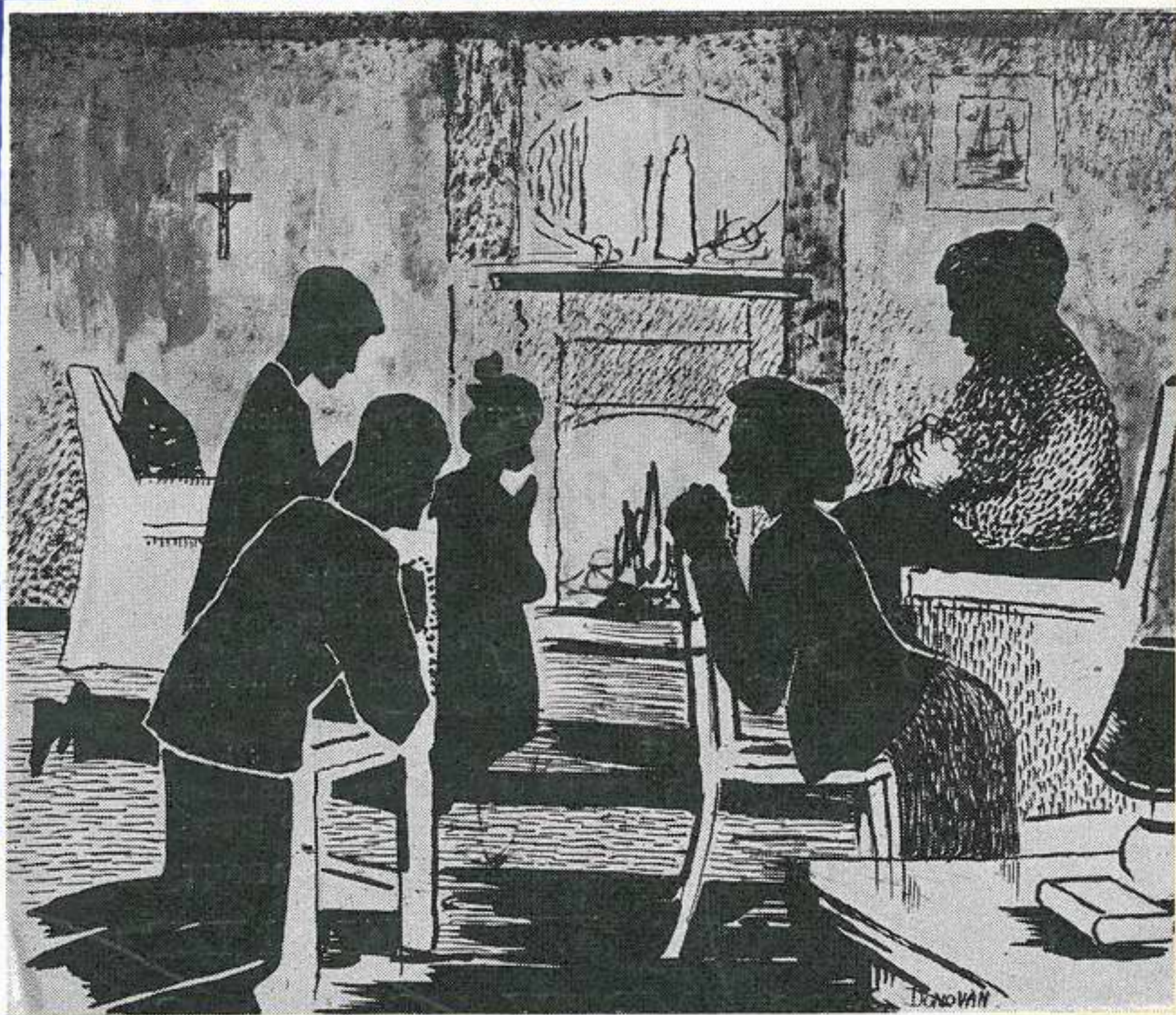


OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

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UNION OF PRAYER

OCTOBER 1957

WASTE PAPER

JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST, 1957.

Routes and Rural Schools.

	£	s.	d.
Ardpatrick	3	8	9
Athea	5	17	6
Abbeyfeale	31	12	6
Athlacca/Dromin	5	7	6
Adare	4	2	6
Ballingarry	8	17	6
Banogue	3	0	0
Bruff	12	2	6
Bulgaden	12	6	
Ballyhahill/Loughill	11	17	6
Ballysteen/Askeaton	10	2	6
Coolcappa/Kilcolman	6	1	3
Castletown/B'agran/C'Well	7	5	0
Carrickerry/Ardagh	5	12	9
Croom	9	15	0
Dromcollogher/Broadford	36	1	3
Effin	3	10	0
Fedamore	2	17	6
Foynes	7	12	6
Granagh	10	15	0
Glenroe	9	7	6
Glin	8	12	6
Kildimo	1	6	3

	£	s.	d.
Kilmeedy/Feenagh	8	12	6
Knockaderry/Ahalin	3	17	6
Kilfinane	5	17	6
Kilmallock	31	15	0
Kilfinny/Croagh	3	2	6
Killeedy/Ashford	5	10	0
Kilcornan	1	11	3
Lurriga	2	0	0
Martinstown	4	3	9
Mungret/Crecora	16	3	9
Monagea	3	12	6
Manister	6	3	
Mountcollins/Tournafulla	7	17	6
Mahoonagh	12	7	6
Newcastle West	31	1	3
Pallaskenry	1	5	0
Rathkeale	10	15	0
Rockhill/Eruree	17	12	6
Shanagolden	9	17	6
Templeglantine	2	10	0
Cratloe	1	2	6
D'more/Roxboro'	4	2	6
Monaleen	1	8	9
Parteen/Meelick	1	18	9

CITY SCHOOLS :

Janesboro' N.S.	8	13	9
John St. C.B.S.	15	0	
Laurel Hill	2	17	6
Leamys' N.S.	6	7	6

	£	s.	d.
Mary St. C.B.S.	16	3	
Marv St. Convent	15	1	3
Model N.S.	1	1	3
Mt. St. Vincent	1	10	0
Presentation	5	11	3
Sexton St. C.B.S.	3	8	9
St. Joseph N.S.	5	16	3
St. John Baptist	1	5	0
St. Michael N.S.	17	6	
St. Munchin's College ...	12	17	6
St. Munchin's C.B.S.	8	18	9
St. Patrick's N.S.	3	12	6
St. Vincent de Paul N.S. ...	3	1	3
St. Anne's Voc. School	7	6	
Technical Institute	12	6	

CITY CENTRES :

Corbally	8	15	0
Holy Rosary Circle	9	15	0
St. John's Parish	5	7	6
St. Mary's Parish	21	16	3
St. Michael's Parish	18	9	
Sarsfield Barracks	2	3	9

SUMMARY :

City Schools and Centres	132	7	6
Routes and Rural Schools	393	18	9
All Other Sources	88	10	9

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LIMERICK LEADER.

OUR

CATHOLIC LIFE

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

OCTOBER, 1957

OUR OWN FAULT

WE have for long been accustomed to ascribe Ireland's shortcomings to outside influences. The time has now come, however, when we can face the fact that weaknesses in the national character were also responsible. It is true that our freedom of action is still hampered by outside economic and cultural influences, but this is so to a much lesser degree than formerly. Consequently, when nowadays things are not as we would wish in this island of ours, our best hope of improvement lies in seeking for the causes which are within ourselves.

To take an example—is it not true to say that the traveller through Ireland is likely to charge us with insensitivity to ugliness? In Limerick City he sees sections of the city, from which the people have been moved, that look as if they had suffered an air-raid the night before. It must seem to him that it would have entailed little extra effort and expense to have restored these areas to some semblance of order, pending their being re-built. That it has not been done and that no one seems to have any interest in its being done can only lead him to the conclusion that the eyes of the citizens are not offended by these scenes of desolation.

Similarly all our towns and villages have their quota of derelict, abandoned houses. Our traveller is also presented with the sight at regular intervals along our roadsides. Is it any wonder that, if the rain happens to be coming down on the day of his journey, he reaches for his pen at journey's end to give the world another chapter on the Vanishing Irish?

And as we have drawn down the subject at all, what if our traveller should visit us in our habitations? What are the chances that his eye will alight on a scene of slovenliness and disarray both in the surroundings of the house and within?

And if he tactfully enquires the views of one of our citizens on this aspect of the Irish scene, is it not quite likely that he will be assured that there is no need for worry as "'twill be all the same in a hundred years." It is about time we asked ourselves what exactly we mean by this consoling epigram, which we have all but inscribed on

Continued Overleaf.

Limerick City Library



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New City School

Leamy's School, Upper Hartstonge Street, which was opened in 1844 and served many generations of Limerick boys, has closed down. It has been replaced by St. Brendan's new school in Prospect. The latter, overlooking lovely terraced lawns and commanding a splendid view of the surrounding countryside, is beautifully situated. A two-storey building, it has accommodation for 500 boys and is equipped with the most modern amenities. There are ten spacious well-lighted classrooms, a library, cloakrooms and apartments for the teaching staff. Of particular note is the fine, exquisitely furnished Assembly Hall, which will be used for recreation.

Fronting the school is an extensive concrete yard, to the right of which a covered walk leads to the

(Continued on Page 31)

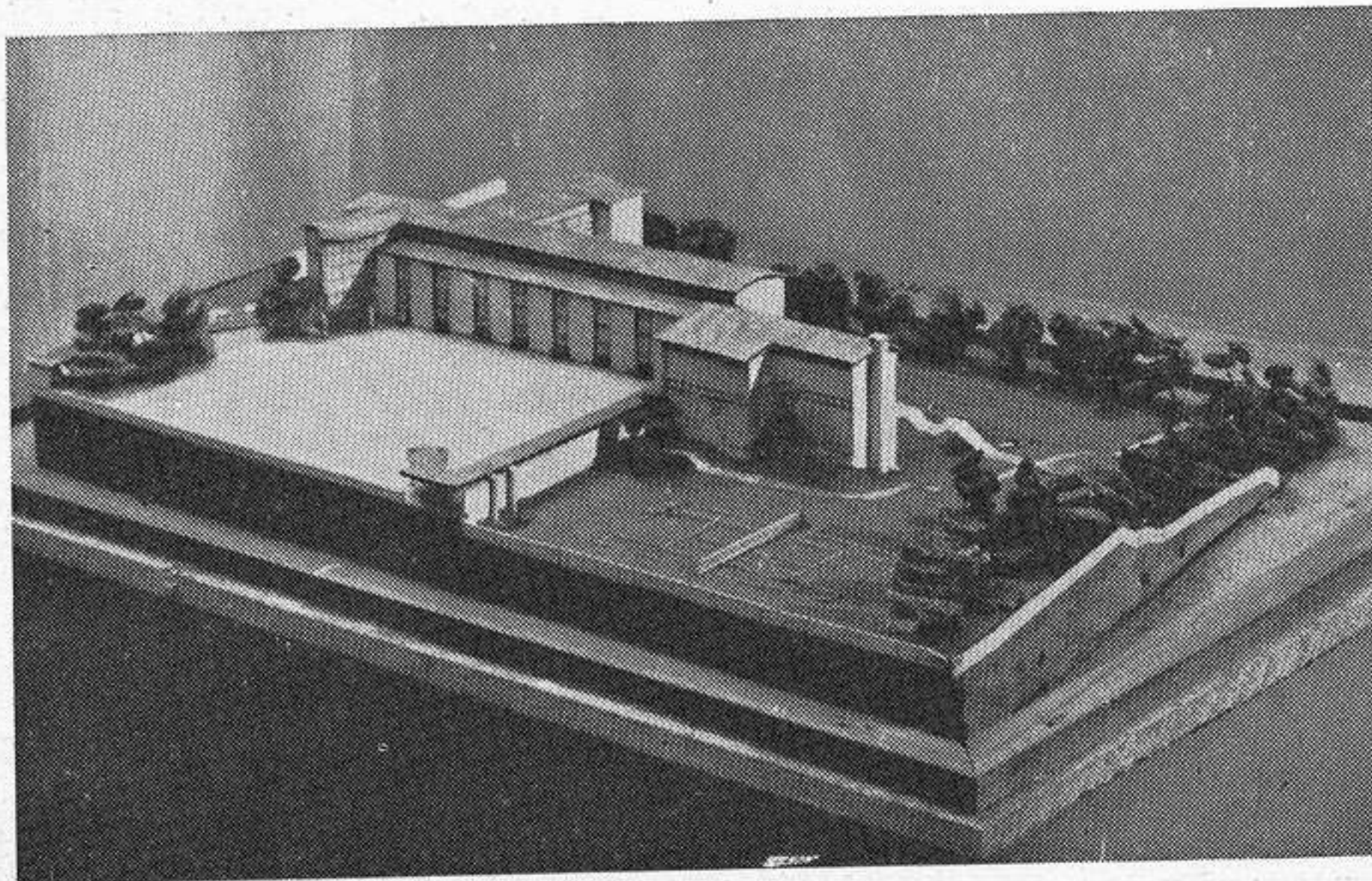
the national coat-of-arms. If it means that we are seeing all our activities in the context of eternity and are avoiding over-absorption in earthly affairs, then we are in possession of a priceless pearl of wisdom. But if it means that we regard ourselves as the discoverers of *the* unassailable excuse for slovenliness and inefficiency, then the sooner we rid ourselves of the delusion the better.

