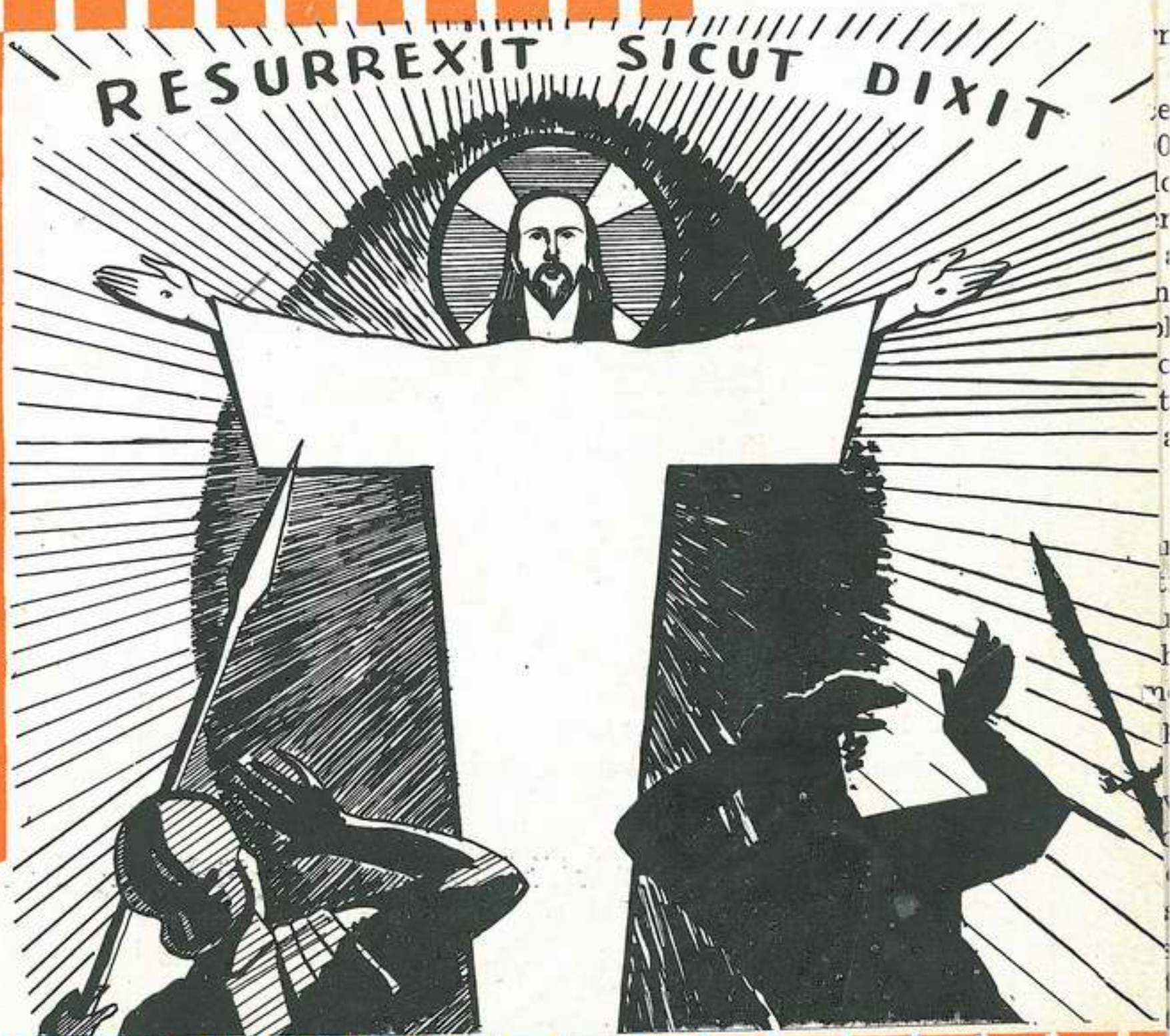


OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

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SPECIAL
FEATURES



SOCIOLOGY
WOMEN'S PAGE
SHORT STORY
SPORT
CINEMA
GRAMMA

EASTER 1957

WASTE PAPER

DEC., JAN. AND FEB.
Routes and Rural Schools.

	£	s.	d.
Ardpatrick	3	7	6
Athea	15	12	6
Abbeyfeale	32	17	6
Athlacca/Dromin	4	18	9
Adare	5	2	6
Ballingarry	6	17	6
Banogue	1	15	0
Bruff	8	0	0
Bulgaden/Martinstown	5	14	4
Ballyhahill/Loughill	3	16	3
Ballysteen/Askeaton	9	2	6
Coolcappa/Kilcoiman	2	10	0
Castletown	10	2	6
Carrickerry/Ardagh	5	2	6
Croom	11	17	6
Drumcollogher	25	15	0
Effin	4	0	0
Foynes	3	16	3
Fedamore/Carnane	2	17	6
Granagh	3	7	6
Glenroe	11	5	0
Glin	2	2	6
Kilmeedy/Feenagh	6	7	6
Knockaderry/Ahalin	2	17	6
Kildimo	8	9	

	£	s.	d.
Kilfinane	3	17	6
Kilmallock	25	12	6
Kilfinny/Croagh	3	10	0
Kileedy/Ashford	5	0	0
Kilcornan	2	5	0
Lurriga	1	5	0
Mungret	9	10	0
Monagea	1	5	0
Manister/Ballymartin	2	10	0
Mountcollins/Tournafulla...	3	5	0
Mahoonagh	11	15	0
Newcastle West	31	15	0
Pallaskenry	1	1	3
Rathkeale	13	17	6
Rockhill/Bruree	3	7	6
Shanagolden	3	5	0
Templeglantine	2	0	0
Cratloe N.S.	17	6	
Donoughmore/Roxboro'/			
Knockea N.S.	3	5	0
Monaleen N.S.	4	13	9
Parteen/Meelick N.S.	5	2	6
Tervoe N.S.	1	7	6

City Schools and Centres.

St. Anne's Vocational	1	0	0
Janesboro'	6	2	6
John St. C.B.S.	17	6	
St. John Baptist	7	6	
St. Joseph's N.S.	5	13	9

	£	s.	d.
Leamy's N.S.	6	10	0
Laurel Hill	2	6	3
Model	1	3	9
Mary St. C.B.S.	7	10	0
Mary St. Convent	20	8	9
Mount St. Vincent	2	6	3
St. Munchin's College	8	0	0
St. Patrick N.S.	6	12	6
St. Michael's N.S.	1	0	0
St. Munchin's C.B.S.	5	7	6
St. Vincent de Paul	5	15	0
Sexton St. C.B.S.	6	11	3
Technical Institute	15	0	
Presentation N.S.	11	17	6
Holy Rosary Centre	14	11	3
St. Mary's Parish	13	13	9
Sarsfield Barracks	3	10	0
Corbally Centre	9	10	0
St. John's Parish	6	10	0
St. Michael's Parish	6	1	3

SUMMARY.

City Schools & Centres	154	1	3
Routes & Rural Schools	331	1	10
All Other Sources	119	9	1

Total £604 12 2

Total to Date £5,621 16 1

SAVE SILVER PAPER !

We wish to announce that the Silver Paper Collection has begun. Here is the first list of Monthly Returns for 1957 :

JANUARY	£2 16 0
FEBRUARY	£8 3 0
MARCH	£9 18 0

For your information, there are **Two Grades** of Silver Paper, which must be Collected Separatively.

GRADE A is worth 1/- per lb. It includes tea-chest foil, caps of milk bottles and motor-oil bottles, silver paper around sweets, chocolate, cheese, etc. Silver Paper found in cigarette boxes may be classified as Grade A. provided the white paper lining is removed.

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All supplies of Silver Paper should be sent to the local school. Collectors are reminded that the proceeds of the Silver Paper Campaign are being donated to the New College Chapel Building Fund. We appeal to everyone to help in this scheme.

— SAVE SILVER PAPER —

**YOUR DIOCESE NEEDS YOUR HELP
REMEMBER LIMERICK !**

OUR

CATHOLIC LIFE

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

EASTER, 1957

NATIONAL CRISIS

LAST year we spent £73,000,000 more than we earned.

It was an improvement by many millions on our previous year's spending, but the deficit in the balance of trade is still enormous. We are losing a steady 40,000 of our people in emigration each year from the Republic alone. We have large-scale unemployment during a boom period in European trade. There is a great deal of apathy and impatience, affecting youth in various ways. There can be little doubt about there being a national crisis. The problem is how to solve it. Is there a political solution? Some people think there is. The Cardinal's recent pronouncement, a courageous and balanced judgment on our present state and prospect, is one pointer in that direction.

Is there an economical solution? Can a planned economy get us out of our trouble? At the time of writing the nation is eagerly awaiting the answer to these questions. A new government has just been voted in with a decisive mandate from the electorate. It is a government that has the sympathy of the vast majority of the people, even of those who voted the other way. But will it be successful? Can we reasonably hope that within a given period our problems will be solved by government action? It seems to us that one thing is clear. The government cannot succeed unless the people are co-operative. It is a grave mistake to think that every national failure is a government failure. The failure may well rest with the people themselves. For that reason we suggest that the present effort to meet the national crisis can only hope to be successful if the public rise to the occasion.

For one thing, we must be ready for some measure of austerity. We might ask ourselves whether a city like Limerick that produces so little can afford the display of wealth in motor cars alone that we see on our streets.

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All Communications and Letters to be addressed to:

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

Single Copies, 6d. each.

Annual Subscription: 2/6 post free.

Nihil Obstat:

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

Imprimatur:

✠ PATRICIUS,
Episc. Limericensis.

7/4/57.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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

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Are we still spending too much on luxuries? How are luxuries to be defined? Are we able to distinguish them from the necessities of life? These are questions for more than the well-to-do person. It is not so easy nowadays to know who is well-to-do because class distinctions in terms of income are fast disappearing. It is common knowledge that fat wage-packets are going into working-class homes, where several adults are earning, and very little is being saved.

Again, there must be a sense of responsibility in our work and towards our work. The Bishop's Lenten Pastoral touched at length on this matter. His Lordship spoke of justice in its many aspects, as it affects the man in the job as well as the boss. Frank Duff, the founder of the *Legion of Mary*, struck the same note at the recent Legion Congress in Limerick. Speaking of solutions for the national crisis he asked: "Do they involve the idea of working hard, giving value and being honest?" No doubt he meant that man and boss must work hard, the worker give the best return for his pay and the firm give value to the customer.

What we need more than anything else in facing the future is a responsible and spirited youth. This is a youth that sets a value on work and has a just pride in achievement. If we were blessed by even half a generation inspired by this ideal, devoted more to industry and less to ideology, we might emerge a stronger people. The idea of work, of constant, unremitting toil needs every possible encouragement. We must get down to it. In God's name and for the love of the old land let us stop caterwauling in the newspapers and gossiping in the streets. Off with our coats and on with the job.

THE EDITOR.

THE EUCHARIST FAST.

The faithful receiving Holy Communion at the afternoon or evening functions of Holy Week must fast at least three hours from solids and alcoholic drinks, and at least one hour from non-alcoholic drinks.

DIOCESAN ITEMS

HOLY WEEK CEREMONIES

The following are the times for the various ceremonies in St. John's Cathedral during Holy Week :

Palm Sunday.

12 o'clock, Solemn Mass, at which His Lordship will preside, preceded by Blessing of Palms and Procession.

Holy Thursday.

10.30 a.m., Solemn Mass and Blessing of Holy Oils by His Lordship.

6.30 p.m., Solemn Mass (at which Holy Communion will be distributed), followed by Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament until midnight.

Good Friday.

10 a.m., Tenebrae.

3 p.m. Ceremonies begin during which Holy Communion will be distributed.

7 p.m. Stations of the Cross and Sermon.

Holy Saturday.

10 a.m. Tenebrae.

11 p.m. Ceremonies begin.

12 midnight : Solemn Mass, during which Holy Communion will be distributed.

Easter Sunday.

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

The times of the Ceremonies in other City Churches, as well as a short guide, will be found on the loose sheet accompanying this Magazine.

CONFIRMATIONS, 1957.

The Sacrament of Confirmation will be administered to the children of the following rural parishes this year (dates are yet to be arranged and will be announced later) : Croom, Pallaskenry, Banogue, Killeedy, Stonehall, Rathkeale, Monagea, Manister, Clouncagh, Abbeyfeale, Feoghanagh, Ballyagran, Askeaton, Newcastle West, Shanagolden, Bruree.

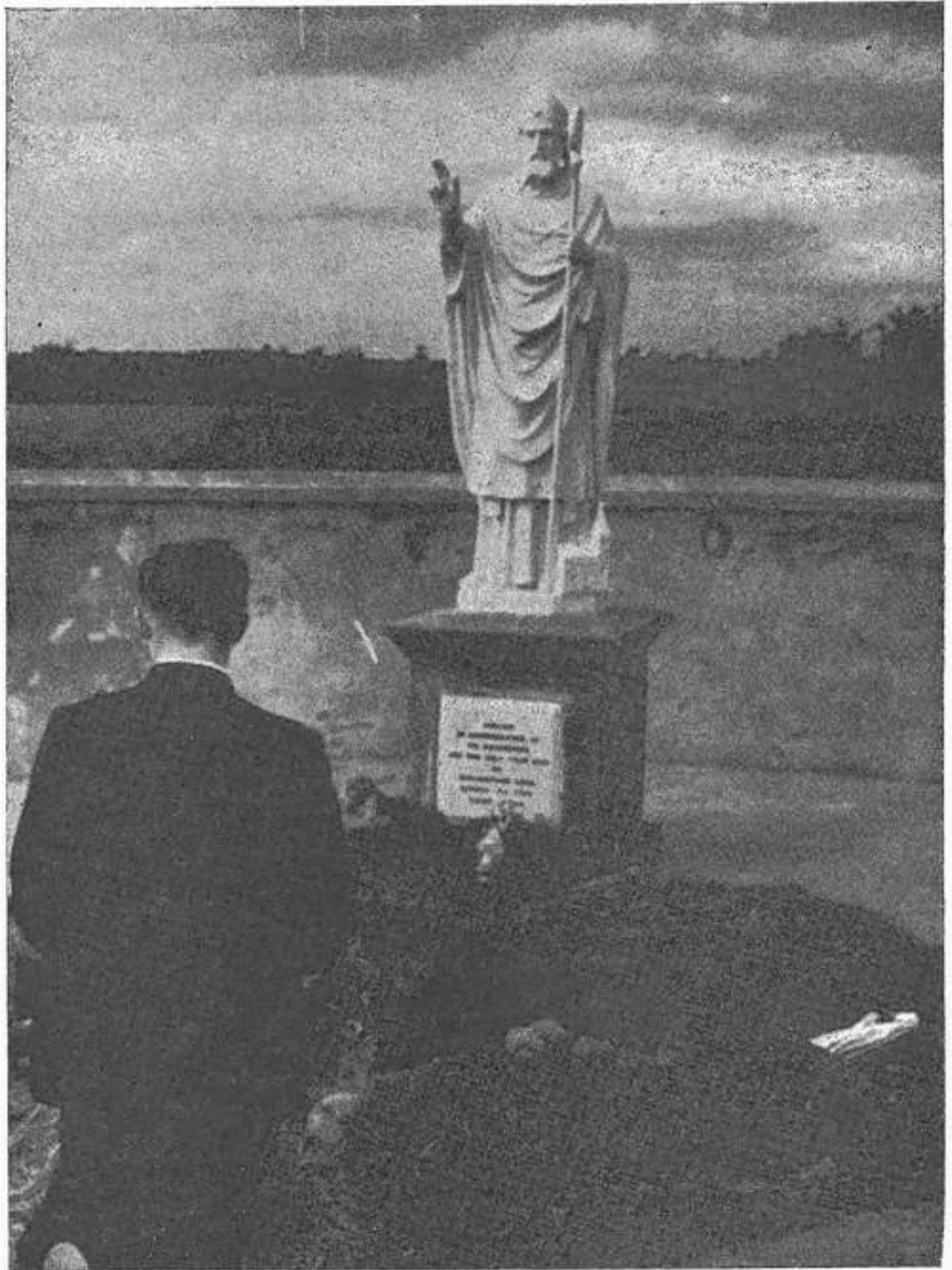
LITURGICAL FESTIVAL.

