

St. Kieran's College Record



1972

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Saint Kieran's College Record

1972

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EDITED BY FRANCIS McEVOY

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Hiems Transiit in the Antipodes

JAMES BRENNAN

AUSTRALIA

It was a clear, calm night with stars overhead as I landed at Perth airport in Western Australia at four in the morning (local time) on Monday, 14th December 1971, after a six-hour flight from Singapore. So this was Australia, I told myself—the land of opposites “down under”! The sky was different, and my first reaction after stepping from the plane was to look up to see the Southern Cross in the sky and to convince myself that I was indeed in another hemisphere. The seasons were reversed: it was Summer instead of Winter, and the College motto took on a new meaning. I half expected to find everything (including myself) standing on its head in this topsy-turvy land. It was with a feeling of incredulity that I realised that I had travelled about 10,000 miles since leaving home, and that I had, in some sense, now reached the ends of the earth.

But normality quickly reasserted itself in the form of a searching Customs examination, which was particularly strict on quarantine regulations after I had stated, as required, that I had been on a farm within the previous ten days. I emerged from this unexpected hazard to find four staunch St. Kieran's priests (Frs. Denis Lenihan, Bob Healy, Jim Dowling and Jim Corcoran) waiting at the barrier, having gallantly risen from their beds to provide a welcoming committee, to seize on my baggage, and to whisk me away for an early morning cup of tea in the airport canteen—a homely toast to a new country and to my mission to the men of St. Kieran's there.

This good-will mission, on behalf of the Bishop of Ossory and of the President of St. Kieran's, was not before its time. It had been long sought and long promised, but it

had to await the jet age, perhaps, for its fulfilment. Now at last a reality, it was meant, however inadequately, to let those loyal sons of St. Kieran's know that they were not forgotten in the College which had trained them. In view of their isolation and that seeming neglect in the past, it is only fair to give them pride of place in this issue of the College Record.

In a publication such as this it is inevitable that domestic interests should prevail over wider ones, and that I have to keep to the narrower field of clerical life rather than describe the larger, exciting and novel world of Australia. If koalas and kangaroos, kookaburras and kiwis, bushmen and boomerangs, and other such curiosities of Australia and New Zealand, appear at all in this story, they will remain in the margin, as part of the background only glimpsed or even sensed remotely in passing.

At this remove, too, a year later, first impressions have faded, and the following account of my journey is something of a recollection in tranquillity: selective, uneven, inadequate, certainly, to do justice to the reception I received and the hospitality that was showered upon me everywhere I touched down on this flying journey.

PERTH

So to Perth, my first stop, and to the quiet suburb of Leederville where I was guest of Fr. Jim Dowling during the whole of my stay; so to bed also for a real sleep after the long night-flight, to awaken to a blaze of sunshine, a blue sky, and the rasping of cicadas in the garden outside. It was a Mediterranean scene and a Mediterranean climate; it might be Rome or Athens, and it

is no wonder that the Italians, the Greeks and the southern Europeans generally are flocking to this country, attracted by the climate, by the freedom, and by the opportunities of this newest New World.

I had heard that Perth was a beautiful city — arguably the most beautiful in Australia—and it did not belie its reputation. Its superb setting on the Swan River, its colourful suburbs, gardens and parks, trees and flowers, gave an overall impression of colour and brightness, of spacious and healthy living, in a Summer climate that was hot but not oppressive. Add to this the fact it is also the centre of a booming area comparable to California in its greatest days, and it could truly be said that this is the capital of the new El Dorado.

Like every other Australian city, Perth is largely suburban, extending ever outwards into the country rather than upwards into the air. This is something that the Church must reckon with in its pastoral work. Suburban expansion means parochial expansion: new parishes, new churches, new schools—unfortunately with ever-growing financial burdens, and with reduced personnel. This means in turn that within the Church there is a strong strain of practicalism, rather than of intellectualism, with most of the energies of both priests and people devoted to organizing and to money-raising, especially for the maintenance of their Catholic schools. While the financial burden of these has been eased by a recent government decision to give some aid at last in the form of subsidies for the payment of teachers, it is the lack of teachers, especially of nuns, which is the biggest worry now.

Most of our priests in Perth are working in suburban parishes, many of them newly created ones, and I had the opportunity, even in my short stay, of seeing both their problems and their achievements in some kind of perspective. I found amongst them, as indeed everywhere I went in those countries, an impressively high morale, despite their problems and their isolation. This was allied to a healthy conservatism which refused (Australian or Irish style?) to be carried away by theological novelties but was open to necessary changes. In the matter of clerical dress



Fathers Bob Healy and Tim Corcoran (Perth)

there was a sensible acceptance of climatic conditions in the adoption of the open-neck white shirt adorned with a small gold cross on the collar, as a sort of working 'uniform', coupled with a general insistence on full clerical dress for formal occasions.

Another general impression, and a happy one, was that of the good fellowship between Irish priests and their Australian counterparts, rather affectionately called 'Aussies'. This is probably a reflection of the general spirit of 'mate-ship' which runs through all levels of life and work in Australia. In clerical circles this shows itself, too, in the 'open-house' tradition of hospitality which I met with in every presbytery I visited. All told, the older rivalries one hears and reads about seem to have died out, and there is a strong sense among the clergy of being simply Australians in an Australian Church.

This is a good omen for the future and one can welcome it all the more while paying tribute to the great work done by our Irish priests in the building up of this Church. One can pardon the pride and the possessiveness with which they speak of the great men of the past. Those were the priests who built up the parishes (Irish style), who acquired the sites for the churches and the schools and the presbyteries, who built them, often with their own hands, who did heroic pioneering work in the harsher conditions of the 'Bush' or the 'Outback'.

I was reminded of all this, and of that older generation of St. Kieran's priests especially, when I met (on my first evening out) a fine old priest, who is now retired, Monsignor John Wallace of Dunamaginn. There, in his room, with Frs. Jim Dowling, Jim Corcoran, Tom Gaine and Ned Kenny

(up from Bunbury diocese), we talked about the Church in Perth (as well as in Australia generally) and its problems.

The decline in vocations: was it due, as one man suggested, to the fact that the priest's status, or image, had sunk so low that it no longer had any attraction for the youth of today? Or was it due more simply to the prevalence of materialism—the good life so ready to hand and so assiduously pursued by most Australians?

There was the perennial schools problem, compounded of a long-standing refusal of State aid to Catholic schools, a shortage of teachers, and the high cost of books (the State pays for all books **except** religious ones).

There was the broader parochial problem of shifting population: some moving out to newer, better areas; some coming into Aus-



Group of priests from Perth and Bunbury dioceses at the St. Kieran's re-union dinner in the Stella Maris Club at Fremantle.

tralia for the first time. Related to this was the difficulty of coping with different nationalities, for example the Italians (who were said by one rather cynical observer to have a wonderful grasp of the non-essentials of their religion—but who now rate a column in Italian in the weekly Perth "Record"). Fr. Dowling's parish of St. Mary's, Leederville, was cited as an example of an older Irish parish which is now becoming Italianized in this way.

For the priest personally there was the older problem (now alleviated or actually remedied) of isolation in the country parishes where there were great distances to be travelled, a rough-and-ready style of living (no proper cooking or housekeeping, unless there were Sisters in the place), and the danger of being left there so long that a man could not face a city parish after it all, giving rise to the expressive phrase, 'too long in the bush'.

I heard also about the missionary territories in the newer development of Western Australia itself, where there is a tremendous mining boom, reminiscent of the gold-rush days of the last century, except that the new 'gold' is uranium or nickel, while gold itself has actually dropped in value on the market! These mining settlements need priests badly, and I was interested to learn that a St. Kieran's man from Perth diocese, Fr. Jimmy Mullins, had volunteered for a period of such missionary service in the diocese of Geraldton, to the north. Geraldton, it may be added, is a vast missionary area, badly understaffed, appealing for priests from anywhere.

I discovered as well that the Church in Australia is part of a larger region known as Oceania: the vast area of the Pacific Ocean, dotted with islands, great and small, from Papua to Papeete. This is all missionary territory, and the Australian Church is becoming more and more conscious of its responsibilities to it.

While schools and schooling loom large in this Church's domestic planning, it must be said that the work put into them has borne fruit in many ways. Catholic education has still a lot to offer in a secularist society, and many Catholic schools, such as that at

Leederville, have long waiting lists. There are some splendid big schools in Perth, such as the Christian Brothers' College which has a striking modern chapel and beautiful surroundings. The Jesuits have a fine house of residence attached to the University of Perth, dedicated to St. Thomas More and adorned with a set of stained-glass windows designed by the Irish artist Richard King. Catholic boys and girls are entering the universities in Australia in ever greater numbers, and are getting into the higher professions, such as medicine and law.



Fathers Michael Byrne, Tom Gaine and Tom Phelan, outside Fr. Byrne's new church.

Church-building is, of course, part and parcel of this expanding Church in Perth, and I saw several of those built by St. Kieran's priests, past and present. I particularly admired the beautifully designed modern church of St. Cecilia in Floreat Park in which Fr. Peadar McCudden took such pride, and in which he is, appropriately, organist and choir-master, as well as pastor. In contrast there was the more traditional and spacious church of St. Bernadette, in

Fr. John Leech's parish of Glendalough (how evocative the names of these suburbs can be!), and the simpler, practical, new suburban churches built by Fr. Bob Healy and Fr. Michael Byrne—to mention but two of this type. It was something of a curiosity to find a relic of the old pioneer churches (a simple building with a corrugated iron roof), dedicated to St. Kieran in Osborne Park, with a large hoarding outside appealing for funds to build the new St. Kieran's!

Fellow Parishioners of Saint Kieran's
WE CAN MAKE THE DREAM COME TRUE FOR \$25,000
PER YEAR*

This is what we ~~can do~~

● REDUCE THE EXISTING DEBT (At present our Debt stands at \$50,000)	\$8000 per year
● PAY INTEREST ON BANK OVERDRAFTS	\$3500 " "
● PAY CHURCH EXPENSES	\$2500 " "
● PAY PRESBYTERY EXPENSES	\$ 400 " "
● PAY SCHOOL EXPENSES	\$ 600 " "
● START FUND FOR New Church	\$10,000 " "
	\$25,000 " "

* \$25,000 sounds a lot of money doesn't it? It's about \$500 per week. It is a fact that if each wage earner attending Mass at St. Kieran's each Sunday put \$1.00 in the envelope collection, we would easily raise more than this.

BEFORE A NEW CHURCH CAN BE STARTED WE WILL HAVE TO REDUCE OUR DEBT TO APPROXIMATELY \$20,000.

AT OUR PRESENT RATE OF CONTRIBUTION IT WOULD TAKE A LIFETIME TO DISPOSE OF THE DEBT BECAUSE AFTER PAYING CHURCH AND SCHOOL EXPENSES WE CAN BARELY PAY THE INTEREST CHARGES.

Furthermore we have allowed our Parish School to fall into shameful disrepair. (For the many improvements being made to the School at present, we owe a debt of sincere gratitude to a very small band of volunteers from the P. and F. Association.)

Make no mistake about it, our schools belong to us and it is the obligation of every member of Saint Kieran's Parish to share in paying for them.

I was taken through a cross-section of parochial and clerical life one day by Frs. J. J. Dwyer and Vincent O'Sullivan to see the Columban Fathers in Rivervale, where we sat in on a zone meeting of priests and listened to a discussion on the new formula for mixed marriages (a practical problem in this pluralist society). I learned a good deal too, about the working of parish councils, which were generally welcomed by priests in Perth, especially as they take the financial and business end of parish work off the priest's back. I heard about Fr. Dwyer's

forthcoming 'blitz' retreat in his parish in Kensington, whose church was built by an older St. Kieran's man, Fr. Ned Power, now retired.

I think it was on the same occasion, too, that we called upon a Yugoslavian priest named Fr. Choblich, in his presbytery, where I was shown several books in the Croatian liturgy, as well as a translation of the Jerusalem Bible, all published by a Communist press in Zagreb. Nearby I saw a Greek Orthodox Church being built—typical of the cosmopolitan, multi-racial, ecumenical character of this New Australia.

Though my time-table did not permit a visit to the 'bush', or country areas, I did get the feel of it from a fine old priest, Monsignor Langmead, retired pastor of Leederville, who had served in the gold-fields of Kalgoorlie, and from Fr. Tim Corcoran, a young St. Kieran's product, who arrived opportunely from Kalgoorlie itself, looking bronzed and fit, as well as from Fr. Tom Gaine who was ministering in a farming community inland. The latter testified eloquently to the strain of long-distance driving in his kind of mission and the desirability of heavier and more rugged cars for Australian conditions. Both men, incidentally, looked like the type most likely to succeed in those testing conditions of the 'bush'.

The suburban development of Perth was neatly charted for me in a swift round of visits, mostly conducted by the ever-obliging Fr. Gaine; to Fr. Michael Byrne in Karrinyup, where we saw his new church, school and presbytery, largely built by his own hands, on the edge of the city by the sea, and where we met his brother, Fr. Henry; to Father Tom Phelan's finely situated presbytery and school in an even newer area on the shores of the Indian Ocean; to Fr. Bob Healy's new church of Our Lady of Peace at Willagee and his presbytery where we all had tea in company with Fr. Michael Delehanty and Fr. Tim Corcoran.

Fr. Bob proved to be a mine of information on the building of churches, on the intricacies of parish finances, and on the new diocesan plan for priests' salaries and retirement funds—a topic I found to be as

urgent 'down under' as it was at home in Ireland just then.

Some fringe-visiting (if I may so style it) took me under the guidance of Fr. Tim Corcoran to see the Presentation Sisters at Iona Convent in the beautiful area of Mosman Park, where I met some Kilkenny nuns (Sisters Agnes Phelan, Josephine Murphy and Paul Quinn). Back again in the city we visited another community of nuns in the St. John of God convent and hospital at Subiaco.

It would be difficult to do justice to the hospitality of the Sisters, to the equipment of their hospital (the most modern in Australia, certainly), and to the work they are doing for people, priests and religious generally in Perth. Indeed, I gathered that Subiaco is a haven of rest and recreation for every priest in Western Australia, especially for those who fall ill. To round off this visiting day, there was supper at Monsignor Kennedy's presbytery next door, with the brothers, Frs. Jim and Tim Corcoran—a real Tipperary evening this!

It was symbolic in a way that my 'official' meeting with St. Kieran's priests of both Perth and Bunbury was held in the Stella Maris Seamen's Club at Fremantle, for it was at this port that so many pioneering priests from Ireland used formerly land after their long voyage from home. The Stella Maris club is run by an energetic young Vincentian priest named Fr. O'Shea, who looked after the party and acted as unofficial photographer. It was here that I met several priests whom I had not had time to visit in their parishes, amongst them Fr. Jimmy Mullins who flew down from his mission-parish in Geraldton for the occasion, as well as Fr. Tom Prendiville and Fr. William Costello (Bunbury). Fr. William Buckley, whom I had met earlier, was unable at the last moment to attend the gathering. There was concelebrated Mass and a festive supper (master-minded by Fr. Ned Kenny) which provided an opportunity for some oratory and for much more reminiscing about St. Kieran's, past and present.

Another official, but informal, occasion was a lunch with Archbishop Goody and the Cathedral priests at which I could detect

some of the passionate Australian interest in sport, this time in cricket—the first-ever Test (in Perth) was taking place just then. But behind the general interest in this event there was a serious undercurrent of ecclesiastical concern, and it was encouraging to see the sympathetic, open approach which the new Archbishop had to his priests and their problems.



Fathers Michael and Henry Byrne with Father Brennan at the dinner at Fremantle.

Before leaving Perth and in this same context, it is appropriate to mention the tributes paid by all, from the present Archbishop down, to the work and the personality of the late Bishop Rafferty whose early death in January 1962 was such a loss to his fellow St. Kieran's priests as well as to the diocese.

There are 24 priests from St. Kieran's College in the two dioceses of Perth and Bunbury; unfortunately, I did not meet all of them, owing to problems of time and distance, but I did get a lasting impression of a body of priests who are strong both in faith and in works; good pastors to their

people, and good friends to their fellow-priests; loyal to the College which trained them, and only concerned that more have not followed in their footsteps to this growing, dynamic and needy corner of the Church's mission-field.

ADELAIDE

The journey by air from Perth to Adelaide is over 1,000 miles; most of it is across a semi-desert region called appropriately the Nullarbor Plain—a frightful waste of brown earth, bush, and salt pans, whose bareness is strikingly offset by the dead straight line of road and rail that bisects it. The journey over this no-man's land and the subsequent landing at Adelaide, capital of South Australia, brought out an aspect of Australian life that is related to its physical features: its regionalism.

South Australia might well be another country in a different continent for all the interest it has in the West. They are cut off from one another geographically, politically and culturally, and only the comparatively recent development of air travel has brought them deceptively closer. I even detected some of this separateness and remoteness in the clerical world too: Adelaide men seemed to have a sense, on their part, of being forgotten or ignored, situated as they were between Sydney in the East and Perth in the West. They are, it is true, now only a small remnant (six in all), but they are, in the words of scripture, a faithful remnant.

Adelaide was never a convict settlement, though it has memories of several eminent felons, such as Gavan Duffy, John Boyle O'Reilly and John Mitchel, who spent some time there during their exile. Planned from the beginning as a colonial city by a Colonel Light, it is beautifully laid out with concentric green belts which surround the inner city-centre, and were meant originally to serve as defence areas against imagined attacks by the aborigines.

I had the opportunity of sampling both city and country during my brief stay in the archdiocese: the first in Monsignor Harry Skehan's parish of Edwardstown, the second in Fr. Tom Daly's parish of Riverton.

Monsignor Skehan's parish could have

been a bit of his beloved Co. Clare, so well did he run it with a judicious blend of discipline and kindness, reminiscent of any old-time Irish parish priest. The Church which he himself had got built may have been modern and liturgically correct, but the smartness of the altar boys, the punctuality of the services, and the general spirit of piety were of another and older order.

It was in this presbytery, incidentally, that I met an Australian deacon (from the Adelaide seminary) who was assisting the priests in their work, and an Australian assistant priest, who both formed what seemed to be an admirable team with their very Irish pastor-in-chief.

The seminary itself, I may add, is run by the Vincentian Fathers, and I was interested to learn, on a visit there, that it works in collaboration with its opposite number in Christ Church, New Zealand, including an exchange of Scripture professors on a half-yearly basis—typical of the kind of long-distance working that is necessary in this wide-spaced world of Australasia.

The get-together meal which we had in Adelaide was necessarily small in number, (Monsignor Skehan, Monsignor Brendan O'Sullivan, retired through ill-health, Fr. Tom Daly, Fr. Paddy Walsh, and Fr. Sean McGearty), but it was both enjoyable and informative in its lively and good-humoured comment on the clerical scene there.

Secular and regular clergy are about half-and-half in Adelaide, working in fine harmony with each other, as do the Irish and the Australians. The St. Kieran's group, now sadly depleted, is clearly well established in the diocese and well up with developments in the Church at large, but rather disappointed that the supply of priests from the home-country has dried up. The last one to go there from St. Kieran's was Fr. Sean McGearty, ordained in 1958.

Education is, once again, the great pre-occupation and problem of the parish clergy, especially since the nuns are being pulled out of many of their schools to launch motor missions for the country areas. It was in this connection that I first heard of the Josephite nuns, founded by Mary McKillop,

and of the splendid work they were doing for religion with their schools-on-wheels. I also heard about the Apostolate of the Street which was being used in Monsignor Skehan's parish ('dwardstown), for instance, to train parishioners to share responsibility for stricken neighbours, to do social work, to take a lead in public prayers, and so on. Then there was the project for teaching school-children to teach religion to other children (and perhaps to their own children later), in order to supplement the work of priests, nuns, and other regular teachers. All this reflects the anxiety of all concerned to counteract the effects of a completely secularized State system of education which only allowed a niggardly half-hour a week for religious instruction.

The journey to Riverton, with Fr. Tom Daly, was my first contact with the country or the 'bush' in Australia. Incidentally, the word 'bush' is misleading if it suggests a rough, scrub-like scene; here it was simply the open country or farm-land, dotted with the native eucalyptus or gum tree, with its many varieties and its many uses. The prevailing colour of the landscape was brown (this being the Summer time) and, on closer inspection, all those brown animals in the fields turned out to be sheep, covered with dust in the dry season.

Riverton is in the heart of farming country, with perhaps more tillage (wheat-growing mainly) than sheep or cattle. I gathered that farming was going through a difficult time, with prices for wool and wheat alike falling rapidly, and many of the young people leaving the land for the city. The problem for both priest and people in the Australian bush is isolation and its accompaniment of loneliness.

The quietness of the small town of Riverton was almost palpable as we walked around Fr. Daly's presbytery in the still, hot air, disturbed only by the chirping of crickets. Keeping cool is indeed one of the chief living problems in this kind of climate, and the house was built with a surrounding verandah, to keep out the fierce sunlight; it was also equipped with screens to keep out the mosquitoes. Yet, all the 'mod cons' of electricity, piped water, refrigeration, not to

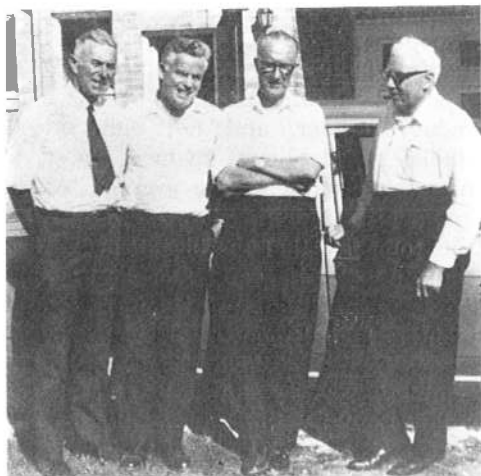
speak of telephone, radio and TV, have undoubtedly taken away a lot of the primitive hazards of living in this 'bush' country, and made the priest's lot much more tolerable.

Further out the country is Mallabee, Fr. Daly's out-church, where we drove next day on a tour of the parish. With its little cemetery dotted with Irish names, it might have been an Irish country parish, except for the shed snake-skins in the little gully outside, the dry, crisp grass like wire underfoot, and the burning heat.

Not far away from Riverton is one of the most famous areas in South Australia—the Barossa Valley, full of vineyards and wineries. Here we drove through a German settlement with neat gabled houses and a new Lutheran Church—a bit of Central Europe set down in the brown Australian landscape, the bright green of the vines providing a fresh and pleasing sight for tired eyes, and the local Kaiser-Stuhl winery dispensing another kind of refreshment free to all its visitors. Indeed, a favourite tourist attraction out there nowadays is the drive from Adelaide through the Barossa Valley via the pretty town of Lyndoch—another side of the new and developing Australia. We did this journey in reverse, as it happened, having been joined at the half-way point by Frs. Walsh and John O'Callaghan who had driven out from Adelaide for the day. It was a party enlivened by Fr. Daly's keen wit and by Fr. O'Callaghan's pungent comments on life in Australia, lay and clerical.

At this point it is appropriate to record a visit I paid — late one evening — to a lay past pupil of the College who is now living in Adelaide, happily married to an Australian girl, with a fine young family—Joe Brennan of Lisnafunchion, Co. Kilkenny. He and his family had just moved in to a new house in Ridgehaven on the outer edge of the city, typical of the spreading Australian suburbs everywhere, with its modern shopping centre and its picturesque local name of Tea Tree Gully.

I owe it to Fr. Paddy Walsh, who piloted me to Ridgehaven that evening, to mention his own parish and church of St. Peter's which I also visited, and to remember his



Fathers John O'Callaghan, Tom Daly and Paddy Walsh with an Australian colleague (second from left), all of the diocese of Adelaide.

predecessor in the parish, Fr. James Kelly of Irishtown, Kilkenny, commemorated now in one of the side-chapels of the church he had built himself.

There was an informal call one day to Monsignor Skehan's house by Archbishop Beovich, who spoke feelingly of some of the past St. Kieran's men who had died in Adelaide—Fr. James Kelly, Fr. Michael Dempsey of Ballyhale (the swagman's friend), and Fr. Ned Griffith, that stalwart man from Mayo who died suddenly at River-ton in September 1968.

Finally, there was a rendezvous with Fr. Sean McGearty, who introduced me to his own parish of St. Therese and to his veteran parish priest, before giving me an entertaining run around Adelaide, its famous 'Square Mile' centre, its green belts, its gardens, and its two municipal golf courses—a gracious and spacious city in which to live.

As a postscript to this visit to Adelaide and to its priests, I should like to recall some of the men from St. Kieran's who had died there and whose good work was still remembered: in the more remote past Archbishop O'Reilly (1895); in the recent past, Fr. Mark Delehanty (died 1927), Fr. Dominic Sparks (died 1934), Fr. Richard Farrelly (died 1955), Fr. James Aylward (died 1955,

after his Golden Jubilee), Fr. E. O'Connell (died 1955), and Fr. Andrew Davoren (died 1965), as well as the others already mentioned.

MELBOURNE

After Adelaide, Melbourne, a still larger city, said to be as big in area as London—beautifully laid out and finely built—where I spent Christmas with Irish friends, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Heney, who live in the pleasant, leafy suburb of East Kew. This was a restful interlude of lay life, for a change, but with plenty of informed comment on clerical life and on the Church in Melbourne.

It was also Christmas, and it was an experience in itself to celebrate the feast in a temperature of 95 degrees and over. Apart from the religious celebration, indeed, there is an air of unreality about the whole thing. I said Mass in the delightful Franciscan retreat house of La Verna, while the birds were singing outside in the drowsy heat of the morning, and spent the rest of the day trying to cope with the mounting heat and humidity. Since this was the summer holiday season in any case, most people had sensibly headed for the beaches.

There were some signs of the traditional (northern) Christmas: the annual festival of carols in the open-air Music Bowl in Melbourne's central park, which had rather the atmosphere of a carnival than of a religious event; the conventional Santa Claus figures with reindeer adorning the shopping centres; the Christmas dinner, prudently postponed till night-time because of the heat. But, to remind us that we were now in Australia, we were being watched from the window by a long-tailed possum with big mournful eyes as we sat at the table. Yes—Christmas in the southern hemisphere is different, and Irish people there will confess that they have never quite got used to it.

The shadow of Dr. Mannix still lingers over this archdiocese, and most conversations about things ecclesiastical inevitably turn to his name, his personality, and his wit, about which there are many anecdotes. The present Archbishop, Dr. Knox, is a quieter

figure, with Kilkenny and Waterford connections, whom I was unfortunately unable to see, owing to his busy Christmas schedule.

There is now only one St. Kieran's priest in Melbourne, Fr. James Shorten, whom I visited briefly in his office in the suburban parish of St. Joseph's, Springvale—a busy figure in shirt-sleeves trying to get the measure of his new parish, while coping with the enervating temperature (90 and upward).

SYDNEY

The short flight from Melbourne to Sydney disguises the distance between them and the change in character from one state (Victoria) to another (New South Wales). In N.S.W. the landscape is more varied, with its great rivers, its lush green pastureland, and the picturesque Blue Mountains that form a scenic backdrop to Sydney.

Sydney itself is different, too. It has, of course, its incomparable setting on the many-armed harbour, its spacious red-roofed, hilly suburbs; it has also many impressive skyscrapers, which give it an upward thrust. It has the famous bridge, like a sort of triumphal arch over the inner harbour, and more recent Opera House, whose design (a cluster of white sails, or of nuns' veils?), whose construction and whose cost are the subject of heated controversy down there.

Like many modern cities, it looks better by night than by day, and I was struck by one tall building in particular which was like a gigantic thermos flask with a glowing cap of light—locally known as the 'Gazebo'.

In the heart of the city, on a splendid site (once a rubbish dump!) fronted by a pleasant green park, stands St. Mary's Cathedral, with the two imposing statues of Cardinal Moran and of Archbishop Kelly guarding the entrance. This is the focal point of Catholic Sydney—an archdiocese to which priests, Sisters and Brothers from Ossory have contributed so much.

It was in this cathedral that the Pope celebrated Mass with the Australian priesthood in attendance during his memorable visit to Sydney, and those who were present still speak with something like awe about the experience they shared, and especially about

the mighty **Credo** of this Mass which became the expression of a staunch, unshakeable, embattled faith.

The Pope's visit had clearly made a tremendous impact, and not only on the Catholic population of Sydney. Sport, the consuming interest of the average 'Aussie', even gave way for the duration, and it was fitting somehow that the biggest event of all—the outdoor Mass and reception—should have been held on a Sydney racecourse. Dissenters and demonstrators were roundly dealt with, and the Pope was given the kind of public reception formerly reserved for royalty (English). But it was still a Catholic event, and it was in its morale-boosting effect on Catholics that it must be assessed. No one that I met had any doubt about its success.

Since much of my time in Sydney itself was divided fairly equally between the older city parish of St. Anne's, Bondi Beach, with Fr. Pat Cunningham, and the far-out suburb of Baulkham Hills, with Fr. Sean Kelly, I was able to see a fair cross-section of parish life and work in this city.

Fr. Cunningham's presbytery is situated almost on the celebrated Bondi Beach, where the profane and the sacred meet in his parish, so to speak, and where sharks, both real and figurative, are regular hazards. The parish is typical of the older type in Sydney. It has about 4,500 Catholics in it, but this number goes up in the Summer. Like so many parishes in Australia generally, it has a steady core, with a constantly shifting element, as some move out to the newer suburbs and others replace them. It has one church (a fine, old-style building with a tall spire, containing the shrine of St. Anne), served by two priests who live next-door, one convent (Sisters of Mercy from Parramatta, originally from Callan), one primary school (run by the Sisters), and one boys' school (run by the Christian Brothers). There is one curate or assistant, but a Franciscan priest supplies some of the Sunday Masses, of which there are six in all.

Mention of Parramatta recalls that it was one of the oldest Catholic parishes in Sydney, but is now a changing suburb, with a highway running through it, a giant



Sydney Harbour Bridge with the new Opera House.

shopping centre, and the largest used-car lots I have seen anywhere. However, the big convent and church of the Sisters of Mercy is still a landmark and a monument to the Sisters from Callan who contributed so much to the building up of the Church in Sydney. I cannot leave the subject of these Sisters without mentioning the gentle Sister Philip (Malone) from Kilmogar, whom I met each morning after Mass in their convent at St. Anne's in Bondi—a willing exile for Christ, whose heart was, however, in her native place.

Fr. Kelly's parish of Our Lady of Lourdes by contrast, is one of the new (1970) rapidly developing ones on the edge of Sydney, in the pleasant district of Baulkham Hills, with its wooded setting and its nature reserva-

tion where one can see koala bears, kangaroos and emus in their native state.

Fr. Kelly's church doubles as a school, but he had just begun the building of a new school, which has since been completed. New houses were springing up in the area almost every day, new sites were being levelled and prepared for more houses. This is the kind of work, incidentally, which many of our Irish emigrants take up, for a beginning, at any rate. I met one of these, newly arrived—Tom Bowden, from my own parish at home, by coincidence. He had just been married to an Irish girl by Fr. Kelly; the wedding was in a place called Kellyville; and the photographer's name was Kelly! I gathered from Tom's experience to date that there was big money to be earned all right,

but that one has to work hard for it, and then to hold on to one's money by carefully avoiding those twin vices of Australian manhood—drinking and gambling.

It was under Fr. Kelly's intelligent guidance and in the company of a local historian, Fr. Roger Wynne, that I went on a scenic drive inland towards the Blue Mountains, taking in the picturesquely situated but rather remote seminary at Riverwood, founded by Cardinal Moran in 1909 (and since enlarged) to cater for philosophy students, before they go on to the theological seminary at Manly. This seminary, in its sylvan setting, is built in the Italian style, with a cortile and a campanile, all in pink stone with red roofing. The whole place was in striking contrast to the other seminary at Manly, with its massive, austere, square structure, its sombre halls and corridors, rather reminiscent of Maynooth College.

The trip took us through the pretty town of Penrith, the gateway to the Blue Mountains, where we visited the grave of Fr. John Fitzpatrick (a fellow parishioner) who died there and whose simple headstone looks over the incomparable stretch of country back towards Sydney and the coast. Penrith has a beautiful new circular church, which is part of Fr. Fitzpatrick's legacy to his parish.

The whole journey was enlivened by the knowledgeable, often salty discourse of Fr. Wynne, as well as the perceptive comments of Fr. Kelly, on the Catholic Church in Sydney and its history. I heard much about Cardinal Moran and his somewhat stormy episcopate, about the sensational divorce case involving his Vicar-General (acquitted) and about the mysterious clerical character known as 'Zero' who was both character and chronicler in it. It was interesting to speculate on the fierce antagonisms which the pioneering efforts of those days generated amongst the strong personalities of the early Australian Church.

Amongst the many St. Kieran's priests whose names are worthily inscribed in the records of Sydney were Fr. William Hayden (later Bishop of Hobart), his brother Thomas (President of Manly College); Fr. Patrick Birch (Dean of Sydney), Fr. Coonan

(P.P. Forest Lodge, and V.G.); Fr. Phelan of Ballyragget (P.P. Lewisham); Fr. Loneragan of Callan (P.P. Campsie); Fr. Matt Hogan (P.P. Dulwich Hill); Fr. John McDonald (P.P. Manly); Fr. Joseph Wall (P.P. Balgowlah); Frs. John and Michael Sherin, who went out with Cardinal Moran; Fr. Joseph Breen; Fr. John Fitzpatrick (P.P. Penrith).

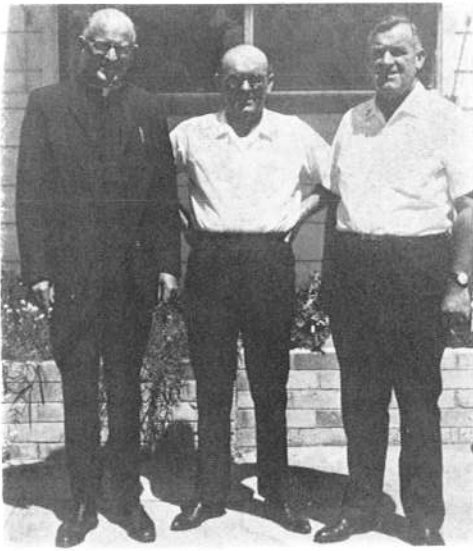
MAITLAND

We shall return to Sydney, but meanwhile there was the expedition up the east coast to visit the dioceses of Maitland and Lismore. I made the first part of this journey by the new highway with Fr. Kelly again at the wheel. One has to become used to distance in Australia, and to long car journeys, but the sight of two hopeful hitch-hikers holding up a card with 'Cairns' written on it was a reminder of how big this country really is, for Cairns is in North Queensland, over 1000 miles distant along that coastal highway.

The city and suburban centre of the diocese of Maitland is a kind of industrial complex on the coast of New South Wales, identified by such old-country names as Newcastle, Swansea, Gateshead and Stockton. The scene and the atmosphere might be Tyneside—but Tyneside in technicolour. Newcastle is a big, thriving city containing two large steel works, with their accompanying pall of smoke; but this is where Australia breaks in, with the red-roofed suburbs, the beaches almost at the city-centre, the bright sunshine on the glittering water.

Swansea, where I stayed with Fr. Jim Hughes, and Toronto, where we had a gathering in Fr. Dermot Heffernan's house, are on opposite sides of Lake McQuarrie; its waters blue, green, violet by turn; its surface dotted with sails, its shores ringed by pretty residences. In fact, as well as in appearance, this is holiday-land, as is the whole Pacific coast with its splendid beaches and its spectacular surf.

Staying with Fr. Hughes, and talking far into the night, I came to appreciate better the way in which his parish is developing.



Fathers Jim Brennan and Jim Hughes, Maitland, with Father Ned Galavan, Lismore.

With the ocean on one side and the lake on the other, his presbytery, church and school are right in the path of development. Swansea will double itself in a few years, he reckons, and houses were popping up like mushrooms on the coast side. His parish needs a new church and presbytery, but he must wait until the area has been fully opened up, for building has to be planned to fit in with new developments (e.g. roads).

The parish of St. Patrick's, Swansea, has a Catholic population of 960 which is temporarily increased during the summer season every year. It has one church and one Catholic primary school run by the Sisters of St. Joseph (the Black Josephites, to distinguish them from the Brown Josephites, who broke away at one time from the original congregation). There are five State primary schools and one State High school (secondary) in the area. It was obvious that Fr. Hughes had put a lot of thought and work into the convent building and its grounds—vital for the well-being of the Sisters, vital for the survival of his school.

He was both informative and incisive on Catholic involvement in the great Labour debate and split in the early decades, on the

growth of the Democratic Labour Party and on the career of Mr. B. A. Santamaria of Melbourne who had founded the famous 'Movement' for Catholic Social Study in 1945 (really to fight Communism), and who has played a considerable part in the D.L.P. in more recent times. It was a valuable insight into the tensions, the divisions and the controversy which threatened to split the Church itself in Australia in the fifties.

Some of this conversation took place in transit for there was always the problem of getting to see as many people and places as possible in a short stay. With Fr. Hughes and others in the company I managed in one afternoon to visit the Mater Hospital in Newcastle, where we found that the chaplain, Fr. Anthony Brady, was also a temporary patient, and to call on the bishop, Dr. Tuohy, who was very appreciative of the work done by the priests from St. Kieran's, both past and present, in his diocese.

From the past there were the names of Bishop Dwyer (whose father had taught in a hedge-school in Windgap, and in St. Mary's, Kilkenny), first Australian-born bishop of Maitland, as well as Frs. Walsh (Dungarvan, Co. Kilkenny), Costello (Kilkenny), O'Donnell (Gowran), Kehoe (Muckalee) and Mons. O'Gorman (Gal-moy).

The set-piece of my visit to Maitland was the dinner given by Fr. Dermot Heffernan at his presbytery in Toronto—an annual New Year event, I gathered—where there were St. Kieran's men from near and far, with a few 'outsiders' from Waterford and Thurles who proved to be very much at home in this family gathering. To say that eloquence flowed even more freely than wine is the only way to describe a meal at which there were twenty-six speeches for the thirteen people present, and over which our host presided with both enthusiasm and eloquence. After the meal there was a nostalgic sing-song, from which I like to recall how Fr. John Delaney played 'The Coulin' on his flute (an instrument in which he has been professionally trained since going to Australia). There were interludes for conversation enlivened by the vast country lore of Fr. Phil Purcell, or the drollery of



Group of priests from Maitland, Lismore and Sydney after dinner at Father Dermot Heffernan's presbytery at Toronto.

Fr. Jim Brennan, not to mention the many other conversations, over which the ever-hospitable spirit of Fr. Heffernan seemed to hover at all times. Fr. Purcell and Fr. Delaney had come in from the 'bush'—cow country and sheep country—and were full of interesting comments on their farming communities. It was there, too, that I met Fr. Tommy Lynam and heard about his new church, which has since been completed and finally blessed, as well as Fr. Ned Troy who had just been promoted to a new and bigger parish.

LISMORE

There was a visitor from the neighbouring diocese of Lismore there, too, Fr. Ned

Galavan, who now took me over for the long drive (270 miles) northwards to his diocese and to his own parish of Bellingen. This was a scenic trip, up the Pacific Highway, past lush green meadowland speckled with dun-coloured cows and cattle, past forests of gum-trees, across creeks with strange names (such as Passion Fruit Creek), over the broad Manning River which flows through the town of Taree to the ocean, by more pasture and ploughland to the beckoning range of blue-tinted hills ahead.

