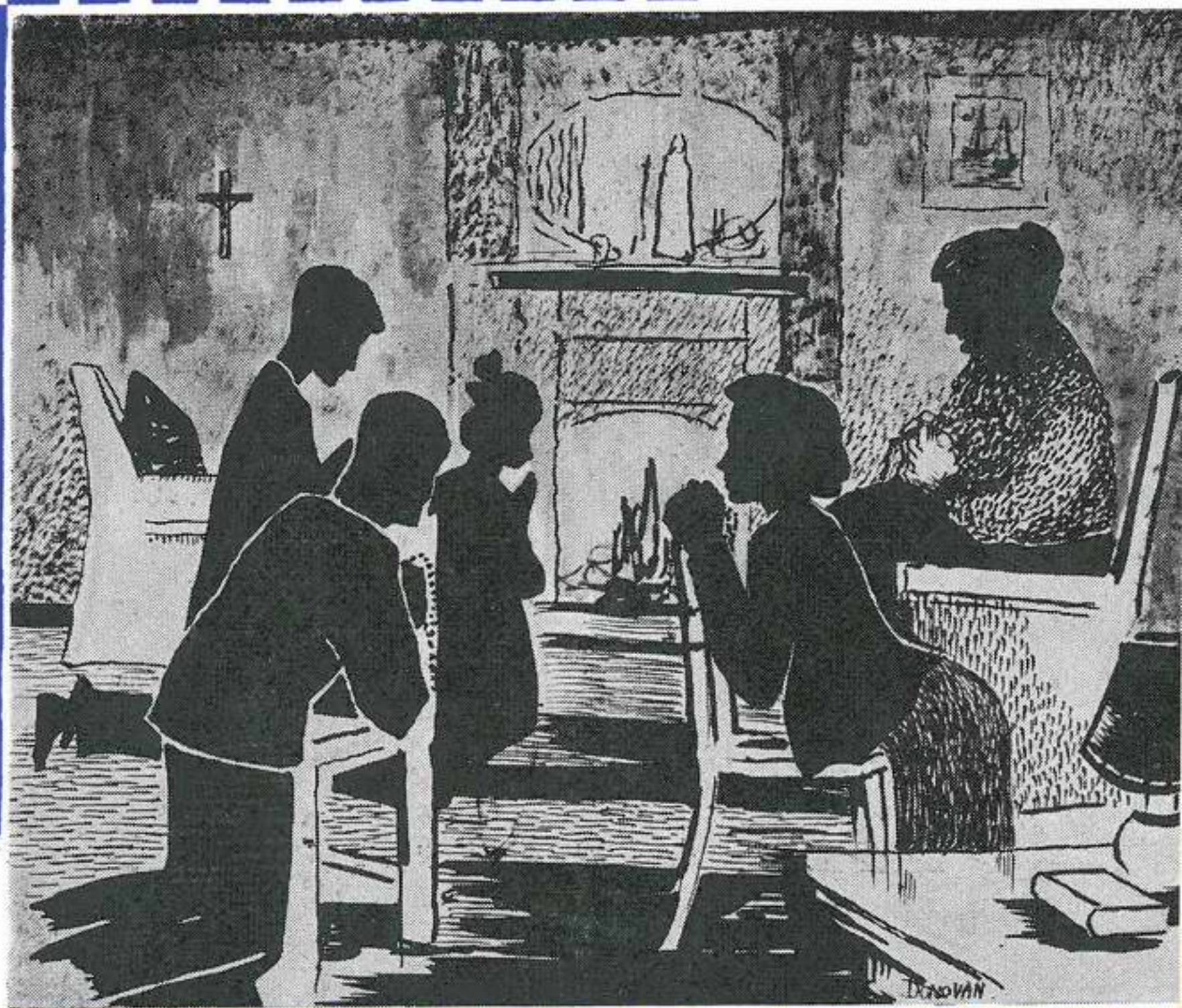


# OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

PRICE - SIXPENCE



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CONSECRATION  
CEREMONY

DOM MARMION  
LIMERICK  
COMMUNITIES

DREAM OF  
GERONTIUS

OCTOBER, 1958



# WASTE PAPER

Three Months (May June and July)  
Routes & Rural Schools:

	£	s.	d.
Ardpatrick	1	8	6
Ardagh	6	18	0
Athea	6	0	0
Abbeyfeale	35	8	6
Athlacca	2	19	6
Adare	8	7	6
Ballingarry	8	19	6
Banogue	4	14	6
Bulgaden	1	5	3
Bruff	12	7	6
Ballyhahill/Loughill	7	2	6
Ballysteen/Askeaton	12	1	6
Coolcappa/Kilcolman	3	8	0
C'town/B'gran/C'well	9	18	6
Croom	13	9	9
Dromin	3	1	6
Dromcollogher	25	16	6
Effin	2	18	9
Fedamore/Carnane	2	16	0
Foynes	8	9	9
Granagh	6	7	6
Glenroe	13	1	6
Gl n	7	10	0
Kilmeedy/Feenagh	7	4	9
Knockaderry/Ahalin	6	8	0
Kilfinane	4	13	0

	£	s.	d.
Kilmallock	24	15	6
Kilfinny/Croagh	10	9	0
Killeedy/Ashford	9	16	6
Kilcornan	2	13	6
Kildimo	16	0	0
Lurriga	3	19	3
Martinstown	5	18	6
Mungret/Crecora	18	9	3
Monagea	1	15	0
Manister/Ballymartin	1	7	6
Mahoonagh	11	15	0
Mountcollins/Tournafulla	2	6	3
Newcastle West	35	18	6
Pallaskenry	1	17	9
Rathkeale	21	0	9
Rockhill/Bruree	11	18	3
Shanagolden	6	10	0
Templeglantine	2	15	0
Cratloe	6	16	0
D'more/Roxboro'/Knockea	2	17	6
Monaleen	5	13	6
Meelick/Parteen	5	7	0
Tervoe	1	6	0
City School's & Centres:			
Ballynanty N.S.	1	17	6
Janesboro' N.S.	20	9	6
John St. C.B.S.	2	6	3
Laurel Hill	18	13	6
Mary St. N.S.	12	19	3
Model N.S.	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mount St. Vincent	1	15	3
Presentation N.S.	8	0	0
Salesian N.S.	3	16	9
Sexton St. C.B.S.	3	9	0
St. Anne's Voc. School	1	5	0
St. Brendan's N.S.	8	8	9
St. John Baptist, N.S.	18	3	0
St. Joseph's N.S.	4	16	3
St. Michael's N.S.	1	19	6
St. Munchin's College	10	14	0
St. Munchin's C.B.S.	11	9	0
St. Patrick's N.S.	9	16	9
St. Vincent de Paul N.S.	4	17	6
Technical Institute	1	2	9
St. John's Presbytery	8	11	6
Garryowen	4	13	9
St. Mary's Parish	19	9	6
Edward St.—Prospect	3	3	3
O'Connell Ave.—G'fields	18	16	6
Ballinacurra—S.C. Road	5	15	0
Corbally	10	12	6
St. Munchin's Parish	10	12	9
Killalee	5	12	6
Summary:			
Routes and Rural Schools	419	17	8
City Schools and Centres	214	16	3
All other sources	76	19	9
	£711	13	8
Total collected to date, £9,578 1 7			



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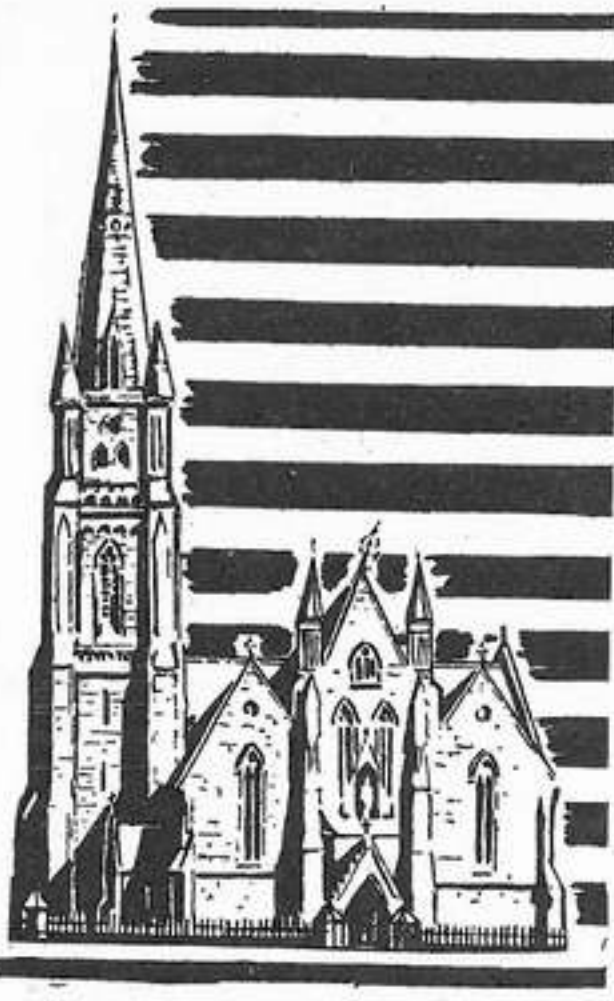


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## CONTENTS

Vol. V. No. 3a.

	Page
Limerick Communities ...	3
Diocesan Pilgrimage ...	5
Consecration Ceremony ...	8
Dom Columba Marmion ...	9
Sport ...	11
The Dream of Gerontius ...	12
Women's Page ...	19
Co-operative Movement ...	21
Children's Page ...	23
Carrig O'Gunnell ...	26
Memories of Crecora ...	28

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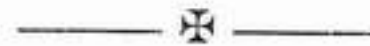
# CATHOLIC LIFE

*A Quarterly Magazine of the Diocese of Limerick under the Patronage of His Lordship, Most Reverend Henry Murphy, D.D.*

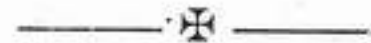
OCTOBER, 1958

## OUR NEW BISHOP

WHEN our last number came out we were in mourning for our late Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill. On this occasion it is our pleasant task to welcome on behalf of the priests and people of the diocese our new Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. Murphy. Our diocese is indeed fortunate to have available as a successor to Dr. O'Neill a man who combines so harmoniously the piety, judgment and learning needed by one who, as a successor of the Apostles, is to be the spiritual Guide and Father of the Faithful.



As our lay readers will have gathered by now, Dr. Murphy had won the universal respect and esteem of his former colleagues and his appointment was received by them with rejoicing. We can forecast with confidence that this is an esteem which will shortly be shared by all members of the diocese, once they also have an opportunity of knowing their Bishop.



As a member of the Editorial Board, Dr. Murphy played a big part in launching this magazine. Now he succeeds Dr. O'Neill as its Patron. His special interest will be an added inspiration to all associated with it to make it a worthwhile contribution to his work of ruling, teaching and sanctifying his diocese.



On behalf of all our contributors and readers, we offer our new Bishop our sincere and prayerful good wishes for a long, successful and happy reign in the See of St. Munchin.

