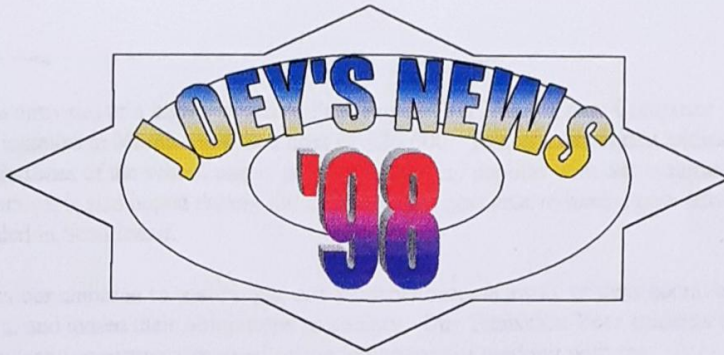


May '98



Reviews, News, Sport etc.!

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As a result of the activities of a highly efficient Past Pupils Golf Union a new Computer Laboratory was installed in March 1998 at a cost of £26,000. This is a wonderful addition to the educational facilities of the school and is proving extremely popular with our computer conscious students. It is also hoped during the course of the next year to have a new Biology laboratory installed in Scoil Iosaif.

In St Josephs it is our ambition to ensure that our students become aware of their social and moral obligations, and indeed their obligations to society. Our Transition Year students have been given a wonderful opportunity to avail of the experience of working with the underprivileged and handicapped, and also developing the Life and Personal Developments skills required in a complex world.

Our language students enjoyed their trip to France, while more local outings in the fields of Science, English, Music, Geography, History Urban Studies and Art were of immense benefit. The Religious Education Department were impressed by the enthusiasm shown by our students by their participation in School Retreats and Masses.

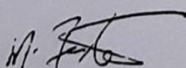
The area of extra - curricular activities was action personified. Schools teams reached the semi - final stages in the Dublin Colleges GAA Junior Football and Senior Hurling competitions, however, the highlight of the year was our Senior Soccer Team's wonderful success in winning the All Ireland title in Mullingar on May 10th. My congratulations to the team and to the coaches Brendan Leahy and Michael Kelly. It was particularly satisfying to emulate the achievement of 1992.

To ensure that all our students have some access to extra - curricular activities the Annual Sports once again proved to be very successful and was thoroughly enjoyed by our students and offered a wide range of activities. Once again an Awards Presentations will take place at the end of May when students will be rewarded for their excellence in areas associated with school life such as attendance, punctuality, sport, diligence etc.

Our Information Nights for Parents during November/December were beneficial to parents and teachers, and as a consequence it is to be hoped that with increased co - operation between school and the home the ultimate beneficiaries will be our students.

The after school Supervised Study facility available to Junior and Leaving Certificate students continues, however, it was not as popular as in previous years. It is an excellent service and the parents of next years Third and Sixth Year classes should avail of it.

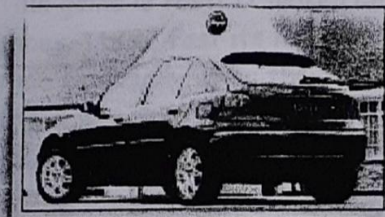
Parents, and particularly those with sons in Primary Schools, are invited to our Open Evening on June 4th 1998 - 6.30pm - 8.30pm.


M Foster
Principal.

By Brian Cahill, Gerald Harmon, and Sean O'Brien

H.B. DENNIS

This P.S. racing game is a far cry from the likes of the latest sophisticated racers on the P.S. such as NASCAR touring car and EA 97. Cartoonish graphics and top-down view is the order of the day here.



How? 200

12/20/97

LAND ROVER



12/20/97

**Richmond Road
Fairview.**

An old classic brought way up to date for the PlayStation.

Sean O'Brien

Computer Reviews and Games

By Brian Cahill, Gearoid Harmon, and Sean O'Brien.

Micro Machines V3

Playstation

This P.S. racing game is a far cry from the likes of the latest sophisticated racers on the P.S. such as TOCA touring car and F1 97. Cartoon like graphics and top down view is the order of the day here.

But don't let this con you into thinking that MMV3 is a stroll in the park. This game is fast! It makes Linford Christie look like Mr Blobby in running shoes. Its so fast its hard to keep your vehicle on the track most of the time especially when three other drivers are happy to nudge you off onto the gaping void. Worry about the niceties of best racing line later when you've had time to get your breath back.

After you've had a nice cup of tea and a lie down you begin to pry into the mechanics of MMV3. There are a lot of familiar components of the other MM games here in fact some of them near identical such as tracks and cars. But this I can forgive because the graphics and sound have been greatly improved from the MegaDrive and SNES versions. As with other MM games, MMV3 plays much better with 2 or more players and up to 8 people can play and this is where the game really excels.

So if you have only one controller or you have no friends this is not the game for you.

An old classic brought bang up to date for the playstation.

Sean O'Brien

85%

MDK

Playstation

This game is as good as it has been made out to be. This game has a motto: shoot anything that moves and if it doesn't move, shoot it any way because more than likely it will move later on. The game is very well thought out in terms of story line and originality. But there is one draw back

IT'S TOO BLOODY HARD! Even on easy setting it takes a long time to get to the first boss. It has a great idea in the "practice room", Where you can master your sniping skills by taking their heads off. Great Fun! But don't get me wrong it is a good game and the controls are easy to handle. The game has great lastability, because it will take you so long to finish the game! If

You are going to rent this game rent it for more then one night, because you'll need every minute you can get. The graphics are good but the aliens are a bit blotchy. The sniper mode is an excellent idea and is very useful for taking out aliens from a distance. It's not one of those games where aliens control the world and you are the only one who can save it, but it is close enough.

A good Game but a bit too hard. Highly recommended

84%

Brian Cahill

Coolboarders 2

Playstation

Coolboarders 2 is a good sequel. Its graphics are much improved and has added features such as the "Big Air" stunt and tricks course. But it is still dogged by the problem which its predecessor had. Terrible lastability. It will last you a month or so and then you will get so sick of it you would rather play "lone Soldier"!

You are also stuck with a certain number of tracks, and you still are not able to design your own course. But they have added something new." The Board editor". You can design the colour of your board and spray it to your liking. The board looks great when you're finished but it takes time to do.

In the first game it took a while for you to get used to the tricks and moves. It still takes time but to help you along the way, It tells you how

mates. The Big Air is great for learning the moves and the half pipe is where you can polish your "mad skillz."

That's about it on Coolboarders 2, I've no cheats to give you, Sorry. If you liked the first one, and you are extreme sports or snowboarding enthusiast, BUY IT. If you didn't like the first one, rent it because it's a great laugh on two players. This game is great fun with a couple of mates but lacks lastability.

A respectable

82%

Brian Cahill



In Memoriam

Some well known people who died
August 1997 – May 1998.
May they rest in peace.

Diana, Princess of Wales

Jim Kenny T.D.

John Denver

Michael Hutchence

Frank Sinatra

Mother Theresa

James Stewart

Robert Mitchum

Lloyd Bridges

Dermot Morgan

Brian Wilson

Justin Fashanu

Noel Browne

Tammy Wynette

Jack Lord

Linda McCartney



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TOCA Touring Car Championship **Playstation**

This game lacks everything it says it has. It has no sense of speed and no realistic features. Its cars are painted boxes, which have no brakes, as they are unable to turn corners over at 5 miles an hour. It has limited features and the snow feature is a driver with dandruff and the track stays dry. You can play time trial, Single race and Championship. The single race only allows you to race on 2 of the 8 tracks. In the championship format you must win your race or be told by that bloke Tiff from Top Gear that your sacked.

