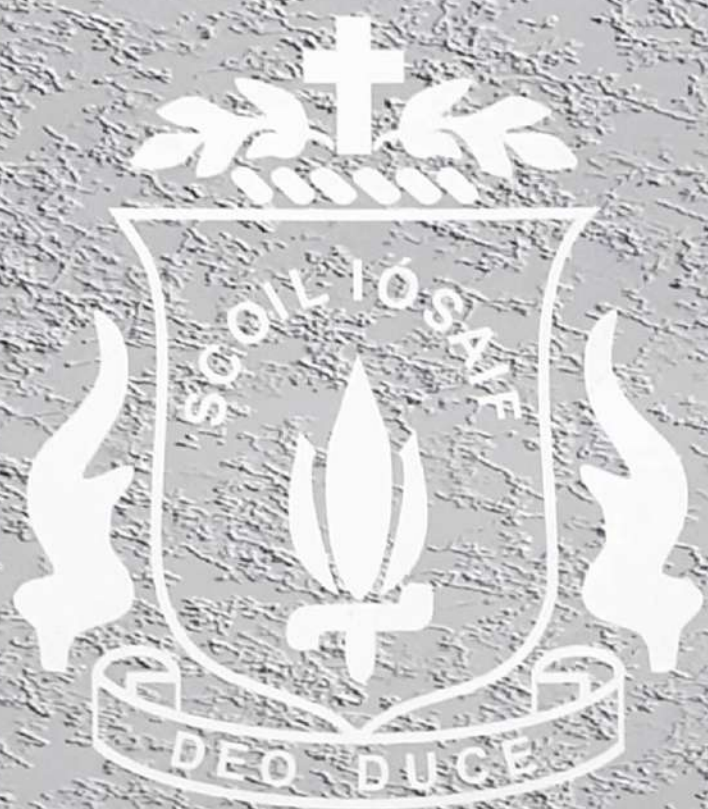


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YEAR BOOK

2004

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Editorial



Welcome to what I'm finally confident enough to call the Yearbook for the Leaving Certificate Class of 2004. Now I've never written an editorial before so you'll have to bear with me because I haven't a clue as to what I'm doing.

It's been a hard, somewhat bumpy ride with plenty of late nights for this publication right from the beginning and I must say there were occasions when I thought we'd never get it off the ground. But with TQ's tireless motivational efforts and the sacrifice of a thousand virgins we pulled through and were able to throw together something that we can all (hopefully) be proud of and be able to look back on for years to come. You'll find plenty of interesting articles, poems and artwork which were graciously donated, within the confines of the book. As well as the pictures of your future leaders at the back... Pay special attention to our photo diary from the year past which is dotted throughout and my personal favourite, "The Three That Got Away", merely proves where there's a will, you can get away. William Eames deserves special mention and thanks as it is his photography featured from start to finish.

Anyway, before I run off on a ramble I'll leave it at that and wish all a good read and the best in whatever your future endeavours may be.

-Krzys, Editor





A Long 90 Minutes Plus Half an Hour Detention

A Footballing view of our 90 minutes . . . sorry, I mean 6 years in Joeys.

We kicked off in the late summer of 1998, not quite knowing what to expect from the opposition. Having been promoted from the Primary Division (which was somewhat of a walk-over) the year before, some were expecting just as easy a fixture in the Stadio del Joeys. This thought was soon expelled from our minds however - some intimidation tactics from the opposition's star duo, Foster and Giblin, taking care of that.



The early stages of the game were rough - every member of the opposing side keen to make their mark on our inexperienced team and, although they tried valiantly, they could not break our resilient defence. We had been previously warned, however, that they would test us and, sure enough, just before the halfway mark, our first major test arrived.

Giblin had previously taken the role of experienced playmaker Foster, due to the long-serving star's unfortunate retirement from the game. This caused problems for our opposition however, with Giblin's presence at the back being sorely missed. He subsequently reverted back to his former role and a rookie named Keane took over as playmaker. It was this combination of experience at the back and fresh legs going forward that saw us face our first big test of the game.

We came through it relatively un-scathed and went into the half time break knowing that what was ahead would be much worse, but an air of optimism accompanied our worried minds - at this stage we had settled - we were used to the playing surface and felt at home on it and remained confident as we started the second half.

The start of the second half was by far our best passage of the game. Playmaker Keane had been removed due to a slightly shabby performance and, in the early stages of the half, we began to enjoy ourselves! This stage of the game was incident-packed as our players began to get more freedom from the opposition, giving us a chance to get creative and run the opposition ragged!

We were soon brought back to reality, however, as the opposing team's supersub O'Dwyer came to the fore. We realised that to get anything from this match we would have to work for it and, although the will was there, we found it difficult to put the necessary effort in due to an extremely easy start to the second half.



Now, as we approach the final whistle, with the realisation of the difficulty we have ahead of us finally set in, we look forward to what the rest of the season will produce. With our team's toughest test still to come, all that's left to do is soak up the pressure and try our best to enjoy the remainder of the game. Although the opposition have been hard on us, they've contributed towards a fantastic experience - one that will never be forgotten and they should be thanked for that. Think I'll end it there before I get too nostalgic or sentimental!

Forza Joeys!

Ian Cassidy, 6th yr.

Humour



Paddy Irishman

Paddy Irishman was the most intelligent man in Ireland. He was the president of the Irish branch of Mensa, had won a million pounds on who wants to be a millionaire, and was Professor of astrophysics at the Paddy Institute of Technology. One day he was in the pub (as Irishmen do) and his mates were telling him that he should appear on Mastermind, the quiz where the most intelligent men on the planet, show their superior brain power. So he filled in the forms and sure enough was called up, and over to London he went to appear on the show.

The moment came when he was called up to the chair, to be questioned.

"Paddy, what is your specialist subject?"
"Irish History"

"Paddy your minute starts now. Who was the leader of the Irish Revolution?"

"Pass"

"In what year was the revolution?"

"Pass"

"How many men died during the Easter Revolution?"

"Pass"

"What was the name of the British informer who helped the rebels?"

"Pass"

All of a sudden his friend stood up in the audience and roared "Good man Paddy, tell the fecking English nothing",

The Lessons of Work

Lesson number one

A crow was sitting on a tree, doing nothing all day. A small rabbit saw the crow, and asked him, "Can I also sit like you and do nothing all day long?" The crow answered: "Sure, why not." So, the rabbit sat on the ground below the crow, and rested. All of a sudden, a fox appeared, jumped on the rabbit and ate it. Moral of the story is: To be sitting and doing nothing, you must be sitting very, very high up.

Lesson number two

A turkey was chatting with a bull. "I would love to be able to get to the top of that tree," sighed the turkey, "but I haven't got the energy." "Well, why don't you nibble on some of my droppings?" replied the bull. "They're packed with nutrients." The turkey pecked at a lump of dung and found that it actually gave him enough strength to reach the first branch of the tree. The next day, after eating some more dung, he reached the second branch. Finally after a fortnight, there he was proudly perched at the top of the tree. Soon he was promptly spotted by a farmer, who shot the turkey out of the tree. Moral of the story: B*****t might get you to the top, but it won't keep you there.

