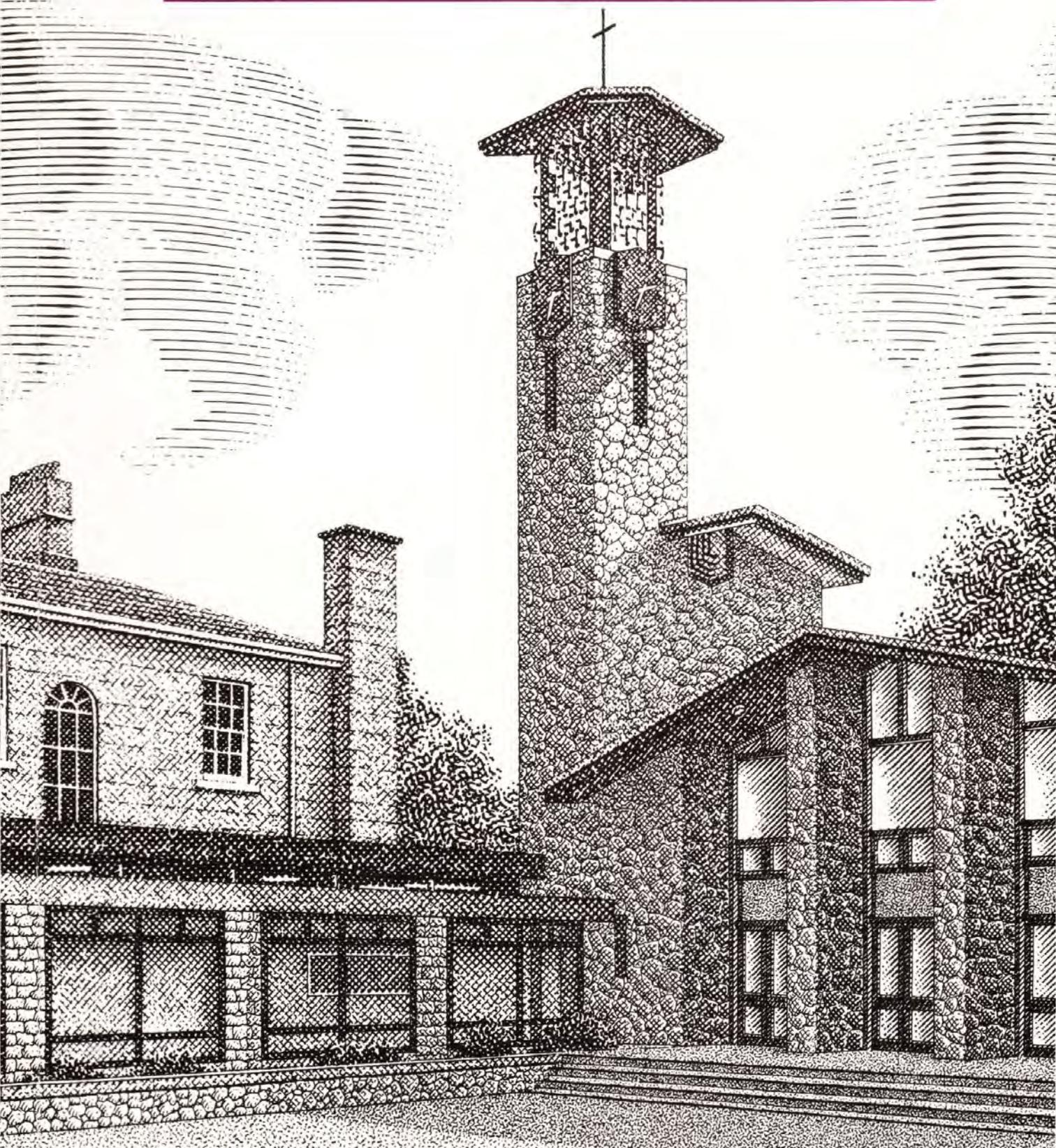


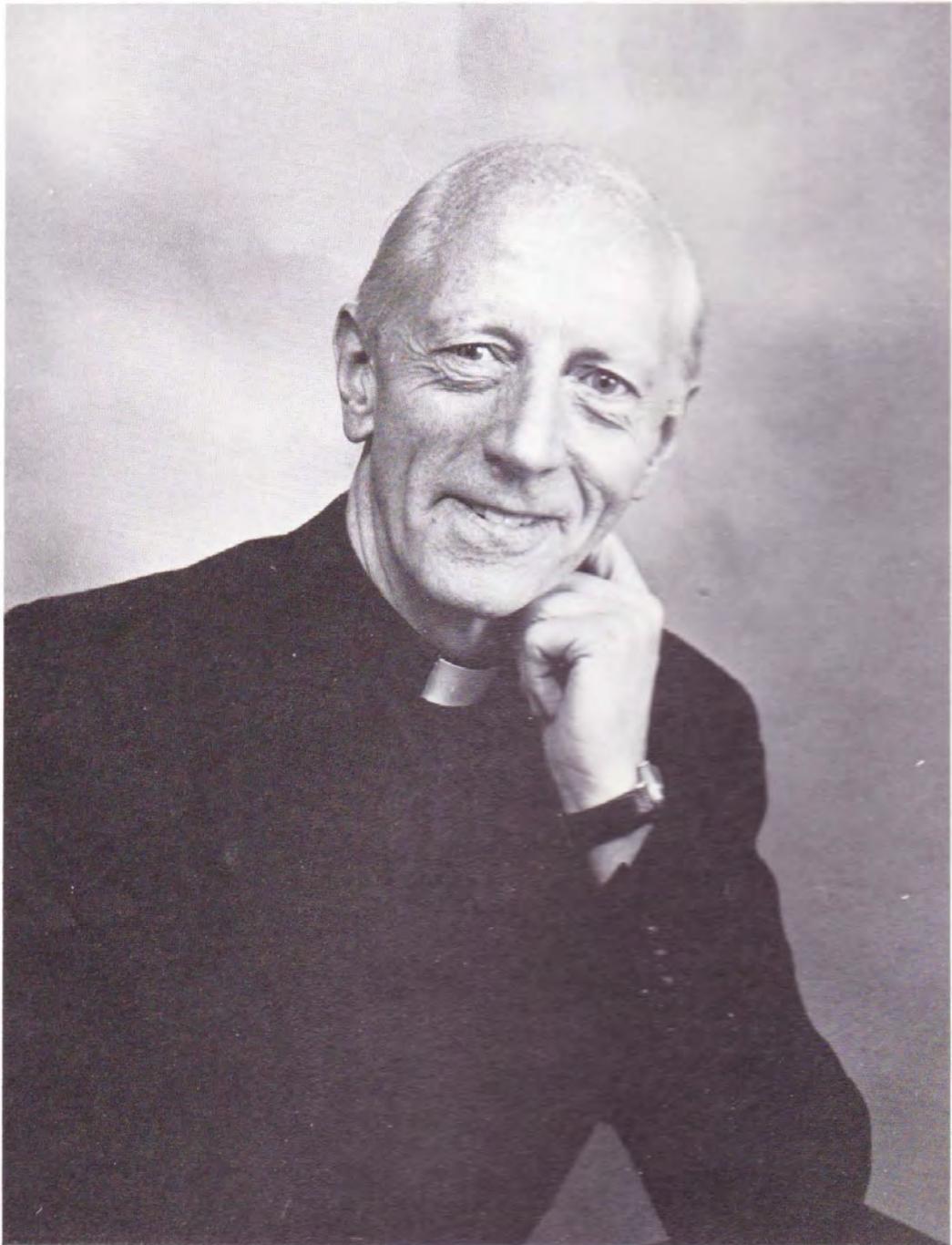
THE GONZAGA RECORD 1988



1907

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The late Rev Fr Bill White, S.J.

THE GONZAGA RECORD 1988

Gonzaga College
Dublin

THE GONZAGA
RECORD 1988

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EDITORIAL

Most people can recall with profound gratitude some major influence on their lives at school. For many in Gonzaga such a figure was Fr Bill White SJ, Prefect of Studies for the School's first fifteen years and Rector for a further six. His death in July 1988 is a milestone in our history. This number of the Record pays special tribute to Fr White in the appreciations of his life.

The 1988 Record is the fourth since its inauguration and the first not edited by Fr Bill Lee SJ, who left Gonzaga for University Hall last year, having spent over 30 years in the College. He leaves us and his many pupils enormously in his debt and is sorely missed as editor. Fr Lee pioneered the Gonzaga Record and in the first two numbers wrote a most valuable history of the College.

The past year has seen, as every year does, a number of changes in the School. The Board of Governors had completed their term of office and the Provincial has appointed Fr Patrick Crowe SJ, former Chairman of the Board, as Manager of the College, to succeed the Board. The members of the Board very generously served Gonzaga in their years of office for which the College is deeply grateful.

The School Secretary for the past eleven years, Mrs Kitty Evans, retired this year. A number of presentations were made to her by students and staff in appreciation of her great devotion to the College throughout that time.

The new phenomenon of redeployment in Irish Education hit Gonzaga this year, removing to Muckross from our staff at the late time of August Mrs Kay O'Duill. We miss her and wish her well in the new school.

Among the notable events that happened in the College during the past year was the achievement of the Senior Rugby Team, reported in the section on sports. The Senior Rugby Team was defeated 26–21 by Blackrock in the quarter-final — an outstanding achievement when the school numbers, not to mention traditions, are compared.

The Fifth Year Project raised over £20,000 for Sunshine House and the Irish Wheelchair Association. The Community Project is now flourishing, involving students on a regular basis with traveller or autistic children, or painting flats of some old people.

Also the second year's Urban Plunge brought over thirty Sixth Year students to spend a period of time staying in homes and presbyteries in the inner city.

In this Millennium Year we had an unusual visit to the College when the Lord Mayor of Dublin at the time, Mrs Carmencita Hederman, who had two sons in Gonzaga, brought the Mayor of Moscow, Mr Valerie Saikin and the Russian Ambassador to visit us in May. Glasnost touched Gonzaga!

In response to the challenge to all Jesuit past pupils of Fr Peter-Hans Kolvenbach, General of the Society of Jesus, to address seriously the

world-wide problem of refugees, a group of young past pupils of Jesuit schools met for a day in April in Gonzaga to consider the problems and needs of refugees in this country.

John McCann (1979) was ordained a priest for the Archdiocese of Dublin in June,

Jim Culliton SJ, 3rd and 4th Years' Chaplain for the past two years in Gonzaga, was ordained priest in Gardiner Street in late June. Gerry Clarke (1980) took his first vows as a Jesuit on 28 September 1988 in Manresa. Their vocations and response are a source of great joy in the College.

While few of our students seem to be called to serve the people of God in the priesthood and religious life, surely some are, not least to the Society of Jesus? The desire and willingness of young people to follow the Lord and serve his people in this particular way has always been a sign of the vitality of the Christian life.

The results of the Leaving and Matriculation examinations this year were again outstanding, even a little better than last year. They are published this year to give an indication of the standard — a considerable tribute to the achievement of the students and the dedication of the staff.

Needless to say, the school is about much more than results, as this annual alone will show. And given our academic intake one would expect good results. But nonetheless, they are an important indication of the performance of a school.

It is up to us adults — educators and parents alike — constantly to keep results and productivity in perspective. For Gonzaga, as a Catholic school in the Jesuit tradition, has larger hopes and goals for its students — goals only realisable if they are shared and fostered by the staff and parents of our students. The efforts of the College are to educate the students for life as much as for the Leaving. Hence the College's emphasis on a broad, generous interest in school life and a willingness to develop through some service a sense of social responsibility.

Clearly the real test of our education in Gonzaga will be the kind of people our graduates become: they are gifted young men with many talents and many opportunities. Our fear is that they will develop little humanity or spirituality, that they will be sucked into ungenerous patterns and lifestyles, that they will look on their education as membership of an elite club, with values that are glib and superficial. But our hope is that they will develop their gifts and flower into men of integrity and compassion and generosity and vision, as able to deal with failure as with success — with an alert eye for the weak, with a real passion for justice and the truth, with a sense of responsibility for the quality of life in Ireland and beyond. And finally we hope that as they mature our students would be increasingly motivated by the values of the Gospel, Christ's values.

Peter Sexton SJ

SCHOOL STAFF 1988-89

Headmaster: Fr Peter Sexton SJ

Vice-Principal: Mr John Mulgrew

Prefect of Studies: Mr Daniel McNelis

Bursar: Mr George Stokes

Administrator: Br James Barry SJ

Mr Michael Bevan

Fr Joseph Brennan SJ

Mr Robert Byrne, Gamesmaster

Mrs Philomena Crosbie

Mr Denis Cusack

Mrs Nessa de Barra

Mrs Marion Deane

Fr John Dunne SJ, Guidance Counsellor

Mrs Terry Egan

Mrs Daphne Felton

Mrs Maire Garvin

Fr Edmund Keane SJ

Mr David Keenahan

Ms Siobhan Keogh

Mr Noel McCarthy

Ms Ita MacConville

Fr John Moylan SJ

Mr Gerard Murphy

Mr David Murray

Ms Anne Nevin

Mr Seosamh O'Briain

Mr Darragh O'Connell

Mr Cathal O'Gara

Miss Maire O'Kelly

Mr Paraic O'Sullivan

Mr Brian Regan

Ms Patricia Ryan

Mr Tom Slevin

Mr Jim Walsh

Mr Kevin Whirdy

Secretary: Miss Bernadette Dunne

OBITUARY OF FR WILLIAM WHITE 1912-1988

In the quartet of Jesuits who founded Gonzaga, Fr Bill White was surprisingly identified as the Brawn, harnessing the energies of Blood (the O'Connor Don), Beauty (blond Fr John Murphy) and Brains (Fr Tim Hamilton, the only survivor). In Bill it was the brawn of the jockey rather than the ploughman. He walked like a horseman, out of his element with nothing between his legs, with a slightly limping shuffle. Though I never saw him on horseback, he seemed to belong there. He mounted his old bicycle like a hunter and rode it habitually between canter and gallop round the steeplechase of Dublin streets. He had a jockey's sense of the final furlong, hurling himself up the Gonzaga avenue just in time for dinner, or on other public occasions keeping the grandstand on its toes until the last moment. Two minutes before the house exams, which were treated with considerable solemnity, teachers, boys and desks would be in chaos until, at the last moment, Bill would slip into the hall, bundles of papers under his arms, restoring order just in time.

Though he founded the most urban and urbane of schools, Bill brought to it a countryman's sense of reality. He was sensitive to the moods of flesh and blood, a student of form, whether equine or human. In a school that had the reputation of being heady, he was the least heady of men. Do you remember his style of greeting? In a warm and characteristic way it was very physical. Moving towards you with a smile that was always slightly lop-sided, his hands never far from his body so that he came close enough to sense you, almost smell you, he would eye your skin, your colour, the lie of your muscles, the lift or droop of your mouth, so that when he asked 'How *are* you?' it was with the concern of a friend who already surmised your world from the outside and was eager to know how you experienced it from the inside. At that moment, nobody else existed for him, and it is no wonder that so many found him unforgettable. The sense of loss at his funeral was tinged with intensity and often indignation. It seemed that hundreds were feeling: how could the Lord take a man who was so important to me — and to whom I was so important? At the ripe age of three score and fifteen, it still seemed grossly premature.

Bill is said to have been appalled at his appointment to Gonzaga in 1950. His old guru, Fr Rupert Coyle, had trained him to run the Junior School in Belvedere, and fingered him to succeed in the Senior School. He felt himself ill-equipped to launch, albeit in distinguished company, a pioneering educational experiment. He was reflective, wise and supportive, but not an originator — he left that to his talented staff, who always sensed his ungrudging support. From the beginning he liked to teach the youngest class in the school, to get the measure of them from the start. While his staff gradually shaped a new style and curriculum, Bill was the one who knew the individual pupil, knew the dynamics of his family, sensed where his promise and his limits were. When I wrote

school reports with him in the late sixties, I marvelled at his sense of how our words could impinge on the family, to build up or to destroy; how they would affect the depression of a mother, the driving ambition of a father, the vitality of a boy. The document finally put into the envelope was not just an objective assessment, but a communication to a family that was known, with a clear sense of how it would be used.

He ran a tight ship, and wielded the biffer in the fashion of the time, but with a fairness that is still remembered. Two small boys were heard discussing which teacher they liked best. 'I like Fr White best' said Peter. 'But he biffs you!' protested his friend. 'Yes, but that's his duty' said young Sutherland, with that sense of order that makes him a formidable European Commissioner. In fact it was often the wayward who sensed most vividly the largeness of Bill's heart. More than once he stood under the great copper beech on the front lawn calling young X, a fugitive from the classroom, to come down out of that — and X has now joined the forces of law as a thriving solicitor.

To those who have, more will be given, says the Gospel, ironically, and Gonzaga's early pupils were manifestly blessed in the Dublin of their time. Fr White succeeded in saving these fortunate ones from an enervating sense of privilege. He challenged the clever to be more than clever: to be good. It is the task for every teacher, to build up children without pandering to narcissistic illusions, to confront their selfishness without destroying or depressing them, to forge an alliance with the good in them. This was a central theme in Bill's work with boys: to reach the truth in them, and not allow them to take their blessings for granted.

Every school principal knows the four a.m. feeling that there is a serious chink in his armour, some point where the dyke can be breached and chaos break out. Bill's chink lay in the formalities of administration. He ran his files on what we called the deep litter system, then a popular method of poultry farming. Bill dropped letters, application forms, telephone messages, reports, departmental documents to form a carpet, sometimes ankle-deep, on the ample floor of his room. He was confident that he knew where things were, and we marvelled to find that this was sometimes true. But at a time when paper-work was multiplying and applications for a place in the school were often made from the nursing-home as soon as the baby was identified as a boy, it was inevitable that the deep litter system sometimes let him down, with often painful consequences. In general he was ill at ease with the administrative aids that are now taken for granted: secretaries (he never had one), typewriters, cars, files, computers, VDUs, all the paraphernalia of yuppiedom, that shield one person from another. For him the only essential 20th-century appliance (apart from the bicycle — but his machine was more redolent of the nineteenth century) was the telephone.

If Fr White is ever portrayed or sculpted, it must be with a telephone to his ear, listening, murmuring, reassuring, cheering, and as the minutes lengthen saying 'Goodbye...goodbye again' (even on one occasion,

‘Goodbye at last’). It was an instrument he could not resist. His ear was attuned to pick up a phone’s ring from quite a distance, and he would move automatically towards it. It was a symbol of his accessibility that he laid himself open to. In the community we were jealous of his attention, and often saw him exhausted by his unwillingness to protect himself. One remembers him slipping through the Gonzaga hall, summoned to the first parlour by one lady, to the second parlour by another, and to the telephone by a waiting caller — all on the way to dinner; or on another occasion reaching the community house for six o’clock dinner after a working day that began at six a.m., to be grabbed by a parent with the pretty ruthless remark: ‘I knew I would catch you now, Father’. Others might fume, but not Bill; his face would light up to the visitor and he was listening again.

Not merely listening, but containing. He took bad news on board in a way that metabolised it, made it easier to bear. He could listen to tidings of hopelessness, depression, sickness, estrangement, and by sharing the bitterness, heal some of the pain, though he knew that no practical solution was in sight. When someone remarked on his gift of empathy, he traced it to his father, who he said was much better than he: old Mr White was known in Carrick-on-Suir as the man to contact in the aftermath of some particularly cruel tragedy, a man who would not shrink from the pain but could place himself alongside the sufferers, sharing their cross. As the years passed, Bill moved more and more into work (in Marriage Encounter, and with sick Jesuits in Cherryfield) that engaged his extraordinary gift of compassion.

A dear friend who revered Bill used to speak of the ‘other dimension’ that he revealed: the BMW cruising down the avenue through the February rain gets a wave and smile from Bill White cycling up from a hospital visit: or, as Rector, carrying across hot coffee to the staff-room for the teachers’ break; among us as one who serves. His life would not make sense if God did not exist.

His faith sustained him to the end, with a manifestly aching body, but a face that became more radiant and transparent as his health declined. He had resolved as a young Jesuit that if ever there was an apparent conflict between the religious rule and the Gospel, he would opt for the Gospel, which for him was summed up in one or two truths: ‘I have loved you with an everlasting love’ — his favourite phrase from Scripture; and the need to cast out fear, which he saw as the most damaging and pernicious effect of original sin.

We will not run out of administrators, or teachers, or priests. Fr Bill White was more; he was a healer, and the gap he left is still felt with pain by hundreds of friends.

Paul Andrews SJ

REMEMBERING FR WHITE

In 1976, to stimulate interest in the activities of the past pupils' union, a 'Gonzaga Dinner' was advertised in *The Irish Times* and attracted 100 guests, the largest number that could be accommodated in the dining room of the University Club. There were rumours that an Alternative Gonzaga Dinner had to be convened around the corner in Captain America's for the late applicants. If so, the latecomers missed what for the participants in the real Gonzaga Dinner was the high point of the evening: the few words spoken by Fr White.

Fr White spoke that evening about freedom. I seem to remember some remarks about 'how much freedom the boys could use'. I seem to remember too that Fr White said that looking back, he could see ways in which it might have been safe to allow a little more freedom in the school than had been the case. But it was not primarily his words that made Fr White's appearance that evening so memorable. It was the sudden explosion of applause that greeted him as he rose to speak. It was heartfelt applause, deliberately prolonged. It had overtones of shared triumph. Fr White, in his person, seemed to represent the contribution of so many teachers, pupils, and parents to the decades of endeavour in Gonzaga. He represented the sense of belonging that each of us seemed to enjoy.

