history. You may contact him at FCoolavin@aol.com.



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4pm - 5pm: *Songs of Britain & Ireland* WCPN FM 90.3
w/ Joe Nichols & Kevin McGinty
4pm - 6pm: *Beyond the Pale* WRUW FM 91.1 w/ Roger Weist
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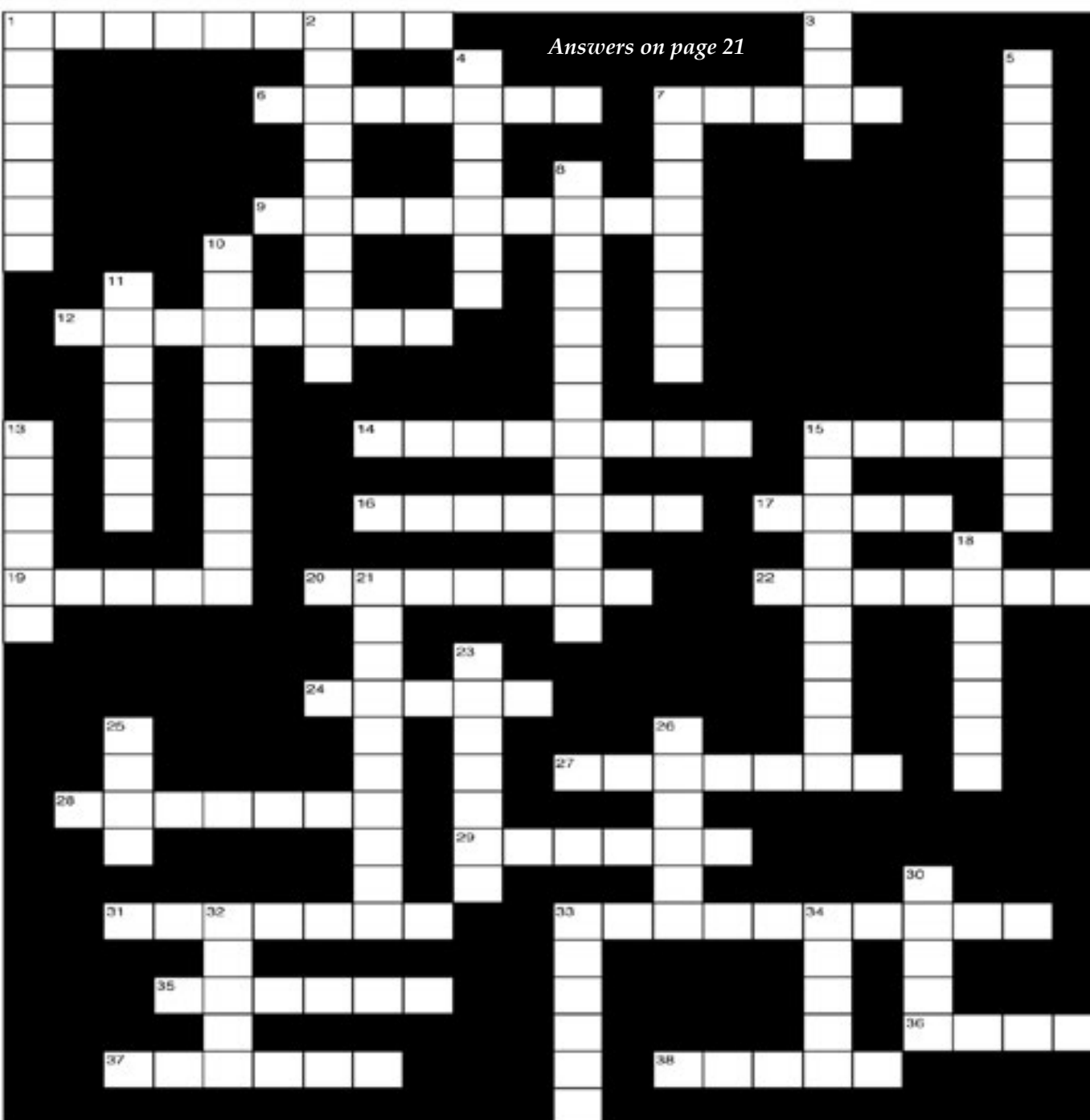
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IRISH TRIVIA AGAIN

by Linda Fulton Burke



Answers on page 21

Across
1 Dubh Linn, Dublin,
Means _____ In Irish.
6 St. Patrick Is Also The Patron Saint
Of _____.
7 Ossified, Scattered, And Fluttered
Are Words For _____.
9 Ireland's Saint Fiacre, Born
In The Sixth Century, Is
The Patron Saint Of _____.
12 _____ Sunday Is A Special
Day When An Effort
Is Made By Parishioners
To Clean Up The Local
Church Graveyard After Mass.

14 The Island Of Montserrat
Is Sometimes Called
"The _____ Isle Of The Caribbean."
15 The Last _____ Burned At
The Stake In Ireland Was
Bridget Cleary.
16 The Shamrock Was
Used To Explain
The Holy _____.
17 Ireland's Best Finish In _____ World
Cup Soccer Was 7th.
19 Ireland's Oldest Pub, _____ Bar,
Opened In 900 AD.
20 _____ Is The Irish Ver-
sion Of Loud Crying At

Wakes/
22 _____ Is The Annual
Fest Celebrating
The Sitcom, Father Ted.
24 1,682 Irish Danc-
ers In A Line Danced
Into Guinness Book Of _____ Records.
27 _____, An Irish Delicacy, Is Pigs'
Trotters.
28 County Mayo's Carne
Golf Links Was Constructed
Mainly By _____ Using
Hand Spades And Rakes.
29 Pres. Obama Claims Irish Heritage

From Moneygall, Co. _____.
31 _____, An An-
cient Celtic Game, Has
Been Around For Over 2,000 Years.
33 _____ Street In Dub-
lin Was Once The Largest
Red Light District In All Of
Europe, With Over 1600
Prostitutes Plying Their Trade.
35 There Are No Wild
_____ In Ireland Nor
Have There Ever Been.
36 Guinness Regis-
tered The _____ As Its
Symbol In 1876.
37 Ireland Is The Only Eu Country
Without _____ Codes.
38 Ireland Is Europe's _____ Largest
Island
Down
1 Saint _____ Is Said To
Have Discovered America
1,000 Years Before Columbus..
2 One Of The Most Popu-
lar Radio Shows In Rural
Ireland Is Still The Dai-
ly Broadcast Of Local
_____.
3 Ireland Is Home To Europe's
Largest _____ Mine.
4 The Guinness _____
In Dublin Has A
9,000 Year Lease On The Property.
5 Ireland's Highest Mountain Is
_____ At 1,041 Meters.
7 _____ Is A Sausage
Made Of Beef And
Sheep's Blood.
8 The Original Seven
" _____ " Are: Ireland,
Scotland, Wales, Isle Of
Man, Cornwall, Brittany
(In France) And Galicia (In Spain).
10 According To Some His-
torians, Over 40% Of All
American _____ Have
Had Some Irish
Ancestry.
11 Vincent Barry Led The Team That
Discovered A Cure For _____.
13 The Largest Number Of Non-Irish
Living In Ireland Are _____.
15 The _____
Was Designed By
Irishman James Hoban.
18 It Takes 119.5 Sec-
onds To Pour A _____
Pint Of Guinness.
21 Ireland Has Won
The _____ Song
Contest The Most At 7 Times.
23 _____ Maga-
zine Became Legal In
Ireland In 1995.

