

St. Kieran's College Record



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ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE RECORD

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Contents

Editorial	7
Thomas MacDonagh 1878—1916 <i>Gerard Rice</i>	8
Stamps with an Irish Story <i>Rev. John Brennan</i>	19
History of St. Kieran's Men in San Francisco <i>Rev. John Kenny</i>	22
Memories of St. Kieran's: 1909—1914 <i>Very Rev. W. O'Keeffe</i>	26
Vestments in the College Museum <i>Very Rev. T. J. Clohosey</i>	34
Looking Back Twenty-five Years <i>Leo Holohan</i>	36
The Statutes of Kilkenny—1366 and All That! <i>Patrick Purcell</i>	42
News from Southwark <i>Rev. Thomas J. Lynch</i>	45
When I Consider <i>Denis Bergin</i>	47
Past Pupils Union	51
Past Pupils Activities in Dublin <i>Martin Bates</i>	52
St. Kieran's Re-Union in Great Britain	55
Career Guidance—A Welcome Problem	56
In the News	59
New Monsignori and Canons	63
Obituaries	69
Ecclesiastics' Review	80—110
Layside Review	111—148
Immortals versus Intellectuals <i>Michael Hennessy</i>	129
Scottish Log	149
News from Far and Near	151
College Mailbag	154



FOUNDER OF THE COLLEGE

Portrait of Dr. John Troy at the time of his appointment as Bishop of Ossory 1776
Counterpart of a painting in San Clemente, Rome.

EDITORIAL

*E*VENTS in the College have now been chronicled in this biennial form for a decade, for it was in 1956 that ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE RECORD first made its diffident bow to the public. Set against the 183 years of the College's existence, a span of ten years diminished into insignificance, yet the changes which have taken place in that decade match those of any other similar period one cares to name. These are not evident in stone and wood and glass, though a closer scrutiny shows that the material structure is not so unchanging as a first glance might suggest, but the changes lie in less tangible form. The Vatican Council and the Report of the Commission on Education, in their separate spheres, are both reacting on the kind of education that is being given today to students, lay and clerical—outward-looking, searching, challenging, optimistic. A teaching staff of twenty-seven, as against twenty-two a decade ago, indicates the awareness of the College of its responsibility in keeping apace with the strides education is now making.

In this Golden Jubilee Year of the 1916 Rising, ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE RECORD pays tribute to the leaders of the Insurrection in the person of Thomas MacDonagh, one-time teacher in the College. Father Gerard Rice has dug deep into the character of the man and the Kilkenny of the period when MacDonagh walked between St. Kieran's and his lodgings in High Street. The result is a critical and authoritative evaluation of the teacher, poet and soldier.

The remaining articles, features, students' reviews, news reports, miscellanea, in their wide diversification, all have the purpose of entertaining our readers, and bringing them into closer touch with the College. Of one department at the end of the RECORD it is difficult to escape the feeling that it is the most popular of all—an idea that seems to reflect on the mentality of our readers and on the value of the more seriously considered pages which precede it. The department is titled "News from Far and Near." It does not demand imaginative writing; its content is completely governed by the material sent in by correspondents. If some areas of the globe get more cover than others, this is not a measure of their greater importance, but merely that other parts, equally cherished, have less diligent correspondents. So let us make a pressing appeal to our readers by qualifying the title of this department: "More News from Farther and Nearer."

The 1964 issue of the RECORD had scarcely appeared when the College changed its President. Canon Gabriel Loughry made way for Canon John Holohan. May we wish both men 'Ad multos annos': the one on the banks of his beloved Nore at its most picturesque point, Inistioge, and the other in that most responsible and influential post, the President's Room.

THOMAS MacDONAGH 1878—1916

GERARD RICE

THE leaders of the Easter Rebellion have much in common with the Fenian Manchester Martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien. They exist in the public mind more as names and as unknown heroes than as living persons. Our idea of these men lacks the precision, the clear outline which is given by long, prominent and, perhaps, parliamentary presence in public life. None of them had become a legend before he died, and today they seem like modern-day Cuchulains with an impossibly heroic, if undying, reputation among the Irish people. This is true of all the leaders, with the possible exception of James Connolly, and it is certainly true of Thomas MacDonagh.

Like many other Irish patriots, Thomas MacDonagh was of mixed ancestry. His father, Joseph, a Roscommon man whose own father had been a physical force man, had an understandable distrust of patriots. Joseph, given Latin and some education by a priest-uncle, went to Marlborough Training College to become a teacher. In 1867, now a teacher in Cloghan, Co. Offaly, he met and married the principal teacher there, Mary Parker, a convert from Unitarianism whose father had come from England to Trinity College, Dublin, as a compositor in Greek at the University Press. She was musical, interested in painting, verse and Victorian music in a rather un-Gaelic way. In time, they came to Cloughjordan, Co. Tipperary, where their fourth child, Thomas, was born in 1878.

Thomas was sent to Rockwell College in 1892, with the hope, if things developed in that way, of eventually joining the Holy Ghost Order. It was the custom for such boys to remain on for four years after completing the secondary school course as prefect teachers before going to France to enter the novitiate. MacDonagh remained five years teaching classics, and while there he began to read widely in English, French and Latin literature. He developed a home-given interest in the organ and began seriously to write verse.

Arrival in Kilkenny

Deciding that his was not a vocation to the religious life, he left Rockwell to come as a secondary teacher to St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, in September 1901. He taught English to the junior grades and French to the senior ones. Keats and Wordsworth seemed to be his first interest and his enthusiasm for them was so infectious that traces of it have survived in his pupils for over sixty years. They remember, too, his handling of *A Tale of Two Cities* and the romantic blood-bath of the French Revolution—the leaders of the Gironde, high-minded, gifted and ineffective in the midst of revolutionary upheaval, appeared constantly in his writings and in his conversation afterwards. Years later when he taught in Pearse's St. Enda's, a pupil commented "His life was never exhausted by us, for there were long digressions on everything under the sun." He was "ashamed for doing it, but he never had such an interested audience, and what harm if he talked about history when he was nominally teaching Irish,

REV. GERARD RICE, C.C., St. Patrick's, ordained Maynooth 1961, is on loan from Diocese of Meath.

and French when he should be teaching Latin . . . it was all knowledge anyway, and the great thing was to enlarge our culture." Later still, when he taught at the University, his lectures were summed up as 'seldom relevant, but always interesting.' In St. Kieran's at this time, Francis Sheehy Skeffington also taught. They lodged together in 19 High Street, at the home of Dr. White, physician to the College, and one of their pupils remembers them in contrast—the one, MacDonagh, small, stocky, neat, almost dapper, interested in rugby; the other bearded and untidy with a passion for long walks legendary among the students.

About this time MacDonagh was collecting and writing his first books of verse, *Through the Ivory Gate* and *April and May*. In his preface to the first book he calls it a "struggle of soul from innocence of childhood through disillusion, disappointment and ill, to doubt; and thence through prayer and hope and the pathos of old memories to lasting Trust and Faith." The poems are, like the preface, moony and precious. The second book—*April and May*, contains more public verse. From it he selected, afterwards, two poems for republication—the rest including most of *Through the Ivory Gate* he preferred to forget. These two poems are significant, showing as they do a new enthusiasm. One was a poem on James Clarence Mangan—"poor splendid poet of the burning eyes" whose

Single love

*Was in high trust, to hymn thy Gaelic
land*

*And passionate, proud woes of Roisin
Dubh.*

Of Mangan, in a lecture given in Kilkenny on May 17th, 1902, he said "Had he never written another poem on an Irish subject, this ("My Dark Rosaleen") would have made him greater than all Irishmen who have written in the English tongue." The other poem was an elegy on the death of Willie Rooney—today one of the country's forgotten patriots. That he was a man of promise and much significance for his contemporaries is indicated by Arthur Griffith

in the preface he wrote to Rooney's posthumously-published "Poems and Ballads": "I first met William Rooney thirteen years ago in a back room of a Dublin street where a score or so of very young men came to work for an Ireland the demigods of the hour despised, and, within an hour of our meeting, I knew I had met one who could, and would do great things. In the years of association and intimacy that followed, I came to build my hopes for Ireland on him, and to regard him as the destined regenerator of his people." MacDonagh's poem on Rooney's death has since become "Of a Poet Patriot" and remains his best-known, and, perhaps, finest poem. MacDonagh had indeed caught a new enthusiasm. He had come into contact with the Gaelic League.

The Gaelic League

The Gaelic League must have seemed an organisation a little out of place in the Kilkenny of 1900. Kilkenny was an old, clerical, Norman town, physically dominated by the magnificent Butler Castle, home of the most prominent of the surviving Norman families, the Marquesses of Ormonde, and by the more recent neo-Gothic Catholic cathedral. Kilkenny resembled an English provincial cathedral town rather than any other Irish city of its size, with everywhere prominent relics of its Norman past—a past that had little in common with that which was the source of inspiration for the Gaelic League. Though the surrounding countryside was Irish-speaking until comparatively recently, English, and before that, Norman-French had been the spoken language of the city since the coming of the Normans.

Dr. Douglas Hyde had given an address in Kilkenny towards the end of 1900, and from then can be dated the effective beginnings of the Gaelic League. It attracted the casual interest of a good many people, and the intense interest of a few. By December 1900, there were 103 members including the Bishop, Dr. Brownrigg, Captain Otway Cuffe, who with his sister-in-law Lady Desart was to do much for the city, some

priests—the League President was a professor of St. Kieran's College—some of the members of the Corporation and a good cross-section of the population. The primary purpose of the League was to revive the Irish language in order to bring about a renewal in Irish life. The aims of the League were summed up in the rhetorical and hopeful language of the time in an address given on the occasion of the foundation of a branch in Thomastown. "We look with confidence to the swift approach of the day that is to usher in the regeneration of Ireland—an Ireland self-governing, with the great land problem solved to the mutual satisfaction of all parties, the running-sore of emigration healed, with industries springing up on all sides, with the busy hum of industry heard in every village, the bigotry of ages allayed, and the shibboleths of the evil past banned forever—an Ireland self-governing, self-respecting, self-reliant, self-centred and contented, with her hills and valley re-echoing once more to the happy laughter of her children and the sweet sounds of the old Gaelic tongue."

The growth of the Gaelic League after 1900 was very slow. Classes in Irish were provided in rooms in Rothe House given to the League by its Treasurer, T. O'Hanrahan. A library was begun, resolutions were passed to encourage the buying of Irish goods. Irish classes were begun in Johnstown, Callan, Tullaroan and Thomastown. The League pointed out, in a public letter in July 1901 that if Irish was taught in National Schools as an extra subject, outside the four official school hours, a qualified teacher approved by the school inspector and appointed by the manager, was entitled to a salary of ten shillings a year for every pupil taught. By this time the Christian Brothers were planning to increase the number of Irish classes, and classes had been started in the Home Rule Club in the Kilkenny Social and Gymnastic Club and in Sheestown where Captain Cuffe had a class of thirty at his own home. The next development was the appointment of a full-time Irish teacher, a Miss Eileen Cronin of Ballingearry, Co. Cork,

at a yearly salary of £40 (September 1901).

Successful deputations from the League interviewed the managers and the principals of the city schools in each of which Irish classes given by Miss Cronin were begun. By the end of 1901 there were seventy-six members paying a yearly subscription of five shillings. In Rothe House there were three classes attended by twenty-eight beginners, fifty-five or sixty in the second class, and six or seven in the advanced class. In spite of this development, the precarious position of the League was underlined in January 1902, when some concerts, arranged to provide funds to pay for an Aeridheacht recently held on the Canal Walk, were ill-attended and a failure, almost bringing the work of the Branch to an end. At an extraordinary meeting held on January 13, 1902, the two subjects discussed were the financial condition of the Branch and the advisability of the continuing the work of the League in the city under existing circumstances. A number of collections were arranged, however, which saved the branch from extinction, including one held during the "Irish Language Week," on the lists of which, for the first time, appears the name of Thomas MacDonagh.

MacDonagh—Secretary of Gaelic League

Some time at the end of 1901 or early 1902, MacDonagh, with a few friends, went for a joke to a meeting of the Gaelic League, and the League made one of its most committed converts. On April 28th, 1902, he was co-opted on to the League Committee, and in January 1903, he was made Honorary Secretary. During the years 1902 and 1903 modest developments were made. Prayers in Irish were introduced in the Capuchin Church in Walkin Street; the Rosary in Irish was introduced by the President of the League—Father Dollard—to this Confraternity in St. Mary's Cathedral. But, most important of all—the organisation of the local branch was put on a surer foundation, with changes introduced in the rules governing the election and procedure of the governing com-

33

Committee Meeting, January 26th 1903.

before the the May be presided, and there were also present Mrs McCallagh, Miss Boyle, Miss O'Brien, William J. Howlan, Messrs C. McCreaney, J. W. O'Hanrahan and Thomas Donaghy, &c.

On the proposal of Mr O'Hanrahan seconded by Mrs McCallagh, Miss Kenna and Mrs H. Butler, the nominees of the classes, were unanimously re-elected to the committee.

On the motion of Mr McDonagh seconded by Miss Boyle, Mr John Kearney was co-opted on the committee.

A letter was read from a Mr McDonagh of Lifford about Lifford. The bearer, who was in communication with him, was instructed to write to him for further particulars.

The meeting adjourned. That he had received no answer from either corner or Lifford. He was instructed to write to Howlan, Kenna and Butler to consult the Gaelic League in those places as to the project of forming a Gaelic League.

mittee (June 1902). Sub-committees were formed to see if branches could be established in the different parishes of the city, for branches in Thomastown, Castlecomer and Callan, while providing Irish classes for their schools, were not willing to affiliate with the Central Branch to form a County League Committee. MacDonagh, with two others, was deputed to form a branch in St. Patrick's parish. As with many of their efforts there was at first a generous response, and a meeting held in the old church in Patrick Street was attended by over seventy people, but before the year was out MacDonagh himself pronounced the Patrick Street Branch of the League defunct. The Branch in St. Canice's met with a similar fate, but in Johnswell with the support of the local teacher and curate, a strong branch was formed, with, in time, thirty people attending the Irish classes. MacDonagh, at the inaugural meeting of this branch compared, not inaptly in the light of after events, the Gaelic League to the patron of the area, St. John the Baptist a precursor of great things to follow. At the general meeting of the League, on October 31st, 1902, MacDonagh proposed the translation of evening classes into evening continuation schools with Irish, English composition or history being chosen as subjects by the manager of the school. It does not seem as if his proposition, though accepted at the meeting, was ever put into effect outside the Gaelic League rooms themselves. There a successful evening school was begun under the National Board of Education. At this meeting, too, Captain Otway Cuffe who had been responsible for the recently-opened Kilkenny Theatre, guaranteed that the theatre would be a new weapon in the spread of the League ideas.

In spite of the developments reported at the weekly committee meetings, the general progress of the League was not satisfactory, judging by the public comments of the members of the Committee and of the local newspapers. At a lecture given in August 1902, by Father Fielding a native of Mooncoin and President of the League in Chicago, Captain Cuffe commented on the surprising want of sympathy with the movement. At

a general meeting in October, the Treasurer, T. O'Hanrahan, remarking on the favourably financial position of the Branch, said that they were by no means satisfied with the progress made in Kilkenny, and the *Kilkenny Journal* in an editorial on the Oireachtas of May 1903, speaking more or less for the League, admitted that the Leaguers, being truthful people, had not attempted to claim that they had met with the success they had hoped for in Kilkenny. After MacDonagh had left Kilkenny, the League notes in the same paper (October 1903) reported that Kilkenny was lagging painfully behind other cities and towns in the spread of the language. Certainly the failure of the City Branch to found and affiliate branches in the city and county, with the exception of the branch in Johnswell, is a pertinent comment on the slowness of the League's progress. Irish was taught, indeed, in a few parishes with interested indeed, in a few parishes like Thomastown, Callan and Muckalee, where the first feis was successfully held in Coon. Outside the city of Kilkenny, there were no properly established branches which survived for long.

In the Kilkenny branch itself, there were growing differences of opinion. In the League notes in *Kilkenny Journal* of January 10th, 1903, an appeal was made to the Gaelic Leaguers to lose no opportunity of supporting Gaelic Leaguers who were candidates for public boards. "It is a phase of the Irish Ireland Movement which is much neglected and which the executive in Dublin desires should be specially attended to." This statement of policy was the source of much of the controversy which followed among the members. There were conflicting attitudes to the purpose and political implications of the League. For some, it was a harmless, interesting organization without much relevance to practical politics, national or local. Others—the majority—disagreed. MacDonagh was among the dissenters, as was a close friend, Dominic Hackett, a member of an ebullient and gifted Kilkenny family, marked, like many professional families in the provinces, by its uncompromising support of Parnell. For

men like these, the Gaelic League provided a philosophy of renewal of national life, economic, social and political. These conflicts came into the open in 1903, resulting in the resignation of MacDonagh from the Gaelic League Committee, and probably in his leaving Kilkenny for the more congenial and nationally-minded town of Fermoy.

In presenting his secretarial report to the annual general meeting of the branch in June 1903, MacDonagh spoke of his duty to point out that the voting of Alderman Nowlan and Councillor McSweeney, both members of the committee, against a Mr. Kennedy—another committee member—in a recent municipal election was a violation of one of the basic principles of the Gaelic League—"the endeavouring to secure the election to public positions of candidates interested in, or pledged to the Movement." Though the committee approved by adopting his report unamended—privately he claimed that if he had not spoken out a secession would have taken place in the League—he refused nomination to the committee for the following year. His refusal to allow his name to go forward for nomination was reluctantly accepted, and as he put it, "a rather high-flown resolution of confidence" was passed at a subsequent committee meeting leaving on record in the minutes of the branch "our opinion of his character and worth as a sterling Irishman, devoted heart and soul to the loftiest ideals of the Gaelic League, unselfish in his motive, kind, tactful and gentlemanly in his actions towards all, and absolutely fearless in the discharge of the duties which his position, as Secretary or Committee-man, imposed upon him, and we assure him that he carries with him the deep respect and hearty good wishes of every member of the committee." He remained teaching his Irish classes and before he left Kilkenny he presented to the League library his two published books of verse: *Through the Ivory Gate* (1903) and *April and May* (1903). He left behind him in Kilkenny, as he did everywhere else, people with extraordinarily vivid memories of him, pupils in St. Kieran's and in the Gaelic League, many of whom still remember him

with the freshness of recent acquaintance, as a pleasant person, charming, enthusiastic, volatile and kind. In September 1903, MacDonagh began teaching in St. Colman's College in Fermoy.

MacDonagh in Fermoy

Fermoy, he found, was more congenial to him than Kilkenny. The Gaelic League was stronger there, and he was near the Munster Gaeltacht. Even St. Colman's was a very different place from St. Kieran's—"Gaelic to the spine." And in his teaching, in his mastery of Irish at the League and at the Munster Training College in the summer, in his growing contacts with the Anglo-Irish writers in Dublin, with Colum, Stephens and Yeats, and in his writing he found, temporarily, a modest fulfilment. In 1906, a book of poems *The Golden Joy* was published. Like his earlier books it did not receive the acclaim his friends thought it deserved, though there were a few favourable notices in English and Scottish papers, and in Ireland only in Moran's *Leader*. In 1906, he could be confident in answering a question if he were dejected by the faults of Irishmen on the whole. It was asked by Dominic Hackett, now in America, "the one friend I have always thought to be nearest to the best things in me." "The whole thing came to me in a phrase," he wrote, "of tides of thought there can be no ebb: our cause is a flowing tide . . . If another Parnellite split threatened today, you would see how the country would turn; all the young men of intellect in the country—and this age of revival had dowered many—are of one mind; the tide will yet run strong." But complete personal fulfilment did not seem to be possible for him in Fermoy. By the end of 1908 he was writing to Hackett, "I mean to leave Fermoy next summer, if I at all can, and probably Ireland too. I can more easily get work in London, I think, than in Dublin, and there is no other place possible. This place has become a horror to me . . . I fear that if I lived another year here I should become impossible as a friend to anyone."

Joins Staff of St. Enda's

Of course, he did not go to London. He found a new enthusiasm—the only hope for saving Irish was the bilingual school—and in 1908 he joined Patrick Pearse, with whom he had been in contact since his Kilkenny days, on the teaching staff of St. Enda's, Rathfarnham. He threw himself with much gusto into what was to be a constantly precarious educational experiment. His success there was undoubted, as was his success as a teacher everywhere. Desmond Ryan, one of his pupils, leaves an unforgettable pen-picture of MacDonagh at St. Enda's. "Thomas MacDonagh, his hands in easy gesture, talking thirteen to the dozen, and laughing with his quick, staccato laugh . . . He promises every boy the most certain and amazing progress in every subject on the programme in less than a week, having learned Italian in that time himself with the aid of a dictionary, his Latin and his days in Paris. 'A soldier's life is the life for me' he sings, and then broke into a merry French song, and came down like a hundred of bricks on one of his boarders for a smut on his nose . . . He drops his books on the sanded path, and, as he gathers them up, commences the story of his life we eventually have continued in class-time by dint of artful leading questions, or books placed in view to set him off, and, once we succeeded in starting Thomas MacDonagh, there is no stop or halt until the class is over with MacDonagh's amazed shout of dismay."

The Abbey Theatre produced in 1908 a play which he had written in Fermoy "When the Dawn is Come," on which he placed high hopes of success. In theme it foreshadows curiously the Easter Rising. It was set in an Ireland of the future where an English army is faced by an Irish one commanded by seven Captains. The play centres around a Leader—"A subtle, Hamlet-like character," MacDonagh calls him—whose motives are questioned by his comrade Captains, but who proves in death his loyalty to the National Cause. It was not a success, being, wrote MacDonagh, "badly performed and misunderstood."

About 1910, the old pessimism, which had enveloped him eventually in Fermoy, returned. Surely an unhappy love affair must have had something to do with it. There were other possible causes too, the lack of instant literary success, the loss of hope in the renewal of National life he had worked for since his Kilkenny days, and the lack of practical sympathy with and the occasional open opposition shown to the Irish Ireland Movement by powerful elements in the Church and in the old Irish party. One thing is certain, MacDonagh went through a personal crisis hinted at constantly in *Songs of Myself* published in 1910.

The verse in *Songs of Myself* is gloomy, preoccupied with staleness, emptiness, loss of youth and death. Some idea of his themes is given in the last poem of the book, "Envoi":

*I send these creatures to lay a ghost,
And not to raise up fame!
For I shrink from the way that they go
almost
As I shrink from the way that they came.*

*To lose their sorrow I sent them so,
And to lose the joys I held dear;
Ere I on another journey go
And leave my dead youth here.*

*For I am the lover, the anchorite,
And the suicide—but in vain;
I have failed in their deeds, and I want
them yet,
And this life derides my pain.*

*I suffer unrest, and unrest I bring,
And my love is mixed with hate;
And that one that I love wants another
thing
Less unkind and less passionate.*

*So I know I have lost the thing that I
sought,
And I know, that by my loss
I have won the thing that others have bought
In agony on this cross.*

*But I, whose creed is only death
Do not prize their victory;
I know that my life is but a breath
On the glass of eternity.*

*So I send on their way with this crude rime
These creatures of bitter truth,
Not to raise up fame for a future time,
But to lay the ghost of my youth.*

It was in this book that one of his best-known poems, "John-John," appears.

In the summer of 1910 he went to Paris "in search of freedom", and with a vague intention of becoming a painter. "I shall go my way alone . . . the old things that were mixed up with life in Ireland for me have died, and have left neither desire nor regret." But Paris did not suit him. He found that he had little talent as a painter, and he returned to Dublin where he lived "a kind of semi-detached life at a gate lodge of Mr. David Houston's house in the Dublin hills," while still teaching at St. Enda's. Houston left him on his own, enabling him to become the "quaint recluse who delighted in company." It was a house where many writers congregated—Padraig Colum, James Stephens and Seamus O'Sullivan—and soon MacDonagh became a constant visitor to the literary salons in Dublin. It was at A.E.'s salon that he was introduced to three Nationalist daughters of a Dublin Unionist solicitor called Gifford with "I want you to fall in love with one of these girls." "That will be easy," said MacDonagh, "the only difficulty will be to decide which." In time MacDonagh made up his mind, and it was Muriel Gifford he married in January 1912. His marriage, a successful one, was one of the turning points in his life.

Literary Activities

He had begun studies in the National University, and in 1911 he graduated M.A. with a recommendation to expand his thesis "Thomas Campion and the Art of English Verse" for a Doctorate. In 1911, he was appointed lecturer at University College, Dublin, and had begun to show unusual

academic promise. At this time, too, he was an associate editor of *The Irish Review* with Houston, Stephens and Colum, and, after a time, Joseph Mary Plunkett whom he had first met in 1909 as a student of Irish. In time, with Edward Martin and Plunkett, he founded his Irish Theatre in Hardwicke Street to produce plays not produced by the Abbey. He was still writing prolific verse, some of which he published in 1916, and still talking "with learned loquacity" in the Dublin



THOMAS MacDONAGH

salons. After his death a book of his criticism, *Literature in Ireland*, was published, based on lectures given at the University before and after 1914. It was a study of the Gaelic qualities which make Anglo-Irish literature distinct from other literature written in English, and it contains an outline of probable future Irish literary development.

Though his book is primarily concerned with a literary topic, it reveals clearly, if incidentally, MacDonagh's patriotism. Alienated as he seemed to be in 1910 from

sympathy with the Irish people and from belief in their religion, he found in the active and hopeful involvement with the Irish Volunteers and the I.R.B. a way of returning, of becoming one again with the people. It brought him back, too, to his Catholic faith. Nationalism was clothed with the Christian garments of baptism, suffering, death and resurrection. In *Literature in Ireland* and in his letters to Hackett, there is a note of new life, of buoyancy, of enthusiasm. The old optimism of the first years in Fermoy echoes again. "Though through changes of methods and modes of advance, the exhaustion of old methods and the need for new movements, it may seem today that the Central Movement has lost force, it still goes forward. Of a tide of thought, drawn by the inspiration of ancient cause there is no ebb." "It is easy to be patriotic in the days of a country's adversity; for then patriotism means something very personal . . . deep-rooted in the tradition which has had its earliest expression in folk-songs and legends—always an enduring basis for subsequent poets and artists and an integral part of the blood and bone of the people." And again, "No Irish poet or dreamer knows the day when he may be called into action in the ancient fight." "Our ideals, national and religious, are powerful and holy. Even a matter-of-fact politician as Parnell exhorted us to national effort, not in terms of hunger and profit, but in terms of tradition, and the sacred gift of the ideal." He speaks of "this terrible and splendid trust, this heritage of the race of kings, this service of a nation without a flag, but 'with the lure of God in her eyes,' (which) has endowed some of our poetry with meanings that must be lost to all but those baptised in our national Faith."

Military Career leading to Easter Week

MacDonagh never seems to have been involved directly in any political party. From his days in Kilkenny he was in general agreement with the policies of Sinn Féin, but this never excluded the possibility of his supporting a reorganised and revitalized

Irish party. "Many of us," he wrote to Hackett in May 1909, "who are out of tune with modern parliamentary ways, are attracted by the truth of much put forward by Sinn Féin, but if tomorrow, a strong Home Rule Party existed, with Parnell's tactics and strategy, Sinn Féin would die, I believe." He was constantly commenting on the pitiable state of Irish politics.

At the inaugural meeting of the Irish Volunteers, November 1913, MacDonagh was elected a member of the Provisional Committee, and given command of the Second Dublin Battalion. He attended the great volunteer parade that followed O'Donovan Rossa to the cemetery. He had found himself at last. "The Movement is spreading," he wrote to Hackett in January 1914, "we have with us our whole generation." He threw himself into the work with great gusto, almost with glee, training his battalion, wearing "a long military cloak, swift-moving, gay and witty." Donne, Crashaw, Marvell and the rest moved over on their bookshelves for works on military strategy. (At one time he thought of joining the French Foreign Legion for military experience). "I have found a great thing to do in and with life, outside the very real and wonderful interest that a wife and two children give me," he wrote to Hackett (May 1915). "I am fifteen years younger than when you saw me last, or rather I was, a little before you saw me last, for half of it is due to my marriage. Ireland is all right. What is left to us is healthy, and full of hope and self-confidence. When I marched the Irish Volunteers down the road from Clontarf on the heels of the British soldiers, I was sure that things would come our way rapidly. I work hard every day at Volunteer work. I am a member of the General Council of the Central Executive of the Headquarters Staff. I am Commander of the Second Branch of the Dublin Brigade, and Senior Officer of the Brigade Council. In addition to the work done in all these capacities, I am Director-General of Training for the whole country, and have to keep a staff working to direct that department. But the work, half like that of a Cabinet Minister

and half like that of a Regular Military Officer, is wonderfully interesting and exhilarating. Our people are nowhere against us. The Redmondites give us arms and ammunition knowing that they do not want them. The young priests are with us. We have given an ideal and enthusiasm to the young boys and girls of Ireland, such as you and I did not get . . . Ireland is all right."

MacDonagh, already aware of the plan for an early Rising and a member of the I.R.B. since 1915, was co-opted as a member of the Military Council of the I.R.B. in April 1916. He became one of the signatories of the Easter Proclamation.

He was in command of the garrison in Jacob's Factory during Easter Week, which, because of circumstances did not see much active service. He refused to surrender at first when news of Pearse's surrender was brought to him, believing the end of the European War at hand, and hoping that a prolonged rising would strengthen the Irish case at a subsequent peace conference. He eventually surrendered, with clear knowledge that his execution would result. On May 3rd, 1916, with Pearse and Clarke, the first of the martyrs of Easter Week, he was shot in Kilmainham Jail.

Conclusion

What of the personality of Thomas MacDonagh? He was certainly gifted. Frank O'Connor called him "an adventurer in letters, like a seventeenth century Irish gentleman in the French or Spanish army; the outline of a great man, without the intellectual substance. From his fatal facility there emerges but one great poem." Volatile, always in the grips of great enthusiasm or great despair, a promising poet and professor, guided by a lofty, almost religious ideal for the Irish people. Wearing self-consciously the robes of a defender of values, manners and tradition, dismissed as provincial or worse by the governing class and their imitators, he seemed even to the most sympathetic and intimate of his friends, arrogant and pontifical in his public speeches.

"In private," wrote James Stephens, "I have seldom known a man in whom the instinct for friendship was so true; no one who was so prepared to use himself in the service of a friend." He was a great and facile talker with the gift of leaving in people who met him, perhaps only momentarily, a vivid impression which lasted for a lifetime. It was his death that gave him his claim to greatness. Death, conscious death, above all, death by execution, must be one of the most severe touchstones of the strength and quality of human character and personality; there is a forcing of things—the man and the mask become one—the dancer and the dance. "They all died well," a British witness of the executions of 1916 observed, "but MacDonagh died like a prince."

Writer, dreamer, poet, teacher, aspiring politician and political martyr, MacDonagh with his "bony thumb" has put his mark on Irish history, as did the other men of Easter Week, not the mark that he had hoped to put, nor the mark he foresaw he might put. Yet one could say that they acted like patriotic policemen diverting the vast stream of the traffic of history into new avenues with prospects strange and unforeseen.

From what well sprang MacDonagh's urge to political activity and personal sacrifice? Was it the urge to ultimate power over men which can obsess the gifted academic, or the urge to a vicarious immortality through martyrdom in a great cause, or was it something more noble and difficult—the demands of duty cutting across the grain of personality? Perhaps the answer is found in his best-known poem, first written in Kilkenny on the death of Willie Rooney:

*His songs were a little phrase
Of eternal song,
Drowned in the harping of lays
More loud and long.*

* * * * *

*His deed was a single word
Called out alone,
In the night when no echo stirred
To laughter or moan.*

*But his songs new souls shall thrill
The loud harps dumb,
And his deed the echoes fill
When the dawn is come!*

SOURCES :

Donagh MacDonagh's article in *An Cosantoir*, May 1945.

Minute Books of the Gaelic League in Kilkenny 1900-1902; 1902-1904.

Kilkenny Journal.

St. Kieran's College Record, No. 1.

Letters of Thomas MacDonagh to Dominic Hackett made available by Mrs. E. Mac-

Donagh through the kindness of Father F. X. Martin, O.S.A., University College, Dublin.

The Irish Booklover, February-March 1922.

The President of Rockwell College.

Literature in Ireland, with Preface by Padraig Colum.

The Collected Poems of Thomas MacDonagh with Preface by James Stephens.

Through the Ivory Gate.

April and May.

Desmond Ryan's *Remembering Sion* and *The Easter Rising*.

Frank O'Connor's *The Big Fellow*.



Sketch by Martin Drea of Thomas MacDonagh
in St. Kieran's College

STAMPS WITH AN IRISH STORY

REV. JOHN BRENNAN

A DIRECT link exists between Irish postal history and the use of stamps for Irish propaganda purposes. This fact was well known to Padraig H. Pearse and his companions when they occupied the G.P.O., and made it their Headquarters, at the time of the Rising in 1916. It is ironical, however, that although such a premises could normally be used for propaganda distribution, yet on this occasion it was used to check efforts to convey news to the authorities, to disrupt postal administration and to play for time.

It can be said, truly, that almost from the time when postage stamps came into general use in the world the Irish Fenians in America saw in them a possible source of propaganda and revenue for their cause.

By the time the American Civil War had ended many Irishmen who had fought in that war were fully trained and experienced soldiers. Many of these joined the Fenian Brotherhood and were organized into an army in the United States. In Canada efforts were made to enlist the sympathy and help of the Canadian Irish. In June 1866 a force of eight hundred of these men, led by John O'Neill, crossed from United States territory into Canada; they advanced on Fort Erie, on the Niagara river, and captured it. Soon, however, many of O'Neill's men deserted him and his depleted force was defeated at Ridgeway, about eight miles from Fort Erie. The remainder of the Fenian army surrendered to the American warship "Michigan"; there the short-lived campaign ended.

REV. JOHN BRENNAN, C.C., The Rower, is a native of Bawnmore, Johnstown. He was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1939.

Some idea of the far-reaching hope for success with which this venture was organized can be gauged from the fact that Republic of Ireland stamps were prepared for it in the U.S.A. by the Fenians. Although the idea was quite novel at the time, it is possible that these stamps could have been used successfully for propaganda purposes and to provide revenue for the organizers of the campaign. The Universal Postal Union had not yet been established to curb unorthodox postal use. Designs were selected and preparatory essays for these stamps were printed, bearing values of one cent, three cents and twenty-four cents. The one cent stamp is often known as the New Brunswick Essay. The design for both the one cent and the three cents shows an Irish harp adorned with shamrock as central theme in



Plate I



Plate II

a central circle. The wording is as follows: "Republic of Ireland 1 Cent" and "REPUB. HIBER. Postage Three Cents" respectively. (Plates I and II).

The 24 cent stamp has also got a central circle but in this case it is adorned with a winged female figure in the form of a harp. This circle is surrounded by a wide buckled belt bearing the motto "LIBERTAS ET

NATALE SOLUM." The words "Republic of Ireland, Postage 24 Cents" form the outer frame (Plate III). From examples seen we learn that the three cent and the twenty four cent stamps were typographed from a wood-block. At this time also (1865-66) yet another Fenian Essay was prepared. Once again the central circle was adorned with a harp in the form of a winged female. The circle is enclosed in a buckled belt bearing the words: "ERIN GO BRAGH"; in the outer frame the word "Postage" is at top, and "One Penny" at bottom. This is a peculiar bi-lingual stamp, and it is thought that because the value is in pence rather than



Plate III



Plate IV

in cents it was intended for use in Ireland for the Rebellion of 1867 (Plate IV).

A twenty-four cent stamp, similar to the one described above, appeared again in 1893. It is a poor copy of the original. One reason given for its appearance at this time was as a preparation for the anticipated success of Gladstone's Second Home Rule Bill. It is difficult to see any connection between these. A more likely explanation for its appearance was to obtain money from gullible philatelists! Forgeries, too, are known to exist.

There is no doubt as to the purpose for which the Sinn Fein stamps were issued in 1908, or possibly 1907. There is clear evidence that they aimed at propaganda, recruitment, and the fostering of the Home Rule policy. There were two designs: one design has a central oval rather than the central circle used by the Fenians. In this oval Hibernia, as a young lady, holds a harp. The word "EIRE" is at top, the Irish Wolfhound sits at the bottom. "SINN FEIN"



Plate V



Plate VI

is at both sides, while the arms of the four provinces occupy the four corners of the stamp (Plate V). The second Sinn Fein stamp breaks new ground. It was designed by Miss Lily Williams, A.R.H.A., from an idea suggested by Arthur Griffith. A Celtic cross is the central theme with the word "EIRE" written at the juncture of the arms of the cross. Some Celtic scrolls, and four large shamrocks, fill the remainder of the design in a simple frame (Plate VI).

Although no value is given on these stamps, yet it is certain they were used to collect revenue. According to the Sinn Fein Handbook they cost 2/6 per gross, and were sold at one penny each. These stamps were not given out indiscriminately to all and sundry; they were distributed by the Secretary of the Sinn Fein movement, Mr. Seamus Whelan, 17, Ormond Quay, Dublin. They were extensively advertised in the Irish press of the day giving the names of the agents in the various towns, such as the *Kilkenny People* office. Dublin had as many as twenty-eight agents; these included Tom Clarke's shop at Parnell Street. These labels were gummed for fastening to envelopes or post cards to be sent through the post. They could not replace the legal postage stamp, but it was intended that they be used in conjunction with them on the address side. The legal stamps in use in Ireland at the time bore the portrait of the reigning British monarch, Edward VII. From correspondence dealing with the Sinn Fein stamps we learn that "the Sinn Feiners made it a rule not to answer letters they get unless they have one of these stamps on them."

It was not long before the postal author-

ities took action. An official order appeared on 2nd July, 1908 forbidding this practice: it declared that these stamps were "used for advertising and other purposes," and that "when they are placed on the address side they cause embarrassment to the officers of the Post Office." The practice had to cease, but it could be concluded that, in future, these stamps could be used on the reverse side.

Nationalists in Ireland were not the only ones to use propaganda labels at this time; the Northern Imperialists followed suit. They produced the Imperial Union labels of 1912. In preparation for the Home Rule Bill of 1912 Asquith declared that Ireland should have her own postal system. This was supported by the Post Master General of the day. In anticipation of the passing of this Bill the Unionists of Belfast threatened that they would set up their own government in the North and issue their own stamps. The Bill was once again rejected by the House of Lords. Nevertheless the labels were printed. It is strange that like the Fenian stamps these have a female harpist in centre of the design. There the resemblance ends, however, for the wording is "Provisional Government of Ireland" at top, with "IMPERIAL UNION" at bottom! (Plate VII). It is not clear what use was made of these labels after publication.

By the time it became a foregone conclusion that the Home Rule Bill would be-



Plate VII



Plate VIII

come law when it was next brought before Parliament, certain elements in Ulster had prepared to resist. The Ulster Volunteer Force was set up, and propaganda labels were issued once more. These are known

as the South Belfast labels of 1914. Their purpose was, obviously, to raise funds, for they were priced at 1/- each. The design has as central theme the Red Hand of Ulster with the words "FOR GOD AND ULSTER" in a circle, the whole surmounted by a crown. There are also the words "SOUTH BELFAST," with, at bottom, "ONE SHILLING" (Plate VIII).

At the actual time of the rising in Dublin in 1916 three Nationalist propaganda labels appeared. Two of these were re-issues of the



Plate IX

1908 Sinn Fein Celtic Cross and Hibernia with Wolfhound types, as described above. A third was called the Manchester Martyrs label of 1916. This consisted of portraits of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien with their names, one for each leaf of a large Shamrock, with harp at centre. The words "GOD SAVE IRELAND" were underneath. The design was printed on paper coloured in tricolour of green, white and orange (Plate IX). These were printed in unsevered pairs with the double green colour at centre. Thus they could be doubled around a pin and used as a small flag with full design showing on both sides. Some were used as stamps and, no doubt, some were used as flags; but the majority of them were seized and destroyed.

Padraig H. Pearse and his companions were, therefore, well acquainted with the use of stamps or labels for propaganda purposes. Did this knowledge influence them in their selection of the G.P.O. as headquarters for the Rising? The Rising was, in some ways, a gesture; it was symbolic of things to come. In this the leaders were

prophetic. Did any of them foresee that fifty years later the same G.P.O. would handle letters bearing new stamps? These would no longer be unofficial propaganda labels stuck on envelopes beside stamps bearing the portrait of the reigning British monarch, but rather officially recognized portraits of themselves, the seven signatories of the 1916 Proclamation (Plates X and XI). Times have changed in Irish postal history since the days of the Fenians and Sinn Fein;

in philatelic matters they have gone full circle.

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With kind acknowledgment to the Minister for Posts and Telegraphs for permission to illustrate current stamps, and to Messrs, F. E. Dixon and H. G. L. Fletcher of the Irish Philatelic Circle for assistance with others.



Plate X

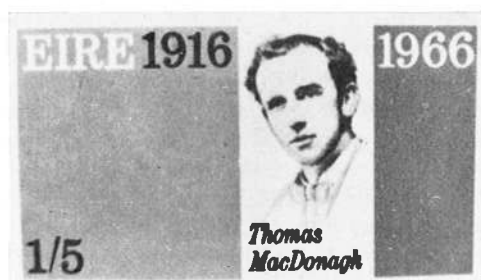


Plate XI

HISTORY OF ST. KIERAN'S MEN IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY REV. JOHN KENNY

IN 1929, when I arrived in San Francisco, the story originated by the diocesan was still in circulation and often retold for the benefit of the newly arrived St. Kieran's men

A pastor went to the Archbishop to ask for an assistant. He did not want a native son of California, or one of those Maynooth men, but, "just send me a plain Kilkenny man." Of the plain, and not so plain, Kilkenny men I wish to write.

In that year of 1929, twenty-two from St. Kieran's were active in the archdiocese. Three more were added—Pat Kerrigan, who came from Birmingham, Paddy Morris, and I, John Kenny. In the years immediately

following, there were Pat Thompson, Michael Walsh, Dennis Mooney, James Forristal, Michael Dillon, John Dermody and, last of all, Tom Murphy who came in 1935.

In San Francisco, at the present time, only three remain active: Pat Kerrigan, John Dermody, and myself. Paddy Kennedy (1911) has been hospitalized for many years.

In the division of the diocese, we lost seven to the diocese of Oakland: Paddy Dermody, Nial McCabe, Jim Forristal and Tom Murphy on the active list; and Mike Ryan, Tim Shanahan and Phil Ryan who have since passed to their reward. Mike

Walsh, recently restored to health, is now in the Santa Rosa diocese in the parish of Sebastopol. (The name tells of Russian occupation before California became a state of the union). No St. Kieran's man went to the diocese of Stockton. It might also be mentioned at this time that we lost another man to the Catholic University and the Archdiocese of Washington, D.C., William J. McDonald.

In San Francisco, at present, we have five others who spent some time in St. Kieran's: Arthur Cantwell, John Walsh, Billy Dillon, Joe Fitzpatrick, and Michael Fitzsimon.

The first, and most colourful former student of St. Kieran's to come to San Francisco was Pierce Michael Comerford. His family came from Ballybur Castle where Rinuccini spent a night on his way to the Confederation of Kilkenny, November 12, 1645. A Rosary with his initials stamped on the cross is still in the possession of the family. Father Pierce was born in Coolgreany House, Castlewarren, October 12, 1818. He died in San Jose, California, November 19, 1905. As a student, he went to Mauritius with his cousin, Cornelius Hogan, May 28, 1845. Both were ordained there. Father Pierce became the Vicar General, and, according to his sister, later refused to become Bishop. In 1857, he returned to Kilkenny and accompanied his cousin to Douay. He also went to Mauritius. He must have, at this time, become a chaplain because in his later years he lived on a pension. For some time he was a chaplain to a titled family in England. He spoke of saying Grace and then retiring to the servants' dining quarters. He came to San Francisco probably because his sister, Rev. Mother Mary Teresa was first superior of the Presentation Sisters in the archdiocese. He founded the parish of St. Joseph in Berkeley in 1879, and with the aid of his sister, opened the Presentation School on property donated by a Mr. McGee.

Berkeley is well known as the site of the University of California. It is named after a Kilkenny man, Bishop Berkeley. When the university moved from nearby Oakland to its present location, one of the minister-

professors looked towards San Francisco Bay and quoted from Berkeley's writings, "Westward, the course of empire makes it way." So, it was decided to call it Berkeley.

Father Pierce spent ten years there and retired in 1889, and died in San Jose in 1905. (The family history was given to me by his relative, Father Edmund Hayburn, now in the diocese of Oakland).

Another colourful priest was Father James McDonald, brother of Dr. Walter McDonald. He was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1885. As a young man in St. Peter's parish, he founded a literary society where the members greeted each other with quotations from the classics. He was a close friend of Father Peter C. Yorke, and succeeded him as editor of *The Monitor*, the diocesan paper. He used to claim that Dr. Walter received his literary style from him. He was founder of the parish of St. Augustine, partly located in Berkeley, and now the parish of Nial McCabe. Father James left many humorous poems dealing with events of his time. At least they were humorous for those not involved. One of his more serious efforts refers to his wish to die in Ireland and was recited in elocution class by Bishop McDonald. The closing line of this poem is:

To die at home, but God knows best.

He returned to Mooncoin in 1925, and died there in 1926.

Father Tom Holohan, ordained 1905, was a hurler and all-round athlete, popular with both priests and people. On his first trip to Ireland, he hurled with the Kilkenny team. The Bishop of Ossory at the time was supposed to have remarked that the Church needed priests not athletes. Father Tom founded St. Kevin's in San Francisco in 1922. Four years later heart trouble forced his resignation, and after an extended vacation, he returned to be pastor at Niles where he died suddenly February 5, 1930.

