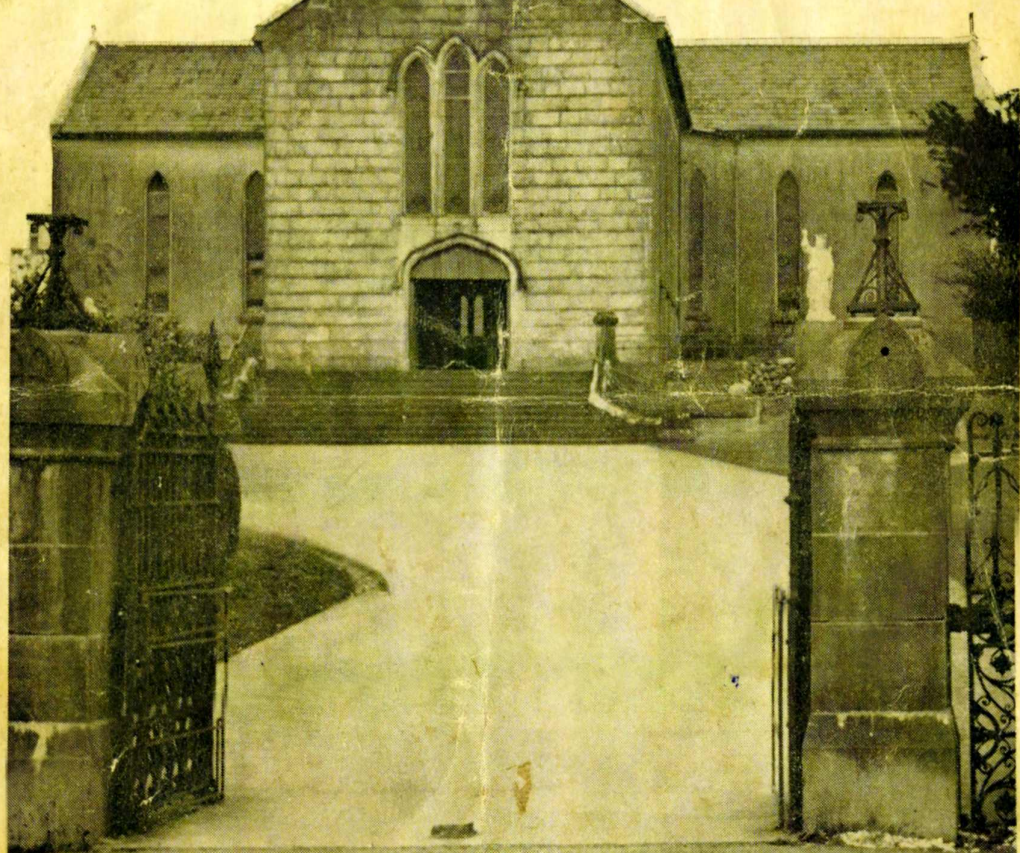


OUR FUNDO



Doon Magazine 3d

OUR FUNDO

DOON MAGAZINE

VOL. 1. No. 1.

DECEMBER, 1960

EDITORIAL

IT is with pleasure that we present the first number of our magazine, the "OUR FUNDO." We hope you will like it. We dedicate this first issue to the members of last year's Legion of Mary Guild of the Convent School, who suggested the idea and gave us the title. They have little scope for Legion Work within the Convent, so why not write something that would be of interest to our parishioners and especially to our emigrants from the parish. The help of the other two branches of the Legion, as well as other sources, was enlisted and thus this magazine has come into being.

"OUR FUNDO" will not be a manual of piety. We wish it to range over all matters of local interest and concern. It will record items of local happenings, chronicle present activities, recall past history. In fine, it will attempt an annual general review and if possible a bi-annual review of the many facets of life in Doon.

The name of our magazine probably conjures up ideas of frolic and humour—which we do not altogether exclude. A Fundo is a rural settlement with its own self-centred community in Chile and other South American countries. Last year, this branch of the Legion had constantly in their prayers the Church in this vast Catholic territory where, due to a shortage of priests, the faith is kept alive in each Fundo by a layman, usually the leader.

Our title, then, should convey to you the neighbourliness and self-centred interest in an Irish rural hamlet that has its own peculiar problems, needs, joys and sorrows.

Many parishioners have relatives and friends who have emigrated. May we suggest to them that by sending this magazine they will give pleasure to the absent ones and preserve the link with home, which, unfortunately, can be broken too easily.

Ned Kennedy and "Ned of the Hills"

"IF IT is the history of Doon you want, go to Ned Kennedy of Glengar." On one of those rare fine days we had this summer, I made my way to Ned's cosy, thatched house — the seanachaidhe's house in these parts — for it has been the seanachaidhe's house here since the time of his grandfather, who lived and died in the very same cottage.

