

Our Catholic Life

Greetings

CHRISTMAS, 1955

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SPECIAL FEATURES

Arch-Confraternity

Bishop O'Dwyer

Short Stories

Woman's Page

Children's Page

Photo Plates

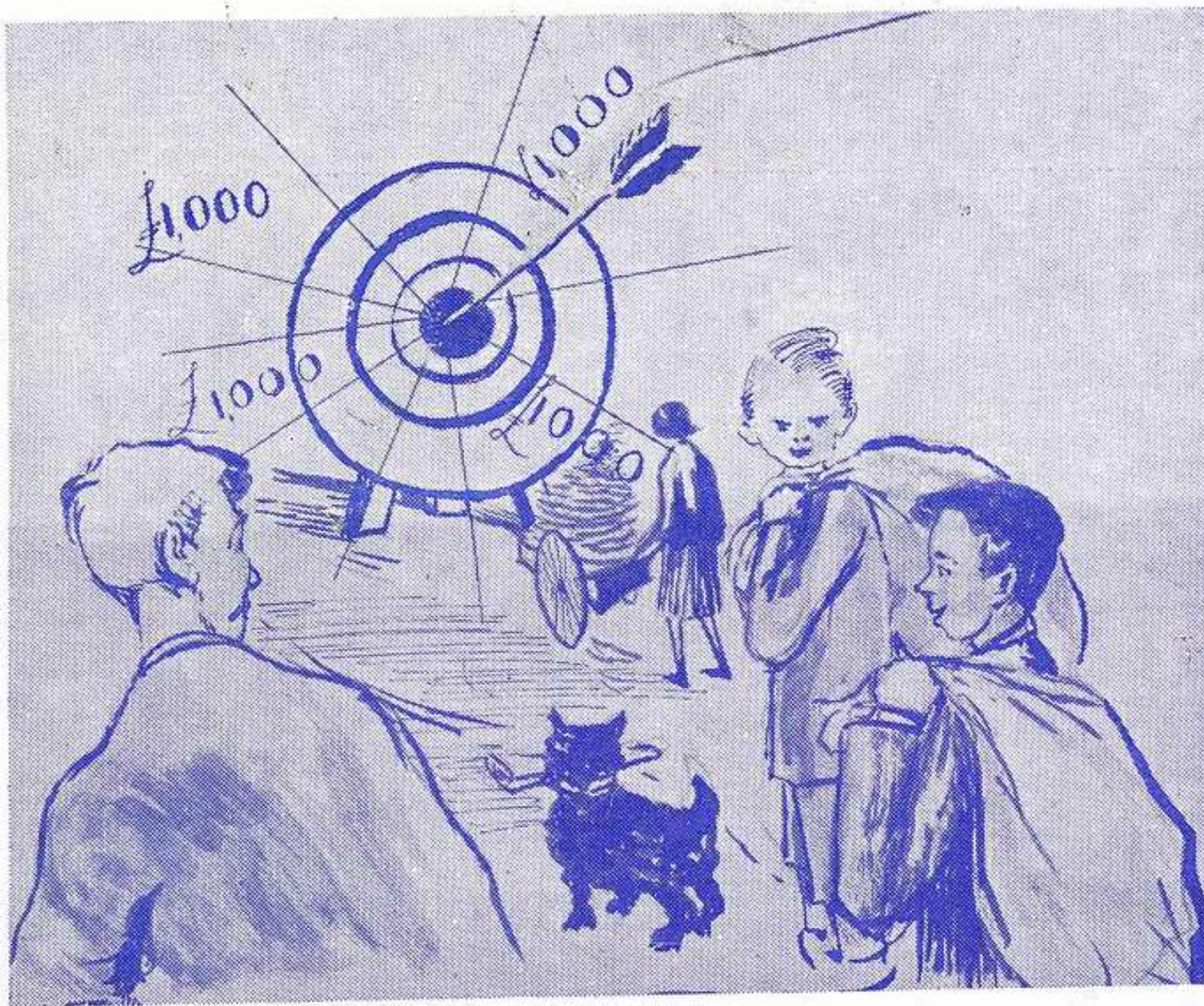


To our Readers

— AT HOME AND ABROAD —

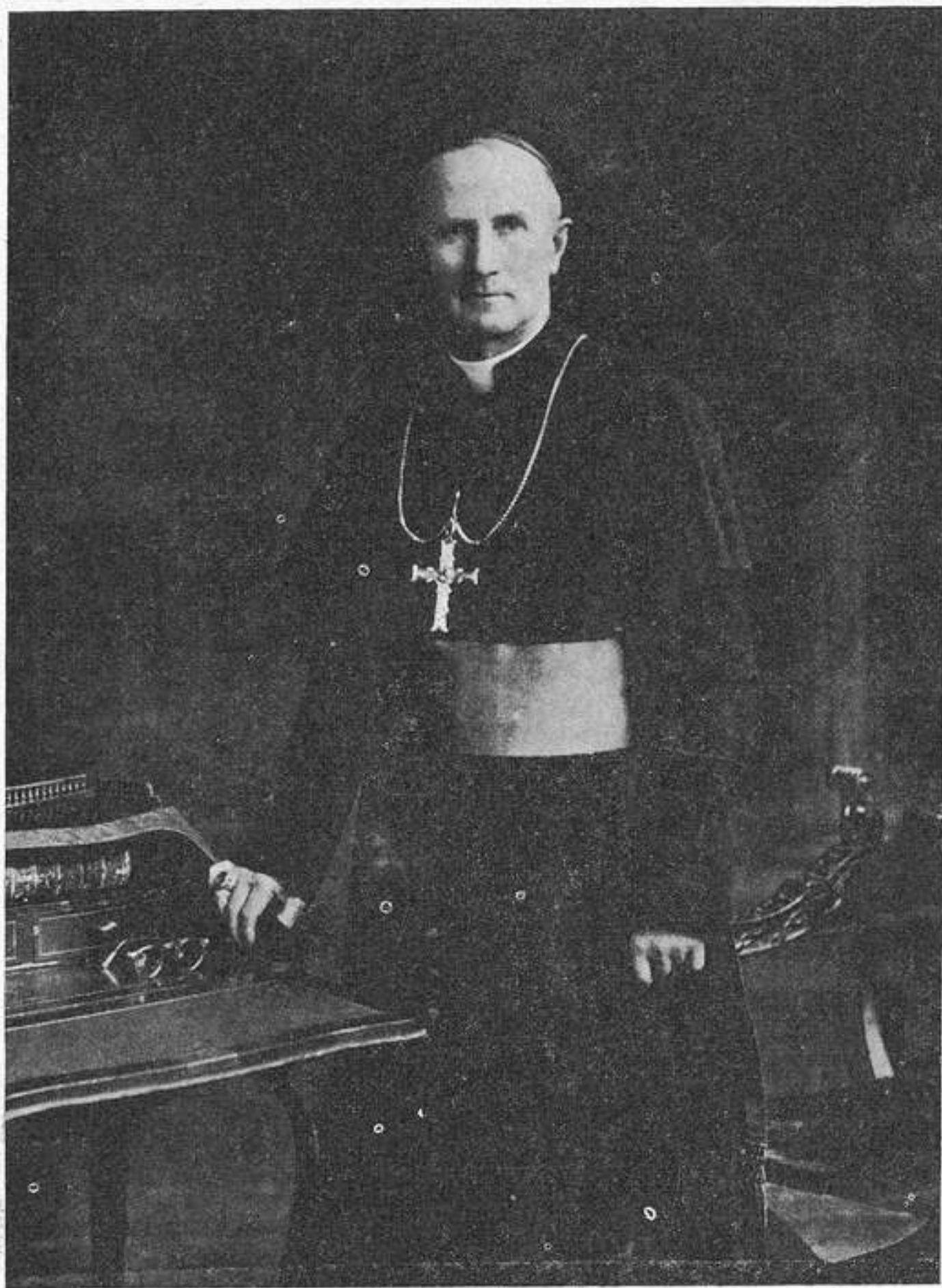
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As we celebrate the Feast of the Birth of Our Saviour, I wish to express my gratitude to the people of the Diocese for their continued magnificent co-operation in the work which we have on hand, and to pray that they at home, and all their kinfolk abroad, may share in the most abundant divine blessings at this Holy Season.

✠ P. O'NEILL,
Bishop of Limerick.

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OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

DECEMBER, 1955

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

Christmas Presents

CHRISTMAS is especially a family festival—a time of the year when everyone, young and old, wishes to be home, sharing the spirit of Christmas with loved ones.



FOR children Christmas means Santa Claus and his gifts—mysteriously placed in their stockings at night. For all of us it means homes gaily decorated with coloured paper and lights, with Christmas candles and trees. It means Christmas cakes and Christmas puddings and gay feasting. It means Christmas cards and Christmas presents to and from our absent friends. Without all this Christmas just wouldn't be Christmas.



YET, for us and for millions all over the world Christmas is first and foremost the birthday of Jesus Christ and we enter into the true spirit of Christmas by attending Midnight Mass or some of the many Masses on Christmas Day, by receiving the Infant Jesus into our souls in Holy Communion and by gathering round the Crib and repeating in our hearts the angels' song: *Glory to God in the Highest and Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will.*

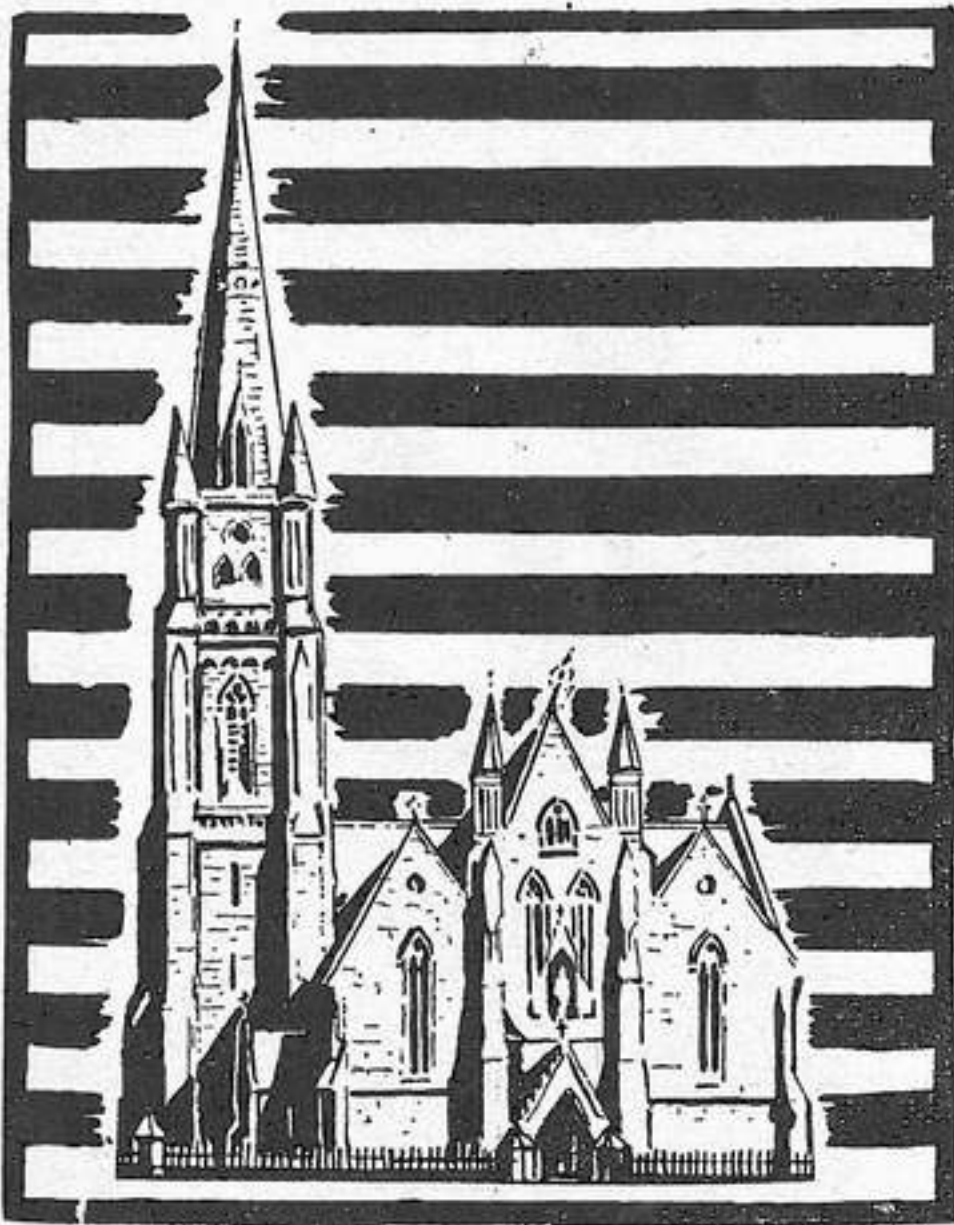


MANY of our emigrant friends have not the opportunity to celebrate Christmas in our Irish Catholic way. May we suggest that a copy of our Magazine, *Our Catholic Life*, will be for them an original and most welcome present. It will keep them in touch with home and help them to recall the real Christmas, which they so often celebrated there.



TO all our readers and their families we wish a happy and holy Christmas.

THE EDITOR.



Vol. II. No. 4

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All Communications and Letters to be addressed to:

The Editor "OUR CATHOLIC LIFE," St. John's Presbytery, Limerick.

Single Copies, 6d. each.

Annual Subscription: 2/6 post free.

Nihil Obstat:

Jacobus Cowper, S.T.D.,
Censor Deputatus.

Imprimatur:

✠ PATRICIUS,
Episc. Limericensis.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For permission to reproduce certain pictures in this issue we are indebted to the courtesy of *Echo Photo Service*, and the *Limerick Leader, Ltd.*

Any Questions?

Q.—What exactly are Agnus Deis?

A.—Agnus Deis are small discs of wax, bearing on one side the imprint of a lamb carrying a cross, and on the other side the arms of the Pope or the figure of a saint. The Pope blesses them in the first year of his pontificate and every seven years after that. They are a reminder to Catholics to put their trust in Christ, the Lamb of God, in the event of danger and an assurance that He will protect them, just as of old the paschal lamb saved the Israelites from the hands of the destroying angel.

Q.—Is it wrong for a woman, having used face make-up, especially lip-stick, to approach Holy Communion.

A.—The practice of women communicants using cosmetics can hardly be described as sinful, but at the same time it is a practice that cannot be recommended. The use of cosmetics, as St. Thomas says, "is a form of pretence," and surely, when approaching Holy Communion, we should be careful to put away the very suspicion of pretence. Again, the danger of the Blessed Sacrament coming in contact with lip-stick, or the possibility of it coming away on the hands of the priest, should urge women communicants to avoid the practice.

Q.—Must the Pope be always an Italian?

A.—No. As a matter of fact, in the 12th century an Englishman was Pope,



Pope Hadrian IV. At the same time, because Rome is an Italian city, it is only natural that it should have an Italian Bishop. Again, since the Pope is usually, although not necessarily, chosen from the college of Cardinals, by the Cardinals themselves, the majority of whom were up to recently of Italian nationality, it was reasonable for them to elect one of their own, known to them, rather than to vote for a stranger.

Q.—May a Catholic contribute towards the building of a non-Catholic Church or School?

A.—No, because to do so would imply his support for the furtherance of a religion which he knows to be false.

Q.—Why do people leave a lighted candle on the window on Christmas Eve?

A.—This custom is a very ancient and widespread one. It prevails in parts of France, Austria, Poland and Finland. The lighted candle gives an assurance of welcome to the hapless traveller seeking shelter on that night. It is done in remembrance of that first Christmas Eve, when St. Joseph and Our Lady had to wander around the city of Bethlehem seeking in vain lodgings for the night.



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DUAN NOOLO5



Triallam Air i tóir an lae,
So n-aóram. É so cóir,
Do rugaó dúinn iníu an t-É
Ih Rí—Cníort Slánúisteóir.

Cloirfeam ceól ar fead na rúige
Nár clumeaó ceana fóp,
Canfaio aingil an duan binn
"Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"

Feac anhrúó É, Rí na nShár,
'San máiréar íreat lom,
Flaic na noul, íora an Sháda,
Lias na n-anam bpann.

Molaó fó céad do'n Tigearna
Lágaé,
Ih fóp o'A Mácar cuibe;
Molam íorep leir go n-ápo.
'Sur seódam beannaéct an Tíir.

Sluaipiró nómánn doóairí na
tíreáto,
Leanam iad le bhróto!
Mar 'rugadó dúinn iníu an t-É
Ih Rí—Cníort Slánúisteóir.

PAÓRAIS Ó MÓRÁIN
(Ar Dánta Diaó,
Cló na Laoi, Corcais).

WORDS OF WISDOM

"To be civilised is to be incapable of giving unnecessary offence—*Agnes Repplier*.

"Keep smiling. It is a grand thing to cultivate a smile."—*Fr. Willie Doyle, S.J.*

"People generally quarrel because they cannot argue."—*G. K. Chesterton*.

MARY WALSH, AN EMIGRANT FROM KNOCKADERRY, HAD FLED IN THE YEAR OF THE FENIAN RISING TO AMERICA. ESTABLISHED AS A LAUNDRESS, SHE YET FOUND THAT NEW YORK'S EASTSIDE COULD BE AS GRIM AND DESTITUTE AS THE IRELAND SHE HAD LEFT. A CRYING URCHIN HAD LED HER TO A ROOM WHERE LAY A CHILD DEAD OF STARVATION AND THE MOTHER DYING. SHE WAS TEMPTED TO FLEE AGAIN.....

BUT SHE STAYED TO CARE FOR THE LIVING AND DEAD.



AND FROM THAT DAY WENT FORTH TO HELP ALL THOSE SHE FOUND DESOLATE



SHE GAVE UP HER JOB SO AS TO GIVE ALL HER TIME TO THE UNFORTUNATES IN HER CARE, BEGGING FROM DOOR TO DOOR FOR THEM

RACE, COLOUR, RELIGION MADE NO DIFFERENCE



THEY WERE UNWANTED ELSEWHERE - WHICH WAS ENOUGH FOR MARY.

SHE THOUGHT OF BEING A NUN - BUT HER CONFESSOR SAID NO!

YOUR VOCATION IS WITH YOUR POOR, MY CHILD.



IN 1879 SHE BECAME A DOMINICAN TERTIARY. THE SAME YEAR GAVE HER AS WELL HER FIRST COMPANION.