Of the men who came later it is not possible to give a history but a few items and events are of special interest. At least seven had the privilege, if it can be called such, of starting new parishes. Four received

the Licentiate in Theology at the Catholic University: Michael Walsh (1902), Joe Mackey (1902), Ralph Hunt (1904) and John Hunt (1907). Bishop McDonald received his Doctorate of Philosophy (1939).

Michael Walsh held his degree in high regard. He was a fount of knowledge and dispensed it freely and enthusiastically. He lived until 1947 but many of those years were lost because of poor health. His brother, Edward, is one of my parishioners and has among his many books the four volumes of Canon Carrigan's *History of the Diocese of Ossory*.

Joe Mackey was the handball champion of the diocese. He died a young man from tuberculosis which was contracted from neglect after strenuous games in the Olympic Club alley.

The two Father Hunts will long be remembered. Their accomplishments were many in music, learning and above all in charity. Many lonely priests were welcome guests in their rectories. Father Ralph spent all but two years in St. Peter's Parish. He took refuge there from St. Patrick's the morning of the earthquake in 1906 and left it only in death, December 1, 1949. He was the confidant of the great Father Peter C. Yorke during his time as pastor of St. Peter's from 1913 to his death in 1925 and then succeeded him. For many years the desk of Father Yorke was left untouched. In his conversation the name and opinions of Father Yorke were sure to be mentioned. On his own desk the Christmas card of President de Valera was prominently displayed. Father Ralph had another distinction of being the first Superintendent of Catholic Schools in San Francisco and in that position brought his own, and Father Yorke's, learning and experience to the benefit of Catholic education.

Father John will best be remembered by many through his interest in Catholic action in the year preceding the second World War. His appointment by Archbishop Mitty, with whom he attended the university, brought this new activity into being. It ended when the war time blackouts made evening meetings impossible. Not all of us

were sorry, even though we did admire John's work and perseverance and acknowledge that he laid the foundations for much of the lay activity now in parish work. A meeting or visit with John was like a visit home. He seemed at ease in all gatherings and shared that faculty with those around him.

Another name, Father John Dollard, remains with us because of unusual circumstances. He died of cancer in St. Joseph's Hospital in Stockton in 1933. Instead of being buried from his own church in Oakley, which was somewhat inconveniently located, the funeral took place from the church of of his friend, Jim Delahunty. His successor is convinced that he returned to his own church for obsequies. The account is one in the collection of ghost stories by Shane Leslie as told by the successor to his classmate, the Bishop of Galway. Phil Ryan, Nial McCabe and I were later residents of that parish but had no such experience, even though a heavy freight train of the Santa Fe railroad could unnerve one by rattling the windows before coming within sounding distance.

A special mention should be made of the three men who arrived in 1923, Jim Doyle, Phil Ryan and Paddy Dermody. Six years had elapsed since the arrival of Terry Nugent in 1917. They opened the way again for the later arrivals. No greater advertising could be given to St. Kieran's than the outstanding qualities of these three men. We miss the scholarly comments of Jim Doyle and the enthusiasm of Phil Ryan in his praise of all things connected with St. Kieran's. Only Paddy Dermody is still with us in the diocese of Oakland where just a week ago his popularity was again demonstrated in the number of friends present to celebrate his investiture as a Domestic Prelate.

Five others should be named. They spent some years in St. Kieran's. John P. Tobin a County Waterford man who did his philosophy course in St. Kieran's came to Baltimore for theology. His years were spent as assistant in San Francisco's oldest parish, Mission Dolores (founded by the

Spanish in 1776), for fifteen years and the remaining twelve as first pastor of St. Cecilia's. He died on Good Friday 1929.

Sam Tarrant and William Tierney were others who started in St. Kieran's but were ordained in St. Patrick's, Menlo Park, California. Sam Tarrant died in 1954. Father Tierney spent some time in Rome and died as pastor of Sebastopol in Santa Rosa diocese in 1965.

Tom Heffernan also spent his years of philosophy in St. Kieran's from 1919 to 1921. His talents as an entertainer were well known to us on the concert stage. He was ordained in Louvain in 1924 and died in 1928 after a short, but brilliant, few years in parish work and as an occasional writer for the *Leader*, Father Yorke's San Francisco Irish paper.

John F. O'Beirne was the last of St. Kieran's part-time students. He finished philosophy in 1931 and was ordained in the North American College, Rome in 1934. The humorous histories he left in some of the parishes will be read with relish. He died suddenly in 1953.

The last place I reserve for our most outstanding graduate, the Rector of the Catholic University of America and Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Washington, D.C., William J. McDonald. Dr. Doyle, in his farewell talk to the class of 1928, made the statement that he expected great things from them. The rectorship of the Catholic University could hardly have entered his mind. That it has happened gives us reason for pride. He has been the recipient of many firsts among us from the reception of the doctorate to the fulness of the priesthood. His accomplishments are well known to all of us from St. Kieran's and our prayers and good wishes are always with him in the exalted and responsible position he holds in the American Church. He makes us realize that America is still a land of opportunity for the deserving.

Our numbers in San Francisco are now few but we look forward to a renewal of the tradition that will make St. Kieran's name come alive in our growing diocese. No one could have foreseen the extraordinary

growth in the State of California that is now making such demands for additional vocations. We hope and pray that St. Kieran's will take its place in filling the vacancies left by those who so well laid the foundations on which the new church of the Council must of necessity grow.

Following are names and dates of ordination of the priests ordained in St. Kieran's for San Francisco. Date in brackets after name indicates date of death:

1885	James MacDonald (1926)
	John Walsh (1929)
1898	Thomas Comerford (1931)
	Michael Mackey (1928)
1900	John Dollard (1933)
	Michael Walsh (1947)
	Joseph Mackey (1912)
1902	Ralph Hunt (1949)
	William Cleary (1954)
1905	John Hunt (1961)
	Thomas Holohan (1930)
1908	James Delahunty (1936)
1909	Patrick McGrattan (1932)
	George Quinn (1915)
1910	Peter Bennett (1946)
1911	Patrick Kennedy
1912	Hugh Bohan (1939)
1913	Edward Kelly (1961)
	Michael Galvan (1923)
1916	Timothy Shanahan (1964)
	Michael Ryan (1964)
1917	Terence Nugent (1961)
1923	James Doyle (1950)
	Philip Ryan (1963)
	Patrick Dermody
1926	Nial McCabe
1927	Patrick Kerrigan
1928	William McDonald
	Maurice O'Brien (1942)
1929	Patrick Morris (1957)
	John Kenny
1930	Patrick Thompson (1960)
1931	Michael Walsh
	Dennis Mooney
1932	James Forristal
1933	Michael Dillon (1963)
1934	John Dermody
1935	Thomas Murphy

MEMORIES OF ST. KIERAN'S: 1909—1914

VERY REV. WILLIAM O'KEEFFE

It is said to be a characteristic of old age that one can recall the events of one's youth, and fail to remember what happened in the recent past. Judging by that standard, I must not yet be quite senile, as my memories of St. Kieran's, with which I first became acquainted over fifty-six years ago, are very dim indeed. The first year made the most lasting impression. It was 1909, the seventh year of the reign of Pius X, the twenty-fifth year of the reign of Most Rev. Abraham Brownrigg, Lord Bishop of Ossory, the seventh year of the Presidency of Father Doody and of Father Michael Walsh as Dean of Studies, the Nth year of Father McNamara as Dean of Discipline. The seniors of the Lay-side were Nicholas Maher, Martin Hoyne, Kieran Purcell. I remember the order of names because the roll was called each morning like a litany; why, I never knew. What student of the period can forget the Bishop's Silver Jubilee which the College celebrated before Christmas with feasts and fairy lights and free time, and an illuminated address, and a production by the Ecclesiastics of "Julius Caesar"?

In parenthesis may I say that the views expressed here should be interpreted in the light of the context of St. Paul: "When I was a child, I thought as a child, I understood as a child, I spoke as a child." They are the impressions of a young student of that period.

A first reflection on those far-off days prompts me to recall the rude change that going to College brought about in the life of the ordinary *country* boy of the time—emphasis on "country". The title "College boy" was a status symbol, to use an ex-



VERY REV. CANON O'KEEFFE, P.P.

pression so fashionable today. It raised one straight away out of the common herd. What boy has not experienced a feeling of pride, if he would only admit it, that he was marked out for this distinction? We looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to a "life of Reilly" in the College, where of course there would be study, but also plenty of fun and games amidst a bevy of friendly

companions. At least these were the feelings of a greenhorn from down the country, who up to now had scarcely been in a train, much less a motor car.

I have said it was a rude change, because the picture I had so fondly painted was different from reality. From the moment we freshmen entered the College, our education had begun, not indeed the education one received from professors or books or study, but that provided free gratis and for nothing from fellow students. Coming as I did from the heart of the country, from the sixth book in the National School, where one enjoyed all the privileges of seniority, and with it a certain amount of superiority complex, I daresay a little pruning was necessary. It was not long until it was ruthlessly applied. In the National School you naturally develop characteristics, habits and mannerisms of speech and gait and dress which go unnoticed and uncriticised. You were not long in College until all your idiosyncrasies, both those of which you were aware and those of which you were not, and possibly those which you had not at all, were mercilessly exposed to the light of day, by mimicry and ridicule, with an appropriate nick-name thrown in for good measure. You did not know then the meaning of inferiority complex, but you were certainly made to feel it. The corners had to be knocked off, so as to be fitted into the mould cast by the students.

There was, and I daresay there still is, much make belief in the student's make-up. You must not violate their unwritten laws or traditions. You must never admit to being there of your own free will. You must pretend to abhor study, and everything for which you were sent to College. You must not appear in a hurry, no matter how important the mission. You are laughed to scorn if you are innocent enough to admit that you want to be a priest. To say that the food was alright was a sign of poor upbringing, though I still remember the shock I got when I saw my first meagre ration of butter, or print as we called it. These comments are not made in any critical spirit but as an effort to express the baptism

of fire a neophyte had to endure on entering College. It was, I suppose, an inseparable part of our training, and marks the difference between a boarding school and a day school. We were not always small boys, however. The hands of the clock went round, and having successfully fitted into the groove, we in turn became "educators."

Conditions of over 50 years ago, it is superfluous to remark, were altogether different from today. The advent of the motor car brought great changes. It is said that in the early days of Maynooth College the new student sometimes rode in on horseback, sold his horse probably to the bursar as part of his pension—and did not see home again until he returned as a priest. However true that may be, in our day there was only a difference in degree. In my five years in College, I had only one "call" or visitor, and that only because an uncle chanced to be called to a jury in Kilkenny. My only link with home was a letter every few weeks, with possibly a half-crown postal order enclosed.

If the car brought a change for the better, it is also responsible for depriving the students of at least one treat of our day. I refer to the entertainment given by the Ecclesiastics on the eve of our departure for Christmas holidays. We are well aware that the students of today have their entertainments to a greater extent than we ever dreamed of, but this was different; first because it was so rare, and secondly it was the eve of holidays. It was the nearest approach to unalloyed happiness in this life. Then followed the rapture of the morning going home. The cheers of derision as the old skillet of a bell rang out at 7 a.m. in the chapel tower. Of course we were all astir long before that, our faces well washed, our hair kept in place with good limestone water, Kilkenny vintage. (Hair oil was a breach of the unwritten law). After Mass and a hasty breakfast, the old horse-drawn float from the railway arrived to carry our luggage to the station. The procession through the town followed, during which the sleeping citizens were left in no uncertainty as to what was taking place. Then the hustle and bustle of

the railway station, getting our tickets, the rush for carriages as the train drew in, the cheering as it moved out. What a contrast to the present, when students take their departure in motor cars, in dribs and drabs, any old time of the evening, quite blasé, like children of wealthy parents to whom a new toy gives little pleasure. No exile ever returned home with as much joy as the country student of our day, as the old familiar landscape began to unfold itself. I have a feeling, however, that the College staff to-day would prefer the modern method, and I would be inclined to agree.

No reminiscences of student days would be complete without a short commentary on the professors. Here we are treading on tender ground. The fact that they are all dead and gone makes the task less embarrassing. The old Latin tag, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, must apply here.

The late Monsignor Drea in a humorous drawing portraying his first impressions of Maynooth depicts a nervous student looking up in awe at the grandeur of the professors in their long flowing robes. The professors of St. Kieran's created a similar impression on our young minds. To us they lived in another world. We almost invested them with the attributes of God, all powerful, all knowing, all just, with perhaps a slight modicum of the quality of mercy. We thought that all that interested them was study and still more study, especially in their own particular subject, that in their eyes free days were a snare and a delusion, that games were a waste of precious time. I can still see them going out in pairs for their evening recreation, complete with tunic suit, top silk hat, gloves, walking stick or umbrella. We must often have wondered what learned or lofty topic they discussed on the way. Here, I am not cynical or critical. We accepted this as natural and as becoming in our superiors. I feel they ought to be admired for the facade they presented so successfully before the students, or perhaps it is a tribute to our simplicity. How little we knew. Could we only foresee that at some time in the future we would be fellow labourers in the vineyard, and that

we would find them simple, homely, friendly companions and good priests.

Father Doody was President until 1911, when he was succeeded by Father MacNamara. There is no need to extol the virtues of Father Doody as professor, preacher or priest. What we as students admired most in him was his sense of justice, so much so that it was said he measured the back-swing of the cane by the gravity of the offence. He died as Parish Priest of St. Canice's in 1931, and lies buried beside the church there. On his monument is the simple inscription: *Pius prudens humilis pudicus*, a worthy tribute indeed, and a tribute too to the person—presumably a priest—who chose such an apt quotation to sum up the life of a remarkable priest.

The Classical tradition was carried on by Father Michael Walsh, Dean of studies in the reign of Father Doody. He too was a brilliant teacher, but did not believe in sparing the rod, a fact, perhaps, that was due to his failing health, which compelled him to relinquish teaching altogether. He died as C.C. of St. John's.

Who can write of St. Kieran's in those days and do justice to the figure of Father MacNamara, who—to paraphrase the author he loved so much to quote—"bestrode the hallowed halls of St. Kieran's like a Colossus?" He and the College were one. One could not conceive of its existence, either then or in the future, without his dominating presence. We feared and respected him. When he had occasion to address us, we felt as if he were looking through each one of us individually. He was, however, inclined to make mountains out of molehills, and denounced every misdemeanour with the same fiery invective. When we got to know him better, this somehow blunted the edge of his offensive. His bark, in other words, was worse than his bite.

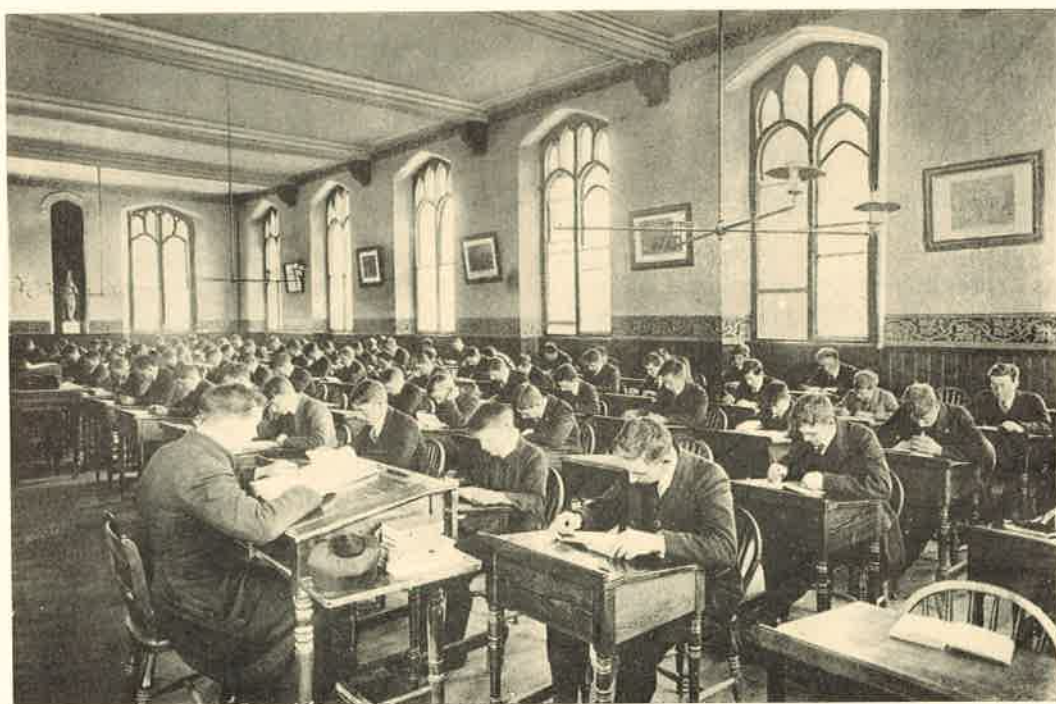
It was in our time that he presented* to a student the classic example of the horns of a dilemma, as well as making the mountain aforesaid. Three young students, who did not suffer from any inhibitions, thought they would liven up the tedium of college life

by starting a little lending Library—a harmless enough pursuit. To bring it to the notice of the students they had handbills printed. One of these found its way into the hands of the President. Hugo O'Connor, a noted actor and wit (later for some years President of St. Kieran's Union in Britain) was head prefect at the time. He was summoned to the Presence. The handbill was produced and he was addressed as follows:

"Either you knew of the existence of this, or you did not. If you did, it was your duty

a real love for it, an acquired taste, but I am afraid that we were too young to respond to his Francophilism. He was very sensitive and did not tolerate any Mona Lisa smiles in his class. Often, however, we were put to the pin of our collar to keep a straight face at his efforts to pronounce for our benefit the French word *plume*.

Father Aylward impressed with his obvious love of the Irish language. He was gentle and kind and a good teacher, and one felt that for his sake alone we should



LARGE STUDY HALL IN FATHER O'KEEFFE'S TIME

to have reported the matter to me. If you did not, it was a gross dereliction of duty."

One would wish to be apocryphal here and write that he added: "I pause for a reply." The kernel of the story, however, lies in its narration afterwards by Father Hugo, when he tells how he surmounted the dilemma: *Hugo autem tacebat*. For the uninitiated: "Hugo, however, was silent."

Father James Comerford tried to instil a little culture into us through the medium of the French language. He had developed

make a better effort to acquire it. A pleasing memory is of his reading for us extracts from Canon Sheehan's *My New Curate* last class before Christmas. Perhaps it was the day that made it memorable, but we had never heard of Canon Sheehan or his *New Curate* before, and had not imagined anything had ever been written to compare with it.

About 1911 a priest came whence we knew not to teach English and History. Since we students were there before him,

our relations were more sympathetic, particularly as he appeared somewhat shy. Hard working, patient and tolerant, he was encouraging in his praise. He got annoyed if sometimes we failed to see a joke or a pun either in the text or one made by himself. He was still teaching English when I left in 1914. We did not meet again until 1931 when as Bishop of Ossory he gave me my first appointment in the diocese. The professor-student relationship was revived. I have a notion he felt more at home with those whom he taught as boys; in his eyes we were always boys.

Father Guilfoyle came as Dean about 1911. He was the first to bring about a change in the professor-student relationship. (When in the throes of writing this article I chanced one evening to turn on TV. A student from Clonliffe College was being interviewed. The student, a fourth divine, spoke about the improved climate in the college, and cited as an example that now a professor, meeting a student in the corridor, would nod to him). Judging by this, Father Guilfoyle was fifty years ahead of his time. Like the Good Shepherd he knew us all by our Christian names and addressed us so. He tried to instil a sense of honour, so that to admit guilt was to disarm him. He attempted to make us appear less slovenly, have our boots polished, more attention paid to our coiffure. He was working on fairly raw material, and had an uphill fight; yet he succeeded, even to the extent of putting us into College caps.

It fell to his lot to introduce a new era into the spiritual life of the College. Historians and liturgists please note. It had been only a few years since the decree of Pius X with regard to frequent and daily Communion. This ought to have effected as big a revolution in the minds of Catholics as the changes in recent years have done. Somehow, it did not seem to penetrate. It had not yet reached the Layside in St. Kieran's, at least in practice. To me (*mea culpa*) it was new, both in theory and practice. At the annual Christian Doctrine house examination in May 1910, one of the questions was: "What are the conditions necessary for frequent and daily Communion?" Fresh from

my "Jansenist" catechism in the National School, I wrote down about five stringent conditions regarding the blameless life we ought to lead. A prefect who was superintending chanced to read my answer.

"Cross it all out," he said. "Only two conditions are necessary—state of grace and right intention." I did so, more in deference to his authority than to any conviction on my part.

Father Guilfoyle made every effort to induce us to go to Holy Communion daily, or at least more frequently than we had been. By gentle persuasion he brought about a gradual change, indeed very gradual. He found it most difficult to rid us of our inhibitions; moreover, it was a breach of the "unwritten law." A good deal of moral courage was necessary.

Regarding the lay professors, a new era was ushered in during our day. Tom McKinney (head doctor in Irish Army—retired), the late Tom Kelly (State Solicitor for Wexford), Dan Hayes and Charles Sandvoss, all came in 1909. The next year brought back Peter Byrne for his second term, and in 1913, Joseph Koss. These last three were known to many generations of students.

Few excelled Mr. Byrne as a Professor of Greek. He made his class most attractive in translating classic Greek into modern slang. His comments on our mistakes were witty without being hurtful. An old priest of the diocese of a past generation is reputed to have said: "Look at all the time we spent learning Greek, and how little we use it now." That it was not altogether wasted is shown by a humorous little incident which occurred at an out-of-the-way junction in Co. Wexford. As Mr. Byrne was parading the platform awaiting his train, he heard from the window of a carriage words that sounded something like: Kallay hay ghunay. They came from a young priest whom Peter had taught Greek many years before. Peter had a keen sense of humour, and he surely must have felt his time was not wasted for the sake of the chuckle that it gave him.

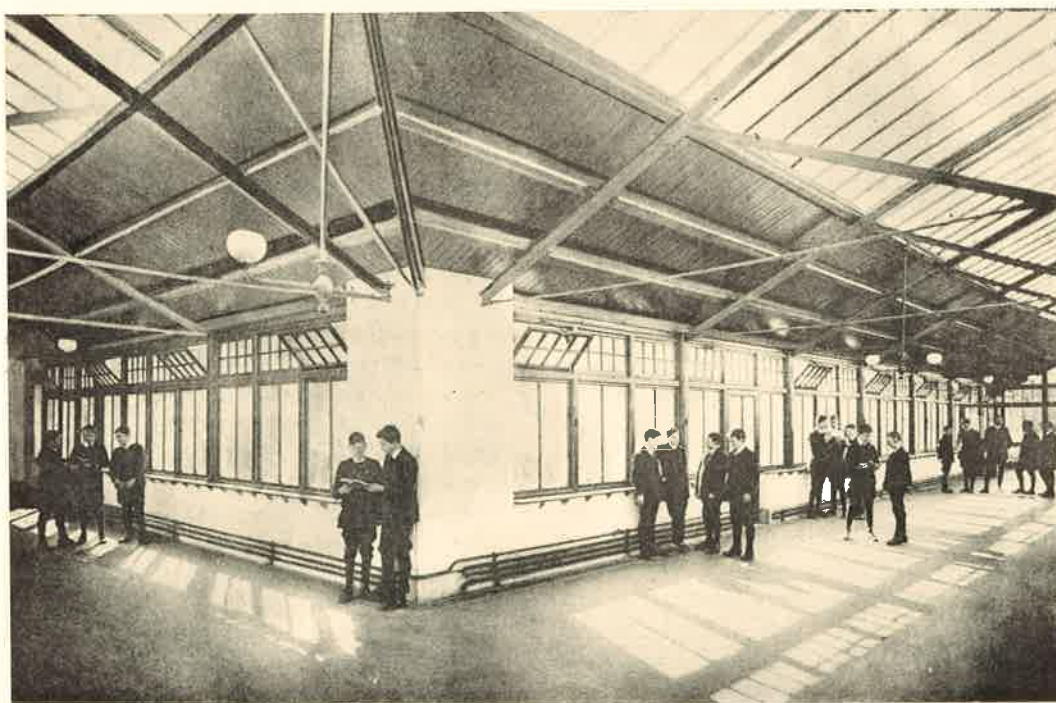
Charles Sandvoss and the old Science Hall are inseparably connected in our mind. His was one of the classes we really enjoyed.

His familiar address, "Now lads" endeared him to us from the beginning, even though it was sometimes a prelude to a castigation. He taught us chemistry; occasionally explosions occurred—atomic in our eyes—but never worse than a test tube blown to smithereens.

Explosions of a metaphorical nature occurred in Mr. Koss's class, all of which had a happy knack of ending up in smiles. Having spent almost fifty years as a professor in the College, he is a common link with Kieran's men of many generations, in many countries, who recall him with af-

ten colleges were represented at the meeting, and five more signified their interest by letter. Father Doody was made Chairman, and Patrick H. Pearse, Vice-Chairman." I fear that the idea died at birth. Not during my time in St. Kieran's, nor do I believe for long after, was there an organised competition of any kind. There was an annual football match with St. Peter's, Wexford, home and away, which excited more interest than any competition would.

They were our hereditary enemies. From the moment they arrived, they were looked



THE AMBULATORY, OR GLASS HALL

fection and respect. My sole contact with him professionally was as a member of 3rd Choir B. Here he endeavoured to tune us in to Moore's melodies, and often justly scolded us for not knowing the songs of our own country.

With regard to games, I was surprised to read in the first issue of the RECORD that "A meeting was held in Dublin on November 28, 1910 with a view to holding College competitions in hurling and football. About

upon with a jaundiced eye, as the enemy within our gates. I feel neither College kept strictly within the bounds with regard to the composition of its team. The renowned Wheeler, later Father Wheeler, who made football fame with Wexford county, seemed to be always there, public enemy No. 1. St. Kieran's had a liberal supply of philosophers, coming from as far apart as Cavan and Kerry. In retrospect, the powers-that-be must not have been quite so disinterested

in the contest as we thought. The match itself in our eyes was a fierce affray, no quarter given, no punches pulled. The result was usually a home win for each side. Our only hurling matches were with Knockbeg and Mountrath, never in the same year. These were quite friendly and tame affairs by comparison—presumably because we never had much difficulty in winning. Despite the lack of competition, I think our time can hold its own with any era, in the number of students who afterwards made hurling fame. Foremost among these were “Builder” Walsh and Eddie Doyle, both of Mooncoin, and Tom Fennelly and Joe Phelan of Leix.

A feature of these inter-college matches was the meal and sing-song which followed in the College refectory. Every singer seemed to have gone through his whole college career with just one song in his repertoire. There were no Top Ten going the rounds then. The late Canon Ryan, our star singer, always sang about some Kearney of Killarney’s isle, the title of which I disremember. “Dan O’Hara” will always be associated with the “Builder” Walsh. A certain ecclesiastical student perennially lamented in song, “Why did they sell Killarney?” It would be more appropriate today. The late Father Ned Carey of the Knockbeg team unfailingly rendered the same comic song. We students certainly moved in a groove.

Of the boys in our days brilliant in academic matters, there was a single bright star. Bishop Brownrigg, who had a weakness for brilliant students, must have often sighed that one swallow did not make a summer. The *rara avis* was Laurence Forristal. Anyone taking the trouble to look up his record will probably find that it is an all-time high, not alone for St. Kieran’s, but for Ireland. I think it is not generally known that the late Father Duff, Professor of Classics in Maynooth, and later Vice-President was an ex-student of St. Kieran’s. The writer sat next to him in the old study hall, now the College theatre, for at least one year. Then he made an impression with his quiet unassuming application to study, and above all with his piety. That type was often ragged

by the students, but never James Duff.

One of the memories of college days, recalled with mixed feelings, is the walks and the baths that alternated every Wednesday. We returned from the walks dog-tired, foot-sore and hungry. Occasionally we raided some turnip field for sustenance to relieve the aching void. The Turkish baths and plunge baths on St. John’s Quay were a unique feature both of the town and the College. I have referred already to the baptism of fire that the new boy had to endure; here on John’s Quay he had to undergo baptism by immersion at the hands of his elders.

We must have been a healthy lot in those days. The doctor, a character straight out of Shakespeare, came in every Friday afternoon. In order to be called out of class, we sometimes put down our names. The universal panacea was cough lozenges, which were left in neat little packages on the refectory table that night. They helped to relieve the monotony of college life. During our time, probably to our disappointment, there was not an epidemic of any kind, neither measles nor scarlet fever, nor any of the other ills that boy’s flesh is heir to. We merely knew there was a place called the infirmary; but it was an abode of mystery. The door was always locked; there were no Sisters.

One lone historic event I cannot help recalling. I am not sure of the year—probably 1912 or 1913. It must have been in the springtime of the year, because we were all in study and the evening was bright. Suddenly there was heard outside in the air the roar of a motor engine. We did something that was unprecedented. We all jumped from our seats and rushed to the bay window. There we had our first view of an aeroplane, swooping down almost to the level of the College roof. It was Corbett Wilson who had made history a few days previously by being the first to cross the Irish sea other than by boat. His abode was out in Dunmore at the time, and I am sure he must have flown low over the College to provide us with a treat.

. . . There it is. Would we go through it

all again? Were the college days the happiest of our lives? Certainly not. Let it be a consolation to present day students that better days lie ahead, but they must always bear in mind that the good days of the future will be in proportion to the way they keep their noses to the grinding stone now. The happiest days of a horse's life are not the days of his breaking-in.

We understand that as a result of the Vatican Council new methods of clerical training are to be adopted, which, presumably, will have corresponding repercussions

in the junior department. Many of us, I fear, will not be able to view the results from this side of the curtain. Future eras will probably regard ours as the Dark Ages. Yet, judging by results already to hand, the alumni of St. Kieran's of the Dark Ages did not do badly. In College they may have had their escapades from the heights of Parnassus to the depths of Hades, they may have left the College raw and unpolished by current standards, but in the testing time they proved "all glorious within."



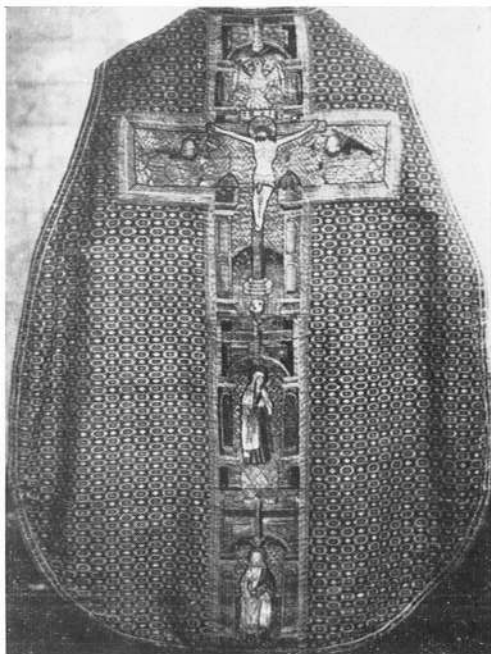
One of the most colourful occasions in the College in recent years was the Garden Party organised by Kilkenny Soroptimists, July 1965. It was graced by the presence of Cardinal Conway, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All-Ireland, who on the previous day had been elected a Freeman of Kilkenny City. Very Rev. J. G. Gash, Dean of Ossory, is addressing the guests. *Seated*: Dr. E. Lane, Miss M. Cassin, Dr. Birch, Bishop of Ossory, Mr. M. McGuinness, Mayor of Kilkenny, Canon Holohan, President.

VESTMENTS IN THE COLLEGE MUSEUM

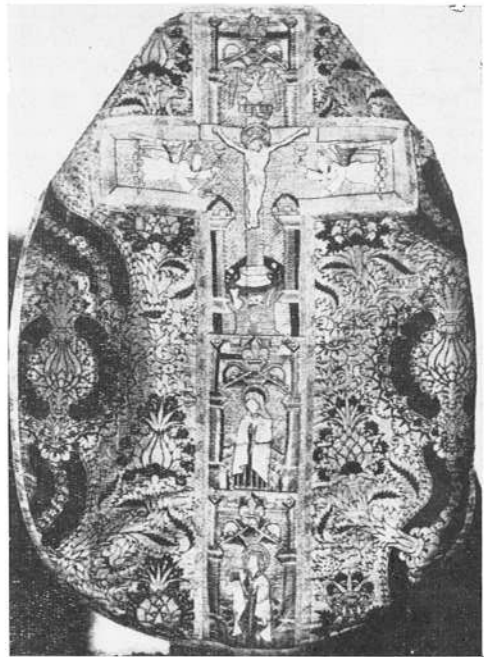
VERY REV. T. J. CLOHOSEY

WHEN Most Rev. P. F. Moran, Bishop of Ossory (1872-84) established at St. Kieran's College, a museum in connection with the Ossory Archaeological Society, among other objects of interest he brought together a collection of old vestments. Where he obtained these vestments is not clear, but a number came from St. Mary's Cathedral. At least one set came from Mrs. Bryan of Jenkinstown, who presented some objects of Rothe interest to the museum.

The two oldest sets of vestments are of the 16th Century. Unfortunately we do not know where they came from. Of these two sets, the red vestments contain a chasuble, stole and maniple in damask silk. The orphreys on the chasuble are embroidered in satin stitch. The orphrey on the back is in the shape of a cross. A dove on the top



CHASUBLE — RED VESTMENTS



CHASUBLE — BLUE VESTMENTS

panel represents the Holy Ghost. Below the cross, one containing the figure of the Blessed Virgin, the other, a saint—possibly St. John. On the front orphrey are three panels containing Old Testament figures, one in each panel.

The other set of vestments of 16th century are blue in colour and include chasuble, stole, maniple and chalice veil. Only the orphreys are original, the cloth is probably 19th century. The sculpturing on the orphreys is not so fine as that on the red vestments. The material is damask and is hand embroidered. The orphrey on the back is cruciform. In the top panel is the dove representing the Holy Ghost. In the centre is the crucifixion with angels in the arms of the cross holding chalices receiving the drops of blood. In the lower part are two panels containing figures of the Blessed

Virgin and probably Mary Magdalen. On the front orphrey are three panels with one saint, probably Old Testament, in each.

Bishop Rothe's vestments, presented by the Bryan family, are of richly wrought cloth of gold. On the front of the burse is a shield worked in thread bearing the Rothe stag and surmounted by a bishop's hat labelled, each label ending in three tassels.

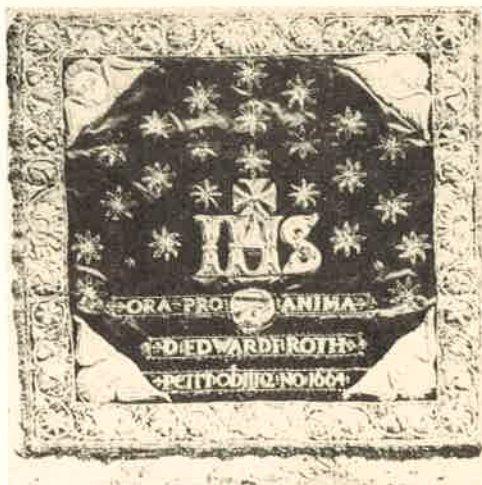
Another set of Rothe vestments in black consists of chasuble and chalice veil. The chasuble has a shield bearing the Rothe arms, a stag on a green mound under an oak tree impaling the three chevronels of the Archdekins. The veil is of black silk, with an inscription worked in thread as follows: *Ora pro anima D. Edwardi Roth Petri. Obiit 2 No. 1664.* (Pray for the soul of Edward Roth fitz Pierce; he died November 2nd, 1664). Canon Carrigan says that this set of vestments was formerly the property of St. Mary's parish, having, no doubt, been presented by Edward Roth's widow, Catherine Archdekin who survived her husband almost 50 years and died April 13, 1714. This Edward Roth was a grand-nephew of Bishop David Roth.

Among the other vestments are two flowered Dalmatics, silk damask embroidered in gold and silver. There is an inscription on the inside as follows: The gift of Mr. Peter Langton to the Parish of St. Mary. Pray for the soul of Mrs. Maryanne Langton alias Clarke who died in Cadiz 1762.

A rose coloured vestment in brocade has the inscription on the inside as follows:

The gift of Mrs. Mary Quigly, sen., to the Parish Chapel of St. Mary's. Pray for her soul and the souls of all her deceased relations. May they rest in peace.

An item in Bishop Phelan's Will relates some of the above vestments: "I leave to my successor, my five coapes, the silver cross or crucifix, all the pontifical vestments and crosier with the tunicles and dalmatick and



ROTHE VEIL

matrex and all I got from Mrs. Catherine Archdekin al. Roth which belonged to my predecessor." Owing to the difficult period of the Penal Laws many of these seemed to have remained in the Rothe family. The Bryans, who married into the Rothe family, returned them to Most Rev. Dr. Moran.

LOOKING BACK TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

LEO HOLOHAN

A QUARTER of a century seems too short an interval for the objective evocation of secondary schooldays, such is the intensity of the experience and the turbulence of the impact even in retrospective. To write about life in St. Kieran's at all requires the dropping of a curtain, the acknowledgment of a passage of time. The return through memory is an illusion for there is no return in reality. When the last bell for morning prayers rang in 1941 our dispersal was a permanent parting of the ways. The renitent merging of one's life in the common flow of other lives may at the time have seemed momentous. The shared experience of five years' college life, however, was a spring which had no common harvest though school reunions and journals create the fleeting illusion of a sort of festive regeneration. I confess that I revisited the College only once. On that occasion the echo of my footsteps through the glass-hall, deserted in high summer, the gallery of scholarship men staring down from the wall like strangers watching from a dream-world, and the complexity of emotions brought on a sensation akin to panic and I stole quietly away without encountering a soul. There is a well-recognised need to depart urgently from that phase of life and the man of mature personality can, perhaps, return with his new identity in later years to review the troops of the past at school reunion or valedictory gathering. I have not achieved this neutralizing dichotomy with the past and, so I leave

to others, better disposed and from more interesting standpoints, to resuscitate the panorama of bygone days for the cynical delectation of far-flung Kieranites. My shadowy vantage point of the Civil Service is perhaps an appropriate one for the passing of a few random comments, while evading the comprehensive treatment which another hand might provide.

The focal point of the period 1936-41 was the elevation, midway through, of the President, the late Doctor Staunton, to the See of Ferns. His Presidency had been characterized by a great revival of the College's fortunes in both the field of sport and that of intellectual endeavour. His idea fostering both aspects of school life with equal enthusiasm was unique to St. Kieran's, I think, on the scale he essayed. His generous scheme of awarding money (or medal) prizes for distinction in the subjects of the Intermediate Certificate (with a tenner for a scholarship) was commendable in my view and I recall my early distrust of the veiled disapproval often levelled on educational grounds at this allegedly mercenary policy. The practice of extending a privilege (which enlivened my school years) of travelling with the hurling teams to Intermediate Scholarship winners had the effect of reducing the division in the popular student views of intellectual and athletic achievement and was thus broadly beneficial. During my time at St. Kieran's the College hurling team won the Leinster Senior Cup on each of the five years and my class won what was at that time the record number of five Intermediate Scholarships—in one year. Both sets of achievements, I am sure, have been surpassed in the intervening years

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but I should like to think that the same academic image survives. Of the five Intermediate Scholarship winners Michael Kilroy and I are in the Civil Service, Sean Meagher, a formidable mathematician, is a secondary teacher, Michael Wallis an agricultural scientist and Paddy O'Shea, Headmaster of a Vocational School. The two latter with John Grant, a civil engineer, and myself came to Dublin with our Leaving Certificate University Scholarships and as a reflection of the depression of the times I still remember their early chagrin at being "stuck with the scholarships." The class also included many other successful people including men like Father Paddy Grace, the St. Kieran's Professor of Moral Theology, Monsignor Sean MacDonald, Father Tommy Maher, Father Tom Rhatigan and the late Father Mick Fitzgerald of the Australian mission.

My stay in St. Kieran's was an intellectual experience of a most rewarding kind. This was due principally to the high quality of teaching, the relentless standard of hard work by the teachers and what in retrospect stands out as the prevalence of a balanced sense of values. With apologies to the ghost of Le Corbusier I hold that a college is "a machine to teach in," though the term "machine" is incongruous when applied to the sensitive framework at St. Kieran's within which the stimulating dialogue between teacher and student progressed smoothly and efficaciously. My period at St. Kieran's could be termed the Wall/ Clohosey era, dominated as it was, so far as my contemporaries and myself were concerned, by the influence and outlook of two remarkable educationists, Fathers Ned Wall and Joe Clohosey, both now Parish Priests. I do not now precisely recall what offices in the field of "Deanery" they held at the various times but they had a uniquely enlightened approach to the organization of educational effort and to the handling of students. My tribute is inadequately expressed and of a somewhat negative character for only the accumulated observation down the years of ponderous distortions and infertile platitudes in the field of educational ideas brings me belatedly to a proper appreciation of their talent

and influence.

That part of the St. Kieran's tradition which stands out most clearly in my mind is the amount of work done by the teaching staff and that part of the teaching which was most characteristic was the classical. Father Wall taught my class Latin all through and Greek most of the time. I can still visualize Father Wall's bustling entry into class, trying to kick the hem off his soutane, dropping his cane and picking it up again as if to dispel some private frustration at his infrequent use of it, opening the wrong book and asking the right questions, lolling deceptively across the desk—a sure sign that a sharp increase in work output was imminent. While all the time maintaining a liberal approach to the task of teaching, he was an undoubted master of the art. He imposed discipline subtly and with dignity, for while great teachers are born good scholars are made. He made the assimilation of Greek a satisfying exercise. Modest though our knowledge in fact was there came from it a momentary vision of learning and what it meant, a transient but significant impression of intellectual attainment and an awareness of its nature and attraction. Father Tom Brennan at this time was producing challenging results from Pass classes and it is true to say, without regrets to Sheehy Skeffington, that he injected successfully large quantities of classical Greek and Latin into many a reluctant rural youth whose own mother would have been delirious with joy could she ever have been certain that her offspring would master the rudiments of the catechism.

Three of the final year students of my first year in the College, including Jim Byrne, the distinguished economist, and Rev. William Meany, Maynooth Professor of Classics, had got full marks in Intermediate Certificate Greek as Father Wall's first pupils and under the same tuition Michael Kilroy and I joined the club of those who have equalled this achievement (adding, of course, the ten per cent for Irish). In between times Eddie Power, now teaching at St. Peter's, Wexford, joined the full-marks-in-Greek club and subsequently carried the

flag to a First Honours degree in Classics. The continuous effort to master this, the hardest of our subjects, aided by Father Wall's delicate balance of latitude as to method with discipline as to result, is one of my own vivid recollections of St. Kieran's days. The hours of study at this subject survive deep in the conscious memory however divorced from the realities of subsequent experience. This may all sound like Myles na Gopaleen's uncle boasting about his hand-ball medals but I have given warning signs of my prejudice in favour of this kind of flexing of intellectual muscles. After all, athletic veterans are not subject to conventions of reserve in reminiscence and if a man may not glow with a little pride and prejudice in the pages of his school journal (which none of the colleagues of his current life will see) it's a hard world.

Father Clohosey taught English and in the later stages an enlightened course of history illuminated by his own feeling for and special interest in this field. "If in after life you don't believe everything you read I'm satisfied." English in those palmy days of the open courses was a subject which did not normally gain the full attention of the ambitious as it was usually discarded in estimating scholarship totals. I resolved to alter this and in the process evolved a technique of exammanship which anticipated Stephen Potter. I equipped myself with a play of Shakespeare which we had not done in class and reserved the right (aided by Father Clohosey's tolerance and understanding) to memorize only the poetry which fitted in with my own plan. Father Clohosey found me out eventually and as examination time approached he punished me—the one and only time he did so—for failing to learn an atrocious poem of Robert Louis Stevenson's:

*Give to me the life I love,
Let the love go by me,
Give the stars of heaven above
And the byeway nigh me —*

surely the forerunner of much bad verse in women's magazines. Until I wrote these lines

I thought I remembered nothing of this poem save the title "The Vagabond": so perhaps Father Clohosey comes best out of this story which seems to have an unexpected moral.

My plan consisted of cramming two-thirds of the paper into the first half-hour and then hurling myself at the poetry and Shakespeare section in breathless ecstasy for the remaining hour and a half. I thus could deploy to the best advantage a restricted set of quotations and references, and apply to the maximum advantage my limited knowledge. My essay policy was based on a theory of doing the easy one well rather than the more common gimmick of selecting the uncommon subject. It worked and I attained first place in Ireland by one mark from a St. Flannan's contemporary who I am convinced had simultaneously invented my system, for we had slipped the rest of the field by a good margin. Peter Byrne informed me that James Joyce had got first place in Middle Grade English but I'm afraid I failed to extract full satisfaction from this as I was merely trying to repeat Paddy Purcell's performance of six or seven years previously. However, when I see Purcell's cheerful face reasonably near the President's seat on the Hogan Stand I am warmed by the recollection.

The secret I had discovered, by the way, in the field of examination technique was never to aspire to originality but having stocked the mind as well as you could to trust to sub-conscious inspiration and luck. There were, perhaps, sound educational reasons why the study of English Literature carried a question mark as to its validity on the secondary curriculum. The example of Ned Kavanagh was a case in point. Ned's trouble was a compulsive urge to originality which in examinations invariably let him to cross out the first page of an essay and start on another subject. One day when Peter Byrne was conducting a French (and International relations) class in the glass-partitioned classroom at the entrance to the glass-hall the sound of Wordsworth being feelingly rendered came through the partition. The days of the set courses had

arrived and Father (as he then was) Birch was asking the class in turn to give the thematic analysis of an obscure one of Wordsworth's early narrative poems. The poem was all about a shepherd's discovery of a faithful dog which had stood guard for months in the wild over his dead master's bones:

*Yet proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot
Or by his master's side.*

"Ambitious," said Peter Byrne with the "deep bass voice" which Joyce fleetingly immortalised in "The Portrait." Every aspect of the theme was exhausted by the time Ned Kavanagh's turn was reached. We could picture Ned's face reddening in the struggle for originality. He coughed a few times and then anticipating by a decade perhaps Graham Hough's elaboration of the "natura naturans" he blurted out "Maybe the dog ate the man, sir."

