as they will escort us to Enniskillen and Fermanagh today. I ride with Hugh and Aidan, of course, with Pat, — and off we go. I discover we are now to pick up Cassie Gallogaly who will be waiting for us at the Crooked Bridge — and sure enough she is there — having been brought by her son Cormack (whom I will get to know better later this week).

At 12 NOON we are going thro' Scraghy in heavy rain — and see an old abandoned school with the 1848 date on it — and its new successor across the road. Cassie rides in the back seat and is soon pointing out sites I need to see:- the Glen Lodge — a photo of which I sent Jamie from a news article, and nearby a big farm house. It was the farm that James, "the Australian" bought

with the sovereigns he brought back in his belt and vest!!

Here, is where James lived with his brother Henry who married the Margaret Mc Menamin who was Margaret Bleakley's mother's sister. Here is where Jamie's childhood began; he was one of the five children born to Henry & Margaret, Henry, who was 50 when he married. The children were so young to lose their mother; John, the eldest being only 7. Henry would die six years later - and James, "the Australian, the bachelor became their father and mother until he died, leaving Uncle Ned in charge for this farm had been lost and they had been moved to the old cottage at Edenreagh. Johnnie, the eldest, did not go with the 4 younger children but went to live with his mother's people, who were also Mc Menamins and (I think) of the sept (branch) Cassie had arranged to have me meet last

Sunday when we went to the Owen McMenamin farm. As we motor on Cassie makes note of several items I need to record, lest I forget. We are passing thro' Ederney; it is her parish. I mention my grandfather having told me of working as a boy — as the only male — in a flax mill. (I wondered at his walking the distance to Castlederg or Sion Mills.) Cassie points out the ruins of an old flax mill near the lane leading into Edenreagh!

It is almost 1 PM. and we are nearing Enniskillen; we see the St. Angelo air port. I wonder if Pat's father-in-law, Paul Victor, ever landed here in his World War II service. We enter Enniskillen at 1 PM. passing the Agricultural School on Cornagrade Road where Margaret's husband, Eddie Bleakley works at night. I am about to see the apartment building where my letters have been coming to Margaret since, late 1982 — to 11E Cornagrade Road.

We are greeted by Margaret, and Mary Cleary - her sister - and soon find ourselves crossing a moat like entrance-way into their entrance way - of their first-floor apartment; the "many" of us in the small living-room dining room quarters add to confusion but in no way wearies the welcoming. We are soon exchanging photos, gifts, family memorabilia, etc.. and then Margaret calls us to the table for lunch and tea. We eat and in comes Hugh's brother Michael of the local Fermanagh Herald to interview me — and his photographer to photograph us. His editor brother Michael takes notes in shorthand; he expresses pleasure at various points of our interview, commenting: "Smashing! This is smashing." By 3:30 PM, the interview is over and after Michael leaves, Cassie decides it is time I interview her for further Mt Menamin genealogy. I acquiesce willingly, not realizing how helpful Cassie can be.

It is from these notes taken here I later realize Cassie's and Margaret's involvement and interest. Cassie tells me of her McMenamin ancestors from Slavin Glen, and I later realize that she, Margaret Bleakley and the Owen McM. of last Sunday's visit must be of the Roger McM. sept. (I later learn that these McMenamins are sometimes referred to as "the Rogies" by others.) This conference with Cassie goes on until 4:30 PM. with me enjoying a Smithwick and taking notes.

At 5 PM. Margaret serves more tea and cakes and by 6 PM. we are bidding final farewells to Hugh and Aidan. At 6:30 PM. the Bleakleys are escorting Pat and me to our new lodging nearby (chosen by Hugh's brother Michael). They are at the Drumcoo Guest House Cherrymount on Dernagarde Road, 1 mile from Enniskillen's town center — the pleasant Mrs. Farrell, about age 40, the proprietess. Pat & I like it at once.