

September 2018 • Volume 12 - Issue 9



OHIO IRISH AMERICAN NEWS

SUMMER SETS ...
BUT THE BAND PLAYS ON





Summer is Setting

As the summer sets, I saw; I felt; I tasted, such symbolism, in the festival closing down for the year, and in Maureen Conway Reich's picture, which is our cover this month. It was a seismic shift personally.

I have gotten used to taking the road less traveled, for necessity, for pain relief; for fun and/or for friendship. It's been a good road, the right road, each day and interaction reaffirms. For it is better a rut than a grave.

We are approaching our 150th issue, and the work is more time consuming than ever. I believe in the adage of hiring people smarter than me, and helping them to fly. The OhioIANews is seeking a part-time sales account representative, and three interns for the fall and winter, as well as one intern for eighteen

months. If you know of someone gifted in sales or social media, passionate about our community, and interns working to build their resume too, please steer them our way. Cover letters expressing interest and goals, along with a resume, can be sent to us via jobrien@ohioianews.com.

It's election season, at least for another month or two. Though fatigue sets in, the season's coverage and maneuvering really has no calendar end. Note those that support our community in action, not just those blessed with an Irish name. Vote please; vote your conscience, but most of all, show up, and VOTE!

If you're Irish, and you want to speak like one, join us for our Speak Irish Cleveland fall session, beginning September 11th, at Pj McIntyre's Irish Pub.



We have the basement meeting room reserved each Tuesday for ten weeks; 6:15 to 8ish. Check out the advert on page 25 for more info and registration.

Summerfly, Alas, Summer Sets ...

Go dtí an mhí seo chugainn, slán a fhágáil
(Until next month, goodbye)

John



Are you running for an elective office? There are over 1.4 million people of Irish descent in Ohio; 475,000 in Greater Cleveland; 175,00 in Cuyahoga County: Want to reach them? Advertise in the Ohio Irish American News.

Contact John O'Brien, Jr.
jobrien@ohioianews.com
or (216) 647-1144



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Editor John O'Brien Jr.
Design/Production Christine Hahn
Website Rich Croft @VerticalLift

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CONTACT:

Ohio Irish American News 216.647.1144
e-mail: jobrien@OhioIANews.com
or mail to: 14615 Triskett Rd
Cleveland Oh 44111-3123
Subscriptions: jobrien@OhioIANews.com
On the Internet www.OhioIANews.com
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About Our Cover:

Summer Sets:
The last leg at Cleveland Irish Cultural Festival with the Kilroy Kids.

Photo by Maureen Conway Reich



All the Fun of the Fair

If the expression holds that most endeavors are one-part inspiration and all the rest is perspiration, this is the month to prove it. The heat is an obstacle to work, but so is that cumulative wave of nostalgia and regret that hits right about now, at the sad end of summer.

It is a hard season to say goodbye to, missing the fun of what was enjoyed and regretting things that were missed. You still have time to take in one of the joys of summer.

One of the pure pleasures of summer is the fairs. This is a state that if you hold them, we will come. Strawberries, pumpkins, blue tip matches and just about every county in the state are some of the things worthy of celebration.

The fairs in Ohio are all about straw, heat, tents, rides and just thousands of corn dog vendors. The good fairs also represent the people in the area, what they are known for and proud of. So when people ask me what the best time to go to Ireland is, I tell them that they should be there for the first weekend in August, my favorite time there.

It is a Bank Holiday weekend, meaning they get the Monday off too, no holiday necessary thank-you; some weekends just need another day. The first weekend of August is the time of year on a farm when much of the work is, hopefully, done; hay in, silage made... and the weather is often wonderful. Which is one reason why many fairs are held across the country at that time. There are cities in Ireland, but it holds its own with the number of farms that spring up just outside of all the city centers, as anyone who has travelled there knows.

The rural communities are where Ireland shines, and some of the evidence of that is reflected in the county fairs. You should also know that they are

rarely, if ever, called county fairs. In the town that we travel to yearly, Castlereagh in Co. Roscommon, the county fair is called the Agricultural show and the accompanying Rose of Castlereagh festival. We rarely miss them.

The Agricultural show is just what it sounds like; it is a display of the best home-grown of whatever is bred, made, or cultivated in the area. The biggest bull, the hardest calf, the worthiest



rose, the tastiest jam, the best honey, are all categories that you could compete in as a resident. You would win a cup or ribbon and bragging rights. But most natives already know who the winners are, they know the same as they know their right hand, who has the most beautiful roses in town and the best cared for cattle. And it's OK to be good at something and be proud of that.

The Rose of Castlereagh is tied to all this fun as well. It represents the best of the indigenous female beauty. The contest is essentially like our beauty pageants. Some girls invest in these because they believe that winning this has its own prestige; the girls are meant to be poised ambassadors of the town along with being attractive.

There are Rose competitions held all over the country with the local winners joining other local winners at the famous Rose of Tralee Festival held later in August. For us non-Roses, the Rose

festivals are renowned for bringing musical acts as part of the celebration, usually of a "something for everyone" variety.

If you waited one more week, you could attend the weirder, wilder Puck Fair held in Killorgan in Co. Kerry, on or around August 10-12 every year. It is on my bucket list. It is one of the oldest festivals held in Ireland, a grant to hold the festival is dated from 1603. It may have pagan roots but there is a competing origin story of a heroic goat warning the townspeople of the approach of Oliver Cromwell.

Whether it is a thank you for a timely warning or a pagan throwback to primeval harvest celebrations, there is something universally good about

a mountain goat wearing a crown. The goat in question is brought down from the mountains of Kerry and given a proper coronation. Following the coronation, the goat is kept in a small cage and placed in a high spot in town, where he is the epicenter of the party.

The festival has the typical variety of vendors and contests, supplemented with pan pipes and fireworks. At the end of the third day, the goat is released back into the wild. It is hard to dismiss the similarities to the old pagan celebrations that seem pretty obviously linked to this festival, with a goat king and all. There is also the fact that Lughnasa (Loo-na sah) is an ancient Celtic festival that traditionally begins August first.

The name is tied to the sun god Lugh and it celebrated the supposed travel of the sun around the earth. I said it was an ancient story, and the accompanying harvest. Small wonder August is still a time of festivals.

The Irish local fair is not a show case of the all-rounder perfectionist, ala Martha Stewart and her team. They aren't posting photos of their accomplishments on Pinterest. Now, when the end game of doing something can seem more about seeking attention

than really accomplishing something, the sensibility of acknowledging one or two things that you are genuinely good at, is a different mindset that requires discrimination.

The fair can be a snapshot of the jigsaw pieces of humanity as they fit together in the community. In our age of trying to be unique by being everything, it is in the settling for the one or two things that you are best at and letting that be what is unique about you, that really distinguishes.

Please forward Akron events to me! ■

*Lisa O'Rourke is an educator from Akron. She has a BA in English and a Master's in Reading/Elementary Education. Lisa is a student of everything Irish, primarily Gaeilge. She runs a Gaeilge study group at the AOH/Mark Heffernan Division. She is married to Dónal and has two sons, Danny and Liam. Lisa enjoys art, reading, music, and travel. She enjoys spending time with her dog, cats and fish. Lisa can be contacted at olisa07@icloud.com.

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JOHN V. CLARK

June 08, 1949 - August 09, 2018
 JOHN V. CLARK, age 69, beloved husband of Linda J. (nee Konczol); father of Tony "Casey" (Margie), John Jr. (Michele, deceased), Vincent "Pucky" (deceased), Colin, Keith, Jody (Jackie); stepfather of Nicholas Pinardo,

Michael Pinardo (Sharon), and Ruthie Calfee (Steve); grandfather of 24; great-grandfather of 17. John was a devoted member and volunteer at the West Side Irish American Club and was Scoutmaster for Troop 176 (Columbia Station). Passed away suddenly August 9, 2018. Funeral Mass Monday, August 13, St. Elizabeth Ann Seton Church (25801 Royalton Rd., Columbia Station) at 10 A.M. Interment New Columbia Twp. Cemetery. Friends may call at CHAMBERS FUNERAL HOME OF NORTH OLMSTED, 29150 LORAIN RD. AT STEARNS RD., SUNDAY 2-6 P.M. Memorial contributions are suggested to Katherine's Magical Surprise c/o any Huntington Bank.

Obituary courtesy of Chambers Funeral Homes www.chambersFuneralHomes.com

JOHN R. COLEMAN JR.

August 13, 2018
 Age 63, loving and devoted husband to Michelle L. (nee Dunphy); loving father of Sean, Kelly Toole (Zach), Emily Stasko (Matt Doherty) and



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Shannon Carter Baker (Dennis); dear Papa to Kevin, Kieran and Rory and Brady; loving son of John R. Sr. and Carolyne (Nee Donahue); dear brother of Colleen Primosh (Donald), Patrick (Karen), Maureen Jennings (Kevin) and Daniel (Alan Ware); uncle, great-uncle, nephew and cousin to many; Passed away, Monday, Aug. 13, 2018. John was a proud 1972 Holy Name High School graduate. He was in the original class and Cleveland EMS Paramedic, was a retired Firefighter and Inspector for the Cleveland Heights Fire Dept., and Realtor with ERA Rath Realtors over 30 years. John was past president of N.E. Ohio Fire Prevention and was on the Board of Directors for Firefighters

Credit Union. He was a member of the West Side Irish American Club and a Drum Major in the Pipe and Drum Band. Past President of the AOH Boland-Berry Division. Funeral Mass, St. Vincent DePaul Church (Lorain and West 134th St. Cleveland) Friday, August 17th at 11:30 am. Interment Holy Cross. Friends may call at the MCGORRAY-HANNA FUNERAL HOME OF WESTLAKE, 25620 Center Ridge Rd. (West of Columbia Rd.) THURSDAY from 2-7 pm. In lieu of flowers, family suggest memorial contributions to The West Side Irish American Club Pipe Band, The Ancient Order of Hibernians, Boland-Berry Div. or Holy Name High School.

Obituary courtesy of www.cleveland.com

RAYMOND HOLLYWOOD

July 07, 1936 - August 12, 2018
 RAYMOND HOLLYWOOD (native of Newry, Co. Down, Northern Ireland), age 82, beloved husband of 45 years to Patricia (nee Doherty); father of Mark (Desiree), Claire Hollywood (Will Monahan) and Bronagh Hollywood (Danny Mahoney);



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grandfather of Ava, Declan, Liam and John; brother of Patrick, Kevin and the late Michael, Brian, Seamus, Bernadette Barrow, Philomena Carville and Magdaline Grant (all of Ireland); uncle, great uncle and friend of many. Passed away August 12, 2018. Funeral Mass Friday, August 17, Church of the Holy Angels (18205 Chillicothe Rd., Chagrin Falls) at 11 A.M. where friends may call FRIDAY ONE HOUR PRIOR TO MASS. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions are suggested to Vocational Guidance Services, 2239 E. 55th Street, Cleveland, OH 44103.

Obituary courtesy of Chambers Funeral Homes www.chambersFuneralHomes.com

PATRICK "JOE" JOSEPH MORAN

March 11, 1928 - August 15, 2018
 PATRICK JOSEPH "JOE" MORAN, age 90 (native of Westport, Co. Mayo,



Ireland), beloved husband of Mary "Maureen" (nee Heneghan) and the late Bridget "Betty" (nee O'Neill); father of Mary O'Malley (Michael), Carmel Conlin, Bridget McCready (Pat),

Bernadette Andrejczak (Mike), Patrick (Eileen), Sean (Lisa), Charlene Wood (Jason), Kathleen Henderson, Barbara O'Neill, and Michael O'Neill (Jackie); loving "Papa" of 25 and great-"Papa" of 5. Passed away August 15, 2018. Joe was a retired carpenter for General Motors and was a lifetime member of the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association and the West Side Irish American Club. Funeral Mass Monday, August 20, St. Brendan Church (4242 Brendan Lane, North Olmsted) at 10 A.M. (PLEASE MEET AT CHURCH). Interment Holy Cross Cemetery. Friends may call at CHAMBERS FUNERAL HOME OF NORTH OLMSTED, 29150 LORAIN RD. AT STEARNS RD., SUNDAY 2-6 P.M. Memorial contributions are suggested to Ames Family Hospice House, 30080 Hospice Way, Westlake, OH 44145 or the Monastery of the Poor Clares, 3501 Rocky River Dr., Cleveland, OH 44111.

Obituary courtesy of Chambers Funeral Homes www.chambersFuneralHomes.com

As you know, there is a fight underway in Washington D.C. to save jobs in the printing, book publishing, and news industries, AND preserve the distribution of news and information in local communities.

We are fighting against a single mill, North Pacific Paper Company (NORPAC), which is owned by a New York-based private equity firm that has no additional pulp or paper operations in the United States other than in Longview, Washington. NORPAC has roughly 300 employees compared to the 600,000 workers in the publishing and printing industry that are affected by tariffs on imported Canadian newsprint.

The tariffs - which are really a tax on the sale of newsprint - range as high as 32 percent. Printers and publishers are already feeling the effects, with price increases as high as 30% and shortages in supply. Many local newspapers and printers cannot absorb these costs and are taking unfortunate measures which

DON'T "Stop the Presses!"

include eliminating jobs, reducing the number of delivery days for printed newspaper, and cutting operations which includes news coverage. These tariffs are already impacting local communities across our country.

BOTTOM LINE - WE ARE FIGHTING FOR YOU. AND WE COULD USE YOUR HELP!

Bottom line - we are fighting for you. And we could use your help! What you can do:

Sign our petition here: <https://www.stopnewsprinttariffs.org/join-the-fight-to-protect-u-s-jobs> that will be sent to the International Trade Commission

Forward this email to five others - family, friends, neighbors, etc... - with a note asking each to get involved to protect jobs in our community and the printing, publishing and

newsprint industries.

