

Our Catholic Life



CHRISTMAS, 1968

A WINNER ALL
THE WAY



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OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

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

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All Communications and Letters to be addressed to:
The Editor, "OUR CATHOLIC LIFE," St. John's Presbytery, Limerick.

Single Copies, 9d. each.
Annual Subscription: 4/- post free.

Nihil Obstat:
Jacobus Cowper, S.T.D.,
Censor Deputatus.

Imprimatur:
✠ HENRICUS,
Episc. Limericensis,

14/12/68

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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

Printed by the Limerick Leader, Ltd.
54 O'Connell Street, Limerick.

EDITORIAL

JOY

"Christmas comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good cheer" — and right it is that it should. Recently the Bishop of Ossory, Dr. Birch, commented on a lack of joy in our religion. This is something we should think about. Christmas is a happy occasion with us, so is Easter and so are our Sundays and the Feast of St. Patrick. Maybe we could make them more so. And maybe we should have more such occasions, for example, the Feast of St. Munchin in Limerick diocese and a Harvest Festival in the countryside.

Again, Ireland is regarded as a happy country for children. We hear of people who come back here so that their children would grow up in Ireland. But, on the other hand, maybe we could make it a happier place for adolescents. We are glad to publish in this number a piece by a diocesan in which she looks back happily on her childhood. We are glad also to publish an account of the leadership that is being given at the present time to adolescents in the Limerick area — leadership which should help to make growing up a more joyful period of life than it seems to have been for many in Ireland in the past.

In wishing our readers a very happy Christmas, we hope that they will find their greatest happiness this year in bringing happiness to others.

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The Road Into Limerick

by *NORAH POWER*

IT'S FUNNY HOW arguments start — funnier still what they are about. This one concerned stock, strain or whatever you like to call it. "I'm Limerick to the backbone," says the first chap. "My family have farmed the same land for generations and they are all buried in that old graveyard over in Teamplin. Beat that if you can." The second chap said he could. His people had lived in Limerick city since the year Dot, were mentioned in one of the oldest 'Parish' songs and some earlier generations slumbered in the churchyard of St. Mary's Cathedral. If that didn't make for Limerick pure and undiluted, "ye can call me Davy," said he. Both of them looked unbearably smug as they cocked condescending eyes at me. "Well," said I, reasonably enough, "if it comes to that I've more real Limerick in me than either of you because my mother was from the city, my father was from the county — Lord rest them both — and I was reared in the county and lived from my late teens in the city," making myself sound like some female colossus straddling the expanse of city and county alike. Victory, as they say in politics, was conceded, grudgingly however, one of them saying he'd rather not be a hybrid, however pure.

TRIPS INTO TOWN

This debate set me thinking of childhood and the trips into town on Saturdays. Not every Saturday, of course, and we were never sure whether we'd be going or not. "It all depends," we'd be told and a wiser and more truthful statement never was uttered. For depend it did on anything and everything; our conduct and the weather (a variable enough combination), such matters as new shoes, boots, Wellingtons, clothes, visits to dentist or doctor, whether our father would be home in time to drive us or whether our mother, wanting a particularly long day in town, might take off on an early bus, bringing one, two, three or none of us. I can't see myself standing up to that sort of suspense now, but it only added to the excitement then. It didn't matter why or how we went, so long as we got going.

BUS OR CAR

The bus had certain advantages over the car trip. Here again was glorious uncertainty. For

a start you didn't know which of the drivers or conductors would be on. We knew them well and were extra fond of one of the latter. You never knew who would be to the right or left of you, before or behind you or whether you'd be standing or sitting. There would be different people getting on here and there and, though our mother was strict in this regard, there was always the off-chance of the odd discreetly slipped sixpence or shilling. The discretion and dexterity of the donor made or marred the success of this operation. On the debit side, the public nature of bus travel imposed decorum of a sort and most certainly ruled out any scuffling between ourselves which placed no small strain on such a quarrelsome trio. Taking everything, including the cash expectancy into account, the car journey had the edge over the bus, which goes to show that even at an early age we were beginning to realise — in the depths of the subconscious admittedly — that money, though an undeniable asset, isn't everything.

Best of all was the car trip to town alone with our father who, not having seen us since the previous Monday morning, would at the comparatively early stage of Saturday afternoon, still be exceedingly tolerant. The one drawback here was that the youngest, who enjoyed an enviable immunity from rules and regulations where our father was concerned, would invariably be cocked up in the front seat where he put on great airs and oozed superiority. Reprisals from the back seat, if any, had to be very subtle because of this paternal immunity, but it didn't bother us too much. He was a great 'rise' and we were dab hands at needling him.

LANDMARKS

The route, all fifteen miles of it, was heavily charted with landmarks, all the subject of comment and conjecture. Madge's house came first (she looked after us, Lord rest her soul) and likely as not her mother would be out in the garden and would wave at us. Next came the creamery where our parents met. I don't think we ever once failed to point it out to them (for fear they'd forget it, I suppose), asking one or both to tell us the story all over again. Our father's version was inclined to vary, especially when our mother was there. He was a dab hand at rising all of us. A bit

further on was the 'candle-tree field.' It was a big park of chestnut trees, each one geometrically triangular, and a marvellous sight in Spring when they were all covered with the flowery chestnut candles. At just one bend of the road between two bushes a glimpse of the lake was to be seen and it was a matter of honour not to miss it. Turning from scanning the crossroads at Holy-cross (to see if our friends, another trio, might be coming and for fear we might miss anything) to get the glimpse of the lake called for a combination of alertness and agility of the neck that has served me well many a time since. The school where our mother taught always got a special salute and more often than not the Master would be driving down the boreen beside it on his way to town with his brood. Meeting the Master on a Saturday afternoon on his way to town was a bit of a mixed blessing, though we all liked him. The trouble was that our car was that bit bigger than his and, logically enough, we couldn't see why our father should let him pass us out when, by rights, we could and should be going faster. But he did, many a time, and it used to kill us. The only consolation was that we knew that the faces we made at the Master's children were far worse (or better?) than the ones they made at us. Ours, by dint of much practice, had been brought to a degree of horrible perfection.

Once we came to the ruins of the big house set back from the river where our mother had gone to a dance before she was married and where, it was said, ghostly figures could be seen dancing on a lawn on moonlit nights, we were leaving our own familiar territory where we knew everyone. From now on it was guesswork. We were mad about the house with the swanky verandah and all the windows and were sure that the people who lived there were very rich. And sure, maybe, they were too. On the other side of the road a bit further on was a cottage with a garden of the loveliest dahlias you ever saw — red, striped and yellow. There was a big china swan in one window and a huge geranium in the other. It was a grand sight. Cousins of ours lived in the next village and the left turn of the crossroads brought you back in a roundabout way to our father's old home. One of the highlights of this stretch of the journey was the house with the window that wouldn't stay open. It was always shuttered as we passed and the story goes that it closes itself in some mysterious way.

THE RAILWAY BRIDGES

Near Limerick is a nice, snug, yellow-washed house. We never once saw its front door open though the boys swore they did, one of the few

times I wasn't with them. Next the two railway bridges spanning the road over which we wished and willed a train to pass as we came along, but never a sign of one did we see. I never make the rail journey from Dublin to Limerick without smiling at the memory of the three anxious hopefuls of yesterday on the road beneath. A prayer for the dead going past Mount St. Lawrence and the usual argument about the stone across the road. It was no good our father, mother or anyone else saying it was a monument to a famous weight-lifter named John O'Grady. I wanted the Treaty Stone to be on that side of Limerick and that was all that was to it. We would be down William Street and into O'Connell Street and the battle would still be raging. *Dia linn*, the energy we wasted on arguments and fights would have harnessed a nuclear power station.

RE-VISITED

Not so long ago, one Sunday morning, I drove out the fifteen miles to visit our parents' grave. True to form, both railway bridges were innocent and bare of trains. The snug, yellow-washed house is now much nearer town but still stands staunchly rural and the door, as ever, was closed. (I never did believe the lads about the door being open, even though our father backed up the statement). The house with the shuttered window was behind me before I remembered to look out for it but the garden of the cottage was one blaze of dahlias, though the china swan has gone from the window. The verendah house still retains its air of grand prosperity, I'm glad to say. And so along the familiar road, past the river with the ruins of the big houses on its banks, and the school where our mother taught, where we too got part of our schooling; sadly, like so many other country schools, now empty of teachers and scholars since the Master's retirement. And a great teacher he was, one of the best. The glimpse of the lake and the two-way view of both roads at the cross — no mean feat while driving, whatever the A.A. might say — bore witness to my early training (a great pity the Olympics committee doesn't include a competition for this kind of prowess and co-ordination). Most of the chestnut trees in the candle-tree field have been cut down but the remaining few defied the sad surrounding bareness with their brave autumn radiance. A less likely romantic meeting-ground would be hard to imagine, I thought, as I passed the creamery, but for one pair, at any rate, it was. They now lie buried, neither with fathers nor forefathers, but in the graveyard of the place where they spent most

(Continued page 13)

ÚDAIR sa dúiche

le MÁIRTÍN O CORRBUÍ

Ní fheadar an bhfuil rud éigin in aer na dúiche taobh theas de Bhéal na Sionainne a chuireann fonn scríbhneoireachta ar dhaoine. Bhí a lá féin — agus ba bhréa an lá é — ag Filí na Má, agus b'iomaí sin dán agus dréacht a bhreac siad ar phár, agus a d'fhág mar oidhreacht luachmhar againn. Sa naoú aois déag rinne Gearóid O Gríofa, a chónaigh tamall in Ath Dara agus tamall eile i bPailís Chaonraí, agus na deartháireacha de Vere ón gCurrach, freastal maith ar na Béarlóirí. Agus ó shin i leith bhí, agus tá, lucht pinn ag saothrú leo i gcónaí. Féach leat drámadóirí cáiliúla Lios Tuathail; an t-úrscéalaí Muiris Breatnach ón mbaile céanna sin; Dorothea Conyers a chónaigh i Neantanán; a comharsa, an tAthair O Cearbhaill ón gCeapach a thug "Patch" agus leabhair eile dúinn; agus ar ndóigh scríbhneoirí na Gaeilge dála Seán Seoighe, Gearóid Mac Spealáin agus Criostóir O Floinn.

Fiú údair ón gcoigrích a raibh cáil orthu cheana féin ní dheachaigh an dúch i ndisc orthu nuair a chuir siad fúthu sa limistéar atá i gceist agam. Chaith banúdar ó Shasana roinnt blianta i gCill na Siúrach (Shannon-grove) — bhí a saothar toirmisce ag an gcinnsireacht, áfach — agus faoi láthair tá fear mór pinn ag cur faoi i mBaile Uí Gheileacháin (Hollypark).

MIONUDAIR

Beirt nach bhfuil iomrá mór orthu ba mhian liom a chur faoi chaibidil. E. Hall duine acu. Mionúdar é, ar ndóigh — ní eol dom gur scríobh sé rud ar bith eile seachas "The Barrys of Beagh." Beitheach atá i gceist, an áit bheag thaitneamhach sin ar bhruach na Sionainne mar a bhfuil seanchaisleán Ridire an Ghleanna. Baineann scéal seo Hall le ré '98, cé nach bhfuil puinn tráchta ann ar an éirí amach thar céasadh Gael agus brúidiúlacht Gall a lua. Caitlicigh na Barraigh seo a bhí go maith as — rud ab annamh an tráth úd — agus is ar chúrsaí fiaigh agus óil agus mar sin is mó atá cur síos san úrscéal leadránach; saol baothghalánta na mboicíní, idir Chaitlicigh agus Phrotastúnaigh dóibh, agus na "peasants" a bhí mar sheirbhísigh acu. Sompla an sliocht seo leanas den saghas iad na peasants céanna sin.

Tá an Barrach tar éis bháis agus tá na bochtáin á chaoineadh:

"Who'll throw me the bright shillin' now, when I'm walkin' along the road, thinkin' o' nothing? Who'll gie me the tin can o' soup, wid a wedge o' mate as big as me head in it?"

Cé dúirt gur thosaigh Kiltartanese le Lady Gregory agus J. M. Synge?

WILLIAM UPTON

Bíodh is gur mionúdar é leis tá fiúntas ag baint le saothar William Upton ó Ard Achadh. Fear bocht ab ea é, siúinéir a rugadh le linn an Ghorta Mhoir. Ar bheith in aois fir dó bhí sé ina bhall de na Finíní agus fonn air buille a bhualadh ar son na hEireann. Ghlac sé páirt in Eirí amach 1867 — tugadh faoin mbeairic in Ard Achadh — agus bhí air dul ar a choimeád ar feadh tamaill. Nuair a bhí an baol thart d'fhill sé abhaile agus lean air ag obair mar shiúinéir agus tógálaí sna paróistí máguaird.

Ina leabhar "Uncle Pat's Cabin" — bhí eolas aige ar shaothar H. B. Stowe, ní foláir — ní ar na boicíní a bhí sé ag trácht ach orthu siúd a bhí faoi bhraca an tsaoil acu. Agus níorbh aon ábhar grinn aige iad, ach daoine bochta macánta a ndearnadh éagóir mór orthu. "It is," a dúirt an stairí, Lecky, "one of the truest and most vivid pictures of the present condition of the Irish labourer."

Ní gá a rá gur bheag seans a bhí ag Upton oideachas maith a fháil. Bhí sé féinmhúinte, mar a déarfá, cé is móite den chabhair agus den chomhairle a fuair sé ón bProtastúnach, an Canónach Vance, a bhí an uair sin ina Reachtaire i gCill Rónáin. Ach taobh amuigh den tsuim a bhí acu beirt i gcúrsaí litríochta, ba bheag claonadh a bhí acu i leith a chéile — rud nach ábhar iontais dúinn.

Theip ar Upton agus a chomrádaithe an bheairic in Ard Achadh a threascart i '67, ach dála Finíní Chill Mocheallóg mhair sé nó go bhfaca sé brat na saoirse ar foluain arís, agus glúin nua i ngleic leis an sean-namhaid. Fuair sé bás i 1925, agus ar eagla go ligfí a chuimhne i ndearmad caithim an chloch bheag seo ar a charn.



by SISTER MARY

In the spirit of Vatican II many priests, nuns, and brothers, assisted by groups of energetic laymen and women, have started clubs, organisations and centres in various quarters in the city. In this way the adult Christians of the community hope to channel the idealism and vitality of our young people.