This recollection of Ned Kavanagh whom I met once since—at an All-Ireland celebration where he was an honoured guest as holder of a Senior All-Ireland medal—prompts a reflection on that substantial group of my St. Kierans contemporaries who went for the Church. He typifies in my estimation the fine character, the balanced intelligence and the reflective quality which marks out the St. Kieran's priest. I found him well informed on varied aspects of social administration in the diocese of Sacramento where he served and eager to learn of corresponding features in the Irish administration with which I am familiar. He had come to terms with originality and had settled for service. My view of my ordained contemporaries is not coloured by any nostalgic light of mind or heart when I say that it has been a constant impression at the intermittent encounters of subsequent years that the ecclesiastical education in St. Kieran's seems to project the values of the earlier Lay-Side years maturing even the most modest, quite apart from the professional priestly training. The ease with which they moved to their calling constantly

astounded me at the time. We all had, I recall, a Byronic predilection for contemplating vocations though it is a sad lesson of life that the only sure definition I have found of a man's true vocation is what he is doing at forty.

It is often asserted that the St. Kieran's type of education fails adequately to prepare the student for life in the lay world. My empirically formed judgment is that this is quite false. My contemporaries have succeeded in a wide variety of fields and all the indications are that their careers were helped rather than hampered by the characteristic emphasis of St. Kieran's education. This is not to say that there were not faults and deficiencies leading often to avoidable personal unhappinesses. It seems to me, however, that the criticism is for the most part facile and superficial and that in the process of its being made the true nature and objects of education are obscured.

Is there then a typical Kieranite? If there is I like to envisage him, so far as my period is concerned, as partly embodied in (coincidentally) a present-day neighbour of mine, "Tim" from South Kilkenny. "Tim" left St. Kieran's half way through my time, equipped with a Pass in the Intermediate and Matriculation and, faced with war-time Ireland's atmosphere of stagnation and dismal prospects (quite unintelligible I would say to his present-day counterparts) hurried to England. There he worked his way through semi-skilled manual work, and a bout of trade union activity, then graduated to business administration and is now chief representative of his firm in Ireland. He is articulate, reasonably diligent, non-intellectual but with a sense of intellectual values, responsible and keen but convivial, and, final distinguishing mark, loves to compare St. Kieran's unfavourably with certain schools which cater for a higher social stratum. When he sighs in wistful regret at not being an Old Clongownian I breath a silent prayer of thanks at what the St. Kieran's system produced from such rough-hewn but durable material and shudder at the alternative.

My example, of course, conveys only a

small portion of the full picture. Kieranites generally seem to have a sophisticated Christian philosophy of life and are noted for putting it into practice. On the surface they are sentimental and immature about St. Kieran's though secretly proud and conscious of its sturdy traditions. They have a weakness for running things. Taking a random sample from my limited experience, it is a Kieranite who founded or at some stage administered the Civil Service Bridge Society, the Irish Credit Union, the Board of Works, the Aer Lingus Sales Department, the Trinity College Farm, the Pigs and Bacon Commission, *The Kilkenny Magazine*, *Tuairim*, and the Moondharrig Hurling Club. They are deterred not at all by the alleged lack of those advantages which are thought to accrue from schools with less emphasis on examination results and more on the irrational masquerade of Social Finish which owes more to the tradition of Baden-Powell than to that of John Henry Newman. If I were to reform the St. Kieran's of my time I would distrust any movement which sought to diminish the value of hard study and examination results. Such a trend would, for one thing, I feel, introduce undesirable social redefinitions and a tendency to substitute for real worth spurious concepts of personality (I concur with the definition of personality as "an unbroken series of successful gestures").

My nickname in St. Kieran's was 'The Poet' which was earned from my role of producing quantities of doggerel verse on appropriate occasions. There were some satires and recently an Irish representative abroad told me of an ex-Kieranite professional man who claims to have hammered me because of one of these. He never laid a hand on me but I must have stung him just the same. My first commission in this role was to produce on the occasion of the final of the Leinster Senior Cup which was regained in my first year after a lengthy spell, what passed for the College song. The official professorial attitude with which I privately agreed was to regard such activities as rather inferior and irrelevant but nevertheless I accepted my role heroically.

Nick Rackard, subsequently to become one of the most famous hurlers of history frequently asked for a few verses and was not to be denied. I remember Rackard's first arrival in St. Kieran's late in the Christmas term when we crowded around the Junior field to watch this physical phenomenon laying all round him with gusto. With great speed and strength, but (at this stage) little refinement, from mid-field he landed any ball that came near him into the farm-yard. Then a well-built but in comparison tiny opponent moved out on Rackard and suddenly the ball began to land in the opposite direction against the classroom walls. Then we saw Nick Rackard receive a first lesson in the advanced skills of hurling from a Kilkenny-style player to whose art and finish Nick later paid generous tribute in print. The David of this incident was Father Tommy Maher.

The fusion of liberal environment and disciplined intellectual effort was evident in the lay teachers' work as it was in that of the priests. In fact there is no division in memory between the two classes. Paddy Mac as we affectionally called the Irish Professor, Patrick McSweeney, combined a breadth of cultural outlook unusual at the time in this branch of study, with an expert knowledge of the language and its literature. Peter Byrne's classical erudition is a legend. When Jim Crotty (now Dr. Jim) and I competed, both successfully, for the University Entrance Scholarship in the Classics group, each of us had the feeling that our affirmative answer in the orals to the question "Are you a pupil of Peter Byrne's?" was a decisive factor. Entering the Civil Service shortly afterwards I forfeited the scholarship but meeting Peter Byrne in the National Library on the 8th December, I took the opportunity of telling him of the examiner's high opinion of him as well as something of his examiner's predilection for comparative philology. "There is no such thing as the Indo-European *que!* laddie," he said, adding, "I knew X in the old days and I always thought him an ignorant lout." His versatility left other enduring marks outside his accredited sphere. I remember

asking him once in some dismay as he berated the Anglo-Irish Renaissance whether he regarded any modern poet as good and he answered surprisingly "Auden," thus bringing me, earlier than might have been, to a curiosity about the work of this, the greatest modern English poet. I once interrupted a brilliant construal of the *Odyssey* to enquire that he thought of Joyce's "Ulysses." "A superb work" he replied in an undertone. I also recall the perspicacity of his assessment of Samuel Johnson.

Even those random comments evoke some vague familiar pain of the mind and I fear the arena of School Records and Reunions is for more ordered spirits. However, the integrity of a verdict may be tested by asking what is one's private view as disclosed to the unconcerned. Patrick Kavanagh, who

is Ireland's greatest poet and who has been a friend of twenty years' standing (incidentally future Kieranites had better start assimilating his work if they are to emulate Purcell and myself) thinks highly of the St. Kieran's style education of my time and his view is derived exclusively from "the casual word that drops by chance, revealing a dangerous arrogance."

There is no return and yet there is no escape. Whatever the environment and the orientation of the years "like great black oxen" the influence of college days survives, awkwardly resurfacing, disturbing, deflecting. Though faint and unwanted by conscience, perhaps, the bells of St. Kieran's persistently re-echo in the dark night of the soul where, as Scott Fitzgerald would have it, it is always three o'clock in the morning.



OPEN-AIR BENEDICTION ON ORDINATION SUNDAY

THE STATUTES OF KILKENNY (1366 AND ALL THAT)

BY PATRICK PURCELL

NORMALLY I am, by most accepted standards, a reasonably sound, sane and solid citizen. Which is why I now cannot for the life of me understand why I ever listened to Frank McEvoy, when he so innocently asked me to write a piece for the *St. KIERAN'S RECORD* on the Statutes of Kilkenny.

"After all," said Frank, brightly, "1966 marks the sixth centenary of the Statutes," and with that he vanished into the exterior darknesses of Burgh Quay. Only when he was gone did a really horrible thought strike me. Owing to the increasing number of my grey hairs, would he ever have thought that I might be able to provide some personal reminiscences of 1366 And All That? However, being by nature a truly conscientious person, I duly sat me down, not much more than three months later, and carefully wrote out all that I knew about the aforesaid Statutes. The sum total of my knowledge did not fill out to a single sentence, so I had to go researching. (Incidentally I love researching in my own library. Research means that I find several books lost for years, even though I rarely come across the ones I am actually looking for). However, I did find some authority who was willing to lay down the law on the Statutes of Kilkenny, and I was reasonably relieved to find that the date commonly ascribed to these enactments was quite correct. The year was indeed 1366, and I also found that the text was in Norman French, which may account for the long history of the Kilkenny French Society. The real reasons why there should have been any Statutes of Kilkenny at all seem to have been deep rooted, but knowing the English habit of wanting to make a profit out of any kind of going concern, I rather imagine that the financial position of the English State in Ireland has quite a lot



PATRICK PURCELL, native of Carrigeen, Mooncoin, blazed a brilliant trail through *St. Kieran's* (1927-32) and U.C.D., where he received M.A. degree in 1937. Novelist of distinction, historian of G.A.A. (should it be ha-GAA-iographer?), he has been for many years now Features Editor of the *Irish Press*.

to do with the new laws. In 1360, for instance, the State revenue was only £2,140 while the expenses of gathering that amount came to £1,945, which left a mighty small profit for the King and his Council by the time they had paid the Lord Lieutenant and the rest of the lads in Dublin Castle.

To try and straighten things out, King Edward III sent over his son Lionel Duke of Clarence to try and get the revenue rolling again, but the bold Lionel found himself

up against a major problem and it was this. In addition to the real Irish, or the native Irish or the mere Irish, whichever you might be pleased to call them, you had the English settlers who had been here for a century or two, and now found themselves getting along far better with the native Irish than they were getting on with the natives of England who were trying to run the country from Dublin Castle.

The Butlers, the Fitzgeralds and the rest were grabbing all the lands they could lay hands on, so that between the Anglo-Irish and the Irish, the King of England was becoming pretty small beer in what he was pleased to consider his realm of Ireland. But the great thing about the English is that they have always been political realists. And it seems to me that Lionel Duke of Clarence and Co., having had a good look at the situation for a couple of years, decided to cut the losses and face facts.

Anglo-Ireland was very much divided at this stage into the 'March Lords' sometimes known as the 'degenerate English,' and the folk of the towns and the steadily crumbling areas of the 'shirelands' of the Pale, who were still loyal to the English Crown.

The merchants of the town and the 'small-men' of the shires were as much in dread of the 'degenerate English' as they were of the 'mere Irish,' and it was on the representatives of the towns and the shires, backed by his English-born Council, that Clarence relied to carry the anti-Gaelic and anti-feudal Statutes at the Parliament he summoned to meet him at Kilkenny on February 18, 1366.

What the Duke of Clarence and his advisers would seem to have in mind when they passed these Statutes of Kilkenny was to abandon a large part of the country, if needs be, to the Irish and the degenerate English, who had in any case become more Irish than the Irish themselves, but to preserve the remainder of the realm, such as it was, for those who were truly English, and who were willing to speak English, to accept English law, to dress after the English fashion and to neither have trade, talk nor ties with the 'Irish enemies.'

So after some two centuries of trying to conquer the whole island and bring the Irish, as well as the Anglo-Irish, under English law, the Crown decided to confine its rule to what of the Pale it could hold. The Statutes of Kilkenny put the mere Irish, who were not of the Pale, outside the law as long as they refused to become English in speech, law, dress and name. In addition the English lieges were forbidden to ally themselves to Irish families by marriage, fostering or gossiping they were not to use Brehon or March law, they were not to sell arms to the Irish, or victuals in time of war. The English, or any Irish dwelling among the English, were forbidden to speak Irish, while the liege English were not permitted to entertain or make gifts to Irish minstrels, story-tellers or rhymers.

These regulations, of course, really only applied to the 'English' or 'obedient' lands which were reckoned as the counties and liberties of Louth, Meath, Trim, Dublin, Kildare, Carlow, Kilkenny, Wexford, Waterford and Tipperary.

In addition to the fines and other civil penalties imposed, the Church was recruited against those who might be tempted to ignore the Statutes, for those of the liege English or Irish living within the Pale could be excommunicated for breaking the new laws, a decision supported at that Kilkenny Parliament by the archbishops of Dublin, Cashel and Tuam and the Bishops of Kildaloe, Ossory, Leighlin, Cloyne, and Waterford and Lismore. But while these regulations about settlers not adopting the dress, manners and customs of the Irish must have seemed like a lot of twaddle to the folk who then lived in Irishtown for instance, and who were outside the law anyway, where the mere Irish must really have thought the Statutes were going a bit too far, was when one of them 'ordained and established that the commons of the said land of Ireland, who are in divers marches of war, use not henceforth the games which men call 'hurlings' with great clubs at ball upon the ground from which great evils and maims have arisen to the weakening of the defence of the said land . . . but that they apply

and accustom themselves to use and draw bows and throw lances and other gentle games which appertain to arms, whereby the Irish enemies may be the better checked by the liege commons of these parts; and if any do or practice the contrary, and of this be attaint, that he shall be taken and imprisoned and fined at the will of our lord, the King.'

These penalties of course were to be inflicted only on such of the colonists, if any, who persisted in engaging the 'Irish enemies' with hurleys instead of with cross-bows. But, in all fairness, it must be admitted that the said Statute had no objection at all to the 'mere Irish' continuing to hurl among themselves 24 hours a day if they so desired.

Now you may well wonder why, amid all the other regulations, the Parliament chose to lay down the law about hurling in such stringent fashion. Well, I believe this was just a sign of the times.

The higher-ups beyond in England thought the rising generation was going to the dogs (metaphorically, not literally, the electric hare was still centuries ahead) and so in 1365, King Edward III came out pretty strongly on the whole matter when he issued the following edict to the sheriffs of the City of London. "Order to cause proclamation to be made that every able-bodied man of the said city on feast days when he has leisure shall in his sports use bows and arrows or pellets and bolts . . . forbidding them under pain of imprisonment to meddle in the casting of stones, loggats and quoits, handball, football, cammock or other vain games of no value; as the people of the realm, noble and simple used heretofore to practice the said arts in their sports, whence, by God's help, came forth honour to the Kingdom and advantage to the king in his actions of war. And now the said aim is almost entirely disused and the people indulge in the games aforesaid and in other dishonest and unthrifty or idle games, whereby the realm is likely to be without archers."

Strong words, but then the King had his troubles. He was fighting a long war in France and the archers were his machine-

gunners. As to why the Parliament of the Pale should have come out so strongly against hurling a year later one can only guess. Probably they wanted to show that anything the King could do they could do better, and, probably, hurling was a far more popular pastime around Kilkenny than loggats, quoits, handball, football and cammock all lumped together. And, in case anyone is wondering what in tarnation cammock was, the name originated in 'cam; a crooked stick.' Cammock seems to have been the English version of hurling, and there is an echo of the name coming back into popularity around Kilkenny today in—how did you ever guess?—Camogie!

And when all was said and done, what did the Statutes of Kilkenny achieve? Precious little, if the truth be told.

The Irish chiefs and the March Lords went their merry and confused way for at least another hundred years, talking Irish, inter-marrying, levying coyne and livery and even encouraging and entertaining Irish minstrels, that is to say 'tympanours, ffer-danes, skelaghes, bablers, rymours and clarsaghours' in direct defiance of the said Statutes.

But there was one important proviso. All those Statutes remained the law of the Realm and when, in Tudor times, English rule did spread to the five-fifths of Eireann, the mere Irish quickly found that under these Statutes they were entirely outside the law, to be dealt with summarily as Dublin Castle thought fit. Indeed, until the abolition of the Statutes by Chichester's Parliament of 1613-15 it was always possible in law to deny any 'Irishman of Irish nation' the right to freehold land, property, trade or office, under Church or State.

And yet, six hundred years after the Duke of Clarence, we still have the hurling, and we still, to some small extent at least, have the Irish language, and we still have the occasional poet and 'skelaghe and clarsaghour,' and we still have the Irish in Kilkenny whether they be descendants of the mere Irish, of the March Lords or of such degenerate Anglo-Irish as the Purcells, who were a shady lot, even in 1366.

NEWS FROM SOUTHWARK

REV. THOMAS J. LYNCH

WHEN I was ordained at St. John's Seminary, Womersley, Surrey, on June 15th, 1935, I was the first student from St. Kieran's to be ordained for the Diocese of Southwark. I well remember the then President, Canon James Staunton sending for me immediately after Easter, and telling me that the Bishop of Southwark liked to ordain his own students, and that I would have to cross over to England for ordination. I felt rather upset at being separated in ordination from some with whom I had laboured in St. Kieran's, for over eleven years, but was relieved to receive my call to ordination at that early date.

Southwark then consisted of the three beautiful counties in South-East England, Surrey, Sussex and Kent and all of London, south of the Thames.

I think it was in 1932 that the late Archbishop Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, went on a trip to the Holy Land and there met the late Canon Cornelius McNamara, Parish Priest of Castlecomer, and former President of St. Kieran's. They became great friends, and the Archbishop showed great interest in St. Kieran's and as a result I became the first student for the Southwark Diocese.

Since then nearly thirty priests have been ordained for the Diocese from St. Kieran's. It has always had a happy connection with Ireland, and hundreds of priests in Ireland had their temporary missions in Southwark. I remember at one time there being over seventy of them working here.

I spent my earlier years as Assistant at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, and then went to Streatham Hill where many of the staff of St. Kieran's supplied or stayed on their trips to the Continent. In 1960 I was appointed Parish Priest at Our Lady of Ransom, Eastbourne, in succession to Mgr. Canon Curtin, now Rector of the Beda

College in Rome. Fortunately, my Church is one of the most beautiful in the South of England and at the moment I am building another Church in the Parish in honour of St. Gregory the Great, which will be opened this year.

Many of the thirty priests ordained for this Diocese have now their own parishes. Father Hugh O'Donal Lagan is Parish Priest at Nunhead in London and is about to build a new church there. He spent many years as Assistant at the beautiful Church at Arundel, now the Cathedral of the new Diocese. Father Timothy O'Driscoll from Cork recently built a very fine church and house in Ewell in Surrey. Father Pat Flanagan, (who this year celebrates his Silver Jubilee) had the misfortune to lose his Church in a fire last year, and has since acquired an Anglican Church and house at a cost of £80,000. Father Andy Desmond from Cork has spent many years in Westminster as Chaplain to the Overseas Students in London and is now Parish Priest of Mottingham, Kent.

Father Kevin Scott was recently appointed Parish Priest over a former part of my Parish in Eastbourne called Hampden Park. It would take too much space to describe the activities of all the priests from St. Kierans in this Diocese, but all are doing splendid work and are happy.

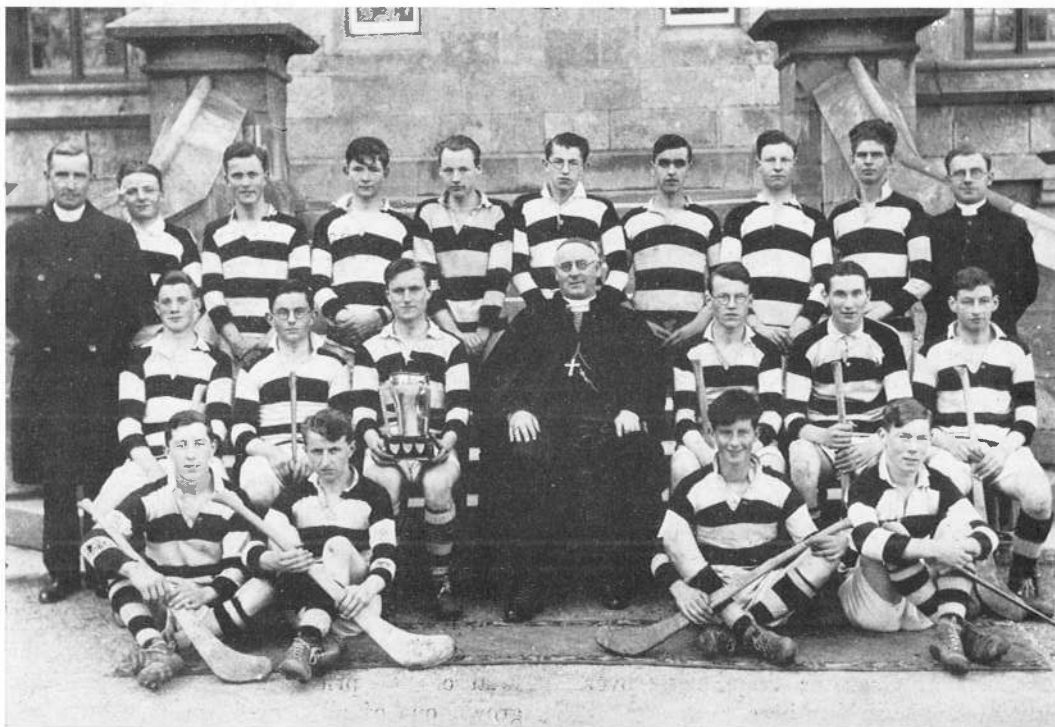
In June of 1965 the Diocese of Southwark was divided. It was obvious that with the total of 905 priests that the Diocese had grown out of all proportion. Southwark is now a Metropolitan See and consists of Kent, South London and the parts of Surrey in the Metropolitan area of London. The new diocese consists of Sussex and Surrey and has about 380 priests under its new Bishop, Dr. David Cashman, who was for many years Auxiliary of Westminster. In the new Diocese there are about eight priests

from St. Kierans and over twenty in the Archdiocese of Southwark. Last year the St. Kieran's priests in England, Scotland and Wales held their Reunion at Eastbourne, my parish, when over ninety priests attended. I was delighted, as Parish Priest, to welcome

the Bishop of Ossory, and the President of the College and all my friends.

The priests of both Dioceses, often meet and the division seems to have made no difference to our friendship and love for St. Kieran's.

TEAM FROM THE PAST



LEINSTER HURLING CHAMPIONS 1932-33

Back Row: Dr. Staunton (President) (R.I.P.), Jim Troy, Henry Leahy, Lotty Campion (R.I.P.), Patrick Fennelly, Patrick Gaule, Dennis Maher, Eugene Rellis, Father Lowry (Dean).

Middle: John Kearns, Gerard O'Sullivan, Philip Delaney (R.I.P.), Capt.; Dr. Collier (R.I.P.), John Holohan, Patrick Derivan (R.I.P.), Thomas Marnell.

Front Row: John Brennan, John A. Delaney, Patrick McDonald (R.I.P.), Denis O'Sullivan (R.I.P.).

WHEN I CONSIDER . . .

BY DENIS BERGIN

THERE was this poet one time and he was sitting at his desk, writing poetry (as was his wont); suddenly he raised his bardic head, and looked down into the public park beneath his window. There were some children playing there. Suddenly—for he was a man given to impulsive behaviour, our poet—he dashed off a poem on his Remington, and presented it to the public at the first available opportunity. The first verse went a-something like this:

*All summer watch them in the public
garden,
The tribe of children wishing you were
like them—
These gruesome little artists of the im-
pulse
For whom the perfect anarchy sustains
A brilliant apprehension of the present,
In games of joy, of love or even
murder . . .*

Our poet, despite his fine poetic brain, is still *animal rationalis*. Poor man, he cannot help reminiscing. One of the effects of original sin, I suppose. Human frailty and all that. And yet to be guilty of reminiscence is not such a shameful thing after all. It is, in a way, a proof that one has achieved true manhood. It is something to be proud of, a symbol more potent than the first run of the Philishave down the youthful chin. The man who begins a sentence with “I remember” or “When I was going to school” is a man to be listened to, an experienced man of the world. Lawrence Durrell, sitting at his desk, cannot watch “these gruesome little artists of the impulse” without wishing that he was like them. Childhood memories pop up by the thousand,



DENIS BERGIN was born in Kilkenny in 1946, has lived in Durrow, Laois, since, escaping between vacations to study at St. Kieran's (1958-63) and Maynooth, where he hoped presently to graduate in English and Modern History. Future researchers will find his juvenilia in the *Kilkenny People* and *Carlow Nationalist*.

and then the light in the eye, the smile on the lips, and the sigh on the breath. All this, my friends, by way of introduction to the fact that, in the course of the next thousand words or so, I am going to reminisce unashamedly.

It all began with a simple news item about a new adventure playground in Notting Hill, London. “Children,” said the re-

port, "are encouraged to play in their own world, losing themselves in an imaginative life of fantasy and escapade. It is one of the signs of the gradual liberation of the English child from parental domination." It makes one wonder how children got on before adventure playgrounds were ever thought of. Did they have any world of their own to live in? Was their imaginative life stunted? Certainly not. In fact, the more I reminisce, the more I realise that my spell as a gruesome artist of the impulse was a very imaginative, fantastic period indeed. I attribute this to my early and lasting acquaintance with the printed word. What I am going to do now is to make a sort of literary confession, to look back on the progress from "Noddy and his Car" to the complexities of Eliot, Hemingway, McGahern, and all that lot.

I never did read "Noddy and his Car." This friend of mine kept recommending it to me, told me what a great work of art it was, how every with-it infant was reading it. I was busy at the time with a bundle of adventure books that my cousins had grown out of. There were three possible worlds that I could decide to be part of. First of all, there was the world of the public school. There were the housemasters, and the prefects, and the games-masters, and goggled scientists of the Lower Fifth, and dismal juniors, eternally "fagging" for bullying seniors. There were the big occasions—Throp-Morton makes his century as the whole school cheers madly; even the Headmaster bellows approval in his scholarly Oxford accent. Or it was the day of the annual rugby match with neighbouring Upper Bletchley Grammar; three minutes to go, our side three points down, no sign of a last rally; then suddenly a mud-stained figure breaks away and streaks toward the touch-line. The Puddlemminster colours, by jove! Parminter, of all people!! There is a stunned silence, and then an explosion of desperate cheering—go on Parminter, go on, go on, he's over—no he's not—yes he is—he is—we've won! And then there were the secret feasts, and the snooping prefects, and the Head's study, and boy, oh boy, were these

schooldays happy! In later reading, this interesting world of the public school was to crop up again in novels ranging from Samuel Butler's *Way of All Flesh* through Huxley's *Eyeless in Gaza*, and finally, having 'gone American', in Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*. The American education scene has certainly made the English public school to seem outdated. Says a *Time* magazine report on American education: "In the mid-1960s, smarter, subtler kids are pouring out of more expert, exacting, and experimental schools!" These smarter, subtler and more sophisticated teenagers had been earlier described as "worldly, interesting, informed, and even intellectual." Education writer James B. Conant, speaking to a school-teachers' convention in Miami early in 1965, said: "Writing about American education is almost as breath-taking as writing about international politics. Before a book is in print, parts of it are already out of date." The public school and its products are being slowly pushed out to make way for the Triumph of the Meritocracy. Only 48 public schoolboys at Hull University—and that out of a total of 1,394 undergraduates. At the University of Wales, only 4 per cent of the 5,254 students are from public schools. Forty per cent are the sons of manual workers. It looks as if the refined world of the public school will shortly be only a memory, popping up here and there in the reminiscences of people who experienced it or read about it.

The adventure stories that I was reading in the fifties had been, I am sure, written in the twenties or earlier. Many of them were set in British-ruled India and were full of khaki-clad District Commissioners, and bowing natives. There was an odd Maharajah thrown in for good measure; there were also the sun-bronzed British plantation-owners, and their handsome sons on holiday from Oxford. The big adventures were usually animal hunts, and the excitement came when the hero's Winchester jammed just as the wounded lion made his last desperate spring. This adventurous world of the British in India was a happy one; we were shown nothing of the other side

of the coin, the delicate complexities of relationships between ruler and ruled that were later to be found in *A Passage to India*.

Another world that I lived in off and on was the world of motor-racing. It was not the fast-moving commercial world of Jim Clark and Colin Chapman and the Indianapolis 500, but the less sophisticated hell-for-leather speedway scene. Riders roared around in clouds of genuine exhaust-smoke, the thin hard noise of their machine engines tearing at the ear, lips always pulled taut with grim determination, the thrill of risk and high speeds reflected in the eyes behind the goggles. This was a kind of world that you could only be part of once, a world that you left behind at sixteen, and one that you never return to.

In between times, there were the comics. First of all there were the ordinary ones—*The Beano*, and *The Dandy*, with all the famous characters—Keyhole Kate, Pansy Potter, Roger the Dodger, Minnie the Minx, Desperate Dan, Korky the Cat, Lord Snooty and his Gang, The Bash Street Kids. The settings were always the same, the situations timeless; “the same characters eternally whizzing through the same routines and bouncing back for more,” as John Gross has remarked. But as well as that, there were the 64-pagers, giving us monthly doses of Buck Jones, Kit Carson, Battler Britton, and Special Agent John Steele. How the West was fun when seen through the eyes of a fourteen-year-old. The forts, and the cavalry, and the Indians, and the pipes of peace, and the wigwams and squaws and Big Chief Sitting Bull and war-cries; and how all these things were reproduced so faithfully in the childish games!

Battler Britton was a fictitious RAF pilot, who steered a gallant little Spitfire through the cloudless blue, neatly dodging Messerschmidts and anti-aircraft fire, and sending not a few German pilots to premature and fiery deaths. Battler was there when there was a dangerous job to be done, saying “I’ll

do my best, sir” as he shook hands with the station commander, and then casually zooming off to do some dirty work on Hitler’s boys.

Meanwhile, behind the German lines, Special Agent John Steele, otherwise known as Spy 13, was going around throwing hand-grenades into German machine-gun nests, to cries of “Britisher Pig,” and “Achtung, Achtung,” Special agents don’t seem to have suffered the same fate as fighter pilots; in fact they never had it so good. James Bond needs no introduction; then there are Napoleon Solo, Alec Leamas (The Spy who came in from the Cold), and Kathy of the Avengers. I quote here the words of a senior student of Santa Monica High School, Detroit: “My hero is James Bond. He’s got everything. Everyone I know wants to be like him.”

As a rule, young people are finding new interests from day to day. LBJ’s daughter, Luci, has been quoted as saying: “The thing I like most is experience. I don’t like to read about things, I like to do them.” Action is more attractive than words. Reading is going out in favour of a more energetic involvement with the world. Tempora as the fella in London said, mutantur. I sit back in the quiet of my top-storey room in Maynooth, and wonder if I have lost anything by reading instead of doing. I think of the case of a certain Sarah Greensfelder, a young American lady of thirteen years, and a self-styled agnostic. Suddenly I get the feeling of being old, of looking on the younger generation as a different species of animal, of wondering what teenagers will think of next. Gruesome little artists of the impulse!

What can they tell the watcher at the window,

*Writing letters, smoking up there alone,
Trapped in the same limitation of his growth*

*And yet not envying them their childhood
Since he endured his own?*

PRESIDENT OF THE UNION



MR. LIAM MOLLOY

PAST PUPILS' UNION

THE Union has had two successful years since our last report, due particularly to its enthusiastic officers and committee who have been unfailing in their attendance at meetings and generous with their time and help at the various functions which the Union has held in that period. A special word of appreciation is due to the President for the past two seasons, Mr. Liam Molloy, whose modest bearing of his office conceals the diligence which he brings to its duties.

The usual functions which were organized by the Union were the Socials held at Shrove and in November each year. The latter one is especially for the benefit of past pupils in the university who are invited annually at this time and for whom the College provides a dinner while the Union provides the dance afterwards in St. John's Hall. This outing had not taken place the previous year or two because of difficulty in getting a hurling team of the university students organized—another feature of the proceedings since this venture was started some years ago—but it was successfully revived last year, 1965.

Both Socials, it may be noted, have shown a trend towards youth, not to speak of youthful dancing styles, and also towards more and more support by past pupils of the College.

Another event in which the Union officers and committee are engaged, and in which they give invaluable help, is the annual Parents' Day on the occasion of the Lay Sports in May. This even was an unqualified success both years, with a full house each time, despite the counter-attraction of the Kilkenny Beer Festival last year particularly.

Mention will be made elsewhere of the part played by a number of our past pupils in the Career Guidance scheme which is now well established in the College, and there is appended to this report a special account of a recent 'pilot' re-union of Dublin

based past students contributed by Captain Martin Bates.

Officers and Committee of the Union for 1964-65 : President, Mr. Liam Molloy; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. K. O'Donnell, F. McEvoy, J. Nolan, S. O'Neill; Hon. Secretary, Rev. T. Maher; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. T. O'Neill. Committee members : Messrs. J. Bourke, R. Walshe, T. Carroll, R. Lynch, P. Kennedy, J. McMahon, T. Vaughan, S. Campion, P. O'Brien.

Officers and Committee for 1965-66 : Mr. Liam Molloy; Vice-Presidents : Messrs. F. McEvoy, T. Carroll, J. Nolan, S. O'Neill; Hon. Secretary, Rev. T. Maher; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. T. O'Neill. Committee members : Messrs. R. Walshe, T. Vaughan, R. Lynch, J. McMahon, M. Tobin, A. McEneaney, P. O'Brien, B. Kiely, S. Campion, P. Kennedy.

Golfing Society Report

The Golfing Society continues to provide its own kind of entertainment and its own opportunities of re-union for members of the College Union. Its two annual competitions have brought enthusiastic golfers from the four winds. Indeed, one of the happy features of this section of the Union is the number of past students—priests, inevitably, on holidays from abroad—who have played in these competitions and who have more than once carried off the spoils. We rejoice to think that their journey has proved worthwhile, win or lose, and we feel that their participation adds more than just numbers to the list of entries. We should like to express our appreciation, too, to the 'home' players, lay and clerical, who so loyally support these competitions, year after year—more length to their drives!

GOLF 1964—Officers and Committee. President, Mr. K. O'Donnell; Captain, Mr. L. Reidy; Hon. Secretary, Rev. J. Brennan. Committee members : Very Rev.

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

Results of June Golfing Competition (held at Kilkenny Golf Club, on June 8th, 1964): The President's Prize (presented by Mr. K. O'Donnell) was won by Rev. P. Bergin, C.C., with 39 points Stableford; The Captain's Prize (presented by Mr. L. Reidy) was won by Rev. M. Kirwan with a score of 68; the Best Gross was won by Rev. F. Grace with a 78.

Results of September Competition for the Dr. Collier Cup (held on September 9th, 1964): 1st, Rev. John Kenny (London); 2nd, Rev. E. Kavanagh (Sacramento, U.S.A.); 3rd, Mr. W. Deegan, Jnr.

GOLF 1965—Officers and Committee. President, Mr. Liam Molloy; Captain, Rev. James Carey; Hon. Secretary, Rev. J. Brennan. Committee members: Mr. L. Reidy; Mr. P. Kennedy; Dr. Patrick Grace; Rev. M. Kirwan.

Results of June Competition (held on June 7th, 1965): The President's Prize (presented by Mr. L. Molloy) was won by Mr. W. F. Deegan with 41 points Stableford; The Captain's Prize (presented by Rev.

James Carey) was won by Rev. Henry Byrne (Perth, Australia) with a score of 68; the Best Gross was returned by Rev. P. Grant with a 78.

Results of September Competition for the Dr. Collier Cup (held on September 8th, 1965): 1st, Rev. B. Mullan, C.C.; 2nd, Rev. R. Cass (Hexham, England); 3rd, Mr. L. Reidy; 4th, Rev. P. Grant.

In addition to these 'home' events, the Past Pupils' Union has each September sent a team of six to compete in the Union of Ireland Schools annual Golfing Competition at Milltown Golf Club, but so far success had eluded the teams, despite some good individual performances. The teams for 1964 were Mr. T. Mahon and Rev. P. Grant, Mr. P. Kennedy and Mr. L. Reidy, Rev. F. Grace and Rev. I. Phelan; those for 1965 were: Mr. T. Mahon and Mr. L. Reidy, Mr. P. Kennedy and Rev. P. Bergin, Rev. F. Grace and Rev. S. Collier.

Finally, a salute to three of our past pupils who shared in the first prize in the Universe golfing competition last year in England: Revs. K. Molloy, W. Doyle and R. Dunphy of the diocese of Shrewsbury.

PAST PUPILS' ACTIVITIES IN DUBLIN

MARTIN BATES

It all started in quite a simple way, really. One November evening in 1964 as I was leaving a lecture hall in U.C.D. after a Russian class, I was approached by a bearded stripling who introduced himself as "Mick Kehoe from Callan" and informed me that a group of University students were going down to St. Kieran's on the following Sunday "to play the cup team, have a feed and a 'hop' in St. John's Hall." It was the first I had heard of this excellent function organised by the Past Pupils' Union, and I was delighted to go along, although I was extremely conscious of the age gap between

the rest of the group and myself.

It wasn't actually the first return to St. Kieran's, but it was my first encounter with students of the 60's, and I was extremely impressed by them. Certainly, there was little resemblance between these self-possessed and personable young men and the rather cowed and callow specimens I remember from my days there. Above all, it was the ease and genuine respect and affection that existed between these boys and the staff that really brought home to me what a wonderful change had come over the place.

Not that my own relations with the priests during my years there were anything but excellent, but then, I was living in Kilkenny itself, and had ample opportunity and occasion to meet them outside the college during holidays. Then too, nobody has ever had occasion to describe me as "a blushing violet" and in those days, as now, I had no inhibitions in meeting people. For the majority of my contemporaries it was a less happy story, and for that reason my appreciation of the wind of change was reinforced by their delight in confirming this for themselves when they paid a return visit to their Alma Mater. But I'm jumping ahead.

Repeatedly during the course of that visit, reference was made to the regretful state of affairs that existed in Dublin where so many past pupils had seemingly lost all contact with the college and even among themselves. I felt that the least that could be done was to ascertain the views of those with whom I had maintained contact over the years about the possibility of doing something about re-establishing contact among past students.

A meeting was arranged, and though I did try to make the small group as representative as possible, it was not surprising that my own contemporaries predominated. After initial reminiscences we got down to business. Two things soon emerged. There was absolute unanimity that some sort of a group, organisation or union should be formed, but the overriding consideration was the purpose or function of such a group. Being hard-headed characters, completely devoid of sentiment, we realised that there was a great number of obstacles to be overcome and that it was absolutely essential that we should be able to talk *about what had already been accomplished* rather than what we *intended* to do.

From conversations with the President and staff, from the enthusiasm of Michael Kehoe and his contemporaries, and, not least, from our own experiences we felt that it was in the field of Career Guidance that the most useful work could be done. Accordingly we suggested to Canon Holohan that a group of us, representing as great

a diversity of careers as possible, would go down to Kilkenny for a week-end and talk to the students. Our suggestion was wonderfully received and on St. Kieran's Day, 1965 ten of us returned to the familiar haunts of Fennessy's field, the Glasshall and the Concert Hall where we met and talked to the students and their parents about the possibilities and problems of life after school.

The appreciation of those in Kieran's for our efforts was only exceeded by our own delight at the overwhelming hospitality and kindness shown us. Subsequent queries and contacts by students confirmed that here was one field of activity in which our efforts could be very fruitful. We then decided to go ahead with the other facets of our operations. A list of ex-students was compiled and the fortuitous combination of a "double-header" fixture at Croke Park which featured both the College and the Kilkenny senior teams was availed of to hold an informal get-together in a Dublin hotel. Over 70 turned up, and though past pupils of recent vintage were in an overwhelming majority, it was felt that the omens were auspicious enough to go ahead.

A series of informal meetings was held last summer, and though the attendances were numerically disappointing, we did succeed in re-establishing contact with a large number of old boys, particularly of pre-war and wartime vintage. Again at the invitation of the President and staff, a group went to Kilkenny in October 1965 for a second Week-end Symposium of Career Guidance. This was also highly appreciated and much useful work was done.

November saw the University Students' day-out with a hurling match, dinner and social evening. The party which travelled from Dublin was most enthusiastic about the idea of a Group for past pupils resident or domiciled in the capital, and, encouraged by this, a meeting was held on December 8th, at which it was decided that our first social venture should be an informal dinner dance. This was duly held in Power's Hotel on January 25th, and we had a turn-out of over 100. The undoubted highlight of the evening was the presence



Captain and Mrs. Bates chatting with Canon Holohan at Dublin Past Pupils' Social.

of Canon Holohan, Father Gerry O'Sullivan and Father Jack Kennedy as our guests. It was generally agreed that a great night was had by all.

To put the venture on a business footing we had decided at our meeting that an annual subscription of 10/- (5/- for students) would be levied against members. To date, we have collected over 80 subs, and these, with a small profit from our function, have given us a financial base on which to operate.

It would be false modesty to pretend that we are not satisfied with the progress that has been made in such a comparatively short time. It would be unpardonable smugness to convey the idea that we now feel that we can rest on our laurels, and that a "mixture-as-before" policy for subsequent years will fill the bill. Far from it. Much

remains to be done in the field of contacting past pupils as yet unaware of our existence, of trying to help newly-arrived students in Dublin to find their feet in the matter of accommodation and a bit of moral support in those early, faltering days of university or job life in a big city. We wish also to perfect our knowledge and experience of Career Guidance so as to have available as comprehensive and thorough a store of information as possible.

Our first objective must be formal affiliation to the parent St. Kieran's Union. Hitherto we have hesitated to broach this matter for the simple reason that we were uncertain of the support we would receive from past pupils in Dublin. It is fairly evident now that our misgivings on that score have been alleviated, and that we are in a position to play our full part in any activities

of the Union. It is particularly heartening in this connection to see that our list of members is now beginning to even out in regard to age groups, and that the number of those permanently based in Dublin is creeping up, slowly but consistently.

What of the people who brought all this about? None of them is concerned about personal acclaim, but it would not be fair to omit at least mention them by name. Martin Drea has done wonderful work as Hon. Treasurer and the initial spadework of Seamus MacEoin as Secretary was largely responsible for the compilation of a list of past pupils that was as comprehensive as could be expected in the circumstances. In the extremely important field of investigation accommodation and digs conditions, the work of Father Paddy Wallace, Martin O'Malley and the indefatigable Michael

Kehoe is beginning to show results. Our social activities are in the capable hands of Gerry O'Malley, Eddie Keher and Michael Lanigan. In the vital field of Career Guidance the experience and knowledge of Paddy Kilroy have proved to be invaluable. You don't get far in any venture nowadays without good publicity, and Con Kenealy is looking after our interests in that regard.

Of course there are many others whose support and co-operation have made our progress possible, and it is more than likely that they will be playing their own parts in Past Pupil activities in the future.

I am giving this outline of our work for the benefit of those who are interested, and as an inadequate tribute to my fellow-workers with whom it has been a real pleasure to be associated in past pupil activities in this capital city.

St. Kieran's Re-union in Great Britain

AT the annual meeting of the Union held at Burlington Hotel, Eastbourne on 4th May, 1965, eighty-three priests were present. Despite the rather cold weather, the members enjoyed themselves. Union activities do not vary much from year to year; the golfers never seem to give up trying to beat bogey, while other hopefully aim for a full house at poker. Some simply laze around and exchange reminiscences of St. Kieran's and battles long ago.

Guests of honour at the Reunion were the Bishop of Ossory, the President of the College and Rev. Michael O'Carroll, Professor in the College. Luncheon was a very enjoyable affair. Canon Brooks presided. The toast of Bishop of Ossory, proposed by Rev. Thomas Lynch, P.P., Eastbourne, was well received. His Lordship gave an eloquent reply.

Rev. J. Kenny proposed the toast of the College and its President. Canon Holohan suitably replied. Fr. Michael O'Carroll was

a very welcome guest, particularly among his own disciples. His humour certainly helped the post-prandial digestion.

A happy feature of the Reunion was that Dr. Birch managed to have a chat with almost every priest present. His courtesy and informality were much appreciated by our members.

Canon Holohan is an old friend of the Union; he has been with us during his office as Senior Dean. Forming a link between the Reunion and the College, his coming is always looked forward to. During the Reunion days, Father Lynch, P.P., Eastbourne was the soul of generosity. He made all the preparations for our celebration of Mass in his beautiful Church, for which we were most grateful. Finally, a more personal note of thanks to Father P. Flannagan for help in making hotel arrangements in Eastbourne.

MICHAEL McNULTY,
Secretary.

CAREER GUIDANCE—A WELCOME PROBLEM

OF all the educational problems that have grown more acute in recent years, by far the most welcome one is that of helping students to choose a career. During the 1950s the problem was pathetically simple. For those not interested in the priesthood, there was the university, the civil service, a few semi-state companies, the banks or Her Majesty's service. Between 1951 and 1961 (that is, between the last two national censuses) the total population of Ireland decreased by about 150,000. Yet during that same unhappy decade the numbers employed in clerical and professional occupations increased by 15 per cent. Since then the population trend has been reversed and the employment trend has accelerated, so that not only are there more jobs requiring secondary education but the type of work has diversified enormously. For the first time a significant number of students leaving the college really have a choice of careers.

In the last few years the college authorities have responded sharply to this happy state of affairs. Traditionally, the work of career guidance has been left to the dean of studies. In this capacity, Father O'Sullivan has fulfilled and still fulfils an indispensable role by helping students take the first step towards such well established outlets as primary teaching and university scholarships. His successor in the office, Father Duggan has for a number of years supplemented this work by bringing representatives of various careers to address senior students. Our most regular visitor has been Mr. Paddy Kilroy, who usually spent a week-end in the College putting his wide knowledge of careers at the disposal of students. Father O'Connor has done more than anyone else in providing the kind of counselling which is such an important part of career

guidance. After these, our most active 'career guide' has undoubtedly been Mr. Cody who teaches agricultural science. Due to his encouragement and help a number of our pupils find their way each year into agriculture and related careers.

The most important development in our career guidance service in the past year or two has been the initiative taken by the President, Canon Holohan. This has had two main objectives. First, provision of a careers information service; secondly, the encouragement of parent-school co-operation.

