

# GOLDEN CLAN

**It began in the summer of '27, when the inventor Thomas E. Murray bought a palatial home in Southampton. From then on, the Irish began arriving in society.**

**By John Corry**

The precise moment when the Irish Catholics passed truly into society is unclear, but it is almost certain that the place where it happened was Southampton. True, there were Irish living in the marbled sepulchers of Newport, but Newport was full of the gaudy rich, meat packers, steel barons and oilmen, who looked for something they could not find in Cleveland, say, or Detroit, and who went to Newport to be snubbed and to indulge themselves in the innocent vulgarity that only the seriously rich can afford. The members of the 400 had gone to Newport first, causing a colony of artists and writers to flee in some horror, and while there were Catholics among the 400, there were no identifiable Irish Catholics, the first Irish Catholic of great prominence in Newport being Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, the daughter of James Fair of the Comstock fortune. Theresa, or Tessie, Oelrichs followed an honorable tradition among the great ladies of Newport: She went mad. Mrs. William Backhouse Astor, the Mts. Astor, who for years presided over Newport in diamond stomachers and solitary majesty, died in 1908, and in her last summers there she stood alone in the drawing room of her mansion, exchanging pleasantries with people who had long since passed on.

Tessie Fair Oelrichs, a pleasant old soul who shunned a maid and would scrub the floors of her mansion, Rosecliff, herself, tried but never could inherit Mrs. Astor's title as queen of Newport, although she did manage to be like her at the very end. Tessie, a wraith of what she had once been, would wander the halls of Rosecliff, also being hospitable to people who weren't there. Things like this always seemed to be happening in Newport. Its splendor was contrived, attended by enormous publicity, and therefore seriously deleterious to the Irish. Their progress, as the financial writers once said about financier Thomas Fortune

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*The exclusive Southampton Bathing Corporation in the hot July of 1933.*

It is time once again to celebrate the Irish. St. Patrick's Day is this week, and this means there will be a good deal made of parades and old songs, most of which will be American and only a few of which will truly be Irish. This is because the American Irish seldom look back on their pasts, while the rich and social among them have looked back not at all. When the Irish Catholics tried to move from the middle to the upper classes they found that the people who were there before them did not like it. The rich Irish Catholics formed a separate society, and among the most prominent of its bulwarks were the Murrays and McDonnells. Their patriarch was Thomas E. Murray, the inventor and engineer, who died in 1929, and who left seven children to carry on his tradition of propriety and piety. They did this, and had many children of their own, and it was these children who moved from a wholly Irish Catholic world into a more homogenized one. The old Irish Catholic society is no more, and while perhaps this is a good thing, it is possible that we are poorer for it, too.

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Ryan, had to be "noiseless." When it was not, the Irish, who were always self-conscious about themselves, would fall on their faces in deplorable ways, or what was worse, often cease to be Catholics.

Southampton was right for them. Southampton, said one of its great ladies, Mrs. Goodhue Livingston, was a "backwater of God," which is an imprecise-enough description, but at least suggestive of the kind of thing that was good about the place. It was nothing more than a sleepy, pleasant village in 1875, when a dry-goods merchant from New York built a cottage there and then a few years later persuaded his doctor to build a cottage there, too. This was the beginning of Southampton as a summer resort, and it more or less officially became a place for the fashionable rich when a family from New York, back from a trip to Venice, brought a gondola with them and floated it on Lake Agawam. Soon, the Irish Catholics began coming, with the first of stature being Judge Morgan O'Brien, who carried himself and his daughters over from Hampton Bays and put up a house that looked like a yellow pagoda on the shore of Lake Agawam.

Finley Peter Dunne, the creator of "Mr. Dooley," came to Southampton, and so did a political type called Patrick Francis Murphy, and together they all joined the Southampton Club, whose president was the starchy Nicholas Murray Butler, who was president of Columbia University as well. The interesting thing about this, aside from the fact that the Irish were there at all, was that O'Brien, Dunne and Murphy were also members of the Occasional Thinkers, a kind of club within the Southampton Club, over which Dr. Butler also presided. Butler, his friends said, found the Irishmen attractive, and the Irishmen, using him and the Southampton Club as the impeccable references they were, soon found their way into the imposing Union Club in New York.