There, under the shadow of those hills, in a beautiful wooded setting, was the small country town of Bellingen and the parish of St. Joseph's—a peaceful, pastoral, prosperous scene. I was not surprised to hear that this whole region contained some of the best farming land in Australia—cow-country in

the main, with a rich alluvial soil, well-watered, sheltered by trees, and backed by the wooded hills. It is, incidentally, a favourite haunt of landscape painters.

The town itself has an atmosphere of quiet prosperity, with pleasant, tree-shaded streets, and a fine old-fashioned Catholic church, round which the congregation gathered (Irish-style) before and after Mass every Sunday, to chat to one another and to meet their genial parish priest. As I said one of the Masses for him that Sunday I felt we might well have been in Fr. Galavan's native parish of The Rower on any Sunday morning—except for the burning heat. A seasonal note: the congregation just then (January 1st) was smaller because of the Summer holidays and the heat which had driven most people to the beaches from an early hour. The seasonal movement seems to work in reverse with the neighbouring convent, where many of the Sisters had gathered from other outlying houses for their annual holidays.

As it happened, I met four nuns from the vicinity of Cullohill (Sisters Oliver Molloy, Stephen Begadon, Aidan and Kieran Kenny), holidaying in the convent at Dorrig, where I was taken one day by my ever-ready host to see another St. Kieran's man, Fr. Ned Crowley of Mooncoin. The drive itself was another 'spectacular': up a twisting, rising, corkscrew road, past waterfalls, through forests, round hair-raising bends, to emerge 2000 feet higher in the cooler upland country of Dorrig. It is a country of legends, typical of the pioneering days, such as the one Fr. Galavan told me (no doubt to take my mind of the drop alongside!) about Hayden the Cedar King who disappeared in this country while looking for new timber, and was never found.

It would be impossible to record all the conversation we had in Bellingen, especially when the neighbouring St. Kieran's men (Frs. Tom McEvoy, Willie O'Brien and Ned Crowley) gathered in for a meal or a drink. I was impressed by the 'feel' which these priests had got of the country and of the people around them, with their pastoral concern, and with their shrewd assessment of pastoral problems.

I learned that there were many people with Irish names in this country, especially out on the farms, and that most of these were Catholics. I was told the requirements for a good sheep-shearer: light in the head and strong in the back! I heard of the vast wheat-farms inland (3000-4000 acres each) of droughts and bad harvests and bush-fires, of staggering losses in sheep and cattle which are the normal hazards of Australian farming—all part of a background with which the pastor of souls must also reckon.

As a special Australian country treat I was 'serenaded' early one morning in Bellingen by a pair of those amazing birds called Kookaburras or laughing-jackasses, whose raucous laughter sounded faintly derisive, almost tipsy, and unbelievably human.

At the edge of the diocese, on the Pacific coast, we had another fraternal gathering in Fr. Tom McEvoy's presbytery in the pleasant resort of Coff's Harbour. This was holiday-land, the beaches and the rolling surf only a stone's throw away, a soaring summer population, motels and boatels everywhere. If farming was the background to our earlier meetings, it was now the golden coast, the beach, the surf, the crowds of sun-worshippers. Nearby, and reminding one that this area was close to tropical Queensland, there was a huge banana-plantation, which displayed what was claimed to be the world's largest banana.

It was here that I saw some of the aborigines and their 'villages' of shacks on the outskirts of the town. The aborigines in Australia present much the same problem as our itinerants at home in Ireland: long neglected, underprivileged, despised, now the object of a sympathetic campaign for their social betterment—but somehow intractable, improvident and frequently inebriated. Nevertheless, much has been done for them, and much more will be done in the present climate of social awareness.

The most northerly point of my tour was the town of Coraki, still in the diocese of Lismore, which is largely a long, narrow coastal strip. This entailed a drive of about 150 miles which my excellent driver, Fr. Ned Crowley, did in his trusty Holden on the very good time of three hours (actual

driving). It was another memorable journey, through splendid open farmland, through forests green (with warning signs of 'Kangaroo'!) and forests black where the dreaded bush-fires had raged and had left thousands of tree stumps like burnt-out matches, across narrow wooden bridges over numerous creeks, with the ocean away to the right, and to the left the great Dividing Range, blue on the distance, beyond which lay the wheat-growing table-lands, and beyond which again lay the 'Outback'—Australia's vast desert interior.

At Coraki there was a small group—Fr. Dan Troy, the parish priest, Fr. Frank O'Gorman (then in charge of Missions) and Fr. Denis Mullins, who arrived in from the country armed with two hurleys which he produced from the boot of his car at the strategic moment when photographs were being taken. In the prevailing temperature of over 80 degrees none of us felt like doing anything else with those sticks!

After lunch in Fr. Troy's old presbytery,



Fathers Frank O'Gorman, Dan Troy and Denis Mullins at Coraki.

we inspected his new one which was just then being built, and the church beside it, of good, solid, traditional design. All these priests showed a spirit of enthusiasm for their work and their priesthood which was very impressive—this combined with a pastoral expertise which seemed capable of tackling any kind of problem.

The farther north I went up this coast the hotter it was getting, and the more pronounced the emphasis on holiday-making, on the cult of beach and sea. This was, in fact, the peak-period of work for priests in those areas, owing to the big influx of visitors, and it turned out to be a bad time for a visitation such as mine. Several priests (like Fr. Tony Hoade, who could not make it to Coraki) were just too tied up to come to any gathering. This was true especially of priests in Brisbane, Rockhampton and Cairns further north. One of them considerably wrote to advise me against making the trip northwards to these places, with the temperature in the hundreds and rising steadily.

So, Coraki was a turning-point, and from it we made the return journey at a more leisurely pace, taking a short rest in the pretty, tree-lined town of Grafton where we called to the presbytery and enjoyed that universal feature of clerical hospitality 'down under', the 'open house' where one walks in and helps oneself to a cooling drink from the refrigerator even if no one is about. Here again there was clearly visible a fine spirit of camaraderie or mateship between Irish and 'Aussie', as we found when we met the Administrator himself after his siesta.

After parting with my two resourceful and ready hosts, Frs. Galavan and Crowley, I paid a brief visit to Fr. Willie O'Brien in his parish at Macksville, where we reviewed another field of clerical life in which he himself had been active—religious education in the schools. I found that a new programme had been worked out and a new set of textbooks had just been prepared, to replace the Australian Catechism which had proved too expensive in any case.

Before leaving Lismore, I must not forget to mention some of the great men of the past whose praises were sung to me by the

present generation: the pioneer priests, Fr. Brian Scott and Fr. Charles Cullen both sent out on loan, both electing to remain—Fr. Cullen after an interval teaching in St. Kieran's College—both big names still out there. Next after them was Fr. Tom McEvoy, happily presiding over his well-equipped parish at Coff's Harbour (from which he has since been changed to Kingscliffe).

As a sample of rail travel in Australia I hope the night-train I took from Macksville to Sydney was not typical. Their airways down there are amongst the best in the world but this train was strictly Edwardian, if not Victorian in style and pace!

FAREWELL TO AUSTRALIA

Back in Sydney, there was a final round of visits to some of the priests from St. Kieran's who are ministering there: Fr. Pat Kerwick, struggling against ill health, but indomitably cheerful, his heart still in Callan; Fr. Dick Funcheon, also of Callan, quiet, sincere, perceptive; Fr. William Heffernan, full of crackling comments, refusing to hear of retirement; Monsignor James Delaney in his parish of Rose Bay, one of the choicest suburbs in Sydney.

Next came a refreshing day out with Fr. Pat Cunningham and Fr. Kelly on Sydney's unique Catholic Golf Club, St. Michael's, on the shores of the Pacific, with Botany Bay to the south—an evocative scene in which to relax, as well as to recall the grim past when our Irish fellows landed here to found the colony that has since become Sydney.

Nearer to the heart of Sydney there is another reminder of the past, also looking over the Pacific: the cemetery with its striking monument (a Celtic Cross) set over the grave of Michael Dwyer and his wife, engraved also with the names of all the other dead Irish patriots from 1798 to 1916.

I owe it to Fr. Cunningham's tireless guidance that I saw so much of Sydney in so short a time: negotiating the intricate free-way over the great bridge to get to Manly on the far side and to see Taronga Zoo,

with its unique Australian animals and birds; visiting Monsignor Madden, former President of Manly college, who spoke of the death of that great Irish-Australian biblical scholar, Fr. William Leonard; finally calling on Cardinal Gilroy, who had himself visited St. Kieran's in the past and who



Group at Father Cunningham's presbytery in Sydney.

spoke very simply and tellingly about the importance of prayer and spiritual training in the seminary to-day.

There was a last gathering of St. Kieran's alumni, appropriately at the hospitable table of Fr. Cunningham, where reminiscences flowed and yarns were swapped of older days and older personalities in the College. Frs. Funcheon and Kelly were there; Frs. John Delaney and Jim Brennan, down from Maitland on a short holiday trip; and Monsignor James Sheahan from the diocese of Bathurst, a venerable and loyal son of St. Kieran's who had made the long trip, driven by his Australian curate, to enquire very anxiously if the College was going to continue as it was in this unsettled age. He told us that about one-third of his population are Catholics, many of them descendants of Irish farmers.

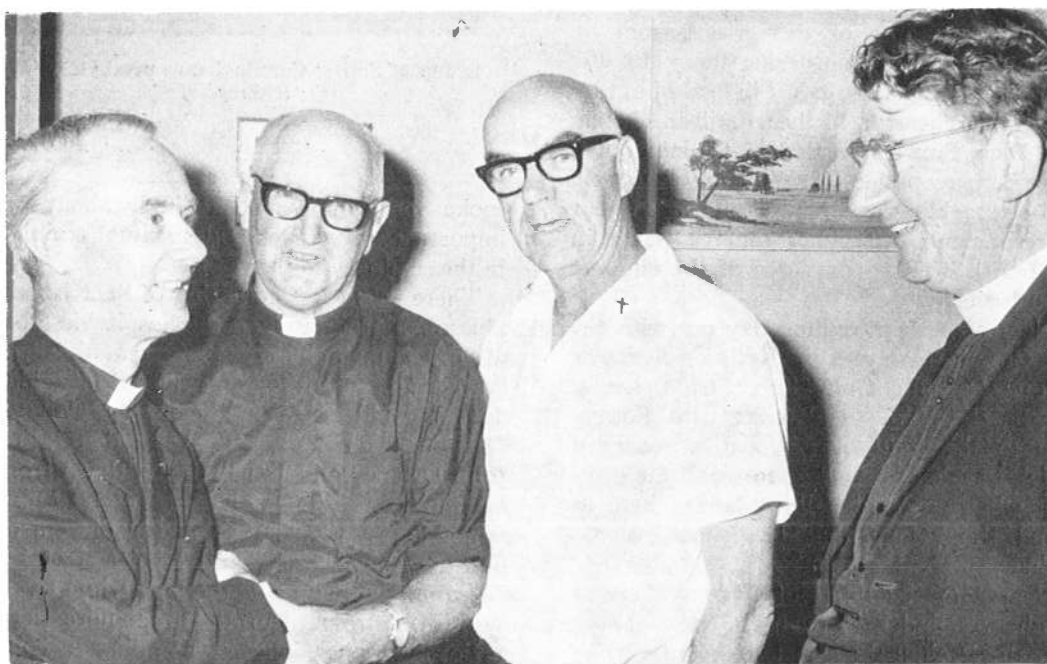
The only other St. Kieran's priest in Bathurst, Fr. John Cass, was just then on holidays in Ireland.

He spoke of Fr. John Grant, who had founded Bathurst Cathedral, and of other St.

Kieran's priests who had helped to build up that diocese. His own quiet, unassuming presence, complete with Pioneer Pin, seemed somehow to epitomize all those dedicated priests who have written the name of their College into the records of the Church in Australia.

What of that Church today? Where does it stand in the new Australia, in post-conciliar Catholicism 'down under'? In a minority, certainly; somewhat embattled

still by the prevailing irreligion, handicapped by a system of secular education; chronically in need of money; short of vocations; yet, confident, dynamic, forward-looking, missionary-minded. Strongly based on traditional Irish Catholicism, the Church there is now beginning to transcend its origins and to examine its role in the larger world of the Pacific; but it owes a lot to its Irish priests and it still needs them.



Fr. Brennan getting the low-down on life down under from Fathers M. Hanrahan (Thurles, 1935), John Delaney and Phil Purcell.

NEW ZEALAND

It was with a feeling almost of leaving home that I took flight from Sydney on January 7th for New Zealand. The landing at Christ Church in the South Island, out of a low cloud, in cold rain, was curiously like a return to Ireland. It also accentuated the change one senses in passing from Australia to New Zealand. Near as they may appear to each other on the map, part as it would seem of one great British colonial complex, they are instead quite separate and different from each other. It is not merely a question of size, though New Zealand is much smaller and nearer to our own scale; nor of climate, though New Zealand has a more temperate one; nor of landscape, through New Zealand is predominantly green while Australia is brown. It is rather a cultural difference: where Australia suggests the influence of America, New Zealand is unmistakably British; where Australia is busy, bustling and booming, New Zealand looks leisurely, pastoral, and peaceful; where Australia is bright and brash, New Zealand is somehow quieter, and more genteel. As an indication of styles and standards of living, it might be worth comparing cars in both countries: in Australia the latest models of every make; in New Zealand a predominance of British models many of them long out-of-date but still running. One thing New Zealand has, however, over Australia: its own native Maori culture which has survived in a way that the Australian aboriginal culture has not.

This is a country, north and south, where the farming background and the farming tradition are the dominant features; where even the cities are only over-grown country towns; where horses and sheep and cattle are part of everybody's life, either in work or in play. It is a country of great natural beauty and startling variety, from the alps and glaciers of the South Island to the volcanoes and hot springs of the North.

My guide to Christ Church was the latest St. Kieran's priest to go to New Zealand—Fr. Gerald Kelly of the 1968 class. By coincidence he was assistant to the oldest St.

Kieran's priest in the diocese, Fr. Patrick Joyce of Urlingford, just then contemplating retirement after a long and active ministry. By a happy chance, too, Fr. Kelly was able to take me straight away to visit a family of cousins whom I thus met for the first



Father Paddy Joyce of Christ Church, outside his church and presbytery.

time and with whom I shared my first meal in New Zealand.

In the Cathedral presbytery where I stayed I encountered the wider Pacific world in the persons of the gentle Samoan nuns who looked after the house. I met a young New Zealand priest, newly ordained, who explained their system of having ordinations in July and of finishing the year with a pastoral course in the seminary (run by the Vincentians in collaboration with their Australian seminary in Adelaide.)

Christ Church has a beautiful setting on the quiet Avon river, a picturesque square with a statue of Scott of the Antarctic, a

fine Anglican cathedral in the English style and a Catholic one in the Italian style, shops with covered verandahs, all backed by the hills and the coast to the east. Located appropriately on the edge of the Canterbury Plains, it could be any city in Southern England.

Bishop Ashbee—young, easy, informal—was appreciative of the work being done by his priests, optimistic about the future (even about the supply of priests) and strongly missionary-minded. I was reminded of the wide horizons of the Church ‘down under’ by the presence of Fijian Sisters in his own house, like the Samoans I had met in the Cathedral presbytery. He told me that some of his own priests had recently volunteered for the missions both in the Pacific islands and in Peru.

It would, in any circumstances, have been an adventure to go by car across the South Island, over the Southern Alps by way of Arthur’s Pass (3000 feet up), down to the west coast, but it was also an education when done in the company of Fr. Bill Costigan, who took Fr. Kelly and myself by this route to visit his own parish of Hokitika. It was a breath-taking journey, first through the flat, fertile Canterbury Plains, then up and over the rising ridges into the great empty mountain regions, through sandy river valleys, over the high road to the pass, giving us glimpses of glaciers further south. down the dizzy winding road on the far side of the pass, past ghost-towns where old timber or mining projects had been and gone—till we came to Hokitika on the shores of the Tasman Sea.

Hokitika is itself something of a ghost-town, its harbour damaged by an earthquake, its shop-fronts with their verandahs, its hotels with their wrought-iron balconies, looking for all the world like a typical set for a Western film. It is set down by a beach which has no surf and which shelves sharply into the ocean, a beach littered with pieces of driftwood in fantastic shapes which give it a curiously eerie atmosphere of shipwreck and disaster.

If the place gives the impression of having been left behind by events, there is nothing of this about its dynamic pastor. Fr. Cos-

tigan presides over this parish with energy and enterprise. His problems include the building of a presbytery and the re-decoration of his large, Italian-style church. He has successfully organised a planned or pledged giving scheme to meet these costs as well as the ordinary running expenses of the parish. The old presbytery is a rambling wooden structure (typical of a country where earthquakes are a real hazard), open to all comers, as is the custom down there.



Father Costigan, with his trusty car, and church at Hokitika in the background.

Recrossing the range, again driven by Fr. Costigan, who told me that he has to do this hazardous trip regularly on official and business trips to Christ Church, we visited a former Cork Hurler, Fr. Joe Kelly, in his parish, and later met Fr. Tom O'Donnell of the southerly parish of Geraldine, about half-way to Dunedin (where there was a former St. Kieran's man as bishop, Dr. James Whyte).

The nearest I got to this country was a pleasant scenic drive to the coast at Lyttleton with its fjord-like harbour and its pretty houses climbing the hills around it, to see a remarkable new church built by another St. Kieran's priest, Fr. Owen Gallagher, who had recently retired to his native land.

It was rewarding to discover that some of my aforesaid cousins were active parishioners of Fr. Kelly's, and we had a clerical gathering in their house as a sort of farewell party before I left for the North Island.

WELLINGTON

A short flight in a smaller, prop-jet plane brought me to Wellington and to a new clerical rendezvous. In striking contrast to the flat, featureless lay-out of Christ Church, Wellington is splendidly built on its fine harbour and the surrounding hills, its houses clustered colourfully on their tops, shining in the sun, swept by the freshness of sea-breezes—it is not called the Windy City for nothing.

Collected at the airport by Frs. Willie Clancy and Kieran Rice, I was whisked straightaway to meet that grand old Irish priest of the diocese, Fr. Michael Brennan (classical scholar, harpist, Gaelic enthusiast), and then to a festive gathering in the nearby White Heron Inn for an 'agape' (he will like the Greek word) over which Fr. Michael presided with glee and graciousness.

Practically everyone in the party adjourned afterwards to the hospitable Capuchin House where we were the guests of Fr. Eustace and his little community, and where conversation ran the gamut of Irish politics, hurling (with Fr. Clancy and Fr. Henebry of Mooncoin), football (with Fr. Short of Co. Down), and religion, till we had to call it a day, well after midnight. I found a keen interest in Irish politics amongst these men, and an eagerness to get some first-hand information to offset the fragmentary and biased news which was all they got in New Zealand.

Wellington archdiocese has an unusual feature in that part of it is in the South Island, across the narrow waters of Cook Strait, and this means that some of the priests there can be isolated from the main

body for a time. It is also the see of Cardinal McKeefrey, whose tall, formidable figure has often been seen in St. Kieran's. We had lunch in his house and found him to be as alert as ever, very much in touch with his priests, and very kind to his Irish ones in particular.

After a brief call to the Sisters of the Assumption, on the northern shores of Wellington harbour, to visit Fr. Rice's sister and her community, we set out on our way northwards, over the mountain roads, to visit the parish of Masterton and its parish priest, Monsignor Nicholas Moore, of Kilmoganny, eighty-five years of age, still very active, and already something of a legend in his own life-time. A great entertainer, but at heart a simple priest of solid piety, who never misses his Rosary and his Stations of the Cross, he was obviously an inspiration and a sort of father-figure to the younger St. Kieran's priests in the diocese. To hear him recall his pioneering days in the country was to appreciate the heroic work those early priests accomplished: he told us, at supper in his house that evening, of how he had once ridden 130 miles in 27 hours, using two horses, to make a sick call. He had many stories, too, of the older priests from Ossory: Fr. James Bowe (who owned a racehorse called after his native Gathabawn), Fr. Paddy Dore of Kilkenny, Frs. John and Tom McKenna of Windgap, Frs. Ned Sweeney, Austin Doherty, Ned Bergin, and Monsignor Kelly, who had all worked in the diocese.

It seemed altogether appropriate that this youthful octogenarian should let himself be persuaded by the younger men present to join us for the long night-drive across country to Fr. Rice's parish, piloted as before by Fr. Clancy. Regaling us with stories, breaking off to recite the Rosary en route, still on his feet when we arrived after midnight, he was first up in the morning for Mass in Fr. Rice's little church (since replaced by a new one).

In holiday mood, and joined by the two Fathers Cooke, Walter and Pat, we played golf next day on the neighbouring course of Rangitikei, in burning heat which weighed least of all on our oldest member, who is reputed, incidentally, to be able to go round



Monsignor Nicholas Moore with Fathers Willie Clancy, Walter Cooke, Kieran Rice and Patrick Cooke, with Father Rice's old church in the background.

the course in figures under his own age. At this point we parted with Fr. Clancy, whose parish of Wanganui I had not been able to visit, but whose quiet, unobtrusive dedication to his work was obvious, and we headed across country again (west to east this time) to visit the Cistercian monastery of the Southern Cross at Kopua, on Hawke's Bay. This trip brought us through some of the finest farming country in New Zealand, not at all unlike that central stretch of Co. Kilkenny, adjacent to Kilmoganny, which Monsignor Moore would have known in his youth—rich, green, intensively farmed, fairly evenly divided between sheep raising and dairy-farming, heavily stocked for both, timbered on the higher levels.

At Southern Cross, built on an extensive farm itself, we met a Kilkennyman, Fr. Kieran, formerly Jack Hynes, late vocation, Scripture Scholar, and now Prior at the monastery. From all that we saw and heard there we could see that the contemplative life had taken hold among the practical, hard-headed New Zealanders, and that the monks were making an impact in that countryside.

From Kopua it was a short run to Fr.

Paddy King's presbytery in the town of Waipara ('Muddy Waters'), where we spent the night, six of us, playing '25s' in what was surely a typical Irish way under the New Zealand sky, until midnight—a game enlivened by the indefatigable Monsignor Moore, who had by no means forgotten the art he had learned as a boy in Kilmoganny.

There was a brief visit next morning to the Presentation Sisters (from Kilkenny) in their novitiate at Takapau—a noble old country residence set in beautiful parkland, —where we met some of the Sisters and Novices—several of the latter from the Philippines.

This was also the point where once again there was a parting of the ways: we left Fr. King's unassuming hospitality; Monsignor Moore turned back with Fr. Kieran Rice for Masterton, the rest of us headed northwards on a long trek that was to bring us ultimately to Rotorua, half-way to Auckland.

Driven and guided by those two appropriately named explorers, the Fathers Cooke, we zig-zagged across the middle of the North Island, first to Napier on the east coast (scene of a terrible earth-quake whose effects could still be seen), then, in the other direction, over the Taupo Trail to the town of that name on its beautiful lake with black swans feeding at the water's edge.

The Taupo Trail is one of New Zealand's most historic and scenic routes. It took us over high mountain passes, switchback roads, wide panoramas of open moorland or forest, burnt-out bush, little green hills speckled with sheep like daisies. There was an occasional shepherd on horse-back, dressed in leather chaps, with a rifle slung across the saddle, to remind one of other scenes from the Wild West of America. The road was punctuated by signs of unusual hazards: 'Windy Gusts,' 'Dangerous Grade—1st Gear', 'Dust Hazard', 'Falling Rocks', and 'Deceptive Curves'.

Taupo is a holiday centre and the beginning of the extensive thermal area which takes in Rotorua to the north. All this country was or is volcanic. Right across the country one can see the plumes of steam rising from the hidden fires beneath. At

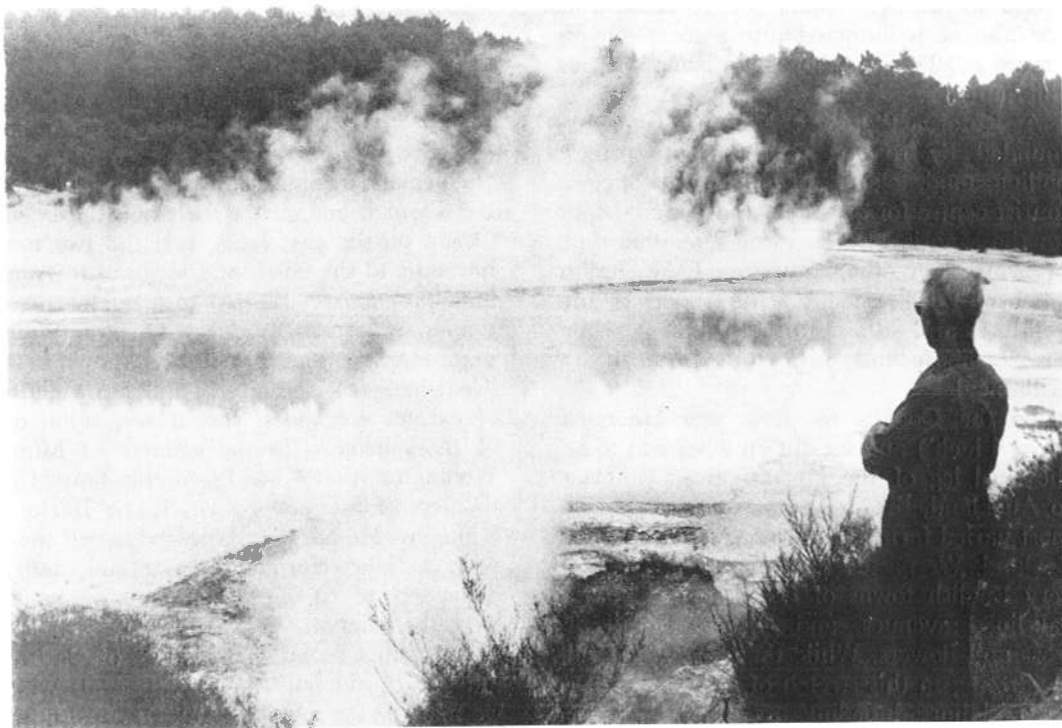
Wairakei there is a large geothermal plant which generates electricity by this very steam power from the earth. At Waiotapu (Maori for 'Sacred Waters') there is a wonderland of boiling springs, sulphurous lakes, bubbling craters and steaming pools, something like a scene from Dante's 'Inferno'. Yet it is in this unlikely spot that one can hear the mynah birds chatter and the bell-birds' melodious note.

Rotorua, however, is the most famous of all New Zealand's 'hot spots'. Here is a holiday town sitting on a vast cauldron, its steam drifting all over the place, centrally heating the town, which reeks with the smell of sulphur. A hoarding on the way in somewhat unflatteringly calls attention to the 'Sulphur City'. I was not surprised to learn that the whole place was situated in the shadow of a volcano which had once blown its top, and I was only wondering when

Rotorua itself was going to blow up under our feet.

However, it proved to be a welcome resting-place after the long journey and an opportunity for sight-seeing of a most spectacular kind. It was here, too, that I met my next guide and former fellow-student in St. Kieran's, Fr. Arthur Lenihan, who had driven down from Auckland to take me back with him.

As an opening treat in Rotorua, there was a Maori concert that night in Brent's Hotel which was a marvellous display of the folk-music and dancing of this people, the real natives of New Zealand. The Maoris, I was told, call themselves the 'Brown Irish', and they do seem to have something of the happy-go-lucky, easy-going character of the Celt. To see a Maori 'wake' in the traditional **Pa**, or meeting-house, where the old women sit around smoking their pipes while the men



Looking into an 'infernal' lake at Waiotapu!

make endless speeches about the dead person is to be reminded of older customs at home in Ireland. Unfortunately, the Maoris tend to drift into the towns and to abandon their tribal way of life, deteriorating generally in the process. Their culture was long neglected by the government, their language is dying out, they have no literature—an uncomfortable parallel, perhaps, to things nearer home. Yet, there are pockets of strong Maori influence, and the country as a whole is beginning to appreciate their value as a tourist attraction; hence the current popularity of Maori singing and dancing. Their poetic and melodious place-names are another feature of an older New Zealand which has happily been preserved.

Some of them have become Catholics and there are four Maori priests working in New Zealand. Some of our own pioneer priests in Auckland made a remarkable impression on these people, notably a Fr. Walter McDonald who was known as the 'Maori Priest', and was initiated into one of their tribes. Not to be surpassed by these group as 'Rangi' (short for **Rangatira** or has also been inducted into a local school-group as 'Rangi' (short for **Rangatira** or chieftain).

At Rotorua there is a Maori village, surrounded by roaring geysers, hot springs, boiling mud, clouds of steam, at once a tourist centre for outsiders and a sacred spot for the Maoris. Not far away is another type of beauty spot—the picturesque Lake Otaihu—where we listened one afternoon to the bell-birds and admired the giant ferns, while Fr. Lenihan imagined himself back in Killarney!

To the Cookes we now said **Haere-ra** ('Good luck') and set out on what was to be the final leg of the journey, from Rotorua to Auckland, through some of the best and most varied farmland I had yet seen in New Zealand. We passed through the pretty and very English towns of Cambridge, with its oak-lined avenues, and Hamilton, full of trees and flowers. While there is every kind of farming in this stretch of country, dairying and horse-breeding predominate. Since the climate is so temperate, animals can be left out all the year round, and there are no

outbuildings round the neat, wooden residences of the farmers. All this I saw, and much more I heard of life in New Zealand from my incredibly knowledgeable guide who seemed to know this country like the palm of his hand—or his native Kerry.



Father Arthur Lenihan on the shore of Lake Otaihu, near Rotorua

Auckland is almost an island, set between the Tasman Sea on the west and the Pacific Ocean on the east coast, and the two main harbours to the north and south of it. Auckland proper is connected to a northern section by a graceful bridge that spans Waitemata Harbour and is popularly known as the 'Coat-hanger'. The city is built on a cluster of extinct volcanoes, and it was upon one of those heights, in the suburbs of Mount Wellington, that I was hospitably housed for the rest of my stay by Fr. Eddie Burke of Kilkenny. He has his parish to himself there, with a new church of practical design, dedicated to St. Bernadette.

In the company of Fr. Burke or Fr. Lenihan I visited many of the places of Catholic interest in the city: the Cathedral, where we met the new Archbishop, Dr. de Largey; the fine school of the Sisters of Mercy (here again from Callan); the Franciscan retreat-

house named the Cenacle in its picturesque setting on another of Auckland's hills; the Marist Sacred Heart College for boys; the girls; finishing off a day's round on the top girls; finishing off a days round on the top of Mount Eden, where there is a volcanic crater and a surpassing view of Auckland and its many waters.

We met Fr. John Keating (formerly of Cullohill) in the Cathedral presbytery, had an interview with the Editor of *Zealandia*, visited Fr. Lenihan's parish of Manurewa ('Bird on the Wing'), met a Kilkennywoman (Ann Quinn-Geraghty) with her family in Fr. Burke's parish and called on some of the clergy including, Fr. John O'Reilly, an older St. Kieran's man and a native of Cork City, who was just then retiring from his ministry. There was a special gathering of all the St. Kieran's priests available (Frs. C. Quinn, P. O'Reilly, J. J. O'Sullivan, Edward Burke and Arthur Lenihan) at a convivial supper in a restaurant romantically named 'Mon Desir' on the shores of the North City. I heard many stories that night about great men of the past in this diocese: the aforementioned Fr. McDonald of the Maori mission, his brother John, Frs. Joseph Dunphy, Michael Bleakely, John Downey and William Dore (Kilkenny). There were sad stories too of recent tragedies: the death of Fr. Jim Shore in a car crash in 1951, of Fr. Jim Ryan similarly killed in 1970, and Fr. Cormac Brady, burned to death in 1970 also.

It is time to pull the threads together and to attempt some overall impression of the New Zealand clerical scene as I saw it in that sweeping journey from south to north.

Catholics comprise about 12 per cent of the population as a whole; of these about 40 per cent practice their religion.

Relations between priests and people are good, even closer than at home in Ireland, it would seem. Parishes are smaller and more conscious of being communities; there is a strong sense of solidarity, of more co-operation, more participation by the laity. The people help the priest in many ways such as money-collecting, acting as parish accountants, teaching religion outside school hours, and so on.

Fund-raising was a constant preoccupation, and games of 'Housie' (the New Zealand equivalent of Bingo) were being held in every parish for this purpose. Planned giving was fairly general, some of it professionally organized, some of it locally by parish committees—all working successfully.

Priests' salaries were currently under review, as were pensions and provisions for retirement. In a country which has such excellent social services, where there is no real poverty or unemployment, it is not surprising that priests are fully provided for in cases of illness, between the State Social Security and their own funds.

As elsewhere in those countries where there is State control and a secularist bias, the big problem for the Church is education: providing, maintaining and staffing Catholic schools without any aid from the government. The strain has been eased a little, as it has been in Australia, by the provision of some State subsidy towards the payment of teachers, but the financial burden is still enormous.

There is also the problem of providing religious education for those children who do go to the State Schools. It is here that the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is playing its part. Staffed by voluntary helpers (some of them teachers by profession, some not) the CCD provides religious instruction out of school on certain days of the week in each parish. I saw it working in Fr. Lenihan's parish, where it is held on Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays each week. It is normally made up of a main committee and a sub-committee which looks after such things as enrolment, transport, books and equipment. It has a secretary who may or may not be paid, and a group of voluntary teachers who must do a diploma course, at least, before they are allowed to teach, plus the professional teachers and the priests in each area.

Like every other part of the Church, New Zealand has had its post-Vatican growing-pains, controversies, innovations and the rest, all fairly reflected in its two Catholic weeklies: the conservative *Zealandia* and the more progressive *Tablet*, corresponding more or less to the English *Universe* and *Tablet*

respectively. Liturgically, things are still conservative in the main, apart from individual experiments; but, with an element of local or national wilfulness, parts of the text of the Mass, such as the Creed, are different from that used elsewhere in the English-speaking world—perhaps an “old Kiwi custom”, as my friend Walter Cooke used say in explanation of many things I enquired about on that memorable journey!

ENVOY

As I look back on this whole journey through Australia and New Zealand as ambassador-very-ordinary for St. Kieran's College, it is with respect for the splendid morale of its priests in those countries, with

admiration for their loyalty to the College, with gratitude for their overwhelming hospitality, and with the hope that I did not prove to be too much of a ‘wowser’ in the many gatherings that I attended. My chief regret was the shortness of my visits all round, and my failure to visit some dioceses at all, owing to defective planning, too tight a schedule, and the unexpected distances involved. For me personally it was a wonderful experience which gave a novel twist to the College motto: a winter that had passed, in the summer sun, with the men of St. Kieran's, under the sign of the Southern Cross.

James Brennan



Monsignor Moore in the costume of a Maori chieftain, with Maori teacher and school-children. (We wish him belated congratulations on his Diamond Jubilee, celebrated in June of this year).

Re-Union in California

JAMES BRENNAN

I had been invited to the St. Kieran's American Alumni Re-Union for 1971 in San Diego before it was finally decided at this end that someone from the College should also visit its alumni in Australia and New Zealand. Thus it was that I found myself fulfilling two roles, and embarking on a global flight which eventually took me round in 62 (pretty good figures in golfing language, and beating Jules Verne's rather handsomely!). Thus too I came to California from the Pacific, flying in over the Golden Gate, in a beautiful sunset, to make a dream landing in San Francisco.

I was met at the airport by Fr. Joe Fitzpatrick (a fellow-parishioner) and whisked off, by the historic *El Camino Real* Highway, to his parish of San Carlos. It was my first experience of the dense traffic and the complicated laneways of the American freeway system, and I was glad to contemplate it all from the comparative ease of the passenger's seat. San Carlos is in a pleasant suburb to the south of the city proper, a busy parish (pastor and two assistants) in which Fr. Fitzpatrick has built a splendid new church, octagonal in shape, in warm red brick, adorned with some of the most colourful glass I had seen in my journey. He generously took time off next day to give me a run around San Francisco, taking in the magnificent panoramic view from the Twin Peaks (Oaklands, Alcatraz, San Mateo Bridge, Bay Bridge), Ocean Beach and the Golden Gate Bridge, and the University, where we met Fr. Joseph Brusher, S.J., who had just completed a Life of the famous Fr. Peter Yorke, an Irish champion of the American worker in the early years of this century.

All too quickly I had to leave this picturesque city and take flight (a short one) southwards over the dark, green, wrinkled surface of California to Santa Maria where I was

the guest of another parishioner and former fellow-student, now a pastor in this most northerly parish of Los Angeles—Fr. Kieran Marum. After sampling presbytery life here (three assistants – one a Spaniard from the Basque country), we took the road together for a relaxing and entertaining drive down range to Los Angeles. This took us through undulating ranch land, hills, valleys, and forests, by places with Spanish names (Santa Barbara, Carpintera, Ventura) till we swung outward towards the coast and slipped into the northern suburbs of Los Angeles by way of Hollywood. He had made a detour to visit one of the famous old Spanish Missions on the "King's Highway"—Santa Inez—where we were entertained, appropriately, by a Franciscan priest from Belfast (Fr. Camillus), and saw the former graves of Fr. Albert and Fr. Dominic, now buried in Rochestown, Co. Cork. Incidentally, the Mission of Ventura (San Buenaventura) was founded in 1782!

That night I was the guest of Mons. John Curran, whose presbytery is situated in an old-world, largely Spanish-speaking parish, where it was possible to walk round in the balmy night air and see people gossiping over their garden-gates — not at all the kind of sinister Los Angeles atmosphere that one expected after the novels of Dashiell Hammet or Raymond Chandler.

There was another swift tour of that city next day to see its Chinatown, Hollywood Boulevard, the famous Gaumont Theatre with the 'signatures' in concrete of the Hollywood 'greats', the Brown Derby restaurant, almost opposite the hotel where Robert Kennedy was shot—and much else of a fascinating city whose beauty was unhappily masked by the pall of smog which seemed to hang over it permanently (it was to lift once before I left it).

We set off (accompanied now by Mons.

Curran) on the last lap of the journey to San Diego, following the Los Angeles Freeway (one of the modern wonders of the world, according to my companions), by orange groves, cattle ranches and oilfields (where weird bird-like pumps were constantly at work) to San Diego, in Southern California, on the Pacific Coast, and close to the Mexican border.

Here, in the elaborate complex of the Town and Country Hotel, we spent the next four days, celebrating our fellowship in the name of St. Kieran's, in an exotic and colourful setting, far removed from the grim realities of an Irish winter. The whole thing was very well organized by the San Diego priests, who acted as hosts to the gathering, and had clearly left nothing undone to make it a success. Here I can, in fact, hand over to Fr. Frank Pattison, whose report of the re-union follows, with only a few personal remarks on the event as I saw it. Though the majority of the priests were from the West, there was still a good representation from the East, Centre and South, as well as one from Canada (Fr. Ian Cooper from Nelson). Wherever they came from there was no mistaking their genuine spirit of unity and loyalty as priests and as alumni of St. Kieran's. I shall not easily forget either their welcome to me as representative of the College to this fraternal gathering.

Of the golf tournament held on the Cottonwood Course (too many of those trees for my liking!) I shall only reveal that I managed to complete the 18 holes without, as Bob Hope once said, actually falling out of the electric cart—which I began by despising and ended by blessing.

