

St. Joseph's C.B.S. Fairview

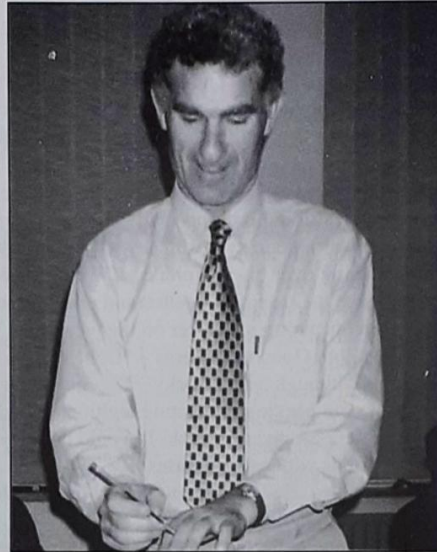


Yearbook 2002





Foreword



TYO - Take a year off!!!

"They do nothing in Transition Year." "They are always doing surveys." "They will never get back to study in fifth year." Who are these "they"? (Can you imagine Ali G/Bertie saying dat?). Karl Grehan, Kevin Purdy, Stephen Reagan, Simba Matatu, Stephen McGuinness and James Hennessy may be the leading lights in the Year Book, but all the other Transition Year students have made their mark in different ways.

Since September, students have undertaken a course in Legal Studies, spent a week in Delphi, Co. Mayo doing adventure sports, gained experience in the work-place and most importantly have participated in The Community Placement Programme. Two have found time to represent Ireland in swimming (Anthony O Toole) and athletics (Richard Yeates). All have matured in this year and hopefully the benefits will be seen next year.

Brian O'Dwyer, (*principal*).



Editorial

Okay, okay so we finally produced the book, yeah! For anyone out there who knows the rock band "The Workhouse Movement" - they have a song called "Keep The Sabbath Dream Alive" (not referring to the Jewish religion) and every time I listened to this song it kept my dream for the newsletter/magazine Ár bhFocal alive.

Our team was moved twice (almost three times) and this resulted in us taking refuge in the computer room using Karl Grehan's laptop. With the demise of our designer, we still did it. Supposedly, our last designer was going to bill us for his professional advice - no sarcasm intended - and he was able to sympathize with the teachers about the supervisors taking over their jobs. What a great guy, especially after someone taking over his job, oh dear!! We tried very hard earlier this year to bring out another newsletter of Ár bhFocal but we did not have the materials needed and ended up using everything we could possibly get our hands on to make this. We had a new arrival in our group a bit later on this year. Our "director of keeping it real", who we cannot name for fear of embarrassment, did a great job. Good man Kerro - "Doh! I let it out".

Karl Grehan - a block of a man. Not literally although he is 'stocky'. This guy is the most valuable member of the team. He did everything from money collecting to illegal system hacking (collecting legitimate funds to creating the year book via computer). His ever-growing knowledge of computers created this book. It would not have succeeded without his 'divine guidance'. Sticky, Mr. Stephen Regan, raised the funds with catch phrases like "we need . . . the money!" and all the abuse the poor, young, defenceless Third Years received from him. He is a force to be reckoned with, one 'helluva' tank he's got there.

Simba Matatu helped Karl on many occasions and collected money using his brute strength and manly physique to enforce 'Grehan's Law' on the school. He also hurled abuse at Karl and me on how big boned we are. Thanks Sleek, and fáilte go hÉireann agus Scoil Íosaif. Thanks to Stephen McGuinness for his open minutes of typing and for his understanding of "Publisher" (Karl knows what I mean!) and other stuff, thanks man, it helped a lot. We hope we got you off enough classes. It's rumoured this guy is 'da bomb' with 'da women.' Well, so I've been told! James Hennessy needs a special mention for his expertise with 'Duke Nukem' and being the biggest pain in the ass ever! Keep it up bro. Hope you finally complete 'Duke Nukem'.

I'd like to mention that this small publication is dedicated to the one with the fuel tank for love- making, T.Q. or Tee Q or just simple MR TIM QUINLAN. Everyone who worked with him knows how f##!ing excellent this guy is. You truly are amazing, thank you for including us in this and for keeping us real. There is not enough space to write what this guy has done for us, so just simply 'amazing' is the word we can use to describe him.

I am not going to mention the bust up with a certain teacher (who shall remain nameless) over the photo shoot but a student received an apology for his tantrums. (Still it takes a big man to say "sorry"!)

LET THE REVOLUTION BEGIN!!!!

I'd better stop now because I'm writing this in hospital and I have staples in my head. Thank you.

Kevin Purdy Croke

P.S. The entire team would like to thank Kevin for writing this editorial from his sick bed in hospital, and that the staples in his head had absolutely no effect on his brain! Actually poor Kev had a serious operation on his ear. We're glad he's recovering well!



Articles

A New Departure in the Irish Language

I believe that the Irish language, in its present form is doomed to extinction if the systems put in place to encourage it is not reformed fundamentally.

At present the teaching of the Irish language at the school has two major flaws: 1) it is treated as a second alien language 2) children have no experience of the language as a spoken language.

The Irish language as taught in schools is not integrated into the rest of the class time. The children learn words and strange grammar constructions en bloc. They learn the word for many objects and that is laudable, but the children have no chance to use the words they learn. When a child learns a series of words and never uses them then inevitably will lose the confidence of their youth, nervously muttering the same words ten years on still without context.

Young infants and children possess two qualities lacking in the majority of adults and teenagers, an enthusiasm for learning and a complete lack of inhibitions. Children are easily influenced for life during these formative years. If a child finds his experience of the Irish language cold and lacking flair, then surely the Irish language will earn a poor place in his/her heart for the rest of his/her life. If a teacher finds the teaching of the Irish language a chore then the negativity towards the language will be transferred to the child. Teachers of the language must therefore be imbued with a love of the language and a love of teaching it.

I believe that if a student is given a sense of pride in speaking the language then he/she will be spurred to devote more time to studying Irish. Peer approval/pressure is an accepted part of a child's development. Although peer pressure is seen (rightly) in a bad light, I believe that peer support the other side of the coin is a very positive thing.

Young people seek support not from their parents/teachers but from their peer group whether we like it or not. This is why a spirit of Irish scholarship is so important. If a student finds his peers conversing in Irish then surely he will naturally strive to achieve fluency with haste.

I propose to reform not only the syllabus of teaching

Irish but also a new way in which to teach it. Students should be introduced to the Irish language from the earliest age possible. Obviously, it is impossible to legislate for the teaching of the language before pupils reach school which is provided by the state to foster the language from the start. A child has the ability to learn any language easily, so with the right support children could possess knowledge of the language. When a child reaches school going age then it is incumbent on the state to provide for the fostering of a bilingual educational system.

I do not, however, propose the imposition of a total immersion in the language from the beginning. To insist on the exclusive use of either Irish or English from the beginning would be madness. I merely propose that teachers integrate the Irish language however simply into the teaching. Teacher can teach children to use.

Going The Distance

Repeatedly running around a field until it hurts is a necessary hardship if you wish to be able to run round fields well. Think about it. Only after you've put the early morning miles in, experience the hail, wind and rain while everyone else is tucked up in bed, do you know that you are different.

To see the night shift worker trudge his way home as you breeze by is in itself an absolute delight! Ah, the life of an athlete. No such thing as a moment to spare. Must run Must stretch. What about leg massage? Sunday's rest becomes Sunday's race and for what? Good question!

I mentioned the delight, the exhilarating delight. The thrill of endurance, the lung searing physical buzz and the glory too. After all, success is to be judged in relation to what you must renounce to achieve it. So they say!

Despite all the sacrifices then, there's the sheer love of the sport. I think that there are many things in life that will catch your eye, but only a few will catch your heart.....

By Orla O'Mahoney



Leed's United

I've supported Leeds United for all my life, and so far they have done me proud. I started supporting them after my dad. But my dad remembers the "Jack Charlton" and the "Johnny Giles" era. Back then the team Leeds United was known as the roughest team.

But can't I have my own memories like when Eric Cantona first came to Leeds and we sold him for 1 million? And good old Tony Yeboah scored two superb goals against Liverpool and Wimbledon. And then Jimmy Floyd Hasselbaink, who now plays for Chelsea.

Leeds won the last Division One Title before it became the Premiership. Recently, under the management of David O Leary, we were brought to the semi-finals of the Champions League and no. 3 and 4 in the Premiership. And now he has bought Rio, Robbie, Fowler, Bakke and Dacourt, to build a great squad with great potential. Hopefully they will do well!!

C'MON Leeds!!!

By Anthony Devlin

Glasgow Celtic

I hate Glasgow Celtic. They claim to be Irish, take away fans from real Irish teams and can't even pronounce their own name properly.

Celtic or Seltic as they like to call themselves, play in Glasgow Scotland, which is in Britain making them British.

Whenever I mention this to a Celtic 'Fan', I am greeted with the response; "dey wor founded by an Irishman!" So was the Australian Navy, but I don't see many Irish going to join them. And look at all the clubs founded by the English. Athletic Bilbao has a very strong English connection (hence Athletic, not Athletico). But English people don't support them.

Real Celtic fans, i.e. the ones from Glasgow, must be rolling around the floor laughing at all these gobshites who spend good money travelling to another country every weekend to watch an "Irish" team play, when there are two divisions full of Irish teams playing in their own country.