So, Southampton, if not eager to



*The McDonnell "cottage," as it was known, next door to the Murrays' Wickapogue.*



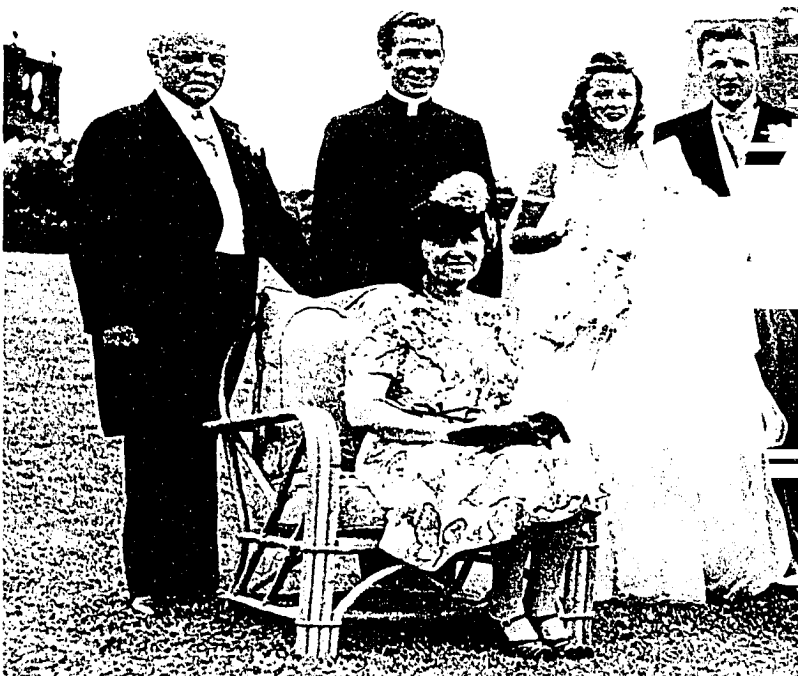
*Rose Kennedy, circa 1930. She went to Anna McDonnell for advice.*



*Jeanne Murray and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt just after their marriage in 1945.*



*Theresa Murray, Richard Walsh, Ellen Herrick, Frederick King, Wesley Bowers.*



*Henry Ford 2d and his bride, Anne McDonnell, on their wedding day in 1940.*



They were the golden Irish, growing up in the 30's, and it seemed they had everything. Here, Theresa Murray, left, and Catherine Sullivan, in 1934.

have the Irish upon it, had seen some of the breed and would probably be at least civil when more came; and when the inventor Thomas E. Murray bought a summer home there in 1927 it meant that the Irish were coming in abundance. Murray bought a great shingled house on the ocean called Wickapogue, and then his daughter Anna and her husband, James McDonnell, bought a house virtually next door. Meanwhile, Thomas E. Murray Jr. and his wife, who back in Brooklyn had been spending every night of their lives going across the street to visit the older Murrays, certainly would not desert them now and so they bought a house on Gin Lane in Southampton. Immediately, the Joseph B. Murrays moved to Water Mill, which is just next to Southampton, and then Julia and Lester Cuddihy went there, and soon Catherine McQuail, by now separated from her husband, went to Southampton, and then the moody Jack Murray and his family came, too. It was the way of great Irish families in those days to cling together for protection, and it meant that in the space of a season or two the whole family, with the exception of Marie, the daughter who had married a Protestant and wisely chose to stay on in Connecticut, had descended on Southampton all in a bunch.

Now, the family did not know it, and Southampton may only have suspected it, but in time the family would rather transform it. In the late 1920's, Southampton was a quiet place, known mostly for a golf course that had opened in 1891. Southampton had never had many of the flashy rich, and even the names of its streets—Job's Lane, Meeting House Lane, First Neck Lane—discouraged the merely frivolous, even had they been able to afford a house there. Any resort has sybarites, but Southampton when the Murrays and McDonnells went there had fewer than most, and the proper Episcopalians who attended St. Andrew's Dune Church were a great deal like the Irish-Catholic Murrays and McDonnells, who straightaway began going to the Church of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. Neither group knew it about the other, but at bottom they were all Puritans, and in any contest between Puritans the ones who believe they are closest to God will always win. This meant the Episcopalians had n't a chance.