To achieve the first of these, Canon Holohan formed a career guidance council consisting of six teachers and presented them with a filing cabinet. The work of collecting material on a great variety of careers has already made fair progress, and it is hoped to add to it continually. The second objective, the encouragement of parent-school co-operation, is the reason for the special parents' days which we have had for the past two years.

A very happy coincidence has played an important and spectacular part in the promotion of both these objectives. Just two years ago, when these new initiatives were beginning, a group of past-pupils from Dublin, conscious of the special service they could provide in career guidance, and led by Captain Martin Bates, wrote to the President offering their services. The result was a combined career guidance week-end and parents' day on 6th and 7th March, 1965. This date is a landmark in the history of career guidance in the college. At least a dozen dazzling careers were dangled before the students' eyes. Study which held such rewards could never be so dull again! The minds of parents too were jolted out of a rut—the bank was no longer the only safe job for their sons!

The men who made this historic landmark, all from Dublin, were nine in number, with Father Paddy Wallace acting as a kind of non-playing captain. There were Michael Kehoe, veterinary undergraduate, and Paschal McCann, Army Trainee School, representing the younger generation. Patrick Rhatigan and Frank Muldowney, both university lecturers, promoted the cause of higher education; while some old reliable careers

were represented by Bill Miley, Aer Lingus, Martin Drea, E.S.B., and Seamus MacEoin, Civil Service. Patrick Kilroy, Sean White and Martin Bates himself are unclassifiable! To identify any one of them with any one career would do them less than justice.

This was completely a Dublin venture. To our past-pupils in Dublin, and to Captain Martin Bates in particular, must go all the credit and out heartfelt thanks for what



CAREER GUIDANCE FORUM

Captain Martin Bates is addressing parents of Fifth Year Students. *Seated*: Paddy Kilroy, Dr. Frank Muldowney, Paddy Rhatigan, Canon Holohan, Seamus MacEoin, William Miley, Michael Kehoe, Martin Cody.

was, without any doubt, a spectacular success.

A similar venture was organised for the present school-year and took place on 9th and 10th October last. Captain Bates was again in command but this time the team was more cosmopolitan—in two senses. To begin with, the panel members were not all from Dublin, and in the second place, the range of careers dealt with was far wider than last year. There were of course some old faces—Captain Bates, Seamus MacEoin, Michael Kehoe. There were others on old careers—James Dollard (Civil Service), Martin Cody (the banks), Sean Kealy (vet-

erinary studies), Bob Walsh (primary teaching). Careers which seemed rather new—particularly to parents—were those of Tom Murphy (Aer Lingus pilot), John Thornhill (forestry inspector) and Matt Walsh (production manager in cheese factory). Perhaps the man who did most to give the panel the dimension of variety was Gerry O'Malley, who, though himself an engineer, spoke more eloquently on salesmanship, advertising and public relations.

The project was once more an outstanding success. For parents it opened up new horizons, and set them thinking of careers they had never even dreamed of. On the

students it had the intoxication effect of bringing them face to face with their future, and gave a new immediacy to their present work.

It is clear, I think, from the projects just described, that the combined efforts of teaching staff and past-pupils have brought the problem of providing information about careers very near to a solution. But, unfortunately, this is only one half of career guidance. The other half is self-knowledge. The mere provision of information can confuse as many students as it helps unless they can assess their own interests and abilities. In the final analysis, the actual choice of a career is a boy's own responsibility. But something can be done, indeed something must be done to help him make the choice. Something must be done not merely to help him choose his career but to help him choose the curriculum which will best prepare him for his career. This throws the problem of career guidance right back to the twelve-year-old entrant.

At this stage the problem assumes proportions which leave the college itself, and its teachers, rather helpless. Some training in psychology is required, and unskilled dabbling with the problem may do more harm than good. (It may be worth pointing out that such professional career guidance is available in the Department of Psychology, U.C.D., for a fee of £5).

The only extent to which we have attempted to provide career guidance in the full sense is in connection with religious vocations. Visiting priests, who make up in experience for what they lack in specialist training, speak to the students and are avail-

able to them for interview. This is something more than a mere information service, and is of great help to students in making a very important decision.

It is questionable whether responsibility for making aptitude assessments—which is the kernel of career guidance—should be left entirely to the school. The problem is too big for a single school. We must look to a service on a national, or at least a county, basis as our only hope.

For this reason, many school authorities are watching with great interest the movements of Mr. George Colley and Mr. Sean Flanagan. Mr. Colley, as Minister for Education, is responsible for whatever aptitude testing scheme is introduced in the comprehensive schools already under construction. If the scheme is a success there, other secondary students will expect a similar service. Mr. Sean Flanagan, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Industry and Commerce, was last year entrusted with the job of implementing a national manpower policy. One of the many results of this will be the establishment of a career guidance service. However, there is a danger that this may take the form of a mere employment service—little more than an information service. This is not the real need.

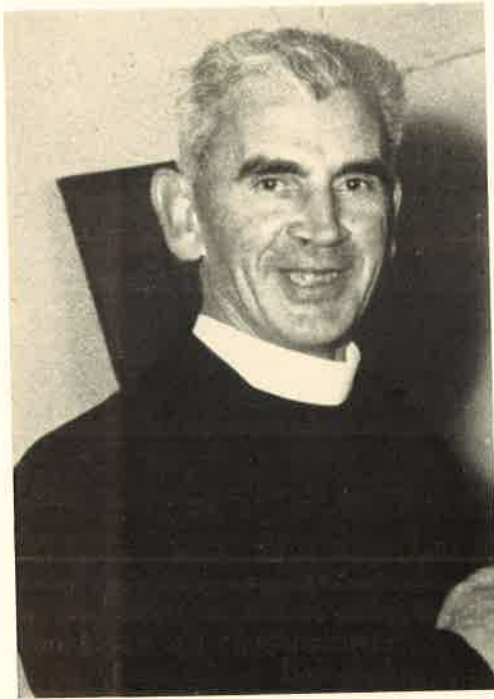
It would be a great pity if the government failed to realise the value, economic and otherwise, of guiding the proper people into their proper occupations. It is the responsibility not only of the school but of the State as well to see that square pegs find their way into square holes, and round pegs into round ones.

REV. JOSEPH DELANEY

IN THE NEWS

CANON GABRIEL LOUGHRY

It is particularly appropriate to be paying tribute in this issue of the RECORD to Canon Loughry on his retirement from the College to the parish of Inistioge, for it was he who, as President, launched the first issue just ten years ago. Gabriel Loughry served for seventeen years in all in St. Kieran's, first as Senior Dean from 1947 to 1956, and then as President from 1956 to 1964. During this period he taught such subjects as Ethics,



Pastoral Theology and Sacred Scripture, but essentially his work was one of administration and guidance. He was exceptionally well-equipped for these demanding roles in the College, with an S.T.L. gained in the Gregorian University, Rome, after his ordination, and with a variety of pastoral experience in town and country parishes over a

number of years. He had a shrewd knowledge of men and boys, as well as a very good sense of judgment. Strict but fair with his students, his rule could be described as essentially paternal. He devoted great attention to the pastoral preparation of the ecclesiastical students and will perhaps best be remembered by them for his helpful classes and inspiring Sunday sermons.

While he was a strong respecter of tradition and an open admirer of the great priests of the past (about whom he had a fund of stories grave and gay), he was open to new ideas and always ready to listen to the opinions of others. The many developments in the College under his Presidency are the best monuments to his wise and progressive administration. These include the completion of the New Wing, the laying of the new main front corridor, the re-decoration of the priest's dining room, of the theatre and of the College Chapel, the rebuilding of the organ, the provision of a new sacristy, the remodelling of the kitchen and lower corridor (the region known to generations of students as 'Hades'), the provision of a new Science Hall in the Lay Department, the re-surfacing of the walks, and many minor improvements. All these works, bearing the mark of his personal interest and his sense of good taste have added immeasurably to the appearance of the College as well as to its amenities.

Endowed with a cultivated mind and especially with a keen love of music (as befitted a musician himself in his spare moments), he was particularly anxious to promote literary culture and music amongst the students, introducing outside lecturers, bringing in concert artists to perform for them, inaugurating a gramophone library, and himself giving talks on music from time to time.

Those who served with him on the staff will perhaps best remember him for his

balanced and temperate guidance as President, for his good humour which often helped to dissolve a crisis in a gale of laughter, for his qualities as a host and especially for his enviable facility as a *raconteur*, for his interest in all things collegial (not least its games) for his willingness to join in every kind of activity (including the occasional fourball which he enjoyed so much), and, of course, for the triumphant gleam in his eye which proclaimed that he had just caught a particularly big one at Brown's Barn Bridge or the Joinings on his Monday off! Like the great Master, Izaak Walton, "he loved any discourse of rivers and fish and fishing," and one may surmise that the practice of 'the gentle craft' itself contributed in no small measure to his benevolent and successful regime in the history of the College. A 'compleat angler' indeed—"May the East wind never blow when he goes a-fishing!"

DR. MICHAEL O'CARROLL

IN the Summer of 1965, Dr. O'Carroll left the College to become Parish Priest of Thomastown. Ordained in 1935, he joined the staff in 1937 with the honours of the Lateran University fresh on him. He succeeded Dr. Hughes as Professor of Dogmatic Theology and General Metaphysics. In 1949, owing to the illness of the late Father O'Farrell, he became Professor of Moral Theology and Canon Law. During his early days on the staff he taught, for short periods, Scripture and Church History.

Outside the College, also, as an expert in Theology and Canon Law, Dr. O'Carroll undertook important work. For some years he conducted courses in Social Science in Kilkenny Vocational Schools. When the Irish Television service was established, he was Ossory's representative on a committee of clergy to advise on Catholic television programmes.

Away from the field of serious work, Dr. O'Carroll's interests were many. He was a

keen supporter of the College hurling teams. In his early days on the staff he played to a low single figure golf handicap, always a determined fighter to the very last putt. He was, and is, a fisherman of no mean standing.

He has now passed from the seminary to parochial work with many records chalked up. His service of twenty-eight years as theology professor is by far the longest ever



given by anyone to St. Kieran's, representing as it does almost five generations of students, numbering hundreds of priests to whom he gave important training. He served under five Presidents and taught nearly all the major subjects.

He takes with him to his new sphere of duty the good wishes of the entire student body, past and present. He also takes with him the warm affection of his former colleagues on the staff to whom he was ever a pleasant and agreeable companion. His long and distinguished service has placed the College heavily in his debt. We wish him

health and happiness for many years in his new surroundings, and reasonable *otium cum dignitate*.

J. K.

REV. CORNELIUS J. SHERIN

FATHER SHERIN's association with the College, up to his retirement this year, was a long one (1934-1966), and of him it may be said that in this time he played many parts: in the teaching of music, drama, elocution, sermons, as well as in his lectures in English and Latin to the ecclesiastical students—all this in conjunction with his "ordinary" work as Director of Sacred Music in the diocese and of St. Mary's Choral Society in the cathedral.



His versatility was such that he could turn to any of these different things with equal ease. A born musician, he had an ear of extreme accuracy and an effortless technique which enabled him to play such essentially diverse instruments as the piano and the organ with the same enviable

facility. He had a particular genius for handling choirs, as those who were present either at the funeral of the late Dr. Collier or the consecration of Dr. Birch will recall from the memorable choral singing on both occasions. One always *heard* his presence in the College before one saw him, by a rush of notes on his piano or by a whistled snatch of melody as he passed along the corridor.

His literary ability was no less remarkable: wide reading, encyclopedic knowledge, especially on the most recondite subjects, a good critical faculty, and a nice sense of the right word which marked the occasional pieces which he wrote for various periodicals (including this *RECORD*).

As of one who lived partly in the College and partly in the outside world, his classes had a special appeal to the students with whom he was a popular figure. One knew too that, as an uncommitted figure on the staff, he was something of a guide, philosopher and friend to those in doubt or difficulty.

A good community man, he was ever affable and obliging to his colleagues and, like Dr. Johnson's philosopher, cheerfulness always kept breaking in when he was present. A master of the humorous anecdote, he enlivened many a meal, and often eased the occasions when eminent guests had to be entertained with his ready wit and gracious manners.

Though his interests were inevitably divided between his work inside and outside the College, there was no one more loyal to St. Kieran's and more jealous of its good name than Father Sherin. Perhaps the greatest test of his loyalty was his occasional appearance at important college matches, an exotic figure with cane and dog, apologetically asking who was playing whom, and benignly smiling on what he doubtless regarded as the folly of men and boys. Speaking of loyalty who—of those who lived with him in the College over the years—does not remember the loyalty he inspired in those canine companions of his who recognised none but their master's voice and presented a hostile front to the rest of mankind?

Yes, Father Sherin will be missed in the

College, but his considerable gifts are still at the disposal of the diocese, not least in the field of church music, and in wishing him many years in its service, one may remind him of that dictum of Augustine's which he liked to quote: *Bis orat qui cantat*.

REV. THOMAS BRENNAN

A VERY familiar College figure has laid aside his classical grammars and textbooks for the care of the sick in St. John's Hospital, Kilkenny. Almost thirty years of dedicated work is a fine record and no teacher could be more earnest than Father Tom Brennan was. His many past pupils will readily recall his determined advance on the class-hall, the last minute efforts to acquire an exact knowledge of the parts of *agere* and the translation of those ten lines of Homer's *Iliad*. Father Tom took nothing for granted where boys were concerned. For him, accuracy in grammar and syntax was the only sure road to success. The excellent results his boys achieved in the public examinations were the proof of his pudding.

Though by nature serious, he could scarcely ever hide the smile of goodwill and friendship. This, together with his sense of fair play, explains the esteem and the affection in which he was held by all his students. His interest in his pupils did not end when they left St. Kieran's. It was really a pleasure



for him to meet them afterwards and he was truly annoyed if he failed to place them in class and year.

He is missed by his fellow priests and teachers; some would say for the minor controversies in which he found himself involved or for his stout defence of lost causes; others would say for his deep interest in the G.A.A. and the farming community. All miss his charity, his sincerity, and his good humour. *Integer vitae, scelerisque purus*—Horace's words could scarcely be more appropriate.

NEW MONSIGNORI AND CANONS

OUR warmest greetings and congratulations go out to the following sons of St. Kieran's who have been honoured by His Holiness the Pope with the title of Monsignor and to those who have been appointed Canons of the Diocesan Chapter :

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR JOHN BRADLEY,
St. Bernardine's, San Bernardino, California,
native of Bagenalstown, ordained 1942.



RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR PATRICK DERMODY,
St. John's Church, San Lorenzo, California,
native of Crowbally, Mullinavat, ordained
1929.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR PATRICK QUILLE, Adm., St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, native of Co. Kerry, ordained 1936.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR JOHN F. PURCELL, Sacred Heart Parish, Coronado, has been raised to the rank of Prothonotary Apostolic. Born in Limerick City, he studied in St. Kieran's, and was ordained in 1926.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR EDWARD J. KAVANAGH, Franklin Boulevard, Sacramento, native of Urlingford, ordained 1948.



RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR JOHN GUERIN, Sedgley Park College, Prestwich, Manchester, native of Borris-in-Ossory, ordained in 1944.



VERY REV. RICHARD CANON LOWRY, P.P., St. Canice's, who was Junior Dean in the College from 1930 to 1946 has been appointed Dean of the Diocese.

The following have been appointed Canons of the Diocesan Chapter : Very Rev. William O'Keeffe, P.P., Castlecomer; Very Rev. Martin Comerford, P.P., Freshford; Very Rev. William Delaney, P.P., Tullaroan.



1940 — SILVER JUBILEE — 1965

This happy group of Silver Jubilarians was photographed at a reunion held in Dun Laoghaire
Summer 1965

Front Row (l. to r.): Rev. John Flynn, P.P., Liverpool; Rev. Richard Holohan, C.C., St. Mary's, Kilkenny; Canon John Holohan, President St. Kieran's College (ordained Maynooth); Rev. Jerome O'Connor, P.P., Boise, Iowa; Msgr. James Monaghan, P.P., V.G. Edinburgh; Rev. Daniel Troy, P.P., Lismore, Australia; Rev. Joseph O'Shea, C.C., Castletown, Laois.

Middle Row: Rev. Patrick McCabe, C.C., Mullagh, Cavan; Rev. Thomas Ryan, P.P., Boise; Rev. William Daly, C.C., Kilmacow (ordained Maynooth); Rev. Michael O'Connell, C.C., Glasgow; Rev. John Clancy, P.P., Birmingham.

Back Row: Rev. Philip Madigan, C.C., Glenmore; Rev. Andrew O'Dwyer, C.C., Slieverue; Rev. Hugh O'D. Lagan, P.P., Southwark; Rev. Michael McGrath, P.P., Birmingham; Rev. Timothy O'Driscoll, P.P., Southwark.

Absent: Rev. Reginald Hodgson, Edinburgh; Rev. Eric Gordon, Edinburgh; Rev. Patrick Fennelly, Southwark.

Deceased: Rev. Patrick Lyng, Ossory, R.I.P.



1941 — SILVER JUBILEE — 1966

The above photograph shows some of the newly ordained priests of 8th June 1941

Front Row (l. to r.): Rev. Dominic O'Hanlon, Ossory; Rev. John J. Reidy, Ossory; Rev. John Phelan, Baker City; Most Rev. Dr. Collier; Rev. Dermot Heffernan, Maitland; Rev. John Carey, Ossory; Rev. Charles Kelly, Edinburgh.

Back Row: Rev. Vincent Shiel, Port Augusta; Rev. James Shore, Auckland (Decd.), Rev. Patrick Flanagan, Southwark; Rev. Sean Collier, Ossory; Rev. William Costelloe, Perth; Rev. Denis Mangan, San Diego; Rev. Bernard Mullan, Ossory.

Asbent from the photograph are: Rev. Joseph Daly, Portsmouth; Rev. Bernard O'Donnell, Edinburgh; Rev. Terence McGovern, Cheyenne; Rev. Patrick Phelan, Boise City; Rev. Thomas Ryan, Boise City; Rev. Matthew Carney, Blois; Rev. George Brennan, Boise City.

Ordained in Maynooth College in the same year was Rev. Gerard O'Sullivan, Vice-President, St. Kieran's College.



ORDINATIONS — JUNE 1965

Front Row(l. to r.): Rev. T. O'Connor (Junior Dean); Rev. G. O'Sullivan (Vice-President); Very Rev. J. Canon Holohan (President); Rev. P. Malone (Kilkenny), Ossory; Most Rev. Peter Birch, D.D., Bishop of Ossory; Rev. F. Ferrie (Antrim), Boston; Rev. E. McDonagh, C.M., (Spiritual Director); Very Rev. M. O'Carroll (Professor), Rev. E. Rhatigan (Senior Dean).

Second Row: Rev. J. Brennan (Professor); Rev. G. Harney (Mayo), Leeds; Rev. L. O'Doherty (Waterford), Ogdensburgh, N.Y.; Rev. V. Farrell (Meath), Lancaster; Rev. M. Drennan (Kilkenny), San Diego; Rev. P. Duggan (Kilkenny), Ossory; Rev. B. McPolin (Donegal), Sacramento; Rev. S. Naughton (Roscommon), Southwark; Very Rev. C. Sherin (Professor).

Third Row: Rev. S. Finlay (Cavan), Sacramento; Rev. J. Shryane (Roscommon), Leeds; Rev. P. Rohan (Kerry), Sacramento; Rev. T. White (Kilkenny), Peru; Rev. S. O'Doherty (Kilkenny), Ossory; Rev. P. O'Reilly (Meath), Paterson, N.J.; Rev. H. Sweeney (Donegal), Camden.

Back Row: Rev. O. McStravick (Antrim), Down and Connor; Rev. D. Gallagher (Sligo), Natchez-Jackson; Rev. T. Morgan (Galway), Camden; Rev. W. O'Neill (Donegal), Providence; Rev. W. McGowan (Sligo), Boston; Rev. W. Dever (Mayo), Miami.

Welcome Back Guests!

ORDINATION SUNDAY 1965

Rev. T. Cass, Hexham
Rev. R. Cass, Hexham
Rev. P. O'Farrell, Miami
Rev. Joe Gill, Southwark
Rev. John O'Donoghue, Southwark
Rev. James Hester, Southwark
Rev. Seamus Sheeran, Port Elizabeth
Rev. Daniel Troy, Lismore
Rev. John Guerin, Salford
Rev. Pat Johnson, Austin, Texas
Rev. Seamus McElwaine, S.S.C.

Rev. Thomas Palmer, San Antonio
Rev. Philip Purcell, Maitland
Rev. James McGlinchey, Motherwell
Rev. Henry Byrne, Perth
Rev. James Mullins, Perth
Rev. Paddy Wallace, Dublin
Rev. Michael Bourke, Camden, N.J.
Rev. Pat Duggan, Borley
Rev. William Clancy, Wellington
Rev. Edward McKenna, S.S.C.

Messrs James Cooke, Noel McIntyre, Noel Sheridan, Eamonn Brady, John Kelly, James Farrell, Tom Stokes, Ray Dollard, John Carroll, Paddy Kenny, Martin Dowling, John Dalton, Colm O'Shea, Denis Parsons, Liam Duggan, Dermot Walsh, P. J. Fitzpatrick, William Hally, William Dunne, Pat Cahill, E. Nolan, Kieran Dollard, Seamus Dooley, Pat Flannery, Tom Conway, Pat Clancy, Maurice Walsh, Matt White, John Gardiner.

OBITUARIES

VERY REV. JAMES CANON RYAN, P.P., V.F.

OSSORY lost a distinguished priest by the death on November 12, 1964 of Canon James Ryan, Vicar Forane, Parish Priest of Ferrybank and a former President of St. Kieran's. The College too lost a good friend,



a man who had given to its service more than half of his priestly life.

Canon Ryan, having studied with distinction at St. Kieran's and Maynooth was ordained in June 1919 and soon afterwards went on loan to the Archdiocese of Edinburgh. He was appointed to the Cathedral and spent there a little more than two

years. These years made a deep impression on him, and to the end of his life he would recount with gusto events grave, gay and even gruesome from these early days. Those were the days of Ireland's struggle for freedom, exciting days for a young Irish priest in Great Britain, and he remembered always, vividly and with pride, the reception planned by the Irish priests in Edinburgh for Archbishop Mannix when the British Government forbade that distinguished prelate to land in Ireland on a visit from Australia.

In 1921 Father Ryan was recalled to Ossory and appointed to St. Kieran's to teach English on the lay side. This task he undertook with dedication; his common-sense approach, his understanding of students' difficulties, his gift for lucid explanation made him an immediate success. The absence of pretentiousness and pomposity also appealed to a generation of students who, possibly under the influence of political events in the world outside, had begun to chafe at a régime which was perhaps too authoritarian. He worked hard to instil in generations of students an appreciation for and a love of simple and straightforward English writing. For many years he acted as Dean of Studies, organising the work with care and skill and keeping meticulous records of the progress of every boy.

In 1939 when the late Dr. Staunton was made Bishop of Ferns, Canon Ryan succeeded him as President of St. Kieran's. Here again he was very successful; and it was no easy task, for he had to contend with the many difficulties of the war years—the constant struggle to maintain the standards of food in the face of shortages, the difficulty of placing the young priests ordained each year, and of getting them to their dioceses, the task of keeping the

College finances healthy in the face of constantly mounting costs. All this he did with skill and devotion—and it is a tribute to his leadership that the College emerged from these trying years stronger than ever.

In 1947 Canon Ryan was made Parish Priest of Ferrybank and there he spent the remainder of his life, giving to his parish and his people the same devoted care he had given to the College. For many years he was Vicar of the Southern Deanery. His death was mourned by priests and people alike.

Canon Ryan was a man of many parts. Apart from his intellectual attainments he was as a student a noted sprinter, a stylish and dashing bat at cricket, a single figure handicap at golf, a better than average shot, and he had a great interest in and a deep knowledge of the fauna of the country. But perhaps most of all he will be remembered for his singing. He had a rich and powerful voice and a gift for interpretation of a song; he treated these gifts with the seriousness they deserved and was generous in their use. At his death priests from all over the world recalled with gratitude the pleasure he had given them in their earlier days with his rousing rendering of Irish and Scottish songs.

He died peacefully on a November day, and left us all the poorer for his passing. May he rest in peace.

E. W.

REV. FATHER JOSEPH DUNPHY, B.Sc., B.D.

FATHER JOSEPH DUNPHY was born in Carrigeen in the parish of Mooncoin in 1911 and was a brother to Very Rev. Patrick Canon Dunphy President of St. Kieran's College from 1947 to 1956. After a brilliant scholastic career in St. Kieran's and Maynooth he returned to the College in 1937 and joined that youthful band of Professors who under Dr. Staunton laid the foundation of what might be called the College's Second Spring.

His subjects were Science and Mathematics, and I have yet to meet the past student who did not praise to the highest his devotion to his work and above all his genius for communicating what he knew. The outstanding results achieved by his pupils in all grades over the years bear out the truth of this universal tribute.



To these professional qualifications were added gifts which were a family heritage. His skill on the hurling field was one of these. So outstanding was he, that while yet a student in the Lay Department of the College he was picked to represent the county on two occasions in 1929. His clerical career put an end to further appearances.

From hurling to golf was a natural progression, and within a few years he became the best clerical golfer in Ossory. Nobody, I think, fully realized the wrench it must have been for him to abandon the game when ill-health compelled him to do so.

Nature gave him a most pleasing singing voice, and an impeccable musical ear. His talent in this field was however for the most part undeveloped.

The characteristic his friends will best remember was perhaps his bubbling sense of humour, and his ready wit. On the rare occasions when argument, theological, agricultural, or frankly uncultural, built up to danger point around the professorial dinner table, as often as not, it was a quip from Father Joe that resolved the tension, and reduced the contestants to helpless laughter. The laity as well as his clerical brothers found his sunny disposition irresistible, and it was this together with his sincerity, which won for him among all classes of the community the host of friends that were his. The huge attendance from the City and County of Kilkenny and beyond, at the removal of his remains from Maypark Hospital will be long remembered.

It might seem that the qualities of character we have described overshadow the more serious side of his nature; for there was a serious side to it. One saw it when with truly heroic courage he fought back to comparative health against most frightful odds; throughout his long illness no word of complaint escaped his lips even when he was subjected to a course of treatment which made his mornings something little short of a martyrdom. One saw his other side too when he said Mass. Here the economy and perfection of his rubrics, and, during the worst stages of his illness, the almost superhuman effort he had to make to get through Mass were but the outward expression of a deep but quiet religious sense.

It was characteristic of him that his final collapse followed upon his determination to say his three Masses in Glenmore on Christmas Day 1964. Five days later he was dead.

It is however in Glenmore among his flock that one can find the best tribute to his priesthood. To them he was everything that a priest should be, and he will be spoken of and remembered there with the deepest affection. It was the patent and universal grief of these people on the day of his funeral which was perhaps his best epitaph.

May the Lord have mercy on his soul.

G. L.

VERY REV. JOSEPH CANON RENEHAN

CANON JOSEPH RENEHAN died suddenly on May 2nd, 1965. A native of Bodalmore, Kilkenny, he was ordained for the Diocese of Clifton in St. Mary's Cathedral in June, 1920.

His death is a serious loss to the Diocese of Clifton for he was one of its outstanding priests. As well as being an able administrator he was a kindly, lovable and accessible priest who freely gave himself to all his parishioners



in Bristol and Warminster leading them gently along the right road of life. Along with his parish work he had two other 'loves'—his native Kilkenny and his Alma Mater.

His annual holiday provided him with the opportunity of renewing acquaintance with the companions and the places of his youthful years and of bringing himself up to date on the local happenings. He was particularly interested in coursing events and the fortunes of the Kilkenny hurling team. For some years past, he was President of St. Kieran's Union in Great Britain. This was an honour he richly deserved for there was no more faithful a member than Father Joe. Many will recall, with sadness now, his tall impressive figure as he moved unassumingly amongst the younger members with his smile

of welcome and good-will. Indeed the present healthy state of the Union owes a lot to his life-long interest, encouragement and energy. It was fitting that God called him from us during Re-Union Week when his fellow Kieranites together with the Bishop of Ossory were enabled, *una voce*, in prayer to speed his journey to eternal rest.

**VERY REV. EDWARD CANON
PURCELL, P.P.**

BORN in Gaulstown, Kilmacow in 1879, Canon Purcell died Parish Priest of Rathdowney on 25th June, 1964. He was educated in the old Ecclesiastical College, Kilmacow and later in St. Kieran's College, where he was ordained in 1904. After a short period on the English mission he was recalled as Curate of Kilmoganny. He served for fourteen years as Administrator in Seir Kieran, and in 1942 was appointed Parish Priest of Rathdowney. He was made Canon of the Diocesan Chapter in 1959.

His period in Rathdowney was marked by the many improvements he carried out, including the erection of a new parish church, the reconstruction of the church at Grogan, and the building of three new national schools. A man of abundant strength, both physical and mental, he was absorbed in the welfare of his parish to the exclusion of all other interests. He threw himself with vigour into every aspect of parochial endeavour. Kindly and understanding, with little regard for personal comfort, he spoke as a man of the people, and his flock responded to him in appreciative manner. He died in the consolation of knowing that he had paid off all the debt on the formidable programme of building which he had undertaken in the parish of Rathdowney.

**RIGHT REV. PATRICK HOLLAND,
P.P., V.F.**

RIGHT REV. PATRICK HOLLAND, P.P., V.F., Freshford, Dean of Ossory, died on 19th June, 1964, aged 85 years. A native of Rathdowney parish, he was educated in St. Kieran's College and ordained in 1904. He served as chaplain at De La Salle Monastery, Castletown, and later as curate in Mullinavat, St. Canice's, Ballyfoyle and Mooncoin. In 1931 he was appointed Administrator of St. Patrick's, and in 1937 became Parish Priest of Freshford. He was made Canon of the diocese in 1956, and appointed Dean of Ossory in 1959.

An impressive moral theologian, Dean Holland acted as extern examiner to St. Kieran's College for many years. He was a man of quiet disposition who took an intelligent interest in every aspect of Irish life, political, national, and, most of all, ecclesiastical. At his death, Kilkenny Corporation, which adjourned their meeting as a mark of respect, paid tribute to his interest in the struggle for national freedom and in public administration when he was a member of the Vocational Education Committee.

**VERY REV. PATRICK CANON
STAUNTON, P.P.**

CANON STAUNTON died as Parish Priest of Cuffesgrange on 21st July, 1965. Meek and humble of heart, gentle and unassuming, he left behind no monument save the memory of a spotless life, and the testimony of half a century's faithful service in the priesthood. During his fifteen years as parish priest of Cuffesgrange he endeared himself to the people by the simplicity of his life and his piety. Indicative of the man and of the regard in which his flock held him was the unique ecclesial event of their having to approach him to raise the dues. His pipe, a

quiet game of cards and a fatherly interest in local dramatics rounded out his life. Kilkenny, the city of his adoption, he dearly loved.

He was born in Castlewarren, educated at St. Kieran's and ordained in St. Peter's, Wexford in 1918. He served in the Diocese of Hexham and Newcastle for seven years, and on recall to Ossory was appointed Curate of Mullinavat. He was later Curate of Castlecomer (1930-38), Thomastown (1938-48) and Tullogher (1948-50). Appointed Parish Priest of Cuffesgrange in 1950, he became Canon of the Diocesan Chapter in 1964.

**RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR MARTIN
DREA, P.P., V.G.**



MONSIGNOR DREA was born in High Street, Kilkenny in 1888, and educated in St. Kieran's and Maynooth, where he was ordained in 1911. He served on the English mission at Newcastle for nine years, and

was then recalled to Ossory and appointed curate at Thomastown. In 1922 he became chaplain to the Defence Forces at Kilkenny Military Barracks, at a period which coincided with the turbulent Civil War period, and had the melancholic task on one occasion of being present at the execution of a fellow Kilkenny man.

Endowed by nature with a personable appearance, Father Drea was a man of many qualities, cultured and charming. He was an artist of high order, with a particular gift for character sketching. These sketches, which often decorated his letters, were of an impish, witty quality, with a hint of slight mockery, even self-mockery. His sermons, too, revealed this witty disposition. "All right, you've won," he once said to a squalling infant, as he withdrew from the pulpit. For several years he illustrated the "Kitty the Hare" series in *Our Boys*, that compelling rural saga which was so much a part of our green years.

Active in any sphere that appertained to the needs of his people, Monsignor Drea was held in high regard by all the people of Thomastown. The tolling of the Church of Ireland bell at his funeral, and the closing of all business premises were evidence of this regard.

**VERY REV. MICHAEL CANON
FITZPATRICK, P.P.**

ON 7th March, 1966 the death occurred of Canon Fitzpatrick, P.P., Ballyhale, who had reached his 90th year. Born in the parish of Muckalee, he was educated in St. Kieran's College, and was ordained in 1902. He first served as a curate in Thomastown, and subsequently in Mooncoin, Tullogher and Mullinavat. In 1932 he was appointed parish priest of Ballyhale, and in 1947 was created Canon of the Diocesan Chapter.

Small in stature, resolute in character, Canon Fitzpatrick was essentially a spiritual man who looked after his flock with dedication and single-mindedness. Like many priests of his generation, who grew up against the

background of Land League days and the Parnell debacle, he took a life-long interest in national affairs and the emergence of Irish Independence. In his youth he was a good horseman, and had always a love of farming and agriculture generally. He won the esteem of the people of Ballyhale, among whom he laboured for thirty-four years, by an unfailing interest in their welfare and in the promotion of every good cause.

VERY REV. PATRICK J. CORCORAN, P.P.

THE death took place on 25th May, 1965 of Very Rev. Patrick J. Corcoran, P.P., Tullaherin. A native of Clodiagh, Inistioge, Father Corcoran was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1921. He ministered in the Archdiocese of Liverpool for ten years, and returned to become Curate of Clontubrid where he spent eleven years. Later he served as Curate in Ballyhale and Windgap. In 1960 he was appointed Parish Priest of Tullaherin. He was a gentle and unassuming man who had the gift, which one hears lauded and stressed nowadays, of knowing people intimately and sympathetically, and living at their personal level. Even when he left a parish he continued to take a genuine interest in the lives and well-being of his former charges, and his death was lamented, and his life recalled with gratitude, far beyond the confines of the parish of Tullaherin.

VERY REV. PATRICK DARCY, P.P.

ON Christmas Eve, 1965, the death took place of Very Rev. Patrick Darcy, P.P., Windgap, after an illness of less than two weeks. He was a native of Knocktopher and educated in St. Kieran's where he pursued his studies for the priesthood. Ordained in 1915, he was appointed Chaplain at Belmont. He served as Curate in Castlecomer, Mullinavat, Windgap and Kilmacow, before

taking pastoral charge of Windgap Parish in 1950.

Ever assiduous in devotion to the spiritual and temporal welfare of his parishioners, he played a leading part in the initiation of a water group scheme in the parish in recent years. He was also responsible for the building of a new National School, and worked energetically in collecting funds for a new parish Church. A lover of fox-hunting, he hunted with the Kilkenny Hunt Club in his earlier years.

THE RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR JOHN McDONALD, P.P.

(An Appreciation by an Old Friend)

WHEN Monsignor John McDonald breathed his last in the Mater Hospital, North Sydney, on September 29, 1965, the Church Militant lost a valiant soldier.

Ordained in 1908, almost fifty years of his priesthood were spend in the parish of Manly, Sydney, to which he came in 1916 after a curacy in the inner suburb of Rozelle and a brief period in charge of the small country parish of Burragorang, on the banks of the Wollondilly.

After his promotion to Manly he first stayed at St. Patrick's College and administered the parish under the direction of its President Monsignor T. Hayden, who also was a Kilkenny man. Soon he managed to secure a small cottage facing the Ocean Beach, and there he and his junior assistant priest lived until the present presbytery was built.

In 1926 it was announced that Father McDonald now enjoyed the status of parish priest. His territory covered an area that has since been divided into ten parishes, extending from Middle Harbour to Broken Bay. Outside the township of Manly, all so very different from today, the centres of population had a rural character. Wherever he went, the pastor was affectionately welcomed as "Father Mac". Unlike his equestrian predecessors in the parish, he covered the extensive district rapidly on a motor-cycle.

When he acquired his first car, with the number-plate 2410, this was regarded as a symbol of prosperity and progress.

A distinct asset in his work was his remarkably retentive memory. Always more interested in people than in things, he was accustomed, without reference to his census-book, to draw on his prodigious mental register of parishioners, former parishioners, visitors (who came to Manly in great numbers) and others. Their parents, their children, their blood-relations and relations by marriage were recorded in his mind, and this no doubt because they were always kept in his heart. He might have, but never did, repeat of himself: "I am the good shepherd . . . I know mine and mine know me."

One so alive as he must have felt deeply the loss of hearing which he suffered early in his pastoral career but bore without complaint. This privation was not without its state of sadness until modern hearing-aids restored his efficiency almost to the full. Once more the flash of his eyes and the short, merry laugh assured us that all was well again. Not only was he never idle, but he denied himself sufficient time to read as widely as he might have done. All he wanted was to administer his parish faithfully and to carry out other duties assigned to him by the Archbishop, who first was Cardinal Moran, next Archbishop Kelly and (for the past quarter of a century) Cardinal Gilroy.

Other men might justifiably have delegated a larger share of parochial duty to willing assistants, but his natural inclination was to work incessantly thinking no doubt of Our Lord's admonition: "The night is coming when no man can work." Only within the last couple of years did age partly shackle his mobility and diminish the uncommon physical powers he used to implement a truly apostolic zeal.

As with almost every priest's work, his main achievements were intangibles—and this is why the ungodly think that priests do nothing. He imparted the supernatural life to thousands through Baptism, restored it to tens of thousands in the confessional, enlightened and encouraged many times that number by his preaching and instructions,

and brought untold blessings on the Church through over 20,000 Masses, the Divine Office, the Rosary and his other prayers, which were generally said before the Blessed Sacrament. He rose not later than 5.30 a.m. and rarely retired before 11 at night. The presbytery doors opened and closed at short intervals throughout the day as he went on his visits to the church, the schools, the hospital and the homes of his parishioners, especially the bereaved and the needy.

No particular age-group monopolised his ministry. With little children he became like a child; with youth he never ceased to be in tune; for the middle-aged he had understanding and advice; while the old in their loneliness found in him a cheerful companion and a sympathetic father. Few men so fully became all things to all.

To me who was his close friend for forty years, he expressed some of his inmost thoughts. One was his unqualified gratitude to his flock for their generous support. Reluctance to add to their financial burdens, was, I believe, the cause of his hesitancy in undertaking new projects. He naturally found it difficult to decide whether the old parish church of Mary Immaculate should be replaced or enlarged, when increasing attendances at the six Masses on Sundays made it imperative to provide more accommodation. Fortunately, the old church was preserved in its simple beauty and additions were blended into it with the result that it has become a spacious and noble edifice. When the Office of the Dead was chanted there on the night before his burial, one knew that this decorous House of God would be his chief memorial on earth.

That night my imagination strayed to the place of his birth in 1884; to his boyhood on the farm at Ballynooney, Mullinavat, with the remnant of an ancient dolmen near the house; to the city of Waterford where he went to school; and finally to St. Kieran's College, where he studied for the priesthood, in the city of St. Canice, whose Bishop had gone to Sydney and become its Cardinal Archbishop and was followed thither by many a lad from Kilkenny desirous to become "all things to all men."

The funeral Mass, on October 1st, was attended by Bishop Freeman, Auxiliary to Cardinal Gilroy (who was then at the Council in Rome), the Premier, the Mayor, Members of Parliament, the Police chief officers, and an overflowing congregation of clergy and laity. The cortege proceeded through streets flanked by boys and girls with heads bowed, and Manly paid a moving tribute to its beloved pastor and most respected citizen. It seemed as if a long chapter in history was closing.

We laid his body to rest in the Manly Cemetery, in the broken shade of a little gum-tree. Though far from his native soil, it was land he loved. He had willed to be buried in that little graveyard. When he in his will expressed that wish he must have pictured the very spot, for it was the only one available there, with the Australian eucalypt growing over his mortal remains while his spirit rejoiced in the reward of the good and faithful servant of the Lord. So be it.

MONSIGNOR CORNELIUS ROBERTS

REV. JAMES SHEARMAN

REV. JAMES SHEARMAN, St. Helen's, Lancashire, a native of Donoughmore, Ballyragget, was educated in St. Kieran's College and St. John's College, Waterford, where he was ordained in 1946. Died in February 1965 at the early age of 44 years.

REV. ANDREW J. DAVOREN

REV. ANDREW J. DAVOREN, native of Kilmanley, Co. Clare. Studied for priesthood in St. Kieran's where he was ordained in 1935 for the Diocese of Adelaide. Died in Richmond, New South Wales, in April 1965 aged 55 years.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR MICHAEL MURTAGH, P.P.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR MICHAEL MURTAGH, P.P., St. Patrick's, Seattle died on 12th November, 1965. He was educated in St. Kieran's College, and ordained in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kilkenny in 1912, and went to Seattle the same year. He was a native of Co. Longford, and was the oldest priest in the Diocese of Seattle. The College Record had no more avid reader, and its arrival triggered off a series of reminiscences with which the Monsignor regaled his Administrator, Rev. William Treacy. Towards the close of his life, the Monsignor, casting his mind back to his student days in Kilkenny more than half a century earlier, thought of a class-mate still living in Melbourne and wrote him a letter. By a singular coincidence, the priest in Melbourne was moved by a similar impulse, and he sent a letter to the Monsignor. Thus there was a last blossoming of the friendship which had been established in St. Kieran's over fifty years ago.

VERY REV. JAMES KENNY, P.P.

VERY REV. JAMES KENNY, P.P., St. Joseph's, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Born in Killeen, Kilmanagh in 1905, was educated in St. Kieran's where he was ordained in 1929 for the Diocese of Hexham and Newcastle. He served as curate in South Shields, and in 1948 became first Parish Priest of the newly formed parish of St. Joseph's, Durham. His death occurred in August 1964 after a prolonged illness. At his obsequies the panegyric was given by Monsignor Grant, President of Ushaw College, Durham.

VERY REV. WILLIAM DUNPHY, P.P.

VERY REV. WILLIAM DUNPHY, P.P., Epsom, New Zealand, a native of Mullagh, Co. Cavan, was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1914 and in the same year went to New Zealand. Died January 1966 at the age of 77 years.

VERY REV. JOHN FITZPATRICK

His many friends in Ireland were saddened by the untimely death of Father John Fitzpatrick, Parish Priest of Penrith, Sydney, on June 3rd, 1964. A native of Garrydague, Gathabawn, Co. Kilkenny, he was a student at St. Kieran's, lay and clerical, and was ordained in June 1928 for the Archdiocese of Sydney. He had just returned from his last holiday at home, bearing with him the knowledge of his fatal disease which, with characteristic courage, he kept completely to himself so as to spare his family and friends. Always quiet and undemonstrative, reserving his outward enthusiasm for the Gaelic games which were the highlight of his holi-



days, he nevertheless impressed all who knew him here with his priestly character and his friendly mannner. Those who met him in the relaxed atmosphere of holidays could only guess at the priestly work he was doing in Australia and at the esteem in which he was held by his flock in Penrith, but a brother priest who contributed his obituary to the parish magazine at the time had this to say: "The loss (of Father John Fitzpatrick) was a personal one, for so long had he been the respected head of our small family. His faith, delightfully simple, produced an in-

tense loyalty to the Church and her members. He loved Ireland; Australia, his adopted land, he loved only a little less. His priesthood spanned nearly four decades; in that time he was pastor, teacher, preacher, builder, guide, philosopher, friend. He was, in the image of his Blessed Mother, refuge of sinners, comforter of the afflicted, help of Christians . . . In season and out of season, he spoke the truth about God. Frequently he spoke the truth about ourselves, somewhat acidly when the response was recurrently disappointing . . . He lived simply. He seldom left his parish. He was always available. He enjoyed amiable company, and especially that of his fellow-priests." In other words, what we all like to think of as a typical Irish priest—God be his reward.

J. B.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR PATRICK HACKETT, P.P.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR PATRICK HACKETT, P.P., Lechdale, Gloucestershire, was born in Finea, Co. Westmeath and educated in St. Finian's, Mullingar, and St. Kieran's where he was ordained in 1922 for the Diocese of Clifden, Wales. He was appointed a Canon of the Diocesan Chapter in 1942 and became a Monsignor in 1959. A member of the Catholic Education Board in Britain, he died January 1964.

VERY REV. THOMAS DALY, P.P.

VERY REV. THOMAS DALY, P.P., St. Joseph's, Pe E11, Washington, died on 4th April, 1966 following a road accident. Native of Listowel, Co. Kerry, he was educated in St. Michael's College, Listowel, Mungret College, Limerick and St. Kieran's College, where he was ordained in 1953 for the Diocese of Seattle.

LIAM FRANCIS DALTON, B.E.

THE death took place after a brief illness in White Plains, New York of Liam Francis Dalton, on 5th December, 1965. Born in Dublin in 1929, Liam was a student in St. Kieran's in the years 1940-43. He graduated from U.C.D. in 1950 with a degree in mechanical and electrical engineering. He commenced his career with the E.S.B. and subsequently spent four years with Siemens Schuckert Ltd., being a frequent traveller between Ireland and the parent company in Germany.

In 1956, Liam emigrated to New York, and a year later formed a consulting engineering practice with an American, Marvin H. Segner. The partnership rapidly expanded into a successful enterprise, employing forty engineers, designers and draughtsmen, a number of whom are graduates of N.U.I. Liam's brother, Michael, who was a student with him in St. Kieran's, is a member of the firm.

Typifying the very best of Ireland's emigrants, Liam was a founder member of National University of Ireland Club in New York, and was its President in 1960/61.

He is survived by his wife, Argine, whom he married in St. Jean de Luz, France in 1958, and by two sons and one daughter, to whom our deepest sympathies are extended.

