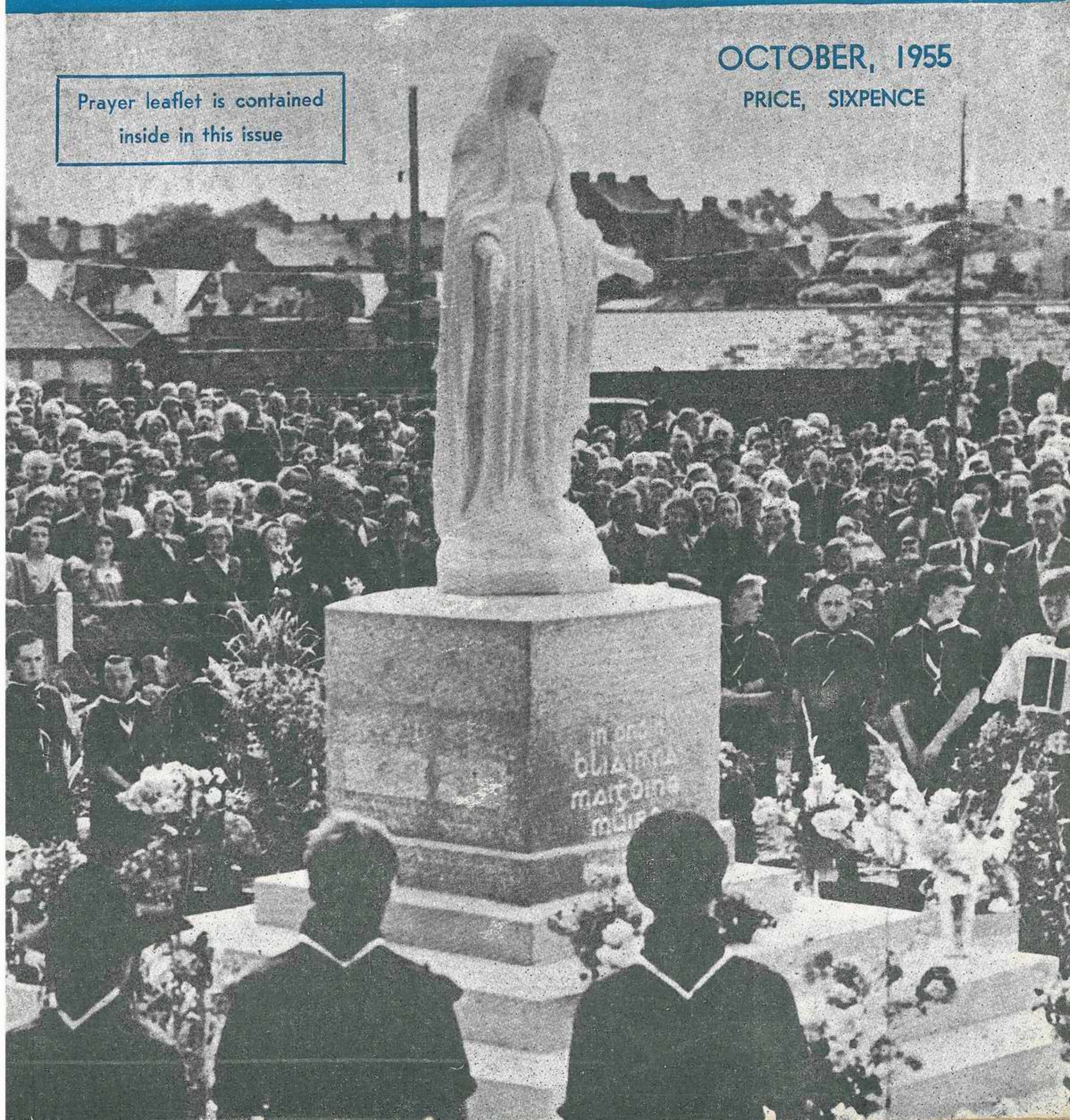


Our Catholic Life

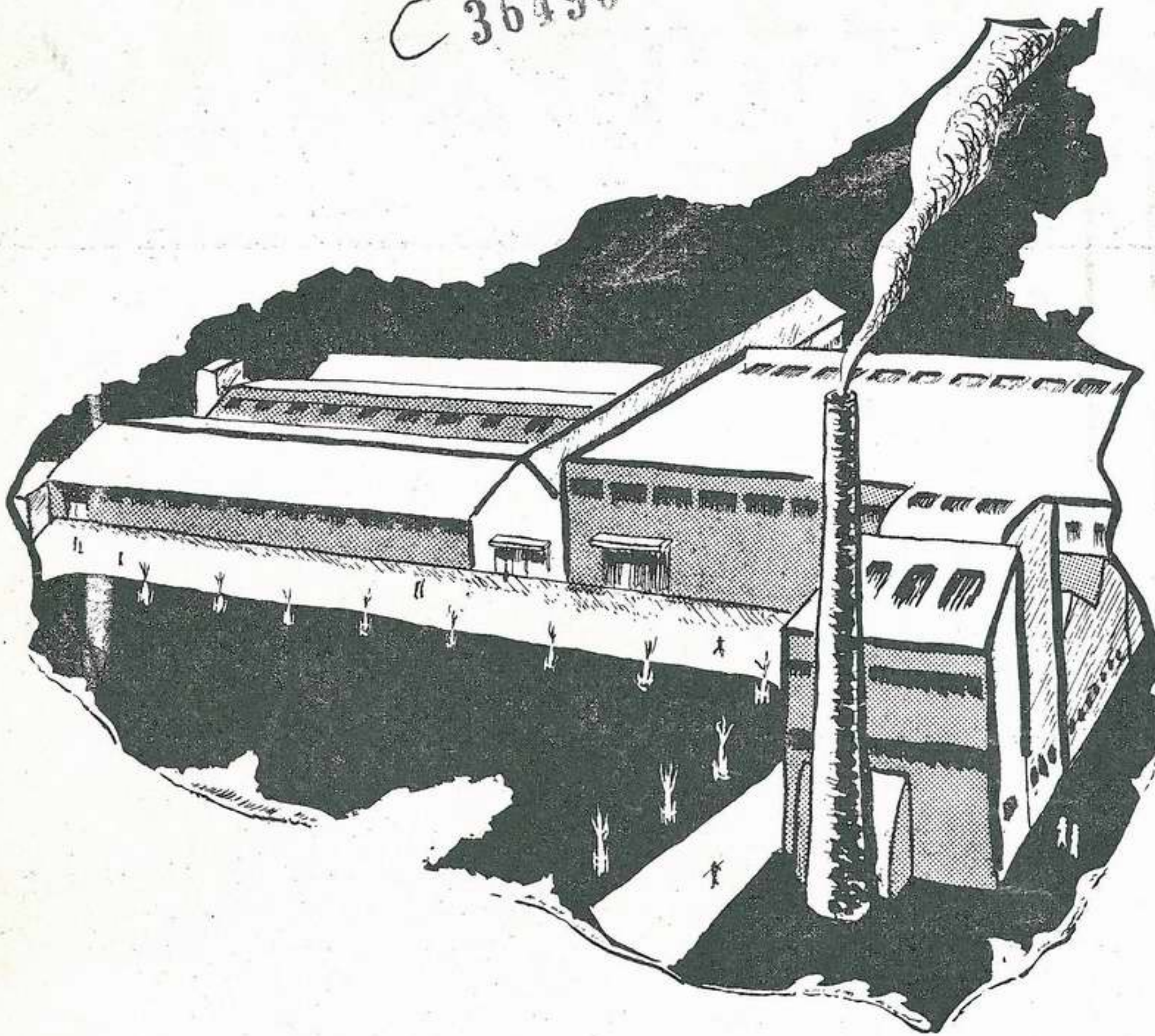
OCTOBER, 1955

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OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

OCTOBER, 1955

A Quarterly Magazine of the Limerick Diocese under the Patronage
of His Lordship, Most Reverend Patrick O'Neill, D.D.

Our Emigrants

THERE is no reason to believe that the tide of emigration is ebbing. They are still going, the good as well as the bad, the best as well as the worst, those with fair prospect and those with none.

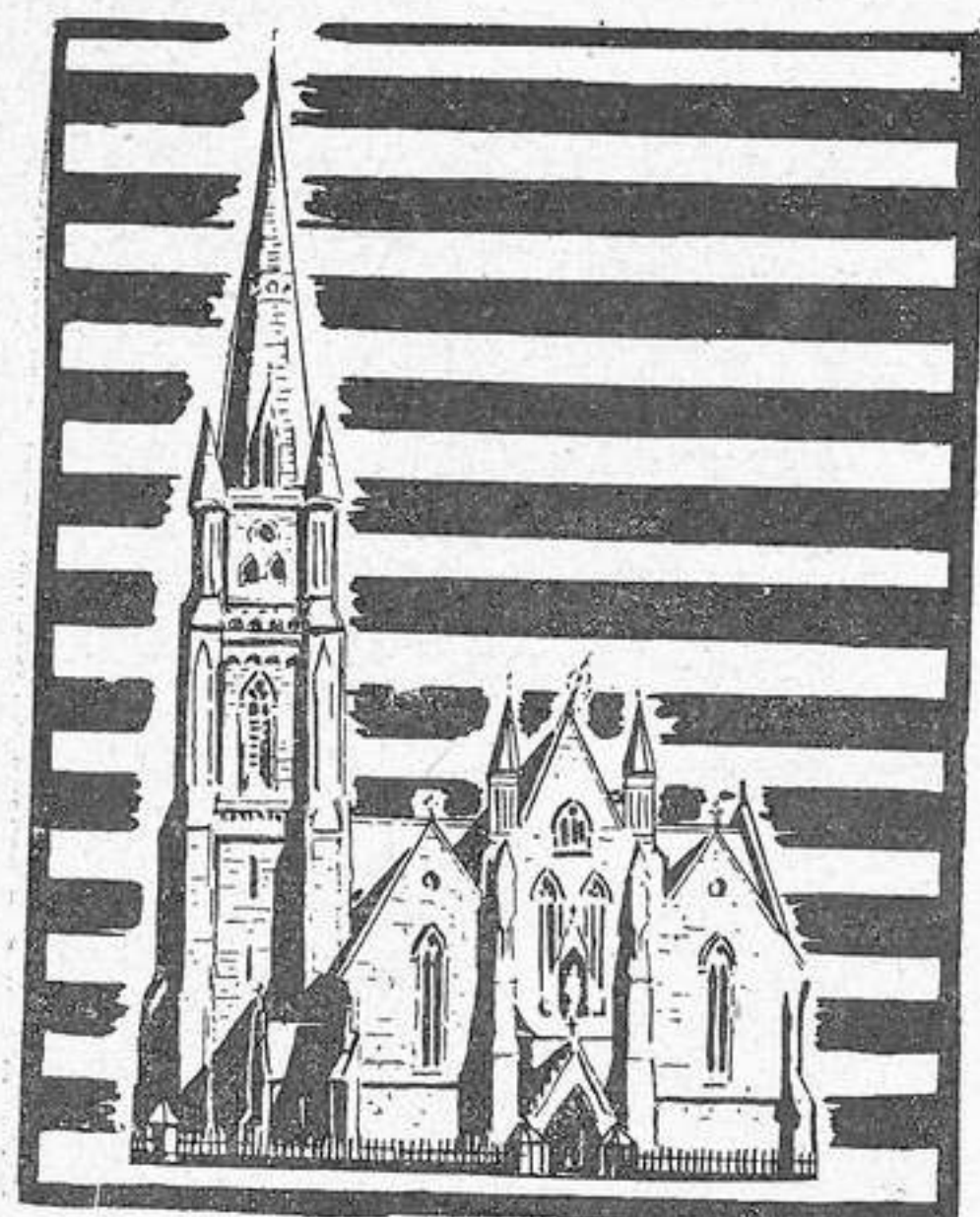
SOME of our people leave our shores in response to the wanderlust that has such a grip upon the Irish heart. Yet, there can be little doubt that the vast majority go to England in search of employment they cannot get at home. They go to earn their bread, and, on the whole, right well they do it. We have no reason to complain about the material prosperity of our emigrants.

OUR worry is about their souls. We fear for them lest in gaining a good living they should succumb to bad principles of thought and conduct. The Hierarchy has recently drawn our attention to the spiritual difficulties in England. Our Bishops have done this in no disparagement of the Catholic Church in England, which provides every facility for a full Catholic life. But it is very much easier to be loyal to the training of your childhood in the place where you were bred.

THEY are gone, from hearth and neighbourhood, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends. They are gone, and we are thinking of them. The bishops have taken practical steps to aid and succour them. They have arranged for special Missions to the Irish, to be conducted by Irish priests. These Missions are being arranged at present in the London and Birmingham areas, and the movement will spread all over England.

OUR work at home is to pray. The *Prayer For Emigrants* which the Bishops direct to be said in our homes each night at the end of the Family Rosary is sent to you in leaflet form with this issue. Family ties are knit in prayer. May those who have left us not be lost to us.

THE EDITOR.



Vol. II.

No. 3.

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For this Rosary Month, "Our Catholic Life" features a Special Article on

OUR LADY OF LIMERICK

THERE is an indefinable quality of appeal, a revered sense of awe, when the dark distant pages of history become unfolded before your eyes, and the very past springs to life at our approach. Our mind can wander down the dim corridors of time and repeople the scenes of long ago, when we stand in wonder at the ruins of an old historic monastery or ancient edifice. It is at such a time we can say with Johnson that "whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us into the dignity of thinking beings."

It is such we feel when we kneel before the graceful crowned statue of Our Lady of Limerick, and the clouds of three centuries roll by as we think of that day in 1640, when Patrick Sarsfield donated it to the Dominican Fathers in reparation for the unjust condemnation to death of the martyred Sir John Bourke of Brittas at the hands of Sarsfield's uncle. There she stands with the Infant Jesus in her arms guarding sentinel-like the people of her adopted city. A long hard road had been traversed since the Reformers with their zeal broke down, to quote the Four Masters, "the monasteries and sold their roofs and bells so that from Aran of the Saints to the British Sea there was not one monastery that was not broken or shattered. They afterwards burned the images, shrines, and relics of the Saints of Ireland, burning the celebrated image of Mary at Trim, and the Bacall Iosa in Dublin." She has seen suffering and persecution; she has undergone trials and sorrows; she has known the joy of victory, and has tasted the bitterness of defeat; she was outlawed and banned, for the cold austerity of Protestantism knew not her loving warmth, but though despised and rejected, she was never forgotten, and when the day of victory came, she returned to us, her people, a symbol of hope, of love and of courage.

This statue of the Madonna came to us when our forefathers lived under the uneasy peace of Wentworth's viceroyalty, and, when in 1642, the old St. Saviour's Church, which for eighty years had been put to secular use, was handed back to the Dominican Order. In this and in the following years a great revival began among the Religious Orders. There were said to be as many as two thousand Religious in Ireland in 1646 and permission was granted by Rome to the Limerick Dominicans to establish in 1644 a Papal University there.

The hopes of Catholic Ireland were all too soon frustrated, for in 1650 Cromwell and his Roundheads stalked the land and Drogheda and Wexford bore ample testimony to his ruthlessness. Limerick, too, was to lie under his heel, and so to prevent desecration, the statue was hidden. We may surmise that the Dominicans placed it among their burial vaults, for such a place may well have been regarded as a safe hiding-place. We read of Dominic Fanning, one of those on Ireton's black-list, hiding from his pursuers in his family vault. It is extremely unlikely that it was given to the custody of any family, for all the wealthy families were heavily mulcted to

pay for the Cromwellian victory and were due for extradition to Connaught or elsewhere. It may have been buried in the earth, like the Pieta of Kilcormac, where local tradition has it that it was hidden in Derrydolney Bog, about a mile away from the chapel. Suffice it to say that its hiding-place was kept a secret and that its guardians kept it safe from the hands of the despoiler.

With the Restoration (1661), private worship was permitted. The Dominicans returned but lived in hiding under the protection of some of the restored families. We may conjecture that at this stage the statue was brought back, and helped in no small way to rally the faithful to the practice of the Rosary. The Esker Rosary



Confraternity Book (1668) is extant, and shows the strength of this devotion, while O'Heyne stresses that the preaching of the Rosary at this time was one of the chief means of preserving the Faith among the down-trod Catholics. Outbursts of anti-Catholic bigotry were, however, frequent. When we recall that the Mayor of Limerick in 1679 trailed an effigy of the Pope up and down the Shannon, we may well imagine what fate would await the statue if it were discovered.

The dawn of better days seemed at hand when James II ascended the throne. Contemporary sources inform us that at this time the old St. Saviour's was again handed back to the Dominicans, who built there a temporary chapel, and thus it is most probable that Our Lady returned once again in state. It was but a short respite, for soon the full malice of hatred was unleashed. In 1697 all Catholic ministers of religion, except parish priests, were ordered to leave the country by May, 1698. Transportation and death awaited the unhappy priest if he dared return.



We may speculate with some degree of probability on what was the fate of the statue during this period of intense persecution. The Galway Madonna, in the testimony of Brother Donoghue's diary, had a secret hiding-place in the Church grounds or in the nearby cemetery grounds. It is possible, therefore, that a similar place of refuge was found for the Limerick statue. It may have been given to the custody of some family, who would preserve the secret of its whereabouts. Our Lady of Graces of Youghal was given to the Hore family of Shandon Castle, Co. Waterford, while the Dominican statues of Kilcorban out-chapel were given to the care of the Bourkes of Pallas, Co. Galway. In answer to this theory, it may be argued that Limerick possessed no great influential family to whom it might entrust this precious Madonna.

