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Re: Pati & Harry Loughnane
of Shanaglist.

Journal of November 1970

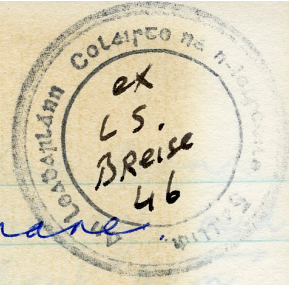
By Nola Long

In the year 1970, I was Quilamba Hospital in
Lima, Peru. I. H. C. about eight miles north of
Lima. On the night of Thursday 25th Nov.
I had a vivid dream in which I saw my
brother Pat, battered and bleeding. I awaked
and it was a premonition. I knew that Pat was
in danger. My youngest brother was in danger as
Pat was in the Lima Union movement and Pat
was an active member of the Lima League
and had been advised not to sleep at home
but he would not leave his brother in danger
and both could not go and leave their mother
alone.

On the following Tuesday, 30th Nov. a letter
from a friend, Michael Healy told me that the
Lima and Lima had some successes on the
25th Nov. while the Lima
'movement' was in progress, that they had
taken away Pat + Henry, that brother Pat
was shot dead at the Lima H.C. Barracks.

Memories of November 1920.

by Nora Loughnane



In the year 1920, I was Assistant Teacher in Gussandulla G. N. S. about eight miles north of Galway. On the night of Thursday, 25th Nov. I had a vivid dream in which I saw my brother Pat, battered and bleeding. I wondered was it a presentiment. I knew that both he and my younger brother were in danger, as both were in the Sinn Féin movement and Pat had been an active member of the Land League. Pat had been advised not to sleep at home, but he would not leave his brother in danger, and both could not go and leave their mother alone.

On the following Tuesday, 30th Nov. a letter from a cousin, Michael Healy, told me that the Black and Tans had come Anawares on the afternoon of Friday, 26th Nov. while threshing operations were in progress, that they had taken away Pat + Harry, that mother had called next day at the Gent. R. I. C. Barracks.

with underclothes for them, that she had been told the boys had been taken to Galway, and would I kindly make inquiries about them? (I was nearer to Galway than my sister Kate, who was Principal of Corofin G.N.S. Team). The news brought back my dream of the previous week, and I did fear for Pat's safety, and indeed for both.

Father Tom Harty P.P. who was School Manager allowed me off for the day and kindly sent his horse and sidecar to take me to Galway. The R.I.C. at Eglinton St. could give me no information. I went to the jail: the boys were not there. What to do? People were afraid to talk. A friend, Mrs Cosgrove of Wood Quay (formerly Kathleen Keating of Lough Culra) told me of all the rumours, and that a thorough search was being made, and she would let me know the result. I went back to Carrandulla.

On Saturday, 4th Dec. I cycled to Galway, as I intended to go home to see mother. Again I went to the jail and to the R.I.C.

but no information about the fate of the boys. Rumours there were in plenty and people had no hope of finding them alive.

In desperation, I went to Lenahoy House, Headquarters of the Black and Tans, and asked to see the officer in charge.

I did eventually reach him after passing many sentries. Yes, he knew of the arrest of the Brothers Loughane, that they had been taken to the Castle at Drimkassne, that they had escaped that night, that his men were searching for them and that he would very much like to know where they were. The villain.

I cycled to the Railway Station, got the train for Gort and reached Shanaglish. Mother was still hopeful, and rumours of their death had not reached her.

Later that evening, Michael Loughane, a young man who worked on the roads, called to know if there was any news.

On hearing there was none, he went across to the Church.

next day, Sunday, no further news, only rumors
whispered. In the afternoon I saw Jack
Hallowan of Gilroe come slowly from the church,
and hesitate about coming in. I went out and
to make it easy for him I asked him if the
bodies had been found. He was relieved as
he did not know how to tell us the awful
truth. Then he told how Michael Loughrane
had asked him that morning to accompany
him after mass to a certain place which he
had seen in a dream and to a pond there
in which he had seen the bodies lie.
He thought grief had affected Michael's mind,
but he went with him. The latter led him
straight to the pond at Umbisist, not far
from Sheehan's Cross, and there they saw
the two bodies. What happened then is
told elsewhere.

In spite of the stark reality, my heart was
full of gratitude to God for showing us where
the bodies were so that they might get
Christian burial. The next problem was how
to tell Mother. I went across to Father Nagle P.P.

and asked him to break the news to her, but he was overcome with grief; he walked up and down the road many times, but could not bring himself to tell a mother that her two sons had been done to death for no reason. As Jack Halloran had told me I was expected in Kinvara to identify the bodies I had to tell mother the truth, and I must say she took it bravely. Father Hagle then came to the rescue and gave comfort and support.

Jack Halloran and John Mullins took me to Kinvara by sidecar. The bodies of Pat and Harry were laid in Hynes' barn, as the house had been burned a few nights before by Black and Tans. (Willie and Michael Hynes were volunteers).