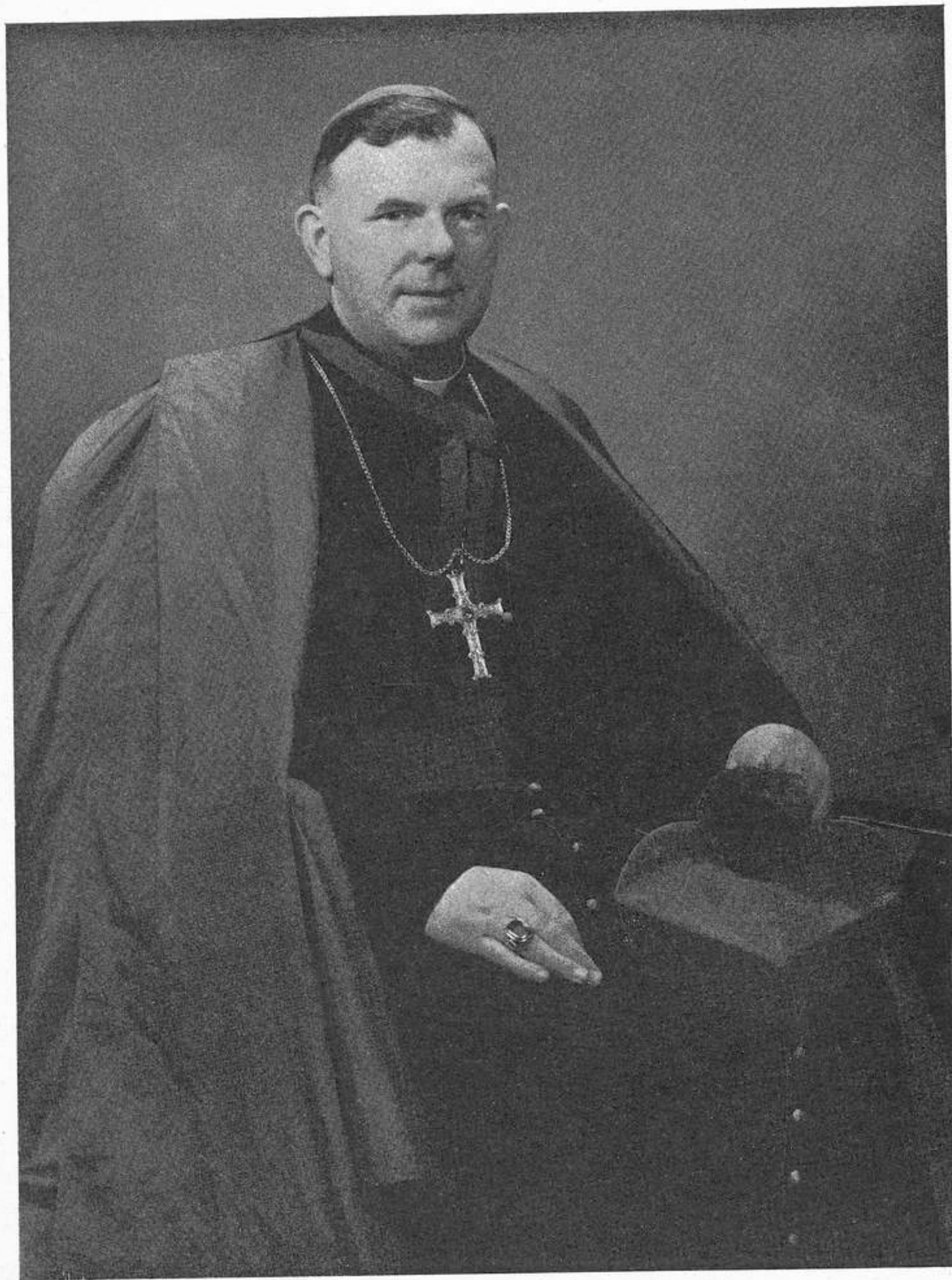
THE EDITOR

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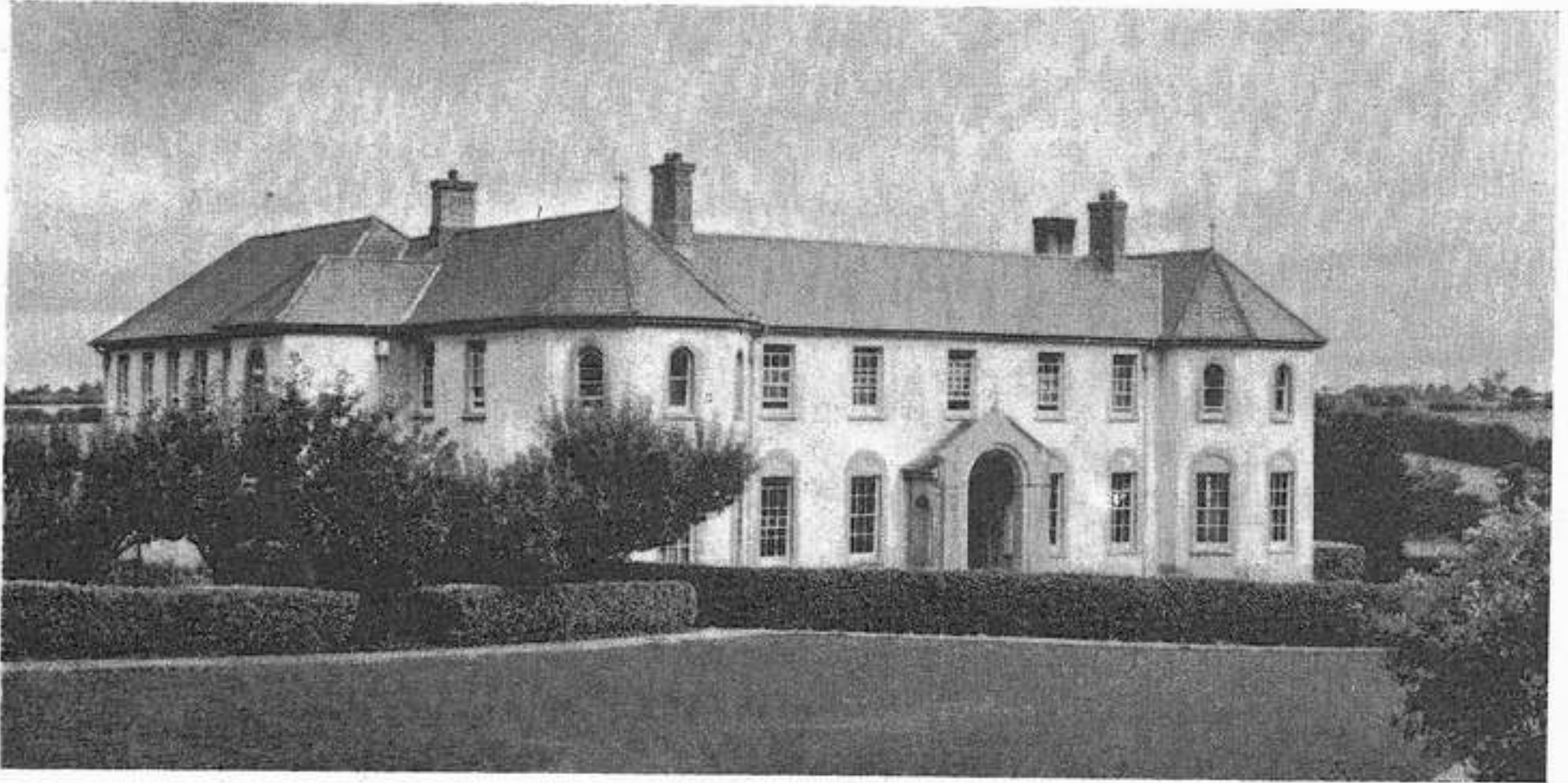
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**MOST REV. HENRY MURPHY, D.D.    CONSECRATED 31st AUGUST, 1958.**





The Convent, Kilmallock.

## *The Sisters Of Charity Of St. Paul*

### *The Apostle*

OCTOBER 15th, 1903, will ever be a memorable one both to the inhabitants of Kilfinane, and the Community of St. Paul; to the former, because their long desired wish of having a convent of nuns in their midst was being fulfilled, and to the latter because their first foundation in Ireland was being laid.

The Sisters chosen for this work were Mother M. Ignatius Caley, Sr. Vincent Marie Murphy and Sr. Loretto Madigan. The little band from Selly Park, Birmingham, accompanied by Rev. Mother General M. Gabriel, was cordially welcomed at Kilmallock Station by Father Carrick, Parish Priest of Kilfinane. The sun had been shining all the morning, and Father Carrick said: "that evidently Providence was smiling the Sisters a welcome."

#### ARRIVAL IN KILFINANE

After a slow drive the destination was reached. This proved to be a small, but pretty looking cottage in a secluded position. Though ordinarily a quiet road on this day it was literally alive with the inhabitants of Kilfinane, who came in crowds to welcome the nuns, and invoke upon them the choicest blessings from Heaven. Never had

the Sisters of St. Paul met with a similar ovation on the opening of their branch Houses in England. Presents of food, pouring in constantly from well-wishing people helped to overcome initial difficulties.

The first task undertaken by Mother Ignatius and her two assistants was the reception of over one hundred girls of all classes and ages as aspirants to the Children of the Holy Angels. Very shortly visitation work among the sick commenced and the delight of the people was unbounded.

#### BISHOP O'DWYER

On October 30th, his Lordship Bishop O'Dwyer gladdened the little Convent with his presence. This great patriot, who was responsible for bringing to Ireland the community to which his only sister, Mother Gonzaga, belonged, showed the deepest interest in the Sisters' work, and gave them every possible encouragement. He said the house should be called "Bethlehem" on account of its poverty.

On November 2nd the School Sisters



took up duty in the Girls' Primary School—the principal work which had brought them across the sea. Further progress was made when a beautiful convent overlooking the delightful Golden Vale was built by the aid of parishioners for the Sisters in 1905. Amid the gay celebrations for the opening, one feature was missing—the happy presence of their Mother Foundress, Geneviève Dupuis, who died two years previously.

### MOTHER DUPUIS

This alert and vivacious French Sister was taken from her beloved Convent at Chartres in France, to found a new community in hostile England. It was Dr. Tandy of Banbury directed by Cardinal Wisemen, who invited the Sisters of Chartres to come and aid in the apostolate of education in his diocese. The England of 1847 was anti-Catholic in the extreme, the people suspicious and mistrustful, when not actively antagonistic. But Geneviève's brave heart did not waver, for her intrepid soul had been woven on the loom of suffering. Victims of the French Revolution, both her parents had endured persecution and the bitterness of exile. Hunted priests had found a refuge in the Dupuis household, and as the little girl received her religious instruction from them, her ardent soul had thrilled in admiration of their piety, zeal and daring amidst unspeakable danger in the cause of "le bon Dieu." The Mother-General of the Order when Geneviève was a novice, had actually suffered imprisonment in consequence of her brave stand for God against the agents of Robespierre.

Consequently, when she was required to leave all that she held dear, she responded with alacrity. In those pioneer days the state of education was deplorable. The industrial revolution and the Irish emigration of the famine years, 1848 and 1849, increased the population of England by over a million. Thousands of Irish Catholic children living in the slums of the great industrial towns, in crowded centres of mining districts all over England, either attended no school at all or, if they did, left at the age of nine to go to full time work. The most appalling feature of this social tragedy was the fact that these children were growing up in ignorance of their religion. The problem the clergy of the time had to contend with, was not only to build schools, but to find teachers who were prepared to do the work solely for the love of God; to give their services for the mere pittance which

the priests could ill-afford, because there was no government support. In face of all these difficulties the Sisters were undeterred, and resolved to do their utmost for these Irish emigrants whose simple faith moved them deeply, and whose ancestors had fought so bravely for the Faith and the Mass.

Mother Dupuis set to work on this difficult mission, opening a day school in Banbury and a night school for the older children. Life was very laborious in those early days. All the household work was done by the Sisters in the early hours of the morning or late at night. But their reaction to this life of toil can best be seen in the words of their saintly Foundress: "Do not praise me, I pray you. For what in the eyes of the world appears to be a sacrifice is in the eyes of faith a singular grace. I pray to God every day to make me less unworthy of so glorious a mission."

God blessed the work of this valiant soul. Numerous postulants joined, the Mother house was transferred to Selly Park, Birmingham through the instrumentality of Bishop Ullathorne, and the first rescue work for poor orphan children was undertaken. A Training College for Catholic teachers, built and entirely financed by the Congregation, was attached to Selly Park in 1910, but it has since been transferred to Rugby.

### THE SPREAD OF THE ORDER IN IRELAND

The spiritual daughters of Geneviève Dupuis who started work in Kilfinane, brought with them the same spirit of faith and devotion to Mary as that of their Mother Foundress. Very soon, in 1924, a Secondary School was begun, and quite recently, in 1953, an additional block—Arus Bride—was added on to provide for the ever-increasing number of boarders.

