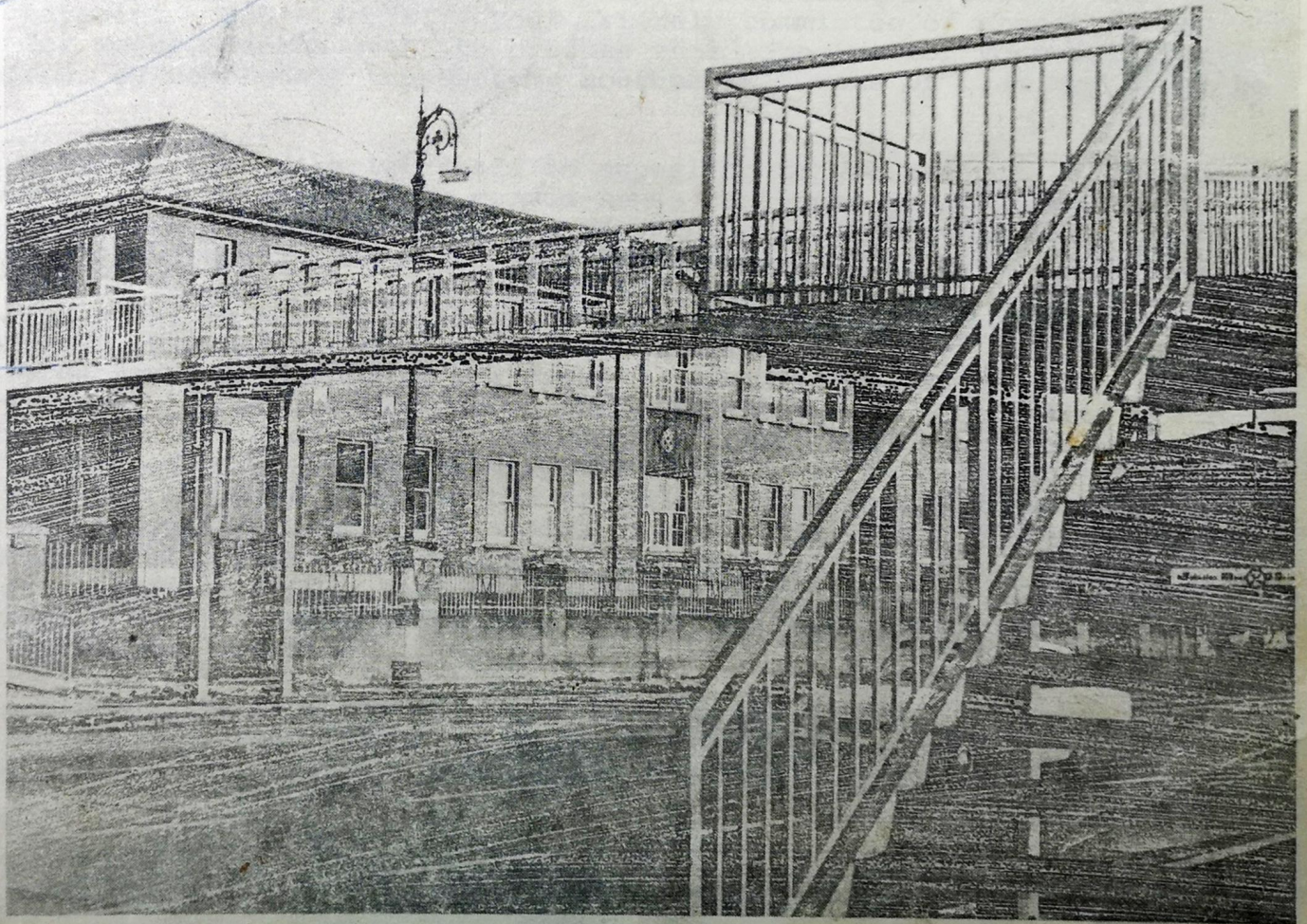
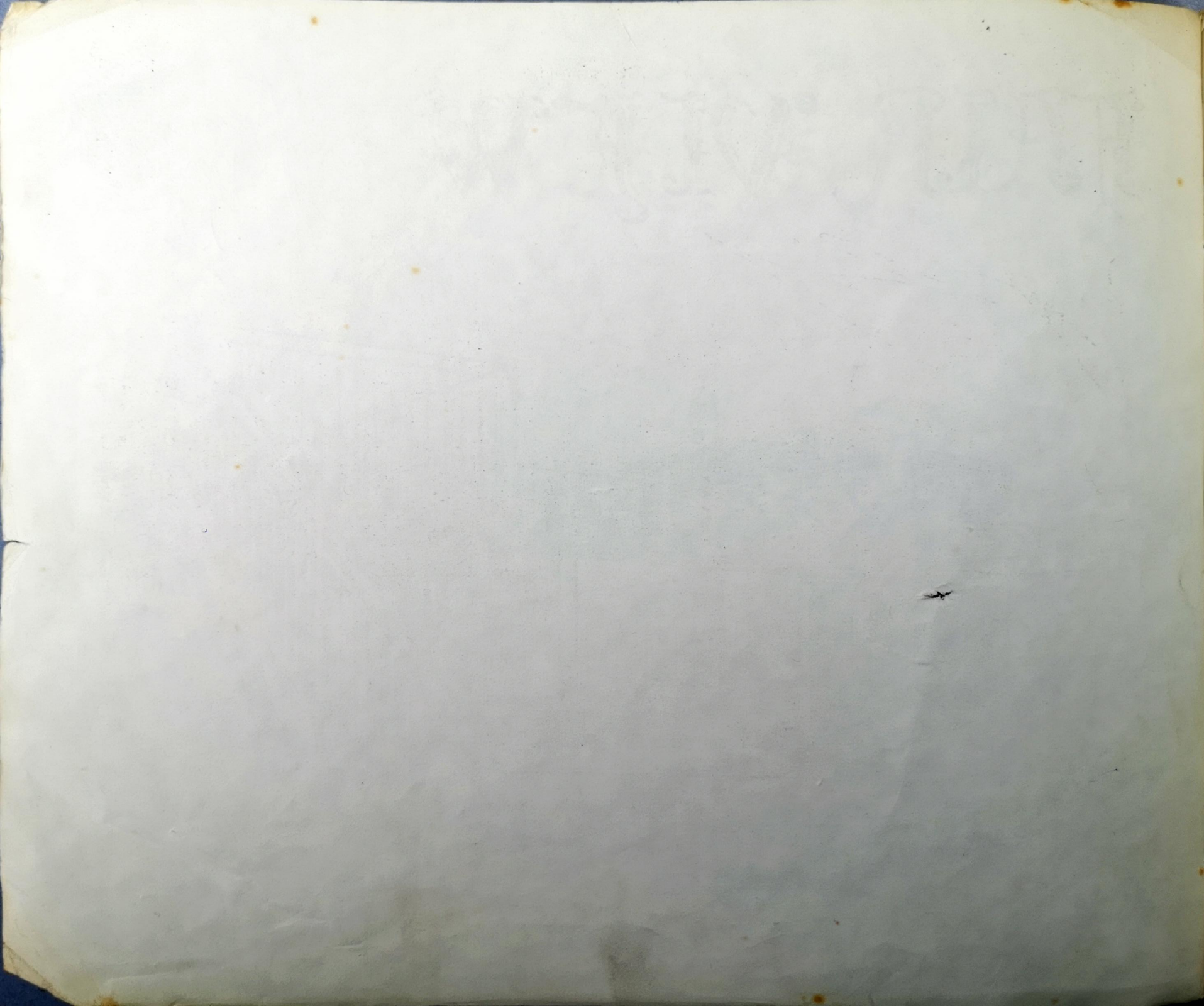


