

# Our Catholic Life



**Summer 1970**





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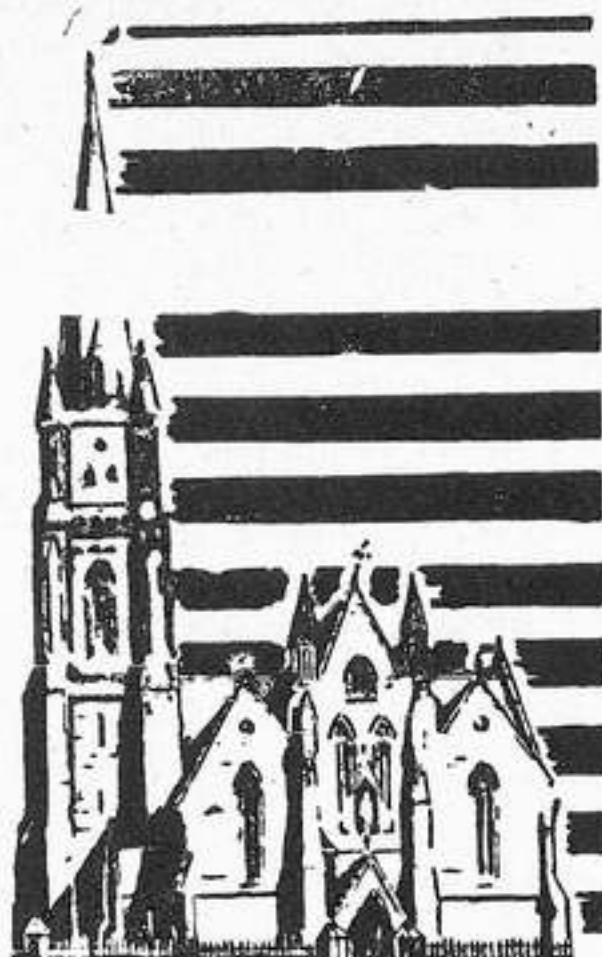
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# OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

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

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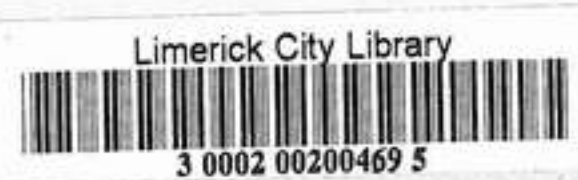
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## The North

It is a great tragedy that the confrontation in the Six Counties is almost universally referred to in terms of Catholic versus Protestant. This is something which is damaging Christianity wherever the events in the North are reported. It is a tragedy because it is not true. As far as the Catholics are concerned, they are not opposed to anyone because of their Protestantism. Their motivation is political and economic and the same is true of the great majority of Protestants (the exceptions being a section of the Paisleyites).

The attitude of Irish Catholics, North and South, can be gauged by such facts as the election of Ivan Cooper to Stormont, the unanimous selection in 1937 of Dr. Douglas Hyde, a Protestant, as the first President of the Republic, and the fact that our present Tanaiste is a Protestant.

We should use any influence we have to see that the struggle of the minority in the North is referred to factually, that is, in political and economic terms. Politically, the most exact descriptive terms are Irish and British. Economically and socially, it is a revolt of the underprivileged against Ascendancy. We can also help by taking every opportunity to demonstrate our friendship towards our separated brethren who are fellow-citizens of our State.





# New Flats

In our last issue of *Our Catholic Life*, we carried an article on the flats for newly-wed couples which are being provided by the Limerick Branch of the Catholic Housing Aid Society. Since that article was written the new flats in Clare Street have been occupied by six couples who are delighted with the accommodation provided for them. The official opening of the flats took place on Monday, 20th April. The opening ceremony was performed by Mr. T. McMahon, who planned and designed the flats, and the attendance included the City Manager, Mr. T. McDermott; the building contractor, Mr. Harry Ryan; representatives from St. John's C.Y.M.S., whose loan of £6,000 sparked off the whole project; Sr. Caoimhin, who helped to provide some of the money for the project; Mr. B. Quane, who put down the floors free of charge; and the members of the Society. As a matter of interest, the following are the members of the Society: Messrs. T. McMahon and M. Punch (both Civil Engineers), J. Dundon (Solicitor), B. Gubbins (Accountant), J. O'Connor (Stockbroker), M. O'Mara (Business Executive), K.

McCormack (Housing Department official), Fr. Gallagher, Adm., St. John's, who helped to start the Society in Limerick, and Miss N. Moloney who acts as Secretary.

The Society undertook the building of these flats with a certain amount of fear and trepidation. It was new territory and they did not know how the project would work out. Now that it is off the ground and airborne, as it were, they are satisfied that they have done a good job and that everything will run smoothly. They are keen to go ahead with other blocks of flats. Only one thing is stopping them — lack of money. The financing of the project was dealt with very adequately in the article of our last issue, but the Society is very disappointed at the response. Any money loaned is guaranteed, a good interest will be paid, and the lenders have the satisfaction that they are putting their money to good use. The Housing Aid Society, which has now registered as a Company, would approve of this as its slogan: "Give us the money and we will deliver the goods."



Opening of new flats at Clare Street.



## To-morrow's People

# St. John Bosco Youth Camp

by REV. MICHAEL J. NEVILLE, C.C.

Three miles from Ballybunion, on eleven-and-a-half acres of playing fields and woodlands, stands a renovated mansion which is now Limerick's and indeed Ireland's latest development in youth work. This fine building, with its spacious grounds and most congenial surroundings, is to be exclusively a holiday home for organised groups. It is the fruit of hard work and endeavour by the Limerick Diocesan Youth Council. The name of the holiday centre is fittingly enough that of the great Saint of Youth, John Bosco.

### CONFIDENCE REWARDED

When the property was acquired by the Limerick Diocesan Council three years ago, it was envisaged that much effort and money would be required to make the site one worthy of our time and of our youth. The house itself, idle for some years, had to be extensively renovated, overgrown grounds had to be cleared, water and light supplied, a football pitch, tennis, basketball and 'pitch and putt' arranged. All this has now been done and even more is envisaged. Please God, through the kindness of many more friends this Boys' Camp Estate will one day have its own swimming pool.

Meanwhile the present development has been achieved by the generous subscriptions of people who wish to have their names recorded only in the Book of Life. It has been made possible in a special way by the dedicated voluntary work of members of the Youth Council Committee who have gone down there each weekend to work at it.

Finally and, indeed as an obvious reward of this dedication, the Government Department, through the good offices of the former Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Education, Mr. Robert Molloy (now Minister for Local Government), has contributed a generous grant

of £2,500. The Council was greatly encouraged as well as greatly helped by this grant which puts the seal of Government approval on its work.

### OFFICIAL OPENING

On Sunday, June 7th of this year, the youth premises was blessed by the Bishop of Kerry, Most Rev. Dr. Casey, who also presided at Concelebrated Mass; and the camp was officially opened by Mr. Molloy. It was a day of rejoicing for many people: first of all for the many boys who saw at first hand the opportunity for healthy recreation and a joyful holiday that Providence and the self-sacrificing elders have given them. It is hoped to develop the camp at a later date for weekend Retreats and Youth Services.

With another great seaside holiday centre, Ballybunion, scarcely three miles away, with a lovely surrounding countryside for hikes and picnics, with an adjoining river abounding in fish as well as boats in which to joy-ride, and with careful provision for their spiritual as well as material welfare, the Youth Camp at Ballyloughran must become the dreamland of the young.

### OUR THANKS

We are grateful to all those who co-operated. Firstly, to the Irish Land Commission who helped us to acquire the land. We are grateful to His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Murphy for his kind interest and encouragement in this project and we wish him well. Our special thanks are due to the members of the Limerick Youth Clubs who week after week devoted their energy and time clearing the grounds and cutting trees. Finally, our very sincere gratitude to Fr. Stack, parish priest of Ballydonoghue, in whose parish the Youth Club is situated, for his welcome and co-operation.



# The Favourite Is Down The Field!

by T. V. FURLONG

I must bet. I exist, I am really alive in myself, only when I bet — even for the 30 frenzied seconds of a dog race. It started when I was a nipper at school. I'd walk there to save the bus fare for a flutter on the nags. The shillings in the gas meter were easy pickings. Being caught dipping into my father's wallet brought constant promises to stop, reprimands and wallopings. I'd get my mother's messages put on the slate on tick.

## HANDICAPS AND CHASES

When I went to work I borrowed from all my mates. When I was put in charge of the books, I fiddled the figures. I got careless and caught. The only way out was to skip to England, where I landed a job. With a bank account, I bounced cheques all around and even stole the holiday fund. My landlady was easily gulled. I spun her such good yarns, hard luck stories, and managed to pay only four weeks rent in 13 months. Once I was back-to-the-wall for £75. I sent myself a telegram saying that my mother was desperate. She was going to be evicted and needed cash urgently, £100. The landlady fell for it and gave me a cheque. I was found out, and after a series of ignored Court Orders and Sheriff's visits, I was arrested and I spent 40 days in Brixton Prison. A compulsive gambler like me should win an Oscar for the act he can put on to get money to bet. I even conned the National Assistance in Britain and of course lost the money to the bookies. I lost, too, every friend I ever had, 'til I ended up hobnobbing with greyhound touts, low types who would not give you their bad breath. My health went and I ended up in hospital with stomach ulcers.

## COMPLETELY 'SKINT'

I came back home and held a steady job for a while. Then I decided to get married. I saved a bit and put a few sticks of furniture together. Eight of the last ten years of my marriage have been absolute agony for my wife. I just had to gamble. I pawned a £120 suite of bedroom furniture for £40; pawned my good clothes and redeemed my old ones; stole the housekeeping

money; got loans, took stuff on H.P. and flogged it. I sold orders I got for goods valued at £20 for £14 or £15. Whenever the wife would cry or scream at me or tear my hair, the only way I could stop her was to hit her. I even took my mother's pension book. She might get one week's money in five. I borrowed £60 from a cousin and won £250 with it. I didn't give him a penny back. I bought a car and used it as a taxi. I'd make enough money in the mornings to bet S.P. all afternoon, every single race every single day. I'd go to the races — taking people there and back would get me enough for the dogs in the evening. One night I lost £94 and I had only 11d. left. I asked a fellow for a penny to have one last bet. If I won at the dogs or if I did a few trips after the cinemas and theatres emptied, I knew where there was an all-night game of pontoon. On Sundays there was always the tossing-school. I would even gamble to lose to feel the release and relief even when I lost. I often got completely 'skint' four times a day.

## WIN OR LOSE — BET

When your pocket is empty your only thought is "how am I going to stroke" — get money from someone somehow to bet. A compulsive gambler will never leave himself hungry no matter what. I sent the wife a half-crown after one big win. I'd always go to a cafe if there was nothing to eat at home. I was burning alive and vitally alert, I was switched on, as long as I was writing out £5 win, £1 e.w. treble, two cross doubles and an accum.

## PAST THE POST

But I stopped, totally, completely, stopped betting. I haven't had a wager for a year and a half. I am sorry my father went to his grave not knowing I had given up the gambling. I would dearly like to win from my mother the key to her house. She won't have me back yet. I'm in Gambler's Anonymous. They meet in the Social Service Centre. 'Phone 44111 and you will get full information.



# King John's Castle

by MICHAEL LISTON

A banqueting hall for King John's Castle — that is the proposal. The estimated annual benefit to Limerick would be in excess of £1 million. It is expected that, in addition to the direct economic benefits, Limerick would benefit from the worldwide publicity the castle would obtain. A memorandum has been prepared by Shannon Free Airport Development Company in co-operation with Shannonside, the Mid-Western Regional Tourism Organisation. It states that since Bunratty Castle was restored in 1958 and opened as a centre for mediaeval banquets in 1962, there has been a tremendous increase in the demand for similar attractions. In 1969 over 76,000 banquets were served in the three centres: Bunratty, Dun Guaire and Knappogue.

Why King John's Castle? King John's Castle is a centre of great historical significance. The buildings still standing are in the guardianship of the Office of Public Works and comprise five round towers, joined by a high stone wall, which remains in good repair on two sides of the courtyard, and is broken down on the other sides. So the tourists would come.

## THE NORSEMEN

The modern tourists are not the first people to come over the sea to the part of Limerick city known as 'The Island.' When the Norsemen sailed up the Shannon they made a stop at the Curraghur Falls and decided they had found a place to settle. The O'Briens of Killaloe however objected to this foreign interference and evicted them. But instead of destroying the new town completely and returning home quietly, they decided Limerick was a very suitable spot from which to exercise power. So they set up their own headquarters there, and used Killaloe as a country residence and as a place to which they could retire to die.

It has been said that the O'Briens were the only Irish clan to rule from a city. This seems to be the basis of the first part of that rhyme some Cork people have about what city is the capital of Ireland:—

*Limerick was;*

*Dublin is;*

*Cork will be,*

*The greatest of the three.*

## THE NORMANS

Then the Normans came to this walled town on the island. They captured it and lost it. They regained it under King John, Lord of Ireland, and the O'Briens withdrew to the north of the Shannon and there remained as kings of Thomond until Tudor times. John gave a charter to Limerick in 1197, with the same privileges as Dublin had already. Among these was the right to elect a mayor.

