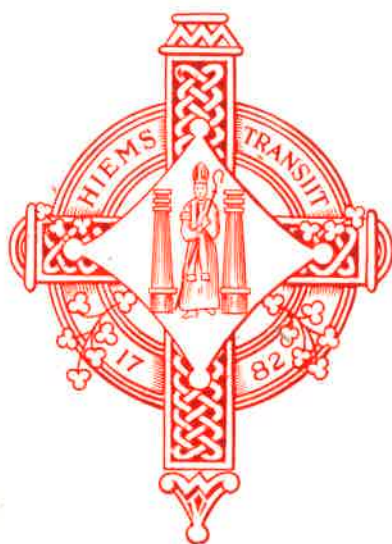


St. Kieran's College Record



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SAINT KIERAN'S COLLEGE RECORD 1970

VOLUME 8: 188th ACADEMIC YEAR

Edited by Francis McEvoy

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Most Rev. James Monaghan, D.D., who has been appointed Auxiliary Bishop to Cardinal Gordon Joseph Gray, Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh. He was born in Bathgate, Scotland and studied in Royal Scots College, Valladolid. When that College was closed by the Spanish Civil War, he transferred to St. Kieran's College. He was ordained in 1940.

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The Restless Itch

by Rev. William Meany—

It all began very simply. One Sunday afternoon in February 1968 I had a visit from Fr. Eamon Rhatigan of St. Kieran's College. With him was his cousin, Fr. John Dunne, member of the Society of St. Columban, home on a holiday from Korea. Actually, I was about to leave for Kilkenny, and it was only by chance that I was still in Maynooth when the two priests called there. "You have travelled in many parts of the world," said Father Dunne, "but you have never visited the Far East. Why don't you go out there and see it for yourself? The Columbans will be most happy to look after you". I thanked him for the invitation, but said that such a trip was out of the question that coming summer. However, I would be celebrating the silver jubilee of my ordination in 1969, and perhaps by then I might be in a position to make it.

Although neither Fr. Dunne nor I realized it at the time, he had planted a seed which later grew into something much greater than a visit to the Far East. By May 1969 I had finalised my plans for a trip that was to take me to the Near East as well as the Far East; to Persia, Afghanistan, India, Singapore, the Philippines, Hong Kong and Japan; also to Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Tahiti, Mexico and Peru—an odyssey that I had long dreamed of, but never thought would be possible.

In most of the countries I visited I met many Irish priests, but here I intend to confine myself to saying something about those who were past students of St. Kieran's, including several who had been pupils of mine on the lay side.

It was in Singapore 80 miles north of the equator, that I first encountered a St. Kieran's man. This was Fr. Tom Fehilly from Cork. He was ordained in 1942 for an English diocese, and was now head chaplain to the British Army in Singapore. Fr. John

Egan, an Irish Jesuit stationed in Singapore, told me about Fr. Fehilly, and drove me to see him. As it happened, Fr. Fehilly was very busy that day. He was leaving shortly for Bielefeld, Germany. His successor had just arrived and Fr. Fehilly was about to show him around and brief him. By a remarkable coincidence, the new chaplain was a class-fellow of mine in Maynooth, a Fr. Louis Madden of the Achonry diocese. After his ordination in 1944, Fr. Madden joined the British Army as chaplain, and had seen service in many parts of the world.

The three of us went to the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary Convent to visit Sister M. Kiernan, one of the five daughters of Mr. Bill Darcy, who taught for many years in St. Kieran's. Four of Mr. Darcy's daughters entered religion. Sister Kiernan (not 'Kieran', as she carefully pointed out, Kiernan being one of the 12 disciples of St. Columcille) was a delightful person, radiating the infectious warmth of her race, which has always been such a powerful natural asset to our missionaries everywhere. She showed us some of the gorgeous vestments made in the Convent, many of them from exquisite Japanese silk.

From Singapore I flew to Manila, a 1,500 mile journey across the South China Sea. Here I made my first contact with the Columban Fathers. It is one of life's many mysteries that, although Christianity was established in Asia, now, after nearly 2,000 years, there is only one Christian country in this huge continent—the Philippines. All the rest are overwhelmingly pagan, with the exception of the tiny Lebanon, which is less than one seventh of the area of Ireland. It was the Spaniards who evangelized the Philippines after they had conquered them in 1565. About 80 per cent of the population is Christian, that is, Catholic, with the exception of the one and a half million strong schismatic Aglipayan sect (Its founder, Greg-

orio Aglipay, died in 1940). There are also some Moslems, including the Moros, or Moslem pirates who are greatly feared and disliked.

I visited four of the 7107 islands that comprise the Philippines—Luzon, Cebu, Mindanao, and Negros. The lush scenery enchanted me. So, too, did the people, for the Philipinos are, generally speaking, a warm-hearted and very lovable race. But I don't think I could ever get accustomed to the sticky heat and mosquitoes.

There are several St. Kieran's men in the Philippines. One of the first to greet me was Fr. Paddy Ronan. We were both on the lay side together. Fr. Paddy, a Columban, had commenced his missionary work in China, from which he was finally expelled after spending over a year in jail. He is one of the most ebullient and good natured men I ever met. He was then chaplain at one of Manila's universities, but he since returned to the country parish of Morong. Paddy is an indefatigable talker, full of energy, cheerful and generous to a fault. Meeting him for the first time a stranger would never guess the awful ordeal he went through in that grim Chinese prison, from which he never expected to emerge alive.

One day Paddy took me for a 60 mile drive in his Austin Mini. We stopped to admire Lake Laguna, with its beautiful backdrop of mountains. We went to Morong and then to Binganganon to visit Fr. Kieran White, brother of Fr. Jim White, the present parish priest of Ballycallan. Fr. White did not go to St. Kieran's. He received his secondary education in the Christian Brothers, James's St., before going to Dalgan in 1928. He is very much the pastoral priest, deeply interested in his flock. I recall how nostalgic he became during a visit we paid a week or so later to Silang, where he had been stationed for some years.

From Manila I flew to Ozamis in the island of Mindanao. Philippine Airlines provide a very efficient and comprehensive internal service. A PAL jet took us to Mac-tan, the airport of Cebu City in Cebu Island. Then we boarded a smaller plane for the flight to Ozamis. We came in at tree-top

level over a large coco-nut grove and landed on a sand-runway. A dog ran out to meet us, adding a homely touch of a kind I had experienced only once before, in Yakutat, Alaska.

In Ozamis City I stayed with Bishop Patrick Cronin of Tullamore. There are several St. Kieran's alumni in this part of the Philippines. Fr. Con Campion has a fine parish in Clarin on the outskirts of Ozamis City. When he first met me (in the Convent of the Columban Sisters where I was visiting a cousin, Sr. M. Cleophas Breen of Ballyreddin) he thought I was a Fr. Samuel Wylie, an American Jesuit, who had travelled with me from Manila. He was giving lectures to the Sisters and also to the Columban Fathers



Fr. Lar Ryan with Fr. Paddy Campion (foreground)

at their Central House in Catadman. Next-day Father Campion drove me by jeep about 70 miles south to Pagadian, where his elder brother Paddy is pastor. The drive was a memorable experience both for the rich, verdant scenery and for the terrible jolting. In places the road was almost non-existent, and as the jeep bounced merrily along, I thought my inside would never fully recover from the punishment it had to take.

Among the priests in the Pagadian rectory was Fr. Lar Ryan of Muckalee, to whom I

taught Greek many years ago in St. Kieran's. I didn't meet his brother Martin, also a Columban serving in the Philippines. Father Lar had come from Dinas to Ozamis to hear Fr. Wylie. He spent the night in Pagadian and we had a very pleasant reunion. Next morning he departed by boat for another part of the island where he had left his jeep. Travelling in many areas of the Philippines has still to be done in rather primitive conditions.



Author, Fr. William Carrigan

On the way back to Ozamis City we stopped at Tambulig to visit another St. Kieran's man, Father Willie Carrigan of Clinstown. Fr. Carrigan got a big surprise when he saw me in Catadman the previous day, for he had not known that I was visiting the Philippines. He treated us to a fine meal of Philippino chicken and beef. Afterwards he brought me to his school, teeming with winsomely exuberant children. The Philipinos are generally very devoted to their priests and highly appreciative of what these do for them.

Fr. Carrigan showed me his electric generator and lighting system which he had got from O'Hara's of Freshford. He assured me that it worked splendidly.

He said I could not leave without seeing his bull. He would photograph me sitting on him. I didn't relish the prospect until I saw the animal, a year old Indian bull, quite docile. In fact we both sat on him while Fr. Campion snapped us.

From Mindanao I flew to the island of Negros, famous for its sugar-cane plantations, second only to Cuba in quality. Negros is probably one of the richest spots in the world in proportion to its size. It also produces rice. I spent some days in Himamaylan with a Meath priest, Fr. Sean Holloway of the Columbans. In his parish are the Kilkenny Presentation Sisters, the first batch of whom went there in 1960 with Mother Baptist. One of the original group came back for a second period, Sister Paul from Dublin. Their superior, Mother Perpetua, has since returned to Kilkenny. Another member of the first group did not return to Ireland but went to New Zealand. She is Sister Canice Lenehan, whose mother lives in Dean St., Kilkenny. I later visited Sister Canice in the beautiful Presentation Convent at Takapau, in the provincial district of Hawke's Bay, in New Zealand's North Island.

From Himamaylan, I returned to Bacolod to the Columban Central House. I had intended spending the night there, but Father Pat Hynes of Tullaroan kindly invited me to his parish in La Castellana. There seemed to be nothing on either side of the road but sugar cane, which grows to a great height in this island. Dominating the skyline in La Castellana is the picturesque volcanic Mount Kanlaon, which erupted a few weeks later.

On our way back to Bacolod we ran into torrential rain. At the airport the PAL jet on which I was to return to Manila was unable to land because of low cloud, so I had to wait till that evening when I travelled on a Friendship plane. We had a cargo of chickens on board. Their incessant twittering could be heard above the roar of the engines the whole way to Manila.

Back in Singalong I met two more St. Kieran's alumni, Fr. Percy Walsh of Thomastown and Fr. Eamon McKenna. For the Columbans these central houses are a god-send, as they enable priests working in often

lonely, out of the way places to meet their fellow-priests, to relax and discuss matters of common interest.

Before leaving Manila Fr. Kieran White took me to the Cathedral, built by Cardinal Rufin Santos and dedicated in 1958. A plaque gives the information that the Japanese donated sixty thousand (I think) sacks of cement towards its construction. This was intended, no doubt, as a small, oblique act of reparation for some of the damage they inflicted on the Philippines during the three years they were in occupation. In December 1941, the Japanese savagely attacked without warning and bombed Manila mercilessly, even though it had been declared an open city.

The Cathedral was completely empty that morning in contrast with the Church of the Black Nazarene (also in Manila) which seemed to be packed with worshippers all day long. We visited the imposing vault intended to house archiepiscopal tombs. At present there are only two, those of Archbishops Doherty and Reyes. Both died before the new Cathedral was built, and their remains were transferred from the Pro-Cathedral in 1959. Archbishop Michael J. Doherty was a native of Charlestown, Co. Mayo, and a cousin of the late Bishop Morrisroe of Achonry. He was formerly rector of the Irish College, Salamanca, and was a fluent speaker of Spanish, a language widely used in the Philippines in former days. Now one seldom hears a word of Spanish. The native dialects have reasserted themselves. There are 87 of them, but only about four main ones. The inscription on Archbishop Doherty's tomb gives the precise information that he died on October 14, 1949, aged 75 years 2 months and 14 days.

An excursion to Taal Vista with Fathers White and McKenna rounded off a wonderful two weeks in the Philippines. Taal is the most famous volcano in these islands. Taal Vista is over 2,000 feet above sea-level, and from it one gets a delightful panoramic view of the crater and the surrounding waters of Lake Taal. Three months later, on October 28, 1969, the volcano erupted.

From Manila to Hong Kong the air

distance is just over 700 miles. The DC8 of Philippine Airlines did the journey in an hour and a half, but because of a violent thunderstorm accompanied by heavy rain the plane had to circle the rather tricky Kai Tak airport for 40 minutes. I could write at length on this charming if over-crowded 400 square miles of British Crown Colony, where one can get a thrilling bird's eye view of the Far East. After a night in the ultra-modern, multistorey YMCA hostel, I stayed with the hospitable Irish Jesuits at their fine Wah Yan College in Waterloo Road.

I went on several excursions which took me through Hong Kong Island and the New Territories, as well as the Kowloon peninsula, where the Jesuit College is situated. I resisted the temptation to take the hydrofoil to Macau, a tiny Portuguese settlement (since 1557) on the mainland of China. Noted for its gambling saloons it has been aptly named the Monte Carlo of the East. But I more than compensated myself for this omission by taking a boat to the off-shore island of Cheung Chau, which is one hundred per cent. Chinese. It has no cars and no hotels. Of its 2,000 population about 600 are Catholic.

I was met by Fr. Joseph Tai S.J., who had spent five years in Milltown Park, where he was ordained in 1964. So in addition to his native Chinese he spoke fluent English. On our way to Xavier House, the Jesuit noviciate, Fr Tai took me through some incredibly narrow streets, where everyone seemed to be busily employed, including many children.

At Lok-Ma-Chow in the New Territories, I looked across the Shin Chun river into a deceptively peaceful Red China. No tourists are allowed to enter. Visas are granted only for business visits. But China's xenophobia is not a thing of today or yesterday.

It was a 1500-mile stretch from Hong Kong to Seoul, and the Royal Orchid Service of Thai International Airlines lived up to its promising title. The hostesses wore exotic traditional costumes, and the food was excellent. As we approached Taiwan (Formosa) we encountered considerable turbulence, and no wonder, for a typhoon

was blowing, not a very big one but enough to make one nervous. The men who approached the plane at Taipei Airport couldn't keep their caps on. A bus, lashed by howling wind and rain, took us to the terminal building. Our stay there was very short, as the Captain was anxious to leave as quickly as possible. Our ascent was quite bumpy, but we soon got clear of the typhoon as we flew out over the East China Sea and headed for the Yellow Sea.



Fr. John Dunne, Fr. Tom Delahunty (Major U.S. Army)

As we flew over Korea I was entranced by the vista of beautiful green hills. For the first time on this trip I was vividly reminded of home. It is not surprising that Korea is sometimes known as the "Ireland of the Orient". After a brief initial stay with the Columbans in Seoul I flew down to Chejudo, a picturesque island south of the Korean mainland. Here I was met by Fr. John Dunne, the one who had inspired my trip. He is in charge of Sin Sung Girls' School,

one of Archbishop Henry's projects. There are over 1,400 girls on the rolls, but only about 200 are Catholic.

I spent some very pleasant days in this holiday-island. The Columbans have a summer-house here, and under the enlightened emceemanship of its genial and droll superior, Father Frank McGann, we had most enjoyable get-togethers. One delightful trip was to Sok-We-Po, through the mist and greenery of the foothills of Mount Halla, an extinct volcano over 6,000 feet high. The pastor, Fr. Howard Eisler, an American Columban, was a splendid host. Because of the bad roads, and the limited time at my disposal, we decided not to visit Fr. P. J. McGlinchey's pig-farm.

While the beauty of the Korean countryside fascinated me, I found Seoul one of the drabest capitals I was ever in. It suffered a lot during the Korean war and is now being rebuilt on a lavish scale. Many of the smaller streets are still in a deplorable condition. In Seoul I met Bishop Thomas Quinlan, now retired though only 73. Bishop Quinlan was one of those who suffered in the terrible Communist 'death march' of several years ago. He was then a Columban priest working in China.

In Seoul I also met a St. Kieran's contemporary, Fr. Dick Delaney. He had come from his distant and rather inaccessible parish to spend a few days in the relaxing company of fellow Columbans in the Central house, also to lay in some food supplies—including 50 cans of soup. Flooding is not an infrequent hazard to travellers in Korea. Fr. Delaney had to negotiate some tricky roads on his way by jeep to Seoul. When I arrived in Korea I crossed the Han river on the way to the Columban house. It was then very low. Torrential week-end rain swelled it to a mighty size. According to the newspapers, 103 persons were drowned that week-end in South Korea, and 26,000 were rendered homeless.

At Ascom, some 20 miles from Seoul, I met another St. Kieran's man and a past pupil, Father Tom Delahunty of Cullahill. He was ordained in 1955 for the diocese of Sacramento, and is now chaplain to the

U.S. army with the rank of Major. He has since been transferred to Germany. Fr. Dunne and I spent a week-end with him. We greatly enjoyed his jovial company and lavish hospitality. Father Tom is much loved and respected. When I was leaving, one of the Catholic G.I.'s said to me: "Father, you should be proud of your past pupil. You sure did a wonderful job".

A Convair 800 of Japanese Airlines brought me to Tokyo. This was one of the quietest flights I ever experienced. Tokyo was hot and humid. Now the largest city in the world, it is inclined to overwhelm one with its crowds and its unbelievably heavy traffic and its many erratic drivers. So I was glad to take the famous Bullet Train and make my way comfortably and silently at 125 miles per hour to Kyoto, almost 300 miles south. Kyoto, capital of Japan from 794 to 1868, has far more to offer the history-conscious visitor. However, my chief motive in going there was to meet Fr. Bill Treacy of Seattle. We were classmates for five years in St. Kieran's and for seven years in Maynooth. Both of us, as well as Fr. John Ryan, were ordained for Ossory. Father Treacy went to Seattle on temporary mission. After six years, and at his own request, he was excardinated from Ossory by Bishop Collier.

Father Treacy was also celebrating his silver jubilee with a round-the-world trip, but in the opposite direction. He had flown from Seattle to Hawaii, and later to Tokyo. We had a wonderful reunion in Kyoto, where we concelebrated Mass at the Maryknoll Convent, and also in Kujo parish, where two Maryknoll Sisters are doing tremendous work. These Sisters are now free to dress any way they choose.

After Fr. Charlie Moriarty, superior of the Columban house at Ropponci, Father Seamus McElwain, formerly of Castlecomer, was my chief host in Tokyo. A fluent speaker of Japanese, Seamus was a wonderful cicerone. I later met his sister, Sister Ita (formerly Canice) of the Columban Sisters, in Lima. She is a medical doctor. When I called to see her just after my arrival, I was not feeling well because of a rather grimy sandwich I had eaten the night before in

a sleazy, back-street restaurant in Mexico City. But Sister Ita put me right with amazing celerity.

Father McElwain brought me to Chiba in the Boso Peninsula to meet another St. Kieran's stalwart, Fr. Lar Dunphy of Cullahill. With these two wonderful men, and several other Columbans, I had a marvellous time in various parts of Houshu, the largest of the 3,639 islands that comprise Japan. Perhaps the highlight was our holiday in Karuizawa, 3,000 feet up in the mountains about 90 miles north west of Tokyo. This is a very popular holiday resort, a paradise no doubt for those wishing to escape from the noise and humid heat of the capital. In fact Karuizawa is one of the most popular summer resorts in all Japan because of its wealth of ultraviolet rays and its coolness.

Japan must be a rather disheartening country for any Christian missionary. Only about 340,000 of its almost 102 million population are Catholic, and converts are few and far between. The *Wirtschaftswunder* of the Orient, Japan like Germany, though beaten to the ground in World War II, but lacking the equivalent of Germany's Ruhr Valley (essential raw materials to industry, such as iron ore, bauxite and coal, are all imported), has become an economic giant. Long past is the day when its technological expertise was largely limited to indifferent mimicry of western know-how. She now probably leads the world in electronics. I was told that even West Germany has sent some of its experts there, not to advise but to learn! *Super docentes me intellexi.*

I was very disappointed not to have met Father Eamon Horgan who, by all accounts, is one of the most colourful clerical characters in the Far East. He was then in Ireland on vacation, having gone home via Siberia.

A long hop of almost 7,000 miles brought me from summer and a temperature of about 90 degrees in Tokyo to winter and Sydney with the thermometer at 57°. I flew first to Hong Kong where 62 Poles emplaned. These were New Australians and had been on an eleven weeks holiday in their native country. One of them showed me with pride

a picture of Our Lady of Czestochowa which a priest in Poland had given him and on the back of which he had inscribed a valedictory prayer in Polish.

We made a brief stop in Darwin, and then in a cloudless sky flew over Northern Territory, which looked as arid and barren as anything I had seen in Iran or Afghanistan. Two hours later the repelling and depressing aridity remained, with gigantic, leafless, tree-like patterns etched far below in the sun baked soil.

In Sydney I was the guest of a Windgap man, Fr. Paddy Cunningham, then on vacation in Ireland. Fr. Cunningham received his secondary education in St. Kieran's, but did his ecclesiastical studies in St. Patrick's College, Thurles, where he was ordained in the 1920's.

In 1953 I travelled most of Australia and met numerous St. Kieran's priests. But on this occasion I confined myself to Sydney and Moree (in New South Wales). My chief reason for revisiting Sydney was to call on a cousin, Sister M. St. Philip Malone, formerly of Kilmogar, Co. Kilkenny. She was then attached to the Mercy Convent in North Bondi.

Space forbids me to dwell at length on my Australian visit. But I must pay a special tribute to two outstanding St. Kieran's priests, whose kindness and princely hospitality made my stay in Sydney so pleasant and memorable. These were Fr. Paddy Kerwick and Fr. Dick Funcheon, both of Callan.

To many people in this part of the world, New Zealand is little more than an off-shore island of Australia. So the news that the air distance from Sydney to Auckland is over 1,300 miles usually comes as a big surprise. At Whenuapai Airport I was met by Fr. Canice Gormley, a native of St. John's Parish and ordained in St. Kieran's in 1939. He was then pastor in Teatatu, but shortly afterwards was transferred to Kataia, nearly 200 miles north of Auckland. With him at the airport was Fr. Jim McGrath, an All Hallows man, with whom I stayed at his rectory in Avondale.

New Zealand fully lived up to all I had heard about it. A country of great scenic

beauty, it reminds one of Ireland in many ways. Although it is more than three times as large as this country, its population is only two and a half million. Yet its road system is excellent and driving is, generally speaking, a pleasure. New Zealand has many fine beaches. Fr. Gormley took me to two, Muriwai on the Tasman Sea and Orewa on the South Pacific. Father McGrath showed me some magnificent mountain scenery near Auckland. The Titirangi Range was aptly named by the Maoris, for in their language the word means "fringe of heaven". It seems rather a pity, then, that the highest point in this poetically named range should have been called Mount Atkinson, after one Harry Atkinson, whose uninspiring statue stands on the summit. Numerous punga, or giant ferns, add to the beauty of the scenery.

From Auckland I travelled by car in easy stages to Wellington. With Fr. Gormley I motored to Rotorua, calling on Fr. Jeremiah O'Sullivan in Hamilton. A tall, well-built Kerryman, he was ordained in St. Kieran's with Fr. Gormley. In Rotorua I spent the night with the Mill Hill Fathers.

Rotorua presents a spectacle which is said to be equalled nowhere else in the world, "an extravaganza of hissing, bubbling, squirting, snorting and gushing geysers, fumaroles, springs and mud pools". The rectory was heated by water from a hot spring. People cook chickens in the steam from some of the geysers. During my tour of this natural wonderland, the main geyser, Poutou, put on a magnificent display.

About 95 per cent. of the Maoris, the Polynesian aborigines of New Zealand, live in the North Island, most of them in the Rotorua region. They constitute seven per cent of the total population and so are about equal in number with the country's Catholic population. That night I attended a magnificent Maori concert which featured many of their traditional dances and songs. It was then I learned that "Now is the Hour" is a Maori song. It sounded even more hauntingly beautiful in the original Maori language.

Father Willie Clancy of Callan had come up all the way from Wanganui to meet me at Rotorua. We spent two days on the

journey to Wellington. We stopped at Wairakei to visit the famous geothermal steam station, situated on the left bank of New Zealand's largest river, the Waikato. Natural steam is harnessed to operate turbines for the production of electricity. The first turbine went into operation in November 1958. We were taken on a tour of the plant by a North of Ireland man, who had been in New Zealand for over 20 years.

We stopped for lunch in Taupo, situated on New Zealand's largest lake of the same name. Ninety-five miles further on we came on the charming town of Napier on the South Pacific. Its profusion of flower-gardens made it difficult for me to realise that it was then only the fourth day of Spring.

That evening we had tea with the Presentation Sisters in Takapau. It was here I met Sister Canice, Mistress of Novices. We spent the night at Southern Cross Abbey at Kopua, about 5 miles away. This is a Cistercian monastery founded from Mount Melleray. Its Prior is Father Kieran Hynes, formerly Jack Hynes, who worked with the Kilkenny County Council from 1947 to 1954. The monastery stands on 600 acres of good land, with the snow-capped Ruahine range forming a picturesque sky-line.

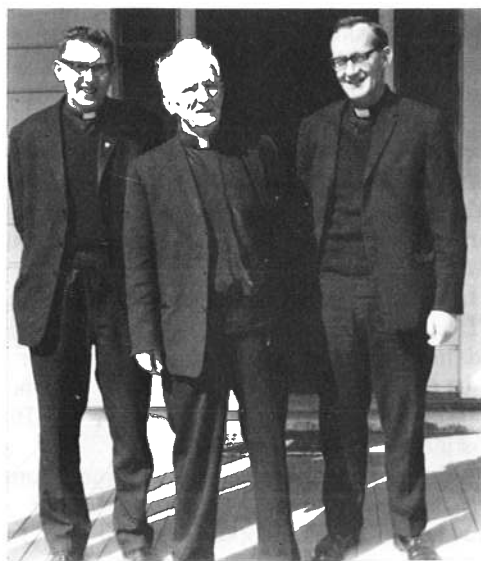
We reached "Windy Wellington" at sunset. I stayed with Fr. Kieran Rice of Dunmore, another past pupil, in his spacious rectory at Hataitai, situated on a height and affording a wonderful view of the San Francisco of the southern hemisphere.

There was a large gathering of priests that night in Fr Rice's rectory, mostly All Hallows men. Among them was a St. Kieran's veteran, Father Michael Brennan, ordained in 1923. He amazed me with his knowledge of Latin and Greek which he quoted copiously. Later I learned that he had studied Ancient Classics at the local university when already in his sixties and obtained a B.A.

Next day Father Rice drove me to Masterton. It was a very dull morning in Wellington and inclined to rain. But when we crossed the Rimutaka range we emerged suddenly into warm, sunny weather. We stopped at Carterton to pick up another St. Kieran's man, Fr. Wally Cook. I had already met

his brother, Father Paddy, in Palmerston North.

I am open to correction, but I think the pastor of Masterton, is the doyen of the St. Kieran's alumni 'down under'. He is Monsignor Nicholas Moore, a native of Kil-moganny, and one of four brothers who became priests. Mgr. Moore was ordained by Bishop Brownrigg in 1912, and has been parish priest in Masterton since 1930. He is



Fr. Walter Cooke, Msgr. Nicholas Moore,
Fr. Kieran Rice

one of the great Irish clerical characters of the antipodes, a most lovable personality, whose splendid Irish faith is unscathed by even the most seismic dogmatic or moral disturbances.

Before leaving Wellington I was guest of honour at a near Lucullan dinner in the White Heron Restaurant, Fr. Brennan being the principal host. Among those present were two St. Kieran's men whom I hadn't met before, Fr. Paddy King, ordained in 1954 and Fr. John Roy, ordained in 1959. In the course of the meal Fr. Brennan gave a further demonstration of his linguistic expertise by singing a song in German.

I could not leave without paying a visit to the South Island, so I flew from Wellington first to Nelson, across the Cook Strait

and over the spot where Abel Tasman first sighted New Zealand in 1642. Then I continued to Westport, and from the low-flying DC3 I got some excellent close-up views of the snow-streaked Tasman Mountains. At Westport I was met by another St. Kieran's priest and past pupil, Fr. Joe Dermody of Freshford. I had now entered a very wet area. On the way to the rectory we crossed the swollen Buller River, yellow with clay.

Fr. Dermody drove me next day to Ruange, passing through the gold ghost-town of Charleston, where we paused to pay our respects to the grave of the former pastor of Nelson, a Mooncoin man, Monsignor Phelan, who had died suddenly the previous Ash Wednesday while celebrating Mass. The rather drab and tumble-down cemetery is partially redeemed by a fine statue of Our Lady of the Way.

In Ruange we had lunch with Fr. Tom O'Donnell of Galbally, Co. Limerick, ordained in St. Kieran's in 1951. The three of us then drove to Hokitika in the province of Westland, where I was guest of Fr. Bill Costigan of Spink, Abbeyleix.

I do not wish to make invidious comparisons, but I must say that for depth of knowledge of his adopted country and for clarity of exposition, Fr. Costigan could not easily be surpassed. He would have made a wonderful teacher. In fact, while still an ecclesiastical student in St. Kieran's, he taught both English and Greek for some time on the lay side. He had planned a most interesting trip for me, but owing to the almost continual heavy rain this had to be considerably curtailed. A trip to Mount Cook, the highest point in the Southern Alps, and more than 5,000 feet taller than Australia's Mount Kosciusko, had to be called off. Later, as I flew into Mexico City, I was to get a good view of the 17,000 feet high Popocatepetl, but this did not compensate for the total visual loss of the Cloud Piercer, to give Mount Cook its Maori name.

We did set out for Franz Josef Glacier, about 100 miles from Hokitika, but when we stopped for a meal at the Franz Josef Glacier Hotel, conditions were now so bad that Peter McCormack, who regularly takes

groups to the glacier, advised us against making any attempt to visit it. We then tried to make our way to Fox Glacier, but after two miles or so we decided to return to Hokitika. This was the only occasion in the course of my whole trip when I felt really disappointed, as I knew that I missed seeing some incredibly beautiful scenery.

My last long drive in New Zealand was from Hokitika across the Southern Alps to Christchurch, a distance of about 150 miles. It was still raining when Father Costigan and I set out. The weather worsened as we turned eastwards, past Lake Taramakau, and climbed parallel to the Otika River Gorge. The appallingly thick mist reduced visibility considerably. Much of the road was unsealed. At one spot we had to wait while a bulldozer levelled the surface where heavy rain had brought down clay and stones from the mountainside.

But all this changed abruptly when we reached the 3,100 feet high Porter's Pass. We now had a splendid view of the Canterbury Plains. A magnificent rainbow dramatically reminded us of the bad weather we were leaving behind. We were entering a new climate. Soon we were enjoying clear skies and warm sunshine. Hundreds of sheep were grazing placidly on the emerald green grass of the Canterbury Plains. For the first time I saw grain tillage in New Zealand. Much wheat is grown in this area. This, too, is great racehorse country.

Christchurch has been aptly named the Garden City. With its many carefully laid-out gardens and its profusion of flowers, especially the golden wattle and the river Avon flowing gracefully Cam-wise through it, this is probably the most English of New Zealand's cities. In this delightful environment I soon forgot the chilling, depressing rain of Westland.

Father Costigan and I were guests of Fr. Gerry Kane of Mullingar, at his rectory in Papanui. Fr. Kane is an alumnus of St. Finian's and All Hallows. That night the three of us participated in a festive gathering of the local amateur operatic society. They had recently produced *The Gondoliers*, and treated us to several extracts from this opera.

Before flying back to Auckland I was taken on a tour of Christchurch and its environs by Fr. Costigan. From Summit Road we got some marvellous views of the city and the Canterbury Plains. The only St. Kieran's priest whom I met in Christchurch, and that merely in passing, was Fr. Gerry Kelly, ordained in 1968.

Here I must conclude this highly selective account of a 40,000 mile round-the-world trip. While I have concentrated on St. Kieran's priests and the countries where I met them, I wish to make it quite clear that I am conscious of a deep debt of gratitude not merely to them, but to all those other

priests, especially the members of the Society of St. Columban, the Irish Dominicans in Teheran and Fr. Romuald de Rosario of Singapore. Without their lavish hospitality, I could not even have contemplated such an odyssey.

*No tenderness for my son, nor piety
To my old father, nor the wedded love
That should have comforted Penelope
Could conquer in me the restless itch to
rove
And rummage through the world exploring
it,
All human worth and wickedness to prove.*
Dante. [Divine Comedy, Canto XXVI]



Mgr. Patrick F. Quille (1936) Administrator of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh will be largely responsible for the extensive renovations to be carried out at the cathedral within the next few years. The Cathedral was built in 1890 and is in a vast re-development area of Edinburgh. Examining the model is the Cardinal-Archbishop of Edinburgh, Cardinal Gray.

Seventy Years Ago

The 86 years old Parish Priest of the Church of Visitation, Fairview, Canon Walter McDonald, nephew and namesake of the illustrious Professor of Maynooth College, recorded the following interview with the Editor. It was taped on Easter Monday last, and it is worth remembering that on Easter Monday 1916, Fr. McDonald spent the morning hearing the confessions of Volunteers from Fairview before they marched off to take part in the Easter Week Rising.

What years were you a student in St. Kieran's?

1898-1901. Those three years, as far as I remember. Before that I was two years with the Christian Brothers in Carrick-on-Suir. From home we were five miles to Carrick, and seven Irish miles to Waterford.

Had the Kilmacow Day School closed then?

It was just closed before then. I knew a lot of priests who had been there. Paddy O'Keeffe went there and Fr. Andy. Fr. Walsh was there too.

Who was President in St. Kieran's in your time?

Dr. James Doyle was President; Dr. Brennan was Vice-President.

What Professors do you remember?

Fr. John Doody, first of all. I was on the lay side, of course; I did not know the priests on the other side. We had great professors then, the best staff in Ireland. I met Christian Brothers before them and profes-

sors in Maynooth afterwards, and they weren't a patch on the Kieran's men. I think I may say that St. Kieran's led all the Colleges in Ireland in the number of exhibitions and gold medals they won. I mean the diocesan colleges; I don't know about Blackrock or Clongowes where there was double the number of students. Then the laymen were splendid, too. There were the two Byrnes; two famous men, Willie, who was afterwards in Galway University and his brother Peter. Willie taught us English, and Peter some Latin and Greek. To have Willie Byrne in class was delightful. I was looking for a book of his poetry before you came in, and I couldn't put my hands on it. The book should be published again. If his poetry was a little more aesthetic like Yeats, it would be published again. He wrote the Centenary Ode of Maynooth in 1905. It's a long poem. I wish I could quote some of it for you.

Francis Sheehy Skeffington was there at that time. He was a great Professor, a gentle, lovely man with a little bit of a beard and knickerbockers. He was a great scholar. I think he told us he had all Shakespeare read when he was eleven years old. In class he taught us the Shakespeare plays and I got a liking of them from him.

Was Thomas MacDonagh on the staff then?

Not in my time. He came afterwards. I left in June 1901 and he came at the start of the next year.

Jim Doody was another layman. He came from Blackrock College and introduced rugby to St. Kieran's. Then there was another man named Kennedy. We called him "The Duffer" because he'd give a clatter

of a book on your head. He was the only man who was middling rough; the others were all lovely. The laymen weren't allowed to have a cane. Fr. John Doody, who was dean of studies, had a little cane in class but never used it. The most savage man I saw to give a beating was the Vice-President. He was on the other side and taught Catechism on our side. He had a cane like a 'bunyawn' you know what that was, an ash plant—and he'd let it back over his shoulder and would cut you every time.

Fr. Ned Cody was another first-class teacher, and Mr. Keenan—he had a large family and, I think, had a hard time of it in the end. There was a professor, Fr. John Burke, a Cloyne man—he became P.P. in Doneraile afterwards. I remember I was a Junior No. 2. The immortal Junior Two, it was called. Fr. Burke gave us a poem on Christmas for a composition and a fellow from Kilmacow parish, Larry Walsh of Moolum, wrote the best poem of all.

"On Christmas morning, when assisting
at first Mass

We'll say Deo Gratias, putting out the
gas".

You remember the way they said *Benedicamus Domine*, and the response *Deo Gratias*, putting out the gaslight at night. Fr. Burke wrote out the whole poem and brought it to the priests' parlour. I am sorry I couldn't remember the whole of it. It was first-class.

Another teacher was Fr. Paddy Casey, who became bishop afterwards. We were good friends. He was a great G.A.A. man. He kept Irish alive in Ballymacody, where he was curate for a long time.

Was Irish taught in St. Kieran's at that time?

Not at all. Nobody spoke it. The Gaelic League was just getting hot in Kilkenny then. I remember one city man, Paddy Dunne, and he "ate" it.

The professors that time were one better than another. There wasn't a botch among them, and of course they lived on the clip-pings of tin. There was Mr. Weickert; he was

the music teacher, and Fr. McKenna who went to Maynooth afterwards and became Bishop of Clogher later on. Mr. Edmund Burke taught us elocution. He might have been a botch, all right.