The formal dinner, in the Golden West Room, adorned with emblems of St. Kieran's (*Hiems Transiit* again!), was truly a festive affair, at which we were serenaded by a Mexican Trio to begin with, and regaled by food, drink and oratory in about equal proportions. Again, there is an official report of all this to follow, but I might say that Bishop McDonald's address was not merely a tribute to the occasion — it carried a message for the times as well. Altogether it

was enjoyable and impressive ending to the 1971 American re-union.



Dr. McDonald with Father Brennan at the St. Kieran's re-union dinner at San Diego.

It only remains to record our return journey to Los Angeles, with a stop at another Spanish Mission: San Juan Capistrano, renowned because of the legend of the swallows which return to nest there on the very same day each year, and the song, "La Golondrina", which is said to be based on the legend. The delightful old garden has a statue of the great missionary pioneer of California, Fr. Junipero Serra, on which the pigeons were clustering in a sort of Franciscan tableau. There are twenty-one of these mission convents in all, a noble litany of names, strung along the fabulous King's Highway (*El Camino Real*) from San Diego to San Francisco, relics of an age of faith, islands of peace in the rush of modern California, memorials to the great Franciscan missionaries who were the first to bring the Good News of salvation to this golden coast.

Just as I was leaving Los Angeles next morning the pall of smog lifted, and there lay the city "all bright and glittering in the smokeless air" as our giant plane took off and circled overhead before it headed eastward over the high Sierras. This, at last, I thought, was the real, the paradisiacal Los Angeles which has drawn so many people to live since those Spanish pioneers so aptly named it the City of the Angels.

Third American Re-Union

San Diego, California, January 25-29 1971

Two years of planning and waiting became a reality for the St. Kieran's priests in the United States and Canada with the holding of the third reunion at San Diego, California in January 1971. No fewer than 90 priests assembled at San Diego's Town and Country Hotel in Mission Valley. The official representative from St. Kieran's was Father James Brennan. Some, in order to make the best of their stay in California, especially those from the eastern part of the country, began to arrive in San Diego a day or two ahead of the official opening date. The weather for the week was perfect with temperatures soaring into the high 80's and 90's each day.

San Diego, being a holiday resort area all the year round, has an abundance of places to visit and things to do for any visitor. Those in town for the re-union were no exception and everyone enjoyed the week thoroughly. Some ventured to such places as Tijuana—just south of the border in Mexico, while the less venturesome settled for places like the San Diego Zoo, the local beaches or Disneyland.

The main events of the week were the business meeting, the golf tournament and the official banquet. The business meeting took place on Wednesday after the official picture had been taken. Being rather early in the day for some for picture-taking, it was not possible to have everyone present and so 20 to 30 are missing from the picture. The principal decision of the meeting was to have the next reunion in Seattle in 1973. Mons. Curran was unanimously elected honorary President of the Union for the next two years. (Ed.).

The golf tournament was held on Thursday at Cottonwood Country Club in El Cajon—about 25 miles east of San Diego city with almost everyone taking part in some way or other for some or all of the tournament. Competition was keen and prizes were difficult to win. Winners were found for all prizes and presentation of the prizes took place at the banquet on Thursday evening.

The highlight of the reunion was the official banquet which took place at the Town and Country Hotel. Including the guests of honour — Bishop Maher of San Diego, Bishop McDonald, Auxiliary Bishop of San Francisco and Father James Brennan — there were some 150 priests present. Monsignor John Purcell (San Diego) was Master of Ceremonies for the evening. The Main Speaker was Bishop William McDonald who spoke to the gathering on various aspects of the priesthood. A few words were spoken by Bishop Maher, and Father Brennan also spoke on behalf of the College.

The various golf tournament winners were presented with their trophies after which Fr. Pat O'Keeffe thanked everyone for coming to San Diego for the reunion and making it such a success.

F.P.

RESULT OF GOLF TOURNAMENT:

Low Gross: First, John Skehan (Miami); Second, Ollie Deegan (Sacramento); Third, John Lenihan (St. Augustine).

Nett: First, Thomas Dermody (Sacramento); Second, Thomas Sheridan (Cheyenne); Third, Michael McGuinness (Mobile).

Long Drive: Michael Dermody (Sacramento).

Closest to Pin: Joseph Vereker (Sacramento).



The group of St. Kieran's priests who attended the re-union at San Diego.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

Executive Vice-President: Rev. Patrick J. O'Keeffe.

Treasurer: Rev. Thomas Healy.

Reservations: Rev. John Rhatigan; Rev. Francis Pattison.

Hospitality: Rev. Thomas Prendergast; Rev. Timothy Hartnett.

Golf: Rev. Michael Drennan.

Hosts: Rev. Msgr. John Purcell; Rev. Msgr. Joseph Clarkin; Rev. Msgr. John Bradley; Rev. Denis Mangan; Rev. Jeremiah Murphy; Rev. Timothy Lawlor; Rev. Charles Young; Rev. William Bolger; Rev. William Cuddihy; Rev. Anthony Timlin; Rev. Brendan O'Sullivan; Rev. Philip O'Carroll; Rev. Edward Lyng; Rev. Donald Sheahan; Rev. Alphonsus Moloney; Rev. James Grace.

The American Scene

Lightly airborne, Volume One (October 1971) of the American Newsletter has floated down on the Editor's desk. It is entitled **Hiems Transiit**, and forestalling any criticism of lack of originality in its baptism, its editor, Fr. Pat O'Keeffe (1959) asks straightaway "What shall we call it? For the moment, the motto of our College Crest seems the most appropriate". (There is no indication of a prize-laden competition for the best title. After much head scratching, we offer the title BUSKA—phonetic spelling of the Gaelic word for 'box'. Unfortunately, box does not immediately leap to the imagination as being relevant, but the initials represent Bulletin of Union of St. Kieran's in America.)

The newsletter takes a rapid tour of the various American dioceses where St. Kieran's priests are working, and gives in pithy fashion the latest from each.

One can guess how avidly **Hiems Transiit** is seized upon by readers, and Fr. O'Keeffe is to be acclaimed for breaking the iceberg of noncommunication and disassociation, and for setting in course a gladdening stream of information that will go on like Tennyson's brook—provided the Editor gets a whole-rearted response from his correspondents. The proviso is important—he cannot, after all, write out of thin air.

Here, more or less, are the contents of H.T.:—

From **Austin** we hear that Pat Johnson (1963) is director of school development for Reicher Catholic High School, and that Leonard Leddy (1959) is still the tallest priest in Texas.

Mick Butler (1955) has done it again in **Cheyenne**, by being a runner-up in the golf tournament for clergy in Casper, and by winning the clergy tournament in September

at Saratoga Inn Golf Club. Tom Sheridan (1964) writes Cheyenne is three times the size of Ireland and there are only three St. Kieran's priests left in the diocese. Terry McGovern (1941) is now in good health and was home in Ireland in 1971. Three, now deceased, members of St. Kieran's are remembered in his diocese—Fr. John Marley, Fr. Cassidy and Fr. Spillane. These were the pioneers of the diocese of Cheyenne. Tom Sheridan is stationed in a town named after a Cavanman, General Phil Sheridan, a distant relative of his.

Another St. Kieran's priest has been located in **Davenport**. He is Pat Duggan who was ordained in Davenport Cathedral in 1931. He and Jim Quinlan are the only St. Kieran's men left in this diocese. Pat Duggan is in Grand Mound and has just completed and dedicated a new church.

From **Fargo**, Michael McNamee writes that he is living in the heart of the Red River Valley, the most fertile valley in the world, and surpassed in size only by the Nile. Of the five priests that came to the United States from St. Kieran's in 1930, Michael is the only one alive. He recalls the cartooning abilities of John Stapleton, the hard work of Michael Lalor, the humour of Owen McMullan and the music and voice of Pat Thompson singing 'She went to the Fair'.

From Brendan Lawless (1964) comes the suggestion that we call the newsletter 'Kieranis'. Brendan is in **Jefferson City** and writes that two St. Kieran's men in his diocese are in Peru—Ralph Keyes (1964) and Peter Russell (1964).

From our President, John Curran (1929) in **Los Angeles** comes the news that John Sheahan is quite ill and requests prayers.

Probably the largest diocese is that of **Ogdensburg**, where only one Kieranite,

Liam O'Doherty (1965) resides. His diocese is upstate New York and embraces part of the territory of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. He says Mass every Sunday in Canada, on one of the thousand islands that occupy the St. Lawrence River. Liam writes that a Mgr. Francis J. McGuire, who once studied in St. Kieran's and was ordained in San Antonio in 1916, now lives in this diocese.

Orlando's David Page (1958) is boasting that their Disneyland is ten times larger than Disneyland, California. Terry Farrelly's Church is featured prominently in local newspapers as 'the Church most convenient to Disneyland'. He has added five Masses for a total of thirteen Masses every Sunday. Of the 150 priests in Orlando diocese all are still on the mission since the diocese was formed in 1968.

Tom Burke (1960) of Hexham and Newcastle is vacationing in **Patterson** with Mike Conway and Pat O'Reilly (1965) both of whom have had a change of address.

Peter MacEneaney (1966) in **Sacramento** writes that Charlie Brady (1955) and Mike Dermody (1958) are now Pastors. They have welcomed the latest arrival John Crowley (1971). I read that Ollie Deegan (1967), Brian McPolin (1965), Pat Rohan (1965) and Sean Finlay (1965) are seeking further education. From Sacramento, also, comes the following advertisement: Want Ad: 32 y.o. male, white, good education, religious background, committed to celibacy, loves golf, food and drink, seeks a mother, preferably same age or younger.

Did you know that the Sacramento priests beat the Los Angeles priests in a hurling match at San Francisco, September 26, 1971?

The organiser of this game is known to have a weird sense of humor.

From **San Antonio**, Sean Garrett (1964) writes that Eugene Nee (1964) is now a chaplain in the United States Air Force.

The **San Diego** alumni are still basking in the praise of their reunion of January 1971. Twenty of twenty-three alumni are now pastors in this diocese. Bill Bolger (1953) and Phil O'Carroll (1958) are 'Vicars of Rain'. Alphy Maloney (1963) is still 'bustin' marriages and Eamon Lyng (1958) will soon be breaking ground for the first church in his new parish.

A post-script from San Diego says that Donal Sheahan (1960) is dedicating a beautiful new church and catechetical centre, and Tom Healy (1959) has opened a parish hall and classrooms.

The big news from **Seattle**, of course, is that they are preparing for our Fourth Alumni meeting. I am awaiting further news of this and will have information in our next newsletter. John Rhatigan took time out of an extremely busy schedule, and at tremendous personal sacrifice, met with Ned Norris and discussed preliminary details for our reunion.

From **Yakima** comes the news, via Mike Ryan (1963) that he is in the Catholic Family and Child Service. We hear that Tony Hannick (1958) is still speaking softly, walking silently and quoting Lincoln or Churchill 'You can fool some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.'

And with a hint to keep the news pouring in, Fr. O'Keeffe signs off with the pregnant word, **Shalom**.

California comes to St. Kieran's

For the past two Summers the College grounds have become accustomed to the spectacle of female students sunning themselves in the intervals of studying Irish Literature and History, the sound of American accents, the casual dress of the younger American, male and female, and all the features of campus-life suddenly transported, as if by magic, from California to Kilkenny.

This mini-campus was, in fact, part of a Summer School organized in conjunction with Chico State College, California, and largely attended by Californians from that and other colleges, such as San Diego and Sacramento. On this side, it was a joint effort between the College and Bord Failte, designed, on the one hand, to make profitable use of the new buildings for the ecclesiastical students, and, on the other, to attract visitors to Kilkenny. This Summer School has now run successfully for two seasons, and about thirty students have attended each time. Preparations for the 1972 course are already far advanced.

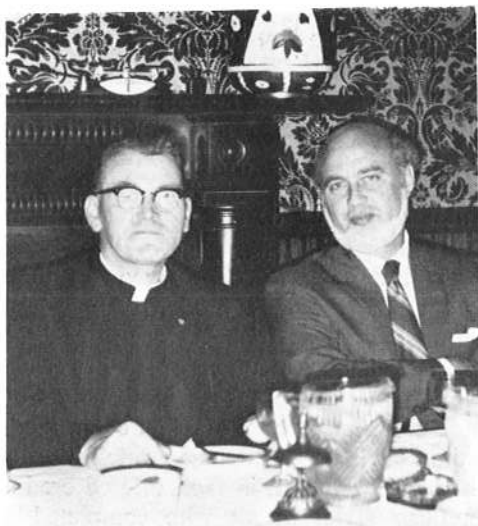
The two groups who have come here so far have shown a similar composition: mostly Californian or Western American; more female than male (about five to one); of ages ranging from younger undergraduates to middle-aged teachers and others. As Americans they bore a different stamp from the kind most familiar to us here in Ireland — the returned Irish-Americans, anxious to impress, to show that they have made it; these were different Americans — quieter, more serious-minded, anxious rather to learn and to be accepted than to impress; not the revolutionary type, either, that we have come to associate with such places as Berkeley University in California. Coming, as many of them did, from smaller cities and

towns over there, they found it easy and congenial to settle into Kilkenny as a centre for studying Ireland and getting to know its people. Few of them had any Irish connections or any background knowledge of Irish history or literature; they came to acquire something of these, and they went away satisfied that they had.

The academic course provided for them was a three-part one: modern Anglo-Irish Literature; modern Irish History in general; Irish Social and Economic History since 1800. Three lecturers from University College, Dublin, and one from California made up the staff for the course, which was at University level, and, in fact, offered credits (American style) to all who completed it satisfactorily. The Dublin lecturers were: Dr. Art Cosgrove, History; Mr. Maurice Manning, Politics; Mr. Moore McDowell, Economics — all of U.C.D. Dr. Clyde Enroth, of Sacramento State College, Director of the Course, took Anglo-Irish Literature. The whole thing, from its inception, was organized by Canon Holohan, President of the College, with the assistance of a number of the College priests on what may be styled the social and domestic side.

The course was of five weeks' duration, running from June 25th to July 30th each year, in accordance with American practice in such Summer programmes (much more popular over there than here). Besides the regular lectures (four days a week) there were various fringe events, some cultural, some social, some simply diverting. Thus there were special excursions ("field days" to our American friends) to Dublin and other cities for the theatre, or to such places as Glendalough and Cashel for their historical interest; visits to Kilkenny's brewery

and to Waterford's glass-factory; informal concerts of Irish music and dancing in the College, ballad-sessions in the town, and other entertainments. Kilkenny Archaeological Society provided lectures and guided tours of places of interest in and around Kilkenny. The courteous and helpful staff of Bord Failte in Kilkenny left nothing un-



Canon Holohan with Dr. Clyde Enroth of Sacramento State College at the dinner for the First American Summer School in St. Kierans.

done to help with all their projects. Kilkenny Junior Chamber of Commerce put on an American night for the visitors each time, and the College gave a formal dinner in honour of their Independence Day which falls on July 4th.

Many of them made individual contacts in Kilkenny and came to know Irish life in a more intimate way. Their reactions and

impressions were interesting. Generally, they liked the slower pace, the easy hospitality, the relaxed, peaceful atmosphere, the unforced friendliness of everybody. Perhaps one of themselves can best express their general reaction: "I have seen another way of life . . . different from our own in many ways. It is much richer here somehow. The pace is slower and the people more personal and friendly. Many things I saw here I wish I could have brought back to America because they would make it a calmer place to live in than it is now".

Most of them were not Catholics; some of them never had any contact with priests or nuns before; a few were even faintly suspicious of them. Their unanimous reaction, after five weeks of living together with them in the College, was one of gratitude, respect and understanding. Again, let us have one of their own comments: "They (the priests) are sensitive, intelligent, kind, and above all, human men. I've always been afraid of priests, but here I find them to be real people too".

If it achieved nothing else, the venture has fashioned a cultural and, one may say, an ecumenical bridge between ourselves and these Americans from California—a bridge that is all the more important because so many of our priests are working in California and must benefit in some way by the goodwill generated by this annual American Summer School in St. Kieran's. For those in the College itself who have played hosts to these people each year it has also been a stimulating encounter with the real America, a cultural exchange, and, in its way, a broad form of apostolate of the spirit, both Irish and Catholic.

"RECORDER".

Ueber Alles?

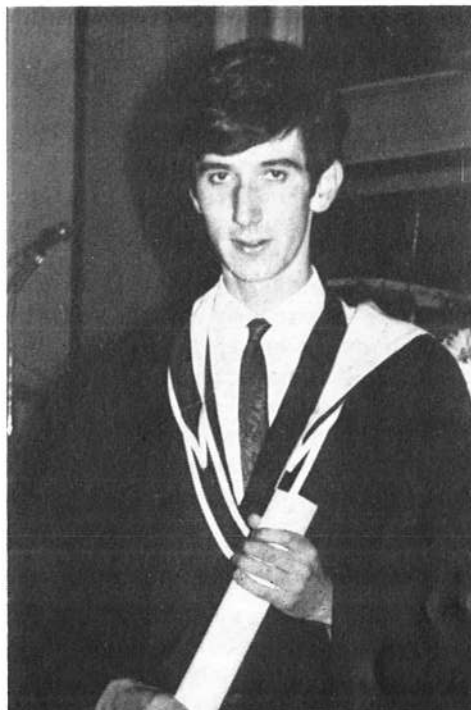
Observations from Ruhr University

Pádraig Mac Coisdealbha

The industry, the wealth, the affluence of West Germany have rarely been so strong. Indeed a German gets upset at the mere mention of 1% redundancy. This German economic well-being (or "Wohlstand") is recognised by all; but how does one set about gauging the well-being of its University system? In the following impressions I do not seek to come to an answer. Apart from the fact that my remarks are of a cursory nature, the fluid state of the general concept of University education would render such an attempt foolhardy.

The Ruhr University, Bochum (RUB), opened its doors in 1965 and today it has 15,000 students enrolled. That in itself is enough to show that this is no ordinary University. It was established primarily to serve the Ruhr district which encompasses Essen, Bochum, Dortmund and many surrounding cities—a district which has the densest population in Germany (5.6 million). The University is still only being built but already in 1970 it had reached its originally planned total of 10,000 students. More than 16% of the present students come from working-class families—a percentage which is far above the national average. In Dortmund a mainly technological University has also been founded and in addition the plans for a third Ruhr University in Essen are being worked out.

As is only to be expected, the problems facing such a "Beanstalk" are countless. There are, for example, only 1500 rooms especially built for students and as a result there is an acute scarcity of accommodation with resultant rising of prices. Further, the University campus lies about four miles south of Bochum centre in what was originally undeveloped land: this means that the University is an island—a complex which has no proper contact with the city and its



PÁDRAIC Mac COISDEALBHA, born Kilkenny City, 1949. Educated at St. Kieran's (where his father is on the teaching staff) from 1961 to 1966 and at U.C.D. Obtained B.A. (Hons.) in Celtic Studies in 1969 and M.A. (Hons.) in 1970. Was Assistant Lecturer in Old and Mediaeval Irish at University College, Galway for one year. Currently pursuing travelling studentship award at the Rhur-Universität, Bochum.

inhabitants. Many complain that the 'Uni' lacks atmosphere and that Bochum city is not, and never will be, a "University city". It is true that the city is short of atmosphere and facilities but what some may mean by a University city entails perhaps a snob-value which the University could well

do without. UCD's Belfield may offer here an interesting parallel to a lesser extent.

One thing is certain: no money has been spared in the building, organisation, equipping and staffing of this massive venture. In contrast to other German Universities such as Heidelberg and Bonn, all departments are easily accessible by foot and laboratories are extraordinarily well equipped. Libraries are to be found in every department as well as a huge central library. In the Medicine, Science and Engineering faculties the laboratories are second to none.

The university year throughout West Germany is divided into winter-semester and summer-semester. The faculties are separated into the (natural) sciences, on the one hand, and the humane sciences or arts, on the other; the cooperation between departments and faculties is particularly noteworthy. For instance, if one is engaged in the study of literature and is particularly interested in its sociological aspects, one may attend a series of lectures in the sociology department. This has the advantage of urging the student to develop or rather "find" his own zone of interest—a process of development which is essential in order to benefit significantly from one's university years. The methods of teaching, themselves, are two-fold. Firstly, there are the straightforward lectures. Secondly, seminars are held where each student participates by reading a paper from a selection of topics. These papers are then discussed in as much detail as possible by the participants. This is indeed a method our Irish universities could follow more intensively. Although the ideal is perhaps seldom reached, through non-cooperation of students themselves or through an overbearing professor, nevertheless far more can be learned by such active participation than can ever be taught in a lecture.

The examination system does not correspond exactly to the Irish system. The Bachelor degree as such is unknown, although under new proposals (to which we will refer again) for University-reform the introduction of such a degree is mooted. The Master's degree does exist, but only to a limited extent. For the student who wishes to teach in the *Gymnasium* (Secondary

School) there is an intermediate exam after two years, and after at least two more years the *Staatsexam*. If successful, he may find a job as an apprentice teacher. This student must study two subjects together with a third supplementary subject, as well as taking a course in philosophy and pedagogics. To do a doctorate work in many German Universities, one must first be invited by the professor. Successful doctorate-students are then qualified to become assistant lecturers in a university. This contract will last for seven years, after which one must 'habilitate' by having an 'Habilitation-work' published.

Although Bochum may lack the old traditional institutions of other German universities, nonetheless with 15,000 students there is no lack of activity. Societies, unlike those in Ireland, are not based on the various disciplines—something which would be looked on with scepticism—but are founded strictly on political viewpoints. Marxists, Trotskyists, Leninists, Maoists and many more groups campaign vigorously to get a hearing. Several handouts descend on one daily as though they were pieces of confetti. The activists usually come from the arts—those of the technical faculties are more worried about passing examinations. There are two main socialist parties in the Uni, each of which publishes a fortnightly gazette. In the spacious hallway which leads to the gigantic *Mensa* (Restaurant) the students sell their wares. Here one can purchase socialist and Communistic literature of all blends, pop and classical records, beads and ornaments—a rather bizarre mixture! There are Catholic and Evangelical societies but they make little noise, and have little importance for the general student body. This is in stark contrast to eight years ago or so, when theological discussions were quite common among the students of the day. The University Film Society is also worthy of mention: the quality of films shown is high, which compensates for the appalling standard of films in the city itself.

The various political views emanating from these societies may be classified into matters of local interest, of interest to Germany as a whole, and finally of what per-

tains to world affairs. The differentiating shades of socialism as portrayed in the many groups frequently results in sharp divisions between them. It is not uncommon that a group which, in the eyes of the University authorities is radical, is charged with conservatism by some of its opponents. On one

riculum vitae flying around in all directions and his lectures will, in all likelihood, be boycotted by these groups. It may even come to a temporary halt in the work of the department in question. As to the governing structure of the Uni itself—all socialists (and this may at times include



Bochum University not yet completed, already in operation.

issue, however, most are united, i.e. the above-mentioned scarcity of accommodation. Protest after protest is made, particularly through the medium of marches and of slogans daubed on the walls (whose white concrete surfaces are ideally suited). The second great bone of contention in local terms is the appointment of staff-members. Here the political groups react very strongly. At first a member of the staff may be "under suspicion". If after further intelligence work he is, for example, found to have been favoured by the Nazi dictatorship, or to have had connections with a regime such as that of present-day Greece, he will find his cur-

some staff-members) are united against the University Parliament and Senate system. Students have a representation in the Parliament but not in the Senate. The Parliament has been condemned by some as being merely a "functionless organ of acclamation". This question and the question of accommodation have interesting parallels in our own Universities.

The Government of the Federal Republic is at present introducing a new bill for the revision of Universities and third-level schools. There is much disquiet in the Universities themselves over the proposed amendments to the present system, since the

politically active societies look on them as a further narrowing of the independence of the universities. They also strongly object to the provision for a *numerus clausus*, to be allowed under certain conditions. At present a *numerus clausus* obtains in most universities, particularly in the fields of natural science, engineering and medicine. The Congress of German student unions (VDS) with headquarters in Bonn, has come out very strongly against the new proposals, and is in particular critical of the making for cooperation between University and Government in the area of war and defence research.

The armed German police-force has also failed to endear itself to the student political bodies, and a series of unhappy encounters—the latest was in Berlin—has not improved affairs. It is sometimes said (not always without foundation) that the police force looks on every demonstrating student as a member of the, by now world-famous, Baaden-Meinhof group. Undoubtedly the University is now playing a major role in German politics as was seen only a few months ago in the northern state of Bremen, where a dispute between the ruling coalition parties as to the structure of the new University of Bremen led to the dissolution of the parliament and an election. These facts deliver a solemn warning to the Government in Bonn that it must pick its steps very carefully in dealing with University matters.

The German activist student has world problems high on his policy leaflet. Day in, day out, the various student parties of the left and extreme left attempt to highlight the misrule of fascist governments and of imperialism in all corners of the world, from Spain to South Korea, from Brazil to Vietnam. This polemic, unfortunately, is often just a mess of clichés, and (one suspects sometimes) of half-facts and uninformed opinion. In recent times, of course, Northern Ireland is commanding ever more space in the literature of these circles. In December last, the Communist students' newspaper (KSV—published in Berlin) contained an

article on the North with some incredible inaccuracies, and by misinterpretation or distortion attempted to show that the Civil Rights Movement, as well as the IRA, are basically communistic. This sort of attitude can also have repercussions in the lecture-halls. A lecturer in Anglo-Irish literature was asked by a certain group to deal with "realities" through discussing the present political situation in Ireland. When he refused the activist members betook themselves to another room in order to hold a "free-seminar" on the injustices of the British imperialism as demonstrated in Northern Ireland. Since the events of January 30, however, people are somewhat better informed with regard to the Irish state of affairs—this arising out of the greatly increased coverage in the national news media. The main body of the students are more passive in their observation of external political happenings. Despite the demonstrations and the remonstrations, the show goes on.

A final word concerning foreign students: if one wishes to take up a University course in Germany, one must first of all sit an examination in German—or alternatively, spend a semester in a crash course. Matriculation certificates of some countries are not recognised, which means that they must, in addition, attend a Studienkolleg for at least one year. West European countries generally do not fall into this grouping. It is usually advisable, however, not to consider applying for entry before one has a basic degree in one's homeland. German universities are, in fact, out of favour with foreign students at the moment—between 1967 and 1970, the number dropped by about 11%. There are, on the other hand, likely to be changes in the future with respect to the attitude to foreign students. This apart, West Germany provides a motivating atmosphere in which to study, and German efficiency and performance help towards a worthwhile university education. Our University leaders have something to learn from them, both positively and negatively.

Novel of the Year

One practice that the English publishing world has borrowed from the French is that of awarding annual prizes for literature. It promotes books in the market-place and, hopefully, demonstrates that novels are as much a talking-point as, say, motor-cars. To win the Prix Goncourt in Paris means queues outside the book-shops the following morning. As yet, no English award has reached that eminence. A novel published in England last year scooped a series of awards, which should keep it on the selling list for several years to come. It is, we are proud to say, written by Kieran's man, Thomas Kilroy (1947-1953) and these are the prizes his novel **The Big Chapel** (Faber & Faber: £2.25) gained — The Guardian Book of the Year, short-listed for the premier English award, the £5,000 Booker Prize for Fiction, The Royal Society of Literature Award (Heinemann Bequest), and, in our own country, chosen by the Royal Irish Academy of Letters for its A.I.B. prize.

Tom, lecturer in Modern English and American Literature at U.C.D. won earlier acclaim for his play **The Death and Resurrection of Mr. Roche**, but with this first novel he joins the top league of Irish writers and ranges alongside Aidan Higgins and John McGahern as the most exciting of Irish novelists.

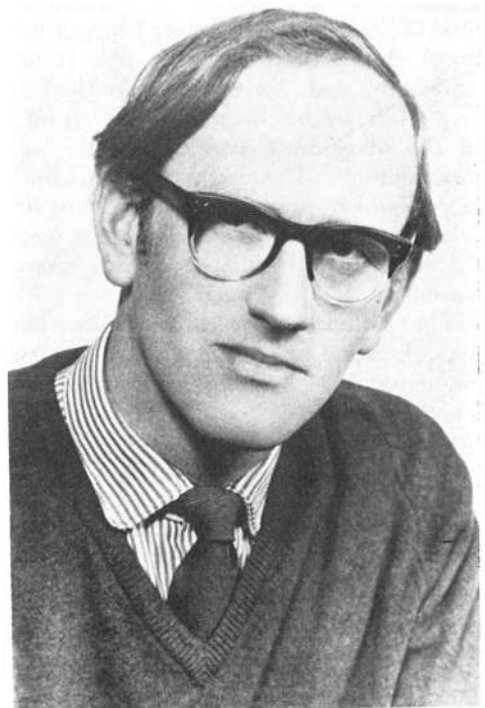
The novel is a passionate, dramatic story set in Co. Kilkenny a century ago. Its parallels with actual events are touched upon in an interview with the author, printed below.

Nicholas Scully, after a brief try-out in Maynooth College, is returning by train to the town of Kyle, which is blazoned in notoriety because of the feud between its parish priest, Fr. Lannigan, and the bishop over the secularisation of the schools in the town. The train journey through the sodden,

December countryside sets the tone of the story. A semi-drunken cattle-jobber and a silent woman who is nursing a half-blind boy share the compartment with Nicholas as far as Kilkenny. There is a sour-mouthed discussion which gets nowhere between the ex-cleric and the dull-witted man, and in the end Nicholas' distaste for the man is submerged in pity.

He finds his home town of Kyle uncompromisingly split in two over its parish priest's stand.

The motivation of Fr. Lannigan is analysed in this fashion:



THOMAS KILROY

"Before different people he displayed a different dominating quality—to one his pride, his greed, to another his passion, his faith, perhaps his insecurity, while to yet another his rashness or his courage. Like all men who inspire great following or great rancour he had that capacity, or as it might be termed, imperfection, of offering to others a single quality in great measure, to each one, perhaps, the quality that one desired to find, so that again like many great leaders of men, he was in part the creation of those nearest to him who fed him out of their own hunger".

Memorable as this character is, he is nowhere as fascinating as the ascendancy figure Horace Butler, who is lord of Whytescourt House. This fastidious sceptic, amateur scientist, is the newest addition to the gallery of portraits of the Anglo-Irish landed class in literature. He keeps a journal, in which much of the important action of the novel is recorded in the briefest terms. (The author's technique is to unfold at length seemingly unimportant actions, through which flash glimpses of vital events on which another kind of novelist would devote pages of narration.) Butler is the opposite pole from Fr. Lannigan, and Nicholas, vanquished in a love-affair by his brother, pivots from one to the other in a fruitless search for his own destiny. The extracts from Butler's diary—which have a stunning flavour of actuality—each cunningly holds the seeds of the final mental collapse of this visionary Darwinite.

The author's style is vigorous, pliant, masculine and he is in magisterial control of his material. It is arranged in almost documentary fashion—newspaper extracts, leaves from Butler's diary, set-pieces where even tender happenings (the river scene between Marcus and Nina) are played out in the shadow of doom. A grim, sinewy humour enlivens the prevailing gloom, as in the interview between Fr. Lannigan and his lawyers in Dublin. This scene is succeeded by one where Nicholas and the priest, in a dark lodging-house bedroom, exchange intimacies about God and belief which is like some of the conversations in Chekov.

Only once is there a lapse in documentation: Early in the novel, the priest's death is placed in his sister's house, and in the final chronology, he dies in the County Home.

There is one line which pre-dates Gertrude Stein, to good effect: "To be wrong is to be wrong is to be wrong".

Is it a novel? readers of his masterpiece asked Leo Tolstoy.

He replied: It is not a novel, even less is it a poem and still less an historical chronicle. "War and Peace" is what the author wished and was able, to express in the form in which it is expressed.

In this interview with the Editor, Thomas Kilroy, who would probably echo Tolstoy, enlarges on many points about **The Big Chapel**.

Any writer would much rather speak about his next book than endure an analysis of the one he had just written, but might I ask you a few questions about The Big Chapel?

Obviously you have thoroughly researched the newspapers of a century ago and extraneous happenings, advertisements, etc., heighten the atmosphere of the story. Is there not the risk that by this very authenticity, people will see you as a chronicler of actual events, not as a creator?

Yes, indeed. Many people are unable to distinguish between art and journalism, art and history and, as you say, this is more likely to happen with a novel of this kind. I've already been told it is not an 'authentic', 'accurate' treatment of the O'Keefe case. I've great difficulty in conveying to people that I had not the slightest interest in giving an 'accurate' account of the O'Keefe story; this is the function of the historian (one of the side effects of the novel is that historians have become interested in the case again). The work of the imagination which uses history as a base abandons historical veracity with the first word. Truth in a novel is derived from the world of the novel, not the world of history. I know, for instance, that many people in Callan have been upset by the novel. Partly because it raises the topic of O'Keefe, partly because of the

harshness of the book. I sympathise with this but I deeply regret the misconception of art which it implies. Is there any way of conveying what a novel really is to people who think this way? I don't know.

Is Fr. Lannigan merely symptomatic of the awful malaise of Kyle, or the cause of it? Were conditions in rural Ireland in 1872 very squalid by today's standards?

In part we're back with history again here, aren't we? Again my academic colleagues in disciplines like history or folklore can point to evidence of less squalor in a town like this in the 1870s than the novel suggests. The point is that the novel has its own rhythm and it is this rhythm that creates the setting. I did — as you say — do a great deal of research. But I used it very ruthlessly and quite without scruple for my own ends. Anachronism and inconsistency didn't worry me unduly if I achieved the effect I wanted. The malaise, as you put it, is fundamentally spiritual; the physical reality in the novel is an imaginative device to sustain this. Father Lannigan didn't interest me nearly as much as Butler, the landlord. I think **The Big Chapel** would be a very modest achievement without Butler who magnifies the issue beyond its local and religious sense. Through Butler, I was able to focus upon the situation, quite arbitrarily, the main currency of Victorian liberalism. The failure of this liberalism to cope with the situation in any meaningful way is my own personal involvement in the novel. I'd great difficulty with Lannigan. He's the only character in the book with an historical model and this was difficult. And, in the end, I lost a lot of enthusiasm for the purely religious issues involved.

The character Nicholas thinks: You measure evil by its claims to virtue and measure violence by the claims to peace of the men who provoke it.

On these grounds, surely, the priest, although a wronged and anguished man, comes through as an evil rather than a tragic figure.

This statement is one of the kernels of the book. It is the concept of morality that is constantly outraged within it. There are many versions of violence in the novel, the

greatest violence of all being the perversion of Christian charity. Yes, Lannigan is guilty on this account. But his guilt is from contamination, from the erosion of a weak personality under strain. The violence that emerges from ecclesiast-authority in the novel is more horrendous since, as I see it, it comes from an act of political choice to retain power.

The blurb suggests that the violent happenings in Kyle are immediately relevant to events in (Northern) Ireland today. Would not a more appropriate analogy be with the conflict about Authority within the Church itself? Substitute *Humanæ Vitæ* for *In Coena Domini*, say.

I suppose this is a novel about religion! I know you're surprised at my 'suppose' . . . But I feel now that the issues in the book go beyond religion. I don't think I'm capable of a sensitive treatment of a religious theme and, from this point of view, I think Frank MacManus's **The Greatest of These** is a more profound treatment of the religious experience of the O'Keefe case. My problem is that I'm deeply pessimistic about many aspects of institutional religion. I think this shows in the novel in a certain lack of sympathy and, no doubt, understanding of many aspects of clerical life. I wrote the novel while deeply conscious of the North of Ireland. What I tried to do was to describe the lunacy which an ideology, any ideology, can unleash when the value of human life, even one human life, has been diminished.

The Mr. Roche in your greatly regarded play *The Death and Resurrection of Mr. Roche* is, in one sense, a supernatural character—the title is not chosen for nothing. Is the fate meted out to each member of Master Scully's family meant to convey a moral?

I don't really understand, in the sense of explanation, the kind of horror which overtook the family of the Scullys in my novel. I just know that it had to happen. If the novel is not moral, that is, deeply concerned with the nature of good and evil in this life, I would want to disown it.

For you, as a native of Callan, the 'O'Keefe Case' must have been part of your mental furniture for many a year. Now

that *The Big Chapel* is written, do you feel yourself finally rid of that lumber?

If you mean will I ever write about Callan again I'm afraid, for the peace of mind of Callan people, that I will! But there are ways and ways, as you know well, of writing out of one's life and one's home place. I've written out of my Callanhood before this and will again but I doubt that any Callan man would see the connections, except in the obvious use of a case like Father O'Keefe's. A writer can never rid himself of what he came from since in a very real sense this is what he continues to be.

To use a reviewer's cliché: "We look forward to this writer's next novel". Would you like to say what the theme of it will be?

Well, yes. *The Big Chapel* was not my first novel. I've a very large manuscript and a re-written version of this will, I hope, be my next published novel. It is called *Angela* and consists of two phases in the life of an Irish girl. The first is set in present day Dublin and the second in 1956 in a school in Switzerland. It could not be more different, in style and content, to what you have in *The Big Chapel*.

Reflections

EDDIE KEHER

Before putting pen to paper to write this article, I figured out the number of years since I trotted out the Callan Gate for the last time as a student. It was somewhat shattering to find it all of thirteen years. That moment of farewell is probably the one every student longs for from the day he first sets foot in the College, but invariably it comes as an anti-climax. You just cannot spend five years, particularly five very impressionable years of your life, in a community and then discard them like an old coat. When you look at it properly in focus, you realise the life wasn't so bad after all, and you recall your friends, your class, your year. It is unlikely you will see them all again.

I have been lucky. Through the game of hurling, in one way or another, I have kept contact with, or met, most of the lads I knew in St. Kieran's, and indeed most of

the priests and teachers. We owe a lot to the College and to one another.

I can declare quite confidently that had I not gone to St. Kieran's, hurling would not have played such an important part in my life. I would not have been prepared for the county team, probably would not have been considered. (Nor, on reflection, would I have had to write this article!) While most of us who went through the College enjoyed the experience, either as a supporter or a player, of beating St. Peter's in a Leinster Final or winning an All-Ireland Final, I would like to dwell on some other aspects of the game.

These, of course, can be applied to all sports but since Kilkenny and St. Kieran's have such proud records on the hurling field, we will concern ourselves with the game in which we can stand alongside the best.

The most important years of one's life,

in my opinion, are not the first five or the first ten, but from 17 to 21 years. This is the time you leave secondary school and are faced with the great decision—what career to follow.

University or Civil Service? Bank or teaching? A different job altogether? You try one, and it has no appeal for you. Another horizon seems more attractive, then yet another. It is perilously easy at this stage to “crack up” or look for an escape. The easiest route is to take to the bottle or get high on drugs. But you are faced next day with the same problem, and you evade it in the same fashion. The result is a downward spiral, with no opportunity of reflecting in a detached fashion on your predicament.

I would like to think that the people who set out to form the GAA and to promote games that were natural to our Celtic temperament were concerned for the welfare of the youth of Ireland, and were far-seeing enough to be aware of the importance of these games in character formation.

You play in a team, you gain confidence in yourself and confidence in what you can achieve with the help of your team mates. You are conscious of playing your part in what is being achieved. This may not be fully realised at the moment—in the midst of the strife all faculties are trained on just winning the game—but it becomes obvious later on. You learn how to take victory and the harder lesson of defeat. If it is defeat, you learn how to “get up and have another

go”. You realise from the hurling field that you have a strength as an individual as well as being a co-operative force with others.

When the pressure is on, in those vital years I speak of, a temporary escape is not the answer. Nor may all the answers be found on the local pitch, but there at least you are back in the environment from which your strength is drawn. You regain your confidence. You are able to think more clearly and, incidentally, you could not be getting healthier exercise. I will always be grateful to hurling for taking me through those vital years with some sort of sanity.