We were sitting on the wall outside. Before us lay a beautiful view of fertile valley. Beyond this valley there is a range of green hills, among which the historic Ballyneety Derk, Pallasgreen and Nicker are conspicuous. But the fame of Ballyneety is but of yesterday compared with the hoary memories enshrined in the old names of these hills, on whose summits Fionn MacCumhall sat while his men and dogs hunted in the woods below, and as the old tales say: "The voices of the dogs were like music to the ears of Fionn."

Along these hills, too, St. Patrick travelled when he came to visit Munster and visited St. Ailbe at Emly. At the hill of Kiltelly he bade farewell to the men of Ara and at its foot laid to rest two of his young disciples, Munis and Longa, there to await their resurrection.

To our left lay hills and valleys that are extremely picturesque and indeed romantic. Among these hills the Rapparees, so famed in Irish song, found favourable ground for their method of warfare. Somewhere in Doon lie the remains of Ned of the Hills (Eamonn Cnuich), the minstrel warrior, and one of the most famed of those hardy fighters. Fitzgerald's "History of Antiquities of City and County of Limerick," published in 1826, states that he was buried in the graveyard of the Protestant Church of Doon.

It was one of these gallant fellows, Galloping O'Hogan, who warned Sarsfield of the advance of William's siege train to the beleaguered City of Limerick. The vigilant Rapparee, while hastening himself to Limerick, despatched a trusty follower to summon Ned of the Hills to his aid. To Johnie Moran, O'Hogan says, pointing out the enemy in the plains:

"Look down to the east, Johnie Moran, where the wings of the morning are spread,
Each basnet you see in the sunlight,
it gleams on an enemy's head;
Look down on their long line of
baggage, their huge guns of iron
and brass,
That, as sure as my name is
O'Hogan, will never to Limerick
pass.

Spur, then, to the foot of Kimaultha,
see Ned of the Hill on your way,
Have all the brave boys at the
muster by Carna by close of the
day,

I'll ride off for Sarsfield to Limerick,
and tell what we've seen from the
hill,

And if Sarsfield won't capture their
cannon, by the Cross of Kildare
but we will."

Old Ned pointed out to me the hill of Carna or Carnahalla, known locally as Knocknavar (the hill of the men where Sarsfield and his 600 cavalr) mustered the night before the attack and it is interesting to observe the skill displayed by their guide, probably Ned of the Hills, in his movements through the valleys, always keeping the hills between himself and the enemy, but steadily closing in on his prey until the decisive hour for the assault.

Ned Kennedy's story of Eamonn Cnuich's life and death is substantially the traditional one. Ned Ryan was born near Upperchurch. In his early years he was a student for the priest's hood. Ned of the Hills was always adjudged a man of remarkable learning and character. He didn't, as we might be inclined to imagine, loot wantonly. True to his Raparee oath, he robbed the rich to feed the poor, who were dying of hunger. His principles were in fact right, though we may not altogether approve of some of the methods he used. Ned was declared an outlaw and had to take to the hills.

While wandering one afternoon over Holyford direction Ned met a shooting party from England. They hadn't much success and asked this local man of the hills to direct them to good hunting grounds—and who knew the haunts of hunting game better! After a great evening's fowling, they thanked their guide and asked him to meet them again the following morning. Darkness was falling as he left and they began to ask questions about the dreaded outlaw and Raparee, Ned of the Hills, and if there was any danger of encountering him on the lonely mountainside. "Rest assured," said their grinning guide, "that ye will not meet him this night."

He turned up the following morning at the appointed meeting place and they never had a better day's outing. Evening came and before bidding adieu to these happy sportsmen, Ned revealed his identity. "Do you know who was with you for the past two days?" "None other than Ned of the Hills!"

All eyes gazed in amazement on their courteous and witty guide and then turned to one of the party. He was the Attorney-General's brother. "I'll get a reprieve for you as soon as I get back to England." And true to his word he did. Ned had only to lie law now for a few days and all would be well. But, unfortunately, disaster struck. While sleeping in a friend's house—and speeling fretfully because he distrusted friend as well as foe—he was beheaded. Eamonn t-Seán killed Eamonn Cnuich. Eamonn t-Seán took the head to Clonmel for the £100 reward. He got no money because the reprieve had come through in the meantime and indeed

he was very lucky not to be tried for the murder of Eamonn Cnuich.

Ned of the Hills was hurriedly buried in Foilaclogh — the place of the grave can still be pointed out. But Ned's body didn't remain there. It was subsequently brought to Toom graveyard. Some say the remains were brought secretly by night. Is there any reason why it should be in secret? Only the one who killed him — which is unlikely — might have done this. Since there would be no objection from any source, isn't there every reason to think that the remains of this reprieved outlaw and hero were brought to Toom and accorded an honourable burial.