In this matter of the condition of our buildings, the truth is that it won't be all the same in a hundred years, because, as all educators realise, material environment has a great influence, elevating or otherwise, on the mind. Seen then as a help to the leading of the good life, the matter deserves our attention.

The clearing of decaying houses would seem to be work ideally suited to our Muintir na Tire Guilds, Town Improvement Committees and Limerick City Development Committee. And what about each of us having a look round our own home and its surroundings? Maybe we have been telling ourselves that it will be all the same in a hundred years, or, possibly, we have thought up what we consider an even better excuse for letting things slide.

—THE EDITOR

ST. BRENDAN'S SCHOOL



Above is the architect's drawing of the New School in Prospect.

Dr. Richard Creagh

A LIMERICK ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH

By T. KINDELLAN

READERS of Irish history have met the name of Archbishop Creagh of Armagh, but few, perhaps, will have noticed that he was a Limerick man. He belonged to the old Limerick family of Creagh, a family prominent for centuries in the civil and ecclesiastical life of the country. The name appears more than thirty times in the list of Limerick's Mayors, while a Dr. Creagh was Bishop of Limerick in the 15th century. There were also two Archbishop Creaghs, other than the subject of the present article, Archbishop Creagh of Cashel in the 15th century and Archbishop Creagh of Dublin in the eighteenth, both belonging to the Creagh family of Limerick.

Richard Creagh was born in Limerick in 1525, the son of pious parents, and like his father gave his early years to merchandise. Soon the call of the priesthood came to him, and at considerable risk and expense he crossed to Louvain to undertake his studies. There he was ordained for the Limerick Diocese, and after ordination he remained for some time in the Louvain College teaching philosophy. In 1557, he returned to Limerick. In the following year he opened a school in the old Dominican Priory, and with the aid of Bishop Leverous of Kildare, who had been expelled from his diocese, he conducted the school until his departure for Rome in 1562, when he handed it over to the Jesuits. The school was finally closed in 1568 because of the attempts to enforce the new State Religion.

APPOINTED ARCHBISHOP

Father Creagh had gone to Rome on the instructions of Father David Wolfe, S.J., the Pope's representative in Ireland and another Limerick man. He was clearly marked out for high ecclesiastical office. There is ample evidence to show that in 1555, before he returned from Louvain, he had already refused the Bishopric of Limerick, and it appears that in 1562, when he left for Rome, he was being recommended by Father Wolfe for Cashel. This he also refused, and instead tried to enter the Order of the Theatines, but he was prevented by

the Pope. The next offer of high office he was not allowed to decline but bound in conscience to accept. This was the Archbishopric of Armagh and Primacy of Ireland, to which he was appointed in March, 1564, in succession to Donat O Teige, also a Limerick man. The new Archbishop arrived in Ireland, probably at Drogheda, towards the end of 1564.



BLESSED OLIVER PLUNKET,
Successor to Dr. Creagh.

PRISONER IN THE TOWER

He had no sooner landed than he was arrested and sent to London. He was examined before an ecclesiastical Court and sent to the Tower on January 18th, 1565, to await further trial. He was imprisoned in the darkest and deepest dungeon in the Tower, where he suffered very much from the cold, his only consolation being the saying of Mass, which he did from memory. On St. Patrick's Day the Commissioners examined him, and a few days later he was told he had been found guilty of high treason because he had asked the Queen's subjects in Ireland to obey the Pope. He was informed

that he would receive his "ecclesiastical benefice and other such things from the Queen herself if he decided to promote obedience to the Queen's laws." He refused to comply, and some time later he was placed in a new cell, where, it appears, he had certain liberties.

ESCAPE

During the Octave of Easter he made a sensational escape from the Tower. There are different versions of this, but in a letter written to Rome after his escape he himself gives some details. He says that one night he dreamt he had escaped and also that the Holy Souls, whom he had freed by his prayers and indulgences, had told him to escape. Next morning, while saying the Divine Office, he was distracted by the memory of his dream. He went out to inspect the gates of the prison and found them open, whereas usually they were most carefully locked. He returned to his cell but he could not rid his mind of the thoughts of escape. He prayed to God to help him to do what was most to His honour. He then took his cloak and walked through five sets of open gates. At the sixth gate he found the Queen's guards. They questioned him, and he offered to let them search and examine him, but they, not realising who he was, were apparently satisfied and told him to go where he wished. After his escape he spent some time in London. He then made his way

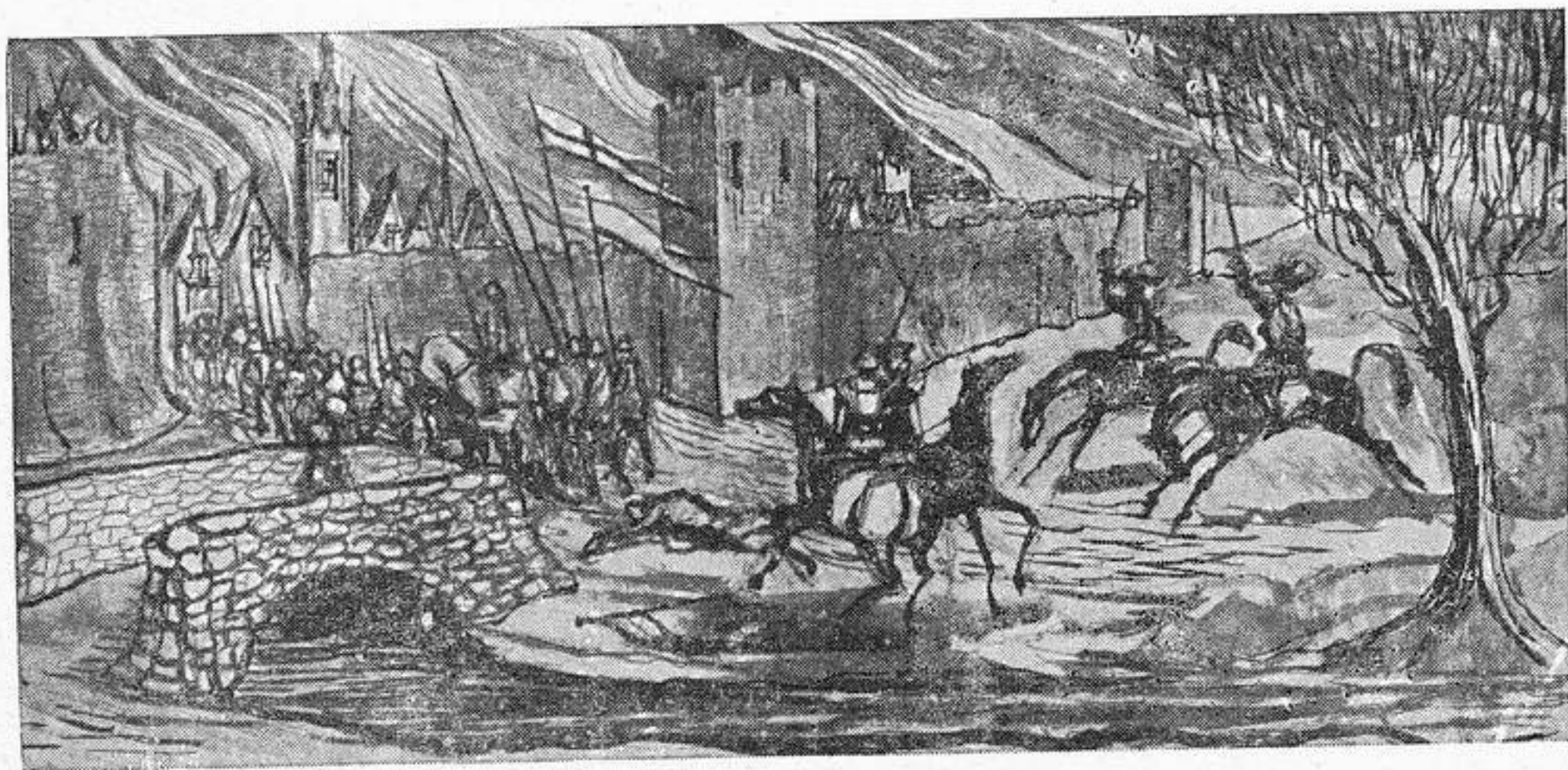
safely to Louvain, thence to Spain, and after many difficulties he arrived back in Armagh in 1566.

DIFFICULTIES WITH SHANE O'NEILL

Dr. Creagh was a man of great holiness. He never drank wine and never ate meat. He was a man of great patience and kindness, and exemplary in his obedience to the laws of the Church. He did all in his power to have the Rules of the Council of Trent faithfully obeyed. He was to spend eighteen of his twenty-one years as Archbishop in prison, but his life out of prison was also fraught with difficulties. In Armagh he was caught between two fires, Queen Elizabeth on the one hand and Shane O'Neill on the other. Shane O'Neill, though fighting for a good cause, i.e., the freedom of Ulster, was a chieftain of Machiavellian outlook, who had little respect for the property and rights of the Church. He soon clashed with the Primate, who stood firm on the principle that the Church must be free from all lay-control, whether of Kings, Queens or Chieftains.

During the vacancy of the See, Shane O'Neill had taken the money from the churches and clergy, which should have gone to the new Archbishop. He had used it to help him in his war with Elizabeth, and he had, moreover, compelled the priests of Armagh to fight with his army on the field

(Continued on Page 26)





The Faithful Companions of Jesus

"AN earthly Paradise!" the "French Nuns" were wont to exclaim, that summer of 1845, their first at Laurel Hill, as at evening recreation, they watched the sun setting over the Shannon, and felt the atmosphere of peace that pervaded their new home.

THE MOTHER FOUNDRESS

In their midst was a religious, short of stature, but of dignified bearing; her face expressive, her glance penetrating, her conversation animated; she was Madame de Bonnault d'Houet, Foundress of the Faithful Companions of Jesus.

Although her childhood had been shadowed by the terrors of the French Revolution, Marie-Madeleine Victoire, as she was known to her intimates, had in her youth enjoyed with characteristic zest the fleeting joys of life. Her happy marriage was, however, of brief duration, owing to the untimely death of her husband, and while her son was still very young, she heard the call of God to higher things. After a period of irresolution, in obedience to her spiritual Director, she yielded to God's designs; and on Holy Thursday, March 20th, 1820, the Society of the

Faithful Companions of Jesus had its lowly beginning in the City of Amiens. From that hour, its holy Foundress went resolutely on, athirst for the Salvation of Souls, in the "Work of His Love."

FROM LONDON TO CONNEMARA

When in 1837, Pope Gregory XVI bestowed a Brief of Approbation on the Society of the Faithful Companions of Jesus, it had extended its work to other countries, among them, Protestant England. Some years later, Dr. Kirwan, Parish Priest of Oughterard, Co. Galway, went to Somers Town to preach, at the invitation of the Abbé Nerincks. He was impressed by the work of these religious in the parish schools.

"If I had such nuns in my parish," he confided to the Abbé, "how glad I should be!"

"Why not ask the Mother Foundress?" was the reply, "you will find her just now at Gumley House, Isleworth."

Promptly, Dr. Kirwan acted upon the suggestion. Madame d'Houet welcomed the request, particularly as Dr. Kirwan pointed out that a foundation at Oughterard would serve a double purpose, since it would provide an Irish Novitiate for the numerous postulants he could promise, and a parish school for his flock in the heart of Connemara. Amid scenes of rejoicing, the Convent and Novitiate at Oughterard were blessed by the Bishop of Galway, surrounded by forty of his priests, on February 2nd, 1843.

THE FIRST LIMERICK POSTULANT

On March 20th, 1844, Miss Mary Anne Connolly of Limerick, accompanied by her mother and the Reverend Father William Bourke, later administrator of St. John's Cathedral, presented herself at the Novitiate at Oughterard. Father Bourke, who had heard much about the Faithful Companions of Jesus from his friend, Brother Patrick Walsh, urged Madame d'Houet, who received them herself, to make a foundation in Limerick. Brother Walsh, later described as "one of the greatest men that ever lived in Limerick," had formed a sincere and lasting friendship with the Foundress of the Faithful Companions of Jesus and her religious, when he was stationed in Wapping, London, in 1837. So it was, that when Madame d'Houet and her companion, Mere Julie Guillemet came to Limerick on September

5th, 1844, Brother Walsh, accompanied by Father Bourke, awaited their arrival by stagecoach from Galway. Henceforth the names of these two great and holy men are linked with the foundation of Laurel Hill.

