

The Mad Rag
Year-Book 2001

£ 5.00



Sponsored By Class of 1976



Editorial

Welcome to another edition of the Mad Rag, the final one for this school year, and hopefully not the very final one. First and foremost I would like to thank Mrs. Banville, Ms. Martin, Mr. Timmons, Mr. O'Brien, Ms. McGorman, Mr. Kelly, Mr. O'Dwyer, Mr. Oonan, Mr. Sheehan, Mr. Carolan, Mrs. Bowles, Mr. Giblan and Mr. Teeling for letting us take the time off class to do this wonderful piece of craftsmanship. Next, I would like to thank Mr. Banville for that lovely article he gave us and also Tony Hunt who helped us in the production of this magazine.

Now that that's over I would like to tell ye all about the changes we've made to this one to make it the pen-ultimate Mad Rag ever. First we didn't do the Teachers Lounge but instead have done a very comical Students Lounge with sixth year students, next we have a very special Past Pupils Article section which I know most of the sixth year and repeats will look at because it has articles on U.C.D. and other places and tells you the inside look at them. Next we have the YearBook which has photos of the sixth year and repeats with comments and all. Then we have Joe's Tips again, which if you have trouble with DirectX and can't uninstall it then go here because it has all sorts of useful things like where to download a DirectX uninstaller.

Moving on to the sections that we know and have been forced to love like the final edition of Webzone where Michael Arkins gives us the address of his brilliant web site which is the best Celine Dion web site on the net and also of Rob O'Briens WWF web site which is also brilliant. Next of all we have a very long Articles section which has some really good Articles including one about the magazine itself. We have next some Artwork by Luke Deegan and a really good portrait of Mr. Teeling.

Then the Poetry section which I think is really good with a brillo poem by Craig Berry entitled 'War and Politics' definitely one to read, and not forgetting Funny Stuff with some real side-splitting, laugh 'til you cry, laugh so hard that you can't breath and your body looses oxygen slowly suffocating yourself until you fall down dead with the weirdest death of all time kinda stuff (WARNING! the Mad Rag is not responsible for loss of consciousness or death by laughter and will not be held liable for use of anything in the contents of this magazine). Last of all we have the Post Script which is a fundamental part of the magazine which I think even the Irish Times would be proud of it is like 'Jerry's final thought', it would be lost and not half as funny without it.

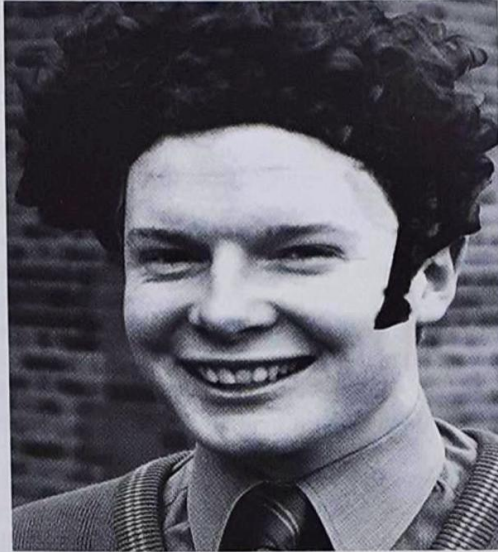
To make an end to this madness I would like to thank Mr. Quinlan who if we didn't get the help he provided us with then this wouldn't be here, who helped us to get the sponsorship and gave his all when dedicating his time and effort.

I would also like to thank the class of 1976 who have sponsored this edition of the Mad Rag in association with the YearBook. Next I would like to thank you, the reader of this thing, (except those of you who are reading this out of someone else's copy (have you no shame). Anyway as this goes in text form :) and seeya.

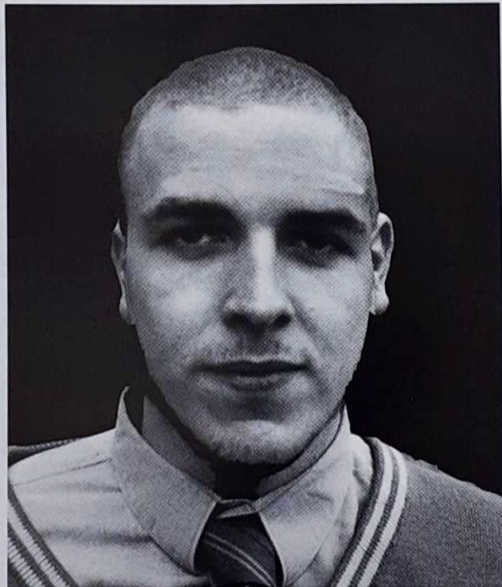
Fergus Russell-Conway
Something?



Students lounge



I swear joycey I don't know what happened to your hair. (Now I'm the beautiful one.)



Wanted:

Name: Fro

Description: long brown/black and wavy

Like: conditioner number 45

Medical conditions: nits

Reward: night of passion



QUOTES

I think there is a world market for maybe five computers.

Thomas Watson, chairman of IBM, 1943.

640k ought to be enough for anybody.

Bill Gates, 1981.

This 'telephone' has too many shortcomings to be seriously considered as a means of communication. The device is inherently of no value to us.

Western Union internal memo, 1876.

Airplanes are interesting toys but of no military value.

Marechal Ferdinand Foch, Professor of Strategy, Ecole Superieure de Guerre.

That it will ever come into general use notwithstanding its value ... is extremely doubtful; because its beneficial application requires much time and gives a good bit of trouble.

Editorial in the London Times, about 1895, concerning the stethoscope.

The wireless music box has no imaginable commercial value. Who would pay for a message sent to nobody in particular?

David Sarnoff's associates in response to his urgings for investment in the radio in the 1920s.

Who the hell wants to hear actors talk?

H.M. Warner, Warner Brothers, 1927.

There is no likelihood that man can ever tap the atom.

Robert Millikan, Nobel Prize in physics, 1923.

I'm just glad it'll be Clark Gable who's falling on his face and not Gary Cooper.

Gary Cooper on his decision not to take the leading role in "Gone With The Wind."

We don't like their sound, and guitar music is on the way out.

Decca Recording Co. rejecting the Beatles, 1962.

Stocks have reached what looks like a permanently high plateau.

Irving Fisher, Professor of Economics, Yale University, 1929.

Everything that can be invented has been invented.

Charles H. Duell, Commissioner, U.S. Office of Patents, 1899.

Sensible and responsible women do not want to vote.

Grover Cleveland, American President, 1905.

Anyone who thinks that the ANC is going to run South Africa is living in cloud cuckoo land.

Margaret Thatcher at the Commonwealth.

Either you act firmly against drug traffickers, or I close the borders.

Jacques Chirac, French President, to Wim Kok, Dutch Prime Minister at a summit 1995. (France and Holland do not share a border.)

That's fine phonetically, but you're missing just a little bit.

Vice-President Dan Quayle, adding an 'e' to 'potato' written by a sixth-grade pupil, Trenton, New Jersey, June 1992.

It's nice to see you all here.

Roy Jenkins, addressing prisoners on a visit to a London jail.

My, you must have fun chasing the soap round the bath!

Princess Diana, shaking hands with a one-armed man during her Australian visit 1983.



Funny Stuff

Two men waiting at the Pearly Gates strike up a conversation. "How'd you die?" the first man asks the second. "I froze to death," says the second. "That's awful," says the first man. "How does it feel to freeze to death?" "It's very uncomfortable at first", says the second man. "You get the shakes, and you get pains in all your fingers and toes. But eventually, it's a very calm way to go. You get numb and you kind of drift off, as if you're sleeping. How about you, how did you die?" "I had a heart attack," says the first man. "You see, I knew my wife was cheating on me, so one day I showed up at home unexpectedly. I ran up to the bedroom, and found her alone, knitting. I ran down to the basement, but no one was hiding there, either. I ran up to the second floor, but no one was hiding there either. I ran as fast as I could to the attic, and just as I got there, I had a massive heart attack and died." The second man shakes his head. "That's so ironic," he says. "What do you mean?" asks the first man. "If you had only stopped to look in the freezer, we'd both still be alive."

One day, a teacher, a garbage collector, and a lawyer all die and go to Heaven. St. Peter's there, and when they get to the gate, St. Peter informs them that there will be a test to get into Heaven: they each have to answer one question. To the teacher, he says, "What was the name of the ship that crashed into the Iceberg and sunk with all its passengers?" The teacher thinks for a sec, and then replies: "That would have been the Titanic, right?" St. Peter lets him through the gate. St. Peter turns to the Garbage man, and, figuring that Heaven doesn't REALLY need all the stink that this guy would bring into heaven, decides to make the question a little harder: "How many people died on the ship?" The garbage man guesses: "1228" "That happens to be right; go ahead." St. Peter turns to the Lawyer: "Name them."

One day in the great forest a magical frog was walking down to a water hole. This forest was so big that the frog had never seen another animal in all his life. By chance today a bear was chasing after a rabbit to have for dinner. The frog called for the two to stop. The frog said, "Because you are the only two animals I have seen, I will grant you both three wishes... Bear, you go first." The bear thought for a minute, and being the male he was, said "I wish for all the bears in this forest, besides me, to be female." For his wish, the rabbit asked for a crash helmet, and immediately put it on. The

bear was amazed at the stupidity of the rabbit, wasting his wish like that. It was the bear's second turn for a wish. "Well, I wish that all the bears in the next forest were female as well." Rabbit asked for a motorcycle and immediately hopped on it and gunned the engine. The bear was shocked that the rabbit was asking for these stupid things, after all, he could have asked for money and bought the motorcycle. For the last wish the bear thought for awhile and then said, "I wish that all the bears in the world, besides me, were female." The rabbit grinned, gunned the engine, and said, "I wish that the bear was gay..."

The following are a sampling of REAL answers received on exams given by the California Department of Transportation's driving school

Q: Do you yield when a blind pedestrian is crossing the road?

A: What for? He can't see my license plate.

Q: Who has the right of way when four cars approach a four-way stop at the same time?

A: The pick up truck with the gun rack and the bumper sticker saying, "Guns don't kill people. I do."

Q: When driving through fog, what should you use?

A: Your car.

Q: What problems would you face if you were arrested for drunk driving?

A: I'd probably lose my buzz a lot faster.

Q: What changes would occur in your lifestyle if you could no longer drive lawfully?

A: I would be forced to drive unlawfully.

Q: What are some points to remember when passing or being passed?

A: Make eye contact and wave "hello" if he/she is cute.

Q: What is the difference between a flashing red traffic light and a flashing yellow traffic light?

A: The color.

Q: How do you deal with heavy traffic?

A: Heavy psychedelics.

Q: What can you do to help ease a heavy traffic problem?

A: Carry loaded weapons.



Man's Survival Guide

1. What are you thinking about?
2. Do you love me?
3. Do I look fat?
4. So you think she is prettier than me?
5. What would you do if I died?

What makes these questions so difficult is that every one is guaranteed to explode into a major argument if the man answers incorrectly (I.E. tells the truth). Therefore, as a public service, each question is analysed below, along with possible responses.

Question #1: What are you thinking about?

The proper answer to this is: "I'm sorry if I've been pensive, darling. I was just reflecting on what a warm, wonderful, thoughtful, caring, intelligent woman you are, and how lucky I am to have met you."

This response obviously bears no resemblance to the true answer, which most likely is one of the following:

- A. Baseball.
- B. Football.
- C. Sex.
- D. How much prettier she is than you.
- E. How I would spend the insurance money if you died.

Perhaps the best response to this question was offered by Al Bundy, who once told Peg, "If I wanted you to know what I was thinking, I would be talking to you!"

Question #2: Do you love me?

The proper response is: "YES!" Or, if you feel a more detailed answer is in order, "Yes, dear."

Inappropriate responses include:

- A. Sure.
- B. Would it make you feel better if I said yes?
- C. That depends on what you mean by love.
- D. Does it matter?
- E. Who, me?