Although I had heard of atrocities committed by the British army in Ireland, I was not prepared for what I saw that night.

Two charred mutilated bodies! Were these my beloved brothers? Harry's face was recognisable, although the upper part was blown away. Pat's face was entirely

battered, but the physique was his. The condition of the bodies has been described elsewhere. I could only thank God who gave them the courage to bear such suffering and torture rather than betray their companions in the fight for freedom.

Later in the night the coffins were brought: the bodies were laid in them and taken to the Parish Church in Kivara. Volunteers kept guard all night.

Next morning, Monday, 6th Dec. Mass was offered in Kivara for the souls of Pat and Harry. In the early afternoon two hearse came from Gort. People were assembling for the funeral which left Kivara about 3 p.m., the cortege growing as we proceeded. At Port a big number awaited us.

The remains were taken to Shanaglish Church, opposite which is our home. By then my sister Kate had arrived from Berefin. Volunteers kept guard all night in the Church, and friends and neighbours remained with us till morning.

Tuesday 7th Dec. When daylight came, the graves

had to be thought about. A large plot was taken
in the new cemetery, and the graves were dug by
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had to be thought about. A large plot was taken in the new cemetery, and the graves were dug by wanted men as others kept watch.

About 10.30 a.m. a party of R.I.C. and military arrived to investigate. They opened the coffins in presence of Fr. Nagle and people who had come to pray. The sight of the bodies shocked all present. Fr. Nagle accused the R.I.C. but they denied being responsible for the arrest and torture of the deceased.

Later Requiem Mass was offered and to a crowded Church Father Nagle told of the arrest of the brothers and of the tortures they had undergone at the hands of the Black and Tans. He wept and the congregation wept.

The coffins were carried from Church to Cemetery on the shoulders of young men, and the burial service was not disturbed.

Next morning, 8th Dec. after Mass at Shanaglish. Father Nagle took me to Court to attend a military inquiry into the arrest and death of my brothers. I was called to identify them as my brothers. Fr. Nagle

wanted to give evidence of what he had seen, but he was not allowed. The result of that inquiry was not published.

My mother and sister now agreed that I should employ a substitute and stay at home with mother for three months. My school manager agreed to this.

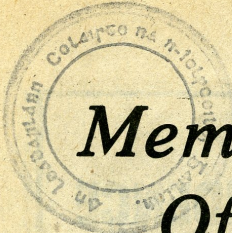
At this time my brother, Hugh, was working in Manchester, and we had to beg him for his mother's sake to stay there until times were peaceful and the Terror over.

Jim Halloran of Gilroe helped us with the farm work, and the fact that mother had to look after affairs prevented her brooding over her troubles.

On Monday 13th Dec. Michael Healy and I had another sad but glorious mission to accomplish. We cycled to Umburist where the bodies had been hidden in the pond. At the opposite side of the road, inside the wall, was the spot where the Black and Tans tried to burn the bodies beyond recognition, but failed. The grass all

around was burnt. He collected carefully the pieces of flesh and scraps of clothing and brought them home to bury them in consecrated ground.

What a martyrdom Ireland has had!



Memories Of Nights And Days Of Terror

Some time after the nights and days of horror Nora Loughnane (Sister Patrick as she was to become) wrote an account of those terrible events which is preserved in the archives of the Galway University Library.

This is her record of that memory: In the year 1920 I was assistant teacher in Currandulla G.N.S. about eight miles north of Galway. On the night of Thursday, November 25 I had a vivid dream in which I saw my brother, Pat, battered and bleeding. I wondered was it a presentiment. I knew that both he and my younger brother were in danger, as both were in the Sinn Fein movement and Pat had been an active member of the Land League. Pat had been advised not to sleep at home but he would not leave his brother in danger, and both could not go and leave their mother alone.

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On Saturday, December 4 I cycled to Galway as I intended to go home to see mother. I could get no information about the fate of the boys. Rumours there were in plenty and people had no hope of finding them alive. In desperation, I went to Lenaboy House, Headquarters of the Black and Tans, and asked to see the officer in charge. I did eventually reach him after passing many sentries. Yes, he knew of the arrest of the brothers Loughnane, that they had been taken to the Castle at Drimhassna, that they had escaped that night, that his men were

P.P. to break the news to mother, but he was overcome with grief; he walked up and down the road many times but could not bring himself to tell a mother that her two sons had been done to death for no reason. As Jack Halloran had told me I was expected in Kinvara to identify the bodies I had to tell mother the truth and I must say she took it bravely. Father Nagle then came to the rescue and gave comfort and support.

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HOME TO SHANAGLISH

Next morning, Monday, December 6 Mass was offered in Kinvara for the souls of Pat and Harry. In the early afternoon two hearses came from Gort. People were assembling for the funeral which left Kinvara about 3 p.m., the cortege growing as we proceeded. At Gort a big number awaited us.