While John was King of England, a castle was built on the Shannon. Once King John gained a firm foothold in Limerick, he made it a point to keep in with the Church. When trouble arose "the King, before 1207, issued a prohibition against the slightest encroachment on the Church properties, and in earnest and emphatic language warned, in a letter stil

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**A proposal has been made to turn King John's Castle into a banqueting and tourist attraction like Bunratty Castle.**

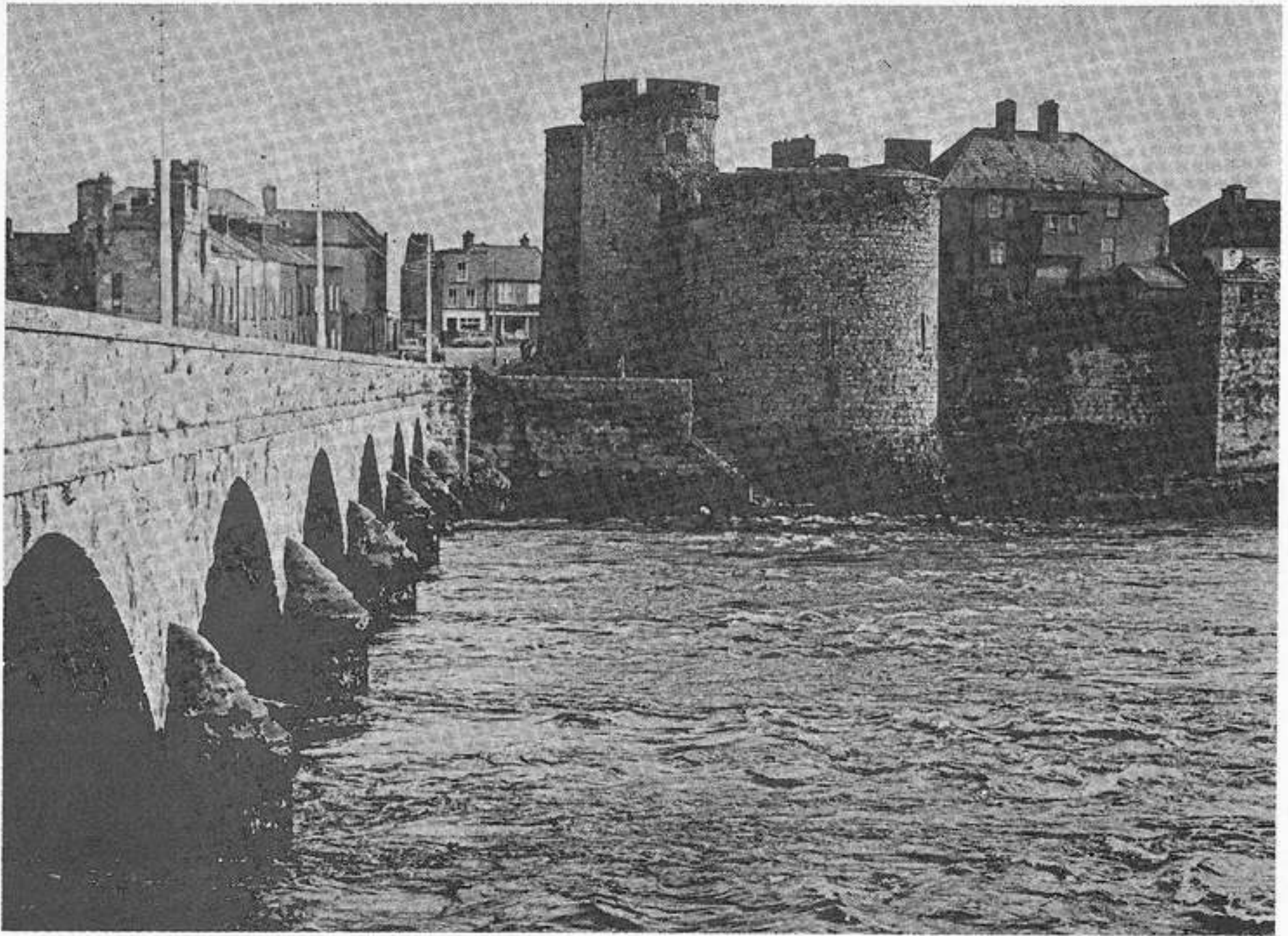
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extant, and addressed to his justices, bailiffs, barons, soldiers and all his faithful subjects, in France, England and Ireland, telling them that the rights of his venerable father in Christ, the Bishop of Limerick, should be strictly guarded, in reference to the contemplated castle, and the other fortifications, and that nothing whatever should be done to interfere with the Church property until his arrival in Ireland, when he expressed his determination to see the Bishop fully satisfied in everything connected with the projected fortifications."

Two watchmen were kept "to watch from the top of the towers towards Thomond, and archers at the head of the bridge." Chaplains were provided. Men called constables were in charge of the castle. This was a rather big post, with good pay and rights to land in the Island. There were constables in charge of the castle down to the year 1842, when the position was allowed to lapse. Lord Gort was the last constable.

Soon after it was built, the castle was allowed to deteriorate. In 1227, it was repaired and again in 1272. In 1318 the constable carelessly let





King John's Castle.

some prisoners escape, of whom John Wogan recaptured eighteen and slew two. When in the same year, Richard de Clare was routed and slain at Dysart O'Dea, and his widow burned Bunratty Castle and sailed away, grants were made for the fortification of Limerick Castle. A sensational event occurred in 1332; the hostages broke out, slew the constable and held the castle, which had to be stormed by the mayor and citizens. The growing strength of the native Irish in Thomond made itself felt in 1555, when the O'Briens captured Bunratty Castle. This castle was to remain in Irish hands until the 17th century.

#### THE McNAMARAS

In 1369 Limerick surrendered to the McNamaras, who appointed a Governor, but the castle probably held out till the citizens slew the Irish Governor, Sioda Mac Namara, and cleared the city of the Irish.

The history of the castle was rarely eventful. In 1542 it was supported by two gardens and

the pasture on the King's Island, and also from the eel-weir, at Corbally, and dues on salt, wheat, herrings and oysters brought into the port. Sir Geffry Galwey, the mayor, was fined £400 in 1600 for recusancy, which was expended on the castle.

#### THE SIEGES

The English colony retired into it in 1641; it was besieged by the Confederates and surrendered on terms 21st June, 1642. When the city was taken by Ireton ten years later, the castle was extensively repaired, the works continuing until 1654. Lastly it was surrendered to General Ginkel after the Siege of 1691, and was then used as a garrison barrack.

The interior was spoilt by the 18th-19th century barracks and about 1933 the Corporation built 22 houses there.

Then in 1966 the Limerick City Council appointed a committee to prepare plans for the improvement of King John's Castle, to be carried out in stages if necessary. And so we arrive at the 1970 proposal.



## THE 1970 PROPOSAL

The proposed new banqueting hall will be entirely mediaeval in character. It will comprise a large hall capable of providing banquets for up to 150 people, and an adjoining three-storey tower block which will contain kitchens, cloak-rooms, offices, etc., and, on the top floor, a large reception hall. The buildings could be available for the Corporation for day-time civic functions, reception of dignitaries, and special events.

The entertainment envisaged for the banquets would reflect the best in the cultural heritage of Limerick city and the region. The proposed scheme would also provide better facilities, which would encourage activities like those of the local theatre groups and the poetry readings that have taken place in the castle in recent summers. It is also worth noting that an amenity such as the proposed hall is also of assistance in the promotion of industry. Bunratty has been an

invaluable asset to Shannon in this respect.

And finally, as well as the economic benefits, it is claimed the project will provide an outstanding civic centre, which fits into the plan for the development of the entire castle-riverside area.

## VALUES OF TOURISM

One wonders how much the reception of this proposal by the people of Limerick will be coloured by the fact that the Church is asking us to realise the authentic values, human as well as spiritual, which tourism can promote; such as the mutual knowledge of men, the solidarity of man with the whole world, that tourism intelligently enjoyed is a form of self-education and an aid to personal completeness.

Limerick already has to its credit a study of tourism by the Adult Education Institute. Let us hope the natives and strangers will both benefit from whatever happens on the "island."



# The Late Archdeacon F. Rice

The Venerable Archdeacon Frederick Rice, former parish priest of Shanagolden and Vicar Forane, died on April 12th, only a few months after he had resigned from his parochial charge.

The late Archdeacon was born in St. Mary's parish, Limerick, and at an early age went as a pupil to St. Munchin's College, which formerly had a junior (pre-Intermediate) school. He completed his secondary school course in 1902 and was then sent as a student of the diocese to the Irish College in Paris where, after completing his theological course, he was ordained on June 14th, 1908. His first four years in the priesthood were spent in the diocese of Liverpool and on his return to his own diocese he was sent as a second curate to the parish of Castlemahon. Towards the end of 1918 he was appointed to the Cathedral parish, where he worked for nineteen years; for five of these he had parish charge as Administrator. In 1937 he was appointed parish priest of Donaghmore. This parish at its northern tip had already shown promise of development as a residential area and within a few years Fr. Rice realised the need

for providing a third church (in addition to Donaghmore and Knockea) in the parish. Accordingly, in 1942, the foundation of a new church, dedicated to Our Lady Queen of Peace, was laid in the Janesboro district. Dedication to Our Lady under this title was obviously due to the fact that World War II, with all its horror and disaster, was at its height about this time. Here it will be recalled that in 1961 this church became a parochial church in the full sense when the parish of Our Lady Queen of Peace was established, that it was completely remodelled and enlarged a few years later and that, a few months ago, part of the newly-created parish was set up as an independent parish unit: the parish of the Holy Family.

In 1948, Fr. Rice was appointed parish priest of Shanagolden and Vicar Forane and later that year he became a member of the Cathedral Chapter. After the death in 1964 of Archdeacon W. J. Carroll, Canon Rice became Archdeacon in his place.

Requiescat in Pace.



# SCÉAL CAISLEÁN

LE MAIRTÍN O CORRBUÍ

I lár na séú aoise déag a plandáladh Laois agus Uíbh Fháilí agus tiomáineadh na Gaeil chun siúil. Chuir Liam O Móra agus a mhuintir fúthu láimh le Caisleán Ghriaire i gCo. Chiarraí. Ba de shliocht na Normánach é Griaire de hOir, an té a thóg an caisleán, agus ní fáilte a bhí aige roimh na strainséirí dealbha seo ó lár na tíre. Agus tar éis ar tharla dó, ní gá a rá nach raibh cion ar bith ag an Mórach ar Ghriaire ach oiread.

Bhí mac ag Griaire — fear óg dathúil a dtugtaí Aodh Dubh air. Bhí ag O Móra iníon álainn den ainm Eibhlín. Bhuaile an bheirt lena chéile uair éigin, agus, d'ainneoin eascairdeas a n-aithreacha, thug siad grá dá chéile. Lean an scéal mar sin ar feadh tamaill nó gur inis "cara" do Ghriaire nach ag fiach a chaitheadh Aodh a chuid ama i gcónaí nuair a d'fhágadh sé an caisleán. D'éirigh idir Griaire agus Aodh, beirt a bhí teasaí, stuacach, ceandána, agus d'ordaig an t-athair dó gan baint a bheith aige feasta leis an gcailín. Dhiúltaigh seisean glan agus ní bhogfadh ceachtar acu órlach. Lá áirithe nuair a bhí Griaire ag tabhairt íde na muc dá mhac fuair sé stróc a d'fhág míthapa coirp agus galar intinne air ón lá sin amach.

Níor chuir sin isteach puinn ar Aodh. Coim-eádadh an seanfhear ina sheomra féin agus thugadh na seirbhísigh aire dó. Lean an mac lena chuid suirí agus ba ghearr go raibh lá na bainise socraithe. Bhí Liam O Móra sásta leis an gcor seo a bhainfeadh leagadh as a namhaid.

## POSADH

Pósadh iad agus nuair a bhí an searmanas thart d'fhill siad go léir ar an gcaisleán. Baineadh preab astu, áfach, nuair a shroich siad an doras. Bhí an seandúine tar éis éirí, agus b'shiúd rompu é, greim aige ar an ursain, agus gach mallacht á gcur aige orthu. Tháinig taom buille ar Liam O Móra agus chaith sé Griaire ar leataobh. Thit sé, agus nuair a d'ardaigh siad é chonaic siad go raibh sé marbh.

Thit an lug ar an lag ag cách agus d'imigh na haíonna leo abhaile. Níor chuir Aodh Dubh milleán ar bith ar athair Eibhlín. Ba mhór an faoiseamh dó bheith ina mháistir ar deireadh gan éinne ag cur chuige ná uaidh. Ach sa

cheantar máguaird dúirt na seandaoine gurbh olc an tuar é bás Ghriaire agus nach mbeadh an rath ar an bpósadh.