What was the secret of Fr White's enduring rapport with all the boys, and all the families, who were part of Gonzaga? As someone who came to Gonzaga only after Fr White became Rector, and who therefore had direct dealings with him only on a few occasions, I can speak on this subject as a member of the rank-and-file. Even at that distance, it was always clear that Fr White was someone who paid attention to individuals. He knew people by name and he knew what was important in their lives. He was a man with a heart, who by thinking things mattered made them matter. The school's concerns were Fr White's concerns. It was an example of joyful service that like other gentle features of our youthful landscape, we noticed too little.

One personal memory that I do have of Fr White is of the time I sat the entrance examination for Oxford in one of the two sitting rooms on the left off the hallway of the priests' house. Fr White himself was my supervisor. Each morning of the exam he brought me tea and biscuits on a tray, an impish smile of complicity conveying the support of the school — once again one finds it easy to identify Fr White with the school.

The supportive community which Fr White laboured to create in Gonzaga made the school the complement of a good home atmosphere. The certainty of being known and valued, the stability and predictability of school routine, the very high standard of dedication of the staff, were easy to take for granted, as was the absence of bullying and conflict among the pupils themselves. The consistent success of the school in these seemingly small things are a reminder of the truth of William

Blake's dictum that 'he who would do good to another must do so in minute particulars'.

If Gonzaga had a particular intellectual stamp, it was a belief in the value of open discussion. In Fr Joe Veale's English class, we gave our own reactions to the works under study and were warned off potted summaries or appreciations. John Wilson, teaching Spanish, tolerated lengthy excursions on the bullfight or the Spanish Civil War. In fifth year, in Religious Knowledge class, Fr Cull ran a sort of open forum on the question of whether God existed, with the result that the young university student a year or two later had an acquired immunity to some of the ruder challenges he faced. Whatever else one could say about the doubts of the Gonzaga past pupils on matters of faith, those doubts would never be the mere product of a 'generation gap', or a young person's means of escape from a too-rigid authority.

In this sense, the spirit of the school ran counter to the tendency in many parts of Irish life to accept reality as one might accept the absentee landlord: as a force to be obeyed, cajoled, or evaded, but never tackled directly with argument, much less brought to account. It was a great blessing in Gonzaga that we felt free to delve into the truth and that we never felt, as perhaps so many have felt, that probing the causes of things is like tinkerering with an unexploded bomb. Gonzaga, like Fr White, was always ready to listen.

I am told by a reliable source within the Jesuit Community that in his years as Rector, Fr White permitted himself only one concession to the flesh. My source discovered what this weakness was one Thursday afternoon in March. The Rector had failed to answer on any of the usual telephone extensions and was located by a search party in front of the television, engrossed in the Cheltenham Gold Cup. That was in 1967.

It is only one of the many memories of Fr White that have surfaced this summer wherever Gonzaga people have been together. Everyone has his own story to tell and yet each story blends perfectly with the next and each conversation has a lightness that is surprising considering that the topic of discussion is a death, a departure. Fr White's presence, like the presence in nature that 'veins violets and tall trees makes more and more', seems still with us.

A few years ago, I was back in Ireland after nine years abroad and found myself confessing to a colleague that gaps and discontinuities had emerged in my relationships with my friends. 'The truth is', my colleague said, 'that you never come home'. As we spoke, I realised that there is an exception to that rule, if it is a rule. On each of my Gonzaga friends I could lean as heavily as before, discover the same easygoing acceptance communicated with the same humorous certainty as before. Fr White would have wished it so. Perhaps that is what Thucydides meant when he wrote of good men, that the whole world is their memorial.

Philip McDonagh

AN APPRECIATION

Father White was, in my opinion, the single most important figure in the history of Gonzaga. He was Prefect of Studies for fifteen years from the School's foundation and Rector for six years after that. He and Father Charlie O'Connor, our first Rector, were a perfect team. Fr O'Connor was a stickler for administrative detail and had a real feel for the development of the School. But he was a distant, slightly aloof figure.

Fr White, on the other hand, was hopeless about records and correspondence and other office work; he was a man for the here and now and had a genius with people. He was good-humoured, buoyant and had immense powers of sympathy. The other teachers found him supportive, especially those who were wilting under the strain.

With the boys he had a robust, slightly hectoring way and would not take too much nonsense. 'You're only deceivin' yourself,' he would say through clenched teeth, simulating exasperation. But he was too sensible to get really annoyed. He had the uncongenial task of dispensing corporal punishment but this did not diminish his popularity among the boys by whom he was known affectionately as 'Walley'. To not a few of them he became an invaluable counsellor to whom they looked for advice and support long after they had left the school.

He was the kind of man who turned up when he was most needed, generally on his old bicycle which he mounted as if it were a steed. To meet him was always a happy experience. When you were with him, you were all that mattered. But there was more. Beneath the bustle he had the tranquil contentment that goes with deep faith. That was very impressive. He had immense insight into his fellow humans and he used this to serve them. He gave of himself totally and never thought of the cost, let alone count it.

I last met him in Gonzaga at the Mass for Fr O'Connor when he rendered a superb appreciation. Recalling small but significant episodes from those early days he re-captured his subject to perfection. I remember that he concluded by expressing the wish that Gonzaga boys would regard their education as a privilege to be shared, not a property to be defended. It was a characteristically generous thought. He himself had contributed mightily to making it such a privilege. He has left with us the challenge of proving worthy of it and an inspiration and example for applying ourselves to that task.

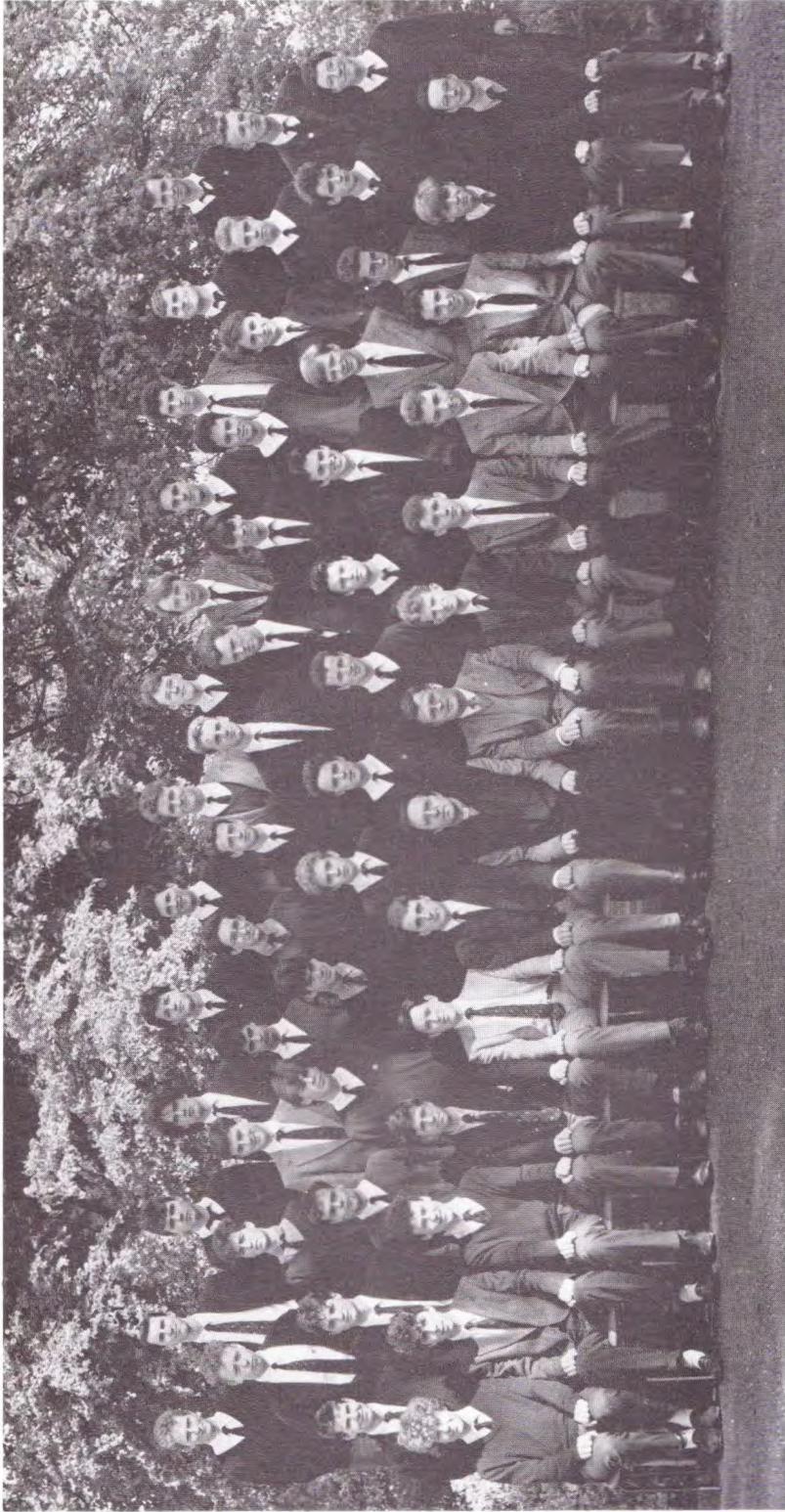
Charles Lysaght

PREFECTS



Back: T. Bolger, F. Colgan, H. McGovern, P. Quinlan, C. Ramsay, N. Connor, N. O'Doherty, J. Newman.
Front: J. Heffernan, N. Corrigan, C. Twomey (Vice-Captain), K. Morris (Captain), Headmaster, B. Doherty (Vice-Captain), D. Kennedy, A. Marec, M. Johnson.

SIXTH YEAR



4th Row: B. Cahill, J. Healy, H. McGovern, D. Staveley, D. Kennedy, M. Doran, C. Ramsay, N. Hand, J. Skelly, S. Hurley, T. O'Leary, B. O'Brien, P. Quinlan.

3rd Row: K. Sweeney, N. Bennett, N. Carney, K. Laher, T. Dawson, J. Newman, W. Hederman, D. Reddy, A. Lawlor, A. Maree, F. Colgan, B. Walsh, M. Connerty.

2nd Row: H. Mulcahy, M. O'Sullivan, C. Cox, D. O'Flaherty, N. Connor, F. Malone, G. Higgins, T. Bolger, G. Lee, J. Heffernan, N. Corrigan, B. Donlon, F. Moran, E. Carney.

Seated: N. O'Riordan, D. Duggan, C. O'Connor, G. Rainer, C. Twomey, K. Morris, Fr. P. Sexton SJ, Fr. J. Dunne SJ, B. Doherty, D. Rea, N. O'Doherty, M. Johnson, D. Rooney, M. Comerford.

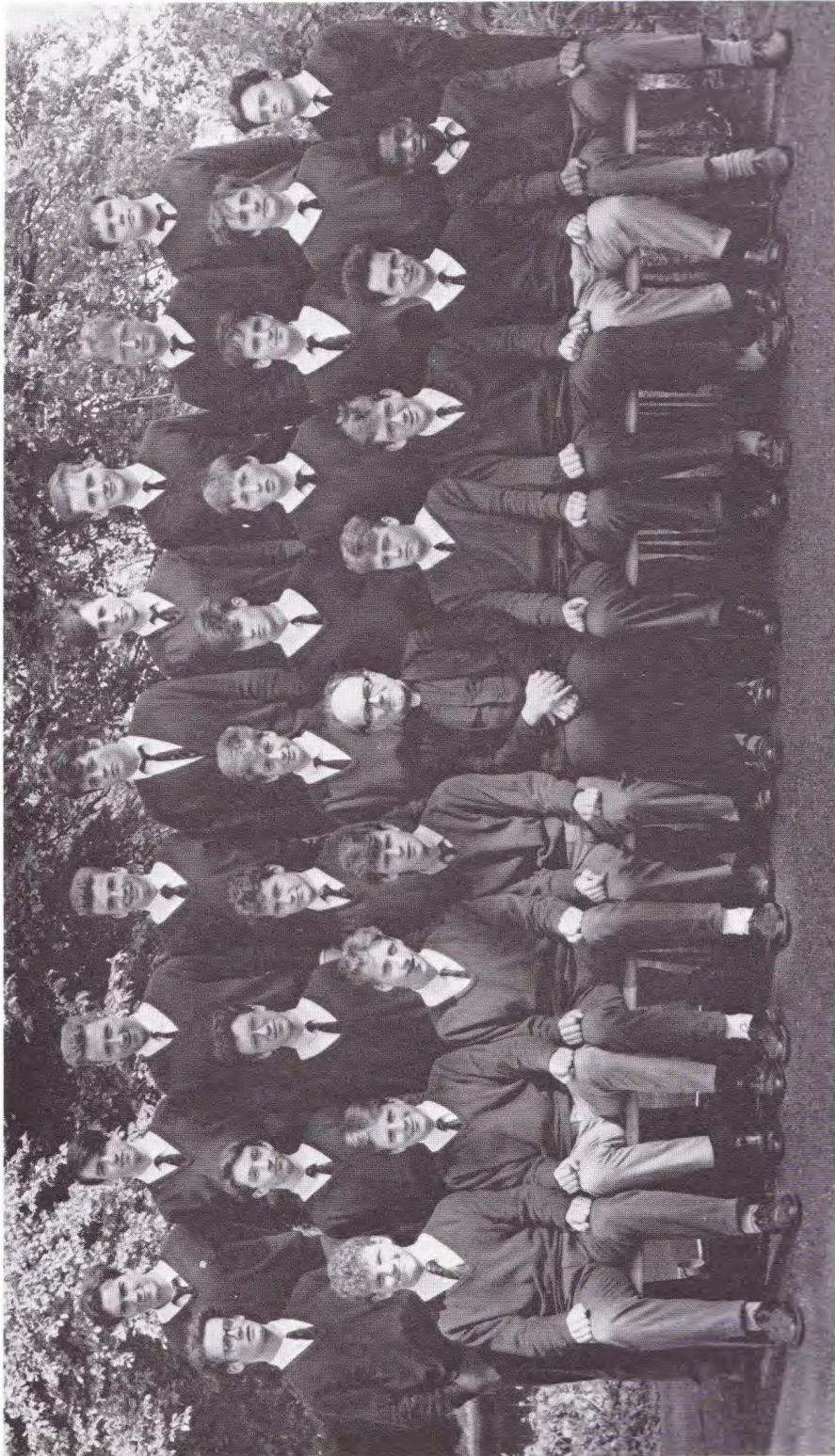
Absent: M. McColgan.

SENIOR 5A



Back: M. Keegan, S. O'Connor, P. O'Keefe, M. Magan, D. Swift, S. Carty, J. McCarron, G. Love, A. Murray-Hayden.
Middle: P. Flynn, N. Webb, C. Linehan, V. MacMahon, J. Morgan, P. Cosgrove, P. Slattery, G. Rynhart.
Seated: T. Tuomey, D. Cooke, B. Connellan, C. Hillery, Fr. J. Brennan SJ, R. O'Mahony, K. Quinn, S. Higgins, J. Cooney.
Absent: R. O'Brien, C. Owens.

SENIOR 5



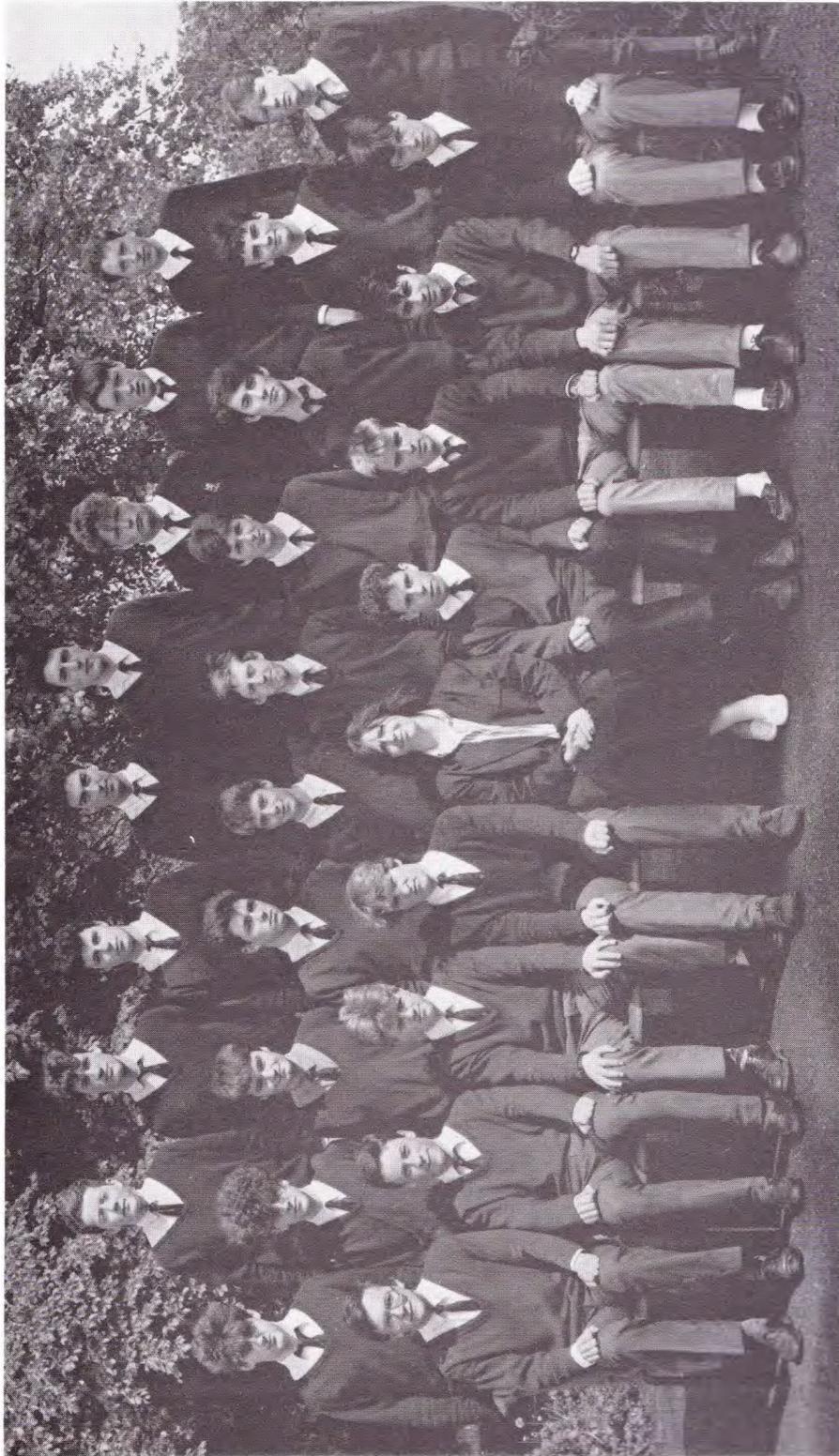
Back: L. Feeney, C. McCorrigan, E. Brophy, M. Dunn, D. Stritch, P. Coyle, A. Kelly, J. McGeough, P. Clinch.
Middle: N. Barry, K. Walsh, C. Conlon, P. Lewis, K. Whelan, R. Egan, J. McInerney, B. McVeigh, T. Browne, A. Boxberger.
Seated: J. Gallagher, S. Fahy, J. McKenna, O. Smyth, Fr. J. Brennan SJ, K. Mulcahy, P. O'Grady, B. Collins, A. Adebisi.
Absent: J. O'Reilly.

SENIOR 4A



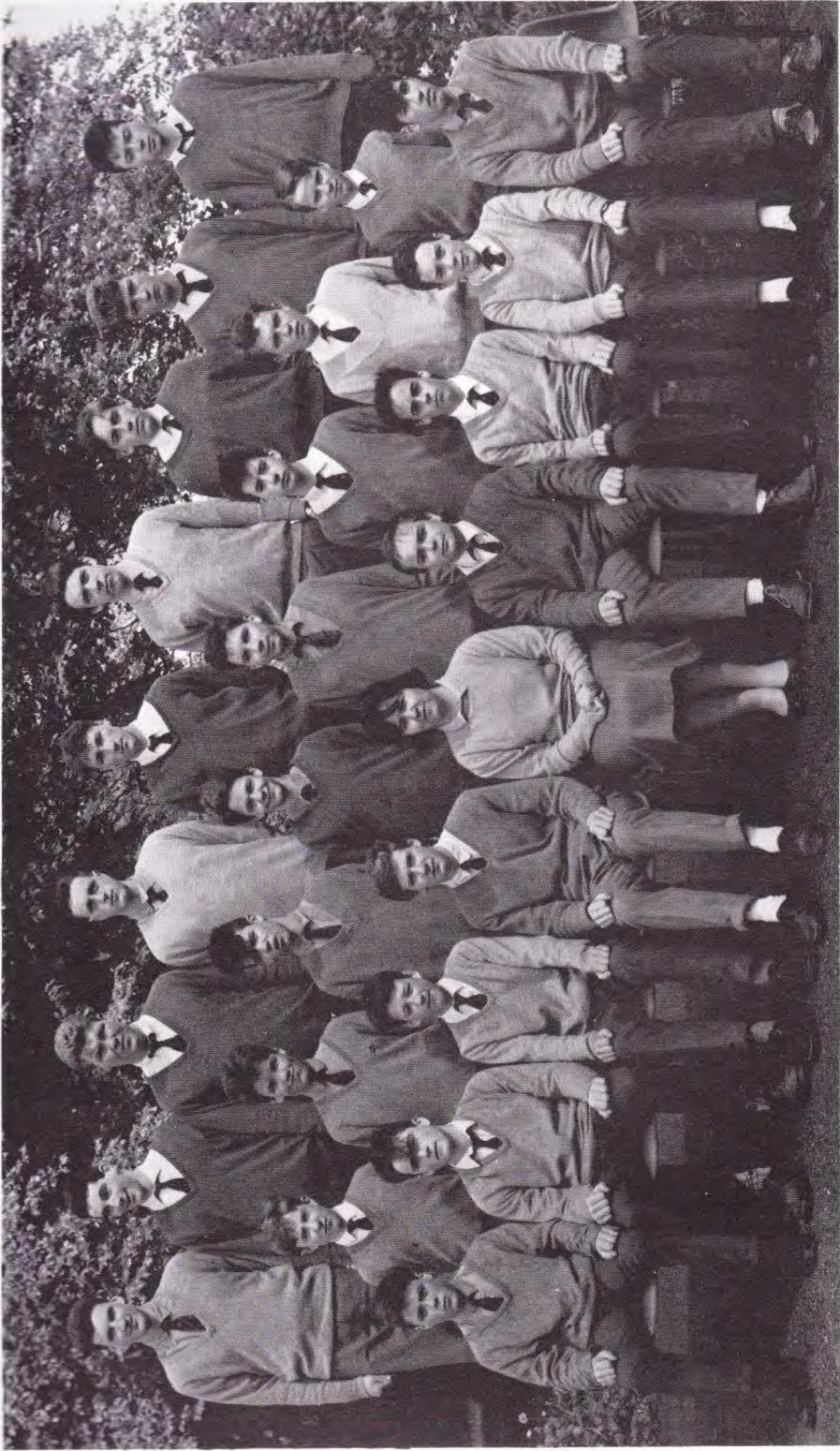
Back: R. Bresnihan, O. Muldowney, B. Kennedy, J. Twomey, G. O'Connell, D. Carthy, M. Bradley, P. Maher.
Middle: P. Kearns, P. Malone, C. Deane, S. McInerney, S. Kearns, C. Garvey, E. Eustace, J. O'Brien.
Seated: P. O'Connor, M. Duff, D. Bateman, Mr. M. Bevan, R. Morgan, E. Corrigan, R. Keogan.
Absent: E. Ó Dubhghaill, D. O'Mahony, M. Quinlan, M. White, B. Young.