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The death of Sister Patricia Loughnane, a member of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Apostles, Castlemacgarrett, Claremorris recalls one of the most brutal and traumatic incidents of the Black and Tan war in the western region.

She was the last surviving member of her generation of the Loughnane family of Shanaglish, Co. Galway, two of whom were murdered in particularly shocking circumstances by the Black and Tans in 1920.

The late Sister Patricia who had a distinguished career as a teacher and trainer of teachers was born in Shanaglish in 1895 and was one of ten children. She attended Lough Cutra national school as a child and won a King's scholarship to Our Lady of Mercy Training College Carysfort in 1913. For two years from 1913 she taught at the Convent of Mercy girls primary school in Galway City and from 1917 to 1922 she was assistant teacher at Curraghbeg national school, Currandulla. She entered the Order of Our Lady of Apostles

in 1922 and was attached to the Mother House in Lyons, France in 1927. The same year she went to the Gold Coast, now Ghana, where the Order were administering four primary schools and helped establish a training college for girls which is still flourishing.

Because of health problems she returned to the Cork house of the Order in 1931 and until 1938 was in charge of Ardfoyle private school. That year she was elected Provincial of the Order and served for six years.

She was re-elected for another term and until 1956 served as Provincial Councillor. She then became Superior of the convent at Rostrevor, County Down and from 1963 to 1969 was Superior of the Convent at Leigh, Lancashire and from that year until 1979 performed office work at Castlemacgarrett until her retirement late in 1979. Her funeral was to the Community Cemetery, Ardfoyle Convent, Ballintemple, Cork after concelebrated Requiem Mass.

A LAMENT

Patrick and Harry
Loughnane
murdered by Black & Tans
26th November, 1920

*When shall we know, dear boys
The horrors of that night
You gave your souls to God
For Ireland's right?*

Yes, who shall tell the tale

the Loughnane atrocity in which he recalled that Pat Loughnane took a prominent part, and was known and esteemed throughout South Galway and Clare; was President of the Sinn Fein Club, a fearless soldier of the I.R.A., Beagh GAA full-back, he deeply regretted he took no part in the 1916 struggle, being then a member of the U.I.L. 'It grieves me to think that we stood by whilst others suffered, but if I only

searching for them and that he would very much like to know where they were. The villain.

MOTHER'S HOPES

I cycled to the Railway Station, got the train to Gort and reached Shanaglish. Mother was still hopeful and rumours of their death had not reached her.

Later that evening, Michael Loughnane, a young man who worked on the roads, called to know if there was any news. On hearing there was none, he went to search. Next day, Sunday, no further news, only rumours whispered. In the afternoon I saw Jack Halloran of Gilroe come slowly from the church and hesitate about coming in. I went out and to make it easy for him I asked him if the bodies had been found. He was relieved as he did not know how to tell us the awful truth. Then he told how Michael Loughnane had asked him that morning to accompany him after Mass to a certain place which he had seen in a dream and to a pond there in which he had seen the bodies lie. He thought grief had affected Michael's mind but he went with him. The latter led him straight to the pond at Umbriste, not far from Sheehan's Cross and there they saw the two bodies. What happened then is told elsewhere.

KINVARA FUNERAL

In spite of the stark reality my heart was full of gratitude to God for showing us where the bodies were so that they might get a Christian burial. I asked Fr. Nagle,

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Padraig Fahy, teacher and historian also compiled a record of

see the last making of the rising, and what Sinn Fein stood for, I too, would do my part', he often declared to the writer.

He was a well known figure in GAA circles, and shone out prominently in the seven-a-side contests; he invariably played full-back where he was a tower of strength and was the one hurler in all Galway that the giant hurler Gibbons of Ballinderreen could not tackle.

Harry was the Beagh goalkeeper and secretary of the local Sinn Fein Club. Although he stood six foot two and a half inches in height, yet beside his brother, Pat, he was but a mere stripling. He was not yet twenty-two years, and was of a gentle retiring disposition. His ambition was to be a teacher, but, his health breaking down, he rejoined his brother at farming. He was very religious; he helped his mother in the kitchen after the day's toil, and his leisure hours were spent in reading and in playing with children.

Of that grand victory
You snatched from hellish hosts
To make us free?

Who'll tell us what you said
And how you prayed and bore
The awful pangs that pierced
Your sad hearts' core?

Did angels weep to see
The bitter cup of woe
Presented to your lips
By Erin's foe?

Did Mary by you stand
That wicked, dreadful night
And pour into your souls
Heaven's purest light?

Those queries of our hearts
To God and you are known
But sure we are, you died
To save your own

Your names to us, dear boys
Are treasures every more
A light, a joy, a flame
Within our shore.

Rev. Maurice Slattery,
S.M.A

Ben Naughton
welcomes you to



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