Question #3: Do I look fat?

The correct answer is an emphatic: "Of course not!"

Among the incorrect answers are:

- A. Compared to what?
- B. I wouldn't call you fat, but you're not exactly thin.
- C. A little extra weight looks good on you.
- D. I've seen fatter.
- E. Could you repeat the question? I was just thinking about how I would spend the insurance money if you died.

Question #4: Do you think she's prettier than me?

Once again, the proper response is an emphatic: "Of course not!"

Incorrect responses include:

- A. Yes, but you have a prettier personality.
- B. Not prettier, but definitely thinner.
- C. Not as pretty as you were when you were her age.
- D. Define pretty.
- E. Could you repeat the question? I was thinking about how I would spend the insurance money if you died.

Question #5: What would you do if I died?

A definite no-win question. The real answer is, of course, "buy a Porsche and a boat."

No matter how you answer this, be prepared for at least an hour of follow-up questions, usually along these lines:

WOMAN: Would you get married again?

MAN: Definitely not!

WOMAN: Why not? Don't you like being married?

MAN: Of course I do.

WOMAN: Then why wouldn't you remarry?

MAN: Okay, I'd get married again.

WOMAN (with a hurtful look on her face): You would?

MAN: (makes audible groan)

WOMAN: Would you sleep with her in our bed?

MAN: Where else would we sleep?

WOMAN: Would you put away my pictures, and replace them with pictures of her?

MAN: That would seem like the proper thing to do.

WOMAN: And would you let her use my golf clubs?

MAN: She can't use them; She's left-handed.

WOMAN: —silence—

MAN: Damn!



ARTICLES

A Reflection of Sixth Year

(By John Doherty)

TB, Strikes, and the like have made this quite an interesting year. The graduating class of 2001, which I am proud to say I a part of, will probably go down in school history as "That Class".

The whole TB thing, covered in great detail by our national dailies, certainly provided the school with its 15 minutes of fame. Being one of the Fairview 15 myself, I cursed my luck when I was told in early January that I would indeed have to go on a course of tablets, which would last until July. Most of the lads in the Mater that day were told the same. The man I consider to be my best friend Evan Lowry, was unfortunately given some worse news. After many tests, and many weeks, weeks which included the christening of "Ned" the organism (The 6th years will know who Ned is), it was in fact discovered that he too had TB, and would in fact be unable to sit his Leaving Cert. I write this piece now, in utter disbelief as his spirits are constantly high, and is looking towards September, when he may come back to Joey's to do his Leaving. I know he'll do well.

The striking teachers made quite an impression on everyone this year as well. Nation wide, teachers took to the picket line, in order to receive fairer salaries. Now to someone in 4th year, this resulted in a few more worry free days in bed (as they don't have enough already), but to exam years, i.e. 3rd and 6th, the situation was, and still is a dangerous situation. With only a couple of weeks until the Oral exams are due to start, and government and the teachers have yet to sit down and discuss new terms. Will my exams be corrected in the Summer, and if they are, by whom? Apparently the government has some sort of contingency plan, and they are attempting to find 1000 people suitable for correcting the exams. However, as Mr O'Brien put it a couple of days ago "Where do they expect to find 1000 people with Degrees on the dole in Ireland?" Ten years ago, maybe. Now? Not a chance. The story continues, as we all wonder what will happen. Hopefully, by the time you read this, the situation will have been sorted out.

I couldn't write for this yearbook without mentioning Mr. Oonan's tireless efforts to make the trip to America during the Mid-Term the success that it was. I don't think you'll find anyone who was there, pupil or teacher, who did not enjoy themselves. It was an experience that I for one will never forget.

And that, as they say, is that. Six years after I took my entrance exam, I leave Joey's taking my memories with me. A couple, of course are not so good, such as Redser making me sing "Molly Malone" in front of the class, or being part in the Leinster semi-finals for the soccer team. Most memories, however are good ones, for example, the dancing man in the yard a year ago. While the whole world was a bit sad, you can't help but feel he may have fitted in around here, had he been just a couple of years younger. As we prepare to leave

the school, I look back and I cannot comprehend how fast the years have gone. Even though I am happy to be leaving the school, I can't help but feel a tinge of sadness when I think of the lads, some of whom I may not see again. I may not see them, or the inside of the school for a long time after I leave, but I won't forget.

John A. Costello (1891-1976)

(By G. Brookie)

One of St Joseph's most eminent past pupils was John A. Costello who served two terms as Taoiseach, from 1948 to 1951 and between 1954 and 1957. He entered the school in 1897 and spent a number of years there before going on to the O'Connell Schools to complete his secondary education. In those days St Joseph's did not offer courses beyond junior secondary level and most of those who wished to continue, transferred to O'Connell Schools. From there he won a scholarship to University College, Dublin. He also studied at the King's Inns to become a barrister. He then went on to become one of the country's leading barristers.

During the 1920s Costello was Attorney-General in the Cumann na nGaedheal Government. He played a prominent part at Imperial Conferences leading to greater autonomy for dominions in the British Commonwealth. This culminated in the Statute of Westminster (1931).

During his long period in opposition while De Valera and Fianna Fáil were in power between 1932 and 1948, he concentrated on his legal career. He took a leading part in many famous court cases of those years. During the Emergency (1939-1945) Costello supported the policy of neutrality and joined in the almost unanimous support given to this policy both inside and outside the Dáil.

In February 1948 John A. Costello was elected Taoiseach at the age of fifty-eight in somewhat unusual circumstances. After sixteen years in power De Valera and Fianna Fáil lost the general election. Instead the other parties and the independent T.D's decided to form an Inter-Party Government. The leader of Fine Gael, general Liam Mulcahy was not acceptable as Taoiseach to Seán McBride and the Clann na Poblachta Party. As a result he agreed to stand aside and John A. Costello was elected Taoiseach.

During his two terms as Taoiseach Costello successfully presided as Chairman of a government consisting of various parties. As such his style was in marked contrast to that of his great opponent, Eamon De Valera. Some historians have characterised the differing styles as those of chairman and chief. In 1949 Costello presided over the departure of the Irish Free State from the British Commonwealth and the Declaration of a Republic. Two years later his government fell shortly after the Mother and Child Controversy. During this he strongly supported the Catholic Bishops and opposed the position of Dr Noel



Browne, the Minister for Health.

John A. Costello served a second term as Taoiseach between 1954 and 1957. Most historians believe that this government was not as dynamic as the first Inter-Party Government. The mid 1950's were a time of serious economic crisis in Ireland. As a result of his government's failure to cope with the economic depression, Costello was heavily defeated in the 1957 general election when De Valera and Fianna Fáil won a landslide victory. In 1959 he resigned as leader of Fine Gael and was succeeded by James Dillon.

During the 1960s John A. Costello continued with his legal career as a barrister. As a former Taoiseach he was also a member of the Council of State. At the time of his death in 1976 he was widely recognised as one of Ireland's elder statesmen.

Formula 1

(By Craig Berry)

The roaring of the engine, the over-taking and the hope of your favourite teams victory is what makes Formula 1 so thrilling and so widely viewed. It is a sport that takes you on a roller-coaster ride of emotions as you watch the race wondering who'll win and what will happen next, and I'll assure you that something will always happen. But the sport is now coming under a lot of pressure from many people to make it safer. Since the death of a marshal in Melbourne, the second in a period of six months, many people have been protesting at the lack of safety at Formula 1 Races especially for marshals and spectators. The views of most are to slow the cars down but is this really what is needed?

Since the beginning of the Formula 1 Drivers Championship in the spring of 1950 Formula 1 has been a risky sport which is mainly what drives people to watch it. Nobody wants to watch a procession of cars go around and around a circuit with no chance of them crashing or overtaking. If people wanted to watch that you'd see big stands at the junctions of the M50.

Unfortunately Formula 1 has seen its fair share of deaths, but so has many sports like football but it has constantly got safer. In 1955 the worst accident in motor racing history took place at Le Mans when two drivers, Leveagh (Mercedes) and Macklin (Austin Healey) crashed and went into the crowd killing themselves and 81 spectators. The sixties was not a better decade either. In 1967 Lorenzo Bandini was killed at the Monaco Grand Prix and in 1968 Jim Clark died at Hockenheim (Germany) when his car skidded on wet tarmac. The seventies brought the deaths of Bruce McClaren who died while testing, Piers Courage who died in a horrific fire in the Dutch Grand Prix in 1970 and Jochen Rindt who died at the Italian Grand Prix. He turned out to be the eventual winner of the World Championship. In 1978 Ronnie Peterson was involved in a crash at the start of the race and was trapped in his burning car eventually dying in hospital. The start of the 1980's brought the next fatality with Giles Villeneuve dying at the Belgian Grand Prix in 1982. The nineties went somewhat better but in 1994 the world was shocked with the deaths of Roland Ratzenberger in qualifying and Ayrton Senna in the race at Imola.

Nowadays deaths and serious injuries are very rare. This is because of the level of work and money that has been spent by the Formula 1 teams to make

their cars safer. We all see the cars flipping over and over and then the driver hopping out of the car and walking back to the pit. This has come about from many years of testing and accidents because unfortunately no amount of computer simulation and crash test dummies can show the effects of a crash perfectly. It is only when a tragedy occurs that you can figure out what happened and sort out the flaw. When it was not unknown for cars to go into the crowds, like the incident in 1955, crash barriers were provided which was a good idea. These barriers were great for a while and really protected the spectators but when Formula 1 cars became wedge-shaped these barriers became guillotines. This is why we see tyre walls now. Because of the amounts of crashes into the crash barriers it was decided to provide grassy run-offs at corners so as to give cars more time to stop. This seemed to be a good idea but again it had a flaw. When wet the grassy run-offs would throw the cars into the barriers. These grassy run-offs were then replaced by the more accustomed gravel traps.

There has also been many break-throughs in the world of safety. Amazingly enough some drivers did not wear helmets as such in the early days. They used leather or silk caps. Those that did wear helmets used iron helmets which compared with today's standard are useless. Helmets nowadays our made of very complicated materials. The outer layer is made of glass-fibre which distributes the impact over the whole helmet thus not allowing anything to penetrate it. The inside layer is made of polyurethane and this absorbs the impact. The visor is made of polycarbonate and it does not fog up during the race. Helmets are also fully fire-proof. The suits the drivers wear over the years have also changed from normal clothes to clothes treated with fireproof spray to the fully fire-proof clothes worn today. The seatbelts are also something that has increased safety immensely. Amazingly enough seatbelts were only compulsory in Formula 1 cars since 1972. The first belts were only four point belts while today they are six point belts and the six point belts of today release much faster. The marshals also are of great benefit to the driver's safety. They are fully trained to rescue drivers from cars each one equipped with a fire extinguisher and there is cutting equipment also available at each race. The safety cell has been of great benefit as well. It protects the drivers from the impact of the crash. The body of the car crushes when it crashes. This absorbs most of the impact so when the body gets to the safety cell the body disintegrates leaving the driver inside the safety cell safe.

All these safety changes have made the sport very safe. Just like any sport there are risks but isn't that what makes them fun. We can all play bowls and other non-action sports but I just think life should be more exciting. It is true that deaths are not items to be swept under the carpet but I don't see how slowing the cars down is going to affect this in anyway. The marshal at the Australian Grand Prix was hit by a flying tyre that flew through a small gap in the fence. If anything needs to be done to increase safety it is make the fence safer. That marshal had statistically a better chance of being killed on his way to or from the race than at it. It just makes no sense to slow the cars down and ruin the sport when all that needs to be done is to provide proper safety facilities for spectators. In the end the only reason people watch motor-sport is to watch the best engines being used by the best drivers. Take away the engine and you lose the attractiveness of the sport.