## DUNMHARU

Ach de réir dealraimh ní raibh an ceart acu. Bhí an lánúin faoi shéan is faoi shonas go ceann i bhfad. Ansin tharla Eirí Amach na nGearaltach agus chuir arm beag Spáinneach i dtír i nDún an Oir, fiche míle siar ón gcaisleán. Ghluais an Leasrí, Grey, ina gcoinne. Ní nach ionadh bhí Eibhlín go láidir in aghaidh na Sasanach, ach mheas Aodh go mb'fhearr taobhú leis an dream ba threise. Bhain complacht saighdiúirí comhar-sanacht an chaisleáin amach. Bhí an Colonel Zouche mar cheann orthu agus bhí Sir Walter Raleigh agus Sir Edmond Spenser in éineacht leis. Chinn Aodh ar cuireadh chun bia a thabhairt do na hoifigigh, ach toisc an drochmheas a bhí ag a bhean orthu — agus gan fonn uirthi é a cheilt — chuir sé faoi ghlas ina seomra í nó go mbeidís imithe.

Tugadh faoi deara, ar ndóigh, go raibh sí as láthair, agus de réir mar a bhí an fíon ag dul i bhfeidhm ar na haíonna ba mhór an t-ábhar grinn acu é. Chualathas magadh faoi na Gaeil a choinnigh a gcuid ban faoi cheilt ar eagla go leagfadh saighdiúirí dána na nGall lámh orthu. I ndeireadh báire ní fhéadfadh Aodh Dubh broiceadh lena maslaí a thuilleadh, agus nuair d'inis giolla dó go raibh duine de na hoifigigh thíos sa siléar agus an fíon á scaoileadh as na bairillí aige, tháinig buile air agus síos leis ar a thóir.

Ach ní aoí meisciúil a bhí roimhe ach Eibhlín, a bhí tar éis éalú as a seomra, agus a bhí go dícheallach ag doirteadh an fhíona ar an urlár.

"B'fhearr liom é a dhoirteadh," ar sí, "ná é a thabhairt do naimhde mo tíre."

Chuaigh Aodh glan as a mheabhair. Tharraing sé scian as a chríos agus sháigh ina croí í. A luaithe agus ab eol don chomhluadar cad a tharla ghabh an Colonel Zouche an marfóir agus ar maidin tugadh chun siúl é chun go gcuirfí triail air. Agus é ag dul thar an tairseach amach, áfach, thit sé fuar marbh ar an mball céanna ar ar thit a athair lá an phósta.



A Sketch . . . .

# The Letter

by KATHLEEN O'CONNOR

They stood in the cold and the three of them chuckled again. It was great to think about, put a kind of glow around your heart. They knew deep down their dreams were as unobtainable as the stars. That they knew, but it didn't prevent the three old-timers conjecturing what they would do if once, just once, they really had some money. Old Tom said it would be hard to beat a few balls of malt in the warm pub., near the fire maybe, all sipped slowly. That would be grand and when he really got going maybe he'd sing, yes, he would sing, he'd give 'em Danny Boy. It was a long time since he'd sung Danny Boy. Maybe the listeners would think it was good too. They'd all clap and he'd go home utterly fortified. Now, wouldn't that be a night to remember!

WILLIE

Willie wasn't for drink at all. He was more ambitious. His plans were long-term ones. They would buy him years, not hours, of warmth and comfort. "I'd go," says he, "and buy meself a new coat and hat, and maybe a tie. When I'd be all dandied up I'd go along to the Widow White and pay me respects. That I'd do, and sure she'd never resist me. A fine cut of a man I'd be, I'd be married and fixed up in me failin' years in no time at all. Now, me boys, that's what I call a plan." "That's all very fine," said Tim, "sure she might have ye and she mightn't have ye. Hadn't she eyes in her head to see. A new coat and hat would never make a man of you, Willie. You would want them injections, you know those ones from goat's liver or something. They give 'em in Switzerland, or somewhere, and even they mightn't do the trick."

TIM

"Now the horses," said Tim, "were the things. A couple of well-spent days studying form. That and a bit of outside information and off to the races with you. Once there, do your business quietly and carefully and, when your horses romped home a great length ahead of the rest, such a feeling, all that lovely money

in your pocket and no ties. The Widow White, balls of malt, and Danny Boy, were all right in their place, but the horses were the thing."

They chuckled again and knew they had put in another day, the stars had come out, and their breath was visible in the frosty air. They agreed to call it a day and ambled away down the familiar thoroughfare.

The city and its glitter were all about them, but they hardly noticed it anyway.

TOM

Old Tom said his farewells and wended his way home to his lonely room. He had lived there since his wife had died some years previously. Willie and Tim were already suffering the cold hand of charity. They both stayed at the hostel and quickened their steps. There would be the devil to pay if they were late.

Tom came to his abode and pushed open the door. He saw it immediately. There it was, a square of white almost glaring up at him from the shabby floor covering. "A letter, begor," he murmured. He picked it up, saw his name and knew a queer feeling inside him. He put on the light, sat down and slowly opened his letter. His knarled hands were cold and the task took some time. He peered at the first page and the words leaped up at him. Odd sentences stood out . . . "a terrible neglect on my part after all these years," "I feel so bad," "maybe the enclosed might help to make life a bit more enjoyable . . ." The dollars slid out into his shaking hands — 300 altogether — a fortune, enough to realise all their dreams.

TOMORROW

A great excitement filled him, it gathered inside him, made him shake with the sheer joy of the thing. His mind flooded with all he would do tomorrow. He would give old Tim and Willie enough, and all their dreams would come true, he would and he'd carry out his own plans too. The glow from those drinks he could already feel. "God," he thought, "you're good." He took

(Continued on page 28)



# LEARNING ABOUT SEX

From the *Catholic Advisory Council*

## WHAT IS SEX EDUCATION?

Real sex education sets out to prepare a boy for his role in life as a man and a girl for hers as a woman. This involves his or her work, recreations, ambitions, aspirations and responsibilities. It helps a child towards that maturity of development that will make him fully a man and her fully a woman.

Within this broader preparation for his or her role as a man or as a woman the knowledge of the function and proper use of the reproductive organs will have its place, but it is not the whole story.

Sex education in the narrow sense without sex education in the broader sense is a disaster; equally sex education in the broader sense without sex education in the narrow sense is so incomplete as to destroy much of the value of what has been done in the broader context. Well-balanced sex education will prepare boys and girls to be men and women in every aspect of their lives, including the more narrowly sexual.

## SEX EDUCATION IS NEEDED AT ALL AGES

From this certain things follow. Firstly, sex education does not take place on one occasion; it is not an event; it is an ongoing process throughout life. Could anything be more crude or more liable to give a distorted picture of God's plan than the single talk at puberty on the narrow aspects of sex?

Indeed, Schofield's study, "The Sexual Behaviour of Young People," discovered that if parents had not instructed their children by the time they were 12 or 13 years of age, they were unlikely ever to do so. Perhaps this is something to be thankful for, as the parent who has done nothing to prepare the child in its earlier years is likely to do more harm than good by instructing it at puberty.

Sex education begins in infancy with the different attitudes we adopt towards baby boys and baby girls, the names we give them, the way we dress them and the toys we buy them. Into this broad pattern fits the simple but truthful answer to children's questions which pop up from time to time when the cat is having kittens or mother another baby or when the conception and birth of our Lord is being talked about.

This process goes on through childhood and adolescence and indeed beyond, for it should not be forgotten that we never cease to learn

about our role in life. As young adults, single or married, in middle age and in later life, we are always learning more about our role in life and how to conduct our relationships with others.

## SEX EDUCATION INVOLVES EVERYBODY

The second thing which follows from a proper view of sex education is that it does not occur in one place. The statement that the place for sex instruction is in the home shows a serious misunderstanding of the real nature of what sex education is all about. Whether it be the broader or the narrower aspect of sex education which is being considered, it should take place in the home, in the school, in the youth club or indeed in any place in which children and young people learn more about their role in life, how to conduct themselves and how to behave towards others.

## SEX EDUCATION AND EVERYDAY LIFE

The third thing which follows is that sex instruction does not take place in one subject. Whether it be history or geography, religion or English literature, biology or physical education, sex instruction will be going on.

Likewise in the home, whether it be the newly-expected baby, or the plight of the unmarried girl next door who is pregnant, or something read in the paper or seen on television, sex instruction will be going on.

At times specific attention will certainly be directed towards the narrower aspect of sex, as at a certain stage in the biology course or when parents have reason to think it is necessary at home, but always it will be part of the general on-going preparation for the full Christian adult life.

## TEACHING AIDS

In this context aids, such as the B.B.C. film-strip for use in primary schools, have a place. When in the on-going process of a wider sex education, the time has come to give more attention to sex in its narrower aspects, it is a great advantage to have the aid of well-prepared illustrative material. To show such material as an isolated event, thinking thereby to discharge our responsibility to the children, would be mistaken indeed. But to use well-prepared material as part of a broad programme of education is far better than fumbling along with poor illustrations and inadequate words.



# Save Your Waste Paper

by SEAN HAYES

We would like to bring to your attention a small industry that has kept ticking over quietly in Limerick for the past twenty years, bringing with it constant employment to ten or twelve people during that period and much needed help to our import problem.

We refer to the waste paper industry which was set up in Limerick in 1951 by the National Board and Paper Mills, to collect raw material for its new mill just after being erected in Waterford. However, the industry did not really get going until 1955 when the Diocesan Waste Paper Collection Committee, under the Chairmanship of our present Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. Murphy, then a Professor at St. Munchin's College, was formed to raise funds to help the Diocesan College Building Fund.

Urged on by a dynamic secretary, Fr. Eamon Casey, C.C., St. John's (now Bishop of Kerry), the Diocesan Waste Paper Collection Committee became known throughout the length and breadth of the diocese, and the sale of waste paper earned several thousands of pounds for the College Building Fund.

However, disaster struck in 1958 when the National Board and Paper Mills sold out to an American company, who decided to close the Limerick branch, but the Diocesan Waste Paper Committee, in order to preserve employment, decided to keep on the existing staff and run the business of collecting and baling paper themselves. From very primitive conditions in the old Palace at Corbally, the depot, through the generosity of the Rev. Mother and Community of the Presentation Convent, moved to its present position at Sexton Street. More trouble arrived in 1965 when a disastrous six months strike closed all the paper mills in Ireland and very nearly annihilated the waste paper industry forever. The demand for waste paper fell very sharply, as did also the price, until it was found that it was impossible economically to collect waste paper in the far distant parts of the diocese and only a limited service in the city and surrounding parishes was possible for the past few years.

However, the Waste Paper Company has weathered the storm and it would seem from current market trends that the demand for waste paper is again in excess of supply. So the

Waste Paper Company is again on the move, this time to the parish of St. Munchin's where, on the Kileely Road, a new factory is in the course of construction. With new premises and new machinery for baling installed, the Company will now be in a position to accept all the supplies of waste paper available. Of course, anybody who can deliver paper will be helping greatly to reduce the very high overheads which are involved in collection at the present moment. We would appeal to everyone therefore to first of all **SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER**, to deliver it if you can, and so help employment in our native city.



## FOYNES

by Rev. T. O'Donnell

*The hills above, the tide below,  
In beauty's colours all aglow,  
Where Shannon River seaward winds,  
The village neat, stands lovely Foynes.*

*The tiny church, to Senan dear,  
The ancient school on hilltop near,  
The tumbling brook and woodland green,  
Where saint and scholar walked between.*

*Though wild the winds that sometimes blow  
To ruffle Shannon's steady flow,  
In calmer waters of the bay,  
Lie ships from lands of far away.*

*O happy days on Shannon's shore,  
Where welcome rings at every door,  
There youth is gay and age is blest,  
Neath Ballinacragga's lofty crest.*

*Deep down somewhere in all our minds,  
There is some little place like Foynes,  
One place alone that's always home,  
No matter where we romp or roam.*



# WOMAN'S PAGE

by BAIRBRE

That we are living in a rapidly changing world is a fact of which all of us are well aware. Each day brings new discoveries, startling news from some corner of the earth or outer space, a shift of emphasis or a subtle change in our way of life. Most of these things we take in our stride. We tend to ignore the increasing number of danger signals that are beginning to appear, warning that the dream we are chasing may turn out to be a nightmare, not worth the price we are being asked to pay for it. The tempo of life as we know it allows little time for a spell of quiet reflection on where we are going, what goal we are pursuing and if, in fact, it is the correct one for us. We are too busy — earning a living, rearing a family, making money, or spending it recklessly.

## PRESSURES

Life is becoming a series of pressures, some open and direct, some subtle and hidden, some positively sinister. One of the great values of an enclosed retreat was the opportunity it gave to those taking part to withdraw briefly from the merry-go-round and take a long hard look at themselves and their environment, but life offers so many counter-attractions now that it is becoming more and more difficult to find time for such a retreat.

Anyway, why worry. Read the papers, listen to the radio, look at television — all the boys with the brains are telling us that things were never better. Words like "growth" and "expansion," "progress" and "gross national product" alternate with "rationalisation" and "diversification" and "productivity." If we are to believe all the propaganda we are being asked to swallow, our worries are over. We are a prosperous country, well on the way to economic stability, but in the welter of jargon, we seem to have lost sight of the fact that people are more important than statistics. Decisions are taken by faceless men, with money to invest, to build hotels or supermarkets or blocks of luxury flats on sites now occupied by countless small houses in which families have lived for generations. What happens to the families is their own concern. That's progress!

