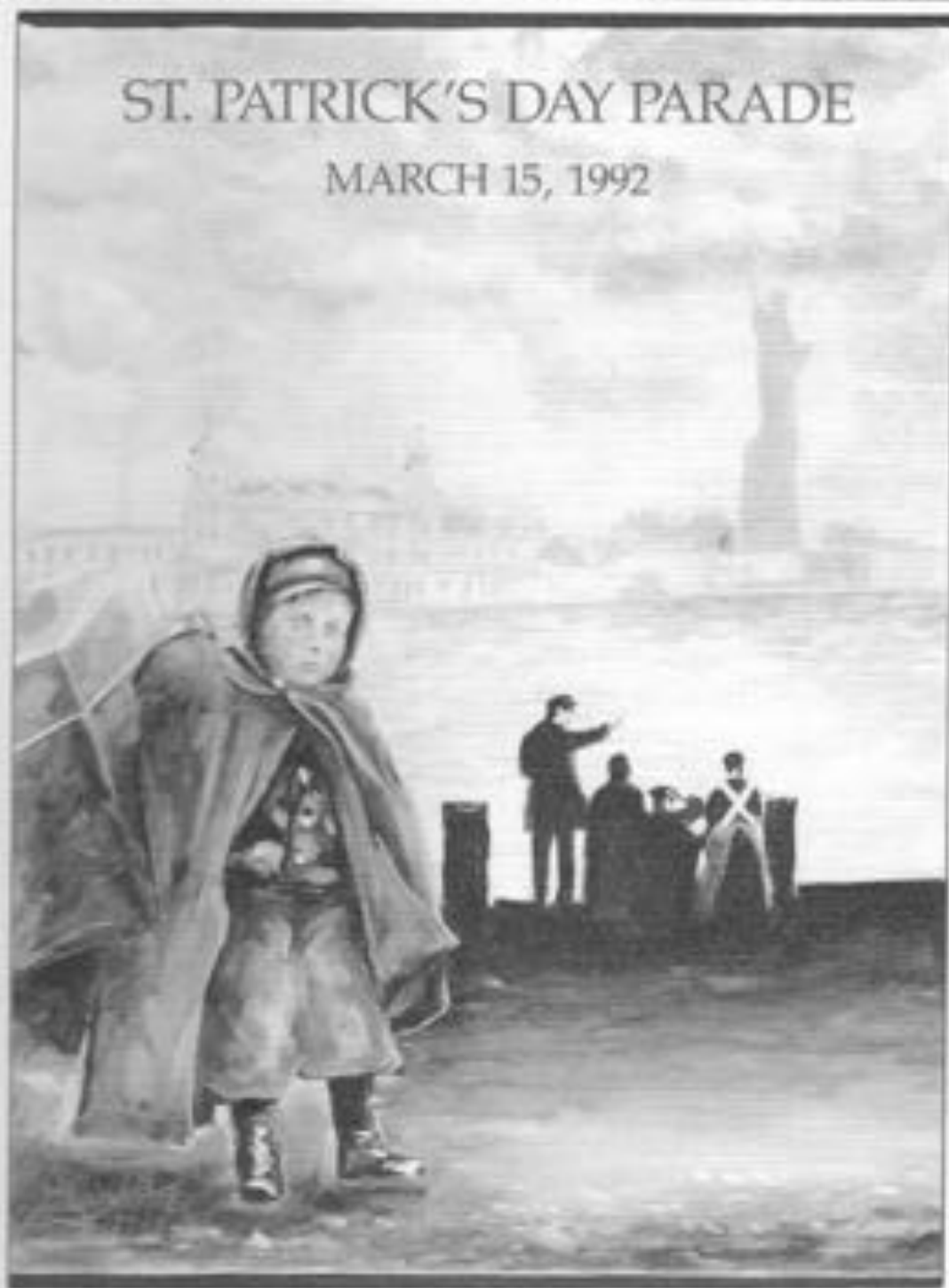


ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE

MARCH 15, 1992



CONGRATULATIONS

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# St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee of Washington, D.C.

2532 Lindley Terrace, Rockville, Maryland 20850 (301) 424-2200

Chairman  
MATTHEW J. HANSON

March 15, 1992

Dear Friends,

"Irish Immigration to the United States is the theme of the 1992 St. Patrick's Day Parade. The Washington, D.C. St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee is proud to honor the thousands of Irish immigrants who came to the United States during the past two centuries seeking a better life for themselves and their families. These brave and hardworking men and women played a vital role in developing and sustaining their new country. The Parade Committee also welcomes the hundreds of Irish immigrants who have settled in the Washington, D.C. area during recent years, bringing renewed life and vigor to the Irish community in the Nation's Capital.

The Parade Committee honors as its 1992 Grand Marshal, John J. Barry, a distinguished Irish American leader of organized labor. Mr. Barry currently serves as International President of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, the largest electrical workers' union in the world. The Parade Committee also honors as its Gael of the Year, Congressman Bruce Morrison in recognition of his outstanding efforts in helping to secure passage of landmark legislation, the Immigration Reform Act of 1990, which opened the doors once again for Irish immigration to the United States.

The Irish American Club joins the 1992 St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee in thanking the National Capital Park Service, and all the businesses, organizations, and individuals who made the 1992 St. Patrick's Day Parade possible.  
*Cead míle fáilte. Cead míle buiochas.*

May the blessings of St. Patrick be yours.

Matthew J. Hanson  
Chairman  
St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee

NOTE: The views expressed by our advertisers and writers are not necessarily the views of the sponsors of the St. Patrick's Day Parade.



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*MARCH 1992 DESIGNATED BY PUBLIC LAW AS  
"IRISH-AMERICAN HERITAGE MONTH"*

Whereas the President of the United States for the first time designated March 1991 as "Irish-American Heritage Month";

Whereas for the first time the Governors of 28 states also designated March 1991 as "Irish-American Heritage Month";

Whereas the Mayors of Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Savannah and Washington, D.C., designated March 1991 as "Irish-American Heritage Month";

Whereas 200 years ago the Irish-born James Hoban designed the White House and later assisted in the building of the United States Capitol;

Whereas 130 years ago Irish-born troops fought valiantly on the fields now known as "Bloody Lane" at Antietam;

Whereas on March 17, 1991, St. Patrick's Day, 220 community parades honored the patron saint of Ireland;

Whereas the Irish and Irish descendants have contributed greatly to the enrichment of all aspects of life in the United States, including military and governmental service, science, education, art, agriculture, business, industry, and athletics; and

Whereas more than 40,000,000 individuals in the United States claim Irish ancestry: Now, therefore, be it

*Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That March 1992 is designated as "Irish-American Heritage Month", and the President of the United States of America is authorized to issue a proclamation calling upon the people of the United States to observe the month with appropriate programs and activities.*



## MARY KATHLEEN HANAGAN

Kathi was our friend . . . She enthusiastically embraced the world with a smile on her face and a twinkle in her eye . . . Kathi prided herself on being a product of the potato and lasagna famines . . . She thought Irish mist was simply a liquor until she experienced the original while travelling in Ireland with the Washington, D.C. St. Patrick's Parade Committee to march in Dublin's millennium St. Patrick's Day Parade . . . Kathi was vibrant, she was gracious, she was unassuming, she was kind . . . She made each of us feel special . . . Kathi never tried to impress people with her fine intellect or any other attribute except wit. But, anyone with such an extensive repertoire of lousy jokes had to have a terrific memory and a very active mind . . . As special assistant to the deputy assistant secretary for Passport Service, Kathi facilitated the issuance of diplomatic and official passports; she flourished when resolving thorny individual and diplomatic passport crises. Not a person who requested Kathi's assistance in untangling a bureaucratic passport dilemma missed his flight.

We cherished Kathi for her faith, her courage, her innocent whimsy, and her commitment to the needs of others — the same spirit which propelled her life, and sustained her through her illness. Kathi was not afraid to live, and she was not afraid to die.

Kathi celebrated her final public festivity on March 17, donned in a top hat, leading the 1991 Washington, D.C. St. Patrick's Day Parade down Constitution Avenue, waving and cheering to the crowd, and later socializing at Kelly's Irish Times.

Kathi's legacy to us, bestowed upon her by her grandmother, is "Make Memories."

Until we meet again, Kathi, may God hold you in the palm of His hand.

Congratulations to the  
**St. Patrick's Day Parade  
Committee**

and

Best Wishes to our Friends

**John Barry**  
Grand Marshal  
and

**Bruce A. Morrison**  
1992 Gael of the Year



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General President

# A Salute To Grand Marshal John J. Barry

The Grand Marshal of the 1992 St. Patrick's Day Parade, John J. Barry, is President of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (I.B.E.W.), the largest electrical workers' union in the world. Mr. Barry has held that office since August 25, 1986. John Barry was elected to this distinguished office after rising steadily through the ranks of the I.B.E.W.

He began working in the electrical construction industry as an apprentice, Local Union 43, in June 1942. He attained the status of Journeyman, Foreman, and General Foreman while working for various contractors in central New York, Pittsburgh, Albany, and Baltimore. In 1962, he held his first elective office, that of Business Manager of Local Union 43. He administered the affairs of that Local Union as Business Manager until June 1968, when he was elected as an I.B.E.W. International Representative. In that capacity, John Barry represented local unions in New York and New Jersey in all areas of collective bargaining between 1968 and 1976. In April 1976, he was elected as International Vice President of the I.B.E.W., where he served until his election in August 1986 to International President.

Along the way to becoming President of the I.B.E.W., John Barry also held many other distinguished appointments, including President of LeMoyne College Council of Industrial Relations, a member of the Mayor's Crime

Commission in New York City, and a member of the Advisory Board of Public Works for the State of New York, to which he was appointed by the Governor of New York. His list of awards is long and impressive and includes an award as Man of the Year by the Cardinal's Committee on the Laity for the Archdiocese of New York, an award by the Irish American Labor Coalition, and the Gompers-Murray-Meany Award (in recognition of his many services performed on behalf of the working men and women of the United States). He has also volunteered his time to more than 40 public and private organizations, helping workers of all types, including the handicapped, senior citizens, and women.

Mr. Barry was born in Syracuse, New York, to Joseph Barry, an electrical worker, and Mary Brody. He received an Honorable Discharge after serving in the U.S. Navy in the Asiatic-Pacific Theatre of Operations. He and his wife, Kitty, are the parents of four children, Marie Murphy, Commander John M. Barry, Eileen Russell, and Vincent Barry. John and Kitty Barry live in Chevy Chase, Maryland.

The St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee salutes this outstanding Irish American and is proud to honor him as the Grand Marshal of the 1992 Washington, D.C. St. Patrick's Day Parade.



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# Meet Gael of the Year

## Congressman Bruce Morrison

### A Champion of Irish Immigration to the United States

by Patricia James

Last October, thousands of Irish immigrants applied for "Morrison" visas. In the course of American history, so many thousands of immigrants from Ireland have taken up residence in America that this event should not seem remarkable, and yet it was. The immigration policy of the United States since 1965 was an insult to every Irish American because the law virtually shut out the flow of Irish immigration. Immigration to America had become de facto "No Irish Need Apply."

In May 1987, a new organization was formed with the sole purpose of changing the law. This group, the Irish Immigration Reform Movement (IIRM), became the leading grass roots lobbying organization for immigration reform. During the 100th Congress (1987-88), the IIRM was not successful in reforming the law, but did secure an extension of the Donnelly visa program, allowing thousands of Irish immigrants to obtain the coveted "green card." During the 101st Congress, the Irish got lucky—Congressman Bruce Morrison of Connecticut became the new Chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Immigration.

Bruce Morrison is an ingenious politician who first came to Congress from Connecticut's Third District in 1983. Prior to his election, Congressman Morrison had served as Executive Director of the New Haven Legal Assistance Association. A graduate of Yale Law School, he used his legal skills to good advantage in Congress. He developed extensive experience in immigration and naturalization law, banking and financial regulation, and housing and community development. Morrison soon became known as one of the most liberal Democrats on economic issues. As the chief architect of legislation prohibiting corporations from voiding union contracts, Morrison became a special favorite of the unions. His emphasis on housing programs and the needs of the elderly served to ensure his continued return to his Congressional seat.

Bruce Morrison served on the Judiciary Subcommittee on Immigration for 6 years before becoming its Chairman in 1989. The previous year and a half had seen the IIRM grow increasingly sophisticated in the campaign to "legalize the Irish." Beginning in 1989, they joined forces with Congressman Morrison and the Immigration Subcommittee staff to formulate strategy and develop a new legislative initiative to enact immigration reform. In March of 1989, Congressman Morrison introduced H.R. 4300, the legislation which ultimately became the Immigration Act of 1990. But before that was to happen, there



was an 18-month battle for the Act's passage. During those 18 months, the Irish American community was galvanized as it had not been for a long time. The IIRM launched lobbying and media campaigns which resulted in hundreds of persons visiting Congressional offices and 40,000 postcards being sent to President Bush and House Speaker Tom Foley. The media campaign received coverage in *Time*, *Newsweek*, the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Washington Post*, the *Atlanta Constitution*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and dozens of other newspapers, as well as coverage on all of the national television news networks.

Not only did Bruce Morrison author the Immigration Act of 1990, but he played a vital role in pushing the bill through Congress. Several times passage was almost lost. Each time this happened, Bruce Morrison was right there to keep the bill alive. Finally, in October 1990, the Immigration Act of 1990 passed successfully through both houses of Congress. It was signed into law by President Bush on November 29, 1990. The Act is the most comprehensive revision of U.S. immigration law in the history of the United States and makes it possible, once again, for thousands of Irish immigrants to become American citizens.

Those who worked for immigration reform have succeeded in giving hope, dignity and civil rights to thousands of Irish people. Bruce Morrison led the way for this reform. For that leadership, the Irish American community in Washington, D.C., and Irish Americans across the country, pay special tribute to him and his family on this St. Patrick's Day of 1992.

(Patricia James is the Washington correspondent for the Irish Echo newspaper and served as Regional Director for the Irish Immigration Reform Movement.)

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AND CONGRATULATIONS ON THE

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## Brendan Sheridan — Cover Artist

By Mary Anne Gibbons

Once again this year, the St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee is delighted to recognize and thank Brendan Sheridan, a local musician, artist and writer, for designing the cover of the St. Patrick's Day Parade Magazine. Most Irish music enthusiasts know Brendan as that talented elf who holds up the middle section of the Irish Breakdown, the popular house band at Murphy's of Alexandria for the past eight years. Brendan is the founder of the Irish Breakdown and has been its leader over the years.

With his lively cohorts, Brad Hayford and David Teeple, Brendan has performed for the past decade in most of the Irish pubs in the D.C. area. Brendan's tenure as a local musician extends even longer. In fact, the Irish Breakdown in one form or another is now the longest running act in town. The Irish Breakdown has created nine albums to date, including their most recent release "Sea Shanty", and are about to release their next album. Brendan's stained glass and other works of art also decorate many of the local Irish pubs.

Brendan Sheridan was born in Oldcastle, County Meath, in the Republic of Ireland. He has had a longtime interest in music and drawing and performed in Ireland before making the United States his home. After moving to the United States in 1971, Brendan worked as a graphic artist in the Garment District in New York. His U.S. singing career started at John Barleycorn, an Irish

pub on Second Avenue in New York. Brendan then moved on to perform in Boston, and eventually landed in D.C. Brendan states quickly that Washington, D.C. is his favorite place to perform, because the pub crowds are so warm, enthusiastic and appreciative of Irish music. Brendan is particularly delighted to see the influx of new Irish immigrants in this area in recent years and hopes that they will help to rejuvenate the local "Irish scene."

Brendan's wife, Sally Truitt, is also an artist, creating jewelry and playing bluegrass. Brendan's other family in the U.S. include a son, Rory, age 10, and a daughter, Maeve, age 13. Brendan would like to return home to Ireland this summer to visit his relatives there. Meanwhile, among Brendan's many dreams is a desire to organize an Irish Cultural Society to share Irish music, dance and art.

The St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee honored Brendan by selecting him as Gael of the Year in 1987. The Parade Committee again extends heartfelt best wishes and thanks to Brendan Sheridan for his continued willingness to share his many talents with the local Irish community and his many fans. We especially thank Brendan for another beautiful Parade Magazine cover.

Mary Anne Gibbons is a member of the St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee and the editorial staff of the Parade Magazine.



Brendan met with House Speaker Thomas P. "Tip" O'Neill prior to painting his portrait for 1986 cover of Parade Magazine. Shown left to right: John O'Beirne, Brendan, Speaker O'Neill, and Matt Hannon.

# The History of Irish Immigration to the United States

by Dr. Ronald Wells

Dr. Wells is a professor of History at Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Michigan. He has authored several books and articles on Ireland and Irish migration to America. His most recent effort is *Under Migration to America: Letters From Three Irish Families* (New York: Peter Lang, 1991).

Irish immigration came in two waves. The first, mostly during the 18th and early 19th centuries, was overwhelmingly Protestant. They are known as Scots-Irish, but the inserted reference to a Scottish background has less to do with nationality than religion: "Scots-Irish" should be understood as Protestant Irish. Many of them were from Dissenter (Presbyterian) backgrounds; their ancestors had emigrated from Scotland to Ireland in the previous century to escape religious oppression. The descendants, finding themselves under similar disabilities because of the ascendancy of the Church of Ireland (Anglican), continued the quest for a place to practice their religion freely by migrating to the United States. These Protestant Irish seldom remained in the eastern cities of America; they typically moved to farm areas along the then-western edge of the frontier. They usually had some capital or brought farm implements with them, and they were able to establish communities in what is today western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, western Maryland and Virginia, eastern Tennessee and Kentucky, and western North Carolina. They played an important part in the American Revolution, not only because they occupied the sensitive frontier settlements, but also because they hoped that the Revolution would result in the disestablishment of the Church of England in several colonies.

If the Protestant Irish migration was a wave, the Roman Catholic Irish migration was a tidal wave, and it reached truly gigantic proportions during the middle third of the 19th century. Because their Protestant countrymen were called "Scots-Irish" in America, the Roman Catholics were known simply as "the Irish"—a linkage that acquired tragic dimensions, prefiguring a later development in Irish consciousness in which to be Catholic was to be Irish, but to be Protestant was to be British. The Protestants, mostly in the north of Ireland, chose to migrate to America because they wanted to live in an environment that afforded greater economic and religious freedom. The Catholics had no such luxury of choice. They did not choose America as such; migration was not an option freely exercised—it was the last resort in the efforts of a people to survive. Mostly from the south of Ireland, and especially from the still undeveloped southwest, the Catholics had been driven to the wall, partly because of overpopulation, but mostly because of an exploitative land policy carried out in the name of absentee English landlords. Their impoverished diet had been reduced to a literal dependence on the potato. The blight on the potato crop during the 1840's

and 1850's caused a famine, which left only two choices open to many Catholics—migration or starvation. For those who were still able to eke out a living at home, the political climate was also blighted by the demise of the democratic movement led by the powerful but nonviolent Daniel O'Connell, and by his death in 1847.