Evan la la

(Daniel A Joyce, 6th Year)

"Divide and conquer" is an infamous war cry that we all know. In a more peaceful era perhaps "united we stand, divided we fall" is slightly more appropriate. I believe it is true of the human condition that although we need to be accepted as individuals we also need to be identified by some familiarity, we need shared experiences so as to form relationships with others and from those relationships we gain both acquaintances and more importantly friends. School is where most of these interactions take place and that's very common and I'd imagine it happens in every school but I only realised recently how strong this sense of familiarity and comradery exists in St. Josephs.

Today as I write this I feel somewhat uncomfortable because I know it shouldn't be me writing this as I've never maintained any of the typical conceptions of what my year the class of 2001 represents in St. Josephs I know in my heart of hearts Evan Lowery should have penned these few words and if there's any one individual whose represented our year it's him.

It's strange that possibly the only thing our year will be remembered by is the T.B. scare (I'm sure you'll want to edit this out but please don't) because we as a unit don't particularly excel at anything that you can measure. We haven't won the school prestigious accolades in sports nor have we reached the pinnacle of knowledge but probably our greatest attribute is the bond and friendship that we have and it is something the school has given us. We've even bonded with the repeat leaving group more successfully than any

other group of sixth years and that is possibly the only proof of whatever it is that we have given or contributed to this school.

I went to America with the school and what I found pleasantly surprising was the way the years mixed and integrated. We moved through places with people starting as a unified group, not just the students but the teachers as well except for Mic and his ugly mug and stick out ears, he looked like a car going down the road with both doors open.

When I came into Joeys it was a fight, us against them pupils against teachers and in our early years "Divide and conquer" would have been a strategy whispered before a class but as we grew and developed we realised that it's pointless and futile and destructive to all concerned. As 4th year rolled in and Reddy rolled out we began to develop a repore with the teachers, the proximity of the teachers and the staff to the students made me feel that I wasn't just a line on a roll book, this proximity and familiarity nurtured in me a sense of individuality and acceptance and it is that that makes St. Josephs so different and special.

It's strange that this closeness is in our year when I think about the circumstances and areas that we come from probably the extreme cases, the two who would not obviously fit with the group are Adam from Poland and worse again Leo from, wait for it, Malahide. The vast differences in all of our tastes should lead to war in our class but for some reason it has made us stronger and less quick to judge because I know that there's nothing wrong with coming from Malahide or Poland or East Wall or Finglas because those prejudices don't exist in our year.

A Year Of The Mad Rag

By Fergus Russell-Conway

If you think we do nothing on the magazine all day, well you would be wrong. We have so much stuff to do that I can't say it all so I won't mention anything and just tell you all the trouble this has cost us.

The first edition of the Mad Rag was published late because we had everything on the finished publisher file when what do you know, it got closed down without being saved and we had to rush to finish it but it didn't stop there. Then we had it finished again and were putting the final touches on it when SOMEONE steps on the power lead and turns off the computer when we were about to print the thing for copying. So we had to do it all again and eventually got the magazine ready for print when one of the photo-copiers breaks which added more stress to a stressful situation but with the help of Mrs. Giles got the mag printed and out.

The second edition wasn't as bad but had some really weird problems. We had it all laid out and done from the editorial to Charlie's Angle's (Whoops) but it was about 50 megabytes big and we had to bring the file into the computer room because we didn't have a printer and we could only bring it in on disks, so we had to use Microsoft Backup which was working great until the last disk which was corrupt and after using about 25 disks to bring it in. Then we got the lend of the printer off Mr. Timmons, so we brought it in and hooked it up to print it and we only had a later version of the drivers for the printer and guess what it didn't work and Mr. Timmons was already gone so we had to put the printer back, hook it up and then go home, come back the next day, hook it back up to the computer and get the right drives. Then we printed it off and photocopied it.

The third mag was bad as well. We thought we had it

all done but then we noticed that we didn't have the front cover made up and had to make it up then someone gave us the brilliant idea of putting shamrocks around the outside of the cover, which took a while but was good in the end. We then had to transfer it all to a different computer because we had got one from the Irish Times which was very time consuming then clear out of the little room to the room over in the Repeats section. Then we had to put the Teachers Lounge in at the last minute and print it off. We had to print it differently because of the green sheets in the middle and cover of the mag which was brilliant looking in the end but was a bit of hassle, but then we finished and got it out.

Now the fourth edition was really weird. We had to go out to the printers and scan in all the photos of the Sixth years and Repeats which took the whole day then later we were told that we had to go out and scan in other photos from each year and this one guy who didn't get his photo taken in the first place. Then as we were putting in the comments we noticed that about seven photos were missing from the document and had to be put back in and that one of the guy's photo didn't scan in properly and we had to go out and do it again and re-lay the photo section. Then I noticed that the Repeats header was spelled 'Repeats' so we had to change it. Then we had to change around the sections and learn off how to use this new program Quark Express because we had to lay it out on this for the printers. We then had to change around a lot of things, fix errors and the printer had a different copy of it then us, so we had to change different things we already changed and while all this was going on we had the constant problem of bringing things from a PC to a MAC because the printers has a MAC and it was getting all confusing but as you see it has all worked out.

That's pretty much it so I'll say goodbye quickly because I'm supposto be in the printers in 20 minutes and haven't much time. Thanks again.



The Wayfarer

As a mark of our respect for Bro. Nicholas Thomas Kiely (1912-2000), R.I.P., we publish hereunder the translation he made into French of P.H. Pearse's famous poem *The Wayfarer*. We are pleased also to print the original alongside to aid us in our appreciation of the care Bro. Kiely took with his French version. We also publish a small note he made in French about his translation of the same. It is said that *The Wayfarer* was the very last poem that Pádraig Pearse wrote shortly before he was executed. It gives us a fascinating glimpse into his head at such a terrible time and also shows us how his impending execution focussed his mind on the shortness of human life. Pádraig Pearse (1879-1916)

The Wayfarer

*The beauty of the world hath made me sad,
The beauty that will pass,
Sometimes my heart hath shaken with great
joy
To see a leaping squirrel in a tree,
Or a red ladybird upon a stalk,
Or little rabbits in a field at evening,
Lit by a slanting sun,
Or some green hill where mountainy man
hath sown
And soon would reap; near to the gate of
Heaven;
Or children with bare feet upon the sands
Of some ebb'd sea, or playing in the streets
Of little towns in Connaught,
Things young and happy,
And then my heart hath told me:
These will pass,
Will pass and change, will die and be no
more,
Things bright and green, things young and
happy,
And I have gone upon my way
Sorrowful*

Le Passant

*La beauté de ce monde me met le deuil au
cœur,
Cette beauté qui va se ternir.
Parfois, mon cœur tre scailit d'une joie tres
forte,
De voir bondir un écureuil dans un arbre.
Ou une coccinelle rouge, se tenante sur une
tige.
Ou le soir, de petits lapins dans un champ;
Éclairé par les rayons du soliel couchant;
Ou une colline verte par des montagnards
semencée
À recueillir tôt près des portes célestes;
Ou des enfants à pieds nus, sur une plage à
marée basse,
Ou jouants dans les rues de petites villes de
Connaught;
Êtres contents et verts et jeunes et aminés.
Et, alors mon cœur me dit << Ceux-ci
passeront
Passeront en changeant, mourront à s'é-
vanouir.
Choses vives et gaies et jeunes de bonheur,
Et je m'en suis allé – chagriné.*

<< The Wayfarer >> d'après Paraic Mac Piarais
Traduction, d'après Le Frère Kiely

Voici une traduction presque à la lettre (Literal). En le faisant, je n'ai pas observé les règles de la poésie française, ça serait une chose très difficile. En même temps, on peut noter, comment vous pouvez vous servir de votre vocabulaire, à fin de faire une traduction assez satisfaisante, qui exprimera les pensées et les sentiments du poète, tout en vous éclairant le signification de ses propres idées.



A Potted History of the St. Joseph's School Magazine

By Vincent Banville

The first Joey's School magazine of the last millennium, if memory serves me right – and I am beginning to suffer slightly from Old Timer's Disease – appeared in the early nineteen seventies. Entitled "Fair-View", it was conceived, born and brought forth by the triumvirate of Br Feeney, the then Principal, science teacher Joe McGrath, nick-named Bones, and yours truly.

The students, of course, played their part, but the first edition's birth was so stressful that it was felt the utmost secrecy was needed in order to effect its emergence from the womb. The content, collected, corrected and censored – freedom of the press was much narrower than it is nowadays – was kept under strict lock and key, and the Arch-Bishop's imprimatur was sought before a scrap of material was printed.

At dead of night Bones and myself would slink into the school, pencil torches showing us the way. Up to the teachers' staffroom – the present Principal's Office – where we would switch on a shaded bulb and begin our stealthy work.

We sweated long and hard over our editorial, praising the school, its staff and students – well, after all, if we were to break even we did need them to buy the rag. We apologised for the late arrival of the first issue – a mere matter of a couple of years – threw in a few jokes, a few witticisms, a few prayers that we wouldn't be lynched, and closed by wishing our myriads of readers a "Happy Christmas" even though it was the Maytime of the year.

The various articles, in English, Irish and bog-Latin, had been typed out for us by the indomitable school secretary, Brid Newham, a woman of superhuman patience. They then had to be run off on our copying machine, an ancient beast left over from the last century. It had a handle that required superhuman strength to turn, and it groaned and protested as each leaf was spat from its bowels.

Every so often it went cranky on us and would either smear black ink across every page or shut down altogether. How we prayed, cursed and argued over that infernal machine. The only thing that kept us sane was the appearance of Brother Feeney, and the emergence from the voluminous pockets of his soutane of a bottle of Paddy whiskey and a stack of glasses.

Eventually the happy day arrived and the "Fair-View" went on sale. I can't remember at this juncture how much we charged for it – the possibility is that we gave it away for free. Even at that, quite a number of people refused to take it. The most popular piece in it was an article making fun of the teachers, brought to us by Br Feeney, who refused to tell us by whom it was written – we suspected it was penned by man himself.

In the following years there were other editions of "Fair-View", brought out this time by the fifth year stu-

dents. But I like to think they never rose to the level of banality of that first edition, fuelled by drink and curses, and torn from the innards of the most fiendish copying machine ever invented.

A Bibliography of School Publications, 1986-2001

Mr T. Quinlan

What follows hereunder is my attempt to trace some school publications and to put them in order by date of publication. I am sure that there were many other journalistic efforts before 1988. Mr. Vincent Banville, a former teacher in Joey's, informs me that he supervised some school magazines during his time in the school. I also seem to remember seeing a copy of a commemorative journal issued in 1966 on the fiftieth anniversary of the Easter Rising. However, I just cannot now find this magazine – it probably went out in the bin during the recent refurbishment of the staff room. Still, that's life and such is history - *Sic transit gloria mundi* and all that! I shall also attempt to name those teachers and pupils involved in each of these publications. Perhaps some recent past pupil may read this and recall his involvement in the worthwhile exercise of documenting a contemporary history of school life. You may rest assured that your efforts were not in vain, even if they just provoke a little nostalgia.

The Fair View, May 1986. The pupils involved were Brendan Clarke, Peter McDonnell, Martin Bryan, Killian Flanagan and Gerry Leonard. The teachers under whose direction the project was carried out were Messrs. Leahy, McGann and Barry.

The Fair View, May 1987. The pupil 'editorial committee' comprised G. McCabe, E. Giles, M. McComish, S. O'Sullivan and J. Lumsden. No teachers are credited, but the magazine bears all the hallmarks of Mr. Shay McGann.

St Joseph's C.B.S. Fairview, Centenary Magazine 1888-1988. The centenary magazine 'student committee' comprised Paul Henderson, John Delaney, Clive Young, Keith Comiskey, Michael Collins, Maurice Keenan, Seamus Buckley, Colm O'Neill, Brian Corley, Colm Bury and Donal Maher. This journal was the brainchild once again of Mr. Shay McGann.

St Joseph's C.B.S., Fairview, 1888-1988, an historical work of particular erudition by Mr. Gerard Brockie B.A., M.A., Ph.D., H. Dip.Ed.

