

BOMBHELL COMMITTEE 1979.

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Kieran Joyce, Sean Kennedy, and Paul Murphy.

Cartoonist: Stephen Curran.

EDITORIAL:

I want to kick off this year's editorial by discussing the support for this year's Bombshell. About 20% of the school helped, that is contributed an article or two. So if the standard this year is low you have only yourselves (the students of the Bish) to blame. This is a venture in which everyone should take part and this year this has not been done. It has been said before and it will be said again - our school spirit is slowly dying.

This is especially evident looking at the attendance at school matches. Has it come to the stage where we have to be bribed into supporting our school teams in the sporting events in which they participate throughout the year.

This year's Bombshell was the concentrated effort of a few and in the future years I think that if a person wants to get involved in the Bombshell he should be prepared to dedicate himself to the task he is setting out to do.

I also think that the Bombshell should bring pupil and teacher closer together and members of the future committees should listen to the advice teachers have to offer. I want to clear up any misguided thoughts of anyone that thinks the teachers influence the Bombshell.

Also we of the committee wish to congratulate Brother Leonard on receiving the honour of free-man of the City.

Finally to end we wish to thank the following: Mr. F. Thornton and Mr. J. Keenan for their valuable advice; Bro. Linus, Michael Higgins, John O'Brien and Sean Mc Donagh for their sports articles; Chris Murray for his help with the advertising; Mr. Scanlon for "where are they now" article; Bro. Canice for his help with the photographs and the friends who had the patience to do all the typing. Finally, Bro. Matthew for getting this year's Bombshell under way. So from here on read at your own risk.

.....



PREFACE

The beauty of a preface is that no one with any sense ever bothers their head to read it, and no one with any intelligence bothers to write it, so that you can virtually say anything you wish and get away with it. I would love to be able to write deep ponderous statements on the future of education in Ireland, the role of second level educational institutions, the part Bish boys will play in the eighties but no one will believe a word I will say and so I won't bother. I will say however that we welcome yet another edition of the Bombshell. I hope it will explode as loudly as ever and won't prove to be a damp squib. If it does, it will not be the fault of the courageous team of fifth years who braved the battles of rejection, laughter, and spiralling costs to get this magazine together for your delight and learned a lot in the process. We thank all the boys and girls who purchase it and hope they will enjoy it and we hope that the Bombshell will continue for ever.



STAFF.

Bro. Angelus. (Headmaster)
 Mr. D. Taheny. (Vice-Principal)
 Mrs. Byrne. (Secretary)
 Mr. T. McCrohan
 Mr. D. Mc Cormack
 Mr. M. Breathnach
 Mr. P. O' hici
 Mr. L. O' Murchu
 Bro. Linus Walker
 Mr. P. Mc Sharry
 Mr. P. Donnellan
 Mr. J. L. Dunleavy
 Mr. M. Feeney
 Mr. F. O' Connell
 Mr. P. Kowan
 Mr. K. Thornton
 Mrs. M. Mc Sharry
 Bro. Canice Tierny
 Mr. J. Clancy

Mr. S. Killeen
 Mr. O Neacht in
 Mr. T. Maguire
 Mr. J. Brennan
 Mr. G. Ferguson
 Mr. P.J. Dobbyn
 Mr. P. Scanlon
 Mr. J. Lally
 Mrs. M. Dooley
 Miss. B. Clarke
 Mr. F. Thornton
 Mr. J. O' Keefe
 Mrs. P. Foley
 Bro. Matthew Hayes
 Bro. Gabriel Fitzpatrick
 Mr. M. Small
 Mr. J. Keenan
 Mr. C. Griffin
 Brother Kevin

SHARK KILL.

Yesterday, I went to a funeral. It was the funeral of one of the four people, who were savaged to death by a twenty seven foot white shark.

It all began four and a half months ago. I am a marine biologist, and I was studying the white shark, off the coast of Queensland, Australia. The white shark which is most commonly found off the Australian coast is the fiercest of all the sharks. He can grow up to thirty feet in length and has an average life span of fifteen years. He is also the largest of all the sharks.

After I had checked into my hotel, I went straight to the cruiser which was to take me on this fatal voyage. While on board, I indulged in lecturing my Australian students on the basics of diving. These sharks found most commonly about ten to fifteen kilometres out to sea. The voyage out was a relatively rough one, but we survived with only one person throwing up. On the thirty two foot cruiser, we carried harpoons and automatic rifles as a safety precaution. When we reached our destination, we could not see the famous dorsal fin of a shark because they rarely come to the surface.

My partner took the first jump with two of the more experienced divers. The bubbles on the surface shone as I saw them disappear from view. We watched to see the track of the bubbles on the surface. But then to our horror, we could only see two bubble tracks. We scanned the surface frantically, but there were no others to be seen. At this stage, I began to get my diving gear on when another track of bubbles disappeared. Then at the bow of the boat, we heard the frantic splashing and the ear-piercing cries of a diver. We rushed down and lifted him on board. He trembled as he told us of how a twenty four foot white shark had savagely attacked the student and my partner and had mutilated them beyond recognition. I attempted to start the cruiser. The engine broke into a splutter but would not start. I once again turned the key and again a splutter came out of it but again it would not start. At this stage, I began to reassure and calm the panicky students. I then tried the radio. It broke into a crackle and to my joy I received an answer from the coast guard. I told him of the

incident and where we were positioned. He replied that he would be able to send out a chopper that would reach us in half an hour.

I loaded the three automatic rifles and handed out two of them to two reliable students. We then began our long wait. I began by trying to take their minds off the shark by encouraging them to sing. This evidently worked, for inside ten minutes we were all singing together harmlessly. Then suddenly the singing was crashed out by a splintering crash at the stern of the boat which sent two of the students crashing into the water. Their faint cries were heard as they began to swim towards the ship. Then we saw the dorsal fin of the shark rise and swiftly make for the direction of the slower swimmer. We began to scream at him to hurry up. His screams became muffled as he disappeared from the surface, leaving only a cloud of blood. The other student was now only twenty yards away when the chopper was spotted speeding towards us. But when he was ten yards from the cruiser another two fins broke the surface. He swam frantically towards the boat. He reached the boat and we were just hauling him up when we heard the snap of the jaws penetrating into his legs and he was pulled under.

At this stage five or six other sharks began to encircle the boat. I signalled to the pilot to lower a step ladder. Only two could climb the step ladder at a time so I let the two students go up first. One of the sharks directed his dorsal fin at the boat and picked up speed to ram it. I held on to the nearest thing which happened to be the steering. He hit it with great force puncturing a hole in the stern and it began to sink rapidly. The two students had reached the chopper when I saw another shark make a dart for the half sunken wreck. I jumped on to the ladder just in time because he hit it at full force splitting it into two halves.

I am now too scared even to go near water and I don't think you would blame me, would you?

* * * * *

Farmer: Why did the chickens watch the roadmaker?
Smart Boy: They heard he was going to lay a pavement.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

Stand and Deliver the Highwayman said,
In a voice so crisp and cold,
Drop those caskets from the top,
Those caskets full of gold.

The Driver climbed up to the top,
And dropped them one by one,
The Highwayman then shot him,
With the Thunder of a gun.

The Highwayman he then rode off,
Laden with the gold,
And when the coach got into town,
The Sheriff he was told.

The Sherriff rounded up his men,
And to the woods did go,
To find the murderous Highwayman,
Who ran with all the gold.

They chased him and they chased him,
And after this gallant spree,
The Highwayman ended,
Hanging from the gallows tree.

Gillen Hardesty

* * * * *

Young Johnny: Dad I have a message for you. There's
going to be a small meeting of the
Parents and Teachers tomorrow.

Dad: What do you mean a small meeting?

Young Johnny: Just you, me and the headmaster.



Class 305

Classmaster:

Mr. T. Maguire



Class 304

Classmaster:

Mr. S. O Neachtain



Class 303

Classmaster:

Mr. P.J. Dobbyn



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Walk through the gate; gosh what's the time,
Look at my watch, it's half past nine.
Walk through the door; dash up the stairs,
Suddenly I hear the crashing of chairs.

Turn round the corner, walk into 303,
Healy fighting with Finnerty.
Thorton's not in, said Finnerty with glee,
Join in the fun, we're having a spree.