OTHERS FOLLOWED AND A NEW COMMUNITY WAS BORN. THE FOUNDESS OVER THE YEARS WATCHED THEM COME AND GO, SOME LOST IN DEATH - OTHERS DRIVEN AWAY BY THE SUFFERINGS THEY HAD TO ENDURE WITH THEIR POOR. COLD HUNGER, INSULT AND MISUNDERSTANDING WAS THEIR DAILY LOT.

ON OCTOBER 1903, MARY, 54 YEARS OF AGE AND ALREADY AILING, SUFFERED HER CRUSHING BLOW. SHE WAS EXILED FROM NEW YORK AND FROM HER WORK. HER INSTITUTE CRUMBLLED. SHE BEGAN TO GO BLIND BUT.....



HOW GOOD GOD IS. SACRED HEART OF JESUS I TRUST IN THEE!

THREE YEARS - IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME

NOV. 1906



HER HAND ONCE MORE AT THE HELM THE COMMUNITY RENEWED ITSELF WITH VIGOUR. 1909 SAW THEIR AFFILIATION AS DOMINICAN SISTERS OF THE SICK POOR AND AN EXPERIENCED DOMINICAN NUN TOOK OVER THE NOVIATE. IN 1911 THE FIRST NOVICES WERE PROFESSSED. FIVE MONTHS LATER MOTHER MARY WALSH WAS NAMED SUPERIORESS. IN OCTOBER 1922 AT THE FIRST GENERAL COUNCIL (TWO NEW FOUNDATIONS SENT THEIR DELEGATES) SHE WAS ELECTED FIRST MOTHER GENERAL. BUT SHE HAD WORKED TOO WELL. A FEW WEEKS LATER IN THE FIRST WEEK OF NOVEMBER SHE WAS DEAD.

NOT ALL OF THE THROGG WHO MOURNED HER WERE ON THE SIDEWALKS. HER SPECIAL FRIENDS, THE SICK POOR SALUTED HER IN DEATH AS IN LIFE FROM THE SHADOWS OF THEIR ATTICS AND TENEMENTS. AND IT WAS FITTING, FOR IT HAD ALL STARTED THERE - WITH A CHILD IN A TENEMENT... CRYING.....



DIOCESAN ITEMS

CHRISTMAS ARRANGEMENTS AT ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL

Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. School children will not be allowed to this Mass.

On Christmas Day the times for Masses will be the same as on Sunday. These are as follows:

7.00 a.m.

8.00 a.m.

9.15 a.m.

10.00 a.m.

11.10 a.m.

12 noon. High Mass, followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

ST. MUNCHIN'S DAY

St. Munchin, the Patron of the diocese, is honoured on January 2nd, the Feast of St. Munchin. Like St. Ita, he belongs to the whole diocese, but the Parish of St. Munchin has a special claim on him.

The solemn celebration in St. Munchin's Parish Church takes place each year on Sunday following the Feast if the Feast does not happen to fall on a Sunday. This year the celebration is fixed for Sunday, January 8th. There will be High Mass and Special Sermon at 12 noon.

ST. ITA'S DAY

St. Ita is the Patroness of the whole diocese, but she belongs especially to the parish of Killeedy. This year, as every year, the Feast will be kept with great solemnity on January 15th. There will be Solemn High Mass in Raheenagh Church at 11 a.m., with Special Sermon and solemn Benediction. There will be a general Confession on the Vigil and a general Communion on the morning of the Feast.

Natives of the parish of Killeedy who have gone their way return each year for the festival. Pilgrims, for that is what they are, visit the ruins of the Church of St. Ita in Killeedy Church Yard and "do the rounds" privately or in procession.

WASTE PAPER CAMPAIGN

Recently the Committee in charge of the Waste Paper Drive presented His Lordship with a cheque for £2,000, the proceeds from the first nine months. The

Bishop, in acknowledgment, has sent the following letter to Father Kennedy, C.C., St. Mary's, Treasurer of the Committee:

Corbally

Limerick,

Nov. 28th, 1955.

DEAR FR. KENNEDY,

In acknowledging the receipt of your cheque for £2,000, the proceeds of the Waste Paper Drive, March-November of this year, in aid of our Diocesan Building Fund, I wish to congratulate you and the other members of the Organising Committee on this splendid achievement. Gratifying as the results are, your detailed returns seem to indicate that there are still greater possibilities in the campaign.

My warmest thanks are due to all who have co-operated—the collecting centres, the householders, the business firms, institutions and schools—to make the paper collection such a remarkable success.

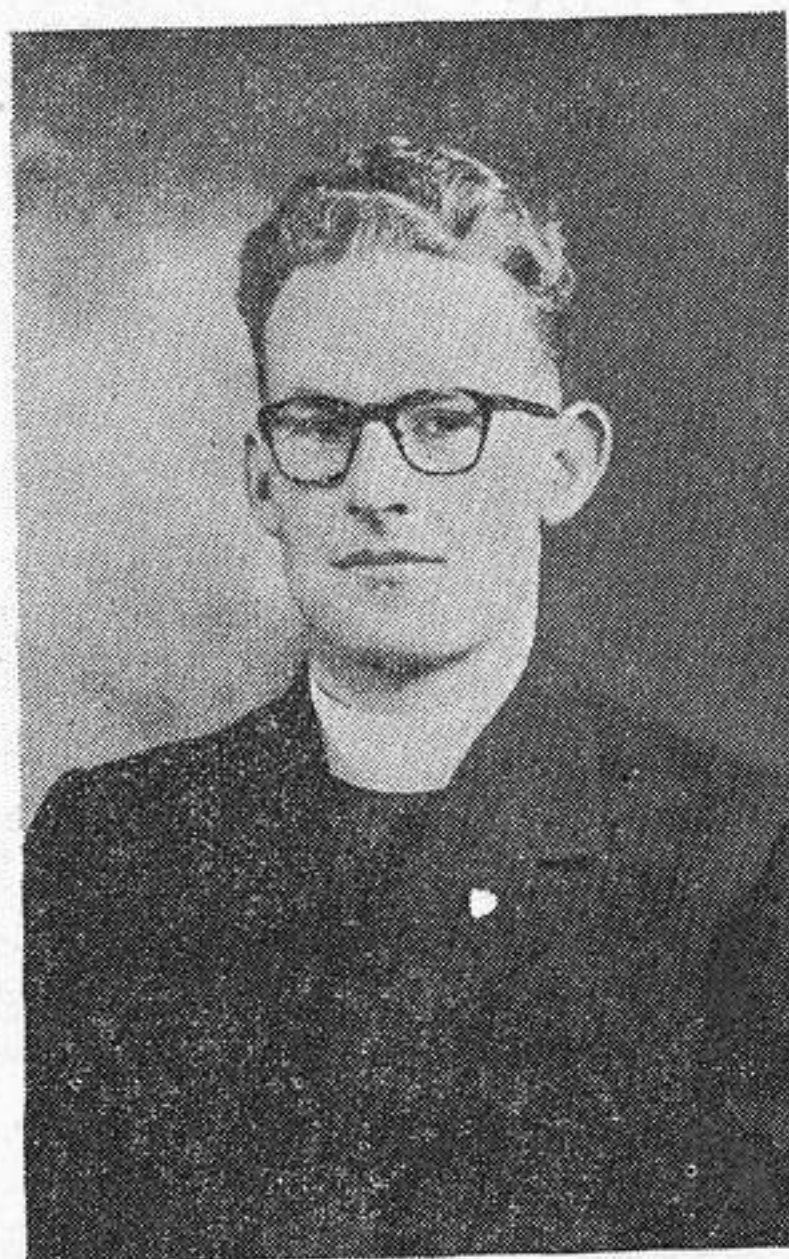
I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

✠ P. O'NEILL.

Rev. J. Kennedy, C.C.,
St. Mary's Limerick.

BACK FROM THE MISSIONS



Father Joseph Guiry has recently returned from Nigeria, West Africa, where he spent three years on missionary work. A native of Kilfinny, Co. Limerick, he was ordained in 1952 for this Diocese. With the permission of His Lordship, he offered his services to St. Patrick's Missionary Society, Kiltegan, and for the past three years has been working with St. Patrick's priests in Calabar. We wish him a hearty Cead Mile Failte on his return to Limerick.

RETREAT HOUSES

For Women

The Diocesan Retreat House for women attached to the Reparation Convent, Laurel Hill Avenue, Limerick continues to attract Retreatants in ever-increasing numbers.

Since its opening some years ago, thousands of Retreatants have borne witness to the peace, joy, spiritual and mental renewal which the making of an enclosed Retreat has brought into their lives.

All who wish can make an Enclosed Retreat. They are for young and old, rich and poor—Saint and Sinner.

There is the added privilege of having the Most Blessed Sacrament daily exposed in the Convent Chapel.

Retreatants come individually or in organised groups from the City, County and neighbouring Counties, for mid-week, week-end Retreats and Days of Recollection. All who have made Enclosed Retreats wish to repeat them, and, in turn, become zealous Organizers of the movement.

Our Lord's invitation, "Come apart and rest awhile," is for everybody.

For particulars apply to Reverend Mother.

For Men

The Redemptorist Retreat House, opened on 24th September last year, has now an average of 30 to 40 men making an Enclosed Retreat every week-end, from 8 p.m. on Saturday to 7 a.m. on Monday. Most of them are workingmen from Limerick City's principal shops and factories; some are from the County and from parts of Munster farther away.

The Retreat House stands in its own grounds on the North Circular Road, about a mile and a quarter from Sarsfield's Bridge, past the Condensed Milk Factory. The spiritual exercises of the retreat are so adjusted that there is no time for boredom, but enough time for thinking. Conditions are comfortable; the food is up to the standard of a good hotel; the payment is on a lower scale than in any hotel.

Anyone who would like to know more should write to the Reverend Father Director, Redemptorist Retreat House, N.C. Road, Limerick, or ring Limerick 882. Or ask anybody who has been there; there will soon be two thousand of them, we hope.

Famous Painting of the Nativity

This famous painting of the Nativity comes from the brush of the great Italian master, Correggio. The effect of light emanating from the Manger is so well rendered that the picture is generally known as "The Night." It contains all the atmosphere of mystery and charm which form the keynote of Christmas.



Peace On Earth



"Peace on earth," the angels sang,
In the hush of the still midnight.
"Peace on earth to men," they sang,
And the Eastern sky blazed bright
With the light of one triumphant
star.

"Glory to God on high . . ."
The Baby stirred on His bed of
straw
And whimpered a childish cry.



"Peace on earth to me," they sang,
And the Baby moved in His sleep.
Gently His mother touched His
Hand.

Some day she would weep
To see the deep gash of the nails
As she stood in that lonely place
Beneath the Cross, and gazed upon
The anguish of His face.



"Glory to God," they sang in praise
Of the Child Whom God begot.
"Peace on earth to men," they sang,
But Bethlehem heard them not—
Heard not the message of joy and
love

On that first Christmas morn,
Jested and laughed in the crowded
inn
Nor knew their God was born.

OUT OF HARM'S WAY

A little boy came home from school
and, as he arrived at the door, his mother
asked him if he had been a good boy. He
replied: "Sure I was good in school to-
day. How much trouble can you get into
standing in a corner?"

Christmas

REV. M. SADLIER.

CHRISTMAS is the great family festival and only in the home can it be properly celebrated. Home can be the most drab place at times, when the monotony of the daily round becomes oppressive or when leisure hours hang heavily upon us. But at Christmas it comes into its own. We feel that it is not Christmas at all if there is not some festivity at home.

Speaking of festivity, there is an odd and curious mixture in the traditional festivities of Christmas. We see nothing strange in thinking of a silent night, while bells ring noisily for midnight Mass. So in our family re-unions there is some of this Christmas mix-up. We feel that in our own we have all the company we can desire. Yet the door must be open in hospitality. We light a Christmas candle

and we don't need its light. But we would give the candles of the world to have been able to light the way for a young mother journeying to Bethlehem, nearly two thousand years ago. We think of the poverty and hardships of the Holy Family, and we sit down with undiminished appetite to the Christmas dinner. We decorate the house, build a blazing fire, and with every comfort at home we want to leave it and go over again to Bethlehem, to comfort the Divine Infant, who had no home to shelter Him.

We see no reason why we should not think one thing and do the opposite. As we see it, Christmas is not properly celebrated if everything is not mixed-up like this. Perhaps, there is no better way to express our gratitude for the strange and wondrous happenings of the first Christmas when, for our sake, the Son of God

the all-powerful, became a helpless child.

If it were only because it turns our thoughts for a day or two, to our homes, Christmas would be more than worth the weeks of preparation. Anything that strengthens the family spirit is good for religion and for the nation. For years now the tendency has been too much away from the home and family life. In a modern city, too many have come to regard the home as a place to eat and sleep. They are no sooner in from work when they are out again in the evening to some haven of public entertainment. Even in country places there is some weakening of the old tradition. Many of the younger people are losing the knack of entertaining themselves and their friends at home. Christmas, however, is just the time for getting back on the right lines. It is too good an opportunity to be missed.

This year, particularly, we cannot think of Christmas Eve and of all the trains and buses homeward bound without a thought for the thousands of emigrants who must spend Christmas in exile. We should have them in our prayers. In these

(Continued on opposite page)

CHRISTMAS ILLUMINATIONS



One of Limerick City's main thoroughfares illuminated during Christmas.

CHRISTMAS=contd.

OUR CATHOLIC LIFE. 11.

days, too, we would be heartless to enter into the Christmas festivities without a special prayer for our fellow-Catholics, whom persecution have left homeless. Not unlike the Divine Infant, they have to fly before the Herods of to-day, or be dragged from their homes like the Holy Innocents to die for sharing our belief in Christ and the peace of Christmas.

We often hear it said that Christmas is only a time for small children. Some say that only for the happiness the children get out of it Christmas would never be worth all the fuss and preparation. That, of course, is so much bravado. No adult will readily admit to a deep down longing for some of that untroubled innocence, that unclouded merriment, that is mirrored in the face of a happy child. Our Lord was not ashamed, as a grown man, to own to such a sentiment. "Suffer the little children to come unto me," He said, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Christmas, like the joy of heaven, is for the innocent at heart. It is Christ's birthday party, there must be a home atmosphere where we can be children again in spirit. We must topple the mountains of pride and fill up the valleys of depression. We must straighten the crooked paths of our dealings with one another. So can we remove every obstacle between God and ourselves and leave a royal highway for the Infant Saviour to come into our hearts and homes, with His Christmas gifts of peace and joy.



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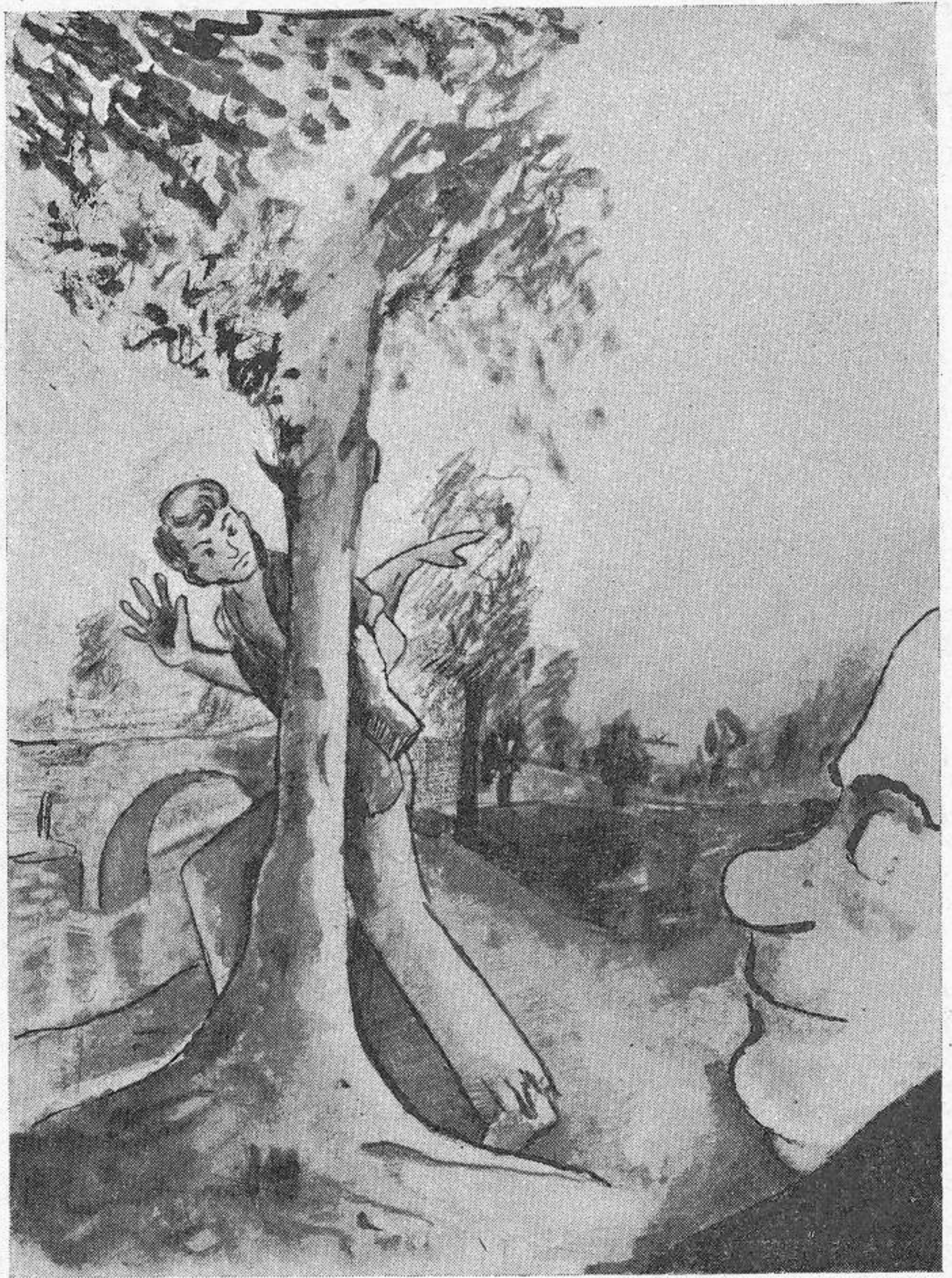
'Grams : "MINERALS," LIMERICK.

I SHALL never forget my first sight of him. He literally leaped into my life. I was strolling by the river, when with a graceful, noiseless bound, he leaped over the ditch into my path. So astonished was I at his sudden appearance that I stopped dead, and stared at him. He stared, too, with a half-defiant, half-mischievous light in his amazingly blue eyes. If it were not for their clear azure, and the mane of tawny gold that was his hair, I should have thought he was either Spanish or Italian. His skin was of a deeper shade than his hair—darker than gold, almost as brown as the peaty river bank, merging into copper where the open shirt revealed his chest. He was of average height and well-built, and I could discern the ripple of muscle under the thin shirt. He stood there, tense, like a symbol of motion miraculously suspended, a bird on the wing, a greyhound spread over the hurdle caught by the camera.