The Tempest, Christmas 1989. The students involved were Colm O'Connell, Alan Sherry, Paul Hurley, Martin Cullen and Garry Ryan. This time Mr. Brendan Leahy was the teacher mentor.

Joey's Cover To Cover, 1993. The pupils involved were Liam Mulligan, Colum Harmon, Barry Hawkins, Paul Bohan and Gerard Doyle. There was no teacher input to this rather funny production, which had a lot



of cartoon strips and teacher caricatures. Eoin and Ciarán Mulligan, brothers of Liam, helped in getting the magazine printed.

St Joseph's C.B.S., Fairview, 1994 Yearbook. This book was a Mini Company venture of which there were some 26 members. Space precludes my mentioning them all by name but these were randomly chosen: Raymond Smith, Seán Walsh, Colm Fegan and Gary Broderick. Apologies to the other 22 who shall remain nameless. No teachers are credited, but a parent, Mr. Oliver Smith, did the typesetting and layout.

Scoil Iósaif, Fionnradharc, Áth Cliath 3, 1995 Yearbook. This particular volume was a Herculean effort with quite an impressive result on the part of Mr Shay McGann of the teaching staff. It runs to some 144 pages in A5 format. It was obviously his 'swan song' as he left the teaching staff at the end of the 1994-'95 school year. *Ad multos annos*, Shay. The student 'committee' involved were Alan Healy, Kieran Tansey, Darragh Flynn, Barry Mahony, Kevin Murray, Seán Walsh, Gareth Pelly and Séamus Moran.

Joey's News '98. The magazine committee were Gearóid Harmon, Barry Jones, Myles Palmer, Seán O'Brien and Colin Russell-Conway among many others. The teacher mentors this time around were Mr O'Brien and Mr. Timmons.

The Mad Rag, Volume 1, November 2000. The aim of this publication was to showcase students' literary and artistic ability on a fairly regular basis. Original poetry, prose pieces and artwork were published. The students involved in its production were Craig Berry, Joe O'Carroll, Colm Hanley, Fergus Russell-Conway, James Mac Dermott and Colin Delaney. The teacher adviser on this occasion was Mr. Tim Quinlan.

The Mad Rag, Volume 2, Christmas 2000. The same crew were at the helm for this issue.

The Mad Rag, Volume 3, St Patrick's Day, 2001. The aim of this particular volume was to put particular emphasis on our Gaelic heritage through a larger section written in Irish by past pupils, present pupils and teachers. Once again the same people were involved. *Yearbook 2001, incorporating The Mad Rag, Volume 4.* This you are now reading and enjoying.

So you see, creativity and imagination are alive and well in St. Joseph's. The above publications show our pupils, past pupils, teachers and former teachers at their very best. We have a lot to be proud of - *Ar aghaidh Scoil Iósaif. Beidh do bhrat ar foluain go h-ard is go h-uabhbreach ar feadh tamaill fhada fós!*

Edmund Rice:

Visionary and Founder of The Christian Brothers

By T. Quinlan

In 2002 the Christian Brothers celebrate the 200th anniversary of their foundation and our school will be 114 years old. We are the proud inheritors of a

great tradition of learning and commitment to justice which goes back all the way to Edmund Rice. This is not an historical article, but rather a selection of random facts which may interest you: Did you know that: Edmund Rice was not a priest, but a layman and was born in Callan, Co. Kilkenny in 1762. He was married and fathered a child. His wife's name was Mary Elliott. Mary died tragically in a riding accident in 1789. She left him with a handicapped daughter whom he lovingly looked after until her death.

He derived much comfort from reading the Scriptures in the midst of all this tragedy. He was an exceedingly wealthy businessman, a millionaire by modern standards and used all his wealth to help the poor. He took a keen interest in the work of Nano Nagle, founder of the Presentation Sisters, who reached out to poverty-stricken girls in Waterford.

In 1802 Edmund had some stables converted into a makeshift school for Waterford's 'street boys', hence 2002 as the bicentenary.

He founded two religious orders: The Christian Brothers and The Presentation Brothers dedicated to educating poor and underprivileged boys in early nineteenth century Ireland.

Already here we see three of the planks of the Christian Brother Apostolate: the inspiration of the New Testament, a dedication to the poor and a commitment to education. Edmund built his first purpose-built school called 'Mount Sion' in Waterford city out of his own pocket. This school looked after the boys' every need and had its own bakery and tailorshop. The brothers ministered to people in jail, helped people during cholera epidemics and looked after the sick as does Edmund himself.

He was a befriender of refugees: Spotting a ship's officer whipping a black slave, Edmund 'bought' him, looked after him and set him free. This boy was affectionately called 'Black Johnnie.' He helped Carlo (Charles) Bianconi set up his famous coach business. Bianconi never forgot his benefactor and each year sent £50 and 20 suits of clothes for poor boys to Edmund.

He helped recovering alcoholics (Poll).

1811 marked the foundation of The North Monastery, Cork City, Mr. G. Brockie's alma mater. Edmund Rice founded the O Connell Schools in North Richmond Street, Dublin, in 1828, my own 'alma mater'.

He died on 28 August 1844.

St Joseph's was founded in 1888.

1996 Edmund was beatified - declared 'Blessed' - at a ceremony in Rome, Sunday 6 October

Br N.T. Kiely, the last Christian Brother to teach in Joeys' died on Easter Sunday, April 23rd 2000 after 44 years' service in his beloved Joeys - a man who lived out Edmund's vision so well.



St. Joseph's Primary

St. Joseph's Primary School Fairview - The Real 'Joey's'!!"

"Is I scáth a cheile a mhaireann na daoine" a deireann an seanfhocal agus is fíor sin mar is eol dúinn go léir i Joey's. Tá bunscoil beag anseo againn in aice leis an méanscoil. Tá muid mar dheartháir mór taobh linn agus is i scáth a chéile a mhaireann an dá scoil.

St. Joseph's C.B.S. Primary School, the real Joey's as we like to say, has been here since 1888 and, like our big brother, we're still alive and kicking. The past one hundred and twenty-one years have seen many ups and downs and changes in fortune in the life of the Christian Brother Schools in Fairview. It's true to say that relations between Primary and 'Seco' were, for a number of years, somewhat strained! In recent years, however, there is a new spirit of co-operation and mutual respect, which is working for the benefit of both.

Our primary school today is a thriving, vibrant and happy school. The decline in numbers, a feature of the mid-eighties to mid-nineties due to demographic and other factors, has been halted and there is a new spirit and life in the school; a new openness and friendliness which is immediately apparent to even the most casual of visitors.

The school continues to produce excellent academic achievers, as it has always done, and there is

no diminution in the emphasis on each pupil striving to achieve his potential. In the last year we have, in the spirit of Edmund Rice, branched out into the area of Special education and this has added a whole new, and welcome, dimension to academic life in Joey's.

Allied to this academic aspect to the school is a huge range of extra-curricular activity which makes for a school which is very active and quite simply a happy place. Please feel free to walk the corridors, to visit the classrooms, to see the evidence of what happens in Joey's, of what makes Joey's an exceptional school. We have the traditional hurling and football, the newly arrived and thriving Judo Club, the drama classes, the art classes and exhibitions, the most successful Junior and senior Basketball teams, the Computer Club, the Chess Club, the Quiz teams, the Irish dancers, the tin whistle players, the Table Tennis Club...!

Just a few years ago the pupils were asked to come up with a new slogan of motto for the school (not that there was anything wrong with Deo Duce!) and they voted for the one they considered to be the best. The winner was "Joey's - the best little school in the world!"

Well said lads!

Pádraig Ó Fainín



ARTICLES

Pass Pupils



Visit NUI website: www.may.ie

Located on the Dublin/Kildare border the National University of Ireland, Maynooth caters for almost 6000 students studying in a wide range of disciplines ranging from Computer Science and General Science to Music and Finance. I am studying for an Arts Degree (B.A) in Economics, Irish, and Philosophy.

From an academic point of view the NUI caters for a lot of the requirements in terms of subjects or fields that people wish to study. The departments that I deal with namely Economics, Irish and Philosophy all have common features. These features are excellent staff members who are very experienced in their fields and secondly department members who are extremely approachable. There is nothing worse than being apprehensive about approaching someone. Semesters have not reached Maynooth yet and so through a process of continuous assessment and end of year exams a student's progress is constantly monitored and tested at the end of the year.

With a revamped train station and service as well as a moderate bus service, Maynooth is quite accessible. There is good availability in rented accommodation for those of you wishing to sample life living in Maynooth. Maynooth itself has a lot to offer, from pubs to clubs to the basic services required by students (supermarkets, banks etc). In my opinion Maynooth is the ideal location to study. A great university, a great town, and great fun, three essentials to becoming a successful student.

So what happens when I get my degree? One option is further education by way of a masters or a PhD. An alternative preferred by those wishing to teach is the higher diploma (HDip). Employers will recognise an arts degree as a major step in ones education. Packages offered to employees will reflect the degree you obtained relative to the field in question. Professional bodies also will award exceptions to students having obtained an arts degree. The NUI Maynooth offers an excellent careers and appointments department, on hand to assist with your requirements when the time comes for you to find that job.

Visit the NUI Maynooth website as indicated above for further information on the individual departments that NUI Maynooth has to offer.

Paul Cohen

Medicine in U.C.D



Medicine as a career at first glance appears a long, drawn out process, with years of study and hard work, but followed by great financial rewards. Six years in college with several more years of post-graduate study afterwards, while simultaneously juggling eighty-hour weeks and family-life is not everyone's dream career. While

there are not many poor doctors, the financial rewards are not so great. For instance, a junior doctor beginning his/her life as an intern can expect to earn about £18,000 for that year. Bearing in mind that most computer graduates could easily command such a figure after just three or four years in college, this salary often surprises people. Despite this, very few other careers can offer that great feeling of satisfaction, when you actually help someone and make a difference to someone's life and health.

Three universities in Dublin offer medicine on their undergraduate programme: U.C.D., Trinity College and the Royal College of Surgeons. I am just beginning my final year of medicine in U.C.D. The medical school here is still based at Earlsfort Terrace, near St. Stephen's Green, which was the original site where U.C.D. was founded. The first four years of medicine in U.C.D. are mainly spent in typical lecture and tutorial format. These are known as the pre-clinical years. Recently, students in these years have begun to spend more time in hospitals, with regular lectures in both the Mater Hospital and St. Vincent's University Hospital (these are the two teaching hospitals attached to U.C.D.). Following these years are the clinical years, where students spend most of their time in hospitals studying medicine and surgery. Students also study paediatrics, psychiatry and obstetrics and gynaecology. Studying is obviously a very important part of a medical student's life, but without doubt, it is getting into medicine that is the hardest part, with points being so high. Students with science degrees may also be admitted to the course, subject to certain conditions. Few students fail or leave the course during the academic years.

Medical students in U.C.D. only spend first year at the main campus in Belfield, the rest being based around Earlsfort Terrace and the hospitals. Being separated from the main university means students end up socialising together very often, and so medical classes tend to be quite closely knit. This is a great advantage over courses where students may be part of large classes and may find it difficult to get to know other people in their class.



Most Irish doctors tend to go abroad after they complete the intern year because training programmes and job opportunities are better, especially in America and Britain. Despite this, the situation in Ireland is improving, with new training programmes being set up all the time and hours are finally starting to come down, albeit slightly. Medicine is not an easy career to choose, but it offers a range of career options. For example, graduates who do not want to work at the bedside can go into research, become pathologists or microbiologists. Those who enjoy dealing with people can choose between general practice and hospital practice. Those in hospital practice can consider studying for a wide range of specialities, from emergency medicine to cardiac surgery.

Many past-pupils of Joey's have gone on to become doctors, including Dr. Barry Teeling, Dr. Aidan Bohan and most recently Dr. Gavin Rush who graduated last year. Medicine is a long career, but it is a rewarding one with opportunities and choices all along the way. Visit the university website at <http://www.ucd.ie/>

Dermot Cohen.

