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LIMERICK DIOCESAN MAGAZINE

LIFE



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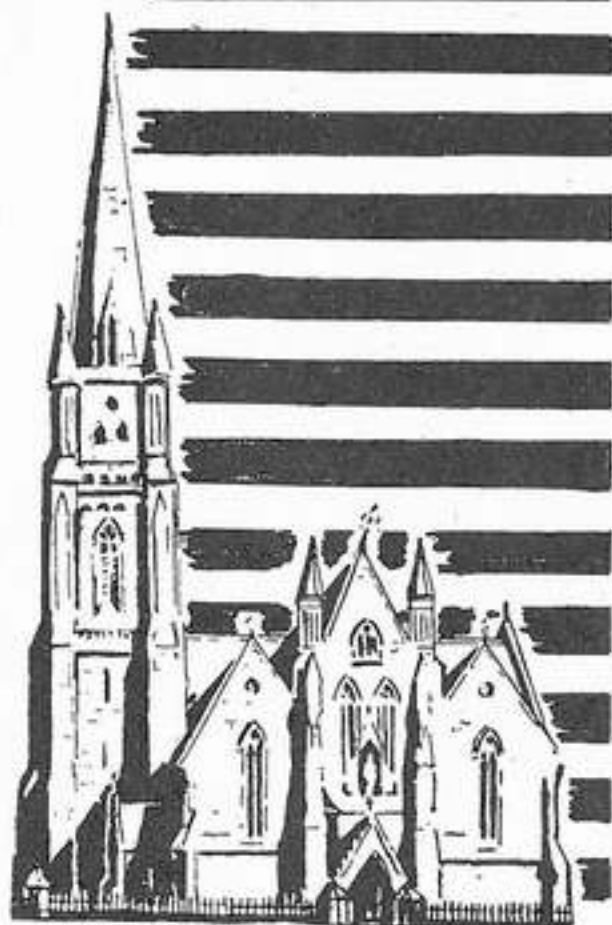
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OUR

CATHOLIC LIFE

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

Editor REVEREND DANIEL GALLAGHER

Assistant Editor REVEREND PATRICK HOULIHAN

CHRISTMAS 1962

Happy Christmas

SOON, the joyous and welcome salutation "Happy Christmas" will be heard in all parts of the Christian World. When we use or send this greeting do we fully realise the depth of meaning contained in this familiar wish, or do we just use it as the proper thing to say on a certain occasion?

Real happiness is something very much deeper than we generally intend by the words said. Presents, Cards, Toys for the young folk, a good meal, enjoyment and pleasure — these are but "the trappings and the suits" of happiness. They only satisfy the material side of our being, which is the less important side.

A Happy Christmas should convey much more than these material good wishes. The real message of this Holy Season can only be learned and understood by paying a visit, with the right spirit, to the Crib. There with the eyes of faith we can see perfect happiness and peace, although there are none of the material comforts, which we generally regard as necessary for a Happy Christmas. And the whole secret can be expressed in one word — Love.

Everything and every person in that setting expresses love — the loving admiration of the lowly Shepherds, the loving anxiety and care of St. Joseph, the loving devotion and tenderness of Our Blessed Lady, the loving adoration of the Angels, and the Infinite love of the Divine Child. And all these different expressions of love have a quality which is inherent in true love, namely, unselfishness — their love is not for themselves, but for others.

And it is in this spirit of unselfish love that we wish all the readers of *Our Catholic Life* a very Happy Christmas. May the Divine Child and His Blessed Mother give you and yours this wonderful gift of love.

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DIOCESAN ITEMS

Returned

We welcome His Lordship back from Rome. He returned on the 9th December. We assure him that the work of the General Council has been constantly remembered in our prayers.

Congratulations

To the Very Rev. W. J. Canon Carroll, P.P., V.F., on his recent appointment as Archdeacon of the Diocesan Chapter. He succeeds in office the late Venerable Archdeacon O'Brien.

Pre-Marriage Course

The October — November series of talks for "Engaged Couples" was another great success. Twenty couples attended regularly and were very pleased that they did this course. The next series will commence on Sunday, 10th February, 1963, and applications should be made immediately as we know from past years that this course during Lent is always very full.

College Week

This has become a firmly established annual event in aid of the new College. This year's proved to be the most successful one to date. Credit for that must go to the group of enthusiastic lay workers who are responsible for the arrangements and organising.

Lourdes Fund

We have been constantly reminding readers that they can

avail of this Savings Fund. It is an easy way of paying your fare. Write for particulars to: Spiritual Director, Lourdes Pilgrimage, 114 O'Connell Street, Limerick. The pilgrimage takes place in August, 1964.

Diocesan Ceili

The annual Ceili in aid of the new College was held in St. John's Pavilion on 27th November and proved another success. It is organised each year by the Gaelic societies in the city and they were the first group in the city to come to the aid of the new College seven years ago.

Christmas Cards

Make sure that you use only those cards that are Christian in outlook and design. Do not use cards that are completely non-Christian.



God's Blessing

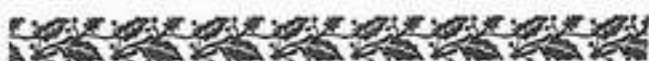
on

all our Readers

at Christmas

and

in the New Year



OBITUARY

The death took place on October 25th of Very Rev. Patrick Finn, Parish Priest of Feenagh, at the age of 72. He was a native of the parish of Bulgaden and after attending the local school, went first to Rockwell College and later to the Diocesan Seminary where he finished his School education in 1911. He was then sent by the Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, to the Irish College, Paris — incidentally, taking with him a distinction that must have been unique: he was Irish Open champion in the 100 and 220 yards.

Because of the outbreak in 1914 of World War I, the Irish College in the French capital was no longer available as a Major Seminary and Patrick Finn like so many of its student body was transferred to Maynooth. With him went another Limerick diocesan, the late Fr. Michael Toomey, two years his senior.

Fr. Finn was ordained at Maynooth on June 17th, 1917, and spent three years on the English mission before returning to take up an appointment as curate at Knockaderry. He was transferred to Killeedy in 1924 and from there to Athea in 1926. In 1928 he was appointed curate at Coolcappa, where he remained till his appointment as Parish Priest of Manister in 1941. He was given pastoral charge of Feenagh in 1948.

Fr. Finn had been in failing health for a few years before his death but bore the handicap of a progressive malady with a fortitude that was characteristic of him and encouraged by the sympathy and devotion of parishioners who loved, and now mourn, him. *Requiescat in pace.*

St. Anne's Guild

UNEMPLOYMENT and its consequent evils bring hardship, suffering and even tragedy to families, and many homes of the city are still hard hit, despite a general increase in employment, especially in the building trade and the Shannon and local factories. Seasonal lays-off stir problems when too often redundancy is a euphemism for the sack. The grinding and abject poverty of some families is unknown outside the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Legion of Mary, and Social Welfare officers. Rent collectors, gas and light men and, unfortunately, the police are familiar with its results. In 1957 a survey throughout the city, but concentrated in the Ballinacurra-Weston area, revealed that even in our Welfare State too many were without the fundamentals necessary for a decent human life, let alone a modicum for modest comfort. A few impoverished homes were constantly visited in an attempt to get inside the minds of the poor. Their peculiar handling of money, and the devilish evil of widespread usury, the pawn-shop, their pride and

fears were told, while all the time the unique intrinsic value of the human person, the right to privacy and the delicacy of problems of conscience were respected.

TOWARDS A SOLUTION

Some scheme to fill the blatant gaps in the impersonal relief of the Social Welfare machine was needed, and was devised by Rev. Fr. Manning, C.C., St. Michael's; Rev. Fr. Pelly, then Spiritual Director of the Ignatian Sodality at the Jesuit Church; and Mrs. Clare O'Mahony, Fort Mary Park, North Circular Road. During the winter-spring of '57 and '58 a course of illustrated lectures was given to a number of ladies, most of whom belonged to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin in the Crescent Church. During the Christmas of 1957, these ladies had their first practical experience of the distressing conditions that till then were shocking statistics and disturbing reports during the lectures. Each "adopted" a family and volunteered help as far as possible by supplying at least one hot meal per week,

visiting the home, helping the mother with washing and cleaning, teaching a budgeting sense and the basics of ordinary house-keeping. Painting and papering came within their scope, child-problems were discussed and while giving material aid was only a part solution, personal service and the encouragement of intimate contact fostered a new spirit of confidence and hope based on a realisation of the sacred dignity of every created individual and redeemed brother of Jesus Christ. Progress was slow, prejudices and phobias broke only with difficulty, but there was progress.

ST. ANNE'S GUILD

On 6th July, 1959, St. Anne's Guild of Social Service was constituted with organisation and rules. Aimed at the personal sanctification of its members who try to give to those with whom they come in contact the love and service they would give to God Himself, in the spirit of the Blessed Mother's visit to St. Anne, the Guild undertook to



Group taken at a meeting of St. Anne's Guild.



Four members of the Committee.

pray daily for the intentions of all those in any way connected with the work. A separate development in time became St. Anne's Co-operative Guild Ltd.

In September, 1960, the City Council, aware of the tremendous work being done and anxious for its success, generously granted the Co-op. Guild possession of a house at No. 9 Hyde Avenue, in Weston. This became the on-the-spot headquarters and a hive of activity. Washing machines were installed and their proper use supervised. Home visitation continued. Clothing, bedding, and kitchen utensils were "provided" where they were sadly lacking. Light and gas bills were "collected" and guaranteed, rent arrears were "settled" by instalments, pawned articles were redeemed, and food parcels were distributed. Over 180 families enjoyed a happier Christmas than they might otherwise expect.

CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

The future lay with the children. They were somehow forgotten when the housing schemes were built. There are many open spaces which unfortunately became graveyards for stones,

bottles and rubbish scattered amongst the weeds by the kids. By November, 1960, enquiries, questions and probings generated a plan for a children's playground with a pavilion. Ideas from successful schemes in Dublin and advice from Mr. Tadg Lyons of the Civics Institute were incorporated in a worthwhile proposal. To their credit, the City Council approved and undertook to provide funds for setting out the playground and building the pavilion for the children. Trained play-leaders will be available so that the facilities of the promised playground may be used fully and to the best advantage.

In March of this year a scheme was started to enable parents to borrow money to buy First Communion and Confirmation outfits for their children receiving the Sacraments. No interest was charged and all the loans were promptly repaid in the agreed instalments, with only one defaulter. At last usury was being nailed. (One woman paid £25 interest over 18 months on a £7 loan and would be still in the clutches of the loan-sharks until she could find the £7 in a lump sum. Children's allowance books were confiscated illegally as the guarantee.)

CREDIT UNION

Miss Nora O'Herlihy lectured in Limerick at the end of June on the Credit Union Movement and in July the first Credit Union in Limerick was formed in Weston. St. Bernadette's Credit Union brought more people into contact with St. Anne's and No. 9. Especially did the men of the area begin to respond and five men now are officers of the Union and give the ladies needed help with accounts, bank balances and financial affairs. Money is now helping neighbours to help themselves and membership is growing.

Such briefly is the story of one group of Catholics in action. From the beginning they had the approval and the blessing of His Lordship the Bishop; they had the will and enthusiasm to practise Christian charity in a concrete and positive way, and they were fortunate to get the help of every public body and especially the Corporation. Let us wish Mrs. O'Mahony and her fellow workers success and every blessing of the Lord who said: "As often as you did it to one of these My least brethren you did it to Me."

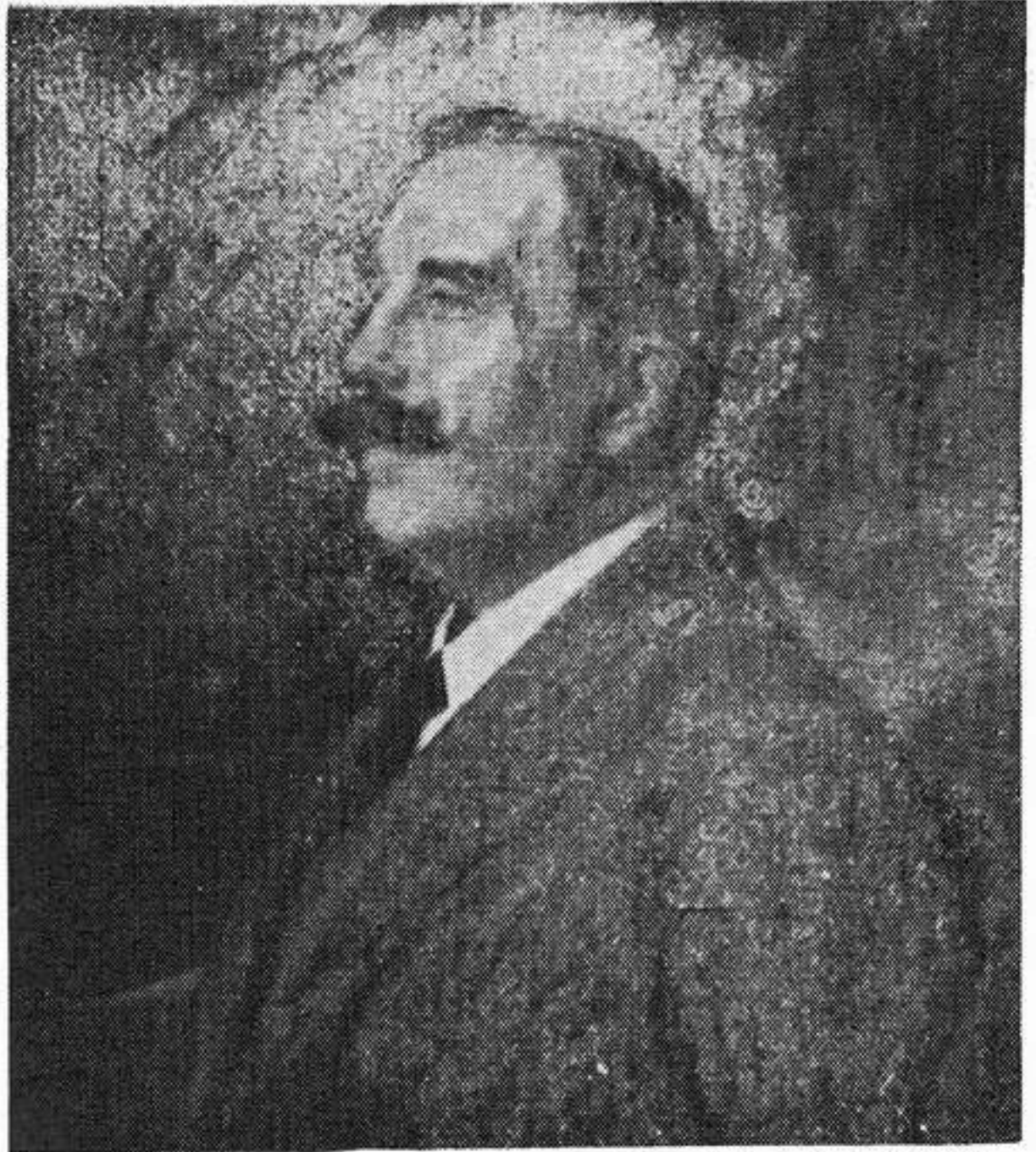
* * *

JOSEPH O'MARA

THE MOST popular topic in Limerick for the past few weeks was certainly grand opera. Everyday, everywhere, people were contrasting the various interpretations of the arias of Puccini, Rossini or Verdi as given by the many visiting stars. What a colossal undertaking for a local society, and what a success they made of it. While we can be justly proud of the achievement of present day Limerick in the world of opera, I must admit to near ignorance of our achievements in the past. How many of the younger generation in Limerick to-day know of the existence of an opera company founded by a Limerick tenor who sang in no less than sixty-seven operas during his career? That singer was the great Joseph O'Mara who died less than forty years ago.