Follow STOPP on Twitter and Facebook. Share information with your friends and family to help spread the

news about this tax overreach, using this hashtag #StoptheNewsprintTax across social channels.

Thank you! ■

IRISH RADIO

TUESDAY
 6pm-8pm: *All Things Irish*
 WOBC-FM 91.5 w/Anita Lock

SUNDAY
 7am-9am: *Sweeney Astray*
 WCSB-FM 89.3

SATURDAY
 9am-11am: *stonecoldbikini*, WRUW FM 91.1 w/Christine Hahn
 10am-11am: *Johnson Brothers Irish Hour* WKTL-FM 90.7

10am-12pm: *Gerry Quinn's Irish Hours* WHK-AM 1420 w/ Colleen Corrigan Day & Eddie Fitzpatrick
 11:30am-1:30pm: *Echoes of Erin* WCWA-AM 1230 w/John Connolly
 4pm-6pm: *Beyond the Pale* WRUW FM 91.1 w/Roger Weist
 6pm-7pm: *Songs of Britain & Ireland* WCPN-FM 90.3
 9pm-10pm *Hooley Hour* WHK-AM 1420 w/Tara Quinn & Josh Vaughan

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www.cantonpalacetheatre.org, in person at the box office, or call 330-454-8172.

GROUP RATES AVAILABLE:

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CLEVELAND IRISH

By Francis McGarry



Oh the Power of the Teacher

Monk Malloy was the speaker at the first-year student assembly at Stephan Center. It was held just after Christmas break to recognize those students who had excelled academically first semester. Our composition professor gave a written assignment based on his speech. Monk relayed the importance of being a scholar and receiving high marks.

Marks are like grades old people used to get. Father Malloy shared that he did not receive high marks as a student, but he developed a love for learning that grew as he matured. I experienced some intellectual conflict learning

the president of the university was a C student. However, the night was motivational; not the speech so much, but the applause.

When Monk had finished speaking, he asked all the students with a 4.0 to stand and the crowd cheered their achievement. Then the 3.5's or better repeated the quid pro quo. At 3.0 or better I made my move. There was uncertainty as I stood under false pretenses. My dorm mates knew that it was a premature movement. Once I was erect the applause showered upon me and I basked in the academic exaltation despite my sequaciousness.

After that evening I was inspired. I even got an A on the assignment. I had to get my grades up or I was destined for the priesthood. The following year I stood up with the 4.0's, still no process for verification. My Aunt Irene could have been a priest, all things being equal; Uncle Joe might have objected. She was a school teacher, quite a few of those in the McGarry line. In fact quite a few of those in American Irish Catholic history.

The Council of Baltimore in 1852 stressed the importance of schools for Catholic kids. In 1866 the Council instructed parish schools to hire Catholic teachers and establish catechism classes for the public school kids. They also wanted a Catholic university.

A generation later there were more educated Irish Catholic kids than ever before. As parishes grew and Catholic schools were constructed, more had the opportunity to be educated by the church. An equal number were public school kids, ergo Catechism classes. Education was not restricted by gender, although we can assume much of the instruction had gender bias.

As more Catholic women received their education, teaching became a viable occupation. Teaching was socially acceptable for young ladies at the time to earn an income before marriage and "settling down." These were Protestant young ladies.

Increased immigration altered the demographics of the classroom. Irish kids, Italian kids, African American kids all needed educations. Middle-class Protestant women soon left the teaching profession as "un-American" students filled desks. Clerical work and retail sales were more in line with their genteel nature.

Irish American women filled this void. Anglo-Protestants were willing to bequeath the classroom, but not the administration of the schools. They feared Irish Catholic teachers were not "Americanized" and would not teach American values. The American public school became a frontline for the struggle between Protestant reformers

and Irish Catholic power.

The control of the curriculum and personnel were the cause of hostility in urban centers like Cleveland. The teaching force became more diverse as a result of demographic shifts and cultural bias. Women continued to dominate the classrooms and Irish women became the largest ethnic group in the teaching profession. Irish Catholic women also dominated the ranks of teaching nuns in the Catholic schools.

Protestants could not and would not deter these economic forces. They tried for a minute. Teachers who graduated from Catholic institutions were not hired directly. They would have to gain two to four years of additional teaching experience before being eligible for public school employment. That did not last. What they did do successfully is attempt to control the public schools by appointment. The King James Bible was required public school reading in most of America until the turn of the century.

Did you ever wonder about school boards and teacher pay? As the physical Protestant presence was lessened in the classroom, it was increased on school boards, advisory committees and in school administration. The classroom could be controlled by reducing the status of the teacher and escalating the quantity of regulation over the educator.

Teachers saw a reduction in pay and blocked mobility in the school system. Evaluations of teaching methods were born and teacher colleges emerged. Clear lines were drawn in regards to gender, ethnicity and education. Administration was primarily male and

Continued on facing page



Power of the Teacher

Continued from facing page

Anglo-Protestant. This did not stop the daughters and granddaughters of Irish immigrants from public school teaching.

Teacher pay still contributed to the family income, and for many immigrants and their children, the salary was necessary for survival. The earning power of Irish Catholic women had traditionally been in manufacturing or domestic work.

Teaching paid more on average than manufacturing and had better hours. The Irish community respected teachers. As urban population increased, so did the number of teaching jobs. Cleveland population was tripling annually in the early

1880s and the female Irish population was increasing as well. Aunt Irene would say it was meant to be.

The first teachers' union founded in the United States was by Irish American Margaret Haley in 1897. Margaret worked with fellow Irish American Catherine Groggin to organize elementary teachers in Chicago. In 1906 Kate Hogan and Grace Strachan created the Interborough Association of Women Teachers. Like other Irish American teachers, they struggled for rights and won concessions.

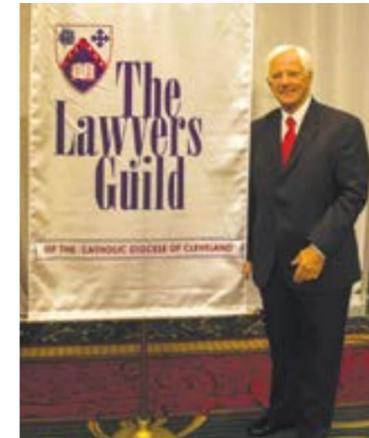
I am an administrator at a public charter school. We gentrified an old Lutheran school. On my first day I hung a poster of John Paul II when he visited Cuba in 1998 in my office. I stood up early during his speech too.

Religious freedom sounds good in Spanish too. Irish Catholic women teachers fought to secure that freedom. They fought for the rights we enjoy today. Sometimes you have to stand up before they say it's your turn. ■

For additional reading please see:

Ethnic Differences: Schooling and Social Structure Among the Irish, Italians, Jews, and Blacks in an American City, 1880-1935 *by Joel Perlmann*; Higher Education for Catholic Women: An Historical Anthology *by Mary J. Oates, ed.*; The Schoolma'am *by Frances R. Donovan.*

MILESTONE



Ohio Supreme Court Justice Terrence O'Donnell

Congratulations to Catherine Duplisea of CMSD's Orchard STEM School, 2019 Teacher of the Year for State Board of Education District 11. Duplisea, a kindergarten teacher who serves as Orchard's STEM coach, and 10 other regional winners have a chance to be named Ohio Teacher of the Year this fall.

Congratulations to Ohio Supreme Court Justice Terrence O'Donnell on his lengthy career as a distinguished member of Ohio's judiciary. Justice O'Donnell heard his last oral arguments in August.

Congratulations to Conor and Nora Boylan on the 1st Anniversary of 5 Points Coffee & Tea. May this be the first of many, many anniversaries to come.

Congratulations to Madigan Muses Columnist Marilyn Madigan, retiring after 41 years at University Hospitals! I don't know a more giving woman, and she deserves to get lotsa rest!

Congratulations to the Midwest Champions, 2018

Pittsburgh Celtics Junior B
Pittsburgh Pucas Junior C
Pittsburgh Banshees Junior B
Cincinnati GAA Junior C
The Buffalo Fenians junior D

Best of luck to all our teams at Nationals in Philly Labor Day Weekend.

See Vincent Beach's GAA Monthly on page 18 for highlights of the season and the Nationals.



Conor and Nora Boylan

READER RECIPES



Quick and Easy Irish Stew

- 1 - 1½ lbs. lamb (cubed) can sub. beef
- 2 cups beef broth
- 1 pint Irish stout
- 1 cup potatoes
- 2 tbs. Flour
- 1 cup celery
- 2 tbs. Bisto Gravy Powder or Gravy Master (optional)
- 1 cup carrots
- Olive oil
- 1 cup onion
- 1 cup leeks or green onion

Brown lamb or beef chunks in skillet and set aside
Rough cut vegetables, microwave potatoes for five minutes
In a large stew pot, sauté vegetables in olive oil
Add lamb, potatoes, beef broth, stout, flour and Bisto
Bring to a boil slowly, reduce to a simmer for at least 45 minutes (the longer the better)
Salt and pepper to taste
Serve with brown bread or any sturdy multi-grain bread



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CLEVELAND COMHRÁ

By Bob Carney
@BobCarneyGTR



Shindig

Shindig is Adrian Mulvey and Bren Boylan, from Leinster, Co. Kildare Ireland. They were here in Cleveland, performing in a handful of venues. I was fortunate to catch them on three occasions, the first was at Five Points Café, co-owned by Bren's brother Conor.

Next up was prior to the July 4th Parade in West Park, the best place to watch the parade is on the patio at Five Points; Shindig played before and after the parade.

As I walked up they were playing Van Morrison's Brown-eyed Girl, followed by a Johnny Cash tune, I needed to rethink my earlier assessment.

Then I heard the opening notes to Guns and Roses "Sweet Child O' Mine," being played by Bren on his bouzouki, I was hooked! Shindig was playing something for everyone.

OhioIANews: Two questions I have to ask right off, are you a two-piece group back home and are you full-time musicians?

Bren & Adrian: We're a two-piece band now, at one time there were six of us in the group. It became easier to down-size. Both of us work for IT companies, this is mostly a weekend thing. Some people like to golf or play tennis on the weekends, we like to play music for people. I guess it's our golf!

Has your music always been so diversified?

Bren & Adrian: Not at all; fifteen years ago we were mostly a ballad type band, but now jump forward and we play a little bit of everything. I like to mix things up, with songs like "Sweet Child O' Mine." I can play a solo on the bouzouki.

We used to do a lot more instrumentals, but people in the pubs want to sing along, so when we do a song like that, it's a lot of fun for us, as well as the crowd. We definitely play to the crowd, if Irish ballads are going down well, we'll play a lot of Irish ballads, maybe four or five and then switch to something contemporary to pull

everyone in the audience in.

Because we've been at it so long, twenty-one years, we have a lot of songs we can do. So, we look at our venue and we have a good idea of what kind of night we'll have and what we're going to play. The majority of our gigs are mixed, if it's a younger person's bar, we need to jump

Fungie

by Bob Carney

Sometime around October, of 1983, a visitor arrived to the Wild Atlantic Way. Fungie, a male bottlenose dolphin, left the open sea to make the mouth of the Dingle Harbor his home. Bottlenose dolphins normally exist as part of a pod, a complex, changing, social group, that affords protection, hunting success, mating possibilities and companionship. Fungie has been estimated to be forty-two to forty-five years of age, a long time for a dolphin living on his own.

There are numerous accounts of other dolphins who have left their pods for reasons we don't know. Are they outcasts, lost, orphaned, or do they just prefer human company over their own kind? Scientists may not know why it happens, but tales of dolphins interacting with humans have a very long history.

Aristotle wrote about dolphins "passionate attachment to boys." In 77AD Pliny the Elder, the Roman philosopher and early naturalist wrote about a dolphin named Simo who bonded with a boy who fed him bits of bread. Simo would allow the boy to climb upon his back and carry him over the waves.

This went on for several years, until the boy fell sick and died. Simo returned to the same spot daily, until, according to Pliny, "He died purely of sorrow and regret."

genres, if the crowds a little older, we'll play more ballads, the audience dictates what we play.

Do you travel a lot in Ireland?

Bren & Adrian: Pretty much we'll play anywhere - have van will travel! We typically play in the Province of Leinster the most; that's home, home town gigs are the best.

Is there a difference in playing back home as opposed to playing in the States?

Bren & Adrian: It's more of a concert feel here; back home in the pubs, people are busy talking and catching up with one another, but here people are paying more attention to the music.

The music is different as well, here immigration and famine songs are popular, "Fields of Athenry" and so forth. When

we play in Scandinavia or Sweden, where there's a strong tie to their Viking heritage, sea shanties like "The Irish Rover" go over well. I think American audiences are more appreciative of the music, it makes it fun to play here.

When's the next tour of Cleveland?

Bren & Adrian: Next year for sure! Either March for St. Patrick's Day, or July, yet to be decided. ■

Until then, you can follow Shindig on Facebook @Shindig the Band and check out Bren's incredible covers of tunes by Metallica, Guns and Roses and others at Bren Boylan Music, also on Facebook, along with more traditional tunes. A CD is available featuring nineteen traditional Irish songs.



There are also many stories of dolphins saving or protecting us from danger when we are in the water. Maybe you recall five-year-old Elian Gonzalez, the Cuban refugee rescuers pulled from the water three miles off the coast of Florida, two days after his boat capsized drowning everyone else that was aboard. He told his rescuers how dolphins surrounded him and kept him from slipping off his life ring in thirteen-foot seas.

It may be possible that dolphins see us the same as themselves. Perhaps, Fungie feels that he is part of a pod, that just happens to be populated by the residents of Dingle. The town of Dingle certainly has embraced Fungie; they know he is unique and have built a thriving tourism in-

dustry around him; he even has his own Facebook page. Dingle Bay on the surface is a beautiful place, but is full of hazards for a dolphin, boat propellers, diesel fuel and oil and sometimes an obnoxious tourist to contend with. Fungie and the people of Dingle have done very well to co-exist and Fungie remains a wild and beautiful dolphin.