25 Suckers Is A Nick-
name For People
From County Wicklow.
26 _____ Mean Time
Was 25 Minutes Behind
Greenwich Mean Time.
30 The Newgrange Pas-
sage Tomb In County _____
Was Constructed
Around 3200 Bc.
32 Charles Boycott Re-
fused To Drop His

_____ And Inspired
The First Boycott.
33 _____ Succar
Is Believed To Be St.
Patrick's Real Name.
34 The " _____ " Statu-
ette Handed Out At The
Academy Awards Was
Designed By Cedric
Gibbons, Who Was
Born In Dublin In 1823.

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The Year of the Slaughter

Articles from preceding months have addressed the general history of migration and Ireland with a focus on the Americas, particularly the United States. Last month we looked at the period after the Act of Union in 1801 and 1845. It is now diachronically time to talk about The Great Hunger, The Potato Famine; An Gorta Mór. It is time to talk about perhaps the single most defining event in the history of Ireland and the Irish Diaspora. However, we have learned that migration existed before 1845 and that Irish History existed before 1845. Famine in Ireland also existed before 1845.

It is difficult to find research that deals directly with the Year of the Slaughter. Mass graves., perhaps 500,000 Irish dead. That is the thing with mass graves; the statistics become estimates. Almost 40 percent of the population dead in a year and a half. Bliain an Áir, the Year of the Slaughter. The stored potato crop was destroyed, cattle and sheep herds decimated, grain shortages compounded by a doubling in price, all of this accompanied by mass vagrancy, riots, small pox, dysentery, typhus, and fever. There were too many dead to bury; they lay in the fields picked at by dogs.

One finds a reference here and a footnote there. David Dickson's work, 'Artic Ireland: The Extraordinary Story of the Great Frost and Forgotten Famine,' is the only work that I have found that directly addresses the Famine of 1740-41. I would suggest you read it. However, in order to get a copy, you would need to travel to the University of Toronto and hopefully have a T-Card,

make it to the Regenstein at University of Chicago, or visit the Genealogy Center at the Allen County Library in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

The Allen County Public Library is the second largest genealogical library in America, second only to Salt Lake City. But who likes Mormon cuisine?



David Dickson's 74 page book on the Famine of 1740-41 is on the second floor and is part of the non-circulating collection. It details a famine that history has forgotten and that has been silenced by historians. The Great Frost extended across most of Europe; but, like the potato blight, it hit Ireland and its population the hardest.

December of 1839 brought a cold that had been unseen in the previous decade and perhaps the coldest time the island has even seen. The River Shannon was frozen. Fish died in all of Ireland's rivers and lakes. Water powered mill machinery froze and was useless. Grains became sparse. Food could not be processed and industry was halted.

Cattle and sheep froze to death. The potato crop and stored potatoes froze and were inedible. Coal supplies were exhausted in the first weeks of The Frost and the extreme cold prevented coal transportation. People used anything they could find as firewood.

Lord Chancellor Jocelyn noted, "The lower sort...being used to soft seasons, have neglected to lay up sufficient provisions." The "lower sort" he referred to was mostly poor, rural and Catholic. The government of Ireland focused relief on urban centers.

As The Frost continued, the Church of Ireland distributed free coal and food in its Dublin parishes, literally tons of coal

were started but had limited effect and employment plans were meaningless without sustenance.

The spring of 1740 ended the frigid cold, but the temperature remained atypically cold. Lack of rain generated drought in Ireland. Animals that survived The Frost were lost to the drought. Crops failed and more people starved.

The summer of 1740 saw the decimation of potatoes, grains, cattle and sheep. In the fall of 1740 Ireland experienced flooding followed by more island-wide frost and blizzards in eastern Ireland. As temperatures rose, large sections of ice destroyed ships anchored along river shores.

The winter of 1740-41 witnessed famine and disease that left no county nor parish untouched. Mass graves. Since 1741 was the deadliest year of the Great Frost, it is considered the Year of the Slaughter. By the spring of that year weather normalized. Fears of perpetual freeze abated and grains that had been hoarded by wealthy merchants made it to market. Ireland ate once again. Why was Ireland afflicted by The Frost more than any county in Europe?

The Great Frost was a part of history that was to be largely forgotten. In October of 1741, the Duke of Devonshire questioned Parliament on how to prevent such a catastrophe in the future. Parliament tabled his request. An Irish Poor Law was not enacted until 1838, and, as the history we know tells us, it was not enacted to address inequality, bias and famine. It did not consider a history of endemic famine.

Today, descendants of Ireland can associate libraries where they have read with pubs and taverns where they have eaten and had a pint. We do not know what it is like to starve. We should know, when our people starved.

Today, we have Mass at the Famine Memorial, and rightfully so. Those in the mass graves from The Great Frost have no monument. Irish historians have written volumes on An Gorta Mór and why Ireland starved then. We have not addressed why Ireland starved the first time.

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What a Mother!

Imagine that you inadvertently encounter a virtual Bigfoot; a mythical creature that you had not even imagined really existed. Yet there she is, looking directly at me from the internet, gazing through round little spectacles with a pleasant yet piercing stare.

I had heard of the magazine named after her and always assumed that the name was some amalgam of hippie references that was destined to remain a mystery to me. This mythical character is Mother Jones. Looking at her photo, it is hard to imagine that the 70s counterculture, who named a left-leaning magazine after that sweet-faced old lady, could do so without even a hint of irony.

While these are politically polarized times, the story of Mother Jones is a good one, and those are always irresistible. In the case of Mother Jones, even her birth is controversial. The official records claim that she was born August 1, 1837.

Biographers have claimed that she did some self-mythologizing by claiming that her birthday was May 1, 1830, or conversely, that the August date was her baptism date. The significance of May 1 is that it is an international worker's holiday, which commemorates the Haymarket affair.

The Haymarket affair is a significant date in the labor movement; it led to employment regulations like the eight hour workday. She added years to her age to amplify the perception of her as a wise matron type. Your thoughts of her as an appealing granny depended on who you were.

