

# Our Catholic Life



Summer 1969

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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.*

## EDITORS:

An tAth. P. O Huallachain.

Rev. C. Collins.

Rev. L. Boyle.

## EDITORIAL

### *Summer Beauty*

Summer is here again after the long winter we had this year.

The men with rod-and-line are sitting again in the evenings on Limerick's Sarsfield Bridge, enjoying the wonderful panorama down-river, facing the setting sun that makes the broad Shannon seem to stretch into eternity. Their colleagues on the parapet at the other side prefer the turbulent energy up-stream of the Curraghbour Falls, with the blue Clare Hills in the background.

Throughout the county, people head in the evenings and at weekends for the Green Wood (near Kilfinane), for Ringmoylan, Beagh Castle and Kiltary on the Shannon, or the beautiful stretch of road between Foynes and Tarbert (surely one of the most beautiful journeys by car or bike in Ireland). Or they move up-river on the scenic Shannon Drive to the peace and calm of Killaloe and Lough Derg. And, of course, all West Limerick head for the bracing air and the wild waves of Ballybunion.

Others again have their own favourite spots. The Windy Gap (on the Clare side of Limerick), The Clare Glens (near Newport), Worrall's Inn (near Castleconnell), Lough Gur (which is not as well-known as it should) and, of course, sweet Adare, where the Manor House and grounds have now been opened to the public and about which Mannix Joyce writes in this number of our magazine.

It is a time when it is good to be alive and so we all (and now especially young people) go driving, cycling, hitching, walking back to nature — and back to God. 'God made the country, man made the town' may be a platitude, but it is nonetheless true. When we see the beauty of flowers, of trees in full foliage, the beauty of still water under sunlight or moonlight, the beauty of the vast and powerful sea, may our thoughts turn to the Creator, the source of all beauty — for all beautiful things are but glimpses of the face of Him, Who is Beauty itself.

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*How to be a successful*

## **CORKMAN IN LIMERICK!**

*by JAMES KELLY*

For the purpose of the present exercise, I am going to postulate that Corkmen are, indeed, members of the human race. This might be asking too much of my Limerick readers at a point in time when science has not yet advanced anywhere near the final stages of deciding with any anthropological certainty who or what a Corkman is. It could well be that the Corkman is the paragon of animals and is merely marking time until the less slowly evolving members of the species achieve a like perfection. This, of course, is merely speculation, and in the popular non-Cork opinion this idea is considered to be at complete variance with the facts. The popular opinion is that a Corkman is the finest example of humanity in its final stages of decadence, and we in Limerick would appear to subscribe to this theory.

In his book, "All Ireland," Stephen Rynne declares that in Clare there are no privates; it might, with equal certainty, be stated that in

Cork there are no "gobdaws." The result of this amazing fact is that the competition for position, power, honours and the accumulation of wealth is really fierce and it is only the outstandingly brilliant or the completely ruthless who can hope to succeed there. Those who realise that they are only average by Cork standards, being fully aware that this puts them in the near-genius category in any other part of the world, have for centuries wished themselves on the unsuspecting, decent people of other continents, other countries and other counties.

### **EXODUS FROM CORK**

One of the great mysteries about this unending exodus from Cork is that no Corkman ever seems to be the first of his breed ever to arrive anywhere. There always seems to be someone from the Banks of the Lee to welcome him, even in the heart of the Gobi Desert or the



frozen wastes of the Antarctic. It is not known with any certainty when the first Corkman arrived in Limerick, but recently discovered historical evidence would seem to suggest that it was as a result of the Machiavellian influence of an ancient Corkman that St. Munchin decided to put the "kybosh" on the lot of us and open the floodgates to a torrent of Corkonians that has continued unabated up to the present time. It can therefore be assumed that the Corkmen were well dug-in at that far-off time.

It is not without significance that one of the most impressive entrances to our city is that from the direction of Cork. Any predatory Corkman, seeing the large smoke-stacks of the Cement Factory as he makes his way, complete with his educational parchments tucked underneath his arm like a lance at the ready, must feel that he is approaching El Dorado. This impression can only be confirmed when he comes to the massive pile that is the Regional Hospital, and he cannot but admire the decent appearance of suburbia as he ambles in through Ballinacurra, O'Connell Avenue and the Crescent to the noble Georgian elegance of Upper O'Connell Street.

His shrewd eye is not slow to notice the comparative calm and unhurried mien of those about him. Neither is he slow to notice the charm and beauty of the ladies as they promenade delightfully and altogether more charmingly than the dowdy maidens of his native place. He makes a mental note of this fact for future reference, but he does not allow it to side-track his thoughts from their immediate purpose. Time enough for that, he tells himself, when he has made his mark on the commercial, social, charitable, religious, sporting and political life of the place. He has much to achieve, much to overcome and much to study in this strange place before he will receive the grudging admiration and guarded acceptance of a suspicious citizenry.

### HOW HE DOES IT

Even though it is his first foray outside the groves of Blackpool, he is aware from despatches, sent back by earlier adventurers from all quarters of the globe, that he must be prepared to get everything the hard way because the world believes him to be cunning, ruthless, self-sufficient, ambitious, grasping, mean, a safe shot, a know-all, possibly a non-drinker and a mother-in-law's dream for her daughter. So he joins Limerick Golf Club — all the best people congregate there; the Catholic Institute Athletic Club — all the decent people seem to be members; the St. Vincent de Paul Society — the right place to become friendly with the clergy; the Ignation Society — for a combination of religion and class; and all the local cultural

and intellectual groups possible — mostly for laughs.

This is a rather formidable list of activities, particularly when taken in conjunction with his ordinary work. But it is absolutely necessary, if he hopes to make the grade in Limerick, that he follow this royal road to success; and he will not have succeeded until he eventually marries some Limerick mother's daughter.

### KEEP IT QUIET

The Corkman in Limerick must be very careful not to be boastful. It is considered very bad manners for him to make capital out of the belief that so many of his fellow-countymen manage so many of the local businesses. Anyway this is not so any longer, since the Dubliners, Waterfordmen, Kilkennymen, Kerry men and many more have moved in on the local scene; but for some unknown reason, the bias against other counties is not so marked and one Corkman can generate more ill-will than an army from another county. At meetings, it is fatal for him to make statements like, "Now, down in Cork, boy, this is how we would do that," or, and this is even worse, "Leave that to Jerry Murphy and myself and we aren't Corkmen if we can't get it off the ground." It is much better not to mention the fact that one is a Corkman at all, because, immediately he opens his mouth, everyone is only too conscious of the fact and rubbing it in only complicates issues.

When dining out with the boys in a restaurant always leave at least sixpence more than the other fellows do. This is absolutely necessary, because everyone will be watching what you leave in the hope of confirming the widely-held opinion that all Corkmen are welshers or misers. It is hard to have to do this, but it is the price he has to pay for the sins of others. I remember one time having lunch with some fellows from the Limerick County Council Offices when one of them, no doubt for my benefit, gave a long list of miserly acts that had been committed by Corkmen while in his company. The lunch cost four-and-six — that will let you know the nature of the establishment in which we dined and also give you an idea of how long ago it was — and it was the custom for each fellow to put his payment on a plate in the centre of the table. Most of the lads put in five shillings; but I, to save the honour of Cork, put in five-and-six — very ostentatiously, I might add, for the benefit of the critic. And what did my brave critic do? He put in two half-crowns . . . and took sixpence change! A Corkman cannot win in such circumstances.

(Continued Page 27)



# meath a thainig

le MAIRTIN O CORRUI

Taobh amuigh den iarthar mar a bhfuil tionscal an bhréidín faoi lánseol i gcónaí, is dócha gur beag áit sa tír ina bhfuil túirní le feiceáil sna tithe. Seans go bhfuil seancheann in airde ar an lochta nó i gceann de na botháin amuigh, ach ní cuid den ghnáth-throscán a thuilleadh iad. Ba acra an-tábhachtach é an túirne, áfach, fadó. Is iomaí sin tagairt dó sna hamhráin, agus chomh maith leis sin bhí amhráin faoi leith ann a chantaí le linn don túirne a bheith ag obair — amhráin saothair mar a thugaimid anois orthu. Mná, ar ndóigh, a bhíodh i mbun na hoibre i gcónaí, agus thugtaí “bean túirne” ní amháin ar bhean a dhéanfaidh sníomh, ach ar bhean nac bpósfai chomh maith.

## AN LION

“Och! mo bhean is mo chlann is mo thúrníní lín,  
Mo chúpla púnt olla go deo gan sníomh —”

Ba shin mar a chan an file bocht fadó agus a chroí briste ag a bhean leisciúil a chaitheadh an lá sa leaba. Agus féach gur “túirín lín” a bhí aige, bíodh is gur olann a fágadh gan sníomh. Is dócha gur ag an olann a bhí an tosach mar ábhar éadaigh don duine. Adhamh féin, b’fhéidir, níor leor leis duilleoga crann fige nuair a tháinig fuacht an gheimhridh agus sciob sé cóta breá te na caorach. Ach ina ainneoin sin tá an líon in úsáid freisin leis na mílte bliain.

Ar éigeann a fhástar líon ar bith sa tír seo faoi láthair, ach amháin sa cheantar ina bhfuil ciréip le roinnt míonna — an t-oirthuaisceart — agus ansiúd féin ní fiú trácht air i gcomparáid leis an méad ghástaí i bhfad ó shin. Tráth dá raibh ba é Cúige Uladh an dúiche ba mhó lín sa domhan. Cúig bliana is fiche ó shin, cuir i gcás, bhíodh breis is 125,000 acra faoi líon ann. Ach d’imigh sin is tháinig seo. De réir a chéile tháinig laghdú, agus cúpla bliain ó shin ní raibh ach 40 acra á fhás.

Is iomaí cúis a bhí leis an athrú — an codás a bheith in úsáid go coiteann, teacht ábhar nua

mar níolóin, etc., ar an saol, na costais a bheith ag méadú, seanmhodhanna a bheith in úsáid, agus mar sin. Ní raibh ar chumas na monarchana praghas sásúil a thabhairt do na feirmeoirí, agus d’eirigh siadsan as. Ba é a rinne na monarchana ansin ná an líon a fháil ó thíortha thar lear — ba shaoire mar sin é — agus an Bheilg agus an Fhrainc ba mhó a rinne an soláthar.

Anuraidh rinneadh iarracht na feirmeoirí sa tuaisceart a mhealladh chun an líon a chur arís. 130 acra an sprioc a leagadh síos dóibh agus soláthraíodh inneall nua den chineál a úsáidtear sa Bheilg, chun an barr a bhaint.

## INNE IS INNIU

Is iomaí áit a fhástaí an líon sa tír fadó taobh amuigh den oirthuaisceart. Ansiúd chuidigh an tIarla Strafford go mór leis an tionscal trí chéad bliain ó shin — toisc aithreachas a bheith air, b’fhéidir, tar éis dó tionscal na holla a mhilleadh. Leath chéad bliain ina dhiaidh sin thug Liam Orainse tuilleadh cabhrach nuair thug sé oibrithe isteach ón Mór-roinn chun na modhanna láimhseála ab fhearr a thabhairt do mhuintir na dúiche sin.

I Maigh Eo, in Iarthar Chorcaí — fiú amháin i gCo. Luimní, bhí tábhacht leis an líon uair Nuair a cuireadh na Chapelrussel Industries ar bun tugadh sníomhadóirí agus fíodóirí ón Fhrainc chun an cheird a mhúineadh, agus mhair an tionscal linéadaigh i gCaonraí go dtí lár an naoú aoise déag. D’fhan a lán de na Francaigh sin sa tír agus phós siad Gaeil, agus is minic a cheaptar, go mícheart, gur Phailitínigh iad. Tá an t-ainm Bleach Lough againn fós sa cheantar chun laethanta an lín a bhuanú.

An scéal is deireanaí a chloistear ná go bhfuiltear chun tabhairt faoi líon a fhás i mbliana i Loch Garman. Thug roinnt daoine ansiúd cuairt ar an Mór-roinn le déanaí ag bailiú eolais ina thaobh. D’fhástaí go leor lín sa chondae sin fadó leis, ach níl éinne beo anois gur chuimhin leis é a fheiceáil. Táthar ag súil le 200 acra a chur faoi mar thús leis an mbeartas nua.



# What !

by REV. FRANK MORIARTY

## Change the Canon of the Mass

The old Canon we knew, so familiar, yet so often boring, the same for years. Would we ever have a change? It was not allowed. So for fifteen centuries the Latin of the Roman Canon mysteriously veiled the bedrock of our faith and cloaked its meaning. Now we have the Canon in English, and three extra Eucharistic prayers. One is close to the Eastern Church tradition and is faithful to the pattern of the Jewish prayers of blessing. Another is a new composition, written to suit the needs of our world today. And a third is based on the writings of Hippolytus from about 215 A.D.

We have faith, sometimes faintly, sometimes believing barely on the ruffled surface of our waking life; sometimes believing deeply in the guts of our knowing and feeling. We believe in Jesus Christ, dead, risen, glorified and coming again. This belief is not our vainly pulling a past happening and a lost cause into holding some vague relevance and meaning for us. It is rooting and fixing all our hopes, our surest convictions, in Christ, Our Lord, as the pledge and promise of our own passing through death to glory and life eternal. "May He make us an everlasting gift to You and enable us to share in the inheritance of Your saints."