Blind Man

A blind man was waiting to cross the road when his guide dog lifted its leg and urinated on its owner. Calmly, the blind man reached into his pocket and took out a biscuit for the unruly animal. A passer by who'd seen everything remarked: "That's extremely tolerant of you, especially after what he just did."

"Not really," came the reply. "I'm just finding out where his mouth is, so I can kick him in the arse."



Mini-Skirt Trouble

In a crowded city at a busy bus stop, a beautiful young woman who was waiting for a bus was wearing a tight mini skirt. As the bus stopped and it was her turn to get on, she became aware that her skirt was too tight to allow her leg to come up to the height of the first step of the bus.

Slightly embarrassed and with a quick smile to the bus driver, she reached behind her to unzip her skirt a little, thinking that this would give her enough slack to raise her leg. Again, she tried to make the step only to discover she still couldn't. So, a little more embarrassed, she once again reached behind her to unzip her skirt a little more, and for the second time attempted the step once again, much to her chagrin, she could not raise her leg. With a little smile to the driver, she again reached behind to unzip a little more and again was unable to make the step. About this time, a large Texan who was standing behind her picked her up easily by the waist and placed her gently on the step of the bus. She went ballistic and turned to the would-be Samaritan and yelled,



"How dare you touch my body! I don't even know who you are!"

The Texan smiled and drawled, "Well, ma'am, normally I would agree with you, but after you unzipped my fly three times, I kinda figured we was friends."

Funny Facts & Figures

If you yelled for 8 years, 7 months and 6 days you would have produced enough sound energy to heat one cup of coffee. (Hardly seems worth it.)

If you break wind consistently for 6 years and 9 months, enough gas is produced to create the energy of an atomic bomb. (Now that's more like it!)

The human heart creates enough pressure when it pumps out to the body to squirt blood 30 feet. (Oh My God!!!)

A pig's orgasm lasts 30 minutes. (In my next life, I want to be a pig.)

A cockroach will live nine days without its head before it starves to death. (Creepy. I'm still not over the pig.)

Banging your head against a wall uses 150 calories an hour. (Do not try this at home.....maybe at work.)

The male preying mantis cannot copulate while its head is attached to its body. The female initiates sex by ripping the male's head off. ("Honey, I'm home. What the....?!")

The flea can jump 350 times its body length. It's like a human jumping the length of a football field. (30 minutes...lucky pig...can you imagine??)

The catfish has over 27,000 taste buds. (What could be so tasty on the bottom of a pond?)

Some lions mate over 50 times a day. (I still want to be a pig in my next life...quality over quantity!!!)

Butterflies taste with their feet. (Something I always wanted to know.) The strongest muscle in the body is the tongue.

(HMMMMMMMM.....)

Right-handed people live, on average, nine years longer than left-handed people. (If you're ambidextrous, do you split the difference?)

Elephants are the only animals that cannot jump. (OK, so that would be a good thing....) A cat's urine glows under a black light. (I wonder who was paid to figure that out?) An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain. (I know some people like that.)

Starfish have no brains. (I know some people like that too.)

Polar bears are left-handed. (If they switch, they'll live a lot longer.)

Humans and dolphins are the only species that have sex for pleasure. (What about that pig???)

The first annual St. Joseph's C.B.S. Awards for Excellence in the Field of Outstanding Excellence!!!



The 'Robert Duvall in Apocalypse Now' award for the scariest teacher in the school:
Mr. 'Colonel Kilgore' O'Brien!

The 'Comical Ali' award for telling the truth:
Big Jim of course!

The 'Mohatma Gandhi' award for not buckling under extreme pressure:
Mr. Teeling's chair!

The 'Oscar Wilde - "Either the curtains go or I do" ' award for final quote of the year:
Anybody who used Simpsons quotes! It wouldn't be a yearbook without them!

The 'No Smoking in Pubs' award for an idea that'll never work:
This hand-scanning effort - what if there's a queue at 8.59?

The 'Mr. Teeling/Peter Griffin (from Family Guy) award for resembling a cartoon character:
That kid who collects the attendance sheets and the guy on the Haribo ad!

The 'That Guy from Apres Match who does Frank Stapleton' award for impressionist of the year:
Stephen McGuinness (6th year), his 'Mr. Kelly' and 'Mr. Giblin' particularly impressive. Honourable mention also to Eoin O'Donnell for his 'Mr. Carolan'

The 'Government asking people to pay bin charges' award for stupidity in believing it's ever going happen: **Any of the award winners who actually thought they were getting anything!**

The 'First Annual Montgomery Burns Awards for Excellence in the Field of Outstanding Excellence' award for best awards:
Well, I went to the bother of making up this yoke, I think I deserve an award myself! DEO DUCE..... Anyway, they're my awards, I can do what I like!





The Three That Got Away



Preparing for the exams...?



Always up to date with the latest trends & fashions!



Articles



The Funniest Boy in Class

He is the boy teachers hate. The boy who always has something to say about everything. But is it fair he should be punished for having a gift? Why should the word 'genius' be associated only with the person who is academically intelligent? I believe the funniest person in the class is also a genius. He has a special gift. He has the ability to make people laugh during a tense situation and can change the mood of people. He can make the monotonous daily routine of a student more exciting.

I personally admire this kind of person, because making people happy is not an easy thing to do. My own class has what some teachers label the 'messenger'. I can honestly say that school would be very dull without these people.

My final thought is that people in authority should not brand these talented people as stupid. Let's give them some credit for their personal talent. Respect their gift!

Aaran Lowry, Fifth Year

Whopper at Whelan's

The night began as if it was the gathering of a cult outside Whelan's. Familiar faces appeared, being recognized from other gigs. There was a hint of excitement in the air. Once inside, it was packed with people. The venue was very intimate though run down - this gave a sense of old style. First the supporting act came on - it was Declan O'Rourke. He isn't famous, but whoever was there knew who he was. A bond was formed quickly between himself and the crowd.

When the support act finished, it wasn't long before the legend, Glen Hansard, would take the stage. Everyone was all excited and a great cheer was roared as Glen came on stage. He opened with a new but familiar song called Locusts. He then played some typical old frames classics such as spectacular acoustic versions of God Bless Mom, Lay Me Down, Seven Day Mile and Angel At My Table. Even their newest of singles, Fake was welcomed like an old favourite. Glen played on stage for over two and a half hours.

He would talk to the crowd from time to time, describing things like drunken girls he should have taken advantage of. After such strange stories like these, out of the blue he picked up his guitar, and with great force belted out The Pavement tune, which led to absolute chaos in the packed venue. He made every person in the crowd feel as if they were part of the songs. While running way over time in his set, he did a lot of cool tunes to finish off the night - classics such as Hey Day by Mic Christopher, Races, Rise and his last song What Happens When The Heart Just Stops. When he finished up, the crowd as usual shouted for more. With chants for Banana from such people as Casso and myself, Glen obliged and played this as it was a classic. He finished the night with a song called Devil Town as the power was cut. It was just the sounds of him and the audience clicking fingers and chanting the Devil Town lyrics.