This year Liturgical Festivals will be held at the following centres : Newcastle West, on Monday, 6th May; Rathkeale, on Wednesday, 8th May; Kilmallock, Thursday, 9th May, and in St. John's Cathedral on Friday, 10th May. At each centre the Festival will open with Solemn Mass at 12 noon, except in St. John's Cathedral, where the Mass will be at 11 a.m. His Lordship the Bishop will preside at the Mass in St. John's, and the proper of the Mass will be sung by the pupils of St. Mary's C.B. School.

For Programme of the Festival and for any other information apply to : Rev. G. M. Griffin, St. Munchin's, Limerick.

By C. O. DANACHAIR

IN County Limerick, as in most parts of Ireland, there are numerous holy wells named after saints. Often these are saints to whom devotion was popular and widespread, but in many places the name of the well is the only trace of a former connection of the saint or his cult with that locality. In some cases it is quite clear that the connection was direct, that is to say that the saint had visited the place in person, or lived or worked in the vicinity, as for instance St. Ita, whose name is associated with wells at Killeedy, Lissaniska, Caherlevoy and Dromtrasna, all within the south western part of the county where she lived and worked. In the same way the three wells of Saint Senan are in the north central area—at Shana-golden, Kilanahan and Cahernarry, none of them now visited and the first two dried up—which is close to the Shannon and Scattery Island, of which he was abbot. Again, Saint Gobnait lived and worked in Co. Cork, and at Ballyagran, near the Cork border, is a famous well dedicated to her; two other wells, at Ballynahinch and Bohercarron, are also said to have been named after her. A well at Doon is named from St. Fintan of Doon (Dún Bleisce), while Tobar Mo Lug (now dried up), near Caherconlish, is named after his brother, Saint Mo Lug. Strangely enough, there is only one well, at Bruree, named from the Patron of the Diocese, St. Munchin; it is not visited any more.



St. Molua's Well, Emlygreennan, Co. Limerick.

HOLY WELLS IN CO. LIMERICK

Perhaps the best known of all the wells of the County is Saint Molua's well at Emlygreennan, where crowds still come around the pattern day, August the 4th. The same day used to be a pattern day at his well in Ardagh, too. But a third well named from him, at Doondonnell, near Rathkeale, is all but forgotten. There are five wells of St. Colman; at two of these, appropriately at

Colman's Well and Kilcolman, a pattern used be held on the 29th of October, which shows that this is Saint Colman Mac Duach. But no feast day is remembered at the other three, at Loughill, Kilfrush and Lissatotan, so we cannot be certain who is the saint named, especially as there are no less than ninety-seven saints named Colman in the great list of Irish saints, the

Martyrology of Donegal, written by Brother Michael O'Clery of the Four Masters. Two wells of Saint Ciaran, at Clonagh and Kilfinny, are undoubtedly named from Saint Ciaran of Clonmacnoise.

Sometimes, although a strong devotion is still observed, the patron of the well has been almost forgotten. This is the case at Barrigone
Continued overleaf.

4. OUR CATHOLIC LIFE.

Well near Foynes, one of the most famous wells in the county. Canon Begley maintains that the saint here is St. Muirdeabhair the Wise, but there is no tradition about him in the district now. In the same way the Saint Mo Chua honoured on 31st August at Darraghmore is somewhat of a mystery, for none of the sixteen saints of the name is celebrated on this day.

Other wells, now almost forgotten, bear the names of equally neglected saints who must, at some former time, have had a connection with the well. Examples are St. Banbham at Ballyshane near Monegay, St. Brona at Athlacca, St. Cainneach at Gortavalla near Doon, St. Fionán at Kilfinane, St. Lachtín at Knocknagranshee, and St. Oran (Otteran) at Ahaveheen. And others can only be guessed at, such as St. Cilleán at Herbertstown, St. Mochaoi at Ludden, St. Feilimidh, also at Ludden, and St. Mo Lunna at Tullybrackey.

All of the wells named above could have come from direct connection with the saints whom they commemorate, but there are many others named after saints who never set foot in Ireland. Take, for instance, the six wells dedicated to St. John the Baptist, of which at least two are so named because of their proximity to foundations of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John

at Hospital and Ballingarry, while another, at Fedamore, follows the parish dedication. The other three, at Athlacca, Cooliska and Rathjordan, were all called "Baptist's Well"; that at Cooliska is still much visited on the feast of the Beheading of St. John the Baptist, 29th August.

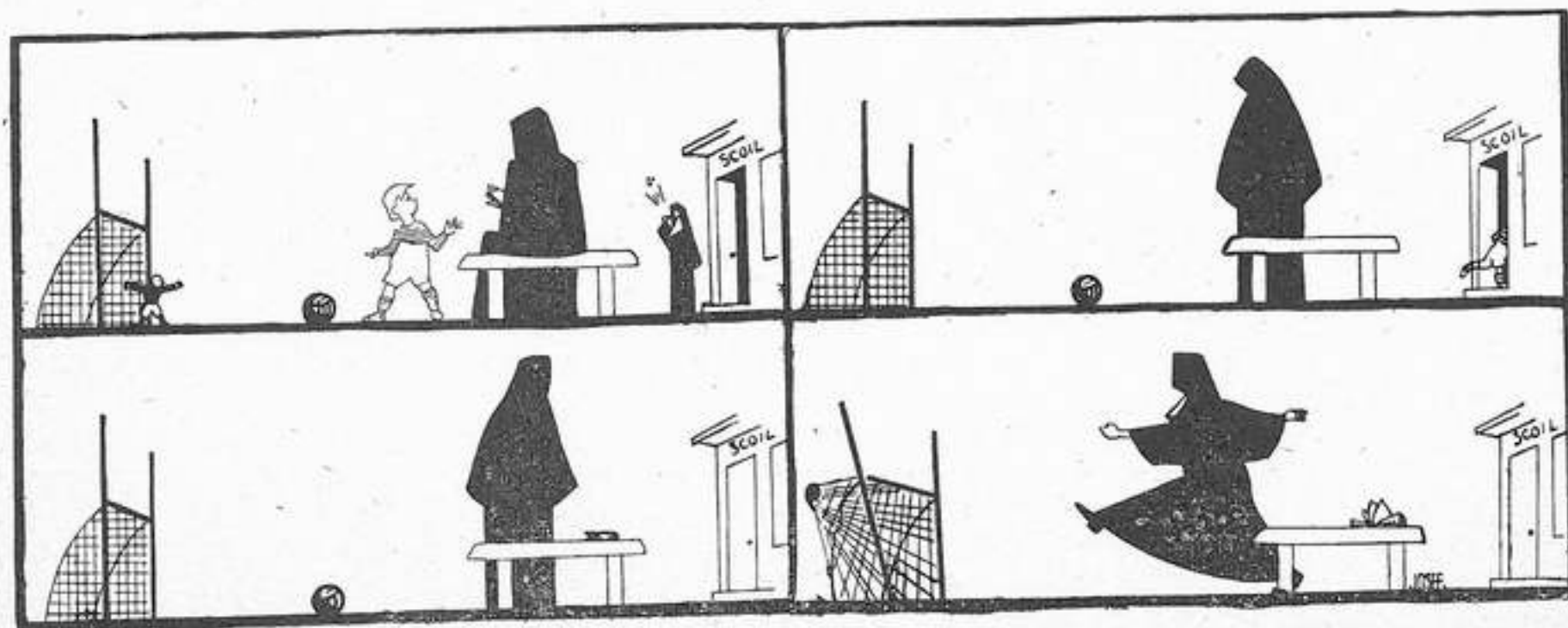
There are four wells of St. James, and three of them, at Ballymacave, Nantenan and Tervoe, were visited on 25th July, the feast day of St. James the Greater. The two latter are still much visited, but that at Ballymacave and the fourth, at Ballinlough (no feast day remembered) are no longer visited. It is probable that we owe all four to the devotion to St. James of Compostella, which was so popular in the Middle Ages.

Saint Michael the Archangel had two wells, at Gortnagross and Kilmihiill, and there were two named from Saint Anne, the mother of Our Lady, at Ardpatrik and Curraghbridge. But none of these is visited now.

Many wells are clearly named from the patron saint of the parish in which they are situated or from a nearby church. Good examples of this are the wells of St. Dominic in Rossbrien, of St. Francis near Moor Abbey (Galbally), and St. Beinid (that is, St. Bernard of Clairvaux) at Ballyallinan. Others are St. Margaret's well in Uregare, St.

Lawrence's at Inch Saint Lawrence, St. Mary Magdalen's at Kilbane, St. Nicholas' at Monaclinoe, and St. Simon's at Ballysimon. It will be noted that the four last-named are all close to Limerick City, which was for some centuries a centre of Anglo-Norman Catholic power and influence. It is quite clear that the dedication of the parish of Newcastle West and a holy well there to St. David, comes from the connection of the Fitzgeralds of Desmond with that town, for they were a Welsh-Norman family, and St. David was their patron saint. The well of SS. Peter and Paul at Ballingarry in Coshlea Barony may be connected with the Dedication of Kilmallock to these saints.

While many of the holy wells of our county are profaned, neglected or forgotten, it is good to know that many others are still regarded with respect, and are protected by local opinion and custom and kept clean and in repair by societies of private individuals. In the past, it is true, there were abuses at some wells, but there are very few institutions about which the same cannot be said. What is abundantly clear is this, that devotions at "blessed wells" have always been a feature of Irish Catholic practice and the wells have been hallowed by the prayers and pieties of generations of our forefathers. They are, then, worthy of our respect.



Union of Prayer

for the Diocese of Limerick

IN a recent letter to the priests of the Diocese, Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill, Bishop of Limerick, wrote : "Mindful that, 'unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it,' we have decided to establish a Diocesan Union of Prayer, to invoke the divine aid for all our projects, to draw all our people closer together in a common effort and to enable them to share in a number of spiritual benefits."

His Lordship was referring to the Union of Prayer which has recently been launched throughout the diocese. He was appealing to the priests in the various parishes to co-operate in its promotion. In order to appreciate fully the value of the Union of Prayer, it may be helpful to refer to some diocesan facts and to quote some relevant diocesan figures.

There are 48 parishes in the Diocese of Limerick, 5 in the city and 43 in the county. Our total Catholic population is 126,900. On roll in our schools, primary, secondary and vocational, are some 26,000 school-children. There are at present 133 secular priests in the various parishes catering for the spiritual needs of our people. Besides there are 37 Religious Communities of priests, brothers and nuns working in churches, schools and hospitals throughout the diocese.

A striking feature of diocesan development in recent years is the number of parishes engaged in renovation and building schemes. Schools, churches and parochial buildings are being built or renovated. Almost every parish has a building scheme of some kind and in many cases a substantial debt has to be paid off. While all this has created problems for priests and people, it has, however, one happy effect. It has made our people more parish-minded, more aware of their parochial needs and obligations. Side by side with development at parochial level, our people are called upon to support diocesan institutions. In recent years the people of the Diocese of Limerick have helped to renovate the stately St. John's Cathedral. And in recent years, too, His Lordship the Bishop has appealed to his people to help to build a new Diocesan College, so urgently needed at the present time. Thus we can say that Limerick is building. Our Catholic people, it is to be hoped, will become more conscious of needs of their own diocese and more united in a sustained effort to fulfil a task which is the responsibility of all. It is, then, an opportune time to unite. It is an opportune time to pray to God for help, guidance and direction. The

Union of Prayer, under the Patronage of Our Blessed Lady, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, has been established in the diocese with this precise purpose in view.

OBJECTS.

The objects of the Union of Prayer as outlined in the Certificate of Membership are simple and direct.

1. To unite the Clergy and Faithful in a Union of Prayer for one another and for the welfare of the Diocese.
2. To strengthen and increase devotion to the Mass and Our Blessed Lady within the Diocese.
3. To provide Spiritual Benefits for all members of the Union and for all benefactors of the Diocese, living and dead.

DUTIES OF MEMBERS.

The duties of members are equally simple. Each member who joins the Union of Prayer is asked to say One Hail Mary each day, to hear Mass and offer Holy Communion once a year for the welfare of the Diocese and the intentions of fellow-members. With regard to the obligation of hearing Mass and offering Holy Communion, it may be no harm to point out that this obligation can be fulfilled any time during the year the member assists at Mass and goes to Holy Communion in the ordinary way. All that is asked of each member is, to offer up the spiritual merits gained therefrom for the intentions already outlined. In addition to these obligations, priest-members are asked to recite the Divine Office once a month for the same intentions. Finally, all adult members are asked to contribute 6d each month, the proceeds from these contributions will, after the payment of necessary expenses, be devoted to the New College Building Fund.

SPIRITUAL BENEFITS OF THE UNION OF PRAYER.

In addition to the prayers, Masses and Holy Communion of their fellow-members, those who join the Union of Prayer also share in the following spiritual benefits :

1. 200 Masses offered yearly for the intentions of the members of the Union of Prayer and for all benefactors of the Diocese, living and dead.

