Welcome to the latest edition of the IACI e-news.

Founded in 1962, the IACI is the leading Irish American cultural organization. The IACI is a federally recognized 501(c)(3) not-for-profit national organization devoted to promoting an intelligent appreciation of Ireland and the role and contributions of the Irish in America.

Guest contributors are always welcome! Please note, the IACI is an apolitical, non-sectarian organization and requests that contributors consider that when submitting articles. The IACI reserves the right to refuse or edit submissions. The views and opinions expressed in this newsletter are solely those of the original authors and other contributors. These views and opinions do not necessarily represent those of the IACI or any/all contributors to this site. Please submit articles for consideration to cbuck@iaci-usa.org.

*To continue reading articles contained in this latest e-news, please scroll through the following pages.*
Irish American Resolutions

By

Raymond D. Aumack

Dierdre O’Rourke is the Associate Director of Security for Garvey Legal Associates. In addition, she is the volunteer Emergency Medical Technician for the Jesuit Urban Mission two nights a week. She was a certified EMT through her Marine Corps training and further certified by the Pennsylvania Department of Health. As a Marine she was highly decorated for her accomplishments as the leader of a crack search and rescue team in Afghanistan. She participated in over fifty search and rescues that included more than twenty experiences of intense combat. Neither she nor her two teammates were ever wounded but they did have to patch up many wounded soldiers in the field and saved many lives. She was awarded the Silver Star by the U.S. Government and the Croix de Guerre by the French Government for a daring and spectacular rescue of a French soldier. Not only did she drag him out of harm’s way, but she had to treat several wounds before returning to the base camp. She also saved the Garvey family twice from potential assassins. Most of her corporate work for Garvey Legal Associates is strictly basic security, but she relentlessly trains her team of six security personnel to cover any eventuality.

After her basic Marine training, Dierdre was assigned to office work. She picked up on the computer programs so rapidly, she caught the attention of the base commanders. They offered her a scholarship to study Computer Science at the University of North Carolina at Wilmington. Part of her curriculum was training in search and rescue procedures if she reupped for another tour of duty. As time went on, she reupped three more times. Her initial responsibility was training other search and rescue teams. She then asked if she could lead her own team and train her teammates. At this point no one was aware of her personal courage. When a squad was trapped in the heat of battle, one of the soldiers, a Frenchmen, on loan to the US Army as part of the NATO force, was severely wounded in an open area. An enemy machine gunner made it his business to make sure that no rescuers would survive.

Dierdre positioned her two teammates behind the enemy bunker and they fired diagonally into the bunker. That distracted and rattled the enemy. Dierdre, having made a study of weaponry knew that the machine gun had a clearance of 14 inches, and she crawled out of the bunker in the face of the withering fire she hoped wouldn’t reach down to her. Crawling, she dragged the wounded soldier about twenty feet back into the bunker. One of her teammates was able to take out the machine gunner. Dierdre was feverishly working to keep the wounded soldier alive. She called for a Medivac helicopter. A Marine jet wiped out the enemy in the bunker.

The Captain in charge of the squad was killed early in the battle, so there was no one to write a report about her courageous rescue. The soldiers talked about it, though, and Dierdre and her team had generated enormous respect.

Up to this point, her teammates, resisted the training that Dierdre was putting them through. That evening they met together at Dierdre’s tent. Her teammates apologized for being such jerks.

“Thank you, apology accepted. All I want to do is teach you everything I know. I can’t tell you that any of us will not be injured. I will never ask you to do anything that I won’t do myself. I am well trained for this and I have good instincts. I do know that the better trained we are, the better chance we’ll have of going home in one piece. By the way you did a great job avoiding notice to get into position.
The diagonal fire was the distraction I needed to get out of the bunker. We’ll work hard. We will eat together, train together, hang out together, and even pray together. I want the three of us to go home hale and hearty with great stories to tell our children.”

She visited her French friend frequently in the base hospital. He was a terrific guy and would recover from his wounds. After he was transferred out to Germany for rehabilitation, they exchanged a couple of letters until a very official communique arrived announcing that the French Government wanted to award the Croix de Guerre for heroism above and beyond the call of duty. Embarrassed, Dierdre went to the Base Commander, with the letter. The Base Commander and the US Secretary of the Navy, received similar letters. They gave Dierdre two week’s leave to go to Paris at the expense of the French Government.

Meanwhile the legend of Dierdre and her team continued to grow. As one soldier stated, “I’ve never seen anything like that except in the movies where no one is really hurt.”

Tommy Farrell was one of the soldiers she rescued. She treated his wounds during an intense firefight and fought off the enemy that was poised to overrun their position, by tricking them into thinking they were a far superior force. Though small in stature she carried Tommy out of danger to a transport point.

She visited Tommy in the base infirmary many times and they fell in love. Tommy served in the Army and Dierdre was a Marine. Both retired at the same time.

Tommy came with Dierdre to Philadelphia when she was hired as a Security Specialist at Garvey Associates. He was treated by psychiatrists at the VA hospital and also did counseling and spiritual direction with Fr. Fred Milos at St. Paul’s Church. After treating PTSD for a year, he was now working for The Jesuit Urban Mission, treating homeless former military and doing job development. At least once a week he stayed overnight at the Mission to work as an EMT volunteer with Dierdre.

Their relationship was solid, but both felt that one of the long pre-Cana encounter conferences would be helpful. When Tommy and his company were trapped in a bunker they were about to be overrun by a larger Afghan force. Dierdre, as the leader of the search and rescue team, quickly developed a plan with her two associates to create a crossfire to stall the attack. Tommy, though wounded, picked up his weapon and mobilized the company to fire directly at the advancing enemy. Dierdre crawled her way to the bunker with the trapped squad. She was a highly decorated military marksman and added devastating fire power. The enemy was bewildered by the three pronged counter attack, and thinking they had walked into a trap, signaled a hasty retreat. Their friendship started to form when she carried Tommy out of danger to the transport zone. As Tommy’s treatment developed, their friendship evolved into love.

“Can we ask Fr. Fred to moderate our pre-Cana? He really helped me a lot when I was recovering from PTSD.”

“Yes, I would like that,” said Dierdre. “I am very comfortable with Fr. Fred.”

Fr. Fred was getting more and more comfortable with the encounter concept. Fr. Kelly was a great resource. “They have the material they want to discuss. Don’t try to blend it all together until the end of their program. Don’t moralize. Except for the opening and closing prayer, they shouldn’t hear your voice unless they get involved in a fistfight. They love each other. Let them teach you as they teach themselves. Plan to give them your time. Once you get into this, two or three-hour sessions will become commonplace. You are giving them communications skills they will use for the rest of their lives.”
Dierdre grew up in Rochester NY. She was the only child of immigrant Irish parents. Her mother died from cancer when she was four year's old. She scarcely remembers her mother, but her father kept their relationship alive. He never remarried but their relationship continued as a vital part of both of their lives.

Dierdre was something of a tomboy. She took care of all the kids in her school who were tormented by bullies. She was athletic in high school and played on the Tennis and Soccer teams. Soccer was a great game for her, and it was the best game to learn teamwork. In her senior year she was the team captain and she intensely trained all of her teammates, with the help of her coach, how to depend on each other. She made sure everyone knew their role on both offense and defense. As a result, this team from a small Catholic parish high school went undefeated and shocked the high school soccer world by winning a divisional NY State championship.

Her father had steady work as a carpenter on a construction crew. In the middle of her senior year there was a terrible scaffolding accident, and her dad was killed along with two other workers.

Though she was destroyed by the death of her father whom she adored, she made all the decisions like the adult she was. Fortunately, money was not an issue. Her father had a good-sized bank account as well as life insurance. There was an eye-popping settlement from the construction company. She lived in her house until she decided what she wanted to do next. An attorney from the parish who had the blessing of the Pastor helped her keep all these things straight. She knew that her friends who were such a terrific support would be moving to college after the summer. Her own college dreams would be postponed even though she had astronomical SAT scores and scholarship interest from several schools. The attorney put most of her money into an investment account. He would sell the house for her because, against the advice of all her advisors, she decided to join the Marines. The money from the house would go into her investment account minus a suitable payment to her attorney. If there was a just settlement from the scaffolding company, she would pay the attorney one-third of the settlement. It was painful to leave Rochester where her life began, where she made friends, enjoyed the respect of the community, and had success in school. These were people who loved her, and she thought of them now. Maybe they would invite her to speak at a graduation. She would get dressed in her Marine blues wearing all of her medals and ribbons. She would talk about the joy of service to the country and the ecstasy of the experience of saving lives.