CONOR O'CONNOR

CONOR O'CONNOR, native of Kilkenny City, died suddenly in Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, on 9th March, 1966 at the early age of 34 years. He was educated in C.B.S., James's Street, and St. Kieran's, which he left in 1950. He entered business in Cork, and later transferred to London. At the time of his death, he was manager of a licensed premises in Aston-under-Lyne. By a poignant coincidence he received the Last Rites from Father James Ryan, who had been a contemporary of his in St. Kieran's.

Conor is survived by his wife Patricia, who is sister of Father Larry McDonald, Christchurch (1950), and by one son, Barry, who have our heartfelt sympathies in their great loss.

VERY REV. PATRICK KENNEDY

THE death took place on 11th May 1965 of Very Rev. Patrick Kennedy, P.P., St. James's, Bootle, Lancashire. He was ordained in St. Kieran's in 1926 for the diocese of Liverpool.

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE



COLLEGE STAFF

Front Row: Rev. P. Clinton (Junior Dean), Rev. Father Andrew, O.F.M.Cap., Rev. G. O'Sullivan (Vice-President), Canon J. Holohan (President), Rev. E. Rhatigan (Senior Dean), Mr. P. MacSweeney, Rev. E. McDonagh, C.M.

Second Row: Mr. E. Costello, Rev. J. Kennedy, Mr. J. Collins, Rev. Thomas Maher, Mr. M. Cody, Rev. F. Dromey, O.M.I., Rev. J. Duggan.

Third Row: Rev. J. Delany, Rev. P. Grant (Bursar), Mr. J. A. Sheehy, Rev. Father McEvoy, O.M.I., Rev. O. Doherty, Rev. J. Brennan.

Back Row: Rev. Francis Maher, Rev. James McEvoy, Mr. J. Molyneaux, Rev. J. Henry, Rev. P. Grace.

Absent: Mr. J. O'Connor, Mr. H. Twomey.

ECCLESIASTICS' REVIEW

VOCATIONS

Vocation today means renunciation. It means unpopularity, it means sacrifice. It means to understand the hard but stupendous mission of the Church, now more than ever engaged in teaching man his true nature, his end, his fate and in revealing to faithful souls the immense, the ineffable riches of the charity of Christ.

It means to be young, to have a clear eye and a big heart. It means accepting the imitation of Christ as a programme for life, His heroism, His sanctity, His mission of goodness and salvation. No other prospect of life offers an ideal more true, more generous, more human, more holy than the humble and faithful vocation to the priesthood of Christ.

POPE PAUL VI

Message to Seminarians

MY DEAR FUTURE PRIESTS

In responding gladly, to the gracious request of your esteemed President, Canon Holohan, to address a message to you through the medium of ST. KIERAN'S RECORD I do so with one dominant thought in mind, namely, the uniqueness of your opportunity. Recently, in greeting a group of newly ordained priests Pope Paul VI said: "These are challenging days for your ministry. The world has changed and you will have to bring the message of Christ to a troubled, searching and seemingly confused society."

The Church has, of course, lived through periods of great change in the past but, as our Holy Father put it on another occasion, "never before, perhaps, has the Church felt the need to know, to draw near to, to understand, to penetrate, serve and evangelize the society in which she lives and to come to grips with it, almost to run after it in its rapid and continuous change."

This means that, in addition to the time-tested requirements of knowledge and discipline, a candidate for the priesthood today must understand the developments that have taken place as a result of the Second Vatican Council. He must be aware that post-Tridentine theological thought has been complemented by a renewed emphasis on a vital and dynamic concept of the Church which expresses its inner life and its relation to Christ. Moreover, he must try to understand today's world since that will be the scene of his ministry. He must be a man of large views and of intellectual maturity whose horizon is not limited by the parish or even by the country in which he works. Our sights have been lifted beyond the traditional "western culture" to a more truly Catholic vision which regards all men as our neighbours and worthy of personal understanding and love.

Today's seminarian must be familiar with all the teaching of the recent Council but he should study especially the Decree on the Priestly Ministry. According to this important document, "the purpose which priests pursue in their ministry and by their life is to procure the glory of God the Father in Christ. That glory consists in this—that men working freely and with a grateful spirit receive the work of God made perfect in Christ and then manifest it in their whole lives." This requires a well rounded priestly character in which all the virtues are essential. It calls for the complete priest.

The dominant preoccupation of the world you are to enter is with the problem of uncertainty. Man's predicament in history has always been somewhat critical but our age is almost pathologically apprehensive about the future. It is easy to understand that those who are without faith feel frightened and insecure. Man without God is seed upon the wind. But within the hallowed halls of St. Kieran's you have been taught that positivism, existentialism and such philosophies offer no real hope. With your strong Irish sense of the supernatural you see the finger of God in history and you know that He still "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." In His will is our peace.

I cannot close this brief and inadequate message without injecting a personal note. Ever since my visit to Alma Mater in September in 1964, when I had the privilege of speaking to you, I have felt a deep and abiding sense of gratitude for your thoughtful kindness on that occasion. Your gift now occupies a permanent place in my study and I shall always regard it as one of my most cherished possessions, not only for its intrinsic value but because it is a symbol of our union and that of all St. Kieran's men who are witnesses to Christ around the world.

With happy recollections and with every best blessing.

Fraternally in the great High Priest,
 WILLIAM J. McDONALD,
Rector, The Catholic University of America, Auxiliary Bishop of Washington.



FOURTH DIVINES

Front Row: Peter McEneaney (Kilkenny) Sacramento, George Murphy (Louth) Natchez-Jackson; Gabriel Troy (Kilkenny) Boston; Brendan Sheehy (Kerry), Boston; Joseph Mallon (Dublin), Salford; Thomas Rea (Cork), Boston; Leo Norris (Kilkenny) Ossory.

Middle Row: Kenneth King (Dublin) Dunkeld; Dennis Purcell (Kilkenny) Maitland; Francis Carroll (Mayo) Leeds; John Ryan (Cork), Southwark; John Rowan (Longford), Salford; Michael O'Donoghue (Dublin) Mobile.

Back Row: Michael Hyland (Laois), Ossory; Dermot Burke (Dublin) Hexham and Newcastle; Michael Hourigan (Limerick) Miami; Sean Maher (Kilkenny) Providence; James Smith (Cavan), Providence; James Crotty (Kilkenny), Ossory; Sean Kennedy (Sligo), Natchez-Jackson.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH WITH THE ECCLESIASTICS

September 1964

1st—"Here we are again, happy as can be, All good friends and jolly good company."

2nd—Retreat begins under the guidance of Father Walshe, C.Ss.R. Our thanks for a Retreat which helped immeasurably to effect a gentle change from one side of the Callan gate to the other.

6th—Retreat over, we have TV for the Hurling All-Ireland. As in last year's final, we have a fraternal interest in the match, but no trophy this time!

7th—Day before class starts. Each student is allotted his six square inches in the chapel, his $3\frac{1}{2}$ square inches in the refectory and more space than he wants in the study-hall. We note some changes in the "Opposition." Canon Loughry has finally "gone fishin'" after many years of devoted and faithful service. Father Holohan is awarded a few more stripes and is now President, while Father Rhatigan has been invested with the role of Senior Dean.

8th—Class starts. 'Nuff said!

10th—Prolonged applause for Father O'Connor's entry into Divinity. True, he had to spend a little longer than most of us in Philosophy, but still the Divinity Hall is not snobbish and extends a warm welcome.

11th—A well-known alumnus. Bishop McDonald, Auxiliary Bishop of Washington, pays us a visit and is presented with a Waterford Glass vase, engraved with a likeness of the College Chapel, to mark his recent elevation to the Episcopacy. The President then asks for a free day. This is the sort of President we have been looking for, for a long, long time.

12th—Father O'Connor obviously enjoyed his first taste of Divinity and comes back today for Ascetical. Zeal!

13th—Film: "Phantom of the Opera". Phantasthick!

20th—From today we shall have a lie-on each Sunday morning till 7.30 a.m. in ac-

cordance with the revised version of the Third Commandment, "Remember thou sleep wholly the Sabbath Day." Pre-slumber student-sponsored slide-show. (The diarists think that their use of alliteration shows great literary potential).

21st—Wind of change still blowing! Free days are no more. Half-day each Wednesday and Saturday, five classes both days. The authorities have succeeded in giving shorter hours but more of them!

22nd—In this age of awareness of the value of the community we note today the social event of the year—the solemn foundation of the Dublin Bus.

23rd—Introducing walks—the value of country air.

27th—"Conspiracy of Hearts".

Quote: (Bishop McDonald to student body)—"I must say you are very healthy and alert-looking." Amazing what a few months at home can do, isn't it?

October

2nd—Blood Transfusion Unit arrives. "To give and not to count the cost." We give, but Pelican House has reason to count the cost.

4th—Debate: "The gulf between priests and people in Ireland." Verdict: "The gulf is golf."

7th—House Football Match in which the Fourths scrape home by a point. A sad day for 3rd Divinity—their first-ever defeat in house football.

11th—Slides and lecture on the Book of Kells by Mr. Leo McAdams of Kilkenny. The speaker's evident familiarity with his subject and his lively presentation combined to take the Book of Kells out of its glass case, and present it to us as a source of wonder and deep interest.

12th—Three praiseworthy and informative films on Pope John, Lourdes and food shortage.

14th—The expert speaks on his subject—

Father McCarron, S.J., speaks on the Pioneer Association. House hurling match makes an autumn double for the Fourths.

18th—Slides by courtesy of the Photographic Society. A bright idea was the rendering of a song or two at the interval.

25th—Film: "The Law and Jake Wade"—shades of short trousers, Saturday matinees and cap-guns!

27th—For the potato pickers the tractor-trailer becomes a hand-wagon for the last time.

29th—Someone "cuts a rare smash" in his own Liturgy call. He had to—it was himself or no one.

30th—Quote of the week: "On my way back I had to climb over a wall, y'see. And when I got down on the far side, what was there only a fella lying on the ground, drunk as a lord. So I looked at him, y'see and I said, "Well, well . . ."

November

1st—"The V.I.P."—or "How to become a missionary in India."

8th—The November play, a week late, but worth waiting for. We note the lead player has traded his bike for shank's mare. Music by "The Swingin' Seven."

15th—Film: "Moonlight Bay". This is one your maiden aunt might remember, but then again, she might not. You diarist can't say, being nobody's maiden aunt.

22nd—Films by courtesy of the games committee—shorts on hurling, football, golf and basketball. Our thanks to the games committee for their initiative and for the all-time low charge of 3d. Please note!

29th—"Sergeant Ruttledge"—a film with a little bit of everything. "Quote: "Never put your foot down if you haven't a leg to stand on."

December

8th—A busy day, a diarist's dream! Three Masses, afternoon films, conferring of tonsure, Compline, Benediction and two study periods. After dinner a general exodus to the Friary Hall for films on Communism and the late John F. Kennedy. Back "home", to provide the background music for 15

students from St. John's, Waterford, being tonsured by Dr. Birch. After that, some played guitars, others did tops, but all should have been in study, and soon were. Later, after a quick cup of tea (?), we again wound our weary way back into study. This was where the day ceased to be your diarist's dream.

9th—A brief visit from an international entertainer on tour. No wonder!

10th—The news breaks of Father Holohan's "canon-ization". Our congratulations.

11th—A very entertaining lecture this evening on Irish traditional music by Michael O'Callaghan.

12th—Somebody tips the whole Christmas paper in his usual, clever constructive and absolutely uninformative way. Pat Dillon emerges as victor in the table-tennis championship after four games against Bill McGowan-minus-a-slipper.

13th—Fire Drill. Heavy losses. Not only the cakes, but the baker were burnt! Insurance companies must love a place like this, where all fires are announced the previous day.

18th—A half-day's revision (or is it collision?) for the ex(h)ams. Request in Catechetics for an essay of 750 words. I wonder would 745 and "Lord have mercy on us" do? And so we struggle on till . . .

22nd—When the exams are done and so are we. To-night in keeping with the festive spirit, the Old Fourths treat us to their brand of "Christmas Crackers". Mirth, melody and melodrama are blended to form a really enjoyable end to term.

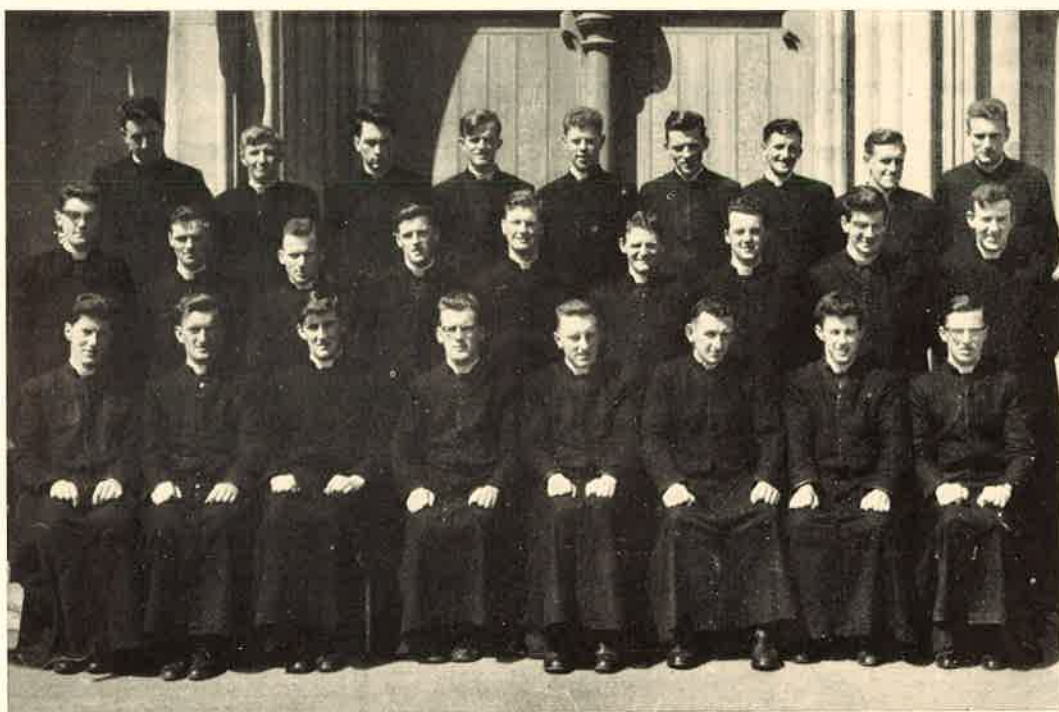
23rd—Students gather after breakfast. "Lord, is it good for us to be here?" One wonders. Heads are shaken—buses boarded—and we go home for Christmas.

January 1965

18th—Loving mothers at the station . . .
"Fair daffodils, we weep to see thee
haste away so soon."

Loving clerics reply:

"Fare thee well my puddings white,
Adieu, my soft-boiled eggs.
I go to diet and to blight;
Behold, I tremble at the legs."



THIRD DIVINES

Front Row: Maurice Bartley (Cork), Leeds; Thomas Murphy (Kilkenny), Ossory; Oliver Deegan (Kilkenny), Sacramento; Patrick Comerford (Kilkenny), Ossory; Donal Dunne (Cork), Savannah; Seamus Doyle (Kilkenny), Hexham and Newcastle; James Grace (Kilkenny), San Diego; William Davitt (Mayo), Salford.

Middle Row: Peter Waring (Dublin), Brentwood; Sean Heslin (Leitrim), St. Augustine, Fla.; Vincent Brady (Cavan), Sacramento; Patrick McWilliams (Derry), Down and Connor; Vivian Lockman (Cork), Washington, D.C.; Patrick Dalton (Kilkenny), Ossory; Noel Hickie (Kerry), Baker City; John Keane (Westmeath), Miami; Michael Ryan (Kilkenny), Ossory.

Back Row: Cornelius Kiely (Cork), Baker City; Edward O'Donovan (Cork), Sacramento; Patrick Smith (Cavan), Tucson; John Lally (Mayo), Nottingham; Charles O'Reilly (Meath), St. Augustine; Michael Dolan (Mayo), Richmond, Va.; Stephen O'Reilly (Louth), Atlanta; Fachtna Deasy (Cork), Mobile; Timothy Corcoran (Tipperary), Perth, Australia.

19th—Retreat given by Fr. McDonagh.

21st—Retreat ends; class begins; 'nuff said.

22nd—Our thanks to Father Grace for a fine talk on the Church Unity Octave.

24th—First film of '65: "The Charge of the Light Brigade"—that's what the title said, but it was really about a couple of brothers wooing the one lassie!

27th—First league match in Gaelic Foot-

ball. Plum pud and football do not mix.

30th—While other students fun and frolic, the Games' Committee meet;—And though outside it's rather cold, inside there's quite some heat!

31st—Our sincere thanks to Dr. Hughes for a most entertaining talk on the Holy Land. It's good to see him doing the talking for a change.

February

1st—First practice for the St. Kieran's Day play.

4th—Rugby is back. Before tackle: "Have ball, will travel." After tackle: "No knicks, have to travel."

5th—Long threatening—comes at last! Test for the choir. Some are lucky, others are not and are re-signed, but not resigned!

11th—Our new barber is in great demand. With all the hair that is being shorn these days we may yet have new mattresses by Easter!

14th—The noise during Vespers today was due to our new style of "Gelignite Psalms"—one in the eye for the liturgical revivalists. To-night we had an illustrated talk on the Rosary by Fr. Harty, O.P. This devotional eye-opener was another one in the eye for liturgical extremists! We wound off the night on a patriotic note with the Rosary in Irish.

18th—Some 3rd Divines made their maiden trip to St. John's to teach—and be taught! Said one exhausted student after class: "Now I know why that book on Catechetics is called 'The Modern Challenge'."

"Send me off to the Foreign Legion,
Or else to shoot wild el'phants;
But please don't send me back to teach,
Those terrible senior infants."

20th—Sister Bernard and pupils make a welcome return. A proposal that all nuns in future be officially welcome by a Third Divine was vetoed. Film: "Yankee Doodle Dandy"—George Cohan's songs of yesteryear.

21st—Sheets . . . six of them!

28th—Debate between the Junior Chamber of Commerce from Waterford and Thurles: "The pen is mightier than the sword."

29th—Fooled you! We didn't have this day at all, at all . . . Quote: A prudent student is one who borrows another's jersey for rugby.

March

3rd—Ash Wednesday and all it entails!

4th—Half-day of recollection—the lull before the storm of St. Kieran's Day festivities,

which begin with a film, "The Scarlet Pirate"—yet another of the term's ultra modern films.

5th—If you don't remember what happened to-day, it's time you were in the "Infir". Anyway, for our exiles, we note that the play was "The Winslow Boy"—a drama set in early 20th century England. A change from the more recent fare, but none the worse for that. Out thanks to all for a very enjoyable evening. Later on, of course, we had no study but TV . . . of course!

7th—Sunday or no Sunday, we had no early Mass, but half an hour's meditation in "salubrious surroundings". Then we broke fast . . . just about. At 10.15 all went to the chapel for the first Mass of the "new changes".

16th—Dogma classes . . . a magnificent century. This reminds me to renew my supply of pain-killing injections for my right hand. Film: "The Magnificent Seven"—all about how a group of Mexican small farmers had to call in the "townies" to solve their domestic problems!

17th—St. Patrick's Day. No procession . . . by order. This afternoon the Irish society treated us to a wonderful concert . . . part of it, however, had to be taken with a grain of salt!

24th—Educational night-in. Two talks, one by Mr. Kelly of Kilkenny on "The Priest and People" and the other by Father Lemass of Dublin on "The Priest and Youth." Both were informative and enjoyable and were made all the more profitable by discussions. Our sincere thanks to both speakers.

28th—House match in football. The Fourths again gain the honours, this time by two points, after a wonderful game in brilliant sunshine. Slides at night.

29th—The sun is up and shining bright. Canon Holohan awards a much-appreciated free day.

30th—"The sun is high and beating strong
For something cool my heart doth
long;

I sweat, perspire and mop my brow
My eyelids close, my head doth bow



FIRST AND SECOND DIVINES

Front Row: William Mooney (Sligo), St. Augustine; Seamus Laverty (Down), Dromore; Eamonn McEvilly (Galway), Richmond, Va.; Brendan McAteer (Louth), Dromore; Sean McLaughlin (Derry), Paterson, N.J.; Thomas Davis (Tipperary), Yakima; John Kearney (Armagh), Dromore.

Second Row: John Lalor (Laois), Ossory; Thomas Cody (Kilkenny), St. Augustine; Sean Quinn (Limerick), Clifton; Brian McGovern (Edinburgh), Baker City; John Egan (Kilkenny), Providence; Noel O'Brien (Kilkenny), San Francisco; Bernard Somers (Kilkenny), Boise City.

Third Row: Sylvester O'Donnell (Mayo), Leeds; Francis Lawlor (Kerry), Sacramento; Joseph Quirke (Tipperary), Stockton; John Walsh (Kilkenny), Hexham and Newcastle; James P. Farrell (Longford), Shrewsbury; Francis Kearney (Down), Dromore; Patrick Harte (Tyrone), Northampton.

Back Row: Vincent McCaul (Cavan), Hexham and Newcastle; John O'Sullivan (Wexford), San Antonio; James Walsh (Kilkenny), San Francisco; Brian McGivern (Down), Dromore; Gerard Kelly (Antrim), Christchurch; Francis Gilbride (Fermanagh), Northampton; Joseph Owens (Wicklow), Sacramento.

'Tis time to rest from writers' tricks;
Farewell, dear friends, till sixty-six."

September 1965

The seventh has come
The holidays are done.
Mother sheds her tears
And we return to Kieran's.

Whitewash here and there
New professors in the chair.
Papers in new hall,
Food in new stall.
Books we cannot see
Soon new lib - rary.
Such changes small
Lighten hearts of all.

8th—Distribution of places in the dormitories, chapel, refectory and the recreation hall!! It is all part of the *aggiornamento*—theologians recreate as they eat. From the amount of space allotted vocations haven't fallen.

9th—Retreat conducted by Father McHugh, C.Ss.R.

13th—Retreat ends—spiritual machines fully lubricated. We make up for four day's silence. Annual football "tryout" was a "washout".

14th—Class begins. New faces appear in the 'tub' due to a good import and export market. A new moral professor enters with his hat on—welcome Father Andrew, O.F.M. Cap. The Pup will do all the barking for Moral Class this year—no growls from the students!!

15th—Dr. W. J. McDonald, D.D., Ph.D., calls to say hello.

16th—Council re-opens in Rome. At home, a new Liturgy Professor appears—a versatile man.

17th—We welcome Rev. Thomas Dermody (Sacramento).

18th—A new Ascetical Professor appears—a very versatile man.

19th—*Sunday Times* and *Sunday Telegraph* appear with our religious papers. The day ended with "The Fast Lady".

20th—What is the future for the Musical Society . . . has the beat beaten Beethoven? Is this the result of Let the Language Live campaign—Spanish Classes have begun?

22nd—Spiritual Father is back. After his American travelogue he gives us his first monologue.

23rd—At last the Canon Law Professor Rev. Father M. O'Reilly, O.M.I., arrives.

25th—Place your orders for Christmas cards . . . I thought we were only three weeks back!!

26th—We watch Derry and Galway inflict a double defeat on Kerry.

27th—Cheers from Philosophers as they welcome Father Dromey, O.M.I. for their first Cosmology class. Let's hope they keep up their first fervour!!

30th—The distribution of "Ratio Mensis" reminds us of an old Professor . . . come to think of it, it took three men to replace him.

October

1st—Blood transfusion. Some students give thousands of red cells and eat almost as many biscuits.

3rd—Question time. Fourths defeat Thirds. You can't put an old dog off his track.

4th—We go to New York with Pope Paul via Early Bird on his peace flight as a reward for so much blood.

7th—An energetic and much-admired man left us today for Paris. Quote: "He went out like a candle." We wish him a happy stay and we have no doubt he will fight the good fight and complete the course. Father J. P. Clinton is new Junior Dean.

10th—The F.B.I. in slow motion. We were not gripped by "The Grip of Fear".

11th—Rev. Sean Garret calls to say 'Hi' to his old friends.

12th—Students really 'with it' . . . today they were talking about escatological ikons!

13th—The authorities see through us today . . . mass X-Ray. Later we give the Dublin priests a very unwelcome welcome by defeating them 6-10 to 2-6 in Gaelic football.

14th—White Larry appears in the refectory. Rule of silence is officially abolished between classes.

15th—The newly-painted, lighted, heated, stocked library opens. Thanks to Father Corkery of Maynooth for the clean-up and to Dr. Brennan for the build-up.

17th—Film "Showdown" proves to be a show-up for somebody. The Music Society is revived. Slides on the Bible from the Liturgical Group. We beat Knocktopher at hurling.

18th—Old Fourths went spud-picking. They lived up to their age! Lunch was served in the farmyard—this made us wonder whether there is a connection between stable diet and horse-play.

20th—Golf . . . golf . . . golf! With the



FIRST AND SECOND PHILOSOPHERS

Front Row: Eamonn Foley (Kilkenny); Ossory; Michael McIvor (Derry) Derry; Seamus Murphy (Armagh) Nottingham; Denis O'Shea (Kilkenny), Savannah; Edmond Phelan (Kilkenny), Los Angeles; Liam Barron (Kilkenny), Ossory; Michael Norton (Tipperary), Ossory; James Keane (Kerry), Baker City; John Coonan (Kilkenny), Ossory.

Second Row: Oliver Mooney (Down), Dromore; James Leavy (Longford), Leeds; Liam Tuffy (Sligo), Atlanta; Patrick Organ (Clare), Miami; Bro. Pius, O.F.M.Cap., Cork; Seamus Kennedy (Kilkenny), Leeds; Timothy Lynch (Kerry), Miami; Michael Flynn (Meath), Shrewsbury; Peter McLaughlin (Derry), Leeds.

Third Row: Patrick O'Farrell (Kilkenny), Ossory; Richard Landy (Kilkenny), St. Augustine; Eamonn Tobin (Kilkenny), St. Augustine; Pascal Moore (Dublin), Ossory; Andrew Clerkin (Cavan), Providence; William Tobin (Kilkenny), Ossory; Thomas McGovern (Leitrim), Nottingham; Thomas Holohan (Kilkenny), Ossory; John Ryan (Tipperary), San Francisco.

Back Row: Patrick Hennessy (Kilkenny), Leeds; Patrick Fitzmaurice (Kilkenny), Ossory; Noel Neary (Roscommon), Atlanta; Martin O'Neill (Kilkenny), Ossory; Andrew Dolan (Tyrone), Derry; John Fox (Roscommon), Jefferson City; Edward Tallent (Kilkenny), Ossory; Patrick Clarke (Kilkenny), St. Augustine; Gerard O'Brien (Kilkenny), Hexham and Newcastle.

highland fling in the bullfield.

22nd—At last the book in the refectory suits the occasion—The Great Hunger.

23rd—Students went out cheering to pick spuds.

24th—The Duleek man assists the House in a sweeping victory in soccer today: Fourths 1; House 4.

25th—Students went out (not cheering) to pick spuds. That night, was it a ghost?—people running about and chains rattling.

27th—Football House match: House 2-10; Fourths 1-3.

28th—The weather has given Handel another twist: it shall rain for ever and ever.

30th—Recollection.

31st—"Go to blazes" (P.S. That was the film).

November

1st—Play: "Troubled Batchelors"—men after our own hearts.

2nd—Free day: one of those things we used to have.

3rd—The new spirituality comes; now we choose for ourselves when and what we do. With our high ideals this should be hard to endure: but other things remain the same—the October devotions are still with us.

4th—Revisions: "I heard you calling me" loses its charm.

5th—Guy Fawkes has nothing to do with it—Lay-side scholarships get us a free day—keep working hard boys. As for us, pilgrimages start to Kilkenny Golf Course.

7th—We see the present in the light of the past from a very interesting talk given by Rev. M. Olden on "Ireland after the Council of Trent."

10th—Divers tongues heard again—Rosary in Irish.

11th—Canon Law Revision—one Canon missing—Dean deputises.

12th—Our film selectors show some wisdom at last. Everyone enjoys "A Stitch in Time".

14th—Talk on the postal services in Ireland by a well known philatelist, Rev. J. Brennan from The Rower.

19th—Tin whistles are now the rage—even the Dean is interested—takes a few off to his room.

21st—Sports film—thanks to the Sports Committee. Golf is still the gulf for some people.

22nd—With Cassius Clay we don't need a bell to get up.

23rd—It's cold outside; why not the cold inside? Ice-cream is now on sale.

Definition—"A tub is where you put a pig."

Comment—"The speaker seemed at home in the rostrum, but swayed as if in a tub."

24th—"Green door, what's the secret you are keeping?" ". . . a charming personality?"

28th—Film: "P.T. 109."

29th—Snow on branches, robin on fence, but jingle bells mean class as usual.

30th—Feast of St. Andrew—we entertain Dr. Andrew.

December

1st—Only 21 more shopping days to Christmas and 18 working days to examinations.

4th—With Gibbonian criticism we discuss the decline and fall of the Roman Priesthood.

8th—The Vatican Council ends. Layside play: 'Mummy and the Mumps.' We were infected and Dooley laughed.

9th—Examination timetable brings us back to earth with a thump.

12th—Work, work, work,
The place is crazy,
Textbooks, textbooks, everywhere.
But soon, soon, soon,
We'll take it 'aisy,
Roll on, roll on, the holidays.

14th—Zeus and Mnemosyne exile,
Polyhymnia, Thalia and Melpomene
from Parnassus.

17th—Text for the day "the end is nigh".
"The night cometh when no man can work."

18th—Exams begin.

19th—Dr. Birch addresses us on the Council.

20th—The Bursar perseveres in granting auditing audiences—next stop busaras.

21st—The shortest day of the year seemed long to slogging minds.

22nd—We finish the term with a real Christmas Pudding of drama, comedy and carols from the “Old Fourths”.

January 1966

17th—“The Carnival is Over”; we return.

18th—Retreat: Father T. O’Farrell, C.M.

19th—Depression, thy name is student.

20th—Sincere sorrow that Father O’Reilly O.M.I., is not here to make us learn with a smile, but we are glad to get a man from the same place—Father McEvoy, O.M.I.

21st—Depression, hangover, or call it what you will. *Níl aon leigheas ar an scéal.*

22nd—Octave of Christian Unity gets a new injection.

23rd—Film: “The Court Jester”.

24th—Professors sick. Dean seizes opportunity to tell us what the post-Vatican II students should be like.

25th—The cold goes and our motto makes sense again.

26th—A strange and bright light shone round about the Fourth Divines—new bulbs have a halo-ing effect.

27th—Larry Cunningham visits us and tells us about “Lovely Leitrim”

28th—Diarists going to quit, but editor encourages by references to Mrs. Dale and Samuel Pepys.

29th—Our man in Paris does not prevent Rugby failure.

30th—A fascinating talk on ‘Emigration’ by Father Eamonn Casey of Housing Aid Society fame.

31st—The liturgical boys will stop at nothing: now they illustrate their point with a goat.

February

1st—*Ní bhíonn sneachta ar craobh ó Lá ’le Bhríde amach.* We hope not, but at present there’s certainly plenty of water about.

2nd—Anyone know how to remove tallow stains?

3rd—Father Liam McMahon (1960) returns and celebrates Mass for us.

4th—We teach ourselves in Dogma, but no mention of the one-and-ninepence.

6th—Film: “The Command”. The Indians lost again—was it fixed?

7th—The Vatican and we are one as regards the Index of Forbidden Books.

8th—Ultimatum: All knives and spoons should be forked up within 24 hours.

9th—We have “pickin’ the pops”—with emphasis on picking.

10th—It is not enough to bury the hatchet; the cutlery must be dug up.

12th—We discussed controversial books, and controversial bishops.

14th—Burke’s “Age of shivery” may be gone, but our woolly armour is needed again.

15th—Culture gets another push—see the ‘Old Masters’ on postcards.

16th—Old Testament—new professors.

17th—A representative committee is formed to deal with ‘pop’ records.

19th—We joyfully encounter Mother Bernard again.

20th—Film: “The Great Jewel Robber”—not a gem.

21st—What was the age of St. Bernard?—63!

23rd—Ash Wednesday.

24th—The gods are angry—two more depart from Parnassus.

26th—Revisions announced.

27th—Excellent talk on *Viatores Christi*.

28th—We welcome a Capuchin student to Philosophy.

March

1st—Piety can go too far—our kitchen staff has gone off cooking for Lent.

2nd—Rev. Pádraig Horgan (1960) calls to see his old mates.

3rd—Revisions reveal how shy we are.

4th—Rejoicing—Father Sherin is seen again.

5th—St. Kieran’s Day: we celebrate in spirit. Film: “The Naked Edge”, a last look at the great Gary Cooper.

6th—We celebrate in body. Play: “Twelve Angry Men”—just the play for Second Divinity.

7th—Free day—to let the angry men cool down.

8th—Liturgy call produces new phrase—the Mystery of the Liturgy.

13th—Fine talk on the peregrinatio pro Christo—we'd go now if the President would let us.

17th—Maith an fear, Naomh Phadraig—Cumann Chiaráin náofa give us a touch of the blarney. "The Birdman of Alcatraz"—there was something in this for us.

20th—Lecture: 'The Liturgy and Sacred Art' by Mairin Allen.

21st—The beginning of what proved to be the most expensive word in the College this year . . . 'flu.

26th—In the catechetical field Mother Bernard completes the course. "Well done . . ." The hours of toil will bring forth years of fruit. And finished just in time for the Grand National.

27th—Liturgical book exhibition held. Thanks to S.L.G. for organizing same.

28th—The 'flu strikes at the centre of the organization. Thanks to Sister Good Counsel and Sister Fabian for their dedicated work in helping us to overcome it.

30th—House Hurling match. Will First Divinity play the winners? The Fourths carried the day. (The censor has 'band' the rest of the entry for today).

April

2nd—Views aired on the pros and cons of self-drive cars for the vacation.

3rd—Palm Sunday. A procession without palms.

5th—Faculty examinations. The Easter break begins.

10th—We evacuate for a week. Cars take some home. Some take cars home.

18th—Return. Optimists tell us there are only seven weeks to the summer 'vac'. Pessimists tell us there are only four weeks to examinations.

20th—Reading almost suppressed in the refectory. We now go there to talk, among other things.

22nd—Day of commemoration of the 1916 Rising. Proclamation was unveiled and read in the glass-hall. Mr. James Gibbons, T.D., Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Finance delivered a talk fitting for the occasion in Irish and English. (Deputy Gibbons is a past pupil of the Lay side). Following this we trod in the footsteps of the late Thomas MacDonagh to the Callan Gate, where the Tricolour was hoisted and the National Anthem played.

24th—Film: "The King and I". Thoroughly enjoyed by all.

30th—It's all part of the *aggiornamento*; we no longer speak of people being 'cagey' . . . we now call them 'tutorists'.

When these things were in writing
Our hands were so sore.
But now the *Diary's* finished
We hope it didn't bore.

FRANCIS GILBRIDE
PATRICK COMERFORD
JOHN C. A. McLAUGHLIN



HEAVEN AND EARTH MOVER INSPECTS EARTH MOVER

Spiritual Director, Rev. Edward McDonagh, C.M., keeps a watchful eye on preparations for new hurling pitch.

A VIEW OF THE COUNCIL

ONE of the biggest events of the year was the closing of the Vatican Council. I say the biggest, without denying that it was a great anti-climax. Judging the Council by the documents produced, one might wonder how so many in such a long time produced so little. Of course, this would not be fair judgment, for the documents contain little more than a number of generalisations, while the real product of the Council is in three thousand episcopal heads. Each bishop went home, I suppose, wondering how he would apply to his diocese

all that he had learned. The document on seminaries does not say very much. Any proper seminary is what the document says a seminary should be. So there should be little change in most places.

The important thing in the Decree is the ruling that : "Since only general laws can be made where there exists a wide variety of nations and regions, a special 'programme of priestly training' is to be undertaken by each country or rite. It must be set up by the episcopal conferences, revised from time to time, and approved by the Apostolic See.

In this way will the universal laws be adapted to the particular circumstances of time and locality so that the priestly training will always be in tune with the pastoral needs of those regions in which the ministry is to be exercised." From now on, unlike before, we will not blame Rome for the way the cabbage is cooked. The Decree calls for such training as will produce "stability of mind . . . ability to make weighty decisions . . . and a sound evaluation of men and events."

I hope this will not be seized on by the authorities as an excuse for getting cheap labour. Not that students dislike labour; gone are the days when anyone would call himself the servant of the servants of God as people bent to kiss his slipper, but it would be a bit much to expect to get the "ability to make weighty decisions" from washing floors to suchlike exercises.

One of the best things in the Decree is the request that the authorities "develop in the students deep joy." There is also mention of "happy spirit" and "joyful heart". Up to now a joke might be met with a polite request for repetition. This was usually followed by a request for explanation. Now a joke will receive spontaneous and prolonged laughter.

I have yet to hear of a student being asked to sit down when visiting members of the administration. I suppose there was humour and joy in watching the suspect wringing his hands and changing from foot to foot. During my recent break, I got joy, I am sorry to say, of a similar nature when I met one of those belonging to that group, which includes us all, the People of God. This person was trying to make conversation which is always a difficulty between the supposedly worldly and the supposedly otherworldly, because each is trying to talk on the other's wave-length, giving a result like a swap of policy between the Third Programme and Radio Caroline. This sincere

person said: "Tell me about this . . . er . . . er . . . Epidemic Council." Which confirmed what I have always thought: theologians are doing fine, but the ordinary people are the same as ever. Such people as these, who can hardly afford to bring their families to the seaside for a day, can be excused for wondering if the money spent by the Bishops at the Council could not have been put to better use.

Anyway, most bishops will now have no trouble in accepting the call to poverty. Speaking of calls, reminds me of one of the Fathers at the Council who called to his fellow workers for greater attention to those things not in their experience. He complained that people experienced in matters under discussion had not been heard. Still I do not think that if the Council had been addressed by clerical students it would have made much difference. Seminary ways have not changed so much that memories of sixty years ago would not be useful to the Fathers. But it is important to note that if bishops give the impression that they do not want to hear from students and young people, these young people might not want to hear from bishops. The problem might be solved by letting students be heard in diocesan and regional reviews of existing seminary situations. Most of all, students should be heard in their own seminaries so that, in the words of the Decree, the "administrators will constitute among themselves and with the students that kind of family that will answer to the Lord's prayer 'that they be one.'"

After all this, I confess that I am more proud of the bishops and the Church than ever, and I note their words when "they earnestly exhort those who are preparing for the priestly ministry to realise that the hope of the Church and the salvation of souls is being committed to them."

FRANCIS GILBRIDE

PLUS CA CHANGE . . .

MAY 1965. Location: The iron staircase leading to the agricultural hall, more affectionately known as 'The Shambles'. Scene: An enthusiastic team of students chaining bundles of old books down the stairs on to a large low loader truck. (Rare comments? . . . Well, it was a rare collection anyhow!) The pruning of the library under the supervision of Dr. Brennan and Father Corkery of Maynooth had ended. Only the good fish escaped the net—though, of course, some would still hold that this is a matter of opinion!

As you browse, at your ease, through the books on the New Theology in our fresh and bright new library, under the relaxing fluorescent lighting, you can't help musing that here we are back where we started, having wound our way along an ever-challenging and stimulating intellectual circular road to Christ's mere Christianity. Doctrine is now given relevance by being presented in contemporary terms. Only when we meet our fellow pilgrims and speak their language can we tune into one another and communicate. Then, when there is openness, there can be real dialogue. We find that we must be realists in the genuine sense, i.e. accept the circumstances we find ourselves in and make a positive effort to influence them, rather than just shelter from them and pretend that they do not exist. We learn that Christian living demands commitment, because the Kingdom of God is within us and not in statistics. We find that the Graeco-Roman climate in which Christianity grew up, and the Graeco-European clothes in which we find it dressed are not essential to Christianity. This phase was providential, but temporary. As we try to arrive at enlightened ecumenical attitudes, we realise that we have not a monopoly of everything and that we may not anticipate the separation of the sheep from the goats.

For all this fresh air released by Pope John, we are most grateful. The new college library has given us every opportunity to reap the fruits of the labours of the many dedicated men of the past half century, whose ideas have been canonised by the Council. We have an imposing array of judiciously selected magazines and the works of the top ten in the different fields of theology scattered throughout the library—even de Chardin for the initiated!

Change is so much in the air that it is hard to write about it without being platitudinous; and with the torrent of literature currently cascading from the presses, who dares claim originality? Perhaps that proves the wisdom of the many students who are simply enjoying God's fresh air, instead of analysing the reasons for doing so and reading a treatise on the theology of recreation. They believe that walked sermons are better than talked ones.

* * * *

Every age produces its own crop of words to express its own ideas. Ours is no different. Some of the words that we hear so often nowadays leave me bewildered.

Theology has got a "new slant". What that means I am not quite sure, yet everyone is talking about it. Recently I heard someone talking of a new slant in the spiritual life. He mentioned that we no longer speak about the purgative, illuminative and unitive ways; instead we speak about the way of personalism, which is equivalent to the purgative way; he named the other two ways, but I did not bother to remember them—you see, I am not the type to rush from one way to another. One principle of the ascetical life comes to my defence: there is to be no forced marching in the spiritual life. When I asked my friend to explain this queer word, personalism, immediately he

spoke about invitation, encounter and response. At this stage I was becoming exasperated. No matter how he tried, he could not explain "personalism" without using a string of words utterly meaningless to me. There was one good result from this conversation—a resurrection of my dying respect for Tanqueray.

We, theologians, are really "with it". Our dogma text-book, *Christ the Sacrament*, is the essence of the new slant. My first reaction to the book was twofold—bewilderment bordering on depression at the title, and amazement at the price.

I have resolved not to use the words mystery or sacrament. What use have I? Your first reaction if I did would be: in what sense is he using them? I would only be confusing you; it's enough to be confused myself.

Today, the emphasis is on the laity taking their rightful place in the Church. Of course, we always heard that Catholics should be active members of the Church; now the stress is on becoming "involved". Involvement is needed. Gone are the days when Catholic Action was defined as "the interference of the laity in the business of the clergy." No longer do we speak about people giving good example; they must become "committed". Am I a bit too sweeping when I say that all of us have some knowledge of the meaning of these terms, but is it sufficient to justify the endless use made of them?

The terminology of preaching is changing too. I have heard a preacher speak about giving an "eschatological dimension" to one's life. I look forward to hearing some zealous young curate address his people as follows: My dear Priests . . . my dear Prophets . . . and, on the third Sunday (with the proviso that he is still in the parish) . . . my dear Kings. Preachers do not speak about obedience unless they coat it with love. Mention of obedience reminds me of a term about which an amount is being written—the concept of "freedom in the Church." It really baffles me. What is freedom? I do not know, but some say that we are all free "with freedom wherewith Christ has made us free."

(This is a deliberate misuse of the text—just to show that I have been listening in class). Recently, I was endeavouring to prepare a sermon on the Passover of the Jews—as you are aware, nobody preaches about hell or heaven or sin anymore; instead you hear about God loving us and our loving God in return. Before I had the sermon finished, I almost passed out. A pan-liturgist would probably see the Paschal character of death exemplified in my passage, or should it be, passover?

Running out of words and phrases to comment on, I turn to something else—constitutions. Until good Pope John opened that window to let some fresh air into the Church, there was no problem. If a person spoke of the Constitution, from the pronunciation of the word you could gather whether he was talking about the Irish Constitution or that of the United States. Look at the list of constitutions we have now—the Sacred Liturgy, *De Ecclesia*, Divine Revelation, the Church in the Modern World . . . are there any more?

Is there not a real danger that some, if not all of us, will end up with very bad constitutions?

PATRICK SMITH
MICHAEL RYAN

Visit to a Bullfight

WHEN holidaying in Barcelona I met an American student and both of us decided to go to a bullfight. As he had a red ticket already I managed to purchase one of the same colour, which allowed us to be in the same part of the stadium. The crowds were gathering rapidly. Outside the stadium the atmosphere is much the same as at Croke Park, except that there is much more shouting as black marketeers try to sell their last tickets. The crowds are in a frivolous mood and occasionally there is a bout of fisticuffs. Police, armed and on horseback,

keep the crowds moving. We managed after pushing and using our elbows politely to get into the stadium which has a capacity of 22,000.

At the appointed time, to a roar of applause the gates of the arena swung open and the band began the parade. The *matadores* in gold-embroidered jackets, knee breeches and with magenta cloaks on their arms walked across the sand with a swinging stride. Behind them followed their assistants dressed less grandly. Also in the parade were the *banderilleros* who were to stick darts between the shoulder-blades of the bulls, and the *picadores* who lanced the bull in the neck and made the first wound. This first opening is done from horseback. At that time I did not know that the vocal chords of the horse had been cut to prevent him from screaming if the bull attacked him. On each horse lay a quilted mat to prevent him from being wounded. Later that night a bull lifted a horse completely off his feet and turned him over. Finally the bull was dragged off the horse.

When the parade was finished, each *matador* took his bow and the arena was emptied. At a signal from the President, the door of the bull's cage was opened, and out trotted a small, black ferocious-looking bull. As he stood there something seemed to bother him—maybe it was the noise—and then he saw two men trailing red cloaks. He charges first at one and then at the other, but they both manage to escape behind the barrier. From this barrier, the *matador* is watching to see which horn the bull uses. After some nice play the *matador* finally appeared. He stood perfectly still until the charging bull was within a hair's breadth of him, and then he waved him by as if he was his best friend. Every time he executed one of these beautiful movements, a great shout came from the crowd. They were roaring "Ole!"—Well done!