I think it opportune to say that we never before needed to express ourselves more clearly as a nation. Our current internal trouble coupled with our proposed entry into the E.E.C. leave us in danger of loss of identity. It is everyone's duty to show our distinctive nationality by promoting our language, music and games, all that distinguishes us as Irish people. If it is through the GAA, it may be on the hurling field or at administration level where the promotion is done. The enthusiastic club-man is as important as the player. It may earn you brickbats as well as bouquets, but nobody can expect roses all the way. There will not be a financial reward, but there will be satisfaction and pride in a job well done. I know that St. Kieran's College and the men it helps to form will play a worth-while role in this most important challenge.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Eddie Butler". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.



1946 — SILVER JUBILEE — 1971

Front Row: Rev. P. Dunphy (Senior Dean), Rev. Kevin Scott (Southwark), Rev. Eamonn Troy (Maitland), Bishop Collier, Rev. Michael Holden (San Antonio), Canon Ryan (President), Rev. J. J. Reidy (Junior Dean).

Middle Row: Rev. Michael Byrne (Perth), Jeremiah O'Brien (Clifton), Richard Colbert (Liverpool), Joseph Lennon (Hexham & Newcastle), Donal Cadogan (Liverpool), Kevin Brennan (Liverpool), Dominic Carey (Hexham & Newcastle).

Back Row: Rev. John Horan (San Diego), Richard Lillis (Glasgow), Seamus Sheeran (Port Elizabeth), Eamon Barrett (Sydney), Joseph Rea (Portsmouth), James Hughes (Maitland).

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

Ordained 8th June 1947

Rev. Michael Fitzgerald (Perth), Rev. Sean McDonald (San Antonio), Rev. Thomas

Rhatigan (Edinburgh), Rev. Patrick Breen (Liverpool), Rev. Mark Kirwan (Ossory), Rev. Nicholas Rowan (Glasgow), Rev. Patrick O'Neill (Sacramento), Rev. Pierce Grace (Kildare & Leighlin), Rev. Sean Kelly (Sydney), Rev. Patrick O'Sullivan (Liverpool), Rev. William O'Sullivan (Liverpool), Rev. Gerald McCabe (Edinburgh), Rev. Edward Kenny (Perth), Rev. Eugene Daly (Liverpool).

Ordained in Maynooth College in 1946 was Rev. Patrick Bergin, Ossory.

Priests' Re-Union in Britain, 1972

The 45th reunion of St. Kieran's priests in Britain took place in Windermere, May 4th and 5th. While the attendance was not as good as in previous years it was an enjoyable event for all who supported it. The weather was good, the staff of the Belsfield Hotel was courteous and 'the eats' adequate. Windermere provides many beautiful drives around its lakes and mountains, its well-

cared for plantations and pasture lands. Groups gathered in the lounge in the evenings to discuss the Church in general in the various dioceses, and the new 'emerging' clergy fresh from their various seminaries. It was pleasant for many to recall past College events and incidents, the men and the message of an older testament, so to say.

The focal point of the meeting was the re-



RE-UNION AT WINDERMERE

Rev. R. Dunphy (Secretary), Canon J. Byrne (Golden Jubilarian), Bishop Monaghan, Canon P. Lacey (Union President), Bishop Birch, Canon J. Hoiohan (College President), Rev. P. McNulty (Outgoing Secretary)

union dinner. Canon Lacey, President, in his post-prandial remarks, mentioned the importance of priests getting together everywhere. The bond between Irish priests and Irish people at home and abroad needed strengthening in these days of religious and political upheaval. Proposing the toast of the guests from Kilkenny Father Tom Foynes of Birmingham was witty, humorous and entertaining, recalling some well-known characters of his seminary days and quoting them with accuracy. Bishop Birch in reply gave a brief account of new developments in the Diocese of Ossory including the use of the Retreat House by both priests and laity. His latest experiment was to establish small religious communities of two or three sisters in rural parishes to live with the people and attend to the social services there. Canon Holohan referred to the decreasing number of vo-

cations and to the suggestions that are currently floating around about rationalizing the whole seminary situation in Ireland. He also said that the changes in Seminary training, introduced gradually over the past twelve years, has now reached a point of no return when students were expected to live, pray and study with a minimum of supervision. He welcomed all past students to the functions in the College in July and August now established as annual "open house" days.

A final tribute is due to Father Michael McNulty, the outgoing secretary, who made all the arrangements and carried out his duties with his customary good cheer, natural courtesy and efficiency. To his successor, Father Dick Dunphy, every good wish.

M.



Old friends gather for priests' re-union at St. Kieran's, July 1970.

Personalities

Elsewhere in this issue, the achievements of one Callan-man are chronicled. In a totally different sphere, another Callanite deserves commendation likewise. He is PADDY CLANCY (Ecclesiastic, 1946-49), who set up in his home town a knitwear industry on a small scale in 1962. His aim was to manufacture men's pullovers and cardigans of the very highest standard. They are marketed under the label Sherpa Knitwear. So successful has the enterprise been, that fifteen people are now employed in a pleasant new factory turning out knitwear that even the most fastidious eye would covet.

Another business-man would be content with this achievement, but all the time Paddy had visions of producing something which would be aesthetically pleasing and which moth doth not consume. Glass, he decided. On an impulse, which is indicative of his quiet dynamism, he found himself in a small town on the River Neckar near Heidelberg in August 1969 purchasing a consignment of drinking glasses—blank crystal ware on which a pattern would be incised. Thus began a new industry—Kilkenny Crystal.

Paddy himself designs the shapely foliar and volute patterns. A German cutter incises the designs on crystal drinking glasses and vases. Two young people polish each piece by hand and the finished article—any collector's dream—can be found where Irish quality goods are sold: the duty-free shop at Shannon Airport, for instance.

Within the past two years Art has been added to the curriculum in the College, yet skill with brush and palette is being displayed by past students who never had the benefit of art tuition in St. Kieran's.

RAYMOND LEAHY (1965-69) has become the first Irish student to be awarded an art scholarship by the Italian Cultural Institute. He studied at Limerick College of Art and at Trinity College where he secured a diploma in the History of Art. At present his waking hours are spent between the Uffizi and the Bargello in Florence, with trips on the side to the museums in Rome and Naples.

Calendars by their nature are ephemeral, but the "Kilkenny People" production for this year warrants conservation. It is a series of pen-and-ink sketches of Kilkenny scenes, drawn with considerable artistry and originality by WILLIAM MOORE (1957-61). A former student of the National College of Art, Billy is now commercial artist with a Dublin advertising agency.

The oldest student in regular attendance at the College of Art is how JIM MANNING (1941-46) describes himself. When the epochal bank-strike took place a year or two ago, Jim decided that interim employment elsewhere would be less satisfying than going to Cornwall to paint. Here he teamed up with a fellow Kilkenny man, Tony O'Malley who has been given a cottage and studio by the Arts Council of Great Britain. Jim found the association so liberating and productive that he returned from St. Ives after a couple of months with a portfolio bursting with fifty completed canvases. He obtained leave from his bank to organise a one-man show, which was held at Hell Fire Club Studios in the Dublin Mountains in May 1971, and attracted considerable acclaim.

To-day's students are keeping up the tradition, and mention must be made of CON DELANEY (Class 2A) who won first prize at Athy Art Exhibition in 1971 and RICHARD AHERNE (Class 1A) who was highly commended in his section in the Texaco Child Art Competition this year.

* * * * *

Stealing the headlines in the sports pages of the dailies has become a deplorable habit with EDDIE KEHER. His latest success was in recording the highest tally of scores in the hurling year 1971 — an astonishing 165 points in 17 outings. This defeated the



Nicky Rackard congratulates Eddie Keher at Nowlan Park, December 1971, on breaking his scoring record.

fifteen years old record of 155 points in 19 games. And who had held the record since 1956? Why, another Kieranite—Nicky Rackard of Wexford.

The first Editor of our magazine—whom God preserve!—would surely have introduced in this context the memorable exchange that occurs in the pages of

Knocknagow:

Matt the Thresher: Well, it took a Tipperary man to beat you, Captain French. 'That's some consolation', said the Captain. 'I'm a Tipperary boy myself and I'm glad you reminded me of it'.

Eddie Keher wields a dextrous caman and you will agree that he is no clumsy hand with the Remington Portable when you read his article in this current issue.

* * * * *

Quis docebit ipsos doctores? — Well, for one, Boston College, which awarded to staff-members, Fr. Joseph Delaney an M.A. degree in Maths, and Fr. John Duggan an M. Ed. degree in Counselling and Guidance for high school and college students.

Both priests spent the past five summers in Boston College, heaping, as it were, Pelion upon Ossa, without showing the least tremor.

* * * * *

What is the link between "Joy and Hope" and the Long Kesh Internment Camp? Dare I say that the link is Fr. Bernard Canning (1946)?

On the occasion of the opening of the new Church of St. Fergus' Paisley in December last, a commemorative brochure was compiled by Fr. Canning, a curate in the parish. It is entitled "Joy and Hope". Brochure is an inadequate label for a hundred page booklet in which the ecclesiastical history of Paisley Diocese is traced from the mist-enshrouded days of St. Mirin, through the Reformation and the oppressed centuries that followed, until Fr. William Rathay built the first church in 1809 and a new dawn commenced.

Some St. Kieran's priests enter the record in recent times. Fr. James M. Lillis, native of Kildysart, Co. Clare, ordained in Kilkenny in 1929, was the second pastor of the parish of St. Fergus. It was he who planned the new church, but indifferent health prevented him from undertaking the burden involved in such an enterprise. Cork-born Fr. Denis Reen (1950) was curate in St. Fergus' from the time of his ordination until

1965. Finally, Fr. Bernard Canning from Columkille's City, has been curate there since 1968.

Where does Long Kesh enter the picture?

At the end of the booklet, among the list of patrons which is headed by Right Rev. Stephen McGill, Bishop of Paisley, occurs the name — McGlinchey, Joseph, Internment Camp, Long Kesh, Co. Antrim.

* * * * *

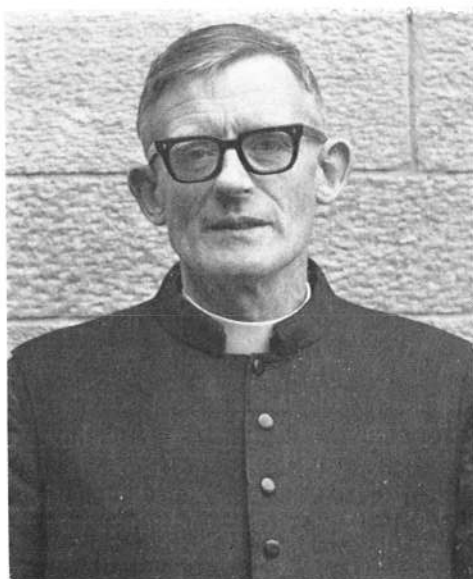
EDWARD NOLAN (1966-71) who is now studying actuaryship in Edinburgh secured second place and a prize of £20 at the Young Scientists' Exhibition, sponsored by Aer Lingus and held at Ballsbridge in January 1971. Edward presented a study of Chebyshev's Inequality Theorem. This involved a great deal of private study of mathematical calculation. The purpose of the study was to calculate the probability of certain events in a quick way. He then examined certain probability functions to determine the accuracy of Chebyshev's Theorem.

This major achievement of Edward's was



Edward Nolan with his prize winning exhibit.

the first win by a student from St. Kieran's, although in 1970 a similar entry was highly commended by the judges.



Fr. John Dalton, D.D., Order of Charity, otherwise Rosminian Fathers, teaches Theology and Philosophy in St. Kieran's and is also on the staff of Rosminian College, Kilsheelan.

Playing the Last Record

DENIS BERGIN

'Three things that are certain in life', St. Colmcille might well have written, 'are the spring call of the *corcan ruadh* above the glen, three days rain upon the cloister roof in March, and the editorial policy of the St. Kieran's College Record'.

There is, you see, a timelessness, a leisurely pace of production, and an air of scholarly piety about the 'Record' that has survived these changing times of ours. Every two years (almost), a gentle call goes out from a book-lined study in monastic Kilkenny, and willing scribes turn from the daily monotony to record with loving care another chapter in the corporate life of their alma mater. Some ex-Kieran's men, inflamed with zeal, even illuminate their manuscripts with colourful reproductions of church scenes in Happy Valley, Pa., or peasant fertility rites in the Philippines.

Science may have changed the appearance of the written word and the paper on which it is writ, but the spirit of Colmcille and Colman and Canice and Kieran hangs over the studious detail of the Record's pages still.

The Books of Kells and Durrow are the showpieces of Colmcille's scriptoria, but who is to say that the monks who produced these miraculous manuscripts didn't freelance a little on the side? Who is to say that after six months on a particularly tricky *In principio erat verbum*, a crafty Munster novice didn't dash off a quick clandestine 'Kells Chronicle', with daring details of the 605 A.D. Cashel Caber-tossing Championships, or of the activities of the Aghaboe Pageant Society? The Clonmacnois Matins and Lauds Festival might have been written up too, as well as the Durrow Cell-Furniture-making class.



DENIS BERGIN, a native of Durrow, Laois, was at St. Kieran's, 1958-63, has since studied at Maynooth. Taught in Tipperary and in Brussels and travelled in Europe and U.S.A. before returning semi-permanently to Dublin, where he is a freelance journalist.

A few short steps over the uneven path of thirteen centuries, then, take you from the chuckling note absorbed in the details of a sixth-century bee-keeping festival to the ex-Kieran's man throwing himself into three pages of ordination photographs in the twentieth-century Record.

Tempora, of course, *mutantur*, and we have no choice but to *mutamur in illis*. The

boys from the global village warn us that print leaves us with a horizontal complex, and that we condition ourselves to take in knowledge only in straight lines. It won't be long, they tell us, before the telly will be feeding us with a solid diet of big colourful pictures, and then dropping a summary of the day's happenings out of its complicated mechanical bowels.

Teachers will become redundant, their fleshly presence replaced by a combination of tapes and film piped to the student's 45th floor room in some central college complex to which he is ferried by some outlandish network of underground hovercraft.

And in the melee the 'Record' will be lost. Its careful mixture of reminiscence, Leaving Cert results, pastoral appointments, obituaries, hurling team photographs, and student diaries will have been flushed down some global village drain.

Another generation of St. Kieran's students will brush the last crumbs of plastic food from their pale lips, and move in mindless march to pre-fabricated cells, past banks of television screens that proclaim the news of the day. 'Maddoxtown Man Proclaims Miracle at Lourdes', the steely announcer's voice will say: 'Mooncoin Scholar Baffles World with Explanation of Obscure **Maran Atha** Biblical Phrase', 'Ex-College President Lands Whale at Dunmore East', 'Dean Busts Shop-Profiteering Racket: Prefect Held'.

Let us, then, play every Record as if it were our last. We know not when the editor may be transferred from his crumbling office, redolent with tradition, atmosphere, and mice, to some soul-less building of a uniform and clinical whiteness where his creative soul may be stifled forever by cheap office furniture and modern equipment that chatters and hums in his delicate ears. Before his monastic soul's decline heralds the advent of the global village, let us manage a hasty bow to tradition, and to history. To be frank let me tell you, at great length, what things were like in Kieran's in my time.

The generation of men who entered St. Kieran's on a day in early September 1958 were to witness the end of an era. Before they left in 1963 governments would have

been toppled in Saigon, the Third Programme for Economic Expansion would be under way, the Congo would have become a republic, and we would be having chips for supper on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

We were 'Father O'Connor's Men', the first group of students to emerge from five successive years of his benevolent deanery, strong in a knowledge of Catholic Action, classical music, and what arguments worked best when you wanted to get out town on a Wednesday.

We have scattered since, of course, to many corners of the earth, and an enthusiastic 'class of '63' man can now have his life assured, bank loan, sick cow, last anointing or television set attended to by a class-mate, if he so wishes.

But as a student body we were formidable seekers-out of injustice and corruption, particularly insofar as they concerned ourselves, and we have a fine record of free days, duckings, and wounded teachers to show for our administration of the college in those five years.

To chronicle the enormous Ph. D-tail of the era, let us assume a method and a division of subject matter.

Bodily Comfort and Working Conditions

'The food', I had been told, 'that's the only thing you have to worry about'. The advice was give me by widows and farm labourers who had no idea where the college was, but who had known people who were there during the war and had either died of starvation, contracted the Russian plague, or eaten parts of their fellow students in an effort to stay alive.

It was with some excitement and surprise, therefore, that I viewed the impressive quantities of porridge that festooned the refectory tables on my first morning at St. Kieran's. Willy Halley of Conahy was at the top of the table, and I was beside him as he distributed the food. I didn't know that Willy was a second year student who was enjoying his temporary jurisdiction to the full, and I was very impressed when he asked me how much porridge I wanted.

As soon as Father O'Connor had organised his student lists, however, I came under the

loving care of Martin Walsh of Thomastown and John Hughes of Cuffesgrange. Generous of hand with the frogspawn and brown larry (and it was no easy task to divide brown larries into 16 equal parts, which was their argument for not dividing it into 16 equal parts), they were not altogether above suspicion in the distribution of the better cuts of meat.

After that, I seemed to be placed farther and farther down the tables, until I gradually lost interest in the science of food distribution. By the time I got to be head of a table, the position was no more than a sinecure, and revolutionary methods of rotating heads of tables were in operation. It was the beginning of the end of the powerful fifth-year domination of the eating business at St. Kieran's. As well, I had to face the honest eyes of Gay Troy at every dinner-time; his Christian bearing often forced me to hand the dish 'down the table' before I took an unChristian helping of semolina.

Father Percy Grant applied his considerable imagination to the menu (on his arrival as bursar in the early sixties) and the first shocking result was a kind of Irish stew with biblical connections of the 'Seek and you shall find' variety. Men have said that in their time they fished out of this stew on various occasions, a hurling ball, a zipper from a nun's skirt, bottle tops, two decades of the rosary, the handle of a cup, an Inter 1V Church History paper, and the base of a small golf trophy.

Once you got over the excitement of discovery, however, the individuality of taste and texture was not at all displeasing, and the name 'gu-gu' was affectionate rather than descriptive. The name itself came from a broadcast of 'The Foley Family' on Radio Eireann; Tom Foley spent the whole programme trying to put small plastic aeroplanes together from pieces given away with every packet of a mythical cereal called 'Gu-gu'. (This unnecessary detail is included for the benefit of scholars of obscure semantics.)

Food images I have a-plenty from my days in Kieran's (the cool computer-mind of the person who distributed the pats of butter always impressed me, for instance), but there is nothing that I can dredge up from

memory that has any connotations of starvation. It is no fun, I can tell you, making a Christmas visit to a widow who is definitely good for half-a-crown ('for sweets') but who insists that since a grand-nephew of her own was always hungry when he was at Kieran's you must be the same. How can you tell her the truth (i.e. that you are being constantly nourished) and yet manage to extract the half-crown to buy sweets that she feels you need to redress the starvation she expects of you?

Educational Theory and Curriculum

Father Tommy Brennan, may he rest in peace, prophesied that the only Roman History we would ever remember was that Phyrrius was killed by a tile thrown by a woman from a roof. He was right. It's about the only Latin I remember too.

Father Brennan's class was always reminiscent of the Greek **agora**, that elegant location explained in a small footnote in the 'Acts of the Apostles'. Here men came 'What is new?' and to engage in sapient dialogue with the master.

Behind the careless disarray of Latin class was a methodical structure of 'exercises, syntax, text please'. 1A was a harrowing experience, with various queens loving and killing soldiers by turn, princesses loving arrows, and sailors having fought about three hundred other first declension nouns. But the hard work on Kennedy and Ritchie in 1A left us some leisure in 2A and Inter 1V, and we therefore devised a special strategy to keep healthy debate on national issues open for as long as possible. The ultimate triumph was to talk through the dangers of smoking and drinking, changes in the attitudes of the young, evils and perils of city life, composition and tactics of college hurling teams, composition and tactics of county hurling teams, details of national and international disasters of the day and then to hear the sweet-voiced bell toll the end of class and the loud regrets of the teacher at 'another class wasted'.

Latin and Greek were still useful, respectable pursuits in my time; in fact I endured the lasting wrath of one Reverend Mother by choosing to do Agriculture instead of

Greek, thus splintering my intake of our classical heritage, and, as an afterthought, ruining my chances of ever coming to a full understanding of the Scriptures.

Greek class was something I could only view from the outside, and students of Agriculture (including, I might say, Tom Norris, who now speaks Latin with the kind of fluency that Knocktopher men usually reserve for talking about hurling in English) could gather only a few crumbs from the aftermath of one of Father Kennedy's classes. All I can muster from the memory of these times are the remnants of some aging jokes, and of a unique incident in Inter 1V when Matty Quinlan asked me to ask Vincent Vaughan what the translation of the last line of Greek text on an examination paper was. Vincent, reading casually from the book on his knees, informed me that the translation was 'then they released the fire-breathing bulls'. I reported accordingly to Matty, who didn't quite catch the phrase, and ended his translation with a free rendering thus: 'then the fire brigade arrived'.

The only things I remember from Paddy McSweeney's history and geography classes are the importance of the monasteries in the development of Irish civilisation, Henry II at Canossa (a very fine artistic impression of the king at the feet of the Pope adorned the margin of my history book), and a plastic relief map that Paddy was colouring in his spare time with a mixture of paint and egg-yolk. (It was only years afterwards that I found out that his creativity took in a political commentary column for the 'Kilkenny People', and that his painting went much further than plastic relief maps).

His examination papers were always a joy to behold: they could only be answered if you had noted the emphasis that he had been quietly placing as we waded together through an impossible badly-printed textbook of xxv + 455 pages.

Maths class was a very businesslike affair until after Inter Cert. Life could be reduced under Father Tommy Maher's direction to a simple matter of a^2 and b^2 and the relationship between them. Together they equalled $a^2 + b^2$, and apart they equalled $(a + b)$

$(a - b)$, and you were either right or wrong about the matter.

But when Father Joe Delaney arrived fresh from Maynooth in 1961, he brought with him, in book form, a man called W. W. Sawyer. This Sawyer had written a book called 'Mathematician's Delight', and wary Senior 11 men were given the slim paperback volume to read over the Christmas holidays in preparation for some obscure studies in calculus. The only bit of the book I thoroughly understood was the bit where Sawyer thanked his wife for typing the manuscript. After that, the work degenerated into some smart remarks about the speed of people rolling down hills in relation to the age of the hill, all of it expressed as a function of x .

In any event, Father Delaney did not pursue his study of the book, mainly from a realisation that the thousands of questions that the book provoked could never be answered in time for the Leaving Cert in 1963. I still have the book, and I intend to go back to it some day to see if I can see where the delight that Sawyer talks about comes into the picture.

But the shocking revolution in textbook usage was no less shocking because we didn't understand the textbook. I mean, to have a textbook that had a picture of the author on the back of it, and a potted biography on the front—there was infinite scope even in these two novelties for the drawing of inky moustaches, glasses, ear-horns, etc., as well as for some quiet leisure reading in class.

The only tribute that I can pay to Ned Costello's loyalty to the noun-lists at the back of 'Reidh Cursai Gramadaí' is that I can still drag Irish vocabulary from the hoary recesses of my mind on the most unexpected occasions. On matters of grammar, Ned was rigid, but in his approach to literary gems such as 'Peig' or 'Bruion Caorthainn' he showed a fine humanity that often shared our amusement at the backwardness of country girls in 19th century Kerry, (we were making constant plans for 'Peig' to counteract her loneliness and naivete), or the conditions of lavatories in pre-historic Ireland. Occasionally, he would attempt a semi-

tuneful rendering of epic Irish laments, and on one occasion he spent a whole class showing us a scrap-book that he had kept on the Rising of 1916. He made much to-do about spending an entire class in this blatantly non-grammatical activity, but I think he realised that this particular class was a very legitimate educational experience indeed.

One of the great advances made during our time at St. Kieran's was the installation of a Physics laboratory. All the equipment was new, and we were the first class to be allowed to roam among it. Father O'Sullivan was still coming to terms with packing cases and invoices when we moved in, but we had a fine time asking questions about the functions of the various implements, and occasionally giving them a quick and secret testing.

I remember with affection a bulky and expensive textbook on physics which had pages soft and smooth to the touch, and a host of line-drawn illustrations with a few small photographs here and there. The experience of reading it was something like looking for meat pieces in 'gu-gu'—every detail of the photographs was savoured.

English class is the class I remember best, since I am now convinced that it must have been my favourite subject. We had John Collins for five years, and we advanced in that time from 'The Wind in the Willows' to 'Julius Caesar' (if that can be called an advance).

The things I remember best about English class are the readings from P. G. Wodehouse O. Henry and Damon Runyon during 'free' classes (Father Duggan, when he took over as Dean of Studies, mounted an expensive public relations campaign to demolish the concept and the name of the 'free' class in favour of the 'study period' but old traditions die hard), John Collins' reminiscences about his days at St. Colman's in Fermoy, and the amount of grammar lessons that the man slipped into the English course without a grumble from seasoned grammar-haters.

I remember too that I wrote a composition in 1A on 'The Village', or 'A Snow-fall' or something, and had the inspired

good fortune to concoct the phrase: 'the roofs of distant houses looked as if they had been painted white'. I have myself praised highly phrases in students' essays since, often in an effort to boost their semi-intelligent morale, and I have often wondered if John Collins had motives other than those of the highest critical purity when he ventured that my phrase about the roofs was a powerfully descriptive one, because I was on his side from that day forward, and took every essay assignment with the kind of enthusiasm generated by the possibility of critical acclaim.

I like to think that students of my ninth grade English class (Brussels, 1969-70) will remember me in a jumble of images from Shakespeare, Goldsmith and reminiscences from my college days (which I gave them in large and colourful doses).

Religious and Moral Formation

During my first year at St. Kieran's, the bookshop ran out of regulation missals. Having a full-scale missal to decorate your place in the chapel was a kind of status-symbol, and it beat hands down Child of Mary prayerbooks, and little volumes full of fair-haired boys serving Masses celebrated by impossibly holy-looking priests, with dedications on the fly-leaf 'To darling Michael on the occasion of his First Holy Communion from his loving aunt Sally'. I decided that I wanted a big missal, and that I would go to many ends to get it. After consultation with Ciaran Marren, who was then head prefect, I ordered from an elegant Dublin address a missal by Cabrol, some French abbot, with gold edging around the pages, and attractive illustrations from the 14th century. It was a delicate volume, but I was very proud of it. In fact, I spent a great deal of time in the ecclesiastics' section of the chapel examining many varieties of missal and comparing them with mine. Somebody should write a book on missals, for, like womens' handbags, they gather inside them a great variety of objects—leaves from the tree in the Garden of Olives, palm branches, miraculous medals, picture postcards from Lourdes, and a whole library of obituary cards. I was always impressed by

the ecclesiastic who had obituary cards from the four corners of Ireland, because this pointed to a man of extraordinary culture and wide acquaintance.

Another great attraction was the spiritual reading that accompanied the missals on the benches—a man could spend days reading through Leo Trese (he seemed to be the most popular and least complicated of the writers on these religious matters) or looking at pictures of Fulton Sheen or Eugene Boylan or Columba Marmion. After a few weeks of bench hopping, you could get some alarming insights into the literary input of the future clergy.

The only other overt religious formation that we got came in Christian Doctrine classes. I remember a cleric called John Long, who taught us Scripture, and who emerged from the dark anonymity of clerical blackness by reason of his outstanding performance in plays. We would always extract a brief and unclerical statement from him on the theme of the worldly plays he acted in, and he once went so far (and priests were at that time banned from the theatre) as to tell us how we should go about constructing a good play. I hope that he reads Clive Barnes with unsubdued interest these days.

Father Grace taught us Social Science with his neat flair for bringing the evils of our time into the hilarious surroundings of Paddy Carroll's button factory, and I have often thought since that Gowran's employment problem might well be solved by the introduction of such an industry, since Father Grace has long understood in terms of money, value, and price, the total economics of the button market.

Father O'Connor taught us Catholic Action and Scripture in a carefully organised way that had us proving the existence of God almost in the same breath as we related the 7th journey of St. Paul. Before McLuhan was, Father O'Connor is handing out up-to-the-minute accounts of developments in the world that affect our living faith. I remember that those stencilled sheets contained references to a wide range of characters whom I now know to be Scott Fitzgerald, Albert Schweitzer, Dr. Tom Dooley and Karl Marx. There was also a

memorable character called Caryl, whose arguments against miracles were demolished in about three lines.

Leisure, Culture, and the Arts

You can reduce the arts at St. Kieran's, 1958-63 to two occasional events—the cinema and the theatre. There were, of course, Father O'Connor's musical evenings, and Cuallacht Chiarain's singing lessons, and Father Duggan's slide shows ('Me swimming in the Gulf of Florida; television men waiting to photograph me after I had married the millionaire's daughter to the farm labourer and they eloped together; me in the parish priest's Pontiac'). There were the Non-Smokers' Association's extravaganzas (slides of life in Ballyousskill, songs from smokeless singers), and career guidance lectures from Paddy Kilroy ('I got through university with a 3d. jotter and a copy of the Irish Constitution'), and they all had that delightful zaniness about them that makes for entertainment and the passing of a leisurely hour.

But a picture or a play had elements of a religious ceremony about it—the solemn procession of the chairs, the air of muted excitement that hung over the supper-table or the tea-table before the event, the reverent worship of the actors afterwards, or the sweet memories of Susan Hampshire or Deborah Kerr.

The first film I saw at St. Kieran's was 'The Caine Mutiny'. It was entirely different in theme and method from the only two films I had ever seen before (Laurel and Hardy in 'Fra Diavolo' and Audrey Hepburn in some adult epic where the heroine gassed herself in a Rolls Royce). It set the tone for a whole series of adventure films that made me an unqualified addict of the cinema.

The plays were a little different—the main attraction seemed to be the number of local references that the actors could crowd between the lines, or the delightful attempts of a died-in-the-wool Corkman to do a BBC accent.

As far as literary input was concerned, the main source was the reading of religious masterpieces in the refectory during meals. We waded through 'But not conquered . . .',

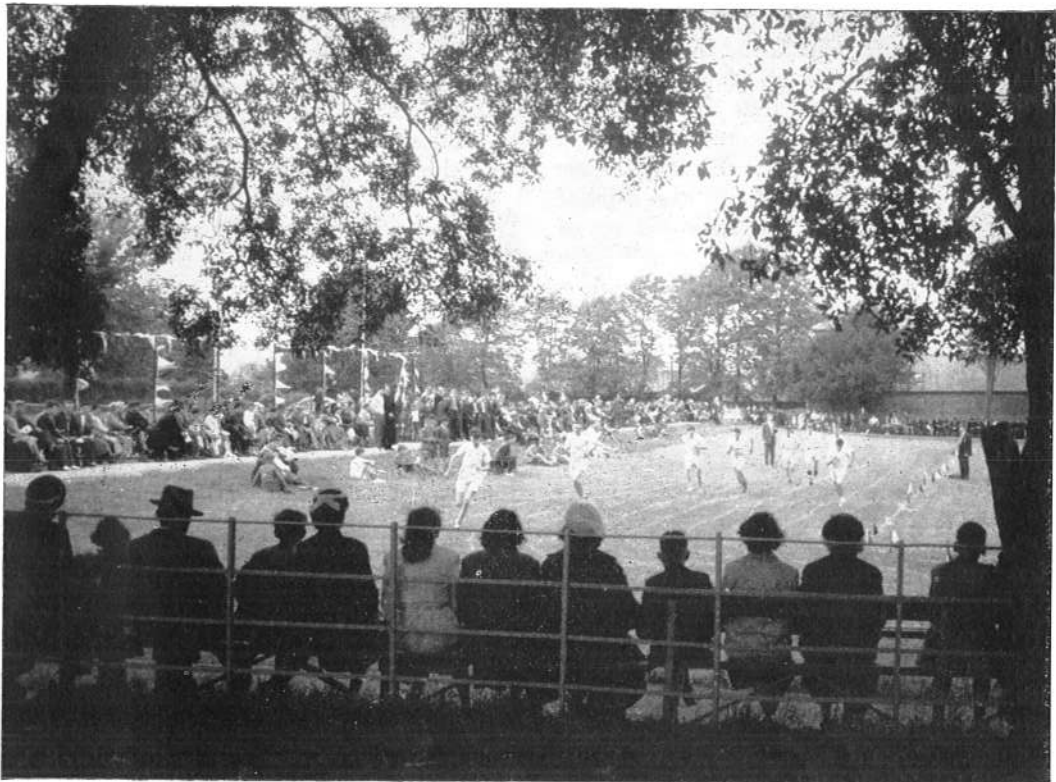
edited by Father Bernard T. Smith, Cheshire's memoirs, the history of Oberammergau and of Grangemoockler, 'God made Little Apples' by John D. Sheridan and countless other works, all read in varying accents at varying speeds by people of varying literacy, and all punctuated by the hissing of many tongues and the stamping of feet.

It was all part of the folklife of a community that has changed now almost beyond recognition. How can a student grow up in the love and fear of God if his days are not echoing with the intervention of the God-head through the granting of free days (Tom Norris and I felt like Moses coming down from the mountain when we tumbled

down the back stairs by the ref to announce the good news to the waiting multitudes), opening of the shop outside regular hours, the repair two hours before film time of a projector that had broken down that morning?

Now everything is new, and nobody bothers to go to the marketplace to talk about it any more.

Once the present generation gets used to things, though, and once they in turn see the changes that come upon them, they may very well treat us to a 24-hour television marathon account of life in St. Kieran's in the 1980s, and have us weep with the same kind of nostalgia as we do when we think of the happiest days of our particular lives.



"the happiest days of our particular lives"



COLLEGE STAFF 1972

Front Row: Mr. E. Costello, Mrs. C. Wilcox, Rev. G. O'Sullivan (Vice-President), Canon J. Holohan (President), Rev. T. O'Connor, Dr. J. Brennan, Mr. P. Sweeney.

Second Row: Rev. T. Maher, Mr. Denis Philpott, Rev. Loman MacAodha, Mr. T. O Murchu, Mr. M. Dwyer, Mr P. Cullen, Mr. P. Barrett, Mr. B. Clarke.

Third Row: Mr. M. Dermody, Rev. J. Delaney, Rev. J. Dollard, Mr. G. Kennedy, Mr. J. McAuley, Rev. M. Campion, Mr. A. Sheehy, Rev. J. Duggan.

Fourth Row: Rev. S. Henry, Mr. J. Collins, Rev. D. Kelly, Mr. J. Lambe, Mr. R. McEvoy, Rev. E. McDonagh, Rev. L. Wallace.

Back Row: Mr. J. Carew, Rev. P. Malone, Rev. S. McEvoy, Rev. J. Crotty, Mr. W. Roche.

News From The Dioceses

Birmingham.

In 1971 two churches built by Saint Kieran's priests in the Archdiocese of Birmingham were opened and blessed.

When Fr. Dermot Corcoran went to Corpus Christi parish, Stechford, eight years ago he found a very inadequate temporary church and no suitable presbytery in this large Birmingham suburban parish. It would be hard to summarise the enormous difficulties he had to overcome to build a church worthy of the parish. A site had to be obtained; planners had to be satisfied; ecclesiastical authorities had to be assured of liturgical requirements. Added was the

task of raising a large sum of money, and all this activity had to go on against a background wail of armchair renewalist and anti-triumphalist clichés. Fr. Dermot was not deflected from his purpose and a magnificent church was blessed and opened on 18th November, 1971.

Fr. William Lyons had a problem similar to Fr. Corcoran's when he took over St. Patrick's Parish, Coventry six years ago. The difficult task of building a church was commenced in October 1968, on a site purchased from Coventry City Fathers. On May 25th, 1971 the ceremony of opening and blessing the new Church took place.



Fr. Dermot Corcoran is ready to show his new parish church to the visitor.

The fan-shaped structure seats approximately 750 people, and the farthest seat from the altar is 50 feet.

Coventry attracts many people to see the new Anglican Cathedral and any visitor interested in Church architecture would be well advised to have a look at St. Patrick's Church at Bell Green. As old Baedeker used say: Well worth a detour.



St. Patrick's Church, Bell Green

Shrewsbury

To catalogue in detail the church and school building that has gone on over the past few years would be considerable. The rapid growth of parishes has called for centres of worship and learning to keep pace with daily needs. Frs. Dwyer (1952), Dunphy (1952), Doyle (1954), St. John (1951), Cahill (1952) and Harrington (1952) have all built churches and schools in recent years.

On the sporting scene, a feature for the past seven years has been the inter-diocesan golf tournament for England, Scotland and Wales, sponsored by **The Universe** newspaper. Shrewsbury diocese has won the competition three times and tied on another occasion and lost the play-off. On the team from the commencement have been Fr. K. Molloy (1950), Fr. R. Dunphy (1952), and Fr. W. Doyle (1954) and over the years Fr. C. Dwyer (1952) and Fr. J. Cahill (1952) have been added. In September last, Shrewsbury once again scored success, with the five mentioned above on the team of ten players. The prize was a trip to the Holy Land.

It need hardly be said that St. Kieran's

priests from other dioceses regularly feature in this competition.

Fr. Richard Dunphy has been appointed secretary of the St. Kieran's Union in England.

Lancaster

Fr. Michael Scanlon (1954) has been appointed parish priest in Wigton, near Carlisle, and is finding the environment very much to his satisfaction.

Fr. Valentine Farrell (1965) is currently pursuing a course at the Catechetical and Pastoral Centre, Mount Oliver, Dundalk.

Hexham and Newcastle

Fr. Patrick Lacey (1930), St. Joseph's Cathedral, Hartlepool, has been appointed Canon of the Diocesan Chapter.

Liverpool

Fr. Daniel Cadogan (1946) has been appointed in charge of a new parish in Wigan, and he has built a new School.

Fr. Richard Colbert, (1946) has taken up duty as parish priest of St. Mark's Halewood, and first on his list of priorities is a new church, on which he is already engaged in building.

Fr. Michael Coleman (1945) has been appointed parish priest of a new housing estate in Kirkby, near Liverpool.

Fr. William O'Sullivan (1947) is now National Chaplain of Catholic Men's Society.

Congratulations on celebrating their Silver Jubilee this year are extended to Frs. Patrick Breen, Eugene Daly, Patrick and William O'Sullivan.

Lismore, New South Wales.

A source of deep satisfaction to the priests of the diocese was the visit of Dr. Jimmy Brennan over Christmas (1970) and the New Year; the only regret being the brevity of his stay. The visit did much to cement the bond of unity and affection between the exiles and the "Alma Mater", and it is hoped that the interval before the next visit from St. Kieran's will be short.

The advent of the new bishop, former co-adjutor, Dr. Gatterthwaite has resulted in many changes in the matter of appoint-

ments; so rapid have they been that one priest was heard to express the fear that two men might arrive to take up the same appointment. Not many St. Kieran's men occupy the positions they held formerly. The new list of appointments reads somewhat like the Queen's New Year Honour List—whether they are honours of course, is open to individual interpretation!

Fr. Tom McEvoy (1935) transferred to Kingscliffe from Coff's Harbour where he served with distinction for 14 years. He leaves behind him a proud record of achievement in both the temporal and spiritual spheres. In the one, a new parish church, a convent, new schools and a country church testify to his ability and zeal; in the other, a richness in the lives of God's people.