LOVE OF MUSIC

Joseph O'Mara, the youngest son of James O'Mara, founder of the famous Limerick bacon-curing firm, was born in Limerick in 1864. From his youth he had an inherent love of music, encouraged no doubt by his mother who was an accomplished singer of Irish folk songs and who often sang the young singer to sleep with her lovely Irish airs. He studied music with Professor Gmur, and his sweet voice was noted as he sang alto in the choir of St. John's Cathedral and later in the choir of the Crescent College where he was educated. His nephew was later to become a member of the Jesuit order.



From a painting in Limerick Art Gallery

BEGINS HIS TRAINING

In 1882 his love of music seemed to be shared to some extent with a wish to see the world, and he went as apprentice to a Liverpool firm in the mercantile marine. A few years at sea, however, cured his sea fever, and he returned to his native city and to his father's business. He had not lost his love of music and again he became a member of a choir—this time as tenor in the choir of St. Michael's church. He studied music under John Murray and as his fame as a singer grew, he was much in demand at all local theatricals and amateur productions. About this time he made a public appearance in Cork and sang with great success in the Assembly Rooms there.

The people of Cork gave him a tremendous ovation on that occasion and all through his later operatic career he loved to visit that city where his first appearance had been so memorable. He was hailed as a tenor of great promise, only lacking professional training to put him amongst the greatest of the age. His brother, Senator Stephen O'Mara, sent him to Italy in 1889 to complete his training. Here he studied under Signor Moretti and during this period of study in Milan, he made many public appearances. He was well received by his Italian audiences—no mean feat for an outsider in that city of song. He returned to London from Milan in 1890 and was engaged by Sir Arthur Sullivan to sing the tenor role in "Ivanhoe"—

Sullivan's only serious opera — at the Royal English Opera House in 1891.

GROWING REPUTATION

Sincerity and artistic thoroughness were characteristics of his work. He was a dramatic tenor and brought a certain personal quality into any role he sang. Desmond Chapman-Huston writing in his appreciation of O'Mara says of him: "Unlike many singers he was a musician; unlike most of us, he was always willing to learn." Many who praised his colourful voice and dramatic skill in interpreting the various roles from Radames in Verdi's *Aida* to Myles in Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, failed to appreciate that such perfection was reached only by years of sheer hard work and continuous study. He made a provincial concert tour of England after his success at the Royal English Opera House. He returned to Italy after this tour to make a special study of certain operatic

parts and to perfect his earlier studies. On his return to London in 1893 his growing reputation as a singer came under the notice of Sir Augustus Harris, who engaged him for a season of opera at Drury Lane Theatre. In this season he sang in *Faust* and *Cavalleria Rusticana* with such success that Sir Augustus Harris engaged him, on a three year contract to sing the leading tenor roles in *Pagliacci*, *Lohengrin*, *Carmen*, and *Meistersingers*. He had a striking gift for dramatic interpretation and this gift, coupled with his Irish charm and genial personality, endeared him to his audiences. He toured Ireland with the Harris Company and made his first operatic appearance in Dublin in 1893 in Wagner's *Lohengrin* and *Meistersingers*. His interpretation of the role of Lohengrin was so well received by critics everywhere that his name became almost synonymous with that character. In the following year, the Harris Company again visited Dublin

with O'Mara as the leading tenor, and during the next few years he sang as principal tenor both at Drury Lane and at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden. He was invited by Sir Charles Stanford, the famous composer, to take the lead in *Shamus O'Brien* and Sir Charles wrote a special song for O'Mara which was inserted into the opera. In 1897 he visited New York and played in *Shamus O'Brien*. A critic there said of his performance: "Joseph O'Mara achieved a unique success." Back in England after his successful tour of the United States, he did a season of concert work. In an appreciation of his work as a concert artist, J. B. Hall said: "There are many who hold that no singer of our day successfully rivalled him in the rendering of Irish ballads... the secret of his success, in these, as in so many traditional Irish airs, was to be found in his Celtic temperament."

(to be continued)

ST. JOHN BOSCO PILGRIMAGE

(By kind permission of His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Henry Murphy)

— TO —

THE HOLY LAND

DUBLIN - ROME - ATHENS - JERUSALEM

AUTUMN, 1963

Inquiries to :

The Secretary, Salesian Pilgrimage Office,

PALLASKENRY, CO. LIMERICK

Echo Of Last Council

NOW THAT the Church is again 'in Council' it will be of interest to recall a little-known episode which took place during the First Vatican Council and of which the Diocese of Limerick may be justly proud. As is well known, that Council was marked by strenuous debates concerning the question of the definition of the infallibility of the Pope. For a long time there was nothing like unanimity of opinion among the Bishops concerning the matter or its opportuneness. In this context it was quite significant that the clergy of Limerick should have written a collective letter to Pope Pius IX expressing their support for the definition. In translation, this reads as follows:

Most Holy Father,

The Dean, Archdeacon, Vicars-General, and the Clergy, Secular and Regular, of the diocese of Limerick in Ireland, humbly approach the feet of Your Holiness to express their love, veneration, obedience, and devotion towards You, Most Holy Father, and towards the most sacred See of St. Peter.

No one is ignorant that the Irish, in every age, have been most devoted to the Chair of St. Peter, and that they have counted nothing dearer nor more sweet than to venerate and magnify the paternity and authority of 'Great Rome.' Our Fathers left nothing undone to celebrate "the almost divine See," as our Saint Columbanus calls it, as the Teacher of the Faith; and have shrunk from no suffering to manifest their love and fidelity to the same Chair of Peter.

Being thus illumined by the light of their ancestors, and supported by most evident testimonies of the Sacred Scriptures and the Holy Fathers, the Irish of the

present day are filled and animated by no less respect, reverence, and obedience.

Hence there can be no possible doubt that they would consider it a jewel in the crown of the Holy See, and an ornament of the Church of Christ, if, during the reign of that Pontiff who has endured so many and great things for the glory of God, the Fathers of the present Holy Vatican Council should define as a dogma of the faith the infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff when teaching ex cathedra on faith or morals.

Wherefore the above-named Clergy, Secular and Regular, of the Diocese of Limerick, earnestly supplicate that His Holiness would deign to propose to the Fathers this cardinal point of doctrine; that, being defined by a solemn judgment and precise formula, it may bring peace and consolation to the hearts of the faithful.

And indeed, most Holy Father, it is known to all that the Church, on account of the facility which error enjoys in these times, not only of creeping, but of running, always requires an authority to be provided for her by which she may protect her children from the fatal poison of falsehood. Such an authority we recognise in the irreformable judgment of the Holy See; and, therefore, most Holy Father, prostrate as supplicants at the feet of Your Holiness, we ardently but humbly and lovingly implore this definition.

Limerick, May 8, 1870.

The Pope replied to this address in a letter to the Bishop of Limerick, then in Rome. The following is a translation:

Venerable Brother, health and apostolic benediction. Although we are not ignorant that the

reverence and love manifested by the Irish towards this Holy See was received by them from their ancestors with their mother's milk, and therefore the immemorial persistence of their devotion and affection makes their homage to Us more precious, We cannot but congratulate you, Venerable Brother, that your clergy have so nobly responded to the sentiments of your own faith, and to your zeal for the divine prerogatives of this Holy See. We receive then with great satisfaction their filial manifestation, rejoicing that in you We are able to embrace them all, and to invoke upon them, present in your person, every blessing, and the abundant treasures of divine grace. Wherefore, as an augury of these, and especially as a pledge of Our good will towards you, Venerable Brother, We lovingly impart to each of your clergy, and to your whole diocese, the Apostolic Benediction. Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 23rd day of May, in the year 1870, and the twenty-fourth of Our Pontificate.—PIUS P.P. IX.

The Bishop of Limerick, Most Rev. Dr. Butler, was present when the dogma of Papal Infallibility was proclaimed during the following July, some two months after the dispatch of the 'Limerick letter.'

The letter, together with the Pope's reply, are to be found in both Latin and English in a most unusual and obscure 'weekly record of the Council' called *The Vatican*, which was published in London from December, 1869, to August, 1870. Copies seem to be rare, but there is a bound volume of the magazine's issues in the Library of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

—J.N.



Your Questions

Q.—May anyone act as Godparent at Baptism?

A.—No. A Godparent must be a baptised Catholic and must be at least fourteen years old. Also, neither the father nor mother (nor husband nor wife) of the person to be baptised may act as Godparent.

?????

Q.—Is the finder of lost property obliged to look for its owner?

A.—If the property has any value, the finder is conscience bound to look for the owner. He may do so by an advertisement in a newspaper or by a notice in some public place. He would be entitled to a refund for any expenses incurred when the owner is found.

?????

Q.—What is Holy Oil?

A.—It is olive oil blessed by the Bishop on Holy Thursday each year. There are three kinds: Oil of the Sick which is used in the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; Oil of Catechumens which is used in Baptism; and Oil of Chrism which is used in Baptism, Confirmation and Holy Orders.

?????

Q.—Is everything that happens to people God's Will?

A.—From the negative point of view we can certainly say that whatever happens to people would not happen if God willed that they should not happen. In other words, God allows or permits many things to happen. This is God's permissive Will. From the positive point of view, does God positively will all that happens, the answer is — not necessarily.

?????

Q.—Would you say that unless a man is a Catholic he is not serving Christ?

A.—He is not serving Christ as Christ demands. But if he is ignorant of the full teaching of Christ through no fault of his own, he may be trying wholeheartedly to serve Christ, little realising how mistaken are his ideas.

?????

Q.—Did Christ institute the marriage ceremony as we have it to-day?

A.—No. Christ instituted marriage as a Sacrament. The ceremonies of to-day which accompany the Sacrament have been instituted by the Church in virtue of the authority to do so, given Her by Christ.

Q.—Is Eric a saint's name?

A.—Yes. St. Eric was a Swedish king who died a martyr's death about 400 years ago.

?????

Q.—In the Gospel for the Mass of the 24th Sunday after Pentecost we read: 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass.' Will Heaven pass away?

A.—No. Our Lord was referring to the heavens, not to heaven as a state of eternal happiness. The visible universe as we see it now will pass away sooner or later.

?????

Q.—What does the Church think of astrology?

A.—Astrology which claims to be able to foretell happenings from a study of the stars is regarded by the Church as superstitious nonsense, and that it is sinful to place any serious reliance upon it.



Why not send your questions to:

OUR CATHOLIC LIFE,

St. John's Presbytery,

Limerick.

Tell Me, Father . . .

WHEN HE CAME into the room I knew before he said a word that his talk had been a success. He had the air of a man with good news to report and I sat back and listened. "I got on fairly well," he said. "I didn't think it was in me. When I announced that I was going to talk about the First Commandment there was a non-committal silence, and question-marks appeared here and there when I got tangled up in my explanations a few times. But there was a good discussion when the talk was over. One and all agreed that we don't talk half enough about our faith; and that it isn't always a sign of reverence that we shut up altogether when the subject of religion is mentioned. There was also general agreement that there is far more to professing our faith and adoring God than most of us give ourselves time to get at. In fact I'd say 'twas the first time I realised that anything we do is not worth the effort, unless it is done for the honour and glory of God."

"You seem to have done so well at getting across the obligation of adoring God," I said, "that I'm tempted to ask you to emphasise another aspect of the same matter at your next talk."

"I'll be delighted to do so," he said, "if it isn't too difficult."

"Quite the contrary," I said. "What I have in mind is the Fatherhood and Love of God: two ideas that go hand in hand and can make the obligation of adoring God a pleasure and a joy. If God was a stern master who punished us as we deserve the first time we failed to adore him, it isn't likely that we would risk a repetition of the punishment. But God doesn't want from us the terrified service of slaves. As Christmas reminds us, He made

His own divine Son one of ourselves, so that we might have the status of children of God and the right to call God 'Our Father.' Because God is so lovable a Father we should love Him with a boundless love. Because He is a Father, who cannot give us the slightest cause for being annoyed with Him, we should love Him with a constant and never-changing love."

"I think I see what you're driving at, Father," he said. "You want me to emphasise a lot more the part that Christian charity must play in adoring God and fulfilling the First Commandment."

"Precisely," I replied. "I want you to try and show that loving God is the Christian way of adoring him, and that we prove our love of God by loving our neighbour. There is nothing easier to talk about than loving our neighbour, and nothing harder to be cheerful about than the sacrifices involved in doing so. It might be no harm to discuss what loving our neighbour means in a number of practical situations. Take a few examples from home-life, work-relations, recreational activities and ask: 'What does Christian charity or true love demand in these situations?' If the discussion is a candid one, you will probably discover that the usual behaviour in many ordinary situations is far removed from the ideal of Christian charity."

"I quite agree," he said. "But tell me Father what am I to say, if someone is candid enough to admit that the real trouble is not so much seeing what Christian charity demands as finding the character and will-power to do it?"

"I see the difficulty," I replied, "and know that it is the ultimate

crux of the matter. But the solution lies in another part of the First Commandment that we have already discussed."

"What part is that?" he said with a puzzled expression.

"Prayer," I said. "It is not too much to ask anyone to make the physical effort involved in regular and fervent prayer. By speaking often enough to anyone, without argument or holding anything back, you come to value that person as someone you can scarcely live without. Those who speak to God like this in constant prayer can do the hardest things to adore Him, not because they feel obliged to do so but because they cannot live contentedly without doing so. One could say so much on this theme, that I'm confident you will develop it in your own way into a useful talk. The main thing is to keep up the talks now that you have started. I will be glad to keep on giving you any help I can."



A man walked into a restaurant and left the door open. A big fat man called out:—

"Shut that door. Were you brought up in a barn?"

The man closed the door, went to a vacant table, sat down, and began to cry.

The fat man looked most uncomfortable; he went over to the sobbing man and, patting him on the shoulder, said:

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings; I only wanted you to close the door."

"I'm not crying because you hurt my feelings," was the reply. "But the fact is that I was brought up in a barn, and every time I hear an ass bray it makes me feel homesick."

Things I've Been Reading . . .

on joy

True piety is joyful. We should have but one cause for sadness — that we are not saints. How many of us would be better able to bear the troubles of life, if we did but realise that in very truth we are — or should be — *God-bearers*, for God dwells within us by sanctifying grace.

We may lose our all. If God remains, what more can we want? We may be abandoned by all. If God does not abandon us, we shall miss very little. Alone with God, we are in the majority. Alone with Him, our solitude is as richly peopled as we can possibly desire.

In short, when St. Paul tells us to rejoice, what else does he mean except just this: that we should always be in the state of grace?

—*RAOUL PLUS, S.J., in God Within Us.*

and drink

The essence of Alcoholics Anonymous is sincerity, humility and fellowship. A man must, first of all, be thoroughly honest with himself and face the sad fact that he is not just 'one of the boys,' that he just 'takes one' now and again. He must admit the fact that he is one of the few who cannot handle alcohol at all. Before taking pledges or resolutions or anything of the kind, there must be honest recognition of this personal problem. The next stage is to have the humility to associate with others who also have the same problem and with them to face life with courage and with knowledge that they are ready to give support. Anyone who has assisted at a session of Alcoholics Anonymous will have been profoundly moved by the confessions the members make. There is a certain shield on their

identity by the use of the Christian name only. But with one another they are amazingly and movingly frank. Therein lies their strength.

—*From The Standard.*

to pray

If you find that you are liable to have distractions when you are assisting at Mass, as most people do, and not only I'm afraid when they are assisting at Mass but when they are saying Mass, try this dodge. Make up your mind from the start that whenever the priest says *Oremus* (let us pray) you will shake yourself and say: "Mary Jane, wake up." That will give you five jumps in the course of the Mass; one when the priest goes up to the altar, one just before the Collects, one at the beginning of the Offertory, one just before the Our Father (which is the loveliest bit of the Mass, I think), and one before the Post-Communion prayers.