### SHOUT FOR SURE

God's deed is celebrated by God's people in the Mass. Celebration means joy and happiness. Gladness, however, is often far away when Sunday morning gathers all of us together with our gravelled reasons for being there. A woman shrieking silently for a kiss-soft inflaming of her faith; a youth quaking in his doubting any meaning in his own presence let alone a Real Presence; to many routinely sheltering in a crowd-seeking habit. All wanting, wanting to some secret measure to be lifted, led from a frail knowing that Christ is, even in our darkness, truly present; Christ is with us so that no loneliness is isolation; "Father, hear the prayers of the family you have gathered here before you." Christ permeates and integrates us so that no sin, no suffering shatters us; "Grant that we who are nourished by His Body and Blood may be filled with His Holy Spirit and become one Body, one Spirit in Christ." He is bonded and banded to us in a love that does not fetter but frees. "I will be with you all days," He said.

Let us make a sign that we surely know this. We need a sign to tell what we believe not only to God or to others but also to ourselves. Break a loaf and give a piece to all at the table, and share a cup of wine.

### CAPSULE IN SPACE

"When we eat this bread and drink this cup, we proclaim Your death, Lord Jesus, until you come in glory. We offer You, Father, this life-giving bread, this saving cup, we offer You in thanksgiving this holy and living sacrifice, we offer you His body and blood, the acceptable sacrifice which brings salvation to the whole world." In this memorial acclamation, this remembering and recalling cry, we profess and declare our utter belief in the meaning and purpose of the celebration of the Eucharist. Christ "opening His arms on the Cross," giving up His life in the loss of blood, and that salvation, that "drawing all things to Himself," here and now present by the faith and the acts of God's people and priest. "Do this in memory of me." Yes, Lord, for "by Your cross and resurrection you have set us free, You are the Saviour of the world." So we capsule our convictions, and fire our faith, and send them to circle the Throne of God and land on the lap of the Trinity.

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### HUMANITY

*The weathered twisted trunk that surges high  
To lift a canopy of pregnant green  
Resplendent, bears its violet-fruited sheen  
Unlike the cloudless blue Aegean sky.*

*The ancient olives witnessed hallowed sight.  
Of vernal Parthenon that once was Greece  
Of Plato's words and treasured golden fleece;  
Athena once did smile on glory bright.*

*In olive boughs He hid His tortured face  
Gethsemane heard "Abba" echo dread.  
Reluctant dawn beheld the sand was red.  
The perfect Man by death redeemed his race,  
The symbolled life triumphant: olive tree  
Is verdant, hue of aeons yet to be.*

—Sharon Hennessy.



# Down But Not Out

by SIMON KEANE

In April this year, Tom, a young Limerickman, took six months leave of absence, with the generous co-operation of his employer, and left with Jim, another 22-year-old, to work with the Simon Community in Oxford. On the train to Dublin, he wrote:—

"Why I am going I cannot really say. It began with a mild curiosity or was I really preparing for it all my life. It is no hardship for me to go. Maybe God has instilled courage in me."

In his latest letter, he says: "I wondered what type of stress I would be subjected to. Within the past few days I have been more tense than ever before in my life. It is not the long working hours (7 a.m. to 12 midnight), the smells, or even the physical ugliness of my surroundings. It is like watching a tiger go slowly hungry while a man waits in the cage corner praying for a diversion."

## COME AND GET ME

Tom is now living, eating and sleeping with metholated spirit drinkers who rot unwanted and unwashed, with the teenage drug addict and his needle, with the in-and-out jailbird having broken years of prison behind him; with the empty-eyed, foul-mouthed alcoholic and with the lonely, timid wandering souls fiercely hungry for a home and the solace of family and friendship. Tom goes on: "McSweeney tried a neat trick last night. He phoned here and told us that he had been stabbed several times. He asked for one of us to go round and pick him up. We suspected a trap and called the police. He was picked up with nothing wrong with him, but drunk. Obviously he intended getting one of the workers on his own. This is part of the private hell we go through living on our nerves."

## MISH-MASH

"The food system is as follows: Breakfast from 8.30 to 9.30 (tea and toast), though some of the men don't rise till noon. Lunch is served at 1.00 — soup and bread or a salad if we can con the veg. Dinner at 6.00 is ample — potatoes, veg. and whatever meat we have begged. What strikes me is the drabness of the place. I would like to go to work with soap and water and a

good disinfecting would do no harm. There was a row last night and someone smashed all the cups. Tonight all the casuals are 'langers' drunk! The stench of surgical spirits is overpowering, except for the contrasting soup smell it would be really foul. When the two are mixed it is unlike anything I have ever experienced. I was cleaning up the yard this morning. It runs parallel to the shelter bedroom windows. It was nauseating. Rotting smelly socks, phlegm-sodden handkerchiefs, broken bottles which held ether last night. I was thinking — why should the world be so divided that those who need help most are least provided for? Off these men went this morning in flea-ridden rags, unshaven most of them, to beg from students and tourists in Oxford. 'Tis good begging weather when the sun is high and even the breeze is warm. Tonight they will come back soaked in meths and wine. They will curse and swear and insult us, smash windows and ware. How the girls put up with it I do not know.

"What amazes me is the religious conflict between us workers. Lots do not believe there is a God. Why do they bother with this work? A few nuns came in to help us tonight. One of the dossers was maggoty drunk on ether and lemonade, rancid with filth. I fed him."

## GETTING IN A GOOD DIG

"I lie down in an uneasy sleep and leave you with these thoughts. We are not such fools that we think that we can do more than breathe upon the surface of the problem, let alone scratch it, for this is a challenge to every Christian in the country, and one we shall not meet until our Christianity becomes alive and aflame with love — a love that will not be fobbed off with expediency and platitudes; a love that will not be quenched by failure seven times seventy; a love that will not quail at the sight of social leprosy — a love that will see Christ in the stained, lined, dirty derelict face of every alcho. on the bomb sites, every junkie in the dives, every homo crying for understanding, every rotting bum on the slagheap of our self-satisfied, space-seeking, modern, hygienic, impersonal, selfish, wonderful new world."



# DROMCOLLACHAIR

# ABU!

by LIAM MacMATHUNA

**Dromcollachair won this year's Glór na nGael competition for the town doing most to promote the Irish language.**

"Have you ever been down to Dromcollagher?"

On Sunday, 20th April last, it was not the ordinary, work-a-day, hum-drum place that one usually associates with a country town. Festivity was in the air. Long lines of parked cars on all roads leading to Drom bespoke a huge hosting for the occasion. The decoration of the town was a major bunting effort. No pun intended, Major!

## UACHTARAN DE VALERA

Ba mhór an tógáil chroí don Choiste díograiseach Uachtarán na hEireann é féin, A Shoilse Eamon de Valera, do theacht chúcu don ócáid ghlórmhar seo. Chomh maith le garda onóra den F.C.A. chun cúir iéis a thabhairt d'á Shoilse bhí i láthair ag an bhfáiltiú An Canónach Ró-Oirm O Conchúir S.P., Uachtarán; An tAth. G. de Bhál S.C., agus G. MacAoidh, Leas-Uachtarán; P. O Longaigh, Cathaoirleach; P. O Conchúir, Leas-Chathaoirleach; D. O Maoileoin, Rúnaí; T. O Súilleabháin agus D. O Murchu, Leas-Rúnaithe; D. O Bruadair, Cisteoir; D. O Ceallacháin, Oifigeach Nuachta; Bean Uí Achaoirin; Bean Uí Cheallacháin, etc. There are many others too numerous to mention, but to all heartiest congratulations. Tá comhgháirdeas is míle tuillte acu.

All sections of the community pulled their weight in furthering the aims of Glór na Gael. The local branch of Muintir na Tíre inspired and appointed the committee. All shades of political opinion were represented. Catholics and Protestants, the G.A.A., management and workers, shopkeepers and farmers, uasal agus treal, worked with unanimity and energy to bring about the highest award of Glór na nGael. Ní neart go cur le chéile.

## MONSIGNOR NEWMAN

Do léigh Mons. Oirmh. Newman, M.A., D.Ph., Uachtarán Má Nuat, an tAifreann i nGaeilge agus ba aoibhinn mar fhreagair an pobal agus mar chan na páistí "Ar nAthair" agus iomain eile. Rinne buíon den F.C.A. cúirtéis Rí ag uair sholamanta an Choisreacain agus shéid trampa-dóirí an airm scol trampaí.

Siúd le gach éinne go dtí an chéarnóg tar éis

an Aifrinn, mar ar tugadh roint oráidí roimh bhronnadh na nduaiseanna ag Eamon de Valera, "an buachaill fíor-Ghaelach ó Bhrú Rí."

An tAth. Oirmh. Máirtín O Braonáin, C.I., who presided, called on a distinguished Gael of Dromcollachair, Mons. Newman, to give the opening address. True to the colours nailed to the mast over fifty years previously by the late illustrious Gaelic-minded priest, Canon T. de Bhál, Dr. Newman, in faultless Irish, told how proud he was to be present that day to celebrate the outstanding achievement of his native town. He expressed the wish that Dromcollachair would continue to give a lead in the preservation of our native culture so that our country might advance little by little, both economically and culturally, into a new era that would preserve the best of the old.

Breandán O Buachalla (Comhdháil Náisiúnta na Gaeilge) said it would be disastrous if the language movement were to be considered a cultural adjunct of any political party or if the revival were to be used merely for the political advancement of any particular party.

## BRYAN McMAHON

Bryan McMahon reminded us how fortunate we were to have as Uachtarán na hEireann a man of the calibre of Eamon de Valera, who understood the importance of the Irish language. Dúirt sé freisin gur minic don fhile Dáibhidh O Bruadair i gceantar Dhromcollachair 250 bliain ó shin. Were that great poet alive today he would surely be pleased to see present at that Gaelic hosting Lord and Lady Muskerry and Lord Moyne.

Labhair an tAth. Oirmh. O Fiaich (Má Nuat) i nGaeilge ghlán ghlé agus thagair don inspioráid chun grá tíre a chothaíonn comórtas Glór na nGael i gceantar ar bith. Towns like Drom. could become the Oberammorgau of Ireland in promoting a truly Irish 20th century culture.

## AN CANONACH DE BHÁL

No doubt the thoughts of many of us present went back to early years of the revival movement when that great patriot priest, An Canónach T. de Bhál (suaimhneas síorraí do!) organised in Drom. and Broadford Gaelic League classes, classes for ríncí Gaelacha, céilithe, aeríochtanna, G.A.A. games and a local company of the Irish Volunteers. Labhair sé an Ghaeilge linn i gcónaí. The prayers before and after Mass (at that time) he always said in Irish. He gave a lead and the people followed. Bhí rath Dé ar an obair. Go Soirbhídh Dia do chách.



## Marriage

# LIFE IS FOR LOVING

Life is for loving and loving is giving. It might be a suggestion for our next entry in the Eurovision Song Contest . . . and worth singing about. The bridal couple are singing it in their hearts as they make their happy journey down the aisle. Their promises have been made and their union blessed. Their vows are not shackles but a passport to the freedom of living as they really wish, committed exclusively to each other.

### THE HAPPY COUPLE

Already they have begun the loving and the cherishing. They have revealed their deepest and most cherished thoughts, and lovingly expressed their simplest joys. Like a mountain is their confidence for the future and their trust in each other. Arm in arm they go into the sunshine of their new life, seeing the smiling faces and hearing the good wishes of their friends.

### WHY MARRIAGE?

What does it all mean? There is more to marriage than the meeting and mating. Why should these two people have crossed each other's path, glanced and looked a second time and through the enchantment of love found each other to be something special? Because their loving and living together helps the development of their true personality. Because their physical union brings into existence a unique person in whom the very fibres of their being will be embodied.

### LOVE GIVES LIFE

The Father's love for Christ and Christ's love for His Church are models for the love between husband and wife. In all three loves there is the giving of life. Marriage is a sharing of creation, a giving and receiving, a serving and being served, a loving and being loved. Each day love comes more alive through joys and sorrows.

### SHARING SORROW

Sorrows do come. They come in many ways. Sometimes they are sprinkled lightly and sometimes they fall harsh and cruel as a hailstorm

in winter. This is life, but life is for loving. Ill-health, unemployment, even the death of a dearly-loved child can bring anguish and heart-break, but they need not end love. Sharing sorrow, struggling together against misfortune, supporting each other through crisis can have extraordinarily enriching effects on married love. Through loyalty and generosity, it can give a depth and breadth and height to the relationship between husband and wife.

### REAL LOVE

Even when sorrow is one that strikes at the very heart of the marriage, the unity of a couple, there should still remain the reflection of the love of Christ for the Church. Christ did not cease to love us when He was nailed to the cross. He did not abandon us in His darkest hour but remained steadfast to the obligations that He had accepted. How ungrateful and cold mankind must have looked from the lonely height of the cross. This really was loving.

### COURAGE AND THE CROSS

The dark hour of Calvary was near the glorious dawn of Easter morning. If a marriage has become fragmented into two lonely, isolated people with seeds of bitterness sown between them, they should not surrender to despair. They should have courage. Like the Cross of Christ their miseries can still have a meaning. This is the moment of testing, the real moment of giving. It will not be a matter of just acceptance of a situation which falls sadly short of the ideal. It should be a striving to heal the breach and to rebuild the broken dreams.

### BACK TO HAPPINESS

Every human effort, using all the aids and counselling available, should be made to re-establish love and harmony. The road back to happiness is often slow and with many setbacks. It takes fine courage to hold fast. The source of strength will be Christ, the third person in every marriage. From Him comes the hope in despairing moments and the generosity that will keep trying until the bright gleams of a glorious sun announce another shining Easter Day.



