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ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE RECORD

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A COLLEGE AND DIOCESAN REVIEW  
UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF  
THE LORD BISHOP OF OSSORY  
VOLUME 4: 179<sup>TH</sup> ACADEMIC YEAR

*Edited by Francis McEvoy*

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by

*REV. GERARD O'SULLIVAN*

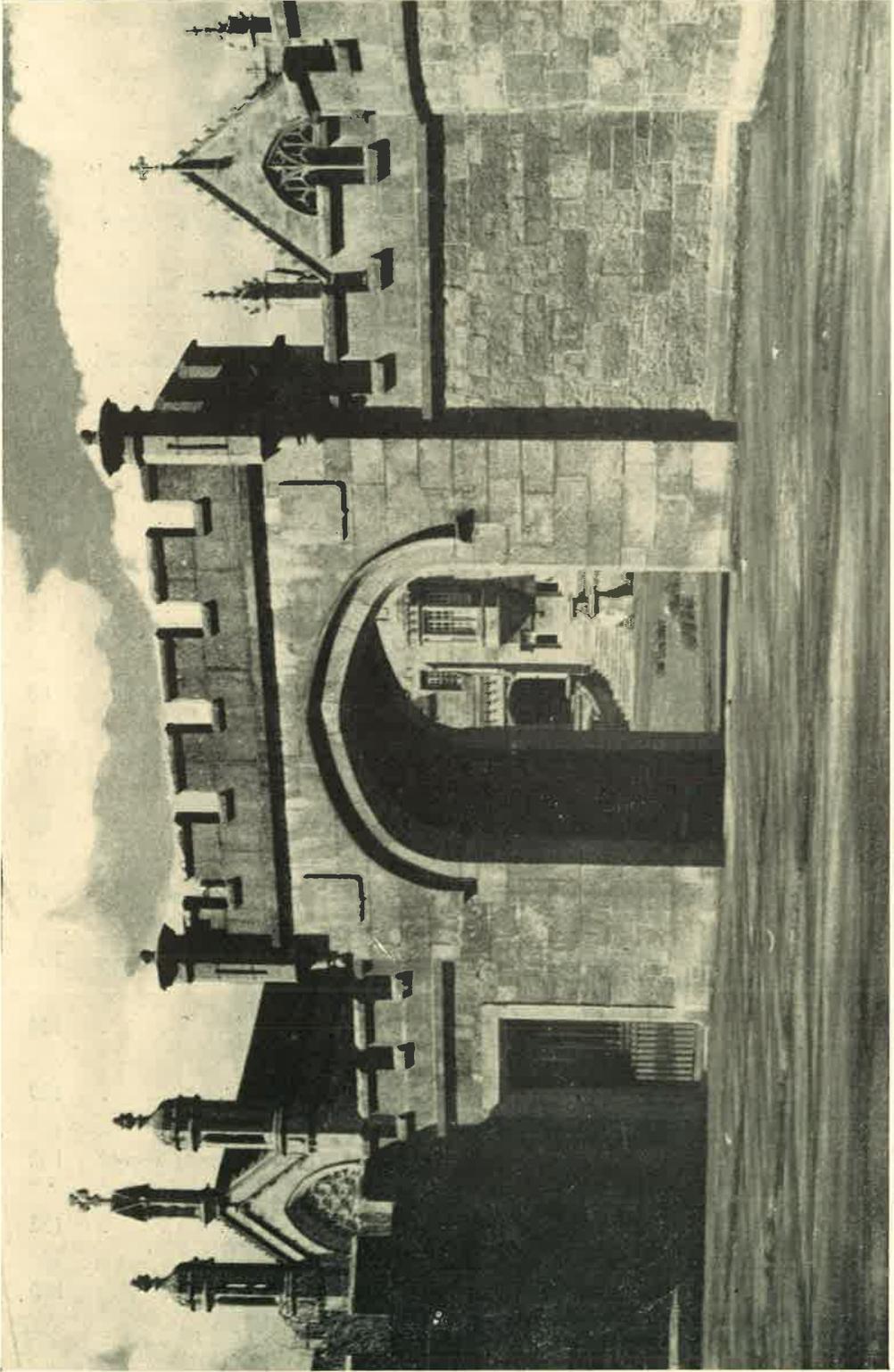
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# Editorial

**W**ITH three issues of ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE RECORD a pattern has evolved which appears to have found favour with our readers, if we can judge from reports received — and we do judge, for they remain our principal guide. This pattern is not so rigid that it will not allow for improvement, for we know certain deficiencies exist which we would like to remedy. Some sections of the RECORD are less comprehensive than they should be. "In the News" department probably is lacking in many names that ought to be there. We are very much dependent on our correspondents to keep us informed by letter or by news cuttings of the achievements of St. Kieran's men at home and abroad, achievements which are always a source of justifiable pride to us.

The period under review saw the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Cardinal Moran, and we are fortunate in having an assessment of that, perhaps, neglected figure who so influenced the history of the Church in Australia. Father Francis Hickey, S.P.S. has made a long study of Cardinal Moran, as is evidenced by his article.

This issue may appear orientated towards the west — to be paradoxical — and other mission fields no less dear to St. Kieran's seem neglected. Making the RECORD, as with many events of greater enterprise, often depends on fortuitous circumstances, and may be governed in part by what the Editor's post-bag contains.

It will be noted that the price of the RECORD remains unchanged since the first number, and in these days of spiralling costs one need not be a book buyer to realise that the price is disproportionately modest. However, many of our subscribers prove generous, and we are never disinclined to accept their noble gestures, realising that the physical quality of the magazine depends on such.

We are most grateful to all our contributors and pay tribute to the amount of time and effort they freely gave, which, in some cases, may appear not to have been properly appreciated. Our diligent correspondents we also salute.

An appeal was made in the last issue for contributors to continue sending us material, and it is most heartily reiterated. The existence of an official history of St. Kieran's does not preclude the likelihood that many pages may still be unwritten, and we would welcome these for the RECORD. Also photographs from the past, since many years seem to have been undocumented — as a matter of fact we have no recollection of any photographs of class groups being taken during our own period in the College.

We express our thanks to the President and staff of the College for their invaluable assistance, and to the previous Editor, Father Daniel Collier, without whose practical help and encouragement we frankly would have hesitated to undertake the task. To Mr. Britton, of the Leinster Leader, and to our advertisers, whose support we value, grateful thanks are finally expressed.

# Cardinal Moran

Bishop of Ossory 1872-1884. Archbishop of Sydney 1884-1911

FRANCIS HICKEY, S.P.S.

**L**AST year was the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, who died on 16th August, 1911. Before his translation to Sydney, Dr. Moran was Bishop of Ossory, from 1872 to 1884. He did much to promote the spiritual, educational and material progress of St. Kieran's College. His name will be forever associated with the College as the beautiful east wing which he built is known as the "Moran wing". He also extended the College grounds, devised the present College crest and selected its motto. The lasting influence he had on the College life is shown in the chapter devoted to Dr. Moran in Father Birch's *History of St. Kieran's*.

## *The First Period*

Patrick Francis Moran, only son of Patrick Moran, merchant, and Alicia Cullen, step-sister of Cardinal Cullen, was born in Leighlinbridge, Co. Carlow, on 16 September, 1830. He belonged to a patriotic stock with many priestly associations. He was baptized by his grand-uncle, Father James Maher, the patriotic pastor of Carlow-Graigue, who was

**Father Francis Hickey, S.P.S.** was educated at Knockbeg College and St. Patrick's College, Carlow, where he was ordained. With Fathers P. J. Whitney and P. F. Whitney he was a founder member of St. Patrick's Foreign Mission Society in 1932. Since then his life has been spent among the Wicklow Hills on the teaching staff of Kiltegan College.

Father Hickey especially thanks Messrs. Con and William Kenealy of the *Kilkenny Journal*, and their co-operative staff, for permitting him generous access to the files of the newspaper from which he drew much information regarding Cardinal Moran's episcopate in Ossory.

also his sponsor in baptism. The other sponsor was Margaret Cullen, sister of Cardinal Cullen. His mother died on 23rd November, 1831 when he was fifteen months old and he was thus deprived of any recollection of a mother's affection and love. His father died on 18th September, 1841. They are buried in Ballinkillen Cemetery, Co. Carlow. The high Celtic cross at their graves was erected in their memory by "their dutiful son Patrick Francis Moran, Cardinal of Holy Church and Archbishop of Sydney".

After his father's death he was reared by his Cullen cousins at Craan, Leighlinbridge. He was a pupil at the Pay School, Leighlinbridge, conducted by John Conwill, a well-known and capable teacher. At school he showed great ability, an acute intellect and a retentive memory—learning easily and never forgetting. He combined a thoughtful and serious disposition with a love for all that was good and high and noble. He loved the service of the altar which bespoke a priestly vocation. His favourite devotions were a love of his Divine Master, a filial devotion to the Virgin Mother of God and a profound appreciation of the Real Presence of Jesus in the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar. There was also his characteristic love of the Irish saints whose lives he read, especially Saints Patrick, Brigid and Columba. He loved also his beautiful native district with its hills and valleys and streams and the wide expanse of the fertile valley of the river Barrow. His favourite recreation was his pony rides on his native hills or along the winding banks of Spenser's "goodly Barrow". A boy reared in such circumstances and surroundings could not but be good and high and noble.

In 1842 came an event which was to decide his life's career. In that year, his uncle, Very Rev. Dr. Paul Cullen, Rector of the Irish

College, Rome visited Ireland. He came to Leighlinbridge to see his cousins and nephew. He asked his nephew would he like to be a priest. The quick response was: "I would like to be a martyr". Asked when would he be ready for Rome, the boy said: "I will be ready tomorrow". No doubt he felt regret in parting with his sisters and cousins. That regret was intensified by his sister's death, Sister Mary Paul, in Carlow Presentation Convent, and the more recent death of his father. His sister, Teresa, he did not see again. She died a Dominican nun in the Dominican Convent, Kingstown, Dublin, a victim of the cholera fever in 1849 while he was a student in Rome.

When all preparations were made for the journey to Rome, Dr. Cullen and his nephew set out from Leighlinbridge by mail-coach for Dublin. At that time Carlow and Dublin were not linked by railroad. They left Dublin for Liverpool on 1st November, 1842. As their boat moved up the Mersey there was a boat coming down on its voyage to distant Sydney. On the down boat was Dr. Polding, the first Bishop of Sydney, returning there after a successful visit to Ireland where he had procured missionaries and teachers for his distant See. As the boats passed Dr. Polding and Dr. Cullen waved to each other. Dr. Cullen was Dr. Polding's Roman agent for his Sydney affairs. Who could have thought then that the twelve-year-old boy standing beside his uncle and watching the hand-waving would forty-two years later be Dr. Polding's second successor in Sydney? From Liverpool, where they remained a few days with Dr. Cullen's brother, they continued the journey to Rome via Paris. They arrived at the Irish College, Rome on 24th November, 1842. It was an auspicious day for Patrick Francis Moran to begin his career in the Irish College—the feastday of St. Columbanus, Ireland's greatest missionary in the last decades of the sixth century and the first decade of the seventh century. Patrick Francis Moran was destined to be Ireland's greatest missionary bishop in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth century.

At that time the students of the Irish College attended lectures at the Roman

College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. The Roman College was then the chief educational centre of the Society of Jesus and was regarded as the almost universally accepted centre of Christian science. On its staff were the eminent Fathers Franzelin, Perronc, Vico, Sestini, Forn, Manera and Solymani. In the Roman College Patrick Moran began his humanities. He learned Greek, Hebrew and other oriental languages under Father Franzelin. His professors of mathematics and science were Fathers Vico and Sestini, men of such sterling and recognised ability that, at the breaking up of the Jesuit houses throughout Europe in 1848 and 1849, they individually were seized on, one for the observatory at Paris and the other for the observatory at Geneva, by the then Republican Governments of France and Switzerland. In philosophy he attended for three years the lectures of the Spanish Jesuits, Fathers Forn and Manera, and the Italian Professor Solymani. He learned and spoke fluently Italian, French, Spanish and German. He was also a very zealous member of more than one archaeological society under the presidency of the illustrious Cardinal Mai, the famous philologist and paleographer. The connection thus formed gave him in after years ready access to the archives of the Propaganda and the Vatican and through these to the leading literary preserves on the continent.

The first effect of the Italian Revolution was the dispersion of the Jesuits. So fierce and so continuous were the attacks of the mob that the various Houses of the Society in Rome were closed towards the end of 1848. The ecclesiastical students in the Roman College were transferred to the Propaganda or Urban College and here young Moran completed his theological studies. Even in the midst of so many brilliant students he distinguished himself. Twice during his theological course he was selected to appear at a large reunion of the Cardinals of the Congregation de Propaganda as a picked student to expound the teaching of the Church against atheism and heterodoxy. His *Acta Publica* in universal theology was so masterly as to gain for him the Doctorate and gold medals by acclamation.

Among the principal objectors was Cardinal Pecci, afterwards Leo XIII, who was much impressed by the genius of the Irish student. At the conclusion of his theological studies at the end of 1852, he had not attained the canonical age for ordination which was deferred to 19th March, the feast of St. Joseph, 1853, and even then he was ordained priest by dispensation. He was 22 years and 6 months old.

After his ordination he was appointed professor of Hebrew, and later of Sacred Scripture at the Propaganda College. In 1856 Rev. Dr. Smith, Vice-Rector of the Irish College, joined the Benedictines at Monte Cassino. Dr. Moran was appointed his successor and held that important office until 1866. During his years as Vice-Rector he did not accept his salary but left it to the College funds. He was, like St. Paul, content with food and clothing. Even the salary he had from the Propaganda College as professor he did not take in full for himself. After buying books and works of art he gave the balance to the Irish College funds. Dr. Cullen and Dr. Kirby acted in like manner during their years at the Irish College. This tradition of Franciscan poverty persisted in the College from the days of Father Luke Wadding. During his years as Vice-Rector, whilst discharging his professional work at the Propaganda College, he supervised and directed the studies of the students of the Irish College. During those ten years he devoted all his spare time to study and research work in the Vatican, Barberini, Propaganda, Franciscan and other libraries of the religious Orders in Rome. He was often seen in his scantily-furnished room at five o'clock in the morning surrounded by piles of tomes from which he collected material for his future historical works. After long and patient search he discovered in the Chiesa Nuova, the Hibernensis Collectio Canonum—the Irish Collection of Canons.

In 1861 he published his first work: *Memoir of the Most Rev. Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland*. It was through this work and Cardinal Moran's zeal in promoting the Cause that Pope Leo XIII in 1886 declared the Tyburn martyr Venerable. From that

year onward Cardinal Moran promoted the Cause of Oliver Plunket and in the decree of Beatification on 17th March, 1918, Cardinal Vico, Pro-Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites pays a great tribute to Cardinal Moran: "The fact that so worthy a cause of beatification or declaration of martyrdom was opened in the courts of the Apostolic See, and ran its course so auspiciously and promptly that, by the omission of the preliminary processes courteously conceded, as is customary in the presentation of the causes of martyrdom, the way was clear four years ago for the principal issue, i.e. of the fact of martyrdom and its motive, of its signs and miracles, brings the greatest credit to those whose exceptional industry brought it about, and not the least to his Eminence of distinguished memory, Patrick Francis Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney".

His publications during his Roman years were:

*History of the Catholic Archbishops of Dublin from 1600-1800.* (1864)

*Essays on the Origin, Doctrines and Discipline of the Early Irish Church, together with Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the Early Irish Church.* (1864)

*Historical Sketch of the Persecutions suffered by the Catholics of Ireland under the rule of Cromwell and the Puritans.* (1865)

*The Episcopal Succession in Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth.* (1866)

By these learned works Dr. Moran attained to European fame as a scholar and historian. At the same time he wrote articles for the *Dublin Review* and the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, then in its beginning.

#### *The Second Period 1866-1884*

In 1866 Dr. Moran was recalled to Dublin to take up the duties of Secretary to Cardinal Cullen, Professor of Hebrew and Sacred Scripture at Clonliffe College, Professor of Irish History at the Catholic University, Dublin and co-editor of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* with Rev. George Conroy, D.D., later Bishop of Ardagh and Apostolic Delegate to Canada. During his free hours he read in Trinity College Library, the Franciscan Library, Merchant's Quay, Marsh's Library and the Law Courts Library.

In Dublin he won the affection and esteem of its people by his sermons and lectures.

In 1868 he edited *De Regno Hiberniae* by Peter Lombard, Archbishop of Armagh. He gives a Prefatory Memoir of the Archbishop.

At the Vatican Council of 1869 Dr. Moran was Secretary to Cardinal Cullen and was appointed procurator for one of the absent bishops.

On 11th December, 1871, he was elected co-adjutor bishop to Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Ossory with the right of succession. His titular See was Olba in Isauria. He was appointed by the Pope on 17th December and his decree was issued 28th December. He was consecrated in the Cathedral, Dublin on St. Kieran's Day, 5th March, 1872. Cardinal Cullen was the consecrator and the co-consecrators were Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and Dr. Furlong, Bishop of Ferns. There were fourteen bishops in the sanctuary and over 200 priests. The Cathedral was filled in every part by a devout and attentive congregation. The preacher was the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel. In concluding his eloquent sermon the Archbishop said: "The new prelate is fit, if anyone is fit, to occupy the See once illuminated by the learning of a Roth and a de Burgo, and he is most suitably located in the ancient and historic city of St. Canice so full of Catholic memories. Is there anything else to be added? Yes, this—that the practical acquaintance with ecclesiastical matters acquired during years of residence in Rome and increased during years of a secretariat under the eyes of his most eminent relative, gives additional assurance that he will wield the crozier of St. Kieran in a spirit of enlightened wisdom, and that his accession to the Episcopate of Ireland will be an occasion of every episcopal grace and gift that can add to the glory of our ancient hierarchy".

Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Ossory, died on 11th August, 1872, and was succeeded by Dr. Moran who was installed in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kilkenny a week later. Then began his memorable and fruitful episcopate of twelve years. By his enlightened pastorals, sermons and lectures he promoted the spiritual welfare of the flock committed to

his care. At the beginning of his episcopate there was a part of his diocese rent by insubordination and discord, which led to a campaign of vilification by the Orange press of Belfast and Dublin, but he pursued the even tenor of his way and by his tact and firmness, blended with charity and kindness, healed the wounds inflicted on charity, renewed the spiritual life of its people and restored peace and order. When he left Kilkenny for Sydney in 1884 no part of his diocese regretted his departure more than that former distracted district.

In the autumn of 1872 he founded St. Mary's Mercy Convent, Callan. The six pioneer Sisters came from the Mercy Convent, Athy, Co. Kildare. The first Superioress was his cousin, Mother M. Michael Maher. His nieces, Sister M. Raphael Cummins and Sister M. Berchmans Cummins, were among the pioneer Sisters. In connection with this convent he founded St. Brigid's Apostolic School where Irish girls were educated and prepared for foreign mission work. Between 1884 and 1902 two hundred Sisters were educated for the religious life at this convent and gave their lives to God's work in Japan, China, India and Africa. At Ferrybank he founded the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Mary with its novitiate, boarding school, secondary day school and primary school. He was the first Irish bishop who availed himself of the Industrial Schools Act, which was extended to Ireland about 1870. To counteract the baneful influences of proselytism he founded two Industrial Schools in Kilkenny—St. Joseph's for girls and St. Patrick's for boys—and placed them under the care of the Sisters of Charity. They are today flourishing institutions of which any diocese might feel justly proud. He loved the children of his diocese and his greatest pleasure was to be with them on their Confirmation Day. To provide for their comfort he had new schools built and old ones enlarged and improved. He contributed generously of his own means for the relief and comfort of the poor. He beautified the chancel of St. Mary's Cathedral and its exquisite marble pulpit is his gift. He organised the St. Patrick's Day procession in Kilkenny and took part in it. On returning

to the Cathedral he preached a sermon on St. Patrick and gave Benediction to the vast congregation. Thus he kept alive in his people's hearts the love of Faith and Fatherland.

In the temporal welfare of his people he took a keen and fatherly interest. To the workers of his diocese he was a fatherly and prudent counsellor. The farmers always had in him a loyal and sincere friend and champion of their just demands. A largely attended meeting of the Tenants' Defence Association was held in Kilkenny on Saturday, 22nd October, 1880, and was addressed by Parnell. Dr. Moran was invited to the meeting but on account of diocesan work was prevented from attending. He sent a letter which was read at the meeting, and in which he expressed his strong views on the land question. He said: "... The present time is one of grave crisis for our tenant farmers and it is most just that in a peaceable and constitutional way they should show their determination to defend their interests, to assert their rights, and to redress their grievances. The leading statesmen of the Empire have not hesitated to avow that the laws which regulate the tenure of land in this Kingdom are unjust. Such injustice must be remedied. Our tenant farmers by their skill and industry, as well as by their labour and occupancy and capital, have acquired rights in their holdings. These rights have been very well called co-proprietorship, and it is the duty of the legislature to respect and defend them . . . Absentee landlords are the occasion of a great drain on the resources of the Kingdom. It is not without precedent that a special tax should be imposed on such absentees, which might be applied towards reclaiming the waste lands and otherwise promoting the welfare of our people . . . In many cases the rents which are required from the tenants are exorbitant and unjust. The protecting mantle of the law should not be extended over such usurious contracts and any rents which are above a fair Government valuation should not be recoverable in the civil courts. Indeed it seems to me the legislation on this head should be retrospective, and that the rack rents exacted from the tenants during the past twenty years should be restored to

the tenants, or otherwise should be computed as payment by instalments towards the purchase by the tenants of the fee-simple of their holdings".

In 1877 Gladstone visited Kilkenny and spent two hours in conversation with Dr. Moran at Bishop's House. He was greatly impressed by the bishop's knowledge of the commercial, economic and industrial conditions of the country and cherished for him ever afterwards a profound admiration and affection. Dr. Moran was consulted by Gladstone prior to his introducing the Land Bill of 1881. He strongly supported the Act not, as he said in private, because of the material benefits it was likely to confer upon the farmer, but because it made for his freedom and independence. Twice during his episcopacy he went to Rome, probably deputed by the Irish bishops, to counteract the wrong impressions that some Englishmen were trying to make on Pius IX and Leo XIII to the detriment of Irish affairs. In each mission he succeeded to the fullest. He fulfilled truly the motto of his episcopate—*Omnia Omnibus*, All things to all men.

During the busy years of his episcopate in Ossory Dr. Moran devoted all his free hours to literary work, and published the following: *Acta Sancti Brendani* (1872).

*Archdall's Monasticon Hibernicum*, edited with annotations in three volumes (1873). In 1877 he edited with a brief memoir: *The Letters of Rev. James Maher, D.D. late Parish Priest of Carlow-Graigie. Irish Saints in Great Britain* (1879). *The Writings of Cardinal Cullen*, in three volumes (1882). *Analecta of David Rothe, Bishop of Ossory* (1884). Between 1874-1884 he published in three volumes the *Spicilegium Ossoriense*. These volumes contain all the correspondence that passed between the Irish bishops and the Holy See between 1540 and 1800, which had been hidden away in the Vatican, Propaganda and Franciscan archives in Rome. Some of the letters were badly faded but Dr. Moran patiently and perseveringly transcribed them with his own hand and gave them, as it were, new life in the three volumes which he edited. This collection of letters illustrates the history of the Irish Church from the Reformation to the end of

the eighteenth century. They supply the Irish historian with authentic information similar to that which the Calendar of State Papers affords the English ecclesiastical historian. In perusing the work of 1,600 pages one finds it difficult to know which to admire more—the marvellous industry of Dr. Moran or the great scholarship of the Irish bishops during those dark and evil days of persecution. Many of these letters, written in classical Latin, are dated *e loco refugii nostri*—from our place of concealment.

During the same period he wrote many historical articles for the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.

### *The Third Period 1884-1911*

The history of Dr. Moran's appointment to the archbishopric of Sydney is briefly told. In 1883 Dr. Vaughan, O.S.B., the archbishop, set sail for Europe in order to pay his decennial visit to Rome, and died in England on 18th August. The news was received with consternation in Sydney where he had endeared himself to his people. He had been four years co-adjutor to Dr. Polding and six years Archbishop of Sydney. It was said of him that his brief career flashed like a meteor across the southern continent.

The Mother See of Australia was now vacant, and the bishops of the Province of Sydney petitioned the Holy See to transfer Dr. Patrick F. Moran, Bishop of Ossory.

It was felt desirable that with the majority of the population Irish born or of Irish descent, and with nearly all the clergy Irish as well, the organisation of the Church in New South Wales and in Australia generally should be homogeneous, that it should be presided over by one of their own race and be responsive to the call of the innocent convicts—those missionaries who kept the faith during the first terrible years of the century. The petition met with opposition from some Government officials and high ecclesiastics in England which rendered Propaganda unable to select a candidate. The matter was then referred to the Pope. This was a call which could not be disregarded, and the enlightened pontiff, Leo XIII, personally appointed the Bishop of Ossory, thus transferring him to the distant

but important See of Sydney. The Brief of his translation to Sydney was issued 21st March, 1884, and it was officially made known to him in Kilkenny on the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. On 31st March, 1884 the Chapter of the diocese of Ossory met at St. Mary's Presbytery, Kilkenny to elect a Vicar-Capitular. His Grace Archbishop Moran was present at the meeting and formally announced his severance from the diocese of Ossory. The archbishop, who was deeply moved, spoke in feeling terms of the regret with which he was about to part from the faithful priests and people of Ossory.

On Monday, 14th April, His Grace left Kilkenny for Rome to transact there ecclesiastical affairs connected with his new See, and with Australia generally. He received a Brief to declare and convoke the first Plenary Council of the Bishops of Australia and New Zealand within two years. He was also instructed to establish a seminary for fostering native vocations for the priesthood. In his farewell audience with Leo XIII his appointment to Sydney was referred to. The Holy Father said: "We took the selection in our own hands. You are our personal appointment". The Rev. Dr. O'Hagan, Vice-Rector of the Irish College, who was appointed to accompany the archbishop as private secretary, and several priests for the Australian mission were present at the ceremony. The Holy Father was very much moved with tenderness as Dr. Moran knelt at his feet and asked his blessing. Lifting his pale-white hands he said: "From my inmost soul I impart to you, Monsignor, to these young missionaries and to the whole of Australia, the Apostolic Benediction". While in Rome the archbishop was invested with the Pallium.

During the archbishop's absence in Rome the clergy of Ossory, the confraternities and sodalities of the city parishes, the teachers of Ossory, and the people of the city and county decided to present farewell addresses and souvenirs to him on his departure for Sydney. The pupils of the Presentation Convent, the Loreto Convent and the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Mary, Ferrybank

also presented farewell addresses and souvenirs.

On 10th June, the priests of Ossory assembled in the English Hall of the new wing of St. Kieran's College to present a farewell address and a gold jewelled chalice and paten to the archbishop. The Vicar-Capitular, Very Rev. Dean McDonald, read the address and made the presentation on behalf of the priests. His Grace became visibly affected during his reply. In conclusion, he said: "I will pray you to assign to me a share in your Memento when offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar that God may show forth His power in blessing upon that distant mission to which, weak though I am, the Vicar of Christ has been pleased to destine me, that thus in that far distant island-continent of the South a devoted clergy and a faithful people may emulate the heroism of zeal and charity, the love of Faith and the family virtues which have made our beloved country of old, as at the present day, the joy of Christendom, the motherland of sages and saints". The chalice had on a roll round the base the inscription: "Presented to Patrick F. Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, 1884".

On 24th June His Grace received addresses from the Confraternity of the Holy Family of St. Mary's and St. John's parishes, from the altar boys of St. Mary's and from the Total Abstinence Association. These addresses were presented to His Grace in St. Mary's Presbytery, and were the last he received before leaving the city. His Grace acknowledged briefly, and then, accompanied by the clergy, adjourned to the cathedral which was thronged in every part by a devout congregation. When the Rosary had been recited and hymns sung, His Grace ascended the pulpit and delivered a touching farewell discourse, which concluded: "With these few words I bid you farewell. It is with sorrow I tear myself away from you. I cannot command my feelings while I say these words. My beloved confraternities, I have loved you; you have made me more than a return of love". There was scarcely a dry eye in the cathedral, especially when His Grace said with solemn emphasis: "I have loved you, my good people, and can never forget your faith and piety". These feelings were fully

aroused when His Grace, having given Benediction, left the sanctuary and passed down the nave. The people all knelt to receive a parting blessing and sobbed aloud. The way from the door of the cathedral to the episcopal entrance was a mass of kneeling people. The archbishop also received a farewell address from the whole hierarchy of Ireland—the first time that a presentation of the kind had been made. The address was signed by Cardinal McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin; Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh and Dr. Logue, Bishop of Raphoe, on behalf of the hierarchy. Before leaving Kilkenny Dr. Moran laid the foundation stone of St. Patrick's Church on 22nd June, and his last act was to dedicate the beautiful new chapel at Loreto Convent, Kilkenny, which had been built during his episcopate. Archbishop Croke of Cashel, accompanied by Bishop Quinn of Bathurst, N.S.W., came to Kilkenny on the eve of the archbishop's departure to bid him farewell and to wish him God-speed.

On Saturday, 28th June, the archbishop left Kilkenny by the early morning train for Dublin, and sailed from Dublin on 15th July, arriving in Liverpool on the 16th, where he became the guest of his cousin, Mr. Paul Cullen of "Prospect", Victoria Park. In Manchester he visited the Bishop of Salford, brother of his predecessor in Sydney, and called on the venerable Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Ullathorne, who as a Benedictine priest had been for eight years on the Australian mission (1833-1841). During his stay in London he had an interview with the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons. They discussed various Irish questions in relation to Land Tenure and Home Rule. The Earl of Derby also received the archbishop at the Colonial Office where many important questions affecting the Catholic population of Australia were reviewed.

On Wednesday, 23rd July His Grace started from Tilbury Docks, London on the S.S. *Liguria* for his distant southern home. On the voyage he drew up his spiritual programme which gives us his inmost thoughts and the key to his great success as Archbishop of Sydney.

On 1st September, the *Liguria* dropped



PATRICK FRANCIS CARDINAL MORAN (1830-1911)

anchor at Port Adelaide, where Dr. Moran was welcomed by Bishop Reynolds, Adelaide; Bishop Murray of Maitland; Bishop Moore of Ballarat and Bishop Murphy of Tasmania, together with a large number of clergy and laity. The State Governor, Sir William Robinson, offered the archbishop the hospitality of Government House and the use of his carriage during his stay in Adelaide. This was a mark of respect never before paid to a Catholic prelate.

At Melbourne he received a most cordial welcome from Archbishop Goold, Monsignor Fitzpatrick, V.G. and Bishop Reville of Sandhurst, together with the clergy and laity who welcomed him to the Queen City of the South. The Hibernian Society presented him with an illuminated address in St. Patrick's Hall, Burke Street.

The archbishop arrived in Sydney on 8th September. Weeks before his arrival elaborate preparations had been made to give him a most enthusiastic and cordial welcome. It was to be a demonstration of social harmony and public liberality of historic importance, for thousands of friendly non-Catholics joined in the welcome, which for a whole week overshadowed every other social and political event. The route of the procession from Circular Quay to St. Mary's Cathedral was decorated with flags, flowers and garlands. His Excellency, Lord Augustus Loftus, Governor of New South Wales, united with the Catholics in offering a cordial welcome to the archbishop. His Excellency wrote to the organising committee offering to the archbishop the hospitality of Government House until arrangements were made to occupy his residence at St. Mary's Cathedral. He also stated that he proposed, should the archbishop accept the offer, sending his private secretary and carriage to receive His Grace on arrival at Circular Quay. The Government, as a rare privilege, allowed the Prince's Stairs (named after His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh who landed at the spot in 1868) to be used for the archbishop's landing place. It had been arranged by the agents of the Orient Line that the *Liguria* should arrive in Sydney early in the forenoon of Monday, 8th September. Early that morning the bells of St. Mary's Cathedral

were heard down the harbour ringing a series of peals in honour of the arrival of the archbishop. The *Liguria* anchored at Watson's Bay, just inside South Head and Very Rev. Dr. Sheridan, Administrator of the diocese, was the first to board her. The members of the committee, headed by Sir Patrick Jennings, soon came up in the government launch *Nea*, and the *Mary*, with the prelates and over a hundred priests, followed.

Meanwhile steamers from the city began to move down the harbour, and the sounds of music rang in the air, giving the signal for the real reception. A large steambarge, the *Azalea*, freshly painted a flaring green and flying an enormous Irish flag made a circuit of the *Liguria*, while a cornet performer in the centre of the deck played *Killarney* and *The Harp That Once*. Next came the *Annie* which had been reserved for the delegates from the various dioceses, and the band on its bow made the air palpitate with the stirring strains of *Garryowen* and *St. Patrick's Day*. Following one by one were the flag-decked steamboats, twenty-four in all, with their bands of eager spectators. The first glimpse they got of the archbishop was when he came down the steps at the side of the ship into the smaller boat, the *Mary*, which with the escort of twelve steamers on each side, amidst music, cheers and applause, began the triumphal progress up the harbour to Circular Quay. The scene had never before been witnessed in Sydney. There was a solid mass of 30,000 people in the space facing the Custom House; balconies and windows facing the Quay were packed; jetties were crammed, as were the decks of the other ships lying near the Prince's Stairs. Captain Loftus, A.D.C.—son of Lord Loftus—in full uniform welcomed the archbishop on behalf of the Governor. Excitement increased and repeated cheers were given as the *Mary* approached the Prince's Stairs. The steps were laid with carpet and a procession was formed to the carriage outside. At twelve precisely the steamer drew up and amidst cheers and reverences Archbishop Moran set foot on the soil of his new field of labour. Immediately Captain Loftus handed His Grace a courteous letter from Government

House, welcoming him on his safe arrival, and informing him that the Governor's carriage was at his service, for which His Grace expressed his thanks. The scene was a memorable one as his tall stately figure moved through the crowd, accompanied by Sir Patrick Jennings and Captain Loftus, to the carriage where he took his seat amid enthusiastic cheering.

In the meantime the procession headed by four mounted troopers was marshalled and commenced its progress to St. Mary's Cathedral. The route was lined by over 100,000 people. From windows and balconies crowds cheered and applauded the archbishop as he passed along. A Sydney paper next day, describing the reception of Archbishop Moran, said: "With its magnificent opportunities Sydney has never up to this date used its harbour for a maritime spectacle in the form of a public welcome. We have had displays of men-of-war, with aimless firing of guns, but nothing with any flavour of romance in it; nothing that could be described as beautiful and appeasingly picturesque. It was reserved to the Catholic community to set up a record, and the incidents of that memorable day should for all time serve as the gorgeously illuminated title-page to the history of the See of Sydney under the reign of its third great archbishop".

When the archbishop arrived at the cathedral he was received by the Very Rev. Dr. Sheridan, Administrator of the diocese who conducted him to the sacristy where he assumed his pontifical robes. The procession, consisting of acolytes, priests and bishops, was then formed and entered the western door of the cathedral. As the archbishop entered, the choir of 150 voices sang the *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus*. Having intoned the *Te Deum* he was then presented with addresses of welcome from the clergy and laity of the diocese, to which he read a reply. He preached his first sermon to a congregation of five thousand people who listened to him with rapt attention. Its theme was the Navinity of Our Lady, and it was a foretaste of the eloquence with which they would become familiar during the twenty-seven years of his episcopate among them. A newspaper gives this picture of him as a

speaker: "Tall, active, full of animation, he looked a splendid personality in all public functions. His countenance, when discoursing on graver topics, lighted up, and was mantled with a glowing expression; his eyes became bright and animated and his intelligence and vast learning gave themselves expression through his flowing and graceful language".

When the festive days of the reception were concluded, the archbishop immediately set to work. He convoked the first Plenary Council of the Bishops of Australia and New Zealand to meet in November, 1885. In May of that year he received a communication from the Holy Father to "come to Rome as soon as possible". On the feast of the Sacred Heart the archbishop set sail for Naples, where he was met by Bishop Kirby, Rector of the Irish College, Rome, who informed him that he had been raised to the Sacred College. He proceeded at once to Rome where he had a long private audience with the Holy Father. Monday, 27th July, witnessed the nomination of the first Australian cardinal in private consistory at the Vatican by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. Five new cardinals were nominated with Cardinal Moran on that day. On Thursday, 30th July, the Public Consistory was held at the Vatican when the red hat was presented to Cardinal Moran and his colleagues by the Sovereign Pontiff. At the Consistory the Pope presented the cardinal's ring to each of the new members of the Sacred College. Addressing Cardinal Moran in particular, Pope Leo said: "As to you, son of brave and holy Ireland, when the people of Australia see you invested with the insignia of this high dignity, they will also see, by means of an instance new to them, and understand more and more how great is Our love for them and how earnestly We desire that the Christian religion may flourish in that land, and there gain greater growth from day to day".

Sunday, 22nd August, witnessed the consecration of Dr. Walsh, the Archbishop-elect of Dublin, by Cardinal Moran at the express wish of the Pope. The ceremony took place in the Church of St. Agatha of the Irish College. Cardinal Moran as consecrating prelate was assisted by Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, and Monsignor Kirby (Rector of

the Irish College), Bishop of Lita. It was the first time that Cardinal Moran had acted as consecrator. The *Moniteur De Rome* related that afterwards the Holy Father gave the two Irish archbishops a pontifical audience, during which he said to them: "My thoughts have been with you this morning at the consecration ceremony, and during the whole day, and I did not cease to consider in my heart the land which has merited the name of the Island of Saints, and whose fairest glories are revived in you".

About mid-August the cardinal left Rome to pay a brief visit to Ireland for the purpose of procuring priests for his diocese and also Brothers and Sisters for the increasing number of primary schools in Sydney. In that year he acquired from France the Missionary Fathers of the Sacred Heart, and also the Sisters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, the Carmelite Nuns, and the Little Sisters of the Poor. From Rome he brought the Sisters of the Little Company of Mary who began hospital work in Sydney in 1885. In Ireland he procured the Vincentian and Passionist Fathers to do mission work in Sydney. He arranged with the Patrician Brothers and the Christian Brothers to open schools in Sydney in 1886, and with the Sisters of Mercy, Callan, to send a large number of Sisters and Postulants to Parramatta, Sydney. He visited all the ecclesiastical colleges to procure students for the priesthood for his diocese.

On 16th September the cardinal embarked from Gravesend for the second time on the S.S. *Liguria* for his southern home.

In Sydney he was given an even more enthusiastic welcome than on his first arrival, for he was returning as a Prince of the Church—the first to set foot on Australian soil. His first official act was, as Apostolic Delegate, to preside at the first Plenary Council of the Bishops of Australia and New Zealand, who assembled at St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney on 14th November, 1885. The Council was the most important event in the history of the Catholic Church in Australia, marking fifty years' splendid progress of the Church in that continent. Cardinal Moran preached the opening and concluding sermons of the Council, and also wrote its Pastoral Letter

which was issued and signed by all the bishops on 29th November, 1885. It was said that this Pastoral Letter addressed by the Council to the clergy and faithful entrusted to their care "is a monumental record of their teaching and aspirations in every way worthy of the golden age of the Church's history". In 1895 and 1905 the second and third Plenary Councils were held in Sydney and guided and presided over by the cardinal.

#### *Twenty-seven Years' Progress of the Archdiocese*

A comparison of the Sydney diocesan statistics of 1884 with those of 1911, the year of the cardinal's death, will show the twenty-seven years' marvellous progress of the archdiocese under his benign and paternal rule. The number of priests—100 in 1884—was doubled, thirty-five new parishes were formed, and the Catholic population climbed from 93,000 to 195,000. Where there had been 75 churches there were now 189. During the same period the cardinal founded convents, hospitals, charitable institutions, orphanages and industrial schools. The thirty-two charities he founded in Sydney remain as the crowning work of his life. When Dr. Moran arrived in Sydney, St. Mary's Cathedral was only partially built, but by 1900 the greater portion was completed at a cost of £200,000. In November, 1885, in the presence of the bishops and priests who took part in the Plenary Council, he laid the foundation stone of St. Patrick's Ecclesiastical College, Manly, which was completed four years later at a cost of £70,000. When the college was being built, Dr. Moran had also built on the same grounds Archbishop's House, for himself and his successors. In 1908 he bought a 600 acre estate in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales where he built, at his own expense, St. Columban's College, now the minor seminary of the Sydney diocese. He blessed and dedicated this college at the conclusion of his Sydney Episcopal Jubilee in September, 1909. It was his last gift to the diocese.

The cardinal's influence was felt not only in Sydney, but in other dioceses of Australia and beyond. In 1886 he visited the dioceses

of New Zealand, dedicating Dunedin's beautiful cathedral, and St. Patrick's College, Wellington, where he delivered a trenchant discourse on "The Catholic Church and Education". In 1908 he revisited New Zealand and dedicated the cathedral of Auckland.

In 1887 he travelled six thousand miles by sea to consecrate Dr. Gibney, Bishop of Perth. The succeeding years saw him dedicate the cathedrals of Melbourne, Ballarat, Bendigo, Lismore, Goulburn, Rockhampton and Hobart, Tasmania. During his episcopate in Sydney he consecrated 14 bishops, ordained

map of the world as a united nation. He said: "It is by their union that Australia, under the blessing of God, will work out her destiny, not as a group of colonies, but as a nation". In November, 1896 the People's Federal Convention was held in Bathurst, New South Wales. The cardinal was invited to address the Convention. Amid rousing cheers and applause he raised the discussion to national heights, and the speakers who followed did not presume to return to a quibbling attitude. It was said that the cardinal's speech galvanised the movement for Federation, and he had the happiness of



ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, SYDNEY

500 priests, professed 3,000 nuns and dedicated more than 500 churches.

In national affairs the cardinal showed himself a true patriot and statesman. From his arrival in Australia he developed the innate qualities of a statesman, a leader of the people and an organiser of the multitude. He was foremost among those who urged the country forward to complete her federation in the Commonwealth. By his pen, by speeches and press interviews he did more than any man in Australia to put her on the seeing Australia declared a united nation—the Commonwealth of Australia—by Royal Proclamation on 1st January, 1901.

Nonetheless the cardinal never forgot the

land of his birth during all these years, and he was the recognised head of the Irish race in Australia. He did not hesitate to proclaim Ireland's inalienable right to independence and self-government. He organised the St. Patrick's Day celebrations in Sydney, just as he had done in Kilkenny, and it was to become its greatest annual event. He always welcomed the Irish envoys who visited Sydney periodically to promote the cause of Home Rule. He presided at the great meetings in Sydney Town Hall when appeals were made for funds to help the cause. The dissensions which followed the "split" of 1890 grieved his heart, but he laboured to heal the wound, and exhorted Irishmen to

close their ranks and come together again for the welfare and prosperity of his homeland. He never lost hope in the ultimate triumph of Ireland's cause—that some day she would take her place among the free nations of the world. He was courteous and kind to all visitors from the old land, and taught them to regard Australia as another Ireland. In the words of Father M. O'Reilly, C.M.:

“He loved her in the dark and evil days,  
He hoped in her when hoping seemed forlorn;  
He smote her base traducers everywhere:  
He planted her green standard in the South  
And flew it from the limits of the world”.

During his busy years in Sydney, all his leisure time was devoted to study and to literary pursuits. Books were his constant companions. He read quickly and was blessed with an acute memory. The lighter kinds of literature had little attraction for him, and he disregarded the tinsel philosophy of the English poets of his day. In 1890 appeared his volume of *Occasional Papers*. In the same year he published the series of eight letters of his controversy with Dr. Camidge, the Protestant Bishop of Bathurst, on the Anglican Reformation. In 1896 he published *The History of the Catholic Church in Australasia* which is considered his greatest literary work. During the same period he wrote twenty-eight pamphlets on various subjects. In the Mitchell Library in Sydney all Cardinal Moran's writings have a special shelf to themselves.

In September, 1909 the Third Australian Catholic Congress was held in Sydney. It synchronised with the cardinal's Sydney Episcopal Jubilee. This was a day of great joy and gladness not only for Sydney, but also for Australia and New Zealand. The archbishops and bishops of Australia and New Zealand were present on the occasion, and joined with the clergy, religious and laity of Sydney in felicitating the cardinal on this joyous day in his life. They presented him with an illuminated address which was read by Archbishop Redwood of Wellington. The bishops of the Province of Sydney also presented him with an address, which the senior bishop of the Province, Dr. Dunne of

Wilcannia, read. The priests, religious, laity and children of Sydney then presented him with addresses and monetary gifts. He did not accept the monetary contributions in a personal sense, but devoted them to the furnishing and equipment of St. Columba's College, Springwood, which he blessed and opened the following day. In reply to the addresses he ascended the pulpit, and spoke with a voice full of emotion. The people wept during the delivery of his reply, for they felt it was his farewell address to them.

At the conclusion of the High Mass, the cardinal laid the foundation stone for the completion of the remaining part of the cathedral—the six bays of the nave, the front flanking towers and the grand façade. The people responded most generously to his appeal for funds, and within a year £60,000 was contributed. He was not, however, destined to see his great undertaking realised but, like David of old, left it to his successor, Archbishop Kelly, to complete the work he himself had inaugurated.

#### *Death of the Cardinal*

On the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin 1911 the cardinal celebrated the children's Mass in the cathedral and gave them their first Holy Communion. This annual event he reserved to himself because of his love for children. In the afternoon he returned by ferry to his home at Manly where he transacted diocesan affairs with his co-adjutor, Archbishop Kelly. He retired to rest at ten o'clock in seeming good health. He rose early next morning to begin another day's work, but when partially dressed he collapsed on the floor and his heart ceased to beat. Sydney had lost its great archbishop. The news of his sudden death caused consternation not only in the archdiocese but throughout the Commonwealth where he was regarded as its greatest citizen. The first message of condolence came from Lord Denman, the Governor General. It was followed by messages from all over Australia, from New Zealand, Tasmania, Rome and Ireland, whose sympathy was expressed in the words of Mr. John Redmond, M.P.: “In Ireland's name the Irish Parliamentary Party send expression of deepest sorrow on

the death of Cardinal Moran, the patriot prelate. A cedar has fallen on Lebanon”.

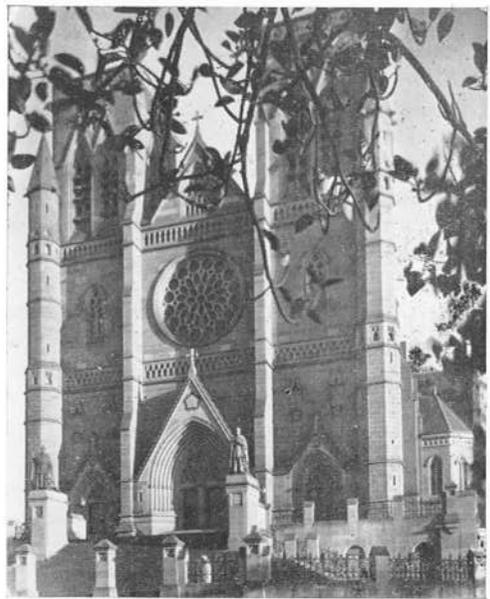
On Thursday, 17th August, the cardinal's remains were brought from Manly to St. Mary's Cathedral where he lay in state for four days. During the lying-in-state 300,000 people passed by the open coffin to look for the last time at the great cardinal who would lead them no more. Thousands of non-Catholics joined in this tribute of affection and reverence. An old Irishman gazed in love and pride on him. "There you are", he said, "with the old proud look you always wore when fighting poor Ireland's battles". On 19th August the Solemn Office and Pontifical Requiem Mass for the cardinal were celebrated in the cathedral. The Governor General sent his representative from Melbourne. The archbishop and bishops of the Province of Sydney, together with those of Melbourne were present in the sanctuary. The vast distances precluded other Australian bishops from attending. There were 300 priests together with the students of Manly College at the solemn function. Judges, ministers of state, members of Parliament, diplomatic corps, the Lord Mayor of Sydney and aldermen occupied seats directly opposite the sanctuary. There was a congregation of 6,000 people in the cathedral. Archbishop Kelly celebrated the Pontifical High Mass and preached a panegyric.

On Sunday, 20th August in presence of the archbishops, bishops and priests the coffin was closed and sealed. The funeral procession, in which at least 30,000 people took part, was witnessed by about a quarter of a million people.

The coffin was borne by eight members of the Hibernian Society and eight pallbearers to the Chapel of the Irish Saints, where Archbishop Kelly, assisted by the bishops and priests said the final prayers. It was then lowered into the vault and placed beside the coffins of Archbishop Polding and the pioneer priests, Fathers Therry, McEncroe and Power. This was the place of burial the cardinal had selected—in the Chapel of the Irish Saints in his loved cathedral. "They are buried in peace but their names shall live from generation to generation".

Archbishop Kelly continued the work of

completing the cathedral which the cardinal had begun in September, 1909. When it was nearing completion the Hibernian Society commissioned Sir Bertram McKennal, the Australian artist, to cast a bronze figure of Cardinal Moran, and this statue now stands to the left of the great door of the cathedral. The sculptor has caught the expressive dignity of his subject as, with hand upraised in blessing, he stands forth in a characteristic attitude. Engraved on the pedestal is the following inscription: "Patrick Francis Cardinal Moran, Bishop of Ossory 1872-1884,



ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, SYDNEY:  
FAÇADE

Archbishop of Sydney 1884-1911. A tribute by the Australasian Catholic Benefit Society to a worthy son of Catholic Ireland, her great gift to Australia". To the right of the cathedral door is a bronze statue of Archbishop Kelly in his episcopal robes. The two Irish Archbishops of Sydney have their place of honour at the great cathedral which may be called their monument, and in death they, as it were, welcome the people who enter to pray. To them may be truly applied the words:

*Defuncti Adhuc Loquuntur*

# American Pilgrimage

Very Rev. G. Canon Loughry, S.T.L.