## A NEW PROBLEM

People generally are better off financially than they were ten or twenty years ago. Shorter working hours allow more time for recreation. These changes are very welcome, but they have created a new problem. Extra money is avail-

able for leisure and pleasure, and for many the practice of 'going out for a few jars' once a week is now a nightly occurrence. Approximately £40 million was spent on liquor in Ireland last year — that's a sobering thought. Social drinking by women as well as men is no longer frowned upon and young boys and girls are beginning to accept it as the normal pattern of their lives also. It is old-fashioned to protest and doctors, priests and sociologists who constantly give warning of the gigantic problem that is facing the country are only wasting their wind, for we have lost the habit of listening with our ears.

Unscrupulous advertisers, interested only in swelling already overloaded bank balances, use every device that the human mind can invent to exploit those with money to spend, especially the young. Pornography no longer causes raised eyebrows, and unless fashion is see-through and daring it fails to make a hit, and sales drop. Big business is taking over our lives and dictating how we should live them. It is a frightening prospect.

## LOWER STANDARDS?

Everything in life has its price and while there is still time, we would do well to count the cost of our newly-sought economic stability. Can anyone truthfully say that there has not been a lowering of the standards and ideals that have been such an outstanding feature of the Irish way of life? Can anyone deny that our attitudes to many things have changed? Some of these changes were necessary to break down deep-rooted prejudices and misconceptions, but others have only succeeded in reducing standards of behaviour and judgment, once a source of pride, to a very low level, and even though we may not approve, few of us are sufficiently interested to register a protest. It is more comfortable to sit back and let someone else be branded as an agitator.

If we were strictly honest with ourselves — and honesty is another virtue that is taking a fearful hammering — we would admit that our own lethargy is to blame for many of the undesirable trends creeping into Irish life. Public opinion, like faith, can move mountains, and if we feel strongly enough on some issue and are really determined to do something about it, the power to do so lies in our own hands. A single voice may not make much noise, but a chorus will certainly attract attention.



# Killer Disease: 1970 Style

by **DESMOND P. O'SULLIVAN**

*Road Safety Officer, Limerick/Clare/North Tipperary*

If tonight while watching television you heard the announcer say a new killer disease claimed the lives of over 450 people during last year and caused injury to some 9,000 more, your reaction almost certainly would be "what can I do to protect myself and my family from this dreadful disease." Getting this protection might cause some inconvenience and cost quite a lot of money, but, you would not hesitate — money and inconvenience would not enter into it when the protection of your family is at stake.

Well, such a disease has been in existence for some years (last year it claimed the lives of 458 men, women and children) but, peculiarly, there has been no rush on the part of the population (and this means *you*) to seek protection. Instead a feeling of "oh, it couldn't happen to me" prevails.

## ROAD ACCIDENTS

By now you are doubtless aware that this article is about one of our great social evils — road accidents.

Why is it that when so many of our people are being killed and injured that the social conscience of the vast majority is not being pricked? A general feeling prevails that the promotion of safety on our roads is the business of only a few, *e.g.*, Department of Local Government, the Gardai and the Safety First Association of Ireland. Is it right, and let's be honest such is the case, that the protection of life on the public roads, those same roads that *you* use daily, should be the care and concern of only a certain section of society? As long as this situation continues then the toll on our roads will continue to mount, and innocent men, women and children are going to end their lives torn and bleeding by the side of some lonely road, far removed from loved ones and the solace of a priest. Death is daily enacted on our roads, you might even call it murder, but the most frightening aspect of the resultant carnage is that in effect it is being condoned by you, condoned by your disinterest in what happens to other road users.

1970-'85

Mr. P. Hall, Road Safety Officer, An Foras

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**Motorists' prayers, similar to that reproduced hereunder, are available, free of charge, from either the Road Safety Officer or the Safety First Association of Ireland.**

**Road safety film shows are also available, again free of charge, to all voluntary organisations, groups and clubs.**

**Motorists' prayers and film shows may be had by applying to 71 College Park, Corbally, Limerick.**

## MOTORISTS' PRAYER

*Lord, grant me a steady hand and watchful eye  
That no man may be hurt when I pass by.  
Thou gavest life, I pray no act of mine  
May take away or mar that act of Thine.*

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Forbartha, has done a project on what is going to happen accident-wise on our roads for the years 1970-'85. This project is based mainly on our present accident rate and the expected growth in vehicular traffic for this period. Mr. Hall's findings show that somewhere between 8,700 and 10,000 people are going to die in accidents and a further 200,000 are going to suffer injury (many of a serious and permanent nature). Another way of looking at it is to imagine all the inhabitants of a town such as Athlone being killed and the combined populations of Cork, Limerick and Galway receiving varying degrees of injury. This is indeed a grim picture, because included in these figures is somebody that *you* know or it could even be yourself. To bring the matter to local level, I wonder how many people know that 143 people have died in traffic accidents in Limerick city and county for the period 1961-'68. Ask yourself how many of these people were known to you.

## SAFETY EDUCATION

The three E's (Engineering, Enforcement and Education) are frequently mentioned when the

(Continued on page 26)



# SPORTS SPECIAL

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



There can be no denying the deep feeling of disappointment after Limerick's display in the National Hurling League Final. Was it Croke Park nerves? Was the occasion, with its pre-match build-up, too much for our team? Or were we inclined to underestimate the more experienced and seasoned Cork side? With the glittering prize of a trip to America only minutes away, Limerick faltered. A goal for Cork before half-time was the signal for one-way traffic in the second half. Yet the only answer to the question "Are we downhearted?" must be a resounding "No!" A civic reception marked the occasion of Limerick's return to big-time hurling. We must pick ourselves up and go on from there. Newspaper scribes were at pains to point out that something similar happened in 1933 before Limerick went on to greatness. With the temporary eclipse of Tipperary and Kilkenny, and the undoubted weariness that Cork must contend with on their return from the U.S.A., the championship itself remains wide open. Come what may, fortune must be wooed again at Thurles against the Banner County, and then another tilt at Cork may redress the balance.

Limerick footballers, who failed in the final stages of the National League — deservedly won by Mayo after a long fight-back — made an auspicious start by defeating Waterford at Dungarvan. With Kerry dominant in Munster football and Limerick perpetually cast in the role of outsiders, but nevertheless potential giant-killers, success when it comes will be all the sweeter.

## MUNSTER SCHOOLS' RUGBY

St. Munchin's College had more than adequate compensation for their Senior Cup defeat by Glenstal, when they recorded their first victory in the Junior Schools' Cup. Having reached the final on two previous occasions, 1966 and 1968, when they lost on re-plays to Presentation and Rockwell, they had their initial success in the junior grade by defeating a strongly-fancied C.B.C. side by 3-0. Full-back Tom Marsh converted a first-half penalty in front of the posts, having previously glanced a 40 yards penalty off an upright. A gallant pack, expertly drilled by Bohemians captain Sean Conneally,

withstood sustained pressure and foiled the best efforts of C.B.C. All fifteen players combined to make it a team victory: Full back Tom Marsh; centres Jim McGuire and Tom Larkin; wings Eamon Doherty and Tim O'Dea; out-half Jim Ryan; scrum-half Willie Crawford; hooker Pat Kilcoyne; props Dermot Madden and Jim Cleary; second row Michael Feury and Jim O'Shea; wing forwards Michael Cahill and Pat Cleary; lock forward and captain Tom Goggin. Carve their names with pride on St. Munchin's first Munster Junior Cup, 1970.

A word of sympathy to Glenstal who beat St. Munchin's 11-6 to reach their first Senior final. With victory almost won, Rockwell snatched a draw in injury time, and that mighty imponderable — tradition — meant another narrow defeat for Glenstal in the re-play. To add to their ill luck, St. Munchin's beat them by 14 points to 12 in the Limerick Schools' Senior Cup Final. However, they showed that glory can be won even in defeat. They can take it, and come up again, smiling. This is indeed praiseworthy and an excellent training for dealing with the ups and downs of life. Beidh lá eile.

## MUNSTER CUP

Shannon were Limerick's hardest triers and most glorious losers in the Munster Senior Cup, which Garryowen lost to Cork Constitution along with the Munster Senior League. A measure of compensation came when Garryowen brought the Munster Junior Cup to Dooradoyle.

No Limerick player was selected for the August-September tour of the Argentine.

## SOCCER

Limerick A.F.C. won the Dublin City Cup in magnificent fashion. A minor competition, it is true, and one that has not gained interest by being spread over the season, instead of remaining in its primary and preliminary position. Yet the manner in which it was won is noteworthy. To beat Dundalk, Cork Hibernians and Shamrock Rovers — all away from home — was a revelation. Then having been held to a draw at the Markets Field, to beat Waterford 3-2 at Kilcohan Park was even better.





Ballingarry Juvenile Hurling team —County Champions, 1969.

## NINTH WORLD CUP

The final series of matches for the Ninth World Cup will take place in Mexico in June. No one pretends that only the best survived to join Mexico, the hosts, and England, the holders, in the last sixteen. But from all parts of the world all were given their chance. The Republic of Ireland played Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Denmark, twice each, and emerged with only one point. Scotland fell because they failed to beat West Germany at home; Northern Ireland because they lacked forwards like George Best against Russia away; and Wales because they were grouped with the might of Italy and East Germany. Never before has advanced planning and preparation been so necessary. The altitude of Mexico, as in the last Olympic Games, has introduced a whole new element into the game. The ball travels faster, and breathing comes hard in thin air. Climate, *i.e.*, altitude, humidity and heat, will be factors that can upset favourites. The sixteen finalists are: Russia, Mexico, Belgium, El Salvador (Group One); Uruguay, Israel, Italy, Sweden (Group Two); Rumania, England, Czechoslovakia, Brazil (Group Three); Peru, Bulgaria, Morocco, West Germany (Group Four). England play their group matches at Guadalajara (5,000 feet). The final will be at Mexico City on June 21st. Brazil won the World Cup in Sweden (1958) and in Chile (1962), presenting us with the legend of the great Pele. England won at Wembley (1966)

beating West Germany 4-2 in extra time.

## HARD LUCK!

So near and yet so far! Leeds United, going for the great treble chance, lost the League to Everton, the F.A. Cup to Chelsea, and the European Cup semi-final to Glasgow Celtic! A real surprise was the well merited victory of Feyenoord of Holland over Glasgow Celtic at the San Siro Stadium, Milan, in the European Cup Final.

## " ROYAL FLUSH "

The name does not refer to a card game but to a bay gelding by Straight Deal-Fugal Maid, owned by Mr. Michael Murphy of Bruree and trained by Mr. Gerard Hogan of Manister, which won the coveted Iveagh Hunters' Chase (£999) at Punchestown. He was ridden by Mr. W. McLernon. He followed up this notable victory by winning another Hunters' Chase at Limerick with the same rider. Previously, ridden by Mr. J. O'Riordan, he won the Morning Star Plate at Bruff by six lengths in a field of 12 runners.

Straight Deal was winner of a war-time " Derby " at Newmarket, when owned by the late Miss Dorothy Paget.

Fugal Maid, to the great delight of all, credited her owner, Mr. Murphy, with the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown some years ago. A notable Co. Limerick achievement on the turf.

C 37248



# The New Maynooth

by PAUL O'HIGGINS

**Paul O'Higgins is a Divinity Student in Maynooth for Limerick diocese.**

Most people, I suppose, regard the seminary as a sad sort of place — a gloomy place filled with lonely, black-clad clerics — a strange sort of place, best to be forgotten. There is a sort of imagery of greyness and mist, of austerity and seriousness, associated with it in their minds.