When the suit was settled from the scaffolding company, it amounted to over a million dollars. Dierdre’s share was $710 thousand. She put the whole thing into her investment account that now was very impressive after ten years of growth.

She opened another investment account in Philadelphia with the bonuses that Dave Garvey paid her. Her salary from Garvey legal was also impressive and most of that was also invested. The pre-Cana would help them both fill in the blanks that neither knew about the other.

The next thing she wanted to do was to cement her relationship with her friends. She would invite them to, Coral Gables, the Garvey country club. She knew they loved her, but she wanted to tell them who it was they loved.

Tommy, soon to be her fiancé, was unaware of many of these aspects of her life. He was well aware of her military accomplishments, even though she never seemed to want to discuss them.

Maeve and Theresa set out to visit client companies around the country. They dragged wheeled suitcases through the airport to board American Airlines for Miami. From Miami, they progress to Naples and then move up the coast to Clearwater. Each city had a company that did business with
Garvey Human Resources and Corporate Relations, Inc. Visiting these companies by appointment guaranteed business throughout the rest of the year. There were fifteen companies throughout the country and their business alone provided enough revenue to support the company throughout the year. Maeve’s brother, Michael, has his own five attorney law firm. Through Maeve, he is the Chief Legal Officer for five companies of the aluminum manufacturing conglomerate.

Maeve and Theresa’s close friend, Maria Costo Dowd, had arranged for them to have dinner with her parents and stay overnight with the family at Miami. Juan Carlos one of Miami’s leading attorneys and Maria’s dad, did business with the cutlery company they would visit the next day. Jose Meideros, president of one of the best of upscale cutlery companies, also manufactured pots and pans, kitchen utensils, dinnerware as well as the stylish but less upscale dinnerware for restaurants. Juan Carlos had already called his client, to gently discuss the coincidence that his dear friends also provided services for his law firm.

The Costo family went out of their way to provide hospitality with a wonderful dinner. Juan Carlos was very interested in the details of the kind of work that Maeve’s company provided. Prominent on their list of troubles an employee could generate was sexual harassment, a particularly important issue because of the cultural differences among Hispanics and the American work environment. Maeve explained that some suit settlements could rise to payments of $100 thousand and more. The problem could be solved by an airtight written contract that each employee must read and sign together with behavioral training programs.

Maeve’s closest friend, Theresa Malone, who the previous month had married Maeve’s oldest brother, John Garvey, was vice president of the human resources division of the company. At dinner she shared the work of her division with Juan Carlos. This included career services, employee assistance programs, evaluations for safety compliance, employee recruitment, outplacement, diversity, and compensation issues. Theresa had undergraduate and master’s degrees in Psychology from Villanova University and a professional diploma in Human Resources Management from the University of Pennsylvania. Juan Carlos was amazed at the obvious professionalism of the two women and enjoyed discussing their business issues.

The evening finished with a discussion of Maeve’s pregnancy, their happy memory of John, Theresa’s husband, and the school experiences of Eva and Louisa. Louisa was a senior in high school and was growing into a beautiful woman. They discussed colleges. Maria was a scholarship student at the University of Miami. However, Louisa was favoring Boston College.

The next morning, Juan Carlos provided them with a car and driver to take them to the company. They would not forget the gracious hospitality of Juan Carlos and Ana Maria and the charm of Eva and Louisa, Maria’s younger sisters. Ana Maria, Juan Carlos’ wife, provided an outstanding dinner and Maria’s younger sisters were absolutely charming. Both Maeve and Theresa felt so much at home that leaving them would be difficult.

Their meeting was a huge success. They were greeted enthusiastically and discussed their business in a conference room with several company executives. They were already familiar with Maeve because they had worked with her before, but they were fascinated with Theresa’s presentation. It was remarkable and even Maeve was impressed with her friend and partner. Theresa deftly responded to the many questions of the executives. The discussion of their work was well received. Maeve called Uber for their trip to the airport. They left the company with the assurance of a continuing business relationship.
A half hour later, they were in Naples, a very different climate from Miami. It was clearly a city of wealthy people. A taxi took them to their hotel where they had lunch and a nap. Later on they would debrief their presentation in Miami, fully aware that the Naples area was culturally different, and they would accordingly adjust their presentation.

Grace O’Malley and Charlie Colombo began the encounter pre-Cana. Each wrote a biography and shared during the discussion. Fr. Kelly led an opening prayer and then disappeared into a far corner of the room. Both shared long letters. Both were true to the process and held nothing back. Grace wrote about her parents and briefly about her mother’s illness about which Charlie was already aware, especially that her father reports that there was no progress in the mental hospital. Her father had returned to their home. Grace had written about his very successful investment business and a rough estimate of their net worth. Grace admitted that she had grown up as a priggish teenager, school cheerleader, and the dangerous track that she was following to be her mother’s daughter.

She was very attractive and dated a lot. It was after a breakup with a boyfriend in her junior year that she began to see the light and change the direction of her life. All he wanted from her was sex. Otherwise the relationship was shallow because both she and her boyfriend were both shallow. When she wouldn’t have sex with him, the relationship ended. The captain of the basketball team was a genuine friend and they hung together and dated without complications. She was his prom date, and they were crowned king and queen of the prom. It was the warm, uncomplicated, romantic, and chaste relationship that they were both fortunate to enjoy. She was liberated from narcissistic rich kids. She and her friend had been part of the youth group at their parish church. This was a group that she previously avoided until her friend Lou invited her to come with him to a meeting. He went on to Stamford University and she had selected Immaculata University in Pennsylvania. Life for both of them had entered a new realm. However, she enthusiastically entered into this new realm. Her mother loved her choice because she thought of it as a Catholic finishing school.

During the first week of orientation, she recognized June Gilliam, a basketball superstar, who was responsible for the defeat of her high school four years in a row.

She was fascinated with June who wasn’t all that tall but graceful and fast, and controlled the ball well. She never remembered her missing a foul shot, in fact she made most of the shots she took from the floor. She was a prolific scorer but involved and beautifully set up her teammates. The five girls on the floor functioned as a unit. Grace didn’t know many Black girls and never thought of Black girls as beautiful, but she knew that June was beautiful. Cheerleaders notice everything.

At a parent’s weekend, she noted that both June’s parents and Maeve’s parents seemed to have no problem with the bi-racial connection. Maeve had a Black boyfriend and June had a White boyfriend. She observed the four families having a wonderful time during the weekend including at the special Parent’s Weekend Banquet. Grace reported in her letter that she felt her hidden bigotry seemingly pouring out of her system, While she didn’t hang out with them, she successfully became friendly with both. She wanted those mysterious qualities that they had.
June was the queen of the campus as the league scoring champion, an Academic All-American in each of her four years, and an Athletic All-American in both her junior and senior years. She was also incredibly smart. She shared a few classes with them and marveled at how stimulating those classes were. She thought Maeve would drive the Moral Theology professor crazy. Her final paper for the class was something to behold. Apparently, she interviewed a number of girls, anonymously, about their relationship with their boyfriends and wrote her paper in defense of the data she collected and her doubt that anything in those relationships was sinful. She cited Thomas Aquinas on the natural law, cited historical practices and the evolution of moral principles. She contrasted the relationships, all of which were different, with the presumption of sin, some of which were described as intrinsically evil. It was at their Phi Beta Kappa celebration that she quietly confessed that she received an “A” for the course and doubted that the professor read her paper. She made copies of the paper for each of the girls she interviewed. She was hoping for comments and further dialogue.

June was the academic leader of their class, Maeve was salutatorian, and Grace was third, only a fraction of a percentage point separating the three. The three of them were inducted into Phi Beta Kappa, the academic honors society. After the awards ceremony, the three of them went out on the town and had a ball. It was then that Grace was aware that somehow, she wanted to be one of them. She really wanted what they had. Eleven years had passed before she reconnected with Maeve for the Jesuit Mission Gala. That brings Charlie up to date.

Charlie was amazed at the confessional tone of the Grace’s letter and loved her for it. It displayed a maturity that he hoped she would have.

Grace had read his letter. Charlie felt a little embarrassed. His life wasn’t nearly as exciting as hers.

Charlie attended St. Joseph’s Prep in Philadelphia. He was an honors student and was described by struggling students as a “brain.”

