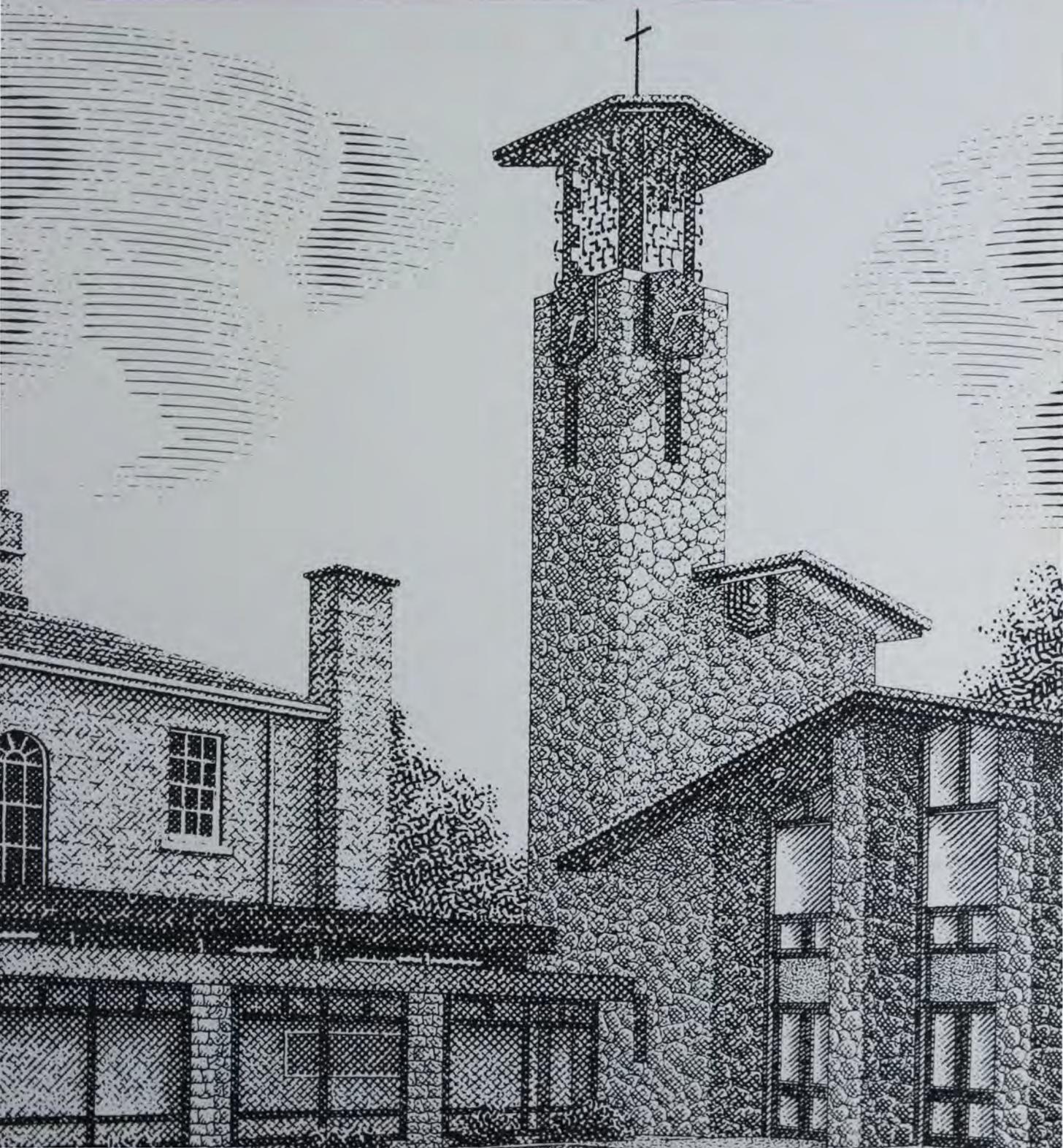


THE GONZAGA RECORD 1990



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The New Headmaster, Mr Patrick Potts with the Manager, Fr Paddy Crowe, S.J.

THE GONZAGA RECORD 1990

Gonzaga College
Dublin

THE GONZAGA
RECORD 1990

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EDITORIAL

This year's Record appears at a time of significant anniversaries and changes. 1991 is the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of St Ignatius Loyola — an event that will be marked in Jesuit institutions all over the world during the Ignatian Centenary Year, which ends on the Feast of St Ignatius 31 July 1991. 1990 is also the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Society of Jesus. Gonzaga College itself opened its doors in 1950 — originally staffed by Fr Charles O'Connor (Rector), Fr Bill White (Prefect of Studies), Fr John Murphy and Fr Tim Hamilton, the only surviving founder; so the College is celebrating its fortieth birthday in 1990. The changes of course on the world scene in the past year have been enormous, especially in eastern Europe, and at the time of editing the Gulf crisis is monopolising the world news — sharp reminders of the provisional and unpredictable in our lives.

At another level significant change comes to Gonzaga this year also with the appointment of a new headmaster, Mr Patrick Potts, by the Manager, Fr Paddy Crowe SJ — a change announced a year ago by the Provincial, Fr Philip Harnett SJ. Mr Potts is the first lay headmaster appointed to a Jesuit school in Ireland. A brief profile of the new headmaster, new to Gonzaga, but already tried and experienced in other schools, appears elsewhere in this Record.

The Record's function, of course, is first to record the names and activities of those who participated in Gonzaga's life during 1989-90, a 'laudator temporis acti'. One such worthy laudator this year is Fr Eddie Keane SJ, who gives a most interesting account of the school's early days and he includes some rare early photographs. The most fascinating is the first photo ever taken in Gonzaga of the entire school student body and staff in Gonzaga's first year. In 1990 Fr Keane remembered all the names! Fr Keane came to the college in 1951, one year after its foundation, and he has been here since then, teaching Classics with great distinction and of course establishing Gonzaga's reputation in tennis for many years. The Record, however, also looks to the future, so Mr Michael Bevan, the Senior Teacher of English for many years in the College writes on the place of literature in education today, and Fr Bruce Bradley's challenging homily to the graduating 6th Year last June is also included. The Transition Year got off to a good start, the Leaving Results — again in general most satisfactory — are published, and the various other reports need no introduction.

With the change of headmaster for Gonzaga of course comes a change for myself, having spent five years in the College, four as headmaster. I leave for Harare in Zimbabwe with many mixed feelings, knowing how much I received in my time here and how much I will miss. Being headmaster is a complex experience of enrichment, stretching, battering and 'approfondissement', as the French say, — certainly never dull!

As headmaster one spends some time thinking about and urging others — colleagues, parents, students and past pupils — to think about the larger goals of the school — about education itself. Reflecting and talking about education can easily degenerate into a mouthing of platitudes, but not taking time to do such reflection can have most serious and undesirable consequences for life in the school. It is so easy to lose sight of what is important when faced with the unending demands of the urgent and immediate.

This Ignatian Centenary Year and fortieth anniversary of Gonzaga's foundation is surely an appropriate time for some such reflection, if the school is to be faithful to the Ignatian tradition to which it belongs.

When assessing the 'success' of the school it is hardly enough to look at the results of the Leaving, however important they are. Further questions must be asked — is the school a creative environment, providing by and large an atmosphere where pupils are helped to identify and develop their many talents?

'To be dead is to stop believing in / The masterpieces we will begin tomorrow', as Kavanagh says. Simone Weil has some arresting words on the 'real object' of studies: 'Although people seem to be unaware of it today, the development of the faculty of attention forms the real object, and almost the sole interest of studies. Quite apart from explicit religious belief, every time a human being succeeds in making an effort of attention with the sole idea of increasing his grasp of truth, he acquires a greater aptitude for grasping it even if his efforts produce no visible fruit. The other true purpose of school studies — education — is to inculcate humility — not just a virtue, but the condition of virtue. From this point of view, it is perhaps even more useful to contemplate our stupidity than our sin. Studies are nearer to God because of the attention which is their soul.'

At the 6th Year Graduation I spoke of my hopes and fears in the long term for the students leaving us and of some characteristics which can, I think, be used to assess the 'success' of a Jesuit school such as Gonzaga. In this concluding editorial, as in my final letter to the parents, perhaps it is of value to reiterate some of these observations. The first is that of gratitude — a fundamental characteristic of the spirituality of St Ignatius and hopefully an intrinsic outcome of Jesuit education. Ignatius considered the ungrateful or unappreciative person to be half-dead, no matter how talented or successful they were. Gratitude makes a person noble as against petty, humble as against arrogant and greedy, human as against its opposite. As already mentioned, in a year when enormous change has been occurring in the world, in a year when six Jesuits with two female

helpers were brutally assassinated, we are reminded of the higher goals of education which, I hope, underpin our work in Gonzaga — the urgent call to exercise mature leadership that is unselfish, magnanimous and concerned for the needs of all groups in society, and the price sometimes to be paid for championing the needs and cause of the disadvantaged and voiceless. If the education offered in Gonzaga leads our students in these directions then the school motto 'semper et ubique fidelis' is more than an empty formula. If not

It has often been stated that the basic goals of Jesuit schools are an excellence which seeks to develop all of a student's talents to the full, a generosity of involvement in the co-curricular life of the school so as to seek a broad and human development, and a formation in the Faith which will lead them to become more or less 'men for others'.

My fears for the students leaving are that they would develop little, humanly or spiritually, that they would remain narrow, and be sucked into ungenerous patterns or lifestyles, seduced by the so-called greedy yuppie mentality, and settling for the glib and superficial in dealing with important issues.

But these fears are outweighed by our hopes for our students: that they develop their gifts, and flower into men of integrity and compassion and generosity and vision; men who will come to terms humbly with failure and weakness as well as with success, who will have an eye, a special eye, for the weak and vulnerable in society, who will have a passion for the truth, whatever the cost, who will have a sense of responsibility for the quality of life and leadership in Ireland and abroad, who will have an openness to the radical call in their deeper selves, wherever it leads, which will surely if often imperceptibly come — men who will see the Church, their Church, as a context of enrichment and challenge rather than as a source of embarrassment and constraint, men who will be increasingly motivated by the values of the gospel, Christ's values, in a world often not at all favourable to such values — men who will foster the humble and crucial quality of attention Simone Weil speaks about, which makes possible the encounter with the God of all consolation and creativity — our God — where He awaits us patiently and with great affection at the depth of our being. And when people say: 'he must have been at school in Gonzaga' — those will be the kind of qualities they'll be referring to, not something else.

However, unless these hopes are often translated into concrete choices and decisions they remain merely pious aspiration. For these hopes to be realised in our students at all of course, they would need to be prized and thought about often by the adults around them, parents, teachers and past pupils.

A headmaster of Eton, in reply to the question of what they were at in the school is reported to have answered: 'we are preparing our students to die well.' Not a bad answer that, if needing qualification. As backdrop to all its activities and aspirations, a Catholic, Jesuit school such as the

College of St Aloysius Gonzaga will lose its way and fail in its stewardship if it forgets St Paul's reminder that 'we and our pupils are God's work of art, chosen in Christ Jesus to live the good life as He meant us to live it';

'For Christ plays in 10,000 places,
lovely in limbs,
and lovely in eyes not his,
To the Father through the features of men's faces'.

Peter Sexton SJ

SCHOOL STAFF 1990-91

Headmaster: Mr Patrick Potts

Vice-Principal: Mr John Mulgrew

Prefect of Studies: Mr Daniel McNelis

Bursar: Mr George Stokes

Administrator: Br James Barry SJ

Staff:

Mr Patrick Allen

Dr Jill Berman

Mr Michael Bevan

Fr Joseph Brennan SJ

Mr Robert Byrne,

Gamesmaster

Mrs Catherine Collins

Mrs Philomena Crosbie

Mr Denis Cusack

Mrs Marion Deane

Fr John Dunne SJ,

Pastoral Co-ordinator

Mrs Terry Egan

Mrs Daphne Felton

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 John O'Connor,

Asst Pastoral Co-ordinator

Mr Cathal O'Gara

Ms Maire O'Kelly

Mr Paraic O'Sullivan

Mr Brian Regan

Mr Tom Slevin

Mrs Joan Whelan

Mr Kevin Whirdy

Secretary: Ms Bernadette Dunne

Librarian: Mrs Eileen Pentz

Lab Assistant: Mr Kevin Barber

BRIEF PROFILE OF THE NEW HEADMASTER

Mr Patrick Potts is a Dubliner and a Northsider; a fact of which he is particularly proud. He was reared in Clontarf where he received his primary education at Belgrove BNS. From there he went to O'Connell CBS for secondary education and UCD where he took a B.Sc.

After graduation he taught at St Fintan's High School, Sutton, where, in 1971, he was appointed Vice-Principal. In 1975 he moved to Greendale Community School, Kilbarrack, becoming Vice-Principal in 1977. While at Greendale Mr Potts made his first contact with the Jesuits who are co-trustees of the school. It was the impression made on him by Fr John Brady SJ, Chairman of the Board of Management in Greendale, and particularly Fr Michael Gallagher SJ in his role as school chaplain that persuaded Patrick Potts that he would like to work in a Jesuit school.

In the meantime, however, he had seen another aspect of Jesuit education through his involvement with students holding the Redington scholarship at the Jesuit University in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and the Irish American Partnership scholarships at St Joseph's University, Philadelphia (also a Jesuit foundation). From Greendale Community School Patrick Potts moved to Kells, County Meath where he was the first Principal of Kells Community School. He returned to Dublin on 1 August to become Headmaster of Gonzaga. (It is noteworthy that he has returned to live on the Northside in Howth).

The new headmaster confesses to an ignorance of the finer (and perhaps other) points of rugby — an ignorance which he must remedy. Over the years his interests have been in motor sport — particularly motor rallying, choral music and cooking. (This last may help to account for his ample waistline).

He claims to be too old to involve himself any longer in active motor sport but retains a strong interest in choral music. (Like his predecessor, Fr Peter Sexton SJ, he has been a member of Our Lady's Choral Society). This interest he hopes to expand in Gonzaga which has an established reputation for musical excellence.

HOMILY AT 6th YEAR GRADUATION MASS

Gonzaga Graduation Homily: Friday 1 June 1990

Fr Bruce Bradley SJ — Headmaster of Belvedere

(Gospel: John 17,20-23)

“Holy Father, I pray not only for these . . .”

Gathered with the Class of 1990 on this solemn evening, the last time they will ponder on their collective journey through the years of school as an entire group and the years that lie ahead, we pray for them . . . this is a turning-point, the end of an era — a familiar world, not always loved perhaps but familiar and, often, we hope, loved, is being left behind, inspiring nostalgia for a past which is now memories and the realisation that childhood will not return and things will never be the same again; inspiring, too, regret for lost opportunities, disappointed hopes, talents unfulfilled, high ideals of honour and truthfulness and generosity and unselfishness sometimes betrayed. . .

We pray for them as they leave all this behind, let it go, let themselves be forgiven for the past and whatever painful memories left behind be healed.

We pray for them, too, as they face the unknown future — the future of the Leaving Certificate, locked away in the boxes in Fr Sexton’s office, but also the future lying beyond the Leaving, alluring, exciting, promising possibilities of liberation and adventure and fulfilment, but still uncertain. . .

We think of Yeats’s lines:

“What youthful mother, a shape upon her lap . . .
Would think her son, did she but see that shape
With sixty or more winters on its head,
A compensation for the pang of his birth,
Or the uncertainty of his setting forth?”

We pray for them as they face a new world, which those of us who are older cannot completely imagine and will not completely comprehend when it comes about, not least through the agency of young people like these who graduate tonight. . .

We pray very specially in gratitude for all the goodness and grace which has blossomed in them — all the wonderful human possibilities which have appeared in them — unique in each one.

We pray in gratitude for the great public accomplishments and the obvious human gifts and talents, known and remarked on by everyone.

And we pray too for the hidden goodness, the hidden kindnesses never

noticed, the talents not yet given proper scope in the setting of school, not yet appreciated, not yet known, perhaps, even by those who possess them.

We pray in gratitude for all that this class, individually and as a group, have given to the community of Gonzaga in their time. . .

Jesus, in his priestly prayer before entering the Paschal Mystery by which He brought the Holy Spirit into our world, went on: "I pray not only for these, but for those also who through their words will believe in me".

We pray not just for them but for those also who, through their words (not just those they speak, but above all those they enact, those they live by), will find faith in the meaning of human life, in a God who makes sense, in the God of Jesus Christ. We pray that they will find faith in the humanity perfected and fully revealed in Jesus Christ.

We think of all those their lives will touch. . .

We think of what they will be for the world, the worlds they are moving into.

We think of all they bring to the world now, these young men who are truly — and the description should inspire not guilt but gratitude and a great sense of challenge — the privileged of the earth. . .

All that they have become, all that they possess, is a gift — a gift for the world, not a treasure to be buried in their own careers, even their own families or narrow interest-groups, but given to the world.

We are gathered at a time of great hope but also great uncertainty in the politics of our planet.

I find myself thinking of a young Dutch Jewess, Etty Hillesum, herself a distinguished graduate from the University of Amsterdam, first in law and then in Slavonic languages.

This exceptionally able young woman set out on her own life-journey full of the hopes which this class has tonight.

But her life was quickly overtaken by the horrors of the Second World War and the obscenity of her people's systematic persecution by Adolf Hitler.

Far from crumpling in self-absorption and selfish recrimination at her terrible fate and the frustration of all her high hopes, she understood (and she was in Westerbork concentration camp, facing certain death when she wrote these words), she understood that the world's only hope is for human beings to accept life with all its bitterness and suffering lovingly: "You have made me so rich, oh God, please let me share out your beauty with open hands".

Diaries she kept in Westerbork and Auschwitz, where she died in 1943 at the age of 29, have now at last been published.

The diaries record her desire to "be present on every battle-front and at the centre of all human suffering". In her very last entry, she wrote: "We should be willing to act as a balm for all wounds".

"I pray not only for these but for those also who, through their words,

will believe in me”.

The words of ETTY HILLESUM still lead others, many others in many languages, to believe in the mystery of God and to “share out his beauty with open hands”.

We pray for this class — the suffering and the wounds of the world are waiting for you: may you give your gifts to the world, may you “be willing to act as a balm for all wounds”.

THE GONZAGA THAT WAS (BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE)

by Edmund Keane, SJ

When the Editor buttonholed me and asked for a contribution to *The Gonzaga Record* I knew he was eyeing me as though I were the Last of the Mohicans, or at least an Endangered Species. I could read his intent. 'Here', he was saying to himself, 'is one who has spent forty years in Gonzaga, is passing into his anecdotage and possesses a memory that must soon be tapped before it crumbles and snaps with the onset of senescence'.

After a token resistance I consented, but reserving the right to be as eclectic as I liked as I wandered back over the years.

I'm not a trained historian and my knowledge of history is more or less confined to the B.C. period of Greece and Rome, but in this present task I am greatly aided by the fact that I've been keeping some kind of diary of events: this, because on my arrival at Gonzaga in 1951 I was appointed its official historian. Of course, what you read here is in no way an attempt to rival that excellent and comprehensive History of Gonzaga produced by the *Record's* first Editor, Fr William Lee, in the first two issues (1985 and 1986). This is more an aimless ramble than a determined walk or, to employ an epic simile, I'm a bit like Aeneas peering at the friezes as he awaited audience with Dido and muttering to himself 'Quae regio in terris non nostri plena laboris?'

One other circumstance has been a great help to me in this literary outpouring. During the years 1955-57 I was inducted into the mysteries of photography by Fr Richard Brennan (now returned to our community) and for several years after, armed with a moderately efficient camera, I snapped away happily, fiddled with an enlarger and splashed around in my 'cell' with basins of water, developers and fixers. I used to make numerous copies and sell them at cost of production: a mere 6d would get you a full-plate souvenir of a team.

I like to think that many of my efforts still grace albums and mantel-pieces all around Dublin. Although I'm no Fr Browne, I feel that this passing hobby has created something of lasting value. Of course, it was all in black and white: colour was beyond me.

It is inevitable that in these pages I'll be doing a certain amount of name-dropping. I know that people in general like to see their names in print — provided there's nothing libellous — but, just as when in our entrance exam we have, say, a hundred applicants and only thirty places on offer and so are liable to make seventy enemies, so, I feel, there will be some eminent Gonzagians wondering why their names don't appear. I can't

mention everybody. Besides, I hope that it will be understood that the tendency of old age is to fasten more on the distant past. In the words of Jean Anouilh 'When you're forty, half of you belongs to the past — and when you're seventy, nearly all of you'. One Henry Adams, an American historian at the turn of the century, remarks that 'Nothing is more tiresome than a superannuated pedagogue'. This might have discouraged me, but he has also this: 'A teacher affects eternity: he can never tell where his influence stops'.

Now that I've got the introduction over, I just don't know where to begin. A shuffle through my old photos helps to jog the memory. Indeed, without this aid I'd find it quite difficult to recall the old scene.

On those who now drive up the wide, well-surfaced avenue there bursts a view of exceptional beauty — elegant buildings, spacious playing-fields, arboreal luxury. Only I and a number of golden oldies can remember a narrow, rutted, pot-holed passage lined with ancient oaks that led to a single building, the present community residence, once known as Sandford Hill. There were, of course, the yard buildings; but in 1951 these were still the old stables fronted by a cobble-stoned area entered through a large green gate, and where, to get to the second storey, one had to climb rickety ladders and emerge through trapdoors onto crumbling floors that still held their quantity of hayseed. A couple of years passed before we got possession of the other building, Sandford Grove (now the Junior School) which had been housing the refugees who had been burned out of Milltown Park in the disastrous fire of 1949. At this time the grounds were limited to the front field and a confined area behind, where we now have our tennis courts and the small Junior pitch.

What is now the 'Cottage', that Sixth Year clubroom so little appreciated by its present denizens (to judge by its treatment), was the home of the resident gardener, Mr Jimmy Byrne, a little home (then only half its present size) where he raised a family before his early demise. I have a photo of the yard area festooned with nappies!

Hard to remember, too, was the condition of the front field, now more usually referred to as the front lawn. In the beginning it was completely surrounded by railings, part of it was producing potatoes and down the centre ran a deepish trench with a generous crop of dandelions. As years went by it was gradually brought to its present excellence — this by the introduction of a couple of ten-ton steamrollers and by the blood, sweat and tears of yours truly who, mounted on a Dennis mower, often worked late into the night to keep the jungle at bay.