This same woman was described as "the greatest woman agitator of our times" by a peer and the "most dangerous woman in America" by her enemies. It is small surprise to readers of Irish history that she was born in Cork City, the birthplace of a good few rebellious souls.

Mother Jones was born Mary

Harris in Cork City to Catholic tenant farmers. In the foreshadowing of the famine, her father, Richard Harris, moved from Cork to the U.S. in 1840, and the rest



of the family soon followed. Her parents, Richard and Ellen, had two other daughters and two sons besides Mary.

The family lived in several places, Toronto and Michigan among them. Mary eventually graduated from school and became a teacher in Michigan. She left that position and worked for a time as a dressmaker in Chicago.

Mary returned to her teaching career, but in Memphis, Tennessee. It was in Memphis in 1861 that Mary met and married George Jones. George was a factory worker and a member of the Iron Molders Union.

In 1867, she lost George and their four young children to an epidemic of yellow fever that swept the city. It must have caused her terrible grief and it is no surprise that she left Memphis. Mary returned to Chicago and to her job as a seamstress. However, tragedy was not done with her yet; in 1871 when Mrs. Murphy's cow kicked over the lantern in that infamous barn and started the Chicago fire, Mary Jones lost all of her possessions.

This was the proverbial fire

that forged and tempered what was to become Mother Jones. Whether it was the grief that made her angry enough to fight for all downtrodden people or that loss liberated her from caring about the opinions of others, or some melding of

these; she clearly had a new purpose in life. Her objective became, in her own words, "Pray for the dead and fight like hell for the living". With no family of her own, Mary reinvented herself as the Mother of the workers, and Mother Jones was born.

She was small, standing just five feet tall, with white hair and dressed in black. She was a ferocious force in the nineteenth and early twentieth century labor movement. Over her lifetime, she was involved in many hundreds of strikes and labor disputes. Her motto of "wherever there is a fight" was truly the words that she lived by.

Mary was passionate about safe working conditions and fairness for blue-collar laborers. She was also very involved with removing children from the work force. She went as far as organizing a children's march on President Roosevelt's house in 1903.

Another infamous incident in which she helped negotiate a truce was the Ludlow miner's strike. The Colorado militia massacred twenty women and children who were living in a tent city at that time. Mary persuaded then President Woodrow Wilson to intervene.

Luck was not always on her side. In a different mining incident in West Virginia in 1912, a strike in Paint Creek/Cabin Creek became violent and lives were lost. This time the government went after Mother Jones and blamed her for inciting behavior that led to loss of life and she was sentenced to twenty years in jail, when she herself was around 70 years of age.

Mother Jones actually spent almost three months in jail before the public outcry was so great that she was released and her sentence was commuted. In another episode, Mary alienated many women when she refused to get involved in the Suffrage movement. She believed that the vote was an elitist issue, and

women's involvement in politics could lead to the neglect of their children.

Despite these incidents, she was generally well regarded. She is referenced in many songs and stories, including the Appalachian folk song, "She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain". She died on November 30, 1930 at the age of 93.

Whatever age Mary Jones was when she left Ireland, she did not spend much time there. Yet her story has the feel of an Irish story. She was certainly a typical underdog, seemingly small, but standing up for what she thought was right and fair.

There are few Irish that are able to watch what they perceive as injustice silently. It is a part of the Irish soul. The stories that are told of her oratory also have a distinctively Irish feel to them.

She never lost her brogue and she peppered her stories with humor, anecdotes of her own cleverness and the odd swear word and bit of impropriety. That collective sense of empathy consistently places Ireland in the top few countries globally for their generosity to others when they are in need. Perhaps it is their history of communal living and occasionally having to do without that makes the Irish so sensitive to the plights of others in difficulty.

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SPEAK IRISH

By Bob Carney

Dia daoibh (jee-uh yeev)
 "Is maith an cara a laghdafonn
 an tart ort"
 (iss mah lie-deen on tart ort)
 It's a good friend who eases
 your thirst

The pub in Ireland is the great social equalizer. Income, title or occupation has little meaning; young or old can conspire or celebrate. Sit at a table by the fireplace and read, or stand at the bar and strike up a conversation with new friends. The pub is the place we can put aside our realities for a short time; it's definitely time for a visit!

We'll meet some new words and (agus - ah-gus) phrases we can use to order a drink or a bite to eat, as well as a few other use-

ful expressions.

In Irish, as well as many languages, there isn't always a direct word for translation. For example, we have learned how to say thank you, Go raibh maith agat (guh row mah agut). Loosely translated, this means "may you have good". There are many examples we will see in the future as well, but for now, here is one of my favorites: uisce beatha (ish-ke ba-ha) literally; water of life, or more commonly, whiskey!

A FEW OTHER BEVERAGES

beoir (byohr) beer
 uisce (ish-ke) water
 fion (fee-on) wine
 tae (tay) tea
 caife (ka-fay) coffee
 bainne (bahn-nyeh) milk



Photo by Micki Ansberry

caife éireannach (ka-fay ayri-nach)

Irish coffee pionta (pyunta) pint

beoir mhór (byohr vore) a large beer

leann dubh (lann duv) stout

caife dubh mór (ka-fay duv more) large black coffee

caife dubh beag (ka-fay duv byug) small black coffee

uisce sóide (ish-ka sowdja) soda water

FOOD

BIA (bee-uh) food

práta (praw-taw) potato

iasc (ee-ush) fish

briosca (brish-ka) biscuit

stobhach (sto-ukh) stew

feoil (fee-oil) meat

arán (a-rawn) bread

im (im) butter

cabáiste (kabawshta) cabbage

siúcín (shickeen) chicken

siúcín rósta (shickeen rowsta)

roast chicken

bricféasta Gaelach iomlán

(brick faw sta gayle-ock umlawn)

full Irish breakfast

brúitín (brootcheen) champ

(Champ is a potato dish made with scallions traditionally served at Halloween. It was customary, in some families, to leave a bowl under a bush for the fairies.

bricfeasta (brick-festah) breakfast

lón (lahn) lunch

suipéar (sup-air) supper

PHRASES

"Is maith an t-anlann an t-ocras"

(iss mah an tann-lann un tukrass)

hunger is a good sauce

ceart go leor (kyart go lyore) ok

tá tart orm (taw tart or-um)

I'm thirsty

tá ocras orm (taw oc-rus or-um)

I'm hungry

cad ba mhaith leat? (cahd ba

hwah lyat) what would you like?

Ba mhaith liom (ba wah-lee-um) I would like
 pionta Guinness le do
 thoil (pyunta Guinness
 lay duh hull) a pint of
 Guinness please

Go mo leithscéal (go muh lesh- kayle) excuse me

B'fhearr liom (bar lyum) I'd prefer

caife le do thoil (ka-fay lay duh-hull) coffee please

Céard é seo? (kerd ay shoh) what is this?