The Sisters undertook primary education in Kilmallock in 1927, and in 1933 a beautiful convent was built for them near the ruins of the old Dominican Abbey. To-day the National School of O'Healy and O'Rourke and the Secondary School attached to the Convent continue the good work. Here, too, the Sisters attend to the Sacristy and train the Church choir. Being placed under the protection of St. Paul, the school motto is naturally, "Omnibus Omnia," and each pupil strives to be faithful to this ideal, to her country, and to the faith of her fathers. This Pauline spirit of self-sacrifice

Continued on Page 31



# LOURDES - 1958

THOSE who travelled on the Diocesan Pilgrimage to Lourdes are still telling and re-telling the story of the pilgrimage at firesides and chapel-gates, on city streets and country roadsides throughout the diocese and farther afield. Each one's account will be coloured by his or her own personal experiences and impressions. But all will agree that it was one of the experiences of a lifetime.

One could fill the magazine with a detailed account of the journey to and from Lourdes. Such details, however, hold only a secondary place in the memories of a Lourdes pilgrim by comparison with the indelible impression made by the Grotto itself and all that goes on around it in Rosary Square. So profound is this impression that it cannot easily be conveyed in words. One must go to Lourdes to experi-

ence the all but visible form that the influence of Our Blessed Lady takes there. You must see the Grotto to realise that Our Lady appeared there a hundred years ago; and the realisation strikes you so forcibly that you cannot get it out of your head that somehow she is still there. You feel nearer to her there than you could any place else on earth.

This is not to say, of course, that everyone who kneels at the Grotto is vividly aware of the presence of Our Lady. Not a few will return from Lourdes and say that they experienced no exceptional fervour. They may even say that they found it hard to pray. But no one will deny that Lourdes leaves a profound impression of some kind, whether it be the sight of so many sick people teaching us resignation and contentment with

our lot in life; the torchlight procession urging us to re-kindle our fervour; lending a hand with the invalids opening our eyes to the value and reward of service to others; the sight of so many fervent Catholics from so many different parts of the world giving us a practical proof of the universality of the Church and a new sense of grateful pride in our Catholicism. In these and other ways, Our Lady made her presence felt to us at Lourdes, as well as teaching us, in greater or lesser measure, the basic lessons of prayer and penance.

All this we had still to learn when we assembled under the diocesan banner the morning after we arrived, for the formal opening of the pilgrimage. In the next few days it became second nature to us to rally to the banner. It was the only landmark we were sure of, and

*Continued overleaf*



His Lordship the Bishop pictured with pilgrims at St. John's Cathedral prior to departure.



## 6. OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

only for it we could never have marshalled ourselves into a body for the common exercises. Without the banner and the pilgrimage badge it would have been impossible to distinguish one's fellow-pilgrims in the crowds. One of the most striking discoveries of a Lourdes Pilgrimage is the sameness of Catholics the world over. Except where there was a pronounced difference of colour or dress, or when a person spoke in his own language, it was not easy to judge whether a person was Irish or otherwise. Everyone had much the same demeanour as ourselves and for practical purposes the same devotional habits. The universal likeness of Catholics was much more marked than their differences of nationality.

It was a proud moment for us when His Lordship, the Bishop, gave the customary address of welcome at the Grotto and formally opened the centenary tribute of the diocese to Our Lady of Lourdes. It made us feel that we could make our own of Lourdes. French Catholics may take the first place,

but Lourdes belongs to the whole Church, because Our Lady's invitation to come there was addressed to every Catholic. Nothing brings that home more effectively than to hear your own bishop speaking with the same authority there as he would at Confirmation in the parish at home. It made us feel that we were ambassadors of the diocese to this earthly court of the Queen of Heaven. We felt we had the honour of the diocese to uphold. We could not dissociate ourselves from all the associate members of the pilgrimage who were praying with us and for us at home. And it was gratifying to feel that by our mere bodily presence we were helping to represent the diocese there in the centenary year.

The greatest glory of Lourdes is that the central theme of the devotions is the worship of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. It seems as if Our Lady of Lourdes is particularly anxious to vindicate for herself in this greatest centre of her devotion the title of which she is most proud, the title of Mother

of God. She draws us to Lourdes to honour herself and when she has us there she centres our attention on her Divine Son. The new privilege of having Mass at practically every hour of the day and through the night is admirably in keeping with this tradition. The Blessed Sacrament procession, culminating in the Blessing of the Sick, is regarded by all as the greatest moment of the day in Lourdes. The sight of so many invalids eagerly expecting some token of Our Lord's compassion, as He passes amongst them, seems to lend a special urgency to the chants and prayers. There is no more eloquent lesson on the value of suffering than this ceremony of blessing the sick. There can be no want of compassion in the Heart of Jesus and yet for every sick person miraculously cured at Lourdes He passes by thousands of others and seems deaf to their appeals. The reason can only be that He knows the value of suffering in the eyes of God. He even came on earth to suffer and die in order to convince us that suffering is some-



Chaplains, Doctors and Nursing Staff in charge of invalids.



thing we would crave for rather than fear, if we too could see its value.

If miracles of bodily healing are few, there is no numbering the miracles of resignation and contentment in suffering that are worked in the hearts of the sick in Rosary Square. Our own invalids were proof of this. Despite their helplessness and the unavoidable hardships of such a pilgrimage for the sick, they were the most edifying and the most cheerful of the pilgrims. Their delight at being in Lourdes was more than recompense for all those who, by subscriptions to the Invalid Fund or by any other service, had helped to send them there.

The invalids were rightly grate-

ful to those wonderful people who freely devoted most of their time during the pilgrimage to waiting on them. Indeed, no one but Our Lady of Lourdes could ever repay the labours of the doctors and nurses and all the voluntary helpers who devoted themselves to the care of the invalids. When the rest of the pilgrims were free to do as they pleased, they were putting in a hard day's work in the hospital or wheeling the invalids to and from the Baths or the Blessing of the Sick. It would be idle to try to praise adequately such self-sacrifice and devotion.

Perhaps, the most memorable feature of Lourdes is the Torchlight Procession. That unbroken chain of light winding around Rosary Square to the haunting

strains of the Lourdes Ave is simply unforgettable. No less impressive are the many other features of the devotional life of Lourdes: the Baths, the Stations, the visits to the places in the town associated with the life of St. Bernadette. It is little wonder that the pilgrim always wants to return to Lourdes again. The organisers of the Pilgrimage and those who helped with the travel arrangements deserve a word of thanks from every pilgrim for making such an experience possible for them. Few people realise the amount of work that a big pilgrimage like ours entails for the organisers. To their credit it is that the Diocese of Limerick was more than worthily represented at the Lourdes centenary celebrations in 1958.



Procession of the Blessed Sacrament in Rosary Square. During the Pilgrimage, the Blessed Sacrament was carried in this Procession by Most Rev. Dr. Murphy.



# Consecration Sermon

For the sermon preached at the end of the Consecration ceremony, Monsignor Moloney took for his text:—

"A servant of the Lord . . . must be kindly towards all men, persuasive and tolerant with a gentle hand for correcting those who are obstinate in their errors." (11 Timothy, 11, 24).

He said: "There is St. Paul's charter for a bishop—kindly, persuasive, tolerant. This was the Apostle's last letter, no longer fiery and impetuous but measured and calm and mellowed. It was written during his Roman captivity and he knew that the end was near, that he would soon be with Christ, his Master. The time has nearly come when I can go free: I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race. To whom did he write this letter so different from the vigorous epistles of his active years? He wrote to his favourite disciple, to Timothy the young bishop, his destined successor. There is no one else who shares my thoughts as he does, Paul wrote of him. Had not prophecy long ago singled out Timothy for the burden of a Bishop's office?"

"Such was the relationship of Paul and Timothy. May we not be permitted to see a parallel in the case of our dear, dead Bishop and the splendid young prelate whom the Pope's Nuncio has just consecrated. In Patrick O'Neill the manliness of St. Paul was ever tempered by the gracious courtesy of Christ. Paul grew gentle and resigned in Roman bondage, as Dr. O'Neill, that alert and vigorous figure, came to accept the restraints of long illness with smiling patience. Paul waxed enthusiastic about his young disciple and insisted that no one must think less of Timothy for his youth. Here for years we rejoiced to witness the mutual regard and trust of Patrick O'Neill and Henry Murphy.

"Their deep understanding was marked, as all who knew them would expect, by that seemly reserve which lends dignity to life. In this quiet Limerick land we are not a demonstrative people—at least we hope that we are never theatrical. Limerick is a land of wide plains and placid streams: you must look elsewhere for soaring heights and crashing seas. Yet Limerick is quietly proud that in her hours of need she can find quiet men of the calibre of Patrick O'Neill and Henry Murphy.



*Picture shows the Monsignor descending from the pulpit after his sermon.*

## LIMERICK'S UNUSUAL CONCERNS

"Our young Bishop has other commitments this afternoon. Public bodies and voluntary groups are waiting to speak their homage and regard. The temporal order is not our Bishop's primary concern but by instinct he shares his Master's compassion for the multitude. Limerick has unusual concerns at the moment, and Dr. Murphy will

surely encourage anything that private enterprise or public policy may do to give this Cinderella of cities her due place in the Irish sun.

"The Vicar General, the Dean and Chapter, and all our clergy in happy unity have laid a charge upon me. They ask me to assure our beloved young prelate of the love and loyalty we gave the dear, dead bishop, his friend and master in Christ. They ask me to thank the Holy Father for such a prompt appointment to the See of Limerick. It marks the concern of the Holy See, advised by our worthy Nuncio, for Limerick's great seminary project. May that lesson be not lost upon any amongst us. If hitherto we have failed and so placed too heavy a burden upon Dr. O'Neill, God grant that we may atone for it generously in this hour of need.

"My colleagues asked me, too, to thank our Cashel hierarchy for their share in giving us such a welcome Bishop. We feel that the known wish of their colleague and friend, Dr. O'Neill, was for them a sacred trust. In particular, we are especially happy to see here to-day our beloved Archbishop. Well we know how proud he and our late Bishop were to call each other friend.

"And we welcome among this vast congregation friends and admirers of Dr. O'Neill and Dr. Murphy from all the five continents. May the events of this happy day bind them more closely to Limerick. With us they all will pray for our new Bishop in the dramatic words of the Liturgy: *Firmetur manus tua et exaltetur dextera tua*. Long may his strong right hand be raised to bless and guide us, to chide us when needs must. Let us take our leave of him just now by echoing for our Bishop the greeting of St. Paul to Timothy: 'Grace and mercy and peace from God the Father and from Christ Jesus our Lord.'"



# Dom Columba Marmion

By D. BERNARD O'DEA, O.S.B.

IT is strange that Irish Catholicism, which is second to none in spreading the Faith, has produced few spiritual writers of world renown. The Irish contribution has been centred on other aspects of the Church's life. Irish prelates, priests and laity have done our country the highest honour in so far as they are the architects of our spiritual empire—Ireland's greatest glory.

Yet they have by-passed the apostolate of spirituality in print. Comparatively few Irishmen have left their mark in the Church by what they wrote, and of the few, one was Father Edward Leen, a Limerick man. Another was Father Tom Burke, O.P.; another was Canon Sheehan, and to-day there is Fr. Eugene Boylan. These are names known the world over, honoured where Ireland is scarcely known.

But there is one—little known at home, and yet the pride and glory of Ireland abroad; he is Father Columba Marmion. He was born one hundred years ago, died in 1923, and lived a life of such simple holiness that to-day the Church is considering his Beatification.

He was born in Dublin on April 1st, 1858, not the best day for a birthday—maybe. He was baptised on Easter Tuesday at St. Paul's on the Quays—that church near the Four Courts. He went to school to the Augustinian Fathers and then to the Jesuits at Belvedere College. He was the last of a family of nine and a pleasant youngster, it is said. He obeyed his parents with great seriousness, accompanied them to daily Mass and for the rest was a normal, healthy lad, as full of fun and tricks as any other boy in the locality.