—*RONALD KNOX; The Mass in Slow Motion.*

advice

"Keep this in mind, my brothers; practise it and preach it with meekness that shall never fail. Love the men you fight; kill only their lie. Rest on truth in all humility; defend it but with no cruelty. Pray for those whom you oppose; pray for them while you correct them."

—*ST. AUGUSTINE.*

a danger

I am more deadly than the screaming shell from a howitzer; I ruin without killing. I tear down homes; I break hearts and wreck lives. I have no respect for truth or justice, no mercy for the defenceless. You will find me in the pews of the pious and the

haunts of the unholy. I am wily, cunning, malicious — and I gather strength with age. I feed on good and bad alike. My victims are as numerous as the sands of the sea and often as innocent. I never forgive and seldom forget. My name is GOSSIP.

—*From The Liguorian.*

on prudence

The matters in which a young man needs the restraint of prudence are: 1) the care of his health; 2) the use of his time; 3) the spending of his money; 4) the choice of his books; 5) the making of friends; 6) the giving away of his heart, affections and love; 7) the election of a state of life.

—*JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J., in Four-Square.*

a thought

A man who has been killed by one enemy is just as dead as one who has been killed by a whole army. If you are friends with one habit of mortal sin you live in death, even though you may seem to have all the other virtues.

Some people think it is enough to have one virtue, like kindness or broadmindedness or charity, and let everything else go. But if you are unselfish in one way and selfish in twenty-five other ways your virtue will not do you much good. In fact it will probably turn out to be nothing more than a twenty-sixth variety of the same selfishness, disguised as virtue.

Therefore, do not think that because you seem to have some good quality all the evil in you can be excused or forgotten on that account alone.

—*THOMAS MERTON in Seeds of Contemplation.*

NEWS FROM ABROAD: Fr. Eugene Griffin, Society of St. Columban, Navan, writes of his impressions as a

MISSIONER IN JAPAN

WE FIRST ARRIVED in Japan on New Year's Day, 1955, after 14 days on the Pacific. One of the memories of the voyage was of having only 90 minutes of Christmas Day before reaching the 'date line' and then sailing into the 26th. The captain was a generous type, though; he knew we wanted to celebrate Christmas and, indeed, so did he and his crew, though in a slightly different manner. So he declared that, on board ship, the 26th of December be regarded as the 25th — at which decision everybody on board was happy.

In Japan nobody works on New Year's Day, so we spent that day and the following night anchored in the Port of Yokohama. The little men at the Customs were efficient and cheerful and didn't ask too many questions. One of my companions had a B.S.A. motor cycle with him, dismantled and in a crate. One of the wheels was uppermost and the Customs man asked him what it was. He was told it was part of the Roman Rota — at which answer he seemed quite satisfied.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

From the Port of Yokohama to the City of Tokyo takes about 40 minutes by road and everything to our beginners' eyes looked passing strange. The New Year is celebrated all over the Far East and people wear their national costumes for the occasion. In Japan it is a multi-coloured bathrobe-like garment tied around the middle and reaching to the ankles. Wigs, too, are worn and covered with ornaments. The face is powdered white and matching white socks



REV. E. GRIFFIN
photographed in his parish.

are worn with gaily coloured thick sandals. By way of contrast the houses looked drab and shoddy — they were mostly built of unpainted wood. There were people everywhere, black haired, small with smooth, light brown skin. Like the school kids in the poem we gazed and still our wonder grew. But that was several years ago and what was then so strange has since become familiar.

TOKYO

Tokyo, where we spent a year-and-a-half studying Japanese language, is a huge place, leading both New York and London in population. Like Rome it is built on hills and is more like a cluster of smaller cities, each with its railway and subway terminal, administration offices, and big department stores, where literally you can buy anything

from a needle to a high-powered motor boat or motor car. Likewise in Tokyo you can see first-run movies not yet shown in the United States or maybe the Bolshoi Ballet or Italian Opera or hear Larry Adler play the harmonica or look in at the Table Tennis World Championships; altogether a fascinating city and so to a lesser extent are the other major cities in Japan.

AGRICULTURE

A word or two about agriculture and the fishing industry. Less than a fifth of the country — that is an area less than the size of Ireland — is arable. The rest is mountain. Still, with the exception of meat, enough food is produced to feed the ninety million plus of population. You don't see any Irish double ditches, the boundary between farm and farm being a drill about two feet high and a foot broad — and indeed land is so prized that violent rows are sometimes caused by farmers who dig into this boundary drill on their own side to increase by an inch or two the size of their holding. Beef cattle and dairy cattle are all stall fed. They don't graze because all the arable land is tilled. One never sees hens or ducks foraging in fields. Hens are housed all the year round in multi-storied huts and people tell you that you must keep over a hundred before they begin to show a profit.

FISHING INDUSTRY

Fishing is a major industry and all coastal towns are primarily or partly fishing towns. Fish is a staple diet and the principal fish market in Tokyo, for instance,

sells 1,500 tons of fish per day and even this is inadequate for the population of the city. Fish is eaten in a variety of ways. For instance, a commercial fisherman invited two of us out on his trawler one day, setting out at 4 a.m. According as the fish (mostly mackerel) were caught they were dumped into a huge water-filled tub built into the boat. About 11 o'clock everybody sat down and started to open lunch packets. Our host caught up a landing net, reached into the tub and fetched out a gleaming mackerel. He slit it open, carved it up into small pieces and gave us all a portion. Yes, it was perfectly fresh — so fresh that it was almost still alive, and we all ate it . . . and lived to tell the tale.

ABOUT THE PEOPLE

What are the people like? After seven years acquaintance the overall picture is of a likeable industrious people. Of no country is it more true that "if you like them, they will like you." They are very proud of their achievements and at the same time quite self-conscious of their low stature and very anxious to make a good impression on the foreigner. Very often they ask you what you think of them, particularly concerning their part in the last war and they hang anxiously on your reply. They have an unspoken ambition to become as tall and as rich as the Americans and to be able to speak English like an Englishman. You see very many road signs written in what is known as "Japanese English." A few of them come to mind. One was at a crossing where one is obliged to stop momentarily and the sign said: "Please Stop one time." Another concerned the campaign against excessive use of hooters and the caption read: "Let us prevent noise by ourselves." Again, a "keep off the grass" sign turned out as "Let us love the lawn."

CHURCH IN JAPAN

How is the Church doing in Japan? At present there are about 300,000 Japanese Catholics — about 1 in 300 of the population. About 9,000 adults are baptised per year — which is not so many if you reckon the 1,500 priests and 3,000 nuns who labour there. It is a difficult mission and has few consolations. A parish with five or six hundred Catholics is a "big" parish and many parishes have less than 150. On the credit side, however, Catholics are faithful in pagan surroundings and the native vocation rate is perhaps the highest in the world. What are the obstacles to conversion? If you leave aside the obvious obstacles of a very materialist society which tolerates and almost demands birth control and gives the individual hardly any time or opportunity to think of anything outside his work and social duties, you find that the individual Japanese finds it very difficult to commit himself to joining a small group of any kind. Success is rated in numbers and the Church is small in numbers of baptised. One man I baptised told me that before deciding to take instructions he walked up and down outside the gate of the church for several evenings before plucking up the courage to venture inside the gate. Also the Church is regarded as Western and foreign and indeed in the Far East it is so. Also the Japanese notion of religion is something entirely different from our own. Religion is regarded as something the purpose of which is either to cure one of some illness or to make one rich. The central idea of one of their new "religions" is a militant campaign to improve the living conditions of workers. The cult of faith-healing is very strong and superstition is rampant too. You find the usual reluctance to walk under a ladder. It is bad to be 44 years old because the number four sounds the same in

Japanese as the word for death. If, for instance, you visit someone ill in hospital, you won't bring a certain kind of flowers. You won't give the sick person cherry blossoms because they wither quickly and the person is reminded of death.

SURPRISE MEETING

Are there any Irish in Japan? The first person I think of is Sister Virgilius of the St. Maur Nuns, sister of Fr. Murray, of Killaloe Diocese, from Broadford, Co. Clare. But apart from nuns and priests, the Irish living in Japan are very scarce. We met one Galway woman, the wife of a Japanese businessman. We met the Irish wife of the skipper of a Norwegian freighter, also the Dublin-born wife of an English Anglican clergyman. Many Irish ships too, the Irish Ash, Oak, Elm, Pine, etc., have docked in Yokohama and we have met their Irish crews. One morning rumour had it that a ship had gone aground on the coast which was within my parish. On investigation we came across a group of men walking inland from the grounded ship and one of them came forward with outstretched hand and introduced himself, saying: "I'm Paddy Murphy from Enniscorthy."

To meet them was almost like being home again.



CONSCIENCE

"Oh, yes," said the old Indian, "I know what my conscience is. It is a little three-cornered thing in here" — he laid his hand on his heart — "that stands still when I am good; but when I am bad it turns around and the corners hurt very much. But if I keep on doing wrong, soon the corners wear off and it doesn't hurt any more."

Ireland Becomes Christian

WHILE THE Church in Roman Britain was widely diffused and well organised by the beginning of the fifth century, Ireland was still pagan. At this stage the country was inhabited for the most part by two races, the original Milesians and the Scots who came later and were by now the dominant section of the population.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL LIFE

Largely untouched by Roman influence, the political and social structure of Ireland was very different from that of Britain. The clan or group of families formed the basis of social life, while a loose federation of clans made up a tribe. The political unit was the tuath or a non-tribal community occupying a particular territory. A conglomeration of tuatha constituted a province, which was ruled by a king. At first there were five provinces, the kings of which owed allegiance to an Ard Ri, or High King. Later the five provinces became seven and this was the position for some fifty years or so before St. Patrick came as a missionary. The communities were purely rural in structure and outlook and the absence of towns and cities must have appeared strange to the early missionaries, accustomed as they were to the stable and coherent system of Roman administration.

The pagan religion of the Scots was simple and primitive. Unlike the religions of Greece and Rome it had little in the way of positive belief and idolatry was practically unknown.

PALLADIUS

There were certainly Christians in Ireland before St. Patrick's

coming. To cite just one authority, Prosper of Aquitaine relates that it was to "minister to the Scots who believe in Christ" that Pope Celestine sent Palladius, a Roman deacon, whom he himself had consecrated a bishop. There is no record of any progress made by Palladius, who seems to have died within a year of his appointment.

PATRICK

Palladius was succeeded by Patrick who in his youth had spent some years as a slave in the northern part of the country. He was thus conversant with the language and had some knowledge of the social and political state of the country. A man of great holiness, austerity of life and burning zeal, Patrick has very aptly been compared to St. Paul by, amongst others, Cardinal Cushing in a sermon at the Armagh Patrician Centenary celebrations. He had made his studies at Auxerre in Gaul, where he was ordained a priest. In 432 he was consecrated a bishop before setting out for Ireland.

HIS JOURNEYS

According to Fr. John Ryan, S.J., the main work of St. Patrick lay in the north, midlands, and west. He also visited Cashel and the area south of the River Barrow. There is also some evidence that he made an apostolic journey that reached to north-east Cork and took in most of the county of Limerick.

MONASTICISM

Monasticism was a powerful support of the early Irish Church. Not satisfied at making large numbers of converts, St. Patrick

was at pains too to introduce as many as possible to the higher life of Christian perfection. His own example and that of his disciples in practising penance according to the evangelical counsels brought about a great flowering of the monastic spirit.

CHURCH GOVERNMENT

In the absence of cities, the monasteries filled the vacuum to become the centres of the new Christian life and incidentally to give to the Patrician Church a pattern of government differing somewhat in detail from that of the rest of Christendom. As a rule the bishop was the abbot of the monastery and his jurisdiction extended to the territory of the people it served. In some cases, however, if not in Patrick's time certainly later, many clans did each have a bishop and an abbot at one and the same time. Just how their relations were adjusted is not known. It is however fairly certain that Patrick modelled his Church on that of Gaul of the same period. There the exclusive right of bishops to rule by Apostolic authority was long acknowledged. It can only be assumed that this was so also in the early Irish Church.

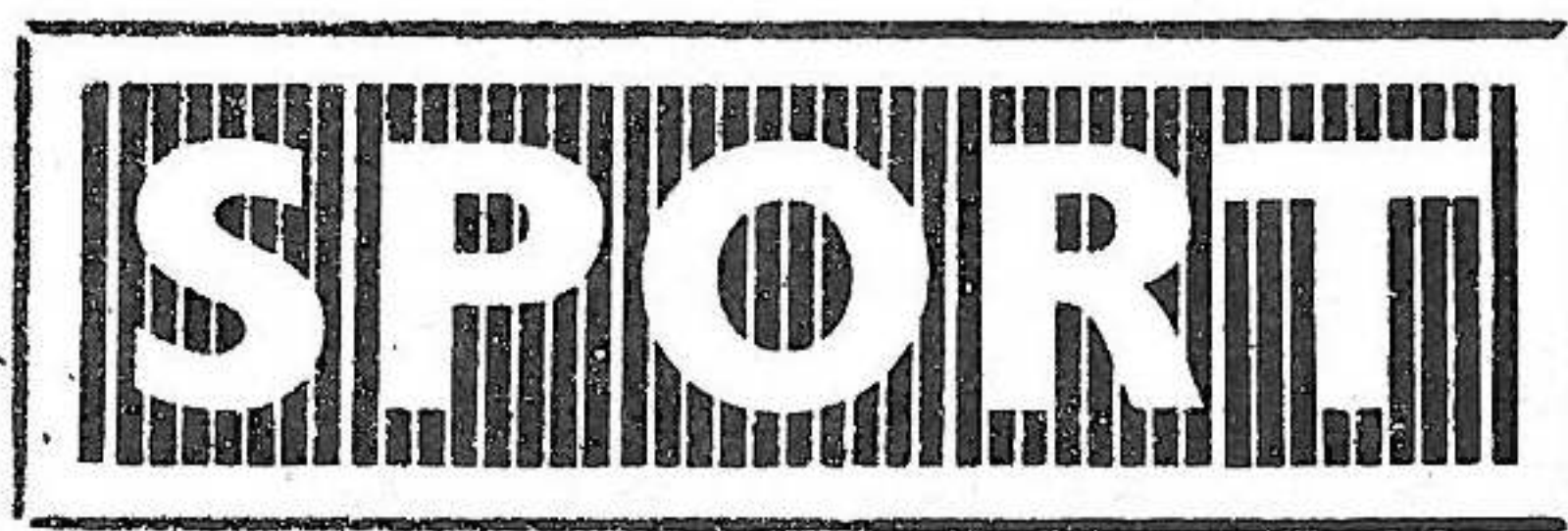
At St. Patrick's death the Irish people were overwhelmingly Christian although there were still some remnants of ancient paganism. When we take into account the difficulties he had to overcome, the poorness of communications, the gaps in social organisation and government as well as the backwardness generally of the country, this achievement must be reckoned as an outstanding Apostolic effort.

The Limerick Hurling Team

What is one to think of our team now — that is, of course, after their fine display against Waterford in the recent League tie? That victory was heart-warming, a shot-in-the-arm, a tonic, call it what you will. It could not be said that Waterford were caught napping. Remember that just two weeks before they had beaten the champions in the Oireachtas Cup final, a final Tipperary were all out to win. Then, on the Sunday before the Limerick game, eleven of the Waterford team were engaged in a hectic county final: consequently they must have been fully fit. Before the match I met one, and only one, optimist — Canon Punch. Undismayed by the general pessimism, the Canon said: "We'll win to-day." The Waterford team and supporters simply oozed confidence, and had the tonic of an early goal: but this seemed to galvanise the home team, who then hurled like men inspired. However, a word of warning: one swallow does not make a summer. Too often in recent years our men have given one or two fine displays and then flopped. Let us hope, that in the New Year, they will give a repeat, and several repeats, of the kind of hurling they served up against the Decies men last month.