IT was 1st October when I left Dublin for San Francisco. It was still 1st October when I arrived there. "Departure London via Montreal 4.30 p.m., arrival San Francisco 10.20 p.m." read my jet ticket, and so it was. My first contact with American officialdom took place in Merrion Square, Dublin, where under the eye of a very urbane representative of the Federal Government I filled in a lengthy questionnaire. Among the questions asked were: Are you a Communist? Give the names of other societies to which you are affiliated. I eased his mind on the first of these, and as to the second I could only think of the Kilkenny Anglers' Society, so down it went. For some reason, best known to himself, the answer pleased him mightily, for without further ado he stamped my passport and wished me a very happy holiday in the Land of the Free. How happy it turned out to be I hope to relate in what follows.

The friendliness one feels everywhere in America is a recurring theme in most accounts of those who write of their experiences there. I was soon to have first-hand evidence of this friendliness, for a casual meeting with a Baptist doctor from Los Angeles in the lounge of London Airport ended with his inviting me to join him at lunch. On the plane a little later my neighbour, a Methodist organist at a Pasadena funeral parlour, was telling me his life-story and assuring me that from among "The Reverends" [*sic*] who attended his place of employment, the "Fathers" were his dearest friends. He added the rider, after a quick look to right and left, that he was voting for Kennedy.

Within the space of seven hours we were coming in over Montreal. Below us in the gathering dusk lay the great city, and on either side of the St. Lawrence dimmed car

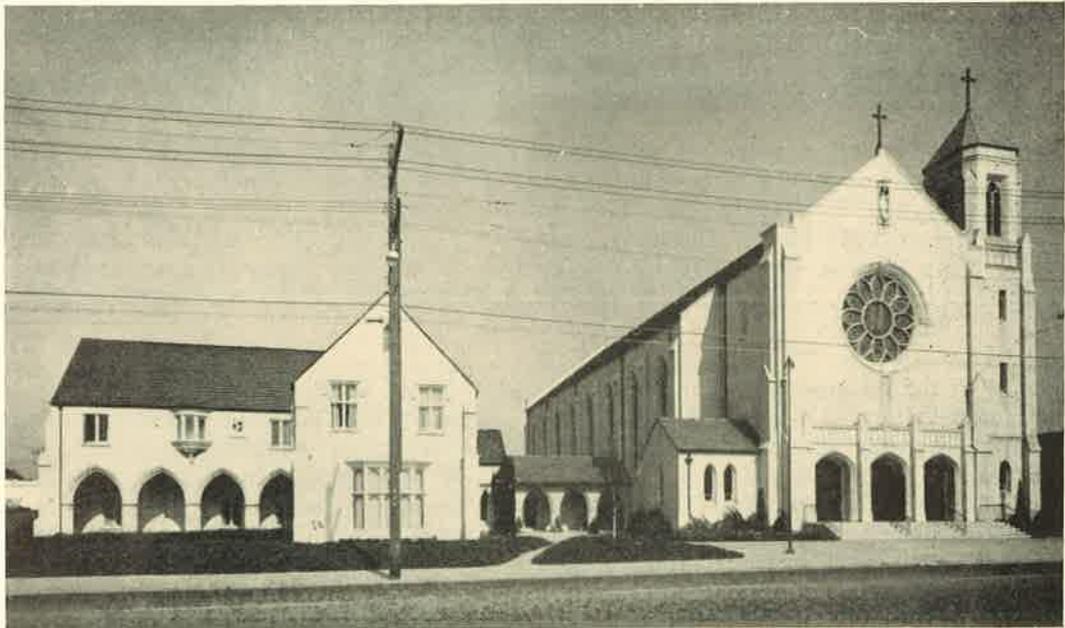
lights chasing each other in an endless chain gave the appearance of a huge neon-sign; so fascinating was it all that we had touched down before I had time to feel the queasiness that normally takes hold of one when landing at jet speed. Four and a half hours later I was shaking hands with Father Phil Ryan in San Francisco Airport. A genial Customs officer waved me through, and within minutes I was having my first taste of American motor traffic. Let me say, without intended reflection on my host, that I commended my soul to God and hoped for the best. After crossing the eight-miles-long Bay Bridge, with its six-lane carriageway, we arrived in lovely San Leandro, the site of Father Ryan's parish, where for five weeks, off and on, I ate waffles and syrup for breakfast, got to like pineapple in my salad, had a cold shower about twice a day, and above all became one of a household whose kindness I can never hope to repay. San Leandro is an old parish with a new look. Within a few short years, Father Ryan has erected a splendid church to seat about 1,400 people. Directly opposite, and in full view of the rectory are the grade schools staffed by Dominican nuns, who also have charge of a high school which lies to the rear of the church. What the pastor has achieved here is typical of what our past students are doing all over America, and when one realises that all of it is accomplished without a dime of State aid the incidence of coronary thrombosis in clerical circles comes as no surprise.

In a letter kindly given me by Most Rev. Dr. Collier to establish my bona fides in the eyes of the American hierarchy, my visit was described as "educational". I did get educated but I must confess that the process was painless. It began the very first evening when with Father Ryan, Father Forristal (my class-fellow) and Father John Walsh, the colourful

pastor of St. James's, I was taken to see a game of American football. Once the main outline of this private war was explained, I enjoyed it greatly, but the things these warriors did to each other in the heat of battle, if done on the sacred soil of Croke Park or Lansdowne Road, would never, I fear, have escaped the attentions of the Constabulary!

After this experience I was taken on a short sight-seeing trip around San Francisco. If I say it must be one of the loveliest spots on the American continent, I hope I shall not be accused of discrimination. The four weeks I spent there made me very familiar with its face. Like Rome it rests on a series of low hills, with the vista of the Golden Gate area stretching away to the west. Who has not read of the Golden Gate, so aptly named? This western approach to America is in complete contrast to New York, its eastern counterpart. There the eye looks aloft for most of the time, and the canyons that are its streets beget a feeling of claustrophobia which is completely absent in San Francisco. Here there is light, a sense of freedom and

ease, and the absence of tension, or so it seemed to me, in the faces of its citizens. Could it be otherwise when they live out their lives surrounded by so much beauty? To stand upon the eminence of the Twin Peaks and drink in this beauty is a rare experience. A succession of lovely bridges, all but that of the Golden Gate over six miles long, span the azure expanse of the Bay, and from the water's edge the city creeps back to the foothills which mark its boundaries. The impression one gets is of a vast water-colour as the delicate shades of the houses merge into each other; one has similar sensations in the Latin cities of Europe, and the ease and relaxation that go with them has reproduced itself in this city of the Far West. Perhaps it is the heritage of the Spanish friars who planted the Cross there with the coming of Fra Junipero Serra and his sons in Monterey. Be that as it may, for the priest life in San Francisco is not unlike that of his fellows in Ireland. Nowhere does he seem unwelcome. He is greeted on the streets by the passer-by, gets a good discount in all shops, and enjoys the freedom of most



CHURCH AND PRESBYTERY AT SAN LEANDRO, CALIFORNIA.  
VERY REV. PHILIP RYAN, Parish Priest.

golf courses. On more than one occasion we played on a course where I was informed that the membership was entirely Jewish, and the only Christian admitted was the priest. The implied compliment speaks for itself.

So crowded were the days that followed that it is impossible to recount their events in the limited space at my disposal. I have, however, fond memories of grand reunions—the dinner at Father Ryan's in San Leandro,

Fitzpatrick, Father Michael Fitzsimmons and Father John Hunt. (It was with very great sorrow that I learned of Father Hunt's death. He was the doyen of St. Kieran's men in San Francisco, and began his missionary career just a few months before the great earthquake of 1906. An appreciation of his life and work appears elsewhere in the RECORD.)

I must not forget the entertainment I received at the hands of those priests for



*Seated:* VERY REV. CANON LOUGHRY, MOST REV. H. DONOHUE, Auxiliary Bishop of San Francisco (now Bishop of Stockton), VERY REV. CANON HAROLD.  
*Standing:* REV. T. VEREKER, REV. E. KAVANAGH, VERY REV. J. KENNY, VERY REV. M. WALSH, VERY REV. P. DERMODY, VERY REV. J. HUNT (R.I.P.), VERY REV. P. RYAN, VERY REV. T. NUGENT (R.I.P.), VERY REV. N. McCABE, VERY REV. C. THOMSON, VERY REV. J. FORRISTAL, VERY REV. J. DERMODY, REV. R. DOHENY, VERY REV. W. DILLON.

graced by the presence of Bishop Donohue, and attended by so many old friends of former days; my stay with Father James Forristal at Martinez, and its highlight, a day's fishing in San Francisco Bay with our speedboat dodging in and out between units of the American Navy; fun and games at that most hospitable of oases, the presbytery of Father John Walsh of Ballagh, Co. Kilkenny; invitations from the Fathers Dermody, Father John Kenny, Father Tom Murphy, Father Michael Walsh, Father Joe

whom St. Kieran's was but a name. Fathers Clogher, Farrell, Coffey and Daly are names which spring immediately to mind.

It must have been about mid-October when Father Ryan suggested that it was time for me to mix a little business with pleasure, and told me that I had been invited to the Serra Convention in Monterey. The object of this Society is the fostering of vocations to the priesthood, and to the religious states, and to my surprise among the themes to be discussed at the coming convention was one

which we at home may find difficult to understand, but which does throw a light upon an attitude towards vocations not uncommon in America. At a clerical session which preceded the convention I listened to a long discussion on the loss suffered by the Church through parental opposition to vocations, and was told that the members of Serra pledge themselves each within his sphere of influence to combat this tendency. The fear that a son or daughter may not persevere, and the consequent psychological upset which may result, was considered to be the main cause of the parental attitude.

To the European the idea of doing business at breakfast must seem anathema, but in America it is not so, and at 8.45 a.m. I found myself sitting down to a formidable meal in the Casa Muras—a Spanish style restaurant in the town of Monterey—surrounded by about 250 men and a sprinkling of priests. Streamlined is the only adjective I can find to describe this meeting. A ruthless chairman, three short lectures from, in turn, a convert high school teacher, a doctor and a lawyer, whose grasp of Catholic doctrine was a revelation; a series of visual aids around the walls—one had little doubt about the exact nature of the matter under discussion. After another meeting in the evening, we finished in true Latin tradition with a private recital given by members of the San Francisco Grand Opera.

Monterey lies due south of San Francisco; below it are Los Angeles and San Diego. It is a strange amalgam of the old and the new, for it is the cradle of Western Catholicism and retains in a splendid state of preservation the string of ancient mission churches which dot the coastline, while rubbing shoulders with these venerable monuments can be found all that is modern and exotic in the way of tourist attractions. Though the Spanish Crown claimed Monterey in 1542 it was not until 226 years later that it was colonised, and the Franciscan Junipero Serra founded his mission at Carmel. The walls of this monastery and church, mellowed by the suns of California, have taken on a rich dun colour, and since they are constructed from adobe brick they make the interior as cool as a well, and as dark. When by accident I

opened a side door and stepped out into the blinding light of the cloister and felt the sun on my back I readily appreciated the good sense of those old world architects.

My visit to Monterey ended on Pebble Beach golf course—the mecca of American golfers. A distinguished past pupil of St. Kieran's when asked what he considered the highlight of his American tour replied: "I had a bogey in Seattle". It may not have been the highlight of my holiday, but I did have a bogey on the green that fronts the residence of Bing Crosby on Pebble Beach. Of the great man himself I saw no sign.

On 19th October my good friends in San Francisco put me on a plane for Los Angeles. For 400 miles we flew over the Sierra Lucia, a series of low hills, saw-edged and rugged and wholly uninteresting. At the airport to greet me was Father Michael Lalor, and later that afternoon we were joined by Father John Curran. Without delay we set out for San Diego, intending to return to Los Angeles later in the week. Overnight we stayed in Soboda Springs where I had my first experience of staying in a motel. As motels go it was of original design, its apartments detached little houses built in the style of primitive Indian dwellings. Mine was a wigwam. Inside it was the perfect anomaly with its T.V., radio, and most elaborate bath and shower. Despite the shrill noise of the cicadas in the eucalyptus trees I slept well, and by 7.30 next morning it was hot enough to sit out in front of my wigwam where, surrounded by cactus plants with leaves as big as canoe paddles, I read my breviary, my sole companion a bird not unlike a robin perched upon an imitation Indian water pitcher.

By evening we were in San Diego where I was the guest of Father (now Monsignor) Kenny in Chula Vista. In this house where the pastor is guide, philosopher, and at times Dean of Discipline to our younger contingent in San Diego, I was to spend much longer than I had planned. In all, twenty-seven St. Kieran's priests work in this diocese. When possible they meet in groups to take their recreation in common, and one can sense the contentment that is theirs so many miles away from the homeland. I look back

with pleasure at a full muster of these men beneath the roof of Monsignor John Purcell in his island parish of Coronado. With a feeling of pardonable pride I realised that among those present—and I include our host—were Monsignors Forristal, Clerkin and Dillon, all with over thirty years of service behind them as builders and administrators, and in the case of Monsignor Forristal a high reputation as a writer in many well-known reviews.

The day after this reunion Monsignor Kenny entrusted me to the tender mercies of three of our recent graduates with some trenchant remarks about speed limits to Father P. O’Keeffe, his assistant, who was nominated as chauffeur on the trip to Indio in the Conchella Valley where we were to visit Father Sean Rhatigan. The way took us over a mountain range 4,000 feet above sea level, then down a tortuous road 280 below, and I had the thrill of seeing a wild coyote spring for its life over a fence when for the moment our driver forgot his pastor’s briefing. It was very hot indeed on the valley floor, and for miles we drove between forests of date-palms, their fruit hanging down in giant clusters, each enclosed in what seemed to be a paper bag, presumably for protection. At the southern end of this valley lies Indio where Father Rhatigan has built up a splendid parish with a church of modern but excellent design. We had a grand visit, even if I found it difficult to hold my own in such youthful and exuberant society. The return to San Diego was by another route, which if less spectacular was, I remember, far kinder to my blood pressure.

The following day I had the privilege of being received by Bishop Buddy, and was shown around his new university at Alcala Park. On a regal site overlooking the Bay of San Diego with its hundreds of naval vessels at anchor, is a compact campus which includes the major seminary, a college for men and women, with living accommodation for both, the diocesan chancery, and the blue-domed Immaculata church, a fitting centrepiece to it all. Here it seemed to me was a telling example of the power and resources of the Catholic Church in America. To its founder, Bishop Buddy, must go my

deep thanks for the kindness he has always shown to me and to all who have had connection with St. Kieran’s.

I had now begun to realise that time was running out, and that I must drag myself away from Monsignor Kenny. I bade goodbye to Chula Vista and was driven to Los Angeles by Father Hugh Curneen along Highway 101 which, if I remember correctly, when pursued to the end finishes on the Canadian border.

By early afternoon we reached Santa Ana and were made welcome by Monsignor Christopher Bradley its parish priest. After a short rest and a meal, there followed a conducted tour of the parish properties, where once more the versatility and capacity for work of our past students were evident. Here in Santa Ana the pastor had finished his work, but later in the evening I was to see another begin it when we called round to Father Michael Lalor in Encino, that favourite haunt of the great ones in the movie world. One is given a site—which can cost more than would build a fine church in Ireland—the services of the diocesan architect, the blessing of the building committee, and after that comes the task of raising maybe half a million dollars. I forgot to ask if he had to find the price of the site as well.

That night the, by now inevitable, reunion, organised by Father Michael, took place in the underground cellar of a restaurant, especially reserved for “the Fathers”. The meal was served by a Spanish waiter suspiciously vocal in his protestations of loyalty to Mother Church. This gathering was unique in that it included two pioneer priests, Father Tom Morris (class 1911) and Father John O’Donnell (class 1915) now Monsignor, a former Limerick county hurler. Still hale and hearty these men could no doubt a tale unfold, arriving as they did in Los Angeles at a time when it must have been a near-mission diocese and not the colossus it is today.

Later at Father Lalor’s when old and young had departed for their homes I was told that I looked in need of a few days’ rest, and to the suggestion that I take them in the home of Father John Curran at Sichel St. I readily agreed. This is one of the very old

parishes in Los Angeles, and is predominantly Mexican. A friendly people these Mexicans, demonstrative in their piety, and from the number of times the telephone rang it was evident that most of their problems were also the problems of the parish priest. It was in this parish that I had time to see something of the American High School system. High School is very roughly equivalent to our secondary school, and like the majority of such schools in the U.S.A. is staffed—or should I say understaffed?—by nuns, for classes of fifty to sixty pupils are the lot of these dedicated souls. Indeed it is a rare thing to find a school where what we regard as a normal number per class obtains. Where we lag behind is in equipment. There no expense is spared, and I looked with envy upon their science labs., built-in T.V. and radio, chromium-plated coffee percolators, maple-floored assembly halls and so on.

As I entered the vestibule of this school, four or five girls were engaged in fixing a mosaic of Our Lady on one of the walls. With the plan before them they fitted the minute pieces into the wet mortar, and so absorbed were they that we passed by unnoticed. This I was informed was an “art project” and part of the normal classwork. In the school library some twenty girls worked at small tables surrounded by reference books—this again was “project” work by which the student is encouraged to “find it out for herself”. In contrast to this—to me—deep act of faith in juvenile human nature there was evidence of a rigid discipline everywhere, and this was true of other schools which I visited, and they were many. Side by side with discipline I found a delightful frankness and independence among the pupils, and in all cases impeccable manners. It occurred to me that those of us who glean our ideas of American schools from the *Blackboard Jungle* type of film can rest assured that the producers of such films never got their inspiration in a Catholic school!

It was 2nd November, when with Fathers Curran and Lalor I arrived in Bakersfield in the diocese of Monterey Fresno to meet our past pupils in that area. My host was Father Andrew Delaney whose kingdom lies in the agricultural centre of California. For

miles in all directions stretched fields of cotton, corn and tomatoes, right up to the rectory door in fact. My visit coincided with the first rain to fall in many months and when it had ceased I wandered out behind the brand new church and rectory. Here on the edge of a cotton field I came upon two concrete pits, each about six feet deep, their bottoms strewn with charred bones, which (lest I might have any ideas to the contrary) my host assured me were the remains of his most recent barbecue—one of the very many ways of paying off the parish debt. The last had brought in about \$2,000!

Soon I was being greeted by Father Paddy Leddy and Father Owen McMullan, both of whom were my contemporaries in St. Kieran's and both within the past year elevated to the rank of Monsignor. After dinner Father Andy produced his violin and soon had us far away in spirit with the music of the homeland, played as only he could. A memorable evening!

My stay in Bakersfield was all too short, and once again I was presented with an air ticket for the next stage of the pilgrimage—Truckee, in the diocese of Sacramento, via Las Vegas and Reno. The Nevada desert over which we flew for most of the way had all the strange beauty of nature's desolate spaces, though by the time we touched down in Las Vegas I confessed to have seen enough of it. Las Vegas is a long narrow town planted right in the desert, and given over completely to the gambling “industry”. I was told in Bakersfield that a visit for lunch to the Desert Inn was a “must” for the traveller, so taking my courage in my hands I crossed its portals. Any fears I may have had were instantly set at rest, for the first sight to greet my eyes was the majestic figure of a famous cardinal surrounded by bishops and priests; unknown to myself I had gate-crashed “The Pan-American Convention of Women's Catholic Action”. I ate my lunch in a quiet corner, gazing out the while upon what must have been an acre or so of blue swimming pool. Returning to the airport yet another surprise awaited me in the person of Father Ed. Cavanagh who was the Sacramento delegate to the aforementioned convention. He was my companion in a very nasty flight

through an electric storm over the mountains into Reno, where an anxious Father Pat O'Neill stood ready to transport me to his mountain retreat in Squaw Valley. As Mr. P. G. Wodehouse would say, to pass through Reno was with us the work of a moment, but I did have time enough to see a huge illuminated archway over the Truckee river which bore the modest legend "Reno the Biggest Little City in the World". By the time we reached Truckee we had climbed to 600 feet above sea level, and the icy nip in the air was a pleasant change from the heat of the past few weeks.

Squaw Valley, the site of the Winter Olympics of 1960, has since become the St. Moritz of the American continent, and the rich man's paradise. In summer it attracts even greater numbers, who find the trout fishing in nearby Lake Tahoe irresistible. On the following Sunday I celebrated Mass in Father O'Neill's church, dedicated to Our Lady of the Snows, which he erected in the face of great opposition just in time to cater



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MCINTYRE officiates at opening ceremony of Church of Our Lady of the Snows, Squaw Valley, California.

for the thousands who flocked to the Olympics.

It was a unique experience. The high altar looks out through a floor-to-ceiling window of plain glass. A few hundred yards away, rising sheer to a height of 8,500 feet is the Squaw Peak mountain, and away to the left the Olympic ski jump, looking for all the world like the frozen spillway of some great dam. In the reflected light from the surrounding snow the white Appalachian oak and the Californian redwood which decorate the interior glowed and glittered in a way I had never seen before or since. It was no surprise to learn that it was awarded first prize for the "Church of the Year" in the All American competition of 1960.

After Mass we drove around the perimeter of Lake Tahoe, the "Sapphire in the Sky", as it is often called, 150 square miles in area and noted for its giant trout. Standing on a bridge over an inlet I did something for which the penalty at home could be, and should be, a month or two in jail. I fed the monsters with salmon eggs bought at a nearby kiosk.

Some forty miles to the east of Squaw Valley lies the site of the '49 Gold Rush. The romance associated with such places as Virginia City, Silver City and Coloma has now passed into history. Looking down at them from the summit of Mount Rose, 10,000 feet up, we could not but think of the three Kilkenny men, Bishop Manogue, first Bishop of Sacramento, native of Ballycallan and the two Fathers Dermody from Crobally all of whom worked there as pioneers, though not at the same time.

The days in this lovely place went by all too quickly, and on 8th November, Election Day, Father O'Neill cast his vote and we set out for Klamath Falls in the State of Oregon to meet the priests of the diocese of Baker. This journey, made by car, took us some 300 miles due north along a good but narrow road. Leaving the desert, we entered the forest country so characteristic of Oregon; now and then a swathe of blackened tree trunks, at times maybe a half mile wide, stretched away to the horizon and made it easy to appreciate the reason for the fine one incurs for throwing a lighted cigarette end on the highway.



### BAKER, OREGON

*Front Row:* MONSIGNOR MICHAEL McMAHON, CANON LOUGHRY, MONSIGNOR TIMOTHY CASEY, MONSIGNOR CROTTY.

*Back Row:* REV. HENRY BEEGAN, REV. AUSTIN CRIBBEN, VERY REV. PATRICK GAIRE.

As we sped along we listened on the radio with growing gloom to the predictions of "Univac", the electronic computer, on the probable result of the election—"twenty to one in favour of Nixon" cried the man who announced them—with very obvious satisfaction. By late evening the tone of his voice was somewhat hollow, and when we reached the presbytery of Monsignor Tim Casey at Klamath Falls we found a jubilant company of clerics ready to celebrate what now seemed victory for the first Catholic President.

The presbytery at Klamath has the distinction of being staffed by three St. Kieran's men, for Fathers Cremin and Beegan are assistants to Monsignor Casey. Present also

that evening were Monsignor McMahon and Monsignor Crotty, who with Father Gaire had travelled over 400 miles to be with us. I am afraid that it was very late that night when we switched off the T.V. but then all of us for weeks past were in the throes of election fever and who could blame us if we kept vigil until Mr. Nixon finally appeared and gracefully accepted the inevitable?

I cannot easily forget the kindness shown me by the priests of Baker. Theirs is a hard and stern life, but its loneliness is offset by the fact that they live for the most part in towns from which they go out to outlying missions, and even if it means a drive of seventy or eighty miles they visit each other

regularly. When a day later we departed for Sacramento the lilt of Monsignor Casey's Kerry accent, which has diminished not a whit since the day he left St. Kieran's, was music to the ear.

Father O'Neill was determined that we travel by the coast road to Sacramento though it involved a trip of nearly 500 miles, but by now I had become innured to programmes of this sort and offered no objection. By the second day out we had reached the Redwood forests which border the Pacific coast for miles and miles. These Redwoods are all that one reads of them. We did the usual tourist things—bought souvenirs in a sizable shop inside one of them, drove the car through an archway cut in another, walked around the 101 ft. circumference of a third and saw the ring on a sawn-off trunk which showed the size of the tree in the year of the signing of the Magna Carta. Small towns given over to the lumber trade lie along this route, and some of the names speak for themselves—O'Brien, Murphy, Casey, Williams and so on. It was of interest that many of the families, after whom these places were named, have long since ceased to be Catholics, due to the dearth of priests in this region up to very recent times.

On our arrival in Sacramento we made our way to Father Ed. Cavanagh's orphanage on the outskirts of the city and found assembled a gathering of local clergy, and some of our own past pupils, presided over by His Excellency Bishop McGucken. In this diocese the majority of the clergy are from Ireland, and the number grows from year to year. New parishes are being founded everywhere, and many of our young men are faced within a few years of their arrival with the responsible task of sharing in this development. Father Cavanagh, our host, is doing a fine job in his orphanage which draws its main source of revenue from the prune farm which is his responsibility. Many of the "orphans" are children of broken homes, and I thought it very pathetic to see as I did some luxurious cars draw up, whose owners, presumably, were either the mothers or fathers of some of the inmates.

This was actually my second visit here, as some weeks before we had run up for a

special St. Kieran's Union, and on that occasion all our recent exiles were there for a hilarious and happy few hours. The good nuns who take care of this institution make it a home-from-home for our boys, and I doubt if a week passes when one or more of them does not avail himself of its hospitality. It was for me a consoling experience to see the grand spirit of brotherhood among them all, and especially to notice how much their gracious bishop has done to foster it. To Bishop McGucken and his Chancellor, Monsignor Higgins, I owe a deep debt of gratitude for their kindness to me and to our priests. Before leaving I paid my token of reverence to the great Kilkenny man, Dr. Patrick Manogue, goldminer in the '49 Rush, and first bishop of Sacramento, by saying a few prayers in the cathedral which he built shortly before his death in 1895.

My time in California was now nearing its end, and with a final round of send-off parties culminating with one of 49 guests at Father Phil Ryan's in San Leandro, and a more intimate one at Father Joe Fitzpatrick's on the eve of my departure, I was seen off at the airport at 7.30 a.m. by Fathers Ryan, Forristal, Walsh and Hunt. I felt as if I were leaving home, and I would like the priests up and down the dioceses of California to know that.

For the next four and a half hours, flying in a jet at 31,000 feet, we had perfect visibility all the way across the continent. For me it was a lesson in potted geography with a map in high relief unfolding in front of my eyes. States which heretofore were but romantic names disappeared behind us—Utah, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio and Virginia. Down there somewhere in Iowa were three old friends, Father John O'Connor, Father James Quinlan and Father Patrick Duggan. I thought of them as we passed over, and how nice it would have been if it were possible to drop in on them.

From Baltimore where we landed, it was a short drive by bus to Washington. I had been sitting in the depot on my suitcase for what seemed hours before a very worried-looking Father Chris Twohig dashed in—the "reception committee", he told me, had understood that I was to land in Washington

Airport, and were about to contact the F.B.I. after about two hours of fruitless search. The "innocent abroad" thereupon admitted that he himself had the same idea about his destination! After a short session with the "committee" I was taken to the Catholic University where for the rest of the time I was the guest of Monsignor William McDonald. Other issues of THE RECORD have described this centre of Catholic culture and learning. Its nickname "Little Rome" is easy to understand with the seventy odd religious houses which surround its campus, the beautiful and spacious Church of the

Immaculate Conception, and the 6,000 Catholic students who come there from every corner of the U.S.A. What a thrill one gets to realise that "one of ours" is now guiding its destinies; one who is so modest, so simple and so prodigal of his time in all that concerns his guests. The days which followed were crowded days. There was a tour of the university with the Vice-Rector as guide. I saw the newly installed atomic reactor, the library for which the university is justly famous, and had a look in at the work of those now engaged in bringing out the New Catholic Encyclopaedia. On another



#### WASHINGTON, D.C.

*Seated:* REV. CANICE TREACY, REV. CHRIS. TWOHIG, VERY REV. CHARLES COMASKEY, RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR MACDONALD, VERY REV. CANON LOUGHRY, VERY REV. MARTIN QUINN, REV. P. J. O'BRIEN.

*Standing:* REV. JAS. REDDY, MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN, FRANCIS BOURKE, THOMAS SHEEHAN, JOHN LENIHAN, EAMONN DIGNAN, MICHAEL BOURKE, JOHN MADIGAN, DESMOND MURPHY, MICHAEL KIDD, OLIVER O'MAHEDY.

day, with Fathers Des Murphy and Andy Cassin, I gained entrance to the F.B.I. and had a chat with one of the "high-ups", a parishioner of Father Murphy. To end this visit we were taken to the shooting range beneath the building, where one of the Special Squad gave us an exhibition of sharp-shooting, and then presented me with the target, a human figure in outline, nicely perforated in exact accordance with our somewhat grisly instructions!

The picture which goes with this article shows how with some of the priests from Camden diocese we did honour to the College.

I was not permitted to leave Washington without a visit to that most faithful son of St. Kieran's, Father Martin Quinn, whose parish lies across the Potomac in the diocese of Richmond. Due to its proximity to the Pentagon there has been enormous growth in the Catholic population there. Though his only college companion in Richmond is Father Comaskey, Father Quinn is not lonely for St. Kieran's men, as his house is open to all the younger generation, so many of whom have gone to nearby Washington over the past ten years. During my stay I saw something of lovely Virginia with its gracious white-pillared colonial mansions and its many places steeped in American history.

Before leaving Washington I was privileged, in company of Monsignor McDonald, to spend an evening with its bishop who is most anxious to add to his supply of Kilkenny priests.

The events of the next five days happened in such quick succession that my friends in St. Augustine and Mobile must forgive me if in trying to recall them I may seem a little vague. The plane from Washington developed engine trouble, luckily before we took off, and how long Father Leo Danagher and his two companions, Father Sean Skehan and Father Pat Sullivan, awaited our arrival in Jacksonville I can only guess. However it was all forgotten when I was driven to Father Danagher's house where most of our young priests in St. Augustine and a few from Miami were assembled.

In this corner of America the accent is on

youth, and youth is an advantage in this rapidly expanding part of the Church. In addition to his ordinary pastoral duties the priest in very many cases must take classes in Christian Doctrine and at times in secular subjects in the schools, and act as clerk of works in his spare time on some building project. Despite the strain, I saw no signs of imminent collapse in any of the gay throng, and if much is demanded of them, their bishops are more than generous when holiday time comes round; as often as not the holiday is spent at home in Ireland.

With Fathers Danagher and Condren the journey south to Daytona Beach was made next day, and on the way I had the unexpected view of a rocket going up from nearby Cape Canaveral; later that evening the pastor of that place informed us that it was a misfire! In Daytona we found its parish priest, Father James Nugent—since then appointed Chancellor of St. Augustine diocese—reclining on a chaise-longue, his foot encased in an outsize plaster-cast, the result of an ill-conceived kick at a football in his school playground. Here in a white-timbered house, a legacy from some lay Catholic, we spent the night. By 6 p.m. the house had filled up, and I am sure the company will recall "the feast of reason" which followed a certain conversational ball thrown in by one of the guests—who was pulling whose leg I have yet to decide, but it was all very innocent fun.

From Daytona Beach to Orlando and Father Terry Farrelly, beloved for his generous nature and his kindly wit. As we drove through the orange and lemon groves along the road to Petersburg, his dry humour ranged over a variety of topics, and before I had realised it we had entered the outskirts of the city where His Grace Archbishop Hurley had arranged to do honour to St. Kieran's with a dinner in the house of Monsignor Patrick Trainor. The number and variety of non-Catholic churches in this region is surprising. Most of them are newly built and are either Baptist or Methodist, though one bizarre specimen had over its door the caption "2nd Church of Christ Scientist". Many of these churches are supported by a system not unlike the tithing



### MOBILE, ALABAMA

REV. FATHER NOONAN, FATHER R. GAHAN (R.I.P.), CANON LOUGHRY, MONSIGNOR THOS. CULLEN, FATHER THOS. CULLEN.

levy of bygone days in Ireland and England.

In Petersburg we found a clerical conference in session, but under the guidance of Father John Lenihan, Director of Catholic Charities in St. Augustine, our day was well planned right until 7 p.m. when at Monsignor Trainor's hospitable presbytery we joined the group of local clergy for dinner. The archbishop in a graceful speech paid tribute to our priests and to Ireland. I can only offer my apologies to Monsignor Trainor, who so kindly invited me to his house, for my precipitate exit at nine to catch a plane for Mobile, in Alabama, some few hundred miles away. By midnight, after we had crossed a part of the Mexican Gulf, the lights of Mobile were beneath us, and I was shepherded to the home of that great and good friend of St. Kieran's, Monsignor Tom Cullen, whose tireless efforts over the past few years have drawn a steady stream of

young Irish priests to the diocese of Mobile. His fatherly interest in all our past pupils was brought home in telling fashion to me, even in the short time I spent there.

Next day I met one who was my companion in the national school of my native parish. Father Dick Gahan went to Mobile in 1931 when its undeveloped state made it a hard and unrewarding mission in every sense of the word. Little did I think that within the year he was to be called to his eternal reward. Behind him he left a record of selfless devotion to duty, despite many years of grave ill-health, and he will be remembered long by his fellows for the holiness of his life. R.I.P.

The Mobile of those early years is now passed and gone, for with the transfer of many wartime industries a transformation has taken place, and though the colour problem looms large, the Catholic Church

does not appear to suffer much embarrassment. As elsewhere nuns and brothers shoulder the work of hospitals and schools, and here too Ireland has played a noble part. Despite great pressure from Monsignor Cullen to stay a while longer, I had to depart within twenty-four hours, this time for another longish hop to Birmingham for a quick look-in at Father Paddy Murphy and his near neighbour, Father T. Hill. What a warm welcome I had from his pastor, Monsignor Cazalas! After a trip in a powerful speedboat up the Warrior River in the falling dusk we returned home to dinner, and to my surprise the guests, Monsignor Keyes and a priest of the Byzantine Rite, who has a small congregation in the city, were handed song books and for over an hour we made music under the baton of our friend from the East, who before he left for home presented me with a leather-bound copy of his Missal. I was interested to find that it was in English and that the late Holy Father allowed him to carry out his whole liturgy in that language.

By the following evening I was in New York where for five days I slowly recovered in the quietude and near solitude of the bachelor apartment of Mr. Kieran Fennelly, a friend who hails from the parish of Galmoy. With Mr. Michael Sherin, brother of Father Con, I spent one evening, was driven to the airport by Mr. Pat Walsh, President of the Kilkennymen's Association of New York, had my passport endorsed by a past pupil of St. Kieran's, Mr. M. Heffernan of Glenmore, and six hours later felt the ice on the hand-rail of the ladder as I climbed down from the aircraft at Shannon. So ended my pilgrimage.

Before finishing I feel that I must apologise for having to omit so many names in this account. To include all those past pupils who contributed to the pleasure of my holiday would make this article look like a long

extract from the *Catholic Directory*. I hope, indeed I am certain, that they will understand.

Of set purpose I have refrained from indulging in any weighty pronouncements on the American scene. Let me say just this: I found something *vital* in American Catholicism. That drive which is the hallmark of civil life has, I think, taken hold of the Church. I mean this in the best sense of the word, and though any priest there will readily admit to a great leakage among Catholics, the balance is certainly on the other side. How else explain the unprecedented demand for more priests in every corner of the United States? The prestige of the Church has never been so high—the election result seems proof enough of that.

Into this highly charged atmosphere our young priests go, but despite the many handicaps under which they find themselves in a strange environment, they soon adapt themselves to its requirements. If what I have written gives the impression that a priest's life over there is one long round of clerical parties, as well it might, it should be remembered that I also saw them at work. If American Catholics are generous to a fault—and they are—they are also demanding of their priests, expect a high standard of service, and are quite outspoken if perchance they think they are not getting it. Of paramount importance there is the ability to speak in public. They themselves are polished speakers, and are very vocal in their criticism of the priest who lacks this skill. Side by side with this exist a wonderful kindness and understanding which more than compensate for the nostalgia which willy nilly must tug at the heartstrings of every exile.

To see the Kingdom expand around and about you; to know that under God you put a stone upon a stone—therein must lie a satisfaction denied to us who work at home and who of necessity conserve but do not create.

# Pioneers in North America

Very Rev. E. Dowling, P.P.

**T**HE early days of St. Kieran's witnessed the continuance of the struggle between Great Britain and her former American colonies, which did not cease until 1812, but the way to Canada was open, weather and privateers permitting. The fishing fleets for Newfoundland assembled regularly in Waterford harbour, and in these small craft, working their passage, our first young missionaries crossed the Atlantic. The convenience of these fishing vessels as a ready means of transport probably accounts for the numbers of Irish to be found in Canada and Newfoundland. When many a poor fellow, goaded into outlawry, and thousands who had never lifted a hand against the law were constrained to seek out these fishing fleets, their priests urged by pastoral solicitude followed them. Perhaps with the first of these priests, from Ossory and elsewhere, sailed the last of the heroic exiles who, as our records tell us, crossed the ocean every three years or so to make their Easter duty in Waterford.

The Newfoundland mission seems to have been the first popular one in St. Kieran's College. From Maudlin Street, as early as 1811-1813, went Charles Dalton and Nicholas Devereux, a Wexfordman. Father Dalton became a Franciscan and eventually served as Vicar-General of Newfoundland under his nephew, the first Bishop of Harbour Grace. Two Ferns students followed later from

Birchfield, James Murphy and Patrick Cleary, who was Dean of Newfoundland in 1859.

Nor was traffic all outward bound. Michael Berny and Morgan Nowlan (1827) and James Walsh (1833), entered in the college books as from "Newfoundland parish", are to be found in the early registries serving as parish priests in their home diocese. Kilkenny names in Newfoundland, like Fathers Edward O'Keeffe, James Forrestal, Kyran Walsh, John Vereker and Martin Bergin are in the absence of other records too common to make identification a certainty. Two Birchfield men, however, we can be sure of, Very Rev. William Forrestal and Father Edward Martin who left his curacy in Rathdowney to become parish priest of St. Bride's, Newfoundland.

Later Newfoundland boys who came to St. Kieran's for their studies were: William Fitzpatrick, Stephen Flynn, Bernard Walsh, and Michael Shortis—who died during his course at the College after a long illness—and John St. John (1864) from, aptly enough, St. John's. He later went to Propaganda College, Rome. If to these we may add the names of those mentioned by Canon Holohan in a pamphlet dated 1875, the Ven. Archdeacon Walsh of St. John's, who died in 1873, and his nephews, Father John Walsh and Father Michael Walsh (Superior of the College of St. Bonaventure) it would make the St. Kieran's priests in those days nearly fifty per cent of the clergy of the island.

Our accounts of the early Kilkenny missionaries in Canada are very meagre. The Irish newspapers, to which we are so indebted for our records, were not interested in that particular colony. The Catholic Directories up to 1874 give practically no help, the lists of priests in the various dioceses not being given. Information in the college account books is equally scant. In 1871 William Purcell of Mooncoin "left for the Bishop of

This article is compiled almost entirely from the notebooks of the late **Father Edward Dowling, P.P.**, but grateful acknowledgment is made to the publishers of *Hallowed were the Gold Dust Trails* (Walsh), a history of the diocese of Sacramento from which additional material was drawn.

Sandwich, Canada"—he being another Mooncoin man, Dr. John Walsh. In 1874 we find the names of "Messrs Elliott and Gallagher, Toronto". They performed at a concert in the following summer. Edward Butler (1839-45) was in Halifax in 1851 and appears on the list of commissioned military chaplains there in 1864. John Murphy, again of Mooncoin, left the College in 1871 to study in Waterford for Sandwich, Canada.

But the most distinguished, as far as we know, of St. Kieran's pioneer-priests in Canada, William Dollard of Rathkieran has the briefest of entries in the college books. He is mentioned by Dr. Marum as a philosopher in September, 1813. Canon Carrigan found his name—in a fragment now missing, dated 1814-15—classed as a second-year theologian along with an Edward Walsh, also of Rathkieran. These two men, having completed their course in Maudlin Street and Birchfield, received commendatory letters from their Superiors, and set forth in the fashion of the day to find a bishop and a diocese. They decided to cross the seas to Quebec, then the only diocese in Canada. While waiting for their vessel in Waterford, Edward Walsh was summoned back to Birchfield, to become in turn professor, President of the College and Bishop of Ossory.

His friend William Dollard set out alone. (Henry McKeagney, another Maudlin Street student, two years his junior, probably followed him later.) On arrival he was ordained priest in Quebec, and sent to Cape Breton as a missionary among the Indians who had adhered with remarkable fidelity to the religion taught them originally by the Jesuits, "the black gowns". While with this simple flock the young Ossory priest led a life of severest hardship. Living with them in their camp, he shared all the privations to which they were exposed. Many years afterwards, when Bishop of New Brunswick, he would narrate with delight anecdotes of his mission among the Redskins.

On one occasion he was summoned to visit an Indian who lay at the point of death twenty-seven miles away in the forest. It was mid-winter and the ground everywhere covered in deep snow. Accompanied by his

guide, armed with a staff and his feet protected by snowshoes, the priest was soon on his way. Before starting he shared breakfast with his companion, who with commendable forethought, though much to the disgust of the priest, wrapped up the remnant of the meat in a rag of uninviting appearance, and placed it in a pouch which he hid away in his breast. Ten miles on, they sat down on a fallen tree to rest. The Indian drew forth his treasure, unwrapping the rag with much solemnity, cut off portion of the meat and offered it to the priest. Father Dollard declined, saying he was not hungry. "Then me eat it, Father", said the Indian, and devoured it with the most intense relish. At the end of a further five miles trudging they again halted, the priest now feeling faint as well as tired. Again the Indian unwrapped the meat, which the priest now viewed without the same involuntary rising of the gorge. Cutting off a liberal portion, the Redskin with an insinuating manner and in the softest voice said: "Father, maybe you take some now?"

"Yes, my child, I think I will", replied the priest.

"And", concluded the Bishop of New Brunswick, "I can assure you that I never ate anything sweeter in all my life".

The hardships he endured among the Indians, travelling long distances on skates and snowshoes in winter, by canoe when rivers and lakes were navigable, sleeping where he could, sometimes huddled under an upturned canoe, brought on severe haemorrhage, and he had to spend two years in hospital in Montreal. No sooner recovered than he went to work among the Indians in the north of New Brunswick, an immense district where the temperature is below zero for four months of the year. Transferred to Frederickton, he became Vicar General of the new diocese of Charlottetown. There he met his greatest cross: smallpox broke out among the Indian camps. It was at such a moment (to quote the words of Canon Murphy) that the Ossory priest displayed the courage and self-devotion which formed so noble a feature of his character. When the timid savages fled in horror from the mysterious enemy that was hourly striking down

the stoutest braves and making desolate their wigwams, Father Dollard knelt by the crude couch of the sufferer, nursed him and prayed with him, and consoled him, and when death released the soul of the poor Indian from its swollen and ghastly tenement of clay, the dauntless priest took that festering body in his arms and placed it in the grave which he had previously dug for its reception. Is it to be wondered at that the Church should have made the progress it has since made in New Brunswick, when such was the spirit of its early missionaries?

In 1842, New Brunswick was formed into a separate diocese from Charlottetown. Father Dollard was consecrated first bishop on 11th June, 1843. He died in August, 1851, beloved by men of every race and creed, "a man", in the words of the historian of his diocese, "of apostolic virtue, and a typical pioneer bishop".

Dr. Patrick Phelan, Bishop of Kingston, who, though a student of the once-flourishing Castlemarket Academy, was not a St. Kieran's man, Bishop William Walsh of Halifax, and Bishop John Walsh of London, Ontario, numbered many Kilkenny names among their priests, but again, these names are re-iterated so often in the college rolls as to make actual identification too much a matter of guesswork. That many of them were students of St. Kieran's is at least a reasonable inference.



It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the history of the Catholic Church in the United States could be delineated almost in terms of St. Kieran's men. They were not by any means the most important ecclesiastical element—the great Orders, the French refugee priests washed up on the western shores by the Revolution, these were in the vast majority—but St. Kieran's men were in practically every diocese from the dawn of the American hierarchy.

Dr. Connolly, the first Bishop of New York, adopted Michael O'Gorman of Kilmacow, in Birchfield, ordained him and brought him in the autumn of 1815 on a long 68-day voyage to New York. Another

Birchfield student, Richard Bulger, was actually the first priest ordained in New York (1820). In 1816 Dr. Connolly wrote that the Catholics of New York and its district numbered about seventeen thousand, and that there were only four priests in the diocese. He postulated for Father O'Gorman as his co-adjutor. The request, though favourably considered by Propaganda, was at length turned down. Not until almost two



**BISHOP WILLIAM DOLLARD**

This portrait is believed to have been drawn by a sailor as the bishop was preaching.

years after Dr. Connolly's death was a successor appointed, Jean Dubois, a Frenchman, classfellow of Robespierre and Desmoulins at the College Louis le Grand.

In 1820 Dr. Patrick Kelly (pupil of the Academy and third President of Birchfield) was consecrated Bishop of Richmond, Virginia. His brief stay of eighteen months gave him little more than time to heal the dissensions in that diocese. He was transferred early in 1822 to the vacant See of Waterford

and Lismore which he governed with much energy and decision. In no small way he was personally responsible for the result of the famous "Stuart's election" of 1826, which secured the defeat of the Beresfords and paved the way for Catholic Emancipation. His stole is still preserved in the Museum in St. Kieran's.

The first two priests ordained in Boston were also Kilkenny students, Denis Ryan in 1817 and Patrick Byrne in 1820. When the Bishop, Dr. Cheverus, was ordered back to his native France because of ill-health three years later, they were still the only two priests in an area now covering eight dioceses. Father Patrick Byrne, according to an American obituary, died at New Bedford on 5th December, 1844, aged fifty-two years.

Father John O'Dwyer, O.S.A. of Cappahayden, who made his preliminary studies at Birchfield, was ordained in Rome and went to Philadelphia where he became distinguished by his great zeal and ability. He was elected Bishop of Savannah but was stricken down with brain fever while on his way to be consecrated and died at Baltimore in May, 1850.

Not only did students get adopted for American dioceses and eventually proceed to these dioceses as priests, but many left home while students to be ordained on their arrival or to finish their studies in American colleges. Patrick Phelan of Rathbeagh left Burrell's Hall for the States, where he became a priest. Richard Hennessy of Callan was ordained in Harrisburg by the first bishop of that diocese.

To take five students who left the College in 1849:

John Comerford of Coolraheen was ordained shortly after his arrival in New York.

John Prendergast of Ballyduff, Inistioge, went to Holy Cross College, Worcester, and became a Jesuit. After his ordination he became professor of poetry and mathematics in Georgetown University.

Richard Phelan of Sralee, Ballyragget, who answered the personal appeal of the first bishop of Pittsburg, was ordained in 1854. He became co-adjutor bishop in 1885 and at his death in 1904 was head of a diocese which, in organisation, in the personnel of

its clergy and its equipment for the needs of its people, was second to none in the United States.

Richard Maher of Danesfort joined the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Indiana, and was appointed to the staff of the university there. We find him in Ireland in 1887 looking for recruits for his congregation.

Finally, John McEvoy of Galmoy became pastor of St. Stephen's, New York. In a letter home, he spoke of two class-fellows who were laymen in New York—Martin Shea of Ballyragget, who kept that familiar adjunct to houses of prayer, a saloon bar, and Dominic May, on the staff of Horace Greeley's *Tribune*.

One of the most adventurous of all students of St. Kieran's in America was Thomas Hore of Ferns, who came to Birchfield as early as 1817. At the conclusion of the theological course he went out to his former president, Bishop Kelly of Richmond, who ordained him on his arrival (1821). Whether because of distress at the cool reception accorded Dr. Kelly, or, as his biographer states, in consequence of ill-health, he returned to his native land soon after the bishop's transfer to Waterford and Lismore, and was appointed curate in Camolin. The famine years pressed heavily on his people and he persuaded them to emigrate in a body. With five hundred Wexford people he sailed from Liverpool to New Orleans, intending to make Little Rock, Arkansas, a settlement for his followers. It proved to be already occupied. Those of his people who were penniless had to take any employment that offered. With the remainder he entered Missouri territory, where he found a resting place, and erected a chapel at a place he called New Wexford, which is now a rising and prosperous town in the archdiocese of Dubuque. Later he established a community of the monks of La Trappe which still flourishes.

Because of ailing health he returned home in 1854 and was appointed to duty in the parish of Ballindaggin. He made a pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land, and at his death in 1864 was parish priest of Cloughbawn.

Figuring prominently in the prize lists of the period with the already mentioned

Richard Phelan was Thomas Hendricken of Dunmore, who entered St. Kieran's a year later, in 1844. He went to Maynooth in 1847 and responded to the call of Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, Bishop of Hartford, for volunteers. He was ordained by Dr. O'Reilly in All Hallows and sailed with him for the States. Dr. O'Reilly came to Ireland again to enlist the help of the Christian Brothers, and returned on the ill-fated *Pacific* which sank with all hands on board in 1856.

In Waterbury, Father Hendricken proved to be a successful church builder and equal to any financial burden. Perhaps because of this remarkable talent he recommended himself to Bishop McFarland as the man best fitted to be first bishop of Providence, which See was established in 1872 by dividing the diocese of Hartford. He was consecrated by Archbishop McCloskey of New York. Having cleared the diocese of debt, he began the work of a new cathedral in 1878. Incorporated into its walls was a block of Kilkenny marble which he took back with him from his last visit to Ireland. This cathedral was described in the *Catholic Family Annual* of 1887 as being "considered by many architectural critics as the finest ecclesiastical structure on the western continent".

A month before his death, which occurred in June, 1886, across the breadth of the United States another Kilkennyman of heroic stature was appointed first bishop of Sacramento. Born in Reisk, Kilmanagh in 1829, Patrick Manogue emigrated to America as a boy. He spent three years studying at St. Mary's College, Chicago with the intention of becoming a priest. In need of money to pursue his studies further and to assist the remainder of his family who had followed him to the States, he left to work in the Californian gold mines. When he had saved sufficient funds he went to St. Sulpice Seminary in Paris and was ordained there on Christmas Day, 1861. Thereupon he returned to California and devoted the rest of his life to the welfare of the miners of the Sierra Nevada.