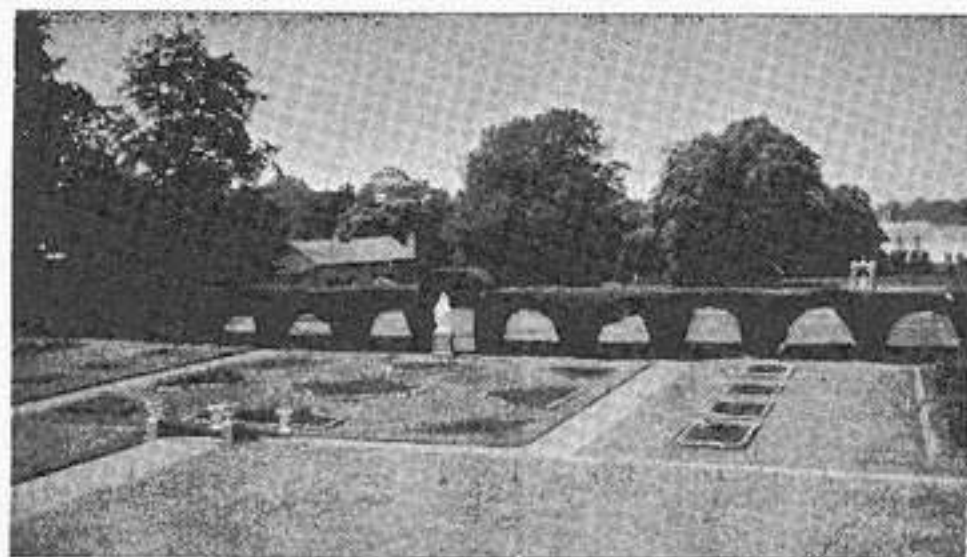
NO. 3 PATRICK STREET

Next day, September 6th, Madame d'Houet and her companion set out with Father Bourke and Brother Walsh for Kilkee, where the Bishop of Limerick, Most Reverend Dr. Ryan, was then on holiday. They were received with great kindness, and it was agreed that the Faithful Companions of Jesus should open a Boarding and Day School in Limerick. The first step was to find a suitable property, and in the meantime, the Mother Foundress and Mere Julie were, for ten weeks the guests of Mr. Connolly, at No. 3 Patrick Street. There, on his return from Kilkee, the Bishop said Mass for the two "French Nuns" each morning, unless unavoidably prevented, for he had noted the physical weakness and frailty of Madame d'Houet.

NO. 9 VICTORIA TERRACE

Whilst still negotiating the purchase of "Ashbourne," an extensive property on the Shannon, the Mother Foundress and the first religious of the Limerick foundation started community life on November 1st, 1844, at No. 9 Victoria Terrace.

"We were eleven in this little house, truly another Nazareth in its poverty," they wrote, adding at the same time that they were very happy there. In the New Year of 1845, they moved to the large house in the Crescent which has its entrance on Hartstonge Street, and there a Day School opened with thirty-three pupils. Of these first day pupils it is recorded that they "are remarkable for their great love for study, so much so, that we rarely give them a holiday."



View of Convent Grounds.

LAUREL HILL—JUNE, 1845

Through the ceaseless efforts of Brother Walsh, Father Bourke and other friends, the quest for a suitable property ended in the purchase of Laurel Hill from the Limerick Quaker family of Newsome. There, on the 26th June, 1845, the Boarding School opened with eleven pupils. They were given 18 days' holiday, at the beginning of August, to enable the religious to make their annual retreat under the direction of Dean Cussen, Vicar-General of the Diocese. The Dean, a fluent French speaker, gave the exercises of the retreat alternately in French and in English. He remained a valued spiritual director and friend to the Laurel Hill Community during those early years.

THE NEW BUILDING OF 1845

In October, 1845, the large central building, designed sixty feet high and fifty-four feet in length, was begun under the personal supervision of Madame d'Houet, and the Foundation Stone was solemnly blessed by Most Rev. Dr. Ryan on November 12th. The building was completed in the autumn of 1846, just a year later, according to the annals, and opened to the public. They came from all parts to admire it, and to gaze on the then beautiful panorama from the fourth storey windows!

THE BLACK FAMINE, 1847

"Our laurels are of slow growth," wrote the religious of Laurel Hill to their Sisters in France at Christmas, 1847, "but during this terrible famine we are filled with admiration for the deep religious spirit and resignation of this sorely afflicted people . . ." The days and months passed in tending the hunger-stricken people who crept to their Convent door, and yet not a single member of the Community fell a victim to the plague.

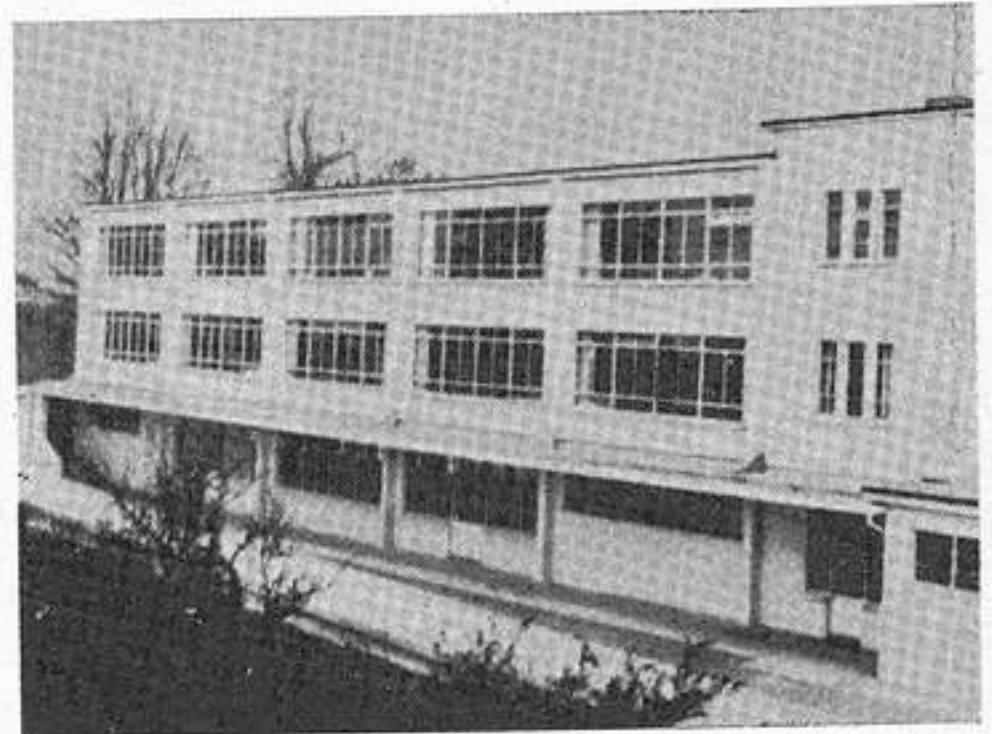
ST. PHILOMENA'S, 1863

St. Philomena's, the flourishing kindergarten of to-day, was opened at a moment's notice, on January 19th, 1863, for a prohibition had been issued the previous day from the pulpit of each city church, forbidding parents to send their children to Protestant schools. St. Philomena's served its purpose for many years, until changed cir-

cumstances in this twentieth century called for a re-distribution of pupils.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

It is now a hundred and twelve years since the coming of the Faithful Companions of Jesus to Limerick. On June 4th, 1951, the Bishop of Limerick, Most Reverend Dr. O'Neill, celebrated Holy Mass and blessed the beautiful new school of "Maria Assumpta," and again on November 20th,



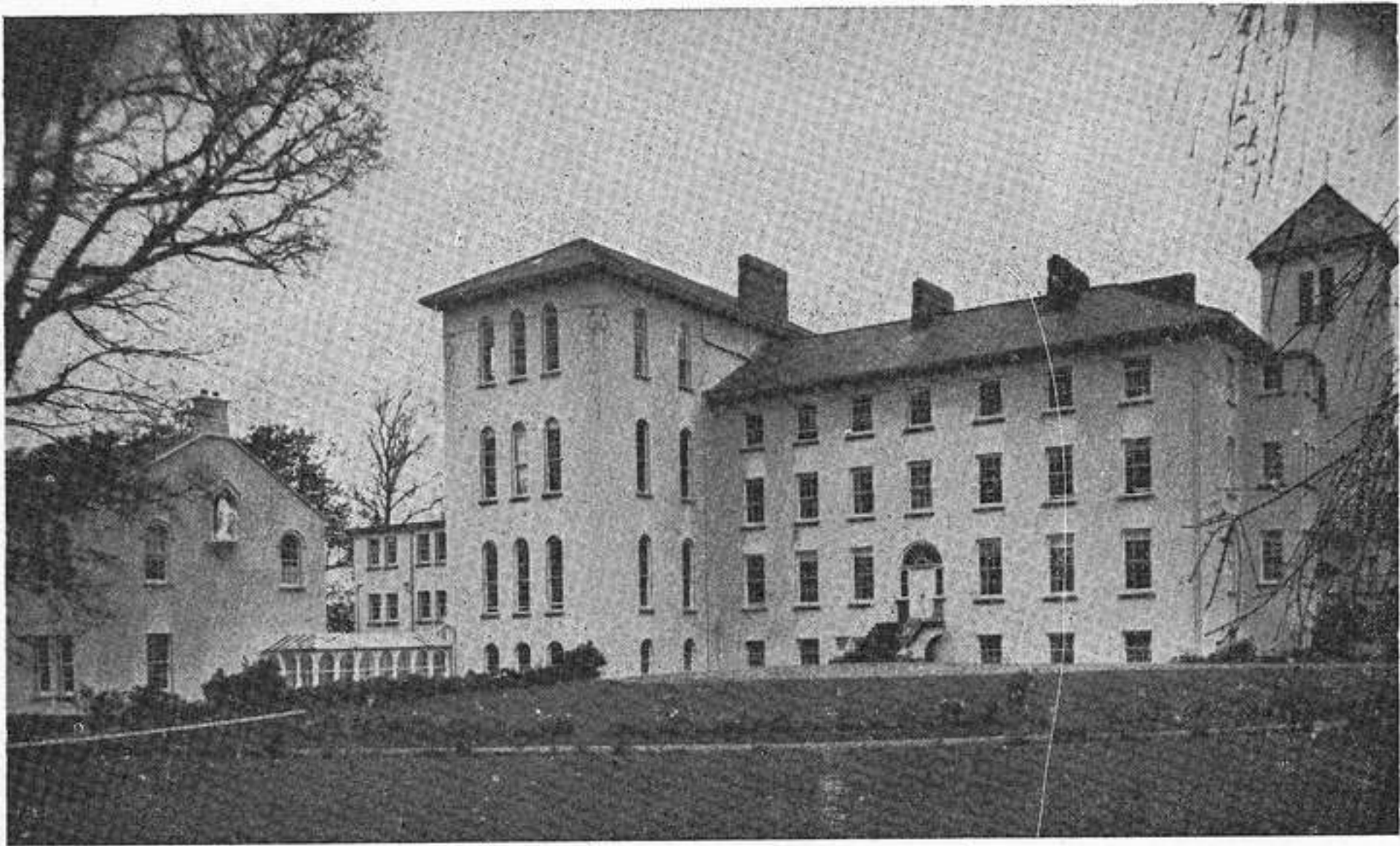
New School at Laurel Hill.

1954, His Lordship celebrated High Mass at the re-opening of the enlarged Chapel, originally built in 1863, and dedicated to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

The seedling planted by the Venerable Foundress of the Faithful Companions of Jesus in 1845 has grown to a large tree which now, in 1957, shelters over seven hundred pupils.

BRUFF CONVENT

Visitors to Bruff Convent invariably stand before a striking portrait of a priest which is in the parlour and ask: "Who is that?" The painting might be of a French Abbé, or even of the Curé of Ars. There is the long white hair, the firm mouth, the penetrating glance and the expression of sanctity and strength. It is Dean Cussen who brought the Faithful Companions of Jesus to Bruff in 1856. This remarkable priest had first met Madame d'Houet in Paris. As a student he had pursued his ecclesiastical studies at St. Supplice. When appointed to the parish of Bruff, during the dark night of Irish history, 1840 to 1865, he applied directly to the Foundress to send some of her nuns to look



The Convent at Bruff.

after the schools in his parish. He could offer no school, no convent as yet, but only the shelter of his mother's home. Madame d'Houet gladly accepted this offer, and her nuns took up residence with Mrs. Cussen in Crawford's Lane, in the house where Dwane's Bakery now stands.

The Boarding School opened with a nucleus of twenty-five pupils. Growing numbers made it imperative to move into the corner house, now known as "The Medical Hall." Soon the convent and schools, both primary and secondary were begun. The site chosen was just below the town on the left bank of the Morning Star. To-day this fine four-storied building, which commands a view of the Galtee Mountains on the east, and the Ballyhouragh Hills on the south, is a landmark on the road to Kilmallock. Against a background of tall elm trees, lawns and flower-gardens, it forms a pleasant setting for a centre of culture and education.

Gradually, over the years, new wings were added to the original structure to meet the demands of the Board of Education. Technical units provided a science laboratory and Domestic Science Kitchen. The last addition was in 1947, when a block containing music-

rooms, cloak-rooms and up-to-date bathrooms was annexed to the main building by a terrazzo staircase. This also serves as a fire-escape to the sixty-foot building.

During the past one hundred years girls' education has passed through many phases. At the end of the last century, parents thought only of preparing their children to live piously and usefully at home. In the early days at Bruff, the school curriculum was drawn up to meet the ideals of education at that time. One has only to read *The Farm by Lough Gur*, by Lady Carbery, to see that the emphasis was on continental languages, music, art and needlework. World trends and ideals, it is said, influence education. Parents' views on education are now quite different. They want careers for their girls, so the curriculum has to be drawn up to meet the demands of to-day. Despite all trends and influences, the end of Catholic education remains the same—to mould the minds and hearts of the young in accordance with the principles laid down by Christ and His Church. This never changes and gives stability to any educational system in a changing world.

(Continued on Page 28)



Any Questions

???

Q. What were the Crusades?

A. The Crusades were a series of military expeditions organised by the states of Western Europe, to expel the Turkish invader from Palestine and to restore to Christian rule the Holy Places associated with the life and death of Our Lord. The Crusades took place in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

???