The transit to, and initial reception in, North America was a continuation of the tragic history of the Irish emigrants. Possessing very little money, they typically booked their passage on the ships charging the lowest fares, so they had to content themselves with appalling conditions aboard ship. Emigrant ships usually took both saloon (first-class) passengers and steerage (ordinary) passengers. The conditions in the steerage of emigrant ships varied enormously. Many of the Irish who came during the flood tide of migration endured the worst of these conditions. The crowding and the lack of privacy or washing facilities on some ships were rivaled only in the infamous "middle passage" which slaves had endured when they were being transported from Africa. As for food, the slaves may well have fared better in some instances, if for no more noble reason than the economic advantage of bringing healthy slaves to New Orleans or Charleston. The ship owners who brought the Irish to Boston, New York, or Quebec had no such incentive: the passage had been paid in advance. Deaths aboard ship were common, and if a contagious disease broke out, the death toll often rose to one-half of the approximately 400 passengers, as was reported in several instances.

Those who survived the journey and arrived in good health faced immediate problems of finding a means of livelihood. Some were fortunate enough to have relatives in North America, who may well have paid the passage for the emigrant. But in most cases, even if a relative was there to receive them, there was often little extra room or food for the new arrivals. Many Irishmen could not afford the passage all the way to the United States, even if that is where they wanted to go. Thousands used all their money to book passages as far as St. John's, Newfoundland, Halifax, Nova Scotia; or St. John, New Brunswick. In some cases they remained in their new homes, but many of them eventually continued their journey to the United States. The most popular Canadian destination for the poor emigrants was Quebec, simply because it was the furthest point in North America to which their money could take them. Few remained in Quebec or Montreal, despite Catholic predominance there; this was perhaps due both to linguistic difficulties and an aversion to settle in any domain still under British rule.

Unlike the Protestant Irish of the earlier migration, the Catholics brought little money with them, which is understandable enough given the circumstances of their migration; but this simple fact had a great deal to do with their pattern of settlement and their adjustment to and



acculturation in the United States. Despite Horace Greeley's injunction to go west, few young Irishmen did. Although land on the frontier was either cheap or free, one needed a certain amount of money to finance both the trip west and the beginnings of a settlement. Another deterrent to going west was the fluidity of the ecclesiastical situation on the frontier. The harsh truth is that the perception of Christianity by the Catholic Irish was severely circumscribed by their clergy, who, perhaps with good intentions, herded their followers together into parishes in the eastern cities. Preying upon the simplicity and ignorance of the common people, the priests often created the "state of siege" mentality within which the Irish were content to live in their miserable ghetto communities. The young, intent on trying their luck on the frontier, were dissuaded from doing so by the priest, who portrayed the horrors of being cut off from the church, which alone was the guardian of the means of grace. Many people did go west, of course, and they were soon followed, or preceded, by a dedicated and courageous clergy; but most Irish migrants stayed in or near the city in which they first landed. Their descendants often remained also, thus accounting for the large Irish proportion of the population in such cities as Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

Because conditions in Ireland were so desperate, the highest priority for the newly arrived immigrant was usually saving enough money to pay for the passage of the next member or members of the family. The conditions at home required the dismembering of families and may well have contributed to the development of clanishness in Irish families in America; once together again, they would abide no more separations. A young man might have been selected to go first; he would hope to find a well-paying job while he kept his personal expenses low by taking his meals and a room with a cousin who had gone to Boston the year before. In the course of time the family could hope for prepaid tickets to America. Young girls often went alone to work as servants, but few of them entertained hopes of earning enough money to bring anyone else. Their main reason for going may have been that once gone they would no longer be a drain on the already overburdened resources of the family. In the middle 19th century the common assumption was that nearly every Catholic family in Ireland had a member in America. Whether or not that was statistically accurate, it suggests the fundamental wrenching of the Irish family because of emigration. To be Irish was to know the pain of being separated from loved ones, not always by choice, but often of necessity. The heartbreak of enforced estrangement was part of Irish life, both in Ireland and America; this was doubly poignant for a people predisposed to melancholy and sentiment. The Irish-American folk song "The Leaving of Liverpool" suggests the feeling. It begins with hope and self-confidence:

Fare thee well, my own true love,  
When I return, united we will be,  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,

But my darling when I think of thee.

But the last verse recognizes that in all probability this is not farewell but goodbye:

The sun is on the harbour, love,  
And I wish I could remain,  
But I know it will be a long, long time  
Before I see you again.

The economic conditions that the Irish found in America were scarcely more promising than those they had left in Ireland. Economically viewed, the Irish were a "surplus labor pool" that enabled industry in New England to go through the initial stages of economic growth. For industry to grow at this stage, profits had to be plowed back into capital expansion. Profits, of course, can be attained by several means, including charging high prices for the products manufactured or paying low wages to the workers in the industry. In the initial stages of growth, New England industrialists, especially in textiles, were reluctant to raise prices unduly because this would have eroded their competitive advantage in the domestic American market in relation to English goods. However, the other option for maximizing profits could be employed because of the overabundance of unskilled Irish labor in eastern New England. In the days before the successful organization of labor unions, the surplus labor pool was tapped very cunningly by the manufacturers, and the profits rolled in.

The industrial exploitation of the Irish paralleled the plantation exploitation of the slaves. Both in providing a commodity for foreign exchange and in providing a raw material for domestic manufacturing, the "cotton kingdom," built on slavery, was the vital first step in the great economic growth of the United States. The second step in economic growth came in the Northeast. The unskilled workers, a majority of whom were Irish, were caught in an economic system that stopped short of slavery but left the Irish workers nonetheless in a vicious circle of poverty and dependence. Indeed, despite the "monstrous injustice" of the institution of slavery, the slave may have been better off in terms of daily subsistence. He seldom wanted for food and shelter, and his relatively good treatment was a necessity for his master, if for no other reason than to protect his investment (the value of prime field-hands rose threefold between 1830 and 1860). The personal welfare of the industrial worker was not the responsibility of his employer, and if one fell by the wayside, there was another to take his place.

The social climate that greeted the Irish in the United States was nearly as harsh as the economic conditions they encountered. Despite the fact that the Irish were welcomed as cheap labor by the employers, other segments of the "native" population, especially in New England, were opposed to Irish immigration. The economic threat of surplus labor gave tangible shape to the wild stories and fears that excited the Protestant population. Ethno-religious discrimination was so blatant in New England that job advertisements would frequently

say, "No Irish Need Apply"; such discrimination was practiced openly until well into the 20th century. The presence of large numbers of Catholics in America was a threat to the belief held by many Americans, particularly in New England, that the United States was a Protestant country. This country, the belief assumed, was "the world's last best hope," and one needed to pledge 100 percent allegiance to it in order to be a full citizen. This immediately excluded all "Romanists" because of their subservience to the pope of Rome, who was the head of a foreign state. Protestant critics were fond of quoting Jesus' words, "You cannot serve two masters." The anti-Catholic sentiment found its most pointed political expression in the "Know-Nothing" party in the northeastern states during the time of heaviest Irish migration. This sentiment drove the Irish into the willing arms of the Democrats, who later would build their majority in many states on the basis of immigrant support. Until very recently, in most of New England the almost irrevocable rule of politics allied the Protestants and Republicans against the Catholics and Democrats. As late as 1928, the Democratic nominee for President, Alfred E. Smith, was opposed by Herbert C. Hoover, who ran victoriously, at least in part, on a sentiment that would unite Protestant America in opposition to a "Catholic in the White House."

In the decades following the Civil War, and especially in the 20th century, the descendants of Irish immigrants grew in political strength and sophistication. Long before "Black Power" was suggested by militant blacks, "Irish Power" was being practiced successfully in many cities by leaders such as John "Honey-Fitz" Fitzgerald, the grandfather of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. As Irish political strength grew, politicians became more sensitive to Irishmen's needs. Not only did the Irish demand domestic redress of grievance, they also demanded that the United States do something either to help Ireland gain its

independence from Britain, or to persuade Britain to act more beneficently toward Ireland—especially toward its Catholic population. In several foreign policy questions the United States appeared to reflect the anti-British Fenian attitude of Irish nationalists who had become expatriates in the United States. During the Civil War, when a group of Fenians invaded Canada in a vain attempt to link once again the slaves with the Irish in a common desire for emancipation, the general attitude of "twisting the British lion's tail" almost caused open hostilities.

Given the large number of Americans of Irish descent and their political acumen, as well as their belief that Ireland's tragic history has been largely a story of British Protestant exploitation, it is understandable that Irish-Americans have remained concerned and involved in the problems of Ireland. First it was independence, and more recently it has been the unification of the dismembered state. Those who migrated lost none of the dimension of feeling for the exploitation of the Irish. Because of their unhappy history in Ireland under British rule and their scarcely less unhappy history in America, Irish-Americans tend to link Protestantism with exploitation, both in Ireland and the United States. Now that Irish-Americans as a group have overcome through political power their economic and social disabilities in America, and in view of the independence of the Republic of Ireland, their most poignant concern is for the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland, who allegedly remain second-class citizens. The Irish-Americans who speak out against British policy in Ulster do not view themselves as foreign nationals interfering in the domestic affairs of a friendly state, but as participants in the final phase of the struggle of Celtic, Roman Catholic peoples to free themselves, at long last, from the domination of Anglo-Saxon, Protestant peoples.

Dennis Lucey

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We salute Grand Marshal John Barry, an outstanding labor leader and a wonderful human being, and Bruce A. Morrison, Gael of the Year.

The General Executive Board  
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Congratulate the  
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on its  
21st St. Patrick's Day Parade



"The New Teamsters Union is proud to partake in the 21st St. Patrick's Day Parade in Washington, D.C. honoring Irish Immigration to America. May the road rise up to meet you all and may the sun always be at your back. Erin Go Bragh."

--Ron Carey

General President  
International Brotherhood of Teamsters

# We Were Simply Swamped By the Human Tide

By Richard Joseph Barry

Lured by encouraging news received from immigrants in the New World, over 873,000 Irish arrived between 1860 and 1880, and a million more would follow during the next 20 years. Most weathered the Atlantic crossing in steerage—inferior, often wretched accommodations reserved for the lowest-paying passengers. For \$50, no small sum for an impoverished immigrant, passengers were crammed into a cargo ship with as many as 900 others, allotted only as much space as their bodies took up, their possessions tightly rolled up by their sides. Worse, filth and human excrement were everywhere. Cholera and other fatal illnesses, often brought on board by diseased immigrants, stalked the ship like a stowaway.

Stephen deVere, a wealthy Irishman so curious about steerage conditions that he decided to experience them first-hand, and set down his impressions:

"Before the emigrant has been a wreck at sea he is an altered man. How can it be otherwise? Hundreds of poor people, men, women, and children, of all ages, from the driveling idiot of ninety to the babe just born, huddled together without light, without air, wallowing in filth, and breathing a fetid atmosphere, sick in body, dispirited in heart, the fevered patient lying . . . in sleeping places so narrow as almost to deny them the power of indulging, by a change of position, the natural restlessness of their diseases; by the agonized raving disturbing those around, and predisposing them through the effects of the imagination, to imbibe the contagion; living without food or medicine . . . dying without the voice of spiritual consolation, and burying in the deep without the rites of the church."

Governor's Island was the first choice for the immigration center, but the War Department refused to give up any part of it. Public outcry over dumping "Europe's garbage" on Bedloe's Island at the foot of the Statue of Liberty (inaugurated October 28, 1886) was so great that tiny Ellis Island was finally selected even though the surrounding waters were too shallow to dock boats of any draft there.

In 1892, the year Ellis Island opened as an immigration station, nearly half a million people passed through the Port of New York. Fifteen years later, the number jumped to more than a million a year. In 1907, on one record day, 11,747 immigrants were processed through Ellis Island. "We were simply swamped by that human tide," said an interpreter on the inspection line.

On New Year's Day of 1892, 15-year-old Annie Moore from County Cork, Ireland, became the first immigrant to enter the Ellis Island station. New York State Immigration Commissioner John B. Wicker presented young Annie with a \$10 gold piece which she quickly palmed, wide-eyed and full of wonder.

"When I first arrived in this country I was filled with so

many hopes, dreams, and fears. One of the greatest fears was of a place known as Ellis Island, but called by us the 'Island of Tears.'

"In Ireland I had heard of this place to be inspected and maybe, it was said, sent home if you did not pass. 'Sent home to what? To where?' I worried. I tried to convince myself that America would never send me home once I had reached her doors.

"I will never forget the joy I felt when I saw the tall buildings of New York and the Statue of Liberty after so many dark days on board that crowded ship. There was the symbol of all my dreams—freedom to start out in a new life. Then came Ellis Island.

"When I landed the noise and commotion were unbelievable. There were so many languages being spoken. The shouting and pushing guards calling out the big numbers on the tags attached to our coats created more noise and confusion. Surely, I felt, the noise surrounding the Tower of Babel could not have been worse.

"We were told 'Keep moving' and 'hurry up' as my group was pushed along one of the dozens of metal railings that divided the room into several passageways. Immigrants walked along these passageways until they reached the first medical inspector who looked at face, hair, neck, and hands. Immigration officers asked, 'What is your age?' 'What work do you do?'

"I walked on to where a doctor inspected me for diseases. Again I moved to another doctor, the 'eye man' about whom I had heard so many terrible rumors. I passed inspection but the man in front was marked with an 'E' in chalk on his coat and sent to another area. I had heard that an 'E' meant deportation.

"Often at the rate of one person every 2 minutes, those deemed to be of sound mind and body would step up to a desk for their final examination. What is your name? 'Did a newcomer tell the inspector that the name written on the ship's manifest lying in front of him was missing half of its syllables? (Probably not.) Who paid for your passage? I did! How much money do you have? Twenty-five dollars! Do you have a job in America? (Another tricky question. The correct answer was no. Contract laborers were excluded, but so too was anyone likely to become a 'public charge.') More questions kept coming. Are you a polygamist, anarchist? Not! Never! Not me!

"The list of categories for exclusion grew longer every year, mushrooming to include lunatics; idiots; tuberculosis; taves, a scalp fungus; and trachoma, an eye disease that often resulted in blindness. By 1917, barriers had been put up against 33 classes of people, including alcoholics, prostitutes, pimps, and the illiterate.

"For a long time I sat on a bench in the main part of the great hall waiting for the final test. I talked with those around me and rehearsed the answers to questions I might be asked. Some said it was best to answer as fully

as possible; while others said it was best to say just 'Yes' or 'No.'

"Finally, I went before a stern looking official who checked my name against the ship's passenger list and quickly fired questions to me: 'Can you read and write?' 'Do you have a job waiting for you?' 'Who paid your passage?' 'Have you ever been in prison?' 'How much money do you have?' 'Let me see it now.' On and on went the questions until I got more and more confused.

"Suddenly, I was handed a landing card, and the ordeal was over in an afternoon. My fears were unfounded, the statue in the harbor had not turned her back on me. America was accepting me."

Ellis Island is a place of names. Here millions of immigrants called out theirs for the first time—proud names, long names, names that would twist the tongue—before they stepped ashore onto America's soil. To most, Ellis Island was an Isle of Hope, a brief stopping point on the way to a better life. To an unfortunate few, it became an Isle of Tears, a place of detention and possible rejection. Ellis Island, and its names, reflect its story.

Restoration of Ellis Island's main building was the most extensive of any single building in the United States. Often compared to the refurbishment of Versailles in France, the project took 8 years to complete at a cost of

\$156 million. Opened September 10, 1990, the Ellis Island Immigration Museum is New York City's fourth largest and receives 2 million visitors annually—twice as many as entered here in 1907, Ellis Island's peak immigration year. The Immigration Museum's five permanent exhibits contain 5,000 artifacts and hundreds of photographs which trace the history of Ellis Island and the story of American immigration. The museum also incorporates the 950-foot long American Immigrant Wall of Honor, placed along Ellis Island's seawall.

From anarchist, Emma Goldman, to pianist, Irving Berlin, from mobster "Lucky" Luciano, to mayor of New York, Fiorello La Guardia, and from scientist, Albert Einstein, to Boys' Town founder, Father Edward Flanagan, immigrants added the threads of their lives, whether good or bad, to the nation's fabric. Over 100 million Americans, some 40 percent of the country's population, can trace their ancestry in the United States to a man, woman, or child who passed from a steamship, to a ferry, to the inspection lines in the great Registry Room at Ellis Island.

Special thanks to the U.S. National Park Service for their contribution to this article.

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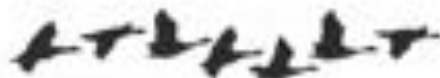
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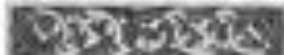
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M

## WASHINGTON'S DEIRDRE IS THE 1991 DARLIN'

Washington's Deirdre Woodbyrne is the 1991 International Winner of the Darlin' Girl from Clare. Deirdre Woodbyrne was chosen for the coveted title of the International Darlin' from Clare from among 20 contestants. Deirdre (22) who plans to attend graduate school at Catholic University and pursue a career in television and broadcasting was presented with many prizes including £1000 cash and a magnificent Waterford decanter.

This annual pageant was sponsored by MURPHY'S IRISH PUBS. For information concerning this year's pageant contact Bob Haldeman at MURPHY'S OF D.C. or Mike Mooney at MURPHY'S in Alexandria. Deirdre said "It was the experience of a lifetime, I am so grateful."

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# Irish Immigrant Annie Moore: the First Person To Enter Ellis Island

On January 1, 1892, 15-year old Annie Moore of County Cork, Ireland, arrived at Ellis Island amid much official fanfare. Of the more than 17 million immigrants who passed through Ellis Island between 1892 and 1954, Annie Moore had the distinction of being the first immigrant to be processed through that port of entry.

When she stepped ashore following a 10-day voyage across the Atlantic on the S.S. Nevada, Moore was awarded a \$10 gold coin. Moore traveled alone with her two young brothers, all three of whom were joining their parents and oldest brother, who had immigrated about 2 years earlier with the hope of providing a new home and new life in America for the younger children. The Moore family lived in New York for a short time, moved to Indiana and later settled in Texas and New Mexico.