The next argument that is usually put up against me is that the Eircom League is crap, which is a good argument seen as we know how competitive the Scottish League is. And how can the teams improve if they don't have money? Which in turn is generated by fans. Start going to games first and better players will come later!

I hope you enjoyed or were annoyed by my article, depending on who you support. I would like to end with a quote from a recent Shelbourne F.C. fanzine; "Levaidia Maardu, who played Bohs in the champions League have qualified as a great Irish team. They wear green and white, come from another country and nobody can pronounce their name properly."

By Ian Cassidy T.Y

To Stamford Bridge and back

Friday Nov 4th 1970: It's wet and dark as we (10 in all) head for The Oval Bar in town to prepare for our trip to London to see Chelsea Vs Spurs at Stamford Bridge. The ferry leaves at 10pm from Dublin to Liverpool and we sleep on board as it is an 8 hour crossing. Some of our party stayed up drinking until the small hours as we sailed for Liverpool. But not me - early to bed and to.....you've got it. 7a.m. we disembarked the ferry in Liverpool and head for Lime Street Station where a full English breakfast is consumed by me and all.

Then onto the town for London whered we used the underground to take us directly to Stamford Bridge. The rain lashes down as we approached the ground and paid in at the turnstiles (not common practice in these days). As we approached Kick-Off at 3p.m we are nearly in total darkness on this cold November Saturday. However, the blazing floodlight makes the whole scene almost fairy-like. The ref blows the

whistle and the London derby of Chelsea versus Spurs begins. The game flows from end to end at break-neck pace with near misses and great saves at both ends of the pitch.

That dark wet November day was th start of my love affair with Chelsea F.C. which continues with passion to the present day. Sadly Spurs got a late winner to win 1-0. However the 61,000 spectators left Stamford Bridge cold and wet, but with a warm glow in their bellies and an extra stride in their step having witnessed a great game of football the way it should be played!!!!

We then began our return trip to Dublin. Arriving back in Liverpool at about 9 P.M. and getting to the ferry in timee for the 10.15 P.M. return to Dublin. Oh, by the way, the next day, Sunday, as normal I played for my team, Portland Celtic, up in the Phoenix park and sadly we lost that one also by a goal to NIL.

By Austin



6th Years



Alan Laycock:
"Laycock by name and
by nature"



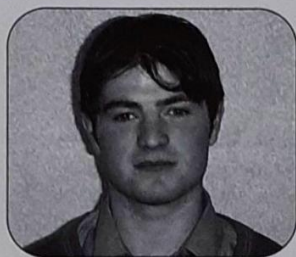
Aidan Whyte:
"I'm trying to control
my rage."



Alan McCafferty:
"I don't look to the future
because it comes soon
enough."



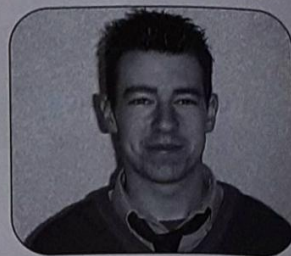
Anthony Brennan:
"If the milk turns out to
be sour, I ain't the type
of kitten that's going to
drink it."



Patrick Connolly:
"Patsy, are you on a double?"



Peter Loughney:
"We have become a grandmother"
- Maggie Thatcher



Richard Mullan:
"I'll keep right on smiling."



Robert Kelly:
"Keep on truckin'"



Robert Cooke:
"God, how did that get there? I didn't even shave this morning."



Stephen Burke:
"Where am I"



Stephen Courtney:
"Remember, the goat is the symbol of lust"



Thomas O'Hare:
"Lead by example, follow by choice"



Keith Glennon:
"Look no uniform - I'm a Repeat - see you all next year."



James McCarthy:
"Man is born to live, not to prepare for life."



Jason Smith:
"You can never truly meet without parting."



Kevin Cannon:
"Cannons roaring, rifles peal": Redser



Mark Kenny:
"Bí ullamh:
Be prepared."



Martin Farrell:
"Two men looked down from prison bars: One saw mud, the other saw stars."



Niall Cassin:
"Women will be the last thing to be civilized by man - God sent me to do it."



Mark McMahon:
"The miracle of Stories and the Mystery."



Brian Carty:
"She told me she was 18!"



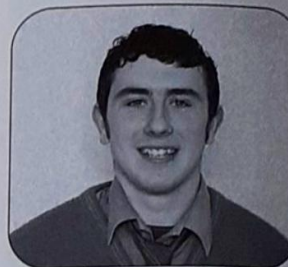
Oisín Russell-Conway:
"Carpe Diem: Seize The Day"



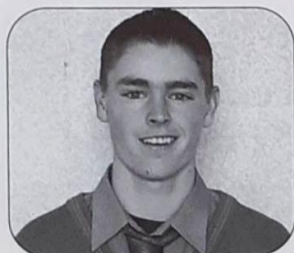
Barry MacDunphy:
"Sometimes life kicks you and sometimes it kisses you better."



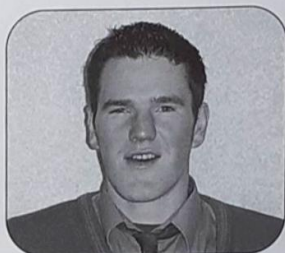
Brian Whelan:
"Does my head look big in this?"



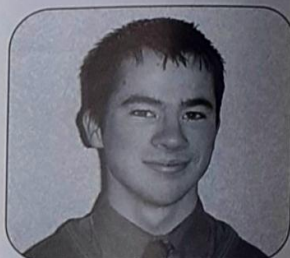
Ciaran Beirne:
"I am not a crook."



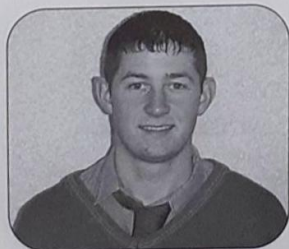
David MacDonagh:
"Come on baby, light my fire."



Declan Brady:
"Duffman! is trusting in the directions of the bar, O' Yeah!"



Eddie Tierney:
"Dynamite comes in small packages."



Francis O'Reilly:
"I'd buy you a drink, but I'd be jealous of the glass"



Gavin O'Reilly
"I've had my fun and that's all that matters"



James Hayden:
"How could you, Whela?"



Repeat Students



Ann-Marie Martin:
"I never promised you a rose-garden."



Brian Mooney:
"Iceberg, iceberg. Purdy, keep those hands to yourself."



Carl Duff:
"Oozing charm from every pore, he oiled his way around the floor"
My Fair Lady



Claire Cullen:
"The half is greater than the whole."



Loren O'Brien:
"When you laugh the whole world laughs with you, when you cry, you cry alone."



Louise Murphy:
"You haven't changed at all; not much does in a frame on a wall."



Paul Moran:
"Ireland for the World Cup."



Brian Kavanagh:
"If I had a dog for every time I heard that, I'd have an awful lot of dogs."



Stephaine O'Keeffe:
"The stupider you are the more surprised people will be when you kill them."



Thomas Bryan:
"It's a beautiful game - pity life's not like that!"



Neil Richardson:
"When the seagulls follow the trawler, it is because they think the sardines will be thrown into the sea"



Donal Campion:
"Ask not what your school can do for you but what you can do for your school"



Glen Hyland:
"We are the sultans of Swing."



Grainne Bateson:
"Good and evil side by side, while electric love penetrates the sky."
- Jimmy Hendrix.



Jason Byrne:
"Tekken Tag Tournament - it's not just a game, it's an addiction."



James Dungan:
"If the caps fits, wear it."



Jason O'Driscoll:
"The first and wisest of them all professed to know this only, that he knew nothing."



Jonathan Byrne:
"If at first you don't succeed... cheat."



Karl English:
"If you choke a smurf what colour does he turn?"



Kieran M:
"To live a life dead - a living death" Milton



Niall Rooney:
"A 35 year old over-weight sarcastic Star Trek fan - your quite a catch"



Conor Lawlor:
"I'm not opinionated I'm just always right!"



Conor O'Reilly:
"She is older than the rock on which she sits."
Leonardo da Vinci



Daniel Joyce:
"For the artise all is beautiful in nature, because his eyes boldly read the inner truth as in an open book."



David Brien:
"The face is familiar but I can't remember my name."



Gerard Goff:
"Would you like to go large?"



Emmet Standish:
"Do the evolution."



Evan Lowry:
"I/m → with stupid"



Emma Kenny:
"Is fearr an tsláinte ná táinte"
"Health is better than wealth"



Morgan Gavin:
"When I feed the poor they call me a saint. When I ask why the people are poor they call me a commanism"



Peter Saunders:
"If this was a cartoon
the cliff would break
off."



Rory O'Meara:
"You'll never believe it -
I've been in school for a
whole year now!"



Sean Judd:
"Don't let it end like this!
Tell them I said
something!" Pancho Villa



Suzanne McDonnell:
"The heaventree of
stars hung with humid
nightblue fruit."
- James Joyce



By Eavan Lowry



Poetry

Reach out if you can

I have never been beaten black and blue
Or any other hue for that matter.
How could I possibly understand
The missed heartbeat
At the sound of approaching steps
Or the fear as the key lands home?

I have never been beaten in my life,
Have never known the bitten nails of worry,
The fear that grips the stomach at a sudden knock
Or at a bell forboding worse to come,
The screams of pain, the sobbing
And the sting of humiliation.

