FIRST PUBLISHED MAY 1956

PRINTED AND BOUND IN IRELAND
BY THE LEINSTER LEADER, LTD,
NAAS, CO. KILDARE

St. Kieran's Record

A COLLEGE AND DIOCESAN REVIEW

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

THE LORD BISHOP OF OSSORY

VOLUME I : 173rd ACADEMIC YEAR

1955-1956

EDITED BY JAMES MAHER

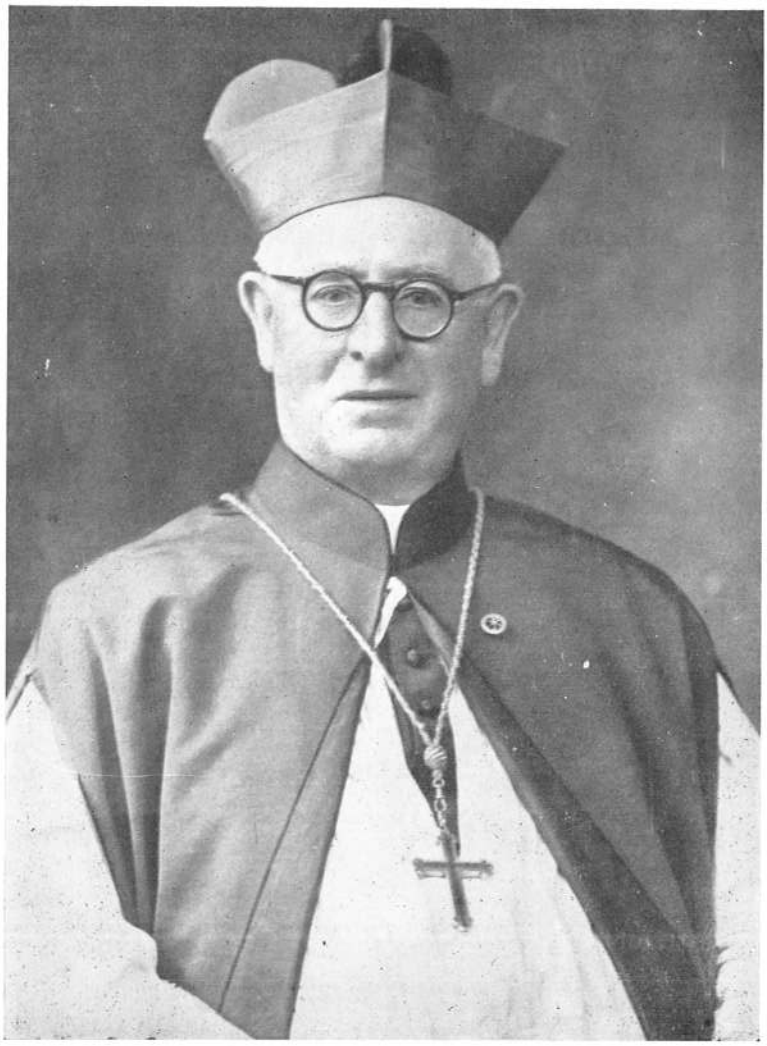
HIEMS TRANSIIT . . .

For winter is now past, the rain is over and gone.

The flowers have appeared in our land.

PUBLISHED AT ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE, KILKENNY

PRICE 6/- (1 DOLLAR)



MOST REV. PATRICK COLLIER, D.D.

Professor of St. Kieran's College, 1911-1921; President, 1925-1928
Appointed Lord Bishop of Ossory, 1928

Diu sospes sit

FOREWORD

" In Memory of the Golden Times gone

down the Dusty Street "

IN the year 1951 the History of Saint Kieran's College was published, and in a foreword to that excellent work I wrote these words :

" Diocesan readers may be dissatisfied that many well-known and beloved names who took a leading part in the life and work of our College, especially those of later years, are missing from the history, or are just casually mentioned, or at most get a thumb-nail biography. It is indeed regrettable, but in a short history like this, covering almost two centuries, nothing more could be expected or attempted. Full length notices or biographies are more material for an Annual with its frequent appearances, and its hospitable chatty pages. I now express the hope and wish that a College Annual will emerge almost as a necessity to supplement in many ways the details which no college history can attempt. In the life of our College, past and present, there is rich material for such an Annual, it should have many writers, and would receive a wide and cordial welcome."

That wish is now a reality, and with shy but sprightly step the oldest Diocesan College in Ireland enters on the educational stage with her younger compeers, makes her bow, and announces her first appearance with the college Bugle-call " Hiems Transiit, 1782." She is indeed 173 years young, ancient but ever new, up-to-date except in the matter of Annuals, and this defect she proceeds to set right, here and now, by the College Record in your hands. The dark winter of the Penal Laws against Education and Religion has passed indeed, and the blossoms, flowers, and fruits of learning and education have appeared in the land. And we know we will not be misunderstood if, looking back, we murmur " prosit " to the School which, greatly daring, relit the Lamps of Learning, and helped to recall to life Ireland of the Saints and Scholars.

It is our earnest hope, and our objective, that our Record, or Annual, will be a valuable and welcome link between the Alma Mater and her scattered children, and between the Alumni themselves. It may seem late to begin, but not too late. The only thing that is too late is the worth-while thing that has never been done or attempted. We have encouraging precedent and example in what we attempt, since practically every college, school, and educational body in every land has its Past Pupils' Union, which as a matter of course and honour now produces its Annual or Record. It must be wise and good . . . *securus judicat orbis scholarum* . . . everyone is doing it, and we would not be considered peculiar !

* * *

The official history of a school or college may be called the still life of the Institution in question, while the Annual represents its life in motion and action on many fronts. The Annual or Record may serve a double purpose, first as a practical advertisement, keeping itself and its work before the public mind, as seems so necessary these days. On a higher plane they are found to be the best way of keeping contacts between the school

or teaching body and its past students, and between the past students themselves. This can be very useful socially, professionally and culturally. Without straining analogy, the position might be likened to a mother sitting at home in the evening of life, following her children in loving thought and memory, longing to be near them again, or at least to hear of or from them when the calls of life take them from her side : and on the other hand the " children," the past students looking back often and wistfully trying to see " the old familiar faces " of class-room and exam. hall, of chapel and study, of recreation on the playing fields, of triumphs in the College Theatre at Play or Concert or Debate, longing for the golden times gone down the dusty street . . . but finding no organ of contact and communication, both spend a life of virtual separation, nursing memories that would be doubled if shared. To unite the Alma Mater with her lost children to their mutual advantage is we think the work and mission of any school or college annual or magazine, fostering that deep instinct of love of Home and Country and Vocation, and the enduring companionship of College Days. To this high purpose we dedicate our first college Record, to the Kieran's Priest on his mission work at home or abroad, to the lay Alumnus in his profession or business, to our companions of the old days now working in the fields of home, or in far foreign cities or towns, all one Big Family of the same Alma Mater.

* * *

We know we are novices just now in the making of a college annual or record. We are experimenting as beginners, and we feel we may be making mistakes ; we may not be on the right lines, or on the lines you want, but we hope to improve by the old method of trial and error, and you can help us in this. We want you to write to us (always with an eye to publication in the next *Record*) to give us your opinions, where we have failed, where we can improve, what you want, and we will try to give it, and so please everybody as far as that is possible. We want your co-operation, and you need have no fear of hurting us when you are candid, as long as criticism is constructive.

Our Record is in the hands of a capable and experienced Editor, who is also a distinguished alumnus of our college. He has our fullest confidence, and that is our best guarantee of success now and in the future.

The big news from home that dwarfs all else is that the dream of a lifetime is at last being realized. The building of the New Wing has actually started ; the Contractor has his bulldozers and other machinery on the spot, preparing the Site. The Building is to be completed in eighteen months, and the all-in costs will not be less than £70,000. Our pictures will give you the exact location of the New Wing, and what your college will look like when the original Plan is implemented by getting its full complement of Two Wings. The New Wing will be on the west side of the college, and will correspond to the Moran Wing in stone and general architectural finish. It is a heavy and difficult work, but it is God's work, and a necessary work, and so we undertake it humbly but confidently in the Name of God, Our Lady, and Saint Kieran. It will give us more room for students, and that means more vocations and more Priests, and that is all that matters. We will want good wishes, your Prayers—and your Pounds !

✠ PATRICK COLLIER,
Bishop of Ossory.

Feast of St. Kieran,
5th March, 1956.

CONTENTS

The Editor of the first St. Kieran's Record sends his warm greetings and thanks to his contributors, advertisers, and all readers of the Record

Go gcúitigíd Dia rib go léir

Sacred Heart Presbytery,
50 Vincent St.,
Mt. Lawley,
West Australia,
March 16th, 1956.

Mr. James Maher,
Kickham Street,
Mullinahone,
Co. Tipperary,
Ireland.

My dear Mr. Maher,

I am delighted to know that it is proposed to publish, this year, the first issue of a College magazine, "St. Kieran's Record."

I hasten to congratulate His Lordship, Bishop Collier, and all associated with the inauguration of the publication, which, I hope and pray, will be blessed with success.

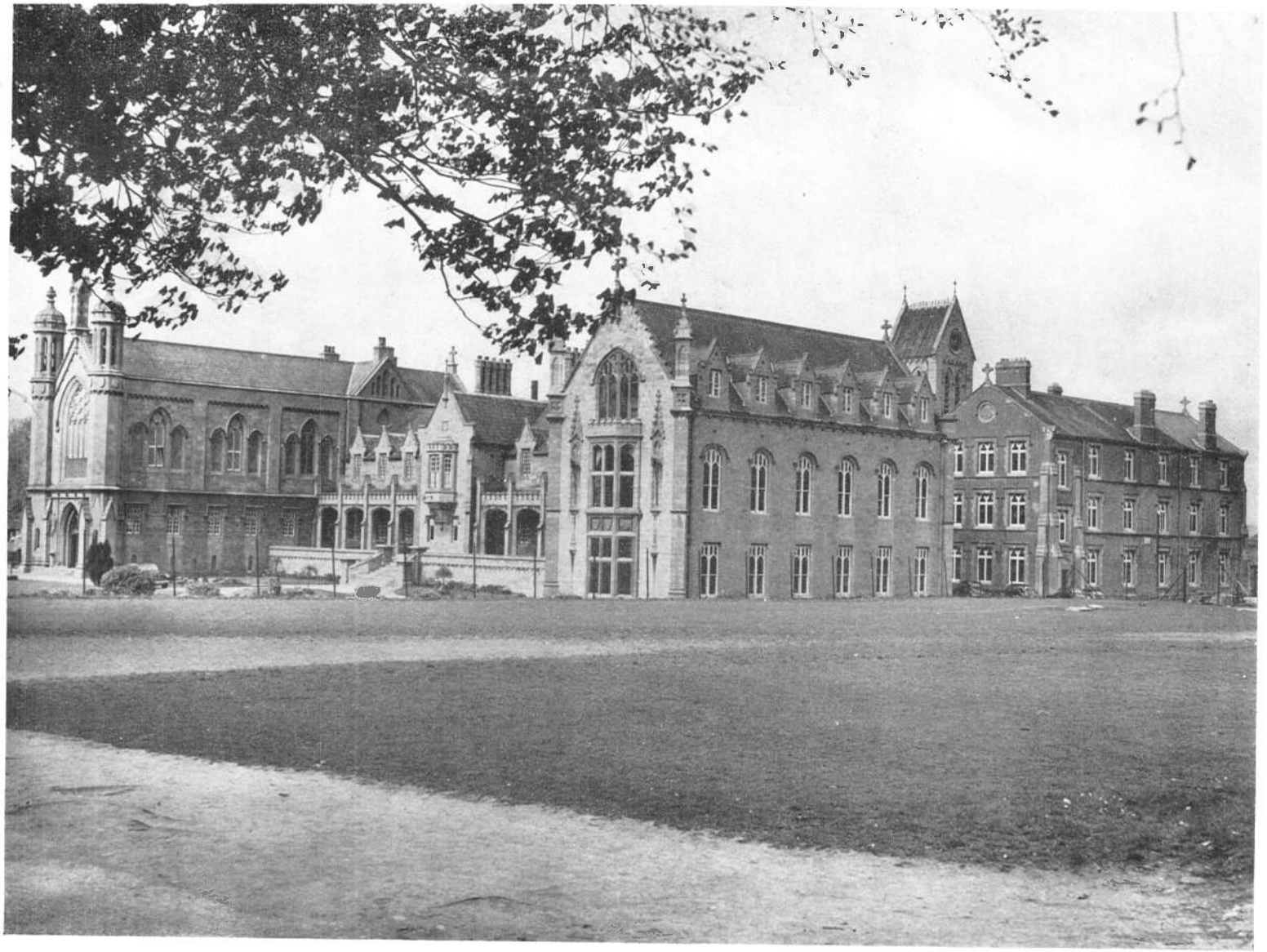
I think all past students of St. Kieran's will agree that there has been a need of just such a link with our Alma Mater, and will look forward with the keenest interest to the appearance of the first issue.

I am most grateful for this opportunity of conveying my warmest greetings to the President, staff, and students of the College, and to St. Kieran's men the world over.

Wishing you every success in your work as Editor.

Yours sincerely,

✠ *JOHN J. RAFFERTY*



HIEMS TRANSIIT . . . Springtime in St. Kieran's

Introducing St. Kieran's College

Rev. Peter Birch, M.A., Ph.D.

TO introduce St. Kieran's College is the task that has been given to me by the industrious Editor of the *St. Kieran's Record*. It is somewhat of a formality, I know, but none the less difficult for that. Speechmakers are frequently heard to declare in similar circumstances that their subject needs no introduction—and then proceed to speak as if they did not believe this themselves! I hope I shall not be deemed guilty of the same fault.

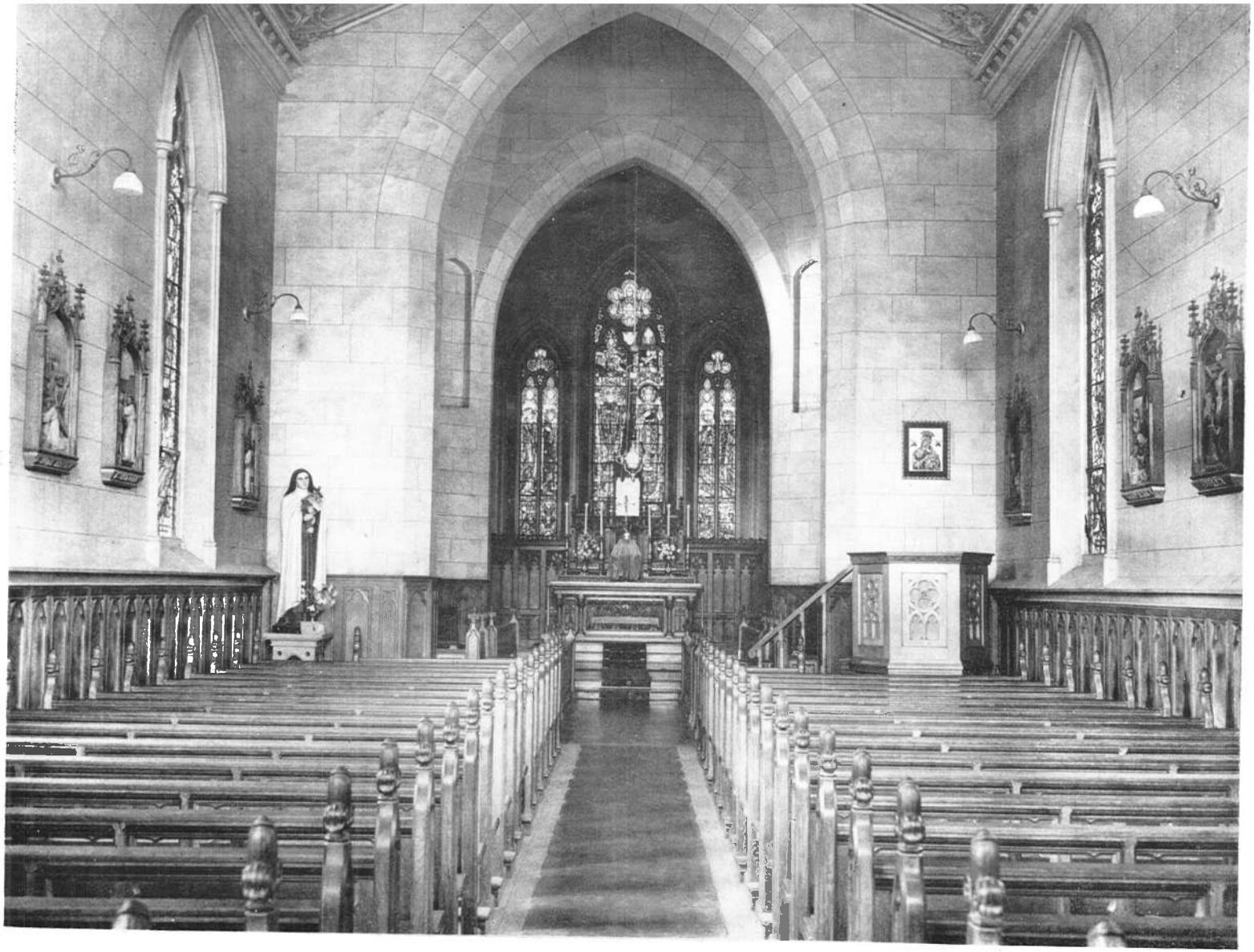
To say that I am proud to be given the task of introducing the College to readers of this magazine is to risk being platitudinous or being regarded as having taken refuge in the standard opening to which beginners have recourse when making a formal speech and waiting for pounding pulses to return to a normal course. There are times, however, when all these phrases are no less or no more than the truth, and this, I believe, is one of them. For St. Kieran's College, in fact, needs little introduction; for a long span of years it has been contributing generously and quietly to the intellectual life of the nation. Nevertheless, there are some features of it which are unique, and to these I shall try to draw attention.

To have been associated with St. Kieran's is a privilege for which I am genuinely and, I trust, sufficiently grateful. One thing I have learned about it is that as a College it is very modest about its achievements. Perhaps it is inclined to let deeds speak for themselves; but being the oldest Catholic educational institution in the country has responsibilities which may not always be fully met by this conservative policy. In the confusion of educational complaints and criticisms, plans and panaceas, of the present day, old experience could be of great assistance in directing what can be done and what should be aimed at. This St. Kieran's can afford.

In this connection I am reminded of a recent past-pupil of the College, a professional man working in a famous University abroad, who took part in a discussion there on Education, and announced in passing that he had been educated in the Classical tradition, adding by way of explanation—"in St. Kieran's, of course." His defence of the tradition, which was not a popular one there, was listened to with respect; his "of course" being taken for granted, too. I recall another alumnus of the College, likewise a University man, enumerating things which he claimed he brought away from St. Kieran's, and laying most stress on the spirit of industry and intellectual endeavour. And a third comes to my mind, one of the "ordinary" men, who in his College days never got more than a Pass in the Christmas tests, who mentioned to me more than once that St. Kieran's gave him a valuable sense of Christian responsibility and a practical interest in trying to promote the welfare of those less favourably placed in life than he.

* * *

Now these summings-up of what education in the St. Kieran's manner gives to individual pupils are no mere accidents or whimsical fancies. Neither are they exceptions or recent developments, for they go back with the spirit of the school to its very beginnings. "Hiems Transiit" is the motto of the College; the Winter of persecution was over which drove Irish Catholic education into huts fenced with fear. The choice



ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL

of this motto displays an optimism on the part of the founders very similar to that of mid-March, St. Patrick's Day processions, and snowdrops—that is to say, though growth was possible, killing frosts were still a real danger, and those who plant must needs be careful in preparing the soil for the future in the field of education, and in tending the seeds.

This single-minded care and concentration on essentials characterised the work of educating from Lanigan and Marum down a long line to MacDonald and Doody. These worked in times of national need and educational endeavour, and handed on to their successors in office, and to our day, respect for traditional culture and Catholic gentlemanly humanism. The deeds of most of them, or of the pupils they formed, are not sufficiently recorded, except perhaps for those who know how to read the story, in the solid grey buildings which house their successors in the College, and in the homes and churches erected by laymen and priests at home and abroad. They are recorded, too, in a somewhat different way, in the spirit which gives the school its abiding inherited qualities.

When the diocesan school was opened in 1782 its purpose was to provide an education for laymen which would take the place of that previously got with such difficulty, if at all, on the Continent. The early professors, all men with continental university experience, were well qualified to give this, and high standards were set in "the earliest Catholic college in the Kingdom." The effect of their training was soon evident in the practical patriotism of their pupils, which varied in form from that displayed by '98 leaders against oppression, or that of Dr. Kelly as defender of his people against the power of the landlords, or that of Father Mathew in his fight for Temperance.

Soon the College expanded its scope. It directed its attention to the difficulties raised for ecclesiastical studies on the Continent and, in the same year as Carlow College opened only some twenty miles away, it began to provide what was needed in this regard. This was in 1793, and a few years afterwards the College had taken on the nature of a national major seminary.

* * *

The inherited tradition of diligent work in the interests of scholarship and with a view to assisting others, which I have referred to as part of the spirit of the school, is well illustrated in the life of one pupil, Dr. Matthew Kelly, who became Professor in the Irish College, Paris, and afterwards in Maynooth. Dr. Kelly's birthplace was the house in which the noted churchman, Dr. De Burgo, had lived in Kilkenny; and this mention takes us back to less happy days. He was nephew of that Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Richmond, and later of Waterford, a distinguished pupil of the College, who successfully challenged the Beresford family, on behalf of O'Connell. One of his early teachers was the ecclesiastical historian, Dr. Brennan, O.F.M., who was himself also a pupil of the College. When Dr. Kelly died, he was still a very young man, but he had already done much valuable work to which recognition was accorded in his appointment, with the approval of the Rector, to be Vice-Rector of Newman's Catholic University. Failing health prevented him from taking up the appointment, however, and he died within a few months. It is interesting to note in passing that the brave venture of Newman for Irish Catholics received much valuable support from another past pupil of St. Kieran's, also Professor in Maynooth, the noted hagiologist, Dr. O'Hanlon.

The work of the men I have mentioned was mainly concerned with devotion to scholarship in the national problem of Education. This interest has been mirrored in the work of others—down through the long period of its history.

The first curriculm of our diocesan college proposed as its aim to "inculcate Religion and form a Taste for Virtue and Purity of Manners." The list of subjects embraced "every branch of useful and polite Literature on the most improved plan." To achieve this, care was taken, as we saw, to staff the school with the best talent available. The subsequent history of the College

shows that the same broad interest in contemporary educational practice has persisted as a feature, and while remaining faithful to the old and tested, it was ready to lead quietly in embarking on the new, when that was shown to be necessary.

Investigation of curriculum alterations at various times shows this interest in contemporary education, as does the story of the College's connection with institutions like the London University, or Newman's Catholic University. It is shown, in a special way, in the history of its relations with the Intermediate Board, particularly in the resistance conscientiously offered to what experience had shown to be poor pedagogical practice, or in later years in the practical suggestions offered, in a pioneering spirit, to make the public educational system more harmonious with national requirements.

* * *

If I appear to be devoting too much attention to the educational experiment in carrying out my task of introducing St. Kieran's, the reason is my feeling that the Present should pay tribute to the Past, and to the work which our Irish colleges have done in developing a system of education under formidable difficulties. It may well be that all these colleges have been far too modest in evaluating their work, and the portion of it shared by the parents and pupils who so generously supported them.

Addressing a group of graduates in a Scottish University on one occasion, a distinguished fellow-countryman of theirs observed: "Great are the Universities of Scotland, but the greatest of them all are the poor, proud homes from which you come." It was nobly said, and scarcely more than the truth. It was from similar poor, proud homes that St. Kieran's, like most other Irish colleges, drew its pupils. It was happily by the sacrifices of the pupils and parents that the College was built up, in spite of studied official neglect—and even of famine! And it was the combination of the laudible ambition of parents and the self-effacing devotion of teachers that produced the spirit which gave it life. It is something to be doubly proud of that St. Kieran's was privileged to play the prominent part which it did from the beginning in maintaining and preserving that spirit of our Irish schools for so long.

* * *

A peculiar feature of the organization of St. Kieran's is the fact that it is really two colleges in one institution, with a strong bond of union between them. From 1793 onwards, when ecclesiastical studies began, both lay and clerical departments have combined to form one entity; and no distinction was made in the roll-books until comparatively recent times. This has its advantages in making for greater unity and harmony between priests and laity in adult life. Past pupils will recall with pleasure the common rejoicing of lay pupils on Ordination Sunday, and the jubilation in the ecclesiastical department when the lay pupils won a victory for the College on the playing-field. (Perhaps the prospect of a Free Day may have prompted some of the jubilation, but no matter).

This community of interest has always persisted between lay and clerical sides, not merely in College, but all through life; and when the laity went abroad to settle down and establish homes, the priest went with them, or after them, to share their lives. This common interest may be seen even in a smaller field, and when, for example, emigration from South Kilkenny was directed, as it was, mainly to Australia, priests from that area went there, too, while those from the Northern portion of the Diocese of Ossory tended to go to Australia and New Zealand for similar reasons.

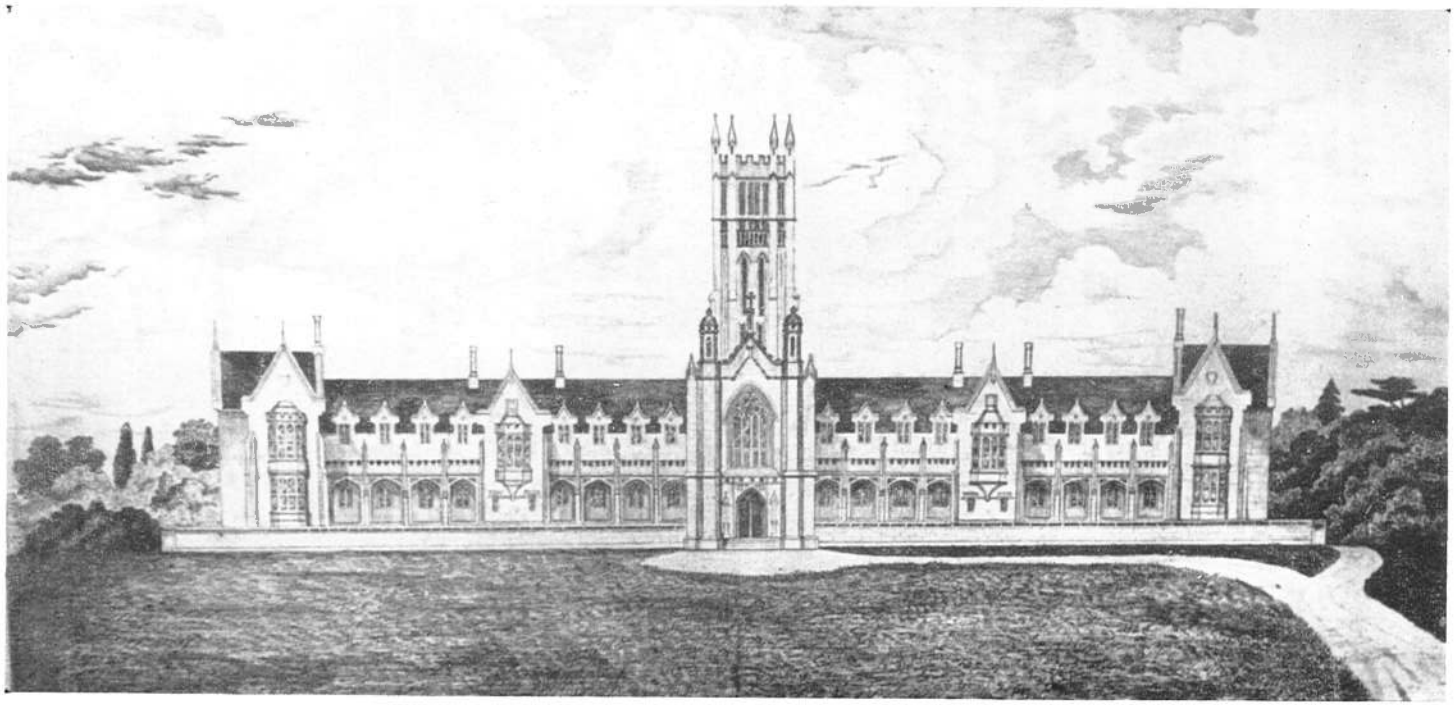
This joint undertaking to set up the "Empire of the Irish and of Christ," to use the words of an Irish statesman, still continues. A Milner and an Ullathorne came in the early days in their need to seek and to obtain helpers for their dioceses. Their successors in newly developed dioceses, or in missionary societies, are treated to a similar traditional welcome to-day and receive the same help.

* * *

When I made the suggestion earlier, and returned to it more than once, that the

College is, perhaps, too modest about its achievements, I was not thinking so much of school successes in the popular sense, but rather of success in providing its pupils with an effective way of life to meet and overcome contemporary obstacles with equanimity; success, that is to say, in combining a Christian philosophy of living with a useful life in the material sense. I have reason to know how disappointingly meagre definite records are in this regard, and how difficult it is for one interested to come by them. Information of a general kind there is in plenty, but it is seldom such as could be advanced as strict evidence or as documentation in the scholarly sense. The facts were taken for granted and not thought worthy of recording.

Past pupils could do much to make up for this lack of data by sending on the information which their perusal of the documents will uncover. This College periodical, *St. Kieran's Record*, will always provide a place where it can be preserved. And let not this be considered as savouring of vanity or pride, but rather as "pietas," or piety in every sense of the term. The example of these predecessors, no matter what walk of life they may have traversed, would provide useful stimulus to their successors of the present day, who stroll around by the alleys, and chat, or day-dream, as these did in their day. What they found useful, from their contact with life, would serve as a directive for those who sit nightly in the study-halls preparing for that life, or who are planning for the future, as they kneel in the College Chapel. And the composite picture formed from their experiences, good or bad, would provide information for all who are planning the direction that Irish education should take.



PLAN OF ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE, 1847

The Evolution of St. Kieran's College

From Burrell's Hall to the Bishop Collier Wing

Very Rev. P. Canon Dunphy

ST. KIERAN'S College, Kilkenny, was founded in 1782. Its site was Burrell's Hall, which was an old mansion that stood facing James's Green, at the spot where St. Mary's Cathedral now stands. The present St. Kieran's College evolved, then, from Burrell's Hall. Dr. Troy of Ossory was the first of the Irish Bishops to take advantage of the concessions granted by the Relief Act of 1782. St. Kieran's College was the first Catholic diocesan college in post-penal times. Hence the emblem or motto of the College—"Hiems Transiit"—the winter of persecution has passed.

The Academy or College established at Burrell's Hall in 1782 was transferred from there in 1792 to the Old Academy, a large house almost adjoining the Cathedral Churchyard of St. Canice's and now incorporated with the Loretto Convent. The Old Academy was in use till 1811.

In 1811 the ecclesiastical students were separated from the lay students. The ecclesiastical students went to Maudlin Street and the lay students returned to Burrell's Hall. In 1811, therefore, a three-storey house in Maudlin Street was established as the ecclesiastical college of Ossory by Dr. Marum.

The students were transferred from the Maudlin Street College to Birchfield in 1814.

The foundation stone of the present building (the modern St. Kieran's College) was laid in October, 1836, and the ecclesiastical students were transferred to the present building in the Autumn of 1838. The lay students who had remained at Burrell's Hall were transferred to the present building in 1839.

In the plan of the College drawn in 1847 it will be seen that two new wings are shown to be added to the existing building—one at the east side, and one at the west side. In other words, the original building of 1836 was to be completed by the addition of two new wings—at the east side and west side.

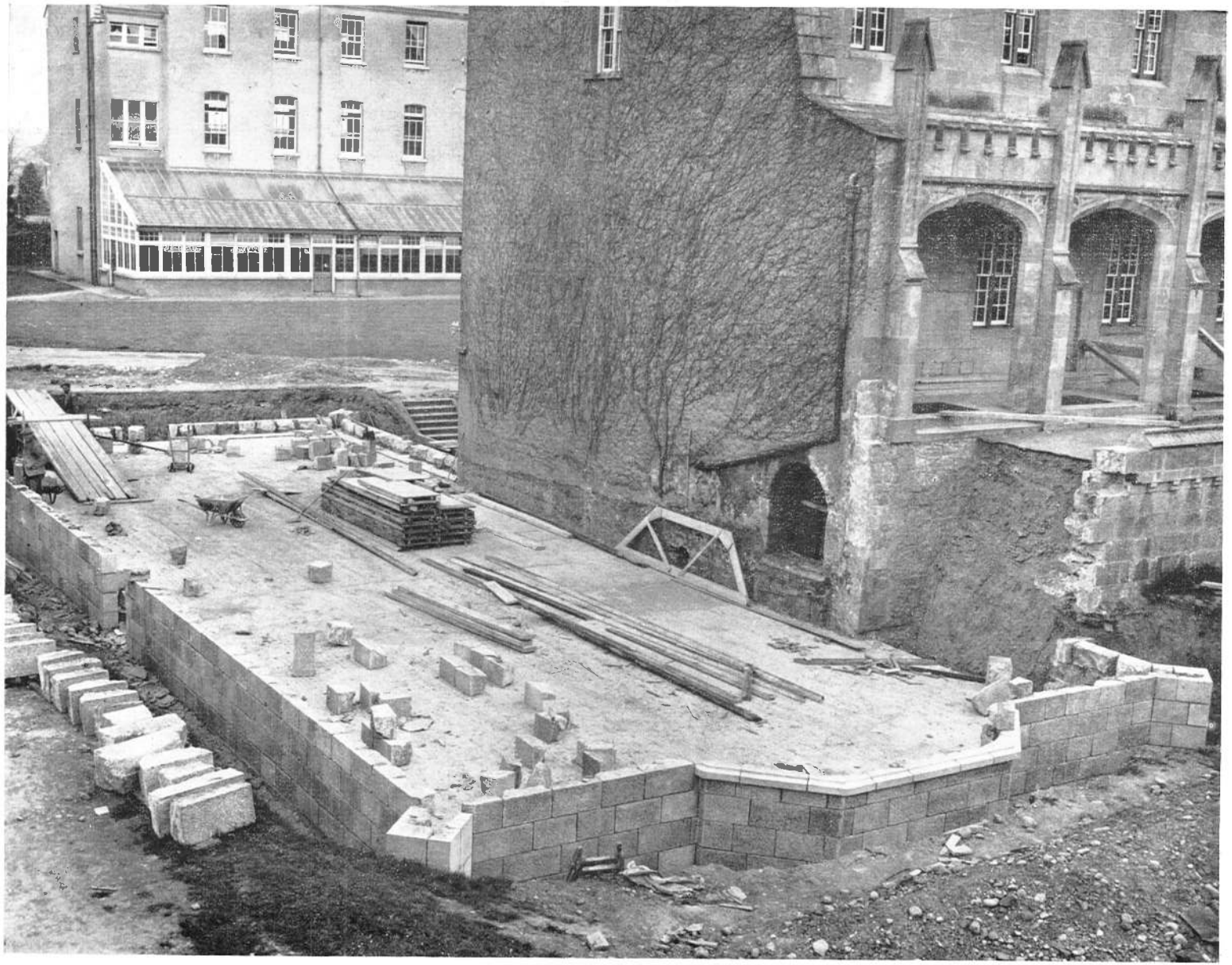
Dr. Marum, Bishop of Ossory, added the new east wing. The foundation stone was laid on St. Kieran's Day, March 5th, 1875. This wing was completed in 1877. It contains the Students' Refectory, a magnificent Play Hall, and a large Dormitory.

In 1905 Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, erected the north wing of the present lay department of the College. It includes the main body of the present lay side of the College, with the professors' rooms.

In 1933, owing to increasing numbers on the lay side, Dr. Collier added a further extension. This includes study halls, dormitories, and a science hall.

THE NEW WING (1956)

It has always been the desire of the present Bishop, Dr. Collier, to complete the old buildings as given in the plan of 1847. He, therefore, has decided that the new west wing should be built. This is a necessity because of the increasing numbers of ecclesiastics, and also to give greater amenities to staff and students.



FOUNDATIONS OF PROJECTED NEW WING, 1956

At present work has begun on the building of the new west wing, to correspond as nearly as possible with the Moran wing. On Sunday, 19th February, 1956, Dr. Collier cut the first sod and blessed the site in the presence of the members of the staff and the students, lay and ecclesiastics.

The building will be one of four storeys. The ground floor will contain two large recreation rooms for the ecclesiastical students, and also a pavilion containing locker rooms for games equipment, shower baths, and hand and foot basins.

On the first floor there will be two large class halls for the Theologians and Philosophers.

On the second and third floors there will be sitting-rooms and bed-rooms for ten priest professors.

When the new wing is completed more ecclesiastical students can be accepted and many and greater amenities will be available for staff and students.

A. M. D. G.
AD PERPETUAM DEI MEMORIAM

RITUS AD BENEDICENDUM SITUM SEMINARII DIOECESANI, SANCTI KIRANI, EXTENSIONIS, ALUMNIS AD PRESBYTERATUM EDUCANDIS DEDICATAE.

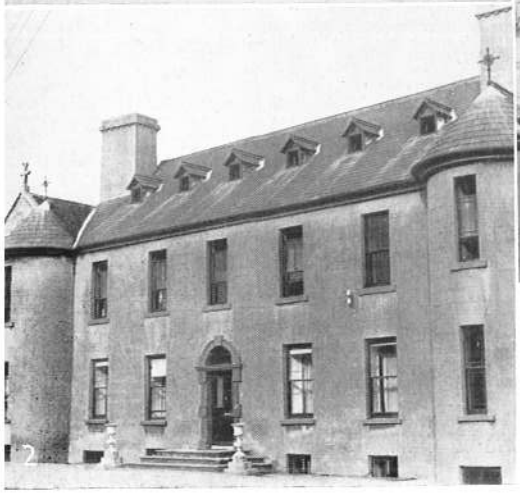
BENEDIC, DOMINE, INTERCEDENTE SANCTISSIMA VIRGINE MARIA, REGINA, CUM SANCTO PATRONO NOSTRO KIRANO, HUNC SITUM NOVAE SEMINARII NOSTRI DIOECESANI EXTENSIONIS, ALUMNIS AD PRESBYTERATUM EDUCANDIS DEDICATAE.

IN NOMINE PATRIS ET FILII ET SPIRITUS SANCTI. AMEN.

DATUM KILKENNIAE, DIE 19° MENSIS FEBRUARII ANNO DOMINI 1956.

1. BURRELL'S HALL (from drawing in Shearman MSS. (Maynooth).

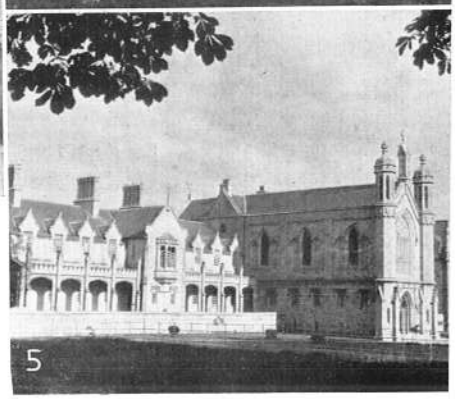
2. ST. CANICE'S (Old Academy), now Loreto Convent.



3. MAUDLIN STREET.

4. BIRCHFIELD.

5. PRESENT BUILDINGS.



Rosc Coláiste Ċiaráin

Ḃuan-ċlú Ċiaráin is aoirde cáil ní ṫáiniġ riaṁ d'aon éaċt;
Ḃ'é a uasal-ráḋ gan mian an óir aċt creideaṁ, riaġail, is léiġeann
Do ḃronnaḋ ar ċáċ go fial le gráḋ, is teagasg féiṁ na Naoṁ
Do cur ar faġáil is tríd sin grásta 's flaiṫeas Dé dúinn féin.

Is fada siar ó dubairt an Ḟiann i ḃfriotal ró soiléir;
Is glaine ċroiḋe in a ríogain is cuiḃe ag riaraḋ gnóṫa ár saoġail:
Gið neart ár ndíon: aon ró-ṁuinġin ná bíoḋ as san leis féin:
As ceart iontaoiḃ: d'réir focail gníoṁ, is iad is dual don Ḟéinn.