HELP TO BRIGHTEN THE LIVES OF THE WOMENFOLK

A BIG STEP forward in the lives of the womenfolk of the Parish of Doon was the founding of our Guild of the Irish Countrywomen's Association, which took place in the Parish Hall on January 8th, 1954. On that occasion, Miss Ann Roche, Organiser, and Mrs. Moriarty, of Croom, secretaries of the Limerick Federation, came to give us the benefit of their experience and set us off to a good start. They were warmly welcomed by Very Rev. P. Canon Horan P.P., and a goodly gathering of the ladies of the parish.

The idea had been in the minds of several women for some time but only became a reality with the advent to the parish of Mrs. S. Walsh, who had been Hon. Secretary of the Limerick Federation for the previous nine years. Her initiative and enthusiasm gave the whole thing the much-needed impetus.

Since then the various activities of the Guild have helped to brighten life in the country for its members and made possible several projects in the way of handicrafts.

Our first activity in that line was canework and the making of hedgerow baskets, one of which got second prize in an Inter-Federation Competition. Next we made about sixty lampshades, and these were really beautiful. Gloves came next on the list, but the highlight of our craftwork was the three week course in woodwork, under the expert guidance of Mr. Cooney. We thank our most patient teacher.

Our Domestic Economy Course, given by Miss Bartley, was very popular and ended with a magnificent display.

The outstanding and, perhaps, the most enduring achievement of the Guild is our roadside garden. In the clearing of the site and in the construction work we received wonderful help from the

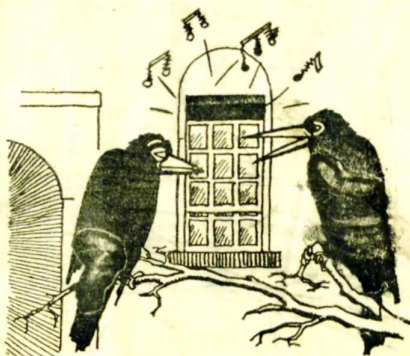
local Macra na Feirme Branch. It got first prize in the Co. Limerick Roadside Garden Competition last year.

The aims of the I.C.A. are social, cultural and educational. Each year we take part in the Elenora Gibbon Trophy Competition. Our choir came second in Limerick in 1958. We also have an annual outing, dance and social.

Our plans for the future include a Sale of Work towards the raising of funds, also taking part in the Elenora Gibbon Trophy, which will be awarded this year for Irish Dancing.

We sponsored the suggestion to enter Doon for the Tidy Towns' Competition last year and it is a matter for local pride that our village was very highly commended and scored well up in the 70—80 mark category. With a little extra effort from all concerned, we could score in the prize-winning bracket next year—"ni ceart go cur le ceile."

—A. McMAHON.



"C'EST MAGNIFIQUE"

Why These Women Have Real Charm

By ANNE CULKIN

WOMEN WERE MADE to be charming. God made them different from men by giving them a feminine nature. Shouldn't they develop their womanliness to its fullest?

To-day's women are charm-conscious. But they often mistake the mere surface sparkle of so-called "society women" for true womanly charm. Or they try to copy the glamour girls of Hollywood. Yet you simply can't apply charm to a person as you would paint to a house.

A woman is gracious with others when deep love for God warms her outlook on them. She is charming because she has concern for everyone she's with. In fact, unless a woman acts from a sincere love for others, her charm can be only artificial. Her concern is sincere when it's a reflex of her love for God. Religion fits in perfectly with a girl's desire to be charming.

A woman with inner peace and

warmth has outward poise. She carries her body with the dignity God gave her when He made her in His image. She chooses her clothes carefully, but not to make others jealous or to feed her vanity. She takes pains with her dress so that her appearance will please others.

Doesn't she learn table manners for the same reason? Because she thinks first of others—how she may be pleasing to them? Charity insists we do not offend others at the same table.

A charming woman's speech never turns ugly with envy. She recognizes the beauty and talents of others as God's gifts.

In short, a woman's personality reflects what is in her mind and heart. A charming woman thinks first of others because love for God warms her heart.

(The American author is the originator of the Anne Culkin Course of Personality Development.—Editor.)

On The Good We Girls Can Achieve As Pioneers

WHEN THE Pioneer Association was founded, woman did not, as she does to-day, invade the whole field of man's endeavour. If the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, woman's influence is very great indeed.

The good that we can do as Pioneers is outlined for us in the words of the *Heroic Offering*—Love of the Sacred Heart is our inspiration; it is the motive of our total abstinence, and we cannot fail to do good if we are genuine Pioneers.

Each time we say the words of our pledge, we gain an indulgence; everyone in this country knows the meaning of the badge we wear. It tells that we are pledged to the Sacred Heart, that we have a standard to keep up. It does more, it is an inspiration to others. Many stories, true stories, have been told of the good that little badge has effected.