FAIR VIEW





EDITORIAL

Fellow Inmates.

You are poised on the brink of a voyage of discovery into one of the greatest collections of minor masterpieces ever penned by student hand. I (the editor) can only promise that your meagre donation to the "Support your Local Student Fund" (Address available on request) has been surrendered in return for a literary bargain. Don't scoff! Your friendly committee of thousands has travailed for weeks, months even, to produce this magazine for your delectation. I am informed, by completely trustworthy sources that some of them may never be the same.

I join with all the editorial staff in appealing to you all not to divulge any modicum of wit, satire or even common-sense contained herein, as delicate negotiations are in progress at the time of writing to secure the film rights and any leak to the opposition might tilt the balance in the wrong direction.

The slight delay in the publication date of the "Fair-View" was due in part to the selfless, unremitting and energetic labours of the "New Left" super-socialist organisation (Des rules all o.k.). However, by far the most serious difficulty arose when it was discovered that there was only one letter "o" on the typewriter. This meant that words such as "look" and "book" could not be printed. But this problem was speedily rectified by an enterprising member of the committee who proposed pressing the 'o' button twice in rapid succession. (he has a super-sophisticated I.B.M. model of his own). This process has since been patented by an enterprising member of the committee who shall remain nameless. Let it suffice to say that the self-same person offered to buy the rights to our artist's expense account and in a fit of 'philosophy' defined surrealism in art as 'visionary migrainé'!

This is the only part of the mag. that gave me any bother. It should be the best part of the mag, but I think it is the worst (note the modesty) and I would not have written it had not the 'publishers' insisted. They told me that the

EDITORIAL

days when a man could sell a paper with a title like 'Some Disconnected and Miscellaneous Reflections on Day-to-Day incidents in the Life of a gentleman of Philosophic Leanings', are gone for ever, and that in the absence of some such unequivocal title as 'Was Wordsworth a Secret Drinker?' the editor or someone more distinguished (how dare they) , should write a short intro. telling why the magazine was written.

So I wrote a short foreword explaining that the magazine was written to make money, and that if it brought solace to even one wounded heart I should be very much surprised. When I presented my thesis I noticed my publisher ease the paper-knife out of my reach and move a little nearer the bell. I could see that he was badly shaken.

Before I finish this, the most brilliantly executed section of 'Fair-View' (it should really be a colour supplement but convention rules all). I would like to send an open letter to the Minister of Apathy and Total Disinterest thanking him for his help in the production of this magazine. Yes folks, thanks for the Apathy!!

