TIARA IN IRELAND 2010
TIARA BOARD

By Kathy Roscoe
Member #893 (Massachusetts)

We want to wish everyone a wonderful holiday season and a Happy, Healthy New Year.

I want to take a moment to thank Tom Toohey and Jay Lucas for all of the great support and encouragement that they have given me during 2010. I couldn’t have done it without them. They are great team players and I am proud they are on our team. We want to welcome our newest board member, Charlie Jack – who has graciously agreed to be our new Treasurer. Thank you all so much for volunteering your time and talent to TIARA.

TIARA is a wonderful organization and it always impresses me what a great group of people our members are – always willing to give time, encouragement, talent or whatever we need to help make TIARA what it is. Thank you so much, all of your efforts are appreciated.

I want to encourage all of our members to get involved. If there is an event that you are interested in, please volunteer your time. Even as little as an hour of time can help us make an event successful. We have a great core group of members that we call upon time after time for their help. They are always happy to welcome a new volunteer and teach them how things go. As an officer, I have found our Past Presidents to be a wonderful source of assistance – they are always looking out for TIARA and we thank them for that.

We can always use fresh perspective, a new angle or suggestion on how we are doing. If there is something you would like to see TIARA get involved in, please send in your suggestion. As Elyse Luray told us in the December meeting, you are only as good as the sum of your parts, and we are so fortunate to have so many dedicated “parts”!

Thank you again for all of your encouragement, support and dedication to TIARA. It is an honor to serve as your President.
THE CHRISTMAS TURNIP
By Janis P. Duffy # 336

Christmas stirs up many family memories. One tradition in my family was decorating the Christmas tree. Every year my Mom (Lillian O’Hare Duffy) would bring out the many ornaments and my sister and I would help trim the tree. Just before my Dad lit the Star my Mom would bring out the Family Heirloom, the Felt Turnip. She explained that when she was a little girl that most of the ornaments in her family were made of cloth or felt. Over the years most of those ornaments were lost but the Turnip survived. After my Mom died in 1987 I inherited the Christmas Turnip. I continued the family tradition with my children of placing the turnip on the tree just before we lit the Star. The turnip is well worn now, (our cats loved playing with it) but our Christmas would not be complete until we placed the turnip on the tree. As I continue this family tradition I hope to pass the Christmas Turnip on to my grandchildren so they can continue this wonderful family tradition.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOM
Carlyn V. Cox #750

Perhaps you want to hear about long standing customs. Because our family did not have any of those I wanted very much to be part of a lasting remembrance of Christmas ... a holiday I always look forward to.

Preparing with our own children included the Advent Calendar, lighting the Advent candles, trips to visit Santa Claus and many hours spent shopping. Christmas Day was the traditional meal and visits with family .... But it was all over in such a short time. And it did not carry over into a lasting memory.

Godchildren would receive a special gift and nieces & nephews were remembered with a smaller gift because economy was an issue ... as a result of large families. When twin grandnieces were born I knew that I could not continue to expand my gift base so I chose to make and date and personalize a Christmas ornament. That was twenty-nine years ago. One of those girls was married this summer and I hope that her tree in her new home will have twenty-nine (or thirty if I am not late) dated handmade decorations on it. It was her mother who thanked me for the first small remembrance of Christmas and who, in thanking me, said, “I hope this will become a custom.”

The first designs were standard Christmas ideas: Santa, stars, bells, etc. As I progressed I was inspired by family history and a painted cow suggested memory of my grandmother whose name was “LaVache” (French for cow.) Another year I chose the Swan ...with a wreath of festive beads... reminding us of the Galway Swans that are in such great quantity in front of the Claddagh from which our Rush family emigrated in 1865.

In memory of my sister I found crystals, which she had saved (along with our Aunt’s collection) and fashioned them as tree ornaments inscribing them with the date and name. I included a note explaining the importance of the crystals to me and the reason for choosing them.
For my oldest sister I chose an item that connected me closely with her. A very early memory of a walk on the beach and seeing “Minot’s light” with its flashing pattern of (1-4-3) which she told me stood for “I love you.”

Sailboats fly with angel’s wings,
Catching breaths of God.
Moving with the speed of time,
Free from soil and sod.

Skim the blue reflected sky
In waters cool and clean.
Steering on the untried path,
By whispers ... source unseen.

If only we could let the sails
Fill and blow alone.
The port we seek with human eyes,
Would fade ... and we’d head home.

Then a major move from a homestead of almost forty years had to be recognized. Rimmed with pine trees, a pinecone seemed appropriate to celebrate the change.

I remember stately pines,
Strong and tall and green.
Circling house and home so fine,
With shade ... from wind a screen.

Not every year but every other,
Cones would form and hold the seeds,
Cling to branches through the summer,
Fall in Autumn with the breeze.

I gathered cones to craft for Christmas,
Wreaths and trees to share with all.
Today the cones take on a new life
Still filled with seeds of love for all.

A surprise!!!... A many-times-searched account book held a poem my mother had written. What better way to celebrate the memory of Mother, Grandmother, “Great Grandmother GG” than sharing her long-lost poem with a Seagull ornament considering that thirty-five of these recipients were her great grandchildren.
I wandered out again tonight
And looked out on the sea
And then I saw six gulls go by
Bobbing aimlessly.

I looked at them and wondered then
Are they much like me?
Do they have cares or do they care
Or are their lives so free.

I thought I would trade my place
And fly where e’er they go
But then I knew … they must fly
Wherever winds do blow

I enjoyed them, because I stay,
Because I cannot fly
But they are only sea gulls
And I am truly I.

Did I mention that the total number of ornaments each year has been over fifty. Grandchildren of my oldest sister add up to seventeen, my next sister’s grandchildren number nine and then there are our eleven grandchildren as well as eighteen grand and great grandchildren of my husband’s close cousin … who was also my best friend.

It’s never too late to start a custom!

**FOOD AND FAMILIES**
By Susan Steele Member #1025

How many of your family memories include food? Certainly your Christmas memories do. I think about cocoa with real whipped cream sprinkled with bits of broken candy canes. We sipped this from mugs while dressed in our new red pajamas – the only present we were allowed to open on Christmas Eve. After we opened the rest of the presents on Christmas morning, my mother served cinnamon rolls with white icing. I can imagine the smell as I picture my mother pulling warm rolls from the oven in our drafty kitchen.

About five years ago I instituted a new Christmas tradition. I wanted to move away from buying gifts for the extended family. We have a lottery system among the siblings and their mates. Adults give to just one other adult. Now many of my nieces and nephews were young adults. I decided to try to share some family memories with my brother, sisters and their children.

My first effort was entitled “Sundaes with the Steeles”. I wrote a short recollection about Sundays in the Steele household. After emptying the pew at St. Agnes, we’d drive to Dunkin Donuts. Each child was able to pick one favorite to go into the “take home” dozen. After the box had been emptied at home, the kitchen would be cleared for dinner preparations. My father often took over as chef. Chicken Cacciatore was one of his favorite dishes. When dinner was over, we’d make a trip to Brigham’s to pick up the makings for ice cream sundaes. In the recollection, I confessed that I volunteered to dish out the portions at home because I could devour the extra scrapings left on the inside of the containers!

This first “Food and Family” presentation was fairly simple. I used a piece of construction paper folded in half. On the outside, I glued a color copy of a photo of the Steele siblings. The recollection was printed on colored paper and glued to the inside of the card. An internet search produced a recipe for Brigham’s hot fudge sauce. I cooked up enough sauce to produce a pint for each of my siblings and for any nieces and nephews living on their own. A copy of the recipe was enclosed in the card.

The positive reception for this first “Food and Family” effort led to others. A memory of trips to the corner store was accompanied by a jar of penny candy and miniature candy bars. Summer memories were accompanied by saltwater taffy; winter ones had cocoa mix. I varied the format of the cards – one was folded to open as shutters, another was an accordion fold.

Last year’s effort was a particularly meaningful one. My mother had passed away at the beginning of December. Going through her papers, I found love letters that my father had sent while he was in the service. I hesitated about reading them – perhaps they were only meant for my mother. We knew some of these stories already. This was a time my mother treasured - it was evident in the
letters. I decided that she wouldn’t mind our sharing these memories.

For the card’s cover, I copied envelopes and reduced their size to make a collage. I picked out postmarks from different bases where my father had been stationed. On the inside I glued photos of the young couple (with my father in uniform.) I constructed a pocket and enclosed a letter. I gave each of my siblings a real letter and made copies for the nieces and nephews. I tried to pick out appropriate passages – for my musician nephew I copied my father’s comments about Tommy Dorsey. What food accompanied the love letters? Why, Hershey’s “Hugs & Kisses,” of course!

