

OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

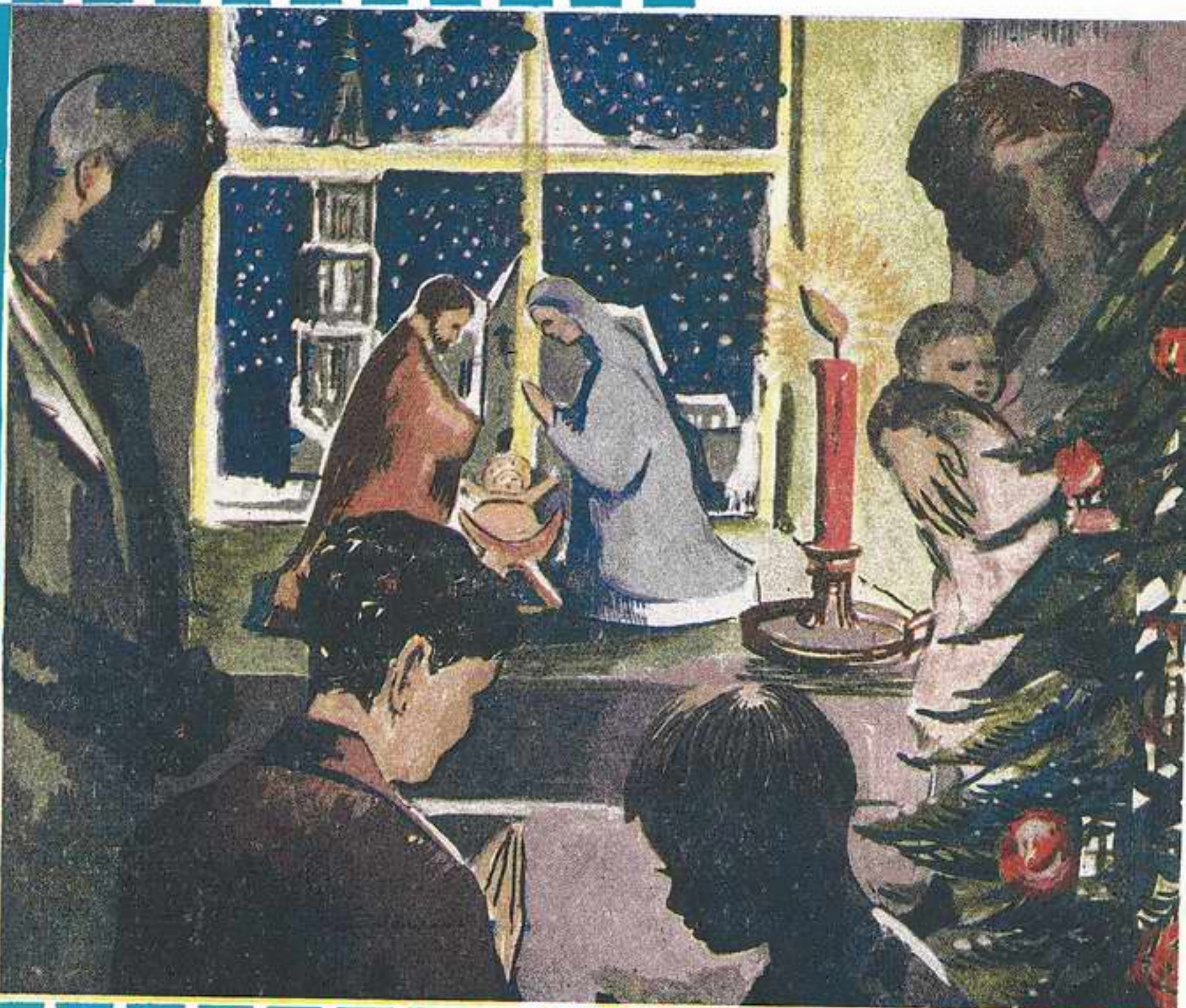
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SPECIAL FEATURES



CHILDREN'S PAGE
ROOM
WOMEN'S PAGE
SHORT STORY
CROSSWORD
CHILDREN'S PAGE
SHORT



DECEMBER 1956

WASTE PAPER

SEPT., OCT. & NOV., 1956

Routes & Rural Schools.

	£	s.	d.
Ardpatrick	3	5	0
Athea	13	15	0
Abbeyfeale	30	12	6
Athlacca/Dromin	5	15	3
Adare	4	7	6
Ballingarry	5	15	0
Banogue	3	5	0
Bruff	15	12	6
Bulgaden	8	11	3
Ballyhahill/Loughill	7	15	0
Ballysteen/Askeaton	10	10	0
Cappagh	12	6	
Coolcappa/Kilcoleman	3	7	6
Castletown/Ballyagran	12	18	9
Carrickerry/Ardagh	9	2	6
Croom	12	17	6
Drumcollogher/Broadford	24	0	0
Effin	6	11	3
Fedamore	3	7	6
Foynes	6	5	0
Granagh	3	10	0
Glenroe	16	8	9
Glin	7	10	0
Kilmeedy/Feenagh	3	7	6
Knockaderry/Ahalin	2	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Kildimo	1	0	0
Kilfinane	2	5	0
Kilmallock	25	15	0
Kilfinny/Croagh	4	2	6
Killeedy/Ashford	4	12	6
Kilcornan	2	7	6
Lurriga	1	0	0
Mahoonagh	17	17	6
Mungret	14	0	0
Monagea	2	10	0
Manister/Ballymartin	1	2	6
Mountcollins	1	17	6
Newcastle West	34	12	6
Pallaskenry	5	0	
Rathkeale	15	5	0
Rockhill/Bruce	10	2	6
Shanagolden	8	5	0
Templeglantine	5	5	0
Donoughmore/Roxboro'/ Knockea	1	12	6
Cratloe	2	0	0
Monaleen	2	3	9
Parteen/Meelick	4	10	0
Tervoe	1	10	0

City Schools & Centres.

St. Anne's Vocational	15	0	
Janesboro'	8	16	3
John St. C.B.S.	1	12	6
St. Joseph's Convent	8	1	3

	£	s.	d.
St. John Baptist	8	5	0
Leamy's	5	2	6
Laurel Hill	1	8	9
Model	3	11	3
Mary St. C.B.S.	8	1	3
Mary St. Convent	33	10	0
Mt. St. Vincent	4	1	3
St. Munchin's College	8	0	0
St. Patrick's	8	18	9
Presentation	13	17	6
Salesians	1	18	9
Sexton St. C.B.S.	10	0	
St. Munchin's C.B.S.	11	11	3
Technical Institute	8	9	
St. Vincent de Paul	4	16	3
St. Michael's Infants	2	6	
Holy Rosary Parish	18	10	0
St. John's Parish	17	17	6
St. Mary's Parish	12	1	3
St. Michael's Parish	5	16	3
Corbally	10	11	3

SUMMARY

City Schools & Centres ...	198	5	0
Routes & Rural Schools ...	386	7	6
All Other Sources	114	6	4
	£698	18	10
Total to Date	£5,017	3	11

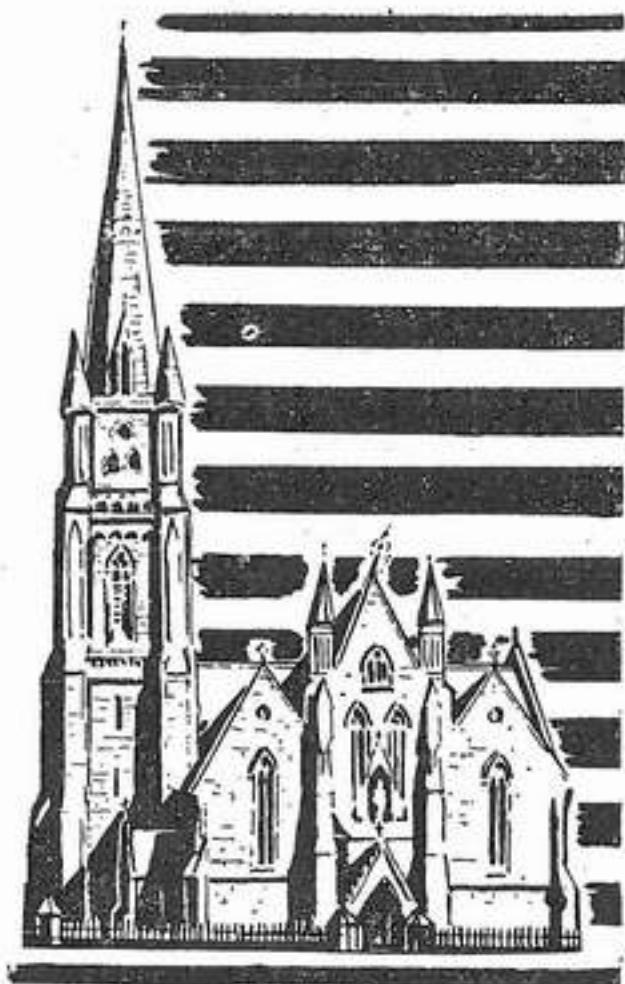
Three Ways to Help to Build the New Diocesan College

- 1. SAVE WASTE PAPER :** Do you throw away the empty cigarette box ? Do **YOU** destroy the Daily Paper or the Weekly Magazine ? Then, listen. You are throwing away Thousands of Pounds worth of Waste Paper each year in the diocese of Limerick ! Thousands of Pounds so urgently needed for the Diocesan College Building Fund. So **DON'T THROW MONEY AWAY.** Save Waste Paper to help to build the New Diocesan College and help to relieve unemployment.
- 2. SAVE SILVER PAPER :** Do you know that Silver Paper is worth £90 per Ton ? In future, please collect Silver Paper separately. We suggest that you keep a special box in your home for the Silver Paper you find in Cigarette boxes, chocolates, sweets, tea-chests, etc. We hope to be in a position to give you more detailed information early in the New Year. In the meantime, start saving Silver Paper at once.
- 3. WANTED IMMEDIATELY.** 3,000 empty Cow & Gate Tins (the latest type). We hope to convert them into Mite-Boxes. We make a special appeal to mothers of young children for co-operation. This is what you must do. Return the empty tins to your chemist. We shall collect them later. Please ask your friends to help us as well.

• So Don't Forget the Three Ways to Help the Diocesan Building Fund •

1. Save Waste Paper,
2. Save Silver Paper.
3. Collect Cow & Gate Tins.

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LIMERICK LEADER.

OUR

CATHOLIC LIFE

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

DECEMBER, 1956.

OUR SCHOOLS

THE campaign against our schools and teachers, organised in Dublin and supported by the Dublin newspapers, especially the *Irish Times* and the *Evening Mail*, may do some good. If there is neglect in the management of schools, those responsible are having their ills brought home to them. If there are teachers who bully children or punish them with undue severity, they are warned that public opinion is mobilised against them. The manner, however, in which this campaign is being conducted and the dangerous elements in our public life that are pushing it and using it leave no doubt in our mind that it can also do grave harm.

There is little need to stress the harm that will be done to Ireland's reputation abroad by representing our teachers as brutal and incompetent and our school system as below the standard of civilised countries. There is plenty evidence that this harm is in fact being caused, but we are more concerned for the moment with reactions at home.

We think it necessary to draw our reader's attention to certain facts. The present campaign is carefully organised and directed. A body calling itself the *School-Children's Protection Organisation* has been formed in Dublin. In the course of public controversy it has not been possible to discover the credentials of these people. All we are told is that they are practising Catholics. That may well be so, but it is quite certain that their most voluble supporters who offer their names to the public are anything but practising Catholics. They are determined and persistent enemies of every Catholic cause of all the Church stands for.

Continued overleaf.

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2. OUR CATHOLIC LIFE.

This organisation that is so concerned about our children and their schooling cuts a fair enough dash in our newspapers. One is not so sure of it when reading the anti-Catholic and anti-native Press. But these people really show their hand in a booklet on punishment in our schools published in April, 1955. This interesting document has a quotation on the cover-leaf from Pope Pius XII, but on page 8 it boldly suggests the abolition of Church control of schools. Suggestions are made for disproving "the theory that Irish parents are not interested in their children's welfare and education." We are not told where this theory comes from. Our National Teachers emerge from these pages as a very sorry lot, but the main brunt of the attack is directed against teaching religious. Nuns are particularly odious. One mother sends her thanks "for bringing to public notice the ill-treatment of children, particularly in the Convent National Schools, where Nuns teach children." When one reads this kind of thing, and there is plenty of it in the booklet under review, the charge in Communist China that Nuns kill orphans by the thousand and even boil and eat some of them do not seem so fantastic. The difference is only in degree, and no doubt the same is true of the propaganda.

It is not nice to have to speak of these unpleasant things at Christmas time when the children are so happy. But it is well to remember the Catholic homes in many lands where children were happy ten, fifteen or twenty years ago and are not happy now.

THE EDITOR.

OUR CHRISTMAS WISH

*That the peace and joy of Bethlehem
may fill the homes of all our readers
this Holy Season.*

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 Sundays. 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.

His Lordship the Bishop will preside.

St. Munchin's Day.

The Feast of St. Munchin, Patron of the Limerick Diocese, is on January 2nd. As usual, the solemn celebration in St. Munchin's Parish Church takes place on the following Sunday, January 6th. There will be High Mass and Special Sermon at 12 noon. The boys of St. Munchin's Christian Brothers' School, under Br. Redmond, will sing the Mass. His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill, will preside.

St. Ita's Day.

St. Ita is Patroness of the whole diocese, but she belongs especially to the parish of Killeedy. Her Feast will be observed with the customary solemnity on January 15th. There will be Solemn High Mass in Raheenagh Church at 11 a.m., with Special Sermon, and followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Lourdes Pilgrimage, 1958.

At this early stage it is not possible to fix definite dates for the proposed Diocesan Pilgrimage to Lourdes in 1958, but the Committee are making plans to leave on September 9th and return on September 19th. Saving Funds for intending pilgrims have been opened in St. John's and St. Munchin's parishes. For further particulars write to: Very Rev. Administrator, St. John's, Limerick, or to Rev. J. Cagney, C.C., St. Munchin's Limerick.

Our Annual Reminder.

When you send greetings to your relatives and friends during the Holy Season of Christmas, keep in mind the true meaning of the Festival by purchasing only cards that are Christian in outlook and design.

Do not use cards that are completely non-Christian.

PRIESTS AND ALTARS OF CROOM

By DAVID CANTWELL.

THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE ASSUMPTION

*"Many altars are in Banba,
Many chancels hung in white."*



Croom Church: the Celtic Cross marks the grave of Fr. T. Lee.

CROOM does not appear to have had any church before the arrival of the Normans, though there were two in its immediate neighbourhood, one at Dysert Aongus, a mile north-west of the village, and the other at Anhid, a like distance to the south. The church of Dysert Aongus was founded about the end of the eighth century, but nothing is known of the early story of Anhid except that of a certainty it was pre-Norman and Irish in origin.

