

# ROSCREA

# REVIEW

No. 47

Newsletter of the Cistercian College, Roscrea, Union

Spring 1986

## A Letter from the President



As I am coming to the end of my term as President of the Past Pupils Union I would like to thank each and every one for all your support during the past two years.

Father Dermot our General Secretary your have made my life as President so pleasant and easy by keeping me informed of the activities of the Past Pupils, arranging the quarterly meeting of the Central Committee, attending several of the functions. You are the anchor of our Union and to you Fr. Dermot I thank you most sincerely.

And the Central Committee which consists of officers from each branch. Each branch holds a function during the year and this gives an opportunity for past students to meet others in a friendly atmosphere. The branches also carry on various works of Catholic action during the year.

The college runs a career guidance day on which past pupils return to the college to chat to the present boys on their various careers thus helping them to decide on their future careers. This is one of the great works of the past pupils and it has proved to be of great assistance to the boys. Fr. Kevin has acknowledged it several times at the various functions.

To all those who subscribe so generously to the Review Fund, I am most grateful. We have £14,000 in fund at present and with a target of £20,000 envisaged, I would appeal

to the branches who have not subscribed fully to do so within the next few months while I am in office, as it was one of my priorities when I became President to see that the target of £20,000 was reached.

There is every possibility that we shall revive the London branch. At the moment Fr. Dermot has made contact with a number of past students who are willing to help, so we hope that in the not too distant future to visit London. If you know of any past students in or around the London area please contact Fr. Dermot.

Congratulations to Fr. Kevin the President of the college on his successful year as President both in the academic and the sporting field and also to all the teaching staff to whom I am very grateful for all their help and friendliness they have shown to me during my term in office.

To St. Anthony and Sr. Rita and Staff for arranging such a nice meal on Union Day. Also Br. Nivard for looking after the beverages on that day.

The Abbot's Cup is always a great success at the Roscrea Golf Club which is run the day before Union Day, an occasion never to be missed by golf past students and wives. A special thanks to Gerry Maher of the teaching staff for his excellent organization abilities in making that day a great success.

## FROM ROSCREA AND BACK IN 60 Years

by MAURICE N. HENNESSY

They were the halcyon days of my youth; they were the formative ones where lasting memories were created and are still maintained.

One day in January 1986 I returned to Roscrea, the academic womb which nurtured me and pointed to a pathway through a life which took me to many far off lands - lands where Alumni of Roscrea made many marks on their adopted countries and where they are still remembered with profound respect.

What is it that created such activity and subsequent nostalgia for so many of us; maybe it is best described in the words of the poet who wrote: "What oft was felt but ne'er so well expressed."

On that unusually mild day in January, I walked again that well worn road which, for some of us, was recognised either as the beginning of the "Long Walk" or the road home which came at holiday time. My companion on that day was Fr. Dermot, currently the Art Master at the school. What "good talk" we had, filled as it was with reminiscences of the college, its incidents

and personalities. As a matter of compulsion, we recalled the doings of the famous Fr. Ailbe, Fr. Francis, Fr. Austin and Fr. Placid. And then, there was my boyhood friend Fr. Patrick who was to be the President later on; all great human beings of a special spiritual kind, who imbued us with the urge to develop our beings so that we could ride the waves of life, be they gentle or white capped with the winds of undulation.

Some men manage to achieve an individualism which is outside the environment of worldliness and politics and raise themselves above conflict and coveted conquest and thus establish themselves as outstanding human beings. Fr. Ailbe was such a man; readers of this magazine, be they of the older generation who knew him, or of the newer generations who have heard of him, will forever establish him as a shining landmark. Since this is something of a personal narrative, I can make this contribution to his memory based on personal experience. I met men in the Arakan Valley in Burma during the dark years of war and in the

orchard bush in West Africa; in the industrial cities of the world and in many states of the U.S.; they all paid tribute to his memory. Memories are such divine gifts; that thought was instilled into me in the college when "Fitz" (naturally a Mr. Fitzgerald) hammered home Wordsworth's famous words:

"For oft when on my couch I lie  
in vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude."