Continued overleaf.

6. OUR CATHOLIC LIFE.

UNION OF PRAYER—contd.

2. A special Mass offered each month by His Lordship the Bishop for the same intention.
3. 30 Masses offered during the month of November each year for the repose of the souls of deceased members of the Union and of all deceased benefactors of the Diocese.
4. Each month in our schools, the children will recite the Rosary together with the Prayer for Emigrants for the intentions of the Union and for all benefactors of the Diocese, living and dead. It is only when we recall to mind that there are approximately 26,000 children attending our schools that we can estimate the volume and potentiality of the prayers of our school-children. Since many of our young people have left our Diocese, to earn a living abroad, and since we must face the sad fact that many of our children now at school will follow them into exile, the beautiful prayer for Emigrants composed by the saintly Pope Pius X, will be recited at the end of the Rosary to ask God to guide and protect them wherever they may be.

Such, then, is the Union of Prayer for the Diocese of Limerick. At this early stage it is impossible to estimate its value or to speak in terms of results. But, bearing in mind the promise of Our Divine Lord, "Wherever two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them," we are confident that it will bring blessings of every kind on the people of Limerick. Membership of the Union of Prayer is open to everybody in the Diocese, priests and people, young and old alike. From time to time in the pages of this magazine, we hope to explain in greater detail certain aspects of its organisation. Meanwhile, we appeal to those who read this article to join the Union of Prayer in their respective parishes and to encourage their friends to do likewise.

To establish the Union of Prayer in the Diocese will be no easy task. But, with God's help, it will be worth any sacrifice we are prepared to make. In the words of His Lordship the Bishop, "When fully organised, the Union of Prayer will prove to be a powerful spiritual force in the Diocese. It will enable us to offer a worthy return for the generosity of our benefactors, and it will encourage us to continue until our purpose has been achieved."



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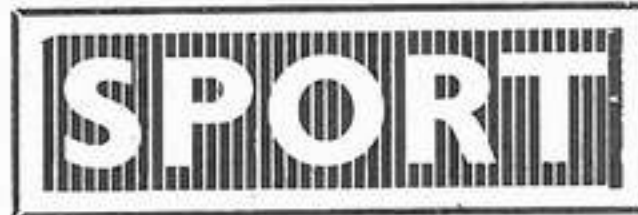
A TRIBUTE

TO A GREAT ATHLETE

THE public memory is proverbially short; yet, Irish sportsmen will not readily forget Ronnie Delaney's wonderful victory in the 1,500 metres race at Melbourne. Before the Olympics there were in Delaney's case some adverse factors; almost up to the last he was not sure whether he would be going to Melbourne at all—not a good mental preparation for an event where mind and nerves play a big part; his professors at Villa Nova University say Delaney puts his studies first, and it was later disclosed that, in the summer and autumn before the games, his training very largely consisted in cross-country running and road work; and this was, in part, his preparation for a race which, it could be argued, would be just about the most difficult of all to win in Melbourne. Look at the tremendously high standard of the competitors in this race: but first, let us look back for a moment. Over half a century ago, an Englishman named W. G. George ran a mile in 4 minutes 12 seconds, then a world's record: that record stood for over twenty years, and George, in his day, was almost regarded a superman. In 1923, the legendary Nurmi set up a new mile record of 4 min. 10.4 secs., and that held good till 1931. Since then, the times gradually improved, and in the last few years men like Hagg and Anderson were running miles in figures like 4 min. 3 secs. and 4 min. 2 secs. It was beginning to be realised by now that a four-minute mile was possible. There were several near misses: and then, suddenly, in June 1954, the news came that the four-minute barrier had been broken when Roger Bannister ran a mile in 3 min. 59.4 secs.: some accounts gave his time as 3 min. 59.8 secs., but in his own book, *The First Four Minutes*, Bannister gives his time as 3 min.

59.4 secs. Five weeks later John Landy of Australia set up a new world's record of 3 min. 58 secs., and that record still stands, though Landy himself expects Delaney to run a mile in 3 min. 56 secs. or 3 min. 55 secs. Landy and others hold that Delaney, at 21, should go on improving till he is at his best at 25 or 26 years of age.

Six weeks after Landy had broken the record, he met Bannister and others in direct opposition over the mile in Vancouver. Bannister won in 3 min. 58.8 secs., with Landy second in 3 min. 59.6 secs., and for the first time in history, two runners in the same race beat 4 minutes. Incidentally, in that race Milligan of Ireland did 4 min. 5 secs. In May, 1955, three men in the same race beat 4 minutes, Tobin, the winner, doing 3 min. 59 secs., with Chataway and Hewson each doing 3 min. 59.8 secs. Since Bannister first crashed through the 4 minute barrier, in



By W. J. CARROLL, P.P.

all, ten runners had beaten 4 minutes for the mile before the Olympic Games. Thus, at Melbourne, the stage was set for a truly tremendous struggle in the 1,500 metres, which is sometimes called the metric mile, and is 120 yards shorter than the mile proper.

Even before the final there was drama, as the holder of the world's record for the 1,500 metres, Rozsavolgyi, failed to qualify for the final, as did also Barthol, the holder of the Olympic title.

Just a word about the final itself. There were 12 runners, and Delaney was drawn No. 11. Approaching half-way, Delaney was second last and Landy last. With a lap

to go, Landy was 8th and Ronnie 10th. Coming to the last bend, Hewson was in the lead, Hewson who had twice previously beaten Delaney. At this stage, Landy and Ronnie cut loose, and as they came off the last bend, and were entering the straight, Delaney was at Hewson's shoulder, and then Ronnie actually sprinted to the tape in a tremendous burst, winning by 4½ yards, beating the Olympic record by a full four seconds. We cannot do better than quote what a very authoritative English athletic journal says: "So ended the greatest metric mile ever witnessed, with the Roman Catholic Delaney in a full genuflection on the trackside, and Landy, thinking he was exhausted, unwittingly trying to get him to his feet. Here, aged 21, is the favourite for Rome in 1960, by which time he should be approaching maturity"!

It is worth noting what tutors and fellow-students at Villa Nova say about Ronnie. When the University team competes away from home on Saturdays, some of the athletes stay away overnight, but Ronnie always returns, and is out at 7 next morning to help park the

Continued on Page 30.

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Phone 24.



Q. *Who are the Witnesses of Jehovah?*

A. They are members of a sect founded in America in 1872 by Charles Russell. Russell set himself up as a prophet and as the founder of a new religion, despite the fact that he was divorced by his wife and convicted in court of Perjury and fraud—he sold “miracle wheat” to credulous farmers at sixty dollars a bushel. He claimed to be able to interpret the Scriptures, yet he knew no Greek nor any of the Scriptural languages. He taught amongst other things that the second coming of Christ began in 1874, and that the Catholic priesthood is the incarnation of Satan and that Jesus Christ was not God. This sect is violently anti-Catholic and anti-Christian and as well is destructive of all civil government.

???

Q. *May Catholics believe that human beings lived before Adam, but that they had perished before Adam was created?*

A. Yes, there is nothing contrary to Catholic teaching in holding that human beings inhabited the earth before Adam's time, but that they had all perished before the creation of Adam, leaving no traces behind. Catholics must believe that the present human race is descended from Adam.

???

Q. *Is it wrong to plead the “Gaming Act” to get out of a gambling debt?*

A. A gambling debt, freely entered into, imposes a strict obligation in conscience the same as any other contract, and so, it is wrong for one in a position to pay the debt to plead the Gaming Act. Again even though one successfully pleads the Gaming Act, the obligation in conscience to pay the debt remains.

Any Questions

???

Q. *Is it wrong to listen in to non-Catholic sermons on the Wireless?*

A. Proximate participation in the public worship of non-Catholics is forbidden to Catholics. Listening in to the wireless to Protestant sermons involves no immediate participation in these acts of worship on the part of the listener, and so is not forbidden to Catholics, unless, of course, it involves danger to the Faith, as, for example, if one were to listen in because he had leanings towards heresy.

???

Q. *Who are Alcoholics Anonymous?*

A. An Alcoholic is one who has lost control over his drinking habits—he is one suffering from a disease whereby his craving for drink is compulsive. He is then, not ordinarily responsible for his drinking orgies. Alcoholics Anonymous is a fellowship of alcoholics who share their experience, strength and hope with each other to combat their alcoholism. This fellowship gives the alcoholic something he can get nowhere else—sympathy and understanding of men stricken with the same disease. With this sympathy, understanding and eagerness to help, the alcoholic after a while attains contented sobriety. With the help of God, and the sympathy of his fellows, he can become once more a happy man—without drink.

???

Q. *Is there a minimum age-limit for Ordination to the Priesthood?*

A. Yes, there is. Canon Law lays down that the candidate for the Priesthood must be at least twenty-four years old on his ordination day. For a very special reason, e.g., scarcity of Priests in a diocese, the Church may allow a candidate to be ordained at an earlier age, but she scarcely ever allows him to be ordained before his twenty-third birthday.

cup of strong hot tea, tasting slightly of smoke, perhaps, but what can you expect when it was boiled and brewed in a battered, blackened tin can? But, sitting on the grass with the sea around you, and the sea-gulls wheeling above you, it is a nectar which heats you, comforts



By MARTHA

WHEN we were young—I do not care to remember how very many years ago—a crowd of us would often take a boat out on Clew Bay. The type of craft varied, depending on what we could borrow. Frequently, it would be a big, black fishing boat with heavy oars. We took turns pulling, one person to each oar, grasping it with both hands, rising, almost, to one's feet on the lean forward, and lying well back on each pull to get the most distance out of it. And blisters or no blisters, when your turn came you rowed. In the meantime, some of us would be holding a line for mackerel, and shortly there would be a silver haul lying in the bottom of the boat. Occasionally we would borrow a small boat with sails, and we would tack across the narrow straits between the islands. On the only occasion that some sanguine or extraordinarily innocent person trusted us with an out-board motor, the engine conked out when we were only as far as Rabbit Island, a mere mile, and we had to take to the oars again. Looking back, I

realise that the motor did us a service, as we were all set for Clare Island and the wide Atlantic, or even America if the petrol lasted. On those voyages we always took plenty fresh water with us, an old tongs, a few sods of turf and whatever victuals we could muster.

When hunger assailed us we would make for the nearest island with a beach handy for landing, and pull the boat up on the shore. Now, I come to the part which justifies this nautical saga on a Woman's Page—for the food we managed to cook on these lonely islands of Clew Bay was more appetising than any Cordon Bleu dish, created by a master chef to titillate the palate of a gourmet. Have you ever tasted a mackerel, ten minutes after he came out of the sea, cleaned, split in two, backbone removed, washed in seawater and cooked across a tongs over a turf and wood fire? He smells deliciously, his browned skin sticks to and burns your fingers as you transfer him to a slice of buttered brown bread and he tastes —! You wash him down with a

you, gives you new life.

This, although I did not know it, was my first experience of grilled fish, and a perfect grill at that—the food fresh, and the wood embers like charcoal, kept warm by the turf ashes, ensuring a steady, slow heat. At that time our family cooking was done on a range which did not lend itself to grilling. To this day I prefer herrings, mackerel, cod, etc., grilled, to any other method in which they may be cooked. They are digestible, there is no grease, and the flavour is improved. Grill yourself a mackerel one of these Fridays!

GRILLED MACKEREL.

Clean; cut the fish down the back and remove the bone. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and brush over with butter. Cook steadily under the heated grill, turning frequently but taking care not to pierce the outer skin. It should be cooked in a quarter of an hour. The correct sauce to serve with this dish is a maitre d'hotel, for which I give the recipe. Our household is not ad-
Continued overleaf.

dicted to sauces of any kind, and I achieve a similar flavour by sprinkling finely chopped parsley, and a few drops of lemon (if I have it handy) over the cooked fish, and I place a knob of butter on top. It saves trouble and tastes the same, but if you want to be very correct, here is the recipe for :—

MAITRE D'HOTEL SAUCE

Ingredients—2 ozs. butter, 2 dessertspoonfuls of parsley, a few drops of lemon juice, salt and pepper.

Method—Melt the butter, stir in the chopped parsley, seasoning, and a few drops of lemon juice.

EGG DISHES.

As eggs are cheap at present, we should take advantage of them and make as many egg dishes as we can. I have been turning out sponge cakes so often lately that the family are getting a little tired of them. One recipe has been very successful for me and as it is easy and requires the minimum of beating I shall give it to you. I make it in an oblong tin measuring ten inches by six and a half. When baked, I cut it in half and put one over the other.

SPONGE MIXTURE

Ingredients—2 eggs, 4 ozs. castor sugar, 4 ozs. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful baking powder, tablespoonful warm water.

Method—Grease and warm the tin. Sprinkle over it one teaspoonful of castor sugar mixed with one teaspoonful of flour. The tin should not be more than half full with the mixture. When baked, cool slowly and allow the cake to be nearly cold before turning out of tin. Break the eggs into a bowl and whip for two or three minutes. Add the sugar and whip for a further five minutes, or until the mixture is thick or of a much lighter colour. Add the water and fold in the flour and the baking powder which have been sifted together. Pour into the tin and allow to bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes. I bake this cake in a gas cooker using Regulo Mark 5.

SCOTCH EGGS.

A savoury egg dish which makes a change from the eternal poached, fried, boiled or scrambled is Scotch Eggs. For six people you will need six hard-boiled eggs, one unboiled egg, one pound of sausages or sausage meat, bread crumbs, parsley and flour.

Method — Remove the shells from the hard-boiled eggs. Skin the sausages and flatten them out. Shake some flour on a paper and add salt and pepper. Roll the eggs in the flour and cover each evenly with sausage meat. Roll each egg in the beaten egg, and then in crumbs, shaking off any surplus, and fry in boiling fat until they are golden brown. If you want them as a hot dish, serve them with mashed potatoes and tomato sauce, using chopped parsley as a garnish. Or serve them cold and tastefully sliced with salad.

It would be advisable to preserve some eggs now for use later when they are scarce and dear. I intend to get some done myself this week if I get time to get down to the job!

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THE BLUE NUNS

THE Sister in white robes and blue veil, gliding noiselessly along the polished corridor, is a familiar sight to many Limerick people. We cannot picture St. John's Hospital without the Blue Nuns, as we familiarly call the Sisters of the Little Company of Mary. Yet, the Hospital had served the sick of Limerick for over a hundred years before the Sisters first came to it, some seventy years ago.

HISTORIC SITE.