# Lectures and Seminars

by SISTER MARY

Those of us working with and for youth owe a very deep debt to the National Federation of Catholic Youth Clubs for the course of lectures held at the Social Service Centre here during Lent. The lecturers were stimulating and challenging. The hall was full each night and we hope all who attended went back to their clubs or centres with renewed enthusiasm. Apart from the lectures, the *tete-a-tete* over the cup of tea gave us a valuable opportunity of discussing our common problems and difficulties. It is encouraging to discover our own particular one is not unique. Mr. Martin Reddington, from Monaleen mixed-club, spoke on "What is involved in being a Youth Leader," "What does a Youth Leader need to know about a Youth Club and its members," "How should a Youth Club work?"

These and many other questions were lectured upon and discussed at the Youth Leadership Course. The lecturers, all experienced in different aspects, dealt with a wide range of subjects and the subsequent discussions brought to light the interests and problems of those attending the course. Adolescence is a time when we all pass from being children to adults, when our whole social behaviour must gradually change and our individual personalities develop. From being dependent on our parents we must learn to be independent, yet tolerant of others, and take our individual place in an adult society. A youth leader must lead through this different but wonderful experience. How is the leader to know where to lead? The answers to many of our problems and to many other problems of which we were not even aware came to light at the course. One thing is clear. We know very little of such a vast subject, and yet there is comfort in knowing that we are not alone in our particular problems.

## THURLES SEMINAR

Mr. James Kirby, Chairman of the Limerick Diocesan Council of Boys' Clubs, writes of the Annual Youth Seminar:—

The Pallotine College in Thurles was once again the venue of the Annual Seminar of the National Federation of Youth Clubs. The time as usual was Easter week-end. Our first lecturer was Rev. J. Joyce, Kilkenny, who spoke on the subject "Is Youth in Revolt?" He treated his subject extremely well, and answered a wide

variety of questions. An extract read by him from an article written by a 1st year U.C.D. student gave us much to think about. Our second lecturer was Rev. Sr. Stanislaus, Irish Sisters of Charity, Dublin. She covered the subject of "Counselling in the Clubs." Easter Monday's lectures started with a talk by Rev. Fr. Ryan, Carrick-on-Suir. He spoke on "The Fate of our Youth that Emigrate." It was evident from Fr. Ryan's talk that his practical experience was invaluable. I felt many people who emigrate would benefit greatly from his advice. Our fourth and last lecture was given by Rev. M. Cleary, Dublin. Need I say he held his audience with his lecture on "Dangers to Our Youth." He brought home to us the terrible tragedy of drug-addiction.

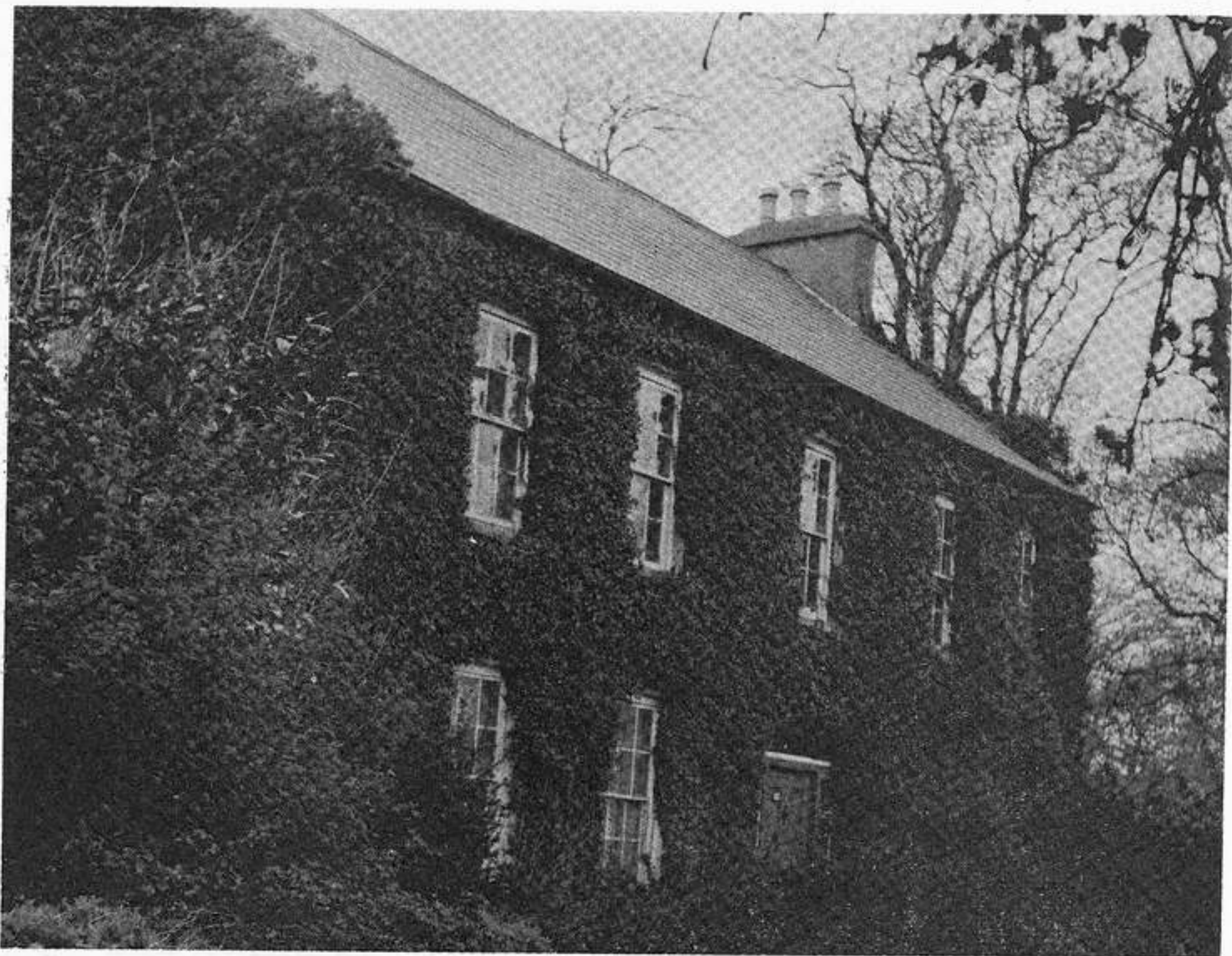
The seminar closed with concelebrated Mass attended by delegates from all over Ireland.

## DIOCESAN AND NATIONAL SPORTS

In an era of automation, manual work and physical effort are disappearing. Exercise, however, is a necessary compensation for the sedentary life. We need to be fit to enjoy the increased leisure which automation brings. Omit muscular effort and sweat, and you lose all the pleasure and joy, all the relaxation and fun which is the lot of the fit person. Basically, in terms of muscular and general organic health, a woman needs similar training to a man. The stays and collars of the Victorian era have been cast into the attic. Today girls swim the Channel, climb mountains, jump more than six feet high and run a hundred yards in eleven seconds. Moreover, modern standards of beauty have changed. A healthy complexion, nicely-developed muscles and vitality are part of the ammunition of the attractive woman. Hence we find all members of the Girls' Council working hard preparing for the Regional Sports. The Girls' Sports will be held at Pearse Stadium, Janesboro', on June 8th. This is the first girls' sports-day held in the city and we are eagerly looking forward to it.

I would like to say a special word of thanks here to the generous friends of the young people who donated cups and prizes. We are deeply indebted to you and appreciate very much your interest and co-operation. The boys are busy too, of course, preparing for their sports. The date and venue is not fixed as we go to press.





Limerick Diocesan Council has acquired this house for holidays for Limerick people.

Winners and runners-up of both girls and boys go forward to represent the diocese in the National Sports which will be held on the last Sunday in June — probably in Athlone.

### BASKETBALL

Lately an American tourist priest wandered into one of our girls' clubs and was agreeably surprised to find the girls enthusiastically engaged in a basketball match. We asked him to tell us something of basketball in the home of basketball, the U.S.A. By the way, somebody lately returned from the Continent tells me that basketball is the 'in' game in many Continental countries. Here is what Fr. Niall McGiness, from Arkansas, has to say:—

"The game of basketball is one of the most popular games in the United States. We would not be surprised if the same thing should eventually happen in Ireland. Basketball is especially popular in those States where spec-

tator sports are driven indoors during the cold winter months. The smallest secondary school has its basketball team. The climate of Ireland could lend itself to this game. At present, most schools do not have a place indoors to play. When more schools do, the interest will begin to build. Basketball is a game of skill and of concentration. It calls for individual prowess and for players who know the value of teamwork. Players must train. They must be in top physical condition. Many a game is lost or won in the final minutes. A player who is not in shape will soon lose his 'eye for the basket.' Boys and girls who are twelve and thirteen years of age can attain a high degree of skill. Some say that girls are easier to coach, that they are more graceful. Basketball is one sport which helps prepare young people for life. Properly administered and coached, children can embrace unselfishness and hardly realise it. They can be taught to forget self and get in the team. It is a poor coach who does not use sports to prepare children for the big game of life."





### THE O'BRIEN CUP

This Cup was very generously donated by Mr. Eddie O'Brien, Sexton Street, to the Girls' Council of Youth Clubs for Basketball. Mr. O'Brien has a keen interest in sport of all kinds and was also among the pioneers of the Boys' Club Movement. This is a trophy worth striving for in 1970.

### HOLIDAYS IN BALLYBUNION

Limerick Diocesan Youth Council has done a fine job in acquiring a holiday house near Ballybunion for the young and old underprivileged of Limerick. Social work takes many forms and opens up many wonderful ventures, but this is an outstanding enterprise indeed.

The premises at Ballyloughran, once the home of a fine, Catholic, Rice family, is two-and-a-half miles from the river Feale with its excellent fishing and boating facilities. Thus, it is near enough, and yet remote enough, from Ballybunion holiday resort.

The house itself remains in good condition with ten fine rooms and water, lighting and

sewerage facilities. It has a bower-like atmosphere set in the midst of trees with an acre of woodland surrounding and five acres of fine playing-field accommodation. The drive, about 200 yards long, leads from a tarmacadamed by-road along the woodland and the front paddock. On the right of the front gate, beneath the shade of overhanging trees, is a remarkable, beautiful well of pure springing water — a delightful amenity on a warm, summer day.

In all, the house, grounds and setting are ideal for the purpose for which they have been acquired: quiet, detached and relaxing, yet convenient to main road, river and sea. They are a piece of rural Ireland at its best, unspoiled by the inroads of so much that is called progress. May many find in it lovely things to enjoy and recall.

### OUR FRONT COVER

Back (left to right): Mary Purcell and Anne Kelly.  
Front (left to right): Ita Quinlivan, Caroline Sloane, Noreen Barry, Kay O'Donoghue, from the Senior and Junior Youth Centre Presentation Convent, Limerick, distributed 170 copies of "Our Catholic Life."

## LOURDES PILGRIMAGE

THIS YEAR'S PILGRIMAGE IS

COMPLETELY  
BOOKED OUT

No vacancies for either pilgrims  
or Invalids.

Next year's Pilgrimage will be a  
big one — details of this will be  
published when arrangements are  
made.



# SPORTS SPECIAL

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

## RUGBY

Garryowen brought the Munster Senior Cup back to Limerick after a seven-year absence. It was fifteen years since they had won it themselves. Now for the twenty-eighth time it came back to Garryowen and for the first time to their home at Dooradoyle. This great sporting achievement won wide acclaim. The long-awaited breakthrough came at Musgrave Park, where they defeated Cork Constitution 9-6. Twice Constitution fought back to level the scores. John Moroney had put Garryowen in the lead with penalties. The winning score came when Liam Hall, on the blind side, sent Junior Morrison over for a well-worked try. Against Sunday's Well in the final at Thomond Park, Garryowen were happy at half-time with tries by Liam Hall and Junior Morrison — both converted by John Moroney — and were in no real danger in winning 10-3.

## SENIOR LEAGUE

In the Munster Senior League final for the second successive year, Young Munster looked like completing a great Limerick double, when they led Constitution 8-3. They collapsed under strong pressure in the second half, to be decisively beaten 17-8.

## SCHOOLS' CUP

There was great excitement in the Senior Schools' Cup — won by St. Munchin's last year — when their conquerors, Rockwell, were eliminated 6-5 by Crescent College, with a last minute penalty by Brian Morris. After a scoreless first half, Crescent were defeated 8-0 by Presentation Brothers, Cork, in the final.

## MUNSTER JUNIOR CUP

Ennis were a revelation in the Junior Cup. They played sparkling rugby in the area final, scoring five magnificent tries and inflicting a heavy defeat, 22-3, on Shannon. Their luck ran out in the final when they lost 15-3 to U.C.C. Out-half Tim McAlister, who had given them the lead with a drop goal, was taken off with a leg injury.



Vincent Nevin with the Close Championship Cup. His consistent golf also won him back his place on the Irish team.

G.A.A.: N.H.L. — N.F.L.

Cork and Kerry registered a notable Munster double when they won the Hurling and Football Leagues respectively. Especially noteworthy was Cork's great victory over Wexford. They were subsequently held to a draw by Clare in the Munster Championship. Kerry had no difficulty in defeating Westmeath and Offaly. They now have problems of another kind, as the dates for the New York double-header are not deemed suitable. They have their sights firmly fixed on the All-Ireland Championship. The Football League was very surprising. Down, Meath, Galway, Mayo were all eclipsed. Few could have expected that Donegal, Offaly and



Westmeath would contest the semi-final stage with Kerry.