My nephew wrote me a wonderful note thanking me for providing the memory of “Grandma and Grandpa” as young people in their twenties attending a jazz show. That “thank you” and those that I’ve received from my brother and sisters have encouraged me to keep the “Food and Family” tradition going. Now it’s time to look at the old photos and hope for inspiration for this year’s effort!

**REVIEW AND REWORKING OF DATA**

By Robert Gallagher Member #633

How many of us after finding family data put it into a folder and never look at it again?

The mind works in mysterious and marvelous ways and there are proven advantages to reviewing and reworking data.

A case in point: I have an Obituary of an ancestor, Morris Oakley, in which his brother-in-law, John M. Morgan, is listed. I also have other paperwork that describes how Morris Oakley’s wife Elizabeth was poisoned by a house servant, and for several years I searched for Elizabeth Oakley’s maiden name.

It was only recently when I reviewed the whole file of Oakley data that it occurred to me that I had the answer all along. Elizabeth was John M. Morgan’s “sister” and her maiden name was very likely his surname - “Morgan”! BINGO!

Sometimes connections, or, revelations don’t reveal themselves until you actually rework the data into a new format (database) where you have to rethink about the relationships and facts. There are plenty of cases of ah-ha’s occurring when you look at data in a different way. The good news is you may already have data in you files that will answer questions you have - you just have to look at it again with a different point of view.

Everyone is normally very busy in the time leading up to the Christmas Holidays and have very little time for genealogy work. However, the week between Christmas and New Years is generally a slow time and a perfect opportunity to review and rework your genealogy files. You never know what you might find right under your nose?

Happy Hunting and Best Holiday Wishes!
CHRISTMAS RECIPE – PLUM PUDDING
By Bob Gallagher Member #633

I was raised by my paternal grandmother and grand-father and the home cooking was excellent. "Nana" had baked, and cooked, professionally in her early life, so Christmas was always something special at the dinner table.

My favorite Christmas dessert was plum pudding with hot (soft) and cold (hard) sauce!

The pudding was the English made "Cross and Blackwell" canned plum pudding.

* The hot (soft) sauce was made as follows:

1 small cup sugar
1 egg
1 Tb. flour
2 Tb. cold water
Butter - size of walnut

Beat all together and pour into 1/2 pt. scalded milk (or water). Stir till it thickens!

Flavor to taste! (1 jigger of Rum)

* The cold sauce was made as follows:

1/2 lb. of butter in a bowl - slowly work-in powdered sugar until you have an equal volume of butter and sugar blended together.

Flavor to taste (work-in - 1 jigger of blended whisky - Canadian Club)

* Heat the plum pudding and serve portions (size of an egg) in a dish
- pour the hot sauce over the pudding - place a lump (size of walnut) of cold sauce on top - enjoy!

Go back for seconds!

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1950s Christmas Story
By Ed Spaeth Member #3285

Hello Folks,

This is my reminiscence of Christmas time in the early 1950s in Yonkers, just north of New York City. Hope it also evokes happy memories for you. ED

CHILDHOOD HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

Christmas was and has always been a magical season for children. When we were youngsters, sometime during the holiday season our father would declare that it was time to visit New York City to experience the plethora of festive decorations and other holiday displays to be had there. All bundled in our warmest clothes, we then would trundle up the Lake Avenue hill in Yonkers to await the red and yellow trolley car with its woven straw seats (and in later years, not as much fun, buses) to take us south to the subway terminal at 242nd Street in the Bronx.

As we waited in the chilly air with rosy cheeks, stomping our feet to warm them and dispelling spirals of warm breath, our childhood excitement would be a building. For on this day, there was always a virtual peace in our family. Papa, stern and taciturn as always, would not tolerate any sibling squabbles, so we managed to suppress any disagreements we may have had with each other in order to enjoy and share in the pleasure of this day's special outing.

Soon, the trolley would come clanging and rattling down Park Avenue. We would board, pay our fare, adjust the seats to our liking and go merrily on our way down the steep hills to the commercial heart of Yonkers at Getty Square and then on farther south along South Broadway. In these commercial districts, there would be colorful garlands with lighted stars or candles festooned from pole to pole across the streets all along the way that only added to our excitement and anticipation of pleasures yet to come.

Eventually, we crossed the city line near Caryl Avenue, Yonkers, and 262nd St., Bronx, continuing along the now broader Broadway with the large expanse of Van Cortlandt Park, seasonally bare or maybe, white with snow on one side and a line of stone facades of apartment buildings on the other, until we reached 242nd Street and the elevated tracks of the IRT subway line. We would scamper off the trolley car and Papa would cautiously escort us from the trolley stop across the road to the stairs going to the elevated platform. Likely, we would hear the rumble of a subway train overhead, either arriving or departing the station, which would cause us to clamber two steps at a time up the stairwell to the platform. Once above the street, Papa would pay our fare and then dispense to each of us our own token to be used to enter the turnstiles to board the waiting train. Oh! the thrill of independence! The thrill of adventure! for any young child to be traveling to the big City.
With a jolt and a jostle of its passengers, the train proceeded on its southward course to Manhattan, crossing the Harlem River at Marble Hill and making other intermediate stops on the elevated tracks before eventually descending into the bowels of the Earth to rattle along underground to our destination. As we sped along in the subterranean darkness, it was thrilling to watch the lights of bypassed stations streak past or hear the screech of wheels as we maneuvered through the tunnels. It was interesting to watch and study the people as they boarded or disembarked, jostled for a seat or merely stood clinging to the overhead hangars for balance as our thunderous chariot kept rocking and rolling. Somewhere in midtown Manhattan (probably 50th St. & Broadway) we would disembark the subway train and emerge to street level and into the blustery skyscraper canyons of New York City.

Papa likely gave an order to all of us to "Button your coat, Put on your gloves!" Perhaps, though he tightened a scarf or two, made some other paternal gesture of caring for his younger charges while taking our hands to cross the busy avenues to see the wondrous sights that soon spread before us.

Our little troupe generally made our way first to the wonderful outdoor public open-spaces of the gleaming granite mini-city that is Rockefeller Center. We passed Atlas forever holding up the earthly sphere and entered the Channel Gardens, the corridor leading one from 5th Avenue to the Sunken Courtyard. Here one found plantings trimmed with sparkling lights and various oversized sculptures, usually Winged Angels with trumpets silently heralding the Christmas season to the passersby. Yet, music filled the air because as one neared the Sunken Courtyard, turned Ice Rink, one heard the lilting music which seemed to propel the skilled skaters gliding over the ice and doing leaps and figures-eight as onlookers gleefully watched from the rail surround above the rink. And gilded Prometheus, forever bound, silently oversaw the action as well. However, our young eyes were affixed in wonder at the 75 foot Christmas tree with myriad number of huge colored ornaments and sparkling lights and a large lighted star affixed to the top. Our gaze would continue skyward to find the top of the fifty-story RCA Building (now GE Building) as it seemed to tilt precariously overhead. We were on sensory overload.

But, this was just the beginning. Then Papa would shepherd us to see the quiet interior of St. Thomas Church ablaze with poinsettias and with its stunning stained glass windows and beautiful reredo. He then would escort us across Fifth Avenue to see the cavernous interior of St. Patrick’s Cathedral with its altar bedecked with masses of red poinsettias and pine garlands lining the aisles while worshippers might be praying as Christmas music was quietly played. From here we would then get in line to see the first of the many store window displays used by the elegant merchants to draw their shoppers. Bloomingdales had decorations, but no animated displays. However, nearby Saks Fifth Avenue had animated Christmas window displays and it was the first of many we had to see. Each of the big department stores along Fifth Avenue-Lord & Taylor, Arnold Constable, B. Altman, and then across 34th Street to infamous retail rivals, Macy’s and Gimbel’s — would have a different Christmas theme in miniature in their windows. The theme might be a Victorian Christmas; the Dickens’ Christmas Carol story with Scrooge and Tiny Tim or maybe The Nutcracker Suite. Whatever it would be, we would join the queue before each store and shuffle along to view the wondrous moving people, animated animals, toys or Santas that made the miniature world so enchanting and delighted young and old alike. Only recently, we discovered that these magical moving miniature shows were/are created by a company named Spaeth Design Company. I don’t believe, that Papa was aware of this either. As far as I know, these engineers of fantasy are not related to our family.