But all good things must come to an end,
Who said Taheny was our friend.
Yippee, The bell at last,
Hurry up Cooney get out of here fast.

Sean Cooney (303)

HOPPING MAD

A scientist was studying how far a frog could jump. So he carefully placed the frog on the floor and said " JUMP frog JUMP ". The frog jumped eight feet. The scientist then recorded this fact in his notebook " frog with four legs jumps eight feet ". He then cut off one of the frog's legs and placed him on the floor again and said " JUMP frog JUMP ". The frog jumped six feet. The scientist again recorded this fact in his notebook " frog with three legs jumps six feet ". He then proceeded in cutting off a second leg, and again he placed him on the floor and said " JUMP frog JUMP ". The frog jumped four feet. The scientist recorded this fact also in his notebook " frog with two legs jumps four feet ". He then cut off a third leg and placed the frog on the floor and said " JUMP frog JUMP ". The frog jumped two feet. Again the scientist recorded this fact in his notebook " frog with one leg jumps two feet ".

Finally he removed the last leg and he placed the frog on the floor and said " JUMP frog JUMP ". To his surprise the frog didn't jump so, he recorded in his notebook " frog with no legs is deaf ".

Ciarán Mc Mahon (2A4).

TOP TEN

1. Like Clockwork..... Bro. Angelus.
2. Withering Heights..... Mr. Taheny.
3. Hanging on the Telephone..... Mrs Byrne.
4. Lying Eyes..... Mr. Lally.
5. I was only Joking..... Mr. Dunleavy.
6. Smurf Song..... Mr. Rowan.
7. Taste of Aggro..... Bro. Linus.
8. Bat Out of Hell..... Mr. Brennan.
9. She's so Modern..... Mrs Dooley.
10. Bicycle Race..... Mr. Small.

* * * * *

TOP TEN ALBUMS

1. Parallel Lines Mr. T. McCrohan
2. Tonic For The Troops Mr. P. Rowan
3. A Wild & Crazy Guy Mr. P. Scanlon
4. Totally Hot Mrs. P. Foley
5. Spirits Having Flown Mr. K. Thornton
6. Live & Dangerous Bro. Linus
7. You Don't Bring Me Flowers Miss. B. Clarke
8. Germ Free Adolescents Mr. F. Thornton
9. Life For The Takingg..... Mr. F. O' Connell
10. A Single Man Bro. Mathew

Name with-held for security reasons.



Included here are members of the staff at midnight.

RUBBER DUCKY

Breaker 1-9 this here's the Rubber Duck, you got a copy on me.... was the line which opened the movie "Convoy last January in Galway. Kris Kristofferson was of course using a CB radio, and at a time when local radio is a very controversial topic, let us look at a subject which has taken the U.S.A. and other countries by storm. Back in 1947, the U.S. government allocated a small part of the airwaves to be used by the people of the U.S. for person-to-person communication over short distances and the Citizens Radio Band (CB) was born - or almost, equipment was very expensive and licences were only available to sports organisers, Security guards, and a limited category of other people. In fact, it took over 26 years until 1973, to sell one million CB transmitter & receivers. Late in 1973 something happened. A new band of 23 channels was set up and free licences were available to all people over 18. The start of 1974 saw the energy crisis, which affected all motorists, but especially truck drivers. The price of diesel went up, running costs went up and the speed limit was reduced to 55 mph. Overnight, a new market was created, and realising their potential uses, truck drivers in their thousands went out to buy CB units. And armed with this new weapon, drivers made their business more efficient. Drivers warned each other of Police road blocks and speed radartraps, Traffic Laws, short cuts and also accidents. Organisations similar to the AA, monitored Channel 9 for traffic reports, reports of accidents and breakdowns. Delays caused by breakdowns were halved, especially in remote areas, and on average help was brought to victims in crashes 17 mins sooner, via CB.

And the craze spread CB transceivers were used by ordinary motorists, commercial travellers, policemen, sportsmen, people in helicopters and boats. 2,000,000 CB units were sold in 1974 and sales by 1975 were 5½ million. During 1976 these radios were produced night and day in the states, and 10% of all air freight from Japan was CB equipment. At present they sell at a rate of ½ million units per month. And can so many people be wrong? The advantages of a personal radio communication system seem to justify such a scheme, for use between cars, boats, trucks, buses, tractors and houses. Prices in the states are still falling. A \$40.00 CB transmitter/receiver offers a 6 mile range on 40 channels. Anyway, Canada, Australia and Japan soon set up their citizens' Band and received massive

support. In Britain, we have heard rumours and Ireland, where the Post Office holds complete control over all forms of communication except mental telepathy and face-to-face speech? The potential user seem obvious, especially in remote areas, where roads are bad and the telephone service is even worse. Instant and accurate information on road conditions, road works, weather reports, traffic jams, breakdowns, accidents and rescue, people losing their way at night, use on farms, forest fires, flooding security guards, armed robbery prevention, use on construction sites, sports fixtures, fishermen, the list goes on. Local radio or is there something better?



Brian Currie 5B

Class 2A2

Classmaster:

Mr. K. Thornton

Class 2A3

Classmaster:

Mr. M. Breanthnach



T. Donnellan

C. O'Connor

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My small brother went to the cinema last year, bought a ticket and went in. A few minutes later, he came out and bought another ticket. Went in, came out again, and bought another ticket.

"Excuse me, Sir" said the lady at the ticket desk.

"Why do you keep coming out for more tickets".

"Well", replied my brother, There's some joker by the door with a torch who keeps tearing them up.

QUACKSILVER

- Q1. Where do Kerry people come from?
A. Cork.
- Q2. Spell Salmon.
A. Sammen.
- Q3. In what sport do you get a rugby ball?
A. Soccer.
- Q4. Where does Owen Listen, a kerryman come from?
A. Galway.
- Q5. What's two and two?
A. 22.
- Q6. What colour is red?
A. Brown.
- Q7. How high is a hundred feet?
A. Fairly high.
- Q8. How many sides has a square?
A. Too many.
- Q9. What bird can't fly?
A. A dead one.
- Q10. If one is Company, two is a crowd, what is 3 and 4?
A. A bus queue.
- Q11. Write two sentences about an accident.
A. One day I broke my legs playing handball. It was sore so I ran home.
- Q12. What is a Penguin?
A. It is a bar of chocolate.
- Q13. Put the word Noun in a sentence.
A. I cannot put noun in a sentence?
- Q14. What shape has two sides?
A. A circle, it has an inside and outside.
- Q15. Where do we get light from?
A. E.S.B. if they are not on strike.

REVOLUTION

The long awaited has happened, a communist republic has been declared on the fringe of Western Europe. Yesterday, The Peoples Republic of Nun's Island was declared.

The events leading up to the declaration are not clear however, refugees mainly for some reason maths teachers, escaping across the canal to freedom have given the following information:

On monday morning a huge crowd of workers gathered at the bridge shouting against another week of degradation and exploitation, they called for a revolution. It is believed that rumours of a massacre of workers in June and a lock-out of former workers wishing to return the following September further stirred them up. A speaker declared himself Peoples Chairman and led the long walk to the place of government for liberty. The imperialist regime knowing the end to be near tried to escape in the minibus and Mr. Rowan's car however, by the time they had all squeezed in, the Bastille (under the filthy capitalist government known as a school) was surrounded. The old Imperial Guard led by its' commander the Head Prefect surrendered at once, they are now reformed and working for the glory of the people. Among the captured is the former head of Government Br. Angelus whose refusals to grant workers basic rights such as half-days and whose neurosis about punctuality were partly responsible for the revolution.

Also, apprehended was the chilling arch-capitalist Mr. Taheny who controls the stamp club monopoly which blatantly supports imperialistic advances in third world countries. The workers were forced to support this horrifying affair known as the Stamp Club and scandalous stories are now circulating about the company meetings in room 101 on Thursday evenings. Seemingly bits of paper were exchanged for huge sums of money, all at the expense of the down-trodden luckless workers. Other members of the government were also captured, some were described as distinctly odd, no doubt deranged by the knowledge that their years of tyranny were over.

The Peoples' Glorious Chairman has said, he will knock the Bastille down and build a garden of remembrance to those who had suffered so appallingly there. The filthy, capitalist orientated cathedral is to be converted into a Great Hall of the People. Five statues

Chairman flanked by Karl Marx and James Connolly on one side,
Lenin and Michael D. Higgins on the other.