Fr. Bill O'Brien (1942) has ended 16 years of successful work in Macksville. He goes to Kyogle where he will have problems trying to do double work, as he replaces two men. He formerly filled the post of School Inspector, and his personal worth and work for the diocese have been recognised by his appointment as a member of the Bishop's Council.

Fr. Frank O'Gorman (1951) moves from the post of Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith which he held for nine years, to the appointment as administrator of the Cathedral parish. Those who know Frank are confident that he will achieve the same measure of success in his new position that he accomplished in the old.

Fr. Ned Crowley (1951) has, after nine years in Dorrigo, been given the same instructions as Katey Daly—"come down from the mountain". Ned achieved the impossible by establishing that Dorrigo was not a 'write off'; his success in reducing the

parish debt to a negligible figure is a great recommendation for the formula of perseverance and hard work. He takes up the appointment of parish priest of the much more compact and less demanding Bowraville.

Fr. John Relihan (1938) continues his good work in the parish of Casino, in which he is serving his thirtieth year of fruitful labour and wise administration. He is a member of the Bishop's Council.

Fr. Dan Troy is also undisturbed at Coraki, where he will continue his apostolic labour from the comfort of his beautiful new presbytery.

Fr. Tony Hoade (1954) remains at Tweed Heads, where he is in the process of building a new parish church and presbytery. While very occupied with the work in hand, he takes time occasionally to display his prowess on the golf course.

Fr. Ned Galavan (1952) has also joined the mobile squad. After six years in Bellingen he packs his bags to take over from Fr. Bill O'Brien in Macksville. Regretfully he leaves behind plans for a new Church, on which work began last December. Like Fr. O'Brien in his new parish, he will be on his own where formerly two priests worked.

A fanfare of trumpets, now, for the same Fr. Galavan who won the Diocesan Golf Tournament in July 1971 and who still finds time to act as Lismore Correspondent for the **College Record**.

He says that bowls has become the popular game with some of the priests and that Fr. McEvoy has graduated to Bocchi, a form of hard-court bowls indulged by the Italian community of Coff's Harbour.

Ten Years After

DICK McEVOY

On June 19th 1971 a double celebration took place in the College. The Leaving Certificate classes of 1960 and 1961 held a joint re-union, because an administrative problem of some kind or other had prevented us 1960 fellows from holding our separate function the year before. In the event, the extra numbers worked for greater enjoyment.

I had been looking forward to seeing what the sixties had done to various individuals with whom I had had very little contact during the decade. In fact, there were no surprises. Didn't we all know that Tom Murphy would still be playing around with aeroplanes, for instance, and that Frank Cooper would be sporting a ronnie and a brolly? He never turned a hair since 1960.

Those of us with more money than we need can be happy in the knowledge that such men as Vincent Kelly, Gerry Hanrahan, Tom Delaney and Rory O'Moore are keeping a close eye on it in their various banks. John Alley, Pierce Freaney and Tom Forristal looked odd without their hurleys. For the 1960 fellows it was a great treat to meet Denis Kinsella and Billy Kirwan, both of whom had left the College earlier than the rest of us. Many of us, indeed, had not seen Denis for fifteen years.

Of course, many of the men present were accompanied by wives—and some were even overheard discussing baby-sitting problems—but how did they all manage to find such charming and beautiful partners? Until then, I thought that I was the only one. It must have been the presence of the ladies that made the "Ref" such a pleasant place when we descended. The tables were turned a different way, too, but I heard one cynic suggesting that it was the food that was different. In any case there was a marked improvement in the standard of table manners and nobody shouted "Our dish".

In the absence of the President, Fr.

O'Sullivan welcomed us all and Donal McCarthy and Brendan Maher replied on behalf of their respective classes. Various greetings and apologies were read out from those who could not attend.

After dinner we adjourned to Rose Hill Hotel for the informal part of the celebration, and informality was certainly the keynote. Impossible to say how it happened, but suddenly everybody was talking at the same time and with great gusto. Nobody was listening. Wives and girl friends were abandoned and had to turn to each other for solace while the males huddled in groups and relived Fennessy's again. Whenever an argument developed on a point of information, Fr. Jimmy Dollard was there with the incontrovertible facts and that was that. Is it any wonder that he is teaching History?

Attempts were made to provide entertainment. Fr. Leo "Impresario" Norris acted as M.C. and had an uphill struggle in his search for talent. Donal McCarthy was, of course, fingering the black and whites and a few willing souls such as Tom Murphy, Johnny Dowling, Paschal McCann and myself tried to provide vocal gems for which we once earned a passing fame in the gallery choir. But nobody lent an ear. They didn't even heed Fr. Jim Crotty warbling "Don't be cross, dear", but someone must have reported it, because he is now Bursar of St. Kieran's and sings the same song to the Bank Manager.

In the middle of his old past pupils sat a beaming Fr. John Kennedy, now wielding a pastoral staff in Callan. John Collins, Pat McSweeney and their good wives also joined us for the occasion. It was a memorable evening and whatever faults the old Alna Mater may have, it seems there are many around who still have a soft spot for her. There are even those who carry their affection to the ridiculous extreme of returning there to work.

Obituaries

Very Rev. Thomas Canon Greene

Very Rev. Thomas Canon Greene, P.P., Tullaherin died on 15th March, 1971. A native of Thomastown, he was educated in St. Kieran's and ordained in 1910. Having first spent nine years on the mission in Hexham and Newcastle, he returned and served as curate in the parishes of Rathdowney, Rosbercon, Callan, and was appointed Chaplain, Presentation Convent, Kilmacow. In 1950 he was appointed Parish Priest of Windgap, but resigned for health reasons after a short period.

Subsequently he resumed the ministry and acted as curate in Mooncoin until his appointment in 1965 as Parish Priest in Tullaherin. In 1968 he became Canon of the Diocesan Chapter, and resigned on health and age grounds a month before his death.

He was old. In fact, he was the oldest priest in the Diocese. But for all his years, he was young at heart.

He was holy, compassionate and gentle, and he loved his people and was, in turn, loved by them.

His life was simple, pastoral; and of the few pleasures that were his in that life, the company of his fellow-priests was a big one. They loved him too. In fact, they could have cheered, but he wouldn't have liked that, when he was appointed Canon by Dr. Birch.

He would have been pleased to have his obituary a short and simple story. And there it is.

May he rest in peace.

C.J.S.

Very Rev. Patrick Holden, P.P.

On 18th April, 1972 the death occurred unexpectedly of Very Rev. Patrick Holden, P.P., Muckalee. Born in Mullinavat 63 years ago, he received his ecclesiastical education in St. Kieran's and was ordained in 1934. He ministered for two years in the diocese of Edinburgh, and on returning to Ossory served for many years as curate in St. Mary's Cathedral parish. Later he spent periods as curate in Ballyouskill and Clara before being appointed parish priest of Galmoy in 1964. He was transferred to the charge of Muckalee parish in 1971.

It wasn't so easy to get to know Fr. Paddy Holden well. For many, he lived in a vastness of his own making. But, behind the often gruff exterior there lurked the proverbial heart of gold.

He loved an argument; and if the argument couldn't hold water, that was the very argument he wanted. It was a way he had of showing, without wishing to show it, how much he was on the side of the under-dog, the helpless.

Father Holden was a good priest and a kind priest. He was an understanding priest, too,—though he rarely pretended that he understood. But his actions belied that pretence.

"Their works follow them" says the Liturgy.

There must be a great reward for so much goodness and kindness. And in many homes tonight, his name will be gratefully included in the prayers of the family. R.I.P.

C.J.S.

Very Rev. Geoffrey Brennan, P.P.

The death took place on 19th November, 1969 of Very Rev. Geoffrey Brennan, P.P. Windgap, at the age of 57 years. He was a native of Ballyhemmon, Castlecomer, and was educated in St. Kieran's College where he was ordained in 1935. He ministered in the diocese of Lismore, New South Wales for 11 years before being recalled to Ossory in 1946. He was curate in Callan until 1957 and in Thomastown until 1964 when he was appointed Parish Priest of Windgap.

A man of splendid character and likeable personality, Fr. Brennan took a keen interest in the spiritual and temporal welfare of his people. The zeal with which he performed his duties is best exemplified by the work he did in Windgap during his short five years' ministry. He saw the start and completion of the new parish church and chose the interior furnishings. It will remain a monument to his enthusiasm, his taste and his hard work.

He also undertook and completed the restoration of the parochial house. For a man who followed the national games with great interest, it was not surprising that he saw to it that the boys attending Windgap National School were provided with a playing field.

There was a special tribute paid to the memory of Fr. Geoffrey Brennan in far off Australia when a concelebrated Requiem Mass was offered in the Church of St. Bernadette, Krambach, New South Wales where Fr. James Brennan, his youngest brother is Parish Priest. The panegyric was preached by Rev. James Hughes, P.P. Swansea, who reminded the congregation of the links between Windgap and Australia. In the middle of the 19th Century the head master of the National School there emigrated to Australia where two of his sons became bishops—Patrick Vincent Dwyer, Bishop of Maitland and Joseph Dwyer, Bishop of Wagga Wagga.

One of the late Geoffrey Brennan's predecessors in Windgap was a Fr. James Brennan, his kinsman, who was parish priest there for 38 years. He was familiarly known

as the Gunner and it was after him that the present parish priest of Kamback was named.

The late Fr. Geoffrey Brennan was the oldest of seven sons born to the late Patrick Brennan and his wife Hanorah, who still lives at the age of 89.

(The above obituary was erroneously omitted from the 1970 issue—Ed.)

Very Rev. Dean Francis Meagher

In 1923 a newly-ordained priest went out from St. Kieran's to Australia to take charge of a parish with the vivid name of Broken Hill, in New South Wales.

Half a century ago, conditions in the Outback demanded sterling character in a man. Priests in the ministry had to contend with doing things the hard way; there were immense horizons to be traversed, poor roads, poor means of transport, poor housing and poverty an everyday feature of life.

The young priest who took up that challenge was Fr. Frank Meagher, born in Tullaroan in 1897 and a member of one of Ireland's best-known hurling families. His father, Henry J. Meagher, had attended the inaugural meeting of the G.A.A. in Hayes's Hotel, Thurles in 1884. It was not uncommon in the 1920's for three of the four Meagher brothers to line out in the black-and-amber, Frank, Willie, Henry and Lory, who became a legend from his dazzling performances on the hurling scene in the early 'thirties.

A distinguished career in the Church in Australia lay ahead of Fr. Meagher. He became, in time, Diocesan Consultor and Vicar Forane of his diocese. In 1953, he was assigned to his last parish of Deniliquin, which he served with care and devotion until he laid down the burden of office, Easter 1970. He died in June 1971, and his final resting-place is among his people at Deniliquin, where his memory will remain green for a long time to come.

Very Rev. Patrick A. Canon Sheridan

The death on June 11, 1970 of Canon Patrick A. Sheridan came unexpectedly but not without preparation. On the previous day he celebrated the forty-second anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. About 200 priests and canons of the three Cathedral chapters of the Western Province of Scotland and of Edinburgh joined in the solemn Mass of Requiem, offered by Bishop James Ward, deputising for Archbishop James Donald Scanlan who was unavoidably absent. Among the priests were many of his St. Kieran's College colleagues of whose Scottish Union he was secretary for twenty years.

In his panegyric Bishop Ward outlined Canon Sheridan's career—born in Blacklion, Co. Cavan in 1904, educated at St. Patrick's College, Cavan, ordained from St. Kieran's Colleg, Kilkenny, for Archdiocese of Glasgow on June 10, 1928. After a few weeks at St. Michael's, Parkhead, he spent all but one of the next twenty years under the famous convert Church of Scotland minister, Bishop Gray Graham, at Holy Cross, Crosshill, Glasgow, in whom he had a great mentor and whose spiritual life and pastoral outlook he emulated to his dying day. In 1948 he was entrusted with the task of founding the new parish of St. Eunan, Clydebank. He built more than the fine St. Eunan's Church, said Bishop Ward, he also built the fine spiritual edifice of St. Eunan. "Thanks to his zeal and devotion and the co-operation of the good people of Clydebank, St. Eunan's is an excellently established parish with a good parochial spirit."

"Tribute must be paid to the invaluable work in the education field. His interests in education were 'catholic' more than in the merely religious sense," continued Bishop Ward. Canon Sheridan served on Dunbarton Education Committee from 1954 to his death and was involved in a vast education extension programme. In 1967 Archbishop Scanlan of Glasgow appointed him a canon of the Metropolitan Chapter thereby setting the seal of approval and appreciation on his priestly work and zealous life—a life that

knew no half measures for the cause of Christ and souls.

With some other St. Kieran's priests his remains await the resurrection in the priests' plot of St. Kentigern's Cemetery, Lambhill, Glasgow. May he rest in peace.

Dr. Dermot J. O'Neill

The death took place on 16th August, 1971 of Dr. Dermot J. O'Neill at the age of 44. A native of Kilkenny City, Dermot was educated in St. Kieran's College (1940-45) and University College, Cork, where he graduated in 1957. He held resident appointments at Cork until 1959, after which he spent some years in England, where he pursued his interest in obstetrics and gynaecology. In 1967 he took the M.R.C.O.G and in January 1970 returned to Ireland as obstetrician and gynaecologist to the County Hospital at Tralee. In September of that year, Dermot transferred to Cavan and Monaghan, where in the tragically short period left to him he laid the foundation of a superb service in his speciality. As he had done in Kerry, so in Cavan he made a deep and enduring impression on all who came in contact with him. Through many months of illness, bravely and secretly borne, and later through a period of increasing physical handicap, he continued to work unsparingly until at last he could do no more.

He is survived by his wife, his mother, and a son and daughter, the latter born within hours of his passing.

R.B.H.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Patrick J. Dermody

"I have run the great race, I have finished the course, I have kept faith. And now the prize awaits me." 2 Tim. 4, 6.7.

These words of St. Paul as used by Bishop William J. McDonald in his homily aptly sum up for us the life and work of Msgr. Patrick J. Dermody. It was with deep

regret that his relatives and friends heard of his sad demise on February 22nd of this year.

Msgr. Pat, the eldest son of a family of 10, was born in Crowbally, Co. Kilkenny on July 4, 1898. At the age of 16 he entered St. Kieran's College, from where he was ordained for the Archdiocese of San Francisco on June 10, 1923. He served in St. Thomas the Apostle Parish, San Francisco; St. Francis de Sales, Oakland, and later historic Mission Dolores, San Francisco. He was appointed pastor of Pt. Reyes from where in 1946 he was transferred to St. John the Baptist Church, San Lorenzo. It was from this parish that he retired in 1968 owing to ill health. In 1964 Pope Paul VI conferred on him the title of Domestic Prelate.

He is remembered by his classmates and contemporaries for his love for and ability in Gregorian chant and his pioneering of the noble art of "priestly golf", and by his people for his dedication and concern.

There is much more that could be said, perhaps should be said, but I do not like to use superlatives as somehow they always ring false, and there was nothing false about Msgr. Pat. Suffice it to say, he was a good priest, for truly he was.

We, the friends, extend our heartfelt condolence to his family and relatives in Ireland. Msgr. Pat, the battle of life now over, rests tranquil amid the hills of Oakland with the people he served and loved. May God grant him the peace of His eternal presence.

P.J.McG.

Rev. Jeremiah O'Connor

The death took place on May 21, 1971 of Father Jeremiah O'Connor, ordained in Kilkenny in June 1945. A native of Borris-in-Ossory, Co. Laois, Father O'Connor began his priestly career in Glasgow as assistant at the old established parish of St. Mary. There he ministered with outstanding fervour and obvious success, first among the youth of the Calton and later as chaplain of the Women's Sacred Heart Confraternity until his health failed in early 1965. On

recovering he was appointed chaplain at St. Ninian's School, Gartmore, Aberfoyle until 1967.

On medical advice he reluctantly relinquished his place in the Glasgow archdiocese and went south to join his brother in the Cardiff archdiocese and was appointed to St. David's Cathedral, Cardiff with the post of chairman-chaplain of the Cardiff branch of the Catholic Advisory Council. He was serving with much acceptance in both demanding spheres of the apostolate until his sudden death from a heart attack on May 21, 1971.

After Requiem Mass in Cardiff Cathedral Father O'Connor's remains were brought to Ireland and interred in the burial ground of the church where exactly fifty years previously he had been baptised. He was a Kieranite to the end. May he rest in peace.

Rev. Bernard G. O'Donnell

The St. Kieran's Scottish Union suffered a great loss with the sudden death of Father Bernard G. O'Donnell on January 24, 1971, in the 54th year of his age and the 30th of his priesthood. He was ordained from St. Kieran's on 22nd June 1941 for the Archdiocese of St. Andrews and Edinburgh in his native parish church Cockhill, Buncrana, Co. Donegal, by Bishop Neil Farren of Derry.

His first appointment was to Burntisland, a scattered parish serving four chapels from North Queensferry to the outskirts of Kirkcaldy. In his subsequent curacies in various city parishes in Edinburgh he was noted for his work with the young and for the confidence they placed in him.

When given his first charge in 1953 he was faced with real challenge with the parish of Slamannan. The church was in poor repair and far removed from the people; the presbytery was cold and forbidding and lacking in all amenities and yet in those rather difficult circumstances Father O'Donnell was extremely happy because he was doing the work of the Lord. Although the parish was very small numerically, he had to spend much time caring for boys in borstal

at Polmont. His genuine sympathy and concern for the inmates led to friendships which became the staff and support of hundreds of boys who later became excellent citizens. He kept in touch with many of them until his death.

He set about building a church to replace the old one. His proudest moment came when a beautiful little church was opened and blessed in the heart of the village of Slamannan.

In 1963 he was transferred to Gorebridge and two years later to Cowie. Always devoted to the care of the sick and the poor his big concern in Cowie was for the underprivileged and the social 'misfits'. His was a kindly, compassionate and friendly character. His priestly charm often bridged bigotry, suspicion and strife and made it possible for him to do God's work in areas where others had failed.

In his panegyric Cardinal Gordon Gray said that it was with Christ, in Christ and through Christ that Father O'Donnell looked no further than his priesthood "for the fullness of life, for the satisfaction of his hopes and ambitions.

"Like every good priest, he was conscious of his inadequacies and shortcomings but was equally conscious that he was but an instrument in God's hands ... Our Lord's work was his work. His happiness and satisfaction were founded in the service he could give through the God-given powers of his priesthood ... none can assess the vast number of souls he helped to God in the parishes he served ..."

After con-celebrated Masses of Requiem in Cowie and in his native Buncrana, his remains were laid to rest in the shadow of the church where he had been baptised and raised to the priesthood, Cockhill. May he rest in peace.

Roger O'Hanrahan, S.C.

A learned lawyer, and a remarkable character at the Bar, Roger O'Hanrahan

died in April 1971 at the age of 64. He was born at Altamont, Kilkenny and educated in St. Kieran's College, St. Enda's College, Dublin, and in U.C.D. where he was awarded B.Comm., L.L.B. and M.A. degrees. He was called to the Bar in 1929, elected a Bencher of King's Inn in 1952 and three years later was called to the Inner Bar.

An appreciation of Roger O'Hanrahan, which appeared in the *Irish Times*, had this to say :

He belonged to a family of strong nationalist outlook; although he took no part in political life, he held the realist republican and separatist views of his hero, Michael Collins, and those who fought with him. He had no use for word-spinning and equivocation.

He was strong and physically tireless. A day's tramp of 20 or 25 miles in mountainous country was nothing to him. There was not a hill or county in Ireland that he had not walked or climbed, and no one loved the shape and colours of the Irish landscape more than he did. With this intimate knowledge of the land he trod, he had a wide knowledge of its archaeology and its general and local history.

The law was only one of his intellectual interests. He had a scholarly knowledge of books generally, in four or five languages and in particular of books relating to Irish history and topography. He haunted the bookshops and book barrows and purchased hundreds of books and pamphlets relating to Ireland for a shilling or two, many of interest and rarity. These filled his bachelor apartments in columns and heaps in astonishing disarray, though he was able to place his hand unerringly in the wanted volume.

Though he enjoyed the often sardonic and characteristically somewhat bitter wit of his brethren, his own delightful wit was invariably kindly, accompanied by a musical and most infectious laugh. He was the soul of generosity to those who fell by the wayside and gave with the greatest delicacy and care.

Monsignor Martin Power, P.P.

From the little parish church of St. Brendan, Newmarket, where he was baptised and confirmed, the burial took place of Msgr. Martin Power, who died suddenly in Florida on 22nd March, 1972. He was educated in St. Kieran's and ordained in June 1953 for the diocese of St. Augustine, Florida.

His first appointment was to Coral Gables before he moved to Sarasota on the West Coast. In 1961 he was appointed Pastor of Ean Gallis, a short distance from Cape Kennedy. In Cape Kennedy he built two churches, two schools and a convent. In 1969 he was transferred to St. Joseph's Parish, Lakelands, Florida.

He died following a heart attack while he was travelling home from a meeting in St. Petersburg.

"He brought into many of our lives" said Fr. Tom McGrane, C.C., Lakelands, preaching the funeral oration, "a spirit of justice, a sense of honour that sparkled and a depth of perception that was truly uncanny. He had the ability to live life to the fullest and yet I know few priests who spent so little on themselves. He had a deep concern and loyalty to those who served on his staffs and I share their sorrow and their privilege in being so close to him. Probably his work

on a diocesan level was the most challenging and revealing of his greatest gift and he had the ability to motivate and reach large groups that was at times awesome. Above all, he was a man of Faith. Many non-Catholic inquirers disagreed with him yet were later won over by the depth of his Faith. This faith in God's promises gave his life and, as he said himself, his death, a meaning. Recently he said of death: at long last we will recognise the elusive but faithful friend whose mysterious presence has puzzled us. We pray that he is happily enjoying that presence—the beatific vision"

Very Rev. Patrick Neligan

Very Rev. Patrick Neligan, who died in April 1972, aged 61 years, had been Parish Priest of St. Peter's, Woolston, Warrington, Liverpool. A native of Dingle, Co. Kerry, he was educated in St. Brendan's Seminary, Killarney and St. Kieran's. After his ordination in 1935, he served as curate in different parishes in Liverpool Diocese.

He retired in 1970, due to ill-health, to St. Paul's Convent, Clonakilty.

Richard Tynan, Dublin Road, Kilkenny, died 17th April, 1972.

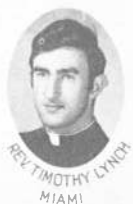
William Dunne, Ballycallan, died October 1970, aged 18 years.

R.I.P.

ECCLESIASTICS' SECTION

St.Kieran's College, Kilkenny

Ordinations · June 13th 1971



REV TIMOTHY LYNCH
MIAMI



REV MICHAEL McNOR
DERRY



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



REV EAMON FOLEY
OSSORY



REV PATRICK ORGAN
MIAMI



REV ANDREW DOLAN
DERRY



REV PATRICK HENNESSY
LEEDS



REV NOEL NEARY
ATLANTA



VERY REV JOHN CANON HOLOHAN, B.A.
PRESIDENT



VERY REV G.O'SULLIVAN, B.A.BSc, H.Dip.Ed.
VICE-PRESIDENT



REV JOHN CROWLEY
SACRAMENTO



REV E.McDONAGH, C.M.
SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR



REV HUGH MALONE
TRENTON, N.J.



REV BRENNAN, D.D., L.S.S.B.A.
PROFESSOR



REV ERHATIGAN, B.A.
DEAN



REV T.O'CONNOR, B.A.
PROFESSOR



REV L.MacAODHA, O.F.M.St.D.
PROFESSOR



REV J.DALTON, I.C.D.D.
PROFESSOR



REV D.KELLY, B.A.D.L.C.L.
PROFESSOR



REV McCHAMPION, A.L.A.M., B.Sc.
PROFESSOR

"Go teach all Nations"

Shirley Dublin

American Odyssey

NOEL HORNECK

Why write about New York? you may ask.

I might answer by saying that students from the ecclesiastical department of St. Kieran's and ex-students from the layside now attending the universities have experienced life in New York during the last few Summers.

It is no novelty to obtain employment in England during holiday time, but America has now come within the range of the enterprising student, by reason of low cost travel. For those studying for the American mission, it provides contact in a material milieu with lay people of varying creeds, which in the end indemnifies an assurance of returning to Catholic teaching and theology with renewed vigour and interest.

An important reason for visiting the States is that its influence through cinema and television media has permeated our own civilization. Channel Seven, with its endless American programmes ranging from *The Lucy Show* to *Cannon*, each extolling the American way of life, has become one of the hidden persuaders of our modern culture.

New York is the obvious choice of location for students seeking employment. The largest and wealthiest city of the East coast and, let me add, the secular city treatised by Harvey Cox, where to a great extent Mammon reigns above God, is an educative experience for the student from "religious" Ireland. The friendship of Irish residents who have done well there is invaluable for one looking for worthwhile employment and tolerable accommodation.

Before descending on New York, we undergo an orientation course at Hartford University. This is to prepare us for the hazards facing anyone coming to grips with the American way of life. The University is on an open campus, adjacent to Hartford main

highway where the Buicks, Chevs and Oldsmobiles pace by bumper to bumper--the Naas Road monstrosously enlarged. The student living quarters are very modern and the whole campus exhales an air of *luxé*. We visit the main centres of academic and physical education, are guests of the University for lunch and evening meal, which gives an opportunity of conversing with our American counterparts. The Chancellor suggests a tour of Hartford and its suburbs. This tour opens our eyes to the dichotomy in American life, the chasm which exists between the opulence of the upper and middle classes on the one hand and the squalor and near poverty of some ethnic races on the other hand.

The harmony and beauty of suburbia, the villas cut away into the hills overlooking the highways, their manicured lawns and shady trees, all that envy-inducing aspect of American life familiar to us from Hollywood movies has to be set against the slum dwelling-quarters of the black race. Here we saw their degradation which obtains an outlet in drug peddling and a reactionary militant racism.

We now leave Hartford by bus for New York. It is dark evening as we enter the city. Calendar views, post-cards, films, all these previews of New York prove that the image and the reality match each other exactly. The light-bespattered skyscrapers of office blocks and hotels, the dazzling slogans--Fly Pan-Am, Drink Coco-Cola--the intermittent halts at the large coloured eyes of traffic lights, all spell clearly New York. We disembark at the New Yorker Hotel and are thrust into a bustle of travel officials, waiting relatives, bemused students. We book in for one night, intending to have employment and other accommodation on the morrow.

This one-night stop has been known to develop into a two weeks' sojourn for some. They experience the frustration of arriving to take up pre-arranged jobs to find that none such exist. We are alerted to the intricacies of qualifying for employment, obtain a social security card and, partly by chance but mostly by the assistance of Irish residents, we secure employment.

This leaves us in humour for a sight-seeing tour. The Empire State building, the Pan-Am building, largest office block in the world, Park Avenue, abode of the wealthy where even public transport is banned from the street, Central Park, that green oasis in the vast concrete metropolis where people seek out nature—we glimpse them all. There also in Central Park is the Delacorte Open-Air Theatre, where one can witness at no cost Shakespeare's plays performed by top actors in surroundings that Will himself would have found familiar.

Next, we visit Fifth Avenue, renowned for its parades and ticker-tape processions. St. Patrick's Cathedral is emblematic of the place the Church has come to be held by American Catholics. It is a little sad that this means identification with the establishment. The Berrigan brothers, with their deeply-expressed feeling of Christianity, show the other face of the Church. They are the admiration of the student class. The "Destroy Draft Cards" movement gets its impetus from the same class and from parents of war victims. On the other hand, the Vietnam war gets support from the militant minded, from the majority of the older age group and even from Korean war veterans, all of whom lament the weakening of the American hold in Asia.

To sample the cultural offerings of New York, we visit Lincoln Centre where, for little or no cost, one can enjoy an evening of ballet or a concert of Mozart or Tchaikowsky, courtesy of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Working in Wall Street for no matter how short a time is to obtain a glimpse of the money-makers engaged in their tireless rat race. Wall Street is the heart that pumps

the life blood of America. The city, during Summer, is alive for only four or five days a week. The population, or rather its upper-crust, leaves town for the remainder of the week. Early Thursday or Friday evening, the Manhattan business-man loads wife, golf clubs and maid into auto and heads for the Catskill Mountains or Connecticut. The dog goes along too. The children, if there are any, are slumming through Europe, epitomising the generation gap. The poorer classes take the sun in Central Park or in the Bronx parks, the kids congregating round the ice-cream man.

The black children play on the hot streets and their older brothers become involved in thefts and drug trafficking. While their lot has improved with the increased wealth of the nation, the blacks are still slaves, albeit, paid slaves. The chambermaids in the large hotels are all black; along Park Avenue the blacks have jobs which are out of public view. The educated negro can rise to be teacher in public school, or medical doctor in a ghetto; but not a business executive, not with plate on Park Avenue.

However degraded the black man is, he regards himself superior to the Puerto Rican immigrant. The latter is on the very lowest rung of the ladder. Citizenship allows him and his family to come to New York. Yet he is an alien, with an alien tongue—Spanish. With his wife and kids, brother-in-law, sister-in-law, he lives in a two-room tenement, unventilated, unkempt, without proper amenities. The scum of the earth, in the eyes of the white American. "They are rats; they breed like rats", a man said to me. Yet I wonder where is the greater humanity to be found, in the Puerto Rican with his house full of under-nourished children or in the moneyed American, on the Pill, walking out the steak-fed dog.

America, and especially New York, is the melting pot of people of diverse background, culture, sociological status. Standing on Piccadilly Circus means one sees the world pass by, but to stand on Broadway is to see the world and its children. A visit to New York is an experience, but to work there is a life enlightenment.

Vinculum

The editorial to the 1972 issue of *Vinculum* modestly avers that "we are in every sense of the word a pen and pencil brigade — no professional expertise, no equipment". Despite the protestation, the editors have produced a stylish number, well illustrated, with a variety of articles ranging from the arcane to the, well—mundane. Their advertisers, too, have responded in a satisfactory manner to whatever blandishments may have been exercised upon them.

All in all, the magazine is a reflection of what Bishop Birch called in a different context, recently, a new breed of clerical student. The first word in the magazine belongs to the Bishop — an objective view of the troubled state of Ireland at the moment, a comparison with similar epochs in the 19th Century and, using fifty-years' spans as analogies, some "darkest hour is that before the dawn" crystal-gazing into the future.

Under an illusory title "Behind the Veil", John Forbes gives a picture of quotidian life and Belfast and Derry just now:

"In many areas outside Belfast and Derry — the two main areas of disturbance — explosions have become part of the present 'normality'. However, in these areas the explosion is still regarded with a certain curiosity. People, especially the young, flock to the scene. Others stand in their doorways and wait to be told what was blown up and what was the extent of the damage. People have, however, become experienced enough to realise that the pattern of explosions shows that more than one bomb is usually planted in the one district at the same time. Very few will rush into the street until a second bang is heard or at least they allow enough time to elapse before going out. This gathering in the streets is more than just idle curiosity; it is a sign of fear. People find security in numbers, so they flock into the streets in small crowds. It is a frightening experience to be sitting at home watching

the television when suddenly the floor shakes and a loud explosive bang shatters the night bliss. If this happens three, four or even five times in the course of the evening, it can upset even the strong. The very young will refuse to go to sleep or stay in a dark room on their own. For many adults also it will mean a sleepless night which brings tiredness and irritation. This sort of thing happens almost every night in parts of Belfast and Derry".

Dr. James Brennan contributes a piece which might be described as a gloss on his article on the Antipodes in the present issue of the "College Record". An acute eye is brought to bear on Australia and New Zealand, and the considerable antitheses that an aeroplane hop between them provide. A sprinkling of geography, of history and a lively sensibility playing over all make this article essential reading for anybody interested in Dr. Brennan's longer article in the "College Record".

Jackie Robinson shows that he has drunk deep from the spring hacked out of the inimical soil of America by the Brothers Berrigan:

"The Berrigans have given prophetic leadership to the youth of America, as men willing to live in extreme Christian terms involving personal risks and offering no compromise to secular power. I think it is fair to say that in Ireland there is a definite absence of this kind of prophetic leadership among our clergy.

There are too many priests who seem primarily interested in keeping the 'old institution' going—no matter how obsolete!—who seem satisfied to spend their days doing the routine jobs that often seem pointless to outsiders and bear little relevance to the Gospel; to betray a deep fear of any kind of change even in the kind of hair-style a priest should wear; who make pursuits like liturgical reform or ecumenism seem more im-

portant than that of loving one's neighbour — such people fail to give any kind of prophetic leadership to the youth . . . indeed, they 'turn them off'. To join such an organisation as the Simon Community can seem more of a Christian vocation than entering the priesthood or nunnery".

Another writer critical of the clergy is Bernard Sheppard in "The Generation Gap". E. Dunphy writes on Liturgy and the School. Joseph O'Carroll — an outsider — sketches the life of Frederick Ozanam and Hugh Turbitt raise a cheer in defence of Social Conflict.

George Northoll takes a shot at explaining the Hare Krisna Movement to occidental ignoramuses, (The Gura at time of writing

is A. C. Bhaktivedenta Srila Prabhupad) and he quotes a quatrain chanted each morning to devotees in the Temple that a typesetter familiar with *Finnegans Wake* would have little difficulty in setting up but, possibly, no one else.

Michael J. Campion and Sean P. Cassin are a clever pair of diarists and there are reports on the student activities and a useful Ossory Telephone Directory at the back of the magazine.

The single criticism that springs to mind is the near total lack of humour that prevails throughout. Is it that the comedians, evident among the new breed of clerics, scorn the pen?

New Faces

The past two years have been eventful in the matter of departures and arrivals. Apart from the usual quota of students being ordained and being replaced by a group of freshmen, there have been changes in the ranks of **the staff**.

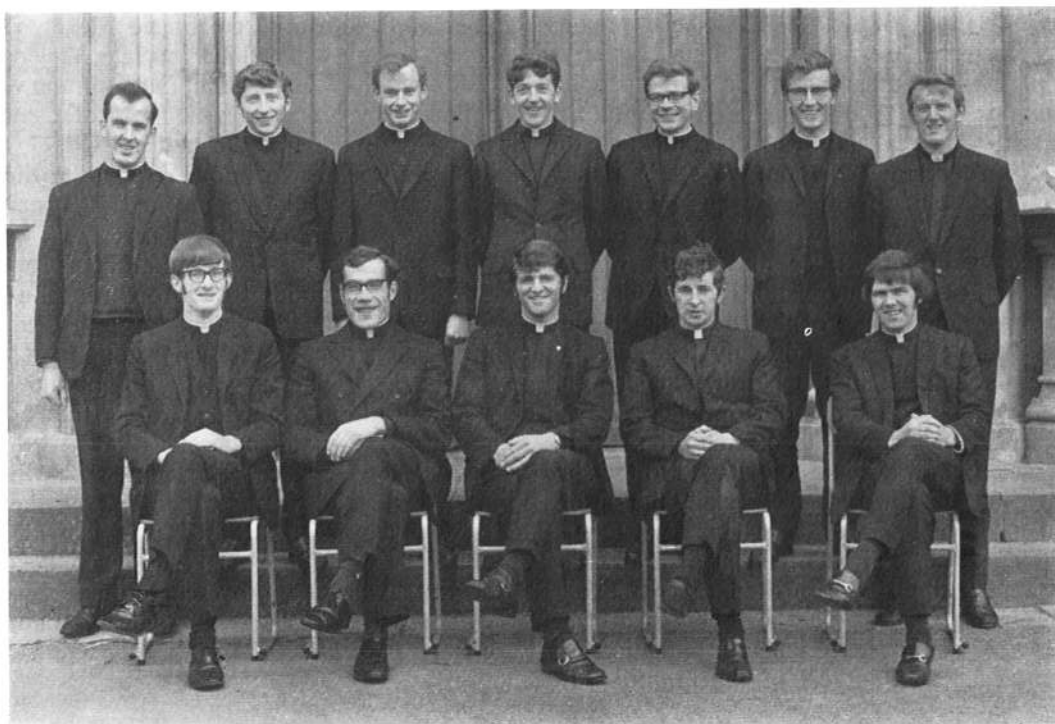
September 1971 saw the departure from the office of dean of Fr. E. Rhatigan, who had zealously carried out his duties since 1964. Fr. M. Campion now holds the double role of Elocution Professor and Dean. Fr. P. Grant's position of bursar has been filled by a recent prodigy of this here establishment, Fr. J. Crotty. Fr. D. Collier, Spiritual Director and Catechist was yet another figure to depart, and be replaced by Fr. P. Malone. Fr. J. Forristal came and went, and his position as Assistant Junior Dean has been filled in the person of Fr. L. Wallace. Fr. P. Grace made his final break with St. Kieran's in September 1971, when he ceased commuting from Gowran to lecture in Philosophy to the first year students.

Logic class is now conducted by Fr. J. Dollard, who last year replaced Fr. C. Hennessy, O.M.I., as Professor of Ecclesiastical History. On the departure of Fr. Grace, the chair of Dogma was filled by Fr. J. Dalton and the chair of Moral Theology by Fr. Loman MacAodha, O.F.M. Frs. M. Ryan and S. Carey have come to us for bed and board while teaching religion in Kilkenny Vocational School.

This year has also witnessed a change of Infirmarians with the departure of Sr. Winnifrid and her replacement by Sr. Gabrielle. The nun power in the College has been increased with the appointment of Sr. Macanisius to take charge of matter pertaining to food.

To those who have departed we wish to express our thanks for a service well rendered and to offer our good wishes for success in their new undertakings.

To the new faces we say, Fáilte.



ORDINATION CLASS 1972

Front Row: Andrew Dineen (Kerry) Salford; Thomas Walsh (Kerry) St. Augustine; Diarmuid Healy (Kilkenny) Ossory; Patrick J. Clarke (Kilkenny) St. Petersburg; Benedict O'Shea (Kilkenny) Arundel & Brighton.

Back Row: Michael Downey (Kilkenny) Sacramento; Daniel Bollard (Kilkenny) Ossory; Eugene O'Sullivan (Glasgow) Dunkeld; Charles Kelly (Kilkenny) Ossory; Peter McLaughlin (Derry) Leeds; James Murphy (Kilkenny) Ossory; Eamon Tobin (Kilkenny) Orlando.

Peace Vigil

In relation to the fierce violence raging in Northern Ireland, one thing is very apparent—the utter frustration of the people living in the Republic. This frustration is caused by a real desire to do something to ease the desperate situation. We, seminarians, are not immune from the feeling of frustration. So, it was decided to hold a two-hour peace vigil that Justice and Truth would prevail in Northern Ireland. But because we are now more aware of the social dimension of sin, attention was not only focussed on violence and sin in the North, but also on the violence and sin in our own lives. Each of us was summoned to examine the extent to which he or she has contributed to the sin situation in the world — especially the sin of violence.

The peace vigil was held in St. Patrick's Church and all were invited to come and join in the prayers. The Vigil consisted of a series of sermons, readings, examination of conscience and prayers of the faithful. It

concluded with a concelebrated Mass. The sermons dealt with subjects such as Violence, Suffering, the Resurrection. Each sermon was followed by an examination of conscience, litany or prayers of the faithful.

There was a tremendous response to these prayers. One lady commented: "I never thought prayer could be so personal". No doubt the sermons also gave all of us something to think about. "I got food for thought for a long time tonight" was another comment from one of the congregation.