This trip along the storied and elegant Fifth Avenue would also include a view of the recumbent stone lions festively bedecked with holiday wreaths about their necks in front of the classical and stately New York Public Library. As we sauntered along in the chilly winter air it was also fun to observe the many passersby, shoppers, tourists, bell ringers, Santas and others. There were always throngs of people -- people bustling about with a jovial holiday air or even mendicants in need of a handout. More than likely, to the latter, with true Christmas spirit, we sympathetically gave some coins. Although, this sojourn would take many hours and we walked for many blocks along hard pavement and at times in nose-biting cold, we enjoyed the thrill and excitement of the Christmas season filling us with joy and wonderment at all that we saw.

Tired and cold though we might be, we always knew Papa would treat us in the end to some hot chocolate and a piece of apple pie that one could extract by oneself from the chosen window in the Horn and Hardart Automat—another special magical place for children long before McDonalds. Restored and refreshed momentarily for the long train ride home. Once aboard though, the rhythmic clickety-clack of the moving subway train lulled us to sleep and our heads nodded and
A good introduction to The Famine is Cecil Woodham-Smith’s *The Great Hunger* (1962), a fluid, novelistic recounting of the history and events from 1845 to 1849. Dame Woodham-Smith (CBE), an established historian, was born in Wales in 1896, a descendent of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, hero of the Rising of 1798. This book, which is a “page-turner”, must be read cover to cover due to it’s narrative organization and absence of chapter headings or subject index. As a passionate introduction to the period, fueled by the authors’ indignation, it is hard to beat.

Although current historians criticize her book as “highly dramatic” and “emotive”, it is essential for two reasons. First, the author has great narrative skills and did voluminous documentary research. Second, she has unearthed fascinating sidelights not addressed elsewhere. For example, Peel’s dispatch of a scientific “team” to Ireland in 1845 to remedy the “murrain” is telling. The idea of a rural cotter dealing with the recommendations shows the great social gap underpinning the tragedy. In the same vein she provides an explanation [pp. 94-102] of the potato fungus and its life cycle showing how the blight was beyond the science of the period.

Woodham-Smith has also been criticized for making Charles Trevelyan the key villain. While she holds several Crown ministers culpable of worsening matters she also recognizes that the events were not black and white. One example is her debunking of the Irish legend that Queen Victoria donated only 5 pounds for famine relief. The author locates the actual record and notes that Victoria personally donated 2000 pounds in 1847.

With 19th century laissez-faire economic philosophy [“political economy”] in the background the author covers in detail the Corn Law issue, the persistence of exports from Ireland, soup distribution, public work programs, and emigration. On the latter topic she discuss coffin-ships, assisted emigration and the effects on Canada, Boston and New York. Much of this detail is not found in other books. The story of the *Aeolus* and Lord Palmerston’s response is particularly instructive. Her descriptions of massive death and the ravages of disease are often difficult to read.

Finally, almost as relief, the author moves on to Young Ireland and the Irish Confederation, and the tour of Ireland undertaken by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in August, 1848. The tour was a success, and the Famine began to abate in 1849 and 1850 after destroying the lives of over 2,000,000 Irish. Woodham-Smith’s concluding thoughts are telling when she says, “Time brought retribution.” She notes that graves of drowned WWII British seamen in Mayo, Clair Island, and Six Mile Strand are there because Irish harbors were closed to British ships. “From these innocents, in all probability ignorant of the past,… was extracted part of the price for the famine.”

academics discuss the eve of the Famine, agriculture, politics, relief, medical history, emigration and the oral tradition. Now labeled “outdated”, this is still a valuable book which carefully dissects major factors influencing the Famine.

A good example is the chapter on agriculture. E.R.R. Green profiles agricultural practices, jobs and employment, tillage and grazing, crops and livestock, and market issues. Occasionally overburdened with statistics, the discussion provides real insights into Irish food production. The process of absentee landlords leasing their estates to middlemen, who milked the subleases for profits [“rack-rents”], removed any incentive to improve farms or consolidate into larger holdings. An Irish tenant was not compensated for improving his leasehold. The penalizing environment led to subdivision and increasing dependency on the potato. Landlords had no incentive to invest capital. Land became fragmented and continuous employment was not available. Wages changed with seasonal demand.

These basic issues were complicated by the practices of conacre and rundale. Green points out that a cottier, practicing conacre by paying for a plot, manure and seed with his labor, could often be better off economically that a small farmer. Employer provided conacre was really a speculative investment in food which, in a good year, could produce a profit. Rundale, on the other hand, was fragmented, undercapitalized, and suffered from poor cropping. One report described a one-half acre field held by 26 different persons. Both practices led to economic failures as populations increased.

The success of either tillage or grazing, which tended to be regional, were affected by market demands and technological change. Farmers in the West employed tillage because of land conditions. Grazing, preferred by wealthier Irish farmers, predominated in Limerick, Tipperary, Meath and Roscommon. In the late 18th and early 19th century corn, grain and meal production expanded across the country due to the construction of grain mills and the effect of the Corn Laws. The introduction of the two horse iron plough and the construction of roads sharply increased productivity.

The chapter on “The Medical History of the Famine” by Sir William F. MacArthur looks at a rarely examined issue. The Crown supported a medical response but the real driver was the medical profession itself. Indeed, doctors put their lives on the line. In late 1847, between Clifden and Ennis, eleven [11] doctors attending the poor died from typhus.

An Irish aphorism says “No famine, no fever” and it was true in 1846. The principle diseases of the Famine were [1] typhus, [2] relapsing fever, [3] dysentery and [4] scurvy. Often they occurred together or followed one another. The author explains the diseases, the mortality rates, and the pattern of occurrence across Ireland. Curiously, the diseases were not uniform in their distribution but their effect was to cause at least 360,800 deaths. The occurrence of a cholera epidemic in 1849, which arrived from Europe, added insult to injury.

Our third book is The Famine In Ireland (1986) by Mary E. Daly a history lecturer at University College Dublin, who has lectured at Boston College. This book (124pps.), more an extended article, is a tightly reasoned review testing many conclusions from earlier studies. Daly offers alternative reasons for outcomes and tries to avoid emotional analysis.

For example, early marriages and birth rate increases in the early 19th century may have been due to greater cultivation of wet soils using the potato, which substituted for milk in the winter, and allowed elimination of family cows in the face of rising poverty [i.e. capital savings]. Surplus potatoes [not marketable] also fed pigs which could pay the rent. Also, as a healthier food, potatoes may have reduced mortality rates. This argument tends to refute the former view that early marriage was the result of hopelessness among young people. This newer explanation tends to agree with the increased population growth in the West in the mid-19th century. However, a shift to smaller plots, fueled by the increasing population, undercut labor opportunities at larger farms devoted to tillage crops and reduced income and wealth levels.

Another example of Daly’s analysis concerns the Crown’s role in famine relief. This is often portrayed as driven by the laissez-faire economic view. Daly points out that, in a wider context, food shortages existed in Scotland, England and Europe as well as Ireland, and that market pricing was an issue. Trevelyon feared political consequences if the Crown was seen discriminating in favor of the Irish cottier and also feared grain price spikes if large purchases were made in a scarce market. Labouchere, the Irish chief secretary, wrote to Daniel O’Connell that “… the great object at this moment appears to me to be to protect the trade in food.” [Daly, p. 73] Also small food dealers felt the government depots were unfair competition. Whatever the morality of the
situation, these points illustrate the complexity of structuring a relief program in the context of the Famine.

Daly also looks at emigration and evictions as they affected famine victims. She suggests that emigration was one of the most rational responses to the Famine particularly for strong farmers [20 acres or more]. In fact studies of 1847 shows that strong farmers and businessmen [e.g. bacon merchants] were a large proportion of emigrants in 1847. The continuing famine meant a collapse of trade for businesses dependent on the rural markets, as well as crippling taxes. By selling out they could take their capital and start over in a more entrepreneurial environment. A similar rationale applies to the very poor who had no prospects and who, with landlord assistance, could travel to a new labor market and avoid deprivation.

Evictions also were effected by famine economics. Estates went into receivership at an increasing pace. The total amount in receivership rose 85 percent between 1843 and 1847 and increased another 54 percent by 1849. Clearing land for better crop production or consolidation for sale made eminent sense. Evictions lagged receiverships by about two years rising 230 percent from 6,026 in 1847 to 19,949 in 1850 [Daly, p. 110].