There is one thing about Fr. John Doody worth recalling. When I was a priest in Dun Laoghaire I went to meet a class-mate—or rather he was a class in front of me—coming off the boat. We had a chat and he said 'There was one thing kept me from kicking over the traces in semi-pagan England was the memory of John Doody saying Mass'.

What were conditions like in the College then?

Food was poor. The times were bad everywhere. I remember when I was a student in Kilkenny and was home on holidays I went with my father to the fair at Carrick. We had one-and-a-half year old cattle; good animals they were, and £7. 10. 0. is all they made. You'd get that for a goat today. The pension in the College was £20 then. Although the food was bad, our brothers and sisters had it worse at home. All the Colleges were bad at that time. But nobody was ever sick. Kilkenny must have been one of the healthiest spots in Ireland. There was no infirmary or anything like that. We had a matron, but devil a much good she was. There were only two students on the ecclesiastics' side who were supposed to be delicate, and they both lived to be over eighty years of age—Fr. Phil Moore and Fr. Paddy Holland.

The beds were the best in the world, perfectly modern, and the study hall in the Moran wing was comfortable. There were three big fires in it, piled up with Comer coal, and when you'd stoke them they'd keep in all day.

How was St. Kieran's Day celebrated?

They gave us a tea-party with tarts and things like that. I don't think there was any meat about it. We never had any plays or entertainments. Anything we had in the nature of a sing-song was among ourselves, below in the ref. on St. Kieran's night and like that. There were good sing-songs too. I don't remember us getting any free days.

Would you have liquor at these sing-songs?

Oh no! You weren't ordained to smoke either. There was one scandal I will tell you about. I would consider it the utmost barbarity nowadays. One day when we were playing Blackrock in rugby—they were mostly laymen—and there were some bottles in the refectory for the laymen on both teams. There was a lad from Kilmacow who was an ecclesiastic, and he stole one bottle and was caught and expelled. Wasn't that a hard thing? He came from a small farm, and I suppose the last penny was spent to put him through St. Kieran's. He went off to America and became an engine-driver on one of the big lines. A brother of mine met him there afterwards, and he had done well for himself.

What games did you play?

We played rugby against Carlow and Blackrock. Rugby was supported by the "tony". It divided the students. We fellows from Mooncoin, who were known as the "Doornawns", and the Tullaroan and Three Castle lads resisted rugby and played hurling, but we got no encouragement. We were caught by the neck and put into a scrum, but we still wouldn't play rugby. The hurlers were confined to a little old corner called the Mangel Pit, beside Stallard's Orchard. There's where we hurled.

One rugby match I remember was against Blackrock. (That was the occasion the lad stole the bottle of beer). They were the top rugby team, nearly always won the Senior Cup in Dublin. On the St. Kieran's team were Ralph Hunt, and Fr. Andy O'Keeffe and a fellow named Bergin—he went to Australia afterwards—he was a powerful man, six foot three. I suppose he was ten seconds for the hundred yards. And Tom Holohan and Paddy Fallon. Anyway, it was a kind of a wet day and the ball was queer

and slippery. The last try Kilkenny made, Fr. Larry Hoyne took the kick. It was at an angle you couldn't see between the posts, and he sent the ball sailing across and made it a drawn game. I have seen rugby since, but that was the best kick I ever saw.

We used to go to the baths on John's Quay every fortnight. Oh! they were wonderful. Turkish baths and then you could dive into a cold pool afterwards if you liked. I always did; it was magnificent. That was one of the good things we had.

I remember one day we went for a walk along the River Nore. Fr. MacNamara, the dean, was leading the walk. It was a hot June day and he told us we could go in for a swim if we wanted. A fellow named Joe Loughlin, a quare fellow enough, went out of his depth and was drowning. Bob Stephenson went in and pulled him out. He had only to walk in. He was so tall, he didn't have to swim.

Fr. MacNamara was a brilliant man, a very good looking fellow. Some people didn't like him. He had a great library of books that went to the College afterwards. I remember hearing of a pilgrimage he went on to the Holy Land, and on the way back he gave a lecture. Some told me that it was the most brilliant lecture they ever heard.

Dr. Collier was in the class before me and I knew him well in Maynooth later. He wasn't a good mixer, but he was a thorough gentleman. He wrote a preface to one of my uncle's books and it was magnificent. He couldn't have been more hospitable either.

I remember in Maynooth we had a skit on the olden days:

In old Maynooth the times were grand;
Something, something, something.

We pounded hard and drank our beer,
That was an age of men.

I can't remember any more of it, but St. Kieran's seventy years ago—that was an age of men.

Saint Fiacre of Kilfera and Meaux

(670-1970)

A Double Celebration

REV. JAMES BRENNAN

The seventh century is deservedly known as the Golden Age of Irish History — the period when Ireland played a role in Europe out of all proportion to her size and situation. It was an era of extraordinary religious and cultural development by a remote island people who would have been classed as barbarians by the classical standards of Greece and Rome.

This was an age when Ireland not only produced saints and scholars in remarkable numbers at home; she exported them abroad as well. So began that great exodus of men and women who left their homeland as pilgrims for Christ, the wandering Scots (as they were known) whose name and fame still survives in so many countries of western Europe.

A French historian describes the typical Irish wandering monk "stick in hand, the head shaved in front from one ear to the other leaving only a half crown of hair above the forehead (the Celtic tonsure), the rest of the hair coarsely cut down at the shoulders, strange and majestic like the prophets, liking to build their huts near a spring or within the arms of a river." (*The Miracle of Ireland*, p. 74). It has been well said of these first Irish exiles that they built their monasteries in solitary places and then made of them a garden.

Of none of them was this so literally true as of Saint Fiacre, the Irish hermit from Kilfera in Kilkenny who is honoured in France as the patron of gardens and gardeners. His name is even better known in the popular word for a cab (*fiacre*) in French, as well indeed as in the German *fiaker* which is derived from it.

The usual explanation for this usage is that the first ever cab-service from Paris, in

the seventeenth century, started from the Hôtel Saint-Fiacre near the Rue Saint-Martin. The *fiacre* may have disappeared from the streets of Paris but in far-off Vienna one can still see the two-horse cabs called *fiakers* which ply their trade for the tourists under the shadow of the great cathedral of Saint Stephen.

However, the name of Fiacre was famous in France long before it became a household word for a cab, and it is no exaggeration to say that his shrine at Meaux was one of the greatest pilgrim centres in that country for centuries, down to the French Revolution when it was unfortunately destroyed.

Nearer home his name is preserved in Kilfera near Kilkenny city, where he is honoured as patron, as well as in the Christian name of Fiacre which is still often given to boys in these parts.

Who was this man whose name will link Kilkenny and Meaux this coming August (1970) in a double celebration of the thirteen hundredth anniversary of his death in 670? As with so many of his contemporaries, the difficulty is to separate fact from legend, and to find the man behind the cult of the saint.

Fiacre, or Fiachra, according to the oldest accounts, is said to have been born of noble (even royal) ancestry in North Connacht, in the territory of Ui Fiachrach, around 590. Of his childhood and upbringing nothing is known, but he subsequently followed the fashion of the time by leaving his native place and becoming a hermit on the banks of the Nore, about three miles south of Kilkenny, at the place that is still called after him, Kilfera. (Carrigan suggest an alternative derivation for the name, but, even at that,

the traditional association of Fiacre with this spot remains intact).

After some time he was seized with the urge to leave his homeland altogether and become a pilgrim for Christ, as the saying was, so he set out on a journey which took him by way of Iona to Gaul or France. In passing through Scotland he seems to have left a distinct impression of his personality and a cult of his sanctity, for his name is preserved in certain Scottish place-names, such as St. Fickers' Bay.

Eventually he arrived in the wooded, picturesque country east of Paris, on the banks of the Marne, in the region of Meaux. It was the age of Merovingian Kings and the beginning of what we call France. The Irish monks and their tradition were already known there through the great Saint Columban, who had passed through this region in his travels and met some of the leading people, including the future bishop of Meaux, Saint Faro, and his sister Fara, foundress of the famous convent of Faramoutiers. Faro was therefore already well-disposed to the Irish wandering monks, and Fiacre found a welcome and a temporary lodging-place in the pilgrims' hospice which the bishop maintained at Meaux.

Soon, Fiacre felt the call to the solitary life again, and was given a piece of land by Bishop Faro in the forest of Breuil in the region of Brie. Here he built his cell, and around him grew up a typical monastic community with its chapel, hospital, guest-house for poor travellers and wandering pilgrims, and its cluster of cells, all dedicated to Our Lady. It was later known as the Abbey of Breuil.

Here, Fiacre lived the austere life of a hermit. Irish style, after the rule made famous by Saint Columban—a life of prayer, penance and manual labour. He also devoted himself to works of charity, and, very practically, developed a large garden in the monastery to supply fruit and vegetables for the local poor and for travellers. This is the origin of his fame in France as the patron of horticulture—the gardener's saint.

According to the ancient life of the saint, his sister, Saint Syra, followed him to Meaux, with some companions, entered the convent of Faramoutiers, and subsequently became abbess of another convent at Troyes.



St. Fiacre (Alabaster, 15th Century)
New York Metropolitan Museum of Art

where she is venerated each year on her feast day, June 8th.

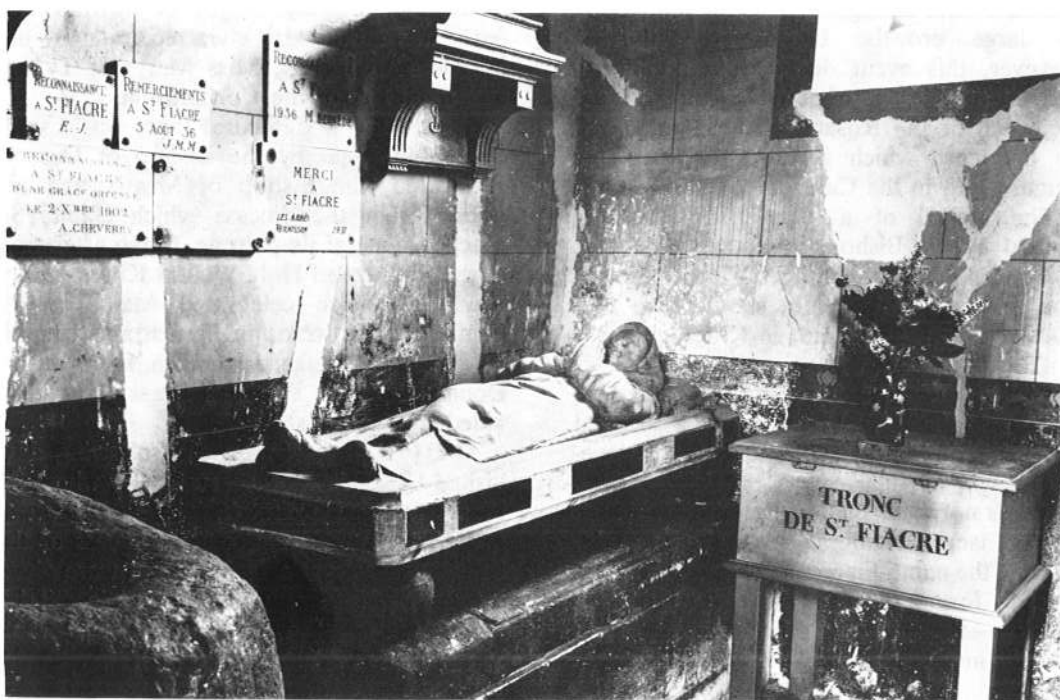
Fiacre died at Brie in 670, and ever since he has been honoured there as its local patron, and as one of the patrons of the diocese of Meaux. His shrine soon became a noted place of pilgrimage, his relics were

préservé there, miracles were attributed to his intercession, churches in many other parts of France were dedicated to him, and his feast was celebrated annually in the diocese of Meaux on August 30th. During the Huguenot Wars in 1568, his body was removed for safety to the Cathedral of Meaux, but his shrine remained a place of pilgrimage down to the Revolution of 1789.

Fiacre became a legend after his death and was not only honoured as the patron of horticulture, but was involved for barrenness in women and for certain types of skin disease. Louis XIV was said to have been

to the shrine of Saint Fiacre at Brie were Edward the Black Prince and King Henry V of England, during the Hundred Years War, and in later times Saint Vincent de Paul, not to speak of the many Irish exiles of the Penal Days who made their way to Meaux, and organized an annual Irish pilgrimage in his honour. The great Bishop Bossuet preached some of his famous sermons to honour the saint's feast, and did much to promote devotion to him.

During the Revolution the shrine at Brie was demolished and the relics scattered to different places. However, the shrine at St.



Tomb of St. Fiacre, Brie-Meaux

born as a result of prayer to Saint Fiacre by his mother, Anne of Austria, and Louis XIV himself was cured of a troublesome malady by invoking the saint, at Bishop Bossuet's suggestion. No wonder that he had a great personal devotion to Saint Fiacre, enriched his shrine at Brie, and had another one set up in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, in the western suburbs of Paris.

Amongst the many other famous pilgrims

Germain-en-Laye served as a new centre of devotion, and is still the venue for a picturesque annual horticultural festival and fair in honour of Saint Fiacre the gardener.

This event takes place at the end of July, under the patronage of the local Sub-Prefecture, and is marked by a procession of gardeners bringing flowers to the statue of the saint, a ceremony of choosing a queen; and a fancy-dress parade, followed

by an open-air Mass in honour of the patron saint of the event.

At Kilfera, where his monastic career began, the memory of Fiacre is also kept alive, though in less spectacular fashion. The spot where he dwelt is still marked by Fiacre's Well, by the bank of the Nore, on the borders of Kilferagh and Sheestown. No traces of the original cell and church remain, but a Calvary group was set up near the well in 1930 by Father Ambrose Coleman, O.P., of the Black Abbey. It was at that period that the annual commemoration of the Saint, observed on the last Sunday of August, reached its peak, with a traditional "pattern" and a religious ceremony, attended by large crowds. During the thirties, however, this event declined in popularity and all that is left of it now is the annual recitation of the Rosary at the Saint's well on his feast, which is officially listed for August 30th in the Calendar of Irish Saints.

The arrival of a party from Meaux, headed by the Bishop, this coming August, in what is planned as a double commemoration of the Saint's death, should give new life once more to his cult in Kilfera.

Without wishing to complicate matters, I may add that a St. Fiacre is also associated with the district of Ullard, near Graigue-namanagh, but his feast is on February 8th and it is not clear that he was the same man as the Fiacre of Kilfera. Nearer home, incidentally, the name Fiacre is preserved in a disguised form in Tifeaghna (really Tigh Fiachra—the 'r' having been changed into an 'n'—meaning 'the house of Fiacre'), near

Clontubrid, Co. Kilkenny. Such associations and names may indicate that the cult of the saint was quite widespread in this whole area.

POST-SCRIPT

On Sunday, 23rd August, special ceremonies were held in Kilkenny and Kilfera to mark the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the death of St Fiacre. The occasion was honoured by the presence of a group of French pilgrims, including Right Rev. Mons. Jacques Menager, Bishop of Meaux, M. Bartillat, Mayor of Entrepilly, and M. Dauvergne, Deputy Mayor of Meaux. The party was accorded a civic reception by the Mayor of Kilkenny, Miss Margaret Tynan, and members of the Corporation.

In St. Mary's Cathedral there was a celebrated Mass by the Bishop of Ossory, Dr. Birch, the Bishop of Meaux and six priests from the diocese which claims St. Fiacre as one of its patrons. In the afternoon at the Shrine and Holy Well at Kilfera, Very Rev. A. Walsh celebrated Mass, and a homily was delivered in French and English by Fr. Tony Bell, and one in Irish by Fr. Donal Kelly. St. Patrick's Brass Band provided musical airs.

The French party, on the following day, visited Ullard in the Barrow Valley where St. Fiacre founded a church.

Special lectures, under the auspices of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society, were given by An tAth. Uas. Tomás O Fiaic ("Irish Saints Abroad") and Miss Máire de Paor, M.A., ("Irish Saints at Home").

Strangers At All

(Reunion 1968)

by MICHAEL BRENNAN

On a Saturday in June two years ago a chappish dream came true when a group of schoolmates of mine returned to the College for an evening's reunion. Canon Holohan had been enthusiastic about the dream which anticipated, it seemed, private thinking of the College itself. Father John Duggan had been helpful. Reaction among the staff had been encouraging, but the schoolmates themselves—those who were ever members of the classes that entered in '57 and left in '62—were uncertain. Most of them thought it had possibilities; some did then, and still do now, think it a silly thing. All of them wanted to know who would be there.

Joe Kennedy (Moonarch, Callan) wrote from a U.S. Army Depot in Frankfurt to say how much he'd like to make it, but would in fact be home on leave and gone back before the day of the reunion; Jim Forristal in Maynooth had similar trouble. Pat Drennan would be in the Middle of Vet. Finals. Eddie Dowley and Paddy Dowling (Granges Road) were monastery-bound. Malachy Murphy (Coolcullen) and Joe Brennan were Britannia-bound but we read out their good wishes after dinner.

A memory called "Michael Minogue from Clare" had, it transpired, since 1958 gone to cook in America, where the brothers Kehoe, Leo and Vincent, were also happily settled. Like the other Paddy Dowling, now married in Derbyshire, they were informed of the gathering.

In a desperate effort to get replies to invitations, a stamped addressed "YES-NO" postcard was sent to those who'd stayed silent. Some were returned with "No" ringed round and you wondered about the men who sent them. In six years, the only sign of life.

Girlfriends would be welcome (Jim Gannon, Jim Maher, Peter Russell) and wives (Capt. Paddy O'Connor, Phil Murray, Matt Walshe). From the staff side Pat and Mrs. McSweeney, John and Mrs. Collins, Alfie and Mrs. Sheehy and Martin and Mrs. Cody honoured the occasion. But then the staff did the re-unification proud: Fathers Gerry O'Sullivan, Tim O'Connor, John Duggan, Tommy Maher, Jack Kennedy, Dan Collier, Percy Grant, James McEvoy.

Joe Lambe was there and said at dinner "I have a feeling that the best has still to come." After a walk on the walk After a yell down the corridors, "Yahoo-yah."

* * * *

Michael Tobin said, and Willie Hally said "We're going to have this *every* year. You just organise it, Micky, we'll fork up a quid or two, or whatever it is. You just let us know."

"I will if I'm here. I don't know where I'll be."

Russell played "The Last Thing on My Mind" on a guitar and Ned Naddy and Jim Kinsella clowned as of old. Great to see you, Naddy. Your turn for a song, Tom Doyle, or Joe Delaney. Anything at all. Father McEvoy sang 'Jesusalem'. The Rose Hill Hotel lounge full of songs and, now and then, schooldays. Eamonn DeLoughry, Martin McDonald, Michael Pattison, Stevie Dollard. "What are you having? *Flow-on love-ly river . . . Do you remember . . . gently along*".

It had been a clear, sweet Summer evening and was even late when a photographer lined us up on the Cleesies' field. Just for the record.

* * * *

But where were you Eddie Loughnane? and where were you Alf Butler, Francis Lehane, Denis Lyng, Ollie Bennett? The Comerford brothers from Castlewarren and Christie O'Donovan, the Big Link and Willie Phelan from down South?

I haven't seen you in ten years, Larry O'Neill; or Jim Farrell since "Leaving." You'd have been surprised. So would you Jim Fitz, it worked out well. We weren't strangers at all.

* * * *

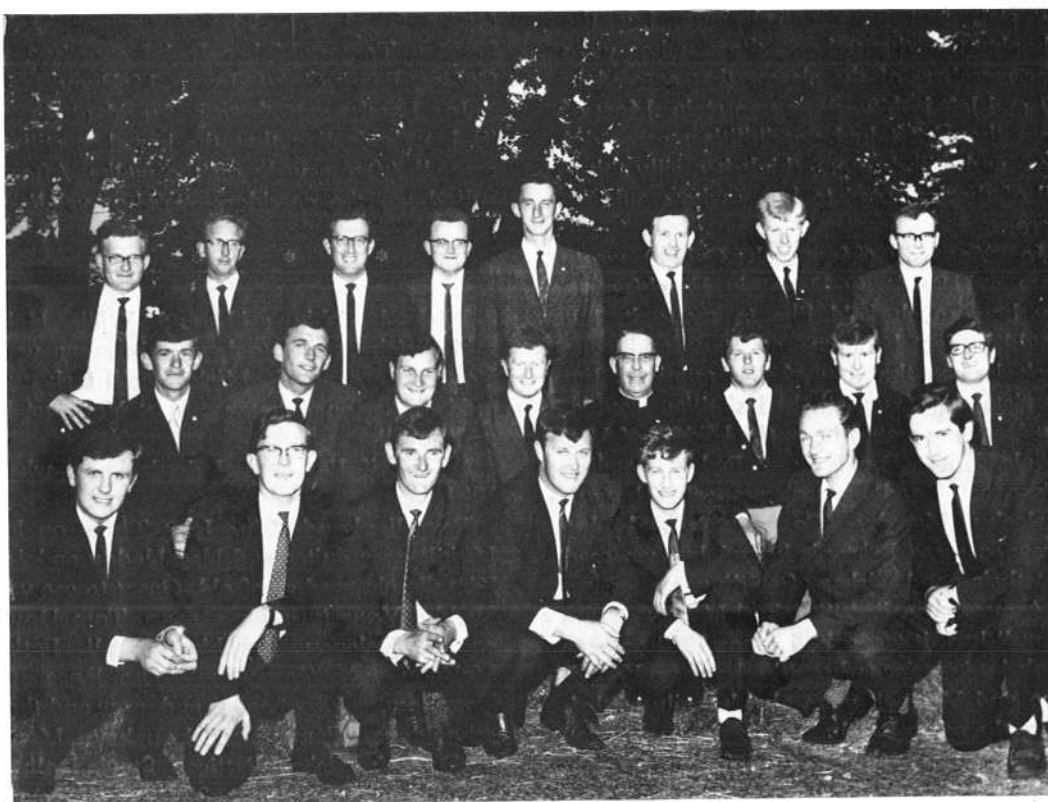
I'm in Britannia now, raising briefly the memory of June '68. I don't suppose there has been another reunion of our class. Frank McEvoy's year and Eddie Keher's year gathered twelve months ago.

The Leaving Cert leaves something unsaid. That's what it is. Secondary school, a chapter you don't finish.

"Going away with no word of farewell . . .

Not a trace left behind . . ."

And so to dream up all the personalities of the past and try to put them together.



REUNION CLASS OF 1958

Front (l. to r.): E. de Loughry, M. McDonald, D. Comerford, J. Gannon, J. Delaney, M. Brennan, E. Deegan.

Centre: W. Campion, P. Russell, N. Naddy, M. Pattison, Rev. J. Kennedy, J. Maher, J. Delahunty, W. Hally.

Back: M. Tobin, Mr. M. Cody, Mr. A. Sheehy, S. Dollard, J. Kinsella, Mr. J. Collins, W. Dunne, D. J. Cunningham.

Classes 1944 and 1959 Hold Re-Union

Dear Andy,

One Sunday evening just a twelve-month ago, a knocking came to my door and a stranger stood there, all in black.

"Do you know it is twenty-five years since you left St. Kieran's?" he began. Now, whatever landmarks bestrew my life, they are hardly of a public nature, and are not even remotely connected with seats of learning. "We thought it would be a pleasing idea to call back the fellows of our class for a re-union in the College, and the authorities there will lend full support. In fact, they will provide a dinner for the class, with their wives or sweethearts" (Not both? I thought cynically).

"I will meet you again" said the man in black and withdrew. Invitations were dispatched to all the class; replies trickled back. Occasionally on the street, I would meet my Sunday evening caller and report progress to him. "I hope to be present" he would say each time, and add *diminuendo*, "but circumstances may prevent it". Working on the idea that nothing succeeds like excess, it was decided that the 10 Year Graduation Class—that is the 1954-'59 Class—should join in the festivity.

The evening of June 14th arrived, a Saturday. We gathered on the lawn. You know what the College looks like at that seven o'clock hour on a Summer's evening—that is, the peak of its beauty. The trees and lawns are enamelled in the sunshine, the limestone glows warmly, and the shadows lie thicker on turret and balcony. The air is quiet, sounds from the Callan Road are muted, and voices are low—unconscious tribute of man before the beauty of the world.

We naturally herded into two flocks—the senior, and the considerably larger, junior one. We, the twenty-five year olds, at the outset viewed one another much as survivors in a lifeboat do as it draws away from a sinking ship—writ plain on every face: How did you manage to survive?

Then we went indoors to the refectory. The ice was broken—it was now melting in huge jugs of fruit juice on the long tables. The well-remembered bleakness was transformed into a scene of luxury. Snowy napery, mounds of fruit, bowls of flowers, glittering crystal-ware, rattle of cutlery which was absorbed by Musak as splashes from a pen are soaked up by blotting-paper, delicious food, everything added up to convert a meal into a banquet.

As the coffee descended, the speeches began. Since Canon Holohan, the President, was away in America, Fr. Gerry O'Sullivan, Vice-President, extended a welcome to all the guests, particularly to the Class of 1944. Harking back to the days of rationing and scarcities during what was then the Emergency (but later on proved to have been the War), Fr. O'Sullivan was surprised that any of our Class returned. The meal, he thought, was merely doing justice to the students who were interned there during the years 1939-'44.

Messages were read from Class-mates who were unable to be present: Fr. Tom Ryan, Paisley; John Heffernan, Waterford; Michael Guerin, Nenagh; Fr. Kevin Molloy, Manchester; Con Mulvihill, Dublin; James Greene, England; Liam Drea, Gowran; Frank Waldron, Callan; Jim Kinsella, Bedfordshire; Fr. Tim O'Connor, Junior Dean, St. Kieran's who was away on a pilgrimage in Lourdes; and Fr. Andy Moore.

There was a further message from our former English professor, Dr. Birch, who, too, was in Lourdes.

Eugene O'Neill, care of NATO, somewhere in Germany, wrote warmly: "Since we struggled together at Latin and Greek verbs, I have since tackled Russian, and now German. Although the Irish, Latin and Greek were of no subsequent use in my career, my general knowledge and interest in culture would have been at a very low ebb without them. Time and contact with educated people of all nationalities have proved the soundness and worth of the 1939-

44 years. I understand now how the Irish exiles that moved through our history pages felt—almost quarter of a century of exile sharpens the focus of memory instead of blurring it”.

From Zambia, Dick Furniss gave a long, nostalgic sigh as he recalled his College days, his class-mates, his professors. He considered the re-union so important an occasion that if he had got six months’ notice, instead of six weeks’ he would have travelled the 7,000

Fr. John Duggan, who acted as liaison officer between the Class organisers and the College, was celebrating the 25th anniversary of his first year as a Kieran’s boy.

Fr. Joe Clohosey, since, alas!, gone to claim his eternal crown, said he was celebrating the 50th anniversary of his first year in the College. Listening to Fr. Clohosey’s measured voice, its resonant cadences, the pauses for the *mots justes*, one felt the years evaporate and one was transported back to



Front: Ray Cody, Fr. John Kennedy, Frank McEvoy
Back: Kevin O'Donnell, Cyril O'Loughlin, Dick Freeman, John Mitchell, Tom Walsh, Eddie Cullen, Paddy Hennessy.

miles from Zambia to be in the refectory that evening.

Surprising anniversaries were unearthed like shards of pottery at a 6th Century burial site. Fr. Jack Kennedy, P.P., Callan, pointed out that he commenced teaching in the College the very same day as our Class commenced our secondary education.

his history class, while he led us down some fascinating alleyway that we had—or thought we had—skilfully shown him the entrance to. One was trapped by it all again—the chalky dust of the classroom, the shiny nail-heads on the knotted floor, the squeak of the professor’s boots, the inky, nicotined, chilblained fingers, the rumbling bellies, the cold sky

beyond the window, the impatient voice droning from the next class-hall, the gullet-gripping smell of disinfectant in the study-hall.

"What did you do during the Revolution?"
"I survived".

Cyril O'Loughlin, who had come across from London to attend, spoke wittily. For some reason, Cyril spent an extra year in St. Kieran's (or else entered it a year later), and he staked his claim to be invited to the celebration of the 1940/45 Class when it is held in 1970.

Eddie Cullen who had harboured some unpleasant recollection, allowed it the freedom of the high seas again. Dick Freeman didn't speak, but his sotto voce interjections were better than any speech.

Then the floor was given to the 10th year graduation Class. They provided the dynamic—their percussion orchestrating happily with our fainter wood-winds. Eddie Keher was their chief organiser and spokesman. He recalled that their catch-cry ten years ago had been "The sooner we are finished and get out of here, the better". When the diaspora did take place and they realised that the group, bound to one another as they were with strong bonds of companionship, would never totally meet together again, the realisation was saddening. Hence, the re-union was particularly appreciated by him.

As the speeches faded away and the photographers' flash-bulbs blackened, we repaired to a nearby hostelry. Before leaving the College scene, it is well to list the students who attended:

25th Year Class: Fr. Pierce Grant, St. Kieran's; Ray Cody, Kilkenny; Kevin O'Donnell, Gowran; Cyril O'Loughlin, London; Dick Freeman, Dublin; John Mitchell, Waterford; Tom Walsh, Dungarvan; Eddie Cullen, Cork; Paddy Hennessy, Three Castles; Frank McEvoy, Kilkenny.

10th Year Class: Fr. Sean Meagher, Ballyragget; Fr. Alan Kiely, Kilkenny; Fr. Vivian Fitzpatrick, O.F.M.Cap., Burnchurch; Fr. Pierce Malone, Piltown; Eddie Keher, Instioige; Gerry McCarthy, Castlecomer; John Kelly, do; Eamonn Brennan, do; Martin Walsh, Thomastown; Martin Lanigan, do;

Gay Murphy, Newmarket; Gerry Moylan, Danesfort; Paddy Holohan, Ballyragget; Joe Delaney, Johnstown; Michael Wall, Kilkenny; Roddy Butler, Freshford; Edward Phelan, Dunbell; Tom Dooley, Ballacolla; Patrick Nolan, Kilkenny; Tom Carroll, Gowran; Richard Curran, The Rower; Andy McEneaney, Kilkenny; Michael Drennan, Gow-



Eamonn Brennan, Eddie Keher, Michael Wall
(vocalists), Gerry McCarthy (piano)

ran; Eamonn Carrigan, Kilkenny; Noel Kehoe, Clara; Martin Forristal, Slieverue.

Rose Hill in our day was the unassailable fortress of an old Kieran's boy, and is now a first-rate hotel. We went there for dancing and drinks. The accent on the evening, so far, had been totally masculine, and now on more familiar territory the wives and sweet-hearts gave the necessary balance to the merry-making. Vocal chords were loosened, bottles clinked merrily, the dance rhythms were all today's, though the talk was of yesterday. Reminiscences began to ooze like treacle, fellowships were resworn and the night ended in a haze of amity.

So, Andy, when that stranger in black,



REUNION CLASS OF 1959

Front: Eamon Carrigan, Eddie Phelan, Gay Murphy, Fr. Vivian Fitzpatrick, O.F.M. Cap., Gerry Moylan, Eamonn Brennan.

Middle: Noel Kehoe, Andy McEaney, Roddy Butler, Fr. John Kennedy, P.P., Gerry McCarthy, Eddie Keher, Fr. John Duggan, Martin Walsh, Mr. John Collins, Richard Curran.

Back: Martin Forristal, Fr. Sean Meagher, Tom Carroll, Martin Lanigan, Fr. Pierce Malone, John Kelly, Jim Holland, Mickey Wall, Tom Dooley, Joe Delaney, Michael Drennan, Seamus Dowling, Paddy Holohan.

whose Mozartian entry into my life last year, set in motion the idea of the re-union he conferred on all of us a greater pleasure than either of us imagined. He was, of course, yourself.

I promised to write you an account of the

evening. Wherever you may be, either in London or New York, this at last is the fulfillment of my promise.

Cordially,
FRANK McEVOY

The Day Boys—The Noisy Minority

By BRIAN KENEALY

(1946 - 1951)

It is about 20 years since I was a Day Boy at St. Kieran's but living as I do practically in the shadow of the old school and having to pass through New Street to and from my place of business, it is difficult to forget that Day Boys still go to the College. The present lot don't seem very different from what we were. They still tear down the Ormonde Road on their bicycles and take the corner at Statham's as defiantly as we did in the late forties when there were few cars on the road (my God, I feel old!). The hair is definitely longer than ours — the "crew cut" was in vogue in our day — or the "cruel cut" as one boarder once unwittingly called it! And the "language" is as "beautiful" as ever. I think having been locked up in silence for a few hours and then suddenly let loose on society there is a great tendency to let off steam with a string of expletives. Yes, you old Day Boys, the vocabulary is as rich as ours ever was.

And from what I can see the "fag" is as popular as before too. I presume it is still as popular on the other side of the wall in New Street as well. I always felt that the authorities should allow smoking for the Seniors. They all do it anyway and it would no longer be the "in thing". I mentioned this to Fr. Tim O'Connor, maybe he will do something about it.

Twenty years ago the Day Boys were very much a minority and at a time when it wasn't fashionable to be so. We numbered about 50 to a house of 300. Now, I believe they number 150 to a house of 420. A big increase, indeed, and one which must have considerably raised their standing and significance. There are various reasons for this increase: an overall increase in post primary attendance due to free education, and school buses. However, the most important factor, I believe, is that parents, in this permissive age, find that a school such as St. Kieran's,

with 3½ hours daily of supervised study, is the only place where their little darlings will work. I can well believe it. Speaking of study, all the Day Boys in our day used to study together in the one room. Segregation? Not really, but it was easy for keeping tabs on attendance. Now, I believe, each class studies and attends classes in the same room. A good idea, too, which I'm sure has put an end to those constant migrations during the day from class to study hall.

A small minority of effervescent youngsters such as ours, must have been looked upon with some sort of puzzlement, if not with disdain, by the majority. I don't know what it's like now but in our days there was the old rivalry between the "townie" and the "country lad". The townie looked upon the country lad as an unsophisticated boor and the country lad looked upon the townie as an ill-mannered street urchin. No, it wasn't as bad as that, but both sides of the fence know what I mean! We met the same thing in Dublin in reverse with the Jackeen and the Culchie. A good, healthy rivalry this!

One of the first things that struck me when I entered the old school in 1946 was the peculiarity of the accent of the South Kilkenny lads and they were legion then (from Thomastown down to Glenmore). You know, the strong "Mewnkine" type of accent bordering on the Waterford. I had never heard anything like it in my life! How sheltered we were! And I remember well going through the initiation rite of being "ducked" in the wash-hand basins — is it still done? Then when you were a second year lad you performed the ceremony with the same teenage sadism.

Yes I have many memories, pleasant and unpleasant. One unpleasant one was going up on a Sunday morning for three hours of religious instruction from 9 to 12. I often blame this for my missing the religious

calling! From what I hear this is now finished and religious instruction is taken like any other subject at ordinary class time. A good idea. In winter we used frequent the Sunday afternoon matinee of the pictures in the Savoy. There we used to meet "girls". Of course, we had to leave at 5 o'clock for study. A most frustrating experience but we got some satisfaction from recounting our experiences to the boarders when we got back and tormenting them in their celibate isolation. Imagine trying to write an English Composition after all that lot. I believe they still do it — the English composition that is!

Sporting memories I have aplenty. I saw Fr. John Reidy gradually build his hurling squad into a giant-killing combination which won four Leinster Senior Championships and the first College All-Ireland in 1948. The heroes then were Lar Dunphy, Tom Connolly, Harry Ryan, Willie Doyle, Dick O'Neill, Kieran Crotty, Tom O'Connor etc. I can remember, too, the Sunday afternoon in May 1949 when Harry Ryan jumped 21' 8" in the Senior Long Jump—a record that still stands. My own brother Con jumped 20' 8" the same day, which practically went unnoticed but I thought I had better record it here all the same. In 1951 my own great thrill came when I won the 100 yards Open Championship. One up for the Day Boys, lads!

We never "went in for the hurling" much — rugby was our game. It was at the period when Ireland won two Triple Crowns in 1948 and 1949. We had a team of our own with the help of a few of the C.B.S. lads. What great fun we had. One day, however, we smuggled a rugby ball into St. Kieran's (desecration?) and had a match in Fennessy's

between the two Senior Classes. What an unsophisticated encounter! However, I am proud to say I am one of the few people who ever scored a try on the walks of Fennessy's. Damn sore thing! Fr. Reidy didn't like this and "cleaned out" a few of us for "appointing ourselves game masters" over his head. Would this happen now?