A portion of a wall in the village graveyard, buttressed with graves on either side, and presently wholly concealed in a wilderness of rank vegetation is, or rather was, the sole surviving remnant of a church built here by the Fitzgeralds in the thirteenth century. Before it had been entirely eclipsed, traces of an arched doorway, four feet wide and sealed in good stonework, were discernible in this wall, while at another point the upper part of a window, two feet across, with a curved and pointed arch was still visible.

The building of this church coincided in all likelihood with the building of the original Castle of Croom, which was granted by King John to Maurice Fitzgerald in 1216, on its completion. The name of the church, however, does not occur in any record until 1291.

In that year it appears in a list of Churches of the Diocese of Limerick—in the Deanery of Adare—which were subjected to a Papal Taxation levied for the support of the Crusades: "The Church of Crommoth, £10." Eleven years later its name is again found in a similar taxation list, and this time it carries an impost of £28. In 1321 Juliana de Cogan, née Fitzgerald, "granted and confirmed to John Fitzthomas, her Manor of Croom with all its appurtenances, including churches, chapels, etc. . . . for the rent of one

sparrow-hawk or three farthings to be paid annually on the eve of the nativity of St. John the Baptist . . . The church was an inalienable adjunct of the manor.

Three times during the fourteenth century, the Fitzgeralds, for short and undefined periods, made the Castle of Croom their chief residence in Limerick. On each of these occasions Croom became for the time being the centre of the Deanery—which ordinarily was Adare—thus temporarily, at least, enhancing the importance of the church there. By the beginning of the fifteenth century, Clonanna, Dullas, Donoman, Druim Asail, Dunkip and the Chapel of Saye, at Caherass, were all chapels-of-ease to the major church at Croom. These trifles make the sum-total of what is known of this building during the first two centuries of its existence.

The two centuries which followed are still more barren of reference to it than those which had gone before. After the defeat and death of the Earl of Desmond in 1583, his estates were confiscated, the manor of Croom included, and the church made its exit from the stage of Catholic life, as it had made its entry four centuries previously, unchronicled. Not until 1615, however, did its obituary notice appear, a laconic and post-dated comment: "Richard Fuller is Rector of Croom." Richard Fuller was a lay man, and the church with its vicarage, glebe lands and temporalities generally, had passed into the hands of the Reformed Party. It is never heard of again. Anhid, with its thousand-acre parish of Bishop's land, Dysert and its four hundred acres, and Killonahan, another small adjoining parish, were all similarly absorbed and confiscated, and thus, at the beginning of the seventeenth century there was not left a Catholic Altar in Croom or neighbourhood.

It is inconceivable that such a state of affairs could continue unchallenged through the successive waves of repression which inun-

dated the people periodically during the seventeenth and into the beginning of the following century. There is a weak tradition of a Mass-rock in the Rockfield in Carrigeen, and also of Mass having been offered secretly in Anhid in the worst days of the persecution, but nothing definite emerges from it.

Father John Cantillon was made Parish Priest of the united parishes of Anhid, Croom, Dysert, Donoman and Killonahan in the early years of the eighteenth century. He made Anhid his parish church, but had to abandon it after a few years because of its ruinous condition and of its being too small for his congregation. He found a new chapel—probably an existing building which was adapted to its new purpose—beside the Croom to Rathluirc road, about a quarter mile from the former place. Nothing whatever is known of the chapel or Masshouse beyond its traditional site. It is suggested here that the holy water font dated 1711, now in St. Mary's Church in Croom, was made for the chapel to which Father Cantillon transferred from Anhid, and on the occasion of that transfer. The font itself is something of a mystery, for it was only in 1915 that it was discovered in the store room of the Protestant Church, concealed under an accumulation of lumber. How long it had lain there nobody knows.

Father Cantillon died in 1723 and was buried within the ruin of his former church in Anhid. After him, the succession of priests continued in an unbroken line: Fathers Higgins, Leo, Egan, Keating, Nunan and Hartnett, bringing the line of succession to 1814, the year of Father Hartnett's death. Very little is known about these priests beyond the dates of their appointment and of their deaths in Croom; indeed, it is a pathetic and a lamentable fact that nobody knows even where they are buried. Father William Leo, who died in 1758, was a Gaelic poet of considerable ability; welcomed with poetic effusions on his arrival in 1739, his death was lamented

in a striking appreciation written, it is thought, by the Manguaire Sugach, the very man whom the priest had already exiled to Ballyneety! O'Toomey's poem in praise of the Fair of Croom, written during Father Leo's time, contains a couplet referring to the Church there. Translated literally, the lines read:

"The word of God unsullied, and
shorn of all evasions,
In His Holy House is heard at
the fair of the jubilations."

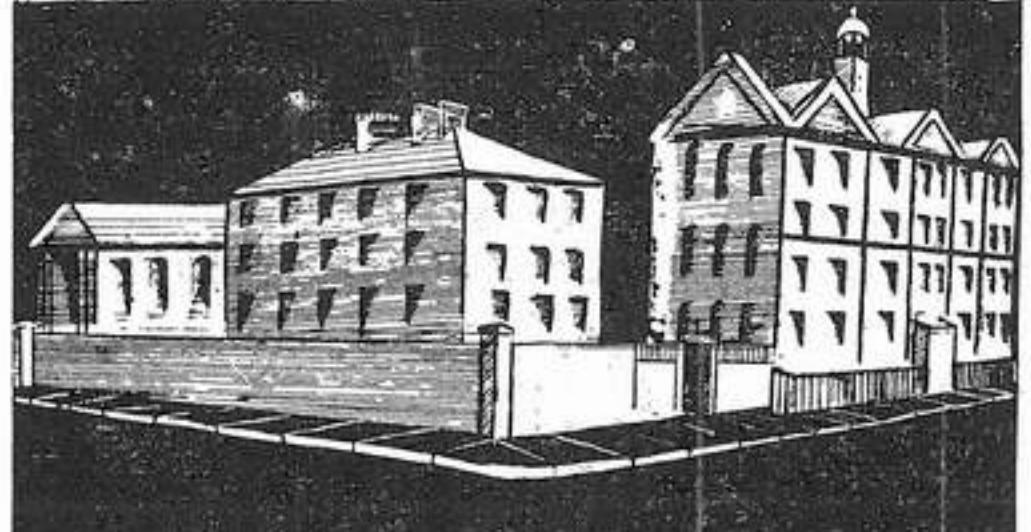
In the poet's time the fair-green of Croom was between the castle and the old Norman Church, and partly on the site of St. Mary's of to-day. The suggestion in the couplet is that the church was beside the fair and not a quarter of a mile from it as tradition has it. Could the tradition be misleading?

"Old" Father Laurence Harnett, who died in 1814, was succeeded by his nephew and name-sake, "Young" Father Harnett, each so described for the purpose of distinction, and so recalled in Croom, even to the present time. No sooner was the new priest appointed than he undertook the task of building a church, at all times a difficult work, but one which, in his time, when the gloom of the penal night, though much reduced, had not given place to the dawn, was a heroic venture. He completed the work by 1820, or perhaps a year or two earlier, dedicating it to Our Lady of the Assumption under the title of *Ecclesia Sanctae Mariae Assumptae*.

Public demonstrations of devotion to Our Lady were a prominent feature of the Catholic life of Croom during the eighteenth and into the latter half of the nineteenth century. The intense spirit of religious fervour and homage to Our Lady, which characterised these local pilgrimages, held annually on August 15th, cannot have failed to influence Father Harnett in the dedication of the church to Our Lady of the Assumption nearly a hundred and

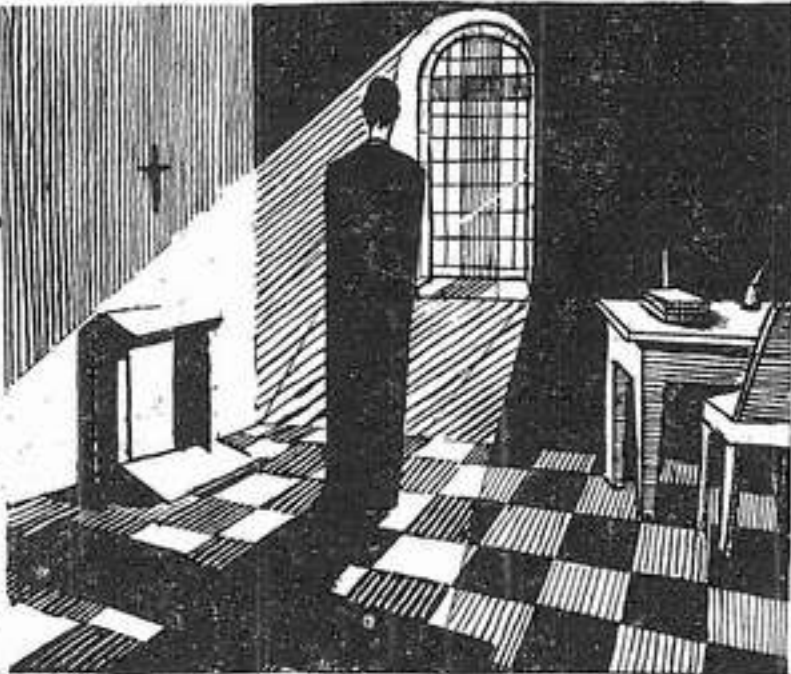
Continued on Page 31.

GERALD GRIFFIN
 IDOL OF THE
 READING PUBLIC
 HAD BECOME A
 CHRISTIAN BROTHER
 IN 1838. HIS
 DISAPPOINTED
 BROTHER, WITH
 WHOM HE HAD
 LIVED AT
 PALLASKENRY,
 FOUND THE SMOULDERING REMAINS OF ALL HIS
 UNPUBLISHED WORKS IN THE FIREPLACE OF HIS
 VACATED ROOM.





GERALD WAS CALLED TO THE NORTH RICHMOND STREET COMMUNITY OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS IN DUBLIN AND WAS THERE SOON TO SACRIFICE ALL THAT HAD BEEN DEAR TO HIM AND TO DEVOTE HIMSELF ENTIRELY IN RELIGIOUS LIFE.

HE SAID OF HIS VOCATION IN RELIGIOUS LIFE:
 "IF GOD DID NOT PLEASE TO KEEP ITS HAPPINESS A SECRET THE WHOLE WORLD MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO RUN TO IT. I WOULD NOT EXCHANGE... FOR THE FAME OF ALL THE SCOTTS AND SHAKESPEARES... I'M INCINED TO THINK... SOME SOULS CANNOT BE SAVED EXCEPT IN RELIGION"





THE RICHMOND ST. HOUSE HAD BEEN INAUGURATED TEN YEARS PREVIOUSLY BY O'CONNELL THE LIBERATOR HIMSELF WHEN DESPITE EMANCIPATION THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS WERE CLASSED AS AN ILLEGAL BODY. THE LAW COULD NOT PREVENT ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE ATTENDING THE FOUNDATION GATHERING.




AFTER HIS NOVITIATE, GERALD WORKED CONSCIENTIOUSLY AS A TEACHER IN NORTH MONASTERY IN CORK. AT RECREATION, HOWEVER, HE WAS A STORY-TELLER STILL OFTEN AMUSING HIS CONFERENCES WITH A GOOD TALE OR A ROUSING BALLAD.



HIS SOCIAL LIFE STOPPED THERE, HOWEVER. THE TALE IS TOLD OF THE LADY (TO WHOM HE HAD PREVIOUSLY DEDICATED ONE OF HIS POEMS) BEING COURTEOUSLY TURNED AWAY BY THE BROTHER PORTER, GERALD HAVING REFUSED TO RENEW THE ACQUAINTANCESHIP. HIS FAME AS A WRITER ATTRACTED MANY WHO WOULD HAVE LIKED TO HAVE SEEN THEIR IDOL IN HIS NEW SETTING.



GERALD WAS VERY CONTENT AT NORTH MONASTERY ENLIGHTENING THE CRANIUMS OF THE PUPILS THERE. HIS TIME WAS BRIEF THERE FOR A GREATER CALL WAS AT HAND. IN MAY 1840 HE WAS STRUCK DOWN BY TYPHUS AND MADE A QUICK RECOVER. EARLY IN JUNE THE DISEASE STRUCK AGAIN AND AFTER RECEIVING THE LAST SACRAMENTS, HE DIED ATTENDED BY THE COMMUNITY AND HIS RELATIONS.



Thomas D'Arcy McGee's
 ELEGY ON THE GENTLE GRIFFIN
 VOICED THE THOUGHTS OF ALL —

*Low in your grave, thou Monk
 and Poet sleep
 You never looked on him
 who now doth weep
 Above your resting place.....
 — now sleep on,
 Would that I had known
 you now your gone.*

B. GERALD JOS GRIFFIN
 died JUNE 12 1840
 Aged 36 Years
 a. rest in peace



Any Questions ???

Q. What is the meaning of the words "and thereto I plight thee my troth" used in the ceremony of marriage?

A. These words mean: "I promise that I will be faithful to you." The word "troth" is the archaic form of the word "truth" and the word "plight" means to pledge or promise. Married people, then, pledge faithfulness to each other on the morning of the marriage.

???

Q. Is it true that the Church grants divorce? Sometimes we hear of a person married in the Catholic Church being allowed to marry again while the other partner is still alive.

A. We had better first define our terms. A divorce means the breaking of the marriage bond between two persons who have been validly married. In that sense the Church not only does not, but cannot grant a divorce. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." But it may happen that two people get married, but because of some obstacle, e.g., close relationship, the marriage is not a valid marriage. In such a case, if one or other of the parties so desire it, the Church may after trying the matter in Her own Courts, give a decree of Nullity, which is a statement that there never was a valid marriage between the parties, and so the parties are free once more.

???

Q. What is necessary to gain the Indulgences attached to the Stations of the Cross?

A. When one is saying the Stations in private, all that is necessary is that (1) one move from station to station and (2) meditate at each station on the sufferings of

Christ. Nothing else is required. It is not necessary even that we meditate on the phase of Christ's passion depicted in the particular station. Meditation on any phase of the Passion suffices. When saying the Stations in common, the movement from station to station is done by the officiating Priest and the Altar Boys, and you are free to follow the meditations of the Priest or your own. Since the Stations are a highly indulgenced exercise, it is obvious what a salutary exercise they are in the spiritual life.

???

Q. May a Priest ever break the Seal of Confession?

A. No, a Priest may never reveal the sins of a penitent which he has heard in Confession. He is expected to guard the Seal of Confession with his life. In other words, if necessary, a Priest would have to choose death rather than reveal sins told to him in Confession. In our courts, it is recognised that a Priest may not be questioned on information he may have received under the Seal of Confession.

???

Q. What is the origin of the Divine Praises at Benediction?

A. The Divine Praises were composed by a certain French Priest, Father Felici, in 1797, to combat the then prevalent vice of Blasphemy. In 1801, Pius VII attached an indulgence of one year to their recital. In 1847, Pope Pius IX ordered that they be recited by the clergy and people alternately after Benediction. The Divine Praises in honour of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph and the Assumption were not in the original composition.

A Christmas story with strange happenings that led to . . .



"I have you at last, Paddy Micky," . . . and the voice continued, "I'm carrying you away to-night."

thinking of going to bed you were to say you had the door bolted?"

