

# THE ROSCREA REVIEW

No. 30

Quarterly of the Cistercian College (Roscrea) Union

Summer 1976

## BRANCH UNION FUNCTIONS

### SOUTH TIPPERARY BRANCH

The South Tipperary Branch of the Union held their annual function at the Clonmel Arms Hotel on Friday, 5th March. Owing to lack of numbers the dance which had been arranged was called off and a very enjoyable dinner was given. The attendance included many familiar names from the South Tipperary scene: Dudley O'Gara and his wife from Clonmel, Peter Daly and his daughter came up from Tramore, Gerard Beresford and his wife, Kathleen, from Dungarvan, Kevin and Mrs. Dwan from Thurles, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Condon, Billy and Mary Kiely, Tipperary, and the clergy were there also — Canon P. J. O'Grady from Hospital, Fr. Denis Foley from New Inn, and Fr. Denis Curtin from Thurles. John O'Grady who was House Captain of the College last year was also there. Ailbe Hanly and his wife hosted the gathering. The President of the Union, Conor O'Flynn, and his wife, Mary, came over from Newmarket, Co. Cork. Fr. Dermot represented the College. Fr. Hogan watched over the comfort and needs of everybody with his usual care and kindness. The menu he provided was unsurpassed. If you really want to taste a dish worth remembering try the Sole Bonne Femme of the Clonmel Arms Hotel and follow it with a Pear Imperial. A very pleasant evening was had and speeches were short and to the point.

### THE SOUTHERN BRANCH FUNCTION

After the success of their weekend last year in the Isle of Skye Hotel, Kanturk — Owner: Kevin Morrissey — the Southern Branch decided to repeat the experiment this year moving their venue to Killarney. It was hoped that this movement to the west would give a better opportunity to Kerry past men to attend. A golf tournament was also arranged on Killarney's magnificent links. The Southern Branch had taken a leaf out of the book of their South Eastern colleagues by inviting the parents of present students within their area. The golf championship took place on the Saturday afternoon, 13th March, at 2.00 p.m. Dublin was formidably represented by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Walsh and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ambrose but the honours of the day went to Newmarket, Co. Cork, carried off by Mr. Jim O'Flynn. The games were played in blazing sunshine with the snow capped peaks of the Magillacuddy Reeks looking over across the lakes. Others who joined in the game were Tom Collins, Tralee, Jim O'Shea and James Wyse of Killorglin.

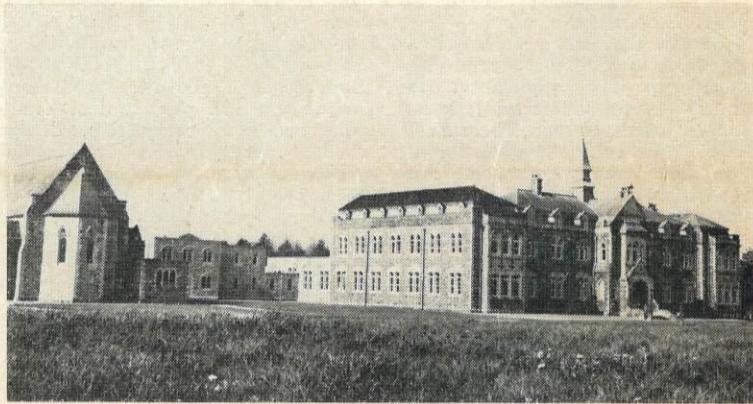
The dinner dance was held at the Great Southern Hotel and the Chairman of the Southern Branch, Gerard Murphy, had things beautifully organised for his guests. The President of the Union, Mr. Conor

O'Flynn, and the President-Elect, Mr. Ignatius Houlihan, were the guests of honour. Past students from all over Cork, Kerry and South Limerick were present. Con O'Flynn and his fiancée from Newmarket and his brother, Jim, Donal O'Leary and his wife from Kinsale refreshed from their round of golf and the lady's triumph; Kilian Boland and Gerard McCarthy from Cork city and the hotel proprietors Kevin Morrissey from the Isle of Skye, Kanturk, and Brian McCarthy from the Inishannon Hotel and Pat Buckley from the Arbutus Hotel, Killarney, were all present with their wives. The dinner was held in the vast Torca Room and it was preceded by a sherry reception where past men of several generations moved round to meet one another and exchange reminiscences. Towards the end of the meal the prizes for the golf tournament were presented by Conor O'Flynn. Afterwards a short meeting of the branch officers and members was held and there was a general discussion on union matters. The officers for the coming year were re-elected and some new blood was introduced into the committee.

Donal Shanahan, Tralee, and Denis O'Donoghue of Kenmare will take their place on the Committee in the coming year. It was also decided that next year's function will be held in the same venue but it was suggested that the date should be changed until after Easter. Mr. Ignatius Houlihan said that he was glad to see the branch introducing new blood into it's committee and he hoped that there would be a growing number of young people attending union functions. He thought we were placing too much dependence on senior men and not calling on the younger generation to pull their weight. He spoke very highly of the work done by the Southern Branch and wished them every success in their undertakings. Before the close of the meeting the Chairman reminded the members of the "Think Tank" and distributed a number of questionnaires which he asked them to fill in and return to the General Secretary of the Union. He also pointed out that there was number of Banker's Orders available in favour of the Roscrea Review which he hoped the members would fill in. The official work of the Union having been concluded the men returned to join the ladies and dance away the remaining hours of the night.

### GALWAY BRANCH

This year the annual social function in Galway was an informal dinner at the Ardilaun Hotel on the 9th of January. It was hosted by Mr. Gerard Houlihan, newly elected Chairman of the Galway Branch. The evening was a feast of good food and conversation. Colman O'Connor told a few stories about his wild days in school but each experience was capped by a better story from Gerard Houlihan. Of course, there were several generations of school-



THE UNCHANGING FACE

boys between the two periods but somehow the similarity of escapades did not seem to vary. Hugh Berry, newly returned to the Committee, was there with his wife, Derek Murphy and his wife, Aidan Tynan and Patrick Pearse, Aidan O'Colmain and his sister Emer represented the younger generation, Tommy Egan recovering from his motor accident and well able to cope with his disability. His wife entertained the company to an unending flow of stories and exchanged local gossip with Dr. T. O'Colmain, brother of the General Secretary who was also present. The evening was a great success and an unanimous vote of thanks was passed to Gerry Houlihan and his wife Bridie.