Fired by admiration for this rugged fellow-countryman, two students in St. Kieran's, James Dermody and Richard Vereker, volunteered for his diocese. On

ordination in 1894 they sailed for New York, and at the wharf there was no sign of the priest who had arranged to welcome them. Wondering what to do next, they sat down on their trunks in their frock coats and plug hats, the subject of speculation on the part of the hack-drivers whose services they had declined. "I wonder who they are? . . . Maybe a couple of ambassadors for the White House . . . No, they must be Irish actors on a tour of the country".

Finally they took a cab to St. Patrick's Cathedral and were ushered into the presence of Cardinal McCloskey. In the course of conversation they mentioned that not many Americans seemed to be wearing plug hats. "Now that you speak of it" said the Cardinal, a kindly man, "I must tell you it isn't just the thing for New York". It being summer they went into a store to buy straw hats and thought it proper to demand black straw hats. The storekeeper shook his head. Black was out of fashion. He showed them box after box of white straw hats, but they were adamant. Then after a search in the basement the storekeeper came up with two black straw hats covered with the dust of the ages. The two priests went on their way, happy and contented.

Next day saw them on a train bound for Sacramento. Before leaving Ireland they had been told they would have to stand an examination in theology when they arrived at their new diocese, so they got out their books and set to study in earnest. When night fell they went to sleep where they sat. A passenger said: "Don't you guys ever go to bed?" and they took him to be one of those Yankees who enjoyed a little joke. Who ever heard of a bed on a train? They had reached Nevada before one of them took a prowl along the train and discovered the existence of Pullman sleepers.

On arrival in Sacramento, they went to the cathedral and rang the bell of the rectory. The door was opened by a big strapping individual who seemed to weigh at least two hundred and fifty pounds, with a linen duster on, holding in his hand a wide straw hat. "What is it?" he enquired. "We want to see the bishop", they replied. "You are now gazing at him", said the doorkeeper. "I

guess ye are the boys I've been looking for. Welcome to Sacramento!"

That account of the trip is Father Dermody's own. He worked more than half a century on the Californian missions until his death in June, 1945, and so forms a link between those pioneering days and our own.

In conclusion one further college name shall be mentioned—that of Dr. Joseph McGrath who became bishop of Baker City

in the neighbouring State of Oregon. Among other St. Kieran's men who worked on the missions in the United States, where so many were and are outstanding, it would be invidious to select names. Sufficient to say that in the footsteps of the earliest missionaries—many whose names are not even recorded—followed a steady stream of priests from St. Kieran's, until at the present day the College is represented in the United States by priests in forty dioceses.

## FROM SLATER'S DIRECTORY OF IRELAND 1856

THE beautiful college of Saint Kyran in the Dublin and Cork road is a Roman Catholic institution, the first stone of which was laid in 1836. It is in the Gothic style from a design of Mr. W. D. Butler of Dublin and it is entirely separated from the city in an enclosed part of about five acres, where the young gentlemen take their recreation. From east to west it is 300 feet, from north to south 42 feet. In the rear are extensive nurseries and an orchard. The front faces the south and is of cut stone, the lay side is on the east, the ecclesiastical on the west; each has a cloister without and corridors within for exercise in wet or warm weather. The centre which was built a few years ago projects both in front and rear and so will the two wings which are to be erected at the sides. In the centre is a grand door, hall,

visitors' rooms, tower, principal stairs and chapel 87 feet by 23 feet. The windows are very beautiful, especially the one in front over the door. The tower is at present 56 feet high, but will be risen 56 feet more; the front of the chapel from base to top of cross is 78 feet. The whole building has already cost about £12,000. The funds were raised partly by the contributions of the Roman Catholic clergy, and the residue from savings, during a series of years, in the old diocesan colleges, now incorporated with this. The course of studies, both for the lay and ecclesiastical students, comprehends the ancient and modern languages, mathematics, arithmetic, and natural philosophy, and by Royal Charter, the pupils are eligible for degrees in the University of London.

# In The News

## REV. T. J. CLOHOSEY

I MET Father Clohosey for the first time in September, 1931. He was then a new professor on the lay side. I was a mere third year student wondering like all my class mates into what category we should place this young priest with the red wavy hair, long stride and many degrees. I can still vividly recall that first face to face meeting when he approached a group of us students standing idly near "the arch" during recreation. He impressed us with his friendliness, his obvious interest in our work and in our play, his natural goodwill and sense of humour. Father Clohosey passed that first critical examination with honours and the hundreds of students who sat in his classroom in the intervening thirty years have given him the same credit mark.

His class subjects were English literature, History and Geography. His teaching and "notes" showed him to be widely read and his method of imparting knowledge brought remarkable successes in public examinations. His success as a teacher was also due to a mutual understanding between class and teacher and a calm atmosphere free from tension and "explosions". During his off-duty periods he liked to ramble round the grounds, breviary in hand, stopping occasionally to have a chat with a group of boys or to watch the games on Wednesday afternoons. He scarcely ever missed a College game, a mark of his interest in the students.

As his colleague on the staff in more recent years I have come to appreciate even more fully the value of his work for the College. He was the curator of the museum. (Readers of the COLLEGE RECORD have enjoyed reading his interesting articles.) As

Dean of Studies for many years he was master of the numerous regulations, programmes and instructions issued by the Department of Education, solving the complex problems of procedure for President and harassed professors alike. His learned extern lectures on historical subjects have added lustre to the good name of St. Kieran's.



He has a lively interest in his own work, an interest which extended to the good of the College in general and which was maintained to the very end. As he himself said so often he liked the College and was very happy there. He certainly served it well.

J. H.



Father Bergin (*right*) shows the accounts to his successor, Father Peter Grant.

#### FATHER PATRICK BERGIN, ST.L., B.A.

IN most of the dioceses of Ireland the rank and file of the clergy will maintain—in bantering mood, it must be admitted—and yet with what substratum of conviction one can never be quite certain—that the priest professor in the diocesan seminary has a comparatively easy life. If challenged on the subject they will point to the short teaching hours per week, the long holiday periods, and so on.

For argument's sake, and for that only, we may concede the point, while inwardly regretting that those people could not have just a week's experience of the seminary classroom. There is, however, one position in the seminary that no priest would covet—the position of Bursar. Here is a post that demands at one and the same time the courage to tackle the greatest diversity of problems, the ability to foresee and overcome countless difficulties, and above all else a well-nigh inexhaustible supply of patience.

St. Kieran's College has been singularly fortunate in the man who held that onerous position for the past ten years and it was

with genuine regret that its staff and students saw him depart in September 1961 to enter his new sphere of activity as curate in Danesfort.

Father Bergin succeeded Father Rowe as Bursar in January 1951 and to his work he brought those gifts and qualities which he had displayed in his distinguished career in St. Kieran's and Maynooth. That striving for perfection which characterised his work made itself evident even in his recreation, and his considerable success on the golf links was a foregone conclusion.

Few of us give a thought to the multitude of problems which confront a bursar—problems of domestic staff, the often petty complaints of students and priests, the maintenance of plant, the complicated accounting in matters financial and the running of a large farm. Far too many burdens one might say to lay on the shoulders of one man, and yet he seemed to make light of them. He had a tremendous interest in, and dedication to his work; the welfare of the College was ever dominant in his life.

The President and staff—reluctant as they were to see him go—and his fellow priests in Ossory, will wish him many happy years in *cura animarum*.

#### EDWARD A. LAWLER

MR. E. A. LAWLER, who retired some months ago as Head of the Public Relations Department of the Electricity Supply Board, was in St. Kieran's from 1910 to 1913. He began his career as a journalist on the *Kilkenny People* and joined the staff of Independent Newspapers in 1919. He travelled all parts of Ireland during the fight for independence and later during the civil strife that followed the acceptance of the Treaty with the British by Dail Eireann in 1922, reporting many of the exciting and tragic events of those years.

Later he was political and special correspondent and in 1928 he was appointed to take charge of the Public Relations Department of the E.S.B. This was about eighteen months before the Shannon Power Development at Ardnacrusha began to generate electricity. The project, planned and pro-

moted by a young Irish engineer, Dr. T. A. McLaughlin, was the initial step in the national electrification scheme that has played such an important part in the social and industrial development of the last few decades.

Under the first Coalition Government from 1948-51 Mr. Lawler was Director of the Government Information Bureau and then he returned to the E.S.B.

He was the first officially named public relations officer in these islands, a distinction

## PROFESSOR LIAM DARCY

THE retirement, at the end of the summer term 1960, of Professor Darcy, brought to a close a long and honoured career on the staff of St. Kieran's. When his spell of devoted service began, Irish education was experiencing the growing-pains which affected all activities in our then infant State and men of fibre were needed.

In addition to his academic abilities and to his gifts as a teacher, Liam Darcy possessed



### PRESENTATION TO MR. DARCY

L. to R.: FATHER T. J. CLOHOSEY, MR. W. DARCY, CANON LOUGHRY,  
MR. P. MCSWEENEY, FATHER T. BRENNAN.

which was thought for many years to be held by the late Sir Stephen Tallents of the British Post Office.

Since his retirement he has resumed active work as a public relations consultant and is at present retained as such by a group of companies in Dublin.

It has been suggested that he should write his recollections of the period 1919-1923 and he tells us that he will probably try to do so—if he can find time.

other—and rarer—qualities which gave completeness to him as a man. As a Christian and as an Irishman his strong sense of duty and purpose permeated all his work in the College and all his activities outside. Those who knew him as a colleague and the students with whom he was associated through the years cannot fail to have been stirred by the deep-seated devotion of this quiet man to the basic things—religion, country and community. To each of these—in private and in

public—he rendered unswerving, if often unobtrusive service.

Now that he has laid down the burden of academic duties it is good to know that he still has interests which keep him active and which—as he would wish—must redound to the advantage of many. “An té go mbíonn an rath ar maidin air, bíonn sé air tráthnóna”. May this Irish saying: “He who is fortunate in the morning is fortunate in the evening”, came true in his case and may all blessings fall on him and on his family in the years to come!

P. MacS.



SEAN O'FARRELL

RELAXING briefly during his hazardous office as President of the Fifth Republic, General de Gaulle is shown greeting the leader of the Irish team at the World Ploughing Championships at Paris last year. He is Sean O'Farrell who has been Managing Director of the National Ploughing Association since

1958. A native of Ballyhale parish, Sean was a pupil in St. Kieran's from 1922 till 1925. His brother, the fondly remembered Father Pat, was on the staff of the College from 1928 until 1949. Sean now farms extensively in Co. Wicklow. He has already guided Irish ploughing teams at the World Championships at Rome and Paris. His main ambition is that Ireland should annex a prize at the World Competition in Holland this year, and we wish him and his team all success.

### CHRISTOPHER COMERFORD

IN view of the pioneering record of St. Kieran's in Agricultural Science—it was due to the exertions of the College authorities that the subject was placed on the programme for the Intermediate Certificate—it was fitting that one of the College students, Tom Hughes, should have obtained first place in Ireland in Agricultural Science in the Leaving Certificate 1960. Among his teachers in the subject in St. Kieran's was Christopher Comerford.

Chris, a native of Windgap, was himself a student in St. Kieran's from 1948-1953. Awarded a County Council Scholarship in Agriculture to U.C.D. he went on to obtain a degree in Agricultural Science in 1957. In October of that year he returned to St. Kieran's as a member of the staff, and in 1959 joined An Foras Taluntais. He now works at University College Experimental Farm at Glasnevin where he is doing research into diseases of root crops. This year Chris obtained his M.Agr.Sc. for “Studies on Club Root of Crucifers with special reference to control”. Hiding under the handsome label, Crucifer, are everyday vegetables like turnips and cabbages, or, as the dictionary states, that botanical family having flowers with four equal petals arranged crosswise. Club Root is a particularly prevalent disease in Ireland, and its eradication would prove a boon to agriculture.

Chris was preceded in St. Kieran's by his brothers, Jim, ordained in 1952 for the diocese of Motherwell, and Todd, who is an Agricultural Instructor with Kilkenny Committee of Agriculture.

**VERY REV. MONSIGNOR  
THOMAS WHITE, B.Ph., S.T.L., D.C.L.**

To East Africa we send our congratulations to a young Ossory priest on his appointment as Papal Privy Chamberlain last year. Monsignor Thomas White, who was recruited for the Diplomatic Service of the Holy See shortly after his ordination in Rome, is now serving as Secretary to the Apostolic Delegate in Nairobi, a Delegation with jurisdiction over a vast area which includes Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, Zanzibar, Sudan Somali Republic, Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Kuwait and the Arabian Peninsula and the islands of Seychelles far out in the Indian ocean.

A native of Durrow, Laois, Thomas White received his early education at the local Presentation Convent and at Cullohill Boys' School before entering St. Kieran's in 1945 where he was preceded by his brother Sean and followed by his brother Willie. A County Council and Entrance Scholarship winner, he annexed a further scholarship in Intermediate of 1948. But his academic successes didn't absorb all his interests and we find him playing on every College hurling team from 1947 to 1950, winning a Junior Leinster medal in '47, Junior, Senior and All-Ireland in '48, Junior and Senior in '49 and Senior and Interprovincial in '50.

He entered the Irish College in Rome in 1950 and secured his B.Ph. and S.T.L. at the Lateran University. Ordained in 1956, he returned that same year to Rome to study Canon Law, but was recruited for the Diplomatic Service of the Holy See and entered the Pontifical Ecclesiastical Academy for the two-year course, during which period he also worked part-time in the Secretariat of State and finished his studies for the D.C.L., presenting a thesis on the "International Legal Position of the Holy See". In August 1960 he took up his present post in Nairobi.

During his period in Rome many historic events such as the Holy Year and the Marian Year took place, but none greater than the passing of the great Pontiff, Pius XII. On that occasion Monsignor White was fortunate to be chosen as Conclavist to Cardinal



D'Alton in the Conclave which elected the present Holy Father, Pope John XXIII.

**SEAN J. WHITE**

AN elder brother of Monsignor Thomas White, Sean was also educated by the Presentation nuns in Durrow and at Cullohill N.S. before entering St. Kieran's in 1940. He later went to University College, Cork, from which he graduated with a B.A. (1st class Hons.) in English and Philosophy. Post Graduate studies at University College, Dublin, H.Dip.Ed. and M.A. (1st Hons.) with thesis on Standish O'Grady. Sean's interest in this neglected figure dates back to a murky half-holiday in St. Kieran's when, whiling away the afternoon in the College library, he stumbled upon *The Bog of Stars*, and made his first contact with the father of the Irish Literary Revival.

Sean taught English at Catholic University School, Dublin, U.C.D. and Maynooth College, and was lecturer at Summer Schools in Trinity College in 1953 and 1955. His four years editorship of *Irish Writing* made

it the most exciting literary magazine in the country, for there is no more discriminating editor and critic than Sean. (He can be pretty ruthless where "flannel phraseology" is concerned!) He has published short stories and articles in *The Bell*, *Irish Writing* and *The Kilkenny Magazine*. He is a regular contributor of book reviews and columns to the *Irish Press*, and frequently broadcasts from Radio Eireann. As lecturer in literature to Adult Education Association he remains a source of encouragement to aspiring writers.

One never hears nowadays of anybody boating down the Nore from Durrow to Kilkenny, but Sean has done it. As father of two children, and a very busy man, he now travels the more usual route.

stood as a Labour Party candidate. He polled so highly at this debut that it was no great surprise that he became a T.D. on the General Election in October 1961.

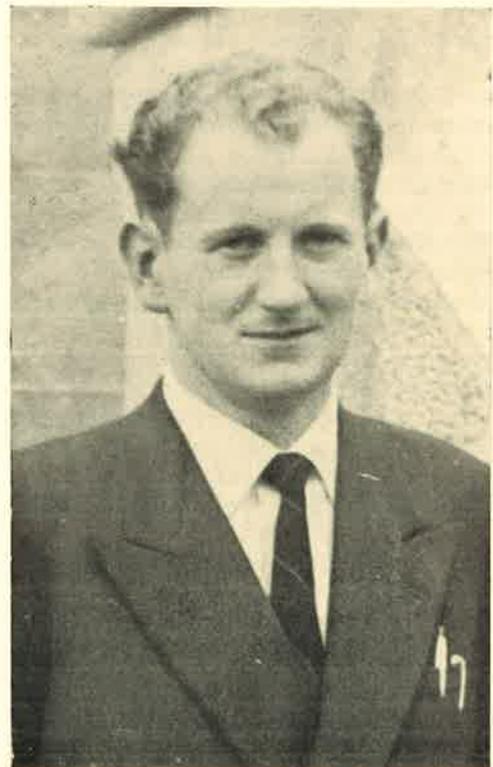
He is at present a member of the Administrative Council of the Labour Party, and one can foresee a bright political career ahead of him. He is also a committee member of St. Kieran's Past Pupils Union, and in this resembles a previous Labour T.D., the late William Davin who had been a member of the Dail for thirty-four years, and a Parliamentary Secretary at the time of his death in 1956.

Seamus's elder brother, Francis, also a St. Kieran's man, was ordained in 1958 for the diocese of San Diego.

### SEAMUS PATTISON, T.D.

WHEN his fellow students were spending recreation time playing hurling or handball, Seamus Pattison was touring the hustings, helping his father to win the seat in the Dail which he held for twenty-one years altogether. No wonder then that Seamus at the age of twenty-five should himself be elected a T.D.

He received his early education in De la Salle School in his native St. Patrick's parish, and entered St. Kieran's in 1950. Having obtained Leaving Certificate in June 1955, he subsequently did a two years' course in Social Science under the Board of Extra Mural Studies of U.C.D. Nothing could have provided a better grounding for a career in public life than this course for which Seamus obtained a diploma in Social and Economic Science in 1959. In June 1960 at a by-election in the Carlow-Kilkenny constituency Seamus





MARTIN D. BATES

ENQUIRING from Captain Martin Bates what triggered off his interest in Russian we learned that he had begun studying Swedish to keep at bay what our quondam President used to encounter sometimes among his students, *taedium vitae*. Then it was suggested to Martin that in the present day world Russian might prove a more practical asset, and thorough type that he is, he is now part-time teacher of the language in U.C.D.

Martin was born in Waterford (1926) and when his family moved to Kilkenny he went to St. John's De la Salle school and entered St. Kieran's in 1940. He obtained a first class scholarship in the Intermediate in 1943. He joined the army as a cadet in 1945 and was commissioned two years later.

In 1957 he was graded a First Class Interpreter in the British War Office examination for Interpreters in Russian. His part-time classes in the University have been extended since 1959 to the Adult Education lectures of the Board of Extra-mural Studies. These

are very popular classes, and Martin sometimes has the pleasure of finding Old Kieran's men—even his seniors—among his students. It happens that another St. Kieran's man—Captain Kevin Kelly from Mullingar—is also a Russian interpreter in the Army. He is now on a year's course in Fort Leavenworth, U.S.A.

Martin rates his most piquant encounter with an Old Kieran's man some years ago in the dying moments of a fiercely contested All-Army hurling final which he was refereeing. A goal had to be disallowed because of a hairline decision in which the benefit of the doubt was given to the defenders. When the whistle sounded, the full forward with a disgruntled glance at the referee slammed the ball well and truly into the net. Then he walked past Martin, and muttered "So much for the old school tie stuff". Looking closer, Martin found it was Lieut. Paddy Nolan (Callan) now a pilot with Aer Lingus.

# New Monsignori and Canons

OUR warmest greetings and congratulations go to the following sons of St. Kieran's:

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR HENRY SKEHAN, Edwardstown, diocese of Adelaide, native of O'Callaghan's Mills, Co. Clare, and ordained in 1936.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR OWEN McMULLAN, Delanon, California, diocese of Monterey Fresno, native of Raphoe, Co. Donegal, and ordained in 1930.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR PATRICK LEDDY, Bakersfield, California, diocese of Monterey Fresno, native of Arva, Co. Cavan, and ordained in 1929.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR MICHAEL HOLDEN, San Antonio, Texas, diocese of San Antonio, native of Mullinavat, Co. Kilkenny, and ordained in 1946.

VERY REV. JOSEPH CANON RENEHAN, St. George's, Warminster, Wilts., diocese of Clifton, native of Bodalmore, Co. Kilkenny, and ordained in 1920.

VERY REV. JOSEPH CANON MURTAGH, Maidenhead, Berks., diocese of Portsmouth, native of London, and ordained in 1933.

VERY REV. DANIEL CANON O'DONOVAN, Sunderland, diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, native of Clonakilty, Co. Cork and ordained in 1922.



RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR JAMES LALOR, Escondito, California, diocese of San Diego, a native of Ballyheigue, Co. Kerry, and ordained in 1942.



VERY REV. JOSEPH CANON SWEENEY, Port Glasgow, Renfrew, Scotland, diocese of Paisley, native of Donegal and ordained in 1927.



RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR PATRICK KENNY,  
Chula Vista, California, diocese of San  
Diego, native of Cullohill, Laois, and  
ordained in 1933.



RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR JOHN J. CURRAN,  
S. Sichel Street, Los Angeles, native of  
Inistioge, Co. Kilkenny and ordained in  
1929.



*President of the Union*  
MR. THOMAS A. CROTTY, B.E.

# Ecclesiastics' Review

## PRAYER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN FOR SEMINARIANS

(by Pope John XXIII)

O holy Virgin, Mother of confidence —  
You who watch as a Mother over your seminarians —  
As of old, by your smile, you brought gladness  
to the Apostles in the Cenacle,  
look now with a special love on your sons;  
defend them from dangers to soul and body;  
give them a love daily more ardent for Jesus, your blessed Son;  
so that transformed in Him,  
they may forward to the full the desires of His Divine Heart.  
Amen.

# Situations Vacant

WHEN you and I look back on our First Philosophy year in St. Kieran's, amongst our happiest memories, pride of place goes to Ordination Sunday. Do you remember how we watched the "ordination tree", half fearing it would not be in foliage for the great occasion? The flower-beds were beautiful, and the lawn never looked a better picture. To make sure that nothing would dampen the spirit of the great day we prayed that it would be fine; for this was the day of days for the "Old Fourths". For this they had hoped and prayed and imagined since they were raw recruits in Philosophy.

At last Sunday came, fine and sunny. We were very glad. Coming from breakfast we stopped at the windows to watch our seniors, resplendent in their new soutanes, complete with cape, strolling in the front saying the Office. Like little schoolboys we gazed and wondered—just as these same young men wondered six years before—would we ever see the day?

During Mass in the cathedral those of us in the "first choir" sang as never before. We sang our hearts out at the *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus*, as the newly ordained filed out in pairs between the rows and rows of proud parents and friends. This was their day also, the fulfilment of many a prayer, the fruit of many a sacrifice. It is not difficult to imagine that those parents who had gone to their reward before this day saw it all and rejoiced as well.

Outside they meet the "authorities". Again in a special way this is their day also. This is the occasion which makes them feel that it was worth all the worry and toil, changing the rough diamonds into gems of the Church. No doubt they feel a little surprise on reflecting that it is six whole years since they met these young men for the first time; it seems such a short time now. That night, professor and pupil will say goodbye, and with that farewell will go the undying gratitude of one and the fatherly blessing of the other.

After dinner we met the new priests for the first time. We found it difficult to call them by their Christian names, not to mention the nick-names they may have long since been dubbed with. They gave us their blessing and said the time-worn phrase "Keep right on to the end. It's worth it all". We assured them we would and that we would remember always that the prayers before and after lectures were said especially for them. (Who knows how many of our predecessors have taken heart once again when they remembered this, years later while toiling in the vineyard?)

Custom has it that we First Philosophers were in charge of mopping-up operations that evening; not a sweet paper did we leave. After all we had to come back after the summer holidays and we wanted to start with a clean slate!

This year the very same event will occur, with this difference: there will be thirty-six ordained. They will leave St. Kieran's a little sad, even though they thought the day of departure would never come. Now they will sever ties of six years' standing. All the little crosses will be forgotten; they will remember only the joyful steps that brought them to their goal. There are situations vacant on the missions which they now must fill, situations vacated by those who went before and are now enjoying the reward of the faithful servant.

They are leaving us behind to carry on, and how we will miss them! On the football field we will miss Joe, whose "determination" never failed to get the applause. Tom's bellow of "kick the ball" will be missed. Pakie's stonewall defence will be difficult to replace. Who will shove his spectacles back on his nose between aces in table tennis with quite the expert flick of Tom? The Debating Society will have to find an able successor to Jimmy's firm hand and witty eloquence. The mile won't be the same without Liam. Danny won't be around to show us how to "screw back from the red" on the billiard table. Will the *Vinculum* lose anything at the departure of Pat? The much maligned



ORDINATION SUNDAY — AFTERNOON ON THE LAWN

prefects are going and truth to tell they stood by us to the last, for which we are very grateful. All in all we will miss the "Old Fourths" but we won't forget them.

The great question is: who is going to take their place? So much depends on the newcomers. Little do they realise how much they are scrutinised behind a veneer of self-importance which we feel "going up the house". If they could only hear the remarks! "I wonder are they any good? . . . Somebody said that big fellow from Donegal played for the Minors during the summer . . . I'd say the fellow with the glasses is very clever; hope he doesn't put up the standard!" Then after the retreat, the tradition of "all first Phils on the field" will be maintained, when all newcomers are invited to display their ability (or lack of it) on the playing pitch. It will take us some time to realise their true

worth, for it is surprising how the most unpromising reveal some talent to help us all make seminary life more enjoyable. We hope that there will be a big number coming to take the place of the large class leaving us. One thing is certain: the "babes" will receive a very warm welcome.

So it is up to the newcomers to fill the situations vacant in the desks in the Philosophy Hall. We on our part will try to keep up all the traditions of those gone before. We will pass on the meaningful names of "Shambles", the "Via Dolorosa", "Holies", "Bazooka", "Molokai" and all the rest. In our new "puzz" we feel eager to show how things should have been done; in time we will be happy if we can do them as well as they have been done in the past.

P. MacE. (1960)

## ORDINATIONS 1961



*Front Row:* REV. JOHN J. HOLOHAN, Senior Dean; REV. PETER HOYNE (Ossory); VERY REV. GABRIEL CANON LOUGHRY, President; MOST REV. P. COLLIER, D.D., Bishop of Ossory; REV. DANIEL CANNY, C.S.S.R.; REV. LAURENCE DUNPHY (Ossory); REV. TIMOTHY O'CONNOR, Junior Dean.

*Middle Row:* REV. AIDEN FOYNES (St. Augustine); REV. HENRY A. DOHERTY (Mobile, Birmingham); REV. JOHN MCKENNA (Clogher); REV. JOSEPH BRADLEY (Salford); REV. JAMES STIRRAT (Clifton); REV. JOHN LONG (Jefferson City); REV. JAMES BRENNAN, Professor.

*Back Row:* REV. PATRICK FARRELL (Miami); REV. JOHN O'FLAHERTY (St. Augustine); REV. PETER SWEENEY (Washington, D.C.); REV. TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN (Nottingham); REV. DAVID KENNEDY (Southwark); REV. PATRICK SULLIVAN (Kilmore).

# Mr. Frank Duff in St. Kieran's

THURSDAY, 28th April, 1960, will long remain in our memories as the day when the founder of the Legion of Mary graced the rostrum in the Theology Hall to give us an inspiring address.

Mr. Duff, taking little credit for himself, put *our vision of the Legion into focus* when seen in the light of authority. Cardinal Tisserant in Lourdes: "The Legion of Mary is the only one force on earth to resist atheistic materialism. I do something every day to try to spread it". Cardinal Tedechini in Rome (1950): "The Legion of Mary, with the Definition of the Immaculate Conception, Lourdes and Fatima represent the great modern manifestations of Our Lady". *Marian Encyclopedia*: "The Legion of Mary is the most recent revelation of the Holy Ghost on the subject of Mary". The Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda Fide: "The Legion of Mary is the hope of the mission field".

Today *the Legion is a new world force* and is still only getting into its stride. It is the gift of women to the world, begun by them, and taken up by men! Its success is not due to its programme or to its method, but to its approach to the Blessed Virgin. She is more than the Patron and the helper. Legionaries have *added themselves* on to her to undertake her work. Their attitude to Our Lady is as a child to her mother. She as mother explains herself to her children: she adopts them, not vice versa. From Mary's hands is given to them the doctrine of the Mystical Body. That doctrine is put into force in a conscious deliberate way, as seen in the success of the various "works". These "works" become so many expressions of the power of the Holy Spirit.

*The Legion is the Mystical Body in action.* The Lord takes us to Himself as limbs, His limbs. While we depend on Him, He also

depends on us. He cannot operate without His limbs. By necessity He uses us. As His limbs we have all His strength and all His power. We can do as much as He did on earth, even His miracles. We have the power on tap—we should turn it on the right way. Our Lady is there to direct the flow of grace. We would do well to understand Our Lady. How many "good" Catholics refuse to lift up their little finger to help one another! They tie up the limbs of Christ; they give Him no scope.

*The Priest in the Legion.* Our Lord did not act alone. He called on others, the twelve apostles and the seventy-two disciples. He gave Himself to them, even in the Blessed Sacrament. They gave themselves to the rest of the world. Every priest must act as Our Lord did; he must pass on to others the treasures he has got, including above all the apostolic spirit and character. The priest too must have limbs. He is the head and the inspiration. He must have knowledge and conviction and a passion for souls. He "sets the Holy Ghost free to operate". To despair or to relax is impossible. The priest will not be lonely with the Legion of Mary in his parish. The Legion will not give trouble, for it is an obedient society in rule and in spirit. In Manila, in the Philippine Islands, at the Eucharistic Congress in 1933, Catholicism was regarded as dying there. Shortly afterwards the Legion was introduced. It changed "darkness into light, the hopeless into the hopeful". "We are the only Catholic nation in the Orient—why not convert the others?"

One last remark from Mr. Duff's address: "The priest, reproducing Christ in his own life, living Christ, fulfilling Christ, can shake the world with his impact on it".

N. N.

# From Month to Month with the Ecclesiastics

OUR "inside" story is not so spectacular as to be regarded as a "scoop" by Sunday newspaper reporters. Yet we present it as we see ourselves today aware that the pattern of yesterday can have changed but little. It is full of meaning for us for it is our life; if it evokes in you a memory of the past, even a smile of recognition, its double purpose will be fulfilled.

1960

## *September*

Replacements pour in from all quarters. Thirty-six ordained in June; thirty-six freshmen, spick and span, frolic on such "preserves" as the front lawn . . . We welcome Father McEvoy who is to drill the Philosophers in the fundamentals of Gregorian Chant. There is no change in textbook. Father John Lenehan from St. Augustine takes over the Catechetics' Class and extemporises fluently on methods in his parish . . . The beacons of intellectual advancement are blazing within the premises as our beatnik philosophers come to grips with the metaphysical . . .

Widespread aridity of soul  
Is filtering occult in from sheol,  
Symptomatic that our Rector  
Or perhaps Spiritual Director  
Has left us climbing the dark night,  
Forgetting to switch on the light.

putting it prosaically, Canon Lowry has been in hospital for the past few weeks. We wish him a speedy recovery.

## *October*

The rubber wheeled Pelican is parked expectantly outside the Concert Hall demanding blood in return for lemonade and biscuits. Father John Duggan's illustrated lecture on "Facets of American Life" whetted our

missionary appetites . . . The excellent company of three St. Vincent de Paul officers, including Brother Murphy, Irish National President, encouraged us to a more active interest in Christian charity. Brother Bourke of the Kilkenny Conference accompanied the lecturers. . . . Third and Fourth Divines had the unique privilege of mixing with the diocesan clergy of Ossory for a one-day seminar on "The Priest and Mental Health". His Lordship the Bishop presided over this most stimulating series of lectures. Psychiatric terminology is technically involved and somewhat unfamiliar even to seasoned Thomists, but this did not hamper the lecturers from getting over their message, realistically driven home by case histories. Our gratitude to the panel: Rev. Dr. E. F. O'Doherty, Professor of Psychology, University College, Dublin; Drs. John McKenna and Desmond McGrath of Stillorgan Mental Hospital Staff, and Rev. Dr. J. R. Nolan, Lecturer in Psychology, University College, Dublin. . . . There was a good attendance of students at the "Revisions". Only a few "heretics" spoke; all the Pros' spoke.

## *November*

Address by His Lordship the Bishop in the College Chapel, welcoming the freshmen, and speaking warmly of the Christlike fraternal spirit of St. Kieran's priests in the United States. His Lordship was commenting on a letter which he had just received from Canon Loughry in San Diego. . . . Many travelled to Oberammergau last summer but few brought back such an accurate and well-informed picture of the Passion Play as Father O'Connor painted for us. His illustrated lecture will long be remembered as breathing the very spirit of Oberammergau and of the Bavarian countryside. Carefully

selected slides, on the spot recordings and well-timed commentary (the product of meticulous personal reading and observation) made the lecture a masterpiece from every point of view. . . . Note to Professor: "How long will the Christmas holidays be this year?" and answer: "You will not be returning until next year". . . . *The Imitation* by Aquinas, said the reader, to undermine us. . . . Walks are clean around the "tops", thanks to our efficient cops. . . . Apples on the plate, in a molten state, seem to grate on the student palate.

### *December*

Let us finish with indiscreet rhyming—  
Exam bells in three weeks will be chiming.  
Nescient students o'er foolscap will bend  
A sign that the term has come to an end.  
Be sure to press on with that last minute sortie  
Epikeia will bring you that necessary "forty".

Philosopher's debate on clerical dress arrives at conclusion—the hat is aesthetically unsuitable. . . . Another new Society, the Catholic Action Society, declares its aims and methods, and opens its door to any student who wishes to enter. . . . Canon Loughry arrives back from the U.S. . . . Christmas Paraliturgy in the College Chapel captures its message and spirit in scripture, prayer and song. . . . Holidays: Home, James, and don't spare the horses.

## 1961

### *January*

We trickle back from the big world to find that the 'flu virus has struck at our beloved staff. We sincerely wish them a gradual recovery. . . . Tionoladh an chéad chruinniu de Chumann Chiaráin Naofa agus rinneadh tús maith le clár ceoil is cainte. Mar cheann ar na cúrsaí bhí babhta de Thráth na gCeist ann idir fhoireann na nDara Fealsunaiteag agus fhoireann na gCeathrú Diagairí. Fuair na h-ógánaigh an lámh uachtair ar na seanfhunduirí. Sa dara leath den chruinniu thug an tAthair C. Ó Dorchaí leacht ar cheol na hÉireann. Leirigh sé a chaint le ceol ar an taifeadan.

### *February*

Our soil is attacked by the newly formed

Gardening Society. All trespassers will be prosecuted. . . . Mr. John Stephenson of Radio Eireann arrives to train the drama faction. . . . Miss Mary Purcell, Irish biographer of *Matt Talbot*, and authoress, lectures on "Teaching in School and out of School". . . . Bankrupt Games Committee publish Balance Sheet as one of the footballs rests peacefully on the topmost branches of a tree:

Now students of genius and others less heinous  
Poetical licence may come in between us:  
Remember at least there's money involved  
And notice board deficits have to be solved.  
When rooting or booting or shooting in future  
Let a thirty foot ceiling or altitude suit yer.  
As for money—lime and medals absorb it  
Without putting communal footballs in orbit.

### *March*

The notice board is covered with telegrams from far away places wishing us a happy feastday. . . . Dr. Barnes of Dublin, one of the two Irish volunteer doctors who went to the Congo last year in response to an appeal by the Irish Red Cross, furnished us with an eye-witness account of medical, social and political conditions in this vast disorganised section of Africa. . . . St. Patrick's Day. . . . Canon Loughry is in Armagh representing the College at the great Patrician celebrations. The voice of Cardinal Cushing can be heard from a distant radio. . . . A very excellent lecture from Rom Malone, International President of the Y.C.W. He believes in a vigorous lay apostolate nourished on the sacraments.

Anocht, buíochas le Chumann Chiaráin Naofa, Chaitheamar tráthnóna taitneamhach i Halla na Siamsaí. Cé gur sholáthair buachaillí na Meánscoile a gcion féin den spórt is ar an gCumann a bhí an chuid ba mhó den chlár d'ullmhú. Thug siad dúinn siamsa a bhí bríomhar, éagsúil agus oiriúnach don oíche áirithe seo. I dtús báire léiríodh "Éirí na Gealaí" le Lady Gregory agus i ndiaidh an dráma thainig Cabaret Chumann Chiaráin os comhair na soilse.

Roimh thosnú don dráma chualathas ceol céili a sheint ar cháirdíní ag S. de Buitléir, Seán Ó Meachair agus S. Ó Ruadháin.



#### FOURTH DIVINES

*Front Row:* MATTIAS O'CALLAGHAN (Cork), Sacramento; RICHARD PHELAN (Kilkenny), Ossory; NICHOLAS DUGGAN (Kilkenny); Sacramento; MARK CARROLL (Dublin), Hexham and Newcastle; JOHN O'DONOGHUE (Kerry), Southwark; SEAMUS MCGIVERN (Down), Hexham and Newcastle.

*Middle Row:* JOHN QUINN (Longford), Clifden; PHILIP MCKENNA (Derry), Mobile; NORMAN WILKINSON (Dublin), Jefferson City; DANIEL CODY (Kilkenny), Florida; WILLIAM BYRON (Limerick), Yakima; JOHN FITZGERALD (Kerry), Los Angeles.

*Back Row:* ANTHONY BRADY (Cavan), Maitland; JAMES NOLAN (Kilkenny), Southwark; STEPHEN CAREY (Tipperary), Camden; ANTHONY OWENS (Down), Hexham and Newcastle; PAUL FITZGERALD (Kilkenny), Ossory; THOMAS DERMODY (Kilkenny), Sacramento.

Páirteach sa dráma bhí S. Ó Maoláin (An Sáirsint), S. Huggard (Constábla A), A. Boniface (Constábla B), agus S. Mac Gabhann (Gioblachán d'fhear). Tar éis an dráma agus roimh an chabaret sheinn P. Ó Fiarraigh "An Chúileann" ar an bheidhlín agus A. Mac Daibheid á thionlacan ar an bpiano.

'Séard a chualamar sa chabaret meascra dhátheangach de cheol Gaelach ar a raibh amhráin dheoraíochta, ghrá, mháirseála agus ólacháin. Chan na micléinn seo leanas amhráin aonair: Seán Ó Fionnghalaigh (*Dan O'Hara*), S. de Buitléir (*My Lagan Love*) le P. Ó Fiarraigh (bheidhlín), T. Mac Canna (*The Blue Handkerchief*), P. Ó Maoileoin (*Are Your Right There, Michael?*). D'aithris C. Ó Cathasaigh óráid Roibeáird Emmet roimh a dhaoradh. Páirteach leosan sa chabaret bhí D. Breathnach, P. Ó Dubhgáin, S. Ó Meachair, T. Ó Maoldomhnaigh, D. Ó Gallchobhair, S. Ó Crottaigh, S. Ó Sruiteáin, N. Ó Síoradáin, S. Ó Ruadháin, S. de Cúca, D. Ó Loingsigh, Chabhraigh Seán Ó Longaigh go mór leis an léiriú. Mhol an tAthair Ó hUllacháin iarrachtaí Chumann Chiaráin agus a fheabhas a léirigh siad ábhar an tsiamsa.

#### April

Excursion to Tramore via Mount Juliet. . . . The Photographic Society starts its dark pursuits in a little room in Chapel Lane. . . . No Dean! Father Holohan represented the College at the St. Kieran's Priests Union in Southport, England. Twelve of last year's Fourth Divines were there to greet him. . . . Away in the corner of the seminary lounge (for residents only) George adjusts the foam cushion under his head and puffs his cigar into clouds. Dupret, the butler, enters quietly carrying slippers. "Not bad", thinks George, as he changes the television channel with the armchair controls. "Oh dear, who can this be", he mutters, as the doorbell rings five times. It is the Dean who wants to know if he can be helpful. The electronic gong chimes for lunch, gradually it changes to monotone, becomes more demanding and alarming and the time is 6.30 a.m.

#### May

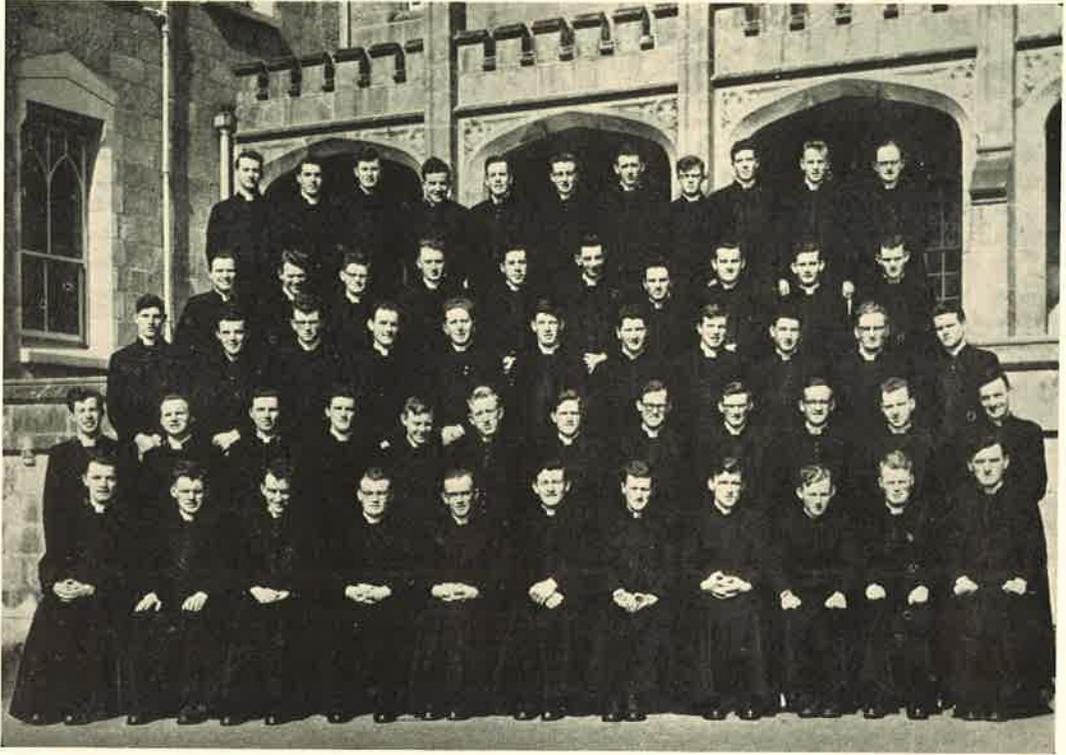
The end of Class and the Elocution Exams—may the better man win. . . . The black-board in the Philosophy Hall carries a drawing of two desks. On one is mounted a machine-gun, at the other sits an injured student . . . a graphic reminder that the Boards are under way. . . . Time flies: the seminarian is expected, inspected, ejected, subjected, molested, neglected. He hopes to be selected, perfected. . . . Sports Day and prizewinners—S. Carey (3), D. Lynch, M. Champion (2), P. Sweeney, L. Norris, B. Sheehy, W. McGowan, T. O'Sullivan (2). J. Smith, B. Flynn, M. Drennan.

#### June

Room has been made on the crowded corridor for yet another class-piece. The yearly Ordinations are part of the Patrician legacy. History tells of the glories of Ireland's missionary past; the present is no less glorious. The primitive boats that carried Brendan, Gall and Colmcille are succeeded by modern boat and plane; but the conviction of the missionaries is no less deep, their zeal no less ardent. As the oldest seminary in Ireland St. Kieran's can claim a brave part in the missionary history of Ireland. The past is our inspiration and as we walk the corridors we are reminded of the great tradition of which we are part and of the rock from which we are hewn.

#### September

St. Kieran's re-opens; Cead míle failte to the new men; sympathy to the others . . . the newcomers trial football and hurling matches; some players are graded A, others Z. . . . Ecclesiastical students join the Layside professorial staff for Religion Classes. . . . Class begins: we are told that much work has to be done in a short term. . . . The tail of hurricane "Betsy" uproots some sheltering trees. . . . First Philosophers get their first taste of Sunday beet; they see red; could be the root of a lot of trouble. . . . Welcome to Bishop Rafferty of Perth, who conferred the Diaconate in the College Chapel. There was a full turn out; no "Subs" were called in. . . . His Lordship's mediation secures a free day



### FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD DIVINES

*Front Row:* THOMAS SHERIDAN (Cavan); TERENCE BOYLAN (Derry); JOSEPH PHELAN (Kilkenny); HENRY MCDAID (Derry); MAURICE DILLANE (Limerick); MARTIN CAMPION (Tipperary); BRIAN FLYNN (Kilkenny); EDMOND PRENDIVILLE (Kerry); WILLIAM BRENNAN (Kilkenny); ALPHONSUS MALONEY (Limerick); MICHAEL CONWAY (Armagh).

*Second Row:* DERMOT WALSH (Kilkenny); EUGENE NEE (Meath); HUGH RAFFERTY (Monaghan); SEAN O'DOHERTY (Kilkenny); ANTHONY BONIFACE (Longford); VALENTINE FARRELL (Meath); ALBERT FITZGERALD (Limerick); PATRICK JOHNSON (Carlow); PATRICK DUGGAN (Kilkenny); THOMAS MULDOWNEY (Mayo); BRENDAN LAWLESS (Armagh); SEAN FINLAY (Cavan).

*Third Row:* PIERCE MALONE (Kilkenny); JAMES SHRYANE (Roscommon); PATRICK ROHAN (Kerry); PATRICK O'REILLY (Meath); WILLIAM DEVER (Mayo); MICHAEL DRENNAN (Kilkenny); FRANCIS FERRIE (Antrim); SEAN MAHER (Kilkenny); WILLIAM O'NEILL (Donegal); RAPHAEL KEYES (Cork); PETER RUSSELL (Cork).

*Fourth Row:* JOHN NAUGHTON (Roscommon); JEREMIAH JOYCE (Kilkenny); LIAM O'DOHERTY (Waterford); JAMES CORCORAN (Tipperary); DONAL MADIGAN (Limerick); MICHAEL RYAN (Limerick); SEAMUS HESTER (Roscommon); OLIVER McSTRAVICK (Antrim); DENIS NAUGHTER (Wicklow); SEAN GARRETT (Cork).

*Fifth Row:* SEAMUS BUTLER (Laois); DESMOND MCGIVERN (Down); BRIAN MCPOLIN (Donegal); JEREMIAH HARNEY (Mayo); DONAL GALLAGHER (Sligo); THOMAS MORGAN (Galway); EDWARD PHELAN (Kilkenny); WILLIAM MCGOWAN (Sligo); NOEL BRENNAN (Fermanagh); HUGH SWEENEY (Donegal); DENIS BRENNAN (Dublin).

—no beating about the bush with these Australian bishops.

#### October

Meat for tea—future missionaries to be men of brains and “brawn”. . . . The Gardening Confraternity have a field day planting 200 daffodils—they stretch in never ending line. This down-to-earth policy will brighten up the famous corner. . . . Ecclesiastics beat Layside in hurling challenge. . . . Photographic Society developing nicely; the membership has increased to Eleven Plus.

#### November

*Saoirse*, the Irish documentary film in the vernacular, was taken too literally by one student. He eventually paid to see “free”. . . . Lecture on Edel Quinn, the missionary Legionary, was most inspiring. . . . Newly macadamised walks add to the luxury of student life. . . . At the behest of the Liturgical Group, Dr. Hughes of Slievrué obliged us with a very interesting talk on the Liturgy, its recent history and many pastoral aspects

#### December

Congratulations to H. McDaid and F. Ferrie who were responsible for the training of the Layside Choir making its first public appearance on 8 Dec. . . . As guests of the Kilkenny S.V.P. Council, Fourth Divines had a very profitable evening in the C.Y.M.S. Hall. Food for thought and buns were indeed gratefully received. . . . Homeward bound:

Some students go by motor car,  
But some prefer a bus.  
Others like to go by train  
But none of these for us.  
We like a way that's quite a treat  
And cuts out all the fuss.  
There's nothing on the road to beat  
The Limerick “Mini-bus”.

### 1962

#### January

“A windy night was blowing on Rome”—John Masefield's verse is apt for return day as cold and miserable black clad figures huddle in familiar haunts. . . . The sacristans are overworked in the oratory—five past

pupils line up together. . . . Class begins. Exams are the topic—a post-mortem is an ugly business. . . . A fallen tree blocks the corner of the top walk and the gardeners note that it is right on top of the daffodils, ochone. . . . Dr. Brennan speaks on Church Unity. . . . Positional changes in the refectory. The full-forward line moves upfield.

#### February

No solution has yet been found to the problem of holding biretta *liber* and candle in one hand. . . . A new batch of magazines appears in the recreation hall. . . . The blessing of St. Blaise. . . . We have the privilege of attending a tip-top lecture on the Ecumenical Council in the Presentation Convent hall. The speaker was Mr. L. O'Brien from the Department of Post and Telegraphs, Dublin. . . . The infirmary is busy with the after effects of injections. . . . The mobile mass x-ray unit has a look at our insides. . . . The sad advance announcement is made—in future the stars of the stage will not be “egg”-ed on in preparation for opening night. . . . Snow and more snow provides an opportunity for the human snow ploughs to keep the paths open for traffic.

#### March

Cumann Ciaran seems to have got loose in the kitchen and the result is what you would expect, a green, white and orange dessert. . . . The feast of St. Kieran is celebrated with the usual solemnity. *The Admirable Crichton* was well produced, acted and enjoyed. . . . No sooner was the play taken off than the demolition squad arrived with pick and sledge, and the ghosts of all the Hamlets who ever trod the boards looked on and heard that there will be twice as much stage to expire upon when the carpenters have left. . . . The first meeting of the College Musical Society. We hear rumours of the formation of an anti-society. . . . Father Murphy, S.J. gives a very informative talk on the Apostleship of Prayer and the Crusaders of the Blessed Sacrament. . . . Seán Ó Ó Tuama and Eilín Ní Coileáin bring the house down with their vocal performance of Irish songs. . . . Measra ab ea clár an tsiamsa ar an tráthnóna seo ar dhá

chúis, go raibh air ábhar de gach saghas, drámaíocht, amhránaíocht, rince, agus aithriseoireacht, agus fós go raibh an Chliarscoil agus an Mheánscoil araon páirteach sa taispeántas. Ag tús chonacthas ceathrar buachaill as an Mheánscoil i ndráma aonghnímh: *Liúdaí Óg na Leargadh Móire (The Lad from Largeymore)* le Séamas Mac Mánaís. Ón Mheánscoil freisin a tháinig dreas córamhránaíochta (le Cór Rang 1B) díreach ar shála an dráma. Thaitn na hiarrachtaí sin lena raibh i láthair.