"Good evening," I said, recovering myself. He smiled, the white gleam of strong teeth was startling in his dark face. He seemed to relax. The blue eyes softened. He moved past me with a strange sinuous motion, sinking from his toes to the ball of his foot in an indescribable, animal-like gait. It was then I noticed protruding from under the tattered coat he carried on his arm, the tail of a salmon.

MICHAEL JOHN

I made enquiries regarding the extraordinary apparition in the hotel where I was staying. My enquiries evoked a regular saga concerning him. Michael John O'Malley was his name. Both his parents were dead and he lived with his



It was then I noticed protruding from under the tattered coat he carried on his arm, the tail of a salmon.

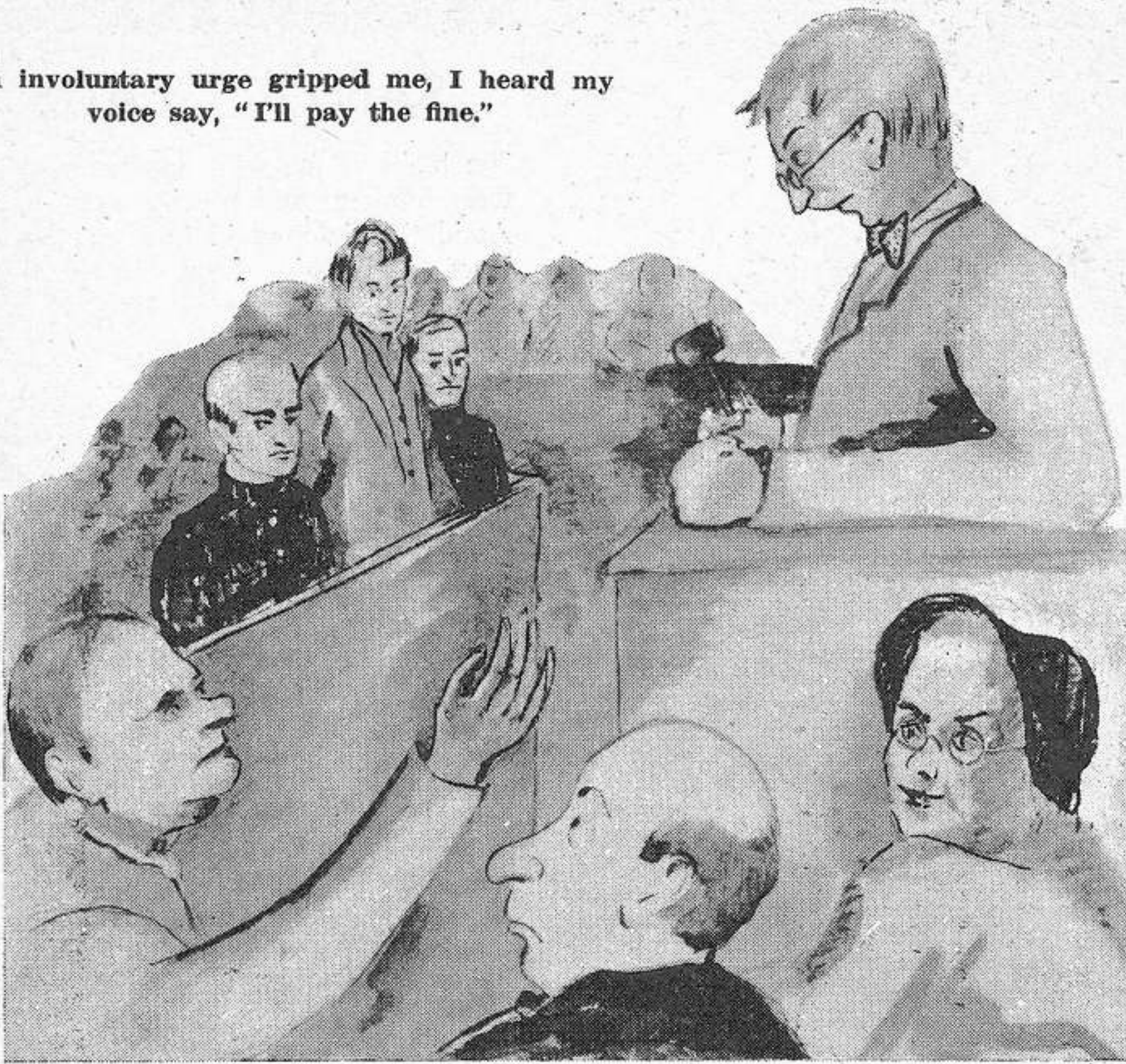
TAIL OF A SALMON

grandfather in a cabin on the side of the mountain, from which sprang the source of the river on whose bank I had encountered him. He spent most of his time poaching. He speared salmon, tickled trout, snared foxes, rabbits, badgers and otters. He knew every wile and whim of a salmon, every twist and turn of a trout, every stone, bush and cleft on the hills. He had a strange power over animals and seemed to prefer their company to his fellow humans. He could quieten the wildest horse, imitate any

bird's call and charm them out of their nests. In his haphazard schooldays he showed little intelligence and no application. He frequently "mitched," to spend the day running wild in the woods, or lying face downwards on the river bank, gazing into the clear water. When he was hungry, he would milk a cow, rob an orchard or steal hen eggs and such them from the shell. His grandfather beat him; the teacher beat him, but to no purpose. Michael John sat sullenly in his desk, enduring the tedium of lessons

until he was free to run out again to his kingdom of woods and fields. Even as a child he showed a talent for poaching. He could flash a gaff, thrusting it backward with a swift, skilful jerk, and there would be a silver, wriggling fish on the grass behind him. As he grew older his proficiency at poaching grew. Others banded themselves into groups to drag the river with nets at night, but Michael John disdained such methods. He was the King of Poachers—he kept to himself.

An involuntary urge gripped me, I heard my voice say, "I'll pay the fine."



All young creatures from day-old chicks to little children aroused a protective tenderness in him. One would see him stand for an hour benevolently amused at a family of ducklings essaying the water for the first time. Next day some of them might be missing. It was said that he had a poultry farm hidden among the hills, feathered trophies of his exploits. Certainly he occasionally sold a pair of chickens or a fat goose at the market. The Guards had summoned him for poaching but up to the present he had escaped with a fine. On the last occasion, his grandfather had to sell a calf to buy Michael John his freedom, and the exasperated old man had sworn that it was the last time he would pay. A fresh case was pending against Michael John in the sessions the following week, and the whole town, with the exception of the culprit, was uneasy as to what might be the outcome of it.

THE TRIAL

"Michael John's Case" was the chief topic of conversation in the little town during the days that ensued. I found myself sharing in the general suspense, and on the day of the court I joined a great number of the population in the court-house. Michael John made a sorry appearance. The readymade, navy-blue

suit that he was wearing was faded, wrinkled, and fitted him badly. His collar was dishevelled and his tie was more of a noose than a neck-tie. He held himself badly, shoulders hunched and head down, looking out shiftily from under surly brows. His brown face had a muddy look. Gone was his lithe grace, his jauntiness. He looked like a criminal. I could see that he made a bad impression on the District Justice, who spoke curtly to him, reminding him that this was by no means his first offence.

The Justice was speaking :—

"Ten pounds or three months in jail." Michael John raised his head. I saw the pallor creep under his tan. He reminded me of some wild thing caught in a trap, held prisoner from the deep glens and the wide fields he loved. I glimpsed the bewildered blue agony of his eyes. An involuntary urge gripped me. I heard my voice say, "I'll pay the fine."

Some days later I saw him. As he came towards me with that strange animal-like grace, I saw the ripple of hard muscle under the thin shirt. He smiled shyly. "Good evening, sir," he said, "I have a token for you." I saw it then, protruding from under the tattered coat which he carried on his arm, the tail of a salmon.—A. O'D.

Who Is Santa Claus ?

HE is Saint Nicholas, Bishop of Myra in Asia Minor in the fourth century, whose feast occurs on December 6th. A celebrated miracle-worker before and after his death, St. Nicholas has always been a very popular saint in the East. He is the Patron Saint of many countries and cities, e.g., Russia, Greece, Sicily, Naples, as well as of several classes of people, seafarers, travellers, merchants, and especially of children.

SPREAD OF DEVOTION

His body was stolen by Italian merchants in the 11th century and brought to Bari, in Italy. From here devotion to him was spread by the Normans throughout Western Europe, especially to the port-towns. There is still a Church and parish of St. Nicholas in Galway. There was also a parish of St. Nicholas in Limerick up to 200 years ago, when it was amalgamated with St. Mary's. The Church of St. Nicholas stood near King John's Castle, and the parish occupied the adjacent part of the Island, including the Dominican Priory and the Nunnery at Peter's Cell. The Church was destroyed in the 17th century. The Saint's name has survived in the name of the street that went through the parish—Nicholas Street. The medieval parish Church of Adare, which survived to about 1800 as the Protestant Church, was also dedicated to St. Nicholas.

MYSTERY MAN

The cult of Santa Claus seems to have originated in Protestant Holland. The miracle-working, patron-saint of children, whose feast occurs on December 6th, was gradually transformed into the kindly Daddy Christmas, the source of Christmas gifts for children, the mystery-man who came down the chimney to fill their stockings on Christmas night. The cult was popularised in America by Dutch emigrants, and from there it spread to England and Ireland. Commercial interests are responsible for the recent development of the cult, the Santa Claus of the Department Stores.





By Martha

WELL, women readers, we have successfully invaded the Diocesan Quarterly, and have been awarded a page to ourselves in *Our Catholic Life* to be filled with items of feminine interest. To me has been granted the privilege of writing the first Woman's Page. I confess candidly the laurels rest heavily on me. I have always been an avid reader of culinary articles and household hints that appear in journals and magazines. I have even tried some of the recipes printed in them, with disappointing results occasionally. That, perhaps, is not surprising. After many years of trial and error I can, without self-flattery, describe myself as a good "plain cook," who likes beef to look like beef, and to taste like beef, and chicken to be recognisable as the honest, succulent fowl it is. To my mind it is an epicurean sacrilege to disguise it in a batter, or dip it in wine, or detract from its delicious flavour by serving it with slices of lemon, or pineapple. In other words, I have an uneducated but healthy palate that appreciates savoury, straightforward dishes, provided that they are well cooked and served. I never expected that I should pontificate on a Woman's Page, masquerading as an expert in domestic matters, and impertinently offering sug-

gestions to readers who are probably more proficient at cooking and housekeeping than I. At least they have the satisfaction of knowing that the recipes I presume to offer are simple and fool-proof, and that friends of mine, more expert in these matters than I, have found them excellent. Perhaps the less experienced among you will find it reassuring to know they are the true and tried recipes of an ordinary housewife, that they are made from ordinary ingredients, and are both practical and inexpensive.

MARMALADE.

As the Seville oranges will shortly be for sale in the shops, I give you the following recipe for a thick, fruity marmalade. This is a quick and labour-saving method, as there is no necessity to allow the pulp to stand over-night. You will require three pounds of Seville oranges (approximately twelve oranges), or ten oranges and two lemons, and six pounds of sugar. Wash the fruit. Put it in a preserving pan or saucepan with sufficient water to cover, and boil, preferably with the lid on the pan, for two hours. Drain off the water, mash the oranges, take out the pips and put them in a muslin bag. As they are rich in pectin, a setting ingredient, they will be reboiled

(Continued on Page 33).



SANTA CLAUS

She looks at me with anxious eyes.
Dear innocent and trusting eyes!
Amid the shadows in their depths
I see the question form and rise.

Page

"A boy told me the other day—
He said there was no Santa Claus,
No reindeer sleigh, no bag of toys,
No silver bells"—a breathless pause—
She looks at me with worried eyes,
Accusing eyes of candid blue—
(Judas must have felt this way)
"I thought I'd ask you was it true?"

What shall I answer? Tell the truth?
If I do that a dream is dead—
A dear old man with jovial smile,
A kind old man in coat of red,
A friend she loved since she was born,
For eight long years, for all her life!
With a word I murder him,
With brutal, ruthless, verbal knife.
'Twere different if he could die
An ordinary, normal death,
Take sick and have the doctor call.
I cannot kill him with a breath.

She looks at me with worried eyes.
"I know the one we saw to-day
Was just a man dressed up," she says.
"His beard was stuck on anyway
And he was far too thin and small,
And not a bit like Santa Claus.
I think they brought him there," says she,
"The shop, I mean, to sell the toys.
But my own Santy—is he real?"

Psychologists will frown I know,
And truthful mothers horror feel.
They did not see those worried eyes,
Those sweet, defenceless, worried eyes.
"Of course, he's real, your Santa Claus."
Dear God, forgive a mother's lies.





Oh, Sweet Adare, Oh, Lovely Vale

Our Cover Picture for the July, 1955, issue—ruins of the Franciscan Abbey, Adare.

"Oh, sweet Adare, oh, lovely vale,
Oh, soft retreat of sylvan splendour,
Nor summer sun nor morning gale
E'er hailed a scene more softly tender.

How shall I tell the thousand charms,
Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
When lulled in Nature's fostering arms,
Soft peace abides and joy excelling."
—Gerald Griffin.

Father John is called upon to act as referee in . . .

THE FASTING CALL

THE morning sun shone as Father John drove out from Kilmorna village. It made the raindrops on the hedges sparkle and he thought he noticed a new sprightliness in the drivers of the creamery-carts that jogged past him on their way to Kilmorna. Yes, from the comradely way old Grouser Gleeson gave his ass a cut of the ash-plant, as he got out of the way of the car, one could see even he felt that Spring was in the air.



"She is worse than ever," said Tom.

Father John was taking Holy Communion to the old people. Soon he turned off the tar road and had to slow up as the car climbed over the rough surface. After a few miles he reached his first house, Curtin's, which was on the road-side. Here dwelt old Tom Curtin and his wife, Maggie, with their married daughter and her young family.

As usual everything was very neat and tidy. The kids were stowed away, the small table with the white cloth, crucifix and lighted candles stood in the corner, the kettle simmered on the stove ready for the tea after he had gone and old Tom sat, with his hat on, motionless and erect by the fire. He was over eighty, small, wizened and compact.

"God bless," said Father John, as he came through the open door, "it's a lovely morning, Tom."

"Tis that alright, Father," he replied, but dolefully and with a lengthening of the wrinkles that lined his face.

"Been fighting with Maggie again," thought Father John.

Going to the table, Father John said the introductory prayers and sprinkled Holy Water. As he was adjusting the violet stole, Tom said: "Father, sit down there a minute, there's something I have to tell you."

Father John sat down.

"She's worse than ever," said Tom, "I haven't had a minute's peace from her this past week. I'm wasting money because I smoke a few ounces of tobacco. I'm spoiling the children. I'm bringing mud in around the kitchen. And if I go out to stretch my legs, it's down to Mickey Owen's pub I'm supposed to be gone." Though this last complaint was presented as conclusive evidence of Maggie's deranged imagination, Father John knew that Tom was in the habit

of stretching his legs quite a bit.

"Ah, women, Tom, women," he replied.

"That's right, Father," said Tom with disgust, "women."

Then feeling that he had Father John suitably prepared for his interview with Maggie, he went down on his knees to make his Confession.

As Father John went into the room to hear Maggie's Confession, Tom said: "You'll find her in bed, Father. I wanted her to get up and the priest coming, but the old boy was picking at her and just to spite me she wouldn't."

Father John nodded at this further evidence of Maggie's depravity and knocked at the door.

"Isn't it I that am glad to see you, Father dear," said Maggie as he entered. "I've been so caught in the bones this past week that I was beginning to get afraid of myself."

Maggie was older and smaller than Tom, but in mind and tongue she was still razor keen, while her memory was a superbly organised archive, as any who had fallen out with her had reason to know.

Lowering her voice conspiratorially, and giving a knowing nod towards the kitchen, she motioned Father John to the chair by the bedside.

"Sit down a minute, Father, until I tell you about that ould fellow outside."

Knowing that the quickest way out was to listen without any interruptions that might lead Maggie into wider fields, Father John sat down.

"My heart is broken from him," said Maggie throatily into his ear as she gripped him by the arm.

"Broken," she repeated, emphasising the extent of the break with an increase of pressure on his arm. "I can get no good of him at all. The moment my back is turned he is down to Mickey Owen's. And the latest I've heard is that he is sponging pints down there. I always said, he'd disgrace us all yet."

Father John nodded compre-

hendingly.

"But sure the mi-ah was always in the Curtins. Didnt his ould father drink himself into the grave." "Father" (her grip tightened again), "if you could say a little word to him, it would be a great charity."

It would also, of course, be a supreme diplomatic triumph for Maggie.

He cast round for a suitable reply.

"Right, Maggie," he said, "we'll see what can be done."

"Wisha God bless you, Father, and you can be nice and stiff with him. He understands nothing else. And now let me tell you my few sins."

When he had heard her Confession, he went out to the little altar in the kitchen. He made sure to shut the door after him, so that she would not know what he said or

Continued on Page 25.



The largest Confraternity in the World introduced

The Arch - Confraternity

LIMERICK has been a city of destiny. Historically, what happened to it was in a sense what was to happen later in Ireland. In the story of its loyalty to the Catholic Church, this can be most clearly seen. The Treaty Stone will always hint at what might have been—but for a broken word. And yet, there is another and more powerful story of what is, because of a pledge that was honoured. In the sad years of the Puritan wars, while the city was being besieged by Ireton's armies, it was said that Our Lady appeared in the skies over old St. Mary's. That was accepted by the citizens as a pledge of her particular love and patronage. And in the terrible darkness of the Penal days, Limerick hoped and waited. The dawn came, and with it an unusual favour from the Mother of God.

THE FLOWERING YEARS

The simple outline of the Confraternity's development would of itself make interesting reading. Yet there is a danger in a mere counting of heads. Still, it is worthy of record that beginning with the 1,400 of January, 1868, the number has grown to-day to 10,000 men and boys. Both Leo XIII and Dr. O'Dwyer, Limerick's patriot Bishop of the troubled years, drew attention to a striking fact, striking for the last decades of the nineteenth century and even more striking to-day. Human associations are subject to the inevitable decay and withering of all human things. But the Confraternity has instead gone from strength to strength.

The present strength of the Arch-Confraternity is :—

St. John's Division, 2,400.
St. Michael's Division, 2,600.
St. Clement's Division, 2,050.
St. Gerard's Division, 1,200.
Boys' Division, 1,300.