Often lying at night in coffin trenches on the jungle covered slopes of Burma or enjoying the peace of the orchard bush in West Africa I ruminated on Roscrea and looking into the past saw the shadow of Fr. Ailbe, either striding like an enthusiastic schoolboy, urging his team to victory or the distinguished looking bearded college President admonishing, commenting kindly, questioning sharply or praying peacefully.

One incident has often come to mind. On a late autumn day amidst the rush to enjoy



the few minutes before lunch, a small field mouse appeared in the classroom corridor. It requires little imagination to visualise the enthusiastic chase of the "wee cowering timorous beastie". Suddenly, above the yelling of the students, Fr. Ailbe appeared. With a single word "stop", he quelled the noise and then said: "I hold all the gaming rights in this school." It is beyond my descriptive powers to explain the sudden silence, the restrained exodus and the inner questioning which came to many of us. I wish that I could recall the fate of the little mouse; unfortunately the kindly, amusing attitude of our President thrust that aspect of the event into oblivion.

There was another Ailbe who believed in graciousness as a necessary adjunct to behaviour. After lunch, he usually gave out parcels and in doing so shed, occasionally, bits of his personal mail on the tables, and then requested that his own mail be brought to him as we went out the door. Poor unsuspecting students. Naturally, since he stood always on the left side of the door, we offered him his own property with the left hand. Culprits were halted with a round turn and told to stand behind him. Then came the serene admonition: "Always say, excuse my left hand when you hand things to people with your citogue". I suspected that the latter word was as far as he came to real Gaelic knowledge.

I wonder how many readers of this page remember the book given to students; it was called *Don'ts* and was the *vade mecum* for those interested in protocol and general mannerly behaviour. It even contained instructions about using a walking stick; "start at the toe-tip and swing it out with a gesture to an angle of forty-five degrees." Fr. Ailbe sometimes enhanced the instruction with a personal demonstration.

There were other personalities who enriched the college. The Christmas play was an event which brought one particular and famous artist to the school: she was Sarah Allgood from the Abbey Theatre, who had a brother, a member of the monastic community. The Art Master at the time was Mr. Coogan, commonly referred to by the boys as "Mosaic". Little friendship existed between the two artists; in fact we waited with pleasurable anticipation the meeting of the two producers. From the very moment they shook hands, the battle lines were drawn. During the rehearsals for *Trial by Jury* or Lady Gregory's *The Young Man from Rathmines* there were frequent eruptions during which some very harsh and accusatory language ensued. It took the silent entry of Fr. Ailbe or gentle Fr. Ailbe to quell the storm. Reluctantly we waited for a few further explosions and even caused them occasionally.

There were also some more serious events. For my sins, I was a prefect in the infirmary where some of the younger boys slept. Two sisters were always on duty. Once, well past midnight, a seriously wounded man was carried to the door. I opened it and was instructed to find one of the sisters, in a hurry. Frankly, I had no idea where to look for her; the kitchen and the sisters' rooms were away out of my ken. When I did stumble on a door and opened it, a horrified looking nun with shorn hair looked and barked angrily at me.

Incidentally, I wonder whether any of the young rascals who made my life such a misery

will read this. They waited for the light to go out so that they could throw their boots at the lockers; the noise meant little sleep for me especially since I tried always to find the culprits by their shoe measurements. However, they were smart; they exchanged boots while preparing for their mischief.

The kitchen reminds me of another boyish prank; it was a raid on the Masters' diningroom. I knew who the culprits were; they had to be clever in their timing; apparently they removed a couple of chickens and some cakes and then threw the crumbs of their purloined repast into the stream.

There was also the spiritual side of the life in the college. The presence of Fr. Jarlath was a source of great spiritual wealth. His Sunday afternoon homilies were often interesting and provocative even for the bored and rebellious. One particular idea of his has always aroused my Biblical curiosity: he believed that the young man who refused to give up all his wealth to the poor and follow Jesus was afterwards the good thief who died on the cross beside Christ.

One other aspect of the spiritual life were the Sunday vesters in the monastery church. As a boy I loved Gregorian chant (and still do). I deplore its passing and for some unknown reason prefer it even to the Palaestrina. All my life, I have remembered the solemnity, the sacred echoes which reverberated through the Church as the monks sang the Divine Office, facing each other across the isles. Since then I have heard sacred song in Churches in Africa, in the priests of Jerusalem Church in Paris; St. Gervais, and in Rheims Cathedral, but none have had the impact on my mind equal to that of Cistercian Roscrea.

