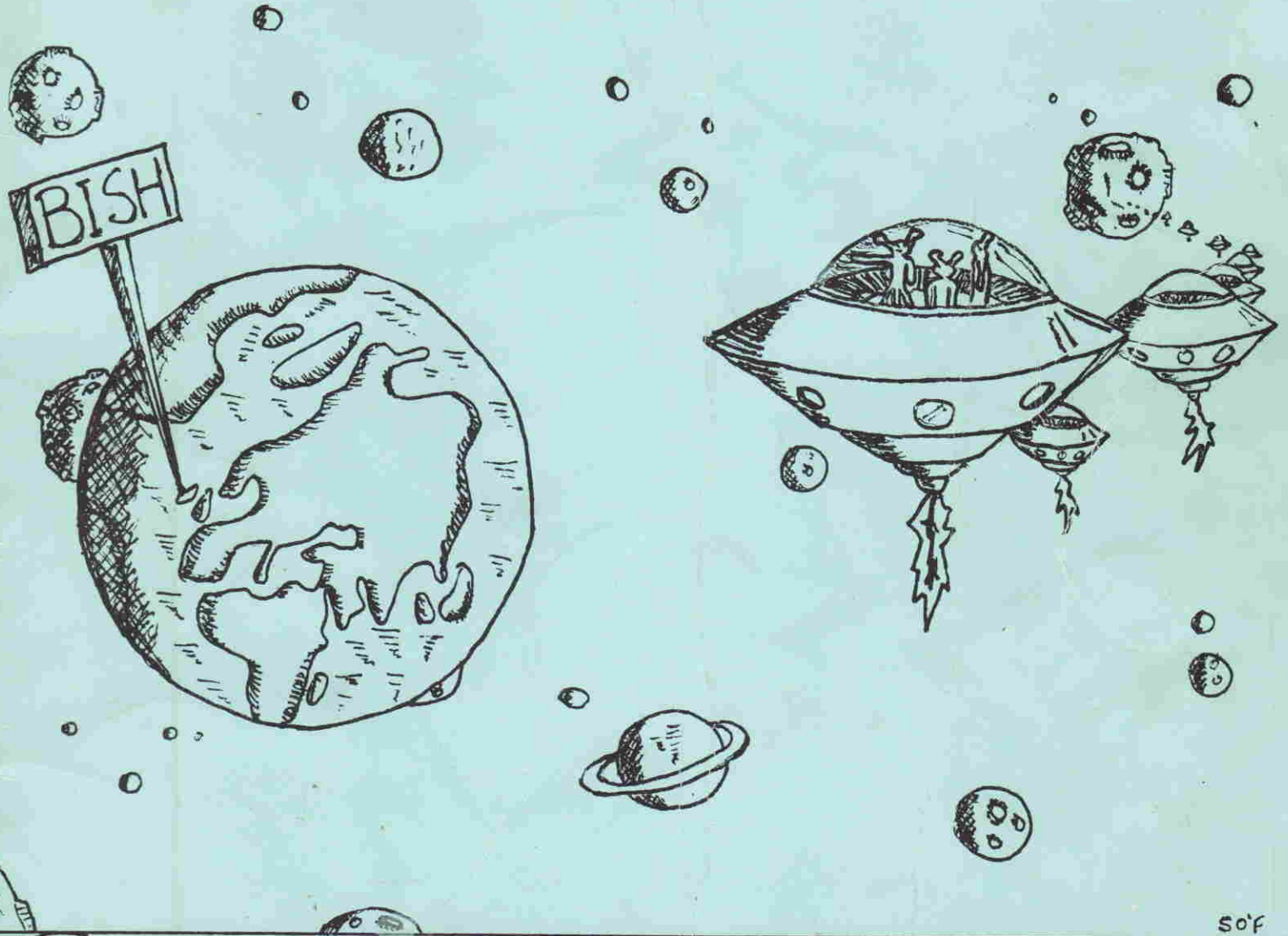


Bish

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE



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Bombshell '78

- SCHOOL MAGAZINE -

DILLON

ESTABLISHED 1750 A.D.

THE ORIGINAL



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Matt O'Flaherty

M.P.S.I.

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST

GALWAY

B O M B S H E L L C O M M I T T E E

1978

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COMMITTEE: K. Fox, D. Hegarty, A. McCallion, B. McCannon,
R. McMahon, H. Monson, C. Murray, E. Walshe.

CARTOONISTS: S. O'Flynn, A. Toal.

E D I T O R I A L

It is time, we feel, to spell out a comprehensive definition of what the Bombshell is. The primary function must be to entertain the pupils and those who read it. There are also the lesser functions of informing and of allowing a forum for the expression of pupil's views. There is no editorial policy. Nevertheless from its very foundation when a group of students initiated it, the Bombshell has remained an independent student - run magazine for most of its history. The Bombshell also has the important function of representing the school and all that goes on in it over the year. It also is involved in fostering literature in the school.

We wonder, however, whether the Bombshell can fulfil this function of representation if articles have to be dragged and cajoled out of those who write them. There was a time when there was full communal effort put behind the Bombshell, it truly was the school magazine. There was a time also when a school team would be just that, not just a few talented sportsmen with scarcely a voice to drive them on. We still have our school, we still have our sports and activities - and the Bombshell - but we do not have that togetherness, that binding force, called a school spirit, to give a real meaning to school efforts. If people really want a living, active school, they will have to devote some time and interest.

There is also another underlying threat to the Bombshell, as we know it today - pressure on the committee. There were always people who wished to influence the Bombshell in some way: some want more "light" articles, some want more literature, some want to present to the outside world a sort of false outer-glorification of what the school really is. These opinions while they remain in the realm of constructive advice are welcomed, but we have had to sustain pressures which are an unwarranted interference in editorial matters. This is not right and it should end.

We would like to thank all those who contributed, also Bro. Canice, Mr. Lally and Mr. Scanlon for their invaluable help and especially Bro. Louis for his typing.

THE PATRICIAN BROTHERS

"Let no man undo what I have done."

It was one man's response to the state of Irish society in his time which called the Congregation of the Brothers of St. Patrick into existence. He was Dr. Daniel Delaney, bishop of Kildare, and in a country where the social, economic and political systems bred hatred, bloodshed and cruel oppression he sought to provide religious and secular education for adults and children. First he established various confraternities, then the Sisters of St. Brigid, and on February 2nd, 1808 the Brothers of St. Patrick. On that morning of light while he celebrated Mass for the nucleus of the new brotherhood the bishop touched the newly consecrated Host to the wood of the tabernacle and prayed aloud: "Let no man undo what I have done." Since then his Brothers have established themselves in Ireland, India, Australia, California, New Guinea and Kenya, seeking in all these places to be the consecrated victims in which their founder's prayer is worked out.

IN GALWAY

On 15th January 1827 the Brothers of St. Patrick entered upon their labours in the Galway Male Free School, Lombard Street. Just two Brothers and a postulant, and their earthly wealth totalled exactly one shilling. They had, however, good friends in the local clergy and the School Committee, and in the course of a few years the work was firmly established with attendance increased fourfold. The Orphans' Breakfast Institute, The Aloysian Society, St. Joseph's Catholic Seminary, St. Joseph's Industrial School, St. Mary's Novitiate, all these followed in time. Not one came easily; each cost labour, disappointment and heartbreak, but each formed a necessary part of the Brothers' contribution to Catholic education in the City of the Tribes.

BROTHER PAUL J. O'CONNOR

A native of County Carlow James O'Connor entered the Patrician Brothers in 1823 and was sent as first Superior to Galway in 1826. In 1830 he established the Breakfast Institute to feed the hungry orphans of his school, and The Aloysian Society "to give edification to the faithful, priests to the Church and saints to heaven." Later he helped to found St. Joseph's College that Catholic pupils might no longer have to attend non-Catholic schools. A tireless worker, an inspiring leader, a gifted educator, poet, administrator, legislator, mechanic even, he was transparently a man of God, and God was visibly with him in all he tried to do. He died at Galway on 18th April, 1878.

Bro. Linus.

* * * * *

THE DISCO

THE BUILD-UP: Rumours and hints that have been through the school for the last week are finally confirmed. The bright and colourful poster on the main notice board says it all. "Bish Disco, Friday Night" with pictures of longhaired guys and chicks grooving to the beat, to encourage the not - so - brave to come along. The sixth years gather unconcernedly round, saying that they might go, if they've nothing else to do, or if there's nothing good on T.V. they might drift in to see how it's going. The fifth years also gather round, trying to hide their excitement, while the juniors just gaze with awe at something they've yet to experience (don't worry guys, you've got it all ahead of you!). Posters are also distributed to the female educational establishments in the city to ensure that there is an adequate supply of feminine charm on the night in question. Every day leading up to the big occasion, the prefects come round selling tickets, encouraging the under-confident to be brave and the over-confident to be careful. "No baby snatching" is muttered humourously by these ticket touts but generally falls on deaf ears. The guys are out for a good time! The days slip slowly away and, before you know it, the day has arrived.

THE NIGHT ITSELF: After an "exhausting" day at school, the guys drift homewards, discussing the prospects for the night ahead and making arrangements for transport in (but never for transport out, you never know what might happen!). The early evening hours tick slowly away until finally the hour draws near. The thing itself starts at eight thirty but any self respecting sixth year won't be seen in the place until nine. You are greeted cheerfully at the door by a few of our much loved teachers (ahem!) who are fortunate enough to work in the place. A few knowing winks are exchanged between the guys as a few "sophisticated looking" females arrive. The boys place their coats in the cloak room and stagger, I mean swagger, confidently up the stairs and into the hall. A different world exists within. Strobes flash, projected fantasies disappear magically into the walls, music screams from double speakers, building up a frenzied atmosphere. However, apparently unaffected, the sixth years slide coolly in, surveying the scene unconcernedly. Excited females chatter noisily in groups while the males stroll up and down, "talent spotting" and picking out likely prospects for the freak-out yet to begin.

The hall fills nearly to capacity, the excitement increases and things are ready to move. A few amateur Jimmy Page's tone up in front, a heavy rock piece goes on the turn-table and it begins.

All conservatism is abandoned as twitching limbs begin to gyrate in all directions. The beat increases with some heavy vibes from Status Quo, the guys begin to warm up and it's really swinging. Partners are changed after every few dances for the early part, but as the temperatures rise and time ticks on, the mates reach top-gear and some are really moving. As the first slow dance ends, mental notes are made of who was dancing with whom for the Monday morning slagging match. However, for a lot of guys, business is only starting and there is a lot to be done yet. Hair flies, arms wave, fingers click and heads shake as the Rat's single hits the groovers. The heat becomes worse as the night freaks on. Acquainted couples begin to take a rest to get to know each other better. Hands begin to wander around girls' shoulders as a few of the adult over-seers look

disapprovingly on. Bro. Mathew on the left-hand side of the hall, does a roaring trade in non-alcoholic beverages. Time rocks on.

The guys are just reaching their peak when, all too soon, those fateful words are heard " and for our last one tonight". Devious plans, intricate fast talk and cunningly worded proposals now begin to hatch feverishly in the minds of the males. During those last three minutes, more proposals, pleas and offers are made than one could reasonably attempt to guess at. The last note fades out, the harsh lights flicker on and the magical haven dissipates into nothing. It's over. Guys and chicks stumble out on each others arms into the cool midnight air. The guys are quickly restored to their former manliness and suavity and the grand two-some parade begins. They disappear into the void with one thought in the back of their minds "I'll get it on Monday morning!"

THE MONDAY MORNING AFTER: Bro. Angelus scratches his swarthy black hair as he gazes at his watch in disbelief. Five minutes until the bell goes and almost all the seniors are in? He retreats back to his inner sanctum, the effect on his heart having been too much. He quaffs a restoring tot of rum and indulges in a gentle bout of 'key tapping' to calm his nerves.

Meanwhile, spontaneous outbursts of applause can be heard echoing under the gym, greeting the Friday Night Valentino's. And then, inevitably, the slagging match begins:
"Did you see the state of that one Murphy was dancing with?" (Murphy's reply had to be censored!)
"Did I see you dancing with my sister,"
"It's not very likely, you were so busy yourself"
"I loved the boots,, did you give them back to the knackers yet?"
"No, not until I've planted one in your mouth!"
"Were you stealing my woman on Friday Night?"
"No, just permanently borrowing her!"
"If I see you with my woman again "
It's part of the school life and long may it continue.

MARYS UNFORTUNATE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb, who had a touch of cholic
She gave the lamb a drop of Punch, and now he's an alcoholic.

Mary had a little Lamb, who followed her to a wedding,
She brought the lamb down to a lane, and kicked his little head in.

Q. What do you call a Kerryman who rides his bicycle on a path
A. A phsychopath.

There were five men working down in a pit and a Kerry foreman came over and shouted down, "how many men are down there", and they answered "five", and the foreman, said "let half of ye come up".

Bus-stop conversation of three slightly deaf women:

First woman: Windy isn't it?

