

St. Kieran's College Record



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ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE RECORD



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by

REV. GERARD O'SULLIVAN

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MATER DIVINAE GRATIAE



MOST REV. PETER BIRCH, D.D., BISHOP OF OSSORY

His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Peter Birch, D.D.

Bishop of Ossory

THE jubilation which greeted the news that the successor to Most Rev. Dr. Collier as Bishop of Ossory would be Dr. Peter Birch was nowhere more evident than in St. Kieran's College; by none was the news received with greater pride than by sons of St. Kieran's, past and present. One need not seek widely for the reason. For it was the publication of Dr. Birch's history that established the fame of St. Kieran's as being the earliest Catholic college to be founded in this island after the relaxation of the Penal Laws. In turn, the work gained for the author the reputation of expert historian and a leading authority on Catholic education in Ireland.

Dr. Peter Birch was born on 4th September 1911 at Tullowglass, Jenkinstown, Co. Kilkenny, son of Mr. Martin Birch and the late Mrs. Birch. He received his early education in Clinstown National School, and St. Kieran's College, which he entered in 1925. In 1930 he went to St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, where he was ordained on 20th June 1937. After ordination he did post-graduate studies in the Dunboyne establishment, and in 1938 returned to his Alma Mater as Professor of English.

He received his M.A. degree in 1941 for a study of the poetry of Shelley, and in 1951 his history, *St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny*, for which he obtained a Doctorate in Philosophy, was published by Gills of Dublin.

To make widespread the story of St. Kieran's College—hazardous in its beginnings, nomadic in its progress, ultimately a success story—had long been a dream of the late Bishop Collier. He, who in his time had also been Professor of English in St. Kieran's, relieved Father Birch from his teaching duties for a year in order to do the necessary research and write the College history. The published work not only traced the progress of our seminary from its foundation by Dr. Troy in 1782, but also proved a valuable

contribution to that most neglected branch of Irish social history—Catholic education.

The Social Science courses sponsored by the Extra-mural Studies Board of University College, Dublin, which commenced in Kilkenny in 1949, owed much of their success to the initiative and industry of Dr. Birch.

When the Chair of Education became vacant in Maynooth in 1953, Dr. Birch received the appointment, and, in addition, became Lecturer in Catechetics. While in Maynooth he grew to be a recognised authority on youth problems by reason of a number of pamphlets which he wrote on the subject. One that attracted considerable attention was *The Adolescent and the Modern World*. He also wrote articles for Irish, English and American Catholic magazines.

In August 1962 the Apostolic Nuncio announced the appointment of Dr. Birch as Titular Bishop of Dibon and Co-adjutor Bishop of Ossory with right of succession.

The consecration ceremony took place in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kilkenny on Sunday, 23rd September 1962. The consecrating prelate was the Apostolic Nuncio, Most Rev. Dr. Sensi, and the co-consecrators were the Bishop of Ferns, the late Most Rev. Dr. Staunton, and the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, Most Rev. Dr. Keogh. Other members of the hierarchy present were the Archbishop of Cashel, the Bishops of Killaloe, Cloyne, Limerick and the Auxiliaries to the archdioceses of Armagh and Dublin, the former Bishop of Cameroun, and the Lord Abbot of Portglenone, Right Rev. Dom Aengus Dunphy, O.C.R., who was a former pupil of the new bishop. Among the distinguished congregation were the President of Ireland, Mr. de Valera, and two former Presidents, Mr. W. T. Cosgrave and Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly; the Taoiseach, Mr. Lemass and Mr. Frank Duff, founder of the Legion of Mary.

(Continued on page 10)



CONSECRATION DAY—23rd Sept. 1962

Above: MOST REV. DR. STAUNTON, late Bishop of Ferns; MOST REV. DR. SENSI, Apostolic Nuncio; PRESIDENT DE VALERA, MOST REV. DR. BIRCH, An Taoiseach, SEAN LEMASS, and MOST REV. DR. MORRIS, Archbishop of Cashel.

Left: Old dissensions forgotten, former Presidents SEAN T. O'KELLY and WILLIAM T. COSGRAVE chat together after the ceremony.

Opposite page, *Top:* Scene as Apostolic Nuncio leaves St. Mary's Cathedral.

Lower left: DR. STAUNTON assisting at consecrating ceremony—his final visit to Kilkenny.

Lower right: PRESIDENT DE VALERA in conversation with a smiling DR. BIRCH.







DR. BIRCH with his first newly-ordained priests, REV. MARTIN CAMPION and REV. BRIAN FLYNN

"I ask you to let me share with you your happiness that the new bishop is coming home", said Rev. John McMackin, Professor of English, Maynooth College, in preaching the special sermon on the occasion. "And I think you will even allow me to wish that he could have come to you without going from us".

It is axiomatic that the creation of a new bishop should mean a reappraisal of affairs in his diocese, the opening up, as 'twere, of new frontiers. It is fortunate that those first to benefit from the ministrations of Dr. Birch are the voiceless ones in our community, the aged, the physically and mentally handicapped, the lonely, the youth. May we voice the sentiments they feel so deeply, and wish our new bishop *ad multos annos*.

This issue of ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE RECORD does not boast, nor is encumbered by, an editorial, but a capsule one might appropriately be inserted by quoting Dr. Birch from our very first number where he appealed to

past students of the College to forward any information they might come across about St. Kieran's, or St. Kieran's men, in order that a place for its preservation might be found in the pages of this magazine. "And let it not be considered", he wrote, "as savouring of vanity or pride, but rather as *pietas* or piety in every sense of the term. The example of these predecessors, no matter what walk of life they may have traversed, would provide useful stimulus to their successors of the present day who stroll around by the alleys, and chat or day-dream as they did in their day. What they found useful from their contact with life would serve as a directive for those who sit nightly in the study halls preparing for that life, or who are planning for the future as they kneel in the College chapel. And the composite picture formed from their experiences, good or bad, would provide information for all who are planning the direction that Irish education should take".

Most Reverend Patrick Collier, D.D. Late Bishop of Ossory

REV. CORNELIUS J. SHERIN

THE hours of expectancy had ground slowly by and, when the call came for him, it came as he would have wished, with the Angelus bell. There was a startling gracefulness in the timing, for his devotion to the Mother of God was one of the loveliest things in his life.

In the hallway of his home there was a statue of her. It was not, by artistic standards, a good one. But always as he went by, he paused before it to pay court to the Lady of the statue. By a happy necessity he was to pay his unspoken last respects to it too. For the stairs in this old house was deemed unequal to the combined weight of his casket and its carriers. And so, when he could no longer bow to it, he was laid for a last few moments under its shadow.

In his lifetime few got really near him, for he was reserved, even shy. And even to those who met him often, that relaxation—that near softening—of eye and countenance, and the grave, almost disconcerting smile were in rare conjunction. But like a sudden floodlight they revealed in warmth and candour a monumental background.

There was something arrestingly biblical about the late Bishop Collier, something as if rooted and sealed in the Old Testament of the prophets and the patriarchs. For in his presence one found oneself almost unconsciously seeking there for him a prototype, an exemplar. He was a man of God, sturdy-minded, fearless, resourceful. He had the unerring instinct of the just man. In one breath he could cast down and almost overwhelm, and in the next, like the father of the Prodigal Son, he could uplift and calm and comfort even to embarrassment.

He rarely wanted to show his inner feelings. He was profoundly devoted to his people, his priests, his home, his country. But he knew how sentimental he was at heart, and his fear of that, lest it betray him, led him to

present, in inversion, his real self. Sometimes tears came, perhaps as unexpectedly for him as for those around him, and caused surprise, for his normal composure and alertness gave him an appearance of rock-bound competence. Indeed to some who stood at a distance from him he was at all times the awesome instrument and voice of law and order. And yet, only a few years ago when he celebrated his Silver Jubilee as bishop, he protested that a bishop, for all the surroundings of his office, has a heart to love and to be loved.

For every bishop, the day of his consecration is one of investiture and of special involvement in the things of God. For Father Patrick Collier the involvement was already almost a commonplace to his priestly soul, but the bishopric he wore like a chasuble. He was at all times conscious of its ruling presence, of its responsibilities. In his speech and carriage and appearance, in his fine sense of occasion, in the manner and quality of his pronouncements, in his example and personal holiness, he was always the bishop. Sometimes one felt that this constant awareness of the primacy of the bishopric in his life almost overpowered him. It could even be amusing for those who knew him, to watch the mystification of strangers when he referred to the bishop as to a third person.

He was born on the sunny side of the Slieve Bloom mountains on 12th January, 1880. Presided over by a noble mother, his home was to be the nursery of not one, but three of Ireland's finest priests. The eldest, Father James, renowned for his devotion to the Mass, was to die from the strain of trying to hurry his eighty years up the hills of Waterford. He was returning from attending Mass. The youngest, Father Dan, who died shortly before the bishop, was like his brother James, a missionary of warrior mould. He was a scholar too, and by his studies in



CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY CONGRESS

23rd June 1935

Front Row: MGR. MURPHY, Portlaoise; DR. CODD, Bishop of Ferns; DR. COLLIER, Bishop of Ossory; DR. MCKENNA, Bishop of Clogher.

Back Row: DR. FITZGERALD, Bishop of Gibraltar; FR. JOHN (later Cardinal) DALTON, Maynooth College; JAMES CANON STAUNTON, President, St. Kieran's (later Bishop of Ferns); DR. CASEY, Bishop of Ross.

The Bishops of Clogher, Gibraltar, Ross and Ossory were one time Professors in St. Kieran's.

the Irish language helped other scholars and merited their admiring recognition.

Bishop Collier was all his life devoted to his home in Camross and to the memory of his parents. He often returned to kneel at his mother's graveside and join his *De Profundis* to the fading echoes of the rosaries they had said together.

A man of deep unaffected piety, he could well be said to have prayed his way through life. He was continually to be found in his oratory where he went for the solution of all his problems. That he found the answers he sought was only too clear from the success that crowned his administration of the diocese. There was a strongly pastoral, even family character about all his piety, for he

liked to teach others to pray and to pray with them. Prayer was a constantly recurring theme in his Confirmation addresses, and his first visit each year to the ecclesiastical students in the College was to stress its need. Past students still recall vividly his help to them in making their meditations. A favourite theme was the certainty of death. There could be no doubt that the inner loneliness of his nature found companionship and strength in prayer in union with others, even the two or three gathered together in his own household.

On the death of Pope John XXIII he said what was to be his last public Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral. Like his congregation, Bishop Collier was filled with a sense of profound loss, but it was not that so much that

filled the eyes and minds of the bystanders: it was the Mass. It would be next to impossible to capture in words the grave beauty of his Mass or to portray his movingly sincere demeanour and utterance in the re-enactment of Calvary. Even in the simple privacy of his own oratory, remote from the pageantry of the Liturgy and from his retinue of ceremonialists, his Mass was his supreme privilege, his life and his life-line, the mighty synaxis that drew heaven round himself and his flock. On that day it was an unforgettable communion to be linked with this bishop, suppliant to heaven for his brother bishop, the Pope, whom he loved but never met.

In his later years he could not move about his diocese as he would have wished, though he was always there when he was needed. But one could be greatly mistaken in thinking that, because of his immobility, he was out of touch, and many were hurriedly disabused

of that idea after two minutes conversation with him at Sion House. He had a racking gift for asking the penetrating question, and a mind that stored information like a computer. Too often one left his presence with the sickly feeling—and it was probably correct—that he had learned more from the answer that parried than he would have gained from a direct reply.

With his priests, as with the religious in his care, he was generally formal, though not for the sake of formality. There was work to be done, souls to be saved, children to be catechised and the many other important duties of both priest and bishop to be attended to. "Grave things gravely" was his motto in action, and an interview with him on pastoral work was a matter of great seriousness. He listened carefully to the priests' problems, swept the ground diligently and cautiously and gave his rulings firmly.



CROKE PARK—SUNDAY, 2nd SEPTEMBER 1933

PRESIDENT EAMONN DE VALERA, SEAN MCCARTHY, President, Central Council, G.A.A.; MOST REV. DR. COLLIER, SEAN F. GIBBONS, T.D., Chairman, Kilkenny County Board.
(All-Ireland Hurling Final: Kilkenny, 1-7, Limerick 0-6)



Digging first sod of Collier Wing, February 1956—BISHOP COLLIER with CANON LOUGHRY and the late DEAN CAVANAGH

He would have been superhuman if he had never given a snap decision, but in all his thirty-six years as bishop it could never be said that any such had resulted in injury to souls.

Like his parishioners, a priest too has a soul to save, and regularly at conferences and synods, Bishop Collier reminded his priests of their need and duty of piety. Preparation for and thanksgiving after Mass, the Divine Office, the Rosary and personal prayer—all were repeatedly emphasised. Obedience he demanded as due from sons to a father, as stemming from humility, that great artificer of saints, and as a guarantee of order and unity in his diocese. When he had occasion—and it was very seldom indeed—in the words of the pontifical, *pie saevire*, to be mercifully harsh, the emphasis was always on the mercy,

and he had one quality, grateful above all when once he had admonished, he never again referred to it, nor would the mill ever grind again with the water that had passed. When he received and spoke to visitors to the diocese, there was always the comforting certainty that the honour of the Church of Ossory was secure in his hands, for he was a munificent host and a craftsman with words.

From his home in Camross he took one particular lesson which, in later life he often impressed on his students—"Education is the best fortune". He regarded the work of the Catholic school as a very distillation of the Providence of God for the salvation of souls. And it is not surprising that, with such a conviction, he should have been, most of his priestly life, associated with the education of the young in the diocese.

In his early days as professor in St. Kieran's College—the hallowed nursery of his youthful ideals—his pursued his course of duty with vigour and thoroughness: and despite the hardships of his assignment, bent himself and his pupils bravely to the discipline of learning. He was a relentless teacher—his pupils found other words for it then—but full many there are who now, in grateful retrospect, acknowledge affectionately the debt they owe to so demanding, but so sincere a master. He could, it is true, be occasionally withering, and “booby” was a term not unknown in his classes, but again, by that very word, wistfully evocative, many have been grateful to find themselves, children beneath his towering figure again.

In the few short years of his presidency he revolutionised the College. Our country had regained its freedom and the breath of its new life was stirring. The new generation, begotten in fire and blood and sword must know that freedom and control are kinsmen, and that power is at its most majestic in harness—that order is a paramount glory of God's creation. And so he set himself courageously to trim his College and its outlook to the new era. It took persistence and perseverance, but when he handed it over to his great-souled successor Dr. James Staunton, it was attuned in every respect to the call and the needs of the time. During his bishopric he added to the College two separate wings, between them nearly equal in extent and accommodation to the original building: and, typical of the teacher in him, he insisted that the date of the second and most beautiful wing, inscribed on the foundation stone in Roman numerals, be carved there in Arabic numerals as well, so that the unskilled could understand.

We could find an omen in the fact that those making his grave beside St. Mary's Cathedral, dug through eight feet of limestone chippings—hewn in the building of the cathedral—until they came upon a submerged road: and on that they laid him. It was the road that, in the years before the Famine, led to Burrell's Hall, the first home of St. Kieran's College.

Chairman of many committees, for many years he guided the destinies of the youthful and eager Vocational Education Committee, and, due to his interest and influence, many of these valuable schools now circle the

diocese. Many old primary schools, venerable but outworn havens of learning, were replaced by new, and secondary schools were increased in number and greatly enlarged. So too, was it with the churches in his diocese: beginning with the splendid restoration of St. Mary's Cathedral he set the model and the pace for the rejuvenation of many. Some fine new churches too carry his name and his blessing.

The Legion of Mary and the sodalities found in him a father and a friend: but the poor were his brothers. He founded and fostered cultural societies and encouraged athletic associations for the young. Perhaps his happiest work for the young was the



BISHOP COLLIER kneels for first blessing of
REV. CIARAN MARREN, June 1960

institution of the Gregorian Chant Festivals which has redounded to the beauty of worship, to the pleasure of the children and to the enlightened memory of his name, something he could hardly have foreseen.

Take him all in all, he was a fine bishop, in many ways a great bishop and in all ways a holy bishop. He was a character, in the very best sense of that word, who played a role of the highest significance in the Church of Ossory and in the Irish Church: and he played it nobly and surely. He brought honour to his parents and his homestead, grace to his office and good to his people. May he rest in peace.

Most Rev. James Staunton

late Bishop of Ferns

MOST REV. PETER BIRCH,

WITH Dr. Staunton's death St. Kieran's lost one of its very best friends. Though he left the College to go to Ferns in 1938, he was interested in everything connected with it up to the time of his death. He was a man who welcomed company, and he liked to have visitors call to his home, for he found a bishop's life a lonely one at times. Anyone who went to Summerhill from St. Kieran's, or who was in any way connected with the College, was doubly welcome. The warm greeting and the pressing invitation to stay for a meal, or better still to stay the night, were doubled and redoubled, and if you could stay, he was really pleased, and you were treated to a late session of inspiring and entertaining discussion and comment.

In his crowded, little warm study overlooking Wexford Bay, he wore a coat thrown loosely over his shoulders. His glasses kept falling down along his nose, and he looked out over them most of the time. He had a bookcase beside him, from which he drew books to illustrate a point, or to show you an article he had enjoyed. When he sat down, he put cigarettes beside you, and said he preferred to smoke a pipe himself, but the pipe never got going properly, and so he took the halved cigarettes which he said kept him from smoking too many. And then he began to talk.

In these talks he ranged over a wide field. He drew you into them, and asked for your views. He heard your ambitions and listened to your pipe-dreams. He related everything to modern conditions, for he always wanted to learn and to apply, and particularly to apply what he learned to the fields of education and religion. He had clear definite views. He did not expect these to be accepted, indeed he was disappointed if they were accepted readily, but if you rejected them, you had to have reasons, and you had to be able to



CONSECRATION DAY—5th Feb. 1939
BISHOP STAUNTON with CANON RYAN, his
successor as President of St. Kieran's.

express them well. And while he had great respect for an argument based on tradition, he was not enslaved to tradition, and would reject it without regret when he was convinced that it was doing harm.

Inevitably, these late night sessions brought the discussion back to St. Kieran's, and you found that he remembered every nook and corner of it clearly. He remembered the people, too. He chuckled with pleased remembrance over incidents that recurred to mind. He sympathised with the boy of average ability who was so tired of being urged to copy a brilliant elder brother, that eventually he was driven to burst out that a clever brother was the greatest affliction any

schoolboy could have. He liked to recall the encounter he had with the student whose excuse for seeking an unscheduled holiday was just a little too perfect at one point. He did not hold it against the boy that he tried, any more than he held it against a colleague for holing out from an impossible bunker in a golf-match which he thought he had won. It was part of the life.

Then the conversation would become serious, and he would argue about education in general and in particular. He speculated whether he might not have done better for a boy in the lay department, or for a clerical student who was not completely successful as a priest. He did not spare himself in these thoughts. Failures should not be left to carry all the blame for their failure: a teacher should examine himself on his failures, and, at the very least, he could learn from them. He rejoiced in success, and frequently enquired how this person or that was doing, but he often asked himself if the success achieved was the proper type, or the best type, to put before young people.

Dr. Staunton had great humility. For this reason he was most generous in his praise, and ready to give away his own share of praise, a trait that endeared him to boys, and indeed to teachers just as much as boys. I recall a personal incident which is worth telling in this connection, I think. When it happened I was an inexperienced teacher, and probably for that reason an intolerant, cocksure one. I had a class for English from which I expected great things. On a visit to Wexford, I had told him about this class and my hopes for them, as one tended to do when talking to him. At the time I speak of, they were showing great potential and I was very interested in them.

Some time later on, I met Dr. Staunton. "How is your good class doing?" he asked. "Fairly well", I answered, and it was obvious I was damning with faint praise. "Are they working?" he demanded, coming at once to the heart of the matter. I could not honestly say they were overdoing it. "You do not believe very much in punishment" he said, and it was both a question and an expression of regret. I avoided a direct reply, and said that it depended on the teacher and the

particular class he taught, and with this class I did not think punishment was the solution. He looked hard at me, I remember, obviously wondering if he should not interfere more strongly in the interests of the boys and myself. He said he thought I was wrong. I disagreed, though a little hesitantly. We talked for a while about the problem and changed to something else. He did not try to force his views on me, but before we parted, I had to promise him that if the boys did not improve, and show signs of using their ability to the full, I would try more direct unobtrusive methods.

Eighteen months later the boys sat for the Intermediate Certificate examination. I had forgotten the conversation. I came back to the College from a holiday one Saturday evening, towards the end of August, and met Dr. Staunton there outside the President's room. It happened that the examination results had come that day. He came down the corridor with outstretched hand and broad smile. "You were right about that class", he said, "I was wrong; it would have been disastrous to slap those lads, disastrous. I'm glad I did not succeed in persuading you. You did well to follow your own opinion". The class had done excellently, not, I hasten to add, through my efforts but through their own. And indeed they have continued to do well since, in various vocations, in many parts of the world.

Now, I have not introduced this incident to open a discussion on pupil-teacher relations or to praise the boys. I mention it for the great impression it made on me, and because it illustrates Dr. Staunton's attitude, and his generosity and humility. If he felt he had made a mistake, he admitted it candidly. He watched over his pupils and his staff. To him we were all like the chickens which the Lord would gather under his wing, but he was always a little bit afraid of the danger that lies in giving too much direction, or too much mothering to the young, and his modesty made him uneasy.

While he was President, Dr. Staunton addressed the students in the lay department every Sunday morning. His talks were not sermons. Each one touched on a variety of subjects, our games, our work, prayer, etiquette, manliness in everything. Manliness

was the connecting theme; he always came back to manliness. He spoke well and convincingly, without elaboration and with no artificial elegance. He spoke in short, abrupt sentences. He aimed to be heard, and to be understood by every hearer. He was serious. He was absolutely earnest, and left no doubt about it. He made his points, stressed them, repeated them. He told us they were important. He told us to remember them. We did.

On Quinquagesima Sunday each year he spoke on the Epistle of the day (1 Cor. 9:24ff). It was a theme that was dear to him: "They that run in the race all indeed run, but one receiveth the prize. So run that you may obtain". "*Sic currite ut comprehendatis*", he boomed at us, for he preferred the more melodious Latin to the English rendering. He related St. Paul, and the manliness of St. Paul, to our whole lives. He knew us well, as a group of adolescents and as individual boys, our moods, our unspoken ambitions, our shyness, our interest in games, in emulation. He made it clear that only the very best was good enough for us, only the very best was good enough from us, and only the best would be accepted from us, and if we wanted the best we had to work for it single-mindedly as St. Paul taught. He appealed to everything that was good in us, our fear of failure, duty to our families, gratitude, pride, ambition, sanctity. He even appealed to our cupidity as a last resort, to awaken ambition for the corruptible crowns he set before us, prizes or holidays, and he showed us how to go from these to achieve the incorruptible one as well.

I heard that talk twice. Each time it was a memorable experience and it stayed vividly in my mind. Others remembered it, too. I had the privilege of speaking in the cathedral in Enniscorthy at his month's memory, and I referred to that Quinquagesima Sunday talk and the lasting impression it made on me. It was touching and very, very illuminating that the students of his who were there, and those who read the press reports, told me they remembered it also with gratitude. "*Sic currite*" brings back memories of renewed manly endeavour to our generation.

In the last year of his life I heard exhortations of similar temper over and over again,

on a broader theme. After the first session of the Council he came home just as enthusiastic as he was then, and he spoke with the same devotion and drive, and conviction, and sense of urgency, about what he had learned. His face lit up in the same way and became young again, as he recounted his exciting experiences in Rome. It was impossible not to be impressed by his animation, to be stimulated by his admiration for the leaders of thought, for the changes he saw coming, the new team-spirit in the Church, the timely vote of confidence in the layman, the sympathy and inspired foresight of Pope John. It was very like those Quinquagesima Sundays over again, with one poignant significant difference. There was an obvious wistfulness in his manner when he adverted to his age. He would have loved to be young again, to be able to take a part in the great world renewal.

After coming home from Rome, he spent every spare moment he had, in study or discussion to prepare for his return. He did not regard himself as a great theologian, but he was determined to be fully conversant with every aspect of the discussion, and so he read and studied. He approached it in typical fashion, as he did every other worthwhile task. He believed that if you were earnest enough, and you worked hard enough, you could master most things.

He told me once of his difficulty with singing, and how he set about overcoming it. When he was a student at Maynooth, he realised that, in spite of the fact that he had scarcely any singing voice, and no more than what the late Mr. Koss would call a "very defective ear", he would have to sing chants as a priest, or at least cope with them in such a way as not to bring the liturgy into disrepute. So, he worked out a practical policy for himself.

The first step was to purchase a "tin-whistle". Then he learned to read the notation. Next he got a friend to mark the notes on his tin-whistle, and then he "played" the notes of the little melodies over and over again, morning after morning in his room, until by sheer repetition he was able to approximate to the ordinary normal chants. I remember expressing my admiration for his industry, and his laughing reply that the real heroes were

his neighbours who had to listen to it.

Dr. Staunton did not, of course, need to do anything heroic like this with his theological preparation for the Council, but if it were required he would have done it. Indeed, his last official act in Ferns was of the same calibre. He was gravely ill and in great pain on the day when he went to the cathedral in Enniscorthy for the diocesan Requiem for Pope John XXIII. He should not have attended at all. His priests tried to prevail on him to go home. He would not. They tried again, as he walked down to the cathedral, and he told them he would attend "or burst", and his pain gave a brusqueness to his words which was not usual.

All this may give the impression that Dr. Staunton was over-serious or even dour in character. If it does, it is completely wrong and unjust to him. He loved to relax, and, what is probably more important, he was able to relax. He read well, and loved an interesting biography. He was a compelling conversationalist, and a most thoughtful host, expansive and unselfish. He had a keen interest in affairs. He played a good game of golf (in spite of the "hunches" which he got and practised in his bedroom), and he liked to talk of games of all sorts, and to read about them. He was very pleased when he had a visit from an old pupil like Nick Rackard, to talk hurling—Wexford hurling, of course, but with an occasional return to their days in St. Kieran's.

It is true that there were always so many things on his mind that he stayed at work late and early. He gave his full mind to these, so the other things were often completely forgotten, as a result. This was why he could leave a bicycle, which he had hastily borrowed with the most tenuous of presumed permissions, outside a building in the town, and walk back to the College after a meeting. Or he could go out to a function all dressed up in newly pressed tansure suit topped by a shining biretta. Sometimes, even, a student could be lucky when he was summoned to the President's room for a misdemeanour, and the President had forgotten what it was. Needless to say, he rarely got help from the innocent student. He laughed ruefully at himself when his attention was drawn to his

predicament. The laughter soon became hearty, however, for he took the lapses as a sure sign that he needed a game of golf, so he phoned for a hackney and sought out a fourball, the losers to pay the four shillings which the car to the golf course cost them.

Most of us who knew Dr. Staunton are inclined to think of him as a planner and builder. Planning buildings occupied much of his thoughts and he really loved it. The College expanded rapidly in his time, and while he was President, he had the problem of finding accommodation to meet the expansion. It was not easy. To begin with, money for building was not plentiful in the thirties. Then, the older part of the College was constructed in such a way that radical alteration can scarcely be done in it at all, and little more use can be made of the space available there. That older part contains the chapel and the refectory, and any expansion in other departments must be preceded by expansion in these. It was comparatively easy to provide additional dormitory or class-hall space; the difficulty was to prevent these from overcrowding the others.

The problem was nearly insoluble, when the first great expansion began—nearly, but not quite. So, if you went into the chapel late at night, you were likely to hear sounds of quiet movement there. After a time, you heard the short cough which so often betrayed his presence, and you knew it was not a burglar, it was only the President. You could not see him, because he was on his hands and knees with a measuring tape, trying to find a few unused feet of space, where a few more boys could be made to fit. When he adverted to your presence, he explained that he had got an idea, and he wanted to try it, while it was fresh in his mind. You were lucky if you were not taken off to his room to look at building plans, which were scattered all over the carpet—or if you could sleep on in the morning.

These ideas of his had a habit of occurring to him long after normal bedtime, when the house was in quiet. Many of them worked, too, at least to the extent that a little more precious space was salvaged, even though it meant, as on one occasion, turning the chapel right round, and putting the sanctuary where



BISHOP STAUNTON with Mayor and Corporation of Wexford

a staircase had opened.

He really enjoyed building and helping with it, and he worked at this right up to his death. The new science block in St. Peter's and the improvements to the Irish College in Rome were the last he took personal interest in. Some would say that he was inclined to concentrate too much on the functional at the expense of the gracious. That may be so, indeed. He realised it himself and justified it.

His contention was that a school building or a church should serve its purpose first, which was to house people for a definite reason. In the economic conditions of Irish education it was necessary to concentrate on that. Typically, he thought that the extras which were really important could and should be provided from the scholarship and

sanctity, the personality, of priests and teachers. You could have a university in a garret, he claimed, and some of the greatest began in little better, if the professors were men in whom students could find inspiration. The Curé of Ars did not need a Gothic cathedral. Paris, Oxford, Heidelberg did not wait for elaborate buildings and lecture halls to attract students. Father John Doody taught Greek in St. Kieran's to boys like Dr. Staunton himself, and Dr. Martin Crotty, without much in the way of modern equipment, and because of his enthusiasm for his subject, his knowledge of it, and their regard for him, they continued to read and enjoy it, all their lives. It may not express the whole problem, of course, and we may not fully accept his simplification of it, but he had a point, and one that we could recall with

profit, now and then, in those days when lavish spending and elaborate equipment are often suggested as the norm of educational efficiency, instead of humane personal influence and devoted attention to duty.

Dr. Staunton himself was a teacher and authority who gained, and never lost, the respect and affection of his pupils. He was not indulgent towards them by any means, but he was scrupulously fair, and that goes far to explain part of his hold over them. He certainly insisted that they work hard, and he repeatedly stressed their duty to take full advantage of what was provided for them educationally, through the generosity or self-sacrifice of other members of their families. He was very conscious of his own obligations, as head of the College, to students' parents and adopting bishops, to see that the students took full advantage of the opportunities available to them.

On this subject, he unintentionally shocked a very fine gentleman on one occasion. The late Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald was Minister for Education in the early days of the Irish Free State. He was an avowed idealist, and one of the most cultured and far-seeing men we are likely to have in that position. He liked to drop in to St. Kieran's in Dr. Staunton's days there, for an exchange of views, and to discuss and argue about two topics in particular, education and Thomism, with the staff, over a cup of tea. On this occasion, he asked Dr. Staunton what he thought the President of a school like St. Kieran's should regard as his primary aim in educating boys. The answer was immediate, and far less subtle than was expected. He was told bluntly and uncompromisingly that the first task of a school was to find a place for the boys in life, and, lest there should be any

doubt about what that meant, it was explained that the school should regard it as primary to find positions for boys and to get them qualified for them. That was the purpose for which many parents sent their boys there; their views were important and deserved full consideration from the school.

Most people, I imagine, would have expected to hear a discussion on liberal education, or some aspect of it, and Mr. Fitzgerald was genuinely disappointed that something more than mere position was not mentioned by a man whose views he valued so highly. But the two men were not really so much opposed in their thinking as appeared. Mr. Fitzgerald himself was genuinely concerned about the employment of Irish boys at home, and Dr. Staunton did not belittle a full education. To work under Dr. Staunton was a liberal education in many ways. His own personality impressed itself on his staff, and on his students. They acquired some of his honesty, his complete hatred of meanness, his noble modesty, his generosity, his industry, his love of the good and true. His practical religion was apparent in his own life, and in his care for the moral and spiritual welfare of those around him. His humanity was shown in many ways, not least in his care for the health of a boy, in his compassion for loneliness, his respect for the personal privacy which adolescent boys particularly require. It was a happy school he had there, and an industrious one. The school and its policy in Dr. Staunton's day would, I think, have pleased Newman, and Mr. Fitzgerald was big enough to see that, and come back again and again to find answers to his probing questions on the best practical way to provide a new education.

Greece—Yesterday and Today

REV. WILLIAM MEANY

IT was a very warm August afternoon. I was sitting in the lounge of the ferry-boat in the harbour of Poros, a picturesque island in the Saronic Gulf. In a few moments we would be departing for Athens. A young, fair-haired man came in and sat opposite me. He called the waiter and in tolerably fluent modern Greek ordered a drink. When the waiter returned the customer entered into a discussion with him, still in Greek, about the other's intention to emigrate and seek a job in England. It was then I realised that my fellow-tourist was an Englishman, a doctor attached to a London hospital. He had never been in Greece before, had never studied ancient Greek at school, and had commenced his study of the modern language only about five or six weeks previously. He had spent four weeks in the island of Samos, and had so fallen in love with everything Greek that he bought a dictionary and grammar, and with the help of many Greek friends, proceeded to acquire a good working knowledge of the language. He hoped to buy a house in some Greek island and spend his vacation there every year.

You may think this an isolated case of twentieth century philhellenism. But it is not. I could give many other examples. Of course all this is not something new. In the eighteenth century Johann Winckelmann began that intense *Schwärmerei* for Hellenism which was to affect so deeply many of the great German literary figures—Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Hölderlin and others—all of whom deliriously succumbed to what one of them described as “the devastating glory of the Greeks”. Winckelmann once hysterically declared that he would willingly sacrifice a finger or become a priest of Cybele in order to see Greece. In fact, none of the German classical writers ever saw it. Nor was this true of the Germans only. Even England's Richard Bentley, one of the greatest classical scholars of all time, never saw it either. Visiting Greece in those days was not the comparatively easy venture it is now. Apart from the rather primitive



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methods of transportation, there were other deterrents. In 1765 the French architect Bocher was rambling in the Peloponnese when he “discovered” the lovely temple of Apollo Epikourios high up in the Arcadian mountains at Bassae. When he returned the following year he was attacked by brigands and murdered!

The Greek War of Independence, which began in 1821, stirred the imagination of many lands. Germany had its own Lord Byron, Wilhelm Müller, one of that country's most lyrical poets. His *Lieder der Griechen* are probably the finest expression of phil-

hellenism in German literature. In one of these *Lieder* he tries to enlist world-wide support for the Greek cause. It begins:

Without freedom what would you be, O
Hellas?
Without you, O Hellas, what would the
world be?
Come, ye people of every land,
See the breasts
Which suckled you
On the pure milk of wisdom.

The poet-philosopher, Nietzsche, was hardly less enthusiastic about the Greek achievement and our debt to it. "The Greeks", he said, "are like Genius, simple. That is why they are the immortal teachers".

Byron is probably the best known of the early English philhellenists, partly because he was so articulate, and partly because he died in Greece, almost on the battlefield. One can pardon the rhetorical emotionalism which does not destroy the basic validity of these lines:

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy
ground,
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads
around,
And all the Muses' tales seem truly told.

Byron had a good classical education and was quite familiar with ancient Greek history and literature. So too were the Germans already mentioned. But philhellenism, as the example of the English doctor showed, is not confined to such persons. One of the most notable admirers of things Greek in recent times is Henry Miller. After ten years in Paris Miller moved to Greece where he spent less than a year. Here, like the pilgrim in Plato's *Symposium*, he was carried to undreamt of heights from which he ecstatically contemplated a vast ocean of beauty. Miller's mystagogue was the Athenian poet Katsimbalis, later immortalised in *The Colossus of Maroussi*, a work conspicuously lacking in that *nostalgie de la boue*, which mars his two *Tropic* books, the literary precipitate of his Paris sojourn. It is difficult to remain completely unaffected by

the dithyrambic outbursts of this mercurial American who, something like Béranger in Ionesco's *The Flying Pedestrian*, is at times so carried away by his delighted enthusiasm that he seems literally to rise off the ground. For Miller, the intellectual and creative brilliance of the fifth century B.C. has not yet passed away. "In Greece", he writes, "one has the conviction that genius is the norm, not mediocrity". A pardonable exaggeration; later re-echoed by the Australian novelist, Patrick White, who once considered settling in Greece "where perfection presents itself on every hand".

Let us leave aside the novelists, poets, philosophers—all the *conoscenti*—and turn to the man-in-the-street, the ordinary tourist. What special appeal has Greece for him? Tourism has developed in leaps and bounds since the Second World War. More and more are travelling abroad, but as palates become jaded new countries are in ever increasing demand. Distance is an important factor in determining the tourist's choice of country. Greece is pretty far from Ireland. The over-land journey from Dublin to Athens is about two thousand miles. Yet the number of visitors to Greece has risen very sharply in the past few years. In the nine months ending September 1963, well over half a million foreigners visited Greece, an increase of almost 115,000 over the same period in 1962. Why this amazing interest in Greece? I suppose there are several reasons. Climate, no doubt, is an important factor. You can be sure of blue skies and beautiful sunshine for practically the entire period from May to September—a certain bait to the sun-hungry. I have been to Greece four times. On two of these occasions I spent a total of four months there. Only twice did I see any rain. Once was in the island of Zachynthos, when a dreadful thunderstorm broke out one Sunday evening. The second occasion was in Athens last September when it rained for perhaps three hours. But in both instances the weather next day was magnificent. In Athens you can count on some sunshine for *at least* 348 days in the year! The average rainfall for the country varies from twenty inches on the east side to between forty and fifty inches on the west. The average for Athens is only sixteen inches.

A completely wet day is something unknown in Greece.

Then Greece is *different*, a thing that appeals to holiday makers grown a little weary of the somewhat monotonous efficiency of northern Europe's heavily-advertised tourist industry. But Greece is rapidly catching up with the rest of Europe in this respect. Modern hotels are being built constantly in all the principal centres, and private rooms with shower are no longer the puzzling rarity that they were to some a few years ago. Athens has now got its first big-city status symbol, a brand new baby skyscraper (*Ouranozistes* in modern Greek), the mere sight of which would probably have made Phidias retch. This is the Hotel Hilton, opened in May 1963. Here you can pay up to seven guineas for a single room for one night, and that in a country where such a room normally costs only about ten shillings. This smacks of the sort of tycoon-culture that once drew from Plato the acid jibe, "these people build as if they were going to live for ever, and eat as if they were going to die instantly". He was referring to Agrigentum. But, generally speaking, tourist accommodation in Greece is still fairly simple. This is especially true of the islands, where one often has to stay in private houses. These are usually spotlessly clean, and the family will always admit the paying guest to their hearth and heart if he is not too snobbish to accept. The Greeks are among the most charming, the most kindly and courteous people, that I know. Never yet did I meet anyone who returned from Greece and seriously complained of the people themselves. It is no mere semantic quirk that the Greek word *xenos* means "guest" as well as "stranger".

Paradoxical though it may appear in an age when for more and more persons entertainers like the Beatles, and similar exponents of pop-culture, seem to be one of life's most important experiences, I think that even still the chief reason why so many go to Greece is to see the country where our European civilisation began; to see also the descendants of the people who, to quote from a recent article in the *Sunday Times*, "laid the foundations of art and architecture, literature, science and philosophy"; (those who wish to get as close

as possible to the ancient Hellenes will probably succeed best in the islands of the Aegean, especially the poorer ones, which the Turks and other invaders scarcely touched); to see, too, what remains of those architectural masterpieces, some of which in their class have never been surpassed. This was why the late Mr. Peter Byrne went to Greece, three times in all. It was he who first quickened in me a desire to visit that wonderful country. I did not realise my ambition until 1955, and it was one of my big regrets that when I returned I was unable to share my experience with him.

It is a little ironical that interest in Greece, ancient as well as modern, is increasing at a time when the study of Greek is everywhere on the decline. Never before were there so many good popular books on Greece, and such a keen demand for them. The Penguin translations from the classics, Latin as well as Greek, to take but one example, have brought thousands into immediate contact with the ancient world. There have been some excellent radio and television programmes dealing with different aspects of classical antiquity. In 1962 Independent Television actually brought a troupe of actors from Athens for a production of Sophocles' *Electra* in modern Greek! In a sense, we are all Greeks, if not through physical, at least through cultural, consanguinity. Many, even fairly well educated people, do not always realise the full measure of this dependence. The extent to which Greek has permeated the English language is a commonplace. "Greece has given us the staple of our vocabulary in every domain of thought and knowledge", states one authority. "Our bodies are walking Greek dictionaries", says another, referring to how much the vocabulary of anatomy and disease is derived from Greek.

Some years ago I read a description of Bertrand Russell as "a gadfly on the rump of an affluent society". The writer may have thought that he was being very clever and original. But he was nothing of the sort. In Plato's *Apology* Socrates compares himself to a gadfly "which attaches itself to a horse, which though large and well-bred is sluggish on account of his size and needs to be aroused by stinging". Socrates felt that it was his mission to set the Athenians thinking, to



THE PARTHENON, ATHENS

make them examine many of the concepts they took for granted. It was his glory to have inculcated by precept and example the moral greatness of true independence. No wonder that in one ancient litany we find the invocation: *Sancte Socrates ora pro nobis!* Perhaps Arthur Koestler thought he too was original when he wrote of himself: "I acquired cleverness rapidly, but wisdom slowly". I am sorry if I disillusion you, Mr. Koestler, but two thousand four hundred years before you were born the Ionian philosopher Heraclitus said substantially the same thing: "Abundance of knowledge does not teach man to be wise".

With their sharpened perceptions of reality, the Greeks did most of our basic thinking for us. Time and again one discovers that many of our profound observations on the human scene were first made by the Greeks, whose fierce intellectual appetites set them in a class apart from all other ancient peoples. Socrates provided them with a working text when he said that the unexamined life was not worth living. This "passionate search for passionless

truth" is best exemplified in Aristotle whose *Metaphysics* begins with the confident assertion: "All men possess by nature the desire to know". Aristotle, the first of the great "knowers" in our western tradition, verified in himself the truth of this maxim, for, as Hegel put it, he penetrated the whole universe of things, and subjected its scattered wealth to intelligence. Renan's observation that the Greeks raised human endeavour to a plane where the restlessness of effort is stilled in the calm of achievement, is not wholly true, since the genuinely inquiring mind will never rest content while there is something to be known. A. E. Housman, though speaking in a wider context, accurately summed up the true Greek *philosophia* when he told an audience in University College, London, where he was about to take up his duties as professor of Latin: "Other desires perish in their gratification, but the desire of knowledge never. Other desires become the occasion of pain through dearth of material to gratify them, but not the desire of knowledge: the sum of things to be known is inexhaustible. . . . So

long as the mind of man is what it is, it will continue to exult in advancing on the unknown throughout the infinite field of the universe; and the tree of knowledge will remain for ever, as it was in the beginning, a tree to be desired to make one wise". This was more true of the ancient Greeks than of any of their contemporaries. No wonder that so much of their recorded thinking is so timeless, so universally valid.

What can the modern visitor see of Greece's former glory? Quite a lot. Most people begin with Athens. This was my first port of call. I remember how disappointed I was as I sailed into the Piraeus one steamy afternoon in June nine years ago. It was crowded with ships from many countries, some of them very ancient and grubby. But once I got to Athens I felt myself in a different world. Climb the five hundred feet high Acropolis and you are transported to the fifth century B.C. It is true that time and the marauding hand of man have wrought terrible havoc, but what still remains is enough to delight the eye and help the imagination to fill in the gaps. The Parthenon, despite the barbaric damage done to it by the Venetians and Turks in 1687, is still the greatest testimony in stone, in this case Pentelic marble, to the artistic brilliance of the ancient Greeks. In its class this temple of the flashing-eyed virgin goddess is perfect. The refinements introduced into its construction by the architect Ictinus to correct unaesthetic optical illusions were so incredibly exact that they were first discovered only in 1837. Perfectly vertical lines when viewed from a distance, and the Parthenon could be seen for miles, would appear to incline outward. Ictinus made the pillars incline inward so slightly that if produced each pair would meet at a point about two miles up. Similarly, perfectly horizontal lines if viewed from afar would appear to sag in the middle. Hence the base and the entablature are slightly convex, about three inches higher in the centre than at the ends.