To date there are eight boys' clubs in the city, catering for seven hundred and fifty boys under the supervision of approximately thirty leaders. Very little has been done to provide clubs or centres for girls. Are they necessary? I would like to quote some views given by parents on this matter of girls' clubs: "Youth clubs could bridge the gap between school, where perhaps the children have too much done for them by the teachers, and young adulthood when they find themselves in a new world of independence and decision-making where they feel inadequate . . . Membership implies willingness to obey the rules — an early lesson in the necessity of order in society . . . The Youth Club helps to bridge the gap by providing a social centre independent of the home and yet — when supervised by trained leaders — with power to influence and guide the young

HAVING READ Mr. Murray's article in the last issue of *Our Catholic Life*, one does not feel too complacent about our involvement in the economic development of our city. Does Limerick lag behind in everything? It is hoped that in one sphere of activity it can be shown that it does not completely, *i.e.*, in the sphere of work being done for the youth of the city. Today's youth will be the adult citizens of tomorrow, and it is among these we hope to find the local leadership that we apparently lack today.

adult just as surely as the classical Christian home. With the current trend of 'be involved,' the use of a Youth Centre gives practical example to future adults of how one can help one's neighbour in the real sense . . . Club property, such as sports equipment, etc., is there for the use of the members and they soon learn that it can only be enjoyed by all if it is respected and cared for by all — a practical lesson in the care of public property for later life . . . It will help greatly to keep them from wandering around the streets creating mischief . . . It gives them a chance to play games of their choice under proper supervision."

AIM OF A YOUTH CLUB

What should the aim of a Youth Centre or Club be? It is hoped that it will help our young people to become mentally, physically, culturally and spiritually fit for adult life by providing cultural and recreational facilities, which will gear them towards being responsible citizens and leaders. In the Youth Centre the challenge of formulating rules, of supervising games, of spending some of their free time actively and socially in the service of others, is one of the best ways of developing their initiative, as well as engendering a sense of responsibility. In the club the sense of loneliness and "being left aside" is overcome and a social spirit is developed.

Each youth club or centre has a chaplain who is always at the service of the members. The club tries to help young people to put Christ into their leisure hours. We should be aiming all the time at a blend of life and religion. Fr. Liam Ryan said in Limerick some months ago: "Young people today pursue an illusionary freedom and confuse leisure with unrestrained self-indulgence

. . . if our young people are to be efficient in work, cheerful in company, constant in prayer, active in the community, we must be concerned about their physical well-being. Persistent drowsing before a TV. set or slavish recourse to a cinema inevitably lead to a weariness of spirit — common-sense would suggest that some free time be spent actively and joyously at games. The young person who neglects regular physical exercise is neglecting an indispensable condition for healthy and harmonious living."

CLUB FEDERATION

The Federation of Catholic Clubs gives plenty of scope for inter-club competitions, both on a regional and national level. In May of last year the Federation organised sports which were held in Limerick. Next year it is hoped to widen this interest so as to embrace basket-ball, table-tennis, indoor soccer, as well as arts and crafts competitions between the federated clubs. Any club which wishes further information about the Federation, or which wishes to become affiliated may do so by contacting Mr. F. O'Mahony, Social Service Centre, Henry Street, Limerick.

For quite some time now boys' clubs have been catered for, but it is only within the past year or two that girls have had an opportunity to become actively engaged. Some of the girls' centres have provided facilities for basket-ball, lawn-tennis, table-tennis, badminton, etc. — healthy recreation which helps girls to associate together in a wholesome atmosphere. In rural areas a number of mixed clubs are operating very successfully. One such club is flourishing in Castleconnell, as you will see from the following account given by one who is very much involved.

Castleconnell Youth Centre

At the beginning of the school year 1967/68, it became obvious that the young people of Castleconnell lacked adequate recreational facilities. In response to this need the Sisters and teachers of the local secondary and technical schools organised a youth centre for the pupils under their care. This, they hoped, would provide the boys and girls with healthy entertainment and an occasion for cultural development.

A circular letter explaining the venture was sent to all the parents. The response was very encouraging and the pupils themselves were most enthusiastic.

It was decided at a staff meeting that the programme for weekly meetings would include some debating, music appreciation, drama and crafts. Teachers who were qualified in each of these spheres took responsibility for them. Hence, one of the first projects was the production of a Christmas concert for the parents of the boys and girls.

Much attention was given to crafts during subsequent meetings. Basket-making and crochet were very popular and some of this work was displayed at a parent/teachers meeting towards the end of the Spring term.

An Irish dancing teacher was not available, so a competent senior pupil gave lessons. Some attention was also paid to ballroom dancing.

The entire venture has been a success. The lay

teachers take an active interest in everything, and the pupils are grateful for this. One factor which has emerged very clearly from all the proceedings is that young people like responsible and interested supervision.

St. Colm's Youth Club

St. Colm's was formed three years ago and, strictly speaking, is a Basketball Club, with "extras." It caters for boys and girls in the parishes of Holy Rosary and St. Munchin's, and its aim is to provide good wholesome recreation for its members. In this way it is hoped that they

will learn how best to use their leisure hours. In recent months the members have been engaged in assisting other clubs in the city in the organisation of recreational facilities, and are always willing to help out whenever possible.

The Presentation Youth Centre

The Presentation Youth Centre (still in its infancy, based in the Presentation Convent, Sexton Street, confines its work to girls. It all started in February of last year with the formation of a "Ways and Means" Committee to devise ways and means of getting together some capital with which to launch the project. In today's world just nothing can be done without the pounds, shillings and pence! This Committee lived up well to its purpose and "the ways and means" turned out to be two excellent concerts which provided more than enough to enable a start to be made.

FUNDS

The Presentation Youth Centre is lucky in that it has a very fine hall in the Convent at its disposal, plus the ground space outdoors for tennis, basketball and other games. No praise can be too high for the members of the "Ways and Means" Committee who met and met again, devised plans, rejected them, thought up new ones and finally came up with the concerts which more than amply supplied the first sinews of war. The success of the club will be their reward.

The Youth Centre is still in its infancy, haste is being made very slowly. Those responsible for the venture are feeling their way, knowing that success will depend on a solid foundation and

that early hesitancy is better than too many early mistakes and a collapse of the whole project.

FACILITIES

So far, facilities for table-tennis, basket-ball, and lawn tennis have been provided. Provision is being made for badminton and the girls have the use of P.E. equipment for their P.E. classes. Girls were entered for the Inter-Club Athletics events in the summer, where they showed they were going to be a force to be reckoned with in the future. A fair number of prizes were won by the small numbers entered. With the coming of the darker days of winter, it is hoped to cater for more indoor activities. Among these are art, drama, crafts, singing, Irish and ballroom dancing. At the moment the members are engaged in preparing to produce a Christmas Concert for their parents.

The appointed chaplain is always at the service of the members.

The main object in the minds of the founders of the club is that they will be able to attract the girls back to the Centre after they leave school. It is hoped that the girls will feel that this is a place to which they can always return and so will not get lost in the maelstrom of a big city and its many factories and stores.

From KATHLEEN FITZGERALD of the Presentation Youth Centre:

On Saturday, September 28th, a new and wonderful world was opened to me. For it was on this day that I discovered that a Youth Centre had been opened for the girls of our school. As I entered the hall and saw girls of all ages running, laughing, playing, singing, I realised that here at last was the fulfilment of my dream. Here teenagers may come, to use up that ceaseless energy. Accordingly, I applied for membership to the P.Y.C. I have never regretted it.

One of the main features of our club, is the basket-ball team. We have a spacious court, on which we practise most evenings after school. At first we suffered from terrible aches and pains, and were absolutely crippled for a day or two, but as time went on, and we continued to practise, our limbs became immune to these tortures, and nothing but enjoyment was derived from the game.

I cannot think of basket-ball without relating it to our most deeply appreciated coach, Mr. Paddy Flynn. Here is a man of admirable courage and patience, who is so unselfish as to devote nearly all his evenings to the training of our young people in games. Although he is good humoured and always ready with a joke, he is strict and persevering in his work. We all like him immensely, and our deepest gratitude for all he is doing is ever in our hearts. My only wish is that Limerick might produce just a few others of the same fine character and splendid vitality of Mr. Paddy Flynn.

One Saturday morning heavy rain almost shattered our hopes of going to Spanish Point that afternoon for a match. However, it cleared and we set off in the bus, singing and chatting. I never experienced anything like the sincere welcome these girls from St. Joseph's School gave us. We enjoyed the day to the full and we are now looking forward to meeting these girls again on our own court.

We know that we are the future citizens and leaders of Limerick, so we hope that clubs such as ours will flourish throughout the city and county so that all youth may benefit from them, both physically and socially, as we are doing. Limerick needs responsible Youth Leaders badly!

A Youth Leaders' Course, organised by the Federation of Catholic Youth Clubs, will be held at the Social Service Centre, Henry Street, Limerick, at the beginning of Lent, 1969. The course will be open to Leaders of all organisations working for youth. Applications should be made to Mr. F. O'Mahony, at the Social Service Centre.

New Church for Kildimo

Few people, apart from the parishioners of Kildimo and Pallaskenry, realise that in that parish there is a new church being built. Two new schools have recently been erected and there is work to be done on Pallaskenry Church. Part of the reason why we are, as it were, left in the dark about all this is that Frs. Godfrey and Irwin, by nature, do not make a great fuss about what they do. I was speaking to both of them recently and they expect the new church to be ready in a year or so.

Work began last July. The site is a very convenient one on the main road through Kildimo and in the heart of the village. This new church will have the altar facing the people and will seat about 400 people. There will be a parochial house attached.

The cost of the church and parochial house

together is £32,652. When I asked Fr. Godfrey if he found it difficult to raise that kind of money in a parish with 1,150 people, he said: "You'd be amazed how generous the people are when they have a worthy cause to work for. We depend mostly on our own parishioners. The first year I came here when I told them of the project they contributed generously and every year since the contribution has increased. Fr. Irwin and the people of Pallaskenry last year made £1,000 on a raffle and this year it seems they will be even more successful."

It shows that where there is a will there is a way. In a parish with a population of 1,150 between card drives, raffles, weekly collections, concerts and private contributions, £25,000 has been given in five years. This is certainly a credit to the people. It means now that very little interest will have to be paid to the bank.

MR. CLEM CASEY, B.C., replies to Mr. Cecil Murray's article in our last issue.

Does Limerick Lag Behind?

THE ARTICLE BY Mr. Cecil Murray in the Autumn number of *Our Catholic Life*, entitled "Why Does Limerick Lag Behind?" invites comment and, perhaps rather foolhardily, I would like to offer mine.

Mr. Murray's main thesis is that there appears to be no prospect of Limerick keeping pace with the national rate of development, for which he suggests three reasons:—

- (1) Political stagnation.
- (2) Lack of adequate local leadership.
- (3) Concentration of local capital in the hands of people not prepared to invest it in Limerick.

Referring to the Limerick Senior and Junior Chambers of Commerce and the Limerick Development Association which "between them contain the leaders of industry, business and labour in the city," Mr. Casey says: "Mr. Murray and I might agree on an appeal to these bodies to investigate in depth the possibilities of some new industry, or an extension of an existing one, being developed here in Limerick with our own money, expertise and labour."

He develops each point in his interesting paper, and it might be as well for me to take them one by one.

POLITICAL STAGNATION

If by political stagnation is meant a reluctance on the part of the electorate to change their political allegiance every time we have an election, then I suppose we are in that position, not only in Limerick but throughout the country. In fairness to the Government it must be admitted that quite recently the people were given an opportunity of remedying this situation by doing away with P.R. — leading in time to a polarisation of political



COUNCILLOR CLEM CASEY

views. The result — the people like things the way they are. Be that as it may, it is I think naive to suggest, as Mr. Murray does, that if the voters here were more sophisticated in their voting habits and if the Government — that is the Fianna Fail Government — were not sure of four seats in this area (Limerick East and West) then things would start to happen here. What the Americans call the "pork barrel" would be produced and Government favours would pour into this area. It seems an extraordinary theory — the places where the Government party is strong, the Government neglects or ignores, meanwhile Government favours flow into the areas where the support is weak — a fitting gesture of gratitude by any Government to those who supported them — indeed! There are such things as the common good, the national interest, and I am still a believer in the principle that it is the duty of a Government to govern in the national interest and for the common good. Any Government that does otherwise would be told to go, and it and its party would in time be relegated to the obscurity from

which, in the words of the poet, it should never have emerged. This is not to say the national interest could not mean special treatment for one area against another in the country — of course it can. It is in the national interest clearly that the West of Ireland be revitalised, and I include in this the entire area west of a line from Cork to Derry. Obviously the Government must and will, I have no doubt, give special additional concessions in respect of that area, and it is here that local leadership (the lack of which Mr. Murray deplores), to press the local case, comes into the picture.

LOCAL LEADERSHIP

Hence to the second point. Does it follow that because the Government has decided to extend the powers of the Shannon Free Airport Development Company to cater for industrial promotion in Limerick City and County, and the Counties of Clare and Tipperary (N.R.) that local leadership is lacking or inadequate? On no account can I agree. What the Government has now done is something which local leaders, political and commercial, have sought for some time, an indication, I believe, of the maturity of their thinking in this matter. Let us look at the facts. The Government decided, firstly, to have one authority to promote Ireland as an industrial base, and also to adjudicate on the applications for grants, or incentives, of those setting up industry here. This is the Industrial Development Authority. The Government went further on a course we all welcome — it decided to decentralise the promotional arm of the I.D.A., a branch so to speak in each region. In this region we had the Shannon Free Airport Development Company, the only State-sponsored body with the specific duty of promoting industry within a specified area, namely Shannon, and to me at any rate it was an obvious thing for any Government to say 'we will ask the Development Company to do in the Limerick, Clare and Tipperary region what it has done so successfully in Shannon.' I concede the Government could have acted differently — it could have set up a section of the Industrial Development Authority in Limerick and duplicated the staff they have at Shannon (but without the experience and expert knowledge the Shannon people must have) to act in this area and do the job the Development Company was doing at Shannon. We talk of our national resources of money and brains and the need to conserve both and put them to the best use. For the Government to do other than it did would have been wasteful in the extreme of both money and brains.