Annie Moore eventually married Patrick O'Connell, a descendent of the famous Irish statesman, Daniel O'Connell. They had eight children, of whom five survived. Annie Moore and her husband were quite successful in the United States, at one time owning a full block in a small Texas town with a restaurant and hotel adjacent to the train station. Annie was widowed at an early age as a result of a flu epidemic and left to care for her five surviving children alone. Tragedy soon struck Moore when she was killed by a train on her way to visit her brother. Her five children were raised by various relatives on the O'Connell side of the family.

One of Annie Moore's daughters, Margaret O'Connell Middleton, of Tucson, Arizona, attended the June 1988

ceremonies marking the opening of Ellis Island's genealogical center. Mrs. Middleton was presented with a framed copy of the S.S. Nevada's passenger manifest listing her mother and two uncles. In return, she presented the Ellis Island Commission with a \$10 donation—to commemorate the gold coin her mother had received upon entry onto Ellis Island and to help finance Ellis Island's computerized family history center.

The Irish American Cultural Institute is spearheading a campaign to place a lifesize bronze memorial to Annie Moore on Ellis Island, including a sculpture of Annie Moore and her two young brothers, as a lasting tribute to Moore and a symbol of all immigrants who followed in her footsteps on the way to their new home. This sculpture would complement a lifesize statue of Annie Moore that will be placed at the Cobh Harbor historic area in County Cork, Ireland, formerly known as Queenstown, where Annie Moore and thousands of other Irish immigrants embarked on their journeys to America.

The Cultural Institute's campaign to have a memorial to Annie Moore erected at Ellis Island has met resistance from the United States Department of the Interior, but has received strong support from many Irish Americans, political figures in the United States and the Irish government. Those interested in supporting this campaign should contact the Irish American Cultural Institute at 300 East 42nd Street, 17th Floor, New York, New York 10017; telephone (212) 986-4224; telefax (212) 370-3859.



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# One Nine Year Old's First Glimpse of the Land of Liberty and Opportunity

*The following is a first-person account of Mary Campbell Allen's arrival in the United States as written by her daughter, Marcia Allen Schmitz.*

I was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1923, when I was nine years old, my family decided to come to the United States. We had relatives here and had heard all about the "Land of Liberty and Opportunity."

As I remember it, the trip was uneventful until we reached the quarantine point outside of New York City. Here all of the passengers were examined to make sure they were in good health. The rest of my family passed inspection, but when it was my turn, we were told that I had an infection of the mastoid bone behind my ear. The slight earache that had developed the day before was really going to cause us some trouble. The doctor immediately put me in the ship's hospital.

When we reached port, no one was allowed off of the ship, except for emergencies, because of the death of President Harding. I, "an emergency," was taken to a hospital right away, but my parents were not permitted to accompany me.

My actual entry into the United States is a terrible memory. I cried and kicked all the way to the ambulance, not knowing when or if I would ever see my family again. I was terrified! Here I was, nine years old, alone in a strange country, not knowing where I was going or what would happen to me when I got there. I was afraid and wanted my parents!

I was operated on the same evening after permission was obtained from my parents. They were still not allowed off of the ship, so what else could they do but give permission.

I had been taken to a Catholic hospital in New York City. After my operation, when word of my plight got around, I became the "pet" of the hospital. The Sisters were very kind to me and gave me extra ice cream! They even took me to chapel one Sunday. Coming from Northern Ireland and being a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, the last thing I wanted to do was go to a Catholic church! Being an obedient child I went, but only after telling the Sisters I was sure my parents would disapprove.

In the meantime, my parents and four-year-old brother were taken to Ellis Island to wait for me. My dad always told me that this place was comparable to a prison and the immigrants were treated almost like animals, herded this way and that. The social workers did everything in their power, and, finally, after the Governor of Ellis Island intervened, my mother was brought by a nurse to see me for one hour. Just one hour during the three weeks I was in the hospital!

When, at last, I was discharged from the hospital, two agents from Ellis Island came to take me to my parents. I was overjoyed and the hustle and bustle of New York City



*Molly and Skeets Allen*

was very exciting. I had never seen anything like it! Then we went underground — a subway, they called it. Imagine traveling under the ground!

Finally, I was reunited with my family. After an enormous amount of red tape, we were on our way to Pittsburgh where I would meet my relatives. I didn't like it at all. I hated the whole United States! I went out and hid in the garden often and cried my heart out, wishing I was back "home." Gradually, friends were made and I began to adjust to living in the United States. But the memory of "home" and all I had come through was still there and always would be.

---

Mary Campbell married Ralph Allen. Molly and Skeets Allen are enjoying retirement in Port St. Lucie, Florida, where they celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 1990. Marcia, their daughter and the author of this article, serves as the legislative director for Congressman Dante Fascell of Florida.

Our best wishes and congratulations to

Grand Marshal John Barry

and

"Gael of the Year"

Bruce A. Morrison

May the day be sunny and bright for honoring the men and women  
of the labor movement and the Irish contribution to building  
America.

**METAL TRADES DEPARTMENT, AFL-CIO**  
Paul J. Burnsky, President



# IRISH ATTRACTIONS

## CAN YOU MATCH THESE PLACES AND DESCRIPTIONS

- |                               |                                 |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| _____ 1. Waterford            | A. Lusitania Rescue             |
| _____ 2. Aran Islands         | 4 B. Abbey Theatre              |
| _____ 3. Belleek              | C. Commodore John Barry         |
| _____ 4. Dublin               | 21 D. Sticky Buns & Scones      |
| _____ 5. Curragh              | E. Gift of Gab                  |
| _____ 6. Sligo                | 25 F. Traditional Irish Village |
| _____ 7. Lough Derg           | 4 G. Fine Irish Crystal         |
| _____ 8. Connemara            | 2 H. Dun Aengus Fort            |
| _____ 9. County Clare         | I. Sleat Head                   |
| _____ 10. Dingle Peninsula    | J. Palm Trees                   |
| _____ 11. Derrynane           | K. Hand Made Canvas Boat        |
| _____ 12. Cobh                | L. Connor Pass                  |
| _____ 13. Wexford             | M. Fine Irish China             |
| _____ 14. Blarney Castle      | N. Medieval Banquet             |
| _____ 15. Doolin              | O. Yeats Grave                  |
| _____ 16. Bunratty Castle     | P. "The Tart With the Cart"     |
| _____ 17. Trinity College     | Q. Crabtree Tavern              |
| _____ 18. Newmarket-on-Fergus | R. "The Quiet Man"              |
| _____ 19. Molly Malone        | S. Home of the Irish Derby      |
| _____ 20. Currach             | T. St. Patrick's Purgatory      |
| _____ 21. Bewley's Cafe       | U. Barren Limestone Moonscape   |
| _____ 22. The Burren          | V. Irish Folk Music             |
| _____ 23. Bantry              | W. Book of Kells                |
| _____ 24. Dingle Peninsula    | 9 X. Cliffs of Moher            |
| _____ 25. Clachan             | Y. Home of Daniel O'Connell     |

B. Macken and J. Murray

Answers: 1(G) 2(H) 3(M) 4(B) 5(S) 6(O) 7(T) 8(R) 9(X) 10(L)  
11(Y) 12(A) 13(C) 14(E) 15(V) 16(N) 17(W) 18(Q) 19(P) 20(K) 21(D)  
22(U) 23(J) 24(L/I) 25(F).

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# John Joseph O'Brien

## 1926 - 1991

It takes many volunteers to make a parade successful. Among the key volunteers on the day of the St. Patrick's Day Parade are the Parade marshalls. They assist with lining up the marching units and crowd control along the Parade route.

The St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee notes with sorrow the loss of one of its most dedicated Parade marshalls, John Joseph O'Brien, who passed away on November 23, 1991. John O'Brien served faithfully as a marshall for the D.C. St. Patrick's Day Parade for nearly 20 years. As his daughter, Peggy, explained, John was "very into his Irish culture."

Born of Irish immigrant parents in New York in 1926, John O'Brien served in the Navy in the South Pacific during World War II. He moved to the Washington area in 1948. From 1949 to 1977, John worked as a member of the Metropolitan Police Department, where he attained the rank of Captain. After retiring in 1977, he spent much of his time as an active member of the Emerald Society and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. In the VFW, John held the offices of Chaplain, Vice-Commander, and Commander.

John O'Brien is survived by his wife, Helen Tuomey O'Brien, two sons, Tom and John, and two daughters, Peggy and Eileen. The Parade Committee extends its sincere sympathy to this fine Irishman's family for their great loss.



### ST. PATRICK'S PARADE COMMITTEE OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

#### Statement of Purpose

The St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee is a non-profit organization registered in the District of Columbia founded for the sole and express purpose of organizing and producing the St. Patrick's Parade in Washington, D.C.

The corporation will neither make or allow to be made, any expression or sign which in the judgement of the Board of Directors is deemed to be political, sectarian, or in any way violates the purpose of the Corporation.

Any and all new business which is outside the ordinary or necessary conduct of the staging of the annual parade must be submitted only to the Board of Directors for consideration and vote.

Adopted unanimously: February 4, 1989

The Board of Directors



## GRAND MARSHALS

- 1991 ARMED SERVICES  
One member from each service.
- 1990 JOHN RIGGINS  
"The Diesel," running back  
of the Washington Redskins
- 1989 JOHN J. SWEENEY  
President, Service Employees International  
Union and Labor Leader
- 1988 CARMENCITA HEDERMAN  
Lord Mayor of Dublin, Ireland
- 1987 HELEN HAYES  
America's First Lady of the Theater
- 1986 THOMAS P. (TIP) O'NEILL  
Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives
- 1985 EUNICE KENNEDY SHRIVER  
Founder of Special Olympics Program
- 1984 CYRIL COUNT McCORMACK  
Son of Irish Tenor John McCormack
- 1983 FRANCES SHEA  
Rear Admiral USN, Director, Navy Nurse  
Corps
- 1982 \*REV. GILBERT V. HARTKE O.P.  
Founder, Dept. of Speech and Drama, Catho-  
lic Univ. of America
- 1981 SAMUEL W. BOGLEY  
Lt. Governor of State of Maryland
- 1980 JAMES P. GLEASON  
County Executive—Montgomery Co., Md.
- 1979 WALTER F. McARDLE  
President, McArdle Printing Co.
- 1978 MAURICE CULLINANE  
Former Chief, Metropolitan Police Dept.
- 1977 \*GEORGE MEANEY  
President AFL-CIO
- 1976 PATRICK J. HAYES  
Director, Washington Performing Arts Soc.
- 1975 \*WILLIAM T. HANNAN, ESQ.  
Irish Community activities
- 1974 \*WILLIAM T. HANNAN, ESQ.  
Chairman, Bishop's Relief Fund

\*Deceased

## GAELS

- 1991 WILLIAM (HOWIE) McCLENNAN  
Former President of the International  
Association of Fire Fighters
- 1990 \*SUSAN KELLY LONG  
Benefactor of Irish-American Community  
and Revitalizer of Irish-American Club
- 1989 MANUS "JACK" FISH  
Retired Regional Director, National Capital  
Region, National Park Service
- 1988 MICKEY BRENNAN  
President, D.C. Friends of Ireland  
and Labor Leader
- 1987 BRENDAN SHERIDAN  
Artist and Musician
- 1986 MSGR. R. JOSEPH DOOLEY  
Chaplain, Metropolitan Police and Fire  
Departments
- 1985 JANE CALLAHAN GUIDÉ  
Chairperson, "Ireland's Children"
- 1984 DR. COILIN OWENS  
Founder Washington Chapter, Gaelic League;  
Professor, George Mason University
- 1983 COMMANDER JAMES K. RULAND  
Irish American activities, Founder Brendan  
Cup Committee
- 1982 CORNELIUS (CONNIE) J. COAKLEY  
Founder, Seton Centers, Irish-American  
Activities
- 1981 CHARLES LUCEY  
Editor, Author of two books on Ireland
- 1980 HARRY AND MARGARET SCHRECENGOST  
Founders, "Blackthorn Stick," Irish Dance  
Group
- 1979 \*MARGARET COAKLEY  
A founder of the Irish-American Club
- 1978 \*PEGGY HANNON O'NEILL  
Founder of the first Irish Dance School in  
Washington
- 1977 SEAN COAKLEY  
Past President Irish American Club
- 1976 (NO GAEL SELECTED)
- 1975 CHARLES CAREY & JOHN A.K. DONOVAN

\*Deceased



The Grand Marshal of the 20th Annual St. Patrick's Day Parade in Washington, DC, turned out to be a quintet. In keeping with the parade theme, "Irish Contributions to the Military" one member from each service was selected to be the Grand Marshal. (l. to R.) Coast Guard Seaman Robert Matto, Air Force Sergeant Christopher M. Flannagan, Navy Musician 1st Class Gerald J. Connolly III, Marine Corps Lance Corporal Robert C. Mulhoney, and Army PFC Michael W. McEwen. Holding the banner are parade committee members Mike and Sheila Rodwell.

# "We Never Looked Back"

*The Black and Tans to Ireland Come  
To send us to our doom  
Their heartiest warriors sailed forth  
In lorries from Macroom  
But in Kilmichael's bloody fight  
Their conquering force we slayed  
By old Cork, by gallant Cork  
And the Third West Cork Brigade.*

Jimmy Lucey often recited the entire theme of the Third West Cork Brigade without hesitation and with a precision that belied the 63 years since he first learned it as an IRA recruit during the Troubles from 1919 to 1921 in Ireland. Lucey was present at the creation of the original IRA force in Cork in 1919. He remembered well his part in helping to put down the Black and Tans.

Born eight miles from Macroom, County Cork, in 1897, Lucey's life centered around the church and his father's farm. The farm had been in the family for generations and was one of 14 farms in the Macroom area. Twice each year the priest would come to one of the farmhouses, Lucey remembered, and say Mass at the kitchen table for the success of the crops.

"The priest only got around to each house every seven years," said Lucey, "so it was a grand occasion. You'd place a white sheet over the kitchen table. After the 7:30 a.m. Mass there'd be breakfast for everybody, and for the priests, there'd be a small glass of whiskey next to the porridge."

He remembers well the Easter uprising in 1916. "We followed every bit of it in the Cork Examiner," he said, "a wonderful paper then and now—the best in Ireland." Even more vivid than the Easter Uprising was his recollection of the executions of the leaders of the Easter Rebellion by the British and the Kilmainham jail. "That was what really got us agitated about our independence," recalled Lucey. After the general election in December 1918 the British sent their special police, the Black and Tans, to Ireland, and Lucey joined the original IRA volunteers in Cork. "It wasn't conscription exactly," Lucey reflected, "but there was no question whether or not you'd sign up because you wouldn't want to be known as a slacker."

In his later years, Lucey laughed about his adventures during the Troubles. But, he recalled, he was not thinking it all so humorous one night outside Cork when he and two colleagues drove out into the country for an ambush. Realizing they'd not given a thought to hiding the car they were driving, the three decided to chop down a nearby tree to camouflage it. But in the process, the tree fell on one of the recruits, and injured the young man's leg.

"We had the frightening job of trying to get him help without being discovered," said Lucey. "We knew we couldn't take him to a hospital or we'd all be turned into



Jimmy Lucey

the Black and Tans right away. We didn't know who in the countryside was in sympathy with whom. Finally we found an old door, strapped him to it and used it as a stretcher to carry him in a nearby farmhouse. Fortunately, the owner was in sympathy to our cause."

Lucey remembered well going down to Cork from Macroom for the funeral of patriots MacSwiney and Curtin and also for the funeral of Michael Collins who was assassinated August 22, 1922. "Ah, Michael Collins, he was the best friend we had in Ireland," said Lucey of the great organizer of the resistance forces. "It all might have turned out much differently had he not been murdered."

The Irish Free State was born in 1922 but there was few prospects in Ireland then for a young man, said Lucey, except to spend the rest of one's life on the farm. Lucey himself had been working the family farm for more than 10 years since he had left Renaniree National School at the age of 14. "We always talked and dreamed of going to America," Lucey said. "Then my sister Julia who had gone to San Francisco several years earlier turned the dream into a reality for me."

Julia sent Lucey \$100 in the summer of 1923. In August of that year he and his friend, Timothy O'Driscoll left Macroom for Cobh Harbor where they boarded

steering for \$50 each on the SS President Polk. He said goodbye to his parents whom he never saw again, and to his sister, Hannah, and his brother, John, whom he did not see for 46 years. "But we weren't thinking about that, Timothy O'Driscoll and myself," Lucey said with a smile. "We never looked back. We could think of nothing but the excitement ahead."

Aboard ship Lucey and O'Driscoll began to get a taste of the new world immediately. "The ship was marvelous," Lucey remembered. "There was more food than we'd ever seen on the farm. We had been raised on a steady diet of potatoes, cabbage, turnips, carrots and onions. The variety was astounding."

Even though money was at a premium, the two frequently made their way to the upper decks and bought novelties from vendors there. One of the first items that fascinated them was cantaloupe. They had no idea what to do with it, so O'Driscoll instinctively sliced it open with his penknife. Then the two ate the seeds and threw the pulp and the skin overboard. "It was on board ship that we had our first taste of ice cream," Lucey grinned. "Timothy had no idea it was so cold and he swallowed the entire scoop in one gulp. I thought he was going to die—it was like pouring boiling water down his throat."

In later years, said Lucey, the Irish-Need-Not-Apply signs and stinging jokes about his countrymen never dampened his love for the United States. "My love for America was strong before I ever arrived and it gets stronger every year I am here."

Ellis Island was a frightening experience for Lucey and O'Driscoll. They had no fears of being rejected, but they watched others turned away. Lucey remembered hordes of people and long lines to go through, and added that the treatment was somewhat rough. "When we were vaccinated," said Lucey, "Timothy and I didn't know what hit us, so we sucked the serum out of our arms as fast as we could."

Lucey used his remaining money for coach train fare to San Francisco. The road took as long as the ship's crossing, six and a half days. "We didn't mind sleeping sitting up a bit," Lucey shrugged. "After all we were young, and afraid we would miss something."

Lucey lived with his sister in San Francisco for only a

week before landing his first job with the San Mateo Water Department. His salary was \$4.50 a week, \$3.50 of which went for room and board at a San Mateo boarding house. Before long he had a second job in the evenings at a nearby garage, making toppings for sundaes. In the same year he went to work for Pacific Gas and Electric where he stayed for 41 years until his retirement in 1964.