Life as a Garda

Mark Davis did his Leaving in Joey's in 1993. He is now a Garda stationed in Raheny

When I was a student at St. Joseph's the last thing I ever expected to end up as was a Garda. After all, true blue Dubs that were always in trouble with Mr. O'Dwyer or Mr. Giblin don't expect to be administering justice when they are at that stage in school. So why am I a Garda?

Well, after a few years working in the banks, I wanted more from my daily career than to be a boring pen-pusher. I wanted a career where every day is different.

I knew that I had to go to the Garda College in Templemore, Co. Tipperary and get used to being surrounded by culchies. But to be honest, even if I went to Templemore with a group of my best mates I could not have had better 'craic' than with the crowd that joined with me from all over the country. There were just a few Dubs but that was a nice change. The College was an absolute experience, learning interesting stuff like riot training, gun training, P.E., as well as the other stuff such as law and policing procedures, but the best part was when the sun went down and going out in droves to the local watering hole. It was almost a shame to have to leave and go to your station, but you made friends for life in Templemore.

I was sent to Store St. station first and I am now doing what I joined the job for, to have some great experiences and to be able to tell my grand children some stories at the end of it all because when you start a shift, you have absolutely no idea what is going to happen in the next 8 hours. I could tell more stories about my first week than a whole career of pen-pushing in any bank. The bottom line is even us Dubs can go out and do it and I'd recommend it to anyone.

Garda Mark Davis

Actuarial Work

– an overview

When I left Joey's in 1994, I thought I had a good understanding of what an actuary does. Since then, my understanding of the profession has changed quite a bit. Also, the areas in which actuarial skills are needed have expanded into new areas.

What an Actuary Does

Essentially, actuaries work in the world of risk and uncertainty. Some companies such as insurers deal on a day-day basis with risks – the role of the actuary is to understand these risks using mathematical models and to offer advice on how to control and reduce these risks.

Where do Actuaries Work?

When an insurance company sells a policy it is then faced with the risk that the policy will result in a claim. When it writes thousands of policies, the uncertainty of how much it will ultimately have to pay out in claims is quite substantial. In order to understand the likely future claims, the management of the company relies heavily on actuarial advice. The actuary can use a variety of statistical techniques to model the random events that give rise to claims. These mathematical models provide a useful insight into possible future profits and losses for the company. Different types of insurance require different models – obviously, the more complicated the insurance type, the more complex the modeling has to be. Typically, the bulk of actuaries have worked in life insurance, however the non-life actuarial profession is growing quite quickly.

Investment is an area that is known for its uncertainty and it is another area where actuarial involvement is increasing. The actuary can analyse the likely outcomes that could result from a proposed investment strategy, by using statistical models of investment returns. Pension Providers also rely on actuaries, who provide advice on matters such as future likely levels of mortality, for example.

What Skills does an Actuary Need?

To qualify as an actuary is rather a long process. The set of exams is quite wide-ranging and also notoriously difficult. They can be started while doing an actuarial college course but also many companies take school-leavers directly from their Leaving Cert and provide training. The mathematical content is very high but the syllabus is not entirely mathematical. The trainee actuary also has to study economics, finance and in particular investment and insurance industry. The overall aim of the syllabus is that the newly-qualified actuary understands financial issues and the economic environment, realises that there may not be a single, "correct" answer to every question, can decide between alternative approaches to a problem and can generate solutions to problems which he/she has not come across before. The actuary does not, therefore, rigidly apply pre-defined mathematical formulae. It is a dynamic problem-solving process which requires independent thought and it is that aspect that makes the profession one of the most challenging and enjoyable.

Donald Salisbury, B.A., M.S. Leaving Certificate 1994 (Donnie achieved the highest results ever in the Leaving Certificate at Joey's since the introduction of Grades – seven A1's and has since come first place in all his exams.)



Funny Stuff

How I got into Heaven

Three men were standing in line to get into heaven one day. Apparently it had been a pretty busy day, though, so Peter had to tell the first one, "Heaven's getting pretty close to full today, and I've been asked to admit only people who have had particularly horrible deaths. So what's your story?" So the first man replies: "Well, for a while I've suspected my wife has been cheating on me, so today I came home early to try to catch her red-handed. As I came into my 25th floor apartment, I could tell something was wrong, but all my searching around didn't reveal where this other guy could have been hiding. Finally, I went out to the balcony, and sure enough, there was this man hanging off the railing, 25 floors above ground! By now I was really mad, so I started beating on him and kicking him, but wouldn't you know it, he wouldn't fall off. So finally I went back into my apartment and got a hammer and started hammering on his fingers. Of course, he couldn't stand that for long, so he let go and fell — but even after 25 stories, he fell into the bushes, stunned but okay. I couldn't stand it anymore, so I ran into the kitchen, grabbed the fridge and threw it over the edge where it landed on him, killing him instantly. But all the stress and anger got to me, and I had a heart attack and died there on the balcony."

"That sounds like a pretty bad day to me," said Peter, and let the man in.

The second man comes up and Peter explains to him about heaven being full, and again asks for his story.

"It's been a very strange day. You see, I live on the 26th floor of my apartment building, and every morning I do my exercises out on my balcony. Well, this morning I must have slipped or something, because I fell over the edge. But I got lucky, and caught the railing of the balcony on the floor below me. I knew I couldn't hang on for very long, when suddenly this man burst out onto the balcony. I thought for sure I was saved, when he started beating on me and kicking me. I held on the best I could until he ran into the apartment and grabbed a hammer and started pounding on my hands. Finally I just let go, but again I got lucky and fell into the bushes below, stunned but all right. Just when I was thinking I was going to

be okay, this refrigerator comes falling out of the sky and crushes me instantly, and now I'm here." Once again, Peter had to concede that that sounded like a pretty horrible death.

The third man came to the front of the line, and again the whole process was repeated. Peter explained that heaven was full and asked for his story.

"Picture this," says the third man, "I'm hiding naked inside a refrigerator..."

OJ's Collection

A man in LA was driving home and got stuck in traffic. He said to himself, "This traffic is worse than normal, we aren't moving at all."

He sees a traffic cop walking down between the cars talking to the drivers, so he rolls down his window and asks what's going on. The officer tells him, "OJ just heard the verdict, and he is lying down in the middle of the road threatening to douse himself with gasoline and light himself on fire, because he doesn't have the \$8.5 millions dollars for the Goldmans. I'm walking around taking up a collection for him."

The man says, "Oh, really, how much have you got so far?"

"So far," says the cop, "about 10 gallons."

Job Interview

Reaching the end of a job interview, the Human Resources Person asked the young MBA fresh out of MIT, "And what starting salary were you looking for?"

The candidate said, "In the neighborhood of \$125,000 a year, depending on the benefits package."

The HR Person said, "Well, what would you say to a package of 5-weeks vacation, 14 paid holidays, full medical and dental, company matching retirement fund to 50% of salary, and a company car leased every 2 years - say, a red Corvette?" The Engineer sat up straight and said, "Wow!!! Are you kidding?"

And the HR Person said, "Certainly, ...but you started it."

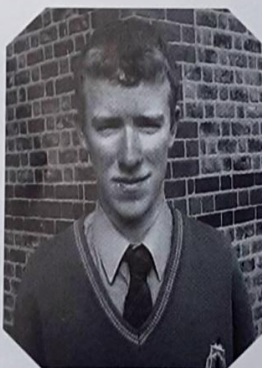


6th Year Photos



6th Year Group

Brian Devlin



Vincent Whelan: It's life Jim but not as we know it.
(Song: Star Trekkin)

Robert Cope: I desperately wanna make love to a *****boy (Dumb & Dumber).



Jonathan Byrne: My heart it burns like a flaming fire in the sea, wave after wave let your soul be free.



Karl English: Money can buy you lots of things but it can't buy you one thing.....A Dinosaur!

Colm Fitzsimons: Remember TB or not TB.



Mark Keogh: I want to be a space cadet, and fly my spacecraft into the depths of Uranus



Michael Arkins: Take care of this book, It will be worth money when I'm famous

Philip Whelan: School can be too cruel, but life is a bitch, enjoy your school days.



Robert O'Brien: True Story

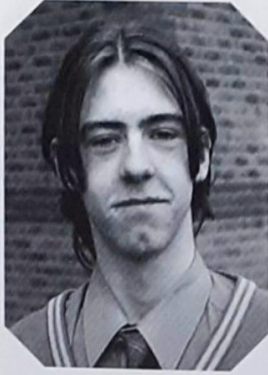


Keith Donoghue: Fly my pretties, fly (Montgomery Burns).

Sean Somers: A woman is like beer. They look good, they smell good, and you'd step over your own mother just to get one (Homer)

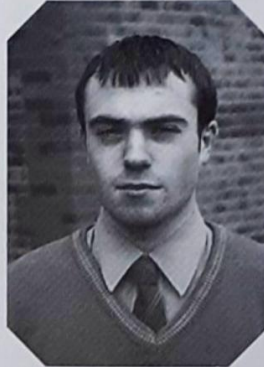


Brian Mooney: I use to have a cat, she died she died, mom said she was sleeping, she lied she lied (Lisa Simpson).



Anthony Norton: Loreal, Because I'm worth it.

James Lindsay: The peredator prowled on the young and weak, Dear Campo found alone, asleep, Cries of Liamo in the yard, as dirty Mooney smoked his tar.



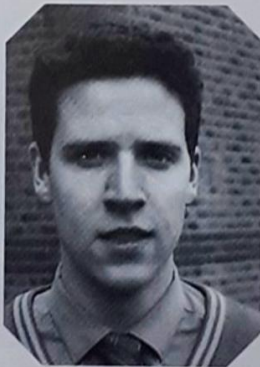
Paul Donegan: Anyone can admit they were wrong; the true test is admitting it to someone else.



Patrick Duffy: You tried your best and failed miserably. The lesson is never try (Homer Simpson).



Neil Richardson: I bent my Wookiee (Ralph Wiggam).



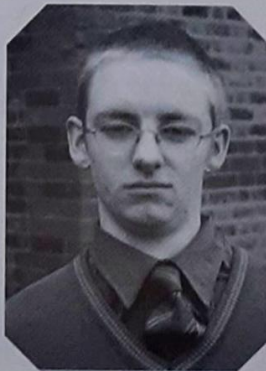
James Madden: A man of quality does not fear a woman seeking equality



Stephen Walsh: I am merely a vessel through which genius flows (Homer Simpson).



Terence Walsh: Words cannot describe the feelings I have for my girlfriend, but b**** comes pretty close.



James Smith: I want you, 'cause I'm Mr. Vain (song: Mr. Vain).



Vincent Flynn: That's it. You people have stood in my way long enough. I'm going to Clown College. (Homer)

Stephen Hannay: If you want my body, and you think I'm sexy.....

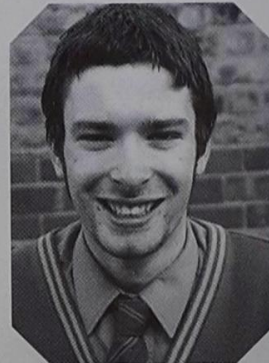


Stephen Locke: Follow your dreams! (Except the ones where your naked in them.)

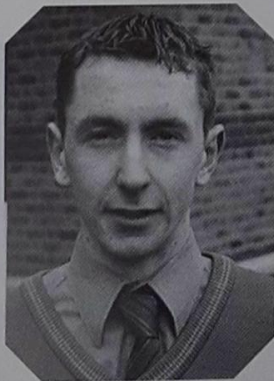


Assumption is the mother of all foul-ups.

Adam Campion: Energiser Bunny arrested, charged with battery.