Second woman: No, it's Thursday

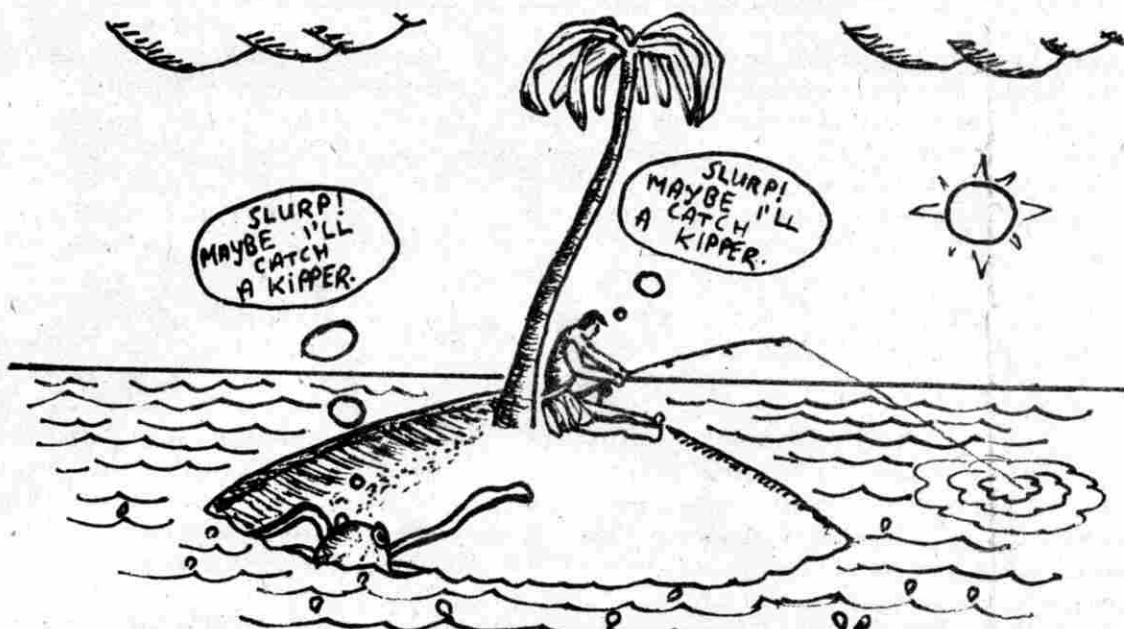
Third woman: So am I. Let's go and have a cup of tea.

If you get a spot on the tablecloth absent-mindedly place a piece of bread over it, butter side down. The butter will keep the bread from slipping off the spot.

Q. What happened to the Kerryman who had no legs?

A. He was fined for standing on a bus seat.

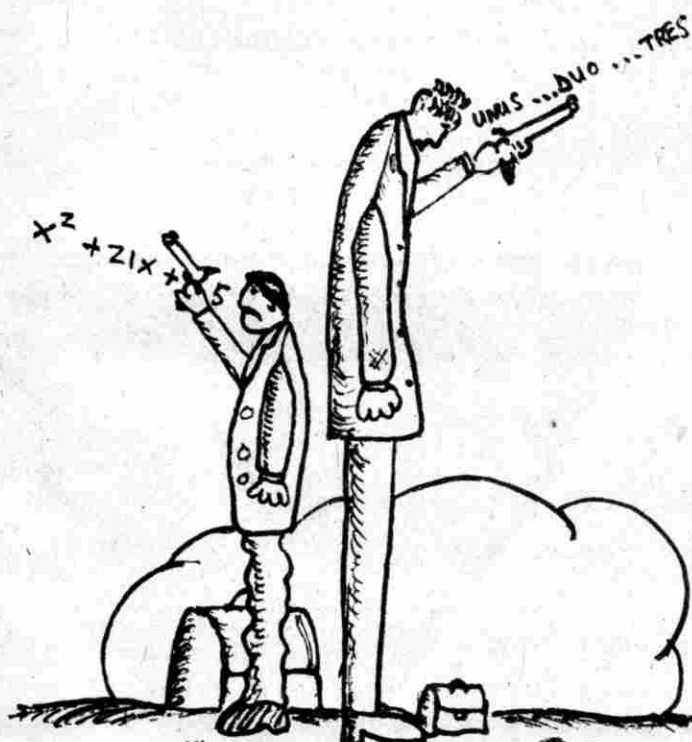
Joseph Ward 1A2.



MR. FEENEY
ON A SOUTH SEA ISLAND
(No doubt, with a PACKET OF Woodbines)

Sof

THEY COULDN'T SEE EYE-TO-EYE!

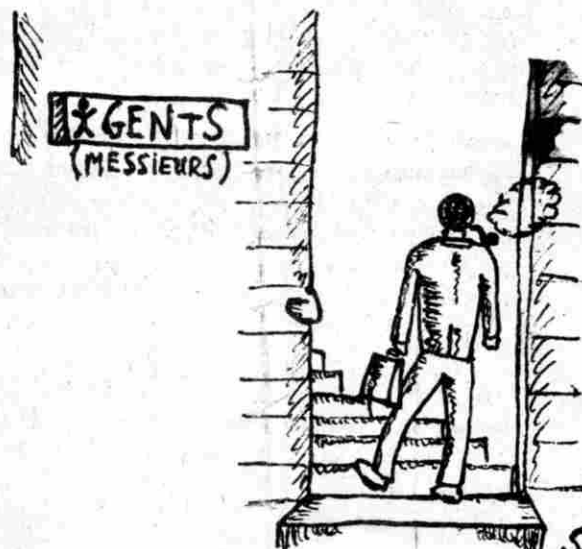


2ND LT.
"KILLER"
ROWAN

D.T.

Sof

MR. LALAY



Sof

A TEACHER, THE PUPILS AND A PUPIL.

One wonders if the impeccable character of J --- K was ever stained by some outrageous scandal. His foreign dialect bounced against the white bony faces of his students. Disipuli picturam spectate, and minds full of helpless, hopeless, jargon. Who cares if the molecular weight over the vapour density is equal to the latent heat of fusion? From the front - "I care, I care" - Enemies, fools, J --- Ks.

His hair was grey, a white grey, like clouds or snow on a distant mountain - top, then dripped, frayed into the ignominy of dark ugly grey, like steel wool burnt with a candle.

On the 30th January, nineteen hundred and who cares, J --- K will die and there is no mathematical formula which will defeat oblivion, no mind will defeat death. O, and his grave will be smothered by the flowers of his pupils, no doubt. Red, yellow, pink, bloody hell. The lawyers, the doctors, these to whom society prescribes wealth and affluence, they shall pay their precious money and see society's prescription post-scripted. It would no doubt be wrong for the pupil to forget their master. Master??? Did I hear master or was the creaking of the door obtruding. Surely, a man not of this world or the next a (a mathematican) could not be called master. Are computers dominating men? No, that cannot be, God rules us, we must rule computers. Is that just another empty formula or am I disproving Jack with the beanstalk?

Alas! 'tis time - time to concentrate. A's and honours and mother's commands flit by, as do the innate, the inborn, my rearing. I must go to work. Wherefore should I go? Drone, bore, the window, some fool who actually spent time getting the square root of x by the Binomial Theorem. The Binomial Theorem!!! And he enjoyed that, no doubt, scribbling away, thinking. And I, doomed to sadness cannot even have all that goes with those who think - money, power, fame, SOCIETY - the enemy, the J --- K. Did I say thinking? Theoretical buzzing is not, I would remind you, thinking. The only person who thinks is me - but that is boasting and is wrong - and anyway I can never get answers, other people do not think, I think, but I cannot get answers. Where am I going? Who is to blame? Mammy! Mammy! The child is awake and he is crying. The swadling clothes do not protect him from the cold northly wind. I have a choice - I can be a J --- K, a best selling author (though even this is "straying") a "happy" man, with enough money, drink and pleasure to tide him over the awful horribleness of this whole fiasco. Or I can be the philosopher, the poet - and find no answers and grow tired and be sad, as sad as the dregs, but with no cheap solace. I am dead already. I have a Hopson's choice. At this age of 15 years - a coffin slithers.

by THE GHOST THAT LURKS.

"Ethics are a very important part of business," said a man to his friend. "For example, an old customer paid his bill to-day with a £20 note. As he was leaving I discovered that he had handed two £20 notes, stuck together. Immediately the question of ethics arose; should I tell my Partner?"



CLASS: *1A5
CLASS MASTER
MR. LALLY



CLASS: 1A4
CLASS MASTER
MR. ROWAN



CLASS: 1A3
CLASS MASTER
BRO. MATTHEW



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- A B I S H E P I C -

THE SCENE

The Bish Staff was divided. The conflict was growing between the Maths Teachers (Radicals), and the rest of the Teachers (Conservative Fascists). The argument was over the method of patrolling the yard. The Radicals considered a zig - zag pattern to be more correct, while the Conservative Fascists naturally wanted to stick to the old up - and - down way. The stage was set for a showdown.

THE ACTION

Tadhg Rua, leader of the Radicals was irritated. He liked things done his way, and this affair was definitely NCT going his way. So, when Paul of the Purple Coat came in, he was glad of a short break from the job - of - work he was doing.

"Noble Tadhg, all is well?"

"Not too well Paul - but so it goes."

"Indeed, My Leader."

The door was suddenly banged open, and who should enter but Jimmy of the Coal Voice.

"Ah, Jimmy, the very man I want - things aren't going very well."

"Okay, So What, Big Deal?"

"No cracks please, James - something must be done. We're losing our foothold. We placed a clever little tripwire across the main-doorway, but they assigned Kevin of the Gods to cut the string.

"I suppose you're right Tadhg; we'll have to start hitting them where they'll really feel it. Let's go to work". EXEUNT.

In the Staff Room, H.Q. of the Conservative Fascists, things were also coming to the boil. Frank of the Shaking Shoulders and Labhras of the Shaven Head - known affectionately as "Dandruff" among friends - were conversing in scientific jargon when they were interrupted by a loud noise as the courier, Matthew of the Big Feet entered;

"Right men; our leader is approaching."

Kannis of the Long Teeth entered pompously. All in the Staff Room bowed deeply. Then he spoke with an air of dignified excitement (PARDON?). Gentlemen, I have PRECISELY the right weapon to win the coming battle. I call it the SAORBRIATHAR.

Meanwhile back at the Library, the Radicals H.Q., Tadhg Rua was introducing HIS brainchild; "As the result of a mammoth job - of - work, or some such word, I have arrived at the ultimate weapon. To win this battle we will use my new tool of Mathematical Induction, which will wipe out our enemy.

And so a pitched battle was called for. On the appointed day, both sides were there in full, hurling insults at each other. This verbal battle continued until both leaders produced their new weapons. Tadhg Rua and Kannis of the Long Teeth stepped forward to the front of their respective groups. Then they - sort of - leaped into action.

Kannis hurled his Saorbriathar and Tadhg Rua fired his Mathematical Induction. The weapons met in mid-air and exploded, neutralising each other. At this anticlimax a groan came from each side.

"Oh no!" cried Tadhg Rua, "I pulled the wrong square root!"

"And I threw the wrong tense," wailed Kannis.

Without warning, a sick smile broke over Tadhg Rua's face, and

likewise with Kannis's.
Then they were shaking hands and laughing.

A HAPPY POSTSCRIPT

This joyful reconciliation meant the reuniting of two old Yeomen of the Guard, Daniel the Ancient and Paul of the Purple Coat, who had previously been on opposite sides. Now they can be seen daily patrolling the yard - in an irregular zig-up, zag-down motion - talking of days gone by.

R E L A X A T I O N

When dull grey clouds of worry, anxiety, frustration and boredom hang heavy on the brain there is nothing a doctor can prescribe to get rid of them. There are only two ways to get rid of mental clouds. These are throwing one's self off a fifty foot high cliff on to a ten foot high jagged rock or to relax. Most level headed sane people choose relaxation, nature's way with tension.

Some people think that to relax one has to go to sleep. True, this is the best way to relax but not the only way. Suppose some day you need to relax but you are not sleepy. What will you do then? Go mad? Wait until you are sleepy and then relax? Hit yourself on the head with a vase? Or what else can you do? The answer is simple. Relax there and then. How, you ask. Just lie down somewhere and take your mind off your worries by reading a good book or something like that.

Reading is a very good way of relaxing. It takes your mind off the clouds and if it is a good book it will take you away from your cares and into the world of the book. If, on the other hand, the book is not very good or you are not interested in it you might as well try to put a fire out by throwing oil on it. Indeed, what you should do is throw the book onto the fire as well.

Of course there is such a thing as overdoing it. Too much relaxation is bad for one. This brings on Laziness. Being lazy and relaxing are two entirely different things. Relaxing is easing up the pressure of everyday life because one feels like it, or not doing something because one could not be bothered getting up.

All activities are benefitted by applying the principle of the "rest pause". Properly spaced periods of relaxation in our daily lives result in an increased efficiency.

Some people will work for hours on end, allowing themselves no rest from their toil because they think that to pause for a second would be the height of laziness. So they work on at top speed. Try this the next time you are digging the garden. Attack the weeds as if they had killed your family. I can guarantee you will not be bursting with energy the next day. On the other hand try doing it slowly, rhythmically and without any wasteful energy expenditure. There is absolutely no need to attack the clay. If you meet a troublesome weed which refuses to be pulled up, don't allow yourself to be goaded into a savage assault with the spade. Remove it calmly, without any undue exertion, even though the operation may take a few seconds longer than you consider necessary

for so worthless a plant. Rest every once in a while and set aside the tools. The few minutes taken in resting will be more than made up for later when you are able to face life next day without the usual crippling stiffness of the shoulders and back.

A daily rest pause should be taken after the day's heaviest meal. This is best taken in a quiet comfortable room which has, if possible, a window through which the sun can shine on the chair which you are in. But what if, as often happens, it is the middle of Winter and all that comes in a window is rain. What will you do then? Take a holiday in the middle of the Sahara Desert? Buy a lot of sun ray lamps? No. Sunlight is not the only relaxation aid. Cold water is also very good. Bathing benefits skin, muscles, nerves, circulation and respiration. When you bathe in the sea you experience the invigorating effects of cold water. Of course in winter or inland places where this is not possible a cold shower is next best thing.

Every man, woman, and child should have his or her hobbies and pastimes. They help us forget our anxieties and problems. Absorbed in some pleasant pursuit we leave for a few minutes or hours the stark world of work and responsibility.

JOSEPH FEGAN 2A5.

BUYING SHOES

On reading this, I suppose I really speak for my fellow friends, (with the odd exception) as well as myself, but on reaching 'teens' that childish affectionate way of holding mammy's hand goes! Instead, you feel confident enough that an equally good job would be done without her assistance. Fathers seem somewhat a different matter (for further information refer to 'The Shy Fathers' by Robert Lynd in Exploring English 2) it also saves the embarrassment on meeting a friend.