In 1932 he met Bridget Joyce at an Irish dance in the KRB Hall in downtown San Francisco. Bridget had been born on the Aran Islands at Kilronan and had attended a Catholic boarding school in Westport, County Mayo, before emigrating to the U.S. in 1928 with her cousin. Once in this country Bridget worked as a housekeeper for a Navy captain in Vallejo. Lucey reminisced about stories of Bridget, her friends and their mishaps. Several of her friends worked at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, Lucey said, and wanting to clean as well as they did at home, were in the habit of shaking their mops out the eighth floor windows of the hotel. More than once the mop heads landed on Market Street. Bridget survived such mishaps as sprinkling baking soda instead of sugar on the captain's grapefruit. Lucey remembered that the girls' favorite diversion was the telephone. "They would talk to each other in Irish," Lucey chuckled, "and it would drive their employers mad."

*Excerpted from the February 7, 1987, edition of the Irish Echo. By Natalie Canley*

Many Washingtonians are fortunate to know Jimmy and Bridget Lucey's only child, Dennis, his wife, Pam, and their children, Christopher and Megan, who reside in northern Virginia. The Luceys' contribute to a myriad of Irish-American activities; they are champions of innumerable religious and civic efforts. They "give you the shirts off their backs," with a twinkle in their eyes. PrePam, Dennis served as director of the Hospital Ship Hope in Brazil and for a year as Peace Corps director in Liberia. Pam and Dennis served the second year of the Peace Corps tour together, after meeting at Matt Kanes' and marrying, with a whirlwind romance in between. (Keep posted—romance details to follow in the 1993 St. Patrick's Day Parade Magazine.)

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# 1991 PARADE AWARDS

Irish Echo—Best of Parade

## **PATRIOTS OF NORTHERN VA**

Irish American Club of Washington, DC—Best High School Band

## **BISHOP O'CONNELL HIGH SCHOOL, VA**

Police Emerald Society—Best Visiting Band

## **PERTH AMBOY HIGH SCHOOL BAND, NJ**

AOH, John Fitzgerald Division 1, Arlington, VA—Best Local Band

## **BISHOP O'CONNELL HIGH SCHOOL, VA**

Continental Federal Savings Bank—Best Northern Virginia High School Band

## **BISHOP O'CONNELL HIGH SCHOOL, VA**

Peg O'Beirne, John Donnelly Memorial Award—Best Performing Group

## **BLACKTHORN IRISH DANCERS**

Firemen's Emerald Society—Best Novelty

## **MUMERS, PA**

John and Joyce Flynn, Matthew O'Neill Memorial Award—Best Drum Unit

## **W. YORK HS, BULL DOG COLOR GUARD & DRUM LINE, YORK, PA**

John and Joyce Flynn, Matthew O'Neill Memorial Award—Best File and Drum Unit

## **NORTHERN VA PATRIOTS, VA**

The Farley Family—1st Place Pipe Band

## **ROCKVILLE HIGH SCHOOL PIPE BAND, MD**

The Farley Family—2nd Place Pipe Band

## **DENNY DUNNPACE, MD**

Pat & Flo Cady (The Irish Eye)—1st Place Antique Car

## **BELLEVUE HOTEL'S 61 MERCEDES, DC**

Pat & Flo Cady—2nd Place Antique Car

## **BELLEVUE HOTEL'S 53 PACKARD, DC**

Firemen's Emerald Society, Howie McClernan Award—Best Antique Fire Apparatus

## **CHIEF'S CAR**

Kathleen Monahan, Jim Monahan Memorial Award—Best Parade Theme Unit

## **VIETNAM VETS "IN-TOUCH," METRO AREA**

Matthew Lee, Angels Award—Best Marching Unit

## **O'NEILL-JAMES DANCE SCHOOL, VA**

Shannon and John Savage, Rafferty Family Award—Most Humorous

## **LICK OF THE IRISH, MD**

Cis' Foremost Deli—Best RCPC

## **DUVAL TIGERS, MD**

American Foundation for Irish Heritage, John O'Beirne Memorial Award—Best Musical Unit

## **W. YORK HS, BULL DOG COLOR GUARD & DRUM LINE, YORK, PA**

Marshall's, Marshall's Award—Most Spirited Award

## **TNT-GAITHERSBURG, MD**

# Parade Lineup As of February 22, 1992

## DIVISION A

1. ISAAC FULWOOD, Chief  
D.C. Metropolitan Police Dept.
2. COLOR GUARD, HAPPY ST. PATRICK'S  
DAY BANNER, Irish American Club.
3. GRAND MARSHAL, MR. JOHN J. BARRY,  
International President Brotherhood of Electrical Workers
4. MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM F. STREETER,  
Commander, Military District of Washington.
5. U.S. NAVY BAND
6. JOINT U.S. FORCES COLOR GUARD,  
U.S. Honor Guard Units
7. U.S. ARMY 3RD INF. "OLD GUARD",  
FORT MYER, VIRGINIA.
8. U.S. NAVY, Ceremonial Guard and  
Drill Team.
9. U.S. MARINE CORPS, Honor Guard  
and Drill Team
10. U.S. AIR FORCE, Marching Unit  
and Color Guard
11. U.S. COAST GUARD, Color Guard  
and Precision Drill Team.
12. U.S. PARK POLICE—Chief Robert E. Langston
- 12A. REGIONAL DIRECTOR NATIONAL CAPITAL  
PARKS—Robert Stanton.
13. GAIL OF THE YEAR, THE HONORABLE BRUCE  
MORRISON.
14. VIRGINIA, BISHOP O'CONNELL HIGH SCHOOL BAND
15. WASHINGTON, D.C. - MAJOR SHARON PRAET KELLY
16. RAYFIELD ALFRED, Chief Metropolitan Fire Dept.
- 16A. VIRGINIA, FIREFIGHTERS' EMERALD SOCIETY PIPE  
BAND  
Leader, Sergeant Ed Snyder
17. VIRGINIA, The Donnelly School of Irish Dancing  
Teacher Michelle Donnelly
18. ST. PATRICK'S DAY FLOAT, Sponsor, The O'Neill  
Development Co.
19. PATRIOTS OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA — Mr. and Mrs. Sam  
Evans
20. CEAD MILE FAIRTE, Irish American  
Club Banner, Family of John Moore.
21. IRISH AMERICAN CLUB OF WASHINGTON  
P.J. Fitzgerald, President/Members.
- 21A. WASHINGTON GAELS
- 21B. WASHINGTON CAULIN
22. MOUNT VERNON GUARD, File & Drum Corps.
23. ROSCOMMON SOCIETY.
24. ST. PATRICK'S DAY FLOAT WASH FM 97.1. SPONSOR,  
O'DOUL'S
25. VERMONT, PROCTOR HIGH SCHOOL BAND  
Director Thomas McAndrew
26. CITIZENS FOR A SOUND ECONOMY
27. MARYLAND MEDIEVAL MERCENARY MILITIA,  
Washington/Baltimore.
28. WASHINGTON NATIONAL ARBORETUM YOUNG ADULTS  
OF D.C.  
Director, Toni Stein
29. MARYLAND, File and Drum Corps  
Director, Austin McGuire

## DIVISION B

1. EUGENE ROWAN  
Marshal, Division B.
2. IRELAND - DUBLIN FIRE BRIGADE BAGPIPE BAND  
Drum Major Damien Fynes, Jim McDonnell, Co Assistant
- 2A. WASHINGTON, D.C. Emerald Society DC Fire Department  
President William Whetzel
3. ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS  
(All Divisions ADH/LACH in order of precedence).

4. BLACKTHORN STICK IRISH COTTAGE.  
The Blackthorn Stick Members, President Harry Schrangost.
- 4A. MARYLAND, DuVAL HIGH SCHOOL ROTC  
Cadet Colonel Anthony Gray
5. POTOMAC VALLEY IRISH WOLFDOUND CLUB President,  
James Gill
6. THE REDSKINETTES - WASHINGTON REDSKINS  
CHEERLEADERS
7. VIRGINIA, FALLS CHURCH HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING  
JAGUARS  
Leader Steven A. Matus
8. MARYLAND, THE WHEELMEN  
Co-Captains Kurt Miller, Jim Veidmaier
9. ST. PATRICK'S DAY FLOAT — Sponsor, The  
Dubliner/Powerscourt
10. WASHINGTON, D.C. WASHINGTON GAS COMMUNITY  
CLOWNS  
Coordinator Joe Bowman
11. MASSACHUSETTS, BOSTON — THE COLONIAL PIPERS  
Director - Rev. Francis Crowley
12. MARYLAND, Regan Wick School of Irish Dance
13. ST. PATRICK'S DAY FLOAT Sponsor Trinity College Alumni  
Association of D.C.
14. ROSE OF TRALEE, Miss Mauna Ellen McElhenry
- 14A. DARLING GIRL FROM CLARE Deirdre Woodbyrne,  
International Winner
- 14B. MARY FROM DUNGLOE Janice Duffy
- 14C. BACHELOR FROM MULLINGAR Declan McGettigan
15. PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia Mummers, Dick Creen Spring  
Band
16. ANTIQUE CARS.
17. MARYLAND, JOHN HANSON PATRIOTS, ST. MARY, Star of  
the Sea File and Drum Corps, Leaders - John Painter and  
Lizzie Wolfe
18. ST. PATRICK'S DAY FLOAT Sponsor, MIX Radio 107.3 FM
19. MARYLAND, BLUE KNIGHTS, International Law  
Enforcement Motorcycle Club, President Hugh Valentine, Jr.
20. MARYLAND, Gaithersburg — TNT MAJORETTE AND  
DRUM CORPS  
Leader Lucille Layman
21. VIRGINIA, SHEPPARDETTES,  
Co-Directors Barbara Sheppard, Cynthia Lackey
22. ST. PATRICK'S DAY FLOAT Sponsor, The Bottom Line /  
Mount Saint Mary Alumni Association
23. MARYLAND, BRENTWOOD EAGLE-ETTES MAJORETTES  
MARCHING DRUM AND COLOR GUARD,  
Leaders - David and Lynda Pfeil w/1997 Chevy Fire Truck
24. MARYLAND, KELLY ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION,  
GMC Jimmy Truck, Kelly Dancers from Annapolis  
Vice Presidents - Stephen P. Kelly, John E. Kelly, Jr.
25. DELAWARE, SMYRNA HIGH REGIMENT OF RED  
MARCHING BAND  
Leader - Dennis LaForce
26. 'Tis Himself ED WHOLEY The Leprechaun.
27. VIRGINIA, LANGLEY HIGH SCHOOL, Langley Dancers,  
Captain Mary Lewis
28. MARYLAND, CAPITOL KLOWNS, Silver Spring
29. VIRGINIA, O'Neill-James School of Irish Dancing
30. MARYLAND, SARARA UNIT OF THE ALIGHAN SHRINE  
1911 Miniature Cars

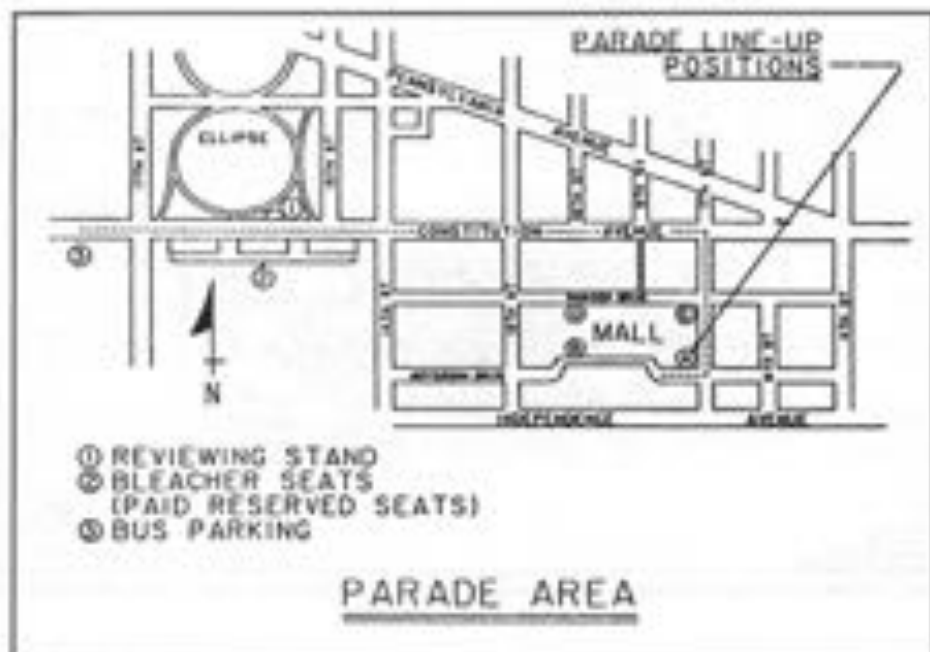
## DIVISION C

1. HONORABLE PATRICK J. HAYES  
Marshal, Division C.
2. MARYLAND, PRINCE GEORGE POLICE PIPE BAND  
Leader - Dorothy Whitehead
- 2A. L.C. SMITH 1951 ANTIQUE FIRE ENGINE Leader Jim Moon
- 2B. FIRE TRUCK, 1955 Antique Budweiser Ldr. Austin McGuire
3. MARYLAND, AFROTC GWYNN PARK HIGH SCHOOL,  
BRANDYWINE  
Leader - Colonel Francis O'Clair
- 3A. MARYLAND, IRISH AMERICAN FAMILIES OF LAUREL  
Leaders Mary and Tom Dugan
4. LANGLEY SAXONETTES, Drill Team.
5. VIRGINIA, STONEWALL JACKSON HIGH SCHOOL BAND  
Leader - J. Stuart Conner, Mt. Jackson, VA.

6. **MARYLAND**, Leonard Hall Junior Naval Academy Marching Group, Chief Day
7. **MARYLAND**, Boy Scouts of America Troop 432 Silver Spring Scout Master Bob Morris
8. **JAMES HOBAN MARCHING GROUP**  
Director Joseph N. Grano, Jr.
- 9A. **JAMES HOBAN IRISH / AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
Co-Chair Cathy Hoban / Morgan McDonald
9. **IRISH NORTHERN AID**, Chairperson Mary Saggarty
10. **MARYLAND, DENNY AND GUNNERACE PIPE BAND**  
Leader Mike Green
11. **VIRGINIA, THE GOLDEN EAGLES** Mr. Charles Butler II
12. **VIRGINIA, OAK VIEW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL EXHIBITIONAL ACTIVITIES CLUB**, Teacher Jim Moyer
13. **ST. PATRICK'S DAY FLOAT, SPONSOR, THE TOUCHDOWN CLUB OF WASHINGTON** President Bill Seymore
14. **WASHINGTON, D.C. THE THREEPENNY BIT INC.** Horse Carriage Owner Joseph Conway
15. **MARYLAND, JOHN HANSON PATRIOTS FIFE AND DRUM CORP**
16. **WASHINGTON, D.C. SUG-TY "Washingtonia"**  
Bavarian Folk Dancing, President Manuel Piro
- 15A. **VIRGINIA, IRISH TERRIER PET BRIGADE**  
Chair Chris Ward, Co-Chair Eileen Ward
17. **ST. PATRICK'S DAY FLOAT, SPONSOR, "THE SIGN OF THE WHALE"**  
Owner Jimmy Finley
18. **VIRGINIA, STRATH JAMES PIPE BAND**  
Pipe Major Jay Close
19. **MARYLAND, AF JROTC HIGH POINT HIGH SCHOOL**  
Cadet Colonel Ashok Narsiah
20. **MARYLAND, Knights of Columbus Sacred Heart, Bowie**
21. **VIRGINIA, CLAN MACNEIL PIPE BAND** Pipe Major Kenneth Jones
22. **BROOKLAND CLUB OF WASHINGTON, INC.**
23. **DELAWARE, MILFORD HIGH SCHOOL "MARCHING BUC'S"**  
Leader Gerald W. Thompson
24. **WASHINGTON, D.C. - ARCHBISHOP CARROLL HIGH SCHOOL BAND**  
Leader Barbara Dobbers
25. **MARYLAND, TRADERWINDS LTD ANTIQUE CARS**  
Manager Jim Welday - 1929 Model A Ford Pickup  
1961 Mercedes Benz Roadster 190SL
26. **WASHINGTON, D.C. - MCKINLEY HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND**  
Leader/Director Willie C. McElroy
27. **MARYLAND, BRIDGET LAUNE SCHOOL OF IRISH DANCE**
28. **WASHINGTON, D.C. SOUTH EAST YOUTH CLUB**  
President Barbara Day
29. **WASHINGTON, D.C. - ST. JOHN'S HIGH SCHOOL BAND**  
Leader Rick Peters

## DIVISION D

1. **MRS. EILEEN McCONNELL, BLACKTHORN STICK**  
Marshal, Division D
2. **NEW YORK, HILTON HIGH SCHOOL CRIMSON CADET MARCHING BAND**  
Leader Nancy Mancuso Flynn
3. **MASSACHUSETTS, HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE MARCHIN'**  
Leader Ari Frede
4. **VIRGINIA, WANA MUSIC MACHINE**  
Director of Marketing Michele Snyder
5. **ST. PATRICK'S DAY FLOAT, SPONSOR, EUROWEST TOURS / IRELAND/ RUSSIA**  
President Ed O'Brien  
Mr/Mrs. Michael Guerin General Manager Shannon Airport with Personnel from the Duty Free Shop.  
Mr/Mrs Victor Novosselov, Aeroflot Soviet Airlines
6. **WASHINGTON, D.C. WARFIELD & SANFORD, INC ELEVATOR CO.**  
President John W. Warring
7. **VIRGINIA, AMHERST CO. HIGH MARCHING BAND**  
Leader Chuck Dryden
8. **VIRGINIA, KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, BISHOP FLAHERTY ASSEMBLY**  
Commander Richard Quintana, Manassas W/Motor Home.
9. **ST. PATRICK'S DAY FLOAT Sponsor, Ann Vieth and Family**  
from County Cork
10. **WASHINGTON, D.C. METROPOLITAN AREA SONS AND DAUGHTERS IN TOUCH**, Children of deceased Vietnam veterans or MIA/POW
11. **VIRGINIA, CLOVERHILL HIGH SCHOOL BAND**
12. **MARYLAND, AMERICAN SALUTE MAJORETTE CORPS**  
Director Carol Downs
13. **MARYLAND, THE ROCKVILLE HIGH SCHOOL PIPE BAND**  
Director Robert Clarke
14. **ST. PATRICK'S DAY FLOAT, SPONSOR, GEICO**
15. **VIRGINIA, CONTINENTAL FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK'S "THE CONTINENTAL CARRIAGE"**  
Marketing - Monique Olsen, Peggy Pillar
16. **WASHINGTON, D.C. WMAL RADIO AM630**
17. **WASHINGTON, D.C. WORLD CUP WASHINGTON D.C. REGION 1994**  
Project Manager Emilio Pozzi
18. **ST. PATRICK'S DAY FLOAT, Sponsor, WRC RADIO 980 AM**
19. **MARYLAND, DAMASCUS HIGH SCHOOL BAND**
20. **WASHINGTON, D.C. XTRA 104 RADIO**
21. **WASHINGTON, D.C. SE COMMUNITY YOUTH OUTREACH 7TH DISTRICT**  
Pastor James Bell
22. **MARYLAND, The Irish Shop of Laytonsville w/Fire Truck**
23. **WASHINGTON, D.C. Cardozo High School Band**  
Director, Richard Gill





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# National Association of Letter Carriers

**O**n behalf of the 312,000 members of the National Association of Letter Carriers, we join with John J. Barry, the Parade's Grand Marshal and our trade union Brother, to recognize and hail the contributions made by Irish Americans to every facet of American life. From the birth of our nation through today, Irish Americans have been integral to our country's progress, in education, politics, science, business, industry and labor.