When something was taught in a classroom that was too obtuse for the average student, Charlie would run a study group in the library for anyone who was interested and explain it to them in a way they could understand. When everyone received high grades in tests, the teachers thought there was some form of cheating going on. That is when they discovered Charlie’s teaching skills. Charlie didn’t finish at the top of his class but less than a percentage point separated the top five. Charlie was third. “I never paid attention to grade point average or class standings. I thoroughly enjoyed what I was learning and what I was doing. I was as popular in school as any athlete. I was on the debating team and in the drama club. I thought that they would help me with my ability to overcome shyness and better express myself. I think it worked but we can discuss that.”

“After a year at Georgetown, I attended the Carnegie Institute at the University of Pittsburgh. Georgetown was much too conservative for me. I dated a lot in high school and college. I was really fortunate that the girls in my life were terrific and I am a much better person because of them. I feel I have a tremendous respect for women and was blessed by the friendships I had with them. I hope they feel the same way. I believe that they do. I had a steady girlfriend in my senior year of college. I thought we were on our way to marriage but when we started getting serious, the differences in our personalities and lives in general became obvious. I grew up in a religious Catholic family. I consider myself religious as well. I am a practicing Catholic, not only by birth but by choice. While I am certainly not a prude she was disturbed that I was holding back having sex. I felt that it was inappropriate at that time in our relationship. I saw too many unhappy breakups when sex was introduced too early in a relationship. She blamed the Church for that and even wanted to know if I was gay. It was clear that we didn’t have the same spiritual values. We had nothing to share on that
It was obvious that we should be going different ways. The breakup was amicable, but we never had the on-going friendship that I had with the other girls and women in my life.

I was thrilled that you invited me to have our first date at Mass. I am thrilled that your friends accepted me. I really like them, and it is obvious that, even as an outsider, they all seem to like me. I work as a Forensic Engineer. I discovered that an engineering diploma is a learner’s permit. My firm is teaching me to be an expert investigator. I like the work and the people I work with. I don’t build bridges, but I figure out why they sometimes collapse. Even more important, I evaluate structures and alert owners on potential defects.

I am very close to my family. That is where I discovered love and now I can share this with you. By the way, they really like you.”

The conversation went on for more than two hours. Charlie wanted to know about Grace’s parents. She described her father as being very analytical. “As an investment manager for several large accounts, he is very committed. As a billionaire, he is relatively low key. He has no hobbies and doesn’t know what to do with himself when he is not investing. Therefore, he is always working. When my mother was well, she helped him generate an active social life, especially with his clients. I know he has investment accounts for me. I don’t know anything about them, though. I am not a trust fund child. I support myself with my salary and do that quite well. I have set up an investment account for myself in addition to my 401K. I have a savings and checking account. I own my home with a manageable mortgage. We’ll fly out there for a weekend so you and he can meet. He doesn’t know about you, yet. I will tell him about you when I speak with him by phone on Thursday. In fact he doesn’t know anything about my life in Philadelphia. We’ll be discussing money in another session.”

“Fr. Kelly, are you still here?”

“Yes, I am making a book full of notes we can discuss at the end of the program if they aren’t answered in other sessions. I am thrilled with this session. You guys are a terrific couple, and I am so pleased I am working with you. You have a great future ahead of you. I am looking forward to next week.”

Dierdre invited her Philadelphia friends to what she called a “hen dinner.” Though she knew she had the love and respect of everyone, she wanted to invite them into the intimacy of her life, especially now that she and Tommy were planning to marry. The object of her plan was to have serious fun and to have serious conversation. She had called John and asked if they could have cocktails and dinner at his club. John immediately approved and put the endeavor in the hands of his Banquet Manager, Peg Boyd, who is also the mother of Susan Boyd Garvey, one of the guests.

The evening of their dinner had arrived, and everyone was having a great time, loosening up with a cocktail or two before dinner. It had been a while since they gathered like this and Grace and Rosellen Dowd had never been to one of their gatherings.

The atmosphere was one of genuine excitement, but the women were also aware that Dierdre had a personal purpose. At the end of the meal, before dessert was served, Dierdre asked for everyone’s attention. Dierdre told them how much she enjoyed their company and their friendship. She felt accepted by them for who she was and not because of her military exploits.

“I know everyone’s story, but no one knows mine and I want to share this with you tonight. Being a decorated soldier is a great façade, but like a professional athlete, the mystery of the person is hidden by the cover.” Dierdre then went on to tell them about her childhood and her military story up to her
relationship with Tommy Farrell. She mentioned that even though she and Tommy were not formally engaged, they had started pre-Cana with Fr. Fred. Tommy has come through his PTSD quite well. “He is doing great at his job with the Jesuit Mission and he rides with me at least once a week in the ambulance. Tommy is also a certified EMT. We have a great relationship. Remember, he came here with me strictly as a friend. But as we have become closer, actually, deeply in love, the questions about sex and intimacy keep coming into my mind. I had boyfriends in high school, but sex never became an issue. I studiously avoided relationships in the military. The Marines discouraged relationships in college because they had just made a major investment in me.”

Maria said that though she couldn’t speak for everyone, she followed Maeve’s example. June and Susan also spoke up about how enriching and liberating their experience was. Maeve explained that it was something she worked on in college although she didn’t have any sexual relationships in college. She felt that it requires good communication and understanding between couples. It probably wouldn’t work for everyone, but it seems to have worked among our group. “Early in our relationship, I asked Patrick to stay over with me. He said that he would take the couch. I spoke with him about the stance I wanted to take. I wanted him to share my bed without having sex. Morality is one issue, but the functional issue is that when sex is introduced into a relationship, the relationship stops growing. In marriage it is different because you have made a lifetime commitment. In my little mind I see sex as an ultimate act of love and you consummate it at a peak point in your relationship, marriage. From there it becomes a loving springboard to a continually growing relationship. Patrick agreed. It worked out well for both of us. We shared a bed whenever we spent the night together.”

“It wasn’t easy,” said Theresa. “We voluntarily waited a year but looking back It was really a valuable decision. We discussed it at length in pre-Cana.”

“Oh! That explains why your pre-Cana took six months,” quipped Maeve. The laughter softened the intensity of the discussion.

“Wow, that is a help to me,” said Rosellen. “We have a long road ahead of us before marriage.”

“That is a help to me as well,” said Grace. “We’ll probably be engaged before our pre-Cana is finished. Charley is coming with me next weekend to meet my father.”

“I enthusiastically agree with Theresa when she said it was a valuable decision,” said Maria. “When I became engaged to Desmond, I truly expected to go with the flow. When Desmond and I talked about it, it was such a liberating experience that was almost as powerful as sex. We lived in his cottage even though I kept my apartment. I really loved our romantic relationship.”

“Wow,” said Dierdre, “That helps a lot.”

“Talk about it in pre-Cana as well. The important person to discuss it with is Tommy, and Rosellen, with your Tom,” remarked Maeve.

“How do you talk about money,” asked Dierdre? “Is that an issue,” asked Maeve?

“Yes, my father had a good bank account, about $40 thousand. I received three big settlements and a house sale that have been earning interest for twelve years, doubling in value every six years. Garvey legal pays well. My attorney in Rochester manages my investment fund, and I have another one in Philadelphia. They total about $4 million.”

“Bring it up gently in pre-Cana,” said Maeve. “My financial situation blew Patrick’s mind. I think it challenged his vision as the struggling breadwinner. Like, Grace, I have a huge trust fund. My brothers do as well. I never touch any of that money and frequently forget it is there. My dad does my taxes, and I am shocked when I come by to sign the return.”
John came in and made his appearance as the owner of the club. There was a little humorous give and take while everyone finished their coffee. As they were getting ready to leave, John pulled Dierdre aside and explained that he was picking up the tab for dinner. He told her that he does that for this group a couple of times a year. “This group is so important in our lives that it is an honor to be able to do that.”

Dierdre was flustered. John relaxed her. He told her how much she had contributed to this group and to the Jesuit Urban Mission just by being part of it. Dierdre finally thanked him with a big hug.

“I’ll pay it forward,” she said.