"No, indeed," replied Nora, "but Paddy Micky crossed the way a while ago and I was thinking he might get a notion to come in. 'Twould be fitter for him to be going home, after being out all day long, and see after his place."

"Begor, whatever about day," said Bill Kelly, "sure Paddy Micky never stays out very late at night anyway. Everyone knows that the old boreen up to his house is haunted, and I suppose he'd take no chances of being caught out there at the dead hours."

"Yes, indeed," said Nora. "The old people always believed that things used to be

PADDY MICKY'S CONVERSION

E. DE RIODAL.

THE broken melody of a drunken song came clearly over the air of the calm frosty night. Nora Brady heard it inside in her little snug kitchen, and at once recognised the merry reveller as her neighbour, Paddy Micky, on his way home from town. Tho' Paddy was a special friend of hers, she had no wish for his company on a busy Saturday night, only a few days off from Christmas, so she slipped quickly down and bolted the front door.

Nearer and louder grew the voice as the singer approached, faltered for a few seconds in front of the house, and passed on. Gradually the tune died away and was lost in the stillness of the night.

Nora Brady had a very soft spot in her heart for Paddy Micky, since she had taken the place of the mother who died when he was a little lad. It grieved her sorely to see him wasting his life and his health, and letting his fine house and farm go to ruin and decay. Often she pleaded with him to give up the drink and

settle down. He'd listen to her, but that's as far as he ever got towards reforming or giving up his dissolute ways. Even lately she was afraid he wasn't as punctual about his religious duties as he ought to be.

Voices and the click of the gate awoke her from her reverie.

"That's Bill Kelly and Jim Daly," she said to herself, as she hurried to unbolt the door and admit two fine strapping young fellows.

"God save all here," they said. "Wisha, Nora, is it

seen there."

"But doesn't Den Fenton travel there going home the short cut, and at every hour of the night, too, and he never saw anything worse than himself," said Jim Daly.

"Ah, but if the Old Boy himself appeared before Den Fenton and wagged his tail, he wouldn't knock a shake out of him," said Nora.

Bill Kelly looked at her. "I wonder," he said, "if Den is as brave and bold at night as he lets on. He admits he never saw anything, but if some queer object appeared in front of him in the old boreen, maybe he'd run for his life like the rest of us."

The twinkle that was never long absent from Nora Brady's eyes appeared, and the slow roguish smile extended to meet it. For Nora was old in years but young at heart. The two boys waited

in silence, knowing they were going to hear one of her jokes or funny stories, or else that she was up to some of her tricks.

"I have a good plan," she said after a few minutes, "to settle the argument as to whether Den Fenton is as fearless as he is supposed to be. He was in here this evening on his way to confession, and he left word for ye to wait for him if he missed ye in town. He should be on any minute now, so here's what ye'll do. I'll give ye a sheet, and when we hear him coming, slip out the back door, and go to Paddy Micky's gate and wait there for him. Let one of ye put on the sheet, and if that don't frighten him, nothing under the stars will."

No one could resist Nora Brady, and the two boys entered with gusto into the plot to put Den's courage to the test. All plans were laid, and the two slipped out by way of the back door as Den Fenton came in at the front.

"Didn't the boys call at all, Nora?" he asked after a while. "They promised to wait for me here."

"They left just before you came in," she told him.

He looked cross. "They must be in a terrible rush entirely," he said, "to say they couldn't wait, and I didn't delay long either."

"Stop a minute," said Nora, "and I'll tell you what happened. They were waiting here for you alright and we had a bit of an argument about your being so brave at night and they decided to try you out. They carried off one of my sheets and they are hiding behind at Paddy Micky's gate till you come along and pounce on you."

"They'll have a long wait there then for I'll go home

by the short cut and they can stay cooling themselves until some fool comes along to take notice of them."

"Yerra sure that would be no good at all. The two boyos are very uneasy behind at that gate. Take the traces of the ass's car, put them around you and go down the boreen behind them, and 'tis then you'll see the fun."

The more Den Fenton thought, the more he saw the humour of the situation. So he unhooked the chains, made his way over the fields and vaulted over the ditch on to the boreen. Only the far away barking of a dog disturbed the stillness till he began to rattle the chains around him. The sound carried over the calm air, and down the boreen to where Paddy Micky lay asleep where he had fallen earlier in the evening. He opened his bleary eyes reluctantly, and couldn't close his ears to that din and clank growing ever louder and clearer. He laid his hand on the frost cold grass. He wasn't in hell anyway, tho' the proprietor didn't seem to be far away.

Fear gripped him. He rose to his feet unsteadily, and staggered to a run, his goal being the gate, the road, and the sanctuary of Nora Brady's.

He had nearly attained the first leg of the treble when a white clad figure emerged from the shadows and dashed out of the gate ahead of him. Paddy Micky dared not turn back towards those pursuing chains. The lesser evil seemed in front of him and bent on the same objective as himself so he kept pelting on as fast as he could.

Then before his horrified eyes the white object halted, and hung suspended from the branch of a tree. Paddy

swerved to avoid it, tripped over a stone and fell headlong on the road. A tug at his coat collar, and a very persuasive help brought him to his feet. The white-robed one spun him around, and a sepulchral voice spoke.

"I have you at last, Paddy Micky." There seemed no answer to that one, and the voice continued: "I'm carrying you with me to-night."

"For God's sake . . ." began Paddy, but a growl and an angry rattle of chains told him his choice of words wasn't pleasing his captor. "Your reverence," but that was just as bad. "Let me go, you old devil," said Paddy getting rattled; but the grip on him only tightened. So he tried another tack.

"Sure I'm not ready to go with you," he said; "give me time."

"You're preparing long enough," said the voice. "Get going, and hurry as I've two more yet to catch."

Paddy thought he saw a way out. "While you're going after them, let me go home to get a few things and settle up my affairs," he begged.

"Well, I'm sure of you, anyway," said the white-robed one. "But before I let you off I'll make a bargain with you. If you'll make me a solemn promise that you'll take the pledge I'll free you and never interfere with you again as long as you keep it."

So there on the frosty road under the stars Paddy Micky knelt down and promised faithfully to give up drink altogether and to mend his ways.

He kept his promise. He kept the pledge. And now he keeps a wife.



By MARTHA

HAVE you everything ready for Christmas? Have you the house shining, the decorations up, the icing on the cake? Have you tied the string on the very last parcel? If you have, you are a very competent person. As a matter of fact, I respectfully suggest that you are wasting your time reading this article, and I feel myself utterly unworthy of offering you advice. I write for my sister delinquents, the harassed imperfect few who, like myself, have a multiplicity of left-over chores to do on Christmas Eve, and who do not dare to relax until after dinner on Christmas Day.

* * * *

At the time of writing this article, turkeys promise to sell for a reasonable sum for the buyer this year, which means that a great many of us will cook the traditional dinner. There is something essentially festive about turkey, and I feel that no deputy of his—chicken, goose or duck—adequately compensates for his absence from the Christmas dinner table. I say "his absence," but it is actually a hen-turkey that I

hope to cook, a nice plump little bird of about ten pounds weight, that will fit my oven, my roasting tin and the capacity of my family. I remember, one Christmas, my husband won at cards a brute of a turkey, he looked as big as a sheep. We disjointed him, broke his breast bone and squeezed him into a compact mass and, literally, pushed him into the oven. Basting him was out of the question. I cooked him for a long time in a slow oven, but he did not turn out to be the succulent fowl he might have been. It is advisable to get everything well prepared the day before Christmas. See that your oven is clean and heating properly, and that the turkey is cleaned, trussed, etc. Have your ingredients ready for the stuffing. In our house we prefer *sage and onion stuffing* made according to the following recipe:

INGREDIENTS.

1 lb. onions, 1 teaspoonful of crushed sage, 2 teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. breadcrumbs, 1 oz. of butter; salt and pepper. Method—Cut the onions into quar-

ters, drop into boiling water containing a little salt, parboil ten minutes, drain, chop, add salt, pepper, breadcrumbs and the butter and cut into small pieces.

If you prefer potato stuffing, substitute cold mashed potatoes instead of bread crumbs and, if you wish,

make a bread sauce to serve with the meat.

INGREDIENTS FOR BREAD-SAUCE.

1 small onion, 2 cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2 ozs. of breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoonful of cream (optional), salt and pepper.

Method—Simmer the onion (stuck with the cloves) in the milk for ten minutes, strain the milk over the crumbs, add the cream (if used) and the seasoning. Reheat before serving.

* * * *

You may be one of those epicures who delight in haute cuisine and prefer your turkey stuffed with chestnuts and served with cranberry sauce. You will have to buy the sauce ready-made this year, as there are no cranberries to be got in the shops. If you are able to get chestnuts, you could try the following recipe for chestnut stuffing.

INGREDIENTS.

2 lbs. of chestnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk or stock, 2 ozs. of butter; salt and

Continued on Page 20.

AS CAITEAMH NA NOLLAGS

Seán S. Ó Conaile, C.S.S.R.

Is féile ioncolluite an Dara Pearsa den Trionóid féile na Nollags. Glac sé colann daonna o'aon gnó cun sinn a sábháil ó cómaect an peacaio, agus plaitis Dé a cur ar fáil dúinn at-uair. Ac má breahtaimís féile na Nollags mar sin amáin, ní feicimid 'na iomlán cor ar bié é. Beir leat den pictiúir ar iarraid. Agus ceáro é féin atá as teastáil cun rúndiamair ioncolluite Míe Dé a iomlánú? Tá scaoilead na paióbe asat má freagrann tú an ceist: "Cén caoi ar táimis Sé?"—Tré Muire Mátair."

Nuair noct aingle Dé iao féin oos na haoðairí lúdača ar na sléibte agus o'innis an deas-scéala doibte, o'iméig na tréadaité láitread cun Mac Dé o'adrad. Ní bfuair siad de

treoir ac go bfuigead siad in éadaí lúda é, agus é 'na tui i scró ainmíte. Agus cionnas mar tángadar air? Nac cuimín leat? "Tángadar ar an leanb in éineact le Muire, a mátair." D'ionann teact ar Muire agus teact ar Íosa. Le céite a bí an beirt acu an trát sin, agus bí ó soim, agus beir go deo.

Nuair éirill na Ríche ón Oirtear ar lorg an Rí, bí fios acu go bfuigíois é áit ar seas an réalt a treorúig iao. Agus ba le Muire, a mátair, a fuair-eadar-san freisin Rí an Domáin, Mac Dé bí.

Tá dá míle féile Nollags imíte éart ón gcéad oíche úo. Agus cá bfuil teact ar an leanb Íosa fé látair? Tá Sé mar a raib Sé i gcónaí — in éineact le Muire Mátair. Téirig cuici á

lorg. O'feapad Dia na mílte seipt a ceapad fé ioncollú a Míe. Ac níor tós Sé ac ceann amáin — go dtiocfad Sé cugainn tré Muire. Maraé ise, i gcomairle Dé, ní bead aon Nollags asainn. Táimis Íosa cugainn o'ponn an bealac cun Dé a ceasbáint dúinn. Dé an bealac sin an bealac a taistil Sé ó Neamh. Ní mór dúinn out cuig an átair ar an mbótar céanna a cug Íosa air féin as teact uair cugainn.

Ní beir Nollags éart asat san losagán. Agus níl ac an t-aon bealac amáin ann cun Nollags a caiteamh leis—tré Muire Mátair. Iarr uiréi tú éabairt cuige. Agus má caiteann tú an Nollags 'na teannta siúo agus grásta Dé io' éroí, beir Nollags sona asat i noáiríre.



THE CHOICEST CHEESE

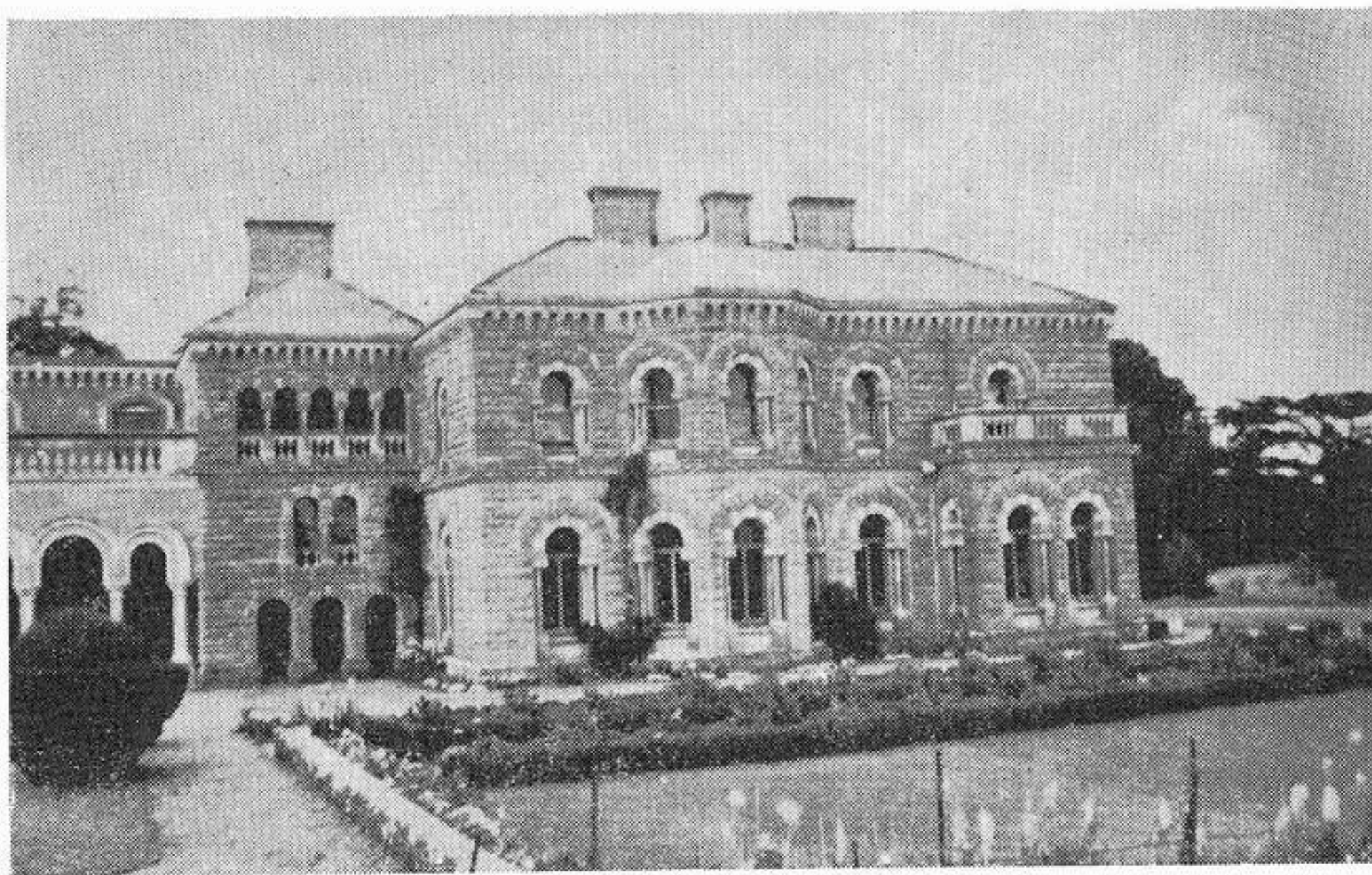
Delicious and nutritious Golden Vale cheese comes to you in these tempting varieties:

Creme De Gruyere
Cheddar Cheese Spread
Wine Cheddar Cheese
Processed Cheddar

Be sure to ask for

Golden Vale

THE CHEESE MADE AT CHARLEVILLE



Original O'Brien Home.