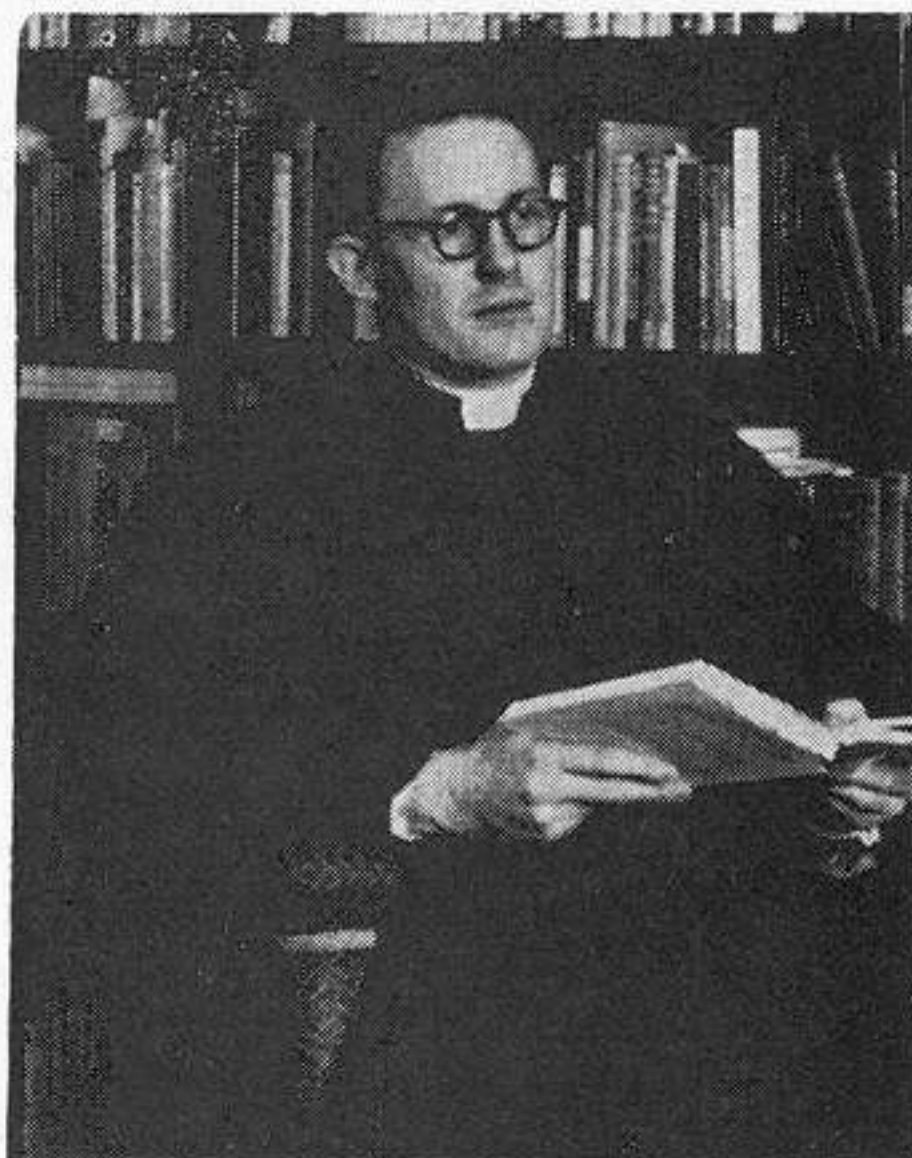
That many people have such a picture can of course be explained, but it is really unfortunate that it should remain. Such a public image would be an unfortunate image for any group, but when it reflects the ideas we have of seminaries and priests, it is doubly unfortunate. The priest is meant to be the bearer of the good news, of joy and hope and salvation into the community and such a view of him must really interfere with his effectiveness as bearer of such a happy message.

So, in this article, I would like to help dispel some of the gloomy clouds which have so long been hung (by others) over the heads of seminarians. I would like to scatter some of these misty notions by writing something about the realities of seminary life today in Maynooth College (where most of our diocesan priests are trained).

## FOUNDED IN 1795

Maynooth College was founded in 1795 (175 years ago) to provide facilities for the training of priests for the Irish Church. Until then if a young man wanted to become a priest he had to go to the Continent to get his training. So the foundation of the College was an important event in the history of the Irish Church. Its foundation marked the official recognition of the unique importance of the Catholic religion in Ireland and the effective end of the Penal Days.

In the years since then the system of priestly training in Maynooth, as in all seminaries throughout the world, remained almost completely unchanged until recent years. Yet although the seminaries had not changed, the people had. In those years educational standards had improved enormously, the people had become more prosperous, life became mechanised and the revolution in communications had helped create a people whose outlook and style of life was far different from the outlook and



**Monsignor J. Newman—President of Maynooth College.**

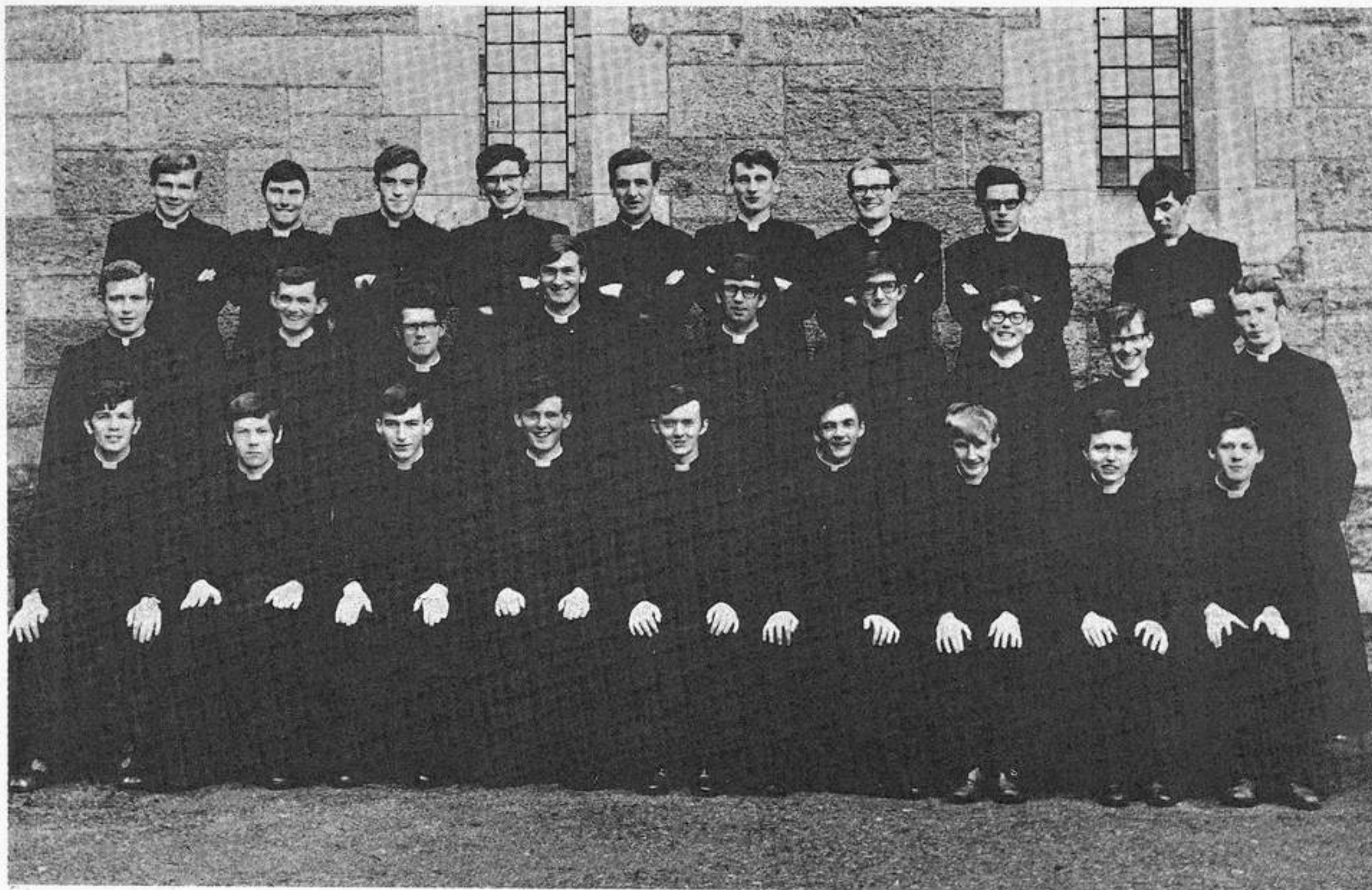
style of life of the people of the late 18th century.

## CUT OFF FROM LIFE

The seminary had remained largely unaffected by these changes. Safe and protected behind a high stone wall, it remained, calmly unperturbed by the noises outside. These walls had the purpose of keeping out any distractions which might interfere with the priest's training and the development of his ideals. It was a good principle. The trouble was that in the absence of these noises from the outside the idealism tended to be a little remote from the thinking of the ordinary people. In short, a gap had developed between the priestly training and the minds of the people he was being trained to minister to.

*Turn to page 18*





**Limerick Students at Maynooth: Back row: Eugene Boyce, Raymond Lyons, Liam Fitzmaurice, Donal Giltenane, Dan Lane, Michael Noonan, Maurice O'Connor, Liam Enright, Denis Carroll.**

**Middle row: Dominic McNamara, Jim Kirby, John Moloney, Willie Walshe, John O'Kane, Jack Fitzgerald, Tim O'Connor, Joe Cussen, Seamus Barry.**

**Front row: Sean Long, Maurice O'Sullivan, Pat Fitzmaurice, Liam O'Sullivan, John Fleming, Antoin O Tuathaigh, Michael Cussen, Paul O'Higgins, John Daly.**



And so it was that the Vatican Council recognised this gap and said that something just must be done about it. There was a real and urgent need for seminarians to come into closer contact with students of their own age and share in their vision and idealism so that they could deepen their own enthusiasm and strengthen their conviction. The problem was to combine this with the growth in Christ which the traditional system had so effectively (if nervously) guaranteed.

### MAYNOOTH RESPONDS

Maynooth responded to these developments when, two years ago, it admitted lay people into their degree courses. Those high walls of isolation and protection could never be the same again! But that was only the beginning of the changes which even now are still being worked out. Throughout the world there is quite a change going on in the organisation of the training of priests. Essentially it is a change in a system of rigid discipline enforced by a framework of rules to a system which recognises more the maturity of the seminarians, their idealism and so places greater emphasis on self-discipline and self-discovery with the help of advice and encouragement instead of rules and sanctions.

Naturally when a system has been established in a college for over 150 years its modernisation is bound to be accompanied with some groans. It is bound to be a difficult time. It is bound to be a time of uncertainty and puzzlement. Yet for all that, the main mood is one of confidence and hope. There are few people who now doubt that the increased emphasis on self-responsibility and the increased contact with ordinary students and secular ideas will result in a kind of priest sensitive to the needs of his people and as equipped as any man can be to deal with them.

For all the changes taking place in Maynooth now, the main ingredients of the seminarians' life will of course remain basically the same. The seminarian's life will always be a life of prayer and study (in that order). The daily life at Maynooth is pretty much like the daily life of any group of boys at boarding school. Being somewhat older they can be given greater freedom and require it for their self-development. The big difference is not that however, but the fact that here a conscious effort is made through prayer and the living out of prayer in daily routine to lie close to Christ and learn his ways. This is the chief way the seminarian equips himself to communicate the great message of the Christian gospel and the Christian way of life in the future.



Des McAuliffe and T. Carroll.

All this results in a community which far from being serious and gloomy is exceptionally carefree and united. One factor that is being re-discovered under the new, less regimented system is a sense of urgency in the task for which we are training. The twenty-seven Limerick students in the photograph may seem to be a fairly ordinary group but they are welded together by an urgent desire to spread Christ's message and a deep commitment to the Christian struggle. Like a guerilla force united in confidence and solidarity, they train patiently until the time when they can go out to help keep alive the fire of Christianity which burns in Limerick.

### MONSIGNOR NEWMAN

Limerick's Monsignor Jeremiah Newman is president of the college, and is responsible for leading it through this period of transition.

As a sociologist, Monsignor Newman is interested in the new challenges facing priests in today's society. For this reason he is uniquely qualified (as a priest and as a sociologist) to take charge of this project of re-organising the education of priests in Maynooth for the needs of tomorrow.

Last year Monsignor Newman spent some time among the 'hippies' in California and was accepted by them almost as one of their own. There can be no doubt that his experience there will be valuable to him in dealing with the seminarians in Maynooth, who after all are also drop-outs of a sort from society!

*(continued on page 26)*



# DIOCESAN ITEMS

You will find on page 16 an account of our clerical students in Maynooth. There is also on page 17 a photograph of 27 students. Besides these 27 students studying in Maynooth, there are six in Carlow and two in Thurles and one in Rome who are preparing for the priesthood and, please God, will minister in the Limerick diocese.

This year four students will be ordained for the diocese in St. Munchin's College Chapel on June 15th.

## CHANGES

We have great pleasure in congratulating Fr. Michael Minihan on his appointment to Shanagolden parish. You may remember that last year we had, in *Our Catholic Life*, an account of the Neighbourhood Masses in Templeglantine. These were pioneered by Fr. Minihan in this diocese. He is replaced in Templeglantine by Very Rev. David Houlihan. Fr. David, who worked for a good number of years in the next parish of Newcastle West should, before he gets there at all, know his new parish fairly well.

## BISHOP MULLINS

It is interesting to note that in the whole, wide world there are only two bishops with the surname Murphy. One, as you very well know, is in Limerick. The other is in the diocese of Cardiff in Wales.

The one in Wales has recently got an auxiliary bishop. Believe it or not he is from Limerick. He is in fact from Glenroe, the son of Mrs. and the late Tim Mullins from Clovers, Ballyorgan. Dr. Donal Mullins was ordained bishop in St. David's Cathedral, Cardiff, on Wednesday, 1st April, 1970. We would like the new auxiliary bishop to know that the people of his native diocese wish him many very fruitful years as bishop. Limerick has recently given Ireland its youngest bishop and more recently English and Welsh hierarchy its youngest member.

## PARENT-TEACHER

Recently I was talking to Sr. M. Laurence, Principal of St. John's Convent School. She told me that, like many other schools, St. John's has for the past number of years had meetings between the parents and teachers prior to First Holy Communion and Confirmation. These

meetings take place shortly before the time of First Communion. This year, however, she tells me, they tried a new idea. The usual meeting, as in other years, was held prior to the First Communion. But back in February they decided to ask in the parents of ten or twelve children at the time. The teachers were present and the priest and there was a cup of tea. During these informal meetings, she told me, some parents who would not like to talk at a larger meeting were able to have a personal chat with the teacher. Both teachers and parents learned a good deal from these informal get-togethers.