No Pioneer is an island; the social aspect of our work is very important. Let us begin with those around us. Newcomers to the school can be invited to join the Association. Let us secure our brothers and sisters at home who still have their Confirmation Pledge. We can encourage them to be enrolled as Juveniles, Probationers, or Pioneers, according to age.

When we Pioneers leave school we shall have more scope still. As teachers, nurses, doctors—no matter what—we

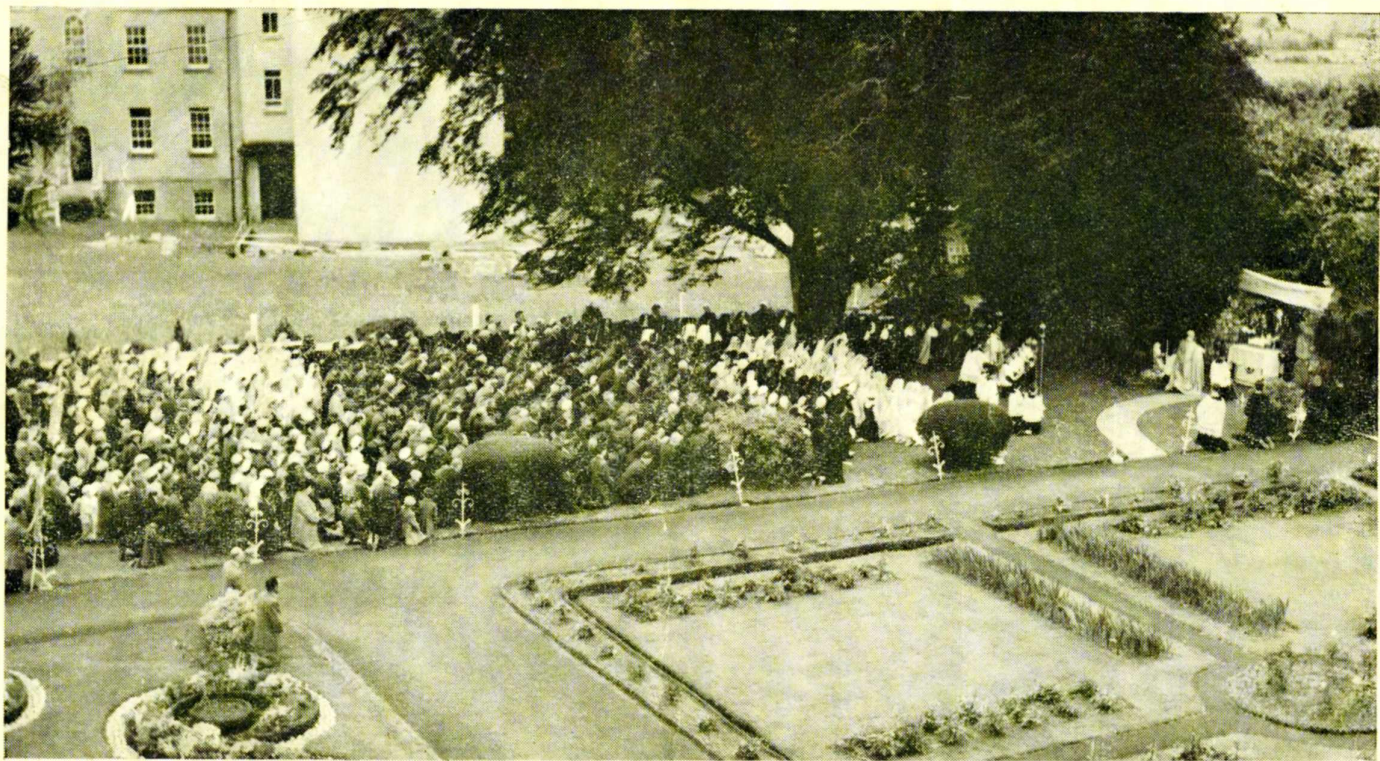
shall always find many we can help. Girls or boys we have known since our schooldays may have become addicted to drink. Perhaps, we meet some too who formerly were Pioneers. A kind word of advice from a friend can do much to help. If there has not been a second default, some of these may be eligible for re-admission to the Association later on.

Emigrants, too, are often anxious to become Pioneers, but need someone to introduce them to a council member. Many of them have never taken intoxicating drink at all. Others can be helped by the Temporary Pledge.

Pioneer Socials and excursions should have our support. It is up to us to make these gatherings, where exclusiveness and snobbery have no part, really happy reunions. We are no spoil-sports and it is good to let others see that we are all the happier, because of our Total Abstinence for the Sacred Heart.

We do not want to be blind women, women who do not see the purpose of life, and into whose vacant minds wrong theories so easily enter. Let us then acquire and bring with us from our school the Pioneer mentality, a mentality which will help us and others in the problems of life, a mentality which is the inheritance of the Association to which we are proud to belong.