Once inside the shop, those inward thoughts vanish. Now, the eye focuses on the racks of shining shoes. Immediately, the hand thrusts forward in a subconscious way pawing the smooth fine leather. The style and shape of this shoe seems attractive, but as the price is produced mother replaces the shoe amid the others. An assistant renders help. First a sluggish, paint splattered ladder is erected, then the ruminating through some of the hundreds of boxes shelved above our heads begins. Eventually, the size required is found. The stiff card box is opened, its contents scrutinized by mother's watchful eye. Once again the design and cut of this shoe appeals to you, but the unprotected metal tips, plated in the heels reflect an expression of disapproval on mother's face; for her priorities lie, with her linoleum and tiled floors.

After numerous other pairs of shoes are laced and walked up and down the carpet, a suitable pair in price and style is selected. Mother seems pleased, as it is within budget limits.

The goods are purchased, but mother has, like all mothers, indulged in the daily conversation. Thoroughly bored you make it known that it is time to go but the effort is to no avail. All that is required of you now is to sit it out as politely as possible.

At last the chatter comes to a halt, the door is opened

and one last glance is taken at the rejected. Now the warmth and smell of tanned leather dissappear, hopefully forever, but even shoes are mortal and have life limits with to-days generation. Yes! this very frustrating day will occur again and again, repeating the distasteful task of buying shoes.

DARA McMAHON 2A3

Shouts and screams from 1A3
Leader of the pack is Finnerty.
Watch out lads, say your prayers
Griffin's coming up the stairs.
"Watch it Heffernan or I'll give you a puck
Griffin said with a dirty look.
"Stop your nonsense and stand up straight
Honest to God you think your great.

Freeley behind swottin' his prose,
Joysey in front playing x's and o's.
Mackintosh in the centre makin' paper planes,
Spellman is always workin' his brains.
Ding - a - long the bell at last
Hurry up lad get out of here fast.

PAT HEFFERNAN 1A3

Q: Where do you find a lost VICAR?

A: The missing Parsons department.

Q: What do you call the Beauty Queep of Fish?

A: Miss Tuna -verse.

Young Boy: One of your bees stung me.

Bee-Keeper: Point him out and I'll tell him off.

BILLY SHERIDAN 1A2

Q. Who wrote "Great Eggspectations?"

A. Charles Chickens.

Mother: But why clean only the inside of the windows.

Girl: 'Cos' the people can see out and nobody can see in.

What goes zzub zzub zzub ?

A Bee going backwards.

If you really want the last word in an argument, try saying: "I expect you're right."



CLASS: 1A2
CLASS MASTER
MR. McCORMACK



CLASS: 1A1
CLASS MASTER
MR. DONNELLAN



CLASS: 2A5
CLASS MASTER
MR. McGUIRE

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MY FIRST VISIT TO THE DENTIST

The doorbell echoed and reached down the long, dark, hallway, and as it died away, my heart sank. There was no going back now. I was committed, trapped. I was a prisoner.

The nameless horrors of the place I was about to enter filled my mind, and as the door creaked slowly open, a face leered toothlessly at me, and my knees shook. This was my first visit to the dentist.

The face assumed a more normal expression, and inquired whether I had an appointment. Although fear directed me to say "no", commonsense prevailed, and I was ushered along dank corridors until I reached the waiting room.

I sat down on a far from comfortable chair, which wobbled dangerously every time I moved, and the door slammed shut behind me, adding a final sense of doom to the situation. I was alone.

I glanced round the room to see if there was anyone in it, but the only thing around was furniture. A faint smell of anaesthetic lingered on the musty air, and faintly, I heard a groan of pain, which worked my over-active imagination up to fever pitch. Fear churned my stomach into knots, my hand trembled consistently, and my chair began to give warning creaks as I shivered and shook uncontrollably. This, I assured myself, was because of the cold, and not due to any feelings of apprehension I might be experiencing.

To take my mind off my toothache, which I had not noticed up until now, I gazed out of the window at the far end of the room. The sunlight filtered through the trees, and made patterns on the window sill, but its rays, could not penetrate the thick dust on the window, leaving the room in semi - darkness.

Suddenly, a door opened and a nurse stuck her head into the room, and said; "Next please." I looked around, in the forlorn hope that I might have missed seeing someone in the gloomy darkness, but the room was as empty as a tomb.

As I entered the dentist's surgery, I was amazed by the array of modern equipment, and gleaming steel instruments, which contrasted completely with the old - fashioned appearance of the rest of the house.

I lay down on the chair, and stared in numbed terror at the dentist, who grinned at me with what he hoped was a soothing smile, but in reality, was an effort calculated to strike terror into the bravest of six - year olds. He looked like a mixture between Dracula, and the Wolfman, and I cowered down in my chair gazing at his gleaming teeth, in despair.

He examined my teeth, and muttered something about two extractions. Suddenly he whirled round, and advanced towards me purposefully with a large syringe in his hand, muttering dutifully the customary remark "This won't hurt a bit," which was wasted on me, as I knew it would. It did. He plunged the needle into my gum and I could almost feel the liquid ooze along my gums as he pressed the plunger.

He rubbed the stuff well into my gum and soon I could feel the numbness penetrate the whole left side of my face. I, literally, could not blink an eyelid. I saw him come towards me,

holding a large pair of forceps in his right hand and before I could protest he yanked the two offending molars out in a few quick movements. My ordeal was over.

As I walked out the front door the sun dappled the road through the trees, birds were singing, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. I was free.

GERARD FAHY 2A5.

B A C K F I R E D !

They had not seen anything after all the morning's hunting. It was 2.30 p.m. and the heat was undearable. the Yanks on this expedition were getting fed up. "Imagine! We haven't even seen one little antelope all morning," said the tall, short-tempered one. "I know, I know. But that's no reason to lose your cool," said the blonde hunter. The blonde hunter's name was McCoy. He was from Michigan. He'd come to Africa fourteen years before as a geologist but quit after two months. He stayed on in Africa and became a professional hunter. He'd been hired by the other man to lead the expedition.

The other was Benton. He was a top New York businessman. This had been another of his spur - of - the - moment ideas. He was an impatient man, easily infuriated. In a fury he grabbed the binoculars. "Give me them" he bellowed. "Why?" enquired McCoy.

"To look at this place, 'stoopid'", said Benton now really vexed. "All right," said McCoy.

Benton peered through the binoculars and his face lit up as he saw something which pleased him.

"It's a leopard! Yep! It's a leopard. And in this dump too."

"What are you gonna do? Shoot it?"

"'Naw', I'm gonna capture it, 'stoopid'. Make a packet outa' sellin' it to some zoo."

"So help me, you call me stoopid once more and I'll feed you to him said McCoy.

"Now hold on a minute, that's no reason to lose your cool," said Benton with a laugh which was abruptly stopped with an uppercut.

"Maybe that'll knock some sense into you", said McCoy. "Meanwhile we' better make a trap. Where's the axe?"

"The axe," said Benton. "Where's the axe?". "At the lodge for all I know. What I do know is we don't have one here."

"Great, just great. And thanks for the bit of useless information. Have we a shovel?"

"Two."

"Yep."

"Let's get to work then."

They built the trap. It was only a pit covered over with leaves and dead branches fragile enough to collapse under a leopard's weight. McCoy found bait in the shape of an antelope. He put it in the trap and climbed a tree. They waited and waited and waited. But the leopard would not show up.

"Where's that leopard?" said Benton.

"Was it there at all?" said McCoy.

"'Course it was."

Well, where is it then?"

Benton jumped from the tree after looking behind. "Ask Him."

"How'd you mean?", said McCoy.

"Look over your shoulder," answered Benton.

McCoy did so, and saw to his horror, the spotted cat, teeth snarling tensing for the spring. In one movement McCoy turned and jumped, with the leopard in hot pursuit. McCoy caught up with Benton in a thirty yards sprint. "Make for the trap," shouted McCoy.

They got in. Only just.

The leopard halted at the edge of the hole. Snarling ominously he looked in. His right forepaw came down upon the matted leaves at the edge of the hole. He startled as his paw went through and with a reflex action lowed his rear quarters and clawed back the hole, slavering continuously, but looking sheepish now. For half an hour McCoy and Benton stayed at the bottom of the hole with bated breath, speaking only in whispers.

The hunters were now the hunted. Two intrepid killers now knew real fear. Nothing broke the deadly silence but their own breathing and the crackling of twigs under the leopard's feet. Suddenly the low growl of an engine could be heard. Louder each precious minute. A land-rover. Nearer and nearer. The leopard retreated. Then he could be heard bounding away into the forest.

Saved.

JOHN GANNON 1A2.

THE UNPERFECT MATCH

It was a cold and showery night with a strong wind beginning to brew. It was going to be a bad night and even she could see that. The "she" I am referring to was a most beautiful white trout that glimmered in the dim depths. She was heading for fresh water to spawn. As she was young it was her first year to return to her home river to spawn and by now she could sense she was near her destination. Lucky for her she was near, because the way the sea was beginning to churn she would not last long on course. However, she could now smell the fresh-water and feel the welcomed change trickling through her gills. She now felt a sense of security to be out of the dangerous sea, especially as she had lost the rest of the shoal some way back. This had made her more vulnerable than ever to the many dangers of the sea. Eventually she made it to the river she knew so well from her childhood.

She was now weary after the exertion from her long, lonely plight through the sea. She now decided she would rest until first light, unaware that she was being watched at that very moment. Not being surveyed as a fish of prey, but with great admiration from a brown trout. He had spied on her since she had entered the estuary and had not a notion of letting her out of his sight. He decided that next morning he would try to secure her attention.

The sun could not rise fast enough for the brown trout, but yet he was afraid of it. He was afraid of what the morning might hold for him but yet in his heart he was looking forward to it. Eventually morning arrived and he decided to "beat around the bush" before making himself known. She awoke soon after he did and set out to find some food as she was hungry. She moved up-stream and he followed lurking in crevices so as

not to be seen by her. He was waiting for the right chance to introduce himself. Then it came. She was sniffing around a worm that was lying on the river bed and was going to enjoy breakfast when he came swimming frantically up to her, and stopped her from indulging in what could have been her death. She was very annoyed, but when he explained that it was a fisherman's bait with a hook lurking in the worm she had a different view on the matter.

She could not be thankfull enough to him for what he had done and he explained in a modest way that he knew all the tricks of the river, as he was nearly caught a few times. Then after a brief conversation of small talk he invited her out to breakfast. Of course this was completely unnatural with nature, having a brown trout dating a white trout. But they did not pay any attention to it. (He was to pay heavily for his foolish mistake).

However, off they went up the river and he was as proud as punch to be with her and was leaping like a young salmon with joy. After he had got food he showed her around the river and she picked out the place where she was going to spawn later that year. For the rest of the summer months they had a fantastic time together and the time passed quickly.

Too quickly in fact, as the end of the summer was now here and the white trout got the longing to go back to the sea which was built into her instinct and she could not put it aside. She could not live in a river for the rest of her life. She tried to explain this to the brown trout but he could not (or did not want to) understand. He knew that it was impossible for him to live in sea water where she was going. She bid him farewell and promised she would return next spring and he tried to face up to the fact that she was gone. After much thought he came to the conclusion that he could not go through the winter months without her, so he set off in search of a fisherman's bait. He paid dearly for going against the laws of nature.

CYRIL CONLON 6D

THE TAHENY PAGE

The life of that colussus we know so well, as narrated by

AN AVID ADMIRER.

To get a true perception of this man's genius we must delve deep into his childhood past. An old neighbour told me this story: A ball came crashing through Mrs. Murphy's kitchen window. Soon afterwards, the childhood visage of our D--- appeared at the door and announced, "My father will be here in a minute to mend the window." Sure enough, a man came up the teps and Mrs. Murphy gave the boy his ball back. After the man had replaced the window-pane, he said: "That'll be £130".

"What?" Mrs. Murphy gasped, "wasn't that your son?"

"Don't tell me you aren't his mother?" came the startled reply.

On another occasion our hero, after seeing the pictures of the most wanted men in the country, asked why they hadn't captured him when they were taking his photo. Yes! my dear readers we can see our own Mr. Taheny in these childhood remembrances.

In later years we see him, while teaching as a young man, in "digs".

The unfortunate man was reported to have said to the woman of the house: "The same stuff two days in a row! For crying out loud - give me some time to build up immunity."

As we all know, Mr. Taheny is a much travelled man. In one of his best moments of witticism (or lyricism), on a very rainy day in Cologne, the immortal words were uttered: "Eau de Cologne." After one particular journey he wrote this letter to the airline company: "sir, may I suggest that your pilots do not turn on that little light that says FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELT, because every time they do, the flight gets bumpy. On another occasion when someone asked him how his picture of London, taken from the Post - Office Tower came out, our hero replied: "So -So, some fool moved,"

Another well - known facet of this man is a total aversion to mathematics and science in general. At a parent - teacher meeting one year, Bro. Angelus started to say "It's as simple as two and two are four." He hesitated, then turned to Mr. Taheny and said, "I suppose I should say two and two is four?" "Don't ask me," came the retort, "I'm not a maths teacher".

When the decimal system was introduced. Mr. Taheny, true to his principles, was reported to have said: "If God wanted us to go decimal we'd have had only ten apostles". In a not so reasoned state of mind, he once organised a school science project. Visitors to the exhibition noticed a red flower pot, scrubbed clean and filled with rich - looking soil. Attached to it was a painfully printed explanation: "Some seeds don't grow".

To round up our little pen - picture, we will put down in writing his most famous comment addressed to a class of fifth years, when he had found out that many had after - school jobs around town: "Stick to your Virgil, your essays and your plays, no student of mine is ever going to work".