The attendance at the recent half-yearly Retreats and General Communion was :—

St. John's, 1,778; St. Michael's, 1,677;
St. Clement's, 1,503; St. Gerard's, 754;
the Boys', 1,252.

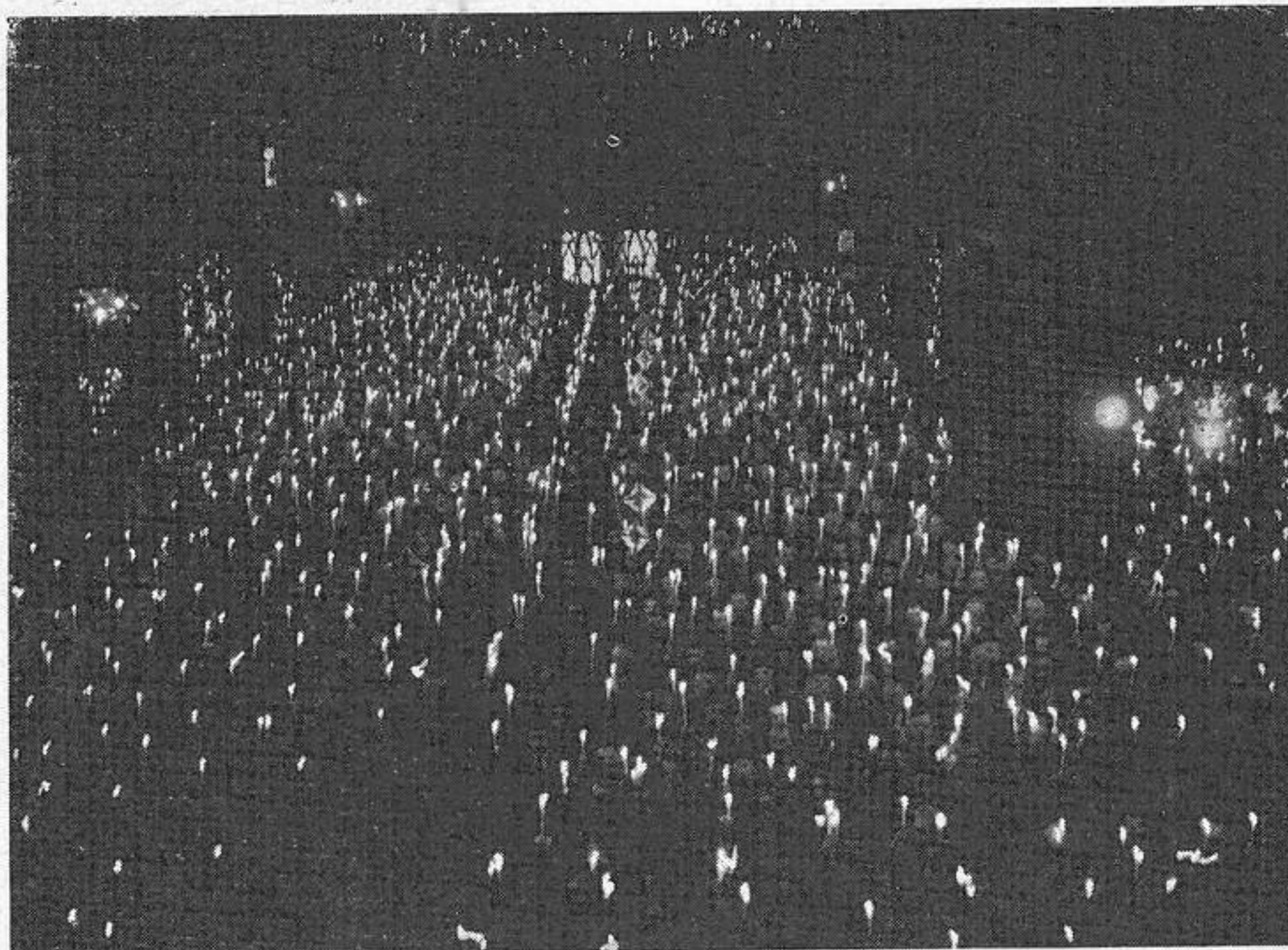
Our Lady's continued patronage is to be seen in that unwonted success.

Originally, as was only natural, most of the members of the Confraternity came from St. Michael's parish. That fact is enshrined in the name given to the Tuesday Division. It was necessary, however, even in the first days, to form a second Division for the members of the other city parishes who wished to join. The title of that Division, St. John's, records the debt of the Confraternity to the mother-parish of the diocese. But there was soon a problem to be met in the increasing number of boys who wished to

BEGINNINGS

The year 1867 will be always a bitter memory in Irish history. But in Limerick's story, it heralded a great blessing. The last three days of the dying year were given over to a Solemn Triduum to honour the arrival in the city of the first picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour from Rome. The city, which had claimed to be her city, gave her a royal welcome. Queen-like, she was not slow to show her gratitude. On New Year's day, 1868, while the fervour was at its height, a general mission was begun in the church of St. Alphonsus. Dr. Butler, one of Limerick's greatest Bishops, called that mission "Our Lady's Miracle." He was right. But something more wonderful

and more permanent came out of it. On the evening of the 20th January, 1868, Father Bridgett launched the Confraternity of the Holy Family. It was an historic occasion, and all the more striking as nobody seemed to have guessed just how much was being then guaranteed for the city's manhood. For over nine months, Fr. Bridgett, probably the greatest Redemptorist of these islands, gave all his time and talents to stabilising the work so enthusiastically begun. Early in November of the same year, he handed over the Directorship of the Association to Fr. Hall. Even then Limerick was aware that a new and unusual source of blessing had been given to her city by Our Lady. But it was to prove more fruitful than the most optimistic could have hoped.

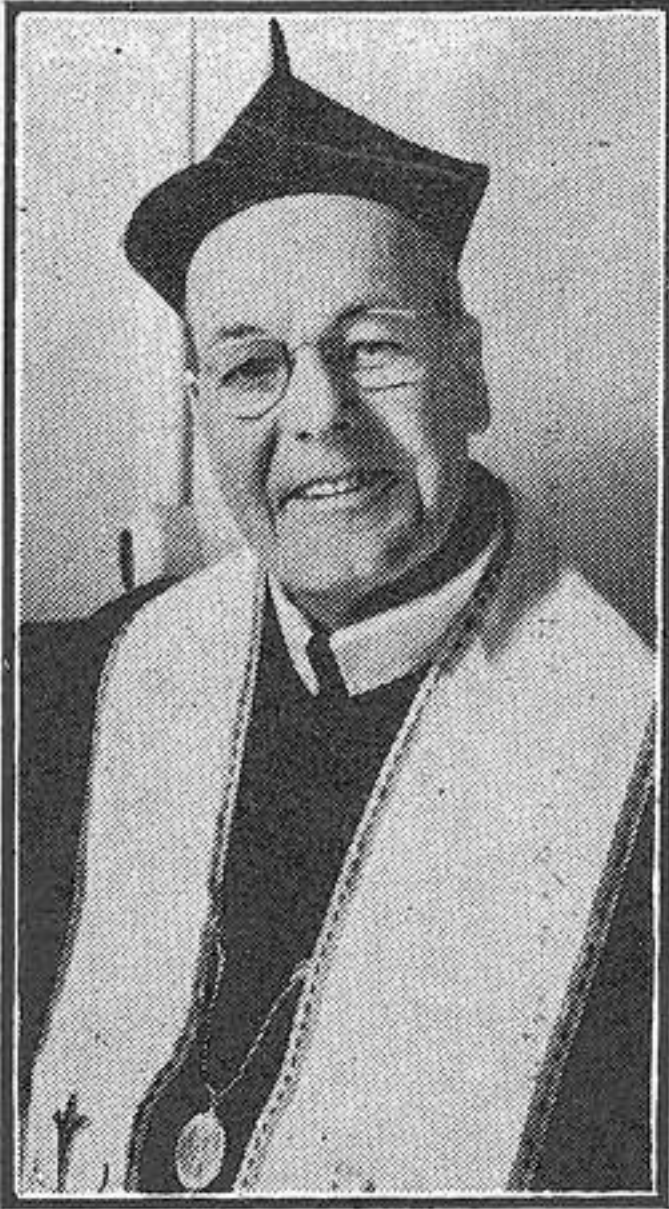


Our picture shows a typical ending to the men's retreat.

by their present Director in this issue of "Catholic Life"

of The Holy Family

By
FRANK T. RUSSELL, C.S.S.R.,
Director.



THE PURPOSE AND THE MEANS

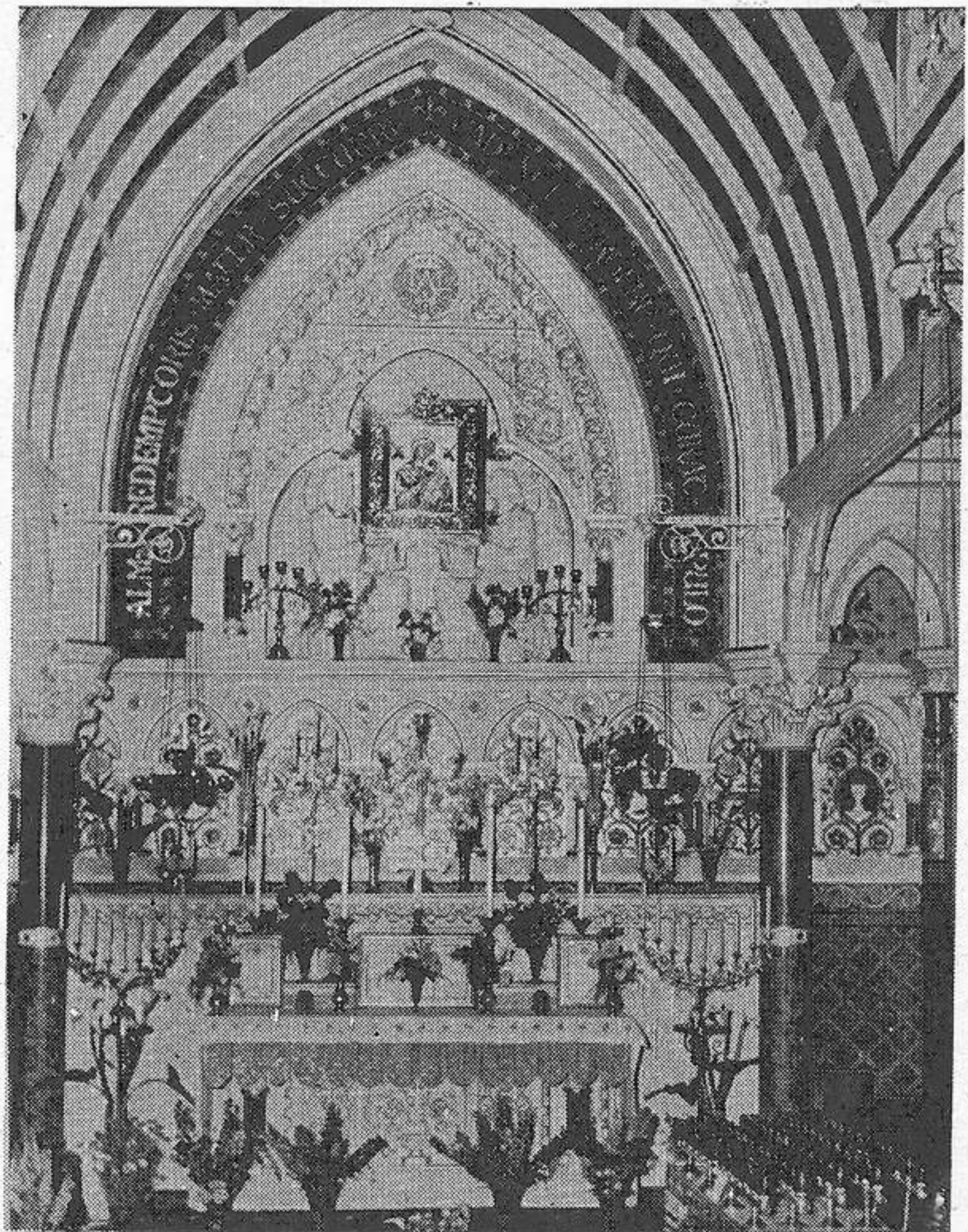
It would be temptingly easy, in the light of all this, to write off the story of the Confraternity as just another success story. Admittedly, Limerick can claim the world's greatest sodality, but the real story will not be read in this world at all. It is a story of the making of saints, a story written by the hand of God on the souls of the thousands, who since 1868 have lived and died as true Confraternity men.

The Catholic Church insists that the primary end of the whole idea is to form saints for heaven. But sanctity is a very misunderstood word. The true Catholic is the man who is living holily; he is not

the plaster-cast, the repository saint, with a colourless and faded spirituality. On the contrary, the true Catholic is a man of flame; his Catholicism is virile, passionate and overwhelming. After all, every Catholic is bound to be an "alter Christus," in his little world of the home and the workshop. What happens in a true Catholic heart matters for every other man. It is then a very onerous role to undertake to be Christ everywhere. But God has provided the means to enable His children to fulfil their astonishing destiny. On these means the Confraternity insists, but beyond insistence it also provides its members with unusual chances of availing of them. To suggest that

Continued on Page 21.

join the Association. The solution was arrived at in 1891, when a separate Division was set up for boys. It might have seemed to the silver jubilarians of 1893 that the Confraternity had reached its zenith with two divisions for men and one for boys. But the peak was not yet reached. By 1926 it was found necessary to add a third division for men. Under the patronage of St. Clement it has now grown to challenge the more senior groups, in fervour and enthusiasm. Modern times have brought modern problems. For the youth this is especially true. But the Confraternity idea is curiously up-to-date. There was no difficulty, then, in forming a separate division for junior men (13 to 18 years), to provide specialised formation for Limerick's future citizens. Under the patronage of St. Gerard, this division began its story just three years ago. Every week the five divisions of the Confraternity meet on five different evenings in the church of St. Alphonsus. The child, who enters after his first Holy Communion, passes successively through two divisions, and then, in maturer years, passes to one of the three men's divisions. He has at his disposal a true plan of life, and before his eyes, over the years, is the inspiring reminder of what St. Teresa of Avila termed, "the humble glory of being a child of the Catholic Church."



The altar of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour in St. Alphonsus Church, Limerick.



High Altar in St. Alphonsus Church, Lime rick, during Benediction on Christmas Night.

Confraternity—continued.

prayer, instruction and frequenting of the Sacraments will form and mould saints, is to suggest a truth as old as the Church and as proved as canonized sanctity. But, every week, the faithful members of the Confraternity are being vividly convinced of it.

The weekly meetings are begun with Our Lady's Rosary and other prayers. The sick, the absent and the dead are prayed for. In the instruction which follows, every aspect of Catholic life is dealt with. The members are instructed in what is necessary to fill their role in the world; they are reminded of what duty to God, to the Church, to their country, to their home and fellow-men demands. But it is not mere intellectual formation. The members have their monthly Confession and Holy Communion, and as well, two Retreats in the year serve to remind them of the unchanging truths, which in the great bustle of life men so easily and unhappily forget. In the Director of the Confraternity, too, every member has a friend, a guide, a consoler and a father. And what is of importance, there is the constant inspiration for all of the example and Christlike living of so many great and good men, whose lives are radiant with the glory of Catholic living. As G. K. Chesterson said, "The Catholic Church breeds men." The Confraternity proves it.

HUMBLE AND HIDDEN GREATNESS

Behind all the bustle and colour of the Association, there is its hidden greatness. And one day it will be revealed. In the factories and offices, in the places where Confraternity men are busy with their work, there is a hidden glory. True Catholics are building their eternity in just such surroundings. But it is the old challenge of Bethlehem and the paradox of Nazareth. It takes faith to see, and love to

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endure. But there are men, manly men, manly men, living with a faith and love equal to that. And the Confraternity points to them, and helps to make them. When the weekly meetings crowd the Limerick streets, remember what is being fought out in everyman's heart is just what is being fought out in Communist land in blood and tears. And Christ must win, because there are human hearts unwavering and loyal, although it is all secretly and humbly expressed in the simple fidelity of Limerick men to their Confraternity.

It was said that Our Lady appeared in the skies over old St. Mary's. But to-day, there is no need of a beautiful tradition. There is the living evidence of her special love and care over her own city and it is all expressed in the continual progress of the great Confraternity.

SLIGHT MISTAKE!

The irritating presence of Uncle Charlie in their home was the rock that almost wrecked the Brown's marriage. For ten long years, Uncle Charlie was with them, constantly nagging, finding fault, and getting first to the table. Finally he died. Driving home from the cemetery, Brown said to the wife, "Darling, I have a confession: if I had not loved you so much I could never have stood your Uncle Charlie."

Mrs. Brown's eyes widened. "What?" she shrieked. "I thought he was your Uncle Charlie!"

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Model yourself on Our Lord's Hidden Life, which yours will always resemble. As you cannot do great things, do little things greatly.

* * *

Don't think your acts of self-denial small because sometimes they don't cost you very much. It is the love which they express that is invaluable.

* * *

Remember that if you hadn't trials and difficulties, you would have little merit because you would have little to overcome.

If God bears with the very worst of us, we may surely endure each other.—

* * *

We are responsible for the words we ought to have said and did not; for the things we ought to have done and did not do; for the things we ought to have uprooted and let grow; for the things we ought to have planted and did not plant.

—Cardinal Pole at the Council of Trent.

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OUR ATTITUDE TO FILMS

MANY people assume, and it has been said to me, that our attitude to the cinema and to films in general is one of unreserved condemnation. This assumption, regularly attributed to any publication professing and promoting Catholic standards, is false and unwarranted. I have no hesitation in saying that many of Hollywood's productions provide excellent entertainment and are above reproach in that department which chiefly concerns us—moral standards. I am sure I could name a hundred off-hand, take all the Laurel & Hardy shows, for example, and the scores of operatics and musicals.