Limerick got to the semi-final of the Hurling League, although losing to Galway, because of a draw between Clare and Dublin. Their defeat by Wexford was not all that bad. They have prepared for the big test on June 29th by a series of worthwhile challenge games. Hopes always run high when the great annual day of decision comes. The gauntlet is flung down. The challenge is accepted. Past performances are forgotten; the might-have-beens and near decisions of yesterday. The whistle blows. The game is on. A good clean-fought contest and may the better team win when Limerick mee. Tipperary (or Waterford) in the glamour of Munster Championship hurling.

Limerick Intermediate hurlers are doing well. They beat Waterford at Dungarvan after a draw and should not relinquish their title easily.

#### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Strange things have happened on the soccer front. Bohemians have accepted professional players. The League is being extended to include Finn Harps (Ballybofey, Co. Donegal), and Athlone Town. Limerick played well in the Blaxnit tournament. They beat Ards 2-1 and lost to Coleraine 2-1 after a great game in which goalkeeper Kevin Fitzpatrick greatly impressed the Northern spectators.

The marathon series of low-scoring and scoreless games between Limerick and Cork Celtic was destined to end in frustration, even for the ultimate winners, Celtic, when the redoubtable Shamrock Rovers won the Cup again by 4-1 after a replay.

Limerick went on a twelve-day tour of Europe. Joining Al Finucane on Ireland's World Cup team against Denmark was Don Givens, the Manchester United centre-forward. The name "rang a bell," as they say, and it was not entirely surprising to sports followers in these parts to learn that his father was Dan Givens of Castleconnell, who played with the famed Ahane hurlers.

#### ROWING

Askeaton Regatta is on June 15th and Limerick on June 29th, with Cork, on the previous day, staging the Maiden Eights' Championship. St. Michael's began the season in great style with two successes at Trinity Regatta. They won the Islandbridge Cup for Maiden Fours, beating the fancied U.C.D. crew by two lengths. The junior schoolboys' eight won the John Myles Challenge Cup from Coleraine by one-and-a-half lengths. St. Joseph's College, Galway, won the schoolboys' senior eights and then came to Limerick to win the Head of the River race. It should be a great year for St. Michael's.

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# MARCO MacPOLO

by NORAH POWER

Our international image as a sociable race, ever ready to frat with the stranger, is beginning to become dented. Visitors find us friendly and humorous as ever, but these qualities would seem to be more part of our surroundings than of ourselves. They don't travel with us. Out of the four green fields, on holidaying sorties abroad, report has it that we tend to travel in ghetto-like vacuums with a 'divided we fall' sort of attitude, and that we are insularly critical and suspicious of everything from the food to the intentions of the natives. Report may be a bit hard on us and I was prepared to swear that it was untrue. Until last autumn in Spain.

There he was darting furtive glances right, left and centre, looking like a clumsy spy. He was, in fact, Irish, ignorant and innocent of espionage and thoroughly unhappy at this first and belated severing of the umbilicus with Mother Ireland. All he wanted to do was talk and all I could do, with my right elbow in the grip of his left hand, was listen.

## LISTOWEL RACES

"Lord," says he, "am I glad to see you. To think that I could be at the Listowel races this minute instead of sitting here surrounded by that crowd of Otto, Ingrid and the rest of them. I must have been out of my mind to let that so-and-so of a doctor talk me into it. God knows I was bad enough coming, but it's nothing to the way I'll be going home, because I haven't eaten a bite for a week, my back is peeled and I'm fed up of all that sun. 'Tisn't natural. Say what you like, but there's great variety in the weather at home and there's nothing to beat the grub. You can keep all this. I wish to God I was safe and sound at home," says he, dismissing with a sweep of his scorched arm the sun-gold stretch of Spanish beach and the loveliness all about us.

For it was lovely. The just nicely-peopled hoop of beach held by two jutting, thickly-wooded headlands, the long line of fishing boats proclaiming that, smart hotels and all, this was essentially a fishing village, the side streets — each not more than a reddish track — where an old woman drew with her finger the directions I had asked of her, the Moorish character of many of the houses and big buildings. More than once I was startled by the extraordinary

likeness to a very pronounced brogue of some of the Spanish sounds, and I never could make out whether a certain call was a brazen-sounding bird call or a very sweet cat-call.

But Marco MacPolo would not be wooed by Spanish sight and sound, nor weaned from olagoning and moaning for the delights he had left behind. I asked him, if by any chance, he was doing some *avant-garde* advertising for Bord Failte, bruiting on another shore the brisker and more robust joys of our own. He stuck me to the sand with a savage look and went on to trace with nostalgic energy every man, woman and child east and west of the County of Limerick. I left him two hours later looking a little less gloomy, with a promise that I'd meet him there two days hence.

It was five days before I saw him. He wasn't there on the second day; I had a touch of sun on the third; on the fourth it rained, and there he was on the appointed spot on the fifth. He looked a bit odd. He seemed to be holding his head at an angle and his right forehead was badly grazed. After a sour greeting, he told me that acting on my advice to make the best of things, he had taken to the sea and wasn't long in it when he got this karate blow on the back of his head which felled him, that it was the shingle pounded on him by the same treacherous wave that grazed his forehead and that it was only the mercy of God he got out alive. How was it that never happened him at home? I was left in no doubt that our coastal waters bred a better type of billow and that the Mediterranean would have a wait before he put his foot in it again. The fact that I joined with him in denouncing the vicious undertow and utter lack of life-saving facilities (not a lifeguard or belt on that five-mile stretch of seething surf) put him in good enough humour to tell me that the bikini wasn't bad on me, even though my mother, Lord rest her, would be sure to be turning in her grave. I might have said that his own mother, God rest her, had very likely taken many a justified twist on his account, but I didn't. The late autumn sun was too strong for argument and, anyway, his temper wasn't to be trusted.

The motet varied little to the end of the holiday. If it wasn't Listowel, it was Lisdoon, and the hoolies there that would beat Spanish

(Continued page 15)



# DIOCESAN ITEMS



Fr. O'Keeffe, who was recently ordained in Rome.

The young and the not so young. The Spirit breatheth where he wills. Recently we had Mr. Michael O'Brien, N.T., widower and father of a grown-up family of six, and Thomas Anthony (Tony) O'Keeffe, aged 24, ordained to the priesthood. Fr. O'Brien was ordained in Surrey for the diocese of Northampton, and Fr. O'Keeffe was ordained in the Irish College in Rome for the diocese of Limerick.

Fr. Tony O'Keeffe is son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. O'Keeffe, Ballyshonick, Pallaskenry. He has a brother, John, at home and a sister, Mrs. Madigan, at Shanagolden. His national school days were spent at Kilcornan and later he went to Mungret and St. Munchin's College. For the past six years he has been studying in

Rome. While the family were in Rome for the ordination, they met Pope Paul VI. Congratulations to the family and a long and fruitful priesthood to the newly-ordained who is expected home in June.

Fr. O'Brien was for 30 years a teacher in the C.B.S., Sexton Street, Limerick, and after his Ordination said Mass there for past pupils, fellow teachers and Brothers. Later he said Mass in St. John's Cathedral for the secondary school pupils. He leaves this month for his diocese and takes with him the good wishes of a large circle of friends, both clerical and lay.

## MARCO MacPOLO (contd.)

dancing any day of the week, the matches and races he was missing, the food, sun, sea and Spaniards. The drink alone made the rest just bearable and his gloom was unremitting until he reached Barcelona Airport and the Aer Lingus homebound 'plane.

## A TRANSFIGURATION

I suppose it will be the nearest I'll ever get to seeing a transfiguration. There is no other word for it. Once on that 'plane he radiated geniality and jizz, cracking broad jokes and winking broad winks. A man come into his own. By the time he had worked his way through a sizeable meal, the Irish Sunday papers and several half-ones, we were over the Irish coast. The rain slanted prettily on to the toy-farmyard setting beneath. It was dear, familiar, dreary. "Home, sweet home," I intoned (deliberately to annoy MacPollo for his excessive good humour was getting me down), "the rain lashing and the people twisted with rheumatism and religiosity." "That's right. Run down your own country and people. Be seeing you. I'll have a great time telling them about all your capers in Spain," says he, gathering his gear and stepping blithely into the torrent at Cork Airport. I flew on to Dublin and sunshine.

By all accounts there's more than a few like Marco around. All I can say is that such single-minded devotion and loyalty to Mother Ireland should help to atone for the much-sung faithlessness of so many of her sons.

C 36483



# The Manor House of "Sweet Adare"

by MANNIX JOYCE

In the summer of 1968 Adare Manor was opened to the public, and proved one of the most popular tourist attractions in the Shannon region. In the course of the season something like 10,000 visitors came along to view the Manor House and the treasures which it holds.

The Manor, and the family connected with it, the Wyndham Quinns, have an interesting history. The lands on which the Manor House stands had belonged to the Earls of Kildare for many centuries, but in 1684 they were leased for a thousand years to one Donncha Quinn and his heirs. This Donncha Quinn was a member of the old O Cuinn sept of Co. Clare. One of the remote progenitors of the O Cuinns was known as Aengus Cenn Nathrach, that is, Aengus Snake-head, probably on account of his helmet having a snake-head decoration on it. From this Aengus came the O Cuinn motto or war cry, *Cenn Nathrach Abú*, which appears on the crest that hangs outside the Dunraven Arms Hotel in Adare.

## DONNCHA QUINN

Donncha Quinn married a woman of the Adare district named O Riordan, and they had a son named Thady. Thady studied law and, after his father's death, when the tenancy of the lands devolved on him, he engaged in commercial pursuits and succeeded so well that soon he was one of the richest men in Co. Limerick. Thady married three times, and with each wife he received a large fortune. During the Jacobite-Williamite War he played his cards so well that he managed to keep on good terms with both sides, thus ensuring that whichever side won Thady would still be on the right side. Perhaps he was the original "*Tadgh a' dá thaobh*"? The Williamites, as we know, won, but Thady was left undisturbed.

The great Gaelic poet of Kerry, Aogán O Rathaille, did not like Thady, and described him as "*Tadhg O Cuinn ó Ath Dara . . . do tháinig chun saibhris le claidhreach agus le cleasaíocht*." In 1721 Thady bought out his lands from the Earl of Kildare, turning the lease into a fee simple grant.

Thady remained a Catholic all his life, but in 1739 his son and heir, Valentine, became a Protestant so that he could acquire his wife's

lands. The descendant of Valentine who owned the Adare estate at the time of Grattan's Parliament voted for the Union, and was rewarded for his support by his elevation to the nobility as Lord Adare and Earl of Dunraven. At the time of the Oxford Movement the then Earl became a Catholic, but he died at a comparatively young age and his family was brought up Protestant. The Quinns intermarried with the English family of Wyndham; hence the present family name Wyndham Quinn.

## THE MANOR HOUSE

The foundations of the present Manor House were laid in 1831, and the work of erection went on until 1852. This was to prove a great boon to the local people, for it meant that employment was available all during the dread Famine period. The building is in the Tudor style, various details being taken from the best examples in England and the Continent. On the parapet is worked in Gothic characters the text: "Except the Lord build the house their labour is lost who build it."

## JAMES CONNOLLY

One of the most remarkable things about the Manor House is that it was designed by an amateur, not a single drawing having being furnished by an architect. And it was the same man, a stone-mason from Adare named James Connolly, who supervised all the work of construction during the 21 years the house was abuilding. James Connolly justified the confidence placed in him by not making a single mistake in the work entrusted to him. He died the year the house was completed, and as a tribute to him the Earl had inserted in the east front wall a stone with the following inscription: "*In memory of James Connolly of Adare, mason and faithful servant of the Earl of Dunraven, and builder of this house from A.D. 1831 till his death in 1852.*"

Another carved stone bears this inscription: "*This goodly house was erected by . . . yndham Henry, Earl of Dunraven, and Caroline, his Countess, without borrowing, selling, or leaving a debt. A.D. 1850.*"

The present Manor House replaced an older





The Manor House, Adare.

residence, a very ancient square tower. This was amalgamated with the new building, which is constructed of large blocks of hammer-dressed limestone of different colours. The predominating grey is relieved by occasional borders of red and brown. The grey limestone — so difficult to work, but so durable — that was used for the gargoyles came from nearby Tuogh; the red and yellowish-red chiefly from Dunaman; and the brownish-red from Cloonagh, beyond Rathkeale.

### THE GRAND GALLERY

For 1968 only a few rooms of the Manor were open to the public. And the public came from far and near to see them. As one would expect, the Grand Gallery was the main attraction. This magnificent room is  $132\frac{1}{2}$  feet long, 21 feet wide, and  $26\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, and is lit by five large bay windows filled with stained glass. One of the doors leading into the Grand Gallery dates from the 15th century, and is of richly-carved oak. Panels on the door depict scenes from the life of the Blessed Virgin and St. Nicholas.

There is a very ornate ceiling covered with oak beams, pendants and bosses. The floor is of parquet-work. Placed at the west end of the gallery are some beautifully-carved choir stalls which were bought in Antwerp; and facing them are remarkable copies executed by local carvers

for the Earl of Dunraven. Worthy of attention too are the very lovely fireplaces.