Q. What was the Oxford Movement?

A. The Oxford Movement began as an attempt by a number of sincere Anglicans to introduce Catholic doctrines into the Anglican Church. These men felt that some of the doctrines of the Anglican Church were a legacy of the Reformation and were no part of the teaching of the Church of Christ. This examination of what was and what was not part of the Church of Christ led a number of them, notably Newman, to cut adrift from the Anglican Church and to enter the Catholic Church.

???

Q. What am I to do if I find money lost in a street?

A. The general rule about the finder of lost property is that he is expected to make a reasonable attempt to find the owner. What is reasonable in the circumstances will depend on the amount of money that is found, e.g., one is expected to make a bigger effort to find the owner if the amount of money found is large, than if the amount found is small. Only when you have made a reasonable attempt to find the owner and have failed are you allowed to keep the money so found.

Q. Why is Cremation condemned by the Church?

A. Cremation is condemned by the Church because from the beginning the supporters of cremation have been associated with those who deny the resurrection of the body and, consequently, those who order their bodies to be cremated after death are presumed to deny the Dogma of the Resurrection and are not allowed Christian burial.

???

Q. May Mass be offered for deceased non-Catholics?

A. Yes. Since many non-Catholics live and die in good faith, believing that they are in the true religion, and try to serve God as best they can according to their conscience, they belong to the soul of the Church and, therefore, they can be saved in view of their good faith and good works. Deceased non-Catholics may need the same help as other souls in Purgatory, and it is lawful to have Holy Mass offered for them. But to avoid scandal and since they do not belong to the body of the Church, Mass should be offered for them only in private.

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DRAMA

By J. J. C.



The Shannon at Sunset

IF the packed houses at the Feile Luimnighe drama festival are of any significance, we must expect an increased interest in our amateur groups during the coming season. It is not too much to hope that some new dramatic societies will be formed, particularly in parishes where hitherto there were none. Of course, many difficulties will confront new groups, but with courage and enthusiasm they can be overcome. Firstly, a room or hall has to be found for rehearsals; if none is obtainable, the local school will usually be available. Then the appointment of the producer is of the greatest importance: ultimately everything will depend on his capability, leadership and driving force. The producer is really a despot, so it is vital to get the right kind of despot. He must have complete control over and get full co-operation from the cast. His role has been compared to that of an orchestral conductor; it is he who leads and interprets and he should be the first to detect and deal with the slightest discord, otherwise all will be working at cross-purposes.

The next difficulty is the selection of a play; a hurdle at which many prospective groups fall never to rise again. The hackneyed farce will always get the horse-laugh, but will give little satisfaction to the players or audience. On the other hand, a play that is clearly beyond the range of the cast should be avoided, otherwise the players will flounder out of their depth. At all events, pick a play and stick to it. The time will come when everything seems to go wrong; the players not turning up for rehearsals, the play itself disappointing and a general lack of interest among the cast. It is then that the enthusiasm of the group will be fully tested. Survive this period and all will be well.

At the Playhouse last month the College Players gave us an interesting production of *Twelfth Night*. It was played in modern dress—a now accepted tradition—but to me the pantomime-like costumes looked oddly out of place in a Shakespearian play. It seemed a pity that, having taken so much trouble in learning the difficult lines, that the period dress was not used. The production was marred by uniformly poor diction throughout the play. While one may under-speak, and even throw away lines, poetry must always be clearly declaimed. Gerry Coffey as Sir Toby, Jimmy Queally as Sir Andrew, and Marie O'Driscoll as Marie, made a good comedy trio, but at times their too consciously puppet-like clowning jarred and lost effect. Michael Cahill was a too young and timid Orsino, and Sheila O'Doherty seemed miscast as Olivia. Paddy Benson as the clown acted and sang well, and Brendan Hoare as Malvolio made the most of his part. The production was smooth and maintained a good pace, the setting adequate and the stage-lighting cleverly done. A worthwhile production in that there was evidence of much hard work.

DOG-FIGHTS.

"Boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man—courage, endurance and skill—in intense action. . . . It is a natural, and a not wicked interest, that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action."—The 19th century writer, Dr. John Brown.

* * *

"Being young, I was serious and conceited; being old, my companion was gay and humble."—Padraig Pearse.

*The sun descends in crimson glory;
Blood-red, the Shannon, rich in story,
Shows, here and there, its waters wide
Thro' lattice of the sweet Spring-tide;
The old Clare hills their watch are keeping
Northward, while twilight, slowly creeping,
Enfolds them in its shroud of blue
With sprinkled patch of pansy hue.*

*Behold, due West, a tract extending,
Where the flushed sky to earth is bending,
Not seen by day—a fairy-land
Of lake, and shore, and magic strand,
And chains of mountains forward ranging,
With tints and tones each moment changing,
As if God, on some palette fair,
Were testing all His colours there.*

*Now Night comes on (the young leaves shiver),
To quench the lights on hill and river,
To wash the West of crimson dye,
And print new pictures on the sky;
To end the wondrous fairy-story
And sweep away the sunset glory.
But see. A star steps out to tell
That God is watching. All is well.*

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Page

By MARTHA

WE have a very small garden and a couple of years ago we decided that it was never worth the labour and expense of tilling it. There was a time when we planted a few rows of cabbages and lettuces, or sowed a drill of peas. One year we got ambitious and attempted to grow celery. It was not successful. The man in the house does not take kindly to cultivation of the soil, nor could the eloquent persuasiveness of a Lady Macbeth cajole him into weeding onions if he did not feel in the mood. I made erratic onslaughts on the weeds, which seemed to grow again the minute I turned by back. Vegetables did not seem to like us, and the few we managed to drag reluctantly from the soil were poor, emaciated specimens, with the exception of a cabbage plant which suddenly appeared in the herbaceous border, masquerading as a flower. I watered it with diligence and kept the soil moulded carefully around the base, wondering hopefully what exotic bloom it would turn out to be. It grew straight and tall to a height

of three feet and was beginning to throw out yellow buds, when a neighbour asked me what a cabbage plant was doing amongst the wall-flowers. Some years ago we decided that the growing of vegetables did not appreciably assist our finances, nor did they contribute any aesthetic value to the view from the back windows, and frequently constituted a menace to domestic peace, and we put down a lawn instead.

But if we shall never again eat our own vegetables, we still have apples, the fruit of our lovely Bramley Seedling, with which I would not part for gold. It is a joy to look at in Spring when the tight green buds unfurl and the tree is a shower of delicate pink blossom. On warm days the span of its branches makes a cool green shade and in the Autumn there is the sun-flushed fruit. This year the crop was lighter than usual, due to the winds which prematurely scattered the blossom, but I have enough apples to do us until Christmas. Even if you have not your own apples, you should buy them and

make use of them now, as later they will be scarce and dear. There are several ways to serve them when the family tire of the ordinary stewed apple and custard, or apple tart. I shall give some recipes that are well-received in this house.

APPLE CHARLOTTE

Ingredients—2 lbs. apples, 4 ozs. sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of water, stale white bread, butter.

Method—Peel the apples and slice. Line a medium-sized, greased pie-dish with thinly sliced bread dipped in melted butter. Fill with the apple, sugar and bread in layers, having a layer of bread on top. Cover with a greased paper and bake in a medium oven for 40 minutes. Serve with custard.

APPLE AMBER

Ingredients—2 lbs. apples, 4 ozs. sugar, 2 ozs. butter, rind and juice of a lemon, 2 eggs, one tablespoonful sugar to each white of egg.

Method—Cook the apples with sugar, butter, rind and juice of lemon. When tender, beat with a fork, or rub through a sieve. Add the egg yolks and pour the mixture into a pie-dish. Whip up the whites with sugar and pile on top of the pudding. Sprinkle with sugar and cook in cool oven for 50 minutes.

APPLE SPONGE.

For this sweet you make an ordinary madeira mixture which you place over some apples and sugar (to taste) in a pie-dish and cook in a moderate oven for about fifty minutes. Or you can roast apples in the oven and serve with custard. Core each apple and fill the centre with a little butter and sugar, place them on a baking tin with a spoonful of water and roast. Or you could peel the apples, core them, fill with sugar and cover each with a round of pastry. Place the folded side of the dumpling on the baking sheet, brush over with water and dust with sugar. Bake for a half hour in a hot oven.

APPLE FRITTERS make a nice tea for the children on a Friday. Peel and core the apples, cut in rings and roll in sugar. Dip each ring in pancake batter and fry in smoking hot fat. If you use pancake batter, be sure to make it well in advance and have it fairly thick. There is a special batter for fritters which you might like to make. I rarely bother with it, but most people prefer it.

FRITTER BATTER.

Ingredients—4 ozs. of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of warm water, 2 teaspoonfuls of salad oil, 1 white of egg, pinch of salt.

Method—Make a batter with the flour, salt, salad oil and water. Allow to stand for one hour. Just before using, fold in the white of egg, beaten stiffly.

Finally, here is a delightful recipe which can serve equally for an after dinner sweet or a cake at tea-time. It is called

APPLE MERINGUE PIE.

Ingredients—3 cups of hot, sweetened stewed apples, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter or margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of grated orange or lemon rind, or ground cinnamon, 2 tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, pastry.

Method—Line a pie-plate with pastry, prick with a fork all over to prevent rising, and bake until pale golden in colour and crisp. Mix the apples with the melted butter and lemon rind or orange rind or cinnamon, and well-beaten yolk of eggs. Fill into the pastry shell. Beat the whites of the eggs until

stiff, beat in two-thirds of the sugar until very stiff, then fold in the remainder. Pile on top of the pie and put in slow oven to set for ten minutes. The pie can be served either hot or cold. When I want to use it for serving at tea, I use very little water in the stewing of the apples so that they will be firm and the pie will cut easily in slices.

IN PRAISE OF THE

Our Father

It is interesting to note that while so many prayers of man's invention cannot be honestly said unless one has made a good deal of spiritual progress, there is not a line in the prayer which Our Lord gave us which cannot in full honesty be said by saint and sinner alike.

—Michael de la Bedoyere in *Living Christianity*.

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Union of Prayer

for the Diocese of Limerick

By REV. T. CULHANE.

IN the Easter issue of *Our Catholic Life* we announced the launching of a Union of Prayer for the Diocese of Limerick. In a short article, we pointed out the need which prompted its establishment: "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" (extract from letter written by Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill, Bishop of Limerick, to the Clergy and People of the Diocese, 25-1-1957). The broad outlines of the Union of Prayer were stated in the article referred to in our Easter issue.

* * *

THE SCHOOL-CHILDREN ARE HELPING

In the July issue we went on to explain the part played by our school-children in this crusade of prayer. With the prayers and rosaries of our 26,000 school children in our various schools, we hope for the grace and guidance to help us at our work, and with their pennies we hope one day to build the New College Chapel. In this connection, we are glad to be able to report that the scheme has been received with remarkable enthusiasm in every one of the fifty schools which we have visited to date.

* * *

THE ADULT SECTION

In this article we would like to dwell on the Adult Section of the Union of Prayer. For the purpose of clarification, by the word "Adult" we have in mind any person who has left school. It has been estimated that there are 90,000 such adults in the diocese of Limerick. Of these, almost 35,000 live in the city, and the remaining 55,000 live in the 43 rural parishes of the diocese. It is our ultimate aim to contact each adult in the diocese in order to give an opportunity to all to become members of the Union of Prayer. For the present, however, we are concentrating on the rural parishes, establishing centres of the Union as we move from parish to parish in the diocese. The response has been very encouraging indeed. Out of 20 parishes we have visited, we can say that about 50 per cent. of the adult population have joined the Union of Prayer.

SUCCESS DEPENDS ON PROMOTERS

In answer to the appeal of His Lordship the Bishop, and encouraged by their local priest, zealous men and women in every parish have come forward to act as Promoters in the work of spreading and establishing centres of the Union of Prayer everywhere we go. From our short experience of this organising campaign we are convinced that under God the success of the Union of Prayer will depend almost entirely on the wonderful work at present being undertaken by our Promoters. It will be their task to visit and re-visit every home in every parish; to explain the objects, the duties and the spiritual benefits of the Union to every adult in the parish community. Their zeal, their spirit of sacrifice, and at times, perhaps, their patience, will be put to the test. And for all this they can hope for no earthly thanks or reward, except the consolation of knowing that their work is invaluable to the diocese at the present time, and that in many ways they can be regarded as pioneers in as far as the Union of Prayer is something that is being established in Limerick for the first time, or for that matter, in any other part of the country. As far as we are aware, it is the first time that the priests and people of an Irish diocese have been united together in a crusade of prayer for their mutual and common welfare. As His Lordship the Bishop has stated in his recent appeal—"Joined together in this union, they will be further encouraged to promote the objects they have in view, and they will undoubtedly receive each and every one of them a more abundant measure of God's blessing in all the affairs of their lives."

* * *

DUTIES OF MEMBERS

From time to time, good meaning people have said that while they would like to become members of the Union of Prayer, yet they refrained from doing so because of the duties imposed on them. For the most part they are fearful of taking on extra spiritual responsibilities. Fears of this kind are quite unfounded, and one must feel pity for those who thus deprive themselves of so many spiritual benefits because of their mistaken ideas. For once and for all, let us be clear on this question of the duties of the member of the Union of Prayer. In the Certificate of Membership which is given to all those who join, it is stated that each member is asked to recite one Hail Mary each day, to hear Mass and offer Holy Com-

(Continued on opposite page)

“Soillse é ná Sác míceál Ainseal Ardainseal”

Más féidir linn sean na stua ar naoim éigin i ré pé leic a meas óna minicí a éitear filí na tréimse sin as molaó a cumácta, a súailcí agus a príob-leíof, ansan, san aon asó, b'é an tArdainseal Míceál an naoim a b'annsa le Saeil. Cé gurab an-áipéiseac le luic na haoise seo cuio de na tagraí a geibtear ina éaoib i litríocht na méan-aoise in Éirinn, mar sin féin cruthaíonn siad san an mór-meas a bí as Saeil air.