Ordained priest in Rome in 1881, Fr. Marmion returned to Ireland and was appointed Curate at Dundrum, Co. Dublin. He was also chaplain to the criminal asylum there, and began early to know souls in sorrow, dejection and repentance. He was then transferred to Clonliffe, the diocesan seminary. As Professor he was a great favourite with the students.

His great pal through student days in Clonliffe and Rome was one Vincent Dwyer, who was later to become Bishop of Maitland—and incidentally his younger brother, also close to Fr. Marmion, was to become Bishop of a neighbouring diocese. We have the letters that passed between Fr. Marmion from



Dundrum and Clonliffe to Fr. Dwyer in Maitland. They reveal the future of these two giants of the love of God. The Professor was a happy man and an unqualified success. He was a holy priest and a humorous one, being the centre of joy for all around him. In a letter of that period he says: "We get on great here and are always in good humour!" He was aware that his Cardinal Archbishop had picked him for private secretary. For the present and for the future nothing blew but favourable winds.

## SECOND CALL

But the student Joseph Marmion had visited Monte Cassino—the great Benedictine Abbey some sixty miles south of Rome. Father Curtin, later Parish Priest of Croom, was in charge of the small band of Irish priests making this pilgrimage. On his way back to Ireland, Fr. Marmion called for a few days at Maredsous Abbey in Belgium. The memory of these two great Abbeys possessed him. The call to the monastic life kept tugging at his heart. He prayed for light and guidance. Everyone was against his leaving—he was universally loved and they all felt that they needed him. But the sacrifice loomed before him and he knew God loved him very specially and so he would have to set about returning that love.

Continued overleaf



"I have a hard, sweet thing to do and I must do it alone," said Pearse. So it was with Father Joe. He would follow where God was calling him, though sympathy was scant and it meant cutting for ever with all those his great heart loved. As the boat pulled out from Dunlaoghaire he bid goodbye to all he had ever cherished. One conviction alone strengthened him in this awful moment—he was answering God's call, and God would not leave him alone. He was bound for Maredsous Abbey, to learn to obey and to serve God as a Benedictine monk.

### THROUGH TRIALS TO PERFECTION

But things are not always what they seem—and Fr. Marmion's vision of monastic life was soon to be shattered. He was placed under a rigorous, sharp and unrelenting novice-master, Fr. Benedict. No two people could be more unlike. Fr. Benedict was holy, mortified, without humour, and didn't believe in it; Brother Columba, as he was now called, was a happy, buoyant, jovial young man to whom a joke was as necessary as food. His trials were many and often the twenty-seven year old professor was reduced to tears. His French was poor, he did not always grasp the orders given, and there was no quarter given to the novice from Dublin. He must be taught humility. He was certainly learning it in a hard school, yet he never flinched, though he did often wonder if he made a blunder in coming. Then he was professed and for some years we lose sight of him in a group of one hundred monks, toiling obscurely at perfection in a daily round of duties, and all the time increasing in the love of God.

### LOUVAIN

After ten years in Maredsous, he was sent to a foundation in Louvain, where the new Abbot had asked for Dom Columba as Prior. Yet even here new pain and new trials awaited him. He always seemed to find contradiction of character in his immediate superiors. Abbot Robert was a man of God (I knew him) who had nothing in common with his Prior. He watched him, commanded him, reprimanded him in private and public, but Dom Marmion had laid himself out for obedience in memory and love of Christ, and his obedience was heroic. This was the true secret of his greatness. "I had taken Jesus as my friend," he said later, looking back on those days of trial. He was now known widely, known as a distinguished theologian and of rare holiness. Cardinal Mercier was a penitent and close friend. This latter considered Marmion as the leading theologian in Belgium, and once asked him for advice on the choice of a Vicar General. Dom Marmion selected Father Van Roey, who was appointed V.G.—and later successor to the See of Malines and is actually Cardinal Primate of Belgium.

### TRIBUTE OF SUPREME TRUST

In 1909 Dom Columba was elected Abbot of Maredsous Abbey, one of the largest in the world. His regime was one of trust, kind-heartedness, paternal holiness and perpetual Irish good humour. At the outbreak of the first war he escaped from Belgium disguised as a cattle dealer, and after a perilous journey in search of a refuge for his young monks arrived at Edermine, Co. Wexford. He was the happy man to be back once again, and so unexpectedly in his loved Ireland. He had never made a secret of his affection for his native land, and later when one of his monks found him weeping bitterly in his cell at Maredsous, he admitted with his unique simplicity his great pain—the news had come through that the Irish leaders had been executed—it was May, 1916.

### THE MARMION WAY

His weekly lectures to the monks, his retreats and sermons have been gathered in four books that are accepted by Christendom as amongst the finest in true spirituality of all time. They are *Christ the Life of the Soul*, *Christ in His Mysteries*, *Christ the Ideal of the Monk*, and *Christ the Ideal of the Priest*. There is not a priest or a nun in the world as well as a multitude of laity—simple and learned—who has not found in Dom Marmion the new way to love of God and His Mother. He was so like St. Therese of Lisieux—"all for love, and no fear."

The distinctive features of his writings is his constant emphasis on the utter simplicity of the interior life. He says, not that the road to sanctity is easy, but that it is eminently simple. Holiness, he reminds us in all his works, is possible only according to the divine plan outlined by St. Paul in his letter to the Ephesians; to know and follow that plan is the whole of sanctity. It consists simply in God's having called each one of us to be His adopted children in Christ through grace. At the centre of this plan as the efficient Cause and Example of all our holiness, is Jesus Christ; He alone is the *life* of the soul; without *Him*, we cannot possess even a trace of holiness. In Marmion's own classic explanation: "For certain souls, the life of Christ Jesus is one subject of meditation among others; this is not enough. Christ is not one of the means of the spiritual life; He is *all* our spiritual life."

Everyone who is striving for spiritual perfection will surely gain much from reading and meditating upon Dom Marmion's works. In particular, his incomparable *Christ, the Life of the Soul*, wherein he outlines God's plan of holiness for us, is one of the clearest maps to sanctity drawn in modern times.

He died at Maredsous in 1923. In 1927 the late Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel, brought the

Continued on Page 31



IN the appreciation of Dr. O'Neill, in this column, in the last number of *Catholic Life*, mention was made of the late Fr. Pat Feely from the late Bishop's native Fedamore. Pat O'Neill and Pat Feely grew up together, went together to Fedamore National School, began their classical education under Canon O'Kennedy, the then parish priest, were class-fellows in St. Munchin's College and in Maynooth, and were ordained on the same day in June, 1915.

Pat Feely was, like the late Bishop, a brilliant student; as became a Fedamore man, he was an expert hurler. On more than one occasion he represented his county. In 1913, in the final in Croke Park for the gold medals presented by Cardinal Agliardi, he particularly distinguished himself.

Most of Fr. Feely's priestly life was spent in Brooklyn diocese. He worked first as a curate in a busy parish and at a moment's notice was called to fill a vacancy in the professorial staff of Brooklyn's well-known ecclesiastical college at Huntington. There he lectured first in Philosophy and later in Theology. During a few months doing relief work in Brooklyn diocese in 1956, the writer met many priests who studied under Fr. Feely and all had the highest regard for him both as a man and as professor. Later he became a pastor and built a splendid church and schools. He is still remembered in the parish with affection and esteem. His brother, the well-known practitioner, Dr. Michael Feely, was physician to the late Bishop.

It is worthy of note that of the six students, who were ordained in Maynooth for the diocese of Limerick in 1915 only one has survived—Very Rev. C. O'Sullivan, P.P., Askeaton: ad multos annos. The other five, the late Bishop, Fr. Feely, Fr. Mortell, P.P., Banogue; Fr. Dick McCarthy, C.C., St. Mary's, and Fr. M. Toomey, C.C., Coolcappa have gone to their eternal reward.

## SPORT

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

Greatly pleased would Dr. O'Neill have been at the remarkable run of successes scored by Irish horses in recent months in big races in England, including wins in the classics. Beginning with the victory of Ballymoss in the Doncaster St. Leger last fall, Irish-bred and trained thoroughbreds went on to win the Grand National, Ascot Gold Cup, the Eclipse Stakes, the King George the Sixth and Queen Elizabeth Stakes (the richest prize in English racing), and the Coronation and Goodwood Cups. Even cross-channel writers and commentators, not remarkable for love of our country, have perforce to label this year as "Irish Year" on the English turf. A further tribute to the remarkable bone forming qualities of our Irish limestone land has been the fact that, for many years, young thoroughbreds from the Royal stables in England have been sent over to our own country to be trained by Mr. Peter Fitzgerald of Adare. Dr. O'Neill and another episcopal horse lover, the late Dr. Fogarty, paid many a visit to inspect and admire the young bloodstock in the Mondellihy stables.

In this connection, it is not inappropriate to mention some of the famous horses bred in Co. Limerick. We had Galteemore, winner of the three most famous English classics—the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger. He was a four to one on favourite for the Derby and won easily. There was Ardpatrik, winner of the 1903 Derby. In the next year the Eclipse Stakes, then the richest race in England, aroused tremendous interest, for among the horses competing were Ardpatrik, Rocksand—winner of the 1904

Derby—and the fabulous mare, Sceptre, the only thoroughbred ever to win four classics. Though the public wanted their idol, Sceptre, to win, Rocksand was favourite, but the Limerick horse won an exciting race by a neck from Sceptre. Our new Bishop, Dr. Murphy, being a native of Ardpatrik, may be interested in this bit of racing history.

The writer well remembers that the owner of Ardpatrik, John Gubbins, who lived in his native parish of Bruree, when leaving to attend the Eclipse Stakes, told all and sundry in Bruree to have a bit on Ardpatrik, so confident was he of victory. History records that the tip was fully taken and tidy sums from the bookmakers' offices found their way into many a Bruree household. In the Aintree Grand National Kirkland, bred by a former parish priest of Monegea, Fr. Clifford, in different years won, was second, third and fourth—a record of consistency unsurpassed in the history of the race.

Other Grand National winners bred in this country were Jerry M, Sheila's Cottage and The Lamb. Jerry M. was indeed one of the immortals of steeplechasing. He won with top weight, 12st. 7lbs., and the following year carried the terrific burden of 12st. 9lbs. into second place. Clorane not only won the Lincoln, but won it with the highest weight ever carried up to his time, and won it in record time.

To conclude with another outstanding horse, the famous sire, Desmond, standing at Adare, had a son, Craganour, in the Epsom Derby of 1913. In the same race Desmond had a grandson, Aboyeur. The race was one of the most sensational in the history of the Derby. Run in a thunderstorm, Craganour finished first, a head in front of Aboyeur. But Craganour was disqualified and Aboyeur was the official winner of the Derby at odds of 100 to 1.



# "The Dream Of Gerontius"

By REV. M. TYNAN

ELGAR'S oratorio, *The Dream of Gerontius*, is a musical setting of the poem by Cardinal Newman. Musical critics are agreed that the oratorio is Elgar's greatest work. He certainly thought so himself. "This," he said, "is the best of me." *The Dream* is not exactly the basis of Newman's greatness, but it is the symbol of his whole way of thought, his nearness to the unseen world, his passion for immaterial things. It is, moreover, the work by which he is most widely known; *The Dream* and, perhaps, *Lead Kindly Light* are all that the average man remembers him by.

The Four Last Things, Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell, were always vividly present to Newman's mind, but in 1864, at the time of his controversy with Charles Kingsley which resulted in the *Apologia pro vita sua*, he had a distinct apprehension that he was about to die. He was not in fact to die for many years, but while the feeling lasted it had such a grip on him that he could only shake it off by casting his thoughts in verse. *The Dream* was written in January and February of 1865. The actual writing came, it appears, as a sudden inspiration. "It came into my head," he said, "to write it, I really can't tell how. And I wrote on till it was finished on small bits of paper, and I could no more write anything else by willing it than I could fly."