Of the Clerical Professors at this time I think only Fr. Gerry O'Sullivan now remains. Gone to their reward are Frs. Joe and Pat Dunphy, Fr. Tommy Brennan, Fr. Neddy Wall, R.I.P. Fr. Jack Kennedy is now P.P. in Callan and it is my great pleasure to meet him often. His efforts at "persuading" Latin Syntax into us are still vivid in my memory. Fr. Peter Birch, my English Professor, has now "gone further" and I still remember his rendering "O' Hussey's ode to the Maguire" ("Water and land are blent in one"). I do recall also that he always had an ear for any grievance of the Day Boys — a concern for the minority which we all know has not forsaken him. Fr. John Duggan was Senior of the House in my third year and Frs. Joe Delaney, Seamus McEvoy, Donal Kelly and Seamus Henry were mere boys.

To conclude, it wasn't easy being a day boy. Whilst our lot was better than the boarders', we were constantly drawn between the comforts of home and the rigours of a boarding school — something which contributed to our split personalities. Still, I am glad to have experienced the old tradition and discipline that was St. Kieran's at a time when these things are breaking down around us and when my two sons come to the age, I hope to send them there also — if they are taken!

First Alumni Re-Union in United States

When I arrived in San Antonio, Texas, on Sunday evening, May 2, 1968, I was surprised to find myself taken over by a reception committee of 12 priests and one bishop — for I am not accustomed to such V.I.P. treatment. Father Eugene Nee escorted me to his presbytery: the fact that Bishop Leven lives with him creates no special problem! Next morning after a concelebrated Mass in the school assembly I was asked to give the eighth graders an indoctrination course in Irish religion and politics. I enjoyed my breakfast afterwards!

It was mid-April when Monsignor Michael Holden wrote to say that the Kieran's men in San Antonio had decided at short notice to bring together some of their two hundred and fifty scattered alumni as a first step towards the formation of a reunion and that they would appreciate the presence of a representative from the College. The establishment of such a reunion was often discussed by priests on the American mission but practical problems of location and organisation kept the project from getting off the ground. The priests of San Antonio were prompted in their decision by what may be best described as an exhibition event called Hemisfair marking the City's 250th birthday. It cost two hundred million dollars to put the show on. The main exhibits showed the influence of other nations and cultures in the making of Texas. Perhaps its theme "the confluence of civilizations" suggested a further confluence of St. Kieran's men to add to its fame as the city of the Alamo and Davy Crockett and the two hundred brave defenders who held off thousands of Mexican soldiers in one of the famous last-man stands of history.

The organisers had taken over Our Lady of the Pillar retreat house on the outskirts of the city as headquarters and as a base for expedition. It was a wise choice, giving

the 'retreatants' both privacy and freedom. Amongst the early arrivals were Monsignor Al O'Donoghue from South Dakota, Monsignors John Purcell and Joe Clerkin from California, all three contributing in no small manner to the general 'fun and games'. The union programme was free and easy: many visited the fair grounds and had lunch in the revolving restaurant which topped the 622 feet high tower of the Americans: many were interested in the San Jose Mission founded by the Spaniards in 1720 for the dual purpose of spreading Christianity and protecting Indian families who lived within the compound as a community. Among the Spaniards recorded in stone inscriptions, two struck me as travelling incognito, namely, soldier Pedro Oconor and Father Roberto Morfi — no doubt descendants of our Wild Geese.

The business meeting elected Monsignor Holden as first President, Father Martin Cassidy as Vice-President and Father Pat Farrell as Secretary. The purpose of the reunion was declared to be twofold, to form a link between all the priests of the College and to help the College to continue its work. It was decided to have a reunion every two years in different parts of the country.

A highlight of the reunion was the concelebrated Mass for it expressed more than anything else the unity of our priesthood. Father Eugene Nee kept us all in line while Father Maurice Dillane attended to the 'motets' and the community singing. It was my first experience of the dialogue homily. I liked the idea.

I still smack my lips when I recall that memorable dinner on the river, gondolas like mobile restaurants, Mexican guitarists and singers, *tamales*, *tacos*, *tortillas*, *guchahola*, *tequilla* (for the uninitiated I would say these are delicious Mexican foods and drink). The picture is filled in when you introduce thirty-



Front: Rev. Brendan Lawless Jefferson City; Rev. Eugene Nee, San Antonio; Msgr. John B. O'Brien, Camden, N.J.; Rt. Rev. John Purcell, San Diego; Canon John Holohan, St. Kieran's College; Rt. Rev. Al. O'Donoghue, Fargo; Msgr. Michael Holden, San Antonio. (R.I.P.); Rt. Rev. Joseph Clerkin, San Diego; Rev. Patrick E. Farrell, Miami.

Second Row: Rev. Peter Russell, Jefferson City; Rev. Matthew Lyng, Corpus Christi; Rev. Pascal Bergin, Corpus Christi; Rev. Michael Butler, Cheyenne; Rev. Mossie Dillane, San Antonio; Rev. John Skehan, Miami; Rev. Francis Pattison, San Diego; Rev. Michael J. McGuinness, Mobile; Rev. Laurence O'Dwyer, Corpus Christi (R.I.P.); Rev. Thomas Prendergast, San Diego; Rev. Patrick J. Palmer, San Antonio; Rev. Martin J. Cassidy, Miami.

Back: Rev. William Brennan, St. Augustine; Msgr. John McDonald, San Antonio; Rev. Philip O'Carroll, San Diego; Rev. T. Palmer, San Antonio; Rev. Philip McKenna, Mobile; Rev. Donald Sheahan, San Diego; Rev. Michael Burke, Camden, N.J.; Rev. Michael Drennan, San Diego.

five colour-shirted Irishmen complete with sombreros lustily singing some well-known Irish airs must to the amusement of other boat groups.

The golf competition held at nearby Olmos Park was won by Father Dillane. I found myself touring the course in one of those battery-driven cars evoking the uncharitable comment from a competitor that my flitting from hole to hole reminded him of a certain dean of other days who always

turned up when, as a student, he found himself in a bunker!

With Monsignor Sean McDonald as master of ceremonies that peculiarly American institution known as the cocktail hour led into the final reunion banquet. All of us are deeply indebted to the priests of San Antonio for a most enjoyable stay there: to Monsignor Holden as President, to Monsignor Sean McDonald as banquet chairman, to Father Pat Palmer as hospitality chair-

man, to Father Tom Palmer as transportation chairman, to Father Dillane as golf chairman, to Father Garrett as recreation chairman and to Father Nee as program chairman.

Here I would like to place on record my very great appreciation of the many kindnesses shown to me by our priests when I visited them in Miami, St. Augustine,

Mobile-Birmingham, San Diego, Los Angeles, Monterey-Fresno, San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Boise, Baker, Seattle, Yakima, Boston, Providence, Washington, Richmond, Camden. For all the goodwill, hospitality, generosity and pastoral enlightenment my most sincere thanks.

JOHN J. HOLOHAN

Second American Re-Union Miami 1969

About sixty St. Kieran's priests assembled for the second National Re-Union at Deauville Hotel, Miami, in January 1969. Practically all the alumni working in the four dioceses in the State of Florida attended. Four travelled from California — Frs.

E. Lyng, F. Pattison, P. O'Keeffe and P. Carroll. The Union's First President, Monsignor M. Holden — who died seven weeks subsequently — brought several with him from Texas. Other dioceses represented were Mobile-Birmingham, Camden, Provid-



ence, Washington, Natchez-Jackson and Atlanta.

From Ireland travelled Canon Holohan, President of the College, and another guest of the Union was Fr. J. Kennedy, P.P., Callan.

During the Re-Union there was a celebrated Mass each morning. The leisurely days were spent at golf, or merely relaxing in the balmy Florida sunshine. Canon Holohan presented a Kilkenny-designed trophy of marble and silver for a golf competition, which was annexed by Fr. Maurice Dillane.

Our photograph shows a group of clergy setting off from the hotel for the golf course. Included are Fr. David Page, Fr. O'Flaherty, Msgr. John Lenihan, Fr. Martin Cassidy, Msgr. Trainor, Msgr. Holden, Msgr. Martin Power, Fr. Ned Condren, Msgr. Thomas White, Bogota, Frs. McGuinness, Des Murphy, E. Lyng, W. Brennan and T. Cody.

The focal point of the Re-Union was a banquet at which guests of honour were His Grace Most Rev. Coleman Carroll,

Archbishop of Miami, His Excellency Most Rev. John Fitzpatrick, Auxiliary Bishop of Miami and His Excellency Most Rev. Patrick Shanley. Master of Ceremonies at the function was Fr. Martin Cassidy, Vice-President of the Union. The address of welcome was delivered by Canon Holohan, and Fr. Page, who is executive editor of *The Florida Catholic* read a paper on the history of St. Kieran's College.

Throughout the Re-Union a large suite in the Deauville Hotel was set aside for the exclusive use of the priests. Here they congregated for singing, swapping stories, reminiscing about College days until far into the night.

Fr. Jack Skehan and his Miami colleagues spared no effort to make the re-union something to be long remembered, and our grateful thanks go to them for the wonderful time we had.

The next re-union has been arranged for San Diego early in 1971, and Fr. Paddy O'Keeffe will act as organising secretary.

JOHN KENNEDY

WELCOME BACK, VISITORS

Ordination Sunday, 1968

Rev. P. Brennan
Rev. M. Drennan
Rev. J. Murphy
Rev. J. O'Callaghan
Rev. K. Rice (Wellington)
Rev. D. Cody
Rev. Pascal Bergin
Rev. T. Bowden
Rev. T. Murphy
Rev. M. Ryan
Rev. M. Simpson
Rev. P. Madigan
Rev. P. Comerford
Rev. R. Delaney (Korea)
Very Rev. M. Carroll, D.D.
Rev. W. Dever (Miami)
Rev. A. Walsh
Rev. P. Malone

Ordination Sunday, 1969

| | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| Rev. P. Smith | Rev. K. King |
| Rev. E. Dorrington | Rev. S. Lavery |
| Rev. A. Lenihan | Rev. J. Kearney |
| Rev. D. Lenihan | Rev. G. Troy |
| Rev. S. McGivern | Rev. M. Hyland |
| Rev. D. Burke | Rev. S. Maher |
| Rev. G. Murphy | Rev. A. Walsh |
| Rev. F. Kearney | Rev. J. Rowan |
| Rev. J. Lally | |
| Rev. J. Crotty | |
| Rev. P. Duggan | |
| Rev. S. Doherty | |
| Rev. M. Ryan | |
| Rev. D. Dunne | |
| Rev. L. St. John | |
| Rev. O. Deegan | |
| Rev. D. McGivern | |
| Rev. B. Sheehy | |



ORDINATIONS 8th JUNE 1969

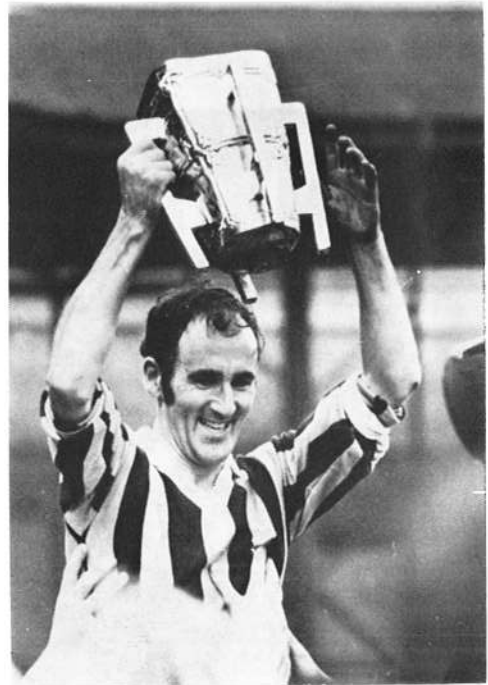
Front Row: Dr. James Brennan, Rev. S. O'Donnell (Mayo) Leeds, Most Rev. Dr. Birch, Rev. G. O'Sullivan (Vice-President), Rev. Donal Kelly.

Middle Row: Rev. E. Rhatigan (Senior Dean), Rev. B. McGovern (Edinburgh) Baker City, Rev. J. Walsh (Kilkenny) San Francisco, Rev. B. McGovern (Down) Dromore, Rev. J. Egan (Kilkenny) Providence, R.I., Rev. F. Lalor (Kerry) Sacramento.

Back Row: Rev. P. Tierney (Mayo) Mobile. Birmingham,, Rev. J. Gallen (Tyrone) New Orleans, Rev. F. Gilbride (Fermanagh) Northampton, Rev. J. Farrell (Longford) Shrewsbury.

From The News Desk

The College's singular adherence to the game of hurling earned a handsome reward last year when TED CARROLL (1952-57) was voted hurler of the year in the Texaco Sporting Awards, and EDDIE KEHER (1954-59) was helmsman of the Kilkenny team that won its 17th All-Ireland title by defeating Cork. After that match, the Irish Independent chose Ted Carroll as Sports Star of the week, and the seal was set on the nomination later in the year when the Texaco Award came his way. Paddy Downey, Sports Editor of the Irish Times commenting on the award, said: "When hurling followers sit down and analyse the happenings of 1969, they will surely regard Kilkenny's dramatic second half come-back to beat Cork in the All-Ireland final as the highlight of an eventful year. And intertwined with that Kilkenny success story is the story of a magnificent performance by right full back Ted Carroll who, scorning the handicap of a badly gashed



forehead, proceeded to sap much of the venom from the Cork challenge with a series of great clearances. For Carroll, this is the latest in a long line of sporting awards which give testimony to a career which has few parallels in modern hurling".

Eddie Keher, queried by another newspaper about his most memorable game, said he recalled vividly the College's medal which he won with St. Kieran's in 1957 "when we scored four goals in the last ten minutes in the final against St. Flannan's and won by two points. This indeed was the heroic stuff of youth".

Before leaving the hurling scene, mention must also be made of Fr. TOM MURPHY (1961-67) who gained his second senior All-Ireland medal last year, to add to the minor trophy which he already held.

Two of Ted Carroll's colleagues on the advisory staff of Kilkenny Committee of

Agriculture are DENIS CAREY (1953-58) and DICK WALSH (1953-58). Their professional interests are safeguarded by TODD COMERFORD (1945-50), General Secretary of Irish Agricultural Officers' Organisation. Todd was a candidate on the graduation panel of six members to the Governing Body of University College Dublin last year. In the election he had a tally of 1,328 votes, for a first-time runner an achievement that augurs well for future incursions into that sphere of public life.

Another first-time runner—this time successful—was KIERAN CROTTY (1943-48) who was elected to the Dail in 1969 as Fine Gael member for Carlow-Kilkenny. He retained the seat formerly held by his father, Mr. Paddy Crotty. In the College, Kieran was a noted hurler and a member of the team that brought the first All-Ireland trophy to the College by defeating St. Colman's, Fermoy, in Croke Park. He continued to play hurling with Dicksboro until a well-versed reader of Rule 27 cried "Foul". Thereafter, Kieran continued to be an active attender at St. James's Park, a passive one at Nowlan. His family's interest in public life goes back to 1917 or '18, when his uncle, Dr. Martin Crotty was election agent for William Cosgrave.

The outstanding success of the 1968 Dublin Theatre Festival was TOM KILROY'S (1947-53) sharply-observed, candidly-written play "The Death and Resurrection of Mr. Roche". It was subsequently staged in London and has now been published by Faber & Faber. The Times Literary Supplement, that august reputation-maker of Printing House Square, said of Tom's play: "This comic piece of national self-criticism is the best new Irish work the Dublin Theatre Festival has yet launched . . . Where resident Irish writers as a rule remain compliant prisoners of their environment, Mr. Kilroy, while knowing the scene inside out, manages to present the situation from the perspective of an angry outsider". An interesting addition to the shelf devoted to St. Kieran's authors. Is there any bibliophile who can supply us with titles of all the works which should appear there?

A news report in the Idaho Register of 8th May last says that Fr. Francis P. McGlinchey has retired from active parish work in Meridian, Idaho, for health reasons, and was returning to his native Buncrana, on the shores of Lough Swilly. In 1937, the year of his ordination, Fr. McGlinchey went to Boise and served variously in the parishes of (the names indicate the diverse ethnic influences of that region): Wallace, Grangeville, Nezperce, Moscow, Post Falls, Weiser, Genesee, New Plymouth, Meridian. We wish him many happy years of enjoyment on the Inishowen Peninsula.

From Liverpool Archdiocese comes the news that Fr. WILLIAM O'SULLIVAN (1947) has been appointed National Chaplain of the C.Y.M.S. by the hierarchy of England and Wales. He has been responsible for the rewriting of the Constitution of the Society.

Fr. John Bergin (1936), ex-chaplain to a parachute Regiment has been appointed a Canon of the Archdiocese. He chalked up an achievement of a different nature when he was one of the foursome from Liverpool that won — for the second time — the Interdiocesan Golf Championship of Britain last year. Partnering him in the victory, and gaining a week's holiday in Rome as first prize, was Fr. Kevin Brennan (1946).

When the late LIAM F. DALTON (1940-43) was President of the National University of Ireland Club in New York he proposed the founding of a Scholarship in Irish studies to be awarded to an American citizen. On his untimely death five years ago, it was decided to name the Scholarship in his honour. This year the presentation of the Liam F. Dalton Memorial Scholarship to Miss Joan Ungaro of Fordham University was made by the current President of the National University of Ireland Club — another St. Kieran's man, Mr. SEAN J. WHITE (1940-45).

Congratulations to:

MR. JAMES GIBBONS, T.D. (1938-41) on his promotion to one of the key Cabinet posts — Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries.

FR. PERCY WALSH (1948-53), Society of St. Columban, on being appointed Associate Editor of *The Far East*.

FR. PETER DONATI (1930), St. Andrew's & Edinburgh who has been named a Canon of the Diocese.

FR. WILLIAM HEFFERNAN (1919), Parish Priest of Epping, Sydney, Australia, who has been appointed Papal Chaplain with the title of Monsignor.

Recent graduates: Walter Dunphy, B.A. (Hons), Padraig Costello, B.A. (Hons), John Norris, B.A. (Hons), David Freyne, B.AGR.SC., (Hons), John Kinsella, B.AGR.SC., (Hons), Ciaran Dooley, B.AGR.SC., (Hons), Patrick Broderick, B.A., James Looby, B.A., Michael Scanlon, B.A., Gary Power, B.A. Denis M. Lyng, B.A., James Cooke, B.A., Pat Pollard B.A., Ferdinand Fitzmaurice, B.COMM.

PAST PUPILS UNION

Due to a decline in membership and especially in "young blood", the College Union must be regarded to be at a standstill at present. The usual functions (two annual Socials) were held in 1968, but there were no activities last year, apart from the helpful participation of the Committee members in the annual Parents' Day and Sports held in May. However, the existing Committee, under its enthusiastic President, Mr. Tom Vaughan, still remains, and it is to be hoped that, with an infusion of new blood, the Union will come to life again in the '70s.

Golfing Society Report

The holding of the 15th Annual competition for this year, 1970, along with its older companion-event, the Dr. Collier Cup, to be held in September, is a sign of the Golfing Society's continuing success. It is appropriate here to spare a grateful remembrance for the late Mr. Con Kenealy, who was largely responsible for the formation of the Society and for the inauguration of the competition for Captain's and President's Prizes held each year in June.

Officers and Committee for 1968: President, Mr. Joseph Nolan; Captain, Rev. John Kennedy; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. J. Brennan and Rev. S. McEvoy Committee: Dr. Patrick Grace; Mr. J. Lambe; Mr. M. Jacob; Rev. M. Kirwan.

Results of Competitions, 1968: On June 9th, the President's Prize was won by Mr. Tom Murphy (with a score of 40 points) and the Captain's Prize by Rev. M. Drennan (San Diego) with a 66. Best gross was returned by Mr. L. Reidy, with a 75.

The Dr. Collier Cup was won by Rev. James Grace (San Diego) with 5 up.

Officers and Committee for 1969: President, Mr. Tom Vaughan; Captain, Mr. Dan Mullan; Hon. Secretary/Treasurer, Rev. J. Brennan and Rev. S. McEvoy; Committee: Dr. P. Grace; Mr. M. Jacob; Rev. M. Kirwan; Rev. P. Duggan.

Results, 1969: The President's Prize was won by Mr. Sean Reidy (with 38 points) and the Captain's by Mr. J. Lowry; the Best Gross was won by Mr. W. Deegan (Jnr).

The Dr. Collier Cup was won by Mr. Sean Reidy with 3 up.

Officers and Committee for 1970: President, Mr. T. Vaughan; Captain, Very Rev. Francis Greene, Hon. Secretary/Treasurer, Rev. J. Brennan and Rev. S. McEvoy; Committee: Mr. Joseph Nolan; Mr. M. Jacob; Rev. M. Kirwan; Rev. J. O'Brien.

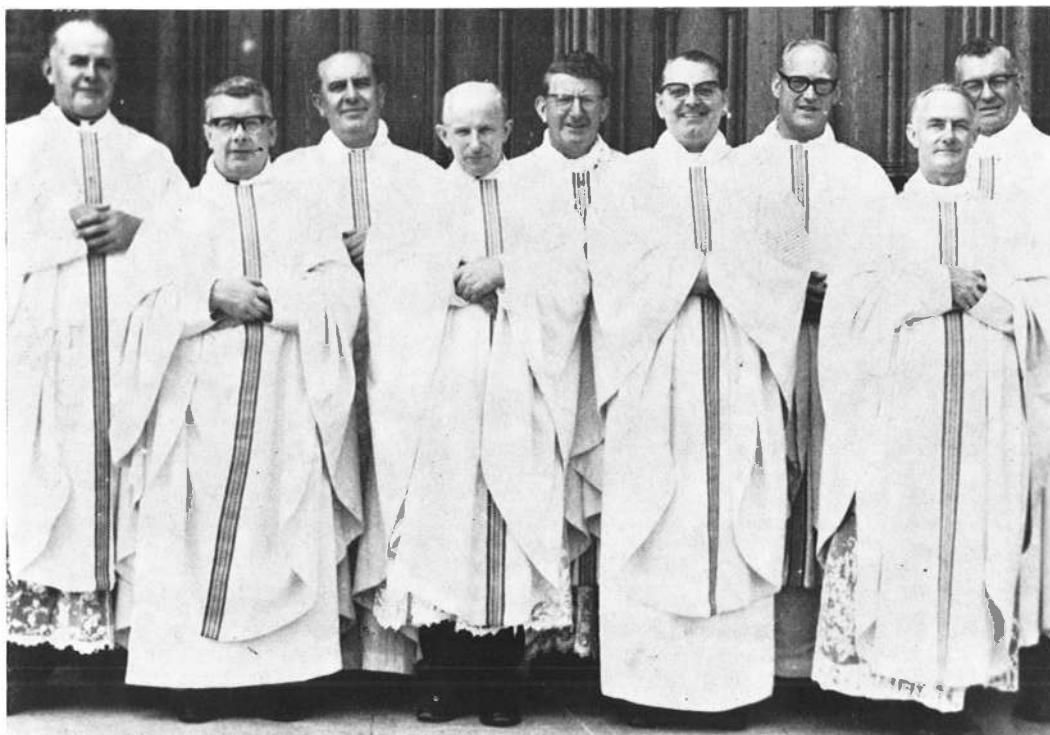
Results of June Competition, 1970: The President's Prize was won by Mr. Kevin Cremin (42 points), the Captain's by Rev. P. Madigan with a 65; Best Gross by Mr. W. Deegan, Jnr.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNION



MR. THOMAS VAUGHAN

Silver Jubilees



SILVER JUBILEE GROUP 1968
(after concelebrating Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral)

Rev. Ignatius Phelan (Ossory) R.I.P., Rev. Alphonsus Woods (Motherwell), Rev. Timothy Daly (Southwark), Rev. John Moss (Glasgow), Rev. Phillip Purcell (Maitland), Rev. Andrew Desmond (Southwark), Rev. Richard Nolan (Ossory), Rev. James Brennan (Ossory), Rev. Kieran Marum (Los Angeles).

Each year a group of priests who had studied together in the College returns to celebrate a Silver Jubilee. The Group is welcomed by the President and staff with a warmth as if this had never happened before. For the Jubilarian it is once in a lifetime; for the College, an annual event. That each occasion is endowed with an individuality is due to the care and concern of the College for the priests it has trained and sent into the missions.

The ordinands of 1944 have special reason to remember their Jubilee celebrations in the College on 15th July 1969. Their reunion and concelebration coincided with the inauguration of what is now to be an annual

event in St. Kieran's for all priests who are past students of the College. Whether serving in the Diocese of Ossory or elsewhere, all past students in the priesthood now have a unique opportunity to meet together in the College for a Jubilee celebration.

For a first time event the 1969 reunion was a tremendous success. Those of us who can just manage a fleeting visit to the Alma Mater in holiday time rarely have a chance of meeting the whole staff of the College. Natives of the diocese who serve abroad may get to know one or two of the local clergy who are particularly cordial to them. Now we have an opportunity of a real get-together, a real family reunion.



SILVER JUBILARIANS 1969

(after concelebrating Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, July 1969)

Rev. John Young (Kilmore), Rev. John Kenny (Southwark), Msgr. Patrick Trainor (St. Petersburg), Rev. Patrick O'Donnell (Portsmouth). (Back): Msgr. Nicholas Hughes (Boise), Rev. Martin Hughes (Boise), Msgr. Matthew Crotty (Baker City), Rev. Denis Lenihan (Perth), Rev. Gerard Lynch (Edinburgh), Rev. John D. O'Dwyer (Portsmouth), Rev. Sean Sorohan (Chaplin, Australian Air Force).

Absent: Msgr. John Guerin (Salford), Rev. Thomas Lyng (Liverpool), Rev. Patrick Gallagher (Perth), Rev. Ross O'Reilly (Perth), Rev. William Colbert (Glasgow).

Ordained in Maynooth College in the same year were Rev. William Meany (Staff, St. Patrick's, Maynooth), Rev. John Ryan (Ossory) and Rev. William Treacy (Seattle).

Since the priests' retreat is now held in the diocesan Retreat House, the Ossory priests welcomed the occasion to revisit the familiar corridors of St. Kieran's. If noise and laughter are an indication of enjoyment, the organisers of this happy event have good reason to congratulate themselves. We shared experiences, displayed our grey hairs, recalled memories of the classroom or playing field and relived what must have been happy days of youth.

Perhaps the greatest value of such a reunion of priests in these changing days is being able to exchange views and ideas in

an informal manner and on a social occasion. We share in the same priesthood, studied together, and now work in different corners of the same vineyard. It helps to know that ours are not the only problems and that the priests at home enjoy this exchange as much as we do.

For the welcome given to those of us who came from abroad, and for the manner in which we were feted in the College, and most of all for the opportunity to meet the priests of Ossory, we are very grateful.

T.H.

1945 SILVER JUBILEE 1970

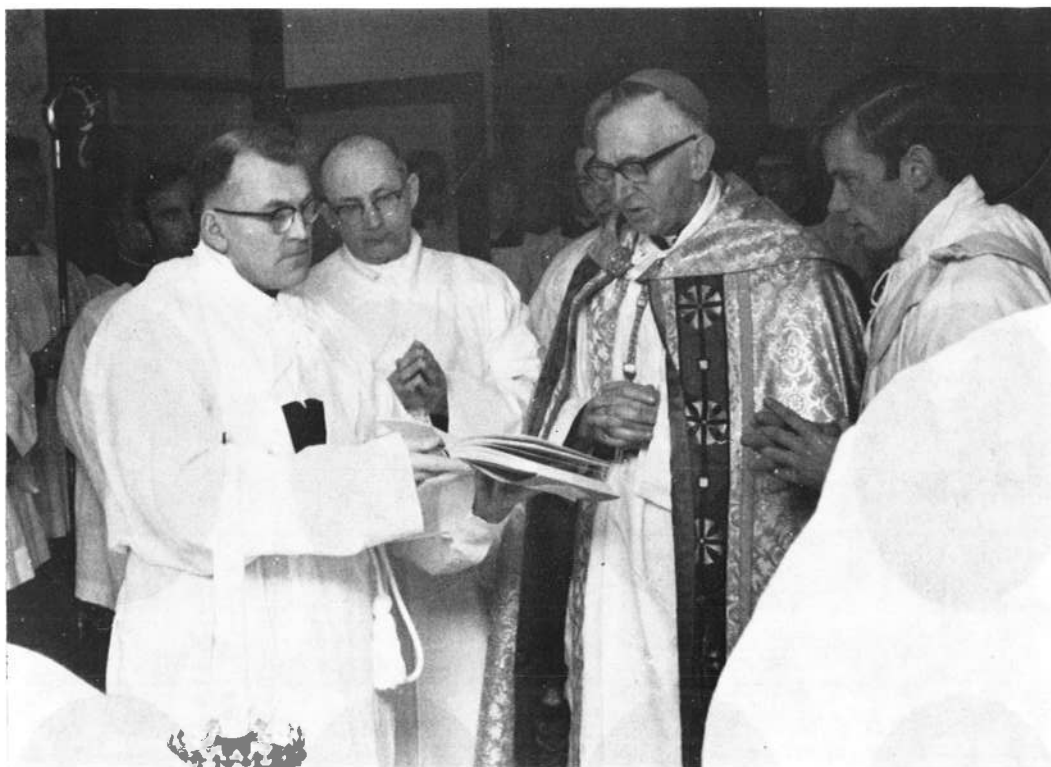
(1) Rev. Richard Dunne (Glasgow). (2) Rev. Patrick Ryan (Hexham & Newcastle). (3) Rev. James Kenny (Southwark). (4) Rev. Richard Somers (Edinburgh). (5) Rev. James Brennan (Edinburgh). (6) Rev. Nicholas Murphy (Galloway). (7) Rev. Richard Conway (Edinburgh). (8) Rev. Robert Magner (Lancaster). (9) Rev. Owen Sweeny (Armagh). (10) Rev. Peadar Fitzpatrick (Seattle). (11) Rev. Michael Coleman (Liverpool). (12) Rev. Jeremiah O'Connor (Glasgow). (13) Rev. Joseph O'Connor (Cardiff). (14) Rev. Patrick McKenna (Hexham & Newcastle). (15) Rev. John P. O'Brien (Camden, N.J.). (16) Rev. William McKenna (Hexham & Newcastle). (17) Rev. Donal Kelly (Leeds). (18) Rev. James Manning (Galloway). (19) Rev. John Fitzgibbon (Glasgow). (20) Rev. Cornelius Burke (Glasgow). (21) Rev. Joseph Langton (Ossory). (22) Rev. Stephen Kelly (Perth). (23) Rev. John Lenihan (Great Falls).

Ordained in Maynooth College in the same year was Rev. James Carrigan, C.C., Gathabawn.





Extensions to St Kieran's College



On Wednesday, May 6th, 1970, Most Rev. Dr. Birch formally blessed and opened two new residences and a recreational centre for the ecclesiastical students.

These buildings have been planned and built on the most up-to-date lines embodying the idea of small groups of students living in community. They thus provide not merely accomodation but the opportunity of working together for greater personal development and training for future pastoral work.

Both residences are divided into two units of sixteen rooms each with community room and kitchenette for the students, as well as rooms for a resident priest of the staff. The recreation centre has facilities for indoor games, art, music, photography and other activities, and the whole group of buildings forms a miniature campus in a very attract-

ive natural setting. The Architect was Mr. Simon Leonard of W. H. Byrne & Son, and the contractors, Mr. Patrick Cantwell & Sons, Kilkenny.

Having blessed each of the buildings in turn Dr. Birch then concelebrated Mass with a group of priests from the College staff in the large recreation hall before the full assembly of ecclesiastical students. Concelebrating with the Bishop were Very Rev. Canon Holohan, President; Revs. E. Rhatigan, T. O'Connor, E. McDonagh, C.M., C. Hennessy, O.M.I., P. Grant, D. Collier, J. Brennan, P. Grace and P. Fitzgerald. The readings were by Mr. Michael Campion and Rev. Liam Tuffy; the Gospel by Rev. Michael Norton. The students' choir was conducted by Rev. Donal Kelly.

Preaching during the Mass, Dr. Birch

drew a parallel between the era in which the present College was planned and the present era — both equally disturbed and uncertain. The men of the nineteenth century had planned the new St. Kieran's of the time on a generous scale, showing great vision and courage in days when the future of small seminaries such as St. Kieran's was in the balance. The men of the twentieth century who are responsible for the present extension are facing the problem with equal courage, generosity and breadth of vision.

Dr. Birch pointed out that while we should take our inspiration from the past we should plan for the future. Changing times demand a new approach to the task of training future priests. The priest of today must be fully equipped to deal with all the problems of the modern world. Special tasks would demand special training. He visualized a time when the pattern of priestly activity would change from its present territorial fixity to a

more mobile and specialized kind of pastoral activity.

He paid tribute to the generosity of the past pupils who were helping to pay off the considerable debt incurred in the building of this extension.

These latest buildings, it may be added, are not only an extension to the original plan of the College, but by their names they also form a link with its earliest days. One of the residences is named "Burrell's Hall" after the first location of the College, on the site of the present St. Mary's Cathedral, when it was founded in 1782; the other is called "Birchfield" after the place on the Kells Road where the ecclesiastical students were housed from 1814 to 1838, when they were transferred, along with the lay students then resident at Burrell's Hall to the new St. Kieran's which had arisen on the present site between 1836 and 1838.

J.B.





Proposed Classhall, Science and Teachers' Block

DEVELOPMENT FUND REPORT

Expenditure

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----------|
| * Residential Units | £90,000 |
| * Recreation Centre | £9,000 |
| * Classhall block (estimated) ... | £120,000 |
| * Gymnasium (estimated) ... | £24,000 |

Income

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------|
| * Donations from Bishops ... | £21,000 |
| * Donations from past pupils ... | £9,000 |
| * Government Grant (estimated) | £105,000 |
| * College Savings | £2,000 |
| * Sale of property | £2,500 |

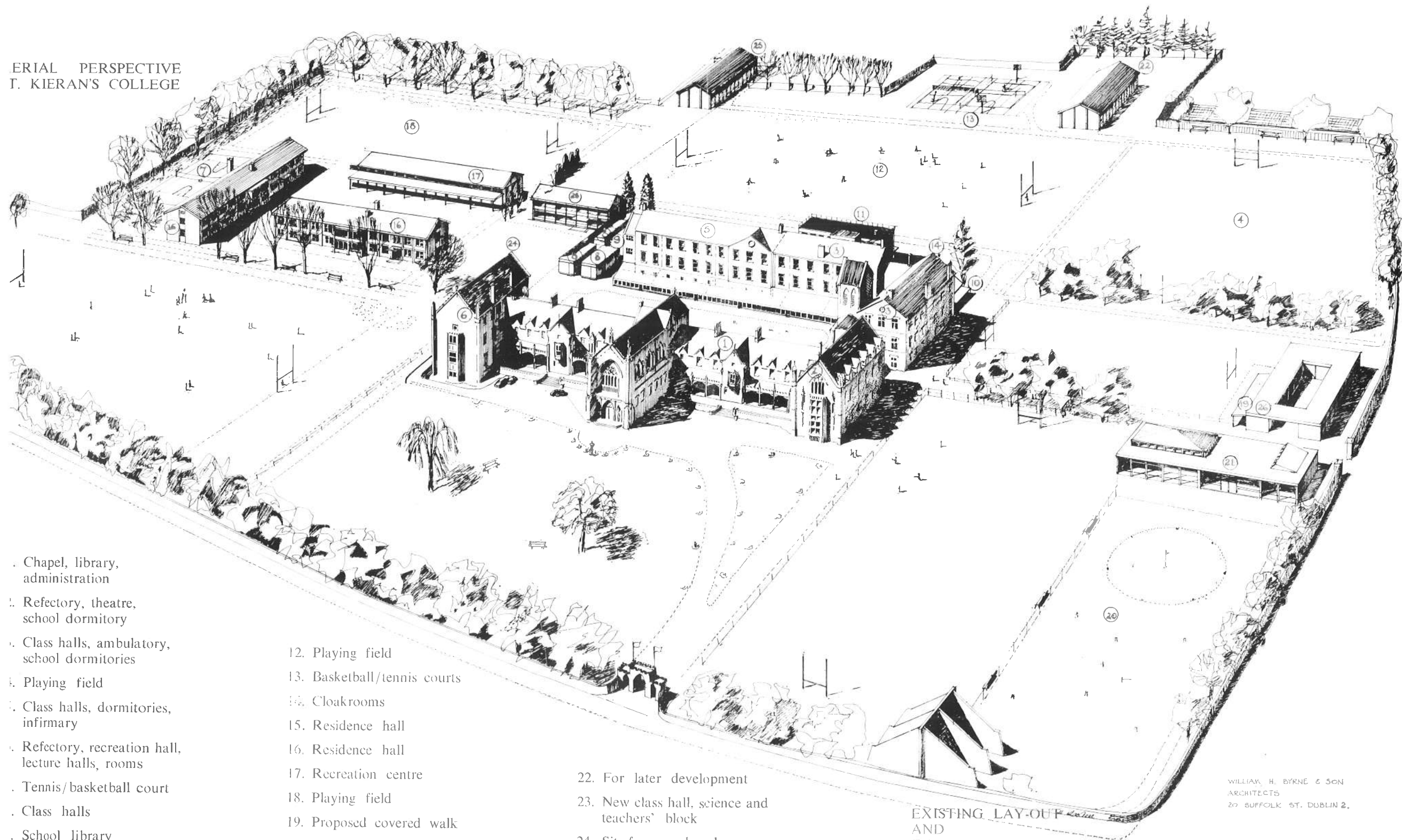
Donations Target

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| * Target (over seven years) ... | £100,000 |
| * Target each year | £12,000 |

The planning of the new classblock for the lay students still goes on. The block will include nine general classhalls, three science laboratories, a library, music rooms, teachers' rooms, reference room, career guidance suite, language laboratory, television studio. This plan is more elaborate than our original one which did not include replacement for the prefabricated class-rooms.