SENIOR 4



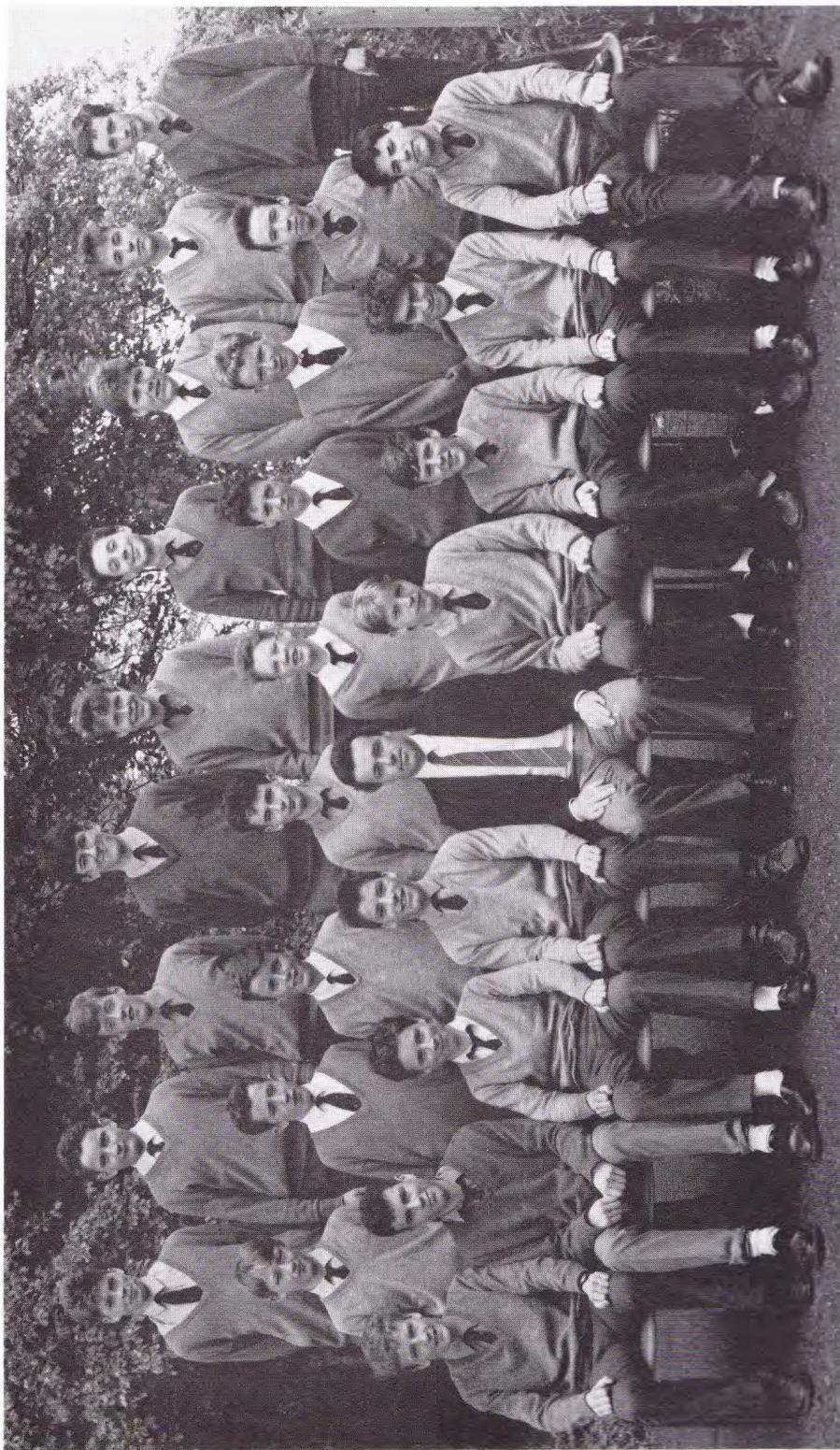
Back: D. O'Huiginn, S. Rooney, D. Kinsella, C. Murphy, C. Gleeson, S. Sexton, E. Garvey, J. Cass.
Middle: E. Moore, D. Enright, C. Masterson, J. McPhillips, N. Dunne, D. O'Neill, K. Conlon, K. Boland, P. McVeigh, B. O'Mahony.
Seated: M. Dowling, F. Carney, D. Finn, A. Morris, Ms MacConville, R. Garvan, E. Hillery, T. Laher, H. Bolger.
Absent: E. Downes, E. Farrelly.

SENIOR 3A



Back: K. McCarthy, K. McCarthy, O. Kehoe, D. Molloy, D. Maher, A. Pegum, E. McLoughlin, R. Nolan, D. McDonnell.
Middle: D. O'Kelly, S. Deeny, G. McColgan, P. Quinlan, D. McLoughlin, M. Hayes, J. O'Higgins, G. Doherty.
Seated: J. McCarthy, S. Daly, R. O'Neill, N. Devlin, Ms A. Nevin, M. Kelly, N. Sheehy, S. Glynn, D. Boland.
Absent: B. Heslin, P. Moe, R. Owens.

SENIOR 3



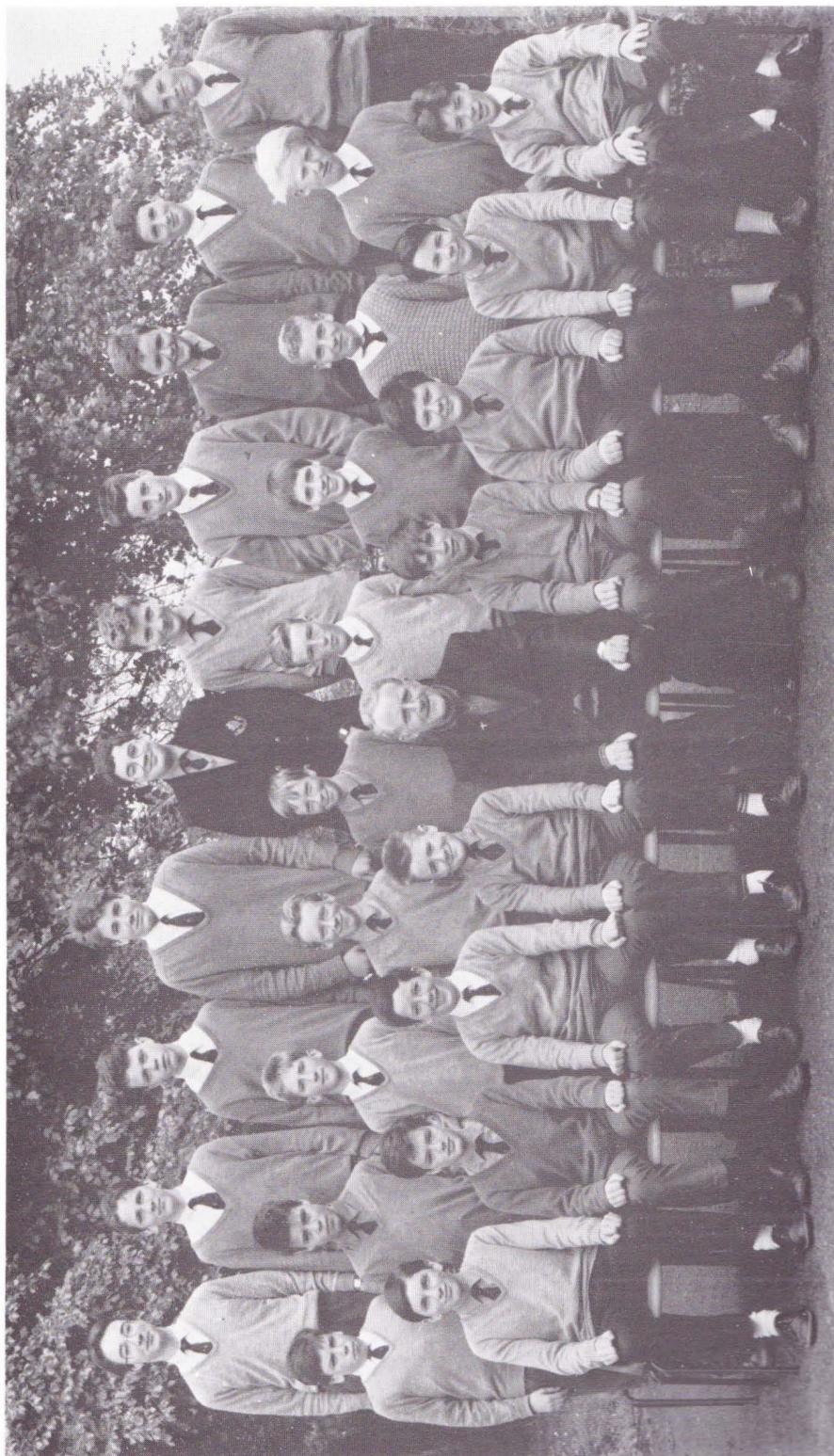
Back: M. Butterly, R. O'Reilly, C. Smith, C. Doolin, D. Diggins, K. Powell, I. Curtin, K. Magee, J. Haren.
Middle: G. McKenna, J. Dwyer, D. McLaughlin, J. Lavelle, E. Tierney, J. Keegan, J. Staunton, A. Toner.
Seated: M. Carney, G. O'Neill, F. White, K. O'Brien, Mr. D. Keenahan, N. O'Herlihy, B. Hanrahan, P. Martin, G. Mullett.
Absent: T. Conlon, N. O'Higgins, A. Ryan.

SENIOR 2A



Back: J. Forbes, C. Boland, F. Clear, L. Mahon, M. Hefferman, M. O'Mahony, A. Fleming, A. Martin.
Middle: D. McBryan, K. Feeney, N. Bailey, D. O'Callaghan, R. Semple, C. O'Sullivan, D. Falkner, S. Sexton, A. Mulcahy, G. Searson.
Seated: G. McCarron, A. Jackson, A. Toomey, L. Connellan, Mr. P. O'Sullivan, J.P. Coffey, S. Hederman, G. Pelly, M. Dowling.
Absent: K. Anderson.

SENIOR 2



Back: G. Angley, E. Eustace, A. Peregrine, A. Moynihan, J. Carty, E. Ryan, K. McMahon, A. Quinlan, C. McCourt, M. Forbes.
Middle: C. O'Rourke, D. O'Doherty, M. McPartlin, P. Morris, M. Nicell, S. O'Buachalla, D. Collins, A. Parkinson, J. Daly.
Seated: N. Conlon, P. Comerford, T. Horan, J. Lambert, Fr. J. Moylan SJ, D. Fassbender, D. O'Sullivan, S. Keany, R. White.
Absent: J. Sweetman.

SENIOR 1A



Back: J. Carroll, D. Rea, J. Cosgrove, C. Lydon, C. Garrad, K. Sheeran, B. McCrea, C. Judge, W. Mulligan, F. Flanagan.
Middle: P. O'Grady, C. Murphy, P. Delaney, J. O'Reilly, C. O'Kane, D. Downes, S. Lee, J. O'Connor, B. Cooney, R. Martin, J. Kennedy.
Front: D. Kearns, A. Peart, P. Naughton, R. Carton, Mr. G. Murphy, F. Sweeney, W. Fingleton, D. Connellan, C. McLoughlin.
Absent: R. O'Hanlon.

SENIOR 1



Back: E. O'Brien, M. Staunton, R. Hanrahan, K. Gallagher, W. Fitzgerald, J. Molloy, P. Coakley, G. Frewen, O. O'Flaherty, S. Hayes, R. O'Callaghan.

Middle: F. Farrell, O. Carolan, F. Hogan, R. Harnett, A. Litton, A. Behan, D. Garvan, N. Walsh, J. McDermott, R. Egan, J. Dundon.

Seated: N. Lynch, M. Hawkins, G. Toomey, H. Farmer, Mr. R. Byrne, H. O'Connor, E. O'Loinsigh, O. Fitzsimmons, D. Kavanagh.

PREP. 4



Rear: M. Naughton, P. Tierney, M. O'Brien, F. Crean, B. Brophy, G. O'Rorke, E. Keane, R. Conan, B. Cunnane.
Middle: W. Brophy, K. Hyland, D. Moran, R. McCullough, D. Batt, I. Tuomey, M. Mullins, M. Quinn, C. Shannon, R. Murtagh.
Front: F. Armstrong, P. Stephenson, D. Talbot, D.J. Noble, Mr. D. McNelis, Prefect of Studies, D. Byrne, G. Parkinson, C. Barry, J. Feeney.
Absent: A. Boland, R. Forbes, B. Horkan, G. Spollen.

PREP. 3



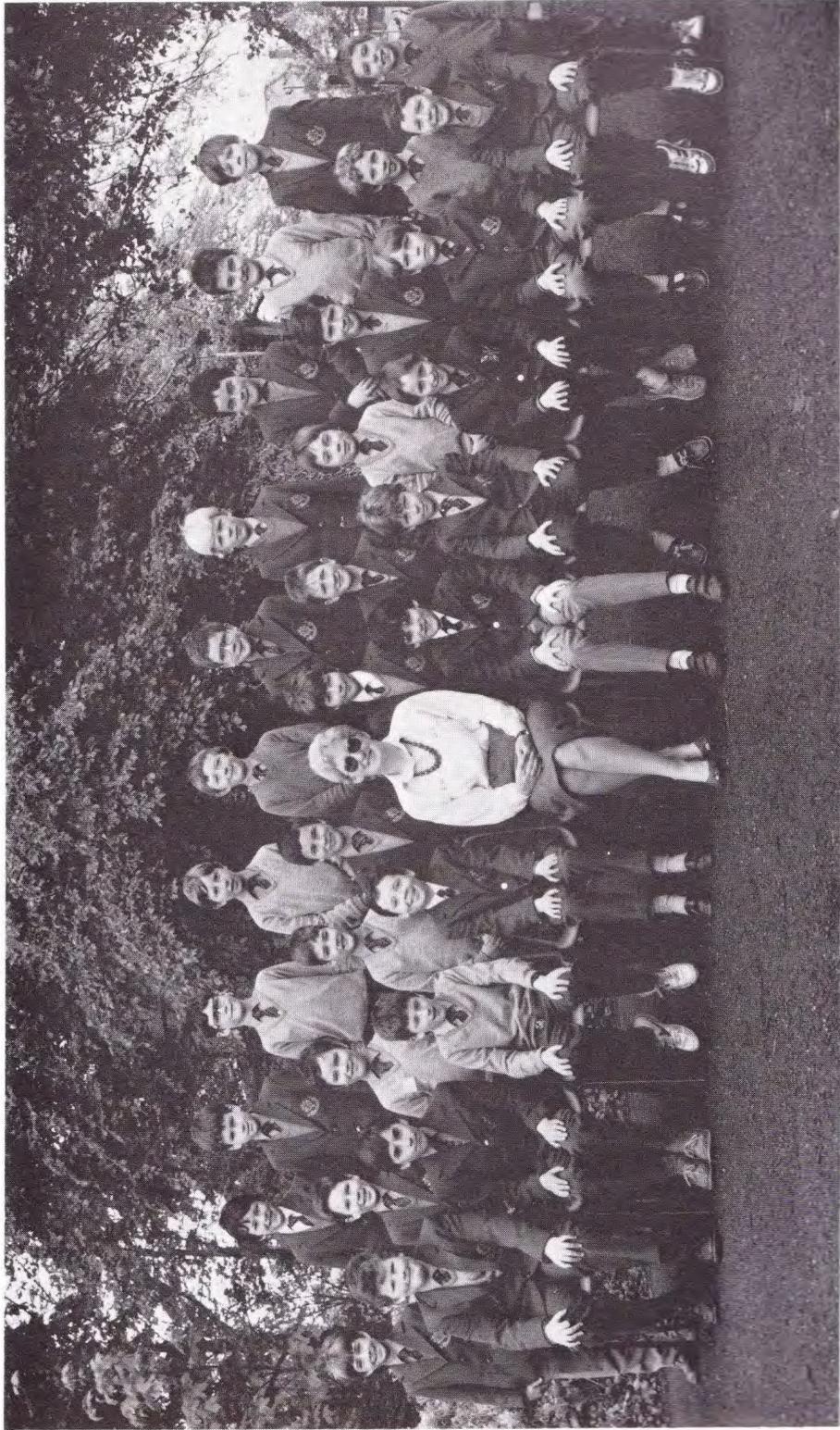
Rear: S. Rourke, T. Frewen, R. Becker, C. McLoughlin, M. Davy, R. Jackson, D. Kevans, R. O'Keefe, S. Collins, G. Mahon, D. Menzies.
Middle: A. Mullett, S. Coakley, J. Sheehy, W. Harnett, A. Scott, S. McGovern, J.P. O'Leary, B. McCarthy, D. Hyland, J. Ruane.
Front: A. McNamara, T. Honohan, D. Kinsella, O. Murphy, Mrs. T. Egan, E. Lynch, J. Forbes, D. Molloy, D. Murrinan.
Absent: R. Cotter.

PREP. 2



Rear: D. Murphy, B. Leahy, S. McHugh, A. Cunningham, D. Mangan, J. Ruane, J. Bailey, E. Davy, P. McMahon, J. Walshe, J. Hughes.
Middle: D. O Loinsigh, D. Halpin, S. Barry, B. Cahill, J. McColgan, B. Lawless, G. Duffy, J. Pegum, J. O'Doherty, J. Moriarty, T. Torney.
Front: B. O'Connor, R. Strahan, J. Morrissey, T. Murphy, Mrs. P. Crosbie, B. Byrne, M. Murphy, A. Butterly, M. McLaughlin.

PREP. 1



Rear: S. Matthews, A. Walsh, D. Ryan, P. O'Kelly, M. Gough, S. Parkinson, J. McCullough, D. O'Leary, D. Boland, R. More-O'Ferrall.
Middle: C. Murphy, C. Campbell, P. Madden, S. Roche, R. Mcagher, R. Whelan, C. McParilin, K. McGuinness, G. Keane, P. Burns, E. Fox.
Front: L. Byrne, J. Barnwell, R. Kennedy, C. Joyce, Ms. M. O'Kelly, C. Deasy, A. Brennan, K. O'Connor, C. Murphy, P. Roddy.

School Reports

GONZAGA TRIP TO LOURDES

The second trip to Lourdes involving Gonzaga students took place from 7 to 12 September. It was organised by Fr Peter Sexton SJ. Fr John Dunne SJ, who had only recently joined the community, accompanied the group of five students; Michael Doran and Ciaran Twomey from S.6 and David Kennedy, Jonathan Newman and Niall O'Doherty from S.6A. The Gonzaga Past Pupils' Union very kindly partly subsidised the cost of the trip.

Our task was to act as helpers, or brancardiers, for the invalids with the Dublin Diocesan Pilgrimage to Lourdes. We were all at first a little apprehensive, as was to be expected,

but this quickly melted away when we heard that most of the students from Gonzaga who went the previous year were returning to Lourdes again, now of course as past pupils.

The routine of the next five days was a complete departure from our usual slovenly ways, excepting Fr Dunne, for whom the 6 am rise was a luxury. The work was indeed long and hard. A detailed description of the routine is given by Paul Keelan in the 1987 Record.

Lourdes is split up into two quite distinct parts, the Grotto area and the town itself. The Grotto area covers a large expanse, containing two above ground basilicae and one immense underground basilica. This latter basilica is underneath the long drive

DUBLIN LOURDES PILGRIMAGE 1987



Back: J. Newman, D. Kennedy, N. O'Doherty.