Still, it is hard to know now what Southampton thought about those people who fell upon it in those early summers. The Murrays and McDonnells never really knew themselves, although being Irish they had their suspicions, which, naturally, were unpleasant ones. "I'm sure everyone thought they were being inundated by the Mickey Irish," says the daughter of Jack Murray who later married Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. "I could sense their antagonism even as a child," says her sister, the Marquessa di Montezemolo, who for years was fashion editor of Vogue. "Mother always thought the WASP's resented

us as upstarts, and when I grew older and met the parents of some of my friends, I thought so, too. We were never invited to the parties that the really social people had. They thought we were *nouveaux*."

One of her cousins, a daughter of Julia and Lester Cuddihy, remembers being in the family bathhouse at the Southampton Beach Club and overhearing one of the very social Schumacher girls in the next bathhouse. "Southampton," she said, "is being positively swamped by all those Irish." The Cuddihy girl says that the Schumacher girl sounded disturbed. Mrs. Marie Harris, a daughter of Thomas E. Murray Jr., says she is sure that the general feeling in Southampton was one of disdain, but that even this was tempered. "The really aristocratic ones like Washie [Washington] Irving and his sister Kitty didn't talk badly about the Irish at all," she says. "They were always nice to us, and if anything we had chips on our shoulders because of their Harvard accents." Now this, of course, is getting close to the heart of things. The Irish Catholics carried their sensibilities closer to the surface than most people did, and, forever expecting a rebuff, they built up their own resentments. Moreover, they could be eminent snobs themselves.

The McDonnells were the richest branch of the family and generally considered the most social, although in an Irish-Catholic world that certainly never meant very much. "In the beginning," says one of the McDonnell girls, Mrs. Charlotte Harris, who married into a Catholic family that owned a steamship line, "we used to sit by ourselves outside the beach club, all alone, all in a row. People called us the Irish group. Later they called us the Spellman group. I don't know why we sat alone. We were afraid, or shy, or something. Then we sat by ourselves because we wanted to. By God, we were going to show them." Now them in this case meant Southampton at large, but as the years at Southampton went by, the Murrays and McDonnells decided that they were showing the other Irish Catholics, too. Everyone in the family knew the Kennedys, for example, and when they moved from Boston to New York in the 1930's, Rose Kennedy and Anna McDonnell, recognizing each other as being cut from the same stuff, became particularly close. The feeling among the Murrays and McDonnells, though, was that the Kennedys weren't quite right, that they were, well, *nouveaux*, and when Mrs. Kennedy visited Mrs. McDonnell at Southampton, the family simply assumed that she was there to find out how she, too, could set a table, or arrange the flowers, or whatever it was one was supposed to do.

"She and her daughters were being snubbed terribly in New York," a Murray lady recalls, "so she'd come to Auntie Anna for advice. She would be driven up in a big, black car, and we'd all say, 'Doesn't she know that out here she should be driving a station wagon?' My mother was at the Mc-

Donnells' one day that Mrs. Kennedy was there, and she came back and said, 'Rose Kennedy, such a lovely person, but what a dreadful voice she has.' Mother couldn't get over it. Then, when Joe Kennedy was appointed Ambassador to England there were all those pictures of the Kennedys in the papers. We all thought, 'How dowdy, how unchic, how Irish Catholic!' We should have been going to England, not them."

There was next much flamboyance about these Irish, but because they were Irish, and in the case of the Murrays and McDonnells because there were so many of them, people insisted in seeing something like a raffishness about them. In fact, sometimes the Murrays and McDonnells invited it on themselves. On the first Fourth of July that Thomas E. Murray was at Wickapogue, he assembled his relatives about him and announced that in the evening he would put on a display of fireworks. It would be at the home of Thomas E. Murray Jr., on Gin Lane, he said, and it would be a proper family entertainment, attended by parents, children, the help and even the pets. Accordingly, a groom that evening began laying everything out on top of a sand dune for what was to be that most American of entertainments. He put out Roman candles, St. Catherine's wheels, Greek fire, everything, and when the family was gathered and Thomas E. Murray gave the signal he proudly touched off the first Roman candle.