At this time the rear of the house was a miniature 'rolling downs' dotted with trees, both big and small. There was no suggestion then of tennis courts. And it's hard to believe that on most of our present rugby-pitches cattle were grazing and the grunting of pigs could be heard from a corner near the Milltown Road.

In many ways it's great to have been a pioneer and to be able to look back to the days when our community residence wasn't quite so

comfortable. As well as the half-dozen or so Jesuits, it once contained three classrooms, the boys' toilets and cloakroom, and in my diary I note that 'at the end of 1952 wash-basins (2) were first installed'. To get a few inches of hot water for a bath one had first to spend hours stoking a primitive stove with newspapers, sticks and any other fuel to hand.

My colleagues probably think of me as a privileged and cosseted "Mr Chips" who lectures on Greek and Latin to a small number of committed and gifted students in a quiet little oasis of the Science block. But 'twas not always so. I served a long apprenticeship. After all, everything here began with three Prep. classes (8, 9 and 10-year-olds) and for several years there was no question of the Classics. I spent my time with the very young teaching English, sums (hardly mathematics!) and calligraphy (both English and Irish handwriting). I recall that I spent much of my time on correct spelling: if there were as much emphasis on it nowadays we wouldn't be getting all those letters addressed to the 'Principle' of the School! I also got my young charges to learn by heart reams of poetry: such an approach now would probably provoke a ticking-off from the educational gurus, not to mention the I.S.P.C.C. I still think I was right.

How things have changed! The school roll in 1951 listed 52 students: now it has jumped to over 450. There is a theatre, a chapel, well-furnished classrooms and many other amenities. Would that our present scholars appreciated all they have going for them! One little feature that might differentiate life in the fifties from the modern age of TV, discos and all the rest is that in the earliest years, when it rained during the lunch period, I had all the boys gathered in the little cloakroom where, seated on a dais, I read to them for a half-hour or so from a careful selection of stories. Even the adventures of Pooh Bear and Heffalump were listened to in respectful silence. Such a captive audience would be unimaginable now.

People keep saying to me 'Boys have changed. They're much more unruly now.' My answer is always the same. No, human nature doesn't change. They are the same now as they have always been — some lazy, some irresponsible, but the vast majority serious-minded and, as is ever the case, very different when met on an individual basis than when they are running with the pack. There is, admittedly, a lack of the old sanctions, a background of pop culture, an extra measure of peer pressure, a very material-minded world around them, as well as the acute tensions of modern exam-requirements; but to counter-balance all that there is, I believe, a deeper sense of responsibility towards the underprivileged and a more serious attitude towards life.

Gonzaga boys weren't always all little paragons of virtue. An unruly element is liable to surface every year, and there's no school can avoid it. At the risk of bordering on the frivolous I might here remark that, for example, the problem of *graffiti* is less acute — but maybe that's because our modern desks are made of sterner stuff. I think back, too, to a short period in the sixties when the letting off of stink bombs became

the 'in' thing to do. I remember entering a classroom when such a device had just been triggered off. My reaction was eagerly awaited, but I proved a disappointment. Well-schooled in youth in another Jesuit college, I just ordered all the windows to be shut, closed the door, made my exit and let the perpetrators stew in their own juice. It was a telling counter.

From the very beginning there were boy prefects. There were four of them and they were called *Ceannairí* (Irish for 'leaders') — a little group of ten-year-old authoritarians setting the standard. (I have no note of their names: perhaps they would identify themselves to me sometime).

Time was when school caps, school scarves and school blazers were the order of the day. These were worn widely and proudly. Nowadays, even though there is still some kind of school uniform (grey trousers and wine pullover), the idea of appearing thus caparisoned would make any modern schoolboy shrivel. I cannot clearly remember when the fashion of caps etc. faded out — perhaps at the same time as schoolgirls could hardly wait to get out of their uniforms into the sloppy dress (grandpa shirts and tattered jeans) that seems the style of the day.

At this juncture I might mention that in 1959 the first School Captain was appointed. This was Brian Davy, and he was supported by the Vice-Captain (Tommy Eustace), Secretary (Anthony Clare) and two Council Members (Ted Farrell and Brian Lawless). The age of the *Ceannairí* was over!

I like to think that when the Jesuit Provincial moved me to Gonzaga (from 35 Lower Leeson St., where I was Editor of *The Irish Monthly*) he was making use of my modest talents — the ability to teach Greek and play some tennis. Even now, apart from the deeper considerations that motivate a Jesuit, these remain among my prime interests and if I linger on them a little I hope I'll be excused.

The little room now occupied by the Greek faculty is a veritable oasis for me. On its door is the inscription that graced Plato's Academy: MEDEIS AGEOMETRETOS EISITO. On its walls is a roll of honour, some 18 names of those who won scholarships to UCD and TCD. Successive Headmasters (once yclept Prefects of Studies) were always most supportive. But now I fear that I am fighting a rearguard battle. The number of Classic students is dwindling and the time allowed for its subjects more and more attenuated. But I'm still convinced that it is the ultimate educational subject. I know of no Greek scholar that regretted his option. My conviction received a boost very recently in an article in *The Times* (23-5-'90) headed 'Discipline of Classics Meets Demands of Modern World'. I cannot refrain from giving a few quotes:

'The ancient world of Cicero and Socrates, Pliny and Pythagoras, is being called in to help modern industry and commerce meet the demands of the 21st century.'

'A study of Greek and Roman history and its ancient languages help managers to hold their own in the competitive modern world.'

‘Classics graduates can hold their own in the knowledge that their discipline develops many of the qualities which employers are looking for — intellectual rigour, communication skills, analytical skills, the ability to handle complex information and, above all, a breadth of view which few others can provide.’

And an advertising agency is quoted as saying, less elegantly: ‘Classics graduates are probably better than any other discipline . . . they think the pants off issues.’

I rest my case, and I touch with pride the large bundle of postcards that have been sent to me over the years from erstwhile students wandering in the isles of Greece. They, too, have seen the Parthenon and Mycenae and Santorini and Knossos.

I pass on now to the subject of games, and would preface my remarks by saying that it wasn't always just rugby and cricket and tennis. Once upon a time we had a croquet court of sorts close to the community house. I still possess a snapshot of MacDara Woods about to belt a ball through a hoop while his opponent, George Miley, waves an admonitory finger and interested spectators are Frank Fennell and Cyril Forbes. Believe it or not, the finalists of the Irish Croquet Championships at Carrickmines in 1968 were both Old Gonzagians, David O'Connor (the winner) and Leslie J. Webb, and among Ireland's best mallet-wielders of the time were Myles McWeeney and David's brother, Benedict.

There was a notable era of table tennis when Fr Paddy O'Connell was gamesmaster: in 1966 our senior and junior teams contested the semi-finals of the Leinster Schools Competitions.

There is still plenty of swimming activity, but not with the style and standards of the period when the late Fr John O'Leary, aided and abetted by Sir John Galvin, ran the show. We held our first Gala at the Iveagh Baths in 1965, and these Galas continued for the next six years or so. We had teams competing in the Leinster Swimming Championships with considerable success, and travelling regularly to Mungret, Clongowes, Belvedere and Marian College for friendly engagements. We even had a water polo team that made the Leinster semi-finals in 1966, and won a diving trophy about the same time.

There is still golf, but mainly on an extra-curricular basis. We still enter a team for the Inter-School Competitions, but how many can remember that in 1984, in Mullingar, we came away with the trophy?

Potted histories of our cricket and rugby and tennis have already appeared in *The Gonzaga Record*. So I shall confine myself to a few memories.

I have a photo dating back to the early fifties that shows the front lawn dotted with small white figures — five cricket divisions in action. In those days it was hard to find qualified umpires among the school staff (then practically all Jesuits), and there is a story — perhaps apocryphal — of a certain Jesuit scholastic who took seriously his instructions that to give

a valid 'Out' it was necessary to raise the left index-finger for a left-handed batsman! But the standard of cricket was high, and was to produce such notable players as David Ensor and Eddie Lewis. Here I should like to pay a tribute to the memory of Mr. Brendan Fox (Phoenix CC) who gave so generously of his time and energy in coaching our youngsters.

The game made a vigorous resurgence in recent years under the guidance of Mr Jim Walsh, but alas! with his departure it has faded again — another clear indication that games (and other things) ebb and flow with the presence or absence of someone at the top to inspire and organise.

Rugby is more professional now. Players are fitter, coaching more expert and intense and our XVs have won a place among "those to be feared" in the cup competitions. But I remember the times when we were content enough to occupy a more humble position, playing only the weaker teams, knowing that a confrontation with any of the big guns would end only in humiliation. But I like to think that the game was always enjoyable, and am happy in the reflection that such an unprofessional attitude ("It's only a game!") produced a couple of outstanding internationals (Anthony Ensor and Barry Bresnihan) and a plethora of high-ranking club-players.

Instead of consigning it to a footnote, this might be a good place to record the composition of the very first rugby XV to represent Gonzaga against another school. The game was against the Belvedere Under-Elevens; the date was March 10, 1951; the referee was Fr. John Murphy; it was played on the front field and it ended in a home win by 15 points (five tries!) to nil. Jerry Liston (Full back); David Strahan, Garret Shanley, John Mulhern, David Carton (backs); Leonard Little, John Delaney (halves); David Gallagher, Iorard Delaney, Owen Brady, Ronnie O'Loghlan, Geoffrey McEnroe, Paul Dempsey, Brendan Walsh, Michael Fitzgibbon (forwards).

Modesty *almost* forbids me to recall Gonzaga's remarkable successes in tennis. You'll find some account of this in *The Gonzaga Record* of 1985. When I look at the modern scene with all its coaching, sponsorship and hard courts I think of all I suffered in the early days. Then everything had to be played on grass, and the weather didn't often permit: and there was no such thing as a tie-break. Deeply etched on my memory are long vigils at various venues, among them one occasion when, in the old Fitzwilliam LTC, we were playing Newbridge in the final of the Senior Cup. After about five hours of tennis, at a time when a batsman would be appealing against the light, a marathon match of massive rallies was still in progress. Declan Meagher was locked in a war of attrition against a boy named H. Ismail to decide the whole issue. The ball sailed to new heights as the pair lobbed away to each other, but in the end, amid the encircling gloom, Declan triumphed and we might well have carried the cup home by torchlight. Another memory is a game played at Sutton LTC. Wintry showers and consequent long delays had reduced me to a state of acute hypothermia: but then an elderly brother (Leader of the opposition) invited me to share his flask of hot coffee. This, I found, had been liberally

laced and so my life was saved. May I salute again the mothers who, over the years, ferried me and the teams to our assignments, and provided welcome sustenance. I salute, particularly, the Ensors, the Sheehans, the Coulsons, the Meaghers, the Blakes, the O'Gradys, the Carneys, the McDonaghs and, in more recent years, the Molloyes and Smiths.

Where do I go from here? In the writings of Sir Richard Burton I came across this sentence: "How strange are the tricks of memory, which, often hazy as a dream about the most important events of a man's life, religiously preserve the merest trifles". This sentiment now worries me and I begin to wonder if all I have so far written hasn't verged too much on the trivial. But, unable to make a proper assessment and selection from the disordered card-index that is my memory, I push on regardless as before.

I'd like to write of the days when the boys came in at the crack of dawn to serve our Masses, when the rosary was said on bended knees during the morning break, when at least four confessionals were in operation every Saturday and three-day, enclosed retreats were annual events for the top four classes. I'd like to hold forth on the events and circumstances (mainly outside our control) that virtually sabotaged our earliest high aspirations in matters academic — but Fr Lee has already covered this aspect of Gonzaga history. I'd like to think back on our College expeditions, especially that first one to Greece when, in 1965, a small party consisting of Fr Joe Veale, John Fitzpatrick, Joe Mathews, Dominique O'Meara, Raymond Whitaker and myself set off overland on an arduous journey eastwards. It was rough going — but what could you expect on a return train-ticket between London and Athens that cost about £24! We were away for six weeks and visited Delphi, the Peloponnese, Crete, Rhodes and Mykonos. I'd like to recall, too, being one of a party of about sixty that went on a skiing holiday in the Tyrol in January of 1969. This venture was led by Fr Paul Andrews (then Prefect of Studies), and I shared a room in a chalet with Mr John Wilson. I'll never forget the thrill and exhilaration of hurtling (well, perhaps that's too strong a word!) down the nursery slopes for about ten days before I was required to make a premature return with Tim Meagher and François Eliet who had suffered broken legs.

But I must stop somewhere. So, I'll end with a few recollections of Gonzaga's Thespian record.

For many years now we have become accustomed to an annual play of high quality both in itself and in its production, and under the very competent direction of Mr Michael Bevan. Among these I list *The Lark* (Jean Anouilh), *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* (G.B.S.), *Six Characters in Search of an Author* (Luigi Pirandello), *Murder in the Cathedral* (T. S. Eliot), *Romanoff and Juliet* (Peter Ustinov), *Silas Marner* (George Eliot), a couple of Shakespearean plays (*A Midsummer's Night's Dream* and *Romeo and Juliet*) and plays by Tom Stoppard. All the greatest playwrights! The only comedy I can remember was called *Hotel Paradise* (perhaps a little over-bawdy for school production!). We've also come

to expect an annual operetta and, since 1976, this has been provided by the fertile genius of Mr Gerry Murphy who has just completed, for the third time round, that cycle of musicals that are all his own work. There are very few boys — and parents — within the last fifteen years who have not followed the saga of Alpha Chemicals and witnessed, on stage, the manifestation of that wonderful enthusiasm for the game of chess that has brought the College to the very pinnacle of success in that cerebral game.

But there was a time when plays were produced fitfully. They were not things to be done every year. Rather, they depended upon the amount of talent available and the wish of the boys themselves to get into the act.

During the sixties three notable plays were staged. These were *The Comedian* (Henri Gheon), *A Man for all Seasons* (Robert Bolt) and *Billy Budd* (Coxe and Chapman). In them the leading roles were played outstandingly by Ross Geoghegan, Leslie Webb and Bryan Shannon. Of the first two I possess numerous photos, taken without flash from the wings. Looking through these again I see, among many others, Simon O'Leary as a Roman centurion, Arthur Plunkett a noble senator, John Cooke a winsome Roman matron, Anthony Clare a Christian slave. And I can recall the cast of Robert Bolt's play — Esmonde Smyth, John O'Leary, Richard Rice, Desmond Fleming, Ian Finlay, John Mathews, James Macken, Michael Laffan, Adrian Kenny, David Clarke, Ian Eustace, Gerard Hooke, Hubert Mahony, Michael Algar, Geoffrey Carroll.

In all my time the performance of Leslie Webb as Thomas More was the most unforgettable — perhaps because he was himself, even then, a man for all seasons. Tremendously gifted both in mind and character he was the most complete young man I ever knew. Among a wide range of interests he had a special passion for cricket, knew Wisden by heart (and on more than one occasion wrote to correct its editors). What a sense of loss we felt when, in 1971, we learned that Leslie had lost his life in a tragic drowning off the coast of Brunei while working in the Volunteer Overseas Service.

Well, I have written at far greater length than I ever intended. But, after all, the Editor left me on a long leash. I've been eclectic, and verbose, and I know that my enthusiasms and prejudices are showing. I expect that I'll be categorised as a *laudator temporis acti*. I make no apology and say to all *Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit!* and leave the last word to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow:

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

P.S. Just as I finish, a postcard arrives from Ithaca. It comes from Philip McDonagh. 'He is going through the *Odyssey* with renewed appreciation', and adds 'Who wouldn't want to learn Greek!'

Little gestures like this make it all worth while and, O future Gonzagians, please take note of his final words.

LITERATURE AND TEACHING

Michael Bevan

Probably no part of Peter Sexton's period as Headmaster gave him more pleasure than accosting members of staff and indulging in a very human personal contact. I was enjoying one of these moments of intimacy (while my class, no doubt, threw bits of Milton at each other) when Peter confessed to being a little anxious. 'I don't seem to have a very clear picture of what you English teachers actually *do*,' he said. 'I sometimes have a little difficulty in explaining to parents. Maybe you would put it down on paper for me sometime.' Some of Peter's requests one could smilingly shrug off.

As Headmaster, Peter generally got what he wanted by the use of subtle insistence over a prolonged period. His telephoned request, the day before school reopened, for some remarks on the teaching of literature caught me with my defences down. I had thought him safely among the children in Africa.

The return to teaching is hard enough; to write a rationale of the job within the first ten days is intolerable. That this article appears at all is a compliment to Peter's talented midwifery (may it serve him well in Africa!). He knows I wish him well in Harare: well might I have wished he were there sooner!

Your teacher of literature (I recognise the danger of self-caricature here!) may sometimes be perceived as a little of the oddball: slightly stand-offish in the staff-room (too much work, of course!); disagreeing with everybody else's verdict on last night's documentary; ruining straightforward topics of conversation with obscure quotations. Since the days of F. R. Leavis, he has been inclined to communicate the impression that he believes his subject to be the most important in the curriculum — a charge he will deny publicly, but find him drinking with his association colleagues and it's another story. Yet confront him or her with the question 'What precisely do you *do*? What are the *grounds* for your pretension?' and the response is often a condescending evasion. Not that some of his/her colleagues don't think they know the answers themselves, or have designs on teaching the subject: the Maths teacher has been known to hurl defiant quotations from Shelley; the French teacher eyes the subject jealously as a higher calling; and the Religion faculty is bent on outright annexation.

Now let me defend the teacher. That phrase 'teaching literature' does not immediately yield any obvious meaning — not in the sense that one

can immediately understand what is involved in 'teaching reading' or in 'to teach someone to write'. All I can immediately assume from the phrase is that the teacher's general area of operations is 'literature' and that the latter is presumed to be of some 'value'. What that 'value' is I have to define; also what aims or end result I have in mind for my students — as it may be safely agreed that neither Shakespeare nor Heaney will help you to change a light-bulb; and finally, what function does the teacher have in the process, a process which, after all, does not involve the teaching of grammar, or formulae, or pronunciation, or special terminology; not even dates and biographical data, if one is to believe the purists.

Isolated pedantry? No: merely a reflection of the uncertainty in the minds of English teachers, the tip of a prolonged debate, especially in educational circles in England. It is one of the distinguishing features of Fr Joe Veale's article 'Men Speechless'* that he defines a single, all-embracing aim for the teaching of English, the restoration of 'rhetoric to its traditional place as the formal object of secondary education . . . not . . . excluding all the other valuable objects of literary study, but of subordinating them to that ruling and master principle'. Nevertheless, remarks in the same article call into question aspects of the syllabus at that time, its contents and objects. That these questions were not fully resolved by the new syllabi of 1968 is evidenced by the radical changes being made with the Junior Certificate course for English. (Whether Fr Veale would approve of *them* is another question!)

What I am about to say includes some of the reservations of 'Men Speechless'. The teacher of literature at secondary school is *not* concerned with the production of literary critics, and indulging in practical criticism at school is a fruitless exercise and educationally invalid. What Fr Veale has to say about 'stock answers and opinions that can be dictated and memorised' is all the more interesting for the fact that in my experience on the Syllabus Committee almost thirty years later, one of the dominant issues was how to examine in literature without inviting these 'stock answers', and reducing teaching to the level of a Grind Academy.

'Well then, at least you can expose them to literature.' Not so easy, and almost impossible, if dealing with the linguistically disadvantaged. Besides, the word 'literature' has a suspicious whiff of cultural snobbery, about which English educationalists, with a large immigrant student population, have become fearfully sensitive. 'Literature' has too often been associated with a fixed canon of works to which tradition has attached the title 'classics' and to which, it was deemed, students must be 'exposed'. This assumption dictated, to an extent, the content of the anthology of prose 'essays' — works by Lamb, Ruskin, Stevenson — which were held up for the admiration and emulation of students at the time Fr Veale wrote. Of the 'essay' he wrote (in 1957):

**Studies* 1957. An extract is to be found in the 'Record' of 1985.

'Even in England they have recognised long since that the essay . . . is an outmoded literary form. It is a form of writing that does not make a powerful appeal to most readers, least of all to the majority of young people of seventeen. It is education of this kind which gives people a permanent and justifiable dislike for everything that is "literary", that can be labelled "culture" . . .'

Now, I should say at once that in the course of eighteen years I have taught some of those essays with pleasure, seen them inform both content and style of some boys' writing. The point to be made, however, is that these very essays were examined for the last time only in 1990, and that the canon which kept them in place for so long also excluded much else of equal educational value, just as it delayed until 1986 the introduction of an extended pool of modern drama. Young minds must never be *denied* the right of access to Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Hardy through the syllabus, if they are ready for them and the teacher capable of delivering; but there is an awful lot else (as the Junior Certificate acknowledges) that they could be reading pleurably, without too much difficulty, and with unquestionable educational advantage.

I had better finish quickly with negative definition. Gone are the days when texts were ransacked for examples of litotes, synecdoche, transferred epithet and enjambement (or 'enjumblement', as an early mentor of mine once found in a child's essay). Nor do we study literature to make 'writers' of our students.

And the successful exam candidate? What has he achieved? Unfortunately there is still reason to suspect that, for many, the exam remains a test of 'memory or cunning', to quote 'Men Speechless' once more. That does not offer much comforting validation of the work in teaching literature. There is much debate at present as to how to make the exam a test of the candidate's 'genuine personal responses' to literature. Clearly, that needs a lot of thinking out; it would never do for it to become a test of *untutored* responses. It seems to me to be as potentially dangerous as the suggestion that every pupil should be encouraged in the 'uninhibited use of his own language'.

It's there I stated a case. What does, then, give literature (some qualifications made) a special place in the curriculum, an educational value? I think the answer still lies (as it always has) in what Fr Veale had time only to allude to: the 'valuable humanistic formation' of 'reading widely and with enjoyment'. By that I take him to have meant, broadly, that literature belongs among the liberal, non-utilitarian areas of the curriculum, and that it 'humanises'. This is not the place for a defence of the humanities in the current economic climate: such defences tend to be strident, rhetorical (in the pejorative sense) and unbalanced, and the reader of the *Record* can be presumed to be already a convert. Suffice it to say that the spirit of Gradgrind is alive and thriving, that hard-nosed economic wisdom rules the wisdom of heart and imagination. It can be

overstated, but it is not untrue that we have a shrinking humanities curriculum — the classics and history in retreat, modern languages taught increasingly as ‘communications skills’. It is very much to the credit of all involved in the creation of the new Junior Certificate courses that these reflect the value of ‘reading widely, and with enjoyment’.

