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RUNNING FOR MARTIN

BAA Marathon team is raising funds to honor memory of Dorchester boy

By BILL FORRY
EDITOR

A tight-knit group of neighbors and family friends will form the nucleus of the inaugural Team MR8, a squad of 100-plus runners who will run in April's Boston Marathon in memory of Martin Richard, the eight-year-old Dorchester boy who lost his life in last year's terror bombing attack.

Each member of the team will raise thousands of dollars for the newly formed Martin W. Richard Charitable Foundation, whose mission is "to honor Martin's message of 'No more hurting people – peace' by investing in education, athletics, and community."

Among those hand-picked by the Richard family and their foundation are close friends and neighbors, including Lisa Hourihan-Jackson, Jose Calderon, Mike McCarthy, and Harry Benzan, who coached both Martin and his younger sister Jane, who lost a limb in the attack.

"When this awful thing happened, Bill and Denise [Richard] said that they really wanted some privacy. And we honored what they wanted," explained Benzan. "So now this opportunity came and this is what they've asked for. It's a wonderful way to show that we're there for them."

The other Dorchester and OFD runners named to the squad this week include Colin Butler, Bob Cleary Dave Gilmartin, Michelle Griffin, John Hanlon, Michelle Hobin, Edmund Kelly, Katy Kelly, James Keefe, Suzanne (Morrison) McDewitt, Rachel Moo, Patrick Ryan, and Steve Wilkins.

The full team, which was expected to be finalized and announced last week, will include as many as 108 runners, among them a mix of charity runners, who will receive bibs through the foundation. The team will also include qualified runners who already have a bib through the Boston Athletic Association (BAA).

In a statement announcing plans for the team earlier this month, Bill and Denise Richard explained, "This foundation will be a legacy for Martin, allowing us to 'pay it forward' and make a difference in ways that would make him proud but also be a source of healing and purpose for us."

"As a team member we're supposed to raise



Harry Benzan, who coached Martin Richard on the soccer fields of Dorchester, will be a member of the newly-formed team that will run this year's Boston Marathon in Martin's memory.
Photo courtesy Harry Benzan

approximately \$7,500 [each], said 47-year-old Mike McCarthy, a father of four from Dorchester with close ties to the Richard family. "I'm pretty determined and set my mind to things. After what happened last year it inspired me. I just wanted to do it more. It motivated me even more to run the marathon."

Mike and his wife Sheila are planning an Irish-themed fundraiser event to help him raise the requisite donation for the MR8 team. The party will be held at Florian Hall on Thurs., Feb. 27. The event will include a 50-50 raffle, a silent auction, step-dancing performances, and "tons of Irish music," according to McCarthy.

Walsh plans trip to Ireland in the spring

By GINTAUTAS DUMCIUS
NEWS EDITOR

Boston Mayor Marty Walsh, who boasts roots in Co. Galway, always keeps an eye on the ould sod, but this spring, as he rounds out his first few months in office, he plans to check things out personally.

"I haven't even focused on it yet," Walsh told the *Reporter* this week as he continues to settle into his new job. "I do want to go, though, probably in May." He added that he wouldn't be making any other stops while over there.

The mayoral trip across the Atlantic was first floated as a rumor in *Irish America* magazine, which celebrates the rise of the Dorchester native with a cover story in its February/March edition. Walsh, who served as a state representative from Dorchester for 16 years before running for mayor, has made many previous trips to Ireland.

Irish America noted that after his victory, the mayor spoke to the Irish broadcast medium Raidio na Gaeltachta and pledged a visit this year. "When he returns, Walsh will be assured a royal welcome befitting a native son who has done Connemara proud," the magazine wrote.

The mayor's mother Mary and his late father John are natives of Connemara, a legendary region of Galway, although they didn't meet until both were living in Boston and ran into each other at a local dance hall. Mary Walsh was born in the village



of Rosmuc, and her son has a sign in his new office with the words "Rosmuc" on it, a nod to his family's heritage.

Walsh's campaign and election were closely tracked in Ireland, often making the front page of newspapers, and the inauguration in January attracted elected officials and residents of Galway, including County Mayor Liam Carroll and City Mayor Padraig Conneely.

After he was elected, Walsh talked to a *Boston Globe* correspondent in Ireland about his acquaintance with the Connemara region on the fringes of Galway. "Oh, I've been over there at least a dozen times," he said. "Every summer I'd go over as a kid to my grandparents' house in Rosmuc, where my mother is from. I loved it there: planting cabbage or sowing potatoes in the fields, feeding the chickens or fishing on the pier."

Irishmen at the core, 3 stalwarts pass away

Lenahan O'Connell of Jamaica Plain, who died on Jan. 5, celebrated his 100th birthday last June. While a handful of people achieve the centenarian milestone, not many do so having lived a life so large as Mr. O'Connell. From family and the law to the very history and politics of Boston from the 20th to the 21st centuries, this rock-ribbed Boston Irish Democrat, did it all, with a keen sense of

justice, humor, hard work, and a commitment to people, whether his law clients or those in society who needed the most help.

Dr. William T. O'Connell of Duxbury, a podiatrist who was known to many as Dr. Bill, led an active life well into his 80s. He traveled extensively, touring Russia and South America, among other places while making 21 trips to Ireland. He skied into his 70s, and, with his wife

Rita, devoted considerable time and resources to a wide range of Irish cultural and historic organizations, giving special emphasis, much time, and frequent lectures to educate, entertain and raise funds for the Deer Island Famine Memorial.

Robert H. Quinn, a Savin Hill, Dorchester, native, recovered from a life and death bout with tuberculosis as a young man to become one of

the Commonwealth's most powerful political leaders of his generation. Mr. Quinn, 85, was a state representative from Ward 13 who became speaker of the Massachusetts House and, later, state attorney general. He was a pivotal figure in bringing the University of Massachusetts to its present home on Dorchester's Columbia Point in the 1970s.

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‘Dr. Bill’ took on many causes

William T. O’Connell, or Dr. Bill as he was known to many, led an active life. He traveled extensively, touring Russia and South America, among other places while making 21 trips to Ireland. He skied into his 70s, and devoted considerable time and resources to a wide range of Irish cultural and historic organizations.

Always at his side was his beloved late wife Rita, who was the light of his life and the true companion of his days.

From the ski slopes of New England to the fields of the annual Irish Cultural Festival, they

shared a zest for life and a dedication to all things Irish. Bill became an expert historian and gave frequent lectures to educate, entertain and raise funds for the Deer Island Famine Memorial. Some of the multiple organizations he belonged to included the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Plymouth Chapter, the Corkmen and Lady’s Association, the Knights and Ladies of St. Finbarr, voting Member of the Boston Athletic Association (Boston Marathon), Co-Chair of the Deer Island Irish Memorial Fund-Boston Harbor Project, the Ran-

dolph Ski Club of North Conway, NH, the Holy Family Choir in Duxbury and founding member of the Irish Cultural Centre where he and Rita enjoyed many an evening listening to Irish music and playing along on the bones.

Born in Boston and raised in Dorchester of Irish-born parents from County Cork, Bill cherished his heritage as a Bostonian and Irish American. He served in the U.S. Navy during World War II where he first became interested in medicine as a corpsman. He followed that with the study of podiatry at the Kent State

University College of Podiatric Medicine in Ohio. Later he rose through the ranks at the MBTA where he met Rita. Over the course of many summers, they also served as a host family for the Cape Cod Irish Children’s Program which brought children from both Catholic and Protestant traditions together for an extended visit to the United States.

Dr. Bill’s funeral Mass was said on Wed., Jan. 15, at the Holy Family Church, 601 Tremont Street, Duxbury, followed by interment at Saint Joseph’s Cemetery, West Roxbury.



Irish Prime Minister Enda Kenny and Dr. Bill O’Connell during Kenny’s recent visit to Boston. Photo courtesy Connell Gallagher, Irish Emigrant

A rock-ribbed Irish Democrat from Boston

Lenahan O’Connell of Jamaica Plain, who passed away on Jan. 5, celebrated his 100th birthday last June. While a handful of people achieve the centenarian milestone, it is safe to bet that few do so having lived a life so large as Mr. O’Connell. From family and the law to the very history and politics of Boston from the 20th to the 21st centuries, Lenahan, a rock-ribbed Boston Irish Democrat, did it all, with a keen sense of justice, humor, hard work, and a commitment to people, whether his law clients or those in society who need the most help.

In 2009, Lenahan, scion of one of the state’s most prominent political and legal families—his extended clan boasts attorneys, judges, three Congressmen, business luminaries, and physicians—told the BIR’s Greg O’Brien, “Life is not altogether chance, and the best training attainable is none too good...I don’t believe in chance. A man largely makes his own chances. The opportunities are always there. The thing to do is grasp them.” Those words reflect not only Lenahan’s personal credo, but also that of his Irish forebears who are testimony to the quintessential Irish American success story of paving the way for the next generation and the generations to follow. Born a century ago, when Fenway Park was barely a year old, the

subway system was only sixteen years old, and men named Curley, Fitzgerald, and Lomasney (“The Mahatma”) were exerting the growing political clout of the Boston Irish, John Thomas Lenahan O’Connell was one of Joseph Francis O’Connell’s and Marietta (Lenahan) O’Connell’s twelve children. His mother was the daughter of John T. Lenahan IV, a brilliant attorney and congressman from Pennsylvania. His father was raised in Dorchester, graduated from Harvard Law in 1897, founded the family law firm on Milk Street a year later, and served two terms in Congress.

Lenahan took enormous pride in his Irish heritage, his father’s ancestors hardscrabble farmers from Co. Cork, his mother’s family hailing from Co. Mayo. He was educated at Boston Latin, English High, and then Boston College following his graduation from BC, in 1934, he followed his father’s footsteps to the practice of law and soon after married Patricia Halloran, with whom he had three sons. In addition to his law degree, Lenahan had graduated from the Massachusetts Military Academy with a lieutenant’s commission. During World War II, he was called to active duty and assigned to the Army’s Judge Advocate School. He later served as an artillery officer with the



Lenahan O’Connell 1913-2014

79th and 86th Divisions and then went on to serve with the Judge Advocate General Division in New Guinea, the Philippines, and Occupied Japan.

Throughout his long legal career in Boston, he was also a prominent figure in public and community service. From 1948 to 1952 he was an assistant prosecutor; in 1962, he was named by Boston Mayor John F. Collins as a trustee of the Boston Public Library. He served as a trustee for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and a member of the American Ireland Fund, the Eire Society of Boston, the American Irish Historical Society, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the Charitable Irish Society.

Mr. O’Connell, whose wife predeceased him, leaves his three sons, Lenahan Louis O’Connell of Lexington, KY, Donn O’Connell and his wife Eileen Regan O’Connell of Jamaica Plain, and Brendan H. O’Connell of Jamaica Plain; four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren; and his brother Diarmuid of Cohasset.

True public servant, UMass Boston booster

Robert H. Quinn, a Savin Hill native who recovered from a life and death bout with tuberculosis as a young man to become one of the Commonwealth’s most powerful political leaders of his generation, died on Sunday morning after being stricken at his home in Falmouth.

Mr. Quinn, 85, was a state representative from Ward 13 who became speaker of the Massachusetts House and, later, state attorney general. He was a pivotal figure in bringing the University of Massachusetts to its present home on Dorchester’s Columbia Point in the 1970s.

Jim Keefe, president of the Boston development firm Trinity Financial, recalled that Quinn spent several years in his youth recovering from tuberculosis at the now-defunct Boston Specialty Rehabilitation Hospital on River Street. Trinity converted the main hospital building into an assisted living housing complex in 2003, and Keefe dedicated one of the rooms in the building to Quinn in a ceremony several years ago.

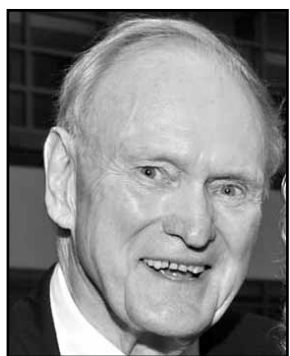
Mr. Quinn was a Harvard Law School graduate who was first elected to the Dorchester House seat in 1957. He quickly moved up the leadership ranks and was elected speaker in 1967. He was later appointed to fill a vacancy as attorney general before winning the office on his own in the following

election. He left public life after an unsuccessful bid for governor in 1974. After living in Milton for many years, Mr. Quinn and his wife Claudina moved recently back into his childhood home on Auckland Street in Savin Hill, where he was often seen at the local MBTA stop during his commute into and out of the city.

After his retirement from politics, Mr. Quinn became a leading Boston attorney and a partner at the firm Quinn & Morris and a frequent presence at UMass Boston, where one of the administrative buildings is named for him. The university’s most prestigious award, for community service, is also named for Quinn, who has been an outspoken booster of the university’s growth.

In a statement issued, UMass Boston Chancellor J. Keith Motley said that the university had “lost a true friend.”

On hearing of Mr. Quinn’s death, former Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis, his opponent in the 1974 Democratic gubernatorial primary, said he respected him, calling him “thoughtful, intelligent,” and a “pretty good speaker.” In terms of politics, the two men legislated from opposite corners at the State House. As Quinn moved up through the ranks to the speakership, Dukakis grouped himself with young, reform-minded



Robert H. Quinn 1928-2014

Democrats. Quinn left the House in 1969 to become attorney general after Elliot Richardson resigned to take a post in President Richard Nixon’s administration.