Finally, we would be remiss if we did not try to listen to the words of contemporaries of the starving cotters, however hard they are to hear. In fact, there is no first hand material representing the cotters themselves, although the Irish Folklore Commission has striven to preserve what they could. There are several books on the subject two of which we will mention here.

The Famine Decade, Contemporary Accounts, 1841-1851 (1995) by John Killen culls through government documents, local papers, and personal correspondence to construct a chronological record of events. The newspaper reports are the most telling. In July, 1847 the Freeman's Journal reported about Kilglass, County Roscommon that “…The poor creatures are wasting away and dying of want. In very many instances the dead bodies are thrown in waste cabins and dykes and are devoured by dogs.” Less graphic material is presented including horticultural advice for protecting the potato crop, Trevelyan’s article on ‘The Irish Crisis’, architects plans for workhouse ventilation and accounts of emigrant shipwrecks. [Paperback copies available for $1.00].

A similar volume is Liam Swords’ In Their Own Words, The Famine in North Connacht, 1845-1849 (1999) which, despite its title, is a collection of letters from local officials, clergy, landlords, Poor Law commissioners and similar officials concerning the crisis. First hand accounts of cottiers will never be found. The book is organized chronologically and by location which makes it accessible if you wish to look at material from your ancestors home. Since the material is 150 years old it is ornate and tends to avoid particulars, especially “vulgar” details. Indeed many of the writers were hardly in contact with the common people so this is a somewhat “distant” view. [1969]

Next time we will look at books by direct observers of the Famine as well as others who have tried to reconstruct the consequences for the Irish.

NOTES: * Available in the TIARA library. NEXT: Famine (Pt. II)
Suggestions/requests to: dathi2010@gmail.com.

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THE KELLY FAMILY OF TAUNTON PART II
By John Moriarty
Member #3124

Tri short ban nach feider le fear a dtuiscint:
bean og, bean mheanaosta, seanbhean

Three kinds of woman that man cannot understand: A young woman, a middle-aged woman, an old woman.

-Modern Irish triad

The first part of the Kelly family of Taunton ended in 1898 when Mary Kelly, John Kelly’s oldest daughter, was appointed administrator of John’s estate and guardian of her five siblings by the Probate Court on June 8, 1898. Now remember that Mary also got married to Daniel McAndrews about this time and wouldn’t you know it, she got pregnant in August of that year in all of the confusion. Everett McAndrews was born in April 1899 in Taunton. The 1900 Federal Census lists Mary and Daniel living in Taunton with their son Everett and the five Kelly children. The Federal Census for 1900 was conducted on 5 June 1900 and Margaret was married 10 October 1900. More about that later. Now in addition to the estate administration required by the probate court, only Margaret and Agnes were old enough to be considered grown up. Charles and Everett were very close in age, both being babies and Cornelius and Sarah were in school. That year Daniel was a furniture dealer whose earnings were used to support the ready-made family. When the court
appointed appraisers were finished, they determined that the personal property of John Kelly’s estate was valued at $3196.78 in 1898. This figure included such high-end items as John’s workhorse ($60) and covered wagon ($50). This is how John Kelly earned a living. He was a peddler who worked for the L.B. West Company, which dealt in stoves and household items and was located on Winthrop Street. The owner of the company was named L.B. West and he was also the treasurer of West Silver Company. The silver company was incorporated in 1899 and lasted just a few years before it was sold. In later years, John went into business for himself as a peddler.

I have no idea what type of weekly paycheck Daniel brought home but I’ll bet it wasn’t very much. The Panic or Depression of 1893 didn’t last very long but its effects were felt for a long time after in the form of hard work and low wages. To get an idea of what things were like in 1898, see the advertisement below. If they could sell a desk for that sale price and still make a profit, I can’t imagine how big his commission must have been.

The McAndrews found another way to make ends meet. They rented their father’s house from April 1, 1899 to March 17, 1904 when they sold the house. That plus interest on two savings accounts brought the total estate to $5754.73. During this period, they had expenses of $2067.54 for water, taxes and upkeep. That left $614.53 for each Kelly child as an inheritance. The home was at 209 Washington Street in Taunton and sold for $1850. Included in the inheritance were two insurance policies: one from the Foresters for $1000 and a cooperative that John belonged to which yielded an additional $700.

In 1902, Jane McAndrews was born. Everett was only 3 years old and Charles was four. She must have had her hands full. Her sister Agnes married Louis Lamoureux in 1902 and moved out of the house. In fact when the house was sold in 1904, she didn’t submit the accounting to the probate court as required by law.

It is now six years since John Kelly died and Mary still hasn’t completed the probate of the estate so that everybody can get their inheritance. In 1904, Margaret already had Charles, born in 1901 and died on 27 July 1902, Rose, born in 1903 and Leo, born in 1904. Agnes married Louis Lamoureux in 1902 and had their first child Anna, born in 1904.

The year 1905 was one of tragedy. Margaret gave birth to her daughter Catherine on the 28 April 1905 and died of a massive stroke on the 29 April 1905 leaving Thomas McCaffrey to raise Catherine, Leo and Rose by himself. To make matters worse, Catherine died on the 5 February 1907. That left only Leo and Rose as Margaret’s only surviving children. While all of this was going on, Agnes gave birth to Louis in 1905, Marian in 1906 and Margaret in 1910. All lived into adulthood and had a long life.

The second decade turned out to be no better than the first decade. In 1908, Alice McAndrews was born and in 1910, Daniel was a clerk in a butter store supporting his own three children plus Cornelius, Sarah and Charles Kelly. Cornelius married a girl named Helen; (I don’t know her maiden name) in late 1910 or 1911. About this same time Sarah married Frank Higginbotham, and she decided to do something about the inheritance. She hired Joseph E. Warner to represent her as a petitioner to the probate court and asked the court to compel Mary to render to the Court an inventory of said estate and an account of her administration. The petition was dated 12 July 1911, 13 years after John Kelly had died. Mary McAndrews was born in 1911. Mary complied and the probate was finally settled to everyone’s satisfaction.

Shortly thereafter more tragedy occurred. Daniel McAndrews passed away on 30 March 1913 leaving Mary a widow and Margaret’s son, Leo McCaffrey died on the 21 Jan 1914. Life continued for Mary and in 1930 she is a widow heading up a household at age 55 with Alice (20), Mary (19), Everett (30) and his wife Etta (27), and their three children Rita (7), Ruth (6), Paul (5), and Charles Kelly (32). It appears that Mary was never alone and had family members living with her for the rest of her life.

1 The History of Taunton by Samuel Emery was the source for this information.
ACROSS FOUR GENERATIONS AND 134 YEARS
By Jack Hannigan Member #3310

My name is Jack Hannigan and I live in Abington Massachusetts and have been researching my family’s Irish genealogy for just about 20 years. On September 29, 2010 I had the exciting experience of introducing myself via email to Gerard Kelly of Dungarven, County Waterford, Ireland, a newly discovered third cousin. Across the Atlantic Ocean, 134 years, and four generations of family history we met for the first time as great, great grandsons of William and Bridget (Burke) O’Brien.

My great grandfather, William Francis O’Brien, and Gerard’s great grandfather, John O’Brien, were brothers, both sons of William & Bridget (Burke) O’Brien of the Glen of Aherlow, County Tipperary, Ireland. The O’Brien homestead was at the foot of the Galtee Mountains in the townland of Monaboula. After the trauma of the Great Famine, William and Bridget O’Brien, like most small Irish farmers, decided to keep their farm intact by willing it to only one son, John O’Brien. The younger brothers, William and Dennis, left Ireland for America and a new life in Hingham, Massachusetts. William emigrated circa 1876 and Dennis in 1881.

William Francis O’Brien (1852 – 1924) married Catherine Stanton (1855 – 1883) in Hingham, Massachusetts on November 26, 1876. Together, they raised their family of three children on Elm Street. Their second child and only daughter Catherine Ellen (O’Brien) Shields (1879 – 1962) was my grandmother.

John O’Brien (1846 – 1924) married Margaret Martin on February 10, 1877 and raised 10 children on the O’Brien homestead in Monaboula. Their son Michael was Gerard Kelly’s grandfather. Another son of John and Margaret, Rev. Thomas O’Brien, served as pastor of St. Patrick’s Parish in Rochelle, Illinois. The eventual meeting of Gerard Kelly and myself would come from both of us doing individual research on our common relative, Father Thomas O’Brien.