I have never known what it's really like
To lie crumpled in the hall all night
After being beaten black and blue,
To care not whether I lived or died,
Sad bundle of rejection and neglect,
Rag doll to a powerful bully.

Maybe I have taken life too much for granted,
Have taken safety too much a given?
Maybe my world's too free of pain?
I know you're not to blame -
You just want someone to notice.
I know you may even fear my touch, my hug,
But still I'm ready to listen -
It's the only way I'll get to know your pain,
At least a little.

Reach out if you can,
If you can.

By T Quinlan 04/03/02

Life is all faded

Life is all faded,
Twisted and turning,
Just who has the light
Smoking and burning

Multiple levels
From manic to depressive,
The shining light
All eerie and impressive.

The ups and the downs,
The highs and lows,
The loves and the hates -

The people alone.

With fun and frolics
We enjoy the times
With hardship and pain
We despise the world.

You see we're the same
We know the same things,
I love love you
But you hate me!!

by Fergus Russell Conway

DEATH

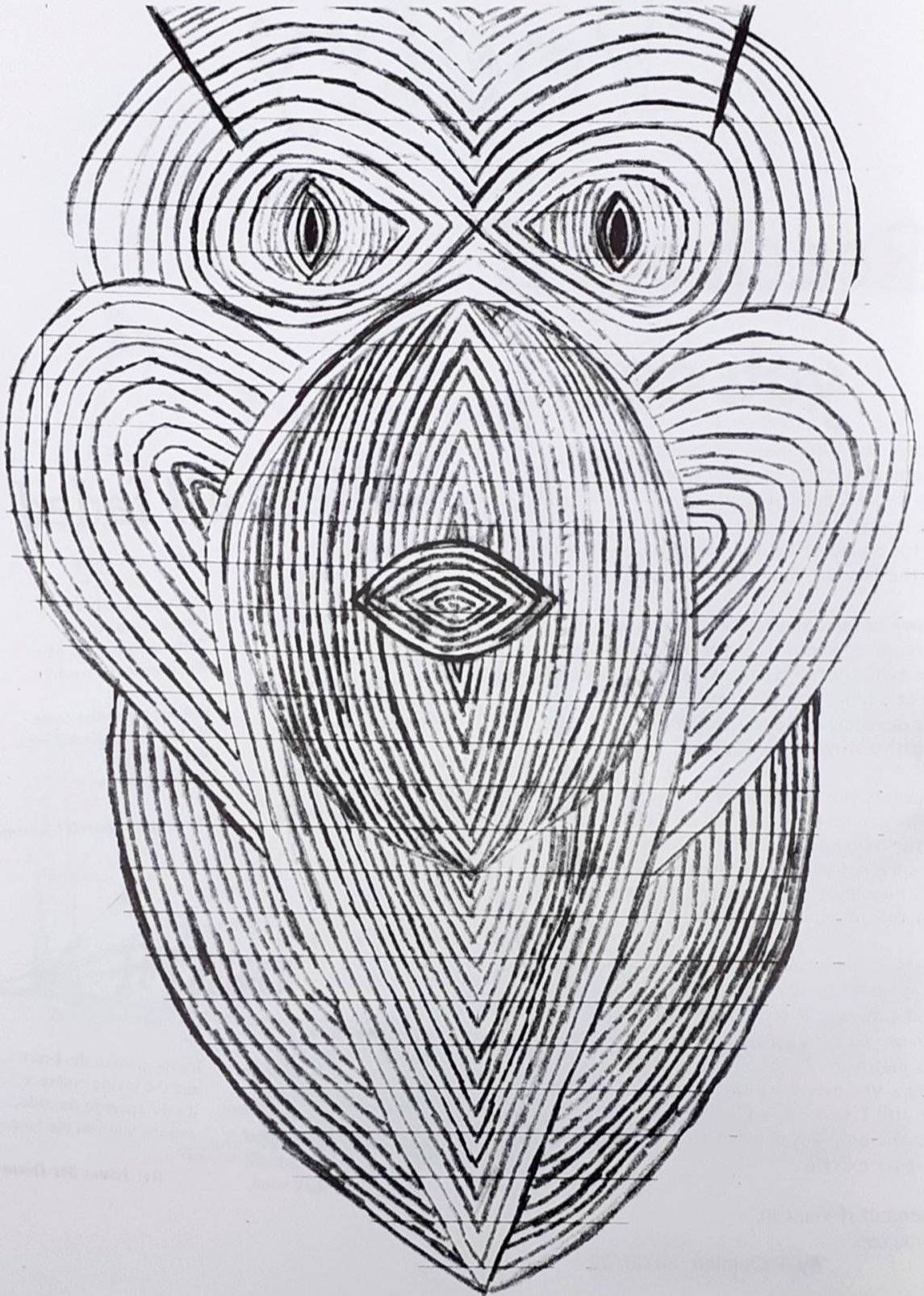
It's the big finish,
the ultimate end,
it's the lonely chess player,
with no man as a friend.

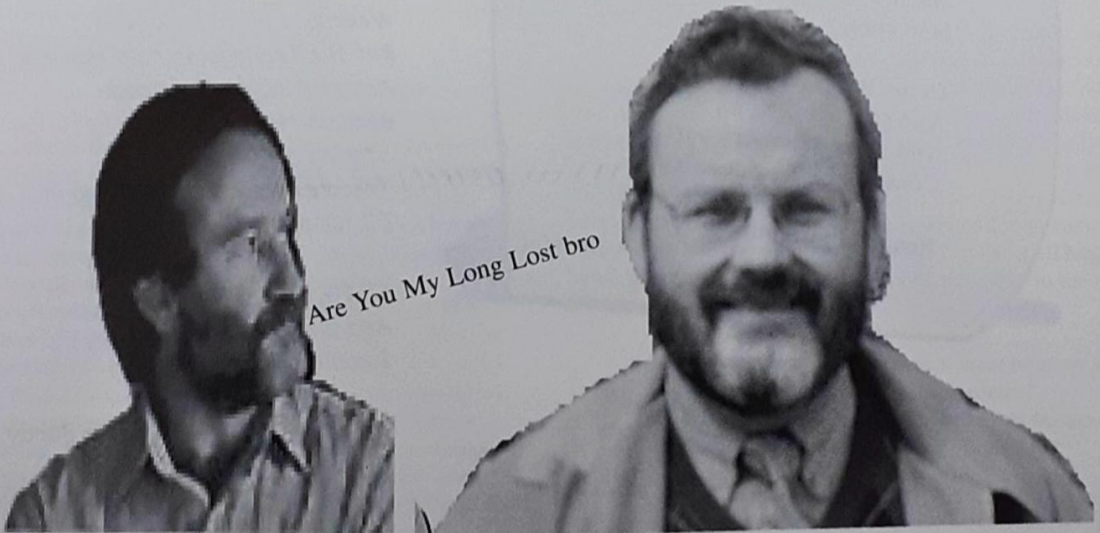
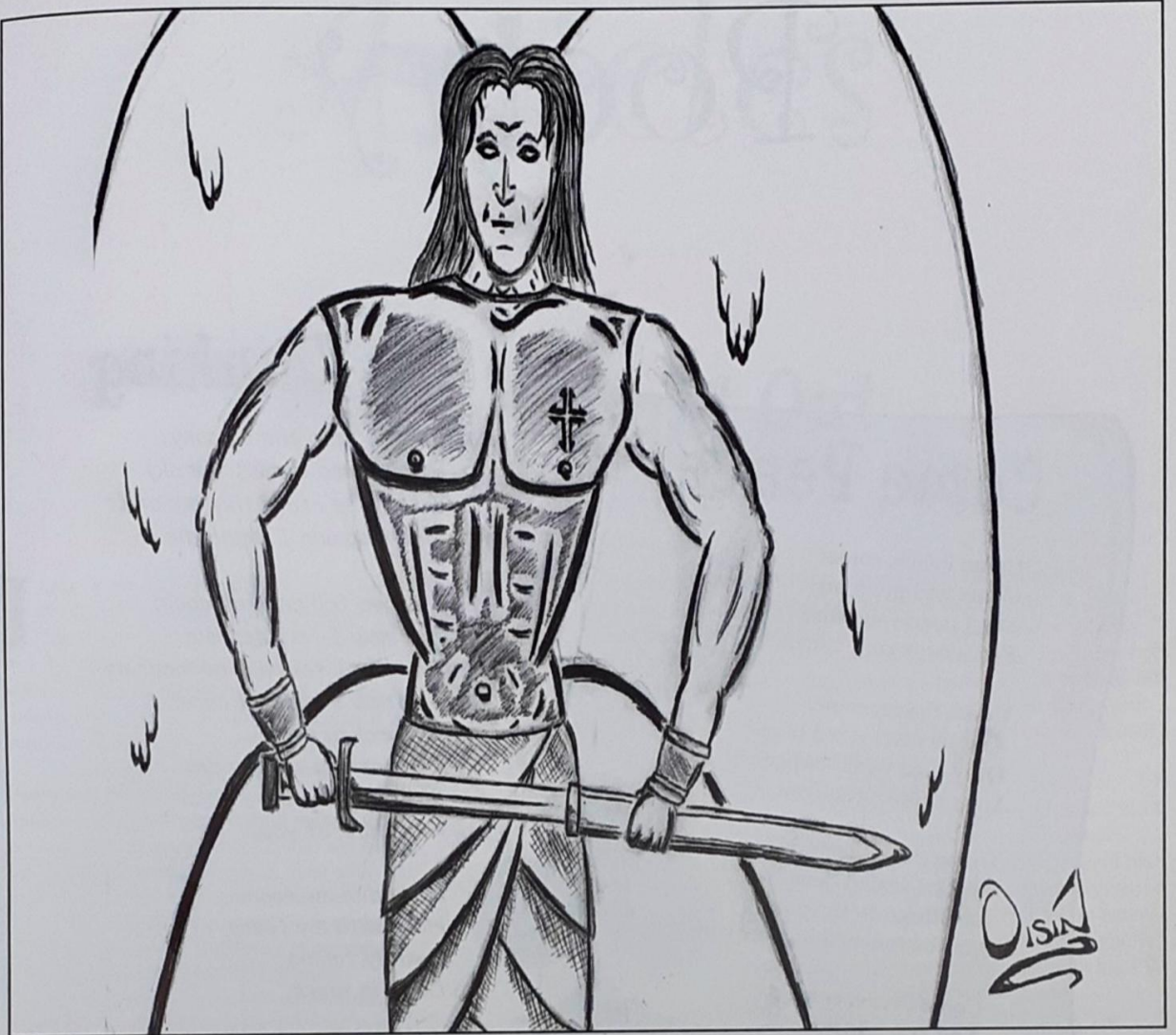
It's the cold winter snow,
as it falls to the ground,
it's the eerie dark wind,