It was a whopper night and won't be forgotten as it was the best gig in the history of the universe!

Eoin O'Donnell, 6th Year



Did You Know...?

His name was Fleming, and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while trying to make a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and ran to the bog. There, mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself. Farmer Fleming saved the lad from what could have been a slow and terrifying death.

The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the Scotsman's sparse surroundings. An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy Farmer Fleming had saved. "I want to repay you," said the nobleman. "You saved my son's life."

"No, I can't accept payment for what I did", the Scottish farmer replied, waving off the offer. At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel. Is that your son? The nobleman asked.

"Yes", the farmer replied proudly.

"I'll make you a deal. Let me provide him with the level of education my own son will enjoy. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll no doubt grow to be a man we both will be proud of."

And that he did. Farmer Fleming's son attended the very best schools and in time, he graduated from St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of Penicillin. Years afterward, the same nobleman's son who was saved from the bog was stricken with pneumonia. What saved his life this time? Penicillin. The name of the nobleman? Lord Randolph Churchill. His son's name? Sir Winston Churchill.



TQ Interview

Interviewee: Richard Yeates, 6th Year Athletics (running)

1. When did you first start participating in your sport?

About four years ago.

2. Who encouraged you?

No one really. I liked the sport and took it up myself.

3. Describe the buzz you get from your sport:

It's a great feeling when you finish a race and you know you have run well and that all your hard work isn't for nothing.

4. What and where was your first club?

"Raheny Shamrocks" in Raheny.

5. Describe how you train and how often?

Once a day, sometimes twice. I train 8 times a week: 8 miles on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, A.M. and P.M. I do a session of speed work on Wednesday and Saturday. Then I do 12 to 14 miles on Sunday. In total I do about 70 miles a week.

6. Who is your sporting hero and why?

They wouldn't be heroes, but I'd admire Haile Gebrselassie and Paula Radcliffe. They have brought the sport to a new level of competition for all who compete now.

What major competitions have you been involved in?

I've been in All Ireland School and Club Championships on track and cross-country. I've also raced in Duffel, Belgium, last year.

8. Have you ever represented Ireland? When and where?

Yes, in Margate, England.

9. What are your ambitions with respect to your chosen sport?

I'd hope to compete for Ireland in all major international competitions.

10. What personal benefit do you get from your sport?

It brings you to places you may not have gone. It keeps me fit and healthy. I enjoy it. It's tough, but it always seems worthwhile in the end.

11. *If you were Minister what would you do to promote your sport?*

I have never thought about that.

12. *Do you think your sport is a minority one?*

I don't think so. Athletics has been around for a long time and is participated in all over the world.

13. *What other sports are you interested in and who are your heroes in those sports?*

I'm interested in all sports. I don't have heroes in them, but I admire anyone who competes at the top level of their sport.

14. *Finally, in ten years time what would you like to have achieved?*

I would hope to have competed in all major competitions and hopefully win medals in them. I would also like to know that I would have achieved something good out of it.

The Frames - Far from Mending Bicycles

One of the memories from my own youth, all too far in the distant past now, is that the young lads were constantly mending bicycles and collecting frames from far and near to provide some impecunious friend or foe with a means of transport, and needless to say the assembler with some badly needed pocket money. It seems that Glen Handsard, the founder of the group The Frames, was one such adept and that his house was practically always filled with frames of all shapes and sizes - hence the name.

One of benefits of being a teacher is that young people invariably keep you young at heart and in spirit. They also introduce you to their music. Daniel Joyce of Repeat Leaving Cert 2002 introduced me to the music of Paddy Casey, while Richard Handsard, Darragh Garvin and Ian Cassidy, three current pupils, introduced me to the music of The Frames. Something magical in the music of this group struck a chord and I have listened to them many times since. This article is an attempt to capture what that magic is - an attempt "to pour salt on the bird's tail" as it were.

Education is life-long while schooling only lasts until you are eighteen. By a simple inference then, schooling is just a small part of education. I say this because I note that

Glen Handsard left school at 13 and took up busking to earn a living. There can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who listens to the music of The Frames that their front singer is well educated in the truest sense of the word - his lyrics are excellent and striking and his voice powerful and rich, well able to carry a wide range of emotions. Handsard obviously learned his trade the hard way, but more than this, he has reflected on his experiences and has expressed them marvellously in words and music. Such a supreme act of communication is surely the essence of education.

At 17, he borrowed money from his parents to record a demo, pressing 50 copies that he distributed to family and friends; one of the copies made its way to Island Records' Danny Cordell, who successfully lobbied label founder Chris Blackwell to sign Handsard to the roster. With the jump to Island, Handsard founded The Frames, taking the name from his childhood fascination with bicycles as I have said above. The group, which originally included guitarist Dave Odlum, vocalist Noreen O'Donnell, bassist John Carney, violinist Colm Mac An Iomaire, and drummer Paul Brennan, made its debut at an Irish music festival in September 1990, and after a brief interruption to allow Handsard to play in Alan Parker's hit film *The Commitments* - issued their debut single "The Dancer" in early 1992. There have been many changes in the personnel since, needless to say. Noreen O'Donnell left early on while Odlum left the band in November 2001 to focus on production work, with Simon Goode stepping in on lead guitar duties.

The discography of The Frames runs thus:
Albums: 1) "Another Love Song", debut album, Island Records, 1991, 2) "Fitzcarraldo" released 1994 on the ZTT label, 3) the lo-fi "Dance of The Devil", 1999, 4) The band switched labels, signing to the Chicago-based Indie Overcoat to record their fourth, which according to some commentators is their finest album named "For The Birds", 2001 and 5) their live album, "Bread Crumb Trail" (2002).

Singles to date: 1) "The Dancer", 1991, 2) "Picture of Love", 1992, 3) "Masquerade", 1992, 4) "Revelate", 1996, 5) "Monument", 1996, 6) "Pavement Tune", 1999, 7) "Lay Me Down", 2001 8) "Headlong", 2002,...9) "Set List", 2003.

Other releases to date: 1) "Turn on your recordplayer", 1990, 2) "I am the magic hand", 1999, 3) "Come on up to the house", 1999, 4) "Rent Day Blues", 1999,...5) FAKE (September 2003)





Where does one begin to assess this fairly wide musical achievement? As I type these words I am listening to the "Headlong" single on my p.c. and find it very relaxing with the title track nothing short of exquisite with the depth of feeling in Glen's voice. "God bless Mum" is more up-tempo, but is also very moving - Richard assures me that he helped his brother Glen with the lyrics, telling me that he walked into the room as his brother was composing this song. He has also informed me that he has appeared on stage with him quite recently at the Vicar Street venue for one number. Well done Richard. "New Partner" is a sublime piece with the chorus "you were always on my mind" so readily entering the mind that you find yourself singing along with the track. Once again the range of Glen's vocals is excellent here. The final track on the single, "Listen Girl", is once more a very fine confessional love lyric with Colm Mac An Iomaire providing an exquisite weeping violin to counterpoint the vocals. The final minutes of this piece is a beautifully sustained instrumental with the violin to the fore once more.