MUST SELL LIMERICK

But just because the Development Company is now in the picture does not mean that we sit back and wait; as I see it, the Development Company will promote the region. Limerick must still sell itself, as will Clare and Tipperary. How does a city sell itself? Certainly not by stressing the negative aspects of its development or amenity — accentuate the positive. We *are* the third city in the Republic. We *are* growing. We *have* many things to offer, to any industrialist or businessman who wants to set up here. Stress the good things, and try to eradicate the bad. Those of us in public life who are the elected representatives of the people must play our part in this. I will not spell out the improvements needed in this city — they are not few. What I do say is let us put some order of priority on them and see to it that, bit by bit, they are achieved. Politics is that art of achieving the possible and, to my certain knowledge, those in politics in this city, and indeed county or region if you like, are not amateurs in that field. Mr. Murray deplores the fact that political parties lead the community — by the noses, he says. People go where they want to be led, and I know of no way in which a community can express its needs and demands than through the ballot box. There's many a man who thought he had discovered the panacea to cure all ills, local or national, the sum of whose votes at an election would not equal the count of his immediate family. It may be not that our leaders are inadequate, as suggested by Mr. Murray, but that the leaders we have are the best we have, and deserve recognition and support.

USE OF LOCAL CAPITAL

The last point in this article, which has forced me into print, is the non-use locally of the surplus wealth of this community. I will not take issue with Mr. Murray on what he says — he may be right. But I think there is evidence in recent years of a willingness on the part of the business community in Limerick to put something back into the city, if only into their own businesses — he would be a poor businessman who neglected that principle. The changing face of our main streets is some indication. But the main problem is one of ideas of initiative, perhaps of seeing the opportunity and taking it now. We seek industry to come to us. Why not let it come from us? The committee of businessmen Mr. Murray refers to exists — in triplicate — the Chamber of Commerce (Senior and Junior), and the Limerick Development Association between them contain

(Continued on page 28)

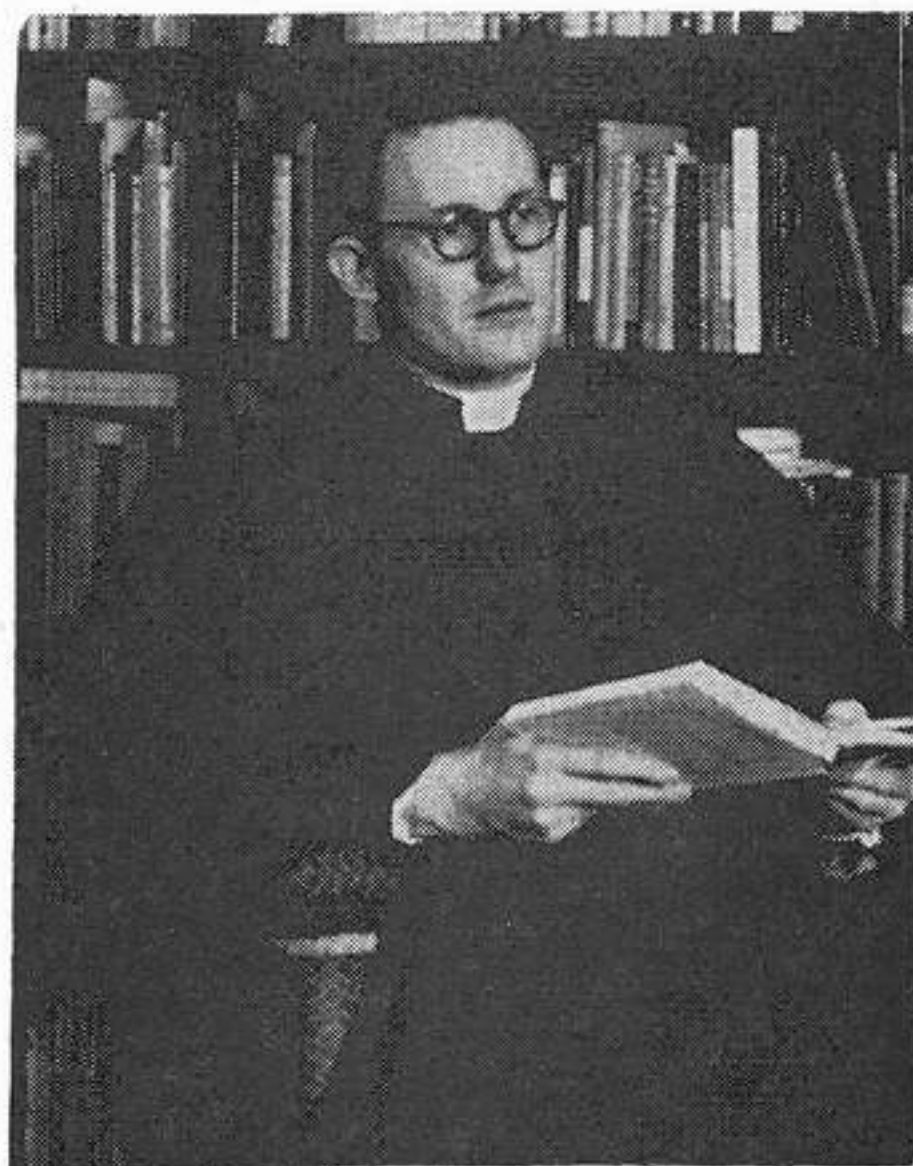
A LIMERICK PRIEST . . .

Maynooth's New President

NEWS OF THE appointment of Very Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Newman as President of Maynooth College was received with very special satisfaction in his native diocese. He is the twenty-second in the line of Presidents since the foundation of the College in 1795 and the first Limerickman to be inscribed in an honoured roll which holds such names as Dr. William Walsh, Dr. Daniel Mannix and Dr. John D'Alton.

The new President, who is 42, is a native of Drumcollogher and received his early education there, first at the National School and later at St. Mary's Secondary School. He then entered the Diocesan College (St. Munchin's College), where he completed his secondary course in 1943. In September of that year he began at Maynooth what proved to be a brilliant university and theological course: he was ordained priest there on June 18th, 1950.

Philosophy, in its various branches, and Sociology were the subjects in which he excelled and it was to these he devoted his post-graduate studies at Louvain and Oxford. Having obtained with honours the Degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, he was appointed lecturer in Scholastic Philosophy at Queen's University, Belfast (1952-'53) and in October, 1953, he was appointed to the chair of Catholic Sociology and Catholic Action in Maynooth College. Far from being content with lecturing to students on these subjects, he sought many opportunities for fostering and encouraging the practice of what he had expounded in the lecture hall. It would not be easy to give, even approximately, the number of organisations engaged in social work in this country that are indebted to him as a result. But he is well-known in a much wider field; he is a member of various European and International societies dedicated to work of that kind. But he has not forgotten his own county of Limerick; a study of its social problems and the preparation of a practical scheme for its development were carried out by him in the recent past. As an author, too, he is widely known; such works as *Foundations of Justice*, *Co-Responsibility in Industry*, *the Christian in Society* and *Studies in Political Morality* have gained him recognition as an authority



DR. J. NEWMAN
(President of Maynooth College)

on matters intimately affecting the attitude of the Christian to his fellowman and to his country.

Notwithstanding so many activities, Dr. Newman's work in Maynooth College extended far beyond carrying out the duties of a professor. It was appropriate, then, that he was appointed its Vice-President in November, 1967. A couple of months ago he was appointed a member of the Higher Education Authority. He brings to the exalted office of President an abundance of talent, energy and dedication. Surely at no time in the history of the great ecclesiastical seminary was so much demanded for its direction because of the great changes that have been and are being made in its educational structure. We pray that God will bless the new President's work for progress.

Where Are They Now?

We publish here a list of the priests of the diocese, listed according to date of ordination. Remainder will appear in future issues:—

The Venerable Archdeacon F. Rice (P.P., V.F., Shanagolden)	June	14, 1908
Right Rev. Dean Punch (P.P., Mungret)	June	19, 1910
Very Rev. H. Canon O'Connor (P.P., Drumcollogher)	June	17, 1917
Very Rev. M. Canon Ryan (P.P., Glin)	June	17, 1917
Right Rev. Monsignor P. J. Lee (Vicar General, P.P., St. Mary's)	June	20, 1920
Very Rev. P. Canon Lyons (P.P., Ballingarry)	June	20, 1920
Very Rev. M. Canon Quinn (P.P., Castlemahon)	June	19, 1921
Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan (Diocesan Secretary)	June	19, 1921
Very Rev. Canon Condon (P.P., V.F., Bruff)	June	22, 1922
Very Rev. M. Canon O'Grady (P.P., Adare)	June	17, 1923
Very Rev. J. Kelly (P.P., Rockhill)	March	20, 1925
Very Rev. W. Canon O'Grady (P.P., Our Lady of the Rosary)	June	7, 1925
Very Rev. J. Leonard (P.P., Dromin)	June	21, 1925
Very Rev. J. Carroll (P.P., Askeaton)	June	21, 1925
Very Rev. T. Costelloe (P.P., V.F., Rathkeale)	June	21, 1925
Very Rev. P. Enright (P.P., V.F., Abbeyfeale)	June	21, 1925
Very Rev. J. White (P.P., Ballyagran)	June	20, 1926
Very Rev. J. Bluett (P.P., Feenagh)	March	12, 1927
Very Rev. M. McCarthy (P.P., Kilfinane)	June	12, 1927
Very Rev. D. Costelloe (P.P., Ardagh)	June	26, 1927
Very Rev. J. Halpin (P.P., Killeedy)	June	3, 1928
Very Rev. D. O'Brien (P.P., V.F., Newcastle West)	June	17, 1928
Very Rev. T. Kirby (P.P., Donaghmore)	July	29, 1928
Very Rev. M. Minihan (P.P., Templeglantine)	November	1, 1928
Very Rev. T. Cussen (P.P., Athea)	June	2, 1929
Very Rev. M. Purtill (P.P., Parteen)	June	22, 1930
Very Rev. J. McCarthy (P.P., Tournafulla)	June	22, 1930
Very Rev. M. Doody (P.P., Banogue)	June	22, 1930
Very Rev. J. O'Kennedy (P.P., Croagh)	June	21, 1931
Very Rev. W. Creed (P.P., Patrickswell)	June	21, 1931
Very Rev. D. O'Keeffe (P.P., Kilcornan)	February	20, 1932
Very Rev. J. Liston (P.P., Fedamore)	June	5, 1932
Very Rev. J. Culhane (P.P., Our Lady of Lourdes)	June	5, 1932
Very Rev. M. Breen (P.P., V.F., St. Munchin's)	June	5, 1932
Very Rev. M. Kelly (P.P., Bulgaden)	June	5, 1932
Very Rev. D. Rea (P.P., St. Patrick's)	June	18, 1933
Very Rev. J. Godfrey (P.P., Kildimo)	June	17, 1934
Very Rev. T. Lyons (P.P., Knockaderry)	June	23, 1935
Very Rev. W. O'Connell (P.P., Coolcappa)	May	31, 1936
Very Rev. J. Connors (P.P., Monagea)	June	21, 1936
HIS LORDSHIP	June	21, 1936
Very Rev. G. Enright (P.P., Our Lady Queen of Peace)	June	6, 1937
Very Rev. J. Moran (P.P., Cratloe)	June	19, 1938
Very Rev. M. Tynan (P.P., Croom)	June	19, 1938
Very Rev. P. O'Regan (P.P., Ardpatrik)	June	19, 1938
Very Rev. M. Crowley (P.P., Glenroe)	June	18, 1939
Very Rev. E. O'Dea (P.P., Effin)	June	18, 1939
Very Rev. D. Crowley (P.P., Cappagh)	June	18, 1939
Very Rev. P. O'Dea (P.P., Loughill)	June	18, 1939
Very Rev. P. G. Ryan (P.P., Manister)	June	23, 1940

WOMANS PAGE

by "BAIRBRE"

YOU KNOW THE first faint twinges of panic that are brought on by the sight of a Santa Claus parading through the streets a full seven weeks before Christmas. Panic soon turns to resentment at the blatant exploitation of children and their unfortunate parents by so many commercial concerns. Shrewd little minds begin working in several different directions, thinking out devious ways and means of extracting the maximum number of presents from parents, relatives and friends, at the same time keeping up the pretence that they come from "Santy." You loudly affirm that Christmas is over-rated . . . it's a purely commercial racket . . . you wish it was all over . . . but in your heart you don't believe a word you're saying. You wouldn't change it for the world.

"Christmas is coming and the goose is getting fat . . ." It is bitterly cold and the driving sleet makes you wish that you could suddenly be transported to the Bahamas, free of charge of course. But then you'd get no satisfaction from eating turkey and ham under the broiling sun, and can



you imagine doing the Christmas cooking in such conditions! You square your shoulders, dodge the umbrellas aimed spear-like at you, and make a dash for the bus. Thank God for a sit-down, and even though you only get the last place on the 'television' seat, you don't really mind the forty pairs of staring eyes that confront you. Well . . . perhaps it would have been wiser to change your stockings before you came out, but you hadn't time. Anyway, it's only a tiny ladder and maybe no one will notice. But this isn't your lucky day; there's your haughty neighbour staring straight down at — your stockings. You try to change your feet about but her gimlet eyes follow your every action. How does she manage to keep so tidy? Never a hair out of place. Well, anyway, I hear she can't cook for toffee . . . she's going to a hotel for her Christmas dinner. She's welcome to it.

"Please put a penny in the old man's hat . . ."

Somebody else looking for money. Where do they all come from? Wouldn't you think they'd go away and get a job for themselves. What am I saying; what am I thinking about? Certainly not the spirit of Christmas. How could I be so mean when we're getting ready to celebrate the birthday of Our Lord, the greatest happening ever. Of course I'll help, not only you, but as many as I can. I must round up the gang like we did last year and prepare a few parcels for needy families. We got twenty last year; maybe we'll get thirty this year. There seems to be more money around.

"If you haven't a penny a halfpenny will do . . ." I wonder what became of all the halfpennies. You wouldn't get much for one now. Do you remember the wonderful things you could buy for one? A lucky bag; a toffee apple; a stick of Peggy's Leg; a loop of liquorice or 5 B.B. toffees. The world was your oyster then if you had a halfpenny. Lord knows there are still too many people in our midst to whom a halfpenny means a lot. I think we'll try to make up forty parcels this year to show our gratitude for the good things we received during the year.

"If you haven't a halfpenny, God bless you . . ." For us Christians the meaning of Christmas is Christ. In spite of the holly and ivy, the lights and artificial snow, the paper chains and mistletoe, the Christmas story for us is still the greatest ever told. It is a time for family reunions, a time for happiness and laughter, but, above all, a time to thank the Divine Infant for all His goodness to us during the year drawing to a close, and a plea that He will keep a special watch over all those near and dear to us in the year ahead.