Front: M. Doran, Fr J. Dunne, S.J., C. Twomey.

on which the pilgrims move in procession. The other two basilicae are built at the base and along the side of a hill, essentially one on top of the other, beside the grotto itself, where Mary appeared to Bernadette. They date from the turn of the century. Nearby is the *Accueil de Notre Dame*, the hospital where the invalids stay while in Lourdes. There are numerous other smaller buildings and a wide area of lightly wooded grassland, just across the river which runs along near the entrance to the Grotto.

The other part of Lourdes is the quite large town which partly encircles the Grotto area. This development is mainly due to the fame of the Grotto. It consists mostly of Hotels and shops selling various religious 'artefacts'. (These shops illustrate a dazzling display of what can be achieved by modern plastics moulding techniques.) The town is quite modern, though not unpleasantly so. A river runs through the centre of the town, and it is in the genial surrounding of a couple of cafés along the river that the brancardiers relax after a long, but rewarding day.

In Lourdes you inevitably learn a lot about yourself and those who are sick. One loses any inhibitions one may have about talking to the sick immediately. These inhibitions are often born out of a fear of saying something that might upset an ill, perhaps fatally so, person. Almost all the invalids, once they sense that you've a genuine interest in them as ordinary people, were very willing, almost relieved, to talk frankly about their illnesses. This readiness is, at first, quite startling. This illustrates the point that one of the main tasks of a brancardier is simply to chat to the patients.

We also found that Lourdes is definitely not a sad place. It was often the young seriously ill people that were the most joyful and enjoyed the trip the most, even though one could say that they had the most right to be bitter.

All the students who went to Lourdes came back with a different outlook on life, a change probably impossible to describe in words. An American author asks the question: 'But how can such courage be, and such faith in their own species? Very few things would teach such faith'. Lourdes did.

Jonathan Newman (S.6A)

SIXTH YEAR RETREAT

On 14 and 15 October 1987 forty members of Sixth Year took part in a retreat at Tabor House, Milltown. Each day began at 9.00 a.m. and finished at 5.00 p.m.

On arriving on the first morning we were brought into a small refectory and given tea and biscuits. When everyone had arrived we were introduced to the people leading the retreat, one priest and three lay people. We were then divided up into two groups.

By way of introduction, each member of the group was invited to say a little about themselves and their backgrounds. When this had been done we began the various exercises which were to take up most of the two days.

Most people think of a retreat as being synonymous with prayer, an opinion which I held myself, but that wasn't the case. Most of the exercises were lessons in listening, communicating and trusting. One exercise involved each member of the group being blindfolded and led by another through the building. Another exercise involved falling backwards off a table and relying on your peers to catch you.

At 1.00 p.m. each day there was an hour's break for lunch. On resumption in the afternoon there was a short, half hour period of meditation in a small prayer room which was very relaxing. Just before we left on the second day, there was a mass during which a short

scene from the bible was acted out by eight of the group.

All in all, it was a very enjoyable and peaceful two days. Everyone who took part agreed that you got as much out of it as you put in. It was an opportunity to get to know oneself and the other members of the class better.

Andrew Mareee (S.6A)

GONZAGA FIFTH YEAR PROJECT

This year's project really started in October with a mammoth 4-hour committee meeting which, if nothing else, aptly demonstrated the need for and value of an agenda. After several weeks' consideration we decided that this year's beneficiaries would be the St Vincent de Paul Sunshine Fund and the Irish Wheelchair Association. Our next problem was figuring out how to raise the money by which they would benefit! Despite several hair-brained schemes (including a mass parachute jump!), perhaps inevitably we opted for the Pink Elephant Push of last year, believing, in our innocence, that it would be both simple to organise and financially lucrative.

To cut a very long, complicated and, at times, seemingly doomed-to-failure story short the Push began on 21 March. With the world-renowned Elephant Pusher, the Lord Mayor Carmencita Hederman and an excellent jazz band to set us on our way the 126 miles in front of us seemed like a mere jaunt! What could possibly dampen our spirits?

It rained every single day and we had gale-force winds on three successive days. Needless to say our spirits weren't the only things to get thoroughly soaked! Poor Clarabella, our beloved elephant was forced to spend long periods of time under a rather shapeless polythene overcoat which sadly hid her angelic smile and

appealing eyes. However, such was the excellent spirit and camaraderie that, except for a short spell of "Portlaoise Blues", we trundled happily onward each day, shaking our collecting buckets in the most beguiling manner possible at every innocent car or pedestrian we met.

Unfortunately, Clarabella had aged seriously since last year and twice needed hip-replacements during our 6-day walk. All credit to our medical crew for saving the day and Clarabella's legs. A successful publicity campaign before and during the project lent us a certain notoriety and thanks to our daily phone link-up with Radio 2 more than one driver stopped to enquire after Clarabella's dodgy legs.

The last day, we had been gleefully assured by Fr Brennan, was the toughest. However, before hitting the road we experienced a problem. Our Elephant had been stolen during the night! Nenagh, the scene of the crime, had proven itself capable of the most dastardly of deeds. Luckily, terrible visions of Clarabella being shipped off to South America and sold to wealthy art-dealers were shattered by the local constabulary. They informed us that a large pink animal, elephantine in shape and with a rather bewitching smile had been found, parked behind the Police station. Soon we were reunited and by 4 o'clock we had reached Limerick following the most testing day's walk, a gruelling 26 miles of Irish motorway, inhabited only by frequent pot-holes and the odd startled cow.

But what of the 26 5th years in Dublin? They passed the time, with rich results, by pushing a large litter bin through the streets, collecting litter and, more importantly, money as they went. Together we raised the fantastic sum of £20,450.

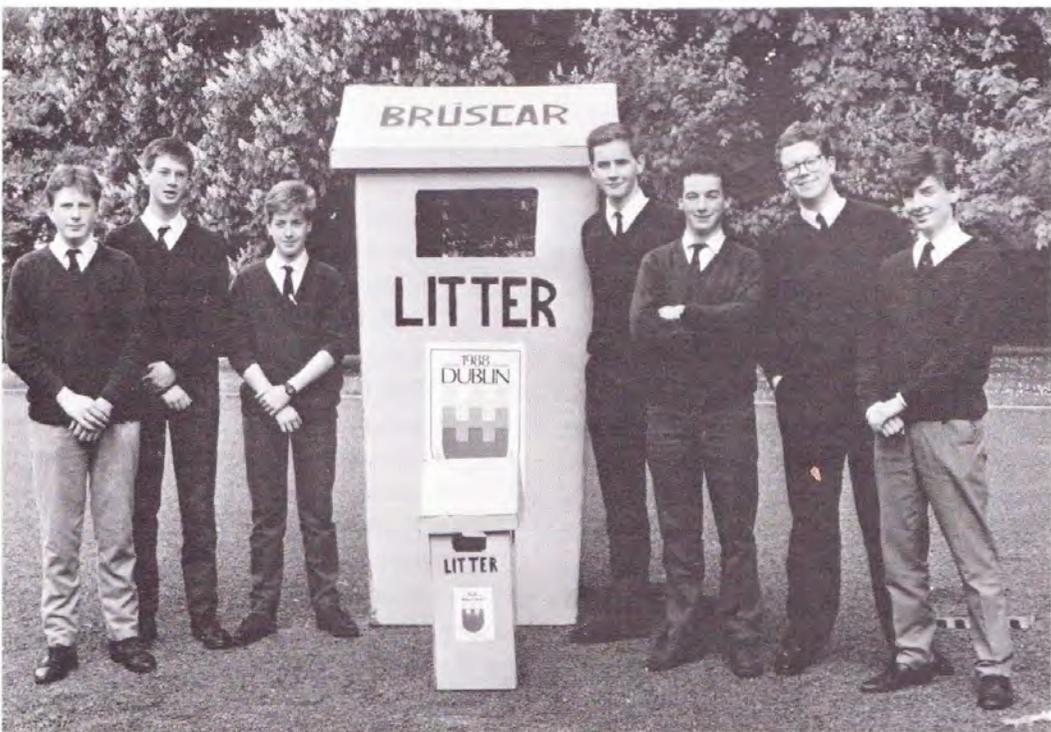
Finally I would like to thank those teachers who came down each day to drive the van, chaperone us and provide a link with the outside world.

5th YEAR PROJECT COMMITTEE



J. Cooney, S. Higgins, J. Morgan, A. Kelly, G. Love, S. O'Connor, (Chairman),
S. Carty, Fr J. Brennan, S.J., O. Smyth.

BIN BUILDERS AND DUBLIN COMMITTEE



S. Fahy, M. Magan, K. Whelan, A. Kelly, R. O'Mahony, S. Carty, B. Connellan.
Absent: T. Tuomey.

Their support and encouragement shortened our road considerably and without them the entire project would have been impossible. Special thanks also to Mrs Evans, Gonzaga's perpetual motion machine, and also to Fr Brennan, our mentor. On behalf of fifth year I bestow upon them all Honorary Membership of that most exclusive of clubs: **The Elephanteers!**

Project Committee: S. O'Connor, S. Higgins, S. Carty, G. Love, J. Morgan, A. Kelly, J. Cooney, O. Smyth, Martin Dunn.

Stephen Higgins

THE 4TH YEAR ALL-NIGHT RETREAT

At about 11.30 pm on Friday 11 March, a group consisting of about 20 members of S.4A, along with a couple of refugees from S.4 arrived at Gonzaga House to take part in the second 4th Year All-Night Retreat of the school year. There was some trepidation amongst us, especially considering the varied reviews which the Retreat had received from S.4, and most had come more out of curiosity than any great religious motive. We were met by Mr Regan, 4th Year's ever-smiling religion teacher, Deacon Jim Culliton, SJ, the 3rd and 4th Year Chaplain, and Paul, Austin and Lorraine, three friends of Mr Regan, who had kindly offered to conduct the Retreat.

After a small introduction we were split into three discussion groups and in these groups, began trying to get to know ourselves and each other better. About twenty minutes later, we went to the chapel in the Priests' House and had a short meditation service led by Austin which was generally found to be relaxing.

Following this, we watched a video called 'Paki' which showed us that God is very human and is always present in our day-to-day lives. We then had a group discussion about what God meant to us and which images we associated with him. This was followed by a short break for refreshments after which Jim unfortunately had to leave us.

Fr Brennan then conducted a reconciliation service for us, based on the Gospel story of the women at the well. He heard confessions for some time and finally led a symbolic burning of our sins. Next, we watched a rather strange video called 'Neighbours' which emphasised how disputes can arise over very trivial matters — in this case a flower. We broke up into our various groups and discussed disputes in general.

It was about 4 am when we stopped for our Agape meal, following in the footsteps of the early Christians. This was followed by a two-part video called 'Timmy and Vicky' on the subject of adolescent relationships. It got a bad reception in the various discussion groups as most of us felt that it was applicable to a younger age-group.

We were quite tired as we made our way to the gym for a basketball tournament which woke us up considerably, although many were more interested in practising some music for the Eucharist with Mr Ó Briain who had just arrived. The Eucharist, celebrated in the school chapel by Fr Brennan, ended at about half-past eight, after which we went home with mixed reactions. Some had found it boring, while others felt it had been interesting and worthwhile.

We would all like to thank Fr Brennan, Mr Ó Briain, Jim Culliton, Paul, Austin, Lorraine and especially Mr Regan who organised the Retreat.

Brian Kennedy (S.4A)

THE SOCIETY OF ST VINCENT DE PAUL

The year began with forty-five eager members from Fourth and Fifth years relaxing in the day-room of the Royal Hospital in Donnybrook. We listened intently to a resumé of last year's and an introduction to this year's activities.

In a matter of weeks the Christmas spirit had enveloped the conference. After some quite frantic discussion, the three dates for carol-singing were decided: 5, 12 and 19 December. With musical accompaniment from Patrick Flynn and Hugh Kelly, our trusty carol-singers succeeded in raising £1,228.47.

The annual Christmas party was held at the hospital on 22 December. About thirty-five members sang their way around the wards with Simon Carty, the very epitome of Santa Claus, showering gifts on the patients.

The new year brought in a new committee: Stephen Higgins (president), Ronan Keogan (vice-president), Eoin Corrigan (secretary), and John Twomey (treasurer).

The novel idea of last year's committee of presenting an Easter egg to each of the patients was repeated this year with the formation of the E.E.C. (Easter Egg Committee). One hundred and twenty-six Easter eggs were bought and delivered for our 12 April meeting (two weeks too late, our president still claims!). Thanks to the zeal of all present, the whole affair was very successful. (This has nothing to do with the fact that the vice-president received a left-over Easter egg as a present.)

Other notable events throughout the year included a V de P youth conference in Trinity College on 6 February which was attended by the vice-president and treasurer. Our meetings were greatly boosted by two visits early in the year from Gerry Martin, a senior figure in the V de P organisation, who advised us, among

other things, to form a past-pupils' conference. To put an end to a most successful year, nine members of the conference spent a week in Sunshine House this summer — no doubt due to the enthusiasm of our president who spent two weeks there last year.

Finally on behalf of all the members of the V de P conference in Gonzaga I would like to thank our chaplain, Fr John Moylan SJ whose guidance and enthusiasm encouraged all of us.

Ronan Keogan (S.4A)
(vice-president)

AN CHOMHDHÁIL 1987-8

An independent indicator of the intellectual state of Gonzaga's '*crème de la crème*' is annually provided by the standard of An Chomhdháil's debates. For their espousal of the English language, and for their commitment to its defence, these men are to be praised. Most notable were: Turlough Bolger's lyrically inspirational poetry and Patrick Flynn for his endearing and captivating style which convinced the adjudicators on many an occasion. Michael Connerty contributed greatly to the 1987-88 session with his traditional oratory; wielding the sword of understatement with the agility and might of a Samurai.

Although the above excelled in their delivery, others concentrated more on the use of original argument that was both logical and satisfying. Simon Carty, for instance, outweighed many speeches by examining a topic more profoundly, or by laterally outmanoeuvring an opposition case. Marcus Dowling and Eugene Downes stand out as the most promising speakers from the school at present. Marcus' eloquence and Eugene's cleverly-constructed discourse certainly surprised An Chomhdháil as a whole.

CÓMHDHAIL COMMITTEE 1987-88



Back: S. Higgins, B. Doherty, M. Dowling, D. Bateman.

Front: K. Morris (Auditor), Mr. D. Cusack (President), O. Smyth (Secretary).

With these resources, Gonzaga comfortably won all her home debates, defeating Alexandra College, Mount Anville and The Holy Child school, Killiney. Our losses at the hands of Muckross Park (twice), Loreto on the Green and at an interschool match (where Patrick Flynn and Simon Carty must have come within a hairsbreadth of winning) were well compensated for by Marcus Dowling's magnificent performance at another interschool event in Mount Anville, where he single-handedly carried off a victory for the school.

Under the guidance of Mr Cusack, and with the future promise of third and fourth year yet to come, An Chomhdháil looks set for another fine and enjoyable session.

Ossian Smyth (S.5)

COMMUNITY SUPPORT GROUP

In October 1987 a very large number of staff met to express their support for the scheme, in this, its second year. The enthusiasm, diversity of talent and flexibility of these members of staff facilitated the expansion and development of the activities engaged in during the previous year. The response of the 5th Year students to the appeal for their participation was whole-hearted and very encouraging. The first action began on 12 November and continued until Easter with one large sub-group, in fact, working right through to the end of May. A very high level of commitment was sustained throughout the year and the following are some reports on the individual activities engaged in.

Mr. D. Keenahan

Home Improvement for the Elderly

Work was done on seven houses, varying from one room to 'all the ground floor' and ranging from three to six visits per house. The people referred to us by the Friends of the Elderly Society lived in very unpleasant conditions and in some cases, appalling ones.

Berger Paints Ltd, once again, made a generous donation of paint and the remaining materials and tools were, for the most part, supplied by the many teachers who took turns in assisting us in the work. Without their support and knowledge the scheme could not have succeeded. Particularly we wish to acknowledge the contribution of Mr Cusack who has been the backbone of the scheme since its inception.

This scheme was doubly satisfying in that one gained a working knowledge of wallpapering, painting and carpentry while enhancing the homes of needy people. It was great to look back at a weekend and feel that one had spent part of it doing something worthwhile for other people.

Throughout the scheme we came into contact with some of the many people who live in squalid houses, having few, if any, friends or comforts and very little money. It was great to see their faces smiling in appreciation of the jobs we did.

Jim Gallagher (S.5)
Manchan Magan (S.5A)
Rory Egan (S.5)

Sport for the Travellers

The first task was to revamp the outdoor basketball court. The court markings were repainted and new baskets and backboards erected. The groundsman, Benny Lynam, gave us valuable assistance in this latter task.

The early sessions were difficult because it took some time for trust to build up between ourselves and the travellers. Soon a pattern was established whereby the boys played soccer and the girls played basketball. Coaching, refereeing and organising were three difficult aspects of each half-hour session. Although progress was very gradual the sessions were usually enjoyable and it was a very worthwhile experience for us. The final session, just after Easter, was a great climax to the year, when we staged a 'Sports Day' for them. Medals were awarded for events which varied from 400m races to 3-legged races. The tug-of-war was a highlight of a day they clearly enjoyed greatly and will be a happy memory for all involved.

Trevor Browne (S.5)
Tim Tuomey (S.5A)

Toy Distribution at Christmas

Last year's fourth option (the only one not repeated from year to year) was a Survey of Attitudes to Unemployment. This was successfully completed and published. A new activity was needed this year and so it was decided to make a collection of toys during the first term. The response was initially disappointing but through the persistence of the collectors, under the direction of Mr McCarthy, a fine collection was achieved by mid-December. These were cleaned and in some cases repaired and having classified them under the headings of age and sex they were gift-wrapped.

On the last Sunday before Christmas they were handed over to the St Vincent de Paul Society, who distributed them to young families experiencing hardship.



5th Year students with autistic group and Ms MacConville and Mr Slevin.

PE for the Autistics

About twenty autistics and several of their therapists from the Gheel Therapeutic Centre in Milltown came to our gym each Tuesday. The hope was not just to create a credible one-to-one relationship between the autistics and ourselves but to encourage a better sense of coordination and physical confidence in each of the visitors. We were all apprehensive on our first encounter with them. Even after a few sessions of PE there was evidence of the aims being realised, however gradually. Nonetheless, there was something lacking until Ms Ita MacConville provided not only the inspiration but also the leadership.

Instead of straightforward PE she proposed the idea of Aerobics and exercises done to music, which was eagerly and unanimously agreed to. On the 3rd November, Ms MacConville, resplendent in black leotard, re-launched the scheme on a whole new footing, as she led the autistics and ourselves in aerobic dancing to the strains of the 'Pet Shop Boys' and the 'Communards'. The new style sessions

were a stunning success and with the ongoing support of Mr Slevin and Ms MacConville, they continued throughout the year. It became an integral part of the autistics' therapy and was an enjoyable and memorable part of our 5th year.

Simon Carty (S.5A)

URBAN PLUNGE

The Urban Plunge is the brain-child of Fr Paul Lavelle who spent 10 years working as a curate in Sean McDermott Street and at present is Chairman of the Archbishop's Task Force on AIDS.

Fr Lavelle recognised the enormous gap that was growing between the rich and poor of Dublin, not merely in terms of possessions but also in their attitudes towards each other. The Urban Plunge was conceived as a way to help bridge this gap.

6th Year students from four different schools (St. Conleth's, Belvedere, Gonzaga and King's Hospital) spent over 48 hours immersed in a different way of life, a completely different

culture. The main goal of this exercise, we were told, is not to find solutions to the many problems that exist but merely to become aware that they do exist.

This year is only the second time that Gonzaga has taken part in the Plunge. However, due to the enthusiastic reports that reached our ears from last year's 'plungers', over 30 of this year's 6th Year wished to participate (up from 8 in 1987). Unfortunately, this excellent response took the organizers by surprise, and in the end only 25 of us could be accommodated in parishes, including Ballymun, Meadowbrook, Crumlin and Sean McDermott Street itself.

For those of us who were staying in the Inner City, the plunge began at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 6 January at the offices of the Youth Employment Action Group in Lower Buckingham Street. There we received a talk from Paul (19), who used to be a joy-rider, and is currently facing a prison sentence of 2-7 years for armed robbery, and Fran, whose brother, who is suffering from the AIDS virus has only six months to live.

It came as quite a shock to discover that three of us were staying with Paul! As we left the meeting that night with him, we passed a group of 6 or 7 teenagers who were smashing up a car, prior to setting it on fire; we wondered what we had let ourselves in for.

That evening, however, we and a few other 'plungers' spent with Paul and other members of the community swapping stories and telling jokes. We soon discovered that 'people are people', and that there is no difference between those of us who live in Sean McDermott Street and those of us who live in South Dublin. Far from being fierce and aggressive, the people we met were good-natured and open, and they did not grudge us the luck which we had had in being born into our lives of relative comfort. It suddenly struck me, as I went to bed that night, that the people with whom

I had been laughing and joking were what I would have previously seen as hardened and dangerous criminals. I began to realise how completely different my set of values was from those of Paul.

It was a difference which was underlined as the two days wore on. We heard from Joe Costelloe (Prisoners' Rights Association) and Sgt. Foley (a local Garda). We played football and snooker with Fran and his mates; we talked to Mick Rafferty, social worker and Tony Gregory's right-hand man, and, most interesting of all, we had a talk from Larry.

Larry is 36, married with three children; he has been a thief for almost 20 years; he has been hooked on heroin for the last 8 years, and he has had the AIDS virus for the last 3 or 4 years. Larry spent a long time trying to kick his habit but he has more or less resigned himself to the fact that he will be addicted for the rest of his life as, if he stops taking heroin, he is afraid that he will make his body more vulnerable to full-blown AIDS.