They say that live recordings are only the next best thing to the live performance. I heartily agree, but I have to admit that unfortunately to date I have not been at The Frames live in concert. Hence I turn to their recent live album, "The Breadcrumb Trail," in an attempt to get as near as possible to the live experience. I am intrigued and moved by Glen's introductions to each number. This album was recorded live in the Czech Republic, and I see from the sleeve notes that it is dedicated to the memory of Glen's friend, the late Mick Christopher, also an accomplished musician. His introduction to "Rent Day Blues" is both moving and insightful. He tells the story of passing a busker in the street, how he asked him had he any recordings of himself and when the guy replied in the negative how he, Glen that is, called home and waited for his answering machine to record ten minutes of the busker live. Great story. As I said above, this is surely the essence of humanity, the quintessence of communication at work. Handsard is never far from his roots. It always strikes me that buskers wear their hearts on their sleeves, that they, like the wandering minstrels and poets of old, have a "soul for sale", to the enchanted listener, but never, never, never to the

music moguls.

What I am impressed with is the rawness of the music, how moving it is, the passion in Handsard's voice, especially in such numbers of "Fitzcarraldo" which I have to admit is my favourite of all the songs I've listened to. Why? Well, the story of Fitzcarraldo appeals to me firstly. A German director by the name of Werner Herzog made a film of this name in 1982 and it has become famous since. The film recounts one man's obsession with music, classical music, especially with the voice of one Enrico Caruso. Fitzcarraldo's wild dream is that he must build an opera house in the jungle of Peru where he lives, and part of the struggle to bring this dream about means that he must pull a huge ship up over a mountain. I can see why such an inspirational story, almost unbelievable in its impracticality, should appeal to the artist in Handsard.

Glen's "Fitzcarraldo" is a tour de force musically - with violin, drums, voice and guitar rising to crescendo at intervals to encapsulate the artistic struggle. Mac an Iomaire is dazzling and the music is deliriously brilliant, I feel, on this track, but then again I'm a dreamer and true romantic at heart.



Then Glen treats his listeners to a traditional folk song from America entitled "Ohio Riverboat Song", presented in the inimitable music style of The Frames. Handsard's philosophy is direct and simple and his integrity shines true in such numbers as "Mighty Sword" which is a musical statement of Glen's conviction that "money and art (music, poetry, painting etc) are like oil and water - they never mix." As I've said, The Frames are never far from their roots. I also really loved "Red Chord" which appealed to the existentialist in me, my "angst-ridden" side. This number is second only to "Fitzcarraldo" for me. We're all "pulling on the red chord", I think, at least from time to time. "Look Back Now" is a beautifully written retrospective on a relationship. "And if we look back now we'll see how far our tiny ship has come". It is a song of compassion and forgiveness, a song of deep communication. Whatever about the lyrics in this song, we can truly say that The Frames and Glen Hansard have come a long way from mending bicycles, but never too far from their early roots busking on the streets of their own native city, Dublin.

Tim Quinlan

Reflections on Leaving School

When I woke up this morning, or rather this afternoon, there was a horrible taste in my mouth, and something the size of an elephant decided to tap-dance in my head. This was truly, the morning after the night before.

It had started so innocently. Mass in Marino, followed by a cup of cha with the teachers in the hall. I have to admit, I was starting to get a bit emotional at this stage. Posing for photos, signing yearbooks, it hit home that after tonight, I'd be finished school. Me, finished school. I mean, that's the moment you wait your entire childhood for, and when it finally came, I didn't know how to act. I haven't changed all that much since I started second level school in September 1995 and yet now I'm supposed to know what to do with the rest of my life. To be honest, there are a million thoughts constantly swirling around in my head, each different, each unique. I don't know which thoughts are the prominent ones which will determine my fate, I suppose only time will tell.

I have mentioned the unfortunate state that I found myself in this morning. After a few pints in the Clontarf Rugby club, or Cricket club or whatever it's called, the majority of the class of 2001 scrambled for a taxi and headed into town. "Any ID?" I handed it to the bouncer, and after the customary laughing at the photo that was taken when I was 13, I was allowed in. Downstairs I went, where again I was greeted by an unwelcome line "Twelve pounds fifty". How much? I was only there because that's where the majority of the people went, and then to top it all off it looked like I was going to have to sell a kidney to pay for the evening. It's lucky I'm planning on doing this once! So I went in to the club. The boom-boom-boom and crash-bang of the "music" which is still popular despite the fact I could actually feel an aneurysm coming on hit me like a train as soon as I walked in. I saw some of the lads straight away and made my way towards them. After half an hour of fighting through the crowds I finally made it to them, and more importantly, the bar. Well, maybe I'm wrong there. Tonight the bar WASN'T more important. There must have been hundreds in that place, yet the lads (and the girls) were close. Probably closer than I've ever seen. We were dancing, laughing and joking for hours. And even though I was REALLY enjoying myself, there

was a certain sense of finality about the evening. After we left the club, we would officially no longer be part of the same group. Sure we've still the exams to do, but apart from that, it's over. School is gone. I sat in the taxi on the way home, and those million thoughts began to swirl around in my head again. Did I forget to say goodbye to someone? And I finally found the most prominent thought that was among the million in my head: Now what?

What do I do? College? A job? God only knows what is in store for me. It's now 8:40pm, and it's with a certain irony that I'm getting ready to go out; with the lads and girls from school. We may not have noticed it happening, but we all changed in the past day. We're schoolkids no longer, what we are now remains to be seen.

John Doherty, Leaving Cert 2001

"A Ham Salad Roll and a Bottle of Orange"

Where has it all gone wrong? More than eleven years have passed since the first day I put on a Joeys uniform, the blue blazer mirroring the sky. That was one thing you learned from being in school - September was always the sunniest month. Mr McCarthy was my first teacher. Things were very simple I suppose back then, if you kept out of trouble or at least went to the trouble of not being caught, then you got a ten penny token for something in the school shop. Ten pence seemed so much back then, when you had the choice of ten jellies, five refreshers or a Roy of the Rovers bar.

Third year saw the entrance of the new principal, Mr Walsh, a man I'm glad to say I had no dealings with. He had the ability of making you cry without hitting you. He would shout so loud into your face that the pain of the bursting ear-drums would surely make the tears flow. But it should be said the man did good things for the school too. Putting tarmac over the yard, especially, helped our football games, the treacherous concrete slabs before them not making for a great game.