that makes no sound.

It's the pain in the heart,
and the loving embrace,
it's the spear in the side,
and the tears on the face.

By: James Mc Dermott







Poetry

Come Peace

Come Peace, come
Come and greet me
For I need you more
For now is your time.

Come Peace, come
And be discovered here
Only then you'll notice
How people need you

Come Peace, come
And be seated here
And listen to the pain
And be touched in your concern

Come Peace, come
And reach inside
For the beauty of my nature
Is in ruin.

Come Peace, come
And say' "No!"
And spread to every part -
Come and Remain.

Beni Ntamutumba

By Béni

Thinking

I stood upon the balcony
And stared across the sky
I felt the life within me drift
One leap and I would die.

My love fell and fell again
And now I feel despair
And life I feel has no meaning
And now I couldn't care.
I'm broken now
I've nothing else to do
But cry out loud
And think of you.

Locked in my room
Here with my fears
Swiftly falling
Down in tears.

Dressed in my finest
Wearing it all to look good
But the feelings of helplessness
Are still mis-understood.
Back on the balcony
Staring across the sky
The black clouds are roving in
I'll jump and Fly.

I'll fly away from here
And all of this
I could die now...

By Kevin Purdy Croke



Articles

Paddy's Night Out

It was a late October eve. The mist hung in the air as Paddy and a girl embraced each other's youth in a lane just north of his housing estate near Whitehall. The girl was big boned, with long blond curly teeth and a mono brow which resembled the Maginot Line, but her features had been softened by six cans of Dutch Gold or as it is better known as Ballymum Champagne.

As the night wore on it seemed as if Paddy had more hands than a Hindu god. But unknown to him a lone predator stalked their position. It was the local dog Banjo and he had begun the animal's mating ritual with Paddy's right leg much to the amusement of his fat lady friend. Then suddenly from the corner of his eye the headlights of a small car protruded down the lane. Paddy looked towards the ground as the reflection of the headlights on the girl's greasy forehead made it hard to look anywhere else.

As the car slowly came to a halt, Paddy realized it was not the Gardai as he had feared but a two-door Mazda. The driver seemed to be a lady as she stepped out and fixed her hair. As she approached even in the bad light, it was evident that this woman suffered from facial hair. She wasn't a bearded lady, not that extreme, but it was as if two oceans of hair collided on each cheek and created a fine white line which ran from her temple down her neck. She coughed so to present herself. "Sorry, can I interrupt?" said the lady, "I was just wondering do you own this dog?". Now Paddy was not a swcheeeeeeeeeaaaaaaare (mad), but with six cans on him and in front of a bird he put on an antic disposition. "Why, do you have a bleedin problem with it or something?". "No, no, I am with the S.D.W., the Stray Dog Watch". As she was saying this Paddy could see objects moving around the car, but just took it as the effect of alcohol on his sight and the poor light. "It belongs to a family down the bleedin road, alright" said Paddy, "Any other bleedin questions." By this time his primal

urge took over and he just wanted to get rid of the lady. "Okay, thank you. But if you know of any stray dogs, please ring me." She handed him a card, but he just stuffed it in his back pocket. "Yeh right so, bye now." As she got back into her car and drove away, Paddy turned to the big girl, now lying on a pile of soggy newspaper [this image sent a shudder through his body] but the alcohol helped him return to her.



It was not until several days later, when his father was preparing dinner ("No I said two...por...tions of chic...ken balls and one cur...ry sauce.") for Paddy and his brother (as his mother had gone away) that the events of that night came back to haunt him. Paddy had well forgotten that night, it was a lost memory that he kept with his TV remote, a set of keys and an Irish homework that he swore he'd done. The doorbell rang as Paddy reached the end of the stairs. He opened the door to a face that reeked of a badly spent Friday night, but he could not place it, he just stood there and

tilted his head to the side and saw her facial hair shine like her aura. And as his father paid he ran up the stairs, into his room and turned out the pockets of a pair jeans that had been lying on the floor for several days now and pulled a card out. He heard the door close and then the porch door, he lifted his mobile and banged on a few numbers, waited for an answer while walking to the window. Outside he saw a small Mazda. To his shock the delivery woman stopped midway in the road and answered her phone, "Hello".

[A common misconception is that most missing pets run away or are killed on our roads.]

[FACT: the flesh of a dogs buttocks has the same molecular make up as a breast of chicken]

By Niall Cassin



1st Year College

IT'S HARD to believe that almost a year has gone by since I did the Leaving Cert. It seems like just yesterday that I was falling asleep at the papers.

Now that it's a fading memory, I can't help but intertwine those horrific hours of studying with the good times I had at Joey's. The mind has a habit of doing that, playing tricks on you so that potentially the most traumatic thing to happen to a secondary school student can seem like Happy Days. The only difference being that instead of Albert's we had Fairview Park, and instead of Ralph Malph we had that drunken hobo who used to stagger around outside the school.

College, on the other hand, is a different matter altogether. With only fifteen hours of lectures a week I don't find myself dreading the alarm going off in the morning or, just as often, in the afternoon. The workload for my course (First Year Journalism) is relatively light compared to the other courses but sometimes deadlines pile up and you find yourself with four colossal assignments to do in three days.

The fun part is seeing how close you can get to the deadline without actually starting. Today, for example, I spent twelve hours straight in front of a P.C., designing a website which had to be online by tomorrow morning at the very latest. Luckily my masterpiece is now completed and Bill Keller (Op-Ed columnist of the New York Times) finally has a website worthy of his name. Suffice to say it wasn't the most enjoyable twelve hours I've ever spent.

When it comes to people doing assignments there are two extremes: One is the person who has their assignment done a month in advance but has all the social skills of an epileptic chimpanzee, while the other is the person who scrawls their assignments on a greasy chip bag whilst coming home on the Nighthink.

A healthy balance is hard to achieve but either way is potentially disastrous. A certain amount of diligence is required to achieve good marks, but nobody wants to look back on their days in college and remember them as sitting in the library until ten o'clock every night.

Although it might have been a bit of craic to move away from home to go to college, I can't help but feel relieved that I didn't. DCU is half an hour's walk from my house, meaning I don't have to pay for accommodation or transport.

The main reason, however, is that my regular life hasn't been disturbed too much by college. I can still do all the things I used to do before I started the course, unlike the poor mullahs who have had to re-arrange their entire lifestyle after moving up to "the big smoke"

I always wondered what the point of all the hassle you got in school is and now I realise that it's God's way of making us pay for the good times we have when we leave. Think about it the next time Mucky catches you smoking in the bike shed or on the hop in Terry Rogers'. If you work hard enough now you can almost guarantee four years of severe partying, and if that doesn't appeal to you then sitting in double maths on a Friday afternoon really will seem like the fondest of memories.

By Conor Wilson

* REVIEWS* REVIEWS* REVIEWS* REVIEWS* REVIEWS* REVIEWS*

Playstation Two,

This review will be about the two games you need to get if you don't have them. The two games I am going to review are Metal Gear Solid 2 and Grand Theft Auto 3.

Starting with Grand Theft Auto 3: This is a great game (yeh, for about two weeks) then you get bored of it straight away when you get stuck. All I'm saying is to watch out because I don't like games where you are a mindless mercenary sent out to do jobs with no motive. It's just that at the start of the game you get sent out on a job for no reason, (why you, why not 8-ball?). Then when you've completed the job you're suddenly able to receive money from great distances and you develop a career out of it. After a couple of jobs, when you drive around you end up getting shot at non-stop. In other words, don't get it because it is a completely f*** up game and your'e going to hate it.

Now we're moving onto one of the best games ever made, (No not Fifa) Metal Gear Solid 2. This is one of the hardest games to get bored with - I mean everyone should like a game that you can complete over and over whilst obtaining secret items on the way. This game has two parts and has two main characters, and the point of the game is to stop an elite team called Dead Cell - they even have the Russian army on their side and just one man can stop them all. My advice, Get It Right Now ! ! ! !

