

We enter the town of Beleek at 1:15 and decide to have lunch at the Carlton Restaurant (about a block from the factory) which is anticipating the arrival of a large wedding party. It arrives much to Margaret & Mary's delight, and the bridal group pass thro' our diningroom on their way to the banquet room. After lunch we pay a brief visit to the Beleek china factory and display rooms, deciding not to wait for a scheduled tour. Before leaving town I slip a British coin onto a sidewalk scales and learn that I weigh 12 stones or ~~168 lbs.~~ ^{68 lbs.}; I am not worried.

Not far out of Beleek we pass a fine herd of Friesians (we call them Holsteins in Illinois) herded over by a magnificent light-colored, Charlerois, bull. I note many light-colored calves;— no black + whites???? It is 2:45 PM.; the sun is hot and bright.

appreciated. We are driving by a small lake, across which - to the east. Eddie says - we can see Donegal. We are still in Fermanagh on Route A47; a sign says we are approaching the Castle Caldwell recreation park in half a mile.

The entrance gate holds a surprise - not a view of the castle, which was built in 1612, but what people here call the Fiddler Stone. It is a large (five or more foot tall) stone replica of of standing fiddle - erected as a memorial to the resident Earl's favorite "Court" fiddler who fell from the Earl's fun-floating barge, I assume with appropriate crescendo, and drowned. It happened in 1770! We drive into the park and seek out the lonely old castle ruins at the edge of the lake. The aging edifice is supported without & within by a lush forest vegetation which in its intensity

seems to want to protect — to prevent the intrusiveness of our curious but admiring eyes.... We return to the car by an alternate path noticing relics of man-made docking inlets — one allowing direct access to the castle itself.

Back at our parking lot, we have tea & "goodies" on the bonnet and by 4:15 are on the road again heading south back to Enniskillen via a road that takes us on to Boa Island. It is 8 minutes. I time our ride over the length of it; another herd of Charlevoix cattle. Eddie calls them "Charles". By 4:50 we are passing the St. Angelo Airport and by 5 PM. we are back at Bleasleys — 11 Cornagrade Rd. It is time I return to Drumcoo for a rest to prepare for the big evening ahead at Cassie Gallogly's farm home. I need to be alert for once in Cassie's hands, the family history will flow fast and I will be encountering more of her kin for sure. (Pat, meanwhile, dashed off to Donegal town to do more shopping.)

Our evening in Cassie's home was something special. We arrived at 7:15 P.M. — all of us except Ginger. I wasn't prepared for the way things went, the number of people we met, the children, the primitive rural homestead, and above all, old Michael Muldown, — or I would have planned a better course of action for recording it all. As it was I sensed the special event this was, the privileged opportunity and tried hard not to miss a thing. My pen & notebook were always out — and fortunately, no one seemed annoyed by this eagerness to record.

First, we met Cassie's "family". She seems to be a much-loved "Granny". Here she cared for and nursed-for two years—James' brother John — a childless widower who had a farm nearby. (Eddie & Margaret think John left it to Cassie; we agree, he should have.) Here, I am shown the chair he liked to sit in and enjoy the many local

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visitors who came to see him. Here, I am to see a wood-burning stove something like the one in my boyhood farm home — and also enjoy its warmth, for it was repelled with wood several times before we left, first time by Cormac.

Cormac is Cassie's youngest son, a short stocky congenial fellow in his twenties, I'd guess. He visited easily, asked us pertinent and interesting questions. I find myself thinking of what Cormac might have become had there been the advantages of schooling and a college education.

Suddenly, the room fills with people; these include Cassie's daughter Mary, husband Vincent and their children: Caroline, ~~Damian~~, Declan John, Darren, and Clare. I am struck with the seriousness of Damian, Darren's red hair — and blond Clare who is Ashley's age.