Often I have examined another aspect of the old town itself; it even inspired me to write the biography of a Roscrea man, who although uneducated and illiterate founded his own independent state in India and called it "Haryana" (the Green Land). He practically captured the whole of the Punjab and some two hundred years ago started a widows' and orphans' pension fund for the dependents of those who died in his army. He was *The Rajah from Tipperary*. He was George Thomas who was born in Roscrea in 1756 and died on August 22nd 1802, while on his way back to his beloved Ireland.

From childhood the concept of monasticism had been instilled into Thomas; the Penal Laws deprived him of his educational rights but even this did not dampen either his spirit of adventure or the determination to carve out for himself a brilliant career. Like so many other Tipperary men he was brought up in a little hut in a strong religious environment. For centuries Roscrea had been a centre of monasticism; in fact it owes its origin to a monastery which was founded there by St. Cronan in the seventh century. A Franciscan friary was also established in the town in the fifteenth century.

Roscrea is also rich in legend - one which must have been very much a part of the Rajah's young life. One such, concerned a fair sized shallow lake about two miles East of the town. In the lake was a small island known as the "Island of the Living" which was held sacrosanct by the local people; they firmly believed that death never touched this hallowed ground. Geraldus Cambrensis, in his early writings, was very much aware of the place; he refers to it in his work as the "Insula Veventum".

Although the lake dried up some two hundred years ago and only a little island set in a peat bog remains, the spirit of Roscrea can still be found at Mount St. Joseph's. One of my personal regrets is that we were not taught more of the local history of the area from the early times to the present foundation.

Young boys attending Roscrea today will find it a far cry from the golf course to the days when the Cistercians cut every stone and built their monasteries with their own hands. They did, of course, do something else: they installed into the school and monastery a spiritual factor which has proven beyond doubt that religious gravity in no way interferes but, indeed, enhances true education.

## Midland Branch function

The Midland Committee, at their annual general meeting made a decision to alter the format of their function to a Stag Dinner with special guest speakers in attendance. Their hopes for an increased attendance were fulfilled when 53 past men turned up at Killeagh Park Hotel, Castledaly, Moate, for their Annual Dinner on 21st February.

Following a very enjoyable meal, Mr. Johnny Dolan, Chairman, welcomed those in attendance with special mention for the guests - Fr. Kevin, President of the College, Kevin Dwan, President of P.P.U., Tom Ambrose, President Elect and Guest Speakers, Gus Martin and Tony Bennett. Johnny also thanked those who had travelled from other areas including, Seán Murphy, Galway Branch, Brendan Galvin, North Tipperary, Conor Massey and Noel Windle, Dublin and Tom Hastings and Billy Murphy from the South East and concluded by proposing the toast of the Union.

In reply Kevin Dwan, President of the Union, spoke of the need for past pupils to investigate possibilities of employment for those leaving 3rd level education who had been pupils in Roscrea. He asked also that past pupils pay special attention to attending the various Career Guidance Seminars held in the College and do their utmost to be of assistance to the College in this regard.

Eugene Garvey, Secretary of the Branch, then proposed the toast of the College. In reply Fr. Kevin expressed his thanks to the Midland Branch for extending the invitation to him for the evening and he stated that he was especially glad to see so many of the older members of the Midland Branch in attendance and made special mention of Dr. John McNamara from Athlone, who was present with two of his sons.

Presentation was made by the Branch Chairman, on behalf of those in attendance, of £250.00 to Mr. Gus Martin as a donation to the Patrick Kavanagh Fund. Gus then spoke of the works of Kavanagh and his hopes of finding sufficient funds to purchase a collection at present in the U.S.A. in the care of Peter Kavanagh, the Poets brother. He reminisced of his time in Roscrea College and his memory of aftermatch hymn singing.

Tony Bennett, former Secretary of the Branch, now residing in Dublin, was guest speaker for the evening. The main topic of his excellent speech being his memories of Gus Martin as Teacher and Resident in the College. The effect of Gus in these dual roles was, he reflected, quite influential in the for-



mative minds of the young students.