THE ROAD INTO LIMERICK (contd.)

of their short married life. May they and all the dead rest in peace.

The road, I realised on the way back to Limerick, has hardly changed from those epic Saturday journeys of yesterday — just scaled down from the king-sized perspective of childhood. A nice enough fifteen-mile stretch of country, it doesn't figure as a scenic highlight on any of the tourist maps, but for me and many another one, it is made beautiful by the happy memories of those giddy and golden days.

SPORTS SPECIAL

by *VERY REV. P. G. RYAN, P.P.*

MEXICO '68

The glittering spectacle of the Olympic Games has now faded into the realm of things past. This supreme test of international athletic endeavour is now reduced to the cold statistics of the record books. The memory remains, a stimulus to yet greater achievement. "*Citius, Altius, Fortius*" — *Faster, Higher, Stronger*. Although no medals came our way, the members of the Irish team acquitted themselves nobly, in true amateur fashion. Noel Carroll, Jim McCourt, Donnacha O'Dea — all suffered disappointment. Bantam-weight Mick Dowling came nearest to winning a medal. Pat McMahon finished 12th in the marathon. Our equestrian team had no chance at all through a farcical initial disqualification.

We sympathise with the great Australian distance runner Ron Clarke, who collapsed in the 10,000 metres won by Naftali Temu of Kenya. Nothing but the pride of an athlete to finish a race brought him into sixth place. Another acknowledged world champion, Jim Ryun (U.S.A.), lost the 1500 metres to Kipchoge Keino of Kenya, whose tactical arrangements with his countryman, Ben Jipcho, worked out so well. Mohamed Gamoudi of Tunisia won the 5,000 metres. Ron Clarke was fifth. The star of the marathon was Mamo Wolde of Ethiopia. Scots-born Mike Ryan of New Zealand came in third.

The novel technique of Dick Fosbury in the high jump was enthralling. He cleared 7ft. 4½ins. head first and on his back over the bar. An outstanding performance was the brilliant victory of David Hemery (Great Britain) in the 400 metres hurdles, when he set up a new world record of 48.1 seconds.

Another gold medal for Britain was won by Chris Finnegan, the middleweight boxer, who has Irish connections.

The American sprinters, Jim Hines, Tommie Smith and Lee Evans, literally ran away with the 100, 200 and 400 metres respectively. Hines equalled his own world record of 9.9 seconds. Smith and Evans set up new world records. Especially noteworthy was the historic fourth consecutive Olympic victory in the discus of the 32-year-old Al Oerter (U.S.A.). The "Discus-Thrower" is the supreme artistic representation of the Greek athlete.

THE GIRLS

Wyomia Tyus (U.S.A.) successfully defended her 100 metre title, in a world record of 11 seconds. The Rumanian girl, Viscopoleanu, beat Mary Rand's world record with 22ft. 4½ins. in the long jump, leaving the silver medal to Sheila Sherwood. The irresistible finish of Colette Besson (France) was too much for Lillian Board (Great Britain) in the 400 metres. As there will be a ladies 1500 metres next time, Ann O'Brien of Clonliffe Harriers, who ran the second fastest world time this year, must be an outstanding Irish prospect.

The "Black Power" demonstrations of Tommie Smith and John Carlos indicated the smouldering passions behind the world of sport. Preparations are already being made for Munich '72. It will be another American Presidential year. While we wish Richard Milhous Nixon well during his term of office, we hope the next campaign will be a less violent and less tragic exercise in democracy.

The "Tartan" track in Mexico City was a great success. Made of synthetic rubber compound, it is non-porous and unaffected by weather. A similar track may be constructed in Cork, at the new St. Finbarr's Stadium.

FROM DOWN UNDER

At home we had contemporaneous visits from exponents of two Australian football codes. In rugby, the "Wallabies" beat the Universities in Cork, but lost to the Provinces and were soundly beaten by Ireland 10-3. Strangely enough, this match was generally regarded as disappointing, lacking in the bright open football which we were led to expect. Jim Tydings of Young Munster gained his first cap. He has since been showing a clean pair of heels to his opponents. He ran the length of the field to score against Ulster. He also starred against Leinster, and went on to help Munster to undisputed provincial honours.

"THE GALAHS"

While the wallaby is a small kangaroo, the "galah" is described as an Australian cockatoo, with back, wings and tail of grey, and head and underparts various shades of pink. A "quarre hawk" indeed, which feeds on seeds and roots

and has to be caged to protect the wheat crop.

Harry Beitzel's Australian Rules team, "The Galahs," on their second visit to Ireland to play Gaelic football, drew with Kerry and Meath. They beat All-Ireland champions, Down, just returned from New York, by one point. Even if not as spectacular as the first time, they brought their own flair and flavour to the Gaelic game.

LIMERICK'S FIXTURES

The perennial question — "Are Limerick on the way back?" — is again being asked, hopefully, after the Hurling League defeat of Clare. The prospects are formidable. Limerick travel to Cork on February 9th. Dublin come to Pairc na nGael on March 2nd, and the following Sunday, Limerick are away to Galway.

Our footballers have lost to a non-existent Tipperary — in the journalistic sense, that is (they don't even appear in the League tables). They are away to Cork on February 2nd and to Kerry on January 19th.

In West Limerick junior hurling, Ballingarry defeated co-parishioners Granagh, but lost to Rathkeale in the final. St. Mary's, Rathkeale, beat Monaleen in the county semi-final, but the ultimate victory went to the East Limerick side, Pallasgreen. Parteen won the Clare junior hurling title, defeating Inagh by two points at Newmarket.

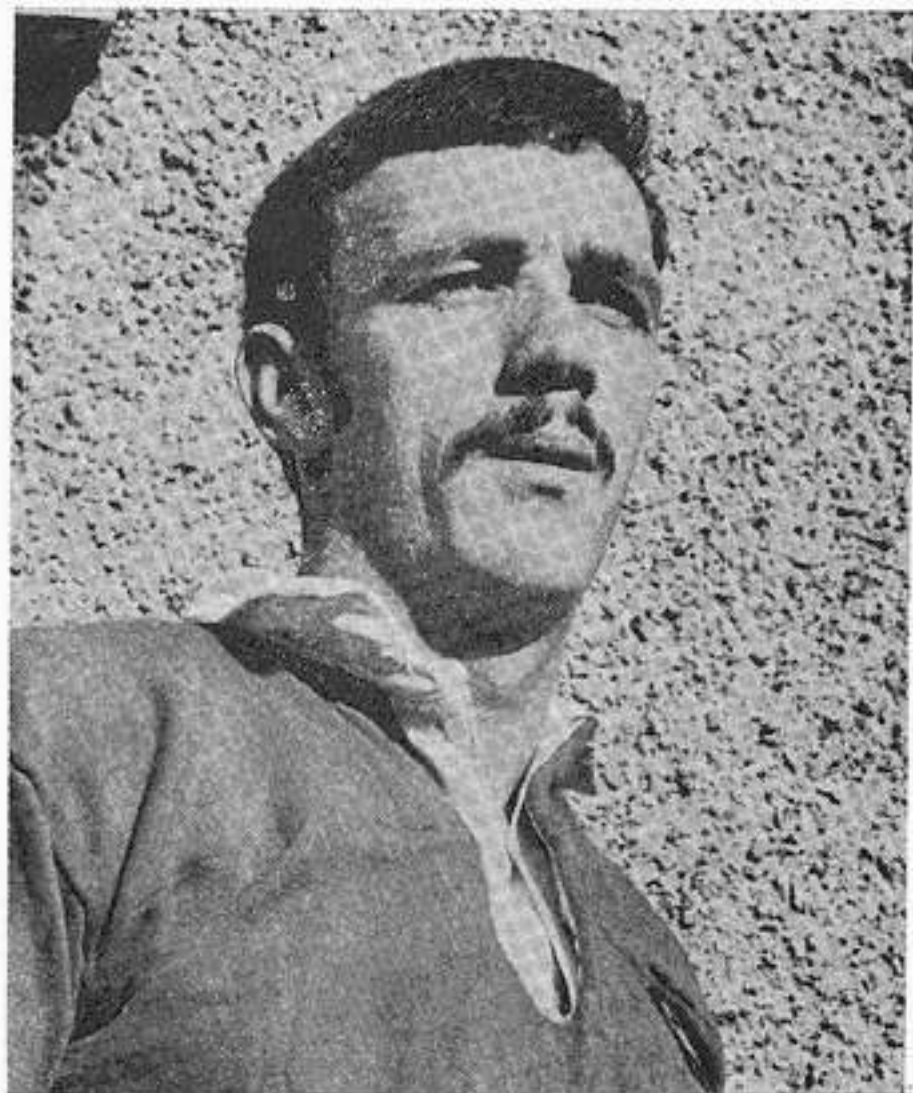
SOCCER

After one of their worst Shield performances — they won only two games — Limerick A.F.C. find themselves in the happy position of League leaders after a series of six matches. In fact they were undefeated, losing only an away point to Shelbourne. The manner in which they achieved this, by all accounts, leaves much to be desired. It is a considerable advantage to be near the top around Christmas. With invaluable points in the bag, the vagaries of the New Year may be accepted with equanimity. Europe beckons in both League and Cup.



SIR IVOR

"Racehorse of the Year" — that is the proud title of Ireland's Epsom Derby winner, who compensated Vincent O'Brien for the once defeat of Ballymoss, by a magnificent win in the Washington International.



JIM TYDINGS
(Young Munster and Ireland)

At the Limerick City Coursing meeting, the Derby Trial Stake nomination went to Mrs. Claire Mangan of Crecora with Punchbowl Dandy.

* * * * *

Miss Kathy Kusner of the American equestrian team became America's first woman flat-race jockey, when she obtained a licence from the Maryland Racing Commission. Several Irish horsewomen, who have distinguished themselves at point-to-point, feel that they should not be debarred from amateur races on the flat.

Catholic Literature

Dear Rev. Father,

Readers may like to mail their used Catholic pamphlets and magazines direct to the Foreign Missions.

If those who wish to do so will please send me self-addressed envelopes, I will give them the addresses of missionary priests and nuns who need Catholic literature.

Write direct to:—

MARY CONWAY,
14 CASTLE STREET,
CORK, IRELAND.

C 37256

Full-Time On The Job

by S.W.

IN ITS TWO YEARS' existence the Social Service Centre has become the powerhouse of a complex of voluntary and charitable work in the city. The magnificent building placed at the disposal of the community by His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Murphy, facilitates the following groups: St. Anne's Housing Guild; A.A.; The Limerick Wheelchair Association; Al. Anon.; Leaders of the Girl Guides and Boys' Clubs; The Youth Council; The Itinerants' Committee; The Guild of Catholic Nurses; The Irish Diabetic Association.

Daily, the specific work at the Centre itself progresses apace. Intending emigrants are interviewed, advised, and guided. Problems from vagrancy to probation, desertion and adoption, and all the tangled torments of people's lives are faced, considered, and referred where necessary to various voluntary organisations most capable of dealing with them — thus hope, encouragement, and the will to persevere are engendered in a human heart.

THE INSPIRATION

The inspiration behind the Social Centre is our wanting a Christian world, that is, a world in which Christian values are the foundation of all our progress and development. In a Christian world the light of God's Son shines into every corner of darkness, and brightens the deepest recesses of every human soul. It is a world where endless opportunities are provided for a full maturing of every man's capacity, his capacity for work and play, for thought and contemplation, for art and feeling, for love and for worship.

In our present changing world there is a special need that all our actions be based firmly upon clear and acceptable principles. The Church has a body of such positive social, economic and political principles clearly set forth in the Papal encyclicals and the Documents of the Second Vatican Council. But to know these principles is not enough. We must have trained leaders to carry the Church's social programme into the factory and the workshop; into every fibre of man's affairs. This task demands fortitude, demands a spiritual courage, which is the gift of the Holy Spirit. We want to participate in society. So every individual must offer his talents, and find personal solutions to his problems by relating them to those of the wider community. Social

needs must be met, and dynamic social action at every level depends on effective lines of communication, and the willingness to co-operate between providers and consumers, between the servers and the served. We must all as Christians work together to use every possible means to relieve poverty, afflictions, deprivations and hardship, such as famine, natural disasters, illiteracy, and poverty, lack of housing and the unequal distribution of wealth.

We know that if we are to be able to take any pride at all in our Christian community, we must ensure that everyone has a certain standard of life, food, shelter, recreation and so on. We must have a definite sense of purpose; a sense of being deeply concerned with promoting the common good of every man, that is, the good which perfects him, which matures, integrates and completes him as a rational human being with a supernatural destiny; which satisfies not only his material and physical needs, but also his whole aspirations as a man. In this way, peace, security, confidence and happiness are achieved in our community. Because Limerick is a compact community we can have a single view, we can make a comprehensive endeavour. We can develop a sense of responsibility to every member of our community; of the manufacturer to his worker and vice-versa; of the intelligent and the educated to the ignorant and vice-versa; of the affluent and the rich to the poor and vice-versa; of all sections of the community to one another. So we must *study*, and try to understand the circumstances in which people actually live in our city and county. We must place high the circumstances in which they *might* live. We must protect the weaker amongst us from exploitation; and we must educate and be patient about results.

CO-OPERATION

There are many organisations and voluntary societies at work in the welfare and charitable fields in the city and county, and for a long time. The Social Service Council feels that much good and practical work can be done were such bodies to come together to form a united Community Service. These existing bodies should not lose their identities or their autonomy. The Council is most anxious to foster and encourage them in any way it can. But community problems, com-



His Lordship pictured with Social Workers at the Limerick Social Service Centre

munity interests and community progress can best be dealt with by the community as a whole. This promotes the spirit of good neighbourliness, which should be the foundation of a truly Christian society. The Council does not see itself as a rival or a competitor with any voluntary organisation. This enables it to perform its co-relating functions without arousing any suspicion that it is seeking to advance its own position. Co-ordination, co-operation, and co-relation are difficult. All interests cannot immediately be reconciled. There must be changes and alterations in the powers, responsibilities, prestige, and resources of some organisations. In the long run a proposed action may well benefit everybody, but in the short run, it will benefit only at the expense of others.