Mayor Martin J. Walsh, who represented the same section of Dorchester that Quinn did decades earlier, saluted him in a statement after hearing of his death: “Robert Quinn dedicated his life in the service of the Commonwealth, and his legacy as a statesman and advocate for justice will be felt for generations to come. He championed his namesake bill and, through this work, was able to open the doors for young men and women to pursue successful and fruitful careers in law enforcement.

Mr. Quinn leaves his wife Claudina and his children Andrea and her husband Ralph Bernardo of Rockville, Maryland; Michael J. Quinn of Norwood; Elaina M. Quinn and her husband Alan Aikens of Dorchester; and Stephanie M. and her husband Robert Fallon of Milton; a sister, Catherine M. Keating of Hyde Park; and seven grandchildren.

— BILL FORRY

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FEBRUARY
2nd Wild Rovers
7th Fundraiser for the Wiener Family. Light buffet and music from DJ Kevin O'Connell. 7pm -12am. \$20 admission. For more info contact Tim DiAngelis at 617-592-9185
8th Dedham Rotary Comedy Night with Lenny Clarke, Steve Sweeney, & Pete Costello. For more information, please call Brian Davis at 781-389-5342. Tickets \$35 includes buffet dinner and DJ.
9th Mossie Coughlin and the Boston Irish

MARCH
16th The Traditions
23rd Erin's Melody with Margaret Dalton
2nd Silver Spears
9th Andy Healy
13th (Thursday) Direct from Ireland – The Druids! Doors open at 7 pm. \$10

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This is the Marty Walsh we know

By **BILL FORRY**
BIR EDITOR

On Jan. 6, the city and the region got its first extended glimpse of the political leader whom we’ve come to know, simply, as Marty. It was a good first impression and a reminder of why he won last fall: People want to like him.

They also want him to get better— to achieve more than even they thought he could. They still do. Like every one of us, he’s a work in progress. And that has been the case with him since Day One of his move into politics.

For folks from Dorchester, he is now the vessel of their own aspirations: the kid from the three-decker on Taft Street who has beaten cancer, a drive-by bullet blast, and “the disease” to grasp his city’s ultimate brass ring. Marty has become living, breathing proof that we can tame our own demons and even harness them for the purposes of a greater good— like ministering to an emerging generation of Bostonians whose futures are similarly imperiled by bullets and booze.

The confident, poised, and at times eloquent Marty Walsh who breezed through his Conte Forum address on Monday morning is a far cry from the hesitant, harried candidate I first encountered on a King Street sidewalk in the winter of 1997. He had come to Pope’s Hill— then foreign turf for the Savin Hill upstart— to give his first press conference in the special election to succeed Jim Brett in the 13th Suffolk rep’s seat. Walsh was nervous and edgy. His remarks were unremarkable— read from a 12-page “public safety” platform pamphlet— but they weren’t what was important then. He was there to fly the flag in

Commentary

Neponset’s Ward 16, to eat into his rivals’ base, and to project the strength of a candidate who had managed to maneuver himself into an enviable spot. Two weeks before, his principal rival from Savin Hill— Rosemary Powers— had dropped out of the contest and thrown her support to him, giving Walsh a clear strategic advantage in the upcoming March special election.

There were other very good candidates in the race: Charles Tevnan, a lawyer from the Ashmont-Adams area; Jim Hunt III, then a law student and State House aide from a respected Neponset family; and a thoughtful, but unknown assistant DA named Martha Coakley. All of them— and two other candidates— lived in the same Ward 16 neighborhood. Hunt emerged as Walsh’s chief rival, but the Ward 16 folks chewed each other up on election day— and Marty took home 32 percent to Hunt’s 29. His Savin Hill dominance, union support, and fundraising prowess— all orchestrated by a top-notch campaign manager, Mike McDevitt (shown on the victory cover of the March 13, 1997, Reporter), consultant Ray Mariano, and Savin Hill political king-maker Danny Ryan.

The 29 year-old Walsh was eager to make friends outside of his comfort zone. Unshackled from the tension of a hard-fought, six-way race, his natural, good-natured style began to show itself more. He threw himself into the work of being a lawmaker, but more importantly, as a go-to person for people with problems.

“Marty chose people over power and by empowering other people he empowered himself,” says

Danny Ryan, his mentor and earliest political conscience. “He’s addicted to helping people.”

Under Tom Finneran, who was midway through his tenure as House Speaker when Walsh arrived, he was able to deliver big ticket items to his district, including long-delayed funding to build out the 72-acre Pope John Paul II Park in Neponset. Walsh played a supporting, but important, role in compelling the MBTA to pay for major upgrades to Dorchester’s four Red Line stations. And he put the heat— and a heaping dose of Irish guilt— on the old MDC to get Morrissey Boulevard’s crumbling Beades drawbridge replaced, dramatically telling the Reporter in 1999: “I don’t want my parents driving over the bridge when it collapses.”

As disciplined as he was in his personal life, Rep. Walsh sometimes seemed to flail about politically. In Finneran’s wake, he backed the wrong horse in two House leadership fights. In January 2002, he went public with his interest in becoming Suffolk County Registrar of Deeds— hardly a job coveted by a politician with higher aspirations. A week later, he pulled back from the brink— and despite being offered the job by Secretary of State William Galvin— opted to stay on course in the House.

“I’ve sat in the House chamber looking around and this job is the best job I’ve ever had and for as long as the people of Dorchester will have me, or until I decide to move on, this will be the best job for me,” he told the Reporter.

Perhaps Walsh’s most notable local dust-up came in 2001 when Stephen Lynch left the State Sen-

ate for the US Congress. The contours of the First Suffolk Senate seat had recently been re-drawn to include almost all of Dorchester along with South Boston and Mattapan— a dynamic that eventually helped my wife— Linda Dorcena Forry— win the seat in March 2013. But in November 2001, rather than entertain the idea of a Dorchester candidacy, Walsh immediately threw his full support to South Boston’s Jack Hart— a move that cemented a political alliance with Lynch and Hart that was already strong and one that would later kick in to help Walsh dominate the votes in last year’s mayoral election.

At the time, this reporter and others were sharply critical of Walsh’s endorsement of Hart. It seemed like a rash and selfish decision— one that seemed to dismiss the notion of a Dorchester candidacy by either Walsh, Maureen Feeney, or a crossover candidate of color, including former Rep. Charlotte Richie or her successor, Marie St. Fleur.

But Walsh was unmoved by the critique.

In a letter to the editor, he defended his decision and criticized the Reporter (me) for “incorrectly inform[ing] readers that my support of Representative Jack Hart in the voting to elect a new senator from the First Suffolk District would come at the expense of Dorchester residents.... Its editors were reckless to lay the foundation for a wedge driven between the two communities who will occupy the new Senate district.” Hart cruised to victory unopposed in the special election that followed.

Despite our disagreements— and there were



The cover of the March 13, 1997 Reporter carried news of the election victory of Martin J. Walsh, who was shown with campaign manager Michael McDevitt, also a Savin Hill native.

other, less public instances— Marty Walsh never shut off the lines of communication or sought to exact revenge on this newspaper. He can get angry— and he’ll let you know he is. But he has always come back to earth and acted professionally. He seemed grudgingly to accept— and expect— our scrutiny, and the criticism that would follow. He knew he would get a fair shot at getting his side out. It’s safe to assume that as he takes on his newest challenge, minor tussles with watchdog reporters will no doubt be counted as an important part of his political education.

More often than not, the Reporter tracked Walsh’s career with routine reports about bills filed and campaigns won. He showed guts on many occasions and defied expectations. He defied an unhappy civic association crowd that wanted to block the Pine Street Inn from converting a dilapidated six-family house on Pleasant Street into transitional housing for the homeless. In the fight over building dorms on the UMass Boston campus, he defied his fellow union chieftains and stood alongside his Savin Hill neighbors in opposing dorms. And he would tell anyone who cared to listen— well before the Goodridge decision— that he’d happily vote to give gay men and women the

right to marry.

“If you want to label me a liberal because I’m supportive of people who are trying to get sober and trying to recover, and trying to stop infectious diseases, they can label me as a liberal all day if they want,” Walsh told former Reporter editor Jim O’Sullivan, now a political editor for the Globe, in a 2004 profile. “Because I’m a white Irish Catholic, people will assume that I’m gonna be a conservative, and I think that’s unfair because people don’t get an opportunity to talk to me and ask me my positions on the issues, or talk about issues. I think it’s kind of an unfair label.”

Walsh’s best quality— the one that makes him so likeable— could be his greatest potential weakness in the mayor’s job: He’s a pleaser. He wants to leave everyone smiling. He seeks to defuse confrontation and focus on the things people have in common. This instinct makes him eminently electable, but it harbors the risk that candidate Connolly sought to define: That Walsh won’t be tough enough to say no when it counts, if it means losing a friend.

It says here that Walsh has it in him.

Bill Forry is the editor and publisher of the Dorchester Reporter.

‘Oh, Yo-Yo Ma, the pipes, the pipes are calling...’

One of the more memorable moments of Mayor Martin J. Walsh’s inauguration ceremony at Boston College’s Conte Forum on Jan. 6 occurred during a musical interlude featuring Yo-Yo Ma, the 59-year-old Chinese American cellist who lives in Cambridge. Many in the audience anticipated that Ma might seek to tickle the mayor-elect’s Irish heartstrings, given that the official program book promised a “traditional Irish melody” as part of his medley, which also included George Crumb’s Toccata and Bach’s Cello Suite No. 3.

As he took the stage, more than a few boys in the forum were elbowing each other with

wisecracks of the “Yeah, Marty’s a huge Yo-Yo Ma fan” variety. But, when Ma eased into his interpretation of the mournful ballad “Danny Boy”— the smart talk ceased and the deep breaths began.

On stage, Walsh and his family— especially his Galway-born mom Mary— beamed. “I never expected him to play the song,” Mary Walsh admitted later. “I got very emotional, I really did. And I thought he did a beautiful job with it.”

Neither Mrs. Walsh nor her late husband John would have heard the song much in their childhood on the rocky roads of Connemara. “Danny Boy” was— after all— penned in 1910 by an Englishman,

Frederick Weatherly, a lawyer who dabbled in literature and songs. It wasn’t exactly a Top 40 hit in Ireland— at least not in its current incarnation. But the melody that the words are set to are quite clearly Irish in origin, according to Brian O’Donovan, host of WGBH radio’s Celtic Sojourn program.

“It became known as Londonderry Aire, but it likely predates that even. It’s likely an old, old Irish aire that was collected by various people, like harpers who travelled around to the old houses in Ireland,” explains O’Donovan. In County Cork, where he grew up, the exact same melody was used for a

different song, “Morning in Beara,” a reference to the peninsula of the same name which is the ancestral home for many Irish Bostonians.

But it’s “Danny Boy” that has been adopted by millions of Irish-Americans, some of whom no doubt interpreted it as a “rebel” song— or one that spoke to the ever-distant gulf between ancestral homeland and the far-flung diaspora. In that vein, Ma’s selection was just right for this Boston audience and occasion.

“It has become such an iconic representation, so whoever chose it [for the inaugural performance] chose it well. It represents an Irish-American aire and it’s immediately

recognizable. That in itself makes it the right choice and a touching tribute,” says O’Donovan.

Kate Norton said that Yo-Yo Ma was recruited to perform by “friends of the mayor” who were involved in the inaugural planning and had worked with Ma at other special events in the past. “[They] had connections to Yo Yo Ma through that history, they invited him to perform, and he said yes.”

When asked about the song choice this week, Mayor Walsh said Yo-Yo Ma made the call. “I think he picked it himself, the song,” Walsh said, referring to Ma. “He was whispering back to the family, he was saying, ‘This is for you guys.’ When he



Yo Yo Ma at the inaugural played the second selection, he said, ‘This is the campaign, during the election.’ And then when he got toward the end of it...when it was nice and relaxing, he was like, ‘this is the victory.’”
— BILL FORRY



From left, Irish Ambassador Anne Anderson, Partnership Director Kathy O’Toole, Partnership Chairman Emeritus Gen. P.X. Kelley USMC (Ret.), and Partnership President Joe Leary at the Nollaig na mBan (Women’s Christmas) Breakfast at the University Club in Washington DC last month. See Joe Leary column, Page 4.
Photo courtesy Irish American Partnership

Let's make their dream come true

By Ed Forry

Dr. Bill and Rita O'Connell, longtime stalwarts of Boston's Irish community, spent much of their life learning about "The Great Hunger," the famine that ravaged Ireland in the middle of the 19th century. Many died from starvation, and many others sought to extend their lives by cramming into sailing ships to escape to America.



In Boston, some 25,000 Irish souls arrived in our harbor on the "coffin ships" between 1847 and 1849, and the city's health officials steered the vessels to Deer Island, where the passengers were quarantined to prevent any communicable diseases from coming ashore.

There, within sight of our city, hundreds perished – from typhoid fever, pneumonia, dysentery, and consumption. One four-month-old baby died from whooping cough, a five-month-old from cholera infantum. More than one baby perished from "marasmus," a severe form of malnutrition that leaves the child emaciated and with almost no energy. Although many Irish did survive, hundreds succumbed, and were buried in an unmarked paupers mass grave on the island.

More than twenty years ago, the O'Connells began to research the history of those who died at Deer Island, and they helped to establish the "Deer Island Irish Memorial- Boston Harbor." They learned that a primitive cemetery there contained the graves of hundreds of Irish, with no proper marking or memorial to honor those who lost their lives. The mission of the small committee "is to acknowledge, honor, and remember the 850 Irish men, women, and children who died and were buried on Deer Island between 1847 and 1850 during the time of "An Gorta Mor" – "The Great Hunger."