Ó's uaṫa araon ár ndúṫċas féin, ár ngníoṁa bíoḋ dá réir:
Ó Eaglais Dé gaċ buairt is baoġal díbriġimís riaṁ le faoḃar:
Is clú na h-Éireann luaṫ 'gur déanaċ cosnaimís ar aor:
Dóiḃ siúd le ċéile buaiḋ gan géilleaḋ ár nguiḋe go síor gan staon.

A Rí na glóire a rinne fóirṫin nuair ba ṁó ár mbaoġal,
Impiġimíd fós Ort sinn do ṫreoriú suas an bóṫar caol:
'Nár gcroiḋe cuir dóċas, dílseaċt, cróḋaċt, 's déin d'ár dtír go léir
Imḋídean, ċóṁaċtaċ, Ċríostaiḋe, ġlórṁar ar ionnsuiḋe an tsaoġail

St. Kieran's claim to lasting fame rests not on deeds of might ;
As sons our aim shall be the same—to carry on the light
With him we teach that love can reach the end we would attain,
The Faith to spread, to learning wed, and Heaven thus to gain.

In days of old, the Fianna bold with noble voice proclaimed :
Be strong our arm ; yet do no harm for which we could be blamed ;
Of truth be fond ; our word, our bond, should never broken be ;
And heart e'er clean should reign as Queen and all our works o'ersee.

As heirs to both let us be loth to stain our country's name ;
And even more let us deplore what would our Faith defame ;
Though rough the way let us display the courage to withstand
Whatever may forebode decay for Faith and Fatherland.

So here's a toast : our proudest boast be ever that we're true
To God above who in His love has given us strength anew ;
Let's raise our flag and never lag, though steep the path we take,
And make our land a bastion grand, unyielding for His sake.

(Air : *Domhnall Bán*)

(APPROVED COLLEGE ANTHEM BY REV. PATRICK O'FARRELL)

School Course For 1956

Teach them to listen to the tongue of fire
in the horizon's evening throat;
to memorise a wave-lined page of ocean
against the day there are no books to quote.

Teach them to love the leaded lights of forests,
drama of spring, the sculpture of a stone,
the music of a family together,
the poetry of self, composed alone.

Teach them that hatred is fratricidal;
that hallowed water, not a chasm of flame,
separates the Irish coast from England,
and where the Roundheads came from, Patrick came.

Teach them to find the unmuseumed riches
that diamond stud the book shrine of the night;
to see in spider's web a God-pinned target
for marksmen who are sensitive of sight.

Teach them that all they need to know of sum-work
is how to add a kindly to a cutting phrase,
how multiply the unsought joys of mothers
and take away a turning from life's maze.

Teach them that swallowflight is skying current
to raft their frail minds in their drift to God,
that every withered oak's a fallen temple
and every greening reed a blossomed rod.

Teach them that at the source of every river
there is a rise of God; that wish can climb
no mountain higher than His feet; or poet
sing of a world with which His name won't rhyme.

—FATHER JEROME KIELY.

board, and when they learned that I was from Ireland I had to sympathise with the movement in Cyprus, listen to tales of valour from old heroes with whiskers, and pretend I was a member of the I.R.A. So while David tried to hide his English accent, I listened to yarns from the fierce men of the mountains, who had fought in guerrilla fashion with the Germans.

As we descended to Livadia, down among the olive groves, we gradually felt reality returning to us. When we reached the towns and trains once more, our trip to Delphi seemed even more of a dream. In this light the old blue bus found a new dignity as the bridge between reality and that other world —a chariot for worshippers at the Oracle!

The Real College Boy

Rev. Francis Lalor, B.Sc., H.Dip.Ed. (Hons.)*

THAT education is not (or at any rate was not) a joy, few will deny. During the past quarter of a century a host of realistic college or school stories have given the lie to the traditional view that school-time is *the happiest period of one's life*. "If I thought *that?*" a boy in *The Harrovians* exclaims fiercely, "I'd shoot myself!"

Recent years have witnessed a reaction from the Spartan system of the past, and school life is happier now than it was. But in the praiseworthy effort to brighten the lot of the schoolboy, some sentimental writers have given a very unreal picture of that attractive young rascal, and have elaborated a very unsound principle to guide teachers in the process of educating him.

For example, one Irish writer states that "it must not be imagined that the so-called 'dull' boy possesses a brain necessarily inferior to that of the clever boy. The dull boy and the clever boy have simply different types of brains." Mr. Bertrand Russell tells us that "the driving force in education should be the pupil's wish to learn, not the master's authority." Mr. A. S. Neill, himself a schoolmaster and the author of *A Dominie's Log* and other books of school life, says: "I teach my bairns only what interests them," and, inferentially, only when it interests them. And an American educational reformer writes: "Corporal punishment is degrading, and ruinous to the well-being of boys. Moral suasion is the secret of success with them. Give them an interest in their work. Make it pleasant for them. The results will far exceed expectations."

Educational reformers like these will inevitably fail because they contradict or ignore two fundamental facts, viz., that brains are unequal and hard work is disagreeable! If there were in our schools no boys but those of first-rate ability, the process of education would be comparatively pleasant; but every schoolmaster knows that brain-power ranges from alpine heights of brilliance to abysmal depths of stupidity! If, in addition, there was no such thing as Original Sin, education would be a joy for ever; but it is only too true that Original Sin darkens the understanding, weakens the will and makes hard work disagreeable!

Recognition of these two facts is the first essential in the process of educating the schoolboy. But for complete success, if that is possible, we need fuller and more precise information of a practical kind about him.

This full and precise information can be obtained only by long and careful study of the normal boy. In the course of the investigation certain precautions should be observed. Previous prejudices against him should be laid aside. Sentimental leanings towards him, based perhaps on the idealized boy of certain school stories should be rigorously suppressed. In fine, he should be observed in a spirit of complete scientific detachment. Viewed then from the physical, intellectual, social and moral standpoints, what is the verdict of experience on the normal growing schoolboy?

(1) THE NORMAL GROWING SCHOOLBOY IS A YOUNG BARBARIAN. He is by nature utterly restless and full of animal spirits. He cannot help being so, as the period approaching and during adolescence is a period of marked physical excitement. Some boys are more

* Father Lalor was Professor of Mathematics in St. Kieran's from 1924 to 1938. Ar dheis Dé a anam.

pupil (in the words of the old poem) as follows : —

" My child and scholler take good heed
Unto the words that here are set :
And see you doe accordingly,
Or else be sure thou shalt be bet."

The advocates of this method claim that it has one outstanding merits—it works !

(7) HE REACTS CONSIDERABLY TO PRAISE. But a distinction should be drawn between clever and dull boys. A well-known Irish educationalist gives this advice to teachers : " Praise clever boys sparingly and only for something very special. Praise dull boys lavishly and as often as you can."

To be praised for a difficult achievement is one of the most delightful experiences of youth. But a teacher can easily overdo it. The frequent and public distribution of praise to a clever boy may focus attention on the fact that he is working with all his might, with the result that he ceases to be the hero that he was. Boys admire distinction in a companion, but, with youthful perversity, only if they are sure it has been attained with little or no effort. Otherwise, he is simply a " slogger " or a " pounder." As clever boys are deeply sensitive to the loss of their companions' admiration, they immediately take the obvious steps to regain it.

Dull boys, on the other hand, need a lot of encouragement. They generally underrate their own ability and over-rate the difficulty of their studies. Learning is to them very laborious and very disheartening. Praise from a teacher is like rain on a sun-scorched field—it gives new life and vigour. Also it is about the only reward they will get.

(8) HE REACTS TREMENDOUSLY TO THE FORCE OF RIVALRY. Love of distinction is a marked characteristic of the schoolboy, especially when young. The full effective use of this fact has always been a special feature of the Jesuit system of education. Pupils in class are arranged in pairs as " rivals," whose business it is to try to surpass each other. Classes are divided into two " teams," and one " team " pitted against the other. Examinations, followed by publication of results in the order of merit and distribution of prizes, are a regular part of the programme.

In the " little schools " of Port Royal, on the contrary, teachers were forbidden to use rivalry and prizes in school work. The result was that the pupils became indifferent. In the words of one writer, " they were never able to secure the energy, earnestness and pleasing environment of the Jesuit schools."

(9) HE LIKES TO BE TREATED WITH COURTESY AND SYMPATHY (especially if he is sensitive). Courtesy and sympathy pay in schoolmastering as in other walks of life.

It is sometimes stated that the griefs of childhood and youth are exaggerated by hypersensitive writers. To this no one has replied with greater force than Francis Thompson when treating of the school days of Shelley. " Most people, we suppose, *must* forget what they were like when they were children," he wrote, " otherwise they would know that the griefs of their childhood were passionate abandonment, *déchirants* as the griefs of their maturity. Children's griefs are little, certainly ; but so is the child, so is its endurance, so is its field of vision, while its nervous impressionability is keener than ours. Grief is a matter of relativity : the sorrow should be estimated by its proportion to the sorrower ; a gash is as painful to one as an amputation to another."

(10) HE ADMIRES SINCERITY IN ANY FORM AND HATES DECEIT. He has a strong admiration for a master who, though a stern disciplinarian, is " straight " with him ; that is to say, who does not resort to mean ways of catching him. He even comes ultimately to admire a master who is very enthusiastic about his work, even though the enthusiasm means hard work for the boy himself.

He hates pretence and affectation in any form, and is very keen in detecting them. Bertrand Russell's advice to teachers of

young children applies equally well to teachers of older pupils: "Never pretend to be faultless and inhuman; the child will not believe you, and would not like you any better if he did."

(11) HE LIKES TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, and detests being patronized and talked down to as being only a small boy.

A small boy has no love for being considered small-boy-ish, though some well-intentioned schoolmasters make the mistake of thinking that he does, and treat him accordingly. On the contrary, he likes to be considered grown-up. "Schoolmasters," says Sir Arnold Lunn in *The Harrovians,* "should not visibly unbend and feign a ferocious interest in boyish pursuits. . . . A boy would much rather you discussed art with him, which he does not understand, than football which you don't and he does." Elsewhere in the same book one of the boys remarks: "I can't say I like the boy-among-boys type of master. . . . I like a ruddy master to *be* a ruddy master."

(12) HE RESPONDS TO MANIFESTATIONS OF FRIENDSHIP FROM A MASTER. Not, indeed, intimate friendship—the friendship that may exist between himself and another boy of his own age—for that is impossible. It is useless to try to bridge the gap between the generations and penetrate fully the reserve of a boy.

But yet friendship of a very comradely and loyal kind is possible, especially with the older boys. A boy appreciates being noticed and talked to as one man to another. He is grateful (though he may not say so) to a master who lends him books, or takes him for a ramble or a spin through the countryside, or brings him on a shooting-expedition, or shows him some experiments in mechanics or electricity or astronomy, or takes him on a visit to an observatory, or tells him about his adventures in the mountains of France and Switzerland, or takes him with him mountain-climbing at home.

By cultivating in this way comradely relations (very pleasant in themselves) with his boys, a master acquires a great influence over them. While if they see that he is inspired in his work by only a high sense of duty his most untiring efforts may lose half their force.

(13) IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO PREDICT A BOY'S CHARACTER WITH CERTAINTY. Vicious boys have sometimes shown a surprising reformation, and the best of boys have kicked over the traces in the most unexpected fashion.

Every priest, doctor and schoolmaster knows the reason for this uncertainty. The boy is now passing through a trying period of his life when (as Keats says in the preface to *Endymion*) "the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain." "It is," writes Father Canavan, S.J., in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* July, 1930, "the period of distintegration of the old personality and the making of the new. It is pre-eminently the period of conflict. Violent temptation and noble aspiration to virtue are inextricably entangled. Intense religion and doubts about the very fundamentals of religion are found hopelessly mixed up. Pious practices and personal devotion may dwell with sordid sin. . . It is the age of excitement and morbid depression; of crude and obtrusive self-expression; of painful self-centred silence; of unintelligible selfishness and most generous self-denial. Is it any wonder that it has been described by the psychologists 'the period of storm and stress'?"

Viewed, then, in a spirit of scientific detachment, we find that the normal growing schoolboy is a rather restless young animal; is quite amenable to discipline provided it is not oppressive; is more interested in his games, sports and hobbies than in the acquisition of knowledge; has a low standard of honesty as regards school-work; is keenly susceptible to impressions of all kinds; "has opinions, religious, political and literary, and, for a boy"—to Newman's mind—"is very positive in them and sure about them"; is tremendously keen to acquire distinction among his school-fellows; is reserved with his elders, yet responsive to

The scene that ensued
  Was disgraceful to view,
For the floor it was strewed
  With a tolerable few
Of the "tips" that Tom Crib had been hiding
  For the "subject he partially knew."

On the cuff of his shirt
  He had managed to get
What we hoped had been dirt,
  But which proved, I regret,
To be notes on the Rise of the Drama,
  A question invariably set.

In his various coats
  We proceeded to seek,
Where we found sundry notes
  And—with sorrow I speak—
One of Bohn's publications—so useful
  To the student of Latin and Greek.

In the crown of his cap
  Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
  Of the Dorian States,
And we found in his palms which were hollow,
  What are frequent in palms—that is dates.

Which is why I remark,
  And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
  And not always in vain,
The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar
  Which the same I am free to maintain.

The Real College Boy: A Commentary

A. P. Kearney, B.A., H.Dip. Ed.*

IT was indeed a great honour to be invited by the Editor to contribute (by way of commentary on the previous thoughtful article) to this first issue of ST. KIERAN'S RECORD. Here indeed was FAME: to be uplifted out of the ephemeral pages of the humorous Press and placed between Virgil and Homer on the enduring glossy pages of a College Annual is surely to be immortalized! For such works as College Annuals, unlike humorous magazines, *live for ever:* when they once get into a house, they depart not from it until that fateful day when they are carried out as part of "LOT 107." Why this should be is beyond my competence to explain; possibly it is because glossy paper is unsuitable for pipe-spills, will not light a fire, and makes but a poor table-cloth!

When I asked the Editor what type of article he wanted, I was relieved to hear his answer: "*Oh, something light and humorous.*"

That meant that it need not be heavy and learned; that there was no necessity for me to go along to the National Library to take notes; no need to write about Epochs or Trends or Developments in Pedagogics—just a page or two of run-of-the-mill humorous stuff. And everybody knows that there is no trouble in writing humorous stuff —just slap it down!

The College Boy "*has no innate desire for knowledge,*" says the previous article, and who will gainsay it. It is self-evident to anybody that has stood for even half-an-hour before a class, that the day the infernal serpent slithered into Eden was a bad day for all future teachers: on that dark day the battle-ground was set for the teacher's long fight against Ignorance—after Sin, the greatest curse of the human spirit—and worse still, against an Ignorance that *rejoiced* in its ignorance! Yet we have it on the highest authority that mankind is consumed with the desire for knowledge. Aristotle says in the very first sentence of his Metaphysics: "All men naturally desire to know." The illustrious St. Thomas and the Scholastic philosophers agree with him. They say that the desire for knowledge is a natural appetite: it springs from the very constitution of human nature, and wherever human nature is found, in whatever state of development or culture, that tendency is found.

Now, it is an elementary principle of logic that of two opposites one must be wrong. With all respect to the great philosophers, I say that millions of teachers cannot be wrong, and that when a distinguished St. Kieran's Professor says that the College Boy has no innate desire for knowledge, I am in full agreement.

The young of the human species is an animal whose sole desire is to frisk and play: like Gilbert and Sullivan's *Three Little Girls from School*, he is filled to the brim with girlish glee; for him life is a joke that's just begun. Not for him did the Psalmist lament: "Man, born of woman, living a short time, is filled with many miseries." Before any steps can be taken on the road to learning, the College Boy must be forcibly convinced that life is real, life is earnest. To this end friskiness must be forbidden, glee must be vetoed, laughter outlawed; and in general *joie de vivre* must be suppressed with a heavy hand. A slight gloom is traditionally the best atmosphere for imbibing knowledge, and this can only be achieved by a teacher severe and stern to view. Laughter must be kept under strict control; and when it is permitted it must only be at the teacher's jokes, in all cases compulsory. Laughter has its place in the National Theatre, but not in national education. There have been young teachers

* Mr. A. P. Kearney ("A.P.K."), a native of Callan, is the well-known contributor to *Dublin Opinion* and the *World Digest*. He has been Professor of Mathematics in Castleknock College since 1931.

St. Kieran's On The Hurling Field

Patrick Purcell, M.A.*

THE history of hurling in St. Kieran's must go back, I should imagine, to the very earliest days of our Alma Mater. Unfortunately, it was not until the last century was nearing its end that the College annalists saw fit to give any detailed description of the fashion in which students amused themselves during their leisure hours.

The original Prospectus for Burrell's Hall (as our diocesan college was first known) was issued towards the end of 1782, and promised that recreation would not be denied to the pupils of the new academy. "Sufficient time allowed for wholesome Exercise and Amusement" are the exact words used; but, further down in that same Prospectus, comes the rather severe, if not austere, addendum: "No entire days to be devoted for Play except the Time of Vacation which will commence in the Dog Days."

It is a pity that no contemporary bothered to give us a detailed description of the social life of the students through those first years of "the earliest Catholic College in the Kingdom," for it would be more than interesting to know if any student was naive enough to bring a hurley along on the opening-day, or if any less intellectual relaxations than the performance of Latin plays were encouraged or, indeed, allowed.

That any student dared to bring a hurley, or, for that matter, a ball of any kind to the opening session of Burrell's Hall is extremely improbable.

Sport was kept very much in its place, and a minor place at that, among the non-gentry of those days. Yet, that hurling would have been known and discussed by those earliest students of Burrell's Hall is very probable.

* * *

Wexford was one of the most enthusiastic hurling areas in the country in those early days of our diocesan college, and in that county the game was greatly fostered and encouraged by the Colclough family, who even brought teams of their tenantry across the Channel to cross camáns with the men of Cornwall.

One of the first pupils at Burrell's Hall was a scion of that same family, John Henry Colclough of Ballyteague, who surely inherited a traditional love of the game. This John Henry Colclough holds the unique, if mournful, distinction of being the first past pupil of St. Kieran's to be hanged, for he was executed after the fall of Wexford for his part in the '98 Rising, although, if we are to believe the Memoirs of Myles Byrne of Monaseed, he cannot have been a particularly dangerous rebel.

But through the greater part of the nineteenth century, while the College was gathering prestige with the years and finally establishing itself on the present site, it was, I fear, very unlikely that hurling filled many, if any, of the few leisure hours allowed to the students by a stringent discipline and a crowded curriculum.

Before '98 some of the great landowners had encouraged hurling among their tenants and matched teams off their estates against one another for considerable side-bets. From '98 to the Famine hurling fell more and more into disuse as a popular pastime. The

* Mr. Patrick Purcell, a native of Mooncoin, was a student of St. Kieran's from 1927 to 1933. Mr. Purcell is the well known novelist and Gaelic sports commentator.

"*. . . And urge the flying ball.*" (Gray)

"*Gay hope is theirs . . .*" (Gray)

JUNIORS AT HURLING PRACTICE

game became too often an annual or semi-annual performance, with hurling matches confined to Pattern Day or the Christmas season, and thus it came about that hurling, since it was no longer the sport of leisure hours, soon came into disrepute as being an occasion for disorderly scenes. One has but to read the novels of John Banim (himself a St. Kieran's pupil) to form a pretty fair idea of how the leisure moments of our people were spent in those pre-Famine years.

Even when the foundation of the G.A.A., under the Patronage of His Grace, Archbishop Croke of Cashel, made the native games once more "respectable," it must have taken some time before hurling became quite "the thing" even for students in Catholic seminaries.

As late as the early 'nineties, when the student teams first began to match their skill against those of other colleges on the football field, there was no prejudice at all as to the code adopted! — according to reports in the *Kilkenny Journal* of that time.

Indeed, it is highly probable that hurling, as an organized game within the walls of St. Kieran's, only came into its own towards the close of the last century, and did not really begin to flourish until, probably under Father John Doody's regime, the hurlers, and footballers, too, began to travel as far afield as Dungarvan, Wexford, Roscrea and Carlow.

* * *

The foundation of the Leinster Colleges' Council on Saturday, November 26, 1910, proved a momentous day for St. Kieran's. Father Doody took the chair for the preliminary discussion, and the Colleges represented were: University College, Dublin; Trinity College; College of Science; Knockbeg College; St. Enda's, Rathfarnham; St. Patrick's Training College; Albert College, Glasnevin, and Marlborough Street Training College—while letters pledging support were received from St. Joseph's, Roscrea; Clondalkin College; St. Peter's, Wexford; Good Counsel College, New Ross, and the Dominican College, Newbridge.

The meeting decided to set up senior and junior championships in both hurling and football. The officials elected at this first meeting were: Chairman, Very Rev. John Doody, St. Kieran's; Vice-Chairman, Pádraig Pearse, St. Enda's, Rathfarnham; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, D. P. Burke, Dublin.

The competitions then founded took a long time to come to their present state of perfection, but it is on record that almost exactly twelve months later, on November 25, 1911, St. Kieran's met Knockbeg in senior and junior hurling in the grounds of St. Kieran's. The home side won both games, the seniors winning by 3-7 to 3-5, and the juniors by 2-3 to 1-4. But it was not until Saturday, May 13, 1917, that the Leinster colleges finally got their championship organized; so that the first real competition took place in the 1917-18 season. According to the record books, that first championship was won, ironically enough, by Castleknock, while Roscrea followed them in the winning list.

St. Kieran's, though a little slow in starting, certainly swept into prominence with a bang in 1922, when the College won both the senior hurling and senior football championships of Leinster. I have not been able to unearth, thus far, the details of that football win, but the hurling final was played at Croke Park on Saturday, June 6, when Newbridge provided the opposition, and the final score was: St. Kieran's, 1-5; Newbridge, 0-4. (If memory serves me right, St. Kieran's never again competed in the football championship until the present season).

Once they got started on their championship career, the St. Kieran's boys soon became top-dogs in Leinster hurling circles. Though they lost to Roscrea in the following year, the hurlers in black-and-white then went on to set up a record by winning the trophy five years in succession. Temporarily dispossessed by Coláiste Caoimhghin in 1930, they came back to win three further titles in a row.

Then came a blank period, broken at last by the juniors, who took the Junior Cup

SENIOR HURLING TEAM, 1956

JUNIOR HURLING TEAM

(Victors over St. Joseph's, Marino, 4-11 to 1-1, in the Final of the Leinster Colleges' Championships).

for the first time in 1937—a success which the seniors speedily followed up. Since then, the St. Kieran's teams have continued in the forefront of both competitions and, at the moment (1955), must be given a very sporting chance of again bringing off the double.

In 1948, the last year in which the competition was played, St. Kieran's also took the individual Colleges' All-Ireland title, defeating St. Colman's, Fermoy, in the final.

* * *

It would not be feasible in a single article to list the many famed hurlers who first made their bow to hurling fame in the St. Kieran's jersey. Such a list, extending over a period of more than fifty years, from the Graces to the Rackards, would be considerably longer than can possibly be handled in a single article, but, perhaps, the Editor of *St. Kieran's Record* will have sufficient patience with me to let me deal with that aspect in next year's *Record*.

But even such a list would not truly reflect the excellence of St. Kieran's hurling down the years. St. Kieran's men have won All-Ireland medals, not alone with Kilkenny, but with Leix, Dublin, and Wexford. But the number who continued their College's career in senior ranks has been very few compared with the number of star hurlers who, answering the Call of God, have deserted the hurling field before the promise of their College days had ever blossomed to its full greatness.

Next year, if the Lord spares us all, I hope to deal with the outstanding personalities who have worn the St. Kieran's jersey in the five-and-thirty years of the Colleges' championships—and also to say a few words about the men who brought honour to their College on the hurling field before ever College Championships came in vogue.

But since this first issue of *St. Kieran's Record* necessarily must deal in some special fashion with the year of Our Lord 1955, it would be very ungracious not to pay tribute to the three St. Kieran's men who won All-Ireland medals this year.

Willie Rackard gave good service to the College in his day, but he, too, will forgive me if I make particular mention of the veteran who inspired the Wexford side to victory—big Nickey Rackard from Killanne.

Nickey Rackard first came to fame in the black-and-white hooped jersey of St. Kieran's. He played an outstanding part in helping the College to victory in both junior and senior championships, and was a star performer on a Leinster Colleges' fifteen, which, at last, after years of striving, took the All-Ireland title from Munster.

Then Nickey went home, and by his efforts, encouragement and example, played no small part in fostering the hurling revival that has at last carried Wexford to an All-Ireland senior hurling crown.

Father John Doody and The G.A.A.

James Maher

OUR College historian supplies some interesting details concerning Father John Doody who was President of St. Kieran's from the year 1903 to 1911. We learn that the Irish language first appeared in the St. Kieran's Prize List in 1877, while "Celtic" figures again for the first time amongst the College Intermediate Results in 1884. It was taken in this year by a solitary Middle Grade student named John Doody. This little point is worth noting in view of John Doody's later association with the illustrious Gaelic writer, educator, and patriot, Pádraig MacPhiarais, of whom more anon.

Of Father Doody, when head of St. Kieran's, Dr. Birch writes: "Father Doody, the new President, was, before all things else, a scholar, mild and retiring. . . . He was a keen student of Classical and Patristic Literature. For his interest in Catechetics, and in the theory and practice of Pedagogy, he was an Irishman before his time. The pupils who attended his classes remember him as an inspiring teacher; and he was the able agent of Dr. Doyle in the restoration of the Classics at the end of the century, and in the satisfactory working of the Intermediate system. His sermons and lectures to the students, which he invariably wrote out in detail, and many of which are still preserved, are remembered with pleasure and profit by those who heard them. During his period as President of the College, he kept the account books with a meticulous care which bordered on the scrupulous."

During Father Doody's Presidency an extensive new wing was added to the College. We quote again from our College historian:

"On St. Kieran's day, 1905, the foundation stone of this wing was laid, or to be more exact, the first sod was cut by Dr. Brownrigg. The architect was Mr. Byrne; the contractor was a Mr. Ryan, and the building cost eventually £17,550 to complete—nearly twice the original estimated cost. The building provided class halls and a study hall on the ground floor, dormitories for students and accommodation for Professors on the first floor, and dormitories on the top floor. It was connected with the older part of the College by a smaller building. There was also erected at this time a clock tower. . . . Along this wing, and forming part of it, there was built a glass-roofed cloister to be used as a recreation hall or ambulatory for the students."

* * *

Dr. Birch relates that students' games figure prominently in the expense accounts of the College during the period when Father Doody was President. Teams from the College travelled to Roscrea, Wexford, Dungarvan and Carlow. The games mentioned are hurling and football. Handball is also mentioned, as are athletics. Games were not then organised by the staff, but the students themselves were encouraged to organise them, and the provision of matches with other schools and clubs formed a strong inducement to excel in games.

Father John Doody was elected first President of the Leinster Colleges G.A.A. Council, when Mr. P. H. Pearse, B.A., B.L., and he attended the inaugural meeting of the Leinster Colleges G.A.A. Council in 1910.

We are indebted to the Librarian of the *Irish Independent* for a copy of the report of this historic meeting which was published on November 28th, 1910:

"A meeting of the representatives of the Colleges of Leinster was held at the Shelbourne Hotel on Saturday last for the purpose of inaugurating Championships in

Hurling and Gaelic Football between the Colleges of Leinster. Very Rev. John Doody, President, St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, occupied the Chair and the following Colleges were also represented: Knockbeg College, Carlow; St. Enda's College, Rathfarnham; Albert Agricultural College, Glasnevin; St. Patrick's Training College; University College, Dublin; Marlborough Training College; Gaelic Society, Trinity College, Dublin; and the College of Science, Dublin. Mr. D. M'Carthy, T.C., President, Leinster Council, G.A.A., and Mr. D. Burke, M.A., were also present.

Correspondence was received from Good Counsel College, New Ross; Newbridge College; Mount St. Joseph's College, Roscrea; the Royal Veterinary College; St. Joseph's College, Clondalkin; and St. Peter's College, Wexford, most of which approved of the objects of the meeting, and expressed willingness to join. Dr. Coffey, President, University College, Dublin, also sent a message wishing success to the undertaking.

The following were the most important decisions arrived at:

(a) That the Championship be governed by a Committee consisting of one representative of each College or College Club entering, together with a Patron, Chairman, Vice-Chairman, and Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

(b) That Senior and Junior Championships be held in Hurling and Football—the Junior Championships to be open to students under 18 years of age on 1st June next, and the Senior Championships to be open without restriction to all members of Colleges (students and staff).

(c) That the entrance fee be 5s. per team, and that the last date for receiving entries be 14th January next.

(d) That the Champion teams in the respective grades represent the Province in any All-Ireland College Championships that may hereafter be held.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Chairman, Very Rev. John Doody, President, St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny; Vice-Chairman, Mr. P. H. Pearse, B.A., B.L., Principal, St. Enda's College; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. David J. P. Burke, M.A., 4 Gardiner's Place, Dublin."

Report Of Games 1955-1956

Con Kenealy*

HOW grand it would be to be able to record in this, the first issue of ST. KIERAN'S RECORD, a series of successes for the College teams in the current Leinster Championships. The season, however, cannot go down as one of St. Kieran's vintage years, though at time of writing (April, 1956) the Junior hurlers have qualified for the decider—an improvement on last year's form.

This year will, however, be marked for one particular reason—the welcome reappearance of College teams in the provincial football championships. I say "reappearance" for there may be quite a number of ex-students who do not know that St. Kieran's once before played in the football championships.

"Sweet smiling faces"

A HANDBALL FOURSOME

That was back in 1922 when they won the Senior title. For some reason or another they never again tried their hand in this grade, but their return was welcomed by every other college in the province.

The Senior footballers did not fare too well—having been beaten by Good Counsel College, 2-14 to 3-2, in the first round of the weaker section. The Juniors had their revenge some weeks later with a good 2-8 to 0-5 victory over the New Ross College—only to be defeated by practically the same margin 2-8 to 0-3 on their next outing against St. Peter's, Wexford.

On the hurling fields, the Seniors got away to a flying start when they gave the holders, Knockbeg College, a 11-11 to 0-0 trouncing at Nowlan Park in the first round. The win, though, was a little flattering, and if it did not avenge last year's defeat by the Carlow College, one should remember that Knockbeg were only a shadow of last season's team.

Next time out—in mid-November—St. Peter's, Wexford, were beaten only by a two points margin, after St. Kieran's had lost an early lead. It was rather obvious after this match that the next hurdle against Patrician College, Ballyfin, in the semi-final was going to be anything but an easy one. It wasn't. At Carlow, February, the Mountrath side dictated most of the play and ran away to an eleven points win, being a far heavier and faster side. The College lads should not be too disappointed, however, for Ballyfin went on to win the title, beating St. Joseph's, Fairview, by just a point less than they did St. Kieran's.

Then there was also some satisfaction when the Juniors met Ballyfin in the quarter-final at Abbeyleix in March. Ballyfin had almost half of the Senior side, and while

* Mr. Con Kenealy was a student of St. Kieran's from 1944 to 1949, and is attached to the Sports Department of Independent Newspapers, Dublin.

SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM, 1956

JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

there were not as many remaining from the St. Kieran's first string. The result was something of a surprise, for the Kilkenny lads won almost as they liked, and in some respects looked a better side than the Seniors.

Their semi-final victory over St. Peter's was even more decisive, so that they should be hot favourites to win the title. Here's luck to them, and hoping that, having won this year's championship, many will be back to have a go at taking a Senior medal next year.

* * *

Taken all round, it has been a rather successful year. The College made ten competitive outings—five in Senior and five in Junior. They won all but three of these, but, more important, there seems every hope that next year will see them out of the doldrums in which they have been for the past few years.

All this, of course, depends on the Juniors, for a win in this championship would be just the tonic that is required to set them off again on a record winning run like they have had in the 'thirties and the'forties.

Some time ago I wrote that the success of the College has always come in spells; and if history does repeat itself, another run of victories is just about due.

And there is absolutely no reason for not believing that next year should start the College off again. Take the record of the Juniors—who have won all their matches more than convincingly. In their three outings they have notched up no less than sixteen goals and twenty-three points, while a paltry two goals and four points is all that has been scored against them. That's something worth remembering!

But back to the Seniors, where congratulations are due to the two College representatives who made the Interprovincial hurling team which played Munster in the final at Kilkenny in April. It was a sad day for Leinster hurling, as they were swamped, 7-11 to 0-2; but the College lads, P. Mahony and Seamus Prendergast were a couple of the very few who came up to Munster standard—and that was quite high.

While on the subject of the Interprovincials, it may be appropriate to ask, Have they not proven to be a completely inadequate form competition? Surely this year's defeat and that of last year have sounded their death-knell? When the individual college All-Irelands were played, the competition was a far more entertaining one, and when last played in 1948, who could forget St. Kieran's great win over St. Colman's, Fermoy, in the final at Croke Park? Maybe a return to them would again improve the standard in Leinster.

RECORD OF MATCHES 1955-1956

Senior Hurling

Nov. 9th, 1955. At Kilkenny :
St. Kieran's v. Knockbeg.
(11-11) (0-0)

Dec. 7th, 1955. At Wesford :
St. Kieran's v. St. Peter's.
(1-10) (2-5)

Feb. 26th, 1956. At Carlow. Semi-final :
St. Kieran's v. Ballyfin.
(3-3) (7-2)

Junior Hurling

Feb. 9th, 1956. At Kilkenny:
St. Kieran's v. Kilkenny C.B.S.
(10-8) (0-0)

Mar. 15th, 1956. At Abbeyleix :
St. Kieran's v. Ballyfin.
(3-5) (1-3)

Mar. 22nd, 1956. At New Ross. Semi-final:
St. Kieran's v. St. Peter's.
(3-10) (1-1)

Senior Football

Oct. 12th, 1956.
St. Kieran's v. Good Counsel College
(3-2) (2-14)

Junior Football

Oct. 20th, 1956.
St. Kieran's v. Good Counsel College
(2-8) (0-5)

Nov. 12th, 1955.
St. Kieran's v. St. Peter's
(0-3) (2-8)

St. Kieran's College Union

Report From Irish Branch

THE idea of a Union of Past Pupils of the College was first mooted at a meeting of some of those past pupils in the College itself on March 6th, 1933. The meeting was addressed by Most Rev. Dr. Collier, Bishop of Ossory, who welcomed the project and promised it his support. Dr. M. J. Crotty and Mr. J. W. Buggy then proposed that such a Union be formed, and this was duly approved by all present. A Provisional Committee was set up under Very Rev. Dr. Staunton, President of the College: it held its first meeting on March 13th, 1933. This meeting decided that a list of past students should be compiled; that all past students and past professors of the College should be eligible for membership; that rules should be drafted for submission to the inaugural meeting; and that the inaugural meeting should be held on June 11th.

The inaugural meeting was held in the College on June 11th, 1933, and was a great success. Between two and three hundred past students attended. The Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. Collier, was invited to take the Chair. In his Address to the meeting Dr. Collier referred to the stated objects of the Union: "To strengthen the affection of its members for the Alma Mater and for each other; to afford opportunities of renewing and making friendships, and for social intercourse; to render mutual aid; to take concerted action when necessary or desirable." It seemed out of place, the speaker said, that there should be a St. Kieran's Union in England and Scotland, and none at home in Ireland. A Union at home seemed to be definitely called for, and necessary; perhaps a little bit overdue. He was particularly pleased that the whole scheme had come largely from the past lay members, and promised them, from himself and from the College, all the help they might need.

Mr. J. W. Buggy then submitted a draft of the Constitution and Rules, which were accepted provisionally for two years. In the election of officers, Mr. M. F. Murphy, Rose Hill, Kilkenny, was chosen to be the first President of the Union.

* * *

The first Union Dinner was held in the College on Thursday, January 11th, 1934.

THE LATE JOHN MAHER of Mullinahone (St. Kieran's, 1882-1886), who was a founder member of St. Kieran's Union, 1934.

Mr. M. F. Murphy presided, and Most Rev. Dr. Collier was the guest of the Union.

On St. Kieran's Day, March 5th, the Past Pupils were invited by the President of the College to a performance of *Macbeth* by the students in the College theatre.

The first Union Day was held on Sunday, May 27th, 1934, and a large number of Past Students, together with relatives and friends of present pupils, watched the finals of the lay-boys' Sports, and were entertained to tea in the evening. Music by the Artane Band added to their enjoyment.

The first Union Dance was held on October 17th, 1934, in the Desart Hall (since, incidentally, converted into an annexe of the College).

These events set the pattern for the succeeding years, and the St. Kieran's Union flourished under the successive Presidency of Mr. M. Buggy (1934-35), Dr. P. Grace (1935-36), Dr. M. J. Crotty (1936-37), Mr. T. J. Bourke (1937-38), and Dr. W. A. Moore (1938-39).

The outbreak of the Second World War in September, 1939 naturally affected the prospects of the Union, and it was only after much discussion and hesitation that any of its functions were held at all. Mr. J. W. Buggy was elected President for 1940-41, and the Annual Dinner was held on March 28th. There was no other function for that year. The Annual Dinner for 1941 was held on January 16th in the Metropole Hotel, ladies being present for the first time. Mr. J. W. Buggy presided. This was the last event of the Union until after the War. Difficulties of catering, rationing, restricted transport facilities, all combined to make it impossible to have re-union gatherings, so that the St. Kieran's Union lapsed for nearly ten years.

* * *

Not until 1950 was the St. Kieran's Union again revived. In that year a general meeting was held in the College on March 20th, at which the Union was re-constituted. Most Rev. Dr. Collier kindly consented to present a Golfing Trophy for an annual competition amongst the Past Students, and the Union also decided to enter a team of golfers for the annual colleges' competition held in Dublin. Dr. P. J. Cassin was elected President of the Union for 1950-51.

Under the Presidency of Mr. C. McCreery (1951-52) the Union established a Sunshine Fund and provided trips to the sea during the Summer, and a Party at Christmas, for numbers of the City children. This social work has remained part of the programme of the Union since that time.

Mr. McCreery was re-elected President for 1952-53. Mr. E. Aylward succeeded him for the period 1953-54, to be succeeded in turn by Mr. C. J. Kenealy in 1954. Mr. Kenealy was re-elected at the general meeting in 1955, and so is the present (1956) President of the Union. He gave a notable impetus to the golfing activities of the Union by giving a President's Prize, to be played for not only by Past Pupils, but also by fathers of present pupils in the College. The first competition, held in September, 1955, was a great success and gave promise of improving with age.

The origin, aims and history of the St. Kieran's College Union have been briefly outlined. If it has seen lean times in those twenty-two years since it was first founded, if there has been a falling away in membership and a flagging of interest—inevitable, perhaps, in such associations—it has still a solid core of enthusiastic members who have preserved its continuity through good times and bad, and whose fidelity to the Union should not go unrecorded. The objects of the Union are no less valid now than they were at the time of its founding: it is to be hoped that they will appeal to the St. Kieran's men of today and tomorrow as they did to those of yesterday: it is for them that the St. Kieran's Union exists.

The College Debating Society

Rev. Sean McTeague

SINCE "God blessed the seventh day because in it He had rested from all His work," what man is there who does not look forward to Sunday as a special day in the week? Is not this particularly true of a student who has applied himself to his studies for six days of the week? When Sunday night comes along he likes to think that "a change is as good as a rest." Yes! but what change?

Somebody might suggest a Lecture—but is that a change? As can be said of so many things: "It is disputed." So we fall back on a Debate, which, Mr. Fowler tells us, is a discussion of a question, especially in a deliberative assembly, which can be done for practice or amusement; and those who take part are skilled rather in argument than in oratory. Maybe those who speak do not think themselves flattered by this last statement, but then who can judge in his own case?