John Garvey, Grace O’Malley, and Hugh Quinn, who had volunteered to handle the accounting, met together to evaluate where they were in preparations for the Jesuit Mission golf tournament. The club Board of Trustees voted to donate the use of the course with the provision that caddies, and staff receive tips at the usual level. The Philadelphia Phillies, the Flyers hockey team, the Eagles football team and the 76er’s Basketball team, committed $100 thousand to supporting the dinner for the golf tournament. The three Garvey Law firms and Maeve’s consulting firm would be lead sponsors at $100 thousand. Susan Boyd Garvey had volunteered to produce an ad book if a committee could be gathered to solicit companies for ads. Dierdre O’Rourke volunteered to chair that committee and the staff of the Jesuit Mission also volunteered to help. The deadline would be March 10th. Grace will solicit gifts for the auction and actually run it at the dinner. She had a myriad of contacts for auctionable gifts including sports memorabilia. John and Grace emphasized that the target for net profit is a minimum of $750 thousand. John volunteered to recruit hole sponsors. Sponsorships are also available for lunch, golf carts, cocktail hour, auction, and ad book.

“Since we are doing so well, I recommend that we meet every week or ten days. If anything starts going south in the plan, I want to know immediately to see what we can salvage. This is a big undertaking and I want it to be successful for the benefit of the Jesuit Mission and I want to be able to host other charity tournaments. We are creating a plan that can be used again,” said John.

Changes and challenges lie ahead. Dierdre is looking for a way to pay John’s graciousness forward. Grace’s dad is remorseful because he missed her evolving life, though they lived in the same house.
James Joyce’s Unauthorized Biography  
By Leon O’Chruadhlaioch

During World War II when literary Dublin (although “neutral”) was inadvertently bombed at Terenure by the German Luftwaffe from January 2nd, 1941 onwards, but it was the aftermath of the bombing of the North Strand on May 31st, 1941 that just on a hunch the Scholastic Irishman himself (also known as James Joyce) was once reputed and twice disputed to have by chance met Brendan Behan’s ‘Quare Fella early one evening who recalled the chance meeting in a subjective, literal and recountable Gaeltacht grammar:

“Now let me start at the beginning” says James Joyce, “and if I remember correctly, it was in the lowlands at the dance Tarantella, once one late morning in the uplands before the matinee to dance Cinderella, and then again not to mention one high noon-time in the Midlands to glance Barbarella, one full-moon time at midnight in the low highlands to enhance humble Ella, not-with-standing and can-without-walking to rumble and tumble with her slumber fella, a low crescent-moon sign in the high lowlands to perchance dumbbell Stella, to stumble in the cellar with four-legged Bella, all for the chance of the bumbling Barbarella toumble beneath her umbrella, despite humiliating humble Della and then doubting poor pouting Stella, both pole-dancing and prancing, glancing and lancing, romancing and chancing, chanting and shouting, with very little pouting, voraciously mouthing, the two never doubting, charming and disarming, and then without harming, to introduce Mr. Joyce to the fine art of farming. He was charming and bland, now admiring his land, acknowledging the band, met their payment a Rand, always observing the rhyming couplets of the hour-glass sand, then spontaneously out with his hand, and walking the sand on the strand, said rather bland……”

“Pleased to meet you, ‘Quare Fella,” to which the ‘Quare Fella and his accompanying iijits replied “and we are even more pleased to meet you, James Joyce, and Nollaig faoi shean is faoi mhaise duit and Blain Nua mhaith agat!” “And ein gutes, gesundes und gluckliches neues Jahr 1941” the Joyce-voice delineated and then opinionated “to you, to you too, and to you two, too,” as the voice-Joyce continued “and I am the death of endeavor and the birth of disgust, ex cathedra, ex more, ex officio……”

To James Joyce this was a life of great measure, ‘midst the doubloons of treasure, the trysts of buffoons in the mist of their leisure, the girth of this fuss in the graveyards of dust, the contortions of gust, the economy of bust, the insistence of must, the flaking of rust, the misconception of trust, now all temporarily concluded, though somewhat deluded, His early work only grist for the mill, filling the coffin of a document, the scabbard of a bill, the husk of a remittance, the bed-gown of a love letter, suitably placed for the shafts of malice, envy and detraction; the laws of the Universe annulled on behalf of a single petition, He was entered through an double admission, without any review by a treble precondition, was accepted by a quadruple permission, His work to be free of a quintuplet of mission, without the review of a sextuplet condition, to be lauded by an octuplet of acceptable astonishers, He defied a purview by a coup of nine admonishers, his entrance confessedly ten-able and worthy, blessedly wordy, now without going further, like an aftermath of murder, His frail ghost now outlined, remorsefully pined, He was now in a bind, He tried to be kind, His future outlined, as a portent he dined, He never ate rind, His pockets were lined, from his literary grind, but He was deliberately behind, and having been fined, his agent didn’t mind, cumulating in an outward and visible sign, of an inward fear and a prehistoric whine……

Recounting a long-lost tale passed on from a revolutionary Mexican soldier in Ciudad Juarez in 1913, who, along with Bierce, was a soldier in Pancho Villa’s army during a visit to Chihuahua, author Adriana Aguirre-Santos (in an article dated 9/26/2012, later updated in 11/18/2018) identified Ambrose Bierce as having fictional
correspondence with James Joyce in 1902, after the latter’s graduation from University College, Dublin. They had met in a Dublin pub, unknown to each other, in ‘very suitable surroundings’ when Bierce invited Joyce to ‘sit beside me.’

“Now, now, James,” commented the fierce Ambrose Bierce, “you are an enlightened soul who prefers sweet wines to dry, Guinness you’ll buy, prefers bourbon with rye, red wines to try, white wines to fry, but never gets high, drugs He won’t try, analgesics He’ll buy, always lets out a sigh, wears an impeccable tie, a respectable guy, a voice from on high, ever One to pry, never two to lie, oh me and oh my, has a taste for a pie, preferably rye, never asks why, has no conflict to vie, looks up to the sky, his opus is nigh, I’ve seen you laugh and you cry, and I know you rather would die, in the sweet bye and bye, than prefer sentiment to sense, humor to wit, and slang to clean Irish.”

In approximately 1860, a 48 year old Charles Dickens was alleged to have met a youthful 18 year old Ambrose Bierce in an English Tavern, when the (alleged) conversation was overheard, and a later discombobulated version of it was retold to a youthful James Joyce while seated amongst his many admirers.

On this occasion there were the usual assembled swarm of additional iijits and low-heels, craitheurs and imbeciles, movie stars in high heels, oranges in apple peels, church bells in loud peals, parchment pages without seals, perambulators without wheels, the discomfort of automobiles, the trickery of deals, the clicking of heels, the physician who feels, the sailing of keels, the satisfaction of meals, the Christian who kneels, to which Joyce belatedly asked the Court of Appeals, and then summarily squeals “araagh, no, no, what you thought you heard was not what I was meant to hear, what I heard was not what you meant, so what I am going to say next to you is obviously what you don’t want to hear. So don’t take or write it wrong even if I’m going to make a short story long. I’m not going to say what I thought, which is what I wanted you to hear, and as you only heard some of what I already said, and whatever I said I certainly didn’t mean as you obviously didn’t hear what I thought to say but only what you thought I meant, however meaningful you thought you heard me say it, as whatever was in my thoughts was what I wanted to say, and even if I didn’t say it you know what I meant, no matter what I said, whatever I meant, whatever you heard, whatever you thought you heard, or whatever it was that I said.”

To continue, despite the now rapidly confusing auditory clamour, the what-the-dickens-is-going-on rapidly disintegrating situation, Charles Dickens continued to the redoubtable Ambrose Bierce “you should read to working-class audiences like me” says Charles Dickens who related once upon a midnight clear of Christmas when he took Carol caroling at Christmas and then to A Christmas Carol, “as theatre audiences in general, can be quite ephemeral, but they lose nothing, misinterpret everything, follow some things very closely, others very mostly, they will laugh and they will cry, will point up to the sky, and they always animate me to the extent that I felt as if we were all bodily going up into the clouds together..........”

“So then, what the dickens this is all about, is it?” mumbles Bierce to himself, “but you all have to be snappy to have a happy Miss taken, or maybe unhappy to be sadly mistaken, as I’m really Ambrose Gwinnett Bierce for long, and that is the short of it, that is the fun of it, that is the furlong of it, the long of it, the King Kong of it, the Hong Kong of it, the right and the wrong of it, the thong of it, in the throng of it, the ding-dong of it, the Freddie Fong of it, the billy-bong of it, the all-night long of it, and in musical terms, the immeasurable and un-mutable song of it..................”