Following a witty reply by Gus Martin the assembly was treated to comic recitations by Prionnsias Kitt a visiting friend from St. Jarlath's, Tuam and Conor Massey who rendered his Dublinesque version of the story of Cinderella to loud applause. Tony Bennett's seannachai stories were interspersed with coral renditions with Kevin Dwan and Paul Wrafter to the fore. Proceedings came to an end near breakfast time and the Committee hope that this new found success will continue in the Branch.



Professor T. A. Martin; Kevin Dwan, Union President; Rev. Kevin Daly, O.Cist.; Anthony Bennett; John Dolan, Chairman.



Noel Windle, Tony Bennett and Eugene Garvey.

## South Western Branch

The South Western Branch "Weekend Away" was held at the Park Hotel, Kenmare on November 1st and 2nd 1985. A sizeable number of past-students, wives and other family members attended: the small number from the S.W. area was more than adequately supplemented by people from other parts of the Country, especially the Dublin area. Guests at the dinner were Kevin and Lucy Dwan, and Fr. Dermot. The ambience of the hotel is very relaxed and sociable - an

ideal place for renewal of old friendships and for making new ones. Another notable feature of the "Weekend Away" was the golf competition.

It is hoped to organize a similar function about the same time in 1986 under the auspices of the Central Committee of the Union. More details will be available from Jim Murphy, Park Hotel, Kenmare, Telephone: 064/41200.

—Cathal P. Bredin, *Secretary*.

## Some dates

### for your diary

The Limerick/Clare are holding their annual function on May 16th or 23rd - a stag function as last year at the New Parkway Centre, Dublin Road. This has not been confirmed so please check with Aidan Hanley or Joe O'Connor.

The Annual Sports at the College will be held on Sunday, 1st June. The Central Committee will meet on Sunday, 18th May and Sunday, 7th September; this latter to prepare for *Union Day* on Sunday, 5th October.



The View from Your Window in Kenmare

## The South East Annual Function

The South East Branch Committee of the Union entertained almost 200 supporters of our Union and Alma Mater at the Newpark Hotel on Saturday night, November 23rd 1985. The huge numbers that turned out were a true and total reflection of the high esteem and pride which the past students hold for their Alma Mater and Monastery. The occasion also marked the Debut of the 1985 class which the Chairman of the Branch generously offered to the House Captains of that year - Manus Agnew, Liam O'Shea, and

Peter Power. They rallied a strong following of the younger generation which added further colour and atmosphere to the occasion.

Some of the 1955 class who celebrated their 30th Anniversary in Dublin earlier in the month, were also present - they even had a special Birthday cake with 30 candles brought in by candle-light. They do things well in Kilkenny!

Among the distinguished guests were Fr. Kevin Daly, President of the College; the President of the Union, Kevin Dwan and his wife Lucy; Past-President of the Union, Noel Windle; the President-Elect of the Union, Tom Ambrose and his wife; and Mr. and Mrs. Brendan O'Rourke representing the teaching staff of the College.

The festivities began with a Cocktail and Piano Reception, which latter, continued

during the Dinner, This latter of course, was up to the usual South East standard provided by the Newpark Hotel. There were speeches by Pat O'Shea, Fr. Kevin Dwan, and Manus Agnes, on behalf of the "Debs", all emphasizing that the Past Students Union in whatever way possible, is not just assuring the perpetuation of our traditional values, but living up to the challenges of modern every day life. There were songs too, to brighten the evening.

In conclusion it was a night to be remembered and never forgotten. The South East Branch Committee wish to thank all those who supported, and excuse wholeheartedly some of those parties who on this occasion were unable to attend, but perhaps look forward to having them back again in future years.



# Provincial Identity Crisis

CONOR BRADY

"When you were in Roscrea did you consider yourself in Leinster or Munster?", the man from the bank asked. "Why, Munster, of course," I replied, without pause for thought. Reared in a Leinster town and living in Dublin, the hurling culture of Roscrea had taken me by surprise. The place was full of big fellows - mostly called Ryan - carrying camáns. I soon developed a familiarity with the broad, warm accents of Tipperary, Limerick and points farther south. Of course this had to be Munster.