Off in a shower of sparks it went, only not out to sea, but sideways into the next Roman candle, which went into the rest of the Roman candles, which touched off the St. Catherine's wheels, which ignited the Greek fire, which set off everything else. It was a marvelous sight, and it was made all the more marvelous by the fire it started in the dune grass. Up and down the dunes the fire spread, lighting the skies, and bringing one of the Murrays' Irish maids to the window in a small fit of ecstasy. "Oh what a beautiful display," she said, while a small Murray child cried out in fear. "Shut up," Thomas E. Murray bellowed, and a small McDonnell child, caught up in the wonder of it all, said, "Ooo, Grandpa said, 'Shut up.'"

The flames by now were threatening the homes on either side of them. The children were dancing round and about, and Grandpa was bellowing louder than ever. To this day, one of his grandsons says, it was quite the most exciting thing he has ever seen. Someone called the Southampton Fire Department, and when it came with all its equipment and volunteers, the townspeople met the Murrays, McDonnells and Cuddihys for the first time. The volunteers, spraying chemicals all about, put out the fire and left in its place a couple of acres of blackened and seared dunes. All that summer and the next, people drove up Gin Lane to see them and to wonder what kind of people would do such a thing, while the (Continued on Page 38)



Patricia Murray on the beach in 1938.



with parents and Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen.

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families in the houses on either side of the blackened dunes would regard the Murrays and McDonnells with suspicion for years.

In an odd way, the most flamboyant thing the Murrays and McDonnells ever did in Southampton was to withdraw from it and to set up something like a community of their own. It was not intended to be this, but it became an Irish-Catholic retreat, and eventually a place of fascination to the gossip columnists, who, like the people in Southampton, were always confused about which Murrays and McDonnells were living there. Actually, it was only three families living on a great plot of land by the ocean, but the families grew so large that there always seemed to be more of them than there really were, and to this day Southampton can scarcely separate the strains of Irish that sprang from the retreat.

It began with the death of Thomas E. Murray in 1929, when his son Thomas E. Murray Jr. ascended into Wickapogue, and then bought more acres of his own. Anna and James McDonnell were living next to him, separated by only two swimming pools in between. Subsequently, Julia and Lester Cuddihy, although they lived in Water Mill, bought a strip of land near both of them as a speculation. Then, Jack Murray, who had sold out just before the Crash, paid \$125,000 and got an adjacent 56 acres and the houses on them for his property. It meant that the McDonnells, the Tom Murrays and the Jack Murrays and all their establishments, were now dwelling together just outside the village of Southampton on some 160 acres, which included their own small lake. It was inevitable that they would not dwell together in perfect harmony, but in the beginning who could tell that?

Jack Murray's place was called Lighthouse Farm and it had behind it a stable, a garage, laundry, chicken coop, caretaker's house and cottage for the groom. There was a field for growing vegetables, too. Tom Murray's house was bigger than Jack's and it had even more buildings scattered around it. The McDonnells had only their cottage, without other buildings, but in the cottage were 10 bedrooms, a

music room, library, living room, dining room, breakfast room, poolroom and two kitchens, all of which, except the kitchens, were done up graciously in chintz and deep rugs by the McMillen decorators in New York. The McDonnell cottage also had rooms for the help, but apparently no one ever thought to count them. Driven by some insatiable lust, perhaps their only one, the McDonnells and Tom Murrays kept adding terraces, rooms and whole wings to their houses, and whenever they did, a priest would come in and bless each one. The priest would pray, make the sign of the cross, and then sprinkle holy water. The family, meanwhile, would be following the priest about, and soon he would turn and bless them, too. The terrace, or the room, or the wing would now be open.