NOVITIATE OF OBLATE ORDER

CAHERMOYLE

By Very Rev. Father O'Brien, O.M.I.

THE Irish Province of the Oblate Order has its novitiate at Cahirmoyle, in the parish of Ardagh, near Newcastle West. The house which is now the Novitiate was up to 1921 the home of the O'Briens, a family which could trace its lineage to Brian Boru, High King of Ireland nearly a thousand years ago, and his descendant, Murrough O'Brien, the first Earl of Thomond and Baron Inchiquin.

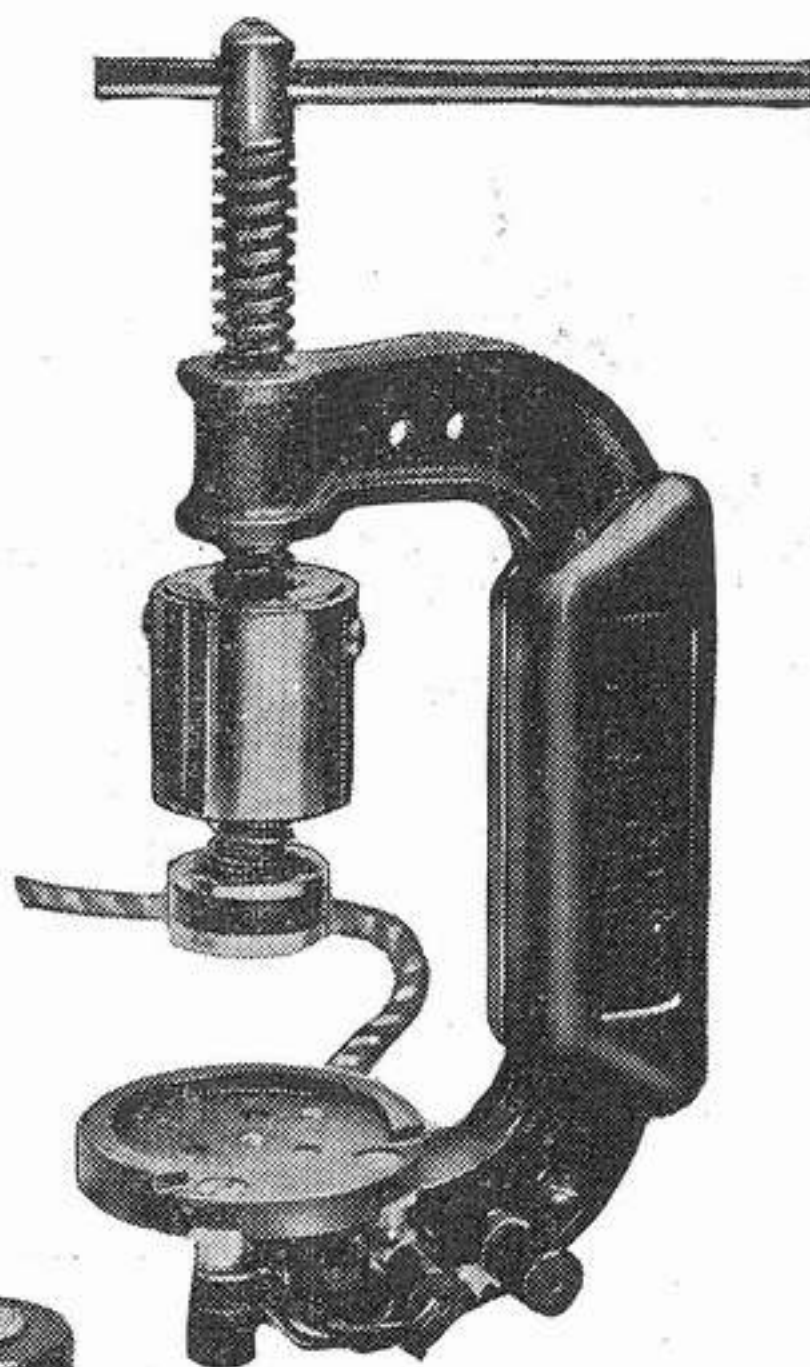
Cahirmoyle, so called from a stone fort built in pre-Christian times, was inherited by William Smith O'Brien, leader of the 1848 rebellion, as part of his wife's dowry. To have lived as a landlord and died a national hero was the unusual career of this man who was M.P. for Limerick. The apathy at Westminster to the terrible conditions in Ireland

disgusted him and set him on the road which was to lead to his being sentenced to death after the shortlived rebellion of 1848, a sentence which was, however, commuted to transportation to Van Diemen's Land.

When he died in 1864 the house and estate at Cahirmoyle passed to his son, Edward. He pulled down the old house in which his father had received the Young Irelanders, and replaced it with a mansion in Italian Romanesque, a style with which he was familiar from his long sojourns in the countries of Southern Europe. Edward was succeeded by his son, Dermot, but the new owner's interests were in Dublin and he was never more than a visitor at Cahirmoyle. Finally, for financial reasons, but against the strong opposition of his family, he put

"TURNING THE SCREW"

for better Smoking



When touring a tobacco factory, the visitor finds evidence of stripping, blending, maturing and much else of a similar nature. But what's **this**—a vice?

It certainly looks like one. But in fact, it's a highly-sensitive, scientific instrument, known as a Compression Cell, which measures to a fine degree the moisture content in tobacco. Tobacco samples are taken and placed within the small "cell" which is then positioned in the "vice". The arm is screwed down until the correct contact is made and a Moisture-Meter connected electrically to the Compression Cell, shows a reading which represents the percentage of moisture in the tobacco. This is one example of the cares and techniques which make everyday routine in Carroll's Tobacco factory at Dundalk, where, since 1824, the craft of blending and processing fine tobaccos has been practised. Today, Carroll's products, cigarettes and tobaccos are known and respected throughout Ireland, and in a large number of export markets all over the world.



AFTON
(first for quality)
CIGARETTES

AFTON—In tins 1/5d. Twenties 2/10d. Fifties (flat tins) 7/1d.

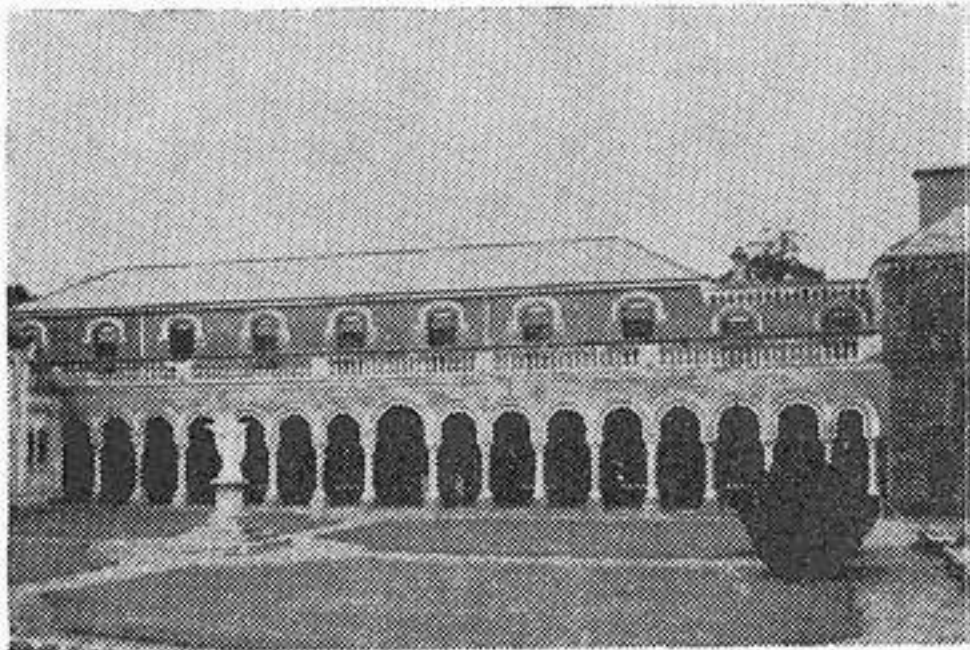
AFTON MAJOR—The big cigarette of luxury. In twenties only 3/1d.

MICK McQUAID—The favourite cut plug. Per oz. 3/4d. (Also ready rubbed). In the famous "Scruvac" tin.

CARROLLS OF DUNDALK. TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1824

the house and estate up for sale in 1921.

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate saw in the O'Brien mansion a suitable home for aspirants to the Order. The house stands on an eminence in the middle of a fertile plain and separated from the outside world by groves of trees—very suitable surroundings for the meditations of the young men making their novitiate. With the blessing of the Bishop of Limerick of the time, Most Rev. Dr. Hallinan, Cahirmoyle came into the possession of the Order on July 21st, 1921, and was re-named Our Lady of Lourdes. So this beautiful mansion became a home for young men desiring to consecrate their lives to the service of Mary Immaculate. The spacious central hall was converted into a chapel and at the entrance gate one of the Brothers erected a beautiful Calvary and a replica of the Shrine at Lourdes.



New Wing and Ambulatory.

But big as this stately mansion was, Our Lady of Lourdes needed expansion as the number of aspirants increased. In 1930, a Brother of the Order designed and built a new wing, which contained a large temporary chapel, dormitories, study and recreation halls and a refectory. The south-west side of the wing leads on to an open ambulatory with pillars and arches which gives an appearance of cloistered calm to the whole. The climax of progress and expansion was reached when His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill, blessed and opened the new community chapel in 1948.

It may be of interest to say a word about the work being done at Cahirmoyle. A novitiate is a home for beginners—beginners in the religious life. In the novitiate all are on the same level, irrespective of age, previous education or social status, testing themselves and being tested by their superiors. Here

they study the lives of the Saints, seeking to find in them the inspiration of their own lives. They study also the rules, history and spirit of the Oblate Order. But it is not all study and prayer. A part of the day is set aside for manual labour and there is sufficient recreation to ensure bodily health. At the end of one year, if the novice has measured up to the standard required, he is allowed to take the vows of religion—Poverty, Chastity and Obedience.

Since its opening, six hundred novices have passed through Our Lady of Lourdes. In the peace and calm of its atmosphere, they lay strong and deep foundations for their spiritual life, so that they may bring their gifts of Faith, Hope and Charity, when they go on their mission to every part of the world.

This year we celebrate the centenary of the coming of the Oblate Order to Ireland. The Order was founded nearly a hundred and fifty years ago at Aix, in the south of France by Father (later Bishop) de Mazenod. At that time the Church in France was in a sad plight after the French Revolution and there was a great shortage of priests. Charles de Mazenod, a priest of the diocese of Marseilles, was one of the saintly men raised up by God to restore the shattered Church. His young Order made rapid strides in many kinds of work and in 1840, in response to a call from the Holy See, the Founder sent a party of Oblate missionaries to Canada. There they met with great success, and since then they have spread throughout the world and have brought the light of Faith to the Indian wigwams in the frozen North, the Kaffir kraals in South Africa, the Tamil huts in Ceylon and to many a Dalmation settler's hut in Australia.

Bishop de Mazenod followed with lively interest the Tractarian movement in England (1833-1840), which was giving rise to hopes of a second spring for the Church there. His interest was also stimulated by the fact that at the time many were emigrating from Ireland to the new industrial areas of England and that a big proportion were losing the Faith, due to lack of priests. He had special prayers for the conversion of England introduced into his diocese and into the community prayers of the Oblates, and in 1841, he sent the first of his priests to England. In less than a quarter of a century, twelve parishes were established in England, Scotland and Wales, a number which has now

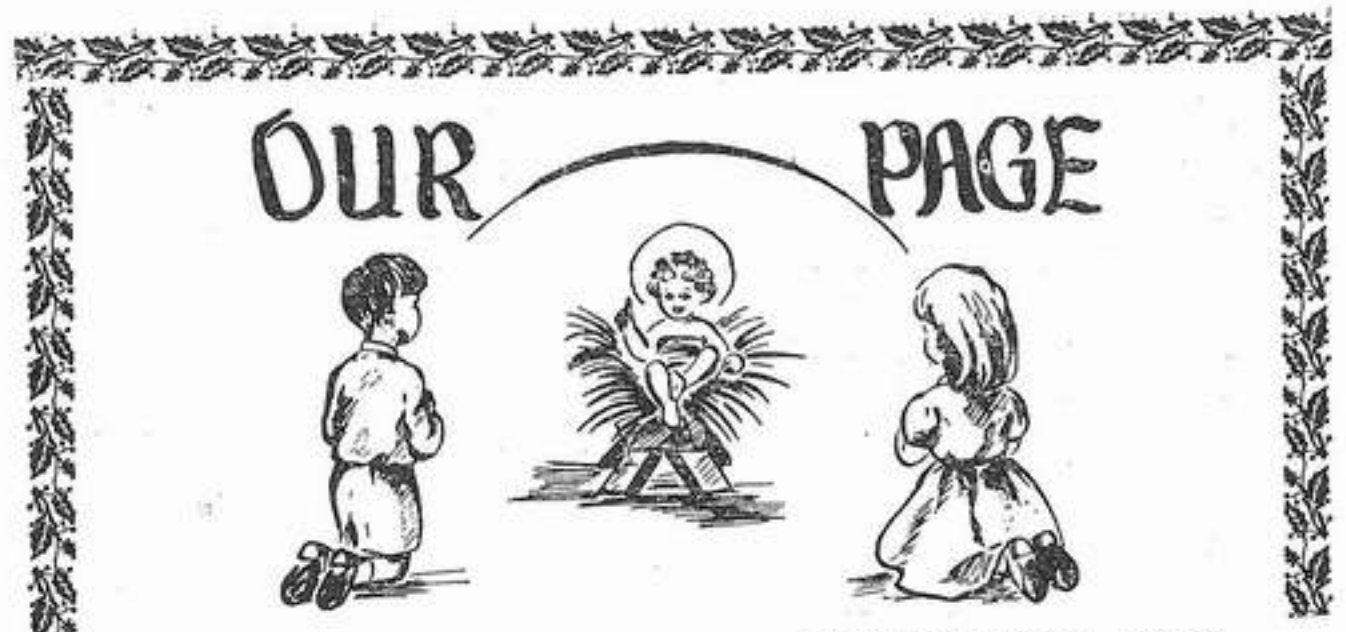
Continued on Page 28.