I wish that I was back in those days again, when the only things that mattered was who won the lunch time match, which was a very competitive affair. Being only fifth class it was a long time, well for most of us, before any effects of drink or smoking set in on our bodies.





Heinzer' was the main man in that school. Everyday there was something new and in most cases, it was fun. Battleship went on for a while that was fun, though I was on the team whose sheet was found and ships sunk profusely. Then there was the history lectures, packed with masses and masses of facts figures about the World Wars and who could forget the debates between himself and Vinny Kelly. He just had a way to make things interesting. Anytime our attentions were drifting it was out with a chorus of 'Big bad John' or 'MacDonald where's your trousers'.

Heinzer' had a easy system to get by. Once you learned six Irish and six English words a day and did your Maths homework you were fine. Twenty minutes at most and yet it was such a long time when you were ten. If you did this you got a voucher. Ten vouchers and you got one night free of homework. Griffo was put in charge of the organisational end and did so fairly and justly, well in Griffo's terms, how most people got off every second night is mathematical challenging. Me thinks the same vouchers were used more than once.

Out of the thirty-four of us who went to Joeys primary, twenty-seven of us continued onto Joeys Secondary. Of those sixteen remain and I hope this article brings back a few memories. The idea of writing about the primary school in the secondary school's year book seems a bit ridiculous, but remember it's me, the future accountant, so there has to be some logic in it. I leave you with one piece of advice:

"Cigarettes and Whisky,
And wild, wild, women,
They'll take all your money
and drive you insane"

Craig Berry, Past Pupil

TQ Interview

Interviewee: Anthony O'Toole, 6th Year
Swimming

1. When did you first start participating in your sport?
When I was 7.

2. Who encouraged you?
My parents and grandfather.

3. Describe the buzz you get from your sport:

Winning, and especially getting the Junior 200 metre Breaststroke Champion Trophy at Lisburn, etc

4. What and where was your first club?
Clontarf Raheny Competitive Swimming Club

5. Describe how you train and how often?
Once a day, sometimes twice. I get up at half five on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday mornings. I do about 5km a session.

6. Who is your sporting hero and why?
None at present.

7. What major competitions have you been involved in?
European Youth Olympics, National Irish Championships, Leisureland and International Schools.

8. Have you ever represented Ireland? When and where?
Yes, 2001 Murcia, Spain and 2002 Scotland.

9. What are your ambitions with respect to your chosen sport?
Junior Europeans and Team Ireland.

10. What personal benefit do you get from your sport?
Keeps you fit and winning a lot.

11. If you were Minister what would you do to promote your sport?
Put more money into it.

12. Do you think your sport is a minority one?
Yes

13. What other sports are you interested in and who are your heroes in those sports?
Soccer, Roy Keane.

14. Finally, in ten years time what would you like to have achieved?
Team Ireland on a regular basis and the Olympics.

Ty Science Week

This year's community placement has to be the highlight of the year. We have been teaching the Joey's Primary science for the week. Instead of being taught we became teachers for the week. I think it is great that we were given the opportunity to work with children.

A few days before we were about to start teaching we were given a science pack. I was given the pack on Light and I said 'Oh God this is going to be boring' but when I started teaching I found it to be interesting. I was showing the kids what to do and every time I did a new experiment I was learning something new. This was a way for me to learn my new teaching technique. Most of the children in the primary were great, they listened, asked questions and I was surprised by how much they knew because some of the things I was doing with them was first year material. I believe that the children were very interested; they have learnt a lot of new things that will help them in first year. Thanks has to be given to our Ty Coordinator Mr Oonan who has put a lot of time and effort into community placement and has spent a lot of time on it.

By Paul McCormack

School Trip 2002: Italy

Some people said before we set off that the Italian Trip would not live up to previous trips, but they were wrong. We had to meet at the school at 4 O'clock in the morning. Some people were, justifiably, a bit tired but most of us were wide awake and ready to go.

We suffered a knock back at Dublin Airport, when our flight was delayed for nearly two hours but all the lads sat tight and waited patiently until we were ready to depart. By the time we stopped off at Heathrow and arrived in Milan it was too late to go to Gardaland; which I think everybody would

have enjoyed but there was nothing we could do about it so we went around the city of Milan for a couple of hours instead. The next day we went to Venice where we had a guided tour of the city. Some of us took a ride on a gondola which didn't come cheap. They cost sixty euro or fifteen euro between four of us. Most of the lads had a bit of a sing-song in Venice with a busker, which was a laugh. When it was time to leave, two of the lads didn't show up on time, arriving a half an hour late. They paid the price for not having the right time on their watches, after that they got a bit of stick but it was only a joke. That night we played a football tournament and Mr. O'Dwyer showed that he still had it in him to beat the lads! (For any misconstruing person, this refers to the football match, Ed.)

The next day we spent some time around the city and chapels with Mr. Brockie and that night we went bowling. Miss Martin showed her group a thing or two about how to bowl when she hammered everyone on that lane. Aaron Lowry was devastated. On the Wednesday we spent several hours shopping in Milan before setting out to go to the big match - Inter vs. Rosenberg! Everyone enjoyed watching Inter hammer Rosenberg 3-0 and then we went back to the hotel.

On the Thursday we took a cable car 5,000 feet up a mountain and then went disco bowling that night. There were dancers there that caught everybody's attention. This time Aaron Lowry wasn't going to let this one slip away and he defeated Miss Martin by three points.

On the Friday we took a boat trip around Sirimione. Mr. Brockie was enjoying himself until I told the driver to go faster and we were bombing across the river. We had our dinner there and then set off back to Milan Airport, where we flew to Heathrow and on to Dublin. We arrived back at the school at twenty past eleven from another successful trip all thanks to Mr. Oonan and his planning.

By Glenn Harman





Racism, a Dangerous Attitude

It would be quite normal to say that in every part of the world there are people who prefer to keep to the old traditional ideas, manners and practices simply because they don't accept a different race.

Most of the time these are that kind of people who did not get any chance of sitting on a school chair. I believe that school is a place where not only would they have been taught about the external world such as how others live, but also they would have learnt how to coexist with a foreigner despite the difference of thoughts, of living and mostly despite the difference of colour, not to mention of race. School is about this kind of education.

In every country we find groups of people who believe in racism. These people belong to the lower social class. They associate narrowly the presence of others races with their own unsuccessful financial situation. This is totally and absolutely wrong on any scientific or economic principles. There are many other explanations for impoverishment.

Such people lack knowledge of human rights. It would be beneficial for them to know that all people are equal especially when talking in terms of human rights. It would be very important to highlight here that racism is found in every single community of human beings, and that it would be vital for tomorrow's generations that we should strive to eradicate any kind of discriminatory practices.

Béni Ntamatumba, Past Pupil

TQ Interview

Interviewee: Bryan Campbell
Show Jumping

1. When did you first start participating in your sport? Around 5-6 years ago

2. Who encouraged you?

It was my own interest, but everyone supported me.