Dar leis na baird is ollcúim-áct é Míceál imeasc slóite na bpláiteas; ní hamáin gur ceann-áire cumasac é ar na haingil agus na píoraoin go léir, ac éionn siad é ina éuargan tréan ar na diabail féin in ípreann. Eisean a glaoófaí “fó trí” ar an gcine daonna lá veire an usaoil cun teac le céile i gcóir an btreitúnais; eisean a veirí ina btreitúin ar na han-amnaí go léir agus, le scálaí ina lámha aise, meáófaí sé

peacaí sác anama sul a ligfí sé cun na pláiteasa é! Is é an ainm a tugtar air go minic sa litríocht ná an “maor,” agus impíonn na filí ar an “maor” san san veit ró-éruinn as meáó na scálaí ar eagla gurab é an típreann a veaó inóan oóib! Tríó is tríó, ápac, ní eúis éao-ócais do na Saeil a bpeacaí mar tuigíó go mbeir Míceál lán-trócaireac leo. Is iontaó an oócas do-élóite atá acu go uicófaíó sé i gcabair ortu go héipeacacac lá imeaglac an luain — an uair is géire a teastóir cabair uaíca.

Cuntas samalta eile a geibtear i otaob an Ardaingil i litríocht Sael sea an comrac dian a éarlóir idir é féin agus Antichrist roim veire an dom-ain. Ins an leabar Dreac éicéan nár leasc le Saeil pictiúir grinn a cumáó nuair a bí Antichrist á léiriú acu — pictiúir a éurpeaó i gcúimne do óuine cuio den áipéis a geibtear ins na pictiúirí de óaoine gránna

i bpinnséalta na héireann agus na Sreige. Oála Dator na mBéimeann Mór agus na Cyclopes, ní veirí ac súil amáin as Antichrist agus i sin i lán a éaoain, agus mala leis as síneac ó éluais go éluais! Ac, o'ainneoin na mór-cumácta go léir a éuireann siad i leic Antichrist veirí an tArdainseal Míceál láiríó go teor cun an “laoc” mór mí-cumta san a éloí.

Leasmuig de litríocht na héireann sé an rud is mó a foilsíonn arómeas Sael ar naoim Míceál ná an oireac san faircí, paróistí agus teampall ar fíó na tíre atá fén a cóimrice, agus go háiríca na logainmneaca anso is ansúo ina bfuil ainm an naoim mar atá: Teampall Míicil, Cill Míicil, Tobar Míicil agus an t-oileán beag sléitíúil iargúlta—Sceitg Míicil. O'reir sác cosúlacac ba beag má bí áit com tábáctac as Míceál naoim in aigne Sael is a bí as páo-raig. Drío agus Colmeille.

UNION OF PRAYER—Continued

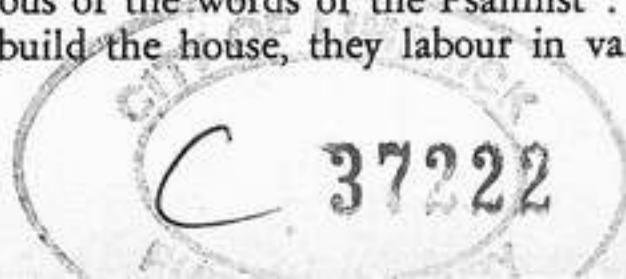
munion once a year for the welfare of the diocese, and for the intentions of fellow-members. Here is a simple solution for those who feel that they may forget their obligations and thus neglect their duties. Form an intention of offering up the First Hail Mary said each day for the Union of Prayer. Do likewise with regard to the Mass and Holy Communion. Form an intention here and now of offering to Almighty God, for the Union of Prayer, all spiritual merits and graces you receive on the first occasion every year that you go to Holy Communion while attending Holy Mass. If you carry out these simple rules, you need have no further worries. Almighty God will take care of them for you.

The remaining obligation of paying 6d. each month is not very burdensome. When reduced to a weekly contribution it amounts to 1½d.—a sum of money which in reality is less than the price of one cigarette each week. This does not entail any extraordinary sacrifice on the part of the average member. Nevertheless, trivial though this contribution may seem to be, it will help considerably towards the

building up of the New Diocesan College Fund. Members would do well to bear in mind that any information that they need regarding their duties and obligations will be supplied to them by the Promoter with whom they have joined.

NEED OF PRAYER.

In the next issue of *Our Catholic Life* we hope to explain the spiritual benefits available to members of the Union of Prayer. Meantime, we appeal to our people everywhere to join in this great crusade which will bring blessings of every kind on the diocese. Many parishes have already been organised in this way. Much remains to be done. We need your help; we need your prayers. Your prayers will help to obtain from Almighty God the grace and guidance that is solely needed in the task that lies ahead. We are striving to build a New Diocesan College for Limerick. Now more than ever we are conscious of the words of the Psalmist: “Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.”





Father John Visits the School

AS Father John strolled along the road leading to the school, sounds of educational activity came through the stillness of the day, faintly at first but growing louder as he drew near. Indeed sometimes as he passed, Kil-morna's three-teacher school seemed not unlike a great pot coming to the boil. On occasion he had almost fancied that the roof, like a great lid, had lifted and slowly subsided again, as Master Ronan, the Principal, drove home a point. To-day, however, the effect was of a steady simmer.

As he turned in the door, a look in the cloak-room assured

him that the waste-paper situation was well in hand for the month. He was also glad to see the array of hurleys which indicated that the under-fourteen team were not forgetting their lunch-time practice.

As he knocked on the Master's door, Padraig Ronan's corpulent figure was to be seen through the glass top. They noted each other's presence. With advancing years, Padraig's big frame was clothing itself with even more

flesh and presenting an even more formidable aspect to his pupils than it had to their parents, when they sat at his feet. His school was well run and he knew it, and the knowledge somewhat inclined him to regard all visitors as intruders.

As Father John entered, Padraig's jovial face creased into a welcoming smile. His eyes, however, half hidden in the corrugated folds of flesh, retained an unwonted wariness, a fact which even intrigued Father John when he visited the school, since Padraig and himself were on back-slapping terms outside

school hours. But in school, Padraig retained a certain reserve, a certain standing on his dignity.

After the preliminary small talk he said: "I suppose you will take them for a bit, Father?"

In response to Father John's nod, he glared fiercely at the class and barked "Catechisms."

It was one of Padraig's boasts that he did not need to bite—his bark was sufficient. It was a bark he had been developing over the years. It was now so well trained that he could produce at will just the amount of volume and venom that each occasion required.

Knowing that Padraig's pupils were word-perfect in the catechism, Father John was wont to plumb their understanding of what they had learned. Padraig, sitting at his high desk, considered this rather unfair tactics, as it meant that his pupils did not shine, as they would have done in a straightforward ex-

amination. Father John also tried to lead the hazier pupils on to further knowledge in a manner which Padraig thought altogether too kid-glove. He could hear Padraig now stirring uneasily on his desk behind him, a sure sign that he was not too pleased with the way things were going. His writhings on the desk became more audible—his patience was being sorely tried by the youth now on his feet. Finally, he could contain himself no longer.

"Cooney," he roared, with menace in his voice, "what is the difference between perfect and imperfect contrition?"

As if he had received an electric shock, the slouching Cooney stood bolt upright and produced at some length an answer that would do justice to any theologian.

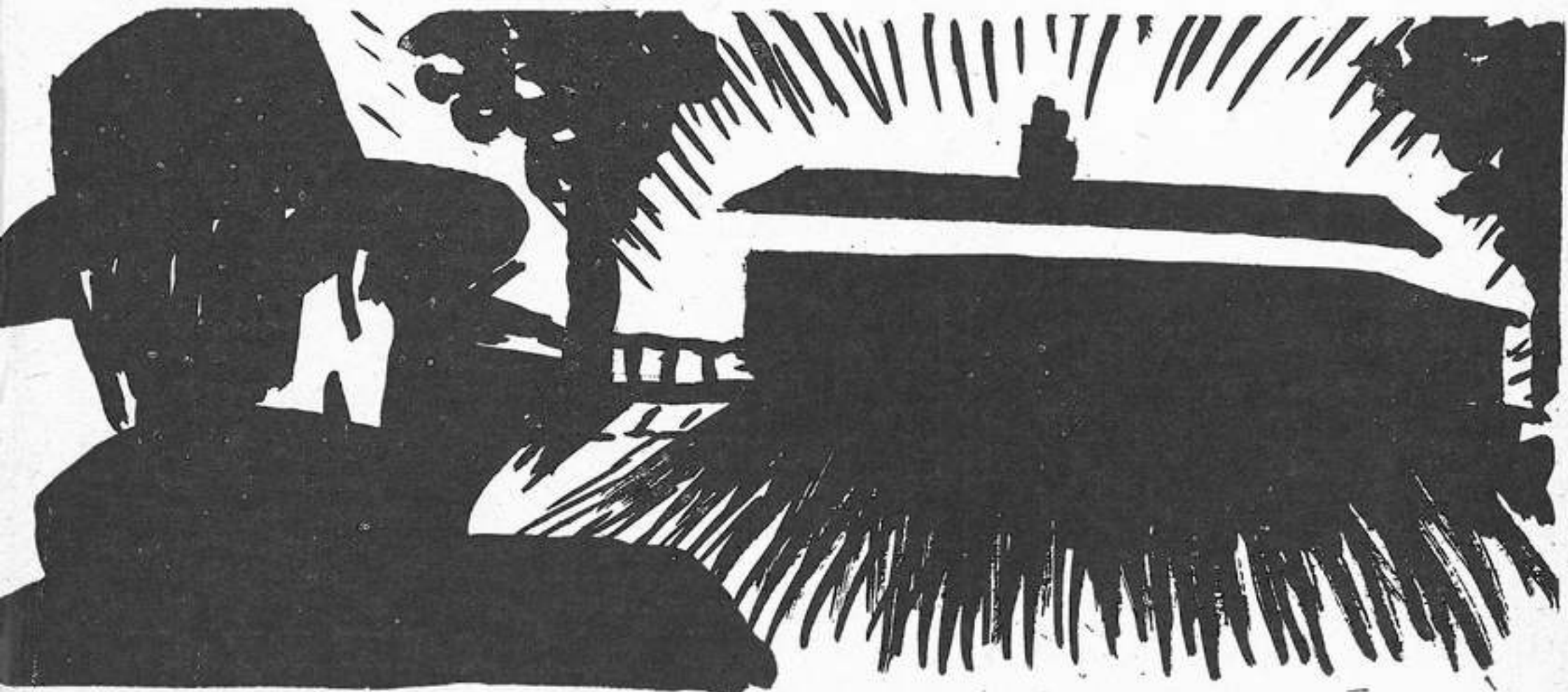
Out of the corner of his eye, Father John could see Padraig's countenance relaxing smugly. He knew how to handle these fellows.

As Father John was leaving

for the next class-room, Padraig in a very audible whisper commented on the congealed mass of stupidity that was the fourth class, drawing Father John's attention to the extraordinary fact of nature that such a collection could make their appearance in one small part of the globe at the same period in time.

As Father John opened Mrs. Cogan's door, forty pairs of feet clattered on the floor as their owners stood up and there was the effect of a bomb blast, as forty healthy sets of vocal organs intoned: "Failte romhat, a athair." The effect was to halt him momentarily in his tracks but he proceeded undaunted towards Mrs. Cogan, who was advancing, beaming. Mrs. Cogan was one of those who knew that a little plamá goes a long way. She recalled now Father John's cold of his last visit and made enquiries as to its progress since. She also enquired for his mother who had been in hospital and gave

(Continued on Page 32)



On occasion he had almost fancied that the roof, like a great lid, had lifted and slowly subsided again, as Master Ronan, the Principal, drove home a point.

BOOKS

By B. C.

The following books of Catholic interest are available in the City and County Libraries :

THE TWO STIGMATISTS, PADRE PIO AND TERESA NEUMANN

FR. C. M. CARTY.

Extraordinary occurrences always arouse our curiosity, but events from the lives of the Italian Capuchin, Padre Pio, and of the humble Bavarian woman, Teresa Neumann, do much more than this; we are left in amazement, in awe, before the miraculous events associated with these two living "saints."

The author courageously sets himself the task of refuting the "natural" explanation for these strange phenomena, as advanced by Miss Hilda Graef and Fr. Siwek, S.J., in 1950. And he has little difficulty in convincing the reader that the minority view, as expressed by these two authors, is quite inadequate to explain the facts. This book is absorbing.

* * *

THE MAID OF ORLEANS SVEN STOLPE

We can find many details of social life in France at the time of Joan of Arc in this book, but many of them must be regarded as unpleasant. The author makes no attempt to conceal the corruptions of the times and the vices of the guards placed over Joan in prison. The personality of the Saint emerges as one victorious in defeat—it is from Bethlehem to Calvary again. One never feels that this is a translation.

LOAVES AND FISHES

ISIDORE O'BRIEN, O.F.M.