The late Fr. Finn

The death of Fr. Pat Finn must have evoked many memories among athletic-minded old-timers, lay and clerical. In his youth, Fr. Finn was a top notch sprinter. In 1911, at his first attempt, he won the 100 and 220 yards Irish Championships. He then went on to the Irish College, Parish, and somehow lost form: but when, during World War I, our students were transferred from Paris to Maynooth, the spacious fields of Maynooth helped Pat Finn back to his best, and more national titles were added to his



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

*



Sean O'Sullivan—outstanding performances this year.

list of honours. Both on and off the track, Fr. Finn was a bit of a 'character.' The late Bishop, Dr. O'Neill, and the Pastors of Glin, Dromcollogher and Abbeyfeale amongst others, as well as the writer, all held at one time or another close connection with, and personal knowledge of, Patrick Finn in training, and in competition. Peace to his soul.

The Best Boxing Champion

Recently a vote was taken among sports writers in the U.S.A. to select the man they reckoned the best ever heavy-weight champion. By an overwhelmingly majority, Jack Dempsey got the verdict. Soon afterwards, Jack was called up in New York by Eamonn Andrews, and a very interesting discussion followed. Questions were fired at Jack "off the cuff," but he proved to be almost as quick with his tongue as with his fists. Down Dempsey's family tree ran the sap of Irish, Scots, Jewish and Red Indian blood to make the

one-time hobo, the Manassa Mauler, a fighter of extraordinary quality. In his talk with Andrews, Jack was engagingly modest, said little about his own victories, but was generous in his praise of others, including Gene Tunney, who had beaten him twice. Curiously enough, it was only when Tunney deprived him of his world title that Dempsey became really popular with the fans. Years earlier, when he fought Carpentier at Madison Square Garden, the U.S.A. crowd rooted for the World War hero from France: they regarded Dempsey as a war slacker. "Slug him, Frenchie," they screamed, but Jack pulverised him in four rounds. However, this antipathy towards Dempsey gradually melted away, and eventually he became, and has remained, a popular idol. Indeed, when, a few years ago, Jack had a serious illness, anxious enquiries were made about him by all classes, including the U.S.A. President himself. On this question of boxing, nowadays big-time promoters would give anything if they could unearth an Irishman with a big fighting potential. For years past, Irishmen have not figured permanently in the game in the U.S.A., but somehow there is still a keen awareness there of the wonderful array of past great champions of Irish blood, and should a Murphy or an O'Donnell emerge as a real world heavy-weight contender, no arena could house the crowds he would attract in the States.

Limerick Successes in 1962

Our county again did well in the overall picture of sporting activity in the year now ending. The record feats of Sean O'Sullivan, with his eight national titles this year, have already been fully covered. Our cross-country team retained their All-Ireland Senior Championship. The Irish Army Jumping Team returned with thirty prizes won at international

shows in the U.S.A. and Canada, and our Capt. Wm. Ringrose was the outstanding rider of the team. In the postponed rugby international with Wales, Mick English scored the three points that earned a draw for Ireland, while Dr. Bill Mulcahy captained the Irish team, and inspired his forwards by word and example to tame a much fancied Welsh pack. Bohemians won the Munster Senior Cup, and Shannon retained the Munster Junior Cup. Jim Cregan broke the Irish 3-mile record with the fine time of

13 mins. 37 secs. In hurling and football, Salesian College, Pallas-kenry, brought off a fine treble, and though it is perhaps outside our province we mention the glory of Abbeyfeale in winning the title of the most Gaelic town in Ireland, outside of the Gael-tacht. And, finally, there was the performance of the Limerick team that won the inter-county question time from an entry of sixteen county teams, decisively beating Cavan in the final, and also supplying the individual winner.

COMPETITION CORNER

The forecasting of match results does not seem to be popular, judging by the number of entries received for our competitions in the two previous issues. In the Autumn issue we offered a prize of £5 for the forecast of the Oireachtas Final between Waterford and Tipperary. Only a handful of entries were received and of these all but one plumped for a Tipp. win. The McNerney boys of 6 Kilmurry Court, Garryowen, were the only entry to back Waterford, but their score was well wide of the actual result. However, they get a consolation prize of 10/-.

PRE-MARRIAGE COURSE

— FOR —

ENGAGED COUPLES

Next series of talks will begin on SUNDAY, 10th FEBRUARY, 1963.

Application should be made now to the Spiritual Director, St. John's, Limerick.

Can A Nurse Be Also A Religious?

THE LITTLE COMPANY OF MARY

Is an Institute of Nursing Sisters. The aim and purpose of the Sisters is their own sanctification, the care of the Sick and prayer for the Dying.

For further particulars apply:

Rev. Mother Provincial, Milford House, Limerick

A/P Pool

The A/P Pool is over ten years in operation. This Pool is in aid of local charities, including the New Diocesan College. While it has been very successful, it could be much bigger. All the profits from the Pool are spent in local Church building and help to provide much needed employment for many people. You can become a member of the Pool by contacting your local promoter, or write to A/P Office, 114 O'Connell Street, Limerick. It costs 1/- per week and you have a chance of winning £250. The total prize fund each week is £500.

The following are some of the big prize-winners of this year, each winning £250.

Dan Murphy, Kildromin, Killeely.

Mrs. Muldoon, 21 Hyde Road, Prospect.

Mrs. J. Magee, 14 Ballygrennan Road, Ballynanty Beg.

Michael Casey, Limerick Leader.

Miss Irene Dillon, 8 Fitzgerald Cottages, Rosbrien.

Mrs. A. Geary, The Square, Drumcollogher.

Miss C. Fitzgerald, St. Anne's, Kilfinane.

Jack McNamara, Rivers, Lisnagry.

A. Markham, New Houses, Pennywell.

Mrs. J. Quin, Main St., Adare.

Wm. Heffernan, Bruff.

Mrs. Dennehy, Ballygrennan, Kilmallock.

JOIN A/P NOW



ABOUT HOME

It's fine to have it air-conditioned but it's better when it's prayer-conditioned.

A TASTE OF DARKNESS

HE WOKE SLOWLY to voices coming muffled and haunting in the dark. The voices became familiar, but for the closed door he couldn't put sense to their sounds. He looked at the dark and wondered why it was so black now. Did the night get blacker as it went on and away; how long? You never knew at seven years but God knew and Gran knew — because he knew everything too. Out there were the stars and for ever and ever. The darkness asked: "Why are you afraid of me, little boy?" Why could you see so many things in the dark that weren't there at all in the light? There were footsteps on the stairs and talking was clearer now. His mother and father. And he looked at the dark and said silently to it: "I'm not afraid of you, because I am loved and in the shining of my mother's eyes I know I am loved. I hate you dark." But you couldn't shut your eyes to the dark. He looked through it towards Cathy. He couldn't see his curled-up sister but she was there breathing. She stirred and he held his breath, held it till his ear was making a shuck, shuck, shuck noise. That was your heart opening and pulsing as if it wanted to stop, and he didn't want to hear it anymore. He moved his head and exhaled.

The darkness was still unfriendly and voices prodded his curiosity. He moved back the bedclothes and cold lifted goose-pimples on his back and chest. He took a long shiver. Down the quilt he crawled. Cathy stirred and he held his crouch, one leg straight to the pillow. Quiet

breathing caught his listening. The floor was cold. The door-knob rattled when he touched its dull unfeeling brass. Turn it, but watch the bent nail that caught fingers in a hurry. A small swirl of draught hit him as he looked out. There was a step on the stairs; he drew back and quickly cut the draught. His feet were numbing under the concertinaed legs of his pyjamas and he was tempted to find the warm sheets again. But the new voice was intriguing. He peeped through the small slit of opening at the strange back going into Gran's room.

"Here, doctor," he heard his mother say. The doctor! Gran must be sick. He forgot the knob with the shock of it and its back-snap made a smashing shot. Cathy woke with a groaned "Mammy." He was beside her swiftly, afraid she might start to cry. You were easily frightened at five. "Cathy," he said to soothe; "Cathy, 'tis alright. 'Tis only me. Sh."

"What!"

"'Tis me. Sh, Sh."

"Who?"

"Pakey."

"Pakey? Are you awake? What's wrong?"

"The doctor is in with Gran. He must be sick."

"How could he be sick?" She was sitting up now.

"He must be because the doctor is there, isn't he!"

"Where is he sick? Go and have a look."

"Dad will beat me if he caught me — whist."

Urgent steps sparked up the stairs and stopped outside on the landing.

Cathy's whisper neared his ear: "Is that the doctor, Pakey?"

Pakey moved the door. "'Tis Father Pierce, the new priest." He opened the door wider. "He's gone into Gran's room too." He watched and waited.

The door opposite opened and the doctor came out with his father . . . "an injection . . . not to move him . . . much hope I'm afraid . . . coronary . . ." The steps and voices faded down. Pakey tiptoed across the landing and his eye watered in the wind that came through the crack in the door. Two blobs of yellow flame fattened and fell atop two white candles and the crucifix shone on the small table beside Gran's bed. His mother was kneeling. Fr. Pierce was praying from a gold-edged book. He couldn't see Gran but odd moans came to him. Then he saw the feet near the blue hot-water bag. The blankets lapped Gran's shins. Fr. Pierce was rubbing the instep with something from a small silver barrel and saying things too.

Pakey jumped when the hand touched him. It was Cathy. They clutched each other and ran back to their beds. The warmth was pleasant. They listened into the silence. And Pakey looked at the darkness hovering and waiting above and around him.

"Is Gran dead? Pakey, is Gran dead?"

"No, but he must have a big pain."

"Why?"

"Because he's making the noise of a pain. It must be his feet."

Continued page 29



woman's Page



I HAD AN article ready for this page in this issue — the usual Christmassy article, treating of cakes and icing, stuffing and turkey. You know the kind of thing you are bombarded with it from every Woman's Page in every paper and periodical at this time of year. Then I saw a certain photo in the *Sunday Independent* and decided to scrap my original article. It was a photo of three ladies, and underneath was the caption: "Three Mrs. Mopps snuggle into £6,000 worth of real mink in a London store. With another woman, the former charladies won £144,000 on the Pools last week. They were tempted to buy — but decided against it, saying that mink is just not for them. Instead, they bought shirts for their husbands."

I thought it was one of the loveliest things I had seen for a long time, those three happy Mrs. Mopps viewing their mink-clad selves in a full-length mirror. All of them were smiling, and the lady nearest the mirror had a look of shrewd, amused assessment on her face, while her hands touched the fur as if they enjoyed the luxurious softness of the pelts. No one, I am sure, could appreciate the value of these coats more than they. The price was marked in £ s. d., but to them it could be calculated in miles of corridor, acres of furniture, in rising on dark, cold mornings, in tired feet and red, calloused hands. Mink — the aristocrat

of furs, the apparel of princesses, film stars and the wives of the wealthy. They could afford it now. They came, they considered it and — they turned it down. Lovely it was, but they recognised it as what it has become, a status symbol, the label of money, the luxury garment that proclaims:—"I am successful. I am rich." "It is not for us," they said. How right they were those three cheery honest women, with their basic sincerity, their practical evaluation of money, work and life.

Finally, in spite of the lure of mink, and the excitement of the moment of decision, the husbands were not forgotten. I imagine the three Mrs. Mopps and their families are going to have great fun and good value in the spending of the windfall. Long may they prosper!

The feminine craving for fur goes back to the cave era, when a woman wrapped herself in the skin of the animals killed by her club-bearing mate. In those days were there status seekers? Did the woman in Cave A nag her husband because her neighbour in Cave B possessed a beautiful new tiger skin, while she felt quite shabby in last year's moth-eaten goat skin? And did he covet a bigger and better club than the fellow in Cave C to show that he had more wealth of skins, feathers and flints? Man must always excel. Is the desire to beat someone at a game, to be first in a race, to captain the winning

team — is it an indication that we are still only semi-civilised, and as yet unable to conquer the ignoble urge to be better than "the other fellow"?

Recently a friend of mine had to purchase a human skeleton for laboratory use. The price of this pathetic relic of a human being was £35. I was shocked to find that this was a man's intrinsic worth, anatomically speaking. How strange then it seems that for a garment to wrap around £35 worth of bony structure some people are prepared to pay £2,000.

When the King of Creation came upon this earth, this globe which He had fashioned and swung in the immensity of space, His mother did not wrap Him in ermine, mink or cloth of gold, but in the ordinary swaddling clothes of a humble, Jewish baby. His throne was a manger; His palace, a stable; and His pallet was of coarse straw.



My sympathy is always with the housewife during the festive season. There is so much to be done to make it enjoyable for the family. For her it is a busy time and a worrying time. I pray that it may be also a happy time, full to overflowing with the blessing of God.

—MARTHA.

Around The Parishes

IN THE last issue mention was made of the number of vocations from one or two of the parishes. We would like to have the details from all the parishes and perhaps the clergy could help in finding out how many priests, brothers and nuns there are from each parish.

The following are some interesting figures. There are 136 priests attached to the Limerick Diocese and here are their parishes of origin:—

- 8 priests from Effin, Glenroe, and Drumcollogher;
- 6 from Abbeyfeale, Rathkeale and Rockhill;
- 5 from Adare, Ballyagran, Bruff, Bulgaden, Newcastle West, St. Michael's and St. Patrick's;

4 from Ballingarry, Donoghmore, Kilfinane and Kilmallock;

3 from Banogue, Castlemahon, Cratloe, Croagh, Croom, Killeedy, Knockaderry and Shanagolden;

2 from Ardpatrick, Athea, Dromin, Kildimo and Patrickswell;

1 from Coolcappa, Cappagh, Glin, Kilmeedy, Mungret, Parteen, Templeglantine, St. John's and St. Mary's.