Bill and Rita O'Connell sought to establish a public awareness of that tragic history, and to raise funds for a lasting memorial. But their plans were too ambitious: The initial design was estimated to cost more than a half million dollars, and over the two decades they were able to secure only about \$11,000 in donations, with an additional pledge of \$50,000 to help with construction costs. And with two successful efforts to build Irish Famine memorials in Cambridge and downtown Boston, any impetus for a third costly memorial on an island now known as a sewage treatment plant was lost.

On the last day of 2012, Rita O'Connell lost her long battle with cancer, and Bill, then 86, moved into assisted living quarters in Duxbury. He was heartened when a group spearheaded by then-Consul General Michael Lonergan wanted to pick up the pieces of his dream project and find a way to make it happen. Last spring, when Taoiseach Enda Kenny visited Boston, the Irish political leader greeted O'Connell at a Kennedy Library event. It was a proud moment for Dr. Bill, who took the occasion to tell Kenny about his dream plans.

Last month, on Jan. 6, Bill O'Connell passed away. Neither he nor Rita would live to see their dream come true. At his funeral mass at Holy Name Church in Duxbury, both the Mass celebrant, Msgr. Billy Glynn, and Rita's brother, Joe Layden, recalled the O'Connells' unfinished work. But that dream need not die.

There's a consensus that the Deer Island Irish Memorial should be in two places – something on the island itself, and a larger memorial tablet on the city's mainland – perhaps at Castle Island, or at Columbia Point, site of the Kennedy Library.

The Deer island site could be finished in weeks – with a marker and a simple bench near the burial site. But imagine looking out across the harbor from Castle Island, or the JFK? It's easy to see those huge MWRA water processing tanks, easy to imagine the tragedy of just how near to safe harbor had come those 850 Irish souls who perished within sight of a new home!

Let's resolve as a community of friends to work together to ensure that the dream of Dr. Bill and Rita O'Connell is realized, at last. If you can help, please let me know at ewforry@gmail.com

For Irish American Partnership, 2013 was truly a year to remember

By Joe Leary
Special to the BIR

Public documents to be filed with the IRS and many state agencies throughout the United States reveal that The Irish American Partnership headquartered here in Boston raised nearly \$900,000 in the year 2013, a 25 percent increase over 2012.

Expenses were less than 20 percent, allowing for more than \$700,000 to be sent to education and community groups in Ireland. The Partnership concentrates its support on smaller schools in rural Ireland, with a focus on school library building and science teaching materials.

Says Mary Sugrue McAleer, executive director of the Partnership: "Many Irish Americans, especially Partnership members, want to remain connected to their Irish heritage. They select the townland, village, and town or county from which they or their ancestors emigrated to receive funds. Some even choose specific schools."

Partnership donations were received from throughout the United States, with California, New York, Illinois, Virginia, and Massachusetts the leaders. Events were held in Chicago, Washington D.C., and Boston, with golf tournaments in Albany, Chicago, and Newport, RI.

In addition to having a successful fund-raising year, the Partnership established a new Endowment Fund that is dedicated in perpetuity to Irish education, making a \$300,000 initial deposit resulting from special donations and savings over the years. The Endowment Fund will be built with an appeal to donors to add Irish Education or specific community groups to their bequests. Donors will be able to specify which schools or areas will receive the earnings from the fund.

Though the economy is somewhat improving in Ireland, funds received from the Irish diaspora in the United States can be extremely helpful. The Partnership receives many letters expressing gratitude and appreciation from some very small primary schools in Western Ireland.

Clonmoney National School, Newmarket-on-Fergus, Co. Clare: "Firstly, thanks to the help of your generous grant received in May, we have set up the "Accelerated Reader" programme here at Clonmoney. This is a programme which encourages children to read more books and in having the books, they must answer questions on the computer relating to what

they have read."

– Benedicta McEvoy, Principal
Holy Family National School, Newport, Co. Mayo: "I wanted to thank you most sincerely for the wonderful grant of \$675 which we received from you yesterday. This grant will mean that our students from Sixth (Senior) Class will be able to travel from Newport County Mayo to the RDS Primary Science fair in Dublin this coming weekend."

– Brid Chamber, Principal
St. Brendan's National School, Kilmeena Westport, Co. Mayo: "We are in a designated disadvantaged area by the Department of Education. It is an unemployment black spot and unfortunately we have lost some families to emigration over the recent years. It is heart breaking to see them go but we realize they are making a better life for themselves. It is with great delight that I received your generous donation and letter in the post."

– Michael Carney, Principal and teacher
Midleton National School, Midleton, Co. Cork: "The pupils are busy putting together their last details on their Science project that will be on show at the RDS Primary Science Fair 2014. The pupils are very excited about showcasing their enjoyment and passion in Science."

– Rhodi Mears, Principal
Scoil Cholmcille Christian Brothers School, Cork City: "What a lovely beginning to the new year, We know exactly what to do with the money, we have a plan to set up book clubs for the boys in the senior classes and this will allow us to purchase books that the students will be interested in. If it is acceptable with you we would call the project the KELLEY BOOKCLUB in memory of Josephine."

– Billy Lynch, Principal
The last letter was received after five schools in Cork City each received a \$2,000 grant in memory of Josephine Kelley, the mother of the Partnership's former chairman, General P.X. Kelley USMC (Ret.).

The grants were presented in Washington DC at the Women's Christmas (Nollaig na mBan) Partnership breakfast. There are many more such sentiments on the record, all of which are testament to the value of Partnership grants to small schools, and one of the reasons for its growth over the years.

'Expendables' and the 21st century

By James W. Dolan
Special to the Reporter

At one time, I decried the size of government, its costs and inefficiencies. On further reflection, I have come to the conclusion the "common good" may require the acceptance of large numbers of public sector workers who, in the private sector, would be expendable.

The purposes and functions of government and business are different. Given these differences, it is wrong to expect government to apply the same standards as the private sector. Each has its strengths and weaknesses which can only be evaluated within the context of the tasks each is designed to perform.



James W. Dolan

Government must consider the social consequences of increased efficiency in a high-tech world. Should it be the employer of last resort even in those areas where obvious efficiencies could eliminate millions of public sector jobs? What would be the consequences to workers and their families? Are they expendable? Or is it better to keep them employed even though the need for the service has

diminished?

Capitalism is the force that drives the economy. It is fueled by greed or, if you prefer, money, profit, and growth. It performs the essential functions of providing jobs, goods, and services. It needs people with purchasing power to buy what it sells.

It also can be ruthlessly efficient in its attention to the bottom line by discarding employees who no longer contribute to growth and profit. Doing more with less has become increasingly evident in an age of technology and robotics where human labor is less and less necessary for production. The jobs of yesterday are not the jobs of today or tomorrow; one person at a computer can perform the work of two hundred on an assembly line. Automation will only increase.

That problem will become worse as the need for labor decreases while the population expands. With fewer people working, purchasing power declines and profit margins shrink. Although it needs fewer workers, capitalism needs more buyers for its own survival.

Government obviously is far less efficient than the private sector. Without the financial incentives that exist in business, there is not the motivation to improve performance, reduce expenses, or identify ways of doing more with less. In fact, the pressure to create more jobs, regardless of the need, is ingrained within our political system.

There are pockets of performance where highly motivated government workers do outstanding work. However, budget increases are rarely given to depart-

ments that perform at a high level. In some cases nonperformance is rewarded as more resources are directed to inefficient agencies.

Conservatives argue that we should limit aid to the unemployed or underemployed, thereby creating a greater incentive for them to work while at the same time the need for workers is shrinking. Where are the jobs? They say that if we reduce corporate taxes and taxes on high income earners, these "job creators" will pick up the slack. But is it likely private employers will hire more workers than they need?

The US Postal Service is an example of an institution that arguably has outlived its usefulness and could be easily replaced by the private sector. With tens of thousands of employees and facilities throughout the country, it operates at substantial annual deficits. More importantly, with the explosion of communication technology, there is no need for daily delivery.

Is there any doubt that Fed Ex, UPS and/or Amazon can provide essential mail service at a profit for much less than the Postal Service? To do so would mean that tens of thousands of workers would lose their jobs. Or, is it better for the self esteem of the workers, the financial security of their families, and the purchasing power they generate to retain an inflated system?

The same could be said about fire departments in an age where fire resistant building materials and technology have substantially reduced the number of fires. One reason both fire departments and EMS personnel respond to non-fire emergencies is to justify their continued staffing levels. Could police and firefighters be cross-trained as public safety officers, able to switch roles as circumstances require?

There is enormous waste and inefficiency within the Department of Defense. A large and robust military generates billions in private sector contracts. Maintaining an expensive military also creates the temptation to justify its existence by using it unwisely.

Because of the military-industrial complex and the absence of similar commercial links to social welfare programs, Congress is much more reluctant to cut "waste" in the former than in the latter. Without inflated budgets, defense contractors would suffer, and one consequence would be worker layoffs.

Government is engaged in a delicate balance: It must continue to promote a robust private sector while at the same time filling in the gaps where industry fails to deliver jobs. To fund those caught in the gaps, it must tax corporate profits and the unconscionable income that unfettered capitalism generates.

If capitalism is the brains of the system, government is the heart. It keeps blood flowing throughout the entire body while the brain calculates. They are mutually dependent organs that can function well when properly balanced.

James W. Dolan is a retired Dorchester District Court judge who now practices law.



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Mary C. Forry, President (1983-2004)
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Thomas F. Mulvoy Jr., Managing Editor
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Peter F. Stevens, Contributing Editor
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Point of View

Blurring history with hagiography

A look at a controversial politician and a remarkable cleric reveals the difference between real history and hazy history

By PETER F. STEVENS
BIR STAFF

The Microsoft ad is both slick and moving – but there’s one note in it that likely rankles a great many Irish Americans, not to mention the Irish in both the Republic and the North. The ad, in conjunction with the company’s search engine, Bing, touts remarkable women, with the presentation set to a musical backdrop of the hit ballad “Brave,” by Sara Bareilles. No one can dispute that the valiant Afghan teen Malala Yousafzai and the former Congresswoman Gabrielle Giffords – survivors both of an assassins’ bullets – deserve every bit of acclaim in the ad, or anywhere else. To see both of them juxtaposed with Margaret Thatcher, however, lies somewhere between incongruous and jarring. The “Iron Lady” – really?

Yes, Thatcher was indeed the first female prime minister of the UK, no mean feat and one that is by any measure remarkable. Unlike Malala and Giffords, who work for unity, Thatcher goes down in history as one of the most polarizing figures of the last 40 years. As Eamonn Mallie wrote for Reuters after her death in April 2013: “Thatcher has long been a figure of hate for nationalists in Northern Ireland for her uncompromising policies during her 11 years in office between 1979 and 1990, which saw the death of 10 prisoners in a hunger strike. ... The Republican prisoners won widespread sympathy among the province’s Roman Catholic minority by fasting to support demands to be treated as political prisoners, and refusing to wear prison clothing or do prison work.”

Thatcher apologists will counter that she had a right to loathe the IRA and any nationalists after her friend and ally, Airey Neave, was assassinated in a 1979 car bombing by the Irish National Liberation Army (INLA) and after she herself barely eluded a similar fate from an IRA bomb at the Conservative Party conference in Brighton in 1984. Her supporters will also point out that backdoor negotiations by her government helped open the way for the peace talks of the 1990s. In 1985, she signed the Anglo-Irish agreement, enraging unionists in the province. The pact did aid the process leading to the IRA’s first ceasefire in 1994, and the 1998 Good Friday peace accord.

While it is true that she played a role in the pro-

cess, only the most ardent Thatcherites believe that she had any sympathy for the Catholics of Northern Ireland. The hard fact is that the Iron Lady callously dismissed the ten Irish prisoners who died in the 1981 hunger strike as no more than the equivalent of common murderers, rapists, and drug dealers. In her view, no one who wanted a Northern Ireland free of British rule merited anything other than criminal status. She derided the hunger strikers with the following words: “Crime is crime is crime.”

Historical hagiography is always offensive, and placing Thatcher in the same pantheon as the other women in the Microsoft ad is myopic and shows ignorance of the past. Still, if anyone questions just how effective and polished the ad is, one need look no further than Maria Shriver’s fawning tweet. Yes, that Maria Shriver, who apparently forgot the Margaret Thatcher that her Uncle Ted saw for who and what she was – a smart, tough, hardline politician whose name remains a sore spot for countless Irish and Irish Americans. Shriver may have been so caught up in her Shriver Report, her laudable pro-women, nonprofit media initiative, that she forgot her own family’s history. How else to explain her tweet about the ad: “Can we talk about the @Microsoft@bing “Be Brave” commercial for a second? AMAZING. Bravery: #WhatWomenNeed!”

Tommy McKearney, a surviving hunger striker and former member of the IRA who is now a community worker, told Reuters that “Mrs. Thatcher’s legacy, in Britain or Ireland, is not something to celebrate.” A great many Irish Americans – even those who never



Margaret Thatcher
Misplaced by Microsoft

supported the IRA – would likely agree.