St. John's Hospital was founded in the year 1780 by a charitable Protestant, Lady Hartstonge, wife of a prosperous city merchant, Sir Henry Hartstonge. This lady purchased the old Guard House and Citadel which stood beside St. John's Gate, one of the gates in the fortified walls which surrounded the old City of Limerick. These buildings, part of which can still be seen just inside the gates of the present hospital, were

historic even in those days, as they had played their part in withstanding the sieges of 1650 and 1690. It was, in fact, quite near these buildings that one of the dramatic incidents of the 1690 siege took place. When King William's troops had battered a breach in the walls nearby and were beginning to swarm into the city, the women of Limerick rushed forward to defend their city with the aid of bottles, thrown with devastating accuracy.

THE FIRST FEVER HOSPITAL.

Lady Hartstonge repaired the old building and opened it for the reception of fever patients in 1780. At the time, epidemics of fever, typhoid, typhus and cholera, were very common in Ireland as well as throughout most of Europe. One of these epidemics was then raging in the city, so that in a short time the accommodation became inadequate. Six years later, as a result of an appeal for

Continued overleaf.

funds by the Board of Governors, part of the present hospital was built, and a further extension, in the form of temporary buildings, had to be erected during the terrible years, 1817-1818, when the contagious fever, cholera, again claimed many victims in Limerick. In those years, St. John's was a Fever Hospital only, and it has the distinction of being the first such hospital to be set up on soil under British rule.

Towards the end of the century the fever epidemics became less frequent, so that in 1887 a new Board of Governors, with the Bishop (Dr. O'Dwyer) as Chairman, reorganised the hospital for the admission of general medical and surgical cases, as well as fever patients. It was at this period that the Blue Nuns were asked to take charge of the hospital. Count Moore was chiefly responsible for bringing this about.

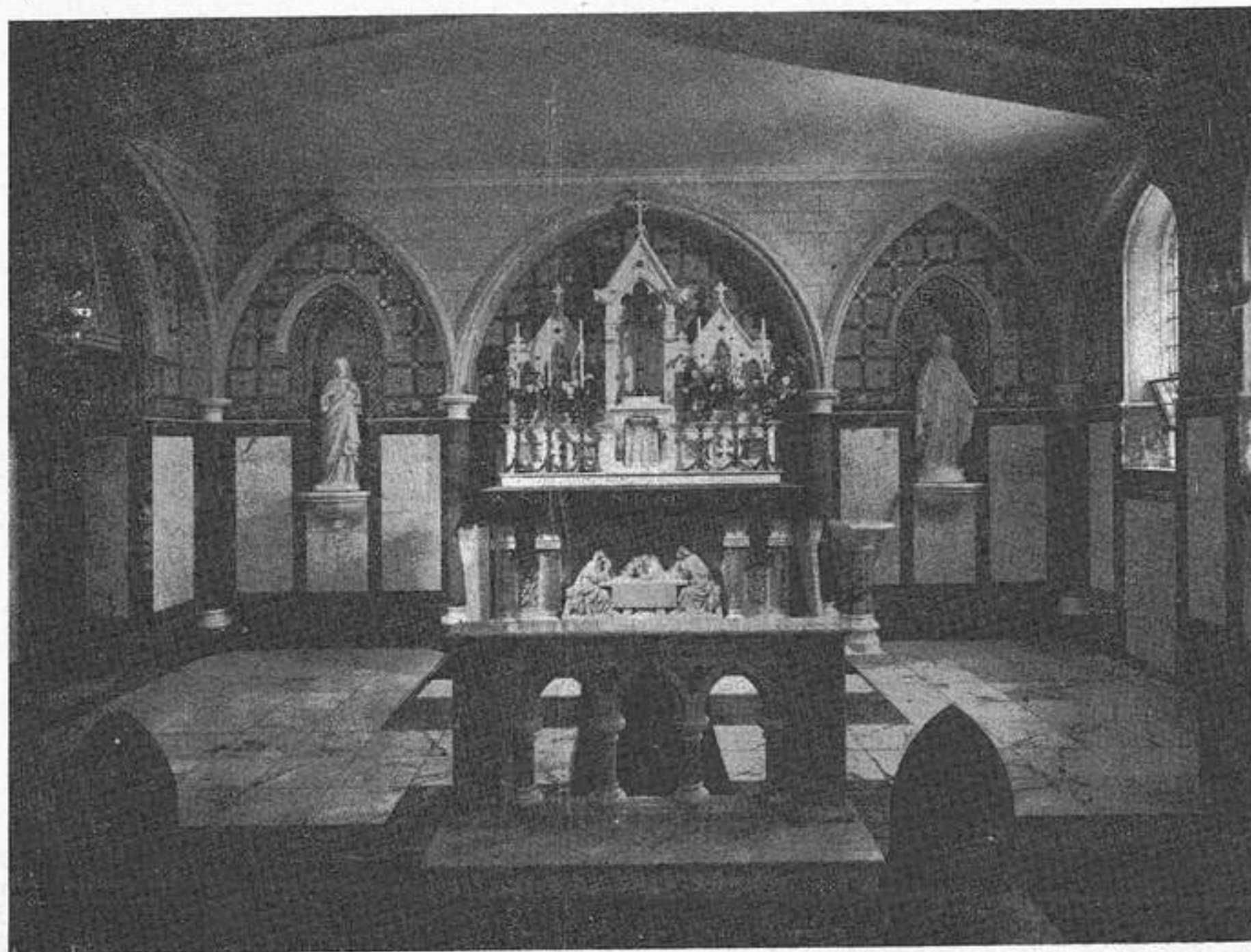
COUNT MOORE AND THE BLUE SISTERS.

Count Arthur Moore, a well-known landowner, resided at Aherlow Castle in County

Tipperary. In 1885, while on a visit to Rome, his wife contracted fever, and almost all hope of her recovery was lost. She was, however, gradually nursed back to health, from the point of death, by two Sisters of the Little Company of Mary in Rome, Mother M. Catherine and Mother Michael. When it was possible for her to begin the journey home, Mother Catherine brought her to London, to the home of her father—Sir Charles Clifford. On his wife's restoration to health, Count Moore resolved to use every effort in his power to introduce such a useful community to Ireland. This resolution he made as a token of heartfelt gratitude to God and to the Little Company of Mary.

MOTHER MARY POTTER.

The new Congregation of Nursing Sisters was only seven years in existence at this time. The foundress, Mary Potter, was born in London in 1847, and from her earliest years she suffered from ill-health. It seemed providentially arranged that a life of suffering was to be her lot, to direct her steps in the way of relieving the physical sufferings



Oratory in St. John's Hospital.

of others. When, at the age of thirty, she put before the Bishop of Nottingham her intention of founding a congregation of nuns, whose specific work would be "Nursing the Sick and Dying," his Lordship gave the project his blessing. With absolute trust in Providence, Mary Potter made the first foundation of the Institute of the Little Company of Mary in Lenton Street, Nottingham. A disused stocking factory was turned into a convent and school house, and dedicated to the "Maternal Heart of Mary." The foundress had two reliable companions in Mrs. Bryan and Agnes Bray. There were five postulants at the first clothing ceremony on July 2nd, 1877, and Mary Potter became Mother Mary Angela.

In September, 1882, Mother Mary went to Rome to request the blessing of the Holy Father on her work and on the Constitutions of the Institute. Kneeling before Pope Leo XIII, she said that, with his blessing, she would be content to return to England. His reply was: "Why go back? Why not remain? The doors of Rome are open to you." This was much more than she had expected. She remained and the first foundation in Rome was made before the end of that same year, 1882. Thus it was that three years later, Count Moore was to make his first contact with the Congregation in the Eternal City.

INTERVIEW WITH DR. O'DWYER.

In 1887, just a year after Dr. Edward Thomas O'Dwyer had been consecrated Bishop of Limerick, Count Moore called at his palace in Corbally. The Bishop was, at that moment, presiding at a ceremony at the Good Shepherd Convent. The Count went immediately to the Convent, where he was graciously received by the Bishop. On being told the purpose of his visit, his Lordship inquired what kind of work these nuns would do. The encouraged Count replied: "They nurse the sick." Dr. O'Dwyer, pointing to St. John's Hospital from the Convent window, then said: "-These are the very nuns I want for that place over there."

ARRIVAL AT ST. JOHN'S.

Preliminary arrangements were made and the Count gave a generous donation to prepare for the coming of the new community. The first two Sisters to arrive got a warm welcome and generous hospitality at St. Mary's Convent of Mercy, until the hospital was opened on August 20th, 1888.

Mother Angela and two other companions arrived the previous evening, and the first Mass was celebrated on the opening day by Very Rev. Father Higgins, Adm., St. John's Cathedral. Father Higgins was a very sincere friend to the Community, and he donated the Convent's first altar, which had been used in the former St. John's Church, that preceded the Cathedral.

TRANSFORMATION.

The Sisters found the hospital in a dilapidated condition, principally because, when there was no fever epidemic in the city, it was almost completely disused. The very atmosphere of the place was depressing, and the dim gaslight at night added to the gloomy appearance of the hospital. There were, of course, no lifts, no X-ray plant, and only very poor surgical equipment. Even the water supply often failed. The claim of such an institution to be called a "hospital" might well be questioned by mid-twentieth century standards, but it is generally admitted that many other institutions of a similar kind were subject to the same disabilities at that time.

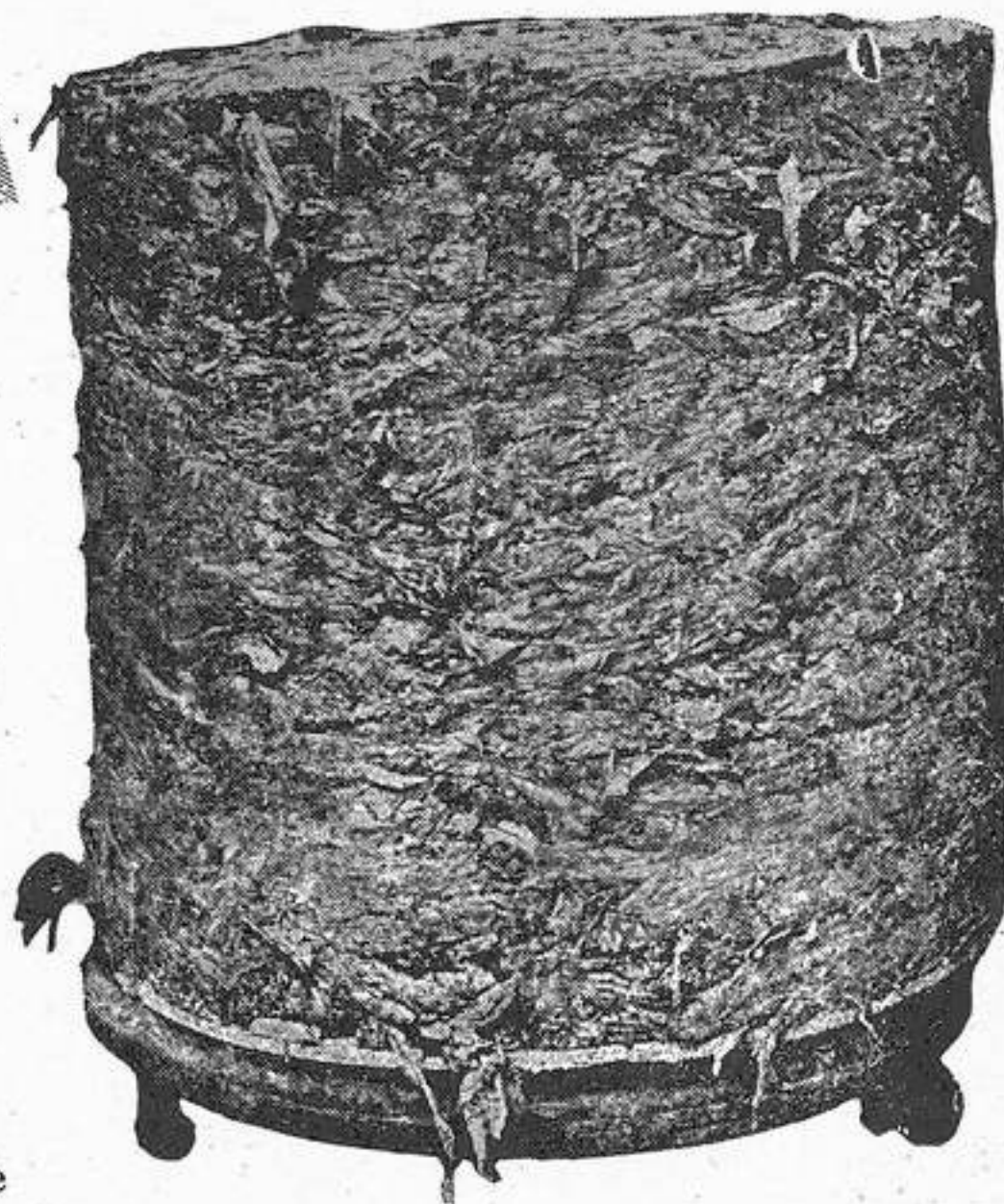
One wing of the new hospital was set aside for fever cases, but subsequently it was closed, and the wards and beds were thus set free for surgical cases. New equipment was installed in the theatre, and a new surgeon was appointed. The number of surgical cases seeking admission immediately increased, many of them coming, for the first time, from the neighbouring counties. Most of these changes were brought about by the late Mother Ambrose O'Donnell, who came to St. John's in 1898. Under her capable administration, the hospital took a new lease of life, and set itself on the road to becoming one of the leading hospitals in the South of Ireland.

AT PRESENT.

The old Fever and General Hospital was thus gradually transformed into the Voluntary Hospital of to-day. It has seen the days of '98, black '47 and 1916. After 176 years of service to the people of Limerick and the surrounding area, it now looks vigorous and progressive in its new dress. With financial help from the Hospitals' Trust, further additions and improvements have been made, so that it can now claim to be a fully equipped Voluntary Hospital, with a complete medical and surgical staff, and specialists in

Continued on Page 32.

**A "HOGSHEAD"
makes its début
in a
Tobacco Factory**



It's a hogshead OF TOBACCO that you see being opened. One of a consignment of pure Virginia Tobacco from the U.S.A. to P. J. Carroll's factory at Dundalk. The HOGSHEAD is actually the wooden cask containing the packed tobacco leaf—1,000 lbs. to each. A Hogshead, is also, of course, a liquid measure of varying capacity in the United States and Ireland, ordinarily 63 gallons. How the name came to be "borrowed" for the Tobacco Industry is a subject for conjecture. Perhaps, in the early days of tobacco, empty whisky or beer casks were used to store or flavour the tobacco? Or, a more prosaic reason, maybe then, the Hogshead was a convenient and stock size easily purchased from the Coopers of the day. To-day, the opening of a Hogshead of tobacco at Carroll's Tobacco factory, means for its contents, the beginning of a long sequence of processes and cares. This is the craft of producing fine cigarettes and tobaccos—a craft in which Carrolls of Dundalk have been singularly successful since 1824.