Thank you for reading,

By James Hennessy.

The Fellowship of the Ring

The Lord of the Rings is considered to be one of the greatest pieces of English literature written in the last 100 years. Now J.R.R. Tolkien's masterpiece has been adapted into a wonderful remake by the director Peter Jackson. The all star cast includes Liv Tyler as the elven princess Arwen Evenstar, Sir Ian McKellen as the wizard Gandalf, Elijah Wood as Frodo Baggins and Christopher Lee as the dark wizard Sauraman. The film is based in the middle earth, a place in the west of Arda, which is the world.

The ring of power has fallen into the hands of the young hobbit Frodo Baggins. The evil Lord Sauron has fled Mirkwood and returned to power on his throne in Barad-Dur, his dwelling in the foul land of Mordor. All he needs is to recapture the ring of power, which he crafted in Mount Doom to cover all the free lands of middle earth in a second darkness. Frodo must get to the hidden Elven city of Rivendell and bring the ruling ring to the council of Elrond where the rulers of the free lands of the middle earth will decide what is to be done about it.

The film is the first part in a trilogy and is thought to be a box office succes. Peter Jackson has truly brought the genius of Tolkien to life.

By Darren Hogan.



Radio Monto. The beginning

by Kevin Purdy Croke

Radio Monto was a hybrid for what we, the people involved, hoped would become a stable radio show. To be honest that's what I hoped above all. I hoped it would lead the way for the young people of Inner City Dublin to have a voice through one of many people hosting the radio show. Now not everything went according to plan and it did get slightly shaky but we were not deterred and continued on.

The basics were easy enough to master i.e. turning on the tape recorder and asking questions but for Karl Grehan who manned the station, literally, it was tough. He was solely responsible for the undertaking of the radio station. He had to use the software provided, which was of reasonable standard, to place each pre-recorded interview, the jingle and phone number in the right order.

I can tell you from just watching all the flashing icons, warning signs, nuclear leakage symbols and biohazard containment signals it must have been hard. Slight over exaggeration but it adds to the effect of how strenuous his work was.

Now, before all this happened Karl had to spend extremely long and tiring amounts of time editing and making the whole programme run smoothly before the premier. Many countless hours slaving in front of a computer screen, watching eagle eyed for any problem or glitch in one of many interviews he edited. You could understand that no bad language was allowed on any of the

things that were to be played so to my horror I could not curse and that was hard to get over. Although it was hard not to curse in the interview I was able to get away from that non-cursing stage in my sleep (my bro. said that I cursed my head off in my sleep during the four weeks we held the interviews and radio show).



My job was not as hard as Karl's because all I had to do was talk live on air; interview Mr Quinlan, Mr Early, Daire Gavin and stand as a security for the actual station where we sent out pirate radio signal to all of the unsuspecting people of Inner City Dublin. The help of a local volunteer Daragh Murphy was instrumental in the rebellious interview with Mr McElroy.

The interview with James Eames didn't go ahead because the topic was not suitable for daytime listeners. We learned how to control the microphone while we were on air, how to sit in the chair properly and how to keep vewwy vewwy quiet while some one else was on air. All in all it was an enjoyable experience and I was able to meet a lot of management people who were nice.

Hopefully another show will be started up soon because it was worth all the hard work that was put in by everyone. Of course the only reason I was able to do that was because of Mr

Quinlan so this is the thank you part for including me.

Thank you for including me,

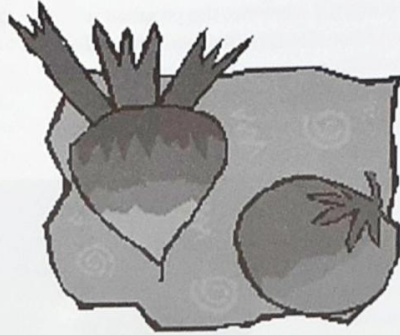
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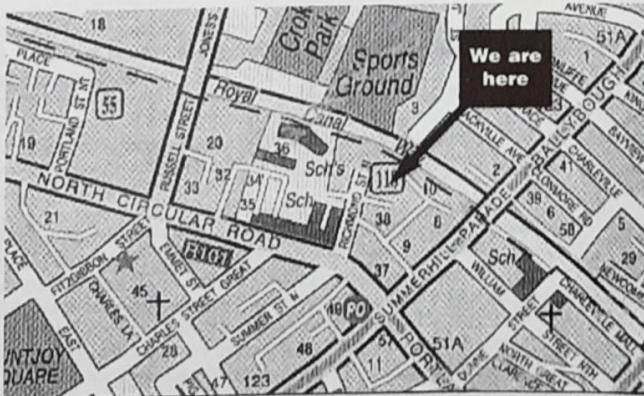


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Poetry

All That For Me

This is for you, my mother,
Who did not hesitate,
To respond to my call,
To introduce me to this,
All this for me.

This is for you, my beloved,
Who agreed to carry,
With all the pain,
This being not get known,
All this for me.

This is for you, my gateway,
Who saw me born,
You responded to my cries,
What merits!
All this for me.

This is for you, my love,
Who gave your beauty,
For my existence,
Yes you gave your all,
All this for me.

I owe and give you my life,
I will be proud and grateful

Above all and forever.
All this for me.

Beni Ntamutumba

For Stephen

A face so beautiful to me
Sitting, grace, well dressed, stern and reverent
Intently emotive
This passion is beautiful and beguiling to him
He motions, almost weeps through the consecration
A sharp thorn digs at my side
Because without him I would be lost in sea of apathy
Glazed and proud
His passion becomes ours
The thorns so sharp
The blood so crisp and warm
And his body, his face immaculate
Masculine and resentful of its endurance
He stays, like mary to the end
And does not shun his association like Peter
Leaving tired but strengthened
I hold his hand and search his eyes
For a love all should know.

September 11th Tragically

September 11th affects us all
When two silver birds crashed into a wall
Both young and old were tragically lost
Bin Laden will pay a very high cost

Now bombs will soar high
Through the midnight sky
And troops will march
If Bin Laden is still at large

Stop the war the people will cry
While others cry:
"Bomb them all"

By John O'Donnell, TY..

Tout Cela Pour Moi

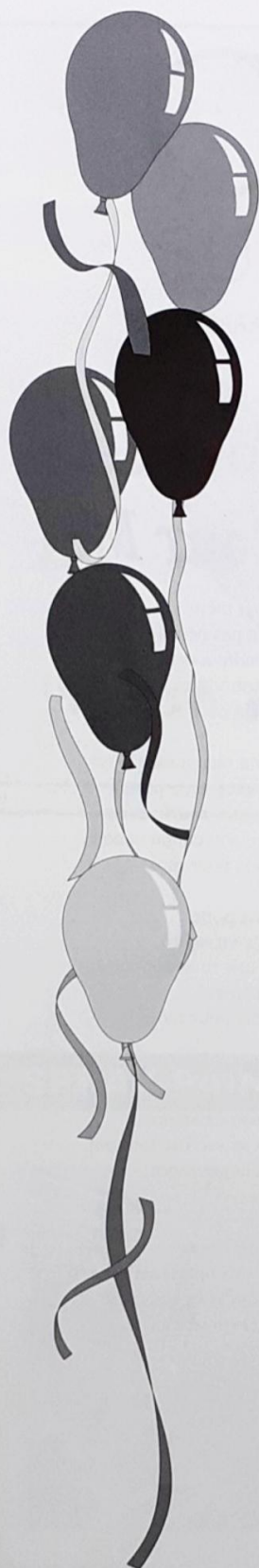
A toi ma mère
Qui n'a pas hésité
A répondre a cet apple
De m'introduire a ce monde.
Tout cela pour moi.

A toi ma bien aimée
Qui a accepté de porter
Avec toutes souffrances
Cet être non connu encore.
Tout cela pour moi.

A toi ma porte
Qui m'a vu naître,
A mes cris tu as supporté,
Quel mérites!
Tout cela pour moi.

A toi ma chère
Qui a vendu ta beauté
Pour mon existence.
Oui, tu as sacrifié ton tout,
Tout cela pour moi

A toi ma vie
Je dois et donne
Fier et reconnaissant je serai
Surtout et pour toujours.
Tout cela pour moi.



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Classes of 2002



1st Year



2nd Year



3rd Year



4th Year



5th Year



My Country, Burundi

Burundi is a land-locked republic, Central Africa, bordered on the north by Ruanda and on the east and south is Tanzania and on the west by lake Tanganyika and the Democratic Republic of the Congo. With an area of 27,834 square metres, it is one of the smallest countries in the African continent. The capital is Bujumbura. Burundi is mostly a hilly plateau region, with an average elavation of about 1,520 centimetres. The rivers are the Ruzizi, the Malaganazi, and the Ruvubu.

We have a tropical equatorial climate. The average annual temperature is 21°C on the plateau and 24°C in the Rift Valley. The dry season lasts from May to August, and the country is subject to drought. As any other country we have various sorts of plants and animals. Savannah vegetation and trees predominate in most of the country and some of the plants you may find there are: Eucalyptus, Acacia, and Oil Palm are the most common trees. Wildlife is also diverse: Elephant, Hippopotamus, Crocodile, Wild boar, Leopard, and Antelope are common as are the guinea hen, partridge, duck, goose, quail and snipe.