There remains then the distinct possibility that it was entrusted to the hands of some Dominican Father who remained behind to brave the persecution and to stay with his flock. Due to the great difficulty in identifying individuals who possessed the same surname, it is impossible to say accurately how long members of the Order functioned in the Limerick area. If the Father Denis Gallagher, O.P., who lived in 1698 is the same man as Father Peter Gallagher, of 1734—his religious name might well be used in one case and his baptismal name in another—then he would have lived right through the worst decades of the persecution, and would definitely have known the hiding-place of the statue. O'Heyne, writing in 1706, lauds Father Gallagher as a very admirable sacristan and as a man specially devoted to the House of God. Perhaps, then, we

may read from this praise that Father Gallagher was given the task of protecting the precious statue.

It can be shown that with very short breaks some members of the Order did remain in the city, or in its vicinity. That they remained up to 1706 is fairly certain, for O'Heyne praises their fortitude, while one priest appears to have lived well into the second decade of the century. Furthermore, we know that Father Colman O'Shaughnessy was Prior of Limerick about 1714-1717. A Father James Stapleton, O.P., took charge of St. Munchin's Parish in 1722 for some time, while a young Limerick man joined the Order in that same year. Hence, if the succession of Dominicans in Limerick was necessary to preserve information of the whereabouts of the statue, we may infer that these men knew its hiding-place and passed on the secret.

The first three decades of the eighteenth century offered no respite for

Catholics. Rumours of Stuart uprisings were a sufficient excuse for the expulsion of the whole Catholic population for weeks outside the city walls, while to add to the bigotry and hatred of Catholicism, hordes of planters were settled in the rich lands of Limerick. Despite the abject poverty in which they must have lived, Father James White, the Limerick diocesan annalist, records that there were Jesuits, Augustinians, Franciscans and Dominicans in the city in 1730. From this we may gather that it was safe to disinter the statue and place it in some obscure chapel for public veneration. Where this chapel was is unknown, but likely it was situated in Gaol Lane, where the brethren are known to have lived in 1766.

Some time prior to 1780 they moved to Fish Lane at the back of the establishment of Mr. Roche, a wealthy merchant. John Ferrar, the Limerick historian, writ-

Continued on Page 6.

Fish Lane as it is today, with the ruins of the Dominican Abbey still visible



Any Questions ?

Q.—Why does the priest put salt into the infant's mouth at Baptism ?

A.—Salt, as we know, is commonly used both as a preservative of food and also as a condiment to make food more palatable. Blessed salt is put in the infant's mouth at Baptism to symbolise that by the Grace of Baptism, it is preserved from the corruption of sin and should delight in the Divine Life to which it gets access through Baptism.

Q.—May a Non-Catholic act as sponsor at Baptism ?

A.—No. At Baptism, the sponsors make the profession of Faith on behalf of the child, and undertake to secure its christian education, if the parents fail; and none of these duties can properly be undertaken by those who do not believe in the teaching of the Church.

Q.—What is the special significance of Gregorian Masses ?

A.—Gregorian Masses are a series of Masses offered without interruption for thirty days for the repose of the soul of a deceased person. It is the common belief of the faithful that when this series is completed, the soul is immediately released from Purgatory. This series gets its name from St. Gregory the Great, who was first to offer thirty such Masses.



Q.—When a priest visits a dying person, what Sacraments does he administer ?

A.—The priest usually hears the person's Confession and gives him Absolution. Then he proceeds to administer the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, which enables the sick person to withstand the assaults of the devil by exciting in him a great confidence in the Divine Mercy. Then the priest gives him Holy Viaticum, i.e., Holy Communion given to a person in danger of death, and having excited the patient to sorrow for sin and a complete resignation to the Will of God, he imparts to him the Apostolic Blessing, which carries with it a plenary indulgence. To derive the greatest benefit from these Sacraments, it is obviously necessary that the patient be in his full senses, hence the necessity of sending for the priest in time.

Q.—May a woman serve Mass ?

A.—The present law of the Church forbids a priest to say Mass without a server. The server has two functions to perform, (a) to answer the responses to the priest, and (b) to serve wine and water at the altar. If, then, a server is not present, a woman may answer the responses, but may not approach the altar to serve wine and water.

OUR LADY OF LIMERICK

Continued from Page 5.

ing in 1787, notes their presence in their new chapel, but as may be expected, does not refer to the statue. The Catholic Qualification Oath was taken by the three Dominican Fathers from their residence in Fish Lane in 1782, and thus they were enabled to obtain official recognition.

In 1816, the Prior, Father Harrigan, moved the venerable statue to their new Church in Glentworth Street, where it was enthroned in the Lady Altar, and great was the sadness and lamentation of the residents in the Fish Lane district when their beloved Madonna was removed. When we remember that this Church was then a plain square building devoid of any ornamentation with cold damp flag-stones and practically no seating, we may well imagine that the Lady Chapel was at best a very poor structure. Yet the faithful people of Limerick vied with each other in presenting gifts to the Lady they loved so well.

During the May Devotions of 1864, a votive-offering of a silver-gilt crown was blessed by the Prior and placed by him on the head of the Virgin. So great was the crowd present at this occasion that it was found necessary to lock the iron gate in front of the Church. A splendidly embroidered white silk vestment was given by the congregation in 1863, while at the end of that same year, a new marble altar was given by a Mr. Lyttleton

(Continued on Page 11).

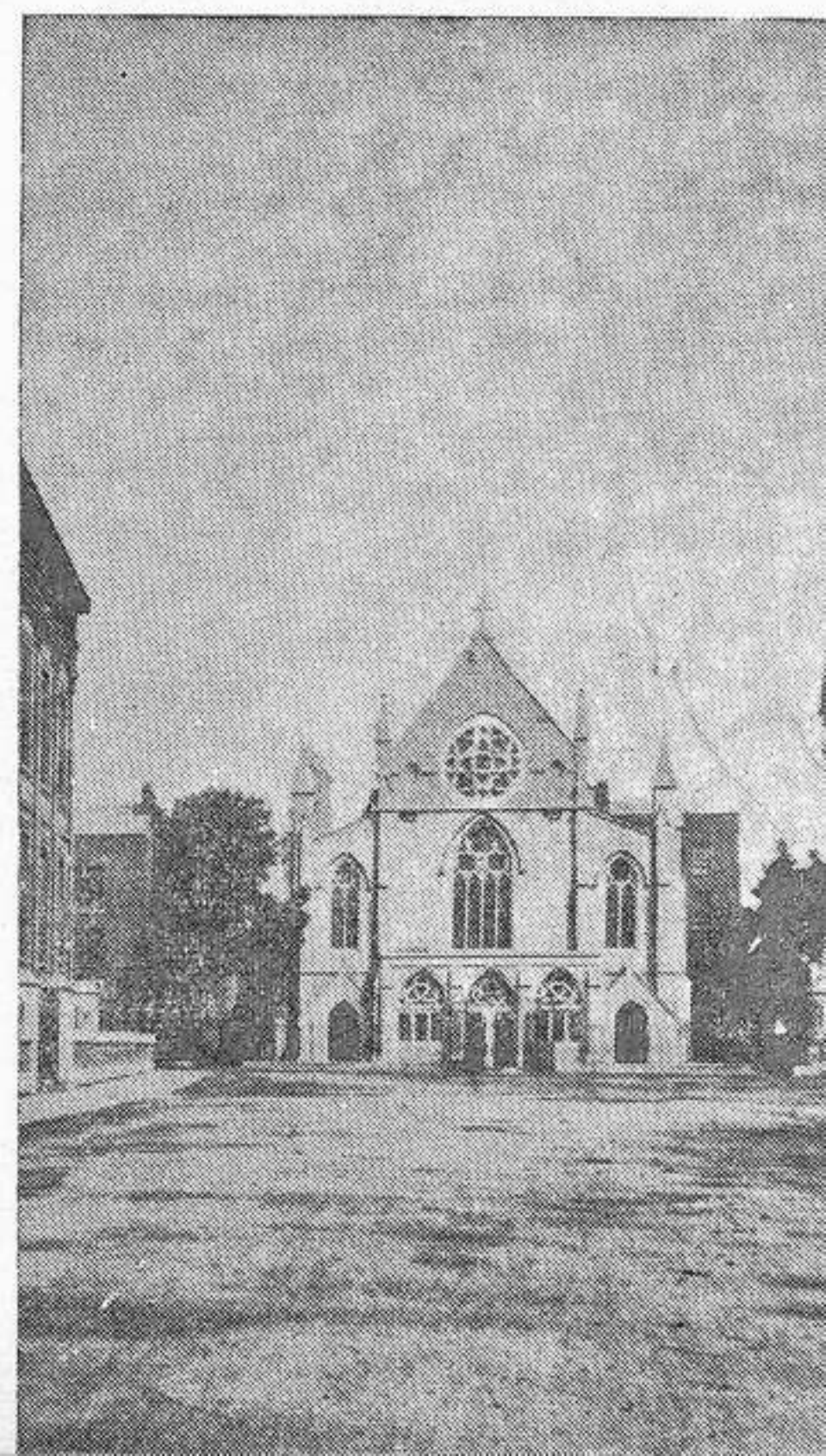


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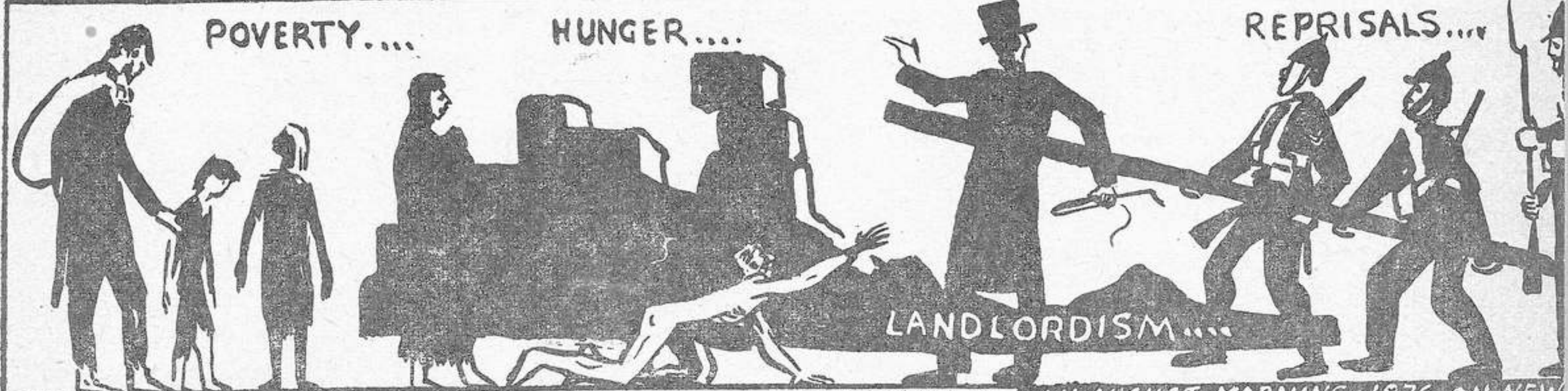
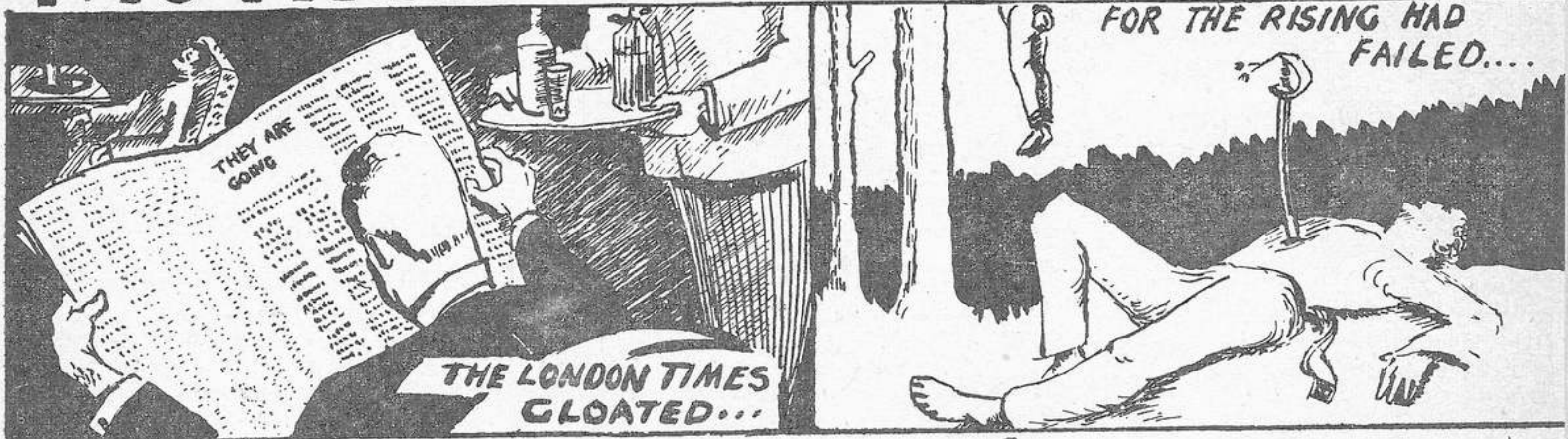
was established in 1951 for the purpose of raising funds for the renovation of St. John's Cathedral, the erection of a new Diocesan College and other Diocesan needs.

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MOTHER MARY WALSH

A LIMERICK LIVES
FEATURE



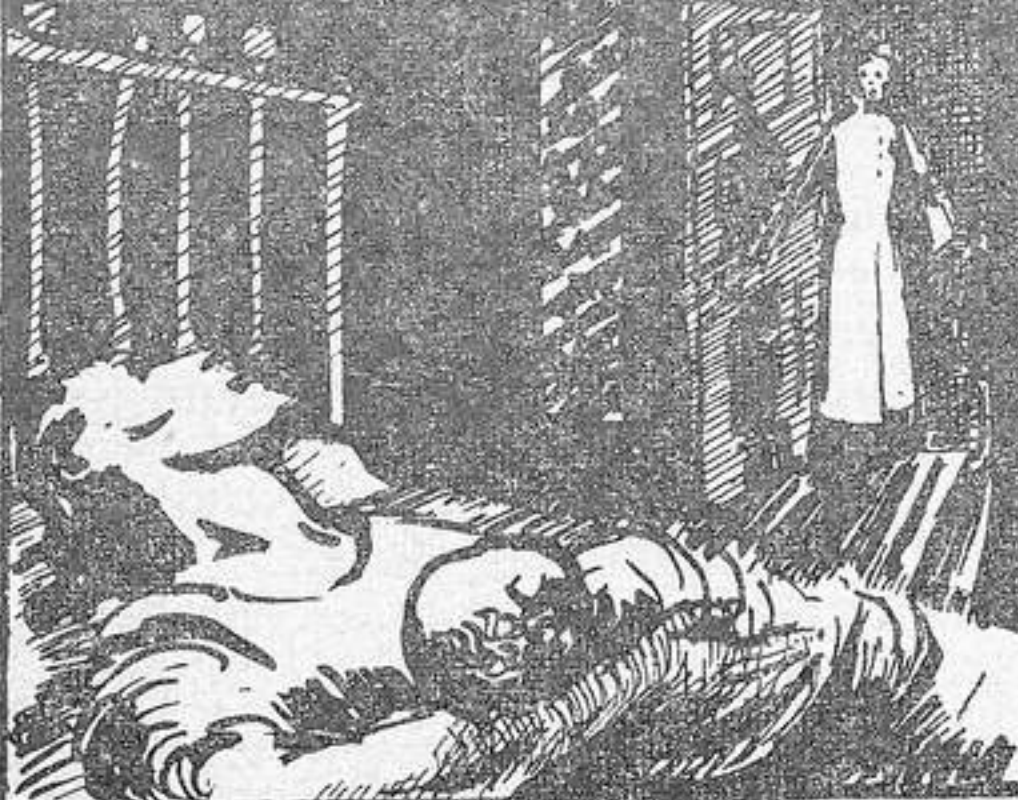
FORCED MILLIONS OF REFUGEES TO FLEE THE LAND.

MARY WALSH HAD BEEN BORN IN LONDON IN 1849. HER PARENTS HAD FLED THE FAMINE OF BLACK '47 BUT BOTH SOON DIED OF DIPHTHERIA. SHE WAS BROUGHT TO WEST LIMERICK AND STAYED AT HER FATHER'S OLD HOME TILL THE HARDSHIP AND TERRORS OF 1867 DROVE HER TO SEEK A NEW LIFE IN AMERICA.