On St. Patrick's Day in Washington, D.C., one need not be Irish to appreciate the diversity of our national fabric which has been so strengthened by the talent and heritage of those who immigrated to America from the Emerald Isle.



Sincere and fraternal best wishes,

*Richard P. O'Connell*  
Richard J. O'Connell, Secretary-Treasurer

*Vincent R. Lombrotto*  
Vincent R. Lombrotto, President



*Delivering for America*

*For one day in March,  
all of Washington will be*

# Irish



**On March 15,**

Washingtonians of all backgrounds will march to the beat of an Irish drummer during the 21st Annual St. Patrick's Day Parade celebration.

And leading the parade as Grand Marshall will be the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers' most prominent Irish-American, John J. Barry.

The IBEW is honored to be a special part of this year's festivities, and wishes all celebrants a year full of luck and  
**good cheer.**

**THE SHEET METAL WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION**

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and

**"GAEL OF THE YEAR" BRUCE A. MORRISON**



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*Lawrence J. Cassidy*

Lawrence J. Cassidy  
General Secretary-Treasurer

*Edward J. Carlough*

Edward J. Carlough  
General President

# Best Wishes

## John Barry

Congratulations and fraternal greetings to Grand Marshal John Barry. In celebration of St. Patrick's Day, the American Postal Workers Union, AFL-CIO salutes Irish-Americans for their many contributions to our nation and our culture. Happy St. Patrick's Day to parade participants and everyone enjoying the St. Patrick's Day Parade.

# APWU

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**MOE BILLER**  
President

**WILLIAM BURRUS**  
Executive Vice-President

**DOUGLAS HOLBROOK**  
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Passed away March 17th 1986

**Wm. Howard McClennan**

President Emeritus

International Association of Fire Fighters, AFL-CIO-CLC



# FRATERNAL GREETINGS

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INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT

**Jerry Willburn**  
INTL. SECRETARY-TREASURER

**INTERNATIONAL EXECUTIVE COUNCIL**

# Dublin Fire Brigade Bagpipe Band

By Bill Kelly

On September 30, 1985, 86 Dublin Firefighters showed up at the Dublin Fire Brigade Training Center on the Malahide Road. It was not a fire training session course but a course in music. Not just any type of music, but music of the Pipes and Drums.

According to the Band founder and Chairman, Damien Fynes, the group had two things in common. They were all Dublin, Ireland Firefighters and none had any idea of how to play an instrument, let alone a set of Bagpipes, or a Base Drum. Out of the 86 beginners, 60 opted for the Bagpipes under the guidance of Michael Russell, an established Piper with a Black Raven Pipe Band in Lusk. The remaining 26 took up the drums under the instruction of Kiernan Mordant from Howth.

From October 1985 onwards, in all the Fire Stations throughout Dublin's Fair City, you could hear the practice of the Chanters (a flute-like beginner pipe). They say that the people passing the Tara Street Station in midtown Dublin thought the Hare Krisnas had moved in because of all the banging of the drums and the catawailing of the Chanters coming from the Fire Station.

In time, the incessant chant gave way to a more bearable rhythm and the catawailing and scales gave way to the "Joys of Love" (an Irish tune). In January 1986 the number in the Band dropped off after many realized the task ahead of them in learning the difficult Pipes. There were many monthly raffles to raise money for lessons and equipment. The City of Dublin and the Fire Brigade fully backed the concept of the Bagpipe Band and gave them great support.

In April 1986 the Band felt it could be ready for the 1988 St. Patrick's Day Parade, just 26 months from start-

ing practice, the Pipe Band made its first public appearance, in November 1987, at the Firefighters Memorial Mass. The Dublin Fire Brigade Sports and Social Club lent the Band money for pipes and they sold Sponsorship Pennants to local merchants that will be carried on the Pipes permanently.

The big day that they had been working toward finally arrived on March 17, 1988, when the Pipe Band marched down O'Connell Street on St. Patrick's Day in Dublin. It was doubly special because it was Dublin's Millennium (1000 years old). The Bagpipe Band was a grand sight and was cheered the entire route for playing so well and looking so good. They have competed in the World Bagpipe Championship in Glasgow, Scotland in August 1989. They finished in the Runner Up Column. The Band has played for three Lord Mayors of Dublin and has taken part in the Rose of Tralee festivals for the last 2 years.

Their goal and dream of 1992 was coming to the States and marching in the Washington, D.C. and New York City St. Patrick's Day Parades. Damien Fynes and Jim MacDonnell share the Drum Major duties. Sean MacBride and Seamus O'Connor supplied organization skills and contacts to get the 26 members of the Band and their wives together and funded for the trip. The Washington, D.C. Fire Department Emerald Society and its members have a long, wonderful friendship with all these Irish lads since they first met in Dublin in 1985. All their friends in the Washington Area are awaiting the Bands arrival. We wish them God Speed, a safe and happy journey, and a grand time in the U.S.A.

---

## BACHELOR OF MULLINGAR FESTIVAL COMPETITION

Knights of Columbus, Little Falls Rd., Arlington, VA

April 4, 1992

The Washington DC Gaelic Association selects a representative to send to Ireland for the week of July 11-18, 1992. For information call Vickie Curtin, 703-573-7423, or Andrew Healy, 703-820-5961. Win a free trip to Ireland to compete in the Bachelor Festival. You must be 24 years of age and never married. Cocktail Hour, Dinner, and Dance.

# No Papists Need Apply

Mary Brady Lee is a delightful, spirited New Yorker that many Washingtonians are privileged to know because of our friendship with her son, Matthew F. Lee, and grandsons, Mike and Pat, who reside in nearby Maryland. Mary is a fascinating storyteller, especially when she is persuaded to reminisce about her childhood in Ireland and her emigration to the United States.

Mary Ann Brady, affectionately dubbed, "Moonie", was born on a bright, sunny day in June 1904 in Castle Tara, County Cavan, "on a farm in a house that was full of fun and laughter and nothing but happiness." She was reared on a farm that had been in her family for over 200 years with her parents, Michael and Mary Anne Brady, and brothers, John and James. Mary graduated from the National School in Castle Tara. Mary vividly recalls attending an Easter dance at the National School in 1916, and being interrupted by her brother, John, who summoned her home immediately because the Easter Rebellion had begun in Dublin, and the family's security was threatened.

Mary's determination and quick intellect were apparent as a young girl. For example, when she was 12 years old, a well-dressed, well-spoken man who claimed to be a farmer, approached Mary's mother at the farm. He inquired about local I.R.A. activities, while Mrs. Brady kindly fed him his noonday meal. Mary, observing this situation, noticed that while the man purported to be a farmer, his hands were soft and manicured. Alarmed that the stranger may be a British spy, she ran to the field to locate her brothers. John and James, I.R.A. members, returned with friends to the Brady farm. They escorted the newcomer to the barn, and he was never heard from again.

Mary was spunky (and still is). She often ran messages for the I.R.A. When she was 14, she was warned that the Black and Tan were invading their area to search for I.R.A. ammunition. Knowing that her brothers were in the I.R.A. and stored ammunition on the farm, and terrified that the British would discover the weapons and murder her family, Mary rushed home. She and a companion anxiously gathered all of the rifles, the pistols, the bandoleers, and the hand grenades, and threw them in a "bottomless lake" on a farm behind her house.

A scar on her forearm still reminds Mary of another close encounter with the Black and Tans. While running a dispatch for the I.R.A. alone on a lonely, moonlit road, Mary saw Black and Tan lorries (trucks) in the distance. In fear of her life, she fell into a nearby ditch. After the lorries unknowingly passed her, she emerged from the trench with a deep gouge in her arm. She raced home. Because the hospital was a considerable distance from the Brady farm, and they were afraid to be caught on the

road by the Black and Tans, Mary's mother had no choice but to merely treat the wound with less than satisfactory home remedies.

As a young woman, Mary departed Derry, Ireland, on the ship, *Sedrick*, "for what I thought was the land of opportunity," and arrived in Boston in December 1924. She recalls that the crossing was very exciting. "We were two girls to a cabin, and full of adventure." Because he was one of eight children of a farmer, and it was unrealistic to divide a farm eight ways, Peter Lee, Mary's future husband, followed Mary from Liverpool to Boston a short time later. Since "no Irish needed apply" in Boston, the Lees moved to New York City where they also suffered greatly because of prejudice against Roman Catholics and against the Irish.

When applying for a construction job at a Catholic church in Brooklyn, Peter Lee was told separately by two German priests that Irish need not apply, that all workers must speak German. Mary recalls seeking a cleaning job at a prestigious New York hotel. "I had a good education, but it did not help. I was told that my pay would be forty five dollars a month, and supporting three people on that! I was asked about my religion. I said that I was a Catholic, and I like to go to Mass on Sundays. They told me they don't hire Papists...it was dreadful. We were out of work for 3 years during the Depression. I could fill a 500 page book."

Mary Lee eventually found work as a domestic with a distinguished family from New York City. Mary became, and still is, a part of this family whose patriarch boasted a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, and raised over \$25 million for the New York Museum of Art.

As her son, Matt, describes her, "My Mother is 87, but only when she wants a seat on the bus." Mary resides in Manhattan, where she has lived in the same apartment for over 40 years, "always on the go", attending Mass daily, and spending Matt's inheritance.

Mary is proud: "I am not beholden to anyone. Nobody here gave me anything. I owe no man a dime. I live well. I go to Mass every day. No one stops me, and I bow to no man or woman."

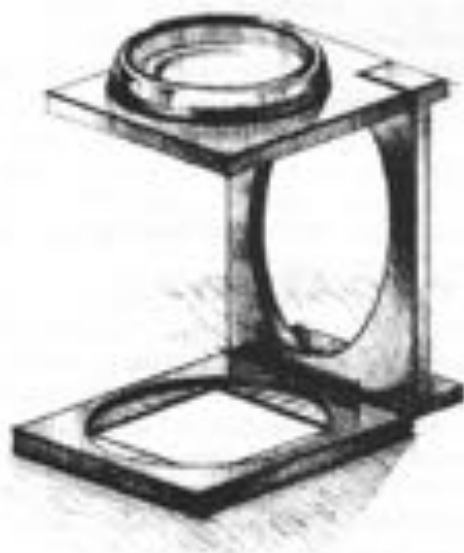
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Mary's son, Matthew F. Lee, is a retired Washington, D.C. metropolitan police officer. He is now an accident consultant on accident cases. He is a member of the board of directors of the Washington, D.C. St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee, and served 6 years as its Fundraiser Chairman. Mary's grandson, Mike, is a program manager with the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, and her grandson, Pat, is a computer operator at the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.



*Mary Brady Lee shown with her two grandsons, Mike and Pat. See story to the left.*

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# Surviving Twenty Nine Years on Capitol Hill

By Patricia McBride

Dr. Marie Cassidy, a professor of physiology, is on the faculty of George Washington University Medical School in Washington, D.C., where she teaches medical and allied health students, and directs research on nutritional deficiencies and mechanisms responsible for heart disease and colon cancer.

In her "spare time," Marie participates in many voluntary activities. She is the unofficial scientific adviser to the Irish Embassy. Marie is a member of the board of directors of the Sheridan Circle, a nonpolitical organization which keeps its members informed of important economic, cultural, and public service matters as they pertain to American and Irish interests. Activities have included lunches and receptions featuring speakers such as the new Prime Minister of Ireland, Mr. Albert Reynolds. Dr. Cassidy is past president and an active member of the Federation of Organizations for Professional Women, which acts as an "old-girl network for scientists and other professional women." "Women have made strides," Marie reflected. "When I began working at George Washington University 29 years ago, there were very few women in the medical school, and now almost 50 percent are women."

Born in Dublin, the eldest of five children with 14 degrees among them, Marie Mullaney graduated from University College in Dublin as a biochemist. After serving on the faculty there, Marie earned her Ph.D. in physiology while working at the University of Cambridge, England—a rare accomplishment for a woman, especially an Irish woman.

"My sisters and I were very fortunate to have egalitarian parents," Marie commented. "My parents had clothing stores. My two brothers, two sisters, and I all worked in the shops when needed, but the girls more than the boys. When we were growing up in Dublin, it was more traditional for the boys to board at secondary school and for the girls to attend a day school. My parents realized that the boys would be well educated, but that the girls would have a better opportunity to study away from home. My sisters and I attended Sion Hill, a Dominican Convent."

Marie and her husband, Bryan Cassidy, arrived in the United States with their first born, Grainne, in November 1963. They located in Washington because both Marie and Bryan, an architect, could advance their careers here. Shortly after their arrival in Washington, the only Washington resident they had seen in Ireland, President John F. Kennedy, was assassinated.

The Cassidy's four children, Grainne, Daragh, Padraic, and Orlagh, were reared in Washington, D.C. The Cassidy daughters, Grainne and Orlagh, ignored their maternal grandparents' warning to Marie: (quoting Noel Coward) "Don't put your daughter on stage, Mrs. Worthington." After graduating from the Boston School of Fine Arts, Grainne spent four years performing at the



Woolly Mammoth repertory theatre in Washington, D.C. She is the 1988 recipient of the Helen Hayes award—described as D.C.'s answer to the Tony Awards—for her performance in "Savage in Limbo" at the Woolly Mammoth. Grainne is now performing in Brian Field's new play about Northern Ireland and the IRA, "Remembrance," in Sarasota, Florida. Orlagh is a graduate of the School of Fine Arts at the State University of New York. She recently performed on Broadway in the Australian play, "Your Country is Good for You," and is presently performing in "Lion in Winter" in Philadelphia with George Peppard. Padraic is a journalist with the Chicago Newsweek Service. And Daragh, the first American born Cassidy, is studying carpentry furniture design in San Francisco, where, according to his mother, he enjoys being "a free spirit and an environmentalist."

Marie lives on Capitol Hill in a Victorian home, a neighborhood reminiscent of her Dublin childhood. She frequents the "Bread and Chocolate" there which reminds her of Bewley's. And she grocery shops at the Eastern Market near her home because, "it is like Dublin. The merchants give 'sillies'; the 'green grocers' are akin to those on Moore Street."

The author asked Marie how she weaves her loyalties to Ireland and to the United States. "I consider myself a citizen of the world. Nationalism is the curse of the 20th century," Marie responded. "One can still be ethnically loyal; the world is a small planet." Marie continued that she has felt at home since moving to Washington, D.C. And the city's Irish population continues to grow. When the Cassidy's arrived here twenty nine years ago there was one Irish pub in the Washington area, and "now there is practically one in every neighborhood." "When we arrived here there were so few Irish people in the area that on St. Patrick's Day all Irish were welcome to visit the Irish Embassy. To adhere to this tradition today, the Irish Embassy would have to rent Rock Creek Park!"

Dr. Cassidy reflected on the Irish passion for learning



and writing. "Ireland is called the 'land of saints and scholars', although I am not so sure about the saints. While the Irish are a naturally curious people, we emphasize learning and education largely because of British suppression. For over 800 years our native Irish schools were closed. Historically, the Irish wrote poetry and literature in Gaelic because the British could not understand it. We grew up bilingual. No matter what our formal education level is, we love words and their proper use. It is a cherished value. My parents' formal education stopped at a very early age, but you would never know it. We had books and a radio, but no frills. As youngsters, we listened to the richness of debate in family conversations; we had lively debates in secondary school. We learned early the power of expression. We have 11 daily newspapers in Ireland—compare the difference! The thing I miss most about not living in Ireland is the "quality of crack," of conversation."

Marie offered the following advice to Irish immigrants. "Be aware of the difference in social and health policies. You can do well in the United States if you work very hard. It is the land of opportunity . . . Unlike Europe where you are educated only as a young person, you can get educated in the United States even if you are not young. The opportunity for self-improvement as an adult is much greater in the U.S. than it is in Ireland . . . Health and welfare systems are very different in the United States and in Ireland. Here, there is no safety net. Here,

you work or you go to the wall . . . Find out as much as you can before you arrive in the United States. The eastern and western parts of this country are very different. It is best to go where you have friends and family . . . Be careful with your choice of words. Ireland and the United States are two countries divided by a common language with different idioms. You give people a ring on the telephone, for example."

Marie concluded, "I would like to make a personal plea for efforts to bring the North and South together through our youngsters. One group that is effective is Co-operation Ireland, Inc., founded in 1981. Dedicated to building mutual respect and understanding between the people of Northern Ireland and the Republic through practical cooperation in economic, social, educational and cultural activities. Co-operation Ireland enjoys support from both the British and Republic of Ireland governments as well as the European Community. In fact, the organization has been designated by the European Community as a 'movement of European significance.'"

"Fifty percent of the high schools in Northern Ireland have been impacted by Co-operation Ireland Student Youth Exchange programs and 30 percent of the schools in the Republic have also participated in these programs. If you are interested, contact: Mr. Des Whelan, Executive Director, Co-operation Ireland, Inc., Grace Plaza (5th Floor), 1114 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10035, telephone: 212/819-5612."