The twenty-five spiritual essays contained in this book show the wisdom and yet the humility of the author. The subjects dealt with are practical but here and there the treatment is a little heavy. These pages are full of encouragement and help, especially for the suffering.

* * *

THE WORK OF OUR REDEMPTION

CLIFFORD HOWELL, S.J.

Fr. Howell has done what was almost impossible, he has produced a book on the Sacraments and the Mass which is as readable as the newspaper. It has the added advantage of having attractive drawings to illustrate the main theme of each chapter. In fact, this book is a treasure that every one should own—and it costs only 5/-. Few books will give such value to the average Catholic reader.

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LETTERS TO A NURSE

FR. JOHN MCKEE

This book does not deal with nursing; at least not with nursing the body. It is treatment for the soul of the person worried about the reasonableness of religion. In an interesting and fresh way, Fr. McKee gives a reasoned approach to the truths of Christianity in the form of personal letters to a nurse. These letters should prove invaluable to the inquiring mind and to the prospective convert.

* * *

SOLDIER OF THE SPIRIT

MICHAEL CARROUGES

The title, *Soldier of the Spirit*, is very apt for this biography of Charles de Foucauld. Born in France a hundred years ago, he took up a military career and fought in Algiers as a cadet. He then led a team of explorers into Morocco. Later he joined a Trappist community, but abandoned it to lead a more hidden life serving a community of nuns as a workman. Some years later he returned to Morocco as a hermit, but he was not allowed to remain in seclusion. His followers, inspired by his example, founded a congregation known as "Little Brothers of Jesus." His cause for Beatification is being examined in Rome.

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A RIVIERA CAMEO—



LA CHAPELLE

By J. O'S.

THAT was what the little signpost said. So we turned off the main highway that links Marseilles, Cannes, Nice and Monte Carlo. It was an August Sunday morning, about nine o'clock. As we turned our backs to the blue Mediterranean and headed up the gentle, sloping lane through the woods we felt the hot sun stinging the already tender skin under our shirts. We began to get worried. Mass was due to begin at 9.30—so we had been told in the village—but, as yet, not another soul was in sight.

A great, peaceful silence pervaded the hillside — an enormous silence, punctuated only by the buzz-buzz of little mosquitoes in the undergrowth. We pressed on and the trim serried ranks of conifers embraced us in their fragrance, elevating mind and body. Yes; it really was good to be alive that sunny morning. The earth was blood-red under our feet! Funny thing, that colour; a dry, powdery red, sometimes covered by the green stalks of vines in the frequent vineyards, vines drooping with the weight of their fertility.

Rounding a bend, we came upon the church. We could have passed on were it not for the little group standing about with prayer books in hand. It was tiny. Set back a little from the road, it lay perched on a slope in a clearing amid the pines. We walked around it in half a minute. Built in an almost circular shape, it boasted a neat Doric facade with two pillars framing the

doorway. Between these pillars and just outside the door a temporary wooden altar had been made ready for Mass. A few steps led down to the red earth, and little breaths of air played hide and seek with the pages of the Mass book.

There was a stir among the bystanders as the priest arrived in a Citroën. We followed some people inside. Not more than twenty persons could be accommodated within the tiny oratory. At one end was an altar surmounted by the only window.

We had entered through a small side door. The wickerwork kneelers and chairs were so arranged that they faced the open main doorway, and when the priest began he was facing the part of the congregation inside the building. Outside quite a number of people had gathered standing around in the clearing and some sheltered from the hot sun under the trees. A harmonium began to play outside and a little choir of contraltos and mezzos joined in Plain Chant. Rather naively we joined in and mingled our Gaelic inflections with the Gallic nasal tones of our neighbours.

When the Communion bell rang one of the altar boys came around with two wooden plates; on one were counters such as are used in gambling casinos. The plates were passed around and anybody

wishing to receive simply placed a counter in the other plate: a very systematic way to discover just how many Sacred Hosts should be consecrated.

Quite a big proportion of those present received and the harmonium rarely stopped playing. There was a sermon. It had plenty of sound and eloquence, but we had to be content to listen to the sound—our knowledge of the language was rather limited.

When Mass was over the congregation broke up into little groups conversing. Coming out of the dark interior, we were immediately stunned by the brightness of the ladies' dresses, the whites were bleached by the sun so that it almost hurt one's eyes to look at them.

My, how those people walked. They had a natural poise and elegance in their movements. A memorable sight was that of teenage girls curtsying in salutation of relatives and friends. It was all so old-world and quaint that we felt the last remnants of French aristocracy were about us.

They seemed to take great interest in meeting people and conversing with them and their behaviour was vitality personified. They were different indeed, from the commercially-minded townspeople we had met and we felt, at last, that we had seen some real French people that day and for a short while had been as one with them in the Holy Sacrifice of the Sabbath.



OCTOBER, 1957.

The Murphy Twins

My Dear Children,

As the Rosary Month has come round to us again I would like to remind you of Our Lady's appeal to the Children of Fatima to say more and more Rosaries. If you want to please your heavenly Mother you will do your best to say your Rosary every day, and it will bring great blessings to yourself, your family and your country.

Your letters were very welcome indeed, many thanks to those who wrote to me. Most of you seem to prefer Painting Competitions to any other kind, so this time I am giving you another picture to paint. In future, please **DO NOT CUT OFF THE COUPON**—it must be attached to the picture.

I was very glad to see by your letters that you are going ahead so well with the mite boxes and that you are not forgetting the "FOUR LAST THINGS"—Waste Paper, Silver Paper, Mite Box, Prayers. Don't forget to look up Page Two of Cover where you will find the list of schools that contribute to the Waste Paper Collection.

I want all my nieces and nephews to say a Hail Mary for a very big, very special intention for me, please. I know I will get it if you pray for it!

God bless you all.

Your loving

AUNTIE BRIGID.

PETER and Pauline were now in first class, and as this was the First Communion Class, Mammy decided it was time for them to stay up each night for the Rosary. But, alas! the first night they thought it was a very long prayer indeed, and Pauline fell asleep and Peter, I'm sorry to say, patted the dog and pulled the cat's tail. What did Mammy do? No, she didn't punish them, but she decided to help them to love the Rosary instead. So she told them beautiful stories about Our Lady appearing to the three children at Fatima, and Bernadette and Our Lady of Lourdes, and how all the time Our Lady wanted people to say the Rosary well.

But this was Saturday night and Mammy was very busy darning socks, so the children were very sad as she had no time to tell them a story. Michael said Mary should darn the socks, as Sister Eugene was teaching her to do darns at school. Pauline said she'd do them when she'd grow up, but that was no use. Daddy was sitting by the fire with the paper in his hand, but he mustn't have been reading, as he put down the paper, smiled across at Mammy and said "Will it do if I tell you a story instead?" Michael was delighted, because Daddy told grand stories about Sarsfield and Galloping O'Hogan, and wars and battles, but Mary wasn't so sure. "You know, Daddy," she said, "it must be about the Rosary. Mammy says all the stories this month must be about the Rosary." Mammy was

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Results of July Competitions Overleaf.

The Murphy Twins—contd.

smiling now, and Daddy said "All right, but there'll be history in it as well, so you'll all be satisfied. It happened in 1798 in a small village in Co. Wexford." "I know," broke in Michael, "the Yeos burned Boolavogue Chapel, and Fr. John Murphy went out to fight them." "Yes," said Daddy, "that is the time it all happened, but the village wasn't Boolavogue, it was Kileny. As Michael said, at this time the Yeos were going around the country torturing and tormenting the people, raiding their homes and burning their Churches. In this particular village there lived a very old man named Fintan O'Rourke. He was so old he was almost blind, and was very feeble indeed. But he had one treasure of which he was very fond—it was a huge

Continued overleaf.

CHILDREN'S PAGE—contd.

THE MURPHY TWINS—contd.
Rosary, made of stone, and his one joy was to drag himself each evening to the Church and say the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary." "Did he say the whole fifteen of them every day, Daddy?" asked Mary. "Yes," said Daddy, "every single day, but one day the Yeos came, and just as they did in Boolavogue, they set fire to the chapel. But first they dragged out the poor old man who was inside saying his Rosary and caught him roughly and bound him up with tight ropes and threw him into the graveyard. Just then one of the soldiers saw the stone Rosary beads and thought of a cruel plan. They heated the stone beads red hot in the fire and put them around poor Fintan's neck. But all this was too much for his feeble frame, and the poor old man fell dead." "Oh, Daddy," said Mary, "that is a very sad story." "It isn't finished yet," said Daddy. "There was an English captain, Captain Warmouth, a Protestant watching the cruel game of the soldiers. He was a good man and was very angry with them. He was astonished, too, at Fintan's patience and at his holy death, so he stole back afterwards and took the Rosary as a souvenir. Long years after that, the people in the village saw an old white-haired officer kneeling in prayer at Fintan O'Rourke's grave saying the Rosary on great stone Rosary beads. They knew then that Captain Warmouth

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RESULTS OF JULY COMPETITIONS.

First Prize—John O'Farrell, 5 Bengal Tce., Limerick.
Second Prize—Kathleen Danaher, Upper Athea, Athea.
Third Prize—Eileen O'Grady, Duxtown, Rathkeale.
Fourth Prize—John Griffin, 20 Lr. Gerald Griffin St.,
City.
Fifth Prize—John O'Brien, Glenroe, Kilmallock.

Prize for BEST LETTER goes to:—
Angela O'Shaughnessy, Morenane, Kilcornan.

Sincere thanks to Margaret K. Moloney, Sugar Hill, Templeglantine, for sending on a fine parcel of Silver Paper.

had been converted and that Fintan O'Rourke's death had not been in vain. "Thanks very much, Daddy," said the children, "it was a lovely story." "And," added Mary, "even if it was sad, it had a very happy ending."

LEPANTO

*My Mother often told me
That once when wicked men
Were fighting with the Catholics,
I couldn't tell you when.*

*The wicked men were winning,
The Pope was glum and sad,
And then he had a bright idea
Which made him very glad.*

*He said "We'll say the Rosary,
It is Our Lady's prayer,
And she is Queen of Heaven,
She'll send us help from there."*

*And that was how it happened,
So very long ago.
The enemy was scattered,
Our Lady won, and so*

*If you're in any trouble,
Just say Our Lady's prayer,
For she is Queen of Heaven,
She'll send you help from there!*

SOMETHING TO MAKE

You are busy these days collecting conkers and putting cords through them for a game. Did you ever think of using the outer shell of a conker to make a boat? First of all, choose a good piece of conker shell and smooth off the edge with a penknife. Next get a lollypop stick and point both ends of it. Fix a piece of paper on one end for a flag and stick the other end into the bottom of the shell inside. You can now float it on the water. Why not make a whole fleet of them and decorate your flags with gay colours?

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SPORT

By REV. W. J. CARROLL, P.P.

IT is possible that many of our younger readers are unaware of the past glories of Limerick in the athletic world. In the early days of the century, this county produced a wonderful crop of athletes of world class, about whom an article may be written at a later date. Names that would readily spring to mind are those of John Flanagan, Paddy Ryan, Dan Shanahan, J. J. Fahy, Jack Bresnihan, Jack O'Grady, the Aherne brothers, and Con Leahy, all of whom were either Olympic champions, or holders of world's records, and some of whom gained both distinctions. Since those palmy days, while our county has turned out many useful athletes, yet it has produced none to compare with the giants of the past. In recent years, however, Limerick men have scored remarkable successes in cross-country and long-distance running.

In 1956 Benny O'Sullivan of Mungret won the six mile junior cross-country championship of Ireland, and also in 1956 won the senior (9 miles) cross-country championship, and is the only man who has won these two titles in the same year. In 1957, Jim Cregan of Croom won the ten miles championship, with Benny O'Sullivan close up in second place, both beating the Irish record for that distance. The Limerick team won both the junior and senior cross-country titles this year, and won with a record low score.

At the present time, Benny O'Sullivan is junior and senior cross-country champion, and also four and five miles flat champion of Ireland, a truly wonderful record.

Limerick won the junior cross-country championship in February, 1954, at Moore, Co. Roscommon,

for first time ever—P Carmody, 1st; J. Houlihan, 2nd, in Limerick team.

In Gaelic football, Limerick began well, winning the first All-Ireland to be played after the founding of the G.A.A. : this victory was as far back as 1887; the county won again in 1896. Since then Gaelic football has declined here, and no further titles have come our way. For years past, Limerick has been graded junior in football and even with the best talent in the county available, we have been unable to win a junior title. At the moment, however, the standard of football is definitely improving.

Limerick has fared much better in hurling, having won six senior All-Irelands—in 1897, 1918, 1921, 1934, 1936 and 1940. In the 1930-40 decade, the county had one of the finest hurling combinations of any era, and in addition to winning three All-Irelands, won six National League titles, five in succession. We have gained top honours three times in junior hurling—in 1935, 1941 and 1954, and one minor title in 1940. At the time of writing, our junior hurlers have qualified to meet London in the All-Ireland final, having easily beaten Galway in the semi-final.