This exchange took place at Allied Irish Banks' Dublin headquarters last month. The bank was hosting the launch of a new booklet, *Why Monasteries?*, published jointly by the Cistercian houses of Ireland and Britain. There were monks there from most of the monasteries in Ireland, including Fr. Nivard from Roscrea. There was even a Cistercian nun, Sister Paula, from the abbey at Glencairn. It was a pleasant and informative function, the familiar Cistercian robes and scapulars, mingling and contrasting curiously with the bankers' pin-stripes and the cameramen's denims.

Dom Celsus, Abbot of Portlengone, was the principal speaker. He developed a remarkable rapport with his audience as he explained about the Cistercian way of life, the traditions of the order and the realities of day to day existence in a Cistercian monastery today. And as the couple of hours passed I began to realise that virtually everybody in the room, bankers, journalists, TV. technicians, invited guests - everybody seemed to have some connection with, or at least a knowledge of, the Cistercians. Monks of an enclosed order they might be; but to this audience there was nothing strange or mysterious about them.

We adjourned to the dining room, I fell into conversation with an RTE executive. "You went to school in Roscrea, didn't you?", he queried me. "I had a cousin there from Limerick myself", he said. "He's farming back home now but he always says he got to know Ireland from his five years in Roscrea. He made great friends there".

Thinking about those conversations later, I realised that my own experience and the experience of so many of my contemporaries reflected something very similar. Roscrea was a microcosm of Ireland and we all learned so much from exploring that microcosm. A Leinster man, I have a knowledge of so many other parts of Ireland through the boys - now men - I knew in CCR. And there were scores of students there in my time, from Cork, Kerry, Mayo, Donegal, Antrim, Dublin, who benefited similarly. There were Cork men who had never met anybody from north of the border until they came to CCR - and probably haven't met any others since. There were Kerry men who had never met a Dubliner other than on the stands at Croke Park. There were Donegal men for whom places like Wexford and Waterford were as foreign as the dark side of the moon.

It wasn't just a geographic variety either. Roscrea's catchment spanned the country's social structures too. Sons of high-earning professionals from the cities mixed with those of farmers from the Golden Vale. Sons of country vets mixed with those of merchants from the towns. Teachers' sons mixed with those of TDs'. I suppose there had to be a basic level of prosperity in common, but even on a financial yardstick the backgrounds of my contemporaries varied quite extraordinarily.

When you think about it, of course, all this

is merely reflective of the Cistercian order itself. St. Bernard sought to divide his monks' lives into three principal activities - prayer, work and study. And the typical Cistercian house will include scholars, farmers, scientists, linguists, theologians, city men, country men, men of extensive world experience and men who have none. There is nothing narrow or sectional about the Cistercians.

Perhaps that is why they have made a success of Roscrea College. Regardless of what background one might come from in Ireland, a Roscrea student is exposed to other, different backgrounds from which he can learn - at least that is how it was when I was there. There are fine schools in South Dublin where I now live but I detect a sameness about many of the youngsters I know who go there. Their social backgrounds are similar, so are their expectations and their experience of society in general. Their world is a relatively closed one in spite of relative affluence and a high standard of education in the strictly formal sense.

Maybe I'm being a bit idealistic about Roscrea today. Maybe they are all branded with a sameness there too. Regional differences in Ireland are disappearing fast. Communications, the media, new fashions and lifestyles have brought about a uniformity so that life in Kilkenny is probably very similar to life in Donegal or in Kerry. And yet, I feel, enormous differences must still exist, even in spite of these influences.

I like that sense of variety in Roscrea. I'm sure it existed in many other schools too. Maybe it still does. I wonder though about my answer to the man at the bank when I told him I considered I was in Munster. I learned only recently that the abbey and school are actually situated in County Offaly, although the postal address is "Roscrea". I'm having an identity crisis about that.

## EDITORIAL

The production of the *Review* this time was the work of the Midland Branch. This team is headed by Jonnie Dolan, of Kilbeggan, and Eugene Garvey and Paul Wrafter of Tullamore complete the trio. Much thanks for your help, gentlemen.

The cost of postage and printing has made us cut back the number of issues annually. Two is all we can cope with at present. Even the new taxes have caught up with us. To keep within the limits of the POP system is one of the hardest things to watch. Much of the material we had intended to include had to be passed over or deferred to the next issue. This we are planning for September '86, so if you have any bits of interesting information please sent them along.