Was the Vigil a success? I do not know. I suppose all one can hope for is that as a result of the Vigil, some of us have tried to replace the violence and hate in our lives with love, and just as the light of dawn gradually overcomes the darkness of night, our prayer and hope is that our "flickers of love" will help to overcome the hate, the violence, the selfishness that darken so much of man's world.

Games Report

Despite the many diverse interests of students to-day, participation in games is as good as ever.

The arrival of the first year students, the Oblate students and Franciscan students contributed a lot by bringing fresh fervour to the games. Whatever was lacking in skill was usually compensated for by enthusiasm, and an encouraging feature of all games was the sporting manner in which they were played.

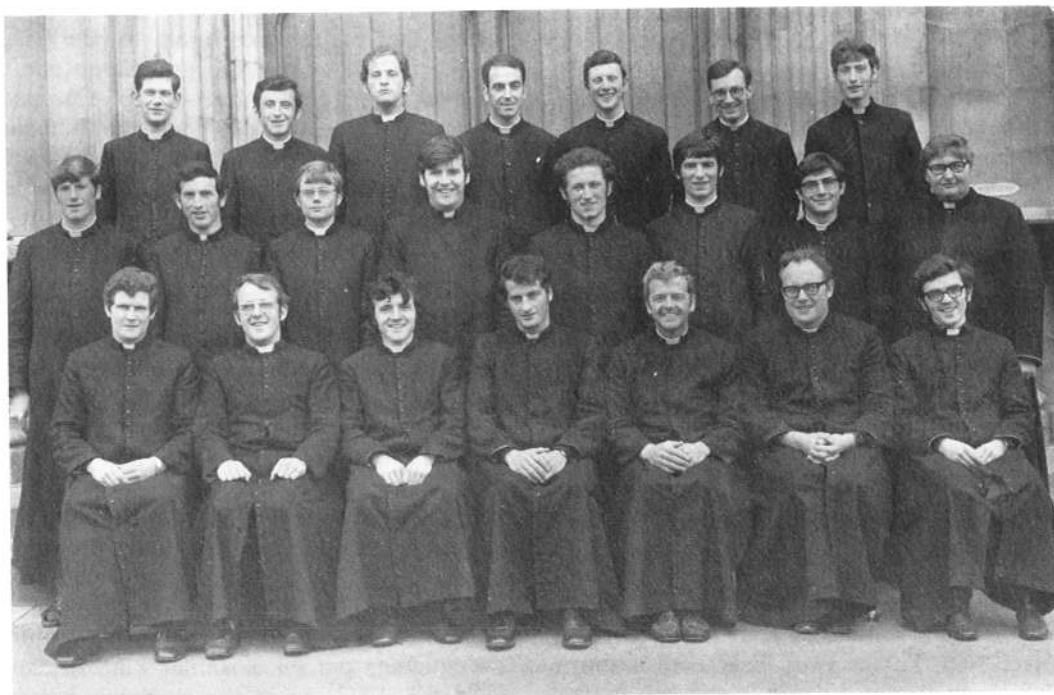
Keeping in line with the national effort to revive the game of hurling, the students are playing their part. It is not uncommon to see the lads from traditionally non-hurling

counties out in the playing pitch brandishing the caman. Because of this, the game has made a welcome revival this year.

The College has been represented in the Inter-Seminary league for the past two years. This year, our games with the students from Carlow and Maynooth were a success in that the ties which were established with these colleges were further fostered, even if our football wasn't spectacular.

We wish to extend our special thanks to Fathers McCoy, Wallace and Malone for their encouragement and assistance with, and in, the games throughout the year.

GAMES COMMITTEE.



FOURTH AND FIFTH YEARS

Front Row: Patrick Browne (Offaly) Birmingham; John Clohosey (Kilkenny) Hexham & Newcastle; Arthur Hynes (Down) Trenton; Thomas Lavin (Roscommon) Elphin; Martin Brophy (Carlow) Southwark; Thomas Harvey (Leitrim) Kilmore; Frank O'Hagan (Derry) Derry.

Second Row: William Cassin (Kilkenny) Ossory; Patrick Keohane (Cork) Leeds; Noel Horneck (Offaly) Meath; Francis Browne (Down) Dromore; James O'Connor (Westmeath) Meath; John Meagher (Kilkenny) Hexham & Newcastle; David White (Antrim) Down & Connor; John Forbes (Tyrone) Derry.

Back Row: Hugh Turbitt (Leitrim) Ardagh & Clonmacnoise; Cornelius McLaughlin (Donegal) Derry; John Robinson (Kilkenny) Ossory; David McGuinness (Dublin) Mobile, Ala.; Declan Boland (Donegal) Derry; Patrick Mulhern (Louth) Brentwood; Peter McAlister (Antrim) Down & Connor.

Theatre

MANY YOUNG MEN OF TWENTY

By JOHN B. KEANE

When the curtain descended on the third performance, on 4th March last, of John B. Keane's play, there was a sense of regret that a much wider audience had not seen the clerical students' production of "Many Young Men of Twenty". While the play has a serious theme, it was received like a production of "Gales of Laughter".

In treating the problem of emigration, one could see the genius of John B. Keane in the character-drawing of Danger Mullaly. Danger, the town drunkard who always evoked laughter, was exceptionally well portrayed by John Meagher, and I feel confident in saying that it was the best characterization seen in the College theatre for a long time. Sean Cassin as Peg Finnerty, an unmarried mother and the subject of local gossip, gave a warm and convincing performance. Ned Tobin, Paul Toal and Arthur Hynes gave strong support to the two main characters.

Dan Delaney and Patrick Browne were well cast as a farming couple sending off their two sons, Conor McCafferty and Michael Fleming, across the water. Full marks to Frank O'Hagan, a well made-up 'Doxy' and, indeed, exceptionally well portrayed, and to Tom Harvey, Dan O'Donovan, Sammy O'Donnell, Martin Doherty and Martin Brophy who filled supporting roles admirably.

Last, but by no means least, were Bernard Sheppard who gave a convincing display as fortune teller and Cornelius McLaughlin, who added quite an amount to the play with musical accompaniment.

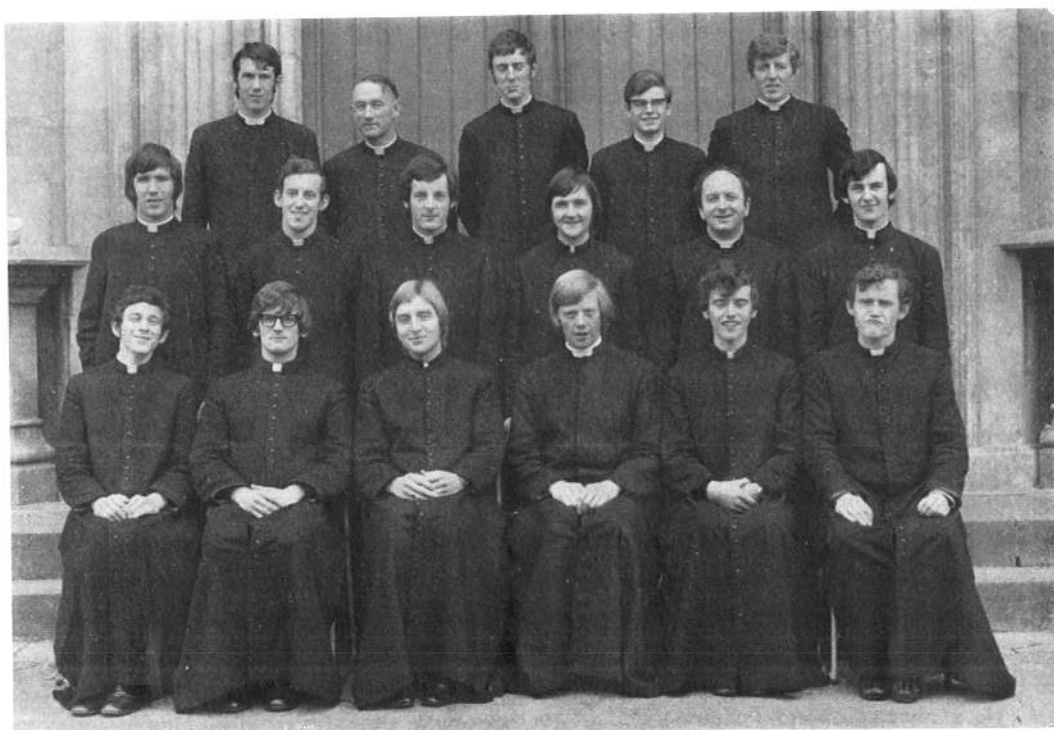
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There was a total break with tradition when the ecclesiastics took to the stage in April 1971. Gone the grandiloquence of Shakespeare, gone the strong European drama of Hochwalder, gone the homelier talents of George Shiels and John B. Keane. This time the curtain rang up on a snappy chorus-line of sailor lads belting out a tune from "South Pacific", which set the tone of the whole show. This was followed by cabaret scenes, Scottish ballads, pop numbers, comedy items, a one-act tragicomedy, something, in fact, to cater for every taste. The show displayed a remarkable variety of talent and originality. It was open to the public for three nights and met with an enthusiastic response.

Production was by Martin Brophy, who received considerable assistance from Fr. Campion in stage management and from Fr. Donal Kelly in musical arrangement.

Encouraged by the success of this venture, the students put on a similar kind of show in April, 1972, again the emphasis was on the musical items which were presented with professional assurance and skill. A pop group called The Plebiscites were very much to-day's sound and would go like a bomb — if the phraseology is not out of date — at any pop festival. The sudden illness of Martin Brophy a few days before the show opened left John Forbes carrying the weight of the comedy items — and he has the physique for just that.

The show was warmly received by the public and Bishop Birch complimented the performers for bringing so much pleasure into people's lives.



FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD YEARS

Front Row: Martin O'Doherty (Donegal) Dunkeld; Ray Fulton (Antrim) Down & Connor; Paul Toal (Belfast) Down & Connor; Sean Cassin (Kilkenny) Ossory; Conor McCafferty (Derry) Derry; Bernard Sheppard (Laois) Nottingham.

Second Row: Frank Purcell (Kilkenny) Ossory; Michael Fleming (Antrim) Down & Connor; Michael Campion (Laois) Ossory; Patrick Lynch (Donegal) Nottingham; Desmond Polke (Mayo) Derry; Daniel O'Donovan (Cork) Clonfert.

Back Row: Terence Toner (Meath) Meath; Patrick Egan (Galway) Shrewsbury; Daniel Delaney (Laois) Ossory; Edward O'Donnell (Derry) Down & Connor; Seamus McKeon (Leitrim) Ardagh & Clonmacnoise.

Tus Eagna . . .

RÉAMON M. MAIRNÉALL

The history of civilization is a documentary of man's search for truth. The treasures which this unending search has thrown up are deserving of our respectful study and admiration, but no more so than are the present-day expressions of man's insights, visions and longings.

Literature, art, music, philosophy, psychology and the other sciences are concrete expressions of man's quest and findings and must be included in any programme of study designed to equip one more fully to carry out Christ's command, "Go, ye, therefore, teach all nations . . ."

Martin Luther King has referred to Christ's prayer on the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do" as being "an expression of Jesus' awareness of man's intellectual and spiritual blindness". It is essential that each one of us and, above all, Christ's own ministers be convinced of the truth of this observation and of the complete validity of Christ's plea which underlines two basic human conditions—man's imperfection as a result of his Fall, and,

secondly, his increasing search for God under the guise of Truth.

A study of the humanities and of the sciences will surely enliven the Scriptures on the above points and thus give a new meaning to Christ's teaching. Can a priest, for example, who has broadened his experiences through a real study of literature (informal Applied Psychology) not have gained sufficient insight into himself and into the human condition in general not to marvel at the eternal wisdom of Christ's command, "Judge not and you shall not be judged"?

Music and the arts are especially man's expression of his understanding of the Divine through Beauty. How can a priest communicate with man if he has not endeavoured to understand him in his works?

Nemo dat quod non habet. (One of the few Latin phrases which spring readily from my days in St. Kieran's). People today are desperately seeking for a meaning of life. They are crying out for someone who in his own life exudes the calm and confidence which comes from certitude and peace of mind, that he might share with them his secret.

If the priest is to be that person, his faith and sensitivity must be of the calibre of the Irish poet who wrote :

I see His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows
His tears fall from the skies.

But surely, he must first see the Rose and the Stars and the Snows and their exquisite beauty before his Faith can enlighten his imagination to behold them as reflections of the eternal Beauty and Truth of God.

RÉAMON MAIRNÉALL. Born Kells, Co. Kilkenny 1935. Educated Patrician College, Ballyfin and St. Kieran's College (1953-57) and at University College, Cork where he obtained B.A. (1961). Has taught in Manchester, Dublin and Cork. At present on staff of Colaiste an Spioraid Naoimh, Cork.

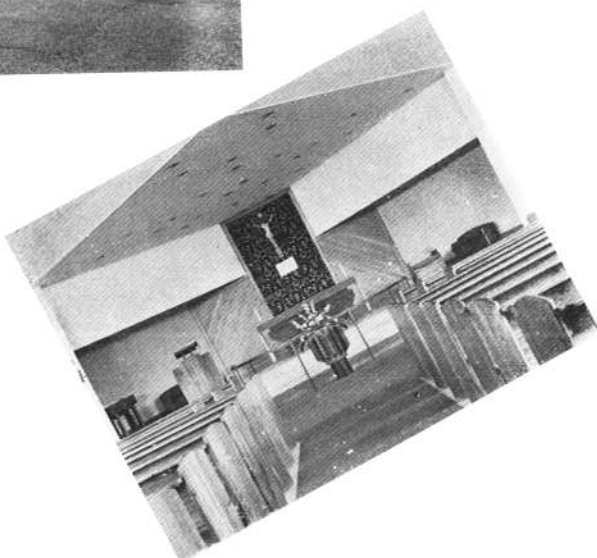
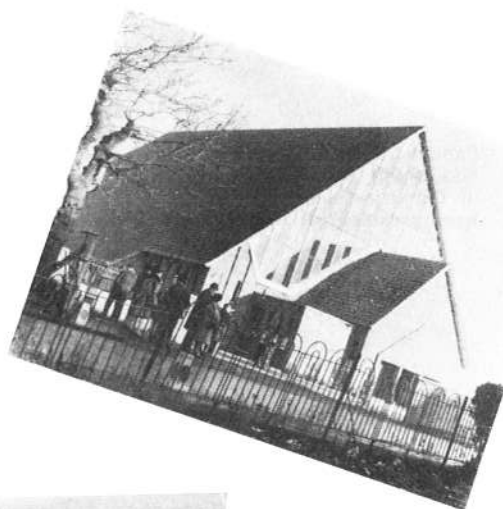
Has done some editorial work in Irish and still regards himself a student of Irish, Psychology and Music. Married with four children.

Canon James G. Harold, pastor of Musselburgh, Midlothian, this year celebrates his golden jubilee in the priesthood. For the past 17 years he has been president of the St. Kieran's Scottish Union.



Bishop James Monaghan (1940) Titular Boshop of Cell Ausaille and Auxiliary of St. Andrews and Edinburgh receives presentation by St. Kieran's Scottish Union from Canon James G. Harold (1922), Union President. On left is Union treasurer, Father Patrick J. Crean (1950).





NEW SCOTTISH CHURCHES

St. Martin's, Renton
(Fr. Michael O'Sullivan)

St. Flannan's, Kirkintilloch
(Fr. Michael O'Connell)

All Saints, Barmulloch
(Fr. John Fitzgibbon)

St. Leonard's, East Kilbride
(Fr. Kieran O'Farrell)

St. Gerard's, Bellshill
(Fr. Patrick J. Moss)

Scottish Log

BERNARD CANNING

Church Builders

One notable feature of St. Kieran's priests in Scotland since the last issue of *St. Kieran's College Record* was the number engaged in building new churches, which are pictured opposite.

Archdiocese of Glasgow

Fr. Michael O'Connell (1940) provided Kirkintilloch with a new church, replacing a temporary one opened in 1952. It was dedicated in November 1970 by Archbishop James Donald Scanlan of Glasgow to St. Flannan, born about 610 A.D., son of Co. Clare chieftain, Turlough. Opened in 1948, the parish has estimated Catholic population of 3,400 and was entrusted as his first charge in 1966 to Fr. O'Connell. The main part of the church seats 650.

The opening in December 1970 of the new church of St. Martin, Renton, Dunbartonshire, was for Fr. Michael O'Sullivan (1929), in the words of Archbishop Scanlan, "the happy realisation of a long cherished dream of a pastor whose tireless zeal has inspired such wonderful co-operation from his parishioners."

The parish had been established in 1899 and the spiritual needs of the congregation were provided for in an old chapel/school, a common feature in developing parishes in those days. Now, says Fr. O'Sullivan, "after three score years and ten, far from showing any signs of senile decay, St. Martin's seems set for a new span of life".

The church was built to seat 450 of the parish's estimated Catholic population of 1,350.

Unlike Fr. O'Connell and Fr. O'Sullivan who were given established parishes to develop, Fr. John Fitzgibbon (1945) was given a green field in a new housing scheme of Barmulloch, on the north side of the city of Glasgow. October 31, 1971, All Hallows Eve, saw the opening of the new church of All Saints, two years after Fr. Fitzgibbon had been given charge of the parish. "It would be impossible", says Scottish *Catholic Observer* columnist, William B. Murphy, "to convey in print the spirit of this new work of architecture which was completed in only fifteen months. Suffice it to say, it triumphs over exceptional problems and produces a design which inspires worship". The church's dedication also renews a link of Barmulloch with the city's pre-Reformation Cathedral, which had an altar dedicated to All Saints. The parish has an estimated Catholic population of 3,000 and the church itself has seating capacity for 500.

Diocese of Motherwell

Two members of the 1950 class, Fr. Kieran O'Farrell and Fr. Patrick J. Moss have established new parishes and opened new churches in this expanding diocese—Fr. O'Farrell in November 1970 with St. Leonard's, East Kilbride and Fr. Moss in June 1971 with St. Gerard's, Bellshill.

Irish Weekly Scottish editor, Michael Fallon, in his "The Week in Scotland" said "Architecturally, St. Leonard's has much to please the modernists without worrying the traditionalists. The fan-shaped building

gains perspective from a sloping site. . . . The parish priest, Father Kieran O'Farrell, has worked wonders to have this new church opened in a new parish where he was made pastor only in 1966." The new church cost £112,000, has a seating capacity for 620 and will serve a Catholic population of almost 4,000.

Father Moss's church, St. Gerard's, costing £100,000, is almost square in plan and will seat about 500 in aisles rotating from the sanctuary. It was his wish, said Fr. Moss, that the new church would be to his flock what the church of old was to our forefathers—a well-spring of charity and peace. "In this house of God may we ever grow in the knowledge and the imitation of the Prince of Peace whose prayer was 'that all may be one'."

Established in 1967 with Fr. Moss in charge, the parish serves a congregation of some 1,200 in the Shirrell housing scheme near Bellshill's North Road. A special feature of the new church is the location of the baptistry in front of the altar at a lower level.

Golden Jubilarians

Two members of the St. Andrew's and Edinburgh Metropolitan Chapter, Canon James Harold and Canon Joseph Byrne, celebrate their golden jubilee in the priesthood this year. Both have been outstanding in their contribution to the life of the Church in Scotland; each has built a church—St. Ninian's, Bowhill, Fifeshire by Canon Harold in 1932 and St. Pius X's,



THE 1972 SCOTTISH RE-UNION

Auxiliary of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, Bishop James Monaghan (1940) (third from left) with two golden and three silver jubilarians at 41st annual Scottish re-union on March 8 in Coatbridge, Lanarkshire. (From left): Fr. Thomas Rhatigan, Scottish Union vice-president; Canon James Harold, Union President; Fr. Nicholas Rowan; Fr. Gerald McCabe and Canon Joseph Byrne.



Canon James G. Harold (1922) hands over the trophy he donated for golf competition between St. Kieran's and St. Patrick's College, Carlow priests working in Scot'and. It is being received by Father Felix McCarney (1954) Scottish Union golf convener with Father Patrick J. Crean (1950) on the left, union treasurer and Father Bernard J. Canning (1956) secretary

Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire by Canon Byrne in 1956.

Both are very loyal members of the Scottish Union of St. Kieran's priests, Canon Harold being president for the past seventeen years.

Varia

Two St. Kieran's priests in Motherwell diocese were in the news recently with their transfer to what have been described as premier parishes—Fr. Richard Lillis (1946) from St. Serf's Airdrie (which church he built and opened in 1967) to St. Patrick's, Wishaw, and Fr. John Moss (1943) from St. Benedict's, Easterhouse (which he opened in 1965) to St. Augustine's, Coatbridge.

Since being appointed Administrator of Ayr Cathedral, Fr. James Grogan (1950)

has built a hall. Another Galloway priest in the news recently was Fr. Michael O'Carroll (1924) who has just completed 25 years as pastor of West Kilbride. The *Ardross and Saltcoats Herald* praised him for "his tireless and devoted service to the congregation" since 1947.

Fr. Felix McCarney (1954) has ventured into the complex world of publishing and has compiled an excellent "St. Andrew's Prayer Book", supplying a great need for both "modern" and "not so modern" prayers for congregational and private use.

Sixty-two priests last year participated in the Kilkenny-Carlow Colleges Golf Tournament in Troon. Besides the Canon Downey Trophy which was won by Fr. Patrick Tobin (1948), the Canon James Harold Trophy was played for the first time and was won by Fr. William Mone.

Very Rev. James M. Lillis, native of Kildysart, Co. Clare, was ordained in St. Kieran's 1929, and was second pastor of the parish of St. Fergus, Paisley (1959-68). Is now parish priest of Charleston, Paisley.



PAST PUPILS' GOLFING SOCIETY

In connection with the annual events of this society it has to be noted that, owing to the temporary (it is hoped) lapse of the Union proper, leaving the office of president vacant, it was decided to re-organize the June competition as one for the Captain's prize only, leaving it a stroke event as before.

Officers and Committee for 1971—Captain: Mr. T. H. Murphy; Hon. Sec./Treasurer: Rev. J. Brennan and Rev. S. McEvoy; Committee: Revs. M. Kirwan and J. O'Brien, Messrs. P. Kennedy and J. Nolan.

Results of competitions for 1971—Captain's Prize (June 4th) was won by Mr. Dan Mullan (runner-up, Mr. P. Holohan); Best

Gross, Mr. W. Deegan.

The Dr. Collier Cup (September 8th) was won by Rev. G. O'Sullivan (runner-up, Rev. T. Marnell).

Officers and Committee for 1972—Captain: Rev. T. Marnell; Hon. Sec./Treasurer: Rev. J. Brennan and Rev. S. McEvoy; Committee: Revs. M. Kirwan and J. O'Brien, Messrs. P. Kennedy and J. Nolan.

Results of competitions for 1972: Captain's Prize (June 12th) was won by Rev. P. Grant (runners-up, Mr. T. Mahon, Mr. D. Carey and Rev. J. O'Brien). Best Gross: Mr. D. Carey.

(The Dr. Collier Cup competition for 1970 was won by Rev. B. Mullan.)

LAYSIDE SECTION

Ten Years of "The Mirror"

1962 was the year when it all happened: The Cuban Crisis almost threw the world into a third world war: Ireland and Britain applied for and were denied membership of E.E.C. and Pope John opened the Second Vatican Council in the presence of three thousand of the world's bishops.

These three things had one thing in common; they have shaped the thinking of Europe and of the world during the past decade. There is a fourth event of international importance which took place in 1962 and has influenced, if not shaped, the thinking world, that is: The Mirror was founded in St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny by an enterprising young mathematics teacher and a student of biblical courage.

The people in question are, of course, Fr. Joseph Delaney, our present housemaster, and Denis Bergin, dynamic figure in the commercial printing world. These two men performed a noble, indeed, a herculean task. They attempted to raise the quality of life in SKC into the sphere of literary culture.

That was 1962. Ten years and scores of editors later, where stands The Mirror?

The original editors had this editorial policy for the house magazine: It is intended to be a reflection on College life, by the students for the students.

Six years later, Fr. Delaney asked: How many students writing for The Mirror realise that they are really writing the social history of St. Kieran's College?

I think these two comments sum up the ideals of The Mirror editors, past and present and, one would also hope, future; also of the students whose thoughts have been enshrined in its pages for posterity.

We die many times during our lives. Yes, think for a moment; as Christians we die to sin in baptism; at the approach of adolescence we die to childhood; with adulthood we die to adolescence and so on. Each time we are taking a jump into a dark, unknown

territory of human experience. And, I suppose, each time we die, we make a will for those who come after us. In the same way, when we leave St. Kieran's College, we bequeath a testament, some part of our lives. Students have been doing so in this College for the last 190 years, but it is only in the last ten that this testament has been recorded by the students for future students.

Yet, what does The Mirror do for us? What do we want a magazine for?

One argument is that we are always changing and evolving and we like to look back at something that is unchangeable—the written word. Some of us will ponder over little pieces we wrote in the house magazine—contrasting our lives as they were then with the here and now. No doubt Fr. Delaney and some ex-students like to reminisce about the part The Mirror played in their own lives.

But, this is all past. Why The Mirror today? It reflects college life, or so we like to think, and, more important, it provides a forum for communicating ideas, be they on the finer points of push-penny, or the current political situation in Ireland. Also, of course, since we are insatiably curious about our fellows, we look for the revelation of personality through the printed word. We need, at times, to take a good laugh at ourselves and I think there is no better expression of the tragicomedy that is life than appears in The Mirror from time to time. Finally, if a student writes consistently for a year or two he will note his own views on many issues change and evolve.

Some mirrorings in the past ten years:—

"The life of a pop singer is a hard one. In this race for renown it is the survival of the fittest—two singers who have definitely survived are Elvis Presley and Cliff Richards" (Garret Power, April 1962).

What a prophet—Cliff Richards and Elvis are even more renowned ten years later.

In the same issue, Philip Murray won an essay competition "War":

"And so the play goes on, the stage growing redder, the savage actors more pathetic in their puny strifes and God, the Playwright and Stage Manager, growing more impatient and angry with this wayward cast".

How much more angry has the Playwright grown since the first appearance of this essay!

Sylvester Murray (March 1968) writing on the topic of religious education, has this to say about the drudgery of conducting religious class with reference to text books only:

"This method is unquestionable for exam purposes, but exams should be the last thing on a religious instructor's mind. Religion is not something to be wary of, but something which should be interwoven into our daily lives. At least half of the religious class should be devoted to discussions and questions. It is the only way one can be prepared for the outside world".

In Sports Day Issue 1971, Miss Ruth Lewis in an interview, sums up the very same topic, succinctly:

"In the last analysis, religion is caught, not taught".

All in all, The Mirror has achieved its purpose during the past decade, despite fluctuating student interest, and it has had the distinction of having its sales curbed by the College authorities on one occasion. Despite these and other minor difficulties, it has fared well, and compared with some of its counterparts in the Universities, it has indeed lived nine lives.

Two generations of students have written in, learned from, and been entertained by The Mirror. Why not forty more?

The Mirror has not only brought students closer together through the exchange of ideas, it has also helped to bridge the gap between staff and students. Perhaps future issues will narrow that gap still more by a combination of scripts from both staff and students.

Colman Duggan

Science Club

Despite the fact that science has been taught as a subject for innumerable years, it never occurred to anybody to establish a Science Club until the arrival of Mr. O'Dwyer, our new science teacher. The idea of the science of text book and class room spilling over into everyday life and activities was a novelty even in this scientific age.

However, Mr. O'Dwyer spoke one night to all the senior science students about forming a Science Club and he received an encouraging response, though the question foremost in our minds was how can we possibly fit science from the class hall into our recreation. One of the first problems was to contain the Club within manageable limits. Only those genuinely enthusiastic and who had something to offer were invited to participate. An executive was formed, comprising a Chairman from fifth year, a Vice-Chairman from fourth and a committee drawn from both years. There were meetings held on what we might do, how we might go about it, and the best methods of establishing the Club on a firm basis. The financial position was, and is, a delicate matter. Each member contributed ten pence as entrance fee. There was a membership of thirty and this was broken into cells of four or five, each taking some aspect of scientific value and studying it in depth and reporting back to the others what was learned. Some fields of knowledge such as transistors, cars, computers, brewing, soil surveying were examined during recreation time. Then we had some film shows and a talk on brewing from a staff member of Smithwick's Brewery. It is intended to follow this up with a tour of the brewery. We hope to visit other places which will extend our scientific knowledge. There was also a useful lecture on 'Science as a Career' which helped greatly to broaden our interest.

It is hoped that the Science Club, as an extension of class work, will be helpful from the point of view of examinations and rewarding as a pastime.

Thomas Collier

Drama Et Cetera

What 'Hamlet' is to the Old Vic, so 'The Mummy and the Mumps' is to Old Kieran's. Indeed, can Shakespeare boast that his masterpiece has had four separate productions in double that number of years? Mr. Larry E. Johnson can.

The latest presentation (December 1971) of that deathless comedy was the most novel in that the female characters—and here Shakespeare would have been nonplussed—were played by girls. Fr. Duggan went talent spotting in the City Technical School and returned with these names marked in his impresario's notebook: Noreen de Loughry, Mary Nolan, Marian Comerford, Marianne Gorey, Bridie Brannigan.

The male characters were portrayed by John V. Carroll, Phelim Lunny, Denis Calthorpe, Anthony Condon and Eamonn Donovan.

The play is set in Miss Agatha Laidlaw's exclusive school for young ladies in the environs of Boston, and its unravelment is no less complex than that which takes place in Elsinore Castle, Denmark.

The drama critic of the Kilkenny People highly praised the production. "More than just a comedy" he said, "in the hands of the youthful players it was hilarious and with the audience in convulsions from the smooth and quick flowing puns and cracks, it was surprising that such young actors managed to maintain the straight upper lip amidst all the laughter".

The general public was convulsed, no doubt, and for the student body what was lost in farcicality—the incongruity of sex disguise—was compensated for in that the pretty girls were—pretty girls.

Another note-worthy feature of this presentation was that the Producer was Mr. Sean Cassin from the Ecclesiastical House, whose interpretation of the role of Miss Agatha Laidlaw in the 1965 production is still regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of comedic art.

The 1971 Talent Contest had the layside humming for weeks with rumours of *coups de theatre* and Tops of the Pops.

Guide-lines for the contest had been spelled out in the 1971 issue of "The Mirror" by Mr. Martin O'Carroll, who had acted as adjudicator at four of the six annual competitions. He noted a growing competitiveness in the contest and said there was no longer room for mediocre or bad groups of entertainers. He offered useful advice on achieving professional standards—get a first-rate compere, ensure proper amplification and adequate microphones, speed up the presentation. Lastly, try to have a small backing group or electric organ to accompany the various groups.

In time it may rival Saturday Night at the Palladium, but meantime here are the prize-winners in the 1971 Talent Contest:—

1st Prize—Class 4B (Michael McDonald, Phelim Lunny, Jimmy Moore).

2nd Prize—Senior 5A (Con Hogan, Ger. Dooley, John Kelly).

3rd Prize—Inter 3C (M. Dooley, E. O'Gorman).

Sur-Prize—Inter B1 (J. Dixon, K. Kelly).

President's Prize (confined to 1st and 2nd Year)—Inter 2C (L. Holohan, M. Purcell, M. Fitzgerald, J. McDonald).

Best Individual—Liam Holohan.

1972—Inter Talent Contest

The night's entertainment took place on 22nd April in the College Theatre. The judges were the brothers Martin and Eddie O'Carroll, old familiars at this affair.

A weeding-out of talent took place at rehearsals the previous Wednesday, and the best eight groups went forward for the final. As a result, the standard was high and the judges expressed satisfaction that the advice offered the previous year regarding lighting, microphones and choice of compere was acted upon. Denis Calthorpe provided a

smooth, professional job in the role of compere.

When it came to the awarding of prizes, everybody had a shot at marking his programme. In a particular instance, the general audience thought one group should have been among the prize winners, but the judges decided otherwise. However, if there was total unanimity, it would deprive the contest of a certain spice.

The awards were as follows:
O'Gorman).

2nd—Senior 5B (Phelim Lunny, James Moore).

3rd—Inter 3C (M. Aylward, U. Purcell, J. Kirwan, M. Fitzgerald).

Sur-Prize—Inter 3D (M. Delahunty, K. O'Shea, J. Hyland, M. Delahunty, a).

President's Prize—Inter A1 (Sean Nee-Collins, Michael Meagher).

Individual Prize—James Moore, Senior 5B

Films continue to be shown every weekend. On Saturday nights, 1st, 2nd and 3rd years chew the peanuts, and on Sunday nights the seniors have a run-through of the same film. Recent memorable films were "McKenna's Gold" and "Good-bye, Mr. Chips".

Admission prices are now 3p and 5p. (Govt. and all other taxes incl.)



Winners of Inter-Class Talent Competition 1972, Sean O'Dwyer and Eamon O'Gorman (Class 4C).

A handball court complex, combining four covered-in alleys, was formally opened by Mr. Pat Fanning, President of the Gaelic Athletic Association in the College grounds on 6th May last. The courts, each measuring 40 ft. by 20 ft., are situate in the shadow of the old handball alley, in what was formerly the Garden.

The all-in cost of the building was £10,000, of which £500 was a gift from the G.A.A.

Mr. Pat Fanning expressed appreciation of the manner in which the priests of St. Kieran's were working for Gaelic games and said that the College had come to be recognised by the G.A.A. throughout Ireland as an example for the rest of the country in this regard. He stressed the importance of preserving our national identity and the things that marked us apart — our games and culture. For handball, particularly, there may be dawning a very bright future, because it will almost certainly be included in the next Olympic games.

Mr. Fanning praised Canon Holohan's enterprise and dedication, which probably

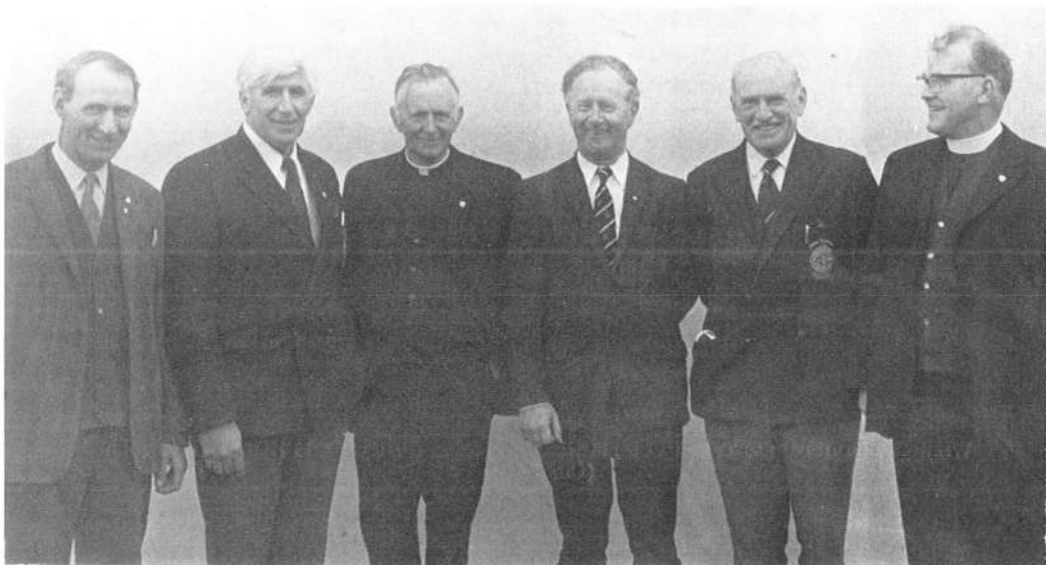
had made the day's ceremony a reality.

Bishop Birch, who blessed the new courts, recalled some great names among Kilkenny handballers in the past, like Jim Lucas, Danny Brennan and John Joe Gilmartin. He also observed that handball seemed to him to be one of the games with a bright future, if for no other reason than that it was the most economic game it was possible to play in Ireland at the moment. He did think there was a danger of Gaelic games becoming more expensive and a possibility that some of them might become something in the nature of a rich man's sport.

Canon Holohan thanked the past pupils who subscribed very generously to the project and to the College's development plan.

Exhibition bouts of handball were then given by the following national stars: Pat Reilly, Chris Delaney (Kilkenny), Joe O'Brien (Roscommon), Phil Murray (Dublin), Ray Doherty (Kildare), Joey Maher (Louth) and Dick Lyng (Wexford).

Coverage of the event was done for Radio-Telefís Éireann by Mick Dunne.



At opening of new handball court were Mr. John Moore, Chairman, Talbot's Inch Club, Mr. Joseph Jennings, President National Handball Association, Bishop Birch, Mr. Pat Fanning, President, G.A.A., Mr. Joseph Lynch, General Secretary Handball Association and Canon Holohan.



ALL-IRELAND HURLING CHAMPIONS 1971

Seated: Patrick Kearney, Joseph Reidy.

Front Row: Brendan Kennedy, Richard Beck, James Moore, Brian Cody, Louis Campion, Gerard Woodcock, Patrick White, Nicholas Brennan, Noel Minogue.

Second Row: Terence Brennan, Martin Gibbons, Joseph Ryan, Brian O'Shea, John Power, Tony Teehan, John Dunne, James Walsh, William Fitzpatrick, Martin Healy.

Gaelic Games

If success in games is to be judged by the amount of trophies won by representative College teams, then 1971 was a most successful year. The recently acquired display cabinet was taxed to capacity to contain the four hurling cups, one football cup and three athletic cups won by College teams.

The Senior hurlers had a short campaign, reaching the pinnacle of All-Ireland champions as follows:

St. Kieran's 5-9; Callan 5-1.
 St. Kieran's 2-15; St. Peter's, Wexford 1-7.
 St. Kieran's 8-6; Farranferris 5-8.

Scorers in the final were: B. Fitzpatrick 4-0, P. White 2-3, N. Minogue 1-1, P. Kearney 1-0, N. Brennan 0-2.

The team was: J. Dunne, J. Walsh, L. Campion, T. Power, B. Cody, T. Teehan, G. Woodcock, N. Brennan, P. Kearney (Capt.), N. Minogue, P. White, B. Fitzpatrick, J. Ryan.

With the majority of that All-Ireland senior team available for the Leinster Junior, the competition proved little more than a formality. Scores were:

St. Kieran's 16-12; Kilkenny C.B.S. 1-2.

St. Kieran's 9-9; St. Peter's 3-5.
St. Kieran's 12-9; Gormanston 4-8.

The clean sweep of Leinster trophies was emphatically prevented by Kilkenny C.B.S. who beat the Juveniles easily, only to fail finally to St. Peter's by one point.

The Senior footballers made very good showing in the Leinster 'B' also, beating Callan and Kilkenny C.B.S., failing in the semi-final to Ballyfermot de la Salle 5-9 to 2-2.

So the curtain fell in 1971 with everybody



LEINSTER FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS 1971

Front Row: William Fitzpatrick, Patrick Kelly, Donal Dooley, Noel Minogue, Joseph Reidy, Gerard de Loughry, Gerard Woodcock, William Heffernan.

Second Row: Patrick O'Brien, Joseph Ryan, Michael Dundon, John Dunne, Thomas O'Leary, John Power, John Doyle, John Quane, Louis Campion, Patrick White.