News of the Republic caused consternation all over the world.
The Irish Government resigned, the Unionists declared it "another
example of what Fenian got up to when they were not kept in their
cages". The Rev. Dr. Ian Paisley said he was sure the Pope was
involved in it somewhere. Washington said it's missiles were
pointing at Galway and referred to the Peoples' Glorious Chairman
as a "Leprechaun". Moscow expressed delight and promised to
send all that an emergent nation needs, including food, clothing,
medecine and plenty of tanks and guns. As Moscow was involved,
Peking remained silent.

The Republic faces an uncertain future.

6A Fanatic.

* * * * *

As I walk in the gate,
At half past eight,
I go to a place where,
I see a friendly face,
We talk about what was on T.V.,
And how the murder was awful to see,
Then the bell goes and we walk to the door,
While waiting to get in it is such a bore,
We go up to the class by way of the stair,
When the teacher comes in we say the prayer,
We get down to work straight away,
And we work till the end of the day.
Four o'clock and I walk out the gate,
But I dread the next morning at half past
eight.

Gary Batchart
Room 30¹

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We see our friend driving along a deserted road, doing about 30 m.p.h. in his new car. His travelling companions are, a 3 inch map of the area, an ancient camera with several equally ancient lens, a depleted stamp album and a collection box for foreign missions. His aims are to photograph all the big mansion style houses and ancient relics (historical relics) to obtain stamps for his coming numbers game in room 101, and to collect money for his foreign friends in the back of beyond.

He stops and looks at the map. His eyes search for two things, old houses and monuments. As far as he is concerned the trunk roads, corries, lakes and other geographical stuff are just ink blots. He continues on and turns up a road marked private. He rounds a bend and the house comes into view. He parks the car and anbles up the drive in the usual Taheny yait, map in one hand, camera in the other and his can strung round his neck. A man, Lord something or other walks out of the door. "Can I be of any help to you old boy", he asks in a posh accent. "I was wondering if I might take a couple of photos of the house" replies Dan, in the Taheny lingo. "Of course you can". Before you do, would you like to come in and have a cup of coffee." "Thank you I will. Would you like to give a small donation to the foreign missions". "Of course, come in".

The two trot off inside and have a few cups of coffee. Dan emerges later and takes a few photos, says thank you again and sets off down the drive. He has a £5.00 note in his tin, a couple of cups of coffee inside him, and a couple of shots of the house in his camera. This is part of an average day in Dan T's vacation. The author takes no responsibility for the authenticity of this report.

Q/ How does a model 'T' Ford remind you of a schoolroom?

A/ It has a lot of nuts inside with a crank up the front.

LIMERICKS, JOKES etc.

There was a tall man called Joyce,
and his favourite dish was rice,
He drove a big tractor, and was a
batchelor,
And all the girls thought he was nice

Paul Feeney (303)

There was a young lad from Dunbarton,
Who thought he could run like a Spartan,
On his 29th lap,
His braces did snap,
Now his face is like red scottish tartan.

* * * * *

A bloke I know went on a Holiday to Italy and died
there of wine, women and song. He was singing a love
song under this woman's window when her husband came
out and brained him with a bottle of Chianti.

Brendan Ray 2A5.

* * * * *

The British Isles are made up of four nations;
The Scots: Who keep the Sabbath day_and
anything else they can lay their hands on.
The Welsh: Who pray on their knees and on
their neighbours.
The Irish: Who don't know what they want but
are willing to fight anybody to get it.
The English: Who consider themselves a
race of self-made man, so relieving The
Almighty of a terrible responsibility.

Class 2A1

Classmaster:

Mr. M. Feeney



Class 3A5

Classmaster:

Mr. L. O Murchu

Class 3A4

Classmaster:

Mr. J. Brennan



WAR

A mixed feeling of anxiety and death remained suspended throughout the atmosphere of Berlin City.

Many people, homes and buildings had suffered enormously as a result of the previous night's bombings. Shrapnel and rubble blanketed the blood stained ground. Blockades had been positioned to debar the entry of suspicious looking vehicles.

The air was still, everybody underground dreading the moment when the forboding curfew would sound, for the opponents to strike again. All of the waiting tension was released when the ringing curfew pierced the still air.

The undulating hum of the iron beasts who caused much or all of the devastation could be heard in the distance. They were nearing the delapidated city when a young child ran unknowingly from his place of refuge. A hysterical shriek quickly sounded and tempted woman in his pursuit, but it was too late. The blood thirsty bombers were on the city, unmercifully killing both mother and child.

The still air was now filled with the blasts of bombs and the drone of planes. Many were innocent victims of the raid before the enemy force eventually moved on, leaving the city in ruins, absolutely irreparable, and many loved ones lost.

John Keenan 2A4

News Flash

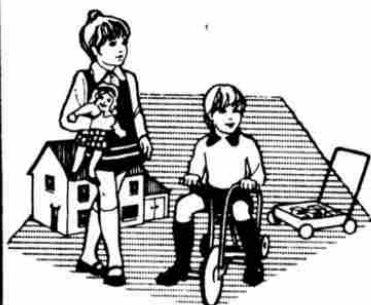
Last night there was a raid on the ware-house,
of Ballyma-gash.

20 lbs of carrots and seven bottles of Vodka
were taken. The gardai are looking for a
rabbit with a hangover.

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Class 3A3
Classmaster:



Mrs. M. Mc Sharry
Class 3A2
Classmaster:



Mr. S. Killeen
Class 3A1
Classmaster:

U.S.A. The other side of the coin

The U.S. is a country for which most people hold a fanatical admiration. This admiration is undirected, unjustified and above all, inexplicable. From within and without, the U.S.A. is regarded as the greatest of all the nations of the world. I have had little experience of meeting citizens of this proud nation, but I get the distinct impression from American films that they are, as a group, chauvinistic and condescending in their opinion of other countries.

I fail to see the attraction of United States society for the rest of the world. It contains some of the ugliest slums in the western world. It is the cradle of drug addiction, violence and other forms of immoral behaviour. Long before such practice spread to the outside world, these activities were banal in America, born perhaps, of the 1929-1933 economic depression and, in pre-war years, not something for which the unfortunate victims of poverty could be held responsible. Now, however, such happenings have spread to the political allies of the United States and other "developed" nations.

The twentieth century has seen an unending inter-national political storm. Since the Teheran conference of 1943, when Communist-Capitalist tensions first began to surface, we have seen some of the most outrageous and unacceptable diplomatic manoeuvres on the part of the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. The only major Russian scandal has been the imposition of Communism on the Balkans, East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary - and even here Moscow has only twice dared to interfere militarily. While one could not accuse the United States of having such imperialistic ambitions, it has been more than willing to "use" other countries for its own ends. Even in the past six weeks (i.e. between December 14th and January 28th) Washington has abandoned two of its former allies; Taiwan and the Shah of Iran. Personally, I am of the opinion that the sole purpose of America's recognition of the Peking regime is to entrench the enmity of Russia for the U.S. and China. This alliance is remarkably reminiscent of the 1939 Nazi-Soviet pact - it is the recognition of a Communist government by a staunchly anti-Communist country. Like the Nazi-Soviet alliance, this modern pact seems unworkable.

The Shah of Iran has also felt the raw end of American foreign policy. At the time of writing, the monarch has been all but deposed, following the withdrawel of U.S. support for his government. The Shah supplied troops for the American offensive in Vietnam and has always backed the United States in her anti-leftist policy. Now in his own hour of need, the Iranian emperor finds himself without support from his "one-way" ally.

It is one of the greatest tragedies of our day, that the fate of the world is in the hands of two men, the presidents of Russia and America. If these two countries are unable to find a way to exist at diplomatic peace, then it is certain that there will be no military peace in our time. It is equally certain that another world war would mean the extinction of the human race in some or all of the countries of the world. Clearly, the world's two super powers are leading us towards such a conflict.

The best parallel I can draw is to compare the citizens of the world to passengers on a bus, descending rapidly downhill towards a brick wall. At the wheel are Russia and America, each fighting for ultimate control and consequently unable to steer at all. Unless this bickering is halted, we, the passengers on the bus are going to hit the wall at the foot of the Hill. We have no control over our own destiny, we are all at the mercy of the U.S. government. The next time you feel like sticking an American flag on your maths copy, bear that in mind.