The fact remains, however, that the directors of the film industry have no



Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney as they appeared in Paramount's "White Christmas."

fixed code and will, as readily, produce a film that can be disastrous to the moral welfare of millions of people all over the world. It is because of and against the continued output of such productions that a Catholic magazine such as ours must

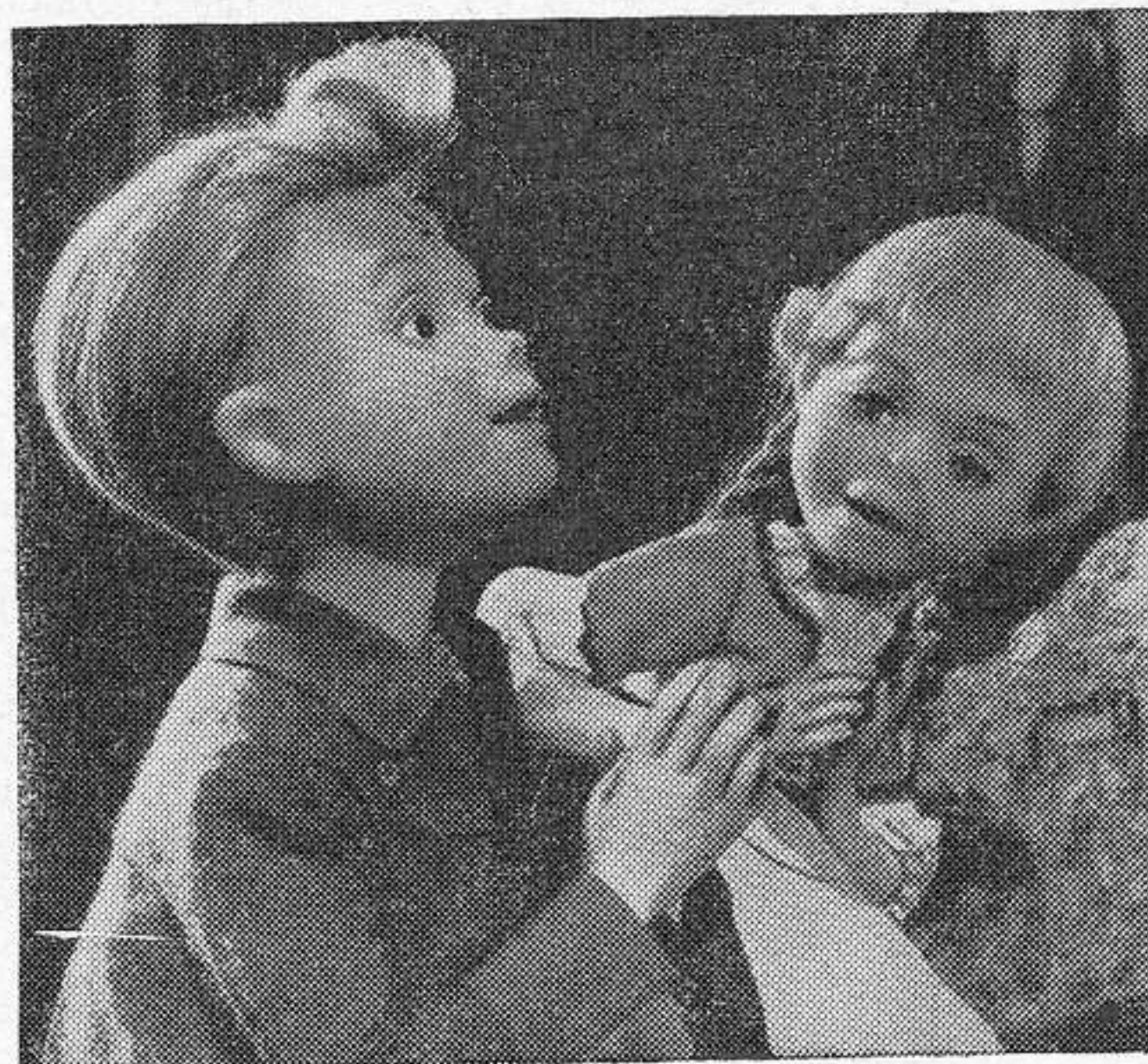
ceaselessly do battle. This is the basis for the wrong assumption I have mentioned.

THAT STRONG INCLINATION TO EVIL

It may be asked, if the position in the film world warrants all this vigilance and seemingly hostile attitude? You have heard of the League of Decency. This League, started in America in 1934, owes its existence to the then depravity of screen shows. In 1930, the directors of the industry in the United States recognised that the more marvellous the progress of the motion picture art and industry, the more pernicious it had shown itself to morality and religion, and even to the very decencies of human society.

EVENING PRAYERS

Although lost in the big forest, Hansel and Gretel remember to say their prayers before settling down to sleep. Many exciting things happen to them in this entertaining film enacted to Humperdinck's delightful music by electronically-controlled kinemins, perfected by Myerberg over the past 15 years. The characters are spoken and sung by many famous personalities.



They accepted the responsibility before the people of the world. In an agreement entered into by common accord in March of that year, and solemnly sealed, signed and published in the Press, they formally pledged themselves to safeguard for the future the moral welfare of the patrons of the cinema.

In spite of this wise decision, those responsible showed themselves incapable of carrying it into effect and it appeared that the producers and the operators were not disposed to stand by the principles to which they had bound themselves. The undertaking proved to have but slight effect and the parade of vice and crime continued on the screen. As a result the road seemed closed to those who sought honest diversion in the motion picture.

VIGILANCE ESSENTIAL AND EFFECTIVE

Then in 1934 came the League of

Decency. At a call from the hierarchy, millions of American Catholics signed the pledge of the Legion binding themselves not to attend any motion picture which was offensive to Catholic moral principles or proper standards of living. Not only Catholics, but also high-minded Protestants, Jews, and many others accepted the lead and joined the effort to restore wiser standards, both artistic and moral.

As a result of the ensuing pressure of public opinion, the standard improved considerably from the moral standpoint. Incidentally, it is now generally accepted that the vigorous action of the League of Decency played no small part in advancing the cinema on the road to noble artistic significance by directing it

towards the production of classic masterpieces as well as original creations of uncommon worth.

REMAIN ON GUARD

The tendency, however, of the producers seems to be to the side of the immoral film and some have continued to produce such films in face of the League's activities. These poisonous doses are circulating freely and, unfortunately, they receive glaring publicity. Thank God we have our censors to deal fairly adequately with this cockle but, in spite of their best endeavours, the censors are bound to be baffled sometimes, and a number of films with highly objectionable and harmful sequences do get through to our people. It then remains for the people themselves to emulate our American friends with that old effective Irish weapon—the boycott, lest they wish to run "the grave risk of losing their greatness and even their national power."

Our drama critic continues his general advice to Amateur Groups . . .

IN the last issue, I referred to diction and movement as two difficulties which confront inexperienced players. While clear diction and good movement are important and necessary for a successful play, they of themselves will not en-

DRAMA

By J. C.

ation should always be added. Here a group will show itself as some of the better actors will come to the assistance of the weaker ones at other than rehearsal times and so leave the producer freer to get on with the play. Again, the more discussion between the producer and the



sure success. Characterisation, pace and general interpretation will make or mar a production. Much will depend on the producer, but much more will depend on the co-operation of the players. Need it be mentioned that regular and punctual attendance at rehearsals is essential. Nothing can be more heartbreaking and frustrating for the producer and the players than carelessness in this regard. For a good production, wholehearted teamwork is necessary, and anyone who tends to disrupt this unity should be quietly dropped from the cast.

THE PRODUCER

All are agreed that, if possible, the producer should not be a member of the cast, but not all are in agreement as to

The Spanish play, "The Kingdom of God," recently produced by the College Players at The Playhouse. Above are all 28 of the cast, with the producer, John O'Sullivan (in centre).

the best method of production. Some producers who were, perhaps, in their day good actors tend to do the parts themselves and then try to get the actors to imitate them. Others, and I think rightly so, endeavour patiently and thoroughly to explain what exactly is wanted and why. In this latter way the actor will give an intelligent and individual interpretation, rather than an empty aping of the producer's acting effort. Of course, with the less able and less intelligent players this process will be slow and painstaking, but it will be definitely rewarding. Sometimes such players may have to be shown how the part should be played, but an explan-

ation should always be added. Here a group will show itself as some of the better actors will come to the assistance of the weaker ones at other than rehearsal times and so leave the producer freer to get on with the play. Again, the more discussion between the producer and the

THE ACTOR

Even though a play may seem to be technically perfect, sometimes the audience is dissatisfied with a production. Perhaps, it is due to a lack of sincerity and conviction on the part of the cast. And it may be here that some of our best amateurs score over the average professional company. Irish actors have not the polish and finish of a product of the Comedie Francaise, and yet we see the worldwide success of such as Sara Allgood, F. J. McCormick and Siobhan McKenna, to mention but a few. What is the secret of their success? Perhaps it

Continued on Page 28.

CHRISTMAS, 1955.

OUR PAGE



My Dear Children,

You will get a pleasant surprise for Christmas when you find you have at last got a page all to yourselves in "Our Catholic Life." I know you will enjoy reading it. If you learn the little Irish poem you can use it as a prayer to Baby Jesus when you visit the Crib. You will have great fun with the masks of the Three Bears. You will enjoy, too, the adventures of Peter and Pauline, the Murphy Twins.

By the way, don't forget to keep up your wonderful work in the Waste Paper Campaign. We have much to do yet before we see the shining College we are helping to build.

Now, Children, I hope you will have a very Happy Christmas.
God bless you all.

AUNTIE BRIGID.

The Murphy Twins

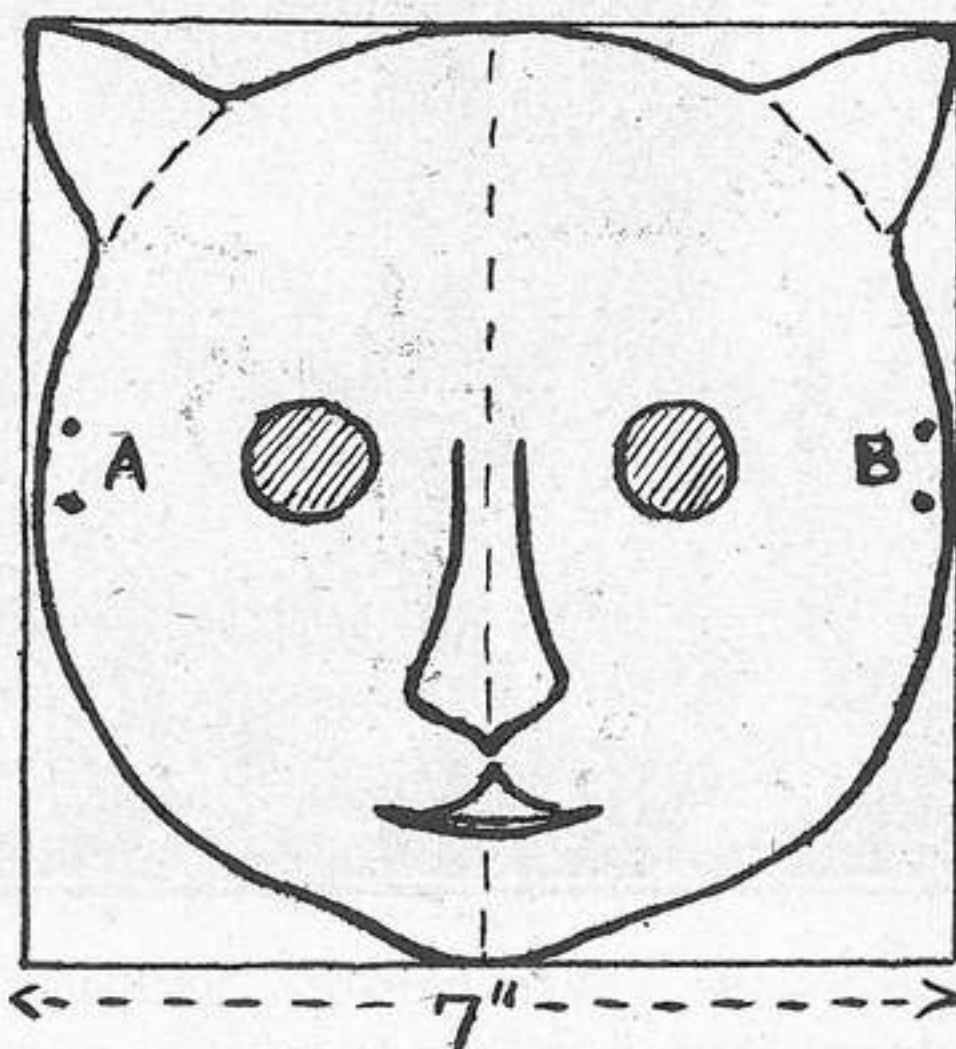
Peter and Pauline were twins, and this particular evening they decided to do something very brave. Sister Teresa had said at school that they should be kind to animals, so Peter and Pauline decided that they would be kind to Jim Hannigan's Nanny goat. They knew they would have to be very brave, but Pauline said they would have to do it, to make up for all the times they had thrown stones at Nanny.

Peter had a bar of toffee and Pauline had a lollipop and they were now wondering if Nanny would like them. They stood at the orchard gate and looked in, and there was Nanny nibbling at the fresh green grass. Peter, taking the lead, said "Come on, Pauline," and opened the gate. Pauline followed him, wondering if Sister Teresa really meant it to be as hard as this. Just then Nanny spied them. She knew nothing of Sister Teresa

or the toffee or the lolly, but she did know that these were the twins that used to throw stones at her, and they were now at her mercy. Down went her horns and she made for them at a full gallop. Pauline screamed and Peter grabbed her hand and ran behind an apple tree. Crash! Bang! Nanny had run into the tree, and down came a shower of red juicy apples, right from the top.

When Nanny got over the shock, she did not bother about the twins but ran right out through the gap in the hedge into Jim Hannigan's field. The twins ran home for a basket and Mammy was delighted when they brought her lots of lovely apples and gave them two of the sweetest ones each. So even if they didn't succeed in doing their good deed that day, they were rewarded all the same.

Something To Make



Take a piece of thin cardboard 7" square. Fold at centre along dotted line and draw in Father Bear's face as shown in diagram. Cut around outline, also around the nose. Cut out two holes for the eyes and a slit for the mouth. Make two other masks—smaller ones—for Mother and Baby Bear. Pierce holes at A and B and thread a piece of thin elastic or wool through, to fix mask to face.

Teacher: "What did Our Lady and St. Joseph do when they lost the Child Jesus?"

Pupil: "Please, teacher, they said three Hail Marys to St. Anthony."

FÁILTE

Fáilte Romat, a Ioragán,
Don rtabla fuar;
Míle míle fáilte Romat
Ó Neamh anuar!

Ní beirim Cugat miorr ná túir
Ná ór na Rí;
Ac beirim Cugat mar bhronntanar
Spá mo éirí.



FASTING CALL—contd.

didn't say to Tom. He could see Tom eyeing him warily to see what effect "herself" had on him.

"Kneel down now, Tom," he said, "and I will give you Holy Communion."

Tom relaxed.

When he had given Tom Holy Communion, he went into the room with the Pyx. As usual, Tom followed and held the cloth under his wife's chin while she received the Host. And Maggie's face, too, was calm now.

As Father John was leaving, Elsie, the young woman of the house, appeared and accompanied him to the car.

"Things are not so good this time," he said.

"It's the bad weather we've had all along, Father," she replied. "They haven't been able to go out but have been stuck inside together like two weasels in a trap."

"Well this looks like the Spring, anyhow," said Father John, pointing at the sun.

"Thanks be to God," said Elsie with fervour.

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LAST TWO YEARS IN THE LIFE OF... BISHOP O'DWYER

REV. P. HOULIHAN.

WHAT have the people we title "great" in common? Well, one thing would appear to be that they make such an impress on the minds of their contemporaries that the memory of it is passed on to succeeding generations. Applying this test, Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick from 1886 to 1917, had greatness in him, for the memory of his personality has come to us of this generation. And that memory would seem to be summed up in the phrase "He was a man," in the same sense in which the French define a man—"one who is not afraid."

Dr. O'Dwyer died in 1917. Yet, if he had died two years earlier, it is doubtful if his memory would have survived, for it was in those two years that the situation developed, that called for a man who had greatness. The reader is aware of the position in Ireland in 1915. The Great War was on. Home Rule for Ireland had been passed by the British Parliament, but was not to come into operation until the War was over, and the Irish Party at Westminster, in return for this promise had called upon the men of Ireland to fight for Britain. Sinn Fein, preaching that the Party and the Country were being fooled, was a voice in the wilderness.

PUBLIC COMMENT

Dr. O'Dwyer's first public comment on the situation was called forth by the fact that Irish emigrant workers, arriving in England were being insulted and molested for not joining the British Army. It came in a letter, published on November 10th, 1915, in the *Munster News*, a tri-weekly paper, then published in Limerick. Mr. Sean Brouder, now the *Limerick Echo* correspondent in Newcastle West, was then assistant editor of the *Munster News*. He recalls the Bishop arriving himself with the letter at the newspaper office. The paper had already gone to press, but Mr. Brouder ordered the presses to be stopped so that the Bishop's letter could be inserted, and he recalls the typesetters and himself cheerfully weighing up the possibilities of their all finishing up in jail



as a result.

Dr. O'Dwyer was an able controversialist and a master of the stinging phrase. The letter is a good example of his gift of hitting the nail fiercely and accurately on the head. "Why should these Irish lads be forced to join the British Army?" he asks. "What is the war to them?"

and then with fine sarcasm, "Small nationalities and the wrongs of Belgium and Rheims Cathedral, and all the other cosmopolitan considerations that arouse the enthusiasm of the Irish Party, but do not get enough recruits in England, are far too high-flying for them." And again, "But in all the shame and humiliation of

this disgraceful episode, what angers one most is that there is no one, not even one of their own countrymen, to stand up and defend them. Their crime is that they are not ready to die for England. Why should they? What have they or their forefathers ever got from England that they should die for her?"

FATAL MISTAKE

Five months later, on April 24th, 1916, the Easter Rising began in Dublin. England sent over General Maxwell as Military Governor of the country. By April 30th, the Rising had been crushed, and on May 3rd, the executions began. On May 6th, Maxwell made a fatal mistake. As part of his mailed fist policy, he wrote to Dr. O'Dwyer, asserting that two priests of his diocese, Father Hayes of Newcastle West, and Fr. Wall of Drumcollogher (now Canon Wall of Ballingarry) "were a dangerous menace to the peace and safety of the realm," and requesting that they "be removed to such employment as will deny their having intercourse with the people." This letter was forwarded to Dr. O'Dwyer, who was staying at Kilmallock for Confirmations. He instructed the Parish Priest, Canon O'Shea, to act as his Secretary and to reply to Maxwell, asking him to specify his charges against the two priests. On the 12th of May, Maxwell replied, quoting various instances of the two priests having given their public support to the Irish Volun-



England sent over General Maxwell as Military Governor.