It is an imaginative description of death and the particular judgment, a rather long dramatic poem with some wonderfully sweet lyrics. Gerontius (from the Greek word for an old man) on whom Newman fathers the "dream" is lying on his death-bed. "Jesu, Maria—I am near to death, and Thou are calling me." He experiences the physical marks of death, "this faltering breath, this chill of heart, this dampness on my brow"—but it is not these so much that convinces him that his hour is near. It is the unique experience of what the poet calls a "sense of ruin which is worse than pain," a kind of tearing of the soul from the body, accompanied by "fierce and restless fright" and an awareness that

"Some bodily form of ill

Floats on the wind, with many a loathesome  
curse

Tainting the hallow'd air, and laughs, and  
flaps

Its hideous wings.

And makes me wild with horror and dismay."

The friends are kneeling beside the bed, joining in the prayers for the dying. Gerontius prays him-

self, repeating the act of faith and calling out for mercy. He stirs up his courage so as to meet the final challenge—"Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man"—and as the priest intones the last prayers—"Proficiscere anima Christiana de hoc mundo!—Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!"—he falls into the sleep of death.

And while a sigh goes round the room, and someone softly says "He's gone," the dream proper begins: henchforth experience can only be ex-

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pressed in terms of a dream. Gerontius awakes, so to speak, strangely refreshed, and with a feeling of "inexpressive lightness and a sense of freedom, as if I were at length myself, and ne'er had been before." He is profoundly puzzled by his new state of being, hardly knowing whether he is alive or dead, and yet aware that he is held fast in some unearthly grasp. He recognises an angelic presence by the singing of a "heart-subduing melody" (the first of many from which Elgar takes his pick). It is the Angel Guardian coming to claim the newly-released soul :

"My work is done,

My task is o'er,

And so I come,

Taking it home,

For the crown is won.

Alleluia,

For evermore."







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## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SAINT

Therese of Lisieux.

Translator: MGR. KNOX

Harvill Press, London. 21/-

Many readers will remember the storm of indignation that followed the publication, two years ago, of "The Two Portraits of St. Teresa" by Etienne Robo. He based his views of the real St. Therese on the original text of her autobiography, just then published. Now we have this valuable document to read for ourselves in the flowing English of Mgr. Knox, whose translation leaves unimpaired the simplicity and spontaneity of the saint's own style.

What is the difference between this authentic text and the "Story of a Soul," as her autobiography was known before? All the difference in the world, one might say. When the first version was issued in 1898, a year after the saint's death, it was edited by her sister, Mother Agnes, at Therese's express wish. It is alleged that the simple style of writing was not in accord with the style at the time, and besides, the notes contained many references to people still living, as well as personal family details. As a result some 7,000 changes were made and a quarter of the text was omitted. These omissions had no reference to the message of the saint, so the Holy See had approved of the text. The Congregation of Rites had the two versions in preparation for her canonisation.

It appears, then, that it was not opportune to publish all the saint wrote at the time. Now, however, circumstances have changed and the full text has been made available to the public. Mgr. Vernon Johnston (an Anglican, converted at Lisieux) describes this book as "an admirable translation."

## BOOKS

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\* \* \*

### IDEALS TO LIVE BY

FR. ROBERT NASH S.J.

M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., Dublin.  
12/6.

Fr. Nash's admirers may be a little disappointed with the latest product from his pen. It is an attempt to bring some of the meditations from the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius Loyola within easy reach of the average person. For those already familiar with the "Spiritual Exercises" it should prove interesting and even fruitful, but for others the over-all effect must be one of weariness. Few lay people will find this book really useful, in spite of what Fr. Nash says in the foreword: "This book is written for the laity. Priests and religious too may, we hope, find it helpful . . . The pages have evolved gradually over a period of more than twenty years, during which it has been the privilege of the author to act as guide in many retreats. . . ."

\* \* \*

### THE RAGPICKERS' PRIEST

FR. JOSEPH MULLINS, C.S.S.P.

Mercier Press, Cork. 6/-

Although this book has been published for some ten years, it is still known to far too few. If merely a knowledge of the miserable conditions under which the normal priest works in a French city parish were the only fruit of reading it, the undertaking would be well repaid.

Fr. Lamy's life and work in a Paris slum parish should be an inspiration to others. It is difficult to form normal parochial institutions from ragpickers, ex-convicts and casual workers, but this modern "Cure of Ars" (1853-1931) did so, as well as founding in 1924, a religious community called "Servants of Jesus and Mary," whose special task was to establish boys' clubs, study-circles, hostels and retreat-houses. Many failures had first to be encountered before any real success could be achieved; in fact, Fr. Lamy did not live to see that day, but he was encouraged from the outset by astonishing favours from Our Lady.

\* \* \*

### "YOU ARE NOT YOUR OWN"

FR. DENNIS GEANEY O.S.A.

Chapman, London.

While the title may seem strange to the worldly-wise, it contains a wealth of meaning for the Catholic, and especially for one who has a grasp of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. Seeing that we are all members of the one body, we must naturally look beyond our own life, and play a part in the life of the whole. Fr. Geaney explains clearly how this is done, not only within the home, but also in the factory and office. The author clearly states the obligation of the layman to put these principles into force in his own calling in life.

Like most American writers, Fr. Geaney writes in a light and vivid style. He quotes many amusing incidents which serve as useful illustrations. The book is essentially for young people who are to become leaders in the lay apostolate. Cardinal Stritch recommended the book by saying: "It should prove to be of immense value to laymen and women, who will discover in it a means to a fuller, more active part in the life of the Church."



# Memories of Consecration



Most Reverend Dr. Henry Murphy was consecrated Bishop of Limerick in St. John's Cathedral on Sunday, August 31st, 1958, by the Papal Nuncio, Most Rev. Dr. Levame. Our picture shows the new bishop imparting his first blessing to people gathered outside the cathedral door. Most Rev. Dr. Murphy is accompanied by the Co-consecrators, on left, Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Galway, and on right, the Bishop of Kerry, Most Rev. Dr. Moynihan.





*The President of Ireland, His Excellency, Sean T. O'Ceallaigh, arriving for the ceremony, is greeted by his Chaplain, Rev. C. Mullins, C.C., St. John's.*



*The President is seen chatting with the new Bishop after the ceremony.*





# Things I've Been Reading . . . .

## about handsome women

I have been in Arles, I have lived in Rome, I have frequently walked down Fifth Avenue but never, anywhere, have I seen so many handsome girls as in or about Limerick. At this candle-lit party, . . . half the female guests could easily have replaced Lady Lavery on the Irish banknotes . . . . Gorgeous, tall, slender, swan-like creatures they were, proud of carriage and with that easy, open smile which comes of assurance and knowledge that their men both love and respect them. In the streets of Limerick, too, the girls were startlingly beautiful and seemed, if anything, more self-assured than the men. I think that the ideal rhythm of life for men and women is not quite the same, and that the rhythm which prevails in a devout Catholic community makes for feminine happiness. Certainly, in the vast majority of cases, promiscuity does not, and here there is none of that . . . And a community where the women are happy must be, by definition, a happy society.

—CONSTANCE FITZGIBBON in *Miss Finnigan's Fault*, London: Cassell & Co., Ltd. Pp. 33-34.

## and happy children

I have recently returned from Ireland where in western towns and villages I made some inquiry, admittedly superficial, into the incidence of juvenile delinquency. I obtained no figures, yet observed no sign of anxiety on this score. One could not help concluding, not from statistics, but from observation of the children themselves, that their Church, of which nearly all are active members, is paramount in its

influence upon their happiness and behaviour.

—JOHN A. F. WATSON, Chairman of a London juvenile court, in a letter to *The Catholic Herald*.

## and unhappy faces

In Kansas City, Mo., tuning up in summer stock for her Broadway debut this autumn in Rodger's and Hammerstein's *The Flower Drum Song*, California-born Nisei Singer Pat Suzuki, 23, felt the smoke of night-clubs getting out of her eyes, candidly recalled what she had seen through it. On nitery patrons: "I feel sorry for most of them. The men are trying to make a big impression on the women in their mink coats; their faces all look unhappy."

—from the feature *People* in the American weekly news-magazine, *Time*.

## and foolish mothers

Talking of mothers, the Brentford (Middlesex) mother of a runaway 15-year-old daughter was found sobbing "Where did I go wrong?"

She said: "My daughter wanted a radiogram for her rock and roll records, so we bought her one for £40 though we couldn't afford it. We had B.B.C. T.V., but she wanted I.T.V. as well. So we bought another set. I haven't had a new coat for four years and I was saving hard for one. As she said she wanted a new dress I gave her my savings."

In fact this daughter was given everything except the one thing that would have done her most good.

So we make delinquents, and wonder why.

—from John Gordon's feature *Current Events* in *The Sunday Express*.

## on sensible upbringing

The childhood of 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 and Co., Ltd.

## on OUR LORD'S PRAYER

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*, Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd.





Nobody is going to make *them* forfeit their rights, etc. etc. Thus their little frightened minds work behind that loud and ebullient manner.

It is all very well to be charitable but I'm no saint, and there is one species of boor that makes me see

# Our Page

By MARTHA

I WONDER if our manners as a race have deteriorated over recent years. I am not speaking of stilted mannerisms or affected conventions, but of the ordinary little courtesies and evidence of consideration for others that are the hall-mark of the truly well-mannered. I could not care less if you tilt your soup-plate towards you or away from you at the dinnertable, nor can I work myself into a condemnatory rage if you saucer your tea. That is strictly your own affair. Granted it is more sensible to use your cup because you will be less likely to spill your tea, but as far as I am concerned, be a saucer-sipper if you wish. If, however, you are going to make loud, wet, sipping noises, the matter ceases to be your own affair, and it is the concern of everyone within ear-range. You annoy them, you may disgust them, and you do not mind. I have no hesitation in describing you as an ill-mannered person.

Everywhere, to-day, this disregard for the feelings of others is apparent. Very few people hold a door open for the nextcomer. In-

deed they hurl it in their faces. In bus queues they push and jostle. In trains they refuse to make room to give a fellow-traveller a seat. You would think it bolstered their ego to have a comfortable seat while some unlucky passenger had to stand in the corridor. I have seen the same unseemly behaviour in churches. How I dislike these smug, selfish rude people! And yet, when one analyses their ungraciousness I find it in my heart to pity them, for if one traces their rudeness to its source one finds it results from one of two things; lack of imagination or a sense of inferiority. If they are so devoid of perception that they are unaware of another's distress, we can only have patience with them. As for the second reason, they have no confidence in themselves and their behaviour is an effort to disguise a feeling of being inferior by a display of unconcern and loudness. *They* are not going to bow to stupid convention. *They* are as good as anybody, and *their* money is as good as anybody's. *They* were here first. *They* are entitled to this and that.

red—I speak of the egregious Cinema Boor. I shall have either to give up going to the pictures or exercise an iron control over my temper. Otherwise there shall be murder done outside the screen. There are several varieties of the genus. There is the Rustler—usually female, who consumes enormous quantities of sweets, each wrapped in several audible layers of paper. It is surprising the amount of noise a Rustler can make when searching at the bottom of a paper-bag for her favourite "soft-centres." There is the Pipe-Smoker-Spark-Thrower, invariably male. I don't mind a man smoking his pipe, even when he envelopes me in clouds of lung-searing fumes. A man must have his smoke, but when he sits there, pretending he is Vesuvius, emitting showers of sparks that alight on my nylons, my hair and my fur-collar, I feel like objecting strongly. A smell of burning haunts me. Are my nylons ruined? Is my hair alight? Is my coat smouldering? Are there fire extinguishers in the house? Should I

**Continued overleaf.**



## WOMAN'S PAGE—Continued

leave now before the panic? I change my seat and find myself in front of a Commentator Boor. This type is usually female, although I have encountered a few male of the species. Her companion is evidently deaf and half-witted, for the Commentator is obliged to explain the whole action, guess at the denouement and read all the sub-titles in a loud, clear voice. When her interest in the film wanes she discusses with equal clarity the cost of living, her new hat and several tit-bits of gossip. Immediately in front of me are a pair of Lover Boors. They sit cheek-to-cheek effectively blotting my view of the screen. I give up and go home to read a novel. I almost forgot to mention the Fusser Boor—usually female. She seats herself in front of me, having taken a considerable time to settle down. She proceeds to remove her hat, gloves and scarf and to fold said scarf elaborately. After a few moments she decides to take off her coat. She stands up, slowly

divests herself of the garment, and, still standing, folds this garment with loving and lingering care, completely oblivious of the apoplectic fury of the unfortunate patron behind her.