Ar Chumann Chiaráin sa Chliarscoil a bhí an chuid eile d'ábhar an taispeántais a sholáthar, agus ba thaitne amach a chuir siad os ár gcomhaire é. Roghnaigh siad meascra maith amhrán idir Bhéarla agus Ghaeilge, agus bhí amhránaíocht aonair agus córamhránaíocht fite go deas ar a chéile. Baineadh sult go háirithe as an scigathris a

rinneadh ar chúpla amhrán nua-aimseartha. Bhí an sásamh ba mhó, áfach, le baint as an rince Gaelach a rinneadh go sármhaith, as bheidhleadóireacht Phroinsias Mhic Phiar-aigh, agus as dréacht aithriseoireachta (*The Trimmings on the Rosary*) ó Bhreandán Mac Síthigh. Rinneadh aithris bheomhar ar Fhorfhógraíocht na Poblachta in Éiri Amach na Cása 1916. . . . Volley-ball is introduced and is capturing the imagination of many devotees. . . . St. Kieran's Continental Tour Ltd. is now ready to answer enquiries and take bookings. . . . Father Eamon Horgan's lecture on "Mission Work in Japan.. is justifiably acclaimed on merit alone".

NORMAN WILKINSON  
FRANCIS FERRIE  
RAPHAEL KEYES

#### FEAST OF ST. PATRICK 1961—ST. PETER'S, ROME

"Since his death until this day what fruits his work has continued to produce! How many saints have trodden the furrow which he ploughed, triumphantly expanding Christianity: Columba and Columbanus, Aidan, Cathaldus, Virgilius and Gall, who spread the Gospel throughout the length and breadth of Britain and Europe—how many priests and missionaries whose names are written in heaven have left and are still leaving their sweet homeland in order to carry on a work so highly meritorious!"

—POPE JOHN XXIII



### FIRST AND SECOND PHILOSOPHERS

*Front Row:* JAMES GRACE (Kilkenny); PATRICK McWILLIAMS (Derry); JOHN LALLY (Mayo); JOHN KEANE (Westmeath); GABRIEL TROY (Kilkenny); JAMES CROTTY (Kilkenny); DANIEL KAVANAGH (Mayo); PATRICK TIERNEY (Mayo); JAMES DOYLE (Kilkenny); JOHN RYAN (Cork).

*Second Row:* PATRICK SMITH (Cavan); VALENTINE VARLEY (Galway); DONAL DUNNE (Cork); PATRICK NAUGHTER (Wicklow); PATRICK COMERFORD (Kilkenny); JOSEPH BOURKE (Kilkenny); JAMES SHEEHY (Kerry); DERMOT BURKE (Dublin); WILLIAM O'CONNOR (Waterford); NOEL HICKIE (Kerry).

*Third Row:* JAMES SMITH (Cavan); NOEL MCINTYRE (Leitrim); MAURICE BARTLEY (Cork); LEO NORRIS (Kilkenny); NOEL SHERIDAN (Kilkenny); THOMAS REA (Cork); THOMAS MURPHY (Kilkenny); VIVIAN LOCKMAN (Louth); MICHAEL HYLAND (Laois); CORNELIUS KIELY (Cork).

*Fourth Row:* GEORGE MURPHY (Louth); PETER McENEANEY (Kilkenny); DENIS PURCELL (Kilkenny); CHARLES O'REILLY (Meath); JAMES O'BRIEN (Kilkenny); PATRICK DALTON (Kilkenny); PATRICK KENNY (Kilkenny); MICHAEL RYAN (Kilkenny); OLIVER DEEGAN (Kilkenny).

*Fifth Row:* MICHAEL BANNON (Cavan); VINCENT BRADY (Cavan); KENNETH KING (Dublin); THOMAS CONNOLLY (Mayo); MICHAEL KEEGAN (Armagh); SEAN HESLIN (Leitrim); JOHN ROWAN (Longford); JAMES COOKE (Kilkenny); SEAN KENNEDY (Sligo); MICHAEL SCANLON (Kerry).

# Jer's Dilemma or The Case of the Purple Sash

JEREMIAH stood clean-shaven and glazened, peering uncritically at the C.T.S. rack beside the Theology Hall. He was a tall, well-built chap from the hills and just now he was pondering deeply over what had not confronted him at breakfast that morning. "Christian Science", "Psychoanalysis and Catholicism", "Introduction to Studies in Comparative Religion" he read, as if these could possibly be related to the kind of religion Father Dan taught with authority at home. He wouldn't have any of that sort of religion around the church. No, Father Dan had no time for "high flowing" stuff.

Just then away on the corridor the deep voice of an overseas bishop sounded, like the "newspaper on the wireless", and Jeremiah thought of the aerial he had helped his grandfather tie to the henhouse to catch the "electric waves" from the air. But now he had to dodge this strange bishop with the cultured voice. It's alright, you see, meeting a bishop when you are one of a crowd, but not on your own. No, not on your own.

Jeremiah coughed the way a city man would cough and slid strategically a little to the right in the hope of an escape into the Philosophy Hall. But no, an already familiar voice was heard on the stairs. Jeremiah slid back a little to the left. "Christian Science 1s". He looked as astute and intelligent as any man from the hills possibly could, and briskly put his right hand into his pocket for a shilling. Now somehow shillings, rosary beads and football laces have a subtle habit of getting mixed-up at the very wrong times. And this was one of those very wrong times.

A paralysing feeling of impending doom gripped him somewhere in the upper regions of his stomach as he felt a warm breath on the back of his neck. He froze in position as rosary beads and football laces dangled over the money slot.

"Well, son, how long are you here?"

Yes, it was the bishop's voice. Jeremiah wasn't quite sure if it was customary to turn one's face towards a bishop's. Yet he had a strong conviction that this was an exceptional

situation, and so Jeremiah, looking his interrogator straight in the face, said in a vacant trembling voice: "Three weeks, my lord".

The voice of Bridie Gallagher rang loud and Irish from the nearby Philosophy Hall. It stirred up in Jeremiah a great Celtic courage as only the come-all-ye could. "I am going to South America and so is John . . ." As the last syllable died away on his lips Jeremiah realised that the bishop had not asked him what diocese he was going to.

But let the bishop speak now, thought Jeremiah, and the bishop did.

"Oh, I didn't know any of you were for South America! How did you come to select such a wonderful mission?"

"Father Dan read a book about it", Jeremiah confidently replied, "and he thinks I should go there and the master at home knows all about it".

"Oh", said the bishop, "how interesting!"

Just then the "other" voice from up the stairs was heard to say "Good day, my lord". A great feeling of semi-accomplished victory filled Jeremiah as he saw two hands outstretched in greeting before him. It was amazing, he thought, how these seminary priests could communicate at ease with men whom he often thought belonged to a different species from themselves. (He had just learned what "species" meant.)

Down the corridor went the bishop and the priest talking in a friendly manner. Jeremiah felt at ease now and sank his rosary beads and boot laces back into his pocket. He was thinking of the glorious football days at home with Father Dan on the sideline and all the schoolchildren cheering frantically for "Jerry who was going away". He wasn't amply appreciated in Kieran's yet, although he would show them in the next match.

With that he made his way to the chapel and knelt in prayer thanking the good Lord for the brevity of his encounter with the bishop, and that he hadn't, after all, to spend a shilling on "Christian Science"—whatever that meant.

HENRY DOHERTY

# “Tinker, Tailor...”

Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor,  
Rich man, poor man, farmer’s son.

WHEN I returned and saw our freshmen, all thirty-six of them, and when I heard what occupation some of them had followed, this jingle came to me. Among these new men are a few old stagers, or as we like to call them, “late vocos”. When one lumps them with others up the house the picture is as varied as one could imagine. We have a wireless operator, a baker, bank clerk, insurance official, teacher, civil servant, garda and gentleman farmer. The Beda in Rome has nothing on St. Kieran’s, Kilkenny.

This creates problems both for the seasoned campaigner and the raw recruit. The ex-career man has been his own boss, more or less, for so many years. He had settled down to a life of responsibility and his pastimes were far removed in many ways from what they are now. About this, suffice to say, he is now in bed at 10 p.m. On the other hand, the “young cove”, fresh from a secondary school, finds these oldsters very correct, very sensible, and a little bit aloof. Such a clash of personalities and outlook must surely make for misunderstanding and difficulties. It is a matter for legitimate pride that the old spirit of our college brings about a happy blend in an amazingly short time. The “late vocos” learn to sympathise with the peculiarities of the younger men; the Benjamins learn to understand that their older brothers see just that little further than they; experience has taught them that the safe road is the right road. Thus it is that the various activities making up the life of a student, the know-how of management on one side, coupled with

enthusiasm on the other, tend to bring events to a more successful end. Is it any wonder then that the games in all departments have got a new lease of life? Needless to say the yarns told at recreation time are enjoyed all the more from the fact that they have the air of first-hand information.

Those of you who read these lines in far-off Australia, America and New Zealand, or nearer at home in England and Scotland—not forgetting the ones keeping the home fires burning—will be happy to know that the spirit which you helped to create and perpetuate still flourishes. (Sad to say, other things are gone, that of the greatest moment being The Holies.) It seems that you will in future be welcoming a different type of young priest to your adopted diocese. They will not be as green as—dare I say it—you were, but for all that they will be green enough, and expect to receive that wonderful *failte* we are hearing so much about. They will bring with them the same old marks of the alma mater, for in truth the place has not changed much. We have the same old rules with a few added. We still kick against the goad at times, still criticise, still look for a free day—we are not perfect. We still try to set a red herring with a note. We still take dictation in a certain class ’till our fingers feel they are about to drop off. We still chance our arm in a call; we still “rush” the order list, and get “clipped”. We are looking forward to joining you sooner or later, but before that we must shape and be shaped as “gold in a furnace”. The younger ones of us must learn to put off the things of a child; the older, the things of the world.

PATRICK JOHNSON

# Students' Catholic Action Exhibition

MAY 1960

To every man there openeth  
a way and ways, and a way,  
And the High Soul climbs the High way  
and the Low soul gropes the Low,  
and, in between, on the misty flats,  
The rest drift to and fro.

THESE lines of Oxenham came to my mind as I wandered through the Catholic Action Exhibition on 1st May. The Concert Hall looked as if Miss Sybil Connolly had been . . . but let's start at the beginning.

Last term Liam McMahon came up with the idea of putting on a Catholic Action Exhibition. Many of us thought that it was just a pipe-dream, and dismissed the whole thing with a shrug. However we had not bargained for the enthusiasm and drive of a group of "Old Fourths". They put their heads together and set the ball rolling almost unnoticed. As the idea caught on, the ball gathered momentum and grew.

Each member made his own contacts—with help from the proper quarter—in mid-Europe, America, England and Australia. As we saw parcels of "stuff" arriving, our curiosity was aroused and we could hardly wait for the opening day to see what was going on.

As the middle of April approached, some well-known Fourths disappeared from "Molokai"; no sign of them at any of the various depots around the "Bull field"; where could they be? Then it leaked out.—"Oh! the exhibition?" This was said with a kind of pitying air for those ardent souls! From time to time we caught glimpses of them *a longe*, struggling under armloads of "something", or flitting mysteriously in and out of rooms. Sometimes one actually felt the wind of their passing as these human dynamoes shot by within a couple hundred yards of one.

Eventually D-Day came. The doors of the Concert Hall, which had been commandeered for the occasion, were thrown open. The "Plotters" with confident, knowing smiles invited us to view the result of such feverish activity. Like all good Irishmen, with an inborn instinct to be "agin the government", we went in to criticise the whole show. Well, to cut a long story short, we saw and were conquered.

At first sight, the Hall presented a strange, foreign appearance. In front of the stage, on a long table, were displayed books of all shapes and sizes, kindly lent by a publishing firm for the occasion. On either side of the room were two "mountain-ranges" of exhibits. On one were displayed the Y.C.W., Catholic Boy Scouts, S.V.P., Apostolatus Maris—the whole thing a rainbow of colour, with green predominating. On the opposite side the Grail, Knights of Columbus—both of which were popular attractions for the twelve days—Movement for a Better World, Serra, etc. counteracted the green with its own splash of blue. Most attractive designs belonged to Y.C.W., the Grail, Boy Scouts, N.C.W.C. and Pax Romana.

At the head of the exhibition, occupying place of honour under the big window, was our own Legio Mariae. Its design was first class and was obviously intended to catch the universality and scope of the Legion. It succeeded in doing this to a marked degree—the Tessera cards in so many foreign languages being a considerable advantage.

The over-all effect was considerable, and while we were trying to recover from the bewilderment — and eye-strain — Father Holohan in a very encouraging speech formally declared the Exhibition open. He made a very good point when, taking his cue from one of the organisations on display, he said that the Exhibition was a Movement

for a Better Seminary. We all felt like echoing his words, but for obvious reasons did not!

Walking through the Exhibition I got a bird's-eye view of world Catholic Action in action, and realised how ignorant I had been of the Lay Apostolate—the apostolate of the twentieth century. Here within the walls of the College I was given an insight into virile, vigorous, hard-hitting organisations, each giving testimony of Christ and bringing Him to men in its own particular mission field. Photographs, charts, diagrams, attractive explanatory literature all brought home to us the message that “The Laity is the Church”. In this century the apostolic role of the layman has been emphasised more than ever before. The result is that, to quote Pius XII, “it is not difficult nowadays to find most generous souls all of them ready to assist the priest in the care of souls”. What a tribute to the laity of today!

Standing by the Legion exhibit I looked up the hall and wondered what it was that gave to these vigorous apostolic organisations the particular spirit which animates each of them. I wondered was it a coincidence that the very century which had heard the clarion call to the layman to take his proper part in the

worship of God had also seen the phenomenal growth of the Lay Apostolate. I do not think that it is.

In my mind's eye I could see an altar up there on the stage, and radiating from the tabernacle the spirit which drives these lay apostles. The more active participation in the sacred Liturgy creates a spirit and an attitude which enable people to enter into a community with a generous and brotherly heart, and with the capacity to work together. Thanks to the organisers of the Exhibition I have come to realise—we all have—that it is the spilling over of this spirit into factory, shop and street which has inspired these lay apostles to live the Mystical Body doctrine. They have bestowed upon us a privilege which will leave, I know, a lasting impression.

A sincere thanks to all who made this Exhibition a reality and a privilege to view. The two lectures held in connection with the Exhibition were a tremendous success and highlighted for us the holiness and the drive—two essential spear points—of Catholic Action. We all owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Frank Duff, Father Fehily and Mr. Jimmy Dunne for their inspiring talks.

RAPHAEL KEYES

## Society Column

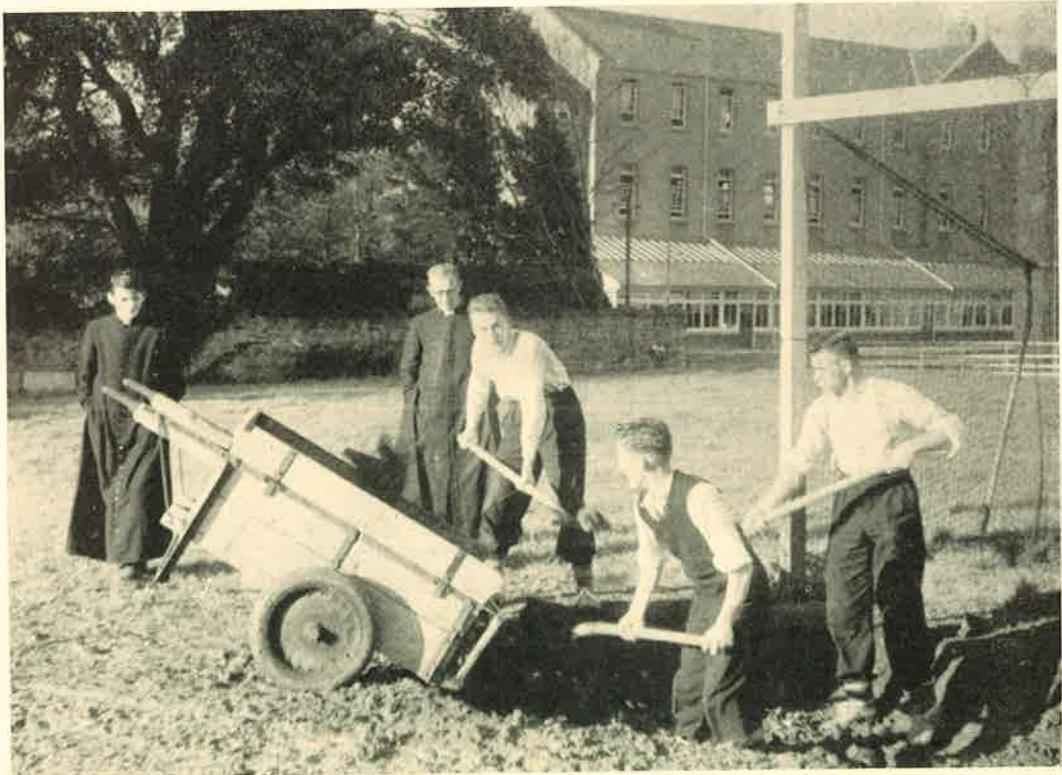
THE Communists preach a classless society but do not practise it; the aristocrats practise a class society but do not preach it. Our leanings are towards the “class”-less society but we dare not preach or practise it. In fact we accept class and divide the genus Society into its species of Societies. During the past two years a rash of Societies has broken out to disturb the otherwise calm and uneventful life of a student.

There is no peace now. In the good old days we could meet at our respective bus stations after meals, have a quiet smoke and a friendly chat on such important topics as last Sunday's games, next Sunday's games, last year's games and next year's games. If the bell did not call us to other duties there might be time to discuss the more colourful College personalities and ways and means to improve College life which should be obvious to the right people, but are not.

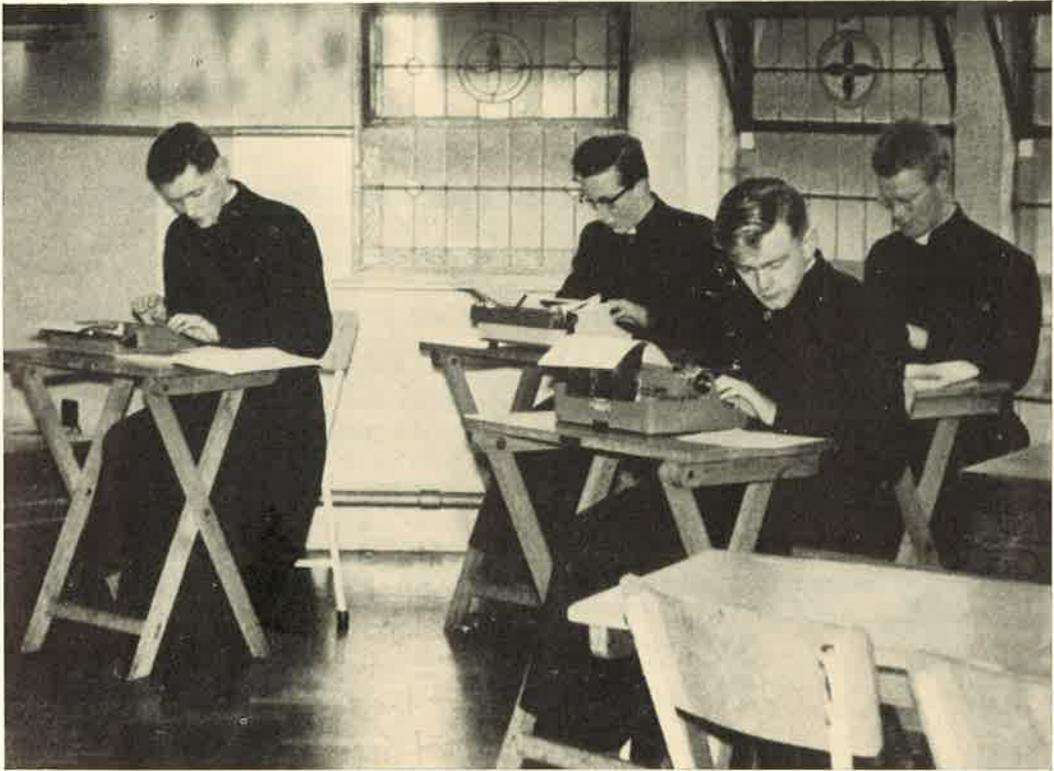
Now what happens? When you have your audience spellbound, keyed-up, conditioned for your final and most important remark there is a turning away of heads as two or three just sidle silently away by the white railing and disappear from view. The more polite and considerate ones would inform you that they have to attend a meeting of the Society. It must make one feel a bit important to put it that way.

Pass along the corridor on any day of the week and have a look at the notice board. It is a splash of poster colour announcing a multiplicity of meetings, the "goings on" of Societies. You are told that the Spanish Group will meet at 11.30 a.m. on next Sunday. (They have a linguaphone set and a degreed professor.) A notice in Irish tells you that Cumann Ciaran will open its doors

today at 4.15. S.L.G. (Students Liturgical Group) Meeting on Wednesday next at 1.15 p.m. As advance propaganda the principal item on the agenda is given, e.g. paper on the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, paper on the structure of the Mass in the first century. The Photographic Society has its headquarters in Chapel Lane. What goes on there is nobody's business; an "Exhibition" is their method of exposure and advertisement. The Musical Society takes over the Philosophy Hall and its gramophone once a week, and we hear the strains of Bach and Beethoven through the open windows. I nearly forgot about the Gardening Society with its three conditions for membership, namely, dexterity with a spade, a spring back which can resume a perpendicular position, ability to distinguish between weed and



THREE WORKMEN: TWO OVERSEERS—FAIR ENOUGH!



*"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Party".*

flower. I understand some unskilled labourers have been dismissed without references.

To tell you the truth I am not a member of any Society. Many would like to have me. I have been discreetly approached by the leading lights to give a lecture or indeed a whole series of lectures should I think fit. It would be presumption, therefore, on my part to tell you the inside story of all or any of these select organisations, although my companions keep me well informed. I know the students concerned are normal and enthusiastic. Please remember that all these meetings swallow up recreation periods. Reading a paper needs preparation for which special libraries are provided. The members benefit in exchanging information and views

in discussion. The students' limited horizon is extended in the present with a view to the future. All non-Society students benefit too. Distinguished extern speakers come to address us. The Students Liturgical Group runs a special notice board, making it easier for us to take part in the Mass by its daily Mass Guide with comments, pictorial representations and suggested intentions. We should now be able to distinguish Romanesque from Gothic architecture. Some very artistic representations of the saints for their feast days are much appreciated. I could tell you more about the other Societies. I hope I have told you enough to satisfy your curiosity.

*Collegii Societates floreat.*

N. N.

# Games

## Table Tennis

IT was easy to see that something was going to happen in the Recreation Hall at 4.15 on Wednesday, 28th February. Students were hurrying there from such distant points as Parnassus and Molokai. Indeed the more enthusiastic ones were already occupying the ringside seats, talking excitedly to one another, watching with one eye a supporting bout between one gentleman in full outdoor ceremonial dress of overcoat and scarf and another in the recognised indoor dress of soutane. They were tossing a little white ball across a green table (not

billiard) and hitting it occasionally with a bat. This frolic came to an end with the arrival of the Dean, who was fortunately expected, even invited. Now all eyes were concentrated on the alcove window where two students proceeded to tog out, exercise their chest and wrist muscles, and in a matter of moments were presenting themselves to umpire Maloney, ready to fight out the final of the Table Tennis Championship. It was said that James Cooke would do it this year; in qualifying rounds he had shown improved form, and he was in the final last year. He had the backing of the Philosophers. His opponent was Brian Flynn, the reigning



HOUSE MATCH AS MIGHT BE VIEWED FROM HELICOPTER

champion. In his favour were his years of experience and the support of Divinity.

Cooke won the toss and decided to take service. A. Maloney announces "love-love" and the game is on. It was evident from the beginning that the contest would be close; 10-10, 15-14, 21-17, and the first game is won by Cooke, as indeed is the second by a narrow margin. Ball after ball is shot over and back, top spin and cut, forehand and backhand drives, rally after rally. Nothing was too difficult to attempt, no ball that could not be retrieved. The third game was fought out to the last ace, B. Flynn succeeding in breaking through. It was at this point that the towel was thrown in by a supporter, not indeed as the signal of defeat but as an aid to removing perspiration. It was gladly availed of by both contestants. (Future organisers might bear this detail in mind.) The fourth and fifth games provided a very high standard of play, the issue remaining in doubt until B. Flynn was declared the winner for the second year in succession. Had J. Cooke been less aggressive and less anxious to "kill", the result might have been different. The President in presenting the prizes congratulated both players on their superb exhibition.

N. N.

### Hurling

#### THE FOURTHS:

P. Dalton, J. Bourke, J. Nolan, J. O'Brien, M. Doyle, N. Duggan, T. Dermody, P. Duggan, J. Grace, R. Phelan, P. Fitzgerald, G. Murphy, S. Doyle, P. Malone, M. Drennan. *Substitutes*: S. Maher, S. Butler, O. Deegan.

#### THE HOUSE:

B. Sheehy, P. McEaney, J. Corcoran, J. Crotty, J. Joyce, M. Ryan, J. Mallon, L. Norris, J. Croke, B. Flynn, M. Hyland, J. Cooke, M. Dillane, M. Champion, N.

Sheridan. *Substitutes*: A. Fitzgerald, E. Nee, D. Bourke. *Referee*: Rev. Father Grace.  
*Result*: The Fourths: 7-5. The House: 5-5.

### Football

#### THE FOURTHS:

N. Brennan, C. O'Reilly, J. Lally, H. Rafferty, E. Prendiville, G. O'Reilly, E. Nee, M. Conway, T. Boylan, W. McGowan, W. O'Neill, O. McStravick, M. Dillane, P. Johnson, V. Brady. *Substitutes*: D. Gallagher, M. Drennan, J. Shryane.

#### THE HOUSE:

J. Nolan, J. Huggard, N. McIntyre, J. Rohan, P. Fitzgerald, A. Owens, J. Mallon, B. Sheehy, J. Smyth, C. Casey, P. McWilliams, J. Croke, M. Carroll, D. Lynch, J. O'Donoghue. *Substitutes*: J. Quinn, D. Bourke, R. Phelan. *Referee*: Rev. Father Grant.

*Result*: The Fourths: 3-8. The House: 2-3.

### House Soccer Match

#### OLD FOURTHS:

J. Smith, J. Mallon, A. Owens, B. Sheehy, P. McEaney, D. Burke, P. McWilliams, J. Quinn, M. Carroll, D. Lynch, C. Casey.

#### THE HOUSE:

E. Nee, H. Sweeney, H. Rafferty, E. Prendiville, T. Boylan, W. O'Neill, O. McStravick, B. Flynn, W. McGowan, M. Dillane, A. Fitzgerald. *Referee*: Rev. Father Grace.

*Result*: Old Fourths 4 (M. Carroll 2, J. Quinn, C. Casey). The House 5 (O. McStravick 2, A. Fitzgerald 2, W. McGowan)

# Drama



## "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

*Front Row:* B. Lawless, J. Mallon, G. Murphy, V. Farrell, K. King, D. Cavanagh, G. Troy, O. Deegan, W. McGowan, T. Murphy.

*Back Row:* J. Ryan, O. McStravick, V. Lockman, T. Morgan, J. Bourke, B. Sheehy, J. Crotty.

All Saints' Day 1960

## The New Gossoon

by GEORGE SHEILS

### Cast

Mag Keogh ...	...	MR. J. RYAN
Mrs. Ellen Carey	MR. W. MCGOWAN	
Luke Carey ...	...	MR. C. CASEY
Ned Shay ...	...	MR. J. HUGGARD
Sally Hamill ...	...	MR. S. WALSH
Rabbit Hamill ...	...	MR. P. MALONE
Peter Carey ...	...	MR. S. FINLEY
John Hanley ...	...	MR. L. NORRIS
Biddy Hanley ...	...	MR. B. MCPOLIN

Production by FATHER SHERIN

St. Kieran's Day 1961

## Not In The Book

by ARTHUR WATKYN  
(A Comedy in Three Acts)

### Cast

Sylvia Bennett	MR. KENNETH KING
Michael Bennett (her son)	MR. COLM CASEY
Timothy Gregg (author)	MR. DERMOT WALSH
Inspector Malcolm	MR. BRIAN MCPOLIN
Andrew Bennett	MR. DANIEL CAVANAGH
Senor Juarez ...	MR. TERENCE MCCANN
Colonel Barstow	MR. HENRY DOHERTY
Dr. Locke ...	MR. VALENTINE FARRELL

Production by JOHN STEPHENSON

All Saints' Day 1961

## The Private Secretary

by CHARLES HAWTRY

### Cast

Douglas Cattermole	MR. D. CAVANAGH
Mrs. Stead ...	MR. W. MCGOWAN
Sydney Gibson	MR. T. MCCANN
Harry Marsland ...	MR. B. MCPOLIN
Rev. Robert Spalding	MR. N. WILKINSON
Mr. Cattermole	MR. H. MCDAID
Know (writ server)	MR. A. BONIFACE
Miss Ashford ...	MR. B. LAWLESS
Mr. Marsland ...	MR. V. FARRELL
Edith Marsland ...	MR. K. KING
Eva Webster ...	MR. S. CASEY
John (manservant) ...	MR. M. RYAN

Production by FATHER SHERIN

St. Kieran's Day 1962

## The Admirable Crichton

(A Fantasy in Four Acts)

by J. M. BARRIE

### Cast

Crichton ...	MR. D. CAVANAGH
Hon. Ernest Woolley	MR. V. FARRELL
Lady Agatha Lasenby	MR. G. MURPHY
Lady Catherine Lasenby	MR. W. MCGOWAN
Lady Mary Lasenby ...	MR. G. TROY
Rev. John Ireherne ...	MR. T. MURPHY
Earl of Loam ...	MR. J. MALLON
Lord Brocklehurst ...	MR. O. DEEGAN
Mrs. Perkins ...	MR. J. RYAN
Monsieur Fleury	MR. O. MCSTRAVICK
Mr. Tompsett ...	MR. B. SHEAHY
Miss Fisher ...	MR. P. MCGLOIN
Miss Simmons ...	MR. V. LOUGHMAN
John ...	MR. J. BOURKE
Eliza (Tweeny) ...	MR. K. KING
Page Boy ...	MR. T. MORGAN
Naval Officer ...	MR. J. CROTTY
Countess of Brocklehurst	MR. B. LAWLESS

Production by MR. J. MCMAHON, Dublin

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# Ecumenical Movement in Seattle

William Treacy

**I**N the Spring of 1960, Rabbi Raphael Levine of Seattle's Temple de Hirsch faced a challenge. In analysing his mail he found clear indications of a rising tide of anti-Catholicism at the prospect of a Catholic seeking election as President of the United States.

Dedicated to promoting peace and understanding among men, Russian-born, American-educated Rabbi Levine rose to



**Father William Treacy, B.A., B.D.**, native of Borris-in-Ossory, was educated in St. Kieran's and Maynooth, where he was ordained in 1944. He is Chancellor of the diocese of Seattle and Director of the Catholic Information Centre there.

this challenge. How could this tide of hate be curbed? He decided that a television programme in which representatives of the three major faiths in America would sit down together and calmly and charitably discuss the issues being raised by the prospect of the election of a Catholic President, might be a step in the right direction.

He called on the Most Reverend Archbishop Thomas A. Connolly and presented his idea. At first His Excellency was hesitant to approve the proposal, lest the programme generate heat instead of light and cause further dissension and division in the community.

The Rabbi didn't give up. He talked with the television people about such a programme. Several more conferences were arranged with the Archbishop. Rules for the programme were drawn up. The television station, one of Seattle's largest, agreed to give the programme free time, as a public service feature. Dr. Martin Goslin, pastor of one of Seattle's large downtown Protestant churches, Plymouth Congregational, was selected to voice Protestant views on the panel. As director of the Catholic Information Centre and assistant Chancellor of the Archdiocese, I was named by the Archbishop to be the Catholic representative on the programme.

Such is the background of "Challenge", now one of the area's most popular television programmes. Going far beyond the idea of a Catholic U.S. President, panelists are dealing with a variety of subjects of importance to the home and the community. To reach a greater audience, the programme is carried on radio during the week.

The programme is in no sense a debate. It is not controversial, due in great part to the pre-arranged choice and handling of a subject. The accent throughout has been on positive statements of doctrine. Instead of

an atmosphere of competition and a desire to outshine one other, we have the spirit of a team, united in our efforts to provide a plea for God and religion to the fifty per cent of the three million people in the State of Washington who are not affiliated with any church or synagogue. There is no question but it has succeeded in presenting a better image of the Church in this predominantly Protestant oriented area.

The choice of a particular subject is made either from topics suggested in letters from viewers or by mutual agreement with an official of the television station, who helps with production. As soon as a topic is agreed upon, each panelist takes his turn as moderator. This means he has the principal responsibility for drawing up an outline of the programme which he mails in advance to the other members. He gives the introduction and makes a two-minute summary at the end. Although the show is taped during the week, viewing time is at six o'clock on Sunday night, considered one of the most desirable hours for family viewing. This is a decided advantage to all concerned. There is always the possibility that in speaking without a script some *faux pas* may occur. The station is ready to do a re-take if any panelist considers it necessary. This has not been necessary so far as we spend almost an hour discussing the subject, in accordance with the outline received, before we go to the studio.

In regard to the subjects chosen, the titles speak for themselves. Here is a partial list: Tolerance and Intolerance, Teenage Marriages, Democracy versus Communism, The Problem of Alcoholism, Birth Control, Suicide, Why Lent?, Parental Discipline, Christian Attitude Towards Jews, Censorship, Mental Illness, The Book of Jonah. The "Challenge" series is shown from October through May. It is now in its second year and continues to be well received.

The purpose of the programme is not to minimise the differences of our respective Faiths, but rather to emphasise the areas of agreement and common ground on social problems with moral implications. It is helping to kill the old adage that "religion and politics are too controversial to be

discussed in polite society". From letters received we know that it has stimulated discussion of religion in family circles. Workers and neighbours who otherwise would not bring up the discussion, gladly answer the question: "What did you think of 'Challenge' last night?" Personally, I compare it to the Patrician meetings of the Legion of Mary. The purpose of the Patrician meeting is not to answer all the questions raised but to arouse the curiosity of the audience to seek further information and to abandon indifference.

The work involved seemed well worthwhile to all the "Challenge" panelists when one of the leading civic organisations, the Civic Unity Committee, presented its annual award to us in recognition of our first year's accomplishment.

The award read: "For their forthright statements on the point of view of their respective faiths towards resolving the moral and complex problems of man in today's society; for their sincere interpretation of basic religious concepts and positions taken and their sympathetic understanding of concepts and positions of their colleagues, for their common acceptance of the challenge in the proverb, 'Wisdom is before him that hath understanding' we are honoured to present the 1961 Civic Unity Committee award to the panelists on 'Challenge'."

Needless to say the factor that gave me the measure of confidence needed to face such a large and varied audience has been the constant encouragement and prayerful support of my Ordinary, Archbishop Connolly. Giving approval to such a programme took courage and foresight. Results indicate it has fostered more harmonious relations in the community, thus bringing the spirit of Christ into human affairs.

Alumni of St. Kieran's will understand my joy at a telephone call from Father Gerald Lovett at St. James's Cathedral, Seattle (class 1959) to say that in September of last year he received a young engineer into the Church at the end of a course of instructions, which the engineer started after watching a "Challenge" programme. While this is not the avowed object of the programme, it is an encouraging sign. The clergy

have been unanimous in telling me of the interest of their non-Catholic parishioners in the programme.

One writer summarised the programme as follows: "While Americans are digging underground shelters for possible attack

from outside enemies, we are grateful for a programme ('Challenge') that strikes at other and possibly more dangerous enemies to our homes, at bigotry, ignorance and prejudice, the enemies of peace and harmony among people".

Since the foregoing article was written we learn that a further honour has come the way of the T.V. programme "Challenge". It has won first place in the 1962 Brotherhood Award for "outstanding contributions to good human relations", and it is notable that this was the only first place award gained by a local television station in U.S.A. this year. The actual programme entered by Seattle Television Station was a discussion entitled "Who Crucified Jesus?", and the panel comprised Father William Treacy, Dr. Martin Gosling and Rabbi Raphael Levine.

#### PICTURE FROM THE PAST



#### COLLEGE TEAM 1929

WINNERS LEINSTER CUP AND MEDALS FOR FIFTH TIME IN SUCCESSION

*Front Row:* WILLIAM BOWE, MARTIN MORAN, EDWARD FOGARTY, JAMES WALLACE, REV. DANIEL FARRELL, REV. JAMES CAREY, REV. JOHN DERMODY.

*Middle Row:* REV. PATRICK DOOLEY, PATRICK PRENDERGAST, REV. EDWARD GRIFFITHS, REV. JOSEPH DUNPHY, ANDREW DOWLING, MICHAEL MAHER, REV. PATRICK KERWICK.

*Back Row:* REV. M. J. GUILFOYLE, ALPHONSUS FRISBY, THOMAS POWER, REV. THOMAS BRENNAN, REV. JEREMIAH BOLAND, VERY REV. CANON LOUGHRY, REV. RICHARD FUNCHEON, MOST REV. DR. STAUNTON.

# An Ossory Catechism

Peter Birch

SOME time ago I got the loan of an old catechism which has many points of interest. It is a small book,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches. It was printed in 1856 by George P. Warren, Steam Printers, 85 Thomas Street, Dublin. The book is in three parts: ten pages of introduction, fifty-nine pages of original text, and the edition of Butler's Catechism which was in use at the time. The author of the introduction and the original text is "A P.P. of Ossory". Who he was there is no indication; to identify him would provide a little problem in local historical detection. It can be taken as likely, however, that like every Ossory parish priest at the time, he received all or part of his education in St. Kieran's College.

There are many valuable things in this little book. It gives some indication of how religion teaching was organised and conducted a hundred years ago. Religion was still excluded from official national school hours, and provision had to be made for it otherwise. So the book we are discussing was intended for use in Christian Doctrine classes that were held in the chapels on Sundays, rather than for use in the schools. Only Sundays are mentioned, though an account in an official report on education about that time, says that priests gave religious instruction on Wednesdays and Saturdays as well as on Sundays.

Religious instruction in the chapels was under the direction of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Amongst other valuable

activities, this confraternity mobilised and organised teachers of religion from amongst the ordinary parishioners. These were often inexperienced and untrained people, who assisted the priests and teachers. Naturally not all of them were satisfactory, and they needed a good deal of direction. There may have been other difficulties too. A MS. account of contemporary teaching, which I read recently, mentions one of these. The writer claimed that there was difficulty in recruiting helpers from amongst the more influential Catholics, and in this he contrasted Catholics with Protestants. Influential Protestants were much more ready, he said, to help with Sunday school than Catholics were.

As far as the actual work was concerned there were apparently two connected problems to solve. One was the unsuitability of these teachers of religion, and the other the lack of anything like system or organisation in their work. The pupils had merely been rehearsing Butler's Catechism, and according to the implications in the introduction, the teachers were able to contribute little if anything to their understanding of what they learned. To meet the second difficulty, the author had "industriously compiled" numbers of short, probing questions, for the various chapters of Butler, to stimulate the minds of both teachers and children. These questions form the original text. The answers to them will be found, the author says, in the catechism "on some little reflection", or if not, "the teacher will find such to be arranged that the following question will suggest the answer to the previous one". And there were a few additional and more searching questions which the teacher could deal with at his own discretion.

It was system or method, however, which the author found most defective in the teaching practice of the time, and therefore he devoted much of his attention to correcting

**Father Peter Birch, M.A., Ph.D.** was ordained in Maynooth in 1937. He was on the staff of St. Kieran's from 1938 until 1953 when he became Professor of Education in Maynooth, which chair he continues to hold.

this. What he did was to borrow some of the ideas of the Lancasterian or Mutual system of instruction, and adapt these for use in teaching Christian Doctrine. This system had had great vogue some years earlier, and though by 1856 it was largely discredited and abandoned, still it had its points for the situation which the author had to meet.

The essence of the Mutual system was that it employed monitors to give a certain limited amount of instruction under the direction of a qualified teacher. The monitors were either senior pupils, who were learning themselves or else unqualified teachers. One teacher could instruct many monitors and direct them, and through them he could teach as many groups of children as he had monitors. It was a highly organised but very mechanical system and it reduced teaching to mere imparting of information. Essential to it was a large room where the teacher had control all the time over what his assistants did.

"A P.P. of Ossory" tried to introduce something of the organisation of this system, without naming it. He would have his teaching broadly based. A number of groups of children were to be taught at the same time in the chapel, each group under a monitor, or teacher as he was called. To supervise these "a male inspector for the boys and a female for the girls should be appointed". The inspectors were the trained or experienced teachers. They did not actually teach; their time was occupied in supervising and examining the work. The author described their task as to see "that all attend to their respective classes, that all the rules be strictly observed, and the disorderly (if any) be brought to order". Over all was the priest. He directed the work. He examined the pupils. He gave a general instruction at the end.

The work of the Christian Doctrine classes was apparently handicapped at the time by the lack of any sort of grading of the pupils. "One of the great reasons why children are found not to progress", the introduction says, "in the knowledge of Christian Doctrine is the promiscuous selection of lessons and children. Children mingled in one class, all probably of different capacities, readers and non-readers, more or less instructed". To

end that he proposed a rigid system of classification and earned promotion. He provided sample roll-sheets. Monitors were expected to keep the roll-sheet carefully marked up. As well as providing an attendance record, the roll-sheet also served as a progress record, so that there could be no danger of a pupil moving up faster than he should.

The course of instruction laid down consisted of five classes or grades. Each class was subdivided into two sections. In the first section the pupils memorised the material prescribed for the particular class, from Butler's Catechism. When they had been shown by examination to be word-perfect in this, they passed on to the second section of the class. In the second section they learned the meaning of all they had been taught in the first. When they had done this successfully, and were examined, they moved on to the first section of the next class. In the lowest class pupils were taught "the Blessing, the Lord's Prayer, Hail Mary, Apostles' Creed, Confiteor, the Doxology, the Angelus, and the Prayer before and after meals". From there the pupils proceeded in the manner described to the top class, when the whole catechism was to be known and understood. There is no mention of the age at which pupils began.

An elaborate procedure of prayer and study was prescribed for the Sunday work. When all were assembled in the chapel, a small bell was rung by the priest. He then said the prayer to the Holy Ghost and a Hail Mary, after which the teaching work began. Class lasted for an hour. A few minutes before the end of the class, the priest gave instructions to call the roll. When this was done, all stood around the altar, and said or sang the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin Mary, "the inspectors and teachers standing outside, around the children, to keep order". This concluded the teachers' work.

The day's instruction was not finished yet, however. At this stage the priest himself took over. He went on to explain a question of the catechism to the assembled children and teachers, or to recommend some daily pious practice to them. Then the Angelus was said, or the prayer "Direct we beseech Thee",

followed by a Hail Mary, and the Sacred Heart prayer, "O Sweetest Heart of Jesus we implore that we may love Thee evermore".

After this the inspectors and teachers arranged the children into rows or lines and, as the introduction describes it, "on a given signal (they) make, either altogether or two by two, in the centre of the chapel, the genuflexion to the Cross, the boys first, the girls after. They leave the chapel quietly and in order".

It can probably be argued from the manner in which he phrases his direction here, that the writer did not regard reservation of the Blessed Sacrament as normal in chapels at the time.

It is not surprising to find that a hundred years ago, there was dissatisfaction with the teaching of Christian Doctrine, and the results it was giving. Seldom, however, do we get so detailed an account of the steps actually taken to deal with the problem in a particular area. Some of the criticisms of the manner of religion teaching have quite a modern ring about them. "No school more neglected, no science so little attended to",

the P.P. complains; and if we allow for the change in terminology, we can find the sentiments reproduced at almost any religion teaching conference today.

Fourteen years later Cardinal Cullen was giving evidence before a government enquiry into Irish education. He spoke of the effects changing social conditions were having on it, and the need for better religion teaching for Catholics. The reasons he advanced are interesting now. He suggested, almost a hundred years ago, that the Irish who emigrated in large numbers to America or England were running into difficulties. They were coming up against criticisms of beliefs or practices, and for the first time meeting people who did not accept Catholicism, and were disconcerted by this. Those at home were being affected too. Irreligious books and periodicals from abroad were coming in and disturbing them. It all sounds very modern. Perhaps the methods used in those times to combat the difficulties might be useful for us today—if we studied them without prejudice and really got to know them.

## THE HOMES OF IRELAND

"There is one hidden group to which I ask your leave especially to refer: they who alone made possible the apostolate of Bishop and Priest, of Brother, of Sister and of lay folk: the parents of the Catholic homes of Ireland. Are not they the heroes and the heroines who in their unnumbered years of constancy to the Faith, have gladly given back their children into the hands of God, that He might use them in the preaching of the Faith? To the homes of Ireland, which are our most careful seminary, our most suitable novitiate, I would invite you to pay a tribute of open gratitude and admiring reverence".

—HIS GRACE, MOST REV. J. C. MCQUAID, D.D., at opening of Patrician Missionary Exhibition.

# Kieran's Days—1923—1928

James Delehanty

ONLY a strong sense of *pietas* and a becoming deference to an episcopal *fiat* are capable of making me turn back thirty-five years and more to think again about my Kieran's days. It is not that they were unhappy days, for they were not; it is a reluctance to make the considerable effort at "total recall" required. I admire Proust but I cannot imitate him.

Then again the kind of writing that a work of *pietas* demands—and ST. KIERAN'S RECORD is nothing if not a collection of such works—does not come easily to the editor of *The Kilkenny Magazine*, dedicated as he is to a literary *Zeitgeist* that runs more naturally to iconoclasm than to eulogy, to sharp anglo-saxonisms than to rotund latinisms, to blame rather than to praise.

Nevertheless, the reluctance has been overcome and the span of years bridged; the style, I hope, will suit the occasion . . .

\* \* \*

I first went to St. Kieran's, a day pupil, in September, 1923 and I left, a little unwillingly, in June, 1928; so that I was there during the last two years of Father (later Canon) Aylward's presidency and the whole of that of Father (now Dr.) Collier, the present bishop of Ossory.

I had been a Christian Brothers boy. It is fashionable in some quarters adversely to criticise the Brothers and their methods (Dominic Behan is the latest to do it in his *Teems of Times and Happy Returns*) but I never had any reason to regret having been sent to their schools. I learnt (and was taught, to make a distinction) a great deal in James's Street and I sometimes wonder how different would have been my development had I been left to finish my schooling there

instead of being sent to Kieran's. But this is not the place for such invidious speculation.

Before the decision was taken, other colleges were considered. The discipline of a far-away boarding-school would be good for me, counselled friends of the family; besides Kieran's just then was going through a bad period, to judge by examination results; also one had to keep up with the neighbours. A nearby family was sending their all-male progeny to Castleknock, while others favoured Clongowes; the family solicitor's eldest (my own age) was going to an English school, no less. I remember seeing various prospectuses around the house about this time; their blandishments filled me with unease and foreboding.

In the end, Kieran's it was and that suited me very well. For one thing, I was practically in the place already; our house was just across the road and the bell for class or study could be clearly heard, especially when the wind was from the north. At night-time the peculiarly metallic chimes of a college clock would mark the hours distinctly for anyone in Rosemount who couldn't sleep.

Kieran's was a new chapter in my life. The change from the C.B.S. was startlingly complete. The teachers (or "professors", as they were grandly called in the continental manner) were different; so were the pupils; many of the subjects were also new. The accent was less on being taught and more on learning. The three hours "study" in the evening was something else again; you had to teach yourself, so to speak. The text-books were many, various and expensive by C.B.S. standards and the mathematical ones had the answers at the back!

I have said that the pupils were different. This was because they were country lads, from all parts of the diocese, many of them potential aspirants for the priesthood. The

result was an outlook quite other to that which I had found among my classmates in the C.B.S. (and which indeed I had myself shared up till then). The moralist would no doubt say "a *better* outlook" but I am not a moralist. Nevertheless, the change came to me as a blessed relief at the time, even if it meant the cutting-off of a particular area of experience that I might otherwise have had. Perhaps the gain outweighed the loss. I shall never know.

Among the completely new subjects I now had to learn were the classical languages, Latin and Greek. I was in "Prep" of course, and the Latin master was Father M. Cullen, known to us as "Matty" or "The Mat", while Greek was taught by Father J. O'Keeffe, known as "Jacky" or occasionally among the senior boys as "The Baker".

Both of these men are now dead; *requiescant in pace*. I remember each of them with affection, though for different reasons. "Jacky" O'Keeffe was just the kind of teacher I needed at my age; the result of his work was that I got a solid grounding in Greek accidence and syntax that stood to me later. "Matty" Cullen was not a good teacher and because of this my Latin has always been shaky. I got to know him well towards the end of his life and then found him the most charming and lovable of men. But he detested teaching and, no doubt unconsciously, took out his resentment on his boys, whom he must have identified with his bondage.

A thing that neither of these two worthy men ever tried to do was to give us some appreciation of the literatures of the languages they taught us. For an inkling of what the tongue of Virgil meant to a poet I had to wait until the arrival of "Matty's" brother, "Charlie" to St. Kieran's from Australia in late 1924. As for the Greeks, despite coming fifth in Ireland in the language in the Intermediate in 1927 and having the renowned Peter Byrne discourse on aspects of the subject for more than two years, I left St. Kieran's with no real appreciation of their genius or what they stood for in Western civilization. Had any of my teachers ever read Virginia Woolf's essay "On not knowing

Greek" or Lowes Dickinson's "The Greek View of Life"? I doubt it.