Maybe there are other experiments along these lines in other schools. We would be glad to hear of them.

## DIOCESAN PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES

This year's pilgrimage to Lourdes will take place from the 5th to 12th July. This will be a big pilgrimage and the Committee are anxious to have it as representative as possible of the diocese. Intending pilgrims are advised to reserve their places as soon as possible. Inquiries and booking forms can be had at Rioridan's Travel, 2 Sarsfield Street, Limerick. Your parish clergy will help or you may contact the Spiritual Director, Lourdes Pilgrimage, c/o 66 O'Connell Street, Limerick.

## PRE-MARRIAGE COURSES

A very successful pre-marriage course has concluded. The next will be in September. The place: The Social Service Centre, Henry Street, Limerick. For further information, you should ask your parish clergy or write to the Spiritual Director, Pre-Marriage Course, Saint John's Presbytery, Limerick.

## MR. TADGH KELLY

We offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Kelly and her family on their bereavement. Mr. Tadgh Kelly, N.T., was an untiring worker for this city of Limerick. He was a great family man and an inspiring teacher. Yet he found time to guide with enthusiasm and energy so many committees and so many causes. A deeply committed Catholic in this city, his inspiration and influence were felt in every cultural and in every Irish cause. Ar deis De go raibh a anam



## NEW CHURCH

We believe the new church in Coolcappa is near completion and it will not be too long until the official opening.

## JUBILEES

We extend our heartiest congratulations to three senior priests in the diocese. To Dean Punch on having reached the 60th year of his priesthood; to Canon P. J. Lee, V.G., and to Canon P. Lyons, of Ballingarry, on having reached their golden jubilees.

## THE PARISH MAGAZINE

In our last issue we mentioned a number of parish magazines which are very popular particularly with those who have gone abroad.

Since then, Parteen parish has started its own one. "Every community needs a medium through which its members can express their views, their grievances, and communicate with one another. The medium becomes more essential if the community is a growing one. Our parish is a growing community and its growth is gaining increased momentum with each new year." So states the editorial of this new magazine. One could not better this as a reason for the new magazine and the effort it will take to produce it regularly.

The first issue is an excellent one and gives promise of great things to come. All interests in the parish are covered and there are more of these than one would, without thought, have imagined. There is news of Community Masses in two centres, accounts of Parteen G.A.A., Meelick G.A.A., Handball news, N.F.A. news. There is an informative article on the principal soils of the parish and an interesting look back to the days when the name Knockalisheen was on all lips.

The Parish Committee, the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association and the children each has a special section.

We wish this brave effort every success.

## NEW MASS CENTRE

Recently I saw what will be the new Mass Centre in South Hill — the parish of the Holy Family. This is certainly a spacious building. Due to unforeseen circumstances, the building of a temporary church has been postponed. This building, which has been acquired, will serve not only as a Mass Centre but will also be avail-



Maurice Costello, John O'Shea, Bernard O'Connell, Daniel McNamara, Albert Nix and John O'Shea.

able for social and community activities.

Fr. Shinnors is very pleased with the development of the spirit of community in his new parish. Since last we spoke of the Holy Family parish in these notes another two hundred houses have been built.

## CREDIT UNION

A Credit Union discussion group have been meeting for the past six or seven weeks. It is hoped to have the Credit Union under way within a very short time.



# Cycling Through Ireland

by JAMES F. SADLIER

Rising next morning at seven thirty a.m. we had a bigger than normal breakfast, for today was to be the greatest test of our stamina. The journey we planned called for to us travel ninety-eight miles, part of it through mountain roads in the county Down. We anticipated that if we reached Portadown in the early afternoon we would, to quote Eric, "be going great guns." The weather outside was desperate. Undaunted, we mounted our silent steeds and pedalled off bravely against the elements. We pedalled like demons. Mile after mile of roadway was devoured by speeding wheels, turned unceasingly by sturdy legs. Village after village was approached, reached and left behind until eventually we rode into Portadown like five victorious crusaders. Taking only half-an-hour's break, two loaves of bread, ten pints of milk, two lbs. of bananas and a gabhail of chocolate and sweets vanished as if by magic. Then I beckoned — we had better mount and be off again. The lads replied "O.K. Chief," and we were on the road again.

## PORTAFERRY

The hostel at Portaferry was to be our nest for the night. The pressure was still on, as we had forty-eight miles to leave behind us before we reached the ferry to carry us to the hostel. Our luck was in, for we arrived about five minutes before the ferry was to embark. We eagerly piled on to the ferry, feeling relieved that we had accomplished our trip of ninety-eight miles on schedule. We relaxed and chatted with the skipper about Down's prospects in the coming All-Ireland semi-final. We disembarked at Portaferry and went immediately to the hostel, where we washed and divested ourselves of our wet clothes. After tea we wandered round the village, all members of a mutual admiration society, praising one another on our achievement and endurance during the day's cycle. Next morning we were ferried back to Strangford and then we set out for Knockbarragh, situated in the Mourne mountains. We looked forward to this cycle as we anticipated the fine scenery on the way, but we did not reckon on the weather. It rained and blew with the vigour of March and something of that month's temperature in the air. Cycling along the coast road by Newcastle in the Co. Down was particularly

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**This is a continuation from the last issue of a vivid account of a 1,000 mile cycle around Ireland by James F. Sadlier and four other Limerick members of An Oige.**

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horrifying. There the sea beneath frantically rushed towards the shore and, lashed by the howling winds, crashed angrily against the huge rocks, sending spray shooting into the air and wetting us to the skin.

Now we were cycling through Unionist territory where many un-ecumenical slogans caught our eye. However, we eventually reached the hostel and soon we forgot our hardships. This was due in no small way to the kindness of a number of Co. Down girls who offered us coffee and biscuits, which we gladly accepted. Later we had a good old sing-song. I suppose singing rebel songs was not in order, but, nevertheless, we sang them and everyone seemed to enjoy it all. Knockbarragh was not without its own funny incident. There we had a warden who, on our arrival, marched us newly-arrived recruits around his own little barracks, outlining the rules and regulations. Trailing behind him as he marched around like our new commanding officer, he blurted out, "you put tea leaves in this bin, waste paper in that basket, leftovers in yonder tin and rubbish in the other bin," and so on. We listened, trying to suppress the laughter. Then he issued us with three blankets each and, in typical sergeant-major tone of voice, said: "Lights out at 11 p.m." Next morning we expected to be wakened with the sound of Reveille through the barracks — sorry, hostel — and our friend calling out the various duties. We left like five deserters as quickly as possible next day and started towards the border.

## OVER THE BORDER

Our cycle to the hostel in Omeath was very pleasant. We crossed the border without question and reached Omeath without incident. There Tom and Frankie secured a warm welcome for us as they were on first-name terms with the warden. Soon we had a monstrous stew going in the pot. No need for me to elaborate on what





happened to it. After a dip in the Boyne waters we returned to the hostel, where we became engrossed in a very serious but friendly discussion on Nationalism with two teachers from Wales. Next day we journeyed on to Glenmalur in the Wicklow mountains. This was a most pleasant journey through Blessington, down by Poí a Phoca and then on the arduous climb up the Wicklow mountains to the hostel. There we were greeted by the most pleasant warden of our trip. Come morning, we cut across country through Carlow, Castlecomer and Kilkenny and on to Foulksrath Castle. We really had our tails up that day. After almost two weeks in the saddle, we were remarkably fit and we considered any journey below sixty miles a short run.

### THE ROCK OF CASHEL

On Saturday morning we proceeded towards home territory. We passed the Rock of Cashel, through Golden and Tankardstown and on to Ballydavid. We sighed with relief as we traversed the boren to the hostel. There we were greeted by many friends and pals from Waterford, Cork and Limerick. Soon we were talking thirteen to the dozen, relating our experiences to all. We estimated that we had cycled 985 miles and Frankie had an account of every mile

in his little black book. However, we decided to tell all that we had cycled 1,000 miles. Eventually each person heard of the five lads who had cycled 1,000 miles, not just once but two or three times. The 'cant' around the hostel all next day was "Guess who cycled 1,000 miles and told no one?"

Well, Sunday evening saw the end of our holidays and as we cycled home we were still talking about our trip. It was not all fun, but when you re-live all the experiences you appreciate it all the more. You think of new friendships, kind people, the sunset on Killary harbour, the beauty of Donegal, cycling in the evening sun, making your way through the early morning mist of the Wicklow mountains. You smile to yourself as you think of Frankie's bike held together by rope and wire. The sergeant-major of Knockbarragh, and the morning we woke with bloated faces after an enormous feed of hairy bacon and cabbage the previous evening.

These incidents, and many more, have left me with a mind packed with a dozen delightful recollections, whose emotions will ripen to memory during the days to come. Although at times it was hard, it was certainly a most enjoyable and rewarding holiday. I would certainly travel every mile of it again for my holidays . . . in a car of course!



MEMOIR OF . . . .

# Archdeacon Michael Fitzgerald

(1788 - 1863)

by ROBERT CUSSEN

Michael Fitzgerald, the subject of this memoir, was born in the parish of Ballingarry in the year 1788. His father, Thomas Fitzgerald, was a farmer, who claimed kinship with the Knights of Glin; and his mother, Mary Meehan, was a sister of Fr. Meehan, a priest in the Limerick diocese. From both sides he inherited a strong Catholic tradition, and in due course he entered the Irish College in Rome. He had as a fellow student there, Thomas Coll (later Dean Coll, kinsman of our esteemed President, Eamonn de Valera) from Ballylahive, Newcastle West. They became fast friends, and in that foreign capital forged a bond that united for life two of the greatest Churchmen in the Limerick diocese of the last century.

During his time in Rome, Fr. Michael displayed ability and character well above the average, and when he was ordained, he was retained as a Professor in the Irish College. Here he remained until the year 1818, when he was appointed P.P. of Dromcollogher. It was an unhappy period in Ireland, Catholic Emancipation was still ten long years away, and the poverty and depression that followed in the wake of the Napoleonic wars lay like a pall over the entire country.

## DROMCOLLOGHER

But, bad as the times were, Fr. Michael found the status of his flock, and the provision of church buildings for their spiritual needs, even worse. The Penal Laws forbade, amongst other things, church buildings, with the result that Mass had to be celebrated in a lowly Mass-house, small, inadequate, and quite unfit for any congregation; and yet the only centre for worship, or indeed for parochial work of any kind. Accordingly, he entered into negotiations with Robert levers Stavely of Glenduff Castle, the landlord of Dromcollogher, and purchased a small field adjoining the town. Then began the slow grinding effort to build his church. It took him six long years to complete it — years that saw uprising, and deportation for some; famine and deprivation for many; and increasing

poverty for all. Two extracts from letters that he wrote from Dromcollogher at the time of the famine in 1822 (which although it lasted only a short time caused profound distress) will convey a contemporary picture, stark and dismal, and never to be forgotten:—

“There is in this village, at this moment, a population of 700 souls; and of these, a full half are literally starving. I have ascertained by actual inspection, that there are more than 70 families who have been seldom able to procure more than one meal a day for some time past. This meal consists universally of oaten gruel, or ‘stirabout’ as it is called, and it is not always that this daily miserable meal can be procured. I have known instances when whole families have been more than 36 hours without taking food and one instance has come to my knowledge when a family of nine persons were *three days without tasting food*. I could name the family and it is a name, I believe, with which you are not unacquainted.”

“You must have observed how seldom it happens in this country that the labour of the poor man is repaid with ready money. He gives labour for his garden, rent, and tithe. He gives labour in exchange for horses to draw out his manure, or draw home his turf. He labours for the tailor, the weaver, the smith, and even for the priest and justice, in payment of the benefits derived from their various callings. In a word, he works for everything but ready money. In general, the poor people here have no money dealings, but in buying and selling their pigs, and paying their bog money. This system answers very well as long as the poor man has potatoes enough raised by his own labour; but where, as in the present instance, this source totally fails him, his embarrassment and difficulty in procuring food is greater than can be conceived.”

Was it any wonder his modest church took him six years to build — years during which most of his energies were spent in succouring



and helping his starving flock. Times improved, however, and in 1824 the essential part of the building was completed. But it was *Ave Atque Vale* for Fr. Michael; and the opening of his new church in 1824 saw the end of his mission to Dromcollogher.

### ASKEATON

Fr. Michael's next parish was Askeaton. While he was there, Bishop John Ryan got permission from the Pope to revive the title of Archdeacon, which had lapsed in Limerick for centuries, and conferred it on Fr. Fitzgerald. His sojourn in Askeaton was long and fruitful, and he is still gratefully remembered by the descendants of his old parishioners both in song and story — the only way in which a man can live in the hearts of the people.