—JOSEPHINE CARMODY.



Feast of Corpus Christi—Benediction in Convent Grounds



DOON CONVENT

DOON WHISPERS

IT WAS A cold, frosty morning in March. The nestling crows were creating their own raucous din outside while Secondary Schools' Music Inspector, Philip O'Leary, was listening to the best choir he had heard in twelve years. They were the second best he had heard in a lifetime — second to none other than the Glasgow Orpheus. High praise, indeed, from an Inspector! On the strength of this, the choir was duly entered for the Pigott Trophy, a competition open to all Ireland, judged on recordings made at each school. It came as no surprise then when the choir brought the All-Ireland and Gold Trophy to Doon. Congratulations to all concerned!

★ ★ ★

Two black strangers arrived in town on the last train from Dublin on March 19th, 1960. One was a priest, the other a Garda. Garda McEvoy has since been transferred to Limerick and we welcome in his place Tipperary-born Garda Callanan.

★ ★ ★

A few of our kinsmen just because golf was fashionable took up the game this year — with what success we would not like to tell you. To those who wish to take on a new game we give this free advice. Golf is the best game in the

world to be bad at. The more strokes you take, the more exercise and recreation you get out of it and you benefit too by getting more fresh air. It was ladies' year as far as our golfers were concerned and we congratulate Mrs. Gannon on winning the Lady Captain's Prize at Castletroy.

★ ★ ★

On May 10th the people and children of Doon gave a hearty welcome to Dr. Morris, the Archbishop of Cashel, on his first visit to the parish. The 182 children examined did credit to themselves and their teachers. On the following day they received the Sacrament of Confirmation.

★ ★ ★

The Mission this year in June was conducted once again by the Redemptorist Fathers. Fathers McGrath and McGowan were very pleased with the excellent attendance and were more than impressed by the number who received Holy Communion during the fortnight.

★ ★ ★

We have it on good authority that as good fish as ever were caught came out of the Bilboa, Carnahalla and Lisnakella this year. Our fishermen don't tell lies — the ones they catch are bigger than the

ones that get away. If you don't believe us, ask John Cummins.

★ ★ ★

The Feast of Corpus Christi, a clear blue sky, roses, white veils, banners, petals, torches, all part of a memorable and soul-stirring Procession. Every man, woman and child turned out to join wholeheartedly in offering to our Eucharistic Lord the tribute of their faith, their adoration and thanksgiving.

The same afternoon we had an enjoyable Childrens' Sports in the Hurling Field. Events were confined to children residing in or attending school in the parish. Highlights of that afternoon that stand out in the memory include Teddy Mac's sack-racing; Rodgie Ryan and Pat Allis in the sprints; Angela Martin's skill in the book balancing contest; Larry Broughton and Billy Stapleton fighting out the last inches of the slow bicycle race; and the chaotic and hilarious scenes at the father's race, won by Mylie Shanahan, with Mikie Butler and Johnny Darby tying for second place. It was a great financial success too and it will be bigger and better next year.

★ ★ ★

June 17th. There was a disturbance of the peace about one o'clock. The strains of an exultant *Gloria Alleluia*

brought many rushing out of doors to see a cycling, jubilant squad of Leaving Cert. boys, led by Bobbie Walsh, giving vent to their happy feelings. They had just completed their Leaving Certificate examination. No one could blame them! Our sympathy goes out to all the boys and girls during those trying days of public examinations. We congratulate the thirteen successful candidates of this year's class — a class that left its mark in no small way. This thirteen produced a 100 yds. Munster Colleges' record holder, five inter-county minors and they were all members of last year's school team, which with a bit of luck could have won the Harty Cup. Some are now aiming at higher and greater things in life. Liam Martin, Michael Berkery and Joe Ryan are in St. Patrick's College, Thurles, studying for the Foreign Missions. Peter O'Neill has joined the Sacred Heart Fathers in Cavan, and Willie Breen, who was a member of this class up to Inter-standard, has gone to Maynooth for the home diocese. We wish them every success on the long road to the priesthood.

★ ★ ★

On Thursday, June 30th, three girls from the School accompanied by Mrs. Birrane, travelled to the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, to accept on behalf of the School, the Pigott Trophy and



Presenting the Pigott Trophy at Gresham Hotel

cheque for £25. The presentation was made by Professor Commendatore, John F. Larchet, D.Mus., F.R.I.A.M. Toast was the chief item on the menu at this victory celebration and a lot of nice things were said. Our girls, being pioneers, drank tea also, we presume.

Amid joyous scenes of welcome the trophy was paraded through the village that afternoon. Later it was for all the world like Venice in the Summer-time as the crowd sat on the Convent lawn and on the railing round the fishpond listening to a recording of the winning choir.