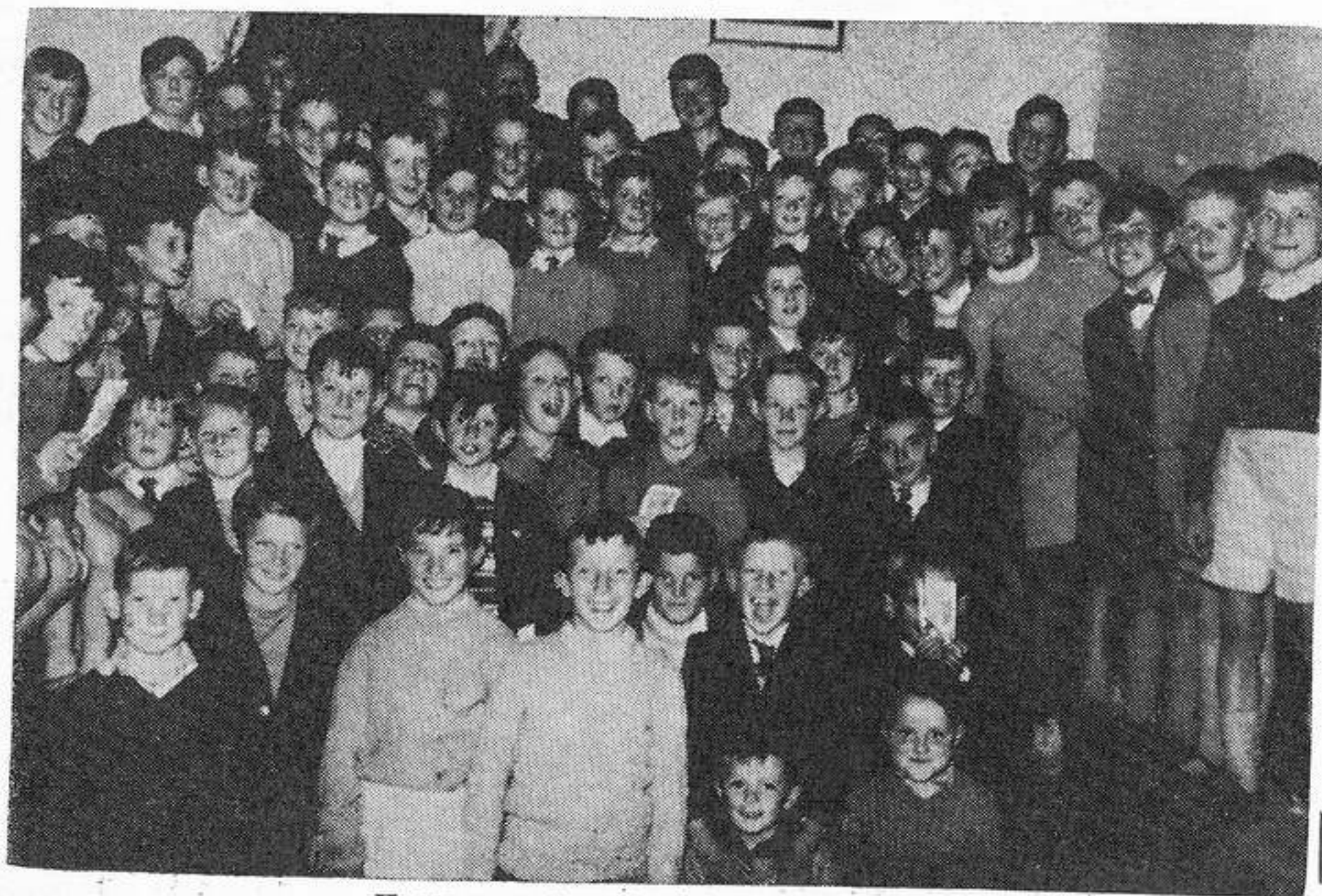
In this list 39 parishes are included, which means that there are 10 parishes in the Diocese with no representation. Another fact worth mentioning is that from the city parishes, which make up nearly half the popula-

tion of the Diocese, there are only 12 priests out of the total.

BIT OF HISTORY

News seems to be rather slack at present around the Diocese but for a change we got a little bit of history. **Kilmallock** derives its name from the Church of Mocheallog, an early Irish saint who lived in the district in the 7th century. The remains of the first Church built there can be seen on the hill north of the town, and is a typical Celtic Church.

In the 13th century a large parish church was built in the town. This was enlarged in the 15th century and continued as the Catholic Parish Church until the Reformation. The ruins of



Happy group from Dominic Savio Boys' Club



Some of St. Brigid's Boys' Club on holidays this year.

this building can be seen in the town cemetery.

At the time of Catholic Emancipation a new parish church was built at the present Chapel Height in the town and in 1879 the foundation stone of the present church was laid by Bishop Butler. It was opened in 1889. One of the Chalices in the church has been in use in the parish since 1634.



Newcastle West tells us about the growth of that parish from 1833-45:—

In the year 1833 eight townlands were transferred from the parish of Monegea to Newcastle West, viz., Rathina, Knockane, Cullinagh, Shanagarry, Ballinvallig, Ballymackessy, Gurteenaveen and Killeline.

In the year 1839 the townlands of Gortboy East, Clounesskahane, and part of Dromin Deel were transferred from the parish of Grange or Knockaderry to Newcastle West.

In the year 1841 the townland of Killoughteen was transferred from Ardagh to Newcastle West while the townland of Glenstar

was transferred from Newcastle West to Ardagh.

In the year 1845 the townlands of Ardnacrohy and Tirmena were transferred from Monegea to Newcastle West.



Effin seems to be a parish full of activity. They are working on a new extension to the burial-ground and many voluntary workers have given a hand. Grave-owners also assembled on a fixed day in November to tidy up their own family graves and to help in the general work.

There was a great gathering of Pioneers (250 approx.) for the annual Rally and Social in Effin. Fr. Robert, O.F.M., gave a most interesting talk and Fr. D. Browne, C.C., Granagh, showed a film of the Patrician ceremonies in Dublin last year. St. John's have had two very successful Pioneer functions in recent weeks, and news from Glenroe reports the preparations for a big night as the two parish centres of Glenroe and Ballyorgan are making a combined effort this year. The members seem to enjoy these entertainments, and

they should be encouraged as they serve as a great rallying ground for the members of the P.T.A.A.

MUINTIR NA TIRE

Back to Effin again, which seems to be a stronghold of Muintir na Tire. The annual County Convention was held there this year. This was the first Convention at which the Bishop was not present, but he sent a worthy representative in the person of Fr. T. Culhane, D.O. The delegates present sent a special message of goodwill to His Lordship in Rome.

Castlemahon parish can be proud of the fact that their Guild won the Glynn Trophy, which is for the best community effort during the year. The Co. chairman for the coming year is also from the same parish. He is Rev. T. Greene, C.C., Feoghanagh.

BOYS' CLUBS

One of the best forms of Catholic Action for the present times is the care of youth and here in the city there are many Boys' Clubs doing excellent work. There are six clubs in Limerick;

Continued page 29



Padraig O Cearbhail, Mainistir na Felle.

New College Page

PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTIONS (September-November inclusive)

We gratefully acknowledge the following:—

	£	s.	d.
Anonymous, per Rev. P. O'Callaghan	100	0	0
Mr. Joseph Barry, Hartstonge St.	100	0	0
Anon., per Rev. T. Culhane, D.O.	100	0	0
Anon., per Rev. T. Culhane, Rt. Rev. Mgr. D.P. Meade, Montana	100	0	0
Anon., per Canon Lee	80	0	0
Mrs. A. & Mr. P. O'Mara, New Strand House	50	0	0
Per Most Rev. Dr. Murphy	50	0	0
Anon., per Very Rev. J. Kennedy & Rev. E. Casey	50	0	0
Per Most Rev. Dr. Murphy (\$100)	35	10	7
Mr. & Mrs. A. O'Donovan, Barrington St.	35	0	0
Anon.	25	0	0
County Limerick P.P.	25	0	0
Anon. Effin	20	0	0
Messrs. Geary, Sons & Co. Ltd.	20	0	0
Rev. Patrick Casey, Corbally	20	0	0
Anon.	10	0	0
Mr. Thos. & Jennie Lillis, Killofin Hse., Labasheeda	10	0	0
Mr. M. J. Bourke	7	0	0
Mrs. O'Doherty, Cathedral Villas	5	0	0
Per Most Rev. Dr. Murphy	5	0	0
"Sacerdos," England	3	0	0
Priest in Scotland	3	0	0
Mrs. L. Fine, 12 Shannon Drive, Corbally	2	2	0
Mr. R. Jackson, Foynes	2	0	0
Anonymous, Effin	1	0	0
Anonymous, Garrienderk	10	0	0
	2959	2	7

BEQUEST.

Mrs. Bridget Ryan, Beabus, Adare 100 0 0
We are grateful for the following gifts to the New College Chapel received since our last publication.

Sanctuary Windows:

Mr. George Sheehy, Long Island, New York.

Mrs. M. Kennelly, The Bronx, New York.

Mrs. Mary Walsh, Kilmeedy, in memory of her husband, William (R.I.P.).

Missal Stand:

Master Liam Walsh, Kilmeedy.

Seat:

Anonymous, Bruree.

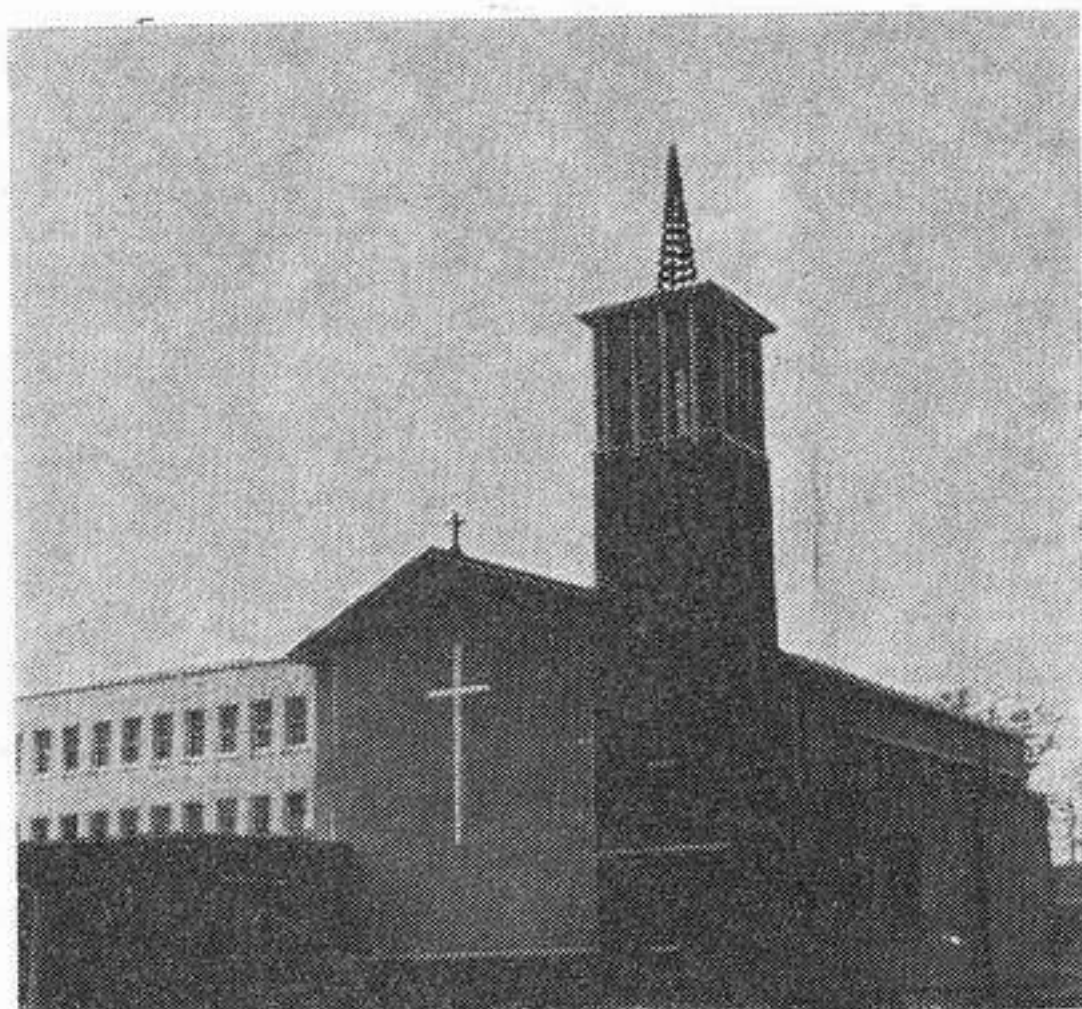
Missal:

Mrs. M. Burke, Chapel St., Newcastle West.

The following is a list and estimated cost of furnishings still required for the New College Chapel:

1. One Marble Holy Water Stoup—£25.
2. Vases—£50.
3. Electrical Organ—£700.
4. Bell in Tower—£350.
5. Windows:
 - 18 Nave Windows—£30 each.
 - 1 Gallery Window—£20.
 - 5 Public Transept Windows—£18 each.
6. Seats—£30 each.
7. Missals—£20 each.
8. Missal Stands (Brass)—10 gns. each.

We shall also be glad to receive Vestments (from £20) for Mass, Candlesticks, Mass Charts and Altar Linens.



Exterior view of the New College Chapel which is now nearing completion and will be ready for the students when they return after the Christmas holidays. Work is proceeding on the final section of the College—the wing containing priests' rooms—and it is expected that this will be completed in a few months.

The Diocese needs your help for the New College, for Church and School Building, for the Education of Priests, for the Relief of Distress.

REMEMBER ...

THE NEEDS OF LIMERICK DIOCESE

... IN YOUR WILL

FORM OF BEQUEST

"I give and bequeath to His Lordship, the Bishop of Limerick, the sum of £..... upon trust to apply the same in Ireland for the charitable objects and purposes of the Diocese of Limerick, and if I should die within three months from the making of this, my Will, then I leave the said legacy to His Lordship, the Bishop of Limerick, absolutely."

IT IS EITHER a feast or a famine. The Drama Groups expected fine weather during the summer and prepared no plays to entertain the people during the cold wet evenings. Just before the last issue went to press the Southern Theatre Group presented Keane's "Man from Clare" and we commented on it kindly but not too favourably.

Since then there has been great activity. The College Players gave us "Shinny's Men," by T. J. O'Donnell at Amharclann na Feile. The plot is serious, social and economic. At times the atmosphere was very close to that of the "Flowering Cherry" played by the same group at the end of last season. This sense of similarity was increased no doubt by the casting of Sheila O'Doherty as the patient, long-suffering wife in both plays, each time playing opposite a shifting, insecure husband. Writing of the "Flowering Cherry" I praised it but faulted the playwright for presenting his problem too solemnly. "Shinny's Men" suffered also from the too solemn note, from seeing a situation sentimentally, tragically with the people powerless against an uncaring social system, whereas the same situation might have been seen comically because they deluded themselves and did not see themselves as others saw them. We, in the audience, were the others. To what extent did their failures derive from their own inadequacies?

Paddy Moran, who took the part of Jimmy Curtin, Shinny's husband, played well most of the time and gained our sympathy but his nature was essentially kind. There was no steel core of stubborn fight to support him in the quarrelsome scenes or to justify the constant raising of the fists. Gerard Fulham created a character in Paud Bawn Ryan, an unpleasant character, but we welcomed his entrances because they were well played. These

DRAMA

By ANN DOOLEY

*

mentions are not meant to write down the remainder of the cast.

The programme says that the College Players will appear again on St. Stephen's Night with John McCann's "A Jew Called Sammy."

OPERA FESTIVAL

Grand Opera filled the City Theatre for a fortnight. It was heartening to see such support for good music, well sung and well produced. In these productions of *La Boheme*, *La Traviata* and the *Barber of Seville*, Limerick supplied the singers for the choruses and for the smaller parts. The fusion was excellent. The professionals took on the tasks which required skill and technique far above the reach of the amateur. The standard was high and the amateurs, in such company, reached high indeed. The Limerick Choral and Operatic Society, sponsored by the Christian Brothers Past Pupils Union, provided this glorious fortnight and has added enormously to Limerick's musical and dramatic life. Many thanks.

OTHER PRODUCTIONS

The Cecilians staged a very engaging performance of "South Pacific" at the Crescent. This production attracted great crowds and added to the long list of very successful productions by this Society. I have sometimes thought that one of these performances would be greatly welcomed in Askeaton, Shanagolden, Ballin-garry, and other rural halls which have stages and auditoriums to cater for them. Cecilia, would you travel?

I did not get to see "Twelve Little Niggers" at the Crescent.

It is one of the best of Agatha Christie's. The cast of this play was very interesting as it contained quite a number of College Players in addition to the seasoned Crescent Players.

Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" is on at the Amharclann and filling houses. The Singers, who accumulated so many Festival prizes in the past few years, will stage "The Glass Menagerie" early in December.

Many Secondary Schools are in rehearsal. Laurel Hill have produced "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with Barbara Devane doing excellently in the name part. A young lady named Angela Robinson played Lady Blakeney. She understood this very adult part and was so sensitive to its emotions that no movement, no inflection, failed to convey the anxiety which derives from the uncertainty of every next minute.

FAREWELL

Happy Christmas, my readers, and farewell. I leave to spend some years on the hills of Sparta, having a lean and hardy time. In future issues another pen will spatter words of comment on those who mount the playhouse stages. *Day, day.*



MIND OVER MATTER

A famous politician, when he was asked how he arranged the seating of the very important persons whom he invited to his dinners, replied: "I never pay any attention to it. Those who matter don't mind, and those who mind don't matter."