3. Describe the buzz you get from your sport. Undescribable, you've got to try it to feel it.

4. What and where was your first club? There's no club. I ride and work in Broadmeadow Equestrian Centre in Ashbourne in county Meath.

5. Describe how you train and how often? Every time I'm up there I school and train horses for other people, and jump their horses if they want.

6. Who is your sporting hero and why? I've no sporting hero, but my icon is my father. He used to play for the Dubs years ago.

7. What major competitions have you been involved in? I've jumped in Dijon in France in the internationals, and in October I won the 1.30m speed finals in Cavan.

8. Have you ever represented Ireland? When and where? Yes, In Dijon, France in the Internationals.

9. What are your ambitions with respect to your chosen sport? To go as far as I can go, maybe even set up a yard in the future.

10. What personal benefit do you get from your sport? It's a love and passion for both the animal and the sport. You receive a great deal of horsemanship and great respect from the animal.

11. If you were Minister what would you do to promote your sport? You can't really promote it. It's known worldwide - you've got to try it for yourself

12. Do you think your sport is a minority one? No, millions upon millions do it. Only a few go on to be famous and be at the top.

13. What other sports are you interested in and who are your heroes in those sports? I play any and every sport, but I really have no heroes.

14. Finally, in ten years time what would you like to have achieved? Finished college and settled down, have a home and still be participating in the equestrian world, and have loads of money.

Poems



The Sea

(By James McDermott)

I sat upon a boat one day,
And looked out to the sea,
I saw the sunshine glaring,
As bright as it could be.

And watching the waves,
As they went to and fro,
I thought about the secrets,
My heart shall never know.

So I looked beneath the surface,
And what was there to find?
But little schools of fish,
All swimming with one mind.

And deeper still, I found new life,
That I had never seen,
These visions usually found,
By those in submarines.

I looked into the cold abyss,
And tried my best to see,
When suddenly, a flash of light,
A reflection, it was me.

What a Man May Be?

(By Kevin Purdy 5th Year)

"This is my life" cried the poor man
As he walked his way through town,
And nobody even noticed
That on his head laid a crown.
He walked amongst the poor
And the rich gave no pity,
But money is hard to come by,
In this rich and powerful city.
The torn within the poor man's hearth
Began to bleed his chest,
And he walked through showing everyone
That he could look his best.
Even then no-one cared
Or even went to help,
But a poor beggar woman
Ran to him and began to yelp.
"He's dying, he's dying"
She began to say,
But the poor old man
Just began to sway.
"Oh God no", screams the woman
As his life's force drips away,
And not a single person
Cared about him on that day.

Except the poor old woman
Who helped him to his feet
An he the beggar man, said to her:
"There will always be a place for you at my
fathers seat."

Oh Grand Père

(Béni Ntamatumba)

*Quel plaisir d'avoir existé!
En toi un homme on voit,
Oh Grand Père!*

*De remerciements l'on te doit
Pour de merveilleuses choses apportées,
Oh Grand Père.*

*Par tes contes on rêve,
Par tes dires on s'abreuve,
Oh Grand Père!
D'un amour très chère
En meurent tes frères.
Oh Grand Père!*

*Pleine est ta tête
Qui est aussi bien faite
Oh Grand Père!
Qui procure d'idées pertinentes
Qu'on en devienne content
Oh Grand Père!*

*Je parlerai à mes generations
De tes inoubliables inspirations
Oh Grand Père!
Qui les feront des savants
Afin que tu restes vivant.
Oh Grand Père!*



Oh Granddad

What pleasure to have lived!
We saw a man in you,
Oh Granddad!
We thank you
For all the marvellous things you brought,
Oh Granddad!

We dream through your stories,
We refresh ourselves with your sayings

Oh Granddad!

With a very precious love
In dying they are your brothers
Oh Granddad!

Your head is at its fullest
And also so dignified

Oh Granddad!

It catches pertinent ideas
With which we become content
Oh Granddad!

I will speak to my descendants
Of your unforgettable inspiration

Oh Granddad!

And that will make of them wise people
So that you remain living

Oh Granddad!

Lines Near The Lighthouse

The childlike call of the lambs,
The happy song of the birds,
The silken whispering of the sea
Kissing the rocks at the bottom of the cliff,
The ponderous murmur of the water tumbling
Into the eternity of elements
On rocks as ancient
As the Word of God

At the time of the creation of the universe.

Here on Aranmore cliffs

I feel like an a monk

In search of God's Wisdom

In his own heart.

Línte Gar do Theach an tSolais

Glaob leanbaí na n-uan,

Ceol croíúil na n-éan,

Siosarnach síodiúil na farraige

Ag pógadh carraigeacha ag bun aille,

Monabhar mall an easa ag titim síos

I síoraíocht na ndúl,

Ar charraigeacha atá chomh seanda

Le Briathar Dé

Ag am cruthaithe na cruinne.

Anseo ar aillte Árainn Mhóir

Mothaím mar mhanach ar thóir

Eagna Dé i gciúnas a chroí.

T. Quinlan (T Ó Caoinleáin)

Challenge

What is a challenge?

The ability to compete with others?
Or the ability to challenge ourselves?
Our emotions, our physical and mental
Limitations throughout life.

Don't procrastinate
And place your worries on a shelf
And let them gather dust,
A waste of space.
Troubles grow with age.

The world's restricting, a locked gate.
Climb over, climb under, walk through.

Climb over. A leap of faith.
All may break beneath you
And footholds may be lost,
But risks can go both ways.

Climb under. Crawl towards your goal.
A lesson in humility, all pride and challenge gone.

Yet not all people see it in this way.
An attempt. Never a failure.

Walk through. Is it as easy
As it seems? Details are ignored if
Barely glanced in heed.
But life can be that easy.

Limits, boundaries, gates,
Call them what you will.

Puzzle, problem, restriction
Have your fill.

The challenge makes us need for life,
A lust for life, a want for life,
A will to live.

Darren Wogan

War Today

Yesterday she danced and laughed
And skipped along the dusty roads,
Gazed at life with wondrous eyes,
Stared at the world's effortless flow.
She played and lived innocent and free,
Joyous as only a child could be,
And up to bed before last night -
Mama will tuck you in nice and tight.

But tonight the Hawks are out -
They ride with pace up so far
Like distant thunder in the clouds
They loose a dozen falling stars.
And when it's all been said and done
We sit around so glad and dumb.
Not to worry, it's no big show -
Just a child we'll never know,
Just a case that will never grow.

Thomas O'Hare

*Stars in his Tears
In Memory of Brendan Leahy*



Always the same -
The way one opens onto another -
Corridor after corridor,
I have been here before.
Not quite an ancient maze,
A modern one perhaps.
Still God's ways are not our ways.