### BALLINGARRY

In 1838, Archdeacon Fitzgerald was transferred from Askeaton to his native parish of Ballingarry. Here again he encountered poverty, oppression and proselytism, and fought them in his own vigorous and intemperate style. He comes alive for us during his ministry here, by reason of the evidence he gave at the "Inquiry into the State of the Law and Practice in respect of the Occupation of Land in Ireland," which was ordered by the British House of Commons. Commissioners to take evidence, under the chairmanship of the Earl of Devon, were appointed; and during the year 1844, they travelled around Ireland, taking evidence from all and sundry. On the 28th August, they sat in Newcastle West, and the Archdeacon, amongst others, gave evidence before them. He covered many aspects of the land question as it affected his parish and parishioners, including the recent Cox evictions at Ballynoe and Ballyneale.

### LAND PROPOSALS

Having animadverted on the sufferings of the downtrodden tenants at the hands of the all-powerful landlords, he proposed that the following enactments to redress the inequities of the existing legal systems be passed into law, viz:— *First*, That in all cases of ejectment, it should be lawful for the judge to enquire by some public examination (poor law values, etc.), and by witnesses, if the rent was such that a tenant of average industry could pay; and so fix a fair rent. *Second*, That an Officer, appointed by Act of Parliament, should declare on the first day of the year, the average price of a barrel of wheat of 20 stone during the preceeding three

months; on the principle that wheat regulated the standard of value; and that it should be optional with the landlord to demand and with the tenant to pay, in lieu of the rent reserved in the lease, a sum equivalent to as many barrels in the year in which that lease was made. *Third*, That in all cases of death by disease of swine and black cattle, the landlord should allow, in the next rent to be paid after such death by disease, half the fair amount of loss. It is a question whether some such provision ought not to extend to the failure of potatoes, when the failure is extensive, as this casualty has in many cases of late years rendered tenants insolvent in this part of the country. *Fourth*, That in all cases of replevin or eviction, where the landlord was defeated on the score of excessive exaction, that it would be the duty of the judge to award such costs as he deemed just, and also to report the case to the Lord Lieutenant, with a view to the discountenancing of harsh landlords by a government anxious for the peace, good feeling, and welfare of the country.

### LAND-LESS MEN

In the present condition of Irish society, one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a poor man is to be degraded from the rank, as I may call it, of occupier, and thrown on the world land-less, and therefore foodless, fireless, and blanketless; and in the present state of things, when the land is scarce sufficient for the occupation of all, some sort of agrarian restriction is needed to prevent one man holding a vast tract, and making thus scores of miserable paupers, and also to prevent proprietors from uniting to the profits arising from rent those of cattle jobbers and farmers. Such pursuits may answer proprietors in Norfolk or other parts of England; but this is an English fashion, which leads to great misery and suffering wherever it is adopted in Ireland. It is in vain to say that those put out are employed as agricultural labourers. The agricultural hireling in Ireland is a miserable slave, toiling and starving on 6d. or 8d. the day, and with no prospect, after enduring the wet and cold of winter, when rheumatism and old age set in, but to close his days in the workhouse. The landlord farmer, I honestly confess, appears to me one of the worst enemies the poor have in Ireland; and if he possessed honest feeling he ought to be ashamed of his Durhams, and his South Downs, and his interminable fields of corn tilled by miserable serfs (more miserable than the Fellahs of Egypt, or the blacks of Cuba), and occupying the place from which human

(Continued on page 28)



# You Don't Even Speak My Lingo!

by REV. FRANK MORIARTY, C.F.

He had been waiting, frozen to death, for half-an-hour. He was a dosser. He wanted to be first before any queue formed . . . women with "I've been evicted," "Mary, don't go near that man," "What are you going to do for me?" But he had to wait all the same. The day's tempo was slowly building up; Social Workers going to interview clients, the sound of their feet making hollow drumming sounds. A child began to shriek, then cry, and was held by its mother until its tears became snuffles. His Social Worker was a young girl just out of college. He only wanted a few bob. She would sit opposite him and wait. His eyes would stare: he would mumble: pain would show: he could narrow his eyes, cold with hard hurt, while the smoke from his cigarette would spiral around his face. Just the price of a cup of tea or a few fags.

## A BELT AND A BOTTLE

"Sure I booze; mainly cheap wine, but whenever I am flush, beer or cider. I would not drink methylated spirits. It's cruel on the stomach. I prefer not to work. I can make more if I can sell clothes I cadge from V. de P. or a meal ticket I get at the hostels. I had bad luck all my life. You have to take life easy-going, like any company you can get, and become an expert scrounger. Of course I fight! A thundering hammering is the only cure for some, especially the guys who try to be top-dog.

"In the villages and small towns the locals treat us as characters, but in the cities we are only a nuisance. There will always be dossers; you can never hope to see us all die off. As one goes, others take his place. More misery, more nothingness, more what you'd call constant unhappiness trailing in the gutter. I'd like better clothes because, when you look like I do, very few people want to know you. 'Tis very tough on the auld lags. The years have left hard marks on them. It gets to their minds too. Some of them last only by now-and-then resting in jail.

## FAGGED OUT

"In England I used to work. Washing dishes and doing the messiest jobs. We call that Pearl Diving. Black pots and burned pans — a

blooming nightmare of scrubbing. That work makes dear wine and cider. But you must get the swag, the lolly. It's warm too in the pub; there is bags of chat and you can be every man's friend. Get stoned; great crack. Very soon life is only another day drawing to a close and you could not care less about a policeman's hand on your collar and you're shopped. You must find a place to sleep, to freak out, and there is always the Skipper for a kip.

## SLEEPING IT OFF

"The Skipper is a place where you can make bed for the night. Doing Skipper is to be out all night. You might find a pad, a house long empty and you could Skipper there for a while. Sometimes you would not even remember how you got in. And every morning you have only another page of your life's book with no way out but to read it. It is a sickener. You might say 'never again' when you lie in the rubbish and the filth left by previous dossers. But you know that the next swig of the jake will shove the shivering and shaking cold out of you. Newspapers make good mattresses and blankets. I slept so sound in a train one night that I woke next morning forty miles away. Once, when things were really bad in the wintertime I broke a shop window and just waited for the police to pick me up. Resting up in jail tided me over the lean times and I was getting good nourishment. As I said, the old dossers would be buried long ago but for those holidays.

## THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE . . .

"When the hunger pangs bawl out of your belly, and your feet are roasting, roaring for mercy, and your eye-lids are a ton weight, and your neck cannot hold your head, three or four miles is a long walk to a Spike. A Spike is a hostel or County Home. In some you could have a bake-up if you're grotty. A bake-up is where they take all your clothes and kind of boil them without water to kill the fleas and, worse, the lice. They give you a hot bath too with a dash of nice-smelling disinfectant in it. There is a fresh relief to be clean-feeling after a bake-up. In some hostels they make you pay a bit more for the comfort of sheets or a look at television. There is a lot to be said for these



places if you are a bit off-colour. You can sit warm and stay off the streets. One hostel I stayed in we called the House of Sadness. A mansion of broken hearts where some blokes try and do commit suicide. I don't remember that I'm still a mother's son. Maybe some day, someone, somewhere, somehow, will want me. Will really want me. I'm not much of a man, leading not much of a life, and I close my mind to shut out life that goes on because no one bothers to stop it.

### ALL THE SOFT TOUCHES

"There are dossers who do nothing every day but go from hand-out to hand-out. I often took the bus to a town like Ennis, collected 5 or 6 pound notes, and took the bus back again to the Spike. I know all the times and best places. The soft touches. I can smoke all I want after a good stint, Dive Bombing for fag-ends from the street. After a big 'do' in a swank hotel there is good pickings in the ash-trays. The only thing you'd buy in the week is cigarette papers. I have never bought a drink for anyone and there are some I have seen never strike their own match. I know 42 first-class hand-outs in Limerick. I've my own beat. Duannas, the nuns in the convents, are always good for bread and tea; and some of the Sky Pilots, they're priests, would never see you short. Advice — stuff it! But the hardest thing is one beggar begging another. Things are always near trouble when we get together. We are all a bit moody; one minute a fellow will try to take you apart, and five minutes after he will want to slobber all over you. You hang on to your drink because it would get nicked on you. If you have smokes, you pull them out one at a time. I could open a packet in my pocket, take one out in record time and even bring it out lighting. Sick? You cannot afford to be sick! There is no bed anywhere if you get the flu. Only to stumble around trying to find a place to keep warm. The Jake Wallahs — they're the fellows could drink surgical or methylated spirits — are a sorry lot. When a fellow finds out he can drink the 'blue,' it is easy for him to say goodbye; he will go through hell on earth and feel the most of it. The little blue bottle is the boss and the chemist shop takes the place of the pub. They are foxy, cunning, and will beg, borrow or steal to get the Jake. Even the police want nothing to do with them and their merry-go-round hell in a bottle."

The Social Worker looked at him, the first really dangerously hungry man she had ever met in her life. Skin, taut over bones and brown and bitterness in big eyes, fingers leaving damp marks on the table. "All I want is a few bob

for a bite and you make me wait all this time." "Are you writing a book or something?" "Thanks for nothing." "And don't look at me as if you were ashamed I'm alive." "Religion — much!"

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### KILLER DISEASE—*contd.*

subject of road accident prevention comes up for discussion and, as Road Safety Officer for the area, my work is mainly taken up with education. It is generally accepted that better road safety education (particularly of young people) would go a long way towards solving the problem. It was with this end in view that the Road Safety Officer service was started some years ago in an effort to try to inculcate road-sense into children, in the belief that given a good foundation on correct road behaviour these same children will mature into drivers of a much higher calibre than the vast majority of those driving at present. However, it must be understood any good that I might achieve in getting children to behave correctly on the road can be (and is) undermined by carelessness on the part of adults, particularly parents, because children will in most cases do as their father and/or mother are seen to do.

### YOU

This article therefore is aimed at YOU. For the future let YOU resolve to do *your* best to observe the rules of the road at all times. For doing this you almost certainly will receive no thanks, in fact the opposite could well be the case, but of much more importance than thanks is the fact that by your good example some life might be saved, and who knows this life could very well be your own.

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### MAYNOOTH—*contd.*

### CONFIDENCE

Yes, Maynooth today is changing but there is no revolution. So if you should see a seminarian today with a polo-neck and an airline bag, don't be alarmed! He hasn't lost his idealism but is discovering it in contact with others. Maynooth today can be better compared to the apostles who huddled up in the upper room for ten days afraid of the outside world. Today Maynooth, like the apostles of those days, goes forward confidently as the apostles did in Pentecost to meet the world with hope and confidence in the power of the Holy Spirit.



# From My Window

by CORMAC O'CONNOR

I have arrived at my typewriter to find that the ribbon is all wound round the spool and I have to unravel it by hand. What a mess! What a deterrent to writing this article. One would think that the machine had human traits like malice or revenge or perhaps a grotesque sense of humour. Mechanical devices, when they go wrong, are more perverse than Satan!

The truth is that I have not struck on something to write about. The banks are closed down, the cement industry is closed down, the busmen are on the verge, the clerical officers are contemplating what is unmentionable in the Civil Service and the teachers have found themselves another group to complicate things further for the Department of Education. In fact I am all confused between wage rounds and gross national product and balance of payments. If this is what we are going to hear in the seventies we are in for a dull time. (And it would seem that, except for violence, this gets top rating as news material!) Nobody, unless the individual creative writer or sculptor or painter, seems to be free of this endless spiral and even they, sooner or later, will be swallowed up in the whirlpool.

This brings to my mind a terrorising question which is beginning to dawn on all of us: "Are we part of an inevitable economic evolution or can we, by observing the experience of other nations, steer clear of the pitfalls? It would seem that no matter what brains are brought to bear on a nation's life it must go through birth pangs and growing-pains.

## TELEVISION

Look, for example, at the way TV is consuming the minds of the nation. Now all thinking people, and even unthinking people, will tell you that our age-old custom of conversation is much better than listening to TV. Yet we go on listening to TV until the only subject for conversation in life is what emanates from TV. Has it not gone already to an absurd extreme? Yes, we are going through an evolution. We will have to get it all in and out of our systems or else sacrifice all we ever had of tradition for the superficial philosophy of the mass media. Somehow, and I hate to say this, I can see that the old tradition is at an end and the only values that the young nation will inherit are TV values. (Georgie Best or 'The Saint' or Gay Byrne or

Frank Hall — slan mar a n-innstear e). The situation now is that a young lad of thirteen or fourteen hears TV more than he hears his father or mother. Tradition through the screen has supplanted tradition through the family. Is it any wonder then that we have youth problems? (Of course we could have an Irish TV instead of a television of the Pale!)

## RICHES

But the point that haunts me is that although most people see the wrong, and what else is it but wrong, few will take action or even know what action to take. And so life goes on and, slowly but surely, we tolerate the drift of evolution, some breaking their backs for society against an adverse tide, more living in their closed little smug lives, blind to their dependence on humanity. Belloc was right: Riches corrupt the heart. And does it not seem that now more than ever money is controlling the world. But the trier finds consolation in the trying, so long as he does not expect success. To have tried is sufficient. To have lived one's life and enjoyed the best it had to give of fulfilment and beauty, is not this all we want? Success is a relative term.