It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.

The History of Killaloe

KILLALOE DIOCESE stretches half-way across Ireland, through Thomond and Ormond from the Atlantic to the Slieve Blooms. The Shannon divides the territories, providing a bridge at Killaloe, headquarters of the O'Brien Ard-ri who had so much to say to the fixing of diocesan boundaries in these parts some eight hundred and fifty years ago.

It is but fitting that Ormond and Thomond should share the credit for the notable volume, a *History of the Diocese of Killaloe*, which came from the press a few short months before the passing of its author, that great-hearted scholar and gentleman who was Dermot Gleeson. Like Dermot Gleeson, Dr. Fogarty grew up in Ormond and came in the prime of life to reside in the heart of Thomond. Twenty or more years have passed since the far-seeing prelate commissioned the vigorous young District Justice to gird himself for the task of setting down the story of the diocese.

Gleeson's interests and training fitted him admirably for the weighty assignment. The flow and ebb of the Norman effort, the legal and agrarian consequences, the shifting and re-settlement of families — all these were matters for which he had an instinctive understanding, supported by a fine background of knowledge.

For the great reform that moved the centre of gravity in church matters from monastic spheres of influence to diocesan jurisdiction he wisely summoned to his aid the foremost authority in this matter, Fr. Aubrey Gwynn. For him, of course, it was a congenial task as the great-grandson of William Smith

O'Brien could not fail to be in the best Thomond tradition. Between them, Gleeson and Gwynn have given our country a model diocesan history covering the Celtic monastic period, the changes effected at Rathbreasail, and the chequered medieval story of Gael and Gall wrestling in church and state, long enough to reach some kind of weary balance just before the Tudors came to ring down the curtain. And there fittingly the present volume ends.

CELTIC CHURCHES

The Ormond section of Killaloe diocese has what may well be the most intense concentration of Celtic church settlements in the country. The eastern boundary of the diocese is placed in the Rathbreasail decrees at the Slighe Dala. St. Cronan moved his settlement from a more secluded place to open a guest-house on that highway at Roscrea. Flanking the route was Clonfert Molua named from the West Limerickman who settled there. From Roscrea the Brosna river flows to Birr where its main tributary joins it from Kinnitty. The Brosna was such a landmark that a Life tells of Saint Patrick halting there to bless Munster and bid it farewell. From Birr to the Shannon the river is flanked by miles of esker ridges that formed easy routes for the wayfarer of those days. And so it was that waterways and gravel tracks gave opportunity for such early foundations as Clonfert Molua, Moin na h-Inse, Roscrea, Kinnitty, Birr, Lorrha, Terryglass and Inis Cealtra — to name only the most notable. Then across the Shannon, in the rich plain between Slieve Aughty and the Killaloe hills, there is the

early monastery at Tomgraney and the church of Tomfinlogh farther west. Not only the last-named but many of the others received their *coup de grace* when the Norse from Lewis settled at Limerick in 922 to begin their smash and grab raids along the middle Shannon.

How worthily Fr. Gwynn treats of all that heritage in his stimulating discussion of the known facts, avoiding the sweeping generalities that too often have done duty for the calm analysis which the period so deserves. Despite the Norse raids these houses of Ormond left to posterity such legacies as the Stowe Missal, the Book of Dimma, the Mac Regol Gospels, and the Cross of Kinnitty — treasures which have no need of frothy rhetoric to gild their merits. Limerick men to whom all that territory is so familiar will add to their enjoyment by taking this fascinating volume on their tours along the shores of Lough Derg. A handsome volume it is, too, all the five hundred odd pages of it, on good paper, well bound and well illustrated, a credit to Gills, the publishers, and excellent value for forty-five shillings: indeed, one can commend it as a safe investment.

FULLER TREATMENT

As a background to the medieval church history, Dr. Gleeson fills the gaps in Westropp's account of the de Clare attempt on Thomond from their castle at Bunratty. In North Tipperary he shows how a family of the O'Briens crossed the lake to take the lordship of Ara, cradleland, incidentally, of the Gleesons. Ormond fell to the Butlers, but their centre of gravity moved

eventually to Kilkenny and their Irish vassals in Tipperary recovered their old lands. All that time, however, the bishops were of native stock except for Travers, kin to the mighty de Marisco. He tried to encastle himself at Killaloe but he was displaced. Early in the fifteenth century there was an English Cistercian nominee but he never took effective control.

The houses of the canons regular and the friars are amply treated. Of the earlier medieval houses, Killaloe nunnery is the most interesting from the architectural point of view: it had a branch house at Peter's Cell in Limerick. Quin, of course, is the best preserved and most imposing of the friaries. As far as Clare is concerned Westropp provides a starting point for any consideration of the church remains, but in North Tipperary, Dr. Gleeson had to do most of the pioneering work. Leask's study of the remains at Killone and Quin will fall for consideration in the next edition of the History of Killaloe.

END OF AN ERA

The return of Norman influence is marked in a document showing the humble submission of native families to Piers Butler, a situation in which church officials had to acquiesce. The deed was signed at the Franciscan Friary in Nenagh on September 18th, 1533. It was an ominous time, for earlier that month a certain Anne Boleyn, kin to the Butlers, gave birth to a daughter, named Elizabeth.

With that period of drastic change the present volume closes. Some day another pen will sketch the story of the dark night that followed and the stormy years of insurrection and resurrection. Meantime, Dermot Gleeson rests in the soil of his beloved Ormond. Under the soft rain of an autumn afternoon he was laid with his fathers in the quiet graveyard at Cill na Naomh. In his history

Dermot found little to say about the place. For the legion of his mourning friends his grave will make it memorable enough.

Christmas will soon be upon us: a time for recalling friends and exchanging gifts. Here is the ideal gift to hand — the last book from the hand of Dermot Gleeson, the gracious and gallant gentleman for whose soul we pray the gift of God's peace.

—M.M.

OTHER BOOKS

By REV. J. O'BEIRNE, C.C.

FROM CLONMORE & REYNOLDS:

Aubrey De Vere, the writer and his time by Sister Paraclita Reilly. 18/-

This is at present the only full-length study of the Irishman of letters who counted among his friends many of the most eminent literary and ecclesiastical figures of the last century. Wordsworth and Tennyson, Newman and Manning figured among the latter, and we have here much hitherto unpublished correspondence dealing with interesting events in the Oxford Movement and the Romantic Revival in literature.

Formation of Christian Character, by Ernest Mackey, S.J., 12/6d.

Described as "an adaptation of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius to the mentality of youth," this excellent book should prove invaluable to schools and colleges, boys' clubs and sodalities, and all those who are receiving technical training or university education. Broad in its scope and modern in its outlook, it comes to us from a man who has had a lifetime's experience in the training and spiritual direction of boys.

From GILLS:—

Preaching. Maynooth Summer School Lectures of 1960. Edited by Ronan Drury, 16/-.

Flight and Pursuit. The Mission of Dom Vital Lehodey. Nivard Kinsella, O.C.S.O., 21/-.

To Live is Christ. Nature and Grace in the Religious Life. Robert W. Gleeson, S.J., 18/-.

The above three books are just on the market and the publishers deserve to be congratulated on the excellence of the production in every case. There are nine contributors to "Preaching," making it an eminently readable and instructive handbook. "To Live in Christ" is one of the first and finest results in English of renewed emphasis upon doctrine in the field of religious writing. Dom Lehodey was a French Cistercian of the end of the last century and in this book we accompany him on his pilgrimage from the fear to the love of God, and trace the influence of this great odyssey in his own life and writings, on the spiritual life of his monastic brethren, and on the spiritual life of modern man.

"UNIVERSE BOOK" SERIES

I include a list of new publications in the excellent "Universe Book" series of Burns & Oates paper-backs. First there is Ronald Knox's **Four Gospels** at 2/6d. Then there are the following:

Saint Thomas More, by Christopher Hollis, 5/-.

The Imitation of Christ. Translated by Knox & Oakley, 3/6d.

A Popular History of the Catholic Church, by Philip Hughes, 5/-.

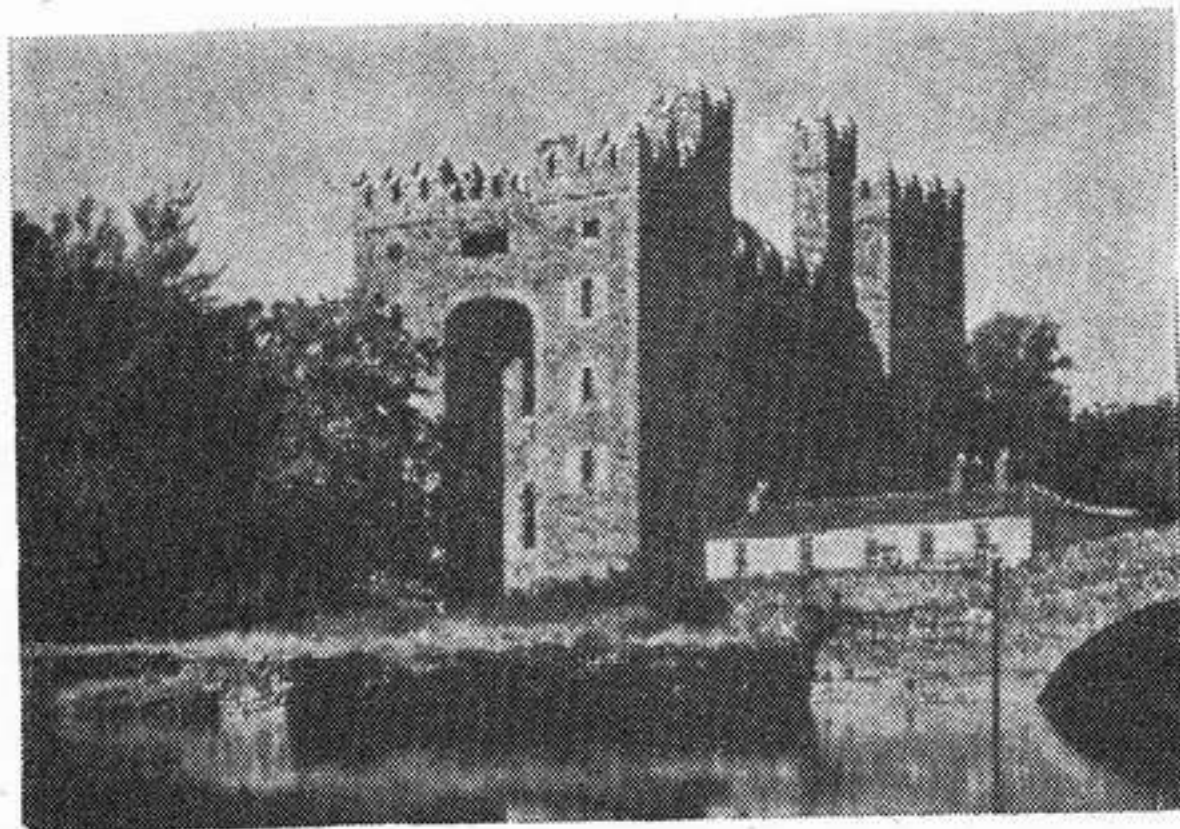
Loss and Gain. Cardinal Newman, 5/-.

Three To Get Married. Fulton Sheen, 3/6d.

Love and Marriage. Gustave Thibon, 3/6d.

Love and Control. Cardinal Suenens, 4/-.

Bunratty Castle



BUNRATTY CASTLE, on the main road between Limerick City and Shannon Airport, has, since it was renovated a couple of years ago and furnished in mediaeval style, become a first-class tourist attraction and a popular venue for "fifteenth century" dinners. The actual work of restoring the castle was carried out by the Office of Public Works in co-operation with Lord Gort (who provided the furnishings), while Bord Fáilte gave financial aid. The result of their joint efforts is now held in trust by the nation, and Shannon Free Airport Development Co. Ltd. manage the place on a non-profit basis. Any money left over after the expenses are paid is used for further restoration and improvements.

The present building is the fourth to be erected on this site (once an island named Trádraí) which is on the north bank of the Shannon estuary and in a position overlooking traffic on the river. A Norman knight, Robert de Muscegros, was responsible for erecting the first timber fortifications there in 1251, but when Edward I granted the surrounding area to Thomas de Clare in 1276 a castle "of dressed stone, girt with thick outer wall, containing a roofed impregnable donjon, and having capacious limewhited appurtenances" was built.

de Clare's arrival was very soon marked by a deed of barbarous cruelty and treachery. He entered into a solemn alliance with Brian Rua O Briain, both parties swearing on bell and crozier to come to each other's aid in time of need. Blood drawn from the veins of each was mingled in a

vessel and the Sacred Host was divided between them. But for some reason or other de Clare's wife persuaded him to kill O Briain, who was thereupon invited to a banquet. On arrival he was seized by the Normans and torn to pieces between horses. But strangely enough we find that the descendants of Brian Rua were allies of the de Clares at the battle of Dysert O Dea in 1318 when the Normans were heavily defeated and Richard de Clare, son of Thomas, was slain. On learning of the disaster, Richard's widow set fire to Bunratty and fled with her followers to England, but in 1352 the King's Justiciar, Thomas de Rokeboy, had the castle re-built, and though it changed ownership at times, it lasted till the middle of the fifteenth century when the building, lately restored, was erected by Síoda Mac Conmara.

The first change of ownership came in 1355 when the Irish again won possession of Bunratty, but from that time "until the submission of Murchú O Briain to Henry VIII, that is for nearly two hundred years, no Englishman set foot inside the castle"—(Westropp). During that lengthy period the O Briains held Bunratty as one of their chief strongholds, and in the Hall of the Princes the Earls of Thomond—especially the Fourth Earl—

sumptuously entertained their friends and guests.

About the middle of the sixteenth century a long period of peace and prosperity began for Bunratty. Walls and ceilings were renovated and adorned and beautiful gardens were laid out. In 1646, Archbishop Rinuccini, who had been sent as Papal Nuncio to the Confederation of Kilkenny, spent some days there and was so enamoured of its beauty that he wrote of it:—"Bunratty is the most beautiful spot I have ever seen. In Italy there is nothing like the grounds and palaces of Lord Thomond."

Four years later the Sixth Earl of Thomond surrendered the Castle to Admiral Penn, and it is believed that the Admiral's infant son William, who later founded Pennsylvania, was reared there for a time. After only three months, however, Bunratty was re-captured by the Confederates who in turn yielded it up again to Ireton in 1651. Later, when the fighting was all over, the Castle was rented to successive lessees. One of these, Thomas Amory, who held the lease in 1725, sold his interest to the Studdert family which retained ownership down almost to the present day.

—Máirtín O Corrbuí,
Pálás Caonraí, Co. Luimní.

COGAR I LEIT

MÁIRTÍN Ó CORRBUÍ

San eagrán deireannach den iris seo bí alt beag i mDearla a baineadh as "A Traveller in Rome" le H. V. Morton. Cur síos a bhí ann ar comrá a bhí ag an údar cáiliúil sin leis an sagart a tugann—nó a tugaod cibé scéal é—aire do catacomái San Calistus sa Róim. Tarla go raib sé o'ad orm trí bliana ó shin cuairt a tabairt ar na catacomái sin agus bhí an cuairt sin ceann de na príomhrudaí a chuaigh i bfeirm orm sa Cúitair Síoraí. Is é an tAitair Conchabar Ó Ceallacháin, o'oro na Sailleac, an sagart a bhí i gceist, ac b'íod is go bhfuil ainm breá Gaelaic air ní éireannach é cor ar bit.

Faoi mar a léiríonn Morton ina leabhar tá eolas as cuimse mór ag an Aitair Ó Ceallacháin ar na catacomái sin, agus ní féadfaí é a sárú agus é ag roinnt an eolais sin ar na hoileirigh. Ac san am céanna is fear seanúil meidreac é san éirí in airde o'aon sahas ag baint leis.