The smell of disinfectants,
The buzz of busy-ness if not business.
There he is at last,
Sitting up in bed
Entertaining his visitors.
He smiles and greets us with a hug
And welcomes us into the forecourt of death
Where tears abound profound,
Unground and astound us.
Then, when we tell him it will be alright,
He pulls himself together
And talks of better days,
Of winning on the playing fields
And goal after goal after goal of glory.
He will make the most of the time he has left,
Will spend it with his family
And greet his friends with a hug.
We will remember his warm embrace,
The many times he made us laugh
And the taste of victory so sweet.

"Eat drink and be merry for
tomorrow we...
For tomorrow we..."
The old phrase sticks in our
throat.

There were stars in his tears
When we left him.

T. Quinlan





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6th Year Photos



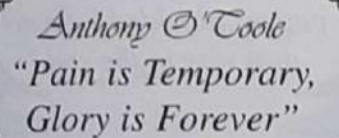
Anthony Derlin

"Thou shalt not commit adultery, but how can you refuse a face like this?"



Ian Cassidy

"Bigomy is having one wife too many, monogamy is much the same."



Anthony O'Toole

"Pain is Temporary, Glory is Forever"



William Eames

"A million flies can't be wrong."

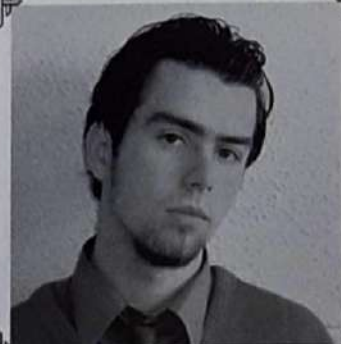


James Eames



Stephen Regan

"I want to die in my sleep like my father, not screaming like his passengers."





Richard Feates
"Shimone Mutha F***A"



Mark Egan
"All religions are cults."

John Shannon
"No time to prepare for
the big time."



Declan Deane
|"Roy Keane was right."



John O'Donnell
"Ag caitheamh faile
gach la."



Krays Przedpelski
"I'm extraordinarily
patient provided I get my
own way in the end."



Aiden Sullivan
"Live the good life and
die happy."

Emmet Reeves



Karl Grehan
"I never made a mistake in
my life, I thought I did
once, but I was wrong."



Stephen MacGuinness

"Ya bleedin gazebo ya!"



Francisco Ho

"Bye Bye, see you next year."



William Keogh

Darragh Murphy
*"I'm Great at making
gravy."*



Darragh Garrin



James Hennessy



Alan Craig

*"Pretty F*****g
decent."*



Eoin O'Donnell

*"That would be an
ecumenical matter."*



Brian Campbell



Shane Postello

"Look out for this face on a milk carton."



Trevor Roberts

"No comment is more incriminating than a comment."



Kevin Purdy

"I know I'm not good looking, but I'm hung like a horse."



David Kelly



Kevin McMahon

"If you ever drop your keys into molten lava, leave them, because face it, they're gone."



Robert Kerrigan

"Your nuttin' but a g-string on a chicken wing."



Andrew McMahon

"The future's bright, the future's green, white and orange."