The Jack Murrays had seven children, the Tom Murrays had 11, and the McDonnells had 14. "I'm afraid to dive in," Al Smith, a frequent visitor to the pool, would say. "I might swallow a baby." Outside the compound, in Southampton, the Joseph Murrays had five children, while in Water Mill the Cuddihys had seven children and Catherine McQuail had two. There was a confusion of children, furthering the suspicion that the Irish, by propagation alone, were taking over Southampton, and leading Newell Tilton, a society man from there, Palm Beach, Tuxedo and Newport, to suggest that perhaps the place should now be called "Murray Bay."

The dutiful Anna McDonnell had people to help her with her 14 children, but being dutiful she insisted on accompanying each of them on every visit they made to a doctor, a dentist, or even to a clothing store. Once, she took nine of them to Hildreth's in Southampton to buy shoes. One by one they filed in and were fitted, and when Mrs. McDonnell was presented with the bill she examined it in her careful way and then protested to the clerk that it wasn't enough. "Oh, madam," he said, "we always give reductions to institutions."

In truth, the McDonnell cottage was run something like an institution, and by the time of Southampton Mrs. McDonnell was becoming something of an institution herself. For one thing, she was elegant, the elegance being neither Irish, nor Catholic, nor for that matter even particularly American; it was a very quiet elegance, which meant it was more nearly French. "If I

could only look like Anna McDonnell after having had all those children," Rose Kennedy said, and when the family heard that it understood perfectly.

Anna McDonnell was special; so was her sister-in-law Marie Murray, but Anna McDonnell was supposed to be perfection. She had given birth to all those children and always she had declined anesthetics, saying instead that she would offer up the pain to the glory of God. "To offer it up," to find sancity in suffering, to find comfort and even joy in it, was the most Irish Catholic of impulses, conditioned by a thousand years of the race, by the clergy, and by all that had happened to both. Anna McDonnell would not wilt in the heat of any Southampton summer; she would always be there, perfectly controlled, outwardly assured, impervious, it seemed, to either frivolity or discomfort. There was the little dress, the little hat, the little veil, all coming from the little shop on East 60th Street that was run by an Irish Catholic lady and greatly favored by other Irish Catholic ladies, and always there were the shoes with the pointed toes, the strap over the instep and the Louis XVI heels, and above the appearance of elegance there was the appearance of propriety. There was nothing so important to that generation as propriety, and in this the Irish part and the Catholic part strengthened each other nicely and became so inseparable that you could not imagine one without the other. A slip, a failure, the smallest lapse from the prescribed faith, and these Irish would fear they were no longer Catholics, that their souls were lost. A slip, a failure, the smallest lapse from the prescribed behavior, and these Irish would fear they were no longer acceptable, that their positions were lost. There was a great deal of fear involved in all this, but who on the outside would ever know that?

Therefore, Anna McDonnell, the only one of her generation who had talked back to her father, was not about to be caught up now in seasonal social conventions. The demands of church and of blood were too great, and at Southampton she ran a staff of 13— butler, chauffeur, two nurses, two cooks, two kitchen maids, four chambermaids and a gardener—as rigorously as she ran herself. Every morning she got up, went to mass, had breakfast, and then at 9 drove her station wagon to Bohack's

to do the day's marketing. She planned each meal, pondered each leftover, and in her unruffled way saw to it that things were exactly as they ought to be.

Then, with the utmost regularity every afternoon, Anna McDonnell and Marie Murray would retreat to the private chapel of Thomas E. Murray Jr. Archbishop Thomas E. Molloy had seen to it that he had the privilege of the chapel, the same as his father before him, and it was a small and beautiful thing, with dark panels, a wooden altar and a plain gold cross. There were the Stations of the Cross on the wall, and *prie-dieux* covered with velvet for the ladies to kneel on.

While their peers at Southampton had tea, or sat about at the Beach Club, Anna McDonnell and Marie Murray would stay in the chapel for a holy hour, 60 minutes of prayers, readings or other devotions, communing with their God and fortifying themselves against whatever it was that lay outside the gates of the compound. It had no hedges in those days, and it stretched from the ocean back over the dunes, past the houses and across the fields to the blacktop road that went into the village of Southampton. Among other things, the village had Peck & Peck, Foulke & Foulke, Charles of the Ritz and Bendel's, but the place where the Murrays and McDonnells went most often was the Church of the Sacred Hearts on Hill Street. Its pastor was Father George Killeen, and he was a beefy, reddened man, with a large shock of hair and a booming brogue that was partly Irish, but mostly all his own. The "blesd Virge" he would say, and mean the "blessed Virgin," and frequently he would preach about "storming the gates of Heaven," which would befuddle the youngest Murrays and McDonnells.