The *matador* now retired and a *picador* on horseback took over. He opened the first wound with a lance. This is done to weaken the muscles of the neck and lower the bull's head. Probably the most dangerous, and yet the most interesting, move-

ment came next when the *banderilleros*, with steel tipped inch long sticks, stood on tip-toe, and as the bull charged headlong, they neatly planted two sticks in the gaping wound between the shoulder blades. This was done four times, and one stick fell out, which drew a loud roar of disapproval from the crowd.

The trumpets now sounded and the supreme moment came, at least for the bull and perhaps for the *matador*. After some beautiful movements and passes—each having a particular name—the *matador* drove home the sword to the bull's heart. The crowd shouted "Ole! Ole!" and the victor bowed to different sides of the arena.

Three mules, harnessed abreast, now galloped in to the sound of jingling bell and cracking whips. A rope was thrown around the neck of the bull, and with great ceremony the carcase was dragged away. Later, at a certain restaurant, one can have a bull-ring steak.

That night the show lasted for two hours, during which six bulls were killed. Such a night's show can cost up to £5,000. No wonder our red tickets cost a pound each.

BERNARD SOMERS

Down to Earth

EVERY day is a history-making day, but none will be as well remembered in the annals of history as Friday, 16th October. News headlines that morning were: "Khrushchev backs down. China explodes her first Bomb. Labour party elected in Britain. Pope Paul to visit India." On the home front, the ecclesiastical students of St. Kieran's had a new vocation—potato picking. Yes, as a farmer is a man outstanding in his own field, the students were now to be men out standing on the College potato fields!

Where did it all begin? An appeal was made by the President for volunteers. The

students met his challenge, as was anticipated, with a wonderful response. We were all over-anxious to participate in this novel event. There was a rush of volunteers but, due to a series of varying circumstances, I was fortunate (?) to be among the pioneer group. No previous experience was deemed necessary, so I—who hail from Dun Laoghaire—had at least this qualification.

Preparation for the day began, of all places, in the refectory—an empty sack cannot stand. Next we were supplied with a parcel which my friend told me contained “smocks”. What on earth had those got to do with potato picking? It was when the parcel was opened that I discovered what my friend had in mind. “Dungarees” my mother always called them. We were soon toggged out for the fray. If my mother could only see me now, she would think I was one of those “culchies” in town for All-Ireland day. But the farmer’s life is, as I was all too soon to find out, stick to the land and the land sticks to you.

At nine o’clock we boarded the trailer and, sitting on a carpet of superphosphate bags, we started off for the field. We sang, chatted and shouted as we passed the Callan gate. Then one of my rustic confreres began to tease me about potato-picking. He thought he was the real experienced guy at this job. He hurt me with his quip, “the towny potato picker.” I asked him how long it was since he last picked potatoes. “It’s nine years,” he said. “Yes,” I said, “you were about twelve then and that was the only time you picked potatoes. What experience have you got more than I?” It was I who had the last laugh.

We were now in the field somewhat sooner than expected but we spared no time. We took our baskets and got on with the job. It was fun at first but it soon became difficult. It was our enthusiasm which kept us going until dinner hour, but nevertheless we were progressing satisfactorily.

We returned to the farmyard for lunch. The President, when looking for volunteers, had said we would be stall-fed, but we didn’t think he meant it literally. We dined in rustic surroundings, in an atmosphere some-

what like that of Bunratty Castle, except that we were provided with cutlery.

With the call, “Time, gentlemen, please,” we got on our trailer and returned to the field. All our earlier enthusiasm had now ebbed away and we wearily and painfully trudged along collecting potatoes. “How stupid can we be?” remarked my companion. “Why?” said I. “Well, it’s all a vicious circle. We are paying that farm steward to be our boss for the day.” He had a point. The ground now seemed farther away. There seemed to be more and more potatoes and my companions were leaving a bigger stretch of the drill for me to do. For the first time I realised the hard work that is attached to farming. To cheer us up, tea was served at half past three.

Six o’clock never meant much to me before, but it meant a lot this evening. We were all tiring—my country friend included—when the bursar, escorted by two professors, arrived on the scene. They inspected the guard of honour, comprised of about fifty sacks of potatoes in line up along the field. They seemed more than pleased, but we weren’t too pleased to see them, as we had to put on an extra spurt.

That night we retired to bed early. For the next four days I realised that there were many more joints in the human body than I had hitherto imagined. It’s amazing what students are prepared to do to avoid a day’s theology! Still, we would all venture out again if we got the chance.

PATRICK COMERFORD

Student Holiday Apostolate

THE bishops of the world returned from the Vatican Council with many novel ideas for renewing the life of their flocks. The Bishop of Ossory was no exception, and one of his initiations was the Student Holiday Apostolate.

We had heard rumours of such a scheme but took little heed of them, as St. Kieran's has often been the home of unfounded rumours. However, we were proved wrong one evening in May 1965 when a notice on the green board aroused considerable interest. Information on the notice was rather scanty. It simply said: "The President will address all students residing in and adopted for the Diocese of Ossory at 5.30 this evening." Speculation mounted; rumour was about to become reality.

Canon Holohan was brief but sufficiently clear for all of us to grasp the ideas which sparked off the Holiday Apostolate Scheme. The Council had time and again referred to renewal. It spoke about reinvigorating the lives of the People of God, of the greater need than ever before for a pastoral clergy. The students of today will be the priests of tomorrow. Would we be the "pastoral clergy" of which the Council spoke? It was feared we would not. Our seminary training, being too theoretical, was not sufficiently geared towards making us pastoral priests. That type of formation was about to be changed now. No longer would it be confined to the school year, but would be extended to practical work during vacation time. Briefly the Holiday Apostolate Scheme was one of practical work to train us seminarians to sanctify ourselves today and to be better pastoral priests tomorrow.

Some general directions were specified: students were to become active members of various apostolic societies in their parishes. This involved attending the meetings and doing the work allotted to members of the societies. They were encouraged to take an active part in the liturgy, for example, by reading the Epistle at Mass, attending baptisms and weddings. Stress was laid on visitation of the poor, the old and lonely. They were advised to become catechists in the schools. The parish priest had to be consulted before any of these apostolic works could be carried out. The final general directive was to carry out works on our own initiative. At this stage may I say that students always did apostolic work during holiday time, but now it was to be on an

organised basis for Ossory students. Lastly, all students were instructed to report on the work done in St. Kieran's College at fortnightly intervals.

How did we react to this scheme? To put it mildly, we were not too happy about it. Holidays would now be no longer periods of uninterrupted freedom, but a time for putting into practice the theory learned over long and strenuous hours of study. The old stumbling-block of "what will the neighbours say?" confronted us. What qualifications have I got to set myself up as a Christian Doctrine teacher in the local school? (Yet Our Lord meant me to be a teacher when He said "Go teach all nations"). Would my parents be happy? They expect me to help out at home during vacation time to show some little gratitude for their generosity. Why should we be the pioneers of this pastoral training apostolate? These were some of our reactions to the scheme. How often had we spoken of conservative bishops . . . now *we* were being conservative.

Each of us set about the work to the best of his ability. We remembered that Christ came not to be ministered unto but to minister. If we are to be other Christs then we too must be servants of the people.

The work took many and varied forms. Societies such as St. Vincent de Paul and Legion of Mary were attended and work allotted was undertaken by students; homes of poor, lonely and old were visited; outings were organised for young and old; hospitals were visited; games were got up for the youth; religion was taught, and a host of other charitable works performed. Next came the first report on work done. The first meeting took place in the College under the chairmanship of Right Rev. Dean Lowry. Present also was an advisory panel comprised of priests and laity. Each student made a report on the work he had performed. The panel was fairly pleased and suggested other works for the students. Some of the suggestions were practical, but a few seemed less so. Exchanges between the panel and students were candid, and at the end of two hours Dean Lowry thanked all, par-

ticularly those who had spoken their minds. So students set off for their home parishes to continue the work, aided by the advice of the panel and inspired by a work done by a fellow student in another part of the diocese. The scheme was continued through the months of June, July and August with fortnightly reports.

Was the scheme useful? It was for students studying theology, but first and second year students found it a big burden and considered themselves unprepared for such work. We students became conscious of the needs of people. It put limitations on our holiday time, but nevertheless we felt that we gained more by giving than by receiving. It was seen that tact and prudence—which we did not always have—are very necessary in dealing with people. Old people have their problems, but their big need is a sympathetic and patient listener. These were some of the lessons learned from the scheme. As time went on our attitude towards it changed. We grew to like it and to realise that it could teach us much. The least attractive feature was the fortnightly reports. While we were aware that the idea of the reports was to get advice from the panel, we felt

pharisaical in making them. What was the point in performing an act of charity and then preaching it in St. Kieran's? The advice of the panel did become monotonous and boring as time went on because of its repetitious nature. Also we felt that the panel could have been more representative and present a wider cross-section of the community. Many of the things the panel recommended which seemed impractical were not in fact. All of us thought it a great laugh when one of the panel suggested baby-sitting as a work. At a later meeting one student reported baby-sitting for a couple who had been married for five years, and who were able to have their first night out together in four years. So the idea was not so ludicrous as it seemed at first.

Was the scheme successful? It was not an outstanding success. One thing it did teach us was that we can sanctify ourselves by our work as well as by spiritual exercises. The scheme was a beginning—a good beginning. Rome was not built in a day, and neither will the Holiday Apostolate be fully successful for a few years.

PADRAIG O COMARTUIN

Students' Liturgical Group

Two years ago when the Secretary of the Liturgical Commission in Rome, Father Ferdinand Antonelli, had seen the final draft of the new Constitution on Sacred Liturgy, he said: "What is needed now is that the clergy who have the care of souls should endeavour at once to enter into the spirit of the Constitution in order to communicate it subsequently to their people."

"To enter into its spirit"—that is what the S.L.G. has been working to achieve during these two years, to make this spirit of renewal in Christian life and worship a vital force in our own lives before we begin

preaching it to our people. Most of us now appreciate the benefits brought by the reforms of the Council. We see how the wonderful unity of the one Priesthood of Christ is manifested at concelebrated Masses. The meaning of our daily Mass, too, has become easier to understand since the Liturgy of the Word and the Liturgy of the Eucharist are clearly seen as two distinct parts of the one complete sacrifice, easier to distinguish since each part is performed in its own proper place and more simple to follow as the word of God is spoken to us in our working-day language. What was



Mother Bernard giving a lesson in Catechetics to the students.

dreamt of by the pioneers of the past are now realities.

Among the special activities of the Group was getting acquainted with different student groups in other colleges. Advice was given to a group of students in Douglas who were planning the formation of a Liturgical Group similar to ours. We have also kept up correspondence with past members of the Group who are now serving the Lord in many different countries. Their interesting letters and the accounts of their mission work which they send from time to time are highly appreciated by present members, who look forward to sharing soon in their noble service and work of love.

At our Sunday meetings we have had a series of talks on the Mass in its pastoral setting, and a series on the social nature of the Sacraments. A film on the Easter Vigil was shown to the student body and some

meetings were given over to film strips on the Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation and Salvation History. For many of these we are indebted to the generous help of Father Dan Collier, Diocesan Inspector and for tape recordings of Bible Services we owe a debt of thanks to Father Moley of Belfast.

The Bible Service is now a familiar form of worship in the seminary and one that is gradually becoming more appreciated by the students. Many times it has come under the hammer at our Sunday meetings chiefly because we felt that at first our Bible Service were too crammed with readings, hymns and prayers. Too many pious thoughts may lead to spiritual indigestion when there is not enough time to "chew the cud" by private prayer and reflection. But our recent Service on the Blessed Sacrament has been highly praised for its neatness and simplicity.

For "Music while you learn" our most

enjoyable lesson was given by Dr. James Brennan. He described for us the life and work of George Frederick Handel, and played excerpts from his greatest oratorio "The Messiah", demonstrating its three outstanding movements: Joy at our Saviour's coming, sorrow for His sufferings and triumph in His Resurrection.

Another enterprise of the S.L.G. has been in the field of publicity and means of communication. Here a special word of praise is due to our Notice Board Committee for their continual display of Community Leaflets. I think that when future priests of St. Kieran's are preaching on the need for proper balance between public and private worship, they will not be fully responsible for one intruding image—that of a wild goat perched on the topmost crag of a high mountain!

But like the present-day renewal in the Church of Christ, these efforts are only a beginning and the Group looks to the future with enthusiasm and welcomes the great challenge to faith, love and service which the modern Church offers to our generation.

THOMAS DAVIS
Secretary

Music Society

THE period September 1964—June 1965 saw the Music Society going through a stage of decline. No election of officers was held, and the Society could be said to have gone out of existence. In October 1965 a revival came about, and the following Committee was elected: President, John H. M. O'Sullivan; Vice-President, John McLaughlin; Secretary, Seam Quinn; Treasurer and Public Relations Officer, James P. Farrell. One student chipped in with a record player. The Society made its objective the presentation each Sunday morning of a balanced programme of Classical and Light

Classical music. Each programme was judiciously selected and was very well received. The originality of its notices became a trade mark of the Society.

On Friday, 18th February this year, a new branch was added to the Society, called the Classical Music Circle, devoted strictly to classical music and scheduled to meet for an hour on Friday evenings. To date four students have given illustrated lectures. John H. M. O'Sullivan introduced us to Johann Strauss, Sylvester O'Donnell spoke on Tchaikovsky, Francis Gilbride gave an outline of the life and music of Beethoven, and Verdi was the subject chosen by John C. A. McLaughlin. We look forward to further journeys along the mainstream of classical music.

In the past month the Society has contacted a number of foreign embassies in Dublin. The Royal Netherlands Embassy has given on loan a very attractive book on music in Holland. The British, German and French Embassies have offered the use of films from their libraries. The first of these films was shown in March.

It can be said with a certain amount of pride that the Music Society has never been in a healthier position than it is now.

Our sincere thanks are due to the Embassies for their interest and co-operation, and to the general student body for its support and encouragement.

Catholic Action Group 1964—1966

THE coming of 1965 found us at a cross-roads, but as time passed we managed to climb the hill. Our aim this time was to stage another exhibition, and we are glad to report that this has now been successfully accomplished. Our thanks to all concerned.

In connection with this exhibition, Father Peter Lemass gave a first-rate talk on

"Youth", and Mr. Joseph Kelly gave what could be termed a revealing lecture on "What people today expect from the priest." After the exhibition, a schema on "Youth" was drawn up, and we began discussing this at our weekly meeting. At present a wide variety of subjects is being discussed, e.g., Old People, The Home, with a view to our better understanding of these matters as priests.

Each year the group arranges for students to go on the holiday apostolate to England—the *Peregrinatio pro Christo*. In the past two years about twenty students participated in this work and we hope that many more will engage on it this year.

Pioneer Total Abstinence Association

THE Association reports that the number of student "Pioneers" in the College remains consistently high. A survey carried out this year revealed a membership of about 80 per cent. Father Purcell who took over directorship from Father Rhatigan, our Senior Dean, is placing himself unselfishly at the disposal of the Committee as did his predecessor.

ART APPRECIATION

MANY students will recall the Sacred Art exhibition held here in October 1962. In conjunction with that exhibition we had lectures from Father Austin Flannery, O.P., and Mr. James White (present Director of our National Gallery). The exhibition and those lectures constituted a remote preparation geared towards the cultivation of an art appreciation among students.

This year, Mairin Allen, wife of the Cork-born sculptor, Domhnall O Mhurchadha, lectured to us on 'The Liturgy and Sacred Art.' Her illustrated talk embraced sculpture, painting and stained-glass as used in the service of the Church; from the great

High Crosses of Ireland to the glorious stained-glass of Chartres, and on to the works of Michelangelo, Donatello and Leonardo . . . a magnificent series of slides, concluding with a 'tour' of Le Corbusier's Church at Ronchamps. She showed us the beautiful and she impressed on us the necessity of kindling within ourselves an appreciation of the beautiful . . . of art . . . through reading, viewing and observing.

On the student level a very definite step has been taken in an attempt to spark-off a consciousness regarding art. Postcard reproductions of the Masters, old and modern, have been obtained and each week one is exhibited on the notice board in the Reading Room, together with a short biographical note on the artist in question and a brief description of his style.

Through the International Art Club large reproductions of some of the Masters are available at extremely reasonable prices. Already, two such reproductions (19 x 24 inches) have been acquired. We have 'The Cornfield' by Constable and 'The Bridge at Moret' by Sisley on view in the meeting room. Several students have placed orders for these and similar reproductions. Any student, wishing to build up a collection of such reproductions, also has the facilities for framing the work. It is hoped that students will interest themselves in these reproductions, both the large and small . . . a good reproduction, like a good book, is an asset.

Cumann Chiaráin Naofa

TOSACH maith leath na h-oibre agus sin díreach mar a bhí sa chumann anuraidh agus i mbliana. Ba dhóchasach an rud é scata maith des na feallsúnaithe a fheiscint ag na céad chruinnithe. Lean siad ag teacht agus dá dheasca san féacfainnis cuigh an todhchaí lán de dhóchas do shaol na Chumainn.

Labhartar Gaeilge furmhór de'n ain ag na cruinnithe ach anois agus arís bíonn ar cuid

des na baill casadh ar an mBéarla. Bíonn comhrá, léachtaí, tráth na gceist, ceól, amhráin agus díospóireachtaí againn ag na cruinnithe. Bíonn díospóireacht bliantúil againn leis na mic-léinn ó'n meanscoil. Bhí na díospóireachtaí san go han-suimiúil agus greannmhar agus bhaineamar go léir an sult astu. Abhair na díospóireachtaí abea, "Is fearr bliain sa mbhreis a chur leis an mean-scolaíocht", agus "Tá meas ró-mhór in Éirinn ar dhaoine agus ar rudaí a thagann ó'n iasacht". Bhí an caighdeán go fíor árd agus bhí an bua ag na mic léinn ó'n mean-scoil, ach beidh lá eile ag an bPaorach. Ba cuma linn má cheip orainn mar chuir sé gliondar chroí orainn an Ghaeilge a cloisint chomh líofa agus a labhradh é.

Bhí léacht againn anuraidh ó'n Uasal Ó Ceallacháin agus é ag caint faoi cheol traidisiúnta na h-Éireann. Ó'n spéis a chuir na mic léinn sa léacht úd bhí sé so-fheichthe gurb é an nídh is annamh is iontach. Dá dheasca san tá sé ar aigne againn léacht a fháil ar cheann de laochra 1916 i mbliana. Bheadh sé oiriúnach agus fiúntach mar chomórach ar an mbliain stairiúil san. An dara téarma gach bhliain caithear an t-am go léir nach mór ag ullmhú i gcóir ceolchoirm fhéile Phádraig naofa—oíche mhór do'n chumann agus oíche mhór Ghaelach sa Choláiste. Ní neart go cur le chéile agus sin díreach mar a bhí sa cheolchoirm seo mar bíonn na baill uilig páirteach ann. Fé láthair tá ós cionn tríocha baill sa Chuman. Tá céiríníní nua Gaelacha agus cnusach leabhar Ghaeilge curtha ar fáil dos na mic léinn. Freisin bíonn an Choróin Mhuire á rá as Gaeilge uair sa t-seachtain.

Ba mhaith linn rath a ghuí ar obair an Athar Seán Ó Fionnlaoigh agus an Athar Liam Ó Duibhir beirt a fhágh slán linn anuraidh. Bhí an Athar Seán ar ceann de bunathóirí an cumann. Bhí sé féin agus an t-Athair Liam an fhial don chumann an fhad a bhíodar anseo. Go gcúití Dia a stór.

Sa deire gabhaimid ár mbuíochas le gach duine a chabhraigh le gluaiseacht na Gaeilge sa Choláiste anuraidh agus i mbliana. Guímíid go rachaidh an Ghaeilge ó neart go neart sa chumann agus sa Choláiste 'sna blianta atá rómhainn.

PÁDRAIG Ó COMARTÚIN

Actio In Distanis

IF a fellow waits long enough he will get results, and that was what the clerical students' touring team got last year. The season started with a trip to Douglas at Easter, to play the students of St. Patrick's Missionary Society. The game was close, the opposition tough. We won by two points. A mighty evening was then had by all, as our friends fed and entertained us. We thank all concerned in Douglas for the wonderful time.

Back in the College, preparations were made for the summer campaign. Jimmy Grace organised a match in New Ross against the Geraldines; it was a walk-over . . . for the Geraldines. Pat Comerford did likewise in Mooncoin, against the county champions, and even though no one believes us, we still say that we beat them.

Then, through the labour and sweat of W. J. Ryan—he is the wavy-haired blond student who played left full-back for the Tipp. clerics—we went to Cashel for our third encounter with Tipperary; the only encounter some appear to understand. We will not gloat over what happened there, because it might embarrass two of the brethren, Joe Quirke, who was on the team that was hit for six (sympathies, Joe) and the other, Eamonn Foley, whose brother Patsie hit our Tipp. friends where it hurt most—on the referee's score-sheet.

Before we report on the trip to the North of Ireland, let all who enjoyed it so much give "three double swings" and a big "go raibh maith agaibh"—the official language of the Rule Book—to Gerry Kelly, who did most of the organising, a fierce job which he did so well; to Paddy McWilliams, who supplied a five-star hotel and a first-class ram; and to George Murphy, who waited three hours for us in Dundalk and who was clerical enough not only to smile but to feed us on arrival.

Twenty-five left Kilkenny on July 4th, revelling in the seats of a luxury bus—some lads should be let out more often—and arrived about twelve hours later in Toome-

bridge . . . Roddy McCorley's country. The following morning, Fathers Pierce Malone and Richie Delahunty saw that our spiritual life was not neglected. Then, off to Carnlough to pick up our navigators for a trip around the Antrim coast, Fathers Oliver McStravick and Gerry Kelly. Let it be known here and now that there is no truth in half the lies you hear about Finn Mac Cool and the others. By the way, those who thought the Giant's Causeway was nothing much may have been right . . . see what befell Nelson.

That evening found us in Ballymoney, without jerseys, hurleys or hurlers to play

Lough Gill, Antrim finalists, but overcoming all obstacles—mainly due to Tom Murphy's fighting spirit—we returned to Toome with a two points victory, and happy remembrances of Northern hospitality.

Preparations for this year are in full swing: Douglas at Easter, Urlingford for the Tipp encounter, and a bigger and better trip to the North to play teams in Antrim, Down and Armagh, are certain. For those who want a hurling holiday, to see Ireland and make friends across the Border, this is too good an opportunity to miss.

PETER McENEANEY

GAMES REPORT

A SHRILL blast of the whistle, followed by a loud directive to "tog out" heralded another year of games in St. Kieran's. Due to the industry of our predecessors, "Bill McGowan & Co." and to the introduction of new and improved facilities, a very high percentage of students took part in games this year, and the over-all standard of play was excellent.

Our thanks to all concerned, players and officials alike, for providing us with exciting entertainment, with a special word of appreciation to those brave men who experienced the misfortunes of referees—Brendan Sheehy, Joe Mallon and Jim Smith. Congratulations to George Murphy for running a most successful Soccer League among the supposedly less agile—the Crocks.

The year's House Matches provided us with the usual thrills and spills. In hurling we witnessed a tremendously exciting game. The issue was in doubt to the very end,

with the House snatching an equalising goal in the last moment of a memorable game. All agreed that neither team deserved to lose. Well done, both teams, for such a wonderful display of hurling.

The football and soccer House Matches never reached the same exciting level as the hurling game; the House team conquered the "Auld Fourths" in both codes.

Thanks to Father Clinton, Father Joyce and Father Duggan for refereeing the House matches.

Hurling

The hurling league provided many a hectic moment. Eventual winners of the plaques was the team led by Jim Grace, with Oliver Deegan's team runners up.

We were delighted to have a visit from Knocktopher hurling team, who on the fol-

lowing Sunday were to become the County Junior Champions. After an entertaining match, St. Kieran's were victors by 4-10 to 5-5.

COLLEGE TEAM : T. Holohan, E. Tobin, G. O'Brien, N. Phelan, J. Egan, N. O'Brien, J. Walsh, J. Quirke, E. Foley, E. Tallent, L. Norris, J. Grace, S. Doyle, M. Hyland, P. MacEneaney. Sub. : Jim Walsh.

Football

Stephen Reilly's team defeated Vincent Brady's in the final of the Football League.

One of the highlights in football affairs during the year was the return visit from the Dublin priests' team. The game resulted in a win for St. Kieran's after an enjoyable game. We look forward to meeting the men from the metropolis again.

COLLEGE TEAM : V. McCaul, C. O'Reilly, J. Lally, J. Grace, J. Mallon (Capt.), M. Dolan, S. Lavery, A. Clerkin, J. Smith, J. Quirke, P. McWilliams, B. McAteer, S. Reilly, B. Somers, V. Brady.

Referee : Father Grace.

Soccer

There was a big following for soccer with three teams in Division I and four in Division II. In Division I final, Peter MacEneaney's team defeated George Murphy's by 2-1. In Division II (Crocks) Peter Waring played a captain's part by scoring the vital goal to give his team a 1-0 victory over Willie Davitt's team.

An exhibition game featuring the stars of the past was played on the first Sunday after the Christmas holidays. Guest players were Father Albert Fitzgerald (Brentwood) and Mr. James Cooke (*Irish Times*). We were glad to see that Albert and Jim have lost none of their old dash and skill. The game proved to be one of the most enjoyable games of the year. The result is unknown.

Basket-ball

Despite being reduced to crutches, John Keane organised a successful Basket-ball League. Ten teams battled it out for the winners' plaques. In the final, Dermot Burke's team defeated Bernard Somers's by the narrow margin of two points. Winning team : D. Burke, V. McCaul, J. Leavy, T. Holohan, M. Flynn. The referees were Michael Dolan and John Lally.

St. Kieran's had a surprising but fully merited victory over the local Green Dodgers senior basket-ball team. The final score was 38-34. The College team consisted of : D. Burke, J. Rowan, J. Keane, O. Deegan, J. Lally, V. McCaul, S. Lavery, E. Tallent, A. Clerkin.

The Dodgers, however, reversed the decision on a return visit soon afterwards.

Tennis

Work has been completed on the tennis court, with the erection of netting around the court. This adds greatly to the enjoyment of the game. At time of writing, a tennis tournament is about to be organised. It is expected to have as high a standard as last year's affair which was organised by Michael O'Donoghue, and won by Seamus Lavery (Section A) and Peter MacEneaney (Section B).

Rugby

Rugby may not have got the same following as other games, but there was always a supply of ardent fans eager to turn out in all kinds of weather conditions. Thursday evening is fast becoming known as rugby evening. The standard may not be quite classical, with two packs, led by Sean Kennedy and Sean Quinn, thundering after each other to the cry of "creel him", "flatten him", "sit on him" and suchlike invocations. No matter about the standard of play, all enjoyed themselves fully—and what else is sport for?

Golf

If any game made ground in St Kieran's this year, it was golf. The golfing bug spread like wildfire. A pitch and putt course was planned and laid down with considerable hard labour. Two golf practice nets have also been installed.



A GOLFING LESSON

The Fourth Divines were given a course of lessons by Kilkenny Golf Club professional, John McGuirke. We are deeply in his debt for his infinite patience and endeavours in steering us "down the middle". Lessons completed, rules and etiquette explained, the assault on par was ready to drive off. From mid-November onwards, pil-

grimages were made at every opportunity to the "holy ground"—the links. All took to the game like ducks to a pond; some, unfortunately, did so literally. "Mr. Par" turned out to be a stubborn customer, but of late he has been cut down to size.

The game did have its moments of frustration :

*Tom struck a ball into the air,
It fell on earth, he knew not where.
He searched and searched, but all in vain,
"What heathen nit thought up this game?"*

A warning to you Monday golfers "on the mission". Beware of the new arrival to your ranks. He may not be experienced in pastoral activities, but it will not be his first time on the golf course.

Our sincere gratitude is due to the Captain, Committee and members of Kilkenny Golf Club for their magnificent gesture in making this fine course available to us. And let us not forget the members of the professional staff who supplied transport and equipment.

Finally, our congratulations to the winners of the various games. To the rest who took part, know you have not lost anything, but gained, for sport is an effective antidote to weakness and love of ease, and it creates a sense of order and educates to self-control and self-sacrifice.

GAMES COMMITTEE

SPORTS RESULTS

1964

Victor Ludorum : LEO NORRIS

100 Yards Championship—S. Laverty, B. Sheehy, L. Norris.
 100 Yards Handicap—B. Sheehy, S. Maher, P. Malone.
 220 Yards Handicap—D. Purcell, F. Deasy, J. Egan.
 440 Yards Handicap—M. Drennan, B. McAteer, D. Burke.
 220 Yards Special—E. McEvilly, S. Reilly, V. Brady.
 880 Yards Handicap (Philosophers)—S. Laverty, N. O'Brien, J. Egan.
 880 Yards Championship—L. Norris, N. O'Brien, P. McWilliams.
 880 Yards Handicap—P. Malone, P. McWilliams, J. Egan.
 Long Jump—E. Nee, C. O'Reilly, S. Laverty.
 28 lbs. without follow—C. O'Reilly, P. Kenny.
 Shooting—P. Sands, T. Cody.
 Long Kick—B. McAteer, B. Sheehy.
 Long Puck—J. Grace, M. Drennan.
 Mile Handicap—L. Norris, P. Malone, N. O'Brien, P. McWilliams, E. Brady, T. Murphy.
 Relay Race (2nd Divinity)—L. Norris, B. Sheehy, J. Crotty, M. Hyland.
 Basket-ball—Leinster (Capt. D. Burke).
 Tennis (Singles)—Connacht : W. McGowan.
 Tennis (Doubles)—Connacht : W. McGowan and F. Carroll.
 Old Fourths Comp—B. Lawless, J. Murray.
 Other winners—J. Mallon, J. Ryan, S. Heslin, John Walsh, Jim Walsh, J. Quinn, P. J. Fitzpatrick, D. Gallagher, P. Duggan, V. Lockman, D. McGivern.

1965

Victor Ludorum : LEO NORRIS

100 Yards Championship—S. Laverty, O. Deegan, S. Maher.
 100 Yards Handicap—P. Malone, F. Deasy, D. Burke.
 100 Yards Handicap (Philosophers)—J. Egan, P. Sands, A. Clerkin.
 220 Yards Handicap—L. Norris, S. Maher, P. Sands.
 220 Yards Special—D. Purcell, S. Reilly, T. Cody.
 440 Yards Handicap—B. McAteer, O. Deegan, P. Malone.
 880 Yards Championship—L. Norris, J. Fox, A. Clerkin.
 880 Yards Handicap—D. Burke, J. Egan, P. McWilliams.
 Mile Handicap—L. Norris, P. Malone, P. McWilliams, E. McEvilly, P. O'Reilly, S. Laverty.
 Long Jump—M. Dolan, S. Laverty, J. Lally.
 Hop Step and Jump—S. Laverty, J. Ryan, J. Keane.
 28 lbs. without follow—J. Mallon, S. Kennedy, C. O'Reilly.
 12 lbs. Shot—S. Kennedy, B. McEgan, M. Dolan.
 Relay Race (3rd Divinity)—S. Maher, L. Norris, J. Crotty, M. Hyland.
 Old Fourths Race—T. Morgan, B. McPolin.
 880 Yards Handicap (Phils.)—J. Fox, J. Egan, M. Norton.
 Long Kick—M. Dolan, J. Lally.
 Long Puck—J. Grace, F. Lalor.
 Other winners—S. Quinn, J. Walsh, P. Duggan, M. Hyland, P. Dalton, P. Harte, B. McGivern, J. Kearney, P. O'Farrell, W. Davitt, J. Shryane, P. O'Reilly, V. Lockman, V. McCaul.

DRAMA

1st November 1964 :

THE YEAR OF THE HIKER

BY JOHN B. KEANE

Cast

<i>Hiker Lacy</i>	Sean Kennedy
<i>Kate</i> (his wife)	Michael O'Donoghue
<i>Freda</i> (his sister-in-law)	Oliver Mooney
<i>Joe</i> (his son)	Jim Smith
<i>Simey</i> (his son)	Brian McPolin
<i>Mary</i> (his daughter)	Eddie Tallent
<i>Dr. Willie Dolly</i>	John Naughton

Production : Father Seamus McEvoy

ORCHESTRA : Sean Maher, Francis Carroll, Michael Norton, Peter Sands, Paschal Moore,
Sean Finlay, Gerry Mulkerrin, Michael Hourigan, Francis Ferris, John Kearney.

St. Kieran's Day 1965 :

THE WINSLOW BOY

BY TERENCE RATTIGAN

Cast

<i>Ronnie Winslow</i>	Liam Tuffy
<i>Violet</i> (the maid)	Kenneth King
<i>Grace</i> (Ronnie's mother)	James P. Farrell
<i>Arthur</i> (his father)	Patrick Smith
<i>Catherine</i> (his sister)	George Murphy
<i>Dickie</i> (his brother)	Peter Sands
<i>John Watherstone</i> (Catherine's fiance)	Peter Waring
<i>Desmond Curry</i> (family solicitor)	John Fox
<i>Miss Barnes</i> (a journalist)	John McLaughlin
<i>Fred</i> (a photographer)	Edmond Phelan
<i>Sir Robert Morton, K.C.</i>	Joseph Mallon

Production : Father Seamus McEvoy

1st November 1965 :

TROUBLED BACHELORS

BY A. J. STANLEY

Cast

<i>Peter Carmody</i> (bachelor)	Sean Kennedy
<i>Jack Whelan</i> (bachelor)	Fachtna Deasy
<i>Tom Kirby</i> (bachelor)	Tim Corcoran
<i>Mary Swan</i>	Noel Hickey
<i>Daisy Walshe</i>	Tom McGovern
<i>Molly Dwyer</i>	John Coonan
<i>Joseph P. Scanlon</i> (U.C. Chairman)	Sylvester O'Donnell
<i>Cornelius Flavin</i> (U.C. Secretary)	Andy Clerkin
<i>Miss Ryan</i> (clerk)	Pat Hennessy
<i>Bartholomew Flanagan</i> (rent collector)	Joe Quirke
<i>Young Casey</i>	Jim Keane

ORCHESTRA : Frank Carroll, Paschal Moore, Sean Maher, Vincent McCaul Sean McLaughlin,
Michael Hourigan, Patrick Organ, Michael McIvor.

St. Kieran's Day 1966 :

TWELVE ANGRY MEN

BY REGINALD ROSE

(*First Amateur production in Ireland*)

Cast

<i>Guard</i>	John O'Sullivan
<i>Foreman of Jury</i>	Michael Ryan
<i>Jurors</i> :	Kenneth King, Sean Kennedy, John Keane, Vincent Brady, John Ryan, Brian McGivern, Pat Smith, Eddie Donovan, Joe Mallon, Seamus Murphy, Brian McGovern.

Production : Father Seamus McEvoy

THEATRE COMMITTEE :

Pat McWilliams, Pat Smith, Seamus Doyle, Leo Norris, Tom Murphy, Pat Comerford.

LAYSIDE REVIEW

Is it too much to hope that after so many centuries the old ideals are still quick in the heart of Irish youth, and that this year we shall get many hundred Irish boys to come forward and help us to build up a brotherhood of young Irishmen strong of limb, true and pure in tongue and heart, chivalrous, cultured in a really Irish sense, and ready to spend themselves in the service of their country?

—PADRAIG PEARSE
To the Boys of Ireland, 1914.



1916—GOLDEN JUBILEE—1966

THE anniversary of the 1916 Rising was celebrated in the College on the day appointed for all schools, Friday, April 22nd, 1966. At 9 a.m. students and staff assembled in the Glass Hall, where they were addressed by Mr. James Gibbons, T.D., Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Finance, and himself a student in the College (1938-1941). Mr. Gibbons told his hearers that they should strive to emulate the deeds and realize the ideals of 1916 by working for a better Ireland in the future.



Mr. Gibbons's address was followed by the reading of the Proclamation of the Irish Republic by James Cassin, Sen. 2a, and by the formal unveiling of a framed copy of the text by Mr. Gibbons. Students and staff then paraded to the front gate of the College and there, to the accompaniment of martial airs played by the Lay-side band under the direction of Father Clinton, the national flag was solemnly raised by Walter Freyne, Sen. 2a. After the National Anthem, all proceeded to the Cathedral for Mass celebrated by V. Rev. C. Sherin, Administrator.

IMPACT OF RISING ON KILKENNY

THE fiftieth anniversary of the Easter Rising provides an occasion for looking back through the files of the 1916 editions on one of our local newspapers, *The Kilkenny Journal*, which regrettably is now no more.

At that period the front page carried advertisements only. "Loans from £2 upwards treated in strictest confidence with special facilities for farmers" were the order of the day. Sloan's Liniment was even then relieving pain, the Kilkenny Cinema was showing "the ever popular Charlie Chaplin."

To come back to the more serious side of things, in "Notes and Jottings," April 1st, 1916, members of the National Volunteers were asked to "attend rifle and bayonet practice in the hall on Tuesday night." A route march was scheduled for the following Thursday. Signs of the times? In the same issue, Lord Aberdeen is quoted as saying: "Ireland and England have buried the political hatchet," and any attempt by an English statesman to hold up Home Rule he described as "political suicide". He couldn't have been serious!

Then on April 29th, there is a double column heading on one of the inside pages which says: "Rising in Dublin". This surely brings home how pathetically small the interest in the Rebellion was. It goes on to say that Martial Law had been proclaimed, Roger Casement arrested, and Liberty Hall shelled. The British are quoted as saying that there were adequate forces to deal with the emergency. The G.P.O. was reported to have been taken and twelve lives lost.

A note of humour appears here, which also reflects the attitude of the man in the street towards the historic event. A Dublin jeweller travelled into town that weekend from his home in the Wicklow mountains after getting uneasy as to whether his shop was locked up properly or not. He observed

the Republicans digging trenches and inquired what was going on. A grimy face peered up at him from the ground and told him that in a short time it would be extremely dangerous to be walking in the streets, as an Irish Republic had been proclaimed and there was likely to be trouble. The business man laughed heartily, and sarcastically wished the digger and "his Republic" the best of luck, thinking that it was a huge joke.

By May 3rd the Rising occupied a two-page spread in the *Kilkenny Journal*. An unconditional surrender had been proclaimed. According to the "Latest News", Countess Markievicz and Padraig Pearse were somewhere in the centre of Capel Street, Gardiner Street and Great Britain Street. A Reuter correspondent reported from his hotel bedroom that the insurrection seemed to have collapsed. He reported that the G.P.O. "is littered with bodies", and spoke of the "futile and ignominious end for the Irish Republic that had died at birth." He called the Irish a volatile people who went from the crest of patriotism to the depths of despair. Even he, who seemed to have no sympathy with the cause, remarked that these brave fighters fought so well that in his estimation it was a pity that they were not fighting for the English in the World War then raging.

In the same edition, a rumour was quoted that the plot was hatched in America by Germans. Telegrams arrived in the *Journal* office from Irish Associations in Australia, Cape Town and Montreal deploring the Rising!

On May 6th (there were two issues of the newspaper weekly then) the body of The O'Rahilly was said to have been found in Moore Lane. On May 18th obituaries of the rebels appear, together with a report of arrests in Kilkenny city. By now the ire

of the country had been raised. Much later, on August 16th in fact, Callan Board of Guardians made a strong protest about Roger Casement's execution, whose only crime was a desire to see his country free.

The purpose of Easter Week had been fulfilled. County Kilkenny, like every other

county, was buzzing from end to end with news of the executions and grave injustice that had been done by the cruel invaders. The blood sacrifice had not been in vain. There could be no stopping the Irish now!

PATRICK CURRAN

Senior 1 C.

THE GARDENING PROJECT



It all happened in Latin Class, late in September 1965. What has Latin to do with gardening, you may well ask? It is really very simple. Father Duggan had been hinting for several weeks that a number of energetic fifth year students should under-

take some kind of physical discipline—as one might say—on a considerable stretch of waste ground beside the lower walk of Fennesy's field, a territory well known to pupils, past and present. "It was an utter disgrace to humanity," and one may wonder how ten

active Leaving Cert "pass men" set about transforming this wilderness into a shrubbery.

The revolution began when the 1961-66 group inherited the coveted lower walks. These men, with their 20th century minds, not being content to leave things as they were, made a gallant and fruitful effort to make their surroundings a bit more pleasant. So, with a line-out of ten men under the aegis of Rev. John Duggan, the stage was set. Firstly an operational committee was formed with Denis Dunne as President and John O'Dwyer Vice-President.

Our first objective was to acquire as many tools as possible. After a few hours of intensive searching we came up with an interesting lot of equipment, ranging from a pick-axe to a beet sprong. A horse and cart were commandeered from the farmyard. Now we were ready for "Operation Clean-up". The rubbish was removed with the one horse power machine expertly handled by Paddy Brennan. After cleaning the site we dug a series of large holes to accommodate the shrubs. In this department Donal Hughes, Matty Ryan and John Joe Ryan showed their agricultural experience to full effect. Then, what about the shrubs? Well

Father Duggan had, as we say, struck a gold mine, this time in Freshford. Through the generosity of Father Holohan, St Mary's, we were granted permission to unearth as many shrubs as we should need from his former residence in Freshford. On October 6th our troop of gardeners invaded this tidy northern town, armed with every description of evil looking tools, and an adequate consignment of football boots. Here, under a hot sun quite a lot of energy was expended.

As Caesar might say, foremost among these operations were Benny O'Shea and Philip Walsh. With the rest of the gang they unearthed two trailer loads of arboreous mat-

erial in only two hours. Refreshments were then served, and we need not comment on the excellent way in which Father Duggan looked after that situation. At this juncture we must pay tribute to our lay teachers for their fortitude in entrusting us with valuable gardening equipment. Our thanks also to Kieran Dooley, a past pupil from Freshford who in these needy circumstances was willing to transport a trailer load of shrubs to the College.

That evening we planted while the sun gave light, and even when it failed, Father Duggan relieved the situation by providing flood-lighting from two powerful Volkswagen head-lamps. Thus the shrubs went down.

The weeks following saw our little group tending to their cares and anxiously watching for failures, but all the shrubs grew strong and vigorous. Then the idea of a rockery was conceived, and with suitable stones from around the College three elegant rockeries took shape. These were executed by decoration men, Sean and Donie Walsh. Many additional contributions for our garden were generously supplied by Rev. T. Maher, the Sisters of Seville Lodge, and the College gardener, Mr. Jim Dwyer.

It is sincerely hoped that future generations of students will keep this little project in cultivation, and particularly that some of the not so-brilliant boys may be reminded that we too were once in the same boat, and that if the talents of learning may be out of reach, God has provided us with talents in some other field.

If you are a present pupil, or a future pupil, you can look forward to being a Fifth Year and playing your part in keeping fresh this monument to past endeavours. If you are a past pupil, why not drop in some time and enjoy the surroundings?

DENIS DUNNE
SEAN WALSH



QUIZ TEAM FACING TV CAMERAS

Fergus Farrell, Brian O'Neill, Justin Waldron.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

THE Fourth Year Debating Society was formed mainly to improve the standard of public speaking among the fourth years, because of its importance in after life, in interviews, etc. In 1965, Father Delaney took charge of the Society, and a committee consisting of P. Brennan, F. Farrell, T. Dwane and S. Walsh was chosen to assist him in the work. The debates, which lasted two hours, were held once a month. Usually two teams were chosen to debate the motion which was then thrown to the floor for discussion. The debates proved lively and interesting and very enjoyable for all. A de-

bating team of Sean Walsh, Brian O'Neill and William Tobin was selected to represent the College in the Muintir na Tire debating contest. They were eliminated, however, in the first round by Brigidine Convent, Mount-rath.

On one night, instead of a debate, a quiz was held in which teams from fifth, fourth, third and second years took part. As might be expected, the fifth years won, with the second years a surprising runners-up. On the form shown in the quiz, a team of Brian O'Neill, Justin Waldron and Fergus Farrell was chosen to represent the College on the

Telefis Eireann Saturday evening programme "Mark Time". They did extremely well, beating Sacred Heart Convent, Mount Anville, Dublin by a narrow margin.

This year Fr. Delaney again took charge of the Debating Society, and his assistants were Robert Wemyss, Sean Cassin and Dan Cavanagh. Again, also, two hours per month were allotted, but instead of lasting for two

Loreto and Presentation Convents, and we must agree that the visitors have added greatly to our enjoyment.

This year also a quiz was held between the fifth and fourth years, which the seniors won rather easily. The contest provided a team of Fergus Farrell, John Norris, John Stapleton and Daniel Cavanagh to take part in the Junior Chamber of Commerce quiz.



Winners of All-Ireland Question Time organised by Junior Chamber of Commerce, 1965:
John Stapleton, Fergus Farrell, John Norris, Dan Cavanagh.

hours every four weeks, the debate was held for one hour on alternate Sunday nights. The debates have been as usual brisk and entertaining, and we think the idea of changing to one every fortnight has been a splendid one. However, people in general, and fourth year students in particular, become very tired of hearing the same people all the time, so Father Delaney decided to invite some teams from the neighbouring schools to debate. So far, we have had girls from

After a close win over Convent of Mercy, Callan in the first round, the team proceeded to beat Presentation Convent, Kilkenny in the county semi-final, and Kilkenny College in the final. In a thrilling contest they beat a team from Wexford in the semi-final, and Presentation Convent, Drogheda in the Leinster final. On Sunday, 20th March they won the All-Ireland in Dublin in which teams from all four provinces took part. They won by twelve marks, St. Joseph's

College, Galway coming second and St. Macarten's, Monaghan, third.

The members of this winning team, Fergus Farrell, John Norris and John Stapleton competed in "Mark Time" television programme, and were again victorious, beating Sacred Heart Convent, Roscrea. The individual

award for the best contestant went to Fergus Farrell.

So it was a brilliantly successful year for the quiz team, and some of the reflected glory shines on the Debating Society, which was originally responsible for the whole idea.