To those whom it may concern; the past students of the 1965 class are having a "get together" on 13th September, 1986. For further details contact: Aidan McNulty, 36 Borrow Court, Portmarnock, Co. Dublin



THE 1955 CLASS

"Get together" held at the Berkley Court Hotel and Jury's on 8th November, 1985.

Back Row: Seán McCarthy, Raymond O'Sullivan, Michael Cullen, Oliver Leavy, Bill Delaney, Rev. Joe O'Shea, Seán Hayes, Donal O'Callaghan, Brian Kiernan.

Middle Row: Rev. Joe Kett, Peter Fox, Rev. Kevin (Martin) Daly, Kevin Dwan, President Past Pupils Union, Tom Melvin, Richard O'Sullivan.

Front Row: Kevin Liffey, Rom Mashev, Matt Duffy, Joe Hegarty, Rev. Peter (Paddy) Garvey,



# DUBLIN FUNCTION

The Annual Dinner of the Dublin Branch took place on November 8th, last in Jury's Hotel. An attendance of just a hundred and fifty, including the class of '55 and two tables of young pastmen, sat down to an evening of eclectic attractions ranging from the puerile to the subtle and offering satisfaction to the hedonist and aesthete alike. Among the latter, we were privileged to have eight past Presidents of the Union gracing our table.

Michael Coyle, our dashing Chairman, proposed the toast of the College, reminiscing about his days at school under Fr. Patrick's rule, and handling adroitly the good-natured interjections from the floor.

Guest of honour was Fr. Kevin who kept even the unruly element enthralled by his thought-provoking and considered speech which gave the evening an aura of being something more than a knees-up for the lads: it raised it to a gathering worthy of the confidence of the President of the College who paid us the ultimate compliment of speaking seriously on an important topic.

Kevin Dwan proposed the toast of the Dublin Branch in his own endearing way. I don't know why, but one always has the suspicion, when Kevin stands up at a gathering, that he is about to burst into song.

Conor Massey replied on behalf of the Branch and then the inimitable Gus Martin, in proposing the toast of Honoured Guests, treated us to an extemporaneous performance of poetry, Cambridge Terrace philosophy and an unanimously-acclaimed threat to Rom Massey that he would bury him.

Jim Dunne spoke wittily in reply to Gus to round off fittingly a splendid evening - albeit, one without a single palate-refreshing sorbet in sight.

# South Tipperary Dinner Dance

The South Tipp. Branch got off to an early start this season - first off their marks on the 25th October, 1985. It was held in the Munster Hotel, Thurles. There was a good attendance in spite of other attractions around the same time. Although Thurles is the President's home town and the area a stronghold of the Dwans, it was Michael Roche, Chairman of the Branch who was host for the day. In his Abbot's mitre he looked very well. The guests of honour were the President of the Union, Kevin Dwan and his wife Lucy and the President of the College Fr. Kevin Daly.

Dress was formal, but as the night wore on, party hats became the vogue. The Masons from Thurles provided music during the Dinner and created a very pleasant atmosphere.

A raffle was held some time during the festivities the proceeds of which went to the Guardian Angel Pre-School for Handicapped Children, Thurles. It is a feature of the South Tipp. Branch that they always have some charitable outlet in mind. Last year it was Ethiopia.

# North Tipperary Dinner Dance



This was one of the most successful gatherings of the year. It was held in the Laois County Hotel in Borris-Ossory and organized by the new North Tipp. Committee: Chairman Brendan Galvin of Neanagh, ably assisted by Vice-Chairman Liam Spooner of Roscrea, Secretary-Treasurer Gerard Maher of Milltown and John Finlay of Ballacolla who rounds up

members in the Eastern end of the Branch. The dining hall was dominated by coat of arms of the Union specially prepared for the occasion by Brendan Galvin and his son Kevin. The eagle kept a beady eye on the proceedings. The last time we saw such a fine blazoning as this was at the London Dinner Dance in the K.S.C. club in 1969



Liam Spooner, Vice-Chairman and Gerard Maher, Treasurer. "at the door" in Borris-in-Ossory.



Michael Roche keeping an eye on things.



# OBITUARY NOTICES

**Fr. Senan O'Connell, O.C.S.O.** - died in Caldey Island, Tenby, Wales at the age of 78. He was born in Kilrush, Co. Clare and completed his secondary education in C.C.R. in 1927. He was a keen footballer and was on the team that won the Leinster Championship in 1924. The College won the Hurling Championship the same year.