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rubbed).*



EASTER, 1957.

The Murphy Twins

My dear Children,

I am sure you are all looking forward to Easter. You do find Lent hard, don't you, trying to keep up to all the big acts you promised to do. It is good to know, however, that Our Lord sees all the efforts you made for love of Him, and He will bless and reward you.

This time, I have important news for you. You have been busy at home and at school helping to build the new Diocesan College by saving waste paper. Now it has been decided that it would be wonderful if the Chapel, which will form part of the new College could be built by the schoolchildren of the Diocese. It will take many years to build and it will cost a lot of money. But it will be God's own House and you are very privileged to be allowed to build it. I am sure every one of you would wish to take part in this great work. You can help, first of all by your prayers. When I want a big intention, I ask the children to pray for it, because I know that Our Lord will not refuse them anything. You can be enrolled in the Union of Prayer for the Diocese and you will get a leaflet in your school which will give you full particulars; your teacher will explain to you all about it. Another way in which you can help is by continuing your work in the Waste Paper Drive. You might also collect all the Silver Paper you can find—chocolate paper, tea-chest lining, milk bottle tops, cigarette box packing, cheese covering, polish covering; also cake wrappers, tea bags, and Lemons Sweets box covering which have silver on one side. It will not be easy to keep up the effort but when you feel like giving up do think of that beautiful chapel YOU are building for Our Lord. Above all, be very faithful to those precious prayers, especially the daily Hail Mary.

Your paintings were very good indeed, and I have quite a long list of prizewinners. For the Easter Competition I am asking you to make your own pictures. I am sure you will enjoy that much more and I shall certainly enjoy looking at them, when I open your envelopes.

Wishing you all a very happy Easter and every blessing.

Your loving

AUNTIE BRIGID.

IT was Easter Saturday evening and Mammy was finishing her ironing so that Daddy and the children would be all spick-and-span for Easter Sunday. Peter and Pauline were playing with Baby Eileen, who indeed, was walking around and hardly a baby any longer, and I'm sorry to say that Michael and Mary were quarrelling. Mary was really fixing daffodils in a vase for Mammy, but Michael and she were arguing about the Féile Prizes at the same time. You see Michael's choir had come first and Mary's was only second. "But," Mary insisted, "we got more single prizes. Kathleen Tuohy got first for solo singing and Eileen O'Shea first for 'Aithriseoireacht.'" "Oh," said Michael, "that's just like girls, they can't pull together in a team. Each one is only thinking of herself."

Mammy had been listening all the time, and you could see by her face that she wasn't pleased. "I don't think that's quite fair, Michael," she said, "what about the girls' choir that did come first? Didn't they work together as a team? But come now, the ironing is finished, help me to tidy up, and we will talk about it later." In a short time all was ready and Mammy got her knitting while the children sat around, leaving the big chair in the corner for Daddy.

"Well," said Mammy, "when I heard you quarrelling about prizes and competitions, I thought I'd tell you about a beautiful competition in which everyone gets a prize."

CHILDREN'S PAGE—contd.

RESULTS OF CHRISTMAS COMPETITION.

A Lovely Box of Paints each to:—

1. Louis Haas, "Oriel," Shelbourne Park.
2. John Flynn, Knocksouna, Kilmallock.
3. Padraic Ward, Arus Brighde, Kilmallock.
4. Mary Hannan, 38 Clarina Avenue.
5. Honora Hartnett, Main Street, Pallaskenry.
6. Betty Moloney, Farrihy, Dromcollogher.

Consolation Prizes to:—

1. Pauline Reidy, Ballinagoul, Charleville.
2. Caroline Griffin, Main Street, Abbeyfeale.
3. Dolores Hilton, 25 Edward Street.
4. Michael Murphy, Kantoher Cross, Killeedy.
5. Pauline Daly, Maiden Hall, Charleville.
6. John Hayes, Ballydoole, Pallaskenry.

EASTER PAINTING COMPETITION

For the Easter Competition there will be two sets of prizes, one for Children under 12, and the other for Children over 12.

Draw a Picture and Colour it to illustrate ONE of the following titles:—

Under 12 Years:—

1. Mammy Makes a Cake.
2. Boating.

Over 12 and under 15:—

1. Spring Scene.
2. Buying Shoes.

HOW TO ENTER

Don't copy a picture, just make up your own. You may make it as big as you wish but not smaller than 8" x 6". Fill in the coupon below and ask Daddy, Mammy or Teacher to sign it also. Pin it on to your picture and sent to:—

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

Entries must be in before 25th May, 1957.

CUT HERE

Address

Name

Age

Signed
(Parent, Teacher).

The Murphy Twins—contd.

"Oh," said Peter, "are they nice prizes?" "Lovely prizes," said Mammy, "because everyone gets exactly what he wants." "Tell us about it, Mammy," said Pauline, "Yes, Pauline, I will, and I think the best thing I can do is to tell you what St. Paul said about it since you are called after him. You see, one day St. Paul wrote a letter to people who were very interested in games and sports, and competitions, things like running and wrestling and boxing. "Or hurling or football," said Peter. "Yes, exactly, Peter, and he reminded them of how hard they had to practise to win." "Oh, yes, Mammy," said Michael, "I read the other day that people like Ronnie Delaney can't smoke or drink or eat too many sweet things, and that they have to practise very hard." "So they have," said Mammy, "and in the end, after it all, only one can win, and even then the prize is only a silver cup, which after all, isn't anything so very wonderful. But, as St. Paul said in his letter, when God sets us a competition, He sets it in such a way that everyone can win, for the prize is Heaven." "I know, mammy, but where's the competition," said Mary, with a puzzled look. "Oh," said Mammy, "the competition is in trying to live your life better and better every day and the rules are the ten commandments. But, listen, I hear Daddy coming, so help me to set the tea-table." "We will, mammy," said Mary, "and thanks for the story."

RESULT OF CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD.

The following were the three lucky prizewinners in our Christmas issue Crossword. Each will receive a book token, valued £1:—

1. MRS. M. O'HALLORAN,
Docks Post Office, Limerick.
2. BRIAN McMAHON,
14 St. John's Avenue, Mulgrave St., Limerick.
3. MRS. MARY CLERY,
"The Glebe," Elton, Knocklong, Co. Limerick.

Patriotism and Politics

By REV. P. HOULIHAN.

THOSE are two words sure to catch the eye of every Irishman. Let us consider the growth of patriotism, by which we mean the love of the patria or fatherland.

Our first feeling of kinship, as consciousness develops, is with the members of our own family, a feeling associated with the house and surroundings of our birth. Gradually through childhood it extends to the native parish or city area and its people. Particular places and people soon assume a special significance in relation to oneself—for instance, the place one suffered one's first fall off a bicycle and possibly the neighbour who boxed one's ears for borrowing the bicycle without permission (incidentally, in after years these painful experiences become very dear and one yearns to behold again the scene and shake the hand that cuffed one). With wider experience of our native land, one's feeling of kinship comes to embrace, let us say, the crowd at a Munster Hurling Final, the people of a parish in Kilkenny where one's Uncle Jim lives and the Company of the Taidbhearc Theatre in Galway, which one frequented during a holiday. Eventually one comes to realise the population of the whole island as one's community and to feel a certain proprietary interest in the Connemara lakes and Dublin Bay. This consciousness of belonging to a community, this family feeling which senses a family likeness with others in spite of individual differences, is strengthened when one travels

to other lands and meets members of other nations, influenced by different climate, history and mode of living.

This consciousness of membership of a community naturally generates a desire to benefit that community and further all its activities. It is one of the most wholesome emotions of the human heart and has always been honoured by all peoples, especially when it moves a person to make sacrifices for the community. It will be particularly strong in the true Christian, for his life is guided by the words of Christ: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart and thy whole soul, and thy neighbour as thyself for the love of God." His first love is given to God and he shows that love by his love of the fellow-members of his community. His natural desire to do good, in other words his patriotism, receives an added impulse from the words of Christ and the grace of His Sacraments and he is strengthened in his resolve to benefit the community of which he is a part.

One of the healthiest signs of a nation is that a big proportion of its people have this unselfish urge. There can be little doubt but that this is true of Ireland. It may be said that this has not been very apparent since we became a nation once again, but if that is so, the reason is not very difficult to understand. The nation experienced a period of exaltation between 1916 and 1922, and such a period is liable to be followed by one of lassitude. That this happened

here was made inevitable by the Civil War, in which the idealism of the national resurgence was submerged in the unbridled passion of a family feud. (In passing, it may be worth mentioning that all the qualities, good and bad, of the Irish character seem to have been thrown into relief by the War of Independence and its aftermath). The mood of those who lived through the years of civil strife, and that period could be said to have lasted from 1922 to 1938, has been heavily tinged with disillusionment, all the darker because of the bright hopes of the earlier years. The mood is caught in the remark of the mother of the 1930s, who hoped as she looked at her young sons that, whatever way they turned out, they would keep clear of politics. Which brings us to politics.

* * *

POLITICS.

The mother we have mentioned was thinking of politics in terms of organisation, representing conflicting interests in the community. But politics, in the true sense of the word, rises above this. The word is derived from the Greek word for city, polis. In pre-Christian Greece the unit of government was a city and "politics" was the term used to describe the art of ordering the affairs of the city community towards the common good of all the citizens. Politics, in its true sense then, rises above party interests and seeks to harmonise the inevit-

Continued overleaf.

ably conflicting interests of different sections. It is the art through which a man translates his patriotism into practice and is one of the noblest forms of activity in which a man can engage.

Ireland is now entering a new phase. A new generation has grown up since the achievement of independence. It takes a free Ireland for granted, an Ireland which, in the words of the late Bishop O'Dwyer, has its centre of gravity within itself and which, in spite of great difficulties, is free to shape its own destiny. It is proud of the Irish nation and equally conscious that there is room for improvement in the national character. It knows that we have something precious in our free, kindly way of life, while admitting that there is work waiting to be done in improving the standard of living of some and developing the resources of our country. In short, the new generation feels the urge to benefit the community which we have seen to be the essence of patriotism. How can they translate it into practice?

A PATRIOT IN PRACTICE.

First of all, by each one doing as perfectly as possible whatever work he is engaged in, whether it be on a farm, in an office or factory, or administrative or professional work. The more efficient each one is the healthier is the life of the community. The young farmer, for instance, can benefit the community by availing of the information and other aids to more efficient farming now at his disposal. He can put capital into his farm or, if he has not control of the family purse, he can use his persuasive powers on those who have.

Ireland's great need now is

for investment of Irish capital in any kind of productive enterprise. As well as on the farms, young men can now serve the nation by putting their capital, skill and business ability into factories. We have before us such examples as the highly successful lime factory at Askeaton and the fruit-processing factory, started last year by three local young men at Brosna on the Limerick-Kerry border. Incidentally, these enterprises, in turn, give the rest of us an opportunity to put our patriotism into practice by giving them every possible assistance, especially by buying their products.

Having attended to the first essential of being efficient at his own job, how else can a person translate his patriotism into practice? By joining organisations which seek to better the community in any way. The first that come to mind are the Gaelic League and the other organisations which foster Irish culture. Judging by the quality of its active supporters, there can now be little doubt but that the Irish people are going to restore their beautiful and highly expressive language and bring it to the development it would have reached had its growth not been thwarted. The Legion of Mary, Muintir na Tire, Macra na Feirme, Town Improvements Committees, Tree-Planting associations are among the many methods of work awaiting to be availed of. The person who can do most good through these organisations is the person who is fitted for the positions of leadership and to this end one must avail of every opportunity of developing one's powers of clear and persuasive expression of one's objectives.

But, of course, to be most

effective in getting measures of public benefit adopted, one must engage in politics in the strict sense, that is as a member of the Dail, a County Council or City Corporation. This is made easier to-day by the fact that we can be said to have an agreed national policy. Ireland's needs are the restoration of the national language and culture, the investment by Irish people of their capital in the development of our resources, a big improvement in the efficiency of farming and the bringing of the industrial side of the economy to the normal position it would have reached if our history had been normal. So will we achieve our goal of a society of contented, happy families, whose bread-winners are able to take care of their dependents' needs.

If you have any worthwhile ideas on how these things can

Continued on Page 30.

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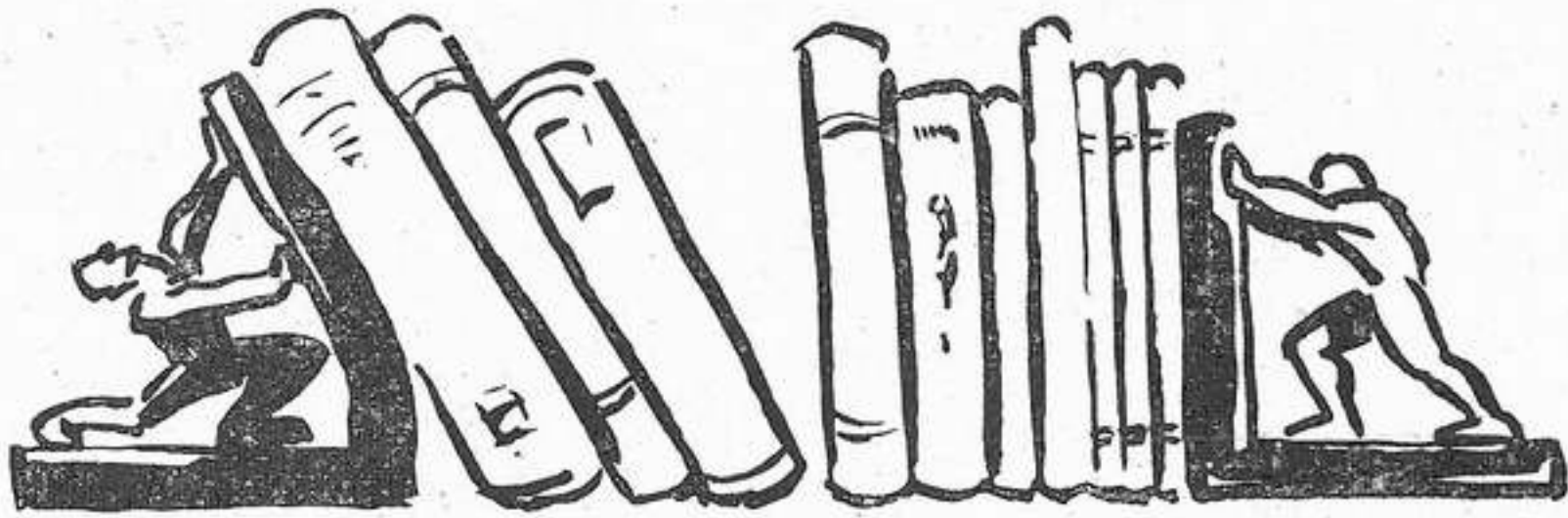
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BOOKS

ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA

By FR. BRODERICK S.J.