The cars are badly drawn images of your dad's car. The controls are very sensitive and a tiny touch from any other driver sends you spinning. The track is so narrow for overtaking and every corner is a huge crash, which will leave you on the grass everytime. With no commentary during the race, the only music is from the little drummer boy! When I entered the pits I was expecting a pit stop but no the computer took control of my car and drove me straight through. The only fun I got from this game was destroying my car. I was glad I can take this game back after a day.

FOR
Good Crashes

AGAINST
Box Cars
No commentary
Lack of speed
Poor extra features

I would sooner join a garden bowls team than play this again.
(No offence!)

20%

Porsche Challenge (Playstation)

Yet another racing game has come off the game developers production line. At first glance you could be mistaken for thinking that P.C. is like all the other run of the mill racers out there for the PSX! The gouraud shaded, texture mapped cars race around gouraud shaded texture mapped tracks. But once you start playing you realise that P.C. has a few

tricks up its sleeve. The choice of 6 different characters means there is rivalry even in one player mode. Each character has different feelings towards each of the other characters, so if an enemy of the character you are driving with is on your tail you better watch out. This rivalry is increased as the motion captured characters shout out at you as you fly by them. Another distinctive feature of P.C. is the car as the title indicates the game is tied in with Porsche and every car in the game is a Porsche Boxster. This adds extra realism because the programmers went to great lengths to make the in-game cars perform exactly like the real thing but it can become a little boring to drive the same car all the time.

Summary:

A racing game with good graphics and great sounds that has a little more to offer than most.

80%

Sean O'Brien

Grand Theft Auto (PC)

Cheats: itsgallus - All Levels

itstantrum - Infinite Lives

buckfast - all weapons (press *)

porkcharsui - press D to save, C for status

iamthelaw - no police

callmenigel - ?

suckmyrocket - all weapons & equipment

Dark Forces II (PC)

Cheats: press T then enter

Deeznuts - mana

Yoda jammies - mana boost

Jediwannabe 1 - god

Red5 - weapons

Thereisnotry - next level

Eriamjh - fly mode

Wamprat - all items

Raccoonking - both light and dark abilities

5858lvr - show all maps

Imayoda - all light abilities

Sithlord - all dark abilities

Hexen 2

God - god mode

Mlook - mouse view option

Impulse 9 - all weapons

Impulse 14 - turn yourself into a sheep

Impulse 23 - torch

Impulse 39 - fly

Impulse 43 - mana and weapons

Impulse 44 - toss item

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MDK (PC)

Cheats: Go to the help screen and type these in,
Healme – full health
Holokurtisfun – decoy
Iliketolob – mortar
Ineedabiggun – the big gun
Kill – suicide
Nastyshotthanks – homing sniper grenade
Tornadoaway – twister

First year in St. Joseph's

When I first came into first year in St. Joseph's I was afraid that I would not make any friends and I would not get on well with any of the teachers. After about a month I still had not made any new friends. The first people I really started talking to were the older boys in the school. I could not really get on with people in my year until about two or three months into the school year. When I got on with one or two people, I started getting on with more and more. After a while I was really happy and settled in the school, until it came to the Christmas Exams. A few weeks before the Christmas exams I felt the same fear I felt when I had just started the school term. I was very afraid and I thought I would fail very badly and there was a lot of pressure on me to do well because I did well in my old school. Everytime I went home I really found it hard to study because every time I tried, there was some sort of distraction or another. After all my worries, when I went into the examination room I found the tests quite easy. After the tests when we got our Christmas holidays, I enjoyed myself a lot and came back into school feeling great and refreshed. I still felt a little afraid, as I still had not got the exam results. When I got them I was very pleased and so were my parents. After everything with the exams had died down I got on with my life as it was before all of the tests had started. Now my life is almost the same as it was before I started.

Patrick Somers

Ms. Kinsella

Favourite pastime - Detentions

Favourite music type and group – any type, group? Song - Boolavogue

Favourite sport - Hurling

Favourite film type and favourite film – Twelve Angry Men

Favourite actor and actress – Henry Fonda, Ms. Farrell

Favourite T.V. programme – E.R.

Favourite food - Stew

Favourite colour – Purple and gold

Favourite school subject (at school) - English

Favourite subject to teach - English

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Second Year In St. Joseph's

There are advantages and disadvantages to second year. On the one hand, you are no longer one of the new guys. You at least have one year of experience and you are not the lowest in the school. You can look down on the first years, secure in the knowledge that you will be finished a year before they are and that you don't have to do Civics for your Junior Cert. On the other hand, there are four years above you with much shorter times left than you and they know it. You are now one year away from one of the most important exams you will ever take and the teachers won't let you forget it. Constantly rubbing your noses in it, happy knowing that they got it over and done with long ago and now gleefully reminding you that next year is to be spent hunched over a desk with a 20 watt lamp and a really dull book, trying to cram as much information into your head as possible only to forget it instantly when you remember that Caribbean Uncovered has just started and also that if you fail, your life is over. Despite all this, I'd rather be in second year than first. You know your way around, you know the way things work and you've gotten used to the bomb scares. You know by now that Pat gets ticked if you go into his shop and don't buy anything. You know not to go near the man who sits on the football field all day with a bottle of beer and his legs wide open. Yes, you're still technically a junior and the third years and upwards will take every possible opportunity to remind you of it whether this means pushing you out of the way or pushing you out of the way, seeing that you don't like being pushed out of the way, coming back and trying to insert you head-first into the manky bin that's always left in the toilet. But at least there is a whole year underneath you, to whom you can do these things. Anyway, when it all comes down to it, second year is better than first but probably worse than third, fourth, fifth, sixth and repeat leaving.

By Barry McDunphy.

Mr. O'Brien

Favourite pastime – Golf

Favourite music type and group – Rock, Bohemian Rhapsody

Favourite sport – anything but basketball

Favourite film type and favourite film – Thriller, L.A. Confidential

Favourite actor and actress – Morgan Freeman and Colm Meaney,
Anyone but Meryl Streep

Favourite T.V. programme – Match of the day

Favourite food – Indian

Favourite colour – Don't have one

Favourite school subject (at school) – All but Irish and French

Favourite subject to teach – Leaving Cert. English

Favourite place – Manhattan – Buzz

Star sign - Leo

Cinema Reviews

By Barry Jones and Philip Dunne.

Titanic

12's

Directed By: James Cameron

Main Actors/actresses: Leonardo DiCaprio, Kate Winslet.

Leonardo DiCaprio plays Jack Dawson, a young man with no commitments. He wins a ticket on the Titanic in a hand of poker. He talks a distraught young woman named Rose (Kate Winslet) from jumping overboard. He is rewarded with an invitation to dinner by her fiancé (Billy Zane). A romance unfolds between Jack and Rose while we wait for impending doom.

Titanic is emotionally and visually moving. It is a massive triumph for director James Cameron. The two leads are outstanding and the special effects are the best ever seen. At three and a half-hours long, there are plenty of things to enjoy and many beautiful scenes.

Highly recommended

Verdict →

A masterpiece *****

The Butcher Boy

15's

Directed By: Neil Jordan

Main Actors/actresses: Stephen Rea, Eamonn Owens, Fiona Shaw

Written By: Neil Jordan

The Butcher boy is set in 60's Monaghan and follows the troubled childhood of Francie Brady (Eamonn Owens). His father (Stephen Rea) an alcoholic and his mother a manic-depressive, after years of physical abuse at the hand of her husband. When Francie is fifteen, his mother commits suicide and his father dies of an infection. While all this is happening, Francie's violent nature gradually becomes more apparent.

After his best friend turns his back on him, a local woman named Mrs. Nugent (Fiona Shaw) becomes the focus of his hatred.

The film is very dark and unsettling but especially Eamonn Owens superbly acts it. The script is excellent and the disturbing ending leaves the viewer lost for words.