By now, everyone has heard of the plan to ban plastic straws. A garbage truck's worth of plastic enters the oceans every minute, as a species we have dumped approximately 14 million tons of plastic into the world's seas. Much of it is broken down by the sun's ultraviolet rays and the beating of the waves into extremely small particles, some as small as a millimeter wide. Those particles make into the food chain.

This past June, a whale died in a Thai canal, its stomach contained 17 lbs. of plastic, including 80 shopping bags which prevented the whale from being able to digest its food.

There are five large masses of plastic debris, created by the currents in the world's oceans, the largest is The Great Pacific Garbage Patch. Humans are not immune from consuming plastic in our food and in our water. It's unclear how much damage plastic does to us, but a study last year found 83% of the world's drinking water contains plastic contaminants. Think bottled water is safe? This year researchers found 93% of bottled water contains some plastic, almost double the amount found in tap water. ■



BLOWIN' IN

By Susan Mangan
@SueMangan



When Blackberries Bloom

"I praise the fall: it is the human season."

—Archibald MacLeish

Lately, I have been thinking about blackberries – the fruit, not the Smartphone. We have been attempting to cultivate blackberries in our garden for years. Each spring the brambles prove promising. Ivory flowers spring forth upon thorny branches. Then, with an alternating bit of spring rain and soft sunshine, the buds turn into clusters of tightly packed green balls. They are colored the most delicate shade of pea sprout green. This is where the journey ends.

In our region, blackberries come into season during the end of July and the beginning of August. The berries are tart and lush. Cobblers and rustic French tarts drip with black juice, sinful with luscious cream. As a teenager, I traveled to Maine with my family and feasted on wild raspberry pancakes and blackberry pies. Thankfully, memories are multi-sensory.

When my husband began his garden, he wanted to try his hand, or burgeoning green thumb, at raising berries. Sentimental about late summer fruit and my travels to Maine, I was insistent that we grow blackberries. Surely, the trellis tables at the local farmer's markets were stacked with jams and preserves, syrups and fruit butters, all made from these enticing dark berries. How hard could it be to raise our own?

After the first two years, the berry brambles rose to magnificent heights, and we witnessed the metamorphosis of a few of the aforementioned green balls into miniscule, though succulent, black nubs. Even though there were barely enough berries to squish beneath your thumbnail, the sparrows and finch found them irresistible. And so, the



berry harvest was complete.

The following years, we tried trimming the branches, improving the soil, and still the brambles proved near fruitless. Bumpy skinned toads currently seek shelter from my rooting Springer Spaniel Lucy beneath the cacophony of thorny brambles. Curiously, toads are important to a productive garden as they eat slugs and snails, but their efforts are proving futile for our blackberry bushes.

How curious it was this summer when I walked down country lanes in Ireland to see tangled brambles of blackberries growing with abandon against ancient stone fences and clusters of fuchsia. Without the help of human hand, spade, or toad, the blackberries know what to do and how to thrive. In Ireland, blackberries are a fall fruit and can even be picked into mid-winter.

Truly, each time I witness the ever-growing hedges of blackberries lining every road in Ireland, I am in awe of the bounty. I can only imagine how beautiful the blackberries are in mid-fall after they arrive to fruition in all their plump, deep purple glory. Before I die, I will see the blackberry bushes in full bloom and eat with abandon of their luscious fruit.

Modern poets Mary Oliver, Galway

Kinnell, and Seamus Heaney have all been inspired by the blackberry. Kinnell waxes poetic about the "silent, startled, icy, black language of blackberry eating in late September." For him, the blackberry is a metaphor for the creation of words and poetry. He praises the blackberry bush for "knowing the black art of blackberry making." Oh, how I wish my husband and I had such knowledge.

For Mary Oliver, blackberries seduce as they "hang swollen in the woods, on brambles nobody owns" and she reaches with "ripped arms, cramming the black honey of summer into" her mouth, and the only sensation she feels is that of a "happy tongue." I too have lacerated my every limb while pruning the tortuous blackberry brambles, but I have yet to feel the berries, hot from the afternoon sun, melt upon my eager tongue.

For years, I have read and studied Irish poet Seamus Heaney. "Blackberry-Picking" is among my favorite poems. Like Kinnell and Oliver, blackberry harvest is part of the course of nature. Humans need not intervene in the growth or nurturing of the wild blackberry, they merely have to quench their

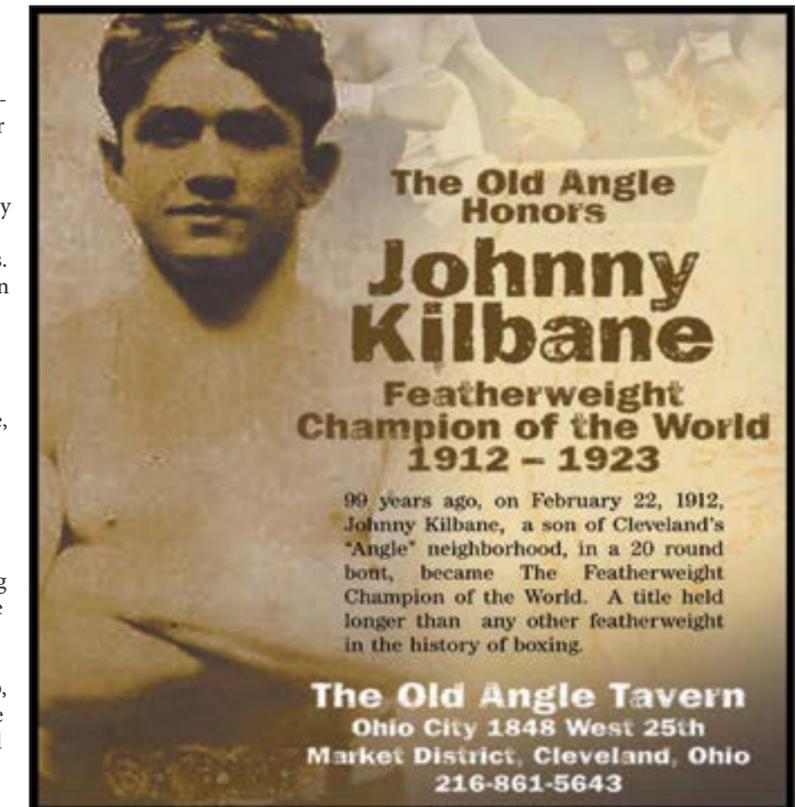
lascivious thirst with stained handfuls of ripened fruit: "You ate that first one and its flesh was sweet/Like thickened wine: summer's blood was in it . . . stains upon the tongue and Lust for picking."

Perhaps the blackberry is not meant to be harnessed, pruned, fertilized, and nurtured according to the demands of a greedy gardener. Much like the apple in Eve's Eden, maybe the blackberry is born to grow wild, primal, with rebellious thorny brambles, tempting the human with its deep purple juice, reminding us of our limitations and failings. After all, there are plenty of gourds ripe for the picking during the fall harvest.

Perhaps next season we will leave the blackberry bushes to their own devices and concentrate on our newly planted sour cherry tree. ■

Source Consulted: Young, Kevin (ed.). "The Hungry Ear: Poems of Food and Drink." New York: Bloomsbury USA.

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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Mayo Ball Honors Julie Boland

Congratulations to Julie Boland! A granddaughter of Counties Mayo and Clare who contributes much of her success to her Irish upbringing, core values and a supportive family. Julie's grandfather, James Joseph Boland was born in 1892 in Moyasta, a small oyster village in County Clare. When he was 30 he immigrated to the US, landing on Ellis Island in 1922 and traveled West until he found employment in Cleveland, where he secured a job with Weatherhead Corporation.

Catherine Monaghan, Julie's grandmother, was born in 1911 in Westport. She came to the United States at 17 years of age to live with her brother in Chicago and later moved to Cleveland where she worked as a housemaid and met her future husband at an Irish dance. They were married in 1938 and went on to raise a family of four in St. Aloysius parish, a Catholic neighborhood that was home to countless first-generation Irish families. They loved Irish music and dance



Julie Boland

and immersed their children into the richness of the Irish heritage spending much time at the WSIA, then located on Madison Avenue. The family enjoys sharing stories of that time and Julie continues to uphold her family's Irish traditions with her husband, John Gan-

Annual Greater Cleveland AN GORTA MOR MEMORIAL MASS
September 15th at 5 p.m.
at the Memorial
(Across from Flat Iron Cafe)

Photo by John O'Brien, Jr

The Irish American Writers & Artists Association Awards Musician Joanie Madden with 2018 Eugene O'Neill Award for Lifetime Achievement

New York-based Irish American Writers & Artists (IAW&A) celebrates Madden's exceptional influence on traditional Irish music in America and worldwide

The Irish American Writers & Artists, Inc., (IAW&A), announced musician Joanie

Madden as the nonprofit organization's 2018 recipient of its prestigious annual Eugene O'Neill

Lifetime Achievement Award. Madden will receive the award at a formal ceremony held at the Manhattan Club in New York City on Monday, November 12, 2018.

A consummate musician, performer, composer, recording artist and educator, Madden is a champion of traditional Irish music. Bronx-born to Irish parents and immersed in traditional Irish music early in life, Madden excelled on the concert flute and tin whistle.

As the founder and driving force behind Cherish the Ladies, an all-fe-

male Irish music troupe, Madden has performed on Grammy Award-winning albums and in acclaimed documentaries. Madden also produced the PBS/American Public Television special, Cherish the Ladies: An Irish Homecoming. Recipient of numerous awards, including the distinguished Ellis Island Medal of Honor for exemplary service to the United States, Madden will now add IAW&A's Eugene O'Neill Award to her honors.

"I'm thrilled to be chosen to receive the Eugene O'Neill Lifetime Achievement Award," said Joanie. "I'm humbled to receive this award from an illustrious group that I admire so much."

Founded in 2008, IAW&A aims to highlight and encourage Irish Americans who are active in the arts, with

twice-monthly salons and a vibrant community. In ten years, IAW&A has become an important contributor to New York's Irish-American arts scene. Every year, the organization celebrates the achievements of Irish American writers and artists by bestowing its Eugene O'Neill Lifetime Achievement Award to an individual recognized for exemplary contributions to the arts. Past recipients of the Eugene O'Neill Award include Phil Donahue (2017), Malachy McCourt (2016) and Patricia Harty.

Tickets for the event are \$150 per person, which includes a year's membership with the organization. They are available through Eventbrite at <http://2018iawaoneill.eventbrite.com>.



Joanie Madden

Julie Boland

Continued from facing page

non, and their four children, Johnny, Nick, Patty and Meghan, to insure they are not forgotten. Julie visits Ireland when she has an opportunity to do so and especially loves visiting beautiful Westport. She traveled around Ireland upon completion of business school and also while living in London. She also enjoyed participating in the Waterville Annual Father Daughter Golf Tournament a couple years ago.

Julie feels fortunate to be a part of the legacy that her grandparents built on strong values and the importance of family. These values of courage, determination, integrity and a strong work ethic nurtured by a solid family foundation helped pave the way for Julie's career success. Julie obtained an MBA in finance and statistics from the University of Chicago, Booth School of Business, and a B.S. in business and accounting from the University

of Vermont and launched her career as a CPA in a Big Four firm. She then joined J.P. Morgan and Goldman Sachs that led to her CFO roles at a number of companies and has worked in London, New York, Chicago and Cleveland. Her values provided her with ambition and dedication that resulted in a solid record of numerous achievements over many years that brought her to the appointment of Vice Chair and Central Region Managing Partner at Ernst & Young, LLP effective July 1, 2018. Julie has numerous responsibilities including market leadership, developing and retaining talent, creating high-performing teams, and providing exceptional client service for a regional practice of 10,000 professionals spanning 15 states and 17 offices. She serves as a Senior Advisory Partner on several of the region's largest clients and join the US Executive Committee and the Americas Operating Executive.

Current and past affiliations include current Vice Chair of Destination

Cleveland, member of the Greater Cleveland Partnership Board, immediate past chair of the Achievement Centers for Children, Treasurer of the United Way of Greater Cleveland, and founding member of In Counsel with Women. A graduate of the Leadership

Cleveland Class of 2006, Julie's been recognized as a YWCA Woman of Achievement and Crain's 40 under 40. We congratulate Julie on an outstanding career and look forward to officially recognizing her success at the 2018 Mayo Society Ball.

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16TH ANNUAL
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and Damien McCarthy.

Plus: Cultural displays & interactive workshops, Tourism Ireland's Culture Café, Comedy Stage, shopping, ethnic food, genealogy, Whiskey Tasting, Beer Tasting, Children's Village, Rock Climbing Walls, inflatables, Irish Marketplace, Art in the park, Catholic Mass 9:30 a.m. Sunday, Art in the Park, The Snug, Boulevard beer tastings and Jameson Irish Whiskey tasting.

The Kansas City Irish Fest is dedicated to the preservation of Kansas City's and the Midwest's Irish heritage. Fans can follow the fest on Face-

book, Instagram and Twitter. Crown Center Square - Downtown Kansas City: A complete list of performers and other info can be found on-line at www.kcirishtest.com



28TH ANNUAL
PITTSBURGH IRISH FESTIVAL
SEPTEMBER 7 - 9

Featuring: Gaelic Storm, The Willis Clan, Doolin, Screaming Orphans, Dennis Doyle, Rory Makem, Corned Beef & Curry, Donnie Irish, The Wild Geese, Corned Beef & Curry, Terry Griffith, Cahal Dunne, Devlish Merry, Low Kings, Abbots Cross, Rivermen, Mark Guiser, Na Gaels, Weekend at Blarney's, Burke Conroy School of Dance, Bell School of Irish Dance, Pittsburgh Ceili Club, Shovlin Academy of Irish Dance, Pittsburgh Irish Reelers, Ballet Academy of Pittsburgh, Mike Gallagher, Mike Flaherty, Patrick Regan, Pittsburgh Police Emerald Society Pipe & Drums, Alan Irvine, MacDonald Pipe Band, The Bog Carrots w Liz Shovlin and more!