With February being Black History Month, few would disagree that the saga of Bishop James Healy stands as a landmark chapter in both African-American and Irish- American annals. Healy, who became both the first ordained African-American Catholic priest and first African-American Catholic bishop, was born on a plantation near Macon, Georgia, in 1839, to Co. Roscommon immigrant Morris Healy and “Mary Eliza, a mixed-race domestic slave.” James was the couple’s tenth child. Because Georgia law prohibited interracial marriage, Morris, who was deeply in love with Mary Eliza and flouted convention by treating her as his wife, sent his children north to be educated. In 1844, James Healy was sent to Worcester, Massachusetts, to begin his education.

He went on to fledgling Holy Cross College there and graduated in 1894 as valedictorian for the school’s first graduating class. He earned a master’s degree there and decided to enter the priesthood. With the sponsorship of Boston Bishop Bernard Fitzpatrick, Healy was ordained on June 10, 1854, at Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris to serve in Boston. According to the Catholic Dictionary, Healy was “was identified as and was accepted as white Irish Catholic.” Pope Pius IX named him Bishop of Portland, Maine, in 1875.

Healy died in 1900, and throughout his life, this son of the Irish plantation owner and the slave he loved revered Holy Cross as the place where his entire career took shape. Instead of burial in the vault of the Portland, Maine, Cathedral, Healy specified that he be buried in a simple graveyard at Holy Cross College. At the school he so loved, a building fittingly bears his name today.



Bishop James Healey
Landmark saga



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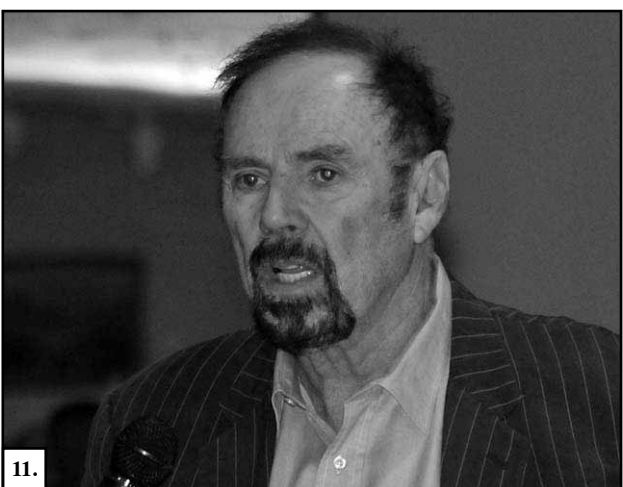
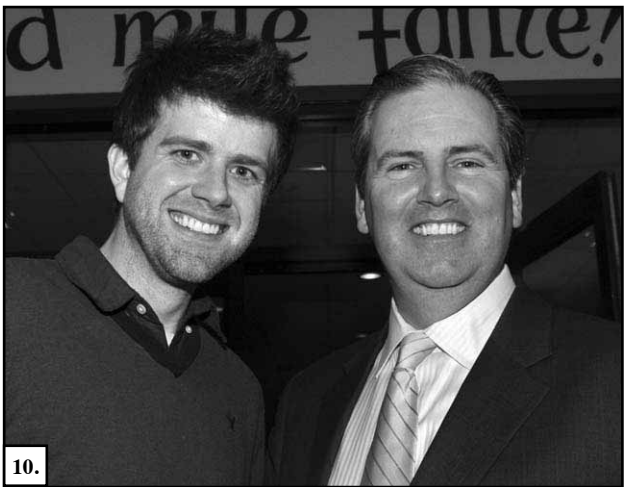
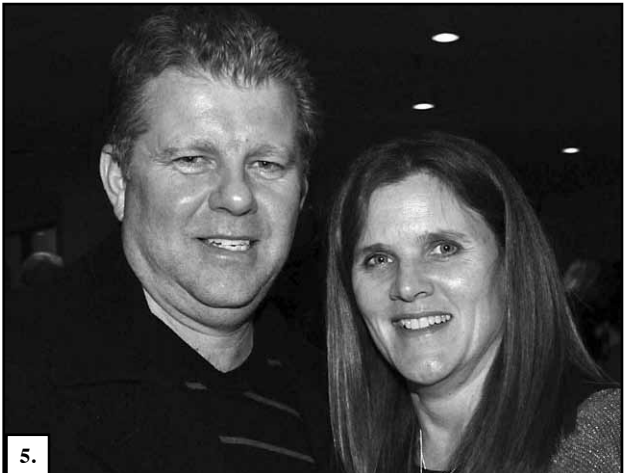
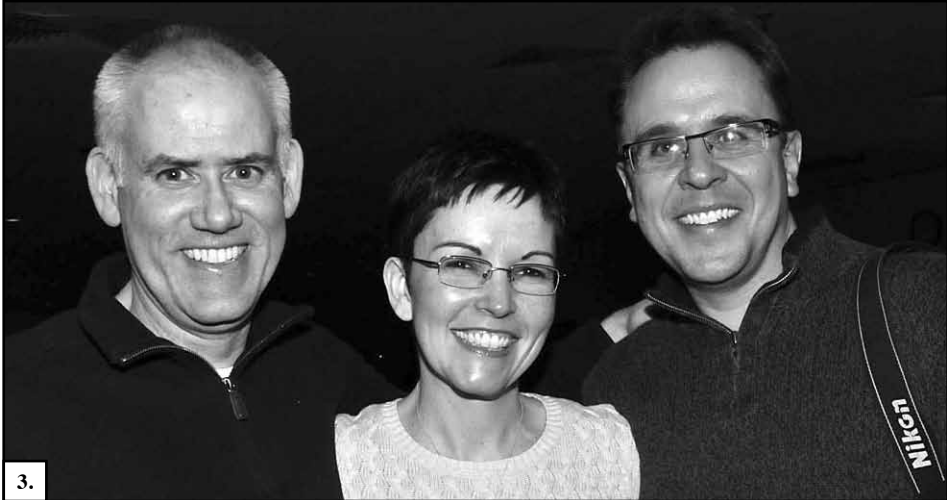
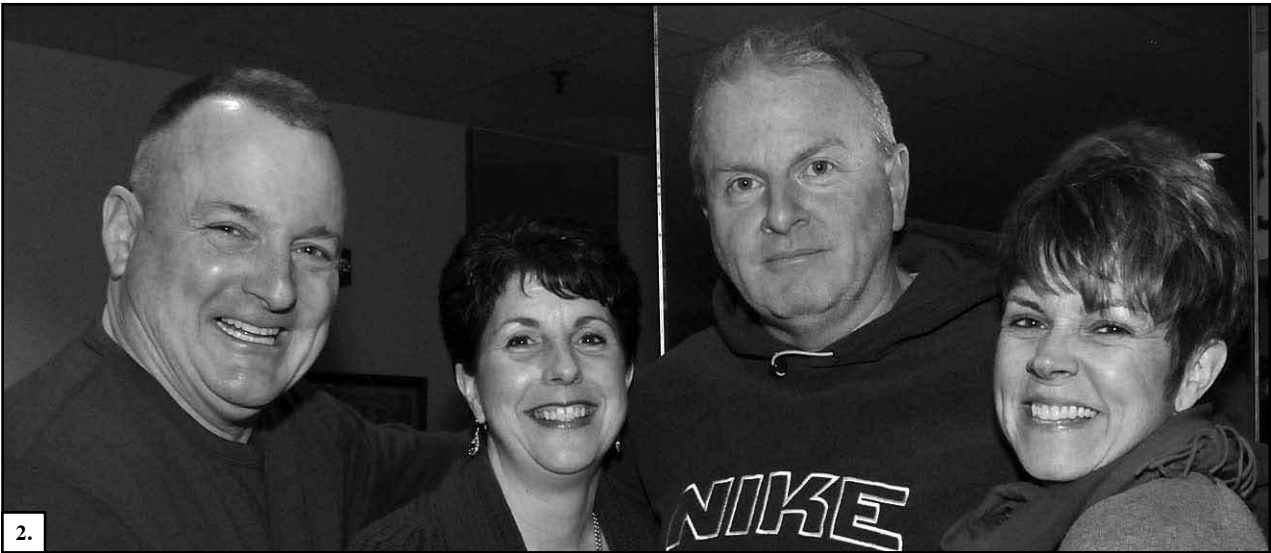
BRETT'S BOSTON

By Margaret Brett Hastings

Exclusive photos of Boston Irish people & events

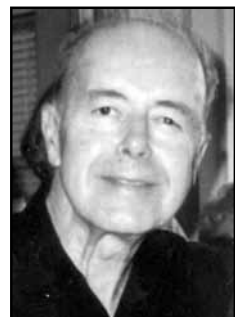
The Parkway Girls Softball league sponsored a Comedy Show featuring Steve Sweeney on Friday night, Jan. 24, at the Irish Social Club in West Roxbury. Club member John Costello, who posts regularly on the ISC's Facebook page, said he was "so proud of the sheer volume of people that flooded into our 'home away from home,'" including the Parkway group on Friday night and the Parkway In Motion group on Saturday night. "I'm exhausted as we turned out fantastic numbers all the while keeping every patron happy," Costello posted. "Kudos to Michelle Costello Watson and Treasurer Jack Watson. We have an incredible staff!"

1.) Susan O'Shea, Carol Dolan, Ross and Jen Birch, West Roxbury; 2.) Dennis Riley, Andrea Fleming, John and Rosa Riley, West Roxbury; 3.) Mark Batte, West Roxbury; Gayle and Chris Lang, Roslindale; 4.) Noreen and Dennis Glynn, Jamaica Plain; Patty Ardine, Walpole; 5.) Billy Smith, Hyde Park; Sheila Delamere, West Roxbury; 6.) Tommy Golden, West Roxbury; Fionna Mullen, Roslindale; 7.) Lori Higgins,, Susan O'Shea, West Roxbury; 8.) Gretchen Carney, Leslie Magee, Lynn Romano, West Roxbury; 9.) Stu Gordon, New York; Lisa Simons, Roslindale, Ronald Pigeon, Roslindale; 10.) Will Noonan, Milton; John Tobin, West Roxbury; 11.) Steve Sweeney, Comedian; 12.) Carol and Steve Prone, Stoughton.



Boston Irish Reporter's Here & There

Haass NI Proposals Down For The Count – Despite seven good-faith drafts proposing remedies for the three fundamental areas of discontent – flags, parades, and the legacy of the Troubles – the five Northern Ireland parties were unable in the end to come to an agreement. There was a short leash on **Dr. Richard Haass's** negotiations, a window so relatively short that it helped preclude the Northern



Bill O'Donnell

Ireland political parties from working through to a solution. In brief, Sinn Féin and the SDLP were open to accepting many of the individual proposals, but the unionist political parties in the Executive were hesitant to agree, seemingly waiting for a vote of confidence from their constituents that never came. Once Dr. Haass and his co-chair, **Professor Meghan O'Sullivan**, took their leave after a series of marathon sessions that failed to find common ground, it became widely acknowledged that the physical departure of the US negotiator team was the de facto end of the talks in the North.

Martin McGuinness, deputy first minister and former IRA commander, urged unionist leaders to confront loyalists and stop allowing “extreme elements within their community” to set the agenda on the Haass proposals. The SDLP leader, **Alasdair McDonnell**, following the breakdown of the talks, predicted that the Stormont Assembly might soon move to implement and legislate some of the Haass proposals. A month after the collapse of the talks, that prediction is more a hope than a plan, but it deserves serious consideration.

The US and British governments exerted increasing pressure on the NI parties to compromise on a way forward. Prime Minister **David Cameron** said there was “a lot of merit” in the Haass proposals, and US Vice President **Joe Biden** phoned first Minister **Peter Robinson** on his birthday urging him to help reach an agreement. When all was said and done, however, inertia and timidity held the day.

Philomena Campaigns to Open Adoption Files – **Philomena Lee**, whose life inspired the Oscar-nominated movie “Philomena,” is heading up a campaign aimed at shaming the Irish state into publicly releasing the secret records of some 60,000 forced adoptions. Sixty years after thousands of unwed mothers were forced by the Irish government and its institutions to give up their babies and never be allowed to see them again, the Irish files remain stubbornly closed.

The real Philomena nurtured her son for over three years before they were forcibly separated. After fleeing Ireland, she became a psychiatric nurse in Britain and worked there for 30 years before she began her search for her adult son. The film is mostly an account of that search.

The Irish government refuses to open the adoption files, citing the Constitution and a court ruling that there is no automatic right to information on an adoptee's birth parents.

Life Imitating Art: The Vito Corleone and Gerry Adams Shows – In 1972 the movie “The Godfather,” with **Marlon Brando** as the Don, Vito Corleone, and **Al Pacino** as his son Michael, was released and since that much-heralded launch it has won praise as one of the best films ever in world cinema. One of the most taut and telling moments in the Oscar-winning film is when the Don is gunned down on the street by rival gang gunmen and severely wounded. He is rushed to a New York hospital where his eldest son, Sonny, takes command and throws a cordon around the hospital to protect his father from additional assassins and crooked cops. One of the cops, a commander, orders Corleone family guards out of the hospital, leaving the Don unprotected. But Michael arrives on the scene, moves his father to another room, then thwarts the would-be assassins by standing guard on the hospital steps beside a man who owes the Don a favor. Help arrives soon after and the family guards are restored, but not before Michael has his nose broken by the corrupt commander. The Don recovers and returns home.