John Currie 2A4

Batty Books

Treasure Island	by R. Jim Lad
January Sales	by Q. Upp
Tarzan	by U. Jane
Haunted House	by Hugo First.

Diner: Waiter what's wrong with these eggs?
Waiter: Don't ask me, I only laid the table.

Class 5A

Classmaster:

Mr. F. Thornton



Class 5B

Classmaster:

Mr. P. O hIci

Class 5C

Classmaster:

Mr. P. Mc Sharry



Great moments in medicine.

Once the crisis has passed....once the patient has regained his strength....once the family is relieved and grateful that's the time when the physician experiences one of the great moments in medicine. In fact, the greatest moment in medicine. Mainly, the moment when he presents his bill! That's the time when all of the years of training and study seem worthwhile. And there's always the chance that the shock might mean more business for him!

Park David scientists are proud of their place in the history of practicing medicine for fun and profit, helping to provide doctors with the materials that mean higher fees and bigger incomes. For example, our latest development....tranquillizer impregnated bill paper....designed to eliminate the shock and hysteria that comes when the patient gets a look at the bill. Not only will he remain calm when he sees the amount....now he won't care.

Teacher's Diary

"Good Morning Mr..... " "Good morning Brother....."
Good Morning Miss..... One of these days I'm going to tell them all to..... to hump off. Now, who are first on the menu. Oh No! Not 301. Anything but to have to teach that lot. The thought of having to teach them would make any teacher go weak in the knees. Wait! What's that noise? Oh! It's just my knees. You know, one of these days I am going to stamp my superiority on that class. Yeah! If that Johnny what-his-name tries to hit me again I'll fix a date to have a talk with his father. Then again his father is a wrestler. Forget his father but if he does try it I'll make an example of him. Oh boy, When I'm finished with them they will be like a bunch of tame pussy-cats. Yep! Today I will teach them. Rrrrrr There goes the bell. Time to do my duty as a (secondary school teacher)? Tomorrow, For definite, I will do it tomorrow. Yes, tomorrow or maybe the next day.

Teenage Drinking

What is the new and relatively simple phenomenon of self poisoning? It is the administration of alcohol and other drugs into the human system. There are many reasons for this, the most important being the increasing number of teenagers who try to close the generation gap. They see alcohol as a symbol of adulthood. It is widely known that teenage drinking is rampant.

Many of those people drink modestly, even though they are under-age but some individuals drink in excess and become addicted to this intoxicating fluid. What many people forget and what young people in particular do not know is, that alcohol is a toxic substance on which it is easy to become dependant. Tragedies and accidents among young people are often related to the consumption of drink. Teenage drinking being a serious problem require urgent measures.

Laws have been introduced as a deterrent against under age drinking but these are not effective. The drinkers do not realise that this law was introduced for their own protection. People turn to alcohol because of personal problems, e.g. shyness, inferiority feelings, examinations or their future hoping to find the answers in the bottle.

They soon learn that this is not the solution to their problems but by this time they are new recruits of a deadly vicious circle.

Q. Who won the battle of the Encyclopedias. ?

A. General Knowledge.

Q. What do you call a baby Whale?

A. A little squirt.

Q. What game do elephants play in the back of a mini car?

A. Squash.

Class 5D

Classmaster:

Mr. D. Taheny



Class 5E

Classmaster:

Mr. C. Griffin

Class 6A

Classmaster

: Bro. Linus



A Decade of Violence

In 1968, Northern Ireland had just about round it's feet, after forty years of depression and mistrust. However, it was at this point, which could have marked Northern Ireland's conversion from a conservative to a liberal society, the so called Civil Rights Association(C.R.A.) was formed. It's intentions were probably good, to ensure that the Northern political minority had their say. However, it's marches soon indirectly caused sectarian riots, and as many extremists drifted in a large contingent of moderates began to withdraw. It was clear that they had created a monster which they could not destroy. Eventually, the Provisional I.R.A. realising that the chance for sectarian violence had presented itself, announced that it's flimsy 1956 - 1962 campaign was to be resumed this time. However, the violence had a greater impact. Eventually after serious trouble and rioting erupted, the British army was called in.

By 1972, the situation had reached a point where civil war seemed highly likely, perhaps inevitable. Fortunately, it was not to be. But on 30th January, 1972 came a disastrous turning point in the course of the struggle for peace. In the horrible "Bloody Sunday" disaster the army fired on a march in Derry. Twelve people - all Catholics, all civilians were killed. While this incident was obviously tragic in itself, it was responsible for another tragedy, this time a long-term one, it turned many members of the Northern minority against the army. This means that although Catholics are of course, firmly opposed to violence, a not inconsiderable proportion of them do not lend support to the security forces - a most undesirable attitude.

Who, then, is to blame for the current situation? Undoubtedly , the lion's share of the blame must go to the Provisional I.R.A. not only because it was that organization which started this painful era of civil disturbances, but because it has been responsible for the most destructive and horrific incidents of the decade, such as the La Mon bombing, only a year ago. On the other side of the fence, the Loyalist para-military groups are also knee-deep in innocent blood. They too, have committed savage outrages notably the massacre of fifteen people in a Belfast pub in December 1971 - the horrifying Mc.Gurk's Bar explosion.

In allocating blame let us not forget the politicians, both Unionist and Republican, who are under the impression that they are running the country. Just as the Russians and the Americans are leading the world to nuclear war, and the suffering which that will bring with it, so too are Ulster's politicians behaving wrecklessly in refusing to negotiate for, let alone agree upon a political solution. This is yet another factor which encourages terrorist groups.

If we are to avoid another flare-up in violence in Northern Ireland, we must halt the growing tide of complacency (usually described as the growing tide of optimism) which many people appear to be riding on. There is no prospect of any settlement in the immediate future, contrary to what public figures would have us believe. While few people would suggest that a total end to violence is just around the corner, not everyone seems to realise that a flare-up in violence is inevitable if the I.R.A.'s campaign of terror is not forcibly halted. Time and again, stereotypes in world history have shown us this civil wars in Lebanon, Rhodesia and the Congo are frightening examples of our own time. Looking back over events of the past ten years, it seems miraculous that Northern Ireland has so far avoided full-scale civil war. If we allow violence to continue for another agonizing decade, we cannot hope to be so fortunate again.

John Currie 2A4.

NEWS FROM GALWAY.

A tall and short man robbed the bank today. Police are looking high and low for them.

NEWS FROM DUBLIN.

A Kerryman was fired from a Dublin banana factory because he threw out all the crooked ones.

A RUGBY MAN' DILEMA

(Note: The following came to me recently with a generous subscription for our rugby funds. Bro. Linus.)

I find that with advancing years
(and rising cost of things like beers)
It's getting harder every day
To meet the cost that one must pay.

So on the first of this past month
I held before my eyes our punt -
Says I " Me buck " - to ME I said -
"You gotta stay out of the red.

The cost of living's now so high
That you find it hard to buy
The basic needs of this here life
And keep from dept your home and wife.

The time has come to recognise
That all the guys who're rated wise
Steer clear of things like football folly
And keep their cash for Georgie Colley
So rugby subs have got to cease
If you're to have financial peace."

But what's the good of resolutions
When Bish and such-like institutions
Bewail their lack of fixtures cash?
Th'oul tenner one can only lash!

From C.P. Crowley
Past President I.R.F.U.

• • • • •

Stamp Club

The Bish Stamp Club came of age two years ago and it was fitting that the "Founding Fathers", the terrible Fifties of the fifties should come together to celebrate its majority. For all of us gathered in the Banba it was more than an intriguing exercise in reliving the past; the memory becomes blurred and the images fray but basic things remain. We all remembered - it was a night of "do you remember?" and all of us had our own tale to tell.

How did the Stamp Club start? Was it really a desire to help our less fortunate brethren? A sudden interest in the world of stamps now that Singer had hit the world's headlines? a philanthropic desire to help the missions? a clever ploy to get a free class and lead the discussion to a more relaxed world of freedom? You can take your choice. I know the answer or think I do.