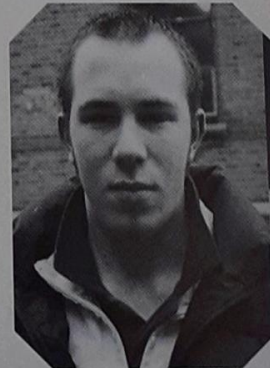


Philip Howlett: Alright brain, you don't like me and I don't like you. But lets just do this and I can get back to killing you with beer (Homer)



Leo Ryan: My name is Forest Gump, people call me Forest Gump. (Forest Gump)

Gary Fogarty: In the Navy, we can sail the seven seas. (Village People)



Stephen Wiggins: Luke, I am your father. (Star Wars)



Derek Coleman: I'm outta here. I'm headin' back to that building...thingy....were our beds and tv....is!

John Dolan: Follow the half naked Indian (Waynes World).



Gabriel Whelan: There is a lot to be said for saying nothing.



John Doherty: You're a great bunch of lads. Good luck to you all.



Francis Staunton: When you're at the checkouts, and you here the beep, think of the fun you could be having on supermarket sweep (Dale Winton)



Evan Lowry: I swear she said she was sixteen!



Ian Dara: Don't hate me because I'm beautiful.



Daniel Joyce: Nostalgia isn't what it used to be.



Conor Wilson: When the seagulls follow the trawler, it is because they think the sardines will be thrown into sea (Eric Cantona 1995).

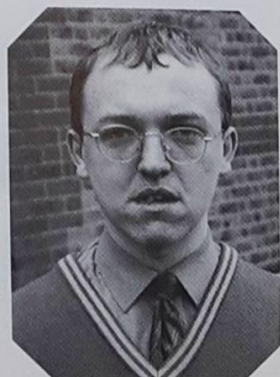


Stanley Prescott: All good things must come to an end!

Michael O'Reilly: Wanted Dead or Alive.

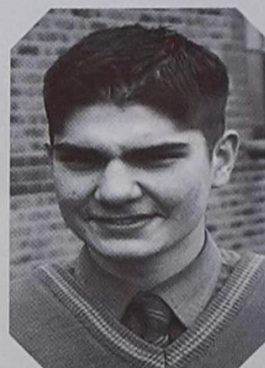


Stephen Sweeney: I am not a crook (Richard Nixon)



Damien Tolan: I've only got one thing to say: BLAH

Adam Przedpelski: It is necessary for me to establish a winner image therefore, I have to beat somebody

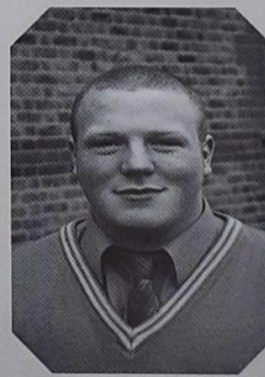
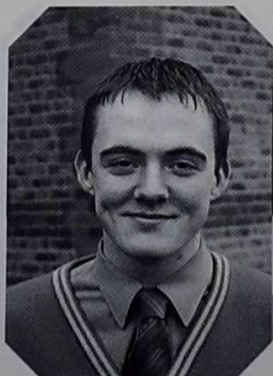


Alan Mogel: Sex is like a car crash, there is always someone you don't want going up your ass.



Emmet Campion: We'll tell your mother we ate it (American Pie).

John Casement: It's a raining men, hallelujah, it's raining men, Amen.



Dean Rafferty: They say loosing isn't a bad thing, I think it's the worst, they say winning isn't everything, I think it's the only thing (Jim Morrison).



Repeat Photos

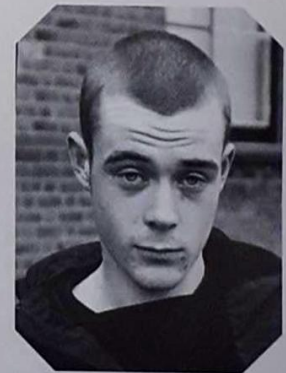


Repeat Leaving Group

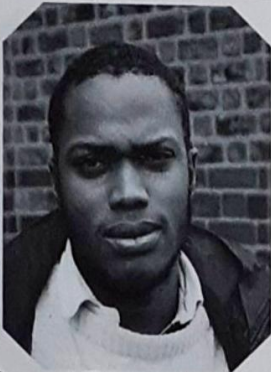


Sinéad Cuthbert:
Anyone who is popular
is bound to be disliked.

Barry Jones: Oakily
Dokily (Ned
Flanders)



Ian Ryan: Appearances
are not everything; it just
looks like they are.



Gospel Enzenekwe: Thanks very much Mr. Oonan in the history class and for giving me a Dublin accent!

Ciarán O'Connell: Before you give a colleague a piece of your mind, be sure you can spare it.



Orla Ffrench: Being a good communicator means people find out what is really wrong with you.



Philip McManus: A fool of a man once said 'Let all ones ups and downs take place under the covers', I say 'one has a better view without the covers'.



Róisín Ní Chaidhin: Chipped dishes never break.

Jonathan Kenna: We're just friends and I've never had any relations with a pizza box.



Sinéad Ní Nualláin: Complex problems have simple, easy to understand, wrong answers



Luke Deegan: Conscience is what hurts when everything else feels good.



Suzanne (Predator) Power: Confidence is the feeling you have before you understand the situation.





Lindsay Smyth: Defeat is worse than death because you have to live with defeat.

Janice Doyle: Gonna take the long road. Ride onto the hills for fifteen days.

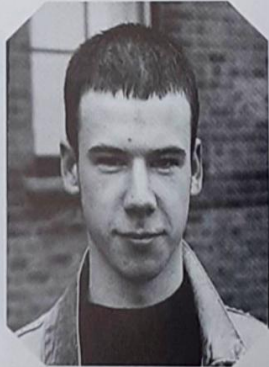


Róisín Watters: Do not believe in miracles, rely on them.



Emma Clarke: Die Bart Die (Sideshow Bob)

Luke Keating: Incompetence is a double-edged banana.

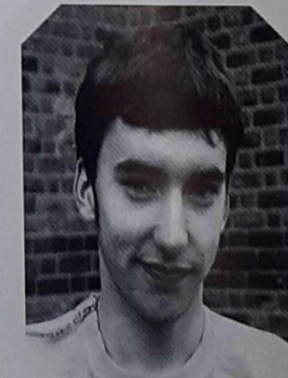
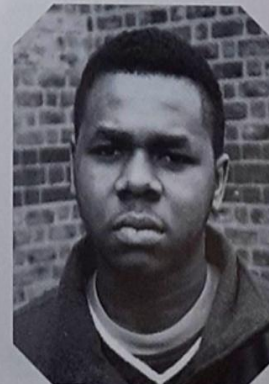


Suzanne Clancy: Life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards.



Sasha Wallace: Never argue with a fool, people might not know the difference.

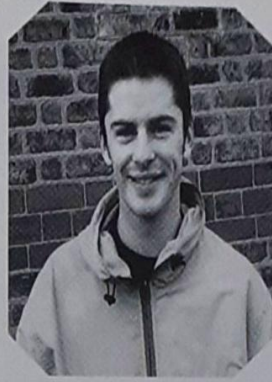
Salami: Most well-trodden paths lead nowhere.



Seán Brady: All the faces are my faces, but now the faces are washed clean.



Good judgement comes from experience. Experience comes from bad judgement.



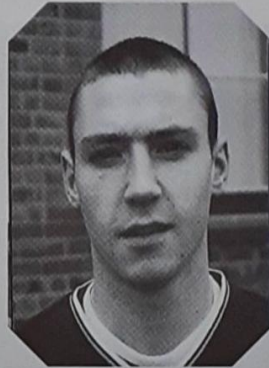
Defeat is worse than death because you have to live with defeat.



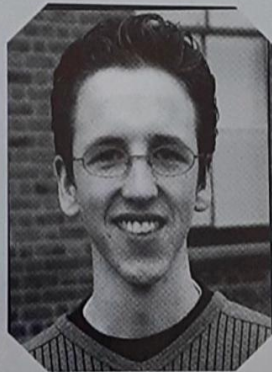
For every action, there is a corresponding over-reaction.



Hard work never killed anybody, but why take a chance?



Everyone hits a brick wall now and then; the trick is not to do it with your head.



For every "10" there are 10 "1's"

Excellence can be attained if you care more than others think is wise, risk more than





1st year



2nd year



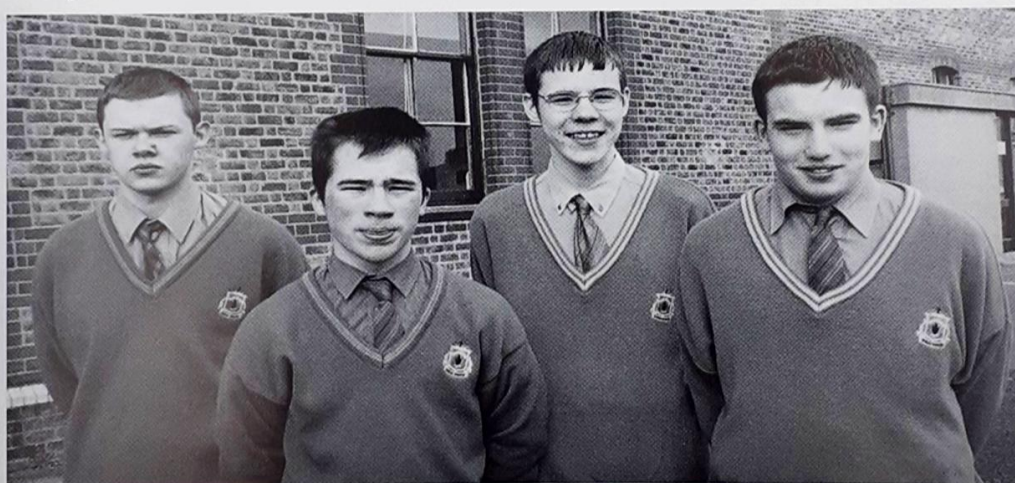
3rd year



4th year



5th year



Vincent De Paul Group



Junior Football Team



Senior Football team



Senior Hurling team



JOES TIPS

DirectX Uninstaller 0.13

Sometimes when you update your DirectX drivers(used in most games) you'll find your computer ran better with the older version, but because of Microsoft safe guards once you install a version of Direct X you can't uninstall it later.

This tool will uninstall your current version of DirectX (v5 - v8) and re-install an earlier version. This version will NOT work with WinME or 2K.

Available at www.zdnet.com

Windows Me Boot Disk Maker 1.2

In Windows Me you cant make a boot disk, Microsoft in their infinite wisdom have decided to exclude this rather essential utility.This Program will allow you to make a boot disk in the event of system failure.

Available at www.zdnet.com

Transparent 4.2

This utility will turn your Windows 9x or NT desktop icon text backgrounds transparent; allowing your wallpaper to show through. It will also allow you to easily change the icon text to any color. It's completely free, with no splash, and is only 25k. By setting the text to the same color as your wallpaper, you can effectively make the text disappear as well.

<http://www.bit-net.com/~jadamg/transparent/>

Getting the best out of windows 98 se and Windows me : 98lite iv

98lite puts you in control of your Windows environment: adding performance, adding value, delaying expensive hardware upgrades and improving your Windows 98 experience. 98lite gives you the power to remove features that you dont use and configure your system the way you want it. Cutting down the bulk and weeding out the dead wood enables you to run your favourite applications with the speed and the stability you've been craving! Windows 98 is a great operating system, and 98lite makes it even better.

98lite takes standard Windows features and transforms them into OPTIONAL COMPONENTS. You can then remove the superfluous features that trip you up and slow you down. Even Internet Explorer can be removed! There's no risk since 98lite installs components into the Windows add/remove options list and you can restore any feature you remove. 98lite can also customize your desktop to completely eliminate performance robbing "Internet Integration" from Explorer. Reduce the overhead, reclaim speed and remove the bloat with 98lite.