An aspect of games deserving special mention is the football victory in Junior B. This was a competent team by any standard and lucky to have an equally competent and courageous coach, Mr. Denis Philpott, who wishes freely to pass on to the younger generation the skills and success he had himself with his native Cork. St. Kieran's beat Athy, New Ross C.B.S., Good Counsel, Freshford, to finally defeat Drimnagh Castle 2-7 to 2-4 in the final. St. Kieran's team:

P. O'Brien, L. Campion, G. Woodcock, J. Quane, J. Ryan, P. Kelly, T. O'Leary, J. Power, J. Reidy, P. White, N. Minogue (Capt.), B. Fitzpatrick, A. Miley.

in the College proud of and pleased with the achievements of hurlers and footballers alike.

We looked forward to '72 with great hopes. Only five of the victorious 1971 team were doing the Leaving Certificate. By unanimous vote of the Colleges Council, the footballers were promoted to Roinn A. They proved worthy of that promotion when winning the first round rather easily against St. Peter's. Next opponents were Ballyfin. They proved the end of the road for St. Kieran's but they were by no means outclassed. The Junior football team was beaten by Knockbeg in the first round. The Juveniles had a good

victory over Ballyfin in round one, but failed against St. Peter's in the Leinster semi-final.

The Junior hurling competition was played out before Christmas. St. Kieran's made a disastrous start by going down to Presentation Brothers, Birr — in fact, they never started. The local C.B.S. eventually beat St. Peter's in the final of that competition.

What of the seasoned seniors of 1972? An early victory over St. Peter's, 9-7 to 2-6, a facile win over Kilkenny C.B.S., an impressive performance against the unpromising Callan side, an adequate showing against St. Mary's, Gort, brought them back to Thurles again to oppose the same Farranferris for the All-Ireland final. These two

teams had served up some inspired hurling in 1971. This year, however, the game never reached the same heights, although both sides showed in infrequent flashes the capabilities they had, but the achievement always fell short of the fleeting promise. So, the year ended as it began, in defeat.

This one defeat, however, in no way takes from the outstanding achievement of this present Leaving Certificate class. In fact, up to that game they had been all conquering. It speaks volumes to say that there were players in Thurles who had played for the famed 'Black and White' in all grades and had their first defeat in their final game. Indeed, one might aptly use of these un-



LEINSTER JUVENILE HURLING CHAMPIONS 1972

Front Row: John Kelly, Thomas Tennyson, Gerard Kennedy, Francis Holohan, John Walsh, Tony Carroll.

Second Row: Richard Galavan, Declan Fitzpatrick, Richard Hayes, Thomas Walsh, Harry Ryan, Kieran Brennan, Michael Cuddihy, Seamus Brennan.

Third Row: Patrick Greene, Patrick Prendergast, Kevin O'Shea, Patrick Holden, William Mullan, Daniel Collier.

questionably talented hurlers: *Ni beid a leitidi arís ann.*

Should I finish on that note, however, there might be some letters to the Editor because the Juvenile team this year won the Leinster title with consummate ease and gave in the final an incredible exhibition when annihilating a much fancied St. Peter's side. A novel feature in their win was that the effective preparation was done by a lay student — Martin O'Shea.

For this most successful competitive two years, the College was indebted to all players,

assistants and supporters. Special mention must be made of Dermot Healy and Jim Cassin who spared neither time nor effort to have the teams perform as well as they did on the hurling field. To Tom Lavin and Pat Brown a special word of praise for the success of the footballers. To all who are leaving this with honours behind and bright prospects before them, we wish every success on and off the field. All credit and thanks to those who made this report at least as good as that in any previous *Record*.

T. Maher.

Art Scene

Before September 1970, art classes were non-existent in the College. Since it is such a recent addition to the curriculum, some people do not regard it as a serious subject and think it must be an excuse for frivolity. The art room, situated below the chapel and above the boiler room, is segregated from the main body of class halls and its locale has heightened the illusion of art being different from other subjects. Of course, it is different, but that holds for Maths, English, Latin, Science. In any language one must learn the vocabulary. A simple example—dark colours represent sadness while bright colours represent happiness.

The rigid discipline which is found in most other classes is not evident at first sight in the art room, where there is so much movement. That, too, is another illusion. The art teacher, while being the only female teacher on the staff, is more capable of efficiently managing three hundred odd students than many of the male personnel. Even though there is this high number of students attending art classes, it is a pity that some senior students with evident talent fail to take it into the art room. In the competition with other subjects, art loses out.

In the past year there was a local art exhibition staged in the College for which work was submitted by many of the students. Some of the exhibits were made from tin, screws, etc. Of a very high standard were

studies of the Crucifixion, made by Eamonn Hughes and John Quane. Both works were executed in metal.

In the recent past much interest was aroused in the Poster Competition organised by the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association. Since entries were confined to members, this writer was unable to take part. The juniors worked exceptionally hard at this competition—this is not meant to discredit the seniors. Many competitors took a negative approach and it was amusing to see them delineating with great care pints of Guinness and large dark bottles and with equal diligence painting a big X across those symbols of our great national pastime. Unfortunately for those artists, this was the wrong image to project for the Pioneer Association.

The prize winning entry came from David Hogan. There should be more of this type of competition promoted in the College, because this one certainly awakened the interest of a large number of students.

The first art exhibition involving only College students will be held at the end of the year, to coincide probably with Sports Day.

During last year an Art Workshop, which included field trips, lectures and crafts, was held in Athy. People from all over the country attended. Unfortunately St. Kieran's was not represented, although we had plenty of

entrants for the painting competition held in conjunction with the workshop. This was the first national competition we entered and we got first prize in one category and some other works were highly commended. The first prize winner was Con Delaney, then a second-year student.

Art cannot be taught; only the technical means of artistic achievement can be taught. The person who says he is no good at drawing or painting is wrong. It is a human skill that is dormant in every one of us and unless we concentrate and apply ourselves to working on it, it will never be released. Each individual is a potential artist who can obtain results through his own creativity. We must have visual awareness and be able to form a clear mental picture of what we see. People today are distracted by a multitude of visual stimuli, all clamouring for their attention at the same time. The vast majority of people look but never see. Take, for example, the paintings in the glass-hall. People pass them by every day, but never really see them. Three of them have been painted by College students; the remainder are prints of famous paintings which are on loan from Foras Eireann. Their function is to make the students more conscious of art. A different set of four reproductions is placed in the glass-hall every term.

Many new possibilities open up to us when we begin to look at the ordinary things

about us. Those of you who have looked at the facade of the College on a sunny day will agree that it has an imposing appearance, even though it has no categorical style of architecture. It could, I suppose, be classified as a blend of Gothic and Romanesque. Yet less than one hundred yards away, we see the new indoor handball alley, a monstrosity of concrete and corrugated steel, rising up to form one great eye-sore. On an industrial estate it would be in harmony with its surroundings. This is an example of planning without preconceived notions. The architect attempts only to give it its logical structure and proper materials but he ignores all idea of harmonising with the landscape.

In conclusion, I would like to mention the cover of the latest edition of "The Mirror". One of the editors approached me and asked for a design for a new cover. He stressed that it was a students' magazine and suggested a scene from college life. I enlisted the help of Jimmy Maher and together we depicted two students, one behind the other, hands characteristically in pockets, strolling along the path leading from the ball-alley towards the steps on the New Street entrance. The bare anatomy of trees stresses the wintry scene, and it is the kind of day you would like to be sitting indoors with a copy of "The Mirror" in your hands.

Garry Naughton

Chess Club

The Chess Club which had been founded in 1970 by Mr. Divilly might have gone into decline on his departure were it not for the advent of Mr. O'Murchu, who injected it with a new vigour. There are now about 40 members in the club, and there are at time of writing leagues in progress in each year, up to and including fourth year. It

will be summer term before the outright winner of the leagues emerges.

Membership fee is 10p, and the subscriptions go towards purchase of sets, chess boards and for prize money.

Chess is a very entertaining hobby and there is no shortage of old hands to initiate newcomers into the subtleties of the game.



Miss Dollard, Mrs. Roche and Canon Holohan with group of Boy Scouts who completed course in First Aid.

The Boy Scouts

The troop strength is thirty scouts; scout masters are two ecclesiastics, Patrick Mulhern and Arthur Hynes, and our chaplain is Fr. Delaney.

Most Sundays we go on either a troop or patrol hike and about once a month a treasure hunt is organised in the region around Kilkenny City. Every Saturday there is a troop meeting and a patrol meeting on another week-day.

The highlight of 1971 was a two weeks' cycling tour which took us to counties Cork and Kerry. Nenagh was the commencing stage of the trip. Each day we covered about twenty parasangs, stopping at points of interest en route. Fr. Delaney went ahead on his ten horses, surveying the territory and finding suitable camping sites. On arriving,

we would pitch tents, light camp fires, cook supper and have a sing-song before retiring.

We climbed the steep steps of Blarney Castle and kissed the Blarney Stone. Our furthestmost point was Killarney, where everybody was highly impressed by the colourful scenery. Then we set our faces north-east and followed the road as far as Thurles where the tour came to a finishing point. The only discomfort we suffered was a day's rain—the usual climax to an Irish summer.

The Summer Camp this year is planned for Kilmore Quay, Co. Wexford, which proved a popular resort two years ago.

During 1971, sixteen scouts completed an eight weeks' course in first aid which was conducted at Red Cross House, Kilkenny,

by Miss Angela Dollard, Secretary, Kilkenny Red Cross. She was delighted with the progress made by the scouts and remarked that the examining doctor, Dr. A. O'Beirne, found the standard exceptionally high.

Certificates were presented to the following successful students:—

Tom Keating, Pdraig Rhatigan, Michael Delahunty, John Walsh, Martin Kirwan, Sean O'Neill, Pdraig Walshe, Fergal Fitzpatrick, Seamus Laffan, Kevin Bates, Frank Holohan, Matt Delaney, Joe Hyland, Philip Brennan, Thomas Collier and Pat Bolger.

R. Hayes

the Minister for Health warns is on the increase among teenagers.

The next time you order a pint, ask yourself "Shall I drink moderately, or not at all?" If you decide to reduce your normal intake of beer and abide by this decision, you have automatically eliminated a great problem. You will be able to enjoy more keenly what life has to offer, if you possess a sober mind and a clear conscience.

James Birch

Debates

The Pioneer Association

Within the past two years the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association was established in the College by Fr. Michael Ryan, who is a teacher in the City Technical School and a resident in St. Kieran's. He generously accepted the irksome task of organising a Pioneer Council from the fourth year student body and of guiding the Council through the task of arranging meetings, both public and private.

The Association was formed in the College with the view of controlling the problem of drink among teenagers to-day. Its aims deal mainly with self-discipline and self-control and the promotion of good example to junior members of our Society. The adult section in the College realised it had a great problem on hands in that some students might not be strong enough to reject outside influences and be in need of help.

The Association is now well on its feet, with fifty-two full members, one hundred and ninety probationers and sixty temporary members. This year it organised a Pioneer slogan and painting competition, which was won by David Hogan.

Council members are:—Seamus Collier, Richard Reid, Eamonn Costello, Thomas Byrne, Michael O'Farrell and James Birch. They try to influence fellow students against the insidious enemy of drunkenness, which

During the past year, debates consumed a large segment of recreation time and lay-side teams participated in two debating competitions. The first was run on a national level by the A.A. Road Safety Association; the second at county level by Kilkenny Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The team in the national competition comprised Denis Calthorpe, Pat O'Brien and John V. O'Carroll. It scored victories over two girls' teams—Convent of Mercy, Callan and Loreto, Kilkenny, and then at Mill Hill College, Freshford, was knocked down by the resident team, the motion being "that modern society has yet to come to terms with the motor-car."

In the Chamber of Commerce Competition, there was a satisfying reversal of fortunes when Phelim Lunny and Tony Candon representing St. Kieran's, defeated a Mill Hill College team, having already out-talked Technical School, Castlecomer. Then at the county final, held in public at C.B.S., Kilkenny, male supremacy was annulled by a team from Presentation Convent, Kilkenny on a discussion very appropriately phrased—That the death-knell of man's superiority has been sounded with the advent of Women's Lib.

These contests have whetted appetites for debating and students are now prepared, at the drop of a hat, to hold forth in Ciceronian periods on any topic you care to name.

Athletics

Tributes to St. Kieran's hurlers are readily forthcoming from all quarters, but our athletes have been relegated to a "seat in the gods", despite a noteworthy performance in recent years.

Happily, this situation shows signs of improvement. In 1971 South Leinster Cross-country Championships, our under-14 team scored a well-deserved success and in the Senior Grade Pat Harty was a notable winner. This year the under-14 and under-17 teams won laurels in the same championships and went on to establish good performances in the Leinster Cross-country Championships.

In the South Leinster Colleges Athletic

Championships (Track) held in Nowlan Park in May last year, we had considerable success, annexing a total of six firsts, five seconds and five thirds in the Junior, Intermediate and Senior grades.

In the Leinster Colleges Finals at Iveagh Grounds, Dublin, our star performers were John Quane who took first prize in the Intermediate Long Jump and Liam Holohan, whose performance won him the bronze medal in the Junior High Jump.

There is a good turn-out of budding young track and field performers every evening under the watchful eye of Mr. Carew, who has engendered much enthusiasm in the sport, and we are hopeful of even greater success this year.

Tom Byrne

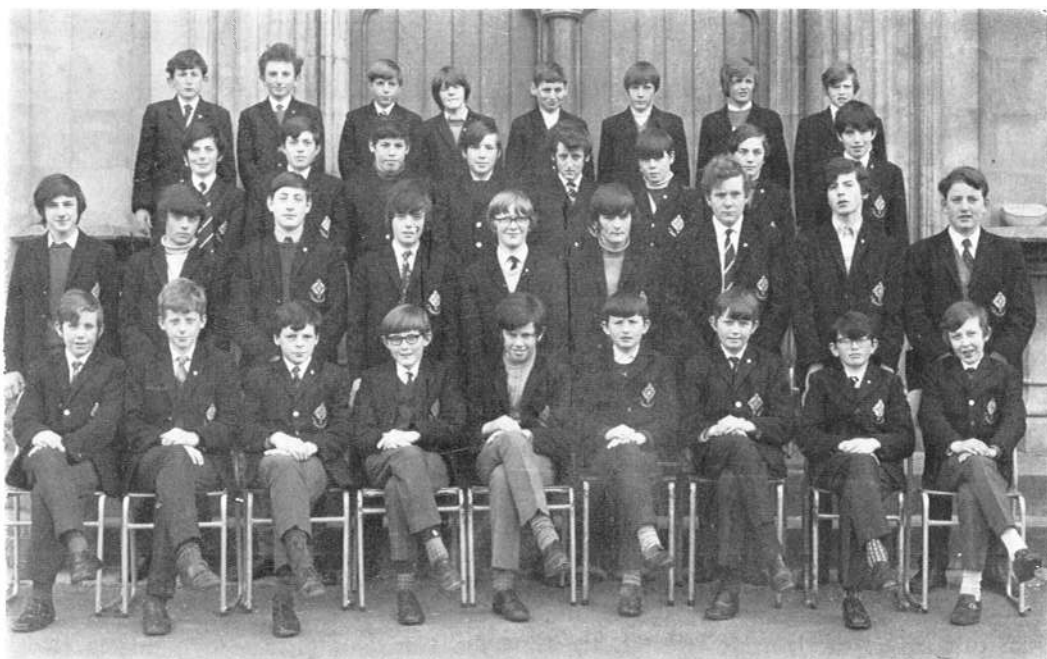


LEINSTER SENIOR HURLING CHAMPIONS 1972

Front Row: Andrew O'Keeffe, Maurice Power, Joseph O'Shea, William Fitzpatrick, Joseph Reidy, John Dunne.

Second Row: Noel Minogue, Patrick O'Neill, Gerard Woodcock, Gerard Freyne, Louis Campion, Brian O'Shea.

Third Row: Patrick Dunphy, Eamon Hughes, Patrick Muhall, Sylvester Lyster, John Quane, Brian Cody.



FIRST YEAR I

Front Row: Desmond Crowley (Kilkenny), Thomas Farrell (Gowran), Martin Farrell (Thomastown), James Fitzsimons (Manor Kilbride), Mel Bates (Dublin), Richard Aherne (Kilkenny), Eugene Dowling (Kilkenny), Roger Burns (Kilkenny), Seamus Cummins (Kilkenny).

Second Row: Brendan Broderick (Johnstown), Anthony Campion (Mountrath), James Brennan (Gathabawn), William Campion (Mountrath), Michael Gibbons (Tubrid Barna), Michael Coogan (Castlecomer), Michael Crowley (Kilkenny), James Dunne (Ballyragget), Patrick Brennan (Jenkinstown).

Third Row: Michael Corcoran (Mullinavat), John M. Brennan (Gowran), Dominic Connolly (Maddoxtown), Kieran Butler (New Ross), Richard Bergin (Kilkenny), Brian Bergin (Rathdowney), John Gaffney (Rathmoyle), Marcus Delahunty (Kilkenny).

Fourth Row: Cornelius Dooley (Gowran), James Connolly (Gowran), John P. Brennan (Gathabawn), Thomas Egan (Clonegal), Thomas Comerford (Windgap), Brian Corrigan (Kilkenny), Niall Doherty (Callan), Patrick Fitzgerald (Kilkenny).

Social Services

An active social conscience continues to be displayed by layside students and a group from fourth year devotes a halfday each week to working for the under-privileged. This work is carried out under the direction of the Sister-in-Charge, Social Service Centre. The type of activity engaged in

ranges from wall-papering a few rooms for an old age pensioner to digging gardens at the Old People's Home, to distributing leaflets requesting goods for a sale of work. Organising sports for the mentally-handicapped children at St. Patrick's Home proved an area where students felt they had something important to give, and which made them conscious of the privileges they enjoy.

My Native Heath

In taking a bird's-eye view of this diminished universe some four hundred feet beneath me, you may imagine that this is a narrow-minded approach to the situation. Not everyday do I see my native heath as I look at it just now so compact and imaginably controllable.

Below lies a nicely arranged portion of mankind's work in this planet and I am bound to this particular piece by special ties. Viewed dispassionately, it is not dissimilar from any other but those small fields belong to my own beloved neighbours and the green turf covers the bones of their historic ancestors. There is an epic tale untold here and I cannot resist relating it.

A hamlet took shape behind a hill where an agricultural community dwells in a tranquil atmosphere free from industrial evils. To the left you can see wrapped in a beautiful coat of green ivy a castle now inhabited by the wayward birds and the beasts of the fields. Since the occasion that Cromwell trained his cannons from the little mound on the opposite side of my picture, I regret that only half the work of the Fitzpatricks of the 17th century now remains.

The hills seem like nasty bruises on a body recovering from some accident—except for the colour which is a dullish brown. Surrounding them are irregular sets of green planes, some square, some triangular, altogether like the work of a deranged architect. Here and there, as if shaken from a damp pepper canister are farm buildings, some peeping from a screen of trees others standing proudly in the open.

Now to bring the scene into closer focus.

There is a single row of houses on each side of the main Dublin-Cork highway. In the midst of the village buildings are the local grocery store and the modern lounge bar. The parish church is some distance

from the street while the school is the centre of attraction—not, perhaps, for the unfortunate scholars. Underneath that massive silver roofing our local merchant supplies the farmers from surrounding parishes with many of their daily needs.

This is a very well-kept village, as the aerial picture shows. The lawns seem like little pieces of Youghal carpet, and the hedges and flowers are so arranged as to seem like a view of Lilliput.

Beneath me live, and has lived, a race of people who are ambitious and who practice the Christian virtues to a degree that the whole world could emulate. They are simple, earnest in their work, with a strong community spirit. Most of the people, including my own family, are farmers, having the land as their sole means of survival. This is reflected in their make-up, for they are firm in mind and body. Most of the families are ambitious for their children and thus I am one of the lucky children to be reared in this environment.

Some of the people own small industries which are a vital aid to the neighbouring people—metal industry, agricultural contractors and many others which are not designed under particular names but are rather trades that not everyman can practice. These people have their own co-operative machinery. They have organisations devoted to the theoretical side of farming, such as Macra na Tuaithe, which give young men the right attitude towards agriculture. Some of the younger generation go away and later return as doctors, veterinary surgeons or members of other professions which they practise on their local heath.

One may ask how can a piece of earth, as small as that lying below, play an important role in the working of the world. Well, it provides the Guinness Company with



FIRST YEAR II

Front Row: Francis Grincell (Kilkenny), Neil Kenealy (Kilkenny), Gearoid Grant (Clonegal), Brendan Lawless (Kilkenny), Thomas Kearney (Kilkenny), James Grace (Kilkenny), Dominic Maher (Kilkenny), Walter Holohan (Knocktopher), William Lenehan (Kilkenny).

Second Row: Brian Moore (Kilkenny), John Kennedy (Borrisoleigh), Sean Moran (Kilkenny), Patrick Killeen (Freshford), Patrick Holden (Mullinavat), Michael Meagher (Newtown, Kells), John Greene (Callan), Gerard McInerney (Kilkenny).

Third Row: David Hogan (Kilkenny), James Morrissey (Gowran), Richard Moffatt (Goresbridge), James Lynch (Kilkenny), Edward McPhillips (Kilkenny), Stephen Martin (Stoneyford), Michael Lawlor (Kilkenny), Maurice Keane (Kilkenny).

Fourth Row: Gerard McCarthy (Kilkenny), Eamon Holohan (Johnstown), Brendan Healy (Gowran), Michael Kealy (Bennettsbridge), Padraic McMahon (Dublin), Michael Holden (Kilkenny), Padraig Keane (Kilkenny), Richard Moore (Thomastown).

some of its malt—for the grain is grown here, harvested and taken to one of the depots which we are fortunate enough to have in the village. The amount of sugar beet grown is considerable and it is taken by a local contractor to one of the sugar factories. The wheat crop is also taken away by local transport to the mills. All this tillage plays an important part in the local economy and the people work in the knowledge that what is good for the Irish economy is also good for their own welfare.

We have some men of humorous character and some of a vicious kind. Our local wit, who likes his drop of Guinness, sits in the public house and has an answer for everybody from the American tourist to the local labourer who might question his habits. He has no fixed address and works wherever work might show up when he takes the humour to put some stress on his body. Usually in most communities you find one old man who knows every corner of the district and has kept in his mind a clear picture of the changes that have taken place down through the years. Well, at the foot of the ruins of our castle lives the local historian. The castle is not responsible for his existence, but may have had some influence on his mode of life. He reads and relates stories of local history. He likes to gather antiques as he sees his youthful days reflected in them. He has a pony about thirty-five years old, and despite the many scoldings and

harsh words he directs at this animal, man and beast are strongly attached to each other. He is a delight to listen to and impresses the mind so strongly that you seem to live before you were ever born, and play the games and tricks he himself played as a boy.

Also there is the recluse who deals with people according to his prevailing humour. He works like a slave and takes pride in his small holding, likes to be independent, and dislikes people interfering with his work and property. Never having married and having spent some years in the army, he shows in the orderliness and tidiness of his house his years of training. Local people know how to deal with him, but as his garden attracts some passing tourists they are often rebuffed by his negative reaction, or else on a lucky day they are greeted in a cheery fashion.

Through many years of toil the people have built this happy contented community. A native culture and a welcome of progressive ideas must also be credited to them. Nature has been good in providing fertile land of a beauty which perhaps they do not fully appreciate. What a satisfying frame of mind they would always be in, if they only saw it as I see it now. Thankful, proud, lucky, I am all of this for having such a home ground. With the advancement of time I hope to play my part in keeping it just as it is.

Thomas Collier (Sen. 1A)



FIRST YEAR III

Front Row: John Murphy (Tennypark, Kilkenny), Vincent Shiel (Bennettsbridge), Richard Walsh (Knocktopher), Thomas Mullins (Thomastown), Noel Phelan (Templemartin), Patrick Shortall (Kilkenny), James P. Walsh (Snowhill), John Poyntz (Kilkenny).

Second Row: Sean O'Neill (Kilmacow), Patrick Quinlan (Kilkenny), Noel J. Walsh (Kilkenny), Eamon Twomey (Gowran), Sean Nee-Collins (Durrow), Patrick O'Driscoll (Kilkenny), Eamon Teehan (Kilmanagh), Seamus O'Neill (Kilcash).

Third Row: William Nolan (Kilkenny), Maurice Walsh (Kilkenny), Thomas Walshe (Kilkenny), P. J. Quirke (Old Pallas, Limerick), Albert Tobin (Johnstown), Michael Somers (Bagenalstown), John Murphy (Callan), John Scriven (Callan), Laurence Stapleton (Thomastown).

Fourth Row: Noel Walshe (Tullaroan), Lester Ryan (Maddoxtown), Gerard O'Keeffe (Kilkenny), Peter Murtagh (Kilkenny), James G. Walsh (Cullohill), Eamonn Quigley (Dunmore), Eamonn Stafford (Ferrybank), Gerard Purcell (Goresbridge).

National Anthems Are Out Of Date

All the cleverly covered bald heads can now be seen as the old men stand there quiet and motionless. Their teenage sons by their sides fidget and grumble under their breaths wishing it would be finished. Small children run around shouting and hiding, while others stand in amazement wondering why all the people are looking so sorrowful. In a few moments the silence is ended. A huge cheer re-choes through the stand. The playing of our absolute National Anthem has finished and the game is under way. This anthem is played on state occasions and at hurling matches. I think the only reason why it is not played at more sombre functions like funerals is that the dead might turn in their coffins at the sound.

If the person who wrote the national anthem came to me for confession, that is, if I belonged to the category of people he might seek out in confession, I would give him "Three Our Fathers" and tell him not to tell lies again. One line in "The Soldier's Song" proclaims:

"Soldiers are we, whose lives are pledged to Ireland"

and a few lines later:

"Tonight we man the *bearna baoil* in Erin's cause come woe or weal;

'Mid cannons' roar and rifles' peal, we'll chant a soldier's song".

While troubles continue in Northern Ireland, we sit safe and cushy on this side of the Border seeing our fellow countrymen slaughtered. Despite this our national anthem has the temerity to say we are impatient for the fight.

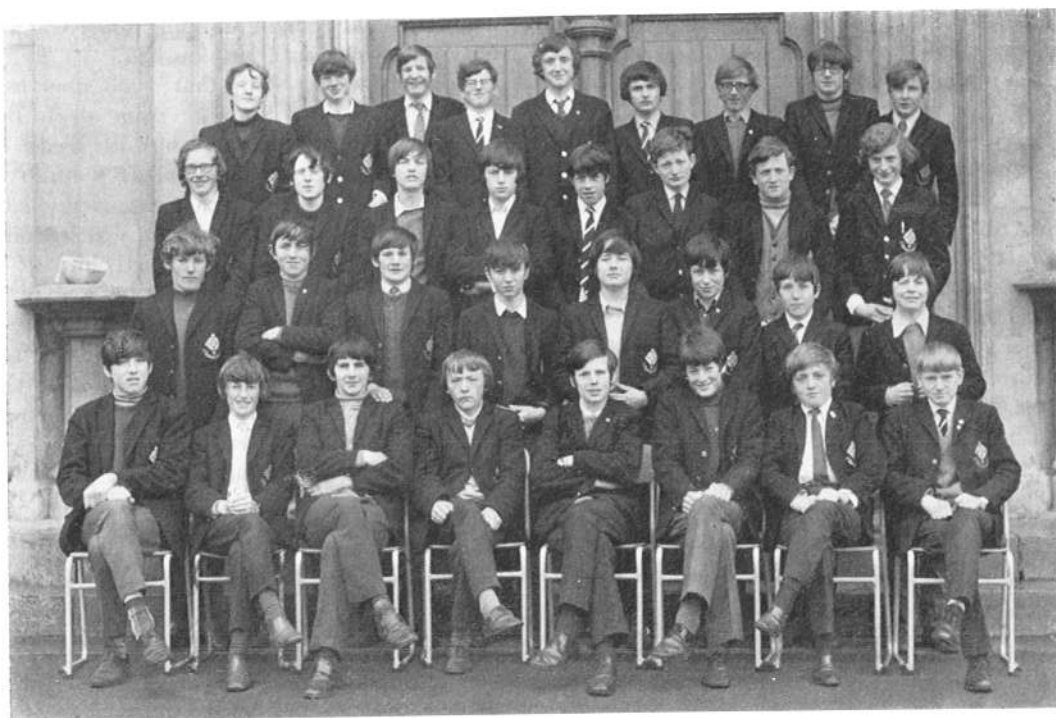
The national anthem reflects the mentality of people who lived in Ireland around 1916. These men had the courage to go forth and fight and die for the country. Romantic Ireland is dead and gone, with Pearse in the grave. Will this country ever be able

again to produce material that will make men whose gospel is set out in our national anthem?

The purpose of a national anthem is, I suppose, to symbolise our nationhood. By this time next year we shall have entered the Common Market. No longer a nation, we will be just another cog in the machine. It would have been very interesting if entry to the Common Market had been defeated in Britain to see what move our wise legislators would make, since we are financially attached to England's apron strings. The men of 1916 fought for Ireland's independence, and now we are going to be landed back in square one almost. (Is that expression borrowed from Snakes and Ladders or some nobler sport?). An international anthem for all the countries in the E.E.C. seems a good idea.

With the strongly expressed desire for unity in this country, as a gesture of goodwill we should abolish our national anthem. There is no doubt that it arouses the Fenian blood in everyone, taking us back to the time when the Irish were defending their country. Only God knows that there are too many people looking back in time, taking pride in the heroic deeds of their forefathers, and not facing up to the realities of today.

At the end of dances and films, certainly, the national anthem receives scant respect. Could you imagine a group of young people after listening to hours of fabulous pop music standing awe-struck by a piece of music that was *passé* in the nineteen-forties? A fair bit of commotion was caused in America when the young people, anxious to bring it up to date, started to dance to their national anthem. The Church in her wisdom realised that Mass in Latin was somewhat old-fashioned so she changed it. National anthems in most countries are out



SECOND YEAR I

Front Row: Richard Dalton (Freshford), Joseph Brennan (Kilkenny), Martin Egan (Clonegal), Patrick Byrne (Clara), John Dooley (Mountmellick), Kevin Dooley (Kilkenny), Martin G. Delaney (Rathdowney), John Joseph Collier (Mountrath).

Second Row: Patrick Flynn (Kilkenny), Declan Fitzpatrick (Waterford), Martin J. Delaney (Cullohill), Joseph Costello (Urlingford), Brendan Dixon (Kilkenny), Brendan Dowling (Kilkenny), Seamus Cannon (Kilkenny), John Dixon (Kilkenny).

Third Row: Francis Doheny (Freshford), Robert Cahill (Thomastown), Patrick Buck (Tamore), Anthony Carroll (Thomastown), James Connolly (Dunbell), Liam Dillon (Dublin), Kieran Brennan (Jenkinstown), Frank Dowling (Kilkenny).

Fourth Row: Colm Costello (Kilkenny), Richard Delahunty (Cullohill), John Barry (Windgap), Michael Cuddihy (Jenkinstown), Daniel Collier (Durrow), Seamus Brennan (Jenkinstown), John Dunphy (The Rower), John Connolly (Carrick-on-Suir), Fergal Fitzpatrick (Ballybrophy).

of date but still they are deemed sacrosanct. They are supposed to exemplify the type of people that make up each nation. But people are continually changing; today's people would have seemed freaks twenty years ago. Why shouldn't anthems change also? A new anthem every time a president was elected in this country would be a good idea. Our anthem, being a rebel song, could easily be replaced every seven years. Or we could take pattern from the Eurovision Song Contest, hold a nation-wide ballot and bring in the vote, not at eighteen but at fourteen. A prize of £250 for the best anthem, the money to be doubled if the words are in Irish. Incidentally it is shameful that "The Soldier's Song" is more often heard in English than in our beloved Irish language, whose distinctiveness the Common Market members are prepared to recognise.

By now the average citizen of this country must be shocked to hear that I would like to get rid of the national anthem. But I feel safe from attack, nonetheless, because of his lack of courage. Would the loss of our anthem have any great effect on our lives? I have been on this earth a few years now and the playing of the song has made no difference to my life. The reason it appeals to people is that its rebel chords arouse their great emotions, urging them to slaughter their opponents. I smile to see all the old people standing rigidly to attention when the martial air floats across a playing field. Something similar happens with religion—at the beginning of their lives they don't pay much attention to their prayers, but as the shadows start to draw in, you can see them fingering their beads every hour of the day.

Sport inevitably becomes tangled with politics. Regularly there is controversy whether Irish people should stand to attention at Twickenham at the playing of "God Save The Queen". Feelings were pretty high this year in the wake of the Derry killings, so it would have been much better if the

English had swallowed their pride and not played their national anthem at the international rugby match.

One of the rubrics which govern the playing of the national anthem is as follows: All people should remain standing until the last note of music has been finished.

What is wrong with that? you may ask. Nothing, provided you are stone deaf. But to call "The Soldier's Song" a piece of music is to regard the moon as a lump of green cheese. Every time it assails my ears I am reminded of a friend who was learning to play the guitar. He fancied himself a second Segovia, until one day he was playing alone in a room and suddenly every window in the place shattered itself into fragments. As he picked his way over the broken glass, the sound was like the opening chords of our own national anthem.

Thomas Doheny (Sen. 1A)

Puss

My puss is very naughty,
He often kills a mouse,
And what makes Mum so angry,
Is he brings it into the house.
What's more, he brings it in at night
When Dad is having a dream.
Mum hears the poor mouse squeaking
And gives an awful scream.
Everybody is awake,
Everybody 'cept me.
My Mum and all the family
Don't close their eyes 'til three.
I'm not told 'til morning
When I'm awake—how's that?
So I wake Puss from sleeping,
Well, that's just tit-for-tat!

Robin Maharaj



SECOND YEAR II

Front Row: Richard Marnell (Threecastles), James Harrington (Kilkenny), Seamus Martin (Kells), Thomas Mahon (Bennettsbridge), Niall Manning (Dublin), Gerard Kavanagh (Kilkenny), Philip Jones (Mooncoin), Michael Kavanagh (Kilkenny).

Second Row: Gerard Gorey (Cuffesgrange), Ignatius Marum (Lisdowney), James Hickey (Cahir), Thomas Foley (Kilkenny), William Hackett (Kilkenny), David McDonald (Kilkenny), Brian Mahon (Kilkenny), Declan Marrinan (Kilkee), Seamus Laffan (Thomastown), John Healy (Ballyfoyle).

Third Row: Richard Galavan (Inistioge), Noel Mealy (Castlecomer), Edward Kennedy (Freshford), Gerard Kennedy (Tipperary), Thomas Hanrahan (Thomastown), Ronald Grace (Kilkenny), Neil McCormick (London), Canice Hogan (Kilkenny), Donal Maher (Cashel).

Fourth Row: Michael Gorey (Cuffesgrange), Martin Kirwan (Borris-in-Ossory), Patrick Kelly (Kilkenny), Arthur Hume (Portlaoise), Patrick Greene (Gowran), Kieran Kelly (Gallows Hill), James J. Kavanagh (Urlingford).

Absent: Robin Maharaj (Kilkenny).



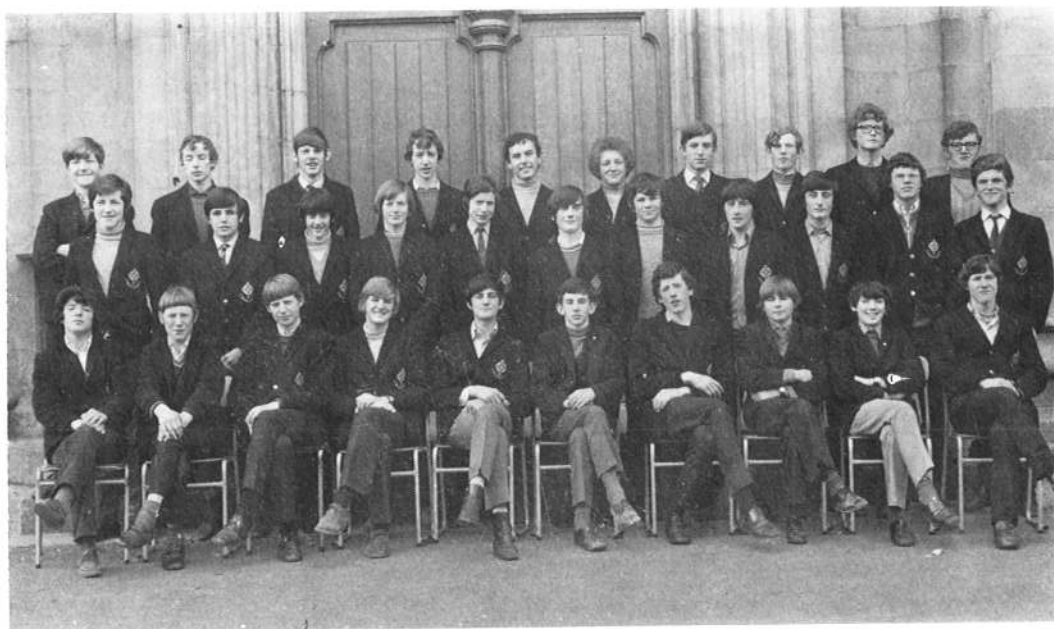
SECOND YEAR III

Front Row: Eamon O'Neill (Kilkenny), Kevin O'Donovan (Dublin Road, Kilkenny), Patrick O'Neill (Ballyredding), David Prendergast (Killarney, Thomastown), Rory Stafford (Ferrybank, Waterford), Raymond Sheane (Redcross, Co. Wicklow), Fintan Ryan (Maddoxtown), Henry Ryan (Maddoxtown).

Second Row: Eamon Muldowney (St. Fiacre's Place), Joseph Mooney (Castlebar), Richard White (Dublin Road, Kilkenny), Richard O'Keefe (St. Fiacre's Place), Diarmuid Twomey (Gowran), Patrick Murphy (Dunbell), Patrick Nolan (Gooldscross), Eamon Phelan (Jenkinstown).

Third Row: Patrick Shanahan (Upperchurch), John Meany (Cellarstown), Aidan Stafford (Ferrybank, Waterford), Thomas Tennyson (Inistioge), Matthew O'Keefe (Clara), Patrick Prendergast (Clara), George Muldowney (Corbettstown), Kevin Moore (Brooklyn, N.Y.).

Fourth Row: Michael Mullally (Manor Kilbride, Wicklow), Thomas O'Sullivan (Goresbridge), Laurence O'Sullivan (Goresbridge), Pdraig Walshe (Durrow), William Mullen (Three-castles), Pdraig Rhatigan (Cullohill), Thomas Whitely (Paulstown).