★ ★ ★

Transatlantic call from Fair Oaks, California, that help was urgently needed. With a full complement of 300 on the rolls, 50 under each Sister's care, a nurse was required to look after the lumps, bumps and scars and diagnose from the symptoms of internal disorders whether these little mighty atoms of humanity had swallowed a dime or an ink-bottle. "Operation Fair Oaks" got under way in July and Sister Gertrude flew out from Shannon on her new mission. Order has been restored: they are all very happy and she reports they are loveable kids.

★ ★ ★

During August, 52 men from the parish did a week-end retreat in the Limerick Redemptorist House. It was the first organised group ever from the parish. They all enjoyed the three days' prayerful silence and we feel they benefitted considerably spiritually. We heard the story of one who saw the opportunity to benefit another way—ah! but he did it by way of a joke. When it was discovered that this inveterate smoker had only one match left, his pals came to the rescue and replenished the box. But when he put a cigarette in his mouth and went round with an empty Player's box, there was nothing doing. Some got up and slowly walked away.

★ ★ ★

On August 10th it was news around town that Brothers Byrne and James were being changed. Brother James, who was with us for four years, endeared himself to the people and boys of Doon by his unassuming, charming and ever-happy manner. Brother Byrne was with us just one short year. The absence of this ever-walking friendly 'Brother Barbara' is rather conspicuous. Brother Byrne is now in Nenagh and Brother

James is principal of Gorey Primary Schools.

★ ★ ★

September, and back to school. Congratulations to Sheila Murphy and Mary McGonigle, two pupils of last year's brilliant class, on securing University Scholarships. We feel sure that many of this class will reach notable achievements in many walks of life. Some are training to be teachers; some are doing nursing and seven have answered the call to the religious life.

★ ★ ★

"Quite Fantastic" was the toast and idol of all dog lovers during the past racing season. This dog, owned by Ger Moore and Mikie Butler, nearly brought off the McAlinden Cup. She was firm favourite for the final but she hadn't the lucky break on that occasion.

The wise Tommy Richardson doesn't wait for any lucky breaks. His motto is: When opportunity knocks £640 for a 16-months-old puppy. Good work, Tommy. We hope you answer a few more.

★ ★ ★

November 8th and 10th. The Killeshandra Nun's film was very well received and supported by children and people of the parish. Their visit coincided with the happy news that one of their Order, Dr. Sister Mary Paula, a past pupil of the school (Ellen Keane) was awarded the Billingham Gold Medal in Medicine at St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin.

The new wing under construction at the Convent has reached roofing stage. This imposing building, consisting of six spacious classrooms, 8 music rooms and a cloakroom, will be of tremendous benefit to the ever-growing school numbers. There are 90 pupils in first year. The initial cost of the building alone is £17,500. Furnishings and fittings will cause the figure to rise much higher.

To meet this debt, a Silver Circle is being run and all will be glad to know that it promises to be a great success. The response from the parish has been really magnificent. Not far behind has been the support from the adjoining parishes, whose people, no doubt and rightly so, regard this as their own Secondary School. The past pupils haven't forgotten their Alma Mater either. The £25 which is offered each week in prize money has, as far as we can see, been distributed over a large area. Congratulations to all the lucky

winners and especially to Sonny Hennessy, Cooga, and his mother, who took the £10 prize into the same home on the first two Sundays.

★ ★ ★

Strange sounds on the Northside! Possibly an explosion in the boys' science room. Yes, we can tell you that a new scientific era has started in Doon with the advent of Brother Keating. Or it may be the shrill plaintive note of a flageolet or some other musical instrument from the bandroom. Watch out for the Boys' Concert after Christmas!

★ ★ ★

And straight from the horse's mouth The rehearsals for this year's opera, "The White Horse Inn," are going very well. There will be public performances on the 4th, 8th and 11th December.

★ ★ ★

The departure of the brothers, Mikie and Mossy Dunne, to take up employment in England was very much regretted. They were the mainstay of the hurling team and their deflection has left us without a centre-field pair. Recently, also, Mrs. Burke and her young family of seven grandchildren, left to take up permanent residence in England. We wish them every success and happiness in the land of their adoption.

★ ★ ★

The news of Fr. Jerry Ryan's death in Minnesota, U.S.A., was received with sincere sorrow and regret by his many friends around Doon. It is with deep regret also we record the death of **Thomas D'Arcy**, a very well-known and famous hurler in his day. During the year, William O'Donoghue, James O'Connell, Mrs. Annie O'Connor, Mrs. Nora Horrigan, John O'Malley, John Fone, Mrs. Catherine Dwyer, Timothy Whelan, Mrs. Mary O'Connor, Denis Sweeney, Patrick Keane and George Lonergan passed to their heavenly reward. May they rest in peace.