### MIDLAND BRANCH

The branch social function for the Midlands was held at the Grand Hotel, Moate, on the 20th February. The attendance was very good — over a hundred past men and their friends were hosted to a dinner dance by Tom Maher of Tullamore, the Chairman of the Branch. The attendance included the President of the Union, Mr. Conor O'Flynn and his good wife Mary who made the long journey from Newmarket to be present. There was a special welcome for the Chairman of the North Tipperary Branch, Mr. Richard Liffey, and his party. Other well-known members included Dr. J. J. McNamara and his sons John and Michael, Andy Galvin, of Tullamore, John Flynn of Moate, Richard Roche of Clara, Joe Daly of Ballygar, Michael and Padraic Connellan of Longford, Des and Niall O'Rourke, Peter Buckley, T. M. Murphy, Cyril Hackett, Sean Wrafter of Tullamore and Tom Haugh.

This year the parents of present students from the area were invited and there was a good response from them. They were looking forward to meeting the President of the College but a bereavement in the Cistercian Community at Roscrea prevented him being present. The Committee were quite pleased with the function which seemed to be enjoyed by all those present, if one were only to judge by the fact that not one left before the finale.

The 1976 A.G.M. of the Midland Branch was held in Moate on March 11th. The following were elected to the Committee for the coming year: Chairman, Tom

Maher, Tullamore; Vice-Chairman, John Flynn of Moate; Joint Hon. Secs., Eamonn Ryan, Lanesboro, Michael Connellan, Longford; Treasurer, Niall O'Rourke, Moate; Representative to the Central Committee, Eamonn Ryan, Committee: Dr. Joseph Daly, Ballygar, Andy Galvin, Sean Wrafter, both Tullamore, Padraic Connellan, Longford, Tom Haugh, Des O'Rourke, Dr. J. McNamara, Athlone. The Chairman, in his review of the past year, said that the branch had been represented by a least one delegate at all Central Committee Meetings held in the College. He thanked all the members who attended the dinner/dance in February and he urged all members who had received the questionnaire for career guidance to have it completed and return to the General Secretary before the end of March.

### DUBLIN BRANCH

The "Roscrea Dinner Dance" was held in Jury's Hotel on Friday, April 23rd, 1976. It was a very enjoyable function with an attendance of over 300, but a big majority of these were supporters of the Sacred Heart Convent, Roscrea P.P.U., who share the function with C.C.R. men.

We were honoured and delighted by the presence of the Union President, Conor O'Flynn and his charming wife Mary who came all the way from Newmarket, Co. Cork.

The "Old Guard" was there in force with many new faces to liven the scene. Tom Ambrose, the Chairman of the Dublin Branch, and his henchmen Paddy McMahon, Frank Lynch and Joe Chambers who had worked so hard to make the function a success looked very relieved and contented as the crowd grew. Among the past men who caught the eye were Ger Bates, Denis Phelan, Denis Crowle, Nicholas O'Connor, John F. Walsh, John McEvoy, Noel Windle, Michael Hayden, Pat Reynolds, Noel Kinirons, Bernard Sherry, Gus Martin and Milo Butler whose company Butler Insurances generously presented a most lovely prize for the raffle. Then there were the brothers Rom and Conor Massey and Matty and Joe Lynch and of course Gerry Dwyer. The wives and girlfriends have not been mentioned but it would need a Society Columnist to deal with all that. In brief it was a great night!

## LETTER FROM LEO CREHAN (CCR 1963-1968)

Local Govt. Section  
Papua, New Guinea.  
14 January, 1976

Dear Fr. Emmanuel,

About this time last year I visited you in CCR looking for a reference to back up my application to Voluntary Service Overseas; it must have been some reference, because I don't think we could have been sent any further away from home. I have been meaning to write to you for months to let you know how we've got on and it's only now I am getting round to it.

After filling out all the application forms last January, we more or less forgot about the whole thing until Easter. Then things began to snowball. We were interviewed, put in touch with ex-VSO's in Dublin, sent masses of reading material, brought to London for various courses and suddenly it was September and we were flying out.

In the meantime, we had a lot of parental objections to overcome, and also the amazement of colleagues and friends who thought we were mad not to be busily buying our semi-detached in suburbia, instead of rushing off to the Third World to do voluntary work. But we stayed firm, and going on my four months' experience here to date, I am glad we came and I would recommend VSO to anybody.

My job is to give technical assistance to village councils in design and construction of small projects, such as wharves, bridges, roads etc. Officially, I am Regional Local Government Engineer for the islands of New Britain, New Ireland and Bougainville, which is a vast amount of territory, and which should keep me up to my neck in work. But this is a strange country and things are never what they seem. They are

newly independent, and saddled with a huge, unweildy bureaucracy by their former Australian masters and there is a lot of inefficiency and bungling in every walk of life. So much so, that it is difficult to get anything done and I am constantly amazed when a project does eventually come to completion, despite all the setback.

The biggest problem is transport. There are virtually no roads and all travelling and moving of materials has to be done by plane and boat. It takes time and it takes a lot of money. The towns, like Rabaul, have all amenities and services one would find anywhere, but out in the bush the conditions are very primitive. In many ways, the people are well off. They have plenty of food and with the climate (4° south of the equator) clothing and housing needs are minimal. The government is rushing headlong down the road of Western-style development, the wisdom of which can be questioned—but then, mine not to reason why.

Anne is teaching in a secondary school outside Rabaul, in rather primitive conditions. She has 75 kids in her class and teaches them all subjects, and in spite of the numbers she finds them much more manageable than the little monsters she had in Finglas last year!

How are things in CCR? Give my regards to Frs. Patrick, Eanna, Kevin and Dermot and to Mr. Maher and I hope you all have a good year and that your Maths class is not bamboozled too much by the wisdom of your Hewlett-Packard!

Anne says hello and we will see you in '77 D.V.

Peace

Leo Crehan.

## TO MAKE GOOD MARRIAGES BETTER

That a multitude of problems and difficulties have arisen to vex marriage life in recent years is a common observation. And there has been a great variety of responses to meet these challenges to Christian living. Books and periodicals treating the needs of family life are abundant; diocesan newspapers try to help with an article or two; parishes offer workshops, weekend renewals, specialist speakers, retreat day, etc. All this witnesses to the vitality of the spirit in our Catholic homes, to the deep concern of bringing the graces of the marriage sacrament to fullest maturity. Continuing encouragement and assistance of these aims and projects is part of our Christian vocation; likewise the development of new forms. One such new form is becoming known by the title: **Marriage Encounter**. It will broaden our approach to marriage needs and aids by briefing ourselves on this new development.

This world-wide movement has its theme and objective to make good marriages better. Deepening and enriching communications between husband and wife is the goal toward which participants strive.

Marriage Encounter began in Spain in 1958 under the inspiration of Father Gabriel Calvo. The methodology of Marriage Encounter is truly unique and distinctive. Marriage Encounter is a couple-centred, mutual movement of the spouses toward each other, enabling them to see and implement the plan

of God in their lives.

Since the movement began in Spain the word "encuentro" was simply translated as encounter. A more accurate description would be discovery—the intent of the programme is that the couples truly discover one another on a more profound level.

Three specially trained couples together with a priest present the various talks given to the participating couples. However, it is more accurate to say the couples give Marriage Encounter to each other.