At all events it has survived for twenty three years and is now part of the school like the carved names on the desks or the blurring photos in the corridors. I wish I could, like Yeats, write down their names in a verse so that they would be immortalised forever but if I mention Danno, and Georgie, and Tim, I might omit a host more and I must mention Johnny Kirby and Colm Roddy who keep supplying us with boxes of wonderful stamps from their surplus collection. Without them we could not keep going but somehow the cruse of oil never empties and I feel it never will.

And so I thank them and you, one and all, the lads of the fifties and sixties and seventies, the fellows who saved stamps and who didn't, the lads who gave the pennies and who didn't (were there ever any?) - how wonderful in this inflationary spiral the entrance fee is still the biblical penny. What value; And the countless nameless thousands whom they have helped thank them also - the orphans in Madras Patrician orphanage, the Patrician students in Eldoret, the leper colony in Tanzania, the priest past pupils in Nigeria and Kenya, the little settlement in Teheran, the autistic children in Galway and...and....and.... I hope the list will continue forever. It will, I know, since the generosity of this years classes have far exceeded anything yet experienced and that is saying a lot. It will come back to you a thousand fold. You may bet on that. Thanks again.

RUGBY

It's been a hard and busy season, and at the time of writing it's not yet ended. Thus far our Senior side has played 17 matches, winning 8, drawing 1 and losing 8. In the Schools' Cup the loss of Anthony Ryan and Kevin Cooney proved too great a handicap, but that we went down by only a single score in extra time of a semi-final replay speaks volumes for the commitment and determination of our team. This season's side was especially sound in defence, but rather limited in attack and a little slow to take its chances. Still, they are not the first Bish senior side to beat Garbally twice in a season, though NOT the first Bish XV to do so -our U-14s did it earlier this year and our U-13s last season. Tribute must be paid to the number of very young players who made the First XV this year, Tommy Conneely and Joey Marlborough all along, Frankie Treanor and Decky Hanly earlier on.

For me the highlights of the senior season were the northern tour and the victory over London Oratory. Not since our first cross-Channel trip have I enjoyed away fixtures so much as in this year's visit to Belfast. One could not have more friendly hosts than Annadale Grammar School, and to lose by only a single point in the battle for the Headmaster's Cup added zest to the enjoyment. Then, for the first time ever, we had a clear victory over London Oratory, twice before we had drawn with them and twice had been defeated by only the proverbial squeak. The great thing about these fixtures is the sporting spirit in which have always been played, thoroughly enjoyable matches with everyone giving of his best and no thought of dirty play. Would that all Cup matches were such! That both our own tour and Oratory's visit were so successful is due, of course, to all who took part and to the pupils and parents who so kindly assisted, but no praise can be too high for Anthony Ryan and Barry Heskin, tour captain and team captain respectively. They did the Bish a wonderful service and may hold their heads high in any company. They and Kevin Cooney were also in the Connacht Schools' interprovincial panel, with Anthony and Kevin winning caps. To all of the senior side who will leave us this year I say "Thank you friends; and God go with you"; to those who will be with us a little longer I would point out that they have set a headline which will not be easily maintained.

I'm running out of space and must merely glance at some other aspects of the season. Our Junior XV came good at the very end and recaptured the City Cup after a lapse of two years. Congratulations to them. The U-16 competition for the Fr. McGrath Cup was not held this year and the

U-I3 campaign is only now getting under way. Our U-I4s took their share of glory in first term with big wins over Jesuits, Garbally and Clifden. They met Sligo Grammer in the League Final and when two matches and two periods of extra time failed to separate the sides we decided to share the Clifden Cup. It is 19 years since we last shared a cup with Grammer, and another interesting fact is that the same two teams last year played the only draw of the Connacht Tribune Tournament. Two other items from the scrap book, since 1970 we have played in only one Junior Schools' final when we won the Cup, while we have played in all but three senior finals, winning only one. We've also taken the Minor Cup (U-I9) once, the Plate once and the U-I7 Cup three years in succession. Through the seventies then we've been a force in Connacht Schools' rugby, we have fulfilled fixtures and made friends in all four provinces and in England, so that if we take care to maintain our traditions we may, with God's help, face the future with confidence. To the Connacht Branch, its officers and referees, to our rival schools, to our own Headmaster, staff and pupils, to the legion of parents and friends who have so generously helped us in good times and in bad we gratefully say; "Go mbuanai Dia sibh i saol agus i slainte."

Brother Linus.
March 1979.





ROWING

At the beginning of last season Bish had high hopes of winning The Senior Schoolboy Championship. Coaches Terry Brennan and Pat Fahy prepared the crew well for a hard season. The Head's of the River in Galway and Enniskillen were the first tests. An unfortunate incident deprived us of victory in Galway and we were beaten by 10 sec. by Colerain in Enniskillen.

Before the regatta season started, we won the Emmett, Colgan and Gogarty in local events. The first regatta was in Galway where "Bish" regained that famous Anderson Trophy. Other success in eights and fours followed in Cork, Limerick and Athlone.

At the Championships we were beaten by a canvas in the eights and were unlucky to loose in the final of the fours. The big surprise was the success of Pat Fahy and Kieran Tummon in the pairs. Following this they were picked to represent Ireland in Wales.

This year, however, "Bish" have no senior crew but we have now started a re-building programme. Their progress up to now has

been repid as proven by the victory in Michaelmeas Regatta and very good performances in both Galway and Enniskillen Heads. Wit. a new engine and the purchase of a clinker eight the club is now in a good position for the future.

re-building in another sphere is taking place in the club itself. Under the direction of Bro. Gabriel and with the help of past and present oarsmen, restoration has begun. Lets hope the club's sucess and tradition will continue in the future.

Oarsman of the Year:

Wally Walsh, for his devotion and enthusiasm towards rowing.

Sean Mc. Donagh.
(Club Captain)



ATHLETICS

1978 followed the trend of previous years by proving to be a most successful year of competition for the "Bish" athletic squad.

As usual the Provincial Championships were held in Claremorris and "Bish" were there to take home even more titles than last year. In the Senior age group Colman O'Flaherty scored twice in the 100m and 200m coming first in each with times of 11.1 sec and 22.8 sec. respectively. "Bish" took a third gold in the 110m hurdles when Sean Nestor improved from last years bronze position. The Senior relay team consisting of C. O'Flaherty, S. Nestor, J. Ridge and T. Walshe finished a notable 3rd.

The intermediate squad, although very small, did very well with two 3rd places coming from the relay team and from Declan Daly who got 3rd in the 400m. The relay team consisted of D. Daly, T. Walshe, A. Tool and I. Davidson.

In the Junior section our field athletes excelled. Sean Connell won the discus with a throw of 30m. John Daly came a very good 3rd in the high jump and Paul De.Hora also took a first in the Javelin. Paul also ran in the 1500m and finished a close 2nd.

The Minor relay team came 2nd. The team here was T. Daly, L. O'Toole, G. Smalle and C. Mc.Keone. Brendan Carr ran the 800m in a time of 2.20.2 to gain the No 1 spot.

Then came the National Championships. Coleman O'Flaherty kept the "Bish" flag flying high with a double win in the 100m and 200m. Sean Nestor came close to the medals with a splendid 4th place in the 110m hurdles. From here Colman was chosen to represent Ireland in the F.I.S.E.C. games. The previous year he won the 100m at the same games but this year he was on top form to take 1st in both 100m and 200m. Well done Coleman.

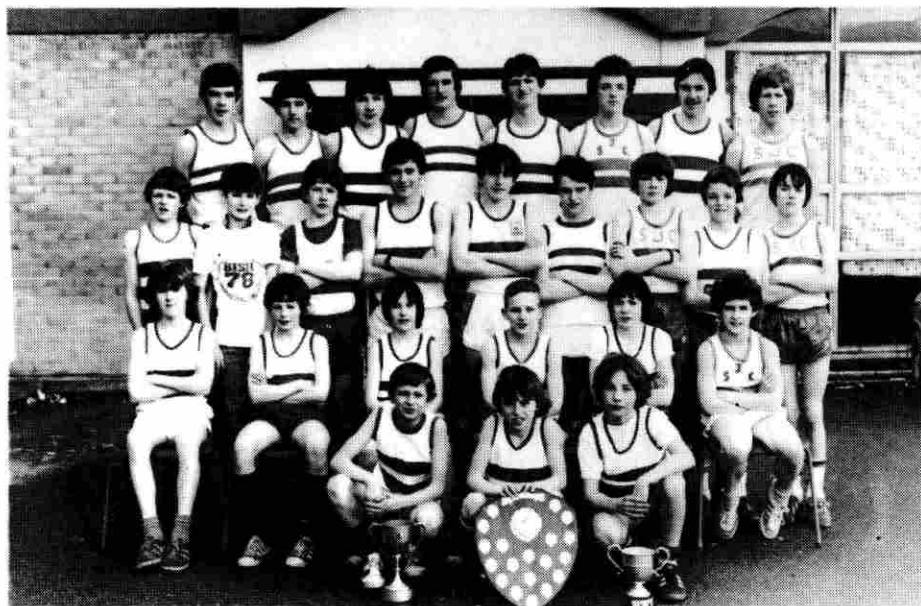
When the cross country season came "Bish" were ready and won the Minor, Junior and Intermediate team awards in the City league. At the Connaught Championships, the Minor and Junior teams ran in the true "Bish" spirit, and both teams won.