Father Killeen was never accused of flouting the legalisms of church doctrine in favor of their spirit, and, confirmed in his own sanctity, he often judged that of others. The Tom Murray Jrs., and the McDonnells, seemed to like that about him, probably because he confirmed the contours of their own existence so well, although some of the children, trooping to confession in squads every Saturday, became discomfited by his habit of shouting at them from the confessional booth. "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," the children would begin, and it hardly seemed

the Murrays and McDonnells. Their names began to turn up with increasing frequency in his columns about Southampton, and sometimes he seemed to think they had invented the place. It was a turning point in the family's history, not so dramatic perhaps as Thomas E. Murray's building his first steam engine, but seductive enough to some of his grandchildren so that in time they would court publicity and society so fiercely that it would undo them.

Nonetheless, in the beginning it was all more innocent than that, and the columnists wrote about the family mostly because the children were numerous, good-looking and full of what was supposed to be a Celtic *joie de vivre*. In fact, they were the golden Irish, removed by birth and circumstance from their tribal past, although not so far removed that they were without at least a few of its warm consolations. Ahead, for some of them, were divorces, abortions, psychiatrists and bankruptcies, but growing up in the decade of the 30's they were the most favored children of all, and they had, it seemed, everything.

There were the dances on soft summer nights at the Meadow Club, the Riding Club, the Shinnecock Golf Club. The girls wore cotton dresses and the boys wore blue blazers, and everyone who saw them knew they were a part of that big, golden family, even if they couldn't be sure which part they were. There were the sailing races off Westhampton, where one child or another would always win something, and there were the swimming and diving contests at the Beach Club, where they always won something else. Their days were full of grace, and when they played tennis at the Meadow Club, or golf at Shinnecock, the Irish chauffeurs who waited outside, all laced up into their stiff tunics of black, or clay, or fawn, would look on them and know they were Irish children, but quite unlike any they had ever seen before.

These children were always riding horses, and going out with the Southampton Hunt Club, and competing all over Long Island in horse shows, and winning quantities of ribbons and trophies. The horse in America is nearly always an impulse of the second-generation rich, and so even Thomas E. Murray Jr., skittering about his front lawn, had discovered the joys of polo, while his brothers and sisters, not caring about being atop

horses themselves, saw to it that their children could ride and jump whenever they wanted to. The children could do most things that they wanted to, and when the wife of Thomas E. Murray Jr. told her husband that Marie, their oldest daughter, wanted to have a coming-out party, he had said it was ridiculous, that he had never heard of such a thing, and that coming-out parties were for people quite unlike themselves. Then, of course, he softened, warmed toward it in fact, and decided that Marie would have a party after all.

"I guess if she wants it she can have it" was all that he said to his wife, but then Thomas E. Murray Jr. went ahead and had a huge platform built atop the dunes, and around it he put up a tent. The party was on the Labor Day weekend in 1939, and the flowers had died weeks before, and so Tom Murray had gladioluses planted everywhere. Louis Sherry was called in to do the catering, and Eleanor Holm was hired from Billy Rose's Aquacade to swim in the pool for entertainment. The man who parked the cars had M-U-R-R-A-Y on his cap in gold braid.

Some 800 people were invited, and the only small shadow on Marie Murray's life was her cousin Anne McDonnell. Anne had just announced her engagement to Henry Ford, and was getting so much publicity in the papers that Marie's party was being ignored. Still, Marie had a very good party. Her father called up a team of men from New York, and that night they put on a display of fireworks. It was spectacular, with blazing horses chasing blazing men over the skies of Southampton, and, for the denouement, a picture of Marie, unmistakably Marie, etched in the sand with more fireworks.