For maths and science we had "Charlie" Sandvoss, whose son Hermann had been a friend of mine at the C.B.S. since the day he endeared himself to me by telling me that he slept in his shirt (as I did myself) and not in pyjamas as some more sophisticated C.B.S. boy must have boasted he did. I found Charlie's diffident manner discouraging and having the misfortune to miss the opening lessons on algebra (a new subject to me) I was at a loss to know what it was all about until the following year, when Father F. Lalor took over our maths class. My memories of the science class are confined to some experiments in growing crystals; hardly an adequate preparation for the "Age of Science".

The Prep English class was taken by Cuthbert Kennedy, a sallow, well-dressed man with pale eyes, who hopped on to and off his rostrum with almost balletic grace and continually impressed upon us the superiority of English boys. I always got low marks from him in the monthly examinations and came very far down in the class until one fine day he fell sick and was replaced by a temporary master called Shepherd. Shepherd didn't stay very long, so far as I remember, but he stayed long enough to set and mark an end-of-term paper in which, for the first time (but not the last) I found myself well at the head of the class in English. Not unnaturally, I have cherished an affection for his memory ever since, although I never met or heard of him again after his departure. As for Cuthbert, I don't think he ever came back; our English classes were taken over later by Father (now Canon) J. Ryan and under him I regret to say I idled shamefully but, gentleman that he was, he affected not to notice.

My big trouble all through my Kieran's days was Irish. The teacher was Conchubhar O Muineachain, a most worthy man, a native speaker from Ballingearry, who had every qualification for his post except the essential one: he was incapable of inspiring respect in his pupils. He worked incredibly hard (he had to teach *all* the classes on the layside, from Prep to Senior, single-handed) and I

believe got good results; but for me he was a disaster. I foolishly identified the language and its culture with the unprepossessing exterior of "The Gurk", as he was universally called; and having no Alcibiades to point out "the divine images which are within", I persisted in my foolishness until it was too late.

There are many good stories told about "The Gurk", not all of them suitable for these pages. His marking of the monthly exam papers was inclined to be excessively consistent; one boy in my class always got 39 (one fewer than the 40 that would give him a pass). This happened even on the occasion when, either as a cynical experiment or emboldened by despair, he copied all the questions on the paper word for word and handed them up as his answers! I myself got the same 39 treatment until, spurred on by presidential exhortations, I made some conciliatory gestures towards the subject and from then on got a regular pass. How I got honours in it in the Intermediate is still a mystery to me; the tutelary gods of the muintir Dulcaointigh must have been at work, either on me or on my examiners.

I feel a little sad now when I think of that good man from West Cork and how we made fun of him; he had a great love for his native language and a great fund of goodwill towards us, largely unappreciated, in my case anyhow, because I so wrongly persisted in taking the book by the cover.

In my second year (1924-25) two men came to Kieran's whom I shall always remember with affection and gratitude. Father Francis Lalor was a "born" teacher who loved boys and always remained one at heart himself. Father Charles Cullen had the mind of a poet and, I believe, actually did write verse. Both of them made immediate impressions on us on their first appearance in class, impressions that deepened as time went by.

"Charlie" Cullen was a small, dark man with a long, straight nose made longer, one felt, by the pressure of a tight pair of old-fashioned pince-nez. He had bright, lively eyes and a habit of slightly mispronouncing some boys' names which we found funny. This first day with us he devoted the whole hour to talking about poetry in general and

virgilian poetry in particular and while none of us knew what on earth he was at, I for one felt that in "doing" the second book of the Aeneid we were embarking on a great life-enriching experience; such is the power of an enthusiastic teacher. And to this day I can repeat a hundred lines and more of that book, an accomplishment that has stood me in good stead when ever a piece of one-upmanship of the kind seemed called for. But it went deeper than that. Charlie's enthusiasm was infectious: he would close his eyes and murmur:

*et jam nox humida caelo  
Praecipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos*

and the hypnotic vowels and sibilants really did work magic.

He took the whole school for elocution also and coached us in the only dramatic performance that took place during Father Collier's presidency, a production of the English version of Padraic Pearse's *Iosagán*, done in honour of Dr. Downey on his appointment as co-adjutor bishop of Ossory. I was given the part of one of the fisher-boys. I daresay Charlie did his best with the play and with us and I hope our distinguished audience were edified by what they saw. Certainly Tom Lynch as *Iosagán* succeeded in looking like something from another world than ours, which indeed is what he was meant to be, and his apparition at the end, spot-lighted by a bicycle-lamp from the wings, must have appeared a fitting climax to the production. Charlie, I think, went back to Australia soon afterwards.

Frank Lalor was something else again. His first class started with a rather stern series of demands for "Name" and then, "Age last birthday", each consonant ominously and somewhat costively enunciated. He it was who commenced the practice of calling us by our surnames only, as a time-saving device, I believe. We, of course, had our own abbreviation for *him*. First it was "PRT", part of his version of the interest formula; later it became "Pi", from the area-of-a-circle formula. He had taken a course of Pelmanism and the uncompromising positivism, if that is the word, that I understand is the basis of this discipline was evident in his determined stride as he bore

down the study-hall to the corner where we sat cowering like some not-fully-converted Early Christians waiting for the first of the lions.

Almost pathologically devoted to his work, he went to immense trouble to prepare lessons and explain problems. He instituted weekly "testlings", as some wag called them, to assess our progress, and occasionally paid slippered visits to the study-hall (an unheard-of thing up till then) to see how we were getting on with our preparation.

ward swings. On such a day the grim warning would be passed from class to class and one look at that white, strained face, the thick lips dry (he suffered all his life from a curious lack of saliva) the eyes behind the glasses dull and tired-looking (the result of chronic insomnia, I found out afterwards) was enough to confirm our worst fears.

His methods became less drastic as his experience of boys and their ways deepened over the years; years pitifully few, alas! His sympathy with and understanding of the



*IOSAGÁN* — May 1926

FATHER PATRICK COLLIER, JAMES DELEHANTY, ALPHONSUS FRISBY, THOMAS LYNG, JAMES CANTWELL, LAURENCE CARROLL.

*Seated:* THOMAS LYNCH, JOSEPH SWEENEY, MICHAEL MCGRATH.

Not all my fellow classmates, I know, agree with me in my view of Frank Lalor's teaching methods. To some he represented mere brutality and there was no doubt that on occasion he seemed to go berserk, with glass and gas-mantles littering the floor as he struck the low-hung brackets with his back-

adolescent mind were gifts which enabled him to gain the trust of the young, a trust he never betrayed. I got to know him very intimately for a time immediately after I left St. Kieran's, when the master-pupil relationship no longer inhibited us, but I'm afraid I didn't quite live up to the demands of his

high ideal of friendship. Later, however, after he had been so cruelly stricken down by the illness that was to kill him, we resumed our old good relations and I used to have among other mementos, a card he sent me shortly before he died, saying he wasn't out of the wood yet. In his will he made a gesture to me ("a token of his esteem", as he called it) the full significance of which was a secret between us both. *Requiescat in pace.*

The most legendary figure of my Kieran's days was, of course, the incomparable Peter Byrne, then in his forties and at his peak, physically and mentally. His magnificent head, with its mane of silver hair, seemed to us boys to epitomise the supreme apotheosis of the intellect, while the deep voice, referred to in *The Portrait of the Artist*, thrilled us with its cadenced splendours, and his witticisms and *mots*, no more than half of which we really understood, sent us into paroxysms of laughter. Here indeed was our Great Man, the fount of all wisdom, the repository of all knowledge, the speaker of all tongues. "Please, sir, do you know Chinese?" asked a small boy once and we shouldn't have been at all surprised if the answer had been "Yes".

I have been trying to think of what subjects Peter took me for in my last two years and what books we did with him and relying on memory alone I find it hard to be sure. Greek, of course, perhaps Latin, European History too, since I remember filling a notebook with passages translated by him *viva voce* from a French history, presumably superior to anything available in English. The reason for my vagueness is the fact that all Peter's classes were much the same; no matter what the ostensible subject he could be relied upon to digress to such an extent that no one could form a clear impression afterwards of what exactly was supposed to have been studied, unless it was that proper study of mankind which we are told is man. As for woman, Peter believed with Thomas à Kempis that "in general (one should) commend all good women to God", a sentiment which did not prevent him from quoting all the misogynistic Greeks he could think of on the subject. This was very entertaining and probably did

us no great harm either scholastically or psychologically.

Similarly with the rest of Peter's digressions. The only pity was that they were mostly so negative and destructive, whereas what we wanted at that age surely was constructive and positive ideas and precepts. Peter knew all this Greek but I think it was very much erudite and academic gamesmanship with him; it smelt of the midnight oil of Alexandria rather than of the wild thyme of Mount Hymettus. It was the same with the literatures of the other languages he knew; they were subjects for grammatical exercises and recondite references instead of expressions of the highest flights of the human imagination. Shakespeare's achievement he derided with the exception of the Sonnets, perhaps significantly. I once sent him a "Birthday Ode" (we had the same birthday, 28th October) and he sent it back annotated and corrected like an exam paper. I'm not implying that my effort was "literature", merely illustrating his characteristic attitude to anything creative.

In saying this I realise I am contradicting the testimony of others, in particular Dr. Meany (ST. KIERAN'S RECORD 1958, p. 75). Perhaps we are both right; Peter, like Whitman, contained within himself multitudes and may very well have contradicted his own testimony on occasion.

All who knew him agree, however, that he was a great man and an ornament to Kieran's, "its brightest star", to quote Dr. Meany. Tom Lyng put it very well also when he said that Peter represented the old "grand style" while Frank Lalor represented the new "high tension". As with Frank Lalor, I got to know him very well in after years when he used to visit me every day. Our temperaments were similar in many ways and our loves and hates were often directed towards the same objects. But all that is a story for another day.

Of the two presidents in my time Father Aylward remained ever a rather distant figure, something of a Chinese carving in my schoolboy imagination—was it the stiff folds of his soutane that gave this impression or maybe his nickname "The Shan", suggesting an eastern potentate? His Gaelic scholarship was famous but the only evidence of it shown to us in Prep was the remark, made during

an inspection of the Irish class, that the Gaels put the noun before the adjective because they wanted to hear what the thing was before they heard about its attributes; logical enough, I suppose, in its way. One felt that Richard Aylward was the last of a special race of presidents and his departure the end of an era.

He was succeeded by Father Collier and very soon we all became conscious that a new force was taking over in Kieran's. Positive action on all sorts of fronts began; hard work and "results" became the order of the day. The new president regularly appeared in our classes, bearing a volume called (but not officially, I imagine) *The Book of Life*; this contained particulars of each pupil's monthly exam figures and was constantly referred to with minatory or hortatory comments as the occasion demanded. During the three years of Father Collier's rule the foundations were laid for the growth and expansion that have continued uninterrupted ever since.

Despite the new accent on hard work the boys of that time enjoyed themselves uninhibitedly when the opportunity presented itself. I well remember such an occasion. One day my class unexpectedly had a free hour from 2 till 3 p.m. and to while away the time I borrowed some book or other from one of the senior boys and settled down to have a good read at my desk. Soon I began to notice that more and more classes were coming into the study hall until eventually it was apparent that the whole school had a free hour as well as us and were bent on enjoying it too. The pandemonium was terrific; what over a hundred boys can generate in the way of noise has to be heard to be appreciated. Nevertheless I read steadily through it all, insulated in my private world, the only boy in the hall adding nothing to the general din.

Suddenly the door was flung open in a

manner that could mean one thing only, and as if by the throwing of a switch, complete silence fell like a guillotine. A shadow darkened the glass panel of the open door; we waited in horror; then, imitating tolerably well the awesome entrance we had expected, in came Billy Lalor, a stocky little, droll-faced senior boy not lacking in a certain macabre sense of humour.

This of course was the signal for a round of cheers, followed by even greater pandemonium than before and this continued until again the door was flung open and now there was no false alarm; it was indeed the president, with a thunder-crowned visage such as Moses bore when he faced the naked and idolatrous Israelites. Majestically he proceeded to the south end of the study hall, instructed the senior of the house to fetch a prefect from the ecclesiastical side to keep control and then, turning around, advanced slowly towards the north side where I, at my desk in the front row, sat with my head bowed over my book, quivering in the outer-space silence like everyone else.

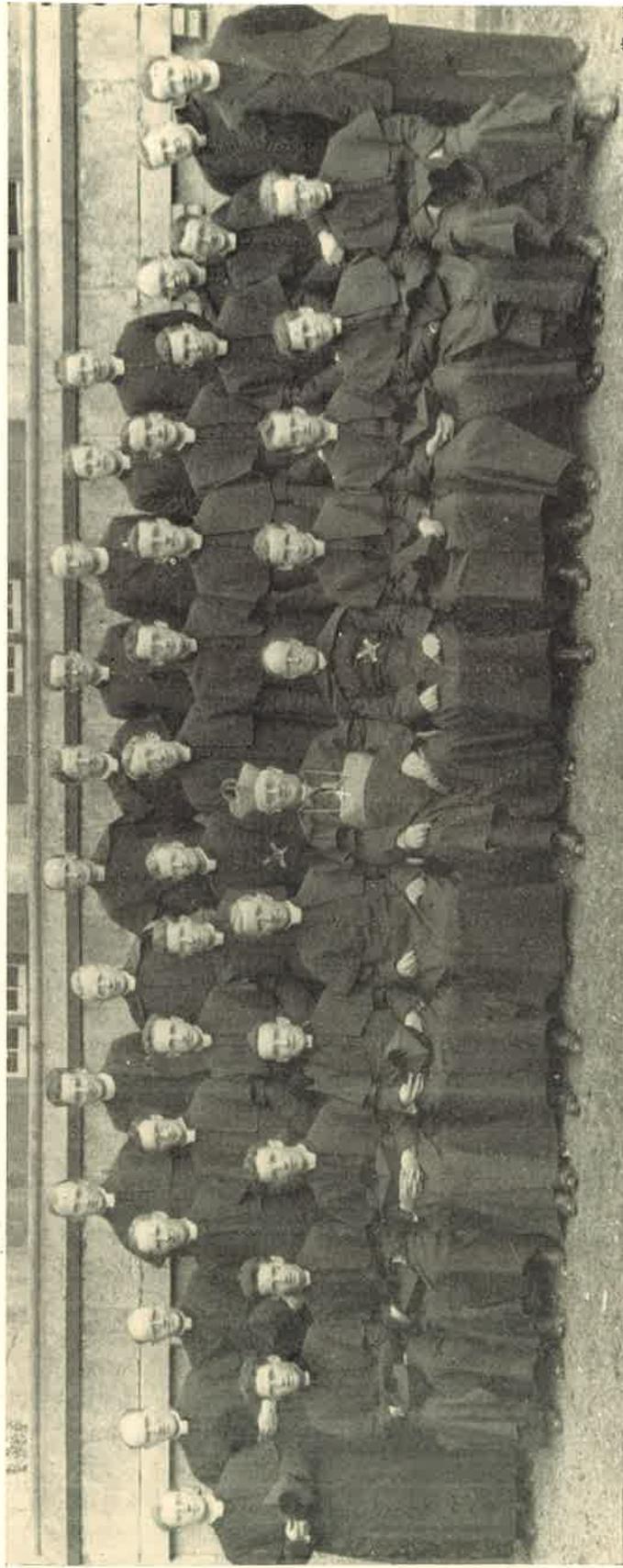
As the foot-falls came closer I could feel the blood rising incontinently to my cheeks, although of all the boys in the hall, I was the only one who should have no cause for fear, since I alone had taken no part in the uproar. I stared at my book, not daring to look up. Nearer and nearer came the fatal steps and now they were beside me. They stopped, as I instinctively knew they would. There seemed an eternity and then through the hot blood drumming in my ears came the voice, as though from a great distance:

*You look very angelic don't you?*

\* \* \*

We both left St. Kieran's in 1928, Father Collier and I: he to get his crozier and his letters Apostolic; I my indentures and my two-foot rule. *Hiems transiit. Deo gratias.*

ORDINATION SUNDAY, ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE, SUNDAY, 14th JUNE, 1936



*Back Row:* REVV. E. WALL, Professor; J. J. RAFFERTY, R.I.P., (Perth); J. BYRNE, R.I.P., Professor; J. RYAN, Professor; T. J. CLOHOSEY, Professor; D. HUGHES, D.D., Professor; J. KELLY, Adelaide; P. O'SHEA, Ossory; A. QUINN, Portsmouth.

*Middle Row:* REVV. R. LOWRY, Dean; P. DUNPHY, R.I.P., Dean; P. O'FARRELL, R.I.P., Professor; P. ROWE, Bursar; *newly ordained:* REVV. T. PURCELL, Maitland; M. HOPKINS, Liverpool; J. F. O'SULLIVAN, Brentwood; J. KELLY, O.M.I., South Africa; H. SKEHAN, Adelaide; C. FRIEL, Birmingham; B. O'SULLIVAN, Adelaide; F. PHELAN, R.I.P., Ossory; V. SHBEHAN, Hexham and Newcastle; M. McNULTY, Edinburgh. *At back:* REVV. F. LAWLOR, R.I.P., and J. O'KEEFE, R.I.P., Professors; T. GALLAGHER, Edinburgh.

*Seated:* REVV. P. QUILL, Edinburgh; P. BERGIN, Liverpool; T. FLEMING, R.I.P., Salford; J. KENNY, Ossory; CANON STAUNTON, D.D., President, the Bishop; REV. J. CASEY, O.M.I., Retreat Director; D. CARROLL, Ossory; M. McGRATH, Ossory; J. MOORE, Portsmouth; T. FOYNFS, Birmingham. *Absent:* REV. T. J. MULCAIR, Vancouver.

# Silver Jubilees

In sending our congratulations to the foregoing who celebrated their Silver Jubilee last year, we couple with them the following who have completed twenty-five years in the priesthood this year, and regret that we were unable to procure a photograph for publication.

REV. D. B. CORCORAN (Birmingham); REV. F. P. MCGLINCHEY (Boise City); REV. M. J. BRESLIN (Southwark); REV. JAMES GRAY (San Diego); REV. THOMAS BOWDEN (Ossory); REV. P. J. AHERN (Boise City); REV. M. J. BOWE (Hexham & Newcastle); REV. J. J. CASS (Bathurst); REV. M. J. SHEERAN (Rockhampton); REV. C. V. SWANTON (Portsmouth).

Three priests of the Class of 1937 are deceased: REV. T. P. MILLERICK (Plymouth); REV. R. J. HEALY (Baker City) and REV. P. DOOLEY (Boise City). *Requiescant in pace.*



BENEDICTION FROM THE TERRACE ON ORDINATION SUNDAY

# Canon Phil Moore: An Appreciation

CANON PHIL MOORE had died. I waited at Dublin Airport for his brother—Father Bob. We shook hands. “He’s gone but he knows the way”, said Father Bob. What an epitaph for any man to have! The depth and assurance of these words will be understood by all Canon Phil’s friends. He had learned the way at his mother’s knee and had signposted it with his priestly piety.

Born in Kilmoganny, he was one of a family of seventeen—a family scattered through all the continents yet closer to one another than any family I have known. The Canon loved Kilmoganny. He was educated there, then at St. Kieran’s and at Maynooth. After ordination he first went to St. Mary’s, Sunderland, where he spent seven of his eighty-seven years. He loved the Wearsiders and they loved him. After his return to Kilkenny he served in St. Mary’s and St. John’s, in The Rower, Kilmacow, Muckalee, Clogh and finally in Ballyragget. The Bishop appointed him Canon of the Cathedral Chapter and Vicar Forane of the Northern Deanery.

Many generations of College students will remember his asides to the disputing Doctors on the Theological Examiners’ Board of which he was a member. There are the lucky few also who still love to tell how they pleased professors and impressed the Board as a result of a friendly canonical contact outside the halls.

The only break in his long service in Ossory was his spell as chaplain to the Allied Forces in Flanders, Salonica, Mesopotamia and Malta during the first World War. The chasuble he wore on his death bed was the one he had worn in Flanders. It brought a memory of the day when the bishop first vested him with the chasuble and said: “Take thou the priestly vestment whereby charity is signified, for God is well able to give thee

an increase of charity and a perfect work”. To which the young Philip Moore replied: “Thanks be to God!”

I have never known anyone to take more pleasure in the success of others, especially



of the poor, than Canon Phil. To the poor his heart and his hand went out. For him, his “perfect work” was his Mass. With biretta well back on forehead and tufts of white hair protruding, he hurried—he appeared to run—to say, “I will go unto the Altar of God; to God, who giveth joy to my youth”. He loved these words for he was young to the end. On the altar, he looked like an illumination from an ancient missal and as he talked to God with his hands, his head

and his heart he illumined the hearts and minds of those who saw and heard him.

The intellectually brilliant attracted him and he read widely. Belloc and Knox were unquestionably his favourites. He took *Time* and *The Tablet* when the opportunity arose but followed *Studies* and *The Furrow* faithfully. Absentmindedly he would quote from the Classics—just a form of nostalgia for the schools. His favourite epigram, taken from the Greek, was: "Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great". Of the many books which I gave him *The Priest and his Dog* appealed to him most. He said it was a classic and he was so enthusiastic about it that I never saw it again. Horses and dogs, too, were among his loves. I saw his little dog Toby saunter through the great crowd at his funeral and appear to listen intently to His Lordship's fine farewell.

For one who had travelled far he was content to confine himself to an occasional trip to Dublin by rail to see a sick parishioner and to his regular run to Kilkenny. He travelled light. His breviary, pipe and pouch he brought with him, but rarely matches—for as many can testify he had a very "friendly" way with matches. If you missed meeting him at the station in Kilkenny you could find him in St. John's making a little visit to the Blessed Sacrament. From there you could follow his progress though not

perhaps his footsteps, as he went on his rambling way to a tobacconist, then to the Friary and finally to the Cathedral House for a pipeful in peace.

The Suir Valley bus often brought him to Kilmoganny and he brought warmth and reverence to the little village and to his home the inevitable game of cards. I never played in these games for as I watched these men-at-arms fronting one another, I felt that the experience of a wise old coroner was essential for this company. The battle raged through verbal barrages and ominous silences, punctuated only by the vibrant knockings of the Canon's hand on the table. The old pipes seemed to lose their symbolism as we saw them through the rising smoke. Yet, to see the end of one of these memorable games was an unforgettable experience. The tension gave way to a sudden serenity, then to joviality and you sensed that the Canon was filled with the expectancy of another good game to come.

He is gone now and he is sadly missed. He was unique but he was reverently unique. He left nothing much. No one could say that even his coffin was heavy for there was nothing much left of him. He did leave, however, a reservoir of inspiration to priests and to people and a legacy of memories that ever keep coming back to all who loved him.

J. J. R.

# Obituaries

**MOST REV. JOHN J. RAFFERTY, D.D.,**  
Auxiliary Bishop of Perth

**W**HEN we read and rejoiced at reading, in the 1956 issue of ST. KIERAN'S RECORD, the account of the con-

secration of MONSIGNOR RAFFERTY as the Titular Bishop of Pheran, little did we think that we would so soon, in sorrow, have to record his death.

Thirty-three years ago he came from St. Flannan's, Ennis to St. Kieran's. Seven years



GROUP TAKEN ON DR. RAFFERTY'S LAST VISIT TO ST. KIERAN'S  
*Front Row:* VERY REV. MATTHEW MACMANUS (Port Elizabeth), REV. J. KENNY (Ossory), the late DR. RAFFERTY, VERY REV. T. PURCELL (Maitland), REV. D. CARROLL (Ossory).  
*Back Row:* VERY REV. J. WHITE, REV. M. COMERFORD, REV. P. HOLDEN, VERY REV. CANON LOUGHRY, REV. L. MURPHY, REV. P. BOLLARD (Ossory).

later, on the 26th April, 1936, he was ordained priest by Most Rev. Dr. Collier. Of his 260 or so fellow students during that time, some will remember him as the cool and steady goalman who played for St. Kieran's and the Leinster Colleges in 1930 and '31, others will recall his many appearances on the College stage with particularly vivid memories of his polished performance in the demanding Hamlet role. All will remember him as likeable, accomplished, gracious and unassuming.

It would be pointless now to pretend that in our student days we discerned his true worth or foresaw his Apostolic future—students seldom see far ahead. Accomplished he undoubtedly was, but I think gracious is the word that most readily comes to mind when thinking of him. Neither ponderous nor condescending but possessed of that calm detached seriousness that when about half way through his course he left us it was easy enough to credit the rumour that he was going to join a religious order. It was, however, only a rumour and twelve months later he returned to finish his preparation for the priesthood.

Within six months of his ordination I met him again, now curate attached to the cathedral in his diocese of Perth, West Australia. These were the post-depression pre-war years when Australian Catholics were striving mightily, not only to build schools, churches and charitable institutions but to evolve new forms of the apostolate to meet, in Perth, new needs with a keen awareness of the necessity of incorporating the outlying and scattered Catholic families into the full life of the Church—a particularly pressing problem for little more than 100 priests in a diocese more than six times the size of Ireland. That the young Father Rafferty had played his part in this extension of Catholic life was evident, ten years and a war later, when I again met him to find that he was secretary to his archbishop and diocesan director of the Pontifical Mission Aid Societies. Two years later he was

appointed Dean and Chancellor of the diocese to be followed four years later with the papal honour of Domestic Prelate.

Finally seven years ago his friends in Australia and Ireland rejoiced when it was announced that Monsignor Rafferty was appointed Titular Bishop of Pheran and Auxiliary to his archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Prenderville. He was consecrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, Perth on the 26th October, 1955 and on the occasion, his classmates and fellow students of St. Kieran's from many countries presented him with a pectoral cross bearing the College crest.

About two years after his consecration he had, I think, intended coming to Ireland on a holiday but a serious illness intervened which, followed by diocesan engagements, delayed his home coming until last July. When he did arrive his many friends were glad to see him so well even though still under the shadow of his illness. His visit home was for six months only, yet he found time on three occasions to visit and stay in St. Kieran's. One might be tempted to say that he carried his episcopal dignity lightly. This, however, would not be true. But it is no more than the simple truth to say that in spite of his distinguished career he was still the same gracious person we had known in former years.

Having said goodbye to nearly all his friends—he was due to leave Ireland on the following day—he died a few hours after taking ill on Saturday, 6th January. On the following Tuesday his remains were laid to rest near the entrance to the parish church and surrounded by his friends from many parts of Ireland, the priests of St. Kieran's College, his fellow students from Ossory and the bishop, priests and people of his native Killaloe. St. Kieran's College mourns the loss of one of its most distinguished students.

We extend our sympathy to his bereaved brother and sister in Killaloe and to his archbishop and priests in Perth, West Australia. May he rest in peace.



**VERY REV.  
MICHAEL J. GUILFOYLE, P.P.**

ON Tuesday, 3rd April, 1962 the death occurred at Auteven Hospital after a two months' illness, at the age of seventy-eight, of the Very Rev. MICHAEL J. GUILFOYLE, P.P., Clara, a native of Templequaine, Rathdowney.

Ordained in January 1909, he spent two years in the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle before returning to St. Kieran's as layside

Dean in September 1911. Later on he served as curate in the parishes of Mooncoin, St. Patrick's, Danesfort and Owing, before becoming parish priest of Clara in 1942.

Halfway through his last illness—as it eventually proved to be—his well-nigh indomitable will to live seemed for a time to have won him a reprieve once again. He had cheated death some eight years previously, against all medical advice and expectation. But this time it was not to be. Perhaps his very will to live proved his undoing, for in

his eagerness he seemed to overtax his strength and bring on a collapse from which he never really rallied.

Father Guilfoyle's claim to fame rests on his record during his two periods as lay-side Dean in St. Kieran's College (1911-'14 and 1920-'30). His was the unique distinction of being recalled to serve twice in the same capacity—a tacit tribute by his superiors to the excellence of his achievement and the quiet but beneficent revolution in moves he had effected during his first brief term of office. By universal consent of those who remember that period, his regime, if we may so call it, was the beginning of a new era in St. Kieran's College.

To him it fell, for example—and it required persistent and patient zeal on his part—to get the 1905 decree of St. Pius X on frequent Communion put into practice in the College.

He was also the prime mover in introducing a College skull-cap, thereby officially outlawing the hitherto used peaked cloth cap, which he loathed and detested, especially when worn *en masse*, as a badge of barbarity, a symbol and cause of uncouth and uncivilised behaviour, the apparel that proclaimed the man.

Father Guilfoyle was a gentleman in every sense of that word. Those who passed through the mill of St. Kieran's College in his days will ever cherish the memory of him as of one who unfailingly treated them as gentlemen, thereby making them gentlemen. He was not the one to crush the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. It can be safely said of him that not even one single individual of his time left the College feeling he had been unjustly or even harshly treated by Father Guilfoyle. A truly great tribute to a Dean's humanity and deep and unerring sense of justice. His diplomatic skill in dealing with parents was also universally recognised. He was, as we would now say, an excellent public relations officer.

In all the parishes in which he served, but particularly in Clara of which he was P.P. for twenty years, he will be remembered as a kindly, approachable, understanding priest, always in good humour, always at his post (he rarely took a holiday in his priestly life). He never offended any man. He had no

enemies; he was the enemy of no one. The crowds at his obsequies, both clerical and lay, testified to the universal respect and esteem in which he was held by his brother priests and by his flock. May he rest in peace!

#### VERY REV. EDWARD DOWLING, P.P.

ON 8th June, 1960 Very Rev. EDWARD DOWLING, P.P. of Camross died, and the diocese of Ossory lost one of its most outstanding priests. He was born in Slieverue and educated in St. Kieran's College and



Maynooth where he was ordained in 1908. He spent some years teaching in St. Kieran's where he was remembered principally for his unconventional and entertaining lectures. But he never cared for teaching and when the Great War broke out in 1914 he volunteered for service as a chaplain. He joined the Dublin Fusiliers and worked with them to the end of the war, retiring with the rank of

Colonel. Ever afterwards he was affectionately known as "The Colonel", and he always had a great fund of stories about the First World War. On his return to Ossory he worked as a curate in Castlecomer, Clontubrid, Kilmoganny and Gathabawn. In 1942 he was appointed parish priest of Camross where he continued until his death.

Father Dowling was a great student of Latin and French literature, and read widely French commentaries on Sacred Scripture and Theology. He made a close study of education in the diocese of Ossory, contributing articles to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* on the subject. He had collected a considerable amount of material on the history of St. Kieran's College, gathered from his examination of newspaper files, the original records in the College archives, and from a wide correspondence. From this he contributed an article in the 1960 College RECORD on "Our Australian Pioneers" and there is a further excerpt in this number of the RECORD on "St. Kieran's Priests in North America".

In Camross he won the deep affection of the people of the parish. His pleasant and kindly manner, his charitableness and his interest in the spiritual welfare of the parishioners made him a beloved figure in the parish.

T. J. C.

#### **VERY REV. NICHOLAS CARRIGAN, P.P.**

THE death of Father NICHOLAS CARRIGAN, which took place at Belmont Park, Waterford on 25th March, 1962 after a long illness, caused widespread grief amongst the priests and people of Ossory. By none, however, was the death of this pious and zealous priest more deeply mourned than by the people of Borris-in-Ossory where he had administered as pastor for the seven years prior to his death. Grieved too by his loss must be the people of Ballyfoyle, Rathdowney, Templeorum, Urlingford and Rosbercon where he

had served as curate. Father Carrigan was nephew of the late Canon W. Carrigan, historian of the diocese of Ossory, and of the late Canon P. Carrigan, P.P., Callan.

Of his many admirable qualities the one his parishioners will remember best is his piety. He was above all else "a man of prayer" with great devotion to the Holy Mass, to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Mother of God. It was his rule of life to return to the church after breakfast each day, unless otherwise engaged, and remain in prayer and meditation for hours in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Such fervour and devotion were bound to have an inspiring effect on his people, as indeed they had, for many were those who attended his daily Mass and received Holy Communion. The sick were his special care. Not a day passed that did not see him at their bedsides ministering to their spiritual needs. For his sermons too he will be long remembered. To these he devoted great care and preparation. He spoke in a language that the simplest child could understand and his transparent sincerity enabled him to drive home his message with telling effect.

After his ordination in St. Mary's Cathedral in 1919 he was sent on temporary mission to the archdiocese of St. Andrew's, Edinburgh where he served for eight years. His first appointment was to the parish of Stirling, where he had as fellow-curate a classmate in St. Kieran's, the present P.P. of Aghaboe, Father Kieran Joyce. Next he was appointed to the parish of Dunfermline where his P.P. was the late Bishop of Galloway, Dr. W. Mellon. The few years spent in Dunfermline he regarded as amongst the happiest of his priestly life. His last years in the archdiocese were spent in St. Patrick's, Edinburgh, the nursery of many a young Irish priest. When the summons came for him to return to Ossory great indeed was the grief of the people of "St. Pat's", and of the people of Stirling and Dunfermline whom he had served so zealously.

As a young ecclesiastic in St. Kieran's, "Nick", as he was popularly known, was a man of exuberant spirits who played a full part in every College activity. It was he who organised the College Band whose repertoire

consisted of three items, principal of which was *The Wearing of the Green*—a tune played with gusto on all festive occasions. At every impromptu gathering Nick and his fellow instrumentalists were called upon to supply the music. He himself played the flute. On very special occasions the bagpipes were produced. Here Nick was in his element. They were his treasured possession, a family heirloom, for his father was a well-known piper at concerts and feiseanna in the vicinity of Kilkenny. On wet evenings when the students were confined to their rooms the familiar skirl of the bagpipes, away up in Parnassus, could be heard reverberating through the corridors. Sometimes in the middle of a reel or hornpipe there would be a sudden pause. The bush telegraph was at work. One of the authorities who had no ear for music and for whom the bagpipes were a *bête noire* was on his rounds.

And now that Father Nicholas's youthful spirit and hearty laugh are stilled forever, may his generous loving soul find a lasting peace in the Kingdom of his Master whom he loved and served to loyally.

J. S.

### FATHER JOHN HUNT

FATHER JOHN HUNT, who died suddenly on 26th October, 1961, at St. John's Church, San Francisco, was a brother of the late Father Ralph Hunt, former pastor of St. Peter's Church, San Francisco, and of the late Canon Michael Hunt of Kilkenny. Born on 16th March, 1882 in Kilmacow, he attended St. Kieran's College and was ordained for the diocese of San Francisco on 25th June, 1905.

On his arrival in America he was sent to the Catholic University of America for post-graduate work, where he received the Licentiate in Theology. He served as assistant pastor at St. Joseph's, Mountain View, at St. John's, San Francisco, at St. Philip's and St. Agnes's and on October 1920 became

pastor of St. Leander's Church in Oakland. On 17th November, 1933 came his transfer to St. Teresa's in the city. Finally in 1936 he was appointed pastor in St. John's Church where he remained until his death. Surviving him are two brothers, Mr. Thomas Hunt of Vallejo, and Mr. Patrick Hunt who lives in Muckalee in his native Kilkenny. His sole surviving sister resides in Johnstown, Co. Kilkenny.

To those who knew him intimately, Father Hunt was a man of great charm, and as a priest was endowed with qualities of spirit



which bespoke the man of God. The San Francisco *Monitor* of 27th June, 1961 described him as "an old priest with wispy white hair, and a gentle smile" who said to the reporter who interviewed him, "To get the people to love the Mass; to have them understand that there is nothing like it—that's all I care about now".

Beneath the picture of Father John in that issue was the caption, "One who remembers the chuckholds on the Mission Road". He

often expressed his regret at the passing of the San Francisco which he knew so well in far-off pioneering days of the first decade of this century, yet he attuned himself to the changing times and showed it when seventeen years ago he was among the first to take up the Liturgical Movement in his parish. A small instance of this was his introduction to his schools of the habit of saying Compline when classes had ended for the day.

Deep was his love of his native land; indeed it may well be that his last trip home in 1961 may have hastened his end. Deep too was his affection for St. Kieran's College to whom he has been a most generous benefactor. There are many monuments to his memory in the shape of churches and schools, but more enduring than these must be the influence of his rugged Irish Faith and of his gentle charity on the souls who were his care throughout a long and busy life. May he rest in peace.



**REV. HUGO O'CONNOR**

WITH the passing of Father HUGO O'CONNOR the English Past Pupils Union has lost one of its most devoted members. The Union, founded in 1911 as a result of the efforts of

Canon White of the diocese of Leeds, suffered greatly during the upset of World War I and not until 1927 did it succeed in re-establishing itself effectively. It was at a meeting in Harrogate in that year that Father HUGO was elected secretary and treasurer, and on the silver jubilee of his election, he was, in recognition for his services, unanimously chosen as its president.

He was of course a "character", a fact which proved an asset to him in many ways in his position of secretary. He could have the personnel at some starchy English hotel eating out of his hand in a matter of minutes, and the clerical babe-in-arms arriving, none too sure of himself, for his first Reunion, was instantly put at ease the moment he encountered Hugo. To his enthusiasm throughout his period of office is due, in no small measure, the present healthy state of the English Union of St. Kieran's priests. The older members will miss him greatly. To the present generation he may at times have appeared somewhat of an enigma, yet even a brief encounter with him must have revealed that beneath the unpredictable exterior there lay among his many other virtues a *pietas* deep and enduring towards the Alma Mater, a *pietas* which they themselves should strive to emulate. May he rest in peace.

**VERY REV.  
JEREMIAH O'CALLAGHAN, P.P.**

TONIGHT my thoughts go racing back over almost forty years of life and catch a glimpse of student days, its joys, its difficulties, its many facets. I visualise an evening in 1924, the setting—the stage in the old concert hall in St. Kieran's, and on it a young student. Standing erect to the extent of over six feet, a head crowned in auburn curls, the slant of the shoulders, the clean cut figure brought to mind the long, straight, strong spar of a Norwegian pine. He looked like a lance at

rest, Jerry O'Callaghan, and reciting such a contradiction:

"Ah, the memories now that find me as  
my hair is turning grey,  
Drifting in like painted butterflies from  
somewhere far away".

It is a long road from then to a June day in 1961 when among 120 priests, an exiled band of St. Kieran's sons stood by his coffin at his resting place on the banks of the Wear—for Father Jerry O'Callaghan had "fought the good fight and finished the course".

Ordained in June 1929, he arrived in England in August and I met him and his two companions at Newcastle Central Station. He was appointed to St. Mary's, Sunderland—a busy industrial city—a vast harvest and he proved himself a tireless labourer. Loved by the people, admired and respected by non-Catholics, he remained for twelve years. He served at St. William's, Darlington and St. Cuthbert's, West Hartlepool, and was appointed parish priest of the Holy Rosary, Sunderland in 1949. He has about 600 people, no church, school or presbytery. He counted not the cost to his health or energy, but set about the task for love of God and salvation of souls, and at his death he left a beautiful church, a school and presbytery and a parish almost free of debt.

Few of us in Ireland are born far from the sound of the Atlantic. We are blown and embraced in turn by its caressing winds which tinge our national character—impulsive, kind, sympathetic. Jerry had this shading. He took with him the prudence and wisdom of his county, the generosity and friendliness of his country, the spirituality of his home. They blended and produced an exemplary priest. We thank God for priests like him and for the great work they have done. If their work has been so richly blessed by God, it is because it has been sanctified by sacrifice. It has meant sacrifice at home, too, after the joy of ordination, the sorrow of separation. As a priest's people cross the Irish Sea to join the Requiem, we and they realise that since the days of St. Columba *peregrinari pro Christo* has meant salt tears and sorrow to Irish hearts. Father O'Callaghan has passed to his heavenly reward, his soul to God, his body to the cradle of his

missionary career and his memory to his fellow priests.

B. A. S.



**REV. LAURENCE FOLEY**

REV. LAURENCE FOLEY was born at Leggetsrath, Kilkenny and was educated on both sides of the house at St. Kieran's. He was ordained there, for the diocese of Ossory, in 1943. Having given nine years' service to the archdiocese of Edinburgh in the parish of Rosewell, he was recalled as curate to St. Mary's in 1952. Three years later he was appointed chaplain to St. Luke's Hospital and, as chaplain, he died there on 26th January, 1961.

The words that might tell something of Father Foley are restful words. He was mellow, and while people are said to mellow with the years, he did not have those years. It was, perhaps, because he did not need

them. He was placid, comforting, good-humoured, easy. But his ease was a little deceptive. There was much that might pass unsuspected—like that studiousness of his that met each new encyclical or decree with a few quiet days in his room with pen and paper and, then, those unflurried changes in the hospital which came with so little fuss that one might think they happened of themselves. He was, as every chaplain might hope to be, a comforting priest. To have known him is a comfort in itself.

F. X. O'R.

#### **FATHER WILLIAM JOHN O'DONNELL** **Hexham and Newcastle**

ON the 16th May, 1961 the mortal remains FATHER O'DONNELL were laid to rest beside his Church of St. Leonard, Silksworth, Co. Durham.

The Right Rev. Monsignor John Cunningham, V.G., presided and Solemn Mass was celebrated by his nephew Father Hugh O'Donnell of St. Matthew's, Belfast. Very Rev. Canon Avery, Seaham Harbour, preached an eloquent and moving panegyric.

Over 200 clergy and a vast concourse of lay people from various parts of the diocese overflowed the church. They came to say their last farewell and to pray for the repose of Father O'Donnell's soul.

William John O'Donnell, a native of Monyglass, Co. Antrim, received his early education at St. Malachy's, Belfast. He came to St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny in 1904 and on the 29th May, 1910 was ordained in St. Mary's Cathedral by the late Bishop Brownrigg. Probably he was the first priest educated at St. Kieran's College and ordained in Ireland for the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle.

His early days as a priest were spent in Houghton-le Spring, Hebburn, Stockton, Gateshead, and Sunderland. The last twenty-six years of his life were spent as parish

priest of the quiet little village of Silksworth near Sunderland.

Father O'Donnell was an outstanding man. He was blessed with a fine physique and distinguished appearance, and his capacity to attract, persuade, and draw men near to God is almost legendary. He spent himself for the people of the parishes in which he worked. Up and down the dioceses today men speak of him with profound feeling and with heartfelt gratitude.



His warmhearted and generous hospitality will be remembered gratefully by countless priests, young and old, Irish and English. They all enjoyed his company and were made welcome in his presbytery and at his table. His ability to give sound advice in a disarming manner and to put his visitor at ease was an experience.

He was a man of profound and simple faith. His last conscious act was to prepare to say Mass.

He was a great Irishman and a great priest. May the noble soul of Father William John O'Donnell rest in peace.

P. M. McK.



### JOHN P. RICE

THE untimely death of JOHN P. RICE at the age of forty-one which took place at his home at Carn, Dunbell on 9th August, 1961 came as a considerable shock to his many friends. John P. was widely known, particularly in farming circles where he took a keen interest in agricultural organisations, being actively identified with Macra na Feirme, and subsequently Chairman of his local branch of the National Farmers' Association. He was a grand-nephew of Canon Carrigan, historian of the diocese.

Since 1957 he had been a committee member of St. Kieran's Past Pupils Union, and his two years' tenure of office as its President ended only a few months before his death. He brought a wholehearted enthusiasm, tinged with boyish ingenuousness, to the activities of the Union, the Sports Day, and other social activities, and from these his beaming presence is missed.

He had been married only ten months, and to his widow, who had made his disposition more amiable than ever, deepest sympathy is extended.

### MICHAEL F. MURPHY

THE first President of St. Kieran's College Past Pupils Union, MICHAEL F. MURPHY, of Rose Hill, Kilkenny, died on the morning of 4th January, 1962, at the age of eighty-six.

"M. F." was a quiet, unassuming, indeed undistinguished, man whose quiet, unassuming and undistinguished life was in perfect accord with his disposition. He was the last of his family, an old Kilkenny one, and until 1945 carried on the family china and glass business in High Street, as well as managing a prosperous coal-yard and other activities. He remained a bachelor all his life and lived, with his faithful old nurse Miss O'Donnell as housekeeper and manager, over his shop in High Street until 1923, when he moved up to Rose Hill, which he had purchased two years previously. He was a devoutly religious man who took a genuine if unostentatious interest in the work of his parish and his Church.

There is little else that might be said of him, were it not for the remarkable collection of china, glass, silver, furniture, pictures, books and objects of art which, with patience, knowledge and, of course, cash, he got together during his long life and which, by the time these words are in print will have been dispersed in what is likely to be the most exciting auction to be held in Kilkenny since the famous Castle sale in the mid-thirties. Only those very few friends whom he welcomed to Rose Hill during his lifetime know what a remarkable treasure-house it was. While it is sad to think that what the auction catalogue describes as "the valuable undisturbed collection" will now be very disturbed indeed, it is perhaps a consolation to know that his parish, St. Patrick's and his old school, St. Kieran's, will benefit considerably as a result.

J. D.

### DR. WILLIAM MOORE

A THIRD former President (1938-39) of St. Kieran's Past Pupils Union to die during the

period under review was Dr. WILLIAM MOORE, Freshford, who passed away on 25th November, 1960. He was a native of Kilmoganny and a brother of the late Canon Philip Moore whose obituary also appears in this RECORD. Educated in St. Kieran's, he took a degree in medicine in University College, Cork. He practised in London for some years before returning to become dispensary doctor in Freshford. Three of his children followed him in the medical profession. In his youth Dr. Moore was a distinguished athlete, being captain of both hurling and football teams in the university, and playing on the Cork county team.



**FATHER MALACHY FINNEGAN**

THE archdiocese of Glasgow suffered an acute loss by the death of FATHER MALACHY FINNEGAN on 10th July, 1961, while on holiday with his brother, Father Peter Finnegan, curate of Bundoran. Only forty-three years of age, Father Finnegan was a native of Ballybay, Co. Monaghan. He received his early education at C.B.S. Monaghan and St. Macartan's Seminary and

was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1943. His priestly mission began in the parish of St. Roch, Glasgow and was continued in Chapelhall and Kirkintilloch, before he went to St. Columba's, Glasgow where he spent the last twelve years of his life.

In a big industrial city and international port where the chief work of a priest is the visitation of the people, Father Finnegan was outstanding. Oakbank Hospital will long remember his exemplary devotion to the sick and his kindness to the largely non-Catholic staff. Under his guidance the Women's Sodality was one of the finest in Glasgow. His zeal for the welfare of schoolchildren, particularly those being prepared for First Holy Communion is warmly spoken of and cherished by all the teachers in the north-west of the city. "A great source of comfort to his friends", said Most Rev. Dr. Ward, Auxiliary Bishop of Glasgow in a panegyric at his obsequies, "is the memory we have of the zeal and deep spirituality of the priest whose sudden death we mourn".

#### **DR. PATRICK CORRIDAN**

ON 18th September, 1961, DR. PATRICK CORRIDAN died in London at the age of fifty-one. A native of Lixnaw, Co. Kerry, he was educated at Rochestown College and St. Kieran's. He later pursued a brilliant course in medicine at University College, Dublin. He became a member of the Royal College of Physicians and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine. He was physician to Cardinal Godfrey and to the late Cardinal Griffin, who presented him with the insignia of the Knighthood of St. Gregory, awarded by Pope Pius XII. Dr. Corridan was closely associated with the SS. John and Elizabeth Hospital, where he served as a house physician and later as registrar. At the time of his death he was an honorary physician to the hospital.

He is survived by a wife and two sons.

**VERY REV. MARTIN BURKE, P.P.**

VERY REV. MARTIN BURKE, P.P., Widnes, Lancashire, died suddenly on 29th December, 1961. Born in Dunmore, Co. Galway in 1905, he studied for the priesthood in St. Patrick's, Maynooth and St. Kieran's, where he was ordained in 1931 for the diocese of Liverpool. Throughout the war years he worked and suffered amongst the people of Liverpool's Pro-Cathedral. In 1947 he was appointed priest-in-charge to form a new parish in the housing estate of Belle Vale. It was a colony of pre-fabs. As the very houses of the parish arrived by lorry, Father Burke was there to meet the new parishioners. Mass had to be celebrated in the Masonic Hall, but due to the unsparing work of the pastor the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption was built within two years. In 1952 he was appointed parish priest of St. Patrick's, Widnes.

On the bleak morning last December the parishioners who had heard Father Burke ring the Angelus bell waited in the church for Mass to commence, and in the sacristy, about to put on his vestments, their beloved priest was dead.

**DR. PATRICK DERIVAN**

DR. PATRICK DERIVAN died at his home in Carrick-on-Suir on 1st October, 1961 at the early age of forty-five. He was educated in St. Kieran's (1928-'33) and qualified in medicine in University College, Dublin in 1939. He then joined the Army Medical Corps, where in a few years he rose to the rank of Commandant. In 1947 he was appointed medical officer in Carrick-on-Suir.

He was a man of fine physique, had an excellent singing voice and was a pleasing musician. Notwithstanding these attractions and material success in his profession, he maintained a humble devotion to his family, to the needy and to his early religious training. When he learned that his case was beyond hope, he asked that no tears be shed

and he retained to the end the naturally cheerful and vivacious character that gained him so many friends during life.

His untimely death was a severe blow to his wife and five young children.

**REV. JOHN COUGHLAN**

FATHER JOHN COUGHLAN died on 29th October, 1961 in Clonmel after a short illness. A native of Cussane, Father Coughlan was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1928. He ministered in the archdiocese of Liverpool until failing health forced his retirement three years ago. He was a familiar figure at local hurling matches despite his indifferent health, and was much respected and loved by the people of his native Tullahought and Windgap.

**VERY REV. MATTHEW FARRELLY, P.P.**

FATHER MATT FARRELLY died suddenly and quietly in Bentley, Doncaster, in the diocese of Leeds on 2nd January, 1962. His friends know that he himself would be the last to claim that he had acquired the quietude of the saints. However, he was a quiet man; it was in truth his outstanding characteristic, taking for granted the fact that he was essentially a man of prayer. He enjoyed the fun made by his friends, and even though his life was short it was very happy.