The rhythm of the Marriage Encounter programme has three steps. First, a presentation by the team. Each talk (there are 12 in all) is followed by questions related to the presentation. Secondly, a time for personal reflection is provided. Each person reflects on the questions, then writes his personal response to these. Thirdly, there follows conjugal dialogue. The couples are given the opportunity to exchange notes with their own spouse, thus enabling better understanding between them.

The couples are brought to realise and appreciate how they mutually communicate the Sacrament of Matrimony to one another. The primary apostolate of married couples is their marriage; it is their source of and means to holiness. Their marriage is the living image of God, and the state of their marriage depends heavily upon the quality of their communication.

## Voluntary Service Overseas

VSO was founded in England in 1958. Its aim is to provide volunteers who have the necessary skills and willing to help overseas to work in the Third World. The range of skills needed is enormous and while the requests are increasingly for more mature and better qualified volunteers, VSO can still place large numbers of new graduates without further professional experience or training.

All volunteers are given some background briefing on the country to which they are going, together with a general introduction to problems of development. Where necessary, they are also given an intensive introductory course in the local language.

Volunteers are posted to jobs overseas which suit their qualifications and experience and, where possible, their personal preferences are taken into account. Normally they are based in one place for their two years on VSO, but some jobs can involve quite a bit of travelling. The volunteer's aim, quite often, is to work himself out of a job, i.e. training local people so that they can take over from him.

VSO has a representative in each country who vets projects, visits volunteers, is responsible for their welfare and generally runs the VSO programme.

VSO pays for the volunteers passage out and back and provides grants to cover essential expenses, while the employer overseas provides an adequate living allowance and suitable accommodation. In monetary terms, volunteers don't make a profit out of their two years abroad, but neither do they lose by it.

For further information, the address to write to is  
Voluntary Service Overseas,  
14 Bishops Bridge Road,  
London W2 6AA.

## Subscribers to the Review

(Published by way of receipt and acknowledgement).

We would like to thank particularly the Branch Chairmen and Secretaries who brought this matter to the notice of their members at Branch A.G.M.s and Socials.

The following subscriptions were made through the Editor since the last issue of the Review.

Michael Houlihan, Ennis.  
Comdt. M. Cummins, Dublin.  
Morgan A. Walsh, Knocklong.  
Gerard Murphy, Newmarket.  
Fd. Des Dockery, C.C., Balbriggan.  
Gerard Moroney, Hambolt, Canada.  
Michael Hayden, Dublin.  
Fr. Denis Curtin, Thurles.  
Cyril Kennedy, Kilkenny.  
Dr. T. F. Ryan, Dublin.  
Martin F. Moloney, Dublin.  
Philip Sheedy, Clashagad, Co. Tipperary.  
Hugh Berry, Galway.  
Gerard Houlihan, Galway.  
Richard Liffey, Shinrone.  
Vivian Lavan, Dublin.  
Aidan Quigley, Dublin.  
Luke Brady, Gorey.  
Eamon J. Leahy, Galway.  
Kevin Morrissey, Kanturk.  
John Meagher, Roscrea.  
John Fitzpatrick, Clareville.  
Gerald McCarthy, Cork.  
Tommy Lynch, Kilmallock.  
Fr. Eddie Sherry, Australia.  
Tom O'Connell, New York.

## News of Past Men

**Joe O'Shea** (1931) is remembered in Roscrea as the man who scored the winning try against Blackrock in the Cup Match 1931, but in the South West he is a very prominent wool merchant. Joe came to Roscrea from Killorglin and he is still there. From there he established and built up his flourishing business. He planted his home and family there, six daughters and a son, and is watching out for the second generation. He is a prominent member of the Committee of the Irish Wool Federation and plays a keen game of golf. He knows all the words of the "Dingle Puck Goat" and sings them very well.

**Jim O'Shea** (1951), no relation of the above, came from Dalkey, Co. Dublin. He took up Accountancy and has his B.Comm., A.C.A., and M.B.A. He married Mary Beirne from Castlereagh and they have three boys and one girl. Recently Jim was one of an eight man team of Europeans appointed by the German Government to aid in the setting up of an Indian Productivity Centre and instructing its consultants in the practical application of management theory. He conducted a series of seminars in Delhi, Madras, Bangalore, Calcutta and Bombay, and visited a number of plants in these areas. Jim operates his own management service unit dealing with medium and small sized industry.

**Con O'Flynn (Jnr.)** (1970) from Newmarket, Co. Cork, is engaged to be married to Miss Anne Farahy next September. He is in the family business in Newmarket. His brother **Jim** (1971) looks after the supermarket section of the business. He keeps fit playing very good golf.

**Peter O'Donnell** (1970) as well as running the "Spar Food Stores" at Boherbee, Tralee, has a thriving photographic business in the town.

**Sean O'Brien** (1969) got married last year. He has a laundry and dry cleaning business in Killarney.

**Donal Shanaghan** (1970) was elected to the Committee of the Southern Branch at the last A.G.M. A native of Tralee, he is now in the Bank of Ireland in Cork city.

**Donal O'Brien** (1966) is in the plant hire business in Killarney, and his younger brother **Tadhg** (1970) has a footwear store in the same town.

**Monsignor Edmond McGrath** (1931). It was announced recently in "the Nationalist" that Pope Paul VI had bestowed Papal Honours on Monsignor Edmond McGrath. A native of Solohead he was ordained for the diocese of Spokane in 1937. He served as chaplain to the American armed forces during the war. Later he was appointed to parochial work and in 1975 he was named pastor of the Holy Family parish Yakima.

**Jim Wyse** (1935), formerly of Tipperary, joined the Bank of Ireland in 1937 and served in various parts of the country. He is now manager in Killorglin where he hopes to remain. A keen golfer, he still manages to play to 10 handicap.

## C.C.R. PILGRIMAGE TO ROME, EASTER 1975

The golden Italian sun shone all around us as we broke cloud. But over thirty pairs of eyes were focussed downwards. We were going inland. And then, it came into view. Rome, city of treasure and mystery, beauty and history, lay before us, ours to explore.

A few minutes later we had touched down at Airport Da Vinci. The time was 1.25 p.m., the day Thursday 3rd April 1975, and we, the C.C.R. pilgrimage, led by Mr. Liam Maher, accompanied by his wife and Fr. Mullins.