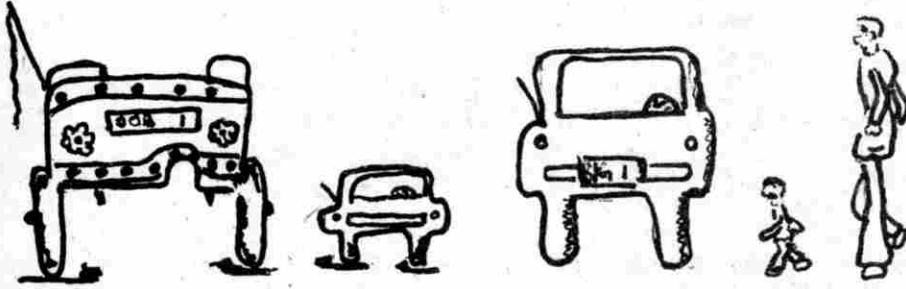
The Author takes no responsibility for the authenticity of these statements.

***IF YOU ARE A LONELY SOCIALIST, RADICAL OR
INDEED A FRIENDLESS CONSERVATION
REACTIONARY***

RING ROADSTONE

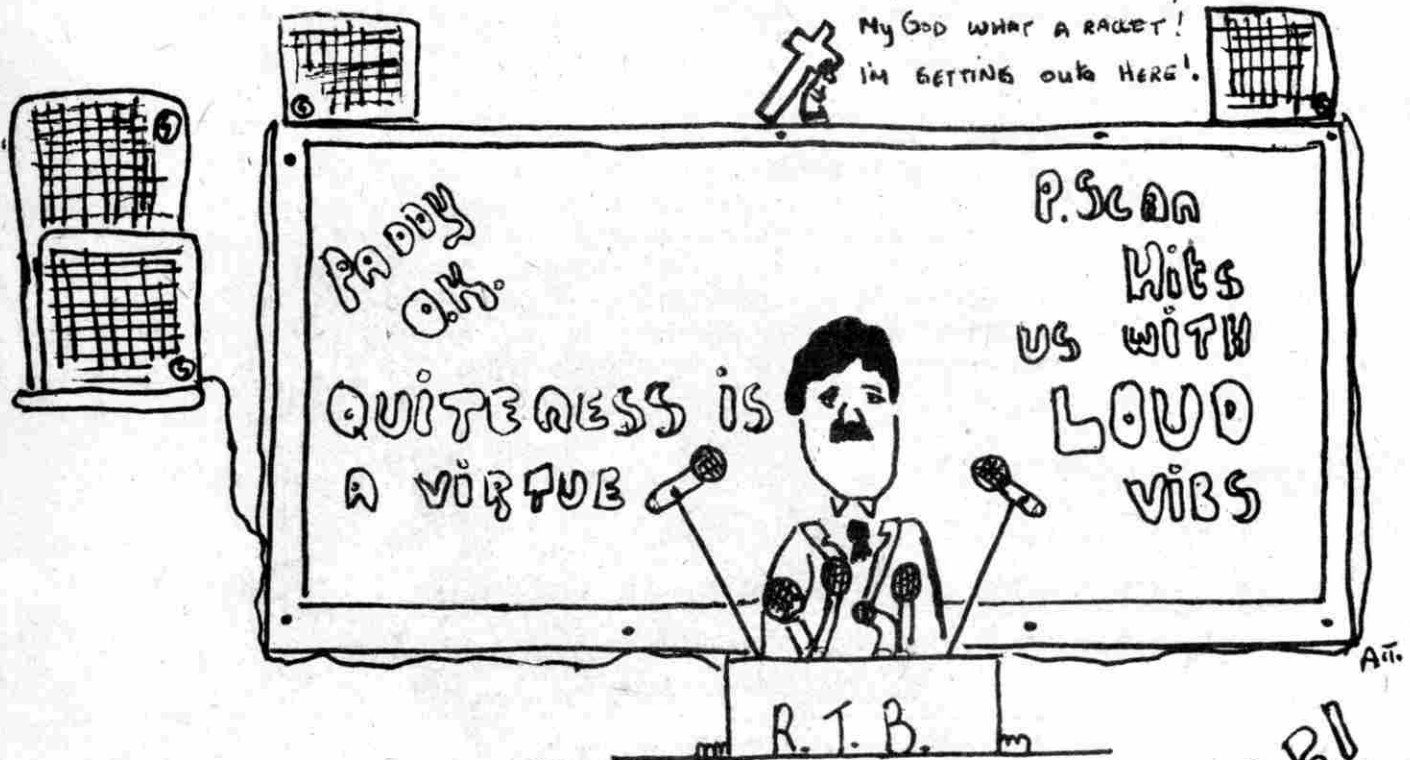
***Who will immediatel put you in contact with other
bricks and blocks of similar dimensions.***

"I SAY PAUL, I SEE MR Dobbyn
GOT A NEW COX(T)".



AT.

My GOD WHAT A RACKET!
I'M GETTING OUT HERE!



AT.

SCREEN!
ROAR!
WHISTLE!
MORE
SCREENS!



CLASS: 2A4
CLASS MASTER
MR. DOBBYN



CLASS: 2A3
CLASS MASTER
MR. O'HICI



CLASS: 2A2
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MR. O'KEEFE

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1=C	1	10	21	8	3		2		5	2	23	2	12	14=
2=A	10		2		5	2	26	26	25		2		8	15=
3=T	1	22	3		25		15		9	2	21	26	2	16=
4=	10		1	5	8	21	2	3	8	18			5	17=
5=	2	1	12	8	13		19		9	12	25	4	3	18=
6=		5		16		8	8	15		8		8		19=
7=	14	2	1	22	22	21		25	13	9	22	15	3	20=
8=		19		25		22	9	8		25		10		21=
9=	20	8	13	5	8		3		7	10	22	13	18	22=
10=	2			8	11	17	10	13	8	13	3		2	23=
11=	26	15	2	18	5		1		15		3	25	13	24=
12=	15		17		5	2	6	8	15		8		18	25=
13=	8	14	8	13	3		9		9	10	5	5	24	26=

In this 'Crossword' each of the 26 letters of the alphabet has been replaced by a number. The first three numbers 1, 2, 3, have been identified for you as C, A, T, respectively in the check-list on the side of the pattern. Therefore you can immediately enter all the C's, A's, and T's, wherever 1's, 2's, 3's, appear. The rest of the alphabet has to be identified by completing the pattern with legitimate English words. Be careful when apparently alternative letters suggest themselves - check to see if they really do fit in wherever else their numbers appear in the pattern.

NIAL BLANEY 3A4.

(See answers further on).

R O W I N G

This years training season has opened optimistically with four crews in rigorous training. Last season's senior eight having rowed to stupendous form against Olympic class crews in the New Ross marathon and taking the senior schools title at both Potor and Galway, they continued into the season and performed well at all regattas. At Trinity regatta they unfortunately lost by half a canvas to the eventual championship winners, Methody. In Galway the senior school's eights and fours trophies made their way to "Bish" while in Athlone they gained third in the 'Maiden Pot'. Proof of their dedication and competitive spirit is in the return of six of the last years eight to the club even though they had the opportunity to row with other senior clubs. The eight also made their way to Nottingham Regatta for their first International Row and congratulations go to Pat Fahy and Billy McCannon for representing the I.A.R.U. there.

Meanwhile, the second crew performed with radiant distinction. They won their section in Galway heat after tough opposition from Marist, Athlone and continued to show their superiority in Trinity against Cork, St. Johns, and against Marist. They continued to show their form right up to the end of the season and they also rowed a Four. Galway Regatta may possibly have been their best regatta, trophy wise.

But what of this season? Training has got off to a good start in the senior eights first race of the season in the Michelmas they beat U.C.C. Cork convincingly over the 600 M. course. They are proving themselves very fast and determined and having the benefit of both Pat Fahy and Jerry Brennan as coaches one looks to the future with optimism with the arrival of the new pair and the potential of the club it is certain that this season will be at least as successful as previous years and one may even expect more

MARTIN BREEN.

SENIOR EIGHT: Richard Sullivan, Michael Ceraghty, Noel Quirk, John Holloway, Denis Crowley, David Manion, Barry O'Brien, James Elwood, Martin Breen, Cox: Sean McDonagh

COACHES: Terry Brennan, Pat Fahy.





B A S K E T B A L L

Judging by the performances of our senior Basketball team this season in Connacht Colleges competitions, the state of basketball is a healthy one. By winning the Connacht Championship before christmas they achieved something which has not been done often at this level. This success was a result of practice and dedication by the panel of players and it is hoped that this will be the case with the other grades.

In the First Round Moneenaghisha were defeated by one point and in the Second Round St. Mary's dealt us our only defeat of the season by four points. In the Third round Oughterard were beaten by 63 - 43, and in the Fourth Round St. Mary's were convincingly beaten by 65 - 42. In the Connacht Semi - Final Garbally were overcome and we qualified to meet St. Mary's again in what was to be the decider. In a tremendous final with both teams leading at different stages we came through to win by 64 - 61.

SENIOR PANEL: Anthony Ryan, Tony Doyle, Denis Malone, Sean Nestor, Vincent Carroll, Michael Duffy, Kevin Cooney, Pat Sweeny, Gay Hurly and Barry Heskin.

Our Junior Team has started their campaign with a well deserved victory over St. Mary's in the first round by 47 - 36. We hope that this success will continue for the remainder of the season.

* * * * *

If you really want the last word in an argument, try saying:
"I expect you're right."

.



A T H L E T I C S

1977 was yet another highly successful year in the history of athletics in the Bish. The standard of performance reached by many of our athletes was extremely high throughout the year.

In Claremorris, the venue for the staging of the Provincial Championships we did extremely well, especially in the Intermediate section. Our winners were:- Colman O'Flaherty - 100 m, 200 m.

INTERMEDIATE RELAY TEAM: C. O'Flaherty, Richard Murray, Martin McDermott, Donal Lyons.

In the Intermediate section again Sean Nestor took the Bronze medal in the 110 m hurdles. And so to the National Track and Field Championships held for the first time in Limerick. It was here that our real success was achieved. In the Intermediate 100 m and 200 m Colman O'Flaherty won two great victories with times of 10.8 and 22.5 respectively. The Intermediate Relay Team (as above) won our third Gold medal ever in a National Championships Relay. To add to this our Senior Relay team took third spot in their event. Sean Nestor ran a very impressive race over the hurdles, being just pipped for the Bronze.

This year a great honour was bestowed on the Bish when Colie O'Flaherty was selected to represent Ireland at two School International Meets. The first was the Home Schools International which was held in Yeovil - Southern England. Here Colman clinched a very fine victory in the 200 m and he also succeeded in taking bronze in the 100 m. The second was the F.I.S.E.C. Catholic Student Games where Colie struck gold in the 100 m, while his brother David won the 200 m. This was a truly magnificent achievement as he is still only sixteen years of age and was competing in an International field under the age of 19.

1977 saw a fight back by our Cross - Country athletes at Connacht level after being somewhat in the doldrums for a couple

of years.

MINOR TEAM: Paul De Hora, Michael Flannely, Michael Walsh, Larry O'Toole, Paddy Maloney and John Kinneen. - They won the Gold Medals while our Junior Team were taking the Bronze.

JUNIOR TEAM: K. Lally, P. De Hora, D. Daly, M. Walsh, P. Maloney, C. Higgins and C. Crowe.

All the athletes would most sincerely like to thank their coach Bro. Canice.

RUGBY REPORT

At the start of the season the new team didn't do well & mounted up four consecutive defeats. First Cliften beat the Bish 13 - 10, then Garbally beat us 10 - 0. Balinasloe Voc. C. beat the Bish in Balinasloe. Annadale came down from Belfast and the Bish were well beaten in the sportsground. Then in November things began to look up and the team - training began to pay off. First the Bish beat Cliften 9 - 6 then we went to Limerick and beat St. Munchins 6 - 4. Then there was a set - back at Glenstal. The new year got off to a good start. We had already beaten Presentation Bray 7 - 6 in Bray and then they came down here and we beat them 14 - 9. The tour started on 1st Feb. and on that day Bish beat St. Conleths of Dublin in Dublin by 4 points, the final score was 10 - 6. Then in London Bish beat Teddington 24 - 6 but when we played London Oratory with an understrength team we were beaten 12 - 9.

SENIOR RUGBY TEAM





GAEILIC REPORT

SENIOR TEAM: This years football team did not reach the high standard which was achieved by last year's Connacht Champion side. We played two matches and lost both. In the first one, in Ballinasloe, there was a lack of cohesion in the side, and, despite a second-half revival, the Garbally side triumphed. Denis Burke, sadly, was taken off with a broken arm. We were a much better side in the Pearse Stadium against Roscommon and it took a last minute goal by Roscommon to overcome us. The team would like to thank our coach, Mr. Donnellan.

UNDER - 16 TEAM: With six points from the four matches played so far in the Under - 16 League, the Bish are doing fairly well. Training started in September but seldom was there a full turn-out. This fact showed in the team's lack of discipline in their first game against Fr. Griffin Rd. Tech. However, with a strong fight in the last quarter which has become the hall-mark of this team, the Bish managed to pull through a record a 2 - 5 to 2 - 3 victory. In their next outing, the Bish, benefitting from better team organisation and showing some spirit, came from behind to beat St. Emda's 5 - 7 to 3 - 5. In the third game the team had an easy victory over Moneenageisha Tech. The fourth game was against St. Mary's and we suffered a bad defeat here.