SOCIAL WORKERS

Professional Social Workers, who devote their full time, and their tested skills, to the welfare of others in need, are new to Irish life. The Limerick

Social Service Council has six such workers employed and is first in Ireland with so many. They are deployed in the city parishes. All have university degrees in social science and a variety of practical supervised experience in established agencies abroad. Miss Mary Griffin (Limerick) operates with all the voluntary organisations helping multi-problem families in St. John's parish. Miss Jennifer Armstrong (Sligo), home from London where she did adoption work with the Southwark Child Welfare Society, operates in St. Michael's parish. Miss Caroline Murphy (Cork) is surveying unmet needs and untapped potential in St. Mary's parish. St. Munchin's parish is served by Miss Derval Murray (Dublin), who gained valuable experience in child care with London's Unmarried Mothers. Miss Ann Moloney (Limerick), having finished working on the Dept. of Labour's manpower survey, is working amongst the parishioners of Our Lady Queen of Peace. Miss Barbara Meade (Kilkenny) works in Our Lady of Lourdes parish.

THE SINGLE GIRL AT THE GAELIC FIELD

by CLEM SULLIVAN

MY INTRODUCTION TO the idiosyncrasies of rugby was so well received that I am tempted to expand on the subject, and give a behind the scenes account of the selection of the Irish XV (by *five* men, from *three* provinces, with none from Connaught and one from Munster!), and how a name like J. G. M. W. Murphy stands a better chance of selection than T. Boland by virtue of his *four* initials alone.

But why should my hurling and soccer friends have all the fun? For rugby isn't the only game with its oddities. And, I will say this for them, they took no offence at my remarks, and I can only hope — and, dare I say it in a magazine such as this — and pray that the Gaels of the diocese will take as kindly to what I am about to say, so be it!

THE GAELS

For it is to Gaels and their games that I am about to direct my satirical (vitriolic?) pen in this, the festive issue of our magazine. And what about your own game of soccer I can hear my friends say. Why not have a bash at that? Why not tell us about it being played in a greyhound track! And that the best man on the Limerick team is a Dublin man! And the captain (up to recently) a Dundalk man! Why not, indeed? Well, I'll tell you why not. The poor soccer team has its own troubles at the moment — 17 goals against in 3 matches — and, indeed, things have been very sad since my Protestant friend Ewan Fenton left us. So, I'll leave poor Mickey Wallace and Mick Toomey alone until the spring and perhaps we can have an appraisal of the soccer scene then!

Not that, indeed, if I were to wait for Limerick



Gaeldom to be out of the doldrums before having a bash at them, I'm afraid *Our Catholic Life* might be celebrating a Chronicle-type centenary, or bicentenary, before I got around to it. So here we go.

There are principally two National or Gaelic games, hurling and Gaelic (or Australian!) football. Gaelic football can make some reasonable claim to national status, as it is played in most of the 32 counties with reasonable proficiency, and the names inscribed on the Sam Maguire Cup over the last 25 years will include counties from each of the four provinces — though not, let me add, Limerick. Hurling, on the other hand, is played in Tipperary, Cork, Wexford, Kilkenny and New York, and every ten years or so in Waterford.

THE G.A.A.

Gaelic games are played under the auspices of the Gaelic Athletic Association — or Cumann Luith-Cleas Gael — and they are played mostly in Croke Park. The G.A.A. was founded many years ago to foster and encourage the playing of the national games aforementioned. It is the

most famous Amateur Sporting Organisation in the world, and it's also the most democratic organisation anywhere, with the possible exception of the early Fianna Fail. Fianna Fail probably has the edge in that it, at least, has not been afraid to hold a referendum or two on vital issues! My friends who are waiting for me to have a bash at "the ban" will be disappointed, because I feel the subject has got sufficient airing in other more widely-read, if less influential, periodicals.

And, of course, I do not wish to offend my many friends in the G.A.A. And I have many friends there — Jack Sheehan, to name only two! My more subtle readers will see the point here, for there are in fact two famous Jack Sheehans in the Cumann. There is the St. Patrick's Jack, an old school-mate of mine and barely deprived by a few measly votes of being Jack Sheehan, B.C. Then there is the Jack Sheehan who was a colleague of mine in the Keating Branch Choir donkeys years ago, when he was well known as a ballad singer. He is now better known as Sean O Siochain, Ard Runai of the G.A.A. They are both thorough gentlemen.

THE SINGLE GIRL

Speaking of gentlemen, brings me back to my single ladies — if they are still with me! If it's a gentleman you are looking for, you needn't pass the G.A.A. The organisation is crawling with them. The big problem is — how, and where, do you find them? I had no hesitation in directing my single ladies to Thomond Park in the certainty that they would find — any week during the season — a match in progress. But the problem for my G.A.A. gentleman-seeking ladies is more complicated. The G.A.A. have a magnificent ground which is very easy to find, but when is the season, and when do they use it?

I have a theory about this — and here it is for what it's worth. When Limerick hurling was a force in the 1930s, the G.A.A. built a big ground in Thurles where Limerick played Cork in the Munster Final. Then Limerick faded from the scene and Cork and Tipperary came into their own. So they had to have a neutral ground for these two to play — so Limerick was selected and a fine stadium built for the benefit of Cork and Tipperary. [The G.A.A. are major shareholders in another national body, C.I.E., and they so arrange their fixtures that all games are played on neutral grounds, so *both* sets of followers have to travel. Thus, Clare v. Tipperary (in Cork). Limerick v. Cork (Thurles), Waterford v. Tip-

perary (Cork), Cork v. Tipperary (Limerick) and so on.]

So, ladies, you see the problem. There will either be no match — and no gentlemen — in the Gaelic Grounds, or there will be a big match — and 50,000 gentlemen — but all from Cork or Tipperary! So you pay your money and you take your pick. Now I am a fair-minded person, and I believe you'll find gentlemen everywhere. But I know many of my readers will doubt the combination of Corkman and gentleman! I remember my grandmother — Ar dheis De a anam — when I was a boy returning home from a match (soccer, of course). "Well, Clem, did ye win?" "No, Grannie, we lost." "Who beat ye, then?," "Dundalk." "Ah, well, so long as it wasn't Cork."

CORKMEN

This type of thing between Limerick and Cork is called "keen rivalry," but is, in fact, sheer jealousy of the greatest body of people in all Ireland — Corkmen. So, ladies, take your courage in your hands, and even though your subsequent courting may have to be conducted by correspondence — you'll never rue the day you met the man with the red and white hat on the Ennis Road.

I suggested in my last article that single ladies on the prowl will be free to choose which game they will follow. But this, of course, is not strictly true. You will be conditioned by your environment and even by the school you attended. If you went to the Presentation Convent, you will almost certainly gravitate towards Gaelic games, as your school was next door to that nursery of the G.A.A., C.B.S., Sexton Street. Your school-girl crushes will have been for the members of the Harty Cup team next door. The fact that most of the same Harty Cup lads are now playing rugby or soccer will be neither here nor there. On the other hand, Laurel Hillers will have followed the fortunes of Crescent College rugby XV's and will automatically be toting their rugs to Thomond Park on sharp winter afternoons. And, if I may get serious for a minute, why must C.B.S. Limerick play only Gaelic games and why must Crescent play only rugby? Surely it is a disservice to parents and children that their school will be either a rugby school or a hurling school. And where in hell am I, a Markets Field man, going to send my little Donal? And I'll tell you this for free. Most of the Crescent lads and C.B.S. lads play soccer in their spare time for preference! Or must I myself establish a new teaching order with soccer written into its Articles of Association for Papal Approval.

Love and Marriage



'Love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage...'

THUS SANG Rosemary Clooney some years ago, finishing with the words, "You can't have one without the other." How true. Marriage is a relationship in which a man and woman are literally thrown into intimate contact almost every day of their lives. Here are two people of different characteristics, attitudes, environments, habits and views becoming two-in-one. No longer two separate individuals, each going his or her own way, but a couple trying to go the same way.

A knowledge of the psychological and emotional differences between them helps them to understand each other better. Though these differences vary in individuals and are to some extent modified by heredity and environment, they cannot be altered basically and so remain characteristic.

AT HOME A WOMAN WORKS

Husband by his nature is the breadwinner and wife the home-maker. As a result her interests are naturally more bound up in the home than those of her husband. For a woman the home is not only the place in which she relaxes in the evening but also the place in which she works during the day. A loving and considerate husband will ensure that they have a night out together when possible.

Sharing some hobbies and interests draws them together more and helps them to understand one another better.

A man's life is more clearly divided into compartments than a woman's. He has his work, his home, his hobbies, his children and can switch from one to another with relative ease, whereas a woman finds this difficult to understand and even more difficult to do.

SEXUAL DIFFERENCES

This difference may be specially noticeable in their sexual relationship. A husband can turn aside from his evening's work and rapidly become loving and affectionate. To a wife this may seem to show a lack of sincerity, for she cannot switch from one mood to another. However, an understanding of each other's physical and emotional needs and reactions will help in developing a happy sexual relationship. This does not mean that sex

is the whole of marriage — much more is needed to make a happy marriage. But there can be no doubt that if the physical relationship is unsatisfactory, or worse still is distasteful to husband and wife, it is very difficult for the other aspects of marriage to succeed.

A woman is more emotional than a man, but this does not mean that he lacks feeling. She needs to show and be shown love not only at bed time but throughout the day.

The respect, kindness and affection husband and wife have for each other is very important because the life that they have together, as it appears to the ever-watchful eyes of their children, will be the picture that those children will carry with them through life.

ANGER AND CROSS WORDS

In marriage, as in any relationship, there are bound to be differences and disagreements. Anger and cross words cannot help but a frank discussion often clears the air quickly. If we resort to anger and go to sleep with our minds steeped in resentment against our partner, this could be carried on into the next day. This tendency sets the seeds of poison in marriage. Like a thorn in the foot, if not removed, may cause sepsis, and if not treated medically may poison it, causing the loss of the leg — so, too, can marriage be poisoned over the years. The best motto is: "Never let the sun go down on your anger."

SHARED LIFE AND LOVE WITHOUT LIMITS

The shared life of husband and wife includes making a home; making friends; sharing interests and hobbies. It includes making money (often, nowadays, the wife helps with this too) and deciding how to spend it. It includes the long, difficult and always unpredictable business of bringing up the children. It includes pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, laughter and tears. The only thing that makes a marriage real and lasting is love and love without limits of any kind. In fulfilling their duties to each other, to their children and to God, husband and wife find the largest measure of happiness.

The Wise Man

by CORMAC O'CONNOR

"Any fool," the proverb says, "can ask a question that a wise man cannot answer." There is something about a fool's question that arrests the mind. It is usually a question of little importance, a question which is not in search of truth — rather it is intended to produce a deadlock in discussion. It is really a statement and it expresses the fool's narrowness of mind rather than any vision of reality. So when it is put to a wise man he pulls his beard and puts down his pen and waits for the fool to play his fool's game with the truth.

Of course to varying extents we are all fools and engage our narrow minds in this kind of 'riddle-fun.' But the truth does not speak to the fool. How can truth enter when the door is closed? But how do we open the door? This is the whole meaning of education — to open the door.

AUTHORITY

Take the present situation in which we find ourselves — wondering how intelligence and conscience and authority can be reconciled. The fool finds himself in an awkward spot, and by a fool I mean a man or woman who may have a high I.Q. and a great deal of knowledge but no wisdom. Knowledge is one thing, but wisdom another. Often, in fact, it seems that those of high I.Q., or the 'well-informed,' are the fools, for they shut out higher things. They become conscious of their 'cut above the ordinary' intelligence and say in their hearts: "I can think for myself." If they stopped for a moment they would realise that there is a great deal of reality, from God to the speck of dust, of which they know virtually nothing. And when it comes to belief in God they confuse the God they have conjured up in their own minds with the real God who waits patiently for a moment to enter.

Now, it seems to me, that the mark of the man of intellect is his willingness to hearken to the truth — not the truth he projects from his human intelligence, but the truth in its infinite reality. That man, a part of reality, should strive to go it alone and become himself a god is a contradiction. No, he must hearken, listen to his surroundings and especially to the source of wisdom.

WISDOM

What the fool forgets is that wisdom enters into the mind, it is not produced in the mind. Hence a mind, however intelligent, which has not learned to use the outside source of truth, cannot begin to accept an authority. He is not open to the truth. He cannot listen to an authority because he is too busy concocting his own truth. In short, he is blocked by his own conceited notion that truth comes from his own intelligence. He is in fact a fool and when he presents his meagre creations before the wise man he gloats over the fact that he has 'stumped' the wise man. In fact what has happened is that he has revealed his foolishness to the wise man, who can no longer converse because the fool cannot listen.

This is the whole difference between those who cannot accept authority and those who can and the miracle is that the humble peasant may still be open to wisdom while the intelligentsia remain as fools.

SOLOMON

But talking about wisdom — what is it? Solomon has a good deal to say of wisdom:

"She is the breath of the power of God," and again:

"She is a reflection of the eternal light," and again:

"All that is hidden, all that is plain, I have come to know,

Instructed by wisdom who designed them all."

And where did Solomon get wisdom? He sought it, of course, asking for it (Wisdom sought is wisdom gained.) "I entreated and the spirit of wisdom came to me."

But the fool, content with his own ego and his own I.Q. does not bother with the great source. He goes it alone! He can work out the great secrets of human life by himself! He does not need authority or wisdom, because he is a fool. The good book has put it down:

"The fear of God is the beginning of knowledge,

Fools spurn wisdom and discipline."

Mungret Cement Factory

by DICK NAUGHTON

THIRTY YEARS AGO, on Monday, May 28th, 1938, Mr. Sean Lemass, the then Minister for Industry and Commerce, simultaneously set in motion the new factories of Cement Ltd. at Drogheda and Castlemungret. For the occasion, communications were established between the two plants with electric cables, loud speakers and other equipment, and in each factory were present with the workers a group representative of the industrial, commercial and public life of the country.

Speaking from Castlemungret to the group in Drogheda, Senator Sir John Keane, then a director of the company, said: "... Though we are separated by some 150 miles, we are one in purpose and spirit, and the simultaneous operation of this machinery, which the Minister is shortly by his own hand to perform, will show how modern science can bridge the space between us ..."

And in Drogheda, from a platform near the kiln, Mr. Lemass said: "... In the hope and expectation that they will contribute to the strength and prosperity of our country, I set in motion the machinery of the two cement mills in Drogheda and Limerick. I wish success for the future of the Company which has established them and will operate them ...". He then pressed a double switch which set the two plants in motion.

From another platform in the kiln at Castlemungret, Right Rev. Monsignor Connolly, Dean of Limerick, blessed the Limerick factory, assisted by the Rev. E. Punch, P.P., Mungret.

Exactly two years earlier, in May, 1936, Cement Limited was formed at the wishes of the Government as an Irish company, and in fact 80% of the capital is Irish owned. Ireland's first and only Cement Act was passed in 1933, and this led to the establishment of the Company.