AN AUGUST MORNING 1876 ON NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE



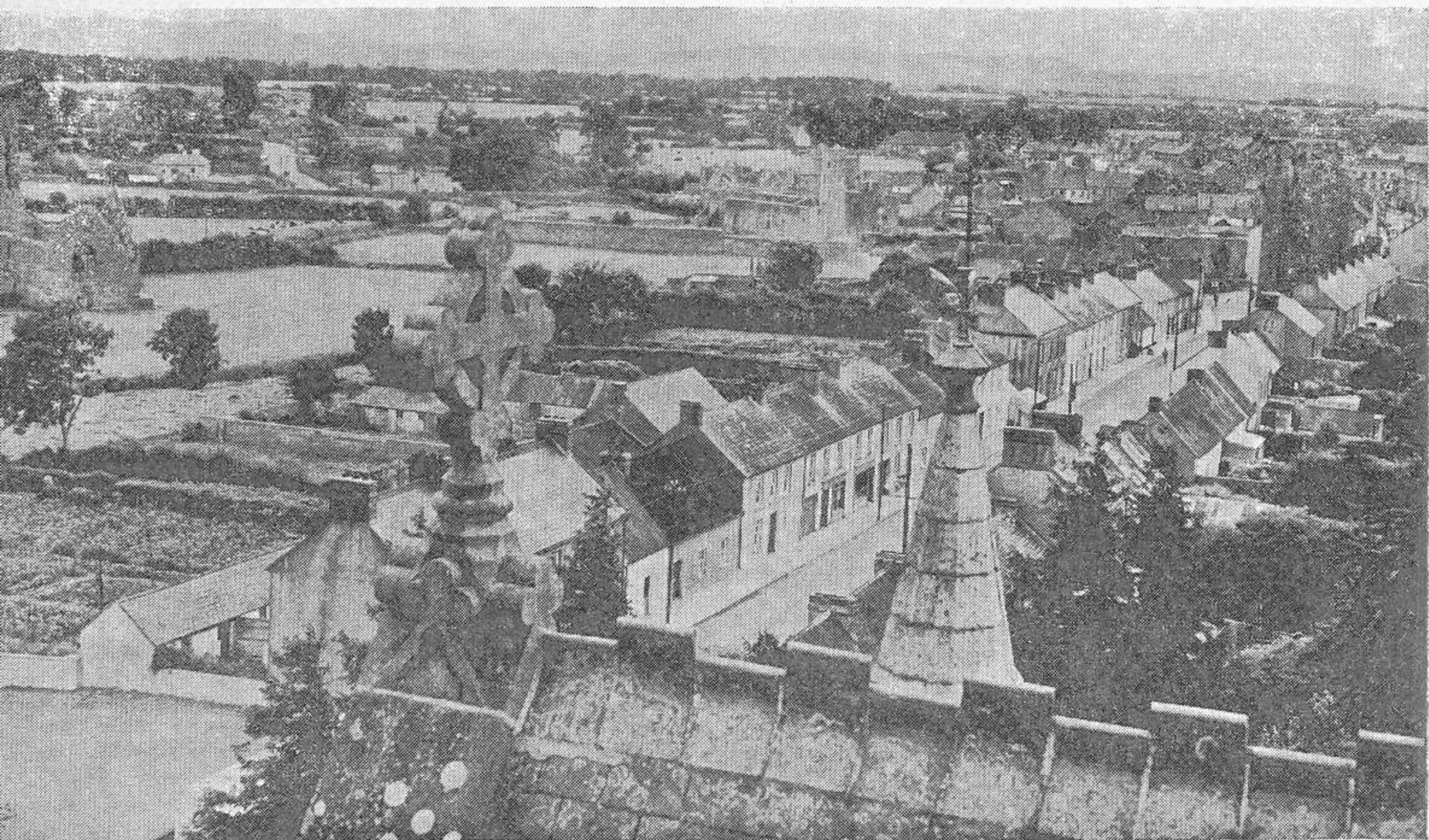
THE CHILD ALREADY DEAD. THE MOTHER DESTITUTE. AND DYING!



SHE HAD HERSELF BEEN RESCUED FROM SUCH A SCENE 18 YEARS BEFORE SHE HAD LEFT KNOCKADERRY THE YEAR OF THE RISING TO AVOID DEATH AND DESTITUTION. SHE HAD BEEN OVERTAKEN AGAIN!



TO BE CONCLUDED



KILMALLOCK

THE next time you find yourself coming into Kilmallock on the Limerick road, may I suggest that you look at the town from the direction from which the above photograph was taken. Your stop will be particularly rewarding if the sun is shining (let's hope that when you read this it has not become a stranger again). Then the blue Galtees behind the town will give a picture effect, and the grey medieval buildings will stand out romantically. Then it is by no means difficult to erase the modern buildings from the picture and fill in what is now missing of the old and lo! you are looking at Kilmallock as it appeared to the traveller of, say, four hundred and fifty years ago.

So let us begin again and travel to Kilmallock in the year 1500. (For good measure, gentle reader, I shall equip you with a horse). You rein in your horse at the same point to look at the town where you are about to visit the Earl of Desmond, who is at present in residence there. You see the stout

walls nearly twenty feet high with a turret at each corner, and, facing you, the arch of St. John Gate. On the left you see the Abbey, with its high central tower, peaceful on the level land across the river, which flows within a few yards of the town wall. Within the walls, two buildings stand out, the Church and the high, square Castle or

Citadel which marks the centre of the town.

You allow your horse to continue at a walk down to the river and then up the slope at the other side to the St. John Gate. (It stood opposite the present-day Church). You continue up the cobbled street to the Castle. You know that it is the armoury and administrative centre of the town and designed to withstand attack in time of war in the event of the walls being breached.

Now, good reader, we skip the cead mile failte that you get and ask your host to take you on a tour of the town. Knowing you to be pious, the Earl takes you first to the church (it stands, to-day, near the remnant of the town-hall, opposite the Abbey), to say a prayer of thanksgiving for having escaped the attention of all the wild boys between Limerick and

Kilmallock. Your observant eye notices the Round Tower which stands right up against the wall of the church. You host explains that this is a relic of the Ireland before his ancestors, the Normans, landed in Wexford in 1169. He also shows you nearby the remains of an old church from the same period, showing that the native Irish had a community centre here, before the conquering Normans settled here about the year 1180.

As he sees you don't mind being talked at, the Earl proceeds to do a little family boasting. "As you know," he says, "my family, the Geraldines, always had an eye for good land and an equally good eye for the strategic possibilities of a place, so they walled and fortified Kilmallock, which covers the approaches to the Glen of Aherlow and the Passes of Ballyhouras. Being great builders and loyal patrons of the Church, in the course of time they built the Abbey for the Dominican monks and the church here, both of which have been renovated and extended over the years. But, come, we will pay a call on my good friend, the Prior of the Abbey." He leads you to



the Friars Gate (which was on the river bank opposite the Abbey) and you cross the bridge to visit the Dominicans.

You return to the town by the Water Gate (which stood at the bridge which to-day leads to the Knocklong road). As you return to the Earl's residence, near the Castle, you see the Ivy Gate (it's position was just beyond the Munster and Leinster Bank) and when you are continuing your journey to Cork a few days later, you pass through the Blossom Gate (as you twentieth century descendants still do, to-day).

As you canter under the arch of the Blossom Gate and the summer dust rises from your horse's hooves, I must ask you, gentle reader, to change your plans and to take a leap forward in time to the year 1780 and visit Kilmallock again two hundred and eighty years after your first visit. You agree? Good.

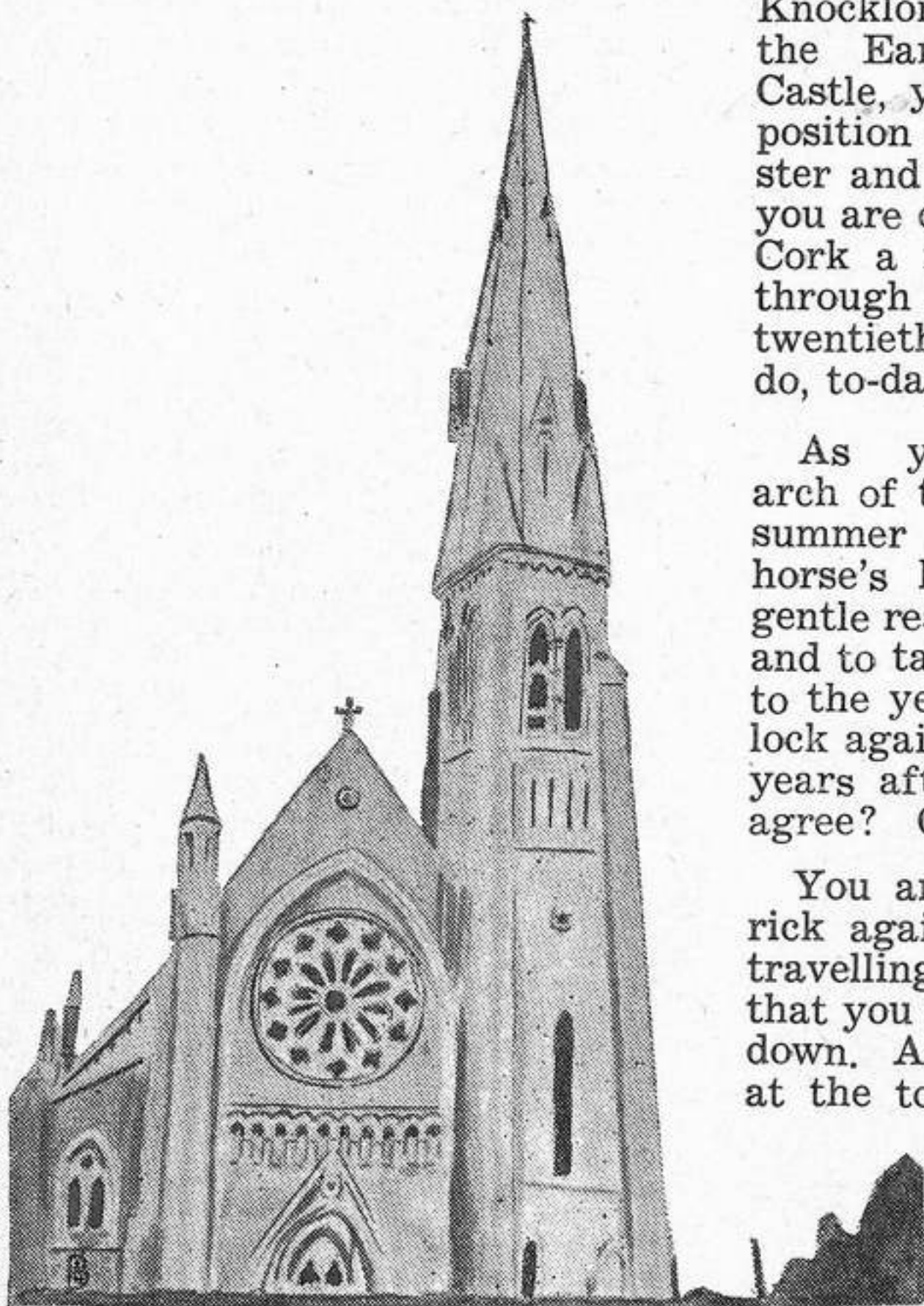
You are coming in from Limerick again but this time you are travelling by coach and it is well that you are for the rain is coming down. As before, you stop to look at the town and you are amazed

for now all appears to be in ruins. Only sections of the town-wall are standing and though its central tower still stands, the Abbey is crumbling.

You turn to your companion in the coach, who, being something of a historian, replies to you questioning—"The English King, Henry VIII, ordered the suppression of the monasteries only about forty years after your last visit in 1500. As happened elsewhere, the monks here were driven from the Abbey and the Abbey unroofed.

"This period saw the beginning of England's development as a great power and she now made a determined effort to subdue Ireland and impose the recently introduced innovations in religion. The Desmond family (whose town Kilmallock was), were in the forefront of the struggle for Faith and Fatherland. They early lost Kilmallock, which by 1570 was an English garrison town.

"But there were many sea-saws of fortune in the crucial hundred years 1550-1650, and at times the monks who never entirely left the neighbourhood, were in possession of the Abbey. Ireland's last effective stand came under the Irish Confederation (or Parliament) of Kilkenny (1642-1650). Then Kilmallock was in Irish hands and



Church of SS. Peter and Paul.

With a new School Term already under way, "Our Catholic Life" examines the

NEW LOOK CATECHISM



IT seems that even catechisms will not be able to avoid a characteristic of our age, the urge for a new-look. Parents must be aware that their children have new catechisms. *My First Catechism*, a very colourful little volume, came out in 1953 for the young children. A booklet for the older scholars, *Catechism For Children*, also very bright and cheerful, has just appeared. These little books will be the basis of religious instruction in our homes and in our schools for many years to come. The questions and answers are selected from the Catechism which the Archbishops and Bishops approved for the whole country in 1951. The answers are not very much different from what we learned ourselves. It is the format that is the great change, the new-look. There are a lot of charming little pictures, full of instruction and devotion. There is much besides of a kind of matter that one

did not formerly associate with catechisms, prayers and devotions, links with the Bible, little admonitions to help us in our Catholic way of life. All in all, the new catechisms are more in the nature of religion books for child and parent than the dry-as-dust little things we knew so well.

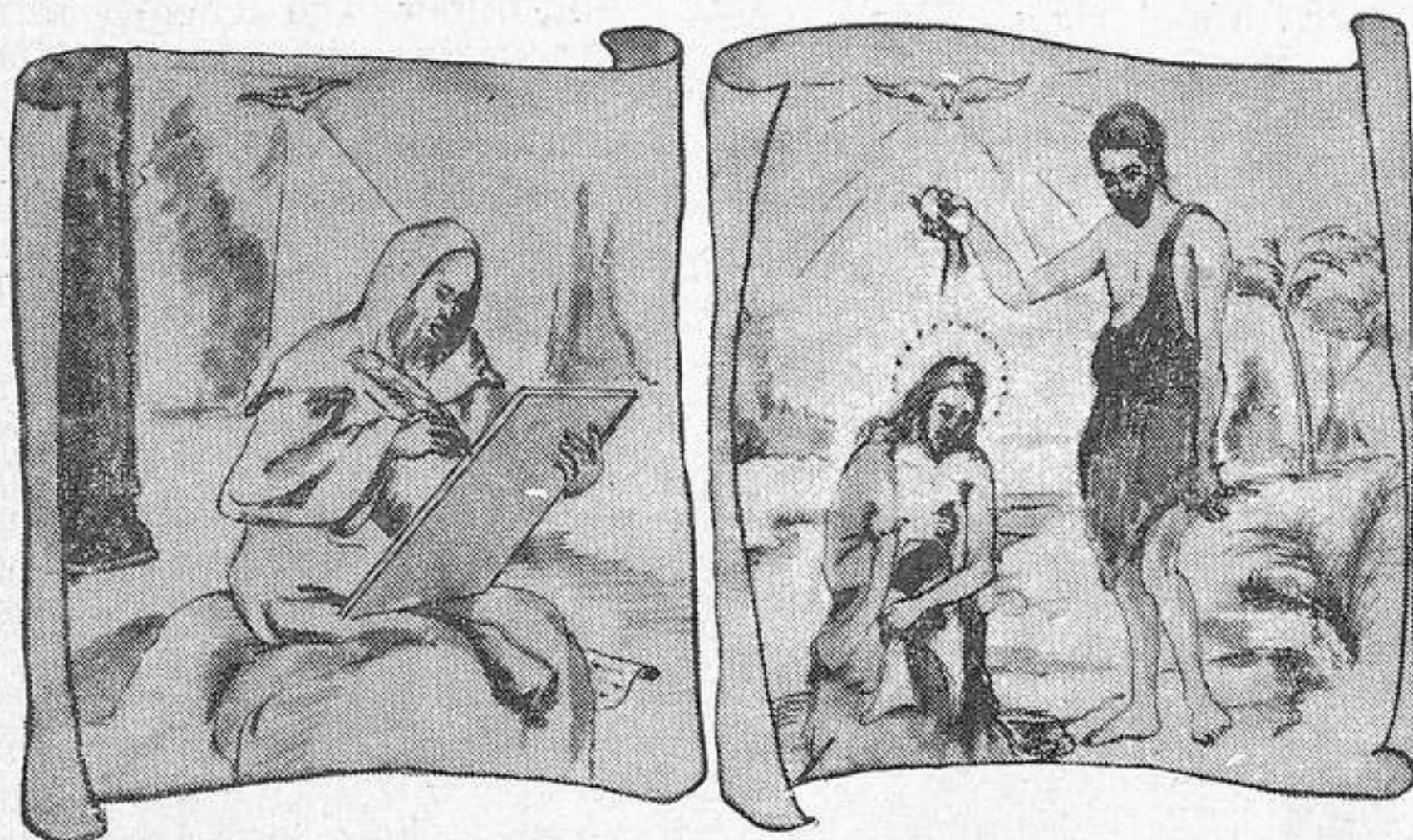
NEW PRICE.

New times and new-looks, and alas! a new price. In the old days, progress in schooling was indicated by cash values. One graduated in the Infant School from the Penny to the Half-penny Grade. Text-books were the same, secular as well as religious. And when these things passed away with the changes in the times, the Church as usual was more conservative than the State. The Penny and the Half-penny Catechisms held their own until very recent years. Then came a fairly sharp incline towards the Fourpenny and Six-

penny level, and now children are paying a shilling and one and sixpence for their catechisms. The difference is not really so terrible, because every other child nowadays is as likely to carry half-a-crown in his pocket as a penny.

ORIGIN OF CATECHISMS.

People often wonder where catechisms really came from. They read the Gospel and find very little of the catechetical method, although our Lord did pose questions and often gave short, pointed answers. The formal question and answers method in religious instruction is, however, very old. A fine example of a little catechism, almost as old as Christianity, is found at the beginning of the Baptismal service where the priest questions the child about the Faith he is about to receive and the God-parent answers in the child's name. But although questionnaires of this kind had their place in religious instruction, such as it was, for hundreds of years, it was not until the 16th century that catechisms as we know them came into being. Several factors were responsible. In the first place, the invention of printing made books available to everybody. Side by side with this came organised education with the extension of facilities for schooling. But it was the advent of Protestantism, with all its fury and confusion, that really forced catechisms on the Church. The little booklets of question and answer were in fact a Protestant invention, but the Church was quick to see the value of the method for teach-





ing the truth. Where clarity of expression was absolutely essential to save the Faith, a series of brief questions and answers was an ideal method.