To pay for his heroin, which costs about £300 a day, Larry considers he has no option but to continue stealing. He managed to explain his problem to us, which is, to a lesser extent, the problem of everybody who lives in the Inner City. Larry obviously can't get a job that will pay him the £100,000 a year he needs for his heroin and, in fact, very few people from the Inner City can get any job at all; with their accents, addresses and lack of qualifications, they are considered unemployable.

Thus, many are forced to supplement their incomes from the State the only way they can — by stealing. Their point of view may not be laudable, but it is understandable, and until we start to do something about their problems, we are not in a position to judge them. If the Urban Plunge has taught us only that, then it has been a great success.

David Kennedy (S.6A)

HISTORY QUIZ WINNERS



Back: R. O'Mahony, B. Doherty, C. McGorrian.

Front: B. Donnellan, Ms A. Nevin, N. Webb, J. Healy.

HISTORY QUIZ

This year's history quiz convened in the auspicious surroundings of the Holy Faith Convent, Clontarf on Thursday 28 January. The now annual event draws schools from as far afield as Dundalk and Wexford.

Gonzaga had won the competition last year. So it was with the intention of maintaining that tradition that a delegation of four, (i.e. Barry Doherty, Hugh McGovern, Nicholas Webb and Conor McGorrian) was dispatched to Clontarf.

Although the timespan which the quiz encompassed — 400 A.D. to the present — day was extensive, we answered the majority of the questions without difficulty. Our lowest score on any round was 416 which left quite a healthy margin for error. The Catholic University School was our closest rival during the quiz but our team emerged

with a clear five point lead over our competitors.

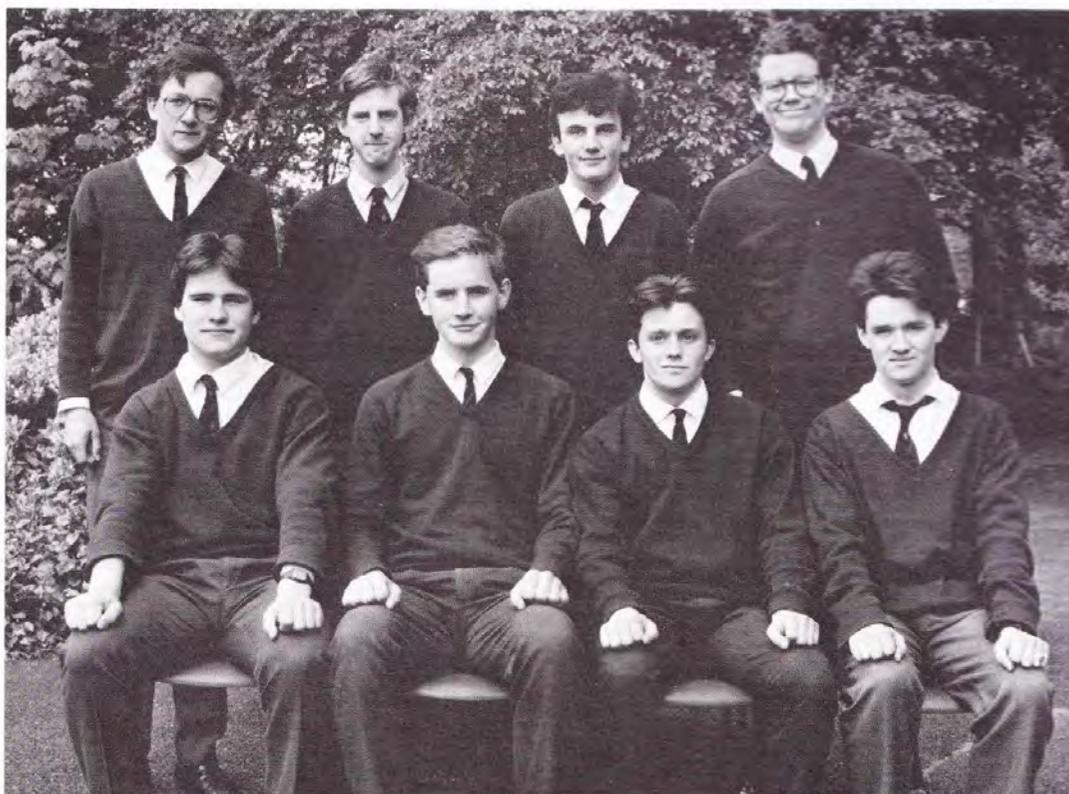
Barry Doherty accepted a bronze statue of Cúchulainn (which was immediately transferred into Miss Nevin's care) and each team-member received the princely sum of £10 for his exertions. The team dispersed victorious and the 5th Years among our party pledged to maintain the tradition next year.

Hugh McGovern (S.6A)

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

We believe in the dignity of all human beings. We wholeheartedly support the work of Amnesty International in defence of all those who are imprisoned or tortured because of their peacefully

AMNESTY GROUP



Back: M. Dowling, D. O'Neill, P. McVeigh, S. Carty.
Seated: D. Bateman, A. Kelly, A. Boxberger, P. Flynn.
Absent: Mr. B. Regan.

held beliefs. So should you. — Simple Minds, 3 March 1986.

After a rather shaky beginning in 1986, the College Amnesty group returned with a determined vigour, and a posse of new members (the result of a midsummer's concert by U2, methinks).

Encouraged relentlessly by Mr Brian Regan, we laboured each Friday afternoon, writing letters to various heads of State, the celebrated activity of Amnesty's worldwide campaign.

The governing Irish Section then began to emphasize the importance of the school groups, and in particular their potential fund-raising capabilities. Three members rallied to the cause, taking part in a sponsored fast. However, the highpoint of the group's year was undoubtedly the staging of Tom Stoppard's *'Professional Foul'*.

All of the members surrendered their Easter holiday to rehearsal. The play was a resounding success with Eugene Downes and Patrick Flynn magnificent in their lead roles. It achieved two aims: firstly it raised money on behalf of Amnesty International, and secondly it established the group as a worthwhile organisation within the College. (We are indebted to Kevin Quinn and Alan Murray-Hayden, who organised the stage lighting, and to Jane Deane of Mount Anville.)

Don't dismiss Amnesty as just another extracurricular activity. Attend a meeting, then decide.

Alan Boxberger (S.5)

POLITICAL SCIENCE — A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT

It was an enthusiastic Mr Brian Regan who entered the S.5 classroom 2 years ago to begin the Political Science class. To his disappointment this was not reflected by the pupils, who appeared to employ the motto 'anything but work'. However, the class soon began to discuss various political manifestoes and ideologies. We were not long in analysing the origins of power, effects and causes of unemployment, the Palestinian problem, socialism, communism, Marxism and many other questions of political importance. Following the beliefs of Cardinal John Newman and Father Joseph Veale, SJ, this was 'not dissipation of the mind, but progress'. It was indeed 'cultivation of the intellect' and in hindsight compares favourably with the ethos of the college. The classes have been informative and interesting, giving each pupil a wider knowledge of the world surrounding us.

Eamonn Carney (S.6)

2nd YEAR PARENTS' PROGRAMME

We met in September to see if we could more successfully, and together, hand on the faith to the boys. We agreed that this involved improving the level of communication between parent and son, between school and parent and between pupil and teacher. Fr Moylan pointed out that it wasn't easy to have an effective religious influence in a world where many other messages spoke loudly of self-interest and limited perspective. The description Catholic school would only mean something when all concerned, pupil, teacher and parent tried consciously to

make the gospel a reality in the day-to-day life of the school.

We enumerated our difficulties: lack of personal confidence, distrust in one's own formation in faith, individual problems with certain aspects of faith, including the institutional Church and parish life, difficulty in praying with one's children, difficulty entering into discussion with more sophisticated adolescents, no time for fostering religion in one's life and concern for justice rather than for faith.

We formed 12 groups of 4 to 5 couples each, who decided to meet in twelve homes. All were to discuss an extract from the book *Bringing Up Children in the Christian Faith* by John Westerhoff III. When we met again in November, each of the groups reported what happened in the homes. This was followed by a general discussion and tea. This became the normal format of our meetings. Westerhoff had been of considerable help, but the problem seemed large and varied. For our meeting in February we decided to give some prominence to pure theology. This was supplied by an early work of Joseph Ratzinger *The Resurrection of Jesus Christ*.

Before this February meeting took place, the parents met in January to talk to Drs Deasy and Clarke, and Fr Moylan about the lectures on sexuality soon to be given to the boys. These talks were assessed by the parents at the February meeting. All seemed genuinely happy about them.

Some wanted to bring the boys into our discussions, but how? Mr Conlon kindly supplied us with a text *The Best Catholic*, which was a detailed description of three Catholics, Hanson, Clarke and Gray, each possessing qualities and defects. Those discussing the text had to choose the best Catholic. The boys and the parents met in groups in the houses. When we met in April all groups praised the

meetings as a worthwhile experiment. Also at this meeting Messrs Horan, Semple and Pelly presented the pamphlet *The Catholic School*.

On the Eve of the Ascension, Frs Moylan, Sexton and Dunne celebrated Mass for our final meeting. Fr Sexton preached the homily. At the end of Mass, Mrs Comerford played on the organ and Mrs Sheila Peregrine played Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons* on the violin. The night ended with a party in the library during which the parents made a presentation to Fr Moylan.

It was a successful year, not always easy, since each person's needs are different, but one that brought us closer together as a community. How to incorporate the boys into the dialogue remains an important question for next year.

EASTER HOSTELLING

This year the chosen 21 were, without doubt, one of the most fortunate groups to go hostelling at Easter yet. We were blessed with beautiful weather and kept our rain-gear firmly in our rucksacks!

On Monday morning we assembled at Crampton Quay in order to catch the 65 bus to Donard. From there we had a 'short trot' to the youth hostel. On our arrival, the two wardens — Anne and Bill Carpenter — greeted us warmly. After Mr McBryan arrived with the rest of the luggage, we unpacked. Fr Moylan then called out the names of the three dorm leaders and their platoons.

After half an hour had passed, we set off for the first of our climbs, Table mountain. We walked along the road beside the military range for a couple of miles... then we started the climb — and a tough climb it was too! However, we reached the summit and adjourned for a well deserved snack. It

was soon apparent that some of the hikers were beginning to 'feel the pain' and the prospect of conquering Lobawn at a pace that left even the tireless Fr Moylan breathless, certainly didn't help. The last big climb of the day was the Sugarloaf. One of the many weary travellers, trying to convince himself that the summit was 'just around the next bend'... and failing... was heard to remark 'When will this mountain end?' was answered with a gleeful retort from Fr Moylan: 'You ain't seen nothing yet kid!' Needless to say, he was true to his words and marched on relentlessly.

When we eventually arrived back at the hostel, mass was said. After that, the highly efficient Mr Fassbender lost no time in pinning up a list of chores. After everybody had eaten and the tasks were all completed, we performed our 'soirees'. During the performances, Mr Fassbender (not for the first time, displaying extraordinary initiative) decided to mark each individual and the dorm's total. 'Table' won, with 'Kaedeem' a close second and 'Lugnaquilla' floundering in last place! Then we went to bed.

Most of us got up bright and early — some of the others' early reluctance was banished when informed that they had 10 minutes to get breakfast! We all left at 10 o'clock for Kaedeem mountain. We passed through downtown Knockanarrigan en route. Luckily, we managed to avoid the rush hour!

In my opinion, Kaedeem was the toughest climb of the walk and we were all very relieved to reach the summit. We also managed to get to see Michael Dwyer's cottage. We came off Kaedeem on to Ballineedan and then ascended Slievemaan. As the majority of us were totally exhausted by then, it was no surprise when Fr Moylan's suggestion of going on to climb Lugnaquilla, was greeted with fervent protests! Much to the disappointment of the ambitious few, it was decided to retrace our steps back to the hostel.

When we got back, everybody unwound at Fr Moylan's mass before taking part in a quiz between the 3 dorms. 'Table' was out of contention after a while, and it was a two horse race between 'Lug' and 'Kaedeem'. Tempers erupted when Messrs Bailey and Quinlan were suspected of collusion! However, justice was done and 'Lug' emerged victorious! They received a large box of sweets — courtesy of Mr McBryan and Mr Fassbender. Then it was time for bed again. At this point, I must mention John Lambert, who despite an injury sustained early in the first day, heroically battled on without causing much disruption.

The final day was spent cleaning up and going to Donard. On behalf of the whole group, who I know thoroughly enjoyed the whole experience, I would like to thank Mr McBryan, Mr Fassbender, Anne and Billy Carpenter and of course, Fr Moylan, to whom we cannot express enough thanks for all he has done this year.

Gareth Pelly (S.2A)

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD

The comic pornographer and the rabble of prostitutes have gone home. The stage on which they acted, the little grey-blue world we made, has been turned into a cheap hotel set. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead. Yet nobody, on either side of the curtain, will forget those few hours of suspended disbelief.

The audience see one side: the pretty pictures, the carefully arranged moves. The lights cut blue and yellow shafts through the fog; a barrel lid rises and the Player King peeps out. From back-stage the view is different. The fog comes from a machine and is gently

fanned onstage with a piece of cardboard. The wings are a chaos of cables and props.

Sometimes *'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead'* seems like a joke at our expense as well as Shakespeare's: a play which cannot be performed. The two title characters have to deliver thousands of words each, and remain on stage for the whole play. The set has to change in an instant from a castle to a ship. And then there are the barrels: actors have to go down one, seven at a time, and appear up another. By and large, we coped with these challenges.

David Kennedy and John Heffernan were superb as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern respectively, seldom skipping more than a few pages of script as the intricate dialogue threatened to go out of control. Sterling support was given by Willy Hederman as the majestic Player King. From among his 'mechanics of cheap melodrama', Brendan Donlon and Killian Morris deserve special mention for the pains they took to achieve realism in the dumb show scene: truly a case of self-sacrifice beyond the call of duty.

In the royal court of Denmark, Ciaran Twomey and Helen Warner were suitably regal as king and queen, while Tim Dawson performed the role of Hamlet with demented energy. On the receiving end of Hamlet's wrath, Ophelia (Emma McIvor) countered Tim's howls with some particularly effective shrieking. Another actor punishing his vocal chords was Jonathan Newman, whose version of Polonius was a classic of its kind. Assorted soldiers made up the numbers in Elsinore.

Then there were those who were only seen by the audience on Saturday night, when they emerged shyly from their dark caverns in the wings. The actors (emphasis on the second syllable) had strutted and fretted their hours upon the stage, but now it was our turn. For the first time the

audience saw David Reddy, creator of things that go bang in the night; Alan Lawlor, with his tapes of pirate attacks and the unforgettable music for the dumb show scene (the only time music has had an audience in stitches). Niall O'Doherty, on lights, once again managed to make a lot out of a little (including an assistant who couldn't even turn the lights off properly). Niall Connor presided with unshakeable calm over an army of prop-finders, seamstresses and set-builders which ranged from Muckross to the Prep School (remember the rigging? Come to that, remember the Bench Which Doesn't Exist?).

Under the benevolent dictatorship of Mr Bevan and Mr O'Connell we created a show to remember. Some of us may continue in the theatre. We've come this far. And besides, anything could happen yet.

Barry Doherty (S.6A)

THE OPERA

'Aghast at the Wedding' is something of an anomaly in the Gonzaga Operatic Cycle, for the days of Alpha Chemicals are long past and Anastatia is, as yet, unvisited. Even Warbeck's presence is denied us. So what is left? A tale of marriage, intrigue, kidnapping and the greatest restaurant in all the land, Casa Luigi.

Mr Murphy, highly organised as always, ensured that rehearsals started during October, as he put his prospective Senior Chorus through their paces. Auditions quickly followed, marked at first by shaking knees and voices and by cries of 'I can't do it!' Accepting this as normal Mr Murphy strove to shape a cast from this assortment and, with second and third and speaking part auditions, did so. The provisional cast list was announced on the last day of term, to

some surprise, much joy and a little disappointment.

Christmas was nearly left to us but cast rehearsals soon impinged. Called out into the cold air to travel to Julian Morgan's house we little knew what to expect but soon learned — this opera was not a democratic affair and that Mr Murphy's word was law. Rehearsal went well for all present. After a certain initial shakiness the cast was officially decided and all made it safely through to the performances.

Rehearsals passed without incident into a cold hall with wet paint everywhere — the stage crew was highly efficient (no need for snow this year) — and even the onset of the choruses couldn't derail us. Everything was going well, from the dance to the carpet rolling and Mr Murphy seemed happy in his own inimitable way. The chorus felt his wrath a few times for the usual uncertainty of their parts but otherwise everything was moving smoothly. Even the dress rehearsal didn't go too badly.

As first night drew near, confidence increased and the show came together. Tim Tuomey, contrary to first impressions, could do it, and did on the night. Patrick Flynn and Catherine Halloran made a lovely couple, and with Conor Hillery and Emma McIvor, a lovely quartet. Julian Morgan's rendition of the Car Maintenance song will long be remembered, as will the car and its self-will. The 'simultaneous' scene between Candleman (Justin McCarron) and the Ambassador (Rory Egan) worked very well thanks to meticulous (and last minute) rehearsal. The dance and Rory O'Brien's Drunken Goat threatened to steal the show and were duly encored.

Backstage was handled admirably by Manchan Magan and things never got too far out of hand. The orchestra, including a goodly number of Gonzaga and Muckross students, under the grizzled baton, performed to its usual high standard. In fact, the whole production was its customary success

and any qualms about the rule-of-iron policy were forgotten as one went on stage perfectly sure of one's part.

So in the end, we were not moulded but polished by the producer's hand

and offered an opportunity to shine for which we thank him.

John Cooney (S.5A)

PREP SCHOOL

So numerous and diverse were the happenings during the year that it is not possible to do justice to all the activities and persons involved. Noteworthy however, was the departure of Fr William Lee, S.J. after many years of dedicated service, latterly as chaplain to the Prep School.

The mild weather resulted in excellent participation in both winter and summer sports. Many parents gave considerable time and effort to organising and ferrying pupils to matches.

The Millennium Celebrations were a dominant theme in the classroom, as well as in outings and activities. Many boys learned about the history of their locality leading to an appreciation of and sense of identity with their native city.

The walls of classrooms and corridors were seldom bare in a year which saw the production of more projects than ever before. Virtually every class subject was studied in a range of exciting and absorbing projects undertaken with great enthusiasm and imagination by the pupils. The completion and success of these projects owes much to the dedication,

attention to detail, and above all, patience of the teachers involved ably supported by the parents.

Fr Alan Mowbray, S.J. was a regular and popular visitor whose group celebrations of the Sacrament of Reconciliation were warmly received and commented on by the boys. The Prep 4 boys and parents spent a brief period discussing and reflecting on various aspects of our human development, an exercise which most found enriching and worthwhile.

Many of the year's memorable experiences were outside the field of book learning. Drama classes were greatly enjoyed, and as was evidenced on Sports' Day a standard of some excellence was achieved in art and pottery. The same day was also remarkable for the participation of so many pupils and the organisational assistance of so many teachers and parents. Many teachers remarked this year both in relation to classroom activities and games, on the honesty and sense of fair play in competition among the pupils. This is a most desirable quality which surely augurs well for the future.

The huge Viking poster displayed on Sports Day encapsulates perhaps, much of what has been memorable in the past year.

DIARY OF THE SCHOOL YEAR 1987-88

- 2 September Despite hopes to the contrary school reopens. Only 254 days until the summer holidays!
- 6-11 September Don't ever talk about 'baptisms of fire' to our newest arrival, Fr Dunne. Scarcely had the Reverend Father unpacked his bags than he was burdened with taking 6 boys, whom he had never met, 1,000 miles to Lourdes. Obviously, not a member of the 'once bitten, twice shy' brigade, he later confirmed that he would take the Dirty Dozen to Lourdes in '88.
- 9 September Rugby training begins in earnest with a brisk 10-mile run. The dynamic duo carefully monitor the pace from their cars.
- 13 October Members of the 4th, 5th and 6th year see *The Crucible* in the Olympia.
- 23-25 October 6th year ventures to Stratford-on-Avon to sample the alternative-comedy of the 17th century.
- 6 November Opera auditions begin. An unfortunate bass complains that he can't sing high enough. Mr Murphy assures him that it's all a case of mind-over-matter!
- 10-14 November 5th year Social Projects begin. These consist of working with travellers, the elderly and the autistic.
- 19-21 November The school play reaches new heights with the superb production of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*. Well done Mr Bevan and cast!
- 3 December Ms MacConville leads a motley bunch of fifth years and autistics through what became a weekly half-hour aerobics session. Attracted by the screams of pain Mr McCarthy looks in and wonders if this could be the rugby training of tomorrow? Mr Slevin is unable to join in, due to a war injury.
- 5, 12, 19 December On 3 successive Saturdays members of the school SVP took to O'Connell Street and carolled to raise some money. Led by Patrick (twist and shout) Flynn they overcame certain vocal inadequacies and raised the tidy sum of £1,228.