New activities and exhibits: Foods of Ireland; Ancient Celtic Axe Throwing; Live Art demonstrations from local Pittsburgh artist, Conor Coleman

Plus: Celtic Cuisine and Beverages, Live music and dance on 4 stages, Cultural displays and demonstrations, Irish Marketplace, Celtic Canines, Free whiskey and mead

tastings, Children's crafts and games, and Genealogy.

PLUS: Workshops and performances, ceili dancing, Irish dogs tent, special Irish Mass Sunday at 10 am, Irish conversation, Irish musical instrument demos, Hedge School, and more. Celebrate Gaelic Mass on Sunday.

At The Riverplex at Sandcastle in Pittsburgh. Visit www.pghirishfest.org Facebook.com/Pghirishfest Twitter: @pittsburghirish Instagram: @pghirishfest for info. Fun for the entire family, children under 12 are free!



18TH ANNUAL MICHIGAN IRISH
MUSIC FESTIVAL
SEPTEMBER 13 - 16

Featuring: Scythian, The Elders, Moya Brennan, Featuring Crannua Collective, Kittle & Co, featuring John Doyle, Cuig, The East Pointers, Poge, Blackthorn, Aoife Scott, Switchback, One for the Foxes, The Moxie Strings, The Founding, Stone Clover, The Conifers, Brother Crowe, CrossBow, Kennedy's Kitchen, Conklin Ceili Band, and much more.

Pub Preview Party on Thursday night w/ Irish & Celtic music on four covered stages! In addition to live music, the Celtic Kitchen and beverage stations serve authentic Irish food and beverages, including Pigeon Hill Brewing Company's MI Irish Stout, Irish cream, Magner's Irish Cider, Irish whiskey, wine, local craft

Festival Focus

beer, and Budweiser products.

The Tea Room provides non-alcoholic choices and treats in a relaxed atmosphere. Other festival activities include the Irish Market and the Irish Store, children's activities, a cultural center, and a session tent, The Highland Games. The FEIS, an Irish dance competition. A Catholic mass will be held at 9AM, Sunday, followed by a traditional Irish breakfast. Celtic Canines is back at the festival on Sunday.

The Michigan Irish American Hall of Fame has announced its 2018 class of inductees. The Hall recognizes Irish Americans who have made important contributions in various fields of life in Michigan. The honorees will be inducted in a ceremony at noon on Saturday, September 15, at the Michigan Irish Music Festival

In the category of Arts and Entertainment, the Hall of Fame is honoring Michigan's legendary Blackthorn Band. In the area of Public Service, the honoree is John McMurray. Mark Martin in the field

of Sports; Sheala Dunleavy Mund in the field of Education; M.L. Mickey Knight is to be inducted in the area of Public Service; and Patricia McCormick Baese, in the category of Education.

The Michigan Irish American Hall of Fame was founded in 2012 by the Muskegon Irish American Society, and is permanently displayed at Hennessy's Irish Pub in Muskegon and on the Hall of Fame website. For more information please visit the Hall of Fame website at <http://www.michiganirishamericanhalloffame.org>.

Advance tickets and festival passes are available online. Patrons can save \$5 per ticket versus the gate price when they buy online. The festival offers an Early-In Free promotion on Friday only from 5-6PM sponsored by Family Financial Credit Union. For complete festival information, visit www.michiganirish.org. Additional bands will be announced on the website. Located at Heritage Landing in downtown Muskegon. ■

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OFF THE SHELF

By Terry Kenneally
@TerryKenneally



From a Low and Quiet Sea

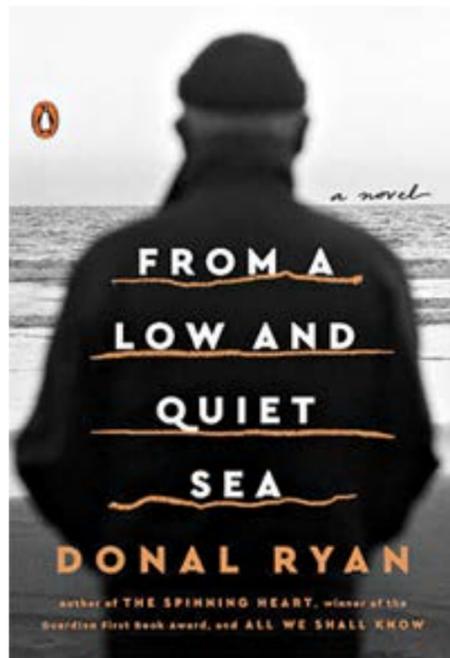
By Donal Ryan
Doubleday ISBN 9780857525345 1822 pp. 2018

It is amazing to note that Donal Ryan's first novel, *The Spinning Heart* (reviewed in OhioIANews) was published only six years ago. Since then, he has written three novels and a collection of short stories, all also reviewed in this paper. His latest, *From a Low and Quiet Sea*, has recently been long-listed for the prestigious Booker Prize, to be announced later this year.

The novel is divided into four sections, the first three of which feature three characters who initially appear to have no connection to one another. The novel opens in war-torn

Syria. Farouk, a medical doctor living with his wife and young daughter in a town overrun by fanatic Muslims, decides to escape his homeland for what he hopes is a brighter future in Europe. The perils he faces as he flees is probably familiar to anyone who has ever been forced to flee the country of their birth under cover of night.

Next comes the story of Lampy, a twenty-three-year-old, living at home near Limerick with his mother and grandfather, driving a bus for a local nursing home, and obsessed with a distraction toward a former love named Chloe. The tone of the book switches dramatically here but the reader warms to Lampy's brutally honest, moving and hilarious narrative.



If your wondering what Lampy has in common with Farouk, imagine your puzzlement when you've progressed to the third section, narrated by John, an irreligious man, telling his story through the medium of a confessional. The title of the book is revealed in the story of John, who recalls the words of a poem a classmate had written in Brother Alphonsius Keane's English class. The first verse of the poem, a portrait of the Norman invasion of their homeland: "Armoured they came from the east/ From a low and

Low and Quiet Sea is better. I rate it a TOP SHELF read.

**Terrence J Kenneally is a lawyer and owner of Terrence J. Kenneally & Associates in Rocky River, Ohio. He represents insureds and insurance companies in insurance defense matters throughout the state of Ohio. He received his Masters from John Carroll University in Irish Studies and teaches Irish literature and history at Holy Name High School. Mr. K4nneally is also the President of Holy Name for 2018-19. ■*

quiet sea. / We were a naked rabble, throwing stones;/ They laughed, and slaughtered us."

John proceeded to kick the poet in the balls for his trouble; a brutal act that augurs a brutal life.

Ryan's calculated decision to wait until he's fully three-quarters of the way into the book before bringing to light in the most heartbreaking manner, the revelations and connections between characters will take the reader by surprise.

In a blurb by noted Irish writer Roddy Doyle, *From a Low and Quiet Sea* is "an engrossing, unpredictable, beautifully crafted novel." *The Spinning Heart* was voted "Irish Book of the Decade" in 2016. *From a*



ILLUMINATIONS

By J. Michael Finn



Nellie Cashman, the Angel of Tombstone

The story of the American Old West is full of legends and tall tales. However, the true stories can be more interesting than the tall tales. One true story concerns a young lady from Ireland who made a career as a heroine, a miner, a nurse, a philanthropist, and entrepreneur. She was variously known as the Saint of the Sourdoughs, the Miner's Angel, the Angel of the Cassiar, and the Angel of Tombstone.

Ellen (Nellie) Cashman was born in the village of Middleton near Cork City in County Cork, Ireland, in 1845. Her parents were Patrick and Fannie (Cronin) Cashman. A sister, Frances, also known as Fannie, was born a year or two later. The Catholic family's luck declined during the Great Hunger when Patrick either died or left his family around 1850. It was then that her mother decided to immigrate with her two daughters to America. The family settled in Boston.

When Nellie was about twenty, she obtained a job working in a Boston hotel. While working there she met General U. S. Grant and he advised the young lady to go west, where she would find more opportunity. In 1865, Nellie and her sister sailed south along the Atlantic coast. They crossed the Isthmus of Panama, a 50 mile journey on mules, and then sailed northward to San Francisco.

In San Francisco, Nellie's sister Fannie met and fell in love with another Irish immigrant, Tom Cunningham. Tom was a successful shoe and boot maker, and sturdy boots were the need of every miner, so business was good.

There were plenty of miners in the West. Ten years after the 1849 California Gold Rush, new deposits of gold and silver were found. Colorado yielded gold and silver at Pikes Peak in 1859 and Leadville in 1873.

Nevada claimed the Comstock Lode, the largest of American silver strikes. Boom



towns like Deadwood in South Dakota and Tombstone in Arizona sprang up across the American West. The mines produced not only gold and silver, but zinc, copper, and lead. Nellie saw a business opportunity in the thousands of easterners who were pouring west with dreams to "strike it rich."

Fannie married Tom Cunningham and began raising a family in San Francisco, while Nellie hired out as a cook in various Nevada mining camps, including Virginia City and Pioche. Using her savings from these jobs, Nellie opened the Miner's Boarding House at Panaca Flat, Nevada in 1872.

Leaving Nevada in 1874, Nellie joined a group of 200 miners headed to the Cassiar gold strike in northern British Columbia. Here, too, she operated a boarding house for miners. At her boarding house she often asked for donations to the Sisters of St. Anne. These donations helped the Sisters to build St. Joseph's Hospital in Victoria, British Columbia.

Nellie gained fame in the region for organizing a rescue caravan to a mining camp where a scurvy epidemic had broken out. Together with six men and pack animals loaded with 1,500 pounds of supplies, she completed the 77-day journey often through 10 feet of snow and arrived in time to nurse the 100 sick miners back to health.

The errand of mercy was the first of many goodwill efforts that led Nellie to be called the *Angel of the Cassiar*. It was reported of Nellie, "The miners never forgot she was a woman and treated her with the greatest respect, and her entrance into a saloon or dance hall was the signal for every man in the place to stand, due to their high opinion of her." {Word cloud}

When the Cassiar strike played out, Nellie headed for the silver fields of Arizona. She arrived in Tucson in 1879, where she opened the Delmonico Restaurant, the first business in town owned by a woman. The Delmonico was successful despite her habit of feeding and caring for down and out miners at no cost. In 1880, Nellie sold the Delmonico and, following the silver rush moved to the new silver boomtown of Tombstone, Arizona.

Once in Tombstone, she bought a boot and shoe store, which she ran briefly before opening another restaurant, the Russ House. Nellie served 50-cent meals, advertising that "there are no cockroaches in my kitchen and the flour is clean." According to one popular legend, when a diner complained about Nellie's cooking, Doc Holliday, who was present, drew his pistol pointed it at the customer. He asked him to repeat what he had said. The customer replied, "Best I ever ate."

In Tombstone, Nellie continued her Catholic charity work, raising money to build the Sacred Heart Catholic Church. Before enough money was raised to build the church, she convinced the owners of the Crystal Palace Saloon to allow Sunday church services to be held there. She also raised money for the Salvation Army, the Miner's Hospital, and any miner who might have fallen on hard times. She soon became known as the "Angel of Tombstone."

In 1898, at age 53, Nellie joined the Klondike gold rush to Canada's Yukon Territory. She arrived in Dawson, the center of the Klondike gold strike, where she opened a restaurant and general store. During the seven years Nellie lived in Dawson, she became famous as one of the great characters of the Klondike gold rush. She was revered by miners and mine owners alike.

Next, Nellie headed even farther north and established mining operations in the Koyukuk, Alaska wilderness, 60 miles from the Arctic Circle. It is said that in her 60s, she ran a dog sled team 750 miles across the frozen Arctic. Nellie finally gave up her traveling and settled in Victoria, British Columbia in 1923.

When asked by a reporter for the Arizona Star why she never married, Nellie replied, "Why child, I haven't had time for marriage. Men are a nuisance anyhow, now aren't they? They're just boys grown up."

In January 1925, Cashman developed pneumonia and rheumatism. Friends admitted her to St. Joseph Hospital, run by the Sisters of St. Anne, the very same hospital which she had helped to build fifty-one years earlier. Nellie Cashman, the "Saint of the Sourdoughs," died in Victoria, British Columbia on January 25, 1925 at age 80. She is buried at Ross Bay Cemetery in Victoria, British Columbia.

Today, "Nellie Cashman Day" is celebrated in Tombstone, Arizona to commemorate "heroic and liberated women of the 1880s." Nellie was also immortalized on a 29 cent stamp issued by the United States Postal Service in October 18, 1994. ■

**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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See just some of the Shenanigan's @Hooley this month in Out&About Ohio on pages 22 & 23!

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TOLEDO IRISH

By Maury Collins

@MauryCollins



There's Something Quite Special About Friendship That is Old

Bob Rahman, an old friend of mine, died Thursday July 26, 2018, after a six year fight against cancer. We only connected occasionally over the years, but back in high school and college days, Bob, Alan Fenton and I were inseparable. We referred to ourselves as the three musketeers.

Bob was a year behind me at St. Ann's grade school. We played football and some baseball. We developed a friendship.

We went out for basketball together, but I was not good enough or tall enough to make the team. We also started bowling and shooting pool together. A few years later Bob and I would coach the St. Ann's football team together.