Once again, we return to James Joyce and the ‘Quare Fella, both of them now spouting forth uncontrollable Irish verbal ventriloquy like an upended foaming bottle of Guinness stout:
“Well, La Feile Padraig faoi mhaise agai! Anyway,” replies the ‘Quare Fella himself amidst the queer fellers, dear fellers, tree fellers, dungeon dwellers, beer cellars, fear tellers, gear quellers, jeer yellers, tear wellers, Lear sellers, all to and fro amidst themselves, “and I’m really indebted to Brendan Behan for short, and that is the abort of it, that is the retort of it, the resort of it, the years for the tort of it, but I’ll not tolerate a single, or silly, or wild hill-billy Seer in the report of it; a shingle or chilly, or tame bill-hilly steer in the sherry and port of it; or in the Dingle a willy-nilly beer-cultured sort of it, or a jingle in Chile to hear in the retort of it; or a tingle eating chili in the support of it, or when it’s chilly in Chile then they eat chili which is in the resort of it………..”

Now not taken aback, or turning His back, but “sharp as a tack” as a shark on attack, the J.A.A. Joyce in His G.A.A. voice to the ‘Quare Fella asks “cur non mitto meos tibi, Leon O’Chruadhlaioich, libelllos ? Ne mihi tu mittas, tuos! Et versus scribere posse te disertos affirmas, laberi quid ergo non vis?” “That’s it, the very thing” replies the ‘Quare Fella, his finality blending, his socks he was mending, his aching back bending, his money was lending, his final sentence was pending, his story he was rending, his love-letters sending, his cattle was tending, his machines he was vending, and while his crooked path home he was wending, once again in His G.A.A. voice, the J.A.A. Joyce added “and one more thing” added the politically meddling, athletically medaling, bicycle pedaling, household goods peddling, Scholastic Irishman, now raising his voice on the 16th of June, 1904, with a more thunderous boon, on that wonderful, fateful fading noon, he lowered the boom, flouted and shouted “and you can tell Mr. Bloom in the doom and the gloom of this rainy afternoon, in auld Ireland’s doubting Dublin, that his hundreth Bloom’s Day Bloomsday anniversary, and nice niece Annie’s equerry, from Galway’s University refectory, is listed in the Rathgar directory, in all it’s perfectory, situated next to the Rectory, is this year, being a nineteen, two noughts and a four, and there’s a little something I want you to do for me to celebrate this auspicious occasion…………..”

“What is that, O literary Christ?” asks the ‘Quare Fella. “Write this down, now,” continues the Joyce-Voice, “and get it translated from the Ogham, but be careful, don’t let happen to you all like what happened to that yank Joseph Smith fella in 1844 in New York, now y’hear, and write it, sight it, flight it, and site it in the light for me.” (Ogham is an ancient Irish script of which the letters are represented by groups of parallel lines that meet or cross at a straight base line. It is believed to have originated in Ireland as a secret script about around c.3 A.D.) Despite the seductions of his instructions, the Scholastic Irishman was even more adamant than Adam Ant about getting it right…………..“No, no, what you thought you heard was not what I said, what I said was not what I meant, what I meant to say you obviously didn’t hear. So don’t take or write it wrong even if I’m going to make a short story long, or don’t make it or cite it abort, even if I am going to make a long story short, I didn’t say what I thought, which is what I wanted you to hear, and as you only heard what I said, whatever I said I certainly didn’t mean as you obviously didn’t hear what I thought to say but only what you thought I meant, however meaningful you thought you heard me say it, as whatever was in my thoughts was what I wanted to say, and even if I didn’t say it you know what I meant, no matter what I said, whatever I meant, whatever you heard, whatever you thought you heard, or whatever it was that I said.,” concluded the Voice-Joyce.

Well now, all this did was leave the ‘Quare Fella in a state apoplectic, without a directive, he started salivating subjective, started speaking dyslectic, without an elective, his answer retrospective, from the communal directive, became very selective, took advice from a detective, nevertheless took a view most objective, while the Joyce-Voice pre-ambled and gambled with words most eclectic, and adjusting His sinews, and rising from the church pews, and reading the paper-news, whilst serving the homeless their rations of meat-stews, becoming a thespian with actor cues, in a line-full of people-queues, the Scholastic Irishman continued by reciting a well-known lyricist and acquaintance who rambled on and tumbled over, anticipated and related how “many years ago in a previous lifetime I married a widow out of love who had an 18-year-old daughter. After the wedding, my father, a widower, came to visit a number of times, and he fell in love with my step-daughter. My father eventually married her without my authorization. As a result, my step-daughter legally became my
step-mother and my father became my son-in-law. My father’s new wife (also my step-daughter) and my step-
mother, gave birth to a son who is my grandchild because I am the husband of my step-daughter’s mother. This
boy is also my brother, as he is the son of my father. As you can see, my wife became a grand-mother, because
she is the mother of my father’s wife. Therefore it appears that I am also my wife’s grandchild. A short time
after these events, my wife gave birth to a son, who became my father’s brother-in-law, the step-son of my
father’s wife, and my uncle. My son is also my step-mother’s brother, and through my step-mother, my wife has
become a grand-mother and I have become my own grand-father. So can you tell me if my son, who is also my
uncle, my father’s son-in-law, and my step-mother’s brother, is eligible to fulfill the requirements for receiving
my literary royalties and all the benefits contained therein?”

Now for the second time, the ‘Quare Fella would beckon a mime, would reckon sublime, would spin-on-a-dime,
drink a vodka and lime, would strike the bell nine, for sanity he would pine, ate grapes on the vine, bottled the
wine, and with Jerry Hargett and his ‘Quare shista would dine, the weather was fine, hung the washing on the
line, remembered his boyhood sailing on the Rhine, his manhood wassailing to Newcastle-on-Tyne, then
returned hailing via Newcastle-under-Lyme, and spent the rest of the day singing and winging, an auld Irish
version of the quaint ‘Auld Lang Syne.’ He was now all alone, had to acknowledge the un-known, knowing that
the answer cannot be known, by Dollar or Krone, he decided to leave well alone, didn’t gnaw this one to the
bone, and then knowingly acquiesced in a veritable drone “you didn’t say anything that I heard, I didn’t hear
anything you said, and that will settle it, like a bell will metal it, you can sell your kettle bit, put you on your
mettle kit, search around in your cell for it, shakedown our Nell for it, even tattle-tittle a tall tale for it, and if
you find yourself at the Opera, you can even ask Jonathan Pell about it..........

This left the ghostly Joyce-Voice adjusting His sinews and adjunctively continuing, before quietly getting in and
jetting off on, petting on and jet-set scoffing in, going on and chess-set scoffing in, and then spatied off and on about
when the *Praecepta de Medicina* was written (second century), if Q. Severus Sammonicus was ever us, a
Onus on us, where clonus was in muscle, He would phone us in the midst of a tussle, describe every prostitute’s
bustle, and every-time James Joyce (l’agent provocateur) would catch us out, He’d give us a clout, right in the
mouth, like a boxing match bout, it would end in a rout, He was an educated lout, at horse races a tout, we had
money ‘nowt, it was no use to pout, it was a clean rout, so we all headed South, until we found out, that he had
retired acrimoniously and been rehired ceremoniously with the most debilitating case of incurable gout ! He
was abstemious in pubs, abstentious from churches, arsenious to His enemies, Arsenal to Wenger, caesium with
Robert Wilhelm Bunsen, facetious with His friends and inexplicably tenacious when trying to get His bowels in
anatomical order and His vowels in alphabetical order. But the beta-blocker vegetarian, the soccer-playing
Eskanderian, was holy alphabetic but never wholly diabetic, was holaphabetic but never peripatetic, would
suddenly run on us and pun on us, pulled a spelling-gun on us, mulled a yelling bee on us, really pulled a fast-
one on us, sent a pangram by telegram, a gangplank by Pan Am, an anagram by hologram, He tipped Anglican
clergy in a tippet, tipped Newcastle coal from a tipple, tipped with a tippy-toed tippler in a tavern, tip-toed up
to a tipsy tipster in Malvern, led a tirade at a tip-top parade, tipped off the tip-off time at a basketball charade,
and stereotyped a typical typographer to type *how eight piqued gymnasts can level six jumping razorback frogs*
! And all this was just after He met on us, set on us, wet on us, pet on us, bet on us, let on us, debt on us, fret
on us, net on us, then Tet on us with His tetanus; and then expose on, and suppose on, an alpha-betting
abecedarian, which was *His onus His Opus* :