- 18 December School closed for a much-needed Christmas break. The first party of the Christmas season took place in the Gheel Training Centre for Autistic Adults. A good time was had by all.
- 22 December The second Christmas party was in the Royal Hospital. With our very own Santa Claus — Simon Carty — ho-ho-ing us on, we once again sang to our hearts' content as we distributed our gifts. Allegations of patients unplugging their hearing-aids were quite unfounded!
- 7 January School reopens. *Lectio Brevis*.
- 14-16 January As usual, the opera *Aghast at the Wedding*, pulls in large crowds and is greatly enjoyed by cast and audience. Mr Murphy does great work with a rather unwieldy cast of over 80.
- 3 February In impossible weather conditions the JCT drew 0-0 with St Mary's in Lakelands.
- 8 February The SCT start their cup campaign by beating St Gerard's 9-4.
- 11 February The JCT beat St Mary's 7-6 in a very tense replay. Full credit to Kevin O'Brien for a rather important kick in the last minute!
- 19 February The JCT lose 10-0 to a very strong Terenure side.
- 23 February Blackrock scrapes through against the SCT by 26-21. In a wonderful match for players and spectators alike the myth that 'you can't knock the Rock' was well dinged.
- 24 February Records are shattered for evermore today when 62 people turned out for a 'fourths' rugby practice. Many shapes and sizes are present and photographs are duly taken to prove that it really happened.
- 25 February The Gonzaga chess-club Heidenfeld team win promotion to division one where they will meet (to use a technical chess-term) 'real tigers'.
- 10 March In a gripping final, the Senior Chess Team retain the Leinster Cup and confirms Gonzaga as the Chess school of Leinster.
- 21-26 March The Fifth Year project this year consists of pushing a pink elephant to Limerick and a large



Chess 1987-88 with Mr G. Murphy.

litter bin around Dublin. A great team effort in the face of horrendous weather brings in an unprecedented £20,450. This money was divided equally between the Irish Wheelchair Association and the St Vincent de Paul Sunshine Fund.

25 March

Easter Holidays begin.

15 April

The Amnesty group, despite previews to the contrary and a budget not exceeding £5, puts on an excellent production of *'Professional Foul'*. All involved deserve great credit for persevering in the face of scepticism.

22-23 April

The senior Chess Team travels to Belfast for the All-Ireland final and return with a slightly disappointing 3rd place. It'll be better next year!

25 April

John McInerney is chosen to represent Ireland in the Saas Van Gent international Chess tournament in Holland. This establishes John as, not only the best ever Chess player in Gonzaga, but also one of the leading lights in Irish Chess.

30 April-1 May

At long last Mr Cusack's reign as School Chess Champion is under serious threat. Chess followers all around the school wait eagerly for the John v Denis shoot-out. On Saturday (Shock, Horror) both stumble and draw with mere mortals. How-

ever, they finally meet on Sunday, and as the clock struck twelve John McInerney wins and becomes the 'People's Champion'.

- 2 May A haggard Mr Cusack stumbles into Maths Class and asks the rhetorical question 'Have I lost all my credibility?'
- 6 May The Past v Present tennis and cricket matches go one apiece, with the young things taking the cricket and the not-so-young things the tennis.
- 6-8 May 50 young 1st Years boogey down to the Burren for the weekend. They enjoy the geographical sites by day and let their hair down with Ms MacConville, Mr Byrne and Mr Whirdy at night in wild discos with the inmates of Navan's Girls school. It wouldn't have happened in our day!
- 21 May Sports Day — glorious weather for a change!
- 3 June School holidays. Sixth Year graduation Mass and Reception.
- 8 June Leaving Certificate begins.

Stephen Higgins (S.5A)

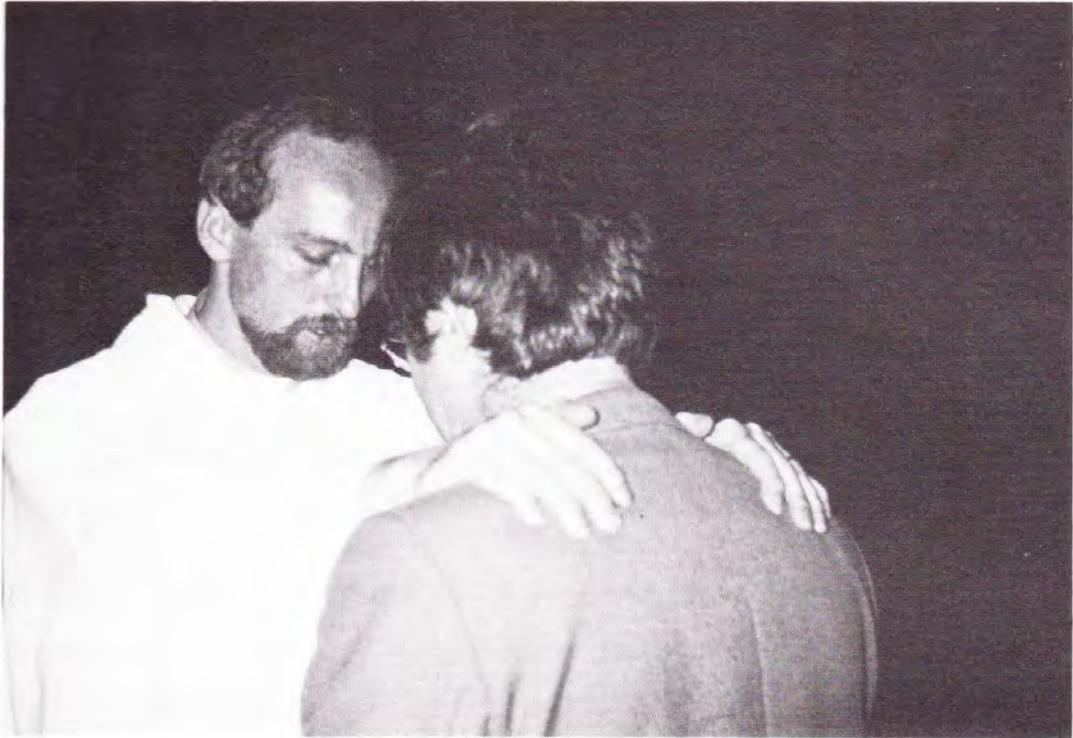
Brendan Connellan (S.5A)

LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS 1988

<i>Honours</i>	<i>Grade</i>			
	A	B	C	D, etc.
Irish	6	8	6	—
English	3	14	16	19
Mathematics	3	23	9	6
History	—	3	8	3
Geography	—	—	7	6
French	8	9	20	15
German	2	1	—	—
Spanish	—	—	1	—
Latin	6	7	6	2
Greek	1	4	—	—
Physics	10	7	3	2
Chemistry	17	16	2	6
Biology	3	9	7	7
Business Organisation	—	—	1	—
Economics	3	5	3	4
App. Mathematics	3	7	3	1
Art	1	2	1	—
Music	—	1	2	4
Totals	66	116	95	75

<i>Pass</i>	<i>Grade</i>			
	A	B	C	D, etc.
Irish	—	7	15	10
English	—	—	—	1
Mathematics	2	2	3	4
History	—	—	—	—
Geography	—	—	—	—
French	—	—	1	—
Totals	2	9	19	15

THE YEAR IN PICTURES



Fr. Jim Culliton SJ, Chaplain of 3rd and 4th Years, giving his First Blessing at his First Mass in Gonzaga.



GLASNOST IN GONZAGA: Mayor of Moscow with Lord Mayor and Russian Ambassador meeting First Year, May 1988.



Gonzaga Pressure: Quarter-Final v Blackrock.



Good ball from a steady scrum — Quarter-Final v Blackrock.



JCT v St. Mary's: Justin McCarthy gets the backs going.



JCT Plate Victory: Fr Sexton commiserates sincerely with Belvedere Headmaster Fr Bruce Bradley — Board Chairman Fr Crowe and past-pupil Fr John Macken gladly approve.



Farewell to Mrs Evans: Presentation by School Captain Killian Morris on behalf of pupils, May 1988.



Sports Day 1988: Alternative scene outside Headmaster's Office (l-r) Conor Hillery, Patrick Flynn, Julian Morgan, David Swift and Justin McCarron.



Collecting the Trophies: Mr McCarthy actively assisted by Ms MacConville and Ms Nevin.



Mr Whiridy assisted by Mr McNelis directing Sports' Day action.



Ladies' Committee in spectacular action on Sports' Day.



Br Barry towers over Prep School Display on Sports' Day.

Games

GOLF NOTES

The Gonzaga Golf team had a very enjoyable season under the watchful eye of Mr Bobby Byrne. The tournament was run in a league style system.

We had deserved victories over High School and Terenure. Our only loss was to Coláiste Eanna, who fielded two players who attained International Caps last summer. We also had victories against Crumlin CBS, De la Salle Churchtown and St Columba's. We look forward to greater things in the future.

The Golf team contained: Brendan Walsh, Keith Mulcahy, Michael Doran, Peter O'Keefe.

Keith Mulcahy (S.5)

RUGBY NOTES

Senior Cup Team 1987-88

The presence of forty-seven individuals at the first training session was a promising start to the 1987-88 season. Little by little, under the watchful eyes of Mr McCarthy and Mr Whirdy, this number took the form of the First XV and Second XV.

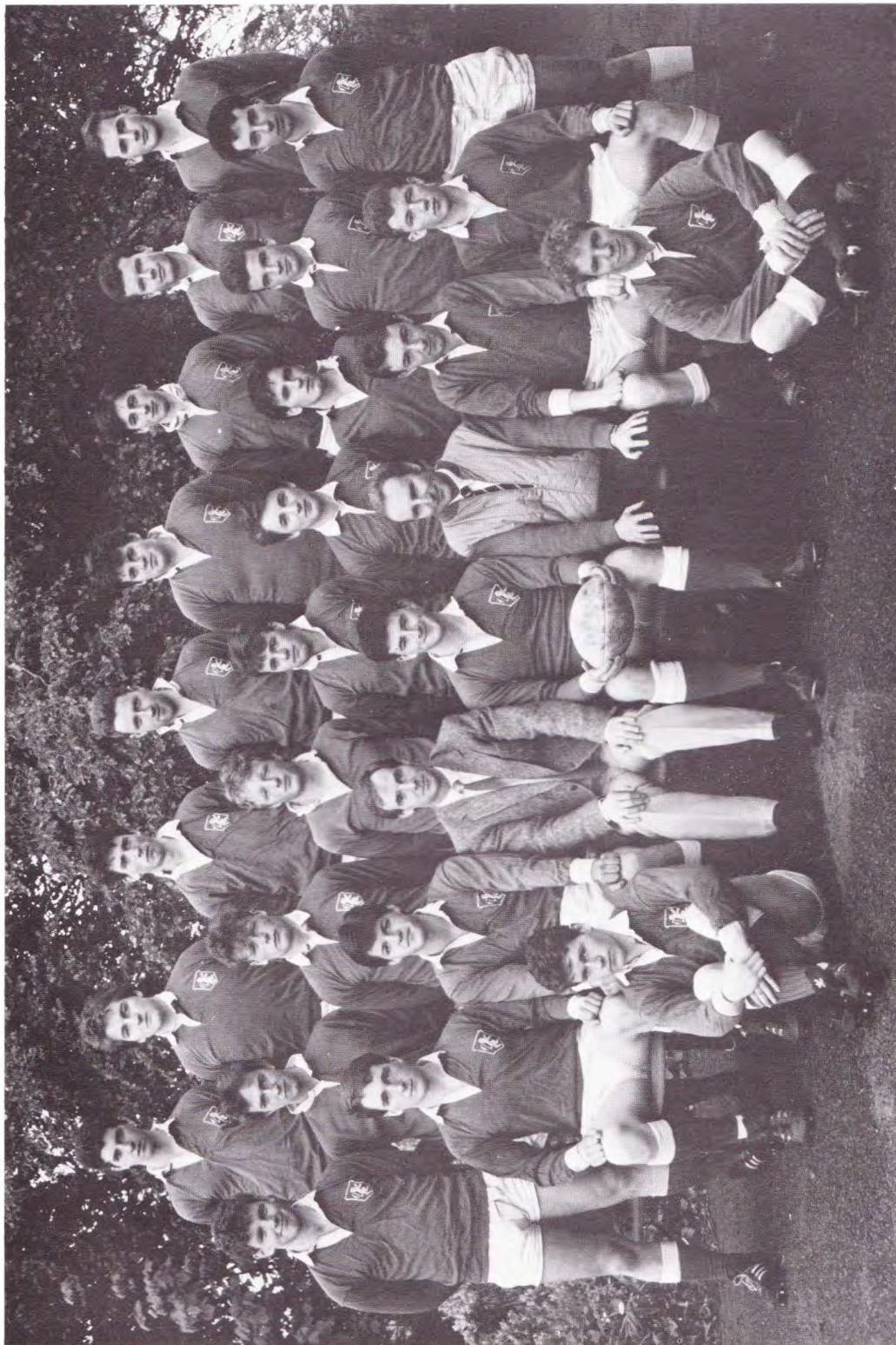
As in preceding seasons the team got off to a slow start, but gradually gathered pace culminating in stylish victories over High School, C.B.C. and De La Salle. Although a defeat, the encounter against the unbeaten St Michael's, proved the highlight of the friendlies. This match was fought with a commitment and tenacity equal to

GOLF TEAM



M. Doran, B. Walsh, P. O'Keefe, K. Mulcahy.

SENIOR CUP TEAM



Back: T. O'Leary, C. Ramsay, P. O'Keefe, E. Brophy, D. Stritch, P. Coyle, G. Love, A. Kelly.
Middle: J. Gallagher, S. O'Connor, S. Sexton, J. McGeeough, K. Muleahy, F. Colgan, P. McVeigh, M. Dunn, M. Johnson.
Front: K. Morris, D. Kennedy, Mr. K. Whirly, N. Carney (Capt.), Mr N. McCarthy, N. O'Doherty, D. Rea.
Front: P. Lewis, P. Slattery.

that of the cup matches themselves. Such a performance meant morale was high heading into Christmas training.

And so, the Green XV took the field at Danum on 8 February for their second round match against a strong St Gerard's team. A large crowd saw Gonzaga take an early lead through full-back, Eoin Brophy, which he later extended with two more penalties giving Gonzaga a deserved 9-0 half-time lead. Then came a second half onslaught by the talented Gerard's back division, which yielded an unconverted try four minutes after the break. Pitched in their own 25 for the remainder of the match, Gonzaga displayed admirable defensive qualities spear-headed by captain and centre, Niall Carney. Numerous attacks were launched on the Gonzaga line only to be crushed by the relentless tackling of the backs, which earned them a 9-4 victory and a place in the quarter-finals against Blackrock.

23 February was to be a great day for Gonzaga rugby. The encounter against Blackrock was one of the most exciting matches of the competition, displaying all the positive attributes of Schools rugby. Again Gonzaga gained an early lead through the boot of Eoin Brophy but saw it demolished by a fast Blackrock back-division. The scoreline at half-time lay at a precarious 16-9 to Blackrock, but defensive shortcomings in the second half saw them stretch their lead with two more tries. Although hampered by injuries, the Gonzaga team rallied and attacked the Blackrock try-line with vigour. Their effort was rewarded when the industrious wing-forward, Murray Johnson, and right-wing, Martin Dunn, both crossed over for tries. Both were well converted by Eoin Brophy. Unfortunately for Gonzaga, the final whistle came too soon and Blackrock triumphed 26-21.

Thus the cup campaign came to a respectable end and Gonzaga had every reason to be proud. We had

fought well and earned the regard of many. With such a reserve of young players, we can now look forward to next season's campaign with a very positive attitude and hope that our Lansdowne dream will become a reality.

Graham Love (S.5A)

Keith Mulcahy (S.5)

The Junior Cup Team 1987-88

Gonzaga's Juniors started the season well and we were feeling quite confident. Avoiding a white-washing by Presentation Bray, who beat us 12-6, added to our growing assurance.

Everything did not run as smoothly as that, however, with heavy losses to Terenure and St Michael's in particular. There were quite a few injuries before Christmas, notably Stephen Kearns' dislocated knee, which left the front row minus a prop. With hard sessions during Christmas, the team pulled together.

After Christmas, the matches were very good and helpful. We did quite well, losing to eventual cup-winners, Pres. Bray 11-10 and losing to the finalists, Clongowes, 3-0, in the dying stages of the match.

And so to the cup. The draw was quite challenging and we were somewhat apprehensive about it.

Our first match was against St Mary's in Lakelands, in torrential rain. The ground was treacherously slippery. In the first half, Gonzaga missed two try-scoring chances. In the second half, St Mary's missed two penalties. It ended as a 0-0 draw. We were happy with the score initially but later looked on it as a chance missed. Nevertheless, we realised we were good enough to beat them. In the next match we would have to dominate the loose and the tight and spoil their possession so as to halt their formidable back-line.

The weather was better for the

JUNIOR CUP TEAM — WINNERS OF THE JUNIOR PLATE



Back: C. Deane, E. Hillery, O. Kehoe, D. Molloy, C. Doolin, K. McCarthy, N. Devlin.
Middle: G. McColgan, J. O'Higgins, C. Boland, J. McCarthy, S. Daly, E. Garvey, R. Nolan.
Front: D. Maher, K. McCarthy, M. Carney, K. O'Brien (Captain), M. Kelly, D. Boland, E. McLoughlin.

second match but the ground was still heavy, which suited us. The first half went well, with Kevin O'Brien and Donough Molloy using their kicks wisely. Both teams missed two penalty kicks. In the second half, we were doing as much as we could to score and the break-through came when Molloy hoisted a ball into St Mary's 25. Our forwards took the ball onto a ruck on their line. John Sweetman picked from the back and dived over for an unconverted try.

Our game became too relaxed and we found ourselves down by two points after a penalty. The forwards, now spurred on by the supporters, surged forward from the kick-off and won a penalty in the next ruck. In the third minute of extra time, Kevin O'Brien converted it with the last kick of the match, winning the game 7-6.

The next match was against Terenure in Jones' Road. The Terenure forwards got an early try which made the score 6-0. It remained like that until half-time.

The opening third of the second half saw Gonzaga putting on great pressure and trying everything to score. Eventually we tired and without us scoring, Terenure took control. This led to a final try. The score remained the same, 10-0, until the end. Even though we had not shamed ourselves, we felt a little disappointed with our performance. That ended our cup run. However, we entered enthusiastically into the Plate.

The Plate matches were very enjoyable. We drew and then beat C.B.C. Monkstown in the first round. In the second round, we had to have two games again to beat Templeogue. Our win against High School in the semi-final was achieved by both our determination and our trainers' strong encouragement.

Having been moved from Donnybrook for the second time, we played the Plate final in conditions similar to the first round matches of the Cup in

Anglesea Road. Again the forwards dominated and we tried to contain their strong backs, even though their athletic wingers made searing breaks on the wings, cut out only by good, firm tackling.

Then in the opening minute of the second half, Kevin O'Brien crossed for a try, after great loose play by the forwards. Three minutes later, Belvedere answered with a penalty, leaving the score 4-3 to us.

Gonzaga controlled the match from then on. We missed two penalty kicks and also a try, due to the slippery conditions. It didn't really matter though as the game was not as close as the score suggests. So we finished our season on a high note and were very proud to bring back the first Leinster rugby trophy to Gonzaga.

Our success was largely due to the great commitment of the trainers, Mr Murray and Mr Keenahan, to whom much gratitude is due and the constant support of the parents. Seeing as several of our team are underage, I hope we can go on to play a more noteworthy part in the Junior Cup next year.

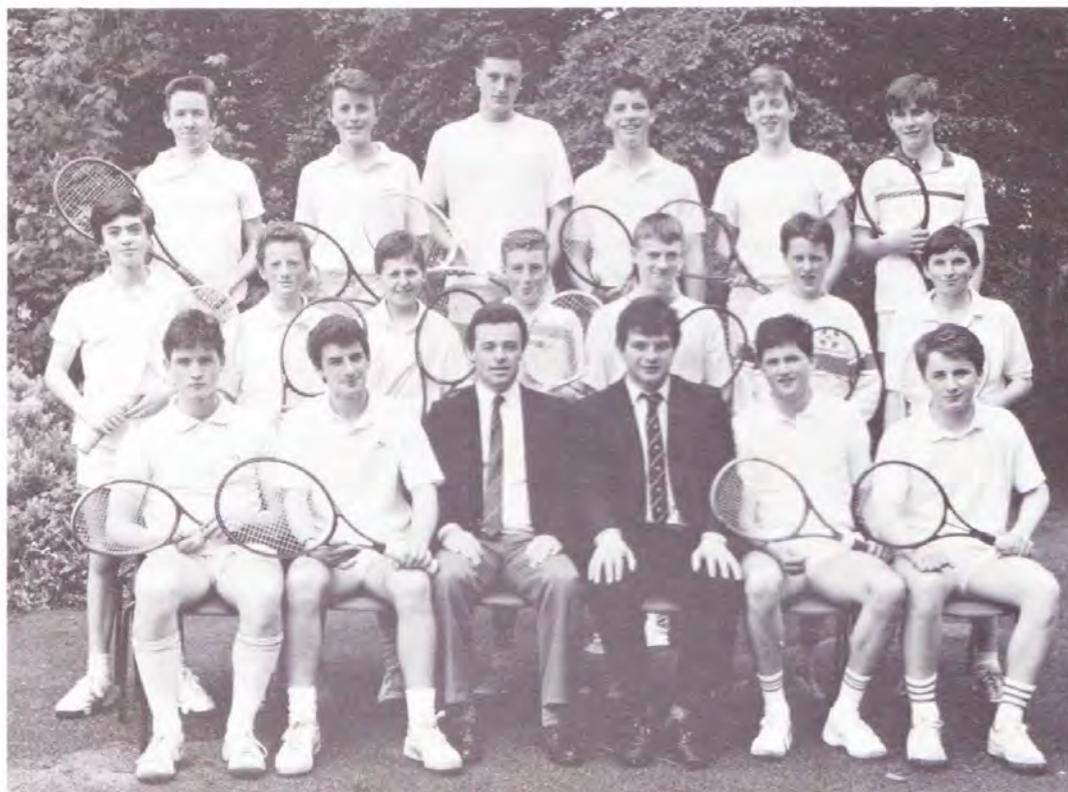
Michael Kelly (S.3A)

TENNIS NOTES

In terms of Cup success, this was a disappointing tennis season. Reaching the semi-final of the Senior Cup was the most notable achievement. The Junior Team (largely unchanged after winning the cup last year) unfortunately lost to St Michael's and Blackrock in their only two matches. A completely 'new look' Minor team had an undistinguished season. In Division Two, both Junior and Minor teams performed well but failed to qualify from their sections.