At one end of the room there are some huge bookcases containing many rare volumes. Indeed there are so many items of furniture and decoration in the room that it would require a catalogue to list them all. The walls are covered with a large collection of pictures, principally portraits of the Wyndham family and their connections. Among the other paintings, one might mention *Jacob's Dream* by Salvator Rosa; *Portrait of Nell Gwynne* by Sir Peter Lely; *Dutch Landscape* by Ruysdael; *Philip of Spain* by Pombus; *Daedalus and Icarus* by Panini; *The Annunciation* by Domenichino. Busts of Earls of Dunraven rest on pedestals here and there, as well as busts of famous people like Napoleon, Wellington, Grattan, Burke, Dean Swift and Sir Walter Scott.

### GERALD GRIFFIN

The Manor House stands in beautiful grounds, amid scenes of sylvan beauty that have been immortalised by Gerald Griffin in his poem on "Sweet Adare."

In conclusion it might be remarked that the Dunravens have always enjoyed the esteem and respect of the local people. No better tribute could be paid to them.



## The Sisters of Charity of St. Paul

# Kilfinane and Kilmallock

*by A Member of the Community*

The Feast of St. Teresa, 1903, was an eventful day both for the people of Kilfinane and for the Sisters of Charity of St. Paul. For the former it was the occasion when their long-desired wish to have a community of Sisters in the parish was fulfilled; for the latter it was memorable as it marked the foundation of their Order in Ireland. They had come at the invitation of that most patriotic bishop, Dr. Edward Thomas O'Dwyer. The four pioneers were met at Kilmallock by Rev. J. Carrick, Parish Priest of Kilfinane, who had a long car to convey the Sisters and their luggage to Kilfinane.

At first they lived in a private house called "The Priory" in the outskirts of the town, until the Convent was completed in 1905. The people of the parish were very generous in helping to defray the cost of the building, and the names of the benefactors are still to be seen in the Convent Chapel.

Though the pioneers came from the Mother House in Birmingham, all of them except one were Irish. We might add that the English member, Mother Ignatius, grew so attached to the people of Kilfinane that in working for them she became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." She and two other Sisters taught in the Primary School, but from the start they realised that there was great need for a Secondary School to cater for Kilfinane itself and the surrounding parishes. A small two-roomed building served them at first, but the present-day Secondary School was built in 1927. Well has Kilfinane appreciated the work done in the schools, and the Order has been happy to welcome a large number of Sisters from the locality.

### KILMALLOCK

In 1927, at the request of Canon Begley, the well-known historian of Limerick diocese, the Sisters of St. Paul came to Kilmallock. Before the Convent was built they occupied a private house in Sarsfield Street, now owned by Mr. D. McCarthy. Here they conducted a private Primary and Secondary School for girls. In the early 'thirties they were fortunate in procuring from a family called Clery a site very convenient to the Church. The Convent and Secondary School were then built and opened in 1933 and

1934. Since then the community has been very closely associated with the life of the parish.

### WORK IN THE DUBLIN DIOCESE

The Communities at Kilfinane and Kilmallock rejoice to know that many of their past pupils are doing excellent work in every field of life. The records show too that a large number of them are Sisters of St. Paul or members of other Orders, while some assist priests in their work (as they do at the Holy Ghost Fathers, Blackrock). The latest foundation of the Order at Greenhills, Kimmage West, Dublin, is staffed mostly by Sisters who are past pupils. The eighteen-room Primary School there, just recently completed, has proved inadequate to meet the needs of the teeming population of the growing suburb. The Secondary School, which it is hoped will become comprehensive, will accommodate four hundred. This foundation is still very young, but is rich in promise for the future.

### STORY OF ORDER

One may be permitted to digress a little here to tell something of the story of the Order. To begin, then, the Sisters of St. Paul are proud to be a branch of that great tree which took root in the historic town of Chartres in 1696. Having been disbanded during the French Revolution the Order flourished again after the great storm had died down, and now is one of the largest congregations in the world.

From France the Order spread to England just at the time when the Famine of 1846-7 drove many of our people to choose between starvation and exile. The Industrial Revolution was at that time bringing the people in large numbers to the cities, and this and the great influx of Irish immigrants made it almost impossible for the clergy to meet the needs of the faithful. It was then that the Sisters of St. Paul answered the challenge.

### WORK FOR IRISH EMIGRANTS

They rented houses and turned them into schools. In many of the bigger towns they were





ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, KILMALLOCK, CO. LIMERICK

appalled at the condition of the children of the poor. Hardly any of them went to school, and those that did left at the age of nine to work in factories. Little boys and girls hardly out of their babyhood were hired for a few shillings a week, and required to work for twelve hours a day in fetid and unhealthy factories under the lash of the whip. This was the price of the Industrial Revolution. Needless to say, the Irish immigrants were among those who suffered most.

Side by side with the clergy, the Sisters of St. Paul worked untiringly. No slum was too repellent, no conditions too gruesome to deter them from devoting their energies and their lives to the cause of the Catholic poor. Their part in the solution of the educational problem was mainly to provide teachers who were prepared to do their work for the love of God, and to give their services for the bare necessities of life. Soon the Order had grown very considerably and had spread all over England. In addition to working in schools, the Sisters undertook many other charitable works. At the request of the bishops they opened orphanages and homes for mentally retarded children.

Some years ago, Dr. Moynihan, then Bishop of Ross, invited them to Clonakilty to establish a home for sick and retired priests. The Sisters gladly accepted and purchased a large old mansion called "Bushmount," near the beautiful parish church. Later they found that it would be too costly to renovate and add to the old

building, and so they undertook to build a new home for the future inmates.

### FOREIGN MISSIONS

Though there was ample scope for their apostolate in Ireland and England, the Sisters always longed to have some direct contact with the foreign missions. Hence, in 1954, when the Redemptorist Fathers earnestly asked for Sisters to co-operate with them in their work for the natives in the Transvaal, there were many generous volunteers. Like all new missionary beginnings, the early days were difficult ones.

Some of the pioneers, many of whom came from Co. Limerick, must have often sighed for the Golden Vale when their eyes wandered over endless stretches of scrub and parched clay. Yet they knew that the people there were thirsting still more for the "Living Water." It took years to break down the prejudice of the Dutch Protestant landowners of the district. It is told that they called for days of prayer to prevent the coming of Catholics to their village. Now, however, they are quite friendly and even send their children to the Catholic school.

Looking back on the history of the Community to date, one can say "Truly, all things work together unto good to such as love God." Seemingly great disasters like revolutions, famine and conquest have been the seed-bed of great apostolic enterprises. But could it be otherwise? Was not Calvary the 'stepping-stone' to the Resurrection?



# Limerick Diocesan Council of Priests

by REV. DR. JAMES AMBROSE

## MAN'S FREEDOM

Evan a slight acquaintance with the thought of Vatican 2 shows how basic to all its teaching is the dignity of the human person. It repeatedly states that man's freedom and his responsibility for his own life must be respected. The work of Church and State is not to relieve him of this charge, but to help him to realise and accept his true freedom. God will not and man should not interfere with God-given liberty, guaranteed by Christ. Many of us are slow to take on this task of being responsible for ourselves. It is easier to let somebody else do the thinking and make the decisions. Being free is always a risk.

Still, we all demand freedom. This is good if it means that we recognise our own worth and want others to do the same. We must be ready to assume responsibilities too: responsibility not only for ourselves — and, God knows, this is undertaking enough — but also to some extent for others. One of the most encouraging signs of our times is the growing appreciation of the importance of each person, and the insistence on justice for all.

## TO HAVE A SAY

Because of this consciousness of our importance, we want a say in the running of things. If we have to be governed by institutions, we will march and protest until our voice is heard. There is danger here. "No one is a judge in his own case" — a wise saying that each of us can bear out from experience. We can easily settle for what 'suits' us. Leaders and challenges will always be necessary to draw out the best in us. And the mark of a good leader is to work through example and conviction rather than force. It is God's way of dealing with men.

## FREEDOM IN THE CHURCH

How does all this affect the Church? It is an institution profoundly affecting our lives. There is no question of simply creating a Church to our needs. The Church is a gift of Christ to us, and He, more than anyone else, knows what our needs are. But the Church, because it is human too, must remain ever sensitive and

accommodate itself to our best aspirations. In these times great emphasis is being placed on the brotherhood of all men; so too within the Church we are very concerned with building up the family spirit of the members. We must be interested in the quality of Christian living. Each Christian life contributes to the good of all. Not only do we get a lot, we have a lot to give too.

To help foster this general interest among Catholics, new structures are being set up in the Church. These were recommended by the leaders of the Church at the recent Council. So, the Pope has a Synod of Bishops to advise him on big issues; Bishops have Councils of priests for discussion and advice on Christian living in the diocese; and some parishes have Pastoral Councils involving the people in the work of the parish. These new structures should make for easier communications within the Church. As yet they are only on trial and have not reached their final form. They are not the answer to all problems, and just as we had 'dialogue' before they were set up, so now too we are not confined rigidly to them. Their proper working will only be guaranteed by the understanding and maturity of all concerned.

## THE LIMERICK COUNCIL OF PRIESTS

The above reflections are an over-lengthy preface to a short account of the Limerick Diocesan Council of Priests. This Council was set up towards the end of 1966, in accordance with the direction of the Decree on the Ministry and Life of Priests: "He (the Bishop) should gladly listen to them (his priests), indeed, consult them, and have discussions with them about those matters which concern the necessities of pastoral work and the welfare of the diocese. In order to put these ideals into effect, a group or senate of priests representing the priests of the diocese should be established. It is to operate in a manner adapted to modern circumstances and needs . . . By its counsel, this body will be able to give effective assistance to the Bishop in his government of the diocese."

The Bishop presides over each meeting of the Council, assisted by his Vicar General, Monsignor P. J. Lee, P.P., St. Mary's. The other



members of the Council are: the Vicars Forane of the diocese nominated by the Bishop; Very Rev. Canons J. Cowper (P.P., Kilmallock), E. Condon (P.P., Bruff), T. Costello (P.P., Rathkeale), P. Enright (P.P., Abbeyfeale), D. O'Brien (P.P., Newcastle West), M. Breen (P.P., St. Mainchin's), and the Director of the Archconfraternity of the Holy Family, Mount St. Alphonsus, who was also nominated; the following were elected at each Conference Centre: Revv. M. Minihan (P.P., Templeglantine), M. Kelly (P.P., Bulgaden), D. Rea (P.P., St. Patrick's), M. Tynan (P.P., Croom), T. Culhane (C.C., Adare), D. Houlihan (C.C., Newcastle West), M. Sadlier, D.C.L. (C.C., St. John's), M. Manning (C.C., St. Michael's), E. Dillane (C.C., Kilfinane), M. Lane (St. Munchin's College), Very Rev. Fr. Hugh Daly, O.F.M., the elected representative of the Religious Communities in the diocese; with the diocesan secretary nominated as secretary of the Council. The Council thus constituted is to carry on to the end of 1969, when a new Council will be elected.

### SUB-COMMITTEES

The Council meets three times each year — February, May and October. At the first meeting in February, 1967, four sub-Committees were established to examine different areas of Church life that were matters of urgency, and report back to the Council. Most of the work of the Council has centred around these reports. The sub-Committees and the subjects allotted to them are as follows:—

1. Frs. Tynan, Sadlier and Lane:
  - (a) How to convey to the clergy the teaching of Vatican 2.
  - (b) Promoting vocations to the priesthood and religious life, especially in the schools.
2. Frs. Minihan, Houlihan, Manning and Egan, C.S.S.R.:
  - (a) How to convey to the Laity the teaching of Vatican 2.
  - (b) Pastoral Work for Youth.
3. Canon O'Brien, Frs. Kelly and Culhane:
  - (a) Laity's share in Church affairs.
  - (b) Use and distribution of priests in the diocese.
  - (c) Mode of working of the Council of Priests.
  - (d) Inventory of problems of administration.
4. Canon Breen, Frs. Rea and Dillane:
 

The income and upkeep of the clergy.

Other subjects discussed were the changes in the Mass (how best to introduce these and explain them), the whole question of parish

retreats (their importance, what should be preached, the most suitable time for them), the question of Stations in country parishes, etc.

As a general conclusion it can be said that the Council of Priests is a success. A bishop's task of governing a diocese is not getting any easier. The effective co-operation of the priests with the Bishop in the broad sphere of pastoral work in the diocese must add a new vigour to our Christian lives.

## VEARSAÍ COMHGHAIROIS

le Liam MacMathúna

Dia Dhíbh, a cháirde uaisle Gaela!  
Ar turas breá ceolmhar tagaíí liom;  
Comhghairdeas uainn-ne i gComhaltas Ceann  
Toirc

Do mhúintir uasal Gaelach Drom.  
Beidh scléip againn, is siamsa's rince;  
Beidh coir is poirt is amhráin bhinn':  
Mar bhuille tosaigh seo chugaibh Séamus  
Ar an bhfidil le Caoine Bhriain.

Riamh is choíche bhí Drom fíor-Ghaelach,  
Leis an náisiún go daingean chloígh.  
Bhí O Bruadair féin ina mhaor san gCaisleán;†  
Cóip den Fhoras Feasa anseo rinne Aogán groí.  
I dtosach na h-aoise do tháinig sagart  
D'ath-mhúscail an spiorad 'ris i bhfeara Fáil;  
Do chuir an t-easpag O Duíbhí anseo é  
An Canónach oirearc Tomás de Bhál.