Every cinema is frequented by the Peculiar - Sense - Of - Humour Boor (can be male or female). He laughs inordinately and discordantly at every joke. The joke is over but his laughter still goes on. Drowning the dialogue, it rises from a cackle to a shriek, and reverberates around the hall. He is amused at the strangest incidents. Poignant farewells evoke from him a series of merry yells, and a tense dramatic moment excites him to hysterical hilarity. Shushing him is dangerous. He finds an indignant "ssh" so devastatingly funny that his side-splitting mirth threatens to bring on a heart-attack. The worst of it is that this disease appears to be infectious, and before the end of the feature you may find yourself surrounded by a dozen or

more Peculiar - Sense - Of - Humour addicts, and the resultant cacophany is indescribable.

In this issue I give a recipe which should be of use to mothers of large families as a nutritive dish. Carrots are extremely high in vitamin content and an excellent substitute for meat.

## BRAISED CARROTS

INGREDIENTS—8 or 9 young carrots. 1 pint of brown stock. 1 tablespoon of sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of glaze, salt and pepper.

METHOD—Scrape the carrots. Bring the stock to the boil, add the carrots and the sugar. Boil until tender. Remove the carrots and keep them hot. To the stock add the glaze and seasoning, and reduce the quantity by half by fast-boiling. Pour over the carrots and serve with potatoes.

If old carrots are used they must be sliced and boiled for a longer period.

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# Co-operative Movement In West Limerick

By MARY D. O'CONNOR

THE Co-operative Movement in West Limerick has attracted the attention of agricultural co-operators from the ends of the earth. In order to understand the real significance of agricultural co-operation in this area it will be necessary to pass in rapid review the Irish co-operative movement as a whole. During the latter half of the 19th century agriculture became depressed, due, first of all, to cheaper production from vast tracks of virgin soil in the uttermost parts of the earth, and, secondly, to keener competition from the better organised producers on the Continent. In countries like Denmark, where the farmers were better organised and better educated, the invention of centrifugal separation and mechanical churning raised butter-making from a home craft to a highly capitalised industry. Also, the new development of rapid transport brought big developments in distribution and so became an important factor in their agricultural economy.

## APOSTLES OF THE MOVEMENT

Sir Horace Plunkett, Lord Montague and a few others were among the first in Ireland to realise that a revolution in agriculture was needed to reform the old unscientific methods. In 1889 they set themselves the task of proving to the rural people that their prosperity was in their own hands, as in a country of small holders, solely dependent on agriculture for their livelihood, it was obvious that co-operation was better than individual effort. They preached the doctrine of self-help and tried to instil into

the mind of each individual the importance of his own contribution to the principle of agricultural co-operation. The founders of the movement realised that it was necessary to get the farmers to combine to purchase appliances beyond the scope of the individual, and to produce a better product more economically.

In 1884 the first farmers' Joint Stock Company was formed, and creameries of various types were started. At first these capitalists paid more for the farmer's milk than he could get by methods of home manufacture. This induced farmers to go out of home butter-making. After a while the price was reduced and the farmers only got what they would normally make by the old methods of home manufacture. In this way the capitalist, with his modern equipment, realised profits altogether out of proportion to the capital invested or the labour involved in the production of butter. Even before that, the farmers were victimized by what "Paddy the Cope" calls "The Gombeen Men."

The unscrupulousness of these middle-men helped the progress of the Co-operative Movement. Although it was a slow, tiresome apostolate, it was eventually established. The first meeting seems to have been held at Mount Trenchard, Foynes, and that probably accounts for the rapid response of this area to the co-operative ideal. In the early days of the movement, Ireland formed a section of the British Co-operative Union and its funds were derived from there and from private subscriptions. Agricultural Co-operation was not, however, a success in England.

## FOUNDING OF THE I.A.O.S.

In 1894 the I. A. O. S. was formed, with Plunkett as its first President. That distinguished Jesuit and political economist, Rev Father Thomas Finlay, was its Vice-President. He imparted valuable information on the part played by the Church in fostering co-operative endeavour in continental countries. In 1894, the movement was further strengthened by the appointment of George Russell (A.E.) as Assistant Secretary. The most important post, that of Secretary, was held by Mr. R. A. Anderson, who devoted all his energy to the cause. A little weekly paper, *The Irish Homestead*, was published. It was the official organ of the movement to promote the exchange of ideas between the societies scattered throughout the country. It furnished useful information upon all matters connected with their business operations. It constantly kept before the associated farmers the economic principles which must be observed and, above all, the spirit in which the work must be approached if the movement was to fulfil its mission. How far this seemingly unimportant movement has shed its beams may be seen in the interest it aroused from India to London, from Sweden to Italy. Henry Wallace, the well-known American statesman, has said that he was nurtured on *The Irish Homestead*.

The early history of the I.A.O.S. is one of frustration and disappointment. Even in Limerick, which had accepted the co-operation ideal more than any county, the most fantastic objections were put forward, even by the farmers themselves. Fifty

Continued overleaf



meetings were held before a single creamery was established. Opposition had to be faced from the capitalists, politicians and the press, and of course from that ubiquitous usurer, the "Gombeen Man." Even today business-men look askance at the movement. It ought to be remembered however that the founders never intended to interfere with the distributive trades or with the middleman's profits. These they merely meant to keep within reasonable limits. In the development of industries ancillary to agriculture, there is still a very wide field for enterprise.

#### FOUNDING OF THE WEST LIMERICK CREAMERIES

As a matter of local interest, we now introduce the creameries of West Limerick in chronological order. The first Co-operative Creamery was founded in Drom-

collogher in 1889. This creamery is now an auxiliary of Milford. Ballyhahill, which was the second creamery founded, still flourishes as an independent central. Shanagoldent and Granagh were established in 1890. Ardagh, Newcastle West, Ballingarry, Clouncagh and Feenagh in 1891. Kilmeedy was founded in 1896 and ceased working in 1911. Ballinohane was opened in 1903 but is recorded as uniting with Ardagh as early as 1904. Feohanagh was established in 1905 but ceased working in 1906. Abbeyfeale was registered in 1901 but does not seem to have worked. Devon Road and Meenahala Bridge were established in 1909. Tournafulla, Mount Collins and Fealesbridge in 1901. Belville and Castlemahon were registered in 1907 but no records are shown up to 1912. Broadford has never been recorded separately as a Co-op. Athea was registered in 1914.

Abbeyfeale, Kilmeedy and Feohanagh no longer exist. Garryduff is an auxiliary of Kantoher which was registered in 1904. Meenahala Bridge is an auxiliary of Tournafulla and Monegea of Castlemahon.

The position of these Societies, situated in south-west Limerick—that is in the administrative area of Newcastle West Rural District—is particularly strong. The twelve societies, with their seven auxiliaries scattered over a small area, one-hundredth part of the country, produce one-twelfth of all the milk sent to Irish creameries. This small area manufactures more butter than any single county except Cork and Tipperary. It actually manufactures as much as Ulster or Leinster and about twice as much as Connaught. The people of the area can be proud of their achievements through enlightened co-operation and should find in them inspiration for much further development.

## SAVE SILVER PAPER !

There are **Two Grades** of Silver Paper, which must be Collected Separately.

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

**GRADE B.** It includes tea-packets, sweet-cake wrappers, or any paper with silver on one side and ordinary paper on the other. Thus, cigarette paper from which the white lining has not been removed must be classified as Grade B.

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

## WE STILL NEED 2,000 EMPTY COW & GATE TINS

We can convert them into Mite Boxes to be used for our  
Fund Raising Campaign for the New Diocesan College.

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





OCTOBER, 1958.

## The Murphy Twins

*My Dear Children,*

*I hope you are all feeling happy and well after your long holiday. You were unlucky with the weather this year but even so I am sure you enjoyed yourselves. You must say a little prayer every day that the crops will not be bad after the wet summer.*

*I am very grateful indeed to all who wrote such lovely letters. I enjoyed them very much and I hope to get lots more with the next entries. As for your paintings they were so well done that I shall give you the same kind of picture for Christmas. For this time you may prefer to do the picture of Peter and Pauline in one of their escapades.*

*There are, however, a few points that I would like to remind you of. In future*

- (1) Anyone who cuts off the coupon will be disqualified. (Should you cut it off by mistake you should paste it on the back of the picture).*
- (2) Prizewinners are requested not to write to me or to the Editor saying you have not yet received the prize awarded to you. There is a certain day for sending the prizes and you will not get them before that day, so there is no use writing.*

*Judging by the number of entries for the last competition I think you must like money prizes so I shall give them again.*

*Are you all very pleased to have a new Bishop? He will be very glad indeed if you all pray for him that God may help him in his great work for many years to come.*

*Hoping you will all be good children.*

*Your loving*

**AUNTIE BRIGID.**

**I**T was Sunday at the beginning of September and the day after Mary's birthday. Mary had got a present of two beautiful pairs of nylons from Auntie Kathleen and although Mammy said they were too grown-up for her, she had at length coaxed her to let her wear them. I'm afraid Daddy was on Mary's side, so she was bound to get her way anyway.

It was about half-past two; dinner was over and Mary had helped Mammy at tidying-up. So since they were free for the evening, the four elder members of the family, Michael, Mary, and the twins went for a walk through the fields. As this meant climbing over styles and ditches, I don't think Mary was too happy about the nylons, but she didn't say anything as she was afraid of Michael's teasing. Finally, they arrived at one of their usual haunts—an old ruined house on a neighbouring farm. They loved to play among the ruins and to pretend it was their house—no longer in ruins, of course. In front of the house a few neglected flowers and rose-bushes still lingered on from years gone by and a late rose was in bloom on one of the bushes. Mary promptly plucked it and put it on her coat and she and Michael were soon in hot argument as to which room was the sitting-room and which was the kitchen.

Meanwhile the twins had wandered off by themselves and came to a gable with the chimney still

*Continued overleaf*



*The Murphy Twins.*

standing. Just then a crow flew out of the chimney and Peter called to Pauline "Come on and we'll climb up to see the nest." It wasn't very hard to climb up as the fallen stones made steps up along. Peter went first and Pauline followed a little fearfully, but determined to go wherever he went. They were quite near the top when a terrible thing happened. The stone on which Peter had placed his foot tumbled over just as he climbed a step higher. Peter didn't fall, but Pauline got such a fright that she tumbled down and lay white and bleeding on the stones and rubble. Peter's cries soon brought Michael and Mary running. Michael ran to a well close by and filled an old can with water and splashed it over Pauline's face. Soon she opened her eyes and began to cry a little, although she was still stunned and frightened. Mary tried to stop the blood which kept on flowing from poor Pauline's leg with her hankie, but it didn't help much. Mary and Michael were now really frightened and Michael said "If we had only something to tie it up with, what will we do if she bleeds to death?"

And I'm afraid he was very nearly crying—but if you meet him don't pretend I told you. Suddenly Mary had an idea. She sat down, kicked off her shoes and in two seconds the new nylons were off and she was busily binding up Pauline's leg. Michael came to her aid, and between them they put on a good tight bandage and the bleeding became less and less. They then brought Pauline home, taking it in turns to carry her, and a very sad and frightened Peter trotted along behind.