Bí brotall mór ann agus sinn sa Róim agus bhí hataí gréine ar cuio againn. Bhí a leitéir ar an sagart beannaite com mair. O'éirigh sé an-cairdeúil le fear áirithe mair measc — fir grinn a bhí iontu araon — agus mar comartha cairdeasa deir siad a hataí gréine a málartú. Ceannaíod hata an tsagairt san loadail ar ndóig, agus nuair o'féad sé ar an hata a ceannaíod i luimnead cao a beadh scríofa taob istigh ann ac—"San loadail a deineadh."

* * * *

Do réir tuairisce a tug na muilleoirí do na nuactáin tamall ó shin tá lajóú mór tagta

ar an méid aráin a itear sa tír seo. Tá an lajóú com mór sin go raib ar roinnt de na muilté éirí as a gcuid oibre cun go ndéanfaí eagar níos fearr a cur ar an tionscal muilleoir-eacta. Deir siad leis gurab é is cúis leis an lajóú ná go bhfuil bianna eile com mór sin i dtreais anois.

Dreis is céad bliain ó shin ní raib le n-ite ag fúmhór na ndaoine sa tír seo ac prátaí agus bainne. Má's fíor do sain-eolaithe an lae inniu ní fiú mórán mar bhia iad na prátaí, ac b'íod an ceart acu nó a málairt is fíor gur coctáig na prátaí fir agus mná a o'oirigh go dian agus a tóg clanna móra in ainneoin gac cruatain.

Cao iad na bianna a itear anois in ionad an aráin? Bhfuil an práta ag teact i réim arís de barr a n-itear de sceallóga, Tayco, agus mar sin? Nó an amlaio go bhfuil an caigveán maireactála feabsaite com mór sin go bhfuil an feoil á halpaod go craosac againn? Má tá aetru tagta ar nós a iteactáin éireannach beadh sé an-suimiúil tuillead eolais a fáil ar an sahas aetraithe atá i gceist agus cao ba cúis leis an aetru sin.

* * * *

Ar deiread tair tall tá socraithe ag an Roinn Oideacais an cló Rómánac a tabairt istead de réir a céile sna scoileanna. Más mall is miú mar is mór ar pad an cailliúint ama é beic ag múinead an oá córas do páistí. Taob amuig de sin tá roinnt poitntí suimiúla eile gur fiú aire a díriú orthu:

Bhí an banríon Eilís I a tug an cló "Gaelaic," mar a tugtar air, oúinn, nuair a bhí uairt go

gcuirfí leagan Gaeltige den Bíobla ar fáil o'fionn Protastúntac a cur cun cinn.

Tá glaeta ag beagnac gac tír sa domhan leis an gcló Rómánac.

Cuirfí foilsíú leabhar agus irisí Gaeltige ar ceal nac mór oá gclóirí feasta leis an gcló Gaelaic mar is beag clóoir a beadh sasta é a úsáio.

Deir daoine go gcuirfí an cló Rómánac istead go mór ar páistí sa léiteoireact—go mbeid mearball orthu nuair a buailfí focal mar "teach" leo san oá teanga, agus fuaim agus ciall deirfíuile leis i ngac cás. Agus ar ndóig—"Una is a brat" An amlaio go bhfuil clóca ag Una nó gur cailín an-oána í? Ac bíonn a leitéir sin i gceist is cuma cao é an dara teanga a bíonn á foglaím ag ouine. San ffrancís, cuir i gcás, buailfí sé le focail mar "pour," "lit," agus mar sin, ac ní fada go dtuigfear do nac ionann fuaim oóib agus an fuaim a bíonn orthu sa Béarla.

Tá sé com mair againn mar sin glacad leis an gcoras nua—de réir a céile.

* * *

Ag scríob dom faoi "Glór na nGael" in eagrán an Earraig oúirt mé: "Ceana féin tá muintir Mainistir na féile i mbun oibre, agus ní beadh ionad orm oá mbainois preab asainn go léir." Anois ó táinig an tuar sa tarrngaireact treasláim oóib.

* * *

Slán againn go léir, a léiteoirí, agus go dtuga an leand íosa Nollaig faoi séan is faoi maise daoib uile.



TEENAGE FORUM

A Chailini agus a Bhucailli,

I received a letter that has left me reeling from the bite and kick in it. If the Editor isn't looking (which is seldom) I'll slip it all in and wait till next time to answer some of the points raised. Why not write your views and reactions to this letter from a teenager who does not want his name published for obvious reasons.

A Athair, A Chara,

I think "Teenage Forum" is strictly for the birds, squarer than the page it is printed on and not with it at all. We are teenagers remember, full-blooded, healthy young people with many advantages, not the least of which is that all things being equal we should bury the lot of you oldsters. There is never anything in our page to really interest us. Of course I read it, but I never told any of my pals that it was worth reading, nor did I ever show it to my girl friends. Girl friends — note the plural — more about them anon. I am still at school, so my pocket money doesn't go far. Yet grown-ups don't realise the tremendous power we teenagers possess — simply because there are so many of us there. We can make the whole world do the Twist, the Madison, the Locomotion, or the Pop-eye no matter who protests. Look what we did with Rock-'n-Roll. If we like him we can put an unknown teenager into the £1,000-a-week bracket by buying his records. We laugh

when this is called a waste of money. Look at the money wasted on Civil Defence! Defence against what, I ask you? Britain will spend £172 million this year making nuclear weapons — why can't we spend a few bob making wopee. We can make the cinemas hold for a week and more a film we want while so-called adult fare is squeezed into bad weekends and revivals are shown in Race weeks.

Of course there are teenagers who get in trouble but why do so many grown-ups stay superior by using these as moral ladder-rungs. We learn fast. For example, the law says we must not attend a public dance-hall till we are 18 years old. But, Father, no dance-hall door-man ever refused the 30 pennies in my half-dollar and that even when I was only 16. He didn't ask for my birth-cert. or for my parent's approval in writing. Why must a teenager work for low wages if he or she is quick-witted enough to learn a trade or a job in quarter the time adults think we need. Don't give me that "experience" gag — it won't wash.

I wonder how many kid-soldiers of 16, 17, 18 and 19 were killed in the last war. They were taught and experienced in death, sudden and slow, before they knew anything at all about life. They were intelligent enough to kill for democracy and freedom but they weren't experienced enough to vote for it. We can get a driver's licence at 16 for a motor bike and we have no say in the making of rules for the

road. Did you see the German film *Die Bruke* (The Bridge)? The Germans conscripted 15 and 16 year olds when the war was lost and flung them into battle once they were uniformed and helmeted. Remember how one of these kids blasted to death the American sergeant as he walked towards them begging and pleading "Please, please do not fight." Those youngsters learned fast. And if we are considered different and go against the crowd it is often because the crowd is wrong or else we don't really know whom we should believe.

Girls — well we found out long ago that girls find us as interesting as we find them. We are slightly scared of each other and we have our own kind of mass courtship in which a group of boys meet a group of girls. That explains the block-seat booking in the cinemas on Sunday afternoons. We know too that we are suffering from growing pains and are full of life. Teenagers don't die, Father, they only fade away. We are only young once and these are the dangerous years. Let the adults take care not to ignore our problems, not to laugh at our groping for independence, because the world they made for us isn't exactly a heaven on earth.

Father, I had better pull my pen-punches and write finish. I don't imagine this will ever see printer's ink. But I had it on my mind and it's better to have it out.

Le gach deagh guidhe,

S. O M.

Well, there you are. What do you think of that? I will give a prize of £1 for the best letter commenting on the foregoing. Write to me before February 1st, 1963.



Just in case the Editor might think that I am gone off the rails altogether I am adding a few paragraphs that I had already written.

Some of you wanted me to write about teenage fashions. But what is in vogue now would be dated in a few weeks, your fashions change so quickly. However, there are things about dress that never change and one is the way clothes are worn. A dress may be the height of fashion on one girl and worn by another its the height of vulgarity. I knew a girl who passed her Leaving Cert.

with honours and went for an interview seeking secretarial work. She wasn't asked about her shorthand and typing speed or her exam. results. She was asked simply to show her hands and fingernails. Did she get the job? Look at your hands and fingernails. A beautiful dress can be ugly if worn with a brazen boldness; lovely hair can be tortured and twisted into hideous shapes that are far from sophisticated; down at heel shoes won't flatter with glossy uppers; nicotine stains and black crescents can't be hidden by glaring nail varnish; and, boys, a spotless handkerchief in your top pocket doesn't excuse snuffling, nor does hair-oil hide dandruff on your coat collar.



"I can't follow the Mass in my missal!" That may be the saying

of those who get a present of a Sunday missal from an affectionate aunt. Have you one already? Oh! a thick daily missal. Don't try to follow every word that the priest says from beginning to end of the Mass. You will feverishly flip pages in a failing attempt to keep pace with what is said and done at the altar. This rushing is neither helpful, devotional, nor is it any way necessary. Read the Collect, Epistle, Gospel, Preface, Secret, Canon and Post Communion slowly and prayerfully and you will be assisting very well at Mass even if you pass over everything else, because all that is basically important in the Ritual of the Sacred Sacrifice will have reached you.

I wish you all every joy and happiness at Christmas and the New Year.

—An tAthair Padraig.



Group taken recently when the Diocesan Council of Catholic Boy Scouts presented sets of vestments to the new college.

Feasts Of The Church

CLOSER AND CLOSER comes the day, the day the Lord hath made. "Whilst deep silence dwelt on all things below, and the night was in the midst of its course, the Almighty Word came down from Its throne. Alleluia." It is Christmas, when every man becomes a child and there is happiness with a catch of loneliness in it. Mary and Joseph found lodgings in a cave and waited till the Saviour of the world was born, hidden from men by God, and the earth He had come to save left Him homeless that all men might be forever at home. Our Saviour is born to-day. Let us be happy. It is not right to give way to sadness on the birthday of Life.

The celebration of Christmas extends for twelve days and the Church in her feast days reminds us of the consequences of the tremendous mystery that is too often regarded as a feast for children only, so that we might see beyond the Child in a manger of straw to the King who rules the world from a cross.

December 26th: St. Stephen, the first martyr for his faith and the patron of stonecutters. "I see heaven opening and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God."

December 27th: St. John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, also called the Evangelist because he wrote his gospel account of Our Lord's life "that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of the living God and that believing you may have life in His name."

December 28th: The Holy Innocents:

*All hail, ye little martyr flowers,
Sweet rosebuds cut in dawning hours,*

*When Herod sought the Christ
to find,
Ye fell as bloom before the
wind.*

First victims of the martyr band.

January 1st: New Year's Day, the Feast of the Circumcision. If we should rid ourselves of but one fault every year, we should soon be perfect men.

January 2nd: St. Munchin, patron of the Diocese of Limerick. "Behold a great priest who in his time pleased God and was found to be just." Also the **Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus.** "In the name of Jesus every knee should bend and every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus is in the glory of God the Father." "I will praise Thy name continually, and will praise it with thanksgiving."

January 6th: "Then entered there wise men three. Full reverently on bended knee." The **Feast of the Epiphany** reminds us of a later threat of Our Lord: "And I tell you that many will come from the east and from the west, and will feast with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven: but the children of the kingdom will be put forth into the darkness outside."—(Matt. VIII, 11.)

January 13th: Feast of the Holy Family. "Give thy mother her due while her life lasts; do not forget what hazard she underwent to bear thee in her womb."—(Tob. IV, 3-4.)

January 15th: St. Ita, patroness of Limerick Diocese.

January 25th: The Conversion of St. Paul. "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

February 1st: St. Brigid. "For

nothing, however so little, that is suffered for God's sake can pass without merit in the sight of God."

February 2nd: The Purification of the Blessed Mother. Candlemas. In Christian tradition, the clean wax of the candles is a symbol of the pure flesh of Christ, the wick is an image of His soul, and the flame is a figure of the divinity of the Word made flesh.

February 3rd: St. Blaise.

February 11th: The Apparitions of Our Lady of Lourdes. "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in battle array."

March 25th: The Feast of the Annunciation. "The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary and she conceived by the Holy Ghost. And the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." Say the Angelus faithfully and well.

February 27th: Ash Wednesday. It seems such a short time ago that we sought the Infant God at Bethlehem, adored Him, and were sure we would never offend Him, and already on Septuagesima Sunday in the Introit of the Mass He cries out with the weight of our sins: "The groans of death surround me and the sorrows of hell encompass me."—(Ps. XVII.) And Lent is our time to ponder our sins and the price of our redemption. Look, you are only dust and ashes. Yet see what it cost Him to love you. "Almighty and Eternal God, who did'st grant the remedy of Thy pardon to the Ninivites who did penance in ashes and sackcloth, mercifully grant that we may imitate them in our actions and like them we may obtain forgiveness. Amen."

TASTE OF DARKNESS—continued

"Why?"

"Fr. Pierce was putting something on 'em."

"What?"

"Stuff from a silvery thing."

"Will he die?"

Voices outside cut the answer. Pakey watched the dark. Die? Gran would never die, because when you were that old you were never afraid of the dark and people died only in the dark when no one was looking. Cathy kept at her questions. "Will Gran see Patch when he dies?" "Pakey, will Patch be in Heaven to meet Gran?"

He could see Patch, his terrier, stretched in the yard when the tractor backed over him — sad, unanswering and tail-still. Dead and his eyes open on the dark. And all the fat rats he had killed when the bottom sheaves were lifted at the threshing.

His mother came in. "Mammy, what's wrong with Gran?" His mother put her arms around him and he got the faint scent of her and her woollen cardigan tickled his nose. "Pakey, go to sleep; you'll wake Cathy."

"I'm awake!"

She was tucked in and her mother's hand caressed her hair. "Is Gran very sick?" Why was Mammy crying?

"God has taken Gran away. He put him to sleep so that He could take him away to Heaven."

"Why?" said Cathy.

Mammy spoke softly and there were many long quiet.

Pakey wasn't listening. Gran was dead. There would be no one now to tell him about Setanta, and the Fianna, and the Black and Tans, and all the people Gran knew. He would never again see Gran. He would be like Patch and the dead rats. God wanted him and yet if God could do everything why did He have to take Gran away? Why didn't He leave him here. "Gran," he said, "Gran," and the tears filled his squeezing eyes. It was the dark that did it. He could see the darkness like a big black dog with Gran small in his mouth and shaking him like a rat. And the dark ground would cover him up like Patch in the orchard. But to-morrow when the light came, early, he would go down unnoticed and take Gran's pipe from its place on the mantelpiece and go out to the barn. He would clean the stem with a trathnín and he would tip his tongue to the ash and tell Gran goodbye. But somehow he knew that the ash would have the taste of darkness.

AROUND THE PARISHES

—continued

the pity is that there are not many more. Extra helpers would solve the problem. St. Brigid's Club in St. Mary's parish, which is the oldest club in the city, are making great strides since they acquired new premises some months ago. Members of St. Vincent de Paul Society are in charge.

Another item of news from St. Mary's is that a branch of *Unitas* has been formed there. This form of Catholic Action — its aim is to help the women of the parish to help themselves — had its origin in St. Munchin's parish and has done wonderful work.

CONGRATULATIONS

The parish of Abbeyfeale has been praised in this magazine many times for their great support in Diocesan matters. It now gives us great pleasure to offer to the people of Abbeyfeale our sincere congratulations in winning the Glór na nGael Competition, the award for the best Irish-speaking town in Ireland outside the Gaeltacht. Great credit is due to all who co-operated in the scheme and especially to the Committee which was headed by Canon Lynch, P.P. (President), Padraig O Cearbhaill (Chairman), Padraig Mac Suibhne (Sec.), and Margaret O'Neill (Treasurer). Nár laga Dia sibh, a mhuintir Mhainistir na Féile! Beidh togha na Gaeilge agaibh amach anso, le cónamh Dé.