This Preview converts Internet Explorer, System Information and Read-Me Files from default features to optional components. You can choose to omit these features during installation, or convert an existing installation and remove the features you are not using.

<http://www.98lite.net/>



WEBZONE

YOUR GUIDE TO THE BEST OF THE NET
ST JOSEPHS C.B.S.
YEAR BOOK EDITION

Welcome to Webzone – Yearbook Edition 2001, the final edition of Webzone. Hopefully someone else will take over and keep people updated on the best of the net but because it's the final edition from 6th year the sites below are unique given that students created them. Take a look and be inspired.



CelineClub.Com/Celine.NET

by Michael Arkins (6th year)

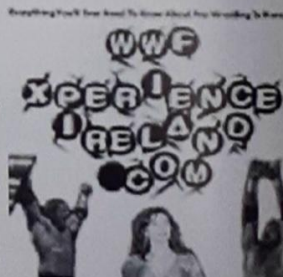
With over 80,000 members, Celine.NET has become the largest online Interactive Music Club in the World. Translated into 9 languages with a team of 50 International experts and worth \$154,000 according to Outbaze Ltd (Japan) Celine.NET is only getting better. Giving it's services free such as E-mail, Chat rooms, Mailing lists and much more it's proof that Ireland can be a major player when it comes to the World Wide Web. Check out the following address now for the complete site and enter the monthly competition for a Celine.NET T-shirt and Mug.

www.CelineClub.Com / www.Celine.NET

WWFExperienceIreland.Com

by Robert O'Brien (6th Year)

Featuring everything you need to know about the World of wrestling this site has it all. Whether it's WWF, WCW or ECW, WWF Experience Ireland can't be missed. Officially rated as Ireland's largest archive of wrestling information with great competitions and activities the site's logo explains it all, "Everything you'll ever need to know about Pro Wrestling is here". This site has been featured on Sky text and is building a huge fan base daily. Be apart of it.



www.WWFExperienceIreland.Com

BY MICHAEL ARKINS



ART WORK



I'M NOT IMMUNE TO YOUR
RIDICULE
JUST BECAUSE I CAN'T
HEAR IT...
I CAN SEE YOUR STARES
I CAN READ YOUR GESTURES
DO YOU THINK I HAVE NO
EMOTION?

THAT I'M STONE?
I'M NOT, BUT PERHAPS
YOU ARE...

YOU LAUGH AT ME
BUT NOTHING I'VE
DONE IS FUNNY...

AND I'M NOT LAUGHING
YOU LAUGH AT WHAT I AM...
I'VE NEVER LAUGHED AT
YOU...

MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T
BE SO QUICK TO LAUGH,
SO QUICK TO RIDICULE,
IF YOU SPENT SOME TIME
IN THE PARIASH'S BLOODY,
BEATEN SHOPS...

YOU MIGHT EVEN CRY...
LIKE I DO EVERY NIGHT.



Luke Deegan, repeat



COULD BE
IT IS MY MISTAKE
COULD BE
I AM HERE TOO LATE
COULD BE
THERE'S A HOLE IN MY
WONDERFUL
WORLD

I KNOW
THAT THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG
YOU SAID
THAT YOU'D BE ALONG
BUT NOW
I CAN SEE THAT
YOU'RE NOT GONNA COME...

SITTING IN THIS ROOM
WITH THESE PEOPLE
IS JUST LIKE A FANTASY
LONLINESS
IN SUCH A CROWD
I CAN SEE...

COULD BE...



EVERYONE THAT I MEET
SEEMS TO BE A PART OF A CONSPIRACY
LOOKING AT ME WITH
THOSE SEARCHING EYES...
...can they see...?

Luke Deegan, repeat





Interview

with Jimmy Petrovitch

Fergus Russell-Conway and Colin Delaney went into Mountjoy jail to talk with the Chief Officer Jimmy Petrovitch, past pupil of Joey's



What was Joey's like while you were there?

Well, the second building and the primary school were only just being built when I went to school so we were all in the one building primary and all. Back then all but one or two teachers were Christian Brothers while now there are none in the school.

How did you get started in the prison service?

I answered an ad in the paper looking for prison guards and I got the job. There was a lot less work available then and you were just happy to get a job.

What skills have you learned since you joined the service?

The most important skill I've learned is how to communicate with people whether they be other guards or prisoners. Other skills like being athletic do come in useful if you were to be attacked.

Would you advise the prison service as a good career path to students?

Yes, it's very good but it's not for everyone, you have to be enthusiastic and it doesn't hurt to be athletic. The job involves supervising prisoners wherever they are either

in the workshops, cells or exercise yard and there is very good job security since there'll always be a need for prisons. There are also a lot of clubs for the guards including a Liverpool supporters club and a rugby club.

About how many prisoners would the prison hold?

The prison was originally built for 500 prisoners but at the moment is holding 594 prisoners and up until recently up to 800 prisoners.

Do you think the prison system works?

Yes, it keeps people off the streets but the actual punishment for the crime isn't the fact that you go to jail but that you are taken away from society for your sentence, so the way prisons punish people is different from in the past but they still work.

Would most of the prisoners be from deprived backgrounds?

Yes, most of the prisoners would be from deprived backgrounds and the average age of the prisoner is dropping to around 19 or 20. The main reason they would be sent to jail is drug related and they usually get started on drugs because of where they grew up or who they hung around with.

Is prison food really as bad as we think?

No, we have some of the best chefs in Ireland and one of the best kitchens in Ireland and all of our chefs are sent over to England to be trained and the prisoners also help out making the meals.

How much does it cost to keep a prisoner in prison?

It costs a lot, about £2,000 - £3,000 to keep each prisoner in prison per week.

Has anyone ever escaped? And how often would you get an escape attempt?

Well, there was the Helicopter escape where 3 republican prisoners were flown out of the exercise yard by helicopter in 1973. On average we'd get an escape attempt every few months.

After our interview we were brought on a tour of the jail and were shown amongst other things the hanging room where the republican prisoners including Kevin Barry who was one of the first ones to be executed there. The tour of the grounds was very interesting and we got to see how different it is to be on the inside than the outside since it was renovated.



Poems

Angel of God: my friend

Janice Clancy

I wake up every morning lying in my room,
Staring at a photograph of memories shared with you,
Remember all good times, and happy thoughts we
shared,

No matter what we fought about, being friends was
never impaired.

We used to sit and talk for hours of feelings deep inside,
Sharing all our problems, then halved, and off our minds.
Regardless of your problems, you were always there for
me,

Making sure I was okay, a friend you were indeed.

You always had a smile for me,
And a cheerful song to sing,
To brighten up my day and help me forget everything.

Months have passed too quickly for words,
Our friendship grew and grew,
We thought it would last forever,
It only then we knew....

God chose you as his angel,
And called you by his side,
To look upon us all, and change all wrong to right.

Every day is still as hard as the one you left us on.
But every day when I think of you
I smile and know you're there,
Watching me and guiding me as my life continues on,
Of course I really miss you and would love to have you
here,
Still every time I think of you I draw a silent tear.

Your life has thought me many things and open up my
eyes,
To things I'd neglected to notice before I'd taken your
advice.
I take each day as it comes, move on and get through the
pain,
For when the light of day next comes the pain will fade
away.

The day will come when we next meet on a happy occa-
sion for all,
But until my call from God arrives,
Keep watching to prevent my fall.

Anywom

No more I'll state my worldly cause
Or field my heart in jesters tongue
I'll lock my soul and cut my throat
And never more display my thoughts

My eyes will dim no longer bright
My furrowed brow tell not my mind
My shape is fixed as is my glare
A marble mantel where was my smile

Objective ears will hear ones reason
But not know what's behind the mask
The working of my great invention
Will not be seen through opaque glass

The storm abrewing in the ceiling
Shall shake me not or cause me care
My sickening taper ill aburning
Shall not be flickered by dead breaths air

A thief retreating into darkness
Shall find me bonded to twilights hue
My love and hate bear no distinction
Of times great passion concrete

A key I'll place upon the plateau
I'll draw a map behind your eyes
The legend hidden amongst my riddles
A sordid escapade my soul the prize
(the prize)

To cheat will only fuel my anger
And I shall rain upon your name
With the greatest of vengeance and furious
anger
I shall sever this friendship made

Daniel A.E. Joyce

4-4-00



War and politics (C. Berry)

War and politics, Politics and war,
 They both go arm in arm, but what are they for,
 When man kills man, for the countrys need,
 And the countrys ego, and the riches greed.
 But what do we get from it, but pain and hurt,
 And the remnants of our youth, six foot under dirt,
 But then you've got the arguments, that it's always been the
 same,
 That humans are just vicious creatures, and that will never
 change.
 But how can this be right, how can it be justified,
 When for the benifet of the few, so many soldiers have died,
 When soldiers for their country, are sent up the line to death,
 Even though the officers know, that it will be their final
 breath.
 When bombs are dropped on civilian homes, is that what we
 want,
 So we can be the winners, and the losing side we'll taunt,
 And make them sign agreements, to bankrupt them finan-
 cially,
 Or put trade sanctions on them, and let them die of disease.
 When neighbours kill neighbours, for their religious beliefs,
 And countries are torn apart, and their people left in grief,
 Who will put a stop to this, surely this has to end,
 Or our race will be extinct, what will we do then.
 When atomic bombs come crashing down, and kill every-
 thing around,
 And the screams and death are followed, by the sad silent
 sound,
 For if humans keep on fighting, for vanity and greed,
 And famines keep happening, and terrorists are freed.
 For we might not like each other, but we can get along at
 least,
 Centuries of war have got nowhere, it's time we had some
 peace.

Mystical Lady

As the wind blows through the Autumn leaves,
 I could see the mystical figure in
 the shade of the olive tree.

As I walked towards the Autumn tree
 I could see this girl smiling at me
 suddenly the rays of the wilderness beast
 blanked my view of this mystical figure.

As the figure passed me by
 the scent of her perfume knocked me over.
 I realised that the smile she had
 was not for me but for a prince in shining
 armour who was standing ten yards
 behind me.

Alan Laycock

Sitting alongside You, my Lord, cheers me

Sitting alongside You, my Lord, cheers me,
 In this grass, by this tree, at this river,
 Forever is what I hope us to be,
 With warmth like yours, my Lord, I'll not
 shiver.
 My Lord, they challenge your beauty and
 grace,
 They wish to go into battle at dawn,
 My Lord, You shall not show your graceful
 face,
 I am to You as a deer is its fawn.
 As I sit by your eternal river,
 I feel the slowness of your loving heart,
 I begin a journey, which starts in You,
 I can feel your pain and see You quiver,
 Imagine You in your head, play your part,
 Use me as a catalyst, I am true.

Philip McManus, Repeats

Sitting Alongside You, my Lord, cheers me

is a
 sonnet about the love of a woman for her
 lord.
 However it can also be perceived to be
 about the
 love for God from a person.

Free Spirit, Smart Arse Or What?

Free spirit, smart arse or what?
 Still, you give us everything you've got.
 You're your own man and fair dues,
 Someday you'll make the news.
 Far from the staleness of our day,
 You'll sail your own unique way.
 You rattle cages and no harm,
 Wait for reaction, perhaps alarm.
 I admire your honesty, though blunt
 Like a terrier on the hunt.
 You can stir it up and don't care,
 Catch us all unaware.
 You twist the knife with a smile,
 Yet 'tis done without much guile.
 You rub it in, and well deserved
 And leave not a few of us unnerved.
 You wind us up and we fall
 Hook, line, sinker and all.
 You knock us off our perches,
 Stop us in the middle of futile searches.
 Free spirit, smart arse or what?
 Perhaps both, but that's no harm,
 The world's too full of artificial charm.
 That's why we need what you have got.
 Free spirit, smart arse, that's your lot.