Verdict → Excellent film ****

Amistad

15's

Directed By: Stephen Spielberg

Stars: Matthew McConaughey, Anthony Hopkins, Djimon Hounsou, and Morgan freeman.

The film recalls the historical events surrounding the rebellion of African Slaves on board a Spanish ship named La Amistad. They are captured as they try to return to Africa and a courtroom drama follows.

Roger Baldwin (Matthew McConaughey) represents the Africans led by Cinque (Djimon Hounsou) against the crime of murder and piracy. When the trial is won in favour of Baldwin the President of the US Van Buren appeals to the Supreme Court to avoid civil war and please the Spanish Queen. When this happens, former president John Quincy Adams played takes up the case by Anthony Hopkins.

Despite some powerful scenes depicting the cruelty inflicted on the slaves and some good performances the film turns to be a little dull. The courtroom scenes have nothing new to offer and have been seen before in films such as 'A Time to Kill'. The film is overly long at 2hr 45min and seems to be a bit of a lecture.

Verdict → Worth seeing for historical value ***

Good Will Hunting

15's

Director: Gus Van Sant

Main Actors/actresses: Matt Damon, Robin Williams,
Minnie Driver, Ben Affleck.

Matt Damon plays the role of Will Hunting, a twenty-year-old janitor, and repeat offender. Remarkably, he is also a mathematical genius capable of solving the world's most difficult equations, which have eluded the country's top brains for many years.

Professor Lambeau (Skarsguard) first comes across this talent and realises its staggering potential immediately. His last chance of stretching young Hunting's mind, is by referring him to a past school rival.

Enter Sean Maguire (Williams), a psychiatrist brought in to calm Will's rage and focus on his abilities. As the relationship grows between the pair, Sean realises that there are more to life than mathematical theorems – little things like women, friends and self-discovery.

Much of the credit must go to Damon and Affleck for an intelligent, amusing and well-written script including great performances from Damon, Affleck and of course Williams.

An excellent film including great performances from the entire cast.

The Edge

15's

Director:

Main Actors/actresses: Anthony Hopkins, Elle MacPhearson,
Alec Baldwin

Anthony Hopkins adopts the lifestyle of an intriguing middle aged man, a so-called bookworm whose knowledge and wisdom of life is immense. The story revolves around Hopkins and Baldwin (an overly eager photographer) after a plane crash, which leaves them, stranded in the wilderness.

Baldwin relying on Hopkins' knowledge to get them both safely back tries his best not to let Hopkins know how dependent he is on him.

Along their distraught journey back Baldwin becomes extremely frustrated along with the audience as Hopkins delivers his useless pieces of information on the trek back. And their quarrels with each other provide a thrilling climax.

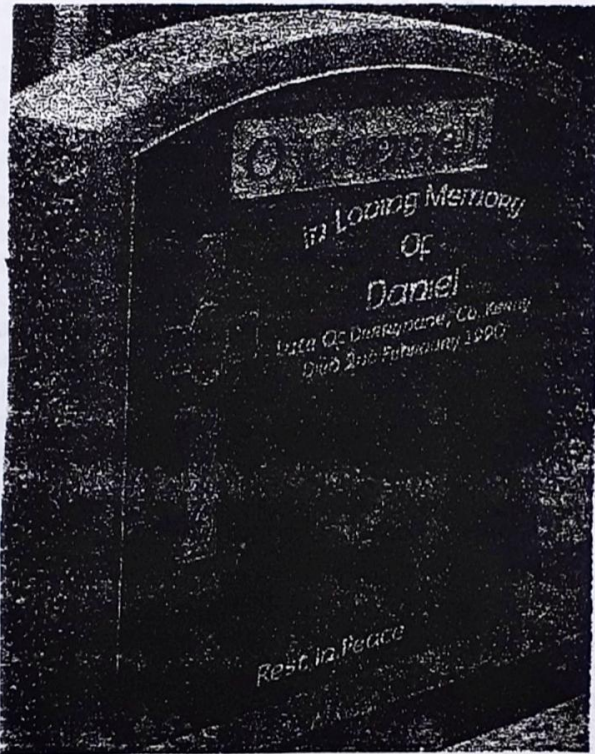
A good film with decent performances from Hopkins and Baldwin. Strayed from the plot in parts but relatively a good film.

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Night Lights

By Sean O'Brien

Gavin O'Toole enjoyed summer nights. The air was warm, the sky clear and he could get out of the house after work and enjoy a stroll. Gavin was a widower. His wife had died in a car accident and the nights could get lonely alone in the house. His daily work as a bank clerk in the Bank of Ireland in Coolock kept him within the confines of a small space all day so it was with great relief that he drove out to Howth to view the city from above. As he stood on Howth Head and spread his gaze across the sprawling neon metropolis he stopped on one of thousands of lights and stared.

The light Gavin stared at was emanating from the window of Imelda Burke's flat. Imelda's home was in squalor. Empty McDonalds packages and pizza boxes littered her bedroom floor and on the floor beside where Imelda was lying in agony was a syringe. The syringe was empty and had last been used over twenty-four hours ago. Imelda was suffering withdrawal symptoms, as she had taken no drugs since the syringe on the floor was last used. She lay in agony in need of her fix but without money she had two options, find a friendly drug dealer willing to give her free drugs or rob someone. She went for option number two. The old man walking the streets didn't present much of a problem to Imelda. She was so desperate she would take on anyone for money. She threw the man to the ground and twice kicked with what strength she had left to his ribs. His wallet contained a twenty pound note and a photograph of a young girl in a wedding dress. She looked totally happy as most young brides do on their wedding day. Imelda took the twenty and threw the picture into the gutter.

Gavin was still standing in Howth staring down at the city almost in a trance; he fixed his gaze on another light and stared.

In this window, a couple argued. They had recently wed and money was a permanent cause of friction between the newlyweds and this argument was worse than most. John and Mary were very close to being evicted and on top of that Mary had just received news that her father had been mugged and taken to hospital. John and Mary truly loved each other but the strain of married life and money problems had pushed their marriage to breaking point. John stood to lose his home, his marriage, his entire life. This was something John's brother Mark was not about to let happen.

Mark occupied another of Dublin's night-lights. He sat on his bed in his small Dublin council house where he lived with his wife and four children. Mark was not rich but he got by. His brother's plight broke his heart. He had to get some money to help John. The only option he could think of was a bank job. He had been in trouble with the law before but he had never attempted anything like this. He tried to calm his nerves and put his sawn-off-shotgun away in his black sports carryall.

In church a woman prays. She is happy and content with life. She thinks the world is looking good and all is well. She does not realise there is so much pain and suffering in her city. She puts ten pence in a slot and takes a small candle from a box. On the box are words, 'Night Light Candles'.

The next morning Mark pulled up outside the Bank of Ireland in Coolock. He was more scared now than at any time in his life. He was even more scared than when he was arrested for the first time or when he spent his first night in prison. As a result of this fear Mark's trigger finger was very itchy. Gavin O'Toole was working contentedly in the bank. He had enjoyed the beautiful view the night before. Little did he know that he was about to see the last thing he would ever see, the barrel of a gun!

3rd Year in St. Joseph's

Donal Campion

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times." The words of the great writer Dickens give a brilliant description of what third year was like. For everyone in third year it was the first time they were put under great pressure to study for the first big exam of their lives. The constant reminder by teachers that the exams were getting closer made people worry. First it was six months to go, then 4, then 2 and then it was down to just days and everyone knew that it was either study or fail.