I started high school at Central Catholic High School and assumed that Bob would follow the following year. Instead, Bob went to a brand new high school, becoming a part of the first class at St. Francis DeSales High School.

The wonderful day came when I got my driver's license. I pull up to Bob's house in my father's 1955 Ford Fairlane with a V-8 engine and a slant H stick shift. We were just going to drive around town for a little while.

Bob jumped into the car and told me to peel some rubber. I put on a spectacular

show leaving rubber for a good 10 feet. We drove around for a while, stopped at Toledo's first McDonalds for a 15 cent hamburger and a coke. I dropped Bob off and went home.

I received a call from him almost as soon as I got home. It seems his Mother was on her knees praying the rosary the whole time we were gone and his Father wanted a word with me before we ever go anywhere together again.

I met Allan Fenton at Central. He was born in Scotland, which perked my interest. I introduced Al to Bob and we became the "Three Musketeers." We bowled, shot pool and drove around, hoping to find some girls, which hardly ever happened.

Bob bought a set of weights and you could find us many an evening taking turns showing each other how strong we were. On a few occasions, we got carried away lifting weights in front of the garage at Bob's house late in the night. It would invariably happen when we were showing off to each other that one of us would drop the weights unto the concrete driveway.

This would cause Bob's Father to wake up, come out and ask us; "Do you clowns know what time it is?" One night we were talking about who could run faster. We



Maury, Al and Bob.

decided to run a race at my house. We walked to the corner about a quarter mile from my house and raced back. This was about 10 O'clock at night. Porch lights came on. People came out. They saw who it was and went back in shaking their heads, laughing.

I bought a 1953 Mercury for myself just after graduating from high school. The three of us were working at the time. I was working at Knudsen's Pharmacy (Toledo's first self-service drug store). Bob was working at Kroger's and Al was working at the A & P Store.

Mr. Knudsen gave me a suitcase as a graduation present. Here I am with my first car and a brand new suitcase. I decided to take a trip. Bob was up for it. We decided to go to Cumberland Falls in Kentucky. A girl from St. Ann's had moved down there, so I said let's go visit her. We threw a pup tent into the trunk and got on our way. There was a little motel just outside town with 4 or 5 units. We decided to stay there the first night and find a place to camp out the next day. The tent never left the trunk of my car!

One New Year's Eve, we got a couple of bottles of champagne. Ask me how and I will plead the fifth. Anyway, we were at Al's house laughing, joking and wishing each other a Happy New Year. Bob's home was the furthest away so we decided to walk him home.

The three of us were walking across the Swayne Field Shopping Center parking

lot laughing and singing. I looked over at Bob and noticed that there were only two of us. We looked back and there was Al flat on the pavement.

We started back to pick him up just as a police car came up from the other side. The policeman asked Al, "Where have you been drinking?" Al answered "champagne, sir." The policeman looked us over and decided that I looked the most trust worthy. He asked me if I could get the three of us home? I said; "Yes sir, absolutely." He let us go and as we walked, we laughed at our good luck and the fact that the policeman thought I was in any shape to look after the other two. Al must have had more than his share of the champagne. He was sick at home for a couple of days.

Bob and I were out shooting pool the next day, laughing about Al being too sick to join us. The picture included here was from a get together on July 16, 1989 at Bob and Mary's cottage. I enlarged the picture my wife took and sent it to Bob and Al with the caption, "30 years later! A few beers and we have to hold up the Scot!!!"

Those were innocent times. We would sit on the car and talk for hours, about our dreams or we would have solutions for all the problems of the world. I was in Bob's wedding and he was my best man. Married life, family responsibilities, job requirements etc. came between the three of us.

On the few occasions I got together with Bob over the years, the friendship we shared and our memories would be renewed for a few moments and we would smile and both say, "It's great to see you. Take care." Al eventually lost his eyesight and either because of depression or bitterness drifted away, and was not interested in getting together anymore.

I sat at Bob's funeral thinking about our times together so long ago. We both have been blessed with wonderful families and a good life, but if I could somehow get those fifty years back and spend more time with him, I would do it in a heartbeat. God speed Bob Rahman, you will always be a great friend. ■



MADIGAN MUSES

By Marilyn Madigan



Hibernian News

The Ancient Order of Hibernians and Ladies Ancient Order of Hibernians held their National Convention at the Galt Hotel in Louisville Kentucky from July 11-14, 2018. The last time the Convention was held in Louisville was in 1994. At that Convention an Ohioan Kathie Linton from the Margaret Judge Division Akron was elected as the National President of the Ladies Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Ohio should be very proud that 4 individuals were elected to serve on the National Boards: Carol Sheyer, Cincinnati LAOH National President; Danny O'Connell, Youngstown AOH National Vice President; Marilyn Madigan, Cleveland LAOH National Secretary; and Denny Parks Akron National Director.

President Sheyer appointed the following to the LAOH National Board: Maire Leffel, Cleveland as Fundraiser; Shannon Lehn, Youngstown as Assistant Editor of the Hibernian; and reappointed Kathie Linton, Akron, as 2020 Convention Liaison. Ohio had a full delegation. The Our Lady of the Rosary Division Delegation was the largest in attendance from a single Division of the LAOH.

Highlights of the Convention included the Opening Mass at the Cathedral of the Assumption, celebrated by AOH National Chaplain Archbishop Thomas Rodi of Alabama, concelebrated by LAOH Chaplain Msgr. Jason Gray of Illinois; Deputy AOH National Chaplain Fr. Michael Healy, California; and Fr. Henry Reid, New York. The Closing Mass was celebrated by

Bishop Alphonsus Cullan of Waterford and Lismore Ireland.

During the week, Hibernian business was conducted. Ambassador Daniel Mulhall addressed a combined session; the LAOH endorsed the McGuinness Principles; The St. Brigid Humanitarian Award was presented to Kathleen Savage of Massachusetts; the highest Hiberni-

an Award, the JFK Medal, was present to Denis Mulcahy by National Vice Presidents Danny O'Connell and Carol Sheyer. Both Kathleen Savage and Denis Mulcahy gave heartfelt speeches.

This fall, the Hibernians will be celebrating 40 years of contributions to the Cushwa Center of the University of Notre Dame. Hibernian contributions help to sponsor the Hibernian Lecture and Hibernian Research grants. The Hibernian Lecture this September is on 'The Irish Revolution, by Ruan O'Donnell. He is a



world-renowned Historian.

2019 will be a busy year as the Hibernians will honor the centenary of Ireland's Declaration of Independence and the 125th Anniversary of the LAOH. Adelia Christy from Cleveland served as National Secretary for multiple terms and as National President from 1921-1925.

I am in the process of researching this remarkable Cleveland woman. She

addressed a U.S. Congressional Committee on the Irish Question in 1918, before women were given the right to vote. At this Hearing, she represented the United Irish Societies of Northern Ohio. She also was a National Director for the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic.

Any information on Adelia Christy can be sent to [memadigan@gmail.com](mailto:mamadigan@gmail.com). ■

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TAKING THE FIELDS OF GLORY: GAA MONTHLY

By Vincent Beach



Around the Midwest

This month's column is written on the heels of the Midwest Finals weekend in Buffalo, August 11 and 12. The Gaelic football season ending being filled with a few unexpected twists; let's recap July and early August first.

July 7: Cleveland traveled to the Wolfe Tone's home pitch in the middle of the Detroit River on Belle Isle. Goals were the answer of the day for the Cleveland Saints; Detroit 0-17, Cleveland 4-10. Meanwhile, Columbus GAA traveled light over to Pittsburgh. The Celtics notched their third win, 4-15 to Columbus's 1-6, with Columbus being short-handed.

July 14: Buffalo hosted Pittsburgh, but fell to the reigning Midwest Champs. Cleveland headed down I-71 to take on Columbus. Columbus lead by 3 points with minutes left when Cleveland's Ronan Forrester broke through the defense and cracked the back of the net, tying the game. Cleveland's joy was short lived when Columbus worked the ball down the field and knocked over a point to win the game in the final seconds.

July 21: Cleveland hosted Cincinnati at the West Side Irish American Club (WSIA). The two sides fought it out to the

end, trading defensive hits and offensive points. Cleveland edged ahead in the final two minutes, winning the match 2-8 to 1-10. Just down the interstate, Columbus beat Detroit by varying accounts (one source said 1 point difference another stated 33 to 8!).

July 28: Cincinnati hosted a double header with Pittsburgh; the Celtics routed the Cincinnati Men by the score of 5-24 to 1-9, the Cincinnati Ladies also fell to the Pittsburgh Banshees, 4-18 to 3-3. Buffalo was supposed to host

Columbus, but Columbus was unable to field a full side and were forced to forfeit the game.

August 5: Detroit was to travel to Buffalo, but the game was rescheduled for August 11.

Here come the twists: [The heart of many cultures is sport and it's no different with the Irish. The GAA is the center of much parish life and an integral part of the revolutionary history of Éire. In today's world, we promote the unique games on fitness, inclusion, volunteerism, and sportsmanship.

Remember here in the States, every club is only one bad year away from folding – we rely on a few people and families to



Cedric Beach Tiernan Young Eoin Kenny U6s.

carry the brunt of the load, preserving our traditions. Work, school and family can come first and pull the work horses away from the club. Support your local club; there is hard work going on and it's all volunteer. We need YOU].

With Columbus not fielding a full team on July 7th in Pittsburgh, and their failure to travel for the July 28th match in Buffalo, they forfeited those games and the right to play in the Midwest Finals. Going into the final weeks of the regular season, the order of seeding was 1) Pittsburgh 2) Cincinnati 3) Columbus 4) Buffalo / Cleveland and 6) Detroit. The Buffalo / Cleveland seeding came down to the final match between Buffalo and Detroit – if Buffalo won, they got the #4 seed, if they lost, the #4 seed would go to a coin flip

between Cleveland and Buffalo. The GAA rule book is centered on an around-the-calendar sporting year in Ireland, filled with leagues and championships. This doesn't directly translate into the USGAA format of divisional play.

The Midwest division is also one of the few that only sends their best to the national championships based on a tournament weekend. So, with Columbus playing some games and failing to fulfill others (and confirming that they would not field a team for the Finals), the question was put forth to the Midwest Competition Controls Committee (CCC) what should be done for equity with the games that were played. The CCC ruled that Columbus should be stripped of their wins (and their opponents of their losses)

Akron Hurling Stories from the Field

By Michael Ruane

On a beautiful sun splashed Saturday afternoon in Akron, the host Celtic Guards welcomed the lads from Rochester to their 2nd meeting of the year. In their first match up, Rochester was able to keep Akron in check along with the score but still came up short to a feisty Akron team that is simply difficult to put away. Saturday's match-up turned out to lopsided as Akron relentlessly pounded in goal after goal while also sending 25 points over the bar. Rochester is proving to be the upstart club of the Midwest with



players showing well in travel matches. Their will to learn and to compete is evident every match they've played in 2018. The game of hurling is quite beautiful and thrilling to watch however, it's also rather challenging to master. Time, patience, hard work and passion will allow teams like Rochester to thrive in North America.

The GAA's Midwest Tournament in Buffalo, August 12th and 13th promises to provide passionate and well-balanced teams to the pitch. Pittsburg, with their youthful, strong and athletic squad look to hold



Photo by John O'Brien, Jr

off challenges from mighty Akron who play with grit, experience, and wonderfully talented stick skills and an upstart

Rochester club with loads of passion and enthusiasm. Hurling in the Midwest is alive and well. ■

Around the Midwest Continued from facing page during the regular season.

This put the MW Finals seeding to be 1) Pittsburgh 2) Cleveland 3) Cincinnati 4) Buffalo 5) Detroit. The Detroit / Buffalo game that was scheduled for the week before, on August 5, was now set to be the preliminary match of the Finals Weekend -why play each other twice in two weeks? Grand plan.

Midweek before the Midwest Finals, Detroit informed the league that they, too, would be unable to travel to the Buffalo Finals. The preliminary match was scrapped. Seeding was 1) Pittsburgh 2) Cleveland 3) Cincinnati 4) Buffalo.

On Saturday, the hosts, Buffalo, fell to Pittsburgh 7-22 (43) to 2-3 (9) and Cleveland fell to Cincinnati 1-12 (15) to 0-3 (3). Two sound routings in the semi-finals.

In Sunday's Final, Cincinnati could not hold out against the superior Pittsburgh side; Pittsburgh won their 3rd straight MW Final 0-23 to 0-5. They will represent the Midwest at Nationals in Philadelphia as the Men's Junior B Football representative. As the furthest finishing Junior C team in the Midwest Finals, Cincinnati will represent the Men's grade at Nationals. To finish out Men's football, the Buffalo Fenians will represent the Midwest at Junior D.

The Pittsburgh Banshees were also in full force against a combined Midwest side (Cincinnati/Buffalo/Cleveland) on



Head Coach Simon O'Doherty

Sunday. They won out the day and will represent the Midwest at Ladies Junior B Football at Nationals.

Hurling, too, was on display over the weekend. Akron beat Rock City (Rochester) on Saturday to advance to the final against the regular season leaders, the Pittsburgh Pucas. In a tough match, the Pucas reigned 2-15 to 1-8. They will go on to represent the Midwest at Junior C Hurling.

Youth. The Midwest Finals once again included youth football for under-6, under-8, under 12, and under 16 on Saturday. The U-6 and U-8 games were a mix of clubs that played two head-to-head games. The older levels, U-12 and U16, partici-

pated in a round-robin "pool play" with the two top finishers going into a Final. Games began at noon and ran until 4:30.

The U-12 game saw a Cleveland/Detroit/Cincinnati combined team narrowly fall to Buffalo after the CLE-DET-CIN win over Pittsburgh in an overtime shoot-out. It was the first medal for these Fenians after a few years of rough trips to the Continental Youth Championships (CYC's, the 'nationals' of youth games).