We cannot dwell on the other ancient monuments in Athens. Let us go to the southern tip of Attica, to Sunium, which so fired the imagination of Byron, and gaze at the pillars of Poseidon's temple, and from that vantage point look out over the blue Aegean.

Then let us go northward again, to Marathon, and see the mound under which lie buried those Athenians who lost their lives repelling the mighty Persian invader in 490 B.C. Had the Greeks been defeated their country would probably have become just another satrapy in the Persian Empire, and the sort of stagnation that marked the three and a half centuries of Turkish occupation in later times might have set in then. Thus the fantastic genius of the fifth century would never have blossomed as it did, and all Europe, indeed the entire world, would have been so much poorer.

My favourite spot outside Athens is Delphi, the "navel of the earth", geographical counterpart to the Incan Cuzco. It is about one hundred miles from Athens, situated high up on the southern slope of Parnassus. No other archaeological site in Greece can match Delphi in natural grandeur. Its rival in antiquity, Dodona in the Epirus, cannot compare with it, though the Tomaros mountains must have formed quite an impressive backdrop to the talking oaks of Zeus. But at Delphi the youthful Apollo outshone his Olympian master in every way. The site has been aptly compared to a vast natural amphitheatre. The best synoptic view is from the top of the ancient theatre. Sit there in the evening as the sun sets behind the mountains at your back. Then gaze down towards the temple where for several hundred years pilgrims came from all parts of the Greek world to consult the god through his priestess. Only a few pillars remain, and these have been reconstructed by archaeologists from drums found scattered on the spot. Further down, on the other side of the modern road, is the Marmaria, sanctuary of Athena. Dominating the ruins is the Tholos, or marble rotunda, one of the wonders of Delphi. It was in this area that the athletes trained. But the stadium, or racecourse, lies at the very back of the sanctuary of Apollo, the only place where some level ground could be got in this dreadfully rocky terrain. Further on again is the Pleistos Gorge, and then a few miles away is Itea on the Gulf of Corinth. It was here that pilgrims coming by sea landed on their way to the oracle.

We cannot delay on the ancient sites much

longer—on Olympia, where the great games were held every four years in honour of Zeus; nor on Epidaurus, with its magnificently preserved theatre which can seat about 14,000 spectators, and whose acoustics are so marvellous that even so touchy and explosive a prima donna as Maria Callas has condescended to sing there. There are many other ancient theatres in Greece, though not so well preserved. The huge theatre at Argos, which seated 20,000, impressed me most. From the back of the auditorium there is a breathtaking view over the lovely Bay of Nauplion. It was here, so tradition has it, that the octogenarian Pindar died in the arms of Theoxenos.

What of poor Sparta, that cinderella of ancient Greek history, so often pushed into the shade by Athens? Where life was so grim that its citizens were said to have welcomed war as a relief from the horrors of peace. But Sparta did have a place in Greek culture. During the seventh century she was what

Athens was not to become till the fifth century, the centre of Hellenic civilisation. It was Thucydides who pointed out that if Sparta were to be depopulated and only the temples and foundations of the buildings left, later ages would never believe in the reports of her fame. No, there is nothing to see on the site of ancient Sparta (the modern city is a short distance away) apart from its acropolis, and the tourist usually goes to the nearby fourteenth century Byzantine town of Mistra. Here you can climb to Peribleptos Monastery and admire the mosaics. Further up is Pantanassa Convent. Go to the top, preferably in the late afternoon, and you see one of the grandest views in the Peloponnese—the rich valley of the Eurotas below and the high, rugged line of Taygetus to the west. It was the magical beauty of a scene such as this that was immortalised by the Spartan poet Alcman.

But I must leave classical Greece. A word now about religion. Ninety-five per cent of the



THOLOS, DELPHI

Greeks belong to the Orthodox Church. In many ways they are a very devout people, rather prone to superstition. I have never seen images of the saints in buses in any country outside Greece. But every Greek bus, apart from the special tourist ones, has its icons, often two or three, with a light burning in front of one of them. Churches are fairly full on Sundays, though attendance at Sunday Mass, or the Liturgy, as the Greeks call it, is not mandatory as it is in the Catholic Church. Sermons are rarely preached. The Liturgy is so long, about two hours, that few people remain for the entire ceremony.

Greece has many monasteries, several of them in a state of Ozymandian decay. The best known are those on Mount Athos, the monastery of Megaspilion in Arcadia as well as the five surviving monasteries of the originally twenty-four strong Meteora group in Thessaly. I have been to them all, but I must restrict myself to Athos, probably by far the best-known because of an old rule, still fairly rigidly observed, which excludes from this monastic republic not only women, but the female of domesticated animals. It is difficult to get to Athos. As a priest I had to get permission not only from the Greek Ministry of External Affairs in Athens, but also from Patriarch Athenagoras of Istanbul, the titular head of the Greek Orthodox Church.

I left Salonica by bus, and four hours later arrived in Ierissos, having passed on the way the miserable little village of Stagira, birthplace of Aristotle. Next morning at 5.15 a.m. I left by bus again on the short but horribly bumpy journey to Tripiti, across the narrow neck of land that joins the peninsula to the Chalcidic mainland. This roughly corresponds to the canal which Xerxes cut in 481 B.C. to avoid the disaster which overtook the Persian fleet eleven years before, when while trying to round Athos in a storm three hundred ships were destroyed and twenty thousand men lost their lives. At Tripiti I caught the boat and sailed down the western coast of the peninsula. After three hours I reached Daphni, the main port, and from there I travelled by mule, a two and a half hour journey, hair-raising at times, up the mountains to Karyes, the administrative capital. Once the sumpter-mule in front of me stopped and refused to budge



GREEK ORTHODOX PRIEST

until the muleteer came up from behind and killed a large snake that lay in his path. In Karyes, after presenting my two documents to the Holy Community, I was handed a *diamonitirion* which permitted me to spend five days on the Holy Mountain.

There is so much I could say about Athos. A visit there is like going back a thousand years in time. No motor cars, no trains, no radio, no television, no real roads—only mountain paths for the most part. When I was there in 1960 only one monastery had electricity. The stillness at night has to be experienced to be believed. There are no cattle or sheep on the peninsula, as the monks never touch meat. I remember sitting out on a veranda in Vatopedi monastery one evening at night fall. The only sounds to break the eerie silence were the tinkling of the little bells suspended from the necks of the mules, and the occasional howling of distant jackals. Far away across the Aegean lightning flashed spasmodically in the direction of Samothrace,

but there was no thunder. In all but one of the monasteries the Julian calendar, thirteen days behind the Gregorian, is still followed. Even the time system is different. All the monasteries except two follow the Byzantine system, the basis of which is sunset. When the last rays leave the peak of Athos it is midnight. In Iviron, the first monastery I visited, the more antiquated Chaldean system is followed.

My only regret was that I could not remain longer on the peninsula. I did not stay even the full five days, because the often unbelievably coarse food did not agree with me. Scenically, the peninsula is beautiful, entirely covered (something very rare in Greece) by a rich, deep vegetation—chestnut trees, firs, oaks, pines, poplars, plus many varieties of shrubs such as one seldom sees in Greece. This vegetation is the chief means of support for the monks, who export much timber, hazelnuts, walnuts and laurel oil. The name "Athos" was originally applied only to the marble-topped, six and a half thousand feet high mountain at the tip of the peninsula. It is now generally applied to the entire area, though the Greeks prefer to call it *Ayion Oros*, Holy Mountain. There are about twenty monasteries in all with a total population of under two thousand monks, and this number is constantly declining. The oldest of the monasteries is Aya Lavra, founded in 963. Last year the Greek Post Office issued a special stamp commemorating the millenium: Athos 963-1963.

The hospitality of the monks is fully in keeping with the wonderful tradition of Greek *philoxenia*. Thousands of tourists visit Athos every year. All must be male and at least twenty-one years old. Formerly they had to be bearded. Nothing is charged for your keep, though the *diamonitirion* will cost about twenty-five shillings unless you are a student when you pay nothing. Many of those who go there do so out of mere curiosity. But quite a few want to study in the monastic libraries, several of which contain some very valuable manuscripts. As recently as 1955 eight hitherto unknown catecheses of St. John Chrysostom were discovered in Stavronikita, the latest of the Athonite monasteries, founded in 1542. Unfortunately there is no tradition of scholarship among the

monks, who are often little more than the custodians of their libraries.

As for the spirituality of Athos, I can state from my own experience that an atmosphere of genuine holiness seems to pervade the whole peninsula. The monks fast and pray probably far more intensely than many of their western counterparts. A Greek told me that sometimes persons wanted by the police secure admission to one of the monasteries in order to escape punishment. If there is any truth in this, it would account for the scabrous stories one occasionally hears about certain misdemeanours there.

The Greek Church has a wonderful devotion to Our Lady, and Athos particularly so. She is called *Panayia*, the All Holy One, and is said to have landed there in a storm on her way to Cyprus, and the peninsula is dedicated to her. In the monastery of Vatopedi I was shown their most precious relic, the Holy Girdle. According to tradition, this was given to the Apostle Thomas by Our Lady herself shortly before her death. In the fourteenth century it was donated to Vatopedi. Sometimes it is sent out on miracle-working errands. In 1872 it was brought at the request of the Sultan, though a Mahomedan, to Constantinople to stop a cholera epidemic.

Athos has had the most diverse effects on its visitors. The novelist and poet, Nikos Kazantzakis, spent two years there in contemplation, but ended up an agnostic with Communist leanings. In his *Zorba the Greek* he angrily describes the Athonite monks as broad-bottomed idlers. Philip Sherrard, former assistant-director of the British School of Archaeology in Athens, and a member of the Church of England, after some months on Athos joined the Greek Orthodox Church. Amand di Mendieta, a Belgian Benedictine, was in Athos too, and wrote a book about it. Later he joined the Anglican Church and is now a canon of Winchester Cathedral. A young Church of Ireland barrister stayed there for six months and seriously thought of becoming a monk. But in fact he became a Catholic and a priest—Father John Sullivan, S.J. So it is not easy to generalise about the influence of Athonite monasticism.

The Catholic Church is very insignificant in Greece, numbering some 44,000 out of a

total population of just over eight million. This includes about one thousand Catholics of the Byzantine Rite. There are three archdioceses—Athens (which includes all the mainland of Greece), Naxos-Tinos and Corfu. Last Summer I met the boyish thirty-seven year old Archbishop of Corfu. He told me that there were six priests in his diocese, two of whom were permanent invalids. There are two dioceses—Syros and Santorini. Unfortunately there is much anti-Catholic feeling among the Greeks, especially in the monas-



GREEK PEASANT WOMAN

teries (most notably in those on Mount Athos) and among the higher clergy. We need only recall the intemperate outburst last September of the aged Archbishop Chrysostomos of Athens in what looked like a deliberate attempt to stymie any pro-Catholic element at the Pan Orthodox Conference due to take place in Rhodes a few days later. This had been convened to decide whether or not to accept Pope Paul's invitation to send Orthodox observers to the second session of the Ecumenical Council. To many Greeks Rome is still essentially a foreign body—a Frankish mission dimly associated with all sorts of

medieval atrocities. The Fourth Crusade has not yet been forgotten.

People often ask if modern Greek differs much from the ancient language. The *katharevousa*, or purist form, resembles classical Greek closely enough, but it is artificial and never spoken, merely written and then only in official documents and newspapers, especially in leading articles. The *demotic*, or popular language, differs widely from the *katharevousa*. But it is the living language and the one you must learn if you wish to speak to the people and read modern Greek literature. Before gaining general acceptance the *demotic* fought a long and hard battle, culminating in 1901 with the Bible riots in Athens which arose from protests against the sale of *demotic* translations of the Bible. The chief promoter of *demotic* was Jean Psycharis, who lived for many years in Paris where he married the daughter of Renan. He travelled throughout Greece studying the various dialects. I visited his grave in Chios and read the touching epitaph which he himself composed—in *demotic*, of course. It begins:

“Ye dirge-singers, women of Chios, fellow countrywomen, you are all my mothers, sisters, daughters. If one day you come down to the shore and pass by this white tomb of mine, please stand for a moment and sing to me one of those dirges I used hear you singing when as a boy I visited the mastic villages to learn your speech”.

But modern Greek, even *demotic*, is much closer to classical Greek than, say, Italian is to Latin. And this despite many borrowings from Turkish, Italian, French, English and a few other languages; despite, too, many grammatical and syntactical changes. The story is told of a German classical philologist who began to learn modern Greek, but refused to continue when he discovered that every preposition governed the accusative case. Both ancient and modern Greek are still basically the same language. With the decipherment eleven years ago of the fourteenth century B.C. Linear B tablets, and the proof, accepted by most scholars, that they were written in Greek, we now have a recorded

history of that language which totals 3,300 years, a record rivalled only by Chinese.

Modern Greek has its literature, some of it quite good, especially the poetry. Cavafy is highly admired, even in translation, and has fertilised the imaginations of non-Greek writers in a way that greater poets like Palamas or Sikelianos have failed to do. The best known of these poets now is probably George Seferis, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1963, the first Greek ever to obtain this distinction. He called it an honour for Greece "for which so many generations have struggled, striving to maintain what is still alive in its long tradition". In one of his poems two friends are talking amid Grecian seaside ruins. I do not know what

particular ruins the poet had in mind, but it could have been those of the mighty temple of Hera in Samos, which I visited one blazing forenoon in August 1961.

And I asked him "Will they be ever full again?"

And he replied: "Perhaps, at the hour of death".

And the silence stood round us hard as rock

Making no trace on the glass of the blue.

These lines may not epitomise everyone's reactions to the material remains of the glory that was Greece, but they certainly do mine. Then let them be my epilogue.

A Side-View of John O Donovan

LL.D. M.R.I.A.

T. P. LYNG

I hope the printers will not insist upon setting up his name as "O'Donovan". Such a false analogy would elicit from John O Donovan a saucy quip of the sort that leavens his dissertations on the errors of his day in regard to Gaelic history, Gaelic literature and the Gaelic language. In confuting the Vallencey School with his treatise on Tara, O Donovan established himself in unquestioned prestige in his own day, and since his death he has become a legend, at least in his own native county of Kilkenny.

Twenty-five or more years ago ardent disciples of O Donovan would regard any differing from his findings as heresy, but due to the attention given to comparative folklore, which O Donovan scorned, and to comparative philology, of which he was ignorant, every scholar will now admit that O Donovan was not always right, and, we may add, that the Vallencey School was not always wrong. However, because of the herculean range and depth of the work done by O Donovan, Eugene O Curry and their small band of co-workers, there can be no suggestion of debunking the efforts of this tiny group, who in a short space of time essayed the work that is now being leisurely carried out by the Institute for Advanced Studies, the faculties of Celtic Studies and of Archaeology of our universities, the Folklore and Place-Names Commissions, and the various antiquarian and historical societies that operate regionally throughout Ireland.

The most striking characteristic of John O Donovan was his snile. Contemporaries all stress his jovial countenance—the typical smile of short, plump men. It ranged from humorous tolerance of his young sons when they played cannons and castles in his study to wry sarcasm for some erring linguist or antiquarian. The snile runs through all his correspondence, lightening his sorrows. He has been accused of pride because he built himself a family tree that placed him in noble



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historic perspective, but this was a fashionable pursuit; besides O Donovan smiled at his "mongrel birth", and married (1840) a "Cromwellian", Anne Broughton from Co. Clare, whose sister was married to Eugene O Curry. O Donovan's most rewarding laugh at the Vallencey School—Vallencey, Beau-ford, Tighe, Sir William Bentham and Led-wich (the last-named of whom gave Kilkenny "a Celtic name, Kyle-Ken-vi, or the wooded

head”, and Irishtown, “Bally-Gael-loch, or the town of the Gael on the lake”!!)—came from their interpretation of the inscription on a stone on Tory Hill, in the shadow of which O Donovan was born. They deciphered the inscription as “Beli Divose”, adequate proof for them that it was dedicated to Bol or Bel, the Celtic fire god. This splendid fancy was exploded by O Donovan who showed it to be the work of a local stone-cutter, who, one day while waiting for his fellow-workers, cut his name, E Conic, and the date 1731 on the stone.

The fury of the Vallencey School descended upon O Donovan when he refuted their *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish* (1774). Bentham pronounced him “grossly, savagely ignorant of his subject”. A treatise on Tara (1840) established the dual reputations of O Donovan and Petrie, yet Bentham described O Donovan’s translations as “trash and nonsense”. The Royal Irish Academy, unimpressed by the fulminating knight, elected O Donovan M.R.I.A. in February 1847.

O Donovan had premonitions of an early death, yet the smile did not desert him. “I expect to live about eight years more”, he wrote in 1855. He died six years later. Aged 52 years, the inscription read on his coffin. And it was wrong. Fate must have smiled ironically at this man whose working hours were spent correcting other people’s errors, and who did not know the year of his own birth, and who was himself responsible for careless scholars even today repeating the error. The mistake arose thus: in January 1847 John O Donovan got his baptismal certificate from the parish priest of Slieverue, which gave the date of his birth as 26 July 1809. In all his writings O Donovan repeated that date. Whereas the Register of Baptisms at Slieverue actually reads:

“Attateemore, July 1806, 26th. Bap. Jno: Par. Edmond Donnevan and Ellenor Haberman. Sps. Edmond Wall & Ellenor Neal. J. Fitzk. P.P.”

The official return sheet of the Ordnance Survey describes John O Donovan’s last day on earth thus:

Name	Rate of Pay	Employment During the Month	Date of Joining	Date of Removal	Remarks
O'Donovan John	9/6	Orthography Employed 3 Days	28 Oct. 30	10 Dec. 61	Died

We can understand the confusion on the coffin breast-plate as compared with the cold correctness of the official dismissal for, at his death, O Donovan’s family of six sons ranged from nineteen to five years of age. Of his death, the *Journal of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society* wrote: “Gentle, unassuming, unselfish, John O Donovan was one of nature’s noblemen. He insisted out of his scanty means in contributing four times the usual subscription for members. He contributed valuable notes to many papers not bearing his own name as author. He has left to his widow and orphans no other possession than his manuscripts”.

His assets at the time of his death came to £570, most of which went to pay off debts. Mrs. O Donovan was awarded half her husband’s government pension of £50 per annum. A fund was raised by public subscription and the money invested in a County Clare farm and in stock of the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway, and the income went to the support of the widow and children.

O Donovan and O Curry jointly spent the last eight years of their lives—their deaths occurred within six months of each other—working on the transcription and translation of the *Ancient Laws of Leabhar na gCeart*. O Donovan’s transcription ran to nine volumes of a total of 2,491 pages, and his translation to twelve volumes. O Curry transcribed 2,906 pages and translated thirteen volumes. A Government Commission was allocated £5,000 towards the estimated cost of the work. In one year £264 and £270 were paid respectively to O Donovan and O Curry, and O Donovan was docked a day’s salary each time that he absented himself to give his lecture at Queen’s University, Belfast.

In the same year that work commenced on the *Ancient Laws*, J. K. Zeuss produced his *Grammatica Celtica*. “It’s a noble work—by

Jove!”, O Donovan hailed it with a characteristic pun, but admitted that he had grown too old to commence comparative philology. Professor McAlister (1921) said that work on the Laws could not be accomplished without that knowledge. Last year, Professor Myles Dillon, authority on Celtic philology, completed his ten years’ work on a *magnum opus* when his *Lebor na Cert, the Book of Rights*, was published by the Irish Texts Society at 63/-. James Carney, scholar of the School of Celtic Studies, reviewing the publication, thinks that the time and energy spent on this work were, relative to other aspects of Irish study, excessive. He himself had been advised by Professor T. F. O Rahilly not to spend longer than six months editing the Topographical Poems of Dubhagáin and O Heerin—a work that O Donovan had prepared, with translation, notes and dissertations, and had finally revised before his death. These three experts are most worthy representatives of the School of Celtic Studies. If their researches seem to query the historical value of some of the O Donovan sources, lesser scholars will wish to know how far this query extends.

Work on a complete re-survey of Ireland under the Ordnance Survey is now commencing. The work is expected to take fifteen or more years to complete. The British Survey under Col. Colby and Thomas A. Larcom worked from 1825 to 1842 and included an historical and archaeological section. John O Donovan did most of the field work and his day-to-day reports extend to 186 volumes and take into account some 144,000 place-names. There is no mention of the Place-Names branch in the current Survey, but a very recent publication, *Advisory Bodies in Irish Government*, published by the Institute of Public Administration, devotes more information to the work of the Irish Place-Names Commission than to any of the other seventy-three bodies reviewed. The Place-Names Commission was formed in 1946 and there are sixteen members. Expenses for the year 1961-62 were £4,754. Discussions are carried on in Irish. The Editor comments: “The Commission will establish a longevity record for Irish Committees and Commissions of enquiry” so much work remains to be done. The work of the Commission includes the undoing of work

where O Donovan attempted too much too thoroughly. But who, one may ask, will undo the work that the Commission is now doing? In a district that I know well, sign-posts, costing about five guineas each, which refer to Foxrock, alias Clough, Ballacolla, have been erected at Clogh, Castlecomer. Elsewhere sign-posts that bear the legend Muckalee carry also a Gaelic word which means “pig-piggery”, and bears no relation whatever



JOHN O'DONOVAN, reproduced from painting by Charles Grey, R.H.A. in National Gallery.

to the local “flat of Muckalee” which aptly translates “Magh Thulaighe”, the Irish of the name Muckalee. If the modern Place-Names Commission can commit such blunders within one five-mile radius, it would be optimistic to expect infallibility in O Donovan’s 144,000. However, we should not be too critical of the Commission when we realise that Canon Carrigan, Ossory’s historian, who disagreed with many of the findings of O Donovan’s team, failed to hit upon the Gaelic name of his own native parish. The Place-Names Commission now proposes to organise contacts throughout the country. In this way local

enthusiasts will get an opportunity to check O Donovan's field work.

I have laboured the place-name aspect of John O Donovan's work somewhat, because it is in this he and his team-mates will chiefly be remembered, whether in controversy or otherwise. I have not attempted in this restricted article to convey any picture of the total extent of his work. The most satisfying digests of O Donovan are written in Irish: *Síoladóirí* by Bráthair Críostúil; *Seán O Donabháin agus Eoghan O Comhrúí* by Eamon de h-Oir and *Seán O Donabháin agus a Lucht Cúnta* by Professor R. de Valera.

The most detailed work on O Donovan in English has been written by Canon Aylward, former President of St. Kieran's College. Canon Aylward's extensively documented biography has taken John O Donovan as a ward of St. Kieran's, and it gives a detailed picture of the life, times and country of O Donovan. The work is a comprehensive guide to the mass of unpublished literature accumulated by O Donovan in field work by 1842, and to the vast range of his later work.

The title *Síoladóirí* and Rev. P. McSweeney's title, *Nation Builders*, indicate the influence of O Donovan and his friends. Paradoxically enough their influence was not towards reviving the Irish language but towards the anglicisation of the Gaelic mode which let loose a flood of source material that

is still influencing Anglo-Irish writers in several historical and literary channels. Rather like the influence of Bord Fáilte on the Gaeltacht where a centuries-old preserve is killed by letting in the air.

This paradox is borne out by O Donovan's own six sons, not one of whom learned a word of Irish from him, although three of them had Fenian associations. Edmund embarrassed his guardian, the Right Hon. Attorney General, Major General Sir T. Larcom, K.C.B., Under Secretary of State, by being three times arrested for Fenian activities.

Only one of O Donovan's sons married. He, Richard, lived to read at ninety years of age the manuscript of his father's life by Canon Aylward, which remains unpublished in St. Kieran's College. Richard died in 1939. His only daughter, Mya, is now a widow, Mrs. Pritchard Airey of Prestatyn, Wales. She lives alone and is the sole survivor of the John O Donovan line.

That John O Donovan has not yet conquered Vallyncey may be gathered from the following detail relayed by *The British Numismatic Journal*, Vol. XXXI, 1963, with reference to "Clay-Moyle-Head" of the Down Survey (the name is Irish: Clogh Maighleithid): "The remark may be an indication of mining for coal as clay is usually found in the roof of the coal".

So, see above, Clogh is in trouble again.



Letter from Catholic University, Washington, D.C.

REV. PADRAIG HORGAN

“AT sundry times and in divers manners” the manifestation of the Will of God is made to man. By and large such a manifestation comes to a priest, at least as regards its broad outlines, through the mail. The last such communication to me shattered the beauty of a Summer’s day last July with news that my bishop had decided to send me to the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., to pursue higher learning. So here I am, pursuing my course of higher studies in a fourth-floor room of this noble institution. That is as high as you can go unless you happen to be imbued with the spirit of the Stylites. In that case you can climb to the top of the Tower of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception which is on campus, but a stone’s throw away, and is 336 feet high. But with the wind that is blowing tonight I think that St. Simon himself would settle for a seat less exposed.

Most of the priests who pursue post-graduate courses at C.U. reside at Caldwell Hall, the oldest building on campus. Like many old buildings its age is its chief distinction. But, by and large, most of the priests who live there do so in reasonable comfort. There are about one hundred of us here and though there are some rules for us to abide by, they are few and reasonable and constitute no great problem. The only bell we hear is the rising bell at 6.15 a.m. Morning prayer begins at 6.40, and at seven o’clock we say Mass. Two priests are assigned to each altar and serve each other’s Masses. Class begins at 8.10 a.m. but it is not often one has an 8.10 class on one’s schedule. The seminarians who take courses here do, however. In they come, these cold mornings, snuffling and red-nosed, blowing clouds of vapour, wrapped in a variety of outer apparel as diverse as the rats described by Henry Longfellow in *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. I cannot help but wonder what “Deans in my life” would say to such “coats of many colours”. I do know that contemplation of this same question caused a class-mate of mine to postpone indefinitely



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plans he had of wearing a duffel coat that he had carried with him into the seminary, suitably dyed *niger vel sub-niger* in accordance with the Maynooth statutes then in vogue. Anyhow, that is how the day gets started.

What about the grub?—an important question. On the question of food I can say this: the Archives of Caldwell Hall bear no record of any priest ever having died of starvation or of gout. In matters of food the belief that *virtus in medio stat* appears to be a firm conviction. Well above the mere sustenance level, well short of the gout level, we pursue our courses.

In the short time I have been a student it is impossible for me to give anything like a comprehensive picture of life at the Catholic

University. To an Irish *garsún* like myself, the life poses many problems. Being, perhaps, a little cynical by nature, I had often scoffed at a particular word one hears a lot of in this country, particularly in the field of education. That word is *orientation*. I invariably had to suppress the horse-laugh when I heard college freshmen speak of their classes in orientation. But having arrived here on a beautiful September afternoon and having stood in total bewilderment, not knowing what to do or where to go, I can assure you that right there and then the need for orientation was acutely felt. Small consolation it was to me if the birds were singing their sweetest or the numerous squirrels were in their most playful mood. It wasn't a bit like it was on a similar September evening back in 1954 when a kindly fellow-countryman took me by the hand to take my place at the end of a long line outside the Dean's door; a line in which the newness of the black suits of those who stood there was in inverse proportion to the number of years their wearers had spent in the seminary. Here the first obstacle to be overcome is registration. This is signing on for the various courses one wishes to take in the particular field of endeavour to which one has been assigned. Registration is a most complicated process. It is like tracking down someone who owes you money. You are sent from one place to another; up and down, in and out; forms in duplicate, forms in triplicate; I.B.M. cards, student-activity cards. Talk about a peripetetic school! If things were as complicated as this in Aristotle's time I doubt he would ever have gotten pen to paper, or stylus to parchment or whatever combination of ingredients it was that finally resulted in the recording of the written word in those days. Nor does the need for orientation end with registration; four months have I spent here and only now has the fog begun to clear.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy". While the bulk of the University's energies are aimed at producing the *mens sana, the corpus sanum* is not neglected. The facilities are provided; the rest is up to the individual. There is a playing-pitch, a fine one. But it is called not a pitch but a stadium. There are handball alleys that are hardly worthy of the title, at least from an Irishman's

point of view. You can almost see over them. But across the road from the University the Paulist Monastery has four fine handball courts. The Paulists are very kind and offer no objection to the priests from Caldwell Hall going over there to work off their excess energies, provided they don't do so during the siesta hour. This is no hardship. The above-mentioned priests are none of them averse to taking a siesta themselves. The young bloods of the Irish colony in Washington, D.C., gather on Sunday afternoons to disport themselves in the manner traditional to the Gael for centuries. About a ten-minute walk from here, in a field owned by the Benedictine monks, the clash of the ash and the thump of the football can be heard breaking the Sabbath silence. Irish priests from C.U. and from the Washington diocese have featured prominently on many the football and hurling team here; priests like Father Shem Reddy from Mooncoin who was a stumbling-block to many an attacking forward during the years he played at full-back for the local team. The games are the same. You might well be sitting behind the goal at Nowlan Park for all the difference there is in the sights and sounds attending them. From the side-lines comes the stream of technical language understood only by followers of the game: shouts of encouragement to "giva-toom", cries of indignation when somebody "pultakrassem", the ubiquitous imitator of Micheal Ó Hehir announcing to one and all in a sing-song voice that the ball goes over the bar for another point for Eddie Keher, or for Jimmy Doyle, or for Christy Ring.

If any man doubts the universality of the Catholic Church let him but stand "forment" the University Library, the John K. Mullen Memorial Library, on a week morning and watch the yellow-painted school-buses disgorge their complements of nuns, brothers and religious. From all over the United States they are here, representatives of Orders, Societies and congregations, whose origins are to be found in no one chapter of the History of Christianity, whose branches have spread all over the world. "*Unitas in varietate*", said St. Thomas: "That is how you define Beauty". And all these religious men and women are woven into the seamless vesture of Christ.

A kind of Pentecostal gathering this. Each will carry back to his or her community the message received here. The streams of learning from which they drink will in them coalesce to form a mighty tide, which, sweeping out over the fifty States, still help make the American way of life more and more the Christian way of life.

Washington is often held up to ridicule because of the general panic that attends a snowfall here. Each new fall appears to take people by surprise, presumably because they persist in the belief that Washington is in the south, when it is not. Snow is, consequently, regarded as something of a dirty trick. Traffic in the city quickly gets tied up, cars skid, wheels spin, drivers curse. Pedestrians who disdain to buy goloshes pick their steps along the side-walk like a turkey through stubbles or a cat through a cow-house. The emergency plan put in operation at such times calls for the release of government employees from their desks at 3 p.m. instead of at 5 p.m., which means that the five o'clock traffic jam takes place two hours earlier. Snow ploughs are seldom in evidence and where they are their success at restoring things to normal is only nominal. My own hatred for the powdery white stuff, heightened by an antipathy towards snow-balls bordering on a fixation, is assuaged not at all by the fact that an extra heavy snow-fall causes a suspension of campus activity. At such times my most ardent wish is to be back in the sunny south, sipping sybaritic sweetness from sectile citrus amid scenes of sylvan splendour.

This year is celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of the Catholic University of America. Seventy-five years ago, on 13th November, 1889, it was formally opened. A lacuna existed at that time in the field of Catholic education and it was to fill this gap that the Catholic University was founded. Only thirteen years before this it had been possible for the Bishop of Delaware to say with truth: "There is not in the entire country a single institution, Catholic, Protestant or non-descriptive that is entitled to the name *university* in the European sense of the word". Its founding was the result of no sudden whim. As early as 1810 an Irish Augustinian monk, a Father Browne, then residing in Atlanta,

Georgia, had advocated the founding of a Catholic University. At the Second Council of Baltimore in 1866 the question was raised and received a certain amount of favourable consideration. But it was not until 1884, at the Third Council of Baltimore, that the idea had gained the momentum it needed to make it an actuality.

The last quarter of the nineteenth century is often termed the "Gilded Age" in the United States. Philanthropic millionaires were out-doing one another in endowing institutions of higher learning.¹ Miss Mary Gwendolene Caldwell, daughter and heiress of the wealthy William Shakespeare Caldwell, a child of her age, let it be known in 1884 that she was willing to make available the sum of \$300,000 for the founding of a Catholic University for all the United States. It was this contribution that made the foundation possible. It was Miss Caldwell too who had the last word in choosing Washington, D.C., as the seat of this University. On 24th May, 1888 the corner-stone of Caldwell Hall was laid. Eighteen months later the Catholic University of America opened its doors to its first students.

The seventy-five years that have passed since then have been years of growth—of growth in every dimension. Caldwell Hall is now but one of twenty-seven buildings on the University campus. Five and a half thousand students registered here this semester pursue courses from Air-science to Anthropology, from Speech-and-Drama to Sociology. The names of the various buildings bear witness to the part played in the development of the University by Churchmen of Irish birth and of Irish descent: Curley Hall, McMahon Hall, Conaty Hall, Gibbons Hall. The present Rector, the Right Rev. William McDonald, Ph.D., LL.D., is from Mooncoin, County Kilkenny, an illustrious scion of an illustrious family, one of the most brilliant living alumni of my own Alma Mater.

The temptation not to devote any space in this article to the National Shrine of the

1. Between 1878 and 1898 private benefaction added no less than one hundred and forty million dollars to the revenues for higher education in the United States. Schlesinger, A. M., *The Rise of the City, 1878-1898*, New York 1933, p. 219.

Immaculate Conception, situated on the University campus, is great, as the task of giving it worthy treatment is a formidable one. Books have been written describing a project that was first mooted eighty years ago and which still is incomplete. Even as it stands now it is a vast and beautiful building. The outside is complete but much work remains to be done on the interior. The site on which it stands was blessed all of forty-four years ago. At first only the crypt church was built. The depression and the second world war that followed it effectively inhibited further progress on the building and it was not until the Marian Year 1954 that the final stage of the work was undertaken. In 1959 the outer shell was completed and the Shrine dedicated. The magnificent campanile was the gift of the Knights of Columbus of the United States. It cost all of one million dollars. Since then the work of interior decoration and completion has been undertaken piece-meal, various religious orders, national groups, confraternities and other societies donating the different mosaics, altars, chapels and lesser shrines. The work is still going on.

How to describe in terms of past, ordinary experience some new breathtaking experience, that is the problem. Like a friend of mine who never saw the ocean until he went with the L.D.F. to Tramore for a week's intensive training, the better to defend his country withal—"What did you think of Tramore?" asked the wife of his farmer employer one day shortly after his return, when she was dishing out his dinner. "Begob, Maam", he said respectfully, "there's enough water there to drown a horse". You see what I mean. How can I describe the Shrine? I could tell you as an American might be inclined to do that it took three hundred and fifty carloads of lime-stone, sixty thousand cubic feet of granite, ten million common brick, one and a half million face-brick and ten thousand cubic yards of concrete to build it. But that sounds more like a description of the cargo of the *Irish Rover*. It does not describe the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. It is vast but it is graceful, it is huge but it is beautiful. Come and see it some time. It is a breathtaking landmark in a breath-

taking city, this National Shrine in the nation's capital.

"And the Lord slew every first-born in the land of Egypt . . . and there arose a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house wherein there lay not one dead" (Exodus 12:28-9).

The death of President Kennedy left an empty seat at every table, a gnawing feeling of personal loss in every heart. To anyone who lived through those dark days of tragedy there is no need to describe them. True, we in Washington had the opportunity of standing in the streets and watching the leaders of the world follow the stricken family of the great man behind the doleful caisson. True, we felt the same breeze fan our cheeks that rippled the flag on the coffin of the fallen chief. But we on the streets and you the world over, watching your television sets, listening to your radios, all felt the weight within our hearts, the gap within our souls that time could never obliterate. We have read of Alexander the Great, snatched out of this life while yet he sought new worlds to conquer. We Irish can still feel something of the dismay that swept through the Irish ranks at Aughrim when St. Ruth fell. But we have lived through the assassination of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, and we can never be the same again. Only last Summer he took Ireland by storm. That triumph of yesterday is now a tearful memory. "I will be back in the Spring", he said. Surely a loving God granted that "His soul pass through Ireland". To his stricken widow goes our most sincere sympathy. We sympathise with her while we stand in wonder at her heroic fortitude. Does her sorrow remind of the Mother of Sorrows? I say it does. A new place of pilgrimage has been added to the many places of interest in Washington. It is a grave on a hill-side, surrounded by a white wicket fence, flanked by two smaller graves. John Fitzgerald Kennedy lies there with his infant son and daughter who preceded him into Eternity. A light burns on this grave, an *eternal* flame. May the light banish that darkness that still lingers one hundred years after Abraham Lincoln died that it might be dispelled forever. And our President, may his soul find in eternity . . . peace, for peace is what he sought to bring to the world.

Little Sir Echo Re-Echoes

R. P. FURNISS

SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1939. A day of momentous events. Hitler invades Poland. Britain and France declare war on Germany. I start at St. Kieran's.

For me the last was the most important of these events, of course—just as it was for some ninety other thirteen-year-olds-or-thereabouts who were starting with me. Many of them were braving the occasion with tears in their eyes and hurleys in their hands—brand new hurleys clutched firmly for moral support. I suppose it is much the same today.

The only shock the recollection brings now is the realisation that it is almost twenty-five years ago. I was already in my first long pants and felt quite old. Grown-up, that is. And I really don't feel a day older now even though the occasional mirror reminds me that my cultivated beard is greying and my "high forehead" reaches to the back of my head. (A bright five-year-old recently accused me of having my head on upside down!)

"Little Sir Echo" was the tune of the time and I can still hear Con ("Cock") Campion humming it as we togged out for a Wednesday afternoon's hurling. I wonder if Father Con ever hums "Little Sir Echo" these days on his Filipino mission field?

Con came from Leix. And one thing I could never understand, being a staunch Kilkennyman, was why so many of our best hurlers came from Leix. There was peerless long-pucking Kevin ("Horse") Molloy, and Dick Freeman and Michael Guerin, to mention just a few. And, of course, there was Eddie McKenna from Castletown ("Lord Haw Haw" we called him after his favourite radio announcer of the day) who used to take a special delight in cutting me across the heels whenever I got in the way of the ball. "In the way" is the operative expression as far as I was concerned—and Eddie was a real enthusiast for the practical solution. For his hurling transgressions he is now doing reparation in the steamy humidity of the Philippines.

But whatever numerical supremacy those



RICHARD P. FURNISS, native of Kilkenny City, is featured elsewhere in this issue.

Leixmen had in the hurling arena, we Kilkenny men felt it was more than offset by the prowess of the late Michael ("Sonny") Moore. Sonny made the senior team in his first year—a team captained, incidentally, by one Nick Rackard of Wexford who was later to carve a special niche for himself in the annals of hurling.

Father Jack Kennedy was a new boy also that year—but to the teaching staff. He took us (of 1A) for Latin: *Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres*. Ned Costello cut his teeth on us too in the native tongue. Not that we could complain about that what with one hundred per cent honours three years later. And we sat in cold classrooms, the central heating

rendered ineffective by wartime shortage, and found little difficulty in visualising the cold, grim burial of Sir John Moore, as Father Birch, leaning over his desk, droned it forth in what I now choose to call onomatopoeic monotone. Wonderful days to remember—not to live through!

We had our budding geniuses too. I'll try to take them as their names cropped up during the "Annunciations" and "Visitations" that followed house exams. First places usually alternated between Jim Kinsella, who has surely measured up to all his early promise, and Dan Lawlor, whose premature death gave that promise no time to ripen. Next there was Tim O'Connor. Father Tim is Dean now and, it occurs to me, bears more than a passing resemblance (in all but height) to the Dean of our day, Father (now Canon) Lowry. Then came Percy Grant—Father Percy who now looks after St. K.'s finances—followed by Andy Moore, a Licentiate of Canon Law these days at St. Edmund's College, Hertfordshire, England. But why go on—particularly as memory tends to dim and accuracy is threatened?

Except to mention, perhaps, because he must have been the unrecognised genius of all time, one Cyril Curran. Three years in 1C was surely a record. But Cyril was capable of many odd records. It is doubtful if he ever passed an exam—house or public—in his four years at St. Kieran's. And he was probably the first—as well as the last—ever to rear mice within the college precincts. Certainly he was the only pupil ever to take over the professor's chair and hold a class to enviable attention for the duration of a "free hour". Ask Father Tom Brennan about Cyril's lecture on birds' eggs if you don't believe me. But Cyril still had something up his sleeve to confound us all. He was destined to become a respected surgeon at the Mayo Clinic, U.S.A., while still in his early thirties!

Hiems went on *Transiting* in its stubborn way during the war years. The blackout, for instance. I can remember feeling my way—yes literally feeling my way—along the wall in College Road to second study. But the blackout had its merits too. Those day boys who survived the traditional initiation ceremony of "ducking" (since gone out, I am assured by

Father O'Connor, and I presume there are no raised eyebrows) in the September twilights stood good chance of escaping it altogether in the blackout nights of winter. And by the end of first term, Christmas, the incentive to "duck" was gone. After all, we were hardly new boys any more.

Our future lives were being influenced for us in ways we could not then recognise. Father Birch's uncanny ability to make us enjoy English literature must surely have influenced me in later years to seek a career in writing. (I hesitate to say literary career since journalism these days can be anything but literary.) And who sowed the seeds that were later to take me wandering in more than fifty countries of the world? "Paddy Mac" Sweeney, perhaps, reading excerpts from the *National Geographic* in end-of-term "free hours"? Or Father Joe Dunphy ("Caro" to us when he was out of hearing)? I can recall as clearly as yesterday's routine his fascinating illustrated recounting in the Concert Hall of Scott's tragic last journey—and his equally vivid blackboard treatment of the hunting and sinking of the *Bismarck*, when that epic was still "live" news but scappily treated for want of space in our wartime newspapers.

Sometimes I have wondered why so many lay students gravitated to medicine. ("Gravitated" is an unfortunate word but let it go!) There was the social prestige aspect, of course, but this most likely would have created "chronic meds", hardly doctors. Was it perhaps the lack of, say, engineering opportunities in under-industrialised Ireland? Ironic, if it should have been, since so many doctors have emigrated anyway.

And this brings to mind two red-headed day boys, my very close friends, Martin Crotty and Eugene O'Neill. (There was hardly an honours class in St. Kieran's without a Crotty in those days and I should imagine the next generation will be coming along anytime.) Both Martin and Eugene are well entrenched in sound medical practices overseas, Martin in New Jersey, U.S.A., and Eugene in South Shields, England. Which in turn brings to mind a very typical picture of Father Neddie Wall—grasping Eugene's great shock of hair and shaking his head in frustrating effort to drum in the rudiments of classical

Greek. Eugene can still translate “the general killed the judge”—just about!

It was pleasant to pay a visit to St. Kieran’s recently after some twelve years in the southern hemisphere, to find many of the “old” professors still there and some of my contemporaries now members of the staff.

The college had not changed much in its externals. The massive stone entrance went up in my time, and since then a new wing has been added to the “clesies” side. St. Kieran’s was always a place of strict discipline, and no doubt, of necessity, still is. But once inside you

can sense a difference. There are no concessions to undue luxury but in the corridors linoleum now covers the cold flagstones of my day. And in the library there’s the ST. KIERAN’S RECORD. Together these two simple facts symbolise the change. A new warmth and a new medium of inter-communication that bring together—if only on a sentimental pilgrimage—all of us for whom “the winter passed” at S.K.C.

As with the Church under Pope John’s inspiration, the windows have been opened. A breeze rustles the curtains.



Welcome guests on Ordination Day—DR. D. HENNESSY, Liverpool (1936) and MR. G. LAMBERT, Dublin (1935)

Letter From Chile

REV. JAMES GROGAN

IN a newly-established parish named after Santa Catalina (or Catherine) in Santiago, the capital of Chile, there are three priests. Father Keith Wallace, a Columban Father from Australia, is pastor. His assistants are two Irishmen, Father John Colgan, another Columban, and myself, a volunteer from Galloway diocese in Scotland.