But the year was not just academic and there were days when the exams were put out of your mind altogether and you were able to relax and take things easy. The days that stick out most in my mind are sports day and who could forget the day of the sponsored walk, when half of the school jumped onto the 130 bus from Clontarf to Fairview (the other half took the DART from Killester to the new station in Clontarf/Fairview). These are memories that I will always have. I started the year playing squash which I have played for two years and all was going fine until after Christmas when suddenly the place got into financial trouble and shut down. But I didn't mind as now most of the squash players enjoy snooker on Friday afternoons.

Altogether this was a good end to the three years we have now been in the school and the toughest challenge will start on June 10th when our exams begin. We have begun to think about our future and about the subjects we are doing for Leaving Certificate. Fourth year will be good and for those who stay it should be a great year.

Mr. Leahy

- Favourite pastime – Reading
- Favourite music type – Classical Music
- Favourite sport – Golf
- Favourite film type and favourite film – War/Action, The Deer Hunter
- Favourite actor and actress – Robert De Niro, Jodie Foster
- Favourite T.V. programme – Match of the day
- Favourite food – Fillet steak
- Favourite colour – Green
- Favourite school subject (at school) – English
- Favourite subject to teach – Latin
- Other career (if not a teacher) – Journalist
- Favourite place – The beach
- Star sign – Scorpio

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TRANSITION YEAR IN JOEY'S

Transition Year. A controversial year in many schools. In 1997, while in 3rd year we were told by the then 4th year's and 5th years from our own school and by friends in other schools that T.Y was "a big waste of time" and "it's just a dos year". A lot of us believed these people and so began the year with a negative attitude and outlook on the year. I must admit that I too was sucked into this way of thinking.

However, after talking to some of my friends who had done 4th year, and other people who are involved in secondary school teaching, I realised that it was up to us to enjoy the year. An old phrase that I heard off my Da sums it up well "You can only get out of it (T.Y.) what you put into it (T.Y.), meaning that if you don't take advantage of the opportunities given to you by the school, you will not benefit from the year, and you WILL have a dos year.

In 4th year we sampled many different subjects such as Biology, Chemistry, Physics, German, Accountancy, Business Org., Economics and Urban studies. This subject was broken up into three 11 week modules, like the business and science subjects.

Week 1 = The artistic side of Dublin

Week 2 = The geographical side of Dublin

Week 3 = The historical side of Dublin

In October '97, we began the first of our activity weeks. These consisted of three options. Work experience, Community placement and a week in the Delphi Adventure Centre in Mayo. The second week took place in February '98 with the same options except instead of Delphi, there was the option of the Dalkey Urban Adventure. We have been notified by their staff that we were one of their best groups to date!

During late January/early February, we took part in a law course given by a group of barristers, and was totally paid for by a number of past pupils to the tune of £800! It gave us a beginners look at the judicial system and explained that all laws must be in accordance with the national constitution. After completing the course we were given an exam on all subjects covered. The entire group passed with flying colours and we are to receive certificates from the barristers who gave us the course.

That just about wraps it up. In my opinion transition year is a good idea in principle, but will only work if everybody works together and continues to study as they did in 3rd year.

BRIAN CAHILL

Survey Results

Questions/Answers	<u>1st</u>	<u>2nd</u>	<u>3rd</u>	<u>4th</u>
<u>Favourite Sport</u>	Soccer	Gaelic Football	Hurling	Snooker
<u>Favourite Football Team</u>	Manchester United	Liverpool	Celtic	Arsenal
<u>Favourite Music Group</u>	Oasis	The Verve	Radiohead	The Prodigy
<u>Computer</u>	P.C.	Playstation	N64	Megadrive
<u>Computer game</u>	FIFA '98	Grand Theft Auto	Tombr Raider II	C&C Red Alert
<u>Movie Type</u>	Action	Comedy	Science Fiction	Thriller
<u>Favourite Movie</u>	Starwars Trilogy	Titanic	Independence Day	Men In Black
<u>Least Favourite Movie</u>	Home Alone	Woody Allen Films	The Boxer	Mars Attacks
<u>School Subject</u>	Maths	Games	Geography	Art
<u>Actor/Actress</u>	Robert De Niro	Kate Winslet	Eddie Murphy	Sharon Stone

Ms. CAHALANE

Favourite pastime – Choir practice/ Correcting copies/ Collecting lines
 Favourite music type – The sounds from room 8
 Favourite sport – Basketball/ Football
 Favourite film type and favourite film – The sound of music/Shawshank
 Redemption
 Favourite actor and actress – Barney/ Tele-tubies and Julie Andrews
 Favourite T.V. programme – The Vicar of Dibley
 Favourite food – Pasta
 Favourite colour – Navy/ Black
 Favourite school subject (at school) – Religion
 Favourite subject to teach – The New Testament as written by...
 Other career (if not a teacher) – A part time nun
 Favourite place – The convent
 Star sign - Pieces

JOEYS ALL IRELAND CHAMPIONS 1998

“ I DO NOT WANT TO BE AN ORDINARY FOOTBALLER” GEORGE BEST 1972

All schools need heroes to light up our lives, to soar above us, even briefly, to stir our hearts, to energize us through their deeds. Too often we forget that all men are heroes sometimes as Bowie said “Just for one day”. This year, as so often before we in Joey’s were fortunate to discover so many when we sought them out.

To an outsider it would have seemed an ordinary sixth year games day in early September. The Probables played the Possibles and there was little at stake; it seemed. Yet one hour later I, maybe of all of us, went home happier, wiser men. We had found the core, the backbone for our team.

Some days later after school we tried again - this time Richie Foran was there and Fergus joined us - our Squadron was getting stronger. For our first match at Portmarnock - a skirmish in fact, troops were somewhat thin on the ground but we achieved an honourable 2-2 draw. Richie had by now departed but for our next fight we had Masibu and Yves and Whelo and on a cold windy field in Beneavin, with some of our best troops absent we won 2-0. Already the signs were good - Duffer started the game, although injured, Philip’s father was there to ensure he got to his grind on time, and Whelo played a stormer. Sadly we found Yves was over age.

The phony war was soon to end and at Fairview Park D.L.S. Dundalk were our first victims, gunned down by Shane and Philip. Sullo had joined us by now, Mahersy, Kevin, Ken and Shane fronted Sean in goal, Paudie, Fergus, Duffer and Philip were in midfield and Ryaner was Sullo’s partner up front.

For our next battle Gerard was fit again but we lost Mahersy, never to return. Hugh Harkin brought me to Fergus’ house - the dog was well but but Fergus wasn’t - however we had Kellier and Whelo - “Are you good enough, Whelo?” - there was no hesitation. Seamus, from the Repeats, joined us and battle was on. However for forty minutes we were like chickens until Ryaner scored - Thank God for Ken, Sean, Kevin and Duffer and; was Gerard frustrated! After half time the pattern changed: Gerard said thanks again and again and again and Malahide fell - lucky to get a goal in a 2 -1 match. The ref, a foretaste of things to come, was no friend of Gerard’s, disallowing two of his three perfect goals.

Coolmine proved disappointing after a flattering first twenty minutes and surrendered early when 0 - 6 down. Fergus, Seamus, Philip, Gerard twice and Ryaner scored. The football was magic in the second half. To prepare for our quarter- final against Belvedere, we played Liam Tuohys’ full time team from Home Farm. What a battle! We ran and ran - Gerard scored early on, and we should have got more. General Tuohy was getting frustrated with his troops but somehow they escaped with a one all draw. It was a battle to remember; great football, great tackles, good pass following good pass, every warrior in shreds afterwards. Later Philip asked “Will we meet anyone better?”

After Belvedere, he could never again have a doubt. In clinging mud the football was heartwarming. Two great teams. A brilliant lob gave Belvo an undeserved lead, but Del Piero would have been happy with Gerard's left foot equalizer. After half-time we were very briefly stale and the enemy struck again. It was sheer terror as we pounded them again and again. At last Kevin blasted a free kick, and Gerard equalized with the rebound. Extra time, and what a winner from Philip; but in fact everyone had scored, Paudie, Duffer, Fergus and Kellier in that bog of a midfield in particular.