The Cleveland Youth were represented by Cedric Beach (U6), Bernadette Beach (U8), Ambrose Beach (U10), Conor Gallagher (U10), Conal Gannon (U10), Henry McGowan (U10), JP Gannon (U12), and Finn Patrick Royer (U12). May there be many more finals with many more friends.

Cleveland GAA Update. Go raibh mile maith agaibh to Head Coach Simon O'Doherty and Assistant Coach Jim Coyne on their first season with the Saints. Both coaches have stepped in with extreme dedication in the twice a week training sessions and weekend games (home and away). Thank you both very much. Calling all Alumni, Supporters, and Sponsors: Cleveland St. Pat's – St. Jarlath's (the Saints) Gaelic Football Club will finish the season with their inaugural Golf Outing and Awards Dinner. Sign-up and join the GAA community for golf and dinner (dinner-only option available too).

The event will take place September 29 at Springvale Golf Course in North Olmsted, with a 2PM shotgun start and

a 7PM Dinner. More information at clevelandgaa.ticketleap.com.

Follow @ClevelandGaelic on Facebook and Twitter for fall and winter activities for Men, Women, and Youth. Planning is in the works for friendlies, open games, fitness training, and indoor. ■



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**IRELAND
PAST & PRESENT**
By Niamh O'Sullivan



Skibbereen

For some years now I've wanted to visit Skibbereen, the small Cork town that slowly and gradually shimmers in your consciousness if you spend any time at all reading up on Ireland's Great Hunger of 1845 - 1852. Skibbereen embodied those Famine years, being endlessly sketched and written about in most newspapers and journals of the time.

I travelled there with my brother Ronan recently, on one of the most beautiful summer days ever enjoyed in Ireland. My first impression was how big a place Skibbereen actually was - far bigger than I had imagined. It was colourful - many of the old houses and buildings lining broad

and narrow streets alike shone brightly in their fresh coats of paint, inviting trade and visitors and fun. Skibbereen in 2018 feels strong - confidently dealing with the world and happy to present itself on such a glad, hot, busy day.

I was hoping to do two things on this original visit. The first was to try to find the exact location of some of the harrowing Famine sketches drawn in the town by artist James Mahoney. These appeared in the London Illustrated News in 1847.

Nothing brings you closer to any event you might be studying than to be able to stand in the footsteps of the past - in the precise location of a vividly descriptive

contemporary drawing or photograph. I was warned that Skibbereen had of course changed, which made my task more difficult than I might imagine.

I did discover the location of one of the famous black and white sketches, which portrayed the area around Chapel Lane. This Mahoney sketch depicts a street with the outline of a tall narrow building in the centre, and includes a number of figures in various poses of desolation, including two women keening by an empty cart.

Several figures are featured carrying a coffin on the left hand side. On the right side of the silhouetted building viewers may examine an upturned cart and a number of impoverished thatched cottages huddling into one another on a laneway leading down from the larger street.

I stumbled upon the present day modern scene by accident and by instinct. We were standing near the post office building which postdates the famine era, and as I glanced down the street beside it, something stirred faintly. A memory I did not have, combined with an acquired memory took flight. I thought I recognised it; then it fled once more into the past.

The second image I was unable to capture, even transiently. It was of one of the approaches to Skibbereen, published with other Mahoney commissioned images in the celebrated paper to enable readers gain an impression of what was happening in Ireland. The modern town is too vibrant, too gloriously alive. I'd need to return on a less beautiful, more quiet day, to sit in silence, to try to imagine the unimaginable.

Such scenes of hunger and poverty today seem inconceivable. Possibly the only understandable aspect of this suffering is the silence said to have descended and continued years after those dark, famished times had disappeared.

Twenty-first century Western people can neither describe nor imagine the prolonged, hollow, deadly hunger and disease endured by the people of Ireland.

I stood before a cold dilapidated and grey Skibbereen building, which had contained one of the first soup kitchens in all of Ireland. I found myself recalling a description given by the American philanthropist, Elihu Burritt, who had come to witness the misery he had read about for himself. He stood where I stood now, watching as the skeletal frames of John Mitchel's surplus people neared this building where they were confident they would receive some food.

Burritt described their approach, clutching tin cups tightly. Some of them, he added: "upon all fours." Three simple, savage words. Outrageous and too painful to be stored in the modern mind. Please let's go.

We did, to fulfil the second reason for our visit. I wanted - I needed now - to see the Famine graves at nearby Abbey-stowry Cemetery. An old marker on the roadside explains that this is the "site of burial pits & mass graves of the Great Famine." Here lie approximately 10,000 famine dead, most of them without coffins. Nearby a plain stone marker weeps: "... O God! That bread should be so dear and human flesh so cheap...."

More silence. Are there words left with any feeble power to soothe...?

Do not visit Skibbereen without a spell in the Heritage Centre, which is today located in the restored Old Gasworks building. Here is where you could step through that veil of time and gain some understanding of what you just might glimpse. The building is relatively small, warm, welcoming - strangely comforting, as if anticipated in advance for what it needs to tell you.

There was an American woman visiting when we were there. Like us, she seemed keen to absorb every sliver of information. She spent time at every screen listening to the many stories and facts of life in Skibbereen during the Great Hunger. She examined each display. We shared a brief unspoken link - a togetherness. I wait for a screen which she is watching, we switch places with a forlorn smile.

She was leaving as I approached the reception desk with a question. She was thanking the wonderful staff. A small person, she silently placed her hands together as though in prayer. She bowed faintly. She turned to me and repeated her gesture.

I hope she realised I was unable to reply, silence had enveloped and was strangling me. Ronan and I have visited and studied many battlefields of the American civil war, many historic sites. As children we stood on a French D-Day beach. I have never witnessed such reverence from any visitor anywhere, as emanated from that American woman.

How I wish I had asked whether she had any people of her own from the years of the Great Hunger. Did she know what had become of them? But it seemed just then too intrusive. More crippling silence. Still. ■

Ireland Wins Men's Baseball European Championships to Enter Race for the Tokyo Olympics

Ireland beat Greece convincingly 12:2 to win the Ashbourne, County Meath - International Baseball Centre Tournament. The Irish Team dominated the tournament, beating Norway, Finland, Slovenia and finally Greece, on their way to the historic Win.

Ireland now advance to the next round of European baseball qualifiers in 2019, and have an opportunity to qualify for the Olympic games in Tokyo 2020. This is the first time, Ireland has hosted a major European sanctioned baseball tournament. All the games are being played at the International Baseball Centre, Ashbourne, County Meath. The games have been very well attended, with 1,000 plus spectators making the trip to Ashbourne.

The tournament had over 100,000 views on-line as the game was lived streamed from the event.

Irish Baseball is a competitive league that has played since 1997.



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Plank Road Tavern Patio Sessiún

Photo: Christine Hahn

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YOUNG & IRISH

By Mary Kate Campbell



23 and The World

In today's world, many people's lives are open books due to social media. As a society, people have become comfortable with the fact that their faces, family, jobs, and locations can be seen on the Internet. Now imagine a world where a private company collects one's DNA for profit and the genetic information is then entered into a database to be used for research and testing. It sounds like a plot from a Science-Fiction novel, but is actually a present reality.

23andMe, the popular genetics-testing company known for its ancestry and health analysis services, has recently announced its

partnership with GlaxoSmithKline, a mega British pharmaceutical company. GSK stated, "The goal of the collaboration is to gather insights and discover novel drug targets driving disease progression and development therapies." The \$300 million investment project may appear like any other pharmaceutical research endeavor, but it should raise some serious concerns.

First of all, it is not yet clear what exactly the research will entail and the goals of the genetic investigations. The information provided by 23andMe and GSK is vague and misleading. Anonymity is also an unclear issue. How anon-

ymously will the data be stored? Who will have access to the genetic information? How much information are 23andMe and GSK able to obtain, store, sell, and/or share from the DNA?

Also, when a person allows their DNA to participate in research they are typically compensated properly. But on the contrary, in this new partnership the customer is paying to give their DNA to a company that will then be able to make money off of the genetic data.

The technicalities of Terms of Service contracts can potentially

trap consumers into unknowingly agreeing to partial policies. 23andMe does acquire the consent of its customers to use their genetic data through privacy policies, studies shows the majority of those customers are unaware of this. Customers who have already had their DNA

analyzed by 23andMe are allowed to cancel their account at any time, but the company states, "any research involving your data that has already been performed or published prior to

our receipt of your request will not be reversed, undone, or withdrawn."

Finally, the risk of security breaches and hacking arises due to the nature of information storage and

"IT IS NOT YET CLEAR WHAT EXACTLY THE RESEARCH WILL ENTAIL AND THE GOALS OF THE GENETIC INVESTIGATIONS."

technology. Nowadays, IT security is vital to any company, but an undeniable necessity for a company that holds information as sensitive as DNA. 23andMe has not disclosed how it will protect users' records with this new partnership.

23andMe draws its customers in through an emotional strategy. They capitalize on the desire inside of all of us to better understand our ancestry and ourselves. This has made them the successful company that they are, with a valuation of \$1.5 billion.

For-profit companies benefiting off of and having unrestricted access to consumers' DNA could possibly be a Pandora's Box of unfamiliar proportions. This partnership should not simply stand as "medical and disease research," but should be deconstructed and understood, so users can be informed about how their most personal data will be used. ■



SPEAK IRISH

By Bob Carney

@BobCarneyGTR
carneyspeakirish@gmail.com



Cleveland Placenames

Last month we talked about some of the keys Irish provides us, to aid in the pronunciation of the language, especially when it comes to reading. Another time when a little knowledge of Irish is helpful, is when you visit Ireland.

Ireland is one of the most densely named places in all of Europe. Most place names are anglicised or phonetic spellings of the original Irish names (although some are derived directly from Old Norse or English). Around the seventeenth century, almost all names had been anglicised by the colonial rulers, but the Irish continued to use the original Irish versions.

Today, many signs are in Irish and English. The Placenames Database of Ireland, www.logainn.ie, contains thousands of place names, including natural as well as man made sites.

The first part of this months vocabulary are some Irish words that occur frequently in place names, included are some examples of the anglicised names that incorporate them. Secondly, are place names along with their English names, and last, some related vocabulary and phrases.

- baile (bal-yeh) town.....Ballymena, Ballymore
- carrraig (car-ihg) rock..... Carrickfergus
- cill (kill) church.....Kildare, Kilkenny, Killarney
- cnoc (k-nock) hill Knock, Knocklyon
- doire (deh-ra) oak wood or grove..... Derry, Derrynane
- domhnach (duv-nock) church Donnybrook
- dún (doon) fort Dundrum, Dungloe, Donegal
- leiter (letter) hillside Letterkenny, Letterfrack
- mullach (mull-ahch) summit..... Malahide, Mullaghmore
- ráth (rah) circular fort Rathmines, Rathmullen

- Éire (ay-reh) Ireland.....Ciarraí (kehr-ee) Kerry
- Corcaigh (kork-ah) Cork..... Port Láirge (port law-reh-geh) Waterford
- An tSionna (ahn tyan-ah) Shannon Baile Átha Cliath (bal-yeh aw klee-uh) Dublin
- Gaillimh (gahl-iv) Galway An Mhí (ahn-vee) Meath
- Cnoc Mhuire (k-nock whoor-ah) KnockMaigh Eo (may-oh) Mayo
- Sligeach (shlee-gohch) Sligo Béal Feirste (bell fer-schta) Belfast
- Dún na nGall (doon na nall) Donegal..... Dúalainn (dua-linn) Doolin
- Oileán Árann (eh-lawn a -rawn) Aran Islands..... Inis Mór (inish mor) Inishmore
- Inis Meáin (inish me-ahn) Inishmann Inis Oírr (inish eer) Inisheer
- Boirin (burn) Burren Trá Lí (trah- lee) Tralee
- Na Blascaodaí (nah blas-ka-dee) The BlasketsAn Daingean (ahn dang-enn) Dingle

- beag (byug) small an tsráid (ahn tryd) the street
- mór (more) big or main ard (ard) high
- bóthar (bow-har) road..... an bóthar (ahn bow-har) the road
- trá (traw) beach.....abhainn (ow-inn) river
- mainistir (manish-ter) monastery sliabh (sleev) mountain
- loch (loch) lake.....an fharraige (ahn arr-ih-ga) the sea
- cá (kah) where..... bhfuil (will) is, in questions, cá bhfuil? where is?
- tá sé (taw shay) it is.....níl sé (neel shay) it is not

- Cá bhfuil an tSraid Mhór? (kah will ahn tryd vor) Where is Main Street?
- Tá sé anso. (taw shat ahn-so)It is here.
- Tá sé thall ansan. (taw shay hall ahn-san)It is over there.
- Níl an tSraid Mhór thall ansan (neel ahn tryd vor hall ahn-san) Main Street is not over there
- Ach, an tSraid Bheag anso. (ahch ahn tryd vyug ahn-so) But small Street is here.

- Don't forget to be polite, le do thoil, (lay duh hull) please
- Go raibh maith agat (guh rah mah ah-gut)thank you
- Gabh mo leithscéal (guh muh lesh-skale)excuse me
- Go raibh míle maith agat (guh rah meela mah ah-gut) many thanks

Gabh mo leithscéal, cá bhfuil an Bóthar Ard, le do thoil? (guh muh lesh-skale ka will ahn bo-her ard lay duh hall)Excuse me, where is High Road, please?

That's all for now, safe travels! Slán go Fóill! ■

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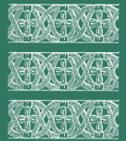
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TERRY FROM DERRY

By Terry Boyle



The Night St. Anthony Nearly Killed Me

One damp Christmas Eve night, typical for Derry, a woman whom I will call mother, although to be accurate ... Ma would be more precise, now heavily pregnant with Moi, was in great consternation. Her concern wasn't because we lived in a three-bedroom wooden hut formerly occupied by the American navy and unfit to house so many people. It wasn't because conditions were spartan, to say the least, or that she was to deliver the fourth child out of ten. No, birthing children was old hat for a woman who could pop them out without much trouble. And, since we were living with my grandparents,

uncles and aunts, there was plenty of help at hand (14 people in total and 1 bathroom). No, Mother's plight was more metaphysical.