The parish covers an area officially known as a *poblacion*, that is to say, a district on which the Chilean government has run up a number of very small, very plain, very flimsily built new houses as part of a slum-clearing project, and also to accommodate some of the thousands of country people flocking endlessly into Santiago in search of work.

These new houses are known here as *viviendas de emergencia*, emergency living-quarters. We have just acquired two of them, to house ourselves, our housekeeper and the parish office. At sites convenient for the parishioners we have acquired two small plots of ground, on which chapels will be built. They will be of the cheapest possible material. After these two chapels will come two others, for our *poblacion* is divided into four sections, and we propose to give our parishioners in each section their own little centre for Sunday Mass, and for reception of the sacraments.

We have from 17,000 to 20,000 parishioners, if we may trust our own rough estimates, based on the fact that there are 2,500 houses in the parish, and that in the houses we have visited so far we found an average of seven people to each family.

Our people are typical Chileans, poor but friendly. The first five hundred families moved in here three years ago, and more and more have been following them ever since. Until we came, they had no resident priests, and they are delighted now to have *padrecitos* of their very own. For our own part, we are equally happy to be here, to be with them and to help them.

One sullen day last July—summer with you, but winter here in Chile—a man I recognised as the director of the civic social



REV. JAMES GROGAN, native of Rathdowney, Laois; ordained St. Kieran's 1950 for diocese of Galloway, is on temporary mission work in Chile.

centre in our *poblacion* dropped into the parish office. There had been a death in his sector, in circumstances that were peculiarly distressing, and he was deeply concerned about it.

A young married man, named Francisco, had just died as a result of a dagger wound he had received the day before. He was a very well-known and highly-respected man, physically very fit, who had given much of his time to directing several boys' sports clubs in this new housing area. He had been stabbed to death by a physically weak young man in an insane fit of jealousy.

Our visitor wanted a Requiem Mass offered for the dead man on the morrow, the day of his funeral. He was willing to give us the use of the social centre for the Mass, and of course we gratefully accepted his offer; we had no chapel yet, and, as I said, it was winter. We fixed the hour at four the following afternoon.

When Father Wallace and I arrived at the centre next day, its hundred of school-children were pouring on to the street—the social centre does duty for the present as a temporary school. Stirred by the sight of us, the children remained to see what was happening. Presently the mourners began to arrive. They included many men and boys in their teens and early twenties. The sky was low and threatening, but fortunately the centre had a verandah,

which would shelter the altar, and Father Wallace, the celebrant.

When the coffin arrived, the bearers set it directly in front of the altar, arranged the many wreaths on top and around it, and Mass began. The congregation joined in the *Kyrie*, answered the easier Latin responses, and said the *Pater Noster* and *Agnus Dei* in Spanish. Rain began to fall during Mass, but though the crowd overflowed into the courtyard, nobody moved away.

After the final absolution a hearse and two buses took the coffin and mourners across the city to the Catholic cemetery. Some good neighbours escorted the grief-stricken young widow to her home. The rain was falling very heavily now.

Father Wallace and I were thoughtful as we packed the Mass things away. Francisco's Requiem had drawn a far bigger congregation than we had ever been able to muster for Sunday Mass—and it was especially remarkable for the number of its men. We hoped, and indeed felt, that God had used this sorrowful occasion to impress on our parish the value of the Mass, and the comfort that it brings.

In the summer of 1962, as I was preparing in Galloway, Scotland, for my three years' stint in South America, someone said to me: "If you play golf, bring your clubs with you".

I felt both surprised and pleased. Surprised, because I hadn't thought that I would have time on the missions for golf; pleased, because during my twelve years as curate in Galloway golf had been my one and only recreation. I had played it regularly on my one weekly day off, and knew the benefit of it.

Last winter when I was studying Spanish in a school near Lima I had several opportunities to note the conditions under which St. Columban priests and their diocesan colleagues are working in the slums of Lima city. I became more than ever convinced of the need for some such relaxation as golf for people who work so hard, and under such conditions, as these priests do. I was glad to see that several of them take a weekly day off for a game on one of the courses around the city. I believe all of them would, if only they realised how healthful it is for body and soul.

Here in Santiago I am happy to say that golf is the almost universal recreation of our priests, Columban and volunteer alike. Secondhand clubs can be picked up cheaply; the green courses, lined with trees and dotted with flowering shrubs, are lovely; and as a background to it all, there are the magnificent snow-capped Andes—a wonderful setting in which to clip the ball for a stimulating and invigorating three hours.



Birmingham

REV. T. FOYNES

THE archdiocese of Birmingham is large in area and dense in population. From North Staffordshire to South Oxfordshire is a distance of about 150 miles. Within the four counties that comprise its territory there are great industrial centres like Stoke-on-Trent, the Black Country, Birmingham and Coventry. There are also pleasant unspoiled countryside and tourist resorts such as the leafy lanes of Warwickshire, the Shakespeare Country, and to the west the delightful garden of Worcestershire embracing the enchanting Malverns. Oxfordshire in the south has its famous University City, its colleges, its architecture, its dreaming spires and "lost causes". Surrounding Oxfordshire there is a great hinterland of exceedingly pretty countryside, especially in the Thames valley.

Birmingham occupying a geographically central position is also central as regards Catholicism. You know from your Church History the many great events, names and places associated with the archdiocese: the Oxfordshire martyrs, Edmund Campion, Harvington Hall, the Stonor family, Milner, Dominic Berberi, Ullathorne, Challoner, Oscott College, the Oxford Movement, Littlemore and the great Newman. The *Hiems Transiit* of Newman's famous quotation has a familiar ring for St. Kieran's men. (Newman I believe did visit St. Kieran's during his stay in Dublin.) When Newman eloquently declared that the Winter of persecution had passed and that the Faith that was dead now lived, I wonder did he visualise that in a hundred years from thence the Catholic population of his own diocese would have risen to half a million souls.

The great growth of Catholicism in the midlands in recent times has been largely due to the coming in great numbers of our fellow countrymen to every part of the diocese, but chiefly to the cities of Birmingham and



VERY REV. THOMAS FOYNES, P.P., Bicester, native of Clonaslee, Laois, ordained St. Kieran's 1936.

Coventry. For example, in Birmingham city every Irish county has its own association. There are Gaelic leagues and Irish cultural societies of every kind. There are perhaps more hurling and football clubs in Birmingham than in any county in Ireland. There are forty in all. It might be interesting to note here that the late Father Michael Forde (ordained 1932; died 1960) was for many years chairman of the Warwickshire G.A.A. and was largely responsible for the organisation and spread of Gaelic games in the area.

It is interesting to note also that Father Dermot Corcoran is not only chairman of his own beloved County Tipperary Association but-is also President of the United Irish Counties Association in the city. There is no need to stress the importance of this glorious

work for our exiles, but who is more worthy, more willing and more capable of guiding the destinies of these societies than Father Dermot?

The steady growth of Catholics, slum clearance, and new estates mean a large building programme of schools, churches and presbyteries. The evolution of a new parish often takes the following pattern: the young parish priest luckily may have a plot of ground, digs in a council house, Mass in a pub; later a dual-purpose building is erected which serves as a church on Sunday and a hall for Bingo, socials and dances on the feria. Later there is a church and presbytery and finally a large overdraft at the bank. The establishment of a parish of this kind is a heavy task for a priest and demands energy, resourcefulness and courage. I'm proud to say that a great deal of this pioneering work is done by Irish priests.

Every St. Kieran's priest in the diocese that I can think of has been involved in building projects of one kind or another. I will mention just a few examples. Father Patrick Lynch recently opened and completely cleared the debt off an extremely beautiful church at Maryvale, Birmingham (it cost £75,000). In the neighbouring parish Father John Clancy is about to complete an equally-fine temple; Father Michael O'Meara at a new estate in Stoke-on-Trent is responsible for replacing a considerable amount of green swarth with an

equally considerable amount of bricks and mortar.

The new building in the diocese which the present writer knows most about is the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Bicester, Oxfordshire. It was opened last year and cost approximately £50,000. The Church occupies an excellent site in the middle of the old Roman town of Bicester. Modern Gothic brick arches support the roof and a large tower with twenty windows rises over the sanctuary. The black marble altar with its blue and gold reredos is much admired. All praise to the young architect, Mr. Desmond Williams of Manchester, for giving us this lovely church.

Less impressive but infinitely more important priestly work is the building in the minds and hearts of the faithful a strong Catholicism with a deep appreciation of the Mass, Prayer and the Sacraments. For such priestly zeal our own St. Kieran's priests have excelled.

I am mindful of Father Pat Quilty, now retired, having spent himself in a magnificent pastorate. Father Tom Rohan, who died recently, was loved and is now mourned by all the priests and the people whom he served. Father Tom MacMorrow and brother, Father Jack, are an example to us all of priestly virtue and zeal. Father Michael McGrath, Father Willie Lyons, Father Charlie Friel, Father Vincent Griffith, Father Philip Cleary, Father Hubert Mooney, Father Gerry Flynn are all doing excellent work for our Irish exiles and for the Church in this great archdiocese.

A Glimpse of the Twenties

NOEL F. MORAN

WHENEVER my mind travels back through the long vista of the years to the halcyon days of youth in St. Kieran's College, I seem to feel the mellowness of Autumn and hear the rustle of falling leaves. Not that there is anything autumnal about this sturdy and flourishing academy, which has proudly proclaimed since 1782 that "the winter has passed".

Perhaps it is because it first opened its arms to me on a gentle September day in 1923. Perhaps it is because it was my wont to kick the fallen leaves musingly as I walked up the College drive from New Street.

Or perhaps it is because my very first essay in St. Kieran's was written about Autumn—a hardy annual, perhaps, but a subject which, by reason of its abstract nature, allows the imagination of a schoolboy to run riot in metaphor and allegory.

Time plays strange tricks with the memory over forty years. Much of the happenings of those far-off days are robbed of the roseate hue of youth. Still more are buried in the mists of forgotten things. Some still remain—a challenge to the years and the stress and strain of earning a living in an exacting profession. Yet, they do remain, minimised or exaggerated as the case may be, by the faulty recollection that is our human heritage.

Those were strange, eventful, uneasy days in the Autumn of 1923. Ireland was emerging as an independent nation; the fratricidal strife had not yet spent its force; the country was licking its wounds.

Most Rev. Dr. Birch, in his estimable history of St. Kieran's, tells us that the events of the era "took Irish minds away to some extent from educational matters, and certainly destroyed that calm which is essential for the proper imparting of knowledge".

But conditions which emerge in the objective analysis of the historian are not evident to a fourteen-year-old boy. To me St. Kieran's was an unruffled Alma Mater.

Outside incidents—and incidents which



NOEL F. MORAN, native of Kilkenny City is Assistant Editor of *Sunday Independent*.

directly affected the College—doubtless may have disturbed the College authorities, but they were temporary distractions, even diversions to youngsters. Their memory passed quickly.

However, I do recall in that adventurous era that the son of a high-ranking officer in the National Army, stationed in Kilkenny (a day scholar, as I was) showed us the Webley revolver which he carried. We looked at it with awe. We regarded its owner as a hero. We changed our minds when he was attacked

some time later by “irregulars” who were searching for firearms. We never saw the revolver again.

What was the role of a day boy in St. Kieran’s in my time? He was—as he probably still is—a sort of liaison officer between the boarder and the outside world of the city and its environs.

He brought first-hand information on the momentous happenings outside the College walls. If he was of the calibre of which heroes are made, he carried out an occasional letter that should have gone through the College censor, thereby risking “six of the best” if the intuition of the Dean read guilt in his eyes and caused him to disclose the contents of his pockets.

He brought in “supplies” of various kinds, in the distribution of which he developed a sort of Sherlock Holmes technique, delivery being made at carefully-planned rendezvous, with split-second timing. Sometimes this was behind the handball alley—a sort of Berlin Wall on which the College authorities might well have kept a powerful binoculars permanently trained. Yet, these were relatively harmless misdemeanours, to which, I suspect, a judiciously blind eye was often turned. It would be wrong to imply, however, that the day boy was a sort of *ex officio* adjunct of the College; that he had some sort of remote external association with it. Indeed, he was an integral part of the College community and of the College life. As I remember it, he dashed home for a brief half-hour break at 12.30 p.m. He was back in college at 1 p.m., resumed class until 3 p.m. and then went off to dinner. As like as not, he was back again with his hurley or his football boots at 4 p.m. on the College playing fields. Study commenced at 5 p.m. and ended for the day boy at 8 p.m. But he had at least another solid hour’s work to do when he went home. His whole interest—as it should be—was centred in the College. He got brief glimpses of outside life while in transit.

The President of St. Kieran’s when I entered it was the late Canon Aylward. He knew me quite well. I had served his Mass many a time in St. Mary’s Cathedral when, if I remember rightly, he was bishop’s secretary.

He never failed to produce a bright shilling on a Saturday morning.

Canon Aylward was a gentle, preoccupied man of whom we saw little. To us he seemed to hover in the background. But only in later life did we come to appreciate the difficult economic and educational problems with which he had to grapple. Only once did I see him aroused to righteous indignation. One of the boarders, in impish mood, attached a label to his egg in the refectory. It said: “This egg is rotten”. Whether the culprit confessed to his prank or was found out I do not know. But, at all events, the President appeared in the study hall that evening, equipped with his cane, called the miscreant forward and delivered the ceremonial punishment—“six of the best”—each stroke being punctuated with the vehement assertion: “The egg was *not* rotten”.

This “ceremonial punishment” was quite an awesome moment. I recall it vividly. The Lord High Executioner was the Dean of Studies, as a rule. He appeared in the study hall at unpredictable moments and stalked among the silently-working scholars, casting an eagle eye on the material on their desk tops.

Generally speaking, all was well. But occasionally some youth was caught with a *Buffalo Bill* (the most popular literature with boys in that era) concealed beneath his exercise book. Doubtless he had been reading it in preference to *Virgil*. Grimly the Dean strode from the study. We all knew what was about to happen. We waited with bated breath in mesmeric silence. Shortly the Dean returned with the instrument of punishment and in the eerie hush called: “John —, come out here”. The chilled audience of one hundred or so watched with a sort of dreadful fascination as the hapless one went forward. You could hear a pin drop as the cane whistled through the air.

Yet, I believe that nothing less than this drastic deterrent (which had to be employed only on rare occasions, as proof of its efficacy) would have prevented the more adventurous of us from “taking a chance” now and then.

The second President in my time was the late Bishop of Ossory, Most Rev. Dr. Collier, who succeeded Canon Aylward in 1925. He

had a commanding dignity and, when the occasion demanded it, a cold, penetrating look that induced immediate obedience and made one wobble at the knees. He rarely had to resort to physical punishment.

Remembrance waking with all her busy train now brings to mind why we day boys were such excellent sprinters. From the College gate in New Street to the arched entrance to the lay department was approximately one hundred and fifty yards. I am sure most of us could cover the distance in twenty seconds or less. We were "in training", so to speak. The reason? The bell summoning us to study rang at 4.55 p.m. A second bell rang at exactly 5 p.m. These were deadly accurate timings. I often saw the boarder, whose turn it was to ring the bell, watching the second-hand of his time-piece. No discrepancy between the College clocks and those of the city was considered. Boys are not by nature punctual—nor, for that matter, are many of us adults. It sometimes happened that as one sauntered up New Street the College bell startlingly broke one's reverie. The strolling student was immediately turned into a hurtling missile, frenziedly attempting to cover the distance to his desk in the study hall before the second bell "cooked his goose". It cooked mine in memorable fashion one evening.

As I turned in the College gate I heard what I presumed to be the first bell sending forth its warning note. Glancing at my watch, I discovered to my horror that it was the *second* bell. I shot forward as out of a catapult, dashed up the drive, through the archway and up the stairs, arriving breathlessly at the study hall doors. They were closed and—calamity of calamities—standing beside them was the imposing figure of Dr. Collier! Looking back on this perilous situation now—as a small boy would have regarded it—I think of Goldsmith's village schoolmaster and the "boding tremblers" who "learned to trace the day's disaster in his morning face".

"Mr. Moran", said the President, in tones that froze the marrow in my bones, "You're late. What excuse have you to offer?"

"Father", I stammered, "I think the College clock is fast in comparison with the town clocks".

The President glared at me unbelievably,

almost as if I had uttered some dreadful heresy.

"My, my, Mr. Moran", he rapped out, "you are a genius at inventing excuses. Tell me, Mr. Moran: Are you a student of the town or a student of the college?"

"I am a student of the College, Father", I replied.

"Well, then, Mr. Moran", retorted the President, "you must keep the time of the College".

I was never late again.

In after years, as a reporter on the *Kilkenny People*, I had the privilege of covering almost all the functions at which Dr. Collier, as Bishop of Ossory, officiated. Behind the austere facade and natural reserve there was a heart of gold. He could be kindly and gracious. He was a great Churchman.

One of the lay professors of my time who earned my greatest admiration was the late Peter Byrne. He had a leonine head of massive white hair. He taught us Greek and he could have been a sculpture of a Greek philosopher. We felt he had the wisdom of Socrates. Profundities flowed musically from his lips. He had a deep bass voice with the tonal qualities of an organ. Indeed, he was a very fine singer. Peter taught us Greek, he said, "because it broadened the outlook, expanded the intellect and deepened the understanding".

He was as brilliant a raconteur as he was a scholar. His classes were fascinating. He told us stories of ancient Greece, about the countries in which he had travelled and the people he had met. His knowledge on a wide variety of subjects was encyclopaedic. His witticisms were subtle and at times sardonic.

Once, during his class, I happened to look out through the classroom door at a rather pretty girl who was doing some cleaning in the "glass-hall".

"Don't mind her, Moran", said Peter. "You are too young for that yet".

On occasion I have seen his anecdotes continue until the bell sounded for the next class. Then he would say: "Oh, dear, there's the bell. Moran, will you begin the translation".

Yet, for all these diversions, he was as fine a teacher as I have met. His discipline was unquestioned and you never would dare to take any liberties with him.

I remember the pained expression on his face when one of the day boys told him he had enjoyed *The Mikadoo* at Kilkenny Theatre.

No recollection of my time in St. Kieran's would be complete without some reference to the most colourful figure on the lay professorial staff. He was our Irish teacher, Con Moynihan (or Conchubhair Ó Muineacháin, as he was called). We boys knew him as "the Gurk", though how he earned the sobriquet I never found out. He is long since dead.

He was a short, stout man with a bristling moustache and a bucolic temperament. He was easily aroused to explosive anger and, I am afraid, at times we took full advantage of his weakness, indulging in *sotto voce* comments that drove him to a frenzy and us to uncontrollable mirth. Inevitably, the irate Irish teacher would pick on one of the principal culprits and say: "Boy, go up to the Dean of Studies", which meant a few richly-deserved strokes of the cane. Now, the Dean's room could be reached by a stairway at either end of the glass-hall, on to which the classhall opened. The customary practice was to go out, up one stairway, along the corridor where the Dean's room was situated, sneak past his door as quietly as possible, and down the other stairway. You then appeared back in the classroom blowing your hands and making grimaces of pain which completely satisfied the unsuspecting teacher that justice had been done. I don't believe he ever discovered the truth.

One final story about Con Moynihan: he had a habit of rushing into the classroom and up to the blackboard, shouting "Cailc, cailc", at the same time bending his stocky frame abruptly to pick up the duster which invariably lay on the lower rung of the blackboard easel.

One unhappy morning he raced in and made his customary dive for the duster, but one of my mischievous contemporaries had tied it securely to the easel frame.

Not realising what was wrong, Mr. Moynihan, still in a bending posture, tugged with all his might. There was a sudden rending of his nether garment and he had to retire in disorder. I cannot recall the sequel.

Conchubhair Ó Muineacháin was a distinguished Gaelic scholar—one of the fore-

most of his time. In his relaxed moments he was a simple, kindly man who suffered more than he deserved at the hands of the Philistines.

Other names come readily to mind, some a trifle sadly because their brief hour upon the stage has ended.

Father Mat Cullen taught us Latin in Prep. with dire threats and a twinkle in his eye. On the very first day he warned us that he had two dozen canes steeping in a bath. We believed him!

One of his sayings—at which we laughed with counterfeited glee—was: "If the sky fell we would catch larks".

He wielded the cane with a scientific precision. He never rose from his rostrum but seemed to have acquired the art of achieving the maximum force with the minimum effort.

Father Martin Kealy, the Bursar, took us over for Christian Doctrine. He was a saintly man who regarded our lack of knowledge more in sorrow than in anger. "I won't punish you, Master —", he would say (he always called us Master; it had a Dickensian touch), "I'll leave it to God to punish you".

Needless to say, the thought of retribution in the distance of eternity did not worry us unduly.

Once I saw another side to this gentle man. I was belabouring a classmate—now a prominent Kilkenny citizen—on the mat outside the study-hall door. It was during recreation hour and we were having a little horseplay. I was on top of him and victory was in sight. Suddenly a blow descended on the back of my head. It felt like a bunch of keys and it stunned me. I saw nobody but, as I recovered, I heard the swish of a soutane and the unmistakable voice of Father Kealy saying—almost in an undertone, as if to himself—"young blackguard, disturbing the peace of the College". When I looked up he was gone.

Of those happily with us, I recall with affection Canon James Ryan. He was a first-class Professor of English. His teaching technique was forthright and lucid. He really understood how to reach the mind of a boy. He taught me to love the classics as nobody else ever did.

He had an outstanding light baritone voice. He still has. I heard him singing at the

reception which followed the consecration of Most Rev. Dr. Birch. It brought back old memories because we sang on the same platform on many occasions during my post-college days in Kilkenny.

The late Joseph Koss taught us music—in so far as we allowed him. An institution in St. Kieran's (he was there long before my time and long after it), he was very much akin in temperament to Con Moynihan, although he was a German.

He was warm-hearted, flamboyant, impatient, easily agitated. With the impish shrewdness of youth, we found the weak points in his armour and pierced them. He bent himself to his task with the unflagging zeal and thoroughness that is characteristic of his race. On one occasion he was rehearsing the choir in the concert hall for the annual concert on the feast of St. Kieran. The sopranos and altos had been coached separately until their tonsils felt like footballs. "Now, we'll try it together", said the maestro. The result was cataclysmic. We altos at the back, in a spontaneous conspiracy, as it were, produced a most horrible cacophony of sound that sent the poor man into a most violent eruption.

I cannot remember how he dealt with us then, but I remember quite well how he dealt with me on another occasion.

Relatively safe, as I thought, in the back row of the choir, I expressed doubts about his mental stability. In fact, I said he was "cracked".

"I heard you", he shouted. "You puppy, I will teach you a lesson".

He seized me by the ear, pulled me along the glass-hall and up the stairs to the Dean's room. I felt I was "for it" and prepared myself for at least four of the best.

The Dean was out! Fate was with me, or so I thought.

"On to the President", said Mr. Koss relentlessly, still leading me by the ear.

We passed the study hall (it is now the concert hall) and down the long corridor to the President's room. I felt like a criminal who is dragged along "the last mile" to the electric chair.

The President also was out! This was an incredible stroke of luck.

Completely frustrated, Mr. Koss deposited me back at the study hall door, muttering dire threats of punishment to come at a later date. During all this time he never let go my ear.

Next day the incident seemed to have passed from his mind.

No recollection of my time at St. Kieran's would be complete without a reference to the College Farm Steward, "Dusty" Flavin. I never knew his proper name.

He wore a hard black hat that looked like the copper dome of a basilica (it was green with age) and leggings. He walked with the loping stride of one who was accustomed to stepping across furrows. The nickname suited him. He had an earthy look about him. He could have been a character from Dickens, or even Shaw. He sometimes reminded me of *Pygmalion's* Doolittle.

When we day boys met him on the College drive—as we often did—we shouted "Dusty" from a safe distance. His sphinx-like countenance never changed. He was still gazing fixedly at distant horizons.

Only once did I see what appeared to be an anguished look on his face. The College orchard had been raided the previous night. He tended it lovingly and this was as great a crime as the Sack of Drogheda.

The sheer joy of a free day is one imperishable memory that I must record. I do not refer to the recognised holidays, such as St. Kieran's Day. They were, in a sense, taken for granted. They had no thrill of uncertainty.

It was the free day "out of the blue", so to speak—the one that came after a hurling victory, for instance—that produced an almost indescribable exhilaration.

The busy whisper circling round at 9 a.m. some morning said that a holiday was in the offing. Some said we would get it; others said we would not.

We sat at our desks in the study hall in a welter of suppressed excitement as the two senior lay boys (one of them was Father Ned Wall in my time) left for the President's study to make the formal request.

What was it to be—the classroom or the playing fields? It could be either.

The minutes ticked by like hours. Then the study-hall doors opened and all eyes focused on them. Not a word was spoken. We just

looked at Father Ned's face and it told us all. He wore a cherubic smile.

A great roar unleashed itself, a mighty Niagara of sound that made the rafters shake and the walls tremble. One hundred lusty pairs of lungs gave vent to an ecstatic joy. Text books were hurled into desks and the tops crashed down. One hundred pairs of legs catapulted one hundred bodies at the study-hall doors. Down the stairs they tumbled in a wild cascade out into the sunlit air.

No freedom I have experienced in adult life ever has had the same priceless value. There were, of course, the odd occasions when the President said "No". Then a mighty sigh, like the sougning of the wind in the tree branches, swept through the study-hall. And the day's work went on.

I often feel that a man needs an intellectual oasis, an inner sanctum to which he can retire

anon and ponder with the Muses. Call it escapism if you will, but which of us does not need it?

I like to think of Banquo shaking his gory locks at Macbeth; to fly with Perseus and his winged sandals; to contemplate Milton's "storied windows richly dight"; to hear again the drowsy hum of Virgil drifting through the sunlit glass-hall of St. Kieran's on a Spring morning—*facilis descensus averno*. . . .

In a sense it may not be a practical mental reaction. But, as Peter Byrne said (and I doubt if we believed him at the time), "it broadens the outlook, expands the intellect and deepens the understanding". One comes back to reality mentally stimulated.

For my part, St. Kieran's helped me to whatever appreciation I may have of the finer things in life. It must have done the same for many boys of many generations.

WELCOME BACK, GUESTS!

ORDINATION SUNDAY 1962

FATHER E. GRACE, St. Patrick's, Kiltegan.
FATHER E. PHILLIPS, Newcastle.
FATHER J. FITZPATRICK, Down.
FATHER E. HORGAN, Columban Missions.
FATHER H. CURNEEN, San Diego.
FATHER D. J. SHEEHAN, Camden.
FATHER P. O'SULLIVAN, St. Augustine.
FATHER M. CONATY, Newcastle.
FATHER T. O'CALLAGHAN, Seattle.
FATHER M. DERMODY, Sacramento.
FATHER P. O'CARROLL, Sacramento.
FATHER D. WALSH, Los Angeles.
FATHER D. C. SHEEHAN, San Diego.
FATHER J. NOLAN, Newcastle.
FATHER P. O'KEEFFE, San Diego.
FATHER S. HAWE, Perth.
FATHER D. LENIHAN, Perth.
FATHER T. HEALY, San Diego.
FATHER E. CONDREN, St. Augustine.

FATHER N. PHELAN, Los Angeles.
FATHER F. BOURKE, Camden.
FATHER N. PHELAN, Newcastle.
FATHER E. O'GORMAN, Lismore.
FATHER P. RAFFERTY, Sacramento.
MR. G. LAMBERT, Dublin.
MR. G. CLIFFORD, Killarney.
MR. M. O'REGAN, Tralee.
MR. W. BLACK, Derry.
MR. J. POWER, New Ross.
MR. M. BOLGER, The Rower.
MR. M. DOYLE, Mooncoin.
MR. P. FREANEY, Inistioge.
MR. P. McENEANEY, Kilkenny.
MR. M. TENNYSON, Hugginstown.
MR. N. DOWLING, Kilkenny.
MR. M. BARRON, Glenmore.
MR. N. MULLINS, Glenmore.



GROUP OF VISITORS WITH AMERICAN REDEMPTORIST, FR. FRED McCLARY
June 1962

Left to Right: REV. PHILIP CARROLL, San Diego; REV. EDWARD PHILLIPS, Hexham and Newcastle; REV. JOSEPH NOLAN, Hexham and Newcastle; REV. DANIEL J. SHEEHAN, Camden; REV. DESMOND WALSH, Rapid City; REV. PATRICK O'KEEFFE, San Diego; REV. NOEL PHELAN, Los Angeles; REV. FRANK BOURKE, Camden; VERY REV. F. McCLARY, C.S.S.R.; REV. DANIEL C. SHEEHAN, San Diego; REV. MICHAEL CONATY, Hexham and Newcastle (hidden); REV. DENIS LENIHAN, Perth; REV. STEPHEN HAWE, Bunbury, Australia.

ORDINATION SUNDAY 1963

FATHER E. GALAVAN, Lismore.	MR. P. NORTON, Gortnahoe.
FATHER T. PRENDERGAST, San Diego.	MR. D. BYRNE, Carlow.
FATHER E. LYNG, San Diego.	MR. B. BYRNE, Carlow.
FATHER E. RENEHAN, Los Angeles.	MR. E. DE LOUGHRY, Kilkenny.
FATHER A. OWENS, Newcastle.	MR. M. McDONALD, Mooncoin.
FATHER E. CONWAY, Dromore.	MR. N. DOWLING, Kilkenny.
FATHER L. LEDDY, Austin.	MR. S. PATTISON, T.D., Kilkenny.
FATHER J. KELLY, Adelaide.	MR. T. F. CROTTY, Kilkenny.
FATHER D. CODY, St. Augustine.	MR. L. REIDY, Kilkenny.
MR. J. LAWLESS, Waterford.	MR. M. DOOLEY, Ballyraggett.
DR. D. HENNESSY, Liverpool.	MR. E. NADDY, Inistioge.
MR. T. MAHER, Kilkenny.	MR. D. LYNG, The Rower.
MR. R. DOWLING, Finglass.	MR. G. HOGAN, Kilkenny.
MR. S. KELLY, Ballingarry.	MR. J. MURPHY, Kilkenny.
MR. W. CAMPION, Urlingford.	MR. R. McEVOY, Killesmeestia.

OBITUARIES

MR. JOSEPH KOSS

St. Kieran's College and St. Mary's Cathedral lost a faithful servant with the death of MR. JOSEPH KOSS.

He was a native of Boedexen, Westphalia, Germany, where he was born in November 1879. From 1908 he was organist in Loughrea Cathedral, and in 1912, when on his way to Waterford to investigate the possibility of being appointed to the cathedral there, turned off at Maynooth to see Father Bewerunge, then professor of Sacred Music. There he learned that Kilkenny was also vacant and his appointment began here his long and fruitful association with the College and the city.

Whilst in Loughrea he met his wife, Nora Cagney, then a young widow, and they were married by Archbishop, then Monsignor, Mannix, uncle of the bride.

In 1917 he went from his house to the Parade, Kilkenny to hear Mr. Eamonn de Valera speak from a window of the old Victoria Hotel, and the next morning was arrested by a posse of the Royal Irish Constabulary and lodged in an internment camp, first at Oldcastle, Co. Meath and then on the Isle of Man. The warrant described him as an "associate of Sinn Fein". After the War he was removed to Germany, but with the erection of the Provisional Government in 1922, was restored to Kilkenny and his family at the request of Bishop Brownrigg. In 1939, on the outbreak of the second World War, he became an Irish citizen.

A musician of great versatility and a teacher of great perseverance, he required the very highest standards from his students and became a legend not merely with them but with all who were associated with him. Indicative of his thoroughness is the story, no doubt apocryphal, of how, in preparation for his journey to Ireland he learned sufficient Irish to address an astounded railway porter

at Rosslare Harbour. The result is recorded variously garnished.

He was buried, very fittingly, on the feast



MR. KOSS with late BISHOP COLLIER

of the patron saint of the city, St. Canice, beside his loved wife, in St. Kieran's Cemetery after a Solemn Mass chanted for him by the students of the College and by many of his past pupils.

C.J.S.

DR. WILLIAM PHELAN

DR. WILLIAM PHELAN, medical attendant to St. Kieran's College, died at Aut Even Hospital in June 1963. He served the College for thirty-eight years; I do not think anyone had equalled this for length of service in the history of the College. A native of Cashel, he qualified as a doctor in University College, Dublin in 1920. In 1922 he was appointed resident medical officer at the old Central Hospital, Kilkenny. In 1925 he was appointed to look after the welfare of students of St. Kieran's College, succeeding old Dr. Whyte.



He was recognised as one of the foremost surgeons in the country, and was widely esteemed for his selfless dedication to his profession. This dedication to duty was probably the most striking feature of his work in St. Kieran's. Week by week, year in, year out, he turned up for duty in the College. All the time his quiet and pleasant manner never seemed to desert him. It is almost certainly due to his assiduous care in almost forty years attending to the welfare of the

students that the College rarely suffered from the epidemics so common in many colleges.

Dr. Phelan allowed himself little time for recreation or other pursuits. For many years he was a member of the Knights of Malta, from which he resigned in 1957. He was a founder member of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society and remained always keenly interested in its activities. He rather regretted, I think, that his various duties prevented him from taking a more active part in the Society. Following the death of John O'Leary of Graiguenamanagh, he was elected President of the Society. His death is a great loss to St. Kieran's College and to the Kilkenny Archaeological Society.

T.J.C.

VENERABLE ARCHDEACON P. COMERFORD, P.P., V.F.

THE death took place on 15th February 1964 of VENERABLE ARCHDEACON P. COMERFORD, P.P., Piltown, at the great age of ninety-one. Born at Gortnahoe, Co. Tipperary, he received his early education at the local national school and in St. Kieran's, where he was ordained in 1900. He served as curate variously in Callan, Castlecomer, Castletown, Conahy, Kilmacow and Ballyragget, before being appointed parish priest of Clara in 1928. He was appointed canon in 1939. In 1942 he became parish priest of Piltown, being elevated to archdeacon in 1955.

In the span of twenty-two years in Piltown, Archdeacon Comerford was a wise counsellor and kindly father to his flock. He was instrumental in the erection of three new schools in the parish, at Piltown, Toberna-brone and Whitechurch. He also had installed a new baptistery in the parish church. His interest in parish affairs was shown by his association with the Iverk Show Committee, the local Muintir na Tire Guild and G.A.A. Club.

Archdeacon Comerford was a generous benefactor of St. Kieran's College. May God have mercy on his kind and gentle soul.

VERY REV. COLUMB KENNEDY, P.P.

ON 10th June 1962 the death occurred, at the age of eighty-six, of VERY REV. COLUMB KENNEDY, P.P., Mullinavat. A native of Adamstown, Tullaroan, Father Kennedy was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1902. His early years in the priesthood were spent in the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle. On his recall to Ossory, he served in Camross, Castletown, Castlecomer, and later in Kilmacow until his appointment as pastor of Mullinavat in 1943.

During his nineteen years as parish priest, his deep interest in the welfare of his people, and in particular the children, found expression in the building of two splendid new schools, and by renovations and improvements carried out in both churches in the parish. A wise counsellor, he was outspoken when occasion demanded, yet charitable in word; while his practical charity reached far beyond the confines of the parish which he governed so faithfully.

As befitted a Tullaroan man, he took a keen interest in hurling, and was a familiar figure at matches wherever Kilkenny were playing.

He celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of his ordination a month before he died, and discharged his parochial duties up to the very end. He heard Confessions in the parish church on his last evening on earth, and on the next day, Sunday, he took ill and was unable to celebrate Mass. The tolling of the church bell soon after midday told the people that he had gone to his heavenly reward.

VERY REV. PHILIP HALLY, P.P.

AFTER a very brief illness, the death took place in Dun Laoghaire on 29th July 1962 of VERY REV. PHILIP HALLY, P.P., Gowran. Born in Ballywalter, Callan in 1896, Father Hally was educated in St. Kieran's and later in Maynooth, where he was ordained in 1921. He ministered for ten years in the archdiocese of Liverpool, and on his recall to Ossory was appointed curate in Mooncoin

and afterwards in Ferrybank, where he served for twenty years, before being transferred to Owing in 1953. On the death of Canon Hunt in 1959 he became parish priest of Gowran. He witnessed the solemn opening of the new church at Dungarvan, a lasting monument to the zeal of his predecessor. In his short tenure in Gowran, Father Hally was no less assiduous, being responsible for the erection of two new schools and a parochial hall. He won the deep affection of the people of Gowran by his pleasant and kindly manner, and by the way he guided the spiritual and temporal welfare of his flock. The large attendance of clergy and laity at the arrival of his remains from Dun Laoghaire was ample testimony of the esteem in which he was held by all.

VERY REV. JOHN CANON RICE, P.P.

THE death occurred on 22nd February 1964 of VERY REV. JOHN CANON RICE, P.P., Inistioge, who was a member of a family with honourable association with the national movement, and a kinsman of Edmond Ignatius Rice, founder of the Irish Christian Brothers. Father Rice was born in Outrath, Kilkenny and received his education in St. Kieran's and Maynooth, where he was ordained in 1910. His first ministry was in Sunderland, in the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle. On returning to Ossory he served as curate in St. John's and Thomastown. He became administrator of St. Mary's Cathedral and was subsequently appointed parish priest of Cuffesgrange. In 1948, he was transferred to Inistioge parish, and was made a canon of the Diocesan Chapter in 1961.

Canon Rice was blessed with a retentive memory, and could summon up his schoolboy days in the College, and his early years in Hexham and Newcastle with a clarity and unerringness that were the envy of men half his years. He was an eloquent preacher, an outstanding pastor whose deep love for his flock was reflected in the attention he devoted to their spiritual and temporal progress. A good and holy priest, he was in turn the recipient of their unstinted love.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR LAURENCE FORRISTAL

MONSIGNOR FORRISTAL was born on 19th December 1894 in Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny. He received his early education at the local schools. Higher studies were made at St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, the National University of Ireland, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth and the Biblical Institute, Rome.

Joining the Chinese Mission Society while still a student, he was ordained on 2nd February 1920, at St. Columban's College, Galway, and was professor of Scripture at the college for several years after his ordination.



Failing health obliged him to sever connections with the Chinese Mission Society and to come to California in 1925. Terms as assistant pastor were served in St. Monica's, Santa Monica, and St. George's, Ontario. He was appointed pastor of St. Mary's, Escondido, in 1928 and of Sacred Heart, Redlands, in 1930, where he served until his appointments in July 1937, as first chancellor of the new diocese of San Diego and pastor of St. Agnes's parish.

Monsignor Forristal went home to Ireland for a holiday in May 1962, and the onset of ill-health prevented his return to America. His death took place at Jerpoint Church, Thomastown on 24th September 1963.

A linguist, Monsignor Forristal knew Spanish, Portuguese, French, Italian, Gaelic, and English. He was a contributor to several periodicals in the United States and in Europe, including the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* and *The Furrow* of Maynooth. He also authored a Spanish catechism.

The great absorbing work of his priesthood in the latter years of his life was his keen interest in the lay apostolate as exemplified in the Legion of Mary. No effort was too great no difficulty too insurmountable in his strong desire to help establish praesidia and his great zeal took him south of the border to Jiajuana and Ensenada where his linguistic ability helped him to form real apostles for the Legion of Mary. His last labour of love for Our Lady was the translation of the Legion Handbook into Portuguese. This work he undertook at the request of Frank Duff, founder of the Legion of Mary. His work for the Blessed Mother was complete.

For him we pray the great glory of the vision beatific that St. Augustine spoke of so long ago and so beautifully, "Then we shall rest and resting we shall see and seeing we shall love and loving we shall praise until the end that knows no end".

May his soul rest in peace.

VERY REV. MICHAEL CANON DREA, P.P.

"EACH must perform his own task well; giving alms with generosity, exercising authority with anxious care, or doing works of mercy smilingly". (*Rom.* 12:8).

In his quiet, orderly life MICHAEL CANON DREA exemplified that counsel of St. Paul. Kindly, punctual, systematic, his life was arranged to respond to the needs of his parishioners, and to attend to their welfare. In leisure hours, he took keen interest in a game of cards, or a hurling match, particularly when his own native Bennettsbridge was engaged. Most of all, he enjoyed an afternoon's stroll in the quiet countryside roads.

Canon Drea was born in Blackwell, Bennettsbridge, and educated in St. Kieran's and Maynooth, where he was ordained in 1911. His first appointment was in the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle. On his return to Ossory, he was stationed in St. Canice's and in Moonenroe, before becoming administrator of St. Patrick's parish. He was appointed parish priest of Mooncoin in 1944, and became a canon in 1960. His death took place unexpectedly on St. Stephen's Day 1962, while he was paying a visit to the local Presentation convent.

REV. DANIEL COLLIER, O.M.I.

A GENERATION of students of St. Kieran's will remember with affection and gratitude FATHER DANIEL COLLIER, O.M.I. who gave so many retreats in the College, and whose death occurred on 10th September 1963. Father Collier, a brother of our late bishop, was born at Rosnacreea, Camross and entered the Oblate novitiate, Blackrock in 1908. In 1909 he was professed and subsequently studied in Liege where he was ordained in July 1914. On his return to the Irish province, he was appointed to the teaching staff of Belcamp College, Raheny. He became associated with the national movement and was one of those who stood beside Pearse in Glasnevin Cemetery during his famous oration over the grave of O Donovan Rossa.

Father Collier was later transferred to the staff of Daingean Reformatory. He spent a short period in Leith, Scotland and even there continued to promote the cause of Irish Republicanism. In 1922 he returned to Ireland and was appointed bursar at Belcamp College. In addition he taught at the College and worked on foreign mission propaganda.

He developed a love of the Irish language at an early age. His fluency in speaking and writing the language was attributed to the fact that he spent holidays among native speakers on the Aran Islands. His most noted publication *Irish Without Worry For Everyone*, has already gone into five editions.

Another well-known work is the Irish *Sceal an Aifrinn*, published in 1948. He has also compiled an Irish Grammar with English notes. A keen linguist, Father Collier was proficient in German and French.

He was also an enthusiastic photographer, and a founder member of the National Film Institute.

During 1934 to 1940 Father Collier was supervisor at Inchicore and was instrumental in building Scoil Mhuire and Arus Mhuire. Up to the time of his death, he maintained a magnetic attraction for children and youths. Even in the last few months of his life, a number of boys in his area came to him for tuition in Gaelic and Latin.

VERY REV. THOMAS DREA, P.P.

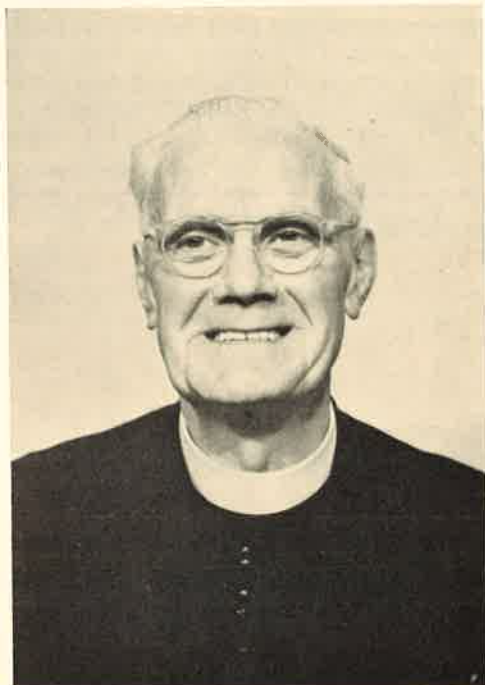
THE death occurred on 28th March 1964—Holy Saturday—of VERY REV. THOMAS DREA, P.P., Lisdowney, who had been in failing health for some time. A native of Blackwell, Bennettsbridge, he was educated in St. Kieran's College and Maynooth, where he was ordained in 1914. The early part of Father Drea's career was spent in the Mission House in Enniscorthy, from which he gave missions in this country and in England. In 1932 he was appointed chaplain of the De la Salle College, Castletown, Laois. He served as curate in Ballyousskill and in Galmoy before being appointed parish priest of Cuffesgrange. He was transferred to Lisdowney as parish priest some fourteen years ago.