Mammy got a shock when they brought Pauline home, but when she saw how frightened the children were, she hadn't the heart to scold them. Daddy got the doctor and he bandaged Pauline's leg properly, but he didn't forget to praise Michael and Mary. But for their presence of mind Pauline would have lost a lot of blood and been very weak. As it was she would be all right in a day or two. So everything ended up well after all and you'll be glad to hear that Mammy bought a new pair of nylons for Mary the very next day s' went to town.

## RESULTS OF SUMMER PAINTING COMPETITION.

First Prize—Catherine Enright,  
Coolruss, Bruree, Co. Limerick.

Second Prize—Joan Coady,  
Ellana, Lifford, Ennis, Co. Clare.

Third Prize—Patrick Daly,  
Tubbermurry, Pallaskenry,  
Co. Limerick.

## CONSOLATION PRIZES :

Eileen Murphy, Convent F.C.J., Buncloody, Co. Wexford.  
Margaret O'Brien, Granagh Rd., Kilmallock, Co. Limk.  
Maria McCarthy, Effin House, Effin, Kilmallock, Co. Limk.

## WINNER OF LUCKY DIP PRIZE (5/-) :

Kitty Daly, Maiden Hall, Charleville, Co. Cork.

THE LITTLE BOY AT THE  
CORNER SHOP

Do you know the little Boy  
At the Corner Shop?  
He's a lame Little Boy  
And goes limpety-hop,  
But he's singing so gaily  
Whenever you call  
You almost forget that  
He's lame at all.

'Twould make you cry  
To see him go  
Limpety hop so stiff and slow,  
But he sings so merrily  
All the while  
You forget all else  
But his cheery smile.

I'm afraid I'm sulky  
Occasionally,  
And not so 'greeable as  
I might be,  
And I sometimes grumble,  
But I'll have to stop  
And sing like the Boy  
In the Corner Shop.

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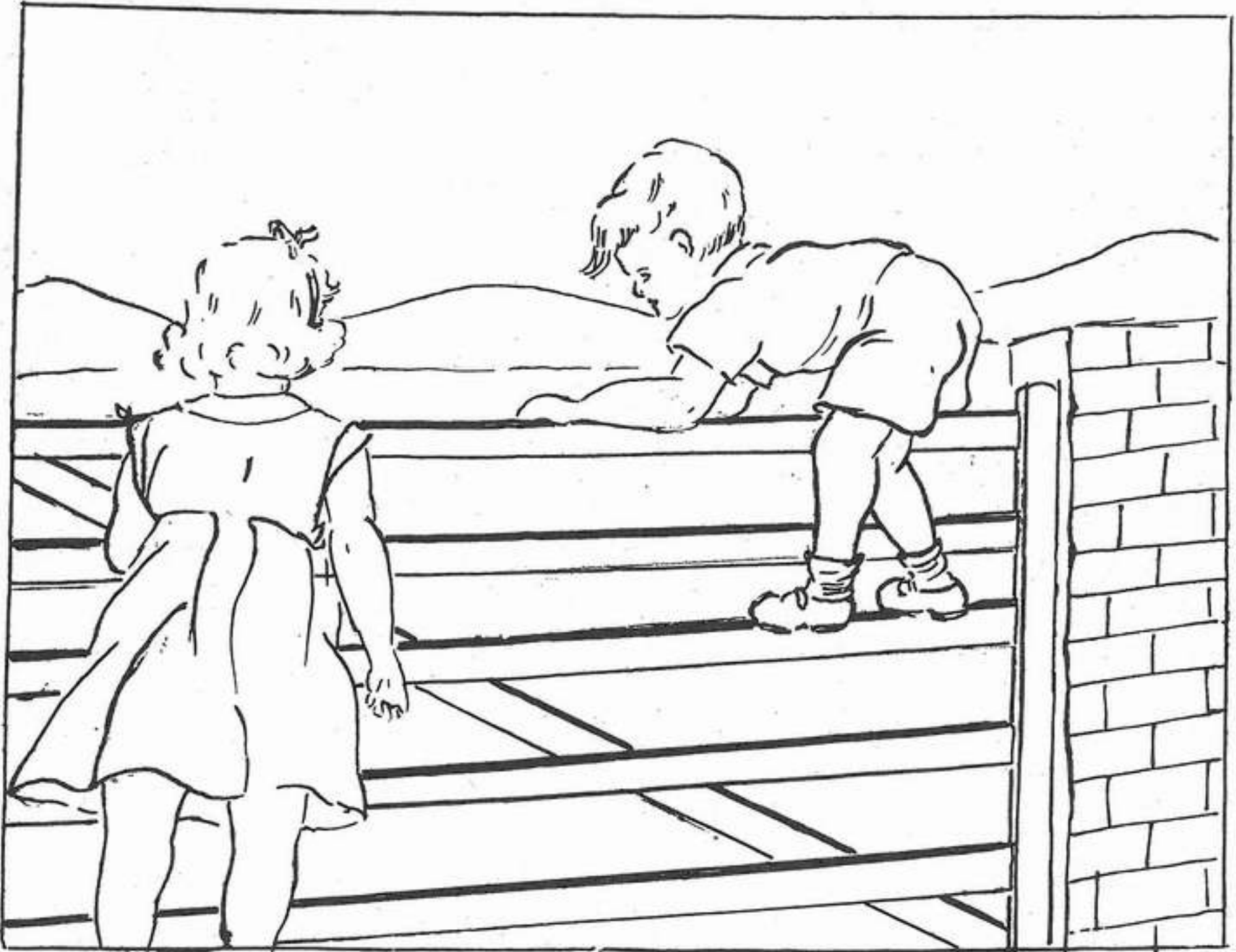
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# Children's Painting Competition



MONEY PRIZES FOR OCTOBER COMPETITION.

First, 15/-; 2nd, 10/-; 3rd, 10/-.

Three Consolation Prizes, 5/- each. Lucky Dip Prize, 5/-.

## How To Enter

Colour the above picture. Competition is open to all school children. Fill in the coupon and send it to: —

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Name .....

Address .....

Age .....

Signed .....  
(Parent, Teacher).

Entries must be in before the 15th November, 1958.



# As I Walked Down O'Connell Street . . . .

O'GUNNEL here. You remember—the quare fellow who strayed into these pages last time. No, don't run away. Bear with a garrulous old man . . . . Bless you.

Last time, if we remember rightly, we were romancing about the sun lighting up O'Connell Street and you all looking like Spaniards under its warming influence. Well, the sun has not given us much chance since of observing the Spanish side of your nature. It certainly has been the mist that does be on O'Connell Street with a vengeance and you all looking a bit unreal and other-worldly in the gloom. Seriously though, rain or shine, you are a very pleasant crowd. You are probably aware that most foreigners comment on your charm. And they are right. Comparing you with the folk on similar streets *car leas* (for the benefit of the uneducated, that means "overseas") we would say that your distinguishing characteristic is your serenity. You are relaxed. It is rarely one sees among you the closed fixed countenance, rarely, too, the face that is discontented or cynical. Life is not perfect, but you do not seem to expect it to be. You seem, too, to have the advantage over our modern materialists who have so much to do and so little time to do it. Maybe the way we see you moving in and out of the Augustinian Church has something to do with it.

You have an air of prosperity in O'Connell Street these days, too. And we are very glad to be able to say

it. We understand that foreigners, too, are pleasantly surprised at your air of well-being. Many of them have come expecting to have difficulty getting better than an ass and cart for a taxi. However it is no harm to remind ourselves that one does not have to move very far from O'Connell Street to find a great deal of poverty and distress—as a matter of fact, sometimes one does not have to move from the street at all. We ran into Father Pelly as he was coming out of the Jesuit House in the Crescent the other day. He is the guiding spirit of a group who are carrying out a survey of the living conditions of some thousands of families in the

By *CARRIG O'GUNNEL*

city. The survey is bringing to light conditions which are much worse than the ordinary citizen has any idea of. The details of each house visited are being card-indexed and when this survey is completed there will be available a very clear picture of the condition of the "forgotten" section of the community.

But the workers under Fr. Pelly's guidance are not only bringing these facts to the notice of the community, they are doing something about it as well. They have launched a scheme for the growing and cooking of food for those who have not enough to eat, and as a result, it is hoped that the tables of many of these people are going to be less bare this coming winter. It is hoped to expand this



scheme in coming years, but that, of course, depends on the extent to which *you* support it. There is also under consideration a plan for the establishment of a co-operative food growing and processing industry which will at the same time provide employment and food for those in need. We hope to be able to tell you more about this next time.

In the (we are sure you will agree) highly valuable opinion of O'Gunnel, this is the healthiest development that has taken place in Limerick for a very long time. Could you help? What about growing a few drills of potatoes or giving the ground? Or donating clothing or blankets? Maybe you have some of that stuff that the rust and the moth consume? What about putting it to good use before they can get at it?

. . . . .

We were out at "The Regional" (also known as "The Rage-ional" or "The Re-jeenal") last Sunday. 'Twas visiting day. Our rather distinguished looking 1938 Riley was badly dented in the press of cars. It is clear that people are taking the place to their hearts as a place of Sunday pilgrimage



and that soon it will be rivaling Ballybunion and the Gaelic Field. O'Gunnel's fancy likes to conjure up the Sunday scene in the country homestead—the family back from Mass, the newly-acquired car standing in the yard, someone asking: "Do we know anyone in 'The Regional'?" We welcome this latest flowering of the Irish way-of-life.

.....

We met Sean Hayes in the Street the other day. He was the manager of that depot opposite the Royal Cinema that was collecting all that waste paper of yours. You will note the past tense. Yes, Sean and his fifteen fellow-workers are now without their jobs. You are probably aware that an American company has acquired a controlling interest in the Waterford factory that was using your waste paper as raw material. We have not all the facts but we have two at least—The American firm comes in and the Limerick workers go out. A third is that the firm is importing waste paper from Bristol. (However, don't you

stop collecting or the priests will have O'Gunnel's life. Another firm has agreed to take the paper and some of the Limerick workers will be re-employed).

You may have read in the newspaper recently that a big British company has bought out the Irish Gypsum industry in Cavan, which was using local raw material and exporting fifty per cent. of its product. Another great day for Ireland! And then we have this business of the closing of the Craven A factory in Sarsfield Street, which has put another hundred Limerick people out of employment. Again we have not all the facts but the fundamental one appears to be that Carreras, the British firm for which Spillanes were making the Craven A cigarette, wanted to have the cigarettes made in their newly built Dublin factory instead of in Limerick. And our national policy is supposed to be to decentralise industry!

Foreign capital! We must attract foreign capital and so we must be very careful lest we give the impression that we interfere in any way with

its operations — such is the new gospel! Frankly, this business of foreign capital drives O'Gunnel up the wall . . . . . (that was a short interval while Bean Ui Gunnel and one of the sons were leading O'Gunnel back to his typewriter). Now that we are calm again, we would like to give it as our considered opinion that at the very least when a foreign firm proposes taking steps which will result in unemployment, the Government should compel the firm to make a public statement giving the justification for its action. Wouldn't you agree?

If at some time in the future the country feels it needs a De Gaulle, O'Gunnel will be pleased to take over. As he travels round the country there is one point he will hammer home in his addresses to the nation. It is that the people with cash, especially the companies and banks with the big bits of cash, should be seeking very earnestly for opportunities to put that cash working in Ireland. He will also speak very strongly to the Directors of the Central (i.e. the Govern-

Continued on Page 32.

For . . .

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It was hoped that the Archbishop of St. Augustine, Florida, Most Rev. Dr. Hurley, could have been present at the Consecration. The Archbishop was unable to come, but he rang up Monsignor Meehan the Wednesday before, suggesting the Monsignor would represent him in Limerick. The Monsignor arrived by air on Friday, attended the Consecration ceremonies on Sunday, and was back in his parish the following Thursday in time for Confessions.



# MEMORIES OF CRECORA

BY CANON PUNCH, P.P.