To celebrate that victory and mark our great advance, we thrashed FAS before Christmas. They were shellshocked as Paudie, Gerard and Ryaner in turn got brilliant goals. We lost Masibu after that day, all for a set of shinguards, but Kevin, on the sidelines for once, said "*Sullo is good*" again and again. The goals were special but the tackles from the midfield and from Gerard were from a different planet and Kellier played really well.

While we had assembled at the November break to thrash Marino Institute of Education the boys took Xmas off and in early January it was a pleasure to challenge FÁS again on the all weather at Clonsaugh. A stranger would have thought us the full time team. By half time it was 2 - 0, Gerard and Ryaner scored, and they were lucky to get 0. Then Duffer had to go off and boy, did we miss him, and then Kellier and then Gerard, and they squeaked a 2 - 2 draw. Greg made his debut Carroller and Gilesy played also. Fairview Park was unplayable by now and Thursday games periods were spent on the flooded all weather pitch but in all weathers the heart of the team was there, and it was, always enjoyable. The semi was next against Fintan's - Kevin was bandaged, Duffer was crippled - but they were both rearing to go and Fintan's fell 3 - 0. It was not as easy as it now seems. Fergus' goal was important and Gerard and Philip finished them off. Sean made two important contributions - the entire team fought like tigers and Kevin got the headlines he deserved. The low-key celebrations were brilliant especially for Ryaner - and it was great to see our heroes had style in every setting and their genuine fans had class to burn.

The midterm break in February intervened before the Leinster final. The night in Tolka was enjoyable but the match itself was a tense affair especially for the first 45 minutes. Half time seemed an age but the second half flew by - or did it - in any case we steamrolled through Kierans - Paudie and Ryaner scored and the cup was ours. When we came in the following morning we knew Joey's would look better to us forever more. The celebrations were a flop - even sleep was difficult - the tension was too real to disappear in an hour or two.

To kill time, to keep our troops battle fit we played Ballymun twice - both times Ballymun fell 2 - 0, and even if we were not at our best the experience did us no harm. March was a difficult time with mocks and Orals in early April and the semi-final found us a little lack lustre. But Duffer showed us how; he scored all four, and every one of them well finished, and Sean was brilliant in goal. MacCartans were good but we were better. Ken was still at his best, Greg played well, Shane was busy as ever and there were leaders in every corner of the pitch.

Someone said that anyone who holds that playing in an All-Ireland final is enjoyable is a liar. He's obviously not a Joey's man. The final was a battle of wills. Summerhill were worthy opponents. They had good organisation, good players and good

hearts but so had we. They had good possession in their half but little in ours. In any case they looked into the sun and blinked. In a minor game as tense as any chess championship they cracked and Shane, aided by Philip, was there to punish them, and it was as simple as that. We were worthy All-Ireland champions, and they were worthy runners-up.

In this account of our season it is important to recognise especially Damien and Dunner and Carroller and Gilesy and Greg – many of them were always there. The supporters, in particular the sixth years, were vital. Mrs Giles was the woman behind every good team who kept the engine ticking. The teachers were brilliant, especially those who went on the long journeys with the lads. The parents were there at all times.

All of us have found people we rely on, trust, admire. There is a place in our hearts that will forever be the team of 98'. (What have we done to deserve even one of the pleasures we've known?)

6TH YEAR IN JOEYS BY EAMON MOORE

Despite all the pressures of the leaving certificate and the points system, I have to admit that sixth year in Joey's will always be the most memorable school year of my life. So what is it that contributes to this, why will I like many of my classmates be so sad to leave, not to see the back of the exams, but to see the end of daily life in Joey's.

What I most admire about the teachers in Joey's in their ability to relate to students on different levels. This is most evident in the sixth year classes, when students matured and lost their fears of raising their hands in class, scared of being mocked by fellow classmates. This characteristic of being able to relate to students, endangered in teachers, has gained them the respect of our year. Throughout my life I will never forget the waving arm antics of Mr. Leahy as he tried to explain the basis of the CAO system or, the "hidden meaning" stories of Mr. Teeling, Mr. Carolan the "MacGyver" of physics, Mrs. O'Brien, who could strike fear into any "hard man". Finally our beloved year-head, the suave Mr. Barry, who while strolling down a corridor was always ready to pounce on any poor bugger who didn't have the right shade of grey slacks. The teachers of Joey's make it what it is today and I can safely say that I don't have a bad word to say about any of them.

Before entering 6th year everybody hears from others the pressures of exams + the non-stop study. Despite all the fun, time will be able to catch up on old times. A friend, allies – Joey's summed up in a few words.

On behalf of the 6th Year of 97/98 I would like to thank all the teachers who have helped & guided us throughout our time in Joey's. We will always be grateful for your patience and teaching. Also, to Mr. Foster for being very fair and keeping us in line. Finally, I wish all the present sixth years every success in the leaving certificate and in however they choose to pursue their lives.

Ms. Weldor

Favourite pastime - teaching, reading

Favourite music type - Traditional Irish

Favourite sport - swimming, hurling

Favourite film type and favourite film - Casablanca

Favourite actor and actress - John McCann, Siobhan McKenna

Favourite T.V. programme - E.R.

Favourite food - Bread

Favourite colour - green

Favourite school subject (at school) - Irish, Geography

Favourite subject to teach - Geography

Other career (if not a teacher) - Italian soccer player/President of the USA

Favourite place - Home, Family

Star sign - (Doesn't believe in them)

Living Dangerously

It was just last week when I was selling second hand cars for J. Donnelly, going on with my normal boring life. Eating microwave T.V. dinners and watching badly acted soaps. But it so happened that one of my friends asked me to go to a singles bar, which is not my sort of thing, but I thought I might get lucky.

This smog filled, alcohol smelling bar, actually to my surprise was not half bad, and the women were quite fine. No sooner had we entered the bar than some 'Slapper' came up to me and tried some line, but she was not my type. After about two tequila shots, some really hot brunette came up to my friend and whispered something in his ear, and typical of all men, he was off in a flash. With me alone, I decided to talk to the bartender, and tell him of all my troubles with life. It was before I was five, when my future ex-wife came up to me and asked me to buy her a drink. As I ordered "OHH-ARGH, Fine stuff," I thought to myself, we drank down the schnapps, and actually danced. Finally when the alcohol dazed us both we went back to my place.

In the morning, I had decided that the pounding in my chest was not only my heart, but adrenaline too, somehow resembling love. We talked about each other's lives, and I showed her my work place, and then and there I asked her if she felt the same as me, and after an eternity, she said YES, and in the spur of the moment we decided to get married. This all night 'Quick-Wed' was a right sty, in need of a new paint job and a total refurbish. Our honeymoon was one night at the Ritz hotel, which was a huge fit of passion, which ended in disaster. The complete slut robbed me of all my money, which I had just taken out so spend on our victorious occasion and the keys to the lot where I worked. As soon as I had woken up, half dazed, I got up and ran to the shop, and there wasn't a single engine there. Also my boss was due back in a half-hour, and I was sure he was going to rip my face off. So I ran for my life, back to the hotel, cause the cops were after me for the cars, and I definitely had no job to go to. Eventually I copped on she wasn't coming back, and my only chance was to find her. First of all I rang my friend and asked me if he knew her but then I remembered he wasn't there when she came. So then I went to the barman and he told me she lived on the West Side, and last he remembered, she last went out with a big blockhead with a dumbbell for brains.