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<b>2</b> FEBRUARY 3 p.m. - 8 p.m.	<b>HAGAN'S FOUR COURTS</b> 900 Constitution Square Rockville, MD (301) 738-7172	<b>KELLY'S THE IRISH TIMES</b> 31 F Street N.W. Wash DC 205 3410	<b>1</b> MARCH 3 p.m. - 8 p.m.
<b>9</b> FEBRUARY 3 p.m. - 8 p.m.	<b>MURPHY'S PUB OF D.C.</b> 2005 24th Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. (202) 462-7171	<b>THE FOUR PROVINCES</b> 3412 Constitution Ave., N.W. Washington, D.C. (202) 244-0800	<b>8</b> MARCH 3 p.m. - 8 p.m.
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# Excerpts from "The Gibbons Clan: Memories of a Mayo Family"

*(by Martin Francis Gibbons and seven of his brothers and sisters)*

My father worked in Philadelphia, USA, in the late 1800's, about the 1890's. His parents were home in Ireland and getting older, so he got the job of coming home to Ireland to take care of his parents. His mother kept pestering him to get married and bring someone into the house to help her with work. Well, one Sunday night, young Gibbons, being a very lively dancer, went to a dance in Ned Lally's house in the village of Cloonee, County Mayo. During the night, he danced with Bridget Lally, the oldest daughter in the house. Enter the matchmakers. When the old people saw the two together, they said that would make a good match. At that time in Ireland, most marriages were planned by matchmakers. Anyway the wheels were put in motion and, believe it or not, after a few suggestions back and forth, Tom Gibbons and Bridget Lally were married the next Sunday, after the dance. Evidently it wasn't such a bad deal as the marriage lasted 69 years with no separation, no abortion, minor disagreements only, and they had 13 children in a small three-room house.

The house had a flag slate floor, thatched roof, and an open fireplace for heating and cooking. All the cooking was done in the big cast iron pots that were hung on a sort of crane that swung in over the fire. The baking was also done in a cast iron oven with hot coals underneath at the sides and on the top. The house was well protected from the wind by a line of barns to the northwest and a big stone wall and some more barns on the south side. At that time in Ireland, there was no electricity. We had no running water, no sanitation, no toilet, or bathtub. We bathed in a wooden tub made out of half of a big wooden barrel. Our water came from a stream about a quarter mile from the house and had to be carried home in pails or buckets. When it rained, we put buckets along under the eave of the house and caught the rain water. That was easier than going to the stream.

The meals consisted of mostly bread and butter or bread and jam in the morning and a snack at noon time, usually bread, eggs and tea. When we dug the new potatoes, they made what they called "cally," which was mashed potatoes and butter with scallions chopped in. In the evening, we had a big pot of boiled potatoes, cabbage or turnips in season, and maybe some hunks of boiled bacon thrown in or, if it was the time we killed them, a pig or maybe a goose or a couple of chickens once in a while. Another snack we had late at night was whole grain oatmeal with milk. We usually had three milk cows. We churned the milk and made our own butter.

I might add that we were pretty well self-sufficient. We cut turf in the bogs for fire and had some to sell. Another big project was saving the hay for the cattle, the horse,

and the donkey. The average farmer in my time had 10 or 11 head of cattle, one horse and a donkey. Transportation was by horse and cart and bicycle. Very few were rich enough to own a side car, which was a horse drawn contraption that carried four persons, with a driver up on the deck.

The kind of land we had, needed a lot of lime to grow good crops; also fertilizer. So every winter we hauled limestones from the limestone quarry, broke them up in small pieces, and burned them in a lime kiln, which almost every farmer in the west of Ireland had. We put the lime on the land. We also put out all the cow and horse manure that had accumulated during the winter months, plus a light shake of bagged fertilizer that we bought in town.

Two big treats every year were when the races came to the town, horse races that is, and the county fair where they had all kinds of games and goodies. I remember we got two shillings each for spending money and off we went in our bare feet. The two shillings didn't last long, as they were about the equivalent of fifty cents.

Next piece of blather will be about my school, Derrew School. It was built in the year 1898 and is one big room. Sometimes two teachers taught from infant or kindergarten to the eighth grade. Our teacher was Mrs. Lally, who was married to my uncle Matt Lally. Being that she was related to us by marriage, she figured we should do better than the average kid. But unfortunately, in some subjects, it didn't work out that way. Our teacher had a fairly heavy rod, a pointer we called it, for pointing out the towns and other important places on the map. When we couldn't find the answer real quick, she used to belt us with this pointer.

I remember the first day I went to school. I think they made me some kind of a coat out of a flour bag with a hole in it for my head and a hole for each arm. We all attended school, but as far as I can remember, none of us ever got a diploma. We left for one reason or another before graduation time. The only two things I enjoyed at school were poetry and Irish history. Math and geography, I didn't like. Religion was a must. We all did pretty good at that because it was drilled into us at school and at home. Believe it or not, that part helped out plenty in later years.

I was in the fifth grade when I left school. My older brother John stole away to England to work just as I had made my confirmation. I took advantage of the shortage of help on the farm so I told my mother I was quitting school. She wasn't too happy about it, but Pop was a little easier on me as he needed me out in the fields helping him. The older members of the family had strayed away. Mary (who later became a nun, St. Ann) had gone to



America. Dick was in England. Eddie went to England, came back home, and went off to Canada before he crossed into the United States at Windsor, Ontario. In the meantime, Dick had come back to Dublin and joined the Free State Army.

Then one summer, my two aunts, Mary and Nora, came home from America. When Mary saw me working in the fields digging potatoes, she said I could get a job in the States working for the telephone company, as my two uncles were already doing. I was almost 17 years old by then. I wrote to my brother Eddie in Detroit and asked him what he thought of the idea. Soon he sent me my passage, as they called it, enough money to pay for the trip. So I was on my way. On the 26th day of September 1926, I sailed out of County Cork Harbor with a cousin and a friend bound for New York. We landed in New York on October 4, 1926.

I was quite a "green horn." I stayed with my Aunt Mary and Uncles John and Tommy Lally in Brooklyn, New York. After two weeks trial, they decided I didn't fit into the picture with them. One evening, Aunt Mary came to me and said: "Martin, really and truly, you wanted to go to your brothers in Detroit, didn't you?" In other words, she put the words in my mouth.

St. Ann bought me a ticket to Detroit and gave me 10 bucks. The Lallys hustled me off to Grand Central Station and away I went. Times weren't so good in Detroit. Work was scarce. My brothers John and Eddie were working in automobile factories there and paying \$10 a week each for room and board in a boarding house. When I couldn't get work right away, someone suggested that the three of us set up light housekeeping. So, John, Eddie, and I rented a cheap flat. The place was infested with bed bugs. After a few nights, we looked like we had the measles, there were so many red blotches on us from the bug bites, so we found a better place. I did the shopping and cooking and took out the laundry, and the three of us lived cheaper than the two had lived in the boarding house.

After about six months, I got a couple of small jobs digging foundations for garages. Eddie took me to trade school and paid \$80 for the course. In eight weeks, I graduated as a metal finisher. The Depression was coming and things were slowing down. I couldn't get a job in the auto business. Soon, John and Eddie got laid off. Things looked bad, so I was looking at the Navy Recruiting Stations. Through a friend of Eddie's, I got a job wheeling concrete in a wheel barrow twelve hours a night for fifty cents an hour (so we at least were eating again). The company was building foundations. I later graduated from the laborer job to running a winch and then to tending an air gauge. I then made 11 bucks a night for eight hours. I felt like a millionaire.

The construction business went good for about a year or more and then slacked off. John and Eddie and my brother Dick, who was also in Detroit by then, took off for New York to work on building subways. The automobile business was picking up, so I went to work for a company in Detroit that was making Hudson Graham,

Page and Ford bodies. I was paid ninety cents an hour for as many hours a day as I wanted to work.

In 1929, my brothers and sister who were in the United States and I chipped in and brought Mom and Pop, and all the kids who were left behind in Ireland, out to Brooklyn. I quit my job in Detroit and headed for Brooklyn. Mom and Pop rented a long railroad flat (apartment) and the kids who were working paid the rent.

Pop and I got a job in New York through the help of an Irishman. For fifty cents an hour, we worked 13 months shoveling dirt and stacking cement blocks in a cement shed where they were building subways. I managed to pay off money I had borrowed from my sister and put a few dollars in the bank.

After that, I went into the grocery business delivering orders with a push cart for \$2 a day, seventy-five hours a week and all the deposit bottles I could find in the basements and dumb waiters. In the meantime, I got notions in my head that I should get married. I started making eyes at a few of the girls, including my wife to be.

I was at a meeting one night where we were organizing for Father Coughlin, a priest who was broadcasting from Michigan. At that first meeting, my future wife Agnes and I were left to tidy the meeting room up. When we got finished, she went on a trolley car home, and I went on another one in a different direction. I didn't even escort her home. The next day, I got a phone call. She said: "The least you could have done was see me home."

That was the beginning of a long, drawn out romance. Eleven and a half years later, we were married. You see, the woman was smart. I wasn't making much money. The Church had also advised any couple with ideas about getting married to wait until the war was over. In 1941, Uncle Sam sent me my greeting card to report to my draft board. I spent five years and ten months in the Army and, on a leave shortly before I was discharged, Agnes and I got married.

We first lived in an apartment in Brooklyn, where our first three sons were born. Our first son died after only three days. I soon got tired of carrying a baby carriage up and down three flights of stairs in Brooklyn, so we took a gamble and moved to New Jersey. During a summer vacation there, we had gotten wind of a piece of land for sale in Monroe Township. I inquired as to the price. The owners were asking \$4,000 for 41 acres, not a bad price, even though all the money we had was \$3,800. I figured I'd borrow \$300, pay the four grand and have a hundred left over for the lawyer. So I bought my farm and had no money left, only my weekly salary from my job in Brooklyn. I was then working for a plumbing contractor.

My wife's cousin, John O'Brien, lived in New Jersey at the time and needed land. He grew tomatoes for Campbell's Soup Company. He had built a new house on his farm and also owned an old house. We struck up a bargain. I let him farm my 41 acres and he let us live in his old house. So we hired a truck, packed our belongings and moved to New Jersey.

I still had my job in Brooklyn. Now the question was, how do I get to work? My father loaned me \$1,200 so I

bought a Ford pickup truck for the \$1,200. Five or six days a week, I drove to a train station in New Jersey, took the train to New York, then jumped on a subway and, after that, sometimes had to take a bus to get to plumbing jobs all over the city. All this required that I get up at 4:30 AM and get back to New Jersey at 7:00 PM, a long day.

When the weather got cold, I had to gather and chip firewood in my spare time as the old house had just an old flat top stove for heat and cooking. I bought a gas stove and set up a tank of propane gas outside, quite a luxury. This continued for 18 months and, believe me, I was getting tired of the long haul. Because I was not paying rent, I kept buying and storing cinder blocks on my 41 acres, of course with the idea of some day building our own house.

In November of 1950, John O'Brien suggested that I hire a bulldozer and dig out for the basement of our new house, figuring if the weather stayed nice we might have the basement closed in for the winter. So, that week the man came and bulldozed a hole about 45 feet long and 26 feet wide. Wouldn't you know it, that very night a blizzard came, with wind and snow drifts. The snow filled up the hole and piled three or four more feet of snow on top. That put the crimps on any building until at least the Spring of 1951.

Come the Spring, the snow melted and, where I thought my basement would be, I had a pond of water about four feet deep. Time passed until July 1951 and the water in the hole got somewhat lower. So, one Sunday, one of the O'Brien sons, Billy, and I came with two pails and worked all day. We got down to where there was only sticky mud on the bottom. We waited until the next week. What do you think happened? You guessed it. More rain filled the hole halfway up again. The next week, we went back with the pails and emptied out all the water down to the mud again. Then came a dry spell and dried the hole up good enough for me to dig and get in a frame for the footing foundation. In the meantime, I had ordered sand and gravel and cement.

We had to build the house with my meager salary of about \$75 a week (only a mad man would dream of such a thing). By the early Fall of 1951, with the help of some fellows I had worked with in the city and my brothers, I got the footing in, built the basement, and put tar paper over what was going to be the first floor. We moved into the basement with a few sticks of furniture and a gas stove—no electricity.

Again that Fall, the rains came and there were about four inches of water in the basement. It wasn't funny. I offered to take Mrs. Gibbons to the city to live with my brother John until the weather cleared up. She said, "No, if you stay here, I'm staying too."

Well, I dug a big hole near the basement door to let the water run in. Every morning, noon and night, I bailed with two buckets to keep the tide down. (By that time, I had gotten a job in New Jersey in a feed mill) With the water in the basement down to a big puddle, I came home one noon time and found my sons Michael and Paddy sliding banana peels like canoes across the puddle

having a great time. So, I figured in my own mind that things could have been worse.

With lots of cinder blocks piled up, the urge to start building the first floor of the house was getting to me. Only money was tight. The banks wouldn't even look at me. With my small salary, who could blame them. The woman who had put me on the trail of the land in the beginning still had faith in me. She talked a friend of hers from Brooklyn into loaning me \$4,000. I felt like a millionaire. I had a contractor all about lined up to put up the top of the house, when one weekend another cousin of my wife, Michael Corrigan, came to visit. He was a plasterer by trade and had some knowledge of building. He said, "Don't waste money on a contractor. We can build it ourselves. Next weekend, you get as much help as you can for Saturday and Sunday and we'll give it hell." I notified all my brothers who were available and some of the guys I used to work with in the city. And, I'm telling you, that weekend we were flying. We had 19 people overnight. By Sunday evening, the walls were all up high enough for the rafters. The windows were all in place.

After that big weekend, every chance I got, I kept doing all I could. Another weekend, I recruited a gang to put the sheeting on and get ready for shingles. I kept working along until the \$4,000 was used up. I then found another private citizen to loan me \$6,000. I paid off the woman from whom I had borrowed the \$4,000 and used the rest to finish the house.

In the mid 1950's, I was marching in a Holy Name Parade one Sunday when I met an old Irishman, who was also from County Mayo. I found out that he was staying in an old age home in our local town, Jamesburg. We invited him for dinner and got somewhat friendly. The old guy later got sick and went to the hospital. When he got well enough to be discharged, he told the doctor he would like to move in with Gibbons, if we would take him. Over the objections of the kids, we decided to take the man in for the flat fee of \$80 a month. This was the start of my present business, an old age home. After the first man, we took in another man to share his room. We kept moving over. Soon we applied for a license. The building inspector from the State came out and told us he would get us a license for six men if we would move our family down into the basement. In about a month, we we the basement and we had six men upstairs.

We soon borrowed \$4,000 and added a room that gave us 10 men. We soon increased to 12 men and I was still working on the outside, with Mrs. Gibbons sending the kids off to school and taking care of the men. One night, she said, "Pop, why can't we add on some more rooms and then you can stay home and we can run it together." That was when we had to do some tall figuring. Where were we going to get the money?

We went to the Small Business Bureau. They looked us over and came down to the house. It didn't work out. We went to a savings and loan. They turned us down flat. I wasn't too happy on my job and my daughter and wife got the idea of sending me to Ireland for a vacation. I



started to dream myself that it would be nice to go home after being away for 42 years.

Mother Gibbons and I got organized, I took a leave from my job, and we were off to the old country. We had one hell of a time meeting people that we hadn't seen for so long.

We got back to the United States still with the idea of expanding. We got acquainted with a neighbor who was a carpenter and his brother-in-law Ben. Ben drew up building plans and I got a building permit and a variance from the zoning board. The winter was over, I quit my job in March 1969, we got a bulldozer and started digging.

We still didn't know where the money was coming from to pay for it all. Lucky we had a pretty good income from the 12 men. My wife was checking with banks. I was working on getting contractors. A local plumber took a gamble on the plumbing, heating, and bulldozer work. A local electrician did the wiring on credit. Another local supplier gave us all the supplies, lumber, shingles, doors, floors, and plywood on credit, and another gave us the carpeting on credit. We got the furniture the same way. We hired our neighbor, the carpenter, for \$200 a week to work with me and the kids putting up the building. Nobody else was getting paid.

In September 1969, we were ready to take in 30 more guests. We were about \$67,000 in the red. Mrs. Gibbons had submitted an application for a mortgage from a bank for \$45,000. We didn't want to ask for too much. We were afraid we wouldn't get it. I was already 61 years old and my wife was not far behind.

The bank finally did approve the mortgage and we kept pecking away at our debts, some for this one and some for that one, a little bit here and there, until we got it all paid off. It wasn't easy trying to keep everyone satisfied, but we managed. I have to give a lot of credit to my children, Michael, Paddy, Mary Anne, Tommy and Richie. They all pitched in and saved us a lot of money on labor. To do the same today would cost about one and one half million bucks.

With a house full of men, the money kept coming in every month, so Mother Gibbons and I concentrated on

getting out of debt as quickly as possible and, at the same time, on helping the kids get established in their own homes. In 10 years, we paid off the mortgage on the old age home and made a few trips to England and Ireland, which we never could have afforded if we didn't have the business.

My wife died in 1983. Now that all the family seems fairly well settled, and I have time to visit around with all of my grandchildren and my loving daughters-in-law, I feel as happy I guess as a man can be in this life. The only thing I regret is that Mother Gibbons can't be here to enjoy what she worked so hard to get rolling in the beginning.

In the meantime, I got myself a bit of a hobby: buying, splitting and selling firewood and taking down large trees for people, which I do in my spare time. As I lay in bed at night, sometimes I wonder when, where, or how this journey of mine through life will end. Anyway, I hope that I'll be at peace with God when it happens, but I don't want it to happen for a long time yet.

Over about a five year period, Martin Francis Gibbons and seven of his thirteen brothers and sisters who were living at the time wrote their life stories. This family history book, depicting life growing up in Ireland and the struggles in the United States of this family of Irish immigrants, was printed in 1988 on the occasion of Martin's 80th birthday. Martin immigrated from County Mayo, Ireland, to the United States in 1926. His parents, brothers and sisters immigrated at various times in the 1920s. Martin Gibbons will celebrate his 84th birthday in November of 1992. Martin still cooks breakfast seven days a week for the 42 men in his old age home, takes care of all of the finances, and chops and sells about 140 tons of firewood a year. Martin and his daughter Kathleen have been regular participants in the D.C. St. Patrick's Day Parade for several years. Martin's daughter, Mary Anne Gibbons, is a co-editor of the Parade Magazine. This story may not be reprinted or copied in whole or part without the written permission of the authors.

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## We Salute Cecelia Farley, Alice Johnson, and Tom and Ita Keane, Long Time Irish Immigrants to the D.C. Area

It was 1947. Alice Murphy had trained as a nurse in Ireland and had no trouble finding work in her profession during World War II in England. She had "rubbed shoulders" with many rich and famous people. She was a nurse to a boyfriend of Princess Margaret, General Montgomery's Chief of Staff, and many American and British soldiers. While working in London, she spent her fair share of time in bomb shelters where she slept on a mattress with three other people, and she knew plenty of people who lost many of their family and all of their belongings during the bombing of London.

Although Alice Murphy had plenty of adventure and excitement in London, that was not to be her permanent home. She was in love. She had met Ralph Johnson, an American, while working in London. Ralph had returned to the United States and Alice had agreed to marry him. So, at age 26, Alice set off on May 12, 1947, on a 17 hour plane trip, making stops in Gander—where they got off for breakfast because planes did not serve food in those days—and in Boston, before the plane finally landed in New York.