Burns & Oates.

PRICE, 30/-

THE FIRST JESUIT

By MARY PURCELL.

H. M. Gill & Son, Dublin.

PRICE, 21/-

The fourth centenary of the death of St. Ignatius has brought new additions to the literature on his life. Of special interest to English-speaking readers are the two books under review.

Father Broderick's work is a scholarly study, as could have been expected from one who has become an "official" Jesuit historian. But it is an eminently readable book; while the historically-minded reader will find much to interest him, especially in the copious footnotes, the general reader will not find the many critical discussions burdensome, enlivened as they so frequently are by the author's interesting digressions and characteristic wit. The book goes only as far as the founding of the Society of Jesus. It is illustrated by very beautiful full-page coloured plates and maps, and is excellently produced.

But we venture to suggest that the general reader will prefer Mary Purcell's work. While remaining true

to her sources, she brings the saint to life with the skill of a novelist, choosing wisely when her material is plentiful, and when it is scant, admirably filling in the background, historical and otherwise. She does not write about Ignatius; she enables him to pass through her pages as he passed through life.

And it is good for us to know Ignatius better. He was a great man as well as a great saint. If he had not been converted he might have become one of Spain's greatest provincial governors. He had courage and strength of will to a very high degree; he had immense patience and perseverance in the pursuit of his objectives; he had an extraordinary power of influencing other people. After his conversion his zeal for souls knew no bounds; nor did his love of poverty and his utter trust in God; and he could combine the most profound humility and self-effacement with a firm insistence on the absolute obedience of his followers. This, perhaps, should not surprise us, for he was the man raised up by God to lead the Church's fight against Protestantism in the 16th century, and he still lives and works through the Society which he founded, and which to-day numbers over 30,000 members, surely a sufficient testimonial to the greatness of its founder.

Even apart from Ignatius himself, there is much of interest in "The First Jesuit." Of considerable interest are the many glimpses of life in the Spain of the late 15th and early 16th centuries, in the Royal Court of Ferdinand and Isabella,

among the higher and lesser nobility (the rather turbulent family of Loyola being accounted among the latter) and among the more ordinary people encountered in Azpeitia, Montserrat and Barcelona. The detailed day-to-day account of Ignatius's pilgrimage to Palestine is most interesting, as are the glimpses of student life at the great University of Paris. Irish readers will be particularly interested in the rather abortive Jesuit Mission to Ireland in 1542. Father Salmeron's letter to Ignatius, describing the mission and the author's impressions of Ireland and the Irish, is given in full in the appendix—H.M.

THE INCURABLE OPTIMIST and Other Spiritual Essays

By ROBERT NASH, S. J.

M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.

PRICE, 6/-

Father Nash is no stranger to the reading public; he has already given us a dozen books on spiritual matters, and this latest one, "The Incurable Optimist," equally deserves the welcome accorded to the others.

This book is a collection of spiritual essays, which have already appeared in the "Sunday Press." In fact, this is the third such collection to be published; the two previous ones being, "This Is Christianity," and "We Catholics." This fact alone would be proof enough, if proof were necessary, of

Continued on Page 30.

CINEMA

By P. J. L.

* * *

THE dear old lady was thrilled with her visit to the cinema. "You seem to have enjoyed yourself," said her neighbour, "what was on?" "Oh," says she, "I had a wonderful evening—the King and myself."

Going on the bookings available to date, the dear old soul is facing a dull era enough just now, as there is nothing, so far, really likely to stimulate the phagocytes. However, the spools and sprockets may take a turn or two for the better as the bookings fill in. For instance, *Sissi*, *The Rising of the Moon* and *Moby Dick* are all on their way and may have come and gone before our next issue, but when and where I do not know at the moment of writing.

Whatever about the other two, I fancy that *Sissi* will have taken her bow here by then, so a word or two about her. This glittering fairy-tale-like Austrian film is having extraordinary success all over Europe and is already in its ninth week at Dublin's Corinthian, "and no wonder," as the ad. says.

It is the romantic true story of the young and handsome Austro-Hungarian Emperor, Franz Joseph's falling in love with and eventually marrying midst scenes of dazzling splendour, the tomboyish baby sister of his intended bride. However, it is the sequel to the classical happy ending of the film that gives it its real interest, for, where the film ends began one of the saddest stories of the 19th century, the story of Elizabeth ("Sissi") Empress of Hungary. I am very glad to learn that the sequel has now been filmed and I hope to have

Screen ★ Stage ★ Variety

some information about it at a later date.

The principal point of interest in the present story is the knowledge that later this beautiful but very unconventional young Empress was to spend two seasons hunting here in Ireland. One day, picking herself out of an Irish ditch, she found herself in the grounds of Maynooth College, where she was recognised and welcomed by the then Vice-President, Dr. Walsh, later Archbishop of Dublin, and where she dined informally with him and the professors. She was so pleased that she visited the college twice after-



JOHN WAYNE

in John Ford's "The Searchers" a film which attracted much attention at last year's Film Festival in Cork.

wards and made presentations and later, from Vienna, she sent a most exquisite cloth of gold set of vestments embroidered with shamrock which is still on view at the college.

On September 10th, 1896, as she was leaving Geneva to return to Vienna she was stabbed through the heart by a mad Italian anarchist.

To the Savoy on the 11th April comes *The Spanish Gardener* and *The Red Balloon*, a thirty-five minute support. The latter comes bedecked with the Golden Palm and gold medal from the Cannes Film Festival, 1956—the French cinema grand prix. The story is told without commentary or dialogue. A small boy finds a red balloon caught on a lamp-post and brings it with him to school. The balloon follows him around like an unwanted mongrel getting him into and out of scrapes and troubles till the unforgettable ending—a little masterpiece.

The Spanish Gardener is a story about the pretty child of a broken marriage trying to escape the attentions of an over-anxious father in a friendship with a rather sinister Spanish Gardener (Dick Bogarde). Cyril Cusack (Spanish butler) proves his worth as an actor.

.....

Full of Life—Lyric 15th April. Chief thing to note about this is that children under 16 are *not admitted*, and for a very good reason. All parents should ensure that none are, and should see for themselves before confining it to 16 year olds, perhaps. It is a slapstick domestic comedy touching on the delicate matter of parenthood. People with young children will be amused, others will be embarrassed.

.....

Hollywood or Bust — Royal, 8th April. This is a Martin-Lewis effort in VistaVision. Wonderful photography. Lewis meets up with a bull with whom he has a considerable difference, then he meets Anita Eckberg and falls into a fish pond, etc.

.....

Bus Stop—Savoy, 28th April. Cowboy, rodeo, wild west and Marilyn Monroe. Pleasant entertainment played for "humour"

Continued on Page 29.

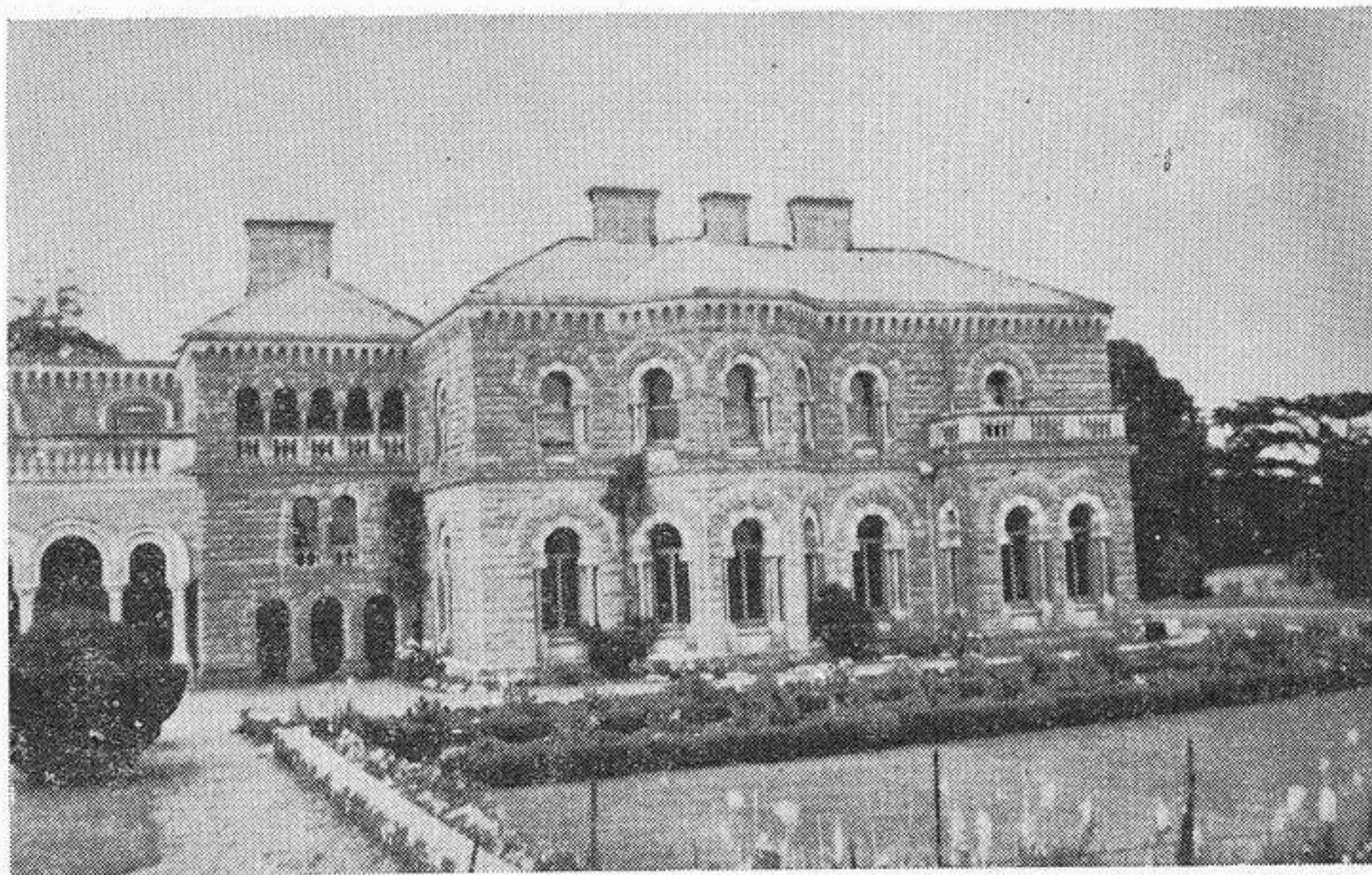
A VALIANT COUNTY LIMERICK WOMAN

By Sr. M. LABOURE.

ON the 23rd November, 1845, when the dread spectre of famine was already stalking the land, a little girl began her life at Cahermoyle, Co. Limerick, whose ancestry might be the envy of the most patriotic of Ireland's children. Not only could she trace her family tree back to one of Ireland's greatest kings, Brian Boru, but her immediate parent, William Smith O'Brien, was a prominent figure in the Young Ireland movement and the leader of the '48 Rebellion. Given such a background we would naturally expect Charlotte Grace O'Brien to be a rebel; yet in any appraisal of her we must not forget that since the Reformation the O'Briens had been predominantly Royalist and Protestant. Indeed, when William Smith O'Brien entered Parliament in

1826, it was as a loyal supporter of the Union and it was only the evident injustice of English rule in Ireland that led him later to espouse the native Irish cause.

After the failure of the '48 Rising, O'Brien was captured, imprisoned and sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered. This sentence was commuted to transportation for life and O'Brien was sent to Tasmania. Finally, in May, 1856, he was allowed to return home. Meanwhile little Charlotte was growing up with her five brothers and sister in the cultured but very free-and easy atmosphere of the big homely farmhouse at Cahermoyle. She loved to spend her time romping in the meadows, rambling in the woods and even climbing trees with her brothers. From this time dates her intense



O'Brien Home: Now Novitiate of Oblate Order.

delight and keen interest in nature to which we may trace her great love of gardening and of animals in later life. At this period, too, an understanding grew up between the little girl and the country people on and around her father's estate which was to bear fruit later in her sympathy with the activities of the Land League.

After his final pardon in 1856, her father never again settled down permanently at Cahermoyle. He spent much of his time travelling abroad and died in Wales at 1864, whither Charlotte had gone to nurse him in his last illness. Charlotte now returned to the old home she loved so much to be welcomed by her eldest brother's young wife—Mary Spring-Rice of Mount Trenchard—whom he had married in the previous year. It is a tribute to Mary O'Brien that she made Charlotte feel at home and happy in these changed circumstances. A great love sprang up between them and when, after an illness of two years, Mary O'Brien died in 1868, she left her three young children to Charlotte's special care. To them she now devoted herself utterly and felt the separation intensely when they were sent to school in England in 1879. This was only the prelude to a more complete separation still as the following year Edward O'Brien married again and Charlotte was freed from the external circumstances which up to now had shaped her life.

In 1879, she went to live near Foynes in a house which she had built as far back as 1870, and named *Ardanoir*—the Golden Height—from the gorse that grew around in golden profusion. In this year, too, she began to take a deep interest in the Land League. In this, like her father in 1848, she was at variance with most of her kindred who belonged to the class whose predominance the Land League sought to destroy. However, chance turned her interests in another direction. In March, 1881, she was staying with some friends in Cobh; with them she visited one of the emigrant ships, which ever since the Famine had been carrying their pitiful human cargo to America or England. Indeed, during all these years conditions in Ireland were not much above the famine line.