The Murphy Twins

IT had been snowing early in the morning and Mary, Michael and the twins had thoroughly enjoyed themselves snowballing while the shortlived winter sunshine lasted. But the evening had closed in black and bitter and now they were all glad to be seated round a blazing fire. Daddy was reading and Mammy was knitting quietly, having put baby Sean to sleep in his cot. Peter and Pauline were telling Mammy about the lovely cribs they had in school, and Pauline was sure that the one Sister John had fixed up with Angels and frost and lovely shining stars was far better than Brother Reidy's in the boys' school, even though it was lit with electric light.

Mary sat at the table trying to write her composition. "Michael," she begged, "can't you give me some idea, it's about Christmas Customs and the best one is to get a prize." "Oh!" said Michael, "that easy. Can't you tell all about Santa Claus and the Midnight Mass and plum pudding and wren boys." "I've all these down," said Mary, "except wren boys, but they are not a Christmas custom, are they?" "Of course they are," said Michael, "aren't they Mammy?" Mammy laid down her knitting and smiled. "Yes, they are," she said, "would you like to hear the story of how the custom began?" "Oh, Mammy," chorused all the children together, "we'd love to!" Mary put down her pen and they all gathered in around Mammy's chair.

"Well," Mammy began, "You all know the story of the three Wise Kings and how the wicked King Herod wanted to kill Baby Jesus so that St. Joseph and Our Lady had to fly with Him by night away to a foreign country to save Him from the cruel soldiers. Day after day they hurried on, always afraid that the soldiers would overtake them. Our Lady with Baby Jesus on her lap sat on the little grey donkey who struggled along gallantly although he was getting very tired,



CHRISTMAS, 1956.

My Dear Children,

Your own big feast is here again with all its fun and happiness. You will be visiting the Baby Jesus in His Crib and don't forget to pray specially for the poor little children in Hungary and their parents who have suffered so much in the past few weeks.

I must thank very specially all those who entered for the Painting Competition and helped to make it a success. The highest number of entries came from Kilmallock. There were several from Rathkeale, Charleville and Ballyhahill. On the whole the country parishes sent many more than the city. I was also pleased to see that some of you addressed the envelopes yourselves. I am giving you another picture to colour this time, so now get to work and tell your friends about it. If there are a number of entries from your school you might ask your teacher to send them together in one envelope.

Your pictures were so beautifully coloured that I have decided to give three consolation prizes as well as the three special prizes.

The winners, who are to receive a beautiful box of paints each, are as follows:—

- 1st—Miss Terry Maloney, Meadagh, Bruff.
- 2nd—Master Tony Bluett, Ballyshonakin, Kilmallock.
- 3rd—Master James Elliott, Dernish Avenue, Foyes.

Consolation Prizes to:—

- Master Paddy Stack, Farrihy, Broadford.
- Master Liam Fitzgibbon, "St. Anne's," Raheen.
- Miss Mary Doherty, 46 Lansdowne Park, City.

Next time there will also be six lovely prizes for the best entries. And now let me wish you all the blessings of your own Little King and a very happy Christmas.

*Please pray for
Your loving*

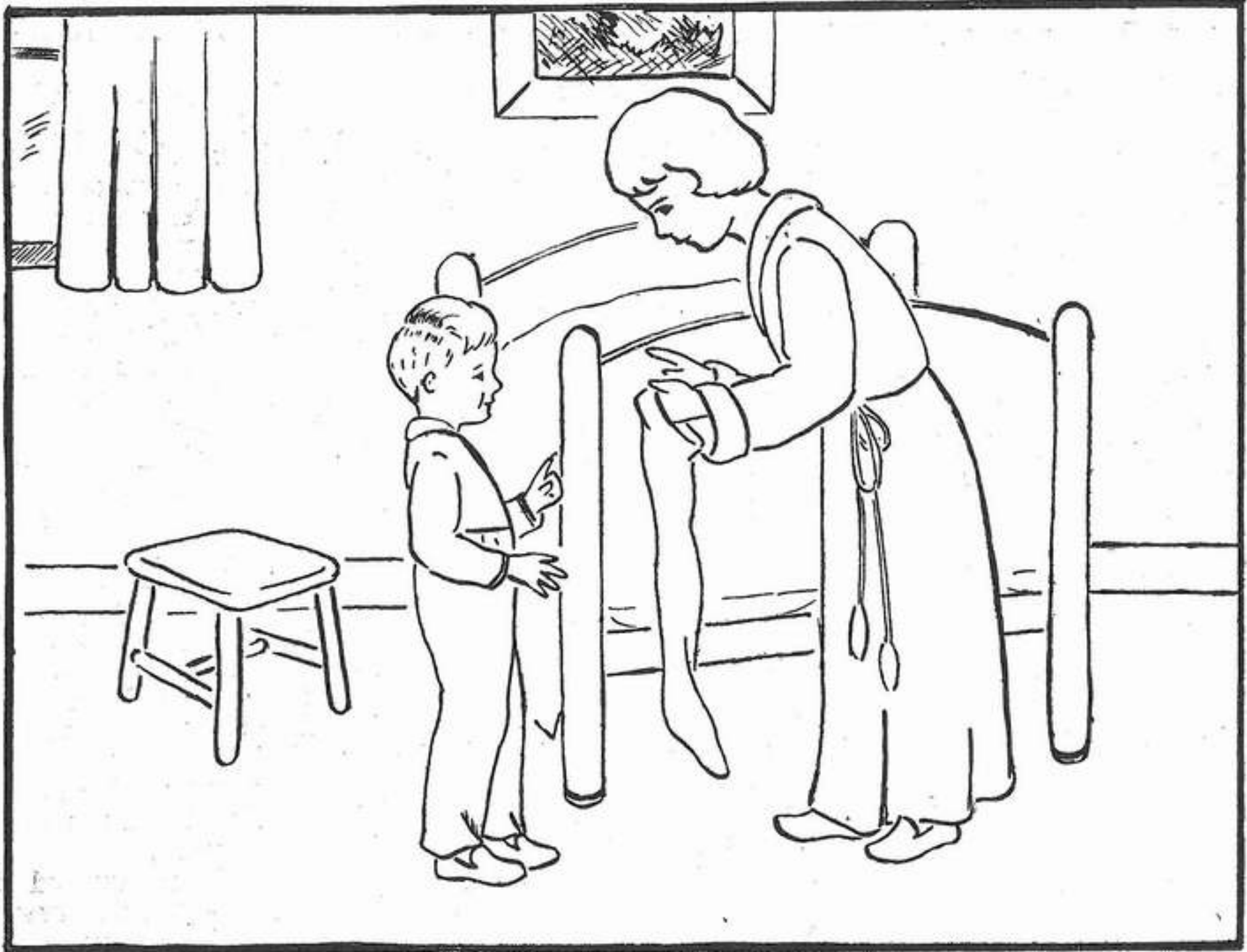
AUNTIE BRIGID.

and St. Joseph trudged along by his side. He, too, was weary and his bare feet were cut and bleeding from the rough stones on the pathway.

One day they passed a field where a man was planting wheat. St. Joseph called the man and told him that if Herod's soldiers asked him

Turn to Page 25.

GRAND PAINTING COMPETITION



Big bells, little bells, swing
high, swing low.
Mary and Joseph to Beth-
lehem go.

Big bells, little bells, your
story tell,
In stable poor they are
forced to dwell.

Big bells, little bells, ring
again,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christmas candles shining
bright,
Welcome the Christ Child,
on His birth night.

Silver stars, spangle the
sky,
"Come, and adore," the
angels cry.

NAME

ADDRESS

AGE

THREE SPECIAL PRIZES FOR YOU

HOW TO ENTER.

Take your paints or crayons and colour in the picture
here as neatly as you can. Cut it out and post it, or hand
it in to—

PAINTING COMPETITION,
OUR CATHOLIC LIFE,
ST. JOHN'S, LIMERICK.

Entries must be in before the 31st JANUARY, 1957.

Competition is confined to children under 12 years.

Father John, Jeremiah and ...

THE THREE BRANCH CANDLE

IT is about time we introduced Jeremiah Daly, Kilmorna's Parish Clerk. That we have not done so already must surely be a keen disappointment to him, for it is not too much to say that, not only in his own mind, but also in that of the parish, Jeremiah is the symbol which represents the unchanging continuity of the Church.

That may sound a bit hard on the Canon and Father John, but, after all, between them they have been in Kilmorna only fifteen years, whereas it is now over fifty since Jeremiah, as a young Mass-server, first appeared around the altar of Kilmorna Church. Then he began the apprenticeship, which in his case so naturally developed into an assistant clerkship, and eventually, at the early age of twenty-five culminated in the fullness of office. As the years rolled by Jeremiah's gait became more measured, his visage more controlled, his carriage more erect so that now, when vested for ceremonies, he was apt to be something of a distraction for visitors among the congregation. Indeed, it had been known to happen that some, not too conversant with the rubrics, had wondered if he were the parish priest. During the years he had (as he was wont to say when he occasionally relaxed over a glass of beer of an evening) put generations of mass-servers, curates and parish priests through his hands. The servers he had disciplined and trained, the curates, who were always young, he had tactfully steered, and the parish priests he had handled with an ever increasing sureness of touch.

So it is that when the mind of an exile from Kilmorna travels back nostalgically to the old days and he sees the Church again in his mind's eye, it is Jeremiah he sees moving around the altar, quietly lighting candles, adjusting charts, bending solicitously over some parishioner at the altar rails who wishes to make arrangements for a baptism or wants a message conveyed to the priest. Then there is the woman, now the mother of a young family, who is still pointed out as having achieved fame at the early age of six, when, to the Diocesan Examiner's question: "Who is always present on our altars?" she gravely replied: "Jeremiah, Father." (It is also recorded in Kilmorna that the Diocesan Examiner did not betray more than momentary consternation).

Naturally relations between Father John and this estimable personage were most cordial. True there might have been just a touch of patronage on Jeremiah's side when Father John, in the fullness of his inexperience, first came to Kilmorna. But that had long since given way to mutual esteem, though Jeremiah still loved to give Father John tactful hints and reminders, which were almost invariably of value, especially when they touched on parish politics. However, we regret to have to record that there was very nearly a rift in these happy relations. It was all due to the fact that the Holy Father made changes in the Holy Week ceremonies this year, without sending word to Jeremiah.

It has to be admitted that in previous years Jeremiah

was rather more expert in the details of these ceremonies than Father John. This was natural enough since Father John had taken part in them but a few times, whereas Jeremiah had been assisting at them, year in year out, since the beginning of the century. So it was that Jeremiah knew instinctively the points on which Father John would like confirmation and, without being asked, would advert to these during the briefing of the servers. This year, however, Father John had made careful preparations himself of the revised ceremony which, as the reader will remember, had been transferred to Holy Saturday evening. Unfortunately these preparations coincided with one of Jeremiah's rare absences from his parish.

Father John arrived for the ceremony intending to have a conference with Jeremiah, who had arrived back that evening. He walked up through the Church, and when he came to the altar-rails saw to his surprise that the water-container for the blessing of the baptismal water, which should have been inside the rails, was not there. He went into the sacristy. The servers, having heard his approach, stood gleaming in a row. He addressed the senior of the corps: "Didn't I tell you to have the water container in the sanctuary?"

"Jeremiah came in while ago, Father, and he said the water was always blessed in the font."

"You and Johnny go down to the baptistry and bring up the container and put it where I told you."

The pair disappeared.

Father John turned to the smaller Mulrooney, who was holding the three-branch candle.

"What are you doing with that?" he asked. "Didn't I tell you it wasn't needed this year?"

"Jeremiah said we would have to have it, to bring the light up the Church, Father."

"Put it in the press and get the Pascal Candle, which I told you is being used instead."

Father John went out to the Church to see if there were any more Jeremiah adjustments. When he returned, Mulrooney Junior still did not have the Pascal Candle. Jeremiah was standing at the other side of the sacristy. His lips were tightly compressed. Father John decided that this was not the time for finesse.

"Good evening, Jeremiah. There are a number of changes in the ceremony this year and I have told the servers what they are."

"I know, Father, but since you have the blessing of the Pascal Fire at the Church door, you need the three-branch candle to bring the new light to the Pascal Candle at the altar."

"The Pascal Candle is lighted at the porch this year, so will you please get it for the server."

"That means that the three-branch candle will never be needed again?"

"Never."

One could almost see Jeremiah's brain adjusting itself to the idea that the three-branch candle was to pass into oblivion, that candle which year after year he had brought out of its press on the eve of Holy Saturday, and which, since it was used for only a few minutes each year, had been in the service of the Church almost as long as himself. One felt he was think-

ing if this could happen anything could. But he got the Pascal Candle for Mulrooney Junior.

In due course, Father John proceeded to the Church porch with his retinue of servers. For the first time Jeremiah was not with him. When he was ready to carry the lighted Pascal Candle, which symbolized the Risen Lord, into the Church, he whispered to one of the servers: "Go in to the sacristy and tell Jeremiah to turn out all the lights in the Church." The server hurried off. But in a few moments he was back again and the lights were still on.

He came up to Father John. "Jeremiah says there will be a panic in the Church, Father, if the lights go out."

Father John gave him a steely look. "Go in to the sacristy and turn out the lights yourself."

The server rustled off and the lights went out.

Father John and Jeremiah

were face to face in the sacristy again. It was clear that Jeremiah was mastering strong emotion. Father John waited for him to speak first.

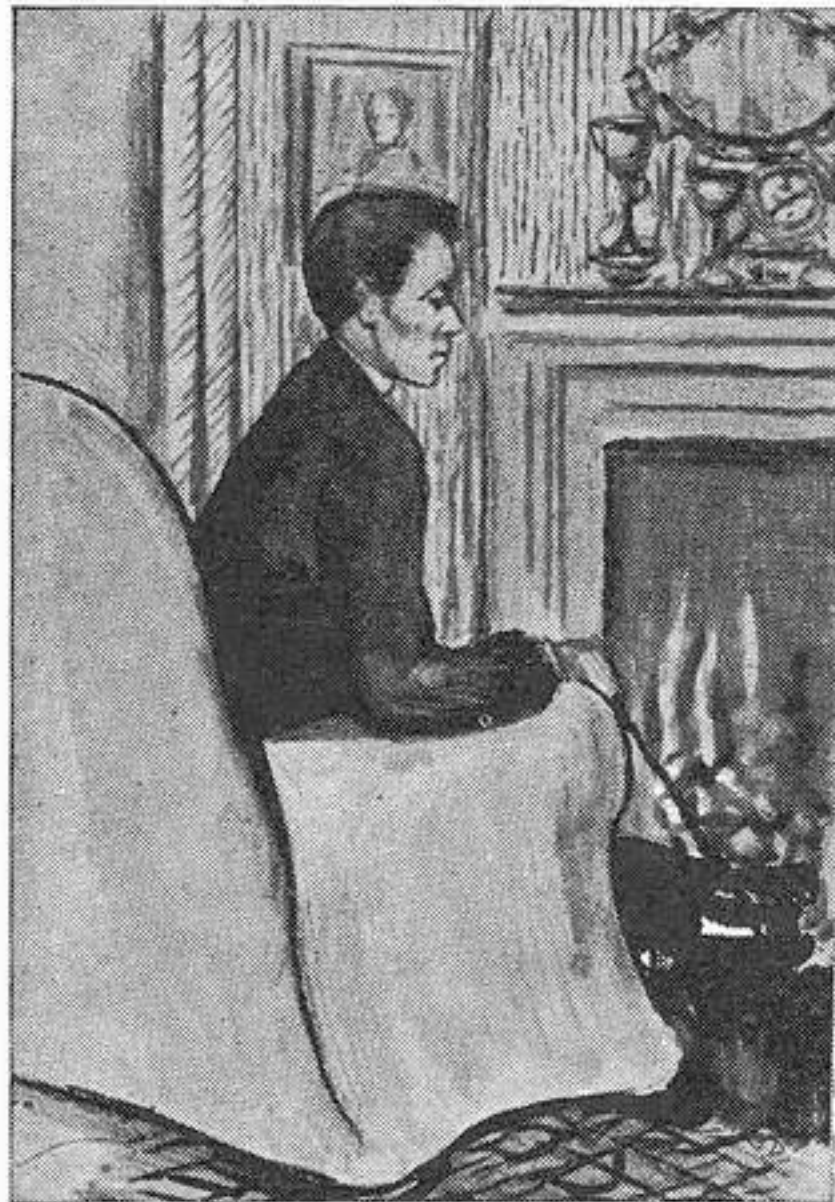
At last, in a carefully controlled voice, he said: "Have you got the book with the new ceremony, Father?"