During the course of this correspondence, the methodical execution of the leaders had been going on, and by May 12th, the fifteenth man had been shot. Five days later, on May 17th, Dr. O'Dwyer sent his famous reply. To Maxwell's charges, he said, "They are both excellent priests, who hold strong National views, but I do not know that they have violated any law, civil or ecclesiastical." But he did not leave it at that. He had this to say about Maxwell's doings. "You took care that no plea for mercy should interpose on behalf of the poor young fellows who surrendered to you in Dublin. The first information which we got of their fate was the announcement that they had been shot in cold blood. Personally, I regard your action with horror, and I believe that it has outraged the conscience of the country. Then the deporting of hundreds and even thousands of poor fellows, without a trial of any kind, seems to me an abuse of power as fatuous as it is arbitrary, and altogether your regime has been one of the worst and blackest chapters in the history of the misgovernment of the country."

DECISIVE EFFECT

A few days later, Dr. O'Dwyer had the full correspondence published in the *Cork Examiner*. The effect on the country was decisive. Immediately after the Rising, the people had, at the best, been apathetic. Then during the fortnight of the executions, they had sensed the nobility of these men, and had realised that the deliberate callousness of their punishment was calculated to intimidate themselves. Dr. O'Dwyer's great achievement was that he literally made up the country's mind. One man, I asked what he thought, when he read the Bishop's letters, replied, "Well, I said to myself, here is a leader, anyhow." And I suppose that is what a

leader is—one who can make up the minds of others. This was the lead for which the people had been waiting. The fearless and defiant tone of the Bishop's letter exactly mirrored what had been stirring vaguely within them, but to which they had been afraid to give utterance. Now, the people of Ireland took the men of 1916 to their hearts. From the lead they had got, they knew that they would be less than men, if they disowned such men as these.

GROWING SUPPORT

And having taken his stand, Dr. O'Dwyer maintained it. Following his lead, the Limerick Board of Guardians passed a resolution supporting him. In a letter of June 2nd, thanking them, he said, "It would be a sorry day for the Church in Ireland, if her Bishops took their orders from agents of the British Government. As to the poor fellows, who have given their lives for Ireland, no one will venture to question the purity and nobility of their motives or the splendour of their courage. But many blame them for attempting a hopeless enterprise. Yet, we cannot help noticing that since Easter Monday, Home Rule has come with a bound into the sphere of practical politics, although Mr. Asquith and his Government, with suspicious inconsistency, are shooting and imprisoning the men who galvanised them into action." On June 23rd, in the course of a reply to a similar resolution of the Tipperary Board of Guardians, he said, "But Ireland is not dead yet; while her young men are not afraid to die for her in open fight and, when defeated, stand proudly, with their backs to the wall as a target for British bullets, we need never despair of the old cause."

THE FREEDOM OF LIMERICK

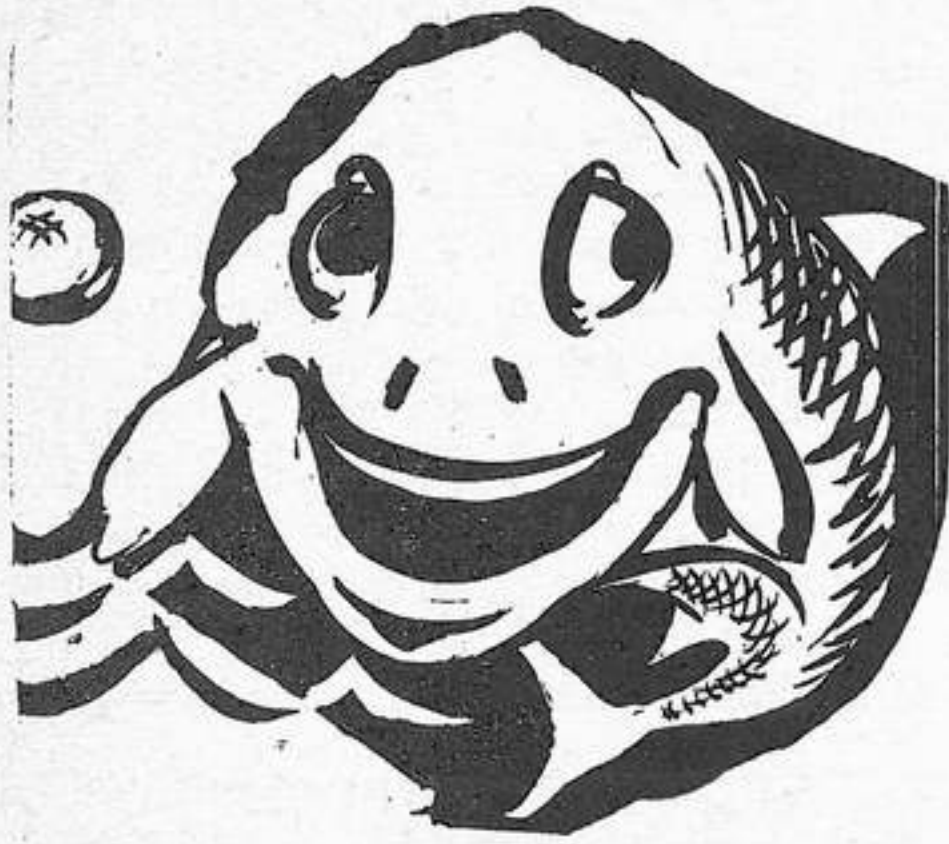
On the 14th of September, 1916, the Freedom of Limerick was conferred on Dr. O'Dwyer, and on the occasion, he delivered a memorable address to the Corporation of Limerick. It was a magnificent piece of oratory, displaying all the powers of humour, sarcasm and irony. He was cheered enthusiastically when he rose to speak. He made his audience laugh, when he said, "Popularity is a novel experience to me, and I must be on my guard against its fascination." He had earned unpopularity in the past, he said, in the exercise of his duty as a Bishop. "Now, again, gentlemen, I have been drawn into collision with politicians in the discharge of my ecclesiastical duties. General Maxwell had the effrontery to give me directions for the government of

(Continued on Page 34).



Canon Wall of Ballingarry.

teers. The letter reached the Bishop at Ashford (Kileedy Parish), to which he had moved on his Confirmation round.



COD

"During the last few months my health has been utterly destroyed by worry."

"Worry about what?"
"About my health."

* * *

Three men assigned to a room on the 30th floor of a big hotel learned that the lift was out of order. To occupy their minds during the long climb, they devised a plan whereby the first man would tell funny stories for the first ten flights; the second man, adventure stories for the next ten; and the third, sad experiences for the last ten.

With their laughter, the first ten flights were easy. And the same for the next ten. At the 21st floor, the third man was silent.

"Let's have those sad stories," the others urged.

"All right. I'll tell the saddest of all tales first," he said. "I forgot the key."

* * *

Dad had taken his youngest son to the pet shop to pick out a pup as a birthday present. The lad spent half an hour looking over the different varieties.

"Decided which one you want?" asked father.

"Yes," replied the boy, pointing to one puppy which was wagging his tail enthusiastically, "the one with the happy ending."

* * *

The young lady on the witness stand was asked her age by the prosecutor. "I don't know," replied the young lady.

"Now, see here, Miss," interrupted the judge. "This is a court of law, and you have sworn to tell the truth."

"Yes, but you told me earlier that I must tell only what I know to be the

truth, and not hearsay," retorted the young lady.

"I did, indeed," thundered the judge.
"Well," replied the young lady, "I can't tell you my age because my mother told me the year that I was born. That's hearsay evidence, isn't it?"

"The witness is excused from answering the question," ruled the judge.

* * *

The scientists are reported to have invented an earthquake detector that goes off like an alarm clock. What is really needed is an alarm clock that goes off like an earthquake.

Quiz

1. What does Christmas mean?
2. When was the Christmas Crib originated?
3. Who was Scrooge?
4. Where did the custom of the Christmas Tree begin?
5. On how many days each year may every priest say three masses?

Answers on Page 34.

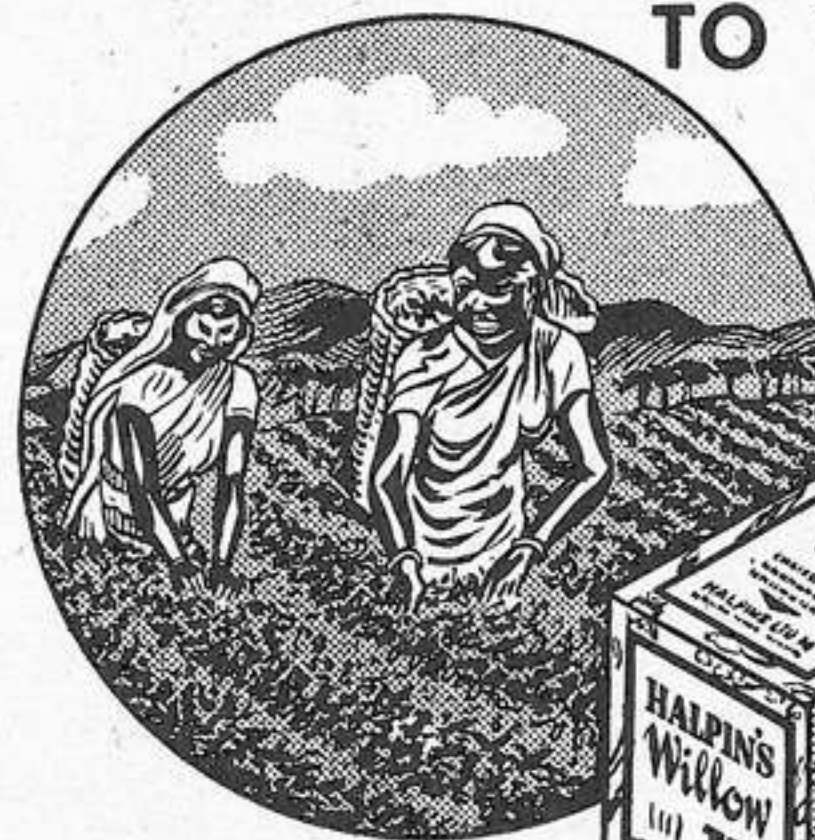
DRAMA--contd.

is something in the Irish character, some trait that arouses a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the audience, or, perhaps, it is the actor's absolute sincerity that inspires the audience. In a word, they act from the heart as it were, and the full inner possession of the part forces the externals to conform. To try to emulate this, our actors must fully understand and live the part and everything else will be added.

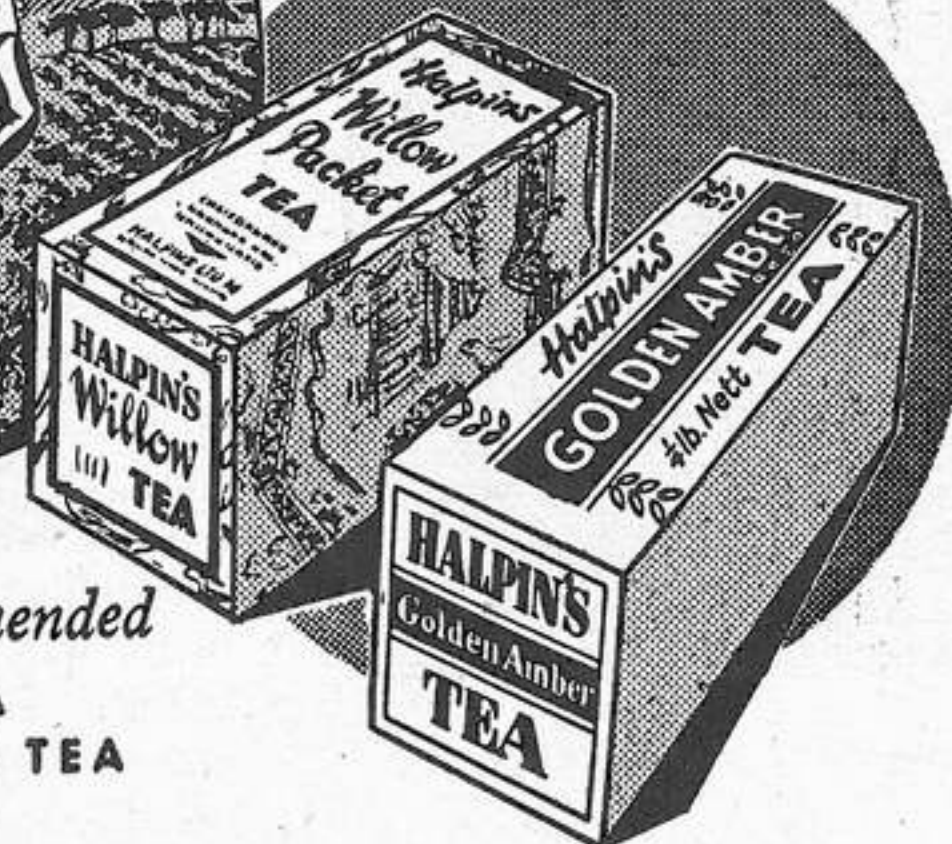
THE COMING FESTIVAL

Amateur groups must now be turning their thoughts to the dramatic festivals which begin in March. Let us hope that more Limerick groups will be represented at the Feile Luimnighe this year. Presuming that each company desires to improve itself, there is no better way in which they can do so than to present themselves bravely for open criticism before a competent adjudicator. Furthermore, it is an incentive for the group to constantly to seek to perfect themselves. In addition to the advantages for actors, audiences are trained to appreciate a good production and to realise the difficulties involved in producing a play.

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SACRAMENTALS

OUR Lord sums up the very essence of the Christian religion in the famous words, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within." St. John says in one of his Epistles that God is a spirit, and that since He is a spirit He is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

This being so, people may easily wonder why the practice of religion is so closely associated with sign and symbol. Why are there so many externals since religion is truly an internal affair? The answer rests, of course, in the state of man himself. We are beings made of a body and soul. Any estimate of man, of his needs and of his problems, is a false estimate if it ignores either one element or the other. Our Lord knew what was in man and He made no such mistake. Hence the sacramental system. Our Lord Himself instituted the seven sacraments. He applies His graces to our souls, but through our senses. Signs and symbols are made the sources of grace: water and oil and bread and wine, and gestures like the confession of the sinner, the raised hand of the priest, the consent of a man and a woman about to become husband and wife.

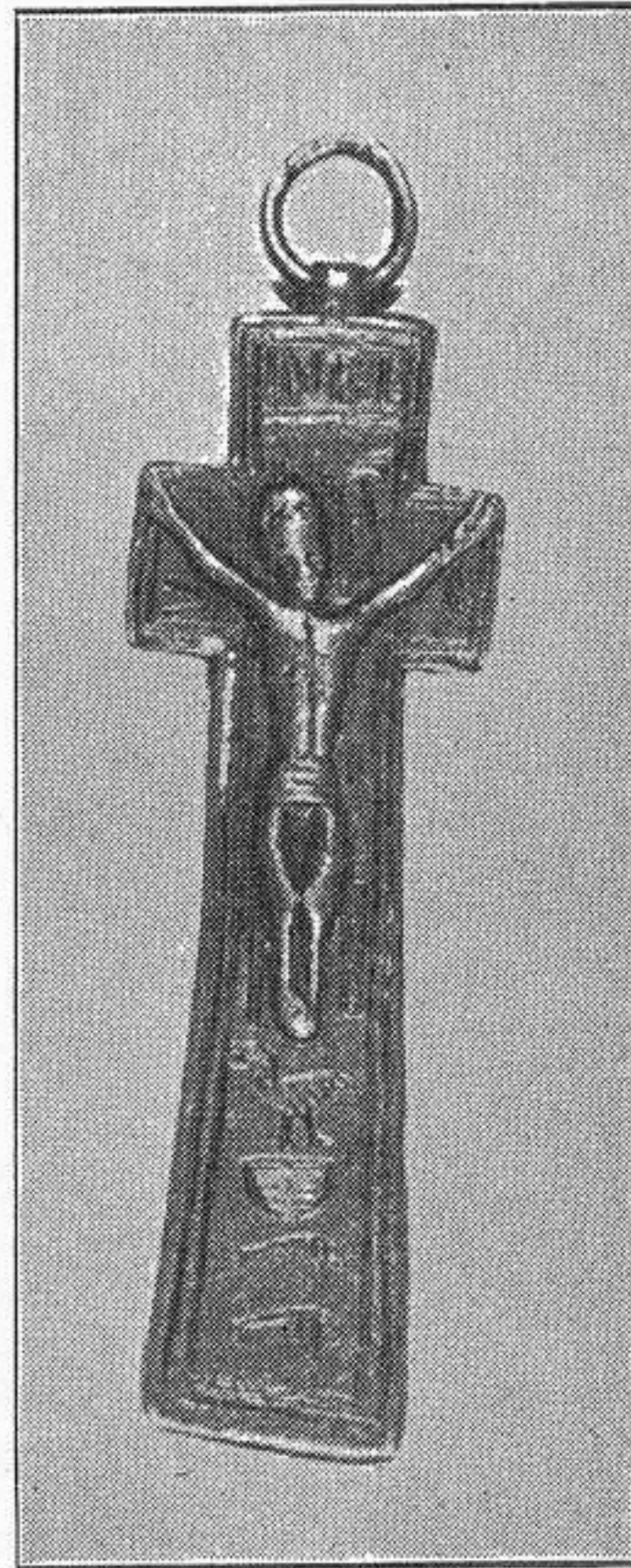
Holy Church, like her Divine Master, knowing the powerful connection between the spirit and the flesh, imitates the sacraments by using certain objects and actions to obtain from God spiritual and temporal favours. These objects and actions are what we call the sacramentals. They play a very large part in the life of Catholics.

Holy water and blessed palm, the ashes on our foreheads on Ash Wednesday, the candles we light in church and hold in our hands on our death-beds, our medals, rosaries and scapulars; these are examples of sacramentals. The Church has, besides, an immense variety of consecrations and blessings that belong to this category. Churches, chalices, cemeteries are specially sacred as being consecrated. And there is hardly a need in life or an object in use for which the Church has not an appropriate blessing. Marriage is accompanied by a special nuptial blessing. A mother comes for a blessing after the birth of her child. There are blessings for homes and food and crops, and to show how up-to-date the Church can be,

there are blessings for motor cars and aeroplanes. In a word, the Catholic goes about with the hand of the Church ever raised above him in blessing and protection, and he carries on his person some blessed object.

NOT SUPERSTITION

It is a very curious thing that sacramentals, more even than the sacraments themselves, should be the occasion of ridicule from irreligious people. A Catholic is



PENAL CROSS

called superstitious because he wears a scapular or a medal or lights a candle in his church. And yet it is a well known fact that the less religion is in a person the more likely he is to be affected by signs and symbols for which language has no other name but superstition. The life of people who avoid religion, not only of individuals but of whole nations, is riddled with taboos of all sorts. They

carry luck pennies, they avoid walking under ladders, they consult spiritists, they listen to fortune-tellers, they read the stars, their whole destiny is determined by luck. As often as not they have no clear idea of what they mean by lucky and unlucky. The Catholic tells them plainly that they are just superstitious. Their nature craves for worship, and since they will not recognise God they appeal to the devil, not expressly perhaps, but at least by implication. The best that can be said of them is that they are ignorant and absurd.