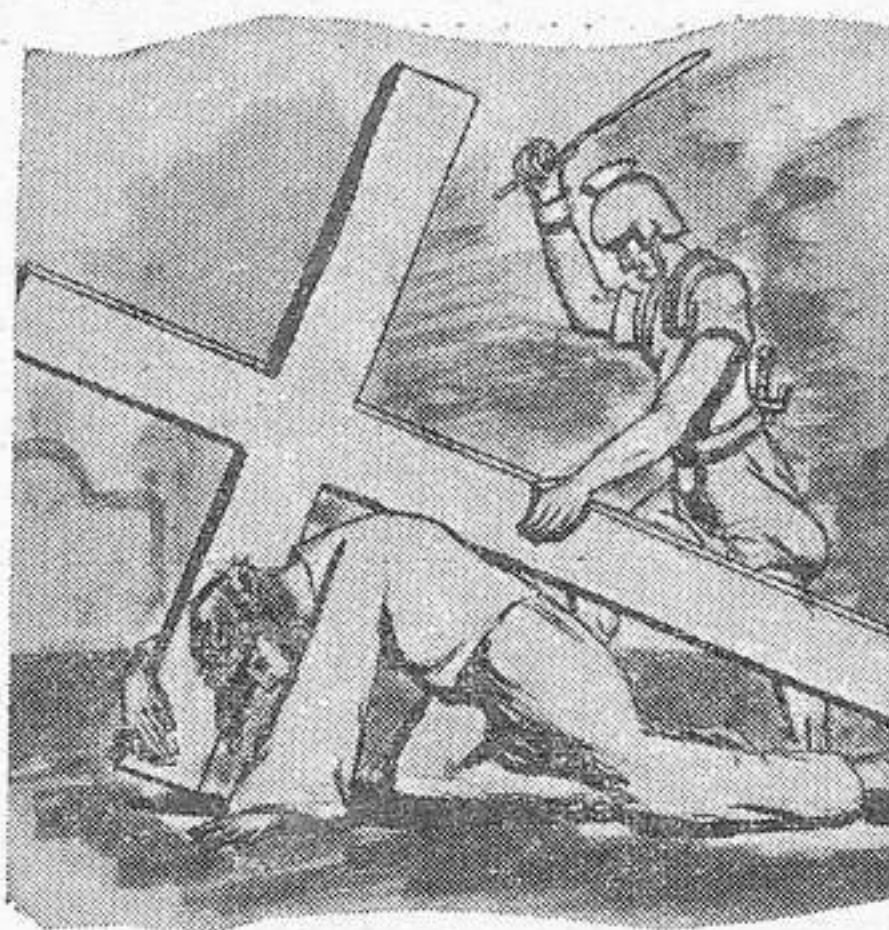
IN IRELAND

The first couple of hundred years of the catechism era were sad years for Ireland. The Penal Age made education for Irish Catholics very difficult. Nevertheless they did manage to produce catechisms on the Continent in Irish and in Latin. With the relaxation of the Penal Laws in the late eighteenth century, catechism-making became quite an occupation with some members of the Irish Hierarchy. As far back as 1775, there appeared a Catechism in English that was destined to play a great part in the lives of the Irish at home and abroad. This was Butler's Catechism, Butler being an Archbishop of Cashel, who was a formidable pamphleteer and let nothing go with the enemies of the Church. His Catechism spread all over the country. It was established in the National Schools when the Board of National Education was set up in 1831, and when the great exodus of the Irish abroad followed upon the Famine the exiles brought it with them to the New World. The history of Butler's Catechism in America, Australia, New Zealand and elsewhere has yet to be written, but when it is written it will be found to be very closely linked with the progress of the Catholic religion.

IN LIMERICK

Catechisms in the old format were such flimsy little volumes that once they were out of use

very few of them survived. A copy that has survived from one of the older editions of Butler's Catechism was printed in Limerick in 1849, by one M. Grogan of 22 Denmark Street. It can be seen in the National Library in Dublin. It supplies sufficient evidence that Butler's Catechism was in use in our diocese in the middle of the last century, but it was not the only catechism in use. In those far off days before Diocesan Inspectors were going about knocking teachers and even Parish Priests on the head several different catechisms might be in use in any one diocese. Actually, Limerick had a Catechism of its own, Bishop Young's Catechism, some copies of which survive to this day in the City Library and in the Bishop's Library at Corbally. Dr. Young became Co-adjutor Bishop of the diocese in 1793 and reigned from 1796-1813. One of the surviving copies of this Catechism, perhaps from the first edition, was published in 1802 by John and Thomas McAuliffe, Booksellers, near the Exchange. Another copy is from the Twenty-ninth edition that appeared in 1811, the printer being George McAuliffe, Bookseller and Stationer, of Bridge Street. Dr. Young's Catechism was "still in use throughout part of the



diocese" in the late middle fifties. Renehan says so in his *Collections On Irish Church History*. Renehan died in 1857, although his book was not published until 1875.

It would be interesting to discover, if it were possible, at what date Dr. Young's Catechism ceased to be printed. Within living memory, Butler's Catechism in one edition or another was the book in

use throughout the diocese. The edition most widely in use since about the beginning of this century, and throughout the whole diocese in recent years, was the Catechism we have just now abandoned. It was printed by Guy and Co., Ltd., of Cork, and was in two sizes, a Large and Small. The Large, as long as most of us can remember, had a red cover and the small a green one. They have been known, of course, as the Red and Green.

NOVEL COMPETITION

And before the Red Catechism is locked up in the National Library here is an interesting way of spending a dull hour. Have yourself examined in the Red to see how much of it you can remember. Give yourself so many points for word-perfect answering and less for having the wind of it. This competition is confined to those who are not less than thirty years of age at the time of questioning. Priests, nuns, brothers, teachers and all such as have taken an active part in the catechizing of their own or anybody else's children are not eligible. —M.T.

OUR LADY OF LIMERICK—

Continued from Page 6.

and his wife. In 1871, a votive offering of a richly-carved reredos was donated by Thomas O'Brien and his wife, Henrietta O'Neill, and to celebrate the centenary of their arrival in Glentworth Street, the statue was adorned in February, 1916, with a gold gilt crown set with large topazes and crystals.

Three centuries have rolled by since first our forebears knelt in homage at her feet and placed their beloved city under her guidance. The same love and faith in Mary still beats strong amongst us, for was it not a fitting climax to all those long years of suffering when on the 1st of November last year we gathered together in St. Saviour's and offered Mary on the feast of her Queenship a precious crown of gold diamonds and pearls? The distant past had come to life again as we beheld her crowning; the ties which link us so closely to our glorious dead were reforged and our joy was full as we realised that she who is Queen of Heaven is also Mary, our own Queen of Limerick.

SPORT—



HURLING



Limerick hurling, in the doldrums for fifteen years, made a dramatic and sensational return to the forefront this season, regaining Munster pre-eminence with indisputable merit, and then making a Croke Park comeback with a display that all critics agree as heralding a bright future for the youthful lads in green and white.

The Limerick victory in the Munster Final came almost as a bolt from the blue to many hurling followers. Earlier displays had given little indication of the speed and hurling power revealed on that day, and I doubt if any success down the years gave Limerick supporters such pleasure and satisfaction.

The fact that Limerick won with one of the most youthful teams ever to gain the Southern title, gives hope that in the immediate years ahead the green and white colours will be worn to victory in many important engagements.

The 1955 championship campaign will evoke pleasant memories for Limerick followers, and should be marked as the starting point of a new hurling era.

The coming National League campaign provides the opportunity of consolidating the ground already gained, and if Limerick enter the various winter engagements with the same spirit and enthusiasm as marked their recent championship outings, the League could be an instrument to perfect their team-work and

provide the first National trophy, as it did for the great team of the 'thirties, which still holds unchallenged the record of five National Hurling League successes in a row.

There is hard work in plenty before our hurlers, but having proved their worth in the testing Southern arena, they know that success will crown their efforts if they persevere with the training and interest, such essential forerunners to national hurling renown.

We have much to learn in hurling craft and technique, stamina to build, experience to gain. The coming months provide the opportunities so badly needed—the time of preparation that will mean so much to what should be our successful bid for the 1956 All-Ireland.

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AS the Autumn evenings shorten, Springlike stirrings are evident in our amateur dramatic societies. "What plays will we do this year?" is the recurring question as the tortuous search begins. Small wonder that drama festi-

DRAMA *by J.C.*

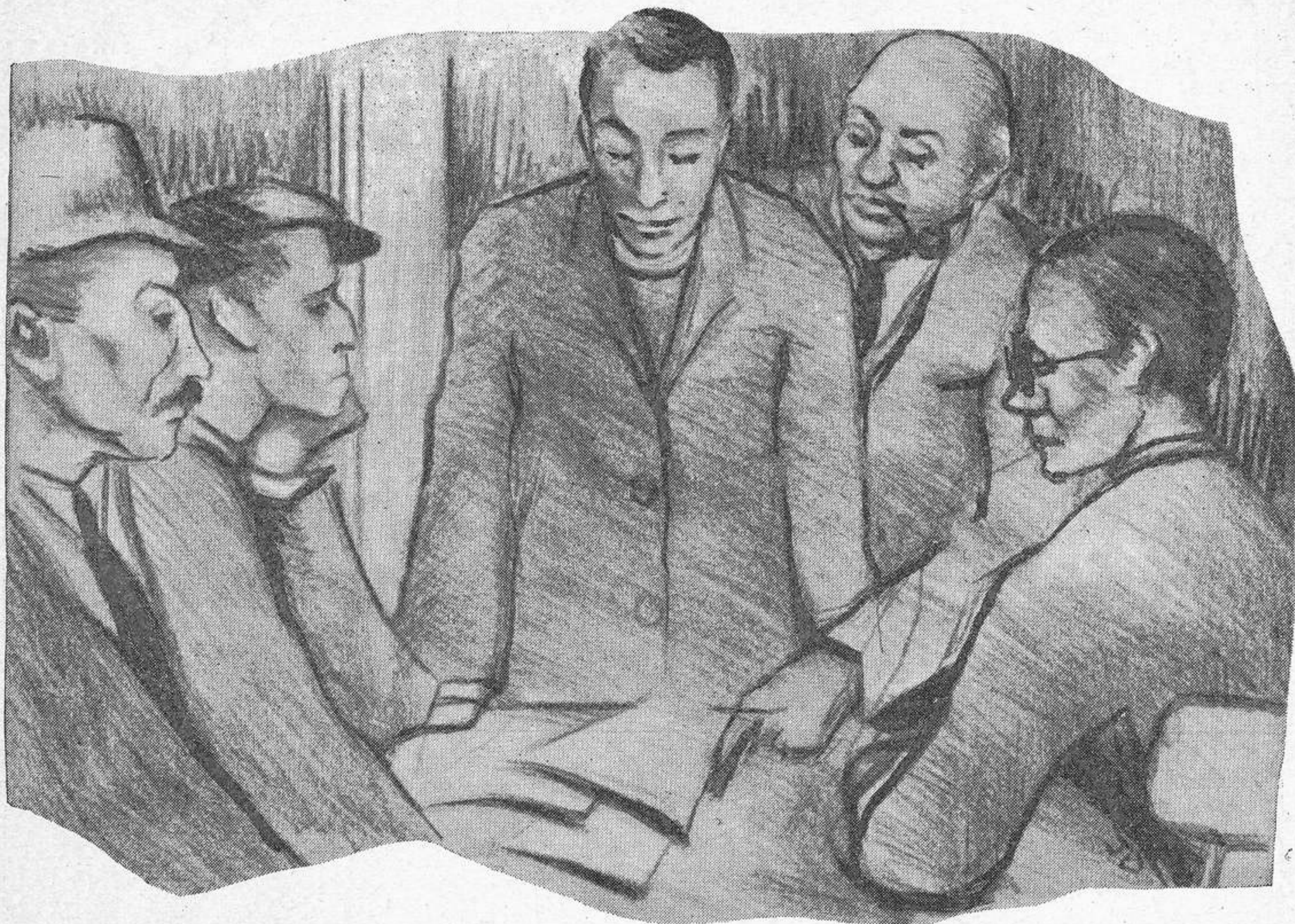


vals award generous marks for choice of play and its suitability to the cast. Usually the cast is limited in number and ability, and the reaction of the local audience must be considered. Comedy bordering on farce is not necessarily the most successful even with rural audiences, though it is preferable to the gloomy so-called realism of some of our recent Irish plays. The British Drama League will supply detailed lists of plays on request, and a splendid selection is available in our County Library. However, too much time should not be spent in making a choice. Above all, don't let the difficulty discourage to the point of abandonment—better even a play poorly done than no play at all.

Speaking at this year's All Ireland Festival, the adjudicator, Miss Richards, complained that she found not a few actors who were practically inaudible. Some experienced groups, in a commendable effort at a natural effect, fall into this fault. It should never be a strain for the audience to catch the lines of a play, and the audience includes the back row seats. Here it is better to err by excess than by defect. In particular, new groups must pay special attention to clear speaking. It is generally accepted that many of our rural players, though naturally talented for acting, have a slovenly diction when shyly they venture to speak in public. So, attention must be paid to proper breathing, voice control and arti-

culation. For the worst cases exaggerated slowness of speech should be practised: it is easy to speed up later on. Again, a tendency to shouting or sing-song tone are other faults which can be overcome by practising their opposites. Even though this work can be very monotonous, a new group would do well to concentrate on proper diction alone in their first year's productions: it would yield a rich harvest in the years to come.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty for inexperienced actors is what is known as "movement." By "movement" is meant not just moving about the stage, but particularly gestures—movement of the face, eyes, mouth, head, arms and feet. As a



What's in A Name ?

FATHER JOHN pulled the collar of his overcoat closely round his neck as he drew the hall-door shut behind him. It was a dismal February night, with a steady drizzle of rain. As he turned towards the old school-house (now "The Hall"), the words "damp desolation" crossed his mind. But he knew that the desolation was not as complete as it seemed for this was the night of the Annual General Meeting of the Kilmorna G.A.A. Club. Though the only visual evidence was the occasional glow of a cigarette, he knew from past experience that the hedges and doorways concealed a good proportion of the manhood of

Kilmorna.

He was glad to see a light coming from the hall. That meant that Gearod Mac Mathuna, N.T. (now in the twenty-eighth year of his secretaryship of the Club) had arrived and had succeeded in lighting the tilly lamp.

The scene as he entered the hall was one with which he was familiar. The lamp was hissing away on the table at the far end and in the circle of light were to be seen Gearod and the other members of the officer corps of the Club, Jerry Quinlan, the Treasurer, and the two old Gaels of the parish, John Mike O'Gorman and Tom "Slasher" Higgins, the two survivors of the

famous Kilmorna Kickhams. The deeds of these venerable men had become so magnified that it was not far-fetched to think of them as a pair of Oisins returned to a world of puny men. At the moment Gearod was pounding the table with restrained vehemence.

Gearod was big, bland and corpulent, with quick eyes and a mobile expression capable of lightning reaction to the exigencies of the moment. Now he seemed to be impressing some point on Jerry, the Treasurer. Jerry was what is known as "an honest boy." Outside his farm-work, his sole interest was in hurling and football, and his ability to retail the composition

and records of G.A.A. teams was phenomenal. He would have asked no more from life than that he should possess some of the prowess of his heroes of the arena, but, alas! he was unable to secure a permanent place on the Kilmorna fifteen. He found compensation in his office, whose duties he took most seriously. Club funds, once in his grasp, could be prized loose only by the most stringent proof of justified expenditure.

"Dirty oul' night, Father," said Gearod, with a familiarity which still contrived a suggestion of deference. This was a pretty accurate description of Father John's opinion of the night. "Good night, men," he replied, as there was a token movement of hands in the general direction of forelocks, "the night is bad right enough." "If it doesn't clear up, Father," said Jerry Quinlan, "we won't be able to start practising for the next month. The field is like a bog."

"It reminds me of the Spring of 1897," John Mike had seen his opening. "We went over to play Rathmore in weather just like this. It was my first year on the Kick-hams. Just turned sixteen I was at the time. And just as we went

on the field"

Meanwhile, the boys had dislodged themselves from their various places of shelter and had begun to file in. Every man who could do so got his back to a wall, the others filling the long wooden forms. The light from the lamp did not penetrate effectively beyond the first few rows, so that most of the room was in semi-darkness. The gloom, the low tones of the assembly, the caps and hats half hiding faces all combined to give a conspiratorial air to the proceedings.

Leaning on the table, Father John began to address the meeting. He had heard that the ever-simmering feud between Kilmorna and Carrig (the other side of the parish) was threatening to erupt again, so he now made a plea for the unity which he felt sure would in the coming year bring the medals to Kilmorna. As always, he was followed by John Mike O'Gorman. Where John Mike had the advantage over "Slasher" Higgins was that, while the folklore credited "Slasher" with having been a greater force (in the most literal sense) on the field, John Mike had the gift of speech, which enabled him to live over and over again the days of his glory, passing sentence. There was re-round firesides and over pub-counters (with "Slasher," of course, always getting honourable mention). This resulted in John Mike acquiring the right to pontificate on any and every subject. He was now giving his annual address.