Father John smiled. The crisis was over.

"I have, Jeremiah, and a very good one it is, too. I shall bring it down to you in the morning."

That of course meant that next year the old order would be restored again, for Jeremiah would be as conversant with the new ceremony as if he had been personally responsible for it.

But to be strictly truthful, we must record that since last Easter, great as is Jeremiah's veneration for our present Holy Father, it hardly measures up to that in which he holds the other three Pontiffs he has helped to run the Church.



Father John wishes

all his readers

A HAPPY

and

HOLY

CHRISTMAS



Grand Christmas Crossword

3 BOOK TOKENS OF £1 EACH

ACROSS

1. A resting place.
3. Ridiculous performance.
7. A tree.
9. Palindromic silencer.
10. What many sick people have.
12. Half a river.
13. "So Plates." Anagram.
17. What each one of us does.
18. A meadow.
19. A Prefix.
20. Constraint.
21. Period of time.
22. Divers of a kind.
23. A Hindu ascetic.
24. Employed.

DOWN

1. An indication.
2. College servant.
3. Marsh.
4. Solicitude.
5. To stuff.
6. Noted cathedral.
8. A wet mixture.
11. Incautiousness.
12. Epithet of a country lately in the news.
14. Continental waiter.
15. Wild West holder.
16. This country is one.
18. A game.
20. A measure of time.

NAME

ADDRESS

Entries to be sent to Crossword, St. John's, Limerick, before 31st January, 1957.

Prizes will be awarded to the first three correct solutions opened.

NO ENTRY FEE.



if you are particular about clothes....

.... you should use the

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"We see now through a glass in a dark manner: but then face to face. Now I know in part: but then I shall know as I am known."

YOUR DESTINY

REV. P. HOULIHAN.

IN earlier ages the different peoples had their national folk-songs. Nowadays we have an international folk-music, introduced over our radios by gentlemen whom the exquisite elegance of the age titles disc-jockeys. While it is not easy to be enthusiastic about much beyond the tunefulness of most of these modern folk-songs, there is no doubt but that the authors are aware of at least one truth about the human being, namely, that he is made for happiness and is constantly seeking it in all he does. But how is man to find happiness?

Let us begin by stating that it is in using the powers of his body and soul man achieves satisfaction and fulfilment. The powers of our body, however, need to be exercised under the control of our higher powers of soul if they are not to bring pain in the short or long run, as, for instance, is true of excess in eating or drinking. But the use of our bodily powers, even under the guidance of reason, will not of itself bring happiness. Our higher powers also, our intellect, which seeks truth, and our will or power of loving, which seeks the good, must also be satisfied. In short, we seek a harmony in the use of our powers of body and soul, a harmony which our fallen nature has lost and which we are ever striving to recapture.

The great Greek thinker, Aristotle, who lived three hundred years before Christ, gave expression to man's seeking for this harmony. Realising also that the aspirations of man's intellect and will are unlimited, he reached the further conclusion that nothing but the possession of perfect truth would satisfy the mind of man, and nothing but perfect goodness his power of loving. When Christ came to enlighten our dark-

ness, He revealed to us that only in the knowledge of God, Who is Truth Itself, and in the loving of Him, Who is Goodness Itself, would we find the happiness which we crave. He also revealed that His Redemption has restored to us the destiny which the human race had lost through the Fall. That destiny is to find perfect happiness in the next life in a knowledge and love of God that is totally above our present powers. As St. Paul writes: "We see now through a glass in a dark manner: but then face to face. Now I know in part: but then I shall know even as I am known."

Our Lord's teaching is summed up in an answer which you will remember from the Catechism, "The purpose of our life is to know, love and serve God in this life so that we may be happy with Him forever in Heaven." For the direction of your life, that last sentence is the most important you will ever read. Much unhappiness is due to people being oppressed by a sense of purposelessness and futility in their lives. But that Catechism answer, always in the background of the mind of the Christian, gives purpose and direction to his life. Again unhappiness may be

due to feelings of frustration—to people thinking they see avenues to happiness, which for one reason or another are closed to them. But for the Christian, this is not an unrelieved tragedy, since he believes he "has not here a lasting city, but looks to one that is to come." The fleetingness of life comes home to us all from time to time, and maybe with it the regret that so much is passing us by, or the realisation that the things we cherish must soon be relinquished or the capacity to enjoy them lost. Such thoughts have brought people to despair—but only because they thought life ended with the grave.

The Christian has an abiding hope which remains constant even when things go wrong. In his soul there is a centre of rest. And meanwhile he enjoys the good things God means him to enjoy. To quote Hilaire Belloc: "Here we are with the jolly world of God all round us, able to sing, to draw, to paint, to hammer and build, to sail, to ride horses, to run, to leap; having for our splendid inheritance love in youth and memory in old age" How Belloc loved to attack that grim distortion of Christianity which we call Puritanism! Incidentally you may not have the inclination or opportunity for the activities wherein Belloc sought the harmony we all seek. But you can make your own list, substituting ploughing, greyhounds and fashion competitions if you wish.

(Incidentally also, it is a great pity that so many people prefer to watch or listen to others using their powers instead of doing things for themselves—but we'll leave that over for another day).

To come back to our destiny. This knowledge is supremely important not only for each individual but also for all who have any authority in the community. Most important of all, the central government, if they are to help their people on their journey, must have a knowledge of the destination. If, as our governments do, they realise that man's ultimate destiny is to reach perfect happiness with God in the next life, then they have a standard by which to judge any measure proposed for the public good, namely, will it help people to lead such lives as will bring them to their ultimate goal. Thus, since man must live in accordance with the Law of his Nature in order to reach his destiny, and since this Law declares that it is God's in-

tention that the family be the primary human group, a government should favour all developments which strengthen the family, such as good homes and a family living income, and should oppose all factors, such as divorce, which militate against it.

Again, a government that has a realisation of the true nature and destiny of the human being, will not make the mistake of thinking that all men need for happiness is to have their material needs satisfied. A man in prison has this, but is he happy? Men also want the liberty which enables them to act as responsible beings, capable of freely undertaking obligations and fulfilling them.

It is hardly too much to say that the differences which divide Cardinals Wyszyński and Mindszenty and the Communist governors of Poland and Hungary are summed up in that Catechism answer quoted earlier. For according to the Communists, a man's

highest destiny is to be an efficient cog in the great State machine of which he is a part, faithfully fulfilling the function allotted to him by the planners who rule the State. This is also the belief of Socialists like the well-known English Socialist theorist, Sydney Webb, who wrote: "the perfect and fitting development of each individual is the filling, in the best possible way, of his humble function in the great social machine." To this, the Communists add that if it is not clear to him that this is his destiny, or if he grows tired of the role of "efficient cog," then his vision has to be clarified and his enthusiasm rekindled by the methods recently used in Hungary.

But whatever temporary success may be achieved by a system built on such a idea of the destiny of man, the soul of man will eventually assert itself and cause to crumble a system based on such a grossly false estimate of the human being.

WOMAN'S PAGE (Contd.)

pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of sugar.

Method—Cut off the tops from the chestnuts, roast for twenty minutes. Remove outer and inner skins, and put the nuts into a pan with stock or milk. Simmer until tender, rub through a sieve, add butter, salt, pepper and sugar.

For the actual cooking of your turkey you know, of course, to cover the breast with greased paper, one or two fat rashers placed under the paper give a delicious flavour. Baste occasionally and half-way through the cooking turn the bird over on its other side and cover with more fat and paper.

ROASTING TIME.

A 24 lb. bird requires about 3 hours.

An 18 lb. bird requires about 2 hours 20 minutes.

A 12 lb. bird requires about 1 hour 45 minutes.

A 6 lb. bird requires about 1 hour 15 minutes.

As tinned fruit is so dear at the moment, I am giving a recipe for a trifle made with apples. My family pronounce it to be delicious.

INGREDIENTS FOR APPLE TRIFLE.

2 lbs. cooking apples, about 6 ozs. of sugar, a slice of sponge cake, one square of jelly (I prefer pineapple), sherry or orange juice.

Method—Boil the sugar with a pint of water until it forms a syrup. Peel, core and quarter the apples and put them into the syrup. Cook until the apples are tender but not broken. Pour over the sponge cake which has been soaking in a tablespoonful of sherry or orange juice. Add the square of jelly cut into small pieces. Stir gently to dissolve

the jelly. Allow to set, and when cold serve with whipped cream.

As a final thought, how lucky we are, anticipating turkey, and trifles and festive tables this Christmas in this disturbed world! May all of you enjoy a happy time and may God in His mercy bring peace to all suffering people.

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SPORT

TWO FAMOUS ATHLETES

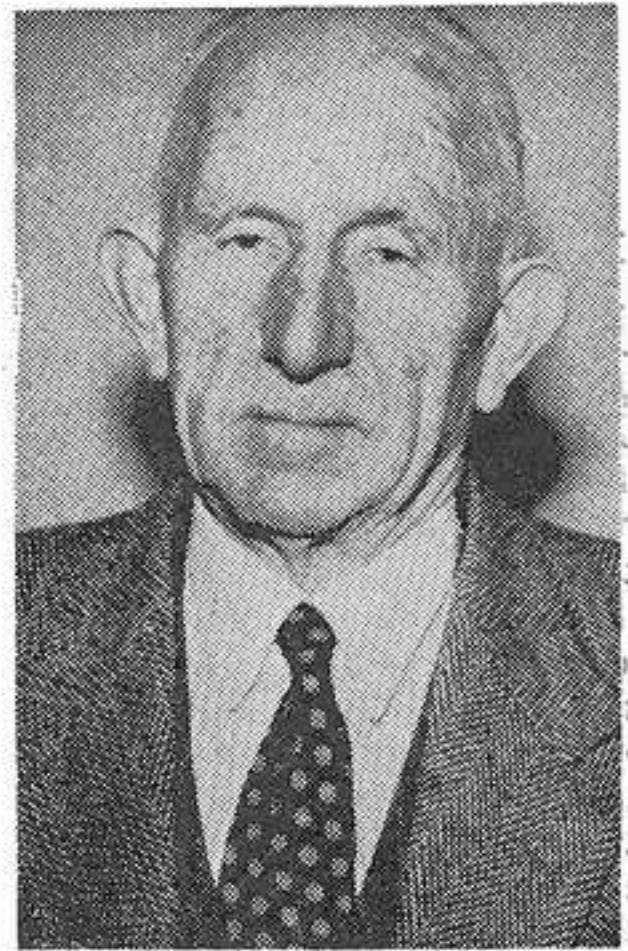
Photos by courtesy of *Evening Press*



Percy Kirwan

ABOVE are the photos of two Waterford men, who, in their early days, were players and athletes of renown, and who, since retiring from active competition, have seen most of the great athletic contests of the world. Rody Kirwan, then a bank official in Kerry, played full-back for the famous Kerry team, that, after two drawn games, beat Kildare at the third attempt in 1905 in the All-Ireland final. These Kerry

v. Kildare finals are still regarded as among the best ever played, and did much to popularise Gaelic football. Rody was also full-back on the Kerry team that retained the title in 1906, this time beating Dublin in the final; in addition, he won numerous prizes in the athletic arena. He was for years Manager of the National Bank in William Street, Limerick. His brother, Percy, won the Long Jump Championship



Rody Kirwan

of England in 1910, 1911 and 1912, and won several Irish Championships in the sprint, hurdles, long jump and hop, step and jump.

The Kirwans first saw the Olympic Games when they were held in London in 1908, and have attended every Olympiad since, including those of Paris, Amsterdam, Los Angeles, London (1948), Helsinki and now Melbourne—truly a remarkable record.

...AND THE OLYMPIC GAMES

The ancient Olympic Games were held every fourth year at Olympia in Greece, and this went on for over a thousand years. During these games wars stopped and peace reigned. How different in our day, when, because of war, there were no Olympiads in 1916, 1940 and 1944, and the Melbourne Games only just got by.

An Olympic gold medal given for winning is naturally one of the world's most prized sports awards, the winner beating the world's best. In the games at Helsinki in 1952, over a thousand athletes, the pick of 57 nations, competed in the thirty-three track and field events alone, and it is worth noting that Great Britain, with a big entry backed by a

powerful organisation, did not get a first or second in any of these events, despite having such men as Bannister, Gordon Pirie, Chataway, etc. Britain's one and only gold medal was won on the last day of the Games in an equestrian event.

Irish athletes, a number of them from Limerick County, have figured prominently in the Games, unfortunately not always for their native land, and, unfortunately too, not in the more recent Games. Irishmen had a remarkable sequence of wins in throwing the hammer, winning the event in eight successive Olympiads. John Flanagan of Kilmallock won in 1900, 1904 and 1908; Matt McGrath of Nenagh in 1912; Paddy Ryan of Pallasgreen won in 1920 (no Games in 1916); Tootall,

Dublin, in 1924; all those were won for the U.S.A. Then at Amsterdam in 1928, Pat O'Callaghan of Cork sent the Tricolour to the top of the flag-pole with a great win for Ireland, and was first again in Los Angeles in 1932, winning in dramatic fashion with the last throw. At Los Angeles, too, Bob Tisdall of Nenagh won the 400 metres hurdles for Ireland in world's record time. Other Irish-born winners were Bobby Kerr in the 200 metres for Canada in 1908; Tim Ahearne of Athea in the hop, step and jump in the same year; Martin Sheridan of Mayo in the discus in 1904 and 1908 for U.S.A., and Pat McDonald of Clare winner of putting the shot in 1912.