I am duty bound to thank the following without whom the magazine could not be produced, Liam de Renzy, Ray Smith for art work, The Parent's Advisory Council for their generous financial aid, my editorial colleagues for nuisance value, and last but not least Br. Hannigan et alii for continued forbearance.

Finally, before I go, I would like to tell you the one about the man leaving the cinema just as his friends are entering. "It has a surprise ending", he said, "just when you think it will never end, it does."

The Editor.



RETRO PERG
FROM OUR RAVING

Des Fallon ⁶¹ was on time last monday morning and he still hasn't thought of his excuse.

Do Desi Gillanders and Miss Harrison go to the same hairstylist?

The members of class 5⁴ claim to have the cleanest minds in the school. Is it because of the mental vaccuums????

Should Mr. Neylon be canonised? I would have thought we'd have to martyr him first - now there's a thought

Mrs. Deady makes the tea at half-ten - she says its good for the teachers. Joe says its good for the roses - so its called DDT!

Where does Mr. Teeling get the shirts with the built in bellies?

Who said 4¹ were thick? More simply who didn't?

Do you realize if any more female teachers arrive we will have to change our name to St. Josephine's!

Is Gerry (5⁴) Savage?

It is not true that people look like their environment. The Burren is thin on top - so is Mr. O'C but he does have more underneath.

The only reason one of our Geography teachers did not win the "Comic teacher of the year" contest is because he didn't pay his entrance fee

Comment from 5¹ - "United we stand, divided - we might sleep."

Does Brother Carberry really play the fiddle?

6² just love C.D. They can catch up on lost sleep.

Groucho Marx is alive and well. He wears steel-rimmed glasses and teaches Chemistry.

Alan Kennedy 6¹ is appearing in Oliver Twist, but not as a chimney sweep.

Has Br. Kielys bicycle changed or is it out of gear!

I heard that our ...er... conveniences are being fitted with new gear, which includes a sculptured pair of identical female sheep. It'll be called a double-ewe, see.

The end bringeth sorrow,
and sometimes, sorrow, the end
But St. Joey's lives the morrow
On that you can depend.

and finally
here is some good news - no news is good news, so the less said, the better.

Raving Reporter.

Mother: Billy, I can't hear you saying your prayers.

Tom: Well, I wasn't talking to you.

Teacher: What is an octopus?

Billy: An eight-sided cat.

Joe: What did one eye say to the other?
Tilly: Just between you and me there's
some thing that smells.

In memoriam - The Coalition

Then shall the minister say -

Lord have a general election

Please have a general election

Then shall the congregation reply -

Our Taoiseach who art in Kildare Street, Liam be thy name,
Thy party come, we will be done on earth and probably in heaven.

Give us each day our dearer bread, and forgive us

Our devaluation, as we forgive those who speculate against us,

(Dramatic Pause)

Lead us not into the Dole Queue, but deliver us from inflation

For thine is the folly, no power or glory.

For ever and ever.

M.B. 61.

'Tis God that sends the roaring winds
To blow the skirts on high,
But God is just and sends the dust
To blind the bad mans eye!



Once more round the block, O loved ones. We've got to use the damn stuff up somehow.

MUSIC FREAKS



As usual the music world comes alive around Autumn and this year has been no exception. Pink Floyd's new album - "Wish you were Here" is making great headway but rumour has it to be their last. Bob Dylan is bringing out a new album to follow "Basement Tapes", which has been a great success. The album has not been named but has already been recorded and features sessions with Eric Clapton and other good musicians. Leo Sayer has released a new album - "Another Year" and his music seems to be getting better and better all the time.

Leonard Cohen is giving a concert here shortly, although there is no fixed date as yet, but at least this will give you something to look forward to. The recent appearance of Melanie in the Carlton proved that she is one of today's top Solo artists and that she has many Irish fans.

Billy Connolly's appearance on Michael Parkinson's chat show on Saturday 11th of this month gained him a lot of popularity throughout Ireland and Britain. This also increased the sales of tickets for his Dublin concert, and also the sale of his album. "Cop Yer Whack Fer this", currently doing well in the British Charts.

Billy Cobham the internationally acclaimed Percussion artist is also coming to Dublin for a concert in the near future. He is noted as being in the "Keith Emerson (of Emerson Lake and Palmer) and Keith Moon (of the Who) class of drumming. It is not known whether he will play in the Carlton or the Stadium as he has a sixteen drum Full Kit, and he needs an average of - thirty nine microphones. On top of that he has a full band of Rock Artists containing synthesisers and various other pieces of equipment.