Do chuir sé chuige le flosc chun oibre  
Do bhunaigh ranganna do Ghaeilge 's stair  
Do mhuineadh drámaíocht do bhlaiseadh filí-  
ocht.

Ní raibh a shárú riamh mar fhear.  
Ach fillimís arís ar amhrán  
Is tabharfaimíd díbh-se fonn Chorcaí  
Seo chugaibh Pat Mac an ghutha bhinn ghil  
Ag caoineadh díbh Cath Céim an Fhia.

Ar son na cúise do chruthaigh "Muintir"‡  
Ar feiscint dóibh an teanga i mbaol,  
Bhunaíodar sin fo-chóiste bríomhar  
D'oibrigh le dícheall do "Ghlór na nGael."  
Guímís Rath Dé ar an dea-obair;  
Ar son na cúise arduímís liú:  
Molaimís na duaiseoirí uilig,  
Eire Ghaelach agus Drom Abú!

†Chaisleán Ghort na Tiobrad (Springfield  
Castle).

‡Muintir na Tíre.



# Woman's Page

by "BAIRBRE"

It will come as no surprise to most people to hear that Ireland is one of the best-fed countries in the world. The quality and standard of our home-produced foodstuffs are second-to-none. You only have to look into any butcher shop to see prime beef, mutton and pork waiting to be purchased, provided, of course, you have the money to do so. Fresh fruit and vegetables are available all year round, and the thought of our delicious Irish fresh cream, milk, butter, cheese and eggs is enough to crack the resolve of the most diet-conscious man or woman.

Why is it then, with such wonderful products available, that we hear so many complaints about bad Irish cooking, both in the catering business and in our homes? French cookery is supposed to give the lead to the world, but an analysis of what the thrifty French housewife serves up to her family would cause any self-respecting Irish housewife to throw up her hands in horror. We actually throw away many of the ingredients that form the basis of a first-class French meal.

The Italians and Spaniards seldom serve meat as we know it. As a matter of fact, I know of one man who is convinced that he ate the sole of a shoe while on holidays in Italy last year. The only things missing were the nail-holes! The magnificent fish, egg and cheese dishes, however, more than make up for the lack of meat.

With the coming of the holiday season, when many families will have friends staying with them, it is well worthwhile to take stock of ourselves and see if we can redeem the bad reputation we have gained for our cooking. Admittedly, meat prices are high, but we don't have to buy top-quality cuts if money isn't that plentiful. There is little excuse for anyone not familiar with the less-expensive cuts of meat nowadays. Newspapers, magazines, TV, and radio devote time and space to this subject, and it is well to remember that the dishes they recommend are just as good for you, and just as tasty as sirloin steak or roast lamb.

For a nation with a proud heritage of literature, music and the arts in general, we are devoid of imagination when it comes to food. Very little thought goes into the preparation of what we eat. Joint on Sunday, cold on Monday, chops on Tuesday and pot luck for the rest of the week. If we are decorating a room or doing the garden, we'll plan in advance and decide on the layout,

combination of colours, attractive appearance and the order in which we'll do the many small jobs involved. No such thought is given to the planning of a meal, and still less to its presentation.

The success of farmhouse holidays has encouraged many farmers' wives to build on a couple of extra rooms and go into business, and guest houses are springing up like mushrooms all over the country. This is a welcome development and is to be encouraged, but clean, well-furnished rooms will be quickly forgotten by the visitors if meals are drab and uninteresting.

We are not very adventurous when it comes to food. We don't bother to experiment, and eye-appeal is never considered. This is a great pity, because there is no more pleasant sight on a warm summer day than a plate of succulent pink ham, flanked by crisp green lettuce, flame-red tomatoes, pink and white radishes, two-tone circles of hard-boiled egg, the whole lot garnished with parsley or chives. The combination of colour and smell works miracles on a poor appetite and guarantees a well-satisfied customer.

Visitors to our country are often puzzled by the difficulty they experience when they ask for Irish dishes in hotels and restaurants, and they cannot understand this in view of the splendid quality of the food we produce. There is really no excuse for the shortage of traditional Irish dishes. Many of them are quite simple to prepare. Even if you cannot claim to be Ireland's answer to Clement Freud, there are splendid cookery books on the market which specialise in Irish dishes and, if you don't want to invest, it would be well worthwhile to spend a little time in the local library poking through some of the older cookery books for Irish recipes. The I.C.A. and Vocational Schools are making splendid efforts to popularise them.

It is hardly necessary to mention that we should at all times ensure that the foodstuffs we buy are Irish made. It is staggering to read trade returns for imported foods, many of which cannot match our own products for quality. It is even sadder to reflect that we are helping to drive our own boys and girls out of the country to earn their living elsewhere, every time we buy a foreign product when there is an equally good Irish one available. It is a thought worth remembering.



# 1298 - RATHFREEDA - 1968

by T. J. L.

Acknowledgment: "The Civil Survey, 1634"; "History of Limerick Diocese" (Begley); "Rathfreeda Remembered."

Thomas FitzMaurice FitzGerald, ancestor of the Earls of Desmond, died at Newcastle in 1298 A.D., and was buried in Tralee. He had owned west Co. Limerick.

In 1452 the Rental of Connello, which stretched from Glin to Charleville and from Askeaton to Mountcollins, was co-terminus with the Rental of Desmond. The Manor Houses of Conelloe were owned by Norman or Anglo-Norman families such as FitzGerald, Brumly, Odle, Langford, Wall, Thornton, Hunt, Mac-thomas, Lacy, Purcell, Naish, Hickey, Mac-Mahowne, Bourk. The Manor House owned the equivalent of one or two modern parishes. On the Manor estate lived the original Celts on small parcels of land called plowlands. These mere Irish had no title except actual possession. They owed tithes and services to the Manor.

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**In 1966, Mrs. Phyllis Waller bequeathed Rathfreeda, near Newcastle West, as a Cheshire Convalescent Home. In this article, Fr. Lyons traces the land ownership of County Limerick over seven centuries as a background to this happy culmination.**

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The tithes consisted of three marks per year for three carucates payable to the Manor. The services payable by tenants consisted of four barrells of wheat, four barrells of malt, one hog, one mutton, three men, three garrons, and the heriot. These services were extorted from the mere Irish with interest and paid to the Earl.

## ELIZABETHAN CONFISCATION

In 1585, as a result of the Elizabethan Confiscations of the Desmond Estate, the mere Irish were not allowed to have title under the tenant nor to have any rights at the Manor Court, nor were they to intermarry with the new planters.

In 1659, after the Cromwellian Confiscations, the Irish on the Desmond Estate were not further disturbed.

After the Williamite War in 1691, Sir William Courtenay, son of the Elizabethan planter in Newcastle, was attainted as a suspect supporter

of James II, but was cleared of the charge in January, 1701. A survey of the Courtenay Manors in Co. Limerick was now made and the estate was found to cover Newcastle, Mahoonagh, Monagea, Fenagh, Ballyagran and Dromcollogher. There were on the estate 40 Manor Tenants, each holding a few townlands. These Manor Tenants held 31-year leases from Courtenay and extorted tithes, rack-rents and menial services from the mere Irish.

Rev. William Burg of Dromkeen married Catherine Conyers of Castletown Conyers, became Rector of Newcastle and held under lease and services part of the Courtenay Demesne, i.e., the lands of Cullinagh, Mahoonagh, Monagea, etc. He had many sons and daughters who married into local Manor families. Courtenay paid quit rent to the English Crown instead of Knight's Service as the Desmonds paid.

For greater detail of confiscations, forfeits, and titles, we find much concerning Conelloe Cortenay Estate in the Civil Survey of 1654.

## CIVIL SURVEY OF 1654

The purpose of this Civil Survey was "to discover and describe in a legitimate and solemn manner the forfeited lands so that accurate lists could be supplied to the surveyors for their ad-measurement and mapping." It was by these maps and their index sheets that the land satisfactions were made to the soldiers and adventurers as well as to other interests afterwards let in by Acts of Settlement and Explanation. Juries of leading men in each Barony were sworn in to make the local survey which, when completed, contained the name of the proprietor, his nationality and whether a Papist. Then came an index of lands, of place-names, acreage fertility, wood, amenities, buildings, titles.

In 1653, by Act of the English Parliament under the Great Seal, the following were appointed as Royal Commissioners for the sequestration of the lands and estates of Irish Papists and other disaffected persons in Irish Counties, including Co. Limerick: Charles Fiетwood Esq., Lieutenant General of the Army in Ireland; Edmund Ludlow Esq., Lieutenant-General of the Horse; Miles Corbet Esq., and John Jones Esq. Benjamin Worsley Esq. was appointed by them to be Surveyor-General.



From the equitable division of confiscated lands the Baronies of County Limerick were apportioned in this matter to soldiers: Clanwilliam, Kilmallock, small County, Ownybeg, Coshma, Coshlea. To adventurers: Connello, Coonagh, Pubblebrien, Kenry. Limerick Liberties was given to soldiers.

### TRINITY COLLEGE

Trinity College presented petitions to the Act of Settlement Commissioners setting forth claim to certain lands, tenements and hereditaments in Co. Limerick and other Counties. The petition was granted, May, 1666: "It is hereby enacted that no lands whereof the Provost, Fellows and Scholars of the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity of Queen Elizabeth near Dublin were seized in fee in 1641 and are now in their actual possession nor any lands held by virtue of any grant, lease or fee-farm from the said Provost, Fellows and Scholars, and forfeited to the Crown shall be disposed by virtue of this or former Act but that they and everyone of them remain and be in the said Provost, Fellows and Scholars, and their successors for ever subject nevertheless to the payment of such quit rents for the said forfeited lands as adventurers or soldiers be entitled."

Thus Trinity College was confirmed in possession of Papists' lands in Kilmallock, Ardagh, Liberties of Limerick, Mahoonagh, Ballyvinetook, Dually, Farren, Donoghmore, Bruree, Corbally, Ballyhahill, Rathkeale, Boherbuoy, Ballingarry, Carron, Ballyfookeen, Ballytigue, Kilcoleman, Rathneseare, Conigar.

Following are some of the Irish Papists of 1654 on whom the whiplash of confiscation fell:—

Ellan Butler ne Shihy of Cnockderry; Donogh Brien of Clountie; Teige Gorman of Kilmallman; Hugh Gorman of Kilmurrye; William Gerrald of Ballyhahill; Thomas Gerrald of Rathneseare; John Hurly of Ballyegnie; Bryen Kennedy of Skarte; Morrish Lacie of Ballyfookine; Ellin Lacie of Bally Teige; James Liston of Killscanell; Morrish Mawne of Garranarde; David Vaghane of Killbradrane; Richard Wall of Rathkeyle.

Following are names of some of the English adventurers and soldiers who were made grants of the Confiscated Papist Estates:—

Col. Francis Courtenay; Dame Anne Southwell; Capt. George Ingoldesby; Henry Earle of Bathe; The Lord of Brohill; Lieut. Nicholas Muncion; Edward Standish of Bruffe; The Lady Dowdall; Lieut. Col. William Piggott; Miles Jackson of Lisduane; William Butler of Killmacc Cowe; **Major General Sir Hardress Waller**;

John Trenchard of Corrograige; Richard Whyte of Loghill.

The result of the confiscations of Papist lands after the Civil Survey was that Ireland was now for the first time officially recognised as a Protestant Irish Nation.

Ireland now had only Protestant landowners in most parts. The army of occupation was entirely Protestant officered. The courts were Protestant administered. Over all sat a Protestant Parliament in College Green. The conquest seemed to be complete. Pitt, Prime Minister of England, sought to make assurance doubly sure.

### ACT OF UNION

The College Green Parliament might make demands for autonomy from Mother England. To circumvent such a possibility, Pitt decided to abolish the College Green Parliament and bring the members over to sit under observation at Westminster. Lords Clare, Castlereagh and Cornwallis were entrusted with the money and titles for the bribery of the College Green M.Ps. When the vote was put, it was carried by a majority of 42. The Act of Union received Royal Assent on 1st January, 1801. The Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland were henceforth one.

Lieutenant Col. Odle, M.P., of Ballingarry, voted for the Union and was appointed Lord of the Treasury. The heir of the Right Honourable Silver Oliver of Castle Oliver, Kilmallock, voted for the Union and was given an outright grant of £15,000. Sir Richard Quin, Baronet of Adare, voted for the Union and was raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Adare.

For their votes for the Union, the following M.Ps. in Co. Limerick (Askeaton Boro') received titles and money: Earl Carrick, £6,850; Hon. E. Massey, £6,850; Sir Vere Hunt, Bart., £1,100; Sir J. Hoare, Bart., £200.

At the time of the Act of Union, the fortunes of the mere Irish Catholics in Co. Limerick had reached their lowest ebb. The poor people on the land had no better rights, no better living than the animals they raised.

Thomas Newenham, author of a book entitled "A View of the Natural, Political and Commercial Circumstances of Ireland," written in 1806, gives this information:—

Knockaderry Parish: David Sullivan, P.P.; Philip Sheahan, C.C.; Houses, 450; Baptisms, 84; Rent, £3 8s. to £2; Labourers, 1/-.