Until Cement Ltd. was started, Ireland had to import all its cement. In recent years the Company has exported between 25% and 30% of its total production.

CEMENT

An Englishman, John Smeaton, is credited with influencing the development of the cement industry as we know it today. He showed that a cement capable of hardening under water could be produced by baking a mixture of limestone and clay at a high temperature.

There were however other early contributors to the pool of knowledge, and in 1824 Joseph Aspdon, a Leeds stonemason, filed a patent for the manufacture of what he called 'portland cement.' The name has survived and has its origin in the resemblance of the early cement to a popular building stone of the period.

From 1860 to 1966 world consumption of cement has increased from 80,000 tons to 450 million tons per year, and the growth keeps march with the advances in living standards and industrialisation.

Ireland has an abundance of the essential raw materials used in the manufacture of portland cement — limestone, shale, gypsum and certain clays.

EARLIER FACTORIES

In 1883 this country's first cement factory was opened at Drinagh, Co. Wexford. Except for the years of World War One, it continued in production to 1925. Attempts were made in that span to establish a cement industry at Rialto and Ringsend in Dublin, but success was shortlived. Supplies had to be met by importing, and from the cement factory in Co. Antrim, which was established in 1913 and which is still in production.

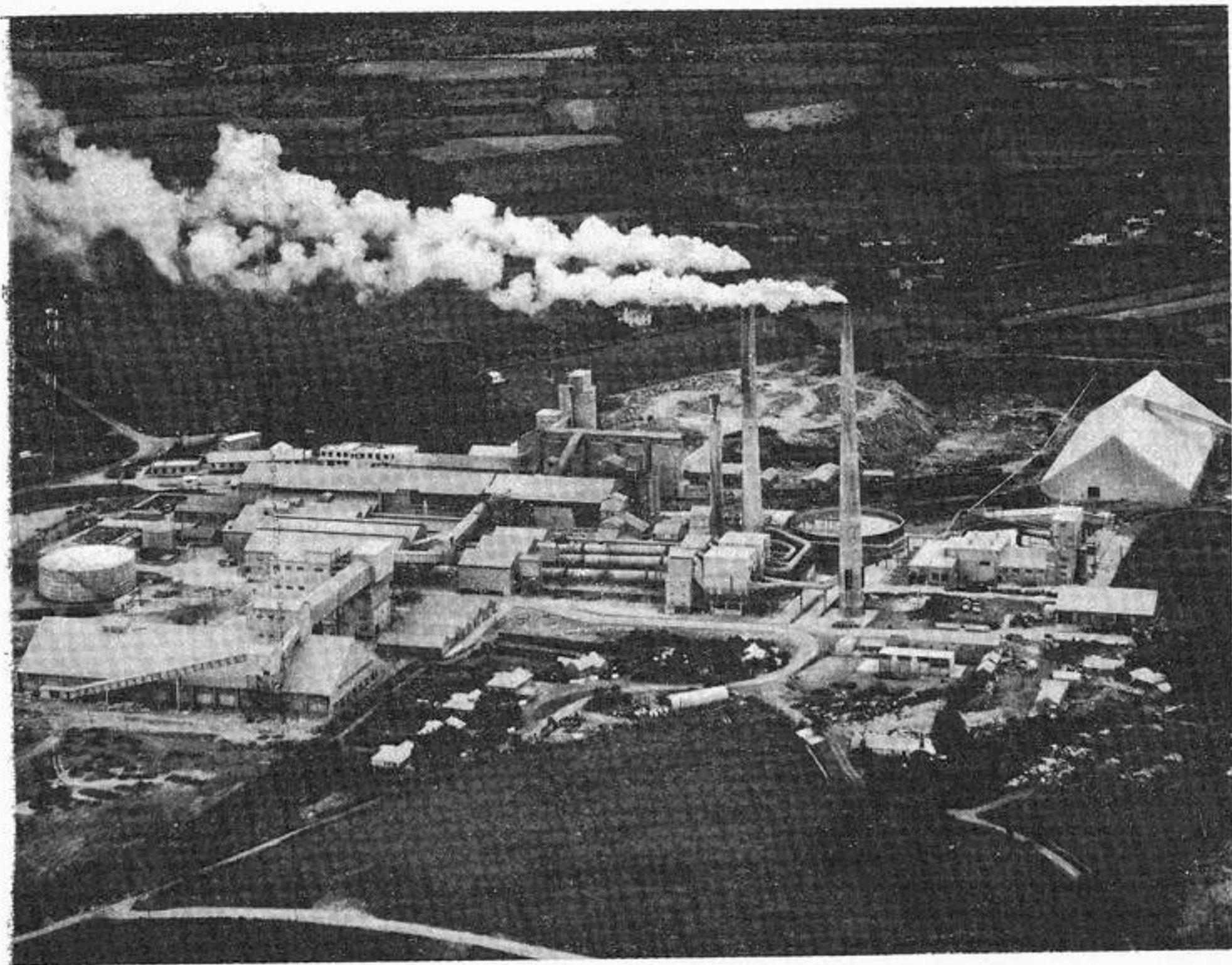
Work on the Limerick and Drogheda factories began in 1936, and in the late spring of 1938 both factories were in production. Their combined capacity was 225,000 tons annually, of which the Limerick unit produced 75,000 tons from one kiln.

Since those early days the development at Limerick has been spectacular. In the last seven years the capacity of the works has been increased from 200,000 tons to the current production figure of some 800,000 tons annually.

MUNGRET EXPANSION

This remarkable expansion was carried out at a cost of over eight million pounds. It has transformed the factory into one of the biggest in these islands, and given the cement industry in Ireland an efficient and highly automated production unit which can compete in keen export markets and meet with confidence the challenge of free trade at home.

Today Limerick is by far the bigger of the two



An aerial view of Cement Ltd. factory at Castlemungret

cement factories in Ireland, and the number employed there has increased from 150 in 1938 to about 450 at the present time. The Works Manager is Mr. Patrick Gleeson.

The climate within the Company is excellent. There is an excellent pension scheme; there are welfare provisions and opportunities for training, and a company spirit is created by the very popular scheme whereby workers from the various factories visit the other plants and meet their fellow employees.

Nor is recreation forgotten. The sports pavilion and grounds at Castlemungret, towards which the Company gives a generous grant each year, is administered by a social committee drawn from the workers and caters for Gaelic football, hurling, soccer, table tennis, athletics, darts and pitch and putt. The entertainments group has competed very successfully in the "Tops of the Town" competition.

A third cement factory is now projected for Platin, Co. Meath, and will be in operation in

three or four years. Subsidiary companies of Cement Ltd. are: Asbestos Cement Ltd., Athy; Asbestos Cement Pipes Ltd., Drogheda; and associate companies are: Southern Chemicals Ltd., Askeaton; Wall Units Ltd.; Irish Trout Industries Ltd.; Cloughrennan Lime and Trading Co. Ltd., and the Cypros Asbestos Mines Ltd.

THE PROCESS

So much for Cement Ltd.; now a few words about the manufacture of their product. Limestone is quarried near the factory at Castlemungret and transported to the main crushing plant. Here, a jaw crusher does the primary work and a hammer-mill further reduces the material to $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. maximum size. A belt conveyor takes the material to the main stockpile, and then by underground belt conveyor for further processing.

Clay is dredged by grab excavator from the

(Continued on page 28)

Mind — Bend! You'll Bang Your Head!!

by REV. FRANK MORIARTY

THERE WERE FORTY prone bodies, old men waiting for the end. But the Feast of All Souls was no time to be thinking of Christmas. All that black bewailing the dead, "that Hell may not swallow them up, nor may they fall into the deep pit. Deliver them from the lions . . ." The old men took the Host from my hands and wheezed prayers. For a happy death — that the scales of flakey and withering skin would crumble and the innocent child of their youth might emerge. Behind the wrinkles and the pains, they are trying to discover the small lost child of God the Father inside them — the child that has never known badness nor guilt nor shame. Call the names of your dead on Christmas night. They are so very near at that time — in the armchair that the going year emptied, in the gapped circle of the family feast. "The souls of the just are in the hands of God, and the torment of death will not touch them. In the eyes of the unwise they seemed to have died, but in reality they are at peace."

A fat goose roosting in a car boot; holly and ivy well set up all over the hotels, sadly striving to make the homelessness of the place homely; a turkey's neck lolls from a shopping bag, the heap hopping amongst the rushing feet. Stand in queues, crowd the counters, search for the child hiding in Santa's cave. The whole population seems not to have a home to go to. What mysterious craving or deep loneliness drives us all to helter-skelter around for weeks just for a few hours home for Christmas! "Going lonely up and down, up and down." Why did that man and woman call when we were so busy? Why didn't they knock next door, try some other place? They are no relations of ours — that couple Joseph and Mary. So quench that candle in the window. "This day you shall know that the Lord will come and save us, and in the morning you shall see His glory."

RIDDLE ME THIS

A search-light in the sky pinpoints a plot of earth called Bethlehem. The dreading Shepherds shivered. But the Angel said to them: "Do not be afraid; behold the news I bring you is good news of a great rejoicing for the whole people. This day, in this City of David, a Saviour has been born for you, no other than the Lord Christ."

Our ears itch for news. "Do not be afraid." But we are. We are afraid with a sweaty fear of people in an earthquake, everything crumbling. We are no longer sure in our minds of the answers that solidly solved all our questionings for so long. We knew before what to do about the poor, the under-privileged and the handicapped. A few conscience-salving coppers for a flag. We were sure that calling tinkers 'itinerants' would give them respectability, and if we didn't answer the door or stop for them begging in the streets, they would vanish. We were sure about war as long as it was just. Bombs fell in the box in the living-room. Then Biafra happens and we can't switch it off. We were safe for a period in our Family Planning because contraception was surely against the law of nature and Abortion was wilful murder. And now 'tis a bitter pill we swallow. If Rome spoke through the Pope, God's infallible truth was thus proclaimed. Now magazines and papers, radio and television tell us that in Rome the sun still circles the earth. We are pelted with posers and attacked with arguments and quietened by questions. Our teachers can't even speak with one voice. God's angel from heaven tells us: "Do not be afraid." Christ our Saviour is born, Christ our Saviour is born. That's the good news. But what does it mean? What does this Christmas message imply? What does our believing it guarantee us? Christ brings great joy for all the people munching slices of clove-dotted ham after Midnight Mass; and peace on earth to men who are God's friends pulling crackers after turkey and brandy butter. Nothing seems to have changed, nothing seems to be very different. The danger is always there that we misunderstand. The risk of our misplacing the jigsaw pieces would make Christmas God's hopeless experiment with the human race. "He that shall save his life shall lose it; 'tis easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven; deny yourself, take up your Cross; if any man comes to me and does not hate his father and mother . . ." Faith tells us that the only solution to the riddles and paradoxes lies virgin-wrapt in a mid-winter night, and the questions our reason raises find answers only in the One Word which was made flesh and dwelt amongst us. Christ is always with us, even in the depths of souls that don't want to be pardoned.

A SOP OF COMFORT

The trodden clay floor matted with sops and the stifle of animal smells; the squirting of warm milk; silence broken by the panting of a woman's breathing; a woman who has borne a child and beyond labour, now looks on the face of her Son. He is the all-knowing God. Now He is sightless to all our crimes and secret sins. The infinite majesty of God is cribbed in this small bundle of flesh binder-bound. Silent Night, Holy Night, all is calm. Outside soldiers are edging swords for slaughter that never ends. King Herod plans his Child Welfare Clinic. Death forever comes to the homeless in slum and workhouse. The tender Infant in His manger is the good news, and so is the crucified Man. "He will wipe away every tear from their eyes, there will be no more death or mourning, or cries of distress, no more sorrow."

"Some say that ever gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated
The bird of dawning singeth all night along;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome; Then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

YOU'RE YELLOW

The priest cradles Christ in his hands. "Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, grant us peace." It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace, and yet we search in vain for peace in every corner where lives the Family of Man. Can we honestly and openly turn from Vietnam, Nigeria, or Rhodesia, and talk easily to our next-door neighbour in understanding and quiet. No, because the next-door neighbour may glower and refuse to speak or fidget in the uneasiness of distrust, because he is our employee, or because he lives in a caravan, or under canvas. We found some traces of our childhood peace in our own Church, when familiar midnight carols shut out the clamour of the world's din. But now even their relevance and value in honouring and praising God is challenged. Even in the privacy of your own room, should you kneel to heart-talk with your Creator, a devilish echo in your ears howls God is dead. But do not heed it. Do not listen. "So hallowed and so gracious is this time." Angels we have heard on high, do not be afraid. These are rock-set certainties. There is no foolishness to equal loss of heart and no cowardliness is as yellow as despair. Christmas is the celebration and the festival of faith and hope and love. Let

us sing it and shout it for all it is worth. We have faith, believing what we cannot prove. We hope with a steadying confidence against all hope. We love not for satisfaction, gratification, or reward, but with a full generous self-giving whether to God or man, no matter if recognition or gratitude ever come. The Crucifixion was a mockery of death, and every death, every loss, every absence, can be finally mocked.

Oh, Men of Goodwill, you want good relations between yourselves and God. When Christ is hidden in the folds of your flesh at Christmas time, piercing the coatings on your conscience is a Baby's cry. It is the WORD. Bend low when you enter the cave in the hillside. The proud bang their heads on the ceiling. "Lord, I am not worthy that You should enter under my roof." Christmas is my hearing your Word and my soul is healed.



Our Irish contributor, Mairtin O Corrbui, a joint first-prize winner in the recent Oireachtas competitions. His three-act play, "Barbed Wire," produced by Radio Eireann in June, will, it is hoped, be presented in the Salesian College Hall, Pallas-kenry, at Christmas.

"Sure, There's Nothing To Do In This Place"

by JAMES KELLY

Have you been thinking about taking the wife out? Then you should read this!

ECONOMIC ADVANCEMENT, without a corresponding advance in the social and cultural spheres, is a barren thing. It is a fact that Ireland is moving forward fast in the economic field, and workers are better off than they were fifteen years ago and, as a result, they have much more to spend on their leisure time. The use and abuse of leisure has assumed the proportions of a social problem and the findings of the recent survey carried out by the Limerick Ignatian Sodality on the "Use of Leisure Time" pinpointed many interesting aspects of the problem which deserve our attention.