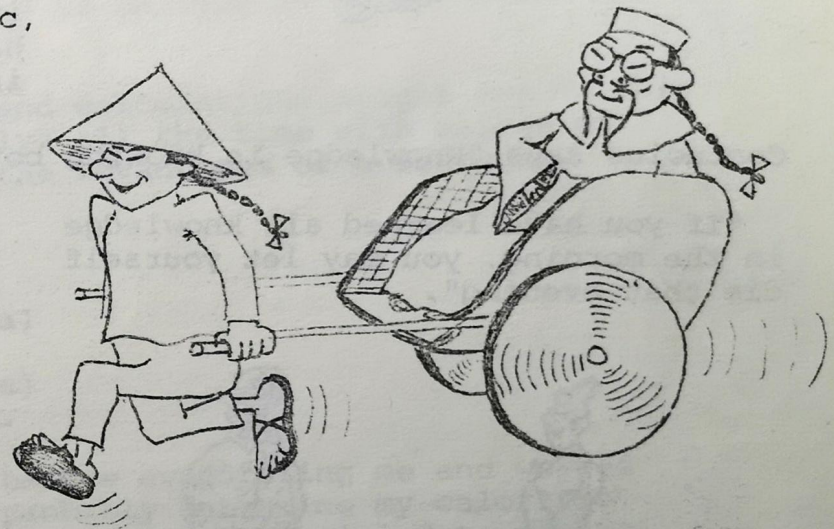
Due for completion within the next two years is the new indoor arena in Ballsbridge which will be used for equestrian events and pop concerts. When completed it will be the biggest indoor arena in Europe and this should attract big groups like - The Who, Pink Floyd and Yes. But until then we will have to be satisfied with the Old Grey Whistle Test to see the heavy Rock Groups.

C O N F U C I U S

- conall hamill

Confucius properly K'ing Fu-Tze, was born in Shangtung, in the feudal state of Lu, in the year 551 B.C. The K'ung clan was of noble origins, Confucius being, as he claimed, the intellectual successor to a national cultural hero, the Duke of Chou who was a brother of the founder of the Chou dynasty (722 - 250 B.C). However, his family lived in humble and poor conditions. His father was an old man of seventy when Confucius was born and was a minor military official.

Confucius showed a keen interest in music, history and ritual at an early age and as a young man held a minor public office acting as a liturgist at funerals. He married at eighteen and had one son. He founded an academy when he was in his twenties and it was here that the basis of Confucianism was laid. He spent the next thirty years studying principles of "correct living" and ideal human relations. Certain virtues were stressed and these were mainly: filial duty; fraternal duty; loyalty to superiors; broad public interest in what is right and reliability in friendship. The ultimate goal for everyone at this academy would have been "Manhood-at-its-best".



When Confucius was appointed magistrate of Chang-tu by the Prince of Lu, it gave him a chance to put methods of governing into practise, much to the benefit of Chang-tu's population. However, when the ruler of Lu died his successor dismissed Confucius and he was forced to join the ranks of wandering scholars who visited towns and cities, teaching as they went. Confucius visited the courts of nobles in the hope of finding one who wished to be educated into the "model ruler". He met with little success and at the age of sixty-eight returned to Shangtung and resumed his studies. He lived only four years more and these were devoted to writing commentaries on the ancient poetry and history. These commentaries were later to become the classics of Chinese literature. He died in 479 B.C. and his funerary temple near Shantung has been religiously preserved to the present day. His descendants number about 50,000 and the head of the senior branch bears the title Duke.



As an ethical teacher he stands alongside Christ, Buddha and Mohammed, but he has never been defied. He displayed neither the spirituality of Christ the mysticism of Buddha, nor the fervour of Mohammed. He regarded himself not as an innovator but as a conservator even though the Chinese proclaimed him "First Teacher" and "Sagest of the Sage". He infused an ancient doctrine with a sense of love for one's fellows which transformed it into a living creed, the writings of which have been learnt by heart by every school child in China for over two thousand years.

Confucius says "Knowledge is knowing both what one knows and what one does not know.

"If you have learned all knowledge in the morning, you may let yourself die that evening".



"Continuous readaption to suit the whims of others undermines excellence."

"In our natures we approximate one another; habits put us further and further apart. The only ones who do not change are sages and idiots."

'Thank God we're surrounded by Water".

I am not, the scientists tell me, nearly as solid as I look. In fact, if I could be coaxed into a laboratory crucible (though they don't make them that size), and the crucible set on a piece of wire gauze, or on a triangular cradle of fireclay pipe stem (!!), and heated fiercely over a Bunsen Burner (though a touch of a slow-pipe might be needed to ensure complete incineration), the residue would be negligible, and the mourners would have next to nothing to carry home.

The rest of my bulk would be wafted upwards to join Shelley's Cloud (Sing me a song of a Lad that is gone). I would follow the lead of Jeannie of the Light Brown Hair in floating like a zephyr, and I would be exposed as a hollow man and a very watery fellow indeed.

If I can remember the sequence of weighings and calculations aright (we do this sort of thing in the school laboratory "basically" all the time with slices of potato or bits of raw meat - let no one deride the advantages of a secondary education) it would run something like this:

- (a) wt. of crucible
 - (b) wt. of crucible + Your man.
 - (c) wt. of your man (hint b - a)
 - (d) wt. of crucible + ash.
 - (e) wt. of ash (hint d - a)
- b-d = Amount of water in Your Man.

If they immersed me in a graduated cylinder before evaporating me and worked out a few more sums (why maths?...) they could probably determine my calorific heat, relative density, and atomic weight. And all this essential data might be put on my tombstone.