Alice spent a few months in her home in County Kilkenny before leaving for the United States, because it was difficult to get a flight out of London. Unlike many other Irish immigrants, Alice did not have the sadness of leaving her parents, because they had already passed away. Her trip, however, was not without some anxiety. Although Ralph Johnson had sent her the money for her plane fare, she knew of three other young Irish women who had travelled to the United States with plans to marry, only to find that their intended had already married someone else. What a relief it was to Alice Murphy when, shortly after disembarking in New York, she heard over the loudspeaker "Miss Murphy, your alien head tax has been paid and you are free to enter." Her sweetheart was there to meet her.

That was the beginning of many happy days in the United States. Alice and Ralph married on May 24, 1947, at Sacred Heart Church, in Lewistown, Pennsylvania. They spent 5 years there, during which time Alice passed her nursing exams in the United States and worked as a nurse at hospitals in Lewistown and Altoona, Pennsylvania. The Johnson's son was born in March 1948 and the first of their three daughters was born in 1949.

Alice and Ralph moved to the Washington, D.C. area, when Ralph got a job with the federal government. A promotion Ralph sought on that job required that Alice become a U.S. citizen, so she quickly applied for citizenship. After moving to the D.C. area, Alice soon became involved in Irish activities. She recalls that Ralph called her at home one evening while he was doing volunteer activity at their parish church, St. Bernard's, in East



Alice Johnson

Riverdale, Maryland, and told her to join him quickly because there was a dance and many of the participants were from Ireland. In 1953 or 1954, she and Ralph joined the local Irish American Club (I.A.C.), which then met in private homes. She became a very active member of the I.A.C., where she worked on the first St. Patrick's Day parade in Washington, D.C., and served as its first treasurer. As treasurer, she signed the first check ever written by the I.A.C. Alice served as the second President of Division 5 of the Hibernians Association, the John Fitzgerald Division, and is still a member. She also has been a long standing member of the St. Bernard's sodality and volunteers one day a week at P.G. County Hospital.

Alice and Ralph travel frequently, including annual trips during the past 10 to 12 years to a home they maintain in Ireland. If possible, Alice likes to visit Ireland for a few months at a time. She notes with amusement that the fare she pays to travel to Ireland now is cheaper than the \$362 one-way fare that Ralph paid for her passage in 1947.

Like Alice Johnson, Ita Keane traveled to the United States to marry. She had met and dated her future husband, Tom Keane, in Dublin. Tom immigrated to the United States in 1958 seeking greener grass across the ocean. Ita was not far behind him.





Ita Keane

Unlike Alice Johnson, Ita Keane found it a bit hard deciding to leave Ireland. Her parents were still alive and she was leaving them and her eight siblings behind in her home in Ballintubber, County Roscommon. She knew she would miss out on her family in Ireland growing up, because none of her siblings had plans to immigrate to the United States. She had seen many others in the country drift away, returning to Ireland to visit those left behind only a few times in their lives.

Her youth, however, overcame her doubt and she ultimately never regretted her decision to make her home the United States. This was especially true when she learned that the weather was finer here and jobs were more plentiful. Tom came to D.C., under the sponsorship of Jimmy Madden. Ita initially came to Philadelphia through the sponsorship of an aunt. Eight months after Ita arrived, she and Tom married and Ita moved to the Washington area. She worked as a secretary for a while, until the birth of her first son.

When asked what differences she saw in her new home, Ita recalls the confusion she experienced trying to figure out American money. She was also struck by the fast pace of life in America where, unlike Ireland, neighbors do not stop on the road to talk with one another. She did not like one of the first meals her aunt served, hot dogs. She and Tom searched long and hard to find oatmeal, finally stumbling upon Quaker Oats.

Although there were definitely differences between life in Ireland and life in the United States, Ita and Tom were quickly welcomed into the Irish community in D.C. Tom had met up with many local Irish through Jimmy Madden, and Ita and Tom often attended Irish dances in Baltimore and elsewhere. Any loneliness they felt for their homeland was quickly put to rest by their many new Irish friends. In addition, although the holidays were still hard, the arrival of their six sons soon brought them a new family in the United States and helped to make it their home.

During their nearly 25 years in this area, both Ita and Tom have been active in many Irish organizations, including the Irish American Club, Division 5 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee and the Roscommon Society. Recalling the importance of the support he received from other Irish immigrants, Tom has worked hard to create opportunities for younger Irish immigrants to get to know each other. He has helped to organize a number of activities, including dances and a bowling league. He supported the I.A.C.'s sponsorship of the Washington Gaels, a very successful Gaelic football team started a few years ago. He has also encouraged his American born sons to meet Irish immigrants and is pleased that they have made many friends through activities organized by the I.A.C.

Anyone who knows Cecelia Farley and her husband Frank would agree that they are the unofficial Irish ambassadors of good will for Washington, D.C. During the past three decades, they have opened their home to hundreds of visitors from Ireland and have entertained many a new Irish immigrant to make sure he or she was not lonely at holiday times. Among the dignitaries who have enjoyed Cecelia and Frank's home and hospitality are Jerry Fitt, Member of Parliament from Northern Ireland, for whom Cecelia and Frank hosted a reception in 1971. Representatives from the Embassy of the Republic of Ireland were also guests at the reception, which received wide television and newspaper coverage. The morning after the reception, Cecelia and Frank were invited to the Irish Embassy along with Mr. Fitt. As far as Cecelia recalls, it was the first time that the Irish Embassy had officially recognized any official representative from Northern Ireland.

As a member of the Barnshees, a group that brought Irish culture to the Washington area, Cecelia and Frank organized many receptions for visiting artists and others.



Cecelia Farley

Through the Irish American Cultural Institute, they have also helped to bring a taste of Ireland to this city each year. The Irish American Cultural Institute, largely through the dedication of Dr. Francis Gannon, was instrumental in starting the Irish Fortnight, a period during which visiting Irish artists and scholars are brought to this area. Among those groups which Cecelia recalls helping to bring under the sponsorship of the Cultural Institute were a dancing group called the Comhaltas Ceoltóirí, an exhibit of Irish art at the Corcoran Art Gallery, and many other exhibits, groups, and individuals.

Cecelia has been a longtime member of the Irish American Club and has held most offices in the I.A.C. She has the distinction of being its first woman President, a post she held from 1985 to 1987. Through the I.A.C., Cecelia helped to organize—and marched—in the first D.C. St. Patrick's Day Parade in 1971 and has been responsible over the years for recruiting Irish and other bands to march in the Parade. Cecelia has also helped the I.A.C. to organize the annual Feis, an Irish dance competition.

This very active woman immigrated to the United States from a farm in County Wexford on June 22, 1962. She left behind her parents, five brothers and three sisters, none of whom have followed her. Although she had worked as a hairdresser in Dublin for 10 years, Cecelia believed there would be better job opportunities in the United States. So, when she applied and was hired for a hairdresser job in Washington, D.C., she accepted.

Before marrying, Cecelia rented a room at a large home owned by St. Matthew's Cathedral. She lived with a number of young women, including many Irish immigrants. In those early days, she recalls that going to Irish dances run by the I.A.C. was her primary social outlet. In fact, she met her husband Frank at a dance at St. Matthew's. She recalls that the I.A.C. dances in those days were held four or more times a year and had such great bands as Paddy Noonan and Noel Kingston.

Her first vacation in the United States was quite unique. Cecelia was anxious to find out whether farms in the United States were like the farm on which she grew up in Ireland. Through one of her clients, she was invited

to spend her vacation working on a farm in Manassas, Virginia, where she picked fruit and vegetables and helped with canning. She had a thoroughly delightful time, but did notice that the U.S. dairy farm at that time was just a bit more modernized than her family's farm in Wexford.

When asked what differences she noticed early on, Cecelia recalls that she just could not get used to the light American bread. It could not compare with the homemade bread she had grown up with in Ireland. When she finally happened upon the heartier Italian bread, she was quite happy.

Cecelia considers herself very fortunate in the people she met when she first arrived. She was frequently invited to people's home and never spent a holiday alone. She has not forgotten the comfort of that early hospitality. It is the reason why she and Frank have opened their home to so many people over the years.

Married in 1964, Frank and Cecelia have two sons and a daughter. Frank and Cecelia have traveled home to Ireland for at least 3 weeks nearly every year and Cecelia spent 7 weeks there last summer. Cecelia's mother is still living in Ireland and will celebrate her 95th birthday this year. Despite the deep roots Cecelia has planted in her home here and her love of the United States, she has not lost her great love of Ireland. Even more importantly, she has made it a priority to keep in close touch with her family in Ireland. When asked if she has any advice for newer Irish immigrants, Cecelia states without hesitation: "Never forget your Irish roots and heritage, and never forget to keep up a correspondence with your family there." Cecelia, and Frank, have certainly been an example of that advice throughout their lives.

Alice Johnson, Cecelia Farley, and Tom and Ita Keane, like many other local Irish immigrants of their vintage, have been a mainstay of Irish activities in the D.C. metropolitan area for decades. Their proud devotion to their Irish heritage has undoubtedly been an example and a great boost to many newer Irish immigrants. The St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee salutes them and thanks them. When they "pass the torch to the next generation of Irish immigrants, it will indeed be hard to fill their shoes.



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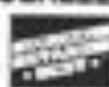


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# Meet Eamon McTigue, Aina O'Dwyer, and Andrew Healy:

## Three Recent Irish Immigrants To The D.C. Area

The reasons for Irish immigration to the United States have changed only slightly over the years. Famine and British rule over the Republic of Ireland Irish are no longer the primary reasons for Irish youth to leave their homeland. As in bygone days, the search for that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow still calls many young, talented, and highly motivated Irish men and women to leave heartbroken parents and a familiar culture and seek their fortune on the "Shores of Amerikay," as the song goes. Despite these immigrants' best efforts, the job market in Ireland is quite limited. Thus, as in earlier generations, leaving Ireland to make a life elsewhere has become an accepted part of life for the youth of Ireland.

Because of these conditions in Ireland, the Washington, D.C., area has been blessed with a great new influx of young Irish immigrants during the past 10 to 15 years. They have distinguished themselves in many local Irish and non-Irish activities and professions. This article highlights three of these recent Irish immigrants.

Andrew Healy hails from County Kerry in the West of Ireland. Andrew arrived in the United States on November 19, 1985. Although that was also the day that Joe Theisman broke his leg, thereby ending his football career, Andrew believes that the date is better remembered as the day of his own arrival. Given the tremendous contributions Andrew has made to the Irish community in Washington, D.C., that belief has a resounding ring of truth to it.

Never one to mince words on things he cares about, Andrew has been a tireless leader in trying to resolve "the troubles" in Northern Ireland and in helping other Irish men and women enter the United States and enjoy a rich quality of life once they arrive. His motto seems to be: "Don't just talk or complain about problems in life. Get out there and do something to make it better." Andrew has been an active member of the Irish-American Unity Conference, a group that provides information to U.S. Senators, Congressman, and other national leaders on the situation in Northern Ireland and invites legislators to visit Ireland and learn from firsthand experience. The goal of the Unity Conference is the eventual resolution of these problems.

Although he already had his green card, Andrew was quite happy with the passage of the Immigration Act of 1990, because he was a local leader in the Irish Immigration Reform Movement whose members worked for passage of that legislation. He then helped to set up workshops that assisted many Irish immigrant hopefuls in completing applications for "Morrison Visas." A high percentage of those he helped were successful in obtaining these highly sought after visas.



*Andrew Healy*

Perhaps his most well known contribution to the local area is his role in 1987 and 1988 in organizing the Washington Gaels, the local Irish team that plays Gaelic football in the North American Gaelic Athletic Association (G.A.A.). He has served as its President ever since. Andrew started the Gaels because there were so many young Irish immigrants in the D.C. area who had grown up playing Gaelic football, but had few athletic outlets here. Because the G.A.A. is a nonpolitical organization, Andrew also saw it as an opportunity to have Irish immigrants from Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland join together to play on a united team. Despite their newcomer status in the North American G.A.A., the Gaels have advanced to the North American finals championship rounds three times. They won the Philadelphia Division Championship two times. One of the Gaels' best known and most successful fundraisers has been their annual play featuring an all-Irish cast.

Finally, he has joined forces with earlier immigrants to this area and local Irish Americans as a member of the Advisory Board of the Irish American Club. The Irish American Club is one of the earliest such organizations in this area and the founder of the D.C. St. Patrick's Day Parade.

Despite his busy schedule, Andrew has found time to train for and run five marathons (26.2 miles). He ran the Marine Corps Marathon three times, the New York City Marathon once, and a New Jersey marathon one time. Andrew is also a swimmer and is considering competing in a biathlon or a triathlon.

When asked how he settled in the D.C. area, Andrew explains that his idea in first coming to the United States was to "check it out." He had previously lived and worked in England, Holland, Greece, and Switzerland. He arrived in North Bergen, New Jersey, and soon was able to put his earlier training as a chef to good use. He later came to the D.C. area for the weekend, saw the Irish flag at the Phoenix Park Hotel, immediately applied, and was hired for a job there as a chef, and moved here within 2 weeks. He is currently working with the Donegal Development Construction Company. Andrew has found that there has always been plenty of work for his willing hands.

Leaving Ireland was not unique in Andrew's family. Of the 11 children in his family, 9 are currently living outside of Ireland. Asked if it was hard to leave his homeland, Andrew responds that he "always thought he would leave Ireland." Although he was sad leaving his parents, he believes that the departure of so many of his brothers and sisters was even sadder for his parents. His mother, age 63, and two brothers are the only members of his immediate family still living in Ireland. He has been "home" two times since 1985, once for a sister's wedding and most recently for his father's funeral.

Although Andrew has a knack for not "cracking a smile" in photographs, he has a charming smile when seen in person and has handsome dark features. And yes, women, he is eligible. Look for him not only on the football field, but at many of the local Irish functions or sharing a word with his many friends and admirers in one of the local Irish pubs.

Aina O'Dwyer is a native of the rural village of Rathkeale, County Limerick, also in the West of Ireland. Although well educated in Ireland—she received a business degree from Limerick University—seeking better job opportunities in the United States was her goal for a long time. She got her first taste of the United States when she did an internship here during her college years. After returning to Ireland and completing her degree, she moved back to the United States at age 23, because it seemed like the "way to go" for so many people she knew. She arrived here in January 1989, after obtaining a "Donnelly visa" and received assistance from an uncle in getting settled.

Aina left her parents, four brothers, and a sister behind in Ireland. Three older siblings had already left Ireland. Although she feels "at home" in the United States and believes that "home is the place you want it to be," she still misses the opportunity to experience Irish culture on a day-to-day basis. She notes in particular the ability of the Irish to interact with each other in a subtly sarcastic, but witty and friendly way. Some she has met here are not as quick-witted.



Eamon McTigue and Aina O'Dwyer

Aina attributes her feeling of being "at home" in the United States to the tremendous support, both emotional and otherwise, extended to new Irish immigrants by the many Irish organizations and Irish pubs in the Washington, D.C. metropolitan area. She has also enjoyed the great diversity of social activities generally available in the United States, in comparison to the more limited variety in Ireland, and has made many American friends. Having become part of the culture here, she believes that it would be hard to live in Ireland again.

Aina's experience working in the United States has been that people here are rewarded for hard work and that it is relatively easy to get a new or second job. In contrast, people in Ireland feel lucky to have even one job and are reluctant to risk losing work altogether by leaving a job to seek new work that might be better. On the down side, although Aina believes that the work ethic is good in the United States, she notes that U.S. workers get very little vacation time in comparison to their counterparts in Ireland and other parts of Europe.

Although Aina currently works as a marketing manager for a publishing company, she is perhaps best known in this area for her acting skills. A regular in the cast of the annual play sponsored by the Washington Gaels, Aina had the lead role of "Nora" in this year's production of "The Plough and the Stars" by Sean O'Casey. We can look forward to more of her outstanding theatrical performances.

Serving up good food and good times to many Irish and would-be Irish is Eamon McTigue, a bartender/cook/manager at Flanagan's Pub in Bethesda. Eamon immigrated to the United States 4 years ago from the city of Dublin. After obtaining a Certificate in Hotel Management and working at a low-paying job in Ireland for a few years, he left Ireland with \$65 in his pocket, believing that there would be greater economic opportunities in

the United States. Arriving with such little cash was not as risky as it might sound because he had the help and support of one of his brothers who was already here. He also recalls fondly the many Americans who "took him under their wing," particularly Franin Silke, his brother's mother-in-law, who went out of her way to make him feel welcome.

Eamon soon found work in a construction company, where he worked for one year, quickly moving up the ladder until he supervised a crew of approximately 20 workers. Eventually, Eamon was hired at Flanagan's. He recounts many funny experiences—at least in retrospect—during his first weeks there. As most pubs in Ireland are not known for serving a wide variety of mixed drinks, Eamon had a few things to learn the hard way in his new job here. He recalls the day when a customer walked up to the bar and called out "seven and seven." Not missing a beat, Eamon responded "fourteen." A more experienced colleague immediately came to the rescue. He also remembers perhaps a bit of shock at the idea that he was being propositioned when a female customer walked up to the bar in his early days at Flanagan's and asked for "Sex-on-the-Beach." He later learned that it was the name of a drink made with a melon liqueur.

Eamon's notoriety is not only a product of his work at Flanagan's. Like his grandfather, Andy McTeague, who

was Headmaster of a school in Castlebar, County Mayo, and an accomplished actor there, Eamon is a talented showman. He starred across from Aina O'Dwyer as the male lead, "Mack," in "The Plough and the Stars." He also had a leading role in the Gaels' first play, "Philadelphia Here I Come," and was "Petey Boyle" in last year's production of "Hogan's Goat." He was recently filmed at Flanagan's by a German television crew for prime time news in Germany.

Among Eamon's plans for the future are opening an Irish pub here with one of his brothers and then, perhaps, retiring in Ireland. Of far greater personal importance, however, is his plan to marry Eileen Callahan—whom he describes as a "lovely" Irish American woman he had the good fortune to meet here—in May of this year. That will also be a happy occasion for a reunion with his parents who plan to travel to the United States for the wedding.

The St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee wishes Andrew, Aina, Eamon, and all of the other recent Irish immigrants to the Washington, D.C. area a hearty *Cead Mile Failte!* Never forget or turn away from your proud Irish heritage. May you have continued success in all of your endeavors in the United States. May your life here bring more happy times than sadness, and, thank you for your generosity of spirit in sharing your many talents with the D.C. community.