Shift to March 1984, and to the Royal Victoria Hospital in central Belfast. **Gerry Adams**, an IRA member and Sinn Féin leader, is shot and seriously wounded. He arrives at the hospital surrounded by Sinn Féin/IRA volunteers and placed in a secure ward that is protected by Royal Ulster Constabulary police. Meanwhile, his Sinn Féin comrades take control of security, patrolling the halls and perimeters outside Adams's room. The security detail is wary not only of another assassination attempt but also of the NI police, who are widely distrusted by the republicans. Several complaints were filed by unionist politicians about the protection of Adams at the hospital, but the Northern Ireland Office dismissed the claims, saying that it was a silly matter with which to bother the Secretary of State.

We will never know, but I can't help wondering if the “Godfather” movie's hospital scene a dozen years before inspired Gerry's allies to go that extra mile for their leader?

Scrolling through the Statistics – Most of the indicators for Ireland that are tracked by those think tanks and economists who measure shifts in fortune and social activity are fairly healthy by European

Union standards. With regard to population, Ireland has one of the highest percentage increases in the EU in the last decade, just behind Cyprus and Luxembourg. In 2002, Ireland's population was 3,899,702; by 2012, the population had grown to 4,582,769, an increase of almost 700,000.

Last year, through November, Ireland recorded the highest growth in industrial production of any country in the EU. In comparison, Malta and Greece had the largest declines. From November 2012 to November 2013, Irish industrial production increased a robust 13.2 percent.

Life expectancy in Ireland for people born today is 83 years for females (above the EU average), and 78.6 for males, nearly two years above the EU average. Ireland has the largest proportion of young people (0-14) in the EU and the second lowest proportion of old people (65 and over). Ireland has the highest fertility rate in the EU at 2.4 children. A strong indicator of an improving financial climate is the fact that Ireland was the only EU country between 2008 and 2012 to have a decrease in inflation. Ireland's prices remain 15 percent higher than the EU average, but have decreased over a four-year span from a high of 30 percent.

In Death, He Keeps On Giving – **Tom Flatley**, a Mayo man who came to the United States from Ireland as a plumber's helper in the 1950s, enjoyed one of the most spectacular business success stories of the 20th Century. He owned hotels, nursing homes, apartment buildings, retail and business malls, office buildings, and as a private corporation sole, he had no bosses, no stockholders, and no one to answer to when he invested in companies and enterprises he believed in. And he did a lot of that wise investing and lived a life without frills or fanfare – and without trips to Las Vegas or the world's hot spots. He was tough but fair in his business dealings and, above all, he did it on his own. Financial gurus who knew how to maximize revenue in a thriving company like Flatley's urged him, the sole owner of the privately held company, to go public by opting for an IPO to create and issue stock that would have meant enormous personal gain. Tom Flatley said “no.” He chose to run his business affairs far from the artifice of galloping stock prices and end-of-the-rainbow mergers and, God forbid, other people's ideas of how to run his business empire. He kept his own counsel, set his own azimuth, and it was right for him.

And the same can be said about his giving, the wide-ranging but personal charities that he cared about and cherished and nurtured during his life and on after his death in 2008. He sought no plaudits or honors for his generosity to the myriad causes he considered socially and morally deserving. Many a self-exiled Irish emigrant ended his days back home, under an Irish sky when there was no money for a funeral and that final flight home, thanks to Tom Flatley. He never mentioned those somber slivers of help. Nor other initiatives such as the Irish Famine Memorial, which, I believe, may never have seen the light of day in Boston but for Tom Flatley. And there were many other missions of mercy that were neither recorded nor publicized, in keeping with the giver's wishes.

But as the headline above notes, Tom keeps on giving. His Flatley Foundation is a prominent, big-time Massachusetts charity. Almost six years after his passing, it is thriving, with assets of half-a-billion dollars and growing. The causes it aids and supports to the tune of multiple millions a year make it a major player and a direct, living link to Flatley's concerns and compassion.

Among those causes are Catholic agencies and churches, civil liberties and right to life, elementary and secondary and higher education, human services, and international affairs. An extraordinary legacy by any measure.

PASSAGES

The Boston Irish community lost three distinguished and hugely respected personalities in a one week period following the New Year. On Jan. 5, **Lenahan O'Connell**, Esq., died at 100 years of age. The next day, **Dr. Bill O'Connell**, a mainstay of the Boston Irish community's volunteer brigade passed away. And on Jan. 12, **Robert Quinn**, one-time Massachusetts House speaker and state attorney general, suddenly left us.

• Lenahan O'Connell was a longtime associate from my years in Boston's Eire Society. We served together on the society's board of directors and he was a valued friend, an honored member of the bar, and a true gentleman. He practiced law at the 108-year-old Milk Street family firm, O'Connell & O'Connell, and was descended from a long line of prominent attorneys, members of Congress, and public servants. His Irish roots were deep and he served for many years in behalf of such causes as the American Ireland Fund, the Charitable Irish, the Eire Society, as a trustee for several venerable Boston cultural institutions, and as an active member in numerous Irish organizations.

• Robert H. Quinn, public servant, proud son of Dorchester and one of the beloved veterans of the Bay State's political wars, was a man I admired enormously. He had a generous heart, had never succumbed to the cynicism of the campaign trail, and led a life that was a testament to his ideals and integrity. And he never, ever forgot where he came from! Bob's spirit of generosity, on behalf of many causes, extended to helping – by donating his Milton home for annual fund-raisers – Boston Ireland Ventures, a nonprofit that linked Boston, Derry, and Galway in promoting

three-way development and commerce. When asked, he always said yes when it could help Ireland. He was a special friend to me and a man who cared deeply to his core about the Irish in the community he loved. Along with his legion of friends saddened by his passing, I will miss him as I remember a good man and his good works.

• William O'Connell of Duxbury, known to most in the Irish village called Boston as “Dr. Bill,” was the quintessential volunteer for countless Irish causes. He championed the Deer Island Famine Memorial, where many Irish emigrants are buried in unmarked graves. He was an ever-reliable early volunteer for fund-raising festivals benefitting the Irish Cultural Centre and its annual festival. Dr. Bill and his wife **Rita** hosted Irish children from the North in their home, and as an expert historian on Ireland, he helped educate and entertain the greater Boston Irish community.

His interests and devotion to helping the Irish here and abroad are legendary. Dr. Bill, with Rita at his side (she predeceased him), remains in my experience a singular example of a genuinely unselfish, purpose-driven life well-lived.

Vote of Confidence for Irish Economy – The good news, of course, is that the Irish have exited from the EU/IMF support program. Much of the stabilization has been accomplished, predictably, on the backs of the Irish working class but kudos, too, for the government's iron discipline on domestic finances.

And there is more good news. Moody's Investors Service has upgraded Ireland from its former junk bond rating to a respectable investment grade rating. No small victory for the Irish economy.

A second, less dramatic, turn in Irish fortunes is the announcement that the world's richest man, **Bill Gates**, is once again buying Irish bonds. Gates is recognized as a canny investor; his wealth increased by over 25 percent in the past year. The Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation owns some \$20 million of Irish bonds and the signal that sends investors is that investing in Ireland is a smart idea.

RANDOM CLIPPINGS

Be assured that the hiring of **John Allen** of the National Catholic Reporter by the *Boston Globe* is a certified Big Deal. The best-sourced and respected senior correspondent for the NCR is a legend at the Vatican and he could lead a new Globe launch of a free-standing publication devoted to Catholicism. ... **Robert Gates**, former Defense Secretary and author of a new book on his years in Washington, is a good man, but finding fault with **President Obama** for not buying into every idea and plan advanced by the US military badly misses the mark. ... **Margaret Brennan**, the 30-something correspondent covering the State Department for CBS News is a rising star. She has a great education, is a tenacious interviewer, a term member of the Foreign Affairs Council, and has strong connections with University College Dublin. ... The unprecedented poll of Catholics worldwide on some controversial social issues announced last October by the Catholic Synod sounds like a great idea but when is the questionnaire going to be circulated to American parishes? ... He's Back! **Chris Lydon**, who had a bumpy ride with PBS in Boston, has joined WBUR radio with a weekly program (Thursday nights at 9) that he calls “a Boston conversation with global attitude.”

Isn't it long past time for the two parts of Ireland's police, the PSNI and the Garda, to get their act tightened & together and show a strong, unified front to the so-called dissident republicans engaged in a terror campaign? ... New poll numbers (Jan. 10) show **Enda Kenny** and his Fine Gael holding their own at 28 percent, Fianna Fail at a resurgent 22 percent, Sinn Féin with a gain to 18 percent, and Labour, the weak coalition partner, at 10 percent. ... Time marches on. The 80 men who made up the Doolittle Raiders (look it up) in their 1942 bombing mission to Japan were sadly down to four airmen at their last reunion. ... It's early but to date there are few contenders beyond **Hillary Clinton** for the 2016 Democratic nomination. One possible is Maryland Governor **Martin O'Malley**, a favorite of many Irish voters. ... The mystery of this still young New Year is who is stealing expensive beer kegs in Ireland? Some 400,000 kegs worth over \$50 million are missing. Whereabouts unknown. ... Knock Airport, the brainchild of the late **Monsignor Horgan**, is predicting that this year will be its busiest ever. And Shannon Airport (whose demise was predicted but is fairly healthy) recorded an increase in passenger numbers in 2013. ... Real estate experts across Europe have tapped Dublin as the top property investment for this new year. ... On Sun., Feb 16 at 2 p.m. at the Milton Public Library, the author **Mary C. Kelly** will talk about and sign her new book, “Ireland's Great Famine in Irish-American History.” Helping Professor Kelly launch her book is **Catherine Shannon**.

Everyone's Irish. **Meryl Streep**, America's most acclaimed actor, has had her roots traced to Co. Donegal. ... For golfers who might look to travel, The Irish Open will be held at the Fota Park Resort in Cork June 9-12. ... **Bill Clinton** will travel to Belfast and likely also to Dublin in early March in conjunction with an event at Clinton's institution at Queens. ... It's still being sorted out but the harsh turf-cutting ban has been partially lifted, but the issue remains to be resolved. ... If you're interested, **Whitey Bulger's** gold and diamond clad-dag ring will be the most valuable item (\$48,000) for sale at an upcoming auction of his belongings. The sale is to benefit his victims.

IMMIGRATION Q & A

Have you ever been inspected?

Q. I was filling out an application form for US Citizenship and Immigration Services, and there was a question asking whether I had been “inspected” by an immigration officer when I last entered the US. Like every other time, I just got off the plane, stood in line, showed my passport and had it stamped, had my fingerprints and a digital photo taken, answered a few questions, and was on my way. Doesn’t “inspection” mean something more elaborate than that?

A. You were in fact inspected by US Customs and Border Protection (CBP). The process you described is what some 98 percent of visitors to the US experience. It is officially known as “primary inspection” and is the routine treatment that visitors receive. The remaining roughly 2 percent are subjected to what is known as “secondary inspection.” This is what happens when the CBP officer at the primary inspection point thinks there may be a problem with the admissibility of the visitor, based on incomplete travel documents, a name match with a government law enforcement database, or the like. In addition, a small number of visitors are selected randomly for secondary inspection.

With secondary inspection, the visitor is taken to an area separate from the primary inspection area, sometimes a private room, and questioned and possibly searched. (This is probably what most people think of when they hear the word “inspection.”) After the secondary inspection, some 90 percent of those involved are, in fact, admitted to the United States.

So remember: Any travelers coming through US ports of entry in the normal way, with no problems, have in fact been “inspected” by immigration authorities.

CBP has a fact sheet on the inspection process and the reasons for it. It points out that travelers who believe that they have been mistreated by CBP, or delayed or denied entry for an inappropriate reason, may file a report online at dhs.gov/trip. We suggest that anyone contemplating filing such a report contact us first to determine whether doing so makes sense in a particular case.

More information on the inspection process and the functions of CBP can be found on their website, CBP.gov. For a free, confidential consultation about this or any other aspect of immigration law, visit one of the Center’s legal clinics.

Disclaimer: These articles are published to inform generally, not to advise in individual cases. Areas of law are rapidly changing. US Citizenship and Immigration Services and the US Department of State frequently amend regulations and alter processing and filing procedures. For legal advice seek the assistance of IIIC immigration legal staff.



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For more information, call us at (617) 542-7654.

Upcoming Clinic Schedule

Tuesday, February 4th
IIIC, 100 Franklin St. Downtown Boston
Entrance is at 201 Devonshire Street

Monday, February 10th
Green Briar Pub, 304 Washington Street, Brighton

Tuesday, February 25th
South Boston Laboure Center
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Food and fun for all at the Taste of Ireland

Join Us for IIIC’s Annual “Taste of Ireland” at the Cape Cod Irish Village—On Sun., Feb. 9, at 1 p.m., the Irish International Immigrant Center and the Cape Cod Irish Village will once again present their “Taste of Ireland,” a celebration of Irish food and culture. An abundance of traditional Irish dishes and desserts will be on hand for guests to enjoy, from specialty breads, to seafood dishes, to comfort food classics and more—all donated by a wide range of Cape Cod area restaurants.

Featuring music by Erin’s Melody, dancing, raffle of items donated by local businesses, and games and activities for kids, Taste of Ireland promises fun for the whole family. This afternoon of food, music, and crafts is once again being hosted by the Cape Cod Irish Village in South Yarmouth, and all proceeds will benefit the Irish International Immigrant Center.

The IIIC will hold a free immigration and citizenship legal advice

clinic prior to the event (10:30-12:30), and during the event Harbor Community Health Center will be on hand to answer guests’ questions regarding affordable health insurance.

The entry fee for Taste of Ireland is \$15. For more information, please contact Ann Marie at 617-542-7654, Ext. 50, or via e-mail at amcugno@iiicenter.org.