Father Drea's life was governed by a single-minded devotion to his priestly work, and by a rarely equalled guilelessness of speech and thought. His loyalties were compassed by the confines of the parish he had charge of; his interest was always in terms of the parish, and his concern was ever for the welfare of his flock.

"Do not forget those who have had charge of you, and preached God's word to you; contemplate the happy issue of the life they lived, and imitate their faith".
—(Hebrews 13:7).

**RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR
BRIAN SCOTT, P.P., V.F.**

THE St. Kieran's priests in Australia were saddened to lose the doyen among their members, MONSIGNOR BRIAN SCOTT, P.P., Bangalow, New South Wales, who died on 9th August 1962. Born at Inchourourke, Urlingford in 1885, Monsignor Scott was educated at Mount Melleray and Mount St. Joseph's,



Roscrea. He entered St. Kieran's College in 1908 and was ordained in 1914 for the home diocese. He was loaned to the diocese of Lismore and spent ten years in Australia. Recalled to Ossory in 1925, he spent one year as Diocesan Inspector, and then returned permanently to Australia with the late Father Charles Cullen.

Father Scott, who was parish priest of Bangalow for forty-five years, was appointed archdeacon of the diocese and Vicar Forane in 1934. In recognition of his services, Pope Pius XII created him domestic prelate with the title of Monsignor in 1945. A long life under the Southern Cross did not dim Monsignor Scott's affectionate memory of

St. Kieran's, and in recognition of this loyalty three St. Kieran's priests travelled 500 miles from the diocese of Maitland to his obsequies.

In his panegyric Bishop Farrelly referred to the occasion as "one of sadness, shot through with joy". He alluded to the note of triumph in the Mass, a fitting note for Monsignor Scott, who was, like Moses, a man of God. "How proud he is today", continued His Lordship, "to find his spiritual children loyal to the faith and massed at the altar rails this morning. Monsignor Scott was the real embodiment of the Good Shepherd; he spent his whole life knocking on doors, and his influence for good extended right through the diocese of Lismore".

**RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR
JOHN DUNPHY, P.P.**

To have gained the title of "the King" suggests a very colourful personality, and such was MONSIGNOR JOHN DUNPHY, parish priest of Ascension, Minneapolis, who was known by that name among Minneapolitans. Born in Kilmacow in 1874, Father Dunphy was educated in Kilmacow Preparatory College, Mount Sion, Waterford and St. Kieran's College. He responded to the call of Archbishop John Ireland of St. Paul's for priests, and went to Minneapolis, where he completed his studies in St. Thomas's seminary and was ordained in 1904. For twenty years he remained in St. Thomas's as prefect of discipline, dean of studies, director of athletics and vice-rector.

As a youth he had played hurling, football and cricket, and when he went to America added boxing to these accomplishments. Thomas Gibbons, a famous pugilist, credited Father Dunphy with starting him on a boxing career that led to a title fight with Jack Dempsey, which the priest attended. Father Dunphy described his task in St. Thomas's College as "making boys into men", and he was a stern, but just and well-loved disciplinarian.

In 1921 he became pastor of St. Mary's

parish, St. Paul and completed the building of a church and school before moving to Ascension parish in 1925. This he developed into a thriving, prosperous parish among a working-class population. Aided by an industrious corps of assistant priests he created a community centre which produced athletic champions in many fields. He was a community leader whose voice was heard loudly and clearly in the city hall when the rights of his people were threatened or whenever civic improvements were wanting. His greatest role was, perhaps, that of educator. He built a school in Ascension which had the latest in communications systems, a modern library, a cafeteria, nurses' room and well-supplied kindergarten. The latter, built at his insistence, was the apple of his eye, and was visited almost daily.

Parish celebrations were held in honour of both the fiftieth and sixtieth anniversaries of his ordination, and on the former occasion, in 1950, his parishioners presented him with a trip to his native Kilmacow. This venerable priest died on 11th November 1963 and was buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, Minneapolis.

**VERY REV. JOSEPH CANON GUINAN,
P.P.**

ON 22nd April 1964, VERY REV. JOSEPH CANON GUINAN died at the ripe age of eighty-five. He began his priestly career on temporary mission in Scotland in 1904, and spent the last twenty-nine years of it as parish priest of Galmoy.

Canon Guinan usually ended a discussion of one of his cherished dreams with the remark: "But I'll be gone before that". He usually wasn't. And for two very good reasons. First, in spite of delicate health, the discipline of an austere life equipped him with amazing powers of resilience. Secondly, his dreams were always very practical dreams concerning his beloved Galmoy, and he spared no effort to see them fulfilled.

Of course, to brand him a dreamer would be a grave mistake, for he was nothing if not a realist. Indeed his candour could be disconcerting. Very few people can afford to be utterly candid; Canon Guinan could afford it because all his thoughts were kind thoughts. This, however, did not prevent him from uttering some brilliantly succinct descriptions of people, high and low!

He was a realist in all things except one. Bless his soul, he really believed that the people of Galmoy were the friendliest, kindest, altogether most wonderful people on this earth. The thought was twenty-nine years' happiness to him. To see him survey the rolling acres from his citadel seated on the hill of Erke was to know that he saw a little bit of heaven. He will be happy with even a little bit of the more enduring heaven, for he was always easily pleased.

J.D.

MONSIGNOR PATRICK J. KENNY

MONSIGNOR KENNY was born 29th September 1905 in the parish of Cullohill, Co. Leix. We might say here, that no parish has produced a greater harvest of vocations than this parish of Cullohill. Practically every family there has given to the Church a religious vocation. Priests and religious from Cullohill are to be found in the mission fields of the world.

It was in the local school of this veritable nursery of vocations that Monsignor Kenny received his early education. Completing his secondary education at St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, he entered the seminary there to continue his studies for the priesthood. He was ordained on 11th June 1933 for the archdiocese of Los Angeles and San Diego.

His whole priestly life was spent in three parishes. He served for four years as assistant at St. Francis de Sales, Riverside, under two pastors who had a great influence on his life—Monsignor Maurice Dee and Monsignor Peter Lynch.

He received his first appointment as pastor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Indio, in 1938 from the first Bishop of San Diego, the Most Reverend Charles Francis Buddy, D.D. The last twenty years of his priestly life were spent in St. Rose of Lima, Chula Vista, where his priestly administrations won for him the love and admiration of his devoted flock.

Monsignor Kenny was always a true priest and a perfect gentleman. One might say that he was the very essence of kindness, patience, charity and hospitality. We who have known him and loved him will miss him greatly. We will miss the genuine warmth of his hospitality, the sparkle of his humour and his ever understanding heart.

May his gentle soul rest in peace.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR PHILIP RYAN

It is not easy for those who knew him well to realise that "Phil" Ryan has gone from among the living, and it is a sorrowful task to write about him in the past tense. He was one of those persons who are so vital, so much part of the living scene that it takes a "memory-card" in a breviary to bring home to one the sober truth. Perhaps it was his zest for life that hastened his death. Despite major heart surgery in 1961, he defied every effort of his friends to make him take things easy, and though the years seemed to have fallen away from him during his Irish holiday and his trip to Rome in 1963, one could not escape the feeling that all was not well.

The enthusiasm which was so obvious in his off-duty hours equally characterised his work as a priest. There was always some project to be tackled, and although he had built a very beautiful church and schools in San Leandro, he was still planning at the time of his death. He had a natural facility for making friends, which, because it was natural and unstudied, made it a work of love to share with him in the multitude of parish activities in San Leandro. Great was the joy and satisfaction in his parish and in presbyteries throughout the length and

breadth of California when the Holy See officially commended his life's work by elevating him to the rank of Monsignor in 1963.

The worth of a priest is often best assessed by his juniors in the ministry, for they seem to know instinctively when "the strings are false". This most rigorous of tests was passed by Monsignor Ryan with flying colours. The



younger clergy loved him, for he could be young with them and yet remain the father figure to whom they could resort when the going got tough. They crowded around him at parties, they invaded his house at the oddest hours; stray clerics, making the holiday trek from as far as New Zealand and Australia, stopped off at "Phil's" as a matter of course. Apparently the word had got around!

A notable feature of his character was his intense love for St. Kieran's College. How often when the clock was turned back, and the talk centered on days past and gone, he was heard to say: "Lads, I never had a bad

day in Kieran's", and it was clear to one and all that he meant every word of it. Indeed the surest way to incur his displeasure was to say a hard word against his Alma Mater. For his native country he had the same deep love, but for that little village of Cullohill in Laois he reserved his adoration. It was his pride to count off on his fingers the number of priests, brothers and nuns which in his lifetime alone were given to the Church from that small corner of the motherland.

It was in that quiet countryside that he was born in 1899. In 1923 he was ordained in St. Kieran's College and offered himself for service in the archdiocese of San Francisco. After various appointments as assistant, he served as pastor in the parishes of St. James and St. Edward's in the city, then at St. John the Baptist in Oakley, St. John the Baptist, San Lorenzo; St. John's parish Napa, and finally in St. Leander's Oakland. It was in San Leandro district that he did his finest work. This fast developing community very badly needed new schools and a new church. Within a few short years they had them both. These edifices will remain as a fitting monument to his zeal and to his good taste.

The end came for him just, I think, as he would have wished it to come, for he died in harness while addressing a parish meeting in the Sequoia Country Club at 9.35 p.m. on 7th November 1963. The funeral service was conducted by Bishop Sweeney of Honolulu, and Mass was sung by his lifelong friend, Father Pat Dermody. Forty monsignori, 300 priests and many nuns stood at the graveside when they laid him to rest. One small detail, culled from a newspaper report, is a poignant reminder to the present writer of the gentleness and consideration for others that were his. Finding himself unable to continue his address, he whispered the words "I'm sorry" to the audience by way of apology—they were his last. He hated to inconvenience others, just as much as he loved to help them. He will be long remembered, and with the deepest affection, by all who were privileged to be his friends. May the Lord have mercy on his noble soul.

G.L.

IN MEMORIAM

P.R.

A falling star
That streaks across the heavens
Leaves in its wake
A trailing shower of brightness.

A valiant soul
Who answers to the name of
Christian,
Bestowed at last
Where titles are eternal,

Must leave behind
With those who cannot join him
A retrospect
Of all his wealth of kindness

And high ideals
Upheld amid life's trials—
A legacy
Resembling benediction.

'Tis joy to know
Love has no mortal boundaries,
But lingers on,
Sure of the great reunion.

VERY REV. MICHAEL FITZGERALD, P.P.

ON the feast of the Guardian Angels, 2nd October 1962, the diocese of Bunbury, Western Australia suffered a severe loss in the sudden, untimely death of Father Michael Fitzgerald, parish priest of Lake Grace. Father Fitzgerald was born in Kilmacow in 1922, and educated at St. Kieran's College, where he was ordained for the archdiocese of Perth in 1947. Arriving in Perth in 1948 he assisted at St. Mary's Cathedral, Kalgoorlie and Highgate.

In March 1957 the parish of Lake Grace was created, an area of 20,000 square miles of scattered farmlands, with long stretches

of lonely roads through empty sandplains between the centres. Here Father Fitzgerald was welcomed as the first parish priest, and his memory will long be revered. His warmth, humour, generosity and deep faith were apparent from the first, and he soon became the centre of each family circle under his care, at the same time drawing all together, as a true branch of the Vine. He was unassuming, approachable and kind. In spite of the strenuous weekends in which he travelled from 30 to 100 miles between centres to say three Masses every Sunday, Father was ever willing to oblige his demanding parishioners—to attend Johnny's birthday party, to help in tailing some late lambs, to give a quiet talk to a stumbling convert. His sermons in their simplicity and sincerity were readily absorbed, giving personal application to Our Lord's teachings, and reality to God's love for us. The children had a special regard for him too, and greatly benefitted from his work in their instruction and preparation for the sacraments.

During the priests' annual retreat, Father Fitzgerald was stricken suddenly with a heart condition. At first gravely ill, he later recovered sufficiently to be planning his convalescence, but to the great shock of his many friends, death came swiftly. The funeral took place in Bunbury after Solemn Requiem Mass celebrated by Right Rev. Monsignor Charles Cunningham, assisted by Fathers Kenny and MacSweeney.

Many messages of condolence were received from friends, including the Shire of Lake Grace, the Anglican and Methodist communities, for Father Fitzgerald was loved by all who knew him, regardless of denomination. To all he has left a wonderful example, greater zeal, a deeper knowledge and more intimate love of God, very happy memories, and true gratitude that God has granted them the friendship of such a Mirror of Christ.

"A man approved, a worker that cannot be ashamed, rightly handling the word of truth".
(2 Timothy 11:15.)

(This obituary was written by one of Father Fitzgerald's converts in Lake Grace, Australia—Editor.)

VERY REV. JAMES PHELAN, P.P.

By the death of FATHER JAMES PHELAN, Hexham and Newcastle has lost one of its best-loved priests. Father James, as he was familiarly known, was a man of cheerful, patient, and generous disposition—qualities which endeared him to his fellow priests.

A native of Bawnreigh Windgap, he entered St. Kieran's College in September 1919 and was ordained on 8th June 1930, for the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle.

He served as a curate at Brooms (1930-32), St. Joseph's, Sunderland (1932-34), Ushaw Moor (1934-35), St. Joseph's, Gateshead (1935-39), St. Augustine's, Darlington (1939-49). He became parish priest of the Sacred Heart, North Gosforth in 1949 and remained there until his death.

Though in failing health for most of his time as parish priest he carried out all his parish duties till 1960 when he had a serious operation. In 1962 he went to recuperate in his native Windgap. This seemed to give him a new lease of life but in less than a month after his return to North Gosforth he collapsed and died on 8th September 1963.

On the following Saturday morning a Solemn Requiem Mass was offered for him in Windgap parish church. Many of his fellow priests from Hexham and a number of Ossory priests with His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Birch were present to pay their final tribute to a good priest when he was laid to rest with his own friends in the cemetery adjoining Windgap church.

May he rest in peace.

VERY REV. DANIEL KEANE, P.P.

THE death took place on 23rd April 1962 of FATHER DANIEL KEANE, P.P., Ryton-on-Tyne, Co. Durham. A native of Duagh, Co. Kerry, he was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1929. After serving as curate in several parishes in the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, he was appointed parish priest of Alnwick in 1949. From 1955 until his death, he was parish priest of Ryton-on-Tyne.

Father Keane had a warm appreciation of the courage, kindness, openness of manner and frankness of speech characteristic of a mining community. To be poor in spirit, little endowed by nature or fortune, was a sure passport to his friendship and compassion. He was always a man of vivid faith, verifying in himself that which was said of his people, that for them, heaven is but the other side of the hill.

VERY REV. PATRICK O'CARROLL, P.P., Pambula, Sydney; native of Broadmore, Callan, educated St. Kieran's, ordained Irish College, Rome 1926, died May 1962.

VERY REV. MICHAEL DEMPSEY, P.P., Naracoote, South Australia, native of Castlebanny, Ballyhale, ordained in St. Kieran's 1934, died June 1963.

REV. THOMAS CORCORAN, native of Cloneen, Mooncoin, educated in St. Kieran's, ordained Maynooth 1904, served in Leeds diocese for many years; died August 1963.

**VERY REV.
CHARLES CANON MATTHEWS, P.P.**

THE death took place on 6th November 1963 of VERY REV. CHARLES CANON MATTHEWS, P.P., V.F., Swanlinbar, Co. Cavan. He was educated in St. Patrick's College, Cavan and studied for the priesthood in Rome. Ill-health forced his return to Ireland and he continued his studies in St. Kieran's College, where he was ordained in 1924. He became pastor of Swanlinbar in 1959, and in his short term there endeared himself to his flock by his outstanding piety and his willingness to work in the interests of the parish. It was well known among his parishioners that he observed three Holy Hours daily.

VERY REV. DANIEL BRISLANE, P.P., Bromyard, Herefordshire; native of Co. Tipperary, educated in St. Kieran's and Maynooth Colleges, died October 1963. Father Brislane achieved fame by building a church and presbytery from the proceeds of the sale of waste paper, and milk bottle tops, which came to him in parcels from all over the world.

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE



1939 — SILVER JUBILEE — 1964

Front Row: REV. JOHN KEARNS, Leeds; REV. JOHN BRENNAN, Ossory; REV. ANDREW WALSH, Ossory; VERY REV. J. CANON RYAN, President; MOST REV. DR. COLLIER, R.I.P.; REV. P. DUNPHY, Senior Dean, R.I.P.; REV. GARRETT PHELAN, Ossory; REV. JOHN LOUGHRY, Ossory; REV. FRANCIS GREENE, Ossory.

Second Row: REV. P. O'FARRELL (Prof.), R.I.P.; REV. CANICE GORMLEY, Auckland; REV. JOHN GILLEN, Glasgow; REV. MICHAEL PHELAN, Ossory; REV. THOMAS DONOHOE, Kildare and Leighlin; REV. BARTHOLOMEW SCOTT, Baker City; REV. EDWARD BURKE, Auckland; REV. JEREMIAH O'SULLIVAN, Auckland; REV. RICHARD LOWRY, Junior Dean.

Third Row: REV. JOSEPH DUNPHY (Prof.); REV. ARTHUR LENIHAN, Auckland; REV. LOUGHLIN CAMPION, Ossory, R.I.P.; REV. JOSEPH TROY, Portsmouth; REV. PATRICK GAIRE, Baker City; REV. WILLIAM McALLISTER, Rockhampton; REV. ANTHONY SHANNON, Bathurst.

Last Row: REV. M. O'CARROLL (Prof.); REV. E. WALL (Prof.); REV. BARTHOLOMEW MCCARTHY, Boise; REV. MATTHEW FARRELLY, Leeds, R.I.P.; REV. THOMAS MARNELL, Ossory; REV. JOHN O'BRIEN, Baker City; REV. CORNELIUS MULVIHILL, Boise.

Absent: REV. PATRICK RYAN, Clifton; REV. PIERCE GRACE, St. Andrew's and Edinburgh.

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

REV. EDWARD LEAHY, Ossory; KIERAN KEHOE, Leeds; COLUMBA MULLAN, Leeds; JOHN CASHMAN, Leeds; JOHN MCGEOWN, Edinburgh; MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN, Leeds; JOHN RELIHAN, Lismore; CHARLES QUINN, Auckland; MICHAEL WHITE, Plymouth; WALTER COSTELLOE, Plymouth; MICHAEL KENEFICK, Auckland; PATRICK O'REILLY, Auckland; PATRICK QUINN, Boise; JOHN HANRAHAN, Vancouver; JOHN LENNON, Southwark; MICHAEL BYRNE, Vancouver; PHILIP DWYER, Cardiff.

RUGBY IN ST. KIERAN'S



ECCLESIASTICS' TEAM

Seated: REV. CORNELIUS MCNAMARA.

Front Row (l. to r.): MICHAEL MACKEY, Windgap; FRANK JONES, North of Ireland; JOE KEARNS, Kilmoganny; ROBERT MOORE, Kilmoganny; WILLIAM HOLOHAN, Tullaroan; MICHAEL POWER, Piltown.

Back Row: JUSTIN SHERIN, Kilkenny; EDWARD BERGIN, Kilmacow; JIM DELAHUNTY, Mooncoin; JACK FIELDING, Mooncoin; BOB STEPHENSON, The Rower; JOHN O'SHAUGHNESSY, North of Ireland); DANIEL GRACE, Freshford; MICHAEL GUILFOYLE, Rathdowney; MICK CASEY, Kerry.

Michael Mackey, ordained 1908 for foreign missions, deceased. Frank Jones, ordained, deceased. Joe Kearns, died C.C. The Rower. Robert Moore is now parish priest, Hackney, London. William Holohan, farmer, deceased. Michael Power, former Professor of Mathematics, University College, Galway, lives in Galway. Justin Sherin is a dental surgeon, living in Bondi, New South Wales. Edward Bergin, ordained 1904, deceased. Jim Delahunty, ordained 1906, deceased. Jack Fielding, ordained, died San Francisco. Bob Stephenson, for many years Dean in St. Kieran's, died parish priest, Urlingford 1943. John O'Shaughnessy, ordained, deceased. Daniel Grace, ordained Thurles 1911 for American missions, died in Freshford 1957; played on Kilkenny hurling teams that won All-Ireland in 1904 and 1907, and on the 1903 team defeated by Cork. Michael Guilfoyle, Junior Dean (1911-14 and 1920-30), died parish priest, Clara 1962.

SIXTY YEARS AGO



JUNIOR TEAM

Front Row (l. to r.): RAY CLEERE, Kilkenny; BATT O'ROURKE, Abbeyfeale; JACK WALSH, Ballyhale; JOE BUTLER, Ballyragget; KIERAN O'FARRELL, Castlecomer; PIERCE GRACE, Tullaroan; PADDY HOLOHAN, Tullaroan.

Back Row: EE. LEAHY, Abbeyfeale; PADDY HAYDEN, Inistioge; TOM BRENNAN, Knocknadogue; JACK RICE, Outrath; TOM MCCORMACK, Castlecomer; EDWARD DOWLING, Slieverue; EDWARD MURPHY, Cregg, Owing; TOM GREENE, Thomastown.

At Back: REV. CORNELIUS MCNAMARA.

Ray Cleere is now a Redemptorist Father in Limerick. Batt O'ROURKE, deceased, was chaplain to New Zealand Forces in 1914-18 War. Jack Walsh is a farmer living at Derrynahinch, Ballyhale. Pierce Grace, former R.M.S. Portlaoise Mental Hospital, played on Kilkenny Hurling teams that won All-Irelands in 1911, 1912 and 1913; also won All-Ireland honours with Dublin footballers in 1906 and 1907. Was President of Past Pupils' Union 1935, and now lives on Dublin Road, Kilkenny. Paddy Holohan died while still a clerical student. Paddy Hayden was of firm of French and Hayden, New Ross. Tom Brennan died parish priest, Urlingford 1959. Jack Rice, who supplied most of the information regarding students in both photographs, died parish priest, Inistioge, last February. Tom McCormack, deceased, was a medical practitioner in Portlaoise. Played on Kilkenny All-Ireland hurling team 1913. Edward Dowling, chaplain Dublin Fusiliers 1914-18, died parish priest, Camross 1960. Edward Murphy, farmer, is also deceased. Tom Greene is now C.C., Mooncoin. Rev. Cornelius McNamara, staff 1898-1911, President 1911-19, died parish priest, Castlecomer 1956.

IN THE NEWS



Most Rev. William J. McDonald, Ph.D., D.D.
Auxiliary Bishop of Washington, D.C.
Rector Magnificus Catholic University,
Washington

THE staff and students of St. Kieran's College send to the Most Rev. William McDonald, Rector of Catholic University of America their congratulations and good wishes on the occasion of his appointment as Auxiliary Bishop of the archdiocese of Washington. That one who received his priestly training in St. Kieran's should attain to these high honours cannot but fill us all with joy and pardonable pride. We wish him from our heart of hearts *Ad multos annos*.

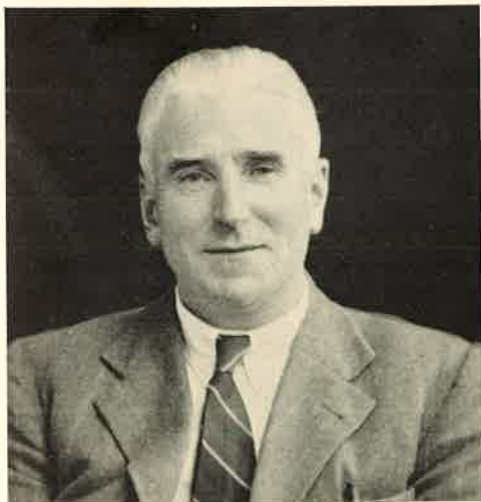
His Excellency was ordained in 1928 for service in the archdiocese of San Francisco. His work on the diocesan newspaper, *The Monitor*, and his success as chaplain to the Newman club soon marked him out as a

priest of more than usual talents. Post graduate studies which won him his doctorate in philosophy were followed by an appointment to a teaching post in the school of sociology in the Catholic University, where he worked in close association with Dr. Fulton Sheen. On the latter's appointment as bishop, Dr. McDonald succeeded him in the chair of sociology. In 1955 he became Vice-Rector of the University, and his elevation to the post of Rector in 1958 was the culminating point in a scholastic career of great distinction.

It is thought that, though Auxiliary Bishop of Washington, he will retain his post of Rector of the Catholic University for some time.

DR. PATRICK J. CASSIN

CONGRATULATIONS are extended to Dr. Patrick Cassin, who has retired after thirty-one years as resident medical superintendent of St. Canice's Hospital, Kilkenny. In that epoch, and particularly in the last decade there has been a revolutionary approach to mental illness, and it must be a source of gratification to Dr. Cassin that his work spanned that period—from a stage of perpetual twilight until today when sunlight comes hopefully in. Dr. Cassin's sympathetic approach in the care and treatment of the mentally ill was evident to the general public who visited the hospital on open days, and more particularly to the nursing staff and to the patients who experienced his healing touch.



Outside his hospital work, Dr. Cassin's interests centred on the Irish Red Cross and the Kilkenny Archaeological Society. He has always followed the vicissitudes—if the word is not too radical to apply to so stable an institution—of St. Kieran's College with filial regard. A committee member of the Past Pupils' Union when it was established in 1933, he was elected president when the Union was revived in 1950 and there was no

more active organiser on those days when troops of town boys were taken on outings to the seaside.

Retired, did we say? Dr. Cassin will retire when the old man with the scythe comes along, not a day sooner.

* * *

RICHARD P. FURNISS

A VERY welcome visitor to St. Kieran's some months ago was Richard Furniss, who grew up in St. Patrick's parish, in the shadow of the College, and entered as a dayboy in 1939. He has been persuaded to take a trip—peripatetic traveller that he is—down what is cosily termed Memory Lane, and his brisk, vivid reminiscences of his term in the College enliven the pages of this number.

After leaving St. Kieran's in the mid-1940s Richard joined the National Bank. Later he served in banks in the West Indies and Australia, and a little over ten years ago turned to fulltime writing, which was really his first love, for he was sixteen years old and still in St. Kieran's when his first literary efforts appeared in the poetry columns of the *Cork Weekly Examiner*. In 1953 in Melbourne he founded and edited *The Gaelic Link*, a magazine devoted to Irish affairs in Australasia. For six years he was publications officer at Mount Isa Mines Ltd., Queensland's largest industrial enterprise. During this period publications which he edited won a number of professional awards, including a first place in the British National House Journal competition. In 1963 Richard was public relations officer for the £40 million Alcoa aluminium enterprise in Australia. He returned from down under in the end of last year, and has now an executive post with a public relations and advertising consultancy in London.

His travels have taken him through more than fifty countries in the past fifteen years.

NEW MONSIGNORI AND CANONS

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

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR SEAN McDONALD, diocese of San Antonio, Texas; native of

Kilmacow, ordained 1947.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR MICHAEL HOLDEN, diocese of San Antonio, Texas; native of Mullinavat, ordained 1946.



VEN. ARCHDEACON MICHAEL DOYLE, P.P., Callan (extreme right) with three other Canons, all familiar to generations of students, CANON RYAN, P.P., V.F., Ferrybank; CANON DELENEY, P.P., Durrow, and CANON LOUGHRY, President, St. Kieran's.



RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR JAMES FORRISTAL, diocese of Oakland, California; native of Danganmore, Dunnamaggin, ordained 1932.



VERY REV. JAMES CANON SCOTT, P.P., Johnstown, Co. Kilkenny.



RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR NIALL McCABE, diocese of Oakland, California; native of Co. Meath, ordained 1926.



RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR JOHN PURCELL, native of Co. Limerick, ordained 1926, has been made Vicar General of diocese of San Diego.



ST. KIERAN'S CONTRIBUTION TO KILKENNY'S ALL-IRELAND VICTORY
September 1963

TED CARROLL (Instructor in Agriculture, Kilkenny), who held Waterford star, Tom Cheasty, scoreless; FR. TOM MAHER, trainer of the victorious team; TOM MURPHY (First Divinity, St. Kieran's), who scored two vital goals, and EDDIE KEHER (Provincial Bank of Ireland, Dublin), who with supreme artistry scored a record tally of fourteen points.

Golf Report From Scotland

REV. FELIX MCCARNEY

CHARLES BAIRD McDONALD in his work, *Scotland's Gift—Golf*, made the bold assertion:

“When ye come to play golf ye maun hae a heid!” Whether or not the Kieranites in Scotland have “heids” the late Canon Michael Downey saw to it that the St. Kieran’s priests in Scotland were well catered for when it came to a question of the little white ball. In 1947 he presented a trophy for annual competition at such famous courses as Gleneagles, Turnberry, St. Andrews, Glenbervie, Lanark and Cawder.

For the RECORD let the following be noted as the winners of the late Canon Downey Trophy:

- 1947: Rev. James Brennan.
- 1948: Rev. Michael Teehan.
- 1949: Very Rev. Michael Canon Downey (died in 1955).
- 1950: Rev. John Ryan (now returned to Ossory).
- 1951: Rev. James Brennan.
- 1952: Rev. Richard Conway.
- 1953: Rev. Michael Teehan.
- 1954: Rev. Michael Teehan.
- 1955: Rev. Patrick Coogan.
- 1956: Rev. Pierce Grace.
- 1957: Rev. Bernard G. O’Donnell.
- 1958: Rev. Felix McCarney
- 1959: Rev. Thomas Murphy.
- 1960: Rev. Thomas Ryan
- 1961: Rev. Gerard Brennan
- 1962: Rev. Bernard Keenan.
- 1963: Rev. Jeremiah Carroll.

My own association with the Downey Trophy competition goes back to my first year in Scotland when I participated in it at Turnbury in 1955. My most vivid memory is that of the competition at St. Andrews when we had a wonderful day. Not everybody got across the Swilken burn in two!

winner of the competition that year (1956) was Father Pierce Grace and to celebrate the event he invited us all to lunch at his presbytery in Falkland Castle, the former residence of the Scottish sovereigns of yesterday. His pride and joy was his oratory in the castle, decorated with a beautiful tapestry and having for the celebration of Mass vestments actually made and embroidered by Mary, Queen of Scots. So our visit to St. Andrews that day was truly memorable and enjoyable.

Since the last issue of ST. KIERAN’S COLLEGE RECORD two competitions were held. One was at Glenbervie on 24th September 1962, in which sixteen St. Kieran’s priests participated, together with twelve other priests from various Scottish dioceses. On that occasion a hearty welcome was accorded to Father John Ryan (Ossory), who was on a visit to his brother, Father Tom of St. Lawrence’s, Greenock (diocese of Paisley). Father Bernard Keenan (1930), St. John’s, Uddingston (diocese of Motherwell), was the winner of the competition.

The other competition took place at Cawder, on the outskirts of Glasgow, on 21st May 1963, when there was very keen driving by twenty-three Kieranites for the Downey Trophy. Twenty-three other priests from different parts of the Western Province (of Glasgow) helped to make the competition lively and enjoyable. The winner in 1963 was Father Jeremiah Carroll (1951).

It is to be hoped that while the Kieranites in Scotland—and indeed elsewhere—are keen followers of the little white ball none will be so keen as to re-echo the sentiments expressed in *Punch* exactly sixty years ago:

“We must gie it up, Alfred”.

“What, gie up gowff?”

“Nae, nae, mon. Gie up the meenistry . . .”

Vol. CXXVI, p. 117 (1904)

PRESIDENT OF THE UNION



MR. KEVIN O'CONNELL

Past Pupils' Union

COLLEGE Unions customarily settle into a routine round of social events, apart from the occasional spectacular celebration, and we must confess that this report must be the routine kind, unaccompanied by any blare of trumpets or blaze of fireworks. However, if the record of the Union's activities over the past two years is a modest one, if there is nothing dramatic to report, the steady support which the Union has been getting, especially amongst the younger generation of past pupils, is an encouraging feature that we may pardonably underline.

Much of the credit for this quiet success of the Union is due to an enthusiastic committee whose faithful attendance at meetings has been a record in itself, to the efficient work of Father Maher as its secretary, and to the leadership of its president for the past two years, Mr. Kevin O'Donnell, to whom the Union owes a special word of thanks for his constant interest in its affairs.

As for the activities of the Union since 1962, these have followed the established pattern of recent years: two Socials, one at Shrove, the other in November. The Shrove Social this current year drew the biggest attendance so far of any of these functions, and it was particularly gratifying to see so many recent past pupils present. His Lordship, Dr. Birch, whose interest in the Union is of long standing, attended and spoke to the guests during the supper.

The November Social has come to be associated with the outing of our past pupils from U.C.D. (sponsored by the Union), who come down annually to play a hurling match against the present pupils, to have dinner in the College as guests of the President and staff, and to enjoy the Social afterwards. Unfortunately this outing, last held in 1962, had to be cancelled in 1963, owing to unforeseen difficulties, but it is hoped to have it again in 1964.

The other event of the year with which the Union is associated is the Parents Day, held each year on Junior Sports Day in the month of May. The committee members of the Union have generously helped to marshal the large numbers who attend and to keep everything running smoothly, the Sisters and the kitchen staff have done wonders in catering for an ever expanding attendance (around 700 last year), and the occasion has provided a fruitful point of contact for parents, pupils, and the College staff. Only the weather was unkind in 1962 (practically washing out the Sports), but it made up for it last year with a day of brilliant sunshine.

Officers and Committee for 1962-63: President, Mr. Kevin O'Donnell; Vice-Presidents, Very Rev. Canon Loughry, Messrs. T. A. Crotty, S. O'Neill, F. McEvoy, L. Molloy, J. Nolan; Hon. Sec., Rev. T. Maher; Hon. Treas., Mr. J. Bourke; Committee, Messrs. T. O'Neill, P. Fitzmaurice, S. Pattison, T. Carroll, J. McMahan, N. Dowling, T. Piert, M. O'Carroll, G. Flynn, Rev. J. Brennan.

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GOLF 1962

Officers and Committee: President, Mr. T. A. Crotty; Captain, Dr. Patrick Grace; Hon. Sec., Rev. J. Brennan; Committee, Mr. P. Kennedy, N.T.; Dr. J. Mitchell, Very Rev. Canon Loughry, Rev. M. Kirwan.

The first competition was held on 6th June and attracted forty-six entries. The President's Prize (presented by Mr. Crotty), was won by

Mr. T. Mahon, with a score of 34 points Stapleford (over 15 holes, due to renovation of Kilkenny Golf Course). The Captain's Prize (presented by Dr. Grace) was won by Mr. Donald Kealy of Ballingarry with 58 net (over 15 holes). The Best Gross was won by Mr. L. Reidy with 65. The overseas players (priests from many lands) were represented on the prize list by Rev. Philip Carroll (San Diego, California).

The second competition, held on 5th September, was for the Dr. Collier Cup, which was won by Rev. Francis Grace, with 6 up.

GOLF 1963

Officers and Committee: President, Mr. K. O'Donnell; Captain, Very Rev. E. Wall, P.P.; Hon. Sec., Rev. J. Brennan; Committee,



MR. P. KENNEDY, N.T., Captain of Kilkenny Golf Club, 1964

Dr. Patrick Grace, Mr. P. Kennedy, Very Rev. Canon Loughry, Rev. M. Kirwan.

The first competition of the year was held on 3rd June and there were forty-one entries. The President's Prize (presented by Mr. K. O'Donnell) was won by Mr. L. Reidy, with 37 points Stapleford; the Captain's Prize (presented by Very Rev. Fr. Wall) was won by Rev. John Brennan with 71; the Best Gross was won by Mr. W. Deegan (Jun.) with 80. Once again there was an overseas prize-winner: Rev. E. Lyng (San Diego). To cap this, the Dr. Collier Cup, played on 4th September, was won by Rev. E. Galavan (Lismore, Australia) with 5 up.

It is always a gratifying feature of these competitions that priests home on holidays, many from faraway places, are able to take part and, as the record shows, to win with the best.

It may be worth reminding our readers that both our annual competitions have now been pegged to two dates which are calculated to suit our visitors from abroad: the June competition on the Monday after Ordination Sunday (8th June in 1964), and the September one on the Wednesday following the All-Ireland hurling final (9th September in 1964). This has resulted in much bigger entries, and therefore better competitions, in the past year, and we hope it will set the pattern for an even more successful future. All our golfing past pupils (and others who care to look in) will not only enjoy good golf on the new Kilkenny course (to whose officials we owe special gratitude for the generous facilities they give us), but also an enjoyable reunion.

Finally, congratulations to Mr. P. Kennedy, one of our own golfing committee and always a loyal supporter of the Union, on his election as Captain of Kilkenny Golf Club for the current year (1964).

Recorder

Ecclesiastics' Review

From Month to Month with The Ecclesiastics

1962

April

2nd—Expected a free day; rain decided otherwise. Bishop of Clifton paid us a visit. Work on the new stage begins. Father Murphy gives talk to Pioneers. 3rd—Free day. House football match refereed by Father Grant. 5th—Apostleship of Prayer begins in College. 8th—House hurling match postponed because of rain. 9th—Training for sports. We see the men that never togged out before. 10th—No barber for ten days—things look heavily black. 11th—House hurling match. 12th—Revisions begin. 13th—Tom Dermody keeps us occupied in picking up the kiplings, so that the tractor can mow the hay. 14th—Father O'Sullivan snaps the theologians for the RECORD. 15th—Palm Sunday. House soccer match. We listen in to Carlow vs. Dublin match. Take care “at the corner”—shooting 6d. a time. 17th—Prefects depart for home. 18th—Crock match, Guelphs vs. Ghibellines. Illustrated talk by Father O'Connor on the 1960 Munich Congress. 21st—At last—TV for the first time. 22nd—Home sweet home (for some). 29th—New prefect appointed to Desart Hall. 30th—Mass with a difference—the server leaves the altar, another is carried out. Continental preparations are evident.

May

1st—We must fall in with the new postal rates, 3d. now becomes 4d.; Dean returns all letters. 3rd—Basketball begins—we are really going to the heights. 5th—We listen to the life and songs of Percy French. 8th—Free Day. North v. South soccer match. South win 3-1. 9th—Our voices are tested. Elocution exam. 12th—Summer exams begin. 13th—Sports Day. 14th—Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle calls. 20th—Layside sports abandoned because of heavy rain. Father O'Connor returns after a long illness. 25th—Black Friday: See Day, Syday. Retreat begins. 30th—Fathers D. J. Sheehan and Frank Bourke pay us a visit.

June

3rd—Ordination Sunday.

September

4th—The calendar is not deceiving us—the date is there in black and white, so we return once more to college life. Fáilte roimh go léir. 5th—Usual football trials for newcomers. The old hands look on and say: “Would you ever think it was five years ago . . .?”. Retreat begins with Father Dermot Power, C.P. 10th—We are down to earth again, confirmed by shouts from the sideline: “Pull on the ground, man”. Hurling trial is staged, but most are re-actors! 11th—Class begins with the most famous words: “The term is short, and we have a lot of work to do”. Our delegation in Rome during the holidays failed to get Latin off the agenda. 13th—“Oh! what a beautiful day”—but we forgot it was the 13th, and so no free day. To drown our sorrows, the Continental Company relate some of their experiences. Note the word “some”! 18th—Hurling pitch receives its first haircut. The new supply of hurleys seems to suffer badly from “hooping” cough! 19th—Decorations going up. Consecration Day is near. 22nd—Free Day. We all get down to the task of tidying up the place. Some halls are turned into refectories—officially this is! Desks are removed to old Philosophy Hall—pardon me, the Music Room! Table tennis hall becomes students' refectory. We expect excellent service here, naturally. 23rd—Congratulations to Dr. Birch on his consecration. We wish him many happy and fruitful years in the service of the Lord in this diocese. We watch football final on TV and Kerry win the day. 24th-25th—Two free days to round off the festivities and get things back into their normal positions once again. 27th—Dr. Birch gives us a short, inspiring talk. He receives a tremendous welcome. He promises us a free day. We promise him such a welcome anytime for a free day! 28th—Blood donors' day. No poem this year, as we get to bed at nine! 29th—Half-day to enabel



ORDINATION CLASS 1963

Front Row: REV. JOHN HOLOHAN (Senior Dean); VERY REV. GABRIEL CANON LOUGHRY (President); REV. MARTIN CAMPION, Ossory; MOST REV. PETER BIRCH, D.D. (Bishop of Ossory); REV. WILLIAM BRENNAN, Mobile; REV. S. CONNOLLY, C.S.S.R.; REV. TIMOTHY O'CONNOR (Junior Dean).

Middle Row: REV. JAMES BRENNAN (Professor); REV. ALPHONSUS MALONEY, San Diego; REV. HENRY MCDAID, Mobile; REV. TERENCE BOYLAN, Shrewsbury; REV. JOSEPH PHELAN, Liverpool; REV. PATRICK JOHNSON, Austin, Texas; REV. MAURICE DILLANE, San Antonio; REV. DENIS BRENNAN, Albany.

Back Row: REV. P. GRACE (Professor); REV. EDMUND PRENDIVILLE, Providence; REV. EDMUND PHELAN, Mobile; REV. JAMES HESTER, Southwark; REV. BARTHOLOMEW FLYNN, Ossory; REV. MICHAEL CONWAY, Motherwell; REV. JAMES CORCORAN, Perth; REV. MICHAEL RYAN Yakima; REV. MICHAEL O'CARROLL (Professor).

blood donors to recover from the effects of yesterday's feed! Dr. Keven, Auxiliary Bishop of San Antonio, calls to college and chats with his students. First film of the term, *The Mouse that Roared*—there wasn't a squeak out of anyone! 30th—Layside ecclesiastical teachers in a dilemma. Choir practice in the Cathedral or teaching?

“When duties clash 'tis hard to know,
If one should stay or one should go?”

October

1st—A good start to the month—Dr. Birch's free day! 3rd—Auditions for November play. Air of drama surrounds the renovated College Theatre, which is a wonderful job. 5th—First Dogma call of the term. *Ubi mysterium est?* (“What did he mean?” can be heard re-echoing round the hall). 7th—Diaconate conferred by Dr. Birch in College Chapel. 9th—Playing pitch in great order for House football game tomorrow. The G.A.A. chief is back from the Infirmary. He had a “wicked” cold! 10th—“Bless the House, O Lord, we pray”, chant their ardent supporters. But despite a gallant stand they go down by a last second point to the Old Fourths in a thrilling tussle. 11th—And yet another free day! Some first years are wondering when the term's work really begins. Old Fourths lose to Layside in preparation for House hurling game. 12th—Art Exhibition. Lecture by Dr. Flannery proves very stimulating. 13th—Lecture on art by Mr. James White, Curator, Municipal Art Gallery, Dublin. 17th—House defeats Old Fourth in disappointing game. But there is always next term for sweet revenge. The National Flag causes some worry around 6.30 p.m. 18th—Father Michael Conaty and Father Anthony Brady pay us a visit. 19th-20th—Further calls in Latin.

“We're quite used to Latin now, we even learn jokes,
When we get home at Christmas time,
will we surprise our folks?”

21st—House soccer game rounds off the big games. Victory goes to the House (3-2) in a very exciting game. Picture tonight—*Confessions of a Counter-Spy*—keeps us on our

toes. Some seemed to prefer study, however—each man to his own taste! 28th—Father David gives us his views on mission life in England—in private, of course. 29th—Revision in a particular subject today. Weather very cold—some could not stand it for long and were duly sat. 31st—November Play on stage tonight. Excellent production of *The Country Boy*. Congratulations to all concerned and a special word of praise to Father McEvoy on his first effort with the ecclesiastics.