An bhfuil sé seo go deas? (un will shay shoh go jass) is this good?

Caife le bainne, le do thoil (ka-fay lay bannya lay duh hull) coffee with milk please

Dhá bheoir, le do thoil (gaw vyore lay duh hull) two beers please

Tá sé seo ar fheabhas (taw shay shoh air owwass) this is excellent

Go raibh míle maith agat (go ruh meela mah agut) many thanks (loosely translated; may you have a thousand good things).

So, at your favorite pub or restaurant (bialann) use your Irish!

If you find these informal lessons in Irish interesting, consider the next session of Speak Irish Cleveland classes. If you would like to sit in on a class contact me. For questions, comments or suggestions, contact

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Yes, summer is over...though the real query is, "did we ever really have one?" Those who say it arrived one weekend in August may be right. Sure, didn't we deserve a bit more after enduring six months of last year's bloody wintry weather?

If you're a faithful reader of this column, you know where I stand. Like most Irish, talking about the weather occupies a good bit of our time each day. For me it begins with a careful perusal of the newspaper's weather section each morning. Thankfully, there's enough detail to satisfy most of my interests.

Besides a review of yesterday's statistics and a description of today's climatic projections, my eyes scan the international then domestic forecasts. With my mind focused, I single out the cities or locales where I once lived, spent holiday time or where friends and family members live(d).

The weather and temperatures in Brussels, Amsterdam, Frankfurt, London, Bermuda, Copenhagen, Paris and Rome quickly catch my attention. Then, it's U.S. cities next. Washington, Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit, Tampa and so it goes. I mentally pause for a moment after reading each one, briefly remembering the people and times that hold a special place in my heart. Crazy? Yes, I know it, but it's a ritual I've enjoyed for years. Too late to change old habits, and why should I?

Recently, a headline in the London Evening Standard caught my eye. It was entitled: "Reasons why summer weather in Britain is so much better than Ireland" by Jane Walsh.

With a photograph of people, all carrying brollies and dodging raindrops on some cobblestoned street, likely in Dublin's Temple Bar, Jane notes: "There are only 12 miles between the Mull of Kintyre in Scotland and the nearest tip of County Antrim, and just over 62 miles between Rosslare in Co. Wexford and Fishguard in South Wales, so why does the weather in Ireland and Britain differ so much?"

Quoting veteran Irish weatherman John Eagleton, Walsh writes, "England is not [in] a different climatic zone to Ireland, but it is semi-different in that it often has better summers. It's not as temperate as we are. It's not right beside the Atlantic Ocean. It's not as prone to weather systems as we are. It [England] has more of a continental influence in the summer."

Her interview with Eagleton continued.

"It also has to do with basic geography. London's latitude is 51° N," he said. "Compared to Dublin's 53° N, it's not hugely different, but we are more exposed to an Atlantic influence – just marginally more, but those margins make a big difference. Ireland is a bit further north, nearer the North Pole and further from the Equator," the weatherman noted.

Later on, Walsh included two more Eagleton observations. "Another reason London feels that much hotter [is that] London has its own microclimate – with all that concrete it can be hotter by one or two degrees [Celsius]."

"Fortunately, Ireland does get the benefit of the Gulf Stream. Without that," Eagleton explains, "the country [Ireland] would be just like Lithuania with freezing winters and without the compensation of Lithuania's warmer summers."

In concluding her piece, Walsh pointed out that though 2015 was a wet summer, it didn't chronicle the record rainfall Ireland experienced back in 2009. But with all the cold temperatures, high winds and even occasional frost, 2015 was one of the absolutely worst summers since 1988.

Ah sure, weren't the summers of 2013 and 2014 on the good side, so what can we expect...certainly not three in a row!

On a more serious note, I suppose you've been following the recent developments emanating from Belfast and the North. All I can say is, "Wow, won't the Unionists ever grow up and act like mature folks?"

Rumours, innuendo, elective reshuffling and political shenanigans are again running rampant in the Six Counties over the death of a leading 'former' IRA commander and pro-peace proponent, Gerard 'Jock' Davison. Though he'd been implicated in numerous deaths over the years, including the much-publicised homicide of Robert McCartney in the winter of 2005, an unknown assailant shot Davison, a convert to the Good Friday Agreement, in the Market area of Belfast this May. Some believed the assassin was the former IRA-man Kevin McGuigan, but no conclusive proof ever materialised.

The entire matter further escalated in August with the murder of McGuigan, also in Belfast. Unionists and the PSNI [Police Service of Northern Ireland] quickly accused members of the now 'defunct' Provisional IRA for what they called the 'revenge killing' of Davison.

They maintained McGuigan's death was evidence that the Provo's are still 'active.'

Eager to blame someone, the Unionists pointed the finger of responsibility at Sinn Féin, their perennial rivals in NI's provincial, power-sharing government. Now, the vast majority of these Unionist politicians have withdrawn from the Northern Assembly, refusing to return to their elected posts until THEY are sure the IRA is just a bad memory.

In the meantime, the British government continues with its intent to implement important social welfare cuts that undoubtedly will affect the least prosperous in NI, all in advance of upcoming elections. This boycott clearly seems to be nothing more than political theatre and malicious manoeuvrings directed toward their long-time adversary, Sinn Féin, who currently is enjoying a political renaissance in Ireland... both in the North and the Republic.

Finally, did you hear about Republican hopeful Jeb Bush's faux pas during the second televised debates? When asked his choice of what

woman should be on the new U.S. ten-dollar bill, he replied, "Margaret Thatcher."

Imagine that! Obviously trying to curry favour with former-Reaganites, he unwittingly alienated many thousands of Irish-Americans.

Realising his mistake a day later, the Bushman quickly reversed himself, saying that's a decision 'for the American people, not himself.'

A bit too late don't you think, Jeb?

May Samhain be good to you all...God bless & Happy Thanksgiving. Cathal



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Be Thankful

We have all heard the old adage, "Never talk politics or religion" at a dinner party. To this list of platitudes of a life safely led, it should be added, "Never go on a canoe ride with your beloved," unless of course you wish to test the foundation of your relationship.

When I was in my senior year of high school, fall ushered in a rush of brilliant color. I was a cheerleader, an honor student, and had started dating my first serious boyfriend. Golden leaves were falling upon me like manna from Heaven. Indeed, I was living the teen-age dream. Led by curiosity and the same joie de vivre, or love of life, that I have inherited, my father would lead my mother through fanciful stages in their otherwise practical life together.

So, cocooned in my own silken threads of self-absorption, I never once thought it odd when my father pulled into a coveted parking space on our narrow Chicago street with a two-man forest green canoe strapped to our Gran Torino station wagon.