In what way does ‘literature’ — or shall we now call it the reading of many novels, poems, short stories, plays, autobiographies, diaries? — in what way does this ‘humanise’? It develops sides of the human being that a teaching for technology or the market-place does not. Literature acknowledges, illustrates, that there are more facets to the human person than are involved in his or her taking a place in the world of work. Indeed, one might do worse than start with the fact that so many nowadays find no such place! If they do not, what have we educated them for? I’m in the middle of a marvellously ‘humanising’ book at the moment — one that I would recommend strongly to boys in 1st and 2nd year.* It tells the story of a middle-class family reduced from affluence to the most abject of poverty in the Liverpool slums of the 1930s. It is a riveting *story*. It is autobiographical. It is accessible to any reader — and as such it prepares for a later encounter with Dickens’ *Hard Times*. And because it has these attributes, it has unlimited educational potential. In the first instance, it awakens the intellectual awareness to the possibility of a world beyond one’s own complacent and comfortable security. Secondly, it extends the range of the reader’s imaginative human sympathies — because it is a ‘good’ book, and because it presents a range of emotions, anger, frustration, joy, resentment, defiance, without sentimentalising or overdramatising. I could add that it touches the moral being as well, on rousing indignation at the bureaucratic indifference and red tape of a social system that dehumanises poverty even further. The reverse of that coin is to be found in the book’s account of many simple acts of human solidarity that redeem the human condition. Ultimately, of course, though not for the pre-adolescent reader, the book celebrates the triumphant survival of the human spirit. In later life the adult who has learnt to read well will appreciate how much there is in common between the survivors of Liverpool or Dublin poverty, a Belfast bombing and a Beirut hostage-taking.

There is no limit to the reading-matter of similar quality that can promote the kind of growth, of deepening, just suggested. It is no accident that Helen Forrester relates how, in a moment of utter despair at the fact that she will receive no formal education, she meets an old man who gives her the following advice:

‘Then read! Read everything you can. Read the great historians, the philosophers . . . read autobiographies, read novels. One day, you

**Twopence To Cross The Mersey*, by Helen Forrester (Fontana).

will have the opportunity to make use of the knowledge you will accumulate, and you will be surprised to find that you know much more than those who have had a more formal education.'

That is precisely the point: literature deals with those areas of the person and of life that 'formal education' often leaves untouched. It has been variously described, but it is as an encyclopaedia of varied human experience that it is a rich resource for growth. Many children tap into this resource long before they reach secondary school; early emotional and imaginative growth is promoted by story and poem used as recreation. The trick is to continue the process throughout the secondary school.

Literature 'humanises' because it enables or assists development; of the imagination, of the emotional and moral being. By extending experience vicariously it extends the faculty of human sympathy and understanding — by imaginative leaps one is led to assimilate the experience of others. It also reveals humanity, from the (now dated) comic fears of a boy before his First Confession to the great constructive and destructive energies of the human heart. It also helps us to think (and thinking, Dr Johnson assures us, advances our dignity as human beings), in that our thoughts are shaped by the fine hearts and minds of artists and writers, our assumptions, challenged, our certainties shaken.

One could continue such a defence indefinitely, but I will conclude with a quotation from a book on the teaching of poetry: 'Literature celebrates the world by making us look at it more closely'. What more satisfactory goal could we have for the teaching of literature than that it should enhance our quality of looking?

Literature, then, has value. How do you teach it? Ah! I wasn't asked that! I also have to presume that there may be some pupils reading this, and that the *Record* offers right of reply. So I will only offer this: the teacher can at best only act as mediator between the text and the taught, but that is a vital and stimulating role. His task may ultimately be to help his pupils distinguish between which reading humanises and which does not. He will certainly encourage them to 'read widely'. And he will project his own immense 'enjoyment'.

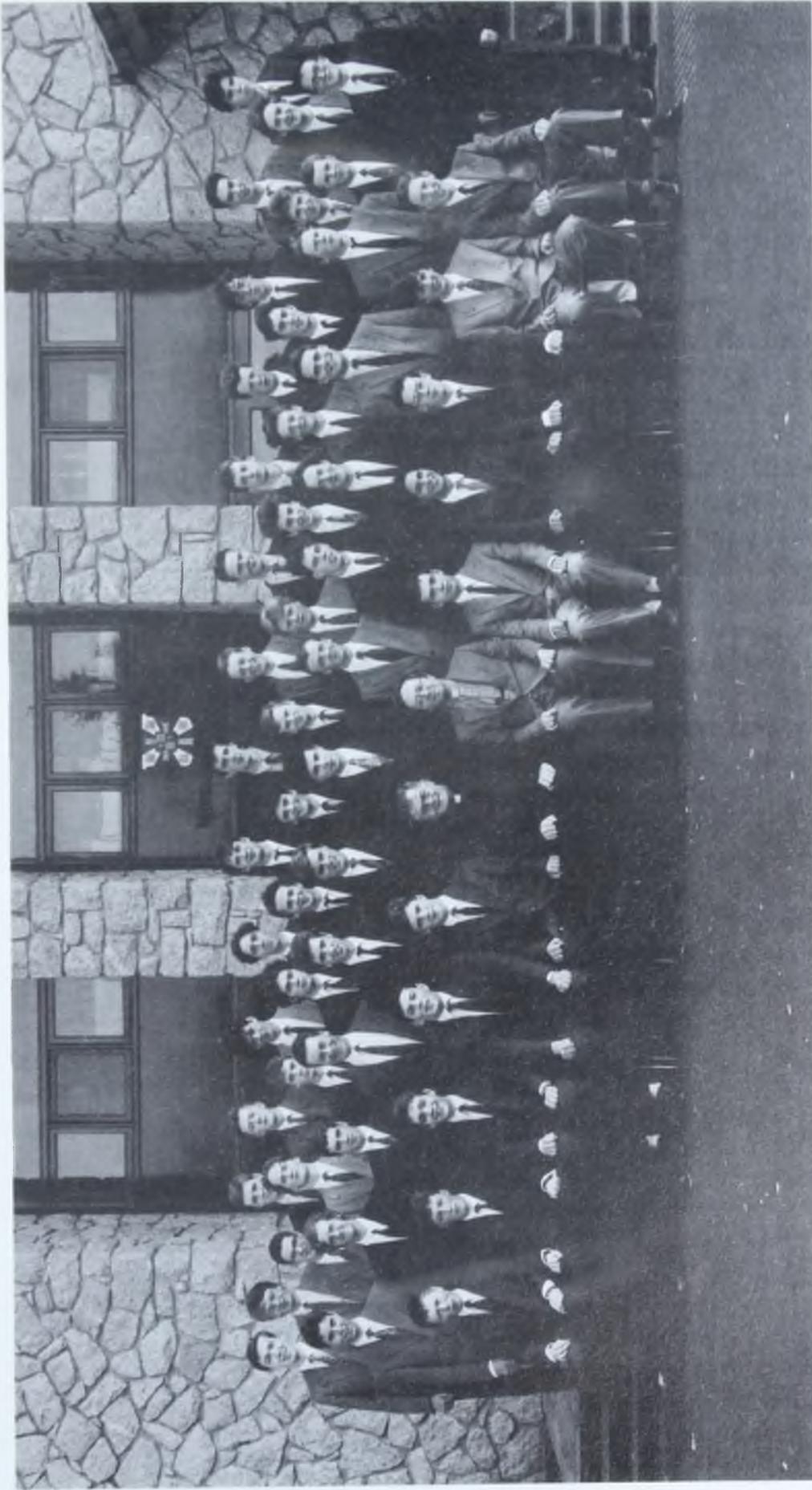
*Michael Bevan is Senior English Teacher in
Gonzaga College*

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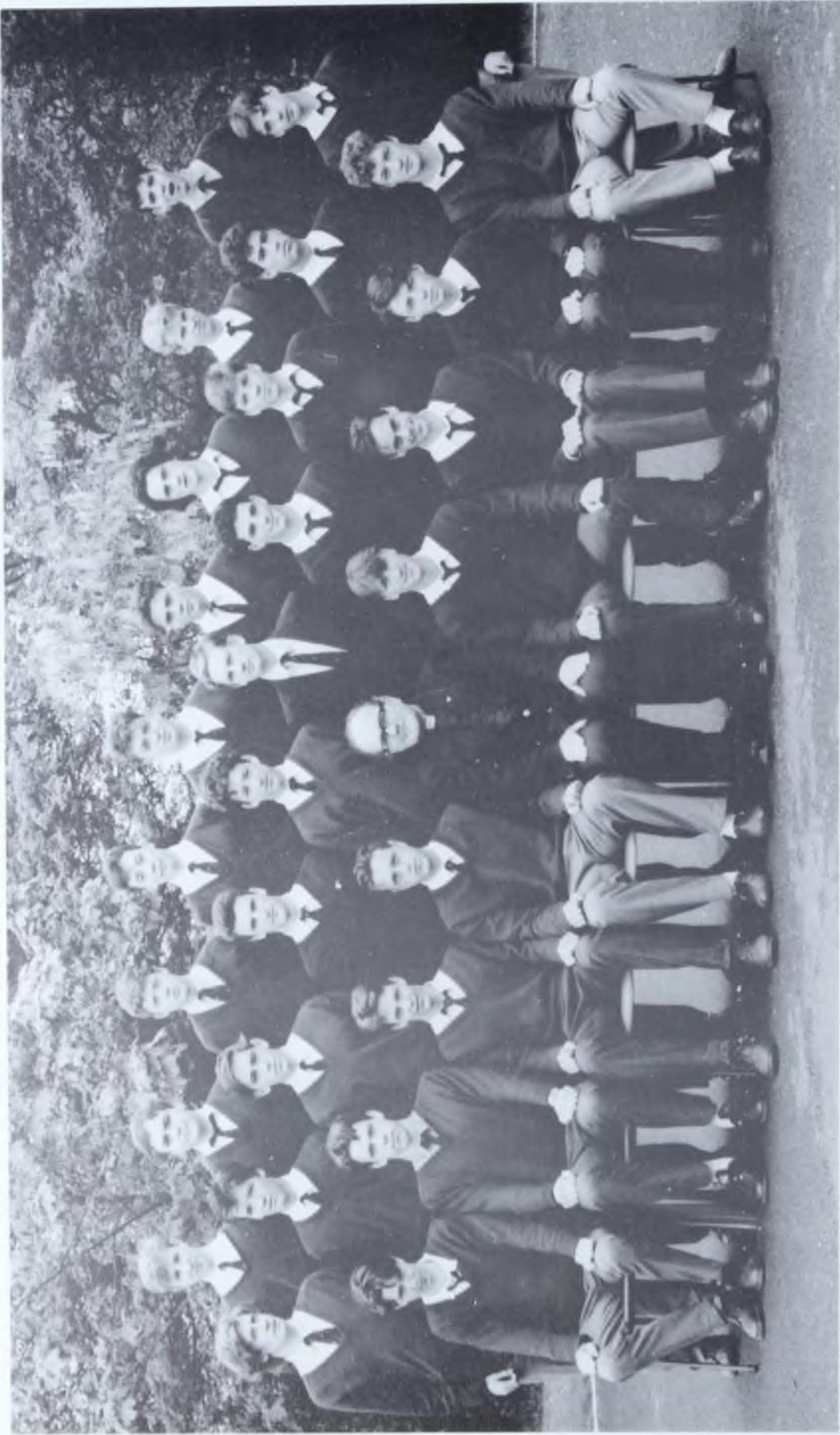
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Middle Row: E. Harrington, D. Coffey, R. O'Keefe, D. Molloy, N. Dowling, N. Fanning, A. McNamara, R. Hand, D. Murrinan, D. Meagher
Front Row: W. Harnett, J. Sheehy, E. Lynch, J. Forbes, B. Kevans, Mr G. Murphy, B. Hillery, C. Shannon, C. Smith, A. Mullet, R. Cotter



Back Row: D. Halpin, D. O'Loinsigh, P. MacMahon, J. Bailey, A. Cunningham, B. Leahy, S. McHugh, C. Barry, J. Ruane, D. Murphy, J. Hughes
Middle Row: J. Moriarty, T. Tormey, J. Pegum, S. Barry, B. Cahill, E. Davy, A. Butterly, J. McColgan, J. O'Doherty, D. Mangan
Front Row: B. Byrne, B. Lawless, M. Murphy, J. Morrissey, Mr B. Byrne, Mr D. McNelis (Prefect of Studies), Mr P. Allen, B. O'Connor,
R. Strahan, T. Murphy, M. MacLaughlin



Back Row: P. Burns, M. Gough, A. Walsh, J. McCullough, R. More-O'Ferrall, C. Joyce, D. Boland, S. Matthews, E. Fox
Middle Row: R. Whelan, C. Murphy, A. Laher, J. Barnewell, L. Byrne, G. Keane, C. McPartlin, S. Roche, P. O'Kelly, P. Madden
Front Row: D. O'Leary, C. Murphy, A. Brennan, R. Meagher, C. Deasy, Mrs T. Egan, S. Ranalow, C. Campbell, K. O'Connor, P. Roddy, D. Ryan
Absent: R. Kennedy



Back Row: S. Whelan, A. Horkan, M. Hyland, P. Kevans, M. Talbot, C. White, C. Ruane, N. Pelly, D. Spollen, I. Moynihan
Middle Row: E. Murphy, P. de Feu, D. Moriarty, D. Tuomey, G. Ledwith, J. Freeman, D. Harnett, S. O'Quigley, J. Ryan, C. Mullins
Front Row: C. Fitzgerald, D. Forbes, D. Butterly, A. Doran, C. Dillon, Mrs P. Crosbie, S. Pinkster, J. Broderick, J. Behan, P. Brady, K. Moe

PREP 1



Back Row: E. O'Connell, P. Derham, J. O'Donovan, A. Feeney, C. Keeling, L. Kehoe, R. O'Shea, G. McGrath, B. McCloskey, J. Brennan
Middle Row: B. O'Riordan, D. Marah, C. Coughlan, R. Broderick, M. Foley, J. Slattery, P. Cogan, A. Reilly, M. Hayes, J. Larkin
Front Row: S. O'Herlihy, M. Dillon, H. Kearney, D. Bradley, O. Flanagan, Ms M. O'Kelly, C. Ryan, C. O'Reilly, J. D. Coakley, A. Granville,
R. Davy

THE YEAR IN PICTURES



The men who take care of the school:
Benny Lynam (Groundsman), Br Jim Barry SJ (Administrator), Bernard Donovan (Maintenance)



Changing the guard: Mr Potts, Fr Crowe, Fr Sexton



Entrance procession for 6th Year Graduation Mass, 1 June 1990



Robert Cotter, John Sheehy and Jamie Ruane receiving their Aer Lingus Young Scientist awards from Mr Michael Smith, T.D., Minister of State for Science and Technology



First vows as a Jesuit of Past Pupil Gerry Clarke SJ at Manresa with Fr Eddie Keane and Fr Joe Brennan in background — September '88 — Gerry is now a scholastic in Belvedere



An interesting historical shot: visit of Cardinal Ó Fiaich to Gonzaga for Fr Conall O'Cuinn's First Mass in 1985



The headmaster turns a blind eye to the chaos that surrounds him.



A conundrum for the Prefect of Studies.

COLLEGE BURSAR



Mr George Stokes seems happy with financial state of affairs.



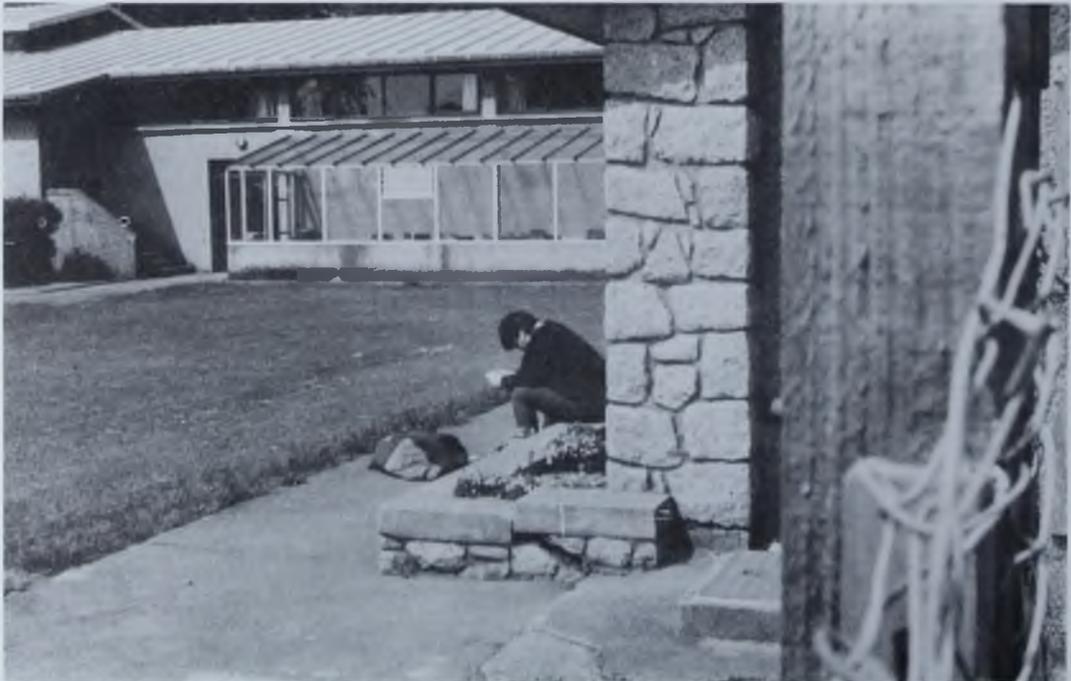
Mr O'Sullivan discoursing on Classical Studies.



The school secretary, Mr Bernadette Dunne



End of lunch-break.



Sometimes it just ain't easy.



Party day for Autistic Group and helpers.



5th year students with Autistics Group.



Pink Elephant starts its trek around Dublin led by Lord Mayor Sean Haughey.



Fifth Year Project Committee Chairman Michael Kelly presenting the £22,000 collected to the representatives of the different charities with mentor Fr Brennan looking on approvingly.



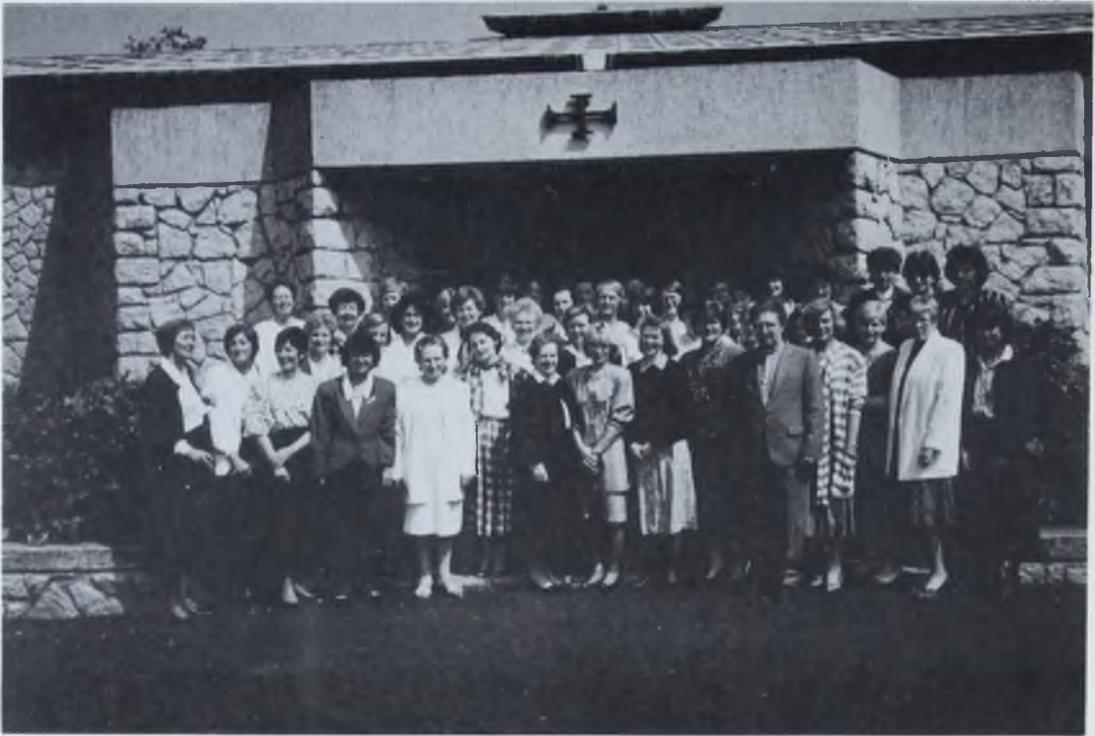
Mr Cusack discussing a knotty problem.



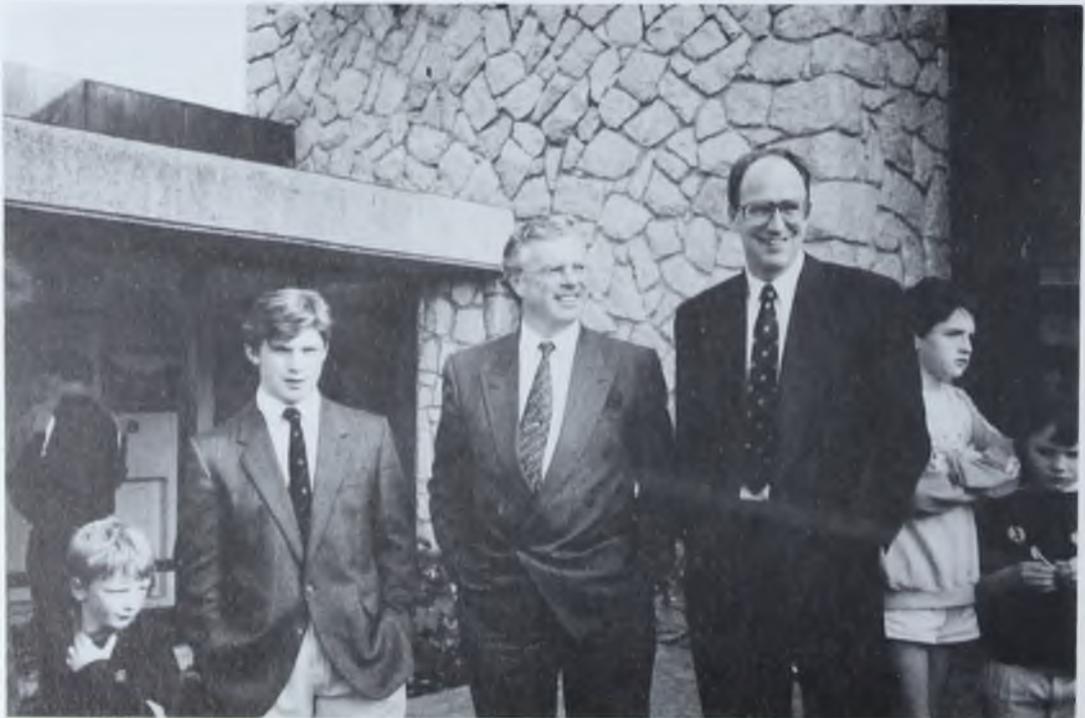
The Vice-Principal arrives just in time to restore order.