### KATHERINE WALLER OF CASTLETOWN

To revert to the Barony of Connello under the Earl of Desmond and later under the Eliza-



bethan adventurer Courtney, we find that in the year 1790 Standish O'Grady of Rockbarton, at the age of twenty-four years, married Katherine Waller of Castletown. They had seven sons and five daughters. In 1831, for services to the regime, he was created Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer of Ireland and Viscount of Cahir-Guillamore, Baron O'Grady of Rockbarton, Limerick. When he died in 1840, his son Standish O'Grady, aged 48 years, became the Second Viscount Guillamore. His fourth son, Richard, was Chief Examiner to the Exchequer. When Richard retired from the Exchequer, already a wealthy man, he purchased a 200-acre estate on the Courtney Demesne at Rathfreeda near Newcastle. Here he caused to be built a stone-faced two-storey Manor House facing south-west, with walled garden, yard and stabling.

Being unmarried, Richard, in 1861, brought his sister and two nieces and nephew to live with him at Rathfreeda. This nephew, a naval ensign, was named James Waller O'Grady. He was appointed Justice of the Peace for Co. Limerick and married the Honourable Ada Bruce, a direct descendant of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland.

James Waller O'Grady and Ada Bruce had many children, all of whom were born in the East Room at Rathfreeda. One of these children was named Richard, after his uncle. He became seventh Viscount O'Grady of Cahirguillamore in 1930 and died, unmarried, in 1943. His last surviving brother, Standish O'Grady, became in 1943 the eighth Viscount O'Grady of Cahirguillamore.

Richard and Standish had two sisters, Ada and Julia. Their first cousin Hugh succeeded Richard as Viscount. Ada died at Rathfreeda in 1921 and, when Hugh and Richard died in 1943, Miss Julia was left in Rathfreeda, the last of the line.

### HARDRESS WALLER

Miss Julia was now very advanced in years and could no longer manage alone the house and farm. Her brother Standish, who had come from Galway to help her, became the ninth Viscount Guillamore and died at Rathfreeda in 1955. She was alone again. She now invited her cousin **Hardress Waller** to come from England with his wife to work and inherit Rathfreeda. They arrived at Rathfreeda in 1956 and installed water and electric light and modernised the farm. After nine years, ill-health beset Hardress Waller and he sold some of the estate.

He died in 1963. Miss Julia and Mrs. Waller were once again alone in Rathfreeda.

Miss Julia became ill and, at the age of ninety-one years, died at Rathfreeda in April, 1965. Mrs. Phyllis Waller, the heiress to Rathfreeda, lived there alone, beloved of staff and neighbours, until a grave illness struck her down in 1967.

### A CHESHIRE HOME

She decided, in accordance with her late husband's wish, to leave Rathfreeda for the service of the sick and bequeathed it to the Cheshire Homes. She died in hospital in England in 1968, cared for to the last by her brother and sister-in-law. She was deeply mourned as a gentle lady by the people of Rathfreeda.

The Irish Cheshire Homes Committee formed a branch in Limerick to expedite the work of converting Rathfreeda's twenty rooms into a Convalescent Home.

### VOLUNTEER STUDENTS

An architect and engineer submitted plans for renovation. The Students' International Work Camp sent volunteers to Rathfreeda to carry out the improvements. The first batch of twenty students began to live and work at Rathfreeda in July, 1966. They were boys and girls aged between 18 and 40 years. They travelled at their own expense and took turns at working and washing. The food was supplied by the Cheshire Homes Committee, by the farmers and shops at Cloncagh, Knockaderry, and by many shops in Newcastle. The students pulled down cracked ceilings, broken plaster off walls, defective wainscotting and floor boards. They dug trenches for the water and sewage and put in some new windowframes. The volunteer students worked at Rathfreeda again in the summers of 1967 and 1968. The neighbours took them on Sundays to Killarney or Ballybunion.

The volunteer students gave concerts in Knockaderry. They were natives of France, Germany, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, England, Holland, Yugoslavia and one from Ireland. Most of them could not speak English. They liked rubbing down horses and trying to ride them.

In the winter volunteers from Dromcollogher, Bruree and Kilmallock painted, papered and decorated some of the repaired rooms. Sales of work and raffles are conducted by Newcastle people to defray some of the expenses.





# From My Window . . .

by CORMAC O'CONNOR

I met a man today who had written a book and, to look in his eye, it was plain that he was experiencing a just pride in having made something good. He had that same gleam in his eye that a man has when he has ploughed a field or has painted the last window of his house or has built a wall with his own hands. There is great satisfaction in finishing a job of work. It is good for a man.

I did not spoil his just delight but as he was proclaiming his triumph I had a thought and it was this: That there is at the present time an excessive quantity of words being printed. The urge to rush into print is becoming hysterical, and it has its dangers. Go into any bookshop and go to the section on religion and it is embarrassing to look at the vast quantity of literature being churned out on many facets of Church life — some of it quite unreadable, some attractive and simple, some non-descript. What can one think? Can one say that the growth of religious publication is a measure of the growth of religion? Can one say that the increase in the paperback publishing business — even in this TV. age — signifies an increase in public enlightenment? It is hard not to make this deduction and, in some measure, it is probably true.

But there is something about all this that gives me an uneasy feeling that we are breeding a race of thinkers rather than doers, that education is too concerned with knowledge for its own sake and not sufficiently concerned with knowledge for the sake of doing and making, not sufficiently concerned with living.

## EDUCATION

Of course the gleam of satisfaction in my friend's eye was not because of the subtle, intellectual thought-content of his book but because of the book itself. He had created something and had shared, with the artist and the blacksmith and the mason and with the Creator Himself, the joy of making. Modern education has much soul-searching to do to

discover the great truth that lies in this very ordinary experience of life. Education has an urgent and important obligation to bring joy back into thought and knowledge before they become, in the absence of joy, rocks on which to founder. Education must re-learn that the deepest realities of life are known by being lived rather than by being rationalised, that love's deepest knowledge is the very grasp of reality — be it the reality of stones and trees or the reality that is above all material things. It is more important that we act than that we think about ourselves in action. There is a magnificent beauty about a man ploughing, more even than about the poet who writes about it. There is an essential existential value in helping your neighbour which far surpasses a treatise written on helping your neighbour. There is an immediate first-hand transcendence about a cup of cold water given in charity above any theological explanation of such charity. Christ did not give us a philosophical discourse on the psychology and meaning of love. He merely said: "Love one another as I have loved you."

Now it would be foolish to think that all that is written in books is 'hogwash' — for indeed there is much to be derived from books — but it would be equally foolish to think that writing a book is the summit of intellectual achievement (though the Universities might think so). The feeling I have is that much human activity, much love and much creativity is finally channelled by frustration into the printed page. When one fails to do in society what is simple and good and what is needed by the poor and the hungry, then one can do little but write a book. What I am saying is that this excessive outpouring of words looks very much like a symptom of a concealed frustration and perhaps the frustration arises out of our reticence to go and do what has to be done. For man must create if he is to grow and if he cannot create in one sphere he will create in another; and if he cannot create some order he will create havoc — if he cannot create peace, he will create war.



The pity is that the truth which is revealed in the work of the humble labourers is not discovered by the intellectuals. If it ever comes about that it is discovered then a doctor of philosophy will be all the more entitled to his doctorate if he can become a crane-operator at Limerick dockyard.

Life is the great University, and an education which steers men away from life into a world of signs and notions is only too likely to lead him away from that which he has a right to be, namely, a full man. But — and here's the crunch — it is equally true that a man who operates a crane at Limerick dockyard has a right to become a doctor of philosophy if he so wishes. That he cannot do so, or that a doctor of philosophy cannot become a crane operator, points to the restrictions in our so-called free society.

.....

And it was in this manner that I was thinking when I had left my friend who had written that book, and I went on tossing this problem in my mind in a reflective sort of way until my train of thought was interrupted by a voice behind me in the crowded street. It was the voice of an old lady who, when I looked at her, had a tired look on her face, a face that had borne a thousand sufferings and had waited with a thousand longings for a day when the world would not be so harsh on her but would lift her up. Her clothes were worn from use and were old and out of fashion. Yet she had a quiet grace and, even through her wrinkled face, she smiled a smile of great wisdom (for there is great wisdom in the poor) and said to her young friend: "There is no happiness in people anymore, only rush, rush, rush. When I was young you could spend many happy hours walking up to Plassy and without spending a shilling. Now there are factories and lights and cars and everything but no one seems to be happy. Isn't life very strange?"

And I went home chastened by this kind old lady's simple truth and pondering the foolish ways of the twentieth century and my own foolishness. And I wondered again why, in the midst of science and technology and pressurised education, the poor still get poorer and the rich richer and man continues in the midst of confusion. When I later sat at my window and looked at the clouds flattening out on the western horizon, I became restless and disturbed because of the thoughts that were in me and I remembered the enigmatic proverb of the lady in the

street: "Isn't life very strange." So I began to write, not because it was much use but, in a situation like this, I could think of nothing better to do.

---

### **CORKMAN IN LIMERICK, contd.**

One way of avoiding embarrassing situations at the beginning is to seek out other Corkmen and move in this tightly-knit circle on all possible occasions. This ploy is open to certain misunderstandings and misinterpretations, but is advisable if one is not too sure of one's ground or if one's deplorable financial position might give people the impression of meanness rather than poverty. Poverty is never taken as an excuse from a Corkman.

### **FINDING A WIFE**

If the Corkman succeeds in making the grade, in spite of all the pitfalls that lie before him in Limerick, it is only natural that he should attempt to find himself a wife. He will, of course, keep before him at all times the sound advice given to all Cork exiles on the eve of their departure to foreign parts. It is, I think, rule 102 (a) in the *vade mecum* issued by the Society for the Protection of Corkmen, and reads as follows: "When seeking a wife outside the realms of Cork, if this be found expedient or calculated to further one's career in the particular area in which one finds oneself, remember to seek the hand of a maiden who can keep herself and help you as well." It was very unfortunate that this piece of advice leaked out, due to the carelessness of one man, because confused young women and their anxious mothers often find it difficult to satisfy themselves as to the real intentions of the suitor. Limerick mothers might rest assured, however, that if a Corkman comes awooing their daughters, even if their intentions are not entirely romantic, they are certainly monial. Which is something that cannot be said for every Tom, Dick or Harry who comes in to play pop-music on the gramophone in the front parlour.

I hope that this little thesis will further mutual understanding between the people of Limerick and the Corkmen in their midst. Both have their problems, but a little goodwill on both sides could allow us all to live happily together. And remember, be nice to that Corkman; he could be your boss in the morning.



# Where Are They Now?

**We publish here a further list of the priests of the diocese, listed according to date of ordination. Previous list appeared in our Christmas issue:—**

Rev. Patrick Fitzgerald (C.C., Rathkeale)	March 21, 1942
Very Rev. Martin O'Donnell (Adm., St. Michael's)	June 21, 1942
Rev. Timothy Culhane (C.C., Adare)	June 21, 1942
Rev. John Browne (C.C., Our Lady of the Rosary)	June 19, 1943
Rev. Joseph Shinnors (C.C., St. Mary's)	June 19, 1943
Rev. Joseph O'Beirne (C.C., St. Mary's)	June 19, 1943
Rev. Dermot McCarthy (C.C., Athea)	June 19, 1943
Rev. David Houlihan (C.C., Newcastle West)	June 19, 1943
Very Rev. Daniel Gallagher (Adm., St. John's)	June 19, 1943
Rev. Michael Frawley (C.C., Abbeyfeale)	June 19, 1943
Very Rev. Michael Kelly (President, St. Munchin's College)	June 18, 1944
Rev. Gerard Wall (C.C., Broadford)	June 18, 1944
Rev. David Wall (C.C., Rathkeale)	June 18, 1944
Rev. Michael Kennedy (C.C., St. Patrick's)	June 18, 1944
Rev. John Burke (C.C., Bruff)	June 18, 1944
Rev. Thomas O'Donnell (C.C., Foynes)	June 17, 1945
Rev. James Sadlier (Professor, St. Munchin's College)	June 17, 1945
Rev. Gerard M. Griffin (C.C., St. Munchin's)	June 17, 1945
Rev. Edmond Houlihan (C.C., Kilmallock)	June 17, 1945
Rev. Daniel Murphy (C.C., Glin)	June 23, 1946
Rev. John Fitzgibbon (C.C., Ballingarry)	June 23, 1946
Rev. John Sheehy (C.C., Knockaderry)	June 23, 1946
Rev. Michael O'Connor (C.C., Newcastle West)	June 20, 1948
Rev. Michael Sadlier (C.C., St. John's)	June 19, 1949
Rev. Patrick Houlihan (C.C., Our Lady Queen of Peace)	June 19, 1949
Rev. Michael Neville (C.C., Our Lady of the Rosary)	June 19, 1949
Rev. Timothy Greene (C.C., Kilmallock)	June 19, 1949
Rev. Patrick Kelly (C.C., Ballybrown)	June 18, 1950
Right Rev. Monsignor Jeremiah Newman (President, Maynooth College)	June 18, 1950
Rev. Charles O'Neill (C.C., Abbeyfeale)	June 18, 1950
Rev. Maurice Walsh (Catechetical Instructor, Technical Schools)	June 17, 1951
Rev. Michael Manning (C.C., St. Michael's)	June 17, 1951
Rev. Gerard McNamee (Professor, St. Munchin's College)	June 17, 1951
Rev. Eamonn Casey (Director, Housing Aid Society, London)	June 17, 1951
Rev. James Neville (C.C., Bruff)	June 22, 1952
Rev. Sean Griffin (Catechetical Instructor, Technical Schools)	June 22, 1952
Rev. James B. Connellan (C.C., Crecora, Mungret)	June 22, 1952
Rev. Patrick J. Guiry (C.C., Askeaton)	June 22, 1952
Rev. Cornelius Collins (C.C., St. John's)	June 22, 1952
Rev. Edward Looby (Professor, St. Munchin's College)	June 22, 1952
Rev. Denis Browne (C.C., Granagh, Ballingarry)	June 21, 1953
Rev. David McNamee (C.C., Mungret, Chaplain to Regional Hospital)	June 21, 1953
Rev. John Irwin (C.C., Pallaskenry)	June 21, 1953
Rev. James Galvin (C.C., Our Lady of the Rosary)	June 21, 1953
Rev. Thomas P. Burke (C.C., Killeedy)	June 20, 1954
Rev. Eamon Dillane (C.C., Kilfinane)	June 20, 1954
Rev. Sean McCarthy (C.C., Croom)	June 20, 1954
Rev. Liam Boyle (C.C., St. Michael's)	June 20, 1954
Rev. Francis Moriarty (C.C., St. Munchin's)	June 20, 1954
Rev. Michael Lane (Professor, St. Munchin's College)	June 19, 1955
Rev. Patrick Howard (C.C., Bulgaden)	June 19, 1955





SUMMER, 1969.