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# One Child at a Time

By Carter Bundy

Project Children is an organization devoted to the proposition that just as violence and intolerance are learned, they can also be unlearned, and replaced with understanding and respect. For the past 16 summers, Catholic and Protestant youngsters from strife-torn Northern Ireland have been treated to holidays in the United States by Project Children. The experience is about far more than fun, although fun is certainly an aim of the visits. While in the United States, these children learn that people of different religions and races not only are similar and can coexist peacefully, but that they can and frequently do become close friends.

One of Project Children's founders is Denis Mulcahy, a native of Rockchapel, County Cork. He and other residents of Greenwood Lake, New York, formed the Greenwood Lake Gaelic Society in 1975, and established Project Children as a Society program. Denis has served as chairman of Project Children since its inception, and is currently the National Director.

Denis has been with the New York City Police Department since 1969, received the Gold Shield of Detective in 1973, and presently serves with the elite Bomb Squad. He was awarded the Medal of Valor by the New York City Police Department after he single-handedly defused a live bomb, and later that year received the Knighthood Award from his Holiness Pope John Paul II. In 1989 he and his brother, Pat, were presented with a People of the Year Award by the Irish Taoiseach for their work in giving over 6,000 Ulster children a holiday in America through Project Children.

Denis is married to the former Miriam O'Rourke, a native of County Leitrim. They have four children: Denis Jr., Maureen, Sean, and Tara, and still reside in Greenwood Lake.

Project Children began sending children to the Washington, D.C. area in 1984, and the local program has flourished. Over 100 children participated in 1991, and another 100 will spend a peaceful 6 weeks with families in D.C., Maryland, and Virginia this coming summer.

Washington D.C. has been a blessing for Project Children. Representatives Joe Kennedy, Sandy Levin, Tom Manton, Jim Moran, Connie Morella, and Ron Wyden, among others, have made trips to Capitol Hill a thrilling experience for the youngsters. The children have met with White House Chief of Staff Sam Skinner, former President Reagan, and one year were treated to a cookout at the home of Senator Edward Kennedy. Many others have provided fun filled adventures. For example, the Orioles have donated free tickets to games for children and host families; and St. Albans has hosted annual picnics on the grounds of the National Cathedral.

Neither Denis Mulcahy nor Project Children claim to have the answer to the Irish "troubles", but they are convinced that the organization can have an impact on the future—one child at a time. Many agree. Eugene Markey, a member of the Newry Town Council, said of Project Children:

Maybe someday a Protestant and Catholic will be sitting here in this council room and one will suddenly say to the other: "Enough is enough. No more killing. Once upon a time in America, we were friends together." Please God, it's got to happen.



Denis Mulcahy and Representative Joseph P. Kennedy II.





## Frank and Peggy O'Neill Inducted Into Irish Cultural Hall of Fame

In the Capitol of the United States of America, Frank and Peggy O'Neill were inducted into the "Irish Cultural Hall of Fame" by Mr. Sean Boland on July 28, 1990.

Frank and Peggy are the first couple recognized by this committee for their outstanding promotion of the Irish Culture.

Daughter Laureen, husband Fred James, and two grandsons, Freddie and Robbie were presented with a plaque to commemorate the occasion. Mr. Donald Anderson and a few close friends attended the ceremony.



*From left to right: Dr. Sean Cullinane, Co. Cork, Representative of the Irish Dancing Commission; Fred James; Mary Kate Barry, from the O'Neill-James School; Robbie James; Sean Boland, Cleveland, Ohio, Representative of The Irish Cultural Hall of Fame; Laureen O'Neill-James; Freddie James; Rena Ray, McLean, Virginia; Michael Bergin, New York, Representative of the Irish Dance Teachers Association of North America. Back row: Donald Anderson, Clerk of the House, Washington, D.C.*



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# Digging Up Irish Roots

by Jean C. Andrews

As a child growing up in New England, I often heard the expression: "As common as Pat Murphy's pig." Little did I think that 50 years later I would be eagerly searching for "Pat Murphy" (with or without pig), an elusive great-grandfather who had lived and died in the 1800's on the Beara Peninsula, Co. Cork.

There are many reasons for beginning genealogical research. I began digging 11 years ago when my father, then in his 80's, suddenly developed an interest in learning something about the families of his father, Thomas Fitzgerald, from Shanballymore, Co. Cork, and his mother, Catherine Murphy, from Beara, his knowledge at that point being limited to names of siblings who had emigrated to Fall River, Mass. Others may begin their search for quite different reasons: To fulfill a religious obligation; to flesh out old portraits; to locate and hopefully visit distant relatives still living in "the old country"; or to confirm or dispel family legends. Amongst the younger generation in Australia there is always the hope that for ultimate prestige a convict can be found lurking somewhere in the family tree.

Anyone who likes challenge, mysteries, puzzles, or history (particularly oral and of ordinary people), who enjoys research, conversation, writing, or travel that includes meeting people in their homes, will probably enjoy genealogical research. But be warned: Genealogical research is addictive, which is perhaps fortunate because a genealogist's work is never done. Going straight back in one's family ultimately will lead to a period in which no records were kept and further investigation seems impossible; the resolute researcher then starts sideways, looking for ever more distant cousins who perhaps may be more readily traced, hoping paths will eventually cross, and always optimistic that some hitherto unknown old records will turn up. There is always another branch of the family tree to explore, however far from the trunk.

Having determined to do such research, where do you start? Authorities agree: Begin with yourself and work backwards. Exhaust every known resource in this country, starting with the oldest family members (while they're still here). Ask short, simple questions, and keep on asking. Give them time to remember. For eight years Dad bemoaned the fact that neither parent ever talked about life in Ireland. Then, shortly before he died, he suddenly recalled that his father had a dog "he must have loved because it was the only thing in Ireland he ever talked about — a mastiff, named True Boy." A few days later, out of the blue, he announced: "My mother spoke Irish. She used to say something like, 'Connas tá tu' and 'Tá me go maith.' " As she died when he was only 15, who knows from what depths of memory he had finally dredged this up!

Along with interviews and collecting copies of any papers, pictures, etc., from family members, you will need to examine records, again starting with those in the United States. For example, Census, naturalization, tax, civil and parish; cemeteries; newspapers; directories; and old phone books. These provide not just names but, depending upon the time period, occupations; type and location of residences; dates of birth, marriages, deaths; immigration dates, and hence ship name and port of embarkation; and identity of friends, relatives, and neighbors. Naturalizations may give the townland, parish, county, or merely the country of origin. If you need help identifying or locating records, try *The Source: A Guidebook of American Genealogy* edited by Arlene Eakle and Johni Cerny, which gives major U.S. records and sources, published and special sources, and addresses for obtaining vital records by state.

Family legend, however distorted over time, often proves nearer the truth than the official word. Naturalization information is notoriously inaccurate because at one time it was easier to become a citizen if one entered the country as a minor; years were conveniently shed as the alien entered the courthouse. Census data are still only as reliable as the source providing them. Perhaps it will come as no surprise that husbands and wives did not always know how old their spouses really were, or that mothers with a dozen or more children might get birthdates mixed up. Even dates carved in stone are no more accurate than the knowledge of the surviving spouse or children providing them. With five official U.S. records giving me 1854 as my grandfather's birth year, in itself an unusual consistency, I assumed it was correct. A year later I found his baptismal date in Shanballymore: 1845.

The first, most valuable, easiest, and inexpensive place to look for information in the United States is the records filmed by the Church of Latter Day Saints (LDS, or Mormons). Their genealogical libraries (locally Kensington, McLean, Oakton, and Annandale) are staffed by knowledgeable volunteers who demonstrate how to use the facility and order microfilm or fiche rental from the Church's vast repository in Salt Lake City that includes well over 1.5 million rolls of film covering worldwide records, irrespective of race or religion, plus the International Genealogical Index, with over 145 million names on fiche. Many of the local libraries have computers and copies of discs covering their Ancestry File, which includes family pedigrees continually being submitted by patrons eager to preserve forever their own data and to help others in their search. These data are by no means limited to someone with a Church association. You may well find the ancestor you seek has already been traced by an unknown distant relative. For further information,



see *The Library: A Guide to the LDS Family History Library*, edited by Johni Cemy and Wendy Elliott.

Here in the D.C. area we also have easy access to two more invaluable resources: The National Archives and the Library of Congress. The former is the chief source for U.S. Censuses, naturalization, and shipping information. The latter has an entire department devoted to genealogy and local history, as well as old city directories, maps, and phone books. Another resource worth investigating is the annual *Genealogical Research Directory*, which listed over 100,000 names being researched worldwide in the 1991 issue (available at the Kensington LDS library), time period and place, name and address of contributors, plus addresses of major societies. For \$27 for the 1992 issue, subscribers could put in 15 entries free. I found a fifth generation Irish-Australian relative by this means.

Irish records (the most widely used being parish, tax—Tithe Applotments, Griffith's and subsequent Valuations, Civil Registers, cemeteries, and the 1901 Census) provide baptismal and marriage dates; names of relatives, friends, and neighbors; property location, size, tax, and occupations; and dates of death. Tracking the ways property changed hands can lead to useful inferences if not proof of relationships and emigration dates. Most of the tax records, some parish records, and some of the 1901 Irish census (the first one to survive completely) are amongst the films available from the Mormon libraries. Before delving into Irish records, it is absolutely necessary to understand the administrative jurisdictions; a useful (some would say essential) guide is *Irish and Scotch-Irish Ancestral Research*, by Margaret Dickson Falley, B.S.

Once you have done as much in the United States as you reasonably can, and have located the home parish, if not the townland, you will probably want to consider a trip to Ireland and see for yourself the area your family came from. If you write to the Parish Priest at the Presbytery in your parish, enclosing a self-addressed envelope and two international reply coupons, or a check if you prefer, you will likely be encouraged to arrange a visit and referred to a local historian or society that can assist, so you will have contacts when you arrive and some advance indication of the local scene and customs. Once there, if you are really lucky, you will locate your family's home. If no one seems able to help, try calling everyone in the phone book with your family name, especially those with Christian names that run in your family. My family search started on the Fitzgerald side, looking for the birth of my great-grandfather, Edmund Fitzgerald, circa 1815, and his parents, Thomas and Ellen. Systematically reading registers in every parish in ever-widening concentric circles from Edmund's last-known location, Shanballymore, I have yet to succeed, but a chance phone call made on our last trip suggests I may have found the right townland and possibly even a distant relative. It takes time and patience to cultivate a family tree.

Depending on the area, newspapers can be very helpful. In Beara everyone reads the "Southern Star" Through

Irish records read in the United States I was confident I had located "my" Pat Murphy, with wife Johanna O'Sullivan, in Gowlane, as well as a daughter Mary who married and stayed on the home farm. A query letter to the "Star" regarding Mary's daughters, identified through the 1901 Census, led to a reply from the elderly farmer who had purchased their property 40 years ago. Steeped in family and local history, he has proved an invaluable help. Through him I was able to trace Johanna, and have met a number of third cousins since our first trip in 1989 when the farmer and his wife welcomed my husband and me "as if you are family, since yours are no longer here." Indeed, we have come to feel we are part of their family too, and have been back every year to see them.

As with any kind of research involving various localities, every place is a little different. Almost all genealogical books on Ireland emphasize the Irish "naming tradition": Eldest daughter and son named after the paternal grandparents, the second daughter and son named after the maternal ones. If followed (and it usually is in Ireland, but weakens and disappears in the United States), then you also have the names of the grandparents. But there are exceptions. In Beara, although the eldest son is named after the paternal grandfather, the eldest daughter is named after the Virgin; after that, aunts, uncles, or just friends may be honored.

No research is complete without problems. The only thing more frustrating for me than my father's nearly complete lack of knowledge concerning his family were the few facts he was sure of that turned out to be dead wrong. An exhaustive search of Fall River records for his uncle Jerry Murphy and son, "Good old Eddie Murphy; I knew him well," was in vain. Finally I showed Dad a map of the city and he was able to pinpoint the block where "Good old Eddie" had lived. Exasperated, I pointed out that the only Jerry Murphy in that area had a son Willie (plus wife and two daughters, hitherto unmentioned). My father beamed with satisfaction. "Of course! Good old Willie Murphy; I knew him well." I should have been suspicious much earlier, having also spent some time searching for an aunt Elizabeth with daughter Ellen, only to discover he had reversed the Christian names.

If you are faced with searching a number of parishes in Ireland, you may want to start at the National Library, Dublin, as this provides microfilm of many parishes under one roof. Limiting factors are ever decreasing hours of opening (due to budget cutbacks), and few microfilm machines. Civil records of births, marriages, and deaths, started in 1864, are available at individual Registrar's offices for a reasonable fee, much less so at Dublin headquarters. Don't even bother there unless you need only one specific vital record. Some local Registrars are pleased to hand over their books and let you do your own research; others insist only they can see the records. Assuming they can spare the time to accommodate you, this can be an excruciatingly slow process, particularly if you have a name but no date, or only a surname and appropriate date to go by. A better policy in those cases is to try to get help by mail. Similarly most priests are not only gracious hosts but eager to assist, especially if their



records have been indexed and typed, a part of the Irish Genealogical Project, sponsored by the Irish Family History Society, which has made great progress in some counties, but bogged down in others.

The rewards make all problems insignificant: the friends you make along the way, including newfound relatives; the thrill of each break through a seeming "dead end"; a better understanding of your heritage and perhaps yourself. There is much to be said for treading the ground long-dead ancestors once trod. For me it was standing in a sheep pasture in Gowlane in 1989 beside a small stream, remnants of cottage foundation stones barely visible at my feet, Maulin, one of the Slieve Miskish mountains, rising behind me as I gazed down towards Coulagh Bay in the distance, knowing the grandmother I never knew must often have stood here just outside her cottage as I do now. The view has not changed much, and I wonder, what was she thinking that day before she left in 1870, as she looked around for the last time? Genealogical research doesn't answer such questions, of course, but it can provide insight. Now that I know the little townland, then nine families, now three, that she came from, as well as the teeming manufacturing city of Fall River (pop. over 26,000 in the 1870's) that she went to, I realize it must have been a traumatic

experience. I have a better appreciation for what she lost, for the courage it took to survive, and the determination and hard work eventually to flourish in a new land.

My only regret is that I didn't manage to find out more about Pat Murphy and his family before Dad died in his 93rd year, but I had something, and considerably more on the Fitzgeralds of Shanballymore. Thus, I was able to give him a fat notebook full of family trees, colorful biographies with anecdotes gleaned from long forgotten and previously unknown relatives, copies of official records, etc. Best of all were copies of old pictures: Cousins he barely remembered, a favorite aunt, and—something I had never dared hope for—a photograph of my Fitzgerald great-grandparents, then in their late 60's, taken in Ireland before they succumbed to their emigrant children's pleas and joined them in 1884 in America. After these brave hopes, within a week of arrival my great-grandfather was dead of pneumonia, presumably contracted on the rough voyage over.

One final reason, not only for starting to dig up your roots, but also to keep on doing so, is certainly the most joyful: Posterity and the desire to leave behind a lasting memorial to those your grandchildren would otherwise never know.

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# You Can Go Home Again: Establishing Your Irish Citizenship

By John H. McShane

(John McShane is an environmentalist who works for the Federal Government and has lived in Washington, D.C., for the past 4 years. All four of Mr. McShane's grandparents were born in Ireland and immigrated to the United States at the turn of the century.)

The Irish Nationality and Citizen Act of 1956 allows you to claim Irish citizenship, wherever you were born, if one of your parents was an Irish citizen at the time of your birth. If both you and the parent through whom you claim Irish citizenship were born outside Ireland, you must register your birth with the Department of Foreign Affairs, Dublin or at any Embassy of Ireland, before your Irish citizenship takes effect. If one of your parents was born in Ireland, however, you are already considered an Irish citizen and need not apply through the registration process. This article explains the process of registering for Irish citizenship, obtaining an Irish passport, and the conditions that apply relative to your eligibility.

You are eligible to become an Irish citizen if you are:

- The grandchild of an Irish-born citizen;
- the great grandchild of an Irish-born citizen (under certain limited circumstances);
- the child of a citizen who had earlier acquired Irish citizenship via registration;
- the child of a naturalized Irish citizen; or
- the child of a citizen who acquired Irish citizenship via post-nuptial declaration (under certain circumstances).

If you fall under one of these categories and wish to have your birth registered, you must complete the appropriate application form (available from the Embassy of Ireland) and submit the necessary documentation.

The documentation required for Irish citizenship

depends on which category applies to you. If, for example, your paternal grandfather was born in Ireland, you will need to submit your grandfather's, father's, and your birth certificate with the application. The long form (also called the vault form) birth certificates showing names and places of birth of the parents is required. If one of your maternal grandparents is Irish-born, you must also submit the appropriate marriage certificate to prove your Irish heritage. You must also provide two recent photographs and three proofs of your identity with the application.

Once you register your birth with the Irish authorities, you then become eligible to apply for an Irish passport. (If one of your parents was born in Ireland, you need only submit the appropriate birth certificates, proof of identity, and passport photographs to obtain a passport.) Besides its sentimental value, there are several tangible benefits to holding an Irish passport, including the right to pass through the Irish Nationals' gate when arriving in Ireland (thus avoiding potentially long entry lines) and the right to live or work anywhere in the European Economic Community (EEC) without a visa or work permit. Note that U.S. citizens are permitted to hold more than one passport, but the United States does not recognize dual citizenship, although Ireland does.

To obtain application forms and a complete, detailed packet of the documentation needed to register for Irish citizenship and to apply for an Irish passport, contact the Embassy of Ireland, 2234 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008; (202) 462-3939.

With a little effort and the required documents, you can go home again.

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The editors of  
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Magazine  
to

**Kathi Hanagan**

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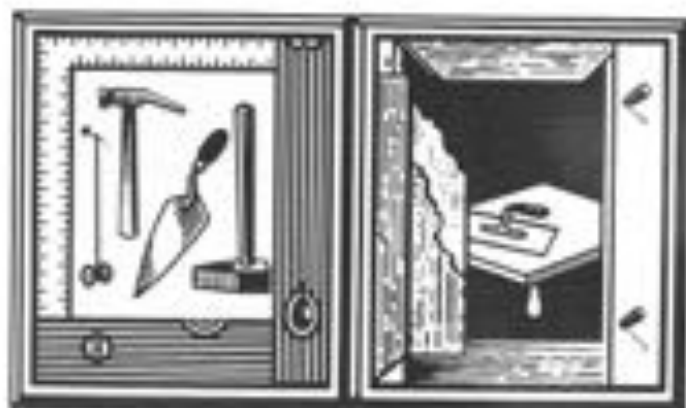
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