

forest preserve and from our height of 2000 feet - admire the panoramic view of "lochs", cottages and a smooth tarmac highway far below. Eddie points out the white-capped waves of the Atlantic as we gaze through a misty gap with his field glasses; also points out one of the Boa islands in Lower Loch Erne - formerly a sea plane base in W.W.II from which were based the planes that spotted the fleeing Bismarck & Scharnhorst.

We enjoy our picnic lunch on the "boat" between 2 and 3 P.M. Mary Cleary is glad to be out with us, as she had remained in the car during our viewing from the edge of the sharp cliff overlooking the valley and Loch Erne; she fears high

places and we respect her fear.

Margaret having given us more good hot tea begins to pack up the picnic supplies, while Eddie sees that Pat & I put away some more Smithwick. We are developing a fondness for this Irish lager! Pat takes more photos and I ask Eddie about an unfamiliar budlike swelling on some wild-parsnip-like plant. He refers to these conspicuous swellings (about three feet or more up the stem) as "scouts".

Just before we get back into Eddie's Vauxhall (with Ginger cooper ating willingly as she crowds into the front at Margaret's knees) — I hear another tidbit of family information: I didn't recall, Jamie's brother, John was married to

to Sara Gallogaly who was a sister of Cassie's husband. Gallogaly, these relationships began to unfold. An unrelated character comes into our conversation also. He was Billy Mitchell.

This man, something of a legend now, was certainly a contemporary well known to Uncle Ned and Aunt Kitty. Hearing that some member of a family had died of the dreaded "black fever" - (probably typhoid - so prevalent in post famine years) he would carry the coffin on his back all the way to the cemetery and dig and bury it himself. Some families hesitated to wash and prepare a loved one dead of presumably a contagious disease.

Our next major stop being Clogher (pronounced Cla-h'-her) I am surprised how little time it takes to get there; — one-hour. First we had to retrace our way back to Enniskillen via the east coast of Lower Loch Erne and then took a south-easterly route toward Clogher thro' Lisbellaw, Brookeborough, Finemiletown, the latter being just over the border into County Tyrone.

By 3:45 PM we were in Clogher seeing St. Macartan's Chapel and its large window dedicated to Rev. John Hughes, native of this parish, and first Archbishop of New York, who died in 1864. In the adjacent cemetery Pat & I see the grave of 30-year-old Michael Cassidy - husband of one of Margaret's cousins, gunned down by the IRA while attending a wedding.

here. Eddie relates the grim details of the tragedy. Upon leaving we find the grave of Rose Kavanagh, Irish poetess and cousin of the Rev. John Hughes; she died of consumption at 32. (Her best known poem, said to be Knockmany.)

Next, we drive down a rural road to find William Carleton's home, which to my surprise turns out to be some distance from the town. We have refreshments from Margaret's picnic basket in the Carleton yard, and take photographs. I am pleased to see the plaque outside the front door of the cottage, giving Carleton's life span, 1794-1869. He is buried in Dublin, I believe. My grandfather of the Castlederg area was 15 years old when Carleton died.