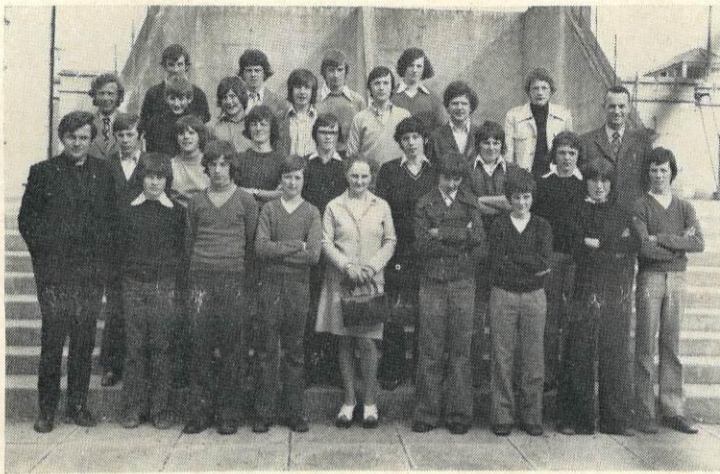
Passing through the customs consisted merely of walking through a photographic tunnel. The first greetings we received were the cold stares of the uniformed soldiers, armed with sub-machine guns and Alsatian guard dogs.

But the warm smile of our travel agent cheered us again. We boarded a coach and we immediately whisked from Da Vinci. Twenty minutes later we stopped in Via Pompeo Magno and entered our place of stay, Collegio Pontificio Leoni. Having unpacked hurriedly we immediately began the long, wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten week. The week in which we became partakers in the wonderful excitement of feasting our eyes on the glory of ancient Rome.

We began it perfectly and in the manner befitting a pilgrimage by visiting the Basilica of St. Peter's. A sense of pride in being a Catholic swelled up inside me as I entered through the great wooden door. Finished in 1590, it stood, a proud monument to Catholicism throughout the world.

The first thing that struck me on entering was the great length of the church, leading to the high altar, which was covered by Bernini's massive bronze covering, supported by four thick columns. Just behind it was Bernini's Glory, a beautiful golden window which caught the sun's rays beautifully. Just inside the Holy Door was Michael Angelo's "Pietà". But eventually our time was up and we gathered at the Obelisk in the centre of the Square and headed towards the Metro.

The Metro, built by Mussolini, is the largest railway station in Europe. It consists of three floors, the first at ground level, and the others beneath the earth. Most of the book stalls and various other



stalls were on the first floor, while innumerable trains departed from the different platforms.

But again, our time was limited, and we returned to our abode for dinner. It had been a great start or so we thought until we discovered at bed-time that Paul McGrane was lost. There was a great fuss as searching parties left, but to no avail. He eventually arrived home at about 1 o'clock in the morning!

Though all very exciting, it did not seem so good when we arose at 7.00 a.m. next morning. We went first to the Coliseum which was very interesting when one thought of all those who had been murdered there. But it was nothing compared to the Forum, the centre of ancient Rome. Though only ruins remained, great marble columns gave a picture of the grandeur that must have existed in olden times. The great Via Sacra ran right through it and led to the Senate, which was well preserved. In front of the Senate was the magnificent Arch of Tiberius and at the far end the Arch of Titus.

After dinner we visited the Basilicas of St. John Lateran and of St. Mary Major. We continued in our coach out to the Appian Way on which Julius Caesar marched. Then we saw a modern building, a tribute to the modern mentality — the graves of 343 people who were murdered in the Second World War.

Saturday, for me, was one of the

most enjoyable of the trip. We went by train to Naples and to Pompei. Pompei, situated up in the mountains, was really fantastic. All the houses still stood even the counters of some. The amphitheatre was left unspoilt. All the terraces and arches still stood giving a much better picture of an amphitheatre than the Coliseum.

Towards evening we sat under the Garibaldi monument in Naples and watched Italian life pass by.

It was very late when we arrived back in Rome that night, but that did not deter us from rising at 6.00 a.m. in order to catch the train to Florence. Our visit there was literally a wash-out. It poured rain incessantly all day. We entered the Town Hall and sat down under the balcony and sang "It's a long way to Tipperary".

To our pleasant surprise, the sun shone again on Monday. Clad in T-shirts and shorts, we went to see the Church of San Clemente. That I found very interesting. There was an ordinary church on the road level. But it was built on the ruins of a former one. The columns which had supported the earlier church's roof were visible in the wall of the present one. Then came the strongest of all, that church had been built on the ruins of one of the earliest christian churches in Rome. We descended the stairs to find ourselves walking on the coals of Nero's fire, which had burnt the previous one.

After lunch, we went by coach to Casa Gondolpho, the summer residence of the Pope. The residence itself was a huge mansion overlooking a lake which was in the crater of a volcano. We also got a view of Rome from the mountains.

Tuesday saw sunshine again and saw us on our way to the Catacombs. We descended a very steep stairs and found ourselves in a maze of tunnels and rooms. Along the walls were holes, about a foot in depth and height and about 4 ft. in length. They were the graves of early christians. Their desperate efforts to keep the faith alive for us again made us proud of being christians and it was with right goodwill that we celebrated Mass there.

We visited the Pantheon, Spanish Steps, Trevi Fountain, Church Jesu and the Church of the Bones after lunch. We witnessed a drugs raid on the hippies squatting on the Spanish Steps. I was also fascinated by the Church of the Bones. Buried monks had been dug up and some smart guy made altars from their bones.

Wednesday was the highlight of our visit to Rome. At 10 o'clock we went to St. Peter's for a Papal Audience. We entered a packed hall and after a half hour's anxious expectation Pope Paul was borne aloft in a chair down the aisle and on to a stage. There he made a speech in each language of each nationality present.

After lunch we played a game of soccer against an Italian College and lost 7-0. We also went to the Basilica of St. Paul, the last of the four major Basilicas. There we saw pictures of all the Popes and when all the spaces are full, it is said, the world will end.

The dull air of finality which hung over us was shaken off next morning when we visited St. Peter's for the last time. We climbed the dome and viewed Rome for what would be almost the last time. This, followed by Mass in St. Peter's summed up the wonderful trip.

We arrived at Dublin Airport at about six and dispersed.

A certain bond had been made between each of us. Together we had marvelled at Rome's beauty. An experience few will ever forget.

## THE FISHING CLUB

The Club was founded this year by the boys themselves. Whether for the same motive as inspired Conor Brady to take up "College Journalism", is not yet known. The founder members were K. Burns, J. Haugh and C. Burke. Mr. Leahy is the Patron-Director of the Club.

A set of rules was drawn up for the Fishing Club:

1. The boys in the Fishing Club should only be down at the river on the days appointed.
2. The rules of the College also apply to boys who are down fishing, e.g. no smoking.
3. Boys should use their fishing time usefully or else they will be replaced.
4. Boys should not tamper with other person's fishing or tackle.

5. Boys should observe the rules of the river.

6. Boys are to fish within the limits appointed.

N.B.—Any boy caught breaking these rules will be dealt with severely.