"In my time, the field would be black with men of an evening—big strapping men!" There was a noticeable squaring of the O'Gorman shouldrers. "Now the gorseons have to be coaxed out to practice—and the craythurs carried in cars to matches. Many is the time we walked ten miles to a match, or cycled twice as far. But let me tell ye this. The standard of hurling is so low at present that if ye only practise, Kilmorna is certain to bring off the County this year. So cut out ye'r squabbling and cod-acting and get out and put the name of Kilmorna high on the map, where it should be again." John Mike resumed his

spectful applause. Father John hoped that the effect of the appeal would last for the duration of the meeting.

Gearoid then read his very efficient secretary's report. He went to great trouble to explain what happened the day of the chal-seat like a High Court judge after lunge match—how he thought that Tom Stack was not coming, so he told Tim Moloney to tog out and that Moloney refused to give up the jersey when Stack turned up, as the teams went on the field.

Stack's father, who had taken up a position in the front row, stood up, very red in the face. "I told you that Tom was delayed and that he was coming on in Casey's car," he said.

"I beg your pardon," said Gearod, "but you did not."

"Well if I didn't, I told Johnny Mac to tell you."

Father John was in a bit of a corner. As Gearoid and himself were known to be friendly, he could not side too openly with him.

"And I'd like to know," continued Stack, "why you made Joe Carty lie down. Isn't there supposed to be a selection committee in this Club?"

This gave Father John his chance.

"Now, Michael," he said, "I see

Continued on Page 26.

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The Sacred Heart

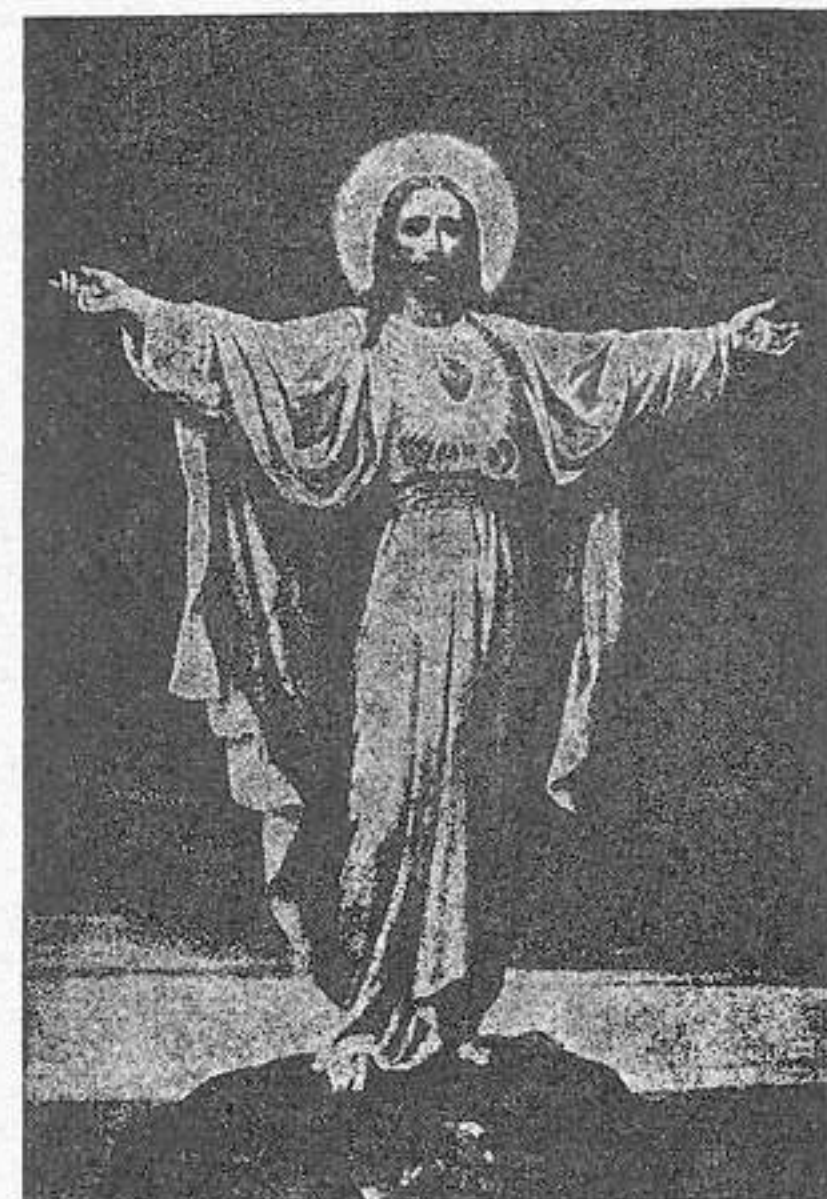
REV. M. SADLIER

THERE are few passages in the New Testament that have come to appeal so much to the spiritual fervour of Catholics as the words from the account of the crucifixion of our Lord—*And one of the soldiers with a lance pierced His side, and immediately there came out blood and water.* A few centuries after the crucifixion we find St. Augustine pondering these words and saying: *The lance opened the side of Jesus to me. I entered it and there I rest as in a*

place of safety. Other great saints, like St. Bernard, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure and St. Francis of Sales saw in the lance wound a vivid revelation of the tender and inviting mercy of Christ. Their wish was to live forever in His wounded side. And, of course, when they thought of the Sacred Heart, so completely bled out that there was only water left to draw, they could not but think of the truly excessive love of God which it symbolised. It was an easy step to imagine the Sacred Heart as a furnace of divine love, with flames bursting forth to thaw the coldness of men's hearts and set them ablaze with love for God.

So from the early days of the Church down the centuries, there was some devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The world was not unprepared, when on the feast of the Beloved Disciple, December 27th, 1673, Our Lord first appeared to St. Margaret Mary and said: *My Divine Heart is so inflamed with love for me . . . that it can no longer restrain the flames within itself, but must spread them everywhere by means of you.* At His next appearance He promised to scatter His choicest graces and blessings, wherever the image of His Sacred Heart is exposed and honoured. In subsequent apparitions, He reminds us that His Sacred Heart is the seat of His grief and sorrow as well as of His love. His greatest sorrow, worse even than the pain of His passion and death, is the knowledge that

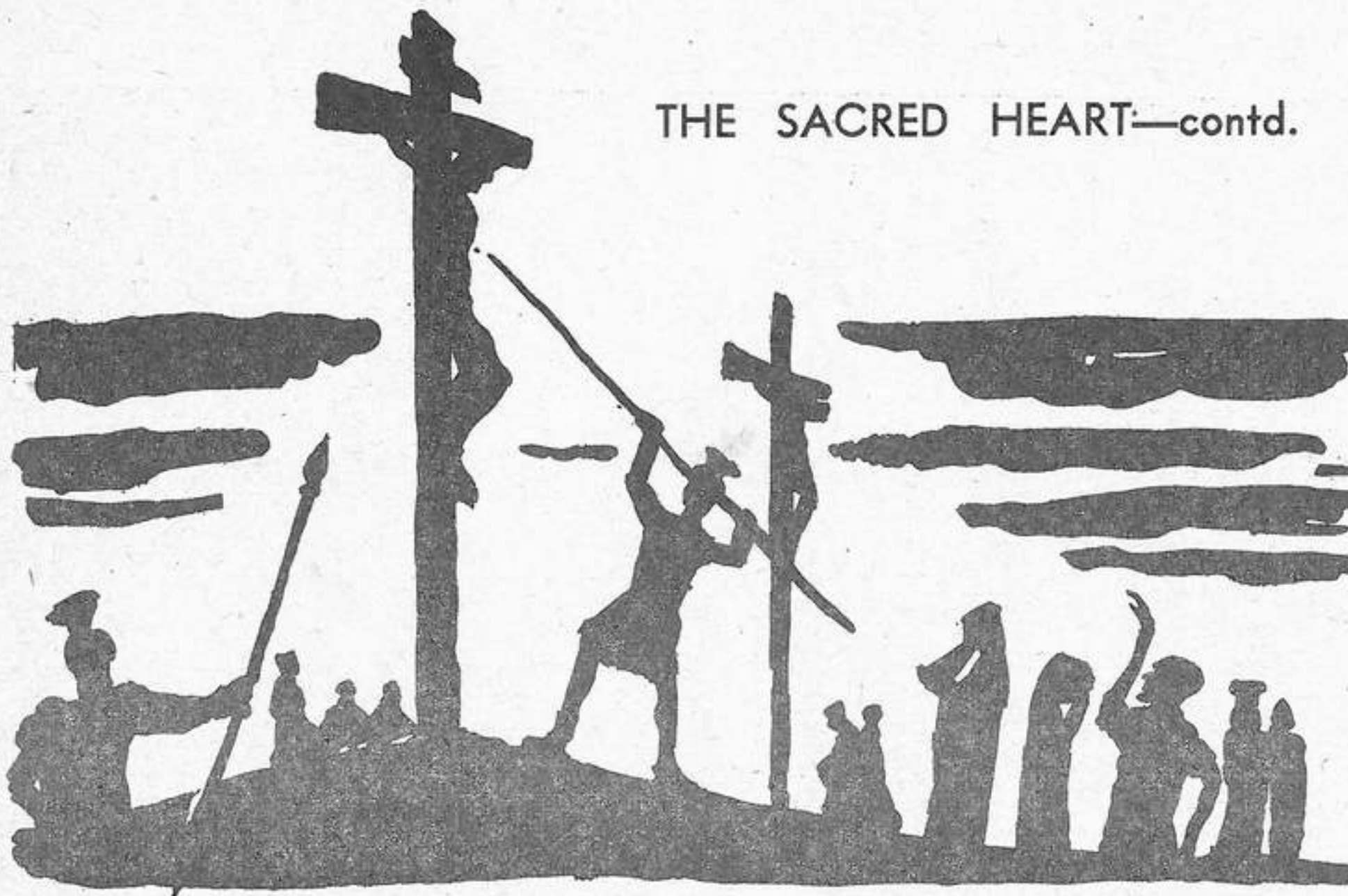
so many forget or care nothing for all He has done for them, especially in the Eucharist, the Sacrament of His love. He asked that reparation be made for this ingratitude by frequent Holy Com-



munion, particularly on First Fridays. He appealed, too, for Holy Hours, in memory of His sufferings in Gethsemane, when even His chosen apostles could not watch one hour with Him. In the last apparition in 1675, He asked to have the Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi observed as the feast day of the Sacred Heart. He wanted it kept as a day of special reparation. An annual reminder of the Heart which *has loved men so much and is loved so little in return.* (Continued on opposite page)



THE SACRED HEART—contd.



Strange though it may seem to us, there were many in St. Margaret Mary's day and afterwards, who objected strongly to the Sacred Heart devotion. They objected on the grounds that worshipping the physical heart of Christ meant giving to a created object the honour due to God alone. No Catholic, of course, would dream of worshipping the physical heart of Christ, as mere flesh, in isolation from the rest of His divine personality. Rather is it adored as united to His divinity. In the same way, all the other members of Christ's body, united to His sacred humanity and the eternal Word, are the object of divine worship. Ordinarily, however, devotion to the Sacred Heart is understood as devotion to Our Lord Himself, thought of under the image of His heart, the most familiar human symbol of love.

Despite these objections and misunderstandings, the spread of the devo-

tion, in response to the revelations of St. Margaret Mary, was rapid and extensive. What devotion could be more attractive? To wise and simple alike, the wounded heart of Jesus can tell, better than the highest flight of eloquence, the story of God's love for mankind.

Nowhere was this devotion better received than in Ireland. By the national act of consecration on Passion Sunday, 1873, Ireland became the first nation to consecrate itself publicly to the Sacred Heart, and Ireland has been faithful to its act of consecration. It is renewed in deed as well as word by all the thousands who do the Nine Fridays, or attend a Holy Hour. In the most striking fashion it is renewed every day, when in the homes of the land a lamp is lit and left to burn, in the place of honour, before a picture of the Sacred Heart.

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An beannacað
múire

This verse-form of the HAIL MARY appears in an Irish Catechism on the Continent during the seventeenth century.

Dia do beata-ra, a múire,
A tuile lán do sháradaí:
A tá an t-ídeanna do fódair,
A sein fódair éilann n' ádair.



Beannaiḡte tura tarrda,
Deaḡmna na talman uile,
'Sar beannaiḡte an sein Ríoga,
Iora, torad da bhuinne.

A naom-mácar Dé, a múire,
A buime mar an sceadna,
Siud orainne na peacur,
'Nar mbeacur, 'ran am euga.

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—WHO IS BEHIND A/P

EVERY Monday night a small group of men gathers in a first-floor office in O'Connell St. They do not come to relax after their day's work, but to do unpaid overtime in raising funds for Church purposes. They are the Directors of the A/P Pool. They hold their Committee meetings every Monday night, but that is only a fraction of their work.

Mr. John Kneafsey, of Independent Newspapers, is Chairman of the Committee. His is the unenviable task of directing the whole undertaking, of seeing that the machinery is running smoothly and of being constantly on the watch for new lines of development. In

short, he is the guiding spirit of the enterprise.

The energetic and efficient Secretary is Mr. Ned Connaughton, of P. S. Connolly's Law Office, a man well-known in Limerick for many years for his promotion of works of charity and public benefit. In addition to acting as Secretary to the Committee, Ned is at his desk in the office for several hours every Saturday (his half-day), making out the results and arranging for the notification and publication of the prizewinners. He is aided in the office by a staff of three full-time employees.

The other members of the Committee, are: Mr. Michael Toomey, of Todds; Mr. Michael Wallace, Auditor, and Mr. Christy O'Connor, Insurance Inspector (who was absent when the above photo-

graph was taken). In addition to their general task of seeking new promoters and members, these men share with the Chairman and Secretary the vast work of checking promoters' lists and accounts, checking the prizewinners (a mistake here may mean a serious loss to the Pool), and keeping the finances in order. From the start the A/P Pool has carried out a detailed audit of accounts every six months.

Since its foundation in 1951, the A/P Pool has realised £21,000 for Church purposes in Limerick. This has gone to the Diocesan College Building Fund, to the restoration of the Cathedral and to the relief of parochial needs in St. Munchins, St. Mary's and St. Patrick's.

At present the membership of the Pool

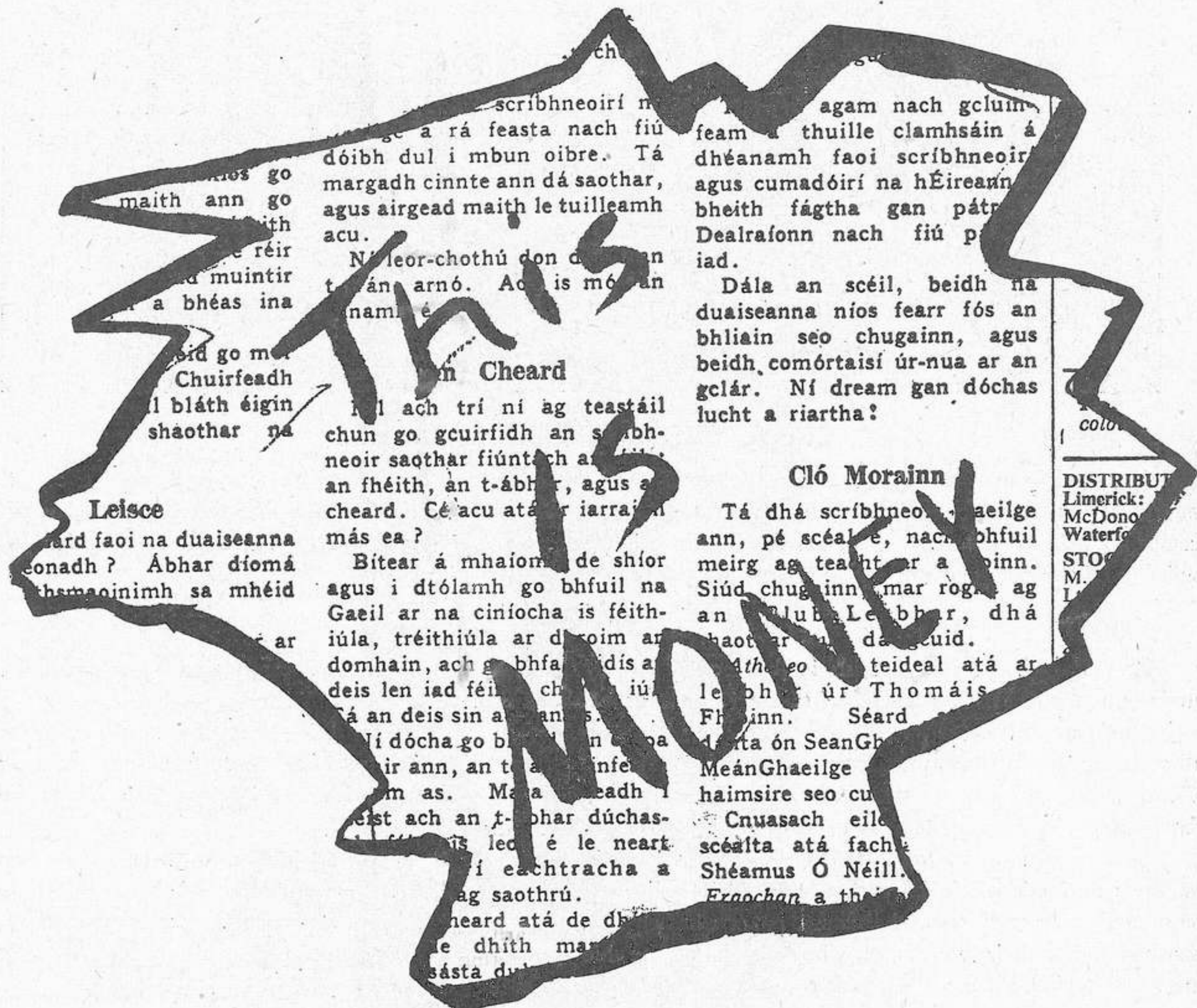
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WASTE PAPER CAMPAIGN