When I got there, there was no answer, but the top window was open, so I tried my well-homed climbing skills that I had gained on the monkey bars in school. Ten times I fell before I got in that window, but it was worth it. The place was a complete mess, I could barely find the bathroom, but in all the mess was a business card, "-CRASH REPAIRS-" it read with a phone and FAX number on it. I got the address through the phone book, and made my way there. To my surprise, when I got there, there was the big blockhead the barman described, and what was he doing, but changing the licence numbers on one of the cars from the lot. When I approached him, he knew who I was, and decided to grab an old exhaust pipe to swing at me. Lucky for me he was as slow as he was stupid, and I easily took the weapon off him, although I used a 9mm Burretta, it still worked all the same. He tried to play dumb, but I knew he had a memory span of at least an hour, so I beat him with the butt of the gun until he whined like a dog. He told me she ran off on him with the money, not knowing where she went.

Later I came back, and tried the old stakeout trick, you see on all the cop films. Eventually he left and naturally I followed him back some shack in the suburbs. I

stayed there until he left, and then decided to investigate, and another open window, just typical, another waste. Anyway it only took my three tries this time to get in. As soon as I got into the house I could hear some muffled screaming, obviously my long lost wife tied up in the bedroom (not the first time!). I took the gag out of her mouth, and she gave me some excuse about the big lug threatening her father if she did not do as he said. But I told her what I thought of her and she cried so I untied her, I knew the big lug had no brains so I took her downtown to the cops and after gruelling questions for hours, she was released. The man questioning her said her story checked out, but I never even gave her story a second thought. Outside, the boyfriend was waiting in some big car. So I realised I had nothing to loose, no job, no money, nothing, so I followed them. They went to a huge mansion on the rich part of town; security was like Fort Knox, so I had to scale the wall. The view from the back of the house was amazing probably drug lord material. There was a huge veranda, with classical musicians in a bandstand. I saw the slut and her built up pimp talking to this guy I recognised from all the papers, accused of tax fraud and drug running, but he got away with a slap on the wrist. I slipped carefully through the bushes, up to the veranda and hid behind a little wall in front of a large garden gnome. They kept going on about me knowing nothing and their decoy working a charm on the cops, but they knew I still suspected something, and also where the cars were. They mentioned something about exporting, and the name 'Yesterdays Worries'. I went to the cops, but they went on and on about some boring crap to do with resources, manpower, prank calls, or me being a madman or something. So I thought I needed proof, so I got two of my friends to help me, to just video the ship and the name, then get it to the cops. But when we got there the ship was just about to leave, so I sent one of my friends to the coast guards, cause the cops were probably all crooked, or just completely lazy not even to check it out. So my other friend and me got into a crate, and waited to get lifted on. When we were put into the storage hold, we made out way out and filmed all we could, we even opened some crates and found the cars stuffed with drugs and guns of all sorts, so this was a major haul.

After a while the boat seemed to slow down and there was a few shouts from the men up on deck. Then we heard a loudspeaker and the sirens blaring, our rescue party had come. But to go and spoil everything, they happened to be armed and the crew of this drug ship fought back. For a while we thought the good guys were going to win, but we heard someone coming down and going for an arms crate. We slowly followed him to a big box of anti-tank missile launchers, and stinger missiles. We knew what we had to do in order from leaving the country, so we surrounded the man, but he dropped the launcher in a fright and it went off, right into the hull, blew a hole the size of a Volvo in the ship. We had to escape, so we grabbed a gun each and decided we would run for the coast guard's vessel. When we got there we saw our friend and cheered for joy, ruined for the fact that the muscled freak and his bitch were there, so we beat them until they surrendered my wallet and some other stuff, and decided we would leave to the hospital to sort out. In the end the Coast guard wrapped it up nicely, slapped the bad guys in jail, captured the heist, and got my marriage annulled. I also sold the video to "Sixty Minutes" for a few thousand, and my friend got a job as a reporter, as he wanted as a kid. I was single, got everything back including a bit extra, Donnelly, thought I did well in fact, and got him some extra cash for the cars from the insurance company, and gave me a promotion to head salesman, with company perks, like my own car, and private secretary (quite nice!), and huge pay raise and twice yearly bonuses. I was doing well.

KIRWANS

10 Fairview, Dublin 3.
Telephone 833 2269 833 2260

Florist

John N Brophy

Fairview

OPTICIANS

17-21 Armesley Bridge Rd.
Fairview, Dublin 3
Phone 8363307

Contact Lens Practitioner

PHONE: 8334444

Training PMSI & PMSI Card
VDU Screening carried out in the
Workplace where required

In order to maintain a high professional standard
this practice operates alone location only

FAIRVIEW

CAHILL

Chiropodists

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Telephone 833 2269 833 2260

Stillorgan Shopping Centre, Co. Dublin.

Telephone 288 6330

John N Brophy

FAOI

OPHTALMIC
& DISPENSING
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Full Professional Eye care Service
Including PRSI & Medical Card
VDU Screening carried out in the
Workplace where required

In order to maintain a high professional standard
This practice operates alone location only

FAIRVIEW

Leaving Cert. 1997/'98 Photos and Hopes



Shane Donnelly -
No Comment



Alex Quigley -
Bit o' S+M with
Nicole Appleton



Gerard Murray -
Filthy Rich



Darragh Graham -
No Comment



Fred O'Connor -
To be a Womaniser



Paul Whelan -
In bed with the Cat



Paul Ryan -
Running Own Company



Mark Clavin -
No Comment



John Paul Bates -
The Irish
Carlitto Bragantie



Paul Ryan -
Married to Posh Spice



Damien McDermott -
To be the legend that
everyone wants to be



Mark McGregor -
No Comment



Derek Lowry -
To live abroad



Brian Dunne -
To be a Model



Gary Duff -
To be a real DUB



David Gill -
Sign for Celtic and to tell
the truth like Jim Teeling



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Stephen Clarke -
Chief Lab Tech at UCLA



Ivan Walsh-Bookey -
Retired



Declan Shorthall -
top class musician



Patrick Carroll -
Live in a Wig-Wam in
Siberia



Trevor Kinsella -
To be a gameshow host



Eamonn Moore -
To own my own business
And to have made 2nd Million



Thomas Costello -
To be in the Áras
(Married to the President)



Colm Giles -
To take over my mothers
job in the office (and Kitchen)



Paul Sweeny -
Wondering will I ever
pass French



Des Delaney -
Laughing at everyone
else's ambitions



Robert Lowry -
A social Worker



Eoin Fitzpatrick -
6th member of
Boyzone



Colin Donnelly -
To be a successful
Businessman



Damien Askin -
To be a (CENSORED)
star



Paul Cohen -
UN secretary General and help Gibbo
in his destiny to become principal



Colm Fitzpatrick
Mechanical Engineer

Take a look at...

BANK OF IRELAND



THE DIFFERENT WAY WE SEE
STUDENTS

CALL IN AND SEE US AT

26 MARINO MART
FAIRVIEW
DUBLIN 3



Patrick O'Connor -
To be saying, "Get off Claudia"
Going to work each morning



Keith Monahan -
Barman in the George



Paul McIntyre -
To be as rich as Spoof
so I can buy his house
And use it as a public toilet



Damien Flynn -
to be a successful
businessman



Paul Ruane -
To be as wise as the
Notorious J.I.M.