Signed:

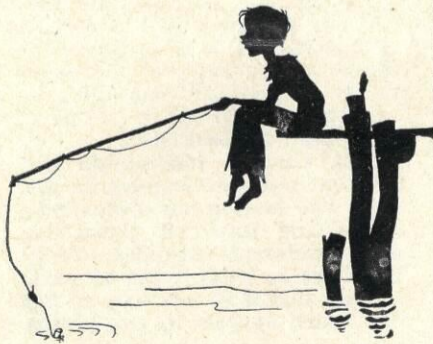
C. Burke, J. Haugh.

These rules were submitted to the President, and the Club was approved. The stretch of river from the Guest House to the Mill was assigned to the Club on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Fly fishing by rod is accepted. The membership fee is at present 50p for under 14; £2 for over 14. This gives a permit and storage facilities in the "Club Room". Membership is at present confined to twelve. Shades of the Fishermen of Galilee.

## The Union Medal

Since the first presentation in 1931 the Union Gold Medal was made by Hopkins and Hopkins of Dublin. When this firm went out of business some time ago we obtained an alternative quotation for the making of the medal. It would cost £75 to cut and engrave. This figure seemed excessive to the Central Committee for such a presentation and it was decided to drop this form of award for a more realistic and possibly acceptable reward. The exact form of this has not yet been decided.

Nevertheless through the generosity of a benefactor who has the traditions of the College and the Union very much at heart, those who got first place in the Intermediate for the past three years will get their medals. In 1973 Liam Brandon came first. The following year it was Enda Cunningham, and in 1975 James Fanning won the medal. The President of the Union, Conor O'Flynn presented the medals on Sunday, 2nd May.



## LIFE AFTER SCHOOL

### CHOICE OF CAREER

Now that our school days are drawing to a close we will naturally be thinking of the kind of work we will be doing when we leave school.

The real value of work is the satisfaction the work brings. The work must be fulfilling. We should take up something that is worth while to us. Otherwise we may do something that we are not interested in. We can often go into employment or take up a career from the wrong motives. The reality of a job is often hard, perhaps tough. Interest and satisfaction are more important in the long run than money. Less money perhaps — and only perhaps — but less pressures and more happiness.

Those of us who may be mercenary minded may find this a hard pill to swallow but experience has shown that work, while it is a very important part of life is still only a part and dissatisfaction in our work may influence the other parts of our life unfavourably. It would be inadvisable if I were interested in farming — food production, crop rotation, marketing, outdoor life, etc., but took up (say) medicine because I thought I would make more money at it. Similarly it would be unwise to take up farming for money reasons, if I were a sympathetic person with a great interest in people and medicine.

Many years ago I got to know a young doctor in Dublin. I met him at the restaurant where I took my lunch. After some time I found out that he did not practise in Dublin but in a town in Co. Kildare. When I got to know him better, I asked him why he came to Dublin so often for his lunch. He told me that he was bored with medicine, bored with the town where he lived and that he came up to Dublin for "relief". I knew another doctor, this time a past student who took up medicine because he thought the return in money would be greater and more easily earned than in other callings. He became a doctor but gradually took up other businesses and occupations to support himself and practised less and less medicine. He had no interest in people, no compassion and he found out that for him, at any rate, money as a doctor was not that easily earned.

I am speaking now in very general terms. I am not going into the case where a person might like to farm but would have no hope of acquiring a farm.

**The Wrong Choice.** If we do not make the right choice initially, if we make a false start, we should not get despondent or take our mistake too much to heart. Do not think that you have a right not to suffer in any way, not to have any difficulties in life. Your own understanding of yourself and of life is deepened by facing up to difficulties and by going through a certain amount of suffering and overcoming those difficulties. There was and is no "Pill" for the sufferings of life. Remember what Francis Thompson said — "Designer infinite must thou char the wood erst thou wilt limn with it"?

### EFFORT

Here I am not talking of student life but of adult life. The student, of course, who does not work is a contradiction in himself. He is, what he is not. "Man is born to labour as the bird to fly". What is the meaning of this sentence from

the great papal encyclical "Quadragesimo Anno". It does not mean that the most important thing in life is work. That would not be true. But it seems to mean that it is natural for man to labour as it is for a bird to fly. Therefore if we do not labour or labour badly we are behaving unnaturally, we are up against nature, and if we are up against nature, we are going to lose. We must therefore work hard and if the work is fulfilling it comes easy and we are better persons as a result.

**Three Categories.** If we try to categorise people in a general way in relation to their devotion to work, I should say there are broadly speaking three categories.

- First there are those who work very hard and are always ready to do more — I do not imply they are slaves to work. They are obliging and they are seldom found "too busy". These people are the exceptions.
- Secondly there are those who will do a certain amount of work, but be it understood, there is to be a line of demarcation beyond which they are not prepared to go. They themselves will decide where that line is to be drawn and their own selfish interests will dictate its position. Do not try to persuade them to do more. They will not.
- Thirdly there are those who will not do any work at all. They expend their time and talents, often fine talents, in devising schemes to pass their work on to others, and they can become extremely skilful at this. They may be "Parables of Reproach" but they are there.

I think it would be a useful and reflective exercise for each one of us to ask himself into which work category he thinks he would fall.

I began by quoting about work from a papal encyclical but much the same thing was said before papal encyclicals were written. Cicero said "Quid est eo decet uti et quidquid agis agere pro viribus" — Utilize circumstances and whatever you do, do with all your might.

### RELATIONSHIPS AND SHARING

**The Complete Person.** We should not look upon work as something done in isolation from others. Man's understanding of himself has developed in the modern age. Formerly man was regarded as individual with rights of his own. Nowadays without denying the essential separateness of a person it is equally necessary to stress that he is only a person because he can enter into relationships with other persons; that as well as existing for himself he exists for other people. Man's humanity essentially consists in his ability to open out to people and welcome them into his life. One can become more or less a person because one can have more or less contact with other people and enter into deep or shallow relations with them. The more complete person is precisely he who has entered into deep relations with his fellow man and the shallow person is the man who has held back from this.

**The individual himself must become himself.** Psychologists of all schools are agreed that the realization of a man's personality

comes about by relating well and healthily to other men and not by remaining solitary. We do not exist as static unchanging individuals and merely grow old as the years pass by. We become ourselves with the passing years and either grow or diminish according as we have allowed our personalities to be opened up. It depends on the individual himself to become himself. The growth of the person I am meant to be depends on whether I have allowed other people to enter my life.

I once had to try to get a professional man reinstated in his job. He was 45 years of age and had not been pulling well with his boss. He had resigned his job in a huff but found he could not get alternative employment. He was unemployed for twelve months and had become despondent. When I had pleaded for him as best I could with the Directors of his firm, I was asked — Has he no friend in the business or elsewhere after all those years? This was his trouble. He was selfish and self centred as well as a poor worker and did not reach out to anyone, his boss included.