It is "the discussion of a question." What question? That is the first problem to be solved. For our first debate this year, however, we obtained very able assistance in choosing the subject of our thesis. This debate was held on Sunday night, October 9th, 1955, in our Concert Hall, and was looked forward to by all, especially by the Philosophers. The next problem, of getting principal speakers, was solved by the Fourth Divines, who rose to the occasion—four of them expressing their willingness to take on the task of opening the debate. How efficiently they accomplished their task you will be able to judge for yourself.

The thesis discussed was: "*On its merits Television is not one of our urgent needs.*"

On Sunday night the stage was prepared. When the body of students took up their places, and the assistance of the Holy Ghost had been invoked, proceedings were about to commence at 8.30 p.m. The President of the Society was in the chair, and he was ably assisted by the Hon. Secretary, Rev. George McCarthy.

Before declaring the debate open, the President welcomed all to the meeting, especially the Philosophers, whom he exhorted to speak extemporaneously. The usual points of etiquette were mentioned. No time limit was laid down for the principal speakers, but the extemporaneous speakers were limited to five minutes each. The only restriction laid down was that no politics were allowed to be introduced or any such subject that might lead to a breach of the peace! Finally a vote was taken on the thesis, in which the general body voted according to their own convictions. This resulted in a facile win for those who upheld the thesis, the figures being:

PRO—73. CON—48.

The debate was then declared open and the first speaker for the thesis was called upon to speak.

Rev. James O'Shea opened the debate in defence of the thesis. He stated that the whole question of the provision of Television in Ireland affects the economic policy to be followed in the country. Television will be more or less an urgent need in proportion to its merits and the capacity of the country's finances to pay for its installation and running costs. He then enquired what were the merits of Television. "We are not interested," he said, "in its potential merits, but in what merits Television will have to offer viewers in Ireland if and when it is installed." He took it for granted that Television will largely consist of sponsored programmes, seeing that we cannot run our Radio without the financial aid of

sponsored programmes. Then, taking the standard of Radio sponsored programmes as a pointer, he said, "we can safely state that Television will do little to further the national and cultural outlook of Ireland." He foresaw that there would be some good programmes, but these would be lost amidst the deluge of low-standard programmes. "You may say," he continued, "that England and the United States have Television—why not Ireland?" Drawing a comparison between Ireland and these countries, he said that the exports of England and the United States, unlike those of Ireland, exceed their imports. They are not faced with the emigration and land-drainage problems of Ireland. "Ireland's economic condition does not warrant the outlay of capital involved in the provision of Television in Ireland." He concluded by saying: "The supporters of to-night's thesis cannot be dubbed as supporters of an austerity regime if we remember the negligible merits Television will have to offer, and the incapacity of the nation's economic position to pay for its installation, and the running costs."

Rev. Austin Cribbin opened the case for the opposition by saying: "T.V. or not T.V., that is the question. If we are to hold our place with the rest of the world, Television will be a necessary installation." He contended that we do not want to be behind the times always. "Some say Television is above us, and that we do not want it, and that it is no good. Consider that, thirty years ago, when Radio made its debut, people were saying the same about Radio then as they are saying to-day about Television." At that time, he said, they were satisfied with the gramophone, but when the people saw the benefits of Radio they changed their minds, and now at least 85% of the homes in the country have a radio of some kind.

"If we look at the United States," the speaker continued, "we see how Television has progressed there. Two of the most popular programmes are: the $64,000 Question (which has approximately twenty-six million viewers each show)—and Bishop Fulton Sheen's programme, 'Life is worth living' (which has approximately twenty-four million viewers each week.") Everyone who argues against the merits of Television shuts his eyes to the good it can do and is doing.

Early in this century the same men would say Radio was a waste of money. "Let us take for example the programme: 'Life is worth living.' We hear about some of Bishop Sheen's great conversions, brought about with the assistance of this programme, but we may conclude that there have been many others of which we hear nothing."

The speaker then stressed the fact that Television keeps youth at home with their parents at night. No matter how poor the programme is it will not possess the same danger that the pictures would. Their companions in the cinema might not be suitable company. He then referred to a picture which was shown in Ireland some time ago concerning the Mass, and mentioned that this was first shown as a Television feature in the United States.

The speaker went on to say: "Some object to Television because of the high cost of a set. These allege that it is outlandish to pay £60 for a T.V. set. I admit that this is a heavy sum in these times. But look at it this way: £1 to-day is only about one-third what it was worth twenty or thirty years ago. Yet, when the Radio first came people were willing to pay up to £20 for a set. So we see that as much was paid for a Radio set thirty years ago as is paid for a Television set to-day. And thus I think the pecuniary argument is a weak one."

He concluded his argument by saying: "I hope that in Ireland, in ten years at most, the Television set will be as popular as the Radio is to-day."

Rev. Declan Sheehy, supporting Rev. James O'Shea, said: "I can without any hesitation assert that, taken on its merits, Television is not an urgent need. Now I am not saying that Television has not certain advantages. We are not, however, discussing this. We are discussing whether it is an urgent need or not. Not alone would

I maintain that it is not an urgent need, but I would say that there are many more serious needs affecting this country which call for our immediate attention before the problem of providing Television is considered.

The speaker then defined an urgent need as: "The compelling requirement of an indispensable thing." He thought that in its context it would be too much to say that what is meant is a thing we cannot possibly do without, but rather that Television is a very pressing need in this country. "Now such a decision," he argued, "would lead to very serious consequences if we look at the logical results which must follow. If the people of Ireland have an urgent need of Television, then it is their duty to see that the Government should at once remedy that need. Now, of course, you all say that the people are not bound to take such steps. Why? Because in your hearts you all realize that Television, on its merits, is not one of the country's urgent needs."

Fr. Sheehy next drew attention to the fact that modern Ireland is a young nation and thus it behoves it to put first things first. Ireland has many urgent needs, but Television is decidedly not one of them. He concluded his case by saying: "If the State decided in the morning to spend the necessary thousands of pounds to give Television to the country, this would indeed be, in Shakespeare's words, "a loss of honour and expense of shame."

Rev. Thomas Shore supplemented the opposition by quoting from the Allocution of His Holiness Pope Pius XII on the question of Television: "No one can fail to recognize the importance of this event. Let us fully acknowledge the worth of this splendid conquest of science; it is a manifestation of God's goodness and calls forth our gratitude." Easter, 1949, was the first occasion that Television was used by the Pope, and His Holiness went on to say that he hoped Television would play an important role in making truth ever clearer to minds sincerely seeking it.

The Allocution reads: "The family will be drawn closer together and from Television a deeper understanding, a greater knowledge, and a wider extension of God's reign on earth may follow the use of this marvellous instrument in spreading the Gospel message to men's minds. Great fields are open to the Catholic Apostolate as it will make possible a still closer view of the pulsing life of the Church.

The speaker then quoted His Holiness as saying: "It is of benefit in social matters—in relation to culture, popular education and teaching in schools; for it will certainly help them to a greater mutual knowledge and understanding and promote cordial feelings and better co-operation." He continued by saying that the speakers for the motion stress the financial aspect and argue that we cannot afford Television inasmuch as it is not an urgent need. "Would not the conversion of *one* sinner be compensation enough for the financial expenditure on this wonderful conquest of science." He concluded by asking: "After all, you do want the best, don't you?"

The principal speakers having spoken, the Rev. Chairman declared the debate open to the house. There was a great response—many extemporaneous speakers taking the floor. The exchanges were very lively and some very telling points were made. The following spoke extemporaneously:

PRO: Rev. John Maguire, Messrs. M. Cassidy, B. O'Sullivan, Thomas Mullen and M. Bourke.

CON: Rev. Michael F. O'Sullivan, Rev. D. Doherty, Messrs. L. O'Dwyer, D. Murphy and L. McMahon.

When the two principal speakers had summarized their arguments the debate was then declared closed. The Rev. Chairman, having thanked all the speakers, especially the principals and the Philosophers who had spoken, as well as the general body of students for their attention, a vote was taken on the motion. On this occasion the voting was taken on the merits of the arguments advanced by the speakers. On a show of hands the voting was revealed as follows:

PRO—50. CON—71.

The Passing Show

Review of Christmas Term

Tatler III

THE Christmas Term has an atmosphere peculiar to itself. In September we have the sensation of facing a "Brave New World." The Long Vac. has helped to blunt the edge of memory, and the scars of war have had time to heal. A change of Professors, the incoming Philosophers, and this year a gentleman squinting through a theodolite down by the White Railing, followed by a relay of people armed with blue prints all looking vaguely towards the north-west (the people I mean)—these and other things pushed our more personal problems into the background.

Among those "other things" was the news of The President's illness; all of us hoped to see him back again very soon. Actually we celebrated his homecoming with a free-day in glorious sunshine.

Then there was the appointment of Fr. Loughry as vice-President, Fr. Maher's appointment as Junior Dean, and the return of Fr. Grace as full-time Professor.

We watched with all due patronage the halting steps of the 1st Philosopher, adopting, of course, that "thus far and no farther" attitude peculiar to 3rds and 4ths in the presence of the lower forms of clerical life.

Poor 1st Philosophers! From September to mid-November they wore a worried look. Four or five times a week they made the trek to the Library at the invitation of the Dean to meet some Bishop or Monsignor from foreign parts, each more willing than his predecessor to engage their services for his diocese. The Philosophers had of course the courtesy to consult their betters as to their choice, but a story went the rounds that two of these fledglings were seen writing the names of some twenty dioceses on slips of paper, which, duly deposited in a biretta, decided the place of their adoption! By now all have cast the die, and they seem at peace.

One evening in late September while looking out of the window of the Philosophy Hall, between moves in a game of chess, a strange sight met my eyes. Between the goalposts some 100 yards away a circle of soutanes stood looking fixedly towards the ground. Four or five times a minute the soutanes gazed heavenwards as a shower of earth soared high, and it seemed as if I were watching some ancient esoteric rite. The arrival of several barrows full of cinders from the direction of the Bull Field soon solved the mystery—I was witness to "Operation Drainage." The morass that was "the square" is no longer with us, and gone are the days when a well-directed hurley-full of moist mother earth could save the citadel.

* * *

The beautiful weather continued without a break, and before we realized it the month of October was running out. It was about then that His Lordship the Bishop of Northampton visited the College for the first time, and watched his first game of hurling. This game in the language of Andy Croke was "robust and closely contested." Our Observer on the Callan Walk, who has an eye for these details, maintains that he saw His Lordship's knuckles grow white as he grasped his Pectoral Cross. This happened,

he said, whenever the centre of battle shifted in the general direction of His Lordship. Our Observer could not, he said, "quite understand it! ! !" A flattering reference to this game appeared at a later date in His Lordship's Diocesan Magazine.

Let us pass over the October Revisions in respectful silence; I was lucky enough to do just that! November Day brought with it the usual cessation from scholastic activities, and Fr. Sherin's team of Players gave us a fine performance of "The Private Secretary."

The growing contingent from the North have succeeded in maintaining a Soccer League; the game seems to have established itself this year, and "The Lapsed Ones" tell us that "they glory in their shame"; a Professor erstwhile "of The Strict Persuasion" was recently seen, rule book in hand, umpiring a final! Facilis descensus Averni! ! !

The last but one of the 1955 class, Fr. Kieran Rice, departed for his mission in far away New Zealand in late November—we wished him *bon voyage* in the traditional manner.

December went by on Flying Feet. The end is in sight. Conversation on the walks tends towards a higher level, syllogisms are being bandied about, and our opinion has been sought on an odd "casus" or so.

A few days ago we watched with interest two workmen alight from a lorry. Two pickaxes, a few shovels, sections of a prefabricated hut, made their appearance, and we knew at once that we were watching the beginning of a new stage in the evolution of our Alma Mater. It is now almost the eve of the Xmas vacation and the area behind the goalposts might easily be mistaken for a mining camp. Two wooden shacks adorn the new tennis court and a crazy pavement runs angle-wise across the lawn to the terrace fountain — the new entrance. The old terrace steps stripped of their balustrades look lonely; they will, we heard, be re-erected under "the Barn window," in gentlemanly retirement. We and you whose shoe-leather they have eaten up will think of them kindly.

The Country Scene

The purple heather is the cloak
God gave the bog-land brown,
But man has made a pall of smoke
To hide the distant town.

Our lights are long and rich in change,
Unscreened by hill or spire,
From primrose dawn, a lovely range,
To sunset's farewell fire.

Nor morning's bells have we to wake
Us with their monotone.
But windy calls of quail and crake
Unto our beds are blown.

The lark's wild flourish summons us
To work before the sun;
At eve the heart's lone Angelus
Blesses our labour done.

We cleave the sodden, shelving bank
In Sunshine and in rain,
That men by winter-fires may thank
The wielders of the slane.

Our lot is laid beyond the crime
That sullies idle hands;
So hear we through the silent time
God speaking sweet commands.

Brave joys we have and calm delight—
For which tired wealth may sigh—
The freedom of the fields of light,
The gladness of the sky.

And we have music, oh, so quaint!
The curlew and the plover,
To tease the mind with pipings faint
No memory can recover.

The reeds that pine about the pools
In wind and windless weather;
The bees that have no singing-rules
Except to buzz together.

And prayer is here to give us sight
To see the purest ends;
Each evening through the brown-turf light
The Rosary ascends.

And all night long the cricket sings,
The drowsy minutes fall—
The only pendulum that swings
Across the crannied wall.

Then we have rest, so sweet, so good,
The quiet rest you crave;
The long, deep bog-land solitude
That fits a forest grave;

The long, strange stillness, wide and deep,
Beneath God's loving hand,
Where wondering at the grace of sleep,
The Guardian Angels stand.

WILLIAM A. BYRNE

Agricultural Education And World Price

Denis M. Foley, B.Sc.

A MERE fifteen years ago, the farming industry in Ireland was at little better than subsistence level. Farm incomes were low, and were capable only of buying the bare necessaries of life. The chronic surplus of agricultural goods in the international market depressed their price, in many cases below the cost of production, and had the effect of discouraging the farmer from investing anything further in a business that appeared to have no future.

The advent of the Second World War brought scarcities, and consequent high prices, and it was confidently forecast that this pleasant state of affairs would last indefinitely, as the Common Man, all over the world, would insist on more and better food now that he had freedom, democracy and socialism! Our farmers were advised to climb on the band-waggon and to invest all they could lay their hands on in their land, as the resulting increased production at the prevailing high prices would compensate them a hundredfold. With memories of the slump fresh in its mind, however, the farming community proceeded cautiously, which, whilst it was very frustrating to the agricultural philosophers, was not, after all, a bad move—as many of those who rushed into expensive machinery, wheat-growing, and exotic breeds of cows are now licking their wounds. Whilst prices have remained fairly steady over the past few years, expenses have risen alarmingly, and farming today is no gold mine!

The farmers themselves are not too dissatisfied. They realise we have been priced out of the world's market as far as milk products are concerned, but what matter since we export practically none. Wheat is not what it was, but that was never a mainstay of our farming economy. Sheep are paying well and, of course, the cattle trade is booming. In brief, we eat practically all of the butter and allied milk products, the mutton and the wheat, that is, those products which we produce above the world price—while we export cattle which show a profit at the prevailing price. In passing, it is interesting to note that the reason for this is that the price we obtain for beef is tied to the price Britain pays her own farmers; and the very strong National Farmers' Union there is able to ensure that its members always get an economic price. For instance, British farmers get 3/- per gallon for milk; ours get 1/6—but a ten hundredweight bullock is worth only a few pounds more there than here. The high price for cattle, of course, also helps the dairy farmer as his young stock are worth more.

* * *

On the surface, then, all is well. Probably a little below it, however, we might come to a different conclusion. Our output per acre, especially of the national crop, grass, is low; our production, unlike that of most civilised agricultural countries, is not rising appreciably and, most important of all, the numbers of people employed on the land is tending to become less and less owing to increased mechanisation, and the fact that the small farmer is being forced, by economic pressure, out of existence.

The man with a sizeable farm is in a reasonably happy position, and as he is the most articulate member of the farming community there is a danger that the impression may go out that Irish agriculture is in a healthy state. Goldsmith's pleasant lines about a bold peasantry are as true today as when he wrote them. It is they who provide a goodly share of our priests, brothers and nuns; they supply the clerical and manual

workers in our factories; they provide the bulk of the home market for our manufacturers, and our manufacturers export very little! They keep our towns and villages going and, since they are the mainstay of our social fabric, it is true to say that we would scarcely deserve to be called a nation if they were significantly reduced in numbers.

There is no doubt that some small farms are altogether too small, and no system of enlightened agriculture could make them economic units. It is impossible to name an economic acreage—two acres near a city could give a good living by market gardening; twenty acres of wet land in the country might not be able to support a family and, unfortunately, there is a great amount of wet land in Ireland.

The problem, then, is to increase the income of the fifteen- to forty-acre farmer, and that can only be done by an increase of output. In previous days the small farmer did nearly all the tillage in this country, but tillage today is a mechanised affair which makes it suitable only for the large farmer who will have plenty of work for the costly machinery.

It is in all things impossible to foresee the future and that is most emphatically true of agriculture and, accordingly, the wise farmer is he who practises mixed farming. It was this policy which kept most farmers on their holdings despite the many vicissitudes in price since the late nineteen twenties. However, today, the idea should be rather less mixed than more, unless there is a plentiful supply of family labour, as tillage, poultry and pigs might detract much needed attention from the main crop, which must be grass; and, in my opinion, the maximum amount of tillage the small farmer should have should be the minimum amount necessary to practise ley farming. According as his grassland wears out (which will depend on his treatment of it and the nature of the soil) he should plough it up and reseed.

At present prices the emphasis must be on grass—particularly as we are endowed by the Creator with a mild, temperate climate and an abundant rainfall, which are the ideal conditions for that crop.

* * *

Because of their ready acceptance of the Combine Corn Drill and the Combine Harvester Irish farmers are as efficient as any others in the production of grain, and with the co-operation of the Irish Sugar Company he is able to get very high yields of sugar beet. What is needed now is a similar concentration of effort on the production and utilisation of grass but, in this case, the main onus is on the farmer himself as machines can be of but little help. It is undoubtedly possible to earn as much money from an acre of grassland as from an acre of wheat or beet, but it demands knowledge and unremitting care. As Professor Sheehy has pointed out, the traditional method of alternatively fattening an animal in Summer and starving him in Winter must be replaced by a high level of feeding all round the year and this can be simplified by having good grazing available for eight or nine of the twelve months instead of only six, as too often occurs.

Getting maximum returns from grassland entails putting the soil into proper condition by draining, liming and ploughing, by using the proper leafy type of seed, by fertilising throughout the year and, finally, by controlled grazing. It also entails the proper method of conserving grass for winter keep, and here machinery can be of much help either through mechanised silage or baling.

The grass seeds produced in this country are better suited for the production of seed than of herbage, and there is not a wealth of practical knowledge about fertilising or controlled grazing, whilst our native strain of cows—the Shorthorn—gave very inconsistent results. So the farmer is thrown back on his own resources much more than in most countries, and certainly more than in New Zealand, Holland and Denmark, our great rivals on the world's butter market.

And that is why agricultural education is so doubly important in this country. There has been such little research done that the farmer must avail himself of what is available. The farmer today who is uninterested in new techniques in agriculture is a menace to

himself and to his family—in Holland it is said, half-jokingly perhaps, that the poor farmers are those who work so hard that they haven't the time to read! Whilst our research faculties are slowly improving ,it will be many decades before they will reach the desirable level, as we have neither the buildings nor the trained personnel to develop them.

* * *

Accordingly, we cannot have too much of agricultural education. It is an excellent and attractive subject in itself and, of course, vitally necessary for the well-being of our land; and if it were taught in every National and Secondary school in the country, as it should, we would not then have the present position which obtains in many places, viz. night agricultural classes are available, while there are no students for them! The child is father of the man, and if he is encouraged at an early stage to study the behaviour of plants and animals he will carry on this curiosity into manhood. He will be able to evaluate much more accurately the advice, lectures and leaflets which, nowadays, arrive with every post; he will have sufficient knowledge not to be afraid to question his advisers, and he will have a deeper and fuller understanding of his life's work.

It is pleasant, then, to record that St. Kieran's College is in the van of national progress in that it now has had an agricultural faculty successfully operating for several years, and, more pleasant still to know that a very high percentage of the students take the course, which is under the capable direction of Mr. John O'Neill, M.Sc.

It is noteworthy also that Agricultural Science is taken as an optional part of the ordinary school programme. Students taking it must study the ordinary subjects as well. For the embryo farmer nothing could be better. He needs technical education, but first and foremost must come general education, as only an *educated* man can keep pace with the constantly changing agricultural pattern. He will, too, be a better promoter and member of farmers' organisations, for not least among the reasons why agriculture in Ireland today is in such a backward state is the lack of suitable organisations to state and enforce the farmers' case. Ignorance begets suspicion, and youthful organisations need support not suspicion.

St. Kieran's College can be rightly proud that its enlightened authorities were responsible for having Agricultural Science admitted to a place amongst the subjects in the Intermediate Programme and that they merge it with the more academic subjects.

It is absurd and an anachronism, in this modern era, to place a man in charge of a farm, be it big or small, who has only an indifferent National School education. Until we realise this and alter it, all other attempts to compete on the world's agricultural market are merely short-term expedients and will be in vain.

Déanamís Éire Iomlán

An tAṫair Donnċaḋ Ó Floinn

Ag cuiṁneaṁ atáim agus mé ag cur ċun na hairte seo do scríoḃaḋ, naċ mbeiḋ á léiġeaṁ aċ na hiarrscoláirí Ciaránaċa a ḃí ina nGaeḋilgeoirí: agus de ḃríġ gur beag an deis atá agá lán díoḃ-san ar ṁórán Gaeḋilge do léiġeaṁ, sin é an fáṫ go ḃfuil an airte ċoṁ gairid seo, agus go ḃfuil an sean-ċló uirṫe, agus an sean-litriuġaḋ.

Aċ is mian liom labairt leo súd ar ċúrsa atá ar siubal in Éirinn fá láṫair gur fiú ḋóiḃ dar liom suim do ċur ann. Cúrsa is eaḋ é naċ ḃfuil mórán eolais le fagáil air insna páipéiriḃ nuaiḋeaċta, agus mar sin féin is cúrsa é a ḟágfaiḋ a rian—tá súil agam—ar an stair a ḃeiḋ á scríoḃaḋ in Éirinn i gcionn céad bliaḋan. Dar ndóiġ, is minic ċeana a rinneaḋ lán béil den rud a ḃí ina ċogar ar dtúis.

Is é rud gur mian liom labairt air, obair ḃeag atá á cur ċun cinn fá ṫearmonn an Léigiúin Muire in Éirinn, obair go dtugtar an Réalt mar ainm uirṫi.

Bíoḋ cead agam an Réalt do ṁíniú i mbeagán focal.

Déanaim talaṁ slán de, i dtosaċ báire, go ḃfuil obair fá leiṫ fágṫa le déanaṁ ag Dia ar Éirinn, fé mar atá obair fá leiṫ ag gaċ náisiún le déanaṁ ċun glóire Dé. Is í glóire Dé ár gcrioċ agus ár n-aiḋm; ní ceart dúinn glacaḋ leis an dtuairim a ḃíonn ag saoġaltánaiġ, gurab é an saiḋḃreas, nó an sonas saoġalta, nó an tsaoirse, is críoċ ḋéannaċ don duine ná don náisiún. Glóire Dé do ṁéaduġaḋ; sin í príoṁ-aiḋm na hÉireann.

Aċ cionnas a ḟéadann Éire glóire Dé do ṁéaduġaḋ? Gan aṁras is méaduġaḋ glóire do Ḋia ó Éirinn na misinéirí sagart agus bráṫar agus ban riaġalta a ġabann amaċ uaiṫe ag síolaḋ an ċreidiṁ ar fud an doṁain. Is méaduġaḋ ar ġlóire Dé ċoṁ maiṫ an creideaṁ do ḃeiṫ á ċleaċtaḋ go dílis agus go foirfeiṫeadaṁail ag muintir na hÉireann sa ḃaile; na sacraimintí ḃeiṫ á ngnáṫuġaḋ, an tAifreann ḃeiṫ fá urraim, réir na hEaglaise ḃeiṫ á déanaṁ. Aċ measaim gur mó de ġlóire a ḃéarfaḋ Éire do Ḋia sa ċaoi seo ná i gcaoi ar biṫ eile; a ṫaisbeáint don doṁan cionnas is féidir don Ċríostaiḋe seirḃís **iomlán** do ṫabairt do Ḋia.

Naċ í sin an ċéad aiṫne agus an aiṫne is mó? ‘‘Gráiḋfiḋ tú do Ṫiġearna Dia ód ċroiḋe go hiomlán agus ód anam go hiomlán agus ód neart go hiomlán agus ód aigne go hiomlán.’’

Is fearr d'ḟéadfaḋ an tÉireannaċ an gráḋ iomlán san do ṫaisbeáint do Ḋia ná náisiúnaċ ar biṫ eile—dá mbeaḋ an tÉireannaċ dílis dó féin. Nuair a ḃíonn an tÉireannaċ dílis dó féin, 'sé an Críostaiḋe is iomláine sa doṁan é. Tá an creideaṁ ina ċuid fola, mar adéarfá: 'sé an creideaṁ a aon oiḋreaċt; níor ċuir dí-ċreideaṁ ná eiriceaċt scamall ar an gcreideaṁ ó ṫug Pádraig go hÉirinn é. 'Sé an creideaṁ a ḃuail múnla ar aigne an Éireannaiġ agus ar a ṁeon: 'sé blas an ċreidiṁ atá ar a ṫeangain. Is mó is fiú leis an Éireannaċ sláinte a anama agus an grásta agus glóire na bflaiṫeas ná maiṫeas saoġalta ar biṫ.—Sin mar a ḃíonn an tÉireannaċ nuair a ḃíonn sé dílis dó féin, nuair a ḃíonn sé iomlán.

Aċ fóiríor, ní hi gcoṁnaiḋe a ḃíonn sé iomlán. D'ḟág stair a ṫíre rian ró-léanṁar air. Munar ḃain an stair a ċuid creidiṁ de ní mór ná gur ḃain sí ḋé gaċ aon ní eile. Mar aon ní aṁáin, ḃain sí de mórán den ḃéasaiḋeaċt agus den tsíbialtaċt d'ḟás suas ann fé ṫearmonn an ċreidiṁ: agus in ionad na béasaiḋeaċta seo a ḃain sí ḋe, ṫug sí ḋó scáil éigin de ḃéasaiḋeaċt iasaċta d'ḟás suas i dtalaṁ iasaċta fé anáil an dí-ċreidiṁ agus na heiriceaċta.

Fágann san go mbíonn mí-réiḋteaċ le feicsint indiu idir ċreideaṁ an Éireannaiġ agus iomċur an Éireannaiġ; creideann sé mar a ċreideann an Eaglais aċ bíonn sé á iomċur féin fé mar a ḋéanfaḋ Sasanaċ neaṁ-Ċatoiliciḋe nó Ameiriceánaċ gan ċreideaṁ ar biṫ. Léiġeann sé na leabra céadna, gnáṫuiġeann sé na pictiúirí céadna

agus ní mór ná go ḃfuil an dearcaḋ céadna ar an saoġal aige atá acu-súd. Iarrann Dia orainn é ġráḋuġaḋ ó n-ár gcroiḋe go hiomlán agus ó n-ár n-aigne go hiomlán, aċ ní féidir ḋúinn é ḋéanaṁ, mar táimid i n-ár ḋá gcuid.

Agus is é is mian le Réalt an Léigiúin Ṁuire do ḋéanaṁ, croiḋe agus aigne an Éireannaiġ do ḋéanaṁ iomlán arís. Is mian leis an cultúr dúṫċais do ċur i n-ionad an ċultúir iasaċta de ḃríġ go dtuigeann sé go mba ċaḃair mór é sin don ċreideaṁ. Dá mbeaḋ an cultúr Críostaiḋe Éireannaċ ina lán-réim arís, ní ḃeaḋ an tÉireannaċ Catoilicíḋe i gcás idir ḋá ċomairle mar atá.

Sin é an fáṫ go gcuireann an Réalt roiṁe mar aiḋm, na Gaeḋilgeoirí a ṫagann ċuige, solas éigin do ṫabairt dóiḃ ar an oiḋreaċt uasail Ċríostaiḋe atá tagṫa anuas ċúċa. Creideann an Realt go diongabálta, dá dtuigidís na hÉireannaiġ cad as dóiḃ féin, go mbeaḋ meas níos mó acu orṫa féin agus dá réir sin go mbeidís dílis dóiḃ féin, ag seirḃís do Ḋia le hiomlán a n-anama.

Dá ḃríġ sin, bíonn cruinniuġaḋ gaċ seaċt-ṁain ag muinntir an Réalta, cruinniuġaḋ ina dtugtar eolas ar ḃéarsaiḋeaċt dúṫċais na hÉireann agus ina gcuirtear ina luiġe ar an luċt éisteaċta go ḃfuil níos mó le ḋéanaṁ ag muinntir na hÉireann ná an Ġaeḋilg d'aiṫḃeoḋaċaint, mar naċ mbeiḋ créaċta na hÉireann leiġiste go dtí go mbeiḋ Éire ċoṁ neartṁar sa Ċríostaiḋeaċt, ċoṁ gníoṁaċ ina cuid misiúnaiḋeaċta, ċoṁ díograiseaċ ag saoṫruġaḋ na naoṁṫaċta agus a ḃí sí le linn na ré órḋa.

Óir, is miṫid dúinn a ṫuigsint, agus a ċur ina luiġe ar an bpobal Éireannaċ, tar éis a ḃfuil de ṫroid déanta ag ár laoċra ar son na saoirse, tar éis a ḃfuil d'imṡníoṁ déanta ag cinn ár stáit ċun go n-aiṫneoḟaí neaṁ-spleaḋaċas na hÉireann, tar éis a ḃfuil de ḃeartaiḋeaċt déanta ag luċt tionn-scail ċun go mbeaḋ beagán éigin de ṡaiḋ-ḃreas an tsaoġail ag ár muinntir—is miṫid dúinn a ṫuigsint, adeirim, gurab é príoṁ-ḋualgas d'ḟág Dia orainn, ríoġaċt na ḃflaiṫeas do lorg.

Is féidir ḋúinn, le caḃair ó Ḋia agus fá ċoimirce Ḃanríoġan na hÉireann, Éire do ḋéanaṁ níos glórṁaire in Eaglais Ċríost ná mar a ḃí sí riaṁ.

Éire nua do ḋéanaṁ cosaṁail le hÉire na sean, aċ í ḃeiṫ ċoṁ mór ċun tosaiġ uirṫe agus atá Eaglais Ċríost an lae indiu ċun tosaiġ ar Eaglais na Ré Dorċa—sin í, fara caḃair Dé, príoṁ-aiḋm—aon-aiḋm !—an Réalta.

St. Kieran's Bookshelf

Geoffrey Taylor

TAKING the world all round, patriotism tends to be at a discount today. For one thing, the two great global powers, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.—vast areas rather than countries—have given us no territorial adjectives, so that we must fall back on "American," which covers too much, and "Russian," which covers too little. And since the essence of patriotism is to be able to say, "I am Irish," "I am English," "I am a Roman," so these United Statesmen and Soviet Socialists must think of themselves as Citizens of the World. But, alas, there is only one world, and they are not content to share it, and more and more the rest of us are being cajoled and bullied into being World Citizens too.

It is all very depressing. But here and there one finds a small counter-movement. In any case, thanks perhaps to Partition, we in Ireland are as yet not very seriously infected. None the less, even here it is well to see a love of place, a local patriotism, being fostered. And it is exactly this that Mr. James Maher's Tipperary anthology does, and it is for this that it should be welcomed. "For," as he says, "a man should take a pride—an intelligent pride—in the spot where he was reared or where he lives." In effect, he would have us not consider the world all round. He directs our attention to a nearer view, perhaps a narrower. But there may be merits in the narrow, as there certainly are in the near. Or, if not, let us be broadminded about narrowness.

And indeed, when the view is adjusted, Tipperary is a broad enough county—broad enough to require a volume of three hundred pages for its praise in prose and verse, and for the appreciation of its topography, its history and its folklore. And to change from the spatial to the temporal aspect, the range is from legendary antiquity down to the recent troubles.

Amongst the prose are some archaeological notes by Francoise Henry, some good fairy tales—about Finn MacCool, of course, and about the man who was so mean that "if you had a cold in your head he would grudge it to you"—and there are many passages recounting Tipperary's "military history" from Cromwell down to the Treaty. Desmond Ryan's account of how Sean Treacy captured the Drangan Barracks—a most daring exploit—is admirably told.

The curious reader will find much else of education and entertainment amongst the prose, including "A Memory of Smith O'Brien," by Oscar Wilde, which is not, perhaps, of much intrinsic importance, but is interesting as being one of Wilde's very few Irish references. The poetry that Mr. Maher has included is, on the whole, rather less rewarding than the prose. Now and again there are verses with the authentic ballad lilt:

If you wor to see young Lockwood
All in his ridin' dhress,
Wud multitudes around him,
All wishin' him success;
An' ladies, too, in crowds to view
That sportsman of renown,
They wished him luck to bring the Cup
From Langley of Archerstown . . .

But one would have liked a note on the people and events referred to in this and other poems. Who was "Jane of Slievenamon" for instance—the subject of two poems widely separated in this anthology? And who was Father John Lane who wrote of Lady Iveagh of Kilcash:

Bereft of repose, I am destined to languish
In hopeless desire and incurable anguish
For the maid of fair tresses, whose ringlets of gold,
Her fine figure with graceful profusion enfold . . .

Kind, cheerful and bounteous, without ostentation,
The light of the province, the pride of the nation;
A pearl without flaw, a meek innocent dove,
Her enchanting politeness compels us to love . . .

And again, who wrote the Hunting Song:

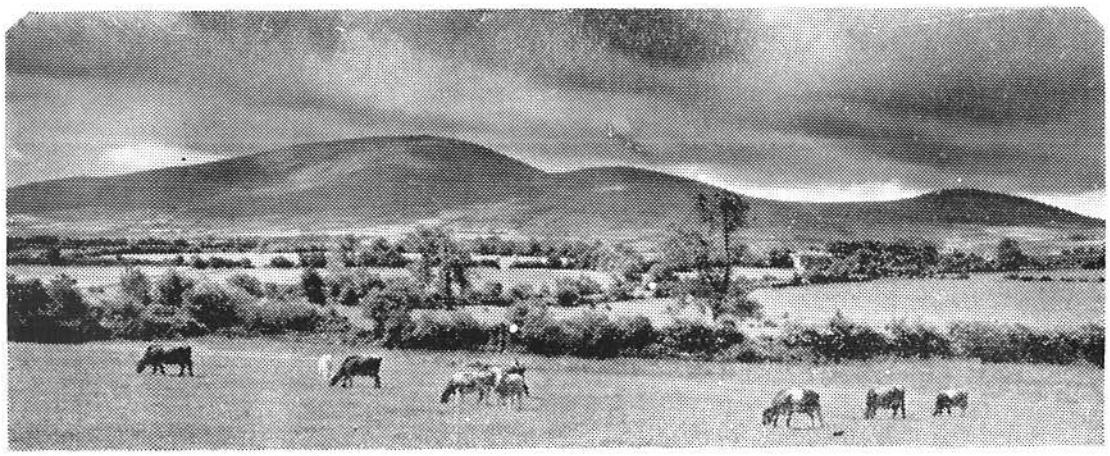
I'm back in College dreaming—
Amidst the merry din—
Of the hills of Ballingarry
And the banks of Lismolin.
I am trying hard to study,
But find my thoughts are gone
And wandering with the Anner
Thro' the vale of Slievenamon . . .

How very, very tragic
To be English bred and born,
And ne'er have known the magic
Of an Irish hunting morn;
To have missed the rides at sunrise
Towards a distant meet,
When the lovely Irish countryside
Lies sleeping at your feet.

In fact, if one might hint a criticism of this anthology, one would have sacrificed some of its present contents for more in the way of editorial comment and notes. Mr. Maher could have supplied these, but he has been too modest. His own contributions deal largely with "that prince of men and of writers and singers—the gifted and immortal Kickham." And from a purely literary point of view, Kickham is the book's standard of reference and its high watermark of achievement.

Yet no rigorous literary criterion can reasonably be applied to such a collection as this. It has been a labour of love and an act of local piety. As a final commendation, Sir Shane Leslie's Preface may be quoted: "I have read or perused it," he writes, "in a night, without intending to devote more than an hour." If "Romantic Slievenamon" keeps others up all night, their time will not be wasted.

ROMANTIC SLIEVENAMON: A TIPPERARY ANTHOLOGY. Edited by James Maher. (Published at Kickham Street, Mullinahone, Co. Tipperary, 20/-.)



SLIEVENAMON

Portrait of a Writer

From "Personality Parade" in The Munster Tribune

ONE of the remarkable things James Maher tells is that "Knocknagow" still sells at the rate of a thousand copies a year. But then this quiet, scholarly man from Mullinahone knows everything there is to be known about the Kickham country. It has been his life study, and in his books, his lectures, his pamphlets and letters he has been in a great way responsible for the present revival of interest in the rich lore of Mullinahone and Slievenamon, the land that gave Kickham to Ireland and an epic to the world treasury of folk tales.

* * *

James Maher was born in the town of Callan, where the histories of Kilkenny and Tipperary are so intimately bound together. It was but natural that at an early age his love for the Kickham lore should show itself, for his grandfather, Pat Burke of Mullinahone, was a well-known Fenian and a friend of Kickham, and had helped General T. F. Burke of Fethard who was organising the Fenians in the area in 1866. Mr. Maher's mother, formerly Miss Bridget Burke of Mullinahone, went to live in Bridge House, Callan, when she married John Maher, but later the family went to Mullinahone. Her husband died in 1934.

As a boy James Maher was educated at Callan C.B.S., and later went to the great Kilkenny powerhouse of education, St. Kieran's College. He then went to University College, Dublin, where he obtained his B.A. degree, later adding the Higher Diploma in Education. This year is the 173rd academic year of St. Kieran's, and for the first time the College authorities are producing a college annual, which Mr. Maher is editing.

The life of the great Gaelic diarist, Humphrey O'Sullivan, was one of the first things to attract the attention of the young historian, and in 1936 he assisted in the editing of the diaries, which were published in four volumes by the Irish Texts Society. O'Sullivan came to the Callan area from Killarney as a schoolteacher and taught a number of the old families of the district, and his diaries gives a wonderfully clear and living picture of the social Ireland of pre-famine days. In 1938 Mr. Maher was secretary of the committee which organised the O'Sullivan commemoration ceremonies and erected a plaque to his memory in Callan town. A film was made, and Mr. Maher hopes to have it shown soon in Callan.

* * *

Kickham and his times had for long been Mr. Maher's study, and in 1937 when the Irish Technical Education Association were holding their congress in Clonmel, they asked Mr. Maher to read a paper on the poet of Slievenamon. The result was that the delegates came out to Mullinahone and erected a plaque to Kickham at the house where he had lived. Mullinahone contains a wealth of information on Kickham and his times, and it followed that from his studies and research Mr. Maher should publish a number of pamphlets and articles on the subject. The study snowballed to such an extent in 1942 he published "The Valley Near Slievenamon" a biography of Kickham, containing the poems, speeches, letters and essays of the great man. The book was a tremendous success and marked out Mr. Maher at once as an authority on the subject. "The Valley Near Slievenamon" sold very rapidly and is now out of print. An interesting and somewhat poignant point about the book is that the author dedicated it to Mrs. Annie White of New York, a niece of Kickham to whom Kickham had dedicated his own "Knocknagow," but Mrs. White, then resident in New York, died the very week that "The Valley Near Slievenamon" was published.

In 1952 Mr. Maher published "Dawn On The Irish Coast," a booklet on the sweet poet of Callan, John Locke, famous for his poem of that name. This publication, which contained Locke's poems and a memoir and guide to Callan, sold rapidly among the Irish at home and in America, a tribute to the popularity of Locke, "the poet of Ireland-in-Exile."