The teams were as follows:

Minor: L. O'Toole, T. Daly, P. Nolan, D. Kineen, P. Glynn
and B. Carr.

Junior: M. Flanelly, P. D.Hora, L. O'Toole and R. Kelly.

We, the athletes wish to sincerely thank Br. Canice for his coaching and consistant dedication to athletics without which such a high standard of achievement would never have been gained.



SOCCEK

Last year's Soccer season was undoubtedly one of the best ever for the "Bish" - winning the U-13, U-14 and U-15 Connacht Finals and reaching the U-16 Connacht Final also.

U-13:

The U-13's having beaten Moneenageisha 3-1, St. Patricks 2-0 and Jesuits 6-0, came up against a strong St. Gerald's team from Castlebar in the final. However, the " BISH " put up a fine performance and won narrowly 1-0.

U-14 :

The Bish, having beaten Summerhill 2-1 in the First round and St. Gerald's Castlebar 3-0 in the Connacht Final, went on to the All-Ireland semi-final. Unfortunately, they were beaten by 2-0 by Ballymun.

U-15:

The U-15's having in previous years won the U-13 and U-14 Connacht Championships, owe again proved themselves by winning the Connacht Final. On their way they beat St. Marys 2-1, Summerhill 3-0 and St. Gerald's Castlebar 3-0

U-16:

"Bish", having overcome a weak Boyle side 4-0 in the first round, then got a bye to the final. There they came up against their old rivals, St. Mary's. The game ended in a 3 all draw but in replay, Bish were sourly beaten 3-1.

SENIOR A:

The Senior Team failed to make any impression in this grade, being unfortunately beaten 1-0 by Sligo in the first round.

Michael Higgins 5B



SWIMMING



Back Row : Left to Right

S. Heskin, S. Connell, B. Desmond, M. O' Connor, C. Connell.

Front Row: P. O' Grady, K. O' Byrne, D. Reck, C. Crowley, P. Naughton.

Ten swimmers travelled to Claremorris in February to compete in the Connacht Colleges Swimming Championships. Both Intermediate squads were won by the Bish. This enabled them to win the Intermediate section for the third time in four years.

The four Intermediate swimmers then went to Bangor for the National Championships and they finished third in the free style relay.

BASKETBALL



Back Row: Left to Right

J. Allen, G. Kelly, K. Cooney, P. De hOra, G. Hurley, M. Duffy,
Mr. J. Clancy.

Front Row: Left to Right

V. Carroll, M. Collum, A. Ryan, P. Sweeney, B. Lally and E. Naught

MONDAY MORNING BLUES

Suddenly my peaceful world of silent darkness was shattered by a blinding light and the dreaded words of, "Come on", wakey, wakey. It's quarter to eight". Quarter to eight. The words rattled around in my mind like someone battering a piece of galvanized metal. I suppose it could be worse. It could be my head getting battered.

Trying to persuade my eyelids to open I stuck my foot out of the corner of the quilt and, feeling the cold pulled it back in. Suddenly, feeling terribly lazy and summing up all my courage, I threw off the quilt. Immediately, regretting my decision and torn between continuing the daily torture and returning to bed, I decided to get dressed. In a flash I was in the state of bare skin. It is a fact of life that when one is in this uncomfortable and cold condition socks, underwear, shirts and jeans always seem to get twisted and gnarled into unwearable knots of frustration. However, having hoisted my bag onto my shoulder, I stumbled out of my bedroom.

I glanced into my brothers' bedroom expecting to see exactly what I saw. A sixth class pupil lay sprawled in a dazed stupor still clenching his teddy bear, Rupert. As, on every morning he would remain in this state until my father's seventh call when, in terror he would realise his dangerous lateness.

Bounding heavily down the stairs I nearly crushed our dog Minnie, who looked at me sleepily for even she looked like she had got out on the wrong side of the bed. I staggered into the kitchen and put the milk into my rice-krispies. I crunched my cereal and it occurred to me that there was a regular pattern of two rice-krispies on the table for every mouthful.

After having leisurely eaten breakfast, I listened to a vital piece of sports news, the Mullingar parish sports had been dominated by the Shlutterygomuck district and was interrupted by the entrance of my brother who was wearing odd socks and everything else as far I could see.

The door bell rang and grabbing my bag, I ran out to the grimaces of my pals who were obviously feeling the same as myself about Monday.

Mounting my bike, I caught my trouser leg in the chain and unfortunately did not notice it until out on the road by which time it was considerably churned to a pulp. The roads were icy and turning a bend my bike spun around in a circle, throwing me off the bike.

I landed heavily in the tarmac, several yards from the bike and as I lay there I wondered was I injured. I noticed a spike projecting upwards from the road and quickly recovered when I realised the possible damage to my ankle or face. Yes, it was just another Monday morning.

NEWS FROM KERRY.

An unusual happening occurred in Tralee. Gardai caught a robber.

NEWS FROM CORK.

A bank was robbed in Cork today. The local gardai recovered the money but are still looking for the bank.

NEWS FROM WATERFORD.

A trawler was stolen in Waterford today. Police think there is something fishy about the operation.

SAILING

Sailing is an exciting water sport. The thrill of sailing attracts many people to this popular water sport. The boats used range from tiny dinghies to large yachts which can cross the oceans. Many people enjoy racing their boat against another persons boat.

For many years boats had hulls made of wooden planking fastened over frames. But newer materials such as fibre-glass and aluminium are now used. However, amateurs build small wooden sailboats at home. The parts are sometimes supplied in kits and the builder simply fits it together.