At another time I had to call on a past student at his home. When I arrived at the gate I found it locked and the place seemed badly kept. Suddenly anything from eight to twelve dogs ran from the house to the gate barking loudly. I was about to turn away when I saw the poorly dressed figure of a man approaching the gate. When he came up, I saluted him and asked him had he been in school in Roscrea. He replied he had and then I asked him how did he like it. "A Jail" was the reply. I felt like asking him was that why he locked the gate and kept all the dogs. Perhaps he was just a very odd man or was it that he had shut the gates on his fellow man forgetting that man is social by nature and that what makes a man a person is his entering into relationships with other persons. People need people.

**How do we relate?** There is an endless variety of ways in which a man can enter into relationships with the persons who surround his life. The process is not automatic. An act of the will begins it.

- Communication.** If we trouble to speak to our neighbour or to the man working beside us the first tentative step has been taken. We begin to know them and to enter into personal dialogue with them. A real relationship may develop through the stages of acquaintance, to companionship to friendship.
- Respect for feelings of others.** Feelings are like fingerprints. They tell us who we are. My feelings are neither right nor wrong. They just are. We must treat the feelings of others when we know them with great respect. This implies listening and interesting ourselves in the welfare, the joys, the sorrows of others.
- In leisure time.** Games, social functions, societies of different kinds — Young Farmers' Societies, Literary Societies, Scientific Societies, etc.
- Family relationships.** These should be looked on sympathetically. Parents love their children and act accordingly. Don't attribute the wrong motives to them. The children who do not listen to parents

cut themselves away from the lived experience of parents.

- Marriage.** Marriage is a unique relationship. All I have said about the necessity for communication, respect for feelings, etc., applies directly to a successful marriage relationship.

**Obstacles to relationships.** What is it that holds men back from entering into real relationships? What makes them erect barriers of privacy round their personalities and a whole array of "No Entry" notices in their conversation?

- Fear is the primary obstacle.** Our instinct tells us to remain in the security of privacy where there is no danger of being hurt, of not being accepted. We can never in human relationships have a guarantee that we will not be hurt, so we must have hope, trust and faith in people.
- Modern City Life.** In the slum tenements of the last generation privacy was impossible. Not surprisingly these millieu produced rich personalities. But the housing schemes and garden suburbia of today are built for privacy and fear. Behind the doors of council house estates and the town blocks are many stunted persons deprived of the richest of human experiences. It is a problem of our age that there is little trust or communication between people housed together in our cities but remaining isolated within themselves.

**What to avoid in relationships.** Using people for our own advantage is not relationship. Relationship is part of the satisfaction of life and should not be abused. Relationships developed for the wrong motives are easily detected. To try, for example, to develop a relationship with a girl in order to exploit her is not relationship, it is exploitation.

### SOCIAL COMMITMENT

This I will speak of in two parts — concern for our neighbours and concern for society.

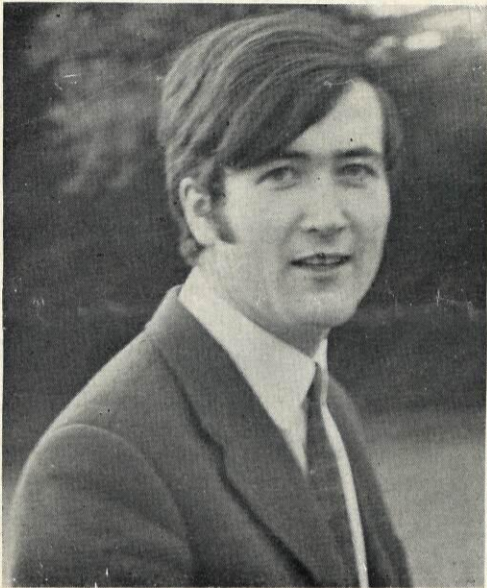
**Concern for our neighbour.** This is indeed another form of relationship. You should involve yourself freely in some form of social work for others. Such involvement is very rewarding and fulfilling. It makes us aware of our own blessings. There are many who have not had the advantages we have had in life and it is salutary to share our time, our talk, our work and our resources with those not so fortunate. Let us do this in no condescending way but in answer to the evangelical counselling — "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren".

This kind of relationship will help our own development as persons, will develop our sympathetic nature and stave off patronising and indifferent attitudes. Today there are so many types of social activity that it is very easy to find one which appeals to any person, e.g.—

Society for the physically handicapped,  
Society for the mentally handicapped,  
Institute for the Blind,

(Continued on page 5, col. 4)

## RETROSPECT



by CONOR BRADY

In all honesty I must say I went with the best intentions. Weeks before I was due for despatch to Roscrea I was brought off by my mother to Clery's and kitted out with a black and white jersey, a white football togs and a pair of football boots (which, I must say, leaked from the moment I put them on). I was determined that I would at least make a good showing in sports in Roscrea—something that was never quite possible at home because we lived just that little bit out of the town and there were never enough of us around to make up a team for anything.

True, I knew that I didn't particularly like team games. But I assumed that I'd get to like them in Roscrea. When I had visited CCR a few months before, Fr. Declan who was then President of the school had shown me the photographs of teams all prominently displayed on the glass cases near the big study hall. They all looked splendid chaps with an evident spirit of great cameraderie about them. Amongst these fellows one could not but get to like the hewing surge of the rugby pack or the swift darting speed of the hurling field. (It was only later I discovered that most of the pictures were about fifteen years old and some of the cherubs in them were now old men of twenty five).

So in the Autumn of 1962 I took to the playing fields of Mount St. Joseph. First I tried my hand at juvenile hurling and rambled over to the 'Pav' to select a caman from Fr. Andrew's stock. I had the misfortune to pick an excellent stick from the shelf and having subjected it to several utterly meaningless tests, such as squinting along the shaft against the light—all this to impress my peers—I said I'd have it. Needless to say I hadn't a clue whether or not it was a good caman but my pretence of sophistication persuaded Fr. Andrew that I was a man who knew my business. "Aha!" he pronounced to my now humbled fellows "at least there's one man here who knows a good hurley." The upshot of it all was that I was propelled out the door of the 'Pav' and on to the square, there to show my paces.

Of course I didn't even know the rules of the ancient game and decided the only way to impress was by a blitzkrieg attack on the opposition. This I did, with immediate and painful results. A fellow by the name of Brian Ryan from somewhere down Tipperary way hit me with—I think—his hurley and my hurling career came to a dramatic end. My

first grey hairs began to grow from that gash on my head about three weeks later and I often wonder now could I sue your man Ryan, wherever he is.

I then thought that my talents might be better employed on the rugby field. I was largely motivated by the fact that the rugby teams seemed to be making eternal trips away to Dublin and that appealed to me.

My rugby career was only marginally more successful. Gus Martin was training the juvenile team at the time and we spent most of our afternoons training on the tank-pitch as it was known. Finally the great day dawned when we set off to do battle with the enemy—in this instance the Glanwilliam juveniles in Tipperary town. The Glanwilliamites were like little greased devils and they trounced us by about forty points to nothing. Nobody had managed to impress the concept of being offside on me and as a result not a few of those forty points came from penalties which I originated.