With all these things spinning in my mind, I have been trying to analyse why we burn our fingers endeavouring to effect some social good. It would seem that unless the politician can be enlightened there is little hope of steering any tide. What use is there teaching industrial psychology, while those who make the rules stay noticeably away from any such study groups? What use is there seeking to know what would constitute a better Ireland if those in high places choose to drift with 'vote-catching' tides and are not in the slightest bit interested in how to bring a philosophy of life to bear on the national movement? Must the philosophers also get into position? (Lord preserve us from that! Philosophers are strikingly impractical people.) Must practical people deepen their philosophy? Is practical idealism to be left to the fewer and fewer who have kept the spark of true patriotism?

## INTO EUROPE

It is all very confusing in this time of urgent change, but one thing is clear: New experiments



must be made, daring experiments with new and vital groups whereby the moment of halt called for by Pope Paul when he addressed the United Nations can be effectively arranged. A moment of halt is badly needed in Ireland, a national examination of conscience. There are many questions. Do we want wealth at the price of happiness? Do we want our own distinctive culture or do we want to follow Mammon into a grey and nondescript Europe? Are we culturally strong enough to survive what seems to be economically necessary, namely union with Europe? Is there any such thing as an economic policy unless one that is a part of a greater cultural and social policy? Can we honestly say that Ireland any more has a native aspiration? Do we want anything of our past in our new society or will we risk the whole business in one furious game of pitch and toss?

It would be an interesting examination of conscience and somehow I feel that thoughts would emerge that would change our present

blind collision-course for a steadier passage. With wisdom as a celestial fix and tradition as a reliable star we could go forward to a good life, rather than drift on to the inhospitable shore of affluence now being rejected by those who had it.

No, we cannot go on aimlessly, vaguely, falsely, weakly. We must make our stand knowingly. It will take courage and sacrifice but, after all, faith can move mountains, but only if that faith sheds its light on a living, active mind. Faith is not an excuse for indolence.

But the sobering thought is that we all see the ugliness of the modern world and try to avoid it and yet, under the influence of some heavenly current, we sail right into the middle of it. Where then can we find life if not among the crowd with whom we are destined to sail? It is a sublime paradox.

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## THE LETTER—*contd.*

off his shoes and lay down on the bed, his mind still whirling with the excitement of it all. He found it hard to sleep. He thought he felt a funny pain, a tightness, as he reached out for the letter. The pain seemed to run down his arm. It will be gone tomorrow, he thought, everything will be fine tomorrow. He started memorising the words of Danny Boy just to be on the safe side. The old pain became sort of worse, and he noticed with fear that the pattern on the wallpaper seemed to dance and come near him, then become misty and obscure before it finally faded away altogether.

They waited the two of them, their collars turned up and they stamped their feet — it was cold, very cold, and no sign of Tom. Ah, sure it was cold and wet and if he didn't appear tomorrow they would look him up.

They walked away, two old tired men, hands in pockets and heads bent against the gusty wind. The city still glittered around them, but it still didn't seem to matter. They little knew that their dreams had been so near that they had brushed them by. They little knew also that Tom's dreams had all come true, and that even in the celestial great beyond a fascinated audience had given him absolute "shush" for his slow, long rendering of Danny Boy.

## MICHAEL FITZGERALD--*contd.*

happiness and human enjoyment were rooted out and exterminated.

### LAWS NEEDED

I would therefore make stringent enactments to prevent such evils. I would therefore create a fund towards promoting emigration of the poor of the district, or towards out-door relief, under the direction of the local guardians, by a heavy assessment on all occupiers rated at more than £100 value to the poor rate. That is for the land; I would not tax the buildings. I would make this tax 2s. 6d. in the pound for the first £50 above said £100 value; 5s. for the next £50; 7s. 7d. for the next £50; and if it amounted to £150 over £100 value, exclusive of building and timber, I would tax still higher. The principle of the tax would amount to a prohibition to the consolidation of farms.

Needless to say, nothing was done by the Government and the Archdeacon's salutary evidence and far-sighted advice went for nought; but it serves now to give us a picture of a manly and conscientious priest fighting for the right of his flock to secure their rightful place in the economy of their country — a right that continued to be denied for many years to come.





SUMMER, 1970

My dear Children,

If you get your Summer *Catholic Life* late you can blame the bad cold weather we have had recently. I had to wait for a fine warm day to sit down to look at your paintings and read your letters. They surely did help to make the day bright and cheerful! Thank you, everyone, for your interesting and funny letters, poems and Easter cards made by yourselves. They were quite a pleasant surprise.

I was very glad to hear from the girls in Newcastle West that they sent their Christmas prize money to Gorta. It was a wonderful idea and one that many of us could take example from. Rosmarie Hughes, from Rathkeale, wins a prize for the most interesting letter about her visit to Dublin during the Easter holidays.

For your competition this time I want you to paint a design for lino or wallpaper. I have filled the space with various shapes. I think you should begin by painting in the background in one colour. You then choose any colours you like for the shapes. These can be shaded or left just flat. In any case, the result should be very pleasing. For this particular painting, *do not* use texture work.

You will be getting summer holidays soon and I hope you will enjoy them, in the country, at the seaside, or in the city. Don't forget to be good and help others in your spare time.

God bless you all.

—AUNTIE BRIGID.



# The Murphy Twins

It all happened because of the cat. Peter and Pauline weren't really to blame but Mammy and Daddy just didn't see it that way and Eileen could only see it one way that her lovely new doll's house was ruined for evermore, and someone had better pay for it! Yesterday everybody had been full of high spirits as Summer had really come and at last there was a warmth in the sunshine and a breath of life and gaiety in the light breeze. In the wall of the old stone barn the twins had discovered a blue tit's nest. They watched, fascinated, as the pretty little birds with their yellow breasts and bluish heads made their way in and out through the tiny hole, and wondered at what all the comings and goings were about. At one stage they decided they would get a cage and put the nest and young birds into it when they came out so that they could watch them growing and learning to fly. However, they decided against it as, in the first place, they couldn't get their hands into the hole to get out the nest, and anyway they had no cage. It was Eileen who told them they were not the only ones who were interested in the nest. The big grey cat, which they always called the wild cat because he was very unfriendly and would not let them rub him, was watching the nest too. He lay crouched close to the ground as the little birds flew in and out and followed them with greedy eyes. The twins tried to hunt him away but he snarled at them and Peter said he was just like a tiger. Finally, they got him away by throwing stones at him, but when they came out after tea he was back again at his post. They now decided that they would have to do something, as the birds were in danger. Their first idea was to

place someone on guard. Peter did the first half-hour, then Pauline and, finally, Eileen. But when Peter found that Eileen had wandered off after ten minutes they saw that this was not going to work either. This time Peter and Pauline left Eileen out of it and tried to think up some new plan. Pauline said they would have to shut in the cat somewhere because otherwise they would have to stay up all night. It wouldn't be much use putting him in the barn, because someone would surely open the door and let him out. Just then Peter's eye caught Eileen's new doll's house. It was a very big and elaborate house and the whole front of it opened out on hinges so that you could see what was inside. "Wait," he shouted, "I know what we'll do. We'll put him into the doll's house." "We'll never be able," said Pauline, "he'd scratch our eyes out." "Wait and see," said Peter. He went back into the house and brought out a saucer of milk, swung open the front of the house and placed the milk in the farthest corner. Then

he lay down on the grass behind the little house. At first nothing happened, but soon the cat came cautiously nearer and edged his way into the milk and was soon lapping contentedly. Peter sat up slowly and suddenly swung the front of the house in place and held it while Pauline closed the side catch. The house bounced and tumbled as if it were alive and the milk splashed through the little windows. Between them the twins took it into the barn and closed the door and that night they went to bed happy. They were not so happy next day when the house was discovered in smithereens in the barn and Daddy reported that when he opened the door the grey cat flew out like a mad thing. Daddy and Mammy were cross and said they should have had more sense and they should have known the doll's house wasn't made to hold a cat, and Eileen was heartbroken. Anyway, you'll be glad to hear that the cat got such a fright he didn't come back for weeks. And when he did the baby birds had already learned to fly.

## Results of Easter Competitions

### Juniors:

1. Michael Wolfe (7½), Kiloughteen School, Newcastle West.
2. Breed Sullivan (9), Ballywilliam, Rathkeale.
3. Niamh Talbot (8), 31 Carrig Drive, Dooradoyle.
4. Nora O'Dwyer (8), Ballybeg, Kilmallock.
5. Karen Keane (8), Scoil Mhathair De, Limerick.
6. Valarie Green (7), 28 Edward Street, Limerick.
7. Margaret Quinlivan (7), Finnoe, Ballyhahill.

### Seniors:

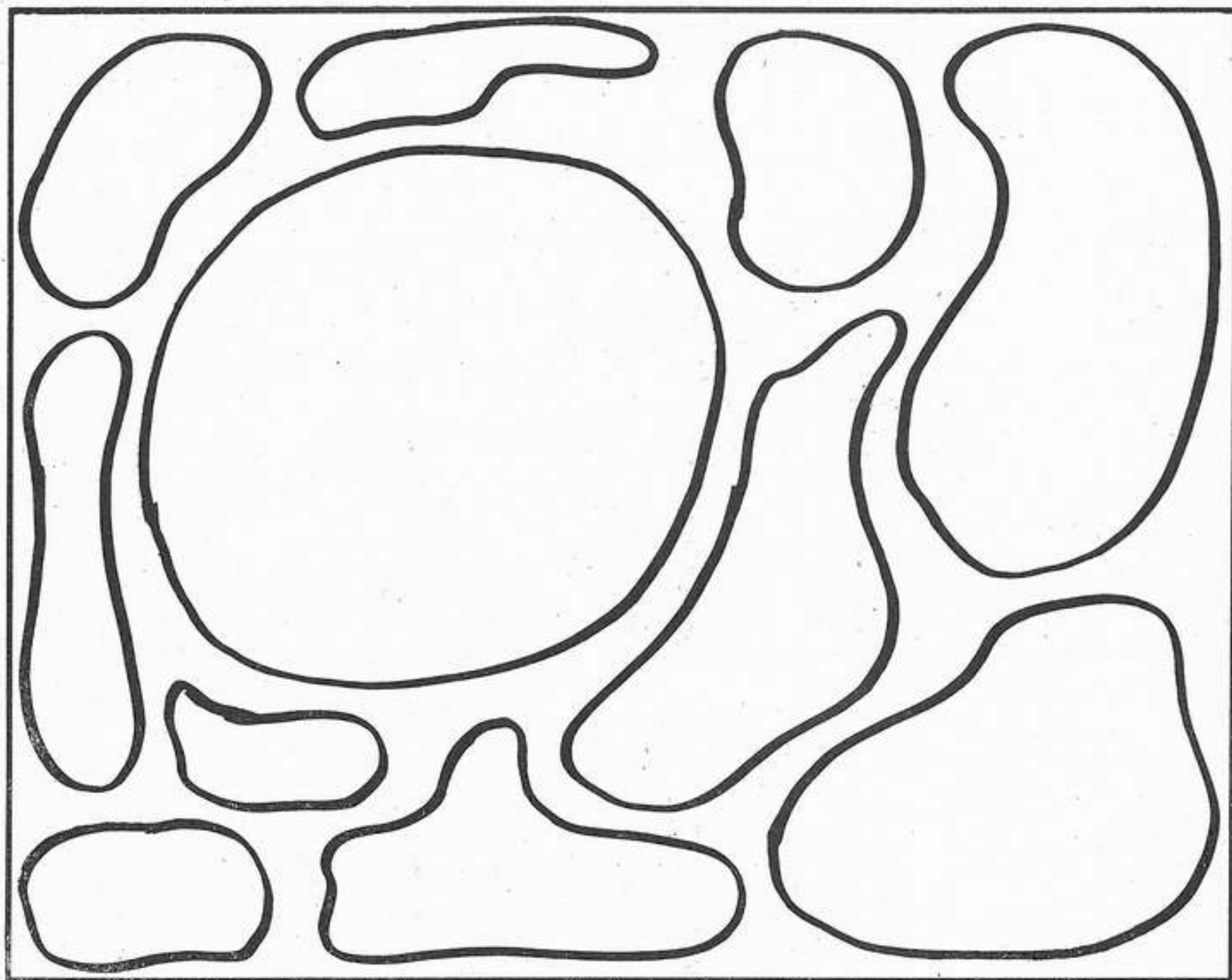
1. Helen O'Connor (13), 38 Assumpta Park, Newcastle West.
2. Robert Elliott (11), South Quay, Newcastle West.
3. Geraldine Flanagan (11), Holy Child School, Limerick.
4. Kathleen O'Sullivan (13), Ballyorgan N.S., Kilmallock.
5. Patricia Coughlan (12), St. Joseph's School, Clare Street.
6. Maura Gleeson (11), Cratloe East, Abbeyfeale.
7. Mary McAndrew (10), Tyrawley, Iona Drive, N.C.R.d.
8. Mary McDermott (12), St. Mary's School, Limerick.

**Best Letter:** Rosmarie Hughes, St. Anne's School, Rathkeale.

3872



# Your Summer Painting Competition



Before commencing be sure to read Auntie Brigid's letter

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

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Age.....

Signed .....

(Parent, Teacher)

Biodh iarrachtaí istigh roimh 1/8/1970

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