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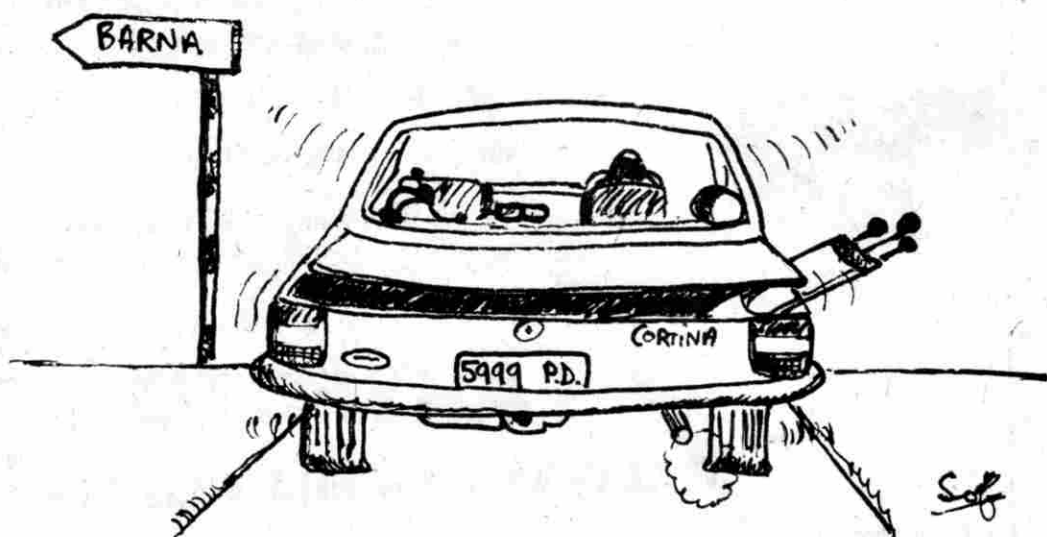
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IN THE HEART OF GALWAY



I'LL WALK ON YOU, I'LL... I'LL...

MR. O'CONNELL, IN CLASS



WHO'S JUST WON THE POOL'S THEN?

THE DEATH OF KING DUNCAN

or

MACBETH REWRITTEN

SCENE 1: A deserted heath in Scotland. Enter three witches, Witch Clarke of the sweet sounds, Witch Thornton, who converses with the gods and Witch Lally of the smiling face (who prophesises that next year all will be sweating bricks for the Inter. Cert.)

Thunder and lightning. Witch Lally smiles. More thunder and lightning.

Witch Lally: When shall we three meet again?

Witch Clarke: When the cows come home.

Witch Thornton: When woollen socks are washed and dried. (They are interrupted by the arrival of MacSharrybeth)

MacSharrybeth: So fair and foul a day I have not seen.

All the Witches: Hail! Lord of the hairy face. Hail! Lord of the movies. Hail! King of the Bish.

MacSharrybeth: Indeed I am Lord of the hairy face, and of the hairy legs too, but Lord of the movies !!! 'Tis madness.

Witch Thornton: For these favours you shall ever be in BONDAGE to us three. (At this remark, Witch Lally smiled sadistically. More thunder and lightning)

SCENE 11: A party in MacSharrybeth's house to celebrate the movie contract just awarded to him by the King, Ding Dongcon or simply Duncan.

MacSharrybeth: (Out on a Balcony) The first of that which I was promised has come true. Can the second?

Lady

MacSharrybeth: (Who had crept up on him) There is a necessity that it must, thus there is a necessity that you Kill Duncan because there is a necessity of you becoming famous and powerful and thus there is a necessity for you to become King. Such are the necessities of life.

MacSharrybeth: We shall kill him then.

After the deed has been done and Duncan's last wrinkles embodied on his spotty face, the MacSharrybeths run to their coach. They sleep there so as the blood on their hands will be hidden - such is their logic.

SCENE 111: It is morning. Danny-long-legs, the adopted son of Duncan and heir to the throne, enters the bedchamber.

Danny: I see a terrible sight.
And his pale face grows even paler and his shallow cheeks sink farther into his throat. McCrohan and Keenan, two true Scottish-born lairds come running, crying: Och! Aye!, and other Hebridean ejaculations. MacSharrybeth and his wife come running. Though the former has qualms of conscience, his ambitious wife, as always, drives him onward.

SCENE 1V: MacSharrybeth has seized power, Danny-long-legs has finally been untwisted from his pedestal and was sent off to the

National Museum for exhibition. McCrohan and Keenan have been sent to prison for hard labour beneficial to mankind. They chose to improve the Binomial Theorem. Meanwhile, MacSharrybeth, helped by his ever loving wife - who gives lectures on how to teach his subjects - is enjoying himself in the hidden domains of the office suite. He gets most fun, it is said out of seeing the court-jesters golden hair sprout from his chest.

B I S H T O P 15 S I N G L E S

1.	WONDROUS STORIES	MR. TAHENY
2.	SURE THE BOY WAS GREEN	MR. DONNELLAN
3.	I DON'T WANNA LOSE YOUR LOVE	BRO. LINUS
4.	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	MR. LALLY
5.	FLOAT ON	MR. KILLEEN
6.	IN AN OCTOPUSES GARDEN	MR. MAGUIRE
7.	MOODY BLUE	MR. O'CONNELL
8.	JOEY'S ON THE STREET AGAIN	MR. CLANCY
9.	THIS TOWN AIN'T BIG ENOUGH	
	FOR THE BOTH OF US	MR. ROWAN
10.	GIMME DAT BANANA	MR. DONNELLAN
11.	THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN	MR. GRIFFIN
12.	MY AIM IS TRUE	MR. BRENNAN
13.	COMPLETE CONTROL	MR. SCANLON
14.	WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME	MR. DUNLEAVY
15.	ANGELO	THE HEAD

We would like to congratulate Mr. Donnellan on his DOUBLE- ENTRY into the charts.

Boy: I learned to write to-day, Mum.
Mother: That's good. What did you write?
Boy: I don't know - I haven't learned to read yet.

Johnny: I was born in Kerry.
Paul: What part?
Johnny: All of me.

John Scully 2A4.

"You know", said the East-German to the West-German, "the essential difference between us is that you treasure the money, while we treasure the people."
"Correct", replied the West-German, "so we lock up our money, and you lock up your people."

A man sent a £50 cheque for a mental telepathy course, and didn't receive any answer. So he phoned the company and registered the complaint. He was answered with: "We send that course by mental telepathy."

"I didn't receive anything yet," he replied.
"I know," answered the voice, "you're failing the course".

Sean O'Connell 2A4.



CLASS: 2A1
CLASS MASTER
MR. KILLEEN



CLASS: 3A5
CLASS MASTER
MR. K. THORNTON



CLASS: 3A4
CLASS MASTER
MR. O'CONNELL

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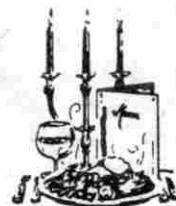
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"WE LEAD THE REST"



"A FOREST FIRE"

A long, this wisp of smoke spiralled lazily into the air. Curling, dipping, soaring like a kite, its presence signified danger; to the wildlife, to the forest, and to the nearby African villages. It thickened, became darker, and threatened to engulf the whole sky, bit by bit. Its menacing, death-like shadow turned the treetops dark green, and seemed to emphasize the orange tongues of flame licking hungrily at them.

The fire was beginning to spread, devouring everything in its path, and in its wake leaving a desolate trail of blackened, twisted and tortured trees.

I started running, not away from it, as instinct dictated, but northwards, towards it.

A few minutes had passed, when through the oppressive silence I heard a rushing, rustling sound. It grew louder, and louder, and soon filled my ears.

Suddenly, a horde of small animals burst through the undergrowth. Monkeys and the smaller apes swung through the trees, chattering and gibbering with fright. Lions, tigers, leopards, and panthers all ran beside zebras, gazelles, and antelopes, their normal prey. Under most circumstances they would have been at each other's throats, but now they were all driven by a common enemy. Fire!

Soon the torrent of animals had dwindled to a trickle of the slowest ones, and once more silence returned. I slowed to a trot, breathless and worried. If that stampede hit a village, the result would not bear thinking about.

Faintly I caught the first pungent whiff of smoke and I was now certain that I was heading in the right direction. I walked on, the smoke becoming thicker every second. My eyes were smarting, and watering, and I was beginning to cough and choke, so I dipped my handkerchief in a stagnant pool, and tied it round my mouth.

A roaring suddenly broke the silence, and I crashed blindly on, almost overcome by the smoke, but more cautious than before. A flicker of red appeared and disappeared a couple of hundred yards in front of me, but I could not be sure of how big the fire was. Suddenly, in a clearing in front of me, there it was, and the sight almost made me turn back.

A fifty-foot high sheet of flame towered up towards the heavens, seeming to be all-powerful, awesome, unstoppable. It began to engulf the forest before my eyes, creeping slowly, steadily towards me as invincible as Fate itself.

My nerve broke, and I ran, in frenzied, hysterical fright. On and on I went, until I slowed down, and finally flopped on to the ground, getting covered in rotting leaves in the process. The thought of getting the fire brigade never entered my mind, as I slowly got up after having rested for about ten minutes. Back I went to the fire.

It had gained momentum since I had gone, but it was hard to see it moving. The heat had increased also, and my face felt as if it had been dipped in molten lead, and I had discarded my handkerchief long ago. I figured it must be moving at least a

yard a minute. I began to edge away from it, but tripped over a wire, and fell heavily on one ankle. I tried to get up but a shooting pain darted sickeningly through my leg, and I gasped in pain. My ankle was either broken or badly sprained.

Slowly, inexorably, the fire crept nearer and nearer, until its white heat forced me to crawl away. Pains racked my body and bright lights in front of my eyes burst, scattering liquid pain throughout my head. I managed to get about fifty yards away, then I fainted.....

.....

The heat woke me. The fire had crept nearer and I was beginning to suffer from it. My face was looking up into the sky and there was something wrong with it; the cloud was too dark. Suddenly, through the fierce crackle of the fire I heard a faint noise. It grew louder, and on my hand, a drop of wetness appeared. Rain. The noise grew louder, and I realised that it was thunder. The drops grew more frequent, and rivulets of water ran down my face, streaking it with white, through the ingrained smoke. Slowly but surely, the fire was being put out. When the rain stopped, all that could be heard was the dripping of rain from the trees. I crawled back to the scene of the fire, and gazed round me in horror.

A mass of blackened stumps was the only thing I could see, and one of them in particular caught my eye. It was still smouldering and from it a long thin wisp of smoke spiralled lazily into the air, and slowly disappeared.

* * * * *

HOW TO LIGHT A FIRE ON CAMP

1. Split dead limb and chop dry centre into fragments with hand - axe.
2. Shave one fragment into slivers.
3. Bandage right thumb.
4. Make cone - shaped structure of slivers including those embedded in hands.
5. Using hand - axe, chop other fragments into smaller fragments.
6. Bandage left foot.
7. Make structure of small fragments concentric with original structure.
8. Light match. 9. Light match. 10. Light match.
11. Apply match to slivers; when slivers ignite slowly add remainder of slivers to the flame. Blow gently to encourage combustion.
12. Apply ointment to injured area.
13. When fire is finally burning collect more Firewood.
14. Upon discovery that fire has gone out during absence, soak wood in liquid from bottle labelled "Kerosene" (Paraffin).
15. Treat face for second degree burns and relabel bottle to read "Gasoline" (Petrol)
16. Add all available flammable material to pile.
17. Retire to slit trench, pausing only to remove foot from bear - trap; apply tourniquet and bandage.
18. Screw cover of "Paradise Lost" into a ball, ignite and throw into pile.
19. When Fire is burning well add remainder of firewood to blaze.
20. Take two "Disprin" Washed down with water.

Donnchadh O Madagain 3A4.



CLASS: 3A3
CLASS MASTER
MR. MURPHY



CLASS: 3A2
CLASS MASTER
BRO. CANICE



CLASS: 3A1
CLASS MASTER
MR. BREATHNACH

I WANDERED LONELY THROUGH OUR YARD
ACROSS WHICH GO BOTH SPUDS AND JOKERS,
WHEN ALL AT ONCE I SAW A CROWD,
A HOST, OF LEAVING, SIXTH YEAR SMOKERS
BENEATH THE GYM, BESIDE THE TREES,
PUFFING AND COUGHING IN THE BREEZE.

CONTINUOUS AS THE LINES WHICH RUN,
AND RUN, UPON A COPY PAGE,
THEY STRETCH'D IN NEVER ? ENDING LINE,
(WELL, FIFTY YARDS OR SO I GAUGED)
TEN THOUSAND SAW I, IN A TRANCE,
TWIRLING THEIR FAGS IN SPRIGHTLY DANCE

THE YOUNG BESIDE THEM PUFFED: BUT THEY
OUTDID THE INTERCERTS IN GLEE:
HEALTH - CONSCIOUS STUDENTS COULD NOT MUCH BE GAY
IN SUCH A TOXIC COMPANY:
I WHEEZED - AND WHEEZED, - BUT LITTLE THOUGHT
WHAT ILLS THE FUMES TO THEM HAD BROUGHT

FOR OFT, WHEN I IN DESK RECLINE
IN THOUGHTFUL OR IN DOSS-LIKE MOOD
THEY "DRAG" UPON THAT INNER MIND
WHICH IS THE CURSE OF SOLITUDE:
AND THEN THEIR LUNGS WITH POISON FILL,
AND ALL BECAUSE THEY SEEK THEIR THRILL.

2A5.

I HATE CIGI'S

I AM BEGGING MYSELF
FOR A SMOKE, UNFAIR.
MY BLOOD, TO HALF - ACID
TURNS AND SCREAMS ALONG
MY VEINS.
MY HEAD IS LIGHT
WITH WARMTH OF DESIRE.
MY REASONS FOR ABSTINENCE,
LIKE ISLANDS, ARE SURROUNDED
BY OCEANS OF HEAVY WANT.
MY TEMPER ROAMS, AND WINS.
BUT I SHALL WIN YOU FILTHY
CIGI: WIN, WIN, I WILL WIN.