PROCEEDS OF THREE MONTHS

Rural Schools and Centres
City Schools and Centres
City Firms and Other Sources
Total from All Sources

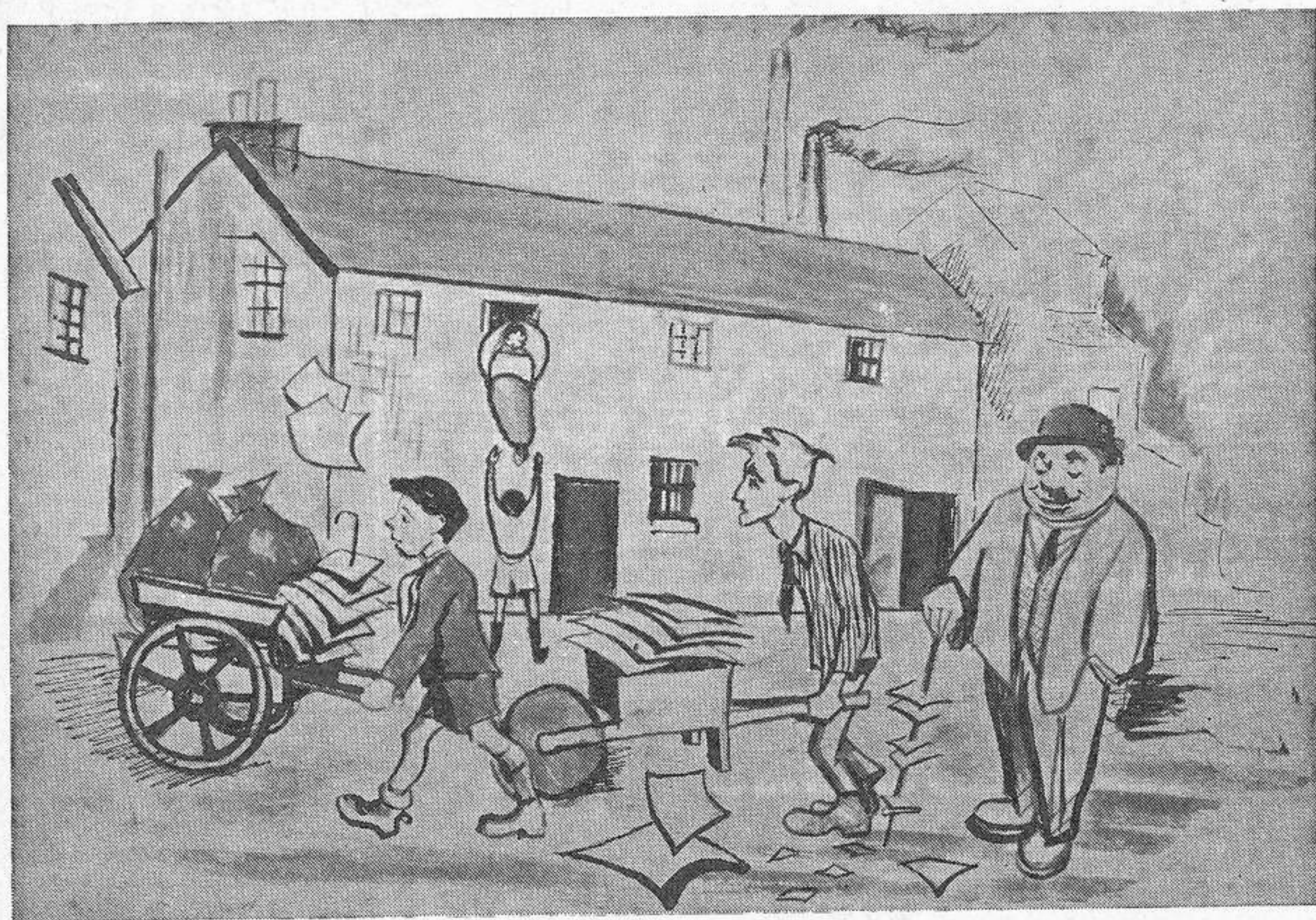
June	July	August	Total
£ s.	£ s.	£ s.	£ s.
112 14	82 1	91 3	285 18
85 16	54 11	41 6	181 13
54 10	55 4	78 1	187 15
253 0	191 16	210 10	655 6



CAN WE DO BETTER ?

Yes, definitely YES ! It is not that we are dissatisfied with our progress so far, for it takes time to perfect an organisation that must reach into every home in Diocese. In the early months our progress from month to month was very marked. In July and August, however, we dropped back somewhat, but these were holiday months, when schools were closed, school-children scattered and many of our best collaborators absent at varying times. Our collecting system was thus, to some extent, thrown out of gear temporarily, but now that the holidays are over, we shall resume our upward trend again.

—Continued overleaf.



£1,000 EVERY THREE MONTHS.

As yet we have by no means reached the top rung of the ladder. Our immediate aim is £1,000 every three months. This is not an unreasonable aim, seeing that we realised over £600 in the first three full months of the Campaign. If we can achieve or, better, outstrip this target, we shall make a very significant contribution to the building of the new College, and that by substituting Waste Paper for £ Notes.

HOW CAN WE DO IT ?

Very Simply. If every parish in the country and every district in the city can be raised to the standard already attained by many parishes and districts, then our target shall be achieved.

That must be our motto—*Levelling Up*. In the country many parishes are doing excellently. We thank them all sincerely, and we hope that they will maintain their high standard. Other parishes, while making a notable contribution, can still step up their returns considerably. We appeal to these parishes to increase their efforts during the coming months and help us to achieve our target.

In the city most of the business-houses are supporting us very loyally. We are grateful to them, and we depend on them for their continued and, where possible, increased support. We are grateful, too, to all the householders who have consistently saved their waste paper and helped us to collect it, and we are particularly grateful to the school-children and to their teachers, on whom has fallen the chief burden of collecting the paper. Now that the holidays are over, we hope that all are back to the work with renewed enthusiasm.

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE COLLECTION.

To achieve our target, however, it will be necessary to make a regular house-to-house collection of paper in all areas in the city. This is already being done in several areas, by schools in adjoining districts and by collecting centres in areas not adjacent to schools, and for this we need adult help, men who will help to organise their own district and supervise the work of the boys who will make regular fortnightly collections. Any man who is willing to give a little of his time to this work should send his name and address to "The Secretary, Waste Paper Committee," St. Munchin's College.

£1,000 EVERY THREE MONTHS. HELP US TO ACHIEVE IT.



"It is, therefore, one of the supreme necessities of our times to watch and to labour to the end that the motion picture be no longer a school of corruption but that it be transformed into an effectual instrument for the education of mankind."

This passage from the encyclical of Pope Pius XI, on films, deserves frequent repetition for all and constant repetition for parents. Under this term—"parents," on whom, normally, the care of children devolves—I am including, of course, all those entrusted with this grave responsibility.

EXAMPLE THE SCHOOL OF MANKIND

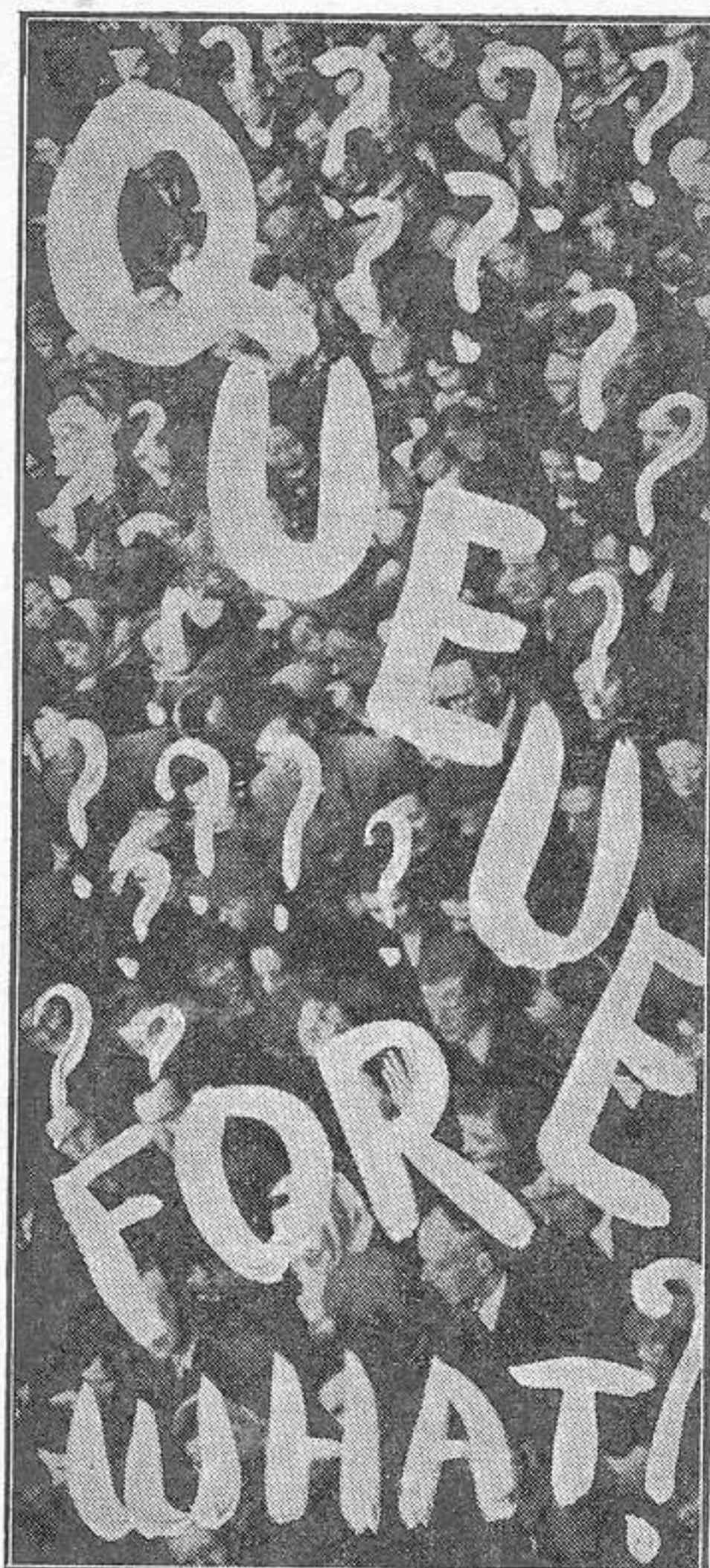
Here I will confine myself to the parents, my case being that one of the supreme necessities of our times is the need for them to remember and to apply the words of the Holy Father quoted above. A case is strengthened immeasurably by producing an example to bear it out. According to Edmund Burke, "Example is the school of mankind and they will learn at no other." The example in this case, however, is so obvious as scarcely to need mention. You have it crystallized in present world-wide uneasiness concerning the evil influence and effect on youth of an increasing flood of horror comics. So extensive and so serious is the harm done that the Catholic Church is no longer alone in her effort to stem the fetid tide. Men of every creed, and even of none, acknowledge now the effect and the cause, and many are endeavouring to remedy a situation becoming desperate. I read in the news very recently that the first world congress under U.N.O. auspices to deal with the matter is set to open in Geneva shortly. The matter has reached "summit" level.

Now, "if in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the

dry." If the still-life pages of the comic can inject so much poison into the mind of youth, what must be the potential of the living, moving film screen, since the two are as similar, but yet as different, as shadow and substance. The Holy Father says that "there does not exist to-day a means of influencing the masses more potent than the cinema." What is universally true of the public in general is especially true of youth in particular.

PASSPORT FOR CHILDREN

Fortunately, the film-producers have never been guilty of the depravity displayed by the production of these lurid "reek-rags" but, because of the screen's infinitely more powerful influence it be-



hoves parents to be constantly on the qui vive. Adult verdict that the film is a good one is not a sufficient passport for children. The film may be a good one taken as a whole, but parents should analyse the story and its presentation in detail with special regard to the "good and bad" sequence now so popular.

Where children are concerned, every element must be taken into consideration. A child has not yet any power of synthesis. It is hard for it, even impossible, to take an overall view of a film, especially when the script and cutting are not quite simple. From a fragmentary image of the picture, often only a few scenes, it builds its own story, frequently very different from the actual story. One harmful element in a picture, then, even if in our eyes it is outweighed by the general moral tone of the production and its ending, is a genuine danger. As an illustration of this, just recall to mind the various press accounts of juvenile court cases where you will find the delinquencies regularly modelled on gangster or highwayman tactics seen in the films—the bad sequence. Remember, there are other films, many others, with less violent but far more child-harming "bad-sequences."

AGE NOT MEASURED IN YEARS

I have been speaking of "children" and "youth" without reference to age or years, for time is not the standard of measurement here. It is the mental age which has to be considered and this does not necessarily correspond with the physical age. By these terms, then, I mean all young and undeveloped minds in danger of harmful influence. Hence, the question of "age" becomes an individual one for the particular parents and it is one that requires the exercise of very careful judgment by them.

Finally, I will give you a useful guiding principle in this whole matter, if you will pardon the slight parody. For children and the world of films, "the evil men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with the ending of the film."

P. L.

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DRAMA—

Continued from Page 13.

safe general principle the less movement the better. Most inexperienced actors move and gesticulate ludicrously on the stage. This may be due to nervousness, but it means that the actor loses power and communicates his uneasiness to the audience, which in turn makes them uncomfortable. Any unnecessary movement, for instance, fiddling with one's pipe or excessive cigarette smoking is irritating and distracting. The audience, with their attention focused on the actor, observe the slightest gesture. A mere nod of the head, shrug of the shoulders, or a suspicion of a smile convey very effectively the inner decision. Undue movement and gesture link up with a tendency of some amateurs to overplay their parts. Actors, of course, must live their parts and play with sincerity, force and power, but often their zeal is travelling in the wrong direction. Where harsh and forceful methods fail, restraint, suggestion and the oblique touch will work wonders. Again, any excessive shouting or ranting can be very nerve-wrecking and disturbing. Observe the best actors and see how restrainedly yet powerfully they play their part.

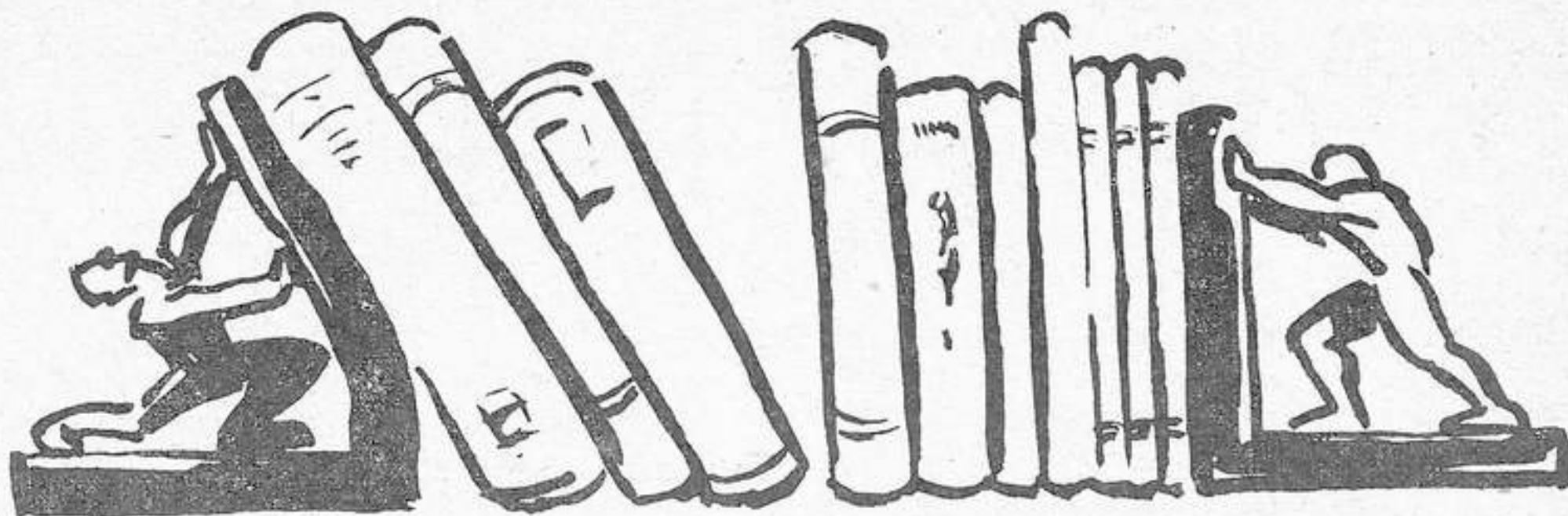
The College Players opened their season in September with a welcome return of "The Colleen Bawn." This play, with its local associations, had a great appeal in the past. It provided light melodramatic entertainment—a fitting hors-d'oeuvre for the more substantial dishes to come. The first of these, "The River Line," by Charles Morgan, was capably handled. In all, the College Players hope to emulate last year's splendid achievement by again producing twelve plays. I have still fresh and pleasant memories of last season's "Is the Priest at Home," "The Rope," and Sierra's "The Kingdom of God." It is an extraordinary reflection on Limerick City to see long queues outside the cinemas and only fair audiences in the Play House.

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BOOKS

CALVARY IN CHINA

REV. ROBERT W. GREENE, M.M.