Having beaten St Conleth's and Belvedere Seconds, the Senior Team met a stern challenge in the quarter-final

SENIOR, JUNIOR AND MINOR TENNIS TEAMS



Back: A. Toner, D. McLaughlin, D. Molloy, K. O'Brien, C. Smith, D. Fassbender.
Centre: A. Jackson, D. Falkner, P. Naughton, S. O'Buachalla, A. Martin, J. Mulloy, N. Conlon.
Front: M. O'Sullivan, J. Morgan, Mr. D. Keenahan, Mr. R. Byrne, M. Doran, F. Colgan.

from St Michael's. Unfortunately for St Michael's their talented No 1 had to concede his match through injury. Michael Doran and Kevin O'Brien won the crucial doubles for the team to qualify for the semi-final by 4-3.

In the semi-final, Clongowes led 3-1 after the singles. Gonzaga had secured the third doubles at this stage. The climax of the match was two keenly contested doubles, both of which Gonzaga needed for victory. Both were thrilling 3-setters, but alas, both were lost.

It is one of the great strengths of the sport in the College that so many past pupils give generously of their time and talent in playing with the Senior Team at practice throughout April and May. We thank them and look forward to their continuing support.

Amongst the new developments this year was a well-organised coaching programme for Prep 2 and Prep 3 during the third term. Prep 1 was introduced to Short Tennis on new mini-courts constructed on the playground. Prep 4 played friendly matches with Sandford Park and King's Hospital.

A splendid innovation this year was the Computerised Ranking Lists, courtesy of Fr John Dunne SJ. This was of great assistance in tennis administration and a popular development.

The Past v Present match took place in glorious sunshine on 7 May. It produced, as it often does, the highest standard of tennis played in the College annually.

<i>Past</i>	v	<i>Present</i>	
1) Jimmy McDonagh David O'Grady	beat	Connor Smith Julian Morgan	6-4, 6-4
2) Rod Ensor Anthony Geoghegan	beat	Michael Doran Kevin O'Brien	7-5, 6-2
3) Simon Ensor David Coulson	beat	Marc O'Sullivan Frank Colgan	6-2, 4-6, 8-6

The Junior Championship for the Keane Cup, ended in a dramatic final. Kevin O'Brien, in his last bid to win the Cup, came within a point of victory before Connor Smith eventually came back to win 3-6, 7-5, 8-6. Congratulations to Connor who has won the Cup three times.

Mr D. Keenahan
Mr B. Byrne
Mrs T. Egan

CUP TEAMS 1988

Senior

- Connor Smith
- Julian Morgan
- Michael Doran
- Kevin O'Brien
- Marc O'Sullivan
- Declan Fassbender
(Frank Colgan 2 matches;
John Sweetman 1 match)

Davy Cup
1988 Connor Smith

Keane Cup
1988 Connor Smith

Junior I

- Connor Smith
- Kevin O'Brien
- Declan Fassbender
- John Sweetman
- David McLaughlin
- Donough Molloy
- Alan Toner
(Mark Carney 1 match)

Junior II

- Eugene Hillery
- Eoin Corrigan
- Mark Carney
- Francis Carney
- Jim O'Brien
- Jonathan Staunton
- Robert Garvan
(Gavin O'Neill 2 matches)

Minor I

- David Falkner
- James Molloy
- Sean O'Buachalla
- Niall Conlon
- Alexander Martin
- Peter Naughton
- Andrew Jackson

Minor II

- Mark Forbes
- Ronan White
- William Fitzgerald
- Michael Nicell
- Dermot O'Callaghan
- Fiachra Flanagan
- Aengus Mulcahy
(Colm O'Rourke 2 matches;
Hugh Farmar 4 matches)

THE PROGRESS OF THE GONZAGA LITERARY SOCIETY (1984-8)

The Gonzaga Literary Society, then just the more loosely bound 'Second year poetry club', was officially founded on the Ides of March 1984 by Ciaran Twomey and myself. From then on, the writing of virtually anything was encouraged by the club's presidents, the best of which — ranging from poems about rugby victories to the ominous spread of 'shadowy mists' — were pinned extravagantly on the class notice board. For a club whose nucleus was nothing greater than one shoddy red folder, meticulously managed by Mr Twomey, our ideas were swiftly adopted, with subscriptions and pseudonyms pouring in, and subgroups such as the Anti Literary club, and the Anti Anti Literary club breeding exponentially. Literary pieces of every form were carved: plays, short stories, but predominately poems. In many ways, the course adopted by the presidents became the general course of the club as a whole. Thus when ministerial interest waned, contributions invariably slackened. And those trends followed included brief flirtations with premeditative surrealism, quasi inertia, l'écrit noire, pseudo-carnalism, Romantic perceptions of mortality, our latest undertaking, examples of which follow (*I breathe Byron* and *Sarcophagic Sonnet*), and the compendious *Annals, Chronicles and Versions Pruned*, and *Doctrines of My Ramrod Self*, both written by the epic convention. The greatest achievement of the club was not its support, which was too harnessed on the fickle winds of fancy to achieve any degree of constancy, but its ability to link different propensities and objectives under the all-embracing medium of literature, whose marked absence of morals and rules, that necessarily constitutes art, ensured that all had complete and abiding freedom of expression.

John Healy (S.6)

A SARCOPHAGIC SONNET

I gaze upon thy palèd face
Soon to be entombed in somnolence divine.
O that the knobbed fingers of Death did ever embrace thy soule
And caress thy beauteous form to nature!
I cannot strew thy grave with fragrant petals,
 O my love.
For thou encoffin'd and embalmed
In satin shrouds are not to me beloved

O my dearest friend
Let not thy vengeful ghost
Haunt those thoughts we shared together,
 you and I,
For thou art not
And I alone must seek solace with another.

Ciaran Twomey (S.6)

I BREATHE BYRON

O, through these, the lyrics
Of vulgarity, breathes the brooding
Breath of Lord Byron.
Former days of wasted spirits sting
Like solitary semblance of self
That cries out in this darkened hour
For the newness of difference:
For the vigour of passions entwined
And hurled forever on the mire.
O, that I may enter his realm,
His darkened dominion of artistic
Peerage and hideous immortality:
Where darkness sheds light,
Where badness be goodness-virtue vice.
Where furious furnaces heal;
And the casts of blue and black flow
Like his blood through this verse.
Misunderstood, you lived and wrote,
Died, live, and write:
For men still crawl in thy shadow,
Which over the moors meets my will
And is forever merged in one great fire.
The clouds above eclipse the moon,
And vapours of putrid stench hang
Like this my soule on thorns of transformation.
The pangs of breathing rack my being,
Which in their leaden purposes lend no life,
For I am heavy with the weight of Byron tonight.

John Healy (S.6)

ELEGY OF A FAVOURITE PLACE

The crumbling of ancient walls echoed its past.
As it fell, years fell away from that place
Like cobwebs clinging grimly to a weather-beaten bush.
The sharp iron fangs crunched into it
As if it were dried bread.

We stood there, mouths shut, and saw the heap of rubble
That once towered high above our lowered heads,
Through the dimness of the dust.

Now it was worthless, common stone.
Its history and intrigue destroyed with it.
We walked away, scarcely believing.
But when we looked back, we knew we were awake.
Handball was gone.

Barry O'Mahony (S.4)

What Happened to the Class of 1987?

University College, Dublin

Commerce

Simon Dunne
Clarke Butler
Paul Higgins
Patrick Kennedy
Andrew Kearns
Brian O'Rourke

Medicine

Hannan Mullet
Dara Breslin
Paul Keelan

Engineering

Paul Greenan
David Lynn
Alan Mulcahy
Sean McManamon

Science

Darach Golden

Law

Rossa Phelan
Brendan McEvoy
John Kehoe

Arts

Paul Gleeson
Alan Eustace
Paul Connellan

Architecture

Colm Kirwan
Ray MacDonnell

Trinity College

Arts

Iain Donovan
David O'Connor
John Moloney

Engineering

Andrew Riley
Kieran McGovern

Science	Pierre Eliet Killian Perram
Pharmacy	Ian Tobin
College of Surgeons	Aran Maree Gavin Blake Peter Dupont
College of Marketing and Design	Paul Carroll
National College of Art and Design	Corban Walker Conn O'Brien
University College, Galway	
Quantity Surveying	John Collins
Dun Laoghaire College of Art	Conor O'Mahony
Continuing Studies	Ross Kyne Etienne Pittion David Maher David Liston Stephen Tempany Caoimhghin O'Donnell Declan Ridge Nigel Start Ronan Flynn David Egan Peter Morris
Physical Education, NIHE	Danny Quirke
Working	
Animator	Donncha Daly
Musician	Felim Gormley
Army Cadet	Patrick Molloy
Sound Technology	Kevin Breathnach

Editor's note: *Thanks to Paul Higgins for compiling this information.*

The Past Pupils' Union

MAY 1987—MAY 1988

The decision to have the Union Year from May to May came into being this year, the express purpose being to enable the incoming Committee to plan its Calendar during the quiet of the summer months.

An apparent disadvantage emerges in that the change of Committee takes place during the last term of the school year, a time during which the Union Committee should be endeavouring to establish a real contact with those about to leave the school.

Membership of the Union relative to the number of past pupils continues to compare favourably with other Unions. The incoming



William Harnett,
PPU President, 1987—88.

Union has, however, undertaken to up-date the computer list of past pupils in the hope of Union Circulars reaching more potential members.

Strong views have been expressed by several younger members of the Union regarding the activities undertaken by the Committee, particularly that the Union should become involved in specific projects with charitable/educational objectives. I believe that no one disagrees with this for one moment; to achieve the reality requires the involvement of a great number of youthful members with the will and the energy to convert words into deeds supported by the Union as a whole. I also believe that

the Union has now amongst its members people capable of carrying out such undertakings and succeeding in their aims. To this end a number of young men were elected to the Committee at the recent AGM, all of whom would have experience in such worthy ventures as 5th Year Projects whilst pupils at the College.

Fr Peter Sexton has continued with the active support offered to the Union by the College, in offering sound advice on all matters where the Union interrelates with the College immediately and in the most practical way of providing a venue for meetings of the Committee and Union functions.

The Past Pupils' dinner was held in the College on the 4th of December and was extremely well attended and I would like to thank Harry Crawley for his most humorous contribution to the evening and Cyril Forbes, John O'Neill and Eddie Cotter for their great help in organising this event. A special presentation was made to Fr Bill Lee and Fr Eddie Keane at the dinner. Fr Keane gave a spontaneously sparkling reply on behalf of both.

The Golf Outing was held in May at Milltown Golf Club thanks to the efforts of James Montgomery who has run this event like clock-work on numerous occasions but who has now opted to retire. We were extremely fortunate that James agreed to perform this thankless task after so long and did it so very well.

I would also take this opportunity to thank each of the con-celebrants of the Mass for the deceased Past Pupils on behalf of the Past Pupils and particularly Fr Noel Barber for his most moving and vivid recollections of our deceased brothers.

Other events held during the year were the tennis and cricket matches v The Present and the get-together in Madigans. The debate and rugby match against The Present did not take place.

Elsewhere in this Record reference is made to the sporting activities of the School. The fine performances of the tennis and rugby teams at senior and junior levels amaze The Old Past. I was delighted to see the courage and spirit shown by the J.C.T. in their re-play against St Mary's and not at all surprised to hear at the end of the season that this team had won The Plate.

On behalf of the Union, may I wish Fr Bill Lee success in his new post in Hatch Hall. I would also extend the gratitude of the Union to Fr Lee for his dedication to this publication as editor for its first three years.

I wish to thank the Officers of the Union and the members of the Committee for their dedication to the job during my term as President and wish Ray Cotter every good wish during his year of office.

William Harnett

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FOUNDER PUPIL

The original intention of my parents had been that, following my parting, in the summer of 1950, with the convent school in which I received my initial education — a parting which, though ostensibly civil, was effected with a mutual sense of relief — I should go to Belvedere. It was in this connection that I first met Fr William White, then Prefect of Studies there, in whose office in Great Denmark Street I attended to be interviewed. I left anticipating keenly my return to Belvedere as a pupil.

Some weeks later, my parents having become aware of a new Jesuit school to be opened that autumn in Ranelagh, a short bus ride from home, I was called to be interviewed a second time and again found myself face to face with Fr White. The kindness and effervescent good humour which had made me feel at ease on the previous occasion were still evident, but I took away from a more exacting encounter a new and mildly disquieting impression of a man who was not to be trifled with. Of a subsequent meeting with Fr Charles O’Conor, the new College’s first Rector, I have a vaguer recollection, no doubt because it took place in the presence of my parents.

Smell, it is said, is the most evocative of all the senses. Some years ago, in a Dublin department store, the breaking-open of a package by a shop assistant release the aroma of rough, fresh leather as I hurried past. On the day that Gonzaga had opened its doors to its first pupils, a bright morning in September, 1950, carrying my first leather satchel, soon to be stocked from Fr White’s stationery shop, I had presented myself at what



Past v Present Cricket Match — May 1988.

is now the Community house in Gonzaga to be enrolled in Prep. 1.

Fr O'Connor and Fr White were the dominant personalities of the Gonzaga of my time. Fr O'Connor was the guiding spirit of the new school in which he took an immense pride and sense of achievement. Though in a way he was above the hurly-burly of school life, he was in no sense aloof from the pupils, each of whom he knew intimately. He was wise enough to ignore the occasional, ill-concealed amusement among the boys at his aristocratic, old-world mannerisms.

Fr White, as Prefect of Studies, was the quintessential man of action. Much of the task of the immediate day-to-day running of the school, as well as that of administering discipline, lay in his hands. Untypically for a Jesuit, he did not seem to seek refuge in intellectual pursuits, though this impression was undoubtedly assisted not only by the constant and obvious demands of his administrative duties but also by the fact that he did little or no teaching.

My father, as well as my uncles on both sides, had been to Belvedere, and their banter prepared me in advance for the system of discipline which then existed in all Jesuit schools in Ireland.

That system was based on the principle that the aggrieved master did not himself punish the offender, but instead gave the pupil a note setting out brief particulars of the offence for delivery to the Prefect of Studies. This note amounted in practice to a simultaneous indictment and conviction of the bearer. The Prefect of Studies measured and executed the appropriate sentence, normally in the form of a number of blows to the hands with the biffer, a piece of flexible leather or crepe some twelve to eighteen inches long. Only for pupils in the two highest classes was this punishment considered inappropriate.

Fr White administered punishment, principally in this form, with the appropriate severity, which could be considerable for a grievous offence or a persistent offender, tempered with a sense of fairness and proportion. He invariably observed the rule 'audi alteram partem'. Though this was relevant in principle to sentence rather than to the issue of guilt or innocence, and had to be availed of by the pupil with discretion as well as honesty, a boy with a meritorious case could hope to escape with a punishment which, while formally upholding the authority of the complaining master, was mild enough to avoid any feeling of serious injustice. Everyone knew that Fr White was a fair-minded man. He was well liked and respected and I never knew a boy who bore him a grudge. May he rest in peace.

School discipline in the form just described was in recent years outlawed by the educational authorities in Ireland. Even before this, the Jesuits had voluntarily abandoned it. Yet I thought that on the whole it was an effective but moderate and flexible means of maintaining order and of keeping pupils to their task. Due allowance could be made, and was made, for the small minority of boys whose sensibilities made them unsuitable candidates for corporal punishment. As for the rest, though

the stinging lash of the biffer was to be avoided, its swiftness and finality gave it a certain merit over more lingering punishments. One wonders if the Jesuits of today have any regrets at its disappearance.

Of my classmates in the earliest years, two stand out — Denis Feighery and Iorard Delaney, who were by far the strongest boys in my year. Iorard was a bluff, good-natured fellow in relations with his classmates but he was in perpetual conflict with authority as long as he was at Gonzaga. He and his family emigrated to Canada after some five or six years. Denis Feighery may well have been the strongest schoolboy to attend Gonzaga at any time. To a lesser fellow, the enjoyment of such a massive superiority of physical strength over his classmates, and indeed over everyone else in the school, would have afforded an irresistible temptation to become a bully. Denis's monument was his unflinching restraint, which he had to maintain at times even in the face of deliberate provocation by those who knew that he would not exercise his full might. Timothy Webb was the outstanding pupil. He was to gain first place in class virtually every year for the ten years he was in Gonzaga. He balanced his academic pursuits by being a fine all-round sportsman. In rugby, Tommy Eustace, David Coyle, Marcus Hunt and, until his leg was broken in a tackle, Brian Davy made their mark.

An early attempt was made to introduce the rank of Prefect among the boys in the top class. This led to a daily physical challenge during lunch hour in the front field, which was then surrounded by a wire and post railing, between the new Prefects and the entire population of the two lower classes, and the idea was shelved.

Fr Timothy Hamilton taught Irish in the first year; later he was to return as my first teacher in Greek, in Senior I. Fr John Murphy taught English, Religious Knowledge, and Geography as well as taking charge of rugby. It was in the course of his Geography class that I was first made conscious of the partitioning of Ireland. After a year Fr Keane arrived. Our first steps in Latin were taken with him. Soon afterwards, Fr Jack Hutchinson, now regrettably deceased, and Fr Stephen Redmond, two of the dearest men I have ever known, came to the College. Fr Hutchinson sought to lighten the burden of compulsion by passing on his love of the Irish language and all things Gaelic to his pupils. He attempted unsuccessfully to introduce hurling into Gonzaga. Fr Redmond suffered from the fact that his principal subject, History, was regarded as of secondary importance on the School curriculum; and his unshakeable faith in human nature made him a less effective disciplinarian than other masters.

In addition to his teaching duties Fr Keane was in charge of rugby for my age group; he was also in charge of the school cricket team. It was, I think, in the Summer of 1952 that he presided, in the capacities of cricket master and umpire, over a match which demonstrated the disadvantage of a new school starting from scratch by comparison with an older one with an established tradition in the game. Gonzaga Under

Tens played the corresponding team from St Gerard's, Bray in an away match. We were greeted at the St Gerard's School gates by the home side who offered us every courtesy, insisting on carrying our gear for us to the pavilion. Batting first, however, they were less obliging, scoring what for boys of that age was the mammoth total of 130 odd for two. The St Gerard's umpire, presumably considering that other players should be given a knock, was said to have been heard to threaten one of his opening bats, who was scoring slowly and renewing his guard each time he faced the bowling afresh, that he would 'have his life' if he made 50 — a warning which was ignored. The St Gerard's captain, a tall dark-haired boy called Moore, eventually strode out to the wicket to declare the innings closed. He then showed himself a devastating opening bowler and Gonzaga were all out for nine runs with Marcus Hunt the least unsuccessful bat with one not out, and four byes the top contributor to the score. Fr Keane was doubtless mortified though he had the generosity not to let us see it; but in a return match later that season, we were allowed to avail of the superior skills of Charles Lysaght, Jerry Liston and Brendan Walsh, and secured an honourable draw. Later, under Fr Keane's patient coaching, the standard of cricket at Gonzaga improved considerably.

Fr Joe Veale arrived just as I came up into Senior 1. No doubt there was a general rise in standard when one went into the Senior School from the Prep. School but he immediately stood out by comparison with the teachers of previous years. His classes involved a much greater degree of critical discussion and appraisal of things. His meticulous and sometimes scarifying use of the red pen on the weekly essay jolted one out of any sense of complacency in writing English. He seemed to raise being taught to a new level, based on a sense of adult responsibility and of the seriousness of life. Later he was to teach us Religious Knowledge as well. He rarely sent anyone out to be biffed; his classes were ruled by moral authority and force of personality. Perhaps in keeping with this, I thought that in personal relationships he was more reserved than other masters.

When he founded An Cómhdháil, my class were at first excluded from the debates. The sense of deprivation whetted our appetites. When we were eventually admitted, An Cómhdháil opened up a marvellous new field of school activity. To capture an audience, even briefly, or to come up with a telling riposte to a heckle, was heady wine. Ross Geoghegan and Anthony Clare established themselves as the leading debaters in my class. Heckling, provided it was to the point and not merely disruptive, was actively encouraged, undoubtedly with a view to the L & H, which, as school-leaving age approached, Fr Veale urged those of us who would go to UCD to join. In my Fifth or Sixth Year we went to Clongowes for a debate on capital punishment. The home team, hearing of An Cómhdháil's practice of heckling, insisted that speeches must not be interrupted save by means of a request to the speaker, which he could

refuse at his discretion, to give way and permit a formal statement to be made, or a question asked, from the floor. We agreed with quiet condescension and a feeling of inner triumph.

Fr Lee arrived at around the same time as Fr Veale. He became one of the pillars of Gonzaga, in the field of Science, serving as a teacher for almost as long as Fr Keane until his departure this year. Soon after Fr Lee's arrival the time came to choose between Science and Greek. I chose Greek and he only taught me very briefly. Strangely, Fr Keane did not become my Greek master until Sixth Year, when he scored the first of his long series of Classical scholarship successes with Tim Webb and Francis Byrne. Before that, Fr Paddy Meagher had brought Classical Greek History, with its lessons and parallels for every age, vividly to life. I have never regretted the choice.

The diaries I kept in my last few years at school give the impression of an orderly, undisturbed existence. A great amount of my time was devoted to rugby, soccer and cricket. The College grounds, facilities and games equipment were available to the pupils all year round, including the school holidays. My father, who lived in Rathgar as a schoolboy and had not only to make the journey to and from Belvedere, but had also to attend rugby practice throughout the season at Jones' Road, often before class in the mornings, used to remind me how fortunate I was. In this and other respects, life at Gonzaga was undoubtedly somewhat cosseted. I sometimes wonder whether it might not have been better to have had to struggle a little more and to have put up with more of life's discomforts while still at school.