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Modern
Man's Shop***



Brennans
in the heart of
Galway

THE PEDLAR

St. Augustine Street, Galway

(Beside Hynes Building)

SECONDHAND BOOKS AND L.P. RECORDS

***Bought — Sold
— Exchanged***

MONDAY — SATURDAY

QUIZ BY QUICKSILVER 3A4

1. Name the present members of the "Wings" pop group?
 2. What is the capital of the Falkland Islands?
 3. Where is Mt. Etna?
 4. Name the Five Great Lakes?
 5. In what year were the "Beatles" formed and who was their first drummer?
 6. Who is the Common Market Commissioner for Agriculture and Fisheries?
 7. Name Cork Albert's present ground?
 8. What is the "Bermuda Triangle"?
 9. What do the initials F.C.A. stand for?
 10. Where and when was President Kennedy assassinated?
 11. What pop group are these pop stars in: Pete Briquette, Johnny Fingers?
 12. In what year (a) did Wolfe Tone die (b) was the G.A.A. formed (c) did Columbus set sail for America?
 13. Who wrote Trinity?
 14. What former Liverpool player scored two goals in the 1974 Cup Final?
 15. Where at present is the Ardagh Chalice?
 16. Who wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield"?
 17. Which soccer club has its ground at "The Dell"?
 18. Name the athlete who won the marathon at the Olympic Games in Rome in 1960 and Tokyo in 1964?
 19. Where is the Jutland Peninsula?
 20. Who was Hitler's Propaganda Minister?
- (Answers are to be found elsewhere in the Magazine)

WHERE ARE THEY NOW ?

Finn Arden	G.C.E. London.
Noel Barbour	Repeating L. Cert.
Hugh Barry	R.T.C. Computer Skills.
Dennis Breen	Repeating L. Cert.
Liam Brennan	Anco - Fitting + Turning.
Terry Brennan	R.T.C. Hotel Management
Michael Browne	U.C.G. Civil Engineering
Kieran Burke	U.C.G. Commerce.
Louis Byrne	U.C.G. Civil Engineering.
Jerome Cameron	Salesman.
Gerard Cleary	U.C.G. Science.
Tom Cleary	R.T.C. Civil Engineering.
Ray Conlon	R.T.C. Business Studies.
Gerard Connaire	R.T.C. Civil Engineering.
Willy Conneely	R.T.C. Business Studies
Brian Connolly	Bolton St. Architecture
Kevin Connolly	U.C.G. Science.
Stephen Craughwell	Cost Clerk
Paul Curley	Repeating.
Michael Deacy	R.T.C. Business Studies.
James Diskin	U.C.G. Civil Engineering.
Peter Divilly	U.C.G. Commerce.
Frank Dolan	Fireman.
David Donnelan	Repeating.
Ray Dooley	U.C.G. Commerce.

Richard Egan	AnCO - Apprentice Painter.
James Fahey	Repeating.
Murt Fahy	R.T.C. Mechanical Engineering.
Pat Fahy	U.C.G. Science.
Sean Finnegan	U.C.G. Civil Engineering.
Norman Fitzgerald	U.C.G. Science.
Michael Fitzpatrick	R.T.C. Construction Studies.
Daniel Fleming	Bank.
Martin Flood	R.T.C. Business Studies.
Tom Foley	R.T.C. Business Studies.
John Ford	AnCO.
Sean Forde	Repeating.
John Fox	U.C.G. Civil Engineering.
Pat Gawley	Apprentice Block Layer.
Sean Gibbons	U.C.G. Arts
Edward Gillespie	R.T.C. Hotel Management.
John Gillespie	R.T.C. Business Studies.
Sean Hanley	U.C.G. Agr. Science.
Peter Harte	Repeating.
Sean Harte	R.T.C. Business Studies.
Frank Hennigan	U.C.G. Commerce.
David Hickey	U.C.G. Commerce.
Pat Hickey	U.C.G. Science.
Declan Holloway	R.T.C. Art and Design.
John Hynes	R.T.C. Science.
George Joyce	U.C.G. Medicine.
Martin Joyce	U.C.G. Arts.
Liam Kavanagh	U.C.G. Science.
Nelus Kavanagh	Salesman.
Tom Keane	Construction worker.
Frank Keating	Bank.
Gabriel Kelly	R.T.C. Construction Studies.
Tony Kelly	U.C.G. Science.
Eamonn King	?
John Kierby	R.T.C. Art and Design.
Michael Langan	R.T.C. Business Studies.
Liam Larkin	Mechanical Assembly.
James Leonard	R.T.C. Civil Engineering.
Francis Lovitt	?
Martin Mannion	Horology Technician
Brendan McCarra	U.C.G. Science.
Terry McDermot	Repeating.
Padraic McDonnell	Agricultural College.
Colin McDonagh	Radio Officer Trainee.
Stephen McGrath	R.T.C. Business Studies.
Neil McGreevy	U.C.G. Medicine.
Sean McHugh	Repeating.
Andrew McSweeney	R.T.C. Hotel Management.
Eugene Mulligan	Repeating.
David Murphy	R.T.C. Business Studies.
Sean Murphy	U.C.G. Medicine.
Joe Murray	U.C.G. Medicine.
Pat Nyland	AnCO. Fitting and Turning.
Freddy O'Brien	U.C.G. Agr. Science.
Billy O'Connor	U.C.G. Science.
Kevin O'Connor	R.T.C. Business Studies.
Brian O'Donnell	R.T.C. Business Studies.

Neil O'Donoghue	R.T.C. Business Studies.
Gerard O'Flynn	U.C.G. Arts.
Vincent O'Halloran	U.C.G. Arts.
John O'Heally	U.C.G. Arts.
Conor O'Mahony	Clerical Officer
Billy O'Neara	U.C.G. Science
Donal O'Neill	U.C.G. Arts.
Michael O'Neill	Hotel Work
Phelim O'Neill	U.C.G. Science.
John O'Sullivan	U.C.G. Science.
Malachy Quinn	Trinity College Business Studies.
Paul Quirke	U.C.G. Arts.
John Rabbitte	Repeating.
Michael Rabbitte	R.T.C. Business Studies.
Tony Raftery	Repeating.
David Ray	Radio Officer Trainee.
Martin Riordan	R.T.C. Electronics.
Sean Scanlon	U.C.G. Medicine.
Bernard Shapiro	R.T.C. Industrial Engineering.
John Shaughnessy	R.T.C. Business Studies.
Martin Shaughnessy	Repeating.
Noel Small	Hotel Work.
Colman Staunton	Salesman
David Stewart	Ecole D'europienne, Brussels.
Sean Sweeney	Repeating.
Gregory Symonds	Certified Accountant.
Kieran Tummon	R.T.C. Business Studies.
Billy Tyndall	Clerical.
Bernard Walsh	Repeating.
Brendan Walsh	U.C.G. Arts.
Gerard Walsh	Butcher
Liam Walsh	U.C.G. Commerce.
Paul Wilson	U.C.G. Arts.

(The above is a list of the students who left the Bish last year
- after completing the Leaving Certificate Examination - and
their present occupation.)

* * * * *

'SWOT'S' DIARY

Come into school right on time,
All my lessons were done real fine,
Took out my books all covered and neat,
Put them down on my polished seat!
All my sums - they were right !
Strokes everywhere - what a sight !
Teacher gives me a rewarding smile,
Says to me - "I like your style".

It's eleven o'clock, Oh! I hate the break!
Got to tell the teacher, "it's a big mistake".
At last I hear the bell. Whoopes!
I'm so thrilled we got history.
The dosser beside me - he's nearly asleep!
What a disgrace: - he's counting sheep!
Got to tell the teacher - Oh! It's too late!
We got no homework - such cruel fate.

'DOSSER'S' DIARY!

Came into school at half-past nine,
Start messing with a piece of twine.
Homework is not done - baby, I don't care!
So what if the teacher pulls my hair!
Here he comes like a ton of bricks -
Whoo man! I'm in a fix.
"Where's your lessons?" says he to me
"Er, I don't know" - ouch! ow! ee!

It's eleven o'clock - I pound down the stair,
I scream and shout - baby I don't care!
Couple seconds later, packed back in;
It's crazy man! I think it's a sin.
History now - what a bore!
Think I'll go off for a snore.
Wake up and it's twenty to one
Gee, we got a half-day.' - that was fun.

Both poems were composed by CLIVER MARTYN 2A5.

THE KITTEN

Playful little fluffy thing,
Jumping on a ball of string,
In the bucket full of coal,
Dirty from his hiding hole.

Up the curtains down again,
Fighting with a fountain pen,
Catching mice without a thought,
Not thinking how they fell when caught.

Asleep all day awake all night
Waking me up with a terrible bite,
First my hands and then my toes,
Then my chin and then my nose.

GILLIAN HARDESTY.

THE TERMS' EXCUSES

Dear Sir,

I am sorry about Christopher missing school on
Wednesday, he was helping me with all the housework and being very
indeed.

I am writing this so you won't think he was at the
football match.

Signed: My Mum.

Dear Sir,

This is just a little note to tell you how Michael
mist school on Friday. - He mist school like anything on Friday.

Luv.

ALAN TOAL 5B.

CCCCCCCCCO



"WRIGHT, you have waltten "right", wro
Now WRIGHT, waite "right", right right, away



CLASS: 5E
CLASS MASTER
BRO. GABRIEL



CLASS: 5D
CLASS MASTER
BRO. ANGELUS



CLASS: 5C
CLASS MASTER
MR. DUNLEAVY

AN BACACH

An boladh! a bhi uaidh leagfadh se thu. Ni boladh lofa a bhi ann mar adeasfa ach boladh brean a gheobhfadh on ceann is fearr ort. Nuair a shroich an boladh mo phollairi d'iompaigh me thart ag suil go bhfeicfinn tincear beag e smeartha agus a lamh sinte amach agus baite i muincille a bhi i bhfad ro-mhor aige. Ni fhaca me an rud a shanchail me. Ceard a bhi romham amach ach spliota de bhacach se troigh ar airde agus e léathar da reir. Ce go raibh me fhein strumpaithe leis an bhfuacht agus troigh de phus orm ni he a fhearracht sin aige san e. Bhi meanga gaire air a bheal agus sean chota caite ar a ghualinn. Ba chosuil le das gabaiste e bhi an oiread sin giobail air. Bhi sean treabhsar air a chonaic laethants ni b'fhearr agus chaon phaiste air. D'fheadfadh corr cheann eile a bheith air freisin. Bhi broga mora tairni air agus mearacha a chos ag gobadh amach ni raibh aon bhogaiste aige ach sean bheidhlin. Bhi piopa cre ag sileadh as a bheal. Chuaigh me chun cainte leis. Duirt se liom gur chaith se cuid da shaol ar bord loinge agus seal eile mar gharradoir agus obair ar bith a chas ar.

Shin se chnamha ait ar bith a bhi aisiuil do san oiche. I rith an lae shinn ar a bheidhlin. D'eirigh liom aithne mhaith a chuir ar an bhear seo. Chastai orm e ar an droichead. D'inis se an - chuimse scealta dom. La amhain chuaigh me chun casadh leis. Bhi othar - charr agus carr na ngardai ann romham. Bhi se ag siul leis ar an mbothar nuair a bhuaile carr e. Nior stop an carr. Chuala mise duine de na gardai ag ra "Nil ann ach an bacach bothair sin a bhiodh i gconai in aice an droichid ar aon chaoi ni bheidh orainn sceal a bhais a chuir chuig a mhuintir." Go maithe Dia don gharda a leitheid ar ra faoi fhear gnaoiuil mar e beannacht De lena anam.

CATHAL O'CONCHUIR 3A4.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. Linda and Paul McCartney, Denny Laine, Joe English and Jimmy McCulloch.
2. Port Stanley. 3. Sicily.
4. Lakes: Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan, and Superior.
5. 1960; Pete Best. 6. Olaf Gundelach. 7. Flower Lodge.
8. This is an area around Bermuda where more than 100 planes and ships have literally vanished into thin air.
9. Forsa Cosanta Aitiul (Local Defence Force).
10. Dallas, 1963. 11. Boomtown Rats.
12. (a) 1798 (b) 1884 (c) 1492. 13. Leon Uris.
14. Kevin Keegan. 15. National Museum. 16. Oliver Goldsmith.
17. Southampton. 18. Abebe Bikila. 19. Denmark.
20. Josef Goebbels.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD

1 = C; 2 = A; 3 = T; 4 = F; 5 = R; 6 = K; 7 = W; 8 = E;
9 = S; 10 = O; 11 = X; 12 = H; 13 = N; 14 = V; 15 = L; 16 = Q;
17 = P; 18 = D; 19 = Z; 20 = G; 21 = M; 22 = U; 23 = J; 24 = Y;
25 = I; 26 = B.

* * * * *

T W E N T I E T H C E N T U R Y F O X

presents

A TOWN CALLED SAN JOSEF

(An Academy Award Winner)

A hard - hitting, hard - talking, hard - drinking, you name it - its got it, tale of the Old West in which the hero of this thrilling story fights the big; bad, mean, ruthless you couldn't get worse, forces of evil in a one - horse, two - bit, frontier shacktown.

STARRING

(The delectable) KEVIN SNORTON as Mr. Joe God (sorry!) Goode, a solid upstanding citizen of the Old West, loyal and true, righteous, staunch to the last, a true vir (you can almost smell the silvermints) pietas. Good guy.

BRIDGETTE BARKE (Bridie to her friends) as Mollie Nales, the rough, tough, mean, gun - slinging queen of the city and saloon boss. Bad girl.

Mollie may be the queen but Evel Numdab is the BIG BOSS, the man in black, portrayed by Angelo Headd, a follow up to his starring role in FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS.

ALSO STARRING: Dan O'Mahony as Lu Ki Lik the Chinese monk who travel much and talk more. A wise man of Confucius.

Tim Pat O'Donnell as Iam Quiteaguy, henchman of Mollie Nales. Big on muscle, short on brains. Bad guy.

Knocker Tonne as a simple country boy. Big in the goodness of his heart (if nothing else).