During the early years of the 20th Century Father Tom O’Brien made a number of visits to his first cousin Catherine (O’Brien) Shields’ home in Rockland, Massachusetts. In March 1915 he traveled east to celebrate the funeral Mass of his aunt Ellen O’Brien who had immigrated to the United States in 1890 to join her brothers William and Dennis in Hingham, Massachusetts.

Father Tom and his cousin Catherine exchanged letters, some of which still exist and mention the actual Catholic parishes in Illinois where Father Tom served as a priest.

In addition to his trips to the “cultured” East, as Fr. Tom called it in his letters, he made a number of return trips to the Glen of Aherlow to visit his parents and siblings. In 1928 he journeyed to Ireland to attend the ordination of his youngest brother Maurice and he also visited his oldest brother William who had immigrated to San Francisco in 1906.

So Father Thomas O’Brien was the link between the families of John O’Brien in Ireland and William O’Brien in America. In 2007, using oral history handed down by his family in Ireland, Gerard Kelly began researching his grandfather Michael O’Brien and his two grand uncles who immigrated to the United States. He contacted St Patrick’s parish in Rochelle Illinois for information on Father Tom O’Brien and joined Ancestry.com to find information on Father Tom’s brother William O’Brien in San Francisco. Gerard even provided the parish historian at St. Patrick’s with a photograph of the O’Brien homestead in Monaboula.

Three years later, early in 2010, I contacted St. Catherine of Genoa parish in Illinois for information on Father Tom O’Brien. Father O’Brien had served at St. Catherine’s early in his career. When I began my research I had one photograph of Fr. Tom, copies of three letters he had written to relatives in the East, and an official biography that my mother had obtained in 1971 from the history of the Rockford diocese. Rev. Tim Seigel, pastor of St. Catherine’s, referred me to David Rood who was writing a history of St Catherine’s in preparation for the hundredth anniversary of the parish. David and I communicated via email and in August 2010 I mailed him copies of everything I had regarding Father O’Brien. You can imagine my surprise when in September, 2010 David emailed me a picture of the O’Brien homestead in Monaboula. David had received the photo from a fellow historian, Ray Schwartz, at St. Patrick’s parish in Rochelle, Illinois, who in turn had received it from Gerard Kelly back in 2007 when Gerard was working on his family genealogy.

Only a genealogist can understand the excitement and anticipation I felt as I contemplated the possibility that I might be about to hear a living relative’s voice from the old country. Was it possible, after 20 years of family research, that the O’Brien family history would no longer end at the Atlantic Ocean with a multitude of
unanswered questions? I contacted Ray Schwartz at St. Patrick’s parish in Rochelle for Gerard Kelly’s email address and immediately launched an introductory email. Within an hour and a half Gerard responded from Ireland; “Great to hear from you. Finally a voice from the U.S. I’ll bring you up to date with what has been going on in the old country when I get home from work.”

Over the next four weeks daily emails flew back and forth between Abington and Dungarven as Gerard and I shared our individual O’Brien stories. The oral traditions from each branch of the family allowed us to rediscover the O’Brien history that had been lost over the generations. I confirmed for Gerard his suspicion that his great, great grandfather was indeed William O’Brien married to Bridget (Burke) O’Brien. Gerard shared with me the complete family history of my great grandfather’s brother John O’Brien. Together we’ve built a picture of Father Tom O’Brien’s life in Illinois as well as that of his youngest brother Rev. Maurice O’Brien at St Joseph Community parish in Alameda. We have followed the footsteps of Gerard’s grand uncle, William O’Brien, to New York City in 1906 and then on to the Anaconda Copper mines in Butte, Montana where he went to earn a grub stake before moving on to San Francisco and working to rebuild the water and gas systems after the Great Earthquake. We have discovered a previously unknown cousin, Rev. J. P. O’Brien, nephew of Gerard’s grandfather serving as a priest in New Jersey and are also researching a previously unknown daughter of our great, great grandparents, William & Bridget O’Brien, Johanna (O’Brien) McCormack, a possible sister of our great grandparents. Gerard has shared photos of the O’Brien farm in Monaboula and O’Brien headstones in the old cemetery of Clonbeg parish and I have sent Gerard pictures of his great grand uncles’ headstones at St. Paul’s Cemetery in Hingham, Massachusetts.

Gerard and I now understand how the Great Famine impacted the family of William and Bridget O’Brien over four generations. Bridget herself immigrating to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to America while her sister went to Australia. Bridget’s decision as a widow to immigrate to AmericaWhile I was looking at a kiosk, there was a very soft voice that called my name. Lo and behold, I turned around and saw Carlyn Cox standing there. We had made the “TIARA connection” and she introduced us to several others who had already arrived. The flight was very uneventful which is how I like it. I sat next to a young man who was born and raised in Ireland but is living in Florida. We had a wonderful conversation all the way over to Dublin.

TIARA had made prior arrangements to have us met at the airport and driven to our hotel. I was not as tired or hungry as I thought I would be when we arrived at the Buswells Hotel in Dublin. Given our arrival quite early in the day (about

Gerard has helped me to understand where my ancestors came from and I have helped him understand where his ancestors went. We continue to work together to re-establish the family story that was lost by the move from Ireland and the effort to make new lives in both post-famine Ireland and America. Gerard has stated that the “Irish” O’Brien oral tradition claims the oldest O’Brien tombstone is in the ancient Clonbeg cemetery where he has found a memorial erected by a William O’Brien to his beloved father, William O’Brien 1709 – 1779. What a great new family chapter for an American O’Brien descendant who thought his family history began with the immigration of his great grandfather William O’Brien in the mid 19th Century.

The following articles were submitted by participants in TIARA’s Research Trip to Dublin that took place in October 2010. Maybe they will inspire you to join the trips next October when we head to Dublin and Belfast!

From Diane Swenson, Member #3241:

October 1, 2010 was a much-anticipated day for me. I had been waiting for years to be able to go to Dublin and County Cavan to research my maternal family. When my niece arrived from North Carolina to join me on the trip my anticipation started to grow. We had a brief time to catch up on the latest news regarding her family before the car picked us up. When the car arrived, the realization that I was starting my journey really hit home. We left earlier than normal for the airport trying to avoid traffic. We arrived at the airport in plenty of time. After going through security, we had a couple of hours to spare so we had a bite to eat. As we were walking around the terminal, we kept an eye out for someone with a green bag that said TIARA. This was an agreed-to signal that the owner would be our TIARA representative at the gate. One of the responsibilities of this individual was to make sure of the proper headcount of the group. As I was looking at a kiosk, there was a very soft voice that called my name. Lo and behold, I turned around and saw Carlyn Cox standing there. We made the “TIARA connection” and she introduced us to several others who had already arrived. The flight was very uneventful which is how I like it. I sat next to a young man who was born and raised in Ireland but is living in Florida. We had a wonderful conversation all the way over to Dublin.

TIARA had made prior arrangements to have us met at the airport and driven to our hotel. I was not as tired or hungry as I thought I would be when we arrived at the Buswells Hotel in Dublin. Given our arrival quite early in the day (about
5:30AM), the hotel was not ready to accept all of us. Apparently the young man at reception was not warned of our early arrival that day, but he did a great job of getting us something to eat. For the rest of the day, some of us went walking around Dublin while others stayed at the hotel. Some of the more anxious in our group even went to the National Library with Pat Landry to get their ID cards. We were assigned our guest rooms around 2:00 in the afternoon, which made us very happy to be able to get some well deserved sleep. That night we had a wonderful dinner hosted at the hotel for all of us along with Sean and Eileen O'Duill. Eileen was a wonderful guest speaker. She is a professional genealogist and he is a former teacher and Irish speaker. That evening also gave us time to meet other members of the group that had arrived later in the day from other locations around the states and Europe.

Sunday was taken up with some members attending church in the morning and then the entire group took a field trip to the National Stud Farm and Japanese Gardens in the afternoon. It was a wonderful trip which gave us more time to research. On Monday, the first day of researching, we all went to the National Library of Ireland where we had a tour of the facility. What a wonderful facility it was! They even had a “genealogy room” manned by at least two people who were there to help us with our questions. The rest of the week, we each chose a specific repository to research, the General Register Office, the Valuation Office of Ireland, the Registry of Deeds or the National Archives to name a few. Depending on our research, we went to the repository of choice. Generally, a small group of researchers went to every resource center each day of the week -there was always a fellow researcher or two joining us each day. At night, Eileen O'Duill, who lives nearby and is very knowledgeable about the repositories, would come to the hotel and met with each of us individually to discuss our findings and provide suggestions as to what to do next.