As was the custom for a lot of expectant women at the time, my mother faithfully did a novena to ensure a safe birth. A simple novena to St. Anthony of Padua would do the trick. After all, he hadn't failed her the first three times.

Typically, this Anthony was known for his great preaching, particularly to fish, but he was adopted by my mother quite simply because there was a huge picture of him in the bedroom. He was her 'go to guy' for all things related to a quick and easy delivery, much like pizza. Aided by his saintly intervention and my grandmother's skills as a lay midwife, we were assured of a predicable outcome (pun intended).

However, as with all good stories, there has to be some complication to disrupt the best laid plans, and this tale is no different. For some reason, my grandmother decided not to be

the human hands of St. Anthony and deferred the role to someone else in our impoverished community; someone who was more skilled in art of midwifery.

My mother, on hearing about this change in the proceedings, was none too pleased. The thought of a stranger meddling in the tested and tried method did not bode well. For not only was she absolutely terrified and embarrassed to be at the mercy of someone she hardly knew - it was unlucky. Facing such a dilemma, there was only one recourse, St. Anthony.

My father, who probably was as ignorant to the mysteries of conception as childbirth, was well and truly out of sight. His Christmas Eve was spent celebrating the joys of the season in one or more pubs; otherwise known as the waiting room for expectant fathers. His part was over and now, he was convinced, that the women and the saint would do their part. No doubt, he left early in the evening and would only return only when it was time to bless the baby's head.

My mother, however, was only too aware of what she was in for and, as the evening dripped into night, she grew more and more apprehensive. When my grandmother left the bedroom to seek out the new midwife, my mother grew increasingly desperate. Walking over the big picture of St. Anthony, she was determined to have it out with him. Having made the effort to make her novena, the least the saint could do was to intervene and save her from a fate that would mortify her

beyond normal bounds of embarrassment.

There they were in an Irish standoff; a heavily pregnant woman standing in front of an icon of celestial tranquility with the child Jesus in his arms. It wouldn't do. St. Anthony was going to have to 'get his finger out' and do something to make it better. That was the deal, wasn't it?

As she articulated her disappointment, in what I can only imagine as typical of Derry headbutting, metaphorically speaking, something did happen. I was born! The drop must have made a sound on the concrete floor, or the breaking of the umbilical cord put strain on her heart, to alert her.

Still, she could not move. She could not see me. Where had I gone? Perhaps it was time for mother to use saint Anthony for what he's more commonly used for; finding lost things.

While still in a state of shock, my mother saw my grandmother enter the room. My grandmother was alone. The neighbor, it seems, was not far behind. My mother mouthed the words, 'I think the baby's born', to which my grandmother tersely responded 'it's only yer waters breaking.' Mother, who was insistent that I was in fact born was only placated when my grandmother looked under the bed.

If you can imagine the scene from ET when the little girl discovers ET in the wardrobe, you'll get the drift of my grandmother's reaction on seeing me under the bed. Screaming blue murder at seeing such an alien sight, she ran out of the house shouting 'Jesus, Mary and Joseph!' And, I've no doubt she made herself heard.

The doctor was sent for immediately, while neighbours clamoured to see what was happening. No doubt, I was scrubbed up and mother put to bed. Finally, when the doctor arrived, he confirmed that both mother and baby were lucky to be alive.

The moral of this story, for those interested in hagiography, is, get your facts right. Anthony's role is to find lost things; including babies who roll under the bed after hitting a concrete floor, but his record for delivering babies safely has been well and truly blemished; I am living proof as to nearly being killed by St. Anthony. ■



COLUMBUS IRISH

By Maureen Ginley

@MaureenGinley



Saying "So Long" to Holden's Arbor Run

There's a saying in my family: "it's not goodbye - it's 'so long.'" We started saying this to one another when my Grandpa was sick. When he was sick and spent time in the hospital and other doctors' offices, he didn't want the sad twinge of a goodbye to dampen our time together, during which we'd talk about school, work, plans for after graduation, and more.

Since then, that's how the Ginleys had bid each other adieu - simply by saying "so long." I always thought that was a bit sad, but as my family prepares to close another chapter in our lives - saying so long to Holden's Arbor Run - I can think of no better way to honor the home where all of the important Ginley family events occurred than to write an article in the Ohio Irish American News.

My grandparents built their house on Holden's Arbor Run from the ground up. That home was destined to be filled with love; on the first night they spent there - June 26, 1984 - my parents went on their first date. A couple of years later - on Christmas Eve 1986, to be exact - my Dad got down onto one knee and popped the question. While this was happening, everyone who was at the holiday celebration peeked their heads over the railing in the foyer, trying to catch a glimpse of what happened.

When my Grandma passed last year and the future of the house was in limbo, I selfishly wished that it would somehow stay in our family. Besides the photos, Christmas/birthday/Valentine's Day cards my grandparents sent me (I got something in the mail for every single holiday - it was great), and my Dad (who is the spitting image of my Grandpa Ginley) the house on Holden's Arbor Run was the last physical memory I had of Tommy and Mary Jo. I wanted to hold onto it as long as I



possibly could.

When I moved to Columbus, I knew I'd be missing out on some exciting stuff happening in Cleveland. Nights spent frolicking with pals at PJ's, friends giving birth, the excellent Irish music scene ... I was (and still am!) so excited to make my move and start my career,

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but I was sad to not be a 15-minute drive away from all of my favorite places and people. I'm finding this to be especially true as I approach the one-year mark of moving to central Ohio.

A few weeks ago, I was driving home from work when I called my parents and found out that the staging of my grandparents' house had taken place, and open houses would soon follow. I felt my stomach drop - I knew an offer on the Holden's Arbor House wouldn't be far behind the many interested potential buyers. That house is a stunner. It's on a gorgeous piece of land in one of the state's most picturesque suburbs (shoutout to Westlake). Someone would surely scoop it right up. And scoop it right up they did.

Shortly after it went on the market, an offer was made. And as of August 27th - my parents' wedding anniversary - the house my parents made a home will belong to another family. When my parents shared the news with me, I immediately opened my planner and scheduled a weekend visit home. I hadn't planned on returning to Cleveland until the end of the month, when I'd be attending my first work conference, but I knew I had to take a few photos and say a heartfelt "so long" to the house where I had countless Christmas celebrations and Thanksgiving dinners and learned to bake.

The week leading up to my trip home went equally slow as molasses and as fast as my dog Elvis when he sees a tennis ball. I was anxious to get home and see my family, but I was nervous about how I would react to spending my last afternoon(s) in the house that meant so much to my family. The day after I took Elvis

over there to meet my Aunt Karen and her dog Jameson, I spent an afternoon at Holden's Arbor Run with my Dad; we took photos, walked through the house, and I felt my heart swell and expand and contract all at the same time.

As I walked through the kitchen, I remembered the time I was making a lamb-shaped Easter cake with my Grandpa when my Grandpa came in to try and sneak a taste of the frosting (which was a big no-no for everyone besides me). I laughed as I sat down on the couch and recalled the time my Grandma fed me Godiva chocolate while rubbing my feet, which was her response to me saying I had a headache or some other minor malady.

I felt alligator tears well up in my eyes when I stepped out onto the back patio and recollected the countless family cookouts we had back there - with my brothers playing baseball, and me talking my sister's (and anyone who would listen) ear(s) off about the excellent books I had just started reading.

Eventually, it was time to go. My Dad and I quietly got into the car, reversed out of the driveway, flashed the car's lights, and drove off. My alligator tears turned into real ones as we drove off and I whispered a soft "so long."

I couldn't be happier with my "so long" to Holden's Arbor Run. My actual visit to the house was perfect. This article is just a brief reflection of the 25 years I got to spend loving and living and learning there, but I hope it's enough to show you all what a magical place that place was - is. I'm sad to see my family's chapter there end, but I am so excited for a new family to begin making memories there. ■

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AT HOME, ABROAD

By Regina Costello



At Home Abroad Part 6

As I look forward to the Annual Green and Red Ball hosted by the Mayo Society of Greater Cleveland on September 29th, my mind meanders to Muintir Mhaigh Eo Gallimh - Mayo Association Galway, my home county, where I first experienced this Association that has branches around the globe. These groups bring together people of Mayo descent to recreate a strong Mayo community, provide networking opportunities, raise funds for Mayo related purposes and present social events throughout the year.

Now, I can understand that. What baffled me was the establishment of a Mayo Association in Galway in 1971 ... given that County Galway literally borders County Mayo. Is the innate yearning in County Mayo descendants for their home soil so passionate to behoove an Association on its very doorstep? Well the answer is a resounding "YES!" 2018 celebrates the 47th year of Muintir Mhaigh Eo Gallimh, which is stronger than ever.

My Dad joined Muintir Mhaigh Eo Gallimh when we finally moved to Galway in the late 1970s. He was



Muintir Mhaigh Eo Gallimh, Willie Costello standing behind seated lady, third from the right, ca. 1980.

thrilled and could not wait to become involved. As kids, we actually thought it was quite hilarious. Well, the reality was, we simply didn't get it.

Over the years he served in different capacities, including Chairperson 1987-1988. He loved it. During his term as Chair he was determined to make a difference by initiating and spearheading the publication, "Mayo Association Galway - Seventeen Years A-Growing."

This was quite an undertaking that involved months of work collecting photographs, documenting various meetings and accomplishments and article writing.

Committee members frequently visited our house and lengthy discussions were had about Mayo, the Association and how to better it. Pots of tea, plates of ham sandwiches and Digestive Biscuits were served and shared many a time with Andy Dunleavy, Kevin Duffy, Sean McManamon and Bernie O'Hara.

I don't recall much about Muintir Mhaigh Eo Gallimh, as I was not interested in it at the time my Dad was a member. My mother wasn't either, but she went along with it. She did not have the same "grá" that he had for her own home sod in Roscommon, but she did attend the Mayo Annual Dinner Dance with him, an event that dominated conversations

in ensuing weeks.

In the 1980s he established their Annual Treasure Hunt (scavenger hunt), that was hugely popular and a good fundraiser. This became his full-time job for about four months each year, with the kitchen table as his base, scattered with papers and plans. No home computer back then or printer, so this truly was an arduous job.

Not only did he create the hunt, but he also secured numerous prizes donated by several local businesses. There were probably 30 questions ranging from history & geography, to politics and more. He drove the hunt many times alone before the big day to find areas/clues that would require the participants to get out and look for a date, or a rail missing in a gate, or an engraving on a specific plaque in a wall and of course to ensure everything was correct.

I remember the traffic jams on Wolf Tone Bridge as cars lined up for registration at The Spanish Arch. The hunt often took us along the prom, through Salthill, Galway city and ended in Tigh Gearóid's Pub (now The Porter House) in the village of Oranmore.

We had great craic getting in and out of cars and trying to hide our answers from other participants. Everyone was in a mad rush because you also got points for finishing ear-

At Home Abroad, 6

Continued from facing page

ly. There was no Google back then, so you really had just yourself and those in the car to rely on to answer the questions.

Dad often threw in trick questions at the end, "how many miles was the hunt." This was something most of us just had to guess. One addition that my Dad enjoyed adding to the questionnaire was the request to finish 2 lines of a "Limerick." The best "Limericks" were read out at the pub and were always a good laugh.

NEITHER MY ROOTS OR IDENTITY EVER
CROSSED MY MIND TO ANY GREAT EXTENT
BEFORE I IMMIGRATED. IT WAS SOMETHING
I TOOK FOR GRANTED.

My sister usually won the hunt. She is a teacher - qualified to teach in both elementary school and high school - with an avid interest in history, nature, and politics, a fluent Gaelic speaker who pays tremendous attention to detail. But Dad being Dad never announced her as the winner. Whoever came in second was essentially the winner. Miriam didn't care. She just enjoyed the day and all the fun it brought for her and her friends.

Neither my roots or identity ever crossed my mind to any great extent before I immigrated. It was something I took for granted. I knew where both sides of my family came from for a number of generations.

Distance does change the heart and reference point. After a few years at home abroad in Cleveland, I began to understand my Dad; the need to belong; the need to be with your own people. He felt that.

I have definitely felt it in my adulthood. I have family on every continent and my close friends are from all over the world. My immediate family hails from Ireland, India, the U.S., Great Britain and Malaysia. Life experience has taught me to appreciate diversity, respect other cultures, and take pleasure in visiting new places.

However, being human perhaps

provides us with a need to be with our own kin too. For me that need was met with the Mayo Society of Greater Cleveland, initiated by Gerry Quinn in 1995. When he asked me to join the Board of Directors, I knew he had work in store for me, but I was really happy to be a part of it. Now my family back home in Galway think it's hilarious that I'm involved in the Mayo Society.

2018 is a special year for the Mayo Society of Greater Cleveland. The Person of The Year is Julie Boland, the first woman to receive this reward. This event sees an influx of

individuals from the west of Ireland for the celebrations.

Catching up with Terrence Dever and Kenny Deery, Bridgie Ann Davitt from the Parish of Achill, and members of the Mayo County Council is always interesting.