"Romantic Slievenamon," which is Mr. Maher's greatest work to date on Kickham, followed in 1954, and is now in its third edition. If Kickham in his novel depicted the Knocknagow of fiction, "Romantic Slievenamon" presents the Knocknagow of history. This anthology of the history, folklore and songs of Ireland's mountain most honoured in song and story, will probably rank as the really authoritative study of the land that produced "Knocknagow." The author was justifiably thrilled when last Christmas the President of Ireland, Sean T. O'Ceallaigh, chose the book as his Christmas present to his friends.

* * *

No one can speak to James Maher for long without sharing in at least a part of his love for Kickham and Knocknagow. Research for Mr. Maher is not the dull perusal of letters and histories, rather is it the gathering of the many throbbing threads of this historic countryside where Kickham even in his own day was a well-loved figure. There is now no one alive who knew the poet, but Mr. Maher has preserved for posterity the story of the people and the times around which Knocknagow was built. He knows Kickham better almost than Kickham knew himself, and in the Mullinahone of today there is that pride in local patriotism that Kickham dearly loved to foster.

He relates that when Kickham died in 1882, he was known not as the poet or even to a great extent as the author of "Knocknagow," but chiefly as one of the Fenians. When he died only a few thousand people had read his greatest work, and of his forty poems only a few were generally known. "Knocknagow" was published first by A. M. Sullivan at great risk in 1873, and the second edition by Duffy's came in 1879. Today it is in its 32nd edition. At his death Kickham had seen only one edition of "Sally Cavanagh" and he had never seen "For The Old Land" (1886) in print at all.

Kickham the man is now overshadowed by Kickham the author, but while "Knocknagow" lives Kickham the man will never die. The appeal of "Knocknagow" as the story of a people has defied the probings of our greatest critics. James Maher, who knows better than anyone except Kickham himself what makes it throb, puts the reason succinctly—" 'Knocknagow' gets under the skin of Ireland."

* * *

The lot of the author in Ireland today is not a very enticing one, but Mr. Maher feels he has been fortunate in his choice. He has two interesting themes, Kickham and Slievenamon, and that vast store of history and tradition and Fenian memory still contains much that is a challenge to a man like James Maher. He is now at work on another very interesting aspect of the Fenian times, for he is studying letters written by John O'Mahony the Fenian to his nephew and sister at Ballycurkeen. The letters have been made available to him by Mrs. Jack Hanrahan O'Mahony's grand-niece, and these personal notes from the great patriot and scholar who gave the Fenian organisation its name, are proving a very interesting and revealing study. Mr. Maher hopes to publish the letters in pamphlet form.

Visitors to the Kickham country invariably call to the Maher home at Mullinahone. They come from England and America and Australia during the holiday season, and last year Mr. Maher had almost eighty callers anxious to see and hear more of the lovely countryside of which they had read. Kickham has many fans.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that Mr. Maher is a great reader, for the research worker reads everything he can lay his hands on. His chief reading interests lie in memoirs, biography, and history, and the history of Fenian times is a particular study of tremendously wide range. He is a very keen philatelist, and has a fine collection of nearly four thousand valuable stamps. His mother is a kindly lady who bears her years lightly, and he has five brothers. Paddy is in the grocery and victualling business in Mullinahone. Milo is a chemist there, Jack farms at Ballydavid, Aquin is in the E.S.B. in Dublin, and Dick is a Dublin bank official.

TRIALS OF A PARISH PRIEST

The Chapel Woman Speaks Her Mind

Canon Sheehan

FATHER LETHEBY commenced sooner than I expected.

I think it was about nine or ten days after his formal instalment in his new house, just as I was reading after breakfast the *Freeman's Journal* of two days past, the door of my parlour was suddenly flung open, a bunch of keys was thrown angrily on the table, and a voice (which I recognised as that of Mrs. Darcy, the chapel woman), strained to the highest tension of indignation, shouted:

"There! and may there be no child to pray over my grave if ever I touch them again! Wisha! where in the world did you get him? or where did he come from, at all, at all? The son of a jook! the son of a draper over there at Kilkeel. Didn't Mrs. Morarty tell me how she sowld socks to his ould father? An' he comes here complaining of dacent people! 'Dirt,' sez he. 'Where?' sez I. 'There,' sez he. 'Where?' sez I. 'I came of as dacent people as him. Wondher *you* never complained. But you're too aisy. You always allow these galivanters of curates to crow over you. But I tell you I won't stand it. If I had to beg my bread from house to house, I won't stand being told I'm dirty. Why, the ladies of the Great House said they could see their faces in the candlesticks; and didn't the Bishop say 'twas the natest vestry in the diocese? And this new cojutor with his gran' accent, which no one can understand, and his gran' furniture, and his whipster of a servant, begor, no one can stand him. We must all clear out. And, after me eighteen years, scrubbing, and washing, and ironing, wid me two little orphans, which that blackguard, Jem Darcy (the Lord have mercy on his sowl!) left me, must go to foreign countries to airn me bread, because I'm not good enough for his reverence. Well, 'tis you'll be sorry. But, if you wint down on your two binded knees and said: 'Mrs. Darcy, I deplore you to take them kays and go back to your juties,' I wouldn't! No! Get some whipster that will suit his reverence. Mary Darcy isn't good enough."

She left the room, only to return. She spoke with forced calmness.

"De thrifle of money you owe me, yer reverence, ye can sind it down to the house before I start for America. And dere's two

HER REVERENCE: "We don't hear Confessions after nine!"

glasses of althar wine in the bottle, and half a pound of candles."

She went out again, but returned immediately.

"The surplus is over at Nell O'Brien's washing, and the black vestment is over at Tom Carmody's since the last station. The kay of the safe is under the door of the linny, to de left, and the chalice is in the basket, wrapped in the handkerchief. And, if you won't mind giving me a charackter, perhaps, Hannah will take it down in the evening."

She went out again; but kept her hand on the door.

"Good-bye, your reverence, and God bless you! Sure, thin, you never said a hard word to a poor woman." Then there was the sound of falling tears.

To all this tremendous philippic I never replied. I never do reply to a woman until I have my hand on the door handle and my finger on the key. I looked steadily at the column of stocks and shares on the paper, though I never read a word.

"This is rather a bad mess," said I. "He is coming out too strong."

The minute particulars I had from Hannah soon after. Hannah and Mrs. Darcy are not friends. Two such village potentates could not be friends any more than two poets, or two critics, or two philosophers. As a rule, Hannah rather looked down on the chapel woman, and generally addressed her with studied politeness. "How are you *today*, Mrs. Darcy?" or more frequently, "Good *morning*, Mrs. Darcy." On the other hand, Mary Darcy, as arbitress at stations, wakes, and weddings, had a wide influence in the parish, and I fear used to speak contemptuously sometimes of my housekeeper. But now there was what the newspapers call a Dual Alliance against the newcomers, and a stern determination that any attempt at superiority should be repressed with a firm hand, and to Mrs. Darcy's lot it fell to bear the martyrdom of high principle and to fire the first shot, that should be also the final one. And so it was, but not in the way Mrs. Darcy anticipated.

It would appear, then, that Father Letheby had visited the sacristy, and taken a most minute inventory of its treasures, and had, with all the zeal of a new reformer, found matters in a very bad state. Now, he was not one to smile benignantly at such irregularities and then throw the burden of correcting them on his pastor. He was outspoken and honest. He tore open drawers, and drew out their slimy, mildewed contents, sniffed ominously at the stuffy atmosphere, flung aside with gestures of contempt some of Mrs. Darcy's dearest treasures, such as a magnificent reredos of blue paper with gold stars; held up gingerly, and with curled lip, corporals and purificators, and wound up the awful inspection with the sentence:

"I never saw such abominable filth in my life."

Now, you may accuse us in Ireland of anything you please from coining to parricide, but if you don't want to see blazing eyes and hear vigorous language don't say Dirt. Mrs. Darcy bore the fierce scrutiny of her menage without shrinking, but when he mentioned the ugly word, all her fury shot forth, and it was all the more terrible, because veiled under a show of studied politeness.

"Dirt!" she said. "I'd be plazed to see your reverence show one speck of dirt in the place."

"Good heavens, woman!" he said, "what do you mean? There is dirt everywhere, in the air, under my feet, in the grate, on the altar. It would take the Atlantic to purify the place."

"You're the first gentleman that ever complained of the place," said Mrs. Darcy. "Of course, there aren't carpets, and bearskins, and cowhides, which are now the fashion, I believe. An' dere isn't a looking-glass, nor a pianney; but would your reverence again show me the dirt? A poor woman's charackter is all she has."

"I didn't mean to impute anything to your character," he said, mildly, "but if you can't see that this place is frightfully dirty, I suppose I can't prove it. Look at that!"

He pointed to a gruesome heap of cinders, half-burnt papers, brown ashes, etc., that choked up the grate.

"Yerra. Glory be to God!" said Mrs. Darcy, appealing to an imaginary audience, "he calls the sweepings of the altar, and the clane ashes, dirt. Yerra, what next?"

"This next," he said, determinedly; "come here." He took her out and pointed to the altar cloth. It was wrinkled and grimy, God forgive me! and there were stars of all sizes and colours darkening it.

"Isn't that a disgrace to the Church?" he said, sternly.

"I see no disgrace in it," said Mrs. Darcy. "It was washed and made up last Christmas, and is as clane today as the day it came from the mangle."

"Do you call that clean?" he shouted, pointing to the drippings of the candles.

"Yerra, what harm is that," said she, "a bit of blessed wax that fell from the candles? Sure, 'tis of that they make the Agnus Deis."

"You're perfectly incorrigible," he said. "I'll report the whole wretched business to the parish priest, and let him deal with you."

"Begor you may," said she, "but I'll have my story first."

And so she had. Father Letheby gave me his version afterwards. He did so with the utmost delicacy, for it was all an indirect indictment of my own slovenliness and sinful carelessness. I listened with shamed face and bent head, and determined to let him have his way. I knew that Mrs. Darcy would not leave for America just yet.

But what was my surprise on the following Sunday, when, on entering the sacristy to prepare for Mass, I slid along a polished floor, and but for the wall would probably have left a vacancy at Kilronan to some expectant curate. The floor glinted and shone with wax; and there were dainty bits of fibre matting here and there. The grate was black-leaded, and there was a wonderful fire-screen with an Alpine landscape. The clock was clicking steadily, as if Time had not stood still for us all for many years: and there were my little altar boys in snowy surplices as neat as the acolytes that proffered soap and water to the Archbishop of Rheims, when he called for bell and book in the famous legend.

But oh! my anguish when I drew a stiff white amice over my head, instead of the dear old limp and wrinkled one I was used to; and when I feebly tried to push my hands through the lace meshes of an alb, that would stand with stiffness and pride, if I placed in on the floor, I would gladly have called for my old garment; but I knew that I too had to undergo the process of the new reformation; and, with much agony, I desisted. But I drew the line at a biretta which cut my temples with its angles, and I called out:

"Mrs. Darcy."

A young woman, with her hair all tidied up, and with a white apron, laced at the edges, and pinned to her breasts, came out from a recess. She was smiling bashfully, and

MRS. DARCY IN "MY NEW CURATE"

appeared as if she would like to run away and hide somewhere.

"Mrs. Darcy," I called again.

The young woman smiled more deeply, and said with a kind of smirk:

"Here I am, your reverence!"

It is fortunate for me that I have acquired after long practice, the virtue of silence; for when I recognised the voice of my old friend, I was thunderstruck. I'm sure I would have said something very emphatic, but my habits restrained me. But I regret to say it was all a source of distraction to me in the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, and during the day.

From *My New Curate*

---

* Reprinted in ST. KIERAN'S RECORD by kind permission of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne and The Talbot Press, Ltd.

Canon Sheehan was a personal friend of Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, and attended the Bishop's Silver Jubilee in Kilkenny.

Mother Nore

Many times I've looked upon thee
Gazed all seasons on thy face,
From thy cradle midst the mountains,
To the ending of thy race.

And thou wert ever lovely,
Ever beauteous to my eyes,
'Neath the leaden grey of rain clouds,
Or the glow of sunset skies.

When the moonbeams in the harvest,
Shimmering, tipt thy silver ripples bright;
When the autumn even's purple
Faded in the calm twilight.

Where thou washest saintly Durrow,
Glidest past the Fenian grave;
Where the fortress of the Ormondes
Proudly towers o'er thy wave.

Where thou lingerest, caressing
Fairy Woodstock's wooded side;
Where between the waving willows
Thou art lost in Barrow's tide.

Thou art lovely, thou art lovely,
Past all measure, mother Nore,
In thy pools and in thy shallows,
In the pastures by thy shore.

On thy banks 'twere sweet to linger,
Sweet to stem thy summer stream;
Sweet to woo, and wed, and die beside thee,
Thou, of waters, fairest queen.

William Canon Carrigan*

Historian of Ossory

Rev. James Brennan, D.D., L.S.S.

IF William Canon Carrigan required a memorial, it is there in the four volumes of his *History and Antiquities of the Diocese of Ossory*. But even this massive achievement does not give an adequate idea, to the layman at least, of the life-time of patient research that went into their composition. A more telling indication of his amazing industry and devotion to his chosen work may be found in the manuscript material which he left behind him at his death and which now rests in the diocesan archives.

There, in a dozen large, and about one hundred and fifty small notebooks, is the result of forty-three years of unremitting research; the primary matter out of which came the final form of his great History. In those notebooks, which were his constant companions, more than in the History, is preserved the true spirit of William Carrigan, historian.

A characteristic note by his own hand in the parish register of Durrow tells us that he was born at Rothestown, Ballyfoyle, Co. Kilkenny, in May or August, 1860. That small uncertainty about the exact date, particularly incongruous in his case, was due apparently to a belated and post-dated entry in the baptismal register of Ballyfoyle. He has also recorded in one of the notebooks the dates of birth and death of his parents, James Carrigan and Johanna Brenan, and the fact that both were Irish speakers, adding of his mother in particular that she died before he could draw on her rich store of Gaelic. He always regretted that he never really knew the language of his parents, despite some belated efforts to learn it. It was not taught at all in the primary schools and, though he picked up some Irish while he was attending Mr. McDonald's school in Kilkenny, he had no opportunity of speaking it and never became fluent in the language. After two years of Mr. McDonald's tuition William Carrigan passed on to St. Kieran's College, where he spent five years. In due course, since he had a desire for the priesthood, he was sent to Maynooth.

* * *

During his years in Maynooth William Carrigan showed that he was a student of more than average intelligence, but inclined to follow his own bent. Curiously enough, he did not distinguish himself in ecclesiastical history, but he was intensely interested in Irish history and was already buying such books as *Loca Patriciana* by Shearman and *Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century*. During his holidays he followed the activities of the Ossory Archaeological Society recently founded by the Bishop, Dr. Moran. He spent a lot of his free time with a Mr. Thomas Shelly of Callan, helping him to make "rubbings" of inscriptions on tombstones. Thus were the habits of a lifetime being formed.

An attack of scruples deferred his ordination for some time, and he was eventually ordained, not in Maynooth, but in the chapel of the Presentation Convent, Kilkenny, by Dr. Moran, shortly before the latter's departure for Australia. The great episcopal

* Canon Carrigan was professor in St. Kieran's from 1885 to 1886.

An acknowledgement is due to the " Old Kilkenny Review " for permission to reproduce Dr. Brennan's article. A letter received from Miss Agnes O'Gorman, Ballyragget, by Mr. Tom Hoyne, K.A.S., of Webbsboro' House, Ballyfoyle states : " The photographer who went everywhere with Canon Carrigan, giving his services free, was the Canon's bosom friend, Mr. Michael O'Toole, Grennan, Attanagh, Leix. Mr. O'Toole's brother was Father Hugh O'Toole, Professor of Science in Blackrock College ; he must have taught Michael photography, which was then in its infancy."—Editor, ST. KIERAN'S RECORD.

historian may not have realised it, but he was not only ordaining a worthy young man to the priesthood; he was providing Ossory with its historian.

Father Carrigan's first appointment was to St. Kieran's College, where he taught Classics and English for three years (1883-86). Though there was no doubt about his ability, he did not like teaching and his real interests were outside the classroom. Fortunately for his particular genius he found himself in a most stimulating atmosphere in Kilkenny at that time. A keen interest was being taken in historical matters by a number of the clergy and laity and there were two flourishing societies—the Royal Society of Antiquaries, formerly the Kilkenny Archaeological Society (founded in 1849), and the Ossory Archaeological Society (founded in 1874)—both of which he joined. The second of these societies did not long survive the departure of Dr. Moran in 1884 but its influence was not lost on the young Father Carrigan: he contributed one of the last articles published by its journal, and has left it on record that it was the reading of this journal that definitely turned his mind to the history of the diocese. Already, in 1884, he had begun to collect material for it, but without any fixed plan or hope of ultimate publication.

* * *

Father Carrigan was not left long in the college; in 1886 he was sent as curate to Ballyragget, where he remained till 1891. This gave him more time to pursue his interest in local history, and a definite routine in his daily life now took shape. With his ritual in one pocket and his notebook in the other he went about through the parish, seeking always the oldest people, taking note of everything he heard and saw about the past. He was methodical even to the point of putting down the identity of his informants: thus "1888, from Mr. John Dunne, Garryricken"; "From Mickel Grace, Windgap, aged over 90."

In the nights he used to put his notes in order, carefully dating them (at least in the early years): "Rev. William Carrigan, C.C., began this Ms. in 1890." So he went on, collecting his information by day, revising it by night in his careful, legible hand, and the pattern of his life took shape as the notebooks began to multiply.

The letters he wrote to one of his clerical friends at this time are full of his interest in history and archaeology, and, it may be said, of his extensive knowledge in this field. Indeed, he had no other interests. It is recorded that in the company of his fellow-priests he only came to life when the conversation turned to the past. His only excursions were archaeological ones, and his holidays were spent in the Public Record Office in Dublin, broken only by walks to Howth where he often stayed. "I met no one that I knew, as most of my idle time was spent in the Public Record Office," he says in a letter of 1888. The burning of the Record Office in 1922 was a personal blow to him: "I feel its loss intensely, having spent my vacation for the last thirty-seven there," he wrote in a letter at the time.

* * *

It was not until 1890 that Father Carrigan's self-imposed work received an impetus and a direction when the Bishop, Dr. Brownrigg, appointed him to be official historian of the diocese with instructions to write its History. This was an act of real discernment on the part of the Bishop, and one that was amply repaid. From this time, Father Carrigan tells (in the Preface to his History): "I threw myself in earnest into the work, devoting to it all my spare moments." His pastoral career now fell into a regular sequence. Two years was his reckoning for the study of a parish (or group of parishes), and in accordance with this plan the Bishop changed him every two years. He was curate successively, after Ballyragget, in Conahy (1891-93), Templeorum (1893-95), Rathdowney (1895-97), and Durrow (1897-1909), before he completed his task. Durrow was his last change, for he became its Parish Priest in 1909 and died there in 1923.

Though he had previously collected a great deal of material, it was only in 1890 that he began to do so systematically with a view to the History. He worked, he tells us, "from townland to townland, from parish to parish, till every spot of interest in Ossory was thoroughly examined, its antiquities duly noted, and the local *seanachies* interrogated

. . . " He nearly ruined his health in the early days by his indifference to the weather and by his constant standing or kneeling in the damp grass of graveyards to read and copy the inscriptions on the tombs; in later life he seems to have become inured to these conditions, and he enjoyed better health. Though he was relieved of a certain amount of responsibility by the generous co-operation of his fellow-priests, he never neglected his pastoral work, and was, in any case, always amongst the people, combining his researches with his ministrations. Here is a parishioner's account of Father Carrigan's daily round in Templeorum:

"Mass, then visit any sick persons under his charge; then, without returning home, hunt up some old man to gather local history . . . taking pencilled notes, and subsequently correcting or modifying the tradition thus received by a slightly different version of the same incidents obtained from some other old man; and perhaps that same afternoon he'd be on his knees in some neighbouring churchyard rubbing over some semi-undecipherable moss-smothered tombstone trying to correct the narrative thus procured, by the guidance of names and dates."

He was by nature, it would seem, something of a solitary, or, if not, he became one by his absorption in his life's work. It was not that he was indifferent to the company of his fellow-priests; he liked an occasional game of cards with them, and he was univer-

WILLIAM CANON CARRIGAN

sally popular amongst them for his modest and friendly manner, and respected for his absolute devotion to his historical work. But he preferred to do his work alone, unaccompanied even by well-meaning priest-friends.

* * *

Apart from his regular visits to Dublin, chiefly to the Record Office, Father Carrigan

did not travel much outside his diocese. He made two visits to the British Museum and to the Bodleian Library in Oxford, but, apart from a visit to Madame Tussaud's exhibition, he left London unexplored. Though he would have dearly liked to visit Rome, and was invited to go by a niece who lived in Italy, he shrank from the journey and the loss of time it would entail. As a member of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society he made some trips to Cork city and county, and was even induced to write three articles for its Journal, but characteristically left them unsigned. He gave a few lectures, but was generally averse to platform appearances or to public functions of any kind. It is recorded that he went only once to a wedding party. He made a brief and unhappy incursion into politics during the Parnell agitation; its effect was to drive him back to his historical investigations. He seldom read the newspapers, and it could be truly said of him that he was more interested in the past than the present.

Though he seldom appeared in print, the few articles he did consent to publish showed something of the solid and painstaking work he was doing as a preparation for his History of the diocese. The list of authorities given in the first volume of that History gives an idea of the range of his reading, but his researches went far beyond the written evidence. He neglected no source of information about the past, written and unwritten: parochial registers, wills, genealogies; the memories of the living and the records of the dead. He was tireless in tracking down minute points (in wills, for example) that eluded pursuit, and tenacious in the study of a problem that baffled him. The instance of the wayside cross at Errill (in Leix) is typical. "You will be glad to know (he writes to a friend) that after a study of more than twenty-eight years I have at long last succeeded in decipering an inscription on an ancient wayside Cross in one of the neighbouring parishes."

* * *

The dating of the notebooks shows how steadily Father Carrigan had been amassing his material. The first one is dated November 13th, 1881, at Maynooth; the last is dated 1923. Not all this material is confined to Ossory; much of it refers to other places. "During thirty-seven years' vacations spent in the Record Office, I gathered together a mass of ecclesiastical information relating to most of the Irish dioceses," he wrote in a letter of May 24th, 1923. The originals of the material collected in the Record Office have, of course, since perished in the disastrous fire of 1922. Even when he had published his History, Canon Carrigan (as he had then become) kept up his researches, partly to provide a Supplement to the work, partly for his own information, as he remarked in a letter written a couple of months before his death.

In his life-time he was very generous in giving information to inquiring students, and thought nothing of copying out long extracts from his transcripts of documents, to save them trouble. To one such student, a young priest, he wrote (June 6th, 1923): "With the greatest possible pleasure I shall give you any notes I have not yet published relating to (your) diocese. These notes are mixed up with notes on many other dioceses in a big number of MSS. which I could not conveniently forward to you; and what I mean to do is to pick them out, transcribe them, and send them on to you."

The late Archdeacon St. John Seymour has handsomely acknowledged the friendly help and encouragement which he received at the beginning of his career as a historian from Father Carrigan, when both were stationed in Durrow.

* * *

It was in 1897 that Father Carrigan was appointed as curate to Durrow, and it was in that year that he began the most difficult labour of all, the writing of his History. At thirty-seven years of age he had published only five articles, and he was very diffident about his literary ability. Since he was self-taught in historical method, he lacked the technique of the trained historian which would have simplified the task of reducing his mass of notes to order, even before he began the actual writing. All the more impressive, then, is the achievement represented by the four volumes of the History. Between 1897 and 1903, when he gave the first volume

t

o the printer, he wrote and re-wrote his material five times. He worked to a regular routine, as always, beginning at 4 p.m., after dinner, and going on to a late hour, often till after midnight. It was painfully slow work, done by the light of two candles—he refused to have an oil-lamp—and with an old-fashioned pen which he persisted in using in defiance of modernity. So wedded to the past was he that he would not even use blotting paper, but used to sprinkle snuff on the pages, as a gesture to those ancient scribes who were his true models.

The great work was finally published in 1905 by Sealy, Bryers and Walker of Dublin. It was well-received by the public and by the critics (all save one), but it left its author in debt. Only in 1911 did he pay off the last £7 due to the publisher. Meanwhile, as a reward for his labours, he had been made Parish Priest of Durrow in 1909, promoted to a Canonry in 1911, and received an honorary D.D. from the Holy See. He was now well-known as a historian; his correspondence increased with requests for historical information; he was a member of several societies, including the Royal Irish Academy.

In reality, he neither sought nor needed reward; his work was its own reward. "These ecclesiastical researches were of great interest to me, but besides my own amusement, I have always kept before me that they might be of service to others, like yourself, who hadn't as many opportunities for research as I had." In those words, written to a student who had sought his help, there speaks the true, disinterested scholar whose only motive was that the knowledge of the past might live on in the records of the present.

General James Wall Scully

Arline Scully

THE story of a well-spent and useful life has its value as an inspiration and example. Since the days of Plutarch, that famous biographer of antiquity, down to our own times, it has been repeatedly demonstrated that an unfailing source of human interest lies in the careers, as well as in the mental and physical traits, of those who have taken a prominent part in the affairs of their own country, or who for any reason have commanded the attention of the world at large.

In the present article an account is given of the professional services of Brigadier-General James Wall Scully, United States Army, together with some idea of his distinguished Irish ancestry, personal character, and private life—which was marked by an earnest and abiding effort to do his whole duty both towards God and his fellow men, and in which the nobler impulses of honour, courtesy, patriotism and courage were leading factors.

The Scullys (in Irish Ó Scolaidhe, which means scholar, and is a family trait) were of the Milesian period and originally came from the County Longford and Leix, Ireland. The family during the Cromwellian disturbances became greatly broken up, and finally two brothers settled near Cashel, County Tipperary, and it is from one of these brothers General Scully descended. On arrival near Cashel the two brothers commenced to farm and proved successful, gradually buying up more and more land until the family owned vast holdings throughout Southern Tipperary county. The Rock of Cashel was the main centre where the Scullys clustered, and their dead lie in great numbers in the burial ground on this Rock on which stands a fine old Cathedral, now a well-preserved ruin, and where the family vault is surmounted by a wonderfully carved Irish cross, over fifty feet high. "The Scully Bank" was founded by this family in 1803 and flourished till 1830 when it was liquidated.

* * *

General Scully was born in Kilkenny on February 19th, 1838, at the home of his maternal grandfather William Wall (of Waterford). He was the son of Thomas Sadlier Scully and Eleanor Cairns Wall, and was a direct descendant on the maternal side, of General William Cosby, one of the Colonial Royal Governors of New York and the Jerseys. On the paternal side he was a grand-nephew of Denys Scully, famous as a scribe, especially for his book on the "Penal Laws of Ireland," and a distinguished barrister of his time. Denys's son, Vincent Scully, was many years a member of the House of Commons, and a participant in gaining Catholic Emancipation. Francis Scully, M.P., Tipperary, 1847-1867, was also a member of this family, as was the late William Scully, financier, who owned vast estates throughout Illinois and Kansas. A first cousin of General Scully's mother, Captain Joseph Garrett Wall, and another cousin, Captain Joseph Cairns, served with distinction in the Tenth North Carolina Infantry, from 1812 to 1815, and they afterwards settled in Tennessee. Through family connections, General Scully's father, Thomas Sadlier Scully, was induced to come to the United States in the late 'forties, where he took a position as civil engineer with the Honesdale and Rondout Canal. He removed to the Muscle Shoals and Elk River Canal, Alabama, in 1845 and to the Harpeth Shoals, Tennessee, in 1850, where he died.

After the usual school attendance in boyhood, James Scully's education was completed in St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny. In

GENERAL JAMES WALL SCULLY

1856, a few months after the death of his father, as a lad of eighteen, he joined the Light Battery "K," First United States Artillery, and with this regiment saw service on the frontier of Texas, participating in quelling the many Indian uprisings, so prevalent at that time, and fighting Mexican bandits.

In 1861, upon the outbreak of Civil War, James Scully returned to the home of his father's adopted state, Tennessee, where he helped to organise the Tenth Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, United States Volunteers, of which he became the Colonel. He served with great distinction, and was given the Brevet of Major, United States Army, for gallant and meritorous service in the battle of Mill Springs, Kentucky; Brevetted Lieut-Cononel for gallant and meritorous service in the battle of Shiloh, and given the Brevet of Colonel in the battle of Nashville. He was in command of his regiment at the capture and death of the Confederate General John Morgan.

General Scully (then Colonel of the 10th Tennessee United States Volunteers) was Military Aide to Andrew Johnson, then Military Governor of Tennessee at Nashville, and later when Mr. Johnson became President of the United States, Colonel Scully was Military Aide to the President. During the siege of Nashville, General and Mrs. Scully had as their guest the great Irish patriot, Thomas Francis Meagher, who was in Nashville in command of "The Irish Brigade."

* * *

On the 25th of September, 1865, Colonel Scully was mustered out of the Volunteer service. Although only 27 years old, he had seen ten years service and had become a distinguished soldier with a brilliant military record. Army life with all its hardships had such a fascination for him, that shortly before being mustered out of the Volunteer service, he was tendered a commission as Captain and Assistant Quartermaster in the regular army, which he accepted. On the 25th of January, 1883, he became Major and Quartermaster, United States Army. On the 12th of September, 1894, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and made Deputy Quartermaster General. On the 3rd of February, 1898, he was made Colonel and Assistant Quartermaster General.

In 1904, after forty-eight years of service, he was retired with the rank of Brigadier-General. Upon his retirement from active service he made Atlanta, Georgia, his permanent home. In 1898 when war was declared against Spain, General Scully was stationed in New Orleans, Louisiana, in charge of the Transport Service, and was highly commended by the Secretary of War for his efficient work at that point. One of his exploits was the peaceful capture of a splendid vessel for the Navy, which occurred in this way: The Government had made a contract for the steam lighter *Bessie*, owned in Galveston, Texas, with the agreement that whenever the amount paid by the Government, under the provisions of the charter, was one-third in excess of her value, the vessel reverted to the Government. After several months of service, when the vessel was recalled and returned to her owners, Colonel Scully, who had been keeping a vigilant eye on the accounts, figured out that the Government had paid the *one-third* in excess, whereupon he quietly took possession of the vessel, brought it back from Galveston to New Orleans, had it thoroughly overhauled and turned over for duty in Cuba, under command of Captain R. J. Lowden, with the new name of *Kearny*, in honour of the lamented General Phil Kearney, of the United States Army.

* * *

General Scully was a fluent writer and a poet of no small merit. He was frequently called upon for memorial addresses on Memorial Day at the various National Cemeteries, and these addresses were always thoroughly patriotic, forceful, temperate, and breathing a fraternal spirit towards the men against whom he fought so steadily in the Civil War. Wherever he lived, he was extremely popular with the people. He held membership in many clubs and associations, amongst which may be mentioned the Pickwick Club and the Boston Club of New Orleans, the Capital City Club of Atlanta, King David's Lodge, A.F.& A.M., Baltimore, Maryland, Perham Chapter, R.A.M.,

Corpus Christi, Texas, Golden Rule Lodge, I.O.O.F., Baltimore, Maryland, Military Order of the Loyal Legion, Grand Army of the Republic, the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, and the order of Elks.

On July 12th, 1862, he married Miss Mary Adelaide Cuddy, of Baltimore and Newport, Rhode Island. Her father, a French Canadian, was Thomas Chrysostom Coudie, who anglicised his name into Cuddy, when he became a citizen of the United States. Her mother was Margerita De Kenne Gorman, a well-known name in the middle states. Her brother, Thomas Chrysostom Cuddy, Jr., was the gunner of the Confederate cruiser, *Alabama*, from the start to finish, and was in the fight with the *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg, and was rescued by the *Deerhound*, with Semmes, Kell and others. He was afterwards Executive Officer of the Blockade runner, *Lelia*, which was lost with all on board, including the Captain, Sinclair, in the Irish Channel, in 1865.

Mrs. Scully was the typical Army wife, and wherever the vicissitudes of the service stationed her husband on the frozen prairies of North Dakota, with the constant danger of attack by the hostile Sioux Indians, or the torrid desert of Southern Arizona with the same danger from the war-like Apache bands, she was always found equal to the occasion, and their home was the centre of attraction to brother officers and their wives.

General Scully died at Atlanta, Georgia, June 1st, 1918, and was buried with military honours in the family lot in West View Cemetery. Mrs. Scully passed away on May 29th, 1921. Both were greatly loved in the city of their adoption. General and Mrs. Scully were members of the Sacred Heart Catholic Church. They are survived by two daughters, Margherita Vincent Scully, and Arline Izabella Scully.

Our article on General Scully has been reprinted in ST. KIERAN'S RECORD by kind permission of the authoress who is daughter of General Scully. An acknowledgement is due to the American-Irish Historical Society of New York, which first published this article.

We are greatly obliged to the following friends who aided us in procuring a fine photograph of General Scully, namely, Most Rev. Francis J. Hyland, Bishop of Savannah ; Mr. Stephens Mitchell, Attorney at Law, and Mrs. Mitchell, Atlanta City ; and Miss Arline Scully.

Memories of Thomas MacDonagh

Edited by James Maher

THOMAS MacDONAGH, one of the signatories of the Proclamation of Independence, issued in Dublin during the Easter Week national Rising of 1916, was Professor of English in St. Kieran's College from 1901 to 1903. He was the author of *Literature in Ireland, Complete Poems* (published by The Talbot Press), and *Thomas Campion and the Art of English Poetry*. Of Mr. MacDonagh, his fellow poet Mr. Padraic Colum has written:

"Those who saw Thomas MacDonagh in his university robe and noted his flow of speech and his tendency to abstractions might have carried away an image of one of those adventurous students who disputed endlessly in a medieval university. But MacDonagh was far from being a pedant—he was a wonderfully good comrade, an eager friend, a happy-hearted companion. He had abundance of good spirits and a flow of wit and humour remarkable even in a Munster man. . . . His mother was born in Dublin and was of English parentage, and his maternal grandfather was, if I remember aright what he told me, a printer in Trinity College. His mother, at the time I knew her, had the simplicity, the outlook, the manner, of a fine type of Irish countrywoman. She and her husband were teachers in a primary school in Cloughjordan in Tipperary. Thomas was trained by a religious order and was indeed a religious novice in his youth. He became a teacher in a College (St. Kieran's) in Kilkenny and afterwards in Fermoy. While he was in Kilkenny he took up the study of Irish and he became one of the advance guards of the Gaelic League. I came to know him in 1909 at the time he was teaching in Fermoy. His great interest then was poetry. He knew poetry well in English, French, Latin and Irish, and was drawn to the classical poets—to Horace, to Dante, to Lamartine. . . . His connection with St. Enda's School is well-known. . . . He had been on the staff of the school four years when "Songs of Myself" was published. He then went to Paris to do some reading. When he returned he took a degree in the National University. He wrote a thesis, "Thomas Campion and the Art of English Poetry," and was made Assistant Professor of English Literature in the National University . . ."

While Thomas MacDonagh taught in St. Kieran's he stayed at the residence of Dr. James White, 19 High Street, Kilkenny. (Dr. White was physician to St. Kieran's from 1884 to 1925.)

The following letters were received by the Editor in response to an appeal in the press for "reminiscences" of Thomas MacDonagh.

Thomastown,
Co. Kilkenny,
31-10-'55.

Dear Mr. Maher,

Your note in the Papers re Thomas MacDonagh caught my eye, and as I am one of the few who remember him in St. Kieran's, I am sending you some notes.

He taught us Honours English for two years, and gave us an appreciation of Poetry, especially Wordsworth and Keats, which we never lost and often recall. He published a slender volume of Poetry himself—I think the title was "Through the Ivory Gate."

He was of a gentle disposition, and I cannot remember him ever being in a real temper, or even punishing any of us (a contrast indeed to many of his colleagues!). I liked and admired him very much, although he never was familiar with us or made friends among the boys. Sometimes he brought Irish

simple text-books to show us the drawings by Jack Yeats, whom he greatly admired. He had no interest in games, and seemed anything but a Physical Force advocate; and when he was executed (I was in England) I could cry when I thought of so gentle and poetic a soul dying before the firing-squad.

Though I belonged to High St., where he lodged, I cannot remember whether he went in much for social activities or not, as I was incarcerated in St. Kieran's as a Boarder at the time; but I think he was active in Gaelic League circles. I imagine he wasn't interested in girls!

I should have added of MacDonagh that there was no hint of weakness about him; and though the classes were pleasant, nobody would dream of playing any pranks. I think he was a normally good Catholic then — afterwards something or somebody drew him away, I fear. He ended well, of course . . .

Best wishes, Yours faithfully,

(SIGNATURE)

Kilkenny,
8-11-'55.

Dear Mr. Maher,

I was one of Thomas MacDonagh's pupils in St. Kieran's College, but I was a very small boy at that time—now well over fifty years ago.

As far as I can remember, he joined the

THOMAS MacDONAGH IN ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE

College staff in September, 1900, and he taught us then in the Junior Grade English, and I think he taught English and French to other classes. I remember that our first text-book in English with him was "A Tale of Two Cities" by Charles Dickens and Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." He was already writing poetry and he certainly gave us a thorough insight into the "Golden Treasury."

I cannot remember any details, but I do remember that rugby was played in St. Kieran's College at that time, and there was quite a respectable team—fit to meet any of the Dublin teams. Thomas MacDonagh had been in Rockwell College, and there he learned to play rugby, and I remember him playing with the College team. He was of a gentle, quiet type, and not sufficiently rough to make an impression on a rugby side!

As far as I can remember, he was in the College for two years, and in the year commencing 1901 the late Mr. Francis Sheehy-Skeffington joined the staff, and I think that MacDonagh and Skeffington lodged together in High Street. He left in 1902, and I cannot remember that I met him afterwards.

I am sorry that I cannot give you something of more interest, but the years have blotted out a good deal.

Yours sincerely,
(SIGNATURE)

Kellyville Park,
Portlaoighise,
15-11-'55.

Dear Mr. Maher,

. . . Thomas MacDonagh was Professor of English for my class, Junior I (equivalent of Inter. Cert.) in St. Kieran's. The class was supposed to be an Honours class, and consequently he expected a fairly high standard. I think our poetry text was Milton's "Paradise Lost," and I can remember he was very keen that we knew it well. I cannot recall what other text-books we had, but he seemed to enthuse over some parts of the poem, and gave the impression that he entered into the spirit of the text as much as the author!

He was fairly strict in class, and was not slow to administer a few knocks here and there if things were not to his liking! He wore his hair fairly long and dressed in knicker-bocker pants. He was of stout, stocky build. He did not at that time, exhibit any signs of his later life ambitions. The Irish language was not taught then and, as you know, history books did not give us much information about Irish History.

He published at that time a book of poems, "Through the Ivory Gate," about which he made a few casual remarks to the class. I think he was Professor of French in the higher grades also. He did not convey any impression that he was imbued with the high ideals which he exhibited later; perhaps we, at our age, would not take much notice . . .

Sincerely yours,

T. McCORMACK

Wishes For My Son

Born on St. Cecilia's Day, 1912

Now, my son, is life for you—
And I wish you joy of it,—
Joy of power in all you do,
Deeper passion, better wit
Than I had who had enough,
Quicker life and length thereof,
More of every gift but love.

Love I have beyond all men,
Love that now you share with me—
What have I to wish you then
But that you be good and free,
And that God to you may give
Grace in stronger days to live?

For I wish you more than I
Ever knew of glorious deed,
Though no rapture passed me by
That an eager heart could heed,
Though I followed heights and sought
Things the sequel never brought.

Wild and perilous holy things
Flaming with a martyr's blood,
And the joy that laughs and sings
Where a foe must be withstood,
Joy of headlong happy chance
Leading on the battle dance.

But I found no enemy,
No man in a world of wrong,
That Christ's word of Charity
Did not render clean and strong—
Who was I to judge my kind,
Blindest groper of the blind?

God to you may give the sight
And the clear undoubting strength,
Wars to knit for single right,
Freedom's war to knit at length,
And to win, through wrath and strife,
To the sequel of my life.