When we come to the grand game of handball, again it was in former days that Limerick was foremost in Ireland, having in Johnny Bowles a player who dominated Irish handball over a long period. When well past his best, Bowles, partnered by Stephen Gleeson, won the senior hard-ball championship of Ireland in 1927. We had to wait a long time, twenty-seven years, before Limerick again won a national title. In 1953, Tom Downes and Jim O'Toole of Hospital were narrowly beaten in the junior hard ball final, but in 1954, success at last came when Jim Moynihan and Paddy Hackett beat Mayo in a most exciting junior soft ball final. In 1955, Limerick minors almost swept the board, winning three All-Ireland championships, and it was gratifying that one of these victories was with the hard ball, or "alley

cracker," so popular in Limerick in the old days. Paddy O'Neill and Jim Keyes were the victors. In minor soft-singles, Tom McGarry easily defeated all his opponents and, partnered with Martin Mullins, won the double titles. Last year our boys won their way to the two finals, but were beaten in both. In this current year, Limerick handballers have got into four Irish finals and are fancied to win at least two, the junior doubles and minor singles. In minor soft doubles, our boys meet Cavan, an unusual pairing, and here, too, Limerick are in with fairly good prospects. In minor hard doubles, Mullins and Paddy O'Connell will meet a strong Kilkenny pair.



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LETTER FROM AMERICA

By AN IRISH NUN

I HAVE been asked to write on the difference I notice between Irish and Californian children, and the part the nun plays in the American Catholic school system.

In Eire all schools of every denomination are supported by the Government. In the U.S. education is provided free for children of every creed, but in these schools religion is not taught. This being the case, it is the ambition of every parish to build a Catholic school as soon as sufficient funds can be raised. This school adjoins the parish church and the Pastor (P.P.) is responsible for the outlay and upkeep. The financial burden of such an enterprise falls on the people of the parish. Generally a "drive," organised by professionals and helped by the men of the parish, raises the money over a period of a few years. A far greater problem, however, than the raising of the money is the staffing of these schools. Each year finds a new community arriving from Ireland in answer to an appeal, but one wonders if Ireland can supply the need indefinitely. The ideal, of course, would be for Americans to supply their own vocations.

Once the Catholic school is set up, it comes under the Education Department of the diocese. The elementary school consists of eight grades, the children beginning in first grade at five years, nine months, and graduating at thirteen or fourteen. Owing to the comparatively small number of Catholic schools, the grades are overcrowded. Some dioceses limit the number to fifty in a grade, while others allow up to seventy or eighty. Each diocese has its own Education Department, syllabuses and text-books. Sister supervisors are sent out from the School Office as in-

spectors. Great importance is attached to the tests sent out from the Education Department twice a year, as also to I.Q., Mental Ability and Reading Readiness tests. Detailed records of each pupil are kept, and report cards sent to the parents every six weeks. In the curriculum, Religion and the three Rs. are stressed; languages are kept for high school. As all the text-books are written by Catholics, subjects are presented in a truly Catholic light, referring all things to the Creator.

Now a word about American children met in Catholic schools. They are spontaneous, upright, generous and very attached to their teacher. A household word is "Sister says," and that goes. Many a father has complained that he is no longer boss in his own house since Johnny went to a Catholic school. In a group of fifty, one meets characters of all kinds, but the outstanding characteristic of the children seems to be their loveliness, which helps to compensate for their oft-times overwhelmingly high spirits. At present, American children do not know the meaning of

the word "want," but they are generous in making sacrifices for the less fortunate.

Even though there are many zealous Catholics, a good number of the children come from broken homes or homes where only one parent is Catholic. Another feature of American life is that in many cases both parents work so that they can have every convenience, car, television, etc. This means that when the child goes home from school he is left to his own devices, with the result that there is much juvenile delinquency, which is causing the Government grave concern.

The big numbers in the grades necessitates a great deal of parent-teacher co-operation. Each school has its Mothers' Club, which takes care of activities not strictly scholastic, e.g., First Friday breakfast, classroom parties, care of library and costume making. The Dads help out in the upkeep of the school, often giving free labour.

As to the position of the nun, some one has described her as "the darling of the nation." She is loved by the children and respected in every sphere. Her life of devotion and self-sacrifice is an unsolved mystery to the pleasure-crazy and worldly-minded. It is a novelty for an Irish Community to have people continually bringing gifts of fruit, cakes or salads to the convent door. They are ever ready too to help the Sisters with a broken window or leaking pipe, and feel honoured to be called on.

It is obvious from the above that any girl who has an inclination for the religious life will receive a big "Céad Míle Fáilte" in the U.S., particularly in California, where the growing Catholic population is every day making new demands.

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Mass is worth hearing well

By REV. M. SADLIER

SUPPOSE there was some storehouse of priceless treasures not far from where you live, and someone came to you and said: "I know the master of this treasure-house, and if you come along in the morning I'll recommend you to him and you may bring away as much of the treasure as you can." And suppose that this person added: "By the way, I know all about these treasures and I'll help you to make the best selection." None would believe, of course, that you could be so lucky. They would say you were dreaming. But if it did turn out to be true, you would be likely to waste none of those precious moments in the treasure-house.

Likewise, if this extraordinary person told you that he would take you into the treasure-house every day you were free, you would go as often as you could and you would study carefully how to bring away as much as possible from each visit. All the time you would keep very much on the right side of the person who recommended you. His slightest wish would be readily obeyed.

NO FAIRY-TALE.

The delightful thing about all we have been supposing is that it is no mere fairy-tale, but more or less what actually happens every time we go to Mass. In the Mass Jesus Christ comes down upon the altar to recommend us to God the Father in heaven, the Creator and Source of everything we have and hope for. On Christ's recommendation God's infinite treasury is thrown open to us, and everything we need is ours only to ask for it. The riches of this life, health and wealth, we will get in so far as they are for our good. And in this, as in any other matter, God's judgment cannot err. But there is no limit to what we can ask and hope to get when it comes to those far more valuable treasures of grace. And lest we choose unwisely and set our hearts on what is not for our good, Christ will do the asking for us if we unite our prayers with His, and leave the future in His hands. He will see to it that we bring away from each Mass just those riches of the divine treasury that we need most. Needless to say, we cannot expect Christ to recommend us to God the Father or choose the most valuable treasures

for us, unless we are on friendly terms with Him.

The Mass, then, is something wonderful; an outpouring of riches truly divine in its extravagance. And yet as great a wonder, perhaps, is our casual and indifferent attitude to it. How many of us would go to Mass on every Sunday and Holyday if we were not bound to go? How many of us are sad or distressed if we cannot go to Mass on Sunday? How many people have seldom or never been at Mass apart from days of obligation? How many think nothing of arriving late for Mass or leaving before it is fully over? And yet the very least we might do in return for all it cost Our Lord to give us the Mass is to go as often as we can and to be in time.

WHAT TO DO

A further test of our appreciation of the Mass is what we do during it. If we appreciate it as we ought we will spend the entire Mass in attentive prayer. We will not squander any of that precious time brooding over past events or arranging our programme for the remainder of the day. At least if we cannot help thinking about these things we will make them part of our prayer: inviting Our Lord to share our pleasures or asking His advice about our problems, His comfort in our disappointments. The easiest way to follow the Mass with a sustained and intelligent interest is to have a prayer-book, a Missal preferably, and to read it prayerfully. But even with a prayer-book the unchanging ritual of the Mass will prove too great a strain on our concentration, unless we frequently remind ourselves about its immense value and the importance of hearing it well. For this reason we should read something about the Mass from time to time. We have no excuse, because there are numerous Catholic Truth Society pamphlets on the subject, not to mention frequent articles in Catholic periodicals which cost little and are easily read.

If we are anxious to make the most of the Mass we will gladly go to some trouble to make it more interesting and profitable for ourselves. No amount of trouble we go to will be anything but trivial by comparison with the imperishable treasures we can store up in abundance every time we hear Mass well.

Dr. Richard Creagh—Continued

of battle. The very first day that Archbishop Creagh arrived, he was ordered by O'Neill to go abroad again with diplomatic messages. The Archbishop refused. Next he was ordered to preach in his church to encourage the people to help O'Neill's army. Dr. Creagh preached, but he did not refer to O'Neill or his soldiers. O'Neill rose up in the church and swore that he would destroy the Church in Armagh if the Archbishop did not obey him. Some days later the roof of the church was burned and some of the walls knocked down. Again, later, O'Neill tried to persuade Dr. Creagh to let him have the ecclesiastical revenues of Armagh, but the Archbishop again refused. O'Neill then threatened to denounce him to the Pope and the King of Spain as a heretic, and to the Queen as a Papist. Some time later the Archbishop moved to Connaught to fulfil his duty of Primate as well as to ease the tension with O'Neill.

AGAIN IN PRISON

It is not clear if O'Neill ever carried out his threats of denouncing Dr. Creagh, but there is abundant evidence of his being otherwise reported to the Queen as an outstanding supporter of the Pope's authority in Ireland and as a supporter of Shane O'Neill. While the Archbishop was in Galway, the Lord Deputy made a raid in the Province of Connaught, and he was again arrested. He was tried for high treason in Dublin Castle before Sir John Plunkett and a jury. He was found innocent by the jury, but both he and the jury were imprisoned in the Castle. He was kept in a deep dungeon, where he had no light except that of a candle, and while the candle was burning he had to keep his mouth to a small hole to prevent his being suffocated. Towards winter he was placed in a prison cell but still without light or heat. It was reported by fellow prisoners that light was provided miraculously for him to read his Office, and this caused the conversion of a number of unbelievers whom he instructed. After six months in the Castle he escaped, but was free only for a very short time. In December, 1567, he was recaptured and sent to the Tower. Some time later he was sent back to Dublin Castle, but here his presence disturbed Loftus, the Protestant Archbishop. At the latter's request Deputy Fitzwilliam wrote to London, in February,

1574, "there is occasion to send away Creagh, a Romish thing that wonderfully unfitteth this people and hindreth the Archbishop of Dublin's goodly endeavours to promote religion." The request was granted, and Dr. Creagh was again removed to the Tower, where he remained for the rest of his life.

IN THE TOWER

In the Tower he suffered very much, and after eight years in irons he lost one of his legs. He was questioned many times about receiving letters from Ireland and from Rome. The available letters, from the Domestic State Papers of the Reign of Elizabeth, report many questionings of various persons about Dr. Creagh. These letters indicate that he frequently received sums of money for his support, that he was in touch with the King of Portugal and Bishop Watson of Lincoln. He appears to have been on good terms with his keepers, for they realised that he was in prison only because he was a Papist. We know from Father Holing's paper that he was in continual touch with Rome and with the people of Armagh. The Papers of Cardinal Morone show that he wrote to Rome from his prison concerning many topics, e.g., condemnation of Miler Magrath's promotion to Cashel; that the Dean of Armagh wanted him (Dr. Creagh) to resign so that he could receive the See from both the Pope and the Queen; that he could freely occupy the See of Armagh if he would admit that the Queen had power to grant it to him; that only those from Louvain should be appointed to ecclesiastical positions in Ireland. He continually wrote letters, full of wisdom, piety and doctrine, from his prison, and he was a wise counsellor to many in solving doubts and troubles of conscience.

HIS DEATH

Archbishop Creagh died, some say with the help of poison, while still a prisoner in the Tower, on October 14th, 1585. The last report available, May 27th, 1585, says, "Richard Creagh, a dangerous man to be among the Irish for reverence that is by that nation borne unto him, therefore fit to be continued in prison." Only the recording angel can do justice to the virtues, fortitude and sufferings of this holy Archbishop.

TWILIGHT on

By M. O. CORRBUI

Curragh Chase

THE recent announcement that the lands of Curragh Chase, Co. Limerick, have been acquired by the Department of Lands and Forestry rings down the curtain on the De Vere ownership which lasted for three hundred years. But the family can trace its origin much farther back than that—back, in fact, to Norman times. One ancestor was Earl of Oxford in the 12th century, another was an executor of the Magna Carta, and yet another, who was a courtier during the reign of the first Elizabeth, has been put forward as the real author of Shakespeare's plays. Jane Vere, grand-daughter of the 16th Earl, married a Mr. Hunt, and it was their son, Vere Hunt, who was given the Curragh estate in Cromwellian days. Not till the nineteenth century did the family legally assume de Vere as their surname.

The lands granted to the Cromwellian soldier were heavily wooded as was much of Munster in those days. Generations of tree-loving de Veres did nothing to destroy the beauty of their surroundings, but rather gave so much time and money to improving and adorning them that Curragh Chase to-day, as it passes from the possession of Mrs. de Vere, is still a "soft retreat of sylvan splendour."

The turmoil of the Williamite wars, though skirting their demesne, must have had little effect on the family's fortunes, nor did the period of the Penal Laws interfere with the even tenor of their lives. In 1774, the Vere Hunt who then owned Curragh was granted a baronetcy and with his son and successor, Sir Aubrey Hunt, began the period which we find most interesting—the period of the men of letters and culture, who, despite the difficulties of communication and travel then prevalent, were on terms of intimate friendship with their most famous contemporaries.

A POET OF DISTINCTION

Sir Aubrey, when eighteen, married the beautiful seventeen-year-old Mary Spring-Rice, whose brother, Thomas, became Lord Monteagle and M.P. for Limerick, and whose descendant of the same name was with Erskine Childers on board the "Asgard" at

the Howth gun-running. There were eight children of this marriage of whom the best-known are Stephen and Aubrey. Their father, Sir Aubrey, himself a poet and dramatist, was a close friend of Tennyson and Wordsworth and other literary lions of his day. Wordsworth thought very highly of his poetry, proclaiming his sonnets the best then being written—with the exception, of course, of his own. And we have Tennyson's "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" to remind us of a visit paid by him to Curragh Chase in later years. Sir Aubrey was liberal in politics, tolerant in religious matters, and an exceptionally humane landlord.