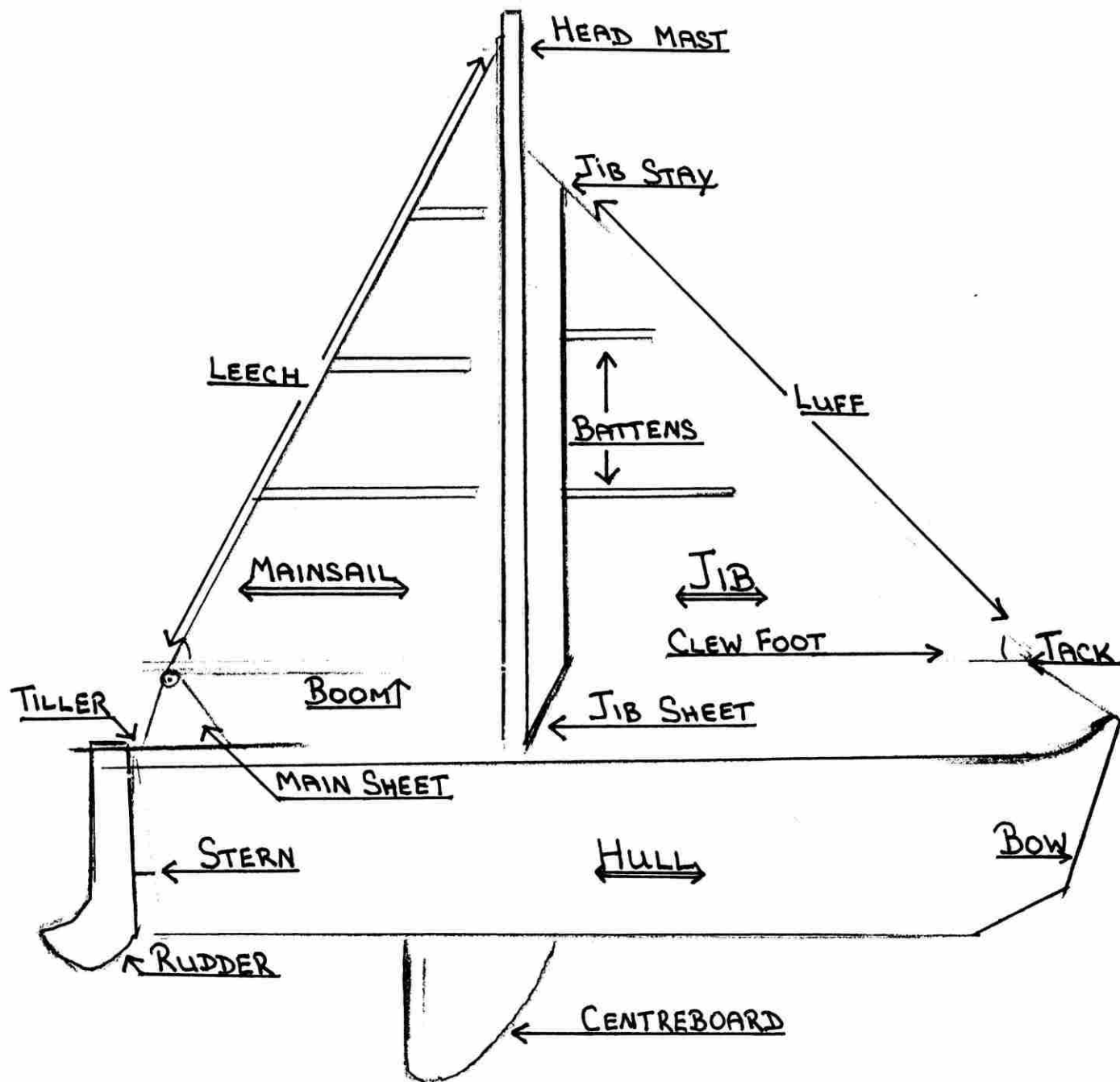
PARTS OF A SAILING BOAT:

The hull of the boat is the body of the boat. The front of the hull is called the bow and back of the hull is called the stern. Forward or fore means front and aft means rear. All sailing boats have either a keel or a centre board. These are extended into the water from the bottom of the hull to prevent movement to either side. A keel is fixed in place. But a centre-board can be raised or lowered through a slot in the hull of a boat. The boat is steered with a rudder, a flat piece of metal or wood that extends vertically into the water near the stern. It is turned with a long handle called a tiller. Spars are the poles that support the sails. They include masts booms and gaff. Masts are the upright poles that hold the sails. The main mast holds the largest sails. Booms and gaffs are the poles that extend at right angles to the masts and hold the sail straight out. Booms are fastened to the bottom of the sail and gaffs are fastened to the top. The main sail the largest sail is fastened to the back of the main mast. A smaller triangular sail in front of the main mast is called a jib.

Dacron has largely replaced cotton as a material for sails. This material is strong and tightly woven and holds its shape well no matter how strong the wind blows.

Rigging includes lines (ropes) used on a sail boat. Standing rigging is permanent and supports the mast. It includes shrouds that run from the sides of the mast. Running rigging consists of the lines used to adjust the sails and booms. The lines that raise and lower the sails are called halliards. Those used to trim (adjust) the sails are called sheets.

John Kelly.



Motion:- Education in the Ireland of Today has been corrupted by the blight of the Examination system.

I agree absolutely with this statement, that our present system of examination is responsible for the deplorable state of the methods of education in Ireland at the present time. Formerly, education was the pursuit of knowledge. Now it is merely a method of achieving high examination results. The attitude that education and learning are all part of a "rat race". Where the ends justify the method of attainment, is apparent in schools and colleges. With regard to secondary level education, this concept is most noticeable amongst the students, and indeed, teachers, of classes preparing for the Leaving Certificate Examinations. The method of examination dictates the method of teaching and this is responsible for our whole attitude to education.

For the Leaving Cert Examinations at present, the knowledge which the student possesses on a certain subject must be submitted, with the one exception of Irish, on paper. This lays an immediate stress on being able to express one's self on paper. This also encourages students to pursue a subject on purely theoretical lines, and participation in science experiments, religious classes and physical education lessons is given a second-class status.

Nowadays, the idea that education is the pursuit of knowledge is almost non-existent. The senior students of today fight to understand and memorise all aspects of a certain subjects which is being studied. There is a great lack of originality, exploration and further research into the facts which are presented to the student. The details are all taken at face value, and are constantly memorised and called to mind again, in preparation for the final test. An "in depth" study is at best a mere acceptance and understanding of the facts in hand.

Each successive class concerning a certain subject is merely another stage passed on the journey towards the Leaving Cert Exam. The knowledge on hand is brought up and consumed at an alarming rate, and is then stored for future reference. Thus, a rat race develops. Where the form of teaching involved is not true education; but the attaining of high results in examinations seemingly justifies the methods of learning involved.

The lack of interest in the Humanities, such as history, Latin and Art is becoming increasingly widespread. These all call for a personal interpretation and opinion, relayed through a good command of English and the ability of self-expression. In a proper examination, these subjects are actual subject matter on which the student is entitled to submit his personal interpretations. Meanwhile, in opposition to this idea, we have the study of the sciences, which demands that we relate the facts exactly as they were given to us.

In conclusion, our present examination system dictates our methods of teaching and the subjects we study, until finally we loose altogether the true meaning of the word "education".

Did you know.....

Brian Currie 5B.

The shortest English sentence ever devised with every letter in the alphabet is; "Jackdaws love my sphinx of quartz.

A sneeze can travel as fast as 100 miles per hour.

It takes 17 **muscles** to smile and 43 to frown.

If an average human lives to 72 years his heart will beat over 3,000 million times.

An ant can lift 50 times its' own **weight**

Queen termites may live for 50 years.

The caterpillar has about 2,000 muscles.

Nelson

Nelson is unquestionably the greatest admiral in the history of the world. He was not only a wonderful leader of men, he also had the courage to try daring new tactics, which succeeded.

He was the sixth child in a Norfolk parson's family of eleven and first went to sea on board his uncle's ship. When he was just seventeen years old he lost his eye in the siege of Corsica.

It was in 1797, as rear admiral he first rose to fame as a naval commander. He was then serving under Admiral Sir John Jervis and played a vital part in winning the battle of Cape St. Vincent for Britain. Soon after he lost an arm in a siege on the Canary Isles.

At this time sailors suffered terrible hardships, frequent flogging and bad food were normal. Nelson was a man of great humanity and sympathised with the life of the ordinary seaman.

In 1798 Nelson was searching for Napoleon and the French fleet in the Mediterranean. He caught up with them at Aboukir Bay at the mouth of the Nile and when he attacked after dark, he succeeded in destroying all but two brigades. It was a brilliant victory. Nelson was wounded in the head. He went to Naples to recover and it was there he met Emma Hamilton, wife of Sir William Hamilton. She nursed him back to health and they fell in love. Her husband did not seem to mind. Nelson returned to action, serving under Admiral Sir Hyde Parker in the North Sea.

At the battle of Copenhagen in 1801, Nelson was about to make a typical daring strike when Hyde Parker signalled him to retreat. Nelson lifted the telescope to his blind eye and said, "I really do not see the signal". Then he ordered to advance. The French and Danish fleets were routed.

In 1803, he was made Commander in Chief of the Mediterranean fleet which was blockading the French at Toulon. They were allowed to leave the harbour and Nelson pursued them in his

flag-ship VICTORY. He caught up with them near Cape Trafalgar in October 1805.

On the twenty-first the two fleets drew up in broadside lines ready for action. Nelson took an unusual step by attacking the French at a right angle. But as VICTORY broke through their lines a French sharp shooter spotted him walking on the deck and shot him.

Nelson died soon after hearing the news that the battle had been won, thanking God that he had done his duty.

Fintan Canavan 2A4
Room 205



HUCKLEBERRY FINN

" Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes
And screams of horror rend th'affrighted skies ".