Andrew Purcell -
To be an engineer



Gavin Birch -
The largest p**op in Western
world AKA the Right
Honourable p**op Daddy



Peter O'Donnell -
Ireland's answer to
Al Pacino



Philip Curran



Patrick Ruddy



Stephen Kelly



David Maher

Gerard Beirne - Living in Luxury
 Alan Burke - repeating the leaving cert.
 Dave Flynn - to be a primary school teacher
 Daniel Griffin - to be able to hand someone a blank cheque
 Gerard McCarthy - to win the All Ireland
 Joseph Piggott - I want to come back to the school as caretaker (Austin)
 Brian Masterson - to be a printer
 Brian Dunne - to be a model
 Emmet Campion - to be head of NASA
 Paul Chaney - Graphic Design
 Pat Carroll - Rock star
 Ken Healy - to be a target
 Damien Murphy - Rock Star
 Phillip Curran - Watching Kev Doherty collect Dole
 Shane Hayden - Lying on a beach in the Caribbean (Hopefully)
 Mannix Ryan - Searching for Gaelic Purity
 Robert Shore - A Jesuit priest solving crimes in my spare time
 James Core - In Fairview Park watching Kev Doherty play AFL for Home Farm
 Patrick Ruddy - To own an Marijuana Plantation on my farm in Kerry
 James Green - own my own business
 Darren Savage - to own a gay bar
 Ronan McFetridge - Marry a spice girl
 Stephen Kelly - Manager of Doncaster
 Paul Morris - wanting to be one of the two who passed history
 Alan Whelan - to be in a trench with an AK-47

6th Year Secret Service from whom comment or Pic Was Not Available

Kevin Dohery
Eamonn Murphy
Gareth Mooney
Kevin Ansley
Peter Delaney
Kevin Doherty

Ms. O' Brien

Favourite pastime – Shopping
Favourite music type – Rock/Pop
Favourite sport – “I hate sport”
Favourite film type and favourite film – Thrillers, The Snapper
Favourite actor and actress – Jack Nicholson/Richard Gere/Jodie Foster
Favourite T.V. programme – Coronation Street
Favourite food – Crisps/Chips/Chocolate
Favourite colour – Black
Favourite school subject (at school) – History
Favourite subject to teach – History
Other career (if not a teacher) – Law or Journalism
Favourite place – Any hot sandy beach (– for obvious reasons!)
Star sign – Leo (– the Lion!)

Mr. Quinlan

Favourite pastime – Visiting Prehistoric sites
Favourite music type – folk/ traditional/ Chieftains/ Christy Moore
Favourite sport –Bungy jumping and parachuting
Favourite film type and favourite film – Special effects and titanic
Favourite actor and actress – Anthony Hopkins and Pamela Anderson
Favourite T.V. programme –The Simpsons
Favourite food – caviar
Favourite colour – red
Favourite school subject (at school) – English
Favourite subject to teach – Manners: etiquette
Other career (if not a teacher) – journalist or model
Favourite place – Anywhere by the sea. I like the feel of sand between
My toes
Star sign – Capricorn

WORLD CUP FRANCE 1998

Group A Brazil Scotland Morocco Norway	Group B Italy Chile Cameroon Austria
Group C France South Africa Saudi Arabia Denmark	Group D Spain Nigeria Paraguay Bulgaria
Group E Holland Belgium South Korea Mexico	Group F Germany USA Yugoslavia Iran
Group G Romania Colombia England Tunisia	Group H Argentina Japan Jamaica Croatia

First Round Matches

Wed 10th June

Brazil v Scotland
Morocco v Norway

Thurs 11th June

Italy v Chile
Cameroon v Austria

Fri 12th June

France v South Africa
Saudi Arabia v Denmark
Paraguay v Bulgaria

Sat 13th June

Holland v Belgium
South Korea v Mexico
Spain v Nigeria

Sun 14th June

Argentina v Japan
Jamaica v Croatia
Yugoslavia v Iran

Mon 15th June

Germany v USA
Romania v Columbia
England v Tunisia

Tues 16th June

Brazil v Morocco
Scotland v Norway

Wed 17th June

Italy v Cameroon
Chile v Austria

Thurs 18th June

France v Saudi Arabia
South Africa v Denmark

Fri 19th June

Spain v Paraguay
Nigeria v Bulgaria

Sat 20th June

Holland v South Korea
Belgium v Mexico
Japan v Croatia

Sun 21st June

Argentina v Jamaica
Germany v Yugoslavia
USA v Iran

Mon 22nd June

Romania v England
Colombia v Tunisia

Thurs 23rd June

Brazil v Norway
Scotland v Morocco
Italy v Austria

Chile v Cameroon

Wed 24th June
France v Denmark
S. Africa v Saudi Arabia
Spain v Bulgaria
Nigeria v Paraguay

Thurs 25th June

Germany v Iran
USA v Yugoslavia
Holland v Mexico
Belgium v S. Korea

Fri 26th June

Romania v Tunisia
Colombia v England
Argentina v Croatia
Japan v Jamaica

SECOND ROUND MATCHES

Winners of group A v Runner up of group B
Winners of group B v Runner up of group A
Winners of group C v Runner up of group D
Winners of group D v Runner up of group C
Winners of group E v Runner up of group F
Winners of group F v Runner up of group E
Winners of group G v Runner up of group H
Winners of group H v Runner up of group G

QUARTER FINALS

1 v 4

2 v 3

5 v 8

6 v 7

SEMI FINALS

A v C

B v D

Final

Winner of A v C

Winner of B v D

World Cup 98

In just under a month the biggest football event ever gets under way in France. 32 countries will play a total of 64 games in 9 stadiums. France has hosted the World cup before in 1938 the last before the war. The French have failed to qualify for the last two world cups, but with home advantage should be strong. Even with Irelands failure to qualify interest will still be huge in this country.

Countries to watch and favorites:

Brazil will arrive in France as favorites to successfully reclaim the trophy they picked up for the forth time in America four years ago. With a forward line of Ronaldo and Romario who will have the talents of Barcelona's Rivaldo and Leonardo to supply the ammo, they are a team to fear.

Italy struggled to qualify but once they get going they can defeat anyone. Without a win since their triumph in 1982 they will be hungry for a result. With a solid defense which contains the veraule Paulo Maldini guiding the team. They have the striking options to break down any team in Zola, Vieri, Chiesa, Casiraghi, Inzaghi, Ravenelli and the golden child of Italian football Alessandro Del Piero.

Germany has made 3 out of the last four finals so they will fancy their chances. It is however an aging squad and they have not impressed in qualifying. The team is captained by legendary Jurgen Klinsmann in his last world cup and in Oliver Bierrhof have one of Europe's top strikers.

Players to watch:

Raul - Spain

Even though he is young he is already a legend in Spain for he has amazing skill and speed. Spain will be counting on him to help through a difficult group containing Nigeria, Bulgaria and Paraguay.

Marcelo Salas - Chile

In Chile he is called "The Killer" and after his performance at Wembley a few months ago it is easy to see why this South American player of the year should shine on the big stage.

Michael Owen - England

At 17 he took the premiership by storm and at 18 he could do the same at the World Cup. His speed and cool head will serve him well in the competition.

Benny McCarthy - South Africa

This Ajax youngster has everything speed, power and amazing skill. He was top scorer of the Africa Nations Cup recently and at the end of the summer everyone will know him.

Tips:

Winners: Italy

R-up: Holland

Surprise Teams: Yugoslavia, Nigeria

Failures: England, Germany

Worst Team: Iran

Player of the competition: Del Piero

Top scorer: Batistuta

GEAROID HARMON

Sports

Squash

The school had only one representation this year. The U16 team of Gearoid Harmon, Sean O' Brien, Barry Jones and Rory Eagan who followed up last years U14 success by claiming the U16 Leinster league title in a difficult league which they won thanks to a last day hammering of De La Salle Churchtown. With the closure of Squash Ireland they were left with no home ground so they only managed third in the Leinster Shield and a quarter - final cup exit to Sandford Park. The future of squash in school is in doubt with the closure of Squash Ireland.