Foundation representatives from my alma mater, National University of Ireland Galway (NUIG) also make the trip in their capacity as partner of the Scholarship Program founded by the Mayo Association of Greater Cleveland, in conjunction with Cleveland's John Carroll University. The presence of these sons and daughters of Mayo at this delightful charitable event validates the love that County Mayo instills in its people. I will be in good company. ■

**Regina is a Graduate of the National University of Ireland, Galway and a Post Graduate from the National University of Ireland, Dublin. She is the former Curator of the Irish American Archives at the Western Reserve Historical Society, former Executive Director of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument Commission and former Executive Coordinator of the Northern Ohio Rose Centre. She serves on the Board of Directors of the Mayo Society of Greater Cleveland. She can be reached at rcostello@ameritech.net*



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WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING; BE VERY AFRAID

By Maury Collins



Smile and be Happy

One Sunday morning, the pastor noticed little Alex standing in the foyer of the church staring up at a large plaque. It was covered with names and small American flags mounted on either side of it. The six-year old had been staring at the plaque for some time, so the pastor walked up, stood beside the little boy, and said quietly, "Good morning Alex" "Good morning Pastor," he replied, still focused on the plaque. "Pastor, what is this?"

"The pastor said, 'Well son, it's a memorial to all the young men and women who died in the service.' Soberly, they just stood together, staring at the large plaque. Finally, little Alex's voice, barely audible and trembling with fear asked, "Which service, the 8:30 or the 11:00?"

One day a florist went to a barber for a haircut. After the cut, he asked about his bill, and the barber replied, 'I cannot accept money from you; I'm doing community service this week.' The florist was pleased and left the shop.

When the barber went to open his

shop the next morning, there was a 'thank you' card and a dozen roses waiting for him at his door.

Later, a cop comes in for a haircut, and when he tries to pay his bill, the barber again replied, 'I cannot accept money from you; I'm doing community service this week.' The cop was happy and left the shop.

The next morning when the barber went to open up, there were a 'thank you' card and a dozen donuts waiting for him at his door. Then a Congressman came in for a haircut, and when he went to pay his bill, the barber again replied, 'I cannot accept money from you. I'm doing community service this week.' The Congressman was very happy and left the shop. The next morning, when the barber went to open up, there were a dozen Congressmen lined up waiting for a free haircut.

Two Irishmen hired an open cockpit airplane to fly over Dublin on St Patrick's Day. As they were winging their way through the air, O'Toole turned to his friend, Murphy and said, 'Murphy, I'm going to fly upside down.' O'Toole, shouted Murphy,

don't do that, we'll fall out.' 'No we won't,' responded O'Toole, 'I'll still talk to you.'

'I'd like some nails,' Michael requested at the hardware store. 'How long would you like them?' asked the clerk. 'Forever, if that's all right with you,' said Michael.

Kearney and his wife, a middle-aged couple, went for a stroll in the Park. They sat down on a bench to rest. It was then they overheard voices coming from a secluded spot. Immediately Mrs. Kearney realized that a young man was about to propose to his beloved. Not wishing to eavesdrop at such an intimate moment, she nudged her husband and whispered, 'Whistle and let that young couple know that someone can hear them.' Kearney replied, 'Whistle? Why should I whistle? Nobody whistled to warn me.'

Murphy leaving the dentist office said; 'I've just had all my teeth out - never again!'

A carload of hunters, on holiday, were looking for a place to hunt, pulled into a farmer's yard in County Waterford, Ireland. The driver, Brannagh, went up to the farmhouse to ask permission to hunt on the farmer's land. The old farmer said, 'Sure you can hunt, but would you be doing me a favor? That old donkey standing over there is 20 years old and sick with cancer, but I don't have the heart to kill her. Would you do it

for me?' Brannagh replied, 'Of course I will,' and strolled back to the car.

While walking back, however, Brannagh decided to play a trick on his hunting friends. He got into the car and when they asked if the farmer had said if it was alright, he said, 'No, we can't hunt here, but I'm going to teach that old fellow a lesson he won't forget.'

With that, the Irishman rolled down his window, stuck his gun out and shot the donkey. As he shouted, 'To be sure, that will teach him,' a second shot rang out from the passenger side and one of his hunting mates yelled, 'And me, begorrah, I got the cow.' ■

Coming Next Month: October 2018

Bringing you the movers, shakers and music makers in our community each month

Every Sunday: Irish Music Sundays @ PjMcIntyre's

Every Tuesday: Speak Irish Cleveland Class @PjMcIntyre's Irish Pub

3rd - Annual Al O'Leary Football and Hurling Tournament

5th - Carbon Leaf @MusicBoxCLE

6th - Rhythms of Dance @ Magnificat High School, by and to benefit the Leneghan Academy of Irish Dance

13th - Irish Heritage Tour w/ Irish American Club East Side

18th to 20th - Irish Network USA National Convention, New Orleans



ACROSS

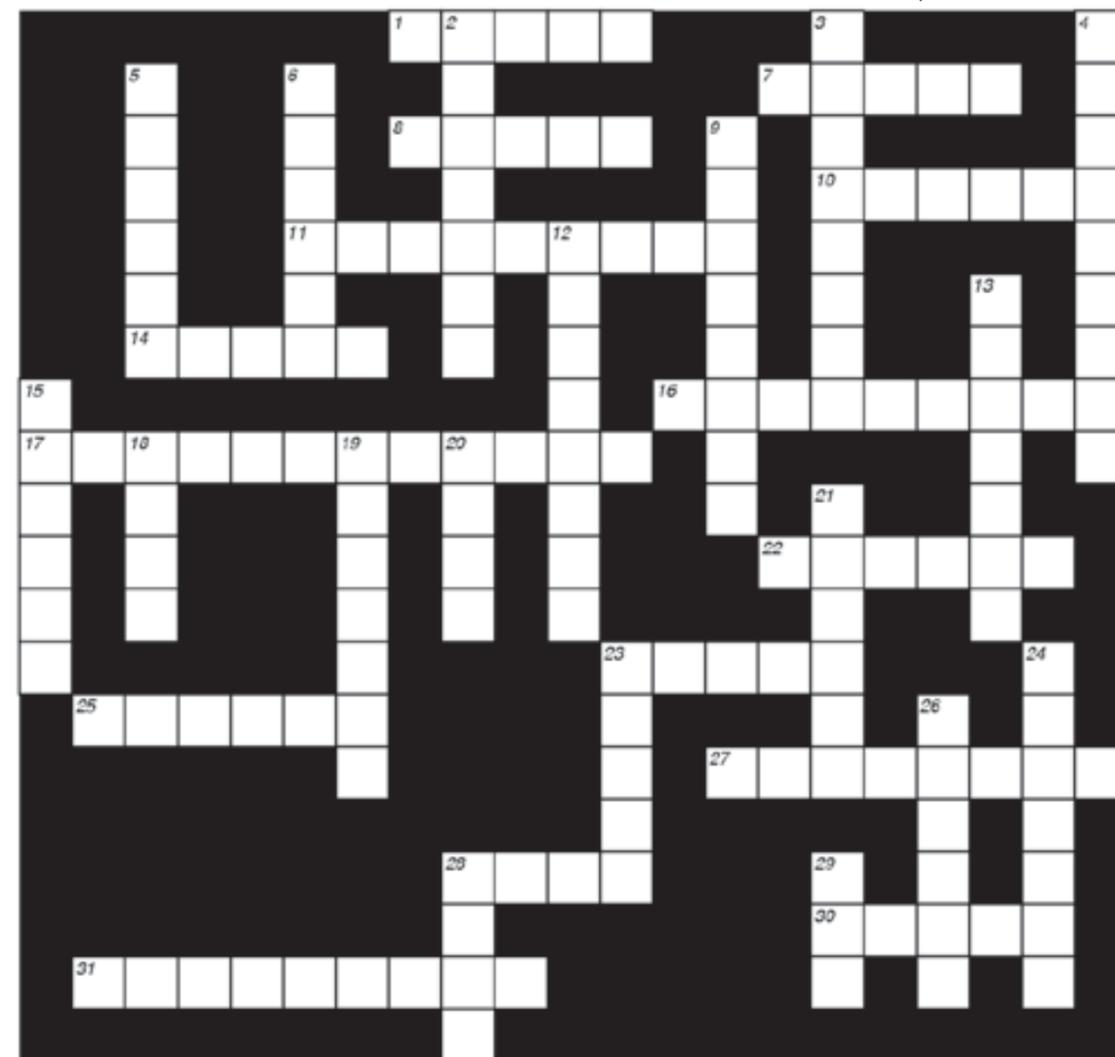
- Little _____ Medium-sized white heron, with long black legs, yellow feet, black bill and blue-grey eats small fish, frogs, snails and insects
- _____ Shearwater Appears as all dark with silvery underwings warm-brown colour, the wings a slightly darker brown Quickest of the water birds
- Grey _____ aka Harnser Common lives in wetlands, estuaries and along rivers spear-like bill eats fish, amphibians, small mammals, insects and reptiles.
- _____ Duck Small and short-bodied, with large head and crest black plumage, white flanks, yellow eye and blue-grey bill.
- Grey _____ brick red underparts and dark upperparts. There is a large white patch surrounding the eye, with the rest of the head black
- Red-throated _____ aka Red-throated Loon, Rain Goose - smallest of the divers found in Ireland up-tilted bill Throat turns 50/50 black/white for winter.
- _____ About the size of a Starling, with a stocky build and short orange legs.
- _____ r aka Mussel Picker, Oyster Plover, Sea Pie, Sea Pilot Large, distinctive wader with long orange-red bill, black head, chest and upperparts and white underparts.
- _____ aka Calloo, Courlie, Marsh Hen The largest wader - long legs, bulky body, long neck and long decurved bill. Fairly uniform greyish brown, with bold dark streaking all over
- _____ Petrel aka Stormie, Mother Carey's chickens, Sea Swallow, Little Peter. A small, dark seabird with a white rump with short wings, Nostrils used to excrete salt.
- _____ Grebes aka Dabchick, very dumpy body, a short neck, tiny straight bill and no ornamental head feathers giving a rounded shape to the head
- _____ Goose : Small compact goose, with small rounded head and short black bill. It has a black neck and breast and mostly-white head, barred grey upperparts and pale underparts.
- _____ Swan Large white swan, with an orange-red bill with prominent knob on the forehead, black nostrils and cutting edges.
- _____ Large and heavy-built, with short neck, large head, long wedge-shaped bill. white with black belly Head white with black crown, and pale green on sides of the nape.
- _____ Large, mainly all dark seabird, often stands with wings out stretched drying

DOWN

- _____ Goose Large bulky grey goose, with pinkish orange bill and dull pink legs. Plumage is plain grey/brown.
- Great _____ Divers are large and powerfully built with heavy, spear-like bill black and white checkered and spotted pattern.
- Green _____ dark head and upper parts, with white belly. The legs are a pale green, while the bill is a dark grey green.

Ireland's Water Fowl

By Linda Fulton Burke



- _____ Plover Compact, small wader, Gray-brown upperparts and white underparts. with orange bill with black tip
- _____ Sandpiper slate grey plumage with dark streaks . Legs are yellowish orange, bill is fine and slightly downcurved, yellowish at the base with a dark tip
- _____ Medium-sized goose-like duck, mostly white with dark-green head, red bill, a chestnut belt across the breast and black scapulars.
- _____ mouse brown bird with dark streaking. Bill medium length and straight, reddish at the base., long bright red legs
- _____ Swan larger than Bewick swan, with longer neck. Yellow and black bill, with the yellow projecting below the nostril.
- Bar-tailed _____ aka Godwin, Sea Woodcock gray/ brown with streaking ,long, straight and slightly upturned bill, orange/brick red on the body feathers
- European _____ aka Green Cormorant Medium sized, mainly all dark seabird. Long body and neck, long narrow hooked bill. Dark webbed feet. Rather short rounded wings
- Great _____ Grebes are the largest species of grebe - long slender neck and long low body. The bill is long and dagger-lime. The feathers prized fashion accessories.
- _____ Small duck with short neck. Males with brown head, striking green patch which extends from the eye towards the back of the neck and is thinly bordered yellow
- _____ aka Mallemuck, meaning foolish gull Straight, stout bill with hooked tip Cannot stand upright,
- _____ aka Bog Bleater, She-goat of the Air, has series of dark brown, pale buff and black stripes and bars on the head and body
- _____ Large duck with striking green head, yellow bill, white ring around the neck, grey underparts, blue speculum, black rump.
- _____ Goose Large goose, with black neck and head, and a broad white cheek-band running from the throat to the rear of the eye. The body is brownish, the breast pale
- _____ Shearwater aka Night Bird Mackerel Cock, Cocklolly, Manx Puffin A black and white seabird, black above and white below. Long narrow wings
- _____ -necked Phalarope upperparts and head are mostly lead grey, white underparts., a white throat patch, red line extending from the throat along the neck to just behind the eye.

WORD BANK: Barnacle, canada, cormorant, crested, curlew, diver, egret, eider, fulmar, godwit, greylag, heron, little, mallard, manx, mute, northern, oystercatche, phalarope, purple, red, redshank, ringed, sandpiper, shag, shelduck, snipe, sooty, storm, teal, tufted, turnstone, whooper.

Michael P. O'Malley

Attorney at Law

Grant & O'Malley Co., L.P.A.
1350 Standard Building
1370 Ontario Street
Cleveland, OH 44113

Office (216) 241-6868
Fax (216) 241-5464
Cell Phone (216) 469-9634



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Join us for the Mayo Society of Greater Cleveland Green & Red Ball

Saturday, September 29, 2018
InterContinental Hotel Cleveland



Honoring Julie Boland
Vice Chair and Central Region Managing Partner
at Ernst & Young LLP

A block of rooms has been reserved at the rate of \$139/night + tax.
Rooms must be reserved by 5pm EST on Thursday, August 30th.
Call (855) 765-8709 to reserve your room under the Mayo Society of Greater Cleveland

Visit www.clevelandmayosociety.org for additional information or contact us:

Mayo Society of Greater Cleveland
P.O. Box 19185
Cleveland, Ohio 44119
216-241-6742
clevelandmayosociety@gmail.com