And the rest of you are just as aqueous as I am - in fact the fattest of you could be proved by chemical analysis to be not much more than a long drink of water. This, with a few specks of iron, sulphur, phosphorus, and some other "trace" elements, (so called because they haven't been traced yet), is what walks about under your hat and proposes the toast of "Our Guests" at the captain's Dinner. It is a sobering thought this - that our physical assets are mostly liquid and every mother's son of us has water on the brain.

I am also told by the scientists that, for health, my body must get so many

pints - or is it quarts - of water every day. I forget the exact allocation (Sorry, sir!), but I do know that it seems a terrible lot of water.

I don't, of course, drink this much water every day, for I find water colorless in more ways than one, and I prefer to make up my daily ration in forms much more palatable than the clear and pellucid first-shot. You are probably misjudging me now, since this last clause applies to bananas as well as to beer. Whether you take mushrooms, porridge, black puddings, or roast duck, you are on a water diet.

When Chesterton said "I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine" his sentiments were admirable but his chemistry faulty, as the publican sells more water than anyone else, and the recipe for the headiest wine is a tiny modicum of mineral matter plus aqua ad 100% heard over the grapevine!!). And total abstainers are no better off than anyone else in this matter, for the cow is the first to water the milk whatever the farmer does afterwards.

Water is our dearest food and our commonest drink, We can't get away from it, and we can't do without it. It is the lion's share of every menu, and it takes up most of the room on the pantry shelf. We chew it with our mutton, spoon it from egg shells, and spread it on our bread. We buy it from the grocer, and the baker, and it is in our whiskey glasses long before we are asked to "say when".

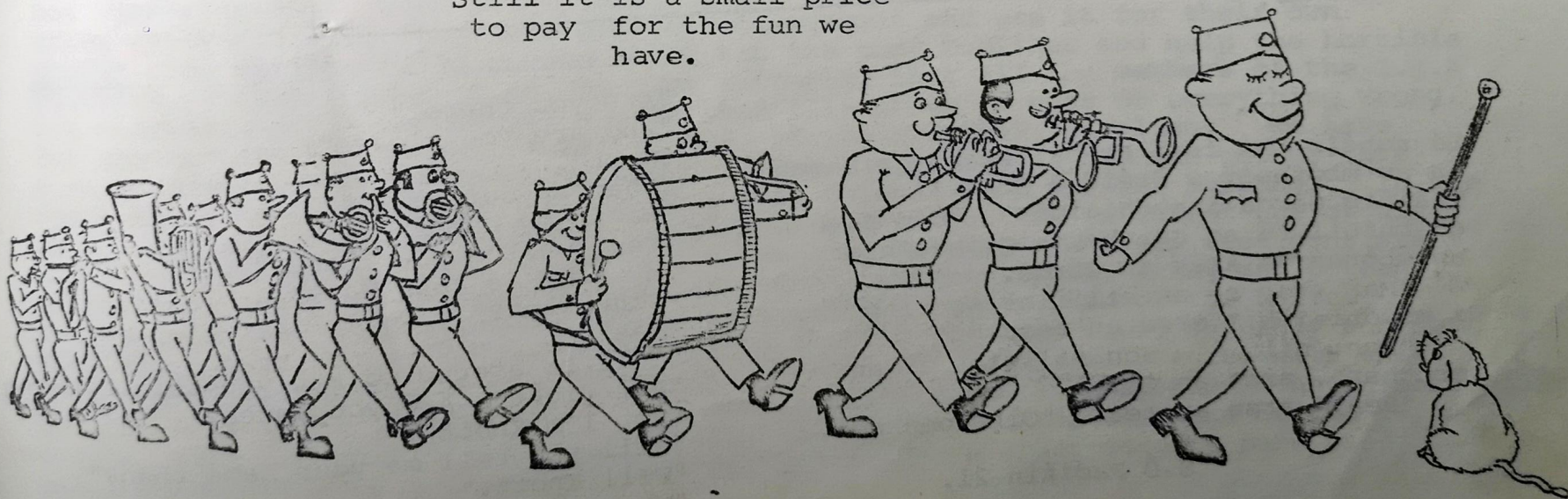
The craving for water, which is our inescapable birthright, takes many forms. Men drink water in publichouses unknownst to themselves and without asking for it, and re-fuel manfully from enormous tumblers in order to preserve what bankers and accountants call "liquidity". Children eat oranges, lollipops, ice cream, and liquorice allsorts (from the swop-shop), all of which go into the cistern; and women eat chocolates and meringues without ever adverting to the fact that they are taking liquid refreshment. Whatever we eat or drink we are taking in water just as surely as a cow which lowers its head to the tub at the barn door.