(Burns & Oates, London).

Price, 16/-

Most of us will have read accounts of the Penal Days in Ireland : we are glad that we had not to live through that sad period, and we are inclined to think such atrocities could not take place in our modern world. But Father Greene, of the Maryknoll Missions, brings home to us very vividly in his *Calvary in China* that such things are actually happening in China to-day.

On reading this account of his own experiences from December, 1949—his being cut off from his flock, imprisonment and final trial and condemnation—we cannot help uttering a silent prayer for him and his many companions in distress. Still more must we feel deep sympathy for the Catholics of China when we have read what has become of those of just one parish. But the most distressing of all is the fate of children. Those whom Father Greene had baptised and brought to the altar-rails for the first time were formed into Communist Youth Corps. They immediately lost the love of parents and respect for old age, when given positions of authority under the new People's Government. Young boys accused their fathers publicly, and had them executed that very day. What a change in China, where noble relationship between children and parents had been regarded as sacred for thousands of years.

Father Greene himself is eventually condemned to be beheaded, but "the merciful Mao Tse-tung" commutes the sentence to expulsion from China. His

dramatic rescue of the Blessed Sacrament before his final departure brings to the reader a feeling of happiness as he comes to the final pages.—B.C.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ROGER CASEMENT

HERBERT O. MACKEY.

(C. J. Fallon, Ltd., Dublin).

Price, 7/6

No book on Roger Casement could be dull for the Irish reader. At present, in view of the recent discussion about having Casement's remains interred in Ireland, the publishing of this book is of special interest.

Casement was in many ways one of the most outstanding Irish patriots. His character, from the point of view of steady adherence to principle and cool calculating powers of intellect, is similar to that of Padraig Pearse. So far, with many, Casement is almost unknown, or, worse still, misunderstood. He was painfully conscious of this himself : "It is a cruel thing to die with all men misunderstanding, misapprehending, and to be silent for ever." But our historians have made him live and speak again for us. This is particularly true of this book, which puts Casement before us principally by means of original letters, documents and contemporary records. All these are happily integrated, so that the book retains its unity while giving us a true picture of varied life.

The notes found by the prison chaplain in Casement's overcoat just after his execution give us a deep insight into his last moments. "..... If I die to-morrow, bury me in Ireland, and I shall die in the Catholic Faith, for I accept it fully now. It tells me what my heart sought long—but I saw it in the faces of the Irish. Now I know what it was I loved in them, the chivalry of Christ speaking through human eyes..."

This book on Casement is moving and interesting.—B.C.

EVIE HONE —

1894-1955

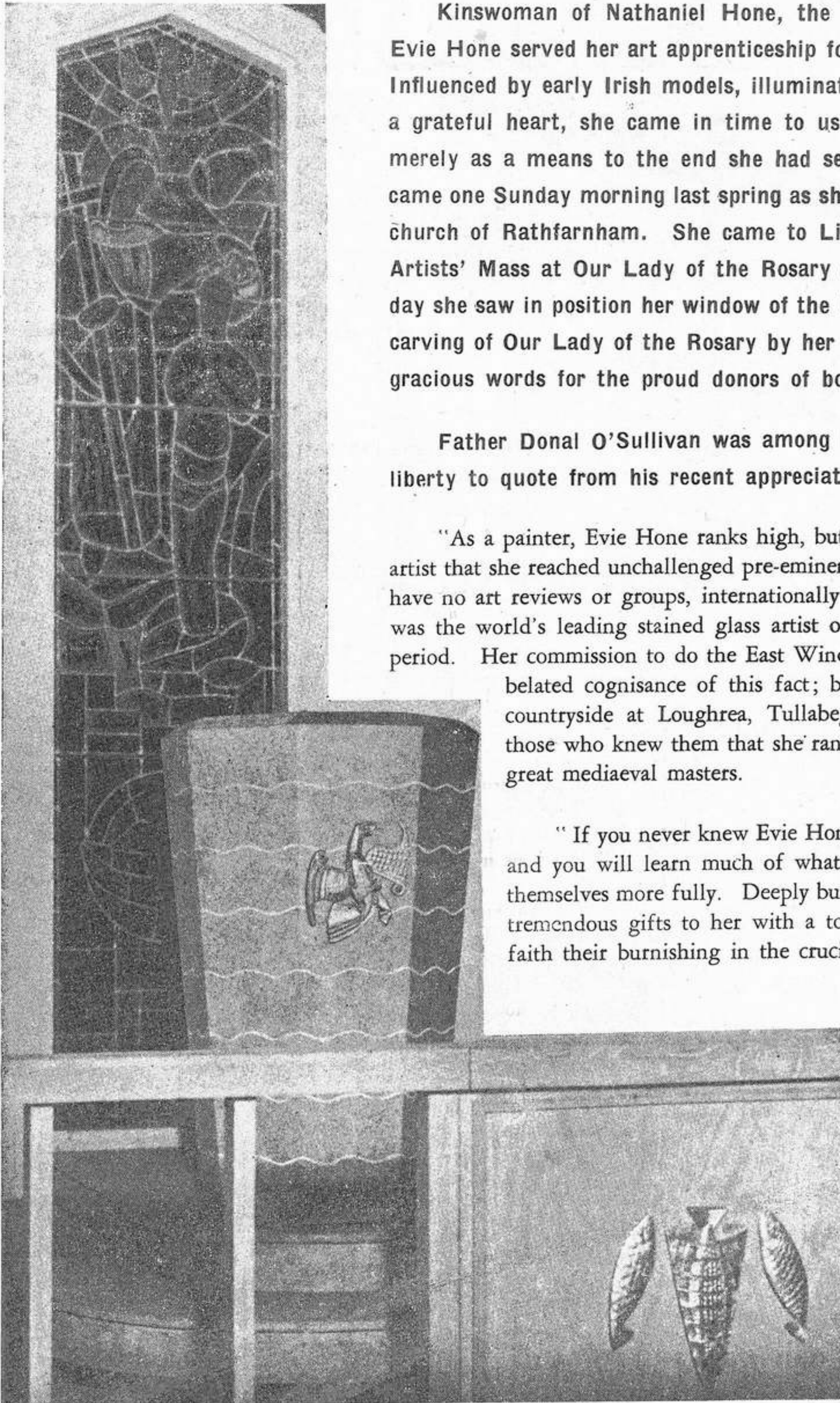
Kinswoman of Nathaniel Hone, the eighteenth century landscape painter, Evie Hone served her art apprenticeship for years in the school of Albert Gleizes. Influenced by early Irish models, illuminated by the Faith she had received with a grateful heart, she came in time to use the abstract methods of her master merely as a means to the end she had set herself. The goal of her pilgrimage came one Sunday morning last spring as she was on her way to Mass at her parish church of Rathfarnham. She came to Limerick in June, 1952, to assist at the Artists' Mass at Our Lady of the Rosary on the Feast of Saint Columba. That day she saw in position her window of the Baptism of Christ, as well as the wood-carving of Our Lady of the Rosary by her friend, Oisín Kelly. She had typically gracious words for the proud donors of both works.

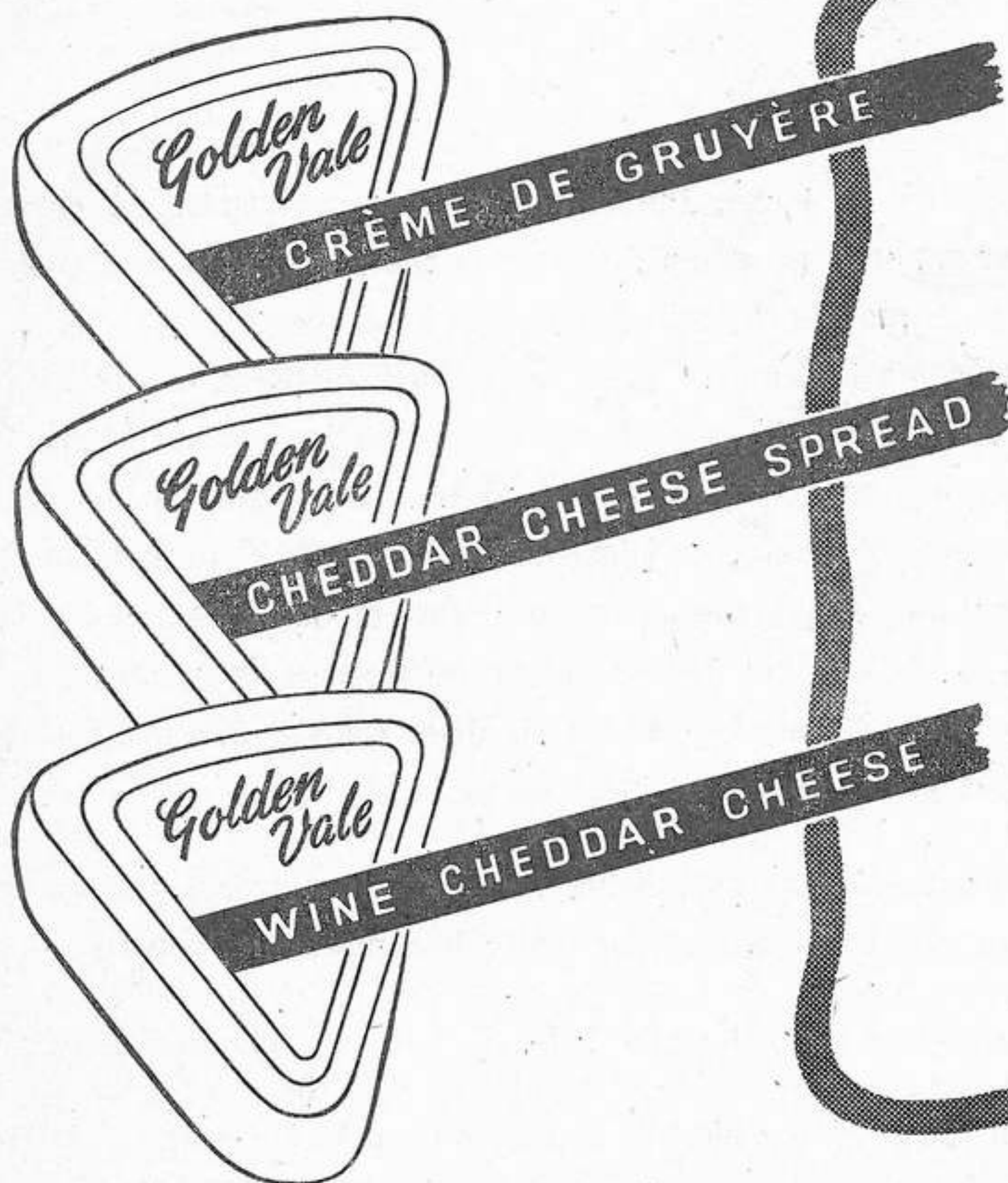
Father Donal O'Sullivan was among her first notable patrons, and we take liberty to quote from his recent appreciation of this remarkable woman :—

"As a painter, Evie Hone ranks high, but it is above all as a stained glass religious artist that she reached unchallenged pre-eminence. Let us make the claim boldly, for we have no art reviews or groups, internationally powerful, to make it for us. Evie Hone was the world's leading stained glass artist of her day and one of the greatest of any period. Her commission to do the East Window at Eton shocked a wider public into a belated cognisance of this fact; but her windows in the quiet of the Irish countryside at Loughrea, Tullabeg and Kingscourt had already convinced those who knew them that she ranked with, and in some ways surpassed, the great mediaeval masters.

"If you never knew Evie Hone, try to approach her work with reverence and you will learn much of what she was. For few artists have expressed themselves more fully. Deeply but unostentatiously Christian, she took God's tremendous gifts to her with a touching humility and accepted with serene faith their burnishing in the crucible of life-long suffering.

"Ever a seeker for what was noblest and purest, she rested neither on success nor pain and was dazzlingly remote from our petty drug-gings of vanity and self-pity. Integral to the core, saint and humanist, strong but gentle, reserved yet wondrously lovable, she has left to those who knew her the most radiant of memories and to all the world a work of undying holiness and beauty."





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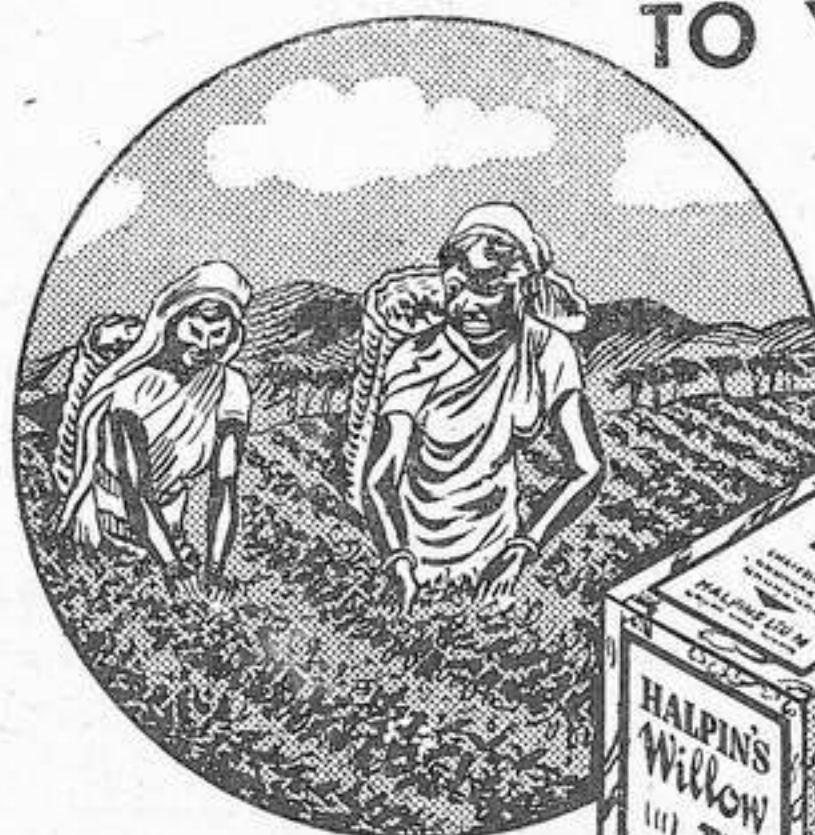
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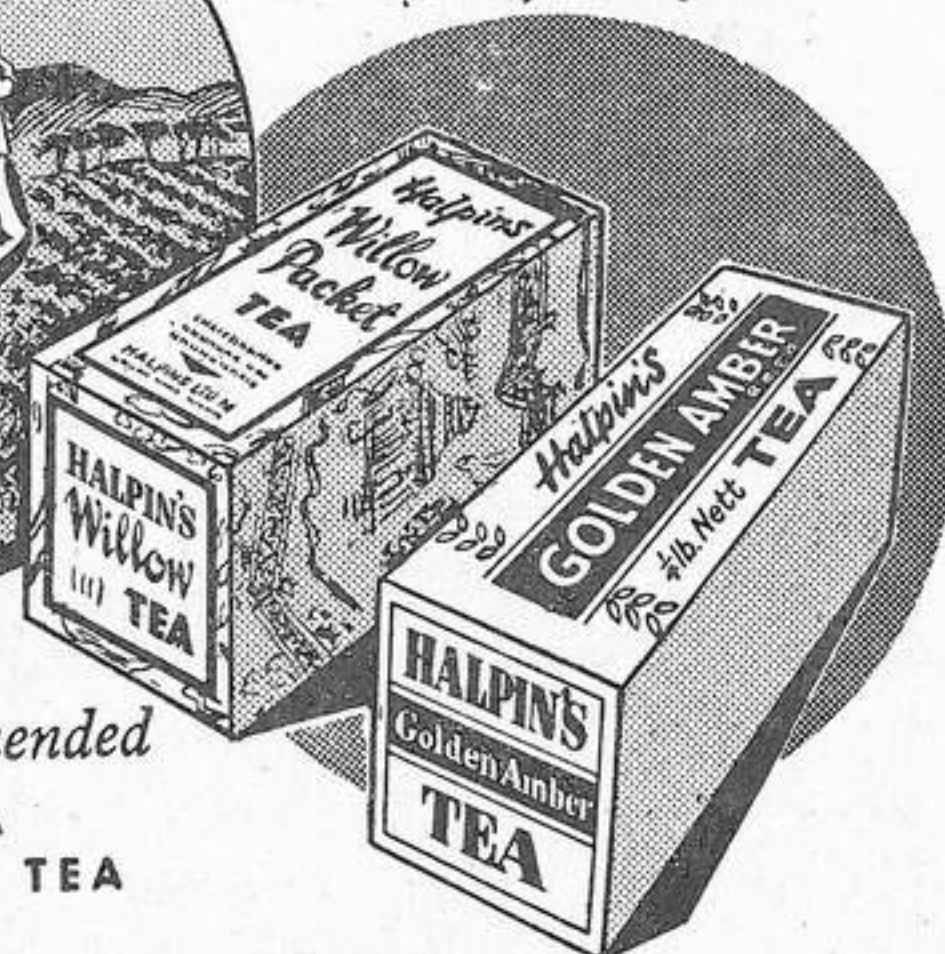
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KILMALLOCK—contd.

Continued from Page 9.

the Papal Legate, Cardinal Rinuccini, stayed at the Abbey on his way to Kilkenny. But the final eclipse of Faith and Nation came with the Cromwellian victory in 1652, and with it the eclipse and ruin of the Abbey and town of Kilmallock. And so it has been through Ireland's long night from 1650 to this year 1780."