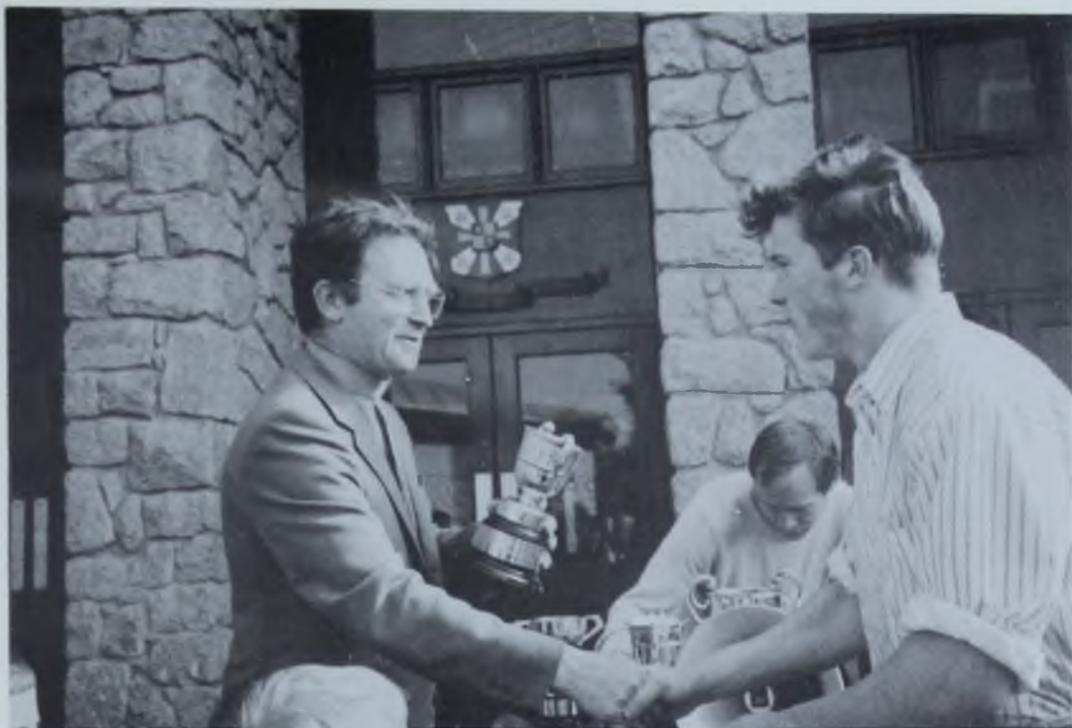
Chess Grandmaster David Bronstein in Gonzaga, December 1989.



The Ladies' Committee 1989-90 with President Mrs Una Kennedy.



Captain Ross Morgan, P.P.U. President Peter Mathews and 1990-91 President Rod Ensor waiting to present the Ensor Trophy.



Alan Walsh receives the Captain's Cup on sports day.



Mr Brian Regan overseeing the High Jump on sports day.



Some of the Art Display on sports day.



Roddy O'Keefe admires the Art Display.



Annual starter Mr Phelan with Mr McNelis on sports' day.



Parents Mrs O'Higgins, Mrs Kennedy and Mr Deeny enjoying the sports' day weather.



Ladies Committee President Mrs Una Kennedy receives flower bouquet from School Captain Ross Morgan with Gamesmaster Mr Bobby Byrne and P.P.U. President Peter Mathews approving.



Past President Ray Cotter lines up his customary 220 yard drive at the Past Pupils's Golf Outing in May.

School Reports

SIXTH YEAR RETREAT

'And now you will activate your senses in a unique manner. . . ' Blindfolded and led by the firm grip of a personal guide, I descended the steps of Tabor House. The aim of the exercise was to experience briefly the life of a blind person, to realise how their life depends on trust of others, but also how their other senses can become more acute when eyesight is lost. Courtesy of my 'guide' I became aware of the beauty of birdsong, the sweet scent of fuchsia, the delicacy of a petal, the unique ecstasy of being walked into a tree trunk and the joyous sensation of grabbing a handful of holly leaves. . . Cureheads are a malicious breed.

The main focus of the two days was on improving one's relationship with one's classmates and on deepening one's knowledge of oneself. To this end, the programme included trust exercises; activities aimed at gaining an appreciation of qualities in others not previously recognised; small discussion groups on life and morality; meditation and introspection exercises, to mention but a few. By lunchtime on the second day, so filled were we with the joy of living that passionate expressions of love, such as spontaneous cushion fights, began to erupt. Indeed, in the dining area, 'marietta' biscuits were at one stage to be seen floating on a level with our halos, as we explored the phenomena of the paranormal.

To conclude the retreat, Mass was said in the prayer-room of Tabor House. An impromptu folk group, accompanied by both a twelve-string and a rarely-seen-nowadays five-string guitar, incorporated music from 'The Beatles' and 'Guns 'n' Roses' into the ceremony in glorious six-part harmony. Prayers of the Faithful

were offered up by writing them down and then cremating them in front of the altar. Overall the retreat was a successful and worthwhile exercise and served as an excellent unifying activity for the final year in school.

Kieran Conlon (Senior 6)

URBAN PLUNGE

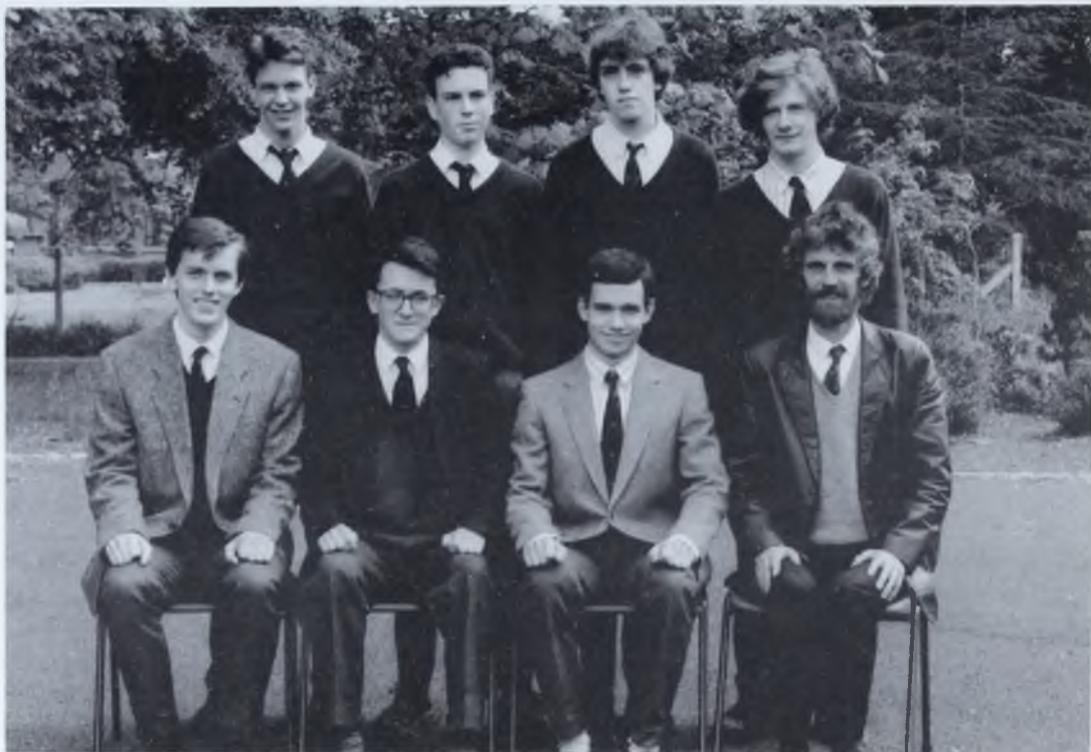
The Urban Plunge, a project designed by Fr Paul Lavelle to bridge our divided society, began this year in Rutland Street school at 6.30 p.m. on the 1 November. Seventy-one plungers were involved, of which 21 were from Gonzaga. Other schools involved included St Michael's, King's Hospital, Mt Anville and Belvedere.

The Plunge started with a talk from a number of residents from the plunge area. They told us their life stories and the problems they face living in Dublin today; one was a drug addict with a family and AIDS, another had to cope with her son committing suicide. It was a moving and enlightening discussion.

Then the large group split up and left for the various 'host' areas for the plunge. These included Sean McDermott Street, Killinarden (Tallaght), Gardiner Street and Darndale. With Mr John West at the wheel, five 'plungers' crammed themselves into a car and made the long trip across the city to the Coolmine Therapeutic Community. Coolmine T.C. is a drug rehabilitation centre run by ex-drug addicts.

I was staying with two other plungers at the centre, sleeping in a room with five drug addicts. It was difficult at first but as time went on and barriers were broken I developed a friendship with a number of the people there. My plunge experience opened my eyes to the

COMHDHAIL COMMITTEE



Back: P. Quinlan, G. O'Neill, M. Bradley, N. Devlin (Secretary)
Front: M. Heffernan, M. Dowling, E. Downes (Auditor), Mr D. Cusack (President)

URBAN PLUNGE GROUP



Back: P. Malone, P. O'Connor, E. Downes, J. Cass, D. O'Huiginn, R. Garvan, E. Hillery
Middle: C. Masterson, F. Carney, M. Duff, D. Bateman, D. O'Neill, E. Garvey, E. Farrelly
Front: D. Carthy, J. Twomey, B. Kennedy, Fr J. Dunne, SJ, R. Morgan, J. O'Brien, K. Boland

difficulty of life in Dublin, the problems of raising a family and of being unemployed.

All the participants from Gonzaga found their plunge beneficial and enjoyable and some took part in the Reverse Plunge which started last year and took place this Easter.

I was glad to see that the 5th Year project recognised the value of the Plunge this year with badly needed financial support. On behalf of all the plungers of 1989 I would like to thank Martin Brennan and all the others involved in organising the Plunge for a great experience.

Stephen Kearns (Senior 6A)

THE FIFTH YEAR PROJECT 1990

Another year, another Fifth Year and yet another strange little creature on rubber wheels leaves the veranda to begin a 120 mile journey to Limerick. It was under the headmastership of Fr Murray that the project first began; it has continued, through the headmasterships of Fr Barber, Fr Brennan (Fr Fifth Year Project!), and now Fr Sexton. It was with this strong sense of 'if they've done it so can we' that the new committee made its first steps forward in early October. Our first task was to find out what exactly we should be doing (this incidentally is like trying to find the meaning of life) and then to try to do it. This we did and 1,000 letters, hours of phonecalls and days of meetings later, permits, radio coverage, company sponsorship and accommodation had been arranged.

Soon the whole year was working easily. Marc Butterly and Stephen Daly built a small, squashy tortoise called 'Frederick' while Eoin Tierney and David Boland did major hip replacements on the now ageing, and renamed due to a typing error 'Clarebell', the world famous Pink Elephant. The formidable team of Mr O'Higgins and Mr Powell

arranged a sponsored tea-drink which was unbelievably successful. It soon became clear that people would give money no matter what we did but the more conventional of the class raised thousands of pounds on sponsorship cards.

And so it came to pass that on 2 April 1990, (after thinking of that day since Prep. 1), we too stood on the tarmac of Gonzaga with our tortoise and our Pink Elephant as our celebrities pulled up. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, Sean Haughey, made an excellent speech (despite the doubts of the more politically minded of us about a Fianna Fáil person actually coming near the school) before pushing off 'Clarebell' on her 6-day trip around Dublin. Peter Sutherland, who seemed to know absolutely everybody present or pretended to (maybe he should become a diplomat) stopped chatting briefly to set 'Frederick' on his way. Maxi was in a rush to get to a rehearsal but her attendance was nevertheless appreciated.

At the end of the school drive it was time for the parting of the pushers and looking over our shoulders we watched the slender curves of Clarebell's lean torso waddling into the adventurous territory of Dublin city.

Our first few miles progress was excited and affluent. Four miles later I watched worried faces slumping towards the ground. It was after someone had explained that we had not in fact gone 10 miles that the full extent of our undertaking sunk in. A heavy silence hung over us as we tramped, docs marching, towards Naas. Suddenly after much rain and a sausage sandwich and coffee in a truckers' 'cafe' (this prefab with cooker has not yet been visited by Helen Lucy Burke), we arrived in Kerdiffstown House. Warm showers, a hot dinner and BEDS greeted us. We took off our boots expecting not to have any feet. We were all very disappointed to find our feet sitting there in perfect condition. This Fifth Year Project lark was a doddle. Bed early after a really good night.

PROJECT BUILDING TEAM



Back: Eoin Tierney, David Boland
Front: Stephen Daly, Marc Butterly, Michael Kelly

5th YEAR PROJECT COMMITTEE



Back: Alan Toner, Gavan Doherty, Roger Owens
Front: Peter Martin, Neil O'Herlihy, Michael Kenny, Nicholas Devlin

7.30 a.m. Tuesday: SNOW! Help!

9.00 a.m. snow gone and so were we. AA Roadwatch had announced us on "Morning Ireland" (this charity's using the AA for publicity has become very à la mode, a fact of which we are proud) and we were famous. The money came rolling in as the trucks went rolling by and "Fred" went rolling on. Mr Cusack took over from Fr Dunne (Thank you Fr Dunne) and we trundled along merrily to Monasterevin. Another brilliant night, the highlight of which was Mr Cusack's rendition of 'Purple Haze' by Jimi Hendrix!

5.00 a.m. Nearly everyone was awake with the blues (not the kind Mr Cusack was singing but pretty indigo in our toes), it had fallen to sub-zero temperatures in the hall. The floor suddenly seems very hard indeed.

9.00 a.m. We were off again.

9.05 a.m. We had stopped. As if by a miracle a large hotel had appeared just outside Monasterevin. A long, slow, glorious breakfast (the staff were coming down from bed to cope with the sudden rush) and we were off again. The sun had risen and we were singing 'What a wonderful World'. Rumours that the clouds parted and that the hotel rose up after we left are unsubstantiated.

Mr Cusack goes off, safe in the knowledge that he has done a good job in keeping us entertained and out of trouble. He drove up the wrong side of the road at one stage asking where reverse is on the van. Mr Byrne arrives (Thank you Mr Cusack) and does an equally good job.

Portlaoise looms ahead. A brilliant, comfortable (in comparison to the cold of the night before) night is spent there. The highlights of it were a jazz session and a trip to the cinema. Curiously a male 16-17 year old traffic warden was seen stopping traffic armed with white coat and lollipop stick at the same time as we were trying to collect which was very convenient. Portlaoise passes (to the great relief of the Committee).

Mr O'Sullivan takes up the running

(Thank You Mr Byrne) with the van. The conversation has by this stage gone from bad to ridiculous, to banal but is nevertheless very enjoyable and the days are beginning to pass quickly. We had a good understanding with the lorry drivers all of whom hooted at us (We, by now, felt world famous).

Roscrea was very nice to stay in and the greeting we got from the nuns there was very warm and homely. We were sorry to leave in the morning but a tortoise-pusher's work is never done.

Fr Fifth Year Project (the man to whom we owe the project, Fr Brennan) arrived after a very sunny walk to Nenagh (Thank you Mr O'Sullivan). The last of our nights away from home was another very enjoyable one and a real bond had grown between all of us there.

Finally, the great city of Limerick lay ahead. We made incredible time, running at stages, to arrive in Jury's Limerick at 4.00 p.m. on Saturday the 7th of April 1990. We had brought one local with us (Ian Barry) and with himself and Fr Sexton (who had come to welcome us to his home town) acting as translators we understood most of what was said. In fact many of us were beginning to understand that there is life outside Dublin (this temporary feeling wore off again in many cases after a week in Dublin). We had finally done it.

The next day, back in Dublin, Roger Owens kindly held a party and the eloquence and imagery used in describing warm baths and soft beds would have been enough to make a grown English teacher cry. The Dubliners and Limerickers alike exchanged stories and then we sat back and rested on our laurels: £23,600 had been raised. We had £600 expenses and £500 was kept for next year's project.

In one week we learnt the goodwill of the people of Ireland. Everyone has brought away a single act of kindness which stood out as being important to them and which they will keep and treasure for the rest of their lives. The Fifth Year Project experience is one that

ST VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY OFFICIALS



F. White, Fr J. Moylan SJ, M. Kelly, L. Connellan

BRAINBUSTERS TEAM



Back: R. Hanrahan, D. O'Sullivan, R. McCullough
Front: P. Moe, Ms A. Nevin, J. O'Brien

would give anyone a love for life and the gratitude of all those involved cannot be expressed clearly enough to those who made it possible. This includes the whole school staff, those who came with us, those who gave us accommodation, our parents and especially Fr Brennan, who sets an example to us all in refusing to take credit for the Project and his good work.

Neil O'Herlihy (S.5)
p.p. The Fifth Year Project Committee
1990.

ST VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY

The 1989/90 year started well for the Society with a good turnout of 4th Years at the first meeting. The numbers visiting each week were encouraging. There were 3 dates on which we carolled outside Clery's on O'Connell Street, with the help of various musicians, a collection of 6th Years and a lady with a large wooden cross who was very taken with Fr Moylan's 'cold blue eyes'. Altogether, we managed to raise £800.

With the new year came the new committee of M. Kelly (President), J. Carty (Vice-President), R. White (Secretary) and L. Connellan (Treasurer). The Committee's first task was the Easter egg donation, which went very well, although whether Mr Carty planned the excess Easter eggs or not, we are not sure!

Not having given away any money in 1988/89, we found ourselves with a very healthy bank balance and so it was decided to donate money to Sunshine House, the Overseas' Fund, the Home Improvement fund and the pilgrimage to Knock for invalids.

As in previous years, we are hoping that some conference members will be going to do a week in Sunshine House, a 'holiday resort' for underprivileged children in Balbriggan this summer.

Ronan Keogan (S.6A)

FIFTH YEAR COMMUNITY WORK

The 5th Year voluntary work got off to a superb start thanks to the enthusiasm of the 89/90 Fifth Year. Four different schemes were presented to Fifth Year by the staff which had worked well the previous year. Nearly everybody volunteered to do one or more of the schemes.

Aerobics with the Autistics from the Gheel Institute was popular and the first Tuesday afternoon turned out extremely well with 22 volunteers led by a resplendant Ms MacConville in black leotard. We quickly realised how difficult it was, yet how wonderful it was to see the Autistics react to the music. During the nine months of term the numbers of Fifth Years dwindled to about 12 which was an okay number. The English Autistic director joined us in the second term and remarked how extraordinary the scheme was while amazed at how much effort was sacrificed by the Fifth Years.

The end of the year party was again a success with the help of Br Barry and Gavin Mullett. Many thanks are due however to Ms MacConville for all her hard work and efforts.

Football and soccer with the travelling children began on the Wednesday. Around 15 people forsook their free afternoon with Mr Slevin and Mr Keenahan to entertain the children. Despite various difficulties due to the lack of rules and the budding Ronnie Whelans trying to show how wonderful their soccer skills were, it worked very well. The end of year sports day was enjoyable, running very smoothly with events such as the three legged race, a penalty shoot-out and the tug-o-war. Special thanks are due to the remarkable football skills of Mr Slevin and the hard work of Mr Keenahan.

The home help for the elderly probably was the most time-consuming but satisfying scheme proving to be extremely successful for both parties involved. Four volunteers left Gonzaga

with a teacher at 9.30 every Saturday morning to go to run-down areas in Harold's Cross, Ranelagh, the City Centre, and off the South Circular Road. The scheme worked in close relation with the Friends of the Elderly group. Trojan work was done to many flats and houses.

Thanks are due to Mr Mulgrew, Mr Murphy, Ms Nevin, Mrs Whelan, and again, Mr Keenahan.

The last group got off to a slow start but gathered momentum and turned into a very enjoyable event. Each Wednesday afternoon four members of Fifth Year went down to the Sandymount Clinic to play chess with the people there who are cerebral palsy victims. Leading from chess other events were organised; soccer proved enjoyable when the Sandymount team whipped Gonzaga 13-4 on one occasion. We had a quiz one Wednesday afternoon when it was raining — thanks to the ingenuity of Mr Regan.

Many people learned various things during this time which will hopefully affect the decisions of 56 students in later life.

Simon Deeny (S.5A)

OPERA

After several rounds of auditioning, a cast was selected from Muckross and Gonzaga to put on 'Mine is the Kingdom' under the direction of its author, Mr G. Murphy.

The principals met for the first time, in Colin Doolin's on 28 December — 14 days to go! After more principals' rehearsals in Kehoes' and O'Neill's, operations moved into the cold school hall, and the chorus moved in on the 3 January — 9 days!

The stage crew, led by Stephen Daly, had been working hard behind the scenes for some time, and they managed to have everything ready on the night (no snow needed this year).

The choruses nearly learnt all their lines, as did the principals, which was

good enough. The orchestra, conducted by the author/director and Elizabeth Keraughty on the piano, did well to have everything rehearsed in one night (even if it meant staying up till 1 a.m.). The workmen got their scene perfected. The choruses were herded around by the stage crew without too much noise, and all ran smoothly (with the odd improvised line: 'nice weather, isn't it?').

What the audience saw, however, was a faultless production. . .

'Mine is the Kingdom' is the story of Maronia, a small, seemingly unimportant, country. But this country is found to be one huge, valuable uranium mine. Around the same time, the king of Maronia dies, leaving (it seems), no heir. Simon Warbeck, cad that he is, tries to have Sir Fiendish Cadde crowned king, by pretending he is the heir. Luckily, the real heir, Alfred Simple, is found, and crowned rightful king and all is resolved, which is quite a stroke of luck really, as this is the last opera in the famous cycle of five. (But, hopefully, not the last opera).

And, to prove that everyone is happy, everyone sings at the end, partly because Alfred has been made king, partly because the villains have been caught, but mostly because the opera is such an enjoyable experience, for which we are very grateful to Mr Murphy.