He was born in Moyne, Co. Longford, and studied at St. Mary's, Moyne, and at Mount St. Joseph's, Roscrea. He came to St. Kieran's in 1933 and was ordained there on 11th June, 1939. His curate days were spent in Leeds and Sheffield. He was appointed first parish priest of Churwell, Leeds in 1953, and four years later transferred to Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, Bentley. Here he built a magnificent church costing £50,000.

At his funeral in Doncaster we witnessed an unprecedented expression of the love of a people for their priest. He was buried in the family grave in the beautiful village of

Ardagh, Co. Longford, and on his tombstone might be inscribed the words spoken by Bishop O'Dwyer of Leeds in his panegyric: "He was a man of silent sincerity, who beneath a solemn exterior had a heart of gold". May he rest in peace.

J. J. K.

**VERY REV. JOHN D. McGRAIL, P.P.**  
**REV. DANIEL O'REILLY, C.C.**

THE diocese of Kilmore suffered a double bereavement by the death within a week of each other of two priests, who were ordained in St. Kieran's College. **VERY REV. JOHN D. McGRAIL, P.P.**, Killinkere, Co. Cavan, was a native of Kilkeerin, Co. Leitrim and died on 17th September, 1961. **FATHER DANIEL O'REILLY, C.C.**, Drumkilly, Co. Cavan was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1930. After a short period in Edinburgh, he was recalled to Kilmore diocese as assistant priest in Ballinamore. He then became curate in Ballinagh, and was appointed to Drumkilly eleven years ago. His death took place on 24th September, 1961.

**VERY REV. MAURICE F. MARTIN, P.P.**  
**REV. KEVIN DUFFY**

THE death occurred in November, 1960 of **VERY REV. MAURICE F. MARTIN, P.P.**,

Pennant Hills, Australia, a native of Dingle, Co. Kerry. He studied for the priesthood in St. Kieran's College and was ordained in May 1926. In the same month of November 1960, **REV. KEVIN DUFFY**, a native of Kilkelly, Co Mayo, died in Sydney, Australia. Aged forty-four, he was educated in St. Nathy's College, Ballaghaderreen, and St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, where he was ordained in 1944.

**Right Rev. Monsignor Michael J. Fitzgerald, P.P.**, New York; died 22nd February, 1961.

**Rev. L. K. Griffin, O.S.A.**, Limerick, died 2nd March, 1962.

**Very Rev. Daniel Keane, P.P.**, St. Joseph's, Murton, Co. Durham (Hexham and Newcastle), ordained 1929, died 23rd April, 1962.

**Sylvester W. Bourke**, Kilkenny, died 21st August, 1961.

**John Kelly**, Kilkenny, died 1st March, 1962.

**Very Rev. John F. Redahan, P.P.**, St. Malachy's, Los Angeles, ordained 1927; died 5th May 1962.

**Very Rev. Richard Gahan**, diocese of Mobile, native of Kilmacow, Layside 1920-25. Ordained St. John's College, Waterford, 1931. Died 2nd March, 1961. Brother of Sister M. Chrysostom, St. Kieran's College.

**MAY THEY REST IN PEACE**

# St. Kieran's Union in Britain

ON 18th April, 1961 one hundred and sixteen members of the Union met at the Palace Hotel, Southport. This is a pleasant Lancashire seaside resort, some twenty miles from Liverpool. In earlier days a home for the wealthy and a haunt of the privileged classes, it has now become a cosmopolitan town. In this sport-conscious age, its chief popularity lies in its proximity to some of the finest golf courses in England. I am sure even the greatest novice and fresh air shot golfer will have heard of Royal Birkdale, Southport on Ainsdale and the famous Hillside Course. The last-named because the venue for our annual contest.

The Palace Hotel presented an animated scene on Monday night, 17th April, when clerics of all ages and sizes began to arrive. Nothing can rival such a moment for large size handshakes, sheer friendliness and true Christian good humour. In my estimation it is worth the fatigue of many long miles to see again the comradely face of a classmate or swap a college anecdote with one's immediate from "Parnassus", "Moran's Dor" or "Shambles". There is no stronger link in any chain of friendship than that which was forged way back in seminary days. May I say also that there is no greater forge for such links than our own St. Kieran's College?

Thinking back on happy days in St. Kieran's, I count among them the day on which Dr. Staunton would return from the Reunion in England. It was a day when the *Codex Juris Canonici* looked almost handsome lying closed on the desk. Then the rapid footsteps on the stairs, a benevolent warning cough, and the good Doctor was enthroned on the rostrum. The smile from on high had on this occasion no "censure" or "reservation" attached, and so we relaxed to hear a masterly account of the labourer in the vineyard of England, Scotland and Wales, who once sat in the place we occupied.

Dr. Staunton always concluded with the admonition that when we in turn went forth, we should make a special effort to attend our reunion. It was, he said, good for soul and body. One is happy to know that this good advice still issues from Canon Loughry.

The best news at Southport was of the presence of our revered Chairman, Father Hugo O'Connor, who had been absent in 1960 because of serious illness. Everybody rejoiced to see him back in the chair. He had lost none of his grand humour and sparkling wit. Sad to think that he has since gone to his reward. R.I.P. For well-nigh forty years he was the inspiration behind our successful unions. From a small beginning he had made it foremost in the country. Father Hugo will always be remembered for his simplicity of character, infectious humour and true priestly spirituality. In a word, a true Irish Sagart Aroon.

We enjoyed a splendid repast. The President, unavoidably absent and very much missed, was toasted by Canon James Harold from Edinburgh diocese. This toast was very ably replied to by Father Holohan, the College Dean, who deputised for Canon Loughry. Father Matthew Farrelly paid tribute to our beloved Chairman in his usual quiet, eloquent fashion. Here we record with sadness that Father Matt will not be with us again. He passed to his reward in January. R.I.P.

With an assurance from that financial wizard, Father Tom Foynes that our finances were in a good state, we proceeded to the Hillside Course where fifty of us did battle for the College Shield. Father J. Flynn of Liverpool mastered all bunkers and hazards to emerge a very worthy winner.

All too soon we took leave of one another, and the reunion of 1961 had come to an end. We look forward to our next grand occasion at Scarborough on 1st May this year.

# Past Pupils' Union

**T**HE Past Pupils' Union has a satisfactory report-sheet to present for the two years since the last RECORD appeared. An encouraging feature has been the good attendance at the annual general meetings and at the committee meetings—particularly the latter. Special tribute is perhaps due in this respect to the country members who, on occasion, have braved snow and ice to be present. Both the College and the Union are indebted to all the committee members for their enthusiasm and their help in all Union activities, especially Parents' Day, during the past two years.

Unhappily, during the same period, the Union lost one of its most valued members, who was also its President from 1958 to 1960: the late Mr. John P. Rice, of Dunbell, Kilkenny, whose sudden death last summer was a great shock to all his fellow members and a real loss to the Union. A faithful committee member and a most helpful President, there was no more loyal past pupil than John Rice, and the College Union certainly owed a lot to his continued support. The Union committee paid formal tribute to his memory in its meeting of 2nd November, 1961, and passed a vote of sympathy with his



## COMMITTEE OF PAST PUPILS UNION

*Seated:* REV. T. MAHER (Secretary); TED CARROLL, THOS. CROTTY (President); FRANK McEVOY, LIAM MOLLOY.

*Standing:* TOM O'NEILL, JOHN McMAHON, JIM BOURKE, JACK LOWRY, PADDY FITZMAURICE, BOB WALSH, SEAN O'NEILL.



#### VISIT OF PAST PUPILS

*Front Row:* TED O'CARROLL, PASCAL McCANN, BERNARD CROTTY, SEAN MURRAY, MICHAEL BANIM, MICHAEL RYAN, MICHAEL DRENNAN, MARTIN WALSHE, JOHN KELLY.

*Second Row:* TOM HUGHES, IAN COOPER, JIM WALSHE, NOEL MAHER, LIAM NOONAN, DONAL MCCARTHY, JOE DELANEY, DAN KENNEDY, TOM MURPHY.

*Third Row:* MICHAEL O'CARROLL, MARTIN MOLLOY, PADDY BARRY, MARTIN LANIGAN, JERRY HEALY, RICHARD WALSHE, RICHARD DOWLING.

*Back Row:* BILLY QUINLAN, LIAM HINPHY, DONAL TULLY, MARTIN CODY, BILLY MURDOCH.

bereaved wife and family. A Requiem Mass was offered for his soul at the request of the members. *Requiescat in pace.*

The activities of the Union, are of course, mainly social, and we are glad to report that the various annual functions of this kind have been kept up successfully. Of these, the annual Social, held each year at Shrove-tide in St. John's Hall has built up a very good name for itself over the past five years, and the most recent one held was the most successful to date. A second Social, in the autumn, was added in 1959 for the benefit of our university past pupils on their annual outing—of which more later. If the annual Dress Dances, held on 25th January in 1961, and on 10th January in 1962, have not been so well supported, it must be said that they

were hit by the 'flu epidemic last year and by the bad weather this year. Despite the reduced numbers, these dances (supper-dances, held in the Carlton Hall) have each time been much enjoyed by those who did attend, and we were pleased to see an increasing number of past pupils amongst them.

The invitation hurling match and special Social in the autumn for the past pupils of the universities were held again in November, 1960, and provided a very enjoyable day for the visitors. A bus-full of players and supporters (led again by Mr. Dick Walshe) came from Dublin and were entertained to dinner in the College. The hurling game with the College senior team was played in St. James's Park (in close proximity to a Rugby

game!) owing to the unplayable condition of all other pitches after heavy rain that week. The visitors won the match by the narrowest margin, but from the point-of-view of College supporters the most satisfying feature was the display of Tom Forristal, who that day revealed for the first time the devastating form as a forward that was to put paid to North Monastery in the All-Ireland Colleges senior hurling final the following Spring. The Social in St. John's Hall that night brought the day's entertainment for the visitors to a fitting close, even if it must have taxed their stamina to the utmost! Unfortunately, last year's visit had to be cancelled, due to circumstances outside the control of the organizers, but it is hoped to have it again in 1962, and, in fact, annually.

Incidentally, we were glad to see so many past pupils turning up in Thurles on 16th April, 1961, to see the College team score its resounding win in the All-Ireland final and capture the new Croke Cup for the first time.

Of the Parents' Day, now an annual feature, in which the Union committee takes an active part, all that need be said is that it has grown to such dimensions as almost to be a worry to the organisers and the caterers! Speaking of the latter, who are the hard-worked and most obliging kitchen staff of the College, under the Sisters' guidance, we must pay tribute to them especially and acknowledge their indispensable contribution to this event. In the past two years, too, their share of the work has increased, since the giving of teas was transferred from the Glass-hall to the students' refectory, thus throwing the burden not only of cooking but also of serving on the staff. Between 600 and 700 people were handsomely catered for on both occasions by them, with the assistance, of course, of the Union committee, whose members did everything from taking tickets to pouring tea. The 1960 Parents' Day was somewhat marred by bad weather, but the 1961 Day was ideal and a record attendance was the result. His Lordship, the Bishop, attended the Sports, which is the main attraction of the day, on both occasions, and presided at the distribution of prizes.

No review of the Union during this period would be complete without a tribute to its

President, Mr. T. A. Crotty, who has been most generous with his time and his help, despite other duties of a similar but more serious kind—he is currently President of the Kilkenny Chamber of Commerce, and also represents it on the Corporation. Finally, we may say that the present healthy condition of the Union is due in no small way to its energetic and resourceful secretary, Rev. T. Maher. Assisted by an enthusiastic committee, under Mr. Crotty's able presidency, he has done much to infuse new life into the Union and to attract new members to it in the recent past.

Officers and committee for 1960-61 :  
President, Mr. T. A. Crotty; Vice-Presidents: Very Rev. Canon Loughry, Messrs. J. P. Rice (R.I.P.), L. Molloy, S. O'Neill, F. McEvoy; Hon. Sec.: Rev. T. Maher; Hon. Treas.: Mr. J. Bourke; Committee: Messrs. K. O'Donnell, J. Lowry, J. Nolan, P. Fitzmaurice, J. McMahan, R. Walshe, T. Piert, T. O'Neill, P. Reynolds, Rev. J. Brennan.

Officers and committee for 1961-62 :  
President, Mr. T. A. Crotty; Vice-Presidents: Very Rev. Canon Loughry, Messrs. L. Molloy, S. O'Neill, F. McEvoy, J. Nolan; Hon. Sec.: Rev. T. Maher; Hon. Treas.: Mr. J. Bourke; Committee: Messrs. K. O'Donnell, J. Lowry, P. Fitzmaurice, T. O'Neill, S. Pattison, T. Piert, R. Walshe, J. McMahan, T. Carroll, Rev. J. Brennan.

### Golf

The golfing section of the Union, in its semi-independence, pursues its own quiet way and has successfully run off its annual programme of competitions for the past two seasons, besides sending teams of past pupils to represent the College in the Union of Irish schools competition held each September in Milltown, Dublin. In saluting the endeavours of our representatives in this competition, we can only regret that luck, that important element in all games, has not so far attended their undoubted golfing ability, but it can be said that they have been consistently near the top of the list and have worthily represented the College. They deserve a vote of thanks for their unflinching

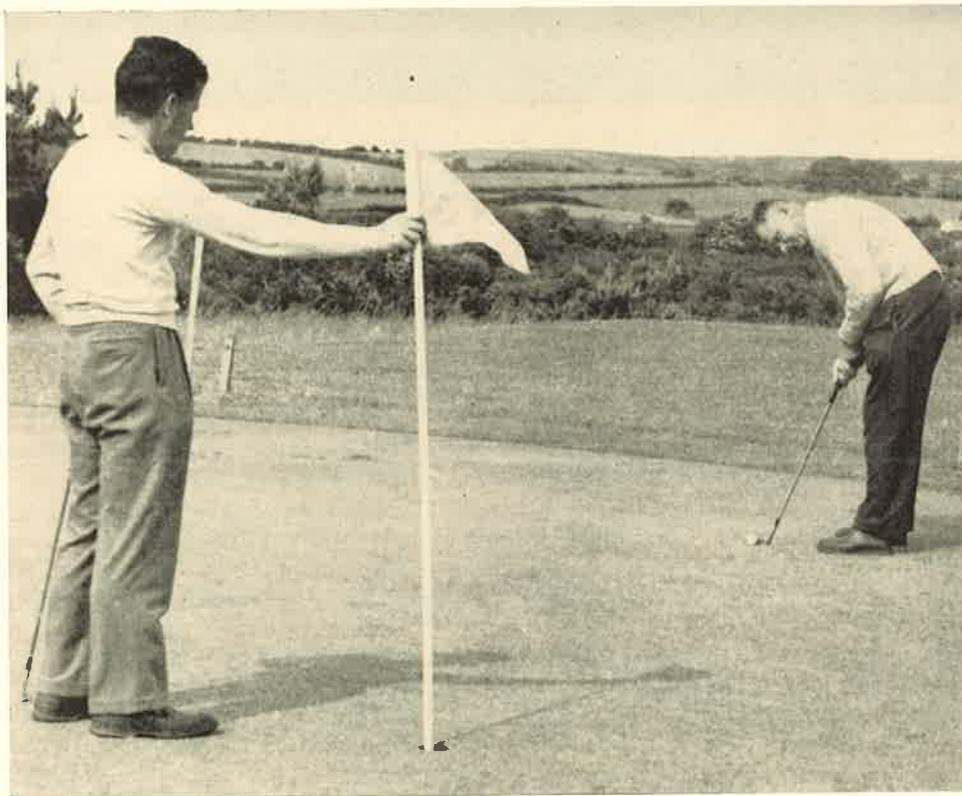
willingness to play in this event, though it involves both the time and the expense of playing "away".

As for the "home" events: the competition for the President's and Captain's Prizes, held annually in June (on the Wednesday after Ordination Sunday in the College calendar), continues to be well supported, not least by returned (clerical) exiles whom we are always particularly pleased to see. Last year, for instance, they came from three continents: Rev. Michael Delehunty, home on holidays from Perth, Australia; Rev. Richard Delaney, of the Columban Missions, from Korea; Revs. Thomas Prendergast and William Cuddihy from San Diego, California. Tea and talk in the College, with the presentation of prizes, after the day's golf, make this event into an informal little reunion which, we feel, is thoroughly enjoyed by our visitors, both lay and clerical.

We should like to congratulate Father Mark Kirwan, one of our own committee, on his election as Captain of Kilkenny Golf Club at a historic moment in its history—when it is opening its new clubhouse—and we should also like to express our appreciation of the generous facilities the same Club has given us for our competitions over the years.

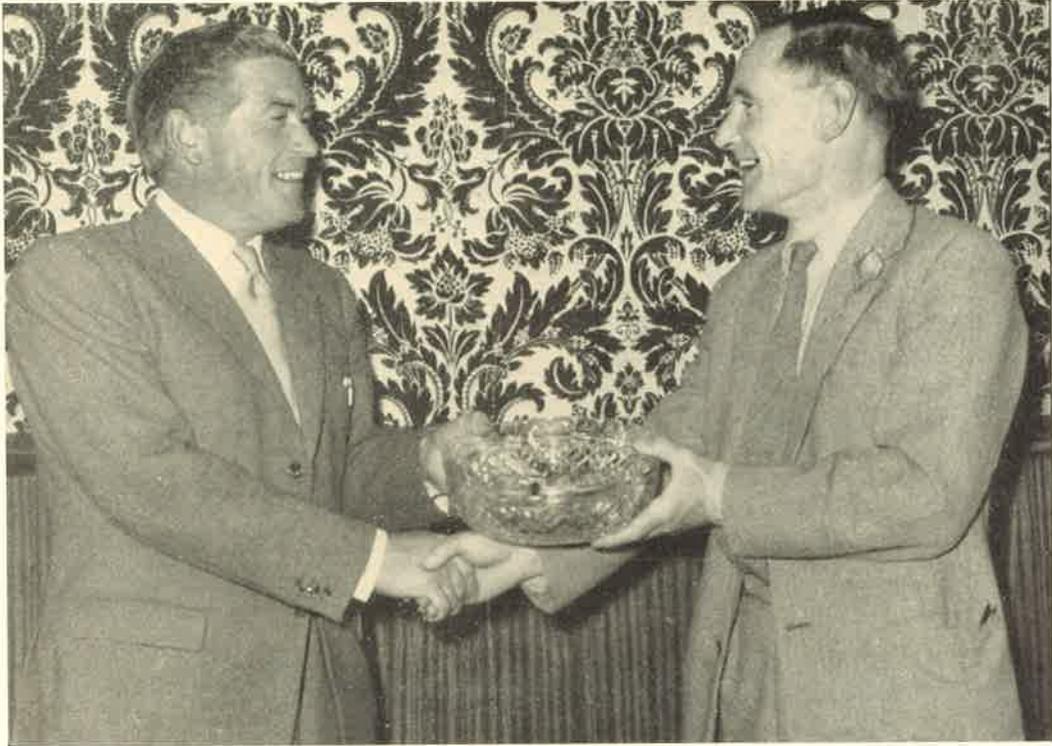
Report for 1960-61: At the Annual General Meeting, held in the College on 1st June, 1960, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. J. P. Rice (R.I.P.); Captain, Mr. Patrick Kennedy, N.T.; Hon. Sec.: Rev. J. Brennan; Committee members, Very Rev. W. O'Keeffe, P.P., Rev. G. O'Sullivan, Rev. M. Kirwan.

The first competition of the year was held on 9th June. Despite the unseasonable weather there was a good turn-out, and, as if in defiance of the conditions, the President's



#### PLAYING IN GOLF COMPETITION

REV. R. DELANEY (Maynooth Mission to China), on holiday from Korea and REV. M. DELAHUNTY from Perth, West Australia.



UNION PRESIDENT (right) presents his prize to MR. T. J. MAHON.

Prize was won by Rev. Ignatius Phelan with the fine score of 43 points (Stableford). The competition for the Captain's Prize resulted in a tie between Rev. T. Marnell and Rev. James Carey (with 69 each), and was awarded by lot to Father Marnell. The best gross prize was won, appropriately, by the Captain himself, Mr. Kennedy with 77.

The second annual competition, for the Dr. Collier Cup, was held on 22nd September, and the Cup was won by Dr. John Mitchell.

The teams who competed in the inter-schools competition that year were: Mr. C. J. Kenealy and Rev. F. Grace; Mr. L. Reidy and Rev. J. Carey; Mr. T. J. Mahon and Rev. P. Bergin.

Report for 1961-62: At the Annual General Meeting on 30th May, 1961, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. T. A. Crotty; Captain, Very Rev. John Malone, P.P.; Hon. Sec., Rev. J. Brennan; Committee members, Mr. P. Kennedy, Very Rev. Canon Loughry, Rev. M. Kirwan.

The President's Prize (8th June, 1961), a

beautiful Waterford glass rose bowl, was won by Mr. Tom Mahon, with a score of 40 points (Stableford). The Captain's Prize, after a tie, was awarded to Rev. John Brennan, C.C., who had a score of 68. The Best Gross prize was awarded to Mr. W. Deegan (Jun.) after a tie with Mr. L. Reidy (both on 77).

The Dr. Collier Cup (13th September) was won by Rev. Ignatius Phelan with another formidable score of 6 up.

The teams that played in the inter-schools event at Milltown were: Dr. P. Grace and Rev. F. Grace; Mr. L. Reidy and Rev. J. Carey; Mr. T. J. Mahon and Rev. P. Grant.

This coming season the Dr. Collier Cup competition will be held earlier (on the Wednesday after the opening of the College on 5th September), and all our competitions will be played on the altered Kilkenny golf course, with its new clubhouse—features that will, we hope, attract even greater numbers of past pupils to our golfing reunions.

RECORDER

# Layside Review

The student's life is pleasant,  
And pleasant is his labour,  
Search all Ireland over  
You'll find no better neighbour.

Nor lords nor petty princes  
Dispute the student's pleasure  
Nor chapter stints his purse,  
Nor stewardship his leisure.

FRANK O'CONNOR  
(from the Irish)

# The Mirror

WITH no intent at fool-making, though with avowed levity, on 1st April, 1962 appeared the first issue of *The Mirror*, the layboys' own magazine, written, produced and designed by themselves. It is a twenty-four page effort, will appear periodically, and retails (we understand—the price is not stated) at sixpence. The foreword explains the choice of title—it is to be a reflection of College life, also its purpose—to provide entertainment for the students themselves, with a mere leaven of knowledge.

Like every manifestation it reveals more than it is aware. It mirrors, not as a looking-glass does, but as a pool does. On the surface a world is reflected without distortion, and in its true light, neither too rosy nor too sombre, but by shifting one's stance several layers of life swim or wriggle into view. And they prove fascinating, even when briefly inspected. Notice how this species changes colour to gain advantage over its adversary: The first essay has a boy entering the Dean's room to plead for a trip down town on the half holiday; he notices a holy-water font on the wall. Better put up a good show, he thinks to himself, and ostentatiously dips a finger and makes the Sign of the Cross.

However one does not wish to apply this type of scrutiny all the time, particularly since it is evident that the contributors have been given total freedom of expression. There is a strong plea for modern music from Garrett Power, and you can see he does not mean Stravinsky when he asks violently: "What makes the lover of classical music a man of taste, and the lover of modern music an immature, uneducated fool?" He is thorough in reviewing ephemeral favourites, and points out that the life of a "pop singer" is a hard one. "In this race for renown it is survival of the fittest, and two singers stand out above the rest, two men have definitely survived,

Elvis Presley and Cliff Richards". (Personally we find Cliff a pale shadow of Elvis.) Classical music, he adds, is no longer the undisputed ruler, and he foresees a fight to the finish between it and his kind of music.

Will Garrett allow us this comment: You don't have to be a square to dig Mozart. Man, he's real cool. He's the most.

We are grateful for permission to print in this RECORD an essay in Irish from *The Mirror*. It is an account by a College student of a term spent in Connemara on a Gael-Linn scholarship. Not to read this essay is to deprive oneself of the vivid impressions and fresh vision of a twelve-year-old boy, Patrick Costello.

There is a prize essay, nominated by the English masters as the best of the term—an over-earnest denunciation of War, by Philip Murray, and a prize ballad—an account in lively metre of a hurling match, composed by John Dermody and Walter Dunphy.

The leaven of knowledge is provided in Peter Russell's account of the fashioning of Waterford glass, and in a staggering list of College successes on the hurling field, compilation of which has been a labour of love for Patrick Brennan and David Cunningham.

Most successful in achieving the aim of the magazine—entertainment—is a projection into the future, entitled "St. Kieran's Revisited". Curiously enough, it is set in a year that is already established in history, 1984. But instead of Orwell's nightmare of horror, all is wine and roses and peace, at any rate in the glass-and-concrete towering structure which has a chromium *Hiems Transiit* running the length of the sixty-fourth floor. It is reunion day for the Senior IV class of twenty-one years previously. . . . "No sooner had I taken a drink from the automatic cocktail mixer than I was shaken

vigorously by the hand, and looked up to find the President of the College, Very Rev. James Canon Dooley, welcoming me and inviting me to join the gathering which by now had been divided into little groups. I went over to speak to Most Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Archbishop of Kylianacronocha, who told me that he had just flown in from China for the occasion. I noticed that Liam Doyle, the director of M.G.M. was in conversation with Mrs. Michael Corcoran, whose husband was unavoidably absent, owing to a strike in his brewery in Dublin. (Remember how he bought out Guinness's in 1976?) . . . two very distinguished gentlemen, Vincent Vaughan who recently succeeded in setting a new world record for the crossing, Shannon to Mars by jet, and His Highness Kieran, Prince de Dollard of Monaco, who, you may recall, married Princess Caroline of Monaco in 1980 . . . a motorcade of limousines had drawn up in front of the main entrance. A special choir was hastily assembled, and the musical strains of *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* filled the air, as from the leading Rolls Royce stepped His Eminence Michael Cardinal

Fennelly. As he raised a ringed hand in blessing, a stranger appeared on the scene. Driving a red bubble car, and clad in a yellow shirt and violet pants, the newcomer took off his sun-glasses, got out through the roof of the car, took the cigar from his mouth and said 'Just in time for the gu-gu, I hope'. Then we knew it. Paddy Carroll had arrived. When the celebrations were over, I said goodbye to all my classmates one by one, and then went in the direction of the College gate, where I unhitched my ass and car, and set off for home".

The weary driver of the ass and car, with the lively imagination, is Denis Bergin.

The ecclesiastics' magazine *Vinculum* began in equally modest fashion, and in wishing the layboys similar success with theirs, may we stress that they themselves by enthusiasm and application to the job of writing can bring this about. Meanwhile, let the names of the first Editors be writ large: Denis Bergin, John Burke, James Brennan, Michael Mullins, Thomas Norris and Garrett Power. Cover design and illustrations throughout are by Michael Brennan.

## Pilgrims' Progress

J. Fitzgerald and D. Lyng (Senior IV)

THE dull and gloomy morning of 30th June, 1961 served only to accentuate our high spirits as the bus moved out of the Marble City. We all realised that this pilgrimage was an unusual College event—more than unusual, it was unique. To honour our national apostle during this Patrician Year we were making a pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick, and in the itinerary were two other places of sanctity, Clonmacnoise and Knock.

We were happy to have as guardians four of our priests, Fathers Holohan, Grace,

O Connor and Duggan, despite the fact that three of the four were Deans. The pilgrims represented former third, fourth and fifth year students. We were caught in a fever of excitement for few of us had ever been in Connaught, and here we were bound for distant Clew Bay. The real purpose of our journey was borne in on us as we recited the *Itinerarium* with an invocation of God's blessing that the holy places we were to visit on the two-day journey might be for our spiritual refreshment.

The bus journeyed through Johnstown and



#### CLONMACNOISE

“In a quiet water’d land, a land of roses,  
Stands Saint Kieran’s city fair”.

Urlingford. In Roscrea necks were craned to catch a glimpse of the slender spire of Mount St. Joseph’s Abbey. Gradually the lush summer-green countryside merged into brown bogland. Dykes weaved like black veins over its surface and the ridges of saved turf extended in orderly ranks. On all sides the bog stretched “boundless and bare”. Birr came and went; the Shannon drew nearer and we wondered where was Clonmacnoise, while the intelligentsia decided we were lost. Just then its ruins appeared against a background of colourless sedge and the gloomy waters of the Shannon.

In this remote place the air was permeated with the Faith that had made Ireland *Insula Sanctorum*. Here was holy ground which had been a seat of learning renowned for centuries throughout Europe before the incursions of the barbarians terminated its glory. Now ruined churches are a reminder

of the past; round towers proclaim bygone greatness, and tombs and crosses testify that here “they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara”. One cross in particular attracted our attention—the Cross of the Scriptures with its beautiful intricate carvings of scenes from the Old and New Testament.

In Athlone we had dinner and crossed the bridge into Connaught. A change of scene was immediately evident. There were no rich meadows here, no large herds of cattle. The pasture was poorer than in Leinster. Beyond Castlereagh, in Mayo, we passed by lakes, not sparkling sheets of blue bordered by rhododendrons as in Killarney, but dull and sombre waters surrounded by rocks and sedges, and over all the grey skies frowned.

Beyond Ballyhaunis the information that we were approaching Knock set off a clamour and chattering which lasted until we reached the famous village itself. We left our luggage

in the hostel opposite the church, and with a strange feeling of excitement made for the scene of the Apparition. At that very spot, in the evening, Father Duggan celebrated Mass. It was a memorable occasion and the Dialogue Mass was a fitting prelude to the climbing of Croagh Patrick. After Mass there was Benediction, and the solemn blessing in the pale evening filled all our hearts with happiness and a profound peace. We then performed the Stations of the Cross in the open air, and made the customary "rounds" of the church reciting the Rosary, before going to bed.

Father Grace said Mass early next morning and after breakfast we took leave of Knock. Shortly afterwards we caught first sight of Croagh Patrick. Volcano-like in shape, it towered above the other mountains in the range, making us realise it would be no easy climb. We passed through Castlebar, dis-

appointed at seeing no races! The mountain loomed larger and larger as we journeyed towards it. In Westport we picked up the Mass-kit for the three Masses to be celebrated on the mountain. Now we skirted the sea, Clew Bay at last. The bay widened and numerous islands dotted the shimmering water. Like a gigantic pyramid Croagh Patrick towered above us.

The next few moments were a blur of excitement and activity. At the statue of St. Patrick we congregated while Father Duggan photographed the group. Then we were off, s'riding up the steep path, perhaps too quickly for at times the march seemed a marathon road race! However, the first tough bit slowed us down and we half-crawled over loose stones and gravel, slithering and slipping till we reached the brow of the first hill. Here we halted to take in the scene below. A panorama of golden



"At the statue of St. Patrick we congregated while Father Duggan photographed the group".

strands, peninsulas, islands and an expanse of blue water gladdened our eyes. Clare Island lay in the mouth of the bay where the great Atlantic rolled, and to the north extended the long line of the Nephin mountains.

Refreshed by this beautiful view, we turned and plodded upwards, this time in groups, reciting the Rosary until we reached the First Station, where we prayed for a safe ascent. The climb up to now seemed mere child's play to what lay ahead. The mountain rose almost vertically, and the wide stony path ascended like a winding glacier. The course took a regular pattern. We climbed a few steps, rested a moment, climbed a few more steps, and gradually approached the top. All the while the sun shone unceasingly and a cold wind played on our sweating faces. Then after three aching hours we found ourselves on the summit, three thousand five hundred feet above Clew Bay.

The top of the mountain was swept clean and bare by the winds of high heaven. On it stood a tiny oratory. Here Fathers Holohan, O'Connor and Duggan offered Mass, and uniting in a Dialogue Mass we all prayed to Patrick in his place of retreat. Having drunk in all the exhilaration of this lovely and

lonely place we set off down the winding path, almost at break-neck speed. Oh! it was a joy to run again, to be going downhill. In half the time it had taken to climb the Reek we were once more at the bottom. We hungrily set out for Westport and dinner, several hours late.

It was decided to go home through Galway, so we did not delay over our meal. It was heart-warming to see Croagh Patrick in the evening sun and we kept glancing back until it was a mere speck on the horizon. In the fading light we saw Galway, and enjoyed a short halt at Salthill. Since time was running out we took leave of the Atlantic and headed inland through Athenry and Loughrea. Here we had tea and for the last time boarded the bus, which turned south-east. We crossed the Shannon into Tipperary, and soon were back in dear Leinster. Familiar places came into view; we dropped some of the boys at their homes along the road. At last we entered the streets of Kilkenny which we had left two days before. The time was three o'clock in the morning.

Wistfully we now recall those pleasant days and scenes, and the memory of Knock and Croagh Patrick lingers, binding us closer to Mary and Patrick.

#### A VISION ON THE WAVES

I sat upon a heathered slope  
That overlooked a bay,  
And watched a snowy-breasted gull  
O'er breakers skim her way:  
There as she flew, a golden shaft  
Of sunlight caught her wings,  
And in a moment transformed them  
To bright celestial things.  
No more a gull my vision met,  
An angel now I saw—  
Some messenger from God to man,  
Our worldly minds to draw  
To simple beauties here on earth  
That oft' escape the eye,  
And to remind that everywhere  
God's tranquil glories lie.

DENIS BERGIN  
*Senior II*

# Digging Up The Present

Michael Brennan (Senior IV)

THERE is a lull in the nervous chatter as I step into the room, and I come under the scrutiny of a mass of other wide-eyed creatures who interrupt the heavy work of fraternising to inspect the latest arrival. I am alarmed to see each man sitting alone in his binse-made-for-one—a scandalous invention, undreamt-of in the small world of the primary school. Bashfully I slide into a vacant seat near the wall, in the front, of course. Then staring and gaping at the shell of this monster I strive to understand what I see, — oh! see — the whole desk is fretted, torn and furrowed with every drill delving, curve and carving that the straying, idle hand or insane urge can cut. Am I sitting in a hole of horror, the refuse of the class, reward of the last arrival? Flushed, I peer around my arm at the next soldier in the rank and— Crikey!—that desk is all cut-up too; so are they all, and the floor, the wallboards, the sashes! The whole room is broken out in a horrible splintering rash, a plague of scars that makes me afraid to look up at the ceiling lest someone has ploughed the mortar down. But what does it all mean? Well, the whole desk, top, sides, seat is covered with litanies of names and dates, just dates and names. Each conveys the valuable information that so-and-so from such a place was here in such a year and left his calling card. The chap beside me is just getting into the groove—with a horse-shoe nail—when he is interrupted by the entrance of a big strange-looking man with a little brown bag . . .

Have we a case here of wilful defacement of property with intent to—to what? for what? for when? An explanation is demanded. The sessions are announced.

The defendants cannot be put in the dock for there are over a thousand of them. They

are all those pupils who have done time in the studious enclosures of the edifice during the past twenty-five years or so, for very few of them can escape the indictment of having idle fingers in idle hours. It is regrettable that many valuable treasures of name-carving have been lost in the mystifying ravages of *tempora mutantia*. A published list of this lost legion would doubtless cause a little consternation, a little jubilation, and a little fascination at ever being so young. Yet all who ever attended St. Kieran's are implicated in the charge, whether Holmes has their names or not, because silent recognition of the custom was given by merely sitting in a name-ridden desk.

The defence can start by a long plod back to prehistoric man in his cave. This hairy hero, after a hard day's pursuit of wild boar, dons his house slippers and shuffles over to enter the daily diary on the kitchen wall. We next hear of the Egyptians who amused themselves with cryptography on the Sphinx. Old Moses was there with his fragile commandments and the primeval Irish got on the band waggon with their efforts in Ogham before they discovered the curve. The Irishman was specially cut out for this business it seems, as witness the Cross of Cong. On this the mad artist imposed his name "Mael Isu Mac Bratdan U Echan" (at least we can say for him that he wrote it in Irish). Not so surprising is it, then, that we find this urge to make signs on blank surfaces still alive in Adam's representatives today.

Man apes. Children, as Aristotle remarked, copy their elders. No youngster is discouraged from cutting his identification when he hears of the calling of "P. Ronan . . . Wm. Doyle . . . T. Vereker . . . J. Vereker" or if he hears of "M. Rice" sheep-ranching in Australia; "D. Galavan . . . John Quintan . . . C. Kenealy" soldiering, radio-operating

and reporting; "Nick Rackard . . . Eddie Keher . . . R. Anthony" from the G.A.A. world. The eyes that fall on the dramatic inscriptions "J. Holohan" and "E. Costelloe" (on the ball-alley wall) can only send to the brain a nervous echo of an old proverb that ran: ". . . returning to the scene . . ."

But while there are maniacs for mutilating woodwork in every class, a general survey of five years' philosophy may be brooked by some: the "first-year" is a lost child in a fog who sees a group of elders cutting a passage out with a penknife and follows the lead so gracefully given. The second-year scratches the woodwork because it seems this queer book must be signed at each step. In third year the habit of inscribing enjoys a momentary pause after Christmas, for engraving is

a dull business compared with the Inter. When a fourth-year realises that the fields of fame are not open to him he may turn his hand to the simplest way of making his name: make it all over the ship. The search for notoriety could lead a few to dig in red deal. But the emigrant is queerest of all. Partly spurred on by the knowledge that "I'm getting outa here tomorrow", he may be stirred to action by a slight twinge of nostalgia. He does not, however, cut a bit off the desk to put in a locket; he cuts off bits of 'he desk to make way for his epitaph. Unlike the vacationer who makes a mad 1st-minute dash for a souvenir, the fifth-year leaves a souvenir and goes on vacation. These five years of Irishmen fling and have flung themselves without rest on the easy prey of



*SEE HOW THEY RUN*

*Front Row:* JAMES FITZGERALD, EAMONN DE LOUGHREY, DENNIS BERGIN, MARTIN McDONALD.

*Back Row:* BRENDAN McCANN, MICHAEL BRENNAN, THOMAS MAHER, EDWARD NADDY, EAMONN DEEGAN.

unresisting binsí.

Here is an excerpt from the latest factual report of our man inside:

"The standard of name-cutting, an art of many grades, is at an all-time low level. Of variety there is no lack. Names have gone on all the trees in Fennessy's; little men's faces and elongated trucks have appeared on the new yellow desks in the 'Agri-Hall', where the fresh soft wood resisted like marsh-mallow to a jawbone. Men have tried the metal-work in the great fireplaces without much result beyond a bent compass point. His etching on glass ensures "J. Kavenagh" an eternal place in the light. Many have fastened their identification on the sides of piano-keys and will go on bouncing happily in ivory palaces while there are slaves to play them plink-plink strains. (I regret to announce, however, that accommodation is now practically unobtainable on all the keys of three pianos.) The prize for quantity is carried away by 'M. Kenny. Byrnesgrove', but 'J. Nyhan' and some 'Kelly' chap run him a good second. Style of craftsmanship is beyond doubt the glory of 'N. J.' but 'W. Williams 1913' on the ball-alley wall takes the silver medal, with little opposition. Yet absent from all is the stamp of perfection, a better arrangement of the letters, a little more variation from the common block print and that extra touch of finesse which distinguishes the master from the apprentice, the sculptor from the lumberjack. Viewing the shattered remnants, I cannot but lament the opportunities, so wilfully neglected, which await the bright young chap eager to see himself revered and looked up to in the showcase of future Kieranites. It is required that he should chisel out his particulars (name, address, date) in yard-high, inch-deep letters on the front wall of the ball-alley near the top; the cavities thus created to be filled in with beaten lead. None has yet approached this perfection, and judging by recent standards (ranging from getting into the darkest corner in the desk with a hard pencil to ploughing out initials three or four inches high on the lid outside)—by these standards, I say, none is likely yet to go the whole way. But this establishment, S.K.C. appears to be neither a technical school nor a college for wood-

engravers and hardly qualifies to give a degree in 'culture and sculpture'."

The fact is, of course, this disease of cutting up the furniture could have been fought and perhaps wiped out long ago. Apart from having all the desks made of diamond or even granite, the old cure of an overdose of the evil could easily battle the epidemic. Suppose then that every new student on his entry were given a little plank of ebony on which to cut out his name fifty times with his little nail and to chew off the wood left blank around the edge, the weed were killed in the clay. Some might propose a spice of variety in study life, like giving the class the privilege of watching the prefect on one night of the week to see he doesn't talk. The scheme is too impractical, though something is to be said for the theory that the more the scholar gets bored the more his desk does too.

And yet what need is there of an antidote? The plague is dying of its own accord. Present efforts are made in ink or scratched lightly with a sharp point. Only the select few make a lasting mark. And more's the pity. Eton College swells its chest to bear the cutting "Harold Macmillan" on its wood-work. Yet who knows what Macmillans or even Lemasses are now passing through St. Kieran's and are not signing the wooden book for long-term visitors. I wonder would someone hold a conscription for inscriptions, please?

To make matters worse it is getting increasingly difficult to find early examples in the class halls. This is due partly to a barbarous mutilation of valuable characters, which makes common little rectangles of such letters as E B D H and S, making it a puzzle not a pleasure to inspect them; partly due also to the smoothing and unwitting polishing of the desk lids by thousands of varieties of a little implement composed of a stretch of Irish tweed padded with a funny-bone. But it is largely due to being the backwash of that eternal warfare that rages daily between stout young backs and Tommy, the college carpenter. His tireless replacing of lid-panels has gone far to give us the new look, by jig-sawing messages up and down the house. The stone wall of the ball-alley

has excellent examples, however, of early twentieth century script.

My memorial is done; it will outlast bronze.  
No rain, corrosion, demolition mob or sledge  
Can tear it down.

Like pot-still whiskey these veterans get richer with age. Soon they may become the only extant examples of a tradition that halted.

We will be baling out soon. In the meantime we sit in hocked-up desks as always. But just as we would find it a torture to wear ourselves into a monkey suit so would we

be ill at ease in desks which trample and scorn by their rich-worked curves and French polishing the very floor beneath them. It is this familiarity that breeds comfort and perhaps explains the early decoration of the glossy desks in Hall Five. And if we ever wander into a far distant land where people venerate or respect their tables, walls and desks we will sit down and wonder and laugh. But this is too unlikely. The craving for carving is universal, though the deeper we explore the stronger we find it in the uncivilised man, so that it might be a mark of culture to forget it.



The President, CANON HAMILTON and CANON CUDDY, President, St. Flannan's, Ennis at inaugural match between St. Flannan's and St. Kieran's for Canon Hamilton Cup.



### FIFTH YEAR

*Front Row:* E. DEEGAN (Kilkenny); S. DOLLARD (Cullohill); E. DOWLEY (Kilkenny); J. BRENNAN (Clogh); P. RUSSELL (Ferrybank); J. FITZGERALD (Hugginstown); J. GANNON (Johnstown); C. O'DONOVAN (Slieverue); M. WALSH (Inistioge); M. BRENNAN (Kilkenny).

*Second Row:* G. FLYNN (Kilkenny); J. FORRISTAL (Dunamaggin); J. O'FARRELL (Knocktopher); E. LOUGHNANE (Borrisoleigh); A. BUTLER (Killaloe); M. PATTISON (Kilkenny); M. WHITE (Inistioge); D. LYG (The Rower); E. NADDY (Inistioge); W. PHELAN (Windgap).

*Third Row:* M. McDONALD (Mooncoin); O' BENNETT (Johnswell); J. KENNEDY (Callan); P. DRENNAN (Gowran); S. O'BRIEN (Goresbridge); D. CUNNINGHAM (Ballymack); S. WALSH (Slieverue); P. O'CONNOR (Glenmore); D. FITZGERALD (Sevenhouses).

*Fourth Row:* P. CULLEN (Bennettsbridge); P. DOWLING (Kilkenny); J. DELANEY (Kilkenny); J. DELAHUNTY (Freshford); M. TOBIN (Gowran); T. DOYLE (Inistioge); W. HALLY (Jenkinstown); P. J. CLARKE (Callan); P. MURRAY (Kilkenny); E. DE LOUGHRY (Kilkenny).

# Cuairt ar Chonamara

PÁDRAIG MAC COISDEALBHA  
(Mean Teist. 1A)

Is minic a chuala mé i dtaobh na Gael-tachta. Is minic freisin a chuala mé Gaeilgeoiri ag labhairt ar an Radío. Ach ní raibh mé in ann iad a thuiscint go dtí go ndeachaigh mé go Conamara. Seo mar a thárla.

I rith na lathe Samhraidh chuaigh m'athair go Baile Átha Cliath agus chuir sé m'ainm isteach le haghaidh scoláireachta don Ghaeltacht. Ón am sin go dtí deireadh an scrúdaithe is beag Béarla a labhair mé mar bhí mé ag cleachtadh don scrúdú. Faoi dheireadh is faoi dheoidh thainig an lá agus chuaigh mé go dtí an áit ina raibh an scrúdú ar siúl. Ní fada a thóg sé agus tar éis sin ní raibh le déanamh agam ach fanúint leis ma torthaí.

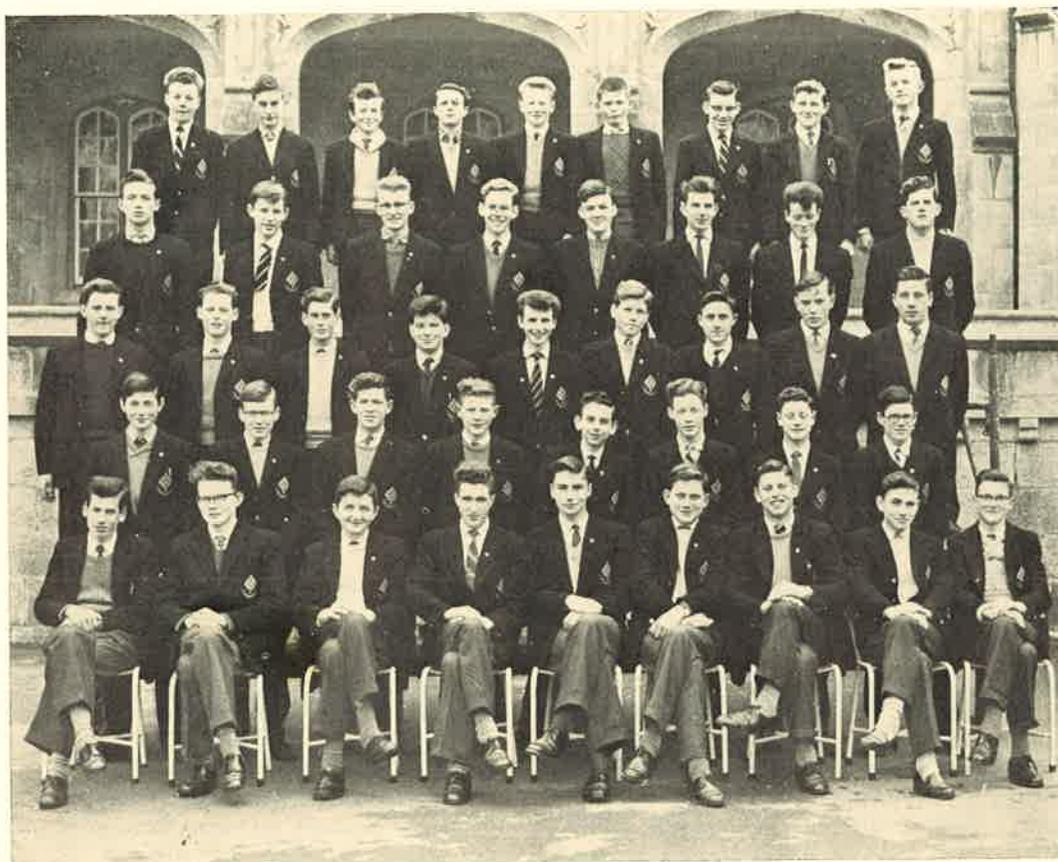
Tar éis tamall éigin laethe thainig litir chugam ó mhuintir Ghael-Linn á rá liom gur éirigh liom sa scrúdú agus go mbeadh mé ag dul go Gaeltacht Chonamara ar feadh trí mhí. Ar an dara lá déag de mhí Meán Fómhair bhí mé féin is m'athair ar an mbealach siar thar Sionainn. B'fhada an turas é agus bhí sé déanach san oíche nuair shrois muid "Naomh Anna" in áit ar a dtugtar Indreabhán i gceartlár Chonamara.

Chaith mé an oíche sin go smaointeach agus go huaigheach agus nuair a thainig an lá bhí orm slán a chur le m'athair agus as go bráth liom ar scoil. B'ionadh liom go raibh míle go leith ar a laghad le siúl agam go dtí on scoil. Ach bhí ionadh níos mó orm nuair chonaic mé na carraigeacha móra mórthimpeall orm agus gan páirc fhéarmhar le feiscint. Bhí na Beanna Beola taobh thiar díom agus a mullach sáite sna scamail agus an fharraige ag síneadh fad mo radhairc uaim ar mo dheis. Ní fhaca mé radharc mar sin riamh cheana agus chuir sé saghas scátha agus faitís orm i dtosach, ach níorbh fhada go raibh seanchleachtadh agam ar an radharc céanna.

Níor chaith mé lá níos uaigní riamh ná an

lá sin, mé ag smaoineamh ar mo bhaile dúchais agus ag fanúint leis an oíche chun cloineadh maith a dhéanamh. Chomh maith leis sin ní raibh aon chara agam. Bhí na buachaillí uilig ag spalpadh Gaeilge agus mise ag breathnú thart timpeall orm go faithíosach. Ar filleadh don teach dom bhí Máire, máthair an bhuachalla a bhí mar chompánach agam, agus bean an tí, 'sé sin máthair Mháire, ag feitheamh go cineálta liom. Nuair a bhí an oíche ag druidim linn chuaigh muid ag triall ar na ba chun iad a bhreith abhaile le haghaidh na hoíche. Siar go dtí páirc na farraige a chuamar agus is garr go raibh muid a dtiomáint abhaile. Ina dhiaidh sin fuair muid suipéar breá folláin agus as go bráth linn chun codladh sámh do dhéanamh.