With a population of about 5.5 million, the average density about is about 199 people per square kilometre, one of the highest in Africa. Most of the people live in family groupings dispersed throughout the mountainous regions, where soil is most fertile and villages are uncommon.

The chief ethnic group are Hutu, a Bantu speaking people making up 85% of the population, and the Tutsi, a Nilotic-speaking people, forming nearly 14% of the total. The Twa, a pygmy group, account for less than 1%. This group does not suffer from ethnic repression.

The principal city is Bujumbura which is the most important city and port, as well as the capital, with a population of 235,440. The town of Gitega, has a population of 95,300 and is the former royal residence. If you are Christian, you feel comfortable when in the country because about two thirds of the population is Christian, chiefly Roman Catholic. Only one per cent is Muslim, and the remainder follow traditional religions. So if you are traditional you have a suitable place in Burundi for visiting. But be informed about the language you will have to use since the official languages are Kinundi and French. If you are a Swahili speaking person don't worry because Swahili is also widely spoken. Talking about education, one thing to notice is that Schooling is free but compulsory for children aged 7 to 13

years old. Despite the fact that the country is economically poor, Burundi's GNP was about 924 million US\$. The country depends mostly on foreign assistance. It exports one single crop: Coffee and sometimes Tea.

We have also a mining industry based on a small scale exploitation of gold, bastnaesite and cassiterite (a tin ore). Important reserves of uranium, nickel and peat remain to be exploited. The manufacturing in Burundi has been largely limited due to the processing of agricultural products. We produce a small amount in textiles, cement and insecticides.

The currency used is the Burundi franc of which 528 Francs is equal to one US Dollar. The transport is not developed as well as the telecommunications system.

By Beni Niamutumba

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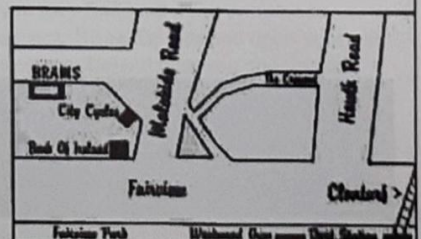
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A HALF DAY FOR JOEY'S

I am writing this essay on behalf of many students attending St Josephs CBS. Highlighted in this essay are reasons why there should be a certain day designated for weekly half days.

1. Not only would it benefit the student body it would also benefit the teachers.
2. If such a half-day were given students would obviously show more respect for the teachers because they would be in such happier moods than what they would without a half day.
3. The 250 (give or take a few) students or geniuses, whichever you prefer, need a little time during the week to rest their brains and a half day would be an ideal way to do so.
4. It was recently published in a medical journal that students would be happier and work more efficiently if they were to have a half day (Damn right! Editor's note)
5. The lunch-break, probably one of the longest among the schools in the area of Fairview, Marino, Clontarf, and Artane etc. If it were reduced slightly, such a reduction

- would be rewarded by a weekly half day.
6. Almost all secondary schools in Dublin receive a weekly half-day and I mean why should we be any different? C' mon.
7. A half day would let students such as me catch up on some much needed sleep because after all school is full of pressures and so many hours at school really makes a student tired.
8. I am struggling, I've run out of ideas but I'm not going to resort to lying. Half days are deadly and it's only to everyones advantage that we receive them.
9. The effort which was put into this essay should be justly rewarded by weekly half days.

In conclusion I have just clearly proved that half days are the best direction to go in if students are to be kept happy!

NOTE: This essay is squarely directed at Mr. O' Dwyer and Mr.Giblin.

By Ian Lowry

Bank of Ireland



**Bank of Ireland,
MARINO**

*Wish St Joseph's the best of luck
with their
Yearbook 2002*

BANK WITH US AT MARINO MART



My time in St. Joseph's

By Mr. C McElroy

I was always told "value your school days...they go too quick." I never took heed of these words until I returned to the school, where I was a student from 1991-1997. After doing the Leaving Certificate, what do I do? It was my first crossroads in life. The big bad world is upon me. I am leaving the safe environment of school and entering into the unknown. Very daunting but very exciting.

I chose to go to college. I had never really thought about college but to be honest, I didn't want to start working yet. I felt I was too young. I spent four years in the N.U.I. Maynooth where I received a double honours B.A. and Higher Diploma (Honours) in Information Technology. I studied for my Higher Diploma in Education in T.C.D. I would encourage all our students to go to college. Don't be fooled either. My best experiences and memories were mainly outside the classroom. Playing for the college football team and representing my country with the Irish Universities Football team, were proud moments for me. Four months holidays each year enabled me to travel throughout Europe and live in America for two summers. This opened up my eyes that the world is a big place and is there to be explored. My college years gave me that opportunity to travel, of which I am very lucky to have done.

During my time in school I was never the most academic of students. I was more interested in playing football or table tennis for the school. In my early Joey's days, I got to know the geography and "corridors" of the school quite well. Despite my lack of interest, the majority of teachers still encouraged me to improve. One teacher in my sixth year had an enormous impact on my decision to become a teacher. He went out of his way to give me grinds in a subject I hated with a passion from first year. The enjoyment and personal satisfaction I saw he got after passing his subject in the Leaving Certificate, was a big moment for me and from then on I had an idea I would like to teach. Initially, it was strange going back to my old school. However, I was made feel right at home from the start, of which I am grateful to the staff for.

I was saddened to hear about the sudden illness of my former teacher Brendan Leahy. Although not always seeing eye-eye, I had enormous respect for the man, both on and off the playing fields. One regret I do have is that I was never on a winning side for St. Joey's. We should have when I look back and see the players we had at our disposal. My best chance of silverware was in my sixth year. I am sure Brendan

needs no reminding of my best goal for Joey's in the Quarter Final replay of the soccer, in Kildare Town. Unfortunately, it was in the wrong goal! Anyway, Mick Kelly has made sure that I never forget that goal this year. Another memory was of a training session in Fairview Park. Mannix Ryan was performing "well" and encouraged an outburst from Brendan that could not be printed for obvious reasons. I would like to thank Brendan for the memories and all his work with me during my student days. I wish him and his family well. I also wish him a speedy recovery.

I was lucky enough to work with all students during the year. It is great to see the spirit so synonymous with Joey's ever present in the school. I would like to wish my students the very best in their studies and chosen career paths. I do hope they have learned something during our short time together. May they take pride in their days in Joey's, a place that has had a huge impact on my life. I thank the students and staff alike for all the memories this year. These I will cherish in the years to come.

Carpe Diem!

Mr. Cronin speaks

1 Life is a time of growth and change, travel and hopefully adventure and a period of continual learning. This continual learning process can and should be enjoyed while in the capacity of a student or teacher. Even though professionally I am labeled a teacher, I am a continual, devoted student to the best teacher of them all: living and experiencing. Coming over from America, I have been fortunate enough to teach and learn from students and colleagues alike in St Joseph's. There are many manifestations of personal triumphs and failures. My focus in this expostulation will refer to the lessons we can take from natural beauty; our surroundings. [I simply hope to convey the idea that we all must get out and really look. It is very easy to get caught up in our hectic every day lives. Use travel to enhance your view and value of the world. Let this be a small guide to places in Ireland and America that will empower you to go out and explore new things.]

2 American Beauty: (a) Northern California, Lake Tahoe, (b) Boston, New Hampshire, (c) Yellowstone

3 My experiences in both Cork and Dublin have enabled me to explore this majestic island and realize the true beauty of this country. Along with suggesting various places in America that dazzle the senses, I feel that a true student of life's gifts cannot miss many of Ireland's natural wonder. I realize that some of us may not be able to make to America, but most of the places that I love are only a train ride away. You may be surprised at what you may find, and I can promise an unforgettable experience. Bring the lads and open your mind. You may learn more about Ireland than you anticipated.

- Biking around the Dingle Peninsula
- Connemara
- Glendalough - close to Dublin
- Killarney
- Kinsale.

Mr. Michael Cronin.



Six years in blue: A satirical dedication to Joey's

By Peter Loughney

I have spent six years of my so far short and inexperienced life in Joey's. It has served me extremely well and it is with fondness etc, etc, that I will remember my stay. My purpose of writing this article is not to bore you with stereotypical sentimentalities but to convey, to you the reader, my memories of that stay, and that I will do!

Joey's, I will admit, is not the typified centre of schooling excellence with the full entourage of modern day facilities but, and I stress this, it really is a great school. Although I have received a great education here it is not for its academic achievements that I will remember Joey's. The craic in that little insignificant dot in Fairview has always been ninety and I will now, without further ado, share some of these memories with you. I urge any teacher that has ever taught me not to read on as they may not enjoy the cutting sarcastic wit they will be exposed to (yeh right I hear them say!).

Well I may as well start with first year. First year is ideally meant to be a period of transformation and acceptance into a new educational environment. It is a scary time for any young kids and the same applied to yours truly. On my first day I was ordered to the nearest newsagents to buy a bar of chocolate for a certain Mr. O' Cathain.

"Get over to the shop and buy me a Kit Kat Loughney you little tramp you! You're a knacker and I'll kill you if you do not come back with my change".