Plans for covered sports arena have been submitted to the Department of Education.

AERIAL PERSPECTIVE
T. KIERAN'S COLLEGE



- 1. Chapel, library, administration
- 2. Refectory, theatre, school dormitory
- 3. Class halls, ambulatory, school dormitories
- 4. Playing field
- 5. Class halls, dormitories, infirmary
- 6. Refectory, recreation hall, lecture halls, rooms
- 7. Tennis/basketball court
- 8. Class halls
- 9. School library
- 10. Cycle shelter
- 11. Sports pavilion

- 12. Playing field
- 13. Basketball/tennis courts
- 14. Cloakrooms
- 15. Residence hall
- 16. Residence hall
- 17. Recreation centre
- 18. Playing field
- 19. Proposed covered walk
- 20. Recreation grounds
- 21. Gymnasium and recreation centre

- 22. For later development
- 23. New class hall, science and teachers' block
- 24. Site for new chapel
- 25. For later development
- 26. Proposed swimming pool

EXISTING LAY-OUT
AND
FUTURE PLANS
WILLIAM H. BYRNE & SON
ARCHITECTS
20 SUFFOLK ST. DUBLIN 2.

WILLIAM H. BYRNE & SON
ARCHITECTS
20 SUFFOLK ST. DUBLIN 2.

Scottish Log

By REV. BERNARD J. CANNING, Paisley.

NEW AUXILIARY IN EDINBURGH

The most outstanding news concerning St. Kieran's priests in Scotland was the appointment in April this year of Monsignor James Monaghan as Auxiliary Bishop to Cardinal Gordon Joseph Gray, Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. A native of Bathgate, West Lothian, the new Bishop went to the Royal Scots College, Valladolid, but transferred to St. Kieran's when the Spanish college was closed by the civil war. He was one of three Scots ordained from St. Kieran's for the Edinburgh Archdiocese in 1940 — the other two being Fr. Eric

Gordon who died earlier this year and Fr. Reginald J. Hodgson.

At the Scottish re-union on St. Kieran's Day this year, Mgr. Monaghan was named the first hon. President of the Scottish Union, in recognition of his interest in and loyalty to the union.

He is known as an enthusiast for the role of lay people in the Church and as an efficient administrator. He helped to promote the Young Christian Workers movement and the National Lay Apostolate Council.

In 1955 he was appointed Chancellor of the Edinburgh Archdiocese and was created



Canon Patrick Gilmartin (1926), Glasgow, welcomes Scotland's first resident Cardinal since the Reformation, Cardinal Gordon Gray on his first visit to Glasgow after his elevation to the Cardinalate last year.



Canon James G. Harold (1922), President of the Scottish Union, hands over to Fr. Felix McCarney (1954) the Canon Harold Trophy for competition in the annual inter-college golf outing with St. Patrick's, Carlow and St. Kieran's in Scotland. Looking on are Fr. Patrick Crean (1950) — left — Treasurer of the Scottish Union and Fr. Bernard Canning (1956), Secretary.

Privy Chamberlain to Pius XII. Two years later he was appointed vicar general and named a Domestic Prelate. As Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, Mgr. Monaghan will be Titular Bishop of Cell Ausaille, said in one paper to have been an old Irish see.

As auxiliary bishop of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, he has the title of Titular Bishop of Cell Ausaille, the present-day Killashee (or Killossy), near Naas, Co. Kildare, which derives from Cill Usailli (old Irish) or Cill Auxilii (the Church of Auxilius). Auxilius was a missionary bishop who, with a companion named Isernius, was sent to Ireland in 439 A.D. to help St. Patrick.

Father Peter Donati (1930) has been appointed Canon of the Edinburgh Cathedral Chapter.

Father Reginald J. Hodgson (1940) has been forced to retire through ill-health from his parish of St. Ninian, Bowhill, where a few years ago he was an active figure in the fight to avert the closure of a pit in the area. During his years in the Fife mining village he saw a complete transformation, the replacement of the old miners' rows with new houses and the gradual rundown of the pits.

Father Liam Healy (1956), an assistant at St. Mary's, Bathgate, has been asked to establish a parish in the expanding Boghall housing scheme at Bathgate.

MOTHERWELL

Father Bernard Keenan (1930) was named Canon of Motherwell Cathedral Chapter. He replaces another popular St. Kieran's priest in the Chapter, Canon Thomas Brooks (1927) who suffered a stroke last year and was forced to retire.

Canon Keenan was given charge of St. Mary's, Longriggend, in 1950 and four years later opened the Church of St. Mary, Caldercruix.

Father John B. Healy (1954) has been appointed Diocesan Chaplain for the Catholic Men's Society.

CLYDESIDE

"The Irish Weekly" columnist Mr. Michael Fallon made the following tribute to five St. Kieran's priests:

"Five priests who were all students at St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, have just completed between them 200 years service to the Church on Clydeside.

"They are all parish priests, and it was the pleasure of their respective congregations to congratulate them on completing 40 years in the priesthood.

"Two of the priests are County Cork men — Father Michael O'Sullivan of St. Martin's, Renton, and Father John O'Riordan of St. Patrick's, Old Kilpatrick. Father James Meehan, of St. Joseph's, Helensburgh, is from Ballybofey, Co. Donegal; Father John Martin, St. Teresa's, Possilpark, belongs to Co. Cavan; and Father James M. Lillis of St. Charles', Paisley, hails from Co. Clare."

Speaking of Canon Patrick Conway (1928) who recently retired, the same columnist

says: "Canon Conway had shared the struggles of the post-World War I years, the unemployment and poverty of the hungry thirties, the bombing blitz terror in Port-Glasgow in the second World War. In the Pollok housing scheme he started St. Conval's parish, erecting their first temporary church. At St. Luke's in the Gorbals — among an excellent people, as he put it — for seventeen years, he renovated the church for the golden jubilee of the parish in 1955."

GLASGOW

Two St. Kieran's priests — silver jubilarians this year — have been entrusted with the tasking of founding two new parishes in the Glasgow Archdiocese—Father John Fitzgibbon, All Saints, Barmulloch, and Father Richard Dunne, Our Lady, Star of the Sea, Garelochhead.

DUNKELD

Father Thomas Barron (1933), St. Thomas', Arbroath, was one of the special guests invited by Arbroath Town Council at the opening ceremony in Arbroath on April 6th this year, to mark the 650th anniversary of the Scottish Declaration of Independence.

Father Barron is no stranger to the Angus scene. "The Scottish Catholic Observer" speaks of "his intense work on behalf of Catholic Education and his pioneering on its behalf in Montrose saw the establishment there of the first Catholic school since the Reformation. His pastorate in Arbroath has seen the replacement of the old Catholic primary school by a modern St. Thomas Primary."

OBITUARIES

VERY REV. T. J. CLOHOSEY, P.P.

Very Rev. Thomas Joseph Clohosey, P.P. Mooncoin, died suddenly on 19th September 1969 at the age of 64 years. He was born in John Street, Kilkenny, and was educated by the De la Salle Brothers and in St. Kieran's College. He went on to Maynooth, where he was ordained in 1930. The following year he was appointed professor in St. Kieran's, a post he was to retain for thirty years.

His first pastoral assignment was Administrator, St. Patrick's, and then in 1962 he became parish priest of Mooncoin.

A founder member of Kilkenny Archaeological Society, he was editor of its Journal for 15 years.

Dr. Birch, Bishop of Ossory, contributes the following appreciation of Fr. Clohosey:

Fr. Joe Clohosey's unexpected death was a great loss to all of us — to many, and to me certainly, his loss was really a personal one. He made many friends, and he certainly was a real friend, kind and generous, tolerant and honest.

I met Fr. Clohosey first when I arrived in Maynooth as a freshman. He was priest in Dunboyne studying for the H.Dip., and at the same time working for an M.A. in classics, which, in fact, he did not get sufficient time to finish. He was most helpful to us in the Junior House, and, typically he had no difficulty in bridging the age gap. This helpfulness was characteristic of him all his life. Eight years later I joined him on the staff of St. Kieran's. There we became very close. He taught history, and shared the teaching of English literature with me all the time I was there. He was easy to team with, and we teamed well.

Fr. Joe was an all-round man in a way I certainly could never have hoped to be. His interests were varied. From the beginning he

had an amazing knowledge of Kilkenny and of everyone living in it, and a genuine interest in them. We strolled around the city together in the afternoons, and I learned a great deal of the history of streets and alleys, houses and families from him. His interest expanded naturally until it took in the county and the



diocese, and it was, therefore, natural that he should become such a useful and devoted member of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society, and for one so mild such a surprisingly strong force behind its work.

His collection of books of Irish interest, and particularly of Ossory interest, was a very valuable one. He bequeathed it to the library at St. Kieran's, and it is immensely enriched by these. He knew the contents of

every book he had. You could always refer to him for information. He was generous with it, and enjoyed helping with it. I had hoped that he would have found time in Mooncoin to supplement the published history of the diocese, to assess the half century since it was written, and fill in the chapters and even the paragraphs which Canon Carrigan could not write. The work remains to be done, but we must wait now for someone else — it will not be easy to find anyone so sensitive or so versed in the traditions and the unwritten assumptions which give life and movement to sluggish facts.

It would be absolutely false to suggest that Fr. Joe's interests were limited to things local or things of the past. He was really interested in people. He took a real fraternal interest in every one of his acquaintances. I recall an example of personal indebtedness, except that somehow with him I did not feel indebted. When I applied for the chair of education in Maynooth I needed a list of articles I had written, or papers I had read. I had never kept a record, and had forgotten some. Fr. Joe was able to fill in the gaps for me from memory. He was interested in the work of any colleague and he had a great memory. He could do the same for any other member of the staff, or for any of his students.

More than anyone I ever worked with, Fr. Clohosey had the regard of all his students. I know this is the sort of thing that people say of most teachers when they retire; of him it is literal truth. The boys trusted him. He was a good leader and they worked for him well and willingly. He knew human weaknesses of all kinds, and was patient with them, and even more patient with adolescent weaknesses. The boys in his classes sensed this; they respected him, and were never overawed by him, but neither did they see any point in trying to slip something past him; it would not work. Unless it was patently necessary he pretended not to see problems. He anticipated clashes, or if he could not, he waited for the good sense which he knew would prevail with people before long. He expected people to be reasonable, and he was rarely let down. I

could not imagine him forcing parishioners or young people into a 'sit-in' or a protest. If they tried it he would almost certainly be chatting with them.

Fr. Clohosey liked company. No matter how busy he was he could always have time for a hand of cards if anyone wished for it. He had great card sense. He liked playing. He could play any game with any partners and win, and he never lorded it over rash or less skilful players. He was interested in all sorts of outdoor games too, and while he was never carried away by them, he understood those who were. It was typical that he liked local hurling matches, and that he preferred to watch them from the popular side, and got great value from the less inhibited comments of his companions there on the game and the players.

Fr. Joe was a very good priest in a quiet unobtrusive way. He always thought of others first and how to help them. He had more personal sorrow in his life than people thought. He felt it far more deeply than a casual acquaintance would suspect. He was very charitable. He gave very readily, and he had a host of people calling on him, particularly ne'er-do-wells, for whom he had a special soft spot. He was a man of quiet prayer and devotion, and above all else, quiet charity. God rest him.

VENERABLE ARCHDEACON MICHAEL DOYLE, P.P.

Heavily-built with a well-shaped head set on a strong neck and broad shoulders, Dr Doyle had every appearance of what he was — a solid theologian. The deep voice and slow gait confirmed that impression. As did the opinion of his classmates and students.

Prominent in a class which numbered Drs. Blowick, Staunton and Walsh, he was ever noted for the clarity and depth of his mind. The pity was that he did not continue his studies when his teaching days were over. While he always retained a certain interest in theology, the Vatican II renewal found him

largely unprepared and one got the impression in his later years that the changes in the Church saddened him.

His somewhat solemn appearance gave no indication of the other side of his character. He was a most jovial and warm-hearted



person, who loved company and good conversation. An excellent raconteur, his good taste and genuine hospitality guaranteed that every need in his house was a removable one. His light touch would range over a wide variety of subjects, at one moment bringing events and personages of the past to life, at the next poking fun at some venerable institution or laying bare the fallacy of some popularly-held belief. He didn't suffer fools gladly but let them off lightly.

He was a man of many talents and interests. Those who knew only the theologian would never suspect his skill at music or tennis.

In his spare time he read history and like many priests of his time had a great regard

for the Napoleonic period. His one fear was sickness and pain. At the slightest indisposition, he was inclined to take the pessimistic view. Yet shining through all his life, whether in moments of depression or of wit, was a childlike trust in God and a great love for the Church.

Michael Doyle was a native of Grove, Cuffesgrange. After his early education at the local school he went to St. Kieran's College and to Maynooth, where he was ordained in 1913. He served for short periods as curate in Tullaroan and Mooncoin before going to Rome to study for the Doctorate of Theology, which he obtained in 1918. On his return he was appointed Professor of Dogmatic Theology and Philosophy at St. Kieran's College, a post he held until 1929. There then followed curacies at Kilmacow and Inistioge until his appointment to Callan in 1944.

He took a keen interest in all parochial affairs, his biggest undertaking being the reconstruction of the Parish Church at a cost of £17,000. He founded both the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Legion of Mary in the parish. He was appointed Canon of the Diocesan Chapter in 1962 and Archdeacon in 1964. After a period of failing health, he died on 12th October 1968.

D. C.

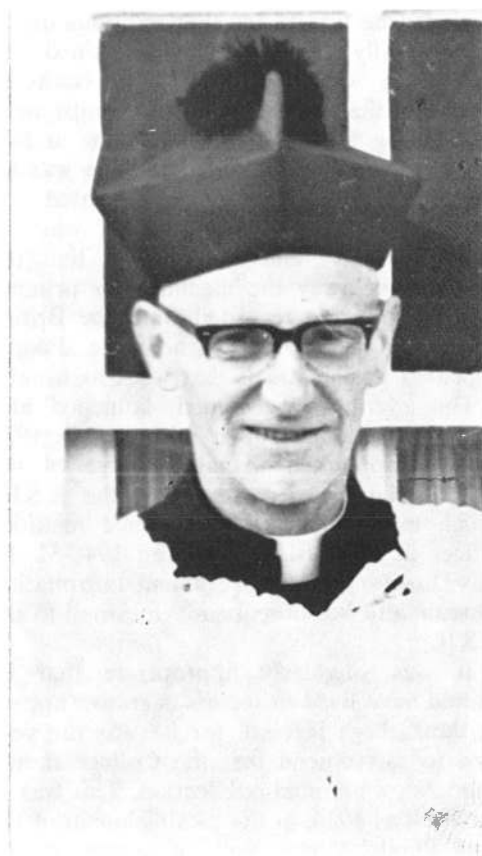
CANON PATRICK DELANEY, P.P.

The place was the old College Chapel, the year was 1925, the occasion the formal installation of the newly appointed dean of the Ecclesiastical Department. The ugly box which served as a pulpit in those days was taxed to capacity on that memorable day, for it had to accommodate both the inductor and the inductee. No less memorable was the presidential communique — from now on hoodlums, clerical and lay, would go about their nefarious business with considerable risk to themselves and may

the Lord have mercy on their souls — or words to that effect!

The new dean was the late Canon Patrick Delaney. I once heard an American Monsignor declare as his firm belief that the dean had the charism of bi-location, and was possessed of a degree of E.S.P. that was quite unique. The implication no doubt must be that he was a very strict dean, and that he was, but one must remember the nature of seminary life in those far-off days when the candidate for the priesthood expected to be “tried in the fire” as part of the accepted preparation for his future ministry. Anyway, the priests who passed through the hands of Fr. Delaney never had reason to question either their “image” or their “relevance” — they have been too busy preaching the Gospel for indulgence in such fashionable luxur

Canon Delaney was born on November



9th, 1891, and was ordained to the priesthood on June 15th, 1915. Like so many Ossory priests of his generation, he spent his first years on the English Mission, holding an appointment in Blaydon-on-Tyne until his recall to Ossory in 1922. His subsequent assignments were Belmont Park as Chaplain, College Dean 1925, Curacies in Templeorum 1930 and Rathdowney in 1937. In 1949 he became Parish Priest of Muckalee from where he transferred to Durrow in 1955, where his death occurred on 23rd September, 1969.

To those who knew him well Canon Delaney was a kind man and the soul of generosity. His hospitality was that of the “good old days”, and until his health broke down he was a much-valued companion on the golf course and around the card-table. He had a keen and penetrating mind, and among his special gifts were a considerable skill in matters financial and a flair for anything concerned with building projects. The combination of these qualities made many an architect hesitate before issuing infallible pronouncements. The new parochial house, and the renovated church of Durrow bear witness to his pastoral care and expertise.

G. L.

VERY REV. MATTHIAS DOYLE P.P.

Very Rev. Matthias Doyle, parish priest of Clogh and Mooneenroe died in St. John's Hospital, Aut Even in October 1969. He was a native of Mooncoin and was educated in St. Kieran's College. In 1920 he was ordained to the priesthood in St. Mary's Cathedral.

The first years of his ministry were served in the Diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, and in 1926 he returned to Ossory as curate in St. Mary's Cathedral. He later served as curate in Slieverue, Ballyfoyle and Urlingford, before being appointed parish priest of Clogh and Moonenroe in 1959.

Throughout his life, Fr. Doyle maintained a keen interest in G.A.A. games. He was brother of the famous Eddie Doyle, captain of the All-Ireland team in 1933.

REV. IGNATIUS PHELAN C.C.

The death occurred with tragic suddenness of Rev. Ignatius Phelan, C.C., St. John's, Kilkenny on 22nd November 1968. He was attending a function in the parish hall when he collapsed and died. He was 55 years of age.

A native of Camross, Ignatius Phelan was educated in St. Kieran's College, and was ordained in St. Mary's Cathedral in 1943. He served in the Diocese of Hexham and Newcastle for ten years, and on his recall to Ossory was successively curate in Durrow, Kilmacow, Tullaroan, Owing and Hugginstown before moving to St. John's, a short six months before his death. His final resting place is in the shadow of St. John's Church.

An absolute generosity of himself towards people of all classes was the most notable attribute of Fr. Ignatius. Nobody enjoyed more than he did a discussion on pastoral work or anything pertaining to the Church—the livelier the better. Never dogmatic, free from all reticence, he entered the ring, and his warm good nature and sprightly humour made him the most welcome of antagonists.

On his death, a poetic tribute in the Kilkenny People described him as a saintly priest and friend. Which truly sums him up.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR JOHN O'DONNELL

Monsignor John O'Donnell, former pastor of Immaculate Heart of Mary Church, Hollywood, California, died in Kilmallock, Co. Limerick, on 7th November 1969. He was ordained in St. Kieran's College in 1915, and all his priestly ministry was served in the Archdiocese of Los Angeles. He was appointed domestic prelate with title of Monsignor in 1961. On his retirement in 1968, he came to live with his nephew in Co. Limerick.

EDWARD A. LAWLER

Those readers who will recall the two exciting episodes from the War of Independence recounted in the last issue of the RECORD will be saddened to learn of the death of their narrator, Edward A. Lawler, which took place in Dublin on 13th February 1969.

Born at Greensbridge, Kilkenny, in 1898, Ned Lawler was educated in St. Kieran's College, and started his career in journalism with the Kilkenny People, under the editorship of the redoubtable E. T. Keane. Ned's chapter in autobiography gave a flavour of those revolutionary days. There is another story told of his arriving to work one morning to find the offices surrounded by British military; Keane had spoken out once too often in support of Sinn Féin, and the paper was listed for suppression. Ned sauntered up to the Lieutenant in charge, and said how glad he was to see that seditious organ being finally silenced. Having gained the confidence of the officer, he casually remarked that the machine the troops were dismantling and removing was not in fact the newspaper press, and that there was no point in taking it away. He pointed out another machine and said that it was the sedition maker; and thus it was that the troops took away the machine for printing posters. It is not recorded what the British lieutenant had to say when the People appeared on the streets that week as usual.

This event, Ned claimed, launched him into the world of public relations. In 1928 he was appointed to take charge of the public relations department of the E.S.B., which made him the first public relations officer in these islands. During 1948-51, he was Director of the Government Information Bureau, and he subsequently returned to the E.S.B.

It was singularly appropriate that he should have lived to see his narrative appear in the College Record, for he was the very first to recommend that the College should have its own annual publication. This was as far back as 1934, at the establishment of the Past Pupils' Union, and, of course, it was

not until 1956 that the vision became a reality.

The following appreciation of E. A. Lawler, which appeared in the *Irish Times*, is reprinted with the kind permission of Miss Gladys MacNevin, whose work it is:—

“Those of us who were fortunate enough to have enjoyed the friendship of Ned Lawler, will miss for many a long day the tall, quiet man who always seemed to have a genuine interest in our problems and who, no matter how busy he might be, took time to listen and — invariably — to supply the proper solution.

Throughout a lifetime which had its full share of colour and excitement, right up to the time when in November 1961, he retired from his position of public relations officer of the Electricity Supply Board, there were few indeed in Irish journalism, public relations, or business concerns who did not know and respect “E. A.” for his integrity, his wisdom and forbearance.

Working with him, one learned tolerance, and the advisability of seeing “the other fellow’s” point of view.

An exemplary husband and father, his calm appraisal of world and home affairs, aided by a lively sense of humour endeared him to the many friends who gathered from time to time in his home in Terenure, when he liked to look back on stirring times in Ireland with a characteristic smile, nearly always with the same opening words: ‘I remember . . .’”

VERY REV. JAMES T. KELLY P.P.

From far-off Adelaide, Fr. James Kelly came home to Kilkenny for a holiday in Summer 1969, and at home he breathed his last on 27th December 1969. He was born in Irishtown, Kilkenny in 1902; educated in C.B.S., James’s Street, and St. Kieran’s College. He was ordained in St. Mary’s Cathedral in 1926.

After his ordination, he went on the Australian mission, and his entire ministry

was spent in three parish — first in the Cathedral parish, Adelaide, for eight years; as parish priest in Millicent for sixteen years, and finally almost twenty years in St. Peter’s, Adelaide.

Archbishop Beovich of South Australia paid this tribute to the late Fr. Kelly:

“It has been said that, in these changing times, the old traditional idea of the ‘Soggarth Aroon’ — the priest dearly beloved by his people — no longer has any value. I am sure that this is not so. Certainly it has value in the case of Fr. Jim Kelly . . . He was a good priest, a man of prayer, of deep faith, of ardent love for God and man. His heart was always with his people. Indeed, in his serious illness, he hoped it might be God’s will that he would return to Australia and die among his parishioners.”

Instead, he died at home among his family, and was interred in St. Kieran’s cemetery — the first priest to be buried there since it was opened in 1931.

JAMES P. HAWE

Former Borough Treasurer and Town Clerk of Kilkenny, James P. Hawe died on 18th December 1969. A native of Piltown, he had been educated by the Christian Brothers, Carrick-on-Suir and in St. Kieran’s College, where he gained the highest distinctions under the old Intermediate system. After further studies in Paris, he returned to join the staff of Christian Brothers, James’s Street. Later he joined the Civil Service in Dublin and was very active in the 1916 Rising. After the Treaty, he joined the Finance Department of the new State and was entrusted with the clearing up of the old Sinn Féin courts all over the country.

From his earliest years he was a first-class athlete, and this interest in athletics never diminished. He was supported by Dr. Birch, who was equally interested in the promotion of athletics. They were, with some others, mainly responsible for the relaying of the cinder-track in St. James’s Park where many

inter-county athletic events were contested during the war years.

James Hawe was an ardent member of the Gaelic League and helped to foster every facet of our native culture.

**RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR
MICHAEL HOLDEN, P.P.**

Away back in 1942, four young students at St. Kieran's answered a call from the Archbishop of San Antonio to volunteer as priests in his diocese. One was Michael Holden, of Mullinavat, who became the first St. Kieran's student to be ordained for San Antonio — 1946. Five months later he was joined by Fr. Sean McDonald, of Kilmacow, who writes: —

"This tribute is not meant to be a eulogy; it is a simple gesture of appreciation from one who has been his close friend through eleven years in St. Kieran's College, and 22 years as priest in the Archdiocese of San Antonio.

Fr. Holden was fortunate in that he served in the same area of the city of San Antonio and among the same people all his priestly life. He baptised them; he gave them first Holy Communion; he was present when they received Confirmation; he officiated at their marriages and those of their children. He buried them and their parents, and visited and consoled them in their illnesses. He was truly their priest, held in universal reverence.

Never one to bandy with the truth, his convictions, or the needs of his people, he earned the respect of bishops, priests and laity alike — for his practical approach to any problem, for his astuteness in parish administration and for the open house, open heart and willing, listening ear. All could be truly epitomised in the words — he was a people's priest, a priest's priest.

Some 1,300 people, including 200 priests participated in the funeral Mass, concelebrated by six St. Kieran's priests — Frs. Pat Palmer, Tom Palmer, Maurice Dillane,

Eugene Nee, Sean Garrett and Sean McDonald, with Monsignor Holden's nephew, Fr. Eddie O'Neill from New York.

The funeral service was preached by Fr. Sean Garrett and three fellow-St. Kieranites, Frs. Ned Kavanagh and Patrick O'Neill from Sacramento (2,000 miles away) and Fr. Mick Butler from Cheyenne (1,200 miles away), helped to carry him to his grave".

Sports Editor of San Antonio Express-News, Dan Cook wrote in his column:

"Blessed with a deep understanding and



a warm, friendly spirit, Fr. Holden could bring comfort or happiness with little or no effort. Perhaps the only time when he gave anyone cause for grief was Sunday morning last, 30th March 1969, when he died.

With so many priests making headlines for one reason or another, it won't seem right to let a friend like Father Holden slip by without some special mention. He was a very special man, with his own special style."

VERY REV. MARTIN HOLOHAN P.P.

Very Rev. Martin Holohan, P.P., Brooms, Co. Durham, died tragically in January 1969, when a fire swept through the presbytery of Our Lady's, Brooms. Fr. Holohan, whose curate was away on holidays, had been sleeping downstairs because of a broken ankle. The fire was discovered when a priest from Ushaw College arrived to say morning mass. There was still time after the rescue for Fr. Holohan to receive the Last Sacraments.

Aged 64, Fr. Holohan was born in Bodalmore, Cuffesgrange; he was educated in St. Kieran's, and in 1929 was ordained in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kilkenny. He served in the Diocese of Hexham and Newcastle as curate in St. Patrick's, Sunderland, and subsequently in Esh Laude, St. Mary's, Blackhill, Gateshead and Bishop Auckland, before being appointed parish priest of Brooms in 1949.

CORNELIUS J. KENEALY

The death of Cornelius J. (Con) Kenealy on 14th March, 1969, removed one of the most well-known figures from the Kilkenny scene. He knew the lives and pursuits of almost everyone in the city, which befitted the grandson of the writer of Kilkenny's undeniable anthem, "The Moon behind the Hill".

All his life, Con was keenly interested in sport, particularly rugby, golf, tennis and a game of bridge. He was a past Captain of Kilkenny Golf Club and an honorary life member.

He was Managing Director of Kilkenny Journal Ltd. and as a young man had represented the local Business Party on Kilkenny Corporation. He was also an ex-President of the Provincial Newspapers Association.

He was President of the College Past Pupils' Union in 1954-55 and was re-elected the following year. He gave a notable

impetus to golfing activities in the Union by presenting the first President's Prize for golf, a tradition which has been observed ever since.

REV. RAYMOND CLEERE, C.S.S.R.

Rev. Raymond Cleere, C.S.S.R., died in Redemptorist Retreat House, Limerick, in January 1969. In his eighties, Fr. Cleere was a native of Kilkenny city and was educated in St. Kieran's. He was a noted rugby player in the College and was the last surviving member of the Kilkenny rugby team of 1904.

He joined the Redemptorist Order and was one of the founders of the Redemptorist Missions in Phillipine Islands, 1916. He was at one period Vice-Provincial of the Order there. After World War II he returned to Ireland and conducted retreats for religious in Ireland and England up to the time of his retirement some years ago.

FATHER PIERCE GRACE (1939)

d. February 1, 1969.

Over 200 priests and members of the Cathedral chapters of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Motherwell and Paisley joined in the obsequies in St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, on February 4th, 1969, for Father Pierce Grace.

"Father Pierce Grace was a true son and follower of the Apostle Peter," declared Archbishop Gordon Gray, the principal concelebrant, in his panegyric, "in his big-hearted generosity and loyalty — in his loyalty to his family, to his college in Kilkenny, to the parishes in which he served — Musselburgh, Falkland and Glenrothes, Fife which he established.

"He was loyal to the Church — to his brother priests, to the Bishops and to the Vicar of Christ.

"He was a priest of definite views and strong convictions. In his priestly work he was noted for his generosity of time and his many talents. He was a priest of the parish, of the school and the home. He was loving and loved. There was joy, zest in living his priestly life. Indeed he was setting out to visit a sick parishioner when death overtook him.

"Throughout his life from the day of his ordination — June 1939 — he was dedicated to the Lord and his mission. He loved his native Ireland but he did not let that interfere with his love for the new country of his adoption.

"He was a priest who put first things first. He was a priest very close to God. As his Bishop I can only say 'Give us more priests like Father Pierce Grace'," concluded the Archbishop.

The new church of St. Paul which he opened in Glenrothes, Fife, one of the many new towns springing up over Scotland in the post-World War II years, was described in "The Architects' Journal" as "probably the most successful modern church to be built on this side of the English Channel . . ."

Reviewing Glenrothes 21st year "The Glenrothes Gazette" commented "The first Parish Priest of St. Paul's R.C. Church, Father Pierce Grace, died suddenly. Father Grace (55) had been in the town for 11 years. One of his greatest interests was church unity. His death saddened many people throughout the town".

Nobody in Scotland will miss him more than his fellow St. Kieran's priests. May he rest in peace.

FATHER THOMAS MCGREGOR (1926)

A native of Leith, Edinburgh, Father Thomas McGregor died 2nd November, 1969, in the Victoria Infirmary, Glasgow, aged 68. He began his work at St. Mary's, Longriggend, a parish which was in the Glasgow Archdiocese but served by Edinburgh priests. The principal industry was coal mining and at that time "the Depres-

sion" had reached its most disastrous phase. The older inhabitants of the district still have vivid recollections of the efforts of Father McGregor to keep that isolated rural community happy in the midst of a catastrophe. He held other curacy appointments and was senior assistant at St. Mary's Cathedral for six years. He was parish priest of Whitburn and of Peebles, the latter he was forced through ill-health to retire from in 1954. May he rest in peace.



RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR EDMOND J. PHELAN P.P.



After a service of 53 years in the Archdiocese of Wellington, New Zealand, 41 of them as pastor of Westport, Monsignor Edmond J. Phelan died on Ash Wednesday 1969.

He was born in Aglish, Mooncoin in 1891 and was educated in Carrigeen National School and Mount Sion C.B.S. before going to France to study philosophy at St. Sulpice, Paris. He returned for theological studies to St. Kieran's College where he was ordained on 11th June 1916.

His first appointment in New Zealand was as curate in Masterton, Wellington, and as military chaplain he served at Featherston Military Camp. In the appalling influenza epidemic of 1918 he endeared himself to the sick and the dying at the camp by his solicitude and kindness and by his disregard for his own comfort and health. In 1928, Fr. Phelan was appointed parish priest of Westport; in 1960 he was made domestic prelate with title of Monsignor.

His day usually began at 5 a.m., and as Archbishop McKeefer observed in his panegyric, "Monsignor Phelan was a priest from early morning to night, daily walking that hundred yards from the presbytery to open the doors of his church and say the first prayer. Like God Himself, he took pleasure in mixing with his people, rejoicing in their brighter times, and showing sympathy in their troubles with a heart full of feeling".

JAMES F. CROTTY

One of a family that has long associations with St. Kieran's — his brother, Martin, was a former President of the Past Pupils Union — James F. Crotty died on 31st December, 1969. He was a native of Kilkenny City and was educated in C.B.S. James's Street, St. Kieran's College, and University College, Dublin. He qualified as a Solicitor and practised in Wexford.

James Crotty was one of the first District Justices to be appointed following the setting up of the Free State Government in 1922. His first appointment as District Justice was in Donegal. He was subsequently transferred to Bandon, where he spent the remainder of his life.

MONSIGNOR FRANCIS DILLON

Monsignor Francis Dillon, former pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Ocean Beach, California died on 3rd November 1969. Born in Mohill, Co. Leitrim, 1898, he received his early education in Mohill N.S., St. Mel's College, Longford and St. Kieran's College. He was ordained in Kilkenny on 20th May 1926 for the old diocese of Los Angeles and San Diego. Two classmates who went to California with Msgr. Dillon and were his intimate associates through close on half a century, were Msgr. John F. Purcell and Msgr. Joseph Clerkin. He was the most kindly, spiritual, fatherly priest, beloved by his parishoners, said Msgr. Clerkin.

Monsignor Dillon's first appointment was assistant at St. Bernadine's Church, San Bernardino. Successive appointments were in Long Beach, St. Stephen's, Monterey Park and St. Aloysius', Los Angeles. In 1932 he was promoted as pastor of St. Mary's Church, El Cajon. While there he served the spiritual needs of the American Indians in

the surrounding country. When the diocese of San Diego was formed, Megr. Dillon had responsibility for nine Indian chapels, four of which had been built under his direction.

1937 saw him appointed pastor of St. Mary's Church, National City. He became rector of St. Joseph's Cathedral and was appointed Diocesan Consular in February 1947. Seven years later he was named pastor of Sacred Heart Church. In 1966 the 40th anniversary of his priesthood was celebrated at a reception for parishoners and friends in the Sacred Heart auditorium.

He resigned as pastor in March 1969. As Bishop Quinn, who delivered the eulogy at his obsequies in St. Joseph's Cathedral, said: "He had the great grace of knowing when to release his responsibilities to a younger pastor."

Most Rev. Francis J. Furey was principal concelebrant of the Requiem Mass. Among the other concelebrants were Bishop Quinn, and Msgr. Dillon's two classmates, Msgr. Joseph Clerkin and Msgr. John F. Purcell.

VERY REV. LAURENCE O'DWYER, P.P.

An hour after he had spoken on the telephone to some members of his family in Co. Kilkenny, Very Rev. Laurence O'Dwyer, P.P., Sinton, Texas, was fatally injured in a motor-car crash in March 1969. He was only 36 years of age. Born in Kilonerry, Carrick-on-Suir, Fr. O'Dwyer was educated in C.B.S., Carrick-on-Suir, and in St. Kieran's College, where he was ordained in 1957.

The accident occurred while he was returning from inspecting a new church nearing completion on the outskirts of the town of Sinton. Fr. O'Dwyer was responsible for the building of the church.

His remains were brought home to Ireland for interment in Piltown cemetery.

VERY REV. PATRICK KELLY, P.P.

Father Patrick Kelly, founder and parish priest of St. Pius X Church, Widnes, Lancashire, died suddenly while on holiday in Ireland in May 1969. A native of Emly, Co. Tipperary, he studied in Mount Melleray and St. Kieran's College, where he was ordained in 1936.

As a curate he served at St. Patrick's, Newton-le-Willows, St. Richard's, Atherton and St. Philomena's. In 1958 he was chosen by Archbishop Heenan to establish the new parish of St. Pius X in the Farnworth district of Widnes. He commissioned the Dublin firm of Jones and Kelly, architects, to design a church and make the best use of a very restricted site in the garden of a private house he had acquired as a residence and Mass-cum-parochial centre. In two years time, the building was completed and formally opened.

Fr. Kelly was interred in his native Emly, Co. Tipperary.

REV. THOMAS L. McDERMOTT, P.P.

Fr. Thomas McDermott, native of Mullingar, died on 24th August 1969, aged 38 years. He was educated at St. Mary's College and St. Finian's College, Mullingar, and St. Kieran's College, where he was ordained in 1955 for the diocese of Miami.