Cape Cod Irish Village will be offering special package rates to Taste of Ireland guests. For bookings and information about accommodation, please contact the Cape Cod Irish Village at 508-771-0100 or visit their website at capecod-irishvillage.com.

Preparing for citizenship—a student tells his story – This month and next, prospective US citizens will gather at the Irish International Immigrant Center to learn about US history, geography and civics – topics they will need to know in order to pass the naturalization exam. The center



offers a six-week Citizenship Class in which our experienced instructors prepare students for the exam and the application interview. Just as importantly, students learn about civic engagement and how they can take an active role in their communities.

Is the class helpful? Just ask Kieran Harrington, who took the course this past fall. Originally from County Cork, Kieran had been living in the United States for 25 years when he decided it was time to become a US citizen. For him, voting and becoming more involved in his community was important. “The class was awesome. The teacher went over everything. I really enjoyed it; I learned a lot about American history that I didn’t know. She had prepared us very well.”

In addition to the class, Kieran received help from our Citizenship staff experts, who guided him throughout the entire process of applying for citizenship. This past December, Kieran passed the

exam and interview and he is now looking forward to the oath ceremony that will officially make him a US citizen. He couldn’t be more enthusiastic about the experience. Asked if he would recommend the class to his friends, Kieran responds, “I already have!”

Offered seasonally, the center’s Winter session begins on Thurs., Feb. 6, and runs through Thurs., March 13. Classes are held on Thursday afternoons from 1p.m. to 3 p.m. and Thursday evenings from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. To learn more about the class or to register, please come to the Center during regular business hours (9 to 5), or call Sarah Chapple-Sokol, Education Coordinator, at 617-542-7654, Ext. 36.

For help with the citizenship application, contact Beatriz Zarur in the center’s Citizenship Services at 617-542-7654, Ext. 41 or at bzarur@iiicenter.org, or stop by our free drop-in citizenship clinics on Thursday afternoons between 2 and 5.

Matters Of Substance

Ending stigma needs your voice

**BY DANIELLE OWEN
IIIC STAFF**

Everyone knows someone. Maybe it’s someone in the family, a friend, or a neighbor—someone who has experienced a problem with substances (drugs, alcohol). “Faces and Voices of Recovery” estimates that over 23 million Americans are in recovery from addiction to alcohol and other drugs. The National Drug Treatment Reporting System (NDTRS) in Ireland reported in 2011 that 42 percent of all those receiving treatment that year were new to recovery. There are no statistics available indicating how many Irish people are in recovery, but when you consider that there are over more than 750 AA meetings and nearly 200 NA meetings across the island of Ireland, it is clear that recovery fellowships have a strong presence there, representing a large untapped voice for recovery.

It is interesting that there is so little data about people are in recovery in Ireland. The public health model, and

media in general, tend to focus on how drugs and alcohol cost our society. This is very helpful information, of course, but there is another side to the story of addressing this issue effectively. In my work both in Ireland and in Massachusetts, I know the power of the community of people in recovery. Once people connect with the fellowship, they rarely look back, and they discover a life they never imagined: “We are going to know a new freedom and a new happiness.” (AA Promises of Recovery)

However, the “Faces and Voices of Recovery” state, via their campaign website, “manyvoices1recovery.org: ‘Historically, intense social stigma and discrimination have kept recovery voices silent. Mass media depictions of people with addiction have filled this vacuum, reinforcing stereotypes about people with a preventable and treatable health condition.’”

“The Anonymous People,” produced and directed by Greg D. Williams, attempts to challenge

these media depictions, telling the story of some of these 23 million Americans (celebrities, public and corporate leaders, health professionals, and ordinary citizens), who are in long-term recovery from alcohol and drug addiction. Among those in the film are Rhode Island’s former congressman, Patrick J. Kennedy, and Tom Coderre, the state Senate president’s chief of staff.

Williams asks: “Why don’t we treat addiction in this country like any other health issue?” The answer of course is shame; of being labeled, discriminated against, and ostracized. Think about the breast cancer awareness campaigns; do we respond differently to a friend who has breast cancer than to a friend who has a drink or drug problem? Manyvoices1recovery.org reminds us, “...changing the public’s perception of addiction and recovery is no easy task. The more visible we become, and the louder we get – the more lives will be saved.”

Last month, staff from



the IIIC attended “The Anonymous People” screening, with a full house, in Quincy. The IIIC is proud of our advocacy for immigrant rights in our 25 year history and see our advocacy for people in recovery equally as important as our other advocacy work.

Would you like to attend a screening of this documentary? Would you like to share your story? Call Danielle at 617-542-7654, Ext. 14 or send an e-mail to dowen@iiicenter.org to find out ways you can add your voice or see this documentary in full. Check out the trailer here: manyfaces1voice.org/#the-film.

BOSTON IRISH REPORTER

BOSTON IRISH ARTS,
ENTERTAINMENT,
TRAVEL & MORE

BCM Fest thrills 1,100

The 11th annual BCMFest (January 10 and 11) drew more than 1,100 people to Harvard Square to see some of the Boston area's best Irish, Scottish, Cape Breton musicians, dancers and singers. The festival, a program of Passim, began the night of January 10 with the "Roots & Branches" Concert in Club Passim and the Boston Urban Ceilidh down the street at The Atrium; both events were sold out.

Children's and family entertainment in Club Passim kicked off the January 11 "Dayfest" activities, and music and dance performances as well as jam sessions at Club Passim and nearby First Parish Church took up the rest of the day. In the evening came the BCMFest Nightcap in First Parish Church; the concert, produced by Jaclyn O'Riley and Jennifer Schoonover, celebrated Celtic dance traditions and the music linked to them.



A jam session in The Attic of First Parish Church during Dayfest.



Young Niamh Mc Gillicuddy displayed her sean-nos singing skills during BCMFest's "Raising the Rafter" workshop.
Sean Smith photos



Realta Gaela, a group of students and faculty from the local Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann School of Music, overflowed the stage at Club Passim.

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A photograph of a man in a green military uniform, holding a folder.

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A graphic of a hand with the index finger pointing towards the text.

A logo for "Military Friendly Schools" with a green "G" and the text "JOBS MILITARY FRIENDLY SCHOOLS".

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A photograph of a group of people, including men and women, dressed in formal white and black clothing.

A photograph of a group of people, mostly women, wearing traditional blue and white Irish costumes, holding a trophy.

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A graphic of a green shamrock.

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L.A.’s Abarta has found a new home in a place where ‘things are going on’

By SEAN SMITH
SPECIAL TO THE BIR
Coming to Boston represented both a commitment and a leap of faith for Joey Abarta.

Piper a fixture in local music scene

By his early 20s, the Los Angeles native was already an accomplished uilleann piper, having toured with the likes of Mick Moloney and Athena Tergis. But if he was going to make Irish music his full-time vocation – and all manner of signposts and tea leaves seemed to indicate this was what he should do – he knew that, as his friends told him, “I needed to be where things were going on.”

New York City was one such place, but an opportunity to go to Massachusetts, and Boston, presented itself, and off Abarta went. Although he’d visited Boston before, and had some contacts in the area, there was certainly every chance that things wouldn’t work out, and he’d have to drag himself back to California.

Four-and-a-half years later, the move east looks to be one of the best decisions Abarta has ever made – along with, say, opting to immerse himself in the great Irish piping tradition. He’s the very definition of a “fixture” in the local Irish music scene, helping organize or playing at sessions, ceilis, concerts, and festivals, and teaching at the local Comhaltas Ceoltoirí Eireann School of Music. And it’s not only his musical ability that has made an impression, but also his old-school wardrobe, which often includes suit, waistcoat, tie and fedora, even at events or gatherings where jeans, khakis, t-shirts, and other informal wear are in the majority. And then there’s his amiability, and his genuine, palpable enthusiasm for having found a place where things are going on.

“It’s wonderful to have a family away from home,” says the 28-year-old Abarta. “The music may have been what helped bring me here, but the community is what’s made me stay. I’ve been helped and supported by so many people and organizations in and around Boston, and I’ll always be grateful for that. Before, I would travel around a lot and always thought of my home as being in California. Well, I still do quite a bit of traveling, but now my home is here.”

His time in Boston has coincided with several formative experiences, life-

wise and professional-wise, one of them being the recording and release of his first full-fledged CD, “Swimming Against the Falls.” Unlike his other, limited-run recordings, this one is Abarta and Abarta only, solo pipes through and through.

“I kept coming across tunes that I really enjoy playing, and it prompted me to think about their origin and history, and that maybe I should get them on a CD,” he explains. “As a young person playing music, you’re constantly touring, moving around, and you don’t always think about a serious recording project. I talked with a lot of different people about it, and they would ask me, ‘What do you want to do this for? Do you want to be famous? Make some money? Put forth some sort of project?’

“My feeling was, if I could do a little of everything, I’d be happy. I just really felt strongly about this being a solo pipes recording, which is not very commonplace. I did wonder, ‘Am I shooting myself in the foot by not having an accompanist?’ But I look at it this way: I’m young enough so I’ll still be able to make another recording some day, with other musicians. This time, I wanted to make a statement, about my love of piping and respect for the pipers who laid all the groundwork for Irish traditional music, as well as piping.”

Twelve tracks in all, “Swimming Against the Falls” mixes some pretty familiar tunes – jigs like “The Pipe on the Hob” and “The Battering Ram,” the hop jigs “Rocky Road to Dublin” and “Dusty Miller” (Abarta says the latter is “a piping standard that I think can’t ever be overplayed”), the song air “Dear Irish Boy” and reels like “The Morning Star” and “The Morning Dew” – with fascinating, uncommon material, such as a march from the repertoire of blind Sliabh Luachra fiddler Tom Billy Murphy that is paired with a tune composed by William Reeve for an 18th-century pantomime, “Oscar and Malvina.” The venerable Napoleonic song “The Bonny Bunch of Roses” appears here as an air, Abarta bringing out its full emotional range; he cites a Seamus Ennis recording as

the source, one of numerous eminent names from the piping tradition – others include Patsy Tuohy, Tommy Reck and Willie Clancy – appearing in the CD’s sleeve notes.

Abarta’s much-admired dexterity on fast tunes, his sensitive touch on the slower ones, is in evidence, along with his singular use of the pipes’ regulators – keys that play chords or harmony or add rhythm to the melody. And there’s no aural airbrushing of the pipes here, as the instrument’s sometimes cranky nature asserts itself with an occasional, but by no means debilitating, squeak or groan. It gives the CD the dynamic of a field recording, honest, authentic and powerful.

“Joey has a ‘retro’ outlook – and I don’t mean in terms of his clothes,” says Dan Neely, whom Abarta recruited to produce the album. “He knows a lot of the nuances; I don’t know that many other young pipers who are so committed to that aspect of the music. He has his own sound, and while you can tell he’s drawing on the older pipers, there’s not one style or influence he favors over another.

“He reminds me of Ted Williams who, in addition to being a great player, was a great student of baseball; Joey is a great piper, and a great student of Irish music.”

If California would seem to be an unlikely launch point for an Irish musician, then at first glance someone with the last name of “Abarta” would seem an unlikely candidate for Irish music. Abarta’s family history is rich and colorful, however: it includes French and Basque ancestry on one side and, on the other, a great-grandmother from Wicklow, whose father played concertina and whose brother worked his way from the Midwest to Los Angeles as a theatrical set carpenter, and eventually wound up in the film industry, constructing sets for “The Wizard of Oz,” among others.

Perhaps most importantly, though, it was Abarta’s great-grandmother who bought the then-teenaged Abarta his first bodhran, sometime after he had seen a broadcast of “Riverdance,” and was intrigued enough by the uil-

leann pipes solo of Davey Spillane to start taking up Irish music. He taught himself the instrument, also added tin whistle to his luggage, and by 18 was playing in a band. Then, at a pub in Santa Monica – right near the beach, of course – Abarta once again encountered the pipes, in the person of Dublin native Patrick D’Arcy.

“I was amazed at what he was doing, and I was hooked from then on,” Abarta recalls.

Abarta is quick to note his gratitude for the many favors and kindnesses people have shown him over the years, and that especially includes D’Arcy, who not only gave Abarta lessons – “He never mentioned anything about money,” Abarta adds – but got him involved in the Southern California Pipers Club, one of the largest in the US. The club members, in fact, put together a set of pipes for Abarta to use. (Abarta’s appreciation, by the way, also extends to his father, who would drive for an hour to take Abarta to piping lessons, and sleep in the car until they were over.)

Which is why when, years later, Abarta was mulling the logistics for recording “Swimming Against the Falls,” he initially resisted the idea of using a Kickstarter campaign to fund the project.

“Before moving to Boston, I was very much ‘in-between,’ practically homeless,” he explains. “I stayed on a lot of floors and couches, got fed and housed, and the hospitality was just amazing. I didn’t feel like I could ask all these people to help me again – I don’t want to be ‘that person’ who’s always needing something. But as I talked with friends and acquaintances, they convinced me that crowdsourcing was how to get it done, and that it would be worth it.”

The results speak for themselves: 24 hours after launching his Kickstarter, Abarta had achieved his goal of \$3,500, and he wound up raising twice that amount. Abarta was able to make 1,000 copies of the CD, and he has needed every one of them to meet the demand; at the beginning of last month, he had a little over 100 left.



Joey Abarta performing at BCMFest last month. “The music may have been what helped bring me here,” says Abarta, a Los Angeles native, “but the community is what’s made me stay.”