But for you, so small and young,
Born on Saint Cecilia's Day,
I in more harmonious song
Now for nearer joys should pray—
Simple joys: the natural growth
Of your childhood and your youth,
Courage, innocence and truth:

These for you, so small and young,
In your hand and heart and tongue.

THOMAS MacDONAGH

The Passing of a Beloved President

The Very Rev. Patrick Canon Dunphy

We deeply regret to record the death of Very Rev. Patrick Canon Dunphy, President of St. Kieran's College, which occurred on Good Friday. (March 31st, 1956.)

Canon Dunphy was assisting at the ceremonies in St. Mary's Cathedral and took ill in the Sanctuary and was carried to the Sacristy, where he died. He was attended by Dr. E. Mitchell, who was in the congregation. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the Bishop of Ossory, who presided, announced to the congregation that Canon Dunphy had died.

The tragic news came as a painful shock, not only in the city, but throughout the county, where he was so well known and respected. The circumstances added to the poignancy of his passing, but the grief is assuaged to some extent by the knowledge that he died while actively serving God—a work that was so dear to his heart.

Canon Dunphy was not only a great ecclesiastic and scholar, but he was a great Kilkennyman and a great Irishman. Aged 61, he was in bad health for some months recently, but after his return from Aut Even Hospital, where he was a patient, hopes had been entertained for his complete recovery. He had, in fact, attended to his duties and appeared to be well on the way to a complete restoration of health.

Canon Dunphy was a native of the parish of Mooncoin and was son of Mrs. Elizabeth Dunphy and the late Mr. Richard Dunphy. He was educated at St. Kieran's College and Maynooth. He was ordained for the diocese of Ossory in 1920.

After his ordination he ministered for some years in the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle in England and on his recall to this diocese he ministered for some time in Rathdowney.

In 1930 he was appointed Senior Dean in St. Kieran's College and nine years ago, following the appointment of the then President, Very Rev. J. Canon Ryan as Parish Priest of Ferrybank, he was appointed to the Presidency of the Diocesan Seminary—the college where he was once a pupil.

* * *

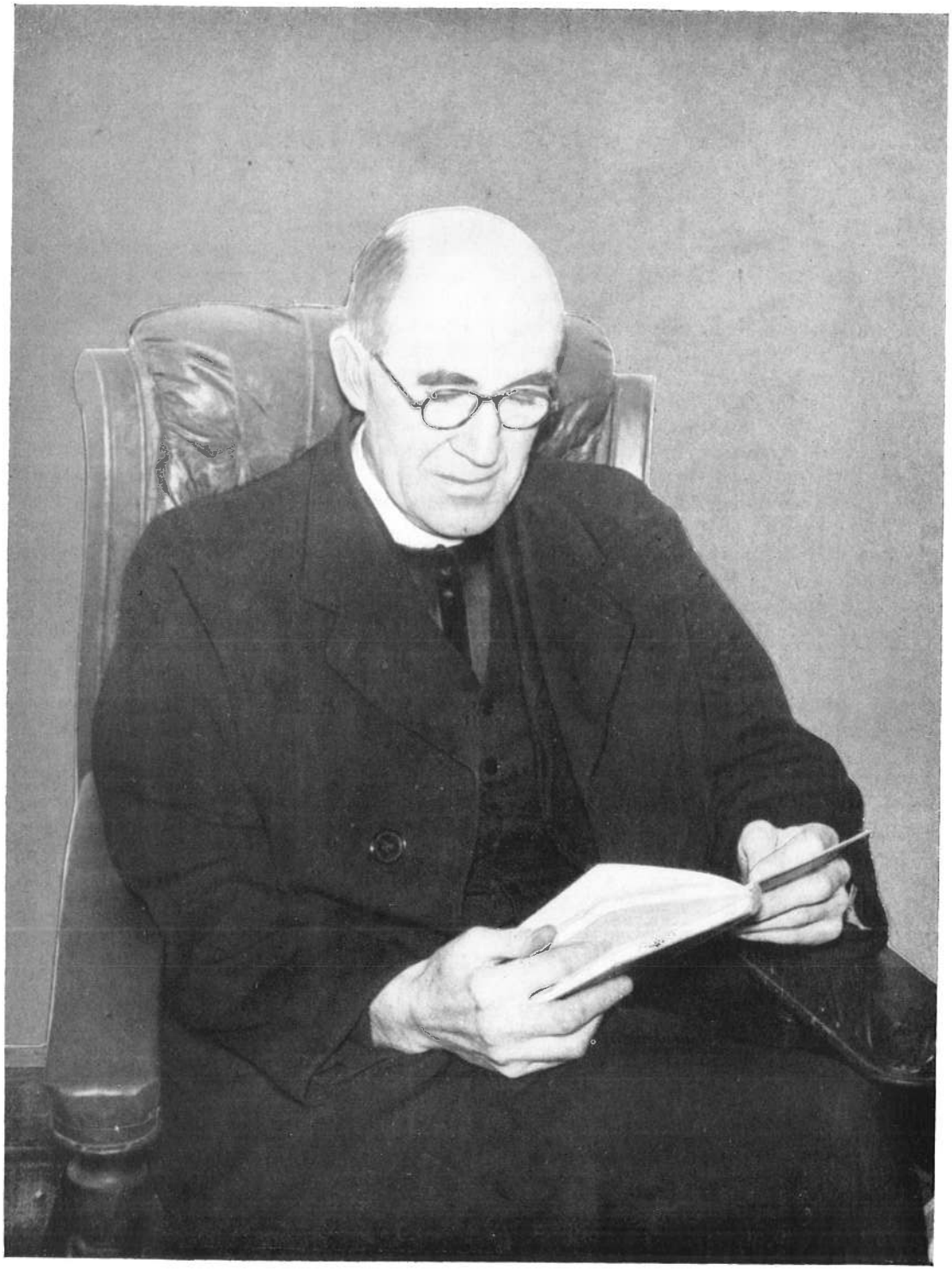
Canon Dunphy was a great President of St. Kieran's College and took a lively and abiding interest in its affairs. He took a very keen interest in the welfare of the students—ecclesiastical and lay—and never spared himself in their temporal as well as their spiritual needs. He was an excellent President in every sense and worked assiduously to maintain the high and noble traditions of St. Kieran's.

By reason of his office he was brought into contact with many people and few failed to recognise his many striking qualities. He made friends easily by his straightforward manner, his innate kindliness and his obvious sincerity. Though admirably fitted for the exalted office, which he filled with such distinction, he was still a plain man of the people and loved the simple things of life.

He was an ardent admirer of traditional music and was a good violinist.

Canon Dunphy was a brother of Rev. Joseph Dunphy, B.Sc., Professor ,St. Kieran's College and uncle of Rev. Richard Dunphy, of Shrewsbury diocese, England, who was ordained in St. Kieran's a couple of years ago.

Coming from Mooncoin parish, it was quite natural that Canon Dunphy should have an interest in national games, particularly hurling. He was a member of a famous Mooncoin hurling family, three of his brothers, Watt, Eddie and Rev. Joseph Dunphy figuring on Kilkenny teams. His brother, Watty, captained the Kilkenny



THE LATE PATRICK CANON DUNPHY, President of St. Kieran's College, 1947-1956

team that beat Tipperary in the 1922 All-Ireland final, and Eddie was also on the team. Both brothers also played on the team that lost the 1926 All-Ireland final to Cork. Several other brothers played with the Mooncoin team.

Canon Dunphy always had a great love for his native parish and its hurlers and always followed the fortunes of the Kilkenny team with great interest. St. Kieran's College and Kilkenny have lost a noble son in the person of Canon Dunphy.

Canon Dunphy is the first President of St. Kieran's College, within living memory, to die while holding office and, as far as can be traced, the first since the College was founded in 1782.

There was an extremely large attendance, which included the Bishop of Ossory, Most Rev. Dr. Collier, at the removal of the remains from Aut Even Hospital to St. Kieran's College on Holy Saturday evening, and again at the funeral which took place to Carrigeen Cemetery on Sunday, April 1st.

Go ndéanaidh Dia trócaire ar a anam.

Mr. Joseph A. Koss

An Appreciation

IT is appropriate that the first number of ST. KIERAN'S RECORD should pay tribute to The Grand Old Man of the College, Mr. Joseph A. Koss, who has had the distinction of having taught every member on the present staff.

Born in Düsseldorf, he received his music diplomas at the Conservatory of Aachen, near Cologne. In 1905 he came to Ireland, and for seven years was organist to the Cathedral Church of the diocese of Clonfert. Seven years later (in 1913) he came to Kilkenny to take up the position of Professor of Music at St. Kieran's College. With the exception of a short break during the first world war, he has been with us ever since.

Some 650 priests, in all parts of the world, have reason to be grateful to Mr. Koss; so also, we venture to say have the musically sensitive ones among their congregations! If we were to ask what is the distinguishing characteristic of his work, the word *devotion* immediately suggests itself; that dedication, which divides the Vocation from the mere Profession, marks everything he does. Its origin? Perhaps it is his native thoroughness; but to those of us who know him intimately its roots go deeper. They lie in his warm Catholic Faith, and in the instinctive respect which he has for the Church he serves so faithfully and well.

The musically ungifted are as much the object of his attention as are their more fortunate brothers, and the all-but-tone-deaf first philosopher by the time he reaches fourth divinity, produces a passable Preface. It takes time to scale these heights; twelve distinct times he faces the hazards of a searching examination, the results of which are carefully noted in the professor's book—in what looks like a private code. "Gradus ad Parnassum"! He confesses to a few failures —very few—and in his charity he refuses to be more specific.

MR. JOSEPH A. KOSS

Among his outstanding achievements must be numbered his broadcast performance of the Mozart Requiem, in the late nineteen-twenties, with the St. Mary's Cathedral Choir. This brought him appreciative notices from many parts of the Continent. Another memorable occasion was his beautiful rendering of the requiem music at the obsequies of the late Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg. This was a most moving experience for those who were

privileged to be present at it, and visitors from all parts of Ireland expressed their astonishment at the standard attained by the College choir.

He has now completed his forty-second year of office, and at seventy-four he has the zest and energy of a man half his age. All of us, I am certain, will join in wishing him a very hearty "Ad multos annos."

G.L.

IN PRAISE OF SINGING

1. *First it is a knowledge easily taught and quickly learned where there is a good master and an apt pupil.*

2. *The exercise of singing is delightful to nature and good to preserue the health of man.*

3. *It is a singular good remedie for stutting and stammering in the speech.*

4. *It doth strengthen all parts of the brest and doth open the pipes.*

5. *It is the onely way to know where nature hath bestowed a good voyce, which guift is so rare as there is not one among a thousand that hath it.*

6. *The better is the voyce, the meeter it is to honour, and serue God therewith; and the voyce of Man is chiefly to, be imployed to that ende.*
Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.

WILLIAM BYRD.
(Preface to *Psalmes, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness, and Pietie*, 1588).

Father Noel Sandvoss

A Tribute

ST. KIERAN'S DAY, 1956, brought to the College the most grievous news that a highly esteemed member of its staff, Father Noel Sandvoss, had met his death in a motor accident that morning. The tragic event was not only a personal blow to his colleagues, but a serious loss also to the College, in which he was a gifted teacher, and to the Diocese, of which he was a worthy priest.

Ordained at Maynooth in 1938, he spent some years on temporary missionary work in Nigeria; then ministered in the diocese for some time; returned to Africa fro a second period of service; and finally in 1951 took over in St. Kieran's the work which his esteemed father, the late Charles Sandvoss, had carried on with such distinction for more than forty years.

Father Sandvoss was a careful and painstaking teacher, and much beloved by his students, to the least of whom he gave the same sympathetic attention as to the most brilliant. It was characteristic of him that he always had something to say for the less gifted students, from whom he often managed to get unexpected results. He gave to everything he did, whether work or hobby, all the resources of an energetic and versatile mind. Father Noel's equable disposition and sunny temperament made him a great favourite with all whom he met; those who knew him intimately realised that he was an unflinching and uncompromising defender of what he conceived to be right.

The sympathy of all those connected with the College, which is the poorer by his untimely death, goes out to his family in their particularly poignant bereavement.

Requiescat in pace.

E. W.

THE LATE FATHER NOEL SANDVOSS

Ireland, Mother of Priests

The fishwife sits by the side
Of her childing bed,
Her fire is deserted and sad,
Her beads are long said;
Her tears ebb and flow with the sea,
Her grief on the years,
But little she looks to the tide,
And little she hears:
For children in springtime play round
Her sorrowing heart,
To win them their feeding she loves
To hunger apart;
Her children in summer she counts
Awhile for her own;
But winter is ever the same,
The loved ones are flown.
Far over the sea they are gone,
Far out of her ken
They travel the furthest of seas
As fishers of men.
Yet never a word to her sons
To keep them at home,
And never a motherly cry
Goes over the foam;
She sits with her head in her hands,
Her eyes on the flame,
And thinks of the others that played,
Yet left her the same,
With vesture she wove on the loom
Four-coloured to be,
And lanterns she trimmed with her hair
To light them to sea.
Oh, far have the living ones gone,
And further the dead,
For spirits come never to watch
The fisherwife's bed;
And sonless she sits on the hearth,
And peers in the flame,
She knows that their fishing must come
As ever it came—
A fishing that never set home,
But seaways it led,
For God who has taken her sons
Has buried her dead.

—SHANE LESLIE

St. Kieran's Union in Britain

Very Rev. James Canon Harold, P.P.*

LIVING in the world in which we find ourselves today, a world which forgets and ignores, if it does not quite despise, the achievements and traditions of the past, it is refreshing and invigorating to find the Church of Christ, with all its organisations and societies, still appreciating to the full, as it ever must, the glorious traditions of the past.

No doubt one of the world's most besetting sins in our time is the sin of ingratitude—springing from the self-sufficiency and independence of modern man. Individuals of all nations live and act as if they were not only self-supporting and self-governing, but as if they were quite independent of all the achievements of their forefathers and all that past generations have attained for the progress and success of fallen man. Consequently, the youth of today, while they possess many good qualities, are inclined to belittle the institutions, accomplishments and educational facilities of a worthier age. There is little appreciation of the culture and grand old traditions of our forefathers. The Priesthood is an exception in this respect: there is no record of ingratitude as far as priests are concerned in this matter of their education.

FATHER HUGH O'CONNOR

No doubt there is a small minority of thinking people who recognise how important a part some of their forefathers played in the development of certain specific subjects. Others there are who are grateful to the educational institutions where they received their training; to their teachers, lecturers and professors, who helped them so considerably to attain their goal in life. If the professional man has ground for being grateful to his university and to the members of its staff, how much more so should the priest of God's Church love, appreciate and revere the Alma Mater where he received his education and where his vocation was fostered to enable him to assume the sacred role of *alter Christus*. In his seminary he was enlightened concerning the things that really matter—the divine sciences. There also with the generous co-operation of his spiritual mentors his character as a priest was early developed. These were the formative years.

Let it be admitted that some of the numerous students who passed through the halls of St. Kieran's College have been disposed to be querulous or critical in regard to their Alma Nutrix or to individual members of the

* Canon Harold, now ministering in Edinburgh, was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1927 when the present Editor (then First Senior) presented him with a gold cross as a parting gift from the lay students to a highly esteemed Prefect.

professorial staff; but this is the prerogative of all students, and the psychologist probably has a word for these growing symptoms! Yet I am assured that the past ecclesiastical students of St. Kieran's College are as loyal to, and appreciative of, their old college as any clerical alumni in the wide world of missionary endeavour.

* * *

During the last half-century, many young Levites have ministered in English and Scottish dioceses. They were quite happy in their sacred vocation and ministry. They loved the people among whom it was their destiny to labour, whether these parishioners of theirs happened to be English or Irish. But, owing to political differences between England and Ireland, sometimes the motives and good intentions of Irish priests were under suspicion. (This could be easily understood in the circumstances.) Consequently a certain frustration seemed to have a discouraging effect on these zealous young priests in their difficult surroundings, and might have resulted in making their ministry a labour of drudgery. Sensing the danger of this, a few senior priests in their midst deemed it necessary to start a Union for priests of the various Irish colleges.

The primary object of this Union was to keep alive as far as possible the first fervour of their Ordination. Such a meeting, it was felt, if held once a year, would be a welcome and helpful relaxation for young men called upon to do Trojan work in the land of their adoption. Here they could renew the warm friendships of student days; here they could exchange their personal experiences on the mission, and offer their personal approaches and solutions to the many special problems that presented themselves in the spiritual direction of an ever increasing Catholic minority—in a country rapidly becoming pagan in outlook and practice.

* * *

The first Union of St. Kieran's College priests took place in 1911 as the result of organisation by Canon White of Leeds. Meetings were held annually until 1916, when it was allowed to lapse owing to difficulties caused by the first World War. It was immediately recognised that at such Unions an opportunity was afforded for discussing the spiritual problems of today, with special reference to the grave question of "leakage," and the difficulties which beset their fellow-countrymen when they found themselves transferred from the Catholic and Christian atmosphere of faithful Ireland to the neo-pagan influence in Great Britain.

In 1927 Father Hugh O'Connor was Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the St. Kieran's Union in Great Britain. He was a most zealous priest of Hexham and Newcastle diocese, and had a winning and even magnetic personality. To him must be given the credit of successfully reviving the Unions. The first meeting was held in Harrogate on 2nd May. The number of priests who attended was twenty-six. By 1930 the number had increased to sixty—when the venue of the Union was Windermere. On this memorable occasion the greatest encouragement to the Union was given by the distinguished attendance of the Most Rev. Dr. Patrick Collier, recently appointed Bishop of Ossory

JAMES CANON HAROLD, P.P.

(1928); and Dr. James Staunton, now Bishop of Ferns—at that time the revered and well beloved President of St. Kieran's College. This honourable recognition of the importance of the Union certainly gave it a new impetus. At the Harrogate meeting the late Monsignor Tynan of Salford was elected President, a position which he held with due dignity and firmness, and which he enlivened with his inheritance of Irish wit. He was our President till his decease at the commencement of the second World War.

The 1931 meeting of St. Kieran's Union in Britain took place at the Majestic Hotel, Harrogate, and here there was a further record number of priests in attendance; the magnet which attracted an extraordinary number of alumni on this occasion was the presence of the former distinguished President of St. Kieran's College, the scholarly Father Cornelius McNamara. He had been a much loved and highly respected figure in the St. Kieran's of his time. Those who were privileged to attend his locally renowned and very popular class in Hermeneutics cannot easily forget his wholly-familiar and erudite treatment of that abstruse and difficult subject. One may be permitted to add a personal note here. One day I entered the Theology Hall in a somewhat nervous frame of mind, and filled with gloomy foreboding. As the class commenced I resolutely kept my head down, being most anxious not to "catch the Speaker's eye" (as they say in Parliament), but very wishful to avoid it! Then, in the preliminary silence before class opened, I heard a serene imperious voice call: "MR. HAROLD!"

My flesh tingled and I arose filled with apprehension, feeling not unlike the entrant to a Turkish Bath. My ignorance of the subject of Hermeneutics was, as Mr. Micawber would say, "peculiar and extensive." However, my erudite examiner, despite his Jove-like dignity, had an encouraging and helpful manner with timorous students such as I—although woe betide the too confident, assertive or dogmatic fledgling in divinity! How Father McNamara could make such a one fervently wish to "hide his diminished head"! When I resumed my seat, with an immense sigh of relief, I had the satisfaction of knowing a substantial amount about Codices A and B; the Codex Sinaiticus; the Code of Hammurabi, and last but by no means least, the famous Muratorian Fragment. I retained so vivid an impression of my *mauvais quart d'heure* that what my brain received like the proverbial wax it retained like marble. Yes, Father McNamara was a memorable mentor indeed!

When our Union meeting was held in Edinburgh in 1933, Father McNamara again received a special invitation to be present. The Guest of Honour at the Union meeting in Scarborough in 1934 was the urbane and kindly Father Michael Guilfoyle who, throughout his long tenure of office as Dean, set himself the unenviable and desperate task of creating "perfect gentlemen" out of very unpromising material!

* * *

The year 1936 was the Centenary Year of St. Kieran's College, and a very gratifying personal invitation from Bishop Collier brought some eighty priests of the St. Kieran's Union in Britain back to their Alma Mater in Kilkenny to enjoy the hospitality of the College President, the Rev. Dr. Staunton.

Most of the visiting priests stayed on at the College for the week, exploring once more the old familiar places—classical regions such as "Parnassus," "The Wards," and even "Hades" itself! At the conclusion of the Centenary commemoration it was resolved by the priests who attended to donate the Stations of the Cross for the newly constructed College Chapel. This was a very generous and appropriate gesture of gratitude from the priests who had so often knelt in its "dim, religious light."

The year 1939 was outstanding in the history of the Union. We met that year at St. Annes-on-Sea, where seventy-seven priests were gathered in tribute to such special Guests of Honour as the Bishop of Ossory, Most Rev. Dr. Collier; Most Rev. Dr. Staunton, the recently appointed Bishop of Ferns; and the Very Rev. James Canon Ryan, President of St. Kieran's College. Owing to the outbreak of the second World War the Union meetings were allowed to lapse for a second period.

It was not until 3rd May, 1949, that the members of the Union met at Harrogate. On this occasion, Most Rev. Dr. Collier, accompanied by the new College President, the Very Rev. Patrick Canon Dunphy, graced the occasion once more by his presence. Many of us had not had the privilege of meeting Canon Dunphy previous to this, but we soon came to recognise that the College was now directed by a President who would contribute greatly to its progress. Each visit subsequently made by Canon Dunphy to the Unions has strengthened the ties between the genial College President and all who had come in previous contact with him. The Canon won all hearts by his obvious sincerity, his understanding, and his genuine sympathy. His former students are unanimous in their impression of the Canon as a most lovable personality.

In the year 1951, the Union members found themselves again in "Auld Reekie," the popular affectionate name for Edinburgh. And thus to "Caledonia stern and wild" came a throng of no fewer than one hundred and twelve priests. This record attendance asembled at the North British Station Hotel. We deeply regretted that the revered Bishop of Ossory was prevented by illness from joining us on this happy occasion, but we were greatly cheered by the presence of Canon Dunphy and Canon Ryan.

In 1952, the meeting was held at Windermere, when the Rev. Hugh O'Connor, who had been our very efficient Honorary Secretary and Treasurer for the previous twenty-five years, and who was really responsible for the present flourishing state of the Union, was unanimously elected President. This was the only appropriate tribute we could think of paying to a priest to whose zeal and enthusiastic interest the Union was so deeply indebted. In succession to Father O'Connor, Father Lacy was appointed Secretary, and Father Cahill became our Treasurer.

As my little sketch of the history of St. Kieran's College Union in Britain closes, I must recall how deeply indebted the members of the Union must feel to the Most Rev. Dr. Collier for his moral and practical support. Ever since the initiation of the Union in Britain, the Lord Bishop of the historic See of St. Canice has been its active and generous Patron. Whenever it was at all possible, Dr. Collier attended the meetings, even though in later years the long and tedious journey from Ireland across England must have imposed a strain on one of his advanced age. On behalf of the Union I hereby tender our most sincere thanks for his kind and valuable encouragement.

* * *

The Union of the sons of St. Kieran's College is a thriving and ever-increasing institution of priests at the present time. It is, in fact, the strongest Union of its kind in Great Britain. Its priests have made their mark by virtue of their numbers and missionary endeavour in Great Britain, the United States, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. They have contributed mightily to the restoration of the Faith of St. Augustine to England, once proud of her title of Mary's Dowry. This same Faith of St. Columba and St. Kentigern which flourished in Scotland is now kept alive by Irish priests among whom are numbered many St. Kieran's alumni.

While priests from Ireland did not play as prominent a part in the early conversion of England as they did in that of Scotland, yet it must be recognised that they played an important part in the conversion to Christianity of Northumbria. We have evidence that Irish monks were invited to Iona by the Christian King Oswald to preach the Gospel to his subjects. The Venerable Bede greatly admired these monks for their true zeal and holiness, and he especially praised the meekness and humility of St. Aidan, who won the hearts and souls of thousands of Saxon youths for Christ. It was in Scotland that the overwhelming influence of the Irish monks on the primitive Christian Church was most in evidence. Great numbers of Culdee (Irish, Céile Dé) monks went from Ireland to convert the Scottish people. There were no fewer than thirteen large establishments peopled by these monks.

Thus it can be judged how much England and Scotland have owed to the Irish monks and priests in the past. But, indeed, ever since the lamentable days of the so-called "Reformation," Irish priests have also played

a major part in enabling England to witness the Second Spring of which Cardinal Newman spoke with such eloquence and deep emotion. The days of persecution and the "winter of our discontent" have passed away, as we are so appropriately reminded by the motto of St. Kieran's College—"Hiems Transiit." But let us end with the prayerful hope that our old Alma Mater in historic Kilkenny will continue to supply to British dioceses holy and devoted young Levites, who, fired with undying ardour for the cause of Christ, will continue to preach His Gospel in furtherance of our own endeavours to make England and Scotland Catholic nations once again.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A total of 253 St. Kieran's priests were ministering in twenty dioceses of Great Britain in 1955. We are indebted to Father Patrick Lacy of West Hartlepool for the following list for 1955:

Hexham	47	Salford	10
Edinburgh	29	Galloway	7
Glasgow	24	Shrewsbury	7
Liverpool	23	Cardiff	7
Birmingham	19	Plymouth	5
Motherwell	17	Lancaster	3
Clifton	14	Nottingham	1
Southwark	14	Westminster	1
Leeds	13	Dunkeld	1
Portsmouth	10	Brentwood	1

The Odyssey of a Chaplain in the R.A.F.

Rev. Fr. Hourigan, C.F.*

FOR more than six years after his Ordination in St. Kieran's there was little sign that the present writer, then an Assistant Priest in an English city parish, would exchange this ordinary routine for a more varied, and at times, even colourful experience in the arena of the world outside. These years of missionary apprenticeship were, indeed, invaluable. Few newly ordained priests will deny the necessity for favourable opportunities to put to work the knowledge and competence they have acquired during their course through college.

In two parishes of the diocese of Salford, both in the cities of Salford and Manchester, were found the normal outlets for the energies of the young priest. In addition to the Sunday and daily Masses there were the school visitations, and—that indispensable activity of the mission in English-speaking communities—the pastoral house-to-house visitation. The necessity for this visitation remains, and will remain, as far as one can see, whatever changes may occur in the near future.

The newly-arrived priest on the typical English mission—in cities at least—soon begins to notice the differences that mark off these staunch centres of Catholicity from the homeland parishes with which he has been familiar since childhood. "Apparitors" is among the first words that meet his ear. This term may be peculiar to Lancashire and it designates the men who show members of the congregation to their seats, and who take the collections. Normally, two collections are held during Mass, while a special "Outdoor Collection" is made in the afternoon. This is carried out from door to door by the more youthful members of the parish. In at least one Archdiocese this duty was performed by the parochial priests.

The assistant priests are usually accommodated in the presbytery for the maintenance of which the parish priest is responsible. The assistant priest's room is provided and furnished for him, and during the pre-war years he received the Goldsmithian stipend of forty pounds a year. The presbyteries are, as a rule, attached to the church building, with a connecting passage; an arrangement which will commend itself to the future church architects in other lands where this convenience is unknown.

I shall always remember the sound of the clogs of the mineworkers on the stone pavements as they passed by my window in the early morning. Another sound that often summoned me from the depths of rest was the persistent swishing sound—which I later connected with the "Knocker-Up." In industrial areas, a person, sometimes a woman, "ran as a business" this pursuit of "knocking-up" people who were obliged to be at work early in the morning. These homely "practices" were bought and sold after the manner of their medical counterparts!

Monday, as following the cleric's working day, so to speak, is regarded by the English as the "Parson's Holiday." Since this word parson grates on the Irish ear, it may ease matters to refer to its origin, at least as I have heard the explanation. The word is derived from the Latin "persona," and the "clerk" was the personage of each district or parish in pre-Reformation centuries. The word "person" as used in this special sense occurs in Chaucer. It would have helped us if someone had remembered to tell us of this,

* Father Hourigan, a native of Co. Cavan, was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1930.

and a few other simple relevant matters, in our student days.

To revert to Monday. For a few years we were a goodly number who assembled on Mondays at the same golf links for the morning's exercise, followed by a lunch in common. Regarded over the years, this still occurs to mind as an important function in which the society of one's neighbouring priests provides facilities for many discussions on the various problems that come to the surface continually in pastoral work. The very life, not to mention the success of such gatherings, depended on the steady interest and disinterested work of one, or at most two, of the older priests in the vital aspects of organisation and transport.

* * *

The change from familiar friends and activities as well as from the warm atmosphere of presbytery and parish life—to the jejune surroundings of camp life was sudden and, in a sense, violent. Gone was the company of the priests in the presbytery; the friendly Monday gatherings on the golf links; the meetings at the diocesan conference, and funerals; the parish outings, the parish activities. . . .

A Catholic priest finds himself now living in much closer proximity to his flock and feels that he is member of a family constantly mingling with persons who are quite literally heathen! The fact is that the majority of non-Catholics in Officers' Messes today are scarcely nominal Christians. In such circumstances the previous years spent in parish life and administration were found to be of the greatest value. Pity indeed the newly ordained priest, or the member of a religious Order, who has been taken from the seclusion and inexperience of his seminary life and suddenly thrust into this milieu. I do not mean to imply that he will not meet with kindness and every form of helpfulness; actually I have in mind such a member of a religious Order who was cared for as if he were their child by the high-spirited or even wild young pilots of a large bomber station of the Royal Air Force. No; it is simply this, that, however great their kindness—at times indeed because of it—they failed to comprehend the supernatural in the life of a Catholic priest.

After a fortnight in the Number One depot of the Service near London, I was posted to a newly formed School of Technical Training in South Wales—from which school I am writing these lines, on my second tour of duty there. This was fortunate, as I "grew up with" a typical R.A.F. formation as it grew from an initial advance party of two hundred to a total of ten thousand at the time I went to France in November, 1939.

The first Confessions for these personnel were held in the newly built hospital, where the good Corkman who was Commanding Officer gave me full facilities. The first Sunday Masses were celebrated in the largest room of a canteen—often stale with the odour of beer and cigarette-smoke as a result of the late Saturday night parties. The Commanding Officer was always present with his Catholic wife, a fact which didn't impress me very much at the time. Later I would understand what this meant to him and to the Catholic body amongst his men. As far as I have heard, he lost his life at the fall of Singapore. *Requiescat in pace.*

The parish of St. Helen's, Barry, in which we were, was very friendly disposed towards us: regular contacts were maintained with them in the Legion of Mary, and in their social activities. One of the high lights of those years was the Corpus Christi procession in the lovely grounds of Cardiff Castle, then the personal property of the Marquess of Bute. No lovelier setting could be contrived for this sublime Catholic service.

Not long after its major activities in training had begun, the first men for the Expeditionary Force in France were seen off from Gileston railway station, and this became a regular feature of the unit's life. Sunday, 3rd September, 1939, was marked by the very large influx of people from R.A.F. units on the south-east coast. Tents were erected on every available space, and familiar sites were crowded.

* * *

From the somewhat confused scene described, I moved on 5th November to the Base Area, near Nantes, in Brittany. The

first sight of France was attractive under the weak winter sunshine. The lines of newly-washed clothes were being put out among the houses as the train travelled south-west from Cherbourg. The day was Sunday, and the sight was not the best recommendation to the Catholicism of the French! Many other examples of this nature were to be seen in the next few months.

In Chateau Chaffault, south of Nantes, where we lived, moved and had our being, with the Protestant chaplains. Bougennais was the site of the parish church, where the Curé with princely hospitality, every Sunday and feast day, entertained his own priests and the Catholic chaplains to lunch. Here indeed was to be found the *Entente Cordiale* so often mentioned in speeches, so rarely seen in action!

The Curé's wine and bread, along with his vegetables, were the produce of his own fields. Here, especially striking, was the link

REV. FR. HOURIGAN, C.F.

the chaplain's room was distinguished by two things: a fire which never was allowed to go out, by day or by night; and two large oleographs of the Popes, Pope Pius X and Pope Leo XIII. The South Uist-born Presbyterian chaplain bore a striking resemblance to the latter, and occupied the bed immediately under the picture!

While on the strength of this Base Area Headquarters, I lived also, for a time, with a Catholic family, and later, much the same distance away in another direction, in a villa between his land and the altar he served. In this region one saw the Faith of the Bretons in action: alas, there were only the aged, the women and the children, to show it. The fit men were away in the fighting forces. Early in the mornings, by the meandering Loire, the children made their way to their schools reciting the Rosary. On the houses, and at the cross-roads, one saw the statues and the shrines which are a familiar sight in many ancient Catholic districts of Europe.

The soft earth took on again its spring-

time firmness under the warm genial sun of the early spring. I had watched the vineyards being tended: before their grapes would be ready for the harvest a hated alien would be among them as conqueror.

The full life of the spring was burgeoning in the land, but before I had taken part in the unforgettable loveliness of a Christmas and Easter among those truly Catholic people, I was moved again; this time northwards to the region around Amiens in Picardy. Round about were the familiar names of the great battle-fields of the first World War.

This was the Somme Valley, dominated by its War Memorial (great as a cathedral), with its vast space covered with the inscribed names of the "Missing" of the Somme battles. Here the flags of the nations always fly in memory of the heroic dead. Amiens had suffered heavy bombardment, and the "line" could be followed by the new villages that stretched away to the north. Our centre, Allonville, was just short of the destruction of the battles.

In this countryside, in a chateau belonging to Hennessey of brandy fame, we were housed—that is to say, the main body. When I arrived the accommodation was full. So I crossed the street to the friendly Curé, where I was given a room in his pleasant presbytery. Here was change again after Brittany, made easier no doubt by the companionship of this smiling priest. His church, growing dilapidated, and sheltering many birds, was used for Mass for my flock: we joined in all his parish functions.

My "parish" took in the small units scattered over a wide area, in the city of Amiens itself, in Poix to the south-east; in Perrone, Mons-en-Chaussy and Monchy Lagache to the east. To all these I would make my way in a Renault car (provided by the R.A.F.) each week. Among the flat, fertile fields of the Somme Valley I spent some of the happiest, and also the busiest, weeks of my life.

When I took my last look for many years at those fields, on the glorious Trinity Sunday of 19th May, 1940, the Germans were then much too close for comfort. There was the August stillness of quiet wings . . . but now the flight of the inhabitants had taken place. They were making their painful and sad way along the roads to the south. How many have lived to return? The trains have carried me to Lourdes through these places: I have recognised them, yet must visit them and see closely again those I once knew so well.

* * *

The great trek of the French country people before the rapidly advancing enemy forces had been going on for more than a week: their sadness was a familiar sight in the streets of Amiens. This sunny Sunday I was to become involved in an unbroken line of them as I drove to Abbeville. On those long unprotected roads, under the hot sun, there was a nun pushing a wheel-barrow; a young man carrying a cockerel, held between his hands on the handle-bars of his bicycle; the tired plodders falling—as they walked in a semi-sleep of utter exhaustion—on the grass margins of the roads.

There was an "Alert" of bombers in Abbeville: I had had nothing since breakfast. With a battery of anti-aircraft gunners I found shelter—and a large mug of tea with thick slices of bread! Of our headquarters, formed there three days before, there was one officer left, a Catholic, with two drivers: it was the most forward contact and nearest the enemy line. The night itself was reasonably quiet; the chief noise coming from the never-ceasing line of refugees passing on the road outside the house.

In the ancient cathedral where I went for Mass the next morning, the sacristan told me that his wife had heard bombs falling, but no explosions. He was nervous. After Mass there came breakfast in a famous hotel, the staff of which was on the point of collapse after their days of almost unbroken serving of meals to the ceaseless procession of refugees. (I have just recalled that the hotel was called "The Oxen's Head.)

Scarcely had we driven one of our two vehicles over, and south-west of, the canal and river bridges, than the first bombs began to fall. The previous day I had had the shelter of a sheet of iron over a slit in the ground: today there was only a stout flour-

ishing tree, one of a line of them growing along the canal bank. The dust from the bombs was blowing over to us with the gentle breeze. The bombers are on their way to the coast; and as soon as this attack finishes—up and away!

Thompson, the Catholic officer, and I race back over the bridges to the yard where the other vehicle is, hoping we shall find it intact. Yes, and both drivers are safe! Out quickly and again over these menacing bridges and—with a pause to start the first vehicle—we are on the road to the south. Within I hear the message: "Get off this main-road full of traffic—get off this road!" We do so, and have not travelled half a mile along a very minor road when the bombs fall again along the road we have just left. Then is heard the machine-gunning of which the news had spoken, and which we witness for the first time.

The danger has passed for the present, thanks be to God! All day long we roll southwards towards Le Havre for our next rendezvous with the main body of our outfit. In the evening, led by a friendly army sergeant, we find ourselves a room in a farm house in this excited and troubled countryside. Around the walls are the diplomas for crops and dairy products. The children at first, in somewhat alarmed curiosity, watch furtively as these invaders of their privacy spread their two camp beds and make ready for the night. Then there is a real meal, the first for a long time, of fresh, well-cooked food. Next day we make contact with our main body and line up as close as we can get to the Seine Ferries. Here, close to the sea, there are no bridges.

More hazards are overcome, and through the night the Renault makes its way southwards to Lisieux, where there is no room. The night is warm and fine, if cloudy—better so, perhaps, with so much death about; and we sleep in our cars in front of the Basilica.

In the early morning we hear Mass in the crypt and in the convent. We have a quick breakfast in an early-opening café, and south again along the road to Alecon. It is the eve of Corpus Christi; and when the hotels can take no more, Thompson and I find a bed in a convent institute among Belgians also on the move. We are in Nantes again for the evening of the great feast itself: the crowds are just emerging from Benediction in a different world.

In my former area to the south, my present unit settled down for a fortnight—again the grounds of a fine chateau, with its own chapel in its grounds. The De Valois family, owners of the chateau, were more than friendly, and I spent some of the time living among them. Here, too, we regretfully said our farewells; and on 12th June found ourselves safe in Southampton.

* * *

Following a brief holiday, and a short spell in the same depot near London, Blackpool is my next post. The extensive area of concrete promenade and the fine beaches at low water are filled with men fresh from the fields and the factories, for training. Every morning, with the exception of Saturdays and Sundays, I have the Catholics of the daily Entry to address in the Tower Ballroom. The men are housed in the boarding-houses, which, in peace time provide accommodation for the holiday-makers. Officers' Messes are in two private hotels. The days are very busy among the thirty-five thousand airmen training here. The churches used are the Jesuit Church of the Sacred Heart, Talbot Road; and, for the South Shore Catholics, St. Cuthbert's.

In the Sacred Heart parish, a very active club, formed under the guidance of the parish priest, by the good ladies of the parish, proved to be one of the most successful centres known to me as a chaplain. There, most evenings of the week from six until ten o'clock, I would be occupied with instructions and interviews. The calibre of the Catholic men who passed through Blackpool in those years was excellent. The parish priest liked nothing better than to entertain an audience with his skilful "magic." This church was used also by a large contingent of Polish exiles who were concentrated here for accommodation and new training.

* * *

From my laborious field in Blackpool I moved in the late summer of 1940 to the

region of the Cape of Good Hope, bound for the Middle East. It was over six weeks from the day we sailed from the Clyde until we disembarked at Suez. There was a memorable stop for a few days for transhipment at Durban, where again we were cared for by a Catholic club under the auspices of the local St. Peter's church. The president of the club was a Mrs. Coughlan. The Kilkenny-born Lady Mayoress of Durban was to be found as a rule on Sunday afternoons in front of the Town Hall, arranging with motorists (who were found passing with vacancies in their cars) to take some of the queue of troops she had formed up beside her, to places of interest in the region. Among these was the Valley of a Thousand Hills, and the German monastery of Marianhill. These places (in Natal) and the warm hospitality of these Irish people will be remembered by all who stayed among them in this sunny place.

The sight of a lone tent on the hot sands of the desert helped to conjure up memories of one's early imaginings (from Bible History studies) of life among the Sands of the Desert. There was the continual battle with aggressive flies, to eat one's meals. There was the breath-taking beauty of the short twilight among the surrounding hills, and the welcome coolness of the night.