DRAMA

It would appear that dramatic productions from the lay side in the past few years aimed at quality rather than quantity; for though the students took the stage only twice, both productions were of a very creditable standard. An idea which took shape in the minds of John J. Ryan and Sean Walsh culminated in a variety concert on December 8th, 1964. The boys equipped themselves with two sketches by Frank Law of Ballyhale, enlisted the help of Father O'Connor, Mr. Joseph Mallon and James Cassin, and proceeded to produce on stage a concert worthy of the name.

First came "When a Servant is Civil", an opening one-act comedy which put the audience in the mood to enjoy the rest of the evening's fare. Sean Walsh as Jack Duggan, Fergus Farrell as Bart Kennedy, and Sean Cassin as Mrs. Murphy gave outstanding performances, and a song by Denis Dunne was very well received.

The followed the choir conducted by James Cassin. Noel McCann and Joseph Moylan, as bride and groom, sang "I'm getting married in the morning", "The Wedding" and "Side by Side", with support from the choir. Times were changin' fast, as Denis O'Shea sang his solo. A change of tempo followed as "The Actives" took the stage, followed by Dermot Buckley's version of "The Lad from Tangmalangmaloo", and two songs from Gerry Gleeson. The conductor now took up his baton to take the

College band through a miscellany of old-time favourites. A ballad selection followed from "The Chancy Cousins and Tommy Makeshift", with Matthew Ryan on mandolin, and Denis O'Shea, Oliver Murphy, Patrick Grey and Walter Freyne on vocals. Next the "Three Crows", Joe Minogue, Maurice Burris and Michael O'Shea took the stage, Maurice giving a very fine rendition of "Donald, where's your trousers?" Richard Prendergast, Joseph Moylan and Thomas Nolan marched in kilts to the strains of "Keep Right on to the End of the Road", bringing the choir's second contribution to a close.

The final item of the evening was "Seconds Out", another of Frank Law's one act comedies. John Stapleton was very effective in a double role as a keen reporter and versatile boxer, especially when his prize was Maureen Slattery (Richard O'Farrell). He had a progressive manager in Brainy Thompson (Tom Phelan) who knew all about boxing so long as he didn't have to do any himself. His capable seconds, Budgie O'Toole (Liam Maher) and Mickser Murphy (Owen Conway) kept the audience informed of events off stage, and Brian O'Neill gave an excellent portrayal of a sophisticated G.P.

Thanks for an excellent night's enjoyment must go to Sean Walsh and John J. Ryan, originators of the idea, to the versatile actors, to Father O'Connor, Mr. Mallon,



"THE MUMMY AND THE MUMPS"

Front: John Meagher, Pierce Grace, Sean P. Cassin, John Collier, Maurice Burris.
Back: Andy Dineen, Eddie O'Sullivan, James Cassin, Paddy Brennan, Ger Walsh.

James Cassin and to all those who helped in this most successful production.

A full year passed before the curtain rose again on layside drama. On this occasion it was "The Mummy and the Mumps", a three-act romp by Larry E. Johnson, which held all in laughter from its opening lines. Sean Cassin, as Agatha Laidlaw, was the dignified principal of a *most* exclusive school, who had three very demure pupils in Maud Mullen (John Collier), Dulcie Dumble (Maurice Burris) and Anna Hampton (John Meagher). Andrew Dineen as Racker gave the most amusing performance of the night, while Paddy Brennan and Edward O'Sullivan portrayed two gentlemen of leisure who admirably rose to the occasion when the

ladies appeared. Jim Cassin as Sir Hector Fish showed himself a very dignified archaeologist who discovered a new interest. Pierce Grace as Phoebe Beebe was a very diligent reporter, and Gerard Walsh as the sheriff made sure he got his man, though at times he was hard put to know who his man was.

Bouquets for this production go to Father Duggan for his fastly-moving direction, to Father Clinton, to Sergeant Brophy and the orchestra who entertained us during the intervals, and to the many others, unseen and unknown, who helped to make the occasion the great success it proved to be.

PATRICK LONERGAN
Senior 2 A

DIOSPOIREACHT GAEILGE

Le h-imeacht an athar Uí Dhorcaí, cheap a lán daoine go raibh deireadh leis an bhfoireann díospóireachta Gaeilge sa choláiste, ach ní mar a síltear a bítear agus b'é Pádraig Ó Chomartúin, ábhar sagairt, a chrutaigh firinne an tsean fhocail sin. Bhí seisean ar an bhfoireann díospóireachta tráth nuair a bhí sé ina mhacléinn sa choláiste agus is eisean a thóg áit an athar Uí Dhorcaí. Thug sé a lán dá am saor don fhoireann agus tá gach éinne buíoch de as ucht na sár oibre a rinne sé ó tháinig sé chugainn i gceannas na fóirne.

An bhliain seo chaite bhí beirt as an gcúigiú bhliain, Proinsias de Paor agus Diarmaid Ó Buachalla, agus beirt as an gceathrú bhliain, Pádraig Mac Coisdealbha agus Feargas Ó Fearghail, ar an bhfoireann díospóireachta. Bhí a lán cleachtaí acu eatarthu féin agus bhí cleachtaí acu leis na h-ábhair sagart, clochar Loreto agus clochar na Toirbhirte roimh an chéad bhabhta díospóireachta Ghael-Linn.

I gclochar Naomh Leo i gCeatharlach i gcoinne na gcaillíní ann agus na cailíní ó Tulach a bhí an chéad bhabhta. An rún a tugadh ná "Is fearr deachtóireacht ná daonlathas" agus bhí sé an-shuimiúil. Bhuaigh foireann an choláiste an oíche sin agus tar éis breis cleachtadh bhuaileadar le coláiste na Dea Comhairle, Ros Mhic Treoin, i Ros Mhic Treoin, sa dara bhabhta. Díospóireacht leath cheannais Laighean a bhí anso agus b'é an rún a tugadh ná "An Ceart cuireadh a thabhairt do Uachtarán na Rúise agus do Bhanríon Shasana teacht go h-Éirinn?". Bhuaigh coláiste na Dea Chomhairle ar fhoireann an Choláiste an oíche sin agus b'shin deire na slí don fhoireann don bhliain sin.

I mbliana, bhí Pádraig Ó Chomartúin arís i bhfeighil na fóirne agus i mbliana chómh maith toghadh cúigear—ceathrar ar an bhfoireann agus fear ionad. Ar aon nós b'iad baill na fóirne ná Pádraig Mac Coisdealbha, Pádraig Ó Brúdair agus Feargas Ó Fearghail as an gcúigiú bhliain, agus Seán Mac an Ghaill agus Micheál Ó Dubhsláine as an gceathrú bhliain.

Tosach maith leath na hoibre deirtear, agus tré sciath na feise, i gcomórtas díospóireachta feis Chille Chainnigh, a bhuachan, fuair an fhoireann tosach maith don bhliain. Ghnóthaigh Pádraig Mac Coisdealbha an duais don chainteóir ab fhearr. Bhuadar ar Chlochar na Toirbhirte agus Bráithre Críostaí Chille Choinnigh sa chomórtas sin.

Ní raibh an chéad bhabhta i gcomórtas Ghael-Linn acu go dtí an fichiú lá d'Eanair agus i nDroichead Góir a bhí sé i gcoinne Clochar na Toirbhirte, Cill Choinnigh, agus na cailíní ó Droichead Góir féin. B'é an rún a fuarthas ná "Da mbeadh an Píarsach beo inniu bhéadh náire air". Ligeadh Clochar na Toirbirte, Cill Choinnigh, agus foireann an choláiste ar aghaidh don dara bhabhta.

Roimh an chéad bhabhta bhí cleactaí acu le Coláiste na Dea Comhairle Ros Mhic Treoin agus Clochar na Toirbirte, Cill Choinnigh, agus eatarthu féin, ar ndóigh. Bhí cleachtadh acu leis na hábair sagairt mar bhuaigh na mic léinn agus lena chois sin bhí díospóireacht acu le Clochair Loreto thíos sa Metropole le linn cúrsa a bhí á stiuradh ag Conradh na Gaeilge.

I Ros Cré a bhí an dara bhabhta ar an aonú lá is fice de mhí Feabhra i gcoinne Chlochar Loreto, Cill Choinnigh agus Choláiste Naomh Seosamh, Ros Cré. "Sé seo ré

St. Mary's, Galway. To suggest that these could be dismissed in one sentence would be as unkind as it would be untrue. In fact, it took a most strenuous hour's play to place each in the vanquished category; even in one case—that of Belcamp—it was only in the closing minutes of a replayed game at Athy that victory was achieved. It was a beautifully taken goal by Frank Power which changed apparent defeat into victory. "So we lived," as many thought, "to die another day."

The general opinion of team and followers after the Belcamp marathon was that without great improvement the team would not go far. This impression was to a great extent responsible for the subsequent success. The team, led by Tommy Nolan, decided that because it was thought impossible they would endeavour their utmost to achieve victory. Clear evidence of this appeared when "jerseyed fools" were seen doing rounds of Fennessy's even while the "wise ones" slept their peaceful sleep, as yet unbroken by the sound of the rising bell. This spontaneous gesture of determination was most gratifying. It meant that the team was inspired with a will to win and a preparedness to translate that will into action.

St. Peter's, with a good proportion of the team that had ended our hopes the previous year, were hoping to succeed where others had narrowly failed. The game was played in Carlow on March 11th. It was another thrilling game whose fortunes could have gone either way. As in the Belcamp game, it did seem that defeat was our lot when a goal to St. Peter's in the last two minutes gave them the lead for the first time. Yet almost immediately a like score restored the balance in our favour and we survived by withstanding severe pressure in the dying moments of the game. The lasting memory of this game was the ease with which Richie Teehan repeated grabbed the ball from the air during the second half and sent long, raking drives down to our eager forwards. So far, the team had given us many anxious moments, but they had now also given back to us the Leinster Senior Cup.

Next outing was against St. Mary's, Gal-

way. The Western men were unknown to us, but rumour said they would give stiff opposition to any team. This we found to be very true at Croke Park on May 2nd. All the heartaches and fears of defeat were packed into yet another thrilling hour. Had the finish of St. Mary's forwards been on a par with their outfield play and approach work, then St. Kieran's would probably have even more reason to remember St. Mary's. The game provided some very fine hurling. Our forwards, particularly Frank Power, were really good—and they needed to be. Tom Holohan showed a return to his true form that day. After sixty thrilling minutes, the score was: St. Kieran's 5-8; St. Mary's 5-7.

After an interval of three years we were once more into the All-Ireland final. For the first time we were meeting Limerick C.B.S. Reigning All-Ireland champions, they were aiming for that two-in-a-row which had yet to be won by any college. Making our way to Clonmel on May 16th, many of us were mindful of the day in the previous October when we had played St. Flannan's there for the Hamilton Cup. Kieran's won only because they were not quite as poor as Flannan's. Those associated with both teams that day agreed that there was little hope that either would contest the All-Ireland. This was a sobering, yet consoling, thought for us as we sallied forth to do battle against the unknown but reputedly very powerful Limerick team. The day was very wet; rain fell almost for the entire duration of the game.

Limerick opened up in whirlwind fashion, scoring three goals within six minutes. A massacre seemed in store for us. Imagine the elation when half-time found us nine points up on Limerick, and about to get the advantage of wind and rain. The second half hour was not the formality it might have been supposed, although Limerick never came nearer than five points of us. The utter abandon with which their forwards threw themselves into the repeated onslaughts for goals made us keep on wondering "will the backs hold out?" With big, powerful backs in Eddie Tobin, Vincent



SENIOR HURLING TEAM

Front Row: M. Brennan, T. Phelan, O. Conway, F. Farrell, P. Walsh, P. Dunne, P. Alley.
Middle Row: D. Dunne, M. Moore, W. Freyne, S. Reidy, D. Healy, B. Morrissey, T. Hogan.
Back Row: J. Stapleton, E. O'Sullivan, S. Walsh, D. Prendergast, M. Delaney, J. J. Ryan,
 E. O'Keeffe, T. Dwane.

McNamee and John Maher challenging every effort towards goal with an abandon delightful to watch, all efforts failed. The real victory sign went up when after a sustained attack on our goal which seemed must yield, the ball was scrambled out to the forty yards mark where the unmarked Richie Prendergast collected to send a prodigious drive over the bar for a further point. This signalled the end for Limerick and heralded much jubilation for St. Kieran's.

Each man played his part to the full in that game. Victory was not due to any extraordinary display by one or a few, but to the supreme excellence of a well-tuned team, and so we name the entire fifteen: Michael

Moore, Eddie Tobin, Vincent McNamee, John Maher, Richie Teehan, Michael Cody, Pat Alley, Ber. Butler, Tommy Nolan (capt.), Frank Power, Richie Prendergast, Tom Holohan, Seamus Purcell, David Freyne, Michael Delaney.

The report on the efforts of the Junior team can be brief and factual—defeat by St. Peter's at New Ross by the handsome margin of 19 points. This was the pathetic start to the hurling campaign of 1965. Its memory is crowded out by the subsequent success of the Seniors.

And so to the Juveniles (Under 15). They scored four facile victories over Kilkenny C.B.S., Ballyfin, Portlaoise and Enniscorthy. Portlaoise gave them the closest run, score

8-6 to O-4! Fully confident, they then entered the final against O'Connell's Schools, Dublin. To everybody's amazement we were well beaten by a team which looked so good that they might even have given our Junior team a close call. However there was satisfaction in seeing a Dublin team winning and their many years of devoted effort to the game rewarded.

It was after this game that I learned that Dublin would have a good minor team for the 1965 minor championship. How good they really were, Kilkenny and every other team in Ireland were soon to find out as they hurled their way brilliantly to a minor All-Ireland.

From every point of view 1965 was a thoroughly satisfying year. Cups had been won at the highest level. Defeats had been taken in the proper spirit. Supporters had moments of fear, hope, dejection and elation, yet everybody was quite happy in the end. It is congratulations then to all concerned, with a special bouquet to Tom Murphy who worked so hard and so unremittingly preparing the teams for their games.

It is somewhat unfortunate that the personnel who become All-Ireland champions rarely get the chance to wear that mantle. The final is won towards the end of the year, and next year very many of that team have probably departed, so the school team that holds the title, All-Ireland champions, for the following year, may not in fact be such. St. Kieran's was very much a team in point this year. Of the fifteen players who won the title in 1965, only three and one substitute were back in the College in 1966. Nevertheless, the new team carried that borrowed title with great distinction, and gave a thoroughly good account of themselves until faced again with Limerick C.B.S. at Nenagh on April 24th last.

Here let it be said the battle was unequal; although obviously outclassed, the team played with distinction. They were in the lead for most of the first half, if not marginally. A goal to Limerick before half-time put them in front by two points at the interval, 2-4 to 1-5. At this stage, however, the result was inevitable. All credit to St.

Kieran's who outthured Limerick even for quite long spells in the second period, and had conditions been less unkind, they would certainly have scored more in this period. However, it was Limerick's turn for the thrill of victory this year. Score: Limerick 8-9; St. Kieran's 3-9. Congratulations to Limerick on their second success in three years. They were obviously determined that nothing would prevent them from holding the Hogan Cup for the memorable year 1966.

The defeated team at Nenagh was Michael Moore, Dermot Healy, John Stapleton, Pat Alley, Brendan Morrissey, Eddie O'Sullivan, David Prendergast, Tom Hogan, Tom Phelan, Fergus Farrell, Pat Dunne, John Joe Ryan, John Walshe, Michael Delaney.

To reach the All-Ireland semi-final, this team had beaten Ballyfin, Roscrea and St. Peter's. In these three games excitement was not lacking and St. Kieran's seemed to improve from match to match. Against Ballyfin they were not impressive, although winning by seven points. Roscrea provided lively opposition into the closing stages, when they went down heavily by 3-10 to 1-3. This victory set the stage for the highlight of recent colleges hurling in Leinster, St. Kieran's versus St. Peter's.

St. Peter's was considered to have a very good team this year. A nineteen points victory for them in Junior last season, together with the fact that a big number of the seniors were back again made us apprehensive. Needless so, for they were not able to match our team when they met in Carlow on March 13th. The decisive factor was the playing of bespectacled Eddie O'Sullivan at left-half-back. He repeatedly foiled St. Peter's efforts at advancing into our territory. A mere four points lead at half-time, having had the wind in our favour, made ultimate victory doubtful, but the team set about holding on to that lead with such grim determination that St. Peter's efforts to dislodge us could not succeed. Our forwards in particular stepped up on their first half to an amazing degree, and the final whistle found us eight points ahead.

We have already told the story of the



LEINSTER JUNIOR CHAMPIONS

Front Row: Paul Kinsella, Martin Maher, Sean Reidy, Brendan Morrissey, Pat Alley, Pat Kavanagh, Tommy Phelan.

Middle Row: Gerry McCarthy, Anthony Deegan, Noel McCann, Larry Kinsella, George Walsh, Dermot Broderick.

Back Row: John Stapleton, David Prendergast, Michael Moore, Paddy Dunne, Paddy Raleigh, Eamonn O'Keeffe, Joseph Brennan.

semi-final against Limerick. Our defeat there in no way detracts from a very fine performance in retaining the Leinster Senior Cup. I might add that in the past a severe defeat inflicted on St. Kieran's was a debt not long left unpaid. It will not surprise me if, with many of this year's team available next season, the debt is paid in full.

The Junior team is going well in the 1966 campaign. At time of writing, they have reached the Leinster final by way of victories over Roscrea (4-5 to 3-4) and St. Peter's (5-8 to 2-3). Having a strong blend of seniors on the side, they may succeed in replacing the Hogan Cup with the Leinster Junior, a poor exchange perhaps, but at least an augury for the future.

Humility, if nothing else, compels us to

relate the fortunes of our most recent attempt at the "big ball" stuff. A juvenile team played Knockbeg at Muinebeag. The score was 11-13 to nil! We threatened to score in the opening seconds, but thereafter the flow of fortune went monotonously against us. Many a domestic reputation for valour and skill went the way of Nelson that afternoon in Muinebeag!

The Junior football team fared better, scoring an easy win over Good Counsel, New Ross only to be beaten narrowly by Carlow C.B.S. The team showed accomplished players in Tom Brophy, Pat Alley and Brendan Morrissey, and also playing to effect were Michael Moore and Eamonn O'Keeffe.

As yet the Juvenile hurlers for 1966 have not taken the field, and this competition

will have to be run to a very tight schedule if it is to be finished in the remaining few weeks.

Next year it is hoped that the Cup teams will be able to train on the newly laid pitch behind the big study hall. This full-sized pitch will be a great asset to games in the College. Some of us would leave the "holy ground" of Fennessy's—scene of such rewarding endeavour in the past—with a sense of regret, even in exchange for the incomparably better facilities of the new pitch and pavilion now under construction.

Writing this report has evoked many pleasant memories. To the boys who made those memories we say "Well done, and

thank you." We hope that as men you will provide additional happy memories by continuing to play the game with the same skill and enthusiasm with which you played it during your college days.

T. MAHER (REV.)

POST—SCRIPT :—

Result of Leinster Colleges' Junior Hurling Final played on 22nd May, 1966 :

St. Kieran's	2-4
O'Connell's Schools	1-5

A BALLAD OF VICTORY

The burning question of the day—that day in Clonmel town—
 "Can anybody tell me will St. Kieran's win the crown?"
 The bets were on, the match began, excitement gripped us all,
 And the earth beneath us trembled when the ref. threw in the ball.

Right from the start Limerick attacked, but we looked on serene,
 Till a shot by Grimes between the lines sent up the flag of green;
 Another goal soon after that, our faces turned pale,
 And those along the sideline said, "The Kieran's boys will fail!"

The ball in play, they break away, it's Limerick who attack,
 But the storm is safely weathered by our goalie and full-back.
 Each time they tried to pierce our lines, but glorious 'twas to see
 The hurling brand of that trio grand, Maher, Tobin and McNamee.

From that until the interval, the game became a rout;
 St. Kieran's led at half-time by six points or thereabout.
 And as they took the field again the second half to play
 The tale for all was on the wall—Kieran's would win the day.

A verse for Michael Cody, a truly great half-back;
 Another for Dick Pender who led out star attack;
 And here's to young Pat Alley and brave Michael in the goal.
 We'll never once be beaten while we've heroes such as those.

Three cheers for Tommy Nolan and Bernard Butler too,
 This gallant pair at centrefield gave everything they knew.
 And when the battle fiercely raged, a hurler grand was seen—
 Yes, yes, it was our left half-back, the brave and staunch Dick Teehan.

And now to dashing Francis Power — who can forget his play?
He showed us all control of ball on this auspicious day.
While on the mark was Freyne, Dave, of Nicky Rackard stock;
The Limerick boys tried every trick but Dave they could not block.

Hats off to young Delaney and Brendan Morrissey,
A great deal of these gallant youths we surely more will see.
And here's to Seamus Purcell who hurled in grand style.
While Holohan, Tom, was oft compared to the peerless Jimmy Doyle.

So now I have concluded — what more have I to do?
A thousand thanks to Father Maher and Tommy Murphy too,
For when the going was rather tough, the boys they egged on more,
And that is why on All-Ireland day we had a winning score.

When these young men the College leave their part in life to play,
Here's wishing them sweet victory whatever be the fray.
We'll think of them, these hurlers brave, who kept our hopes alive,
And gave us our greatest sporting thrill of 1965.

BRENDAN SHEEHY

IMMORTALS VERSUS INTELLECTUALS

BY MICHAEL HENNESSY

ON a visit to St. Kieran's recently, I took a quiet stroll through the glass hall, had a quick look into the dusty, familiar class halls, and as I ambled through the grounds, a host of memories came flooding back. It is perhaps longer than I care to remember since my first painful introduction to Alpha, beta, gamma, delta. Years seemed mere days away as I recalled faces and names, even nicknames—my own included—of former companions. Incidents came to mind, some good, others not so good, but one stood out in my memory above all others. That was the famous hurling contest between the Immortals and the Intellectuals, way back in the early Thirties.

In those remote days, the Scholarship lads in Inter IV viewed with a sort of intellectual snobbery the "might get there with a modest forty percent" bunch in Inter III. House exams put Inter IV way out in front, and Inter III lagging behind. On one occasion when the Inter III results were particularly bad, the revered President, Canon Staunton, later to become Bishop of Ferns, told us in Inter III, that unless we passed our exams, we would "never leave Inter III. It would become immortal."

We pounced on the name as a badge of honour, and issued a challenge to Inter IV that if we couldn't beat them intellectually, we'd beat them with brawn on the hurling

field: The challenge was accepted, as the bulk of Inter IV were cup team men, and they thought they would give us a lesson in hurling as well.

A faded and fading snap of the Immortals team which I found at home brings back to mind the names of the players, some of whom are now carrying on the great St. Kieran's missionary tradition. The team to the best of my knowledge was : Jim Langton, Joe Bollard, Phelim Delaney (R.I.P.), Joe Fogarty, (Rev.) Kieran Kehoe, (Rev.) D. Carroll, (Rev.) Vincent Sheehan, (Rev.) R. Healy, Mick Hennessy, Paddy McCabe, Paddy O'Keffe, Mick Meagher, Ned Power, (Rev.) M. Gargan, Billy Bowe, Paddy Delaney (R.I.P.) and Peter Lalor. Nicknames begin to surface from the subconscious also : Doc, Squire, Pi, Growler, Gar, Peata Garsun. Those who owned them one time may recognise them now.

The names of the Intellectuals prove more evasive. Some of them were (Rev.) G. O'Sullivan, (Rev.) T. Marnell, (Rev.) M. Brennan, Paddy Purcell, Billy Carew, (Rev.) P. Dooley (R.I.P.), Jimmy Wallace, (Rev.) J. Murphy, Billy Galavan, (Rev.) J. Moran, (Rev.) J. Carroll. Of that team, the solitary nickname that leaves an echo is Siki.

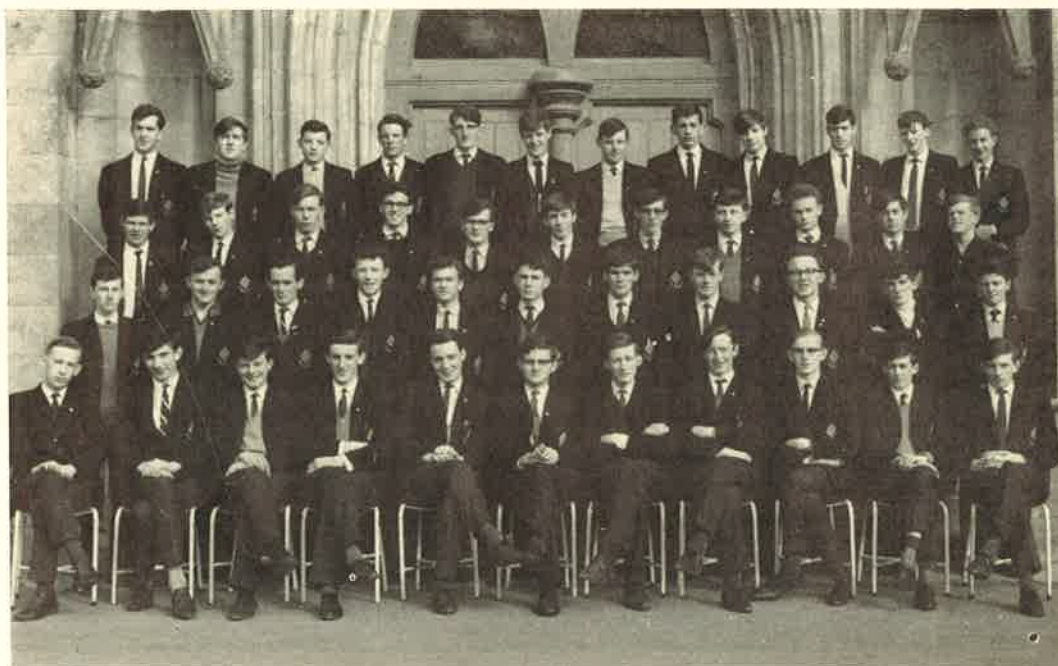
We played two unforgettable games. The Immortals won the first and were challenged to a replay, which indeed turned out to be a bloody battle in more senses than one. It was a real hammer-and-tongs effort, with no quarter given and none taken. So much interest was aroused that even the "pros"

gave up their Wednesday golf to watch, while the "cleesies" crowded the study hall windows overlooking the alley field.

Near the end of a tough, hard-fought game, the Immortals were leading when a high ball came soaring down towards their goal at the walk end. I was in goal for the Immortals, and as the backs crowded back, the Intellectuals made a do or die effort to snatch the lead. Down came the ball, and with it Paddy Dooley, full forward for the cup team, swinging his hurley over his head. There was a mad scramble near the square, and all I can recall is stopping a low shot, but before I had time to clear, ball and I were sent spinning into the wire netting and almost out on the walk. The Intellectuals had scored the winning goal, which we promptly disputed, but umpire John Henneberry waved a goal, and almost immediately after the puck out, when a row had started, referee Rev. Gerry Boland, a prefect, blew the final whistle.

The match almost ended in a free for all and a welter of hard feelings. We issued a challenge for a decider, which was never played as the powers that be ruled otherwise.

Recently I met one of the Intellectuals and we talked about the match, and even today, almost thirty years later, the last goal is still disputed. The Intellectuals and Immortals afterwards forgot their differences, joined forces in the Colleges championship, and between them brought another senior cup back to St. Kieran's.



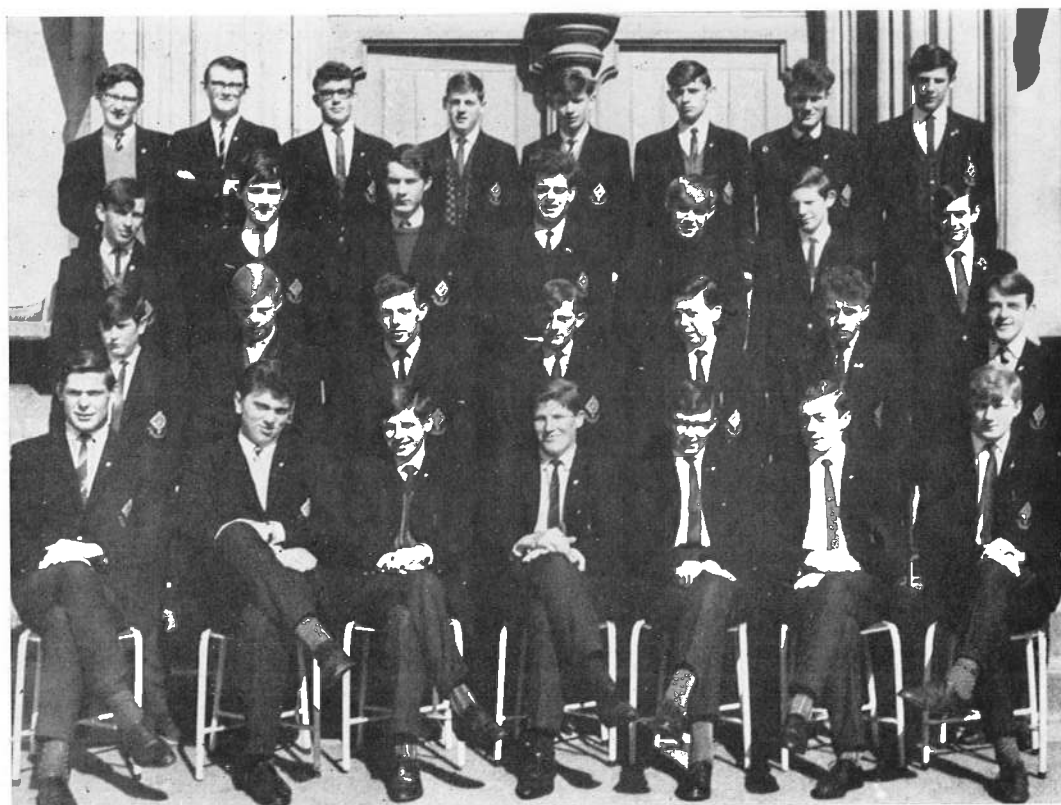
FIFTH YEAR

Front Row (l. to r.): J. Neary (Connolly St.), P. Costello (New St.), P. Brennan (Castlecomer), O. Conway (Mullinavat), N. Freyne (Mullinavat), J. Cassin (Thomastown), A. Dineen (Killarney), J. J. Ryan (The Rower), J. Norris (Knocktopher), E. Meagher (Freshford), T. Dwane (Freshford).

Second Row (l. to r.): P. Broderick (Johnstown), P. Walsh (Piltown), J. Bolger (Ballacolla), J. Bergin (Jail Road), W. Free (Jail Road), E. O'Keeffe (Stoneyford), M. Ryan (Callan), M. Brennan (Piltown), J. Looby (Johnstown), T. Phelan (Pike-of-Rushall), D. Healy (Conahy).

Third Row (l. to r.): B. O'Shea (Windgap), R. Holohan (Knocktopher), C. Delaney (Glashare), E. O'Sullivan (Piltown), L. Walsh (Thomastown), G. Walsh (Lismatigue), F. Farrell (Johnstown), D. Bollard (St. Kieran's St.), E. O'Sullivan (Clara), P. Nolan (Bagenalstown), P. Lonergan (Tipperary).

Back Row (l. to r.): M. Downey (Conahy), P. Deegan (Castle Gardens), P. Butler (Lismatigue), G. Walsh (Kilcready), J. O'Dwyer (Urlingford), D. Dunne (Gathabawn), J. Sheehan (Ennisnag), J. Robinson (Assumption Place), J. Doherty (Parliament St.), D. Hughes (Woodsgift), J. Wallace (Windgap), E. Harrington (Kilmoganny).



FOURTH YEAR (1)

Front Row (l. to r.): J. Cummins (Floodhall), J. Dollard (Assumption Place), W. Dalton (Mullinavat), W. Cassin (Inistioge), J. Delaney (Ballyragget), J. Clifford (Ballinakill), M. Delaney (Camross).

Second Row (l. to r.): A. Crotty (Archer's Mount), S. Cassin (Ballygearda), P. Gray (John St.), E. Delaney (Patrick St.), S. Downey (Castlecomer), L. Dowling (Galmoy), S. Clohosey (Urlingford).

Third Row (l. to r.): J. Brennan (Walkin St), L. Farrell (Johnstown), J. Delehanty (Keatingstown), P. Dunne (Ballyragget), A. Deegan (Rialto), D. Gray (John St.), A. Dillon (Cuffesgrange).

Fourth Row (l. to r.): T. Carew (Bishop's Hill), W. Bergin (Jail Road), P. Holohan (Ballyouskill), P. Hughes (Johnstown), D. Cavanagh (Galmoy), P. Alley (Durrow), E. Cuggy (Freshford), T. Hogan (Kilmacow).

Absent: P. Curran (Ormonde Road), T. Brophy (Athy), D. Godwin (Castle Gardens).



FOURTH YEAR (II)

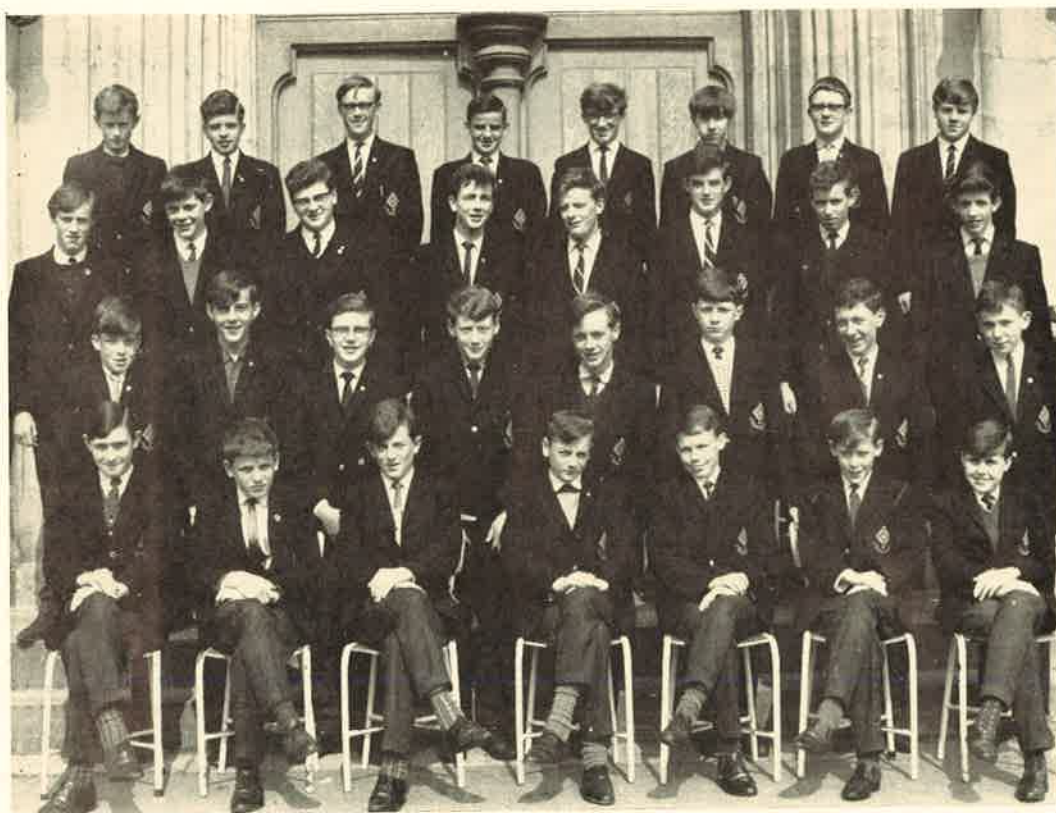
Front Row (l. to r.): R. O'Farrell (Kilcurl), R. Kelly (Borris-in-Ossory), J. Kavanagh (Greens Hill), B. Morrissey (Ballyfoyle), J. Stokes (Coalbrook), P. Kavanagh (Urlingford), S. Reidy (College Road).

Second Row: B. Wemyss (Thomastown), B. Taylor (Thurles), S. O'Toole (Hacketstown), R. Murphy (Greenview), W. McEvoy (Friary St.), J. Minogue (Thomastown), M. Kelly (John St.).

Third Row: M. Kelly (Ballingarry), S. O'Farrell (Bawndarrig), T. Reid (Piltown), N. Roche (Slieverue), J. Loughman (Durrow), J. Stapleton (Thomastown), M. Moore (Parliament St.).

Back Row: M. Walsh (Ballyhale), L. Ryan (Holycross), P. Raleigh (Glengoole), P. Walsh (Tullogher), O. McEvoy (Ballybrophy), M. Loughman (Durrow), N. O'Sullivan (Durrow).

Absent: B. Lonergan (Gaol Road), A. McCormack (Dalkey), N. Walsh (Assumption Place).



THIRD YEAR (I)

Front Row (l. to r.): M. Kennedy (Ballyouskill), E. Kelly (Castlecomer), P. Brosnan (Ballymore Eustace), J. Kells (Cullohill), P. Comerford (Muckalee), B. Kelly (Ballin-garry), H. Knox (Kilmacow).

Second Row: J. Donohoe (Ballymore Eustace), J. Butler (Newpark), G. Flood (Maynooth), T. Egan (Glengoole), D. Broderick (Johnstown), G. Dixon (Patrick St.), L. Kinsella (Clonegal), S. Costello (New St.).

Third Row: J. Dollard (Circular Road), J. Bambrick (Outrath), K. Kennedy (St. Riogh's Tce.), J. Gannon (Ballyragget), M. Brennan (Castlecomer), N. Flavin (Kilmacow), M. Cody (Sheestown), E. Byrne (Castlecomer).

Back Row: E. Cody (Sheestown), P. Kinsella (Coone), J. Bergin (Cullohill), D. Brennan (Clara), G. Dooley (Attanagh), S. Courtney (Maudlin St.), P. Brennan (Wolfhill), K. Cullen (Dublin).



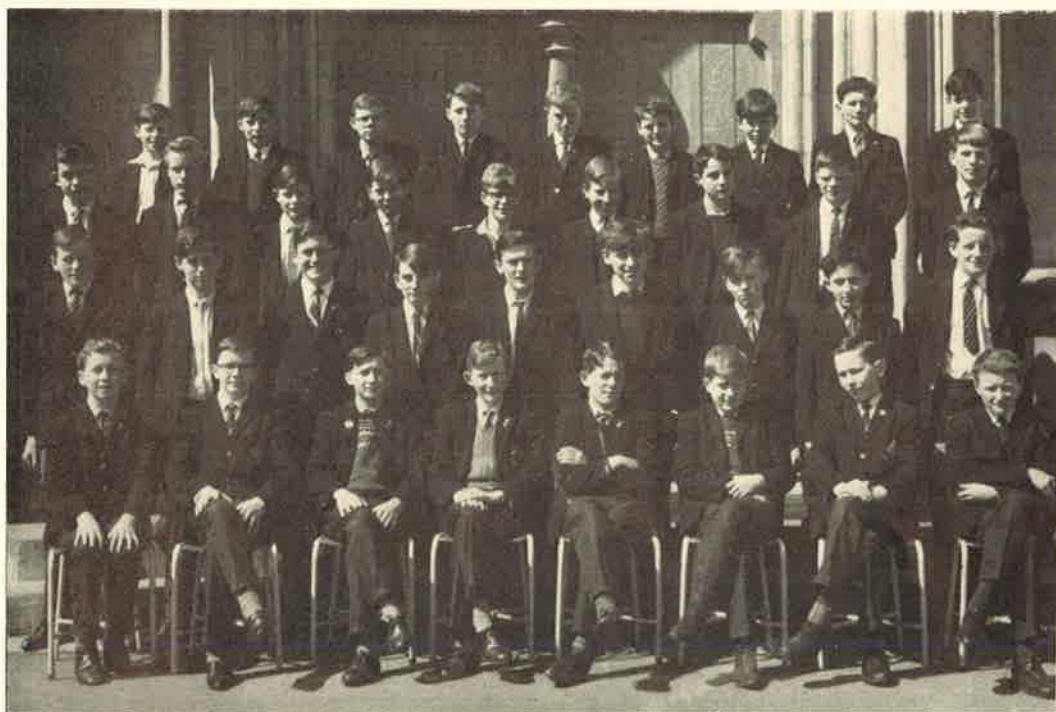
THIRD YEAR (II)

Front Row: M. Laurence (Mullinahone), J. Lalor (Cullohill), B. Walsh (Michael St.), J. Carroll (Ballyragget), K. McIntyre (Castle Gardens), J. Meagher (Newtown), P. Murphy (Callan).

Second Row: M. McGrath (Ballyragget), H. Lawlor (Durrow), M. Stapleton (Gathabawn), J. Rush (Templemore), N. McCann (Dublin), D. Sadlier (The Curragh), J. Meagher (Newtown), A. O'Keeffe (Callan).

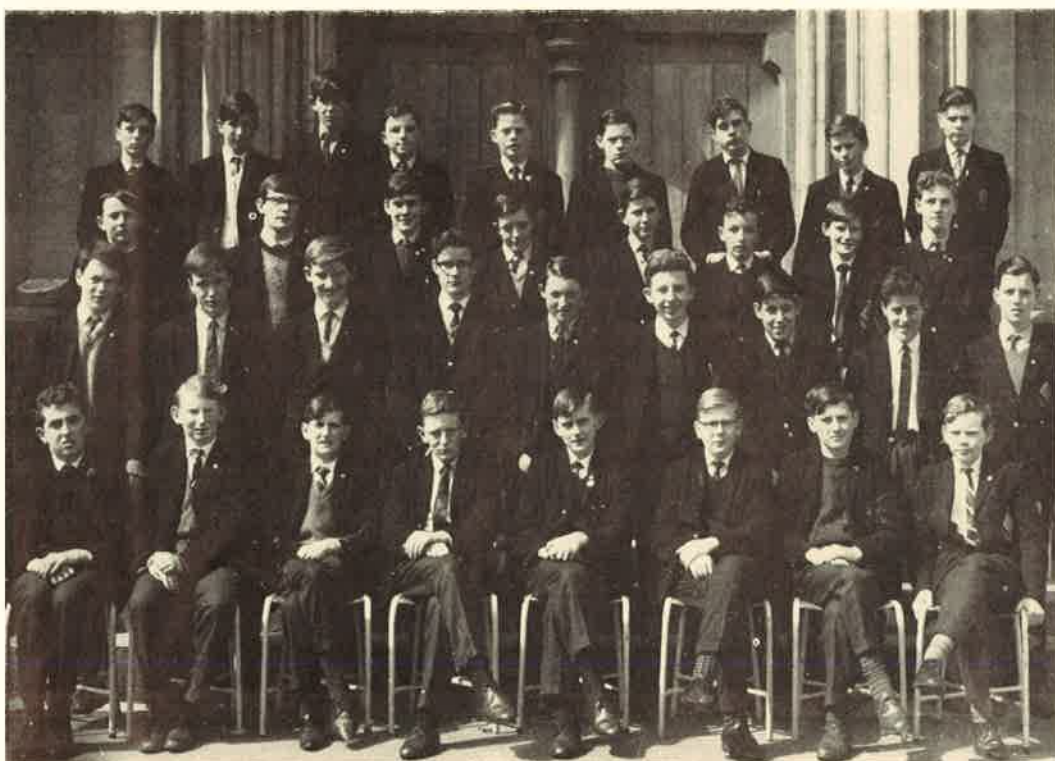
Third Row: T. Tynan (Assumption Place), L. Roche (Greenridge), M. O'Reilly (Ballyragget), M. Maher (The Commons), P. Moran (Templetuohy), J. E. Phelan (Tullagher), D. Prendergast (Clara), K. White (Castle Gardens).

Back Row: D. McPhillips (Castle Gardens), G. Walsh (Inistiogue), J. Phelan (Ballygeardra), J. McNamee (Ballyragget), P. Mooney (Clogh), S. Rice (Knocktopher), P. O'Gorman (Hugginstown), T. Lacey (Ballyragget).



SECOND YEAR (I)

- Front Row* (l. to r.): J. Crenman (Castlecomer), J. Delahunty (Thomastown), M. Dooley (Bilboa), P. Dunphy (Mooncoin), R. Dunphy (Inistioge), J. Holohan (Knocktopher), T. Downey (Conahy), D. Aughney (Muinebeag).
- Second Row* (l. to r.): L. Fielding (Mooncoin), J. Delaney (Clough, Portlaoise), M. Burris (Thomastown), M. Brosnan (Ballymore Eustace), G. Gleeson (Camross), J. Bollard (Kieran St.), J. Dollard (Circular Road), S. Costello (New St.), D. Cody (Glenmore).
- Third Row* (l. to r.): E. Hennessy (William St.), J. Brennan (Freshford), N. Brennan (Castlecomer), A. Dalton (Freshford), P. Cahill (Graigenamanagh), J. Brophy (Ballyragget), F. Bowe (O'Loughlin Road), M. Dillon (Freshford), M. Gannon (Ballyragget).
- Fourth Row* (l. to r.): J. Cahill (Graigenamanagh), E. Coonan (Ballyfoyle), M. Brennan (Freshford), N. Freyne (Mullinavat), M. Brennan (Piltown), W. Brett (John St.), V. Flannery (John St.), J. Dooley (Gowran), E. Gray (John St.).