Joe: "My wife gave a rousing performance at the opera last night."

Tom: "So she's an operatic singer now?"

Joe: "No! She kicked me every time I fell asleep."

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If you wish to have a copy of *OUR CATHOLIC LIFE* sent regularly to a friend during 1963, all you need do is send a P.O. for 3/- to the Editor and fill in this Form:—

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OUR CHRISTMAS PAGE

CHRISTMAS, 1962.

My dear Children,

Before you read this, you will have had lots of reminders of the approaching Christmas Season. You may have visited Toyland and seen all the pretty toys. I am sure you are looking forward to lovely toys, and I do hope Santa will be very generous this year. Many people forget about Him who gave us Christmas, the Infant Jesus. Christmas is His Birthday, so you must try to give Him a little gift. Have you ever thought of giving Him a Spiritual Cradle? You can offer all your prayers and acts to make something for the Cradle and when Christmas morning comes you will have a lovely gift ready for the Infant Jesus. I hope you have not forgotten to pray for Our Holy Father, Pope John and for the success of the Council.

Many thanks for your lovely letters Marie Fitzpatrick, Josephine and Angela Hennessy, Carol Condon, Marion Wallis, Marian O'Sullivan, Tom Murphy, Sean T. O'Ceallaigh and M. T. Kelleher. I enjoyed reading them and also the poem sent by Moira Dempsey, Robertstown. I am very glad you were lucky last time, Sheevaun Sexton. You will make good use of your prize. There were many very good Paintings, and I am sorry I hadn't more prizes, but I'm looking forward to the next Competition Post already. You will have many photos for our page after Christmas, so please send them on.

And now for all my little nieces and nephews, I pray for a Christmas that will bring peace and happiness to your homes and the blessings of the Holy Child on your families.

You will pray, too, for your loving

AUNTIE BRIGID.

RESULTS OF AUTUMN PAINTING COMPETITION

- Juniors:**
1. Mary Roantree (10 years), 11, Revington Circle, Limerick.
 2. Oliver Haskett (10 years), 4 St. Judes Terrace, Parteen.
 3. Marian Byrnes (8 years), 24 Bowman St., Limerick.
 4. Pat Casey (5½ years), 7 Verona Esplanade, Limerick.

OVER 10 YEARS

- Seniors:**
1. Sheila Kingston, St. Anne's, Castleconnell.
 2. Marian Sciascia, 7 Parkview Terrace, St. Joseph's Street, Limerick.
 3. Mary O'Shaughnessy, Bettyville, Askeaton, Co. Limerick.
 4. Claire Enright, Callura House, Cratloe, Co. Clare.

LUCKY DIP WINNER

Christina Healy, Scoil Maincin, Ballynanty.

The Murphy Twins

THE SNOW fell white and thick outside. Peter and Pauline, eyes glued to the window, watched fascinated. Mary watched too as she occasionally glanced up from her books. She was studying hard for her Christmas test but found time to wonder as she watched the twins who were soon joined by Eileen, why the falling snow held everybody spellbound. She sighed and turned back to her books. She'd have to break the spell anyway as she had an amount of work to do. She was soon so absorbed in her books that she did not notice the three younger ones stealing out of the room. When she did miss them she decided they had gone upstairs for a better view. They had indeed gone upstairs but it was only to put on coats and caps and steal out into the white blinding world outside. They soon found that the soft white flakes could wet you through and through, so they took refuge in the barn where they were soon happily at play. Soon the snow eased off and the trio scampered out into the open once more. As it cleared altogether they ran towards "the wood" — a little clump of trees in the field near the road — lured by the strange new appearance of the snow-clad trees.

Meantime, Mary laid aside her books and got everything ready for tea, and built a nice cosy fire to welcome Mammy and Daddy home from town, where they were

Continued on page 33



Top : Flynn family, 30 Hyde Road, Prospect; Chrissie and Eileen Ryan, 43 Lenihan Avenue, Prospect.
 Centre : Andre Magee and Ann O'Sullivan of Summerville Gardens (prize-winners), Limerick; the Coll boys, 17 Lenihan Avenue, Prospect.
 Bottom : The McGuane's, 6 Clarina Avenue, Prospect; Mary O'Connor and Philomena de Lacy, 11 Raheen Square, Prospect.

★ Please keep sending in those pictures.

The Murphy Twins—Contd.

doing their Christmas shopping. Suddenly she noticed the house was very still. She opened the door and looked out. No, the children had not gone out as there were no tracks on the dry powdery snow outside. She called upstairs but there was no answer. So the twins were up to their tricks again pretending not to hear. She ran upstairs but tried all the rooms in vain. Next she tried under the beds and in the wardrobes, but they were nowhere to be found. Suddenly, fear gripped her heart as she realised they must have gone out a long time before, since it had stopped snowing over an hour ago. She ran out quickly but not knowing where to look could find no trace of them. She began to think all sorts of dreadful things had happened as she remembered stories she had read about people getting lost in the snow and being frozen to death or getting snow-blindness from the glare. She turned slowly back towards

the house when suddenly from the direction of the road she heard a "whoop." "Come, Mary, and see our snowman," shouted the three delinquents. She was so relieved that she forgot to scold them and cried as she was so glad to see them. Peter was disgusted with her for being such a silly as to think he could get lost, whatever about the others. The snowman was a real success, and they must have worked very hard indeed to get him finished in such record time. Just then the car turned in at the gate. Daddy pulled up and they all bundled in on top of one another. Soon everybody was sitting round a glowing fire, that is everybody except Peter and Pauline who had volunteered to open the parcels, and they were almost wild with excitement as they took out Christmas decorations, bells for the Christmas tree, robins for the cakes, or stealthily sampled the currants and raisins for the plum-pudding.



At the Crib

If I were a shepherd, I'd bring a wee lamb,
If I were a king, I'd bring gold,
If I were an angel, I'd bring two bright stars
And give to Your wee Hands to hold.

If I had a sweet voice, I'd sing you a song,
If I had a garden, I'd grow The loveliest flowers, and bring them along;
But I haven't a present — and so

I'm just calling in, Baby Jesus, to say
Though an angel or king I can't be,
I bring you my love and my "Thank You" to-day.
Please take them — because I'm just ME.



The unfortunate boxer was not faring so well. His opponent was getting in some nasty blows. Finally, he was floored by a right to the jaw. The referee started count. When he reached 'four,' the victim's manager reached over and whispered to the dazed fighter: "Don't get up till eight."
"What time is it now?" asked the battered one.

Baile an faoitig

Cúig céad duine óinn a cuir
cun siúil aréir,
Cúig céad duine óinn faoi
ceilt an lá go léir;
Ac—míle siúil as faire agus
míle éluas ar bís,
Is pádraig sairséal ar
otreorú—cun bealaig linn
arís.

Slua, gleann, is maíaire,
cumar is cnoc—
"Dreá bog, a rapairí, ní fada
uainn an sprioc;
Siú é romainn an campa, sin
iad gunnaí Liam—
Réir anois don ruaic—
sluaisigí cun cinn!"

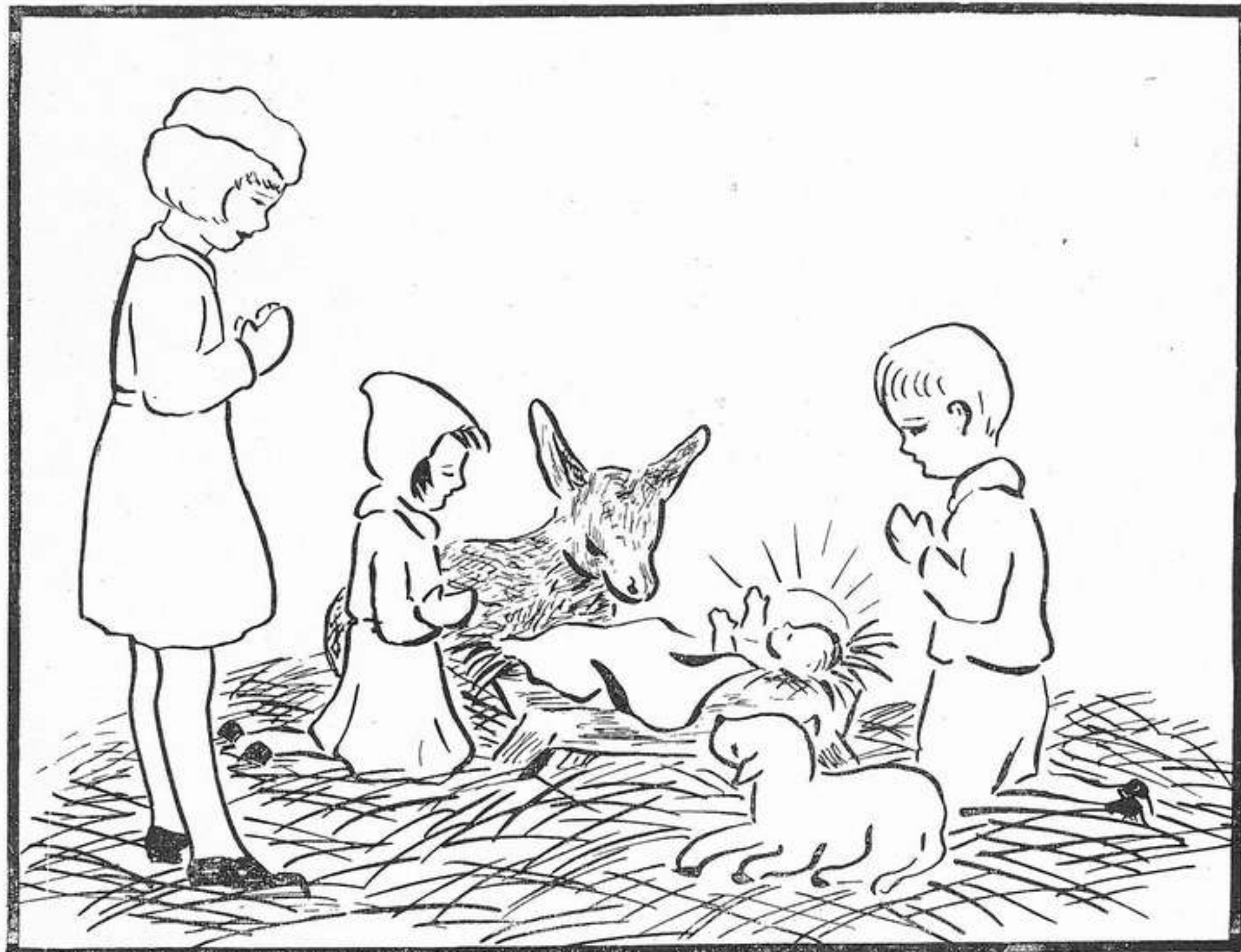
"Fóill, fóill, a maraí!" a
glaoig an garraí,
"Stadaigí is abraigí an focal
faire cuí."
Ac fuair sé preagra dána is
fuair sé preagra mear—
"An sairséal! Sin an focal!
—An sairséal! Sin an
fear!"

Cúig céad duine óinn ar ais
i luimneac slán,
Is cúig míle gair ón slua as
fáiltiú romainn go hard;
Is inniu ar fuair na héireann
tá píir as leatad scéil—
Tá gunnaí Liam 'na smionas
arís faoiseam fós as saeil.

Máirtín Ó Corrbuí



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(3) Níl gearr an cupón de'n leathanaí.

Lion an cupón agus seol é: *OUR CATHOLIC LIFE,*

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St. John's Presbytery,

Limerick.



The guest at a dinner party, arriving late, found a seat reserved for him near the head of the table where a goose was being carved. "Oh," he exclaimed, "so I am to sit by the goose."

Then, observing the lady on his left, he made haste to amend an awkward phrase.

"I mean," he said, "the roasted one, of course."

Name

Address

Age

Signed

(Parent, Teacher)

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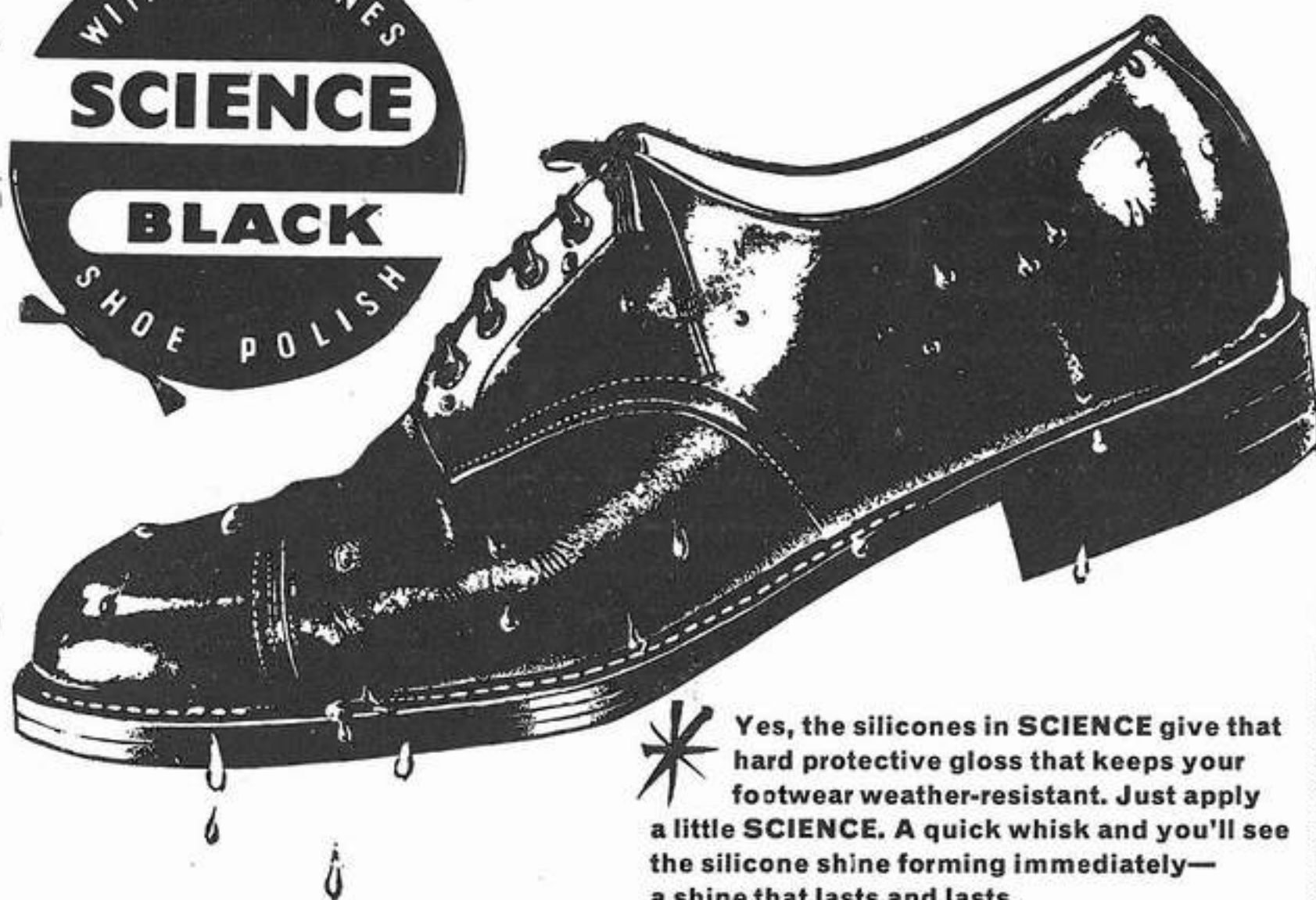
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