Graham Lynch

Autographs





Class Photos



First Year



Second Year



Third Year



Fourth Year



Fifth Year



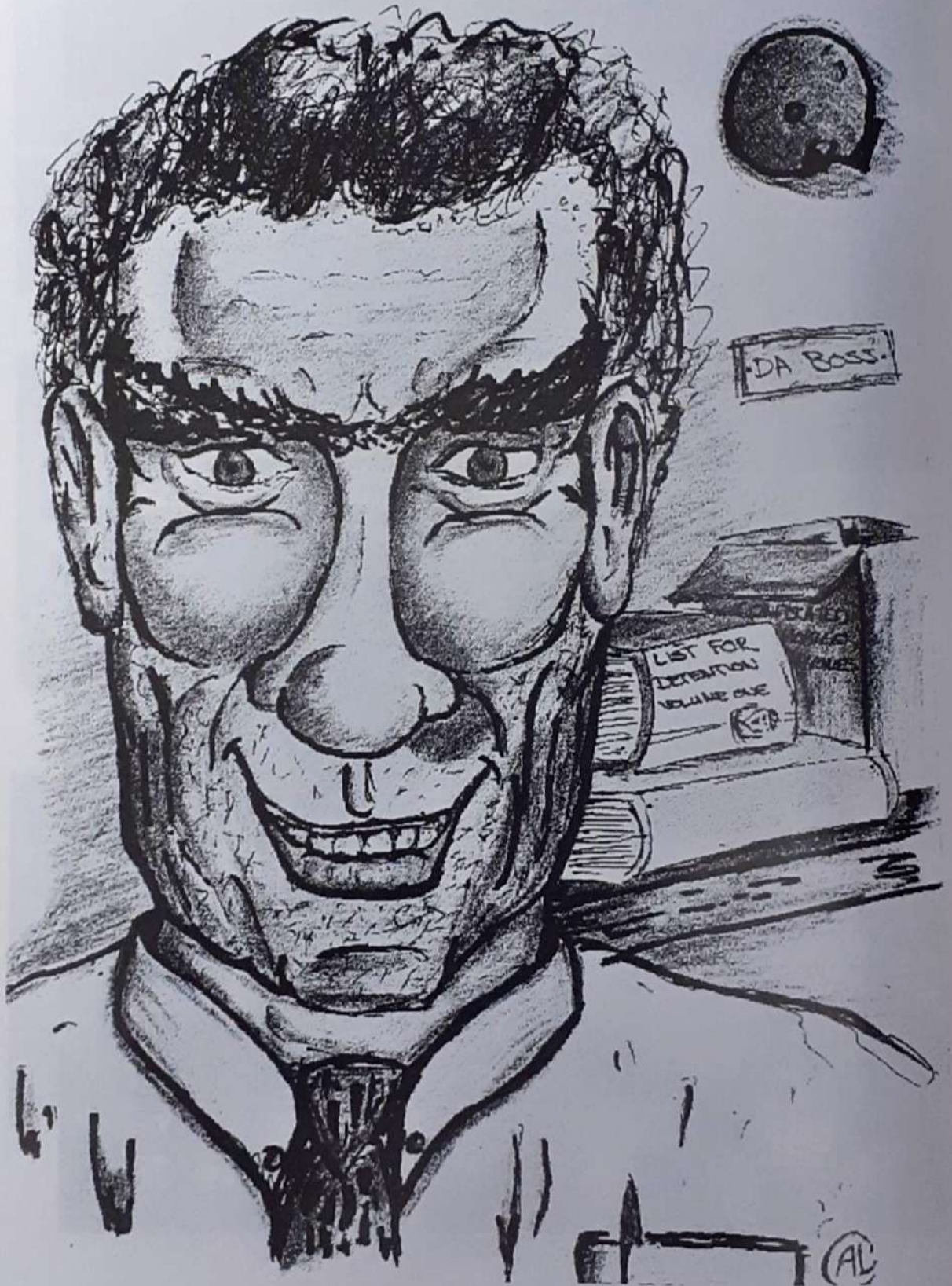
Sixth Year



Repeats



Art Work

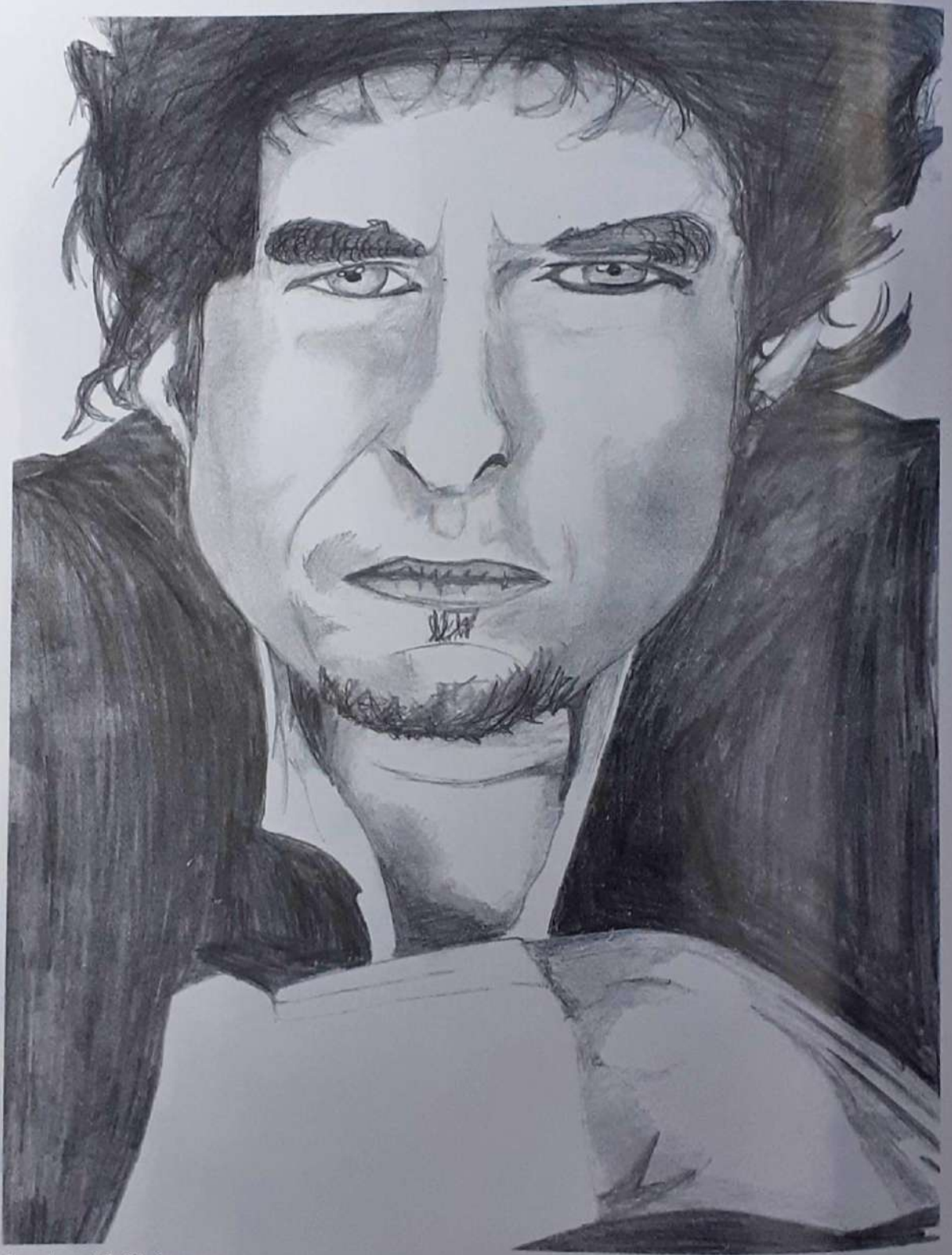




James McKenna



D. Wogan



Stephen McGinness



Ja H
James Hennessy
12-12-03

James Hennessy



Ja H

James Hennessy



Lost Script 2003/4

Once again I get the feeling of "déjà vu", the feeling that I've been here before, done this already and own the T-shirt. Still, as the Bible says, "there's nothing new under the sun." This is the third Year Book in four years, and what an achievement that is for a school the size of Joey's. Pat Fanning may have what he calls "the best little school in the country," but we in the secondary can boast of being "the very best little school in the country." The cream always rises to the top, and we deal with only the best.

It is also not surprising that the person behind the Year Book project this year is from sixth year, namely Krzys Przedpelski who did most of the work from home, and needless to say did it superbly and with style! Building on a foundation, which was somewhat unlevel in spots, left by last years sixth years, Karl Grehan and our very own man of many talents Krzys had to clear the ground again and once more build a worthy edifice which you are now reading. Thanks must also be tendered to James (Cornelius) Hennessy, Kevin Purdy Croke and Stephen Regan for doing all the fund raising while they were in fifth year and getting all the advertisements in on time. It is a very demanding and often thankless job to be looking for sponsorship and advertising. Congratulations on a task well done, lads. We must not forget to mention the honourable Mr James Teeling for once again coming up trumps by getting substantial sponsorship through his extensive network of contacts. Thanks again, Jim!

The past year has witnessed great progress in the school: a new spirit of co-operation with the primary school by way of the Transition Year students (a select group needless to say) teaching the primary kids how to make power point presentations in our computer room and also teaching the youngsters elementary science in the Primary School hall under the watchful eye of our very own science bod, Mr Don Sheahan. While the Open Day, the School Walk, the Student Scholarships, the murmur of the tunnel boring machine going under the school, our successes and defeats on the field of play, our Sports Day, the Christmas Vincent de Paul party, our Graduation Mass and Awards Ceremony may now just be memories, they are memories worth cherishing because they are the stuff our personalities are made of - the indomitable and insuppressible spirit that belongs to the school as a whole, both staff and students alike. Personally, I'll miss the present Sixth Years very much, those young men who have now completed their six years at secondary school and who are going out into the world of adulthood, college and work. I'll always remember you fondly. Thanks for all the good memories, and the very best of luck to you in everything you do.

This Year Book is a tribute to that school spirit which is so inspiring, a spirit which incorporates the very best of human values and concerns: fair play on the sporting fields, a good solid work ethic, good academic results, a Christian spirit of concern for the less fortunate and a shared commitment to look after each and every person who makes up the school community from Austin, Bríd and Dolores to the teaching staff and the very reason for any school in the first place - you the pupils and your parents and families.

*Go maire sibh an céad. Le meas mór,
Tim Quinlan*

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Buying a Car
Getting a Loan
Going on Holiday
Get a Credit Card
Day-to-day Banking
Savings and Investments
Insurance
Life Cover and Pensions

BUSINESS

Running and Financing your Business
Deposits and Investments
Handling International Trade
Starting Your Own Business
Protecting Your Business
Online Banking for Business

STUDENTS

A Bank for You
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Secondary School
Third Level
Graduate

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