There was the first smell of Cairo, an odour of death and decay, with a barely caught hint of the smell of the Nile mud. (It is the season of the Nile floods.) Night hides the dust-covered squalor of the outskirts of the city as we drive in. And now we are in the fabled Shepheard's Hotel—after the desert.

We recall morning in the cool shade of the Franciscan church of the Italian Franciscan Fathers, with the signs about it of having been shipped in one piece from its native Italy. And there was the helpful United States Franciscan, Father Leonard Henry, who was to prove a good friend all the time.

The joint headquarters were housed in Cairo's "Garden City" in two former blocks of flats (Grey and Red Pillars). In Red Pillars, in an empty room with a large suitcase as table, I set up the Assistant Principal Chaplain's R.C. office to administer the Catholic Chaplaincy Services of the Middle East. On all sides I encountered only friendly helpfulness, which made the beginnings and the progress much easier. To the R.A.F. units in the city and surrounding desert I was able to afford Sunday Masses.

Throughout the course of the second World War, Sunday was not distinguished from the other days of the week—except by the Sunday Services for the various denominations. In the units at a distance from the battle areas, there might be some relaxation in the afternoon: elsewhere there was a continuous "alert."

Brief rests from these areas were given. There were clubs of the various voluntary associations (as for example, the Catholic Women's League) in the cities, to which those who wished to do so could turn for rest and recreation. Alexandria, nearest to the Western Desert, provided for Catholics in the St. Menna's club, one of the most popular places. Here very good work was done, chiefly by the Fathers of the Society of African Missionaries, for all Catholics, but especially for the "indifferent" of all the Services. Many converts owe their instruction to the good "S.M.A." Fathers whom they met in St. Menna's club. Every evening the Luxor train left Cairo station, and arrived in Luxor at 8 a.m. the next morning. This was one of the favourite excursions to see the Valley of the Kings and the vast remains of the temples in the neighbourhood. Here, too, the historically minded Catholic could picture the large collection of the huts of the anchorites of Thebes.

* * *

The Holy Land was the great magnet for most people. In addition to the tens of thousands of Service men and women stationed there, hundreds of thousands visited the Great Shrines during the course of their "leaves" from the war areas. An unbroken stream of pilgrims passed through Jerusalem all the time. Among the clubs catering for their meals here, that in the control of the C.W.L. was the most commodious and most popular. Originally opened, furnished, and staffed by a convert Jewish lady, it was housed in a wing of the

An Ossory Priest in Canada

Monsignor James B. Dollard*

"The Poet Laureate of Ireland's Hurling Men"

James Maher

HAVING said farewell to Glorious Tramore and "the chickens in the sky," as John Maher, my small nephew called the sea-gulls, we set off hopefully for home.

Near Mooncoin our venerable car had a "strong weakness," so we halted at a local garage to give the poor old lady a "little nourishment," as Mr. Phil Lahy would say. It was my first stop at that pretty, progressive village in South Kilkenny, so renowned in hurling annals.

The friendly Mooncoin man who served us was only too happy to chat about "Father Dollard." "I'm a cousin of 'Slieve-na-mon' myself," he said, "and I used to hear my mother say that he had the brain of a scholar and the heart of a child. Whenever he came home on holidays, he made friends with all the children around, and used to join them on their rambles."

Half a century ago, the provincial Press made the homely, delightful verses of "Slieve-na-mon" known all over Leinster and Munster.

They were a distinguished race, the Dollards of Mooncoin. Most Rev. William Dollard, D.D., was first Bishop of the Canadian diocese of New Brunswick, while his nephew, Very Rev. James Quinn, was Vicar-General of the same diocese. Of this family also was His Grace, Archbishop Walsh of Toronto; and the poet-priest of Maine, Very Rev. William Dollard, P.P., was eldest brother of "Slieve-na-mon."

It was in the famous *Boston Pilot* that the signature "Slieve-na-mon" appeared for the first time, as we learn from Father James Dollard himself: "When I sent my first poem to the *Boston Pilot* I didn't take a moment to deliberate on what I should sign beneath it. I chose for a pen-name the name of that beautiful mountain of mist and sunshine which is the pride and glory of my lovely valley of the Suir."

* * *

James Bernard Dollard was born at Ballytarsney, a quarter of a mile from Mooncoin, on August 31, 1872. The old home was just beside the high bridge which spans the Kilkenny-Waterford railway line. From her throne on the Tipperary border Slievenamon gazes down serenely on the emerald green loveliness of Ossory and the Decies, where the Suir, like a silver ribbon, winds its way to the sea.

The great cluster of telegraph wires sweeping along by the bridge appear to emerge directly from the dim blue mountain. These were the "singing wires from Slieve-na-mon" whose humming was the sweetest music in the memory of our Kilkenny poet during his long years of exile as a missionary priest in Canada.

James Dollard received his early education at the local National School, and at the College School, Kilmacow. In September, 1890, he sailed from Ireland for Canada, where he commenced his studies for the

* Monsignor Dollard was a student of the Collegiate School established at Kilmacow by Bishop Brownrigg to serve as a subsidiary college of St. Kieran's.

his curates, especially Father Martin Prendergast, a young pulpit orator of great promise. I must also mention Monsignor Flanagan, and Fathers Barney Hudson, Ernie Walsh and Bill Fahy, as well as the President and staff of St. Patrick's College, Manly. Last, but by no means least, I must express my thanks to His Eminence, Cardinal Gilroy, whose guest I was for some days at St. Mary's Cathedral.

* * *

Space allows only a summary of the remainder of my trip. From Sydney I flew to Brisbane for a brief visit. I was now in the sub-tropics and the August weather was delightful. Father Michael Egan, a Maynooth man, was my host. With him was a St. Kieran's priest, Father O'Doherty from Donegal. Monsignor John English of Clayfield brought me to see Brisbane's octogenarian, Limerick-born Archbishop, and also his Coadjutor, Most Rev. Patrick M. O'Donnell, another Munster man, who was born in Fethard, Co. Tipperary. Later, Father Egan drove me to Coolangatta on the Pacific, and close to the New South Wales border.

Back to Sydney, then to Melbourne, then by train to Adelaide, and by train again to Kalgoorlie, a most interesting trip across the Nullabor Plain, where you have the longest straight railroad stretch in the world --over three hundred miles without a single curve !

The Administrator of St. Mary's, Kalgoorlie, with whom I stayed, was Father O'Sullivan, a Cork man, ordained in St. Kieran's in 1929. I traversed the famous Golden Mile, and saw in the street, named after him, the bronze statue of Clare-born Paddy Hannan, who first discovered gold in Kalgoorlie in 1893. Paddy, I understand, died a poor man.

My journey was now nearly at an end. A De Havilland Dove brought me back to Perth. There were two V.I.P.'s on the 'plane, and for their sake the pilot circled Perth several times—giving us all some wonderful views of the city and its environs.

Next day I sailed from Fremantle on the long journey back to Ireland. I had seen and learned much in the course of my Australian tour ; and now I was leaving with a deeper appreciation of the wonderful work being done for the glory of God and His Church in this, the newest of the Continents, by our Irish priests and Sisters. May the Holy Spirit inspire even greater numbers of our young boys and girls to follow in their footsteps.

high, conveys an impression of much greater height, so suddenly does it rise from the plain below.

If you examine a good map of Tasmania you will notice that the south-east tip of the island consists of two peninsulas, Forestier Peninsula and Tasman Peninsula, which are joined by a short and very narrow isthmus, appropriately named Eaglehawk Neck. At the most southerly point of Tasman Peninsula you may still see the very substantial remains of the famous Port Arthur penal settlement. I drove there from Hobart, stopping at the isthmus to visit the natural wonders graphically named the Devil's Blowhole, Tasman's Arch, and the Devil's Kitchen !

The narrowness of Eaglehawk Neck made Tasman Peninsula an ideal spot for a penal colony. Prisoners attempting to escape could succeed only by crossing the Neck into Forestier Peninsula. To prevent this, a chain of hounds was drawn across the Peninsula. The animals were tethered on short chains, so close together that the space between each was only about six inches. It is claimed that no prisoner ever succeeded in making his escape through this snarling phalanx !

* * *

On arrival at the Settlement, seventy-eight year old Tom McFree took us round (there were four others with me). He showed us the prison Church, now roofless, also the model prison and cells. Then to the place of solitary confinement, where refractory prisoners were kept, for varying periods, in complete darkness, and on a bread-and-water diet. No wonder an asylum had to be built specially for those whom such inhuman treatment drove insane. Ironically, this asylum is now one of the best preserved of the prison buildings.

Tom also showed us Smith O'Brien's Cottage, and brought us to the Museum, where a glib-tongued lady commented on many of the exhibits, which included a book containing the names of prisoners, and specifying also their crime and sentence, and their literacy, or lack of it, when admitted to the Settlement, and again when leaving it. The book happened to be open at a page where all the prisoners listed were Irish. The charges were virtually all the same—fowl-stealing and sheep-stealing ; and the sentence in each case was identical, seven years' penal servitude. The guide drew our attention to the fact that, although most of the men were illiterate when admitted (literacy was treated under three heads : Reading, Writing, and Spelling), they were quite literate at the time of their release. She did *not* explain that for the Port Arthur authorities literacy almost certainly meant in the *English* language.

In Hobart I had hoped to meet Father Tim Byrne, a Wicklow man, ordained in St. Kieran's while I was on the staff. But shortly before my arrival, he had been transferred to Launceston. I made a stop-over there on my way back to Melbourne. Father Byrne gave me a very cordial welcome. As far as I know, he was then the only St. Kieran's priest in the Archdiocese of Hobart, which includes all Tasmania and some of the outlying islands.

* * *

From Melbourne I flew to Canberra, the Federal Capital, and after a day and a half sight-seeing there, I continued on my way to Sydney, the goal of my long voyage. Here I spent two delightful weeks, meeting several St. Kieran's men, including Father Paddy Kerwick of Callan, and Father Dick Funcheon, also of Callan. I visited Father Funcheon in his parish at Gosford, a charming spot about sixty miles north of Sydney, in the valley of the Hawkesbury river. Not far from Gosford, I met Dean Michael Malone, a grand old man, then ordained over sixty-one years. Another St. Kieran's man whom I met that day was Father Pat Croke of Callan. Later I met two others—Father Edmund Barrett and Father Bill Heffernan. But I did not see all the St. Kieran's priests in Sydney. My time was too brief. Here I would like to record my gratitude to many other priests, both Irish and Australian, for their wonderful kindness to me. There was Monsignor Richard Collendar of Woollhara, with whom I stayed most of the time I was in Sydney. Also

College Chapel, some time before the general Ordinations in 1890. Dr. Mannix was senior of the little group. To this distinction he added another, in 1912, when he became the first Bishop to be consecrated in the College Chapel.

It was now approaching 9.0 p.m., and we felt that it would be unfair to prolong our stay any longer. When we rose to leave, His Grace also rose. Father McGlynn said that there was no need for him to show us out. But Dr. Mannix insisted, and as he walked ahead of us I could not help admiring the erect and graceful carriage that utterly belied his ninety years. *Cruda deo viridisque senectus.*

* * *

We touched down at Cambridge Airport. A pleasant drive of nine miles brought us to Hobart, a city with a population about equal to that of Cork. Its unruffled, easy-going atmosphere reminds you of Perth. Hobart is, after Sydney, the oldest city in the Australian Commonwealth, and so closely does Tasmania feel itself a part of that Commonwealth that if you refer to "Australia" the people are liable to take offence. When in Tasmania you must always speak of the "Mainland," even though four hundred miles separate Melbourne from Hobart.

While in Hobart I stayed at the Cathedral Presbytery as guest of the Administrator, the Very Rev. John Wallis. From the Presbytery, which is on a height, you get a fine view. Darkness was falling that quiet Sunday evening when I first surveyed the scene. Below lay the harbour, in which many yachts were anchored. On every side many lights were beginning to twinkle in the deepening gloom. To the right Mount Wellington reared its gaunt form against the grey winter sky. This mountain, though only about four thousand one hundred feet

REV. WM. MEANY (second from right) WITH ST. KIERAN'S PRIESTS IN AUSTRALIA

Beovich. His Grace is Yugo-Slav on his father's side, but his mother came from Ennis, Co. Clare. His own residence in Robe Terrace is named "Ennis." By a strange coincidence I met Dr. Beovich in Limerick last September. He had been in Ennis the previous day. I first met the Archbishop at the Paul Maguire banquet, and, though the standard of oratory that night was high, it was Dr. Beovich's speech which impressed me most. I met two St. Kieran's priests at Robe Terrace—Father Paddy Walsh of Piltown and Father Jimmy Kelly of Irishtown ; and that morning Father Skehan took me to see Father Brendan O'Sullivan, a classmate of his in the College.

* * *

From Adelaide to Melbourne the air-distance is just over four hundred miles. For the last half-hour of the journey we flew through a heavy rain-storm and severe turbulence. It was the only unpleasant flight I had. The turbulence was worst over the Grampian Hills, where the Skymaster dropped so swiftly at times that my head grew dizzy. Generally speaking, flying conditions in Australia are ideal, probably the best in the world, and this explains the country's wonderful record for air safety.

I stayed with the Columban Fathers at Essendon, a short distance outside Melbourne. The reputation of these Maynooth Missionaries for hospitality is immense. I am glad to be able to record here my indebtedness. During the seven days I was in Essendon they could not do enough for me. Their car was always at my disposal, and my slightest wish was their command. I shall never forget their kindness.

During my stay in Melbourne I explored the city and visited such delightfully scenic places as Healsville, Marysville, and the Acheron Way—also the Dandenong Range with its enchanting fern gullies. One day I drove by Coombe Cottage, home for many years of Dame Nelly Melba, one of Australia's sweetest singers and close friend of the late John McCormack. Another day I was driven to Bendigo, about ninety miles north of Melbourne, where I met Bishop Stewart of Sandhurst.

But the most treasured of my Melbourne memories is my visit to its renowned Archbishop, Dr. Daniel Mannix. It was 7.30 p.m. when his Italian housekeeper ushered Father McGlynn, of St. Columban's, and myself into the waiting-room of his residence, "Raheen," about three miles from the Cathedral. Later she returned to say that His Grace would see us in his study. We went through several corridors and doorways.

* * *

Father McGlynn knocked at the Archbishop's study door. A voice, soft, yet firm, bade us enter. The study was a spacious, high-ceilinged room. In a large grate, set off by a fine marble mantelpiece, a log-fire burned cheerily, for the weather was still cold. The Grand Old Man, tall, slim and dignified, rose to greet us. Even still His Grace wears spectacles only for reading. The flowing white locks that I had often seen in photographs of him had been recently trimmed. On the cape of his soutane was a Pioneer Total Abstinence pin. Behind a statue of Our Lady of Fatima, to whom stood a beautiful crucifix. There was also a statue of Our Lady of aFtima, to whom there is widespread devotion in Australia.

Like most old people, Dr. Mannix preferred to reminisce about the past rather than to enquire about the present. He did enquire especially about the Bishop of Killaloe, another veteran like himself. He then dropped into an autobiographical mood. He was the first priest to be ordained in the new College Chapel, Maynooth. It had recently been consecrated, and the then Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, thought it fitting to have an Ordination in the Chapel as soon as possible. Dr. Mannix was then a Dunboyne student. In those days a man intended for a post-graduate course in the Dunboyne Establishment was not ordained with his Class. He began his career on the Dunboyne as a deacon, and was ordained at the general Ordinations the following year. This custom has long since been abolished. In accordance with Dr. Walsh's wishes, Dr. Mannix and his fellow-deacons of the Dunboyne were ordained in the new

Theatre, nearly twenty years before. Over a year ago a new diocese was created in West Australia, the diocese of Bunbury, originally part of the Perth Archdiocese. Dr. Goody, then Auxiliary Bishop of Perth, became Bishop of Bunbury, and last summer it was announced that he had been succeeded as Auxiliary by Monsignor Rafferty. St. Kieran's is justly proud of the honour conferred on one of her most outstanding sons.

Shortly after 9.0 p.m., another St. Kieran's priest, Father Peadar McCudden, drove me to the Airport at Guildford. Father McCudden, who had distinguished himself in the College Choir under Herr Joseph Koss, was now making a name for himself in Perth as Conductor of the Cathedral Choir, which already had several successful broadcasts to its credit.

* * *

At ten o'clock p.m. I took off in a Skymaster of Australian National Airways for Adelaide, nearly thirteen hundred miles away. We flew over Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie and the Nullabor Plain. It was 5.45 a.m., local time, when we touched down at Parafield Airport. Father Tom Daly, a native of my own parish, was to have met me. But there was no sign of him that dark July morning. Later I discovered that he had been removed suddenly a few days before to Calvary Hospital, where he underwent a major operation. I am glad to say that he made a good recovery, and was very well when I met him on my return to Adelaide.

I stayed with a Clare priest, Father Harry Skehan, who was a study-prefect when I was a lay-boy in St. Kieran's. He was Parish Priest of Edwardstown, a suburb of Adelaide. He was an excellent host and a first-rate guide. Adelaide was one of the best laid out cities I ever saw. It was planned nearly one hundred and twenty years ago by Colonel Light. Light's basic principle was that a city should be a blend of building-blocks and parks. Hence the famous park lands of Adelaide. You are driving through a typical built-up area—suddenly you find yourself in what appears to be open country. At first you think you have left the city behind, but you are mistaken, for with equal suddeness the city reappears. Unfortunately, Light's ideas were soon forgotten. As the city expanded, the park lands no longer intervened to break the monotony of stone and mortar. But that portion of Adelaide which was built in strict accordance with his designs is a fitting memorial to his genius. You may also see the rather impressive statue of him that stands on Montefiore Hill.

* * *

On the evening of my arrival in Adelaide, the Catholic citizens of South Australia gave a banquet in honour of Mr. Paul Maguire, Australian Ambassador-designate to Ireland. A kindly priest obtained an invitation for me, and shortly after 6 p.m. I found myself in a huge dining-room in the Myer Apollo Emporium. There were several hundred guests, all male, including many clergy. Before the banquet commenced, I was introduced to Paul Maguire himself. He was a little under medium height and rather stockily built. His fine head of hair was turning steel grey. His voice was deep and vibrant, and he spoke, even in ordinary conversation, with conscious deliberation. He mentioned to me that originally he had intended sailing for Ireland on the following day, but that owing to unforseen circumstances he had been obliged to postpone his departure. It was only later that I learned what these circumstances were which, not only delayed his departure, but finally cancelled it.

Father Skehan showed me everything worth-while in Adelaide and its environs. We climbed O'Halloran Hill and Mount Lofty, went to Gleneig, Adelaide's principal beach, and saw the famous looping gum-tree under which, over a century before, Captain John Hindmarsh formally declared the establishment of the Colony of South Australia. We visited the Minor Seminary of St. Francis Xavier, picturesquely set in the foothills of Mount Lofty. Plans for a Major Seminary were then complete, and work was due to commence soon.

Before leaving Adelaide, I was a guest of the Archbishop, Most Rev. Matthew

rugated and pitted with pot-holes that we quite literally hit the roof several times. We were now in virgin bush, the only open space being the "road." The sun had set, and a pale moon was shining in a clear sky, into which the tall jarrah trees and the taller karri trees thrust their slim forms like pencils. An occasional kangaroo, hopping across the road right in front of the car, enhanced the aboriginal scene.

* * *

Mount Barker is a bush village. The well-wooded mountain, from which the place gets its name, looks down benignly upon the settlement below. Close by are some big saw-mills which remind you that timber forms an important part of the local economy.

The parish goes back only to the year 1937. The Church and Presbytery are neat functional buildings, constructed of red brick, like so many modern Australian houses. The Presbytery is the typical bungalow design. One of the first things I noticed about the house was the almost complete absence of delph! The explanation was simple enough: the Parish Priest had no housekeeper, and, except for an occasional cup of tea, he never had a meal in his own home! Normally he took his meals in the Convent opposite. This is also the case with several other small parishes in out-of-the-way places. Were it not for the sisters, the priests in many parts of Australia would be severely handicapped.

Before returning to Perth, we paid a visit to Albany, a rather important and busy town in the south-west tip of the State, and about forty-five miles from Mount Barker. Albany is situated on the coast, and has, so the locals assert, one of the deepest harbours in the world. But later I heard a similar claim, made by locals also, for Norfolk Bay in south-east Tasmania, where the *Queen Mary* berthed during the second World War.

The only bad weather I encountered during the whole of my Australian trip was in Albany. Here it was very cold, with heavy hail-showers and a thunder-storm. But this did not prevent us doing a little sightseeing. We drove down York Street, the main thoroughfare, and then, accompanied by Father John Walsh, the Clare-born curate, an alumnus of All Hallows, we made our way out of the town and climbed to some of the high land overlooking the coast. Far below, the Indian Ocean, lashed by the strong winds, smashed against the rocks, creating large tracts of foam.

After lunch we visited the local Convent, staffed by the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition, usually referred to as Josephites. By this I had taken it for granted that most Australian convents had a large number of Irish Sisters. Albany was no exception. These good Sisters are always highly delighted to meet one from their native country, especially a recent arrival. They ply you with all kinds of questions; and if you happen to know anybody in Ireland whom they know, or even if you have ever passed through their native place, they are thrilled to hear it! These devoted Sisters, unlike Priests, seldom see their homeland again once they leave it for a country so distant as Australia. One can well understand their very natural nostalgia!

* * *

It was a glorious Sunday when I said good-bye to Father Dwyer and Mount Barker. Father Walsh of Albany drove me the whole way to Perth, a distance of two hundred and twenty miles. We passed many sheep-stations and cattle-stations—no Australian would refer to these as "farms." In many fields were large cement structures, so built that they can catch the maximum amount of rain and store it. These "catchments," as they are known, are very useful in a land so subject to prolonged droughts.

That evening I was the guest of His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Prendiville, Archbishop of Perth, at the Cathedral Presbytery. His diocese then was about seven times the size of Ireland, and must have been one of the largest dioceses, territorially, in the world. Among the clergy present at dinner that night was Monsignor J. J. Rafferty (appointed Auxiliary Bishop of Perth in 1955). I well remembered his fine interpretation of Hamlet in the St. Kieran's College

Subiaco. Many of the Sisters there are Irish, and the Chaplain, Father Michael Fitzgerald of Mooncoin, was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1947. Many other St. Kieran's men had come there to greet me: Father Michael Byrne of Ballyhale, Father Stephen Hawe of Windgap, Father Tommy Phelan, Father Jimmy Dowling of Tullaroan, Father Jim McSweeney, Father Jimmy Mullins of Kells and Father Buckley. We had a most enjoyable get-together, and the conversation centred so much on Ireland in general, and St. Kieran's in particular, that I found it very difficult to realize I was so far away from home.

The Sisters treated us to a veritable banquet. Indeed, everywhere I went I had many proofs of their wonderful kindness towards priests. In Perth, for example, every Monday, which is the curates' free-day, many of them go for a game of golf in the morning, and then come to Subiaco, where the Sisters give them a splendid lunch.

* * *

One afternoon Father Dwyer drove me to a picturesque spot sixty miles from Perth, in the foothills of the Darling Range. This was Bindoon, now well-known for its Boys' Town. It is staffed by Irish Christian Brothers, and caters for about one hundred and fifty boys, all under sixteen years of age, and drawn from many parts of Europe. Four of them were from Donegal. The chief man behind the scenes was Brother Paul Francis Keaney, a native of Leitrim, from which he had emigrated over forty years before. He had not visited Ireland since then, but intended doing so the following March.

When we arrived at the main building we were met by Brother Keaney himself. He was an imposing, patriarchal figure, tall, broad of shoulder, and firmly built, his leonine head crowned with a mass of snow-white hair. He welcomed us warmly. It was a pity we had not arrived earlier, he said, but he would show us all he could before darkness fell. He brought us to the roof of one of the buildings, and from this we surveyed as far as was possible the seventeen thousand acres that is Boys' Town. It was hilly land. On various knolls statues had been erected. A very fine one of Our Lord, with right hand raised in blessing, overlooked the settlement. Our Lady, of course, also had her place. The Brother then drew our attention to a particular hill. It had no statue. "I'm reserving that for St. Patrick," he explained.

Late that night the boys were assembled into the large Recreation Hall, where they treated us to a most enjoyable impromptu concert. Even still I can hear the strains of *Now is the Hour* with which they bade us farewell. I told Brother Keaney that I was looking forward to seeing him next year (1954) in Ireland. But that was not to be. The following February, on the day before he was due to sail from Fremantle, the good man died suddenly from a stroke.

* * *

On the next day Father Dwyer and I set out for Bunbury, in the south-west tip of the State. On our way through Waroona we called on the Parish Priest, Father Stephen Hawe, whom I had already met at Subiaco. In the course of this journey we travelled through some of the finest land in the State. Herds of cows browsed on pastures that seemed almost as green and rich as those in Ireland.

It was dark when we reached Bunbury. There we spent the night with Monsignor John Wallace, from near Callan, another St. Kieran's alumnus. Both his curates, Father Jimmy Mullins and Father Ned Kenny, were already well-known to me. We chatted for a long time, walking up and down the concrete tennis-court near the Church. But it was not of Australia or Bunbury that we talked. Those exiled priests preferred to go back in spirit to their homeland.

Next day, after a brief tour of the town and some of its fine beaches, we departed for Mount Barker, Father Dwyer's own parish, almost two hundred miles away. The last part of the journey, from Manjimup on, was made over a road little better than a bush-track. Never had I travelled over more awful terrain. Our car was a heavy model, but at times the road-surface was so cor-

WITH ST. KIERAN'S IN AUSTRALIA

A Tour of the Dioceses of Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Hobart, Sydney and Brisbane

Rev. William Meany, M.A., D.D.*

IN the Summer of 1953 it was my privilege to pay a visit to Australia. Even in these days of speedy travel a holiday spent so far away from home is still a rarity. My trip "Down Under," however, was not a holiday primarily, but rather the fulfilment of a promise to visit a close relation who had left Ireland almost thirty years before as a young girl to join the Sisters of Mercy in Parramatta, New South Wales. In the course of my trek across the Australian continent I met numerous Irish sisters and priests. Several of the latter were alumni of St. Kieran's, most of whom I had known either when I was a pupil on the lay-side, or afterwards when I had joined the St. Kieran's College staff.

On June 18th I sailed from Tilbury, and twenty-five days later reached Perth in West Australia, after a voyage of nearly ten thousand miles, during which our boat had called at such romantic places as Port Said, Aden, Bombay and Colombo ; and had brought us from the northern Summer to the southern Winter.

As we approached Fremantle, the port of Perth, the morning was crisp and clear—a welcome change from the previous day when gales of seventy miles per hour lashed the sea. I was welcomed by two St. Kieran's priests, Father John Joe Dwyer of Mooncoin, a class-mate of mine on the lay-side, and Father Bob Healy, a native of Castlecomer. Father Healy had been ordained four years before when I was on the teaching staff of St. Kieran's. He was a curate in the parish of Claremont, not far from Fremantle.

It was lovely to be on solid land again after the monsoons in the Arabian Sea and the gales in the Indian Ocean. The drive to Perth was very pleasant indeed. Before leaving Fremantle we called on the Oblates of St. Patrick's. Many of them were Irish, and one, Father O'Byrne, a native of Kildare, had actually gone to school with some cousins of mine.

* * *

Perth impressed me as a city possessing a distinct individuality, and not as a mere agglomeration of buildings, streets and traffic. Father Dwyer drove me around the suburbs, and I noticed the many neat bungalows (most private houses in Australia are of the bungalow one-storey type) and trees and shrubs. The greenery reminded me of home, but when I commented on this I was told to bear in mind that it was still Winter, and that the rain accounted for the colour. In Summer, however, when there is practically no rain, and when the sun is very strong, little green is to be seen.

Later we drove through the city, along St. George's Terrace (the Oxford St. of Perth) to King's Park, a beautiful thousand-acre preserve. Except for the roads that intersect it, King's Park is exactly as Nature planted it thousands of years ago. It contains many gum-trees—ninety *per cent.* of Australia's trees belong to this class. But what principally caught my eye were the flame-trees, with their scarlet flowers which had managed somehow to survive the winter. Below lay Perth's Swan River, said to have been so named because, when the area was first explored, the river was full of swans—black swans. This bird has now become the emblem of West Australia.

We went to the St. John of God Hospital,

* Father Meany, a native of Kilkenny city, was Professor of Classics in St. Kieran's from 1947 to 1951 when he was appointed to Maynooth College.

building of the Latin Patriarchate, within the walls of the Old City, and not far from the Via Dolorosa and the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre.

In addition to the usual club amenities, one found here an expert corps of guides to the Great Shrines of the city and surroundings. Among them were Brother Raphael, O.F.M., and Brother Bede, O.S.B. The former, of Canadian-Irish descent and acting as Companion to the Custos of the Holy Land, was untiring in his work for troops of all nations. The latter, Brother Bede, was born in England, and having held the rank of sergeant in the Royal Flying Corps (from which the Royal Air Force was formed on 1st April, 1918), became a Catholic and then joined the Benedictine Order. He now specialised in the daily runs from Jerusalem to Galilee. Both Brothers were honoured with Certificates of Commendation by the British Army for their excellent work.

My visits to the scattered units of my "diocese" entailed journeys by air southwards along the River Nile to East Africa, with stops on the way at places like Juba on the Nile, Kampala on Lake Victoria, and Nairobi. Here I enjoyed the kind companionship of the Holy Ghost Fathers, and in their company visited the R.A.F. located there to whom they were the "officiating Chaplains." Here indeed "Missionary Ireland" is to be seen at work. Here rest the mortal remains of one of her greatest missionaries, Edel Quinn of the Legion of Mary. And here it may be very appropriate to place on record the unselfish work done throughout all the years of the War by the good Irish Sisters in every convent in which they were to be found—on behalf of the Catholics of the Armed Forces. In the spheres of hospitality and devotion to duty they were surely unrivalled!

From here my routes lay to Mombasa, steaming in tropical heat; on out to the island of Madagascar, famed recently by the taking of the "fossil" fish, the coelicanth. Back we journeyed to the mainland, and then northwards through Somaliland and Eritrea; hence by the gulf of Aden to Aden; thence along the south side of the vast Arabian peninsula to the rock of Masara, where the Catholic chapel was built of empty five-gallon petrol tins by a Carmelite Father named McLoughlin. Then northwards again through the sweltering sands of the Persian Gulf to Basra, Bagdad. Near the last-named is the unique station of the R.A.F. Set like a clearly-defined square in the sand of the burning desert, it is an oasis in the wilderness. On the flight from Basra one can see the site of Abraham's town, Ur of the Chaldees.

Between the great rivers, Tigris and Euphrates, is visible the pattern of the ancient system of irrigation which made this region so fertile before the coming of the Arabs. Here, for one with the time, the energy, and the interest, there was little lack of wonders to be seen. H. V. Morton's books contain graphic descriptions of them all. Two New Zealand brothers run the famous "Nairn Bus Service" from Bagdad to Beirut, where a prime-mover hauls a truly colossal bus over the desert track each night on the night-long run between the two cities.

* * *

Near the Turkish frontier of Syria, in the very north-west corner, one finds houses constructed and roofed almost in the same tradition as in Ireland, with a landscape not so greatly different. This was a pleasant surprise as I drove through the country southwards; then by Tyre and Sidon, known today as Saida, to the headland of Carmel and the Plain of Esdraelon. From the coast it is less than an hour's drive to Nazareth, where, in the early spring of the year the fragrance of the youth of this world may be felt at its most powerful.

"Peace" is the idea that dominates one's whole being as one lookes at the attractive village of Nazareth in its shallow, saucer-shaped depression on the flat hill rising somewhat to the north-east. From the west the traveller enters the little town by the Chapel of the Spasm, which marks, so says tradition, the place at which Our Lady met her Divine Son being hurried out by the citizens to be cast down the steep cliff that marks the south side of the hill.

At present, as I write, the great new Basilica of the Annunciation is in course of

priesthood at the Sulpician Grand Seminary of Montreal.

Four years after his ordination in 1896, Father Dollard became pastor of Uptergrove, Ontario, whose fine modern church he built. So fruitful was his ministry there, and so appreciative were the people of his own generosity and zeal for their welfare, that the entire population of the area, Protestant and Catholic, united in a great farewell demonstration before his departure. A purse of thousands of dollars was presented to him as a token of their esteem for a good and faithful priest.

After twelve years as pastor of St. Monica's, Toronto, he was finally appointed to Our Lady of Lourdes Church in that city in 1921.

* * *

The year 1902 was a memorable one for Father Dollard, for in that year was published his first volume of poems under the charming title of *Irish Mist and Sunshine*. The book carried a brilliant foreword by the distinguished critic and litterateur, Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., who wrote : " Irish priests with the gifts of Father Sheehan and Father Dollard can do more to revive the power of the poet in its ancient Greek sense than the most misty-minded dilettanti of our time. The books written by these priests leave us with a more cheerful belief in mankind."

Others also were convinced of the wholesome influence of Father Dollard's muse. The Catholic Extension Society published a fine edition of his selected " Poems " in 1910.

Joyce Kilmer included several of these in his *Anthology of Catholic Poets*, a classic of its kind ; and our poet is also well represented in Father Stephen Browne's *Poetry of Irish History* by *Dillon and Galmoy*, the most stirring ballad since Davis wrote *Fontenoy*.

The Kilkenny priest was author of *Irish Lyrics and Ballads* and *The Bells of Old Quebec and other poems of New France*. He also published *Clontarf : A Drama*, as well as contributing many essays and reviews to Canadian periodicals.

* * *

Honours were not wanting to one whose name was now revered throughout the Dominion. Father Dollard was elected a member of the Council of the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto and of the Canadian Authors' Association. In 1916 Laval University conferred upon him the Doctorate of Letters.

His Archbishop nominated him Diocesan Consultor, and in 1905 he was notified of his appointment as Domestic Prelate to His Holiness Pope Pius XI. But Monsignor Dollard always remained the simple, unaffected *soggarth* whose Irish mind and manner nothing could transform.

The burden of the years lay heavily on him during the last Spring days of 1946, and as the shadows lengthened before his death he must have travelled back again in spirit to the scenes he loved—the Bridge of Ballytarsney, and the dreaming fairy Mountain of Fair Women northward ; the gentle, murmuring Suir, with the little towns and villages on its banks that inspired his songs, and the fields where he doffed his clerical coat to join the neighbours in binding the yellow sheaves.

* * *

Monsignor Dollard left one permanent memorial of his genius—a novel entitled *The Gaels of Moondharrig ; or the Modern Fianna*, first published in 1907. Kilkenny has for generations been recognised as the home of classic hurlers. The Kilkenny man's style of play is distinctive, but he holds the game above the prize, and dearer to him than the All-Ireland medal is his county's reputation for always playing " a clean game." There were giants in those days in Mooncoin, and the author dedicated his book to the " Kilkenny Hurlers," who were then the champions of Ireland.

The author's Preface to *Moondharrig*

declares : " This is a book for the Gaels of Ireland. They will understand it, and if it pleases them, I do not care whether anyone else in the world values or condemns it !

" Long ago the writer learned from the hurlers the secret of the game—to be swift to strike when the chance came—never to quail, but with tightened lips to bore in against the fiercest and most overwhelming onslaughts. When victorious, to be kindly and modest ; when bruised and beaten, cheerfully to make the best of it !

" Not bad rules these, even for the more serious conflict of life. The Gaels, unrivalled athletes, taught also, by example, what real manliness is. No cursing, swearing, or obscenity was tolerated in their midst. They were pure in thought and act ; they feared God and loved His Church."

America's Pontifical University

Right Rev. Wm. McDonald, M.A., Ph.D.*

VISITORS from abroad almost invariably express surprise when they learn of the true nature and role of the Catholic University of America. Many admit that they had previously thought of it as just another amongst the many colleges and seminaries in the United States. In view of this, as well as the connecting links that have always bound the destinies of the University with Ireland, it is hoped that a brief description of this institution, unique even in the complex and variagated American educational sense, may be useful and of some interest to Irish readers of the *St. Kieran's Record* and to fellow-graduates from St. Kieran's scattered throughout the world.

Perhaps the simplest summary statement concerning the University would be to say that it verifies the three terms contained in its somewhat prolix title. It is, first of all, *Catholic;* and not only Catholic, but *Pontifical*. Acceding to the petition of the Bishops assembled at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, Pope Leo XIII, under date of March 7, 1889, issued the Apostolic Letter, *Magni Nobis Gaudii,* in which he chartered the new seat of learning, located in the nation's Capital, with the power to grant Degrees in the name of the Holy See.

Under the governing authority of the Hierarchy, the University's Board of Trustees consists of the four Cardinals and twenty-four Archbishops, who are members *ex officio,* together with elected representatives of the Bishops, priests and laity from various parts of the country. This Board meets in Washington twice each year to consider the problems of the University, the function of which, according to the Statutes, goes beyond the normal task of educating its students. It is intended to be " a national centre of Catholic culture, and should be held as such by all."

In recent times this note of Catholicity has been heightened by the resumption of construction of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception on the grounds of the University. When completed, at a cost of approximately twenty million dollars, the Shrine will be the seventh largest Cathedral in the world. Although a separate corporation, it will be the only instance in which a church of such magnitude will be reared on the campus of a University, as the Rector, Bishop Bryan J. McEntegart, has pointed out : " In the years to come, University and Shrine, symbols of knowledge and of love, will manifest the mission of Christ's Church to the people of America, and to many a visitor from beyond the seas."

Other evidences of Universality are to be found in the diverse origins and *cosmopolitan* character of the student body and the teaching staff. The enrolment, which, including the Summer School, numbers more than *six thousand,* comprises approximately one-third Priests, Brothers, and Seminarians, and the rest laity, of whom about one-third are women. More interesting is the fact that the students come from every State in the Union, as well as from Canada, South America, India, China, Korea, Japan, Australia, the Phillipines, and from various European countries. Nearly seventy religious Orders and Communities have established residences in the neighbourhood so that their members who are

* Monsignor McDonald, a native of Mooncoin, was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1928. He is Vice-Rector of the Catholic University of America where he was appointed Professor of Philosophy in succession to Bishop Fulton Sheen.

selected for advanced study may conveniently attend classes in the University.

* * *

Amongst the more than three hundred professors are to be found graduates of practically all the great centres of learning, both in Europe and in the United States. In keeping with the fine tradition of its relatively brief history, during which it became known for the pioneer work of such scholars, now deceased, as Henri Hyvernat in Semitic langages, John A. Ryan in Labor Economics, William J. Kerby in Social Service, John M. Cooper in Anthropology, Peter Guildray in American Church Hisctory, the University to-day has on its faculty—to single out just a few of the more distinguished members—Dr. Karl Herzfeld in Physics ; Dr. F. O. Rice in Chemistry ; Dr. Stephen Kuttner, a lay authority on Medieval Canon Law ; Rev. Dr. John T. Ellis, the Historian ; Rev. Dr. Francis J. Connell, noted Moral Theologian ; Rev. Dr. John Quasten, highly reputed for his works on Patrology and Christian Archaeology.

Others well known in scholarly circles are Father Martin Gusinde, S.V.D., the Anthropologist, who has discovered new data on the Bushmen, and Father Artheme Dutilly, O.M.I., Research Professor of Botany, who for many years has pursued scientific investigations in the Arctic regions. Monsignor Patrick Skehan, Professor of Semitics, is at present on leave of absence as Director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem. Noted personalities who have been associated with the University in the past include Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, famed Radio orator and Professor of Philosophy, who now heads the National Society for the Propagation of the Faith ; Dom Thomas V. Moore, renowned for his contributions to Psychiatry, and Dr. Rudolph Allers, who also achieved international prominence in the field of Experimental Psychology.