Horried at what she saw, she—to put it in her own words—"got into the fight, or, rather, tumbled into it." She wrote to *The Pall Mall Gazette* and the matter was raised in Parliament. She was accused of grossly misrepresenting facts and a flood of ridicule

was poured upon her. It was then that the full strength of her character manifested itself. Instead of retiring defeated she continued the struggle, wrote ceaselessly to the papers, and interested the Catholic clergy, both in Ireland and America, in the question. At one time, though she was still a Protestant, she even contemplated founding an order of Catholic Ocean Nuns to care for the girls on board the ships. When this scheme fell through she left her beloved *Ardanoir*, where the garden was fast becoming a thing of beauty under her skilled fingers, and opened a cheap hostel for emigrants in Cobh. This she did in face of the open hostility of unscrupulous lodginghouse-keepers who mercilessly fleeced their poor victims whenever they got a chance of doing so. She further suffered by the fact that at this time the English Government sponsored a scheme for encouraging emigration by which every family which emigrated received the sum of five pounds. On account of her work for the emigrants, Miss O'Brien was looked on by some as an agent for the Government in their nefarious plan to get rid of the Irish instead of granting them the demands of the Land League. She was, therefore, obliged to vindicate herself publicly and deny that she was involved in the Government scheme. In her efforts to help the emigrants she twice travelled herself as a steerage passenger to Liverpool in order to have first-hand information concerning travelling conditions. She tells in a letter to her nieces, how on one of these occasions, four horses were berthed among the passengers and that it was legal to berth up to ten. Nor did she confine her efforts to getting improvements made by the shipping authorities and protecting the emigrants before they left Cobh; she also travelled to America and there widely publicised the prevalent abuses, addressing meetings, visiting notabilities, and stirring up public opinion generally. She also enlisted the aid of the Catholic clergy and bishops, notably Bishop Ireland, in making arrangements for the reception of the emigrants, especially the girl emigrants, for whose moral safety she was particularly solicitous. By 1882, her work was done in the main, vast improvements had been effected and the authorities were on the watch-out for any irregularities.

All this time her sympathies had remained with the Land League, and when the Parnell Split came it was a heavy blow to

Continued on Page 29.



DRAMA



By J. J. C.

WHILE television has hit the film industry badly, the reverse is true of its effect on the stage. In England it is found that many people have been happily introduced to the theatre through television plays. The number of repertory companies has increased and in holiday resorts the theatres are packed. Dublin, too, has recently seen a growth of interest in the stage; besides the Abbey and the Gate, there are newcomers such as the Globe and the Pike, and plays are regularly performed in the Olympia and the Gaiety. In fact, the demand exceeds the supply of new plays. The Abbey and Radio Eireann have frequently offered generous money prizes for plays from new authors, but the results have been disheartening. Although many plays are submitted for these competitions, it has happened that no prize was awarded because none was considered of sufficient merit.

Why the dearth of successful play-writers? The period of national resurgence gave us Yeats, Synge, Gregory, Murray and Robinson. Where are their successors? How much, I wonder, is a playwright a product of his age. Shakespeare lived in a time of national expansion in England. Do we live in the apathy of apparent achievement? All around us are pressing problems; the welfare state, unemployment, partition and emigration, all powerful subjects for plays. Perhaps our inertia and helplessness infect our potential playwrights. Again our whole Catholic way of life is a largely unexplored field. Would that we had Canon Sheehan's counterpart amongst our modern playwrights.

Last month the College Players *Twilight of a Warrior* ran for two weeks. Certainly Walter Macken is one of our most popular authors. His dialogue is fresh and racy, but sometimes rather unnecessarily crude

and even shocking. Problem fathers of families seem to be his favourite subject—*Mungo's Mansion*, *Home is the Hero*, and now *Twilight of a Warrior*. In the last play his continuity of action in having no time breaks between the acts, necessitates much retrospective talk and comment instead of action. Perhaps this is why the play has a weak ending. Too much has happened in too short a time, the twilight too quickly changes to darkness. Gerard Coffey, as the bullying, successful, yet fiercely ambitious old I.R.A. leader, Dacey Adam, played magnificently but perhaps he was not diamond-hard enough to effect a satisfactory denouement. All the other characters were well portrayed. I liked particularly Michael O'Riordan as Dacey's spineless dependent brother, Sheila O'Doherty as his socialite wife, and Jimmy Queally as his wastrel son. Ita Fitzgibbon as his pseudo-religious sister, and Eddie Gallivan as the sergeant were convincing. One can only sympathise with Jack Hall, Peggy D'Arcy and Brendan Hoare in their unreal parts. Eileen Egan, the producer, maintained an even pace, and her grouping of the actors was well done. The set was realistic to the last detail, if anything too elaborate. The backdrop, a bright garden scene, made it difficult at times to delineate the players' features.

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A TRUE INCIDENT

"Well, Father, I'll never forget it for you."

About twenty-five years ago I was walking down the street of our little village south of the Border and far removed from the scene of my early days of labour. It was about noon one fine morning in July. A dashing young man, whom I did not know, came along towards me. When he came close he stopped and saluted thus:

"Well, Father, I'll never forget it for you."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Well, Father, I'll never forget it for you," he repeated.

"Wisha, what are you up to at all?" I asked, "Is it how I gave you a wallop at school long ago?"

"No," he answered, "But it is about an incident at school alright," and he proceeded: "When I was a young lad I mouched from school one day. My father heard about it before the sun set that evening, and he gave me a terrible beating and sent me to bed without my supper. The following morning he pulled me out of bed and, without my breakfast, he dragged me to the master and told him of my villany the day before. Then the master gave me another beating and put me into a corner with my face to the wall. That was bad enough till the next thing I heard was that a boy was sent out to hold the priest's horse. 'O Lord,' said I to myself, 'I am dead entirely now.'"

"Well, Father, I'll never forget it for you."

"Well, what happened after that?" I asked.

He went on: "You came in and the master pulled me out of the corner and he up and told you the whole story in the presence of the whole school."

"And what did I say?" I asked.

"Well, Father, I'll never forget it for you. You said: 'Wisha, leave the poor fellow alone; he'll come to-morrow.'"

—PAROCHUS.

The annual party had coincided with his first week in the parish

FATHER JOHN was going through his post. It told him that the ladies of the Kilmorna I.C.A. Guild would feel honoured if he were to present himself at their annual Birthday Party on the following Wednesday evening.

The paper was held up that morning due to a heavy fall of snow the night before so that Father John's mind was without its usual breakfast-time occupation. Into the vacuum drifted a picture of the first I.C.A. Party he had attended at Kilmorna, a not very happy picture which had appeared in the *Limerick Eagle*. It caused him to smile rather patronisingly at that earlier, callow Father John who had come to Kilmorna three years before, fresh from Maynooth. The annual party had coincided with his first week in the parish and, to add to his difficulty of not



Mrs. Casey said, "I think we are ready to cut the cake now, Father."

FR. JOHN AND I.C.A. PARTY

knowing his hosts, it had also coincided with the Canon's operation, so that the entire burden of representing the Church had fallen on his inexperienced shoulders. Needless to say, I.C.A. Parties had not been on the Maynooth curriculum, though at the end of the evening he had been inclined to wonder why they had not.

He saw again his arrival at the hall. The room he entered contained an exhibition of the work of the Guild during the previous year and guests were emitting sounds of wonderment and appreciation as they were conducted through the display of needlework and homecrafts. The Secretary, a Miss Celia Mc-

Carthy, N.T., had been lying in wait for him and had taken him round. He found himself making surprisingly accurate analyses of the various merits of the exhibits, and brought off a brilliant coup when he commented on the delicacy of the stitching in a costume, and it turned out to have been made by Miss McCarthy. As a matter of fact, he now conceded, this part of his performance would have been brilliant for a novice first time out if he had not blundered at the last fence. They had completed the circuit when his eye was taken by a costume and he enquired who had made it. There was a pause and a lowering of the temperature. Something was

wrong. He looked at Miss McCarthy. "That is my costume which we saw while ago, Father," she said, rather severely.

But Miss McCarthy was magnanimous. She smiled again and took him to the main room where the guests were sitting down to tea. Mrs. Carney, an ample motherly personage, introduced herself as the President and placed him at her right hand, where he found himself viewing the assembly through the gap between the second and third tiers of a towering white cake. On his right, a Mr. Joe McDowell with a high complexion confided that he was not here of his own free-will

Continued overleaf.

either, but that, as his wife was the Treasurer, he had to do this every year.

The meal was excellent and Mrs. Carney was delighted with the proof Father John gave of appreciation of Kil-morna cooking. Between Mrs. Carney's joviality and Mr. McDowell's brother-in-distress spirit, he was beginning to feel quite at home until towards the end of the meal Mrs. Carney said: "I think we are ready to cut the cake now, Father." As a statement of fact he found this very interesting but there was something rather menacing in the way she seemed to convey that this in some way involved himself. The suspicion was not unfounded as she handed him a large, ornamental knife. So she expected him to cut it. But how? The least touch would send either the top or middle tier toppling. To touch the bottom one would have the same effect. However, an instinct acquired during College ceremonies of remaining perfectly still when in doubt now stood him in good stead. The problem was resolved by a beaming young lady who appeared on the scene and removed the two upper tiers. The task had assumed manageable proportions. He stood up and was cheered by the obvious goodwill all round. By this time he had espied a parting in the icing, obviously indicating where the incision was to be made. Taking a firm grasp of the knife, he exerted a pressure calculated to take it cleanly through whatever hidden snags might lurk among the ingredients. But the cake had been already cut and only a ceremonial parting was called for, with the result that the knife careered through space and embedded itself in the wooden plaque underneath.

The *Eagle's* camera bulb flashed and so Father John became one of the few men who have a record of the expression one registers when one forgets about the last step coming down stairs.

But Mr. McDowell had been a comfort when he resumed his seat. He confided that he would not undertake a job like that even if it meant winning the Leger (he had been telling Father John earlier about his greyhounds). But Father John was not yet finished. Mrs. Carney was addressing the assembly and was making complimentary remarks about himself. He now heard her saying: "I think we were all charmed by his beautiful singing at Benediction on Sunday, so I think we can now confidently call on him for a song." The applause indicated that a song was an expected part of the contribution of the Church's representative. So he had to sing and later he had to make a speech, and it had been very comforting to come back to Mr. McDowell after each essay in the arena.

The tables had been cleared away, musicians had appeared and a talkative character called Charlie Mackessy had

taken over. This gentleman announced that they would begin with some party games, and setting a chair in the middle of the floor arranged the guests in a big circle round it. Father John settled himself in his chair, happy to be out of the spotlight and among the spectators again. Mr. McDowell was telling him how his dog just failed to win the Laurels at Cork. To his horror he heard Mackessy saying above the hum of conversation: "and now, perhaps, our new curate would oblige us by sitting in the chair." This was the limit. Pretending not to hear, he plied Mr. McDowell with further questions as to what exactly had happened at the last bend. With profound relief he had heard Mackessy sitting in the chair himself, and that had been the end of his active participation in the evening.

.....

The three year older and wiser Father John laughed indulgently. Flipping the invitation card over he began to jot down a few notes on the back for his address at the coming party. Stimulate enthusiasm for Jumble Sale, he began.

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"When a husband opens the door and helps his wife into the car, he has probably just acquired one or the other."

The father of a teen-aged boy was chatting with his son's school-mate. They were discussing the boy's plans for the future.

"As a young fellow," the older man said, "I started at the bottom, I climbed life's ladder hand over hand, rung by rung."

"And you have reached the top," the young man asked.

The other hesitated.

"Well no," he replied, "But I'm pretty good at climbing ladders."

David failed to send his god-mother a birthday card, and his mother suggested that he write a note of apology. The youngster was quite eager to write the letter. His mother was surprised until he showed her what he had written. "I'm sorry I forgot your birthday," the letter read, "and it would serve me right if you forgot mine, which

comes on next Wednesday."

We are told of a lady who had to part with a cat, to which she was very attached. The advertisement read as follows: "A delightful companion willing to do light mousework."

We are told of a man who went to an insurance office to have his life insured.

The insurance agent asked:

"Do you drive?"

"No," said the applicant.

"Do you fly?"

"No," answered the applicant.

"Sorry, sir," said the agent curtly, "but our company no longer insures pedestrians."

The man was working up his courage to propose to the woman of his choice, but was at a loss for appropriate words. At last, he managed to stammer, "W-would you

help me to spend my salary?"

"Why, of course," she replied.

"I—mean for ever."

"Oh; it won't last that long," she assured him.

Quiz?

1. How is the date of Easter fixed?
2. What are the earliest and latest possible dates for Easter?
3. Why are "pancakes" the traditional dish on Shrove Tuesday?
4. What new Feasts have been recently established in the month of May?
5. Has the month of May always been known as "Mary's" month?
6. Why was May 1st chosen for the Feast of St. Joseph, the Worker?

(Answers on Page 30)

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DIVINE OFFICE



ONE of the spiritual benefits of membership of the Diocesan Union of Prayer is that the Priest members of the Union will recite the Divine Office once a month for their fellow-members. Because of this, quite a number of people will be anxious to know something about the Divine Office. In particular, they will want to know what special benefit it is to themselves to have it recited for their intentions.

Everyone, I am sure, knows that a priest must read his breviary or divine office-book every day. They will have seen the priest reading it in the Church or going along the road, and so on. But not many people have ever seen the inside of a breviary; and even if they did they would find it a rather difficult prayer book to follow, apart altogether from the fact that it is written in Latin. For all that, the divine office is a very beautiful form of prayer and, next to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, it is the greatest prayer there is.

OFFICIAL PRAYER OF THE CHURCH.

An obvious question about this daily prayer of the priest is—why is it called the “divine office?” Well it is called an “office” because it is the office or duty of the priest to recite it every day. Furthermore, it is the official prayer of the Church. It is not on his own behalf, but on behalf of the Church, that the priest recites the office.

The main reason why the office is called the “divine” office is that, being the official prayer of the Church, it is recited in the closest union with Jesus Christ, Head of the Church. So intimate is this union, that it has been said of the divine office that it is not so much the voice of the priest as the voice of Christ “that penetrates the heart of the Father in heaven and compels His mercy and generosity.” The divine office, of its very nature, is entirely bound up with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; being a constant preparation and thanksgiving for it. The special prayer or “collect” of the Mass is repeated many times in the office of the day. The theme of the Introit and Gospel, etc., of the Mass is taken up and elaborated for further meditation during the office. In the Mass Christ, through the ministry of the priest, offers Himself again in sacrifice to God. In some-

what the same way in the divine office, Christ, through the lips of the priest offers again to God those infinite sentiments of prayer and praise that He offered every day of His life on earth.

There are other considerations as well, which place the office next to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as a truly “divine” and incomparable form of prayer. In the first place, the words of the office are the words of the Holy Ghost. They are taken for the most part from the Bible, which was written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. For the rest, the prayers and hymns and readings of the breviary have been carefully selected by the Church under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. The second consideration is that the divine office attends to all the purposes and ends of prayer; particularly the highest. It does not concentrate excessively on asking things from God, as merely human prayer tends to do. The finest prayers of the breviary are prayers of adoration and unselfish praise of God. They bid us forget our own cares for a while and rejoice in the thought that God is so wonderful and loveable in Himself. Of course, there are prayers of thanksgiving and contrition in the breviary, and prayers of petition that cover everything one may reasonably ask for. Every need and feeling of the soul finds its finest expression in the divine office.