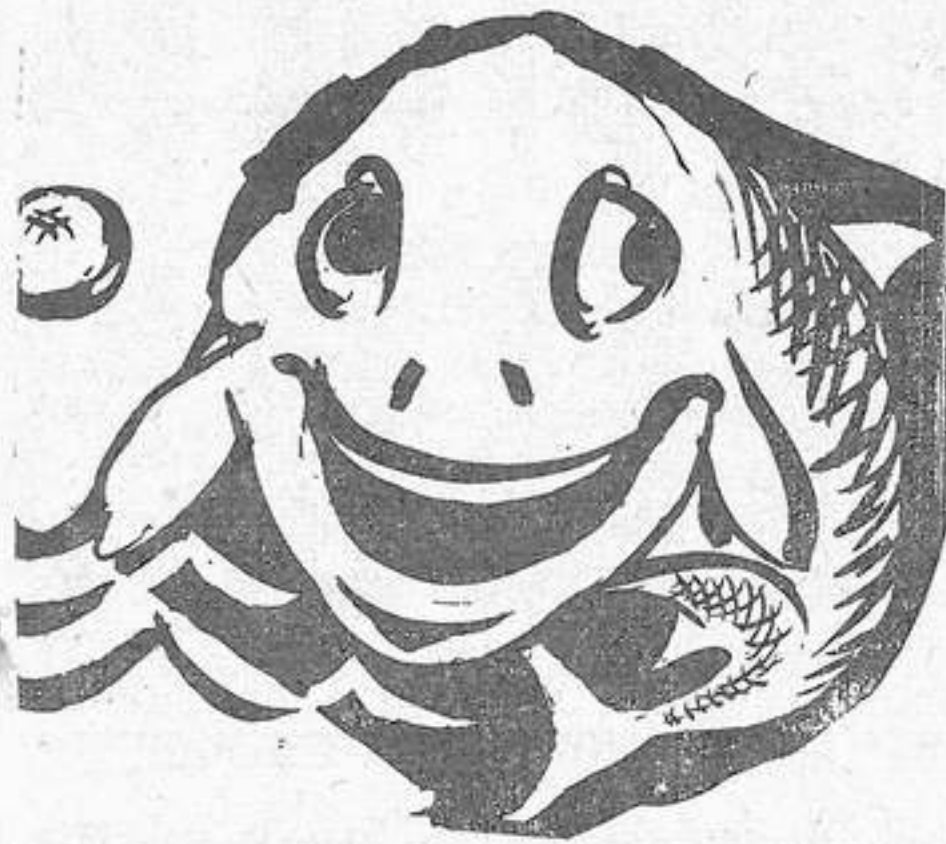
(You have probably forgotten, dear reader, that you are sitting in a coach in that year, looking at the town and listening to the story of its ruin).

But it would not be fair to leave you too long contemplating this melancholy sight, so let's come forward to October, 1955, and take up our stand on the Limerick road again as we began (it's only now, I notice that you are travelling on one of these latest Italian scooters). We look at our picture again. It has changed a good deal since 1780. The ruins of medieval glory are still there but it is no longer the dead town of 1780. It has come to life again. Prominent now on the right of the picture are the tall spire of the new church and the bright walls of the convent—and I am here myself to tell you the rest of the story.

About 1780, the Penal Laws against the Faith were relaxed and a church was built on the edge of the river at the place still called Chapel Height. It was a poor structure and some still living recall worshipping there with the river flood water on the floor. By 1879, the Catholic community had come into its own sufficiently to erect a worthy church and the present fine church was built in the years 1879-1889. The window over the High Altar is a replica of the corresponding one in the Abbey and the church was dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul as its ancient predecessor in the town had been. Thus was symbolized the bridging of the gap—the passing of night and the coming of day again.

Forty years afterwards, in 1921, English soldiers left the town for the last time. Though the monks have not come back, a community of nuns has come, the Sisters of Charity of St. Paul the Apostle

Continued next column.



COD

"Regarding that fiver you owe me, old chap, I know trade is bad, so I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll meet you half-way. I'm willing to forget half of it."

"Right you are, old sport, I'll meet you and forget the other half."

* * *

An atheist was annoyed by the sight of a girl sitting next to him on the bus reading a religious book.

"You believe all that stuff about Adam and Eve?" he asked her.

"Yes," replied the girl.

"And about Jonas and the whale?" The girl nodded. "How do you prove it?" persisted the atheist. "Are you going to ask Jonas when you get to heaven?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"But suppose he isn't there, what will you do?"

The girl went calmly back to her book as she murmured, "Ah, then, you ask him."

* * *

Each time Murphy drove his car over 80 miles an hour, the motor set up a terrific knocking. He finally drove it to a garage for a checkup.

The mechanic looked the car over very carefully, but couldn't find a thing wrong with it. "At what speed did you

whose convent and secondary school were built in 1930, as was the Girls' National School nearby, where the nuns teach also.

We have come to the story so far. In our journey through the years, we have seen Kilmallock in its glory, its decline and its resurrection. Let us hope that its people will find in its past inspiration for the years to come.

say it knocks?" he asked.

"Eighty."

"Nothing wrong with the car," he stated flatly. "It must be the good Lord warning you."

* * *

A penitent, living on a far distant island, came to confession to the mainland. He had to admit that it was a year since his last confession. The priest suggested that he should go more often.

"Father," said the man, "I can't afford the time for the crossing by boat."

"Then come by plane," said the priest. "The new service is now open."

"Father," said the man, "an aeroplane is too expensive for venial sins, and too risky for mortal sins."

* * *

"How is your wife?" the man asked an old friend he hadn't seen for years.

"She's in heaven," replied the friend.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Then he realised that was not the thing to say, so he added, "I mean, I'm glad." That was even worse. He finally came out with, "Well, I'm surprised."

* * *

Little Mary had been told that thunder was nothing to be afraid of; it was only the noise the angels made when they were making their beds.

One morning after a storm, she remarked, "I didn't mind the angels making their beds, but it made me nervous when they couldn't decide whether to turn their lights off or on."



1. When was the Arch-Confraternity of the Holy Family established in Limerick?

2. How many Canons in the Chapter of Limerick Diocese.

3. During what years was Dr. O'Dwyer Bishop of Limerick?

4. Who were the first nuns in Limerick in modern times?

5. When was Rathkeale Parish Church built?

6. What internationally known Society was founded by a Limerick priest?

Answers on Page 26.

Short Story—contd.

What's in a name?

your point of view very well. As you say, the trouble was that all the selection committee were not present that day. So I would like to emphasise now that it is essential that all members of the selection committee we appoint for the coming year be present at every match. So let us leave it at that now."

Having been asked by the priest, Stack allowed himself to be gradually mollified, and Jerry Quinlan was able to present his Treasurer's Report.

This showed a balance of ten and sixpence and a sheaf of bills, some of them showing signs of great age. These were mostly claims for car-hire and their longevity was due to the fact that Jerry could not bring himself to pay a car-owner, who, as he used to say "would be going to the match in any case." Another contributory cause was that one of the finer points of the Quinlan financial technique was to pay on the nail any bills which he foresaw to be inescapable, thus leaving the treasury bare, when more disputable accounts were presented. So now, once again, the creditors had to be satisfied with an assurance of attention when the fund-raising schemes of the coming season came to maturity.

The meeting then proceeded to erect a magnificent organisational structure for the coming year. Members generously undertook commitments of all kinds. Committees were appointed. Plans were made for dances, raffles, whist drives, pitch improvements, home-production of hurleys, etc. It was most edifying. From experience, Father John knew that as much of this programme would be carried out as Gearod, Jerry and himself could get round to.

By now, Father John was fortifying himself with mental pictures of his sittingroom fire. He could see the flames frolics round the log which he had on the fender, ready to put on the moment he got in. His reverie was interrupted by the deep voice of Larry Maguire,

the Carrig spokesman, coming from the gloom at the back.

"Rev. Chairman, there is an important matter that I want to raise. Last year, there were eight Carrig men on the team and this year we expect to have nine. In my father's time (God rest him) there was always a team in Carrig and this year, if we wanted to, we could field on our own again. So we are proposing now that next year the team be known as Carrig."

"Do you want to break up the Club," shouted "Slasher" Higgins.

"We know what he want alright," came another voice from the gloom. "He wants to make sure that his three sons get on the team."

"In my time," said John Mike, heatedly, "we didn't worry what the team was called. We just went out and beat the stuffing out of the other fellows."

If this developed, Father John knew that the fire would be too far gone to light his log. But he knew a sure way out of the difficulty. "Now," he said, "this is not a matter to be rushed. We will have to consider it very carefully in the light of the best interests of the Club. I propose that we fix another meeting for next week to go into this whole question alone." Father John knew that in Kilmorna meetings were regarded as a form of public entertainment, corresponding to murder trials in metropolitan areas. Most of those present did not take any active part in the proceedings (though very vocal afterwards) but came to watch the drama, hoping for some stimulating clashes of personality (one involving himself would, of course, be regarded as a choice morsel). So now, his bait of another full evening's entertainment, with the possibility of a good row, succeeded, as he knew it would, in bringing the meeting to a close.

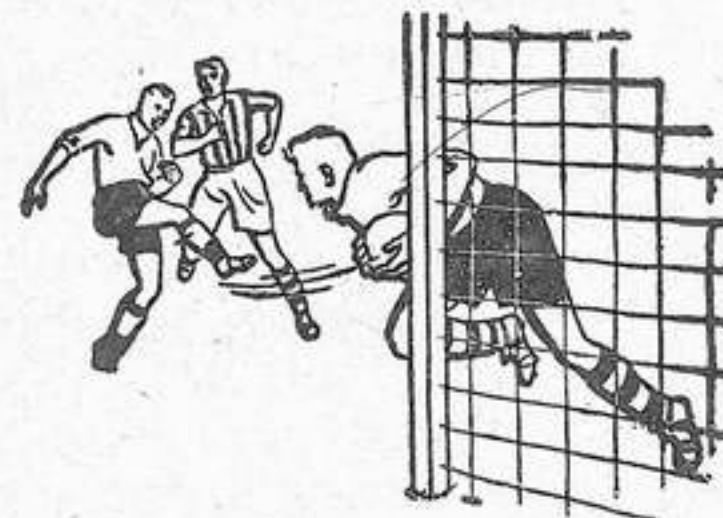
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As he nursed his fire into a blaze, Father John mentally listed the men he would have to get round so that the hoped-for row would not materialise and the audience be cheated of their fun. If all went to all, he decided, they might call the team Kilmorna-Carrig and Carrig-Kilmorna in alternate years.

WHO IS BEHIND A/P.—

Continued from Page 18.

is about 14,000. Now that the Soccer season is again in full-swing, the Committee expects a big increase in membership. Their target is 20,000 members, and



if this aim is achieved the contribution of the Pool to Diocesan needs will be doubled. We sincerely hope that the expectations of these hard-working men will not be in vain. The claims of Limerick's own A/P Pool for Limerick Church needs will not be lightly brushed aside by the men and women of Limerick.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ.

1. In 1868.
2. Thirteen Canons, with the Dean and Archdeacon.
3. From 1886 to 1917.
4. The Poor Clares, who conducted a school in St. Mary's between 1812 and 1831.
5. It was begun in 1867 and completed in 1873.
6. The Catholic Young Men's Society was founded in 1849 by Father Richard O'Brien, later Dean of Limerick.

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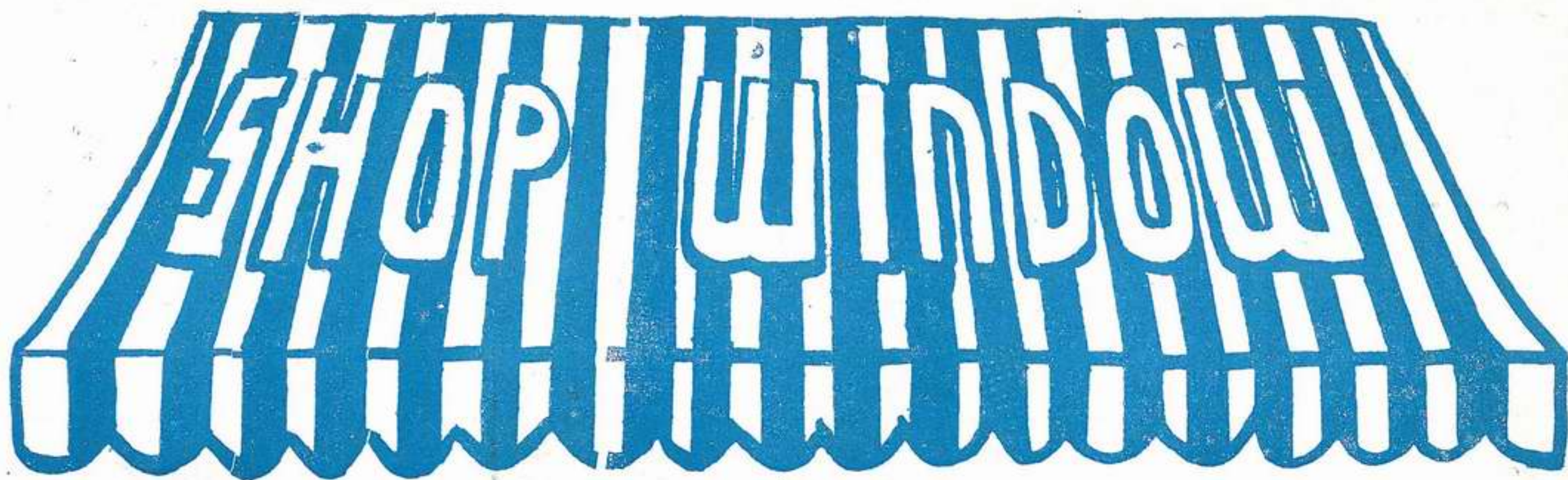
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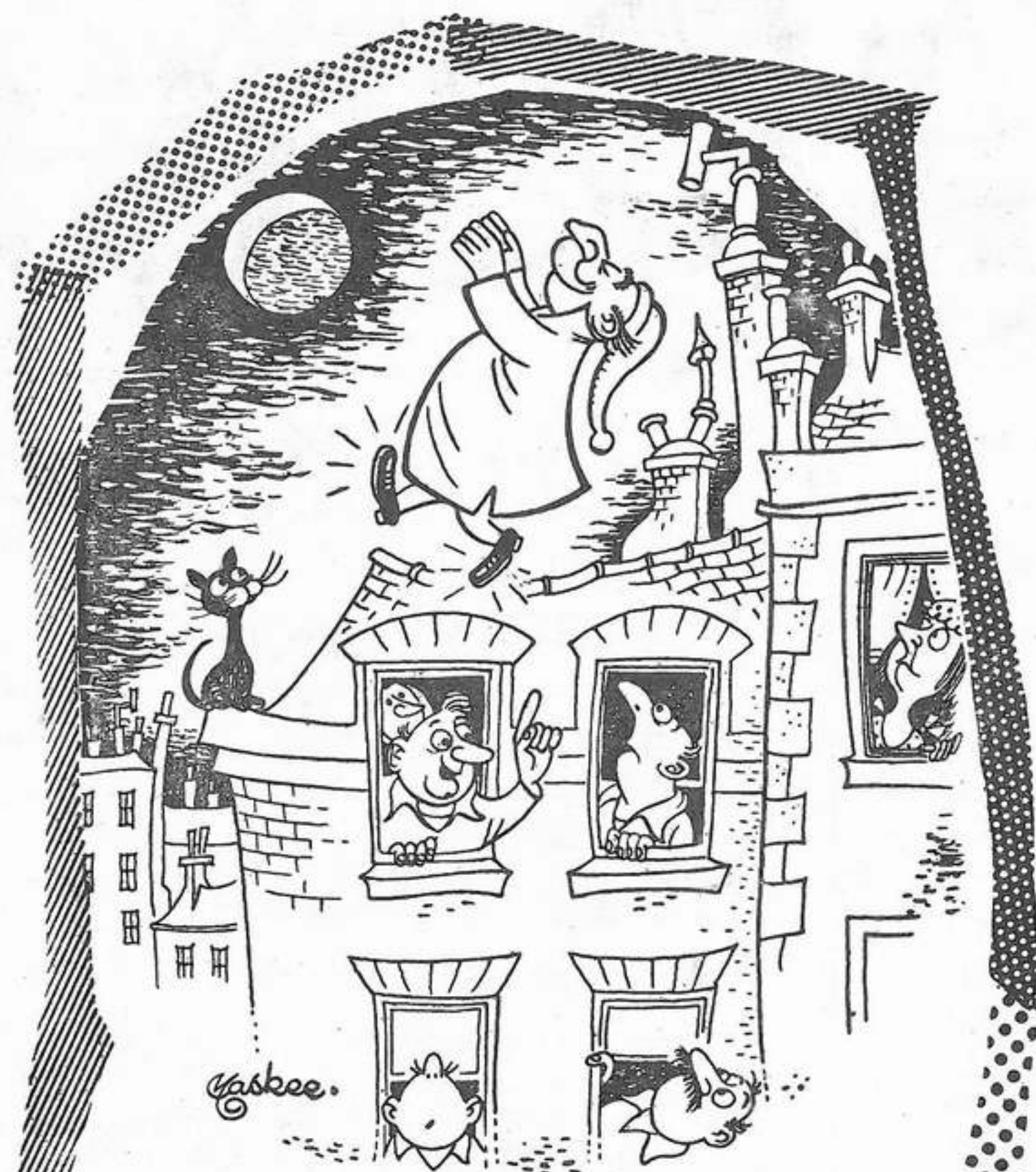
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