Before I was born, my parents

collected art: European street scenes, brooding still lifes, and figure portraits of weathered old men. When I was young, but old enough to remember, my parents then entered the clock phase. In our smallish Chicago bungalow, we had a Grandfather clock, a 19th century Vienna regulator, an antique schoolhouse clock, another that featured a tall-masted schooner, and lastly, a folkloric, blue-painted clock; the only missing time piece was the coveted cuckoo. Much to my youthful delight, my father would fastidiously set all of the clocks to time, so that they would all chime at once.

Now, my father was always the athletic sort. He biked like the cyclists who race in the Tour de France and could cross-country ski like a Norse god. His heart never truly lay in the concrete jungle in which he was raised, but in the countryside where he would go on family vacations as a boy.

With his relations, my father hunted pheasant in Canada and fished the rough waters of Lake Superior. He dreamed of owning a lake house and having his

own vintage Chris Craft wooden speedboat. So, when the clocks lost their intrigue and the paintings merely hung, and riding bike races in velodromes and running marathons became tiresome, it finally became time for my father to acquire his own boat.

We were not members of a yacht club, nor was anyone else in our Belmont and Central Chi-



cago neighborhood; neither did we have lake access to secure a ski boat, motor boat, or row boat for that matter. We did however, live within an hour's drive of the Forest Preserves and had room above the rafters in our detached garage to store a canoe. And so, my father embarked upon yet another journey with my mother, this time down the Des Plaines River in a green canoe.

One November morning, the winds were surprisingly still despite the 45 degree temperatures. Some leaves, copper and brown, still clung to skeletal branches. My father decided that on this day, he and my mother would christen their canoe and then head out for a cozy early dinner at their favorite establishment, Hackney's, for burgers and batter-fried onions.

I had a social life to navigate, so I didn't take much notice when the temperature quickly began to dip and the winds picked up in volume. I did take pause when my parents arrived before the dinner hour looking cold, bedraggled, and angry.

According to my mother, no sooner had she and my dad pulled away from the bank of the river, when the winds increased and the canoe started to turn this way and that. She and my

dad had begun to argue as to the proper paddling technique. My father, of course, was the brawn behind the operation, and my mother was to steer.

Well, like mother, like daughter, we both lack a bit of coordination and have a hard time with right and left side resolution. Having never taken canoe class, my father's paddling was powerless

tiful Finger Lakes of New York. The Seneca Indians who once inhabited that region named the lake Keuka or roughly translated, "Canoe Landing."

The early settlers referred to the lake as Crooked Lake, due to its natural shape. Legend tells of a Seneca Indian who was traveling across the lake with his wife and child in their canoe. A sudden storm capsized the canoe and claimed the lives of the mother and child, and so the man placed a curse on the lake in recompense for his loss.

If I had known of this legend in August, I may have thought twice before agreeing to a canoe ride on Keuka Lake with my husband. Channeling the spirit of my parent's adventure, my husband and I began to squabble. I was in the rear of the canoe and could do no right.

My husband was in the front and could do no wrong. According to my chief, I was turning the canoe in circles. I told my husband to calm down, enjoy the late summer air and relax. Like my father, my husband is an athlete and competitor. There is no time to canoe peacefully when we can go faster and cover more water. The more he fussed, the harder I steered and the greater our circles became. Then, my laughter broke into streams echoing throughout the lake. I remembered my parent's journey and the adventures they shared as a couple. For a brief time, I thought how thankful I was to be on that lake with my husband, enjoying his frustrations and laughing at my own inadequacies.

Who would have thought that navigating a marriage is like manning a canoe? Sometimes the harder one paddles, the slower one proceeds. In the end, one can be thankful for the rhythm of the waves, the silence of shared familiarity, and the blessed peace of a life well steered.

*Source Consulted: Keuka Lake.com. Copyright 2006-2009.

*Susan holds a Master's Degree in English from John Carroll University and a Master's Degree in Education from Baldwin Wallace University. She may be contacted at suemangan@yahoo.com.

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Blue is the Night completes McNamee's trilogy of crime novels, which includes The Blue Tango and Orchid Blue, and yet it transcends the previous two to stand above. It is the story of Robert the Painter, a true life Northern Ireland crime story of how a Protestant man named Robert Taylor came to be sentenced to death for the murder of a Catholic woman, Mary McGowan, more than sixty years ago.

McGowan was brutally attacked at her north Belfast home in 1949. Before she died, it was claimed she had indicated that her assailant was Robert the

Painter, a man who had previously done some work for her in her home. Taylor's first trial resulted in a hung jury. At his second trial he was found guilty



and sentenced to hang. However, the Court of Appeals freed Taylor on a legal technicality of juror misconduct. Having been tried twice he couldn't be tried again.

This case forms the backdrop for Blue is the Night because three

years later, the man who prosecuted Taylor, Attorney General Lancelot Curran's daughter, Patricia, was murdered. Her murder propels the novel's second narrative strand. The story is told from the viewpoint of Harry Ferguson, Curran's ally and backroom fixer.

Ferguson knows that a guilty verdict in the McGowan case could exacerbate public unrest among the Catholics and Protestants and wreck Curran's chances of

becoming a judge.

The murder of Patricia, Curran's 16-year-old daughter, who strikes up a flirtatious relationship with Ferguson before she is murdered becomes the real mystery of the story. Despite

a conviction in the daughter's case, Ferguson is not convinced the convicted man actually is the guilty party. Nine years after her death, Ferguson's conscience gets the better of him as he searches for the real killer.

The denouement of the story is surprising and will keep the reader guessing until the final ages. It is a 'noirishly' knotted tale which encompasses murders, perversity, and a multitude of betrayals- familial, juridical, and

political. It is a TOP SHELF read.

*Terrence J Kenneally is an attorney and owner of The Kenneally Law Firm in Rocky River, Ohio. He is an insurance defense attorney who represents insurance companies and insureds throughout the state of Ohio. Mr. Kenneally received his Master's Degree in Irish Studies from John Carroll University and teaches at Holy Name High School. He can be reached at terry@tjkenneally.com.



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Cleveland Comhrá

(Cleveland Conversation)

by Bob Carney

carneyspeakirish@gmail.com

Today we sit down with Michael Crawley to discuss the 87th Cleveland Pipe Band, his solo work, and band Marys Lane.

OhIAN: Hello Michael. Thanks for meeting with us. Tell us about yourself. Are you a native Clevelander?

M.C.: Yes, I grew up by the airport in Brookpark. My parents bought a house there when they originally came over from Scotland in 1963. They lived across the street from St. Colman's, and then bought the house in Brookpark.

OhIAN: Was your family musical?

M.C.: I'm the youngest of four siblings and all of us played bagpipes. My oldest sister, Kathleen, is still an active player with the 87th. My dad was a piper from the age of eight or nine. He played in pipe bands in Scotland, and when he came to the states he played with a couple of bands until he took a job with the Ford Motor Co. He stopped playing for about 17 years. In '86 or '87, he was approached by the Irish Heritage Club to start a pipe band. He put together the band under the assumption it was going to be sponsored by the club, which eventually fell through.