November

1st—Picture tonight: *Little Red Monkey*. What an appropriate one with all the nuts about! 2nd—Table tennis tournament gets under way. 3rd—Mr. and Mrs. Maddocks gave their usual wonderful musical recital. 5th—We welcome back the President who looks fit and well after his sojourn in Rome for the Council. 8th—Free day for layside scholarship. Keep up the hard work, lads. We are right behind you! 11th—A great gathering for annual hurling game between Past Pupils and Layside team. Victory goes to the Layside. 15th—Many thanks to Father McGrath, C.C., for his recorded talk on Rome. A painstaking effort which was thoroughly appreciated by all. 18th—*The Angry Silence*—very good picture, indeed. 19th—Free day. Rugby ball in good shape after long rest. The rules, however, would need a little study. 21st—Two asses on the playing pitch this morning. One chap remarked that they were probably crossing lines for today's league game. 23rd—J. Cooke and B. Flynn defeat E. Phelan and M. Dillane respectively in table tennis semi-finals. 26th—Billiards tournament in full swing. 28th—J. Cooke wins his first table tennis title at third attempt. Outgoing champion, B. Flynn (1960, 1961), goes down with “colours” flying.

December

2nd—“The longest way round is the surest way home”. This well-known saying was verified at approximately 6.48 this morning. Big rugby game between Lutherites and Calvinists. The former won 5-3. Strange that there was only one conversion! 8th—*Busy Honeymoon* keeps up the usual high standard



FOURTH DIVINES

Front Row: HUGH RAFFERTY (Monaghan), Providence; ALBERT FITZGERALD (Limerick), Brentwood; JAMES MURRAY (Monaghan), Providence; EUGENE NEE (Meath), San Antonio; BRENDAN LAWLESS (Armagh), Jefferson City; THOMAS SHERIDAN (Cavan), Cheyenne.
Back Row: RAPHAEL KEYES (Cork), Jefferson City; DESMOND MCGIVERN (Down), Hexham and Newcastle; JEREMIAH JOYCE (Kilkenny), Ossory; PETER RUSSELL (Cork), Jefferson City; SEAN GARRETT (Cork), San Antonio; DANIEL MADIGAN (Limerick), Sacramento.

of layside theatrical performances. Well done, and congratulations to all concerned. 9th—Doherty defeats J. Murray in great billiards final. 10th—Telegram: "You won the bird. Wire instructions". 12th—Serious leakage in photographic department. Further developments awaited! 14th—Examination fever, plus anticipation of Christmas holidays very noticeable these days. 21st—Home today for four glorious weeks. Extra four days are deeply appreciated. Happy Christmas to one and all.

"Will this Christmas be really white?
 We'll have to wait and see.
 But wet or dry 'twill be alright,
 We always have TV!"

1963

January

18th—Coming back from the luxury of home. 19th—Our day-and-a-half retreat started. To be or not to be. . . . But see more about it in our article. 20th—The beginning of the snow. Again shovels and brushes are

put in the hands of the "Kieran's road gang". This time there is a difference. The students being on retreat, some of the members of the professional staff lend a hand. A pity that our photographic group couldn't get off retreat for a few minutes. 21st—First bright news so far. Till the snow ends students will get up half-an-hour later and go to bed half-an-hour earlier. We appreciate this consideration on the part of the authorities. The beginning of those "sleeps" coincided with the start of class. This is purely a coincidence! 22nd—The death of Cardinal Godfrey is announced. 27th—The annual talk on Church Unity is given this year by Father Grace.

February

1st—More sad news. Our beloved Cardinal D'Alton has died. 2nd—The weather is unsuitable for an outdoor procession. 6th—Dr. Birch and Canon Loughry are among the many dignitaries who managed to get to the funeral of Cardinal D'Alton. 7th—We congratulate Father Clohosey on his appointment as parish priest of Mooncoin. He has for his curate Father Paul Fitzgerald. 8th—The snow is all gone. Today is bright. Around 8.45 a.m. Jim leads a group of men out onto the playing pitch. We see them now and again digging their heels into the ground. Finally a decision is made. "Send them up, the pitch is playable". Up they go, and later comes the cheer. The first free day of the term has been got and games begin. 10th—A visit from the several Legion of Mary envoys who gave us such a wonderful evening. 11th—Today puts an end to the seven o'clock rising. Father Duggan shows us slides of various continental shrines. We thank him sincerely and congratulate him on his wonderful photography. We would, however, have liked to see more of his two companions, now labouring hard in Sacramento. 19th—St. Columba and his band get vaccinated in preparation for their journeys. 23rd—Today brought a distinguished visitor. Not many years ago this man was crawling on all fours in our Theology Hall. He is now an American pastor. We welcome back Father Tony Hannick. 26th—Tonight we had our second film, a slight improvement on the first. 27th—The penitential season commences.

Father Rhatigan, the new Director of our Pioneer Association, brought along Father Edmund Burke, all the way from Australia to give us a talk on Pioneers outside Ireland.

March

1st—Some of the revisions are held over to the Wednesday and Friday after Kieran's Day. 2nd—Three members of the Fourths are now in bed suffering the effects of the injection. We wish them a speedy recovery. 4th—The layboys had the play early in the evening and their prefects have given good reports on it. We go now to see a bit of the Wild West and be entertained by Laurel and Hardy. 5th—The College feast-day is celebrated in a worthy manner, first by Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral, and then by the students' production of *The Enemy Within*. Dr. Birch asked the President for a free day and his request was granted. To avoid having to take the free day on our half-day, Thursday was changed to Wednesday, and vice-versa—only in a college can such things be done. 11th—We thought it had died a natural death, but no; the clothes lines are up again and the Volley Ball season has opened. We notice that its founder is not among the participants. 17th—Many sad faces today when it was announced that the annual procession in honour of St. Patrick couldn't take place (?). We were amply compensated for that great loss by having TV for the Railway Cup games and by having the best ever St. Patrick's night production by the Irish Society. We congratulate all concerned, though feel a tinge of regret that the Fourths were gently persuaded from having their last fling and achieving immortality on this, their last St. Patrick's Night in St. Kieran's. 18th—Today is the day fixed for the liturgical solemnities of St. Patrick. St. Patrick must have been angry with the people of Kilkenny for attempting the procession yesterday, as the weather today was glorious. In a really tough match we managed to get the better of a lay-side team. The score was 5-12 to 2-11. 19th—We were delighted to hear that the Liturgical Group has been invited by Dom Joseph Dowdall, O.S.B. to put their exhibition on view at Glenstal Liturgical Congress, which is attended by priests from all over Ireland.



THIRD DIVINES

Front Row: VALENTINE FARRELL (Meath), Lancaster; MICHAEL DRENNAN (Kilkenny), San Diego; PIERCE MALONE (Kilkenny), Ossory; PATRICK DUGGAN (Kilkenny), Ossory; PATRICK O'REILLY (Meath), Paterson, N.J.; JAMES SHYRANE (Roscommon), Leeds; SEAN O'DOHERTY (Kilkenny), Ossory.

Middle Row: PADRAIG O'ROCHAIN (Kerry), Sacramento; LIAM O'DOHERTY (Waterford), Ogdensburg, N.Y.; WILLIAM O'NEILL (Donegal, Providence); OLIVER MSTRAVICK (Antrim), Down and Connor; FRANCIS FERRIE (Antrim), Boston; BRIAN MACPOLIN (Donegal), Sacramento; SEAN FINLAY (Cavan), Sacramento.

Back Row: WILLIAM MCGOWAN (Sligo), Boston; JOHN NAUGHTON (Roscommon), Southwark; GERARD HARNEY (Mayo), Leeds; SEAN MAHER (Kilkenny), Providence; DONAL GALLAGHER (Sligo), Natchez-Jackson; THOMAS MORGAN (Galway), Camden; WILLIAM DEVER (Mayo), Miami.

Absent: HUGH SWEENEY (Donegal), Camden.

This is an honour in which the whole student body takes pride. The Group in the College is the first of the now many active societies. In the search for its true path in the liturgical apostolate (in a seminary) we hope it will continue to go from strength to strength for the glory of God and the honour of St. Kieran. 21st—The Mass X-Ray goes on outside while the Mass exam goes on inside. There was no approval for any of the new rites that some of the students tried to intro-

duce. The Biretta may now be worn while saying Mass. Imagine a sacristan who still cannot dress the chalice correctly! One student in his excitement arrived for his Mass exam minus his false teeth. 24th—Students were permitted to go to Nowlan Park to watch the semi-finals of the Leinster Colleges' Senior Hurling games. We congratulate in particular St. Kieran's on their fine display against St. Joseph's, Roscrea. They won 9-3 to 3-3 after being down eight points at half

time. 25th—The weather could be better. However, our seniors were persuaded to ask for a free day. They lost the argument.

April

1st—Summer time arrives. Free day, and wet. 2nd—Drill cancelled; volley ball takes over. 3rd—House hurling match. Fourth the victors. Catholic Action Society begins the *Pio Unio*. Mystery of mysteries—refectory book disappears. 4th—Revisions. Senior dean gives permission to choir to visit St. John's. 5th—Choir enjoys tea at St. John's, with a dispensation. Peregrinators visit local C.Y.M.S. Hall for lecture. 6th—Notice board tells us that some get bigger Easter eggs than others. 9th—Faculties exam. 10th—The silence of deep quiet. 12th—Talk by Father O'Connor on the Paschal Vigil. 14th—Father Holohan informs us that reporting will not be necessary before departing. 17th—Some think that riding a donkey is fun. 22nd—Catechetics talk by Father G. Sloyan of Catholic University, Washington. 24th—We read in the papers that our two delegates to Glenstal were well received. 27th—Golf tournament begins; all entrants must be under 21. 28th—Music Society entertains us with *Missa Luba*, kindly lent by the President. 29th—Free day. Hurling and soccer leagues end. 30th—Ulster v. Leinster basketball competition. North victors. Talk on St. Vincent de Paul Society.

May

1st—Annual choir party. 4th—*Vinculum* on sale. 5th—Sports day. President presents the prizes. 7th—Elocution exams. 11th—New sacristan appointed. 18th—Third Divines get new stocks—hoping for the best. 23rd—Layside sports. We discover that the ecclesiastics have more than one Garda in the house. 24th—Venerdi nero; de hAoine dubh; Vendredi noir; it's Black Friday, no matter what the language. Retreat begins.

June

1st—Sense of anticipation in the air. 2nd—Ordination Sunday.

1963

September

3rd—The road back . . . from ramblings in

Italy, bullfights in Spain, fame on the sports pages, hot-gossiping in Birmingham, and driving a tractor in Piltown. We are pleased to note that the guard has been doubled! There is a piece taken from our lives at the bottom of a famous field, but we hope the reform of the kitchen will make good the loss. 4th—Free day and football trial. Some of us are getting tired of being tried. 5th-8th—Spiritual lubrication supplied . . . where needed by Father Coffey, O.P., our retreat-master. 8th—Most Rev. Dr. Birch confers Diaconate in the College Chapel. 9th—The end of the retreat is followed by another free day. At a tumultuous meeting of the Games Committee great stress is laid on the advantages of brains over brawn. There are dark hints of selfish motives in the advocates. Hurling trial in the afternoon. 10th—Books are now ordered by special form . . . it is the ecumenical way. 11th—Soccer trial . . . no newcomer named Matthews. And they are also Lawless. A work-gang invades the pit in the lower field. There is a notable superiority of brains over brawn. Father Norman Wilkinson calls to see us on his way back to Jefferson city. 12th—Clarinet practices resume. A clarinet is an ill-wind that nobody blows good. 13th—Ken rejoices . . . after years of effort at last a Scotsman! 15th—Freshford defeat our hurlers in a "friendly". 16th—Another free day. And an all-out attack on the pit is announced. Even the horse is taken out of retirement to help, and is guided by a well-known pastoral hand who rates high with the N.F.A. 17th—A professor gets a present of a cute little black bull with two tassels as a souvenir from a vacation itinerary. Tá adharca fada ar na buaibh thar lear. 18th—The first fibre glass hurleys appear and they promise to be all the rage. Rumours of a fibre-glass cloth for the billiard table are unfounded. 19th-20th—Two bishops call to see the 1st Phils. and others . . . Yakima and Providence. 21st—Father Seán Flanagan (1959) calls to his friends. 22nd—*The Music Master*. A certain professor denies any connection with this film. We don't blame him. TV. We watch Galway lose to Dublin in the All-Ireland Football Final. 25th—The dust of the ages doth pass. . . . Museum becomes meeting place for societies. 27th—Like all the best things in life today was



SECOND DIVINES

Front Row: B. SHEEHY (Kerry), Boston; D. PURCELL (Kilkenny), Maitland; J. SMITH (Cavan), Providence; J. CROTTY (Kilkenny), Ossory; G. TROY (Kilkenny), Boston; L. NORRIS (Kilkenny), Ossory; P. MACÉNEANEY (Kilkenny), Sacramento; N. SHERIDAN (Kilkenny), St. Augustine.

Middle Row: T. REA (Cork), Boston; M. SCANLAN (Kerry), Miami; J. RYAN (Cork), Southwark; J. COOKE (Kilkenny), Southwark; G. MURPHY (Louth), Natchez-Jackson; J. ROWAN (Longford), Salford; J. KEANE (Westmeath), Miami; D. BURKE (Dublin), Hexham and Newcastle; N. MCINTYRE (Leitrim), St. Augustine.

Back Row: M. HYLAND (Laois), Ossory; P. TIERNEY (Mayo), Providence; M. O'DONOGHUE (Dublin), Mobile; F. CARROLL (Mayo), Leeds; M. HOURIGAN (Limerick), Miami; S. KENNEDY (Sligo), Natchez-Jackson; K. KING (Dublin), Dunkeld; J. MALLON (Dublin), Salford.

free. Comical that? Ask Tom and Jerry. Bishop of Patterson pays his respects. 28th—Auditions for the November play. At supper tonight we noticed two students waiting. 29th—Clanna Gael hold us to a draw in an exciting football match. Somewhat of an honour to play against such a notable hurler as Seamus Cleere, even if it was football. 30th—

One member of the Students' Photographic Society is heard singing in his sleep . . . "all I want is a room somewhere". Another sings . . . "Willie, can you do the things I ask you?"

October

2nd—Father Jim Corcoran, before he departs for Australia, kindly comes back to

referee the Hurling House Match, which the Old Fourths lost.

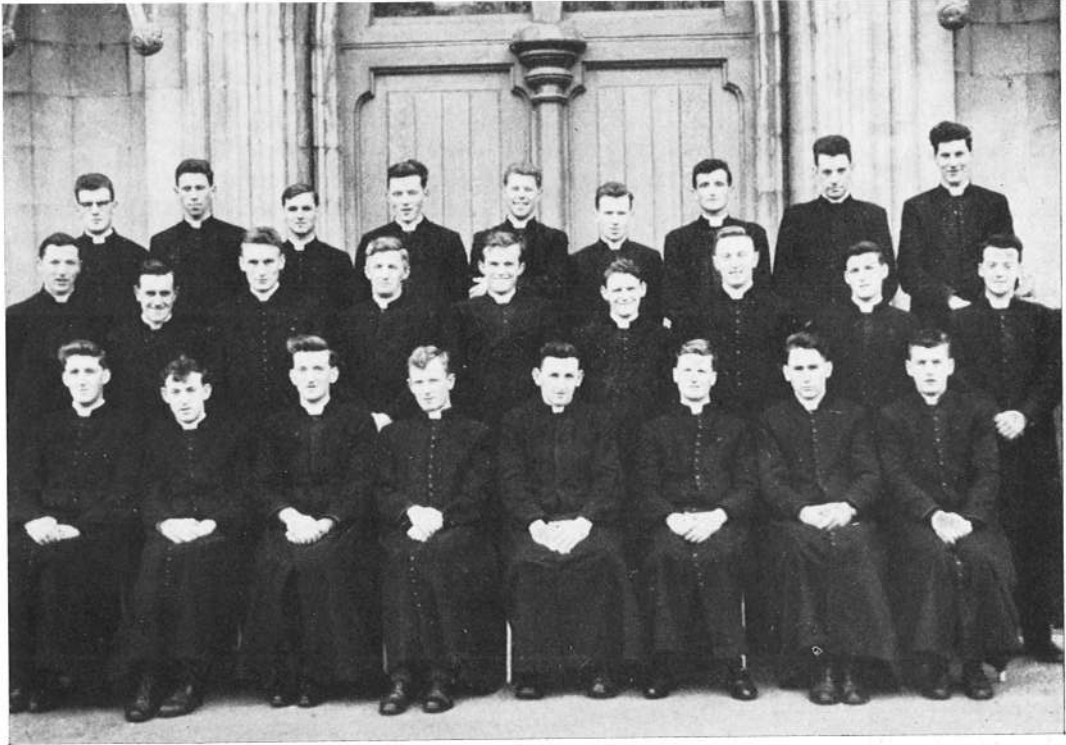
“Stood the full-back all undaunted, ready
for the final clash,
Came the forward loudly vaunted, just the
full-back now to pass,
Swung his hurley, loud it splintered with
an eardrum-splitting crash,
But the full-back was uninjured . . . thank
the Lord for fibre glass”.

3rd—We are pleased to welcome Father Murphy as our new regular confessor and director. 4th—Blood-donors’ day. Some of the refreshments available had a lot of corpuscles in them too. One student fainted during class . . . and he didn’t even give blood. Work on the pit continues with unabated zeal—which can mean a number of things. The teams for the Football House Match are printed . . . appropriately . . . in red. Father Joe Phelan (1963) gives Benediction in the College Chapel. Even 3rd Divines “run” to do “snobs” these days. 5th—Catechetical conferences for the teachers of the diocese begin today. Half-day to enable us to prepare the various halls. 6th—Films: *Gunman’s Walk* and *The Three Stooges*. Somebody said that he had seen both before . . . dozens of times. 7th—3rd and 4th Divines attend a lecture in the Clinic given by Dr. Curtin of Clonliffe College, on Marriage Problems. 8th—Free day asked for successfully despite the admonitions of the weather experts. And to make things worse the experts are proved right . . . the rain comes. Nevertheless the Football House Match is played and the Fourths lose again. Father P. Grace refereed the match. 9th—Sad news. Mr. Koss, for so long an institution in St. Kieran’s, dies. R.I.P. 10th—What is it? We don’t know but it must be serious . . . 23 students in the Infirmary. 11th—Lay and ecclesiastical students attend Solemn Mass and Office for the late Mr. Koss. 16th—The house make it a hat-trick in the Soccer House Match. Father Brian Flynn refereed. 18th—Fire-drill. The opportunity to retire at 4.30 p.m. was gladly accepted, even if it was only to practise getting up fast. 19th—Whoever would propagate the Faith . . . “fiscally” let him fill the box in the College

Library. 20th—Norman Wisdom entertains us for the night. 21st—All hands to the pit. This time there are two horses. Perhaps it was practice for the Mission but they don’t have mule-trains in San Antonio! 23rd—Our football team draw with a Dublin Priests’ Selection. Pity we did not know till afterwards that we had left our most proficient steam-roller on the line. Father P. Grace again kindly refereed for us. TV: We see England beat The World in soccer. 25th—A final coat of tarmac and it is no longer “the pit”. It is the new basketball-cum-tennis court. 26th—Revisions. . . . Enough said. 27th—A world-renowned corner is now steamrolled into a new path. Feelers sent out for capable tractor drivers . . . own licence required. 28th—Fantastic? call it what you like . . . but even the *Liber Usualis* can disappear. 29th—The play cast take a half-day to make sure that we take something on play day. 31st—Film: *The Last Angry Man*. Enjoyed by all. Bishop of Sacramento calls.

November

1st—Barm bracks make their annual appearance. This year the play was *All the King’s Horses*, and it was a great success. Glad we are to know that there is plenty of “historionic talent” about. 2nd—Mass and Office in the Cathedral was followed by a free afternoon. 3rd—The Students’ Musical Society shows the first of the short films which it intends to show at intervals for the entertainment and education of the music-lovers among us. The Society is to be congratulated for its fresh and ambitious approach. 4th—The last angry man has had a few successors. 5th—Dr. Hayes gives a very interesting and informative talk to the 3rd and 4th Divines on “Mental Health”. 6th—The new court killed volleyball, but it seems as nothing is going to kill Rugby, which again appears. Unfortunately the players have no such guarantee. The table tennis tournament gets under way. 7th—The death of the great Archbishop Mannix shocks us. R.I.P. 8th—And another free day—after lengthy consultation. 10th—A sheet of corrugated iron falls out. People in tin houses shouldn’t throw can-openers. 11th—Father Murphy, S.J., gives his annual talk on the Apostleship of Prayer. 12th—Brown-letter



FIRST DIVINES

Front Row: OLIVER DEEGAN (Kilkenny), Sacramento; MICHAEL RYAN (Kilkenny), Ossory; THOMAS MURPHY (Kilkenny), Ossory; JAMES O'BRIEN (Kilkenny), Ossory; SEAMUS DOYLE (Kilkenny), Hexham and Newcastle; VIVIAN LOACKMAN (Louth), Washington, D.C.; PATRICK SMITH (Cavan), Tucson; JOSEPH BOURKE (Kilkenny), Ossory.

Second Row: WILLIAM DAVITT (Mayo), Salford; FACHTNA DEASY (Cork), Mobile; TIMOTHY CORCORAN (Tipperary), Perth, Australia; EDWARD O'DONOVAN (Cork), Sacramento; JOHN LALLY (Mayo), Nottingham; PATRICK DALTON (Kilkenny), Ossory; DONAL DUNNE (Cork), Savannah; PATRICK MCWILLIAMS (Derry), Down and Connor; NOEL HICKIE (Kerry), Baker City.

Back Row: PATRICK COMERFORD (Kilkenny), Ossory; PATRICK KENNY (Kilkenny), San Diego; SEAN HESLIN (Leitrim), St. Augustine, Florida; MICHAEL DOLAN (Mayo), Richmond, Va.; CHARLES O'REILLY (Meath), St. Augustine; VINCENT BRADY (Cavan), Sacramento; STEPHEN REILLY (Louth), Atlanta; CORNELIUS KIELY (Cork), Baker City; MAURICE BARTLEY (Cork), Leeds.

Absent: JAMES GRACE (Kilkenny), San Diego.

day—bills. 14th—Nothing in particular happened today. We mention the fact because the same is true of six or seven other days a week, and it is necessary to appreciate this to get an adequate idea of student life. 16th—The clock in the theology hall strikes sixteen at 9.30 a.m. Plenty of time to get rid of writer's cramp. Chimes are changing. 18th—The clock doesn't strike at all today so someone has already passed one of the . . . Christmas exams. 19th—The Phantom strikes. . . Tom puts up the window and out goes the glass. 21st—B.C.G. vaccination test. Some passed and some were

stuck. 22nd—The assassination of President Kennedy shocks the world. 24th—*The Siege of Pinchgut*—film. Sounds a documentary on the shop, shot on a Friday. 25th—Telstar carries the picture—at least for 30 minutes—of the obsequies of President Kennedy on TV. 27th—Jimmy Cooke wins his second successive table tennis championship with a win over Pat Dalton. 29th—B.C.G. test is tested. Did you spot it? If not you got it.

December

2nd—And yet another freeday. 3rd—More

Revisions. 4th—The rugby House match ends in a nil-all draw. 4th—A very enlightening talk by somebody we don't know. Thank you Alcoholics Anonymous.

“From Cork came a budding D.D.
A rugger enthusiast was he,
I won't dramatise—neath the green sod he
lies,
On the banks of his own lovely Lee”.

6th—Rumours about appointments to the hierarchy are spread by the lowerarchy, but the hot news turns out to be just hot air. 7th—*Orders to Kill*—film. 8th—And the lay students take it literally, *Arsenic and Old Lace*—the layboys' play. Chemist shops are declared out of bounds. The play was very well presented by the Layside students and was enjoyed by all. 11th—The post box now feels the burden. . . . Christmas cards go by the dozen. 14th—The fateful list is posted—exams. 15th—We thank Canon Loughry for an excellent record recital and commentary. 17th—The very epitome of conversation is now Metaphysics and Canon Law. Some even talk it in their sleep. 18th—A man for all seasons runs into some wintry weather and is no more. Christmas Paraliturgy is completed under the guidance of Father Holohan. 19th—A day of complete study. 19th-23rd—1,184,236 words were written in answer to this year's examinations. If placed end to end they stretch right round the Isle of Man. They took as many man-hours to write as it takes to build a modern bungalow. And they consumed enough energy to enable a person to swim from Dublin to Liverpool and back. 22nd—Film. We thank Father O'Connor for *Huckleberry Finn* and sympathise with the youngster's early departure from his home. 23rd—I will arise and go now.

1964

January

20th—Most Rev. Dr. Collier died during the vacation. His passing left the diocese and the College very much the poorer. Most Rev. Dr. Birch is now our bishop. 21st-22nd—Retreat under the direction of Father Whelan, O.P. 23rd—Class . . . is all not a bed of roses. 25th—The rising bell is replaced by the siren

which was recently installed and whose tones penetrate even to the “wards”. It has all the Banshees in the country beaten holler. 26th—The leagues are posted. The hurling-selectors want more applicants; the soccer-selectors want less. As always, a little skullduggery straightens things out. Students hold their first general discussion. It was general.

February

1st—Catechetical conference in session. Students permitted to buy out the Book Exhibition. Some got more discount than others. A business-like attitude is necessary. 2nd—The Sunday night discussions introduced last term have been largely successful, but tonight's General Discussion sets the highest standard of all. There will now be no more hypocrites in the house. News of a week's holiday at Easter is very welcome. 3rd—And to keep us in the same happy mood we get another free day. The morning siren gives way to the bell. O blessed relief. Father Holohan makes sure that our voices will hold out for another year with the annual blessing of St. Blaise. 4th—The pastor and his assistant take their customary morning stroll again today. 5th—Five-a-side soccer match played with the usual grace. Squads now appointed for shifts of hard labour in the basketball area. 6th—Debate on “The life of the Small Farmer” between lay-students and Ecclesiastics. 7th—A very interesting lecture on Geriatrics given by Doctor Grace. 8th—Nelson Eddy in *Naughty Marietta*. 9th—We learn that we now have two Tonsorial Artists. 10th—Solemn Requiem Month's Mind in the Cathedral for Dr. Collier. 11th—The new constitution on the Sacred Liturgy. Lecture by Father Holohan. 12th—Ash Wednesday—Tobacco shares fall sharply:

The boy stood on the burning fag,
“It is my last”, quoth he,
And straightaway around the tops,
He strode right manfully.

Exhibition of chalices and pyxes in the Library. 13th—Unlucky number . . . but who are the unlucky ones . . . Us or the Kids. Catechetical lessons begin in the local national



FIRST AND SECOND PHILOSOPHERS

Front Row: PATRICK HARTE (Tyrone), Northampton; VINCENT MCCAUL (Cavan), Hexham and Newcastle; BRENDAN MCA TEER (Louth), Dromore; THOMAS CODY (Kilkenny), St. Augustine; PATRICK NEARY (Meath), Sacramento; JOHN MCLAUGHLIN (Derry), Paterson, N.J.; EDWARD BRADY (Cavan), Hexham and Newcastle; PETER SANDS (Down), Dromore.

Second Row: MARTIN COSTELLO (Mayo), Hexham and Newcastle; GERARD KELLY (Antrim), Christchurch, N.Z.; JOHN LALOR (Laois), Ossory; EDWARD MCEVILLY (Galway), Richmond, Va.; GERARD MULKERN (Galway), Paterson, N.J.; JOSEPH OWENS (Wicklow), Sacramento; FRANCIS GILBRIDE (Fermanagh), Northampton; NOEL O'BRIEN (Kilkenny), San Francisco.

Third Row: JOHN KINSELLA (Kilkenny), Ossory; JOHN O'SULLIVAN (Wexford), San Antonio; FRANCIS LAWLOR (Kerry), Sacramento; FRANCIS KEARNEY (Down), Dromore; THOMAS DAVIS (Tipperary), YAKIMA; JOHN KEARNEY (Armagh), Dromore; BRIAN MCGOVERN (Edinburgh), Baker City; JOHN WALSH (Kilkenny), Hexham and Newcastle.

Fourth Row: JAMES P. FARRELL (Longford), Shrewsbury; JOHN QUINN (Limerick), Clifton; PATRICK FITZPATRICK (Kilkenny), Ossory; JAMES LAVERTY (Down), Dromore; BERNARD SOMERS (Kilkenny), Boise City; BERNARD MCGIVERN (Down), Dromore; JAMES WALSH (Kilkenny), San Francisco; JOHN EGAN (Kilkenny), Providence.

schools—wonder what the children think.
14th—Tobacco shares begin to steady:

His temper frayed, a leathern tongue,
A stare in his dull grey een,
“Methinks”, says he, “that what I need,
Is a taste of nicotine”.

15th—Frailty, thy name is cigarette-addict.
16th—Lecture on the Y.C.W. by Father Olinbrook, Betty Billo and Con Gordon. Changes in the Liturgy come into force . . . we have a deacon read the Gospel at Mass and the celebrant gives a *homily*. Can anyone define a homily? 17th—Students’ Gardening Society do it again—the first snowdrops appear. Orders are orders, and like everything else we must fill up the forms before we will get them. 20th—Lecture on Muintir na Tire by Father Corkery of Maynooth. 22nd—Final feverish rush in preparation for March 5th play. Two more Indians and three Jesuits appointed. Half a pound of nails are bought. Canada and Naguacu get a bottle of sun tan lotion. News of Canon Lowry’s illness reaches us. We wish him a speedy recovery. 24th—Tennis tournament under way. 27th—Somebody told the joke about the dirty window but nobody saw through it. 29th—Today happened. . . . We note this as it won’t happen again for four years. Calamity. A brand new error-proof electric clock is installed on the main corridor. From now on 6.50 is ten to seven. Discussion on the New Constitution of the Liturgy during second study with Father Holohan as chairman.

March

1st—Film: *The Devil at 4 o’clock*. 2nd—Dr. Brennan indisposed . . . no more Scripture or History until further notice. We sincerely wish him a speedy recovery . . . for more reasons than one. 4th—St. Kieran’s Day festivities start with a film: *Northwest Frontier*. With regard to films, students had been saying they wanted more. They got him. 5th—The feast-day of our patron. The highlight of the festivities is the play. This year *The Strong are Lonely* was presented and was very suc-

cessful. The promise of “recompense” for the work put into it is welcome news. 6th—“The recompense” in the usual way. The Photographic Society give us a slide show. It was a “show”. 7th—If one is a “playboy” on the 5th then he may also watch Rugby on TV. Wales defeat Ireland. That we had Sir Laurence Olivier’s *Hamlet*. Script by Liam Craithlainne. 8th—“Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt”—as one of the participants said of his opponent in a practice for the approaching Rugby House Match. In the evening our hurlers hold Kilkenny Senior Champions—Freshford—to a draw. 9th—The revisions are posted and “oh me nap” some are listed for St. Patrick’s Day. Napper Tandy must have turned in his grave. And just to keep pace with the New Constitution of the Liturgy, Scripture takes a turn for Pastoral. 10th—Napper Tandy is put at ease. 11th—The second Rugby House Match ends in another draw—8 all. The vigilance committee were in and a well-known member of the force fears suspension. 12th—Some seminarians now get home for the weekend. We never had it so good. 13th—More revisions . . . and again . . . enough said. Fire drill. The Senior Prefect left his windows open. We regret to announce that the Senior Dean was *not* called. The local Garda failed to break the glass with a hammer so he used his hand. No “cutting” remarks, please. The only way some could get out was to throw keys through the fire. 14th—

“O Tom, what did you do? for things are rather dull.
The radio has ceased to work, there is a definite lull,
The wires have touched, the wireless blown,
The soccer fans let out a groan.
But, lo, the lights affected too,
And fifty bulbs have turned blue,
In darkness,
Things look black, the lights are out,
The music hall, the chapel . . . all about,
And even rooms in chapel lane,
We learn that the lot at least for now in darkness
Will remain.

15th—Twenty-four members of the Students' Catholic Action Group avail themselves of the kind invitation of His Lordship Dr. Birch to attend Social Service talks in St. John of God Convent. All appreciated it very much. 16th—Dr. Brennan may not be taking class for some time but work in Scripture and History must go on . . . as we found out today. Despite that we enjoyed thoroughly the combined efforts of the Cumann Ciarán Naofa with their concert of all Irish that is good and the play presented by the Old Fourths: *Cough Water*. That night we watched a number of Gael Linn "shorts". 17th—Lá 'Le Pádraig 1964. St. Patrick did not smile on us. His tears prevented the annual parade, to which we all look forward so much. The H.P.'s duties are extended to include changing a wheel on the President's car. The lay students' magazine on sale—*Mirror*. 18th—One of the Wednesdays that in our programme becomes Thursday. 19th—And this is one of the Thursdays that has become a Wednesday. 20th—The Thirds and Fourths now know that preparing for ordinations demands order in ordering. Some Thirds thought that they were being ordained this year but they were soon disillusioned. 21st—Today we had a "frank" and "gay" discussion in the Dogma class. Mice in the Theology Hall. 22nd—Palm Sunday. The trees seem to have flourished this year. Soccer House Match which was lost by the House. Recreation Hall door stuck—the key broke in the lock. We now have permission to make a rear (rare) entrance. 23rd—The rain in Spain . . . it has nothing on Ireland today. A dose of "cold water" follows last week's dose of "cough water". 25th—Holy Week ceremonies begin. 26th—We don't seem to know who our friends are today. When your best friend tries to shoot your thumb off what are you to think? 28th—Lecture in the Theology Hall. Father O'Connor enlightens us on the relationship of the New Constitution of the Liturgy to the young priest. Our sincere gratitude to the Students' Liturgical Group for inviting Father O'Connor to give us the talk.

M. DILLANE
L. O'DOHERTY
J. MALLON

Cumann Chiarain Naofa

TÁ sé beagnach ceithre bliana anois ó bunaíodh Cumann Chiaráin chun suim na mac leighinn a spreagadh agus a mhuscailt i gcultúr álainn a dtíre dúthchais. Níl líon an Chumainn go ró-mhór ach an scata atá ann níl siad in a gconáí.

Gach tráthnóna, Dombnaigh, taobh istigh de halla na seod, tagann gasra an Chumainn le chéile agus í dteanga binn ár sinnsir clios-tear abhair éigin dá pleidhe. Phleiidhtear ceisteann politicúile, ceisteann i dtaoibh feirmeoireachra, spóirt, thionnsclaíocht agus ábhar eile nach iad. Uaireannta cuirtear isteach ar an díospóireacht an fhad is tá duine éigin ag tabhairt port dúinn ar an mbosca ceoil nó ag canamh amhrán agus indiaidh sin leantar leis an gcomhrá. Ar an gcaoi sin meadúightear ar stor ar gcuid amhráin agus ar gcuid ceoil agus meadúightear ar faoi dhó ag an gCuirm Ceoil Bliantúil ar lá Fhéile Pádraic.

Bhain gach duine go leór sult as an Cuirm Ceoil anuraidh agus mhol siad go mór é fiú amháin imeasc siúd nach raibh blas na teangan go ró-mhaith acu.

I mbliana cuireadh céilí ar an árdán agus is in Aerphort Bhaile Átha Cliath a bhí an suidheamh. Taisbáineadh Éireannaigh ag taisdeal chuig gach páirt den domhain agus ag tabhairt a gcuid ceoil agus amhráin leo agus gan faithchíos ortha na seodanna luachara sin a chur os comhair poball ar bith pé Sasanaigh nó Meiricánaigh iad.

Ag scríobh i bpáipéar nuaíochta Gaelach an Domhnaigh le goirid, labhair an t-eagarthóir faoi dhaoine a bhí ag moladh áilneacht na teangan agus ag moladh na daoine a bhí ag obair leis an teanga d'athbheochaint ach nach raibh siad féin ag buladh buille ar bith ar son a shlánú. Ní hé sin an scéal imeasc na mic leighinn anseo. Níl Cumann Chiarán Naofa sásta le molta a thabhairt nó níl siad socair bheith ag caint i dtaoibh aithbheócham na teangan, tá siad ag déanamh rud eicint. Níl siad ag féachaint le ceard a thabharthas a dtír dóibh ach tá siad ag féachaint céard is féidir leosan a dhéanamh dá dtír, a dteanga agus a gcultúr.

AN RÚNAÍ

SHUFFLE

EUGENE NEE

WHEN we look in retrospect through the coloured glasses of memory over the last eighteen months of our academic year, there are a few days which leave an indelible mark.

Yes, September 22nd, the first of those days, was to be a milestone in the history of seminary life. This was to be the day when the "shuffling" started; when the S.O.S. went out for volunteer steeplejacks to decorate the verandah with multi-coloured flags. The time was short and the solemn words came thundering forth: "Didn't I tell you to keep off the slates?" At this point the bell clamoured "down tools" for a five-minute break and let another shift take over. Of course, we could not leave the archway without decorations and for this little task fifteen volunteers came along with flags, each man knowing better than his neighbour how it should be done.

Now the spotlight switched to the study halls when the Dean announced: "Take your books and desks out of here and put them into the Music Hall, and be careful not to scrape the walls". In less than an hour our study halls were turned into a "vacuum" with only the crucifix on the wall. After a short period the vacuum was glittering with glasses, china ware, vases of flowers and white tablecloths. And our low-lying assembly hall was changed into a beautiful restaurant for ourselves. It is a pity it wasn't left as our permanent refectory.

The climax came Sunday morning when the bell issued forth its usual musical ultimatum: You have five minutes to get down to the Cathedral. There we awaited the arrival of ten bishops and many other dignitaries of the Church and representatives of the Government, including our President, ex-Presidents and An Taoiseach. Then our

bishop-elect, Dr. Birch, arrived and in a very short time the ceremony of consecration was on its way.

When the ceremony was over, clerical and lay V.I.P.s came to St. Kieran's to celebrate the occasion with great festivity and rejoicing. The college grounds were so decorated with numerous signposts here, there and everywhere, that it did not need the reasoning of an Einstein or a Descartes to draw a logical conclusion or direction from them. In a short period our football field was dotted with automobiles glittering in the sunshine. Everything went smoothly, thanks to the sputnik efforts of the stewards and the Garda Síochána.

The second historic event of the day was getting TV in St. Kieran's for an All-Ireland final. Before this it was a great privilege to get Radio Éireann, but now TV has taken over.

We lined up to give our President and Taoiseach and dignitaries of the Church a royal send-off to their respective destinations. Our new bishop, Dr. Birch, wearing his bishop's robes for the first time in public, was received with much applause. Later he drove through the city to bless the people of Kilkenny. The date: September 23rd, 1962.

On Monday morning we scanned the notice board. It read: "Everything, including the professors, will be back to normal Tuesday morning. Steeplejacks must get down all the flags and parcel them carefully, for we will need them on Ordination Sunday, D.V." Soon things were normal again and Tuesday morning, like most Tuesday mornings, began with class.

Now looking back, all this shuffling, preparation and re-shuffling that went on during those days of last September take on a different aspect when viewed through the coloured glasses of memory.

AN APPRECIATION

BRENDAN SHEEHY

IT'S all part of college life, I suppose, but still all are enquiring why it should happen to Tom. I know he's not as young as most, but I think he's still capable of carrying on his work. But let's begin at the start.

It all happened because of the new arrival. Such arrivals are always spick and span and indeed this one was no exception. He was so bright and shiny that you could almost see yourself in him. But wait till he's done as much work as faithful Tom and then we'll see what condition he'll be in. He made his presence felt as he moved around with clock-like precision. He won the admiration of many, but I'm glad to say he didn't impress me. This new fellow has no respect for students, not like poor Tom who always moved gracefully aside when passing you. The pity of it is that he's taking over from Tom day by day and it is confidently rumoured that Tom's days are numbered.

However, it is lucky that Tom is well in with the authorities, especially the older men, and they see to it that he isn't completely ignored. But gradually we see the thin edge of the wedge being driven deeper and deeper. Surely Tom is aware of this, but still he never says a word about it. That is just like him, for he was a silent sufferer all his life.

Admittedly Austin (that's the new bucks' name) is very efficient, but who can point an accusing finger at Tom and say he was ever late? I've seen students to set their watches by his coming and going. Up at six o'clock each morning, he worked a long, hard day.

That is why we'll find it so hard to part with him. He was the silent type, never interfering with any other person's business and always around when needed. It is said that

there was never a man who worked as hard as poor Tom, and that's why it is so difficult to part with him if he should ever be sent to pasture.

He was never known to have said a cross word to anybody, and it was unthinkable for him that he would say anything evil of another. Strange that he never went "round tops", he who was so fond of walking. I could excuse him if he was a smoker, but I can vouch for the fact that a cigarette never passed his lips. He passed the shops by as if they never existed (there aren't many of us who would have the same will-power to do that) and it didn't matter if it was Lent or Christmas, it was the same to poor old Tom.

He must have known his place too, for he never mixed with the student body. No one could accuse him of tale-bearing or call him a trouble maker. Money was the least of his worries; all the poor creature wanted was a bite to eat and a bed to lie on when his day's work was over. It was so very little to ask for that it galls me to think of the new fellow moving around as if he owned the place. Faith, he's not satisfied with a bite to eat. Oh, no! nothing for this fellow but drink, and as soon as he consumes what he is given he's looking for more.

I'm thinking (rightly, I hope) that 't isn't long till we see him out on the roads again. Then Tom will be in full control and back in harness again. Where, I ask you, could you find a better friend than Tom, the horse up from the farmyard?

A four-legged friend, a four-legged friend,
He'll never let you down.
(*But the new farm van might.*)

The Liturgical Exhibition

THE Students' Liturgical Group was founded on 4th March, 1960. In the constitution we find the aims of the society are: "to interest ourselves and our fellow-students in the liturgy . . . to appreciate more fully the intimate connection between liturgy and holiness". Some eighteen months after its small beginning the Group felt the desire (which seems to strike all such organisations at one time or another) to express itself outwardly in some way and to share the results of its activity with the rest of the House. The idea of having an exhibition was first raised in September 1961, but it was not until January of the following year that preparations began under the enthusiastic direction of Denis Brennan (now a priest of the diocese of Albany, N.Y.). Throughout the term and the following summer months members gathered relevant material. In September 1962 arrangements were completed for the showing of an exhibition of contemporary Irish Sacred Art in conjunction with the students' exhibition. This art exhibition was sponsored by the Royal Institute of Architects of Ireland and An Chomhairle Ealaíon.

Both exhibitions were opened on 11th October by Dr. Birch (then Co-Adjutor Bishop of Ossory), in the presence of the student body, professorial staff and some guests. The exhibitions remained on view for the following week, during which time they were visited by many people, clerical and lay.

The Liturgical Exhibition was designed mainly to show the meaning of liturgy, that is, "the whole public worship of the Mystical Body of Christ, Head and members", and following from this the Christian's active, personal role in it. This was done through "visuals"—photographs, pictures, drawings, charts and diagrams, signposted and explained by easily-read quotations from the pens of Popes Pius X and Pius XII, Dom Odo Casel, Dom Gueranger, Father Jungmann, and our own Dom Marmion.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, being as it is, in the words of Pius XII "the summit, we may also say the centre of the Christian religion", naturally formed the nucleus of the

display, and was treated in greatest detail. It was represented by an altar prepared for sacrifice, flanked by two stands. The first showed how and why the Mass was a sacrifice, and by means of diagrams demonstrated the relation of the various parts with one another and with the whole. The other concentrated on a consequence of this notion of the Mass—active participation. It showed when and why the laity, through the ages, lost their proper part and were gradually reduced to "silent and passive spectators".

Second to the Mass the sacraments received most attention. They were shown in with proper perspective in the Christian life, their true relation to each other and to the Mass.