After leaving C.C.R. Fr. Senan qualified as a doctor and during World War Two served in the R.A.M.C. reaching the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. When he returned to civilian life, he decided to enter the Cistercian Order, and did so at the monastery of Caldey Island, where Dom Eugene Boylan, later to become Abbot of Roscrea, was then Superior. May he rest in peace.

**Tim Stokes** - who died recently, came to C.C.R. in 1935 from Drumcollogher, Co. Limerick. Later he graduated in Dairy Science in U.C.C. Earlier in his career he became involved in the co-operative movement and became Assistant Manager of the Milford Co-op. By 1961 he was Manager of the Inch Co-operative and from this base built up the South Eastern Farmers Co-operative. This organization amalgamated with the Waterford Co-op. eventually, and Tim was appointed General Manager of the whole South East Area in 1972. He is a man who is sadly missed.

**Martin F. Gleeson** - who owned a long established family business in Nenagh, died early last Summer - we apologise for the long delay in recording his passing. He left Roscrea in 1931, and subsequently four of his sons came to C.C.R. The last, Terry, was House Captain in 1975.

**Pat Buckley** - 1949 - was to most Roscrea men synonymus with Killarney where he lived his life and ran the Arbutus Hotel. It was a

happy house and the atmosphere of joy and caring, was created by Pat and Norrie his wife. She is a doctor who specialises in the care of handicapped children. Our deep sympathy goes out to her and her family on their sad loss. For Pat our memories and our prayers will follow him.

**Des McEvoy** - 1942 - who died last November was one of the most outstanding members of the legal profession C.C.R. has ever produced. Resident in Enniscorthy, he was head of the firm of Messrs John A. Sinnott and Co., one of the largest Law Practices in rural Ireland. To quote from the tribute paid to Des by another C.C.R. man, District Justice Seán Magee, "The late Des McEvoy was someone who had enhanced greatly the public image of his profession and also raised the public's perception of it. Everyone associated with the administration of law should be thankful for the manner in which Des McEvoy had contributed to his profession, he would be a great loss to all." May he rest in peace, in Roshill Cemetery, in Co. Galway near the place from whence he came.

**Steve Foley** - 1941 - was a Co. Limerick man, and went into the catering and hotel business when he left Roscrea. He trained with Aer Línte in England and America, and was appointed Assistant Manager of the Shannon Airport Restuarant. He then moved to the Hydro Hotel, Kilkee where he developed his keen love for swimming. Later he had his own hotel at the Shannon Arms in Limerick city. He was on the Board of Examiners and Interviewers for the Shannon College of Hotel Management. In this field he set the feet of many C.C.R. students on the road to success. His many friends in the Hotel trade set up a memorial to him in Kilkee, to which the Union contributed. He was for a number

of years Chairman of the Limerick Branch of the Union where he did a very good job. May he rest in peace.

**Dr. Tadhg Kerins** - 1954 - was a native of Banagher - the eldest of three brothers who came to C.C.R. He qualified in medicine in U.C.D. and a little later went to America where he spent most of his life. He was killed in a motor accident later last year. We offer to his brothers and family our deepest sympathy. May he rest in peace.

**Rev. Martin McCormack** - 1936 - joined the Canons Regular (C.R.J.C.) when he left C.C.R. He was professed in 1940, and was ordained to the priesthood at Romans, Southern France, in 1942. After two years parish work in France he was recalled to England, to Harlow in Essex where he took special care of Irish exiles - remember it was towards the end of the War - he established the Harlow Ceilí Club with social activities twice weekly in the parish hall. When he retired some years ago the London Branch of the Union held a special function to mark the occasion. May he rest in peace.

**Michael Delaney** - 1906 - was one of the few surviving members of the first batch of students to enter C.C.R. when it opened its doors in 1905. He was a native of Dunkerrin and his funeral was to the little cemetery opposite the College where his wife had already been buried some years ago.

November 1985 saw the passing of several other pastmen of whom we have little information:

**Bernard Coltery** - 1918 - of Dublin.

**Rev. John Dooley** - 1932 - of Brosna, Co. Offaly.

**Dr. Joe Crowley** - 1934 - of Newcastlewest.

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