My dear Children,

The month of May just past reminds me to say something about devotion to Our Lady. When I was a little girl that meant remembering Our Lady in a very special daily for the whole month, by praying to her, saying the Rosary, picking flowers for her altar, singing her hymns in school and perhaps a procession in her honour at the church or school. I wonder what does it mean for you today. People change as the years go by but Our Lady does not change. She is still to each of us a loving and tender mother who has much to say to her Son about us. Modern devotion to Our Lady is, I think, much more sincere and less ostentatious. The important thing is that you have the devotion in your heart. One day, when life is over, you will really see her and hear her — if you have been a good, devoted child of hers in life.

My best thanks to all who wrote nice letters with pictures and designs and pretty borders, to Lelia Sheedy for a lovely Easter card, the "hard liners" in St. Anne's who are there always, and to two good classes in Kilfinane and Scoil Mhathair De who both claim they have the nicest teacher in Limerick — I can't solve the problem for them, so we let them both have it! A number of you asked about the cover illustration of Easter C.L. I think it is something you must figure out for yourself. All I can say is that as soon as I saw it I was reminded of Easter, i.e., the Resurrection, and I then proceeded to look for the things that gave me that thought. I saw three faces clearly outlined and I saw the linen cloth lying so I knew it was about three women who went to the tomb to find that Christ had risen.

Before you turn to the painting, let me wish you all a very happy holiday. Don't forget a prayer for dear old Ireland that peace and **unity** may soon come to replace the troubles in the North.

God bless you once again.

AUNTIE BRIGID.

The

## Murphy Twins

Blackie had three beautiful kittens. At least, Blackie and Peter and Pauline and Eileen all thought they were beautiful and nobody else mattered. All went well for a few weeks, until one day the children found to their horror that a stray dog had killed two of the kittens and only Nicholas remained. Nicholas had a white tip to his tail and one white paw and a white spot near one of his ears and was indeed very handsome; that was why they called him Nicholas after Nicholas Nickelby in the television series, whom they liked very much.

Now it was absolutely necessary to guard Nicholas from the fate of the other two kittens, so, gaving buried these with due ceremony at the end of the haggard, they began to think where the safest place would be. They tried putting him high up in the haybarn but Blackie had other ideas and brought him back down in her mouth; they made a nest for him on the oak tree at the end of the orchard but Blackie didn't like this either; they put him in the henhouse but the hens objected and chased Blackie and the kitten away.





Finally they decided there was only one thing to be done — they would have to bring them into the house. Now, obviously, Mammy wouldn't like this. It was funny, Peter thought, Mammy didn't like mice and you'd think this would mean she should like cats but it just didn't work that way. At least not when it came to bringing them into the house.

They decided to bring cat and kitten up to Peter's room at night and take them to the barn during the day when they could be around to mind them. They managed this quite well and Blackie and Nicholas slept quite happily that night in a box of soft hay and packing, and Peter stole out with them early in the morning.

It was a lovely afternoon and no strange dogs were to be seen, so the children left Blackie and Nicholas to their own devices and went off to fish for 'collies,

in the river. But Blackie was soon on the move again, searching for a new and comfortable home for Nicholas.

That evening, Mrs. O'Connor, a cousin of Mammy's, called at tea-time. Mammy always seemed to enjoy Mrs. O'Connor's visit but the children could not understand how anyone could talk that long about foolish things like hats and frocks and blouses, but they put up with it because Mrs. O'Connor never forgot to bring sweets.

When tea was over, Mammy took Mrs. O'Connor into her room to show her the new suit she had got for the summer and soon the two women were deep in conversation. Eileen had stolen in behind them, when suddenly Mrs. O'Connor exclaimed: "Why, Ellie, you never told me you got a new fur?" "New fur," Mammy said, "no, I didn't." Just then she saw what had caught Mrs. O'Connor's

eye through the half-open door of the wardrobe. There lay Blackie and Nicholas curled up on top of Mammy's best hat.

Mammy was wild, and Eileen's heart was in her mouth, when something happened to distract the two women. Daddy, who had been in town all day, had just arrived back and sent Pauline in for Mammy. This gave the children time to rescue the cats and when they came back they found Mammy and Daddy and Mrs. O'Connor deep in conversation and very excited about something. Daddy was reading a letter and Mammy said "who would have thought it after all these years," but we must wait until the next day to find out what it was all about.

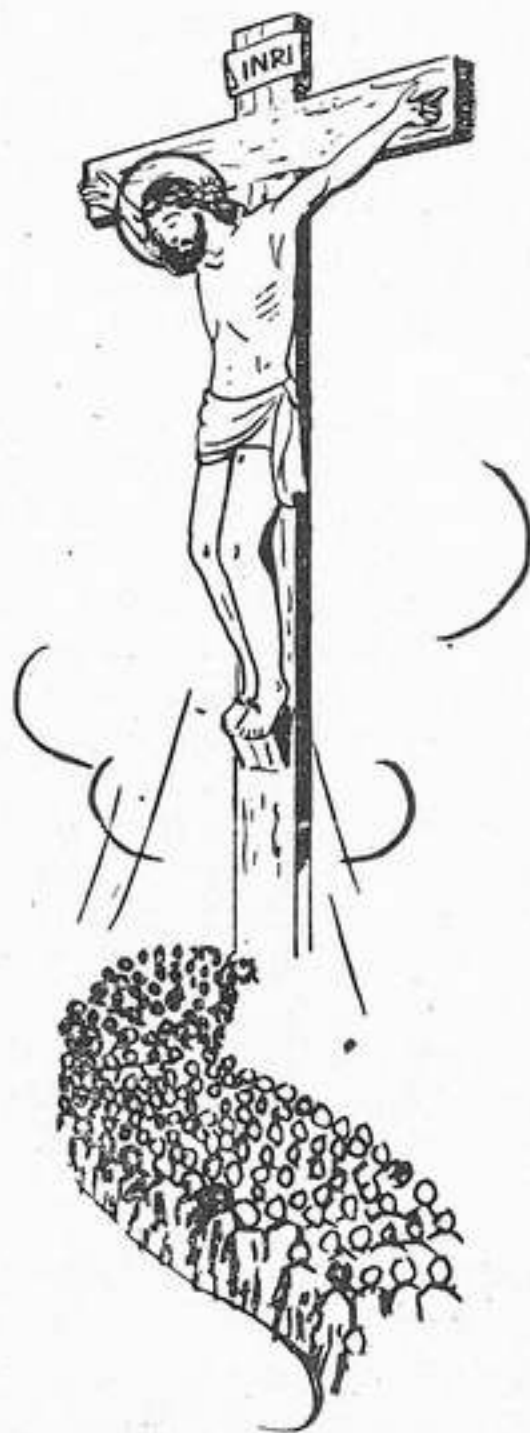
## *Easter Painting Competition Results*

### **Juniors:**

1. Patty Dennihan (7), Kilfinane, Co. Limerick.
2. Pat Fitzgerald (8), 7 St. Gerard Street, Limerick.
3. Patricia Ivers (9), 8 Byrne Avenue, Limerick.
4. Breed O'Shaughnessy (8), Ballynolan, Kildimo, Co. Limerick.
5. Joan Normoyle (9), 68 Assumpta Park, Newcastle West.
6. John Madigan (9), Kilmeedy, Co. Limerick.
7. John Sheedy (9), Bosnetstown, Kilfinane, Co. Limerick.
8. Liam Walshe (7), St. Anne's, Rathkeale.
9. John Dillon (6), St. Anne's, Rathkeale.
10. Mira Tierney (9), Kilgobbin, Adare.

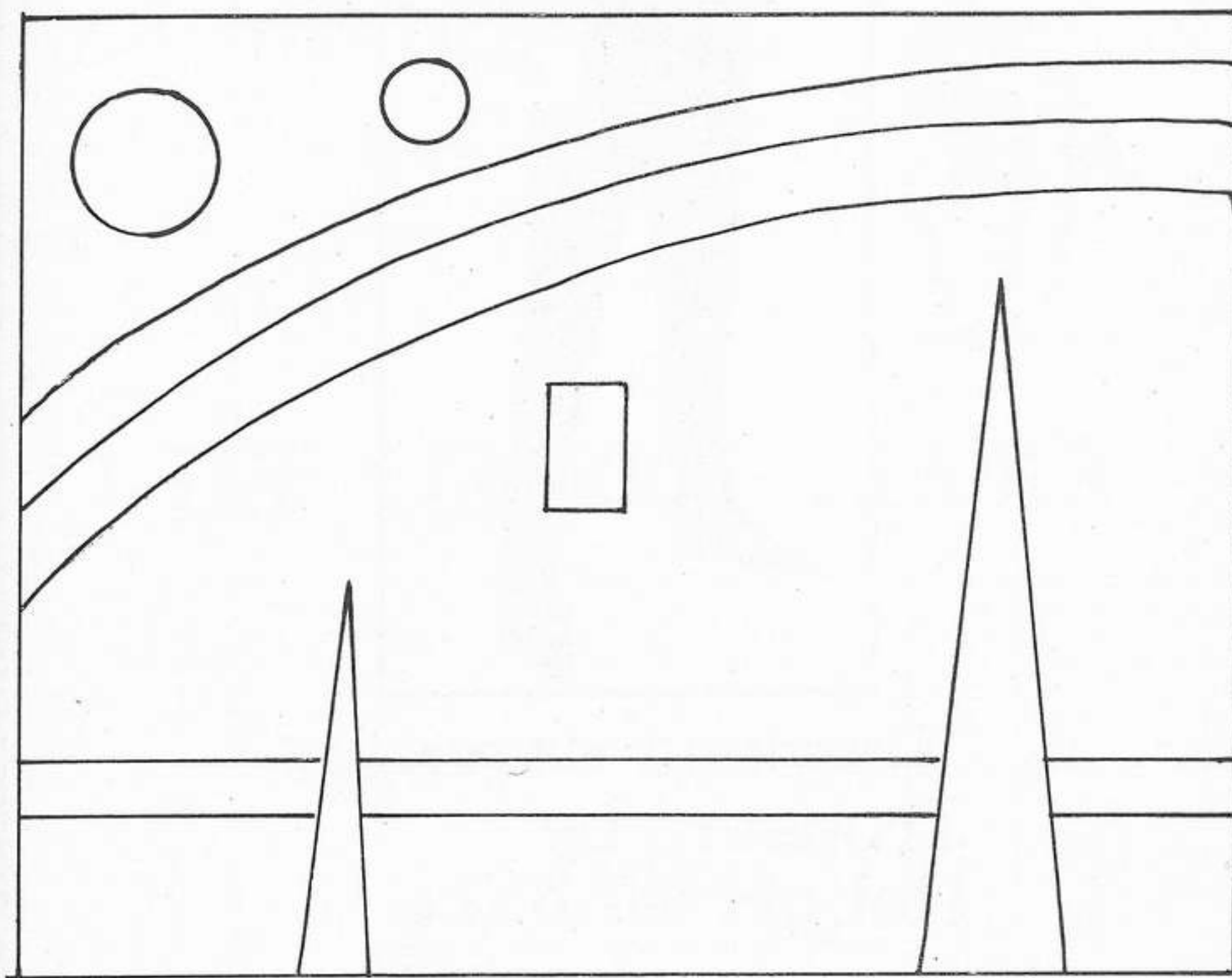
### **Seniors:**

1. Geraldine Browne (13), Dromrahnee, Ardagh, Co. Limerick.
2. Vera Duffy (12), St. Mary's School, Limerick.
3. Carmel Dunne (13), 17 Connolly Ave., Newcastle West.
4. Annette Doyle (12), St. Mary's School, Limerick.
5. Mary Crowe (12), 99 Greenfields, Limerick.
6. Brigid Sheehan (13), Tubbermurry, Pallaskenry.
7. Elizabeth White (11), 30 Beechwood Drive, Greystones.
8. Margaret Goodwin (12), South Quay, Newcastle West.
9. Marie M. Crowley (10), St. Anne's, Rathkeale.
10. Gearoid Mac Eamuinn (11), Brooklands, Castleconnell.





# Your Summer Painting Competition



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

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Age.....

Signed .....  
(Parent, Teacher)

Biodh iarrachtaí istigh roimh 1/8/1969

## RULES

1. Paint the picture.
2. Fill in the coupon.
3. Cut out the whole page and send it in an envelope, addressed to:—

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