★ ★ ★

Well, 1960 is coming to a close and it will go down in the records as the wettest year in living memory. But a wet year may not be all that bad. Said one farmer to another in Main Street, Doon: "All in all out, Mike, 'twas as good a year as ever we had, thanks be to God."

With our farmers happy, we feel

everyone else is happy and so let us end on a final happy note by wishing you all—A **VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS**

Young Farmers make steady progress

IRELAND, blessed by the Creator with the special good fortune of soil, can look forward to the scientific future with confidence. Amongst the most encouraging signs of our times is the growth in rural Ireland of voluntary organisations. We farmers are proud of the various achievements attained and the benefits derived from the one that concerns us, namely our Macra na Feirme Branch.

Doon Macra na Feirme Branch was re-organised in April, 1957. Since then we are glad to report that our meetings have been very well attended and we have over 40 very keen and interested members.

The educational aspect of the movement must get pride of place. We are deeply indebted to Local Agricultural Instructor, Peadar Keane, from whom we had highly informative and entertaining lectures on different aspects of farming. Goulding's representative told us all about fertilizers, and Keenan's of Carlow, who specialise in building haybarns and silage-pits, gave us the pros and cons of the different kinds of winter fodder.

We also had very instructive talks from the I.C.I., and Mr. D. P. McCarthy, of the Munster and Leinster Bank, graciously offered us all the money we needed with, apparently, little or no strings attached.

Our many enjoyable outings to-date took us to Pallaskenry, Lahinch and the Cliffs of Moher, Ballybunion, Killarney, and this year we paid a trip to Mount Melleray and Tramore.

Our Club takes part in debating and public speaking competitions. In 1958, our members won the Limerick County Cup for public speaking, and two of our speakers, Sean Richardson and Sean Hayes, were picked to represent the county.

We hold a social each year. We also lend a helping hand, especially when brawn is needed, to any worthy undertaking in the parish. We are justly proud of our suggestion to help with the cleaning and tidying of the graveyard each November and since the branch was founded our members have turned out to do this praiseworthy task expeditiously and neatly.

—M. CROWE.

'DOON'

— by —

REV. MICHAEL McLOUGHLIN,

COOLBANE.

(Ordained 1908 in Thurles.)

You may travel many places,
In the circle of our land,
And behold the myriad traces,
Of fair nature's lavish hand;
But where'er you end your journey,
Be it late or be it soon,
Sure your eyes will rest on nothing
Like our own immortal Doon.

You may look into her story,
Old traditions true and grand,
You may test her for her beauty,
She is peerless in the land.
Through the ages, like a sentinel,
She watched the Golden Vale,
And those ages, gliding o'er her,
Left her still to tell her tale.

She received the great St. Fintan,
Full a thousand years ago,
And accorded him the welcome,
She was ever wont to show.
So the Saint of God, in gratitude,
Imprinted on her heart,
Such a mark of hospitality,
As never shall depart.

She heard his sacred message,
And she kept it like the rest,
And neither time nor tyrant since
Could pluck it from her breast.
She saw the plundering monsters,
Of the yet unconquered Dane,
And helped to send them reeling back,
From Sulcoid's bloody plain.

The Saxon, too, unmoved, she saw,
In brutal, wild array,
And vowing to destroy the foe,
She armed for the fray,
With the Legions of O'Hurley,
Men undaunted as the lion,
With Sarsfield's gallant troopers,
And the Bowmen of O'Brien.

Not few the raging storms she met,
In England's cruel wars;
But defiant ever bore them
Careless of her scars.
She sits in restful quiet,
In her lonely mountain home,
Awaiting Erin's watchword
Whensoever it may come.

Her children, too, have wondered far,
They sought no earthly boon,
You'll meet, where'er your travels end,
A priest or nun from Doon.
And out from many a quiet home
They went, our gallant youth,
They labour well in far-off lands
They guard the cause of truth.

The light they followed still shines out
From Cooga and Glengar,
From Reenavanna, Carrigmore,
They bear the torch afar.
God's blessing ever rest on them,
Morning, night and noon;
May we meet them all at Heaven's Gate
Our noble youth from Doon.

(The O'Hurley family owned Toher Castle, but an immense tract of East Limerick and part of Tipperary was owned by the O'Brien's — it was called "Ara." The O'Brien's of Ara were a branch of Brian Boru's family and were very distinguished people. "Murcadh the Burner" was a relative of theirs, though he was no credit to them; so was the Martyr-Bishop of Limerick, Terence Albert O'Brien, who was hung in Limerick. This explains the reference to the O'Hurley's and O'Brien's in the poem.)