Sin mar a chaith mé an chéad lá i gConamara. Bhí roinnt laethe caite mar sin agam nuair chuala mé Maire á rá go mbeadh "na Stáisiúin" againn sa teach an tseachtain dár gcionn. Ní raibh fhios agam cad a bhí i gceist aici gur mhínigh si dhom go mbeadh an sagart ag teacht ag éisteacht faoistíní agus ag léamh an Aifreann sa teach do mhuintir na háite mórthimpeall. Bhí fuadar mór fúinn ansin ag ullmhú don lá mór. Bhí orainn páipéar a chur ar na fallaí taobh istigh agus aoldath a chur orthu taobh amuigh. Faoi dheireadh nuair a bhí gach rud i gceart is i gcóir shocraigh Máire bord sa chistin mar altóir don Aifreann. Nuair a thainig an lá mór bhailigh na comharsana isteach go dtí go raibh an teach ag cur thar maoil. Ansin thainig an sagart agus díreach ar a naoi chuir sé tús leis an Aifreann. Nuair a bhí an tAifreann ráite bhí fleadh mhór againn. Bhí liomanáid agus cístí milse againne ach tá mé ag ceapadh go raibh rud éigin níos láidre ag na daoine fásta. Ar ndóigh ní raibh orainn dul ar scoil an lá sin agus bhí saol an rí againn ar feadh an lae.



#### FOURTH YEAR

*Front Row:* M. CROTTY (Kilkenny); P. KIERNAN (Dublin); J. KINSELLA (Mooncoin); J. CARROLL (Ballacolla); T. NORRIS (Knocktopher); M. MULLINS (Carrick-on-Suir); M. AYLWARD (Knockmoylan); L. DOYLE (Fiddown); P. O'FARRELL (Knocktopher).

*Second Row:* J. KENNEDY (Killenaule); V. CURRAN (The Rower); J. EGAN (Callan); J. WHELAN (Kilkenny); M. O'NEILL (Kilkenny); M. QUINLAN (Roscrea); D. AYLWARD (Mullinavat), S. MCGARRY (Johnstown).

*Third Row:* T. McDONALD (Mooncoin); G. POWER (Waterford); J. F. MARUM (Lisdowney); O. McENEANEY (Kilkenny); V. VAUGHAN (Mullinahone); J. WALSH (Mullinavat); J. WALKER (Callan); S. DUNPHY (Castletown); B. SOMERS (Coon).

*Fourth Row:* K. DOLLARD (Kilkenny); J. HOGAN (Kilkenny); J. BRENNAN (Ballyousskill); J. BURKE (Rathdowney); D. BERGIN (Durrrow); S. DOOLEY (Freshford); B. MCCANN (Dublin); T. HOLDEN (Dunamaggin).

*Fifth Row:* J. WALSH (Knocktopher); T. O'SHEA (Piltown); O. GRANT (Clonegal); M. KELLY (Ballymore-Eustace); M. CORCORAN (Galmoy); P. CARROLL (Lisdowney); S. CAHILL (Kilkenny); M. DOWLING (Kilkenny); N. O'BRIEN (Bennettsbridge).

Bhainfeadh áilleacht Chonamara radharc na súl cíot, go háirithe ar lá breá, ach ní fhaigheann tú mórán laethe mar sin i lár an Gheimhridh. Ar aon chuma fuair muid cúpla lá breá, agus ní fhaca mé radharc níos breátha roimhe ná ó shin ná Oileáin Árann agus iad ag glioscarnaigh faoi sholas na gréine. Bhí siad cosúil le gáirdíní móra fairsinge agus iad ag seoladh tríd an fharraige. Anseo agus ansiúd d'fheicfeá na tithe orthu mar a bheadh spotaí geala bána. Amanta d'fheicfeá long ola no bád seoil ach ní fheicfeá long phaisinéirí ar chor ar bith.

Is i gConamara a leag mé mo chos don chéad uair ar phortach. Ar ndóigh tá portaigh flúirseach go leor san Iarthar toisc an talamh bheith chomh bocht. Mar a thuigfeá, tá an portach sách contúirteach, agus b'éigin dúinn bheith cúramach agus gan titim síos i bpoll doimhin. Bhí an mhóin sábháilte cheana féin, ach bhí orainn cruach mhór a dhéanamh di ar thaobh an bhóithrín. Fad ár radhairc uainn ní raibh tada le feiscint ach an portach ag síneadh amach go dtí bun na spéire. Nuair a tháinig am an dinnéir chumar go dtí lóchán breá i lár an phortaigh agus líonamar an chítíl le haghaidh an té. Ag an am seo bhí an ghrian go hárd sa spéir agus b'álainn agus b'iontach an lá a bhí ann gan aon agó. Trasna na spéire goirme ghuais na néallta beaga bána go leisciúil. D'imigh an chuid eile den lá go scioptha, ag líonadh agus ag folamhú dhúinn ag taobh an bhóithrín. Mar ba ghnáth i gConamara, is le hasal a bhí muid ag obair agus b'ionadh liom an méid a bhí ar chumas an asail a thógáil. Ar chríochnú na hoibre dhúinn as go bráth linn abhaile agus geallaim díbh go raibh goile againn chun an tsuipéir a bhí réidh ag Máire dhúinn.

De réir a chéile bhí an t-am ag sleamhnú thart agus níor airigh mé go dtí go raibh sé in am dom filleadh abhaile ar Chill Choinnigh arís. Bhí áthas orm, ar ndóigh, go raibh mé ag dul abhaile, go háirithe ós rud é go raibh an Nollaig buailte linn. Ach nuair a tháinig an lá bhí mé roint uaigneach ag fágaint slán ag mo cháirde nua. Bhí orm geallúint a thabhairt go scríobhfainn chuca agus ní gá dhom a rá nár fheall mé orthu. Is mó litir a fuair mé ó shin o Phádhraic Jack agus ó Thaimín. Tá sé

beartaíthe agam athchualt a dhéanamh ar Indreabhán agus ar mo cháirde an Samhradh seo chugainn le cúnadh Dé.

## The Patrician Circle

**D**URING the past two years seven Patrician meetings were held, under various Chairmen. For the first year Father McEvoy was Spiritual Director, and he was succeeded by Father Grace. Topics discussed ranged from "Confession", to "Gambling", to "The Influence of Films" and "The Devil in the Modern World".

Meetings tended to open slowly with students reluctant to voice their ideas after the paper was read, but towards the end, sparked off by the more courageous ones, they were shooting up all over the hall eager to be heard. At one particular meeting over fifty boys spoke, and often minor arguments developed simultaneously over different aspects of the topic, so that the Chairman's was not always an easy task.

However students never failed to listen attentively to the paper being read and that was most encouraging to the speaker. Most eloquent among the speakers were Patrick Comerford, Patrick O'Connor, Oliver Lehane, Eamonn Deegan and Vincent Kelly. The Spiritual Director's talk was always closely followed and even a minor slip-up on his part was pounced upon when the discussion re-opened.

The meetings were popular because as well as enlarging our knowledge of Catholic life they helped us to be ready in argument and to overcome timidity when speaking before an audience.

JOSEPH KENNEDY



### THIRD YEAR

*Front Row:* E. PHELAN (Mooncoin); S. MURPHY (Threecastles); M. CROTTY (Kilkenny); S. O'DONOVAN (Kilmoganny); J. D'ALTON (Freshford); E. NOLAN (Jenkinstown); M. DONOHOE (Blessington); T. STOKES (Gortnahoe).

*Second Row:* L. HOLLAND (Durrow); M. NORTON (Gortnahoe); P. BRENNAN (Freshford); M. O'KELLY (Kilkenny); L. QUINN (Crosspatrick); J. A. BRENNAN (Dublin); O. RYAN (Woodsgift); J. DUNNE (Killaloe).

*Third Row:* B. BYRNE (Carlow); D. BYRNE (Carlow); L. DUGGAN (Hugginstown); L. HEALY (Abbeyleix); P. RYAN (Rathdowney); N. MAHER (Kilmanagh); A. AYRES (Nenagh); G. O'BRIEN (Bennettsbridge); J. DERMODY (Ballyline).

*Fourth Row:* W. GRANT (Mooncoin); C. O'SHEA (Kilkenny); L. RICE (Knocktopher); R. DELANEY (Bayswell); T. MOONEY (Seirkieran); N. HORGAN (Ballybunion); D. PARSONS (Stoneyford); S. LALOR (Kilkenny).

*Fifth Row:* L. WALLACE (Windgap); W. DUNPHY (Mooncoin); R. DUNPHY (Mooncoin); J. COONAN (Muckalee); R. DOLLARD (Kilkenny); J. GLOSTER (Waterford); T. CONWAY (Mullinavat); J. FIELDING (Mooncoin).

## Films

THE films of the past two years were of a reasonably high standard. Looking back on them, titles such as *The Thirty-nine Steps*, *Confession*, *Too Many Crooks*, *Our Man in Havana* and *Operation Amsterdam* immediately come to mind.

The 1960-61 term opened with the hilarious comedy *Too Many Crooks*. It really had us in the "stitches" with its uproarious comedy and slapstick. It told the story of an Englishman, a company director, whose wife was kidnapped, and the ensuing cloak-and-dagger game between the gang of kidnapers and the husband.

A first-class film was *Operation Amsterdam*. This was a suspenseful story about the removal of a cache of valuable diamonds from Amsterdam before the German advance reached that city. The film suited everybody's taste and was one of the best enjoyed during the year. It starred Peter Finch and ran for a hundred minutes.

The 1961-62 term began with the very popular and widely-acclaimed musical *The Student Prince*. This was a film which endeared itself to all lovers of Mario Lanza, and they heard many of his most popular songs, the Drinking Song, and the Serenade. Edmond Purdon played the title role, aided by the voice of Mario Lanza.

*Hell Below Zero*, set in the Arctic, was a grim, action-packed drama with an unusual setting. It told of the hate and rivalry between two whaling captains, of the bitter struggle they fought on land and sea for supremacy, how one finally hunted the other through storms and blizzards and ended his life in a ruthless hand-to-hand battle. Every minute of this film absorbed our interest, even though the arctic weather conditions portrayed on the screen seemed to drain the heat from the hall we sat in. The film had Alan Ladd and Stanley Baker in the leading roles and was in colour.

LIAM DOYLE

## Debating Society

IN the past there has been a marked lack of social activities in the College, and it was with a view to rectifying that situation that the Debating Society was founded in 1960. This year it made steady progress in the capable hands of Martin McDonald, James O'Farrell, Joseph Kennedy, John Burke and Thomas Norris, the Secretary.

The Society endeavours to hold a debate monthly, and an open discussion follows the debate proper. This gives every student an opportunity of expressing his opinions before an audience.

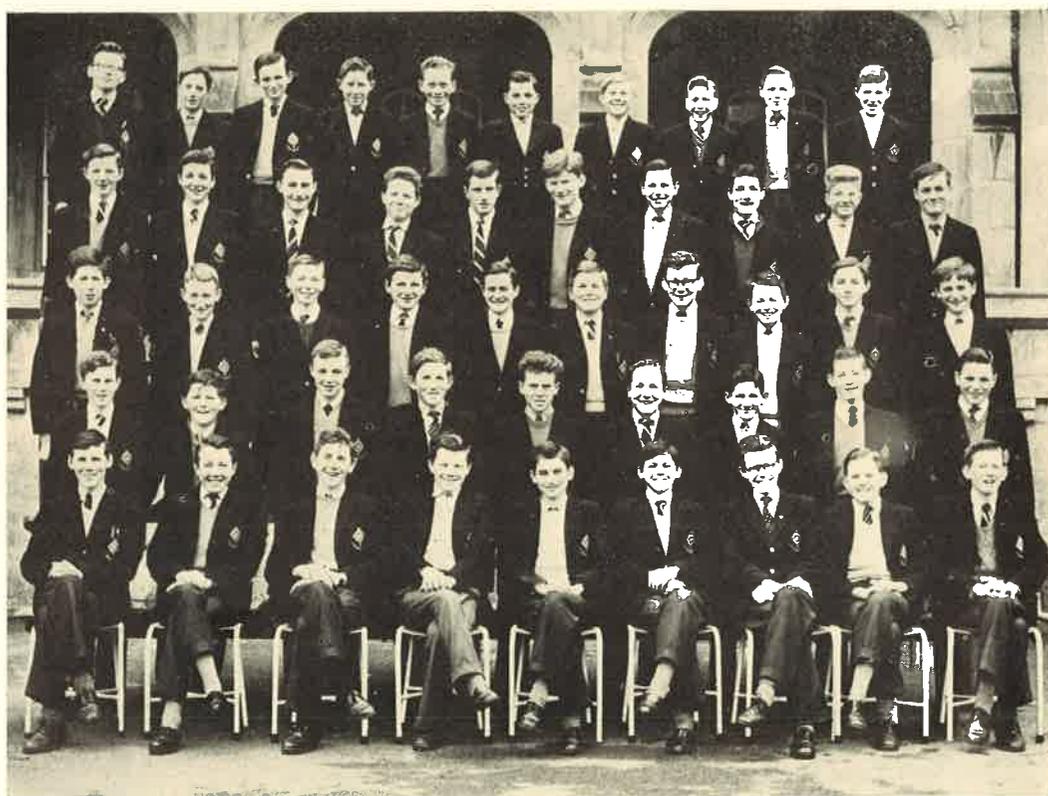
The first debate of the season was held on 4th November when Senior IV and Senior III discussed the topic: "That entertainments risking human life should be prohibited". Senior IV spoke to the motion with the following team: Martin McDonald, Joseph Brennan, Eamonn de Loughry and Joseph Kennedy. The opposition team comprised Edward Naddy, James Fitzgerald, Peter Russell and James Forristal.

Senior IV were judged the winners, but honours were divided since Joseph Kennedy of Senior III was acclaimed best individual speaker. The debate sparked off a lively exchange of view from the floor. In summing up, Father O'Connor, the adjudicator, explained his system of marking, and gave the number of points scored by each team.

A month later it was the turn of Senior I and Senior II when they debated the motion: "That the people of today are more content than those who lived a generation ago". This provocatively-phrased topic brought out the best in the speakers, and the standard of debating was very high. Senior II proved the winning team, and its members were Michael Mullins, Matthew Quinlan, Garret Power and Thomas Norris. Worthy representatives of Senior I were John Egan, John Burke, Martin Dowling and Bernard Somers.

Father J. Delaney was adjudicator while James Forristal acted as chairman.

These debates provide invaluable experience to the students, inducing self-confidence, quickness of expression and the art of



## SECOND YEAR

*Front Row:* N. DEEVY (Jeninstown); O. MURPHY (Callan); B. BUTLER (Danesfort); E. BOLGER (Rathdowney); R. HICKEY (Windgap); L. O'REILLY (Ballyragget); D. BUCKLEY (Freshford); J. BROPHY (Crosspatrick); E. TOBIN (Killahy).

*Second Row:* J. WALDRON (Freshford); L. DOWLING (Kilkenny); W. TOBIN (Johnstown); V. McNAMEE (Ballyragget); F. POWER (Coon); J. MOYLAN (Durrrow); F. FITZMAURICE (Kilkenny); M. CODY (Glenmore); J. DOWLING (Rathnew).

*Third Row:* L. MAHER (Conahy); M. BRENNAN (Crosspatrick); M. WALSH (Kilkenny); J. MAHER (Clerihan); M. O'NEILL (Dunamaggin); M. HOWLEY (Mooncoin); J. MURPHY (Kilmanagh); S. HAWE (Windgap); P. HALLY (Kells); J. WALL (Kilkenny).

*Fourth Row:* R. LANDY (Windgap); R. PRENDERGAST (Clara); D. FREYNE (Mullinavat); J. LACEY (Ballyragget); T. NOLAN (Kilmacar); R. TEEHAN (Threecastles); D. O'SHEA (Kells); S. PURCELL (Jeninstown); T. HOLOHAN (Clomanto); R. O'KEEFE (Callan).

*Fifth Row:* B. O'NEILL (Kilkenny); J. CONNERY (Freshford); L. DUNNE (Killaloe); C. NYHAN (Kilkenny); M. LONG (Kilkieran); M. HENNESSY (Ballyragget); A. COOPER (Kilkenny); L. DOWLING (Kilkenny); T. DOWNEY (Windgap); T. WEADICK (Stoneyford).

speaking in public—all vital facets of education. We look towards the expansion of the Debating Society and hope that many vigorous years lie ahead for it.

JAMES FORRISTAL  
*President*

## Lay Student's Plays

8th December, 1960

### MUMMY AND THE MUMPS

by LARRY E. JOHNSON

### Cast

Sir Hector Fish	MARTIN McDONALD
Agatha Laidlow	JAMES FITZGERALD
Anna Hampton	EAMONN DE LOUGHREY
Maude Mullen	... DENIS BERGIN
Dulcie Dumble	... JOHN BOURKE
Bill Laidlow	... VINCENT KELLY
Francis Briscoe	... THOMAS WALL
Racker (James Slammon)	EDWARD NADDY
Phoebe Beebe	... WILLIAM WALSH
Perkins, the Sheriff	... OLIVER DEEGAN

Stage Management—JAMES CONDON  
Production by FATHER JOHN DUGGAN



### THE MUMMY AND THE MUMPS

*Front Row:* WILLIAM WALSH, EAMONN DE LOUGHREY, JAMES FITZGERALD, JOHN BURKE, DENIS BERGIN.

*Back Row:* EAMONN DEEGAN, MARTIN McDONALD, EDWARD NADDY, VINCENT KELLY, THOMAS WALL.



### FIRST YEAR

*Front Row:* J. WALLACE (Windgap); M. DOWNEY (Conahy); F. FARRELL (Johnstown); D. DUNNE (Gathabawn); P. BUTLER (Lismatigue); J. FLYNN (Kilkenny); J. CANTWELL (Dublin); E. TEEHAN (Ballyfoyle); J. CASSIN (Thomastown); D. BOLLARD (Kilkenny); P. DEEGAN (Kilkenny); W. FREE (Kilkenny).

*Second Row:* P. BRENNAN (Clara); J. BERGIN (Kilkenny); P. O'SHEA (Conahy); J. GORMAN (Kells); J. MEAGHER (Kilmanagh); T. BROPHY (Athy); E. O'SULLIVAN (Piltown); S. WALSH (Ballyhale); E. HARRINGTON (Kilmoganny); D. WALSH (Danesfort); P. FITZGERALD (Hugginstown); T. DOWLING (Conahy).

*Third Row:* P. COSTELLO (Kilkenny); E. LANGTON (Kilkenny); P. WALSH (Lismatigue); C. DELANEY (Galmoy); T. ROWLEY (Kilkenny); J. J. RYAN (The ROWER); A. O'NEILL (Kilkenny); W. FREYNE (Mullinavat); J. SHEEHAN (Stoneyford); E. FITZPATRICK (Knockmoylan); M. RYAN (Callan); D. HUGHES (Woodsgift); J. BOLGER (Ballacolla); J. WALSH (Danesfort).

*Fourth Row:* P. BRENNAN (Castlecomer); R. HOLOHAN (Knocktopher); M. BRENNAN (Piltown); T. DWANE (Freshford); E. MEAGHER (Freshford); D. WHITE (Piltown); O'McEVOY (Borris-in-Ossory); T. MAHER (Kilmacthomas); J. DOHERTY (Kilkenny); J. NEARY (Kilkenny); J. LOOBY (Johnstown); P. DUNPHY (Lisdowney).

*Back Row:* L. WALSH (Thomastown); P. DELAHUNTY (Kilkenny); G. WALSH (Lismatigue); P. BRODERICK (Johnstown); L. DALTON (Freshford); L. DOWLING (Galmoy); N. BYRNE (Castlecomer); B. O'SHEA (Windgap); T. PHELAN (Castletown); D. HEALY (Conahy); E. O'KEEFE (Kells); E. O'SULLIVAN (Clara).

8th December, 1961

## SEE HOW THEY RUN

by PHILIP KING

### Cast

Ida	...	...	THOMAS MAHER
Miss Skillon	...	EAMONN DE LOUGHREY	
Rev. Lionel Toop		MARTIN McDONALD	
Penelope Toop	...	DENIS BERGIN	
L/Corporal Clive Winton		BRENDAN MCCANN	
The Intruder	...	...	EDWARD NADDY
Bishop of Lax	...	JAMES FITZGERALD	
Rev. Arthur Waterstone		EAMONN DEEGAN	
Sergeant Towers	...	MICHAEL BRENNAN	
Stage Management	—SEAMUS O'BRIEN		
Production by	FATHER JOHN DUGGAN		

## Classical Music Society

EARLY last October a Classical Music Society was founded to cater for the musically minded students. The founder was Father O'Connor, who now conducts the meetings and delivers the lectures. The aim of the Society is to raise the students' taste for good music, and this is done by letting them listen to the works of the great composers. The Society is made up mainly of fourth and fifth year students, but there are also a few juniors. The meeting is held for an hour every Saturday.

In the beginning, Father O'Connor, with the aid of some records, introduced us to the various instruments of the orchestra and

their use. Then followed an account of the lives of some of the leading musicians, notably Mozart with his brilliant successes as a youth in the courts of Europe, later his rejection at twenty-five in Paris, his life's poverty, his black visitor, Requiem Mass and death at thirty-five. We also heard of the lives of Handel and Beethoven. That of the Russian, Tchaikovsky, his appearances in Moscow and all through Europe and in New York, is most interesting. It is strange how Gilbert and Sullivan hated one another, and yet in partnership produced such works as *The Mikado*.

To date we have heard works of the above composers, and many others. Most favourite pieces have been *1812 Overture*, *Grand March*, *The Blue Danube* and selections from the light operas *The Mikado*, *Oklahoma* and *My Fair Lady*. Among the singers, tenors seemed to be the best liked, John McCormack, Mario Lanza and Father Sydney MacEwan, to mention but a few.

Indeed music is a source of untold pleasure. It has the power of thrilling one to the very soul and even sending one into ecstasies. It renews long forgotten joys and outroots present troubles. This indeed is the very aim of the Society—to create a deep personal love for music.

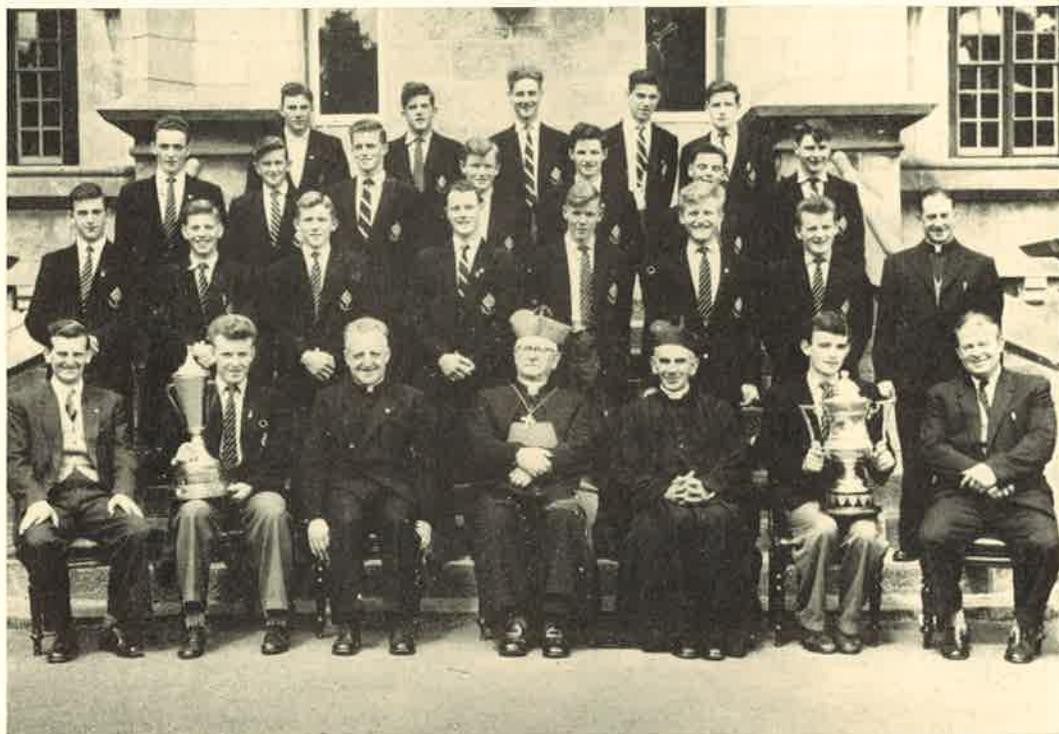
As *The Blue Danube* is being played, and one pictures oneself going down that lovely river with the lights and music of Vienna in the background, a sky of glittering stars on high, and the whole world at peace, will one not join with me in saying:

“Oh! 'tis only music's strain

Can sweetly soothe, and not betray”?

MICHAEL MULLINS

# Hurling



## ALL-IRELAND WINNERS IN HAPPY MOOD

*Front Row:* MR. N. PURCELL, Chairman, Kilkenny Co. Board; P. FREANEY, VERY REV. DR. M. MOONEY, President Colleges Central Council; MOST REV. P. COLLIER, Bishop of Ossory; VERY REV. GABRIEL CANON LOUGHRY, O. RYAN, MR. P. GRACE, Secretary, Kilkenny Co. Board.

*Second Row:* N. FORRISTAL, M. AYLWARD, P. DRENNAN, J. GANNON, P. O'CONNOR, N. ROHAN, J. LOUGHNANA, REV. T. MAHER, trainer.

*Third Row:* R. O'Moore, P. Duggan, J. DELANEY, J. O'BRIEN, M. TENNYSON, J. LANGTON, M. WALSH.

*Back Row:* P. FOLEY, T. HOLDEN, J. WALSH, M. WALSH, T. FORRISTAL.

ON Sunday, 23rd April, 1961 St. Kieran's College scored what must have been its greatest victory ever in hurling. On that day a superb team brought back the Croke Cup to the College for the third time since 1957, with a display of hurling which was as delightful as the victory was facile. The score: St. Kieran's 8-8, North Monastery, Cork, 1-4.

This was the climax to a wonderful year for the team which must rank as good as the greatest—if not itself the greatest—that ever played in the "Black and White". They started their winning series at Nowlan Park on 19th February, 1961 when they defeated Knockbeg by 5-15 to 0-3. Their next obstacle was old rivals, St. Peter's, Wexford who had taken the Leinster Cup from us the previous

season, and were resolutely determined to hold on to it. Right bravely did they fight, and here let it be said that although victory seemed comfortable yet there was sweet music in that final whistle. Playing with a strong breeze, Kieran's led by nine points at the interval, thanks to three great goals by Tom Forristal. St. Peter's, however, fought with a determination which seemed certain to sweep aside all opposition as they reduced the lead to three points with ten minutes to go. In that last hectic quarter P. Foley, with six safe backs outside him, showed the real greatness which brought them so much glory later, and St. Peter's finally failed on the score: St. Kieran's 4-5, St. Peter's 2-7. This match was the virtual Leinster Final as Ballyfin put up only token opposition—the score: 8-14 to 2-2.

Then for the big day at Thurles. The name, North Monastery, Cork, so famed in Munster was sufficient to inspire respect and apprehension. The teams had never played each other previously. The only direct contact players from each nursery had in the past was through the inter-provincial, so we went to Thurles prepared for anything, except what actually happened—the total eclipse of the “Mon”.

Only for the first few minutes was there any sign of equality between the teams. When the “Mon” who were playing with a considerable wind, repulsed the first few attacks and seemed as if they were about to “tie down” Forristal and Freaney, we had visions of a real encounter. Then in the third minute T. Forristal rounded his man and with grace and ease shot to the net. Freaney repeated, and when Forristal added another, it was apparent that defeat couldn't possibly be our portion that day. At the interval we led by 3-6 to 1-4 against the wind, so the result was inevitable. In fact, the “Mon” failed to score against the breeze in the second half.

Although the game was altogether too one-sided to be enjoyable even neutrals were pleased to have witnessed the beautifully executed movements of our forwards who showed how superlative hurling can really be—the masterly saves by Paddy Foley who “reached to the clouds” and advanced to

send well-directed clearances, with near disdain for oncoming forwards. Of the team that day, the *Tipperary Star* said: “St. Kieran's fielded a big strong team. From Pat Foley, the tall lad with the cap between the posts up to the bustling quicksilver forwards, Walsh and Aylward, there was not a weak link”.

The Central Colleges Council presented a new Croke Cup for the All Ireland series, which Rev. Dr. Mooney of St. Jarlath's College presented to the College team later on, as the cup was not fully fashioned for the final. So St. Kieran's has the honour of being the first name inscribed on the new and distinctive cup.

In the Junior competition, games with St. Peter's, Wexford at Thomastown on 5th February (score 6-2 to 1-4) and with Ballyfin at Kilkenny on 23rd March, paved the way for the final with Knockbeg at Carlow on 13th November. This was somewhat of a surprise as Knockbeg, with what seemed a very good team, established an early lead which they maintained right to the end in a good game and an enjoyable one—from the Knockbeg point of view, that is.

A new competition was initiated this year—one for boys under fourteen years on 1st January, 1960. It proved a big success, especially in the football section as some spirited games of youthful craft were seen. The hurling was also a very entertaining competition. St. Kieran's had their first outing against local C.B.S. They drew on the first occasion, C.B.S. 2-0, St. Kieran's 1-3. On the second occasion a similar swaying game ensued, Kieran's emerging winners by two points. However, St. Peter's with a big strong hard-hitting team put an end to the run of victories at New Ross when they soundly beat us by nine points. They were eventually defeated in the final by St. Vincent's, Dublin.

In 1962 we faced the campaign with the knowledge that the juniors had failed the previous year, and on that account the seniors could not be given a very great chance of winning. Our first encounter was with Kilkenny C.B.S. and was also our last. This game, however, proved one of the highlights of Nowlan Park in recent years.



#### WINNERS OF CROKE CUP 1961

*Front Row:* MAURICE AYLWARD, JOHN LOUGHNANE, OLLIE RYAN, PIERCE FREANEY, NOEL ROHAN, TOM FORRISTAL, PAT FOLEY.

*Centre:* JIM LANGTON, MATT WALSH, JIM GANNON, MICHAEL TENNYSON, JIMMY O'BRIEN, MICHAEL DRENNAN, NICKY FORRISTAL.

*Back Row:* MARTIN WALSH, JIM WALSH, TOM HOLDEN, PETER DUGGAN, RORY O'MOORE, PADDY O'CONNOR, JOHN DELANEY.

It was not notable for excellence of hurling, but for wholehearted endeavour and dedication to the task of striving for victory it could scarcely be surpassed. An early goal by the C.B.S. got them away to a flying start. Another goal on the eighth minute gave them a comfortable lead. St. Kieran's fought back, however, to secure an interval lead of five points. In the second half, the C.B.S. really camped in our territory, and the incessant attacks were repulsed with dour tenacity by the backs, especially Pat Drennan and Phil Cullen until it seemed that they could never score against us. Then finally with two minutes to go they secured a goal. The game seemed over and a victory for St. Kieran's when with the final stroke of the

game a ball was deflected to the net to give the C.B.S. a victory which was as sweet as it was hard earned. It was the ardent hope of all Kieran's team and supporters that the C.B.S. having proved too good for them would also prove too good for the rest of Leinster, and transfer the Cup from Ormonde Road to James's Street. However, it was not to be, as they failed to St. Peter's at Carlow in a replay on the score 3-3 to 1-4.

The C.B.S. also had the pleasure of beating our Junior team, again by one point, in the first round. So that if we established a record in 1961 by the unique victory over "North Mon", this year our distinction lay in making an exit from both competitions in the first round. This is not surprising when



VERY REV. DR. MOONEY, St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, speaking at presentation of Croke Cup. His Lordship, DR. COLLIER, MR. P. GRACE, Secretary Kilkenny Co. Board, G.A.A. and REV. T. MAHER, Trainer.

one considers that the great team of 1961 was held to four points in the Leinster Championship while having a facile victory over Munster. The list of those who left in 1961 makes sad reading for those remaining in 1962, and perhaps it is more true to say of them than of any who went before: "Ni beidh a leitheidí airis ann". They are: Pierce Freaney, Oliver Ryan, Tom Forristal, Paddy Foley, John Loughnane, Jimmy O'Brien, Noel Rohan, John Delaney, Michael Tennyson, Nickey Forristal, Peter Duggan, Rory O'Moore, Jim Langton.

Of the team and substitutes of 1961 only Jim Gannon, Pat Drennan, Maurice Aylward, Paddy O'Connor, Matt Walshe, Tom Holden and Seamus Walshe remained for 1962. Along with them, the following formed the team beaten by the C.B.S.: Michael Crotty, Noel O'Brien, Philip Cullen, Tom Mooney, Peter Russell, Matt White, Tom Norris, Adrian

Ayres, Sean McGarry, Eddie Loughnane, Christy Donovan, Denis Lyng, Ciaran Dollard.

The 1962 Juvenile team holds out some hope for the future, being an evenly balanced lot. At time of going to press, they have had victories over Roscrea, and Franciscan College, Gormanston, with the possibility of reaching the final stages in the competition. Should they win through they can provide something to fill the big lacuna caused by the disappearance of the Leinster and Croke Cups in the recent past.

The names of the Juveniles are: T. Holohan, S. Walshe, S. Purcell, D. Walsh, R. Landy, R. Teehan, E. Fitzpatrick, T. Nolan, B. Butler, E. O'Sullivan, F. Power, R. Prendergast, W. Freyne, M. Cody, E. Tobin. Subs.: D. Healy, P. Dunphy and T. Downey.

T. MAHER (REV.)



SENIOR TEAM

*Front Row (l. to r.):* D. LYNG, T. NORRIS, P. DRENNAN, A. AYRES, J. GANNON, M. AYLWARD.  
*Second Row :* P. O'CONNOR, M. QUINLAN, M. WHITE, M. WALSH, N. O'BRIEN,  
E. LOUGHNANE, C. O'DONOVAN.  
*Back Row:* T. MOONEY, B. SOMERS, T. HOLDEN, S. WALSH, P. RUSSELL, P. CULLEN,  
M. CROTTY.

# Sports Day 1961

## RESULTS



### Senior

#### 100 YARDS CHAMPIONSHIP:

T. Forristal, N. Forristal, J. Loughnane.

#### 100 YARDS HANDICAP:

P. Freaney, O. Deegan, T. Forristal.

#### 220 YARDS:

J. Loughnane, J. Gannon, R. O'Moore.

#### 300 YARDS:

J. Gannon, T. Forristal, N. Forristal.

#### 440 YARDS:

T. Forristal, N. Forristal, E. Loughnane.

#### MILE:

C. Kelly, J. Delaney, J. Brennan, N. Rohan.

#### HOP, STEP AND JUMP:

P. Freaney, T. Forristal, C. McCarthy.

#### LONG JUMP:

E. Loughnane, M. Drennan, T. Forristal.

### Intermediate

#### 220 YARDS:

V. Vaughan, D. Delaney, B. McCann.

#### 300 YARDS:

B. McCann, V. Vaughan, A. Ayres.

#### 440 YARDS:

D. Delaney, V. Vaughan, B. McCann.

#### 880 YARDS:

M. Norton, V. Vaughan, D. Delaney.

#### HOP, STEP AND JUMP:

K. Dollard, M. Aylward, J. Kennedy.

#### LONG JUMP:

K. Dollard, T. Conway, M. Aylward.

**Junior**

**80 YARDS:**

L. Dowling, D. Freyne, B. Harte.

**120 YARDS:**

B. Harte, D. Freyne, R. Teehan.

**220 YARDS:**

J. Lacey, P. Long, D. Freyne.

**300 YARDS:**

T. Nolan, B. Harte, R. Teehan.

**LONG JUMP:**

P. Ford, D. Freyne, J. Dowling.

**ONE MILE CYCLE RACE (Day-boys):**

P. Dalton, J. Wall, S. Cahill, M. Brennan.

**ONE MILE CYCLE RACE (Boarders):**

M. Aylward, O. Lehane, M. Tennyson,  
J. Condon.

**BEST ALL-ROUND SPORTSMAN:**

Tom Forristal.



**UNDER 14 TEAM**

*Front Row (l. to r.):* P. DUNPHY, W. FREYNE, M. BRENNAN, E. TOBIN, D. HEALY, T. DOWNEY, S. WALSH.

*Second Row:* R. PRENDERGAST, T. NOLAN, B. BUTLER, R. LANDY, S. PURCELL, T. HOLOHAN, T. TEEHAN.

*Back Row:* E. O'SULLIVAN, E. BOLGER, C. NYHAN, M. CODY, E. FITZPATRICK, D. WALSH, F. POWER.

**SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS**

**Intermediate Certificate 1960**



**PETER  
RUSSELL**

**MICHAEL  
BRENNAN**

**PHILIP  
MURRAY**

**JIM  
FITZGERALD**

# Examination Results

## SCHOLARSHIPS

### 1960 Leaving Certificate:

#### UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

JAMES DOLLARD (Laoighis)  
RICHARD McEVOY (Laoighis)  
DONAL McCARTHY (Kilkenny)

### 1961 Leaving Certificates:

#### UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

MARTIN DRENNAN (Kilkenny)  
JOHN TYNAN (Laoighis)

### 1960 Intermediate Certificate:

MICHAEL BRENNAN  
PETER RUSSELL  
PHILIP MURRAY  
JAMES FITZGERALD

### Total Number of Students:

1960 — Seniors 91, Juniors 161. Total 252.

1961 — Seniors 89, Juniors 166. Total 255

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE 1960

### Presented for Examination: 36

JOHN ALLEY: Honours in Irish, Greek. Pass in English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.

GABRIEL BRANNIGAN: Honours in Irish. Pass in English, Geography, Maths.

FLORENCE BUTLER: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

OLIVER CONWAY: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.

FRANCIS COOPER: Hons. in Irish, Maths., Greek, Latin. Pass in English, History, Geography.

JOHN CREAGH: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

JAMES CROTTY: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.

JOSEPH DELANEY: Honours in Irish, Greek, Latin. Pass in English, History, Geography, Maths.

THOMAS DELANEY: Honours in Irish, History, Greek, Latin. Pass in English, Geography, Maths.

JAMES DOLLARD: Honours in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.

JOSEPH DONNELLY: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.

JOHN DOWLING: Pass in Irish, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

WILLIAM DOWLING: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.

CHARLES FITZGERALD: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.

PHILIP FITZGERALD: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

EDWARD FREYNE: Honours in Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, History, Geography, Maths.

JAMES HEALY: Honours in Irish, English, History. Pass in Geography, Maths., Latin.

JOHN HENNESSY: Honours in Irish, History, Latin, Greek. Pass in English, Geography, Maths.

THOMAS HUGHES: Honours in Irish, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science. Pass in English.

DANIEL KENNEDY: Honours in Irish. Pass in English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

DONAL MCCARTHY: Honours in Irish, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek. Pass in English.

RICHARD MCEVOY: Honours in Irish, History, Geography, English, Greek, Latin. Pass in Maths.

PATRICK MCCANN: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

PETER MCENEANEY: Honours in Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.

DENIS MALONE: Honours in Irish, English, Geography, Greek, Latin. Pass in History, Maths.

GERARD MANSFIELD: Pass in Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science.

JOHN MOLLOY: Honours in Irish. Pass in English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.

GERARD MOYLAN: Pass in Irish, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

THOMAS MURPHY: Honours in History. Pass in Irish, English, Geography, Maths., Latin.

JOHN NAUGHTON: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.

PEADAR O KELLY: Honours in Irish, Geography, Greek, Latin. Pass in English, History, Maths.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY: Pass in Irish, History, Geography, Maths., Greek, Latin.

NOEL SHERIDAN: Pass in Irish, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

DAVID SHERMAN: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Greek, Latin.

MARTIN TREACY: Pass in Irish, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

GABRIEL TROY: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.

## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1960

Presented for Examination: 39

OLIVER BENNETT: Honours in Science, Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.

MICHAEL BRENNAN: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths., History, Geography, Science.

JOSEPH BRENNAN: Honours in Science. Pass in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths.

ALFRED BUTLER: Honours in Science, Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths.

DAVID CUNNINGHAM: Honours in Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Science.

EAMON DEEGAN: Honours in Science. Pass in Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science.

JAMES DELAHUNTY: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Science.

JOSEPH DELANEY: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Science.

STEPHEN DOLLARD: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths. Pass in Science.

PATRICK DOWLING: Honours in English, Latin, Greek, Maths., Science. Pass in Irish.

PATRICK L. DOWLING: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Science.

EDWARD DOWLEY: Honours in English. Pass in Irish, History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science.

THOMAS DOYLE: Honours in Science. Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science.

PATRICK DRENNAN: Honours in History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, English, Latin, Maths.

JAMES FITZGERALD: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths., History, Geography, Science.

JAMES FORRISTAL: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Maths., History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science.

JAMES GANNON: Honours in Maths., Science, Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography.

WILLIAM HALLY: Honours in History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, English, Maths.

JAMES KINSELLA: Honours in English, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, History, Geography.

LEO KEHOE: Honours in Maths., Science, Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, English, History and Geography.

PATRICK LEHANE: Honours in English, Science. Pass in Irish, History, Geography, Maths.

EDWARD LOUGHNANE: Honours in English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science. Pass in Irish, Agricultural Science.

DENIS LYNG: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths., Science. Pass in History, Geography.

MARTIN McDONALD: Honours in English. Pass in Irish, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science.

PHILIP MURRAY: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.

WILLIAM MOORE: Honours in Science. Pass in Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths.

MICHAEL MURPHY: Honours in Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Science.

EDWARD NADDY: Honours in English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science. Pass in Irish.

PATRICK O'CONNOR: Honours in English, Latin, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, History, Geography.

CHRISTOPHER O'DONOVAN: Honours in English, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, Latin.

JAMES O'FARRELL: Honours in English, Latin, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, History, Geography.

MICHAEL PATTISON: Honours in Latin, Greek, Maths. Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Science.

WILLIAM PHELAN: Honours in English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish.

PETER RUSSELL: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths., History, Geography, Science.

MICHAEL TOBIN: Honours in English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science. Pass in Irish.

JAMES WALSH: Honours in Irish, History, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science, Science. Pass: English, Latin.

MATTHEW WALSH: Honours in English, Maths., Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, Latin, History, Geography, Science.

MATTHEW WHITE: Honours in Greek, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science. Pass in Irish, English.

DAVID WILKES: Honours in History, Geography. Pass in Irish, English, Latin, Maths., Science.

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE 1961

### Presented for Examination: 51

JOHN BROWNE: Honours in Maths., Greek, Latin, Geography. Pass in Irish, English, History.

THOMAS BRENNAN: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.

FRED BURKE: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science.

KIERAN CANTWELL: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin, Agricultural Science.

PATRICK COMERFORD: Honours in Irish, Geography, Agricultural Science. Pass in English, History, Maths., Latin.

JOSEPH CONDON: Pass in Irish, English, Geography, Maths., Drawing.

JOHN CURRAN: Honours in Irish, Latin. Pass in English, History, Geography, Greek.

PATRICK DALTON: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Greek, Latin.

OLIVER DEEGAN: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

JOHN DELANEY: Pass in Irish English, History, Geography, Latin, Agricultural Science.

MARTIN DRENNAN: Honours in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

PATRICK DUGGAN: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Greek, Latin.

MICHAEL FIELDING: Honours in Irish, Greek, Latin. Pass in English, History, Geography, Maths.

PATRICK FOLEY: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Agricultural Science.

NICHOLAS FORRISTAL: Honours in Irish, Agricultural Science. Pass in English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.

THOMAS FORRISTAL: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

PIERCE FREANEY: Honours in Irish, History, Greek. Pass in English, Geography, Maths., Latin.

MICHAEL GRANT: Pass in Irish, English, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

JEREMIAH HANRAHAN: Honours in Irish, Greek. Pass in English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.

JOHN HARTE: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.

COLM HINPHY: Honours in Irish, Greek, Latin. Pass in English, History, Geography, Maths.

JEREMIAH HOGAN: Honours in Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.

MICHAEL KEHOE: Honours in History, Geography, Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, English, Maths., Latin.

PATRICK KENNY: Pass in Irish, English, Geography, Maths., Latin.

VINCENT KELLY: Honours in English, Geography. Pass in Irish, History, Maths., Greek, Latin.

CHARLES KELLY: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Greek.

JAMES LANGTON: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.

OLIVER LEHANE: Honours in History, Geography, Greek, Latin. Pass in Irish, English, Maths.

JOHN LOUGHNANE: Pass in Irish, English, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

CHARLES McCARTHY: Honours in Geography, Greek, Latin. Pass in Irish, English, Maths.

PATRICK McEENEANEY: Honours in Geography, Latin. Pass in Irish, English, Maths., Agricultural Science.

BRENDAN MAHER: Honours in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Greek, Latin, Physics.

MICHAEL MOORE: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.

JOHN MURPHY: Honours in Irish, English, Greek, Latin. Pass in Geography, Maths.

JAMES O'BRIEN: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

RORY O'MOORE: Honours in Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.

HUGH O'NEILL: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.

NOEL ROHAN: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

THOMAS ROGERS: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.

OLIVER RYAN: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Greek, Latin.

MICHAEL RYAN: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Greek.

SEAN SPILLANE: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.

MICHAEL TENNYSON: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science.

JOHN TYNAN: Honours in Irish, English, Geography, Maths., Greek, Latin.

THOMAS WALL: Honours in Geography, Drawing. Pass in Irish, English, History, Maths., Latin.

MARTIN WALSH: Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science, Latin.

## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1961

### Presented for Examination: 46

DAVID AYLWARD: Honours in Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Science. Pass in Irish, English.

MAURICE AYLWARD: Honours in Latin. Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Science, Maths., Agricultural Science.

DENIS BERGIN: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Maths., History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science.

EUGENE BRENNAN: Pass in Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.

JAMES BRENNAN: Honours in English, Greek, Latin, History, Geography, Science. Pass in Irish, Maths.

JOHN BURKE: Honours in English, Greek, Latin, History, Geography, Science. Pass in Irish, Maths.

SEAN CAHILL: Honours in Greek, Latin. Pass in Irish, History, Geography, Science.

PATRICK CARROLL: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths., History, Geography, Science.

JOHN CARROLL: Pass in Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science.

MICHAEL CORCORAN: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths., History, Geography, Science.

MARTIN CROTTY: Honours in English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Science. Pass in Irish, Maths.

VINCENT CURRAN: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths. Pass in Science.

PATRICK DELANEY: Honours in English, Latin, Science, Maths., Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, History, Geography.

SEAMUS DOOLEY: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.

KIERAN DOLLARD: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.

MARTIN DOWLING: Honours in Latin. Pass in Irish, English, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.

- LIAM DOYLE: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
- JOHN DUNPHY: Honours in English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, Science.
- MICHAEL FENNELLY: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths. Pass in Science.
- EDWARD GRACE: Pass in Irish, English, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
- OSCAR GRANT: Honours in English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Science. Pass in Irish, Maths.
- JOSEPH HOGAN: Honours in English, Latin, Greek. Pass in Irish, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
- THOMAS HOLDEN: Honours in Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
- MICHAEL KELLY: Honours in Greek, Latin, History, Geography, Science. Pass in Irish, English, Maths.
- JOHN KENNEDY: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science, Agricultural Science.
- PATRICK KIERNAN: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
- JOHN KINSELLA: Pass in Irish, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
- BRENDAN MCCANN: Honours in History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science. Pass in Irish, English, Latin, Maths.
- OLIVER MCEANEY: Honours in Latin. Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography.
- SEAN MCGARRY: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
- JOHN MARUM: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
- MICHAEL MULLINS: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
- THOMAS NORRIS: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
- NOEL O'BRIEN: Pass in English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths.
- PATRICK O'FARRELL: Honours in Latin, Maths. Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science.
- MICHAEL O'NEILL: Honours in Latin, Greek. Pass in Irish, English, History, Geography.
- GARRETT POWER: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
- MATTHEW QUINLAN: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Maths., Science. Pass in History, Geography.
- VINCENT VAUGHAN: Honours in Irish, English, Latin, Maths. Pass in History, Geography, Science.
- JOHN WALSH: Pass in Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
- JAMES WALSH: Pass in Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science.

# St. Kieran's Priests in Scotland

Bernard J. Canning

ONLY the recording angel could assess the work done by the priests of St. Kieran's College, together with those from other Irish Colleges as well as Scottish-born priests, in the restoration of the ancient



**Father Bernard Canning**, native of Derry, entered St. Kieran's in 1950, where he completed his ecclesiastical studies. He was ordained in Derry in 1956 for the diocese of Paisley and since then has been curate in St. James's parish, Renfrew. He is editor of St. James's parish magazine, a monthly publication which is his pride and joy. This year he was appointed secretary of the Scottish branch of St. Kieran's Past Pupils' Union.

faith in Scotland, a land rich in beauty and culture, but despoiled of all that was best and grandest in her history through centuries of heresy. All that can be hoped for in a short article of this type is a brief survey—without daring to be comprehensive—of the work undertaken by St. Kieran's priests in recent post-war years. Thanks to the grace of God, the Church is in a thriving position and is going from strength to strength each year.

In spite of John Knox's insistence on the expulsion of all the "dregs of Popery" and his proclamation that a Protestant, given the opportunity, had the right to slaughter every Catholic or "idolator", one sees the failure of the "Reformation" in a country where an effort was made to limit the infinite mercy of God to a finite criterion and man-made standard, thereby causing despair to blot out God's sunshine from the lives of four centuries of Presbyterians. In all truth may it be said *Hiems Transiit*—"Winter has passed".

Since the end of the second world war the Catholic population of Scotland has gone up by more than 100,000 to its present approximate figure of 800,000, out of a total population of almost 6,500,000, compared with 70,000 or one in thirty-four out of a population of 2,350,000 in 1829, at the time of the Emancipation Act.

The mind of the Church is being realised in the question of vocations when we see most of the Scottish dioceses supplying their own native priests and no longer depending on Ireland. Indeed, recently the tables were reversed and history made, when the diocese of Paisley released several priests for work in Irish dioceses, notably, Down and Connor, Dromore and others. The feast of St. Thérèse (3rd October), 1961, saw the solemn opening of St. Vincent's College, Langbank, Renfrewshire, as a new inter-diocesan Minor seminary with sixty-eight aspirants, to ease the over-crowding of the national Minor

seminary, St. Mary's College, Blairs, Aberdeenshire. The archdiocese of St. Andrews and Edinburgh opened its own Major seminary in 1953 at Drygrange, Melrose, Roxburghshire.