Oh yes I felt right at home. I'd made a new friend. Only sixth years and past pupils will understand Redser and his somewhat odd ways in class. You were well liable for a thump in the head for not knowing your Irish. Many a time I've had to check my underwear after a class with that man. But looking back on it now Joey's has never been quite the same without that quiet air of danger lurking around room 3.

One teacher I would like to thank for some comic moments is sir Mr. Timmons esq. that man is a comedy genius. In third year he told the honours maths class

"Ye couldn't pass friggin water never mind the Junior Cert."

This is just one of the things that Joey's owes to Mr. Timmons. He also came into class totally unable to speak and begged with us through the use of various gestures not to mess, which of course was duly obeyed. Also Mr. Timmons went from Stephen Roche to Steve Mc Queen in the space of

a few weeks. The sight of Mr. Timmons veering into school on that ultra navigable moped is just a recipe for laughter.

Mr. Brokie is a man that will stay in my heart forever. He has single handily turned the school into a devout Catholic monastic settlement through the use of continual prayer and 24 hour fasting on feast day etc. etc. But on a serious level I feel that Sherlock Brock deserves a mention because of his inept ability of providing comic moments without even knowing it himself.

I will tread carefully onto my current set of teachers. I have not a bad word to say about Mrs. O' Brien because she would probably track me down and inflict terrible injuries upon me if I even dared. Mr. Early is in a class of his own. He is at his comic best when riled up and I'm sure Tom O' Hare will reluctantly testify to and has provided me with one memorable clanger:

"What do you think is happening Declan? Eh? Do you think men are selling ice cream on the moon? Hee haa!" Mr. Carolyn deserves an article unto himself, as he is one of the pillars of the school. He comes up with new and refreshing jokes for every class sometimes without even knowing himself. A sound man altogether. I have the big man himself (JT) for business org. Again a man of many talents, a jack of all trades if you like. This man can teach every subject on the Leaving Cert. course in double Dutch. He is another corner stone of the school without which it would be remarkably duller. Mr. O'Brien also deserves a mention if only for his unusual talent of being able to give seven pages of notes on the current temperature increase in the South Western Yemen. I am also honoured to say that on our teaching staff we are very honoured to have the pringle donning fashion guru Mr. Oonan. He wont be happy with that and I hope he doesn't bash me. And last but very not least we have Mrs. Banville our somewhat "pugnacious" Spanish teacher. She really deserves a mention because she has provided us with some really funny moments as Brian Carty, her No. 1 fan will testify to.

To finish up, I would like to offer my sincere apologies to the aforementioned teachers and no offence was meant. I was just giving some of my memories of Joey's away. Hopefully this will not become subject to Mr. O' Dwyer's red tape and stringent censorship laws and will be published. Thank you all and remember "Deo Duce".



Reflections

1) The direction your life takes is rarely dictated by you, the only distinction between people is what they make of the hand that life dealt them.

Gripe

- 2) Repeating your Leaving Cert is a strange experience. Realizing your mistakes are an easy thing and everyone becomes an expert on why you didn't do as well as you should have the first time. Tension is a word that I'll associate with this year because for everything you do, there'll be a reference point from the previous year. Christmas tests, mock tests and Easter revision. Every mistake you make is counted. In a bizarre attempt to motivate you, you are constantly asked "What are you doing here? Or would you prefer to go somewhere else?" You are also told "If your'e not going to be on time don't come in". These power plays not only undermine the students, they usurp the gifted teachers that we love, and they also obliterate any sense of school spirit and all sense of pride. You may ask "Why do you come back?" and this answer is two fold:
- (a) Practically everyone else is going through the same ordeal to varying degrees and in this environment friendships are formed, the co-dependence brings you into school for 9am and makes you stay till 3.55pm.
 - (b) This is called the grin-and-bear-it factor - you come back again and again for more punishment because you knew it would do you good to be in school, and at the end of the day you want to be able to show your results with pride to Mr. Early..

Perhaps this is the plan but so many students don't make it but

those who do are people that have the habit of school, 9 classes in a day, five days a week, 9 months a year. 6 years...7 years seems like a long time at the start but they pass very quickly.

Just thinking about being able to go to the park and play football with my classmates when it occurred to me that we've had our last Christmas together as a group. Six years passed so quickly so this 6+1 has sped by.

Rant

3) It's so strange how your personality and your life are moulded. After been formed in our family environment, we go on to school, we interact, we grow, we hurt, we cry out! And when we are brave enough to do that, when we are confident enough to say "This is what I am." We consider our personalities to be fully formed and our opinions to be flawed but worthy, but this is far from the truth. Everyday shapes us, every trial and tribulation moulds us. For some people, life is too hard and cruel, they have to protect themselves, they're like crabs with their hard shells; but so much energy goes into forming their cover that nothing of them remains. They've become wretched husks of human beings. It scares me to think that this could happen to me, that life would prey upon us, but as David Bowie says "Time may change me, but I cannot change time."

Epilogue

4) I wish that everyone could have the experience of St Josephs that I have had. It's shaped me into a better form and I think it has educated me in life and most of all it has given me people to care about, FRIENDS. 'Cause that's what good friends do for you.

By Daniel Joyce

The Awards

And the winner is...

- Best attendance:** Mark McMahon - For months of hard work!
Well done young man!
- Best spectacle wearer:** Barry McDunphy - For combining style with elegance. A lovely sight!
- The shortest journey in the longest time:** Stephen Courtney - For turning a 300 yard stroll into a women's mini-marathon.
- Pointless question of the year:** Tom O'Hare (Does Communism really work?) -The fall of the USSR and the block countries wasn't enough!
- Ugliest girlfriend of the year:** Declan Brady & Brian Whealan (Joint winners) -For going lower than all the rest, the H.B.

- Best hairstyles:** Richie Mullin: (No comment needs to be made.)
- Sports personality of the year:** Niall Cassin - His military thinking made up for his lack of skill, fitness and all knowledge of how to play football.
- For going on the most "walks" through out the year:** Patrick 'Mary' Connoll -With a mix of arrogance, foolishness and style, he achieved his goal.
- Best stalker:** Brian Carthy -For spending many a sleepless night outside girls house's.
Well done, young men, you are all a credit to St Joseph's.
Now get out of here and never come back!
Always remain true to your principles,

The Principal with principle.



The Victoria Falls

(Mosi-oa-Tunya)

Victoria Falls, also known as Mosi-oa-Tunya, waterfall, south central Africa is on the Zambezi River, on the border between Zimbabwe and Zambia. The river, nearly 1 mile (1.6 km) wide, plunges about 400 ft. A railway bridge, completed in 1905, spans the gorge below the falls. The name Victoria was given to the falls by the Scottish missionary and explorer David Livingstone, who visited the falls in 1855.

The Zambezi or Zambesi river, southern Africa, is the fourth longest of the continent, about 2,200 miles (3,540km) long and draining an area of some 502,000 square miles (1,300,000 sq km). It rises in north-western Zambia and flows in a double "s" curve south-east to the Indian Ocean. From its headwaters, about 5,000 ft (1,524m) above sea level, it flows through eastern Angola, traverses western Zambia, and forms the border of northern Botswana; it forms the boundary between Zimbabwe and Zambia, down the Victoria Falls and through gorges 400 ft deep and flowing through the man made Lake Kariba, created by hydroelectric Kariba dam, it crosses central Mozambique (where it forms a lake behind the Cabora Bassa Dam), then it flows into the Mozambique channel, and empties into the Indian Ocean through many mouths. The river plays an important part for the Victoria Falls, which falls into a narrow gorge 400 ft deep and 45 miles long.

TRANSPORT AND GETTING THERE

There are three main ways of getting to Victoria Falls, air, road and rail, but the road and rail only come from Bulawayo (Zimbabwe's second largest city). Once there you will find that there is a vast number of forms of transport you may use to get around. There are a lot of tour companies that will give you a very pleasant guided tour of the Victoria falls and its surroundings. A vehicle designed for game/safari tours with refreshments will be supplied and of course a qualified guide and an experienced driver. However, you may also hire your own vehicle which may range from a small car to big jeep

4x4's, and, if you fancy something totally portable and cost free, a bicycle would be best.

ACCOMMODATION

There are a lot of hotels and lodges in Victoria Falls. There are also caravan parks for those who would prefer camping to hotels. The Elephant Hills hotel is one of the best and most spectacular hotels not only in Victoria Falls and Zimbabwe but in southern Africa. Built on a hill, it has a great view of the savanna that will take your breath away and a golf course on the other side. Other competing hotels include the A'Zambezi River Lodge famously known for it's view of the Zambezi river which is right next to it, and it's closeness to one of many surrounding national parks. Another competing hotel is the freshly built Kindom Hotel which is within a walkable distance from the actual falls.

ENTERTAINMENT

Tourists can enjoy a numerous amount of events in and around Victoria Falls town. The most favourable include: canoeing, white water rafting (in the gorges), bungi jumping at the bridge above the gorge which also connects Zimbabwe to Zambia, and for the less wild among us, evening cruises or dining at "THE BOMA" whilst enjoying some Zimbabwean traditional songs and dancing. However during the day you may find game drives very fascinating or viewing the Victoria Falls from one of eight hydrogen balloons which go about 100 metres above the ground or from one of many helicopters. There is also a "Crocodile Farm" where you can see a number of reptiles.

The Victoria Falls is definitely a place to visit for a peaceful, care-free warm summer in the African savanna.