In a small school the pupils naturally get to know each other better than they otherwise would. Furthermore, Fr Lee in the second part of his History (Gonzaga Record, 1986) refers to the fact that even as late as 1972, when the number of pupils at Gonzaga had greatly increased since my time, over sixty per cent of them lived within a mile of the School. Besides living close to each other, most of them came from comfortable middle-class homes. By contrast, Belvedere has always been regarded as having a much wider cross-section of Dublin society among its pupils. I recall the anger with which I would react when at school to any suggestion of social elitism on the part of Gonzaga. Undoubtedly, this feeling, which existed in some quarters outside the School, greatly exaggerated any reality on which it was based. It may partly have been due to the bitterness with which some parents were said to have reacted when their sons, for reasons that were entirely fair, were not accepted as pupils. And it is an Irish trait to seek to drag down that which rises above the average. But looking back, it is not easy to dismiss the feeling as entirely without foundation. The Jesuits, it should be said, never sought to encourage a sense of social cachet among the pupils; insofar as the matter was touched on, I believe that the contrary was the case. Perhaps, given the size and location of the School, the situation could not have been avoided.

Fr Lee has written in his History of the Sixth Year experiment. Force of circumstances would have compelled its abandonment in any event, but irrespective of this, he makes it clear that it was not an unqualified success. To speak for myself, it would be less than honest not to admit that after the imperatives of the Matric., in Fifth Year, I succumbed, up to a point, to the temptation to regard Sixth Year as a pause for rest before taking the next step in life. Nonetheless, I threw myself into some things, such as a 'thesis' on the industrial revolution for Fr Veale, and the School play which he directed with Mr Darach Connolly — a mildly abridged version of Henri Ghéon's *The Comedian*, which concerned the plight of the Christians in Rome at the time of the Emperor Diocletian. And Fr Harry Lawlor's Honours Leaving Maths course proved a positive advantage in my first year at U.C.D. The year was not without substantial benefits in these and other respects but on balance I am not sure that in the absence of major examination commitments, the interval before going to University could not have been better spent. Evidently, a general conclusion to this effect had been drawn by the teaching staff at Gonzaga by the time the Sixth Year in its original form came to be abandoned.

There were few lay teachers in Gonzaga in its early period and I sat at the feet of mainly Jesuit schoolmasters for ten years. Such an experience inevitably left its mark, not least in the form of a lasting respect for that Order and its members. I stand irreversibly in their debt.

Arthur Plunkett.

FRAMES FROM THE PAST

Memories piled rapidly as I agreed to Peter Sexton's request for this piece. Leslie Webb strolling through the woods, fingering his cyclometer as he marked up Colin Cowdrey's latest runs. Long tennis summers on the old grass courts and hard five set matches with Brian Kirby. Heated discussions with David Fassbender, Kevin Kenny, Eoin O'Buachalla, Denis Quilligan and Brian Kirby at the Park Drive bicycle shed — marked occasionally by interventions from one of Denis' sisters on his behalf. Sheer physical exhilaration striding out from the dressing rooms with Suds for another game.

In wind and heavy rain a tense and competitive match with Crescent on the back pitch after Christmas. Pleasure in showering down afterwards. My mother and father on the touch-line ever present, ever interested. Working out on Saturday at lunch time which matches they could attend, attempting to give each of us an equal share of their attention. My sister Cathy finally overcoming her determined resistance to football.

Being introduced to Gonzaga by Richard Rice. We went to Miss Carr's together but he had gone on ahead of me to Gonzaga. With his assistance I was quickly put in the picture. Friday evenings at An Chomhdháil and one particular Friday when we learned as we arrived that John F. Kennedy had been assassinated. Cycling endlessly up and down Cowper Road over the bridge and back again — with Kevin Kenny, Richard Rice, David Fassbender and Tom Lenihan. Racing home at lunchtime to hear the Kennedy's of Castleross. Terence Liston leaving for Clongowes. David Fassbender's 'Mug Mugis' answer to Fr Keane when asked the word for cup. Fr Keane's immediate retort that he hadn't asked him what he looked like. Playing on the same tennis team as my brother James and David and Tony Ensor. Climbing the beech tree in the front sports field and embedding our initials in the topmost part of the trunk. The soccer league on Sunday, and donning the special Clonskeagh Dynamo jerseys made for us by Ned D'Arcy's mother.

Backwards and forwards images tumble vividly and then fade. Joe Veale's enthusiastic communication of Vatican II. Allowing us to question parish sermons and freeing us from the unhealthy aspects of Irish Catholicism. Starting the process whereby we could begin to distinguish our own desire from that of our parents. Jim Feeney's request for volunteers for St Bernard's Youth Club in Cabra. The profound shock of that first night in the playground at Quarry Avenue. Shattering the comfortable world of Cowper Road. I wondered at the huge gap between Rathmines and Cabra West bridged only, it seemed then, by the No 12 bus on which I returned home. Inspired by the example and generosity of Ted Farrell, Ned D'Arcy, Jim Feeney, the late Donal Casey always close to Gonzaga, as they ran football teams, organised outings, summer camps, and one famous trip to Spain. It was sometime later that I became aware of Hollyfield Buildings in the heart of Dublin 6, a slum where the living was different.

And on to Gorevan's in Camden Street with my father for the football jersey. Happily wearing it into the Pembroke Nursing Home for my mother and Maurice '5 days and 10 pounds'. Brother Ronan getting to the finals at Fitzwilliam the summer he couldn't get a place on the school team. Sean Byrne's encouragement and special training methods. Ray Kearns' great classes on American politics. Being riveted by Dara Corcoran's story about the seagull. Finding a free way into the Savoy Cinema with David Murphy and Barry Bresnihan and making a run for it the night we were finally caught. Arriving in Donnybrook late one afternoon to find Gonzaga leading Blackrock in a Senior Cup Match and that glorious moment when Jerry smashed his way to victory in Fitzwilliam. But I digress and go beyond and back again to Leslie Webb, school captain, poet and composer, cricketer reading Freud in fourth year.

As I write I wonder about the possibility of accurate recollection. Had I been asked to do this twenty or even ten years ago would the same

images have emerged? There were unhappy and difficult times but I need to search for them. And there's a period from Prep 2 to Senior 1 that doesn't seem to figure. Years passed under the watchful, unobtrusive eye of Fr White. Providing with his fellow Jesuits a solid base for all of us. Reading the *Gonzaga Record* I realise how lucky we were in the late fifties and early sixties learning at a more leisurely pace, a sixth year free of exam pressure, and a small school allowing friendships across class barriers.

I wonder too how those men in their black winged soutanes would now view their years of dedicated service. From time to time I have met past pupils — committed public servants, businessmen upholding the highest standards, and others in different jobs whose commitment goes far beyond their own personal gain. Most of us have come to an uneasy truce with the social order although some whom I've met in recent years have refused that compromise. Eoin Dillon, Niall Crowley, Eugene Davy and Jack O'Donovan in Tanzania are people who come most readily to mind.

Today the Jesuit Order has moved far beyond its past pupils in its commitment to justice. No doubt there is disappointment as well as questioning in the knowledge that positions of privilege have been held on to — that the gap between Cabra West and Donnybrook is getting wider. But to pick up on the *Gonzaga Record* again — Amnesty and the Inner City Plunge indicate that that challenge is being met. I remember Joe Veale coming into class one day and telling us about a piece of research on education which indicated that a school's influence in comparison to family and other factors maximized at 10%. I doubt if that was true of Gonzaga. Perhaps it is presumptuous of me but were I one of those black soutaned men I would say to myself:— 'Ignatius would be pleased enough'.

Garrett Sheehan.

School Roll

1987-8

Adebisi	Adegbenga	S.5	Carty	Jason	S.2
Anderson	Kevin	S.2A		Simon	S.5A
Angley	Gerald	S.2	Cass	John	S.4
Armstrong	Frank	P.4	Clear	Feilim	S.2A
Bailey	Nicholas	S.2A	Clinch	Peter	S.5
	James	P.2	Coakley	Peter	S.1
Barnewell	John	P.1		Stephen	P.3
Barry	Naoise	S.5	Coffey	John-Paul	S.2A
	Cillian	P.4	Colgan	Frank	S.6
Barry	Stephen	P.2	Collins	Brendan	S.5
Bateman	David	S.4A	Collins	Donagh	S.2
Batt	David	P.4	Collins	Stephen	P.3
Becker	Robert	P.3	Comerford	Mark	S.6A
Behan	Andrew	S.1		Philip	S.2
Bennett	Niall	S.6	Conan	Robert	P.4
Boland	Killian	S.4	Conlon	Kieran	S.4
	David	S.3A		Niall	S.2
	Conal	S.2A	Conlon	Colm	S.5
Boland	Daniel	P.1		Thomas	S.3
Bolger	Turlough	S.6	Connellan	Brendan	S.5A
	Hagan	S.4		Liam	S.2A
Boxberger	Alan	S.5		David	S.1A
Bradley	Martin	S.4A	Connerty	Michael	S.6A
Brennan	Alex	P.1	Connor	Niall	S.6A
Bresnihan	Rory	S.4A	Cooke	David	S.5A
Brophy	Eoin	S.5	Cooney	John	S.5A
	Barry	P.4		Brendan	S.1A
	William	P.4	Corrigan	Niall	S.6
Browne	Trevor	S.5		Eoin	S.4A
Burns	Peter	P.1	Cosgrove	Peter	S.5A
Butterly	Marc	S.3		Joe	S.1A
	Andrew	P.2	Cotter	Robert	P.3
Byrne	Damien	P.4	Cox	Colm	S.6A
	Lorcan	P.1	Coyle	Paul	S.5
	Barry	P.2	Crean	Fiachra	P.4
Cahill	Brian	P.2	Cunnane	Barry	P.4
Cahill	Brian	S.6	Cunningham	Arthur	P.2
Campbell	Colm	P.1	Curtin	Ian	S.3
Carney	Francis	S.4	Daly	Stephen	S.3A
	Eamon	S.6		John	S.2
Carney	Niall	S.6	Davy	Eugene	P.2
	Mark	S.3		Mark	P.3
Carolan	Oscar	S.1	Deane	Cormac	S.4A
Carroll	John	S.1A	Dawson	Timothy	S.6A
Carthy	David	S.4A	Deasy	Conor	P.1
Carton	Rory	S.1A	Deany	Simon	S.3A

Delaney	Paul	S.1A	Garvey	Colm	S.4A
Devlin	Nicholas	S.3A	Gleeson	Colum	S.4
Diggins	David	S.3	Glynn	Stephen	S.3A
Doherty	Barry	S.6A	Gough	Mark	P.1
	Gavan	S.3A	Halpin	David	P.2
Donlon	Brendan	S.6A	Hand	Nicholas	S.6A
Doolin	Colin	S.3	Hanrahan	Barra	S.3
Doran	Michael	S.6		Rory	S.1
Dowling	Marcus	S.4	Haren	Jonathan	S.3
	Michael	S.2A	Harnett	Richard	S.1
Downes	Eugene	S.4		William	P.3
	David	S.1A	Hawkins	Michael	S.1
Duff	Michael	S.4A	Murray		
Duffy	Glenn	P.2	-Hayden	Alan	S.5A
Duggan	David	S.6A	Hayes	Marcus	S.3A
Dundon	James	S.1		Sean	S.1
Dunn	Martin	S.5	Healy	John	S.6
Dunne	Nicholas	S.4	Hederman	William	S.6
Dwyer	James	S.3		Simon	S.2A
Egan	Richard	S.1	Heffernan	John	S.6
Egan	Rory	S.5		Mark	S.2A
Enright	David	S.4	Heslin	Barry	S.3A
Eustace	Evan	S.4A	Higgins	Garrett	S.6A
	Edward	S.2	Higgins	Stephen	S.5A
Fahy	Stephen	S.5	Hillery	Conor	S.5A
Falkner	David	S.2A		Eugene	S.4
Farmar	Hugh	S.1	Hogan	Fergal	S.1
Farrell	Frank	S.1	Honohan	Theo	P.3
Farrelly	Edward	S.4	Horan	Thomas	S.2
Fassbender	Declan	S.2	Hughes	Jonathan	P.2
Feeney	Larkin	S.5	Hurley	Stephen	S.6
	Kevin	S.2A	Hyland	Keith	P.4
	John	P.4		David	P.3
Fingleton	William	S.1A	Jackson	Andrew	S.2A
Finn	Darragh	S.4	Jackson	Reggie	P.3
Fitzgerald	William	S.1	Johnson	Murray	S.6
Fitzsimmons	Olaf	S.1	Joyce	Cormac	P.1
Flanagan	Fiachra	S.1A	Judge	Ciaran	S.1A
Fleming	Aengus	S.2A	Kavanagh	Dermot	S.1
Flynn	Patrick	S.5A	Keane	Gavin	P.1
Forbes	Jason	S.2A	Keany	Stuart	S.2
Forbes	Mark	S.2	Kearns	Peter	S.4A
	Jonathan	P.3	Kearns	Stephen	S.4A
Fox	Edward	P.1		Daniel	S.1A
Frewen	Gearoid	S.1	Keegan	Martin	S.5A
	Tomas	P.3		John	S.3
Gallagher	James	S.5	Kehoe	Oisin	S.3A
	Kevin	S.1	Kelly	Aengus	S.5
Garrad	Cathal	S.1A		Michael	S.3A
Garvan	David	S.1	Kennedy	David	S.6A
	Robert	S.4		Brian	S.4A
Garvey	Edmund	S.4	Kennedy	Robert	P.1

Kennedy	John	S.1A		Cian	S.1A
Keogan	Ronan	S.4A	MacMahon	Kevin	S.2
Kevans	David	P.3	MacMahon	Vincent	S.5A
Kinsella	Denis	S.4	MacMahon	Philip	P.2
	David	P.3	McNamara	Aidan	P.3
Laher	Killian	S.6	MacPartlin	Matthew	S.2
	Tarik	S.4		Conor	P.1
Lambert	John	S.2	McPhillips	John	S.4
Lavelle	John	S.3	McVeigh	Brendan	S.5
Lawless	Brendan	P.2		Paul	S.4
Lawlor	Alan	S.6	Madden	Peter	P.1
Lee	Gary	S.6A	Magan	Manchan	S.5A
	Shane	S.1A	Magee	Kenneth	S.3
Leahy	William	P.2	Maher	Peter	S.4A
Lewis	Patrick	S.5		Declan	S.3A
Linehan	Conor	S.5A	Mahon	Lawrence	S.2A
Litton	Anthony	S.1		Gerard	P.3
Love	Graham	S.5A	Malone	Frank	S.6A
Lynch	Edward	P.3		Paul	S.4A
	Nigel	S.1	Mangan	David	P.2
Lydon	Cormac	S.1A	Maree	Andrew	S.6A
McBryan	David	S.2A	Marrinan	Diarmuid	P.3
McCarron	Justin	S.5A	Martin	Alexander	S.2A
	Gavin	S.2A	Martin	Peter	S.3
McCarthy	Bryan	P.3	Martin	Ruary	S.1A
McCarthy	Kieron	S.3A	Masterson	Conor	S.4
McCarthy	Kevin	S.3A	Matthews	Simon	P.1
McCarthy	Justin	S.3A	Meagher	Richard	P.1
McColgan	Mark	S.6A	Menzies	David	P.3
	Garth	S.3A	Moe	Patrick	S.3A
	James	P.2	Molloy	Donough	S.3A
McCourt	Cian	S.2		James	S.1
McCrea	Barry	S.1A	Molloy	David	P.3
McCullough	Ronan	P.4	Moore	Eoin	S.4
	James	P.1	Moran	David	P.4
McDermott	James	S.1	Moran	Fergal	S.6
McDonnell	Duncan	S.3A	Morgan	Julian	S.5A
McGeough	John	S.5		Ross	S.4A
McGorrian	Conor	S.5	Moriarty	John	P.2
McGovern	Hugh	S.6A	Morris	Killian	S.6
McGovern	Stephen	P.3		Annraoi	S.4
McGuinness	Keith	P.1	Morris	Philip	S.2
McHugh	Stephen	P.2	Morrissey	Joe	P.1
McInerney	John	S.5	Moynihan	Alex	S.2
	Stephen	S.4A	Mulcahy	Hugh	S.6A
McKenna	Gavan	S.3		Aengus	S.2A
McKenna	John	S.5	Mulcahy	Keith	S.5
McLaughlin	David	S.3	Muldowney	Oisin	S.4A
	Mark	P.2	Mullett	Gavin	S.3
McLoughlin	Dara	S.3A		Adrian	P.3
McLoughlin	Cian	P.3	Mulligan	William	S.1A
McLoughlin	Evin	S.3A	Mullins	Mark	P.4

Murphy	David	P.2	O'Leary	Tomas	S.6
	Cathal	S.1A	O'Leary	Daibhi	P.1
Murphy	Conor	S.4	O'Leary	John-Paul	P.3
Murphy	Oran	P.3	O'Loinsigh	Eamon	S.1
	Cian	P.1		Donal	P.2
Murphy	Thomas	P.2	O'Mahony	Mark	S.2A
Murphy	Martin	P.2		Barry	S.4
Murphy	Conor	P.1	O'Mahony	Robert	S.5A
Murtagh	Robert	P.4		Dara	S.4A
Naughton	Martin	P.4	O'Neill	Ronan	S.3A
	Peter	S.1A	O'Neill	Daniel	S.4
Newman	Jonathan	S.6A	O'Neill	Gavin	S.3
Nicell	Michael	S.2	O'Reilly	John	S.5
Noble	David John	P.4		Ross	S.3
Nolan	Roger	S.3A	O'Reilly	Jude	S.1A
O'Brien	Mark	P.4	O'Riordan	Niall	S.6A
O'Brien	Brian	S.6	O'Rorke	Garrett	P.4
O'Brien	Rory	S.5A	O'Rourke	Colm	S.2
O'Brien	Eoin	S.1	O'Sullivan	Denis	S.2
O'Brien	Kevin	S.3	O'Sullivan	Marc	S.6A
O'Brien	James	S.4A	O'Sullivan	Cornelius	S.2A
O'Buachalla	Sean	S.2	Owens	Colin	S.5A
O'Callaghan	Dermot	S.2A		Roger	S.3A
	Ronan	S.1	Parkinson	Alan	S.2
O'Connell	Gareth	S.4A		Gerald	P.4
O'Connor	Christopher	S.6		Stuart	P.1
O'Connor	Philip	S.4A	Peart	Alan	S.1A
O'Connor	Stephen	S.5A	Pegum	Andrew	S.3A
O'Connor	Brian	P.2		John	P.2
O'Connor	John	S.1A	Pelly	Gareth	S.2A
O'Conor	Hugh	S.1	Peregrine	Andrew	S.2
	Keith	P.1	Powell	Kenneth	S.3
O'Doherty	David	S.2	Quinn	Mark	P.4
O'Doherty	Niall	S.6A	Quinn	Kevin	S.5A
	John	P.2	Quinlan	Paul	S.6A
O'Dubhghaill	Eoghan	S.4A		Michael	S.4A
More-				Philip	S.3A
O'Ferrall	Richard	P.1		Andrew	S.2
O'Flaherty	Owen	S.1	Rainer	Gregor	S.6
O'Flaherty	David	S.6	Ramsay	Ciaran	S.6
O'Grady	Paul	S.5	Rea	David	S.1A
O'Grady	Paul	S.1A	Rea	David	S.6A
O'Hanlon	Rory	S.1A	Reddy	David	S.6A
O'Herlihy	Neil	S.3	Roche	Sean	P.1
O'Higgins	James	S.3A	Roddy	Paul	P.1
O'Higgins	Niall	S.3	Rooney	Dermot	S.6
O'Huiginn	Donal	S.4		Stephen	S.4
O'Kane	Conor	S.1A	Rourke	Shane	P.3
O'Keefe	Peter	S.5A	Ruane	James	P.3
O'Keefe	Roderick	P.3		John	P.2
O'Kelly	Philip	P.1	Ryan	Daniel	P.1
O'Kelly	Darragh	S.3A	Ryan	Aidan	S.3

Ryan	Edmund	S.2	Swift	David	S.5A
Rynhart	Garrett	S.5A	Talbot	David	P.4
Scott	Andrew	P.3	Tierney	Eoin	S.3
Searson	Garrett	S.2A		Patrick	P.4
Semple	Roger	S.2A	Toner	Alan	S.3
Sexton	Stephen	S.4	Toomey	Grahame	S.1
	Senan	S.2A		Aiden	S.2A
Shannon	Cillian	P.4	Tormey	Thomas	P.2
Sheehy	Niall	S.3A	Tuomey	Timothy	S.5A
	John	P.3		Ian	P.4
Sheeran	Kenneth	S.1A	Twomey	Ciaran	S.6
Skelly	Julian	S.6A		John	S.4A
Slattery	Paul	S.5A	Walsh	Andrew	P.1
Smith	Connor	S.3	Walsh	Ciaran	S.5
Smyth	Ossian	S.5	Walsh	Brendan	S.6A
Spollen	Garfield	P.4	Walsh	Niall	S.1
Staunton	Jonathan	S.3	Walsh	Jasper	P.2
	Mark	S.1	Webb	Nicholas	S.5A
Staveley	David	S.6	Whelan	Killian	S.5
Stephenson	Patrick	P.4	Whelan	Ross	P.1
Strahan	Robin	P.2	White	Mark	S.4A
Stritch	David	S.5		Ronan	S.2
Sweeney	Francis	S.1A		Fergus	S.3
Sweeney	Karl	S.6	Young	Barry	S.4A
Sweetman	John	S.2			