Other stands dealt with such themes as "The Liturgical Year", "Family Customs", "The Heritage of St. Patrick", "Sacred Art" and "Church Architecture". The "Sacred Art" display gave a brief history of Christian art from the Ravenna Mosaics to Rouault. The architectural sections included photographs of Irish, British and Continental church architecture, past and present; from the Celtic monastic cells to Hiberno-Romanesque Cashel and on to contemporary Irish churches; from Norman Durham through the Early English and Transitional periods to present-day Coventry Cathedral; from the Romanesque, High and Baroque to modern Continental churches. The photographs in this section were by courtesy of the British and Spanish embassies, the Italian State Tourist Office and Bord Fáilte Eireann. A link with the past was formed through a collection of vestments and sacred vessels from the College Museum. The Cistercians of New Mellifont added three penal chalices to this collection.

The Sacred Art exhibition, on view in the rooms of the priests' corridor, enabled us to study the work of some of Ireland's leading artists in the fields of painting, stained glass, metalwork and sculpture. (We are indebted to Messrs. Wilfrid Cantwell and Richard Hurley, architects, who travelled down from Dublin to set up the exhibition.) The first



VIEW OF LITURGICAL EXHIBITION

reaction of the student-body to this exhibition was one of surprise (horror in some cases!), but after having two experts lecture on the subject students returned to view the works equipped with a new-found appreciation of, and interest in, art and artists.

Dr. Austin Flannery, O.P., editor of *Doctrine and Life*, gave the first of the two illustrated lectures which we had during the exhibition week. Taking as his subject "Art in the Service of the Church", he spoke of modern architecture stemming from new ideas, theological as well as architectural. In general he brought home the point of the church being the House of God, and also God's "tent pitched among men", and in this sense and in keeping with the liturgical movement designs must be such that the altar is predominant, for it is here that "God and His people meet . . . in the Sacrifice of the Saviour". Mr. James White, Curator of the Municipal Gallery in Dublin, delivered a most

informative lecture on the "History of Sacred Art". He illustrated his theme with colour slides of masterpieces of Christian art from earliest times to the present day, and explained how much more there is in a work of art than meets the uneducated eye.

To the Benedictines of Maria Laach fell the responsibility of the liturgical revival in Germany and indeed to the Benedictine Order in general was entrusted the work of bringing out the beauty and meaning of the liturgy. Ever since the late nineteenth century Benedictines have been luminaries in the liturgical movement throughout the world. In view of all this one can well imagine the feelings of the Group when the chairman was informed in February 1963 that Dom Joseph Dowdall, O.S.B., Abbot of Glenstal, had requested that the exhibition be shown in St. Columba's Abbey in conjunction with the 10th Annual Liturgical Congress there in April 1963. After the President had given his permission mem-

bers began the work of re-assembling and perfecting the exhibition.

After the Easter break two students set off for Glenstal where they received the welcome characteristic of the Benedictines. With the help of the monks and brothers the exhibition was set up in a large class-hall adjoining the Abbey building. Some fine examples of Brother Benedict Tutty's work in metal were added to the exhibition, as also was a set of architectural models of contemporary Irish churches.

The two-day Congress began on 23rd April. During that period clergy, secular and regular, visited the exhibition and were favourably impressed; impressed at the exhibition *in se* and impressed more so because it was an exhibition assembled by seminarians. Comments were sincere and, perhaps, the displays which received most praise were those of "Active Participation", "Our Lady in Liturgy" and "Pre-Reformation and Modern Architecture". One visitor, referring to the subject "Our Lady in Liturgy", said it constituted a full exhibition in itself. Another priest was so fascinated by the "History of Active Participation" that he was contemplating the possibility of getting it published. The architectural feature evoked much interest. The photographs of Gothic cathedrals lent an historical touch to the liturgical exhibition as the Gothic church symbolised the Christian ideology of its time—man reaching up for heaven and eternal glory—manifested by the High and Perpendicular periods. In the light of these and other such concepts one could feel justified in judging the exhibition a success.

The Liturgical Congress closed on 24th April, and in his concluding talk the Lord Abbot praised the exhibition and the students of St. Kieran's College, who had set out on hitherto untrodden tracks.

BRIAN McPOLIN
KENNETH KING

CATHOLIC ACTION GROUP

IN December 1960 this group was founded, and its first president was Father Henry Doherty, now serving in Mobile, Alabama. The function of the group is to instil into its members a knowledge of the importance and necessity of Catholic Action at the present time, in order that, as priests later on, they may use it to greatest advantage.

Last year a number of societies, such as the Legion of Mary and St. Vincent de Paul Society, were discussed. This year the scope has been considerably widened. The schema of discussions is made up of a greater range of subjects, e.g. education, censorship, trade unionism, all dealt with from the point of view of the Christian in society.

A very successful conference on the Legion of Mary was held in February 1963, at which many Legion envoys spoke.

Dr. Birch recently invited the group to attend a Social Service afternoon, from which very useful information was gleaned.

The idea of setting up a Catholic Action Group may have materialised from an exhibition held in May 1960, and it is worthy of note that the Group, after weeks of discussion and deliberation, has decided to stage another exhibition. In the exhibition Catholic Action will be interpreted not according to a strict juridical definition, but in its widest context as "Christianity Active in Society". It is intended to hold this exhibition about Easter 1965, and a preparatory commission is already functioning.

Suggestions which could be given effect in the exhibition will be most welcome.

JOHN KEARNEY
(Secretary)

To Be Or Not To Be

JAMES COOKE

To be or not to be . . . that is the question:
Whether 'tis better to suffer
The slings and arrows of seminary life,
Or to pack our bags
And by leaving end them: To leave, to go;
No more? And by our leave to say we end
The effort at perfection we ought to make here;
But is this so devoutly to be wished? To leave, to change,
To change, perhaps regret; ay, there's the rub;
For in that move from God what pangs may come
When we have shuffled off this old soutane
Must give us pause: there's the call of God
That makes it worth it all;
For who would bear the order of the day,
The early-bird arising, the hurry from the rooms,
The time of meditation, the classes by the hour,
The silence of recollection, the pain of due correction—
The order that is willed by God
When he himself might his own exit make
With a mere "I'll go"? Who would this constant effort make
But for the realisation that this life is something great,
And God is calling.
Then no longer will the distracting world puzzle the will
And make us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
—May God forbid a motive so unworthy!
So why let lack of dedication make cowards of us all?
Why let the native hue of good resolution
Be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of "good enough"?
And the enterprise of greatest moment—our priesthood—
With such complacency fail to hold us
And lose the name of ACTION.



PREPARING BASKETBALL COURT

Gardeners' Progress

ANYONE whose front door is ten yards from the gate realises the effort it takes to make the intervening space presentable. Our Gardening Society started with neither gate nor front door, but with an almost unlimited area to be challenged. There was a large attendance at the ceremonial turning of the first sod. Work at the beginning was unlimited, so neither students nor spades were spared. Stones, bottles and rusty cans went to the wall. Bricks and mortar gave way to fertile soil, and a few months later vivid splashes of colour brightened the surroundings.

The Society gained more ground. A bed was prepared in the region known as "The Tops", which bed was later to be immortalised as "Big Dan's Grave"—dead flowers are buried there. Tulips and daffodils were planted and

their valiant appearance alleviates many a cold Monday morning.

Things weren't always rosy, however. Azaleas were transplanted from the West, tended and nurtured with gentle care, and grew into the finest raspberry bushes in the country. Secretly, under cover of darkness, these were unceremoniously uprooted, and the Society saved its face. Some flowers from Kerry remained in bloom, a blushing red, for three months, then suddenly died and left no trace. So far, all efforts to replace them, or even to find out what they were, have proved fruitless. The name of another evergreen shrub is unknown to all except the "Blarney Boy".

Yet these are minor disasters and pale into insignificance when one sees the rows and rows of glowing flowers, paying tribute to the spadework of the Gardening Society.



ENJOYING FRUITS OF LABOUR

Music Society

FOR the past two years the quarter to eleven Sunday morning date has become an indispensable feature of life for many students. That is the hour when the Music Society, founded in March 1962, meets. The aim of the Society, as embodied in its constitution, is to foster an appreciation of classical music. It stems from a desire to understand serious music, rather than as a reaction against "pop" music.

At first the activities of the Society consisted solely in the Sunday morning meeting, at which a member gave a talk on some composer and his work, or on the construction of certain symphonies and concertos, or on the

story of an opera. Last term the President of the College paid us the honour of playing a selection of his records and giving a very enlightening talk on their composition.

A new chapter in the history of the Society began when permission was obtained to show short documentary films on music. It is hoped with this audio-visual angle to attract more students, and to win more converts. So far we can claim only a limited success. But with the growth of a more varied record library and the expectation of a new record player, we anticipate a much greater influence and membership. *Back to Bach.*

Say Cheese, Please

IT was Easter 1961 when certain strange "goings on" first came under observation in St. Kieran's. A particular room on one of the college's main thoroughfares became the object of much speculation and rumour. It was noticed that on Sundays and Wednesdays this room took on a very "gloomy" appearance, and callers were rudely reminded that they had no business there and had better be off. Soon the news flashed. A new society had developed on the college front, the Photographic Society, and the room in question was in future to be known as the Darkroom, at least on Sundays and Wednesdays.

All that began three years ago, and the room and its occupants have long since become an accepted part of college life. Founded with the aim of teaching its members to see beauty and form where formerly they had seen only useless obstruction, the Society has now almost reached the other extreme, and nature is judged in terms of composition and perspective. As for skill at the darkroom bench, the pottering amateurism of early days has been replaced by a smooth standard of workmanship.

The Society had, however, another aim from the beginning—to be of benefit to the community. The COLLEGE RECORD affords some evidence of achievement in this field. Many college activities have gone on photographic record to interest future generations. Exhibitions, plays, games, meetings have all been captured by the Photographic Society and its ever-blinking Leicas.

Recently the student body, and at least one of the more daring professors, were treated to a slide show in the college theatre. While individual students may have blushed a little during the show, all looked more than happy at its conclusion. This was the first such show and who knows what will be achieved in the future?

Students' Liturgical Group

President: B. McPOLIN

Vice-President: T. MORGAN

Secretary: M. RYAN

THE Sunday meeting still holds pride of place in the Group's activities. Attendance at these meetings is consistently very good. At 1.15 each Sunday afternoon an eager group of potential Jungmanns gathers together in what used to be the College Museum, now the "Society Room".

At the moment the new Constitution from Vatican II provides us with ample matter for discussion, and a series of papers on its more practical aspects is being read. Up to this we have been dealing with the significance of Sacred Scripture texts and prayers used in Sunday Masses, as well as investigating more varied topics, such as "Liturgy and Holiness", "Winning the People to the Liturgy", "The Living Parish", etc.

But, it's not all hard slogging! Now and then we devote a meeting to something lighter. Recently Brendan Lawless entertained and instructed the meeting with a talk on the Gelineau Psalms. Entertainment by courtesy of the Grail record.

At Advent during the weekly meeting we have our own paraliturgy built around the Advent Wreath ceremony. In future we intend to experiment with Bible Vigils which are proving so popular on the Continent and in some counties in Northern Ireland. We feel that a greater familiarity with the Word of God is essential for a true understanding of the Liturgy.

The Group's notice board still functions as our contact point with the student body. It carries photographs, diagrams, articles of interest designed to keep liturgy in the public eye. Our library of liturgical books is growing, but unfortunately they are not being read as they might. Plans to change that state of things are in the melting pot just now!

There was only one "professional" lecture last year, given at Easter by Father O'Connor on "The Easter Vigil". The group would like to express its thanks to Father O'Connor for his willingness to give this lecture at a period when so many duties called upon his time. Although not within the scope of the Group, we cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing the thanks of the whole House to Father Holohan on the thoroughly enjoyable lectures on the New Constitution. This series of lectures could be said to have put flesh on the bones of the Constitution decrees.

Our gratitude is due to Father Holohan for his constant encouragement and assistance to the Group itself.

SPANISH CLASS

IN September our class of nineteen, with fellow-student Bill McGowan in the chair, got off to a hopeful start. The text book was *Spanish in Three Months*. Our appetite for the language was whetted by discovering words with adventurous overtones as *toreador*, *sierra*, *sombrero*. Not so exciting, however, was the grammar.

After a time pupils felt rewarded by being able to enjoy looking through the Spanish magazines, and translating sections. All agree that the linguaphone is an essential aid to correct pronunciation.

This class should prove its worth when the students go to their missions in South America, San Diego and San Antonio.

A Great Convert

THE spirit of humanity of John XXIII, the ecumenical spirit of Cardinal Bea, the spirit prompting the Civil Rights Bill of President Kennedy have all three succeeded (*materialiter vel formaliter*) in producing our new Convert. Yet our Convert is an unusual one. Whereas tennis and basketball took their places with ease, this Convert didn't fit in at the start. It had to prove itself.

That appeared impossible. Some people objected to it in a surge of nationalism, but ecumenism was the answer to that. Some objected to it as being a prank for novelty's sake, but humanity disposed of that. And the recognition of civil rights was the counter-action against those who objected to it because of the sparsity of its advocates.

It became accepted, on faith, rather than by reason. The believers served it well since they wanted it to take its place in the Established Sect (Games). After two months it still had its sceptics. Then on a damp November evening Frank had just sold a beautiful dummy to the full-back. He was through.

Then . . . a goal. But no, not a dropped one, for in the fashion characteristic of the Kingdom he blazed the ball to the corner of the net.

During a training session some evenings later, full-back Paddy came out to meet a dropping Garryowen, caught it with the skill of "the greatest", but then and unfortunately not until then did he call "Mark", only to be "(k)Need" and hurled by the opposing forwards towards his own line. Yet they didn't get to the line. Our forwards provided a gallant defence. And Paddy? Oh! yes. Still with the ball, Paddy was heard gasping between both packs. The former staunch believer w-a-v-e-r-e-d, and then and there declared *Anathema sit* on our Convert.

Our Convert has obviously still some way to go. The wittier members of the community claimed it had gone the wrong way during a training session early in December. It began when our leading place kicker put all he had behind the ball in an effort to get a good touch. He certainly got distance and the line

too, but not touch. The pigskin became impaled some twenty yards up one of the sycamores. A Kerryman passing by and seeing its conical head aloft began the count-down: “. . . four, three, two, one, ZERO” and then in not so silent tones “and Kieran’s ARE IN SPACE”. Which suggested that our project was under way all right, but somewhere in the realm of the *ens rationis*.

If, however, we were in space then, we were very much back to earth on 8th December—House Match Day. Perhaps, some found themselves more back on earth than they wished. For though the tactics of the forwards might in Rugby parlance be called “movements”, the tackling of the backs is as yet unknown in Lansdowne Road. Remember B’s suspension (no, not from the game, but) from Mick’s arm? However, a change could be seen in this match. Our Convert seemed now to be moving towards the Established Sect. Yet, if it were to take its place, there should be something on the score-board. And there wasn’t.

The spirit of ecumenism (alone, this time) finally created the status of the game this term. Kaiser’s and Rynne’s accounts of the First Session of the Council produced a new and dynamic mentality in all the believers who read one or other of these works during the vacation. They came back convinced that if

we wanted anyone or *anything* to change, we just could not pursue a policy of *laissez faire*. No, we would have to change our attitude if this Convert was to become a worthwhile member of the Sect.

That there was a change of attitude was evident to any of our spectators on Monday and Thursday evenings. Groups of players went through all the strategic movements of the game, from the ordinary reverse pass to the “scissors”. One was heard even to criticise Dickie Jeep’s pass from the loose scrum. And with the change of attitude came a change in the game. We were now playing RUGBY.

This process of development culminated in the House Match on 11th March. Vinnie had just gone over the line for the House. It was 8-6 in favour of the Fourths. There was little time left and Vinnie’s try was almost beside the touch-line. Mick came up from full back to try to convert from this very awkward angle. “Would Kiernan do it from there, and we’d have him back again against France”, said a Cork Constitution enthusiast. Mick had the ball placed. He took six paces back, then advanced. The ball lifted. It had the height and the direction and . . . yes, it had the distance.

“A great Convert”, murmured our Kerry friend on the line.

Sports 1962

100 YARDS CHAMPIONSHIP:

P. Malone, L. Norris, B. Sheehy.

100 YARDS:

J. Mallon, W. McGowan, V. Varley.

880 YARDS:

L. Norris, S. Carey, W. McGowan.

220 YARDS:

S. Maher, P. Malone, D. Cavanagh.

440 YARDS CHAMPIONSHIP:

P. Malone, S. Carey, S. Maher.

440 YARDS:

O. Deegan, S. Maher, S. Carey.

PHILS. LONG JUMP:

P. McEneaney, J. Crotty, J. Lally.

LONG JUMP (OPEN)

P. Malone, E. Nee, W. O’Neill.

OBSTACLE RACE

W. McGowan, J. Mallon, C. O’Reilly.

SHOOTING:

T. Dermody, M. Ryan.

WEIGHT:

M. Conway, J. Mallon.

MILE:

L. Norris, P. Malone, P. McKenna, P. McWilliams, S. Kennedy, P. O’Reilly.

SPORTS 1963

- 100 YARDS:
S. Laverty, S. Maher, M. Hyland.
- 440 YARDS:
J. Grace, O. Deegan, P. Malone.
- 880 YARDS:
L. Norris, S. Kennedy, C. O'Reilly.
- SPECIAL 220 YARDS:
M. Drennan, B. Sheehy, E. McEvelly.
- 220 YARDS:
E. Nee, O. Deegan, P. Malone.
- LONG JUMP:
J. Lally, P. McEneaney, P. Kenny.
- SHOOTING:
W. McGowan, P. Drennan.
- OBSTACLE RACE:
J. Keane.
- RELAY RACE:
First Divinity: L. Norris, J. Crotty, B. Sheehy, M. Hyland.
- BASKETBALL:
Connaught: T. Morgan, W. McGowan, J. Mallon, C. Casey, G. Harney, N. McIntyre, J. Lally.
- MILE:
L. Norris, P. Malone, S. Kennedy, T. Murphy, D. Burke, E. McEvelly.
- BEST ALL-ROUND ATHLETE:
L. Norris.

HOUSE MATCHES 1963-64

RESULTS

HURLING: House 6-7; Old Fourths 3-5

House: E. McEvelly (*goal*), D. Burke, M. Hyland, J. Keane, J. Mallon, D. Purcell, T. McEneaney, L. Norris, B. Sheehy, J. Cooke, N. Sheridan, P. Duggan, J. Ryan, P. Malone, S. Maher.

Sub.: J. Smyth for J. Ryan.

Fourths: P. Dalton (*goal*), E. Nee, S. Doyle, N. O'Brien, T. Corcoran, J. Bourke, J. Joyce, J. Grace, J. Egan, O. Deegan, A. Fitzgerald, J. Walsh, F. Lawlor, B. Somers, T. Murphy.

FOOTBALL: House 1-3; Old Fourths 0-4

House: M. Drennan, P. Sands, N. McIntyre, D. Burke, J. Keane, J. Mallon, J. Rowan, J. Smith, W. McGowan, P. O'Reilly, J. Shryane, W. J. O'Neill, B. Somers, O. McStravick, P. McEneaney.

Subs.: A. Boniface, B. McGivern.

Fourths: T. Sheridan, P. J. Neary, C. O'Reilly, J. Bourke, E. Nee, J. Grace, H. Rafferty, M. Dolan, B. McAteer, P. McWilliams, J. Lally, S. Laverty, A. Fitzgerald, T. Murphy, E. McEvelly.

Sub.: S. Reilly.

SOCCER: House 3; Fourths 1

House: M. Drennan, D. Burke, P. O'Reilly, J. Keane, J. Smith, J. Sweeney, W. O'Neill, P. McEneaney, J. Mallon, B. McGowan, O. McStravick.

Fourths: E. Nee, J. Bourke, P. Smith, B. McAteer, J. Murray, J. Grace, S. Laverty, S. Reilly, P. McWilliams, V. Brady, A. Fitzgerald.

Teams which represented the College in games played with visiting teams were as follows:

FOOTBALL—against Dublin Priests:

M. Drennan, C. O'Reilly, N. McIntyre, J. Rowan, S. Laverty, E. Nee, J. Keane, J. Smith, B. Sheehy, W. O'Neill, M. Dolan, P. McWilliams, W. McGowan, O. McStravick, V. Brady.

Sub.: J. Grace for C. O'Reilly.

Referee: Rev. P. Grace.

HURLING — against Freshford (Kilkenny Senior Champions):

P. Dalton, P. McEneaney, M. Hyland, N. O'Brien, J. Egan, J. Bourke, D. Purcell, J. Grace, L. Norris, N. Sheridan, M. Drennan, P. Duggan, A. Fitzgerald, P. Malone, T. Murphy.

Referee: Ralph Keyes.

DRAMA

All Saints' Day 1962

THE COUNTRY BOY

By JOHN MURPHY

Cast

Tom Maher (a farmer) ... LIAM O'DOHERTY
 Mary Kate (his wife) ... TIMOTHY O'LEARY
 Curly (their son) ... COLM CASEY
 Eddie (their son) ... VALENTINE FARRELL
 Julia (Eddie's wife) ... KENNETH KING
 Eileen Tierney ... PATRICK DRENNAN
 Production by REV. FATHER McEVOY

Musical Interlude

Invitation to Waltz (Weber); Irish Selection.
 Piano: HENRY McDAID. Violin: FRANCIS FERRIE.
 Accordions: SEAN MAHER, FRANCIS CARROLL,
 DAVID FITZGERALD.

St. Kieran's Day 1963

THE ENEMY WITHIN

By BRIAN FRIEL

Cast

Columba (Abbot of Iona) HENRY McDAID
 Grillaan (Prior of Monastery) ... TOM MURPHY
 Dochanna (Domestic Manager) SEAN KENNEDY
 Caornan (Copyist) ... PAT O'REILLY
 Diarmuid ... BRENDAN LAWLESS
 (Columba's personal attendant)
 (All these five are founder members and priests)
 Brendan ... HUGH RAFFERTY
 (Farm manager—priest)
 Oswald (Novice) ... SEAMUS LAVERTY
 Eoghan (Columba's brother) ... JOE MALLON
 Aedh (Eoghan's son) ... BRIAN McPOLIN
 Brian (Messenger) ... HUGH SWEENEY
 Production by Mr. JOHN McMAHON, Dublin

Musical Interlude

Ave Maria (Schubert); Danses Espagnoles (Kirchner); Scottish Marches: Three Irish Tunes (arr. Hardebec).
 Violin: FRANCIS FERRIE. Piano: DENIS BRENNAN.
 Accordions: SEAN MAHER, F. CARROLL, DAVID FITZGERALD, Drums: PAT DRENNAN.

All Saints' Day 1963

ALL THE KING'S HORSES

By JOHN McDONNELL

Cast

Kate Houlihan ... MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE
 (an ageing spinster)
 Michael Malony (her cousin) LIAM O'DOHERTY
 William MacStay (her cousin) BRIAN McGIVERN
 Mr. Applebloom (her solicitor) SEAN GARRETT
 Julia Finegan (her housekeeper) JOSEPH BOURKE
 Mary MacMillan (solicitor) GEORGE MURPHY
 Gerry O'Neill (reporter) VALENTINE FARRELL
 Father Kelly (parish priest) STEPHEN REILLY
 Serg. Reilly (Garda Siochana) JAMES MURRAY
 Production by FATHER SEAMUS McEVOY

Musical Interlude

Un Soir a Portici (Papini); Count Your Blessings (Temple); Schön Rosmarin (Kreisler); Such Lovely Things (Ege-North); Forgotten Dreams (Leroy Anderson).
 Violin: FRANCIS FERRIE. Accompanist: MISS MARY O'CARROLL.

St. Kieran's Day 1964

THE STRONG ARE LONELY

By FRITZ HOCHWAEOLDER

Cast

Alphonso Fernandez, S.J. PATRICK SMITH
 Ladislaus Oros, S.J. ... P. J. FITZPATRICK
 Rochus Lieberman, S.J. PATRICK TIERNEY
 Candia (Indian) ... CHARLES O'REILLY
 Naguacu (Indian) ... EDWARD NORRIS
 Jose Bustillos ... OLIVER McSTRAVICK
 Andre Cornelis ... WILLIAM MCGOWAN
 William Clarke, S.J. ... HUGH RAFFERTY
 Don Pedro de Miura ... JOSEPH MALLON
 Sergeant of the Guard ... JOHN O'SULLIVAN
 Captain Villano ... PETER McEANEANEY
 Captain Arago ... FRANCIS GILBRIDE
 Lorenzo Querini ... JAMES COOKE
 Bishop Gervanzoni ... BRENDAN LAWLESS
 Garcia Queseda ... JAMES GRACE
 Alvaro Catalde ... JOHN KEARNEY
 Father Reinegg, S.J. ... JOHN EGAN

Father Torres, S.J.	JOHN RYAN
Father Claussner, S.J.	...	SEAN McLOUGHLIN	
Acatu (Indian Chief)	JAMES SMITH
Barrigua (Indian)	...	HUGH SWEENEY	
Soldiers	{ DERMOT BURKE JOHN KEANE THOMAS CODY PATRICK DALTON JAMES WALSH
Young Indians	

Production by FATHER S. McEVoy

Interval Music

Liebesfreud; Simple Aveu; Rondino on Beethoven Theme; Liebesleid (all by Kreisler).

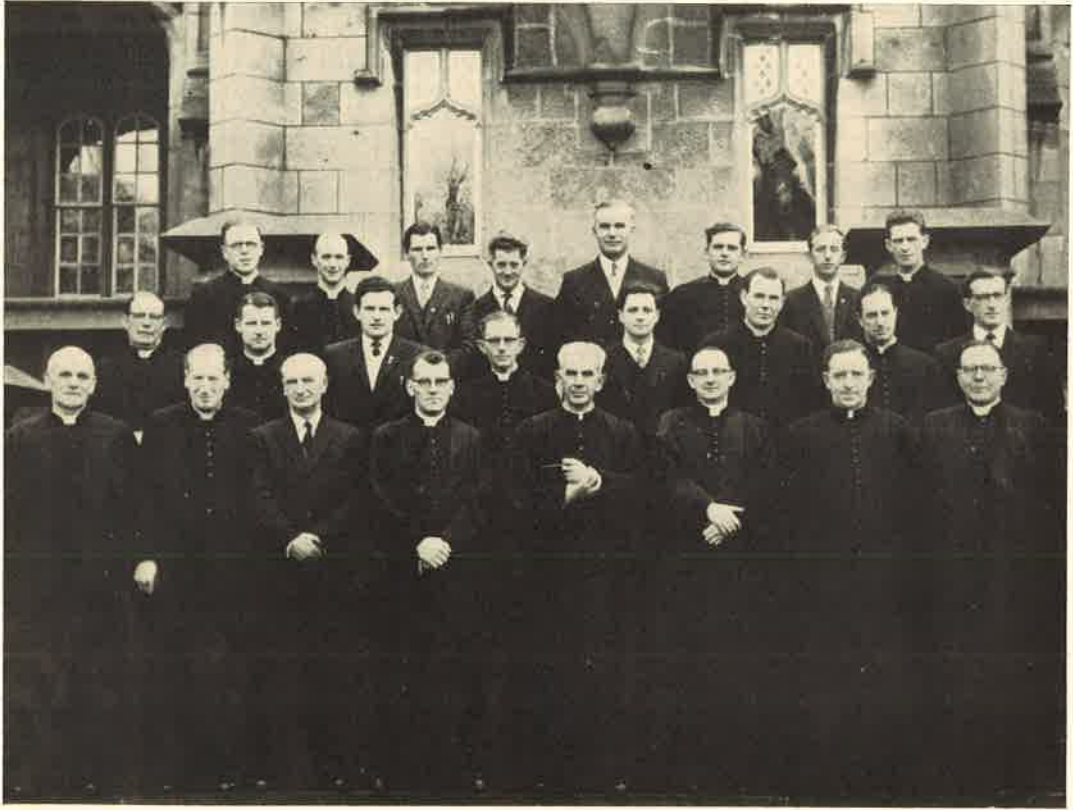
Violin: FRANCIS FERRIE. Accompanist: MISS MARY O'CARROLL.

Féile Pádraig Naofa 1964

- I. An Fear is Fearr.
- II. Josephine.
- III. Cabaret San Aerphort.
"Chomh fada 's a bhéas muid sa tír seo cá mhiste dúinn céilí a thabhairt!"
- IV. *Deus Meus adjuva me* (An Cor): *Rug Mhuire Mac do Dhia* (P. Ó Cearúil): *Danny Boy* (An Cor): *Drom an Oir* (An Cor).
- V. Ceólfhoireann na Meánscoile: Foinn le French: *Molta Phádraig*.
- VI. The Old Fourths present *Cough Water*, by J. Bernard MacCarthy.

Táimid buíoch den Ath. Ó hUallacháin agus den Ath. Ó Dorchaí faoin scabhair a thug siad dúinn chun choirm cheoil seo a chur ar an ardrán.

Táimid buíoch freisin de choiste na hAmharclainne agus de gach duine a chuidigh linn ar bhealach ar bith.



COLLEGE STAFF

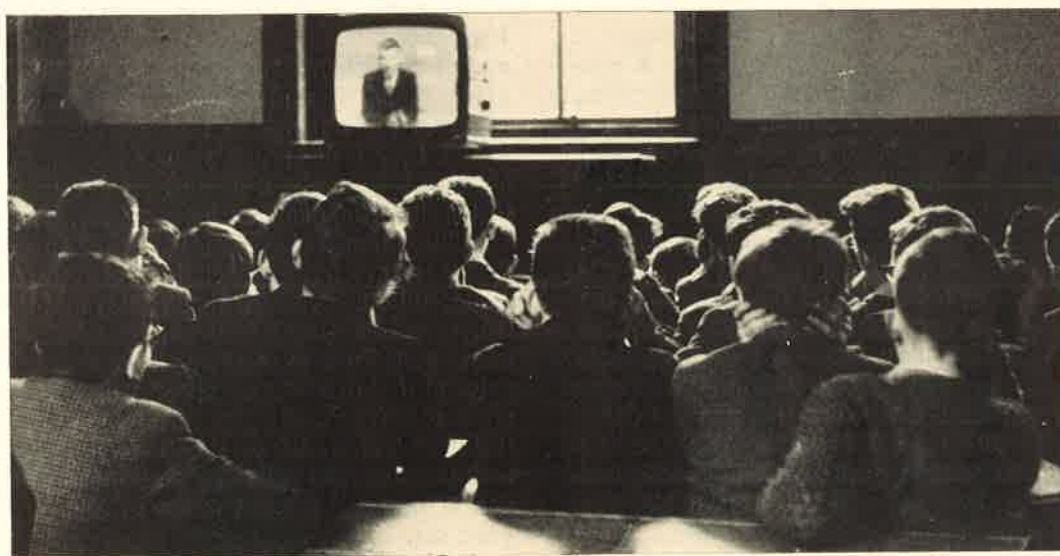
Front Row: REV. T. BRENNAN, REV. C. SHERIN, MR. P. MCSWEENEY, REV. J. HOLOHAN (Senior Dean), REV. G. CANON LOUGHRY (President), REV. T. O'CONNOR (Junior Dean), REV. P. GRANT (Bursar), REV. M. CARROLL.

Second Row: REV. J. KENNEDY, REV. J. DUGGAN, MR. S. COLLINS, REV. G. O'SULLIVAN, MR. H. TWOMEY, REV. K. DARCY, REV. T. MAHER, MR. J. A. SHEEHY.

Back Row: REV. P. GRACE, REV. J. DELANEY, MR. J. LAMBE, MR. J. O'CONNOR, MR. E. COSTELLO, REV. S. HENRY, MR. M. CODY, REV. S. McEVoy.

Absent: REV. JAMES BRENNAN.

Layside Review



STUDENTS ABSORBING EDUCATIONAL PROGRAMME ON TELEFIS EIREANN

Revelation

BRIAN O'NEILL

Senior II

I WAS in one of the few public houses on Aran Island. The large glass of porter which I held in my hand was only an excuse for my presence there. I had been here before and had been impressed by an indefinable something.

The pub was comparatively small and was divided into two parts—the bar proper and the snug. I was leaning on the bar counter in a vulgar fashion, while carrying on a conversation in Gaelic with the bartender, Tomás. We were, I think, discussing the future of the Island, for Tomás is a very knowledgeable fellow and no local happening of any consequence ever escapes his notice.

The pub was very old and it had obviously never been redecorated or repainted. It was crowded at the time, and the brown painted walls were wet and slippery. The customers were all Islanders and most of them were fishermen. Fishing is indeed the major occupation of those on Aran, and the decor of the pub seemed to mirror this. On one wall was hung a grey fishing net which had long outlived its usefulness. Hanging also were those rather mystical-looking dark green glass spheres which are used as floats for the nets. Behind Tomás there was a picture of three currachs in a storm. There was even something nautical about the tables and chairs in the snug. The tables, of which there were three, were large barrels cleverly converted by the addition of big oak wheels on their tops. These circular slabs of wood formed the table surfaces. They were highly polished and little knobs of wood has been fastened to their edges so that the table tops resembled ships' wheels. The chairs were simply small chairs.

The fishermen—some young and strong and tanned; others old and wizened and weather-beaten—were conversing in a lively Gaelic. There was a distinctive aroma of

tobacco from the lazy white cloud that filled the place. For the most part, the fishermen were dressed in tweed trousers, bulky Wellingtons and the traditional geansai. The fluent language of their native tongue made pleasant listening.

They talked mostly of their own little world, of the day's fishing (seemingly it had been good), of boats and of men, of storms and of tragedies, of the weather, of domestic affairs, of births and of deaths. Needless to say, they did not neglect their thirsts. Sure, hadn't they well earned some *uisce beatha* after their hard day's labour. As I listened to the fluent language of these simple, hard-working, God-fearing men, it seemed to me that there was some association between the wonderful Gaelic, which they spoke, and the sea, on which they depended. Somehow—I know not how to explain it—the rough guttural timbre of the speakers' voices in an argumentative mood matched the mood of a turbulent sea. Most of the time, however, their talk was mild and sweet and free-flowing and it suggested the soft patter of rain on a calm sea.

I noticed a rather incongruous object on one of the walls—a cracked mirror bearing a coloured transfer of that famous character, Mickey the Mouse. Then a faint inkling of what it was about the atmosphere of the place that attracted me flickered in my brain. American tourists would have thought the pub picturesque, English tourists would have thought it dirty, I thought it—I know not how to describe it. It possessed some beautiful, elusive quality which I had never encountered before. I was meditating on this when he came in . . .

He was a youth of about my own age, of average height, with greasy black hair and black eyebrows which met over his nose. He wore ridiculously pointed “winkle-picker”

shoes, and he badly needed a haircut. His black jeans were uncomfortably tight, and I feared for them if he were to sit down. His shirt was also black, and around his neck he carried a thick bootlace of the same colour (purporting, I suppose, to be a tie) with which he could conveniently have hanged himself. His ensemble was completed by a multi-zippered black leather jacket. This final addition entitled him to the title of "The Man in Black", although the name "Ted" sprang quicker to mind.

Everyone looked up when he came in, and then glanced quickly away. There was an awkward silence. Recognising me as a visitor to the Island, he came over and asked, in a Dublin accent "Are yeh from Dubbalin?" I confessed that I was not. He looked around and said *sotte voce*, "Janey, didya ever see such a pack o' culchies?" I made no reply. "Ah, it's all right, mac", he said, "Dem eejits can't even understand English . . . An awful hole this, ain't it?" he remarked.

"I mean it's not as good as Bray, now is it? No slot machines, no juke boxes, no nuthin' . . . D'ya know, mac, some o' dem bogmen never even heard of the Beatles. I dunno what they do here in the noights, I mean now dere's no flicks nor hops, loike, jus' dem bloomin' céiles . . . A crummy joint it is all roight . . . Dere's some foine burds here all roight mac, O'll give yeh dat. They won't talk, though, they're all the soime here, stupid culchies . . . Look at all dem auld fellas, should be dead long ago. I betcha they won't talk now. Oi'll show ya".

Jauntily he walked over to the silent fishermen. "Dia smirradeebh", he said. They remained silent. He tried again. "Conus atá tú, How are yez?" Nobody said anything. He came back and said to me: "Dere y'are mac, wha' did I tell ya . . . Well, Oi'd better be goin', good luck, see ya". He had barely gone out the door when the Islanders exploded with laughter.

Then I knew . . .

Drama on the Layside

JOSEPH MOYLAN

Senior II

DRAMA owes its origin to the ancient Greeks. The first play is said to have been written about 525 B.C.—only 2,489 years ago. Of course, drama in St. Kieran's cannot compete with this, but, needless to say, it started . . . sometime.

In the research for this article, the earliest discovered date for the commencement of drama on the layside is 1926. Of course, the ecclesiastical students have been producing plays for much longer. Sa bliain 1926, léirigh an tAth. C. Ó Cuillinn an drama *Iosagán* a scríobh Pádraig Mac Piarais.

During the 'twenties, layside boys took part in productions by the ecclesiastics, but this collaboration came to an end with *The Pirates of Penzance* in 1932. Then for a number of years, the layside played no part

in college drama, except for the fact (if you wish to count it, too) that a layside professor, Mr. Peter Byrne, on one occasion sang *Courtin in the Kitchen* at the interlude!

In 1945, lay students took to the stage again when two plays were produced, one by day-boys and the other by boarders. *The Melodeon*, a farce about smuggling whiskey across the Border, was produced by the day-boys. The best known of the cast was Mr. J. Lambe, now a member of the College staff. Others were F. Muldowney (research physician, St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin), Rev. C. Treacy (Washington, D.C.) and D. Walshe (an architect in New York). Captain Martin Bates (lecturer in Russian at U.C.D.) played the chief part in the boarders' production, *The Old Geyser*.

From 1953 onwards, a yearly effort to produce some kind of entertainment was achieved. On 17th March 1953, the fifth year students staged *According to Cocker*, and among the notables were Dermot Sheehy (Clare hurler), T. Kilroy (lecturer in English, Notre Dame University, U.S.A.) and J. Golden (professor, St. Peter's, Wexford). The producer of the play was the prefect, I. Nugent (diocese of St. Augustine, Florida).

1954 brought a variation from plays, when the fifth years presented a sing-song, led by J. McCarthy. The next year saw the return of drama with *The Young Man From Rathmines*, and in 1956 came *The Cuckoo*.

St. Patrick's Day 1957 heralded the commencement of a complete layside night when, under the supreme command of Father T. Maher, the second years gave a drill display. The Jollyboys, an organised third year choral group, gave an exhibition of their artistry. Then last, but by no means least, *Oh Lawsy Me*, a play by M. J. King-Moylan, produced by the fourth years under the auspices of Father O'Connor. Among the cast was Billy Quinlan, Irish middleweight boxer. At the interlude, Mr. J. Lambe of the College staff entertained the audience by playing Irish airs and dance music on his accordion. Finally, the fifth years brought down the curtain with their double bill of *Murphy's International Hotel*, agus ar deireadh, drama beag as Gaeilge *Troid*, a leirigh P. Ó hArgáin.

"There's no business like show business". So it appears from the 1958 production. This attitude to the theatre blossomed into a Drama Festival on the night of 8th December 1958, a night which the layside has since made its own. The curtain rose on *The King's Secret*, performed by fifth years and produced by Father Duggan. Among the prominent actors were Eddie Keher, the star Kilkenny half-forward and Mr. P. Malone, head prefect in the College. Ansin bhí dráma grinn, *Labhartar Béarla Anseo* le Leon Ó Broin á léiriú ag seanóirí an Choláiste agus an tAthair Ó Dorchaí a bhí in a bhun. Following "tráth na Gaeilge" the third year students presented a one act tragedy, *They Also Serve* by Brian Bairéad and produced by a prefect P. Ó hArgáin (St. Augustine, Florida). Finally, onto the stage rolled Father O'Con-

nor's house-tumbling *Cough Water*, a farce in one act by J. B. McCarthy. The band provided music at the intervals. Many who took part in the night's entertainment are still here in the ecclesiastical department: M. Drennan, P. Duggan, N. Sheridan, O. Deegan, P. Comerford and P. McEneaney, to name but a few.

On 8th December 1959 the layside presented its first full length drama, *The Righteous Are Bold*, written by Frank Kearney and produced by Father Duggan. During the first term of 1960, a sensational play-writing craze struck the layside, as Gaeilge ar dtúis. Scríobh Donnacha Ó hAimhirgín, atá anois ina mhac léinn i gColáiste Naomh Pádraig i Mánuat, dráma beag ar ar thug sé *An tSeamróg Bheag Dhilis*. Le cabhair a rang féin léirigh sé é agus ghlac sé páirt ann chomh maith. Inspired by this masterpiece, another student, Pat Delaney from Rathdowney, wrote and produce a tragedy called *The Informer*. The strangest thing about this second play was, although a tragedy, it turned out to be the best comic drama seen for a long time. It took to the boards on the night before the summer holidays and, as one can imagine, was a howling success.

On 8th December 1960 Father Duggan continued his series of full length layside plays with *The Mummy and the Mumps* by L. E. Johnson. On the same feastday in 1961 we saw a well-trained cast run in *See How They Run*, a comedy. Ba é Liúdaí Óg na Leargadh Móire le S. MacMánaís a léirigh an tAth. Ó Dorchaí ar Lá 'le Pádraig 1962 an dráma deireanach sa Concert Hall sar ar deisíodh é.

The first layside production in the newly decorated, newly named "College Theatre" was *The Busy Honeymoon*, written by L. E. Johnson and produced by Father Duggan on 8th December 1962. This was the second time that the layside choir entertained the audience at the intervals. It was also an historic occasion, being the first laysider performance open to the public. Leis an dráma aon-ghnímh *An Ráiteas Oifigiúil* le Séamus de Wilmot a léirigh an tAth. Ó Dorchaí ar Lá 'le Pádraig 1963 tá scéal seo na drámaíochta tagtha go dtí an bhliain seo anois againn.



ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

SEAN CASSIN (Abby Brewster), WALTER DUNPHY (Teddy Brewster) and RAY MURPHY (Martha Brewster)

This year (1963) the layside play was again open to the general public. The main attraction was the comedy *Arsenic and Old Lace*, under the direction of Father Duggan. In a quiet Brooklyn setting, two genteel old ladies, "my sister Martha and I, Abby" (Ray Murphy and Sean Cassin) lead their life performing "charitable deeds", poisoning men who have no relations and burying them in the cellar. Supporting programme was provided by the layside choir, under the baton of Father McEvoy, which sang Mozart's *Laudate Dominum, A Caux Carol, Down by the Sally Gardens* and *Funiculi Funicula*. The newly formed junior orchestra demonstrated its skill in handling an American selection, among which were *Swanee River, John Brown's Body* and *My Old Kentucky Home*. The orchestra, trained by Sergeant Brophy, was conducted by James Cassin.

Ar Lá 'le Pádraig na bliana 1964 chonaiceamar *Cassius X*, á léiriú ag Bhaitéar Ó Donnchú, Seán Ó Diarmada, Séamus Ó Murchú agus Liam Ó h Éalaithe. Ar an ócáid seo thug Ceolfoireann na Meánscoile teaghlaim de Cheól Gaelach.

In the last eighteen months or so, great interest has been taken by lay students in music. Their performances have been excellent, thanks to their teacher, Sergeant Brophy.

* * *

I am greatly indebted to many of the professors whose recollection of these many productions assisted me tremendously in the compilation of this article. I humbly apologise for the brevity of the references to numerous productions, but I am sure that our readers can fill many of the omissions.



LEAVING CERTIFICATE—2nd Year

Front Row: L. QUINN (Crosspatrick); G. O'BRIEN (Bennettsbridge); L. WALLACE (Windgap); W. DUNPHY (Mooncoin); P. BRENNAN (Freshford); J. McINTYRE (Castle Gardens); N. MAHER (Kilmanagh); J. COONAN (Muckalee); S. MURPHY (Threecastles).