Gavan Doherty (Senior 5A)

THE SUNSHINE EXPERIENCE

"Well here's me darlins from Gonzola. I hope you left your Rolexes at home this summer, lads; 'cos if yus haven't, yus'll be going home without 'em'" could quite easily be the opening words heard by a Gonzaga volunteer on his first visit to Sunshine House, Balbriggan, spoken by the inimitable Milly, who heads the full-time cleaning staff, and is ex-head cook!

The Gonzaga connection with Sunshine House began in the summer of '85 when

four 4th Years, Paul Higgins, Pierre Eliet, Simon Dunne and I volunteered for 'week 4' in Balbriggan. Our duty for the week was to act as big brothers to a group of more than 100 children who had been brought to Balbriggan by the St Vincent de Paul Society (SVP). From late October to mid-May the house lies cold and dormant in the seaside town, surmounted by a statue of Our Lord, hands open wide in a gesture of welcome to all visitors, especially the children who will disturb its slumber from May to September. Some claim that by September His hands can be seen to cover his ears, though this remains unphotographed. The weeks alternate between boys and girls and with the exception of two weeks reserved for travellers, the majority of those who come to 'Sunshine' are from Dublin City and County, with a few from other areas within the diocese. The names of the children who are put forward to the Sunshine Conference of the SVP are gathered by the vast network of local SVP conferences, the local priests, social workers and others in contact with underprivileged families and their disadvantaged children.

Much to the bewilderment of the Sunshine Conference, since 1985 a steady stream of second level students from Gonzaga has been added to the ranks of volunteers who act as stewards ('brothers') to the children of Sunshine House. Among those from Gonzaga whom I remember are, Frank Carney, Eoin Corrigan, Hagan Bolger, Ronan Keogan, Stephen Higgins, David Kennedy, Brendan Walsh, Michael Duff, John Toomey, the three I was with, and others, whom I can't remember. We have all joined with the University students, teachers, civil servants, novices, young doctors, social workers, gardai (the children weren't told!!), other professionals and others from all walks of life who comprise the stewards of Sunshine House. We had heard of Sunshine House through the visit of an SVP official to Fr Moylan's Conference

from Gonzaga which visits the elderly in the Royal Hospital, Donnybrook. Many of us haven't missed a season since then.

Waking at 5 a.m., in your dormitory, to the pestering of a 7 year old who wants you to pick a football comic for him from among the pile on a table well within his reach may not seem like the ideal way to begin the day, but when, just as you are falling asleep again, he begins to tear out the posters of his favourite players, hoping to corner the market before the bigger boys awake, and in doing so succeeds in awakening the 9 or so others, it is then the fun begins; the rule is that you have to try to keep them all in bed till 8.30, reading quietly!! You're lucky to keep them in the room! From your rude awakening begins the routine of meals, football league matches (many of which must end in a draw if blood is not to be spilt, though this is usually the end of a ref's good reputation), other sports, beach games, watersports, picnics, treasure-hunts, assault courses, discos, evening concerts, pantomimes, supper (for kids) and finally bed, usually timed to coincide with the onset of utter exhaustion in the stewards.

Your primary, though some would say 'only', duty at Sunshine House is to do your best, in your own way, to make sure that the children with whom you are in contact get the most enjoyment they can out of their day and out of their contact with you. They deserve it. For many it is a first holiday, a first time away from home, the first time to the beach, first week off the streets. There is a feeling of security and warmth for them at Sunshine, from the murals on the walls to the friendly attitude of the staff and stewards. For others it is a chance to see adults in a completely different light; the most hardened of the youngsters can become totally disarmed, and well, almost childlike in behaviour, after the initial understandable cynicism at the assault upon his world by adults who claim actually to care about him, how he feels and what happens to him. There is a school of opinion that might consider

this brief glimpse of an ephemeral Utopia to be unfair to an under-privileged child, though it be for only one week; yet there is always the hope that the experience at, and memories of Sunshine House may retard the onset of bitterness, in later years, at a childhood deprived of material comforts and the advantages plus better attention that money can obtain.

There are many 'success stories' during the Summer, proudly related to the stewards of the coming week by the exhausted but satisfied stewards of one just completed: the 'the unloveable bully' of day 1 has become the affectionate child of day 5 who appears at your side looking for attention whenever you sit down; or the quiet, apathetic child becomes the tough little footballer who laughs as he picks himself off the ground after a rough tackle in Saturday's football final. There are always those too, who show no appreciation for the work put into making their week enjoyable, some of them simply cannot, others have already begun to realise that home won't have changed, and have begun to 're-adapt', and thus one can only guess at what they may have taken from their week, and wish them well. They may be back next year; a few never make it.

One of the remarkable things about Sunshine House is that though they can never get enough stewards in a season to bring down the number of children they want, a remarkable proportion of first-time stewards re-appear year after year. What is it that attracts them to 'Sunshine'; that leads students to book in for the week following College exams, that makes the employed give up one of their 2 weeks of summer holidays? There is, of course, always the great pleasure in being involved in something so worthwhile, though the enormity of the odds stacked against the children, and against your being able to radically alter their lives and outlook on life in one week may make it seem futile! There must be something more, and there obviously is: there is the natural enjoyment in the outdoor activities of the week, and of course the

great camaraderie that exists among the stewards both during the week, and long after. This is most in evidence at the stewards' supper, usually at 11 p.m., when the children are asleep, and often extending into the early hours of the next morning. Here the tales of the day are told and re-told: how little Paul scored his first ever goal in a football match, and was so excited he couldn't speak; how Thomas started all the other children demanding asthma inhalers by claiming that his would stop him growing old; how John-Paul explained that his bed was wet one morning because it had rained the previous night and the windows (15 feet away) were open; how a football-team captain rushed up to the head steward in tears to tell him that the ref was very sick — further questioning elicited a diagnosis of brain damage; the story of how one steward saved a football match from ruin as girl after girl walked off crying, by screaming in frustration "the next girl who walks off crying will be sent off!"; how "Sile", who was slightly sunburnt after a morning on the beach, demanded 'Carmelite motion' to relieve her pains; how one child complained the food was so bad that even the 'Yippee-Opians' wouldn't touch the cocktail soup with lumps (Oxtail with vegetables) "and they do be desperate for food, so they do"; how "Patrick" was discovered wearing ten pairs of swimming trunks under his trousers on the final day in an attempt to bring them back home as presents for his brothers because he had eaten all their rocks; how an offended "Brian" explained that the only reason he had brought a hatchet and flick-knife from Dublin to Balbriggan was to defend himself from the attacks of the 'Culchies'.

In fact one could well debate the motion that a steward in Sunshine House stands to gain a great deal more from his week than he could ever dream of contributing. In the short space of one week you learn a foreign language, you learn to live in an environment in which the satisfaction you experience is directly

DEBATING FINALISTS



Edward Farrelly, Marcus Dowling

IRISH DEBATING TEAM



Back: Darragh Finn, John Twomey, Tarik Laher, Cormac Deane
Front: Eugene Downes, Mr D. Murray, Eoughan O'Duill

proportional to the effort you put into the week, and where every individual's efforts and personality are respected and appreciated by stewards, staff and children alike. There are many other experiences unique to Sunshine House, but I cannot list them all, or try to trap them on a page. If this piece has whet your appetite for more, confused you, or left you sceptical and wanting proof or other options, why not contact the students listed above, or better still ring the Nicholas St Conference at 540317, 540319 on a Tuesday or Wednesday evening after 8 p.m. and ask for information. If you want a leisurely holiday or a 'doss' for a week — forget it! Sunshine is not for the faint-hearted!! As Fr Keane might say "Non fugis hinc praeceps, dum praecipitare potestas? ('Why not haste swiftly hence, while thou hast power to fly?')."

Aran Maree (1987)

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

Amnesty International is a non-political group which campaigns for human rights worldwide. Amnesty is now in its fourth year in the school and has extended its membership to include all applicants from third to sixth year. The group has been a success despite erratic membership and somewhat sporadic letter writing. In the last year letters were written to (among others) the U.S.S.R., Colombia, Greece, Morocco, China and the USA. There is no bias involved in choosing which cases will be dealt with and no member is forced to take up a specific case.

The group also staged a production of Henrik Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People" which, thanks to Mr Regan's brilliant direction and Nicholas Devlin's powerful performance in the lead role, raised £305. This money will assist Amnesty in their work.

This year of great change has given hope to many victims of human rights abuse (among them President Vaclav Havel of Czechoslovakia) but it also brings new challenges. Most countries (including Ireland) are guilty of some human rights violations. Amnesty offers a chance to make a difference on a world scale and a vision of justice and fellowship which we should all support.

Peter Martin (S.5)

LA VIE EN FRANCE

(3rd Year Exchange Programme)

Thirty-eight 3rd Years arrived in Dublin airport. The majority were both anxious yet optimistic that their stay in Lyon would be both enjoyable and profitable from an educational point of view. We boarded the Minerva plane and had an enjoyable flight. We were accompanied by Ms Nevin and Mr Ryan (C.U.S. Teacher).

We were greeted by our exchanges at Lyon Airport. It is only as I saw my friends depart with their French families and I with mine that reality dawned on me; I was to spend three weeks with strangers, eating strange food, watching foreign television and speaking a sophisticated and demanding foreign language. It was an uphill struggle but one I felt able to cope with.

Our first day in Lyon coincided with the last day of term for our exchanges, we therefore spent one morning at school and toured the city in the afternoon. We were not to see school again until our final three days in France. Some boys found the experience at school enjoyable; for all of us it was definitely a worthwhile experience. The school was much different to Gonzaga; the teachers seemed distant and the school building was ugly and cold and it lacked the culture and scenery of Gonzaga.

During the Easter holidays many Irish students left Lyon. Many went to the ski resort in the Massif Central. I went to Brittany and spent my time playing tennis, golf and visiting many French restaurants. The food was, in general, appetising and delicious. However, I still longed for my Sunday roast and the company that came with it.

The standard of my French improved considerably in the three weeks away. The majority of the boys seemed to enjoy their 'holiday'. Thankfully there were no major mishaps.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Ms Nevin for making our trip a happy and worthwhile experience.

Peter Naughton (S.5A)

EASTER TOUR IN WICKLOW

It was a fairly mild April morning with a grey sky and drizzle in the air. I arrived at the school about twenty minutes past ten after a hectic morning which consisted of making sandwiches and throwing meals together. I counted at least half of my class (Senior 2) and nearly half of 2A.

After about ten minutes of excited chatter, Fr Moylan stepped forward and introduced Mr Kevin O'Higgins and Kenneth Magee (5th Year) who had come to assist us. He then told us that Mr Sean Farrell would be waiting for us at the hostel. We deposited our luggage at the back of the coach and boarded it.

Everyone who could, got a seat, flopped, relieved to have the stress of preparing behind them, and determined to enjoy themselves, started to read, play computer games or have little games of noughts and crosses on the windows. These activities helped us pass the time. We arrived at the hostel shortly before noon where we left our main luggage and prepared ourselves for the coming day. We then picked up an extra hand, Mrs

Anne Carpenter, who was experienced in mountain safety. It was unfortunate that we had to start walking in drizzle, but Fr Moylan had told us the trip wasn't going to be a bunch of roses.

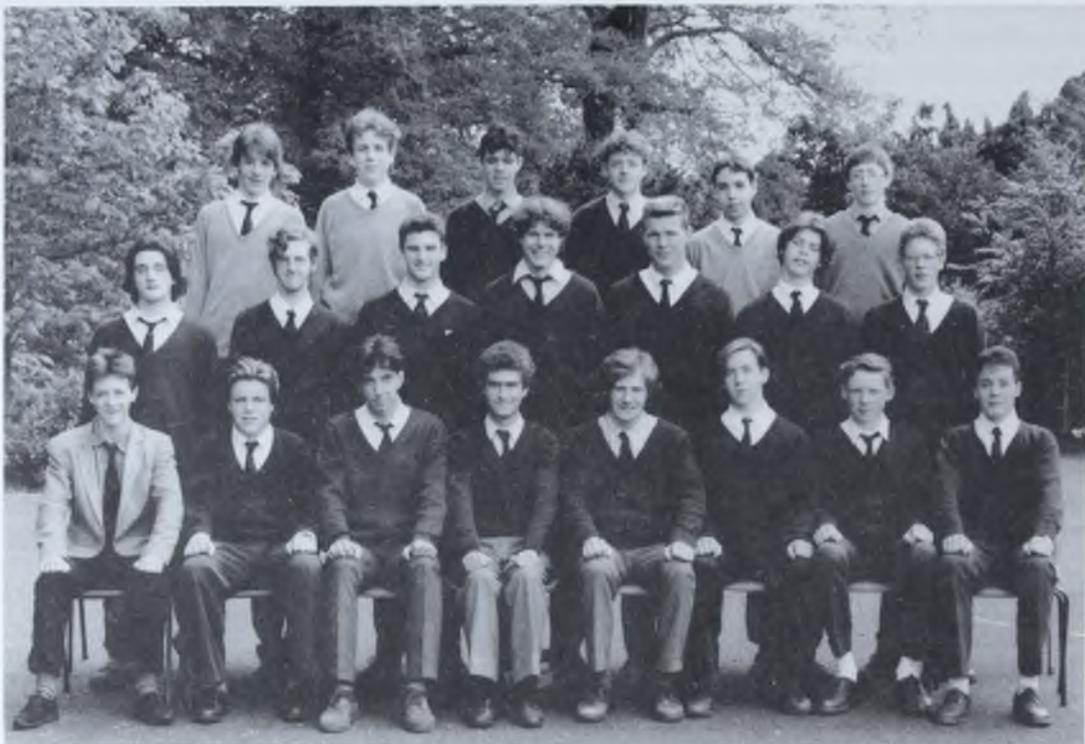
We stopped after about twenty minutes of walking up a steep, rocky path and took shelter underneath a cluster of trees. After twenty minutes we walked on again. This time, however, the weather improved, and the walk got somewhat easier.

Roughly after about one hour of 'walking and stopping' we halted at an apparent cul-de-sac, where our four leaders deserted us for about five minutes. We set off again. This time 'the rough stuff' started. We had to hop through a swamp thick with mud before we reached a river. The whole class eventually crossed and we started the tricky long and slippery climb up our first mountain, Mount Lybagh. We stopped at two rocks near the top where a number of photos were taken. About half an hour later we finally reached what we thought was the top. However, the walk uphill continued. Eventually we stopped in what had now turned to rain.

We guzzled away hungrily until Fr Moylan set off again. When the weather cleared we found ourselves at an army barracks and then in a field of dead sheep which led out onto the main road. We walked about seven 'Fr Moylan miles'! (1 Fr Moylan Mile = 2.5 miles), until nightfall and we arrived back about nine o'clock after making only one stop at a pub for some food.

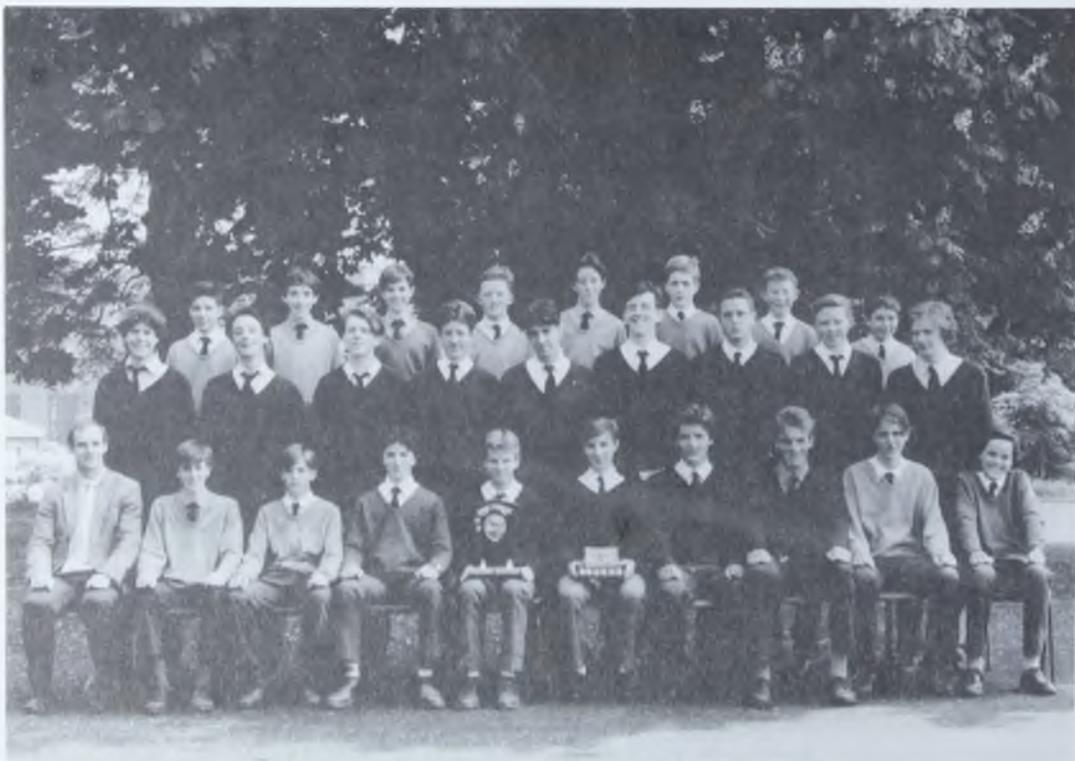
We had a peaceful Mass back at the hostel (for about 10 people asleep). Then the pleasure of making our own meals began. It wasn't very hard to get ones hands on a pan, but finding space was a different matter. Exhausted after the wash-up we sat down for a night of entertainment. About ten people had decent solo pieces to perform. About three-quarters of those gathered took part in a disastrous rap. But then, 'the hot-shot' of the night came. Fr Moylan sang a heavenly song about 'Dear Old

AMNESTY GROUP



Back: B. McCrea, C. Judge, G. McColgan, R. Owens, D. Downes, C. Murphy
Middle: S. Daly, D. O'Neill, C. McCarthy, D. Diggins, O. Kehoe, M. Butterly, E. Tierney
Front: E. O'Duill, I. Curtin, N. O'Higgins, P. Martin, N. Devlin, A. Toner, J. Staunton, S. Glynn

ORIENTEERING GROUP



Leaders: Mr K. Whirly, Gavan Doherty

Ireland'. Everyone then bedded, feeling like they had M.E.

The following day everybody woke up with a minor cramp but kept to their promise. We set off, but unfortunately we arrived in the worst of conditions. We walked up through a stony green field and stopped at a group of trees for two minutes. We set off again.

Orienteering in Wicklow

We began to climb our second mountain, the Sugarloaf, and we started to feel drizzle. Unfortunately, when we reached flat land, we were caught in torrential rain, possibly something near to a blizzard, except that there was no snow. For what seemed like days (but was in fact 2½ hours) we walked through all this.

Then, miraculously, the clouds left and the sky opened to reveal its glistening blue colour. We stopped for lunch. Those who had previously been wet and miserable now began to dry up. After much scoffing and the throwing away of bio-degradable food we left for Church Mountain. In the days of the Penal laws Mass was held on the top. There is now only the ruins of an old stone church. Many people sighed with happiness, seeing a place to rest. We set off, through what reminded me of a Kansas wheatfield. After a long field walk we arrived on the main road again which we stuck to until we arrived at Donard where we filled our bellies and updated our supplies of food.

The weather held and as the light was dimming we arrived at the hostel, where we heard Mass. The night was calmer as everybody knew what to do. This time, most people got a serious piece to perform for us and in the end Fr Moylan did some Irish dancing to a tape-recorder. Then we played a theatre game in which murder was involved.

We bedded earlier this time. In the morning, after a quiet breakfast we waited for our leaders. Eventually we boarded the coach after a quick cheerio to Mr & Mrs Mann, the Wardens. We

arrived back about an hour earlier than anticipated. Round the side of the school a game of soccer was played. An hour later everyone drowsily returned home. Once again the school became silent.

Overall, I felt that people who would normally be enemies to me were very nice and friendly on this trip and that friendliness lasted when we all returned to school. This trip was a marvellous experience. We all got to know mother nature better and, most important, to know ourselves better.

Our thanks to Fr Moylan, Mr O'Higgins, Mr Farrell, Anne Carpenter, Kenneth Magee (of 5th Year) who worked so hard to give us such a good time. The special award for kindness, good humour and energy goes to Kenneth Magee, a true mountaineer.

Barry Cunnane (S.2)

CHESS 1989-90

The School Chess Championship was held in September for the first time, May having become an impossibility for 6th Years. This meant that reigning Champion, Mark Quinn, already the youngest Champion ever in 1st Year, was forced to defend his title, after only 4 months, from a horde of hungry and vengeful opponents. This he duly did, winning the decisive encounters with David Murray and Denis Cusack convincingly, to retain his title. (He was, perhaps, fortunate not to encounter the 3rd staff member. . .)

And so to Bristol. On foot of the All-Ireland Double in 1989, we had been invited to the Marlwood British Schools Tournament in October. We set off on Friday, 13 October (no superstition here!) with a team of 12, plus two substitutes. On Saturday morning there began two days of concentrated chess, 7 rounds in all, with 29 schools from England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland competing. On Sunday evening,

when the smoke cleared, we had made a mark for ourselves: 2nd in the Intermediate Section, (effectively 8th in the U.K. overall!) with several individual awards: Best U/14; Mark Quinn, 5/7: Best Board 3: Shane Lee, 5½/7: Reserves' Event: Winner: John Carroll; 3rd: Kenneth Sheeran. These results were all the more noteworthy, given that our average age was 15, and most of our opponents were 5th and 6th formers. We cannot close this account without saluting Alan Peart's tremendous performance on Board 1, with 4½/7 against opposition averaging 2000 grading. We have been invited back this year, and wild horses wouldn't stop us!

A chance encounter early in December led to one of the outstanding events in the year — the visit of Grandmaster, David Bronstein, to the school. A defeated finalist for the World Championship in 1951, (he tied 12-12 with Botvinnik, losing on tie-break) Bronstein remains a player of formidable strength, a magnetic and energetic populariser of the game, an outstandingly great writer of chess books; and, on the evidence of his visit to Gonzaga, a wonderful communicator with young people. His visit, scheduled to last 25 minutes, ended after an hour and a quarter, only when he was dragged, most reluctantly, to fulfil another engagement. From a shy and uncertain beginning, ('I don't know what to say to these young people') he held 40 of our students spell-bound, ranging far and wide over the whole field of chess. His central theme was clear: the search for the best move, the correct strategy, coupled with respect for one's opponent. 'What is most important moment in chess?' he asked his young listeners. 'The opening', 'the last few minutes', they hazarded. 'When you have just lost!' came the answer. 'For then you must take your opponent's hand, smile, and say "Thank you for the game: you played well."' Grandmaster Bronstein's kindly demeanour, forthright opinions, and blazing integrity made a profound impression on our players. We hope to

see him again — in Moscow!