I suppose they had to get a scapegoat anyway and to cut a long story short there was a reshuffle on the team. I was dropped back into oblivion. No more for me the sweet exhaust smell of Fred Melia's bus on days out to Dublin and Tipperary. Loser again.

The only place one could go from there, having been dropped by both hurlers and rugbyites, was into the kids leagues. I don't know whether such an institution still exists but I hope not. It was Fr. Eanna's scheme and it was intended to get everybody out playing who wasn't actually on a team. It was a great idea for everybody who liked games but I decided at this stage that I didn't. My shiny boots were an albatross around my neck. I loathed the very sight of that black and white jersey. So, I went on the run.

Wednesdays and Sundays were the critical periods. If you could get lost and stay lost between noon and about 3 p.m. you were safe. There were about a dozen renegades amongst the junior house and we generally banded together about that time. There was Kieran Moran, whose lack of enthusiasm for kids leagues only surpassed my own; Donal Cummane who hated footballs with a great and profound hate; John Woods, who always maintained that health reasons prevented him from playing games (how I envied him); Brendan Grennan, who knew a bit about electricity and was too useful around the house to be toggled out

(another enviable condition). There were others too whose names I cannot instantly recall but we were as surely and as pitiable a minority as ever suffered in Selma, Alabama or in the ghettos of Tsarist Russia.

Whenever our courage would fail or whenever one or more of our number would feel the hot pursuit of Fr. Eanna or Fr. Andrew, I would quote Kipling in disparagement of his school-fellows flannelled fools and muddled oafs," as he called them.

The devices by which one could escape the Kids Leagues were many and varied. The favourite was to hang around the Infirmary where there was always a chance that Sr. Rita would have a few jobs that needed to be done. If they involved a trip into Roscrea town, so much the better. That enabled one to sample the delights of the Cosy Corner coffee bar and perhaps even catch a glimpse of the girls from the Sacred Heart Convent (this was before the advent of hops, debates and so forth). Another favourite was to latch on to the late Fr. Gerard who would undoubtedly be going somewhere and was always happy to have someone walk with him and listen to his discourses. Once in a while he might stop in mid-sentence and ask "But . . . why aren't you toggled out boy?" Generally however he didn't wait for an answer but continued his lecture, whatever it might be about.

The most cunning trick of all would be to wait at the Dean of Studies' door in the full and certain knowledge that he was in the Monastery and wouldn't be back for at least an hour. Outside the Dean's door was a kind of diplomatic buffer zone. Fr. Eanna or Fr. Andrew would automatically assume that you were there on important academic business, perhaps the Dean had a crow to pluck with you, and you were never diligently questioned about your purposes. Once the infernal leagues were under way you could safely leave the buffer zone and wander at liberty and without prejudice. It wasn't your fault if the Dean hadn't turned up and even if he had you could always justify your presence by asking him whether you needed honours commerce to do dentistry or something such.

For myself and a few others, Ken Forde, Liam Stuart, Oliver Murphy — to name a few — there was ultimately the Vexillum. We got involved in the magazine about third year and shortly discovered that it could cover a multitude of necessities. We had a tiny office, about the size of a phone box, off the main hall and from there the mighty presses of the Vexillum thundered three times a term (four times if we could get the advertisements off the Bacon Factory in Roscrea). It was a perfect hideout for fellows on the run from the Kid's Leagues. It had its own radiator (blissful heat), a power point where we could eventually put a kettle and make tea and best of all, it had a lock of which I had the key. Once inside you were safe. They never found us; we stayed there until Leaving Cert. The boots went dry and dusty in the locker. The jersey was taken over by greenmould and damp and eventually disintegrated.

The truth was, of course, they knew where we were and what we were at. But such was the flexibility of the system in Roscrea that they decided to leave us alone. They could have driven us out to suffer in the Kid's Leagues but they decided that if a student really didn't want to do something there was nothing to be gained by forcing it on him. I doubt if there were many secondary schools in Ireland that ran on that progressive principle in the early 1960's. I, for one, will always be grateful.

## LIFE AFTER SCHOOL

(Continued from page 4, col. 4)

Alcoholics Anonymous,  
St. Vincent De Paul Society,  
Catholic Social Service Conference (Dublin),  
Simon Community,  
Samaritans,  
Visits to Hospitals, People living alone, etc.

**Concern for Society.** As well as having concern for our neighbour we must also have concern for the society in which we live. Just as we are concerned with personal relationships we must be equally concerned with christianizing the structures of society. If people like you will not be concerned to do this, who is to do it? As there are difficulties in building up relationships with our neighbours, so too, there are difficulties that make us slow to bring our christian principles into public life. We should try to correct the inadequacy of social and economical justice. Our attitudes here may well cause some of us to take to a life of active politics but everyone should be conscientiously concerned about the running of society.

**Loving ourselves.** Love begins with love of ourselves. We must accept that we are valuable persons in God's eyes. As the Americans put it "God does not make junk". I create the junk in me not God. Do I wear masks that prevent me from thinking well of myself? What masks? Masks of self sufficiency? Not needing the help of other people? Going into splendid isolation to prove to myself I do not need people? Wearing masks can prevent me from thinking well of myself, from loving myself. If you remove such masks you will think well of yourself. The man who loves himself can love other people because he has a firm base from which to do so. The man who does not love himself is unlikely to love others.

**Loving others.** The fundamental importance and significance of love was something that passed me by for a considerable portion of my life. I am afraid I did not realize at all the fundamental truth of St. John that "God is Love". No doubt I must have been told all this but it did not register with me.

In his Christmas broadcast Cardinal Conway said that the greatest thing in the world was love. The Protestant Primate, Dr. Sims, said much the same thing. This is not surprising when we reflect on what St. John said "God is Love" and when we recall Christ's answer when asked which was the greatest commandment — Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and thy neighbour as thyself.

All I have said can be summed up by stressing the importance of love in our lives — our love of labour because there is something divine about toil; our love of others because when we say 'Yes' to people, to society, we are saying yes to God. In all these things we each reach out to touch the hem of his garment or hold back and recoil within ourselves.

## REUNION 1976

### SATURDAY/SUNDAY

### 30th, 31st OCTOBER

## THE PARIS PILGRIMAGE



We left from Roscrea in Fred Melia's bus at noon on Palm Sunday, 11th April en route for Rosslare. Mr. John Shanahan, Mr. Michael Coughlan and Fr. John Corry accompanied us. The Wexford contingent, Donal McEvoy, Bob Rackard and Kevin Flannery met us at the boat.