The Nuns come to Doon

VERY REV FATHER Patrick Hickey died on the 25th July, 1864. In his will he bequeathed to Johanna Bridgeman, Superioress of the Sisters of Mercy, Kinsale, two-thirds of his property to establish a Convent of the Sisters of Mercy in Doon, and one-third to Brother James Patrick Walsh, of Limerick, to build and establish a house and schools of the Christian Brothers in Doon. The executors assigned the lease of 23 acres of land on the south side of the road to Johanna Bridgeman and 9 acres on the north side of the road to Brother Walsh.

The Convent of Doon is a foundation from Kinsale. The Sisters took possession on February 7th, 1865. Mother Mary Augustine Hickey, a niece of Fr. Hickey's, was chosen as first Superioress and among the first community was Sister Mary Patrick O'Brien, grand-niece of the foundress. This saintly Sister lived in the Convent to a great age and was ever active in zealous labours for her Divine Master. When the children left the schools, or young people from the village emigrated to foreign parts, Sister Mary Patrick kept in touch with them by letters and thus influenced their lives for good at critical times, keeping evergreen in their memories the lessons and impressions of early life.

May we hope that this little magazine will help to do likewise.

This London is a wonderful sight —But it is not home!!

YOU SAY GOODBYE to your family and friends. You are not quite sure about your true feelings as you walk up the gang-plank of the Mail Boat a little excited, a little lonely, a little sad, a little curious. Maybe you are alone, or maybe some friends are emigrating with you. The boat is crowded and you have difficulty in finding a seat. Eventually you settle down as comfortably as possible and wait for the vessel to sail.

If you are one of a group the atmosphere is rather cheerful; the conversation weaves itself around the place you are going to—England, London, with its teeming population, glittering prosperity, bustling life. If you are alone, it is hard to read, harder to sleep, and impossible not to feel sorry for yourself.

But alone or not, questions keep flicking through your mind. What's it going to be like? Will you get a job? What sort of a job? What will the people be like? Will they like you? Will you like them? Will you like your new life? If you don't, what then?

When the boat clasps hands with Holyhead, the cheerfulness has ebbed somewhat and a drowsy feeling takes over. It is cold when you tread dry land and you wish you hadn't got that heavy bag to carry to the train. Then follow five, six or seven hours of click-clacking steel, disrupted conversation, drowsiness and a hot, smoky atmosphere as the train puffs its way through the night and finally wheezes to a stop alongside one of the many platforms of Euston Station.

When you step on to the platform, you feel as though you had pushed the train all the way. Your limbs ache and your feet don't want their shoes anymore. Then you realise that you have arrived. You have taken the first step. But now what? If you have friends or relatives to meet you and take you home, that's fine; but if not you've got to find 'digs.' Then you realise you are on new soil and this thought breathes new life into your tired muscles. You decide that you are hungry and head for the exit.

The first thing you notice about England is the lack of green, the colour which is so predominant in Ireland. Instead, red buses, tube trains and pillar boxes glare at you. Waves of Cockney dialogue rise and fall around you. It's hard to understand at first and even harder to make yourself understood, but the people are friendly and easy to like.

Maybe you'll buy a newspaper and

scan the accommodation columns. Yes, "digs" are easy to find. Some are dear, some reasonably priced, but whether you find a homely place and a landlady to match is a matter of luck. Jobs, too, are obviously plentiful. It is even possible to choose and find a position to which you are best suited. Most employers are fair-minded and will give you every help — if you are prepared to help yourself. The pay is good, but you have to work for it. It is possible to earn the "big money" you hear holidaying-at-home emigrants talking about, but you don't get it for doing nothing. Long hours, hard work and scanty leisure are the exacting price of a bulky pay-packet.

London's a very big city, thriving, but (you soon observe) congested and overpopulated. Life doesn't jog along; it races and you don't want to be an alldran. People always hurry; going to and from work they rush around trying to avoid the rush and never seeming to realise that they are part of it. The individual is of little importance. You are just a tiny cog in a gigantic wheel of humanity — a cog that is easily replaced should it break.

You walk along Piccadilly and you are just one of a million or more. Nobody knows the countless thousands of others he or she brushes shoulders with and everybody goes about his or her business. London is an impersonal, yet fascinating city. It is an unrivalled school for learning all about life, because every human drama you can think of is being enacted right around you on its king-size stage. Something is always happening and you can't be bored unless you want to be. Whether you're depressed or homesick depends largely on yourself.

I have been over here for some time now and I have got to know quite a lot of fellow emigrants. We are all young — in our twenties. Most of us are quite taken up with our new mode of living. Some won't be happy until they replant themselves in Irish soil. None of us is here by choice. We came because we had to; because our own country couldn't give us the job that would start us off in life.

Sure, most of us are reasonably contented in London, but it is not home. We can't forget the fact that we don't really belong, that we are aliens in a foreign country. We are proud to be Irish, but sometimes we wonder why.

—N. M.

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