T. Quinlan



Rooms

Early morning,
Cold bare feet upon the kitchen floor.
Phone rings in the hallway, ignored.
The cold tap is always dripping,
The fridge is always mumbling,
Sounding like a thinking brain.
Silence in the front room.
Each room like a Polaroid, unmoving.
Orange bedroom, always warm and messy
But not confused.
These walls hold thoughts that pens don't write.
These walls hold emotions that words don't recite.
By Janice Doyle

The Bus

(By Gavin O'Reilly)
I took a stroll onto the bus,
I didn't want to cause a fuss,
So I deposited my fare into the machine,
Red and grey and extremely clean.
I walked on the floor of the lower saloon,
Where I seen a man reading Mills and Boon.
I laughed and I chuckled and went upstairs,
Passing a hippy in skin-tight flares.
I glanced at a seat, right up the front,
And from the back of the seat I felt a shunt,
I turned around and I seen John,
Acting like a fool and carrying on.
I was fed up with this and went down the back,
When I bumped into Jimmy "What's the craic?"
He said in a booming voice,
Everyone looked, I had to talk to him...I had no
choice.
We drove down the road, increasing the speed,
In town by 9:30, we all agreed.
Coats at the ready, walkmans in the bag,
Our 27 Flyer is raising the flag,
Except for the time-wasting of one auld bag,
Crawling along... the stupid auld hag.
I said "It's alright for you to cause a fuss,
But us students paid to get on this bus".
So get outta me way
I'm half an hour late for school,
Wanna know what the teacher will say???
"You're late, write out the classroom rules.
And all because of you causing a fuss,
I'll be late stepping off this bus.

Not far from where he died

Not far from where 'Johnner loves Tanya,'
'sex is cool' near Canton,
graffiti-cheap and take-away,
not far from where he died,
the old man on the black bike
all those years ago.
I still remember the ambulance siren
and the crowd that gathered,
and the fear that stopped me
from wherever I was going,
his cap upon the road,
a jacket underneath his head.
These houses look as dreary now
as they did then - I don't know how
to put it all together, but I bow
to the greater mystery in the making,
to the prizes for the taking -
There must be a pattern somewhere
if only we could find it,
beyond where the flats are in trouble,
beyond where the buildings collapse to rubble,
with so many lost souls chasing dragons
through this Beirut of neglect,
time for us to stop and reflect.
Further up children scoot upon their silver
scooters,
thankfully for us there are no shooters
here in these parts, only a dead rat,
stiff in rigor mortis on the frosty pavement.
Ballybough, you haunt my dreams -
all those years ago, waking to screams -
What life is there that has no seams?
All those years ago, the man on the black
bike,
lying sprawled upon the grey road,
not far from where 'Johnner loves Tanya,'
where 'sex is cool' near Canton
and life goes on and on and on.
T. Quinlan



Post Script

Where there's a will there's a way. How often have we heard those particular words of wisdom? Too many times indeed, but how often do we really act on this insight? Happily what you see before you now in this *Year Book* is a witness to such perseverance and a will to find a way with very little monetary resources. This book/magazine results from the suggestion of Mr. Jim Teeling, building on the three issues of a small school magazine called *The Mad Rag*. The Yearbook of 2001, then, is at once a celebration of the hopes and expectations of our sixth year and repeat graduands and the enthusiastic commitment of a dedicated band of TY students under the guidance of Mr. T. Quinlan.

School spirit is always difficult to define. We experience it more in action than we know it as something specific. We have witnessed it over the years in the many Gaelic and Soccer triumphs on the sporting field, in the successes of our past pupils, in our celebration of the centenary of our foundation, in our support of each other at times of bereavement and trial, in our annual Vincent de Paul Christmas party, in the continuing support of our Past Pupils Union for our students by way of scholarships and computer facilities and in the tangible happy atmosphere that pervades the school in general. This present *Year Book* is very much a witness to the true Joeys' spirit. It has been a great privilege for me to be involved in putting this magazine together. The enthusiasm and cheerful devotion to work of the Transition Years involved was uplifting. Well done, lads! It was also great to witness the willingness of people to put pen to paper from First Year to Repeats to Past Pupils. In many ways this *Year Book* is an outgrowth of *The Mad Rag* and represents the best of that magazine in its creativity from poems to

pieces of art and indeed to drama, some examples of which you will see on the launch night of this magazine. The Creative Arts like Writing, Drawing and Acting must have as much a place in the life of any school community as have the academic and sporting areas of the curriculum.

I should like to thank the past pupils of the Leaving Certificate Year 1976 for their generous sponsorship of this *Year Book 2001*. Special thanks to Mr. Tony Barry for taking the photographs in his usual unflustered style. We must also thank Mr Tony Hunt for the courtesy and patience he extended to the magazine committee throughout the whole printing process and for allowing them to go out to his place of work and get hands-on experience of how a magazine is printed. Thanks, Tony. Your generosity is appreciated. Likewise, I should like to tender my thanks to the Cohen brothers, Paul, Dermot and Kevin, to Donny Salisbury and to Mark Davis for sending in their insightful articles. Obviously they have not forgotten their old *alma mater*. Thanks, lads! Anyone who reads this magazine will immediately be struck by the Joeys' school spirit and loyalty to the tradition of co-operation and support that our school represents.

Guím ádh mór leo siúd atá ag déanamh na scrúdaithe teistiméireachta i mbliana, go h-áirithe na séú blianaigh agus lucht an bhliain athdhéanta. Go n-éirí go geal is go h-iontach libh, ní amháin sna scrúdaithe ach sa saol mór atá romhaibh. Tá an bhunchloch leagtha agaibh anseo i Scoil Íosaif Naofa, níl fágtha anois agaibh ach an foirgneamh a thógáil uirthi. Guím ráth agus séan oraibh sa ghnó tábhachtach sin!

T. A. Quinlan



The Mad Rag Group



Production Team:

Joe O'Carroll (Layout/Design-Writer/technician)
Craig Berry (Script Editor - Writer)
Fergus Russell-Conway (Task Co-Ordinator - Writer)

Creative Team:

Colm Hanley (Editor - Writer)
Colin Delaney (Financial Manager - Writer)
James McDermott (Writer)



MAD RAG CONTRIBUTORS

- Arkins, Michael (6th Year): 'Webzone' (Section), Issue 1 - 'Webzone 2' (Section), Issue 2 - 'Webzone 3' (Section), Issue 3 - 'Webzone - Year Book Edition' (Section), Issue 4.
- Banville, Vincent (Past Teacher): 'A Potted History of the St. Joseph's School Magazine' (Article), Issue 4.
- Berry, Craig (4th Year): 'Flying High' (Article), Issue 1 - 'Tattered Times' (Poem), Issue 2 - 'A Year of Sport' (Article), Issue 2 - St. Patrick's Day (Article), Issue 3 - 'Formula 1' (Article), Issue 4 - 'War and Politics' (Poem), Issue 4.
- Brady, Séan (Repeats): 'Loneliness' (Poem), Issue 3.
- Brennan, Anthony (5th Year): 'Finished an Exam Early' (Poem), Issue 3.
- Brockie, Mr.: 'An Bráthair T.N, Ó Cadhla R.I.P.' (Dedication), Issue 1 - 'John A. Costello' (Article), Issue 4.
- Campbell, Brian (3rd Year): 'Horse Riding: A Different Sport' (Article), Issue 1.
- Campion, Donal (6th Year): 'Ma visite à France' (Language Article), Issue 2.
- Cannon, Kevin (5th Year): 'The Beatles' (Article), Issue 3.
- Clancy, Babara (Repeats): 'Kick it' (Poem), Issue 3. 'Angel of God' (Poem), Issue 4.
- Cohen, Dermot (Past Pupil): 'Medicine' (Article), Issue 4.
- Cohen, Paul (Past Pupil): 'NUI Maynooth' (Article), Issue 4.
- Courtney, Stephen (5th Year): 'Michael Schumacher - World Champion 2000' (Article), Issue 2.
- Davis, Mark (Past Pupil): 'Life as a Garda' (Article), Issue 4.
- Deegan, Luke (Repeat): (Art Work - Poem), Issue 3.
- Delaney, Colin (4th Year): 'David Ryan' (Interview), Issue 3 - 'Jimmy Petrevitch' (Interview), Issue 4.
- Doherty, John (6th Year): 'The Horror' (Article), Issue 1 - 'We're all human after all' (Article), Issue 2 - 'A Reflection of Sixth Year' (Article), Issue 4.
- Doyle, Janice (Repeats): 'There is Never Death' (Poem), Issue 1 - 'Just for a Moment' (Poem), Issue 2 - 'What is Life?' (Poem), Issue 3 - 'Rooms' (Poem), Issue 4.
- Garvin, Darragh (3rd Year): 'Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann' (Article), Issue 1.
- Hanley, Colm (4th Year): 'RTE Interview' (Interview) - Issue 4.
- Higgins, Martin (2nd Year): 'Hola' (Spanish Article), Issue 2.
- Joyce, Daniel (6th Year): 'Oblivious' (Poem), Issue 2 - 'Too cool for School' (Article), Issue 2 - 'Anywom' (Poem), Issue 4 - 'Evan La La' (Article), Issue 4.
- Kane, David (1st Year): 'Open Day History Display' (Article), Issue 1.
- Kelly, Joanne (Repeat): 'Sadness' (Poem), Issue 3.
- Kenny, Mark (5th Year): 'Manchester United' (Article), Issue 3.
- Loughney, Peter (5th Year): 'Saoire sa Ghaeltacht' (Irish Article), Issue 1.
- Lowry, Aaron (2nd Year): 'Zelda' (Art Work), Issue 2 - 'Mr. Teeling', Issue 4.
- Lowry, Evan (6th Year): 'Day & Night' (Front Cover), Issue 1 - 'Merry Christmas' (Front Cover), Issue 2 - 'Things to Do when Ur TQ' (Picture), Issue 2.
- McDermott, James (4th Year): 'Down and Out' (Poem), Issue 1 - 'The Trick' (Poem), Issue 2.
- McGuinness, Stephen (3rd Year): 'Shelbourne' (Sports Article), Issue 2.
- McManus, Philip (Repeats): 'Knowing Myself' (Poem), Issue 2 - 'Shall I Confide in your Well Known Wisdom?' (Poem), Issue 3 - 'Sitting Alongside You' (Poem), Issue 4.
- O'Brien, Robert (6th Year): 'J.F.K. - The Truth Behind the Story' (Article), Issue 3.
- O'Carroll, Joseph: 'Mr. Oonan' (Teacher's Lounge), Issue 1 - 'Mr. O'Dwyer' (Teacher's Lounge), Issue 2 - 'Mr Kelly/Teeling' (Teachers Lounge), Issue 3 - 'Big Brother is Watching You' (Joe's Tips), Issue 3 - 'Wilson & Joycey' (Student's Lounge), Issue 4 - 'Joe's Tips', Issue 4.
- O'Faoláin, Maitiú (Past Pupil): 'An Ghaeilge I gColáiste na hOllscoile, B.Á.C.' (Gaeilge Article), Issue 3.
- O'Hare, Thomas (5th Year): 'Judo: The Gentle Way' (Sports Article), Issue 2.
- O'Lachtna, Peadar (5th Year): 'Saoire sa Ghaeltacht' (Article), Issue 1.
- O'Reilly, Gavin (5th Year): 'The Bus' (Poem), Issue 4.
- Russell-Conway, Fergus (4th Year): 'The Un-Residential People' (Poem), Issue 1 - 'David Ryan' (Interview), Issue 3 - 'Jimmy Petrevitch' (Interview), Issue 4.
- Salami (Repeats): 'Nigeria' (Article), Issue 2.
- Salisbury, Donald (Past Pupil): 'Actuarial Work' (Article), Issue 4.
- Savage, Richard (1st Year): 'Joeys' Poem' (Poem), Issue 2.
- Snowball & Squeeze (3rd Year): 'Celtic F.C.' (Sports Article), Issue 2.
- Wogan, Darragh (2nd Year): 'Blade' (Back Cover), Issue 1.