On the domestic scene, we are pleased to report that our Senior Team retained the Leinster Championship for the fifth year in a row, conceding just 2 points, 28/30. Our Junior Team, reigning Leinster and All-Ireland Champions, went through the season without conceding even ½ a point: 35/35! At CBC, Cork, on the 2nd/3rd May, they once again took on all-comers in defence of their All-Ireland title: defeating Ulster 6-0 and Munster 6-0, they left no doubt about their superiority.

The year ended on a high note: international recognition came at last, when Alan Peart and Mark Quinn (that boy again!) were selected on the team to represent Ireland in the Glorney Cup in August 1990. Mark was furthermore selected to represent Ireland in the World U/14 championship in Wisconsin in July. Truly, the Gonzaga School Champion!

1990

Senior Team: Leinster Champions
5/Row

David Carthy
Philip Comerford
Brian Kennedy
Jim O'Brien
Ronan Keogan

Junior Team: Leinster Champions 1990
All-Ireland Champions 1990

Mark Quinn
Alan Peart
Shane Lee
William Mulligan
Francis Sweeney
Eoin O'Brien

Glorney Cup, 1990

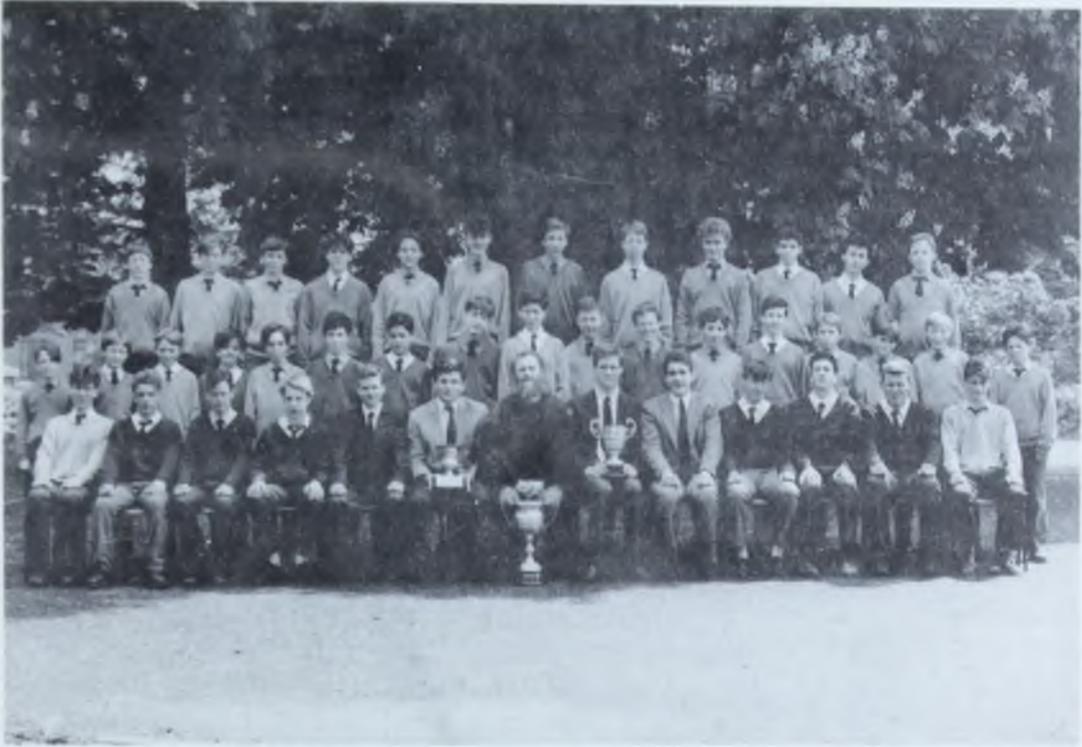
Alan Peart, Mark Quinn

World Under-14 1990: Mark Quinn.

School Champion 1990:

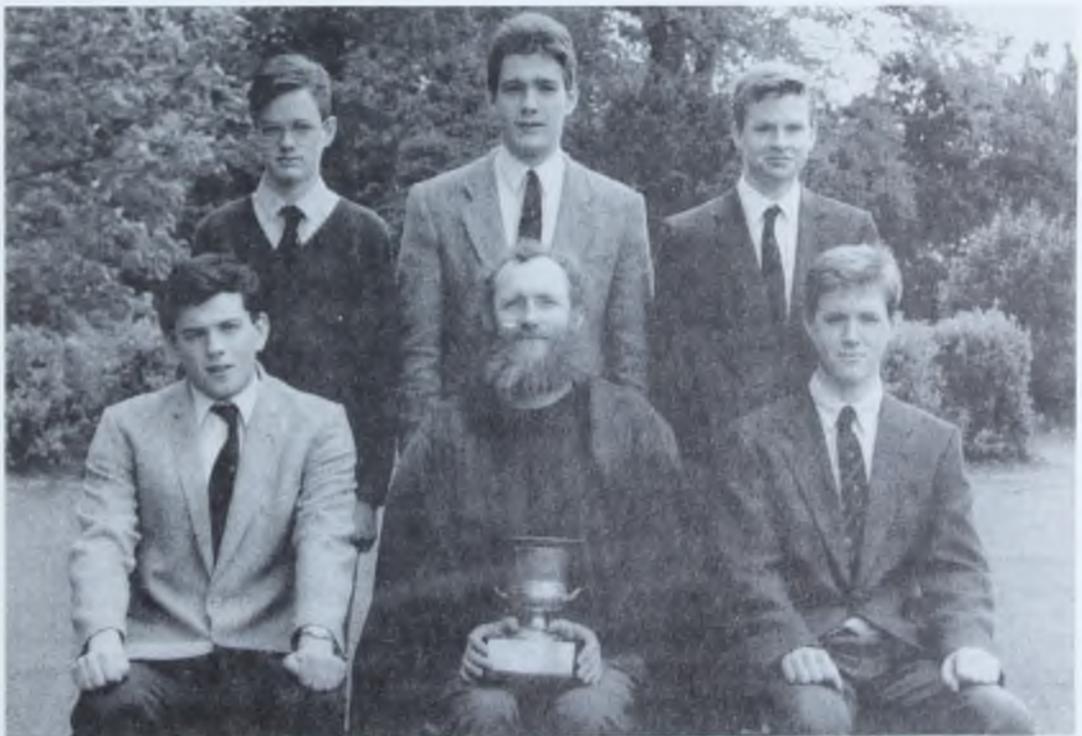
Mark Quinn (Senior)
Philip O'Kelly (Prep.)

GONZAGA CHESS TEAMS



Gonzaga Chess Teams with Mr G. Murphy

SENIOR CHESS TEAM



Back: P. Comerford, J. O'Brien, R. Keogan
Front: D. Carthy, Mr G. Murphy, B. Kennedy

LOURDES 1989

As the coach moved slowly through the congested streets of Lourdes at 10 p.m. on Monday, 7 September 1989, Lourdes, to me, seemed no more than an artificial wonderland of Marys and Bernadettes, medallions and candles, all turning the little town beside the spring into a profit-making gimmick.

However, once inside the Domaine — the centre of Lourdes, holding the Grotto, three Basilicas, the Baths and the 'Accueil; the artificiality is left outside. The Accueil (Welcome), is the hospice for invalids of all nations and it was there, at six o'clock the next morning, with little sleep and no breakfast, that we began our first day as 'Brancardiers'.

The work of a Brancardier (stretcher-bearer) is simply to help the invalids in whatever way possible. Much of our time was therefore spent preparing them for their many daily excursions; helping them wash, dress, shave; lifting them from wheelchairs to beds, from 'chaises' to 'voitures' (similar to three-wheeled rickshaws), in which we pulled them to the various services, masses and processions. These were punctuated by the occasional shopping trip or visit to the Baths, where the more fortunate of us had the privilege of working.

All this was, of course, very tiring work and the few hours of relaxation and sleep between 11 p.m. and 6 a.m., were much needed and enjoyed. However, for me and for all of us, the manual work involved was of minor importance. Far more important were the hours spent talking to the invalids who, despite severe disabilities, had a sincerity, hope and faith previously unencountered by many boys in Gonzaga 6th Year. For most of the group, this was our first real contact with people for whom living was a constant struggle. Through our relationships with them and exposure to the faith visible in a 20,000 strong torchlight procession, a line of crutches discarded at the Grotto, or the renewed spirit of those leaving the Baths, we were all affected in some way by our trip to Lourdes and hope to return in the years to come. We were the fourth Gonzaga Group to go to Lourdes as part of the Dublin Diocesan Pilgrimage, and our leader was Fr John Dunne SJ.

Stephen Kearns (S.6A)

LOURDES GROUP, 1989



Back: R. Keogan, P. Kearns, J. Cass, M. Duff, D. Bateman, E. Farrelly
Front: D. Carthy, J. Twomey, B. Kennedy, Fr J. Dunne SJ, R. Morgan, E. Hillery, S. Kearns

JUNIOR CHESS TROPHY WINNERS



Back: S. Lee, W. Mulligan, F. Sweeney, E. O'Brien
Front: A. Peart, Mr G. Murphy, M. Quinn

6th YEAR PLAY: ZIGGER ZAGGER

'It suits you down to the ground. It's called Zigger Zagger.' Silence descended as the full implication of those words was felt by all present. We had discussed putting on some of the great plays of English literature: Shakespeare, O'Casey, Williams, Friel, Brecht but now the maestro had chosen and we were taken aback, puzzled at what he could mean. "It's about football hooliganism — you'll be medical officers, career guidance officers, headmasters, vicars, policemen, teachers but mostly yobs who can swear, fight, throw toilet rolls at each other and generally annoy the establishment.' He did not need to ask again. Zigger Zagger had already begun.

'Oh, and there's a black bus conductor. . .' Eyes glanced furtively at Gareth O'Connell. 'Come on Gaff, let's hear it,' he coaxed and Gareth did not disappoint. Suffice to say that, should they ever revive the Black and White Minstrel Show, his name would be top of the list. We were ready for them but were the Gonzaga audience ready for rioting, racism and 'Where's your Father?' Some of it had to go.

Auditions for the principals were swift and decisive: Michael Quinlan was to be the villain of the title, Eoin O'Duill the unlikely hero Harry, and the newly-discovered talent of Gareth O'Connell won him the role of Les — a man who, by comparison, would make Miley Byrnes's life throb with excitement. The roles for this play were numerous and special mention must go to: Nicky Dunne for his dual role of effeminate medical officer and hairy Scottish truckdriver and Eddie Farrelly for the manic pill-popping youth employment officer. The school first noticed the play when Fr Sexton inquired, quite innocently, why Darragh Finn was using that voice — 'He has to. He's the headmaster.'

However, there were others who had to bear the brunt of comparison and, as English Teacher, I could sense the sheer joy of my 'pupils' as they jeered and the simple stagenote ('throw papers on the floor') was changed into 'throw them at the teacher's face'. In one rehearsal, a new pupil, a very nasty piece of work, one Bevan, Michael joined the class. He had been worried; these genteel young gentlemen could not even outshout their numerous Muckross counterparts and he must 'lead the way'.

I cannot say that the rehearsals went as smoothly as planned. He did not fail us but, at times, we failed him. Legend on screen: 'Let the Hitler

Youth go to their bloody Grindschools'. Ultimately, great commitment from the principals, especially the leading ladies, created something which we could all be proud of. Special mention must go to: Lucy O'Sullivan as Sandra, Susan Kennedy as Glynis, Fiona McMahon and Sarah Devitt who were both wonderful 'mothers' and, above all, to Ciara Bryars as Edna, Les's long-suffering wife. Her reactions to Gareth's improvisational talents were admirable.

It would be ungrateful of me not to mention the Trojan work of the stage crew, lighting and sound engineer, the guidance of Cormac Deane and Mr Darragh O'Connell. To construct terracing capable of holding 80 people was remarkable, the 'Hallelujah Chorus' a gem and they even doubled as policemen! The performance all three nights of Eoin and Michael was memorable. Eoin for his stunning acting and haircut and Michael for his tireless enthusiasm, remarkable stage presence and the strength to overcome a voice-loss and even incorporate it in his Friday night performance.

This play in many ways answered some of the questions about our year and us as a group but one outstanding question remains: whatever happened to the black bus conductor? 'Where's your Father?' has already become part of Gonzaga's sporting tradition but I hope the play itself will also be remembered. It certainly deserves to since it serves as a reminder that school is not always about points, and that our tiny if temporarily all-important, world of the Leaving Certificate can be supplanted by something which will live much longer in our memories.

Jim O'Brien (S.6A)

2nd YEAR PARENTS' PROGRAMME 1989-90

This year the programme consisted mainly of five meetings. In October we met and discussed the importance of the co-operation between parents and school in the effective formation in faith of the boys. Fr Moylan suggested an article from John Westeroff's 'Bringing up Children in the Christian Faith' called 'Modelling the Adult Pilgrimage in the Christian Faith' as reading matter for the next meeting. When we met on 13 December the document was presented by John Hyland and evaluated by Ann Ormond. There was general agreement that the adult pilgrimage could be very exciting if taken seriously. The meeting ended with the customary cup of tea.

On Wednesday, 24 January Dr Brendan Deasy, Nuala Clarke and Fr Moylan addressed the parents on problems related to the sexual formation of the boys. This talk preceded the talks which the boys received on 22 January and 25 January.

Our next meeting was Wednesday, 21 March. In preparation for this

meeting the parents had read the pamphlet 'Understanding the Mass Today' by Raymond Moloney SJ. We were fortunate to have the author himself come and talk to us on the Mass. This was a very successful meeting and we were all very impressed by Fr Moloney's faith and ideas.

Our final meeting was Thursday, 10 May when a Mass was concelebrated by Frs Moylan, Sexton, and Dunne. Fr Sexton preached a final moving sermon to parents on the importance of having perspective in our lives, not being over-anxious and putting our trust in God. The Mass was followed by a party in the Library prepared by Mrs M. Fennelly. This put a happy end to our activities.

John Moylan SJ

PREP SCHOOL MISCELLANY

MOMENTS TO REMEMBER

Between September gatherings around the 'Marble Tree' and the Prizegiving on the chapel steps in June, many different learning experiences occur, the following being but some.

Autumn soccer leagues fill the lunch breaks, rugby togs retrieved from under stairs, gruesome Hallowe'en pumpkins prepared in Art class; burning eyes in a feast of reading for Cerebral Palsy; burning candles on the Advent wreath. Days of atonement for parent-teacher meetings, promises to improve in subsequent parent-pupil meetings! Holidays follow Prep. 2 Christmas play.

New Year tours are all the rage — Old Dublin, Bull Island and the National Museum Treasury, seen, commented on and explored in writing. Save the Zoo, the campaign launched by boys in fellow feeling. The Passion presented by Prep. 3 in dramatic form; resurrection joy assisted by the Easter holidays.

Marching with Mrs Crosbie in tercentennial remembrance of William and James at the Boyne. Prep. 1 to the Concert Hall and meeting Madame Butterfly. Visits to Buck Mulligan followed by St Kevin. Scouting in Avondale Nature Trail and recollecting the sad life of Parnell. Wide-eyed prospective students greeted with benevolent disdain by existing urchins. Teachers become pawns as maestros parade their mental dexterity and chess prowess. No bookings or bad temper as Prep. 4 are outgunned by Meath Junior Football champions, Kilcloon. Religion substituted for Oriental Studies and Japanese written homework in Prep. 3.

American tennis is the signature to the year played like so much else with sportsmanship not gamesmanship, delightful to see, a fitting end to a fun-filled and fulfilling year with teachers as much as pupils welcoming summer.

THE BUTTERFLY FARM

We went on our school tour on 21 May. First we went to the Concert Hall. My favourite tune was the 'Thunder and Lightning Polka'. After that we went to the Butterfly Farm. When we got there we ate lunch in a field. Then we went into the house and looked at all the dead butterflies. We also saw a treefrog, scorpions and a lizard. Then we went into the Hot-house where there were lots of

tropical butterflies. The Guide said that in the Hot-house the temperature was 98 degrees. When we came out we were sweating.

Did you know that a butterfly only lives for up to 6 days? Some of my classmates saw nine butterflies hatching from a cocoon. A butterfly eats honey, kiwi, orange, and bananas. There are thirty-five different species in Ireland. We also saw four species of tarantulas. The pink-toed tarantula can jump six feet in the air if it hears noise. I bought a

PROJECT BUILDING TEAM



Prep. School Nativity Play, Christmas 1989

butterfly for my sister's confirmation. The biggest butterfly is the Queen Victoria Bird Wing. The most common butterfly is called the Plain Leopard. We all had a brilliant time thanks to Ms O'Kelly and the Mums. We all came home singing on the bus.

Dermot Marah (Prep. 1)

OUR CHRISTMAS PLAY

It was the 8th of December, and everyone was feeling slightly (if not a lot!) nervous. For this was the day of Prep 2's Christmas play. I must say that Mrs Felton did a great job of polishing up our lines, and putting forward suggestions about how to wear our costumes. We all lined up outside the chapel, each person pointing out his relations to nobody in particular. Then we all filed slowly up the aisle, singing 'Once in Royal David's City'. All of us who weren't in the first scene went into the benches and sat down

expectantly. The play went very smoothly, and John Freeman, Alan Doran (the two travellers), and Patrick Kevans (King Herod) fully deserved their drama certificates. I can also say that Mrs Crosbie did a great job of keeping us on the 'straight and narrow', while we were rehearsing!

Ian Moynihan (Prep. 2)

A DAY PREP 2 ENJOYED

One of the highlights of the summer term was the school tour.

At last the big day arrived, 7 May 1990. Prep 2 got on the bus for the Boyne Valley. We were all in a very happy mood.

Mrs Crosbie announced interesting places on the way. Our first stop was the Hill of Tara. The original name was Tea named after a Spanish princess who is supposed to be buried there. Over the years the name was changed to Tara.

Tara was the seat of the High Kings of Ireland and the centre of government. None of the ancient buildings stands today but one can see the circular earth banks of the forts.

From Tara we moved onto Newgrange. Newgrange was more interesting as there was more to see. Newgrange is a passage grave built of stone around 3000 B.C. To walk through the passage we had to bend down as it is very low. The guide turned off the lights and turned on a spotlight to show us what it is like on 21 December, when the sun shines down the passage into the burial chamber.

Next we went to Old Mellifont Abbey which was the favourite of the majority of the class. Although now in ruins it was easy to imagine how fine the Abbey would have looked in its heyday. To be seen in the Abbey are beautifully carved stone windows and doorways. One of the most striking buildings was the Lavabo which originally would have been an eight-sided building (only five stand today). The monks washed themselves there after their day's work. We had a lovely picnic there that we just managed to finish before the rain came and drove us back into the bus.

Next stop was Monasterboice with its high cross and round towers. The high crosses have beautiful detailed carvings, depicting stories from the Old and New Testament. We took some photographs just before the rain forced us back into the bus. We had a lovely trip home via historical Slane.

All our class would like to thank Mrs O'Quigley, Mrs Brady and Mrs Kevans for helping us, and of course especially Mrs Crosbie for organising it all.

Sean O'Quigley (Prep. 2)

SAVING THE ZOO

It was the beginning of March when we learnt that the Zoo might be closed. The majority of the boys in Prep. 3 felt that this would be a great loss to the city of

Dublin. We decided to do something to save the Zoo.

Firstly we began to raise money. Everybody sacrificed their pocket money and their lunch money while various other schemes were undertaken. Some boys collected money in the car park. While others sold raffle tickets and did sponsored cycles. Altogether we raised £343, which we made into a cheque and sent away to Peter Wilson, the Director of the Zoo.

Secondly, we each wrote a letter to the Taoiseach, Mr Haughey. In four letters we set out the reasons why the Zoo should not be closed. We stated that the Zoo should be kept open for educational purposes, for tourism, for employment and for conservation of endangered species.

We got acknowledgements from the Taoiseach and Mr Wilson, and, happily, the Zoo is still open (and so is Dáil Éireann!).

Daibhi O'Leary (Prep. 3)

THE PLAY

A week before Holy Week Prep 3 acted out five plays in preparation for Easter. These plays were based on the Passion, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Everybody had at least one part to play. We practised diligently, week after week, supervised by our teacher, Mrs Egan and at last the big day arrived.

At nine forty on the sixth of April an excited class of boys began to don their costumes. At last the big moment arrived. First Father Brennan explained to the waiting audience what was about to be presented and Robert Kennedy gave a brief introduction to set the scene.

Our plays were very well received and Mr McNelis praised us all. We felt very proud and enjoyed the plays very much, particularly since it gave us a greater understanding of the meaning of Easter.

Simon Matthews (Prep. 3)

THE TIMETABLE OF A GONZAGA SCHOOLBOY

- 7.50 a.m. It's always a mad rush leaving for school — my Dad hates traffic jams.
- 8.15 a.m. Driving up the Avenue — thirty-five minutes of freedom until the dreaded bell. Time enough for soccer or tennis, even revision.
- 8.50 a.m. Boys in place and books on desk. Make sure your tie is tight. Mr McNelis is back.
- 9.00 a.m. P.E. — Red sweaty faces and tired legs, but we don't mind.
- 9.45 a.m. MATHS — not another mental test. Boy, I wish I had a calculator.
- 10.25 a.m. ART — cartoon, comic-strips give way to putting final touches on our art work for the Sportsday exhibition.
- 11.10 a.m. BREAK — We really deserve it. British bulldogs take over.
- 11.25 a.m. GAEILGE — agus anois an rang gaeilge. Caoga litrú den obair bhaile!
- 12.10 p.m. LUNCH — Gushies and Brother Barry's shop add a little extra to our home-packed lunch.
- 12.55 p.m. HISTORY — Project deadline today. Classroom full of Norman Warriors, sticky tape and glue.
- 1.40 p.m. Dublin is on the Liffey,
Cork is on the Lee,
How much longer
do we have GEOGRAPHY?
- 2.25 p.m. School is over for today. I hope I make the 46A.

Conor Deasy (Prep. 3)

Sport

1989-90 SENIOR RUGBY REPORT

As has been the custom for the past few years, the hopefuls arrived on the senior pitch to perform the annual ritual of the 50-minute run. As always Mr McCarthy donned the blue raingear, bestowing a strange sense of purpose on all the faithful present. Three people finished the run, without stopping. Unfortunately Mr Whirdy was included in this total and yes, this was a sign of things to come.