THE late Canon Tom Wall often urged me to write about the things that happened in or near Crecora in the old days. I would be recalling my own memories or telling him the things my father used to speak of. The most remarkable and certainly the most sensational event, in not so distant times, was the hanging of Scanlan for the murder of Ellen Hanly (the Colleen Bawn). Scanlan belonged to the landlord class which in those days, at least in the country places, could be described as above the law. Scanlan apparently did not dream that he was in much danger and did not go on the run as has been suggested but returned to his mother's house. However, an intrepid J.P., Mr. Lyons of Croom House, forced the authorities to take action, with the result that the Light Horse were sent to arrest Scanlan. They were evidently in no great hurry as Tomsy Higgins had time to run across the fields to warn Scanlan. He had plenty of time to go away but chose instead to hide in a stable (which incidentally still exists) and where one of his men threw some straw over him. Mrs. Scanlan entertained the officer in charge, whilst his men made a perfunctory search, but as they were leaving one of the soldiers prodded the straw with his bayonet and pricked the murderer, who was promptly arrested. Scanlan was hanged in Gallows Green and buried in Crecora Cemetery.

## THE OLD CHURCHES

The churches in the present parish of Mungret and Crecora were burned in 1641. There were three of them, at Mungret, Lemonfield and Crecora. Kilpeacon Church was also burned at that time but was re-built as a Protestant Church in 1691. The present church at Crecora was built by Father Casey in 1864. Its immediate predecessor was the building used as a school house for many years. Before that a thatched cabin situated at Dooneen near the gate leading to the farmhouse, now occupied by Mr. James O'Donoghue, did service as a chapel. There is still a chalice in the parish with the inscription, Dooneen. Father Casey must have been a very remarkable man. In addition to building the church at Crecora, he roofed the church at Raheen, put monuments over the graves of three of his predecessors in Mungret cemetery and cleared the whole debt. Old people who remembered him told me in my youth that he was the most eloquent preacher they had ever heard.

## OLD KILPEACON

Kilpeacon must have been a fairly important place in the old days. My father told me that he often saw twelve four-in-hand on a Sunday outside Kilpeacon Protestant Church. Alas, he had other memories too. He saw eighty families evicted from their homes. These poor people built huts at the top of Woodcock Hill

in the parishes of Cratloe and Meelick and from there scattered all over the world, many of them dying of hardship. Joe Minihan remembered, and often told me, that he found a man dead in the field near Kilpeacon House. Villiers, the landlord, sent a servant with a tumbling cart to bury this poor fellow, much as we would bury an animal nowadays, without inquest or ceremony.

Kilpeacon House was built by Edward Cripps Villiers at a cost, according to Linehan, the historian, of £12,000. Though he had a rent roll of £3,139 4s. 4½d., he got into financial difficulty and sold his house at Kilpeacon and his lands in County Limerick to Major Gavin, who was the first Catholic Member of Parliament for Limerick. The sale took place on Wednesday, November 20th, 1850.

## HURLING AND HORSES

In the early days of the G.A.A., Crecora claimed to be one of the best if not the very best team in the county, and local bards celebrated their victories in song. In modern times, owing to the parish rule, it has to take a lowly place as the majority of those attending Mass at Crecora or going to Crecora school are from the parishes of Manister, Fedamore and Patrickswell. Some of the best hurlers who ever donned the green and white went to school at Crecora in my time. Paddy Buskin, who played at full-back with Kilfinane when they won



the All-Ireland in 1897, is still hale and hearty. Martin Hayes and his brother, Tom, played for Limerick and Dublin. Martin must surely rank as one of the greatest in the hurling world, playing in nine All-Ireland finals with four victories. Their cousin, Tom Hayes, of Young Ireland and Limerick, also went to school at Crecora.

Manister, nearby Crecora, has the distinction of producing Jerry M, one of the greatest of race horses. Strange to relate, Jerry M happened to be a "whistler." He won the five-furlong Paris Steeplechase in a canter and the Grand National carrying 12 st. 8 lbs. The leading trainer of his day, Michael Dawson, told me around 1918 that Jerry M was undoubtedly a "whistler," and when I asked how then he could have won the hardest races in the world, Michael Dawson replied: "Jerry M was such a great horse that he could beat any horse in the world without being asked to do his best."

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rae ná pós;  
Comrád caoin gac naomh sit  
glac mar stór.  
Drónpáis Críost do éaoinead  
is maíe an nós,  
is go mbeir do érói san brí,  
san preab, san glór.

\* \* \*

## BURDÚIN ATÁ NA bPAIDREACÁ

1.

A Óia na n-ainseal do deat-  
buis tuile is taoide,  
Ós léir duit m'aigne is gurab  
asat atá fios mo smaointe,  
Dá réir sin maíe dom gac  
peaca dem' éiontaib daoirse  
'Na n-éiric glac-sa gac pean-  
naio dar fuiting íosa.

2.

A Rí na cruinne beir loinnir  
san ngrém go moe,  
Oíte troma agus torad dá  
n-éis go groud,  
Serioðaim eusac mo eulpa  
agus féacann ort,  
Is ná leis tuitim níos faide  
dom péin san oic.

## Be A Personality

Every person in the world may not become a personage. But every person may become a personality. The happiest people are those who think the most interesting thoughts. Those who decide to use leisure as a means of mental development, who love good music, good books, good plays at the theatre, good company, good conversation—what are they? They are the happiest people in the world; and they are not only happy in themselves, they are the cause of happiness in others.

—William Lyon Phelps

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Some years ago a man hired the town hall in a small provincial town for one night, but engaged no ushers or other staff. About a month before the date for which he had hired the hall, he put up a large poster on the most prominent hoarding in the town, stating in huge letters: "He is Coming."

A week before the fateful night, this was replaced by: "He Will Be At The Town Hall on October 31st!" The day before the event there was the simple legend: "He Is Here!" The following morning: "He Will Be At The Town Hall To-Night at 8.30!"

That night the man himself sat in the box-office and sold tickets at 5/- a head to a capacity audience. When the lights went up inside, however, all the crowd could see on the stage was a huge notice reading: "He Has Gone!"

\*\*\*

During the "Summer" a friend of ours, of rather short-tempered disposition, is said to have wrenched from the wall a barometer showing "Fair" and to have flung it through a window into the rain, shouting: "There, you damned fool, see for yourself."

\*\*\*

Husband answering the telephone: "She is out. Who shall I say was going to listen?"

The fleet was carrying out high-speed manoeuvres and on board one of the destroyers a Minister of State was watching the exercises with great keenness. The captain of the destroyer was pushing his ship to the limit when a sailor came to the bridge and saluted.

"I have a message for you, sir, from the Admiral."

The Captain beamed. "Read it aloud."

The sailor read: "Of all the blundering idiots, you take the cake! You nearly rammed the flagship!"

The Captain pursed his lips, glancing sideways at the Minister.

"Very well, young man," he snapped. "Have the message decoded at once."

\*\*\*

One never knows whether a man is a finished speaker until he has sat down.

\*\*\*

A man telephoned a police station one night and excitedly reported that the steering wheel, brake pedal, accelerator, clutch pedal and dashboard had been stolen from his car. The Guard promised to investigate. But soon the telephone rang again.

"Don't bother," said the same voice—this time with a hiccup. "I got into the back seat by mistake."

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# Quiz?

1. How many man-made satellites are at present circling the earth?
2. Name the capitals of (a) The Lebanon (b) Jordan (c) Iraq?
3. Who were the four Bishops of Limerick who preceded Dr. O'Neill?
4. In what years did Limerick win (a) the All-Ireland senior hurling title (b) the All-Ireland senior football title?
5. Who are the Palatines?
6. When did World War II (a) begin and (b) end?

(Answer on Page 32)

A woman never makes a fool of a man—she just directs the performance.

\*\*\*

A travelling salesman, held up in the Orkney Islands by a bad storm, telegraphed to his firm in Aberdeen: "Marooned by storm. Wire instructions." The reply came: "Start summer holiday as of yesterday."

\*\*\*

Anxious to buck up business, the proprietor of a large store engaged an "efficiency expert" whose chief delight was changing the departments around.

One day a section would be at the top of the building; the next it would be in the basement, or else where the restaurant used to be.

After three weeks of this an old lady approached a worried-looking shop-walker and asked if he could tell her where the ironmongery department was.

"No madam," he replied wearily: "but if you stand here for a few minutes, I'm sure you'll see it go by."



## LIMERICK COMMUNITIES—Continued.

has been well exemplified by past pupils at home and abroad, and by the numerous vocations down the years. An interesting fact is that over one hundred and fifty Sisters have come from Co. Limerick alone. Many of these are now devoting their lives to teaching the children of the Irish emigrants of to-day in numerous cities throughout England.

Among those chosen for the pioneer work of spreading the faith in Africa are two past pupils of Kilfinane. One of these has charge of training the Novices of the Sisters of St. Brigid—a native Sisterhood founded in Transvaal at the request of the Bishop of Pretoria.

## DOM COLUMBA MARMION—Continued

Benedictine monks from Maredsous to Glenstal, Murroe. That was the answer to Dom Marmion's prayer, and to signify his place in this great project the monastery was placed under the care of the two who had guided him to such eminent holiness—Saints Joseph and Columba.

On August 7th this year the informative process for his Beatification closed. The Sacred Congregation of Rites will now proceed to examine the life and writings of this servant of God and will pronounce its verdict. While we wait the decision of the Church, there are countless instances of the power

## WORKS OF COMMUNITY

Although teaching and nursing are the principal works of the Congregation, care of orphans, the mentally deficient, and institutional management, subject to the wishes of the Bishop, are also undertaken. For over twenty years the Sisters are attached to Blackrock College, Dublin, and in 1956 a home for retired and invalid priests was opened at Clonakilty, Co. Cork. But in all these various activities the Sisters' aim is to imitate their great and glorious patron, St. Paul, whose motto was:—

*All things to all men, in order to gain all for Christ.*

of his intercession—from all over the world come acknowledgments of favours gained—cures of body and mind, employment found, militant communists brought back to the Church, childless couples have their prayers answered, people who are afraid to die get the courage to accept God's holy will, etc., etc.

Let us rejoice that one of our own has been chosen by God to show us this the most important truth of our whole life—that, in spite of our innumerable failings, we are loved for ever by Him in His Son Jesus Christ, and His Mother Mary is *our* Mother too..

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*As I Walked Down O'Connell Street—Contd.*

ment) Bank and the civil servants of the Department of Finance. Incidentally he will fire any of these whom he should overhear using the words "British Isles." We had better stop lest the Editor get afraid of us—but anyway you can be making a start by taking a few quid out of your Bank, and, say, planting an acre of trees.

.....

We had better finish on a lighter note or you won't come near us again. We took Bean Ui Gunnel and the family to the Dublin Horse Show (incidentally we must introduce

"herself" to you next time). We were very glad to see the Gael Linn stand there. They told us that they are shortly going to make a full length feature film with Irish dialogue. We hope they get people like Siobhan McKenna and Cyril Cusack, who are as much at home in Irish as in English. That's the way to restore the language. It's only a question of making it fashionable, the "done" thing, the thing the "best" people are doing.

Until we meet. Beannacht.

O'GUNNEL.

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## Answers to Quiz

1. Four. The American Explorer I and IV and Vanguard I and the Russian Sputnik III.
2. (a) Beirut (b) Amman (c) Bagdad.
3. Dr. Butler (1861-'86), Dr. O'Dwyer (1886-1917), Dr. Hallinan (1918-'23), Dr. Keane (1923-'45).
4. (a) 1897, 1918, 1921, 1934, 1936, 1940; (b) 1887, 1896.
5. Protestant planters who were brought to this country from the Palatinate area of Germany in the 18th century. The first group were settled by Lord Southwell in Rathkeale in 1708.
6. (a) England declared war on Germany on September 3rd, 1939. (b) Germany surrendered, May 7th, 1945; Japan surrendered September 2nd, 1945.

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