For me, the best repository was the Valuation Office. I had a copy of the 1841 census which showed the townland and property number where my GG-Grandfather and GGG-Grandfather lived. I already knew when my GG-Grandfather left Ireland for Canada so it was not necessary to research him. With the resident information, I was able to get a map showing just where the farms were located and how to get there. I also found when the farm changed ownership. With the valuation papers, I was able to narrow down the time period of either his death or a move elsewhere. I also knew he had seven other brothers so I recorded the names of all of the Fee’s recorded in the valuation papers for that and surrounding areas. At the Archives, my niece and I went through the Probate Records and recorded the names of all of the Fee’s found there as well. I am hoping to tie families together with the help of the valuation papers, probate papers and vital records.

Finally, on the last day, my niece and I decided to just wander around Dublin. We stepped into a bookstore and I immediately went to the history of Ireland section. I just love bookstores. You see, my Fee Family (Macfie is the official spelling for the Scottish Clan and I don’t know when or why the name change happened) originally came from Scotland after our chief and his sons were murdered around 1625. What I did not know was when my portion of the Macfie clan actually arrived in Ireland. After about an hour, I came across a book called “A Census of Ireland CA. 1659 With Essential Materials from the Poll Money Ordinances 1660-1661”, edited by Seamus Pender. Lo and behold, there was an entry that showed a Fee family in the County of Monaghan who had “5 Irish people”. This was very exciting because now I know they went to Ireland sometime between 1625 and 1659.

We ended the week with a farewell dinner. It was great fun reliving the week and there were lots of stories and laughter circulating around the room that evening. Pictures were taken of the group throughout the week and we expect to receive them shortly from the group's photographer, my niece. This trip was amazing for me. Besides meeting some wonderful people, I was able to actually make headway on my family history. Given the period being researched, the early 1800’s, I was not expecting to find much, but I was pleasantly surprised. I was able to get information that guided me to the farms of my grandparents in County Cavan. The following week, my husband arrived and the three of us actually found the two farms that I had been wanting to find for so long. Walking on the road to the land they worked and visiting their church was priceless to me.

I would like to thank TIARA, Pat Landry and Carlyn Cox for giving me the opportunity to have such a wonderful research trip. Pat and Carlyn were irreplaceable with their knowledge and assistance and are both greatly valued new friends.

I enjoyed my first experience doing Genealogy Research in Ireland with the TIARA group.
From Karen Kilty, Member #

I don’t have a long story but I did want to report my positive research findings.

I learned more about my family heritage and could trace my grandfather, Michael Kilty, being baptized in a Catholic parish in Watergrasshill, Cork Ireland. Patrick’s father was Michael Kilty and his mother was Ellen Ahern.

My research on the Kilty & Ahern (great-grand parents) names began in earnest on Monday, Oct. 4th at the National Library of Ireland. Directed by two experienced group members, Pat Landry and Carlyn Cox, and the staff genealogists at the Library, I began looking at microfiche films to try and find my grandfather, Patrick Kilty, and his sibling’s baptism records. I was trying to confirm the online search data that I had found in the International Genealogical Index (IGI). My first search was unsuccessful because I did not have the correct Catholic parish. I then went to the General Register Office (GRO) to see what I could find in the civil records.

I was successful at the General Register Office in getting more detail about Patrick, Denis and Hanoria Kilty. All were born between 1864 and 1872. The Registrar Districts or civil registration began in 1864. Patrick Kilty, my grandfather, was born in December of 1864! From this information, I was able to get more information, (townships of Corbally and Meenane were identified) that helped the genealogist at the National Library find the correct Catholic parish for the Kilty & Ahern baptism records. The correct Catholic Parish was Watergrasshill in the Diocese of Cork and Ross. Once I had this information, I could get the actual baptism record information on microfilm from the National Library. This film contained data from 1856-1880. I was able to identify all 6 children born to Michael Kilty and Ellen Ahern from 1860 to 1872. The children were Mary, Ellen, Patrick, Cate (Catherine), Denis, and Hanoria or Nora.

I was disappointed that the marriage records were not available for this parish. If I had this information, I would have been able to identify the father of Ellen Ahern and the father of Michael Kilty. Also, it should be noted that few burial records exist. Both Ellen Ahern Kilty and her child, Ellen, likely died prior to 1873--there are no church or civil records but neither of them are found in any US genealogy records. 1873 is the year my grandfather, Patrick, at age nine came to the United States. I did get, from the child sponsorship information on the baptism records, more Ahern names: a Patrick Ahern, a Jno (John?) Ahern(e) and a Daniel Ahern(e). The online records from Watergrasshill parish are at www.Irishgenealogy.ie for all the Kilty/Ahern children baptism records. I captured other Ahern(e) baptisms in this parish on this database. Note the spelling for Kilty was Kitty and Ketty!!

Researching by the Ahern name made it easier to find the right information.

After the 1st week in Dublin with the Genealogy group, I traveled on my own to Cork City and stayed at a B&B close to the railway station. My host connected me with Jimmy O'Callaghan (currently a taxi driver) who knew the Watergrasshill area just north of Cork City. He spent an afternoon driving me around the Watergrasshill and Rathcormac Villages. Watergrasshill is small but did have a large church, built in 1895, a pub or two—which sell Murphy’s beer, and some housing. I have pictures that include the remains of an old school (likely the one where the Kilty children went to school), and the location where an older church was demolished (you see an abandoned gas station). The stones of this older church were used to build the current church built in 1895.

I did visit two local cemeteries. Other pictures are of the older and newer areas of the Balliwaligt Cemetery in Watergrasshill and Rathcormac. The Irish language would say Ard Na Gerha. In the newer section, 3 Aherns were buried there. Before leaving for Ireland, I had contacted a Francis Ahern in Hartford, CT. He owns the family funeral business. He said his great grandfather, Patrick Ahern, came to the United States in 1864. I was hoping to make the connection to Ellen Ahern and it is easier now that a Patrick Ahern was a sponsor for her first child, Mary, born to Ellen and Michael in 1860. This could have been her brother but it is hard to confirm. It was understood in my family that we were related to Francis Ahern and his earlier relatives but no one knew the exact connection. If Patrick Ahern is related to Ellen Ahern, it makes sense that Michael Kilty and his 5 children would join him in South Windsor when they first arrived in 1873.

While touring Cork City, more of an industrial city, I did visit the Cork County Library. I met with Richard Forrest, a genealogist, who was helpful in identifying additional research resources. He particularly recommended exploring Griffith’s Valuation.

Before leaving the Cork city area, I went to the Cobh (cove) of Cork, formerly known as Queenstown for some decades, before reverting to its old Irish name in 1922. The museum is full of poignant memories of this embarkation point for America. From here hundreds of thousands of
mostly hungry and penniless Irish men and women left to build a new life, especially in the Famine years of 1844-1848. Annie Moore became the first ever emigrant to be processed in Ellis Island. The statue out front is of Annie and her two brothers. The museum there is worth seeing to understand the hardships the Irish endured.

I traveled on to the town of Clonakilty in Cork County, hoping to find a connection to the Kilty name. Clonakilty is namely Cloich na Coillte meaning the stone or castle of the Woods. I found a thriving coastal town with great history but no direct link to the Kilty name. One bookstore owner checked the town directory for me and found no Kilty names.

All the Irish people in Dublin and Cork Counties that I asked about the Kilty name said they believed the name originated from the North. A web site that is useful in identifying different surname spellings and their Irish counties of origin is www.Ireland.com/ancestor. The number of Kilty households was 25. Other variations of how the name could be spelled was noted.

I enjoyed this research trip to Ireland. It brought to life my family history and the history of Ireland.

**THE MONAHAN FAMILY OF COUNTIES FERMANAGH AND DONEGAL: WHY YOU REALLY NEED TO WRITE THAT LETTER TO YOUR GRANDMOTHER’S COUSIN’S DAUGHTER**

By Donna Wyatt, Member #3022

“Derryherk, December 23, 1883

My dear son, I received your kind and welcome letter and present on 20th inst. It gave no great consolation to hear you all enjoy good health as it is the greatest riches we can possess of this Earth. Thanks be to God for his kind Mercy to us all. My dear son, I am happy to hear of a n increase in the family, especially a young man. I must say he will be as good natured towards me as any of you. He did not forget to send me a handsome Christmas Box which I return you my sincerest thanks for.”