He was a faculty member of Miami's Archbishop Curley High School from 1955 until he became president of Immaculata Academy in 1959. He served in various parishes in Miami before being appointed pastor at Pompano Beach.

A noted golfer, Fr. McDermott won the Clergymen's Golf Tournament in Miami in three successive years, 1965, 1966 and 1967. Serious illness prevented him from participating in the tournament thereafter.

Fr. Jerome Martin, preaching the homily at a Requiem Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, Miami, said "The cross of suffering was laid heavily on Fr. McDermott. In the last eight years there were times, perhaps, when he should have died. Certainly he was close enough to death, only to live on and suffer more and become more incapacitated. Often he complained, not about pain, but because his priestly activity was so limited. To a man with such magnetic personality, such cheerful warmth, such athletic bent, inactivity was a cross that cut deeply.

To a priesthood whose image is damaged by those who are quick to compromise, those suited for convenience rather than the Cross, those more conscious of individual rights than the duty to sacrifice, those unfaithful to vows and shaping a priesthood on humanistic values, Fr. McDermott's life was indeed a reminder to priests and Christians what it is all about. Few of us will ever be called upon to be as much a victim as he was".

MONSIGNOR JAMES F. LAWLOR

Monsignor James F. Lawlor, Pastor, St. Mary's Church, Escondido, California, died on 18th June 1969, in San Bernardino, California. He was born in Co. Kerry on 9th October 1913, and educated in St. Kieran's College, where he was head prefect on the lay side. He was ordained on 14th June 1942, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Killarney.

Dr. Michael Carroll, P.P., Thomastown, who represented St. Kieran's College at the funeral obsequies, concelebrated Requiem Mass with the then bishop, His Lordship, Dr. Furey. The panegyric was preached by Fr. Timothy Lawler, a fellow Kerryman, who was ordained in St. Kieran's one year after Monsignor Lawlor.

CANON PATRICK A. SHERIDAN P.P.

The death took place in June of sixty-six year old Canon Patrick A. Sheridan, P.P., St. Eunan's Church, Clydebank, Glasgow. A native of Blacklion, Co. Cavan, he was educated in St. Patrick's College, Cavan, and St. Kieran's College, where he was ordained in June 1928 for the Archdiocese of Glasgow.

His first appointment was to St. Michael's Parish, after which he spent the next 20 years under Bishop Graham at Holy Cross, Crosshill. In 1948 he was entrusted with the founding of the parish of St. Eunan at Clydebank.

He was religious examiner for many years in the diocese, and was secretary of the Cemeteries Committee for 20 years. Since 1954 he served on the Dumbarton Education Committee.

REV. JOSEPH GERARD OXLEY

Only six months after his ordination as a priest, Father Oxley, in December 1950, suffered an unusual illness which temporarily left him blind. He was then assistant priest at St. Columba's, Annan — his first posting. This severe illness, which necessitated a long rest cure, only served to strengthen the deep faith and prayer life of this young priest, qualities which were evident and practised in his six years of study at St. Kieran's Ecclesiastical College. His classmates knew that this illness could have been borne by none other than Father Oxley with such fortitude and patience and spiritual profit to himself and others.

He was able to take up again in a limited way the duties of a priest which he did at St. Mary's, New Abbey, and later at St. Francis Xavier's, Waterside. His general health improved and he was able to serve as parish priest at St. Joseph's, Catrine, being also chaplain to Ballochmyle Hospital. He

was changed to St. Palladius', Dalry, at Eastertime, 1967.

His untimely death just fifteen months later, on 27th June 1968, came as a considerable shock to his family and friends and to the clergy and people of the Galloway diocese. He had not yet reached his 43rd birthday. At the time of his death he had been on holiday with his family at Killucan, Co. Westmeath, where he had been born on the 30th August, 1925. St. Finian's, Mullingar, was responsible for his secondary education. The Hospital, Mullingar, cared for him in his very brief illness and there he gave up his short life to God.

Father Oxley is buried in his own family plot at Killucan. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Kennedy, V.G. represented the bishop, clergy and people of Galloway at the funeral rites on the 29th June, 1968, feast of SS. Peter and Paul, and tendered the sympathy of all to his bereaved relatives.

Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Palladius', Dalry, on Tuesday, 2nd July at which Bishop McGee preached the panegyric. May he rest in peace.

JAMES GROGAN

REV. THOMAS E. GALLAGHER (1935)

There was widespread regret among his former parishioners in Fauldhouse and his fellow Kieranites in Scotland at the sudden death in Bournemouth on December 21, 1969. A native of Co. Fermanagh, Father Gallagher spent the first eight years of his priesthood as assistant at St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh.

After five years in his first parish, North Berwick, he was given charge of St. John the Baptist's, Fauldhouse, West Lothian, in 1943. For the most of two decades Father Gallagher devoted himself to the Catholics of Fauldhouse. In 1967, through ill-health, he retired from the active ministry. May he rest in peace.

REV. MICHAEL GLEESON

The death occurred at the early age of 32 years of Rev. Michael Gleeson, Pasadena, California, on 25th October 1969. Born in Drangan, Co. Tipperary, he received his early education in C.B.S. Callan, St. Kieran's College, and completed his ecclesiastical studies in St. Patrick's College, Thurles where he was ordained in 1963.

Fr. Milo, as he was familiarly known, was assistant pastor of St. Iranaeus Church, Cypress, California, a comparatively new parish, where he remained three years; he was then transferred to Immaculate Church, Monrovia.

His remains were returned to Ireland and he was buried in the family burial ground, Drangan. Most Rev. Dr. Morris, Archbishop of Cashel, presided at the solemn obsequies, and among those present was Canon Holo-

han, President of St. Kieran's, cousin of Fr. Gleeson.

VERY REV. PETER GALAVAN, P.P., Mittagong, New South Wales died 20th March 1969. Born Tincarrane, The Rower; educated in St. Kieran's College, where he was ordained in 1914 for the Australian mission. He served in Hurstville, N.S.W., Wyong, Nowra and finally in Mittagong. Only twice in his long priestly career did he visit home — in 1926 and again in 1937.

Two students of St. Kieran's College met tragic deaths: — GERARD DOOLEY, (18) Grennan, Attanagh, was drowned on 11th July 1968. THOMAS TEEHAN (14) Bullcock Hill, Ballyfoyle, was killed in a tractor accident, 8th July 1969.

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

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Vice-President

VERY REV. GERARD O'SULLIVAN, B.Sc., H.D.E.

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REV. EAMONN RHATIGAN, B.A.

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Rev. Donal Kelly, B.A., B.D., L.C.L.
Rev. Martin Campion, C.S.D.
Rev. Paul Fitzgerald, Dip. Soc. Ad.
Rev. Thomas Maher, B.A., H.D.E.
Rev. John Duggan, B.A., B.D., H.D.E.
Rev. James McEvoy, B.A., B.D., H.D.E.
Rev. Joseph Delany, B.Sc., H.D.E.
Rev. James Henry, B.Sc., H.D.E.

Mr. Patrick McSweeney, M.A., H.D.E.
Mr. Eamonn Costello, M.A., H.D.E.
Mr. John Collins, B.A., H.D.E.
Mr. Alfred Sheehy, B.A., H.D.E.
Mr. John McCarthy, B.A., H.D.E.
Mr. Peadar Barrett, B.A., H.D.E.
Mr. Bernard Clarke, B.Sc., H.D.E.
Mr. James G. Kennedy, B.A., H.D.E.
Mr. Patrick Divilly, B.A., H.D.E.
Mr. Gerald Herhily, B.A., H.D.E.
Mr. Tomas O Murchu, B.A., H.D.E.
Mr. Richard McEvoy, B.A., H.D.E.
Mr. James McAuley, B.A., H.D.E.
Mr. Michael Dermody, B.A., H.D.E.
Dr. Thomas McIntyre, M.B., B.C.H.
Mr. Thomas Byrne.

Educating For The Priesthood Today



Education is a many-splendoured thing. It goes on endlessly. It is a complete profession of hope, of confidence in the future. It takes different shapes, and all sorts of people and things are vital parts of those shapes. No one can say he is a complete educator himself. Neither can anyone opt out; everyone takes part in the restless, simmering, boiling that goes on in society and forms its members.

Education is always disturbing, and more often than not is disturbed; and so to think of the schools or colleges as quiet, harmonious backwaters of scholarly contemplation is completely unreal, except perhaps when the students are asleep at night, and even then I think many of them must be planning big things in their dreams. So it was in St. Kieran's in my day, and I am pretty sure it still is.

If education is so restless, and I think it is, it cannot produce people who are pleasantly comfortable and wrapped around in security. Even more so religious education is not easy and provides no easy answers. All education should produce people who are honest, concerned, glad of the good exciting things of the spirit. Religious education must go further and dig deeper; religious missionary-minded visionaries for time and eternity, and practical Christian lights for others on a hill should be its aim.

This is the minimum for any Christian group no matter what their place. Much more is demanded from the school or college which educates for the priesthood. Staff and students must know that there is nothing they can depend on save the Holy Spirit, Christ's optimism, and their complete unity with one another for the sake of others. Poverty of spirit and not of externals they must learn from the Gospel; sleeping or waking they treasure this love for a dream born in a herdsman's shed, and for the secret scripture of the poor.

"We are your Church, a people on the way.
We have a history, a long past
of darkness and of light.
Give us now, we pray you,
a new future and call us
from the certainties, the riches
of this world in which we shelter, safely captive.
Rather make us poor and insecure,
displaced and free,
so that we may
once more hear your gospel
and follow your son."

("Your Word is Near," Page 145, Huub Oosterhuis).

*** BISHOP BIRCH**

SEMINARY TRAINING

The purpose of the Seminary is
to give young men
a fitting and up-to-date training
to prepare them to work with their bishops
in the service of God and their fellow men.

With Jesus Christ as their model
they form themselves
into true shepherds of souls
for the communication of the word of God
for the worship of God
and for the sanctification of God's people.

—Vatican
Council II



Student Deacon
helps in local church

Students in College
communication centre



All aspects of training—spiritual life, studies, community life and discipline, social and pastoral work—are directed towards the giving of oneself completely and exclusively to the service of Christ, His Church, and all mankind.

—Vatican Council II

RESIDENCE HALLS



Seminary Training as envisaged by Vatican II suggests that the student body be arranged into smaller groups to work together for greater personal development. This aspect was taken into account when the new residential area was being planned. It consists of two separate buildings. Each building has two units of sixteen rooms each, a community room, kitchenette and rooms for a resident priest.

STUDIES

The study of English language and literature as well as the art of public speaking is a necessary foundation for communication.

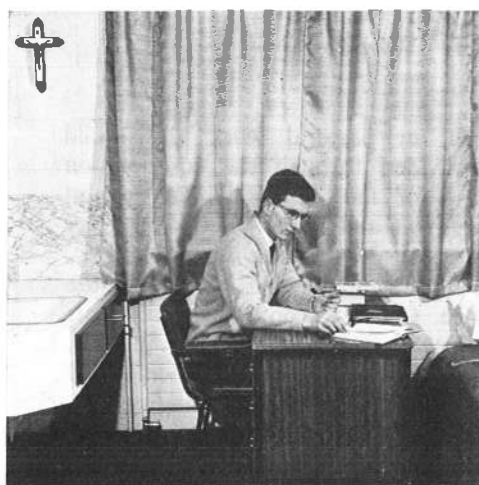
Social backgrounds and attitudes are studied through the media of history and social science.

Skills such as typewriting and a knowledge of business methods prepare for future administration.

Teacher training is given by a course of education, and during the final year by a specialised course in all media of communication and methods of teaching.

The course in philosophy and theology, to which most of the student's time is devoted, is intended to give the student an understanding of man and his role in the world today and of God who has revealed himself to man in word and in deed.

Lectures, discussions, library projects have a common aim—to stimulate personal and private study.



PIRITUAL LIFE

he spiritual life is firmly based on a living liturgy implemented and fed by personal prayer.

onferences and Retreats during term and during holidays in the Diocesan Retreat House nourish the apostolic spirit. The fruit of this prayer life is seen in dedication to work and the practice of the priestly virtues of obedience, self-denial and generosity. The spiritual direction of the students is under the care of the Vincentian Fathers.



PASTORAL WORK

Opportunities for pastoral work and social work are provided through the co-operation of the priests of the city of Kilkenny and neighbouring areas and in conjunction with lay apostolic groups such as the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Legion of Mary, the Social Service Centre, Youth Clubs. This apostolate includes work for old people, orphans and itinerants, visiting general and psychiatric hospitals, helping handicapped children. Sharing such work with others strengthens the spiritual life and gives an insight into the real life of people.



COMMUNITY LIFE

Living together imposes its own discipline and training. It promotes a real concern for others and an appreciation of the value of courtesy and kindness. Restrictions, when understood and accepted, strengthen self-mastery, build up character and personality.



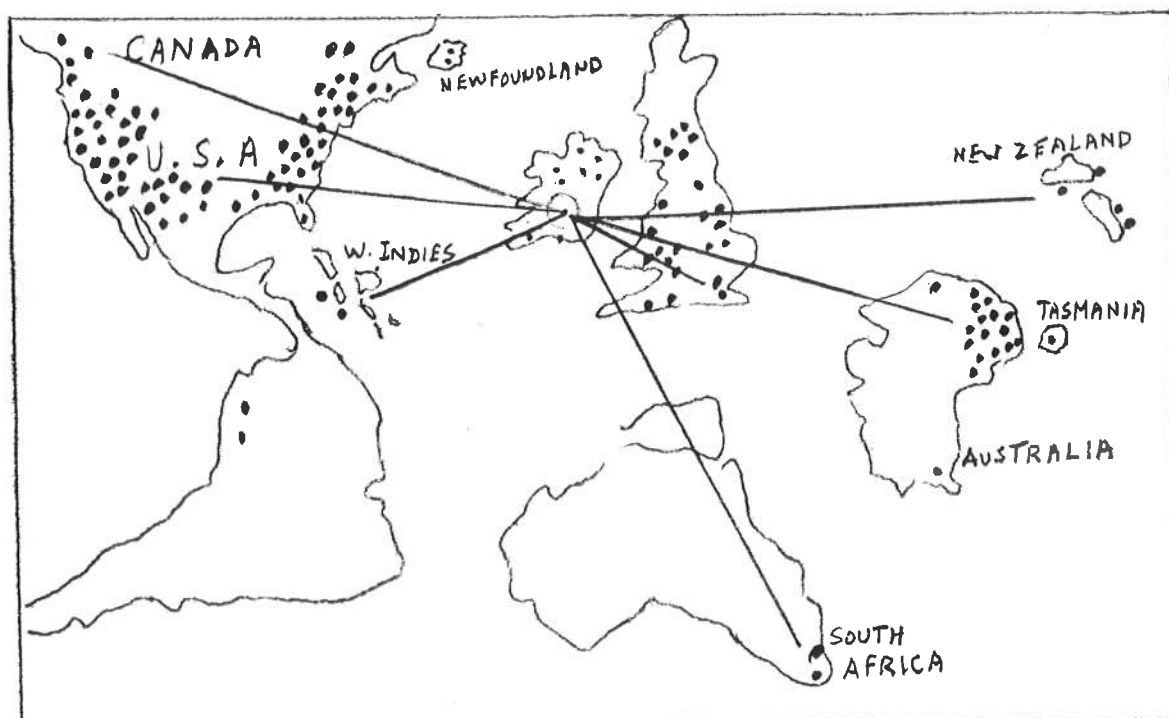
Leisure periods and recreational activities both contribute to training. Students organize their own outdoor games and the recreation centre has facilities for hobby work in art and craft, woodwork, mechanics, photography and music, as well as indoor games.

St. Kieran's College is open to young men from all parts of Ireland who wish to serve as priests in Irish, English, Scottish, American, New Zealand, Australian and South African dioceses. Over seven hundred priests ordained in St. Kieran's are now working in various parts of the world.

In the Seminary also, young men whose post-primary education has been interrupted are given an intensive course in languages, literature, and speech training to enable them to pursue their studies for the priesthood.

Recently the College has been recognised as a residential Summer School centre for university students from abroad.

DIOCESES SERVED BY ST. KIERAN'S PRIESTS



AMERICA

Albany
Atloona
Atlanta
Austin
Baker
Birmingham
Boise
Boston
Brooklyn
Buffalo
Camden
Charleston
Cheyenne
Chicago
Corpus Christi
Dallas
Davenport
Des Moines
Detroit
Dodge City
Dubuque
Fargo
Fresno
Great Falls
Harrisburg
Honolulu
Jefferson City
Kansas City
Lafayette
Lincoln
Los Angeles
Miami
Mobile
Monterey
Natchez-Jackson
New Orleans
New York
Oakland
Ogdensburg
Orlando

Patterson
Peoria
Philadelphia
Pittsburg
Portland
Providence
Rapid City
Richmond
Rochester
Sacramento
St. Augustine
St. Louis
St. Paul
St. Petersburg
San Antonio
San Diego
San Francisco
Santa Rosa
Savannah
Seattle
Sioux City
Spokane
Springfield
Trenton
Tucson
Washington
Wheeling
Wichita
Yakima

ENGLAND AND WALES

Arundel and
Brighton
Birmingham
Brentwood
Cardiff
Clifton
Hexham
Lancaster
Leeds

Liverpool
Menevia
Northampton
Nottingham
Plymouth
Portsmouth
Salford
Shrewsbury
Southwark
Westminster

SCOTLAND

Dunkeld
Edinburgh
Galloway
Glasgow
Motherwell
Paisley

IRELAND

Armagh
Ardagh
Clogher
Clonfert
Cloyne
Cork and Ross
Derry
Down
Dromore
Elphin
Kerry
Kildare
Killaloe
Kilmore
Meath
Ossory

AUSTRALIA

Adelaide
Armidale
Ballarat

Bathurst
Brisbane
Bunbury
Cairns
Hobart
Lismore
Maitland
Melbourne
Perth
Port Pirie
Rockhampton
Sale
Sydney
Wilcania Forbes

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland
Christchurch
Dunedin
Wellington

SOUTH AFRICA

Capetown
Port Elizabeth

CANADA

Halifax
Harbour Grace
Nelson
St. John's
Newfoundland
Vancouver
Victoria

WEST INDIES

Kingston
Port of Spain

Ecclesiastics' Review

Deacon On Tour

There is nothing as good as travel to stop us from looking at the world through the eye of a needle, so I wish I could write about my visit to the Olympic Games or tell you about my spin around the world. The best I can do is to tell you about my visit as a deacon to my diocese of Northampton.

Refusing to fly because of the many air disasters last summer, I found myself in a cabin on one of our Belfast to Heysham steamers. Overhead someone was playing an accordeon and Irish dancing made my bunk vibrate. The ship's engines purred like a giant cat in a rising and falling away, the beat counterpointed by the waves outside that hurled themselves against the ship's bulk and fell again.

The journey down through England was not impressive; the rain seemed to catch the towns with their backs turned, and the land was flat and uninteresting, not like the hills around Lisnaskea beside the Erne.

My bishop had arranged for me to stay in St. Patrick's parish (a friendly name, that) in the giant steelworks town of Corby. The parish priest had written, and made sure to meet me — the first of many considerations. Soon I was installed in a modern parish house beside an equally modern parish church. My first impressions were good and as time went on they grew even rosier. The house answered one's every possible demand — spacious rooms, attractive furniture, young, charming housekeeper and cook, and most important — a happy atmosphere.

Most of my work was visiting, and on my very first day I met more mixed marriages and heard of more difficulties than I ever imagined possible. Later I would get more used to this. Many of the Catholic families there were Irish, and I was really at home with them. Several times on the street I met people who told me of their troubles — one man and his wife came to me in the post office and told me that their son who had been a deacon had died suddenly before

ordination. This couple lived in another parish and invited me to visit them later. When I did call they showed me 'photos' of their dead son and talked of him. This was not as sad an occasion as you might think. I enjoyed it, and so did they, for they had Christian optimism. A worse-off person was the young man who had given up his religion because his wife and child had just been killed in a road accident. I met him on a long train journey and we talked for hours.

I preached at Mass, did the readings, distributed Holy Communion, baptised, and even blessed holy water. This latter was an unexpected duty, but being a good deacon I did as the parish priest told me. I interviewed a number of couples who were getting married. As the questions on the form could raise plenty of trouble, I had to tread very carefully. The parish priest told me that one funny girl I was to interview had a mother who wrote to the Queen and the Pope. I have not since heard from either Buckingham Palace or the Vatican, so all must have gone well. All of these couples I interviewed were of different faiths, and it made me realise the difficulties that many of them were facing. Just at that time, the "pill" was raising a riot, but we were "saved by Czechoslovakia".

I spent a memorable day touring the great steel works in Corby. The enormity of the buildings, cranes moving overhead, furnaces showering out sparks, the bubbling liquid steel (watched through very dark glasses) in the heart of the furnaces, the terror of standing beside a large container of this, waiting for it to splash on me, the noise and the dirt — all this made me realise how heroic those men are who endure so much to provide for their families. Indeed, I have never seen anything which suggested Hell so vividly.

The priests of St. Patrick's were very good to me, as were those of the surrounding parishes whom I visited. Their warm hearted reception made me feel that it will not be so

bad going out to work in a parish. A memorable event was the occasion I had lunch with a priest in the village pub — Ye Merry Olde England is not such a bad place!

I did not spend all my time among the orthodox; one night found me at an Anglican meeting on the Lambeth Conference. My parish priest and his curate had all the sins of progressive clergy — even Ecumenism. They and the other religious leaders have established an ecumenical parish — all the various religions of the town co-operate in visitation and social work. So I was let in on the Ecumenical conspiracy and found myself talking to an Anglican bishop up from Lambeth, and learning just what was going on there.

At the ecumenical parish meeting, which I attended later, there were seven or eight ministers and three priests. Silent prayer with heads bowed, after a few spontaneous

words, started us off, and it was great to experience the charity of the group and the unspoken hope that they had. I was unaware of what a trial it was for most of them to wait until the end of the meeting, as they were itching to crowd round the television set and watch what seemed to be an eternal Test Match. I was to become infected myself with the same spirit, and the parish priest and I, instead of eating in the diningroom, snatched our meals on trays in front of the “telly”. This game went on for about six days — the English are a patient people.

In the same ecumenical spirit, I visited the homes of ministers with one of our priests, and was impressed by the good relations which existed between them. These men are not like Dr. Paisley at all, and they asked me to look out for them when I am back in the diocese.

F. GÍLBRIDE

On First Looking Into Theology

*Then felt I like some watcher of the
skies*

When a new planet swims into his ken

— KEATS

It would be a slight exaggeration to say that I got worked up like Keats’s “watcher of the skies” when I first looked into Theology; I regret I do not enthuse so easily. Cynical coolness, a contagion of the times, has not left me untouched.

Nevertheless, I took my place in the theology hall with some expectations — an apprehensiveness I always feel before I start some new subject of study, or even a new book. (A fear, perhaps, of having reached the limits of my intelligence; and so to spend the remainder of my years with only a dull glow in the brain, never to brighten). I imagined I was coming nearer to those unspeakable things St. Paul wrote of in Corinthians: Up to this time, Theology was for me

undiscovered country. I had not yet analysed my God.

The new arrangement of studies whereby the seminarian is introduced to the *Regina Scientiarum* once he enters the seminary was still in the minds of the superiors when I entered four years ago. I had first the purification by Philosophy — or was it purification? No, rather a tantalising delay, sixty-four weeks or so, of listening to professors of Logic, who showed us how to think, and wise historians of Philosophy, who told us what queer things men thought in times of yore.

But it came to an end: four months, three months, two . . . and so I became a Divine. I inscribed my name on my new books with an artistic flourish. The sweet euphony of that word ‘Divinity’! Let the poor Philosophers wander the ‘labyrinthine ways’; I was to eavesdrop on the converse of angels.

“ . . . he heard a voice bidding him

approach, offering him secret knowledge and secret power. He would know then what was the sin of Simon Magus and what was the sin against the Holy Ghost for which there was no forgiveness. He would know obscure things, hidden from others, from those who were conceived and born children of wrath" —JOYCE (*Portrait of the Artist*).

The initiation began. Lectures and reading. Oh dear! the books. I approached the Theology section in the library and scanned the shelves. (Is there anything so disconcerting as rows of books one has not read?). I was loath to start; with every book one reads, one loses some human innocence. Like Eve plucking the fruit, I took down some books. Heavy tomes with ornate bindings, old and sere, with names of erstwhile students on their dusky fly-leaves. And they were packed with neat, abstruse theses in Latin and Greek; disquisitions quilled by saturnine monks in monasteries. I took a seat beneath a bust of Pope Leo XIII, that his shadow might inspire understanding. I read a little from the translation of Rahner's *Geist in Welt* until the bell went for tea. I hoisted Rahner back on the shelf, a little nonplussed after my first look into the mysteries. That night I dreamt that I fell into a river of ink on which I had been sailing in a paper boat.

My explorations continued in the following

weeks. The authors' photographs are more forbidding than encouraging. Bald, grave men, long-faced Germans, mischievous looking mavericks with their daring essays, theologians of the *avant garde* who think God is dead. Garish paper-backs caught my eye with their racy coaxing titles — Theology made easy. I turned the pages and read the words and was, I hope, a little wiser.

Scripture studies appealed to me more than Dogmatic Theology. I may quote Louis de Granmaison to express my reactions to these two subjects:

"These (dogma) definitions are sacred for us. They preserve our hopes. But their light shows the reef. It does not attract like the glow of a friendly hearth. They are made of hard metal — armour rather than sustenance. For spiritual nourishment and warmth, the Christian will always prefer the inspired words, full of sap, that are to be garnered in the Scriptures" (*Jesus Christ*)

Now I am half way through the Theology course and I hope that when I am sent forth to tell men God's message, to sing Sion's songs, I will sing them well and, maybe, those listeners in the market-place will sing with me.

NOEL NEARY

Vasenska agus Esprit-de-Corps

Vasenska entered these halls of priestly formation about four years ago and at this very moment is finding Dogmatic Theology and Fr. Piet Schoonenberg highly interesting but, alas, no longer frivolous. However, being a rather serious gentleman and by no means an extremist, he feels that he has something to say concerning the present state of affairs in the post-Kieranite revolution of '67. In case you should be misled, he is not a conservative.

Pascal—and he does not come from

Thornhill Road—in his leisure moments once wrote this very apt sentence: "This is one of the miseries of man not to know how to keep within four walls". Although St. Kieran's and Port Royal are far apart, this still rings true. Changes have come at last, and neither Kieran's nor Vasenska is quite the same since. Oh! yes, he welcomed them, but as he was the type who could probably have enjoyed twenty years in Bermuda in the last century, it did not really matter whether the changes came or not. While he

appreciates the value of these changes, he looks to the past with nostalgia in one respect; because running diagonally internally in our seminary there are yawning fissures. As Hamlet said, something rotten in the state of Denmark.

This rottenness is internationally known as lack of *esprit de corps*; locally, as lack of community spirit, or availability. Seeing that we no longer are forced to observe strictly this living within four walls, seminary life has lost some of its frigidity but in losing it, the close inter-relationship that previously existed between students is also cracking up.

An objection looms on the horizon, no doubt, from the senior theology classes who will say that the spirit was never better between themselves and those lower down. This may be so, but in the house in general community activity is dying. And do we mind? Of course not; we have purchased the coffin and will be presently considering the headstone.

Where is this happening, you may ask? In Cockney slang, "Open yer bloomin' eyes, mate, an 'ave a look".

Four years ago, it was not uncommon for a First Phil to be ignored when the leagues were being picked. What a change! The Games Committee, with the humility of mediaeval monks, go on bended knee when asking for support. There is another item in the same field, the supporters' list which, if you are reasonable at all, you will realise pays rich dividends in proportion to the amount taken. Abolish it immediately; the only support it musters is from those irrational beings who are called "bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang". All, all that were here are vanished and gone. . . .

Continuing in the field of social relations, Vasenka feels that we need another withering blast for a further dying custom, which is probably as old as the unveiling day of *heims transiit*. The buses, with the exception of one which is now in its death agonies, have vanished. Once there were five and now . . . ! In these a fraternal link with home was cultivated. Then we were

a community, a sort of moral person, talkative, amusing, happy. We are now to each other becoming a collection of dehydrated individuals, and all this is still only the beginning.

Those are the two big spheres of social life in the College, but the several societies which brought students together to discuss various topics seem to be receiving only a cat's lick. When you have time, take a look at the personal book register in the library; entries are rather lopsided for the year '67-'68, Vasenka old chap.

Lads, it's very easy to level destructive criticism at a system and not at all as easy to be constructive, but our numbers are falling and, let's face it, this *esprit de corps* is also on the decline because of the innovations. Our field of activity has extended beyond the Callan gate, but, if it has, why must we forget each other?

At the very least, let us support whatever organised recreation exists in the College. Pathetic though this article may be, it would never have been written had not an editor of *Vinculum* made an agonising appeal on "television" in Elocution class. Take that very statement—you see my approach is wrong; I should not have needed that goad to make me write. But, Vasenka, you are not alone. Neither should you have to be begged when asked to contribute part of yourself. "Part of yourself"—yes, because the spirit of a community exists only insofar as we are willing to give part of ourselves. Selfishness is not an attribute any of us cares to boast about. But as long as we refuse to make ourselves available to others, we are *selfish*. The refusal of myself to others is the root of anti-socialism. I leave it to you to judge the position of an anti-social priest in present-day society.

I hope Fr. McDonagh will not sue for copyright.

In one word, Vasenka, what is your remedy?

"Good—good, you guessed correctly . . . mmmmpf . . . Availability."

There is still time. We have not yet crossed the Rubicon.



SIXTH YEAR

Front Row: John O'Sullivan (Wexford) Shrewsbury; Pascal Moore (Dublin) Ossory; Michael Norton (Tipperary) Ossory; James Leavy (Longford) Leeds; Oliver Mooney (Down) Dromore.

Back Row: John Ryan (Tipperary) San Francisco; Liam Tuffy (Sligo) Atlanta; Thomas McGovern (Leitrim) Nottingham; Liam Barron (Kilkenny) Ossory; John Coonan (Kilkenny) Ossory; Patrick O'Farrell (Kilkenny) Ossory.

Spiritual Selection

The Americans calls them Freshmen, and I think it's an apt term: something about them suggested freshness, these young men entering the seminary. From my window I observed them, and through a haze of reminiscence I saw a young man who was me a few years before.

There were seven or eight arrived already in the evening. Self-conscious boys, their hair carefully dishevelled in the current fashion and clean, clean faces, Fashionable tailoring took the austere look off their new black suits. Some of them had a look of sophistication; a few were a little more bucolic, with a roughness that betokens sturdy material like oak trees.

The ideal of following Jesus had led them to this place. Some had come along rough paths; ideals are so much like stars which move smoothly through the soft ether, callously indifferent to the earthlings who flounder after them. These had followed somehow through the woods and fogs and swamps; so many things in this world obstruct men and eclipse their ideals as clouds eclipse stars.

Most of them were young, earnest-looking; young minds, young hearts trying to harness the energy of youth, lest it "languish and nought avail". A few were not so young; some circumstance had prevented their coming sooner. Perhaps some ancient mariner had delayed them with stories along the way. Or had they stood — as so many do — at life's crossroads wishing they had time to wander down every path and see where it led to? The langour of youth: The lingering with the wine and the roses. Sooner or later a man must choose a path: he has time for only one life.

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.

(ROBERT FROST)

What prompted them to take this path? It could not be any puerile spirit of adventure, or merely the lure of the unknown —

though the priesthood has some esoteric attraction about it. Did they know how dark and lonely the path can sometimes be, how hard it is to keep the promises they would make? But then I remembered how generous youth can be. Jesus does not have to argue with it: it does not weigh the pros and cons. It plunges, spending its energy, often wasting it like a waterfall.

It made me sad to think of how I had changed in a few years. They tell me I am more mature now, more realistic. But in becoming mature one often loses the volatility and passion of youth. Once I answered Jesus' call spontaneously; now that spontaneity had effloresced. Maturity and realism often camouflage a multitude of sins of complacency and indifference.

They were still coming as I turned away from my window — still coming to answer a muffled call, barely audible above the noise of the world.

POST SCRIPT — Since I first recorded these reflections, a year has passed. Of the twenty-four who entered that evening, eighteen remain. Why the other six left the seminary cannot be explained very easily. Sage veterans will point to faults in the training system, or to some vague unsuitability in those who leave and an equally vague suitability in those who persevere. Psychologists theorise about adverse effects of the materialistic milieu and the want of "priestly identity" today.

I cannot add much to these erudite opinions. I will make just a few remarks apropos the young man's experience on entering a seminary. He is often disenchanted with the life: his dream of the priesthood is frequently an abstraction from the ennui and tedium that is part of every vocation. Then there comes the killing defeatism—an incubus of so many young idealists. The mission of a Christian can seem so impossible in the world: there is a great temptation to opt out of the tedious struggle and join the "comedians" in Graham Greeneland.

And what of celibacy? Too many people

consider it apart from the whole priestly life: they tear it out of context, robbing it of meaning and purpose. True, it seems a great demand on the young; girls in summer dresses are so appealing. In vain do old men say the appeal is ephemeral: to the young summer seems eternal, and ideals evanesce beside all these flesh-things.

But of all this "poor mortal longingness" in the young seminarian, the longing for achievement, for some small measure of fame, is the greatest, I think. At eighteen or nineteen, who doesn't wish that he may find some Lilliput where he will be great and revered? For the followers of Jesus, however, there is little promise of worldly fame. They must be like those mediaeval artists and craftsmen who built magnificent cathedrals and castles, but whose names are unrecorded and unglorified.

But perhaps I weary you with my ruminations. They shed little light on a question which is really unanswerable: who can unravel the tangle of reasons, feelings, and influences that make humans do the things they do?

LONDON BY NIGHT

Alone, so alone, never more alone
but yet not lonely
Moving, being moved, unmoved
by those around me.
Traffic, trafficators, traffic lights
provide movement, noise, colour.

Faces, smiling faces, inviting faces,
to me, faceless.
Neon lights, theatre lights, night-club lights
spelling out their messages.
Coffee beans, coffee cake, espresso coffee,
odours from the cafe.

Moonlight on moonstruck moonrakers
prophesying crazy messages.
Post-cards, naughty cards, souvenir cards
on sale along the pavements.
Music crashing, lights flashing, people
laughing,
so this city never sleeps.

JOHN H. M. SULLIVAN

Rushing The Layside --What We Think

PREFECTS ! the subject arouses a storm of protest not only among layside students but also from the ecclesiastics. Whether through ignorance of the system or jealousy, few have any sympathy to offer. "You are all the same" a frustrated layside student will say, "modern Gestapo". "You are all right, you get your Jim Figgerty and tea after dinner", a Third Divine grumbles.

"Compensation for your cloak and dagger activities over there". Again some one will say, "Hey, I hear you are a right — over there, sending up poor little first years. What kind of notion of the priesthood will they have when they leave?"

Yet, every Black Friday, five or six second years excitedly move up the stairs to the Dean's room for the conferring of office. (By

the way, for those who are interested, the usual time is 2.20 p.m.) Some of these happen to be former self-styled critics of the system. Nevertheless, during those moments of coronation, they are dumb like Zachary as waves of excitement, expectancy and pride envelop them. Pride? who would have thought it, and still more wonderful, who would have acknowledged it? But it is present, consciously or subconsciously, as Freud would express it. I think it is only natural that pride should be present. We are all imbued with it—so Dr. Dalton says—and dare I go against one with such experience and knowledge of the matter?

There is always faint consolation in seeing some of these budding David Frosts change after a few weeks of initiation. There will always be room for criticism in any system, but no one should criticise without having experienced the system.

For those who *want* to believe it, the lay-side is not another Auschwitz with twelve or thirteen Eichmanns. Fr. O'Connor's room is not a gas chamber, and the vast majority of "Jews" are on the best of terms with their warders. Layside students are not irresponsible delinquents, as some would have us think. If for a moment we were to judge them on those who advance to the ecclesiastical side (this is not a correct procedure, of course), there is ample proof of their "soundness". (We will pause for a few moments while the said gentlemen purr.)

To those who may be going over, it is a many-sided experience that you will never forget. There are ups and downs, but don't tell me there are none on this side of the house. Accept the responsibility and execute it to the best of your ability. You may not know this, but the lads over there respect you more if you do. Don't think, because they are so much younger, that they are no judge of character. Their judgment is usually very accurate.

There is a wealth of experience and useful practical knowledge to be gained on how young people think and act. Some say that the prefects are "Yes" men. Layboys seldom apply the term, and they have intelligence

to know that before you command you must learn to obey.