One thing that struck me was that only 25% of those interviewed in a group of married people were able to go out one night a week, and 60% were able to go out one night a fortnight. Among the main reasons given for not being able to go out very often for a night were lack of money or lack of a baby-sitter. Somehow or another, men seem to make out much better than the women in the matter of getting out regularly, but it seems that many women are still in the position that their only trips outside the home are shopping visits to town or afternoon walks with a child or two in tow or, perhaps, pushing a pram. Neither of these could be considered very relaxing pursuits.

THE KITCHEN SINK

Many women would seem to be tied to their kitchen sinks for anything up to fifteen hours a day, most of which are spent entirely alone or in the company of small children. Men, on the other hand, even if they are among the minority who give a helping hand when they come home from work in the evening, meet their workmates every day and can chat up the local gossip and sporting events and can also go to the odd match or have a round of golf; or they can slip out to the local fairly regularly without any difficulty and with the blessing of the good wife.

It never seems to dawn on some men that the wife needs time off too, and that most women,

peculiarly enough, like a night out with their husbands, who have often countered the proposal for a night out by saying: "Sure, where would we be going? There's nothing to do in this place."

TAKE THE WIFE OUT

The purpose of the present article is to aid those married men who are in search of leisure with dignity with the wife. I have done a mini-survey to find out what a married couple can enjoy together on a night out in Limerick. An enjoyable night out together is absolutely necessary at fairly frequent intervals for the average man and wife. Many men, unfortunately, do not seem to realise this. Most of them would be bored to tears if they had to remain at home every night and had to forego their nightly trip to the local to have a few jars and meet the boys for a chat. It is unfortunate for the female of the species that a night out with the girls more often than not leads to nervous strain and blood pressure, and to relax and be natural for one second at such soirees could be fatal to one's standing among one's social set. There can be no doubt about it, but a night out with the girls is not a form of relaxation for the average married woman. Ask any honest woman.

So, what does a fellow do? Sure, isn't it a fact that there's nothing to do in this place? This is not a fact at all. I am not going to list concerts, cinema shows, dance halls or any canned entertainment because I believe that what is necessary in the present case is a form of relaxation that will allow people to meet and to talk and to exchange ideas. Nor am I going to discuss any of those things that could well occupy the minds and hands of our younger citizens during their leisure time — but I would like to do this at another time if the Editor would allow me to do so. Again, I am not going to mention dining out on the occasion of anniversaries and family reunions. These, while most enjoyable, are almost statutory, as are the occasional "at homes."

WHERE TO GO

For the pair who like a few drinks there is, of course, the lounge bar. There are some, no doubt, who will frown at this, but there is a lot to be said for the relaxed atmosphere, the convivial company and the variety of the nourishment readily available. For those with the same basic requirements,

but who enjoy a sing-song, what could be more fun than a visit to a singing pub? The only danger here might be that, if the beer is good and the atmosphere stuffy, the husband might be inclined to take the floor and, in his wife's view, make a bit of an ass of himself. This could result in a certain lack of communication for a few days, which would be entirely contrary to the whole purpose of the exercise, but the post "silent-treatment" reactions might well compensate for this and clear the air considerably.

Another enjoyable evening might be spent at a ballad session — with or without bar facilities. These are very popular at the present time and, during a season, most of the top groups are brought to this area by enterprising establishments. For those who might prefer a quieter evening, there are those delightful Irish evenings that bring together talented artistes — from dancers to comedians, and from balladeers to traditional musicians — to entertain guests in a traditional Irish atmosphere. One does not require to be an expert to become involved in lively discussions on various aspects of the Irish scene on such occasions, and, particularly, during the holiday season, one has the opportunity to exchange ideas and discuss many topics with visitors to our shores. This can often be a very stimulating and worthwhile night out.

For the more intellectually inclined, there are discussions and lectures at different centres practically every night of the week. *Tuairim* brings well-known lecturers to the city at more or less regular intervals, and these are usually followed by some very fine discussions. Those who are interested in the finer points of music may visit the very popular gramophone circle run at the Dominican Hall. At these sessions people present varied programmes of their own choice, complete with short discussions, that are calculated to whet the appetite of any music lover. At various times during the year the Limerick Choral and Operatic Society, the Cecilian Musical Society and the Limerick Symphony Concert Society put on presentations of top-quality that could well be highlights in the year for a music-orientated pair. Those who take a more intelligent interest in the cinema might become members of the Film Society at Shannon. Drama lovers are at present having a lean time, but with the reconstruction of the Amharclann and the enthusiasm of the 77 Club perhaps we might have a resurgence of the amateur movement which gave us such wonderful productions in the past. In the meantime, the City Theatre brings us the occasional play to keep our interest alive.

Card players are well catered for and we have flourishing clubs in the city and various organisations run 45 Drives for those who prefer the

more simple pleasures that a pack of cards can give. From all this, and I have no doubt that I could have mentioned many other activities suitable for an enjoyable night out for a married pair, no one can claim that we have little to do here.

SEGREGATION

Traditionally, the Irishman is not given to taking the wife out for a night, and most activities — even including those of a charitable nature — have somehow been organised on a segregated basis as far as the sexes are concerned. Our whole society seemed to have been geared to ensure that the woman remained in the home for twenty-four hours a day, except for occasional trips to do the shopping or to attend to her religious duties. Even in Church, particularly in rural areas, it was customary for the men to sit in the "men's aisle" and the women to sit in the "women's aisle." At dances, where one would normally expect some little intermingling, this was reserved strictly for the actual business of dancing and in between each side withdrew to its own end of the hall. Anyone who remained talking to a partner between dances was looked upon as a bit of an oddity who required watching! If a chap were seen pushing one of his children in a pram, he would be the laughing stock of the seven parishes for ever and a day. Even up to quite recent times, no decent woman would be seen in a lounge bar even in the company of her husband — even though it was acceptable that the husband could bring a drink to her to be consumed discreetly in the Residents' Lounge of an hotel.

The dice was heavily loaded against the woman at all times; but, fortunately, this is changing rapidly and it is time that the men now looked about them to discover those functions, entertainments and other activities to which they can bring their wives for an enjoyable night out at regular intervals.



*We wish all our
Readers
A Holy and a Happy
Christmas*



The Truth, the Light, the Way

*The sky is lit by star so bright,
The stable illumed by shaft of light,
On this awe-inspiring night.*

*A Child is born to wear a crown,
Sent by His loving Father down,
To a humble place, in a little town.*

*His mother is a Virgin pure,
The Son has come our ills to cure,
And our salvation to ensure.*

*Let us then before Him pray,
That He will always with us stay,
For He is the Truth, the Light, the Way.*

—PAUL DARCY.

DOES LIMERICK LAG . . . (contd.)

the leaders of industry, business and labour in the city. Mr. Murray and I might agree on an appeal to these bodies to investigate in depth the possibilities of some new industry, or an extension of an existing one, being developed here in Limerick with our own money, expertise and labour.

UNIVERSITY COMMITTEE

It would be remiss of me to conclude without referring, and in a large part agreeing with Mr. Murray's complimentary remarks about the University Project Committee. This group has done tremendous work, and all who are concerned with the future position, status and prosperity of the city must be part of the movement, of which the Committee is the driving force.

To conclude, let me say this. I believe in the future of this city, this county, this region, but we are too ready to sell ourselves short; the things to stress are the things we have going for us, a city of 56,000, the estuary, the port of Limerick, Shannon Airport, Shannon industrial estate, the Shannon Development Company now working for the area and, above all, ourselves — the people. Our attitude, our initiatives, our faith in the future are the foundations on which will depend the success or failure of all the plans we have made, or will make, or will read of, for development, growth and prosperity of this fair city.

Drumcollogher Gets Top Award

Drumcollogher first entered the competition in 1966 and at the first attempt secured second place in the category for towns under a population of 1,000. In 1967 it secured first place in the same category. This year, 1968, it was the over-all winner.

ACTIVITIES

Street names erected in Irish. Inter-Street Question Time in Irish. Aeriocht and Irish-Ireland Day. Senior Inter-County Football Challenge match (Cork v. Limerick) in connection with Aeriocht. Trip to Ballingearry Gaeltacht. Production of play in Irish. Co-operated in voluntary decoration of Parochial Hall and organised a "method" of voluntary workers who completely decorated a room in Cheshire Home at Rathfreeda, Newcastle West. Promoted a number of Céilithe, the proceeds of which went in aid of Biafra Famine Fund. During the year presented 67 Fáinne Daite to members. Encouraged and promoted use of Irish in shops in the town. At local cattle-mart erected sign: "Mairgleann Dromchollachair."

Uachtarán: An tAthair Gearóid de Bhál, S.O.
Cathaoirleach: Pádraig O Longcugh, O.S.
Rúnaí: Diarmuid O Maoileáun, O.G.

MUNGRET CEMENT FACTORY (contd.)

marsh lands lying between the factory and the river Shannon. It is fed directly to a washmill, where it is mixed with water before being pumped to the clay slurry basin.

Mixing and fine grinding of controlled proportions of clay and limestone is the second stage in the manufacturing process. The resultant mixture is called kiln slurry. It travels slowly in the great rotary kilns to the burning zone where it reaches a temperature of 1,500 degrees centigrade.

The clinker, after cooling, is ground in rotary mills and gypsum is added. The resultant fine powder — portland cement — is fed to storage silos to await despatch in bag or bulk.

The heavy fuel oil which fires the rotary kilns comes to the Company's own installations at Foynes in 40,000 ton tankers and is carried by rail to the storage tanks at the factory.



OUR CHRISTMAS PAGE

CHRISTMAS, 1968.

My dear Children,

This is our Christmas number again and you are all happily looking forward to the good days ahead in a few weeks time. I would like to give you a good thought for this event, one that will make you do something good. You hear much these times about human rights. It is sad to think that nearly two thousand years after our redemption there are still millions of people deprived of human rights. You who are fortunate enough to live in a country where the rights of individuals are respected, can and should do something to help those who are deprived of even more than human rights. Another thing that is much discussed nowadays is Service. Young people are particularly interested in the idea of Service in some form or other. Many of them are generous with their time and talents in order to bring help and comfort to those in need. If you think on how Our Lord spent His time on earth you will notice that He too helped others by working for them or by praying for them. He wanted to continue this for all time and so He does in the person of each one who serves another. I know you will want to be associated with this continuing of the work of Christ on earth and you have not far to go or long to wait to become involved. There are lots of lonely old people for whom you can do jobs, go on messages, or you can just sit down and talk to them. There are sick people, unhappy people and handicapped people who need your love and care. In foreign countries there are worse problems than these. Sick and starving children are as common in India, Biafra and South America as healthy, happy children are in Ireland. You will ask what you can do to help them. You could contact some of the organisations such as the Red Cross, Gorta or UNICEF. Of these I think the latter, which means United Nations International Childrens' Emergency Fund, is the one that should appeal to you most, since it is specially for children. One way in which you can support UNICEF just now is by using the special UNICEF Christmas cards. If you buy **one** box of ten cards you will have provided **enough vaccine to protect 40 children against tuberculosis.** As a reward for your generosity you will have ten very beautiful cards, designed gratuitously by world renowned artists. If you would like to know more about UNICEF, you can write to me or directly to UNICEF, 9b Lower Abbey Street, Dublin. I have spent a long time telling you what you can do — please forgive me if I have not mentioned how you can enjoy yourselves at Christmas. God will see to that if you take care of His needy ones.

The Editor says I must finish now but not before I say a very big thanks to the painters and letter-writers for your wonderful contributions and your continued support of *Our Catholic Life*. I will pray for all your intentions at Christmas and especially for the blessing of peace and happiness.

God bless you all.

AUNTIE BRIGID.

P.S.—For your painting I have made a picture of a Christmas tree. I want you to colour it very gaily by using little dabs of paint, some light, some dark. You do not have to **draw** in the lights and toys and parcels that hang on a Christmas tree, your use of the dabs of colour will do that trick for you. You can also colour in the background and the hangings. If you do not succeed the first time, you can draw your own picture of the trees on a piece of paper and try again. I shall be looking forward to your efforts. Best of luck.—*Auntie Brigid.*

The Murphy Twins

Eileen lay in bed sobbing quietly to herself. It just wasn't fair, she thought. Peter got the 'flu and Pauline got the 'flu but they were up and about again after a few days in bed. Of course it had to be herself who got a relapse and was in bed for Christmas. She looked at the doll Santa had brought her the night before. It was a lovely doll

but it didn't make up for having to life in bed when the others were enjoying themselves. She was too fed-up even to look forward to the plum pudding she knew Mammy would bring her later. Peter and Pauline had been out skating yesterday. She heard them talking about it before Mammy had time to stop them and it made her