WORK FOR EMIGRANTS

His son, Stephen, who inherited the baronetcy when his elder brother died without an heir, was poet, scholar and philanthropist. In order to find out the conditions under which emigrants were conveyed to America, he himself paid the passage of a number and travelled steerage with them across the Atlantic. Having landed he obtained lodgings for them, looked after the sick, and, when all were on their feet again, obtained employment for them. His report on the misery he had witnessed caused such a sensation in the House of Lords that amending legislation was at once introduced to improve travel facilities for emigrants.

Irish was, no doubt, still spoken in the Limerick of Stephen's day and he mastered it sufficiently to be able to make an English translation of "Pearla an Bhrollaigh Bhain"—"The Snowy-breasted Pearl." Politically he was more of a nationalist than any other member of the family. He became a Catholic in 1847, and when he died in 1904 the baronetcy became extinct.

MORE FAMOUS BROTHER

From the literary viewpoint his brother, Aubrey, was more famous and more prolific. He was born at Curragh Chase in 1814, and except for brief visits in his youth to his grandmother's home at Mount Trenchard,

(Continued overleaf)

Twilight on Curragh Chase—Continued

Foynes, and longer ones abroad in later years, he lived all his life in the home and environment he loved so dearly. There he received his formal education from various tutors. There, against a background of wood and lake, he grew to manhood in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. There in the evenings he listened to the music of Mozart and Beethoven, read the novels of Scott, and took part in discussions on painting and sculpture.

"No change was desired by us," he wrote, "and little came. The winds of early spring waved the long masses of daffodils till they made a confused though rapturous splendour in the lake close by . . . Each spring the black-bird gave us again his rough, strong note . . . Each year we watched the succession of flowers, and if the blue-bell or the cowslip came a little before or after its proper time, we felt as much aggrieved as the child who misses the word he is accustomed to in the story heard a hundred times before."

Having graduated from Trinity College in 1837, Aubrey de Vere went to England, where, among other celebrities, he met John Henry Newman, and became interested in the Oxford Movement—an interest which culminated in his becoming a Catholic in

1851. This visit was the first of many to England and the Continent. Soon he numbered among his friends, not only Tennyson and Wordsworth, but Cardinals Manning and Wiseman, Browning, Thackeray and other famous men of the nineteenth century. But he was back in Ireland during the Famine period, and, with Stephen, worked hard to relieve distress.

He was no revolutionary, however, and though he could and did sing of bygone glories and heroic deeds, his sympathy and admiration seemed to end with Sarsfield. He was always a strong supporter of the Union and was opposed to the Land League.

His later years were spent quietly and happily at Curragh Chase, where, at the age of eighty-eight, he died in January, 1902, and was laid to rest in Askeaton.

The beautiful mansion in which had been accumulated the lovely and valuable *objets d'art* of generations of de Veres, was destroyed by fire in 1941. Now that the estate, too, has passed from the family, let us hope that its new owners will prove worthy of Mrs. de Vere's trust, and will preserve and beautify it in a manner no longer possible for a private owner.

The Faithful Companions of Jesus—Contd.

In this respect Madame d'Houet's work has withstood the test of time and the changes in governments and Departments of Education. She has left her spiritual daughters, as their inheritance, an educational tradition, which, while adapting itself to the peculiar circumstance of the time and the needs of its environment, retains its distinction.

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Getting our facts right!

THERE is a popular fallacy that, just because we have a State appointed Film Censor in Ireland, nothing of a harmful nature appears on our cinema screens. This notion is not only false but it is very dangerous because it has led a large number of people, particularly the young, to accept as quite proper and normal many actions and attitudes which are quite repellant to Catholic ideals.

NOT THE CENSOR'S FAULT

Let me say immediately that we are fortunate in our Censor—a good and sincere man who is carrying out the unenviable job of vetting films under a system which merely restricts his power but gives him little guidance.

What are the rules for censorship of films? Well, for all practical purposes, there are none. The Censorship of Films Act, 1923, lays down the only *known* directives to the Censor. This simply states that whenever a film is submitted to the Censor:—

"he shall certify . . . that the picture . . . is fit for exhibition in public, unless he is of opinion that such picture or some part thereof is unfit for general exhibition in public by reason of its being indecent, obscene or blasphemous or because the exhibition thereof in public would tend to inculcate principles contrary to public morality or would be otherwise subversive of public morality."

CENSOR'S POWERS LIMITED

This enables the Censor to cut what is blatantly indecent, obscene or blasphemous, like nudity, double-meaning jokes or profanity. But there is much in films which is suggestive and provocative but which cannot be axed by any definite standards. Attitudes, tendencies and

general moral looseness are not censorable.

After all, what is the ultimate test? It is "public morality." And what is public morality but the morals of the public? Whatever the public accepts without protest is the standard. And this being the case, the trend must inevitably be downwards.

MORAL STANDARDS DECLINING

It is common knowledge in the film trade that the moral standard of the cinema in Ireland has been on the downgrade for the past ten years or so. There are even cases of films which were once rejected as being "subversive of public morality" being brought back again and passed for public exhibition.

We occasionally read in the press distributor-prompted statements to the effect that there is a "strict code

By FRANCIS B. RYAN

of censorship" in Ireland. Nothing could be further from the truth, as is obvious from the above quotation from the Censorship of Films Act. The only other known guidance to the Censor is a direction that he should not use other powers which the Act of the Oireachtas entitles him to use. This other "power" is set out in Section 7, Sub-Section 3 of the Censorship of Films Act. Here it is:—

"If the Official Censor is of opinion that any picture in respect of which an application is made to him is not fit for general exhibition in public but is fit for exhibition in public in certain places or under special conditions or in the presence of certain classes of persons, he shall grant a certificate that such picture is fit for

exhibition in public, subject to such restrictions and conditions (which shall be expressed on the certificate) in regard to the places at which or the special conditions under which the picture may be exhibited or the classes of persons who may be admitted to an exhibition of the picture as in the opinion of the Official Censor are necessary to prevent the exhibition of the picture in public being subversive of public morality."

FORGOTTEN SECTION

Under this Sub-Section, films can be restricted to adults; but not a handful have been so restricted since the Act was passed. Any discerning adult must agree that this is not simply because only a handful of films shown here over 30 years have been judged unsuitable for the young. Even the most amateur psychologist knows that claim is ridiculous.

No, the problem runs much deeper. Somebody has decided that that Sub-Section 3 should not be invoked. Somebody has told successive Censors that they should not certify as "adults only" films which they deem unsuitable for the young.

A CENSOR'S VIEW.

Nor is this mere conjecture. In 1945, a deputation from the Dublin School Attendance Committee waited on by the Minister for Education heard the then Censor say that 30 per cent. of the films he was passing every year for *unlimited* public exhibition were "unsuitable" for children, while 35 per cent of those were seriously harmful for children. If an Official Censor could say that in 1945, what would the figures be today when the position is by general acknowledgment much worse?

(Continued on Page 31)



COD

The audience was very dull, nothing the conjuror could do seemed to rouse them to applause. But he stuck doggedly to his task.

"For my next feat I require an egg," he remarked brightly. "If any lady or gentleman here can oblige me with an egg, I'll perform a really remarkable trick."

For a moment there was silence; then a weary voice came from the back of the hall.

"No use, mate; if any of us had an egg, you would have had it long ago."

* * *

Pat : "I'll never bet again."

Joe : "Oh, yes, you will."

Pat : "I don't think so. What will you bet I won't?"

* * *

Girl : "But, darling, be reasonable. After all, we can't live on love."

Boy : "I don't see why not. Your family loves me."

* * *

"What was the lunch like?"

"Awful. Like a gathering of relatives meeting after the death of a rich aunt who had left all her money to charity."

A successful man came to address a meeting. On entering the hall he noticed on the outside of the door a brass plate bearing the word "Push." Addressing his audience, he remarked : "There is a certain word which is the secret of success in this fair country. I will tell it to you. You'll see it on the brass plate of the door. At this all the audience looked up and, amidst laughter and to the great embarrassment of the speaker, read on the brass plate on the inside of the door the word "Pull."

* * *

Lady to doctor : "I am sorry, doctor, that you were not able to attend my supper last night; it would have done you good to be there."

Doctor : "It has already done me good. I have just prescribed for three of your guests."

* * *

A gossip is a person who will never tell a lie if the truth will do as much damage.

* * *

"Excuse me, but I am interested in knowing what you paid for that meal."

"I didn't pay for it. My friend did."

"Well, I wonder would you mind asking him."

"I can't, he's not my friend now."

Always put off until to-morrow the things you shouldn't do at all.

* * *

A doctor coughed apologetically at his patient.

"I don't like to mention it," he said, "but that cheque you gave me has come back."

"That's all right," was the reply, "so has my rheumatism."

* * *

"Mummy, is the devil a man?"

"No, dear; he's worse than a man."

"But, Mummy, you don't mean he's a woman, do you?"

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Getting Our Facts Right—Contd.

Whatever the motives for this policy of not restricting the exhibition of many more films, the fact to be remembered is that that policy exists and, accordingly, that precious little protection is given by the State as far as children are concerned.

HELP FOR PARENTS

Parents should be told this. It is most unfair for parents to be allowed to think that the Censor is safeguarding the moral welfare of their children when, in fact, he is prohibited from restricting the attendance of children at more than a handful of films in a generation.

To supply the guidance to parents which the State does not give, the National Film Institute of Ireland classifies all films now coming into the country. These appear in the *Irish Catholic* and *Standard* every week. Limerick people will also find week-to-week classifications in the *Limerick Leader*.

Quiz?

1. Who was Titus Oates?
2. What was the "Black Death"?
3. When did the Council of Trent take place?
4. What age was St. Columbanus when he left Bangor for France?
5. Who was the first Knight of Glin?
6. When did the Dominicans first come to Limerick?

(Answers on Page 32)

ST. BRENDAN'S SCHOOL—Contd.

boys' entrance hall. Further to the right is the playground. The teachers' entrance and apartments are situated to the left.

Building operations began in late February, 1956. The architect was Mr. John Thompson; the building contractors were Messrs. Lanigan Bros. The school was solemnly blessed by His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill, and officially opened by Mr. J. Lynch, T.D., Minister for Education, on 26th September. The new school opened for boys on 1st October.

St. Brendan's School serves the Prospect-Ballinacurra-Weston area, where two large housing schemes have been completed in the past 15 years. As well as catering for the pressing needs of a large section of St. Michael's parish, it eases congestion in the neighbouring schools.

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Father John Visits the School—contd.

some advice as to the diet she should adopt. Lowering her voice, she touched on a current parish scandal. By the time she had finished he had not time to take the class, as he wanted to meet the First Communion group next door before lunch break. As he left, Mrs. Cogan invited him to join the teachers, as usual, in their lunch-time tea. The loose pane of glass in the door vibrated as the class rose once more and chanted: "Slan leat, a athair."

In charge of the infants of both high and low degree was young Miss Casey, who had not long completed her training. The enthusiasm of youth was to be seen in her room, which was colourful with pictures and charts. She also had a way with the children who were to be seen escorting her along the road after school. As she gathered the ten candidates for First Communion round Father John's chair, a little girl rose from the ranks of the low infants, waited until she caught his eye and then with great composure walked to the mite-box for the New College and gravely dropped in a penny. Miss Casey brought the young lady to be introduced to Father John, who said a few words suitable to the occasion.

Soon a clamour in the corridor proclaimed the lunch break. Miss Casey and Father John moved into the next room where Mrs. Cogan was busy with the tea things over her stove. Padraig arrived jovial and expansive. As he was about to sit down a look through the back window into the school yard caused his countenance to darken. He rushed to the window and threw it up, "McCarthy," he

shouted, "I'll see you later." He shut the window with determination. When he turned round he was beaming again. He placed a hand on Father John's shoulder, "they tell me, Father, you shot two hen pheasants the other day . . ."

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. Inventor, in 1678, of the infamous Popish Plot.
2. The plague that ravaged Europe in the mid-fourteenth century, destroying nearly half the population.
3. 1545 to 1563.
4. Sixty.
5. Probably Thomas Fitzjohn, in the mid-fourteenth century.
6. 1227, eleven years after the Papal approval of the Order.

Flowers

*Fair flowers sleep softly
through wild Winter's
night.*

*God has spread o'er you, a
blanket bright*

*Of shining, shimmering, spot-
less snow.*

*His kind care keeps watch
o'er you.*

*When sweet Spring comes
with skies of blue,
Brown birds shall cheerily
call to you.*

*Your pretty petals then un-
fold.*

*Their pretty hues shall praise
the Lord.*

*Your fragrance fresh fling far
and wide.*

May God, in you, be glorified.
—C.F.

The childhood of all my elder cousins sounded most stern and disciplined when told us in our own pampered childhood by my gentle mother; she was with them at that time, still unmarried, the youngest and fairest daughter and the apple of Grandfather's eye; to my cousins not a disciplining aunt but some one very near their own age, to her elder sisters a sweet young girl who was going to receive more book education than a domestic training like theirs. When I see my grown-up cousins, however, I cannot imagine any routine which their lively minds did not animate; their characters all bear a consistent stamp of push and cheerfulness and, far from their regimented years robbing them of anything, they have gained a kind of education which is rare in these days. Would that my father had not held such decided views on his right to indulge his children as he wished and had sent us for chastisement and learning in our religious teaching.

—Mi Mi Khaing in *Burmese Family*, Longmans, Green & Co.

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