Second Row: R. DOLLARD (Circular Road); E. NOLAN (Jenkinstown); E. PHELAN (Mooncoin); C. O'SHEA (Fr. Hayden's Road); O. RYAN (Woodsgift); A. AYRES (Nenagh); J. FIELDING (Mooncoin); T. STOKES (Coalbrook); N. HORGAN (Ballybunion).

Third Row: L. DUGGAN (Ballintesklin); L. HEALY (London); S. O'DONOVAN (Kilmonganny); J. BRENNAN (Dublin); T. CONWAY (Mullinavat); M. NORTON (Urlingford); R. DUNPHY (Mooncoin); S. LALOR (William St.).

Fourth Row: J. DUNNE (Killaloe); J. O'KEEFFE (Carrick); P. RYAN (Rathdowney); L. RICE (Knocktopher); J. DALTON (Freshford); W. DUNNE (Piltown); L. HOLLAND (Durrow); D. PARSONS (Ennismag); W. GRANT (Mooncoin).

Absent: C. CREGAN (Banim Tce.); M. CROTTY (Archer's Mount); R. DELANEY (Bayswell); J. DERMODY (Scotsboro, Callan); M. DONOHOE (Ballymore-Eustace); B. DOWLING (Blackmill); P. FAIRCLOUGH (Castle Gardens); G. FITZMAURICE (High St.); I. KENNEDY (Banim Tce.); T. MOONEY (Fortal, Bir).



LEAVING CERTIFICATE—1st Year

Front Row: T. WEADICK (Stoneyford); J. GARDINER (Callan); T. DOWNEY (Windgap); E. BOLGER (Cullohill); A. COOPER (Glendine); J. CONNERY (Freshford); B. O'NEILL (College Road); J. BROPHY (Crosspatrick); L. DOWLING (Callan Road); K. DOOLEY (Freshford); J. MAHER (Clerihan).

Second Row: O. MURPHY (Callan); L. DUNNE (Killaloe); J. LACEY (Ballyragget); B. BUTLER (Danesfort); M. WALSH (Waterford Road); P. HALLY (Kells); S. HAWE (Windgap); V. MCNAMEE (Ballyragget); F. POWER (Coone); C. NYHAN (Circular Road).

Third Row: N. DEEVY (Jeninstown); S. PURCELL (Jeninstown); W. TOBIN (Johnstown); R. LANDY (Windgap); D. O'SHEA (Kells); R. O'KEEFFE (Callan); J. WALDRON (Freshford); R. PRENDERGAST (Clara); E. TOBIN (Killahy); D. BUCKLEY (Freshford).

Fourth Row: J. MOYLAN (Cullohill); L. DOWLING (Blackmill); T. NOLAN (Jeninstown); D. FREYNE (Mullinavat); L. MAHER (Conahy); T. HOLOHAN (Clomanto); M. CODY (Glenmore); R. HICKEY (Windgap); M. O'NEILL (Dunnamaggin); R. TEEHAN (Three castles).

Absent: F. FITZMAURICE (High St.); S. RUSH (Barrack St.); J. WALL (Dublin Road).

N.S.A. (*Non-Smokers Association*)

THIS Association, which was founded by Father John Kennedy, a member of the College staff, on 23rd March 1962 is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and its chief purpose is to curtail the spread of smoking among the student body. N.S.A. members wear a special badge and hold a membership card on which are printed (a) the rules, (b) the aims of the association, and (c) a daily prayer to the Sacred Heart.

At first the N.S.A. temporarily used a small badge with the imprint of the Sacred Heart, and this was later changed to a big red badge with the letters N.S.A. on it. Popular opinion deemed the latter to be too big and so a smaller version of the same design was issued.

The membership card, signed by the President, signifies that the holder is enrolled in the N.S.A. The rules, four in number, and the aims, which are two-fold, are as follows:

Rules: Each member (1) must abstain for life from smoking, (2) must recite daily the prayer to the Sacred Heart, (3) must wear his badge publicly, (4) should make a monthly contribution, however small, to some charity. If the first rule is broken, a member must cease wearing the badge and seek re-enrolment.

Aims: (1) To offer up the self-sacrifice of not smoking to the Sacred Heart for a monthly intention. (2) To promote Catholic Action generally.

The prayer is as follows:

“O Sacred Heart! filled with infinite love, broken by my ingratitude and pierced by my sins, yet loving me still, accept the consecration that I make to Thee of all that I am and all that I have. Take every faculty of my soul and of my body. Only draw me day by day nearer and nearer to Thee, O Sacred Heart, and there as I can bear the lesson teach me Thy blessed ways”.

The first president and committee were elected from the fourth years of the school

year 1961-62. They were Brendan McCann (president), James Brennan (secretary), John Egan (treasurer), Michael Crotty, Noel O'Brien, Denis Bergin, Michael Kelly and Michael Mullins. Spiritual Director, Rev. J. Kennedy.

The N.S.A. was spread to all classes by the zealotness of Father Kennedy and by the Summer of 1962 it claimed 160 members. On 1st April 1962 the committee arranged to have a general meeting once a month. The first senior meeting took place on 7th April 1962 and the first junior meeting a week later. At these and at all subsequent meetings a bag was passed around and the proceeds were donated to charity.

In September of that year an advertisement by Denis Bergin in a Sunday newspaper brought several replies and resulted in outside propagation. On 13th December 1962 a new committee was formed which began operating soon after Christmas: Thomas Stokes (president), M. Donohoe (secretary), Patrick Brennan (treasurer), Denis Parsons, Colm O'Shea, Philip Fairclough, Liam Duggan.

In February 1963 it was decreed that a general meeting for the whole house would replace the senior and junior monthly meetings. These were held in the Concert Hall about once every six weeks. At these the spiritual director and president spoke and then members were entertained, usually by slide shows.

The personnel of the third committee, which was elected on 15th December 1963 and still functions, is as follows: Diarmuid Buckley (president), Vincent McNamee (secretary), Eamonn Tobin (treasurer), John Lacey, Brian O'Neill, Thomas Holohan, Thomas Weadick and Richard Prendergast.

In January last the number of N.S.A. members on the lay side was 217. There are also members on the ecclesiastical side, in C.B.S. Kilkenny, Loreto and Presentation



THIRD YEAR

Front Row (left to right): E. O'KEEFE (Stoneyford); G. WALSH (Lismatigue); R. HOLOHAN (Knocktopher); J. ROBINSON (Assumption Place); E. O'SULLIVAN (Clara); T. PHELAN (Pike-of-Rushall); D. HEALY (Conahy); P. BRODERICK (Johnstown); J. NEARY (Connolly St.); E. MEAGHER (Freshford); G. GRACE (Freshford); J. LOOBY (Johnstown); C. DELANEY (Glashare).

Second Row: J. FLYNN (James's Green); D. WHITE (Piltown); N. BYRNE (Castlecomer); J. WALLACE (Windgap); L. DOWLING (Crosspatrick); P. BUTLER (Lismatigue); O. MCEVOY (Ballybrophy); L. WALSH (Thomastown); W. FREE (Jail Road); M. BRENNAN (Piltown); F. FARRELL (Johnstown); T. BROPHY (Athy).

Third Row: P. DEEGAN (Castle Gardens); E. O'SULLIVAN (Piltown); D. HUGHES (Woodsgift); J. SHEEHAN (Ennisnag); M. RYAN (Callan); J. BERGIN (Jail Road); T. DWANE (Freshford); E. HARRINGTON (Kilmoganny); P. BRENNAN (Castlecomer); D. BOLLARD (St. Kieran's St.); E. TEEHAN (Ballyfoyle); P. COSTELLO (New St.).

Fourth Row: J. CASSIN (Thomastown); J. NORRIS (Knocktopher); J. O'GORMAN (Kells); J. O'DWYER (Urlingford); D. DUNNE (Gathabawn); J. J. RYAN (The Rower); S. WALSH (Kilcready); W. FREYNE (Mullinavat); J. DOHERTY (Parliament St.); J. BOLGER (Ballacolla); B. O'SHEA (Windgap); M. DOWNEY (Conahy).

Convents, Kilkenny, Convent of Mercy, Carrick-on-Suir; St. Joseph's Training College, Belfast; Convent of Mercy, Callan and in various parishes of the students.

The association was not long in existence when its effects became very noticeable here in the College. Since its very first day, smoking has been on the wane. Each term more and more join the ranks of N.S.A. Very many heavy smokers have given up the habit completely and are now staunch members. The association helps boys to practise self-denial and to form a strong character, because it helps them to resist the temptation to smoke when cigarettes are passed around, and to say "No" when entreated to "have a drag".

One gratifying feature of the association is the interest that all members of the College, including smokers, show in it. This interest probably springs from the fact that the association was established by the lay boys, with the help of Father Kennedy. So it belongs to the lay boys, and it is their duty to keep it alive and going strong. Indeed the lay boys are to be commended on the way in which they carry out that duty.

As mentioned earlier, smoking on the layside has decreased considerably since the association began, and all look forward to the day when there will be one hundred per cent non-smokers among the lay boys. That goal seems yet a long way off, but judging by the present strength and growth of the association, six years hence the number of smokers in the College will be few. The association plans to achieve this goal by encouraging the new students to join before they have contracted the habit of smoking.

The College authorities exercise no supervision over the association. It is completely in the hands of the lay boys, and its committee is drawn entirely from their ranks. It is they who dictate its functioning, decide when meetings are to be held, and organise them. They are keenly interested in the association and unflinching in their efforts to promote it.

The association owes its success chiefly to two people who were connected with it from the beginning. One is Father Kennedy who founded the association and became its first spiritual director. He is ever on the alert for

new members, encouraging boys to join. The association is deeply indebted to him. Its other great benefactor is Mr. Brendan McCann, now training in the Cadet School on the Curragh. He, although previously a heavy smoker, became its first president, and exerted all his energies to get the association going among his fellow students. His efforts achieved considerable success, and by the time his term of office expired, the association was firmly established in the College.

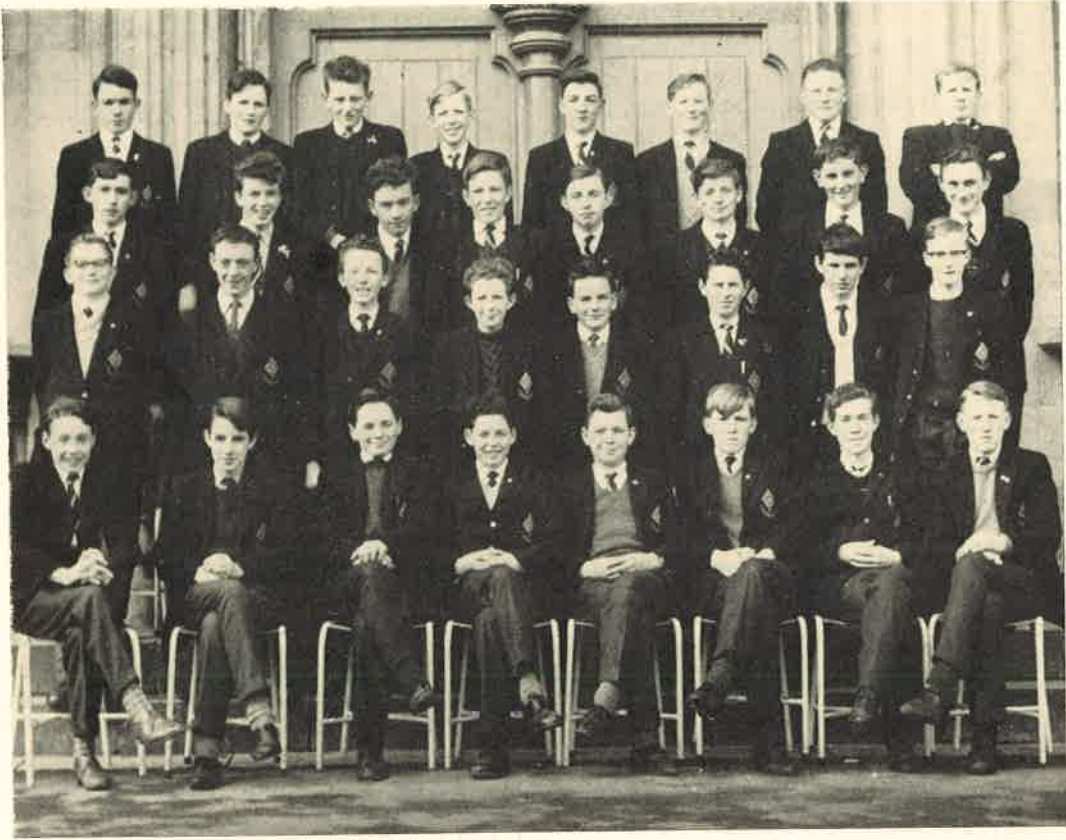
THOMAS STOKES
Senior IV

DIARMUID BUCKLEY
Senior II

Roll Over, Beethoven!

IN order to restore it to its former untarnished and tranquil state, the layside department of St. Kieran's College (perhaps the ecclesies side, too) would need an extremely large dose of Dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane (D.D.T.)—the dark clutches of Beatlemania have slipped in through the Callan gates . . . how tragic! I am not, of course, implying that we are all Beatle fanatics; indeed, no. I am merely using that infamous name to cover all types of pop-music from the great Elvis to the Rolling Stones and Brendan Bowyer.

Ever since I first heard Elvis sing *Blue Suede Shoes* I have developed an almost fanatical liking for beat-music, and have propagated it as much as possible, even within the grey walls of the Alma Mater. You see, we teenagers go for something in which we can give off a lot of "steam" as they say—for naturally we have a surplus of energy which is pent up inside. I know Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nächtmusik* is indeed beautiful, I even admit that it is on a far higher level than pop-music. When we listen to it we cannot help but soak in the enchanting strains and our mind is filled with beauty. Unfortunately our young minds are already filled to above saturation point with Latin and Maths, and so there is no room for Mozart and Beethoven.



SECOND YEAR (1)

Front Row: S. REIDY (College Road); R. POWER (Ballyhale); P. KAVANAGH (Urlingford); R. KELLY (Borris-in-Ossory); M. O'SULLIVAN (Durtow); N. ROCHE (Slieverue); J. KAVANAGH (Greenshill); T. REID (Piltown).

Second Row: R. O'FARRELL (Kilcurl); E. LANGAN (John St.); J. MORRIS (Killenaule); R. MURPHY (Greenview); D. LOUGHRY (Portlaw); J. MINOGUE (Thomastown); R. WEMYSS (Thomastown); M. KELLY (Ballingarry).

Third Row: J. STAPLETON (Thomastown); A. McCORMACK (Dalkey); N. WALSH (Assumption Place); J. LOUGHMAN (Durtow); B. LONERGAN (Jail Road); J. STOKES (Coalbrook), B. WALSH (Slieverue); F. HARRISON (Kennyswell).

Fourth Row: P. HOLOHAN (Ballyouskill); M. O'SHEA (Piltown); M. WALSH (Ballyhale); M. LOUGHMAN (Durtow); S. O'FARRELL (Barndarrig); P. WALSH (Tullogher); P. RALEIGH (Glengoole); B. MORRISSEY (Ballyfoyle).

Absent: M. MOORE (Parliament St.); W. McEVOY (Friary St.); M. KELLY (John St.).

What Youth wants is something to exercise body—lungs and throat and vocal chords. That is why we prefer *Twist and Shout* to *Midnight Serenade*. Those who can sing “belt” it out at the loudest possible tone, the rest snap their fingers and swing to the rhythm. That accounts for the very rapid popularity of pop-music here. That is my reasoning, which seems to be logical enough.

Last year and this seem to be full of musical achievements and developments. We have a very fine orchestra which is not long in operation, and a fine choir, and even a music society has been established with promising results. Not to be outdone, four of us started a beat group, three guitars and a drum. Last year we were going strong as a vocal group, but fell through owing to too many members. Now we have broken new ground and concentrate almost entirely on “beat” material. One drawback was that we didn’t know anything about the wonderful works of a guitar up to a few months ago. We started learning from scratch and depend almost entirely on a chord book, but we are learning fast. We have not paid for the drum yet because of money shortage—but that seems to be the big problem with the world today. Unfortunately the prospect of an amplifier will have to wait a while.

We have performed publicly a few times and were a success—under the circumstances. We now refrain from appearing until we have something better to offer the boys. We get quite a “kick” out of practising and the fun is endless—hectic arguments putting a little flavour to the whole thing.

As for the remaining few hundred odd boys are concerned, they get a kick out of pop-music too. Some purchased transistors, complete with ear-phones, and tuned in to Radio Luxemburg after lights-out. Unfortunately most of them, if not all, were caught and were rewarded with the forfeit of their enjoyment, namely their transistors. Quite a large body of boys looks forward to *Top Ten* on a Sunday evening and also displays an unusually keen interest in the beat-groups. They like to know every new development. This gives us much encouragement.

There is not a great deal more to say except that in the field of pop-music Kieran’s are

really “with it”, so come on Mods!—enjoy yourself and no Dichloro-diph . . . oh heck! . . . no D.D.T. please.

R. WEMYSS
Class 2A

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

THE Debating Society continued its good work in 1963-64 under the guidance of its committee—E. Bolger, M. Walshe, D. O’Shea and K. Dooley. The debates have a two-fold purpose: firstly to impress on students the importance of being acquainted with current affairs, and secondly to learn the art of expressing oneself in public.

Once a month the Society has been meeting for its debate or discussion. Two teams of four, one from Senior I and the other from Senior II were in opposition for debates; for discussions a panel of four was chosen from both classes. The first debate was eagerly awaited and on 21st September speculation ended when the motion “That speed limits make the roads safe” was debated. When the teams had done speaking, the audience was given an opportunity of expressing their views. At the end Mr. Ferrie, the chairman, adjudged Senior II, who had opposed the motion, the winners.

November 10th was again debating time, with the motion “That negroes should be allowed into American High Schools”. It was supported by Senior II. Despite a vigorous opposition, provided by Senior I, Mr. Ferrie declared the motion carried.

Senior I had their revenge at the final debate when they supported the motion “That Telefis Eireann is a good station”. Mr. Troy, the chairman on this occasion, gave the decision in their favour.

The success of the debates depends on the students’ initiative and it is hoped that they will continue to bear that in mind and make each debate more successful than the previous one.

KIERAN DOOLEY
Senior III



SECOND YEAR (2)

Front Row (left to right): P. CURRAN (Ormonde Road); W. DALTON (Mullinavat); D. GRAY (John St.); J. CLOHOSEY (Urlingford); J. DELANEY (Ballyragget); D. CAVANAGH (Galmoy); D. GODWIN (Castle Gardens); J. CLIFFORD (Ballinakill).

Second Row: J. BRENNAN (New St.); D. BUTLER (Newpark); S. CASSIN (Hugginstown); S. DOWNEY (Castlecomer); A. CROTTY (Archers Mount); T. DORE (Freshford Road); E. DELANEY (Patrick St.); J. CAHILL (Bauntha).

Third Row: W. BERGIN (Jail Road); J. CUMMINS (Floodhall); L. CASSIN (Inistioge); P. DUNNE (Ballyragget); J. DOLLARD (Assumption Place); E. CUGGY (Freshford); R. CLEERE (Patrick St.); T. HOGAN (Kilmacow).

Fourth Row: P. GRAY (John St.); J. HARNEY (Kilmacow); P. ALLEY (Durrow); P. HUGHES (Johnstown); L. FARRELL (Johnstown); T. CAREW (Bishop's Hill); W. BRENNAN (Freshford).

Absent: L. BRENNAN (Ballasalla); J. CONNERY (Freshford); M. DELANEY (Camross); A. DILLON (Cuffesgrange); C. FREDERICKSEN (New St.).

DÍOSPÓIRECAHTAÍ GHAEL-LINN

LE cúpla bliain anuas lean Gaeilgeoiri an Choláiste de bheith ag glacadh páirte i gcomórtais dhíospóireachta Ghael-Linn do na Meánscoileanna; is beag rath a bhí ar a n-iarrachtaí, áfach.

Anuraidh, is é sin sa scoilbhliain 1962-63, buadh ar ar bhfoireann i Ros Cré nuair a fuair Coláiste Chnoc Íosaif an lámh uachtair orthu. Ba é an rún a pléadh “gur cheart Deachtóir a bheith ag Éirinn”. Ag labhairt don Choláiste seo bhí Tomás de Noiréis, Donncha Ó hAimhirgín, Micheál Ó Corcaráin, agus Micheál Ó Maoláin.

I mbliana (1963-64) d'éirigh le foireann díospóireachta an Choláiste dul níos faide chun cinn i gCraobh Laighean. Ar an bhfoireann bhí Pádraig Ó Braonáin, Tomás de Stóc, Seán Ó Daltúin agus Bhaitéar Ó Donnchú. Cheap mórán i dtosach nach raibh foireann na bliana seo chomh maith leis an bhfoireann anuraidh ach thaispeáin siad ar ball go raibh siad níos fearr. Is dóigh liom gurbh é an cleachtadh a fuair siad ar na díospóireachtaí seachtanúla gach Domhnach a ba chúis leis an dul chun cinn a rinne siad. Tugadh cuireadh do bhuaichailí as na Bráithre Críostaí chun na ndíospóireachtaí sin agus bhain gach éinne taitneamh agus tairbhe astu.

I dtosach na bliana bhí díospóireacht idir na ceithre Mheánscoil sa chathair, Clochar na Toirbhirte, Clochar Loreto, Na Bráithre Críostaí agus Coláiste Chiaráin. Mar cheann d'imeachtaí “Mhí Sheáin Uí Dhonnabháin” a chuir Coiste Ghlor na nGael ar siúl i rith Mheán Fómhair seo caite is ea a beartaíodh an comórtas seo. Pléadh an rún “Nach bhfaigheann cuairteoiri gach a mbíonn siad ag siúl leis nuair a thagann siad go hÉirinn”, agus is ag Clochar Loreto a bhí an bhua.

Tamall gearr i ndiaidh an chomórtais sin bhí an chéad bhabhta de chomórtas Ghael-

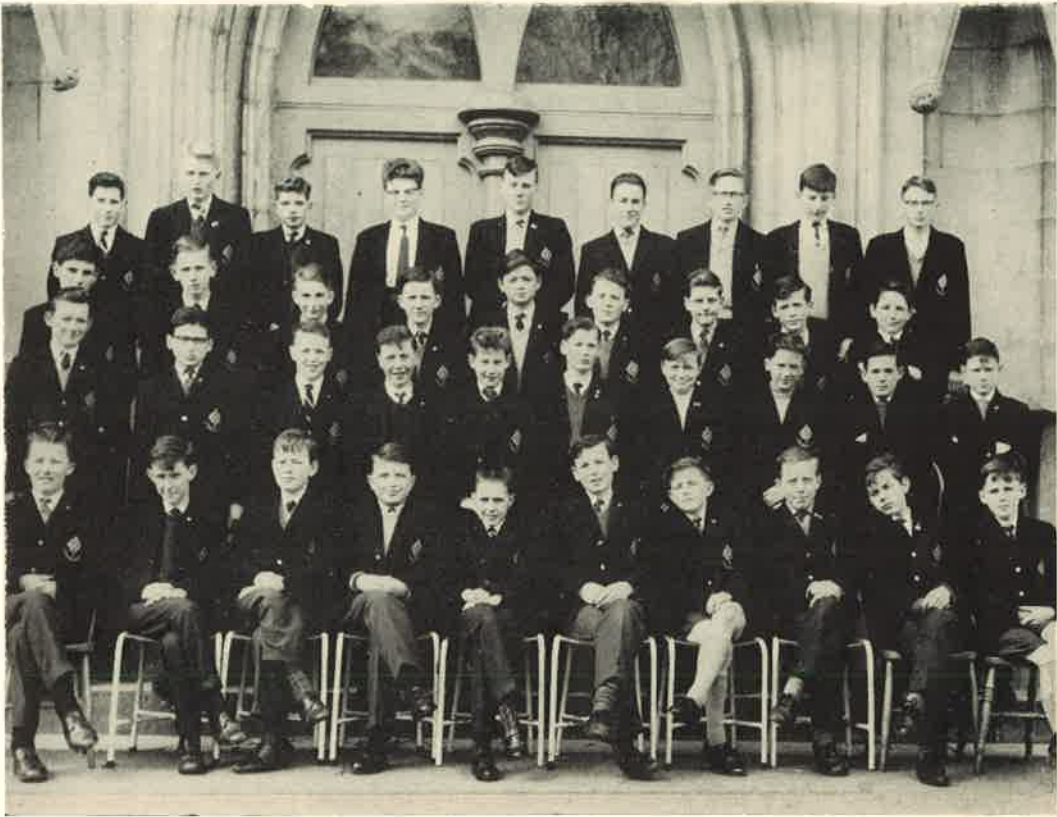
Linn ar siúl. Bhí an bhua ag ár mbuaichailí ar Chlochar Loreto agus Chlochar Bríde, Goresbridge, agus iad ag plé an rún seo: Gurb é Sasana is cúis le staid na tíre seo.

I lár an téarma roimh Nollaig socraíodh go mbeadh díospóireacht idir foireann ón gliarscoil agus ár bhfoireann chun cleachtadh a thabhairt do na buaichailí. “Gur mithid do na feirmeoiri beaga a málaí a phacáil agus imeacht as an tír” an rún a pléadh. Bhuaigh na cliarscoláiri.

Sa Choláiste féin anseo a bhí an dara babhta de chomórtas Ghael-Linn a rabhamar páirteach ann le Coláiste Mhuire na Dea-Chomhairle, Ros Mhic Treoin, Coláiste Bhaile Fionn, agus Na Bráithre Críostaí. “Ní níú saoirse iad muintir na hÉireann” adúirt an rún ar an ócáid seo. Bhuaigh Coláiste na Dea-Chomhairle ach d'ainmníodh Bhaitéar Ó Donnchú mar dhuine den dá chainteoir a b'fhearr dar labhair agus cead aige dul ar aghaidh go dtí an chéad bhabhta eile den chomórtas. Ba é an chéad bhabhta eile Craobh Laighean. I mBaile Átha Cliath a chruinnigh na foirne agus ba é an rún a tugadh le plé dóibh. Gurbh é an bochtanas agus nach é an Cumannachas an donas is mó atá sa domhan faoi láthair. Bhuaigh Scoil Chaitríona, Sraid Eccles, agus bhí deireadh le dóchas an Choláiste don bhliain seo.

Tá ag éirí go maith le hathbheochan na Gaeilge sa Choláiste. Stiúraíonn an tAthair Ó Dorchaí cursaí Gaeilge anseo agus is é a bhíonn i mbun an fhoireann díospóireachta. Is é a dhóchas agus ár ndóchas go léir go mbuaifaimid Craobh Laighean go luath agus Craobh na hÉireann ina dhiaidh sin agus má leantar den dul chun cinn atá á dhéanamh anois ní fada uainn an lá sin.

SEOSAMH Ó MAOLÁIN
CIARÁN Ó DUBHLAOI
Árdeist II



FIRST YEAR (1)

Front Row (left to right): P. MOONEY (Clogh); J. CARROLL (Ballyragget); J. MEAGHER (Newtown); P. MURPHY (Callan); H. KNOX (Kilmacow); J. MEAGHER (Newtown); B. WALSH (Michael St.); J. LALOR (Cullohill); R. Leahy (Deerpark); H. LAWLOR (Durrow).

Second Row: M. McGRATH (Ballyragget); K. WHITE (Castle Gardens); J. PHELAN (Hugginstown); L. KINSELLA (Clonegal); M. LAWRENCE (Mullinahone); M. STEAPLETON (Gathabawn); K. MCINTYRE (Castle Gardens); K. KIRWAN (John's Quay); N. McCANN (Dublin); D. SADLIER (The Curragh).

Third Row: P. MORAN (Templetuohy); J. SHEEHAN (Ennisnag); P. O'GORMAN (Hugginstown); T. McNAMEE (Ballyragget); M. O'REILLY (Ballyragget); M. MEAGHER (The Commons); S. RICE (Knocktopher); P. O'BRIEN (Bennettsbridge); D. McPHILLIPS (Castle Gardens).

Fourth Row: L. ROCHE (Greenridge); J. E. PHELAN (Tullogher); P. KINSELLA (Coone), K. KENNEDY (St. Rioch's Tce.); D. PRENDERGAST (Clara); T. LACEY (Ballyragget); J. SHEEHAN (Stonecarthy); G. WALSH (Inistioge); T. TYNAN (Assumption Place).



FIRST YEAR (2)

Front Row (left to right): P. CAHILL (Graigenamanagh); G. FLOOD (Maynooth); E. KELLY (Castlecomer); P. COMERFORD (Muckalee); B. KELLY (Ballingarry); L. COSTIGAN (Assumption Place); J. KELLS (Cullohill); E. CAVANAGH (Crosspatrick), E. HOLOHAN (Knocktopher), T. EGAN (Glengoole).

Second Row: J. BUTLER (Newpark); J. BOLLARD (St. Kieran's St.); P. BROSINAN (Ballymore-Eustace); S. AYLWARD (Knockmoylan); D. BRODERICK (Johnstown); S. COSTELLO (New St.); J. BAMBRICK (Outrath); F. COTTER (Collège Road); J. DÓNOHOE (Ballymore-Eustace); P. CUNNINGHAM (Burnchurch).

Third Row: N. FLAVIN (Kilmacow); P. HOLOHAN (Bodal); M. BURKE (Assumption Place); J. BERGIN (Cullohill); E. BYRNE (Castlecomer); G. DOOLEY (Attanagh); J. DOLLARD (Circular Road); P. BRENNAN (Wolfhill), M. BRENNAN (Castlecomer).

Fourth Row: T. DUNNE (Gathabawn); J. GANNON (Ballyragget); M. CODY (Sheastown), P. HOLDEN (Knockmoylan, D. BRENNAN (Clara); E. CODY (Sheastown); J. Egan (Thomastown); S. COURTNEY (Maudlin St.).

Absent: G. DIXON (Patrick St.).



THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

Front Row: J. CAHILL, J. LOUGHMAN, M. O'SULLIVAN, M. RYAN, D. LOUGHRY, J. CASSIN.

Second Row: J. DOLLARD, J. J. RYAN, D. GRAY, D. GODWIN, S. REIDY, O. MCEVOY.

Third Row: S. CASSIN, B. WALSH, L. COSTIGAN, P. GRAY.

Absent: R. POWER.

A PROMISING start to filling the gap caused by the lack of a College orchestra has been the assembling of a group under the direction of Sergeant Brophy, who has had able assistance from Father Darcy. The new orchestra consists of accordions, violins, flageolets and guitar, with drums and percussion. While accordions are not usually found in the orchestra, they produce excellent effects when played skilfully. Flageolets and strings combine together to give harmony, while the drums and percussion keep the "beat" as the moderns say.

Being one of an orchestra means very hard work, as our members well known. The orchestra assembles twice weekly, once for a lesson and again for practice. The director conducts both sessions. In the lesson the difficult work is done, theory, while in the practice stress is laid on the actual playing.

On the 8th December 1963 the orchestra made its debut with a performance that was

enjoyed and appreciated by all. Since then private performances have been given for the boys which they enjoyed, although there is a conflict of loyalty between the orchestra and the College "B-t-l-s". The music performed on St. Patrick's Day last had a totally Irish flavour as a tribute to our national saint.

To produce an orchestra in the College is a difficult objective, as most adolescents of today are caught up in the stream of pop music which is constantly being replenished by numerous groups and bands in Ireland, England and U.S.A. It demands an effort to get people, especially the young, interested in music like Stephen Foster's and Arthur Sullivan's (of the firm of Gilbert and Sullivan).

However with the growing interest shown in our orchestra we expect that in a few years no college in Ireland will boast a better one than ours.

JAMES CASSIN
Inter IV

College Choir

ST. KIERAN'S has been regarded as famous for its top-grade hurling and hurlers, and I venture to say that it is now on the way to fame in quite a different field—that of singing. With the arrival of Father Seamus McEvoy, a four-part choir was formed and it is still under his direction and supervision. During the past four years the choir has sung before many an audience, both in the College theatre and in Kilkenny City. It also participates in the Gregorian Chant Festival held annually.

Singing is not a product of today or yesterday, but rather has been there down through the ages, and is now, in the cycle of years, undergoing a revival. Echoes of that revival have been going on in the College also.

Like the related faculty of speech, the power to sing is normally present in every human being, and is generally made use of in response to an instinctive desire for self-expression. So, there is no slavery attached to singing, as each individual desires to express himself, practically always.

Although singing is one of the most difficult of all arts, the choir has tackled many a tough piece and has sung to perfection on the nights of performances. All pieces were sung by a four-part choir. Among these were *Bless This House*, *Bird Songs at Eventide*, *Funiculi, Funicula*, and Mozart's *Laudate Dominum*. The audience on one occasion was taken by surprise to hear the choir sing *The Happy Wanderer* in German.

The choir is again in action for the

Christmas Paraliturgy, during which it sings various carols. Carols have long been associated with the great festivals of the Church, particularly with Christmas.

One of the delights of singing in chorus is the friendliness which it promotes among the members. It is, besides, a health-giving pastime. To conclude, let us hope that this revival will continue to flourish and that the Beatles' "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah" will never take its place.

JOHN COONAN
Senior IV

CHOIR

Sopranos: John Clohosey, Finbarr Cotter, Liam Costigan, Thomas Egan, Patrick Holden, Eamonn Kelly, John Maher, Noel McCann, Mark O'Reilly, Brendan Walshe.

Altos: Diarmuid Broderick, Gerard Flood, James Gannon, Kieran Kennedy, Harry Knox, Michael Loughman, Martin Maher, Patrick Murphy, Gerard Walshe, Kieran White.

Tenors: John Connery, John Coonan, Raymond Dollard, Gregory Fitzmaurice, Richard Landy, Noel Maher, Joseph Moylan, Seamus Murphy, Denis O'Shea.

Basses: Richard Dunphy, John Fielding, Ferdie Fitzmaurice, William Grant, Niall Horgan, Stephen Lalor, Oliver Murphy, Colm O'Shea, Edmond Phelan, Larry Wallace, Michael Walshe.

Games on the Layside

FOR this issue of the COLLEGE RECORD there are no spectacular successes to report. Defeat has been our lot in all grades for the past two seasons. One bright spot, however, has been the really meritorious victory of our Juniors in the Leinster Final on Easter Tuesday. The team, captained by Tommy Nolan, played superb hurling that day.

The Senior hurling team failed to Ballyfin in the Leinster Final 1963, and to St. Peter's, Wexford in the second round, 1962. It was a slight consolation that in each game defeat was by the narrowest of margins and that the victors did very well afterwards, St. Peter's winning the All-Ireland, and Ballyfin making the much-vaunted "Farna" boys fight all the way for their narrow victory.

It was dismaying for our Junior team to be knocked out by Roscrea in the first round in 1962, but next year brought its reward when, against all the auguries, they triumphed over Enniscorthy C.B.S. in the final. This victory was all the sweeter in that two years previously, our Under-15 team was trounced by Enniscorthy, and the personnel of both teams were virtually unchanged in the meantime. If this Junior team continues to reproduce the spirit and the talented hurling shown against 'Scorthy, then they may have a bright future.

My opening remarks may be regarded as unjustifiably gloomy, for the Seniors can point out that they did win the Hamilton Cup by defeating St. Flannan's, Ennis, in Thurles last October. So, there are two silver trophies ornamenting our sideboard, and some of the smaller stars have been heard to say that there will be a third. That, also, is possible. At time of writing the Under-15 competition begins in a week's time, and our lads show plenty of promise. Yet, this competition, which is still in its infancy, is most unpredictable, and each year some college or other turns out an exceptionally good team. Two such have been Enniscorthy in 1962, and St. Peter's, Wexford, in 1963, each of which

inflicted a sound beating on St. Kieran's. Perhaps we are the ones to produce a brilliant bunch this year.

One must not conclude that lack of successes means a diminishing interest in hurling. On the contrary; each succeeding year seems to bring a more enthusiastic first-year group, and, talented or not, they live the game, and live for the game off the field.

Still basking in the joy of Kilkenny's achievement in the All-Ireland Hurling Final, the boys returned to the College last September. They also had a great sense of pride in the fact that Eddie Keher and Ted Carroll went "through the mill" here before them, and it was a real personal triumph to see Tommy Murphy still "soldiering" here. As each novice took his camán and his brand-new college jersey to the Junior field, it was, doubtless, with the thought that some day he might be another Eddie Keher—and perhaps he may.

Such briefly is a progress report on games for the past two seasons; the record is compiled from defeats as well as victories, and in the matter of scores there has been very little between them. Fortune sometimes smiled on us, sometimes not. In the Junior Championship match against Roscrea, with a minute's play remaining and both teams level, Roscrea failed to score from a 21-yards' free. In the replay we defeated them easily. In the Senior Championship both years our margin of defeat was one point.

To Captain Tom Mooney and our 1964 Senior team we bid farewell, and good luck. May your future be happy and successful on the playing field and in the greater field of life. To Tom Nolan, the Junior captain, and his men we look for further honours in the coming year. Those one-point defeats can, with grit and determination, be changed into one-point victories, and we look forward to many thrills seeing you turn the tables on your worthy Wexford opponents.

T. MAHER (Rev.)



JUNIOR TEAM

Front Row: V. McNAMEE, T. HOGAN, B. WALSH, T. NOLAN, N. DEEVY, P. ALLEY, B. BUTLER.
Second Row: E. O'SULLIVAN; E. TOBIN, M. CODY, R. PRENDERGAST, T. HOLOHAN, F. FARRELL,
S. PURCELL.
Third Row: F. POWER, K. DOOLEY, M. DELANEY, P. DUNNE, T. BROPHY, D. HEALY, E. BOLGER.



UNDER-14 JUVENILE PANEL

Front Row: L. CASSIN, E. CODY, P. HOLDEN, J. DOLLARD, G. WALSH, P. KINSELLA, D. BRODERICK, S. REIDY.

Second Row: P. DUNNE, T. BROPHY, G. DOOLEY, P. HUGHES, D. PRENDERGAST, P. KAVANAGH, M. MOORE, E. O'KEEFE.

Third Row: S. O'FARRELL, T. LACEY, M. WALSH, B. MORRISSEY, E. CUGGY, P. ALLEY, J. STAPLETON, T. PHELAN.

Examination Results



INTERMEDIATE SCHOLARSHIP WINNER 1962
LIAM HEALY

COUNTY COUNCIL UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS:

1963 :	1964 :
M. Brennan (Kilkenny) U.C.C.	T. Norris (Kilkenny) Irish College,
J. Fitzgerald (Kilkenny) U.C.C.	Rome.
P. Murray (Kilkenny) U.C.D.	M. Mullins (Tipperary) Maynooth
S. Dollard (Laois) Maynooth	College
College	

TOTAL NUMBER OF STUDENTS:

1962-'63—Seniors 92, Juniors 180. Total 272.
1963-'64—Seniors 89, Juniors 198. Total 287.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE 1962

40 presented

- OLIVER BENNETT: *Hons.*: Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.
- JOSEPH BRENNAN: *Hons.*: Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.
- MICHAEL BRENNAN: *Hons.*: Irish, Maths., English, Latin, History, Geography, Greek.
- ALFRED BUTLER: *Hons.*: History, Geography, Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: Irish, English, Maths., Latin.
- PATRICK CLARKE: *Hons.*: History. *Pass.*: Irish, English, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science, Commerce.
- DAVID CUNNINGHAM: *Hons.*: Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.
- EAMON DEEGAN: *Pass.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.
- JAMES DELAHUNTY: *Pass.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science.
- JOSEPH DELANY: *Pass.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin.
- EAMON DE LOUGHRY: *Pass.*: Irish, English, Geography, Maths., Latin.
- STEPHEN DOLLARD: *Hons.*: Irish, Maths., Latin, Greek. *Pass.*: English, History, Geography.
- PATRICK DOWLING: *Hons.*: Irish, Latin, Greek. *Pass.*: Maths., English.
- THOMAS DOYLE: *Pass.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.
- JAMES FITZGERALD: *Hons.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.
- DAVID FITZGERALD: *Pass.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.
- GERARD FLYNN: *Pass.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.
- JAMES FORRISTAL: *Hons.*: Irish, History, Geography, Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: English, Maths., Latin.
- JAMES GANNON: *Hons.*: Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.
- JOSEPH KENNEDY: *Hons.*: Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: Irish, Maths., English, Latin, History, Geography, Drawing.
- EDWARD LOUGHNANE: *Hons.*: Irish, History, Geography, Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: English, Maths., Latin.
- DENIS LYNG: *Hons.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.
- MARTIN McDONALD: *Pass.*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Agricultural Science.
- MALACHY MURPHY: *Pass.*: Irish, English, Maths., History, Geography, Agricultural Science.
- PHILIP MURRAY: *Hons.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.
- EDWARD NADDY: *Hons.*: Irish, Latin, Greek, History. *Pass.*: English, Geography, Maths.
- JAMES O'BRIEN: *Pass.*: Irish, English, Maths., Latin, History, Geography, Commerce.

- PATRICK O'CONNOR: *Hons.*: Irish, History, Geography, Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: English, Maths., Latin.
- CHRISTOPHER O'DONOVAN: *Hons.*: Irish, Geography, Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: English, History, Maths., Latin.
- JAMES O'FARRELL: *Hons.*: Irish, History, Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: English, Geography, Maths., Latin.
- MICHAEL PATTISON: *Hons.*: Irish, History, Latin, Greek. *Pass.*: English, Geography, Maths.
- WILLIAM PHELAN: *Hons.*: History, Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: Irish, English, Geography, Latin, Maths.
- PETER RUSSELL: *Hons.*: Irish, English, History, Maths., Latin, Greek. *Pass.*: Geography.
- MICHAEL TOBIN: *Hons.*: History, Geography, Agriculture. *Pass.*: Irish, Maths., English, Latin.
- MATTHEW WALSH: *Pass.*: Irish, Maths., English, Latin, History, Geography, Agricultural Science.
- JAMES WALSH: *Hons.*: Irish, Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: English, History, Maths., Latin.
- MATTHEW WHYTE: *Hons.*: Irish, History, Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: English, Geography, Maths., Latin.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1962

48 presented

- PATRICK A. BRENNAN: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
- JAMES A. BRENNAN: *Hons.*: English, Latin, Greek, Maths. *Pass.*: Irish, History, Geography, Science.
- THOMAS CONWAY: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: History, Geography.
- JOHN COONAN: *Hons.*: English, Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: Irish, Latin, Maths., Science.
- GERALD CROTTY: *Hons.*: English, Maths., Science. *Pass.*: Irish, Latin, History, Geography.
- JOHN DALTON: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
- RICHARD DELANEY: *Hons.*: Irish, Latin, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: English, History, Geography.
- JOHN DERMODY: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths., Science. *Pass.*: History, Geography.
- RAY DOLLARD: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths. *Pass.*: Science.
- MICHAEL DONOHUE: *Hons.*: English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science. *Pass.*: Irish.
- BERNARD DOWLING: *Pass.*: Irish, English, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
- WILLIAM DUGGAN: *Hons.*: English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science. *Pass.*: Irish, Science.
- JOHN DUNNE: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
- WILLIAM DUNNE: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
- RICHARD DUNPHY: *Hons.*: English, Maths. *Pass.*: Irish, Latin, History, Geography, Science.