Long Tom Pike as the crooked Sheriff who's always gone fishing. A suspected Molly Maguire.

AND INTRODUCING: Mr. Joe Chance as that good ol' clown on the farm, weed in the mouth, Ballad-singing young country boy.

All songs "sung" by him with the accompanying yowling by Fergie Nason. With special appearances by Kind permission of A.A:

Levi Jokum and John Boy Walton as the town drunks and Denis Ugyamis as the "Brawler in the Mud".

Make sure you see Evel Namdab riding into town (on Dobbyn?) with his henchmen the Brett BROTHERS.

The Connabis Kid - right hand man. Matthew "Hurley" Brett - left hand man. I.R.F.U. (thats rugbush) Brett - the man at the back, a lion of a man, affectionatly known as "Knuckles".

DON'T MISS THIS DYNAMIC, ACTION - PACKED MOTION PICTURE. All similarities of characters in this picture to persons past or present are purely coincidental.

AN INTERVIEW WITH GALWAY ROVER'S WINGER - JIMMY DUFFY.

Q. Is there a lot of pressure on the inexperienced players of Galway Rovers in their first season in senior football?

A. There is a certain amount of pressure on them: the pressure of hard training; the pressure of playing against big names but the biggest pressure of all is adapting from junior to senior football. In junior football you can rest or hide for 20 minutes in a game but this does not occur in senior football. It is a 90 minute game. There are a lot of bad habits in junior football such as - bad passing, when and how to pass and positional technique etc. this must be done away with in senior football.

Q. What game do you think was the best performance by the team as a whole?

A. The game against Sligo Rovers (1 - 1). This was a great point to pick up particularly after being beaten by St. Patricks (0 - 4) the previous Sunday.

Q. Which team impressed you the most whether at Terryland Park or away?

A. Cork Albert. They have a very strong defence, good midfield and a strong hard running forward line.

Q. Which team do you think played the least skillful football against you?

A. Thurles Town. They have no belief in themselves that they are a good side. Still, they are bound to improve.

Q. Would you like more English players to come over here to play in the league of Ireland?

A. No, as it would cost clubs too much money. The players usually last only one season and as a result deprive locals of a place on the team.

Q. Do you think league of Ireland football pitches are below the level for good football?

A. No. The pitches are reasonably good with the exception of Richmond Park (St. Patricks Athletic).

Q. Do you think that in the future more teams should be in the league of Ireland?

A. Yes it would be a good idea and it would provide for more money in the game. It would also make it a more attractive league. However, I don't think the Gates' would be big enough to sustain 40 games if there were 20 teams.

Q. How many days a week do all the locals train together for Galway Rovers?

A. Training is comprised of two nightly sessions in the week - Tuesdays and Thursdays - of about 1 - 1½ hours duration (this varies and there is another session on Saturday morning usually light and involving a match).

Q. Do local players get paid on a match - match basis?

A. All the locals are amateurs but we occasionally get presents.

Q. Would you like to see an all local team for Galway Rovers in the near future?

A. Yes. At the moment certain players of experience must be in the team to guide the locals. But for the future an all local team is possible because the talent is there.

Q. Do you think Galway Rov. great support will continue next Season?

A. Yes I hope and I think the support will continue into next season. The support is marvellous even after a few disastrous results, the crowds keep coming back. I hope we hold onto the great gates' and produce good results.

Q. What do you think of Johnny Giles's set up at Shamrock Rovers?

A. Giles has a very professional set up at Milltown. Shamrock Rovers have a great reputation and it is no wonder that flocks of young lads are trying to sign up for them. I hope we see that day in Galway when all the young lads will want to sign on for the Rovers. The professional set up at Milltown will help to put a stop to the migration of so many young players (15 and 16 year olds) to English clubs and to be given a free release at 19 without any formal education or trade behind them to ensure they can earn a living.

Q. Finally, what are Galway Rovers ambitions for 1978 - 79?

A. To win the league, League Cup, F.A.I. Cup and to get into Europe.

Interviewed on 10/1/'78 by NEIL WHORISKEY 1A3.

LIVE CONCRETE

From the highest floor of my school, I can see black slate roofs with crooked brick chimneys which leak dusky white smoke into the morning air. Looking further on, the sharp Jesuite spire shows quickly. But less than a glance away, is a secret spot. So delicate is its quietness that to talk about it in soft whispered words would shatter it, one may however write about it.

The river churns and warbles by underneath me, but on the far bank is a small marsh. The bank is trimmed evenly with grey hard limestone blocks. Tall willows stand, as inches of cold still water bathe their roots. The grass is soft watery and pale. Reeds that fringe the little pond are soaked hollow and a lighter shade of yellow. A heron stands on one leg in slender elegance, he is watching me. Magpies, two, so black, so white, dip up and down in the peaceful air. A young chocolate - brown sycamore, winter-bare and naked, is - God strike me if I lie - adorned by seven sleeping wood pigeons. Their heads chuffed, in their puffed-out pale orange breasts. Water hens, devil black, pluck in and out of the murky silt-heavy ponds. All this while a light cool fog played the air.

I stood and felt guilty, it was as if I had seen the bread become the flesh and the wine, blood - something not for mortal eyes. I stood and felt rewarded, nature rewards those who take the time to notice.

If she is ignored nature responds in a blure.

C. . . .

SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO - - - or THE TEACHER

SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A WINTER'S DAY?
THOU ART MORE UGLY AND LESS TEMPERATE:
ROUGH HANDS DO SHAKE THE DARLING BOYS AWAY,
AND SCHOOLTIME'S LEASE HATH ALL TOO SHORT A DATE:
SOMETIMES TOO HOT THE CHEEKS OF BOYS DO SHINE,
AND OFTEN ARE THEIR EARS' COMPLEXION DIMMED;
AND EVERY BOY FROM SCHOOL SOMETIME DECLINES,
BY CHANCE THEY'RE SICK AND THEIR EARS STAY UNTRIMMED.
BUT THY FINE SCHOOL ATTENTION SHALL NOT FADE,
NOR LOSE POSSESSION OF THAT CAME THOU OWST
NOR SHALL NO BOY BURY YOU WITH A SPADE,
WHEN WITH ETERNAL LINES HIS WRIST PAIN GROWST
SO LONG AS BOYS CAN READ AND EYES CAN SEE,
SO LONG THEY WISH THEY COULD GIVE LINES TO THEE.

Joseph Fegan 2A5.

B I S H B R E A K

THE RING OF THE KEYS,
THE SHAKE OF THE HEAD,
FROM THE SIXTH YEARS YARD
THE FIRST YEARS FLED.

"HUP", CAME A SHOUT
FROM THE HEAD MAN IN BLACK
"GET BACK TO YOUR YARD
OR YOUR BAGS YOU CAN PACK."

THEY SCATTERED AND RAN AS FAST AS THEY COULD,
TRIPPING AND SPLASHING EACH OTHER IN MUD,
EACH SEEKING A CLASS HE COULD CALL HIS OWN
AT LAST 1A4, AND INSIDE, MR. ROWAN.

Ciaran McMahon 1A4.

T H E S K Y A T N I G H T

THE SKY AT NIGHT IS THE MOON'S DOMAIN,
THE ALIENATED PLANET,
TOTALLY ABSORBED IN INNUMERABLE
COLLAGES OF GLISTENING STARS,
THE INFINITE ANISOMERIC MASS OF
GLEAMING FULNESS,
INCOMPATIBLE AND OPPOSED TO THE
BRIGHT OF DAY.
SILHOUETTED FIGURES CAST GROTESQUE,
INHUMAN MONSTROSITIES UPON
THE DEAD, EERIE EARTH,
THE FULL-BLOODED, UNRIVALLED
MOON COMANDS THE ILLUSIVE ARMY OF STARS,
AND UNITED, THEY CONTROL THE NIGHT SKY.

John Keenan 1A4.



CLASS: 5B
CLASS MASTER
MR. F. THORNTON



CLASS: 5A
CLASS MASTER
MR. TAHENY



CLASS: 6D
CLASS MASTER
MR. FEENEY

THE STITCHERY

3 CROSS STREET

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AND THE
LATEST PATTERNS

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THE MUPBISH SHOW

"It's the Mupbish show, with our special guest star, Mark Harris-Maguire" cried Danny the Frog. The show rocked off to a fine beginning with a blast from Bro. Teeth's electric guitar which lasted for a few minutes. Some classical fans regarded it as pollucien. Then Danny returned: "Our special guest star, Mr. Mark Harris-Maguire came out on stage looking bewildered. Mr. Waldorf-Rowan and Mr. Statler-McCrohan cried out "Who's this queer looking fish". Harris-Maguire gazed at his fingers. Then he looked towards the balcony and said "Waldorf, Statler, cooler," and walked off with a splash. Behind the scenes, Miss. Piggy was talking to Danny the Frog. "O my Danny, Kissy, Kissy, Kissy," she remarked fondly. Then Danny told her that her song, "Danny Boy", would have to be cancelled. "I hope you're not hurt," he said. "Hurt," she cried, "I'll show you hurt, Hai - yaaa." Danny fell to the floor with a thud. Miss. Piggy brushed back her long strait black hair with her hand. Out on the stage Fozzie Brennan was puzzled by the absence of the wise guys. After this act Kevin the News-reader rushed on. "This is a Mupbish newsflash from the C.T.N. (Christian Television Network). Today in the Bish two boys were found dead near the staffroom. They were fiercely savaged by some unknown monster. Ther only clue found at the scene was a mysteriously - shaped ball. Two other boys were admitted to hospital to-day. They were found suffering from exposure in the science laboratory after a double class from Mr. Murphy". The newsreader scuttled off again and Danny returned: "And now, the continuing stoory of the quack (or bark) who has gone to the dogs. Dr. Bob Oscar went into the operating-room but before he could start, some joker in the audience called out "here, here, shere's my beer". The Swedish CHEFF rushed out on stage and said "Der spicy spicey beer und der ur gur," and Crazy Larry C'Murchu finished the show with a bang when he pressed the plunger.

BY FIET SCRIBBLER 2A5.

L I F E

Once a seed, now a child,
Must he, like others, struggle through the wild,
Or perhaps, merely go an unknown phase.

Now might he venture onto a schooling age,
To find monotony, from page to page,
Resulting in teacher's prophesy of unfortold wealth.

But then he boogies into the college scene,
Drugs to freaks, even anything obscene,
Like Communist Faith, but Capitalist Greed.

Then true maturity cautions his way,
To job security and wedding day,
Ending in expressions of volcanic love.

How unthoughtful of the dear prophetic teacher,
Who told him seven kids would reject his preaching?
To regret and return in familiar maturity.

Slipping, sliding, resorting to the pipe,
The gentle joys of scraping with his knife
Yet his thoughts are to wander from biography and type,
To a greater unknown of eternal life.

FATHERS ! ! !

On looking into the future it can be easily deduced that most of us lads - if not all of us - in the Bish at the moment will end up being fathers. Some of us will probably end up being fathers of one, others being fathers of two, and so on and maybe some of us will end up even with twelve, or over. However, no matter what number you have, just having one is enough to put you into the category of being a father - a fairly common male species on this planet!!!

Not many of us, however, have given very much thought to the matter of what kind of a father we will be. Maybe one or two of us will end up like those men found roaring at the side of a football pitch on a Saturday morning as little children, hardly tall enough to reach the "ould lads" knees, run up and down the place after a miniature football. Or perhaps some of us will be like the "daddy" who stands up on the sideline quietly, laughing in his heart and sould at the other men - whose blood-pressures must rise to record heights- while he quietly tells his own young lad why he's not getting the ball and what to do. Some of us, then, may be totally uninvolved in the young lad's games but may still be fairly interested and some of may be uninterested.

On looking at different fathers I have noticed a trend for each one to have his own hobby or past-time. Some enjoy the odd round of golf - a fairly common one. Many go out regularly for their Friday - night - pint or two; while others prefer a quieter life such as reading.

One noticeable thing about fathers is that they take their responsibilities to their wives, families and property very seriously. In this respect they are always open to "voilent debates" - commonly called rows - about many things. On becoming a father one seems to learn the "art" of involving oneself in rows and the "art" of settling them. However most fathers prefer to learn the "art" of staying out of trouble than the other ones.

Perhaps the biggest task of a father is bringing up his children with the aid of his wife but many of them opt out when it comes to this disasterous stage. The father should get his children involved in organisations and sports and should see to it that these interests and hobbys be kept up especially through teenage years. This doesn't mean that he should act like the re-faced man on the football pitch but it does need some involvment.

In order to give children a good up bringing a certain amount of discipline is needed from them and obedience to house-rules. Most of us will complain about our restrictions at night and doing work at home but what rules will we make our own children obey in the future? - another job of the father.

The father has to have many qualities - and maybe we'll all end up being "auld - lads" in ten or twenty years time with some of these. But isn't it very strange that just because of one little incident in our lives that we should all end up changing so much!

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"BISH BOMBSHELL" SURVEY 1978

Not unexpectedly the girls have a far lower crime rate, as much as 20% in some cases. We note, particularly, a disturbing amount of slotting among boys. This is perhaps explained by the relative ease with which it can be accomplished and its widespread acceptability as normal procedure. There is an unexpectedly low crime rate among first and second years. Shoplifting, presumed widespread among juniors, is never done by 84% of the juniors. Vandalism emerges as the most popular crime among third year boys - though still only 5% do it frequently. Somewhat surprisingly, crime is far less widespread, in both boys and girl's schools, in sixth year than fifth year, where the huge crime figures are no doubt due to the mass "binge" that most fifth years undergo.