*A Bold Cavalier Did Everything For Greater Happiness In Jovial Kind, Letting Many New Officers Perform Quite
Ridiculous Stunts To Utilize Very Worldly eXercises of Youthful Zen.*

It was flotsam and jetsam, Rodgers and Hammerstein, biceps and triceps, port and starboard, Bert and Ernie,
tweeter and woofer, Gilbert and Sullivan, rack and ruin, Statler and Waldorf, warp and weft, stalactite and
stalagmite, Scylla and Charybdis, x & y, Siskel and Ebert, curds and whey, pitch and yaw, rack and pinion, Penn
and Teller, and not a single detention but an honorable mention, to stand at attention without apprehension, to attend the ascension of St. Jeremy Jenson, no room for abstention, no tomb for descent-tion, no groom for comprehension, no broom for retention, no doom for prevention, no gloom for convention, a bloom gentian for presentation, a Bloom for dissention, a loom for extension, a boon for intention, a moon for dimension, high noon for contention, meet you soon at the convention, sing loony tunes without intervention, fling sea-flying loons with ostentation, leave Harry Coombs without a pension, Harvard lampoon without tension, croon without pretension, and then they lowered the boom with the utmost inattention, the gut-most incomprehension, the lamp post indention, the pot-roast distention, without any apprehension and left the Joyce-Voice in an orderly State (without-a-mention), impaled on a stanchion of a bridge most suspension, and in a most disorderly state of complete hypertension………………

Now respectfully with condescension and reflectively without pretension, the Great Man Himself with great circumvention then muttered “for I am fe mhoid bheith saor, and I’m writing to you that toinn do rainig chugainn, and speaking on behalf of Myself and My family, Ireland for me is sean tir ar sinsir feasta.” And with the young May moon beaming bright, the ecclesiastic, enthusiastic, fantastic, gymnastic, bombastic, ecstatic, problematic, climatic, climactic, sarcastic, prismatic, and Scholastic Irishman pedaled madly through the old day’s night, gladly into the new day soon-becoming bright, sadly down over the hill and towards the light, badly spinning farther away forwards, and grinning further away backwards, and mellow-yellow yelling with expectorant spelling “and may you live as long as you want and never want as long as you live, dance as if no one was watching, sing as if no one was listening, dream like you were going to live forever, and live as though you would die today”........ (Voice trails off into the distance).......and with that, the break-away voice, the break-of-day Joyce, the male-faced strider in a condescending voice, muttered kindly after the pale-faced horse-less rider clattering blindly alongside the mail-paced rider-less horse nattering kindly “and may the best day of your past be the worst day of your future.”

Well that was it ! Was ein Mann, what a Man, Amen and Amein. Mennen, kannst du nich aber glauben ? And with that He was gone, the Cosmos devoid, an un-interrupted stream of sub-conscious literary prose, an un-interrupted dream of unconscious poetic literature, the un-interrupted cream of undisturbed latte linguistics, an un-dislodged beam of supra-conscious lightning, to consciously glean a publishing dream, to conspicuously team with a homecoming queen, to consecutively beam at words in a seam, to be confusingly seen as a prolific teen, (where has He been) ? Was it from the alphabet Devanagari to Du Maurier’s Svengali, was He sitting between a Diva and a Dewan on a divan, a dialogue dyslectic with diaphoretic selective, a passionate diapason, a Sonata passionata, no Elliott wasteland but a Helliot waist-band for this Voice, this Joyce, now time to Re-Joyce, the Rolls Royce of literature, the High King of prefecture, the Master of the non-understandable lecture, who was as undiagnosable as Hannibal Lecter, a ghostly apparition, now full of contrition, in a decaying position, words would penetrate your brain like nuclear fission, a Man on a Mission, no time for attrition, in a deplorable condition, had next-century vision, yet who never measured His life in coffee cups and underwear, but pleasured His wife with toffee-ups and tupperware !

“Mens sana in corpore sano !” Said the Priest in the confessional, the nuns in the processional, the Joyce-life life now recessional, and this story now seasonal, reasonable and completely ceasessional.

James Joyce was born in Dublin, Ireland in February of 1882. He was the oldest of ten surviving children born to parents John Stanislaus Joyce and Mary Jane Murray. .The young boy’s education began at Clongowes Wood College in 1888. He was faced to leave in 1892 when his father was no longer able to afford the tuition. It is known that one of Joyce’s earliest pieces was written in 1891, in reaction to the death of Charles Stewart Parnell. He studied at home for a time before enrolling in the Belvedere College. Three years later he was studying English, French and Italian at University College Dublin. He graduated in 1902 and went to Paris to
study medicine. This professional choice did not last long and he returned to England claiming ill-health. In 1904 Joyce tried for the first time to have *A Portrait of the Artist* published. It was later rewritten at *A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man*. In Dublin he met and began a relationship with Nora Barnacle, a chambermaid from County Galway. The two moved to Zürich, Switzerland and then Trieste, Italy in the latter part of 1904. In 1909 Joyce returned to Dublin as it was his intention to have his collection of stories, *Dubliners*, published. The work was not published until 1914. Joyce moved to Zürich at the start of the first World War. It was his goal, after moving yet again to Paris, to finish his great novel *Ulysses*. Upon the Nazi occupation of France Joyce moved to Zürich again. *Ulysses* was finally finished in October of 1921 and published by Shakespeare and Company in 1922. In 1941, after undergoing surgery for a perforated duodenal ulcer, Joyce fell into a coma. He woke once two days later to ask for his wife, before dying fifteen minutes later. He was fifty-eight years old. After his funeral he was buried in Fluntern Cemetery in Zürich.
On This Day in Irish History - January

1st 1801 - Legislative Union of the Ireland and Great Britain in the United Kingdom.
1926 - Irish Free State broadcasting service 2RN is opened.
1957 - Two IRA men are killed in an attack on an RUC base in Brookeborough.
1973 - Ireland joins the EEC along with Denmark and Britain.
1974 - First day in office for the Northern Ireland Executive.
1990 - The Northern Ireland Fair Employment Act becomes law.

2nd 1922 - Anti-Treaty Republicans publish the newspaper Poblacht na hÉireann.
1941 - Three Carlow women are killed in a bombing raid.

3rd 1935 - Anglo-Irish Coal-Cattle pact signed.

4th 1906 - Irish Parliamentary Party MP William O’Brien calls on nationalists to extract maximum concessions for Ireland from each British government.
1969 - Loyalists attack civil rights demonstrators in Derry.

5th 1907 - Ireland’s first motor show opens in Dublin.
1911 - Protestant church leaders condemn the Catholic ne Temere decree.
1922 - De Valera offers to resign after the terms of the Anglo-Irish Treaty are published.

6th 1955 - National Farmers' Assocation is formed.
1961 - Seán Mac Eoin leaves Ireland to serve as General Commanding Officer of the United Nations.
1991 - Irish EC Presidency launched.

7th 1922 - The Dáil Éireann votes narrowly to accept the Anglo-Irish Treaty.

8th 1902 - The Great National Convention takes place in Dublin.
1952 - Peig Sayers travels to Dublin for the first time at age 81.
1979 - Betelgeuse tanker disaster.

9th 1967 - Demonstrations by the National Farmers' Association block the roads.

10th 1922 - Arthur Griffith is elected President of the Provisional Government. De Valera and supporters walk out of the Dáil Éireann.
1952 - An Aer Lingus plane crashes in Wales with the loss of twenty lives.
1970 - Huge anti-Apartheid demonstrations in Ireland as Ireland plays South Africa at rugby.

11th 1954 - The Irish Council of the European Union is formed in Dublin.
1970 - Sinn Féin splits into Official and Provisional wings.

13th 1847 - Irish Confedation established.
1923 - The residence of President W.T. Cosgrave is set on fire.
14th 1965 - The Taoiseach Seán Lemass arrives in Belfast for a historic meeting with its Prime Minister Terence O'Neill.

16th 1881 - Lowest temperature ever recorded in Ireland (-19.1C, at Markree, County Sligo).
1900 - Three lion cubs raised by an Irish red setter go on show at Dublin zoo.
1960 - A 103-year old shipping service between Cork and Glasgow comes to an end.

17th 1914 - Sir Edward Carson inspects a parade of the East Belfast Regiment of the UVF.

18th 1953 - Sinn Féin decides to contest all twelve constituencies in Northern Ireland.
1978 - Britain is found guilty in the European Court of Human Rights of inhuman and degrading treatment of internees in Northern Ireland.