* * *

The foregoing has already helped to establish our second point, namely, that the University is such in the fullest sense of the word. Conforming to Newman's idea as " a place of concourse to which people come from all quarters to get all kinds of know-
in the College.
ledge," it has nine distinct schools and thirty departments. The schools offer complete programmes, not only in the Sacred and Social Sciences, but also in such fields as Engineering and Architecture, Law, and Nursing Education. The various branches embraced by the generic term, Arts and Sciences, are taught on two levels—work for advanced Degrees being conducted in the Graduate School ; and Undergraduate studies

Of the one thousand or more Degrees conferred at Graduation (or Commencement, as it is called), in excess of fifty per cent. are on the post-graduate level. The departments range all the way alphabetically from the Fine Arts (which include Painting, Sculpture, Metal-craft, Jewellry and Ceramics) through Education, Greek and Latin, Library Science and Music, to Semitic and Egyptian Languages and Literature, and Speech and Drama. The latter is noteworthy for its annual series of successful Plays, which periodically attract large numbers of the general public to the University Theatre.

The Mullen Library, which is, of course, the heart of the University, houses more than *half-a-million* volumes ! There are, moreover, many Departmental Libraries and Collections of special interest. The Lima Library is devoted to Latin-American literature ; the Clementine Library consists in large part of the private library of Pope Clement XI ; the Semitic Library contains valuable manuscripts and source-books in Coptic, Arabic, Ethiopian, Georgian and Syriac. *Of special interest is the Celtic Library, which has a fine collection of works in Irish and the other Celtic languages.* The Canon Law Library is the most complete of its kind in America. Then there is the Archives Library, where precious historical documents are stored ; and the personal Library presented by Clare Boothe Luce, which contains practically all the great works on Drama and the Theatre.

Space will not permit any more than a mention of the University's own publications, which include not only a large number of scholarly dissertations issuing each

year from the Catholic University of America Press, but also important periodicals such as *The Catholic Historical Review, The Jurist The Biblical Quarterly, The Catholic Educational Review, The New Scholasticism, The Anthropological Quarterly,* and *The American Ecclesiastical Review.*

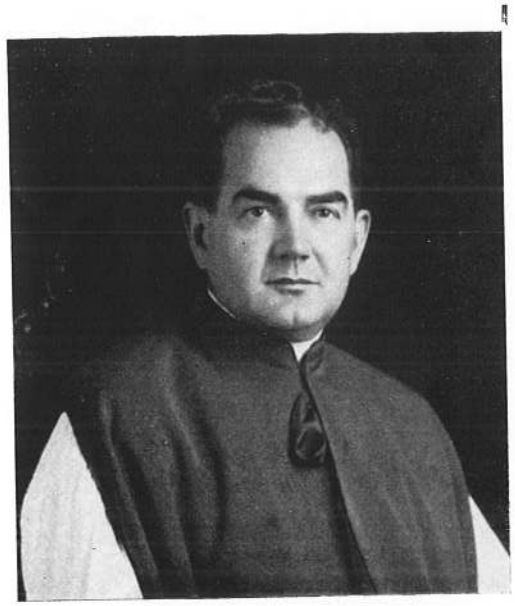
* * *

Finally, we come to the third note or mark of the University, which is that it is *American.* The District of Columbia had already granted it civil rights in 1887, and these were confirmed and enlarged by a special enactment of the Federal Government in 1928. It is the only Catholic University which can claim charter membership in the highly esteemed Association of American Universities—which includes only a select few of the type of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia. It is American also in its attempt to relate theory to practice and to combine the old with the new. There is the constant sifting, the searching for better methods and more effective techniques, an experimenting with curricular materials, class size, discussion and seminars.

In our educational system it is not regarded as a drawback to have unresolved problems. In all, the focal point of interest is the welfare and advancement of the student, that he may reach the highest level of intellectual, social and personal competence. Hence the fostering of the Honour system and of student government, in which class presidents and other officers are chosen by election. The students also publish their own weekly newspaper, *The Tower.*

The relationship between student and professor or administrative official is generally characterized by an informality which is in no way disrespectful. Directness is the keynote. A pervading atmosphere of buoyancy and optimism, a courageous wrestling with the problems, a fostering of youthful, creative and inspirational endeavour—all contribute towards making the difficult task of searching out truth an experience of high adventure.

As for the charges sometimes brought against American education of over emphasis on the social and athletic side, and of *cash* versus *culture,* one can only observe that, like so many other phases of American life, almost any generalization about its dominant educational philosophies and objectives is likely to be misleading. Certainly the Catholic University is safeguarded from



MONSIGNOR WM. McDONALD

some of the errors of its contemporaries by its care of sound scholastic principles, which are intended to permeate and penetrate not only learning, but the total life of the student.

In addition to the regular religious ministrations, the University offers a whole series of what are termed *personal services*. These include orientation programmes, counselling and vocational guidance. In determining the students' progress and prospects, use is made of a battery of psychological tests, such as mental ability tests, achievement examinations, special aptitude tests, and personality profiles. While no claim is made that the results thus obtained yield hundred per cent. accuracy, they do give an over-all picture that is most helpful.

* * *

Training for leadership in a democracy in which the masses of the people assert their right to the privilege of higher education is admittedly a slow and difficult process. Principles do not operate in a vacuum ; therefore attention to social change is necessary if clerical and lay teachers are to assume their proper responsibilities in the world outside. In this respect the Catholic University of America has indeed been fortunate in its graduates, amongst whom are fifty bishops, or one-quarter of the American Hierarchy ; scores of officials in the diocesan chanceries, as well as diocesan superintendents of schools and directors of charities, in addition to large numbers of lawyers, doctors, teachers, and leaders in civic affairs.

It is encouraging that hundreds of former students demonstrate their love and loyalty by returning each year to the Alma Mater for the Homecoming Reunion. The Catholic population in general show their devotion to the University as the capstone of the entire Catholic school system by contributing well over a million dollars annually to a nation-wide diocesan collection. While this spirit continues to flourish, there is good reason to hope that the Catholic University of America, young as educational institutions go, will continue to fulfil its Providential mission in the interests of God and Country, under the protection of Mary Immaculate, Patroness of the University of the United States.

AMERICA AND IRELAND

Contrasts in Education

Very Rev. Matthew M. Crotty, D.C.L., V.G.*

TO compare the Irish and American educational systems is a task for an expert. Since I am not a specialist in the field of education, but merely an interested spectator, let me say now that this article for *St. Kieran's Record* does not purport to be a critical evaluation of the merits and demerits of both systems. It is intended only to convey the suggestion that the one system might be improved through the integration of the outstanding merit of the other.

It is true to say that the Irish student receives a better education—at least in the sense of getting *a more thorough grounding* in the subjects he studies—than the American student. Keen scholastic competition, economic incentive to learn, the absence of specialization until the fundamentals have been mastered, and the emphasis placed on study after class, are among the factors which help to make the product of the Irish school or college second to none from the point of view of learning.

Under the American system, competition is almost unknown, each school being an independent unit whose students do not sit for public examinations: the economic incentive to study is not so urgent; for while it is true that the highly salaried positions go to the well-educated boy or girl, it is equally true that the average High School graduate (aged about 18) can earn a fairly good living, marry and raise a family. The range of subjects covered in the American High School is comparatively wide—with the result that the fundamentals suffer. The time which the Irish student devotes to study is spent by the American student working—for almost all High School students have an after-school job. In addition, the emphasis placed on Athletics makes it easy for the American to overlook the primary reason for attending school. As a result it is not surprising that the American student cannot possibly absorb as much knowledge as his Irish counterpart.

* * *

Nevertheless, I believe that the American school system possesses one vitally important asset of which the Irish school is bankrupt—it teaches its students the art of expressing themselves confidently, fearlessly, and with dignity. It gives them poise. "Self-expression" is the common denominator of the American Grade School, High School, College and University. From his earliest years, the student is listened to with grave attention. His opinion is frequently sought and, though it may oftentimes be worthless, it is never treated as "ridiculous." Whatever merit it may have is extolled and its deficiencies are pointed reasonably and in a kindly manner. No matter how poor or shallow the opinion expressed may be, it never gives rise to scornful or caustic comment either by the teacher or the class.

By and large, the results of this tolerant attitude are good. The American student is not ashamed to advance his opinion manfully; not too bashful or over-confident to ask questions and to admit ignorance or imperfect understanding. He is unabashed when his errors are pointed out and feels encouraged to try again and to do better. In after life, admittedly, he may tend to speak with authority on subjects in which he is out of his depth. On the other hand,

* Father Crotty, a native of the Rower, was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1938, and is Vicar General of Baker diocese, U.S.A.

however, he is unafraid to speak out and to assume leadership when oportunity presents itself. He may make mistakes, but at least he is not prevented from trying through fear of what the other person will say or think. In this liberal atmosphere the hidden talent of many an Irish emigrant has flowered so as to bring him fame and fortune. Countless thousands more could have played a big part in shaping the destinies of the United States, were they not tongue-tied by an inferiority complex too deep-seated to be conquered.

The philosophy which underlies the American attitude springs, I believe, from devotion to a truly democratic way of life. In their Declaration of Independence the founders of the Republic wrote: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal. . ." All men, be they seven or seventy, have the right to be heard. They enjoy a dignity which is an inalienable birthright. This aspect of democracy has its place in the schoolroom as well as in the Halls of Congress; and the American educational system sees to it that the equality spoken of in the Declaration of Independence is not destroyed or tampered with during the formative years. The American student is the equal of his teacher in that he is a *man:* he is his teacher's inferior only in learning and maturity. He has the right to express his opinions and the right to a fair and respectful hearing. Because his dignity as a *man* is inviolable no one has the right to make him appear ridiculous. His teacher has the right, and the obligation, to correct his mistakes and to teach him truth, but he has no right to make him feel less a *man* than the President of the United States.

* * *

In strong contrast to the American ideal of education, far too frequently the motto of the Irish classroom is "Children should be seen, not heard." Under the Irish system the student is regarded as a *sponge* whose function it is to absorb without question large quantities of book-learning. Undoubtedly the capacity of the sponge is enormous, for the Irish student leaves school possessed of a fund of knowledge which is amazing when compared with that of an American youth of corresponding age and schooling. But in the process of absorbing this knowledge something has gone awry!

The finished product of the Irish school is all too often tongue-tied, bashful, overly sensitive to criticism, afraid of himself. He may be strong-willed enough to conquer the psychological hazards which surround him, but in most instances he is too timid to break through the barriers—with the result that his splendid education is more or less at a discount. The cause of this unhappy situation lies in the fact that during his school years he was never given a chance to acquire confidence in himself. In the class-room his questions were not encouraged; his opinion—if he ever dared to express one—was received without enthusiasm, perhaps with sarcasm. His answers were either correct or incorrect; he never prefaced a reply with the words, "I think." Silence, in his opinion, was decidedly golden—since speech so often tricked him into "making a fool of himself" in the eyes of the teacher and of the class. His countenance mirrored, not his true feelings, but the emotions he thought his teacher would like to see. He laughed dutifully at jokes, or looked surprised or solemn as the occasion demanded. During his years in the schoolroom the Irish student was not his true self. He learned to efface himself—for experience soon taught him that to invite the teacher's attention was to invite trouble!

Emancipation would come to our hapless Irish student when he left school, but, in the meantime, if the repression of his individuality was the price of an easier passage through the class-room, then he would pay the price! Inevitably he bowed his head and drifted along with the others. He was a good student—his percentages in the examinations proved that. He was good, indeed, but he is inarticulate. Too well he has learned the lesson of remaining quiet and inconspicuous.

* * *

During my course at the Catholic Univer-

sity of America, a Professor occasionally referred to an article written by an Irish scholar on some point of Canon Law. Invariably, the opinion of the Irish writer was cited with respect. But when my classmates asked where they could obtain commentaries written by Irishmen, they found it difficult to understand my explanation that Irish Canonists did not write commentaries ! In the Seminary practically all of our textbooks bore the name of an author who was not Irish. Even in College, many of the standard works were written by non-Irish scholars. It would seem that the only Irishmen who have made a name for themselves in the intellectual world are poets, novelists and playrights. In other fields the Irish scholars are silent. Their intellectual life, nourished on a poorly-balanced diet, runs an unnatural cycle : it buds and dies, but does not flower ; it is not allowed to reproduce itself.

Just as a good political philosophy is the underlying cause of the healthy liberalism of the American school, so, I believe, a poor, not really democratic, philosophy is the root cause of the exaggerated conservatism of the Irish educational system. Irish political and social truth, no matter what we like to think, is still deeply coloured by an inherited English influence.

Traditionally, the English are a conservative people—dedicated or resigned, at least until recently, to a social and political system of class distinction. Under this system, the upper classes supplied the leaders who made the speeches and the decisions. The lower classes formed the rank and file who were led and who did the listening ; obedient men who fought the wars and then went quietly home. It would seem that the Irish school is content to produce for the most part quiet men who wish neither to speak nor to lead. Certainly the Irish system does not teach its students to respect themselves as being potential leaders. It neglects to convince them that their splendid education gives them *the right to speak*.

* * *

Ireland was once the Lamp of the civilized world. Is there any insuperable obstacle to prevent her scholars from once more lighting the way for a civilization which is faltering ? Her position to-day is unique. She is one of the few countries outside the Iron Curtain with a deeply Christian tradition. No serious economic troubles hinder her youth in the pursuit of learning. Her young men are not forced to interrupt their studies at the critical period to serve in her Armed Forces. She has not been ravished by the second World War. Her scholars, happily insulated from the distracting noise and rush of " Progress," enjoy the tranquil atmosphere and the leisure to produce, amongst other things, the munitions so urgently needed in the many-fronted war of ideas.

Perhaps it is too late to appeal to the ones who have left the schoolroom for ever ; but, surely, it is not too late to appeal for a modification of Ireland's educational system—such a modification as would produce *articulate* scholars. I do not believe that any further progress can be made in the technique of cramming the maximum amount of facts into a student's head. Any improvement in system must be along the lines of teaching students how to use the knowledge imparted to them in the classroom. Combine the superlative scholarship of Ireland with the stimulating liberalism of America and you may well usher in another Golden Era in the World of Irish Letters.

DISCORD IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Black and White Problem

Rev. Patrick MacManus*

IT would not be feasible, in a brief article, to attempt a complete analysis of the present difficult Black and White problem in our country of South Africa. The Overseas Press has almost succeeded in convincing its numerous readers throughout the world that the whole cause of the present state of unrest amongst our Black people is the intolerable oppression exercised by the White ascendancy over the Blacks.

That the native or Black man is exploited by his White brother no reasonable person will be prepared to deny; that he is exploited to the extent of being actually oppressed is debatable. In regard to the question of his exploitation, it must be considered that, while the average *weekly* wage for an urban labourer is two pounds, the rural native or Black man, working as a farm labourer, or in some similar employment, receives only thirty shillings *per month*.

The White man living in a town area will regard twenty pounds per month as a mere subsistence wage. The Black man is compelled to pay slightly more than his White brother for the bare necessities of life, because he can afford to purchase commodities only in much smaller quantities. The consequence of this economy is that in urban areas (containing a population exceeding 750,000) the vast majority of our native Black population is driven to exist on "mealies," or the maize which is fed to pigs in Ireland.

In the matter of employment, all the trades, such as that of carpenter, bricklayer or plumber, are closed completely to the natives of South Africa. The Black man is thus reduced to being a manual labourer—a hewer of wood or drawer of water, as the phrase goes. The teaching and medical professions are open only to the very rare few who can afford the expenses of training for higher employment. Even should he be fortunate enough to complete his course for the medical profession, the native doctor can never hope to secure a practice except among his own poverty-stricken brethern.

In consequence of overstocking, a prelude to soil erosion—our most serious form of land cancer—the native territories are rapidly being denuded of their teeming population, which is now drifting to the cities, to the mines, railways and harbours, and other centres of industry. The native tribes themselves are disintegrating. Forced to live in unnatural conditions on the outskirts of cities, the native himself has become, so to speak, de-tribalized. Hence he no longer feels himself bound by those tribal laws and customs which governed the behaviour and activities of his forefathers for generations. He has lost everything that attached to his tribal existence except his superstitions and his abject dread of the Witch Doctor.

* * *

My present mission, New Brighton, a native location five miles from Port Elizabeth, contains a population of 70,000 natives. It was my unique privilege to celebrate the first Holy Mass there in 1937, when the population totalled 20,000. The Port Elizabeth Municipality, which governs this area,

* Father MacManus, a native of Kilkenny city, was a student of St. Kieran's from 1928 to 1932, and was ordained in Rome in 1936.

has proved to be the most far-sighted and most benevolent of any civic corporation in the Union. This, in fact, has the distinction of being the only large centre where natives are not subject to pass-laws, curfew, and other restrictions. Excellent houses, at a minimum rental, in addition to free medical service, have been provided. New Brighton, indeed, is a show-piece as far as housing schemes are concerned. Notwithstanding these social advantages, it must be recorded that this same New Brighton was the very first, and so far the worst, community to initiate an anti-White riot. It was followed by Kimberley, and East London, where we lost our devoted Sister Aidan.

What explanation can be given for this outbreak? Why was the small colony of Whites left in New Brighton butchered? Why was Sister Aidan murdered? Why was the Catholic Mission in East London completely destroyed? Ninety per cent. of these urban natives clearly realize that if left entirely to their own resources they would literally starve to death in a very few years. They know quite well that dependence on the White man is their only hope at all—however intolerable existing conditions might seem.

What is the position of the remaining ten per cent. of these native people? These latter consist principally of "Tsotsis," which is the native word for "narrow," and refers to the tight trousers worn by these gangsters. They live comfortably enough, but they never earn an honest living. They inspire obedience by terrorist methods—the threat of the knife, the knob-kerrie and the axe. The general native strike organized for November 10th in a recent year turned out to be a success by reason of the fact that ninety per cent. of the people were too terrified by the fear of vengeance to leave their homes on that special day!

Every week-end mass meetings are held, and the theme of most of the speech-making is: "Africa for the Black Man"; "Drive out the Whites"; "Black Men must no longer be Servants." Most sinister of all is the more recent slogan: "We want no dealings with White Christianity." At the present time, the only White minister of religion attending in New Brighton is the Catholic priest.

* * *

For many months the native has been running amok from Central Africa to the Cape. In Central Africa the movement is called "Mau Mau"; down here in the South it is given another name. The Minister for Justice brands all these movements and uprisings as Communism. Horrible crimes against White men have been continually committed. The whole aspect of affairs is terrible and truly terrifying. And yet is the native to be condemned as a unique criminal? Two wrongs, indeed, never make a right, but it should be remembered that the South African native is usually only two generations removed from sheer barbarism, while in our own period of Western civilization and culture, a European nation, which enjoyed the fruit of that civilization for centuries, then repudiated its traditions, and in the most cold-blooded fashion, and as a matter of State policy, perpetrated the murder of millions of innocent men, women and children. This was done calmly and systematically by an alleged civilized European nation, while the African outrages were committed by an untutored people acting while in a frenzy of fanaticism.

The ultimate solution of this grave national racial problem rests with the White residents of Africa. It is an essential preliminary to a solution that the native African shall be given the status of a human being and be treated accordingly—be treated, that is, as a member of the human race, the great fraternity for whom Christ offered His life on Calvary. The problem does not belong to the sphere of politics. As Archbishop Hurley of Durban well indicated, the fact that the vast majority of African natives are not sufficiently educated to be entrusted with a vote, does not imply that they should be deprived of the rights which are theirs as free human beings.

The whole problem is most serious. Our

own missionary endeavours are being seriously hampered and endangered directly owing to the fact that the African native is being indoctrinated with the grossly false notion that *all* White men are his natural enemies. In bringing to a close this little survey of South Africa in its hour of trial and tribulation the writer, a missionary priest in this very field, would earnestly appeal to his fellow St. Kieran's alumni for a remembrance in their good prayers that the Kingdom of Christ may continue to extend in South Africa and that the Peace of Christ may yet reign throughout our land. Our Lady, Queen of Peace, intercede for Africa.

Our Lady of Kilkenny

Ceremonies at Shrine and St. Mary's Cathedral

A LARGE attendance, which included children from all parts of the city, gathered at the Shrine of Our Lady of Kilkenny and Ossory, on Thursday, December 8th, 1955, to honour the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The Bishop of Ossory, Most Rev. Dr. Collier, who attended the ceremony, welcomed the gathering. He said that by their attendance, they were showing their loyalty to the Blessed Virgin and she would certainly reward them.

Rev. William O'Keeffe, Adm., St. Patrick's, recited two decades of the Rosary, one in Irish. All present joined in the singing of a number of hymns, under the direction of Rev. C. J. Sherin, Diocesan Director of Sacred Music.

The Shrine, which was flood-lit in the evening, had been lavishly decorated for the occasion. Many willing workers had contributed flowers and spent considerable time in preparing the Shrine for the great Feast.

After singing the Lourdes Hymn, the huge gathering of worshippers retired to St. Mary's Cathedral. Within a few moments, the Cathedral was crowded to overflowing, and many were obliged to take their places in the centre aisle and in the sanctuary.

Solemn Benediction was imparted by His Lordship, who was assisted at the Throne by Right Rev. Monsignor Charles Cavanagh, P.P., V.G., Dean of Ossory, St. Canice's. Rev. M. Kirwan, C.C., St. Mary's, was deacon, and the sub-deacon was Rev. D. Collier, Diocesan Examiner. Rev. Thomas Murphy, Adm., St. Mary's, was Master of Ceremonies.

The congregation joined in the singing of the Benediction. At the conclusion, "Faith of Our Fathers" was rendered. Mr. Joseph A. Koss, organist, St. Mary's Cathedral, presided at the organ.

The attendance also included Rev. J. Byrne, Adm., St. John's; Rev. S. Collier, C.C.; Rev. J. Holohan, C.C.; Rev. A. Walsh, C.C., St. Patrick's; Rev. C. Campion, C.C., St. Mary's; Rev. J. O'Rourke, C.C., St. Canice's, and Rev. T. Maher, St. Kieran's College.

The ecclesiastical students of St. Kieran's College, and a troupe of Boy Scouts from St. John's Parish were also present.

Ex Ore Infantium

The Gregorian Chant Festivals in Ossory*

Rev. Cornelius J. Sherin

AT twenty-one years of age a time has come when, if one is expected to look steadily forward, one may be pardoned for also stealing a glance back at what should have been, perhaps, the most interesting period of a person's life. For the first twenty-one years are a period of recognizing, of appreciating, of choosing and of storing; a time when dreams are dreamed and courses set—when the gathering years give momentum and rhythm, when habits are settling and one's way of working is evolving into a system.

With institutions, too, it is much the same; indeed, there is practically the sole difference that what is called a habit in a person becomes a tradition in an institution. This year of 1955, a diocesan institution, the Gregorian Chant Movement, will have been twenty-one years a-growing.

The difficulty with an institution is that it can, so easily, be taken for granted. It is there, and that is all about it! But this particular institution entailed planning with vision and vigilance; and if our beloved Bishop, Dr. Collier, is gratified when, each year, he so faithfully attends the Gregorian Chant Festivals, and encourages the teachers and choirs, his happiness must surely be augmented by the remembrance of a time when, virtually alone amongst the Hierarchy in this country, he launched and directed the Movement in his diocese.

Certainly, the circumstances were favourable. There was, traditionally, a love of good singing in the Diocese of Ossory; there was amongst its people a lively sense of their duty of surrounding the Tabernacle with beauty, and a desire to co-operate with the Bishop and priests in all that promotes this ideal; there was a devoted and apostolic teacherhood, and there was, in Dublin, a helpful Department of Education, where it was realized that, whilst the teaching of Gregorian Chant is, primarily, a work of religion, the effects of that teaching are carried, in a most fruitful way, into the general cultural formation of their young charges.

* * *

A cardinal feature in the Gregorian Chant Movement was that progress was to be gradual, and such as might easily be made by the smallest school. There was, obviously, no intention of retarding those schools which could do, and actually did, more; but the aim was to enable the smaller schools to move *pari passu* with the bigger ones. There was thus no distress and no discouragement, and from the start the teachers set about their new duty with confidence and, in most cases, with evident pleasure. In all the preliminary arrangements the Bishop had the teachers' representatives in the closest consultation.

In the syllabus for the schools two programmes were promoted side by side. The first was called the General Programme and was the ground-work for the entire movement. On it was to be built a solid framework and structure for the Chant in all the schools. Through this programme children were to acquire a knowledge of the Chant and the ability to take part actively (as was the Pope's wish) in the Liturgy of the Church. Through this, too, the children were to develop a taste for the Chant—the first step to fathoming its reposeful, mystic depths.

It was necessary, therefore, that this general programme be simple, pleasing, and urgently practical—and where else could

* Father Sherin, a native of Kilkenny city, has been Diocesan Director of Sacred Music since 1934, and, since 1943, Professor in St. Kieran's College.

CALLAN CONVENT OF MERCY GREGORIAN CHOIR
Winners (for the second year) in 1955 of the Ossory Shield for Plain Chant.

one look for such but in the Common of the Mass. The Mass appointed—the *Missa de Angelis*—could not be called the simplest, nor yet the most difficult in the Kyriale, nor, perhaps, even, the most beautiful—though the Sanctus, sung by the children, can be one of the most moving experiences imaginable; but there can be no doubt of the directness of its appeal to the children. The nearness of its modality, throughout, to the feeling of the modern major scale makes its preparation much less burthensome than it might otherwise be.

* * *

The teaching of the Mass is spread over periods of four years. For the first year the Kyrie is prepared; for the second, the Gloria; the third year adds the Credo III, and the fourth the Sanctus and Agnus Dei. Besides the parts of the Mass, the schools also rehearse, yearly, the Salve Regina and, in the schools of the diocese there is the custom of singing this beautiful anthem to Our Lady at some fixed point in the day's routine. This programme is presented at the annual visit of the Diocesan Examiner.

Together with the General Programme, a second programme is published—a list of test-pieces for the Gregorian Chant Festivals. These test-pieces vary from year to year and include, generally, one piece in Gregorian, suitable for singing either at Mass or during Benediction, and a hymn either in Irish or English. It will be noticed that the emphasis is, again, on the practical value of the test-piece lest theory without practice prove sterile.

Just as thought tends to express itself in action, so preparation needs, for its fulfilment, the opportunity to use that which has been prepared. Further than that, even, it is only very human to wish one's work put to the test, not indeed to have it praised—though that is very human, too, but to have it competently weighed at a friendly and helpful assize. It is good to be told that one is on the right track, and grateful to be assured that one's efforts are doing good. There are few, too, who have not found to their cost the truth of Chesterton's dictum that ,if you look at a thing nine hundred and ninety-nine times, and then look at it once again, you are in danger of seeing it for the first time. Not everybody can get time for that last look, and mistakes which we have been looking at for hours and weeks never appear to us. If these are shown to us kindly, so far from being aggrieved, we are grateful. Hence the Gregorian Chant Festivals.

* * *

The fulfilment of the General Programme, as indeed of the Festival programme, is achieved when the children gather to sing beautifully around the Altar. But after the High Mass which opens the Festivals, and when the children's singing has crowned the year's preparation, the teachers are given an opportunity of presenting their choirs and their work for an appreciation by a skilled adjudicator who records privately, for the teacher, his estimate of the progress of the choir. A good indication of the value of these reports is the desire of the teachers to be possessed of them, and the confidence and effectiveness with which they address themselves to the next year's syllabus.

But there is yet another value in the Festivals which is perhaps in its own way greater than that mentioned. I refer to the hearing of other highly trained choirs in action. Children possess, in a high degree, the imitative faculty and, earthy-minded though they may be, they are not incapable of recognizing beauty. When children are hushed they are interested, and their attentiveness when other children are singing for the adjudicators has its very satisfying lesson. They can develop a keenly critical approach, and are so refreshingly honest that they judge their own performance by exactly the same canons as they apply to others. It is unfortunate that not always have the audition-rooms been big enough to admit all the children wishing to be present. But generally there is room for most.

When, as in the Festivals, children aim together at the heights, there is naturally rivalry. But it is the *honesta aemulatio*—the desire to excel, not because of the praise or the pride of position given to the best, but because better singing means greater

beauty in the house of God. No Festival has yet passed without the Bishop's reminder to the children that there is a higher triumph than that of being the best singers, and that it is the dedication of effort that is in the inner glory of the song. Children may, indeed, be forgiven if they do not always appear to succeed in disentangling the lower from the higher triumph, but their anxiety now is generally, not so much to be the first as to be good—and *very* good.

The Festivals are competitive and hence the winning of the trophies, which the Bishop presents to the choirs with the highest marks in each section, is still a much coveted distinction. Nevertheless, such trophies, whilst they are a seal on the excellence of the singing, were never intended as an assessment of that which must be one of the most wonderful features of the Gregorian Movement in the diocese, and that is the zeal of our splendid teachers.

One would wish to say more of these teachers; of their large-hearted acceptance of the duty of teaching the Chant; of their willingness to forego leisure hours so that they might attend talks and demonstrations on the Chant—often indeed in places miles from their homes; and of the graciousness of their reception of the present writer at these talks and in their schools; but the attempt would be to try to make words do what words are not capable of. It is only hoped that, as the teachers hear their children sing the Chant, they get a little foretaste of the reward that must be theirs.

* * *

The programme of test-pieces for the Festivals is set out in two sections: one for the Primary schools, and a second, and rather more advanced programme, for Secondary schools. Within each section, the schools are divided into groups based, generally, on numbers and opportunity, so that all may stand before the adjudicators on an equal footing. It is a pleasant duty to say here that the Diocese has been exceedingly fortunate in both the persons and the quality of the adjudicators who have come, often from afar, to help at the Festivals.

Originally there were but two Festivals for the entire Diocese, one each for Primary and Secondary schools, both in Kilkenny. It soon became apparent that the Festivals needed to be moved nearer to distant schools because, particularly, of the cost of travel and the fatigue of the children. After the first few years, therefore, the Bishop directed that Festivals be held in each deanery. In charge of arrangements, he placed a small committee of priests and teachers who decided, in conjunction with the parish priests, the different venue for each year, and who had provision made for the catering. The Secondary schools' Festival, however, and the Primary schools' Festival for the middle deanery, remain in Kilkenny.

And so the Festivals were and are established, and the Chant has flowered again in the Diocese, and the voices of children are heard in our churches and in our schools and homes as they sing the age-old song of the Church.

The Gregorian Chant movement here has been from its beginnings, a happy one. It was happy—and blessed, too—in the great Pope and saint who wished the Chant back with the people; in the enlightened Bishop who restored it to the Diocese; in the priests who actively fostered it. It was happy in the brothers and sisters and teachers who received it and lovingly taught it, and in the children who sing it. It is happy and blessed above all in the results which now attend it. After the planting and the watering God has given the increase. In the confidence of His blessing Who stands over it and above it, it now steps into the future.

St. Mary's Choral Society 1936-1956

SINCE its foundation in 1935, under the patronage of Most Rev. Dr. Collier, Bishop of Ossory, "St. Mary's Choral Society" has passed from triumph to triumph in its operatic productions, having continuously received the most enthusiastic support from patrons all over Ossory. It has already successfully produced the following operas:

Maritana, The Lily of Killarney, The Geisha, San Toy, The Maid of the Mountains, Trial by Jury, Les Cloches de Corneville, The Geisha, Maritana, A Country Girl, The Pirates of Penzance, The Student Prince, The Maid of the Mountains, The Arcadians, Scent from Heaven, Maritana, The Belle of New York.

In March, 1956, the Society produced *The Quaker Girl*, which was reviewed by Mr. Noel Moran of the *Sunday Independent*, under the very complimentary caption: A SPARKLING "QUAKER GIRL."

Mr. Noel Moran's critique read as follows:

One night last week, as I sat in Kilkenny Theatre, listening to the production by St. Mary's Choral Society of *The Quaker Girl*, my mind flew back twenty years to an infant organisation that drew the thunderous applause of a packed house as the final curtain fell on the first night of its first operatic production, *Maritana*. With professional aid local talent had triumphed. The combined choirs of Kilkenny City had been welded into an operatic society, and the foundation stone of a new musical tradition had been laid.

Now, a Society that was coming of age, a Society that had become an institution—as it added to its ranks and seasoned its talent through the years was staging its *eighteenth* operatic production.

Of those pioneers who bowed proudly and happily before the footlights on a memorable night in 1934, there were only four left, but succeeding generations of young Kilkenny singers had filled the breaches, closed the ranks, and unflinchingly upheld the motto of the Society: "*Local talent only.*"

Judged by the best amateur standards, this production of Lionel Monckton's *The Quaker Girl* was finished and fluent. It was the result of many weeks of arduous preparation.

Night after night the young men and women of Kilkenny had sacrificed their leisure, hurrying from office and shop to tea, and thence to the rehearsal room. Their reward?—the satisfaction of now giving to the public a musical production to match the quality of its seventeen predecessors.

A SENSITIVE ACTRESS

Young County Council clerk Maura Dowling, runner-up in the Kilkenny final of the "Deep In My Heart" Singing Contest, a sweet soprano, a dainty and sensitive actress, played the Quaker Girl with a professional depth.

Hair stylist Peggy O'Connell sang Princess Mathilde with a sense of dramatic colour, and Breda Phelan, a clerk-typist, was a vivacious Phoebe. The Society's noted comedienne, May Walshe, a founder member, played Madame Blum with an effortless flamboyance.

MALE CAST AND CHORUS

Amongst the male cast, founder member Joseph O'Carroll impressed as the inexorable Quaker, Nathaniel Pym. Kilkenny's Town Clerk, Peter Farrelly, burlesqued delightfully as the Parisian police chief, and Michael McGrath's Quaker servant maintained a most robust comedy. Newcomer, Tom Galvin, an accountant, sang Captain Charteris, and Tom Shiels, a young American, found the character of Tony Chute (a U.S. Naval Attache) greatly to his liking.

The tone and balance in the eighty-strong chorus, and the remarkable precision of entry, is something I have rerely heard in an amateur cast. The reason? *St. Mary's Choral Society is still primarily and basically*

choral. It sings all the sacred music at the important festivals in St. Mary's Cathedral.

THE CONDUCTOR

A young Kilkenny solicitor, Edward O'Carroll, conducted the orchestra, while, to complete this picture of exclusively local effort, carpenter John Walsh built the scenery, and painter Liam Dowling handled the decor. The general effect was most artistic.

With the professional touch of producer John Stephenson (of Radio Eireann fame) to add the gloss, this ripe, experienced, and talented Society, on this year's performance, can rival any amateur musical combination in the country, and its members have the wonderful satisfaction of being able to say: "*We did it all ourselves.*"

THE ORCHESTRA

Conductor	Mr. Edward O'Carroll
First Violins	Mr. H. Gebler (Leader), Mrs. Connick
Second Violin	Mr. C. Ryan
Violincello	Mr. Joseph A. Koss
Clarinets	Mr. David Murphy, Mr. C. Cunningham
Bassoon	Mr. Michael Brennan
Trumpet	Mr. Patrick Murphy
Trombone	Mr. Patrick Doyle
Piano	Miss Mary O'Carroll, A.L.C.M.
Percussion	Mr. Thomas Dowling

PRINCIPALS IN "THE QUAKER GIRL"

Reception of Most Rev. Michael Browne, O.P. at Kilkenny

THE year 1955 was marked in Kilkenny by the bestowal of the Freedom of the City on the Most Reverend Michael Browne, O.P., the newly appointed Master General of the Dominican Order. The honour was conferred on the illustrious Dominican in the presence of the Lord Bishop of Ossory, the Mayor of Kilkenny, and other ecclesiastical and civic dignitaries who could recall Dr. Browne's long association with the City of Kilkenny as a member of the community in the venerable Black Abbey.

After the ceremony in Kilkenny, Most Rev. Dr. Browne was received by the Clergy and the People of his native Grangemockler, where he was presented with an Illuminated Address. The Address (the text of which was prepared by the Editor of ST. KIERAN'S RECORD) was delivered by Rev. Noel Hanrahan in the presence of a large congregation in the Church of Grangemockler. The Address read as follows:

ADDRESS TO THE MOST REV. MICHAEL BROWNE, O.P.

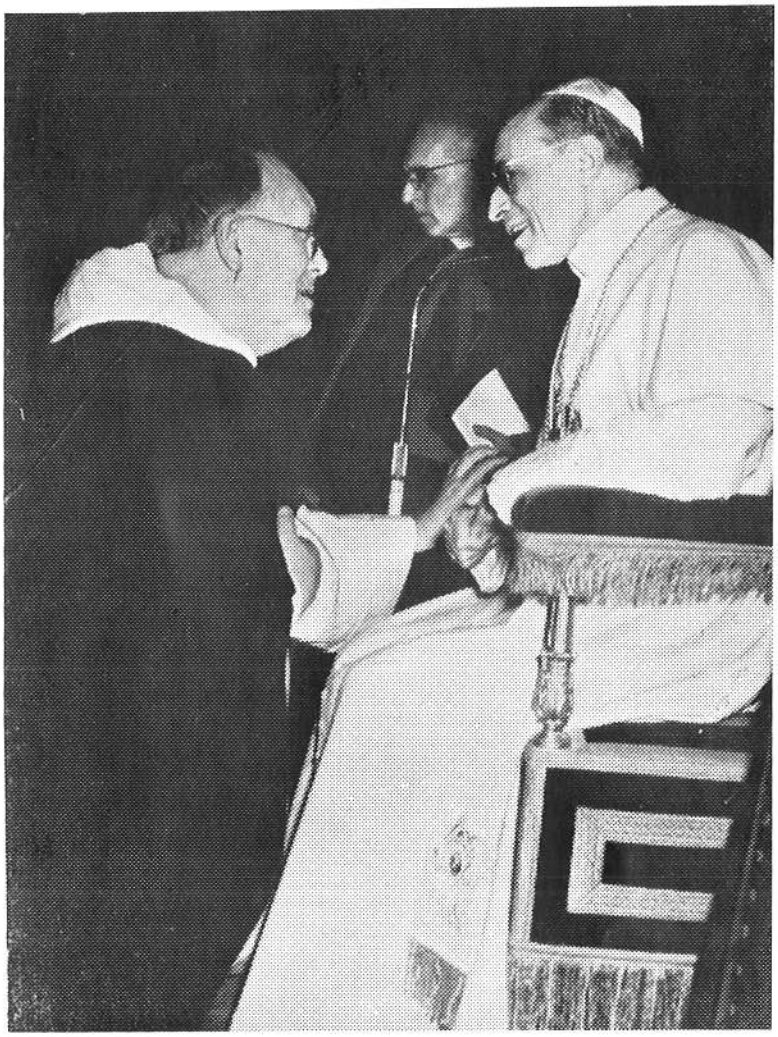
MOST REVEREND FATHER:

While other communities in Ireland have hailed you with pride as an illustrious ecclesiastic, by virtue of your unique distinction as personal Theologian Consultant to His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, and by virtue of your present supreme position as Master General of the most distinguished Dominican Order, we of your native Grangemockler enjoy the special, cherished privilege of saluting you with deep affection as a familiar and well-loved neighbour and friend.

We may be pardoned for alluding to the fact that our little parish, nestling under storied Slievenamon, is not unknown to fame, since it is memorable as the birthplace of the Most Rev. Dr. James Maher, Bishop of Port Augusta, and as the Alma Nutrix of the Most Rev. Dr. Niall McCabe, Bishop of Ardagh.