Amidst queries of 'why do we play this fixture first every year?' we were defeated by Pres. Bray 20-3. It was a spirited performance although lacking in cohesion.

There was both skill and true fighting spirit lying dormant in this team, but it took some time to show itself. Possibly the season's three best matches were those against St Michael's (at home), Belvedere (away) and High School (away). The first, although fiercely contested, produced much flowing rugby which resulted in some fine tries and a see-sawing scoreline. Before taking on Belvedere in Cabra, we had already lost our 'flying winger', Rory Bresnihan and prospective captain, Oisín Muldowney. In view of the losses, David Bateman was elected captain and he filled the role admirably. It was a close run contest, with the two teams drawn 13-13 until the final minute when Belvedere secured their win with a fine try under the posts. It was a bitter loss for us although by now we were getting used to being on the losing end.

As the friendly season drew to a close, desperation set in and our coaches summoned the talents of that easily recognised past pupil, Andy O'Donovan. Through him a sense of spirit, pride and even aggression was drilled into the pack.

It showed in subsequent matches though victory still seemed to elude us.

The Cup was now upon us. Our first opponents were eventual winners of Section A, Kilkenny College. The venue was Jones' Road, a near disaster area for previous Gonzaga Cup teams. Although the Press forecast an upset, we stood firm and ran out eventual winners. Playing into the wind in the first half we went down 6-0 at the interval due to two finely struck penalties. Aware of the considerable wind advantage, we were subsequently untroubled in the second half. Declan Fassbender made the breakthrough as he hustled his way over to score just left of the posts. Philip Quinlan added points with the conversion and a penalty soon after. More prolonged pressure yielded another unconverted try, leaving the final score at 13-6.

Our second round match was played on what could only be described as a quagmire. The opponents were, believe it or not, St Columbas College, runners up of Section A. They were to prove much less troublesome opponents than Kilkenny. One change was made; the hard-tackling Conal Boland was brought in instead of his close rival Mark Carney. The experience and power of our front three proved too much for St Columbas in the heavy conditions. Our tall second row, Colm Gleeson, reaped the benefits of his 6ft 4ins in the lineouts. Although we had scored a comprehensive victory we had again lost the services of our tenacious flanker, Oisín Muldowney, through injury. We now had the daunting task of facing our Jesuit rivals, Belvedere College, in the Quarter Finals at Donnybrook. Among the opposition was Kevin O'Brien, termed the 'Green Defector'. He alone was a force to be reckoned with.

Choosing to play with the wind, we failed to capitalise on much-sustained

SENIOR CUP TEAM 1990



Back: M. Kelly, A. Martin, C. Boland, J. O'Higgins, E. McLoughlin, M. Carney, R. Nolan
Middle: Mr N. McCarthy, K. Powell, D. Fassbender, D. Maher, C. Doolin, D. Molloy, P. Quinlan, O. Kehoe, Mr K. Whirly
Front: C. Gleeson, O. Muldowney, R. Morgan, D. Bateman, J. McCarthy, A. Walsh, B. Kennedy (Captain)

JUNIOR CUP TEAM 1990



Back: C. Garrad, A. Quinlan, J. P. Coffey, W. Fitzgerald, J. Molloy, H. Farmar, T. Horan
Middle: C. Barry, K. Sheeran, D. Garvan, N. Conlon, N. Bailey, F. Flanagan, D. Hayes, Mr R. Byrne
Front: S. Hayes, O. Carolan, C. McLoughlin, A. Fleming (Capt.), D. Kearns, J. O'Reilly, D. Horan

pressure, our only reward at half time was 3 points from a Quinlan penalty. One now sensed, that against such opposition, we had not used our advantage to the full. Belvedere used the wind well and after much desperate defending we conceded a try, with a lunging dive from one of Belvedere's second rows. We now had to defend for the rest of the match except when a late break by centre, Alan Walsh, nearly caught out the Belvedere defence. The final score, 4-3 reflected the overall tightness of the encounter.

And so a frustrating season came to an end. Mr Whirdy and Mr McCarthy were surprisingly enough still around! The team would both like to thank and congratulate them on bringing a fourth consecutive Senior Cup team to the quarter final stage. Lastly, I would like to congratulate Philip Quinlan on winning the Ensor Cup for all-round achievement in rugby, and also Alan Walsh for collecting the Captain's Cup for his full participation and commitment to this year's rugby season.

Mark Carney (Senior 5)

JUNIOR CUP TEAM 1990

This year's J.C.T. had a difficult task in trying to follow in the footsteps of a successful team of the previous year. Thirty-six boys attended the first training session in September. This included just one boy from last year's team (William FitzGerald). Team building as usual took time and patience but was made more difficult by injury to key players. The team playing without William FitzGerald and Jude O'Reilly for most of the first term struggled in many of the early season friendlies. After much trial and error a squad of 21 players was selected at the end of October to prepare for the cup campaign. This squad was strengthened by three boys from the under 14's, David Hayes, Danny Horan and Cillian Barry — it is hoped the

experience gained by these boys will stand them in good stead next season. Angus Fleming was elected Captain and he proved to be an excellent leader.

The squad trained extremely hard from October until the opening cup match in February. They showed great commitment, determination and spirit throughout this period and put in many good performances leading up to the cup, including two excellent wins against St Andrews and St Pauls — our last friendlies of the season. However, the loss of our hooker Eamon O'Loinsigh (broken leg) and our second row Cathal Garrad (broken finger) in these matches, caused much disruption in our preparation for the cup match. Seán Hayes moved from the back row into the hooking position and his determination to learn the tricks of his new trade was admirable. His performance in the cup match was outstanding.

When the draw for the Cup was released in November we learned that our first round opponents would be Wesley College, a much fancied team, which included six of the team we had defeated in last season's semi-final. By the time the Cup match came around the team had grown in confidence and believed that they could give Wesley a tough match.

The match was played on 5 February at Danum in windy conditions which made constructive football difficult. When the teams took the pitch it was obvious that Wesley had a physical advantage. Despite this we made a very good start to the match — playing with the wind, we managed to put Wesley under considerable pressure. Two penalties from William FitzGerald gave us a 6-4 half-time lead.

In the second half Wesley used the wind advantage to great effect and ran out 14-6 winners. However, the Gonzaga team could indeed be proud of a courageous performance against a very strong Wesley team, which lost narrowly to Pres. Bray in the Cup Final.

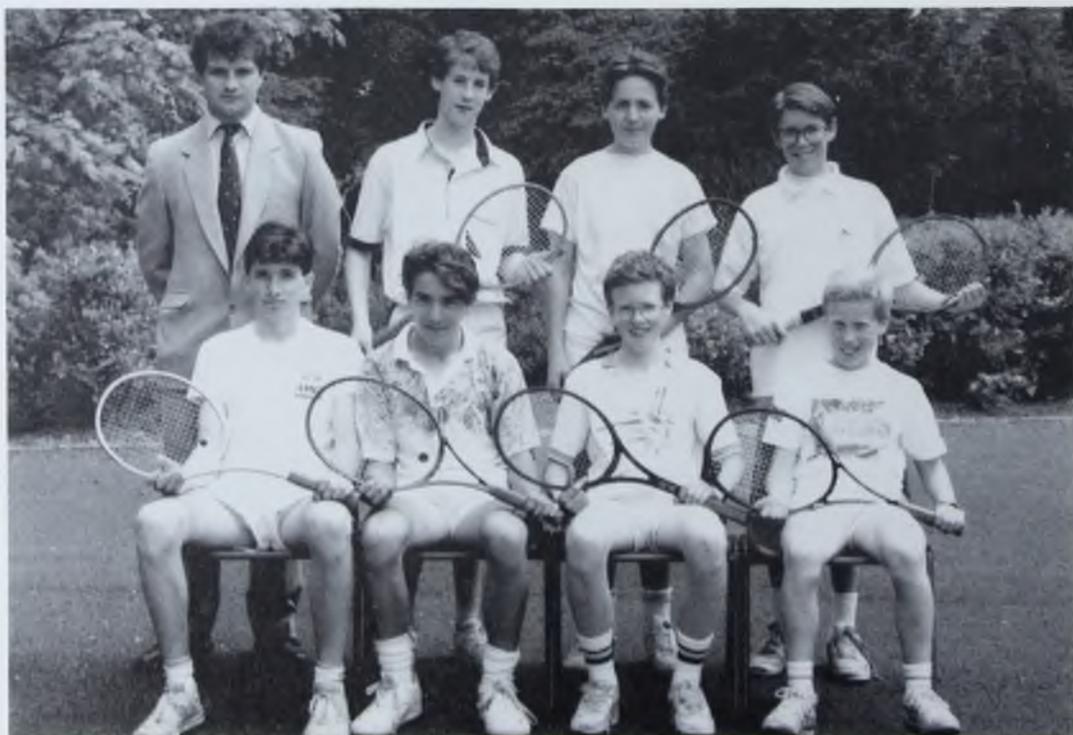
All in all it was an enjoyable season.

Bobby Byrne

SENIOR, JUNIOR AND MINOR TENNIS TEAMS



Back: R. Conan, I. Lawlor, B. Horkan, D. Garvan, Mr D. Keenahan, D. Falkner, P. Smith, P. Ryan, D. Horan
Front: W. FitzGerald, M. Carney, D. Fassbender, C. Smith, D. Molloy, J. Sweetman, D. McLoughlin



Back: Mr R. Byrne, F. Flanagan, P. Naughton, R. Jackson
Front: N. Conlon, J. Feeney, M. Quinn, E. Davy

TENNIS

The year 1990 marked a change in the Leinster Schools Tennis competitions. It saw the advent of the first 'professional' schools players, players who had obtained sports scholarships from certain Dublin schools so as to facilitate and improve their practice routines. 1990 also saw the abolition of the 'round-robin' format from the Minor and Junior competitions with the introduction of a single knock-out competition for all teams in each category. Gonzaga once again fielded six teams, two in each category, and achieved some notable, if surprising, results.

The Senior I team, so often the stalwarts of Gonzaga's teams, after an easy first victory against Coláiste Chiarán, were beaten 4-3 by C.U.S. The absence of two players and the incessant rain contributed to the defeat as did a generally poor performance on all counts. They did reach the semi-finals of the Plate event, beaten after another close contest, this time against a strong Terenure I team, 4-3. The Senior II team had the misfortune to meet Belvedere I in the competition, losing all matches and were also beaten in the Plate event.

The Junior I, comprised mainly of the previous year's Minor I team, performed admirably, beating, amongst others, Mary's I and Belvedere's I before losing to an extremely strong Blackrock team composed of no less than three Irish Junior International players in the semi-finals. The Junior II team reached the

final of the Plate event, being eventually beaten by St Mary's I.

The Minor I team, after a series of excellent wins against St Mary's, St Michael's and Terenure, again found the Blackrock tennis machine too powerful on the Savannah courts of Sutton L.T.C. The Minor II were beaten on the same day, in the Plate Final, by Castleknock.

The annual Past versus Present match was staged on a damp and overcast evening near the end of the school year. An 'all-star' cast of Gerry Sheehan, David Coulson, Gavin Blake, Anthony Geoghegan, Michael Doran and Simon Ensor turned up and defeated the Present team 4-2, finishing just before the rain started.

Many boys from the Prep. School availed of 'Short Tennis' coaching from Jimmy McDonagh each Tuesday of the year for an hour. A ranking list and American Tournament were organised for the older Prep. School boys.

All the above activity could not have happened but for the commitment of Mr Kehoe, Mr Byrne, Mrs Egan and Fr Dunne, SJ who once again provided a computerised ranking list for each category, updated weekly. All the players would also like to extend our deepest gratitude to both Mr Keenahan and Mr Byrne for their continued interest, enthusiasm and effort. They give most freely of their time and their efforts are much appreciated.

C. Smith (Senior 5)

SCHOOL DIARY

- 1 September Fifty more students who forgot to read the fine print arrive in Gonzaga.
- 4 September The remaining 300 students return to school optimistically, with the introduction of a fourth year transition year. What does this mean . . . ?
- 7-12 September Twelve lucky 6th-years embark on a week in Lourdes, accompanied by Fr Dunne. An enlightening experience is had by all involved in the Dublin Diocesan Pilgrimage — Gonzaga's fourth year to participate.
- 15 September A series of 6 Irish Messenger Publication booklets, 5 of which were written by Jesuits living in Gonzaga, is launched in the school by the Provincial Fr Philip Harnett. Complete with multicoloured covers they emphasise once again the "trendiness" of the Jesuits. Mr McNelis is involved in a car accident.
- 21 September 5th-years get a chance to elect Michael Kelly and 6 other top administrators to the 5th Year Project Committee. Fr Brennan does the honours.
- 29 September Mr Cusack pales visibly when he realises that Gonzaga has won a debate. Four students prove to Alexandra that "money is not the answer to everything".
- 5-6 October 6th-years get a chance to spend two days in contemplation and renewal of their inner selves. Most however, enjoyed the 6th-year retreat.
- 27 October Mid-term break begins. 6th-years head towards Stratford to see some excellent performances of Shakespeare's plays.
- 16-18 November Mr Bevan, recognising the challenge posed by "Batman" puts his all into "Zigger, Zagger". Mr Murphy is reminded that he has an opera to prepare.
- 1 December Annual Past Pupils' Dinner.
- 9/16/23 December On three consecutive Saturdays of pouring rain, Vincent de Paul carollers raise a disappointing £800. A lady with a cross tells Fr Moylan he has beautiful eyes but she can't recall where she's seen him before. She suddenly remembers "The Return of the Pink Panther", she says "You're Peter Sellers".

- 21 December The patients in the Royal Hospital, Donnybrook are delighted with their presents and juicy kisses from Santa Claus alias Jason Carty at the Vincent de Paul party. Christmas holidays begin.
- 11/12/13 January It's back, the evergreen, everlasting, ever entertaining Opera now in its 15th year.
- 29 January Gonzaga begin their Senior Cup campaign encouragingly with a 13-6 victory over Kilkenny College in Jones Road.
- 5 February Despite a valiant battle, the J.C.T. lose out 14-6 to Wesley College, the eventual runners-up, in the first round.
- 7 February Noel's Green Army march on with an emphatic 23-0 win over St Columbas in the Belfield quagmire.
- 22 February An injury-stricken Gonzaga team fall gallantly 4-3 to Belvedere under the Donnybrook stand.
- 23 February Messrs Bevan and Cusack gird themselves for battle, spearheaded by Fr Brennan they emerge triumphant from the (sometimes) annual pupil-teacher debate.
- 2 March Marcus Dowling and Ed Farrelly bring home the Leinster title in the Bank of Ireland Choice Debate. They successfully defend the motion "That this house would sink the Mayflower".
- 12 March Mr Slevin warns 5th-years that he can't wave his magic wand. He goes on to say that we're all sliding down slippery slopes. Unfortunately this, one of his perennial lectures, could not have taken place at a worse time as proparone was sliding all over one of the desks by the end of the class. It also managed to find its way into a certain 5th-year's trousers. Three minutes later, shouts of agony such as "My boxer-shorts are disintegrating" were heard from the toilet echoing down the corridor.
- 21 March Despite their best-ever performance in the competition Gonzaga falls one point short of victory in the History Quiz.

- 23 March Top hats and tea are in evidence and raise £400 for the 5th year project. Alka-Seltzer report a 15% rise in profits.
- Mr Cusack resigns himself to being the elder statesman of Gonzaga chess as Mark Quinn of Senior 2 wins the school chess tournament for the second year running.
- 2 April On time, under budget; the new, streamlined Fred the tortoise is sent off to Limerick, by Maxi, Peter Sutherland and the Lord Mayor. Clarebell, the grand old elephant at the 5th year project graces Dublin with her presence.
- 6 April With bloodshot eyes and caffeine overdose, the 5th-years stagger into school to find to their terror the Mocks have begun.
- 7 April Weary Limerick and Dublin trekkers return to find that they have raised £24,000.
- 8 April They celebrate.
- 22-26 April Risking life and limb 4th-years accompany Mr Whirdy and Mr McCarthy for a week in the Delphi Adventure Centre, in County Mayo.
- 4-6 May Ms MacConville takes time off her day job as the Amnesty play's Assistant Director to lead the annual First-year Geography pilgrimage to the Burren.
- 11 May Mr Regan unveils his latest triumph, Henrik Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People". The £305 raised went to Amnesty International.
- 14 May It's the O-levels. No it's the GCE's. No it's the GCSE's. Well, whatever they are, they've begun.
- 19 May Sports Day is as usual a great success due to the hard work of Mr Whirdy and Mr O'Connell in the sports and artistic fields respectively.
- 25 May Fr Sexton says his last Mass before the assembled school. A strong inspiring au revoir from him. Students present him with a return ticket to visit his mother from Zimbabwe.

- 1 June House Exams and 6th-year graduation Mass, also Fr Sexton's.
- 5 June Teachers' switchboards are jammed as 6th-years prepare for the next day's Leaving Cert.

Peter Martin (S. 5)
Niall O'Higgins (S. 5)

V A R I A

Alliance Française Essay Competition

Each year, the Alliance Française holds an essay competition across Europe to promote the study of French. Essays on a given topic are written in three hours, under exam conditions, with the aid of a dictionary; a specified number of prizewinners from each country (four from Ireland) spend ten days together in Paris the following July.

Gonzaga has done remarkably well in this competition over the years, with the following all winning the trip to Paris:

Michael Blake	(1983)
Aran Maree	(1985)
Barry Doherty	(1986)
David Kennedy	(1987)
Eugene Downes	(1989)
Brian Kennedy	(1990)

These successes pay great tribute to the dedication of our French teachers, especially Fr John Moylan and Ms Anne Nevin.

Young Scientists

The following were Gonzaga's participants in the Young Scientists Exhibition 1990:

John Cass "Parallel Processing — Divide and Conquer!"
Senior Section of Chemistry, Physical and
Mathematical Sciences.

1st Prize in Section plus Institute of Physics Award.

Ronan McCullough "Gold Mining in the West of Ireland". Junior
Ian Brennan Section of Chemistry, Physical and Mathematical
Sciences.

Highly commended in their section by Aer Lingus judges plus prize for best Geological Project from National Geological Society.

James Ruane, John Sheehy, Robert Cotter “Ecology — do people really care?”
Junior Section of “Social and Behavioural Sciences.”
2nd Prize in Section plus a display award.

Frank Farrell, Seán Hayes, William Fingleton “Water Pollution — Who Cares?”
Intermediate Sections of “Biological and Ecological Sciences.”

Dermot Kavanagh, Gearóid Frewen “Exhaust pollution — the effect on lichens”.
Intermediate Section of “Biological and Ecological Sciences”.

Feis Ceoil

The following were Gonzaga participants in the Feis Ceoil 1990:

Sen. 1 and 1A	Finghin Collins Simon Morgan Ronan Hand	Piano & Violin Singing Singing
Sen. 4	Donagh Collins Andrew Peregrine Denis O’Sullivan Dermot O’Callaghan	Piano & Cello Guitar Euphonium Piano Duet

Prizewinners were:

Finghin Collins	1st Rhona Marshall Cup 1st Piano U/15
Donagh Collins	2nd Piano U/17 1st Fritz Brase Cup 3rd Patricia Read Cup
Donagh and Finghin Collins	1st Piano Duet U/17
Andrew Peregrine	1st Guitar — Junior
Denis O’Sullivan	1st Euphonium — Junior

A Unique Ninth

Hagan Bolger who left 6th year this summer completed a record that is, needless to say, unique in Gonzaga and almost certainly unique in the

country. Hagan is the ninth — and last — member of the Bolger family to have completed his education in Gonzaga! We salute the Bolgers.

CITY STREET

In the Street of the Blessed Sacrament
Little knots of people stand about
Waiting for their buses
Some lost in their morning trance of far-away
The man who has no home
Begs from the people in the queue.
The school-girls twitter;
A car is being broken into by a gang of youths.

On the other side of a door
in the Street of the Blessed Sacrament
Men and women kneel in worship
Where a consecrated person
Observes holy convention
And offers them the slight morsel of bread
Under which guise the Lord of all the world
Wishes to be approached.

Candle-light flickers — prayers
of the heart are uttered
And the Person in form of bread
becomes totally present
To those who stopped and entered
by the narrow door.

Out on the street
The people crane and stare
Looking for their buses
Unaware
that the transcendent
awaits them too
On the other side of the door
Over there
Just over there.

Bernadette Dunne

LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS 1990

<i>Honours</i>	<i>Grade</i>			
	A	B	C	D, etc.
Irish	7	12	4	—
English	4	9	23	16
Maths	8	12	4	5
History	2	4	3	3
Geography	—	4	8	1
French	11	19	18	3
Biology	2	7	5	9
Ecology	—	6	4	7
Chemistry	12	16	7	4
Physics	4	14	2	4
Music	—	—	4	6
Applied Maths	2	4	3	4
Greek	1	4	2	
Latin	8	7	1	2
Classics	—	3	2	2
Art	1	4	1	
Totals	62	125	91	65

<i>Pass</i>	<i>Grade</i>			
	A	B	C	D, etc.
Irish	4	8	11	5
Maths	1	6	44	2
French	—	—	1	—
Economics	—	—	—	1
Totals	5	14	16	8

What Happened to the Class of 1989?

University College Dublin:

Engineering

Brendan Connellan
John Cooney
Martin Dunn
John McKenna
John McInerney
Julian Morgan
David Swift
Ciaran Walsh

Commerce

Peter Cosgrove
Conor Hillery
Conor Linehan
Stephen O'Connor

Law

Robert O'Mahony

Medicine

Stephen Higgins

Arts

Simon Carty
Peter Clinch
Colm Conlon
Paul Coyle
Manchan Magan
John McGeough
Brendan McVeigh
Keith Mulcahy
Paul O'Grady
Garrett Rynhart
Tim Tuomey

Science

James Gallagher
Graham Love

Trinity College:

Arts

Naoise Barry
Rory Egan
Larkin Feeney

Arts (continued)	John O'Reilly Nicholas Webb
Dentistry	Aengus Kelly
Computer Science	Ossian Smyth
Law	Alan Boxberger
Engineering	Conor McGorrian
Marketing in Rathmines	Trevor Browne
Marketing in Ladd Lane	Peter O'Keefe Colin Owens Paul Slattery Killian Whelan
Deferred Studies	Eoin Brophy Patrick Flynn
Engineering in Bolton St	Kevin Quinn
University of Nottingham	Brendan Collins
Accountancy	Vincent McMahon
Continuing Studies	Martin Keegan Patrick Lewis Justin McCarron Alan Murray-Hayden Rory O'Brien
College of Art & Design	David Cooke Stephen Fahy
Emigrated to Australia	David Stritch

Compiled by Brendan Connellan

The Past Pupils' Union

My immediate predecessor got it absolutely right when he said "It's been both a great pleasure and an honour to be president of the Gonzaga Past Pupils Union". These are exactly my thoughts and feelings as my year of Presidency comes to a close and Gonzaga College celebrates its 40th anniversary. The Union had a very good year and the links between the Past and the School were further strengthened. Father Peter Sexton SJ, who only recently handed over the job of Headmaster of Gonzaga to Mr Patrick Potts, kept in close contact with us and we with him. For his friendship, advice and assistance during the year and during all the time he was at Gonzaga, both I, the Committee and all the past pupils thank him very sincerely. We also send him our best wishes for the future.