Originally the band was to be named after the club, but they changed to the 87th Cleveland after the year it was formed. - probably the most common question about the band!

OhIAN: What is the 87th?

M.C.: I would say we are a civilian band centered around competing, which is different from most pipe bands.

OhIAN: When you travel to competitions does the expense fall on the members?

M.C.: Yes. For the most part the band picks up instrument and uniform expenses,

but as far as travel, that is up to the individual.

OhIAN: You recently competed in Scotland. Did you have time to sightsee or was it all rehearsals and competition?

M.C.: We were there for a week. There was always time for people to do stuff; it was easy to take a one or two hour train ride from Glasgow.

OhIAN: You did fairly well in the competition.

M.C.: Yes we finished 8th out of 15 in our group, which was pretty good. Obviously when you're that close to something it would have been great to play the finals. For about 70% of the band, that was the first time they traveled to Scotland. It was a good trip and everyone got along great.

OhIAN: As far as teaching bagpipes, it seems like it would be a difficult instrument to learn?

M.C.: It's about a 12 to 16 month process before a person

can play the bagpipes. You start on a practice chanter which is similar to a recorder. The hardest part is you're learning on an instrument that sounds nothing like the bagpipes. It's not like a piano where when you play you hear the same note you'll hear in ten years time. The physical coordination involved is challenging as well, but, if the determination is there, you find a way.

OhIAN: You also do solo work?

M.C.: Yes, memorials, weddings, funerals,

and anniversary dinners etc... There is enough of a demand in Cleveland to make decent money at it. I'm doing more of that recently than in the past. I left my full time position in the corporate world in April to pursue music full time, which gives me a lot more flexibility as far as bookings.

OhIAN: How did you get into guitar?

M.C.: I started playing later in my teens. My sister played in church choir as long as I can remember. My dad also played, so there were always guitars in the house. We also had a piano, as well as bagpipes and

drums around to try and play. It's relaxing to sit down with a guitar rather than standing and playing the bagpipes, and you can play anytime. The first band I was in, I was hired to play bagpipes. I would play two or three songs a show just playing bagpipes, and then I asked if I could sit in on some guitar stuff.

OhIAN: Let's talk about Marys Lane.

M.C.: Pat Mulloy, Mark Whalen and

myself have been in the band since its inception. It started out as a conversation in 2008 at Cleveland Irish Festival, watching a band play under the tent. We talked about how we should try to put something together, but it kind of fizzled out. One year later the three of us found ourselves at the same exact tent watching the same exact band and decided to really get serious about it.

Our first practice was in 2010. We procrastinated a good 14 or 16 months before the band finally got on its feet. We've had

a couple of changes on bass and fiddle; we had a piano player for awhile. We're in the process of integrating a new member who plays mandolin, guitar, and piano; I think we're going in the right direction. We've had places like P.J.s, Sullys, and the Park Tavern give us a break very early on when we were completely unknown. Now we're trying to get people to take a chance on us a little further away and at bigger venues.

OhIAN: You always seem to be having a good time on stage.

M.C.: Yes, it's easy to play in an Irish bar where people know the songs. It's harder to play in a place like this (we're at Park Tavern). People don't really know half the stuff you're playing, but know they want to get up and dance and have a good time. Our mentality early on was to play our first set as long as we can and only take one break a night. We play that first set long so people loosen up, have a good time and want to stay all night. During the entire night we'll play 3 or 4 slow songs, so mostly the energy level is high. It is fun and we have a pretty loyal following, which makes it all worthwhile.

OhIAN: You also play a pretty good blend of music.

M.C.: We have a good mix of originals and country, and Pat brings some alternative stuff as well. We're trying to find older Irish music that hasn't really been played that much here. I like stuff from the 60's folk scene that fused into rock. We're also exploring more modern bluegrass tunes.

OhIAN: Any advice you would give to aspiring musicians?

M.C.: I guess the best thing is to get out and sing or play, make mistakes, but keep going. Take advantage of any opportunity to perform that comes along.

OhIAN: Michael, thank you very much and the best of luck to you, Marys Lane and the 87th Cleveland.



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Darby's Folk Peggy Goonin Pat Quinn and Alec DeGabriel, pic courtesy of Alec



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**David McDonnell:
Our Sports Man
on the Irish Street**



Can Soccer Recapture the Irish Heart?

I remember very well the time when the Irish soccer team was the centre of the universe on the national sporting

win the competition, passage to the semi-finals in our stead. By the time we qualified for



Shane Long out-manuevers Jérôme Boateng to get his goal

consciousness. It was when Jacky Charlton's unheralded green army first took on Europe and then the world and it was a wonderful era to journey from being a child into a young man. It was a spell when the Irish soccer team would compete with the best and win on a regular basis. There were great days littered across that stretch.

At our first appearance in a major soccer competition, Euro 1988, we had Ray Houghton's looping header that saw us beat our historical rivals and tournament favorites England, 1-0, at their native sport. It was a landmark moment that caused the Irish public to sit up and take notice of the men representing our country with great distinction.

That moment was followed by that wonderful goal from Ronnie Whelan that saw us draw with the might of the USSR before a late Wim Kieft goal in the final group game gave Holland, who went on to

our first World Cup in 1990, the country was enraptured with the 'Boys in Green.' Irish soccer sticker albums were the currency of schoolyards up and down the country and every other song on the radio seemed to be one soccer anthem or another. The players themselves like Paul McGrath, John Aldridge, Kevin Moran and Mick McCarthy had become more iconic than even the great music and movie stars of the time.

At Italia '90, our small island in the Atlantic Ocean reached the quarter finals and only lost out to the hosts Italy by a single Toto Schillaci goal, but despite this loss, the Irish supporters banded around this team with even greater zeal and fervor. Four years later, Ireland, ranked fifth in the world, opened their next World Cup campaign at USA '94 with a 1-0 victory over a terrific Italian team that boasted great players such as Franco Baresi, Paulo Maldini and Roberto Baggio.

By this juncture, Ireland competed against the top teams more in expectation than in hope. However, two years later the Charlton era ended against the Dutch in a European play-off in Liverpool.

For a team that didn't come home with any medals, in hindsight they were all winners. For they were a side that always displayed a terrific attitude that resonated with the Irish supporters.

During the late 80's and early '90's, this squad of players gave the Irish people, both home and abroad, a reason to puff our chests out that little bit further. In many ways they gave the country back its pride and self-belief. It was perhaps the foremost reason why we loved that team.

To be able to compete with the best on the international stage redefined for a generation what it meant to be Irish.

And at the time we thought the journey would last forever.