So wrote John “Jack” Monahan (1795-1885) from his home in Derryherk, Co. Leitrim, just across the border from Co. Donegal, to his son Francis J. Monahan, who was living in Boston, Massachusetts. The letter refers to the birth of Francis’ son John “Jack” Monahan on November 7, 1883. This is one of nine letters from the Monahan and Feeley family in Ireland to family members in Boston from 1883 to 1938. After the first letter, a cousin James Monahan, of Cashelard, Donegal took up the task of writing.

These letters belonged to the late Louise (Meehan) Anderson, she of the phenomenal memory. In trying to collect family folklore and information that did not make it into my branch of the family, I started writing to other relatives. Louise was the great granddaughter of the Jack Monahan (1795-1885) who wrote the first letter, my great-great grandfather. Louise was also the daughter of my grandmother Nellie (Monahan) Irwin’s first cousin Anne (Monahan) Meehan.

When you write to more distant relatives, you never know what response you may receive. Sometimes silence. When someone does respond it is often because they are the one in their branch of the family who always enjoyed the family stories. Louise was this treasure trove. Louise remembered stories passed down from her grandparents’ era, along with her own memories of events from the early 1920s on.

Reading these letters opens a window to the Ireland of the late 1800s. James Monahan wrote in 1885: “Dear Francis, you were a lucky family to get away out of this country and be so well off. This is a poverty stricken land, a conflict going on between Landlord and tenant all days. The country overrun by Commissioners, Surveyors, Valuators, Lawyers, all living high life at the cost of the poor man. I hear that Mr. Coulter is going to leave Boiney and reside somewhere about Dublin. If it is true it would be bad news for your father as he had Potato ground, Bog and grazing free of rent.”

Of course some things aren’t that different. James asks his cousin John Monahan (Francis’ brother) to send him “a newspaper occasionally. I am fond of American news though I cannot well understand their politics.”

In his December 1883 letter Jack Monahan mentioned his own delicate state of health. In May of 1885 cousin James Monahan wrote to Francis to tell him “I was up seeing your father last week. He is just as weak as a child, he lies in bed all his time slumbering quietly away. Father Bernard was in seeing him the day before I was there.” Louise remembered that Jack Monahan passed away about June 1885. On the website: http://search.labs.familysearch.org/ (soon to be http://beta.familysearch.org) there is a death entry in the Civil Registration Index records, Ballyshannon Registration District, July 1885 – September 1885, Donegal, Fermanagh, Leitrim for a John Monaghan, born 1795, died 1885.

Sixteen years ago, when I started tracing my Monahan ancestors, all I knew was that they came from Donegal. From the National Archives branch
in Waltham, Francis Monahan’s naturalization papers gave his birthplace as County Fermanagh in 1845. His younger brother Alexander’s naturalization papers listed his birthplace as County Donegal in 1858. This gave an approximate time for the move from County Fermanagh to County Donegal. James Monahan’s letter of August 1889 shed more light. “I spent a great day in Lowry last month. I met a lot of old friends I knew nothing about. I met great friendship among them. I visited the ruins of our old Paternal dwelling. There is nothing to be seen there, but the bare foundation of the old house and some big and very old trees about the place. The Landlord carted away the walls to build ditches. It must have been a lovely place to live in, within a stone throw of the green banks of Lough Erin.”

Francis Monahan married Bridget Feeley in Boston, Massachusetts in 1882. His brother John Monahan married Bridget’s sister Margaret Feeley in 1889. Louise Anderson related that her family called themselves double cousins. The Monahan and Feeley families knew one another in Donegal. On August 10, 1889 cousin James Monahan wrote from his home is Cashelard that “I send you these few lines to let you know that all friends on this side the Atlantic are well and going well with exception of your Father-in-Law. [Patrick Feeley 1813-1889] He is in a very delicate state of health, he is wasting away rapidly.”

In December 1889 James wrote again to Francis saying “I would have written at the time of your Father-in-Laws death, but I happened into the house at the time Sophia was writing to you and she gave more particulars of the sad affair than I could give. All I could say was that he died a grand old Catholic Christian Patriotic Irishman, highly respected by rich and poor and particularly by his Clergy.”

From the http://search.labs.familysearch.org/ website there is a death entry in the Civil Registration Index records, Ballyshannon Registration District July 1889 – September 1889 for a Patrick Feely, born 1813, died 1889. Using the index entry as a guide I searched the Irish Family History Foundation website http://ifhf.rootsireland.ie for a death record. The entry for Patrick Feely, age 76 of Higginstown, died Aug 21, 1889, informant Ann Feely was mine. I knew that Patrick’s wife was Ann (Madden) Feeley.

One of Louise Anderson’s earliest childhood memories was of being held up to wave goodbye to her widowed maternal aunt Mary (Feeley) Mulhern, who was boarding a ship to return to Ireland in the early 1920s. Mary (Feeley) Mulhern was the grandmother of Boston politician Joseph Mulhern, who the Boston Globe said “seldom sidestepped a fight in the political arena.”

I am thankful that Louise shared her family stories with me. Louise lent the letters to another family member, and they have since been lost. Fortunately her son made copies of some of the letters, so not all the family heritage will vanish.

L-R Margaret (Feeley) Monahan, Mary Frances Monahan, John Joseph Monahan Sr., John Joseph Monahan, Jr., Ellen Isidora Monahan, and Margaret Monahan.

TIARA UPCOMING MEETINGS
Submitted by Tom Toohey, TIARA Vice President, Member #2705

January
Our January meeting will be held on Thursday January 14th in room 511 of Fulton Hall at BC. The speaker will be NY State Representative John McEneny. Prior to his election to the assembly Mr. McEneny was the NY State historian. He is an excellent speaker and is very knowledgeable about the Irish in New York State.
February
A speaker has been engaged for this meeting but the venue is TBA.

March
On March 19th we will be joining with The New England Historic Genealogical Society to present an Irish Genealogical Conference at NEHGS on Newbury Street in Boston. This all day event will feature eight speakers in two rooms. Marie Daly and Janis Duffy will be among the presenters. Further details will be available soon.

April, May, June
Several excellent speakers have been engaged for these months subject to our finding a place for them to speak. Please help us find rooms for these meetings.

FORESTERS UPDATE
Submitted by Susan Steele, Member #1025

The Cameras Are Rolling!
Tomas Garcia, camera operator from the Genealogical Society of Utah, has arrived at the TIARA office! In late September, Tomas began to digitize TIARA’s collection of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters Mortuary Records. Tomas will capture images of all Mortuary Records from 1880 through 1935. At the rate of approximately 1000 records per week, Tomas expects to finish this task in mid February of 2011. When the ongoing quality control/edit process has been completed, the MCOF records will “get in line” to be placed on the website www.familysearch.org

Foresters Project volunteers have spent five years moving, sorting, indexing and placing records in flat folders. GSU staff members expressed admiration for the careful work of volunteers and have indicated that this may mean a shorter wait period to get on line. A heartfelt thanks once again to all TIARA volunteers who have been involved in this massive undertaking!

A DIFFERENT TYPE OF QUERY
From Judy Henderson, Member #3144
RE: RootsTech, a family history and technology conference being held in Salt Lake City 10-12 February 2011.
I am planning on attending the conference. If anyone else is attending please let me know. There are a lot of interesting sessions and perhaps we can swap information, meet up for meals or whatever.
You can reach me at djhender95@aol.com

THIS & THAT: OLD FRIENDS, STORIES & TRADITIONS
WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER?

Submitted by Brian Reynolds, Member #2182
These two photos were taken by my cousins during the filming of “The Great Train Robbery” in 1978 starring Sean Connery. They filmed this portion in the town of Moate, County Westmeath, Ireland. The railroad tracks ran about 50 ft to one side of my cousin Bab’s house. Sean Connery had to run on top of the train in this scene.

I found it funny that my 75 year old cousin enjoyed repeating Sean Connery word for word, complaining that “The train was going too @#*% fast” ! Not bad for a lady that was a 75 yr old, teetotaler that didn’t drink, smoke, or swear (Normally).

I found this written on www.imdb.com (The Internet Movie Database).