Sean Smith photo

Not that Abarta is bragging. In the end, what matters most to him is the music, and the enjoyment and sense of responsibility that comes with it.

“I love playing, but I also feel my job is to pass on the music to those who haven’t heard it, and perhaps who might want to play it. Sometimes that’s not easy, because the pipes are a real pain to keep in working order, and they have quite the personality.

“But there are certain situations where I feel the most alive: when you’re in a big session, and your

pipes – for once – are working, and everyone is on the same pulse, switching tunes without having to say a word or even looking at one another. That’s when you know it’s worth it all.”

Abarta is helping co-organize, and appearing at, an ongoing series of ceilis at Doyle’s Pub, 3484 Washington St. in Jamaica Plain. The next one will be held Feb. 8 at 7 p.m.; a donation of \$10 at the door is asked. For more information, send e-mail to orileyirishdance@gmail.com.

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By SEAN SMITH

Téada, “Ainneoin na stoirme/In Spite of the Storm”• Okay, kill me for the sports metaphor, but the addition of Seamus Begley to Téada brings to mind the 1985-86 Boston Celtics: Already an excellent team to begin with, they traded for seasoned veteran Bill Walton, and went on to have one of the best seasons in NBA history.

CD Reviews

Téada, in its 12 years of existence, has thoroughly established itself among the premier traditional Irish bands to debut this century, built around the extraordinary melodic capabilities of fiddler Oisín Mac Diarmada, flutist Damien Stenson, and accordionist Paul Finn, and ably supported by the bouzouki/guitar work of Sean McElwain and the bodhrán playing of Tristan Rosenstock.

Comes now Begley, the TG4 Traditional Singer of the Year for 2013, a well-respected accordionist steeped in the music of West Kerry, and a brilliant raconteur. He frequently toured and collaborated with the band (and as a duo with Mac Diarmada) before becoming an official member in 2012; this album, Téada’s fifth overall, is his first with the group. Begley’s contributions are probably best fully appreciated in live settings: His stage patter, including infamous onslaughts of limericks, is justifiably legendary. No question, however, that he adds a whole other dimension to the band – one they haven’t had in a while – with his glorious singing, all but one of four tracks in Gaelic: “An Spailpín Fánach” (the melody sounds very much like “The Girl I Left Behind Me”), “Pé in Éirinn” and “Ar a mbóithrín Bui,” which segues into “Tell Me Now,” a waltz by Damien Connolly.

With the exception of a set of slides, Begley sits out the instrumental tracks, which is somewhat of a disappoint-

ment—it would have been great to hear a few duets with Finn – but it’s hard to argue with the overall result. From the very beginning of the album, which opens with Mac Diarmada, McElwain, and Tristenstock roaring through the Paddy O’Brien tune “Dinny O’Brien’s,” to the closing set of reels – Stenson and Tristenstock tee up “James Murray” and then the other fellows filter in as they shift into Bobby Casey’s magnificent “Porthole of the Kelp” (highlighted by a superb Mac Diarmada-McElwain duet) and “The Watchmaker” before turning up the power on “The Spinning Wheel” – Téada displays most everything you would want from a traditionally-rooted band: clarity and precision in their playing, a masterful touch on arrangements, and above all, an obvious grasp of and respect for the material.

They are at the top of their game on the sixth track, which begins with an intriguing slip jig, “The Jig of the Dead” – a tune used at funerals to give the corpse one last dance – and slides into Junior Crehan’s jig “I Have a House of My Own with a Chimney Built on the Top of It” (Mac Diarmada adds some low harmonies to enrich the melody); Finn and Mac Diarmada take up “Paddy Breen’s” before the set climaxes with “The Bird’s Call,” a James Kelly jig with a particularly enchanting little modulation in the B part. On another set, they slow down the reel “Gone for His Tea” to exquisite effect, then head into a contrasting pair of barndances: “Joe Derrane’s” (also by Kelly), which



here has a tenderness and delicacy worthy of a minuet, and Charlie Lennon’s brisker-paced “All About Weaving.” (Besides Derrane, incidentally, another Boston reference on the album is their rendition of Brendan Tonra’s “Carraigin Ruadh.”)

But back to Begley for a moment. Interspersed between those two tracks is his rendition of a country-and-western classic, Marty Robbins’ “Saddle Tramp,” which is presented with obvious affection and nary a smidgen of irony or snark. Its inclusion here suggests the capacity to find comfort and joy in music, no matter the source or setting, which is in keeping with a sentiment expressed in the album’s liner notes: “Our music, songs, language and culture have deep roots; they will withstand any storm.”

Eamonn Coyne & Kris Drever, “Storymap”• “Eagerly awaited” is an all-too-familiar cliché when discussing someone’s second CD, but no question that a lot of folks were hankering to hear more from this duo after their 2007 debut “Honk Toot Suite” – and they won’t be disappointed. The collaboration between tenor banjoist/tenor guitarist Coyne – who has played with Siobhan and Tommy Peoples, The Treacherous Orchestra and Salsa Celtica, among others – and singer/songwriter/guitarist/mandolinist Drever – his credits include Lau and Kate Rusby – brought together two highly creative, adroit talents who take inspiration from numerous influences in the traditional and contemporary spheres. Where “Honk Toot Suite” brought out their quirky side, “Storymap” is rather more straightforward, although hardly methodical or lacking in inspiration. Coyne’s superb banjo and Drever’s melodic and rhythmic prowess on guitar give their music an infectious drive – the word “groove” could’ve been invented with them in mind.

One of the best aspects of the Drever-Coyne partnership is that it so seamlessly blends elements of Scottish and Irish traditions (and one or two others), such as the opening track, which combines “Ceapaval” – also known as “The Harris Dance,” popularized by Scottish fiddler Alasdair Fraser, among others – with Irish-American fiddler Liz Carroll’s reel “The Leading Role.” The ambitious “Marches and Reels” set gathers a Scottish and Irish march, a reel from English banjo player Joe Molloy and a Donegal reel, while compositions by distinguished worthies Ed Reavy and Paddy Fahey show up in “Teddy Bears’ Picnic Jigs.” “Kitty O’Neil’s Champion Jig,” meanwhile, represents one of those personalized tidbits of musical history – the tune used as party piece by a famed Irish-American dancer – and Coyne and Drever lovingly render its seven parts with tasteful flair. And their talent for well-crafted arrangements is particularly in evidence on “Pot Luck,” a medley of the Southwestern-sounding “La Bestia,” the Scottish “Lass o’ Gowrie” and Cahalen Morrison’s “Pot Luck Dinner.”

The three vocal tracks display Drever’s clear, understated singing in top form, with “Farewell to Stromness” (joined by Eliza Carthy), “Isle of France,” and the highlight, the haunting “May Morning Dew.” In addition to Carthy, Coyne and Drever are joined at various junctures by a fine supporting cast that includes fiddlers Megan Henderson and Simon Bradley (on “Marches and Reels”), accordionist Alan Kelly (“Ceapaval” and “Kitty O’Neil’s”) and percussionist Calum MacIntyre, who helps enliven “Pot Luck.”

Given their busy schedules, who knows how long it will be until Coyne and Drever carve out time for another album. Fortunately, with “Storymap” now added to their catalogue, there is that much more to savor in the meantime.



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A Long Way to Tipperary . . . or to Slane

BY THOMAS O'GRADY
SPECIAL TO THE BIR

For the past few weeks, I have been thumbing back and forth through a massive hot-off-the-press coffee table book, *The Great War: a Photographic Narrative*. A project of Great Britain's Imperial War Museums, the book offers a starkly candid photographic record of the horrific reality of life in the various "theatres" that constituted World War I: the trenches and the battlefields of the Western Front, of course, but also the beaches and the slopes of Gallipoli, the Zeppelin-bombed streets of England, the deserts of the Middle East, and the high seas. For the most part, this gathering of images is not for the faint of heart.

Obviously, the publication of this book anticipates the centenary of The Great War—1914-1918. It thus holds intrinsic interest for anyone invested in Irish matters: More than 200,000 Irishmen enlisted in the British forces and more than 30,000 died in combat. No doubt the next four years will see this under-written chapter of Irish history given its long overdue attention—and appropriate commemoration—by scholars, by the Irish government, and by the general public.

I must admit that I have a personal investment in all of this: my Irish-born paternal grandfather enlisted in the King's (Liverpool) Regiment in September of 1914 and served in France and Belgium from July of 1915 until the end of the war in November of 1918. After he was demobbed in 1919, he relocated to New York City where he married his Irish sweetheart, who had emigrated before the War. An Irishman to the core, for the rest of his life he remained proud of his British military service and of the decorations he earned—a Victory Medal and a British War Medal, each recognizing general service during the Great War, and a 1914/1915 Star recognizing specifically his service in France in 1915.

As a private in the 12th (Service) Battalion of the King's (Liverpool) Regiment, my grandfather was involved in many of the major engagements on the Western Front: both Battles of the Somme

(1916 and 1918), the Third Battle of Ypres (Passchendaele) in 1917, and the Final Advance in Picardy in 1918. Each of these is represented in *The Great War: a Photographic Narrative*.

But of all the photos in the book, one in particular caught my eye immediately—and continues to hold my focus—as an indelible "emblem" not just of my grandfather's experience but more broadly of "the Irish experience" on the Western Front. The photo, taken in Flanders, appears on page 373 of the book. Snapped by Lieutenant John Warwick Brooke, an official British Army photographer, it is captioned matter-of-factly: "Stretcher-bearers of the Field Ambulance Corps carry a wounded man through deep mud, near Boesinghe, Ypres Salient, Belgium, 1 August 1917." The day that photo was taken, my grandfather's battalion was in the immediate vicinity, on march from a training camp about 10 miles away in Proven to bivouacs in Elverdinghe, about a mile short of Boesinghe, en route to what would be known as the Battle of Langemarck in mid-August.

I visited Boesinghe (now spelled Boezinge) and environs last year and was immediately struck by the distinctive character of the landscape there: Just as the photo records, it is unrelentingly flat, stretching out as far as the eye can see, punctuated only occasionally by small clusters of farm buildings. Standing in the midst of that vast expanse almost a century after my grandfather, I tried to imagine how he "experienced" it. Born in Borrisokane, Co. Tipperary, he grew up in Clara, Co. Offaly: Thus, like the large majority of Irishmen of rural, village, or small-town stock who served in the British Army, he would have been accustomed to a much more textured and contoured landscape—white-washed thatch-roofed cottages in rolling fields enclosed by tumble-down stone walls, twisty roads and lanes overarched by rich leafage, meandering rivers and brooks, perhaps furzy mountains rising in the distance. The description of Flanders proffered by historian John Keegan in his book *The First World War* underscores



Stretcher-bearers of the Field Ambulance Corps carry a wounded man through deep mud, near Boesinghe, Ypres Salient, Belgium, 1 August 1917. Photo by Lieutenant John Warwick Brooke, a British Army photographer, and taken from "The Great War: a Photographic Narrative," published by great Britain's Imperial War Museums.

the contrast: "There is one of the dreariest landscapes in Western Europe, a sodden plain of wide, unfenced fields, pasture and plough intermixed, overlying a water table that floods on excavation more than a few spadefuls deep. There are patches of woodland scattered between the villages and isolated farmsteads and a few points of high ground that loom in the distance behind the ancient walled city of Ypres. The pervading impression, however, is of long unimpeded fields of view, too mournful to be called vistas, interrupted only by the occasional church steeple and leading in all directions to distant, hazy horizons which promise nothing but the region's copious and frequent rainfall." Obviously, the emptiness my grandfather saw all around him in Flanders would have felt truly foreign and utterly disorienting.

It would have felt utterly hostile as well. As Mark Holborn observes in his Editorial Note to *The Great War: a Photographic Narrative*, the heavy bombardment of the countryside by both German and Allied artillery, a distinguishing feature of the War itself, altered the already spare landscape: "Landmarks were eradicated and trees

vanished." In the summer of 1917, nature, too, conspired to make the area even more inhospitable, as weeks of rain combined with the high water table to create the absolute quagmire captured in the photograph—some of the stretcher-bearers are up to their knees in mud. According to some accounts, thousands of soldiers actually drowned in the mud of Flanders, which in places was ten feet deep. For my grandfather and his fellow displaced Irishmen serving on the Western Front, trudging toward battle through those unspeakably miserable fields of Flanders would have given very literal meaning to that popular marching song of the day, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary..."

But there is no need to take just my word on that. While my grandfather left behind no written account of his time on the Western Front and while the stories he told my father and his siblings have become blurry over time, the sensation of alienation—and of homesickness—that I imagined for him as I stood there in Boezinge last year has been registered by others, including celebrated poet Francis Ledwidge. Born in 1887, Ledwidge grew up and was educated in Janesville, an area on the outskirts of Slane, Co. Meath. (His boyhood

cottage is now a museum honoring his memory.) In 1914, he enlisted in the 5th Battalion of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and saw action as a Lance Corporal first at the Dardanelles in 1915 and then in Serbia (where he injured his back). In December of 1916, he returned to active duty, this time in the border area of France and Belgium with the 1st Battalion of the Royal Inniskillings.

A prolific poet since his mid-teens, the 29-year-old soldier continued to send verses home to his literary patron, Lord Dun-sany, who oversaw their publication in book form both during Ledwidge's lifetime and after his death. Written on February 3, 1917, shortly after he arrived at the Western Front, "In France" typifies how Ledwidge's poems emphasize the bucolic and the romantic, keeping at literary arm's length the horrific realities of battlefields and trench warfare:

The silence of maternal hills
Is round me in my evening dreams;
And round me music-making bills
And mingling waves of pastoral streams.