To these distinguished names we now proudly add that of the Dominican Master General, our most honoured and most welcome guest of today. We, the people of your native Grangemockler, preserve most warm and pleasant personal memories of your early sojourn in our midst. We have known you intimately as a school-child, and later as a worthy aspirant to the priesthood which, by God's grace, you were destined to attain. Our high impression of you was obviously shared by those with whom you pursued your studies, and by those who revered you in your mature years as their mentor and spiritual guide. They found in you a personality in which the currents of Catholic, Dominican, and Irish life met in full flood. A companion of your Collegiate career in the Eternal City has testified as follows:

"During the years Father Browne spent in the Collegium Angelicum in Rome, thousands of students knew him in one or other of his official capacities. All of them, irrespective of period or nationality, saw in him the painstaking professor, kind administrator, and the ideal Catholic priest. His learning they expected and soon discovered. They admired it for the depth and precision it achieved in a field so wide. They wondered not a little at the personality of their teacher and guide. His quiet solemnity and geniality were easily recognised as manifestations of the 'sensis communis' he taught. That he was a Dominican was shown by many things besides the habit he wore. But the distinctive tone of his character, minor in many senses, was equally readily seen as something which grace had perfected in its non-changing way. This simplicity and naturalness of Father Browne was as welcome as it was instructive to the nationality-conscious Roman student. It helped



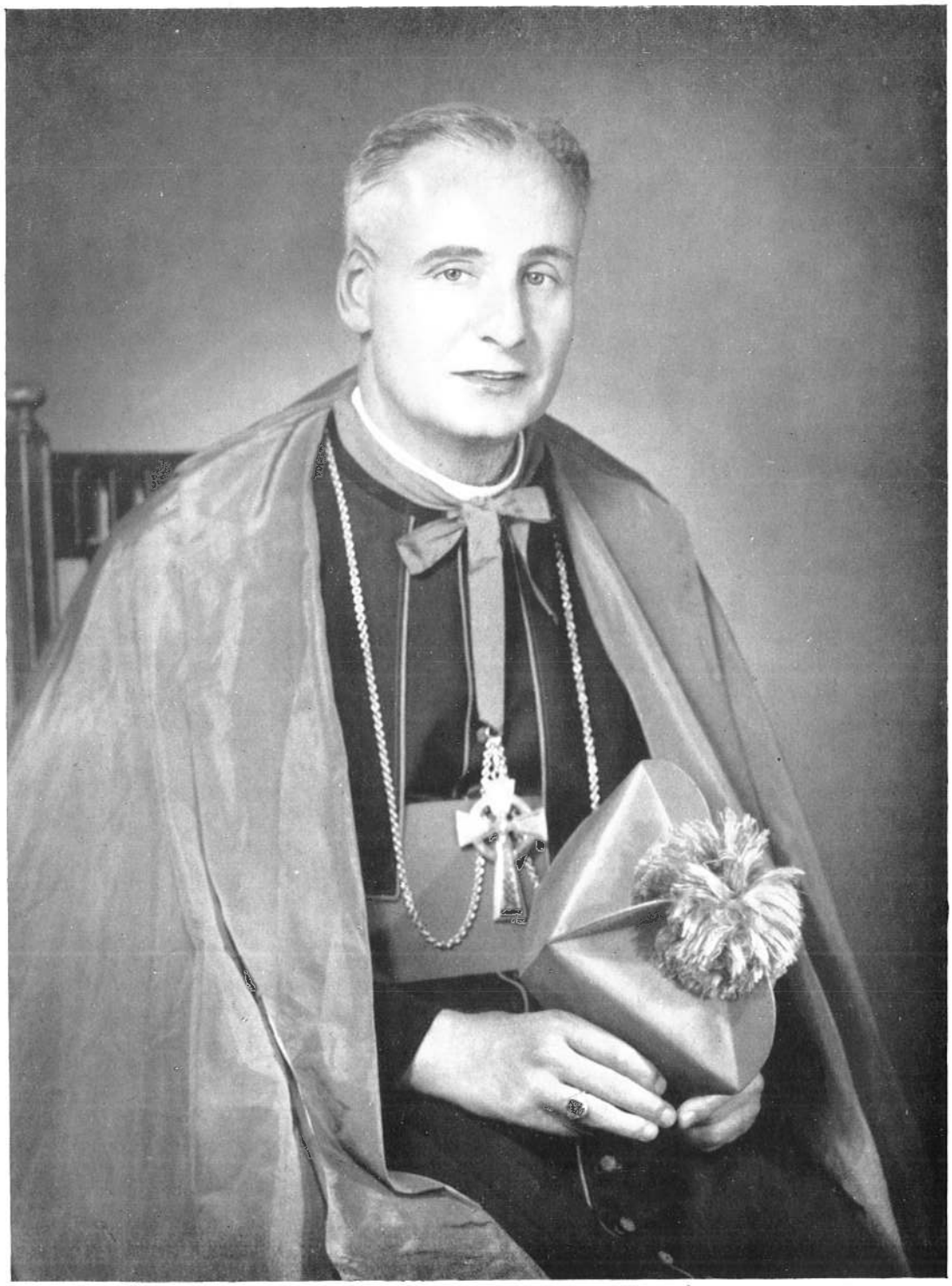
THE HOLY FATHER GREETS MOST REV. MICHAEL BROWNE, O.P.

to resolve the mystery which Ireland and its complex history presents to the foreigner. In character and action this personality was mutely eloquent of Ireland at its best."

The erudite and zealous Wadding family earned for the City of Waterford the generous title of Parva Roma or Little Rome, and our Diocese of Waterford has seen history repeat itself in the achievements of the Browne family of Grangemockler. You, most reverend Father, as the 80th successor of Saint Dominic as Master General, have worthily upheld the high tradition of a land once known throughout Christendom as the Insula Doctorum.

In concluding our humble, sincere tribute to your worth as a most zealous and learned religious, and holder of a most responsible office in the Catholic Church, we earnestly pray that it may please Almighty God to preserve you for many fruitful years as Director of an Order which has been in existence for over seven hundred years, and whose sphere of influence is world wide.

We may see in your election as first Irish Master General a reminder of the vocation to which Providence has called our Irish people in modern times. We offer our sincere and humble thanks to God Who in His Wisdom has designed to bestow the mantle of Saint Dominic on one of our own race, and one, moreover, who once shared our life in this little community of Grangemockler. May God bless and sustain you for many years to come.



MOST REV. JOHN J. RAFFERTY, D.D.

Consecration of Most Rev. John J. Rafferty, D.D. Ceremony at St. Mary's Cathedral, Perth

ON Wednesday, October 26th, 1955, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Perth, West Australia, in the presence of three Archbishops, five Bishops, and two Abbots, the Most Rev. John J. Rafferty, D.D., was consecrated Titular Bishop of Pheran, and Auxiliary to the Most Rev. Dr. Prendiville, Archbishop of Perth.

A native of Killaloe, Co. Clare, Dr. Rafferty, after spending some time in St. Flannan's College, Ennis, studied for the priesthood at St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, and was ordained in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kilkenny, by the Most Rev. Dr. Collier, Bishop of Ossory, in 1936.

Past students of St. Kieran's College in Ireland, England, the United States, Australia and New Zealand combined to present Dr. Rafferty with the Pectoral Cross he now wears. The Cross is of Celtic design with interlacings copied from the Book of Kells. Inscribed on the back is the Coat of Arms of St. Kieran's, with its motto, "Hiems Transiit," and the words, "from his classmates and former students of St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny."

* * *

The consecrating prelate was Most Rev. R. Carboni, Apostolic Delegate to Australia and New Zealand. The co-consecrators were Most Rev. Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Geraldton, and Most Rev. Dr. Goody, Bishop of Bunbury. The sermon was preached by Most Rev. B. Gallagher of Port Pirie.

A packed Cathedral included some 160 Diocesan and Regular, clergy, many Christian Brothers and Religious. Over two thousand lay people were present, and many were unable to be accommodated within the Cathedral. The huge throng gave mute but unmistakable testimony to the personal popularity of Dr. Rafferty, and to the love and loyalty which his exalted office wakes in the faithful.

The music for the sacred ceremonies was rendered by St. Mary's Cathedral Choir under the baton of a St. Kieran's alumnus, Rev. P. McCudden. Rev. T. Phelan, also of St. Kieran's, was Master of Ceremonies.

At the end of the two-and-a-half-hour ceremony, the new Bishop, in full pontificals, moved through the Cathedral to give his first Episcopal Blessing. He was visibly moved as he blessed his sister, Miss Margaret Rafferty, who had travelled ten thousand miles from Ireland for the ceremony.

* * *

After the Consecration, His Grace Archbishop Prendiville entertained the members of the Hierarchy and clergy at a luncheon. During the repast, the priests and laity of the Archdiocese made a presentation to the new Bishop through Right Rev. Monsignor Kennedy, V.G.

Very Rev. H. B. Skehan, of Adelaide, a classmate of Dr. Rafferty in St. Kieran's, travelled 1,500 miles to make the presentation of the Pectoral Cross already described. In doing so he conveyed to the Bishop the best wishes of St. Kieran's men in all parts of the world and expressed the hope that he would be spared to wear the Pectoral Cross for many years.

Bishop Rafferty, in reply, said that he was proud to call himself a "Kieran's man" and thanked all present who had been associated with the presentation.

Past students of St. Kieran's present were: Rev. H. B. Skehan and Rev. B. O'Sullivan (Adelaide); Rev. V. O'Sullivan, Rev. J. O'Sullivan, Rev. M. Delahunty, Rev. E. J. Power, Rev. W. Costello, Rev. D. Lenihan, Rev. S. Sorahan, Rev. R. O'Reilly, Rev. P. Gavin, Rev. P. McCudden, Rev. J. Mullins, Rev. R. Healy, Rev. T. Phelan, Rev. M. Fitzgerald, Rev. K. Duffy, Rev. J. Dowling, Rev. E. Kenny, Rev. S. Kelly,

Rev. W. Buckley, Rev. M. O'Byrne, Rev. J. J. O'Dwyer.

Three former classmates of the new Bishop working in the Diocese of Ossory are Rev. J. Kenny, C.C., Cullohill; Rev. D. Carroll, C.C., Camross, and Rev. M. McGrath, C.C., St. Canice's.

* * *

The Pectoral Cross worn by a Bishop is so called because it hangs over the breast (pectus in Latin). The Cross has no figure upon it because the episcopal office calls for such a life of self-discipline that it may be said the Bishop is the person to be fixed on that Cross.

The Pectoral Cross worn by Bishop Rafferty is of Celtic design, with interlacings copied from the famous Book of Kells—the illustrated copy of the Four Gospels, done by hand in the 5th to 6th century: it is justly described as "the most beautiful book in the world."

A large diamond is set in the centre of the Cross. It is a very creditable piece of craftsmanship, and it was done in Sydney from the Bishop's own design. Inscribed on the back is the St. Kieran's motto: "The winter has passed."

* * *

Bishop Rafferty selected for his coat of arms the words: "*Sub tuum praesidium.*" These are the opening words of the oldest prayer in honour of the Mother of God. The original text is to be seen today at Manchester Public Library.

The text is on a small leaf of papyrus, written on one side only, and scholars date it as either third or fourth century and have located it as coming from Lower Egypt. The tone of the prayer suggests a time of peril, possibly the persecution of Decius or Valerian of the middle of the third century.

This was a truly wonderful find because it showed that the term "Mother of God" was in common use before the Council of Ephesus (431 A.D.) where Mary was officially given the title of Mother of God. This fragment closes all discussion on this point.

Our own title of Our Lady as "Help of Christians" is merely a modern version of an age-old belief and practice of seeking protection and safety within the enfolding arms of the Mother of God.

The College Staff

1955-1956—173rd ACADEMIC YEAR

Very Rev. Gabriel Loughry, S.T.L., *President.*
Very John J. Holohan, B.A., *Senior Dean.*
Rev. Thomas Maher, B.A., H.Dip.Ed., *Junior Dean.*
Rev. Patrick Bergin, S.T.L., L.Ph., B.A., *Bursar.*
Rev. Joseph Clohosey, B.A., B.D., B.C.L., H.Dip.Ed., *Dean of Studies.*
Rev. Edward Wall, B.D., B.C.L., B.A., H.Dip. Ed., *Dean of Studies.*
Rev. Cornelius J. Sherin, B.A.
Rev. Michael O'Carroll, D.D.
Rev. Thomas Brennan, S.T.L., B.A., H.Dip.Ed.
Rev. John Kennedy, B.A., H.Dip.Ed.
Rev. Joseph Dunphy, B.D., B.Sc., H.Dip.Ed.
Rev. Gerard O'Sullivan, B.Sc., H.Dip.Ed.
Rev. James Brennan, D.D., L.SS., B.A.
Rev. Patrick Grace, S.T.L., L.Ph., B.A.
Rev. Timothy O'Connor, B.A., B.D., H.Dip.Ed.
Rev. Richard Lowry, B.A., *Spiritual Director.*
William D'Arcy, Esq., B.A.
Patrick MacSweeney, Esq., M.A., H.Dip.Ed.
Edward Costello, Esq., M.A., H.Dip.Ed.
John O'Neill, Esq., M.Agr.Sc., H.Dip.Ed.
John Collins, Esq., B.A., H.Dip.Ed.
Sean Meagher, Esq.
Herr Joseph A. Koss, *Professor of Music and Gregorian Chant.*
William J. Phelan, Esq., M.B., *Medical Attendant.*

The College Roll

I.—ECCLESIASTICAL STUDENTS

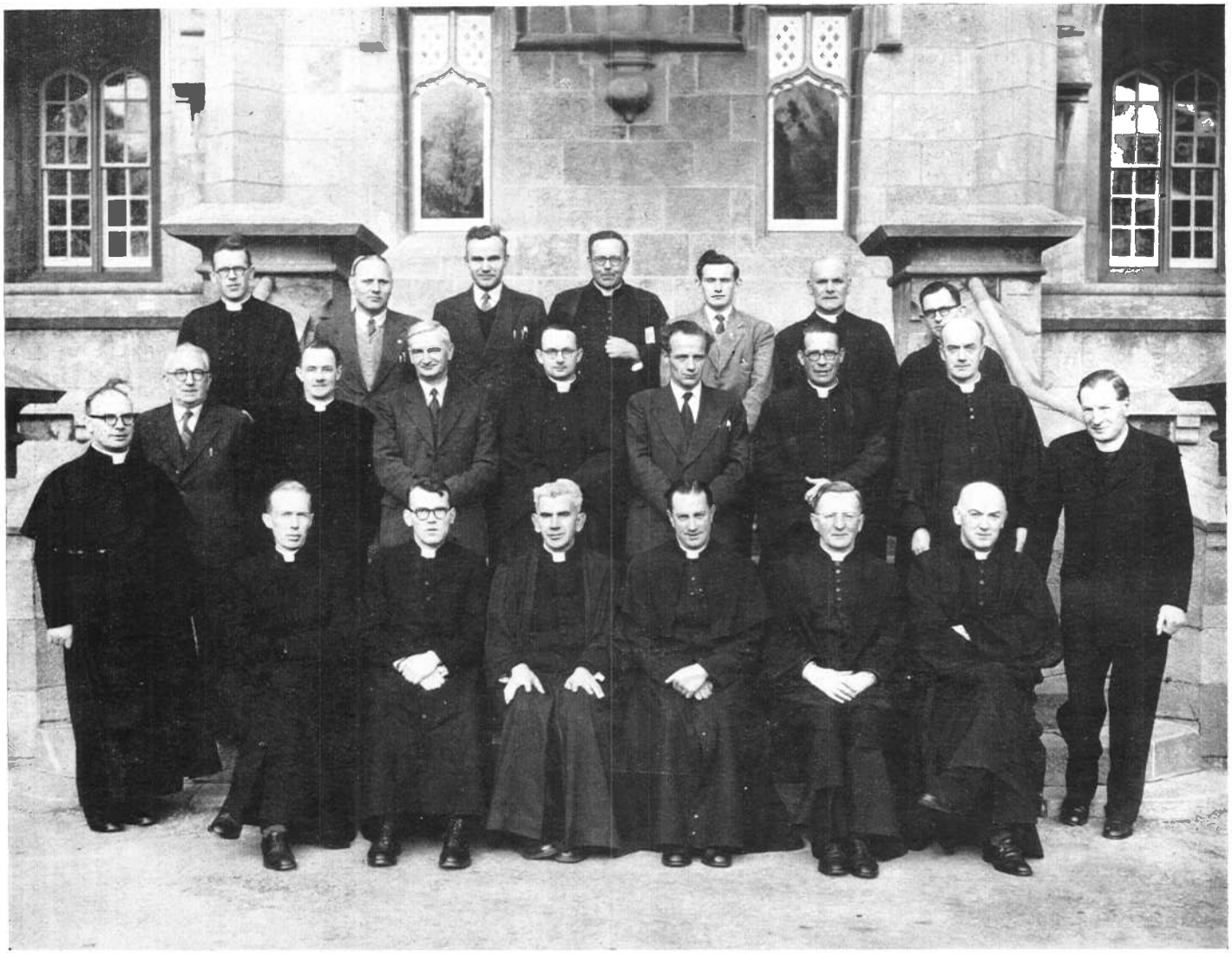
(The Diocese for which each student is destined appears in parentheses)

THEOLOGY IV

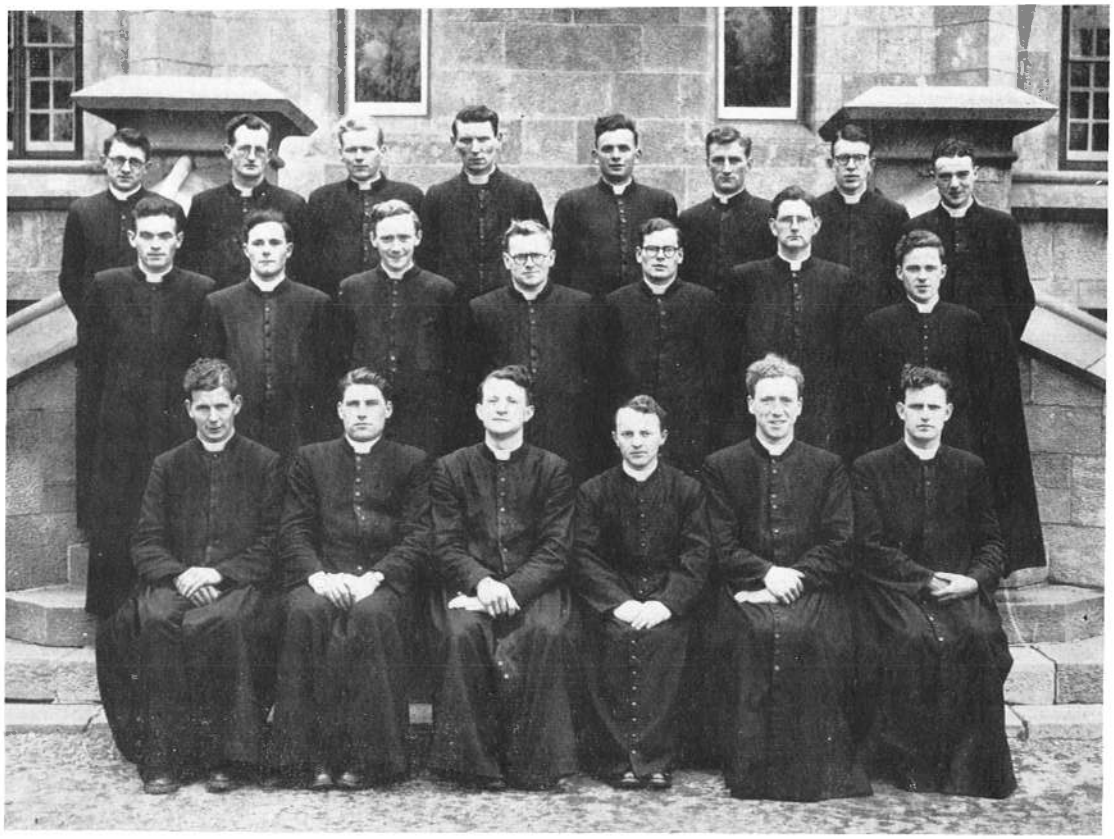
Michael O'Sullivan (Clifton)
Thomas Prendergast (San Diego)
Thomas Shore (Hexham)
Henry Byrne (Perth)
Michael Connolly (Hexham)
Liam Cuddihy (San Diego)
Thomas Palmer (San Antonio)
Timothy Prendiville (Providence)
Bernard Canning (Paisley)
George McCarthy (Providence)
John McTeague (Clifton)
David Condon (Hexham)
Patrick Fitzsimons (Southwark)
John Maguire (Kilmore)
Timothy Harnett (San Diego)
Dominick Doherty (Southwark)
James O'Shea (Wichita)
Anthony Timlin (San Diego)
Austin Cribbin (Baker City)

THEOLOGY III

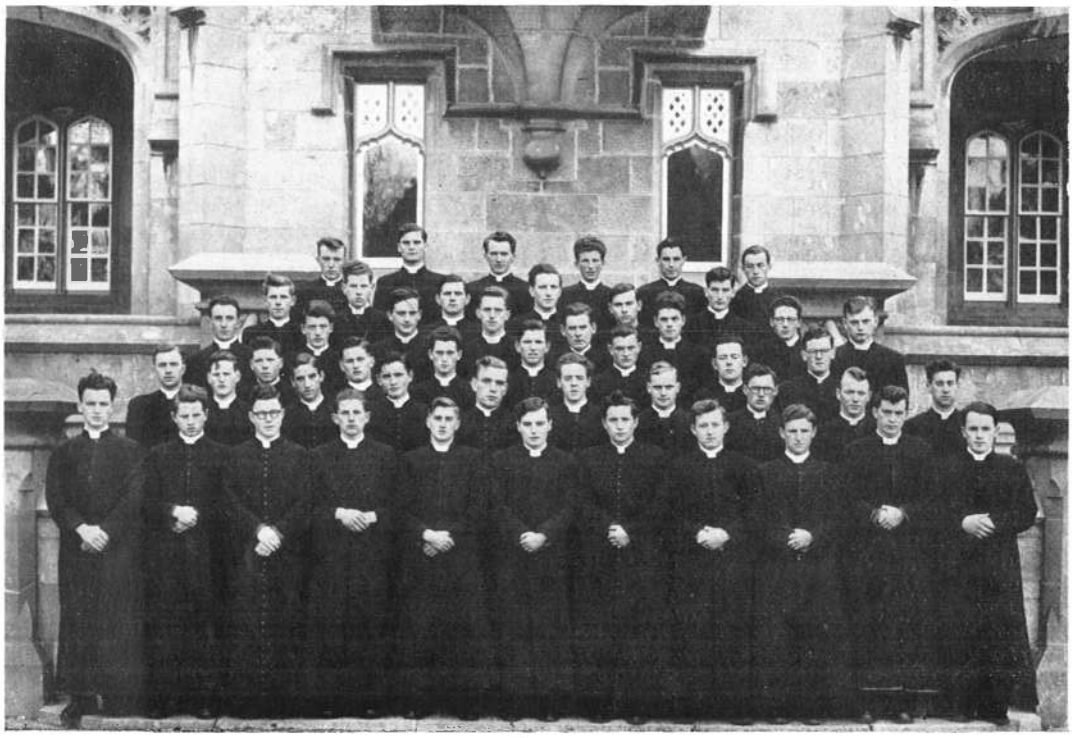
Pascal Bergin (Corpus Christi)
Matthew Lyng (Corpus Christi)
Laurence O'Dwyer (Corpus Christi)
Timothy Brosnan (Motherwell)
Martin Cassidy (Edinburgh)
Martin Deegan (Hexham)
Denis Sheahan (Salford)
Charles Doherty (Motherwell)
Denis Herlihy (Shrewsbury)
Thomas Gaine (Perth)
Kevin Rafferty (Edinburgh)
Patrick Larkin (Wichita)
Desmond Murphy (Washington)
Hugh Curneen (San Diego)
Brendan O'Sullivan (San Diego)
John O'Connor (Southwark)
Desmond Walsh (Rapid City)



PRESIDENT AND COLLEGE STAFF, 1956



THE FOURTH DIVINES, 1956



FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD DIVINES

THEOLOGY II

James Reddy (Washington)
Michael Dermody (Sacramento)
Joseph Vereker (Sacramento)
Tobias Vereker (Sacramento)
John Walsh (St. Augustine)
Philip Carroll (San Diego)
Eamon Lyng (San Diego)
Joseph Dermody (Wellington)
Eamon Renehan (Los Angeles)
John Condon (Hexham)
Louis O'Carroll (Sacramento)
Michael Conaty (Hexham)
Patrick O'Sullivan (St. Augustine)
William P. Sproule (Motherwell)
John McGearty (Adelaide)
John E. Dorrington (Salford)
Henry Beegan (Baker City)
Emmet Dagens (Salford)
Edward Philipps (Hexham)
Gerard Brennan (Paisley)
Francis Pattison (San Diego)
Anthony White (Galloway)
John O'Shea (Southwark)
Ian Cooper (Nelson)
David Page (St. Augustine)
Anthony Hannick (Yakima)

THEOLOGY I

Patrick O'Keeffe (San Diego)
Thomas Healy (San Diego)
James McGrath (Shrewsbury)
Cyril Marnell (Salford)
Michael Hanrahan (St. Aubustine)
Gerald Lovett (Seattle)
Oliver Mahedy (Washington)
Sean Flanagan (Los Angeles)
John Lennon (Shrewsbury)
Aidan O'Reilly (Salford)
Patrick McKenna (St. Augustine)
Thomas Mullin (Salford)
Eamon Dignan (Washington)
Robert Morrow (Salford)
James McGlinchey (Motherwell)
Eugene Shaughnessy (St. Augustine)
Cornelius Phelan (Los Angeles)
Gerald Hogan (Washington)
David O'Regan (Southwark)
James Lowe (St. Augustine)

PHILOSOPHY II

James Hally (Camden)
Paschal Byrne (Shrewsbury)
Walter Cooke (Wellington)
Daniel Canning (Shrewsbury)
John F. Burke (Camden)
Michael Burke (Camden)
James Lennon (Hexham)
Michael Ryan (Southwark)
Patrick Keane (Salford)
Patrick McIntyre (Salford)
James Tubman (Salford)
Donal C. Sheahan (San Diego)
Brendan O'Callaghan (Nottingham)
Michael Conway (Galloway)
James McEleney (St. Augustine)
Thomas Carrigan (Los Angeles)
Malachy McKinney (Nottingham)
Thomas Burke (Hexham)
Peter Brady (Salford)
Donal J. Sheahan (Camden)
Patrick Horgan (St. Augustine)
Joseph Keogh (Nottingham)
Desmond McMahon (Seattle)
Patrick Cleary (Brisbane)
Jeremiah O'Riordan ( )
Liam McMahon (Salford)
John Fitzpatrick (Down and Connor)
Ciaran Marren (Camden)
Patrick O'Connor (Salford)
Joseph Gill (Southwark)
Joseph Nolan (Hexham)
Patrick Brennan (Yakima)
Fiacre Duffy (Cardiff)

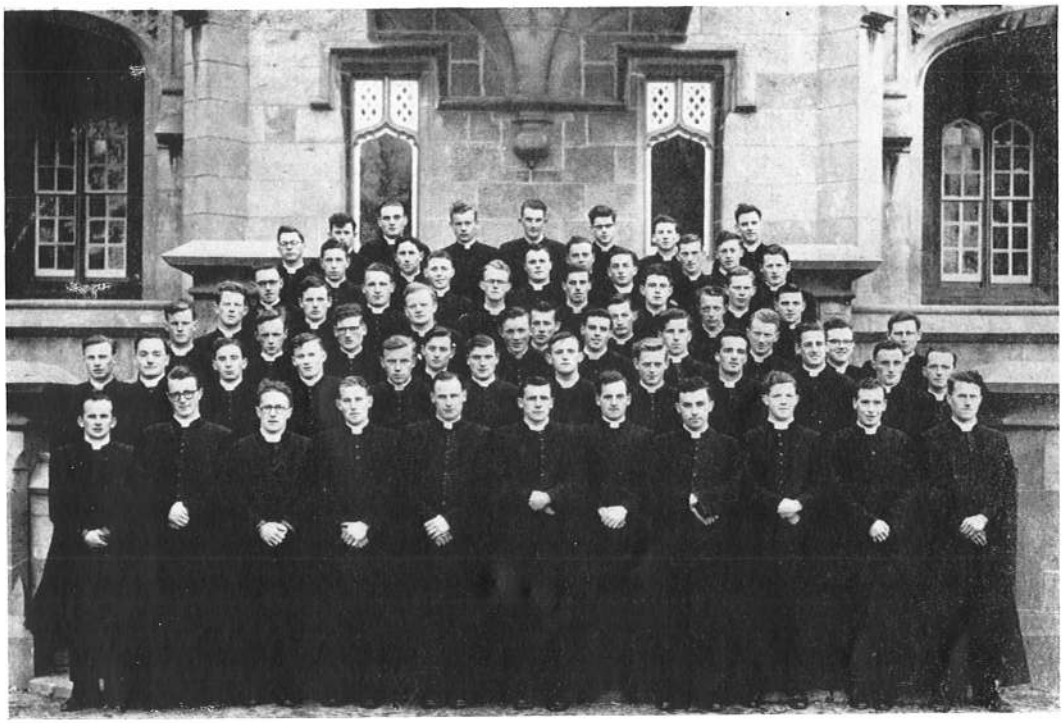
PHILOSOPHY I

Peter Hoyne (Ossory)
Valentine Osborne (Los Angeles)
Lawrence Dunphy (Ossory)
John Sharkey (Ossory)
John McKenna (Clogher)
Peter Sweeney (Washington)
Hugh Carney (Southwark)
Timothy O'Sullivan (Nottingham)
John O'Flaherty (St. Augustine)
Joseph Bradley (Salford)
Michael McHugh (Salford)
James Stirrat (Clifton)
Henry Doherty (Mobile)
David Kennedy (Southwark)
Aiden Foynes (St. Augustine)
Patrick A. O'Sullivan (Kilmore)
William Black ( )

II.—LAY STUDENTS

LEAVING CLASS

Michael J. Banim
Patrick Barry
Joseph Campion
Mark Carroll
James Comerford
Dermot Connolly
Patrick Crotty
Thomas Dermody
Nicholas Duggan
Matthias Doyle
William Fitzpatrick
John Fitzgerald
Seamus Forde
Milo Gleeson
Francis Holohan
Andrew Hughes
Donal Kelly
Gerard Lalor
John Lalor
Noel Maher
Philip Mahony
Michael May
James Meagher
Joseph Mooney
John Murray
Richard Phelan
James Prendergast
Stephen Randles
Daniel Tully
Robert Walsh
William R. Wallace
Edward White



"THE PHILOSOPHERS"

LAY STUDENTS—Continued

FIRST YEAR SENIORS

MICHAEL BOWDEN
WILLIAM BRENNAN
JOHN BUTLER
PATRICK CAHILL
MARTIN CAMPION
MICHAEL CLIFFORD
RICHARD DOWLING
MARTIN DUGGAN
PATRICK FLYNN
MARTIN FLYNN
KIERAN FITZGERALD
PATRICK GOLDEN
JAMES HARTE
WILLIAM HINPHY
EAMONN HAHESSY
RICHARD HOLLAND
WILLIAM JULIAN
JOHN KELLY
JAMES MALONE
PATRICK J. MAHONY
MARTIN MOLLOY
TIMOTHY MURPHY
JOHN MURRAY
JAMES NOLAN
EDWARD O'CARROLL
MICHAEL O'CARROLL
PATRICK POLLARD
EDWARD PHELAN
JOHN PHELAN
MICHAEL RYAN
ROBERT SHAW
JOSEPH TROY
THOMAS E. LYNAN
JUSTIN WALL
JAMES WALSH
THOMAS WALSH
THOMAS WHITE

INTERMEDIATE

PIERCE BRANNIGAN
DENIS CAREY
BERNARD CROTTY
JAMES DARCY
PATRICK DOYLE
PATRICK DUNPHY
OLIVER HARRINGTON
JEREMIAH HEALY
HAROLD HICKEY
DAVID HICKEY
RICHARD HOGAN
MYLES KEHOE
LIAM LONG
RICHARD LYNCH
JOHN MCMAHON
KEVIN MAHONY
FRANCIS MAHER
PATRICK MINOGUE
WILLIAM MULROONEY
THOMAS MURPHY
EDWARD NOLAN
JOHN NOLAN
LIAM NOONAN
SEAN O'CARROLL
JOSEPH O'DONNELL
HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN
PATRICK O'SULLIVAN
RORY O'SHEA
EAMONN POWER
PETER PHELAN
LIAM QUINLAN
PATRICK QUINN
DAVID RICE
JAMES RICE
EDWARD RUSSELL
JAMES TREACY
RICHARD WALSH

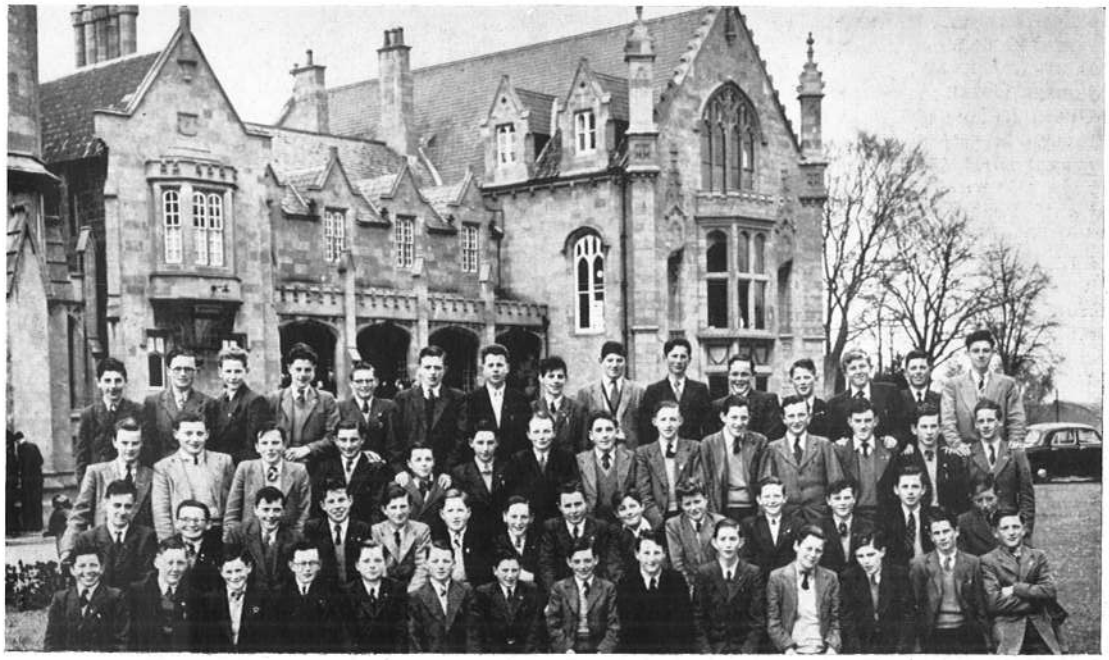
SECOND YEAR

PETER ALLEY
MICHAEL BRANNIGAN
EAMONN BRENNAN
JAMES BRENNAN
PATRICK J. BRENNAN
PETER BRENNAN
JOHN BRETT
PATRICK BRETT

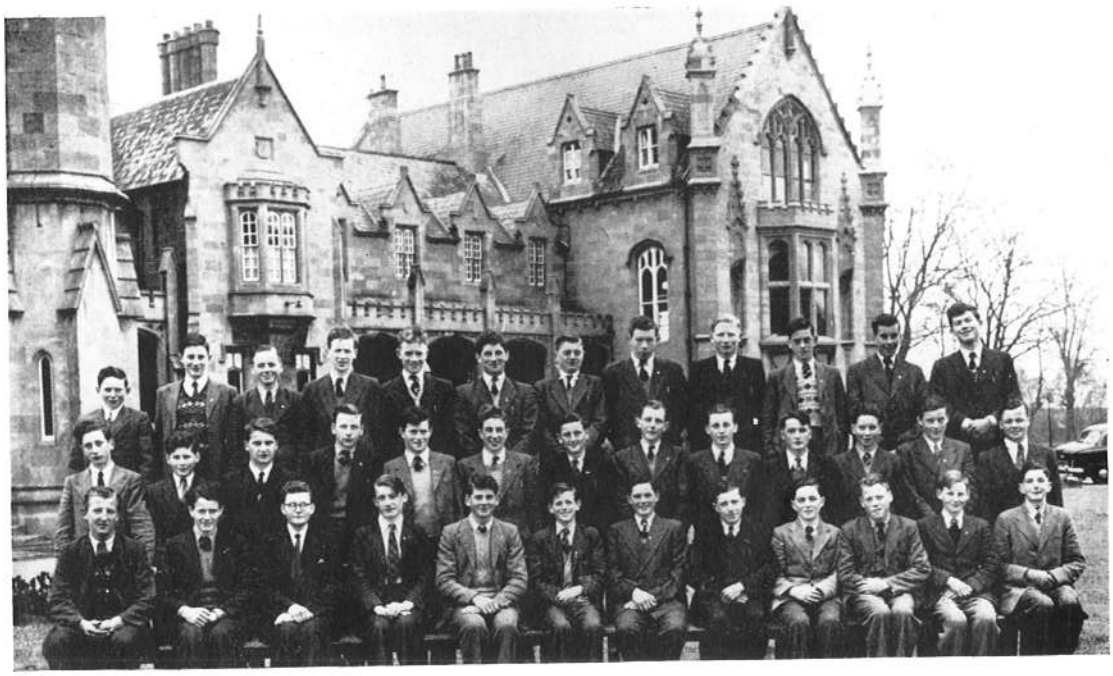
FIRST YEAR SENIORS

SECOND YEAR SENIORS

FIRST YEAR JUNIORS



SECOND YEAR JUNIORS



THIRD AND FOURTH YEAR JUNIORS

LAY STUDENTS--Continued

James Butler
Roderick Butler
Edward Carrigan
John Carrigan
Philip Comerford
Richard Curran
John Donoghue
William Deegan
Joseph Delaney
Thomas Dooley
Matthew Dooley
Michael Doyle
Martin J. Dowling
Michael Drennan
Patrick Duggan
Patrick Fitzmaurice
Martin Forrestal
John Gibbs
James Hayes
Patrick Holohan
John Hughes
Noel Kehoe
John H. Kelly
Martin Kennedy
Edward Keher
Martin Lanigan
Patrick Lawless
Christopher Leahy
Jeremiah McCarthy
Joseph Maher
Andrew McEneany
Austin McMahon
Pierce Maher
Pierce Malone
Peter Malone
Edward May
Gerard Moylan
Ciaran Murphy
Gabriel Murphy
William Murdoch
Patrick Nolan
John Nyhan
Edward O'Neill
Edward Phelan
Henry Shefflin
Richard Somers
Thomas Tierney
Michael Wall
Dermot Walshe
Martin Walsh

FIRST YEAR

John Alley
Michael Bowden
Gabriel Brannigan
Thomas Brennan
Florence Butler
Patrick Butler
James Campion
Philip Clohosey
Oliver Conway
John Creagh
James Crotty
Francis Cooper
Joseph P. Delaney
Thomas Delaney
Joseph Donnelly
John W. Dowling
John J. Dowling
Anthony Drennan
James Dollard
Matthew Flaherty
Edward Fitzgerald
Philip Fitzgerald
James Greene
John Hennessy
Michael Hoban
John Hughes
Michael M. Kelly
Michael Kelly
Thomas Kelly
Stephen Kenny
Martin Kehoe
Alan Kiely
Denis Kinsella
William Kirwan
Daniel McCarthy
Kevin McCluskey
Peter McEneany
Richard McEvoy
John J. Maher
Richard Mahony
Denis Malone
Gerard Mansfield
Sylvester Muldowney
Thomas F. Murphy
Leo Morris
Philip O'Brien
Michael O'Grady
Peadar O'Kelly
Austin O'Malley
Thomas Piert
Denis Purcell
Eamonn Rowley
Joseph Shefflin
David Shearman
Noel Sheridan
Martin Treacy
Gabriel Troy

WE ARE PLEASED TO CONTRIBUTE TO ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE RECORD AND TO CONGRATULATE ALL THOSE WHO IN THE PAST HAVE BROUGHT LUSTRE TO THEIR ALMA MATER AND THOSE OF OUR TIME WHO CONTINUE TO ADD TO THE GLORIOUS PAGES OF THE HISTORY OF THIS GREAT COLLEGE

EYES RIGHT !

Guard against eyestrain by getting one of these handsome study-lamps, specially designed for efficient lighting. Decorative as well as useful, they are sturdily constructed and will give years of valuable service in the home.

You can get one for a cash price of £2-10-0 or, if you prefer, on twelve payments of 4/5d. added to your two-monthly electricity account.

E. S. B. SHOWROOMS

(or your Local Electrical Trader)

Index to Advertisers

SUPPORT

OUR

ADVERTISERS