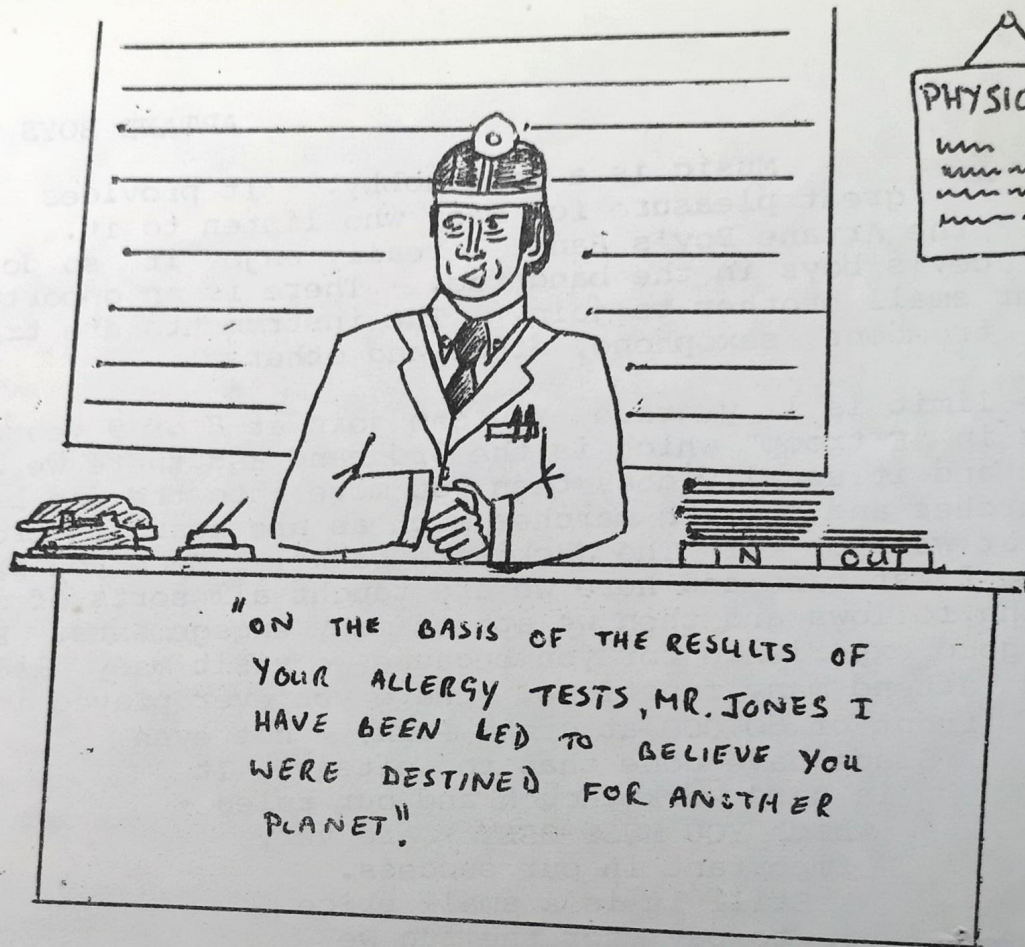
Water is the great thirst quencher, but there are better drinks. When you see a countryman taking time off in a broiling hayfield and making for the place where the tin cans are sheltered from the rays of the sun you may think that he going for a slug of spring-water-and perhaps he is. But my guess is that when he wipes his mouth you will see a smear of buttermilk on the hairs at the back of his hand.

"Hydrophilos".

Music is a good hobby. It provides great pleasure for many who listen to it. I am in the Artane Boy's Band, I really enjoy it, so do many other "Joey's" boys in the band too. There is an opportunity for you or your small brother to join. The instruments are trumpet, oboe, clarinet, flute, piccolo, trombone, saxophone, drums and others.

The upper age limit is 17 years. You can join at 8 or 9 years. There are 3 grades. Everybody begins in "F troop" which is the 3rd band and there we learn the scales. If all goes well and it usually does then you move into the 2nd band. This is where we learn Irish marches and English marches such as are heard in Croke Park. These are always a great warm-up for "The Jacks are back". Once you prove your worth, you move into the first band and here we are taught all sorts of music. Instruction in marching follows and then we attend many engagements. Engagements are a good experience for you because we visit many places and attend many functions. Have you ever played in front of 80,000 at Croke Park? - not even Slade have done that too often! It is hard work though and our rules - which YOU MUST OBEY - are very important in our success. Still it is a small price to pay for the fun we have.





Lá amháin bhí fear ag caitheamh gaineamh ar an mbóthair i Sráid Ó Conaill. Tháinig Gárda ina dhiaidh. "Cén fath go bhfuil tú ag caitheamh gaineamh ar an mbótnar?" arsa an Gárda.

"Mar stop sé an eilifint ag rith i mo dhiaidh," arsa an fear.

"Ach, ní... aon eilifint ar an mbóthar", arsa an Gárda.

"Sea," arsa an fear, "Oibríonn sé".

S.Ó Faoláin 21.

"Are you there?"

"Who are you please?"

"Watt".

"What's your name?"

"Watts my name"

"Yes, what's your name?"

"My name is John Watt".

"John what?"

"Yes".

"I'll be around to see you this evening"

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No, I'm Knott".

"Will you tell me your name then?"

"Will Knott."

"Why not?"

"My name is Knott".

"Not what?"

K.....i.....l..l

the

C u l c h i e s

Culchies are to me what Indians were to General Custer. They are a vermin that must be exterminated, no matter what the cost. They with their filthy hovels and immoral lives, have gotten a bad name for the Irish and this greatly affects the poor, honest hardworking Dubliner. I suppose God in his wisdom put them on earth for some reason but I cannot for the life of me discover it, and He has probably forgotten it. The smell of their badly kept shacks can be within a radius of 10 miles. The pollution of our once beautiful lakes and rivers is not due to chemical waste or animals but to those horrible Culchies.