In the year ended September 1990 the Past Pupils Union was active in a number of ways. In October 1989 we sent a Newsletter to all the Past Pupils of Gonzaga (over 950) which reminded all past pupils of the purpose of the Union as well as setting out the programme of events and activities for the year. My thanks go to Edward Cotter, Marc O'Sullivan, Paul Keelan and Ray Cotter for their help in preparing the Newsletter. The Gonzaga Union offers a lot to each and every past pupil. Its purpose is twofold:

1. Keeping the Past in touch with one another by means of events and developments e.g. the Annual Dinner, the golf outing, establishment of the Benevolent Fund, association with the Irish Federation of Jesuit Alumni and involvement in and support of its activities such as the refugee programme.

2. Supporting the school development, activities and events e.g. supporting the school teams in Leinster Cup campaigns, Past-Present tennis and cricket matches, Past-Present debates, providing stewards at the Christmas Mass and Easter ceremonies, supporting the school programme of career talks, the Transition year (4th year) work experience programme, the 6th year Lourdes project etc.

In November 1989 the annual Mass to commemorate the deceased past pupils and teachers of Gonzaga was held in the school chapel. Only a few days later I was invited in my capacity as President of the Union to attend the very moving commemorative Mass for the six Spanish Jesuits, their housekeeper and her daughter murdered in San Salvador. It must



Peter Mathews, President PPU

have been heartening for Jesuits to see such wonderful support at that Mass in Gardiner Street church.

I think the best way to give the reader a flavour of the Union is to glance back at the year's events. First of all Roderic Ensor and I went along to support the 1989 Deb dinner-dance at the Shelbourne Hotel. We presented two spot prizes on behalf of the Union. We also wrote to all the members of the 1989 class leavers inviting them to a reception hosted by the Union in the school library. This was the Union's way of saying hello to these recent past pupils and also gave us an opportunity to tell them about the Union. It was a highly enjoyable event and led to the inevitable appearance of most of those past pupils at the Annual dinner on 1 December.

One other event which the Union supported in November was the school play "Zigger Zagger" which was very well produced. Around this time too, Father John Dunne SJ approached us asking for help to find placements for three school boys in the 4th year work experience programme. I am glad to say we were able to trump up with the jobs.

The Union's Annual dinner tends to be the high point of the year. On 1 December last we held a magnificent dinner in the school attended by over 280 past pupils and past and present teachers. Our key-note speaker, Michael McDowell made a brilliant speech which could have been entitled "The Gonzaga Question". From the Jesuit community we were delighted to welcome former teachers, mentors and friends: Fr Noel Barber SJ, Fr Joseph Dargan SJ, Fr Dermot Murray SJ, Fr Joseph Veale SJ, Fr Alan Mowbray SJ, Fr Provincial Philip Harnett SJ, Fr Patrick Crowe SJ, Fr Charlie Davy SJ (past pupil), Fr Diarmuid O'Laoghaire SJ, Fr Eddie Keane SJ, Fr John Moylan SJ, Fr John Dunne SJ, Fr John Macken SJ (past pupil) and the Headmaster, Fr Peter Sexton SJ. Many others were invited, but, for various reasons, were unable to come. Also included in the guests were Mr Raymond Kearns, Mr Gerry Murphy, Mr Denis Cusack. This was the first occasion when the Union invited the Presidents of the Belvedere, Clongowes, Mungret and Crescent Past Pupils Unions. Another feature was that several classes marked the occasion of 10 years, 21 years and 25 years out of the school by very large turn-outs from their respective years. Everyone who came received an alphabetically arranged sheet of the names of all attending the dinner (which helped re-acquaintance in the context of the large numbers attending).

Christmas followed and the Union helped out at the Midnight Mass in the school by providing stewards for the occasion. After Christmas we supported the Junior and Senior rugby teams in their cup campaigns. We wrote letters of congratulations and exhortation to the captains of both Junior and Senior teams. We assembled an excellent debating side (Brian Cregan, Kevin Feeney and Frank Callanan) and a wise adjudicator (Arthur Plunkett) specially selected to dumbfound the Present (Eugene Downes, Brian Kennedy, Edmund Garvey and David Bateman). Quite taken by the aggressive confidence of the Present the Past allowed the Present to

win and also availed of the opportunity to make presentations to Marcus Dowling and Edward Farrelly (joint winners of the best speaker of the year in An Chomhdhail) and to Eugene Downes (the society's auditor) for the greatest contribution to An Chomhdhail.

In May 1990, the Union's golf outing was held at Milltown G.C. This event was organised by Roderic Ensor and, once again, bore all the hallmarks of Swiss watch excellence. The winner was Oisín O'Buachalla and this memorable outing was enjoyed by over 65 players (past pupils and guests) joined later in the evening by some non-golfing past pupils for the fun that followed. Eddie Nichols, president of the Sandford Park Old Boys Union, was my guest along with Milltown golf club's captain Dr Jack Ormond. This was a highly enjoyable event. Once again, as in the case of the Annual dinner, a reduced cost was offered to the younger past pupils.

Other events included the Past v Present tennis, won by the Past and also a Past v Present cricket match organised by Ross Kyne. It was with great sadness that the Union learned that the school had not been able to include cricket as part of the sporting curriculum in the summer of 1990. Undaunted, Ross Kyne mustered teams from both the ranks of the school and also from the Past and the match took place at Merrion Cricket Club. For reasons similar to those arising on the occasion of the Past v Present debate, the Past once again decided to allow the Present to win only because defeat could, we judged, have caused deep despair in the corridors of Gonzaga. Judging that it would be wrong to drive the young gentlemen of Gonzaga into despair we believed it would be better to allow them to win. Having taken this considerable decision, the Past conceded victory by a margin of 1 run.

The last open-air event which the Union attended and supported was the school Sports day when the sun shone generously over the magnificent tree lined grounds of Gonzaga. On such a day Gonzaga has a very special charm and the boys, their families, their teachers and their friends truly enjoy a day which is unique. All the expectations, efforts, achievements and compliments of a year seem to find expression on this day.

Coming back indoors again, I am glad of the opportunity to say thanks to Stephen O'Connor and Patrick Kennedy for organising for the Gonzaga 6th year boys the University Careers talks covering several faculties. These talks were very well received by the boys. Again on a practical note, we were glad to be able to make contributions of £300 and £400 in 1989 and 1990 respectively towards the 6th years Lourdes project.

All the events and activities undertaken by the Union would not have been possible without the tremendous work and support of an excellent committee comprising Roderic Ensor (Vice President), John O'Neill (Hon. Treas.), Paul Meagher (Hon. Sec.), Michael McDowell, Donal Forbes, Dermot McCarron (past President), Raymond Cotter (immediate past President), Michael Counihan, Patrick Kennedy, Brian Cregan, Marc O'Sullivan, Paul Keelan, Gerry Sheehan, Stephen O'Connor, Edward

Cotter and Barry Keogh. To each and everyone on the committee my very sincere personal thanks.

Now let me turn for a moment to what many of us past pupils regard as the single most important development for the school, namely the appointment for the first time of a lay Headmaster this year. This development reflects the changes and challenges in modern education. After we were notified of the appointment of Mr Patrick Potts, Roderic Ensor and I invited him to join us for dinner so that we could personally extend to him the Union's welcome and support in his new job as Headmaster. We spent a very pleasant evening with Mr Potts and we assured him that he would always find the Union approachable and available to help the school in whatever ways we can.

The Union will continue also to support and encourage the Jesuit community at Gonzaga. As past pupils we have an interest in helping to preserve the best traditions of a Jesuit education. The Jesuit tradition is long and enduring. 1990 will mark the 500th anniversary of the birth of Ignatius Loyola and the 450th anniversary of the founding of the Jesuit Order. We will lend our support to the celebrations marking the Ignatian Centenary Year.

So we look forward to the future into the 1990s. My very best wishes go to Roderic Ensor, who I know will be an excellent President of the Union. My best wishes also go to Patrick Potts, the school's new headmaster, the staff of Gonzaga and also the Rector and members of the Jesuit community as well as to the School.

Peter Mathews

School Roll

1989-90

Angley	Gerald	S4	Carthy	David	S6A
Armstrong	Francis	S2	Carton	Rory	S3A
Bailey	James	P.4	Carty	Jason	S4
	Nicholas	S4A	Cass	David	S1
Barnewell	John	P.3		John	S6
Barry	Cillian	S2A	Chappat	Gerald	S2A
Barry	Ian	S5	Clarke	Ian	S2
	Colin	P.4	Clear	Felim	S4A
Barry	Stephen	P.4	Coakley	John Davis	P.1
Bateman	David	S6A		Stephen	S1
Batt	David	S2		Peter	S3
Becker	Robert	S1	Coffey	David	S1A
Behan	James	P.2		John Paul	S4A
	Andrew	S3	Cogan	Peter	P.1
Boland	Alan	S2	Colgan	Ronan	S1
	Conal	S4A	Collins	Stephen	S1
	David	S5A	Collins	Finghin	S1A
	Killian	S6		Donagh	S4
Boland	Daniel	P.3	Comerford	Philip	S4
Bolger	Hagan	S6	Conan	Robert	S2A
Bradley	David	P.1	Conlon	Thomas	S5
Bradley	Martin	S6A	Conlon	Niall	S4
Brady	Paul	P.2		Kieran	S6
Brennan	Alex	P.3	Connellan	David	S3A
Brennan	John	P.1		Liam	S4A
Brennan	Ian	S2	Convery	Paul	S4A
Bresnihan	Rory	S6A	Cooney	Brendan	S2A
Broderick	Robert	P.1	Corrigan	Eoin	S6A
	James	P.2	Cosgrove	Joe	S3A
Brophy	William	S2	Cotter	Robert	S1A
	Barry	S2A	Coughlan	Christopher	P.1
Burns	Peter	P.3	Crean	Fiachra	S2A
Burns	Anthony	S2A	Cunnane	Barry	S2
Butterly	Andrew	P.4	Cunningham	Henry	P.4
	Marc	S5	Curtin	Adrian	S2
Butterly	David	P.2		Ian	S5
Byrne	Lorcan	P.3	Daly	John	S4
	Barry	P.4		Stephen	S5A
	Damien	S2	Davy	Ronan	P.1
Cahill	Brian	P.4		Eugene	P.4
Campbell	Colm	P.3		Mark	S1A
Carney	Francis	S6	De Feu	Patrick	P.2
Carney	Mark	S5	Deane	Cormac	S6A
Carolan	Oscar	S3	Deasy	Conor	P.3
Carroll	John	S3A	Deeny	Simon	S5A

Delaney	Paul	S3A	Forbes	Robert	S2A
Derham	Paul	P.1		Jason	S4A
Desmond	Brett	S1	Fox	Edward	P.3
Devlin	Nicholas	S5A	Freeman	John	P.2
Diggins	David	S5	Frewen	Tomas	S1
Dillon	Conor	P.2		Gearoid	S3
Dillon	Mark	P.1	Gallagher	Kevin	S3
Doherty	Gavin	S5A	Garrad	Cathal	S3A
Doolin	Colin	S5	Garvan	David	S3
Doran	Alan	P.2		Robert	S6
Dowling	Michael	S4A	Garvey	Edmund	S6
	Marcus	S6	Gleeson	Colum	S6
Dowling	Niall	S1A	Glynn	Alan	S1
Downes	David	S3A		Stephen	S5A
	Eugene	S6	Gough	Mark	P.3
Duff	Michael	S6A	Granville	Alec	P.1
Duff	Peter	S2A	Halpin	David	P.4
Duffy	Glenn	P.4	Hand	Ronan	S1A
	Kenneth	S1	Hannify	Gary	S1
Dundon	James	S3	Hanrahan	Rory	S3
Dunne	Nicholas	S6		Barra	S5
Egan	Richard	S3	Haren	Jonathan	S5
Egan	Rupert	S2	Harnett	William	S2A
Enright	David	S6		David	P.2
Eustace	Thomas	S2A		Richard	S3
	Edward	S4	Harrington	Eoghan	S1A
Falkner	David	S4A	Hawkins	Michael	S3
Fanning	Niall	S1A	Hayes	Mark	P.1
Farmar	Hugh	S3		David	S2
Farrell	Conor	S2	Hayes	Sean	S3
Farrell	Frank	S3		Marcus	S5A
Farrelly	Edward	S6	Healy	Ciaran	S1
Fassbender	Declan	S4	Hederman	Simon	S4A
Feeney	Andrew	P.1	Heffernan	Mark	S4A
Feeney	John	S2A	Heslin	Barry	S5A
	Kevin	S4A	Hillery	Brian	S1A
Fennelly	Stephen	S1		Eugene	S6
	Daniel	S2A	Hogan	Fergal	S3
Fingleton	William	S3A	Horan	Daniel	S2A
Finn	Barry	S1A		Thomas	S4
Finn	Darragh	S6	Horkan	Alan	P.2
FitzGerald	William	S3		Brian	S2A
Fitzgerald	Cormac	P.2	Hughes	Jonathan	P.4
Fitzsimmons	Olaf	S3	Hyland	Mark	P.2
Fitzsimons	Michael	S6A		David	S1A
Flanagan	Oisin	P.1		Keith	S.2
	Fiachra	S3A	Jackson	Reginald	S1
Fleming	Angus	S4A	Jackson	Andrew	S4A
Foley	Mark	P.1	Joyce	Cormac	P.3
Forbes	Daniel	P.2	Judge	Ciaran	S3A
	Jonathan	S1A	Kavanagh	Dermot	S3
	Mark	S4	Keane	Gavin	P.3

Keane	David	S3	Martin	Peter	S5
Keane	Eoghan	S2A	Martin	Brian	S1
Keany	Stuart	S4		Ruary	S3A
Kearney	Hugh	P.1	Masterson	Conor	S6
Kearns	Daniel	S3A	Matthews	Simon	P.3
	Stephen	S6A	McBryan	Alan	S2A
Kearns	Peter	S6A		David	S4A
Keegan	John	S5	McCarron	Gavin	S4A
Keeling	Christian	P.1	McCarthy	Bryan	S1
Kehoe	Lory	P.1	McCarthy	Justin	S5A
	Mark	S4A	McCarthy	Kevin	S5A
Kehoe	Oisin	S5	McCarthy	Kieron	S5A
Kelly	Michael	S5A	McCloskey	Brian	P.1
Kennedy	Robert	P.3	McColgan	James	P.4
Kennedy	Brian	S6A		Garth	S5A
Kennedy	John	S3A	McCourt	Cian	S4
Keogan	Ronan	S6A	McCrea	Ronan	S1A
Kevans	Patrick	P.2		Barry	S3A
	David	S1	McCullough	James	P.3
	Brian	S1A		Ronan	S2A
Kinsella	David	S1	McDonnell	Duncan	S5A
	Denis	S6	McGovern	Stephen	S1
Laher	Adam	P.3	McGrath	Fergal	S2
	Tarik	S6	McGrath	Grellan	P.1
Lambert	John	S4	McHugh	Stephen	P.4
Larkin	John	P.1	McInerney	Stephen	S6A
Lavan	Myles	S1	McKenna	Gavan	S5
Lavelle	John	S5	McLaughlin	Mark	P.4
Lawless	Brendan	P.4		David	S5
Lawless	Eoin	S2	McLoughlin	Cian	S3A
Lawlor	Ian	S2A		Evin	S5A
Leahy	William	P.4	McLoughlin	Cian	S1
Ledwith	Garry	P.2	McLoughlin	Dara	S5A
Lee	Shane	S3A	McMahon	Kevin	S4
Litton	Anthony	S3	McNamara	Aidan	S1A
Lydon	Cormac	S3A	McPhillips	John	S6
Lynch	Edward	S1A	McVeigh	Paul	S6
	Nigel	S3	Meagher	Richard	P.3
MacMahon	Philip	P.4		David	S1A
MacPartlin	Conor	P.3	Menzies	David	S1
	Matthew	S4	Moe	Knut	P.2
Madden	Peter	P.3		Patrick	S5A
Magee	Kenneth	S5	Molloy	David	S1A
Maher	Declan	S5A	Molloy	James	S3
	Peter	S6A		Donough	S5A
Mahon	Gerard	S1	Moore	Eoin	S6
	Laurence	S4A	Moran	David	S2A
Malone	Paul	S6A	More O'Ferrall	Richard	P.3
Mangan	David	P.4	Morgan	Simon	S1
Marah	Dermot	P.1		Ross	S6A
Marrinan	Diarmuid	S1A	Moriarty	Denis	P.2
Martin	Alex	S4A		John	P.4

Morris	Aonraoi	S6	O'Herlihy	Neil	S5
Morris	Philip	S4	O'Herlihy	Stephen	P.1
Morrissey	Joseph	P.4	O'Higgins	Timothy	S1A
Moynihan	Ian	P.2		Fintan	S2A
Moynihan	Alex	S4	O'Higgins	James	S5A
Muldowney	Oisin	S6A	O'Higgins	Niall	S5
Mullen	Cormac	S2A	O'Huiginn	Donal	S6
Mullett	Adrian	S1A	O'Kane	Conor	S3A
	Gavin	S5	O'Keefe	Roderick	S1A
Mulligan	William	S3A	O'Kelly	Philip	P.3
Mullins	Colin	P.2	O'Kelly	Darragh	S5A
	Mark	S2	O'Leary	Daibhi	P.3
Murphy	David	P.4	O'Leary	John	S1A
	Cathal	S3A	O'Loinsigh	Donal	P.4
Murphy	Martin	P.4		Eamon	S3
Murphy	Edward	P.2	O'Mahony	Mark	S4A
	Thomas	P.4	O'Mahony	Dara	S6A
Murphy	Cian	P.3	O'Neill	Daniel	S6
	Oran	S1	O'Neill	Gavin	S5
Murphy	Conor	P.3	O'Neill	Ronan	S5A
Murphy	Conor	S6	O'Quigley	Sean	P.2
Murtagh	Robert	S2	O'Reilly	Conor	P.1
Naughton	Martin	S2A	O'Reilly	Jude	S3A
	Peter	S3A	O'Riordan	Brian	P.1
Nicell	Michael	S4	O'Riordan	Jonathan	S2
Noble	David	S2	O'Rorke	Garrett	S2
Nolan	Roger	S5A	O'Rourke	Colm	S4
O'Brien	Adrian	S2	O'Shea	John	S1
O'Brien	Eoin	S3	O'Shea	Ronan	P.1
O'Brien	James	S6A	O'Sullivan	Cornelius	S4A
O'Brien	Mark	S2A	O'Sullivan	Denis	S4
O'Buachalla	Sean	S4	Ormond	Hugh	S2
O'Callaghan	Ronan	S3	Owens	Roger	S5A
	Dermot	S4A	Parkinson	Gerald	S2
O'Connell	Eoin	P.1	Peart	Alan	S3A
O'Connell	Gareth	S6A	Pegum	John	P.4
O'Connell	Morgan	S1		Andrew	S5A
O'Connell	Paul	S1A	Pelly	Niall	P.2
O'Connor	Brian	P.4		Gareth	S4A
O'Conor	Keith	P.3	Peregrine	Andrew	S4
	Hugh	S3	Pinkster	Stephen	P.2
O'Connor	John	S3A	Powell	Kenneth	S5
O'Connor	Lochlann	S6	Quinlan	Andrew	S3
O'Connor	Philip	S6A		Philip	S5A
O'Doherty	John	P.4		Michael	S6A
O'Doherty	David	S4	Quinn	John	S2A
O'Donovan	John	P.1	Quinn	Mark	S2
O'Donovan	Rory	S1	Rafferty	Colm	S2
O'Duill	Eoghan	S6A	Ranalow	Stephen	P.3
O'Flaherty	Owen	S3	Rea	David	S3A
O'Grady	Paul	S3A	Reilly	Anthony	P.1
O'Hanlon	Rory	S3A	Roche	Garrett	S1

Roche	Sean	P.3	Staunton	Mark	S3
Roddy	Paul	P.3		Jonathan	S5
Rooney	Stephen	S6	Stephenson	Patrick	S2A
Rourke	Shane	S1A	Strahan	Robin	P.4
Ruane	Ciaran	P.2	Sweeney	Francis	S3A
Ruane	John	P.4	Sweetman	John	S4
	James	S1A	Talbot	Mark	P.2
Ryan	Ciaran	P.1		David	S2
	Daniel	P.3	Tempany	Niall	S2A
Ryan	John	P.2	Tierney	Patrick	S2A
Ryan	Aidan	S5		Eoin	S5
Ryan	Edmund	S4	Toner	Alan	S5
Ryan	Paul	S2	Toomey	Grahame	S3
Scott	Andrew	S1		Aiden	S4A
Scott	Conor	S2A	Tormey	Thomas	P.4
Searson	Garrett	S4A	Tran	(Dievanh)	
Semple	Roger	S4A		Andy	S2A
Sexton	Senan	S4A	Tuomey	Donal	P.2
Shannon	Cillian	S1A		Ian	S2A
Sheahan	Paul	S2	Twomey	John	S6A
Sheehy	John	S1A	Walsh	Andrew	P.3
	Niall	S5A	Walsh	Alan	S6A
Sheeran	Christopher	S2A	Walsh	Niall	S3
	Kenneth	S3A	Whelan	Stewart	P.2
Slattery	James	S1		Ross	P.3
Slattery	John	P.1	Whelan	Brian	S4
Smith	Paul	S2	White	Conor	P.2
	Connor	S5	White	Fergus	S5
Smith	Cormac	S1A		Ronan	S4
Spollen	Davin	P.2			
	Garfield	S2			