The Catholic, on the other hand, knows where he stands in regard to his sacramentals. He knows quite well that his candles and his scapulars have no value in themselves, but he knows that they bring him to God through the prayers of the Church and through the acts of devotion which their use inspires. While he dips his finger in holy water and signs himself, he joins in the unceasing prayer of the Church and his heart goes out to the Blessed Trinity. When he prays at his shrine and lights his candle he goes in peace, leaving his candle alight as a symbol of union with Him Who said, "I am the Light of the World."

FAVOURS OBTAINED

What favours do we obtain by sacramentals? The Catechism enumerates them as follows: actual graces, forgiveness of venial sin, remission of the temporal punishment due to forgiven sin, protection against evil spirits, restoration of bodily health, and other temporal blessings.—M.T.

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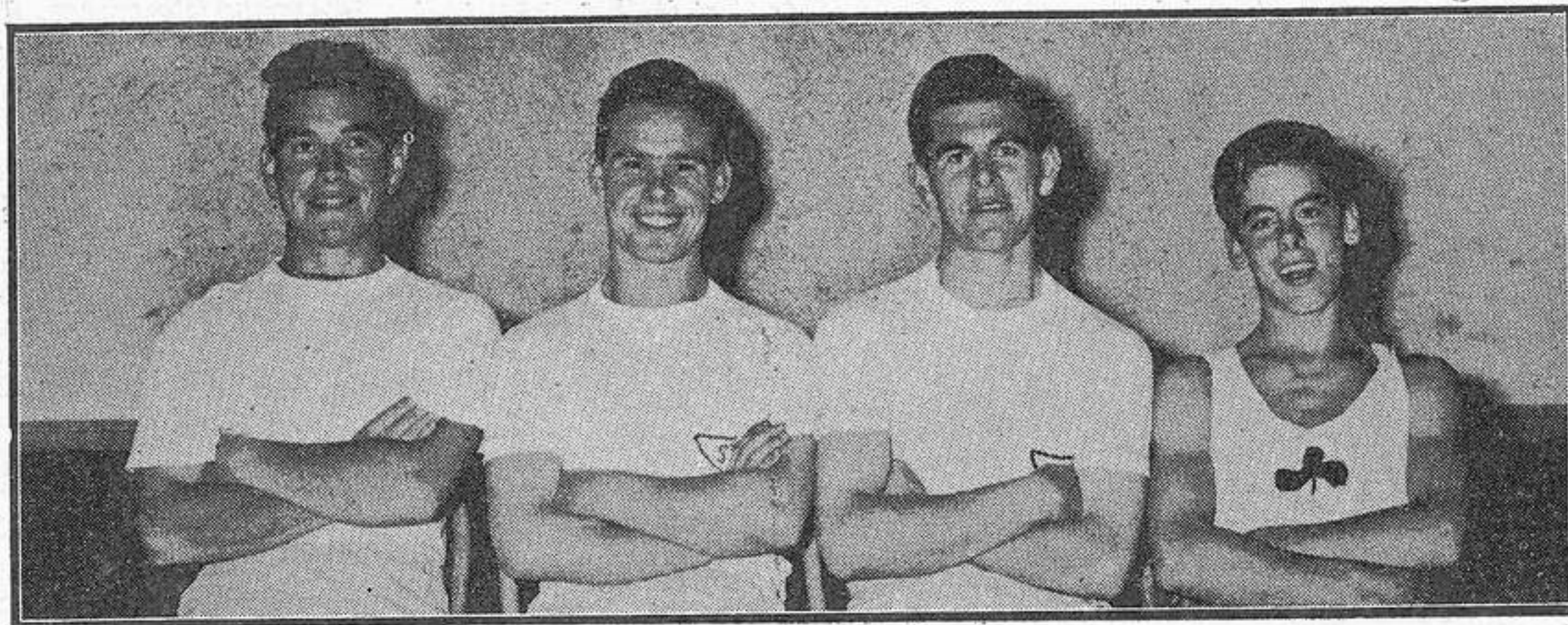
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SPORT

HANDBALL



The four champions who brought All-Ireland and Munster honours to Limerick during the season are gathered together in above photograph. Left to right—P. O'Neill, J. Keyes, T. McGarry and M. Mullins. O'Neill and Keyes won the All-Ireland and Munster Minor Hardball Doubles Championship; McGarry was the winner of the All-Ireland and Munster Minor Singles Softball Championships. McGarry and Mullins were a successful partnership in the minor grade, winning the All-Ireland and Munster Softball Doubles Championships.

HANDBALL REVIVAL.

IT is quite apparent that there has been in recent years in Limerick City and County a revival of the game of handball. The Civic Authorities, a few years ago, built five new ballcourts in different parts of the city. In the county the most active centres are Ballingarry, Hospital and Rathkeale. Ballingarry players can always rely on a large number of enthusiastic supporters, both for home and away games. Rathkeale court is not turning out champions, but all during the grand summer weather, the alley was being used by relays of schoolboys from 9 a.m. till dark. Local enthusiasts in the parish of Cappagh, by voluntary labour, did a fine repair job in the old court, and their players competed with credit in the championships.

NON-REGULATION COURTS.

Veteran Tom Meaney is doing his best, with some success, to get things moving in Bruff. Abbeyfeale has been hit by emigration, and Kilfinane is not as active as one would like. It is worth noting that the game is being played in many small centres with non-regulation courts.

FIRST FOR TWENTY YEARS.

Having gone through a long, lean period since the retirement of the

great Johnny Bowles, Limerick players jumped into the limelight last year, when Jim Moynihan, of Shamrock, and Paddy Hackett, of St. Munchin's, won the All-Ireland Junior Softball Doubles Championship — Limerick's first national handball title for over twenty years. Limerick players have done even better this year, winning three national titles. Pat O'Neill, Hospital, and Jim Keyes, St. Munchin's, beat Kilkenny, two games to nil, in the Minor Hardball Doubles Championship, and Tom McGarry, St. Munchin's, and Martin Mullins, Shamrock, won the Minor Softball Doubles Championship, two games to nil. In addition, Tom McGarry beat the Leinster champion, Joe Coughlan, two games to nil, in the Softball Singles Final. In fact, the

minor softball players, in singles and doubles, went right through the championship series without losing a single game—probably a record in its own way.

COVERED BALLCOURT?

Handball players and officials are very grateful to the Mayor and Corporation, who, with the goodwill of the City Manager and the City Engineer, have passed a sum of £3,500 for work in the Court in St. Munchin's. This sum will probably make possible, not merely the erection of a gallery, but also the covering of the entire court. If, as is confidently hoped, Limerick secures a covered ballcourt, it will be a great asset not only to Limerick, but to handball players and officials throughout all Munster.

Telephone—350

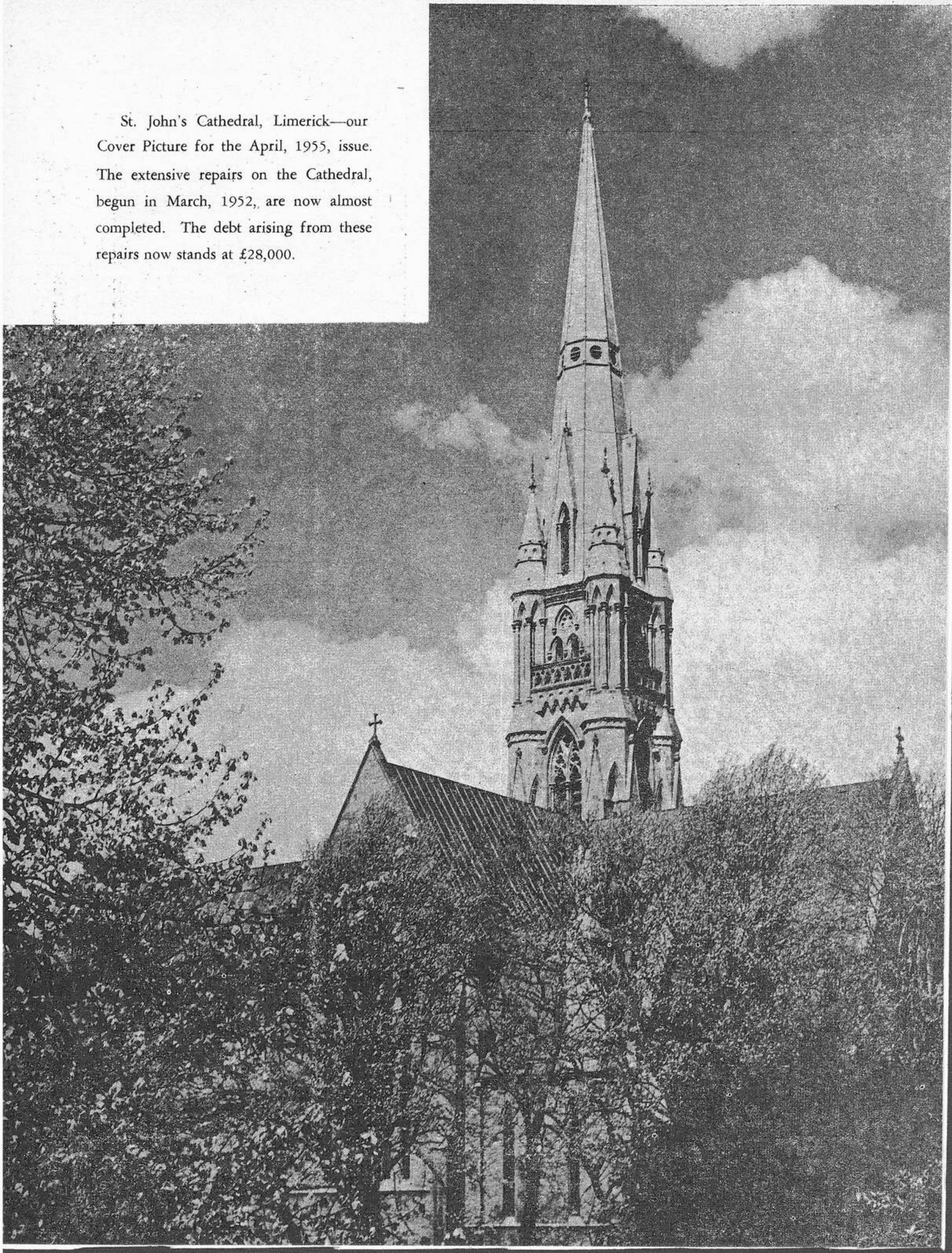
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St. John's Cathedral, Limerick—our Cover Picture for the April, 1955, issue. The extensive repairs on the Cathedral, begun in March, 1952, are now almost completed. The debt arising from these repairs now stands at £28,000.

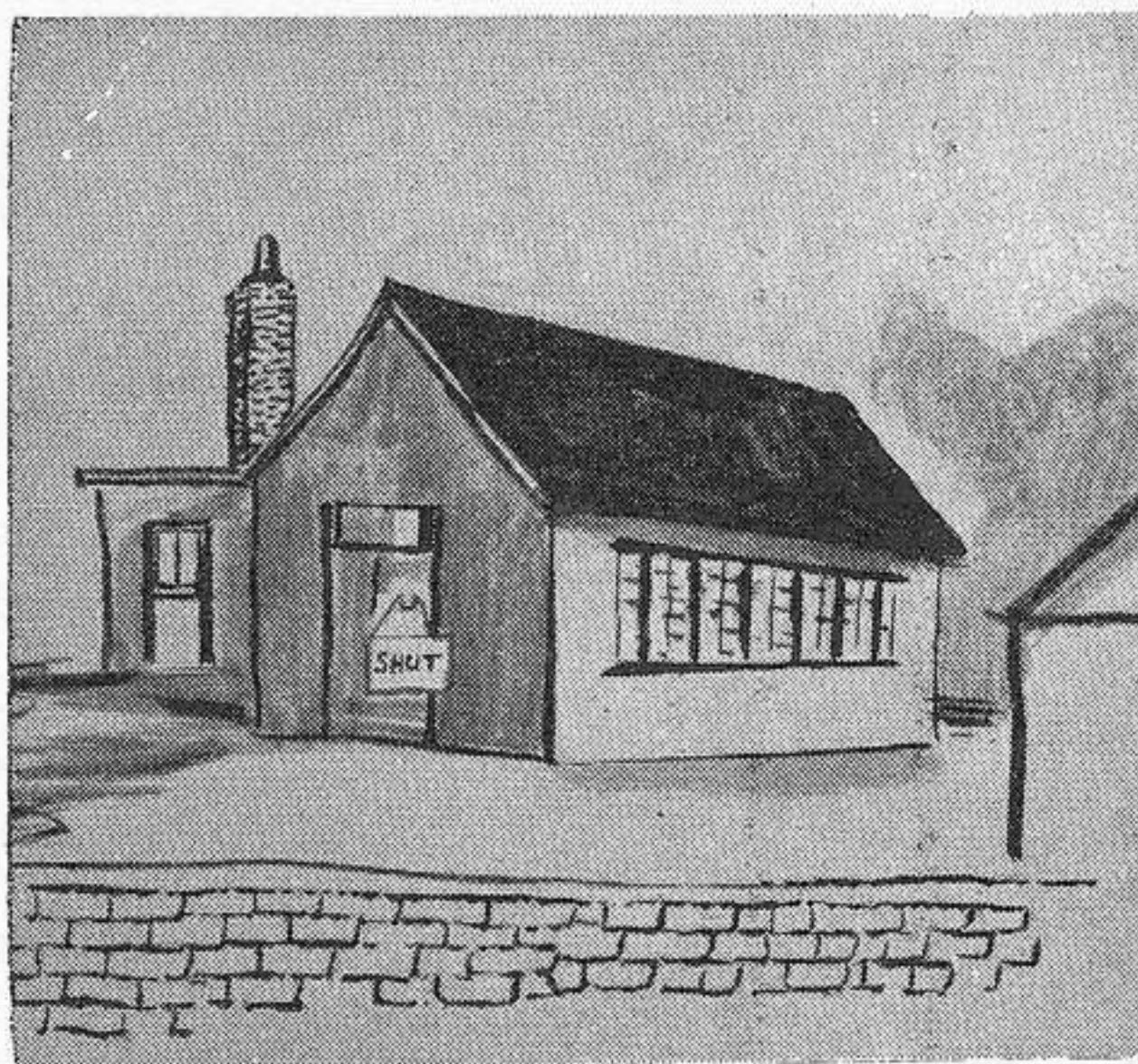


WASTE PAPER CAMPAIGN

PROCEEDS FOR TWO MONTHS

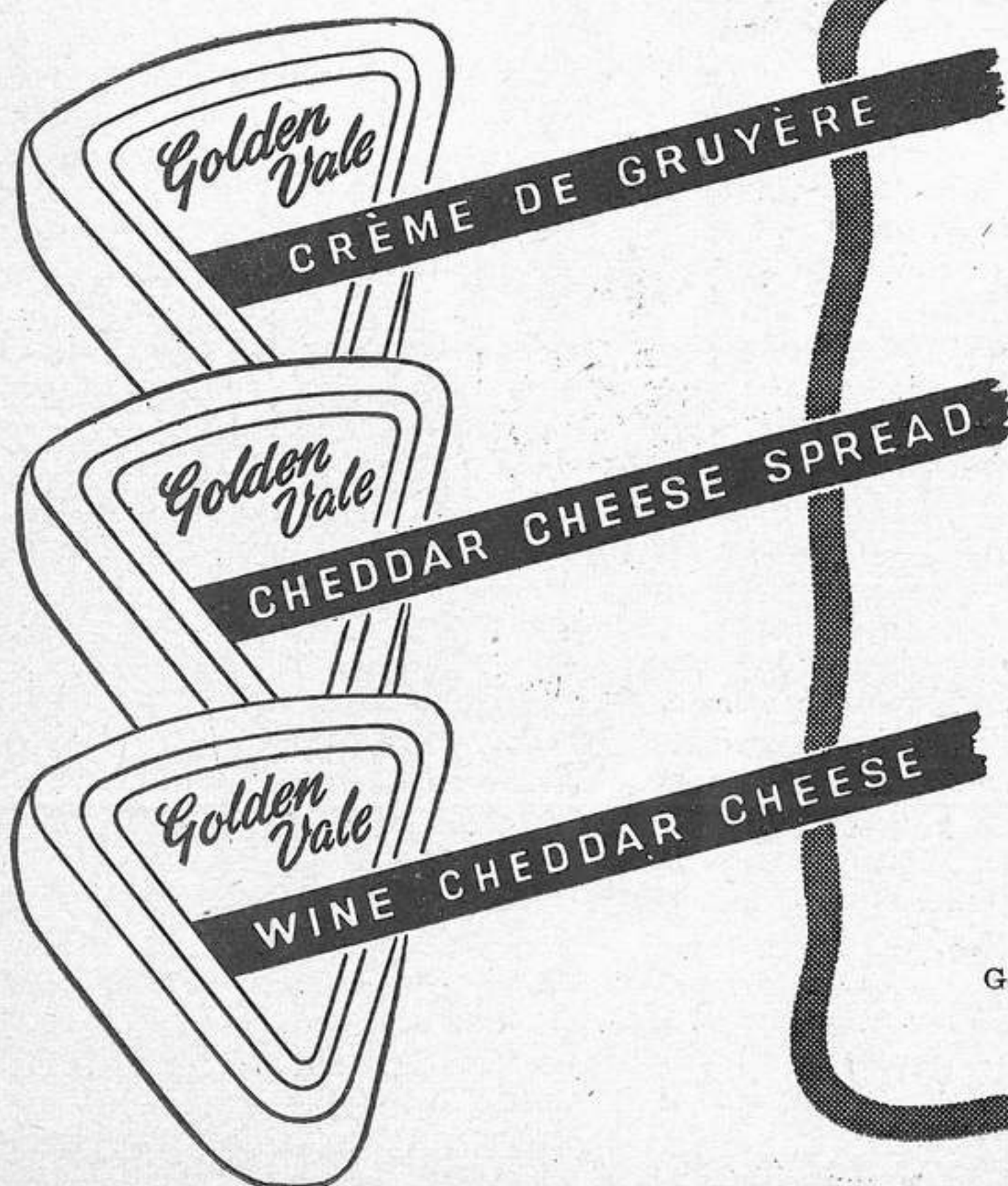
	Sept. £ s.	Oct. £ s.	Total £ s.
Rural Schools and Centres ...	131 17	149 1	280 18
City Schools and Centres ...	72 17	113 1	185 18
City Firms and Other Sources	54 11	68 6	122 17
Total from All Sources ...	259 5	330 8	589 13

The above results are very gratifying, and again we very sincerely thank all whose willing and active co-operation made them possible. October shows a very marked improvement on the preceding month; in fact, it is our best month so far, the first time we topped £300. *In the October Issue of this magazine we set a target of £1,000 for the next three months.* Unfortunately, the proceeds for November were not available in time for this Issue, but we feel confident that we shall make a good attempt to reach the target. We shall certainly exceed £900.