If it was the end of second year again and I was given the choice, I would still go over, rooms or no rooms. Maybe not for a full three years, but for some period at least. I wish that all students had a chance to avail themselves of the opportunity. If we were over for only two years, then increased numbers would have a chance of benefiting from the translocation.

It is difficult to know how prefects are chosen. It seems obvious, in any case, that the principle is not that all the responsible people, and only the responsible people are sent over. For one has only to look around and count the many people endowed with the necessary qualifications who never see the white smoke signifying their election.

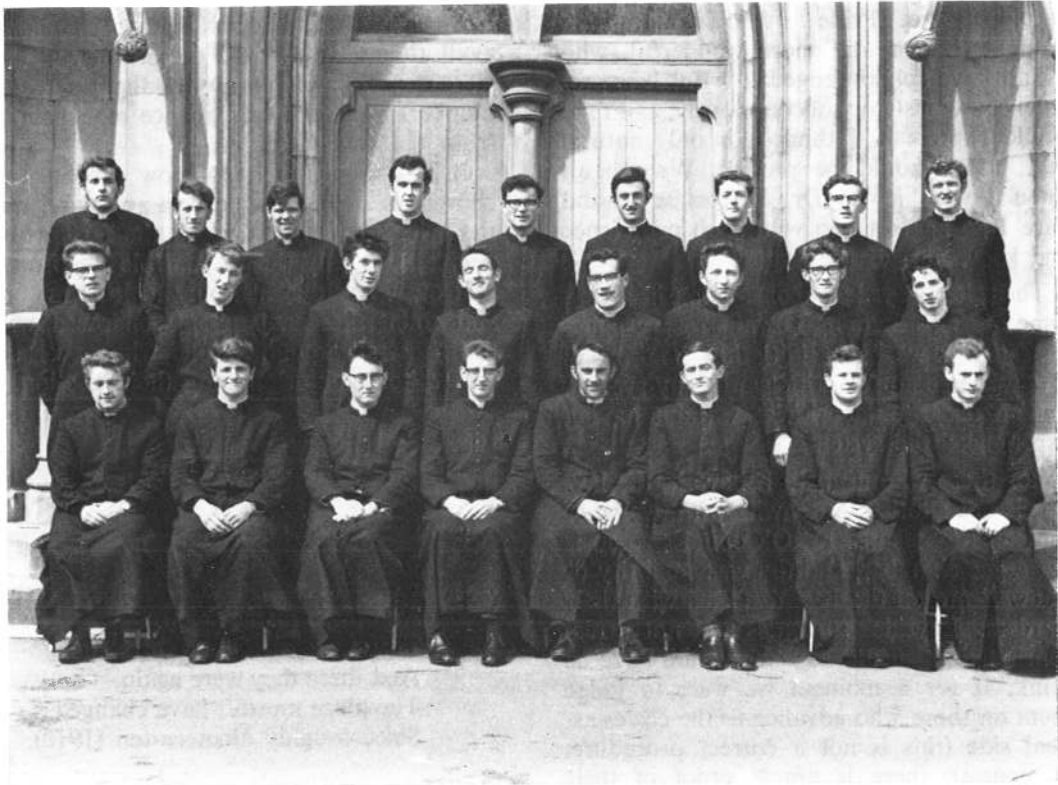
THE RETURN

I was driven in the gate
And there it was again;
I was driven round the back
And there it was again.
They were carried up the stairs
And there they were again.
The place mustn't have changed
Since roughly nineteen-ten (1910).

I faced the basin in the morning
And said "Here goes again";
I pulled my chair unto the table
And said "Here goes again".
I curled up that night to study
And dreamt "Here goes again".
The routine mustn't have changed
Since roughly nineteen-ten

Will every year be the same
Just one long lousy game?
I know that it will not change
Into something rich and strange.
But will there be a difference
For men sixty years hence?
Or will all seem as it has been
Since roughly nineteen-ten?

J. A. MEAGHER



FOURTH AND FIFTH YEAR

Front Row: Hugh Malone (Clare) Trenton; Diarmuid Healy (Kilkenny) Ossory; Noel neary (Rsocommon) Atlanta; Michael McIvor (Derry) Derry; Eamon Foley (Kilkenny) Ossory; Patrick Hennessy (Kilkenny) Leeds; James Walsh (Kilkenny) Hexham; Eugene O'Sullivan (Glasgow) Dunkeld.

Second Row: Peter McLaughlin (Derry) Leeds; Eamon Miley (Wicklow) Mobile; John Crowley (Cork) Sacramento; Patrick O'Reilly (Cavan) Hexham; Thomas Walsh (Kerry) St. Augustine; Daniel Bollard (Kilkenny) Ossory; Andrew Dineen (Kerry) Salford; Patrick J. Clarke (Kilkenny) St. Petersburg.

Back Row: John Robinson (Kilkenny) Ossory; Patrick Organ (Clare) Miami; Benedict O'Shea (Kilkenny) Arundel & Brighton; Michael Downey (Kilkenny) Sacramento; Andrew Dolan (Tyrone) Derry; Timothy Lynch (Kerry) Miami; Charles Kelly (Kilkenny) Ossory; James Murphy (Kilkenny) Ossory; Eamon Tobin (Kilkenny) Orlando.

College Report

Events and Random Memories of the Year

For all the tumult and turmoil in the church and world the year was tranquil and regular in the College; and in retrospect the usual activities and events are not eclipsed by any spectacular 'happenings.'

New Faces : Students & Staff

Ten first year men enrolled in September. And a most agreeable and talented group they have proved to be. The trend of Irish bishops sending students to St. Kieran's continues. We want to record our welcome to Fr. Hennessy, O.M.I., Piltown, and Fr. D. Collier, who are our professors of History and Catechetics respectively. Dr. Brennan has vacated the chair of History, but has taken charge of the department of English Literature. Fr. Collier replaces Canon Holohan who, despite his onerous duties as President, still lectures in Pastoral Theology. Another valuable addition to our staff this year was Mr. David Brewer, who lectured in American History and Sociology. Unfortunately Mr. Brewer and his family were only on a year's visit to Kilkenny; his vast knowledge was of immense help to students for the American mission. Two very helpful teachers from Kilkenny Vocational School, Miss Margaret Hennessy and Mr. Michael Ryan give a weekly lecture on Art and Typing respectively.

After several years of dedicated service in the sacristy and College, Sister Fabian was transferred; as also was Sr. Ephrem, our Infirmarian. Our deep gratitude is due to them. Their posts have been filled with equal competence by Sisters Gregory and Winefred. Sacristy duties were temporarily in the capable hands of Sr. Theodore.

Student Life

Gradual changes have been taking place over the past few years. A few rules and customs falling into abeyance, less supervision of study and other activities for all, amelioration of living accommodation with the opening of the second unit of rooms in September.

Extra-mural activities are now an accepted part of life for students: pastoral work of various kinds. In April Dr. Birch enlisted their help to introduce real active participation in churches in the city.

The sixth year men left in September for their sojourn in Piltown. The Catechetics course which they took there is an invaluable asset to a priest today. They returned to St. Kieran's just before Christmas.

The close of the first term was made pleasantly memorable by an invitation from Dr. Birch to all the ecclesiastical students for an evening out in Peace in Christ, the diocesan retreat house. The Sisters of the Ladies of Mary treated us most hospitably there, and we want to record our appreciation of the kind gesture by the Bishop and Sisters.

Debating during Term

Debating during the '69-'70 season got off to a slow start but with Fr. Campion's aid in using television equipment and the introduction of University-style debating, it got a new lease of life. Accordingly the Inter-class debating competition produced some excellent entertainment.

However, the main feature was the forming of a Debating Society and entry into Inter-Colleges Competition. Here, we lost at our first attempt to St. Patrick's College, Carlow, but the future is definitely bright. Next year it is hoped to run the Inter-Colleges debates on a league basis and this should improve the interest in, and standard of, debating.

Inter-Colleges competition is becoming the 'in-thing' at present; the debate against Carlow was our first effort in this field. The benefit for all involved was clearly evident, and there is optimism that our scope will be widened in the near future.

So we look forward to next year with a lot of the groundwork done and something definite to aim at.

Visitors during Term

In the area of Ecumenism we are not notably active in St. Kieran's. However, Rev. Hartin from The Church of Ireland Divinity Hostel, Rathgar, reminded us in a short lecture and discussion of the wonderful vision of unity between churches which have so much in common.

Another needful reminder — this time about the riches of our Irish musical heritage — came from Mr. Michael O'Callaghan of U.C.C. It was the second time some of us heard this inspired exponent of Gaelic music and poetry; and his lecture was a revelation most of us needed.

Brother Brian of the Brothers of Charity, in a lecture on Alcoholism gave us an idea of the horrid complexity of the problem, and the vast work and dedication that is needed to combat it — work to which he and his Brothers devote themselves so selflessly. Also on the general theme of social outcasts and their rehabilitation was Fr. Michael Mac Greil's thoughtful lecture last term.

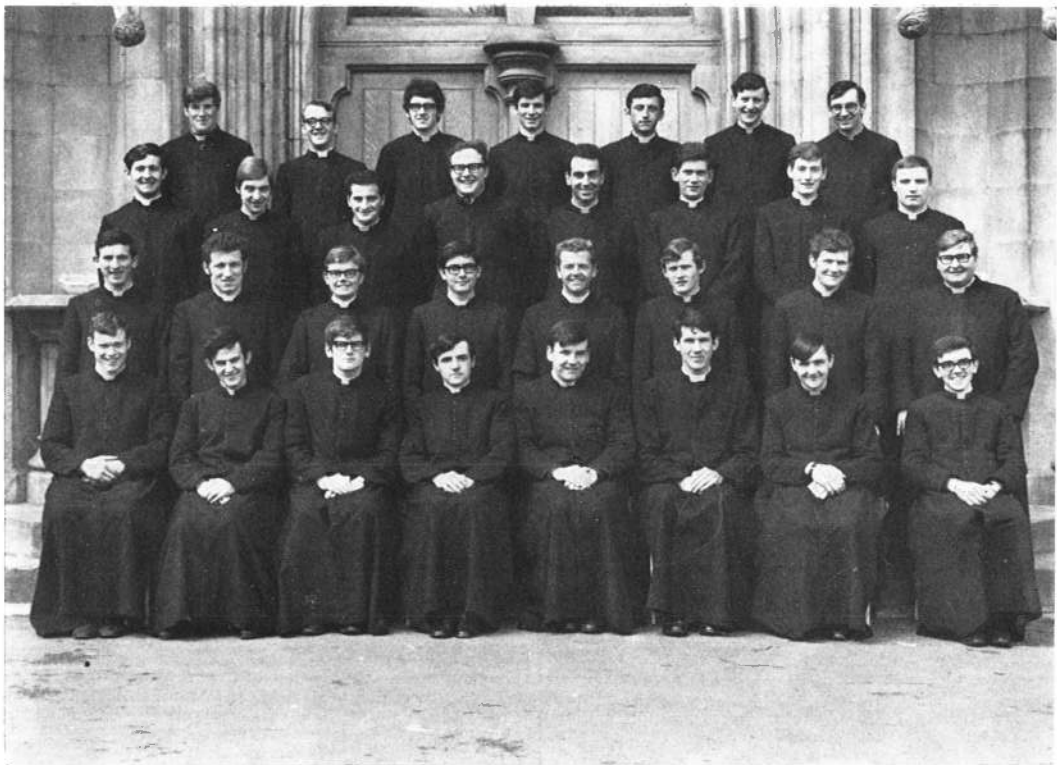
Other notable visitors included Miss Ruth Lewis who spoke about painting today, and Fr. Quigley from Dublin who gave us some

appreciation of the ancient traditions of the Eastern Church.

Due to the present student population and a desire to have the greatest possible participation, games which demand small numbers were given a greater emphasis during 1969-70. Hence, basketball, tennis and golf were very much part of student recreation. The disappearance of the crock-soccer league demanded that many of those who formerly qualified in this division graduated to 'big time stuff' and, it must be added, to the betterment of the game. At the moment the interclass league is being played and the level of competition and tension is high—to the discomfort of many referees. This is due in part to the prestige-value attached to the league but perhaps more important is the monetary incentives made available by some coaches (professors) for highest goal average.

The football league called for a high standard of skill and the desire to surface as the 'best footballer' provided specators with many enjoyable moments as competitors tried to outwit their opponents. Unfortunately, hurling has receded to the background and the only reminder one gets of the game is the occasional match with the layside or the sight of a few enthusiasts hitting the ball to one another.

The two great tasks to be accomplished in the coming year appear to be (1) devising some means to lower the level of tension in games; (2) the securing of permission from the authorities to participate in the interseminary league. The latter task will make demands on both parties (e.g. financial and organizational) but the availing of this opportunity to promote goodwill amongst the clergy of the future must be seen as praiseworthy. However, the reasons for the objections against our participation must not blind us to the present possibilities of showing hospitality to visiting students. Finally, sincere thanks to all who helped in making the games a success during the past year.



FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD YEAR

Front Row: Thomas Quinn (Mayo) Ardagh; Daniel O'Donovan (Cork) Clonfert; Raymond Fulton (Antrim) Down & Connor; Arthur Hynes (Down) Trenton; Francis Browne (Down) Dromore; Terence Toner (Dublin) Meath; Patrick B. Lynch (Donegal) Nottingham; Francis O'Hagan (Derry) Derry.

Second Row: Patrick Keohane (Cork) Leeds; James O'Connor (Westmeath) Meath; Noel Horneck (Offaly) Meath; David White (Antrim) Down & Connor; Martin Brophy (Carlow) Southwark; Patrick Browne (Offaly) Birmingham; John Forbes (Tyrone) Derry.

Third Row: Thomas Carty (Meath) Meath; Paul Toal (Antrim) Down & Connor; Thomas Lavin (Roscommon) Elphin; Thomas Harvey (Leitrim) Kilmore; David McGuinness (Dublin) Mobile; Hugh Turbitt (Leitrim) Ardagh; Peter McAlister (Antrim) Down & Connor; John Aherne (Dublin) Salford.

Fourth Row: William Cassin (Kilkenny) Ossory; John Clohosey (Kilkenny); Hexham; Joseph Hughes (Antrim) Down & Connor; John Meagher (Kilkenny) Hexham; Cornelius McLoughlin (Donegal) Derry; Declan Boland (Donegal) Derry; Patrick Mulhern (Louth) Brentwood.

THEATRE



IS THE PRIEST AT HOME?

Front: David White, John Meagher, Fr. Martin Campion (Producer), Michael McIvor, Patrick O'Reilly.
Back: Eugene O'Sullivan, Eamonn Tobin, Andy Dolan, Ray Fulton, Michael Campion, David McGuinness, Eamonn Harrington, Martin Brophy, Terry Toner, Paul Toal, Pat Mulhern.

Shadow and Substance—November 1968

Custom was again broken last year in that instead of the usual comedy performed by the Ecclesiastical students for the November play we were presented with something which was quite the opposite—"Shadow and Substance" by Paul Vincent Carroll, a play which combined the dramatic with the tragic.

To give a synopsis of the play would be no mean task; indeed one would need to be

an expert in the field of dramatics to get the full meaning of the play on seeing it only once. What is it really about then? An attack on clericalism? A conflict of character, perhaps? An assault on the managerial system of our Catholic schools? A study of youth versus age? All these problems were raised in the play, but the answer may lie in the title of the play itself, *Shadow and Substance*. The title refers, I think, to the main characters, the old Canon and his housekeeper, Brigid. The Canon (John

Forbes) seemed to be a man who was living in a world of his own, a world of external appearances, perhaps, but not too sure what life was all about—in other words, chasing shadows. However, Brigid (David White) was in reality a simple, kind woman, who saw life in terms of love. She loved the Canon, but also his enemy, the schoolmaster (Noel Neary). This, I think, is the substance of the play—Brigid's simplicity. It was she who showed us what the real Canon was like.

Even a professional group would find this play difficult to perform, and producing it presented a challenge. Any reservations the audience might have had about the acting ability of the cast were soon dispelled. Each character was portrayed almost to perfection. John Forbes and David White were outstanding in the leading roles—two very fine first-year actors whom we have not seen the last of. The two curates (Declan Bolland and Michael McIvor) managed to extract whatever comedy lay in a tragic and thought-provoking play. Full marks also to Noel Horneck and John Meagher who played two newly qualified, but rather boorish, school teachers who successfully applied for the old master's job; and to Ollie Mooney who played the "caring" aunt quite well.

Any praise of the play is praise of the producer—Fr. Seamus McEvoy. He took over from Fr. Martin Campion, and the change about of producer is a good thing in that each brings his own particular talent to the production, and everybody learns something in the process. To lose either of these producers would be a tragedy; to lose both would be imprudent!

One of the fundamental reasons for presenting any play is to entertain, and on this occasion the audience was certainly entertained. It was a fitting tribute to the memory of Paul Vincent Carroll, who had died only a few weeks earlier.

Bouquets also to the theatre committee who did a magnificent job on the set, and to the "Orange and Green Folk", who opened the afternoon's entertainment *viva-cissimo*.

PETER McLAUGHLIN

Philadelphia Here I Come—March 1969

Since November 1964, whenever the subject of the theatre came up for discussion, one always heard the question "Did you see Seanie Kennedy play the part of the hiker in Keane's 'The Year of the Hiker'?" But after his portrayal of Conscience in 'Philadelphia Here I Come', the future generation will be asking, "Do you remember Arthur Hynes in the part of 'Conscience'?"

The play itself, written by Northerner Brian Friel, is a beautifully drawn study of lack of communication between members of a family—an alarmingly common problem today. The action, or what there is of action, takes place on the eve of Gareth O'Donnell's emigration to Philadelphia. All he desires is to "get through" to his father, a crabbed old shopkeeper, and in confrontations that walk the razor edge between tears and laughter, he fails and fails again.

Friel introduces with absolute mastery a device whereby the inner voice of Gareth materialises on the stage and speaks his unspoken thoughts—soliloquy brought bang up-to-date. The flashback technique is also deployed cunningly to show the girl that Gareth loved and lost, and the awful Irish-American aunt in Philadelphia whose home will be his.

Right from the rise of the curtain, Arthur Hynes, as the Conscience of Gareth, had the audience in the palm of his hand, and in a series of changing moods manipulated them as a conductor does his orchestra. This was really his night. Chris Craig had a difficult part as the public Gareth, and counterpointed with remarkable success the private Gareth. John Crowley gave a fine interpretation in the character of the father. Others deserving special mention were David White as Madge, the housekeeper; Noel Horneck who made a very pretty Kate Dougan; John Coonan as Lizzy Sweeney, a typical louth-mouthed Irish-American; Martin Brophy as Canon Mick O'Byrne, fossilized by custom, and Jackie Robinson as the Senator—all mohair and Mercedes.



THE VIGIL

Front: Pat Mulhern, Eugene O'Sullivan.

First Row: Declan Boland, Eamonn Foley, David White, Fr. Martin Campion (Producer), Patrick Browne, Dan O'Donovan, John Coonan.

Second Row: Jackie Robinson, Hugh Turbitt, Timothy Lynch, John Forbes, Eamon Tobin, Patrick Organ, Liam Tuffy, Patrick Hennessy, John Crowley.

Back Row: Martin Brophy, Arthur Hynes, Hugh Malone, Noel Neary, Andrew Dineen, John Ryan.

LAYSIDE REVIEW

... And memory reaffirms

That alarm and exhilaration of arrival:

White wooden boxes' clatter of boots, a smell

*Of changing rooms—Lifebuoy soap and muddy flannels—
And over all a bell*

*Dragooning us to dormitory or classroom,
Ringing with a tongue of frost across the bare*

Benches and desks escutcheoned with initials;

We sat on the hot pipes by the wall, aware

Of the cold in our bones and the noise and bell impending.

LOUIS MacNIECE *Autumn Journal*

The Mirror Comes of Age

The December 1968 issue of *The Mirror* was the 21st number — a landmark we ourselves will reach in 1996. In that year, Samuel Beckett will be ninety years old, Dana will be a mere forty four, and Dr. Birch will have celebrated 34 years as Bishop of Ossory.

To mark its coming of age, *The Mirror* invited Fr. Joseph Delaney, who might be termed its guardian angel, to summarise its achievement, and from the heart of Belgium, Denis Bergin, first of its editors, looked back to the very first flashing of the layboys' own mouthpiece.

Fr Delaney speaks:

In these days of early marriages, student revolutions, conscription at eighteen, and emerging Youth Power, it may seem old fashioned for *The Mirror* to celebrate the arrival of adulthood with the 21st issue. However, though this is the 21st issue, *The Mirror* was born on April 1st (Fools' Day) 1962, and so it not yet seven years old. Despite so unpromising a birthday, it could therefore be accurately described not as an old-fashioned adult, but as a child prodigy.

Since I was not only present at the birth but could, in all modesty, claim to be a parent, I may be forgiven if I break a long silence and say a few words about the baby.

Soon after I joined the teaching staff of the college in September 1961 I began to consider how a students' magazine might be founded. I had just reached the point of deciding to leave the matter over to the following year, when a fourth year student came to my room to say that he would like to start a students' magazine! The time was December 1961, and the student was Denis Bergin.

After Christmas, Denis Bergin selected the first editors—six fourth years—and the first editors' meeting took place in my room—the first of many. We had many important things to discuss: the name of the magazine, the price of it, the shape of it, the size of it. I agreed to look after the printing—a decision which has since cost me many a

late night. I also assumed the role of supervisor, not editor, though I performed many editorial duties in the early days: getting students to write articles, correcting them, getting them to rewrite them, deciding which article should be printed. Some students who wrote regretted they ever did it, because they got them back for improvement, not once but several times!

In this, the 21st issue, I am glad to be able to report that the editors have now complete responsibility for all of those editorial duties. My only regret is that I miss their pleasant company at those weekly meetings which used to take place in my room. It may seem strange that it took seven years to reach this degree of student independence, but after a delicate childhood a long weaning time is often the price of survival.

A few reflections on students seem in order here. As a result of my experience, I must add my voice to that of many others who have praised young people for their sense of responsibility, dependability and willingness to work. In ensuring that an issue of *The Mirror* came on sale regularly at the end of each of the last 21 terms, they have never let me down. Neither did they ever seek any special favour in return for their work—a fact which may indeed make them unique! Their sole reward for their labour is a single free copy of each issue of the magazine.

Which brings me to the interesting subject of economics. Denis Bergin will be interested to know that the total production costs of 21 issues is £160. In addition, £25 was given in prizes. To meet these expenses, sales netted £117-5-6. A hidden subsidy from the college in the form of some printing materials and some contribution from past editors and members of the staff helped to bridge the gap. (I have not included here £20 for the purchase of a typewriter, which was a personal gift from Canon Holohan). At the moment, *The Mirror* account shows a credit balance of £7-18-6. However this came about, it should be noted as a minor miracle.

In the Winter 1962 issue of *The Kilkenny Magazine*, the novelist, John Broderick, reviewing *St. Kieran's College Record*, wrote: "There is a note on a new and lively student magazine called *The Mirror*, which I happen to have read, and which has considerable interest as a social document. Young boys seem to express themselves more freely nowadays than I remember doing". If you or I could look over the shoulder of the future historian of St. Kieran's College, I venture to prophesy that he (or she) will be paying most attention not to the dry ledgers of the bursar or to the biased reminiscences of a professor, but to each and every one of the 200,000 words written "by the students for the students" in the last 20 issues of this magazine—not to mention the millions of words still to come. How many students writing for *The Mirror* realise they are really writing the social history of St. Kieran's College? Reader, you now have something precious in your hands. Value it!

I would like to address a last word to that secret audience, spread across Europe, which *The Mirror* has—its 24 past editors. The general reader probably does not know that a free copy of each issue is sent to every past editor. This practice may soon cease (for economic reasons), but it is with reluctance that we will forgo the opportunity to show our appreciation for their work in the past. *The Mirror* has never overdone the business of saying thanks and I do not intend to change that wise tradition now, but in this, the 21st issue, it is appropriate to salute all the former editors wherever they may be. I offer them as a parting wish the lines from Hilaire Belloc:

Though all your sins be scarlet
May all your books be read.

- 1961-62: Denis Bergin, John Burke, James Brennan, Michael Mullins, Tom Norris, Garrett Power
1962-63: John Dermody, Walter Dunphy
1963-64: Diarmuid Buckley, Joe Moylan, Brian O'Neill, Tom Weadick
1964-65: John Bergin, Fergus Farrell, Pdraig Mac Coisdealbha
1965-66: Brendan Lonergan, John Stapleton, Robert Wemyss

1966-67: James Kells, Brendan Kelly, Kieran White

1967-68: Maurice Burris, James Cahill, Patrick O'Brien.

As the applause for Fr. Delaney dies away, Denis Bergin steps boldly to the centre of the stage:—

I'm delighted to be asked to write in the 21st issue of *The Mirror*. I don't know whether I should admit to being a founder of the magazine or not, though. In the sense that I didn't actually do all the heroic things that go with getting a magazine on its feet and getting it into the hands of the thousands of readers. I did suggest that we might have a magazine to brighten up college life, and because of the dreadful gap between Christian Doctrine study and dinner on a Sunday, we were lost for something to do. So we filled the spot with little efforts that were known as "editorial conferences" held, I may say, in what turned out to be the editorial offices, printing works and distribution centre—Fr. Delaney's room.

They were good times. We sat around and told one another what was wrong with our fellow-students, a dumb lot who wouldn't bother to put pen to paper. When they did manage to get around to writing something, we criticised it sharply. Without mercy. We could afford to. We didn't have to do anything except decide what went into the magazine. We printed, I think, anything that had full stops and capital letters in the right places, and that could be understood (and in some rare cases, enjoyed) by the average student.

We would have very important final meetings, and Fr. Delaney would lock himself into his room, and three days later we would pop along to the printing room, and there would be oceans of magazine pages in neat heaps. We did a gay little dance around these, putting page on page, and sending them off to the Kilkenny Journal to be stapled; and then standing around all beaming and proud when the thing went on sale.

I wasn't really the first editor. There were six of us, and in order to preserve my dignity I called myself Editor-in-Chief—thereby not hurting the feelings of famous men who have

got much further than I have. Tom Norris, translating fluently from Latin to English for the mitred bishops in Rome; Michael Mullins with three years of theology tucked under his belt, and secretary of Maynooth's Literary and Debating Society; Garrett Power, daily coming to grips with the children of Ballyfermot (I think). Whatever happened to John Burke and James Brennan? Nobody went into journalism, and used all the great experience they had gathered. There was little trouble about funds: I would personally be a rich man today if I had bought a controlling interest in the magazine, because we made £3 on the first issue.

But the magazine had its uses. It did, I think, add a little cheer to life in St. Kieran's. It encouraged people to write. It gave a picture of college life. And occasionally somebody would come up with a piece definitely original, often funny. The editors enjoyed the activity immensely. Father Delaney's life expectancy dropped a few years with each issue. We got a rave review from a conservative critic like Frank McEvoy. Even Canon Loughry was heard to say kind words, though he must have

seen no good in the beginnings of student power. But we can boast that police never seized copies at the news-stands. We did have a few nasty words about professors slipping into the copy from time to time, but nothing that an editorial pencil couldn't deal with. We had no libel suits either. A nice peaceful existence.

Congratulations to *The Mirror* then on 21 issues. Long may it prosper. And encourage students to write. I think I could honestly say that without *The Mirror* I wouldn't be half as mad about writing as I am. When we have a monster party to celebrate the 50th issue of the magazine, I hope to meet at least one famous author or poet who goes around admitting to all and sundry that really it all started with *The Mirror* and the little piece he wrote about the fair day in Hugginstown. (If there never was a fair day in Hugginstown, it shows how good his imagination was, doesn't it?).

And if you want to know what I am going to do now, well, I'm going to start on my sixtieth attempt to have an article accepted by a famous editor. Well, it did start with *The Mirror*. But where will it end?

The Boy Scout Movement

To the unenlightened, scouting simply means donning a flashy uniform, carrying a sheath-knife, going on annual summer camping and doing reams and reams of tests. But to the true scout, it means something different—it means getting a better insight into oneself and into others, realising one's own and others' capabilities and talents and developing these to the utmost. The full meaning of the word 'responsibility' and what it entails in regard to others is something that a scout learns.

The Boy Scout movement was introduced into St. Kieran's on 31st March, 1969. The chief reason for its introduction was that the student who was not very good at

hurling or football had no outlet for outdoor pastimes. It was thought that a scout troop would give a number of students an opportunity to develop their talents which were largely dormant. This is not to hint that those who play games and are good at them are not acceptable as scouts, but that scouting would offer something to those uninterested in sport.

When the troop was formed, Fr. J. Delaney agreed to act as troop chaplain and Mr. John Kinchella, the Diocesan Commissioner, became acting Scoutmaster until we had our own. Our troop, fortunately did not suffer the disadvantage that often afflicts a newly-founded troop,—



SOME OF THE BOY SCOUTS

P. Kavanagh, J. Hyland, R. Hayes, G. O'Sullivan, N. Power, J. Walsh, S. Lyster, P. Bolger, P. Brennan, M. Wall, N. Minogue, J. Cahill, T. Collier, J. Doyle, T. Campion, R. Reid, G. Woodcock, F. Holohan.

ecclesiastics, Mr. J. Robinson and Mr. C. Kelly, who had been in St. John's troop joined, and therefore we started off on a very sound footing.

After Easter 1969, recruiting started. It was confined to 1st and 2nd year students, as we felt that students who were to get the full benefit of scouting would have to start young — not later than their 2nd year. From the numerous applications, eight who seemed likely to make the best scouts were picked. New membership was confined to eight for the time being. These boys were invested later in the term when they had passed all their tests.

By this time our troop was participating in all the activities of a normal scout troop. Our first hike was to Poulgour on Sunday 4th May. Almost every second Sunday we went on hikes to places in the vicinity of the city. The purpose of these hikes was to prepare us for the Summer camp; it is, so to speak, the climax of the scouting year. Since we were a newly-founded troop we

were short on finances, and therefore could purchase no tents, pots and pans, etc. To get over this difficulty we went on camp with two other scout troops—Thomastown and St. John's—and from these we borrowed all we needed.

Summer camp went very well. Everyone put into practice all that he had learned, and it was an experience which he will never forget.

At the beginning of the next school year, a recruiting campaign was again launched among the first and second year students. We took fifteen recruits this time, which brought our troop number to twenty-five. The new troops were invested on St. Kieran's Day 1970. We now held regular meetings once a week in one of the class halls, and up to the Hallowe'en break continued having hikes.

A scout troop's main worry is a financial one. New tents have to be bought to replace old ones, or to cater for additional scouts, pots, pans, buckets, basins, hatchets and

that is starting without anybody who has previous experience of scouting and knows how a troop is run. Eight boys who had been in the Thomastown troop, and two all the rest have to be procured. A scout troop, therefore, is always thinking of new ways of earning money. The only official way is by the Bob-a-Job system, and this must take place during Bob-a-Job week. This week commences on Easter Monday and ends the following Monday. During the week boy scouts call on people in their own locality and ask them if they have any jobs to do. The scout does the job and the person pays him what he thinks the job was worth. The jobs are usually easy, ranging from dish-washing to weeding a garden.

For some troops, the Bob-a-Job week can be a great success, but it comes during our Easter holiday, and it is difficult to say how the scheme will turn out for us, as we will all be separated in our own home towns. Another disadvantage which we have is that our boys on the average are older than other scouts, and it has been noticed that the younger scouts, mainly because they attract sympathy more readily, are always the bread-winners of the troop. To overcome these difficulties, we decided on holding a raffle over the Christmas period. Tickets were sold in the College, and also in the boys' own home towns. The raffle was even a better success than anticipated.

When an organisation has a sum of money to expend, the spending of it can often lead to dissension among the members; but with a newly-formed troop that possesses practically nothing, no argument arises on that score. It is generally agreed that tents are the most important items of equipment, and our first purchases were two tents which held between them about fifteen.

Another source of revenue is car-washing. We resorted to this to make money when we heard that we owed the St. John's troop some money after our summer camp, (in fact, not true). This enterprise has been a consistent money-earner. Priests and

teachers give us their cars periodically to wash. We allow them to pay what they like — where else could they get such generous terms?

Not having a meeting hall we could call our own was a great disadvantage. When we approached the President about this problem, he allowed us the use of Don Bosco's dormitory for the time being — it would probably revert to a dormitory the following year. Now we had somewhat more privacy, and since there were no desks encumbering the floor, we could practice marching and drill.

The President also agreed to pay for our troop flag. Green and gold with the Scout badge and the inscription "St. Kieran's, 5th Kilkenny Boy Scout Troop" sewn on.

At the moment, we are preparing for our 1970 Summer camp, which will be in Blessington Co. Wicklow. Already we are listing all that will be needed, how much food we expect to eat, and how much the camp will cost per head. This time we will be camping on our own, and are confident that the camp will be as successful as last year's.

It is now a little over a year since the scout troop was founded in the College. It has lived up to the expectations of the new members, and we hope that young students will continue to join each year and as they reach their fourth and fifth years, they will be capable of running the troop as would be expected.

The ideal scout troop number is thirty-two, so, much as we would like to, we cannot accept every applicant. But Lord Baden Powell, founder of the scouting movement, said "It is no good having one or two brilliant boys, and the rest no good at all." So only those who seem genuinely interested are picked. There is a motto, "Once a scout, a scout forever," and we can guarantee that anybody who spends a few years in the scouts can be sure of many, many friends for life.

JOSEPH DOYLE
RICHARD BECK

A New Era for Social Workers

September 1969 saw the introduction of the Social Services Group into the College. Since then, members of the group, with the help of layside students, have done a considerable amount of work in the field of Social Services.

The idea was born, one might say, in the Fifth Year's shed. A small group who had been working for an old lady reported on the condition of her house and her desire for a radio. The story touched the hearts of our noble Fifth Years who started a collection among the lay students. Meanwhile we installed electricity in the old lady's house, but by the time our collection had amounted to eight pounds ten shillings, she had got a radio from some other source. So we bought her an electric kettle instead, and linoleum for the floor. This was "put down" by the expert hands of Dan Delaney. After six weeks' hard work we had wrought a transformation on the old lady's house. Walls were painted, curtains were hung on the windows, the electric wiring was completed, the linoleum gleamed warmly on the floor. At the same time, the old lady had become our friend. She often told us that she lived for our twice-weekly visit.

By now, our visits are not so frequent; the material work is done but the social work is not. A friendship remains which will exist as long as this old lady does. While we do not pay a visit to Johnswell twice a week, we try at least to fit in a visit once in six weeks.

Social work, we are learning, is not merely the painting, the washing, the decorating; it is more. It is the human relationship that develops between the worker and the old person. When a social worker enters the life of an elderly person, he brings with him a great power—the power of eliminating loneliness, one of the greatest problems in the life of our senior citizens.

Up to now, the group has restored two houses into cozy homes. In addition, we have charge of two Alms Houses for the old in Kilkenny City. Here we wield paint-brush and mop and scrubbing-brush. Fifty per cent

of the time is spent in chatting the old people. They like nothing better. "Have a chat, and don't mind the work". "You're working too hard; come in and sit down," they frequently say.

However, I must not convey the impression that everything always goes without a hitch for us. Some few—a very few—will have nothing whatever to do with us when we attempt to help them. This we take with a smile. It took me many smiles to get inside the room of an old lady who attempted to strike me with a bucket at our first en-



SOCIAL SERVICE WORKERS

counter. Now we are like brother and sister. As you go along, you meet with many problems, but you learn to cope with them.

The Social Service Group also entered the field of entertainment. On 8th December last, 185 old people were brought to the College to see the layside play. Afterwards they were treated to supper, which was supplied with the help of Legion of Mary friends. They were transported to and fro by the Lions Club and other friends of the Social Service.

The old people again enjoyed another night on March 7th in St. Joseph's Convent, Waterford Road, when the four Catholic

post-primary schools in the city came together under the College Social Group to produce a concert. Afterwards, the old people were invited to supper. The food, which was in ample supply, was provided by the St. Joseph's Sisters and girls of Presentation and Loreto Convents. The night proved a huge success. If I were to itemise all the acts produced that night, the list would be endless. His Lordship Dr. Birch thanked all those concerned.

Being in charge of the first Social Service Group in the College, I owe a debt to many. The first people who deserve thanks are the Fifth Years. Not all of them scrubbed floors or painted doors, but those who did not provide labour provided cash. An outstanding worker, Dan Delaney, comes to mind as a man of many talents. Kieran Ryan always

managed to provide a few bob when the purse was empty. Canice Foley and Paul Brady were ever at the ready. There were many others, and if I do not name them, their co-operation was appreciated nonetheless.