One may say that the flow of St. Kieran's priests to Scotland has ceased but we know that Providence is providing the future generations of students with pastures new in South America and elsewhere. May God grant that the future St. Kieran's priests will be imbued with the same industry, the same sense of duty and zeal as their predecessors in Bonnie Scotland.

Before the era of the St. Kieran's priests in Scotland ends, it is desirable that something of their work be put on record and that is what is proposed—in spite of many handicaps and difficulties—in this brief sketch. Ecclesiastically, Scotland is divided into two Provinces and in each we hope to see something of the work done by St. Kieran's priests in recent years.

#### *Church Extension in the Province of St. Andrews and Edinburgh*

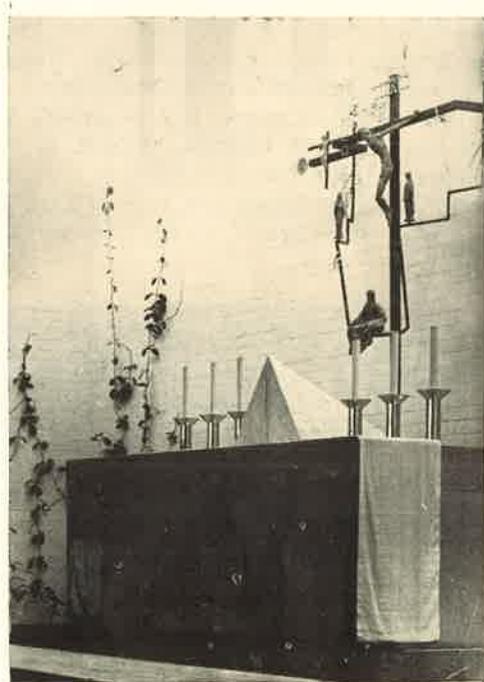
The archdiocese of St. Andrews and Edinburgh comprises the counties of Edinburgh, Berwick and Fife (southern part to the right of Eden), Haddington, Lothians, Peebles, Roxburgh, Selkirk and Stirling. The See of St. Andrews was founded before 900, was erected into a Metropolitan See by Bull of Sixtus IV, 17th August, 1472, was vacant for 307 years from the execution at Stirling of John Hamilton, eighth archbishop, in 1571, till the restoration of the hierarchy in 1878.

The first St. Kieran's priest to open a new church in this archdiocese in recent years is Father James Harold, ordained in 1922. He did so in 1932, in the parish of St. Ninian, Bowhill, Fifeshire, at a cost of £8,000. The church has seating capacity for 400. Father Harold was later raised to the Cathedral Chapter, erected in 1884. He has been President of the Scottish section of the St. Kieran's Union for some years. Now parish priest of Our Lady of Loreto and St. Michael, Musselburgh, Midlothian, Canon Harold is also Vicar Forane of St. John's Deanery.

Father Peter J. McKeown, ordained in 1935, was entrusted with the task of founding

the new parish of St. John Vianney, Gilmerston, Edinburgh, in 1952. This parish has an estimated Catholic population of 2,120.

1956 saw Canon Joseph Byrne building the new church of St. Pius in Kirkcaldy. A native of Derry City, he was ordained in 1922, and has become Dean, like his fellow classmate, Canon Harold, of the 13th Deanery of the archdiocese, under the patron of St. Rule.



High Altar, St. Paul's Church,  
Glenrothes.

Glenrothes, Fife, one of the many new towns springing up all over Scotland, needed a new church to serve the growing Catholic population of 1,200. Father Pierce Grace, a native of Kilkenny, ordained in 1939, opened what was described in *The Architects' Journal* of 1959, as "probably the most successful modern church to be built on this side of the English Channel".

The church, dedicated to St. Paul, trapezoidal in plan with a rectangular sanctuary built out at the wide end, is an interesting break with traditional ecclesiastical con-

struction in Scotland. Although severely simple and economical in design and construction, it has unusual beauty and dignity resulting from that severity and from the effective use of simple materials in their natural form. The parish was founded in 1949 and the church opened in 1958.

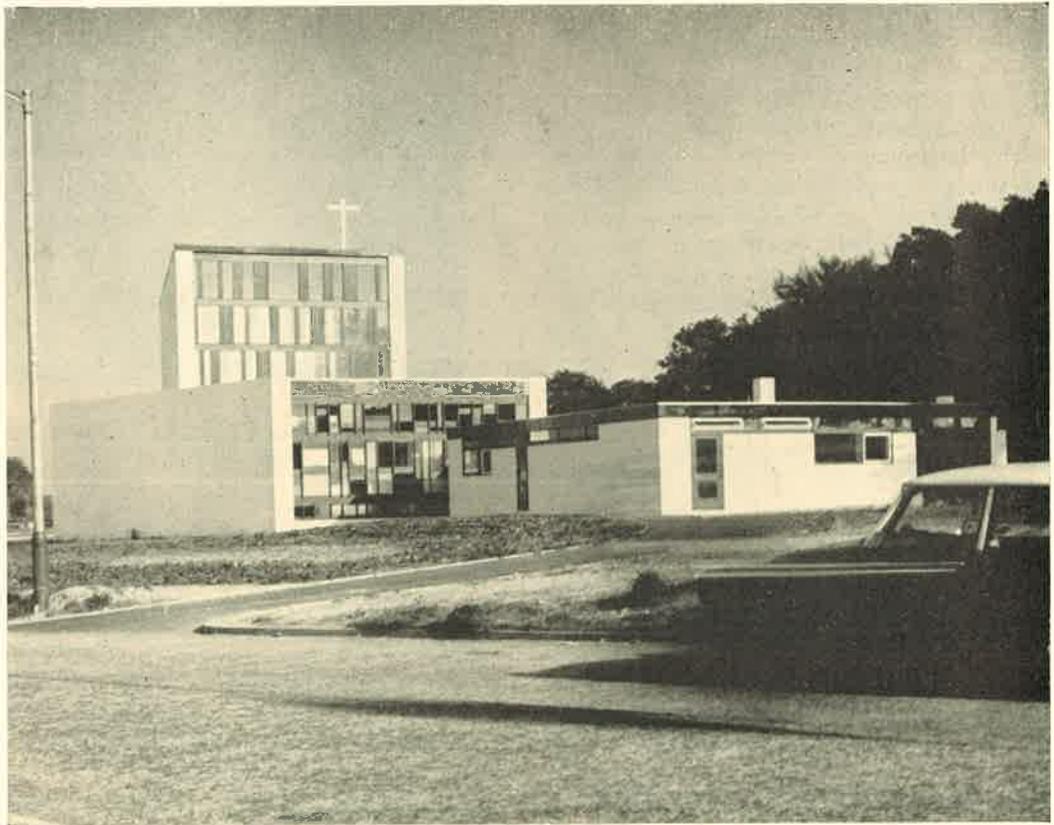
Some time in the course of 1883 the parish priest of Falkirk, Stirlingshire, decided that it was necessary to establish a Mass station in the Slamannan district to meet the needs of the continual influx of population that the flourishing coal industry was attracting to the area. In the autumn of 1888, St. Mary's, Slamannan, became a separate mission.

The old school chapel was to provide for the needs of the Catholics settled in the numerous little mining villages. It was not until 1960 that Slamannan was to have its first ever permanent Catholic church as a

result of the efforts of its Inishown-born parish priest, the Rev. Bernard G. O'Donnell, ordained on 1941. The new church, small but fine, with a seating capacity of 140, is modern in design and cost £5,000. The Catholic population numbers 240. The candle-sticks and tabernacle were designed and made by another St. Kieran's priest, Father James Brennan, who has since been appointed bursar of St. Mary's College, Blairs, the national junior seminary.

A predecessor of Father O'Donnell's is another St. Kieran's alumnus—the Rev. John McGeown (1942-46). Father O'Donnell became parish priest in 1953 and has remained longer than any of his predecessors.

"If the Church in Scotland has succeeded in expanding and prospering, it is due in no small measure to the help of the Irish priests of whom the jubilarian is a typical example",



ST. PAUL'S, GLENROTHES, FIFE

said His Grace the Most Rev. Gordon Joseph Gray, Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh in a tribute to Father Michael T. McNulty, Blackburn, West Lothian, on the occasion of his silver jubilee. Besides being the year of his sacerdotal jubilee, 1961 will be remembered by the opening of his new church of Our Lady of Lourdes in the autumn, to seat 650 of his 1,230 strong Catholic population. It replaces the old church in Blackburn destroyed in 1954 by fire. Archbishop Gray, toasting the jubilarian, spoke of him as a man "who would never take 'no' for an answer". Monsignor Delaney, Dunfermline, spoke of Father McNulty as a Tyrone man with a great reputation for tenacity.

Another St. Kieran's priest to open a new church in 1961 is Father Peter Lycns, ordained in 1939. He is responsible for the new church of St. Mary of the Assumption, Bo'ness, West Lothian, serving a population of 1,200. It has been described as one of the most modern churches in Scotland.

#### *The Diocese of Argyll and the Isles*

This diocese comprises counties of Argyll and Inverness, the Islands of Bute, Arran and the Hebrides. The See of Argyll was founded about 1200, being disjoined from the diocese of Dunkeld, and was vacant for more than three centuries. The See of the Isles (Insularum or Sudorensis) is said to have been founded about 447 by St. Patrick, who consecrated Germanus its first bishop. It was united to the Isle of Man till the end of the fourteenth century and was vacant for 325 years, till the Restoration of the hierarchy in 1878.

The diocese of Argyll and Isles is the only diocese in the whole of Scotland that has a church dedicated to St. Kieran and this is at Campbeltown, Argyll. There are three places in Kintyre associated with his name:

- (a) The old pre-Reformation parish of St. Kieran.
- (b) St. Kieran's Cave on the shore about three miles from the town of Campbeltown.
- (c) Loch Ciaran at Clachan, twenty-eight miles from Campbeltown, where it is said there was a small chapel dedicated to him.

The present church was built in 1849-50 and has been in continuous use since, although badly damaged by fire in 1879. Since the opening of the church in 1849, the Gaelic name of the town is to this day Ceann Loch Cille Chiarain. Although nothing definite can be established, one cannot help thinking that there were alumni of St. Kieran's College among the long list of pastors with Irish names, such as Revs. John McDermott, Hugh Quigley, John Moloney, Michael Condon, Michael Cronin, Francis McCullow, Patrick Cleary and Timothy Brennan.

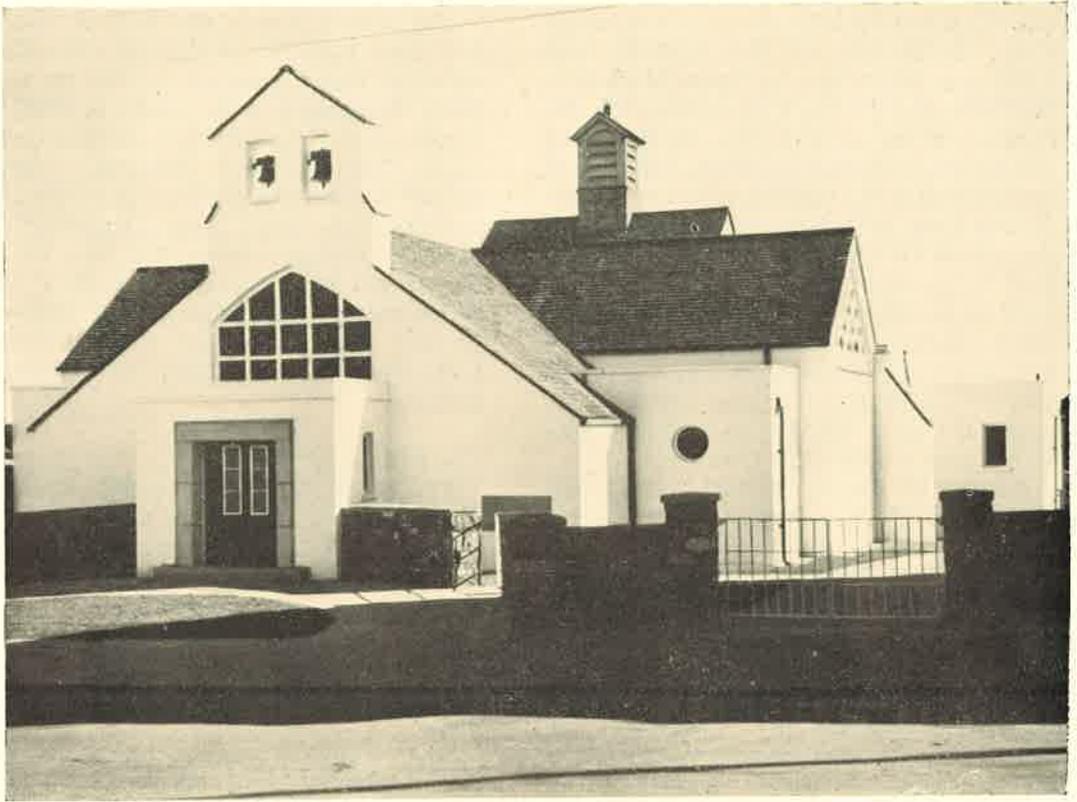
#### *The Diocese of Galloway*

The See of Whithorn (Candida Casa) or Galloway, now comprising the counties of Ayr, Dumfries, Kirkcudbright and Wigtown and also the Islands of the Great and Little Cumbrae, was founded 397 by St. Ninian, Apostle of the Southern Picts, and was vacant for 320 years from the death of Andrew Durie, O.Cist., at Edinburgh in 1558.

When Father Cornelius Burke, ordained in 1945, was appointed several years ago to Whithorn, Wigtownshire, cradle of Christianity in Scotland, he had but one ambition, to replace the leaking tin building which served as a church by an edifice more in keeping with the significance of Whithorn in Scotland's Catholic history. There are comparatively few Catholics, merely 400, in the area, but he went further afield and in Glasgow formed a Friends of Whithorn Committee who raised funds to assist the project and the new church of St. Martin and St. Ninian was opened in 1960 at a cost of £30,000. In 1957 and 1958 a new parish hall and presbytery were also erected.

"This is a day to which I looked forward for a long time, a day of which I am very proud indeed, . . . an astonishing achievement. There is no other way to describe it", declared Bishop McGee.

"That a parish which numbers 400 souls should have succeeded by one way or another to build a church—well, I don't believe there is another parish in the British Isles, and possibly in Ireland, that could have done it", continued His Lordship.



CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN & ST. NINIAN, WHITHORN, WIGTOWNSHIRE

Another tribute to Father Burke came from Provost Arnott of Whithorn, a non-Catholic. "This must be a day of great pride and joy to you and to your people and I want to congratulate you on a great achievement".

The exterior of the church in its materials and detail pays proper respect to Scottish traditions and the special peculiarities of building in Galloway. The roof is covered with Ballachulish slates. The interior is magnificent in its simplicity. The high altar is of Creetown granite and the peculiar form of the cross is of the type used in the time of St. Ninian. The whole building is symbolic of the great saint and his Candida Casa, so much so that the well-known B.B.C. broadcaster, Father Agnellus Andrews, O.F.M., preaching at the opening asserted: "Whithorn has once again its Candida Casa".

*The Western Province—the Archdiocese of Glasgow*

The Archbishop of Glasgow may be regarded as the spiritual descendant of the ancient Britonic kingdom of Strathclyde. That kingdom, one of the principalities that gradually came into being as the Roman Imperial Organisation waned, was evangelised by Bishop Ninian of Candida Casa. St. Ninian first brought the little village of Glasgow into the light of Christian history when at the beginning of the fifth century he consecrated a Christian cemetery at Cathures which nowadays is Glasgow. The work begun by Ninian was perfected some generations later by the real founder of the Bishopric of Glasgow, St. Kentigern (or Mungo), about 543. Mungo was of the race of those who fought with King Arthur against the

pagan barbarism which gathered around the ruins of Roman Britain.

In 1178 Pope Alexander III in a rescript, conferred on the Church of Glasgow the title "Specialis Filia Romanae Ecclesiae"—"The Special Daughter of the Roman Church" against the supremacy claims of the Archbishop of York and Canterbury. Glasgow was erected into a Metropolitan See, with four Suffragan Sees by Innocent VIII in 1492 and was vacant for 275 years from the death of James Beaton, its fourth archbishop, in 1603, till the Restoration of the hierarchy.

Of the 800,000 Catholic population of Scotland, the archdiocese of Glasgow has 334,350. Since 1945 about fifty new churches have been built in it; some to replace old buildings, but the majority in new parishes to meet the needs of the steadily growing Catholic population. (One child out of every

three born in the city is a Catholic and it will not be long until the proportion is one in two.)

In this vast post-war building programme at least some St. Kieran's priests figured. Sligo-born Father Patrick Gilmartin (1926) set the lead by opening the first post-World War II church in Scotland in 1947 at St. Patrick's reputed birthplace, according to some historians—Old Kilpatrick near Clydebank, on the River Clyde. There he built a new church dedicated to Ireland's National Apostle. In 1952 Father Gilmartin was given the task of opening another parish in the city of Glasgow in a district known as the Oatlands. He converted a Presbyterian church and had it solemnly opened and dedicated to St. Bonaventure in 1953, at a total cost of £49,000. It has a seating capacity of 1,150.

Within three years of taking over his first parish at Yoker, Father Cornelius O'Leary



CHURCH OF ST. EUNAN, CLYDEBANK

(1926) opened a fine new church in 1949 and dedicated it to St. Brendan. It serves a Catholic population of 3,800. When Archbishop Campbell established the Glasgow Catholic Youth Committee some years ago, Father O'Leary was appointed chairman. In this capacity he supervises and directs a very important part of archdiocesan activity in many spheres.

The Holy Year 1950 was made memorable for Father John Martin (1929) by the opening of his new church at Crookston, Glasgow, under the patronage of St. James, to seat 600 of his 2,000 parishioners. The total cost for church and presbytery was £25,000. The parish was established to serve a new housing area. In spite of war restrictions then in force, Father Martin opened St. James's within 18 months of founding the parish.

In 1951 an area of Clydebank with a strong Donegal element succeeded in having a church dedicated to one of the patron saints of Donegal—St. Eunan. Father Patrick A. Sheridan set about founding a new parish in 1948 to meet the needs of 3,300 Catholics in the community of a new housing estate and built a fine new church and presbytery at a cost of £51,000. The church seats 820. Father Sheridan, a native of Cavan, and ordained in 1928, has been closely associated with the St. Kieran's College Union for many years and is secretary of the Scottish branch.

The Bridgeton area of Glasgow had another Catholic church erected in 1953 through the industry of Father James Meechan, ordained in 1929, to serve the new parish of Our Lady of Fatima.

Kilkenny-born Father James J. Hogan (1923) marked the Marian Year by opening a truly beautiful church dedicated to Our Lady, replacing the old St. Mary's, Duntocher, destroyed in 1941 by enemy action. Duntocher is one of the oldest parishes in the restored archdiocese of Glasgow.

Some years ago while in Italy, Archbishop Campbell of Glasgow, visited the birth place of St. Maria Goretti and knelt before her body in the church. At that moment the archbishop resolved that if he had the opportunity he would dedicate a church to the girl-saint. His Grace recalled his resolution when in 1956 he opened the new church

of St. Maria Goretti, Cranhill—one of Glasgow's biggest housing schemes.

The task of building this new church, which, incidentally, is the first dedicated to this modern saint in Scotland, was entrusted to Father Patrick Coogan (1923). The altar is made of golden onyx marble. Golden onyx, travertine and other marbles have been used in the sanctuary. The church, designed by the Catholic architect, Mr. Jack Coia, seats 600.

\* \* \*

#### *The Diocese of Motherwell*

The diocese of Motherwell, comprising the county of Lanark, was erected as a Suffragan See of the archdiocese of Glasgow by the apostolic constitution *Maxime Interest* of 25th May, 1947.

Priests who played a great part in the vast extension programme of this diocese include several St. Kieran's alumni. The name of the Very Rev. Thomas Canon Brooks (1927) is linked with the building of St. David's Church, Plains, in 1950 and the temporary St. Bride's, East Kilbride in 1955. The late Father Michael O'Connor (1927), a priest greatly loved by the mining people of Lanarkshire, was responsible for the opening of St. Barbara's, Muirhead. On several occasions he descended the pits when tragedy came to his people. A tremendous enthusiast for drama, he was an official of the Catholic Drama Guild at a time when it flourished in the West of Scotland.

Father Bernard Keenan (1930) was responsible for the erection, in the Marian Year, of the fine church of St. Mary, Caldercruix, for the 1,000 Catholics in that area.

The new church of St. Teresa of Lisieux, Newarthill, sited on an eminence almost in the centre of the housing development area, with its main axis on the centre line of Benford Knowe, was opened in 1960 through the efforts of Donegal-born Father John Gillon (1939). Externally, the church and presbytery are finished with Raven Head rustic facing brick and Canterbury flint on a light coloured cement background. St. Teresa's was the first parish founded by Bishop Scanlan after his transfer from the



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, BARRHEAD, RENFREWSHIRE

diocese of Dunkeld to the See of Motherwell and it was he who cut the first sod and blessed the site of the new church in August, 1958.

At present living in a four-apartment council house in the middle of a housing scheme in Wishaw, Father Alphonsus Woods (1943) hopes to start a new church and presbytery in the not too distant future. In 1960 Father Woods built a parochial hall at a cost of £13,000 which will serve as a temporary church to meet the needs of his 1,100 Catholics.

The Very Rev. Peter Sexton (1925) and the Very Rev. Thomas Brooks (1927) share the honour of being the first St. Kieran's priests to be made members of the Cathedral Chapter of Motherwell erected in 1952.

\* \* \*

*The Diocese of Paisley*

The diocese of Paisley comprises the county

of Renfrew and was, like the diocese of Motherwell, erected as a Suffragan See of the archdiocese of Glasgow in 1947.

The last two churches to be opened in the diocese, in 1959 and 1961, were opened by two alumni of St. Kieran's—the Very Rev. Joseph Canon Sweeney (1927), who founded the parish and opened the church of the Holy Family in 1959 at Port-Glasgow, and the Rev. Michael Teehan (1928), who built the new St. John's Church, Barrhead, in 1961.

The new church of the Holy Family, Port-Glasgow, is situated amidst a housing development area and is adjacent to the new Catholic school. The buildings, comprising church, presbytery and tower linked together, are imposingly sited above the main road and command a magnificent panorama of the Clyde Estuary. The church accommodates over 900 of the 5,500 strong Catholic population of that section of the "Port". The parish has a large Irish population and is one



BISHOP BLACK of Pais officiating at opening ceremony of St. John's Church, Barrhead.

of the largest in the diocese of Paisley. It was opened in 1946 by the then Father Sweeney. Because of war-time restrictions he had to adapt huts in a disused naval camp to serve church, hall and presbytery. There Father Sweeney took up residence in what has been described as one of the most unpretentious presbyteries outside of the foreign missions.

The new church cost over £100,000. The construction is of precast concrete columns and beams which are exposed internally and clad with facing bricks. Natural lighting is provided to the nave and side chapels by continuous eaves-level windows, the high altar being the focal point of the light from tall windows of random pattern on either side of the sanctuary. The finishings are generally of hardwood with a wide use of "Afrosia" whilst a variety of marble is used in the altars.

In 1961 the Holy Family parish had the distinction of having the new national junior seminary—St. Vincent's—opened within its boundaries at Langbank. In the same year the whole parish rejoiced when it was learned that Bishop Black had promoted their parish priest to the canonry. He is the first St. Kieran's priest to become a member of the Cathedral Chapter of Paisley. About twenty priests from all over the Western Province, including some of his classmates of his Kilkenny days, mingled with the parishioners on 3rd September when a presentation was made to mark his elevation to the Chapter. The Paisley diocese contingent of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of which the Canon has been a member since 1916, also associated themselves with the presentation. Later in the evening His Lordship of Paisley paid great tribute to his new Canon, a great priest, a

great patriot and a great pastor of souls.

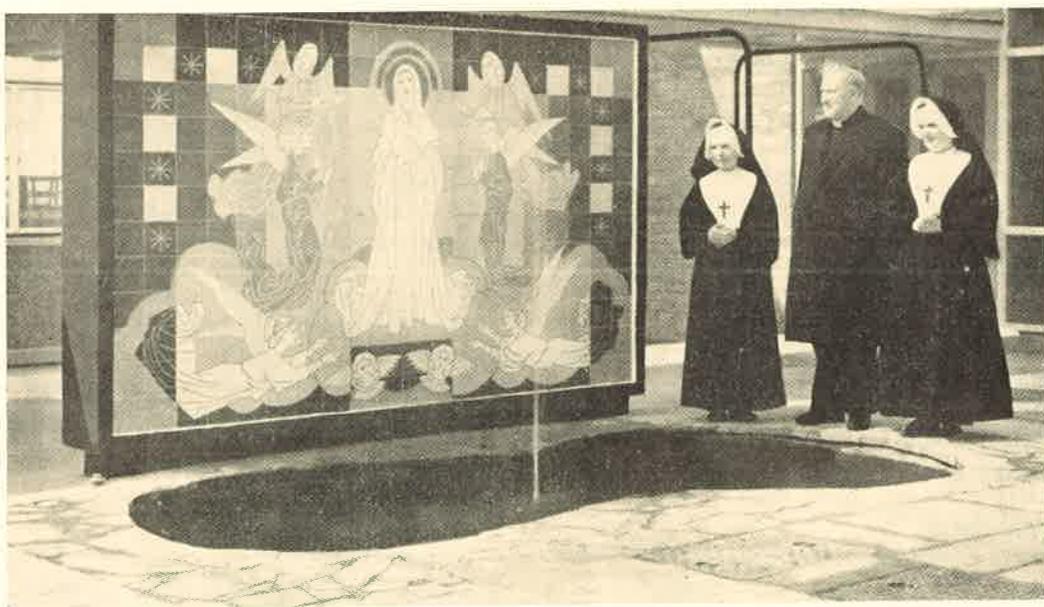
Barrhead, Renfrewshire, the fifth oldest centre of Catholicism in the industrial West of Scotland had, on the feast of Christ the King 1961, a new church dedicated to St. John, to replace the 120-year-old church destroyed by fire twenty years ago. It was under the quiet and unassuming leadership of the Rev. Michael Teehan that the project of the new church went steadily forward. By a coincidence Father Teehan comes from the parish adjoining Ballycallan, Co. Kilkenny, where another St. Kieran's priest, Father James Purcell, Barrhead's first priest of 120 years ago, was born.

The church, costing over £120,000, is of a traditional cruciform plan, the framework consisting of precast reinforced concrete portal frame. External walls are faced with golden brown rustic brick with concrete

dressings of granite finish. The main façade, in contrast, is faced with precast concrete hexagonal shaped slabs of exposed granite. A bell tower is capped by a belfry with patterned grilled openings surmounted by a flèche. Internal walls are plastered and the ceilings of the nave and transepts are of acoustic tiling. The church seats 712 people.

Another St. Kieran's priest in the news recently is Father Gerard Brennan (1958). He was appointed in 1961 to the post of Scout Chaplain-General of the diocese of Paisley.

It can surely be said with justice that if Scotland—as seems likely—gave St. Patrick to Ireland, the priests of St. Kieran's, with their labours in the Scottish mission, are by the grace of God generously helping to repay that gift.



VERY REV. JOHN MURPHY, P.P., Langley, Salford admires mosaic at School of Little Sisters of the Assumption.

# College Mailbag

**N**OTHING gives more pleasure than hearing from past students, and these extracts from their letters are printed in order that you may share this pleasure. The anonymity of the writers has been preserved in all save one case where identification was obvious. We hope our readers will continue to write and tell us of their activities or recollections, for this department belongs entirely to them.

## ANTRIM

We monks, if the grace of God is working in us at all, are supposed to forget all “particular” knowledge, but when I saw the old trees, old stones, old corners and old names pass silently before my eyes, a host of vivid memories sprang to life, and I became another *laudator temporis acti* to the Lord when I ought to have been praying to Him. But anyway, the RECORD appears only every two years and I only wish there was but one distracted meditation in all that time.

There are three St. Kieran’s men here—all three of us were together. Father Chrysostom (Michael O’Connell) and myself were class-mates and Father Enda (Jim Murphy) was there for my last year, and none of us is beyond enjoying a few pleasant hours strolling in spirit around the playing pitches and meeting old friends. Father Enda might even “light up” in the corner of Fennessy’s, so real does his reverie grow on him.—Right Rev. Dom Aengus Dunphy, O.S.C.O., Lord Abbot, Our Lady of Bethlehem Monastery, Portglenone.

## GLASGOW

I was delighted to receive once again the College RECORD. I was very pleased at the information about the College and past pupils. Father O’Connell’s article was excellent.

## LIVERPOOL

It is inspiring to hear of the good work being done throughout the world by ex-students of the College. The Alma Mater has every reason to be proud of them. My fervent hope and prayer is that St. Kieran’s

may grow from strength to strength and continue to spread the torch of learning and send forth well-trained young men—priests and laymen—who will be a credit to their Alma Mater, to Ireland, to the Church and to themselves.

## CALIFORNIA

The RECORD contained a nice blend of articles which should cater for the interests of the majority of the alumni no matter how diverse their status may be. I found it diverting to attempt to identify some of the “anonymous” letters which you published. I thought I was successful in a few cases, but shall not ask you to check for me.

## NORTHUMBERLAND

I read a review of the RECORD in an Irish paper two months ago and have been anxiously awaiting a copy. The morning I received it my breakfast was allowed to get cold—which practice displeases priests’ housekeepers, who carry about with them their own book of rules. The RECORD helps to bridge a gap between past and present events. I have heard a great deal about our distinguished past pupils—priests. It is much more interesting to see a photograph of those heroes that have passed through the noble gates of St. Kieran’s College and read an authentic account of their deeds.

## CARDIFF

It is most interesting to learn of so many of one’s one-time fellow students climbing to positions of responsibility in their dioceses in different parts of the world. One feels a just sense of pride to have been a product of such

an illustrious Alma Mater. Perhaps one day I shall find a little time to write something of what another past student is trying to do in connection with the work of Catholic schools reorganisation, etc. in a certain part of the Land of Wales. Meantime, I would like to wish ever continuing success to the great work for God which the College and its wonderful staff have always done and are doing, and to the College RECORD which does so much to inspire our efforts and to keep us in touch.

#### KENT

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder", and that is so true for my part in relation to St. Kieran's. How many times I have truly appreciated the wonderful training we got there, the Lord alone knows. I really wish we could have more St. Kieran's priests in this diocese.

#### AYR

This (1960) issue outshines its former companions in style and content. It is so refreshing to read articles by old class mates, and see the once familiar faces.

#### CALIFORNIA

The St. Kieran's College RECORD was awaiting me on my return trip a few days ago. The jet age has certainly made the world very small. I left Shannon on Tuesday evening at eight and was in San Diego the following day at two-thirty in the afternoon. I like your 1960 edition. All the articles are well chosen and it brings back to all past students pleasant memories.

#### DURHAM

My parish priest thought it was the best he had ever seen and he is a great Ushaw man. I believe His Lordship is going to Ireland, and he will probably call on you, seeing that you made him so welcome on his previous visit. He has said so here at the Confirmations. He was full of praise for the College and staff. I was sticking my chest out (to myself).

#### WASHINGTON

I came to this parish last February and

like it very much. My pastor is an American but more Irish than the Irish themselves. We have over 700 active families here, so it keeps the two of us fairly busy. Glad to know you are keeping on the RECORD. It certainly is very interesting and keeps us in touch with St. Kieran's.

#### SOUTH AUSTRALIA

There were fourteen Irish priests coming out to Australia and they had a few hours in Adelaide, so I made it my business to meet them, even though it was a bad day from my point of view. I had four sessions of Confessions, plus a convert, plus a wedding, plus a pre-marriage instruction. However I met the two Kieran's priests and our little reunion did us all much good. It would not in the least surprise me if quite a long letter filtered back to the College giving the boys a pretty good idea of the trip and first impressions of Australia.

Bishop — told me that he saw my class piece on the corridor in S.K.C. and from that I take it that he called to the College, but what I did not hear is if he gave the boys a talk. I can tell you, and I feel certain that this would also be your impression of Bishop —, that he is a fine priest, and they think the world of him out here.

We have just got over the effects of First Holy Communion for some twenty-two Catholic children attending one of the State schools in the parish. Of course, the Legion of Mary help considerably, and I am convinced that they are a mighty organisation. I sent letters to all the parents, and then with the President of the Legion called at all the homes to arrange about Sunday School. The average attendance never went below twenty, and the class lasted for an hour. The children had at times to be picked up, so I found myself being a taximan after the Masses on Sunday morning. The classes went on for twenty weeks, and I always attended them and we had First Confession weeks before they made their First Holy Communion, and many of the children went to Confession three times before they made their First Communion.

The choir sang some beautiful hymns all during Mass, and the twenty-two children

walked up the aisle in procession. A special photographer was there and we even had a Communion breakfast for both the parents and the children. The outcome of it is that where before none of these children went to Mass, twenty-five now occupy the front seats every Sunday, and the Legionaries look after them there. In one case a father who had not been to church for twelve years is now there with his son every Sunday. The father of two boys who used to work every Sunday has now given it up so that he can take the children to Mass, and he is from Poland. Incidentally their mother, who is a Russian Orthodox went to Communion that morning! I think Dr. Carroll might have something to say about that, but what was I to do?

I would be prepared to say that as a prefect at S.K.C. on the lay side, I might not have been much good, but it has been a great help to me in understanding children, and in particular I see that the weakest point with a lapsed Catholic is his children. If you can get them on your side, the battle is half won—even more than half, it is won. Without the Legion in a parish the priest cannot get very far. A good branch of the Legion is worth its weight in gold.

#### CALIFORNIA

The RECORD makes very enjoyable reading and, of course, brings back many memories of every kind. The years spent in S.K.C. were good ones but we would not admit that when we were there.

#### VIRGINIA

Please give the chaps at the seminary every opportunity of self-expression in debates, plays, etc. and encouragement in sermons. Be careful not to break down spirit or cause timidity. The Irish fellows are very timid but they make excellent pastors.

We had the bishop here two Sundays ago for the diocesan convention of the men's Weekend Retreat League. We had 191 men from all over the diocese. There was a meeting in the church basement, a dialogue Mass by the bishop and then dinner in our new cafeteria. Some of the women of the parish

prepared the meal and they had them all served in fifteen minutes.

#### MOTHERWELL

I was delighted to get the RECORD and read every inch of it, and as I did it brought back memories of my six happy years in St. Kieran's. This is my second parish since I left. In this parish we have Boys' Guild and Girls' Guild, Men's and Women's Sacred Heart Sodality, and the Legion of Mary and Scouts and Guides. These we have divided amongst us. Father Sean, my fellow curate, is a young man too and we work hand in glove. We are, thank God, getting the Societies really rolling. Visitation plays a big part in our work here, and it is the only way of getting to know the people. They may fool you or try to the first few times, but after that you are (by then) as cute as they are.

An elderly priest said to me the other day: "I have yet to see such friendship and spirit among priests as that which exists among the priests from St. Kieran's". I really believe it is true.

#### NEW ZEALAND

The Annual is excellent, but one would like to hear something of the College mates—especially classmates of one's own time, occasionally at least. It wouldn't be easy to manage, but one priest from each diocese could send you news of the doings of the St. Kieran's students in various parts of the world. It is hard of course to please everyone, especially when you are really trying to cover the doings of two colleges—ecclesiastical and lay.

#### BERKSHIRE

It is now sixteen years since I've left the College, and the RECORD is the first real contact I've had with it since then. It came as a real breath of fresh air to me. In September we open our new primary Catholic school and next year we are hoping to start building our new church. This is a busy and rapidly expanding area. Amidst all this it was nice to be taken back in fancy to the scenes of seminary days. I can see that much progress has been made at St. Kieran's over the past decade. I understand that Parnassus

has had a face lift and the rejuvenation has produced a very fine new wing.

#### FLEETWOOD

A few days before the RECORD came my P.P. produced a picture of St. Canice's, Kilkenny. Of course he asked me if I had been in there and I had to say "No", and did not know very much about it. How glad I was to find Dr. Brennan's excellent article on St. Canice in the RECORD. I have learned a lot from it.

A suggestion for the next RECORD: Kilkenny City we know is a very historic one, but we who belong to "the Kingdom" and other counties, even though we spent six years there, do not know much about it. We usually arrived back to College late, and going home we were too anxious to get away so we did not have much time around the city itself. Would it be possible to have a follow up on Dr. Brennan's article with an historical sketch of St. Canice's. I am sure the Doctor himself would be very capable, as I found his history classes always interesting even though I may never have got a high mark in that subject. I also think a guided tour of the historical places in the city from time to time would be appreciated by the students and would benefit them, if not now in later years they could look back in pride. Recollections are coming to mind. Many years ago I remember Father Sherin telling us of the ruins of a leper colony in the city, but that was the first and last we heard of it.

#### AYRSHIRE

The RECORD was waiting for me when I returned from holiday and it helped greatly to pass the first few difficult days after holidays, though I have returned to it again and again. Soon we will be looking for the RECORD every year.

#### NEW SOUTH WALES

This is a real winter's day. There is a chill wind blowing from the south—the snow country. The sky is grey; a thin sleet is falling. Mid-June, and it reminds me of a late November day in St. Kieran's.

It would be an ideal day for "Crock" hurling. And speaking of "Crock" hurling,

I still remember the famous grand final—May, 1930. Sean Og and myself were captains. We had a free day. Sean Og spent the morning interviewing the members of his team. He put this question to each member: "Do you want six bob?" The answer, of course, was "Yes". To the fairly good players, he said: "Well, if you do, tog out". To the "no-hoppers" he said: "Well, if you do, don't tog out". We won.

#### LEICESTER

I hope that our diocese gets an increase in numbers this year. His Lordship expressed a wish to get more students from St. Kieran's.

#### SYDNEY

The RECORD supplies a very important need for those of us who are far away and engrossed with many calls and duties in fresh parishes. Although some of us have all the "modern cons" and facilities and everything to make us happy, we often wander back in spirit to the homeland and the days of our youth. It is here that the RECORD plays an important part in answering questions that come to our minds about different friends of other days whom we have not seen or heard of for years.

#### NOTTINGHAM

This parish is very widespread and so some motorised mode of transport is necessary, and that is the big snag at present. We have eight hospitals covering all types of diseases, and there is no lack of work to be done there. I find that the hospital staffs are more than helpful and they always notify us if there is anyone in danger. We also have got H.M. Sherwood Prison, housing about 140 long-term prisoners. It seems rather strange walking round a prison opening barred doors and locking them after you. I never dreamt that I would ever be doing it.

#### NEW SOUTH WALES

Believe me when I say that I have spent some happy moments in browsing through the pages of the RECORD. Many old friends, and friends not so old, whose paths ran along with mine both in Ossory and Australia have bobbed up here and there, and I

can assure you it has been entrancing to picture them in parishes I know so well. True, there are gaps here and there which the passage of the years has brought about—men who in their day guided the destinies of God's Church, especially here in Australia, and there comes to me a swelling pride as I realise the contribution they have made to the upward trend of Australian history.

I take the liberty of paying my poor tribute to the memory of those priests who, fifty years ago and more, comprised the faculty of St. Kieran's College. They did well and their efforts were crowned with much success, considering the raw material on which they had to work. Down the years one individual at least has retained very happy memories of them and of these great priests, Father Doody stands out pre-eminent. May his noble soul rest in peace.

#### EDINBURGH

I meant to pay a visit to the College during my holidays to investigate those "Lights" which seem very fascinating, but unfortunately I couldn't manage it. I have been very impressed with the magazine *Vinculum*.

#### NEW SOUTH WALES

It is good to be with a great priest like Monsignor Scott. He is a credit to St. Kieran's. Looking back over the ten years I must say that the bishop has been good to me in appointments—I think there were fourteen in all. I was stationed at Kempsey off and on for six years with Father Tom McEvoy (1947) as Adm. Ned Galavan was with me there for about three years; then Tony Hoade came along. All Kieran's men in Kempsey for six years! Those were very happy years. Tony Hoade was great company. He associated with the most unusual people and did the most unusual things. His special friends included a 21-year-old bald traffic policeman, a Jew from Cork and an ex-member of the Sydney underworld. It was nothing for me to find my garage taken over by Aborigine boxers punching a bag with Tony urging them on to greater heights.

I had four periods with Monsignor Maguire at South Grafton and received a great shock at his sudden death, R.I.P. The altar at South

Grafton was donated by Dan Murphy of Bennettsbridge. You find great men from "The Bridge" wherever you go.

— had written an article for the RECORD, but threw it in the wastepaper basket. I feel he may contribute later. Father Bill O'Brien of Macksville should help. Fathers Relihan, Mahon and Troy are all very well. St. Kieran's men still form one-fifth of this diocese. The percentage is going down each year. Since Tony Hoade came only one Irishman has come to Lismore. I must try to get all the Kilkennymen together for a photo.

It was great to get copies of the RECORD. They brought back many memories. Peter Byrne, R.I.P. was always another Melchisedech to me. Some of his sayings still come back to me: "Laddie, don't put foreign matter into that gash under your proboscis or snoring-horn". "That's a construction the Greeks forgot to invent".

The photo of the group at the Llandudno Union was very interesting. Familiar faces changed little in the seven years.

#### IOWA

What a sad year for Kerry folk the world over without our losing this year's All-Ireland. Next year is another year and we will win our 20th out of 75 played. God willing I will be home to see Kerry win, and my old Alma Mater where hospitality abounds in plenty with such a genial Rector.

God bless all at St. Kieran's and God grant that Fathers Con McNamara, Jimmy O'Reilly, Bob Stephenson, Mike Gibbons, Billy-be-damned and Bridie-the-Liar are all up above.

#### LEONGATHA

Our people are eighty per cent of Irish descent, very practical *re* faith and most generous. At the moment I have a £65,000 building programme to be followed in three years by the building of a secondary school. The parish is growing rapidly in population, so accommodation must be made in churches and schools.

#### CALIFORNIA

Spent two weeks down South within

which period we clothed the first Cullohill monsignor (as far as I know). James flew down. The bishop broke a leg, so Johnny Purcell took over on talks and ceremonies.

#### BLACKBURN

Once again we can see you (i.e. the President) (in spirit, of course) walking down the corridor with your spectacles in one hand and your volume of Ethics in the other, and we see you walking into the classrooms just as some unfortunate man decides to pass the time of day to the man behind him! I know . . . it happened to me once.

#### CALIFORNIA

I am writing these words 16,000 feet above sea level and in a temperature of 102 degrees. The location is ideal but I'm afraid the heat is not so conducive to making a good retreat. The only good thing about it is that it is like a continuous sermon on Hell.

#### RHODE ISLAND

I really enjoyed the RECORD very much. Of course I personally would like to see more about *our* side in it. I am here in this parish about two years now. We have about 1,300 families, a mixture of Italian and Irish. We have the same old marriage problems and the problem of the American teenager.

#### NEW SOUTH WALES

I was particularly gratified to see that recreational facilities for the students received primary consideration in the recent additions. We old boys will be lost when we return. I hope the old smoke shed in the "bull field" has survived the alterations.

This is still very much a missionary country suffering many of the drawbacks of modern civilisation. Australians are a generous and warm-hearted people whose religion in the main is more natural than supernatural. The good Catholics are really good, many are careless and some hopeless. The big problem is mixed marriages and divorce also has taken its toll of family life. We have here an educational system (Catholic) that would compare favourably with anything in the world but the burden on the people is a heavy one because of the absence of any

State aid either in the building and maintenance of schools or the payment of teachers. The total cost is borne by the people and with present-day building costs they have to dig deep and often, but they respond in a remarkable manner. A typical example is the last parish I was in. They need a new church and convent, later a school will be needed. The whole programme will cost about £150,000. The Catholic population is about 2,200, from many of whom no support is forthcoming. Yet in the four years that I was there a total of £60,000 was raised.

In spite of our Catholic schools many of the more careless Catholics send their children to the public (State) schools, and while we visit the schools and do our best for them many of the children are more or less lost to the faith. We try to get them to the sacraments, but very often they do not persevere.

One of the most important and fruitful works of the priest is visitation. The people expect and welcome it; and even in the most careless home the priest is well received, with very often amazing results. The people have not got the traditional love and devotion of the Irish for the Mass, and it is only through endless visitation that we can hope to foster that devotion.

The evening Mass is an accepted institution out here, and opinion is not unanimous as to its merit. Personally I think it is over-used, but on the other hand it does give an opportunity to people who before its introduction were unable to attend. We have it on all Sundays and holydays, also on First Fridays and greater feasts. Most of the country priests say three Masses every Sunday, but as we say two in the morning and one in the afternoon it is not such a burden as it may seem. Distances between Masses are often up to forty miles, but one gets used to travelling and in these days with the cup of tea before Mass we have little to complain of when we think of the old pioneer priests riding up to twenty miles between Masses on an empty stomach (they also used a horse!!).

There has been a strong Irish tradition in this diocese, but we are now less than fifty per cent, and judging by the absence of new

arrivals in another fifty years we will be just a memory.

#### SINGAPORE

Since it is only sixty miles north of the Equator here it is rather hot, but we wouldn't mind that if it were not for the humidity. We must have electric heaters in our wardrobes and vestment cupboards, otherwise the mildew would ruin the clothes in a week or two. Books seem to deteriorate so quickly once the mildew gets into the binding.

Far East Air Force Command covers on the west half-way between here and Aden, on the east Borneo and on the north Hong Kong. As Ceylon has now got its independence the R.A.F. is moving out of there but as we need a staging post between here and Aden an island called Gan in the Maldine Islands has been cleared of all vegetation and now looks like a large aircraft carrier from the air. It is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles long by  $\frac{3}{4}$  miles wide. It is roughly two and a half thousand miles from Singapore and since we have not got a sufficient number of Catholics to warrant a permanent chaplain, my turn for visiting it comes every second month. Little did I think when I was ordained that I would be travelling 5,000 miles to say Mass, armed with a little black box! I used plastic bottles for altar wine; my cruets and the lavabo dish are of aluminium. I have a pair of candlesticks about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches high which could balance a candle four feet high as they were turned out of solid brass. It takes a Comet five hours to cover the journey between Singapore and Gan, a Britannia seven hours, a Hastings ten hours, a Shackleton twelve hours and a Bristol fighter fourteen hours.

The Assistant Principal Chaplain in the Far East just now is Father Jim McKeown (Ardagh diocese) and he sends his regards to Fathers Jackie Kennedy, Tom Brennan, Joe Dunphy, Con Sherin and Johnnie Kearns. Flight Lieut. Steve Creagh (Laois) is Principal Station Air Traffic Control Officer here and we have many long chats about St. Kieran's.

I called to the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary convent some time ago. I asked the nun who let me in where she came from. She was Mr. Darcy's daughter!

#### QUEENSLAND

I was ordained at St. Kieran's, 8th June, 1924. Five of that class came to Australia: James Sheahan, Will Regan, Larry McQuestion and the writer. Father McQuestion died some years ago. Father Regan is in the Townsville diocese. Father James Sheahan is V.G. in Bathurst diocese, near Sydney, and I was V.G. until I resigned owing to ill-health in 1958. This is a nice parish in a country district—sheep and cattle grazing country—also wheat and oats are grown around here.

Archbishop Mannix is still going strong at 97 years. Archbishop Duhig of Limerick, 90 years, is still blessing new buildings every Sunday.

Kindest wishes to all at St. Kieran's. Dr. M. J. Doyle was Dogma Pro, and Father M. Gibbons and Dr. Cleary were Moral Pros in those days. The St. Kieran's boys are all doing well in Australia.

#### NEW SOUTH WALES

The obituaries remind us that we are moving on. However, if we can add a little fuel to the flames of Faith and Charity like Dean Cavanagh, R.I.P., we can have no regrets.

#### NEW SOUTH WALES

Congratulations to the Editor and the photographer. I was proud of the old Alma Mater and showed the RECORD with pride to others from old colleges, especially to the Australian priests from Manly. You will hardly be able to realise what a thrill it is to get the RECORD and especially to learn of high places and dignities achieved by some, or should I say so many of the boys of our own time. The many photos and pictures are a big asset, and I like the photographs of class groups. The students now seem to have all the things we mentally fought for, recreation room, Catholic papers. Perhaps a representative student body as a liaison between professors and boys would have been a good thing, as they seem to have here. Please don't think me to be critical. This is just an observation. Now for a few suggestions, if I may.

I think each issue could carry some rather full photographs of the College, also a full

list of the students with Irish counties and dioceses could be given at the end. Photographs of visitors, "distinguished" and past students would be interesting to us far away. Also could not the hurling teams polish boots and pull up stockings! At least an Aussie priest with a certain amount of glee pointed the fault out to me and then showed me some photos of their teams. Here even the most humble team is neatly clad, and clothes lines carry lots of togs, stockings, jerseys each Monday morning. They are washed after each game here. Perhaps the climate has something to do with it.

The students' diary was intensely interesting and perhaps more than any other feature, apart from the photographs, recaptures bygone days. The printing of excerpts from letters is an excellent idea.

#### IDAHO

No doubt you have received many letters from the four corners of the world commending you for a job well done. I enjoyed reading every line of it and was particularly impressed by the article entitled "A Sense of Vocation",

written, I believe, by a layman, Joseph somebody or other. My knowledge of the Gaelic language which is very scant does not help me in translating the surname.

I would like to have seen more stress put on the spiritual in the life of the seminarians and the priests. In my humble opinion we can never give too much emphasis to the spiritual in the life of priest and seminarian. The world into which they will go after ordination is one that is saturated with materialism. Indeed the issue today is Materialism versus Christianity.

#### PERTH

Many thanks for the St. Kieran's RECORD which arrived a few days ago. It is a very fine production and I feel sure that all in any way connected with the Alma Mater will have welcomed it. As the President says in his letter the passing of years tends to separate us. We tend to become more and more part of the country in which we work and the ties with home grow weaker and weaker. The RECORD is a mighty help in strengthening them.

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