20th 1992 - Peter Brooke offers to resign as Secretary of State for Northern Ireland after singing on *The Late Late Show* only hours after an IRA bombing.

21st 1919 - First meeting of the Dáil Éireann at the Mansion House in Dublin, where an independent Irish Republic is declared. The Anglo-Irish War begins with the shooting of two policeman in Tipperary.
1946 - Work starts on a comprehensive English-Irish dictionary.

22nd 1923 - Irish becomes a subject for examination in the Civil Service.
1972 - Jack Lynch and Patrick Hillery sign the Treaty of Accession to the European Communities.

24th 1957 - Sir Alfred Chester Beatty becomes the first honorary Irish citizen.

26th 1907 - The performance of *The Playboy of the Western World* in Dublin triggers a week of rioting.
1944 - W. T. Cosgrave resigns as leader of Fine Gael.
1996 - 'The Mitchell principles' are proposed as conditions for talks in Northern Ireland.

27th 1995 - First formal discussions between the Taoiseach John Bruton and Gerry Adams.

29th 1887 - Pro-Unionist newspaper *The Union* founded in Dublin.
1932 - Ten years of Cumann na nGaedhael rule come to an end.

30th 1913 - House of Lords rejects the Home Rule Bill.
1972 - Bloody Sunday - 13 demonstrators killed by British paratroopers in Northern Ireland.
1992 - Charles Haughey resigns as Taoiseach and leader of Fianna Fáil.

31st 1984 - Teenager Ann Lovett dies after giving birth in a religious grotto.
THE O's AND MAC's WERE THERE

The latest of four ships (a torpedo boat and three destroyers) to be named after the O'Brien brothers of Revolutionary War days, the USS O'Brien recalls the first naval battle of the Revolutionary War. Fought off Machias, Maine, on June 12, 1775, the battle launched Jeremiah O'Brien and his five brothers into history.

The news of the battles at Lexington and Concord excited the people of Machias. Meeting at Burnham's Tavern, some of the more fiery citizens voted to erect a liberty pole as a symbol of their support for the rebels.

BALLYCONNELL TIDY TOWNS AWARD

By becoming Ireland's tidiest town this year, Ballyconnell, Co. Cavan, has enabled the county to equal the record of five successes in the Bord Fáilte competition previously established by Co. Donegal. Ballyconnell, population 523, which was joint runner-up last year, received 140 marks out of a possible 150. The only other successful entrant which can boast this achievement in the 13-year history of the event is Malin, Co. Donegal, winner of the 1970 title.

Mr. Haughey's scheme for turning Ireland into an artist's paradise appears to be gathering momentum. 327 people have now applied for exemption from income tax under the Act. The revenue commissioners have made a decision on 249 of the applicants, only a few of them in the negative. Thirty-two people are still under consideration, and another 46 have been told that they did not supply sufficient information for any decision to be made.

Among the exotics who have been attracted to Ireland by the scheme are Alun Owen and Wolf Mankowitz, the playwrights, and Gore Vidal, the American novelist.

A little later, two merchant ships, the Unity and the Polly, arrived in port accompanied by the British naval vessel Margareta — to take lumber to Boston for the building of a British barracks. The townspeople were hostile and the Margareta moved in to cover the town with the guns.

It is said that Benjamin Foster, a veteran of the French and Indian wars, proposed to capture the British officers on Sunday, June 11, as they were attending church services. The officers escaped to their ship, however. That night sniping from the shore harassed the Margareta.

On the next morning 40 rebels commandeered the Unity, elected Jeremiah O'Brien captain, and armed with axes, pitchforks, and a few muskets bore down on the Margareta. The Margareta was outfitted with 14 swivel guns and four three-pounders.

Sailing the Unity right at the Margareta, Jeremiah O'Brien tore the latter's mainsail. After using their small supply of powder and shot, the rebels jumped aboard the Margareta swinging their axes and thrusting with their pitchforks. Captain Moore (!) of the Margareta had been fatally wounded in the earlier firing and his dispirited crew quickly surrendered to their wild attackers.

The victors sent a report of their battle to the Massachusetts Provincial Congress. They renamed the Unity the Machias Liberty and began preying upon British shipping.

In Machias today historical markers recall the bravery of Foster and the O'Brien brothers while the USS O'Brien perpetuates the memory of those O's who fought with so many Mac's to win a country where freedom might flourish.
DÚCAS

Published for

The 1 to 5 Vanguard

of the

IRISH AMERICAN

CULTURAL INSTITUTE

683 Osceola Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 55105
Subscriptions $10.00 a year

DÚCAS explores the cultural heritage of Americans of Irish ancestry that, cherishing what is good in their birthright, they may learn to cultivate it for the benefit of generations unborn.

Under the editorial supervision of Edin McKieman, Ph. D., Litt. D.

*copyright

THE SPITTING IMAGE

Dúchas is what it is all about. Dúchas is it. What’s bred in the bone will out. You can’t make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear. A swan’s egg never hatched a cuckoo. Dúchas is what it’s all about.

No language contains a richer, more charged term than that simple Irish word — Dúchas. It is untranslatable because English culture doesn’t emphasize tradition, heritage, and breeding in all their indefinable complexity so much as does the old Gaelic culture that shaped so many Americans into the people they are today.

Dúchas is what it’s all about! What are we but what we have received from generous parents and grandparents? Each year that we live teaches us more of their greatness.

One of the most interesting facts of human life is the repetition of physical features from generation to generation. Resemblances are so striking that we say that the younger is the “head cut off” the older.

But if mere physical qualities can persist from generation to generation, what of the spiritual, emotional, or moral qualities that fix a person’s character? Isn’t it at least as likely that they are passed on too? Yes, in more than looks we are the “spitting image.”

Pay an installment on what you owe your people for what they gave you in courage, idealism and integrity.

Join the 1 to 5 Vanguard by sending this month’s contribution (totally tax-deductible) of $1.00 to $5.00 to the Irish American Cultural Institute. You will be honoring your people by helping the next generation.

As others did for you, do you for them. No other organization has done so much for Irish culture as the IACI — television programs, publishing, art exhibitions, literary awards, summer school and scholarship programs, membership charter flights.

Be part of the great venture. Join the unique 1 to 5 Vanguard by sending your contribution now. Who is so unfeeling that he cannot do this little for his people? Dúchas will tell! Dúchas shows through the eyes of a cat.

IRISH LONGEVITY

Dr. Albert E. Casey of the Memorial Institute of Pathology at the University of Alabama is investigating the reasons that the people of Slieve Luachra (Cork-Kerry border) live longer than average lives.

“The men average out at 77, nine years longer than their counterparts in Birmingham, Alabama,” Dr. Casey said. “On the other hand, men from the area who emigrated to the U.S. work out at 68, just as their American counterparts.”

Dr. Casey hopes to have the final results in about 12 months. He has about $240,000 worth of equipment employed in Ireland in his research effort and a similar amount in Alabama. He has been researching this area for 30 years.

SPEECH THERAPISTS NEEDED

Figures compiled by the Father O’Flynn Society show that there are about 15,000 people in Ireland who suffer from speech defects. The chief aim of the Society is the provision of a free advisory service to all those who need help and have difficulty in paying for it.

The Society had already impressed the urgency of the situation on the Department of Health, which started an advertising campaign to try to recruit more speech therapists. The difficulty is that there are no facilities in Ireland for the training of speech therapists; girls interested in this career have to go to England or America for training.

The shortage of speech therapists has become so acute that the National Rehabilitation Board proposes to set up Ireland’s first school for training speech therapists.

The school, which would be in Dublin, would initially accept 50 applicants for enrollment for a two-year course.

A survey by the Department of Health shows that three in every ten elementary school children suffer from speech defects and that about half of them would benefit from therapy.

DUTCH TREAT

Holland is Ireland’s fastest-growing tourist market. This year, approximately 13,000 Dutch tourists will have visited Ireland, spending about $780,000. In 1964, by comparison, only 3,000 Dutch visitors came to Ireland.

Bob Klein, a Dutchman and Aer Lingus manager in Amsterdam, says: “Our basic task is selling airline seats, but in Holland we have the extra problem of telling people about Ireland.”

He believes that a great help in this will be a new film of Ireland, made last May by Dutch television. It contains one scene — a man drinking from the waters of Lough Corrib — which, he says, the Dutch, who have a severe pollution problem, will find especially striking.