SECOND YEAR (II)

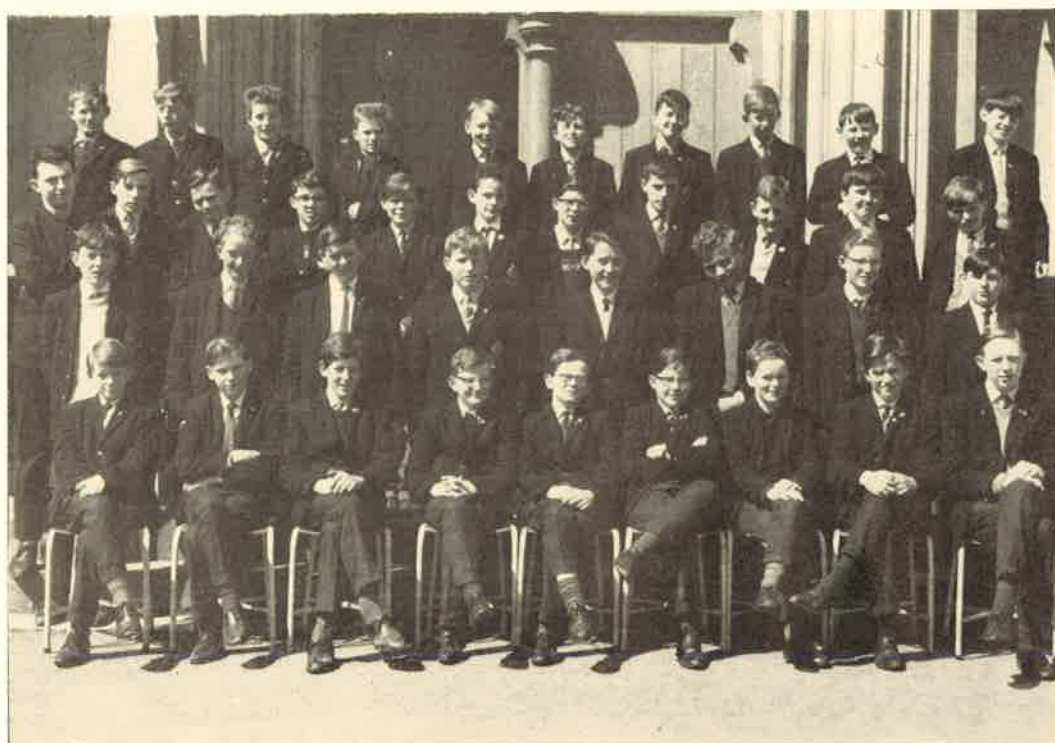
Front Row (l. to r.): P. Hughes (Johnstown), S. Malone (Castlecomer), J. Meagher (Freshford), M. Carroll (Ballyragget), S. O'Shea (Piltown), M. Walsh (Lismatigue), T. Walsh (Danesfort), T. O'Neill (College Road).

Second Row (l. to r.): S. Power (Waterford), G. McCarthy (Freshford), M. O'Shea (Ballyragget), L. Lyng (Clough), L. Lyster (Inistioge), T. O'Neill (Danesfort), T. Roche (Greenridge), S. Murray (Assumption Place), J. Mahon (Rathdowney).

Third Row (l. to r.): R. Lynch (Castle Gardens), J. Minogue (Thomastown), P. O'Keeffe (Clara), B. Kennedy (Borrisoleigh), M. O'Sullivan (Stoneyford), F. Reidy (Pius XII Tce.), M. Tobin (Freshford), S. Moran (Templetuohy).

Fourth Row (l. to r.): S. O'Connell (Glengoole), O. Vaughan (Callan), M. Walsh (Ballyhale), T. Kelly (Hollywood), L. Phelan (Windgap), R. O'Keeffe (Stoneyford), R. Leahy (Granges Road), J. Tynan (Pike-of-Rushall), P. O'Brien (Lr. Newpark).

Absent: T. Hutchinson (Castlevew), A. O'Keeffe (Assumption Place), M. O'Keeffe (Dublin Road), K. Phelan (Assumption Place), B. Reidy (College Road), G. Walsh (Castlecomer Road).



FIRST YEAR (I)

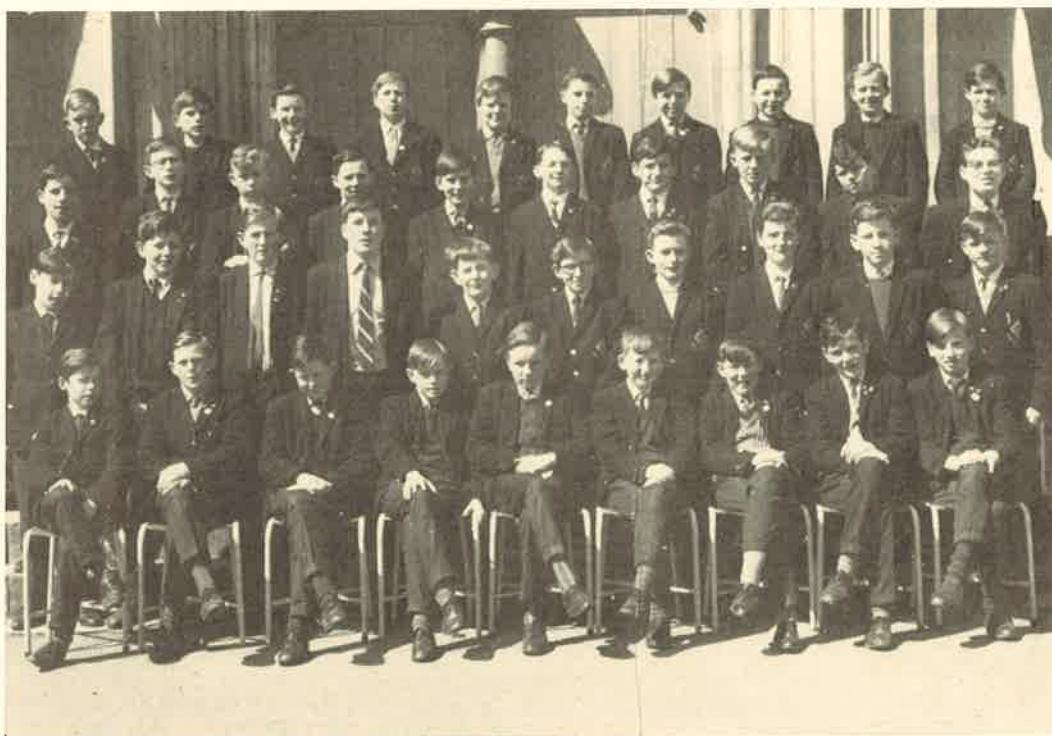
Front Row (l. to r.): P. Comerford (Castlecomer), J. Hughes (Johnstown), T. Barry (Windgap), A. Butler (Ballyfoyle), E. Cahill (Graigenamanagh), J. Fitzmaurice (High St.), P. Bolger (Mullinahone), R. Bryan (Dunsany, Co. Meath), P. Brady (John St.).

Second Row (l. to r.): D. Delaney (Rathdowney), T. Holden (Mullinavat), J. Fitzpatrick (Mullinavat), G. Gannon (Ballyragget), D. Collier (Dunrow), T. Hennessey (Chatsworth), J. Dooley (Attanagh), J. Brennan (Walkin St.).

Third Row (l. to r.): A. Hennessey (Bray), C. Foley (Parliament St.), G. Comerford (Muckalee), V. Bergin (Cullohill), M. Delehanty (Keatingstown), M. Costello (New St.), N. Farrell (Knocktopher), G. Deegan (Castlecomer Road), T. Cleary (Curraheen-duff), G. Cullen (Michael St.), W. Aylward (Mullinavat).

Fourth Row (l. to r.): M. Daly (Ballingarry), B. Delaney (Camross), J. Cuddihy (Freshford), P. Donohoe (Ballymore Eustace), J. Healy (Newtownmountkennedy), S. Grant (Clonegal), P. Grace (Dublin Road), M. Fennelly (Mullinavat), P. Cody (Friary St.), J. Dunne (Ballyraggett).

Absent: A. Brennan (Wolfe Tone St.), M. Buggy (Parliament St.), J. Corr (John St.), P. Denieffe (Assumption Place).



FIRST YEAR (II)

Front Row (l. to r.): E. Mealy (Castlecomer), M. Lee (Stoneyford), M. Kelly (Freshford), T. Tutty (Blessington), M. Purcell (Tullaroan), G. Murphy (Greenview), P. Neary (Ballyragget), J. Tobin (Johnstown), R. Walsh (Tullaroan).

Second Row: L. Reidy (College Road), D. Kennedy (Killenaule), O. Tobin (Johnstown), J. Prendergast (Clara), J. Lynch (Castle Gardens), M. Sheehan (Stonecarthy), P. O'Neill (Ballyhale), B. Power (Stradbally), S. Moore (Parliament St.), J. O'Brien (St. Fiacre's Place).

Third Row: R. O'Shea (Dunnamaggin), R. Sheehan (Stonecarthy), J. Phelan (Ballybrophy), E. Walshe (Durrow), A. Shiel (Attanagh), A. Kinsella (Mooncoin), K. White (Dublin Road), P. Ryan (Castletown), M. Kirwan (Borris-in-Ossory), T. Kavanagh (Urlingford).

Fourth Row: M. Walsh (Windgap), J. Woodcock (Cuffesgrange), J. Ryan (Ballacolla), T. Nolan (Bagenalstown), P. O'Keeffe (Stoneyford), R. Mockler (Mullinahone), S. O'Brien (Bennettsbridge), J. Kelly (Hollywood), M. Muldowney (Grovine), W. Muldowney (Grovine).

Absent: T. Maher (Fatima Place), M. McGrath (Ballyragget), P. Wemyss (Sion Road).

TOTAL NUMBER OF STUDENTS

1964/65: Seniors 89, Juniors 221. Total ... 310.

1965/66: Seniors 110, Juniors 222. Total ... 332.

EXAMINATION RESULTS



INTERMEDIATE SCHOLARSHIPS WINNERS 1964

Fergus Farrell, John Norris

COUNTY COUNCIL UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

1964

WALTER DUNPHY, THOMAS MOONEY, OLIVER RYAN, THOMAS STOKES,

1965

KIERAN DOOLEY, THOMAS DOWNEY, RICHARD PRENDERGAST.

INTERMEDIATE SCHOLARSHIP 1965

JOHN HARNEY.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE 1964

Adrian Ayres ***
James A. Brennan ***

<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek.
<i>Hons.</i>	Greek.
<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin.

Patrick A. Brennan ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin, Agricultural Science.
	<i>Pass</i>	Maths, Physics.
Thomas Conway ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Agricultural Science.
	<i>Pass</i>	Maths, Latin, Physics.
John Coonan ...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science, Chemistry.
Carol Cregan ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Agricultural Science.
	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin.
Gerald Crotty ...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Chemistry.
John Dalton ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Latin.
	<i>Pass</i>	History, Maths, Agricultural Science.
Richard Delaney ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
	<i>Pass</i>	Physics.
John Dermody ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Maths, Latin, Greek.
	<i>Pass</i>	Geography, Physics.
Ray Dollard ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Maths, Latin, Greek.
	<i>Pass</i>	Geography.
Michael Donohue ...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, History, Geography, Latin, Greek.
	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, Maths.
Bernard Dowling ...	<i>Pass</i>	English, Maths.
William Duggan ...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, History, Geography.
	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
John Dunne ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Agricultural Science.
	<i>Pass</i>	Maths, Latin.
William Dunne ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin, Agricultural Science.
	<i>Pass</i>	Maths.
Richard Dunphy ...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
Walter Dunphy ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Physics.
Philip Fairclough ...	<i>Pass</i>	English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin.
John Fielding ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Latin, Greek.
	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.
Gregory Fitzmaurice ...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
William Grant ...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
William Healy ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Physics.
William Holland ...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
Cornelius Horgan ...	<i>Hons.</i>	History, Geography, Greek.
	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Maths, Latin.
John Kennedy ...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Latin, Agricultural Science.
Stephen Lalor ...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin.
Jeremiah McIntyre ...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Chemistry.
Noel Maher ...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, History, Geography, Greek.
	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, Maths, Latin, Physics.
Thomas Mooney ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek.
James Murphy ...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
Michael Norton ...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Maths, Latin.
Edward Nolan ...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin.
	<i>Pass</i>	History, Geography, Maths, Agricultural Science.

Martin O'Brien	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Agricultural Science.
James O'Donovan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Greek.
		<i>Pass</i>	History, Maths, Latin, Physics.
John O'Keeffe	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin.
Columb O'Shea	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Greek.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Chemistry.
Denis Parsons	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin, Greek.
		<i>Pass</i>	Maths.
Edmond Phelan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish.
		<i>Pass</i>	English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
William Quinn	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin.
Oliver Ryan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science, Physics.
Patrick Ryan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, History, Geography, Latin, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, Maths.
William Rice	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Chemistry.
Thomas Stokes	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Physics.
Laurence Wallace	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Latin, Greek, Physics.
		<i>Pass</i>	History, Maths.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1964

John Bergin	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths.
		<i>Pass</i>	History, Geography, Science.
Daniel Bollard	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, Latin, Greek.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, History, Geography, Maths.
John Bolger	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths, History, Geography.
		<i>Pass</i>	Science.
Michael Brennan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Latin.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Agricultural Science.
Patrick Brennan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, Latin, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, History, Geography, Maths.
Patrick Broderick	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Patrick Butler	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography.
		<i>Pass</i>	Maths, Science.
Noel Byrne	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Science.
Thomas Brophy	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography.
James Cassin	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography.
		<i>Pass</i>	Maths, Science.
Padraig Costello	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Patrick Deegan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Science.
Cornelius Delaney	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Maths, Science.

John Doherty	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, Greek, Maths.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, Latin, History, Geography.
William Dowling	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, Latin, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, Maths, Science.
Michael Downey	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Greek, History, Geography.
Denis Dunne	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, Latin.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, History, Geography, Maths, Agricultural Science.
Thomas Dwane	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science, Agricultural Science.
John Dwyer	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, History, Geography.
		<i>Pass</i>	Latin, Science.
Fergus Farrell	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
James Flynn	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Agricultural Science.
William Free	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish.
		<i>Pass</i>	English, Geography, Maths.
Walter Freyne	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science, Agricultural Science.
Eamonn Harrington		<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek.
		<i>Pass</i>	Maths.
Diarmuid Healy	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Latin, Greek.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English Maths.
Richard Holohan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, History, Geography.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, Latin, Science, Agricultural Science.
Donal Hughes	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Latin, Greek.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English.
James Looby	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Oliver McEvoy	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, Science.
Eamonn Meagher	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Science.
James Neary	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Science.
John Norris	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
John O'Gorman	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, Latin, Greek.
Eamonn O'Keeffe	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science, Agricultural Science.
Benedict O'Shea	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek.
		<i>Pass</i>	History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Eamonn O'Sullivan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Science.
Eugene O'Sullivan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, Greek, History, Geography.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, Latin, Maths, Science.
Thomas Phelan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, Latin, Greek, Maths.
		<i>Pass</i>	English, History, Geography, Science.
John Robinson	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, Latin, History, Geography, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, Maths, Science, Drawing.
John J. Ryan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, Irish, Latin, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	History, Geography, Science.
Matthew Ryan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Latin, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
John Sheehan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Latin, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Science.

Edward Teehan	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Maths, Science.
John Wallace	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Latin, Greek.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Maths, Science.
George Walsh	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, Latin, Greek.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, History, Geography, Maths.
Sean Walsh	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Laurence Walsh	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English, Latin, Greek.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, History, Geography, Maths.
Donal White	...	<i>Hons.</i>	English.
		<i>Pass</i>	Latin, Agricultural Science.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE 1965

Edward Bolger	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science, Chemistry.
James Brophy	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Physics.
		<i>Pass</i>	English.
Diarmuid Buckley	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, Geography, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	English, Maths, Latin.
Bernard Butler	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
Michael Cody	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, Geography, Latin.
		<i>Pass</i>	English, History, Maths, Agricultural Science.
John Connery	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin, Greek.
		<i>Pass</i>	Maths, Physics.
Alan Cooper	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science, Chemistry.
Noel Deevy	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
Kieran Dooley	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Latin, Physics.
William Dowling	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek.
Thomas Downey	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek.
		<i>Pass</i>	English, History, Physics.
Liam Dunne	...	<i>Hons.</i>	History, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Latin, Chemistry.
Ferdinand Fitzmaurice	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek.
David Freyne	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, Geography.
		<i>Pass</i>	English, History, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
Patrick Halley	...	<i>Hons.</i>	History, Geography, Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Maths, Latin.
Stephen Hawe	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek.
Robert Hickey	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, History, Geography, Latin.
		<i>Pass</i>	English, Maths, Agricultural Science.
Thomas Holohan	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
John Lacey	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science, Chemistry.
Richard Landy	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Latin, Agricultural Science.
John Maher	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Agricultural Science.
		<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin.
Liam Maher	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.

Vincent McNamee	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin. History, Agricultural Science, Drawing.
Joseph Moylan	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Greek. History, Maths, Latin, Physics.
Oliver Murphy	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
Thomas Nolan	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
Cornelius Nyhan	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin.
Richard O'Keeffe	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science, Chemistry.
Brian O'Neill	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Latin, Greek. Geography, Maths, Physics.
Martin O'Neill	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
Denis O'Shea	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Latin, Greek.
Frank Power	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek. Physics.
Richard Prendergast	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science, Physics.
James Purcell	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science, Chemistry.
John Rush	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Drawing.
Richard Teehan	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	Greek. Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin.
Edmond Tobin	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin, Greek.
William Tobin	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin, Greek.
Justin Waldron	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Latin, Agricultural Science.
Joseph Wall	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	English, History, Geography, Maths. Irish, Latin.
Michael Walshe	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	English, Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek. Irish, History.
Thomas Weadick	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	Latin, Greek. Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1965

Patrick Alley	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Science, Agricultural Science. Maths.
William Bergin	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	English, Latin, Maths, Science. Irish, History, Geography.
James Brennan	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	Science. Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths.
Laurence Brennan	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	Science. Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths.
William Brennan	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin, Maths. Science, Agricultural Science.
Donal Butler	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, History, Geography.
John Cahill	...	<i>Pass</i>	Irish, English, History, Geography.
Thomas Carew	...	<i>Hons.</i>	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Liam Cassin	...	<i>Hons.</i> <i>Pass</i>	Maths, Science. Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography.

Daniel Cavanagh	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History Geography, Maths, Science.
Sean Cassin	...	Hons. Pass	Irish, English, Science. Latin, History, Geography, Agricultural Science, Maths.
Raymond Cleere		Pass	Irish, Latin.
John Clifford	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science, Agricultural Science.
John Clohosey	...	Hons. Pass	Science. Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Agricultural Science.
James Connery	...	Hons. Pass	English, Latin, Maths, Science. Irish, History, Geography.
Adrian Crotty	...	Hons. Pass	Maths, Science. Irish, English.
Edward Cuggy	...	Hons. Pass	English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science. Irish.
Joseph Cummins	...	Hons. Pass	History, Geography, Maths, Science, Agricultural Science. Irish, English.
Patrick Curran	...	Hons. Pass	English. Irish, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
William Dalton	...	Hons. Pass	Irish, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science. English.
Eamonn Delaney	...	Pass	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Michael Delaney	...	Hons. Pass	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
James Delaney	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Anthony Dillon	...	Hons. Pass	Agricultural Science. Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.
John Dollard	...	Hons. Pass	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths. History, Geography, Science.
Timothy J. Dore	...	Hons. Pass	Science. Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.
Seamus Downey	...	Hons. Pass	Irish, Latin, Maths, Science. English, History, Geography, Agricultural Science.
Patrick Dunne	...	Hons	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science, Agricultural Science.
Louis Farrell	...	Pass	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
David Godwin	...	Hons. Pass	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Donal Grey	...	Hons. Pass	English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science. Irish.
Patrick Grey	...	Hons. Pass	Science. Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.
John Harney	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Francis Harrison	...	Hons. Pass	Science. Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths.
Thomas Hogan	...	Hons. Pass	English, Latin. Irish, Maths, Science.
Patrick Holohan	...	Hons. Pass	History, Geography, Science. Irish, English, Latin, Agricultural Science, Maths.
Patrick Hughes	...	Hons. Pass	Irish, English, Latin, Maths, Science. History, Geography.
James Kavanagh	...	Pass	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science.

Patrick Kavanagh	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science, Agricultural Science.
Michael Kelly	...	Pass	English, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Roderick Kelly	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Michael Kelly	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Brendan Lonergan	...	Hons.	English, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
		Pass	Irish, Latin.
Eamonn Langton	...	Pass	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.
John Loughman	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Michael Loughman	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Maths Science.
		Pass	History, Geography.
Aidan McCormack	...	Hons.	English, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
		Pass	Irish.
William McEvoy	...	Pass	Irish, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
John Minogue	...	Pass	Irish, English, History, Geography, Science.
Michael Moore	...	Hons.	English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
		Pass	Irish.
Brendan Morrissey	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths.
		Pass	Science.
Raymond Murphy	...	Hons.	Irish, Latin, Greek, Science.
		Pass	English, History, Geography, Maths.
Richard O'Farrell	...	Hons.	Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
		Pass	Irish, English, Agricultural Science.
Sean O'Farrell	...	Hons.	History, Geography, Science.
		Pass	Irish, English, Latin, Maths, Agricultural Science.
Michael O'Shea	...	Hons.	Science.
		Pass	Irish, English, History, Geography, Maths.
Martin O'Sullivan	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Richard Power	...	Pass	Irish, English, Science.
Patrick Raleigh	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths.
		Pass	Science.
Thomas Reid	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, Maths, Science.
		Pass	History, Geography.
Sean Reidy	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
Noel Roche	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science, Agricultural Science.
John Stapleton	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Maths, Science.
James Stokes	...	Hons.	Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science, Agricultural Science.
		Pass	Irish, English.
Brendan Walsh	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, Science.
		Pass	History, Geography, Maths, Agricultural Science.
Michael Walsh	...	Hons.	English, Science, Agricultural Science.
		Pass	Irish, History, Geography, Maths.
Noel Walsh	...	Hons.	English.
		Pass	Irish, Latin, History, Geography.
Patrick Walsh	...	Hons.	English, Maths, Science, Agricultural Science.
		Pass	Irish Latin, History, Geography.
Robert Wemyss	...	Hons.	Irish, English, Latin, History, Geography, Maths, Science, Agricultural Science.



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF NEW TWO-STOREY PAVILION FOR LAY STUDENTS

THIS building is in course of construction behind the study-hall, facing the new playing field which was once Stallard's orchard and vegetable garden. It will accommodate lockers for 240 students, dressing facilities and shower arrangements for seventy. The inadequacy of existing accommodation to meet the requirements of an increasing number of students made this new building a necessity.

The architects are Messrs. W. H. Byrne & Son, Dublin, and the building contractors, Messrs W. K. Cleere & Sons, Kilkenny.

SCOTTISH LOG

Scottish Union

Presiding at the annual meeting of the Scottish Union in Glasgow in March last year, in the unavoidable absence of the Union President, Canon James Harold, Canon Joseph Byrne said that while they had no new members to welcome to the Union from St. Kieran's that year, he was pleased that St. Kieran's was sending priests to "the new-watered plains" of Latin America and elsewhere in the mission world thus helping to meet the needs of the present-day Church.

The Canon congratulated those on the Scottish Mission who attained the silver jubilee of their priesthood that year—Mgr. James Monaghan, V.G., Fathers Eric Gordon, Currie, Midlothian; Reginald J. Hodgson, Bowhill, Cardenden, all of the Archdiocese of St. Andrews and Edinburgh and Father Michael O'Connell, Glasgow.

Golf Competitions

In the 1964 annual competition for the Canon Downey Trophy, played at the West Kilbride Course, Seanill, Ayrshire, Father Gerard Brennan (1958) was winner and Father Michael Teehan (1928) was runner-up. Both are Paisley Diocesans. Father Teehan won the competition in 1953 and 1954 while Father Brennan won it in 1961.

A new feature of that golf competition was a challenge match with St. Patrick's College Carlow Union resulting in a win for St. Kieran's by four out of six.

The 1965 competition was played at Dalmahow, East Calder and was won by Father Bernard G. O'Donnell (1941) then parish priest of Gorebridge, Midlothian. The inter-college Union challenge with St. Patrick's, Carlow, resulted in another win for St. Kieran's with five out of eight games.

DIOCESAN ROUND-UP

St. Andrews and Edinburgh

Domestic Prelate

Monsignor Patrick Quille (1936), Administrator of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, has been appointed a Domestic Prelate by Pope Paul. He was a privy chamberlain during the pontificates of Pius XII and John XXIII. A native of Co. Kerry he was educated at St. Michael's College, Listowel before going to St. Kieran's. He took a M.A. and Dip. Econ. at U.C.C. and Oxford.

For the past twenty four years he has served on the Edinburgh Education Committee and for fifteen years was a member of the Scottish Advisory Council on Education.

At present time he serves on the B.B.C. Religious Advisory Council for Radio and Television in Scotland. As Administrator he is involved in the proposed building of a new St. Mary's Cathedral.

Silver Jubilarians

Two priests celebrate this year their Silver Jubilee: Father Charles J. Kelly and Father Bernard G. O'Donnell who is treasurer of the Union of St. Kieran's Priests in Britain.

Archdiocese of Glasgow

Father Matthew Carney, St. Alphonsus', Glasgow, this year celebrates his sacerdotal silver jubilee.

Diocese of Motherwell

Father Charles Doherty (1957), Holy Family, Mossend, Lanarkshire, left last November for Peru.

Father John Moss (1943) has been given charge of the new parish of St. Clare, Easterhouse.

Diocese of Paisley

Twenty priests—all members of the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association—from almost every parish in the Diocese of Paisley were on the platform of the Holy Family School, Port-Glasgow, last October as Donegal-born Canon Joseph Sweeney (1927) was presented with a gold medal and parchment marking his golden jubilee as a member of the Pioneer Association. Father



Very Rev. Joseph Canon Sweeney, P.P., Holy Family, Port Glasgow, receiving gold medal and parchment marking his fifty years as a member of Pioneer Total Abstinence Association from Father Daniel Dargan, S.J., Director of Central Council, Dublin.

D. Dargan, S.J., Director of the Central Council, Dublin, flew to Scotland to make the presentation. Canon Sweeney recalled that it was at the shrine of Blessed Oliver Plunket, St. Peter's Church, Drogheda, in the latter end of 1915 that he became a member of the Association. If during the past fifty years he had in any way made reparation to the Sacred Heart or contributed to the conversion of excessive drinkers, then, said the Canon, "I've been more than sufficiently rewarded and privileged."

In 1946 shortly before the formation of the new Diocese of Paisley, he was given the task of founding the new parish of the Holy Family, Port-Glasgow, Renfrewshire, at a time when very stringent restrictions were in force for building projects. In 1959 he opened the new Church of the Holy Family at a cost in the region of £100,000 the greater part of which he had already collected, to serve the growing Catholic population of some 5,400.

In 1961—to the great joy of his fellow Kieranites and other clergy—Bishop Black elevated him to the St. Mirin's Cathedral Chapter, thus making him the first Donegal man and the first St. Kieran's priest to serve as Canon in the new chapter since its erection in 1952 following the establishment of the Diocese of Paisley in 1947.

Diocese of Galloway

Father James Grogan (1950) has just returned from a three year stint of duty in Latin America.

Father Nicholas Murphy (1945) has been given charge of the parish of Cumnock, Ayrshire.

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR

Diocese of Sacramento

There are twenty priests ordained in St. Kieran's now working in the diocese, including three sets of brothers, viz., Father Tom Boland (1927), Father Jerry Boland (1933); Father Michael Dermody (1958), Father Tom Dermody (1962); Fathers Tobias and Joe Vereker, twin brothers, ordained in 1958.

Father Jerry Boland is now Pastor of Elk Grove, which is close to the city of Sacramento.

Father Patrick O'Neill (1947) has completed a new school and convent at St. Anne's, South Sacramento, and is at present constructing a rectory.

Father Nicholas Duggan is the envy of every priest in the diocese—he is stationed at St. Thomas More Church, PARADISE, California.

Fathers Matthias Callaghan and Thomas Dermody, classmates, are both stationed at St. Peter's Church, Sacramento.

Father Tobias Vereker, now at St. Isidore's Church, Yuba City, has won the Priests' Diocesan Golf Tournament for three years in a row. Not far behind him is his twin brother, Father Joe.

Cavan-born Father Charles Brady currently at Holy Spirit Church, Sacramento has a brother, Vincent, a Third Divinity student in St. Kieran's who also is to be ordained for Sacramento.

Father Thomas Delahunty (1955), Assistant Pastor at Assumption Church at Carmichael, is chaplain to the National Guard, with the rank of Captain.

Father Patrick Coffey, of Assumption Church, Truckee, is pastor of what is possibly the highest parish in the United States—7,000 feet above sea level.

Father Nicholas Phelan (1951) is Administrator of Sacred Heart Church, Maxwell, in the heart of the Sacramento Valley, with three mission churches to care for.

Father Thomas Carrigan is now stationed at St. Joseph's Church, Lincoln and is very active with Catholic Youth Organisation.

Father William Walsh, Pastor of St. Dominic's Church, Colfax, devotes much of his time taking care of Weimar Medical Centre in his parish.

The three St. Kieran's priests ordained in 1965 are: Father Patrick Rohan, St. Catherine of Siena, P.O. Box 5175, Vallejo Calif; Father Brian McPolin, St. Mary's Church, 350 Stinson Ave., Vacaville; Father Sean Finlay, Holy Family Church, Citrus Heights, Calif.

Diocese of Seattle

Warm congratulations are extended to Very Rev. Philip Corboy, P.P., St. Margaret's, Seattle, native of Co. Limerick, who is celebrating his Golden Jubilee this year. He was ordained in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kilkenny in June 1916. Since the death of Monsignor Murtagh in November last, Father Corboy is the senior representative of St. Kieran's priests in Seattle Diocese.

Next in line comes Father Patrick Farrelly, P.P., Sacred Heart, Enumclaw, Washington, ordained in 1919. A quarter of a century elapsed before the next Kilkenny priest came to Seattle. This was Father William Treacy, a native of Killesmeestia who was ordained in Maynooth in 1944 for the home diocese. After serving for a short period in Ballycallan, Father Treacy was seconded permanently to Seattle diocese. He is Chancellor of the diocese and Director of Catholic Information Centre. The weekly TV pro-

gramme *Challenge*, on which Father Treacy shares the panel with a Rabbi and a Methodist minister is now in its sixth year. A month ago, Father Treacy paid a brief visit to Kilkenny for the funeral of his mother, R.I.P.

Father Edward Norris, C.C., St. Teresa's is now on his way home for a holiday, and will be in Kilkenny for the ordination of his brother, Leo, in St. Kieran's this year.

Diocese of Shrewsbury

Last year's annual "Universe" golf competition for clergy, in which teams from sixteen British dioceses participated, resulted in a win for Shrewsbury. Besides the Catenian trophy, there was a trip to Rome for the prize winners. Ninety priests took part in the competition which was held under ideal weather conditions at Knutsford, Cheshire. The winning Shrewsbury team drew much of its strength from the youthful hurling prowess of St. Kieran's men, for representing it were Father Kevin Molloy from Erril, and two Mooncoin men, Fathers William Doyle and Richard Dunphy.

Three strokes behind Shrewsbury were the runners-up, Liverpool, with two Kieran's men on the team, Fathers Kevin Brennan

and John Bergin. Hexham was represented by an all-Kieran's team: Fathers N. Phelan, M. Conaty, H. Ryan, R. Cass, T. Cass, and M. Deegan; and Birmingham had one, Father Thomas Foynes.

Diocese of Salford

On his appointment last year as vocations director for the diocese, Father John Guerin was made a Papal Chamberlain. He has also been appointed Lecturer in Divinity at Sedgley Park Training College, Prestwich, Manchester. Though busily engaged with these activities, Monsignor Guerin continues to act as joint chaplain to the Newman Association of university graduates. Ordained in St. Kieran's in 1944, he is a native of Borris-in-Ossory.

The biggest parish in Salford diocese, Our Lady of the Assumption, is in the care of Kerryman, Rev. John Murphy (1932). The rapidly growing parish was opened in 1953, and has now a population of 7,200. Father Murphy built a new church in 1961, a chapel of ease, and he named his new school after Bishop Marshall, who was once his parish priest.

Kenya

A *Radharc* television programme, an award winner at Monte Carlo, which was shown on Telefís Éireann in April last, was devoted to a desolate and ill-starred tract of the northern frontier district of Kenya called Turkhana. It is semi-desert; twenty-thousand square miles of sand and scrub lie sweltering under the blazing equatorial sun. In 1961 the Kenya Government asked the Medical Missionaries of Mary to undertake famine relief work in Turkhana. There they gradually built up a mission, a church of corrugated iron, a priest's house, a minor hospital and dispensary.

Two priests of St. Patrick's Missionary Society who have been looking after the mission are Kilkennymen, educated in St. Kieran's. Father Michael Brennan, of Neigham, Gowran (1938-43) was ordained in Kiltegan in 1950, and Father Fiacre



Reading second from left: Revv. W. Doyle, R. Dunphy, K. Molloy (with team-mates).

Ryan, Maddoxtown, Kilkenny (1949-54) was ordained in 1961.

The road to Turkhana has been called the worst road in the world, so no wonder Father Ryan obtained a pilot's licence to conquer the distances by plane. Both he and Father Brennan had a recent holiday in Ireland, and the plane that brought them home was the one that had brought out to Africa the television crew that made the film 'Turkhana.' Consequently the work of

these priests was unheralded, indeed unmentioned, on the TV programme.

Other priests of St. Patrick's Missionary Society working in Kenya who were educated in St. Kieran's are Father Richard Brennan (ordained 1959), brother of Father Michael; Father Denis O'Neill, Seir Kieran (1958) and Father Michael Dillon, Cuffesgrange (1961), while away across the continent in Nigeria is Father Leonard Forristal of Thomastown.



Bravarian Band plays for College students during Kilkenny Beer Festival.
Benediction on Ordination Sunday evening.

COLLEGE MAILBAG

NORTH DAKOTA

I enjoyed reading the ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE RECORD, especially the stories of the Twenties. I wonder if you could tell me how many of my class of 1920 are still alive. We never had a class picture taken; why, I do not know, except that we were too poor to pay for one. The priests of St. Kieran's are still keeping the light of Faith burning throughout the Catholic world. May God bless all who have a hand in this great work.

GLENELG, AUSTRALIA

Congratulations to all concerned in the production of the RECORD. I was sorry you had to record the deaths of Bishops Collier and Staunton. The reading of their lives was inspiring and memorable. I do hope the RECORD will keep coming every two years. Ten thousand miles from St. Kieran's is a long way, and we do not get much Kieran's news here, except what the RECORD brings us.

I am keeping my fingers crossed, hoping to be able to go to Ireland in 1966. It depends principally on whether or not I get a supply priest to take my place. The position here is critical. The diocese could place at least twenty priests in the morning. None is available.

NOTTINGHAM

When I picked up the RECORD this morning, I found that I was irresistibly drawn to it and just had to sit down and read some of the articles over again, even though I had read it from cover to cover. In the end I had to remind myself that there was work to be done. I do not think that anyone can fail to be impressed by the high quality of the magazine.

I have now completed almost five years on the missions; they have been difficult at

times. Much has happened in those years. The parish is steadily growing with new housing estates going up where there is any land to spare. Four large estates have gone up since I came here and the Catholic population has risen to just over 2,500. There is still just the parish priest and myself. We have built a new primary school which is already far too small but we cannot get permission to expand, with the result that many children have to go to non-Catholic schools. Last July we opened a new Church of very modern design to hold 600, and this year we are opening a smaller one further up the parish to hold 200. On Sundays we have 9 Masses, 6 in the Church, one in the convent, one in the prison and one in the hospital. (We have six hospitals of varying sizes). Often during the week we say two Masses each, especially during Lent to give people a chance of getting to daily Mass.

I always remember the stress St. Kieran's put on the importance of doing visitation, and this I have tried to do, but it becomes more difficult. To visit in the morning is at times futile as so many of the wives go out to work either parttime or for the whole day. In the evening, time is limited because of marriage instructions, converts, meetings. Then when you do manage to get out, you have to set yourself up in opposition to the T.V. It is amazing how very few will turn it off, or even turn down the sound. All we can do is keep trying.

SOUTHERN AUSTRALIA

May I suggest that those of us who have celebrated our Silver Jubilees be admitted as life subscribers to the RECORD on payment of the modest sum of £25. This would enable those responsible for publication to plan ahead, and maintain the high standard that the magazine has achieved. When I celebrate my Golden Jubilee I shall move that life membership subscriptions for

Golden Jubilarians be raised to £50.

CALIFORNIA

In the Pictures of the Past (Rugby teams in St. Kieran's 60 years ago) there were a few errors. Father Jim Delahunty was ordained in 1908 and died as Pastor of South San Francisco in 1936. John Fielding was not ordained. His brother was better known, Father J. K. (James K.) of Chicago. I saw John in Chicago in 1947. Soon afterwards he and his friend, Mike Phelan, also an ex-Kieran's man from Dungooly, both passed away. Tom Greene is outliving most of them, and looking well.

I see that neither D— M— nor myself were among the distinguished visitors at the 1963 ordinations.

GLASGOW

I enclose cheque for copy of the RECORD. It was worth it . . . if only for reading that slight on the people of Galmoy! !

PARAPARAUMU, NEW ZEALAND

I shall just let the pen run on and see how many doorbells, school-bells, telephone-bells interrupt. You will be aware that it is a "ringing" time down here!

In general we have a strong, but not spectacular, expanding Catholicism. There is a large amount of indifference but not hostility. A significant number of adults respond favourably to general religious discussions, leading often to later membership of the Church. Statistically we are steadily increasing. The ecumenical spirit is abroad, and friendly approaches are agreeably evident. New parish buildings are sprouting up. We ourselves hope to complete a new 500-seat Parish Church by next Easter, and also two or three new classrooms. Present rolls are 300 primary, 85 secondary and another 30 in Secondary State Schools. The Presentation Sisters from Thurles are our warm-hearted and most capable co-workers. The pastor and myself tend to affairs, giving us every Sunday three Masses each. Day to day life works out a very full time, leaving only the afternoons of some, not all, Thursdays and Fridays uncommitted. Even these tend to

be absorbed in catching up on documentation or correspondence.

This is hurried away for to-morrow's delivery via airmail and is not meant in any way for inclusion in "Overseas" columns!

TEXAS

Had anyone told me that I would miss the old Alma Mater as I have, I would not have believed them. Consequently the RECORD afforded me many happy moments.

With 15,000 souls to be taken care of, you will appreciate how busy we are in this parish. Only now do I appreciate how much we need really good priests with a strong vital Faith. Materialism is so widespread that unless one is very careful and makes a continual check, one can so easily become materialistic in outlook also. Hence the gratitude one feels for the true picture engraved on the mind from dedicated professors.

CHRIST CHURCH N.Z.

I had read a very favourable review of the RECORD in the *Irish Press* and was determined to procure a copy, but it arrived before I got round to applying for 7/6d. Believe me, it is not easy to get permission to export even a few shillings for a new account, and I have to wait till a Saxon quid comes my way. I was very pleased with the RECORD, and reading it revived memories of my very pleasant sojourn with the Old Boys in Edinburgh in 1951.

Dr. Staunton was always the personification of graciousness, and I always looked on him as one above the ordinary. I did not know Dr. Collier much—as the RECORD said, he was shy.

We have got a new Bishop here. He appointed Father Finnerty V.G., ordained in Kilkenny about 1920. We are using the vernacular on Sundays. I hope the Irish bishops give the Gaelic a boost along. I regret that I did not pay more attention to it in my younger days.

Might I suggest that the late Cardinal Mannix get a mention in the next issue. Types like Croke, O'Dwyer and Mannix do not come often.

NAAS, CO. KILDARE

An article about St. Kieran's recently reminds me of 1913. I was a student in Mountrath Patrician College and we had some good hurlers. We went to Kilkenny for a match against St. Kieran's. We got a good beating. The captain of St. Kieran's was a boy named Tom O'Gorman from Thomastown. His father was a teacher in Drumcondra and he himself was, until recently, working as Civil Servant in the Department of Education. Among your clerical students that day was a John O'Donnell from Grange, Co. Limerick (I am from Fedamore, Co. Limerick) I have an idea that John O'Donnell is, or was, parish priest of Hollywood, U.S.A. He was a stylish hurler. (I see a niece of his is now a very efficient Ban Garda in Dublin). We had a Patrician Brother, Eugene O'Connell in Mountrath, a Kilkenny man who was a grand hurler and handballer. There was a boy on St. Kieran's team that day, Con Phelan. He died recently Parish Priest of Ballyfin. We played you afterwards in Mountrath, and "returned the compliment." I was a student in St. Pat's, Drumcondra, but was released for the day, and putting on a Patrician College cap hoped to be unnoticed, but a crowd of small boys rushing towards me and shaking my hand, and welcoming me back, nearly let the cat out of the bag.

I was glad to see your new Episcopus on TV. He has modern weapons and knows how—and is not afraid—to use them.

I do not know how we studied in 1913. We never seemed to think or talk of anything only hurling and many a fight we had over the merits of Drug Walsh and Dr. Grace, and L. Meagher and Hank O'Brien and Tyler Mackey. Tyler told me that the best man he ever met among tough rough brave hardy men was a fellow called Nagle from Cork. Tyler had respect for Nagle, and not without reason evidently.

Please forgive me for inflicting all this on you. I was 72 a few days ago, and spent about 40 years at primary teaching. Began at £63 a year, paid quarterly per Manager (per housekeeper!), and yet we had great fun and sport. Slán beo leis an aimsir úd.

AYRSHIRE

The S.K.C. RECORD surely does credit to St. Kieran's. A prize slogan for the Catholic Annual over thirty years ago—"An annual you all re-read"—is applicable to this fine production. It is a keepsake for young and old.

MISSOURI

I am adjusting myself to the environment here in the University. It has about 10,000 students; the city itself has a population of almost 2 millions. I live in a rectory with three priests and my only duties are to hear Confessions on Saturday, and say two Masses on Sunday and my daily Mass each morning at 6.15 a.m. School begins each day at 8 a.m., except on Tuesdays and Thursdays when I have to report to an agency and do field work in conjunction with my studies. This field work is a basic part of the course in Social Service.

Educational methods are very different here from back home. In class the professor does very little but he requires each student to go to the library and study three or four books per week, and then present him with the findings the next day of class. Much of the examinations are based on the books studies during the semester.

The whole course in Social Service consists in teaching us to deal with the misfits in society, e.g. juvenile delinquency, crime, adoptions, welfare programmes, psychiatric cases, and all the problems with which Catholic Charities Offices in a diocese have to deal.

HEXHAM AND NEWCASTLE

This edition of the RECORD, as the past ones, is a treat. Might I be permitted to second the proposal of the Rhode Island correspondent (p. 139 edition 1964). I say this not because I have attained the age of acknowledgment but for the reasons given by your correspondent. Incidentally, despite the jocular satire of the brethern, we nine together with our Wexford (St. Peter's) confreres of the same vintage celebrated the event in true Ushaw fashion with a "school dinner," but the spirit of the day is surely ecumenical.

NEW ZEALAND

Greetings from New Zealand to all the staff of St. Kieran's. It was a great joy for me to visit my Alma Mater once again and to meet my former professors at the College.

The Council decrees are slowly taking on flesh in New Zealand. Most of the people seem to like the new changes in the liturgy. Our Archbishop intends to visit Ireland after the Vatican Council ends. I hope he will be successful in his attempts to get some more Irish priests to come to New Zealand.

SALFORD

It was a pleasant coincidence to find a copy of the RECORD in today's post, for today is my sixth Ordination Anniversary, and celebrations have been enhanced by reading the magazine from cover to cover, even if parochial work has thereby suffered for this one day. From reading "College Mailbag" I see how dangerous *verbum scriptum* can be; every darned word written

may be printed. Come to think of it, so might this!

GLOUCESTER

I am interested to see that the College now carries a much larger staff in the Ecclesiastical Department—Ascetical Theology, Catechetics, Sacred Liturgy, Social Science, Latin and English—proportionately more work for all too!

One aspect of St. Kieran's which I shall never forget, and it was a "life saver" for me when I first arrived there. I felt very low in spirits for various reasons, but this was completely dispelled on account of the level of high spirits I encountered everywhere—a more amusing and entertaining people I have never met, and this went side by side with assiduous study, unfailing punctuality, etc. I am sure that these attributes have lessened toil and tribulations since then in all parts of the vineyard. I was, and have been since, very grateful for this association.



Dr. Birch photographed with three students ordained for Diocese of Ossory, June 1965 —
Revvs. Pierce Malone, Patrick Duggan and John O'Doherty.

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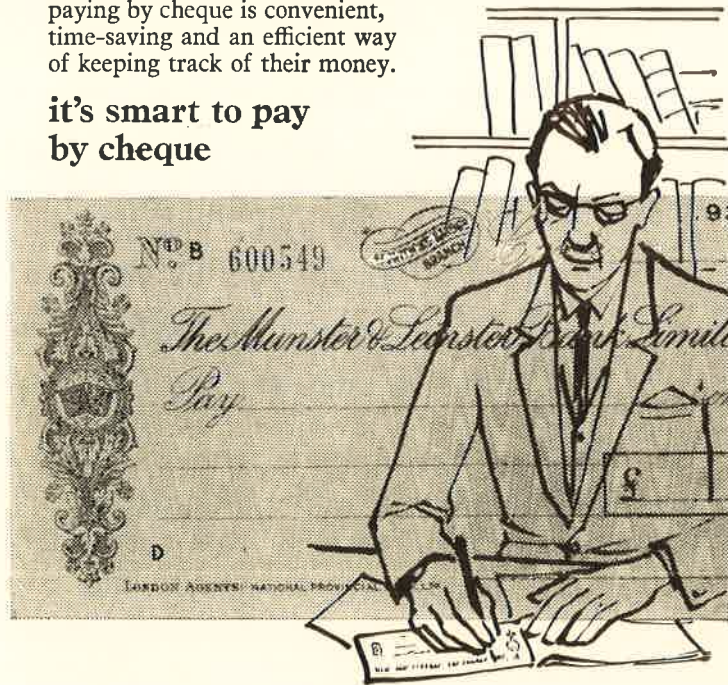
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