Boys and Girls, keep the good work going, even though your school is on holidays.

For the future, we expect that the figure of £1,000 will be considerably exceeded every three months. From experience we have gained, we know that £10 per month from 1,000 people is possible. (One entirely rural parish is already producing that, and several others are not far behind). We now suggest that half that figure, £5 per month from 1,000 people, be the minimum aimed at each month in every parish and collecting centre. Hence, let the future aim be **AT LEAST £5 PER MONTH FROM 1,000 PEOPLE.**



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Woman's Page-contd.

with the fruit. Add the sugar and four pints of water, and, of course, the pips in the muslin bag. Boil briskly until the marmalade sets, which is usually about twenty minutes.

STUFFED BEEF STEAK.

Stuffed beef steak makes an appetising dinner, and is more nourishing and less expensive than pork steak. Place the stuffing, bread or potato stuffing, whichever you prefer, on the meat and roll the steak around it. Melt an ounce of butter in a casserole and partly fry two or three sliced carrots and an onion in it. Add about a quarter pint of water and put the steak on top, the steam from the vegetables will help to keep it tender and will add to the flavour. Cover the casserole with a closely fitting lid and cook in a slow oven for one and a half hours. When you remove the meat and vegetables, thicken the gravy with a little browning. While the steak is cooking, I place potatoes in their jackets on the oven shelf around the casserole. This saves the fuel required for boiling them and they cook beautifully, retaining all their vitamins.

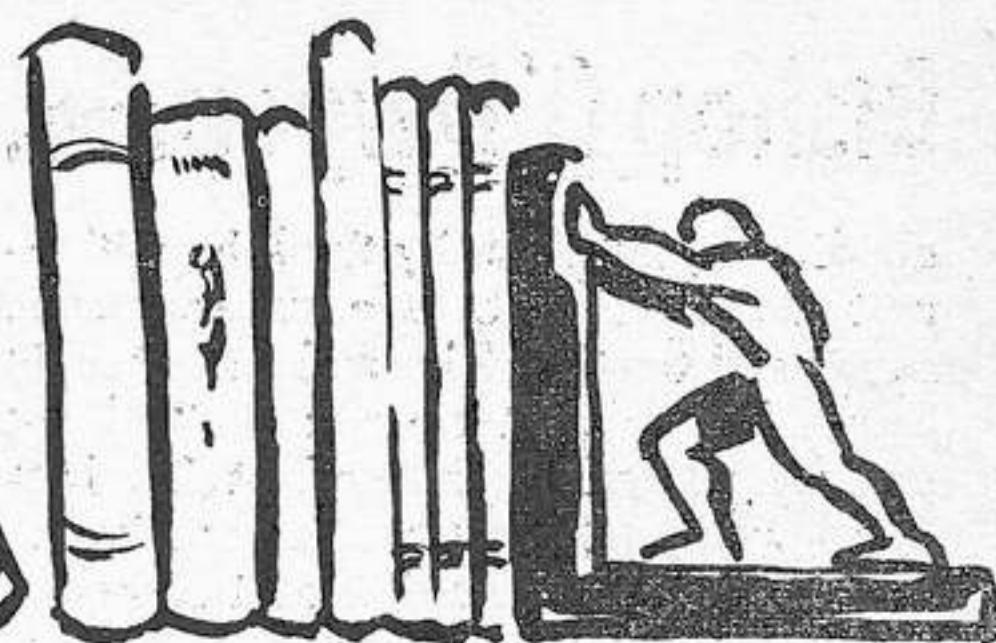
COLD SWEET.

Here is a recipe for a sweet that is quicker and cheaper to make than a trifle and makes a delightful dessert. It is called Pineapple Sponge, and for it you require: a half tin of pineapple, a half pint of liquid (juice from pineapple and water), a half ounce of gelatine, the whites of two eggs, one and a half ounces of castor sugar, and the juice of one lemon. The lemon juice may be omitted, but it gives a delicious flavour. Dissolve the gelatine in the half pint of liquid. Cut the pineapple into small dice. Whisk the whites of the eggs until very stiff, then add the sugar, dissolved gelatine and lemon juice. Whisk until stiff and whisk in the fruit. Pile up on a dish and sprinkle more fruit over the sponge. Serve with cold custard or whipped cream.

HOUSEHOLD HINT.

And finally, I have a money saving "household hint" for you. It is a very effective bleaching agent. In a quart of boiling water dissolve a pound of washing soda. Add a packet of chloride of lime and stir well. When cold pour off the clear liquid into bottles and cork well. A large cupful added to an ordinary washing will result in spotlessly white clothes. The bleach will also remove stubborn stains from sinks, baths, etc.

In conclusion, may I wish you all the joys of the season and a happy and holy New Year.



BOOKS

THREE WINTERS COLD

FR. PHILIP CROSBIE.

(Browne & Nolan, Dublin).

Price, 15/-

Three Winters Cold stirs our imagination with another glimpse of the heroic. Fr. Crosbie's book is no flight of fancy, but a factual account of the day-to-day life of a prisoner in Communist hands. The author writes an unbiased account of his three years' captivity in Northern Korea; he shows not only the brutality of his captors, but also the loyalty and heroism of his fellow-prisoners, many of whom were non-Catholics. The group included Monsignor Quinlan, the late Bishop Byrne, a number of nuns, an Anglican Bishop and some members of the Salvation Army.

It is of interest to note that the book was originally written secretly during the third year of detention. In order to ensure getting it through the Iron Curtain when he was released, Fr. Crosbie made a copy of his manuscript in microscopic writing, and entrusted it to an American who was being released. This copy, though hidden in an old flask, failed to get through. The original copy, which Fr. Crosbie had sewn into his leather belt, was to suffer the same fate at the last moment, and its discovery nearly cost the author his life. On his return to St. Columban's, Navan, in June, 1953, Fr. Crosbie rewrote the book from memory.

Fr. Crosbie's parish lay just south of the 38th parallel, about twenty miles from Monsignor Quinlan in Chunchon. For them the 25th June, 1950, was to prove a memorable day, bringing as it did the first regiment of Northern Koreans into their district. After a couple of days of mounting tension, they found themselves prisoners, but they accepted it with resignation, hoping from the rumours in circulation that the supremacy of the Communists would be short-lived. They

were sadly mistaken, and among other suspects they were transported northwards from one prison camp to another.

The grim story of three years hunger and cold is relieved by the author's happy recollections of kindness and loyalty shown by fellow-prisoners. The story reaches a climax in the dread "Death March" along the Yalu river, under the brutal supervision of the "Tiger."

Fr. Crosbie concludes on a note of sorrow for the blindness of his captors, and a prayer for their dead leader. "May there be none of us that will not find Him at the end."—B.C.

STIRABOUT LANE

Verses for Boys and Girls.

J. D. SHERIDAN.

(Educational Co., Dublin).

Price, 6/-

There is magic in being a child: there is magic in childhood. Its citizens can hob-nob with fairies and elves, and be equally at home with such inaccessible and incompatible things as stars and angels, while "mice and frogs and wee-wiggle-wiggles" hold a special charm for them.

In *Stirabout Lane*, Mr. Sheridan displays a rare insight into the mind of the child. Children love the imaginary, and here we are treated to a feast as varied as it is captivating. The world and all it contains is a continual source of wonderment for the child. How well Mr. Sheridan understands this child characteristic is proved by such verses as "It seems very strange," and "Matter for surprise," to name only two.

It is a children's book, but may it not contain more than one lesson for those who have long since bade adieu to the fairyland of childhood, as witness the verses on "Mr. Nogginson," in whom all selfish people may see themselves portrayed. The title of the book, while not particularly attractive, is admirably appropriate as a habitat for Mr. Nogginson.

The illustrations are exceptionally apt, and do much to enhance the value of the book.—M.C.

Bishop O'Dwyer-contd.

my diocese, but I hardly think he will repeat the experiment. He was trained in Egypt and South Africa and was brought back. He thought because he had the military power of England at his back that I would not dare to disobey him ... But besides the protection of two priests against this military dictator, there was the question of my attitude towards the young men whom he had murdered in Dublin. Was I to condemn them? Even if their rebellion was not justifiable theologically, was I to join in the condemnation of Pearce, MacDonagh, Colbert, who were shot without trial, and of the men and women who, without trial, were deported from their country in thousands ... The Irish Volunteers were too few for their enterprise, but that, perhaps, is the worst that can be said against them.



Padraig Pearse—"Shot without trial."

Rebellion, to be lawful, must be the action of a nation as a whole, but while that is true, see the case of the Irish Volunteers against England. The very Government against which they rose and which dealt with them so mercilessly, has proclaimed its own condemnation. What is that ghost of Home Rule, which they keep in lavender on the Statute Book, but a confession of the wrong of England's rule in Ireland."

With biting sarcasm, he went on to expose the chicanery of postponement in the matter of Home Rule, and the hypocrisy and cant of England's professed war aims. The young men of Ireland were asked to fight for the freedom of small nations. Was it not natural that they should think that the first small nation to be freed should be their own? "Of course they were wrong. These reasons might hold good against any other country, but not against England, the home of freedom, the chivalrous and disinterested friend everywhere of small nationalities, that take her side." One can imagine how effectively that comment was delivered.

"Then see the result of the Rising." Mr. Asquith drops his "wait and see" policy, and speeds across the Channel to discover what is the matter with Ireland. "And what did he find? That the Castle Government had failed. That is the recorded judgment of the Prime Minister of England and will stand for ever as the vindication of the victims of the rebellion? What frightened him? ... The knowledge that they were the true representatives of Ireland and the exponents of her nationality." He now proposes Partition for Ireland. "If Germany were to offer corresponding proposals to Belgium with what scorn they would be rejected; with what burning indignation, Mr. Asquith would roll out his resounding periods of denunciation of such an outrage on National rights, and if some young Belgians, with more courage and patriotism in their hearts than worldly wisdom, faced the German soldiers and fought like men until their resources were exhausted, and when they surrendered were shot dead in cold blood, in twos and threes, for days after, how England would appeal to Heaven for vengeance on their murderers. One thing I know and that is, that their country would never disown them."

He went on to show that Ireland was a subject province rather than a constituent of the Empire. Then he summed up Ireland's claim in words that have the insight and directness of genius—"Ireland is a nation and never will be at rest until the centre of gravity is within herself." England hopes that prosperity and education will turn the people's thoughts into other channels, but Ireland will never be content as a province. God has made her a nation and while grass grows and water runs there will be men in Ireland to dare and die for her."

Summing up, he said, "Sinn Fein is, in my judgment, the true principle." In the months after his speech, there were three

bye-elections and in each case Sinn Fein beat the candidate of the Parliamentarians. But Dr. O'Dwyer did not live to see the great triumph, which was to such a great extent his triumph. His life came to an end in 1917. The following year, Sinn Fein swept the country in the General Election, and proceeded to set up Dail Eireann in Dublin.

The last two years of Dr. O'Dwyer's life are a classic example of the moment and the man. After Easter Week, 1916, Ireland's hour of fate had struck. Would the mass of the people rally to the men of the Rising? Dr. O'Dwyer decided that. He had the insight to see what was in the hearts of the Irish people, and the courage, decision and ability to express it in words that were a clarion call.

Arthur Griffith wrote his epitaph in the Sinn Fein newspaper. "In his voice, the scorn and defiance of an outraged nation rang out, and before it, Armed Arrogance quailed, faltered, and finally retreated. His was the voice that rallied a distracted and leaderless Irish Nation and gave it cohesion and inspiration."

ANSWERS TO QUIZ.

1. Chirst's Mass, the name given in medieval England to the Feast of Our Lord's Nativity.
2. Christmas, 1223, at Greccio, by St. Francis of Assisi.
3. The central figure in "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens.
4. Probably in Germany, in the 17th century. It is of Protestant origin.
5. Two—Christmas Day, and All Souls' Day (Nov. 2nd).

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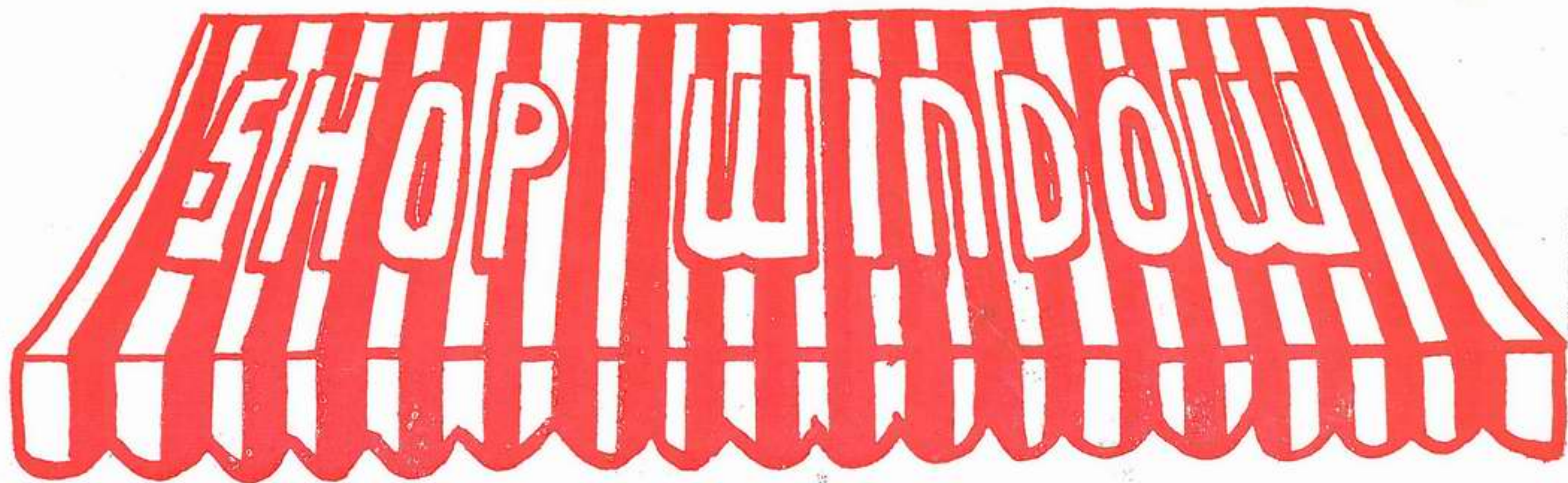
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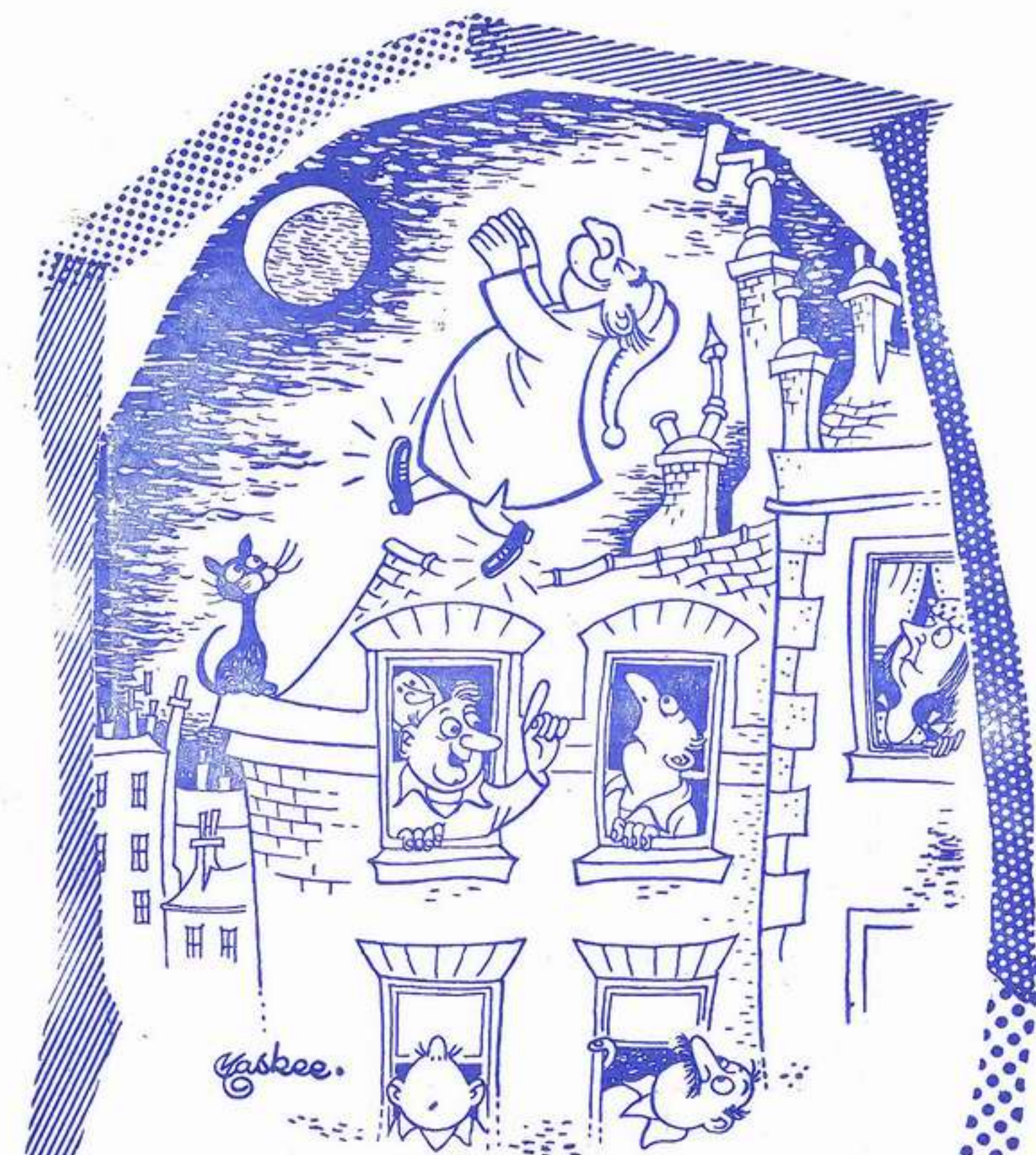
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