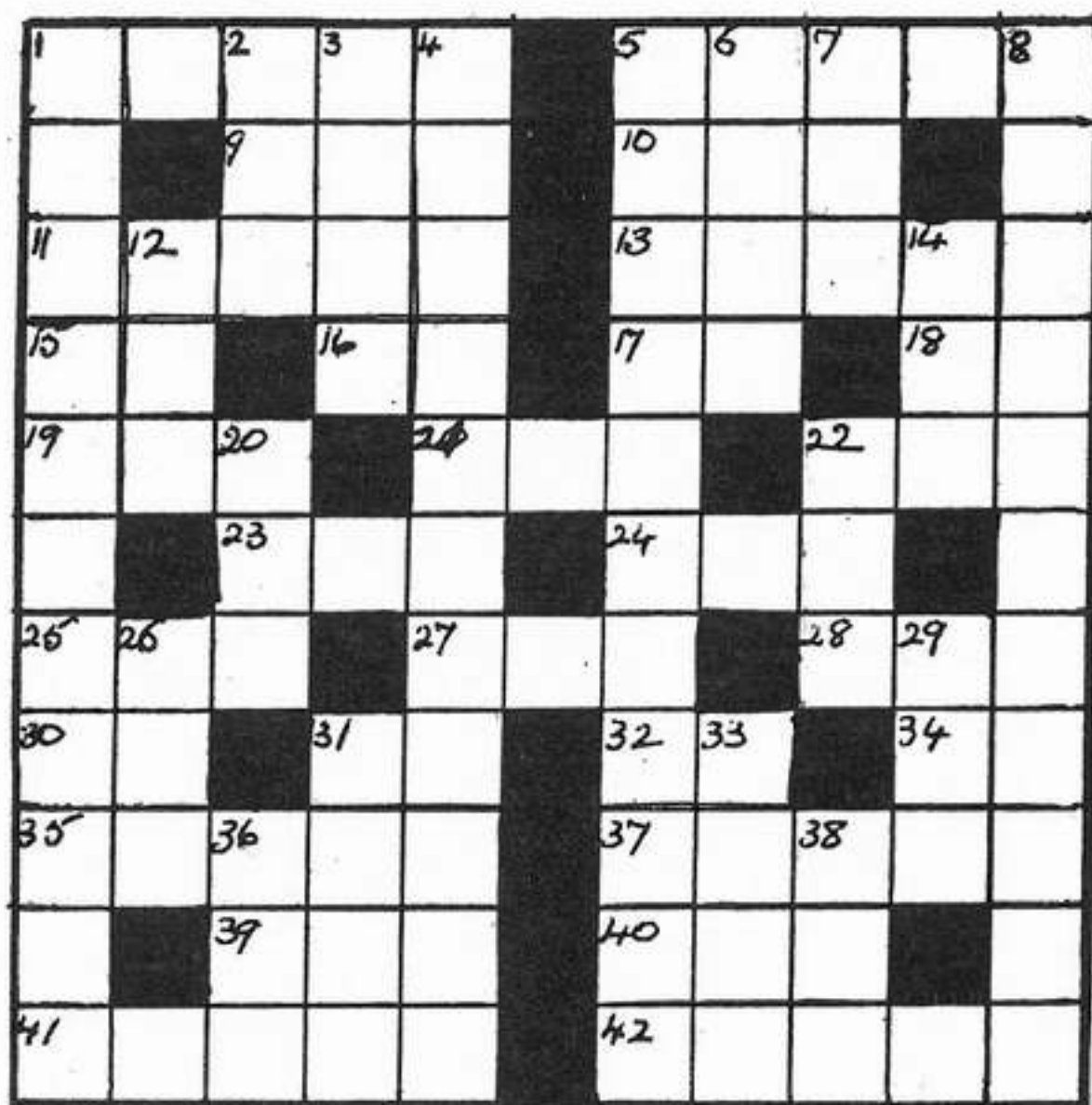
feel worse than ever to know that they were probably out again today without her. Slowly she dropped off to sleep and then a strange thing happened, the moonlight seemed to fill the room and light up every corner with a strange silver light. Everything was changed as if by magic. Eileen lay still, un-

(Continued opposite page)

Clues across: 1, A Christmas song; 5, Only a bell can make it; 9, This with a stick should hold fast; 10, An old one among the birds; 11, Ripped; 13, Make of watch; 15, Most people said it at the Referendum; 16, Thank God; 17, Direction; 18, Ourselves; 19, A pair; 21, Feminine suffix; 22, Busy little fellow; 23, The breath of life; 24, Sink; 25, Sever; 27, It takes this girl to bring one to court; 28, All the things we don't want; 30, Comes after Barrister's name; 31, Gives a start to the alphabet; 32, Automobile Association; 34, Month of the Jewish year; 35, Hear yourself speaking on this (1, 4); 39, Turn back to make money; 40, Age; 41, Support used in schools; 42, Scolded.

Clues down: 1, The Shannon cuts it away from the rest of Munster; 2, This colour warns and warms you; 3, Classic poet for Latin scholars; 4, Landladies should keep this in order; 5, He walks at the head of the procession; 6, At both sides of a sweet it makes a fine old song; 7, Covering in winter but not for warmth; 8, A little help to keep your belongings together; 12, The proverb tells you to do it at this time; 14, Firearms; 20, Cereal; 22, Everybody, old and young, has this; 26, In this month of December, it would mean November; 29, Label; 31, Recess in church; 33, Air current; 36, You get them on every newspaper, on nearly every page; 38, This kind of surface does not shine.

Christams Crossword



☆ **A Book Prize for the first correct entry drawn.**

NAME

ADDRESS

Entries to Auntie Brigid before 1/2/1969.

MURPHY TWINS (contd.)

able to stir, but she thought she could hear strange rustling noises and the chairs and table were walking around the room of their own accord. "Yes," sighed the armchair, "it's a pity the poor child is so ill." "Couldn't we do something to help?" asked the chair that usually stood beside the bed. "Suppose we try to entertain her!" "A good idea," said the armchair, "let's dance." Eileen sat up in amazement as the two chairs waltzed around the room and the shovel and tongs kept time by the fireplace. Even the flames seemed to leap and dance in time to the music. She was even more amazed when Mary's dressing gown and her own jumped off their hooks and joined

the dance. They were much more lively than the chairs as they could bend and twist without any trouble at all. Soon they were all exhausted and paused to rest themselves. Eileen dozed off peacefully but all the time the music kept playing quietly in the background. "Eileen," said a voice in her ear, "Eileen, wake up." She started up to find the room fully lit up with a lovely Christmas tree in the middle covered with fairy lights and Peter and Pauline and Michael and Mary and Mammy and Daddy were all gathered round the bed. "A surprise for you, Eileen," said Mammy. "O, Mammy, it's beautiful," cried Eileen. "Yes," said Mammy, "and all the presents on it are for you. Michael has given you the monster jigsaw puzzle you

wanted so much; Mary has knit you a lovely Aran jumper and the rest of the presents you can see for yourself." Eileen's eyes opened in amazement. She felt ashamed of having been so sorry for herself when everybody had been working so hard to give her a happy Christmas, and all the time she kept wondering about the chairs and the dressing gowns which now looked so quiet and sedate even though she could still hear the music which she now saw was coming from Michael's record player and was playing a lovely Christmas carol.



UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN

*Given, not lent,
And not withdrawn — once
sent,
This Infant of mankind, this
One,
Is still the little welcome Son.*

*New every year,
New born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a
song,
The ages long, the ages long.*

*Even as the cold
Keen water grows not old,
As childhood is so fresh, fore-
seen,
And spring in the familiar
green —*

*Sudden as sweet
Come the expected feet,
All joy is young, and new all
art,
And He, too, Whom we have
by heart.*

ALICE MEYNELL.

(With permission of the
Executors of Alice Meynell.)



Results of Autumn Competition

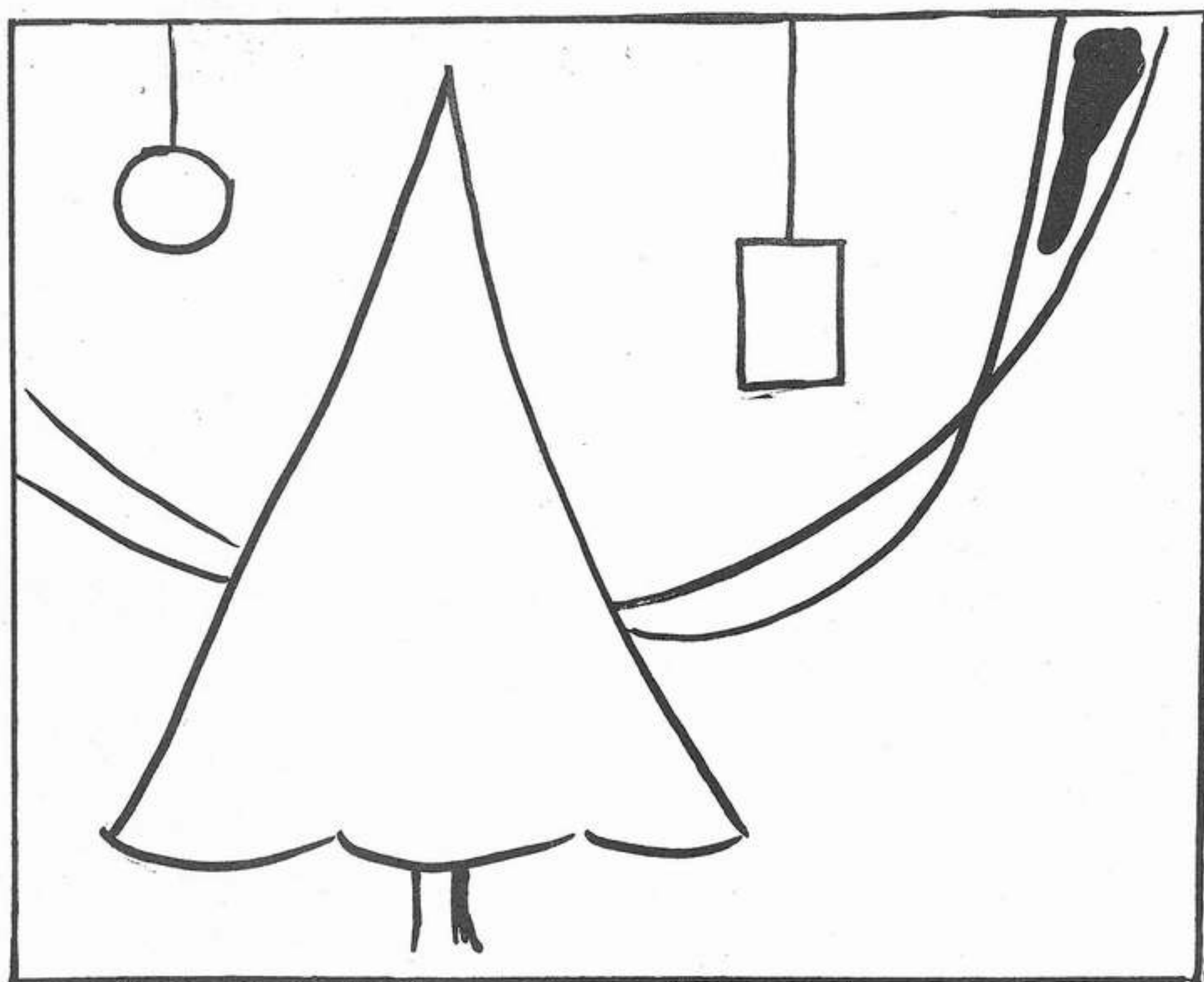
Juniors:

1. Celine O'Connor (8), San Gabriel, Summerville Ave., Limerick.
2. Pat Browne (7), Kilmeedy, Co. Limerick.
3. Mary Clifford (8), 111 Greenfields, Rosbrien, Limerick.
4. Veronica Doyle (8), 169 Dooradoyle, Limerick.
5. Ann Condon (7), Ballinamina House, Kilfinane.
6. Katrena O'Connor (8), St. Mary's School, Limerick.
7. Noel Hough (8), Ballyshane, Newcastle West.
8. Helen Fenton (8), Ballyorgan N.S., Kilmallock.
9. Anthony Carroll (9), Ballyorgan N.S., Kilmallock.
10. Irene McCormack (8), Menlough, Fr. Russell Rd., Ballykeeffe.
11. Caroline Healy (6½), Presentation Convent Sch., Roxboro Rd.
12. Patricia Kett (7), St. Anne's, Rathkeale.

Seniors:

1. Thomas Fogarty (12), 31 Well Park, Garryowen, Limerick.
2. Jane Leonard (11), Ringwood, Newcastle West.
3. Geraldine White (11), Coole East, Athea.
4. Lill McDonnell (12), Maiden Street, Newcastle West.
5. Brigid Hannon (12), Cush, Kilfinane.
6. Anne Fitzgerald (12), Bridge Street, Newcastle West.
7. Marie Hogan (11), Holy Child School, Limerick.
8. Ursula O'Doherty (13), 29 Mary Street, Limerick.
9. Brenda Ryan (12), Curra, Loughill.
10. Joseph O'Shea (12), Broadford, Charleville.
11. Susan Russell (12), St. Ethna's, Rosbrien Road, Limerick.
12. Noel Daly (10), Stoneville, Rathkeale.

Your Christmas Painting Competition



● Read Auntie Brigid's letter **BEFORE** you begin

- | | | | | | | |
|------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|------------------|
| 1. Seniors | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Four Book Prizes |
| 2. Juniors | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Four Book Prizes |

NAME

ADDRESS

Age.....

Signed

(Parent, Teacher)

Biodh iarrachtai istigh roimh 1/2/1969.

RULES

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2. Fill in the coupon.
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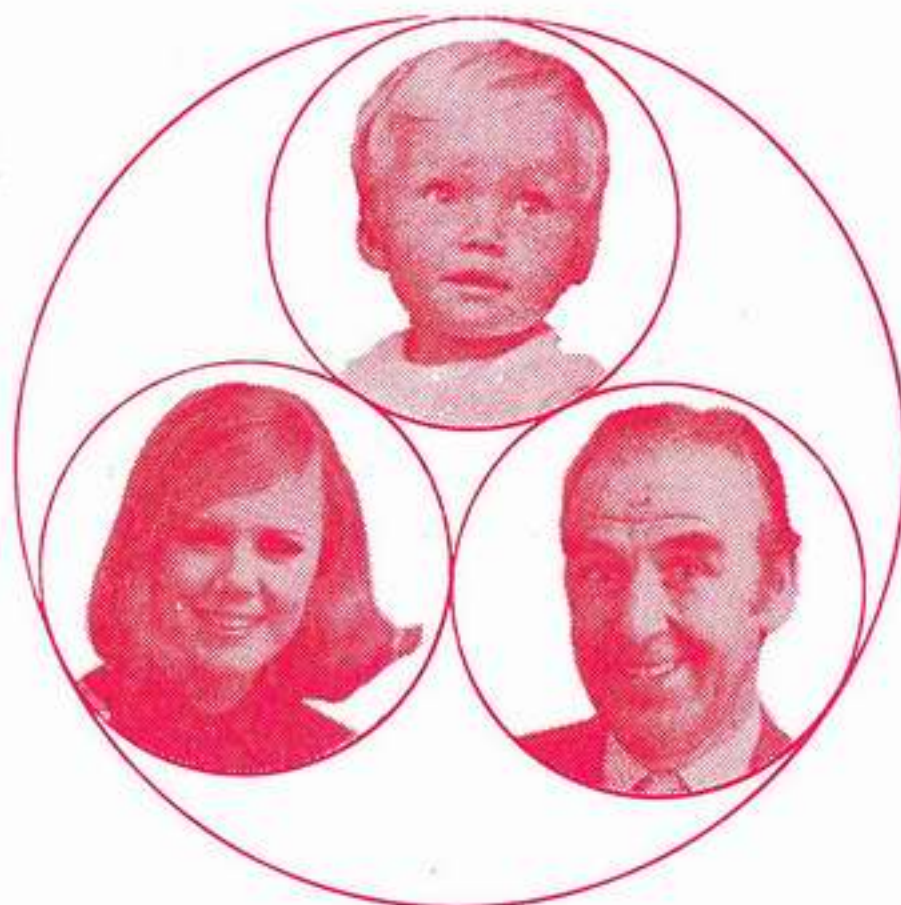
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