The female culchie leaves her home to come to Dublin not to get a job, but to get a man and the male come to get a woman. But of course, while he/she is looking for a woman/man, they accidentally get a job. I say accidentally because firstly, they have no brains, and secondly, because no man in his right mind would give a job to a Culchie. The main trouble is that they get, by bribery, a fluke or some foul-deed, many of the best jobs, thus ousting the overworked, kind hearted, brainy Dubliner from a profession in his own city. Also, by some foul means or other these creatures have a habit of getting into our vice-riddled government. Of course, those few hardworking Dubliners in Leinster House are not vice-riddled. When these things get a seat (which should be disinfected after every session) they take over the Government and use it for their own profit i.e. getting Bills passed which tax the poor Dubliner and help the horrible Culchies. Also I have it on the best authority that all the members of the I.R.A are Culchies, so is it not any wonder that this group of nuts do everything wrong. But now we come to the main habit of the, of the Irishman, guzzling. We have a reputation for eating anything and drinking everything. And who got us this reputation? the culchies. Where does Mrs. Culchie look for her husband? In the pub. And how does she find him? Underneath the counter, "sloshed" out of his mind. Culchies celebrate everything by getting "stoned". Their diet consists of potatoes, cabbage, bacon, turnip sandwiches, whiskey, port, stout and poteen. And can you imagine what would happen if a culchie became head of the United Nations? There would be world wide chaos and the culchies would suddenly become more powerful than the Arab oil-sheikhs. Many of the boys will agree with this because they think that they are pure bred Dubliners and so they should never make friends with a geneologist because they will probably find that one of the 16 great grandparents was a culchie from Castleisland, in other words a pure bred bogger.

CULCHIES GO HOME.

platforms make you smaller.

Given: 1 pair of platforms
1 tall person
1 small person.

To Prove: Platforms make you smaller.

Proof: People who are small wear platforms. Therefore they are platform wearers. People who are tall don't wear platforms. Therefore they are not platform wearers. But if the small people take off their platforms they will be non platform wearers. Therefore small people equal tall people. Small people wear platforms to make you tall or to make you small.∴ just proved. Therefore platforms make you smaller.

J. Greenan 54.

Summer cries as winter dies
Another death to mourn
Eyes of lead to Fear the dead
And hypocrites there to scorn.
Yet they who symbolise the truth
Are sick of all its charm.
Mourn not they who bear the cross
But to those it does the harm.
Feed the poor you hear them say,
From pulpits made of gold
Free God's men and women
And shelter all his old.
Heal his sick and heed his cry
And share and share alike
Comfort all his Followers
When heaven is in sight
But words like these are wrongly said
From mouths as these who lie
Such corruption is within its ranks
When it is unsafe to die
Don't hustle me with all this bull.
Collection boxes sigh
Not one third of it reaches them
And more than that just die.

L'HIVER

- john phelan . .

1.

En hiver les arbres sont nus,
Les nuages sont grands et gris
La neige, elle tombe dans la rue,
et reste la comme un lit.

2.

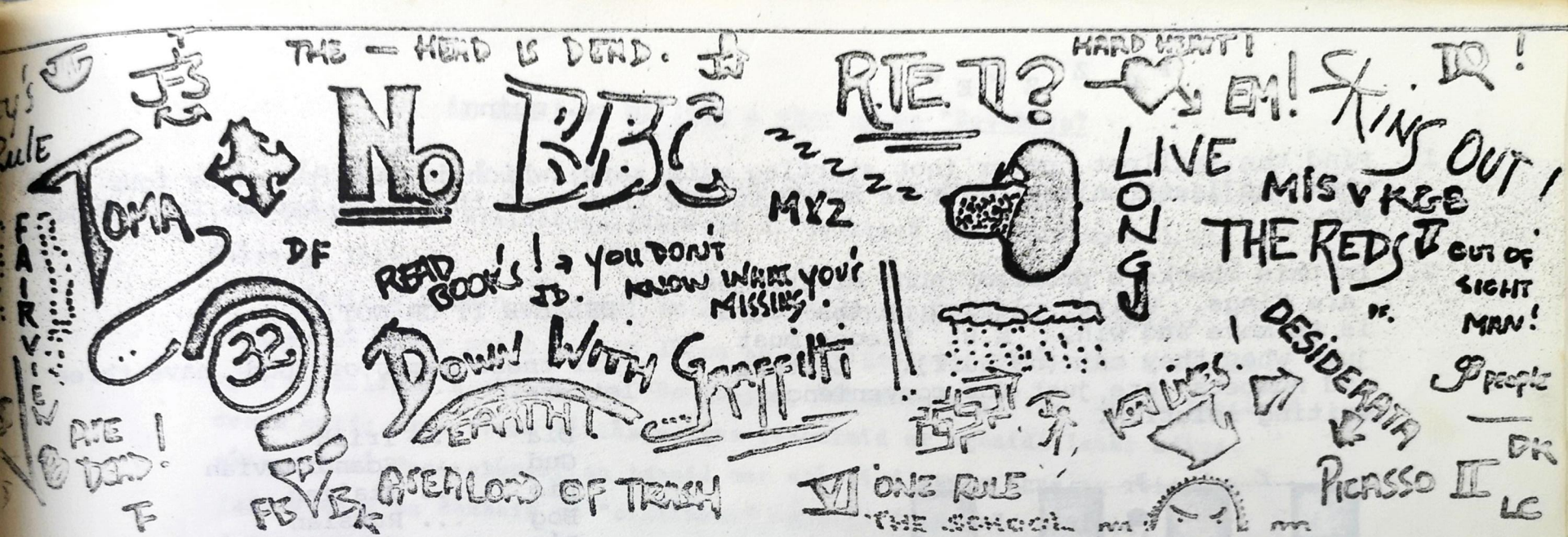
En hiver, il fait froid
Il ne fait jamais chaud,
Le soleil ne brille ni sur les toits
Ni brille toujours sur l'eau.