WALTER DUNPHY: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
 JOHN FIELDING: *Hons.*: English, Latin, Greek, Maths. *Pass*: Irish, History, Geography.
 DONALD FITZGERALD: *Hons.*: English. *Pass*: Irish, Latin, Maths., Science.
 GREGORY FITZMAURICE: *Hons.*: English, Latin, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish.
 SEAN GLOSTER: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
 WILLIAM GRANT: *Hons.*: English, Latin, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, Maths., Science.
 WILLIAM HEALY: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
 WILLIAM HOLLAND: *Hons.*: English, Maths., Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, Latin, Science.
 CORNELIUS HORGAN: *Hons.*: English, Maths., History, Geography, Greek. *Pass*: Irish, Latin.
 JOHN KENNEDY: *Hons.*: English. *Pass*: Irish, Latin, History, Geography, Maths. Science, Agricultural Science.
 STEPHEN LALOR: *Hons.*: English. *Pass*: Irish, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
 NOEL MAHER: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
 THOMAS MOONEY: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
 JAMES MURPHY: *Hons.*: Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, English, Maths., Science.
 JEREMIAH MCINTYRE: *Hons.*: English, Maths., Science. *Pass*: Irish, Latin, History, Geography.
 MICHAEL NORTON: *Hons.*: English, Science. *Pass*: Irish, Latin, Greek, Maths.
 MARTIN O'BRIEN: *Pass*: Irish, English, Latin, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
 JAMES O'DONOVAN: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths., Science. *Pass*: History, Geography.
 MARTIN O'KELLY: *Hons.*: English, Maths. *Pass*: Irish, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Science.
 COLUMBKILLE O'SHEA: *Hons.*: English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths. *Pass*: Irish, Science.
 DENIS PARSONS: *Hons.*: English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths. Science. *Pass*: Irish.
 EDMOND PHELAN: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: History, Geography.
 WILLIAM QUINN: *Pass*: Irish, English, Latin, Maths., Science.
 WILLIAM RICE: *Hons.*: Maths., Science, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography.
 PATRICK RYAN: *Hons.*: English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
 OLIVER RYAN: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
 THOMAS STOKES: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
 LAUENCE WALLACE: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths., Science. *Pass*: History, Geography.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE 1963

44 presented

DAVID AYLWARD: *Hons.*: History, Latin, Greek. *Pass*: Geography, Irish, English, Maths.
 MAURICE AYLWARD: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.
 DENIS BERGIN: *Hons.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Physics.
 JOHN BOURKE: *Hons.*: Geography, Greek. *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Maths., Latin, Chemistry.
 JAMES BRENNAN: *Hons.*: History, Geography, Greek. *Pass*: Irish, English, Maths., Latin.
 JOHN CAHILL: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.
 JOHN CARROLL: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin, Agricultural Science.
 PATRICK CARROLL: *Hons.*: Irish, History, Geography, Latin, Greek. *Pass*: Maths., English.
 MICHAEL CORCORAN: *Hons.*: Irish. *Pass*: English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.
 MICHAEL CROTTY: *Hons.*: History, Geography. *Pass*: Irish, English, Maths., Latin, Greek.
 VINCENT CURRAN: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Geography, Latin, Greek. *Pass*: History, Maths.
 KIERAN DOLLARD: *Hons.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin, Greek. *Pass*: Maths., Physics.
 JAMES DOOLEY: *Hons.*: Irish, Geography, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: English, History, Latin, Physics, Maths.
 EDWARD DOWLEY: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.
 MARTIN DOWLING: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.
 WILLIAM DOYLE: *Hons.*: Irish, History, Geography, Latin, Greek. *Pass*: English, Maths., Chemistry.
 JOHN DUNPHY: *Hons.*: History, Geography, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, English, Maths., Latin.
 JOHN EGAN: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Drawing.
 MICHAEL FENNELLY: *Hons.*: Irish, Geography, Latin, Greek. *Pass*: English, History, Maths.
 JOHN GOWAN: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science.
 OSCAR GRANT: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.
 JOSEPH HOGAN: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.
 THOMAS HOLDEN: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek.
 MICHAEL KELLY: *Hons.*: History, Geography, Latin, Greek. *Pass*: Irish, English, Maths.
 JOHN KENNEDY: *Hons.*: Irish, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.
 PATRICK KIERNAN: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Geography, Latin. *Pass*: Maths., Physics.
 JOHN KINSELLA: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.

JOHN MARUM: *Hons.*: Irish, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek. *Pass*: English, History, Physics.
 MICHAEL MULLINS: *Hons.*: Irish, English, History, Latin, Geography, Greek. *Pass*: Maths.
 BRENDAN McCANN: *Hons.*: History, Geography, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, English, Maths., Latin.
 THOMAS McDONALD: *Pass*: Irish, English, Geography, Latin, Agricultural Science.
 OLIVER McENEANEY: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin.
 THOMAS NORRIS: *Hons.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin, Maths., Physics, Agricultural Science.
 PATRICK O'FARRELL: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Chemistry, Agricultural Science.
 MICHAEL O'NEILL: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin, Greek.
 THOMAS O'SHEA: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.
 GARRETT POWER: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Geography, Maths., Latin, Greek. *Pass*: Physics.
 MATTHEW QUINLAN: *Hons.*: Irish, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin.
 BERNARD SOMERS: *Hons.*: Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths., Latin, Chemistry.
 VINCENT VAUGHAN: *Hons.*: Irish. *Pass*: English, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science.
 JOHN WALSH: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Maths., Latin, Agricultural Science.
 JAMES WALSH: *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1963

45 presented

EDWARD BOLGER: *Hons.*: English, Latin. *Pass*: Irish, Maths., History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science.
 JAMES BROPHY: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths., Science. *Pass*: History, Geography.
 DIARMUID BUCKLEY: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Maths., History, Geography, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Latin.
 BERNARD BUTLER: *Hons.*: Maths., Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Science.
 MICHAEL CODY: *Hons.*: English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, Science.
 JOHN CONNERY: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
 ALAN COOPER: *Hons.*: Science, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, English, Maths., History, Geography.
 CHRISTOPHER DEEVEY: *Hons.*: Latin, History, Geography. *Pass*: Irish, English, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
 KIERAN DOOLEY: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.

LAURENCE DOWLING: *Pass*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths.
 THOMAS DOWNEY: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Greek.
 WILLIAM DUNNE: *Hons.*: English, History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, Latin.
 FERDINAND FITZMAURICE: *Hons.*: Latin, History, Geography. *Pass*: Irish, English, Greek, Science.
 DAVID FREYNE: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
 PATRICK HALLY: *Hons.*: Latin, History, Geography. *Pass*: Irish, English, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
 STEPHEN HAWE: *Hons.*: Irish, Latin, Greek. *Pass*: English, Maths.
 MICHAEL HENNESSY: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Maths., History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science.
 ROBERT HICKEY: *Hons.*: Irish, Latin, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: English, History, Geography, Maths.
 THOMAS HOLOHAN: *Hons.*: Latin, History, Geography, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, English, Maths., Science.
 MARTIN HOWLEY: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
 JOHN LACEY: *Hons.*: English, Latin, History, Geography. *Pass*: Irish, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
 RICHARD LANDY: *Hons.*: Latin. *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science.
 JOHN MAHER: *Hons.*: English, Latin, History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, Maths.
 NOEL MAHER: *Hons.*: Latin, Greek, History, Geography. *Pass*: Irish, English, Maths., Science.
 JOSEPH MOYLAN: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
 OLIVER MURPHY: *Hons.*: English, Latin, History, Geography, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, Maths., Science.
 VINCENT McNAMEE: *Hons.*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin, Maths., Science. Agricultural Science.
 THOMAS NOLAN: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Maths., Latin, Science. *Pass*: History, Geography, Agricultural Science.
 CORNELIUS NYHAN: *Hons.*: English, History, Geography. *Pass*: Irish, Latin.
 RICHARD O'KEEFE: *Hons.*: English, History, Geography, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, Latin, Maths., Science.
 BRIAN O'NEILL: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.
 MARTIN O'NEILL: *Hons.*: English, Latin. *Pass*: Irish, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.
 LAURENCE O'REILLY: *Hons.*: Latin, Science, Agricultural Science. *Pass*: Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.

DENIS O'SHEA: *Hons.*: Latin, Greek. *Pass.*: Irish, English, Maths., Science.

FRANK POWER: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.

RICHARD PRENDERGAST: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths., Science, Agricultural Science.

JAMES PURCELL: *Hons.*: English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography. *Pass.*: Irish, Maths., Science.

RICHARD TEEHAN: *Hons.*: English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography. *Pass.*: Irish, Maths., Science.

EDMOND TOBIN: *Hons.*: Latin. *Pass.*: Irish, English, Greek, History, Geography.

WILLIAM TOBIN: *Pass.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.

JUSTIN WALDRÓN: *Hons.*: Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science.

JOSEPH WALL: *Hons.*: English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science. *Pass.*: Irish.

MICHAEL WALSH: *Hons.*: English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths., Science. *Pass.*: Irish.

THOMAS WEADICK: *Hons.*: English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography. *Pass.*: Irish, Maths. Science.

HAVE YOU EVER

Have you ever seen a snowdrop in the Springtime,
Its tiny head inclined, as if in prayer,
And watched the joy of all who gaze upon it,
Then wondered why the world is in despair?

Have you ever seen a sunbeam on a raincloud
Stretching to the earth, a silver limb,
From the sun that's shining brightly up above us,
Then wondered why the world is growing dim?

Have you ever gazed into a blazing hearthfire,
And watched the flames that dance like shining gold,
And felt their friendly warmth flowing round you,
Then wondered why the world is growing cold?

Have you ever seen the beauty of an oak tree,
Or the insects that exist beneath the sod?
Have you ever seen the glory of a sunset,
Then wondered why the world refutes its God?

JOHN DERMODY (*Senior IV*)

News from Far and Near

THIS department is designed to meet a demand from readers who want to hear news of St. Kieran's priests separated from them by time and distance. In assembling reports, as in other enterprises, the end product often falls short of the original conception, and this first report, desultory, apparently selective, and limited as it is, would not be feasible at all without the goodwill and industry of a few pioneer correspondents. In paying tribute to them, may we make a plea for more correspondents, far flung or near at hand, and for more news reports, trivial or momentous.

The scope and value of this news section depend altogether on our readers' co-operation and assistance. *Verbum sapienti sat est.*

EDINBURGH—

Some St. Kieran's priests of the archdiocese of St. Andrews and Edinburgh have been closely identified with the series of "Unity" discussions with non-Catholic clergymen. One of the latest ventures was a day of recollection at the Jesuit House of Retreat, Craighead, Bothwell, Lanarkshire, in which several ministers and priests participated.

Since the last issue of the RECORD Father Gerald Conway (1956) has been excardinated from Edinburgh and has returned to his native diocese of Dromore.

Canon Joseph Byrne (1922) was recently the recipient of a presentation to mark his silver jubilee as Pastor of the parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, Kirkcaldy, Fife, which incidentally is celebrating its century this year. During his stay in Kirkcaldy, Canon Byrne was responsible for the erection of two churches apart from the parish church; one, dedicated to St. Columba—patron of Canon Byrne's native Derry City—was opened in 1946 and the other dedicated to St. Pius X in 1956.

At the annual Scottish Re-Union in Edinburgh on 9th March congratulations were extended to Father Peter Lyons, Father Pierce Grace and Father John Gillen, who are celebrating the Silver Jubilee of their ordination this year. All three have been builders of churches; two in the archdiocese of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh and the third in the diocese of Motherwell.

Father Grace built St. Paul's Church, Glenrothes, Fife, in 1958 which *The Arch-*

diocese's Journal named as "probably the most successful modern church to be built on this side of the English Channel. . . ."

Father Peter Lyons was 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.

Father Gillen, who is Treasurer of the St. Kieran's Scottish Union, was responsible for the building of St. Teresa's Church, Newarthill, Lanarkshire (diocese of Motherwell), in 1960. The parish was founded in 1956 and the church opened in 1960 at a cost of £50,000. In 1963 the parish was entirely free of debt.

ARCHDIOCESE OF GLASGOW

Father Patrick A. Sheridan (1928), parish priest of St. Eunan's, Clydebank—which he built in 1951 within three years of opening the parish—received a gold watch suitably inscribed, from his fellow Kieranites in Scotland to mark his retirement from the post of Secretary of the Scottish Union after more than twenty years' faithful service.

DIocese OF MOTHERWELL

Not only the diocese of Motherwell but the entire St. Kieran's fraternity in Scotland suffered a severe loss by the death of Canon Peter Sexton who died in August 1962. The official obituary states that he was ordained for the archdiocese of Glasgow, ". . . in St. Joseph's Convent, Kilkenny, by the Right Rev. James Downey, Coadjutor Bishop of Ossory on 11th June, 1925 . . .".

"In 1945 he was appointed parish priest of St. Catherine's, Harthill. The dry, bracing air of Harthill restored him to health and he was



FATHER PATRICK A. SHERIDAN (centre) receives a suitably inscribed gold watch from Canon JAMES HAROLD, President of St. Kieran's Scottish Union, on the occasion of his relinquishing the post of Secretary of the Union which he held for more than twenty years. On right is the new Secretary, FATHER BERNARD J. CANNING.

able to carry out the arduous duties of this parish with all his former vigour. The marble altar in the Church and the parish hall are permanent reminders of his pastoral care.

"In 1951 he was given charge of the new parish of St. Bernadette, Motherwell. He applied himself to the task of organisation with characteristic zeal, drive and enthusiasm. He built a temporary church and laid the foundations of this flourishing parish.

"In 1959 he was made a Canon of the Cathedral Chapter. The following year he became parish priest of the important mission of St. Patrick's, Coatbridge, where he proved himself a worthy successor to a long line of distinguished pastors. Although he was but a short time in Coatbridge he made a deep impression on the people. Almost his last task was the interior decoration of the church.

"The late Canon Sexton was a well-known figure throughout the Western Province. He was an unforgettable character and many are the anecdotes told and retold of him, recording his saintliness and wit. His quaint and casual manner failed to disguise a deep spirituality and the people were quick to discern in him a man of prayer. He was a traditionalist by nature, relying on the old tried methods. Wherever he went, he infused new life into the Sacred Heart Sodality, and by word and example spread the practice of the daily Rosary and the Stations of the Cross. He allowed himself no respite in parochial visitation and never forgot a soul who had come under his charge. The school and the hospital he visited constantly. Well versed in the Sacred Scripture and endowed with a remarkable gift of expression, he expounded

the truths of the gospel in a simple, effective manner that made a lasting impression on all who heard him. His obvious sincerity and kindly, sympathetic nature made approach easy. His knowledge of human nature and native sagacity made him an invaluable counsellor to all in difficulties.

"Throughout his life he strove for better understanding within the whole community and was held in respect by his many non-Catholic friends. Gifted with an original sense of humour, he delighted clerical and parochial gatherings with his drolleries and 'philosophisings' and he dearly enjoyed the cut and thrust of good-natured banter with his brother priests. But undoubtedly his most outstanding characteristic and the one for which he will be remembered most, was his tender solicitude for the sick and dying. In the words of a former parishioner, 'He stayed with us in sickness'."

Canon Sexton was a native of Co. Cavan. May he rest in peace.

Father Michael Conway (1963), the latest Kieran's priest to arrive in Scotland, was given a hearty welcome at the annual Scottish Reunion. Father Conway is now assistant at St. James's Church, Kirkshaws, Coatbridge, Lanarkshire.

DIOCESE OF PAISLEY

At the annual rally of the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association in the Greenock end of the diocese of Paisley held not long ago mention was made of the fact that Canon Joseph Sweeney (1927), parish priest of the large parish of the Holy Family, Port Glasgow, would be fifty years a member of the Association next year, having joined in 1915.

Father Gerard Brennan (1958), the Paisley Diocesan Scout Chaplain, read two papers at the recent Scottish National Scout Chaplains' Conference: "The History and Aims of Scouting" and "Spiritual Formation of Scouters".

DIOCESE OF GALLOWAY

A name frequently mentioned in connection with ecumenism is that of Father Nicholas Murphy (1945), of St. Margaret's, Ayr, who

has addressed Protestant gatherings on several occasions on Catholicism. Within the past few weeks, he spoke to a Protestant Youth Fellowship on the theme: "The Teaching of the Catholic Church".

Scotland, while not having a superabundance of priests, has generously responded to appeals by the late Popes for volunteers for the mission fields of Africa and Latin America. Many priests are now on loan in those mission territories.

Father James Grogan (1950) has the distinction of being the first St. Kieran's priest in Scotland to volunteer for temporary mission work in Latin America. He reached Lima, Peru, in November 1962 and spent the following few months studying Spanish in a language school for St. James's Society Missionaries, founded by Cardinal Cushing. In March 1963 he was assigned to Santiago City, Chile.

Elsewhere in this issue of the RECORD is a report from Father Grogan, which is reprinted from *The Far East*. One can realise the extent of the task that lies ahead of a priest labouring among those people. They have been neglected spiritually and socially for so long a time that it will take much zeal and hard work to restore their dignity as human beings and Christians.

A native of Rathdowney, Father Grogan has leave of absence for at least three years from the diocese of Galloway.

DIOCESE OF ABERDEEN

Father James K. Brennan (1945) is keeping the standard of St. Kieran flying in his unenviable position as bursar of the Scottish National Junior Seminary, St. Mary's College, Blairs, Aberdeen. Father Brennan, who is affiliated to the archdiocese of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, also has the post of Spiritual Director.

DIOCESE OF DUNKELD

Father John J. Connolly (1952) has been given charge of the parish of St. Fillan, Newport-on-Tay, Fife.

Father Michael Conway (1960) is now attached to St. Patrick's, Dundee, on loan from the diocese of Galloway.



REUNION OF ST. KIERAN'S PRIESTS IN GREAT BRITAIN, 1964

Left to right: FATHER MICHAEL McNULTY (Edinburgh), Secretary of the Union; VERY REV. JOSEPH CANON SWEENEY, Paisley; MOST REV. DR. BIRCH, Bishop of Ossory; MOST REV. JAMES BLACK, Bishop of Paisley; VERY REV. GABRIEL CANON LOUGHRY, President, St. KIERAN'S; VERY REV. JOSEPH CANON BYRNE, Edinburgh; VERY REV. THOMAS BROOKS, Motherwell, Vice-President of the Union; FATHER BERNARD G. O'DONNELL, Edinburgh, Treasurer.

The President of the Union, VERY REV. JOSEPH RENEHAN, Clifton, was absent, owing to an indisposition.

ARCHDIOCESE OF GLASGOW

The diamond jubilee of the church of St. James, Renfrew, has served as an occasion for Father Bernard Canning (1956) to write the history of the parish, where he has served for the past eight years. With often meagre sources available, Father Canning has compiled a record of the Catholic Church in Renfrew from medieval days up to the present time, and the story parallels the general development of Catholicism in Scotland. From the frayed scraps of history, Father Canning has woven a rich tapestry, which is thoroughly documented, very detailed, and at all times most readable. The book is, in addition, generously illustrated. One of the

chapter headings is—for a St. Kieran's man inescapably—"Winter is now passed".

Father Canning, who is now Secretary of the Union in Scotland, has been unremittingly zealous in keeping *THE RECORD* in touch with the Scottish Province. His contributions are models of the type of copy an editor seeks, and we welcome this opportunity of paying tribute to his industry and enthusiasm.

ARCHDIOCESE OF LIVERPOOL

Would you prefer to jump from a parachute or be responsible for a £365,000 debt? asks the *Catholic Pictorial* (Liverpool). The news item goes on to indicate that there is no question of choice; both experiences came within the scope of the same priest, Father



Some of the priests who attended the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the St. Kieran's College Union, at Kilmalcolm, near Glasgow, on 14th April 1964, seen here with MOST REV. PETER BIRCH, Bishop of Ossory; BISHOP JAMES BLACK of Paisley, and VERY REV. G. CANON LOUGHRY, President of St. Kieran's.

John Bergin (1936), parish priest of Church of Holy Angels, Kirkby, near Liverpool. During the war Father Bergin—who is a native of Roscrea—volunteered as Chaplain to the Forces. He was assigned to the Paratroop Regiment and saw service in Palestine and Egypt.

After the war, in a new conurbation that grew rapidly on the outskirts of Liverpool at Kirby, one of the newly-established parishes was the Holy Angels; Father Bergin was given charge of it in 1956. The parish now boasts a permanent church of unusual beauty, with a presbytery and nearby club, costing £47,000. There are two primary schools which cost £140,000 and £129,000.

Father Bergin has an annual financial burden of £17,000, and probably there is no parish in the British Isles with so large a debt. However, he faces the future with the same serene confidence and optimism he displayed when parachuting from his aircraft in battle.

DIOCESE OF SALFORD

For the past four years the Pueri Cantores, Salford Cathedral Choir, has been under the direction of Father Eddie Dorrington (1958), and has developed into one of the most sought-after groups of its kind in Britain.

The Pueri Cantores is a world-wide federation of Catholic Boys' Choirs which originated in Paris in 1907 with the founding of the Little Singers of the Wooden Cross. Salford Choir became affiliated in 1960 and has since gone on a number of concert tours in Britain. On visit to Ireland last year it made two appearances on Telefís Éireann, a recording for Radio Éireann, and gave concerts in Dublin and the provinces. Kilkenny, unfortunately, was not on the scheduled tour.

As may be imagined, it requires considerable funds to take a party of nearly seventy around on such tours. A parents' association holds jumble sales and raffles, and the choir boasts a number of benefactors who help to ease the financial burden. For the Irish tour the local educational authority allowed a grant of twenty-five per cent of the total cost.

This year the choir plans again to visit Ireland and will sing at Knock Shrine on 15th August. Says Father Dorrington: The boys know Amhrán na bhFiann, not alone in four part harmony but also in Irish.

DIOCESE OF LISMORE

One of the smallest dioceses in Australia, comprising a mere 11,000 square miles, Lismore was named after the island of Lismore

off Argyle, Scotland. However, it seems to have transferred allegiance to the Irish diocese, for its cathedral is dedicated to St. Carthage. Its first bishop was Most Rev. Jeremiah Joseph Doyle (1887-1909) and his successor was Most Rev. John Carroll (1910-1949), a native of Piltown, Co. Kilkenny.

A welcome visitor to St. Kieran's from this far distant diocese in the Autumn of 1963 was Listowel-born Father John Relihan, the Silver Jubilee of whose ordination was celebrated with great ceremony in the parish of Casino some months earlier. Over 1,000 people attended the Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving in the parish church. At a function on the same evening, presided over by the Bishop of Lismore, Most Rev. Dr. P. J. Farrelly, religious and civil leaders paid tribute to Father Relihan for his work in the parish over the past twenty-one years. The Rector of St. Mark's, Church of England, spoke on behalf of the Ministers' Fraternal. He said that the sacred ministry of the Church required conscientiousness and devotion to duty, and that Father Relihan possessed these qualities in good measure. Looking round the town, he added, it was easy to see evidence of Father Relihan's foresight and the parish was a credit to the people who had backed him in his policies. The Mayor of Casino said

that he had the honour of christening Father Relihan—several years ago he dubbed him Father John, the builder.

As might be expected, many St. Kieran's priests were among the forty priests who attended a private dinner to mark the Silver Jubilee of Father Relihan. Father Tom McEvoy came from Coff's Harbour which is the centre of a great banana-growing district. He erected a new church and convent there in 1962 at a cost of £130,000. Father F. O'Gorman, native of Wollengrange, who was "Ned" in St. Kieran's but became translated to "Frank" when he arrived in Australia, since too many "Neds" arrived at the same time, has been appointed Diocesan Director of the Pontifical Mission Aid Societies. His work—apart from that of assistant in the Cathedral of Lismore—requires him to make appeals in each parish of the diocese and visit all the Catholic schools. Last year the diocese contributed over £12,000 to the Missions.

Father Denis Mullins should be on holidays in his native Kells by the time this issue appears. Father W. O'Brien hopes to see Callan next year. Father Ned Crowley is in charge of the parish of Dorrigo which is on a high plateau, and has a climate very much like his native Mooncoin.

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FLORIDA

With fading ribbon I hasten to acknowledge receipt of the 1962 volume of the ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE RECORD. It arrived this morning, Saturday, normally a busy morning, what with trying to get a sermon prepared for the morrow and what not. But the RECORD killed the morning as far as pastoral work was concerned, just as surely as a low-flying plane is killing all kinds of bugs as it passes up and down the beach here, spraying against the dreaded "Med-fly" (Med. for Mediterranean—ask Dr. O'Carroll about that one).

Judging by American standards, the RECORD is a giveaway at \$1.00, where a haircut costs \$1.75.

While a seminarian, it often amazed me to hear returning priests say, not many of them it is true, that they would gladly do their six years in the seminary over again. While I would not go so far as to say that, I can say truthfully that in retrospect the six years I did spend there were very happy ones, and today—two years later—reading of the RECORD still tugs very hard at the old heart strings. And the photo of "Ordination Sunday—Afternoon on the Lawn", positively brought a *tocht* to my *sgornach*.

CALIFORNIA

I enjoyed the RECORD very much this time. The account of Bishop Dollard was of special interest. I read it in my days of philosophy in the Healy Library, in the records of the Archaeological Society. Not long ago his name came to my attention in trying to trace records. There is an old man whose father came from that part of Canada, but for some reason changed his name and religion, and never gave the information to his children. Now he would like to know more, but so far has been without success. He has some old letters from relatives who are now all dead, but they contain only first names. Bishop Dollard was mentioned as having married the grandparents. My letters to the pastors brought answers but no infor-

mation. At least I was able to add a little historical knowledge with local colouring.

EAST ORANGE

The RECORD was very enjoyable reading, especially Canon Loughry's article "American Pilgrimage".

I was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1924. I have always had a warm regard for the College, and a happy memory of it. We had a splendid staff, including Drs. Doyle, Staunton and Gibbons. One always remembers Father Bob Stephenson who was Dean most of our time. He was big and generous in his ways, and was above taking any mean advantage. His open and trusting method of dealing with the students was a good preparation for missionary life where the young priest has so much freedom of action, and disciplinary supervision does not attain great results.

GLASGOW

I have much pleasure in enclosing a cheque to help towards the compiling of this beautiful RECORD of our old Alma Mater. Like all other students who passed through the portals of that sacred edifice, I have very happy memories of the days spent there. St. Kieran's has a strong contingent in Scotland and at our annual reunion we relive again the days we spent there.

RHODE ISLAND

As a suggestion, would it be possible to have each issue dedicated to perhaps two different ordination classes? Say, the twenty-fifth anniversary of one and the tenth anniversary of the other, and more or less concentrate on the priests in these groupings. I mention those two groupings so that the age range would not be too much beyond the interest of most of the readers. In that way we would eventually hear about those who have particular interest for us, whom we would never hear from otherwise. I give this idea for what it is worth; I am sure there are many better ones.

WELLINGTON

I read with keen interest Canon Loughry's very inspiring account of his trip to America. It would be a great privilege for all the priests of St. Kieran's to have him with them, and see them at work in their various parishes. Maybe, some day, please God, he will be able to come to New Zealand too.

Six Irish priests arrived for the Wellington diocese recently. There were no St. Kieran's priests among them. I do hope that the links which have always bound St. Kieran's with this great diocese will not weaken, but rather grow stronger as the years go on. We still need more priests, and I hope that the same spirit which inspired St. Kieran's men in the past to come here will still inspire them.

WASHINGTON

I still keep in touch with my beloved Alma Mater, through letters with a few of the Fourth Divines. It grieves me to hear of the pipe-bursting due to recent heavy frost. If there is any collection for repairs let me know. My offering will never buy the bank of Monte Carlo, because there are too many charity calls on a priest's surplus(?) funds here. But in all honesty I owe a great debt of gratitude to my beloved Alma Mater, and anything I can do to help her in a crisis I'll be proud to do.

FLORIDA

I am enclosing a small subscription for a copy of the RECORD which I have just received in the mail. I had already purchased one on Ordination Sunday. However, having been already half "americanized", I find it quite normal to have two of everything!

PLYMOUTH

I enjoyed articles in the RECORD enormously, not the least being Canon Loughry's very live description of Catholic life in America. If I may borrow an expression from the astronauts "all systems are go".

WASHINGTON

"Doc" Meany travelled all over last Summer, and stopped in Seattle. All the Kieran's boys—fifteen in all—had dinner with him there. He really told us some great

stories. I hope he writes an article in the next issue.

Jerry Lovett made the headlines here in Seattle on all the daily papers and radio and television. Some man had held two policemen as hostages for over two hours and was going to kill them. Jerry was called and persuaded the guy to give up.

NEBRASKA

I was delighted to received the 1962 ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE RECORD the other morning, and dropped everything else for a couple of hours to read it. For people like myself who are longer and longer away from St. Kieran's, it is a very happy experience to find out what is going on back there now.

NEW SOUTH WALES

How well the RECORD shows the application of the words of the Office of Apostles to the men who guide the College destinies. *In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum, et in finis orbis terrae verba eorum.* There never was any necessity to await the launching of a Telstar to re-echo the sound of a voice from College rostrum or pulpit to the ends of the earth.

Indeed all the articles were excellent. We are indebted to James Delehanty. Despite the denial of his ability to imitate Proust, his article certainly indicates that not all the Frenchman's gifts died with him. Congratulations to J.J.R. for his appreciation of Canon Phil Moore, R.I.P. We would like to read more from his excellent pen.

The appointment of Dr. Peter Birch as Bishop of Ossory was good news. Many of us have happy memories of him. The future of Ossory is in very capable hands.

The number of comparatively young past pupils who have died makes sad reading. The latest I read about is Father Mick Fitzgerald of West Australia, R.I.P.

SAN FRANCISCO

I am a member of the San Francisco Police Department, and have been for some fourteen years. In my spare time I am a student of Church history, and do a great deal of research work. Recently I saw an article in *The Standard* describing your ST. KIERAN'S

COLLEGE RECORD. I am very much interested in the issue which has just been published. The article on Cardinal Moran and Canon Loughry's "American Pilgrimage" would be very interesting to read. Please send a copy air-mail and I will send the amount due. The regular mail takes over a month to arrive in San Francisco.

Many Irish priests have come to this city from Co. Kilkenny. Among them were the two brothers, Fathers Ralph and John Hunt, who have since passed away. As a boy I served Mass for Father Ralph Hunt here in St. Peter's. Another Kilkenny priest who is an acquaintance of mine is Father James Walsh, pastor of St. James's Church.

It is a great lift for me to get away from the duties of a policeman by reading Church history. I have a library of over a hundred books, so you see the history fascinates me.

WELLINGTON

In this parish we have Wellington's main hospital. Hospital work is hard at times, but very rewarding. You meet funny problems: two non-Catholics, divorced, who want their children brought up as Catholics. Non-Catholic partner in a mixed marriage bringing the children to Mass when the Catholic does not bother. We find the hospital staff very helpful. The rounds they go to at times to get a priest make you wonder why they are not already in the Church.

In general only slightly more than 50 per cent of the 2,000 Catholics in the parish go regularly to Sunday Mass. Work is much the same as you would find anywhere, instructions for mixed marriages, visitation, the schools and so on. Few Catholics so far have to go to State schools in the city, though it is getting more difficult to cope with the numbers in parish schools. There is no State aid for them, except for grants to purchase specialised equipment. The people have a huge financial burden to carry, which they carry very generously.

The practical Catholics are far more sacramental than the average Catholic at home. The atmosphere being one of indifference to religion, they have to be. There

is no real bigotry, but the indifferent attitude is worse than all.

MARYLAND

I have just answered the telephone, at the other end of which was a very worried lady enquiring the times of confessions, and what arrangements we had made to make the church available as a fall-out shelter in case of emergency. This got me to thinking that it was time I got around to paying my own debts, in preparation for any eventuality. A very logical train of thought, don't you think? It goes to show that Khrushchev isn't all that bad. However, though you may thank the said gentleman for my contribution to the RECORD arriving at this time, please credit yours truly.

GLASGOW

We receive four college annuals here every year, and all the priests are agreed that the ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE RECORD is the best they have seen.

SACRAMENTO

I don't mind telling you that I would not trade the eleven years that I spent in St. Kieran's for all the gold in California.

NOTTINGHAM

The RECORD is a god-send; often when everything seems to be going wrong, I just pick it up, read and re-read (I have now read from the Editorial to the advertisement for Castlecomer Collieries several times), and then remembering the tight scrapes and difficult situations I survived in St. Kieran's, I just carry on.

Personally speaking I regret not having taken more notice of practical hints given in College. How often the President stressed having an interest in music (not necessarily classical, as if you can't "dig" Cliff, Adam and Co. then you have no chance of getting at the right side of the youth here), stamp collecting, photography, gardening (all Englishmen are "garden proud") games—not just Gaelic; we tended to be very narrow in this respect—soccer, rugby, cricket, golf, etc. A general knowledge of all these can be most

helpful in breaking the ice during parochial visitation.

All this was told to us in the past. I only hope that those of the present pay more attention than we did.

BRISBANE

News from the Alma Mater comes rather rarely and vaguely—the main source being the RECORD and *Vinculum*, both of which I deeply appreciate and read again and again (usually to the accompaniment of such background music as Strauss Waltzes and Twenty Irish melodies).

Up to my present appointment I was on the staff at the Cathedral and at the Archbishop's house which involved, apart from ordinary parochial chores, quite a lot of documentation, regular conferences to various groups such as Newman Society, Y.C.W., doctors, lawyers, police and professional guides, regular broadcast sermons and commentaries on High Mass. (Believe it or not, I always took my turn on the non-broadcast High Mass even though my rendering of the *Credo* was, as Canon Loughry once said, more reminiscent of *The Croppy Boy*—and still is!)

It was a real pleasure to live with and work for His Grace, the Archbishop who, though he is now ninety-one and had a very serious operation a few months back, is still lively and actively engaged in all spheres of his work, doing practically everything himself and very little *per alios*. Almost every Sunday he attends such functions as the blessing and opening of new churches and schools, laying foundation stones, administering Confirmation, etc. He is loved and highly respected by all creeds in the community and above all by his priests to whom he is kind, often to the point almost of being embarrassingly kind. If he has any predilection it is for poor priests who, for one reason or another, are in trouble.

I am now stationed in one of the oldest established suburban parishes consisting mainly of a working-class population descended to a great extent from Irish settlers. They are on the whole a good honest people with a firm grasp of the faith, as is evident from the large numbers attending daily Mass and evening devotions during October and

November in particular. The one thing they appreciate more than anything else is the visit of the priest to their homes. It would not, unfortunately, be true to say that they are all practising Catholics, approximately 80 per cent are. The big problem with visitation here and, for that matter, throughout the city area is the ever-increasing number of flats, a shifting population and the influx of Italians whose sole god is £ s. d.

I would say that whatever success we have achieved in the vineyard today is due, under God, to the tremendous work done by our predecessors in the ministry. Quite literally we are reaping in joy where they sowed in tears. The parishes and parochial buildings which they erected, at the cost of what toil and sacrifice God alone can evaluate, are a lasting monument in their zeal and heroic sacrifice. Their pampered children-in-the-faith today would quail under the weight of a burden half as gigantic.

The numbers regularly receiving the sacraments—particularly among our youth—is very consoling indeed. (After all, the youth are our only hope for tomorrow.) This is more readily appreciated when you realise that the very atmosphere in which they live and, more particularly, work is one of godless materialism, the only emphasis being on sex, sport and money. How they live in such an atmosphere without being contaminated is something to be wondered at. I grant you that many fall by the wayside, and in some instances end up hardened criminals, but the number of virtuous, upright lads far surpasses the number of “no hopers” and it is, as usual, these latter who make the headlines. Work among the youth is, to a degree at least, the most difficult task a priest can have, but it is also the most rewarding. Very early in my career I was commanded to go down among the “teddy boy” element and try to reform them. At first, my presence in “Skid Row” was, to put it mildly, frowned upon and I had to have a bodyguard (two detectives) within earshot. After a while the lads realised that I was interested in them, and one by one, I won their confidence. I was able to dispense with my bodyguard (one of whom was a Catholic and the other now is) and ever since

much of my time is spent dealing with them and their problems. As a result, I may have a few premature grey hairs but I feel the better priest for such contact.

Despite the fact that the over-all atmosphere is one of materialism, there is a great thirst for religion and the number of converts is steadily mounting year by year.

The relations between Church and State are harmonious, while civil legislation on marriage (divorce is now permitted civilly) and the State's refusal to grant aid to private schools leave much to be desired. The climate here is wonderful, and for the first time in history we have struck oil and struck it rich (ten wells within a radius of three miles). It is a land of great potentialities. Queensland in particular has a wonderful climate all the year round (February alone is a bit humid) and is known as the Sunshine State. (Dr. O'Carroll would, in all probability and with good reason, call it the Sinshine State"!).

MISSOURI

The State capital Jefferson City is composed of old German stock and the Irish politicians whom they fleece: Blairs, Prendergasts, Nacy, Dalton, fabulous characters—Nacy, for instance, was the big political boss behind the Democratic machine in Missouri, and since the State is Democratic, Mr. Nacy was just Mr. Missouri. He was fiercely Irish, or in other words, a typical Irish-American. Even when he died he had the full wake at his home. This comes as a shocker to us, but over here a fellow never looks better than when he dies. Anyway I attended the wake, and if I did not knock those tough politicians kicking when I said the prayers in Irish. I left them weeping. The wake was a very necessary political weapon in the early days, I am told.

I have about the most colourful pastor in U.S.A., a native of Tipperary. He came to this town in the early twenties, had forty Catholic families and \$2.00 for the Sunday collection. He set about building a \$100,000 school. He has 500 families now and is lord of the town; the Protestants love him more than the R.C.s. He is about eighty now, and has told me so much of the old times. Only for those old rugged Irish priests who did

not care a rap for canon law, there would be no Church here today. When he came first to this town, the K.K.K. gave him twenty-four hours to get out or be driven out. He sent back his reply: "The front door is open; the back door is open. If one of you s.o.bs. dare attack I'll shoot you dead".

He has a smack himself of those great old Irishmen he tells me about. For instance, he himself was once chairman of a selection committee for a Protestant church. He even goes on to say that he selected the best damn preacher they ever got.

SALFORD

I regret that I could not attend either our Reunion or the Ordinations. On both occasions I was engaged upon diocesan business. The first occasion was the National Congress of the Archconfraternity of St. Stephen for altar servers (yes, quite a mouthful!) and as Diocesan Director I had to act as host. The second occasion I was on a trip with the choir to London for the National Congress of the Little Singers. On Wednesday next, on Network Three there will be a brief extract from the Mass—probably the motet *Cibavit Illos* by Christopher Tye. I am sure the late Mr. J. Koss would have been very interested to learn that at least three Directors of the Little Singers over here passed through his hands, learning that "dee blacks are dee notes, and dee whites are dee spaces", namely Fathers Kieran O'Farrell of Motherwell Cathedral, Dick Dunphy of St. Anthony's Little Singers, Shrewsbury, plus *mise le meas*.

CALIFORNIA

My parish is semi-rural, one of the few in the archdiocese. We have no school yet, but hope to commence building early in '63, *Deo volente*, and have it ready for September 1963. This is a very big parish with the usual work going on, viz. convert classes, mixed marriage instructions, guild meetings, and so on. There is also a university in the parish, which of course means a Newman club, to which we are chaplains.

BIRKENHEAD

I consider the RECORD a stimulant in several ways. Even though many of us are merely a *simplex sacerdos*, we are glad, I'm

sure, to have slept in the same dormitory, eaten in the same refectory, walked the same corridors and walks as those who are now bishops, monsignori *ad instar participantium*; and even canons! That delightful abbot in Antrim must be a source of great pride, but alas one is missing—a *Prelate Nullius*—or maybe one does and I cannot identify him!

AYRSHIRE

When you publish your next RECORD, I will be in South America, so I am enclosing enough money to pay for the next issue also. Valuable as it is to us in Scotland, it will be much more valuable in South America. I hope the 1964 issue will reach me safely; I would hate to miss it, even if it were only half as good as this one.

My parish priest, ordained in Thurles, was so impressed by the article on Cardinal Moran and by the RECORD in general that he thinks he should call to see the College on his way south. I encouraged him!

NEW SOUTH WALES

This is quite a big parish with about 3,000 Catholics, and I find plenty to do. My main work is visitation which is carried out in the morning, commencing at about 9.30. I doubt

if — or — could go visiting at those hours, for the people would wonder if they were “all there”. I have to teach in three schools, one High School and two infants’ schools. I am grateful for the chance I got last year in teaching Christian Doctrine on the lay side. It was very helpful, when I faced a class of forty-two boys in a State public school here. Too much importance could not be given to teaching on the lay side.

I miss all my old classmates, and am very sorry that there isn’t at least one here to talk about old times.

FIFE

That d—— RECORD should be abolished! I have spent so much time over it since it came that I am behind time with everything. That is a kind of back-hand compliment, but the RECORD is very interesting. I enjoyed Canon Loughry’s account of the trip to America, doubly so because many of the names were known to me. The Mailbag and (I do have a queer sense of humour) the obituaries were superbly interesting. If I were permitted a grouse it would be: Why do so many of the contributors hide under their initials? Recognition of the author gives deeper insight. Many of them I did recognise.

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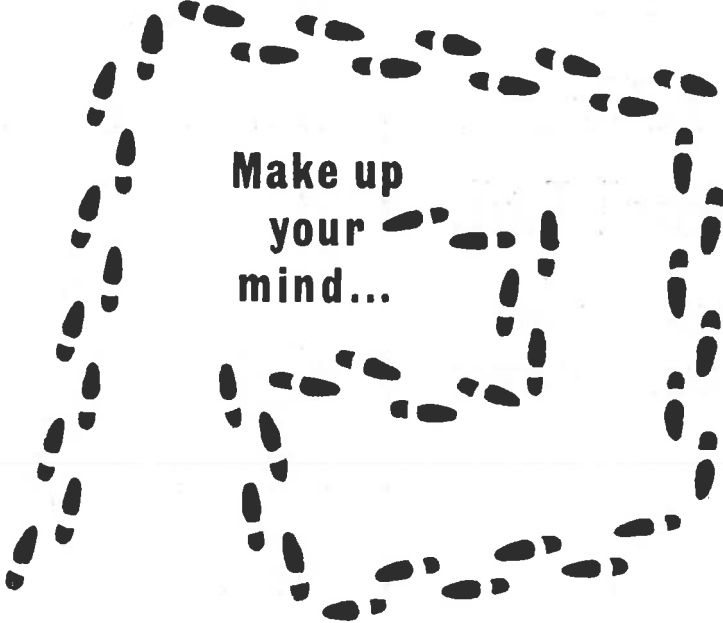
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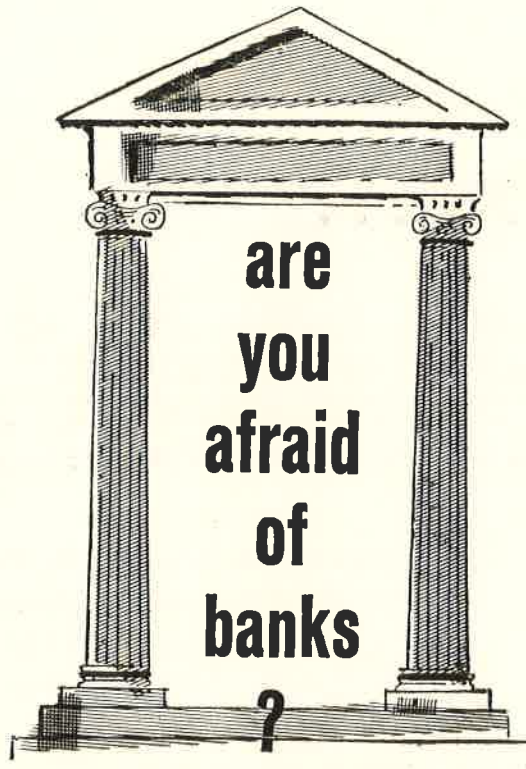
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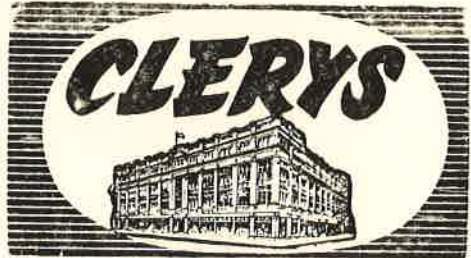


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