New Generation

It is 20 years this November since the Jack Charlton era ended and during that span, Ireland have only reached two

international tournaments, the World Cup in 2002 and the Euros in 2012. The former was overshadowed by the Saipan affair, which saw a public falling out between star-player Roy Keane and manager Mick McCarthy. The latter competition saw Ireland lose all three group games albeit against superior opposition.

It has been a lean number of years for Irish soccer and what has been lost in the interim is the public connection between the players and the man on the street. They have been largely replaced in the hearts and minds of the Irish youth by their rugby brethren, who live

Continued on page 22

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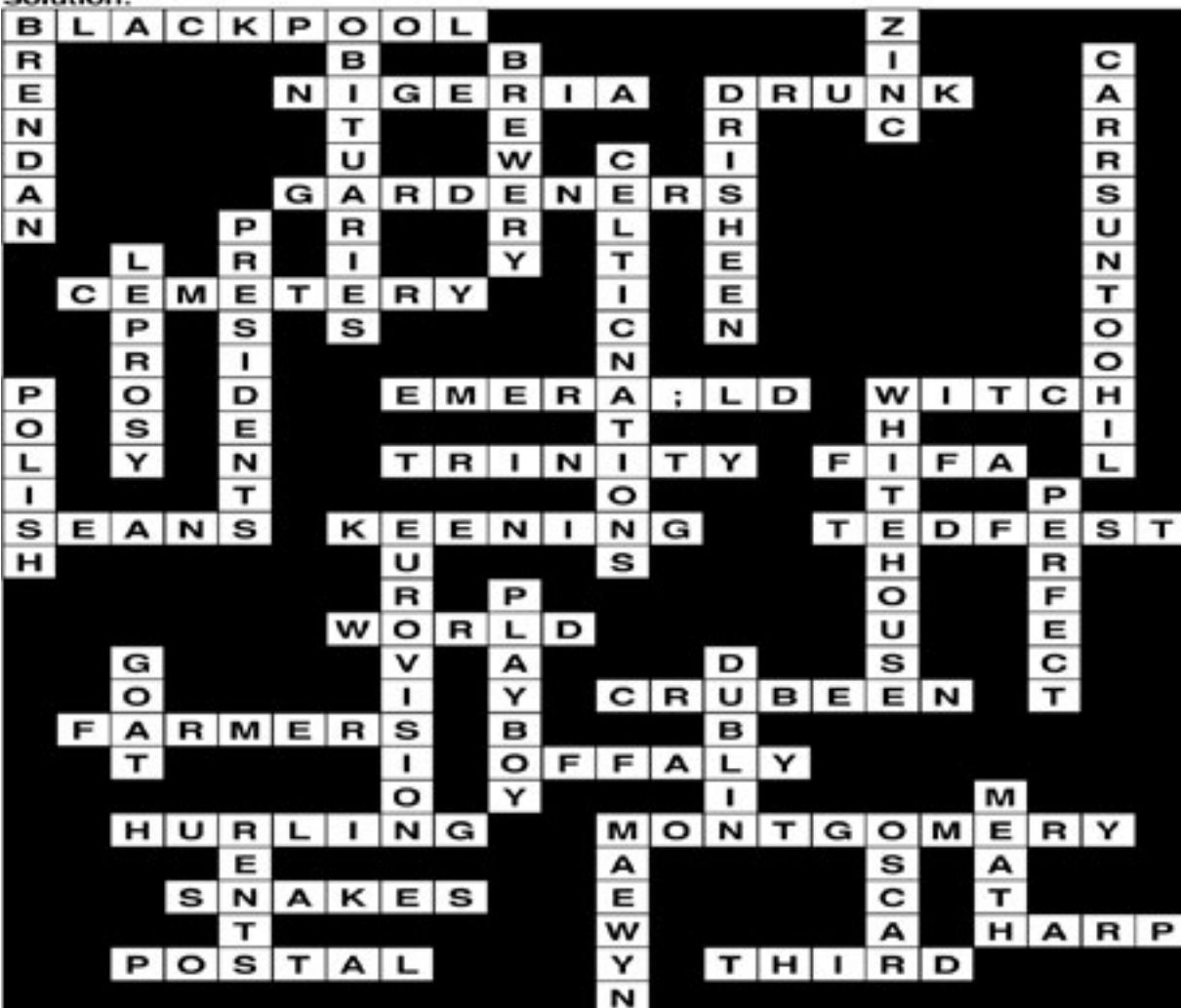


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Living With Lardie

by Richard Lardie



A Ravioli

It would be remiss of me as a grandfather to not write a few stories on the joy of being a grandparent. There are so many tales from each of them it is hard to pick a few, but I will try.

Early in my grand parenting days, I decided to do a thing called Papa Dick Days. It would be a one on one day with Papa Dick going somewhere interest-

ing (I hope). Katie Lardie is my oldest grandchild, and at the age of three was the recipient of the first of these (wonderful?) days. Our first excursion was to the Lake Erie Science Center. They have a great second floor of hands on experimental activities, a big screen movie and Port Polymer (a plastic and play wonderland for ages 2-7).

We had a blast and stayed until we were both exhausted. When we started to walk back to the car, 3-year-old Katie said, "Papa Dick, I am too tired to walk." Well I thought I was going to fall down with my own energy level, but I did what any grandfather would do; I picked her up and put her on my shoulders.

Her thin summer dress came over the top of my head covering my eyes. I laughed and told her I could not see (It was very thin and I could see fine). She laughed and said "Don't worry Papa Dick, I will tell you where to go."

She would say "Go left and when I would turn left she would say, "No, I mean right." Then she would laugh that little girl laugh and I would laugh and pretty soon we were both laughing so hard we were crying. "Go left, no right, no left" all the way back to the car. "Go left, no right" So, tired but laughing so hard, our exhaustion was forgotten.

When we got back to the car she revealed what I had already figured out. "Papa Dick, I don't know my left from my right." Then we laughed harder still as I acted amazed. Funny, my wonderful memory of our trip to the Science Center fourteen years ago has little to do with the Science Center.

When Katie was four I made the commitment to pick her up every Sunday in Rocky River and drive her to the East Side Irish club for the Pom-Pom parade unit practice. It would be another chance for us to spend some time together.

The first day all the girls were getting to know one another, and being as silly as four and five year olds can be. When they took a break, Katie brought a little 4-year-old friend over to have her juice and cookies at our table (I won't mention her name because she is not my grandchild and she is 17 years old now!).

They were drinking juice, and suddenly, Katie was gone to visit with other friends. There I was sitting with this cute

4-year-old girl that I had just met. She had her chin in both her hands and was just staring at me. She must have felt a need to say something because she said. "Know what?"