Whatever way I turn I find
The path is old unto

me still.
The hills of home are in my mind,
And there I wander as I will.

Clearly, the memory of those hills around Slane afforded Ledwidge consolation in the midst of the alien landscape and the lethal environment of the Western Front. In fact, in "Spring," a poem dated March 8, 1917, he allows a flight of imagination to transport him back to Meath—to a rural landscape noisy with larks and magpies and wood-doves and kingfishers and bursting with primroses and daffodils and water-lilies and daises—until the final two lines bring him back to the here and the now of the War: "And peace wraps all those hills of mine / Safe in dearest memory."

But the poem of Ledwidge's that speaks most poignantly to me as I picture my grandfather passing through Boesinghe in early August of 1917 is titled simply "Home." Like "Spring," it catalogues pastoral life in Ireland, but in this case the memories of home are awakened by the singing of a bird in war-ravaged Belgium:

This is a song a robin sang
This morning on a broken tree,
It was about the little fields
That call across the world to me.

Written in July of 1917, "Home" was one of Francis Ledwidge's last poems. He was killed at Carrefour Rose, a crossroads in Boesinghe, in a German shrapnel attack on July 31, 1917, the day before Lieutenant Brooke took that memorable photograph of the stretcher-bearers in that same forbidding countryside. A memorial to Ledwidge stands at the very spot where he was killed. He is buried a quarter mile away in Artillery Wood Cemetery. I visited both of those sites last year and paid my respects to the poet. I remembered my grandfather too.

Thomas O'Grady is Director of Irish Studies at the University of Massachusetts Boston.

LEGAL NOTICE

THE HIGH COURT

Record No: 2013/515S

Between/ EBS LIMITED, Plaintiff
and AMANDA DUNNE, Defendant

TAKE NOTICE THAT proceedings have been issued against the above-named defendant in the High Court of the Republic of Ireland seeking judgment in the sum of £311,295.91.

Within thirty-five (35) days of this notice, an Appearance to answer this claim must be entered with the Central Office of the High Court, Four Courts, Inns Quay, Dublin 7 in the Republic of Ireland. Failure to do so will mean that judgment may be given against the Defendants in their absence without further notice.

This Notice is published pursuant to Order of the Court dated the 10th day of June 2013.

Further details can be acquired by contacting the solicitors on record for the plaintiff:

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The Irish Language

by Philip Mac AnGhabhann

Last month we looked at the Irish **preposition do** and its combination with the **personal pronouns** to form what in Irish are called “**prepositional pronouns**”. Here Irish condenses about a dozen and a half common **pronouns** with **prepositions** to form separate words. Examples are **ag** “at” plus **mé** “I” becomes **agam** while **do** and “you” become **duit** or **dhu**it and **do** and “she” become **di** or **dhi**.

The slight difference between **di** /jee/ and **dhi** /yee/ is dialectal. Try to say “jee” followed by “yee” and you will see that your tongue moves only a little bit between the two. We will stick with **dhi** as this is the most common pronunciation.

The **Prepositional Pronouns** derived from **do**, “toward” or “for” in the sense of “on behalf of” are, **dhom**, **dhu**it, **dhó** and **dhi** in the singular and **dhúinn**, **dhaoibh**, and **dhóibh** in the plural. Notice that there is a trace of the original pronoun in each of these forms except **dhó** where the original word **do** is kept for “he” and **do** plus **muid** is **dhúinn** where the now obsolete word for “we” is **sinn**. **Dhóibh** “for” or toward them”, **dhi**obh “for them”, and **leo** “with them” are exceptions to the rule that a **preposition** plus **siad** “they” usually end in **-u** as in **acu** “at them”.

The preposition **do** can have three forms – **do**, **d’** before a **noun** beginning with a **vowel** and **don**, combining with the word for “the”, **do + an**. **Do** will **lenite** (aspirate) a following **noun**. New words for you are “gift”, **bronn**tanas /BROWN-tuhn-uhs/ and the verbal noun **tabhair**t /TAH-vurt/ from **tabhair** / TAH-ver/ , “give”.

Tá mé ag tabhairt bronntanas **do** **Mháire**.
“I am giving (a) gift to Mary.”
An bhfuil tú ag tabhairt bronntanas **d’Úna**.
“Are you giving (a) gift to Una?”
Tá sé ag tabhairt bronntanas **don ghar**-**da**.
“He is giving a gift to the policeman.”

Do is not to be confused with its homonyms – words that look and/or sound the same. In Irish there are three of these, all easily seen in the context:

Do as the number “two”. **Dó dhéag**, “twelve”;
Do as the **possessive pronoun** “your”; **do mháthair**, “your mother”
Do, sometimes written with a hyphen, **do-**, is the equivalent of the English prefix *in-*, *im-*, or *un-*, making something difficult or impossible – **briste**, “broken” but **dobhriste**, “unbreakable”; **do-earraíde** “infallible”.

Do has a number of uses. Here are some examples:

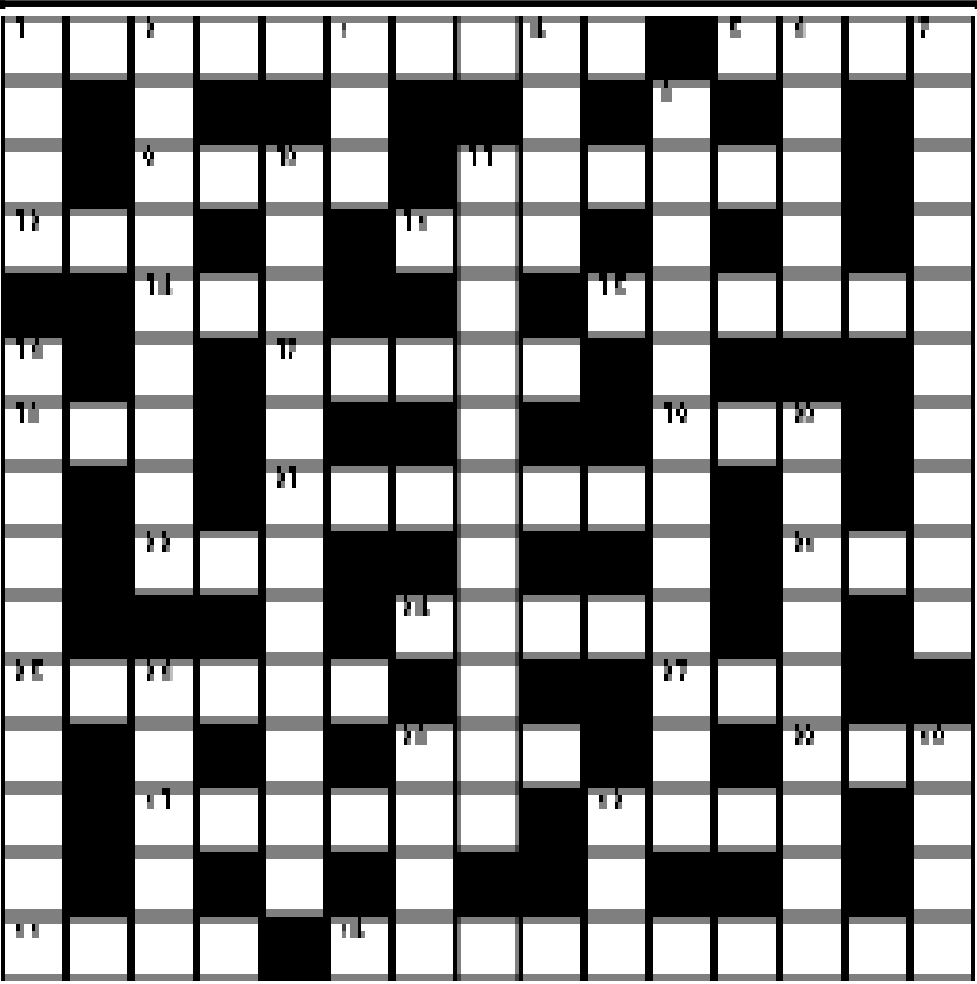
Is aintín dhó.
“She is his aunt.”
Note the word “antee” from English.
Is fiór duit.
“You are correct/right.”
Tá mé ag filleadh abhaile dhom.
“I am going/returning home.”
‘S eol dhom sin.
“I am aware of that.”
Bhí muid ar dhul amach ar tráthnóna dhuinn.
“We went out in the evening.”
And a whole series of doing something for somebody ...
Tá mé ag tabhairt (“giving”), **fall** (“getting”), **cheannach** (“buying”), **dhéanamh** (“doing for”) **do** ...
Lastly, **Tháinig sí don Fhrainc**.
“She went to France.”

Now, why is it **don Fhrainc**? We say “the” in front of several nations – “The United States, The Soviet Union, The United Kingdom”. Irish uses “The” for many more nations, even smaller countries like Norway and Denmark. The exceptions are Ireland, **Éire**, Scotland **Albain**, and England, **Sasana**. Wales is “The Little Britain”, **An Bhreatain Bheag**. We will learn the more common nations in the next lesson.

Meantime, see if you can put these into Irish;
1.) “He is right.” 2.) “I am doing this for Nora.”
3.) “We are going to France.” 4.) “She is my aunt.”
5.) “They were aware of that.” 6.) “This plate is unbreakable.” 7.) “We will go to Ireland.”8.) “She is buying this for her mother.” 9.) “Didn’t you give a gift to Bridget?” 10.) “James!, Where is my cap?” 11.) “They went home.”
Answers: 1.) **Is fiór dhó**. 2.) **Tá mé a dhéanamh sin do Nora**. 3.) **Tá muid ag dul don Fhrainc**. 4.) **‘S aintín dhom**. 5.) **Ba eol dhóibh**. 6.) **Tá an pláta sin do**bhriste. 7.) **Rachaimid do Éirinn**. 8.) **Tá sí a cheannach sin do a mathair**. 9.) **Nach raibh tú bronn**tanas **do Bhríd**? 10.) **A Shéama**is! **Cá atá mo chapín**? 11.) **Chuaigh siad abhaile dóibh**.

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ACROSS
1. Lou, go above. (anag.) Wexford village famed in song, where Father Murphy led a revolt in 1798. (10)
5. Chin up! Come to Kerry resort with a 4 mile beach on the Dingle peninsula. (4)
9. Act before the French to get the unemployment benefit. (4)
11. “Anarchism is a game at which the — — — can beat you.” Shaw. (6)
12. Dogged reversal for the 11 across in Antrim, Armagh, Derry, Down, Fermanagh and Tyrone. (1.1.1.)
13. Jolly time spent in Glengarriff, undisturbed. (3)
14. Fuss at a party function? (3)
15. Cuts off always when there’s a ship around. (6)
17. Throw the tar on the playing surface. (5)
18. Is it suitable for Pat to come around? (3)
19. Vehicle returns under prefix. (3)
21. Leg hair disposed of by Queen Bess’s favourite tobacconist, involved in massacre at Smerwick Bay. (7)
22. “Now there’s ane — of ane old song.” -James Ogilvy on signing the Act of Union of 1706. (3)
23. “I must — down where all the ladders start in the foul rag and bone shop of the heart.” Yeats. (3)
24. At the rear of the boat in finest Erne traditions. (5)
25. Tom goes back in the miller’s river, that will take him down a peg or two! (6)
27. “No, —, never no more, will I play the Wild Rover, ...” Irish ballad. (3)
28. Shoe mender’s tool found in Portlaw leather works. (3)
29. Put the Scottish headgear back on the floor. (3)
31. Run, and won in a brand new way. (6)
32. Amount speculated in Buttevant equitation. (4)
33. Hobo put out in Fermanagh underground cave system west of Enniskillen. (4)
34. Fine, as then disturbed by the Irish Republican Brotherhood of old. (3,7)

DOWN
1. Old Celtic porcine totem seen in Drumshanbo arrangement. (4)
2. Late scold about small Meath town, an angling centre for Lough Sheelin. (9)
3. Compete, that is, after victory. (3)
4. Once in place, a time to start the fairy story. (4)
6. Bernie ceded that his brother’s girl be included. (5)
7. She ate holy mixture in Thurles establishment where on 1st November 1884 the G.A.A. was founded. (5,5)
8. Shorn raven in flutter over longest Irish water. (5,7)
10. Rod’s own plate gets broken in County Dublin racecourse. (12)
11. Chop stew, nun. (anag.) Kildare steeplechasing course. (11)
16. Holy dabble up in West Cork resort near Schull under Mount Gabriel. (10)
20. Label many in disguise in large Antrim linen town in the River Braid valley.(9)
26. “It is impossible for an Englishman to open his — — without making some other Englishman hate or despise him.” Shaw (5)
28. Building feature evident in popular Charleville hotel. (4)
30. Sots are in the horrors and throw up! (4)
32. Primate involved in Ballina Pentecostal service. (3)

(Solution on page 15)

Irish Sayings

In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.
Many an Irish property was increased by the lace of a daughter’s petticoat.
The best way to keep loyalty in a man’s heart is to keep money in his purse.
A narrow neck keeps the bottle from being emptied in one swig.
Show the fatted calf but not the thing that fattened him.
Marry a woman from the mountain, and you’ll marry the mountain.
It’s better to solve the problem than to improve the law.
“A friend’s eye is a good mirror.”
“It is the good horse that draws its own cart.”
“A lock is better than suspicion.”
“Two thirds of the work is the semblance.”

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