A word of thanks is due also to the many traders in Kilkenny City who helped us on several occasions. The College authorities also played a noble part by allowing the workers to leave the College without question and by providing material aid where possible.

A thriving future lies ahead of the Social Service Group. There are plenty of fields of activity and endless scope in these. The service benefits both the worker and the old person whom he aids, and what could be better than that?

TONY M. HENNESSY

A Holiday With A Difference

Over 300 secondary school students took part in a very quiet protest march in Kilkenny on Friday 7th February. The students formed up at the Market Yard about 4.30 and headed for the home of Dr. H. R. McAdoe, Bishop of Ossory, Ferns and Leighlin. They then went to the office of Mr. Jim Gibbons, Parliamentary Secretary, in Parliament Street, and on to the Town Hall to see the Mayor, Mr. John Holohan, and finally to Most Rev. Dr. Birch, Bishop of Ossory.

To each they gave a letter asking them to use their good offices to bring the Teachers' Strike to a speedy conclusion.

The marchers carried banners and slogans such as "We support A S T I" and "We are the innocent victims".

— News Item Kilkenny People
14 February 1969

When a new history of St. Kieran's College is written, this age will surely be referred to as the Strike Age. When other students boast of deeds in their way, we can always respond "But you never had a strike!".

On 17th January 1969 we returned after the Christmas vacation and for two weeks the whole school discussed and argued the possibility of a strike. Some knew quite definitely that there would be a strike, and others, equally infallible, thought the contrary. I met one guy who declared that he knew how all the teachers of the college would vote. The words 'conciliation' and 'arbitration' were used frequently, even though most didn't understand them. We thought it a wonderful subject for class discussion. Red herrings were tried constantly, but to no avail. It was very hard to elicit any information from the professors; "I don't

know", or "Wait until the strike occurs and then discuss it" were the kind of tight-lipped replies.

Many students bought the morning papers, and crowds gathered around the Callan Gate eagerly awaiting the latest news. "Lenihan meets the A.S.T.I.", "Secondary Teachers may Strike", or "Students may have Holiday" became familiar headlines. The intervention of bishop or clergy was expected. When the Independent gave definite hint of a strike, the Irish Press thought the chances slim, and vice versa. So we were once again back where we started.

The final offer was put to a vote, and at 12 noon on Friday 31st January a transistor radio somewhere in the College flashed the good news of an overwhelming majority in favour of strike action. An immediate buzz of excitement swept through the whole building. Joe exclaimed, "Now, wasn't I right!". However, there was now a possibility of Inter and Leaving Certificate classes remaining behind. This point was discussed for the remainder of the day, and then on Sunday morning Fr. O'Connor issued his bulletin. All students were free to leave the College after dinner. They were to contact their parents immediately. But all students were to return at 7 p.m. the day after the strike ended.

In the history of the new 'phone box, never was there such a scene in its vicinity. Students waited for hours in the queue. Eventually the coin box was crammed full, and that was that. If the circumstances were duplicated in other colleges, the Department of Posts and Telegraphs must have made up a big portion of what the Department of Industry and Commerce lost in the maintenance workers' strike. Throughout Saturday there was a familiar scene at the archway—cases, trunks, tuck-boxes with hurleys and other impedimenta lay piled by the walls. Many fourth-years parted with the promise: See you at Gowran races. By two o'clock a steady stream of cars came and went, and indeed by three o'clock the College was deserted.

We were home again. The atmosphere,

however, had something different about it. Our parents were a trifle worried about the effects of the strike on our future. The strike might last indefinitely, so no plans could be made. It was quite possible that sudden news might announce our return. The holiday spirit was missing; in fact, this was not a holiday at all.

Farmers were busy with spring lambs and early ploughing. People viewed us askance, as if we had no right to be there. Paak Peters, quite vexed, asked me "What the —— are you doing on strike?". Even the weather was unfriendly, deep snow and icy roads. Days went by and books were taken out, and I wondered if to be at school when one was supposed to be would not be a preferable thing.

Many protest marches hit the headlines. Placards read: "Lenihan out, Teachers in", or "Give us back our teachers". Kilkenny students marched and handed in letters to the bishop and the Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Finance. Next, the maintenance strike took place, with the result that the secondary teachers' strike disappeared from the news altogether. Mr. Oliver J. Flanagan T.D. for Laois-Offaly was first to offer his services as intermediary. This was not accepted. Yet, certain moves were made and talks were resumed. New proposals were put forth. Our old friends, conciliation and arbitration, returned to the scene. The executive of the A.S.T.I. decided to put the offer to a vote, with a recommendation of acceptance. At last, parents heaved a sigh of relief.

On Saturday, 21st February, there was news of a final settlement — a 79 per cent voted for a return to work. The cases were packed for a second time in three weeks. The final sentence of Father O'Connor's bulletin became a reality, with the oft-repeated procession of cars streaming in the College gate at 7 p.m. on Sunday. At 8.15 wheels began to turn, and by noon on Monday the machine was in full production.

JOHN COLLIER
SENIOR 1A

Profiles In Progress

Another half day. Wish it was study time. I'm fed up. There's nothing for *us* to do around here; it's all right for *them*. — This, I think, is an accurate response of a section of the student body, who find nothing better to do than slouch in the glass-hall, or wander aimlessly around the walks, keeping them intact. But they are keeping something else 'out of tact' — their pockets.

Them refers, of course, to the hurlers. Some such students as *us* think *them* are the only ones catered for in the College. Undoubtedly that was the situation up to 1969. Those without hurling talent were not provided with adequate facilities for recreation. Beyond the push-penny table, the horizon was one great void. Then towards the end of '69 and as we moved into the seventies,

a change, several changes occurred in the recreative world. Now, I think, sufficient amenities exist for people of all talents and leanings.

Nothing in the way of improvement was an overnight achievement. It came about after much negotiating, planning and application, not alone by the students but also by some of the teachers.

During the past few years there had been much talk of a library; that is, of course, a revival of the library which had died through abuse, neglect, lack of accommodation, a variety of causes. A library for each class was mentioned at one period, which seemed both extravagant and unnecessary. Then in February this year, due to the unrelenting efforts of some ardent fifth years, a lending



ATHLETIC TEAM

WINNERS OF KILKENNY CITY INTER-SCHOOLS SENIOR, INTERMEDIATE AND JUNIOR CUPS

Front: J. Quane, C. Hogan, M. Connolly, M. Holohan, S. Costello, G. Comerford, S. Delaney.
Back: J. Prendergast, S. O'Connor, M. Byrne, T. O'Leary, A. Teehan, N. Minogue D. Delaney.

library was established. Appropriately, it was named the Thomas Mac Donagh library, honouring a former teacher in the College, poet, author of *Literature in Ireland*, and patriot who gave his life for Ireland in 1916.

Already a sizeable selection of reading material has been built up. There are sections for Fiction, Biography, History, Science, Religion, Irish, Reference books. The system is that a student can borrow a book for two weeks for a modest three-pence. Modest, you ask, and make the comparison with an annual fee of perhaps a shilling in a county library. Modest, I repeat, if you trouble to realise that books have to be bought, and students have no rate-payers to subsidise their reading material.

Down at the back of the College languished two tennis courts, a pathetic sight with nets sagging, netting wire collapsing amid a general air of decrepitude. Tennis was assigned to the realm of the once-upon-a-time. The courts were abandoned except for the rare incursions of soccer fans, and at their departure the flotsam looked sadder than ever. Then, this year, Mr Brewer, a teacher from America arrived on the scene. He introduced, or rather again, revived basket-ball. Coaching lessons were given; leagues are now in session and some students show a promising talent. Tennis still awaits the kiss of life, but let's hope that someone with initiative will soon provide the treatment. Or are we to remain hiding our talents like the Steward?

Athletics are growing in popularity. Training for the sports begins earlier in the season now, and it is evident from the willingness of students to train, and from the increased number of entries on Sports Day that standards are bound to improve. For some reason or other, the cross-country runs did not prove popular at first. The healthy, fresh air and the beautiful scenery were unable to combat the loneliness of the long distance runner, evidently. However, in January, there was an upsurge of interest. Runs were held twice weekly, the course encircling the College farm mainly. St. Kieran's had three teams — Senior, Intermediate and Junior — in the South Leinster

Championships which were held at Knockbeg College. All three qualified for the Leinster Championships at U.C.D. Athletic Grounds, Belfield. The course proved too rigorous for our boys, but they all put up a fine display, the Seniors failing by a solitary point to qualify for the All-Ireland Championships.

Another game which has been introduced on the indoor scene is chess. Mr Divilly, a new arrival on the teaching staff, is a chess champion. He has given generously of his time in providing lessons on the basic rules and ploys of this fascinating hobby. What the initiates lack in numbers, they make up in enthusiasm, and they have formed a championship.

On a more serious plane, there is another activity open to senior students—Social Service. In work of this nature, they are benefitting themselves by helping others. Our department of the Social Service deals mainly with old people. We were brought into the picture of the state of less fortunate people by the personnel involved in Social Service work outside the College. Fifth year students undertook the work, and then as the weighty Leaving Cert. began to press on them, the fourth years stepped into their shoes.

Our work is chiefly painting, decorating and generally cleaning the homes of the old, but specialised jobs like plastering and electrical installation are not outside the capabilities of some students, who are attending the Building Material and Construction course at the City Technical School.

At the moment we are involved in renovating St. Canice's Home and Evans' Home. We visit these twice weekly, and call on our old folks in the country just as frequently. We make sure that they are not in want of anything we can supply, for instance, firewood. If we need finances to purchase goods, raffles are held in the College.

In work of this nature, we have to be careful and make sure that what we do — with the best intentions in the world — accords with the desires of these old people, who are perhaps at times a little cranky. They can be very upset at deviations from their

desire. One such error was the cutting down of a tree for firewood for an old lady. This tree she had planted herself as a youngster, and was very annoyed to have it assigned for fuel.

There is something other than material help that the old folk want. This our workers found out after a very short time. The old lady wants more than lino on her floor, something much more important and perhaps harder to give. She wants our concern, our consideration, our interest; most of all, our concern. She is anxious to hear our young opinions. Likewise, we must also listen to

her.

So there is a wide range of interests catered for in the College now. Nevertheless, some students continue to grumble; some we can never satisfy. Those who are satiable must endeavour to do everything within their power towards the benefit of themselves and their fellow students. As Herbert Spencer said: What one man can do to change a society is infinitely small, but it is of infinite importance that he do it.

EDWARD NOLAN
SENIOR 1A

The Bursar Speaks

Looking through past numbers of *The Mirror*, I came across an article by M. Mullins giving some facts and figures on the cost of running the College for a year. I have asked Fr. Grant to bring these up to date for a recent year.

In the year 1967-68, there were 370 students in the College, plus priests and domestic staff. During that year, 373 animals were slaughtered; 30,000 lb of beef, 10,000 lb of mutton and 15,000 of bacon were eaten. Man cannot live on meat alone, so that lot was accompanied by 100 tons of

potatoes, and washed down with 10,000 gallons of milk. £1,600 worth of butter was spread over 20,000 loaves of bread, and other provisions accounted for £2,600.

Besides food, there are running costs—heat, light and attendant supplies for that year reached a grand total of 2,256,200 new pence.

Combining all the statistics on a headage basis, we find that the cost of keeping a student through the year 1967-68 was £180.

THOMAS V. COLLIER
INTER 5A

College Drama



THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE

Front: James Birch, Eamonn O'Donovan.

First Row: John Murphy, John Collier, Maurice Burris, Patrick Neary, Seamus Grant, Eddie Nolan.

Back Row: J. V. O'Carroll, Pierce Grace, Michael O'Shea, Michael Lee, Kyran Ryan, Fr. M. Campion (Producer).

In the few years I have been in the College there have been changes in almost every field, but to my relief one solid unchanging thing has been the College plays. Do not think the choice of play does not change; it does, but the whole routine is set firmly in its mould. From personal experience I can say that acting evokes a spirit of camaraderie, and becomes the focus of our lives. Almost all spare time is spent in the theatre, reading scripts and arguing about scenes. One becomes a member of an elite society, and a source of pride to one's class. The culmination of this adventure is the

week in which the play is finally staged. I won't say that the smell of the grease-paint is magic, but it does linger in one's nostrils, and all the time one is conscious of an attitude of bravado. Everybody is polite and considerate. It makes one feel as if nothing else mattered and that the moment should go on forever.

Already in the short time I have been here, I have memories to last all my life, of particular characters who seemed to hold the cast together and project a brilliant light on the stage. They are ones who have now departed. Who can forget the quiet-spoken

Maurice Burris who had always a kind word for everybody and who could settle an argument with one mild sentence? In the single play in which I performed with him, he outshone every other actor, and always carried someone or other over a rough passage. Then there was his friend and rival for mildness, big Mick O'Shea, who had a ready laugh and whose shock of red hair disproved the theory of ill-temper. Ridicule and insults left him unscathed. If ever I get into the same acting league as that duo, I shall be honoured.

And what of the present-day students now in their final year, Pierce Grace, Kieran Ryan, John Collier, Seamus Grant and Patrick Neary? They have all played their part, and can now rest on their reputation. The long tradition of college drama is being perpetuated by people like these.

In recent years, the layside have chosen light comedy which seems to suit the humour of the times. All the world loves to laugh. Favourites like *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *Charlie's Aunt*, *The Mummy and the Mumps* have been done, and now we should go to lesser known comedies, or modern farces which have had success with stars like Peter Sellers and Brian Rix. It can be argued that the well-tried plays are sure-fire successes, but the day may be coming when the popular plays will die of repetition and old age. College drama needs a transfusion of youth, so that it doesn't stagnate. There are plans to repeat the same play about every sixth year, but is this not stagnation of a sort?

While I am usually indifferent to what happens in the College, I think drama is one of the few things worth preserving. It needs talent and enthusiasm which can only be supplied from the bulk of the students. It is almost their only means of self-expression, and too many prefer to watch others doing it—on television.

One thing we are fortunate in is having a really talented and dedicated director, Fr. Campion, who has now taken over the mantle of Fr. Duggan. He works himself to the limit and is solicitous of others. He can mould them into the shape the play

requires; all he needs is a sufficiency of material, and that will come with the co-operation of the students. It is for them that the College play exists, and without them it cannot exist.

J. V. O'CARROLL
3B

11 - 15 December 1968

The Happiest Days of Your Life
by John Dighton

Cast

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| Dick Tassell | John Collier |
| Rainbow | Kieran Ryan |
| Rupert Billings | Seamus Grant |
| Godfrey Pond | Maurice Burris |
| Miss Evelyn Whitechurch ... | Pat Neary |
| Miss Gossage | Eddie Nolan |
| Barbara Cahoun | James Birch |
| Joyce Harper | Gerry Murphy |
| Rev Edward Peck | Michael O'Shea |
| Mrs Peck | Michael Lee |
| Edgar Sowter | John V. O'Carroll |
| Mrs Sowter | Pierce Grace |

Production: Rev M. Campion

Choir: M. Kelly, S. Miley, J. Kelly, B. Reidy, E. Hennessy, R. Downey, G. Flannery, E. Hogan, D. Dixon, M. Holohan, D. Kennedy, J. Downey, G. McGrath, N. Godwin, V. Shane, S. Collier, T. Delahunty, S. O'Keeffe, B. O'Neill, M. Brennan, J. O'Dwyer, M. O'Farrell, T. Reid, K. Maher, S. O'Neill, J. Doyle, S. Moran, K. Dunne, P. White, S. Flanagan, D. Ryan, R. Pratt, B. Heffernan, G. Naughton, P. Dixon, L. O'Neill, D. Dooley, T. Mooney, J. Doyle, T. Delaney, S. Collier, S. Delaney, A. Miley, D. Geoghegan, S. O'Connor, N. Freyne, M. Dundon, J. Cooney, A. Kelly, B. Power, J. Minogue, M. Gannon, L. Mackey.

Items

"O Peter, Go Ring Them Bells"
"All Through the Night"

Musical Director Rev. D. Kelly

Piano Recital by Joseph G. O'Beirne:—

1. The Watchman's Song Greig
2. Piano Sonata No. 15,
 1st Movement Mozart
3. Für Elise Beethoven
4. A Little Joke Kabalevsky

11, 12, 14 December 1969

Dry Rot

Col. Wagstaff John V. O'Carroll
Mrs Wagstaff James Birch
Beth Edward Nolan
Susan Wagstaff Patrick Dunphy
John Danby John Collier
Fred Phibbs Kieran Ryan
Alfred Tubbe Pierce Grace

Flash Harry Seamus Grant
Albert Polignac ... Eamon O'Donovan
Sergeant Fire Patrick Neary

Production: Rev. Martin Campion
Stage Manager: Rev. Donal Kelly
Assistant Stage Manager: E. O'Sullivan
French Advisor: Rev. T. Bell
Costumes: Rev. J. Duggan
Make-up: Rev. S. McEvoy
Hairstyles: Mrs. E. Little, Miss S. Bourke
Set Construction: E. O'Sullivan, E. Tobin, P. O'Reilly, P. Mulhern, D. McGuinnen.

Recital

Paul Brewer Guitar
Richard Hogan Drums
Jimmy Moore Piano



TALENT TRIO
Patrick Neary, Michael Kelly, Joseph Gannon

The Students' Representative Council

On 18th October, 1969 in a small room on the priests' corridor the Students' Representative Council met for the first time. The President told the students that the Council had been set up as an official line of communication between the authorities and students. At first, its members were the seniors of the house and of the dayboys, plus the seniors of all fourth and fifth classes. However, by the second meeting the numbers had grown to include the seniors of classes further down the house.

The Council now meets on the third Saturday of every month, and various members of the College staff are invited to attend. The meeting is run by the students, who elect Chairman, Vice-Chairman and Secretary — currently Patrick Bollard, M. Purcell and Seamus Grant, respectively.

The matters to be discussed at meetings

are decided by the student body who submit suggestions from which the agenda is drawn up. Most of the topics are of great interest to the students — for instance, this year there were discussions on the changing of the design on the College jersey, and the setting up of a branch of the F.C.A. in the College. The authorities are often asked to explain a particular course of action.

After each meeting is concluded the representatives from every class communicate to their electors the results of the meeting.

The Council at present is merely in the infancy stage, and as it grows it will become of increasing benefit to the students. Instead of grumbling to no avail in the sheds, they can now express their views openly, which leads to a healthier and happier atmosphere.

SEAMUS GRANT

Bliain Chaomhantais Eorpach

Bhí Comórtas aisti sa Cheathrú Bliain i mbliana. Bhronn Uachtarán an Cholaiste tri dhuais ar na haistí ab fhearr. An tabhar don aiste “Bliain Chaomhantais Eorpach”. Foilsiotar anseo an aiste a ghnóthaigh an chéad duais.

An mhuintir a chreideann i nDia creideann siad go ndearna Sé idirdhealú sarmhór idir sinne agus na hainmhibhe trí anamacha do-mharfa a thabhairt dúinn. Deir na heolaithe nach bhfuil sa duine ach ainmhí a bhfuil an intinn níos géire agus na nadúir níos finealta ann ná mar atá siad sna hainmhithe eile. Má tháinig sinne ó na hainmhithe, ba chóir go mbeidhimis mar sórt ghléas consanta orthu.

Ní dóigh liom go mbeadh duine in ann morán filiochta a léamh nó a scríobh gan tracht ar an dúlra. Tá na milte dánta ann mar gheall ar ainmhithe agus go mormhór na héin. San amhrán gra sin, “Rachainn Fón ghoill Leat” cumtha ag Sean Ó Neachtain, déanann an fhile tagairt do gach sort éin. San amhrán sin, tugann an file cuireadh dá leannán dul in éineacht leis faoin gcoill amach. Deir sé lei go mbeidh na héin ansin chun failte a chur roimpi agus chun suairceas a dheanamh dí iad uile mar a bheadh gléas ceoil ar leith ag gach éan díobh.

Cairde na ndaoine is ea na héin is na hainmhithe. Na héin is na hainmhithe ceansaithe, tá síadh ceansa umhal don duine agus baineann sé tairbhe mhór astu. Tá saothar, iompar, sealg, cumhacht, cuideachta agus bia iontu agus tugtar aire doibh mar gheall ar iad a bheith usaideach. Ac tá ainmhithe is éin eile ann a thugann cabhair don duine agus nach bhfaigheann búiochas ar bith ar a shon. Le cothrom na Féinne a thabhairt do gach creatur, ní mor duinn gach cabhair de bhfaighimid uaidh d’admhail os árd.

Nach bhfuil a fhios ag an tsaol gur beag pairt an dreoilín i gciall dhaonna. Na colúir agus na coiníni már thug Dia a ngoile doibh comh maith agus a ghug sé don duine é, ní fheidir leo greim bia d’fhail nó a phiochadh gan toiteog a theacht orthu san iorball le hurchar gunna. Ach an dtugtar cothrom an chirt dóibh nuair a bhíonn an sioc is an sneachta ina dhidean ar a gcuid, is na héin agus na hainmhithe i gruchas maraibheach? Nach mbíonn gaistí ar na srutháin le hiad a ghabháil? Nach dtagann na buachaillí gan chroí chun clocha a caitheamh leo? Cen ceart nó cóir a fhaigheann éin uisce sa gheimhreadh?

Ma ghoideann éin an aeir corr-ghreim fein anois is arís, is beag an dochar e i gcomórtas leis an maitheas. Ní ghoideann siad ach luach a saothair. Dá mbeadh éan mór ann a bhfeadfaí béile bia a dhéanamh air i ndiaidh é a mhorú bheadh tuiscint ar an scéal, ach níl ciall na stuann le maru na n-éan beag. An riabhóg, an londubh, an smólach agus éan beag deas eile a chuireann aoibhneas ar ar gcroithe le ceól, bíonn siad de shior ag cabhrú linn. Nach n-itheann siad na péistí agus na ciaróga a mhilleann na barr.

Ach, ós rud e gur scatháin an mhaorgacht Dé fad na hainmhithe is na héanlaith, cén cuimhneamh atá ag an gcine daonna orthu. Mar a duirt mé cheana ní féidir le coiníní, nó éin cosuil leis an cholúr, an préachán agus an shorr teacht as folach gan tioteóg a theacht san iorball orthu le hurchar gunna. Níl teórann ar ac hmainn na sealgairí. Is feidir leo pílear a chur i ngac rud i ngach áir. Is scéal gránna é go bhfuil chlub cursala a threóru in alán áiteanna. Tar éis an tsaoil ní féidir leis na fir atá i gcreannais air ná le duine ar bith eile cruallacht na cúrsala a sheanadh na a cheilt. Beirtear an ghiorria agus cuirtear isteach é leis na cúnsa chun a bhas fealltach. Go minic



SENIOR CUP TEAM

Front: J. Gannon, P. Kearney, T. Barry, R. O'Shea, J. Prendergast (Capt), P. White, G. Woodcock, B. Cody, P. O'Keeffe.
Back: T. Aylward, M. Daly, J. Power, A. Teehan, N. Brennan, N. Minogue, T. Cleary, M. Healy, R. Bryan, J. Cremin.
Absent: P. Bollard.

bíonn nimh leagtha amach ag na feirmeóirí ar na tailte agus is iomaí díol trua le lucht ceithre chos nó de chlann na gcleiti a fuair bais ar a shon. Uaireanta eile bíonn suil ribe socraithe chun breith ar na creatúirí neamh-urcóideacha.

Ins na cathracha is na bailte móra tá gach sort monarcha mór. Bíonn an t-aer lán de smuit is de dheatach a thagann as sinmeithe na monarchan de ló is d'oiche. Bíonn an taer chomh poldaithe sin go nghoilleann sé go mór ar shláinte na ndaoine a bhíonn ag obair iontu. Ghoilleann sé ar an dúlra mórthimpeall na háite freisin. Dreonn na plandaí agus pluchtar na hainmithe is na héin. Mar bharr ar an mhi-adh sruthlaitear an dramhail ó na monarchanna, an bruscar tí is an

dramhuisce isteach sna haibhneacha. Tá an droch-nós sin chomh choitianta go bhfuil alán de aibhneacha na hEorpa truaillithe. Tá síad comh truaillithe sin go bplúchann siad na heisce, agus go seargann an fasra mórthimpeall orthu. In ionad boladh cumhra, tagann boladh brean uatha. In ionad iad bheith cómh glan le criostal, bíonn síad tiubh le salachar. Ní bíonn iontu ach dramhuisce.

An bhfuil aon réiteach ar chruachas na gcreatúirí nach ndéanann aon diobhail d'aon duine? Tá gleas cosanta ag an nadúir i mbliana, agus is é sin Cumann Caomhnóirí na hEorpa. Ag deireadh na bliana seo caite, bhí cruinniu d'ionadaithe gac tír san Eorap i bParis agus i gceantair thabachtacha eile ar fud na hEorpa. Bunaíodh Cumann Caomh-

noiri na hEorpa le haon chuspóir amhain agus is é sin na le dúlra a chaomhnú. Chun poiblíocht d'fhail agus chun comhoibriú d'fhail ó ghach duine socraíodh ar iarracht mhór a dhéanamh i mbliana. Um an dtaca sin, tugtar “Bliain Chaomhantais Eorpach” ar an mbliain so, míle naoi gcéad is seachtó.

Is é Seán Ó'Flannagáin an fear atá i gceannas an ghnó in Éirinn. Is iontach an obair atá a dhéanamh acu. Tá tacaíocht ag teacht ó gach tír agus ó gach rialtas. Tá an tacaíocht ag teacht ó na monarchana. Mar sin tá leigheas as teacht ar scéal gránna sin na n-aibhneacha. Tá an feachtas a chothú ag na rialtais freisin. Tá caipeisí curtha amach acu ar tháobh na gcaomhnóirí. Tá cod acu

do lucht-siulta na tuaithe agus a leithéidí chun ailleacht na tuaithe a chosaint. Le cabhair na Ríaltas tá smacht ar na fiagóirí. Ní féidir leis na feirmeóirí nimh a chur ar na tailte gan cead ó na gárdaí. Tá an sport fealltach sin na cursála beagnach faoi bhois an chait ag an Cumann Chaomhantais Eorpach. Tá cothrom na féinne a thabhairt don dúlra.

D'ainneoin an tsúil a bhí ag gach uile duine tá ag éirí thar cionn ag chaomhnóirí na hEorpa. Ach cuimhnigh go bhfuil cursaí ann nach bhfuil aon neart acu orthu. Is sna cursaí sin is féidir le gach duine a chuid a dhéanamh. Is féidir leis maorgacht Dé a chosaint ón scrios.

Traolach Ó Braonáin (Rang 4a)



LEINSTER JUNIOR HURLING CHAMPIONS

Front: N. Minogue, P. Kearney, T. Barry, N. Brennan, A. Teehan (Capt), T. Brennan, G. Woodcock, B. Cody, P. O'Keeffe.

Back: M. Daly, M. Byrne, J. Ryan, R. Beck, J. Power, M. Healy, P. White, J. Hughes, W. Fitzpatrick, J. Cremin

Absent: J. Walsh.



LEINSTER JUVENILE HURLING CHAMPIONS

Front: T. Walsh, P. O'Neill, J. Reidy, J. Quane, J. Ryan (Capt), John Ryan, V. Kelly, B. Fennelly, M. O'Shea.
Back: M. Gibbons, J. Quinlan, F. Holohan, R. Reid, M. Morrissey, K. Carroll, J. McCarthy, P. Dunphy, J. Broderick.
Absent: P. Mulhall, R. Robinson.

John F. Kennedy—"Gone But Not Forgotten"

Micko: "A down to earth man"

Brendan: "A decent old skin"

Dan: "One of the best".

What brought the subject to mind was when one cold Monday evening we (the lads and I) were bored stiff, we wondered if anything was lacking this year from the College which had been there for the past twenty-nine years. Indeed we missed that distinguished and singular man from the daily routine.

Maybe some would choose *Rus Ibo* as the title of this article, but I, not daring to "cog" the unknown Horace, preferred the above instead. The person in question—gone but not forgotten—is the most likeable, friendly and typical countryman. To be frank with you, he is one of my ideal men. He is none other than the Reverend John F. Kennedy. But now Father Kennedy has departed from us students and his influence on numerous people will be remembered many a long year.

Undoubtedly, he was a unique character. In bygone days, if you met him on the new wing stairs, in the glass hall or down in Rose Inn Street, he had a friendly "Hello, Sean" for everyone. This was a very distinctive characteristic about him. For this he was highly admired, as there is nothing like that friendly personal greeting when one is out of sorts. It cost Fr. Kennedy nothing, and it cheered us up immediately.

With regard to his class, well, it was a class on its own. I don't mean that we had free classes from Monday to Saturday. Definitely not; he did not believe in such "crap". We Inter 3A of last year were his final Greek class and of this we feel proud. Right through each hour of Father Kennedy's class, we participated to the fullest extent. Why was this? Because it was a thoroughly interesting class. As the clock moved on, he found a suitable joke to tell, and the response was usually a roar of laughter. Just now an old one crops up in the back of my mind. It was about this old Canon whom Fr. Kennedy met down High Street, talking to himself. He stopped the Canon, and enquired what was the meaning of it. The Canon pondered awhile, and then replied: "I always like to talk to an intelligent person, and I like also to hear an intelligent person talking to me". Before the laughter had subsided, we were back to the next line of Euripides, and it was business once more.

His teaching method was tremendous. He would rehearse by repeating over and over again many concocted rhymes. One of these he always applied to himself:

Into their heads drive in and hammer
The various rules of Grecian grammar.

While he definitely disagreed with Mr. Crummy's theory, yet he avoided excessive use of the "board of education".

To return to my second choice of title — *Rus Ibo* — most of you will agree with its appropriateness. For those of you who don't, well, it is better to explain. It was customary for Father Kennedy to travel out to the country and spend the afternoon among country folk. I believe that this was the

perfect recreation for our professor. He cut himself off from the monotony of everyday College life, and came back refreshed and prepared for the rigours the next day brought. This was probably the key to his equanimity. The countryside with the blue overhead and the green underfoot had a tremendous influence on my ideal professor.

Father Kennedy has now been appointed parish priest of Callan. Even though he may become "Bishop of Ganganyke", to quote himself, cheer up lads, maybe someone like him will come our way again. But God knows! men like him are few and far between.

Ave atque vale!

JOHN COLLIER

TO A CIGARETTE

Oh! small and dirty cigarette,
You are no good when you are wet;
You're still no good when you are dry,
But people smoke you till they die.
You bring the cough and rare disease,
But people light up when they please.
You give forth large white clouds of smoke
But people use you till they choke.
You're small and white and vile, but yet
The whole world loves a cigarette.

LARRY LYNG

For whom the Bell tolls

That phrase, borrowed by Hemingway from Donne, has an appropriateness for our present-day students. It conjures up, probably, a mental picture of a large, sonorous bell suspended in a tower, the hallowed home of myraids of cooing doves. — Don't be fooled; those aerial tumblers have their disadvantages. The bell in question, however, consists of a shiny, bright button linked by wires to one of the most infernal contraptions every constructed. And, added refinement, the whole affair is placed in a position, scientifically calculated, from which its metallic tongue can assault the ears, no matter how sheltered.

It is not hard to imagine the bell as human, for it possesses a personality and is governed by its own moods. At night, it is a redeeming angel sent to release you from the fretfulness of study to the healing balm of sleep. Then, like an unfaithful dog, it turns and bites your hand in the morning with the raucous imitation of reveille. To the accompaniment of its strident clangour, you search your vocabulary for a few expletives to describe this scourge of civilization. Now you have provoked it, and for the remainder of the day it sadistically punctuates the hours.

The reader may have now decided that my report form describes me as lazy and idle, but there he labours under a misconception. I am no drone; neither can I be likened to a worker bee. I do not mind rising in the morning, or going to class, but I consider that these deliberate actions should be accompanied by majestic peals from some ivy-clad tower.

One reads of people who have hanged themselves from the rope of a bell-tower, but up to now nobody has given any explanation for such a choice. Perhaps it was to ensure an immediate and solemn knell. But I have yet to hear of anyone despatching himself by means of an electric buzzer.

It is folly to regard Ireland as a republic, much less as an Island of Saints and Scholars; for where the scholars abound, a dictatorship is found—the dictatorship of the bell. People prophesy that we will soon be ruled by computers, but already we have taken the oath of allegiance to something much less elaborate. How we have allowed ourselves to be directed by this mechanical simpleton, I do not know. I suppose it began with obeying the morning alarm, or the noon-day Angelus. The ultimate is reached when, as teenagers, all our actions are in prompt submission to its every whim.

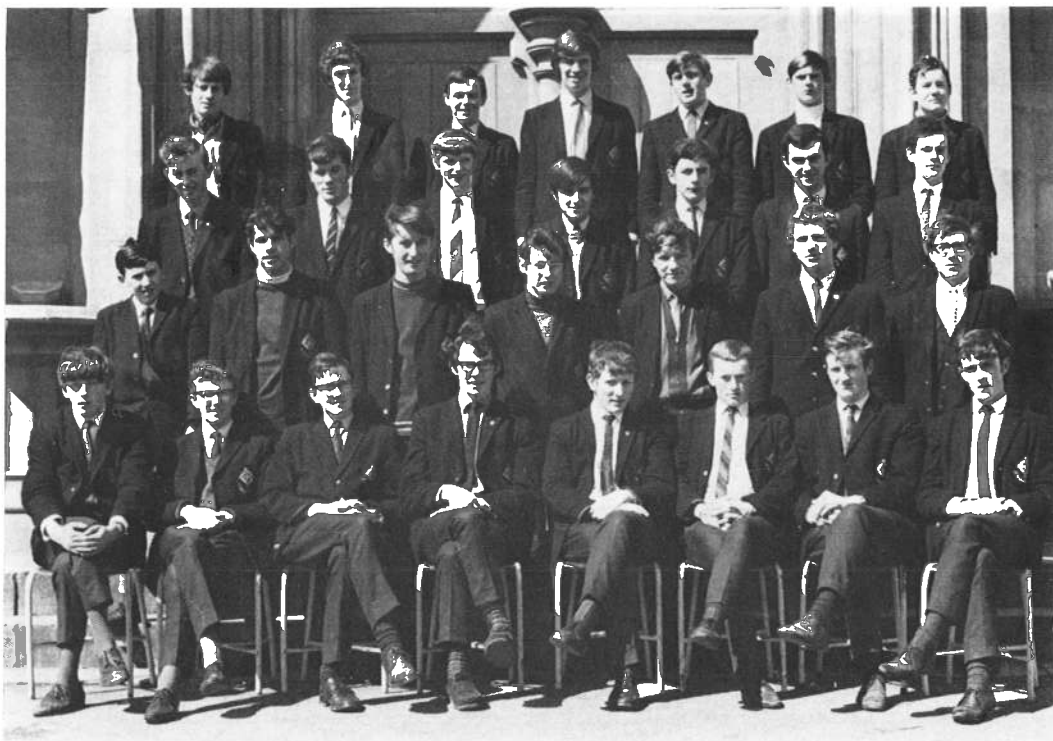
Just as in every self-respecting dictatorship, coups d'etat are the order of the day, so here the disaffected students, given half a chance, would sabotage the whole installation. An unexpected accomplice of ours has been the Department of Education. It has included in the Intermediate science course a comprehensive study of the electric bell; and, of course, we know how to interpret the hint. The number of rebels grows, each anxious to twist the arm of the current menace and reduce its unmusical baying to a mute whirr.

It is ringing now, once, twice, three times. Will it continue? No; it has ceased. Peace reigns again. For spite I will ignore the call. "See I am no longer your slave. Just try and make me move. I will set an example. All I want is a few more followers".

The other students have all gone. The college is deserted, and the scratching of my pen echoes in the silent hall. A shadow appears by the door, a key rattles, the knob, it turns. How stupid of me to have thought I could succeed where many, more resourceful and brilliant than I, have failed. The bell still has its servants—the prefects, who say "It tolls for thee".