The party went on all night, and at dawn the younger guests, in an explosion of innocence, but feeling full of both devilment and romance, went to the 5 A.M. mass at the Church of the Sacred Hearts. Father Killeen, seizing the moment for all it was worth, preached at length to these drowsy and slightly drunken young people on the value of a Catholic education, and when he was done they went back to the tent on the dunes, where Louis Sherry cooked scrambled eggs and bacon for them, and where they sat about and mooned over one another and what was really the ending of a way of life for all of them. ■

to matter whether the sin was mortal or venial. Father Killeen would give them hell just the same.

Of all the priests who were in and out of the family compound in those summers, Father Killeen was the most ubiquitous. He was always there, it seemed, stuffed into a scratchy black woolen bathing suit, flopping in and out of the swimming pool, and looking, some of the children thought, rather like a piece of wurst. In the afternoons he played golf with Catherine McQuail. Mrs. McQuail, separated, though of course not divorced, from her husband, Ennis, needed a golf partner, and in the way of the Irish Catholic she was, she had chosen the priest. The meaner spirits in Southampton said there were unspeakable things going on between those two, but the meaner spirits could only speculate, and they never understood it. There is a sexual relationship between the priests and their ladies, but it is a surrogate one, and therefore not to be confused with the real thing.

Father Killeen was part of that tradition, and he was part of another one, too, of the Irish-American priest who is both sword of the Lord and retainer to the rich. It is a difficult thing for a man to be, leaving room for a subtle corruption of the souls of both the priest and the rich, and sometimes in the recesses of *his spirit the priest knows it*. Then he may become more full of bonhomie than ever before, showing that it doesn't bother him, or else he may become more judgmental and querulous, and ease his spirit by mortifying his own and everyone else's flesh, too. Father Killeen chose to do both, sputtering and splashing about in the pool in rough good humor, and, whenever he could, reminding everyone that damnation was just around the corner for even the smallest infraction.

The family, being Irish, put up with it. Father Killeen sniffed and complained, and said that so many Murrays and McDonnells were attending mass in the private chapel on Sundays that the collections at the Church of the Sacred Hearts were suffering. Henceforth, the family took up a collection in their chapel on Sundays and turned it over to him. Later on, he spoke hopefully of becoming a monsignor, and so Thomas E. Murray Jr., by now risen high in the councils of the laity, saw to it that this, too, came to pass. Father Killeen had a

proprietary interest in the family, and most of the family had a proprietary interest in him. Nonetheless, some members of the family were skeptical, but being of the generation they were, and believing that a priest was still a priest, they would hardly do much about it.

On Sundays, Father Killeen would stand on the steps of his church, a railroad watch in hand, and count the Murrays and McDonnells as they came in, family by family, until only the Jack Murrays were left. They would always be the last to arrive, and Father Killeen, looking soberly at his watch, and then reproachfully at Jack Murray, would say, "Ah, Jack, out late again last night?" and Jack, looking straight at Father Killeen, would say, "Yes, Father, and drunk as a lord." It was a small gesture, but it was all Jack's own, and, followed by his wife and seven children, he would walk down the aisle of the church, where row on row of other Murrays and McDonnells, quiet, composed and hardly rustling, would be clutching their missals, just possibly bored and longing to be elsewhere, but no doubt offering it up just the same.

It must not be thought in all this, however, that the family was a joyless *mélange*, measuring its days in communion wafers and plenary indulgences, or going through life without the simple pleasures of the rich. Almost from the beginning at Southampton, the Murrays and McDonnells were doing things that had nothing to do with being either Irish or Catholic, and were attractive enough to set the society columnists to writing about them. The first and most tireless chronicler was the late Maury Paul, a plump, perfumed little man, who was William Randolph Hearst's first Cholly Knickerbocker. With one thing or another, Hearst was an irregular Catholic, but the society pages of *The New York Times* and *The Herald Tribune* seldom recognized any Catholics, and Irish Catholics not at all. Consequently, Hearst's editors, reacting to this and to osmotic pressure from their boss, began to specialize in them.

Maury Paul who, Cleveland Amory tells us, invented the term "Cafe Society" one day in 1919 when he noticed that the Old Guard of society apparently had disappeared the night before, was always looking for new faces, and, in the 1930's, he discovered