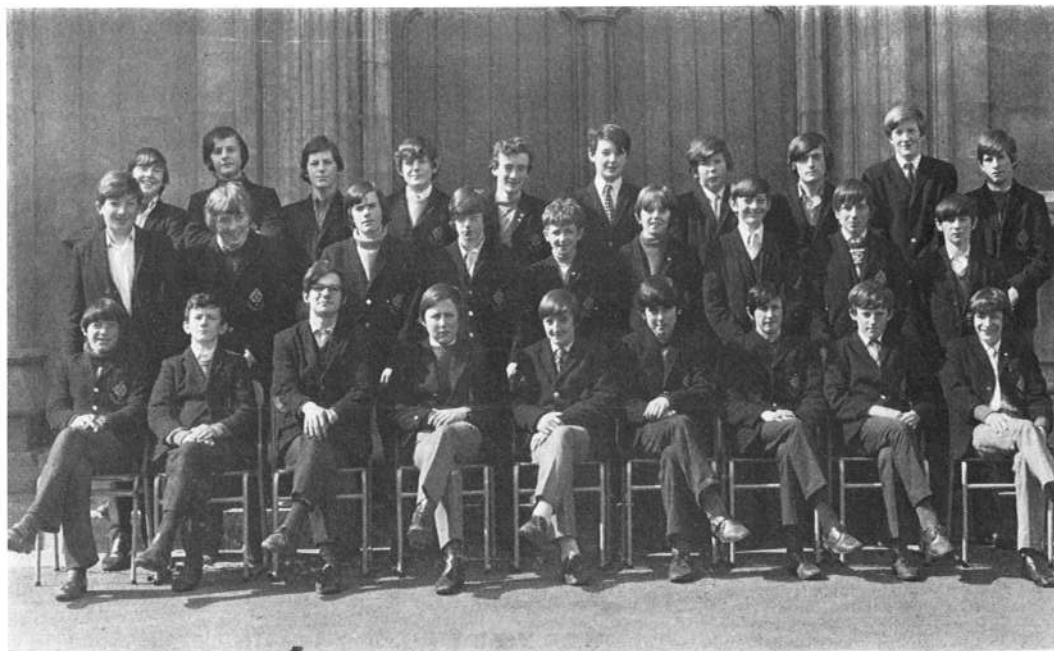
THIRD YEAR I

Front Row: Sean Galway (Bennettsbridge), Michael Carey (Templetuohy), James Denieffe (Kilkenny), Shane Doherty (Callan), Michael Dore (Kilkenny), Martin Cleere (Kilkenny), John Costello (Kilkenny), Patrick Dalton (Ballyhale), Michael Barrett (Kilkenny), Michael Delahunty (Abbeyleix).

Second Row: Kieran Bollard (Kilkenny), Joseph Doran (Camross), Gerard Grogan (Kilkenny), James Gibbons (Barna), Michael Fitzgerald (Kilkenny), Gerard Gilmartin (Kilkenny), Patrick Bolger (Cullohill), Gerard Dawson (Thomastown), Philip Brennan (Castlecomer), Kevin Bates (Dublin), Niall Greene (Ballycallan).

Third Row: Peter Doyle (Shillelagh), John Delaney (Rathdowney), Matthew Aylward (Glenmore), Con Delaney (Rathdowney), Patrick Dack (Thomastown), Brendan Fennelly (Mullinavat), Thomas Greene (Callan), Michael Delahunty (Durrow), Michael Cantwell (Kilkenny), Brendan Cahill (Kilsheelan).

Absent: Michael Brennan (Ballysalla), Liam Cody (Kilkenny).

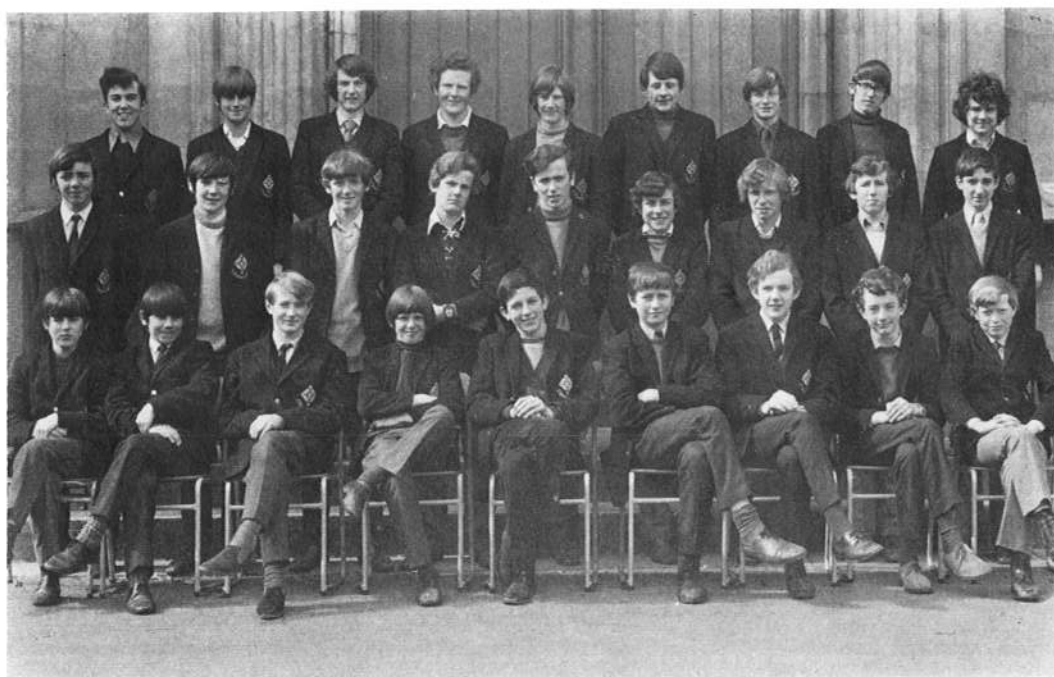


THIRD YEAR II

Front Row: Richard Hayes (Sheestown), Gerard Hutchinson (Kilkenny), Joseph Mullally (Manor Kilbride), Barry McIntyre (Kilkenny), Donal Larkin (Ballycloven), Padraig Kirwan (Thomastown), Austin Mallon (Kilkenny), Patrick Lanigan (Mountrath), Edward Maher (Kilkenny).

Middle Row: Pierce Malone (Mullinavat), Raymond Hennessy (Kilkenny), Brian Little (Kilkenny), Shay Maher (Dublin), John Heffernan (Glenmore), Patrick Holden (Kilkenny), Thomas Keating (Thomastown), Eamon Mealy (Castlecomer), Joseph Hyland (Clogh).

Back Row: Patrick Holohan (Thomastown), Liam Holohan (Kilkenny), Francis Holohan (Knocktopher), John Kelly (Castlecomer), John McDonald (Thomastown), John Kirwan (Inistioge), Liam Maher (Littleton), John Kennedy (Killenaule), John Hyland (Kilkenny), Martin Hennessy (Kilkenny).



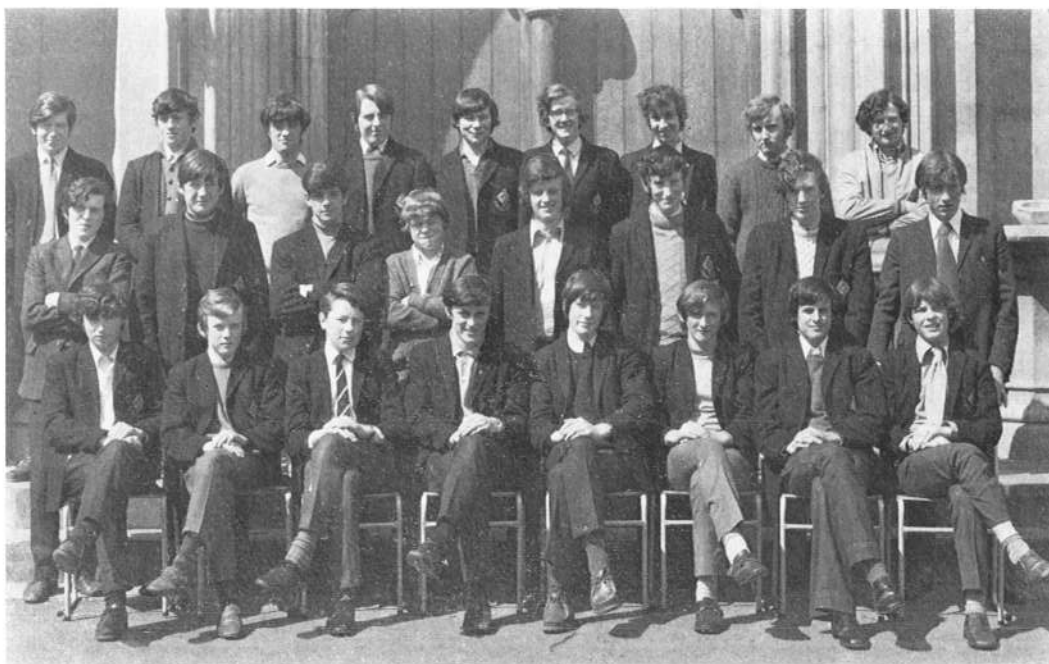
THIRD YEAR III

Front Row: John O'Brien (Graignamanagh), Edmund Rice (Kilkenny), Francis O'Donovan (Kilmoganny), Sean Roberts (Kilkenny), Nicholas Nolan (Kilkenny), Thomas Walton (Kilkenny), Noel Murphy (Bennettsbridge), John O'Keeffe (Rathdowney), Thomas Walsh (Coolcullen).

Second Row: Gabriel O'Sullivan (Durrow), Noel Power (Stradbally), James Wemyss (Bennettsbridge), Brendan Walsh (Kilkenny), Sean Murphy (Thomastown), William Power (Kilkenny), Michael O'Neill (Thomastown), Noel Murphy (Kilkenny), Thomas O'Toole (Kilkenny).

Third Row: William Purcell (Kilkenny), John Walsh (Knocktopher), James Walsh (Tullagherin), John J. Synnott (Thomastown), Kevin O'Shea (Ballyragget), Denis Murphy (Kilmanagh), Patrick Power (Hugginstown), Patrick Phelan (Ballyragget), Terence White (Kilkenny).

Absent: James Prendergast (Clara), Eamon Reidy (Kilkenny).



FOURTH YEAR (I)

Front Row: Michael Dalton (Mullinavat), Seamus Collier (Camross), Michael Doheny (Three-castles), Sean Delaney (Camross), Joseph Bergin (Kilkenny), William Dooley (Gowran), Michael Devane (Kilkenny), Francis Bourke (Kilkenny).

Middle Row: Dermot Cooney (Kilkenny), Thomas Dalton (Threecastles), John Bergin (Rath-downey), Thomas Delaney (Fethard), Thomas Byrne (Kilkenny), Thomas Cleary (Gortnahoe), Roderick Cody (Kilkenny), Michael Bambrick (Kilkenny).

Back Row: Eamonn O'Donovan (Mullinavat), Michael Connolly (Maddoxtown), John Brod-erick (Johnstown), James Birch (Conahy), Edward Campion (Conahy), Thomas Doheny (Freshford), Eamon Costello (Kilkenny), Thomas M. Collier (Cullohill), Francis Cody (Kilkenny).

Absent: Patrick Bergin (Kilkenny), Patrick Byrne (Kilkenny), Patrick Cavanagh (Galmoy).



FOURTH YEAR (II)

Front Row: William Grace (Kilkenny), Michael Lennon (Dunbell), Kieran Marum (Seskin, Ballyragget), Patrick Mullan (Threecastles), James Downey (Ballyragget), Seamus Fell (Moycarky), James Mullan (Threecastles), Denis Gorey (Kilkenny), Bernard Holohan (Knocktopher).

Middle Row: Kieran Marrinan (Kilkee), Declan Kelly (Castlecomer), Gerard Manning (Dublin), Nicholas Mulhall (Kilkenny), Thomas A. Dowling (Kilkenny), James McCarthy (Lisdowney), Noel Hutchinson (Kilkenny), Daniel Hughes (Johnstown), Mark J. Kirwan (Borris-in-Ossory).

Back Row: Patrick Mulhall (Jeninstown), St. John Kelliher (Killarney), Patrick Murphy (Littleton), Gerard Loughman (Durrow), Patrick Lynch (Kilkenny), Thomas C. Dowling (Kilkenny), Patrick Dunphy (Inistioge), Richard Dunphy (Inistioge), Martin Holohan (Kilkenny), Michael Morrissey (Gowran).

Absent: Bernard Moore (Kilkenny); Dominick Murray (Kilkenny).



FOURTH YEAR (III)

Front Row: Thomas Prendergast (Thomastown), Patrick Troy (Lucan, Dublin), Edward Roche (Glenmore), James Quinlan (Roscrea), Thomas Quinlan (Thurles), Martin O'Shea (Clara), Noel Purcell (Littleton), Peter Walshe (Kilkenny), Gerard Reidy (Kilkenny).

Middle Row: Richard Reid (Kiltorcan), Liam Tobin (Johnstown), Laurence O'Keeffe (Callan), David Ryan (Kilkenny), Thomas Walsh (Thomastown), Gerard O'Meara (Cork), Anthony O'Hara (Kilkenny), Gerard Sheehan (Stoneyford), Seamus Murray (Kilkenny), Seamus Walshe (Durrow).

Back Row: Sean O'Driscoll (Bagenalstown), Patrick O'Neill (Kilcash), Brian Stafford (Ferrybank), Eamon O'Gorman (Kilkenny), John O'Dwyer (Holycross), Paul Stallard (Kilkenny), Michael O'Farrell (Knocktopher), John Phelan (Windgap), Thomas Nolan (Castledermot).

Absent: John Ryan (Gortnahoe).



FIFTH YEAR (I)

Front Row: Niall Godwin (Kilkenny), Philip Campion (Glenealy), Herman Delaney (Fethard), John Butler (Fiddown), Colman Duggan (Carlow), John Gilmartin (Kilkenny), Daniel Dooley (Kilkenny).

Second Row: Walter Bambrick (Kilkenny), Michael Fitzgerald (Rathdowney), Gerard Freyne (Mullinavat), John Cooney (Kilkenny), James Doyle (Kilkenny), Gregory Flannery (Kilkenny), Adrian Costello (Borris-in-Ossory), Patrick Dunworth (Ballingarry, Co. Limerick), Anthony Condon (New Ross).

Third Row: Martin Gibbons (Kilkenny), John Crowley (Kilkenny), David Dixon (Kilkenny), William Fitzpatrick (Johnstown), Denis Guilfoyle (Kilkenny), Michael Cuddihy (Kilkenny), Michael Dundon (Bagenalstown), Noel Dooley (Mountmellick).

Fourth Row: Brian Cody (Sheestown), Louis Campion (Shinrone), John Dunne (Lisdowney), Denis Calthorpe (Dublin), John Doyle (Kilkenny), Thomas Delahunty (Durrow), John Collier (Camross).



FIFTH YEAR (II)

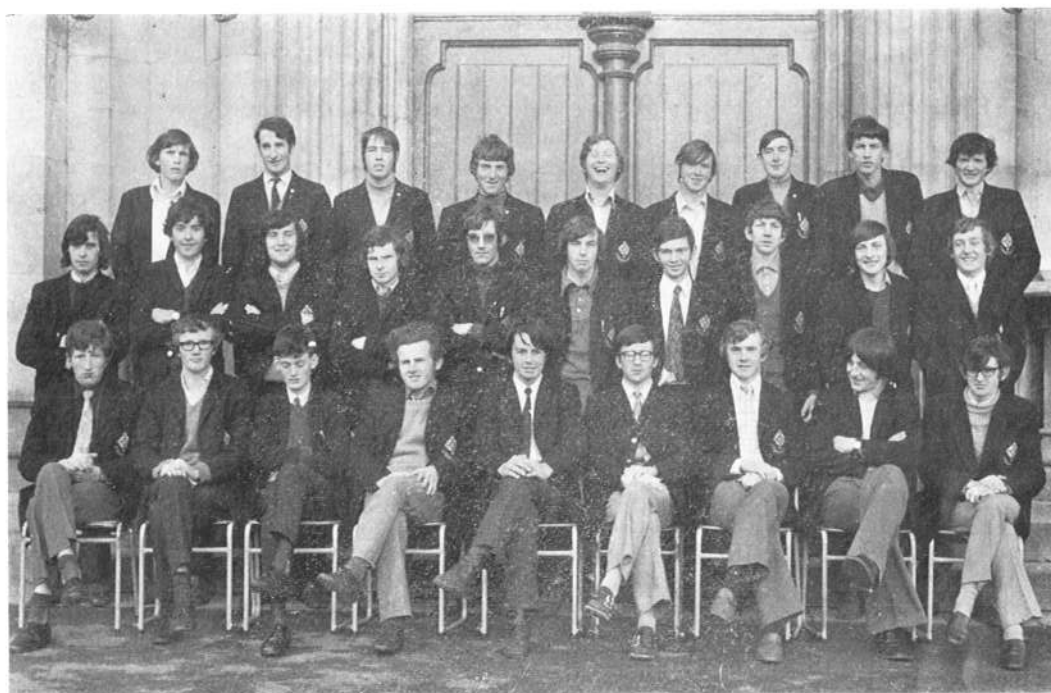
Front Row: Thomas Lanigan (Mountrath), Edward Healy (Corbettstown), Patrick Kelly (Ellanmeen, Tipperary), Sylvester Lyster (Inistioge), Nicholas Maher (Kilkenny), Vincent McIntyre (Kilkenny), Patrick O'Dea (Rathdowney), Eamon Hughes (Johnstown).

Second Row: Phelim Lunny (Newbridge), John Hession (Floodhall), Paul Murphy (Lisdowney), John Hickey (Kilkenny), Matthew Kelly (Kilkenny), John O'Driscoll (Kilkenny), Richard Murtagh (Kilkenny).

Third Row: Eugene O'Donovan (Kilmoganny), Kevin O'Donnell (Cahir), Eugene Hogan (Kilkenny), Michael Kells (Cullohill), Edmond Moran (Kilkenny), Gerard Naughton (Kilkenny), Alphonsus Miley (Blessington), James Maher (Mullinahone).

Fourth Row: Noel Minogue (Thomastown), Nicholas Maher (Cuffesgrange), Laurence Kirwan (Borris-in-Ossory), Patrick O'Brien (Mooncoin), John V. O'Carroll (London), Gerard McGrath (Kilkenny), Thomas Mooney (Clogh).

Absent: James Moore (Tullaroan).



FIFTH YEAR (III)

Front Row: Maurice Power (Hugginstown), John J. O'Shea (Ballyragget), Seamus O'Neill (Kilkenny), Andrew O'Keeffe (Knocktopher), Patrick Rice (Greenridge, Kilkenny), Declan Roberts (Kilkenny), Joseph O'Shea (Piltown), Paschal Ryan (Galmoy), Art Ward (New Ross).

Second Row: Peter Walsh (Kilkenny), John Quinlan (Borrisoleigh), Thomas O'Leary (Kilkenny), Seamus O'Keeffe (Kilkenny), Patrick White (Kilkenny), Patrick O'Neill (Thomastown), John White (Kilkenny), Laurence O'Neill (Graigmanagh), Brian O'Neill (Kilmacow), Joseph Reidy (Kilkenny).

Third Row: Patrick White (Kildare), Brian O'Shea (Clonmel), Simon Walton (Inchiholohan), John Quane (Pallasgreen), Philip Sheppard (Durrow), Michael Sheppard (Durrow), Thomas Reid (Kiltorcan), William Vereker (New Ross), Oliver Stapleton (Gathabawn).
Absent: Gerard Woodcock (Farmley), Timothy Walsh (Kilmanagh).

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1970

BAMBRICK (Walter)	Hons : Latin. Pass : Irish, English, Maths, Science, Woodwork.
BRENNAN (Michael A.)	Hons : History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English.
BRODERICK (John)	Hons : Latin. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths.
BUTLER (John)	Hons : History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English.
CAMPION (Louis)	Hons : Latin, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Science.
CAMPION (Philip)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : French.
CODY (Brian J.)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science.
COLLIER (John)	Hons : History and Geography, Latin, Science, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, Maths.
COONEY (John)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : French.
COSTELLO (Adrian M.)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science.
CROWLEY (John)	Hons : History and Geography, Latin. Pass : Irish, English, Maths, Science.
CUDDIHY (Michael)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, French.
DELAHUNTY (Thomas)	Hons : Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, Maths.
DELANEY (John)	Pass : Irish, English, Maths, Woodwork.
DELANEY (John J.)	Hons : History and Geography, Latin, Science, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, Maths.
DIXON (David)	Hons : History and Geography, Latin, Science, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, Maths.
DIXON (Thomas)	Pass : English, History and Geography, Latin, Science, Woodwork.
DOOLEY (Donald)	Hons : English, Latin. Pass : Irish, Maths,
DOOLEY (Noel)	Hons : Woodwork. Pass : Irish, Latin, Science.
DOWLING (Oliver)	Hons : Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin.
DOYLE (James)	Hons : History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, Maths.
DRENNAN (John)	Pass : Irish, English, Maths, Woodwork.
DUGGAN (Colman)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : Irish, Maths.

DUNDON (Michael)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : French.
FITZGERALD (Michael)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, French, Science.
FITZPATRICK (William)	Hons : Irish, Latin. Pass : English, History and Geography, Science.
FLANNERY (David)	Hons : History and Geography, Latin, Science, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, Maths.
FREYNE (Gerard)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science, Woodwork.
GIBBONS (Martin)	Hons : Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths.
GILMARTIN (John J.)	Hons : Irish, English, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : History and Geography.
GODWIN (Niall)	Hons : History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, French.
GUILFOYLE (Denis)	Hons : Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths.
HEALY (Edward)	Hons : Maths, Latin, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Science.
HEFFERNAN (William)	Hons : History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, Maths.
HESSION (Michael)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science.
HICKEY (John)	Pass : Irish, Maths, Science, Woodwork.
HOGAN (John Eugene)	Hons : History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, Maths.
HOLOHAN (Martin)	Hons : Woodwork Pass : English, Maths.
HUGHES (Edward)	Hons : Irish, English, Science. Pass : History and Geography, Latin
KELLS (Michael)	Hons : Irish, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : English, History and Geography.
KELLY (Adrian)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science.
KELLY (Matthew)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish.
KELLY (Patrick)	Hons : Irish, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : English, History and Geography.
LANIGAN (Thomas)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : French.
LOUGHMAN (Peter)	Hons : Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Woodwork.
LYSTER (Sylvester)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science, Woodwork. Pass : Irish.
McGRATH (Michael)	Hons : Maths, Latin. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Science.

McINTYRE (Vincent)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, Greek.
MAHER (James)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : Irish.
MAHER (Nicholas)	Hons : History and Geography, Latin. Pass : Irish, English, Maths, Greek, Science.
MILEY (Alphonsus)	Hons : Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin.
MINOGUE (Noel)	Hons : History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : Irish, English
MOONEY (Thomas)	Hons : History and Geography, Maths, Latin. Pass : Irish, English, Science.
MURPHY (Edward)	Hons : Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Woodwork.
MURPHY (Gerard)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : French.
MURPHY (Paul)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, French.
NAUGHTON (Gerard)	Hons : History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, Maths.
NOLAN (Thomas)	Hons : Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Woodwork.
O'BRIEN (Patrick)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, French, Science.
O'CARROLL (John V.)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : French. Excused : Irish
O'DEA (Patrick)	Hons : English, Latin. Pass : Irish, History and Geography, Maths, Science.
O'DONOVAN (Eugene)	Hons : History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English.
O'DONOVAN (Timothy)	Hons : Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, French.
O'DRISCOLL (John)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science.
O'KEEFFE (Andrew)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, French, Science.
O'KEEFFE (James)	Hons : Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths.
O'LEARY (Thomas)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish
O'NEILL (Brian)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Woodwork. Pass : Irish
O'NEILL (James)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : French
O'NEILL (Laurence)	Hons : Latin. Pass : Irish, English, Science.

O'NEILL (Patrick)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science, Woodwork.
O'SHEA (Brian)	Hons : Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths.
O'SHEA (John)	Hons : Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths.
O'SHEA (Joseph)	Hons : Latin, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Science.
O'SULLIVAN (Seamus)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science.
POWER (Maurice)	Hons : Latin, Science, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, Maths.
PRATT (Richard)	Pass : English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science.
QUANE (John)	Hons : History and Geography, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, Maths, Science.
QUINLAN (John)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science, Woodwork.
QUIRKE (John)	Pass : English, Maths, Latin, Science.
REID (Thomas)	Hons : Irish, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : English, Maths, Greek.
REIDY (Patrick)	Hons : History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, Maths, Greek.
RICE (Patrick)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science, Woodwork.
RYAN (Dominick)	Pass : English, History and Geography, Maths, Science, Woodwork.
RYAN (Joseph)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science.
RYAN (Paschal)	Hons : Science, Latin. Pass : English, History and Geography.
STAPLETON (Oliver)	Hons : Latin. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography.
WALSH (Timothy)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : French.
WALTON (Simon)	Hons : History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : Irish, English, French.
WHITE (Patrick J.)	Hons : Irish, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : English, Greek.
WHITE (Patrick P.)	Hons : Science, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths.
WHYTE (John)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : Maths, French.
WOODCOCK (Gerard)	Hons : Irish, Science. Pass : English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE 1970

AYLWARD (Liam)	Hons : English, History, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, Latin.
BARRY (Thomas)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English
BOLGER (Patrick)	Pass : Irish, History, Geography.
BOLLARD (Patrick)	Hons : Irish, Geography, Latin, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : English, Maths.
BRADY (Paul)	Hons : Geography. Pass : Irish, Maths, English.
BRENNAN (Joseph)	Pass : Irish, English, History, Geography, Commerce.
BRYAN (Robert)	Hons : Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Maths.
BUGGY (Michael)	Hons : History. Pass : Irish, Geography, Latin, Commerce.
BUTLER (Anthony)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, English, Maths.
CLEARY (Timothy)	Hons : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Latin, Physics and Chemistry
COLLIER (John)	Hons : Irish, Maths, English, Latin, Greek, Physics and Chemistry.
COMERFORD (Gerard)	Pass : Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin.
COSTELLO (Martin)	Hons : Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Maths.
CREMIN (John)	Hons : History, Geography. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin.
DALY (Maurice)	Hons : Irish. Pass : Maths, English, Latin, Greek, Physics and Chemistry.
DEEGAN (Gerard)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, History, Geography, Latin.
DELANEY (Brian)	Hons : Geography. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Commerce.
DELANEY (Daniel)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, History, Latin, Physics and Chemistry
DONOHUE (Patrick)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Latin, Commerce.
DOOLEY (John)	Hons : History, Physics and Chemistry Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin.
DUNNE (James)	Hons : History, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin
FITZMAURICE (James)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin.
FITZPATRICK (John)	Hons : Commerce. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Latin.
FITZPATRICK (Joseph)	Hons : Irish, Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Maths, English, Latin.
FOLEY (Canice)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Latin.

GANNON (Joseph)	Hons : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Latin, Physics and Chemistry.
GRACE (Pierce)	Hons : Irish, English, History, Latin, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Maths.
GRANT (Seamus)	Hons : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Latin, Physics and Chemistry.
HENNESSY (Tony)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, History, Geography, Commerce.
HUGHES (John)	Hons : Irish, Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Maths, English, Latin.
KELLY (Joseph)	Hons : Geography. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, History, Latin.
KELLY (Michael)	Hons : Irish, English, Geography, Latin, Greek. Pass : Maths.
LEE (Michael)	Hons : Irish, Geography. Pass : Maths, English, Latin, Physics and Chemistry.
LYNCH (John)	Hons : Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Maths.
MAHER (Timothy)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, History, Geography, Latin.
MEALY (Edward)	Hons : Maths, Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, English, Latin.
MURPHY (Gerard)	Hons: Physics and Chemistry Pass: Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Latin.
MURRAY (Francis)	Hons: English, Geography. Pass : Irish, Maths, Latin, Physics and Chemistry.
NEARY (Patrick)	Hons : Irish, Latin, Greek, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : English.
NOLAN (Terence)	Hons : Irish, Maths, English, Latin, Greek, Physics and Chemistry, Maths Physics.
O'FARRELL (Noel)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, History, Geography, Latin.
O'KEEFFE (Pius)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin, Physics and Chemistry, Commerce.
O'NEILL (Patrick)	Hons : Irish, Geography, Latin. Pass : Maths, English, History.
O'SHEA (Richard)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin.
PHELAN (John)	Pass : Irish, English, History, Geography, Latin.
POWER (Brendan)	Hons : Irish, Maths, Latin, Greek, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : English.
PRENDERGAST (John)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin.
PURCELL (Michael)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin.
REIDY (Liam)	Hons : Geography, Latin, Greek. Pass : Irish, Maths, English.
RYAN (John)	Hons : Irish, Maths, Geography, Latin, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : English.

RYAN (Kieran)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Commerce.
TOBIN (J. J.)	Hons : Irish, Latin, Greek, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Maths, English.
WALL (Eamon)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry, Commerce. Pass : Irish, Maths, English.
WALSH (Eamon)	Hons : Irish, Maths, Latin, Greek, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : English.
WALSH (Gerard)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, History, Latin, Physics and Chemistry
WHITE (Kieran)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Physics and Chemistry, Commerce.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1971

BAMBRICK (Michael)	Pass : Irish, English, Maths, Science, Art.
BERGIN (John)	Hons : History and Geography, Science, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, Latin.
BERGIN (Joseph)	Hons : English, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : Irish, History and Geography, French
BERGIN (Patrick)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography.
BIRCH (James)	Hons : Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin.
BOURKE (Francis)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Science.
BRENNAN (John)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Woodwork.
BRENNAN (Michael)	Hons : Irish, Latin, Science, Woodwork. Pass : English, History and Geography, Maths.
BRODERICK (John)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass; Maths, Art.
BYRNE (Patrick)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Art.
BYRNE (Thomas)	Hons : Irish, English, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : History and Geography, Greek, French.
CAMPION (Edmond)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, Maths, French.
CAVANAGH (Patrick)	Hons : Irish, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : English, Maths, French.
CODY (Francis)	Hons : Art. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Science
CODY (William)	Hons : English, Maths, Latin, Greek, French, Science. Pass : Irish, History and Geography.
COLLIER (James)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : French.
COLLIER (Thomas)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Maths, French.

CONNOLLY (Michael)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, Maths, French.
COONEY (Dermot)	Hons : History and Geography Pass : Irish, English, Maths, Latin, Science, Woodwork.
COSTELLO (Eamon)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Maths, French.
COSTELLO (Joseph)	Hons : Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : History and Geography, French.
DALTON (Michael)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Maths, French.
DALTON (Thomas)	Hons : Latin, Science, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths.
DELANEY (Thomas)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, Science Pass : Maths, French.
DOHENY (Michael)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, French, Science.
DOHENY (Thomas)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, French, Science. Pass : Maths.
DONOVAN (Edward)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : French.
DOOLEY (William)	Pass : Irish, English, Maths, Art.
DOWLING (Thomas A.)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Science.
DOWLING (Thomas C.)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science, Art.
DOWNEY (James)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Latin. Pass : Irish, Maths, Science.
DUNPHY (John)	Hons : Irish, Latin. Pass : English, History and Geography, Maths, Science, Woodwork.
DUNPHY (Patrick)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin. Pass : Maths, Science, Woodwork.
DUNPHY (Richard)	Pass : Irish, English, Maths, Science, Woodwork.
FARRELL (Michael)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : Maths, French.
GRACE (William)	Hons : Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Woodwork.
GOREY (Denis)	Hons : Science, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Art.
HOLOHAN (William)	Hons : Science, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Art.
HUTCHINSON (Noel)	Hons : Irish, English, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : History and Geography, Maths, French.
KELLY (Declan)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Science, Woodwork, Art.

KELLY (Vincent)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : French.
KEOGH (Thomas)	Hons : English, Maths, Latin, Science, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, History and Geography.
LENNON (Michael)	Hons : English. Pass : Irish, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science, Art.
LOUGHMAN (Gerard)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Greek, French, Science.
LYNCH (Patrick)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Maths, Greek, French.
McCARTHY (James)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : Greek, French.
MANNING (Gerard)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, French, Science. Pass : Maths.
MARRINAN (Kieran)	Hons : Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, French.
MARUM (Kieran)	Hons : Irish, Latin, Science. Pass : English, History and Geography, Maths.
MEAGHER (Kevin)	Hons : Irish, English, Latin, Science. Pass : History and Geography, Maths, French, Art.
MOORE (Bernard)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science, Woodwork, Art.
MORRISSEY (Michael)	Hons : History and Geography, Latin. Pass : Irish, English, Maths, Science, Woodwork.
MULHALL (Nicholas)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Science.
MULHALL (Patrick)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science.
MULLAN (Patrick)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Maths, French.
MULLAN (James)	Hons : English, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, History and Geography, Maths.
MURRAY (Dominick)	Hons : English, Latin. Pass : Irish, History and Geography, Maths, Science.
MURRAY (James)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Maths, French.
O'BRIEN (Nicholas)	Hons : Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Science.
O'DRISCOLL (John)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, Greek, Science. Pass : Maths, Art.
O'DWYER (John)	Hons : Irish, English, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : History and Geography, Greek, French.
O'GORMAN (Edward)	Hons : Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, Maths, Science, Art.
O'HARA (John)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Science. Pass : Irish, Maths, Latin, Art.
O'KEEFFE (Laurence)	Pass : Irish, History and Geography, Maths, Science.

O'MEARA (Gerard)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Maths, French, Art.
O'NEILL (Patrick)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : French, Art.
O'SHEA (Martin)	Hons : History and Geography, Latin, Science, Woodwork. Pass : Irish, English, Maths.
PHELAN (John)	Pass : Irish, English, Science, Woodwork.
PRENDERGAST (Thos.)	Hons : Art. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science.
PURCELL (Noel)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Science.
REID (Richard)	Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Woodwork.
REIDY (Gerard)	Hons : English, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, History and Geography, Maths, Greek, French, Music
ROCHE (Edward)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Latin, Science, Woodwork. Pass : Maths, Art.
RYAN (David)	Hons : Woodwork, Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths.
RYAN (John)	Hons : History and Geography, Science. Pass : Irish, English, Maths.
SHEEHAN (Andrew)	Hons : Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths.
STAFFORD (Brian)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Science. Pass : Maths.
STALLARD (Paul)	Hons : Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Art.
TOBIN (William)	Hons : Science. Pass : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Art.
WALSH (James)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : French.
WALSH (Thomas)	Hons : Irish, English, History and Geography, Maths, Latin, Science. Pass : Greek.
WALSH (Peter)	Hons : English, History and Geography, Latin, Science. Pass : Irish, Maths, French, Art.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE 1971

BECK (Richard)	Hons : Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Greek.
BOURKE (Edward)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, History, Geography, Accounting, Business Organisation.
BOURKE (Owen)	Hons : History, Geography. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin.

BRADY (Paul)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin.
BRENNAN (Nicholas)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English.
BRENNAN (Patrick)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin, French.
BRENNAN (Terence)	Hons : Irish, Maths, English, Latin, Physics and Chemistry, Greek.
BRODERICK (James)	Hons : English, History. Pass : Irish, Maths, Geography, Latin.
BYRNE (Michael)	Hons : Accounting. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Physics and Chemistry, Business Organisation.
CARROLL (Patrick)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry, Business Organisation. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Accounting.
CROWLEY (Jeremiah)	Pass : Irish, English, Geography, Accounting, Business Organisation.
DE LOUGHRY (Gerard)	Hons : Geography. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, History, Latin.
DOOLEY (Gerard)	Hons : Art. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Latin.
DORAN (John)	Hons : Irish, Maths, English, Latin, Physics and Chemistry, Greek.
DOWNEY (Richard)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Physics and Chemistry, Accounting, Business Organisation.
DOYLE (Joseph)	Hons : Irish, Maths, Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : English, Greek.
DUNPHY (James)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Accounting.
FENNELLY (Edward)	Hons : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Latin, Physics and Chemistry. Hons : Irish.
GEOGHEGAN (Declan)	Pass : Maths, English, History, Geography, Accounting, Business Organisation.
HEALY (Martin)	Hons : Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Greek.
HOGAN (Cornelius)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Building Construction, Art.
HOGAN (Richard)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Physics and Chemistry, Accounting, Business Organisation, Art.
HOYNE (Nicholas)	Hons : Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, History, Geography.
HUGHES (Patrick)	Hons : Irish, Maths, English, Latin, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Greek.
KEARNEY (Patrick)	Hons : Irish, English, Geography, Latin, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Maths.
KELLY (John)	Hons : English. Pass : Irish, Maths, Geography, Latin, Accounting, Business Organisation.
KENNEDY (Desmond)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, History, Geography, Accounting, Business Organisation.

McKENNA (Richard)	Hons : Geography. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin, Accounting, Business Organisation.
MORAN (Seamus)	Hons : Irish, Maths, English, Latin, Physics and Chemistry, Greek.
MULDOWNEY (Tom)	Hons : English. Pass : Irish, History, Geography.
MULLALLY (Jeremiah)	Hons : Maths, English, Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish.
NOLAN (Edward)	Hons : Maths, English, Latin, Physics and Chemistry, Greek. Pass : Irish.
NOLAN (Gerard)	Hons : Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, Geography.
O'CONNOR (Seamus)	Hons : Maths, English, Geography, Physics and Chemistry, Greek. Pass : Irish.
O'DRISCOLL (Dermot)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, History, Geography, Accounting, Business Organisation.
O'DWYER (William)	Hons : Irish, Maths, Geography, Latin, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : English.
O'MALLEY (John)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, History, Geography, Latin.
O'NEILL (Richard)	Hons : Irish, Maths, Physics and Chemistry, Greek. Pass : English, Latin.
O'NEILL (Thomas)	Hons : History. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin.
O'SULLIVAN (John)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin.
PHELAN (John)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Accounting, Business Organisation, Building Construction.
PHELAN (Patrick)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Accounting, Business Organisation.
POWER (John)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin.
PURCELL (Francis)	Hons : English, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, Geography.
RYAN (Joseph)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Accounting, Business Organisation.
SHEANE (Vincent)	Hons : Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin.
STALLARD (John)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Latin, Physics and Chemistry.
TEEHAN (Anthony)	Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Geography, Accounting, Business Organisation.
TENNYSON (Michael)	Hons : Irish, Geography, Latin, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Maths, English.
TOBIN (Eugene)	Hons : Geography. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin, Physics and Chemistry.
TOBIN (Thomas)	Hons : Irish, Geography, Physics and Chemistry. Pass : Maths, English, Greek.
WALSH (Anthony)	Hons : Geography. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin, Physics and Chemistry.

WALSH (James)	Hons : Irish, English, Latin, Physics and Chemistry, Greek. Pass : Maths.
WALSH (John)	Hons : Geography. Pass : Irish, Maths, English, Latin, Physics and Chemistry.
WHELAN (James)	Hons : Irish, English, Latin, Physics and Chemistry, Greek. Pass : Maths.

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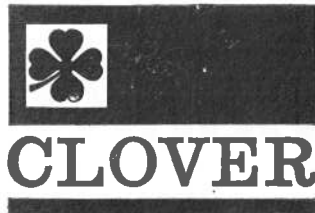
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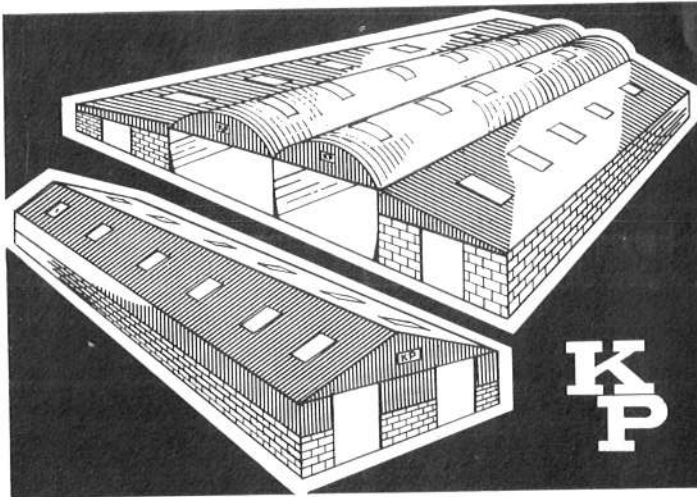
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