She wasn't outside the " Chipper " but on the stage in the Bish as the news of Doc Robinson's death broke the sleepy quietness of " Sittin in the Sun ". This year's musical was an attempt to catch the flavour of Mark Twain's books about his own childhood. Comparisons with previous musicals are not very important but what was achieved was the enjoyment shared by all who took part and the memories that they created for themselves. This enjoyment was certainly passed on to the audience and it has always been a feature of Bish musicals.

The memories created are more important— there was the arrival of the girls from Taylors Hill and Salerno: fellows eyed the girls and neither side thought much of the "talent". A few short weeks later they were seen together outside the Chipper.????

Learning the barn dance broke a lot of barriers. The two hours on stage of course was the central unifying force. For those two hours many hearts were united in trying to give of their best for each other. Stage crew and lights men worked with the actors to produce an illusion for the entertainment of the audience. Economists might rate the production of illusions but the team spirit forged during those hours is the only reason a stage show needs for inclusion in a school year.

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NEWS FLASH!

We are still unable to identify the mysterious man who sang the song ("Old Man River") in the school musical. If you have any information concerning the identification of this man please contact Scotland Yard or the Bish Flying Squad, but be carefull it is rumored that he is a "master" of disguises.

SAPLINGS

The "Mocks" are over! And the contemplative silence of an exam filled gym gives way to a pre-Easter excitement. Perhaps it is fitting that the Lenten conclusion should have some aspects of Calvary prior to the sundance of Easter.

After weeks of delving into the intricacies of maths and history, science and the rest, this rest is welcome - particularly by the exam students - before forging ahead to the final encounters in June.

The points system which keeps the doors open to further academic accomplishment can be a somewhat imperious baton that orchestrates - it would seem - one's entire life style today. We youngsters may sometimes fall into the

trap of demanding academic honours without crediting comparable growth in other very important facets of our youngsters wholeness.

Happy the man (Psalm I says) who never follows the advise of the wicked or loiters in the way of sinners or sits among scoffers, but finds his pleasure in the law of God and murmurs His law day and night. He is like a tree that is planted by water streams, yielding its fruit in due season, its leaves never fading: success attends everything he does.

Shouldn't we wish to be assured that our young people will continue to be God-believing, trusting and loving, pure, prayerful and honest! That our children be conscious in their growing years (and afterwards) of God's

breath in them as they are of mathematical formulae, history's conclusions and the facts and figures relating to a material world.

Aren't we given an occasional glimpse of our children as God sees them, in the 'spitting' image of His Son, saplings of a tree that is Jesus Christ! It is easier, then, to keep them in our hearts and in His heart.

R. E. L.

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Bhuaigh foireann an Cholaiste an Diospoireacht a reachtail Connradh na Gaeilge i mi na Samhna. B'lad Padraigh Mac Cuineagain, Cionnaith Mac an t-Sionnaigh agus Donncha O' Madagain an fhoireann.

Comhghairdeachas leo.



Class 6C

Classmaster: Bro. Gabriel



Class 6D

Classmaster: Bro. Matthew



Class 301

Classmaster: Mr. D. Mc Cormack



Class 6E

Classmaster: Bro. Canice



Class 302
Classmaster

Mr. P. Donnellan



Class 2A5
Classmaster:

Mr. J. Lally



Class 2A4
Classmaster:

Mr. P. Rowan



Class 6B

Classmaster: Bro. Angelus

WHERE ARE THEY NOW

Brendan Arrigan

Liam Barry

Noel Beatty

Noel Boyle

Martin Breen

John Browne

Christy Byrne

Michael Buckley

Sean Burke

Ken Byrne Industry

Francis Comerford

Peter Caulfield

Jim Crowley

Mark Crowley

Paul Curley

Cyril Conlon

Tony Doyle

Cartographer - Ordnance Survey

U.C.D. - Commerce

R.T.C. - Civil Engineering

U.C.G. - Civil Engineering

U.C.G. - Science

U.C.G. - Science

R.T.C. - Industrial Engineering

Salesman

U.C.G. - Commerce

Industry

U.C.G. - Arts & Law

Civil Engineering - U.C.G.

U.C.G. - Medicine

U.C.G. - Science

U.C.G. - Science

Catering Industry

U.C.G. - Science

Pat Kilbane
 Aidan King
 Mohamed Khan
 Ray Kelly
 Oliver Hynes
 Hubert Kirby
 Barry Lynch
 Sean Long
 Donal Lyons
 Raymond Langan

Pat Gillespie
 Barry Mc Caffrey
 Michael Mc Donald
 Jimmy Mc Grath
 Michael Mc Hugh
 Sean Mc Hugh
 David Mannion
 Terry Lowen
 Dennis Malone
 Liam Mulcahy
 Ralph Mullan
 Philip Murphy
 Martin Molloy
 Tom Moroney
 Richard Murray
 Martin Mc Dermott
 Conor Nolan
 Cathal O'Connor
 Manus O'Donnel
 Coleman O'Flaherty
 Michael O'Grady
 Donal O'Keefe
 David O'Gara
 Barry O'Brien
 Richard Powell
 Gregory Quain
 Michael Reidy
 Tony Raftery

U.C.G. - Science
 R.T.C. - Electronics
 Electronics - An.C.O.
 Clerical Officer
 R.T.C. - Business Studies
 M.T.C. - Mechanical Engineering
 Hotel Management
 R.T.C. - Civil Engineering
 U.C.G. - Civil Engineering
 Technological College -
 Structural Engineering
 R.T.C. - Civil Engineering
 R.T.C. - Industrial Engineering
 R.T.C. - Business Studies
 Salesman
 R.T.C. - Civil Engineering
 U.C.G. - Arts
 U.C.G. - Medicine
 R.T.C. - Business Studies
 U.C.G. - Arts
 U.C.G. - Civil Engineering
 U.C.G. - Arts
 U.C.G. - Science
 U.C.G. - Civil Engineering
 U.C.G. - Commerce
 U.C.G. - Arts & Law
 Army Cadet - Industrial Eng.
 Business Studies - R.T.C.
 U.C.G. - Commerce
 U.C.G. - Science
 U.C.G. - Industrial Engineering
 U.C.G. - Civil Engineering
 U.C.G. - Civil Engineering
 R.T.C. - Science Technician
 U.C.G. - Science
 U.C.G. - Science
 U.C.G. - Science
 U.C.G. - Science
 R.T.C. - Civil Engineering

Christopher Rozario	U.C.G. - Medicine
Russel Saukoreff	U.C.G. - Science
Rory Small	Industry
Anthony Sherlock	Mechanic
Sean Nestor	U.C.G. - Commerce
Oliver Cribben	Salesman
Ronan Sweeney	R.T.C. - Civil Engineering
Billy Wallace	U.C.G. - Commerce
Gerard Walsh	U.C.G. - Arts
Brendan Walsh	U.C.G. - Science
Bernard Walsh	U.C.G. - Arts
Brendan Walsh	U.C.G. - Arts
Sean Walsh	U.C.D. - Architecture
Ciaran Wynne	U.C.G. - Civil Engineering
John Comer	Salesman
Brian Cantrell	U.C.G. - Commerce
Jimmy Elwood	R.T.C. - Business Studies
James Fahy	Law Studies
Brian Fahy	U.C.D. - Architecture
Raymond Fahy	R.T.C. - Industrial Engineering
Pat Farelly	R.T.C. - Science Technician
James Fury	R.T.C. - Business Studies
Kevin Folan	R.T.C. - Science Technician
Kevin Feeney	R.T.C. - Business Studies
Barry Goonan	Industry
John Hayes	R.T.C. - Industrial Engineering
Brian Dineen	U.C.G. - Science
Noel Gavin	U.C.G. - Medicine
Peter Harte	U.C.G. - Medicine
Dermott Harte	U.C.G. - Civil Engineering
Sean Higgins	Cost clerk
Pat Hughes	Racing Apprentice
Alphonsis Holland	R.T.C. - Business Studies
Anthony Keane	Farming
Declan Harte	R.T.C. - Electronics
Gerard Horgan	R.T.C. - Electronics
Kevin Keating	U.C.G. - Commerce

David
Ward

AUTOGRAPHS

MS

EF

$\frac{7}{13}$

Michael Hoffman
(Cute stuff)

A
+ Sean

Tom Walsh (werewolf)

John O'Sullivan
(John Bull)

NF

$\frac{D}{D}$

2 Curran
to rent

Der

Ed