"What?" I replied. She leaned towards me a little and much to my amazement said. "I can fit whole ravioli in my mouth." I was almost speechless, but I managed to say, "Wow." She sat back in her chair and nodded, confident that my opinion of her had increased dramatically.

My granddaughter Bridget has been known to be precocious. On one of my outings with her we were at Lakewood Park. She was three and full of energy. Another little girl Lilly was there and they were playing together while I conversed with Lilly's mother.

Bridget climbed up onto one of the play houses but Lilly couldn't quite make it up there. Her mother went over and picked her up and put her on the top level. She told Lilly. "Let me know when you want to get down and I will help you."

Three year old Bridget chimed in with, "Don't worry, I will help her get down." The mother and I smiled at each other over Bridget's comment and then watched as Bridget tried to lead Lilly over toward the steps. Lilly kept pulling her arm away and Bridget kept pulling her toward the steps. "I will help you get down, Lilly" Bridget said. "I don't want to get down." Lilly retorted. Then Bridget said something that took Lilly's mom and me by complete surprise.

Three year old Bridget said very sternly, "You don't always get what you want Lilly." Lilly's mom and I had to turn away we were laughing so hard.

My grandson Connor, age six, is a young man who knows his limits. This story is best told in the words of his mom, Megan Colleen Lardie:

So Avon Lake has not escaped the road construction boom of 2015. Navigating our way through the most recent torn up intersection, Brendan, age nine, asked why there were big squares in the road that were not torn up. I told him that those are actually huge circles made of steel and can't be torn up. Then the teacher in me kicked in!

Me: "They are called manhole covers. Why do you think they are called manhole covers?"

Brendan: "So a man can climb down into it?"

Me: "Yes! They are connected to the huge sewer pipes that run under all the roads. Sometimes they get blocked or break and the workers need to go down and fix the problem."

Connor: "MOM, school ended at 3:20, we don't need to be ALWAYS learning

stuff!!!!!!"

How blessed we are for all that we have. Thank God for the children.

HAPPY THANKSGIVING
EVERYONE!

Can Soccer Recapture the Irish Heart?

Continued from page 19

in Ireland and challenge the best teams in the world on a consistent basis. However, last month Irish soccer had its best night in many a year when they beat the world champions Germany in a competitive fixture thanks to a wonderful goal from Shane Long. The Tipperary man sped onto a long pass from substitute goalkeeper Darren Randolph, controlled the ball with one touch before powering it past the most celebrated goalkeeper on the planet in Manuel Neuer.

With 20 minutes still remaining in the contest, Ireland ground out a famous win after a late onslaught from the Germans.

The victory was as unexpected as much as it is cherished and the moment has once again given the Irish soccer public a timely boost.

That result ensured the Republic of Ireland made a play-off for next summer's European Championships in France. This two legged home and away tie will take place in the space of four days in mid-November.

Although the side doesn't possess a celebrated world-class talent, it has some excellent players in Seamus Coleman, James McCarthy, Robbie Brady and Wes Hoolahan, who ply their trade week in and week out in the Premier League. Like the champions of yesteryear, they are also a side epitomized by a terrific application that makes them greater than the sum of their parts on paper.

This new generation has a wonderful chance to rebuild that former connection with the Irish sporting public. If they qualify in their play-off this month against Bosnia and Herzegovina, who hold Edin Dzeko and Miralem Pjanic of Roma within their ranks, they can compete with the best teams in Europe with a renewed confidence and these players can become eternal heroes for the forthcoming generation.

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Terry From Derry

by Terry Boyle



The Cracks of Our Lives

Many of us will remember the passing of notable persons in our lifetimes, but among those who have left this earth, only a few will have actually touched us directly. When I heard of the recent passing of Brian Friel, I was saddened. My mind wandered back to four decades ago when I first saw *Translations* in Belfast. And, while I was not sufficiently sophisticated enough to appreciate artistry of his work, there was something then that drew me in and continues to draw me in to his beautiful legacy of dramatic works. There is something to be said for an artist's work if he can still fascinate you after 40 years.

I think it's very rare to find a playwright that captures the fragility of human relationships as skillfully as Friel. The text and the sub-textual messages sing of failed human potential. Each scenario with its troubled waters, stirred by failed attempts to bridge the gaps between families and friends, is presented to the audience with pity and compassion. Perhaps Friel's desire to create works that reflect the cracks of our lives elicits a general sympathy for the flawed human condition. We laugh with them, cry with them, and in the end find ourselves suffering when they failed to connect with each other.

40 years ago, I did not feel this psychological connection to Friel's work. I was too young, and, dare I say it, immature, to fully grasp the complexity of his insights. It takes a genius to make simple things profoundly perplexing, and yet he could. Failure in language and memory haunt each of his plays in harrowing ways, and still we beg for more. As a young man, I was too impatient with a playwright who demanded too much from me. I wanted to think about the big existential questions about God and death, but I couldn't be bothered with the profundities of human interaction.

Friel pushes us to go beyond thinking about the meaning of life, and makes us reflect on the ordinary things that make us happy and sad. His directness lies with the intimacy that he ef-

fects in presenting us with fully developed characters struggling to hold onto the illusions that life tends to rip from all of us.

Who can forget those wonderful Mundy sisters in *Dancing at Lughnasa* as they try and hold onto each other against the new changes in the world? Unmarried, and longing for romance they rely on the order of their lives to keep loneliness and the madness of desperation at bay, they banter, play, and conform to society's expectations until they can no longer stop the cracks from appearing. Against the weight of such despair, Friel gives us that wonderful moment of liberation when chaos is celebrated in the wild, uninhibited, dance.

Friel's work is that of greatness in small things. He uses small lives, small incidental features in our lives to expose the cracks. Much has been written about his, and his work, and nothing that I've said so far is new to those who love his work, but it's simply yet another pair of hands applauding a man whose work will continued to be loved for a long time. We who feel the submerged hope of those like *Private Gar* (Philadelphia, Here I come!) will wonder how the artist can read the human heart so precisely, and yet still entertain us.

As a dramatist, he was experimental. He loved to play with the limitations imposed by the dramatic medium and effect new and exciting ways to tell a story. Whether it was dramatizing the interior monologue – or alter ego – or breaking the flow of a story, Friel wrote plays that celebrated the theatrical experience.

His plays produce the magic of live theatre and keep you rooted to your seat wondering why you ever watch television. While this may seem like an exaggeration, and it is for dramatic effect, there is something to the uniqueness of the theatre that cannot be replicated by any other medium, and it's the work of Friel that makes this obvious.

His passing will be celebrated. He



Brian Friel

will have many eulogies from friends and statesmen and women, but there will be others, such as I, who never knew him, but loved his craftsmanship. There will be those of us who

will mourn the fact that Ireland may not produce another playwright who can make the simple profound, and who exposes the cracks of our lives with such compassion, and humility.

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