Continued on Page 25.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

At the moment of writing these lines the old year is drawing to an uncertain close. Having come in lamb-like enough, it is certainly going out like a lion. With the hope that springs eternal, we trust that the New Year, now dawning, will reverse the process. I wish all film-goers a happy New Year.

The film fare for this first quarter of 1957 is quite interesting, though not as spectacular as that of the quarter just past. There is nothing, for instance, to equal the anticipation and "great expectations" aroused by the "Rock and Roll" effort of last November, at least for the general public. Lovers of Opera in general, and of Verdi in particular, however, can look forward to the possible arrival of *Aida* before the end of March with the greatest anticipation.

Here indeed is a treat for opera lovers—a perfect blend of vocal and instrumental music. Motion, colour, and spectacle are lavish. Film technique enables a continuous change of scenery and background (now the desert, now the palaces and temples of Memphis), with a consequent reality, impossible of accomplishment on a stage. How fortunate we really are in having these, to many of us, most satisfying of all forms of entertainment, rendered by top ranking artists, and made available on our doorsteps. Would that we could be assured of even one each quarter.

That reminds me, as I left the Royal Cinema recently after absorbing nearly two performances (as long as I could afford) of the delightful music of Puccini's *Butterfly*, I was recalled back to earth abruptly by a brief but decisive dialogue. A small picture-bound party had evidently paused to examine the title and display stills as I emerged. Then one gave evidence: "Oh, that thing," says she, "Yerrah, that's all oul' singing and no talking, do you know." After a pause judgment was passed by another on

the whole case with the greatest economy of words. He simply said, "Come on aweeya."

One of the highlights of the quarter comes to the Royal in January. It is a film called *Wedding Breakfast*, and has its leads taken by Ernest Borgnine, Bette Davis and Barry Fitzgerald. The plot concerns two New York families. They are the Hurleys and the Hallorans, which leaves their original nationality in no doubt. Comedy, drama, sentiment and romance are delightfully combined and blended in this forthright family story. "Marty" fans will be glad to hear that Borgnine's performance is up to Marty standards.

Another satisfying story comes to the Royal also at a later date. Paramount's *The Leather Saint*, featuring John Derek, Jody Lawrance, Paul Douglas and Cesar Romero. The unusual title is explained in

CINEMA

By P. J. L.

the story which revolves round an Episcopalian minister turned boxer to raise funds to fight a polio outbreak in his poor parish. The part is played by Derek. It comes from the same stable as *Going My Way* and has a lot of the charm, warmth and heart of the latter.

Other coming attractions are the much talked of *The King and I*, which goes on the Savoy screen in January.

The Harder They Fall (Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger) comes to the Lyric in January. This is mainly a boxing film and is good fare.

Moulin Rouge goes on the wide screen at the Carlton on January 3rd. This is a return feature.

The Mountain (Spencer Tracy and Robert Wagner) comes to the

Royal in February.

Partners at the Royal is the last joint effort by Martin and Lewis. The partnership is now dissolved.

Bhowani Junction (Royal) will be interesting, as it shows Cyril Cusack in India.

Guys and Dolls show us Marlon Brandon in full-blooded song.

Finally, I hope that before the next issue of this magazine, *Gold Rush* will have come to the Savoy. It is thirty years since the inimitable Charlie Chaplin made this silent film, which has deservedly become a classic. It now has a sound track, with music and a commentary, and for sheer comedy cannot be surpassed.

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CHRISTMAS

Rev. M. Sadlier.

CHRISTMAS means little more to a lot of people in the world than a dreamy sentiment of good fellowship, and a round of special festivities. When some urgent advertisement reminds them that there are only three more shopping-days to Christmas, they feel they must do something about it. So they enter into the spirit of the thing, and revel in those last-minute rushes to send presents and Christmas cards or to lay in provisions. But at most, Christmas is for them only a brief and imaginative escape from the sterner realities of life. All they want is to forget their everyday cares and live for awhile in that enchanted region of crackers and toys and Christmas merriment, presided over by an amiable and indulgent Santa Claus.

* * *

Now these things are of an ancient tradition, and it would be a poor Christmas without them. But they are only the outward tokens, with which we mark the birthday of Our Lord. If they do not make us think of Him and the purpose of His coming, our Christmas celebrations will be hollow and empty. They will be like elaborate preparations for an honoured guest, who fails to turn up.

* * *

When Christ was born on Christmas night, every door was closed against Him. So when His birthday comes

around, we try to make amends. We open our doors to Him, and invite Him to celebrate His birthday with us. We know the claims He has upon our hospitality. He came to us laden with gifts; and we can be particularly grateful that He came to stay with us always. Nowadays, the old, protective barriers of Space and Time are being crashed and swept aside at an alarming rate by the advance of Science. When scientists



are not perfecting weapons of destruction to obliterate the work of centuries, they are making serious preparations for journeying to the moon and the planets. And the really disturbing thing is, that nobody seems able to tell what will be the ultimate effect of these developments on our way of living. It all seems like an unpleasant nightmare: that is, until we think of Christmas. Christmas is al-

ways a vivid reminder that, whatever uncertainty the future may hold, we have the reassuring presence of God in our midst.

* * *

The thought of world peace, however, must be uppermost in our minds this Christmas. The shadow of world war that has hung over the uneasy peace of the last ten years, has taken ominous substance in the past few months. We have seen the Great Powers unleash a little of their fury in terrifying military actions. The unforgettable memory of what happened in Hungary, for instance, may well make us shudder at the thought of what a large-scale war would be like. We have reason to pray more than ever, this Christmas, for world peace.

* * *

It is one of many strange things about the Feast of Christmas, that we can think of war and all the other hardships and uncertainties of life, and yet feel a kind of obligation to make merry. The reason is that in the very nature of the joy of Christmas there is something warlike and defiant. We even conjure up visions of frost and snow and howling storm to heighten our enjoyment of the blazing fire and that comfortable atmosphere of a house provisioned against emergency. The one thing we do not do at Christmas is to close our eyes to the hardships of life and shut ourselves up in a fools' paradise. We know that the whole purpose of our celebrations is to

Continued on Page 27



BOOKS

TWO PORTRAITS OF ST. TERESA OF LISIEUX

By ETIENNE ROBO

Sands & Co., London

PRICE, 9/6

This book on St. Therese can only be described as startling. Since its publication in the middle of last year it has got a mixed reception from Catholic readers. The author is a Parish Priest in the English diocese of Southwark; he is French and has made a special study of the original documents which deal with the life of the saint. He claims to have discovered that the traditional St. Therese, simple, fragile, divinely-inspired, never existed. How, then, explain the popular impression of her to be found in so many biographies? What was the real character of St. Therese?

Fr. Robo claims to be able to answer these questions, and in so doing he maintains he is not only doing honour to truth, but also that he is doing justice to St. Therese herself. He gives first the usual portrait of the saint, and then introduces us to the new portrait, which differs considerably from the commonly accepted one. He finds that the young Therese had a difficult nature to contend with: she was given to self-pity, she was self-willed, even proud. Besides, she was of a nervous disposition, and had to struggle against scruples, doubts and depression from a very

early age to the end of her life. This historical evaluation of St. Therese will render a service to the piety of the faithful, he expects, for we will find it easier to follow in the footsteps of a saint, who we know has experienced many of our own weaknesses.

As to how the traditional impression of St. Therese became so widespread, the author attributes it principally to Mother Agnes (Pauline), the saint's sister in the Carmel of Lisieux. He makes capital of the fact that the photographs of the saint have been "improved," and her autobiography was "re-handled" before being presented to the public.

A review of this book would be incomplete without reference to the forthright criticism of it by Fr. Michael O'Carroll, C.S.Sp., in the Dominican publication *Doctrine and Life*, June-July, 1956. A reply by the author to this criticism is to be found in the Oct.-Nov. issue of the same publication. Fr. O'Carroll considers that the author was quite unjustified in treating St. Therese as a purely historical figure, omitting any reference to the pronouncements of the Church, and especially of Pope Pius XI, about her. "The whole point of St. Therese in the Church's history is her posthumous fame, a thing which was watched and guided by the Church." He concedes that photographs and writings of the saint were altered and edited, "a thing imposed by common sense and controlled by the Church authorities who saw all the originals." It was known for years that the usual photographs of St.

Therese were not strictly historical, but this did not change her character? The changes in her writings were minor also.

Fr. O'Carroll finds many faults with the book. He says "Fr. Robo's aim is to present a scientifically exact portrayal, based on evidence, but he defeats his purpose by gratuitous invention, defective proportion, excessive preoccupation with minor details, arbitrary emphasis and misleading use of sources and authorities." This is harsh criticism, but it is illustrated with examples, and Fr. O'Carroll intends to enlarge his views into book form. This will be eagerly awaited.

RAIN ON THE LEAVES

By DICK WALSH.

PRICE, 2/-

Anything which gives relief from the worries and worse of the present day is worth while. This first book of poems is certainly that. We are taken into the world of nature, and further, our thinking is presented to us. And these thoughts recall to us the happy, carefree days of childhood and also the cares of manhood, but among the waves, the birds, the flowers, and all God's other things, these cares will soon be forgotten.

Some of the reflections are extraordinary for so youthful an author, and in his next book of poems—for we hope to see more—he may restrain his very fertile imagination, and give us poetry like we find, for example, in "In the Hills."

SPORT—contd.

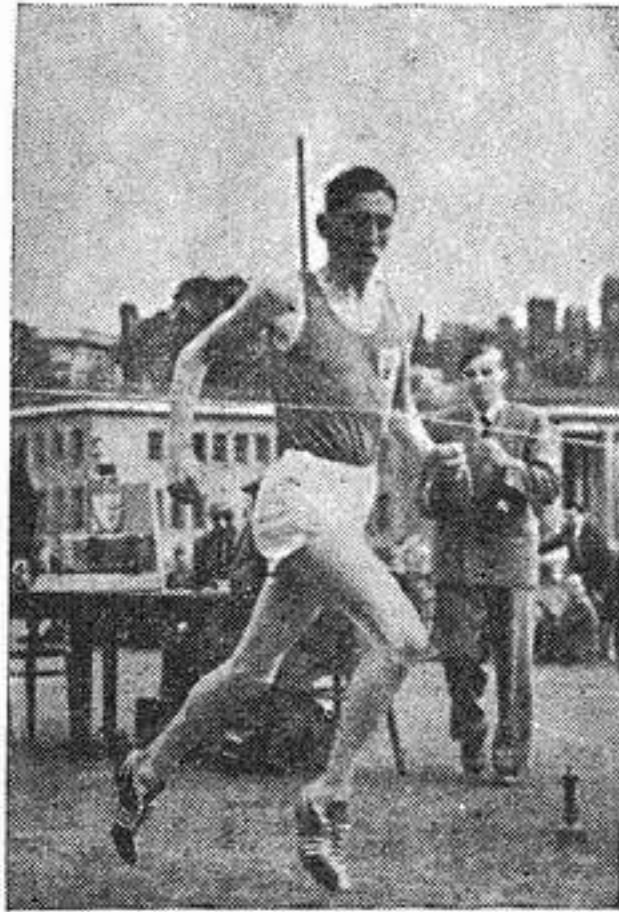
IRELAND'S GOLD MEDAL

As we go to Press, the news of Ronnie Delany's wonderful win in Melbourne has electrified Ireland. Here is what the famous Roger Bannister writes about the race:—

"The 1,500 metres final surprised all expectations. It was a magnificent struggle, in which every one of the twelve competitors broke the existing Olympic record. Delany, by running the last lap in 54 seconds, outstripped the greatest field of 1,500 metre runners ever assembled, and broke the existing record by four seconds."

In June last, Delany ran a mile in 3.59 secs., a time only once bettered, and that by Landy, who was third in the historic Melbourne race. Delany is the youngest athlete ever to run a mile in under four minutes. Here is what Landy himself has to say, "Ronnie will soon be running a mile in 3.55 or 3.56. He is the world's greatest. I picked him to win." It was indeed a famous victory.

A cable just received from Rody Kirwan says the performances were even better than they appear, as



right through the games a rather strong blustery wind was blowing, with quick changes of temperature.

been personally invited, were present at Solemn Pontifical High Mass in Como Park, Melbourne, on Sunday, 25th November, when over 60,000 Catholics from all over the world were present.

The Irish contingent, who had all

THE MURPHY TWINS (Contd.)

if he had seen them he was not to tell the day but only to say they passed when he was planting the wheat. In the bushes close by two birds sat watching—one was a little robin, and he was full of pity for the Holy Family, but the other was a wren, and his little black eyes were full of curiosity at the strange request St. Joseph had made.

When they had gone by the robin noticed the stains left by St. Joseph's feet, and, feeling that they may betray the Holy Family, he covered each spot with a dead leaf, and ever since the stain of blood has remained on his breast, so he is called Robin Redbreast.

Next morning a wonderful thing happened when the farmer came out to look at his wheatfield. He found that the wheat had sprung up during the night and had grown to its full height. The wren sat on his bush and was more curious than ever.

By and by along came Herod's soldiers. They were nearly sure the Holy Family had passed that way but, thanks to the Robin, could find no tracks. So they called to the man in the field "Have you seen a man and his wife and child pass this way, fellow?" "Yes," I have, he said. "How long ago?" asked the soldiers.

"When I was planting this wheat," answered the man.

But all this time the wren was shouting from his bush "Tweet, tweet, vesterday, yesterday." Luckily the soldiers did not hear him, or if they did, they did not understand him. But ever since the wren is punished for his treachery by being hunted on St. Stephen's Day.

"Oh, thanks, Mammy," said Marv. "I'll put all that in my composition, and I'll surely win the prize."

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COD

An old man of seventy-five called to the parish priest one day. "Father," says he, "I'm thinking of getting married."

"Now, John, you're only joking," said the priest.

"No, Father," said John, "I'm dead in earnest."

"It would be fitter for you now," said the priest, "to be at home saying the Rosary."

"Sure that's the trouble, Father," said the old man; "I've no one to answer it."

After the wedding ceremony, the bride and bridegroom were approached by a little girl. "You must be very tired," remarked the little girl to the bride.

"Ah, no," said the bride, "Just a little flustered and excited."

"That's strange," said the little girl. "I heard Mammy saying that you were three years running after this man."

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word 'perseverance.' "What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hills and down hills, through jungles and swamps and raging torrents."

There was silence. Then Tommy, whose father was a motor dealer, spoke up, "Please miss," he said, "there ain't no such car."

Four-year-old Margie was staying with her grandparents for the first time. When put to bed she sobbed that she was afraid of the dark.

"But you don't have a light at home, dear, do you?" asked her grandmother.

"No," she replied, "but it's my own dark at home."

Soft soap can be used to remove rings from fingers. It is sometimes used also to put rings on fingers.

A father, buying a doll for his daughter's birthday, was told by the saleslady: "Here's a lovely doll—you lay her down and she closes her eyes, just like a real little girl."

"It's obvious," said the father sadly, "you've never had a real little girl."

Encouragement: Even a dog will cease to wag his tail, if you don't pat him sometimes.

Quiz?