For more information log on to www.zambezi.com/vicfall.html

or www.zambezi.com

By Simba Matatu (sleek)



Student Profiles

Name: Deco Brady
Nickname: Desperate Dan
What he wants to be: Set up Irelands 1st Nudist camp on Árainn Mhór
What he 's going to be: Dishonorably Discharged for cross dressing in Army
Fav. Memory: Running riot at Leinster Final
Warning: Don't ask why he got discharged

Name: Brian Whelan
Nickname: Dougal
What he wants to be: Bodybuilder
What he 's going to be: Bangkok lady-boy
Fav. Memory: Mr. Carolan falling down the stairs
Warning: Don't mention the 3-some with Deco + Horses
B****

Name: Stephen Burke
Nickname: Renton
What he wants to be: Pin up for the Árainn Mhóir nudist colony
What he 's going to be: Residential DJ in Deco's Nudist Colony
Fav. Memory: There was one time at camp...
Warning: Don't slag his Traveller memory

Name: Neil Glennon
Nickname: Heille Silassi (emperor of Ethiopia)
What he wants to be: "Horticultural" farmer (That's some good s***)
What he 's going to be: A street artist
Fav. Memory: Mr. Kell falling down the stairs
Warning: Never carry anything through customs for him

Name: Jason Smyth
Nickname: "The uncrowned Prince of Donnycarney"
What he wants to be: Newspaper Tycoon
What he's going to be: Moore St. Fruit Seller
Fav. Joey's memory: Being beaten up by Bazil.
Warning: Never lend him your mobile

Name: Paddy Connolly
Nickname: "No shame Connolly"
What he wants to be: Rich and famous
What he's going to be: Poor and anonymous
Fav. Joey's memory: The time I battered Mr Oon....I mean nothing.
Warning: Never let him meet his cousin again!

Name: Anto Brennan
Nickname: "The Hobbit"
What he wants to be: World famous guitar player
What he's going to be: Busker on Grafton Street
Fav. Joey's memory: Mr. O'Brien wearing odd shoes for 2 weeks
Warning: Just agree with whatever his waffling about- it's easier

Name: Mark Kenny
Nickname: Bazil
What he wants to be: Roadsweeper
What he's going to be: Centre fold in Playgirl magazine
Fav. Joey's memory: Killing Jason Smith
Warning: Don't get him angry - you wont like it when he gets angry

Name: James McCarty
Nickname: Rasputin, The Mystic Monk
What he wants to be: Mercenary Warrior
What he's going to be: Arrested for impersonating a soldier
Fav. Joey's memory: Drinking a bottle of vinegar
Warning: This is the man who would start World War 3

Name: Mark McMahan
Nickname: A.W.O.L.
What he wants to be: President
What he's going to be: Still working in Tesco
Fav. Joey's memory: The last day of 6th year
Warning: Silent but deadly

Name: Alan laycock
Nickname: Browncock
What he wants to be: Pilot
What he's going to be: Still working the tills in Simon Harts
Fav. Joey's Memory: When Mr. Timmons bag got knocked over
Warning: Never interrupt him when he's vacuuming his room

Name: James Hayden
Nickname: Donabate Mucksavage
What he wants to be: Family man
What he's going to be: Glazier (window repairer)
Fav. Joey's Memory: Mr. Early with the cornflake on his ear
Warning: Don't let him near a hurl



Name: Stephen Courtney
Nickname: The goat
What he wants to be: Engineer
What he's going to be: Page 3 Model in "Formula 1 Pit"
Fav. Joey's Memory: Mrs. Banville chasing the pigeon around room 17
Warning: Don't tell him Schumacher is married

Name: Oisín Russell Conway
Nickname: The Mankiller
What he wants to be: Primary School Teacher
What he's going to be: "Named and Shamed" in the News of the world
Fav. Joey's Memory: Mr. Timmons going mad and throwing paper around the class
Warning: Don't let him drink more than four alcoholic beverages

Name: Niall 'Conrad' Cassin
Nickname: Cas(tro)
What he wants to be: Hollywood Fat Cat
What he's going to be: Dublin Low Life
Fav. Joey's Memory: Mr. O'Brien wearing odd shoes for a week
Warning: Never introduce your younger sister to him

Name: Thomas O'Hare
Nickname: Short-arse
What he wants to be: Business man
What he's going to be: A Jackie Chan wannabe
Fav. Joey's Memory: Mr. Early having a cornflake in his hair for a full day
Warning: Don't slag his hair

Name: Ciaran Beirne
Nickname: Gambler
What he wants to be: Hollywood Porn Star
What he's going to be: A bankrupt alcoholic gambler
Fav. Joey's Memory: Reading Mr. Oonan's Valentine's card
Warning: Never lend him ANY money

Name: Robert Kelly
Nickname: Jail bird
What he wants to be: Rich and have loads of wives
What he's going to be: Living in the public toilets on O'Connell Street
Fav. Joey's Memory: TQ locked in Coles after the All Ireland chatting up 16 year old (women)
Warning: Never tell him to shave his Uni-brow

Name: Kevin Cannon
Nickname: Twitchy
What he wants to be: Sunbathing in Spain

What he's going to be: Yoga instructor
Fav. Joey's memory: Every single one of Mr. Timmons' classes
Warning: Don't mention the war

Name: Francis O'Reilly
Nickname: The Thieving B*****D
What he wants to be: Happy
What he's going to be: Jewel thief
Fav. Joey's memory: Robbing stuff
Warning: Don't leave any valuables unguarded

Name: David Mc Donagh
Nickname: The Irish P.O.W.
What he wants to be: Manager of West Ham
What he's going to be: Manager of Joey's East Wall
Fav. Joey's memory: When a certain teacher soiled himself
(We All Know Who)
Warning: Respect the Munich prison system.

Name: Martin Farrell
Nickname: The Fenian
What he wants to be: Doctor
What his going to be: Martyr for the cause
Fav. Joey's memory: Mrs. Glynn wiping the blackboard (hell yea)
Warning: None he's a very nice chap(?)

Name: Richard Mullin
Nickname: Peter Mark
Wants to be: Circus Ringmaster
What he's going to be: Guinea pig for "Head and Shoulders"
Fav. Joey's memory: Cornflake in Mr. Early's hair
Warning: Purple monkey dishwasher

Name: Edward Tieiney
Nickname: Eddie Tyranny
Wants to be: Underwear model
What he's going to be: The Rock's tag team partner in the WWF
Fav. Joey's memory: Being voted the best looking guy in school
Warning: Don't slag his mother

Name: Peter Loughney
Nickname: Rebound boy (Sarah + Ev)
Wants to be: Like Niall Cassin
What he's going to be: Still going out with 12 year olds
Fav. Joey's memory: the last stand off (O'Brien V Mark McMahon)
Warning: Always wash your hands after shaking his



School Teams



U 13 Soccer Team



U 14 Football & Hurling Team



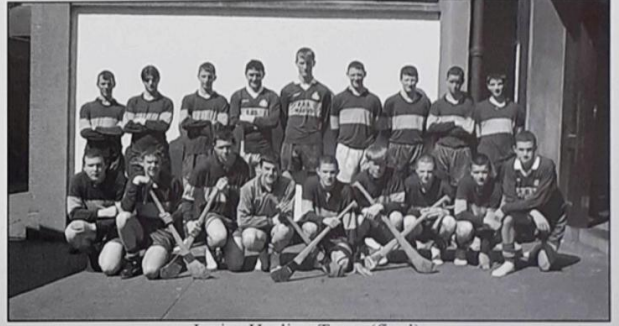
U 15 Soccer Team



U 15 Football & Hurling Team



U 18 Soccer Team



Junior Hurling Team (final)



U 17 / U 18 Soccer Team



Afterword

Once again we have brought it off! Two Year Books in a row. Wow! Yet again it has been fun putting this memento together, but much thanks must go to many people without whom the words of wisdom and the pictures and illustrations within would not have seen light of day. Firstly many thanks to the able committee of Karl Grehan, Kevin Purdy, Stephen Reagan, Simba Matatu, Stephen McGuinness and James Hennessy. These lads were a pleasure to work with and exceptionally easy to motivate. Thanks must also go to each and every person who contributed an article or a piece of artwork. Well done, you have all helped to make an interesting and fun read. Of course, we must not forget to thank Mr. Mike Cronin for helping to take the photographs of the individual students.

Thanks also to individual teachers for their understanding in letting the students concerned off class for work concerning this book. It's always gratifying to celebrate the positive things in life, especially the positive things in our school community. There is way too much negativity in society in general, so good news gets little coverage. There is a great air of good will and a lively spirit in Joey's this year, and long may they last. That good will and that spirit are illustrated admirably in this little but brilliant publication. As Nelson Mandela said in his inauguration speech when he was made President of South Africa - Why should we not boast about how good we are? Brendan Behan, to my mind, gave the ultimate rebuke to the cynics when he said 'To hell with the begrudgers, except that he used a phrase in the key of F for the first two words in the quoted phrase.

The best of luck to all the sixth years and repeats in their certificate examinations. All good things come to an end unfortunately. Go n-ir go geal libh sna scr daihte teistim ireachta i mbliana, ach n os tabhachta n sin go bhfaighe sibh an post n an it sa tr leibh al at uaibh. Bainig sult agus s p as an saol.

T. Quinlan

Yearbook Team

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