SEAMUS GRANT

5A



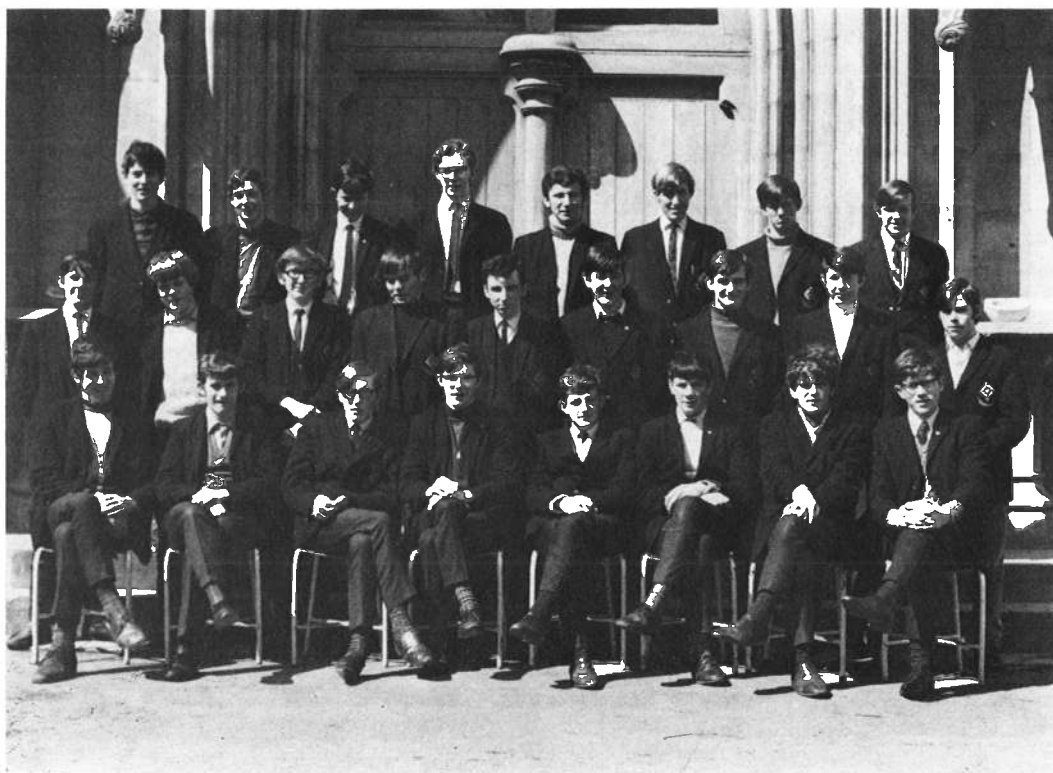
FIFTH YEAR (I)

Front Row: Brendan Delaney (Camross), Seamus Grant (Clonegal), Pierce Grace (Kilkenny), Eamonn Walshe (Durrow), Timothy Cleary (Urlingford), Patrick Donohoe (Manor Kilbride), John Ryan (Cormackstown, Thurles), Brendan Power (Stradbally).

Socond Row: John Fitzpatrick (Carrick-on-Suir), Richard O'Shea (Dunnamaggin), John Collier (Durrow), Liam Reidy (Kilkenny), Michael Purcell (Tullaroan), Joseph Gannon (Ballyraggett), Terence Nolan (Bagenalstown).

Third Row: John Phelan (Borris-in-Ossory), John Prendergast (Clara), Liam Aylward (Knockmoylan, Mullinavat), Gerard Deegan (Kilkenny), Kyran Ryan (Cappawhite), Anthony Hennessy (Bray), Martin Costello (Kilkenny).

Back Row: James Dunne (Aharney, Durrow), Gerard Walsh (Kilkenny), Joseph Kelly (Hollywood, Wicklow), John Cremin (Kilkenny), Michael Lee (Stoneyford), Joseph Fitzpatrick (Mullinavat), Patrick Neary (Ballyraggett).



FIFTH YEAR (2)

Front Row: Thomas Barry (Windgap), Patrick O'Neill (Ballyhale), Canice Foley (Kilkenny), Noel O'Farrell (Knocktopher), Anthony Butler (Ballyfoyle), John J. Tobin (Johnstown), Patrick Bolger (Mullinahone), Robert Bryan (Mulhuddart).

Second Row: James Fitzmaurice (Kilkenny), Pius O'Keeffe (Moone), Gerard Murphy (Kilkenny), Gerard Comerford (Muckalee), Timothy Maher (Kilkenny), John Lynch (Kilkenny), Kieran White (Kilkenny), Eamonn Wall (Carrick-on-Suir), Edward Mealy (Mooneenroe).

Back Row: Daniel Delaney (Rathdowney), John Hughes (Johnstown), Michael Kelly (Freshford), Paul Brady (Kilkenny), Patrick Bollard (Kilkenny), John Dooley (Attanagh), Maurice Daly (Ballingarry, Limerick), Francis Murray (Kilkenny).



FOURTH YEAR (1)

Front Row: Richard Murtagh (Kilkenny), Seamus Moran (Templetouhy), James Whelan (Clonegal), William O'Dwyer (Holycross), Patrick Hughes (Johnstown), Terence Brennan (Castlecomer), John Doran (Camross).

Second Row: Gerard de Loughry (Kilkenny), Eamonn Fennelly (Kilmanagh), Vincent Sheane (Redcross, Wicklow), Edward Nolan (Bagnalstown), Nicholas Maher (Kilkenny), Richard McKenna (Castlecomer), Michael Tennyson (Inistioge), Richard Downey (Dublin),

Back Row: Anthony Teehan (Ballyfoyle), Patrick Phelan (Pike-of-Rushall), Dermot O'Driscoll (Kilkenny), Thomas O'Neill (Kilmacow), Cornelius Hogan (Kilkenny), John Power (Kilmoganny), Anthony Walsh (Johnstown), Thomas Muldowney (Cullohill).



FOURTH YEAR (2)

Front Row: Owen Burke (Dublin), Richard O'Neill (Thomastown), Patrick Kearney (Thomastown), Seamus O'Connor (Crettyard), Richard Gillman (Kilkenny), Joseph Doyle (Thomastown), Kevin Dunne (The Commons, Ballingarry).

Second Row: Patrick Corroll (Piltown), James Walsh (Tullaroan), John Doyle (Kilkenny), Declan Geoghegan (Kilsheelan), John O'Malley (Rathdowney), John Kelly (Kilkenny), Hugh Kennedy (Windgap), Nicholas Brennan (Jeninstown).

Back Row: Gerard Cullen (Kilkenny), James Dunphy (The Rower), Michael Byrne (Ballacolla), Gerard Dooley (Gowran), John Stallard (Kilkenny), James Moore (Tullaroan), Edward Burke (Tullow).



FOURTH YEAR (3)

Front Row: James Broderick (Johnstown), Joseph Ryan (Durrow), John Walsh (Conahy), John O'Sullivan (Kilkenny), Eugene Tobin (Johnstown), Edward Larkin (Kilkenny), Desmond Kennedy (Borrisoleigh).

Second Row: Shyman Maharaj (Kilkenny), Francis Purcell (Piltown), Thomas Tobin (Johnstown), Richard Beck (Thomastown), Peter Walsh (Kilkenny), Martin Healy (Conahy).

Back Row: Richard Hogan (Kilkenny), John Phelan (Galmoy), Jeremiah Crowley (Ballymore, Carrick-on-Suir), Jeremiah Mullally (Castlecomer), Vincent Dunne (Freshford), Gerard Nolan (Conahy), Francis Mullan (Threecastles).



THIRD YEAR (1)

Front Row: Eamonn Hughes (Johnstown), Michael Dundon (Bagnalstown), Andrew O'Keefe (Knocktopher), James O'Neill (Kilkenny), Michael Cuddihy (Callan), Michael Brennan (Kilkenny), Colman Duggan (Carlow).

Second Row: Nicholas Maher (Cufflesgrange), Vincent McIntyre (Kilkenny), Timothy Walsh (Kilmanagh), Donal Dooley (Sheestown), John O'Driscoll (Kilkenny), Paschal Ryan (Crosspatrick), Thomas Reid (Kiltorcan, Ballyhale), Joseph Reidy (Kilkenny).

Third Row: Patrick O'Brien (Mooncoin), Patrick Kelly (Ellanmeen, Tipperary), Michael Hession (Floodhall), Simon Walton (Inchiholohan), Gerard O'Donovan (Kilkenny), Joseph Ryan (Cullen, Tipperary), Brian Cody (Sheestown), Noel Minogue (Thomastown).

Back Row: Seamus O'Sullivan (Ballyhale), Brian O'Shea (Clonmel), Michael Fitzgerald (Rathdowney), Edward Murphy (Kilmanagh), Kenneth Brewer (Stockton, Calif. U.S.A.), Thomas Delahunty (Durrow), Gerard Murphy (Cork), Maurice Power (Hugginstown).



THIRD YEAR (2)

Front Row: Philip Campion (Glenealy), Niall Godwin (Kilkenny), Gerard McGrath (Kilkenny), Brian O'Neill (Kilmacow), Patrick O'Dea (Rathdowney), Edward Healy (Corbettstown), John Whyte (Kilkenny).

Second Row: Thomas Mooney (Clogh), Laurence O'Neill (Gaignamanagh), Patrick O'Neill (Thomastown), Thomas Lanigan (Mountrath), John Gilmartin (Kilkenny), Sylvester Lyster (Inistioge), Oliver Stapleton (Gathabawn), James Maher (Mullinahone).

Third Row: Michael Kells (Cullohill), Gerard Woodcock (Cuffesgrange), Thomas O'Leary (Kilkenny), Adrian Costello (Borris-in-Ossory), Patrick White (Kildare), John Crowley (Kilkenny), Eugene O'Donovan (Kilmoganny).

Fourth Row: Paul Murphy (Lisdowney), William Fitzpatrick (Johnstown), John Butler (Fiddown), Gerard Freyne (Mullinavat), Adrian Kelly (Kilcullen), John Broderick (Kilkenny), John V. O'Carroll (London).



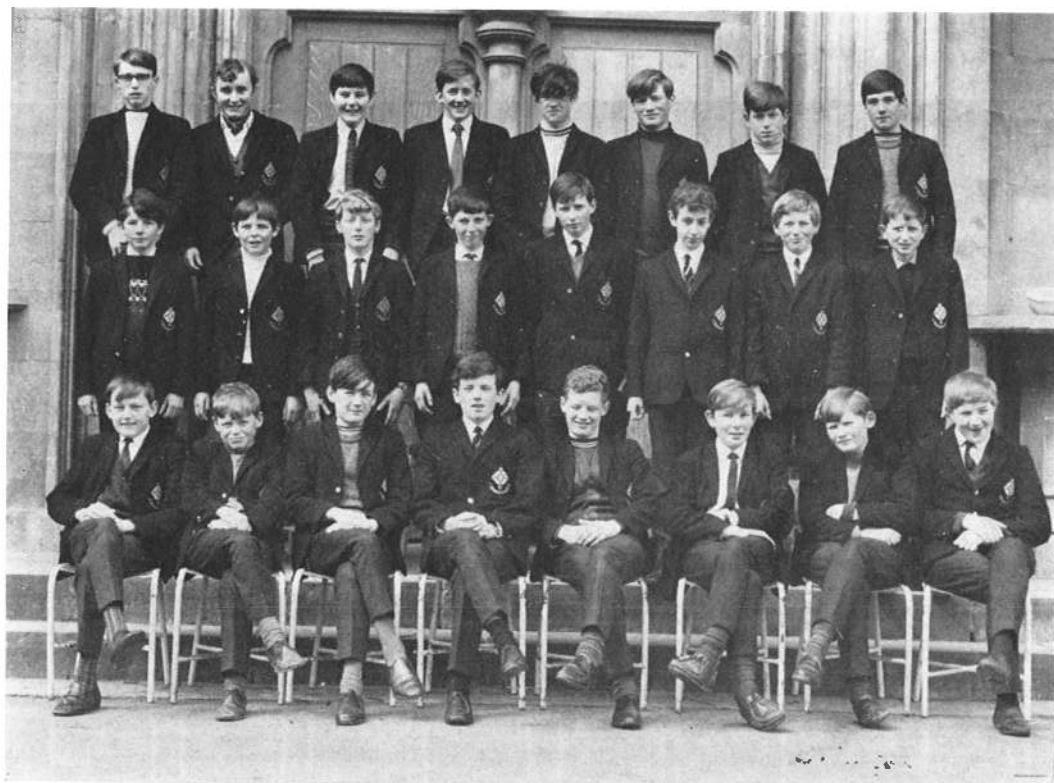
THIRD YEAR (3)

Front Row: Hernan Delany (Fethard), Joseph O'Shea (Piltown), John O'Shea (Ballyraggett), Gregory Flannery (Kilkenny), Martin Gibbons (Bonnetsrath, Kilkenny), Patrick Rice (Greenridge, Kilkenny), Martin Holohan, (Bodalmore), Thomas Nolan (Castledermot).

Second Row: David Dixon (Kilkenny), Denis Guilfoyle (Dunmore, Kilkenny), Richard Pratt (Kilkenny), Patrick White (Kilkenny), John Quirke (Kilkenny), Gerard Naughton (Kilkenny), William Heffernan (Dunnamaggin), Matthew Kelly (Kilkenny), Seamus O'Keeffe (Kilkenny).

Third Row: Thomas Dixon (Kilkenny), Peter Loughman (Durrow), John Quane (Pallasgreen, Limerick), Sean Delaney (Clough, Ballacolla), John Hickey (Kilkenny), Dominic Ryan (Kilkenny), Eugene Hogan (Kilkenny), Oliver Dowling (Kilkenny), Louis Champion (Shinrone).

Back Row: Noel Dooley (Mountmellick), John Drennan (Gowran), Anthony Dillon (Tullaroan), John Quinlan (Borrisoleigh), Alphonsus Miley (Blessington), Sean Collier (Camross), John Cooney (Kilkenny), Walter Bambrick (Kilkenny), James Doyle (Kilkenny).



SECOND YEAR (1)

Front Row: 1. to r. Richard Reid (Kiltorcan, Ballyhale), Thomas Delaney (Fethard), Thomas Dalton (Threecastles), Thomas Byrne (Kilkenny), Patrick Mullan (Threecastles), Kevin Meagher (Newtown, Kells), Noel Purcell (Littleton), Gerard O'Meara (Kilkenny).
Second Row: 1. to r. Noel Hutchinson (Kilkenny), Francis Bourke (Kilkenny), Kieran Carroll (Ballyraggett), Thomas Prendergast (Thomastown), Paul Stallard (Kilkenny), Eamonn Costello (Kilkenny), Nicholas O'Brien (Bennettsbridge), Nicholas Mulhall (Kilkenny).
Back Row: 1. to r. John O'Hara (Kilkenny), Thomas Collier (Durrow), Patrick Lynch (Kilkenny), Thomas Doheny (Freshford), John Broderick (Johnstown), John Phelan (Windgap), Eamonn O'Donovan (Mullinavat), Michael Dalton (Threecastles).



SECOND YEAR (2)

Front Row: l. to r. Edward Roche (Glenmore), Laurence O'Keeffe (Callan), Patrick Cavanagh (Galmoy), Joseph Bergin (Kilkenny), Roderick Cody (Kilkenny), Francis Harrington (Kilkenny), James Mullan (Threecastles), William O'Dwyer (Holycross).

Second Row: l. to r. Eamonn O'Gorman (Kilkenny), Gerard Manning (Dublin), Patrick Bergin (Kilkenny), Patrick Byrne (Kilkenny), Michael O'Farrell (Knocktopher), Declan Kelly (Castlecomer), Thomas Dowling (Kilkenny), Michael Brennan (Kilcash).

Back Row: l. to r. Thomas Walsh (Thomastown), Gerard Loughman (Durrow), Edmund Campion (Conahy), James Birch (Conahy), Ian Doyle (Thomastown), Thomas Kearns (Kilmacow), Bernard Holohan (Knocktopher), Vincent Kelly (Graignamanagh).



SECOND YEAR (3)

Front Row: James Downey (Ballyraggett), Seamus Walshe (Durrow), William Grace (Kilkenny), Seamus Collier (Camross), James McCarthy (Freshford), Peter Walsh (Kilkenny), Liam Tobin (Johnstown), Kieran Marum (Seskin, Ballyraggett), Kieran Marrinan (Kilkee).

Second Row: Martin O'Shea (Clara), William Kenny (Durrow), Richard Dunphy (Inistioge), John Hughes (Goresbridge), John Cahill (Woodsgift), Gerard Reidy (Kilkenny), Sean O'Driscoll (Bagnalstown), Michael Doheny (Threecastles), Michael Lennon (Dunbell), Patrick O'Neill (Kilcash).

Back Row: Thomas Delahunty (Abbeyleix), Patrick Dunphy (The Rower), Michael Barry (Windgap), Michael Morrissey (Gowran), John Bergin (Rathdowney), Michael Dalton (Mullinavat), Michael Connolly (Dunbell), John Ryan (Gortnahoe), Patrick Mulhall (Jeninstown).



FIRST YEAR (1)

Front Row: Patrick Dalton (Mullinavat), Thomas Keating (Thomastown), Richard Hayes (Sheestown), John O'Brien (Graignamanagh), Edward Downey (Dublin), Michael Barrett (Kilkenny), Thomas Walsh (Coolcullen), Philip Brennan (Castlecomer), Patrick Bolger (Cullohill), Joseph Doran (Camross).

Second Row: Sean Galway (Bennettsbridge), Donal Maher (Cashel), Patrick Dunphy (Mooncoin), Paul Hennessy (Bray), Patrick Holohan (Thomastown), John Hoynes (Glenmore), Nicholas Nolan (Kilkenny), Michael Carey (Templetohy), Martin Cleere (Foulkstown), Joseph Mullally (Manor Kilbride), Kevin Bates (Dublin).

Back Row: Kieran Bollard (Kilkenny), Padraig Kirwan (Thomastown), Shane Doherty (Callan), Kevin O'Shea (Ballyraggett), Cornelius Delaney (Rathdowney), John Delaney (Rathdowney), John Walsh (Knocktopher), Patrick Power (Hugginstown), Peter Doyle (Shillelagh), John Kennedy (Killenaule), Seamus Maher (Dublin), Michael Cantwell (Kilkenny).

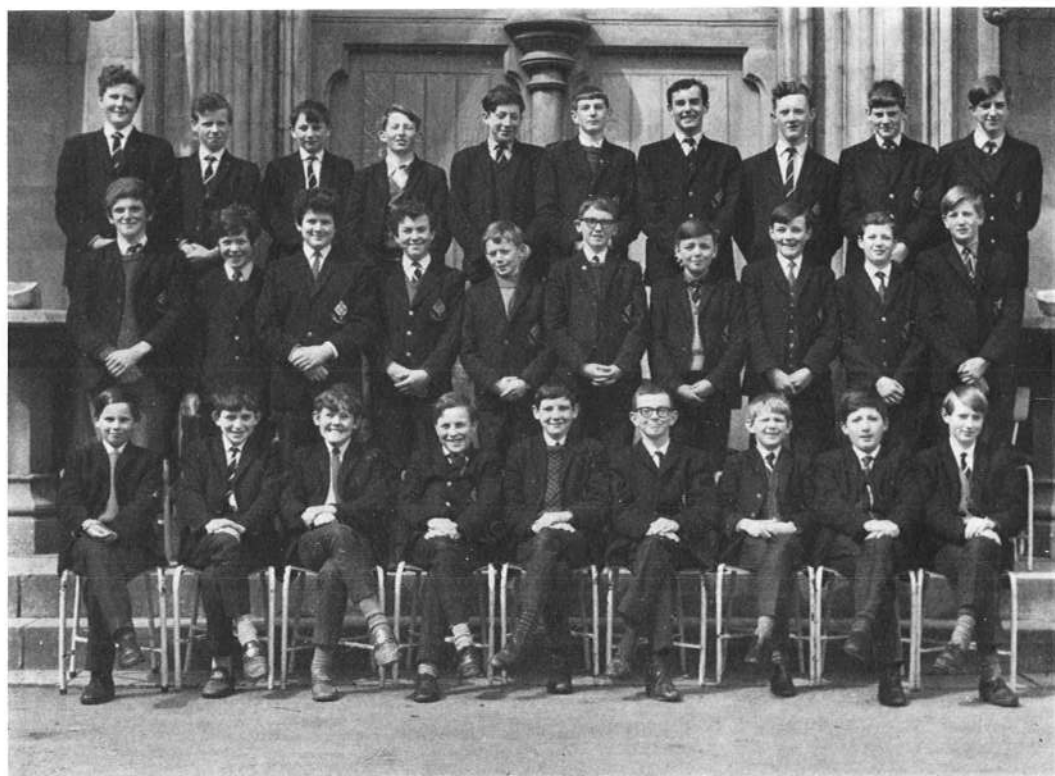


FIRST YEAR (2)

Front Row: l. to r. James Butler (Ballyraggett), Edward Maher (Kilkenny), Donal Larkin (Ballycloven, Callan), James Gibbons (Barna), Austin Mallon (Kilkenny), Patrick Lanigan (Mountrath), Eamonn Mealy (Castlecomer).

Second Row: John Kirwan (Inistioge), Patrick Kehoe (Callan), John Heffernan (Glenmore), Gerard Butler (Carrick-on-Suir), Michael Delahunty (Abbeyleix), Barry McIntyre (Kilkenny), Gerard Dawson (Freshford), Michael Dore (Kilkenny), Brendan Fennelly (Mullinavat).

Back Row: Raymond Hennessy (Kilkenny), Gerard Grogan (Kilkenny), Sean Murphy (Thomastown), Michael Fitzgerald (Kilkenny), John Kelly (Castlecomer), Francis Holohan (Knocktopher), John McDonald (Thomastown), Thomas O'Toole (Kilkenny).



FIRST YEAR (3)

Front Row: 1. to r. Edmund Rice (Greenridge, Kilkenny) Fintan Ryan (Maddoxtown) Brendan Walsh (Kilkenny), William Power (Kilkenny), Noel Power (Stradbally), John O'Keeffe (Rathdowney), Patrick O'Sullivan (Pike-of-Rushall), Pierce Malone (Mullinavat), Francis O'Donovan (Kilmoganny).

Second Row: Niall Greene (Ballycallan), Anthony Dignan (Kilkenny), Terence White (Kilkenny), William Purcell (Kilkenny), Patrick Holden (Kilkenny), Patrick Phelan (Ballyraggett), Gabriel O'Sullivan (Durrow), James Prendergast (Clara), Seamus Costello (Loughboy), John Hyland (Shellumsrath).

Back Row: John J. Synnott (Thomastown), Michael O'Neill (Thomastown), Edward Tynan (Mullinavat), Sean O'Neill (Danesfort), Matthew Wall (Mullinavat), James Walsh (Dungarvan), Patrick Dack (Thomastown), Brendan Cahill (Kilsheelan), Matthew Alyward (Glenmore), Thomas Greene (Callan).

Examination Results

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1968

| | | | |
|-------------------------|-----|--------------|---|
| William Alyward | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Latin; Science; Agric. Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths. |
| Thomas Barry | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science, Agric. Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English. |
| Patrick Bolger | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths. |
| Paul Brady | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |
| Robert Bryan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| John J. Brennan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography. |
| Anthony Brennan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science; History & Geography. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths. |
| Michael Buggy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | English; Latin; Science. |
| Anthony Butler | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History and Geography; Maths; Latin; Science; Agric. Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English. |
| Edward Cahill | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Timothy Cleary | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science; Agric. Science. |
| Patrick Cody | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History and Geography. |
| John Collier | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Gerard Comerford | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Maths; Latin. |
| John Corr | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | English; History & Geography; Maths. |
| Martin Costello | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Joseph Cuddihy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography. |
| Gerard Cullen | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths. |
| Maurice Daly | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Gerard Deegan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Maths; Latin. |

| | | | |
|---------------------------|-----|--------------|---|
| Brendan Delany | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths. |
| Daniel Delany | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish. |
| Patrick Denieffe | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths; Science. |
| Patrick Donohue | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Agric. Science. |
| John Dooley | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Agric. Science. |
| James Dunne | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | English; Agric. Science. |
| Michael Fennelly | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Latin; Science. |
| James Fitzmaurice | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | English. |
| Joseph Fitzpatrick | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science; Agric. Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | English. |
| Canice Foley | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |
| Joseph Gannon | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science; Agric. Science. |
| Pierce Grace | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | English. |
| Seamus Grant | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science; Agric. Science. |
| Anthony Hennessy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |
| John Holohan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography. |
| John Hughes | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science; Agric. Science. |
| Thomas Kavanagh | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths. |
| Joseph Kelly | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish. |
| Michael Kelly | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Andrew Kinsella | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science; Agric. Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography. |
| Michael Lee | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | English. |
| John Lynch | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Timothy Maher | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| Edward Meally | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science; Agric. Science. |
| John Moore | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | English; Science. |
| Michael Muldowney | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths. |

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-----|--------------|--|
| Gerard Murphy | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Maths. |
| Patrick Neary | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Terence Nolan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Patrick O'Brien | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths. |
| Sean O'Brien | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths. |
| Michael O'Carroll | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography. |
| Noel O'Farrell | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Agric. Science. |
| Laurence O'Keeffe | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Maths; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Latin. |
| Padraig O'Neill | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Agric. Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Science |
| Richard O'Shea | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | English. |
| John Phelan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Maths; Latin. |
| Brendan Power | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| John Prendergast | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science; Agric. Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish. |
| Michael Purcell | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | English; Agric. Science. |
| William Reidy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Richard Sheehan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography. |
| Joseph Tobin | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Thomas Tutty | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Edward Walsh | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Gerard Walsh | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Maths; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Latin. |
| Michael Walsh | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths. |
| Kieran White | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Maths; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Latin. |
| John Woodcock | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English. |

LEAVING CERTIFICATE 1968

| | | | |
|---------------------------|-----|--------------|--|
| John Bergin | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| David Brennan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths. |
| Martin Brennan | | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; History; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | English; Maths. |
| Patrick Brennan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Greek; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Jeremiah Broderick | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Geography. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | History; Maths; Latin. |
| Patrick Brosnan | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History; Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| Edward Byrne | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Geography; Maths. |
| Edward Cody | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths. |
| Michael Cody | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Greek; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Patrick Comerford | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Edward Costello | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Geography; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |
| Sean Costello | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History; Geography; Latin. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths. |
| John Courtney | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Geography; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Maths; Latin. |
| Adrian Crotty | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Maths; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Physics; Drawing. |
| Gregory Dixon | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Geography; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |
| James Dollard | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Geography. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| John Donohue | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Nicholas Flavin | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History; Maths; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Latin. |
| Gerard Flood | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Geography. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Kieran Kennedy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History; Geography. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |
| James Kells | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Latin; Agric. Science; Maths; Physics. |
| Brendan Kelly | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Edward Kelly | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Latin; Greek; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths. |
| Patrick Kelly | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Physics & Chemistry; Commerce. |
| Laurence Kinsella | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-----|--------------|---|
| Paul Kinsella | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths; Latin. |
| Thomas Lacey | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Commerce. |
| John Lalor | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Latin; Greek; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths. |
| Henry Lawlor | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Geography; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths. |
| Michael Lawrence | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History; Maths; Latin. |
| Noel McCann | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History; Maths; Latin. |
| Michael McGrath | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; Geography; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | English; Maths; Latin. |
| Kevin McIntyre | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Geography, Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |
| Terence McNamee | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Greek; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Dermot McPhillips | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Latin; Greek; Drawing. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths; Physics & Chemistry. |
| James Maher | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Geography. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | History; Maths; Latin. |
| Martin Maher | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Geography; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Maths; Latin. |
| John Meagher | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Geography; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |
| Joseph Meagher | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Patrick Mooney | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Geography; Agric. Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |
| Patrick Moran | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Greek; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Patrick Murphy | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Agric. Science; Commerce. |
| James O'Carroll | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry; Commerce. |
| James O'Doherty | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | History; Maths; Latin. |
| Anthony O'Keefe | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Geography; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |
| Mark O'Reilly | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Latin. |
| James Phelan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Agric. Science. |
| John Phelan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Agric. Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| David Prendergast | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths. Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Stephen Rice | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Agric. Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Latin. |
| Luke Roche | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Agric. Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Commerce. |

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-----|--------------|---|
| Dermot Sadlier | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Martin Stapleton | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History; Maths; Latin. |
| Timothy Stapleton | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Commerce; Drawing. |
| Thomas Tynan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Maths; Latin; Music. |
| Brendan Walsh | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Geography; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths. |
| Gerard Walsh | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Geography; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Maths. |
| Kieran White | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Geography; Latin. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Maths; Physics & Chemistry. |

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1969

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-----|--------------|---|
| Richard Beck | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Science. |
| Martin Birch | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Woodwork. |
| Nicholas Brennan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; History & Geography; Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Latin; Science. |
| Terence Brennan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; |
| | | | Science. |
| James Broderick | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Science. |
| Michael Byrne | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Maths; Latin; Woodwork. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Science. |
| Patrick Carroll | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; |
| | | | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish. |
| John Cody | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths; Greek. |
| Jeremiah Crowley | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Woodwork. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths. |
| George Culleton | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Woodwork. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Science. |
| Gerard de Loughry | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Latin. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths. |
| Gerard Dooley | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Maths. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Greek; Science. |
| John Doran | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; |
| | | | Science. |
| Raymond Dowling | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths. |
| Richard Downey | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths. |
| John Doyle | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths. |
| Joseph Doyle | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; |
| | | | Science. |

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-----|--------------|---|
| Kevin Dunne | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Latin; Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths; Science. |
| Vincent Dunne | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Woodwork. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths. |
| James Dunphy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Woodwork. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| Edward Fennelly | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Science. |
| Gerard Fennelly | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Woodwork; Maths. |
| Declan Geoghegan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science. |
| Richard Gillman | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths. |
| Martin Grace | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Maths. |
| Martin Healy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Latin; Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths. |
| Cornelius Hogan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Woodwork. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths; Science. |
| Richard Hogan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Maths; Latin. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography. |
| Patrick Hughes | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | History & Geography; Science. |
| John Hutchinson | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths. |
| Patrick Kearney | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; |
| | | | Science. |
| John Kelly | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Maths. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | History & Geography; Science. |
| Desmond Kennedy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; History & Geography. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Maths; Latin; Science. |
| Hugh Kennedy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths. |
| Edward Larkin | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Latin; Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths; Science. |
| Richard McKenna | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Science. |
| Nicholas Maher | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Latin. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography. |
| Richard Marum | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths; Science. |
| Seamus Moran | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; |
| | | | Science. |
| Thomas Muldowney | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | History & Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| Jeremiah Mullally | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Maths; Greek; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography. |
| Francis Mullan | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths; Woodwork. |
| Richard Murtagh | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| Edward Nolan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; |
| | | | Science. |
| Gerard Nolan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Latin; Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Maths; Science. |

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-----|--------------|--|
| Seamus O'Connor | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Dermot O'Driscoll | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |
| William O'Dwyer | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Richard O'Neill | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Science. |
| Thomas O'Neill | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; History & Geography; Maths. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Latin; Science. |
| Patrick Phelan | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| John Power | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science. |
| Francis Purcell | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Edward Reddy | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Maths. |
| Sean Reid | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Woodwork. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths. |
| Joseph Ryan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Woodwork. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Science. |
| Vincent Sheane | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | History & Geography. |
| Michael Sheehan | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | History. |
| John Stallard | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography; Maths; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Latin. |
| Anthony Teehan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Latin; Science. |
| John Tennyson | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths. |
| Michael Tennyson | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Latin; Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths. |
| Eugene Tobin | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Science. |
| Thomas Tobin | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Science. |
| Anthony Walsh | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Maths. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; History & Geography; Science. |
| John Walsh | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Science. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| James Walshe | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |
| Peter Walshe | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths. |
| James Whelan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History & Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek; Science. |

LEAVING CERTIFICATE 1969

| | | |
|---------------------------|--------------|--|
| Desmond P. Aughney | <i>Hons.</i> | Physics & Chemistry. |
| | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| Francis Bowe | ... | <i>Pass.</i> Geography; Irish; Maths; Latin. |

| | | |
|--------------------------|-----|---|
| Joseph Brennan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> English; History; Physics & Chemistry. <i>Pass.</i> Irish; Latin. |
| Maurice Brennan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Physics & Chemistry. <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| Michael Brennan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> English; History; Geography; Maths; Latin. <i>Pass.</i> Irish. |
| John Brophy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Physics & Chemistry. <i>Pass.</i> Irish; Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| Michael Brosnan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Irish; English; History; Geography. <i>Pass.</i> Maths; Latin. |
| Maurice Burris | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Greek; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Patrick Cahill | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Physics & Chemistry. <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| Edmond Coonan | ... | <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; History; Maths; Latin; Commerce. |
| Anthony Dalton | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Irish; English; Latin; Greek. <i>Pass.</i> Geography; Maths. |
| John J. Delahunty | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Irish. <i>Pass.</i> English; Geography; Latin; Greek; Maths. |
| James Delaney | ... | <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Commerce. |
| Michael Dillon | ... | <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| John Dollard | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Greek. |
| James Dooley | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Geography. <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; Maths; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Michael Dooley | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Thomas Downey | ... | <i>Hons.</i> English; Geography; Physics & Chemistry. <i>Pass.</i> Irish; Maths; Latin. |
| Robert Dunphy | ... | <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Patrick Dunphy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Irish; Geography; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. <i>Pass.</i> Maths; English. |
| Tadgh Feeney | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Physics & Chemistry. <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| Laurence Fielding | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Physics & Chemistry. <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| John Fitzgerald | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Geography; Physics & Chemistry; Commerce. <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; Maths. |
| Vincent Flannery | ... | <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Noel Freyne | ... | <i>Hons.</i> English. <i>Pass.</i> Irish; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Michael Gannon | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Irish; English. <i>Pass.</i> Latin; Maths; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Gerard Gleeson | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Geography. <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Edward Gray | ... | <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Commerce. |
| Eamon Hennessy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> Geography. <i>Pass.</i> Irish; Latin; Commerce. |
| Thomas Kelly | ... | <i>Hons.</i> History. <i>Pass.</i> Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |

| | | | |
|------------------------------|-----|--------------|---|
| Brendan Kennedy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Geography. |
| Raymond Leahy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Geography; Physics & Chemistry; Art. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths. |
| Richard Lynch | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Greek. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | English; Maths. |
| Laurence Lyng | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Geography. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| William Lyster | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History & Geography. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |
| Gerald McCarthy | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Greek; Physics & Chemistry. |
| William Mackey | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Physics & Chemistry; Commerce. |
| John Maher | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Latin; Commerce. |
| | | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Latin; Greek. |
| John Mahon | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Geography; Maths. |
| Joseph Minogue | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Latin; Greek; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths. |
| John Moran | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Greek; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Patrick O'Brien | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Geography; Maths; Latin. |
| James O'Connell | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Maths; Latin. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Commerce. |
| Patrick O'Gorman | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Michael O'Keefe | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | History; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Latin. |
| Tomas O'Neill | | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths. |
| Thomas Martin O'Neill | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| James O'Shea | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Commerce. |
| Michael O'Shea | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Geography; Maths. |
| Kevin Phelan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; History. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| William Phelan | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Maths. |
| Brian Reidy | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Physics & Chemistry Commerce. |
| Finbarr Reidy | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Greek; Music. |
| Martin Tobin | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Irish; English; Geography; Maths; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| Oliver Vaughan | ... | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin; Commerce. |
| Martin Walsh | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | Geography. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; English; Maths; Latin. |
| Maurice Walsh | ... | <i>Hons.</i> | English; Latin; Physics & Chemistry. |
| | | <i>Pass.</i> | Irish; Geography; Maths. |

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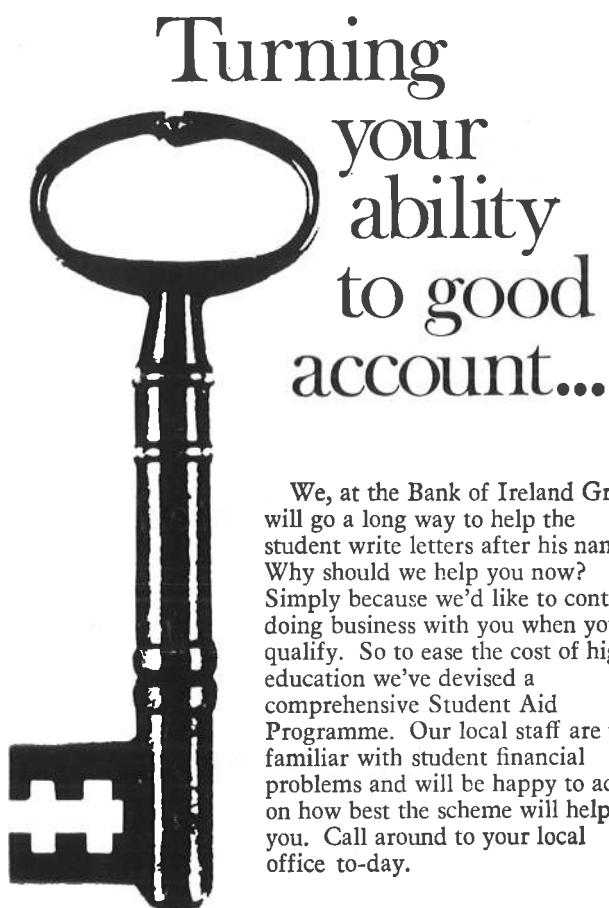
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