1. To what race do the Hungarian people belong?
 2. Is Hungary a Catholic nation?
 3. Who converted Hungary to Christianity?
 4. What is the religion of Egypt?
 5. What Egyptian City was once the intellectual and commercial capital of the world?
- (Answers on Page 32).

Magistrate: "Now, my boy, do you understand the nature of an oath?"

Boy: "Ain't I your caddie?"

This sign appeared in an Army mess hall: "Food will win the war."

Immediately underneath these words were scribbled in pencil: "We know. But how are we going to get the enemy to eat it?"

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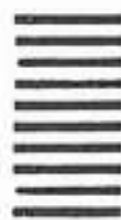


PHONE 397



DRAMA

By J. C.



AS groups are now looking forward to festival time, the report of the drama secretary, Mr. Dan Doyle, read at the annual general meeting of Feile Luimnighe, is of special interest. The 1956 drama festival was the eleventh successive one. In all there were thirteen full length plays, four one-act and one one-act in Irish. Only one full length play, *Fiddler's House*, had not been produced in Limerick before. Perhaps this frequent recurrence of the same plays was responsible for the generally poor attendance during the fortnight. The attendance in Limerick compares unfavourably with that of the neighbouring festivals of Charleville and Scariff. This year in Scariff competing groups played to full houses, and one night hundreds had to be turned away. It must be depressing for groups, particularly new entrants who are accustomed to large country audiences, to come to Limerick and find less than half-empty houses. There is a danger that if the falling off in attendances continues, Limerick may soon have to abandon its drama festival.

Another trend emphasised in the report was that rural groups were gaining highest marks in the fes-

tival. It has happened for two years in Limerick and also in Scariff and Charleville. This year the first urban group tied for fourth place with the fourth rural group. As the programme stands at present it is possible for the best entrant to win the secondary award. The easiest solution, though involving a loss in entry fees, would be to allow all entries into the open competition and to have the Muintir na Tire cup confined as at present. Also to encourage new plays, I think an award should be given to the best group presenting a play not previously performed at the festival. At any rate let us hope that the festival will be well supported next year.

For many years, Mr. Dan Doyle has given unstintingly of his time and talents to fostering amateur drama in Limerick city and county. We regret that he finds he is unable to continue as secretary of the drama festival. He was always on call with friendly advice and encouragement and he placed an excellent library on drama at the disposal of all. It was only becoming that he was honoured last year in being elected president of the All-Ireland drama festival. Our best wishes go to Miss Babs Shanahan, the new

drama secretary.

At the Playhouse, I liked particularly Phil O'Doherty's production of *The Playboy of the Western World*. Careful rehearsal and attention to detail were evident throughout the play. The set was realistic and imaginative grouping and movement were exceptionally good and an even pace sustained interest except, perhaps, near the end of the third act. John O'Sullivan as the Playboy was sincere and convincing. Alice Guerrini played a quieter Pegeen Mike than usual, and yet her restraint gave her power and poise. Sheila O'Doherty, as usual, gave a fine performance as the Widow Quin. All the lesser parts were capably portrayed.

CHRISTMAS—Continued.

commemorate the opening of hostilities between Christ, our King, and the powers of evil in the world. We know, too, that, as soldiers of Christ we are constantly engaged in this grim warfare. And so our celebrations take on the character of a rousing toast to our divine King in the very midst of battle.

There is, then, no taint of escapism in our Christmas festivities. We cannot fully enjoy ourselves, until we have done all we can to relieve the want and misery of others. But with that much done, we face up to vast battalions of earthly hardships, and we make merry in spite of them. We are satisfied that we would find an inspiring purpose in the sufferings of life, if we could only see them through the compassionate, yet tranquil eyes of the divine Infant in the manger. He, at His coming, could have put an end to all the sufferings of mankind. But He preferred to endure them in His own person and to sanctify them for us in the Cave, as well as on the Cross.

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Ceili in Aid of Diocesan College Fund

On 31st October, 1956, a most successful Ceili, organised by the Gaelic Societies, was held in St. John's Pavilion. It was in aid of the New Diocesan College Fund. The following is a letter of thanks from Rev. T. Culhane, Diocesan Organiser, to the Secretary:

6 Barrington St.,
Limerick.

DO CRIOS NÍ CONAILL,
RÚNAÍ NA SCUMANN nGaelaí,
LUIMNEACH.

A CARA,

I wish to acknowledge the receipt of your substantial cheque, the proceeds of the Ceili organised by the Gaelic Societies on behalf of the Diocesan College Fund.

As your Committee has been the first to come together of your own accord to offer a helping hand, I feel obliged to make public acknowledgment of this fact.

The success of our efforts to provide funds for the New College depends to a very great extent on the amount of help and co-operation forthcoming from individuals and groups within the Diocese. Your action has set a headline which I feel confident will be followed by

many other such groups. I want to assure your Committee that your gesture has been greatly appreciated by His Lordship the Bishop.

Finally, I sincerely wish you and

your organisations every blessing and success in your work of promoting Gaelic culture and ideals.

fé coimirce Muire tú,
Taois Ó Caelláin.

THE NOVITIATE OF THE OBLATE ORDER, CAHIRMOYLE—contd.

increased to twenty.

Knowing the missionary spirit of the Irish, Bishop de Mazenod had a special wish to enrol some of them in his Order. So he sent Father R. Cooke to Dublin in 1855, and he succeeded in establishing an Oblate house in Inchicore, Dublin, in 1856. Working in the evenings, the men of Inchicore built a spacious wooden church for the new foundation. From this centre the Oblates set out to preach missions and retreats throughout the country, and the Oblate mission-crosses, which they erected in many churches in Ireland, are present-day reminders of the great work done by the pioneer Fathers. Incidentally, one of these mission crosses may be seen on the right-hand side of the main

door of Raheen Church.

In addition to the mission house at Inchicore and the novitiate at Cahirmoyle, the Oblates now have four other houses in Ireland—a Juniorate at Belcamp, a house of Philosophy at Belmont, Dublin, a house of Theology at Piltown, Co. Kilkenny, and a reformatory for boys at Daingean, Co. Offaly.

In June of this year we celebrated the centenary of the arrival of the first Oblates at Inchicore, when we were privileged to have with us the present Superior-General of the Order, Most Rev. Father Leo Deschatelets, O.M.I. As we enter our second century, we pray that the traditions handed down to us may be in safe keeping with the young men who learn to become Oblates of Mary Immaculate in the Novitiate of Our Lady of Lourdes, Cahirmoyle.

MARY, MOTHER

*Weary, weary from the road was she,
And Joseph grieved to see her drooping head.
Her face was petal pale. Once more he knocked.
Once more the answer came. "No room," they said.
She tried to smile, but he had seen the fear
That flickered in her eyes. He heard her sigh.
Night lay dark about them on a street
In Bethlehem, and Mary's hour was nigh.*

*Beyond the town they journeyed to a cave,
Where wondering shepherds found them on the morn.
They knelt to see the glory in her eyes
Gazing on her little Son, new-born.
They did not need the angels' song to tell
That God was there within that lowly place,
That He it was she cradled in her arms,
The woman, with all Heaven in her face.*

—A. O'D.

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LITURGY OF THE CHURCH.

No. 2

HOLY WATER

BY reason of its purity and of its mundane uses, water is a fitting symbol of that cleanness of heart without which no one shall see God. "I will pour out on you," says God by the prophet Ezechial, "clean water and you shall be cleansed." Among the Jews, water had a very prominent place in their religious ritual. Jewish priests washed their hands and feet before offering sacrifice, and as we know from the New Testament, the ordinary Jew attached great importance to the ritual washing of the hands before eating. It was very natural, then, that the Church, which took over so many of the ritual observances of the Jewish religion and adapted them to her own liturgy, should also use water in its ritual, not only because of its symbolic significance, but also because it plays such an important part in the life of men.

In the Liturgy of the Church there are four kinds of Holy Water, each with its own special blessing.

(1) Baptismal water, blessed on Holy Saturday and on the Eve of Pentecost. In this special blessing for water to be used at Baptism, the consecrated Oils of Catechumens and Chrism are mixed with water.

(2) Holy Water used in the consecration of churches, altars and altar stones is also specially blessed, and during the ceremony wine, ashes and salt are mixed with it.

(3) Easter Water, which is really part of the Holy Water blessed on Holy Saturday but with which the Holy Oils are not mixed. This Holy Water is used in the blessing of homes on Holy Saturday.

(4) Ordinary Holy Water blessed by the priest at other times of the year, and placed in Holy Water Fonts in the Church or taken home by the people to be sprinkled in their homes or on their crops and cattle. This is the Holy Water used

in nearly all blessings, and in the Sacrament of Marriage and Extreme Unction and also in the bringing of Holy Communion to the sick. It is that kind of Holy Water with which we are most familiar. In the ceremony of blessing, salt is mixed with the water. The idea is, that just as water cleanses us and puts out fires and salt is used as a preservative, the mixture of the two with the blessing of the priest will cleanse us from sin, put out the fire of passion and preserve us from the decay of sin.

THE CEREMONY.

As we have seen, salt is used in the blessing of Holy Water, and this salt is exorcised itself first. In the prayer of exorcism, the priest prays that this salt may be purified, and may give a soundness of mind and soul to all who use it, and that everything it touches or sprinkles may be freed from uncleanness and from the assaults of the evil one.

Then the Water is exorcised. In the prayer of exorcism, the priest beseeches Almighty God that by the power of Jesus Christ this water may be empowered to drive away the evil one, to cure disease and to enshroud in safety and repose all who use it with faith and reverence.

Then the salt and water are mixed and the priest prays that by the power of God the sprinkling of the Holy Water may serve to drive away all devilish infection and venomous terror.

Holy Water should be a must in every Catholic home. Its reverent use is an act of Faith in God's Omnipotence and mercy. It is a sacramental specially instituted by the Church and enriched with many indulgences. It should be used by Catholics to remind them of the necessity of being always free from sin, and as a constant pledge of God's all powerful, all pervading and all beneficent Providence.

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PRIESTS AND ALTARS OF CROOM—contd.



General View of Main Street, Croom.

fifty years before the Doctrine was declared a Dogma.

The new building was T shaped, with thatched roof and floor of beaten mud; not much to admire, perhaps, when judged by modern standards, but a distinct improvement, both in itself and in the Catholic progress which it represented, on the adapted barn or dwelling house of a century before. He turned his attention to the needs of Banogue, a part of his administration parish, building there a similar church in 1825 or '26. By 1840, both churches had become too small for their congregations, so in that year, or in the years immediately following, he enlarged and considerably modified Banogue and, then turning to Croom, again decided to build an entirely new and very much larger church there. Within his jurisdiction at the time there was a matter of some 7,000 people with only two churches, one of them uncentrally situated and the other, Croom, much too small to cater for the multitude. The preliminary steps to the building of the new church were being taken when

the famine intervened and the project abandoned. Somewhere in the early 1850's, still solicitous for Croom, he lengthened the nave, raised the walls and put on a roof of slate, besides erecting three galleries within the church, thereby greatly increasing the accommodation and improving the general appearance of the building. The floor of mud was replaced by flagstones and a large bell was hung in the turret which crowned the new gable. He died in 1861, after having spent his entire priestly life, 47 years, in Croom, and was buried in the nave of his own Church of Our Lady of the Assumption. On the mural tablet above his grave it is mentioned that he was "Parish Priest of the united parishes of Croome and Ballynebrenogue." The latter name should read "Ballynabanogue."

The parish to which Father John Quinlan succeeded on the death of Father Harnett—so he always spelled his name, without the middle T, which his uncle used—was much reduced in size from what it had been in the time of his pre-

decessor, Banogue having become a separate parish about the time of Father Harnett's death. Killonahan had a few years previously been absorbed into Manister. The tide of emigration which had begun with the famine continued to flow strongly, and in the economic depression which followed anew in the wake of the Russian war, Croom and the country generally suffered much. All these factors combined to limit Father Quinlan's activities; nevertheless, the high altar of St. Mary's, a splendid work in Carrara marble, was erected during his ministry. He died in 1892 and was buried near the grave of Father Harnett in the nave.

Father James O'Shea followed, literally took off his coat in effecting further improvements of the church. He built a new sacristy and so narrow and confined was the penal-day site conceded originally, that Father O'Shea had to exceed its limit to find the few square yards necessary to meet his requirements in that simple undertaking. How

Continued Overleaf

near we are to the difficult conditions which prevailed for long after the penal period may be realised in learning that seating accommodation was first provided in Croom only in the closing year of the last century. Canon O'Shea was transferred to Kilmallock in 1904.

Father Tim Leo's coming to Croom marked what might well be described as the beginning of a parochial renaissance, the study of the Irish language, music and song being undertaken by young and old with an enthusiasm that bade fair to convert the parish into a Gaeltacht within measurable time. The inspiring and inspiriting influence of the priest was cut short, however, by the illness from which he died at Christmas of 1907, though not before he had taken the preliminary steps towards the building of a new Parochial House.

Father Curtin lived first at Tory Hill for a very short while before removing to Skagh, where he resided until the completion of the new presbytery in 1909. His years in Croom were spent in constant and fruitful labours, the care of the church being one of his major pre-occupations. The crowning achievement of his efforts was its renovation, which was completed in 1932. The walls were raised, a new roof with framework of steel was put on, and the flooring of flagstones was taken up and replaced by boards. From priest to priest thus, the work of improving and beautifying ever marches on.

The Church of the Fitzgeralds is buried in dust and forgetfulness, Anhid is a graveyard, Killonahan merely a site. Donoman is a ruin and Dysert but a landmark. From the wreckage of their crumbled altars and broken chancels men of vision and courage, in difficult and gloomy times, raised the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption to be at once a monument to the loyalty and self-sacrifice of those who, gone before, had made it possible, a beacon of hope for them who followed, and ever, and above all else, a source of glory to God and of honour to Our Blessed Lady.

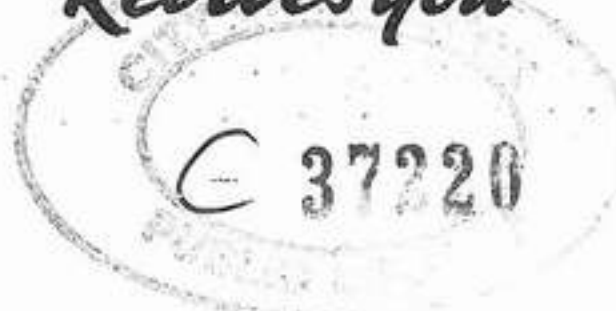
ANSWERS TO QUIZ.

1. To the Magyar race. This race invaded Hungary and settled there about 900 A.D., having come, most probably, from the region of the Ural Mountains, in Russia.
2. Yes. About two-thirds of the people are Catholics.
3. St. Stephen, first Christian King and Apostle of Hungary. He died in 1038 A.D., and was canonized in 1083. His feast is on September 2nd.
4. About 90 per cent are Moham-
medan. The majority of the rest are heretical or schismatic Christians.
5. Alexandria, built by Alexander The Great in 331 B.C. St. Mark founded the first Christian Church there, and St. Athanasius and St. Cyril were Bishops of Alexandria.

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