Our most alarming statistic is that 24% occasionally, and 23% frequently - of fifth and sixth year boys and 42% - 47% of fifth and sixth year girls do not attend Mass every Sunday. Furthermore, in some cases only 30% of this age group go because they want to, when they do go. Again, we see that the girls are more religious; however, though 35% of girls in fifth year pray daily as against 20% of the boys, this difference is reflected only to a small extent in the Mass attendance figures. This, and the fact that the number of boys who don't pray at all in fifth year (20%) is far lower than the number who don't go to Mass every Sunday, leads us to suspect that a personal morality is becoming more widespread. Some boys and girls it seems, though retaining their interest in God and prayer are rejecting the Catholic Church in the matter of attendance at Mass every Sunday. The sixth years are again more religious than the fifth years. The religious classes receive a fairly solid vindication in the junior classes. However, in the senior classes, where irreligiousness is common, over 50% find no benefit in religious class. At any rate, there is obviously something wrong with religious class when up to 20% of the pupils never pray and up to 50% do not go to Mass every Sunday. Throughout the schools there is a high percentage who don't know why they go to Mass.

About 33% of senior boys drink frequently and half that number of girls. This should cause concern. Even in junior classes there are some who drink frequently. The figure for those who have taken drugs seems to have gone up 100% from five years ago when 5% of the boys overall and 3% of the girls had taken drugs.

* * * * *

"BISH BOMBSHELL" SURVEY 1978

A. ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR

1. Is shoplifting:
 - (a) Something you would never do?
 - (b) Something you would occasionally do?
 - (c) Something you would frequently do?
2. If you ever shoplifted, was it for
 - (a) Need
 - (b) Thrills
3. While selling flags, is 'slotting':
 - (a) Something you would never do?
 - (b) Something you would occasionally do?
 - (c) Something you would frequently do?
4. Is vandalising of property:
 - (a) Something you would never do?
 - (b) Something you would occasionally do?
 - (c) Something you would frequently do?
5. Is stealing stationery, etc., from classmates:
 - (a) Something you would never do?
 - (b) Something you would occasionally do?
 - (c) Something you would frequently ?
6. If you ever committed any of these 'crimes' did you ever feel guilty about doing so?
 - (a) Yes?
 - (b) No?
7. If you witnessed a crime would you feel duty-bound to report it?
 - (a) In all cases?
 - (b) In serious cases?
 - (c) No?

B. RELIGION

1. Is missing Sunday Mass:
 - (a) Something you would never do?
 - (b) Something you would occasionally do?
 - (c) Something you would frequently do?
2. Do you find Mass boring?
 - (a) Usually? (b) Sometimes? Rarely?
3. When you go to Mass, why do you go?
 - (a) Because you want to? (b) To satisfy your parents?
 - (c) Don't Know?

"FISH BOMBSHELL" SURVEY 1978

BOYS: A.

First	Second	Third	Fifth	Sixth
85%	74%	71%	73%	70%
12	19	27	22	18
3	7	2	5	12

GIRLS:

First	Second	Third	Fifth	Sixth	
94%	95%	88%	82%	95%	(a)
3	4	8	10	4	(b)
3	1	4	8	1	(c)

58	37	37	45	33	50	64	33	45	52	(a)
42	63	69	55	67	50	36	67	55	48	(b)

77	60	65	53	58	94	84	76	74	90	(a)
21	29	25	39	28	4	15	18	21	6	(b)
2	11	10	8	15	2	1	6	5	4	(c)

87	61	59	63	66	94	85	79	61	80	(a)
13	28	36	29	23	3	13	18	33	16	(b)
0	11	5	8	11	3	2	3	6	4	(c)

87	81	88	85	82	97	88	75	64	85	(a)
9	15	9	10	12	2	11	18	32	12	(b)
4	4	3	5	6	1	1	7	4	3	(c)

79	67	61	56	46	77	73	80	66	76	(a)
21	33	39	44	54	23	27	20	34	24	(b)

36	22	19	22	6	31	21	41	15	28	(a)
49	59	66	62	72	63	74	44	72	55	(b)
15	19	15	16	22	6	5	15	13	19	(c)

B. 80	69	75	53	52	86	74	62	59	54	(a)
14	23	16	24	29	7	20	29	32	35	(b)
69	8	9	23	19	7	6	9	9	11	(c)

19	30	40	50	57	12	20	32	46	38	(a)
61	45	55	41	32	44	63	53	48	52	(b)
20	25	5	9	11	44	17	15	6	10	(c)

62	42	45	30	46	68	59	48	43	65	(a)
10	23	30	52	22	17	15	20	28	15	(b)
28	33	25	18	32	15	26	32	29	20	(c)

"BISH BOMBSHELL" SURVEY 1978

4. Do you pray on your own initiative?
 - (a) every day?
 - (b) sometimes?
 - (c) never?
5. Do you find religious class as beneficial to your religion as, for example, English class is to your English?
 - (a) always?
 - (b) sometimes?
 - (c) never
6. Do you think the Church is in tune enough with current trends in society?
 - (a) Yes? (b) No? (c) No opinion

C. MISCELLANEOUS

1. Have you ever taken illegal drugs?
 - (a) Several times? (b) Occasionally?
 - (c) Once? (d) Never?
2. Is drinking:
 - (a) Something you would never do?
 - (b) Something you would occasionally do?
 - (c) Something you would frequently do?
3. Are you dating?
 - (a) Regularly?
 - (b) Irregularly?
 - (c) No?
4. Do you find it easy to have relationships with members of the opposite sex?
 - (a) Usually?
 - (b) Sometimes?
 - (c) No?
5. Do you think there are too few morals among school goers?
 - (a) Yes?
 - (b) No?
 - (c) No opinion?

* * * * *

"RISH BOMBSHELL" SURVEY 1978

BOYS:					GIRLS:				
First	Second	Third	Fifth	Sixth	First	Second	Third	Fifth	Sixth
40%	33%	30%	20%	29%	58%	36%	27%	36%	34%
56	57	55	63	50	38	63	62	44	54
4	10	15	17	21	4	1	11	20	12
42	22	4	16	5	34	9	4	2	4
48	51	38	42	46	54	68	49	33	44
10	27	58	42	49	12	23	47	65	52
36	25	14	13	25	32	22	27	10	18
27	28	58	75	53	20	19	48	65	48
37	47	38	12	22	48	59	30	25	32
C.									
0	4	7	7	10	1	1	6	13	2
1	3	1	4	4	1	3	1	10	4
1	3	1	3	12	1	0	1	14	5
98	90	91	86	74	97	96	92	63	89
71	62	62	20	33	80	83	59	40	38
25	28	31	48	25	15	13	28	44	50
4	10	7	32	42	5	4	13	15	12
9	18	25	35	40	5	20	34	32	40
15	21	25	41	32	7	12	27	33	30
76	61	50	24	28	88	68	39	35	30
30	45	44	52	68	32	45	56	38	68
48	30	38	32	25	41	33	40	32	31
22	25	18	16	7	27	22	4	30	1
19	32	32	30	30	20	30	32	14	32
19	18	32	40	42	22	14	25	14	33
62	50	36	30	28	58	56	43	46	34

YOUTH - LA BELLE EPOQUE

"Don't you realise that you're in Leaving Cert. now. You can't go out whenever you want or go everywhere you want like you did last year. The Leaving is very difficult exam. It takes an awful lot of hard work. You've got to know the course inside and out. Don't think that just because you did well in the Inter. Cert. you'll do as well in June. The Leaving is a different exam altogether. You've got to work very hard at it to get any sort of worthwhile result.

Look how all the Jones' did. Everyone of them studied hard in fifth year and sixth to get the results, and when they did they were able to pick and choose what they wanted to do afterwards.

When I was your age, we had no discos or the like and we were " on and on ad infinitum. I lowered my head and said nothing, pretending to look ashamed. I wondered how many times I had asked to get out but with the same result. I know its hard work. I know how much there is to get done. I know what its like to go to school tired after swotting all night for an exam. If everyone'd stop knocking me and instead gave me a little encouragement. I'm sure I'd get more work done more willingly. Its ridiculous to spend the happiest part of ones life worrying and killing oneself working. I agree with work - even with hard - work but everyone needs a break now and again.

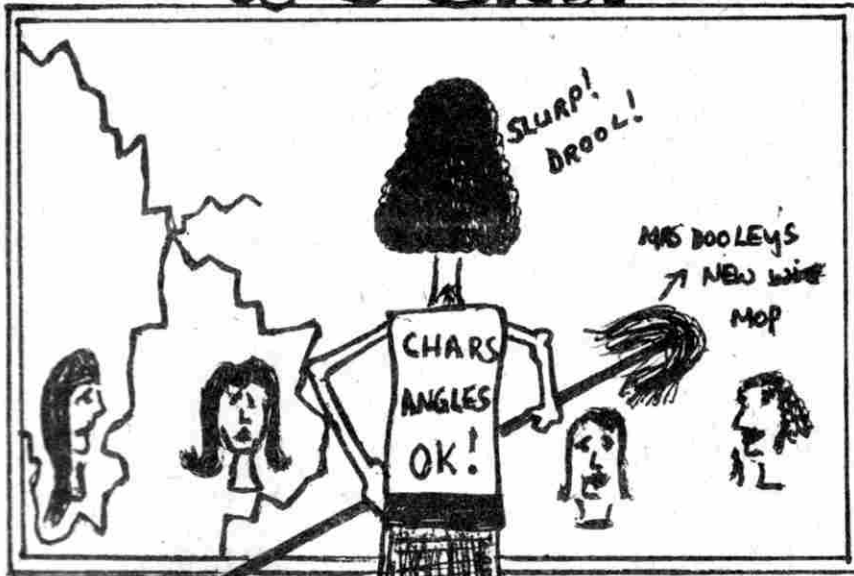
I studied minutely the incoherent designs on the carpet. I wondered what sort of sick mind engineered that insignificant pattern of multicoloured lines, stripes, polygons, flower-like shapes and

My mind wondered to the Jones. An engineer, two doctors and a lawyer. They were all girls and they all qualified with honours. Each one got seven or eight honours in the Leaving, not only C's but plenty of A's and B's as well. Either they're all genii or they were kept at it non-stop. I'm sure they never had a night out before they did the Leaving. I wonder how they stuck it. Never having had a taste of the 'good life' they probably didn't miss anything. But they must have heard of the Bish hops from the girls in school. Damn! what am I going to tell the girlfriend when she asks why I'm not going to the disco! I couldn't tell her the truth, I'll seem childish! What excuse could I give, but more important, would she believe me? If I lose her somebody'll pay dearly!

The monotonous sermon faded away with the usual "it's about time you got down to a bit of serious work" as the ads. came to an end and my mother knew my father would want complete silence while he watched and gave a running commentary of criticisms of the match on the box in the corner.

I stamped sullenly up to my room, my hands in my pockets and my head down. As I banged the door, I noticed my little brother's teddy-bear on the floor. I stared into the dumb and empty black eyes for a moment, drew in a breath, stepped back and kicked it with full force against the radiator. The blow rattled the plumbing all over the house and as I listened to the reverberations fade away, I hoped it upset my father's match.

Wig Shop



WHO THE
BLOODY HELL
DO YOU THINK
YOU ARE
ANYWAY?



"THE PRICE OF POPULARITY."

AN IRISH MOTHER WRITING TO HER SON IN ENGLAND

Dear Son,

This is your old mother writing to you. There is a lot of interesting news since you left. It's wet but it ins't as wet as when it was real wet. I'm writing this slow because I know that you can't read fast.

Excuse the writing I had an accident, burnt my fingers in boiling water - my own fault - should have felt the water before I put my fingers in it. I'm feeling better since you went away - went to see a doctor and got a wonderful medicine for my deafness. I took a dose on Friday night, it was so good I heard from your Uncle Hughie in Australia, on Saturday morning. I feel 25 years younger and your father is delighted. Your brother Frankie came in crying from school this evening because all his pals have got new clothes, we can't afford to buy him a new outfit so we are going to buy him a new hat and let him look out the window. We had a row with the electricity company. It ended in a draw, we got no light, they got no money. It is very dark but not as dark as when it was real dark. We are hard up son, send us a few quid - it will only cost you ten pence.

Our neighbours the Brown's started to keep pigs; we only got the wind of it this morning. Mrs. Hawkins got her appendix out and a new kitchen sink in. The cat had four kittens in your father's hat. I put them into a box in case they grew up round shouldered. The undertaker called and said that if the last instalment isn't paid on your mother - in - law, up she'd come. Your father has worms and has gone fishing. We heard that Annie passed away, your Granny died, and Clare married a butcher, so now you have no Annie, no Granny and no Clare.

Your father has a good job, the first in ten years. We are a great deal better off now than we were, your father get's £10 every Thursday so we thought we'd do a bit of fixing up. We bought one of those fragile things they call bathrooms - you hear tell of them in some houses. It is put in by a man called a plumber. On one side of the room is a big long thing that you used to feed the pigs in before you went. We jump into that and wash all over. Just near that is a small one, they call it a sink, that is for light washing such as faces and hands. Ah: but over in the corner is the nicest contraption of all. You put one foot in and wash it clean, then pull a little chain and get fresh water for the other foot. Two covers came with it and we hadn't any use for them in the bathroom, so I am using one of them as a bread board and the other one has a round hole in it. We framed your grandfather's picture in it. They were awfully nice people to deal with. They sent us a big roll of writing paper with it, this is what I am using now son, to write to you.

Take care of yourself,

Your Dear Old Mum.

5A.

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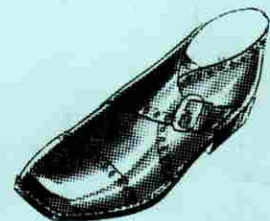
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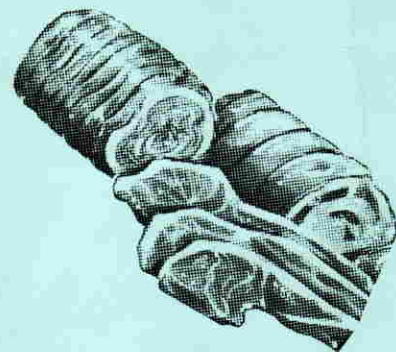
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