Golf

The school exited at the group stage even though they won 2 of their 4 games and drew another. The team was made up of:

Ivan Walsh, Paul Sweeney, Shane Donnelly Eamonn Moore

My Highs and Lows of School

Examining the uniform on me seemed peculiar at first. With an oversized jumper, I advanced towards the stairway and following a scrutinised examination; I was let go and wished the best of luck. Unbalanced under the weight of newly purchased books and bag. I cautiously stepped out onto the pathway. Stumbling into neighbour's marigolds, I made my way towards the bus stop. As soon as I left the estate, I became irritated and had begun to fret about getting the bus. Mounting the bus was a strain alone and the conversation, which followed with the clown driving the bus, did not help me either. In my innocence I asked to go to St. Joseph's C.B.S. and how much it was going to cost. The driver responded with an indolent grunt, as if my curiosity had applied a great exertion on his already idle intellect. Following a request to the driver to tell me when I should get off the bus, I sat down at the rear of the bus. Thanks to by senseless reliance on the driver's alert and devoted memory, I descended the bus steps, two stops late. Pointed me in the right direction, I ran apprehensively back the way the bus had previously came. The firm straps of my bag had almost succeeded in benumbing my tired arms and the bag's extra weight dug into my blistered heels. Arriving ten minutes late with sweat oozing from every pore on my bright red face, I fumbled through the door of room three to the disgust of Mr. O Cathain. My first full day of secondary school has proved to be up there with many of my most bitter school memories to date.

Fortunately however, not all of my recollections of the last six years of St. Joseph's have been as bad as that day. The various sports played in the school, generally did not interest me, but with the exception of basketball. I enjoyed playing this regularly up until third year, which by this time the team managed to persuade me to take up another sport instead of basketball. I decided to drop playing sports altogether, well apart from the double class of PE every week. Every week, we would cross the bridge over to the park and play soccer with Mr. Adams acting as referee. Every time a team scored (if it was legal or not), the opponents would bombard M. Adams like a team of Maradonnas and strenuously claim that the celebrating goalscorer had been offside. Unfortunately when Mr. Adams ever gave in and said the goal scorer had been offside, the celebrating team would instantly charge down the pitch after Mr. Adams and reassure him to the injustice. As a result, our soccer matches never had many goals scored in each game. The annual September school walks always witnessed a good representation of pupils initially leaving the school. However the school walk was always accompanied by acts of extreme contingency were most people, for some reason or another, who did not finish the walk would by complete accident bump into each other

at Killester DART station and would be conveniently forced to go home on a DART train.

However, the most memorable school activities always occurred on school trips and retreats. On the school religious retreat, despite Mr. Quinlan's hard work and various instructions, many people would play football all day on the numerous squash alleys. Our fourth year trip to Mayo was also quite a memorable week to me. On my first night there, I suddenly awoke to find I could no longer breathe, hear or see properly. Dropping from the bunk to the bare stone floor, I discovered two strips of toothpaste fixed to my eyelids, various brands of cigarette butts projected up my nostrils, someone's deodorant had stuck to my gums and talcum powder was in my ears. However, with an item of clothing stolen from Pdraig Ruddy's bag, I thoroughly cleaned my face of the various lotions and powders. From the second night onwards, it became obvious that everybody would try to remain conscious as long as they possibly could, in order to avoid the same treatment. The week was then made complete by the canteen dinner menu. There we ate transparent 'turnips' accompanied by filthy green tripe. The lunch-lady later claimed was lemon-flavoured jelly.

Sixth year had fortunately passed by quickly and as the solicitude of the exams is edging ever closer, I'd like to highlight that there were and are some positive attributes to sixth year. As a keen supporter of the team, I was delighted to witness the U18's footballers succeed in attaining a place in the Leinster Final. With the superb performances both with teachers in the pub and players on the pitch and the continuous whimsical clichés of Paul Ryan, the team went on to continue their glorious run and go on to win the ALL IRELAND FINAL. Kevin Doherty's perpetual absenteeism (to no doubt impress the big teams... LIVERPOOL F.C.) kept us all pleased, keep it up Kev and get that contract rewritten. Another commendable aspect of this year was the hard, laborious work Mr. Giblin put in as the new vice-principal. Succeeding in the infallible wardrobe of Connemara tweed jackets, mint green shirts and a tie, our man set out on his task with energy and five hundred blue journals. Other teachers always kept us on our toes as well and their co-operation in the class was always appreciated. Overall in hindsight, some may think it was a "Thick, thick, thick" year, personally I thought it was a "Ruddy magnificent" one!

By Robert Shore

THE DEBATING DIARY 1997/1998

The Debating Team was something always ever present in Joey's own through the years and this year was certainly no exception. The four members who formed the team in transition year (Paul Cohen, Thomas Costello, Emmet Campion and Stephen Clarke) still together, Went into this year's competition with one ambition to try to win one of the competitions.

The Concern Debates began with success up to round three with victories over Portmarnock Community School and Ballinteer Community School. Our winning streak in this competition came to a controversial end with a defeat by Crumlin VEC. Disappointed but upbeat the team fought on in search of success. The Aer Rianta Competition was next. Last time we went out of this competition in round one but this year the semi-finals beckoned. With victories over The Donahies, Ard Scoil Ris, the final was getting closer. Maybe this was going to be the year, but unfortunately a tough debate with O' Connell's CBS stopped us from progressing.

Now in 1998 the team stuck together and decided to enter the Aer Rianta Competition. With a tactical change in the captaincy Thomas Costello was the man to lead the team forward in '98. With a first round debate against De La Salle Kilbarrack the stresses and strains of the Leaving Cert began to show in the team and so an early exit resulted. Although this was so the team was able to look back on the years we spent representing Joey's from the highs to the lows we all stuck together and enjoyed being part of the Joey's Debating Team.

Debating in Joey's owes a great deal to one person and that is Mr. Brockie. His dedication and support to the Debating Team was second to none. The support from the rest of the staff was also much appreciated. A big thanks to all our class mates who attended our debates especially to our No.1 supporter Trevor Kinsella.

Paul Cohen.

Bring the Show Down

There's a myth floating around that says the St. Patrick's Day parade is the highlight of the Irish cultural calendar. I wouldn't know because I have not seen one in about six years. The best I could do this year was watch the last ten minutes of it in TV. I used to love it when I was a child: the excitement; the papery floats; the face-paint, the bay-pipe? But time went on; I got older and taller and was eventually pushed out of the front line until I was no longer part of the crowd. I gave up on the spirit of the parade, but figured I wasn't missing much anyway.

This year, however, I've noticed that times have changed. Instead of the usual three-hour affair of "Stilted boys" and "Burnished chariots", we had a fair-day-long festival. It kicked off with a fireworks show that repeatedly had astronauts complaining and went into a four-day, family-filled funfair. Even the good people at Disney managed to turn the Liffey greener. Because of the rather big deal made of the festival, I noticed not only a celebration of the usual tacky plastic shamrocks and green milkshakes but also of our native culture and our Celtic heritage. Pride in our mythology and ancient history is what I think should be the essence of what it means to be Irish. Over the last five years, our national pride has taken a shot in the arm. With more jobs, more tourism, more money and more pubs we've developed from a lonely Gaelic cub into the unique Celtic Tiger.

To me Ireland's uniqueness as a nation has always been doubtless from the time they stuck gold in Wicklow to our mythological colonisation by the Tuaithe de Danann Ireland had been distinguished. Its devout pagans, the Celts revelled in this rich land with its solid forests and prized wildlife. Our mythology is full of stories from *The Red Branch Knights* and *The Fianna*. They talk of honour, bravery, love and are easily comparable to the myths of Ancient Greece or Rome. It was a changing world that saw the rise of Christianity and its acceptance from St. Patrick into Ireland added another culture to ourland - that of religion.

By Fred O'Connor



Gerard McCarthy



Brian Dunne



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JOEYS 98

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