ITS GREAT VALUE.

Such as it is then, there can be no doubting the exceptional power of the divine office to obtain for those for whom it is offered the spiritual and temporal gifts that are for their greatest good. Christ has promised to reward in a lavish manner our ordinary prayers, private prayers—“Ask and you shall receive; that your joy may be full.” How much more is to be expected from the divine office, where the Church herself, united with Christ, speaks to God through the priest in the words of the Holy Ghost.

One of the distinctive features of the divine office is that it is divided up into a number of “hours” or portions that may be recited at different times during the day. This spreading out of the office over the entire day is done in obedience to the commandment

Continued overleaf.

of Christ—"You ought always to pray." From the beginning of the Church there was a "divine office" or a formal and public recitation of prayers at set times during the day. The practice was already an established part of the Jewish worship when Our Lord came on earth, and it was taken over by the Church from the Synagogue. The Church, however, gave it a whole new purpose and meaning. It centered the office around the Mass, linking its prayer with the all-powerful prayer of Christ. Every century added something to the development of the office; but the greatest contributions were made by five of the Popes: Pope Damasus in the fourth century, Pope Gregory in the eleventh century, Pope St. Pius V in the sixteenth century, Pope St. Pius X in more recent times; and finally our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, who as late as last year considerably shortened and simplified the breviary, while preserving its text and essential structure.

The priest does not have to read the entire breviary every day, but only the portion assigned for each day. On a feast of Our Lord or Our Lady or one of the Saints, the office will usually be a commemoration of the feastday. Otherwise, it will be the office of whatever day of the week it happens to be, with prayers and readings appropriate to the liturgical season. Because there is a different office for each day of the

year, the breviary is published in four separate books, one for each quarter. If the office for the year were published altogether in the one book, it would be much too big for the priest to take around with him conveniently.

In the early days of the Church, it appears, all the faithful used assist at the public recitation of the divine office. Gradually, however, it was left to the clergy to recite it on behalf of all the faithful as they do to-day. So while we forget God in the toil and care of the day, every priest reading his breviary is speaking to God for us and for the entire Church. And when we take into account the number of priests who recite the divine office, and the fact that they are scattered all over the world, we realise that there cannot be a minute of the twenty-four hours when the divine office is not ascending to heaven to draw down God's blessing on the Church and ourselves.

To this vast and uninterrupted chorus of praise every priest contributes when he reads his breviary. And because he does so he earns for himself a special share in its immeasurable benefits. But he can transfer these special benefits to others, when he offers his office for them. In this special way will members of the Diocesan Union of prayer share in the vast fruits of the divine office, when the Priest members of the Union offer it for their intentions.

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A Valiant Co. Limerick Woman—contd.

her, as it was, indeed, to all whose hopes had soared so high during the last few years. After this her active interest in politics waned somewhat and she concentrated more on local organisations and, in particular, on the Gaelic League. She made frequent visits to Dublin and made the acquaintance of the leading figures in the movement, notably Douglas Hyde, with whom she corresponded frequently. It is characteristic of her that though she was now well over middle age she set to work to learn the Irish language. With her unfailing good humour she named one of her dogs, Conas Ta Tu, from one of the first lessons in O'Growney's Grammar.

She also sought to encourage Irish industries. Once when she was prevailed upon to address a crowd at an Aeriocht in Abbeyfeale her impromptu speech centred on this very point. "I see caps," she said, "a whole sea of caps. How many of those caps are made in Ireland?" Then, pointing to her own hat, "this is an Irish-made hat I have on me," and so on, using her Galway cloak and Irish-made boots to illustrate the same principle.

Some time before the Parnell Split, Charlotte Grace O'Brien became a Catholic. In doing so, she says herself, she was influenced by the outstanding Catholics she had met, especially in America, during her work for the emigrants. Thus, this work which she had undertaken in a spirit of charity and self-sacrifice brought her an abundant reward. Actually, it was a tragic accident, in which a little girl was killed on the road to Foynes that finally moved her to make enquiries. The sight of the people of Foynes kneeling in earnest prayer all during the child's last agony impelled her to take steps in the matter. Her cousin, Aubrey de Vere, lent her devotional books, and while in Dublin she attended Mass and received instruction. She tells us that she read everything on the subject she could lay hands on and was

finally satisfied that "Truth lies with the Catholics."

Ever since her youthful days at Cahermoyle, Charlotte had been writing. In 1878, she published a novel, "Light and Shade," based on the Fenian Rising; and several articles and essays as well as three volumes of poetry also came from her pen. Almost all her written work suffers from lack of finish, but there is in it a spontaneity that has a definite charm and one feels that with a different formation she could have produced work of a very high quality. As it is, her essays and poems are the mirror of a soul who loved her home and her country, not with a mere sentimental patriotism, but with a love that entwined itself around every stock and stone of her surroundings.

As we have seen, her life was a full one; her social work and literary output were considerable and it comes as a shock to us to hear that this valiant woman was afflicted from her youth with an ever-increasing deafness and was almost totally deaf at the time of her American campaign. Yet not only did she succeed in living a full and normal life, but was immensely popular, especially with the younger generation of nieces and nephews growing up around her, and her home at *Ardanoir* was a favourite visiting-place. Not that she did not feel her affliction keenly, we have only to read her essay on "The Pains of Solitude," or her poignant poem, "On Deafness," to realise that she did. This poem lists for us the sounds she loved and now hears no more; the rustling woods, the songs of the birds, the homely cawing of rooks—all "the merry voices of the world of life," and finally the voices of the children and "Child's laughter wrought of love and life and bliss."

She died rather suddenly at *Ardanoir* in 1909, and is buried in the burial-place of her choice—KnockPatrick—looking down on "the spacious Shenan spreading like a sea," which she has so often written of in her essays and poems and where for her "Eternal beauty broods."

CINEMA—contd.

rather than the usual western slapstick comedy.

The Searchers — Lyric, 7th June. A John Ford Western, with the wild rugged background of "Stagecoach," Comanche Indians,

etc.—A vigorous outdoor drama.

April 21st-28th will see a novelty item in Limerick when P. Crosby takes the Savoy stage for his now well-known and controversial *School Around the Corner*.

I understand that the Carlton and City Theatre are going Continental

with some first runs coming to the latter.

The Grand Central continues its very successful three-hour double feature programmes.

All cinemas will be closed for the second half of Holy Week—April 18th-20th, inclusive.

SPORT—contd.

cars outside the church for Mass. "He is one of the most popular of our 4,000 students," a tutor says; "they would turn the place upside down for him here," as, indeed, they did when the result of the Olympic race came through in the small hours of the morning. Another tutor said that Delaney minds his studies, and there was no fear that success would go to his head.

A well-known English Jew, writing on the 1,500 metres at Melbourne, said the race provided one of the biggest surprises of the Games, and in a lengthy description of the race, mentioned Delaney just once! Better and more impartial forecasters were Ronnie's coach, "Jumbo" Elliott, who quite confidently tipped him; Landy, and the former mile record holder, Syd Wooderson, both of whom fancied Delaney, as did his Irish trainer, Billy Morton. Just before the race in Melbourne, Elliott cabled Delaney, "You are going to win," and after the race his fellow-students in Villa Nova cabled him: "The world knows now what Villa Nova has known all along." They said of him that he was very keen to beat state-sponsored athletes like the Russians, whom he disliked because of their oppression of religion: he was running not merely for himself, but also for Ireland, and for his religion.

At the annual banquet of the Philadelphia sports writers at the end of January, Ronnie was "Cover Boy" on the banquet programme: the picture showed him kneeling in prayer after winning at Melbourne. In a speech, Delaney said: "I won the Olympic title for Ireland, but I could not have won without my very fine coach, Jim Elliott, and without the chance to train in U.S.A. tracks. I did not win because of anything in me—it came from Above." Surely, here we have not merely a great athlete, but more important—a very fine Christian gentleman.

PATRIOTISM & POLITICS—
contd.

be achieved and if you have powers of persuasion which you can use to get your ideas implemented, then the place for you is in politics. Our country needs men of ability who can rise above personal and sectional interests and think in terms of the interests of the community. If you are unable to act on a public body, you can still, as we have seen earlier, translate your patriotism into practice through your organisations and so make your contribution to the politics, that is, the government of our country.

A final point. Being in politics means that one has to oppose other men from time to time. By all means oppose their policies but be slow to ascribe them to unworthy motives. Remember that it has been said that while it is the tragedy of the artist never to be satisfied with the imperfect, the tragedy of the man of affairs is that he has always to be satisfied with the imperfect. If what you consider a desirable policy is not being carried out, look closely to see if there are not hidden difficulties to which you had not adverted. If there are, then bend all your energies to the overcoming of these rather than waste your energy in imputations of insincerity in those who have failed.

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BOOKS—contd.

the value of re-reading these short articles on the problems of daily life.

Parents will find useful hints on the essay "Parents, Please," and young people will be grateful for the light thrown on personal problems in many other essays such as "A girl Like You." The ideal put before us throughout these essays appears to be within reach of all: we are lifted up in spite of ourselves as we turn over the pages made appealing by many practical examples and by the author's quiet humour.—B.C.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ.

1. The first Sunday after the full moon, which occurs on or next after the vernal equinox (March 21st).
2. March 22nd, and April 25th.
3. Because of the necessity, when fasting was stricter, of using up eggs and fat before Lent.
4. St. Joseph the Worker, May 1st, and the Queenship of Mary, May 31st.
5. No. The association of Our Lady with the month of May became common only in the last century.
6. Because May 1st is traditionally "Labour Day," which it is hoped the new feast will christianize.

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Anuraio rinne an pápa mór-
aéruite i ndeasghnáta na hEas-
laise le linn seachtaine an Céas-
ta. Ac tuigeadó uíinn naró aéruí
do ruo úr-nua a bí ann ac dul
siar do sean-ghnás. Rinneadó
o'aon ghnó é i dtreo's go bfead-
pad leis an ghnát-Caitliceac
páirt níos iomláine a glacaó
sna deas-ghnáta, agus tuigint
níos cruinne a fáil ar spiorad
na seachtaine beannaite sin.

Le himeacht aimsire ní mór
go dtiocfaid aéruite, ac is léir
nac bfuil aéruí dá laigeas ar
spiorad seachtaine an Céasta,
pé'r bit aéruí a rinneadó sna
deasghnáta. Ní déanann deas-
ghnáta ac corp so-feicte a éad-
airt do spiorad agus meón so-
feicte. Agus tá spiorad seac-
taine an Céasta buan do-mharpa,
toisc go bfuil sé preamaite sna
heactraí a éarla sa stair an
tráit úo.

Má tá spiorad seachtaine an
Céasta ceangailte com olút sin
len ar éarla ioir Domnae na
Pailme agus Domnae Cásca,
caitpíó guró é an céad ní ba
cóir uíinn a déanamh cun an
spiorad sin a cur ar fáil ion-
ainn féin, maethnam ar na heac-
traí sin. I gcúrsaí staire an
domain níor éarla in ácar com
gairio ioliomad gniomarta atá
com tábactac don cine daonna,
ó éad an tsaol seo agus na
síoraíoceta. Ní mór go gcasfaid
ár maethnam éart ar trí h-ábar,
a corróis ionainn an mothú gur
mian leis an Eaglais a beic
againn.

Ar an gcéad dul síos, má
léimio cúntas an tSoiscéil ar
éiríil agus páis ár otiarna,
lionpar an croí ionainn le trua
agus báid do dhine com maic
leis-sean beic ag fulaingt daor-
pian. Ac nuair is cuimín linn
guró é Mac Dé na glóire an
fear sin, gur ar ár son go

pearsanta atá an céasad sin a
fulaingt aise o'aon ghnó cun a
grá uíinn a éasbaint, cun
grásta na bflaitéas a cur ar
fáil uíinn, ní mór go gcorrópar
go smior muid. Feinpear an
brón agus spiorad na haitrí
ionainn ag cuimniú uíinn guró
iad ár bpeacáí féin pá ndeara
a géar-fulaingt. Lionpar an
croí ionainn le buíocas Oó,
agus déanpaimio rún cúiteamh a
déanamh leis as uic na mílte
gur cuma leo a céasad agus
obair ár slánaite. Tuigpear
uíinn gur ibirt buan ibirt sin
na hdoine, ag sínead amac do
gac éinne go lá an bráta, agus
gur féidir linne pé látair cab-
rú len a torcaí a cur ar fáil
do daoine eile tré saotar as-
palaeta a éadairt orainn féin.

Sa tarna áit, nuair cuimníom
ar an gcéad Diardaoin úo agus
ar grá íosa i mbunú na Sac-
raiminte Ró-naopa, tiocfaid
maolú ar an mbrón. Má éagann
aimreas riamh orainn pá doim-
neact agus oileact grá íosa,
scaipfid cúntas Eoin Naopa láit-
reac é. Ní feadpad imeact
seasca bliana aon éeo a cur ar
a cuimne. Gráduig íosa com
mór sin muid nár mian leis
imeact uainn cor ar bit. Agus
b'é a grá pá ndeara oó seipt
iontae a éeapad, seipt nac
bfeadpad ac Dia féin smaoin-
eamh air, gan tráct ar a cur i
ngníom. O'pás Sé é féin againn
pá deallramh aráin agus piona, i
dtreo's go mbead Sé linn i
gcónaí, cun cabruite linn. Oí Sé
ag tnút le grá uainne, agus
síil Sé sinn a meallaó leis an
míorúilt do-éireote seo. Ba
cóir go ngabpaimis buíocas ar
leit leis le linn na seachtaine
seo, go mbead rún againn é
gráú san Naomh-Sacraimint agus
san Aifreann níos mó feasta.

Níl sa Diardaoin, san doine,
nó sa Saearn ac réam-ullmú do
doama caitréimeac na Cásca,
nuair o'eirig Sé ó marbaid, agus

érucaig guró é Mac Dé in-
oáirire é. Ba comarta a dis-
einge—sean ar an mbeata úr a
éioepad cuig gac éinne againn
leis an mbaistead. Ba cóir go
dtiurpad smaoineamh seo na
Cásca oócas agus muinín uíinn,
oócas go neireod linn beata
seo an grásta a coinneál beo
bríomar agus a coctú ionainn
féin le congnamh Dé, in
síoraí na glóire agus aireirí na
aimheoin ár gclonad cun uile,
agus go ngnóctó muid beata
síoraí na glóire agus aireirí na
colla éar óis báis.

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