PEARSE’S QUESTIONS

Ireland has a history: why should it be suppressed? Ireland has a language: why should it be destroyed? Ireland has a nationality, written even on her physical outlines by the hand of Providence: why close our eyes to the fact?

(Questions asked by Patrick Pearse in an editorial in An Claidheamh Solais (The Sword of Light), July 24, 1909.)

IRISH PAPERBACKS

KNOW YOUR HERITAGE

Stand and Give Challenge $1.50
Beautiful novel of 18 century Ireland.
By F. McManus

Holy War in Belfast $1.95
History of the current conflict.
By Andrew Boyd

Irish Family Names Map $1.50
Colorful map showing arms and locations of the principal families

Irish Saints $2.95
Brief lives for every day in the year.
By Eoin Neeson

Literary History of Ireland $3.75
From the earliest times.
By Patrick Power

Add 10¢ postage for each book

IRISH BOOKS AND MEDIA

683 Osceola Avenue
St. Paul, Minn. 55105
(612) 647-5678

NOT ANCESTOR WORSHIP BUT FILIAL GRATITUDE
IN THE O'DOWDA COUNTRY

THE GAIETY CENTENARY

By November, Dublin's Gaiety Theatre will have "lived" 100 years during which time it has become an institution. And its heart still pulses strongly.

Though it was a rushed job — a hasty 28 weeks from the laying of the foundation stone to its emergence as a theatre — the craftsmen did their work well for opening night: November 27, 1871.

"Gaiety" was an appropriate name for the theatre in Dublin's South King Street, for that opening night's performance was Oliver Goldsmith's classic comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer" followed by the burlesque, "La Belle Sauvage."

First night reaction, we are told, was immediately favorable and the owners were given a curtain call "amidst the vociferous plaudits of a great house..."

Pantomime arrived as the Gaiety reached its third year with the staging of "Turko the Terrible," by Edwina Hamilton, and the popular "Cinderella" made her debut in 1875. In between times there were opera performances.

A new and little known company, the Irish Literary Theatre, presented three plays in February, 1900. These were Irish plays and that week marked the first tentative step towards the setting up of the Abbey Theatre. And it was also the beginning of a new interest in the work of Irish playwrights at the Gaiety.

In the 30s, with the arrival of Louis Elliman as managing director, who adopted new policies, came, too, the partnership of Jimmy O'Dea and Harry O'Donovan and "Biddy Mulligan" was born.

The war put a brake on visiting companies, but Anew MacMaster helped to compensate. And, unforgettably, Hilton Edwards and Michael Mac Liammóir.

Maureen Potter — now inseparably linked with the Gaiety — came to the limelight to share top billing with the later Jimmy O'Dea in the early 50s. The Gaiety lost his "Biddy Mulligan" in 1965 and that same year the theatre faced an uncertain future when Louis Elliman also died.

But the Gaiety was saved when taken over by a subsidiary of Eamonn Andrews Studios Ltd. And the audiences kept flocking in. A little biggest audience was earlier this year when some 400,000,000 people saw the Eurovision Song Contest.

To commemorate the centenary, the Gaiety has produced a brochure with forewords by the leading names in the Irish theatre — Maureen Potter, Cyril Cusack, Milo O'Shea and Michael Mac Liammóir.

One night in the year 1670 a very old man was resting in an inn in the small village of Dunfan in County Sligo. A Cromwellian buck began to pester a young girl of the house. The old man asked him to behave himself, whereupon the Cromwellian ran him through with his sword.

Thus perished Dugald Mac Fhirsib, the greatest Irish scholar of his day, and the last of a race of hereditary chroniclers and professors whose work has left us in their debt to this very day. The manner of his death was in itself a measure of the disaster that had overtaken the Gaels of Ireland in the 17th century.

The Mac Fhirsibes were traditional ollaws to the O'Dowds, chief of Tir Fiachrach in North Sligo. At the inauguration of the chief, it was the duty of Mac Fhirsib to proclaim him, and to touch him with his wand of office. Gilla Íosa Mór Mac Fhirsib compiled the Book of Lecan in the 15th century, and it was he who said of this family that they wrote books of history, annals, poetry, and kept a school of history. Other members of the family renowned in scholarship were Fibrisigh Mac Fhirsibh, senchaidh maith, that is "a good historian," who died in 1379, Donnehadh, who died in 1376, Gilla Íosa who died in 1379.

During the years of the Confederation of Kilkenny he taught in the famous school kept by the Lynchs of Galway. In 1643 he compiled for John Lynch "three fragments of the annals of Ireland," from a book belonging to Nemhías Mac Egan of Ormond, and in 1650 in "the College of St. Nicholas in Galway" he completed his greatest work, the Book of Genealogies, the largest of all collections of Irish pedigrees.

The collapse of the Confederation put an end to the school at Galway, and Mac Fhirsib was later to find employment with one of the conquering races, with Sir James Ware, who was interested in Irish antiquities. Ware had no knowledge of the Irish language, and depended on such native scholars as Mac Fhirsib to interpret the old books for him. But Ware had not the decency to acknowledge his help.

Mac Fhirsib was one of the last of the traditional scholars who could understand the ancient Irish language, even the language of the laws, for which he compiled a glossary. Thady O'Roddy, writing about 1700 said that he had several volumes "that none in the world can now peruse, though within 20 years there lived three or four that could read and understand them all." Most likely, one of those O'Roddy had in mind was Roderic O'Flaherty, the author of "Ogygia," and of a description of Iarchonnacht. O'Flaherty had studied under Mac Fhirsib in Galway.

You can read about Dugal Mac Fhirsib, and about other great men of his clan in a little book which has been published recently. It is entitled "Stories from O'Dowda's Country."

The author, Gertrude O'Reilly, who is a member of the North Mayo Historical Society, was formerly a reporter with the Irish Press and she is certainly not allowing her hand to lose its skill. The publication of this book will serve as an introduction to a history seminar to be held in Inniscrone at the beginning of October. A number of distinguished scholars have been invited to lecture during the seminar on local history, among them being Professor Tomás O'Maille of University College, Galway, Fr. Tomás O'Fiaich, professor of history at Maynooth, Fr. Cathalus Giblin, O.F.M., and Fr. Padraig O'Flannachta.

Brendan O'Dowda, the singer, will unveil a plaque to Dugal Mac Fhirsib, and who more fitting, for a singer is in his own right a chronicler, for he sings the songs of his native land. Mr. O'Dowda has also generously consented to give a concert on the occasion. I hope to receive an invitation to that concert.

(Reprinted from the Irish Press.)

Briséann an dúcás tre šulíb an cait WHAT IS BRED IN THE BONE WILL OUT
The Chief Justice, Mr. Cearbhall Ó Dáilagh, who was giving the last in the current series of La Fosse Lectures on "Ireland Today" at Our Lady's School, Templeogue road, Dublin, called for an "urgent reappraisal" of our provision for Irish studies and teaching in our universities. At present they were "sadly inadequate," he said.

"A lawyer," he said, according to a supplied script, "finds no difficulty in proclaiming the right of two or more cultures to subsist and flourish within a single national territory. On the contrary, for a lawyer the denial of such right would offend against the modern concept of personal freedom."

Later, in what he described as "the real point" of his talk, the Chief Justice referred specifically to the position of Irish studies today.

"What scholars put in books is not enough," he said. "Scholars must teach; and the fact that the millennial language has not yet put down deep cultural roots is in large part due to the absence in the universities today of widely-based, well-staffed, sufficiently-endowed departments of Irish studies.

"Irish institutions of higher education should be pre-eminent in the field of Irish studies. This is the contribution Ireland specifically owes to the commonwealth of learning. The universities have a special obligation to strengthen and expand Irish studies. The teacher, the university lecturer, the research worker, all come from the university; unless their training is founded in strong Irish departments, school, university and research institutes will suffer."

"Those last words are transcribed from the Report of the Commission of Higher Education issued in 1967. I helped to write those words then. The position has not substantially altered since. I may therefore reasonably call attention to them again."

"If I have allowed myself to speak exclusively of the literature and civilisation of the older culture it is not (as I hope I made clear in what I said at the beginning) because of any lack of appreciation of the importance, value and relevance for Ireland of the other arts or of the incomparable achievements of Anglo-Ireland.

"It is solely because it is my opinion that it is here that the necessity arises for an urgent reappraisal, so that we may understand how sadly inadequate what is now in hand is, in terms of standards, scope, width and depth of studies in universities and schools to ensure the living continuity of the older culture. An gad is giorra dón scórghaidh."