The cabins were assigned to each group and we set out to examine the ship. There were parties from other schools on board as well, boys and girls. The journey to Le Harve was uneventful. Some who discovered too late that they were bad sailors were glad to have dry land under their feet again. The voyage took 22 hours and we got into France at about 3 p.m.

Having passed through customs we boarded our touring coach under the watchful eye of our driver George, and set off for Paris. We shopped at Rouen for an hour and had a look at the famous Cathedral and the place where Joan of Arc was burned by the English as a witch. There is a bronze statue marking the spot.

Our approach to Paris was through industrial areas which our driver skirted to avoid heavy traffic. We

arrived at Choisy le Roi, an international youth hostel, five minutes late for tea . . . the food is better in Roscrea! After the meal we were assigned to our dormitories. On the ground floor there was a restaurant centre. The layout of the whole place was lovely. That night we retired early.

Next morning we staggered down to a continental breakfast of coffee and rolls. Our coach took us into the heart of Paris and we took to the water once more aboard the Bateau Mouche which brought us on a trip down the Seine under the many bridges of Paris and past the Eiffel Tower and Notre Dame Cathedral. The guide who explained the tour gave the information in several languages including English. After the boat trip the coach met us and we drove to the Eiffel Tower. We went up to the first floor of this extraordinary building and looked out over Paris. There was a marvellous view even from this height. In the gardens at the foot of the Tower we ate our packed lunch, then a hurried visit to the Louvre where we glanced at the Mona Lisa. The coach brought us everywhere, and George knew all the

short cuts and the best places to drop us for our various visits, and where to pick us up again. He never missed out once. We visited the Latin Quarter, and discovered McDonnells Fast Foods. It was late that night when we went to bed.

On the second day we drove to Versailles. It was raining a bit, and the palace looked gloomy and drab. But the interior was magnificent. The King's bedroom and the Hall of Mirrors were two of the places shown to us. Another time we went for a walk down the Champs Elysee and visited the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe. That day we lost our taste for walking!

While we were in Paris there were student riots. We had nothing to do with them, our presence was just a coincidence. We saw signs of trouble brewing from a safe vantage point of the towers of Notre Dame. In the Cathedral we saw the famous stained glass rose-window. The Basilica of Sacré Coeur was another church we visited when we went to Montmartre. There we saw the street artists at work and one had got his portrait drawn for 10 francs. He disputed the price because the drawing could have been any of us.

Fr. John Corry brought us to visit the Irish College where he had been a student and also said Mass for us in the chapel of the Rue de Bac where the bodies of two nun saints can be seen in glass coffins. Our Lady appeared to one of them and the chair where she is supposed to have sat is shown there.

We also visited the Chamber of Deputies but we just missed a session. Then we saw the Ste. Chapelle with its huge windows of Gothic tracery. After so much culture it was nice to get back to the hostel and the disco and meet some of the pals we had made among the boys and girls from other places.

In those hectic four days we packed in more than ordinary tourists would do in four weeks. We had the advantage of two very experienced men. Mr. Shanahan and Fr. Corry who with the help of our driver George, made the Paris Pilgrimage an experience never to be forgotten.

We will go again, God willing.

## THE RISING GENERATION

by CANON JOHN O'GRADY

We have often heard it said that the boys and girls of today will be the men and women of tomorrow. The saying may seem trite but it is true if it allows for their survival to adulthood. It expresses the inevitable progression of the generations. So that this truth may be impressed quite forcibly upon us we are told that 'Youth marches on'—a declaration that has undertones of intimidation for older people until it is remembered that the route is through middle-age to senility — with luck!

The coming of age of the rising generation and its accession to society with tremendous enrichment potential point to the importance of good education if society is to survive as the environment of peace and justice and freedom wherein people can live decent and useful lives.

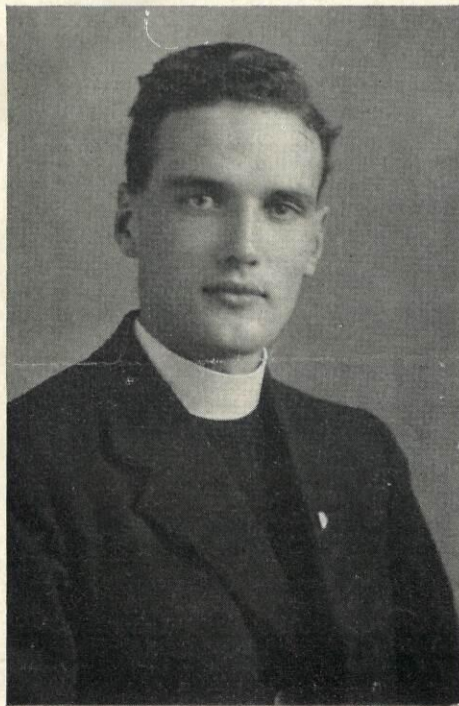
An important adjunct to the idea of a good education is to know what it is not. It must not be equated to the mere acquisition of a heap of information in order to pass examinations or to qualify for a career. There is more to it than that. Over and above there are the finer things of life to which the schools should direct the interest of students — art, theatre, music, literature, poetry, Christian politeness and the Christian compassion that cares for others' needs. These are the riches of mind and spirit which, in the context of eternity, can provide a worthwhile future for the rising generation. It has always to be remembered that it is not on bread alone that man lives.

## Points to Ponder

1. Wherever there is a human being, there is an opportunity for a kindness.
2. Forget injuries but never forget kindness.
3. Good and bad luck are often synonyms for good and bad judgment.
4. Luck may be defined as preparation meeting opportunity.
5. Quarrels would not last long if the fault were only on one side.
6. Silence is the safety zone of conversation.
7. Doing little things well is a step towards doing big things better.

The Bethesda Chapel Bulletin.

## O B I T U A R I E S



REV. JAMES LILLIS

Rev. James Lillis, 1937, was one of four brothers who came to Roscrea from Querrin, Co. Clare. He was ordained to the priesthood in Dalgan in 1943. For the next few years, until the end of World War II, he was on loan doing parish work in England. In 1946 he was posted to missionary work in China but he was forced to leave in 1948 when the Communists took over that country. He then worked in the Philippines for many years. On his recall to Ireland he was appointed to the Council of the Maynooth Mission of China. He died in April of this year at Navan. May he rest in peace.

Rev. Daniel Hourihane finished in Roscrea in 1927 and he was ordained to the priesthood for the diocese of Ross in 1934. He proved a very able administrator and was appointed Bursar of Maynooth in 1957. It was during his time in Office that the huge renovations and repairs, for which world wide help was given, were carried out. He later devoted himself to parochial work in his own diocese. At the time of his death he was parish priest of Clonakilty. God rest his soul.

Michael John O'Connell, 1910, of Luska, Nenagh, formerly from Puckane, died in Carrigoran Nursing Home, Newmarket-on-Fergus on 25th February 1976. May he rest in peace.



REV. DANIEL HOURIHANE