The Great Train Robbery (1979)
Filming locations:
Moate, Westmeath, Ireland (train station)
Sean Connery ... Pierce
Release date: USA 2 February 1979 Sean Connery spent several days running on top of a moving train. The train was supposed to be traveling at 35mph; Connery argued it was going faster. The train driver was counting telegraph poles to measure the speed.
A helicopter pilot confirmed Connery’s suspicion - the train was traveling at over 55mph.
CHRISTMAS IN OHIO
By Mary E. Choppa Member #1791

Christmas at our house was always one of the greatest times of the year. It seemed to be a simpler time, all those years ago, but I wonder if it really was. In preparation for this article, I thought I would do a little family history at the same time. It occurred to me that I’m in a unique situation (at least I think it’s unique). My siblings and cousins vary greatly in age and our experiences span several decades. My oldest 1st cousin was born in 1944 and my youngest 1st cousins were born in the 1970s. My immediate family spans the 50s and 60s. It made me wonder how traditions changed over those years and what stayed the same. I decided to do a little email survey and was pleasantly surprised by their stories.

My Mom absolutely loved Christmas. The first memory that comes to my mind is music. It still makes me smile to remember the Ward girls (my Mom and her sisters) gathered around the piano singing at the top of their lungs. Christmas carols never sounded so heartfelt. After Thanksgiving my Mom would start playing her LP Christmas albums from Firestone or Goodyear, featuring Perry Como, Bing Crosby, Tony Bennett, Andy Williams and the New Christy Minstrels. There was always music in our house and my mother was usually singing. She could even sing over the noise of the vacuum. (She had a really nice voice, by the way.)

Mom was also a great baker so we were always well fed. I have way too many olfactory memories from childhood. They are pleasant ones...cookies, brownies, all sorts of wonderful smells emanating from my mother’s kitchen.

We always had a Christmas tree. When I was 7, my parents bought their first artificial Christmas tree from JC Penney’s. My cousin had just started working there and I remember him delivering it to our house. It was a nice evergreen and they used it for nearly 30 years.

We were allowed to help decorate the tree from an early age. We handled those ornaments meant to adorn the lower branches of the tree. The most fun was putting on the icicles (tinsel). We never had the patience of my mother and would leave clumps instead of the 2-3 strands my mother would tell us. Miraculously they would all even out over time. Mom let us enjoy the decorating time...she just fixed things later. My sister, younger brother and I took turns setting up the manger scene under the tree. Each of us had the chance to play with the figures, including the family dog, who never seemed to understand that the Holy Family did not want to play catch.

We always received great gifts, but if you asked about any particular Christmas, there are only 3 or 4 gifts that I remember today. What lasted were the traditions and preparation leading up to and celebrating the holidays. Family, music and food...those are my memories of Christmases past.

Here are some memories from my family:

From my aunt Annie, my Mom’s sister Anne Ward Murphy (who will turn 90 next September!):
It's a small reflection of my Ohio Christmas but our Texas Christmas does keep the most important connection—having family fun together. Mostly unchanged are our holiday meals and baking. The cookies, pies, candy and fruitcake are mostly as my mother made. They taste equally good here and now as well as there and then. Family recipes are unaffected by time or place. Central to both Ohio and Texas Christmas and mostly unchanged is the placement of the creche with all its figurines, choir practice and Midnight Mass that we share as a family. I was blessed to grow up with Ohio Christmas and I am blessed that adaptation keeps that spirit of family alive for my Texas family today.

From my cousin Monsignor Jay Clarke (son of Mary Catherine Ward Clarke): My earliest Christmas recollection is from photos I have seen in the Family album. I recall my dad driving me (I don’t know if anyone else came along) to the railroad tracks where live Christmas trees were being unloaded from boxcars.) We probably did not linger long, nor were we fussy about a full and straight tree, because the photo shows a pathetic, bare spotted tree. Another photo showed our decorated tree having crashed to the living room floor. We blamed it on the dog, but as the furnace warmed the tree and it “unfolded”, the trunk was crooked and the branches were lop-sided, so it fell over on its own. Mom had poinsettia printed material that she made into table runners for our Christmas dining room table. 20 years ago, a parishioner her runner into a vestment stole that I actually wear here some 50 years later.

Your mom made the plum pudding and butterscotch and pecan pies. And Mal, of course, “I’ll bring the rolls.” The traditions linger on...we are all still good at eating and drinking!

P.S. I remembered a new story from my pre-grade school years. I remember marveling at the huge nativity set the church had. I asked my mom, where do they keep Jesus, Mary and Joseph after Christmas? We kept our Jesus, Mary and Joseph in the Family album. I recall my dad driving me (I don’t know if anyone else came along) to the railroad tracks where live Christmas trees were being unloaded from boxcars.) We probably did not linger long, nor were we fussy about a full and straight tree, because the photo shows a pathetic, bare spotted tree. Another photo showed our decorated tree having crashed to the living room floor. We blamed it on the dog, but as the furnace warmed the tree and it “unfolded”, the trunk was crooked and the branches were lop-sided, so it fell over on its own. Mom had poinsettia printed material that she made into table runners for our Christmas dining room table. 20 years ago, a parishioner her runner into a vestment stole that I actually wear here some 50 years later.

From my “little” brother, Dominic Choppa: One moment that I remember most was when we would walk home from school and as we got close to home, we could see that Mom had decorated the house for Christmas while we were at school. I remember Mom saying she was looking out the window as we were walking home from school and she saw my face light up with excitement as soon
as I saw she had hung the Christmas lights around the inside of the dining room and living room windows. She would plug them in so that we could see them lit as we got closer to the house.

From my cousin Joseph Keeley Ward from Chicago (son of Joseph Ward, my Mom’s youngest brother):

Here is a quick download of my memories of Christmas from our early days.
As you know my mom is Italian and most of my early Christmas memories have to do with her and her family. We would often go to Youngstown when we were young, and stay with her sister Mary (and sometimes Didi). They would have fake trees with lots and lots of icicles (remember the long strings of foil). I remember often going to Midnight Mass and fighting to stay awake through it.
The next day was gifts, and lots and lots of food. It was always good to see all the relatives. Everyone always seemed so happy and festive. At night the men would play card games, and the kids would play with the new toys and games. I never remember watching tv or doing things that kids do nowadays... And we were never bored. I think back then when we got too hyper, they’d bundle us up to play outside.
In later years, we would stay in Chicago for Christmas. Things would change slightly from year to year.... occasionally Midnight Mass, sometimes opening some gifts that night. Usually Mass the next morning, opening gifts before or afterwards. We always had the Christmas carols blaring from the stereo...usually with my dad drowning them out (he loved to sing).

Merry Christmas to all!

TIARA RESEARCH TRIPS

What’s the most enjoyable way to research your family history? Field trips with fellow researchers, of course! TIARA will be offering 3 trips to its members in 2011.

In May 2011, we will be returning to Salt Lake City. In this mecca of genealogical research, we will work together to look for our Irish ancestors. With all the information available at the Family History Library, researchers can work on almost any ethnic family line.

In October 2011, TIARA will be heading back to Ireland. We’ll spend a week in Dublin as in past years, looking for those elusive Irish ancestors. We plan to stay at Buswells Hotel once again, right across from the National Library of Ireland. Other repositories available include the National Archives, the General Register Office, and the Valuation Office.

We’re very excited to be adding an additional week in October for Northern Ireland. Public Records Office of Northern Ireland (PRONI) is scheduled to reopen in the spring of 2011. Since we’ll be staying in Belfast, attendees will have the opportunity to research at other venues such as the Linen Hall Library and the Belfast General Register Office.

Details about these trips are in the making so stay tuned.

As an added bonus, the Trip Committee is working on a possible 2-day trip to New York City for research and/or touring.

If you’re interested in any of the trips above, or have a suggestion of a research destination, let us know by sending an email to trips@tiara.ie to receive updates, ask questions, or to put your name on a particular trip’s attendee list. Once a trip fills up, we will take names for a waiting list.

Trips are open to TIARA members. Guests of members may also attend at the same discounted rate.

What can attendees expect on a TIARA research trip?
The trip will emphasize research, but will make time for sightseeing. In fact, it is possible sometimes to do 11 hours of research on some days! However, experienced researchers don’t recommend that. Everyone needs a break. Otherwise, you will likely miss that vital baptismal record because you are simply too tired to see it.

Each group will be accompanied by a knowledgeable researcher who will:

- get you safely to the repository;
- be there to offer advice, share your joy in finding a record, and your disappointment when it isn’t the right one; and
- get you back to the hotel with occasional excursions for shopping or sightseeing.

We will have consultations in the evenings so that we can plan the next day’s campaign.

We will do everything in our power to make sure that you feel safe during your visit, be confident in your research experience, and have fun! Non-genealogist companions can be accommodated on TIARA trips.
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