3.

En hiver, il n'y a pas de fleurs,
De papillons, ni d'abeilles
Et nous voyons toujours par terre
Beaucoup trop de feuilles.

4.

En hiver est le mois de décembre
le mois de la fête de Noël,
Un temps que nous fétons tous ensemble
Dans nos petites maisons belles.



E. Mortell

I feel it necessary to point out the evil and futility I believe to exist in Graffiti writing. Some seem to think that it is a spectacular way of expressing themselves but this is untrue for many reasons. The area I live in has a sizeable Graffiti cum slogan spraying problem, (in fact the perpetrators have taken to painting a lot of verse on the local supermarket wall) and the people involved can more often than not only justify their action as a bit of crack

Graffiti mostly exists where there is a social or political problem. People take to writing their views on walls, views which express unarguably false statements, either about the person himself or his gang. The fact that these are lies and are generally known to be so defeats the whole purpose of writing them. Such comments are only unsightly and downgrade the residents of any area in the eyes of outsiders. These residents are for the most part honest hard working people who are suffering a great injustice at the hands of the Graffiti writers.

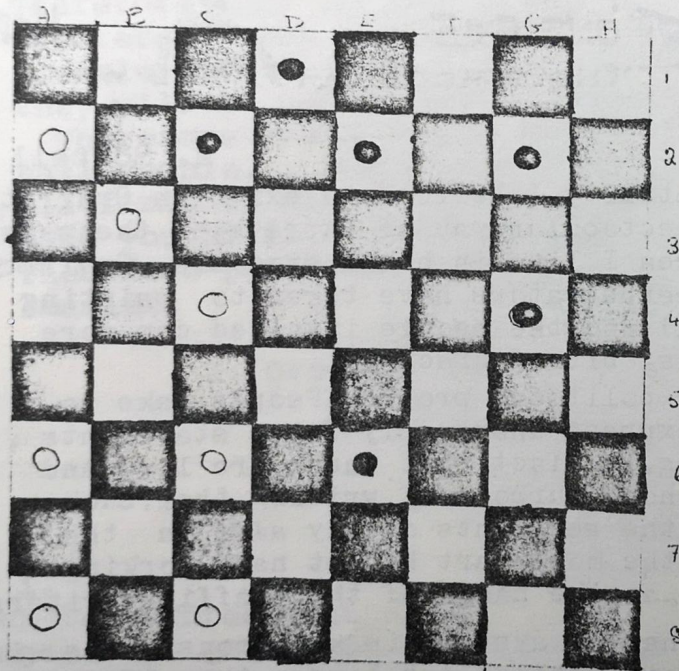
Another fact that condemns these people is that they always remain anonymous. This is perhaps the only joke in the whole business. The paint stands out larger than life but yet the individual responsible hides in a cloud of anonymity. How big then, is the writing on the wall?

The question will always arise, what exactly is to be done with offenders. Well first and foremost I think they should be made realise their errors to such an extent that they will willingly erase all they have written. If this cannot be done force is of no use as it would only produce a more bitter, more diligent Graffiti writer. If these so called artists have a real message to pass on there is sufficient free speech in this country for them to do so. To end by saying, that if the futility of thier practise was only known to them there would be a marked drop in the number of wall decorators.

P U Z Z L E S

g. quinn

1. Find the smallest number (not starting with zero) which is multiplied by four when the last (units) digit is moved to the front and the first becomes the second etc.
2. In this checkers problem, none of the men are Kings. White, playing up the board is to move and win. N.B. Pieces must jump when they can (no huff). Letters and numbers are just for convenience writing solution.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

All these names of "God" have three letters.

- | | | |
|-----|-----|--------------|
| Dia | ... | Irish |
| Gud | ... | Scandinavian |
| Dio | ... | Italian |
| Bog | ... | Russian |
| Bóg | ... | Polish |
| Buh | ... | Czech. |
| Boh | ... | Slovakian |
| God | ... | English |
| Fuh | ... | Buddist |
| Saj | ... | Israelite |
| Deu | ... | Catalan |
| Dui | ... | Cornish |
| Teo | ... | Mexican |
| Kot | ... | Ponapean |
| Tyr | ... | Icelandic |
| Duw | ... | Welsh |
| Zio | ... | High German |
| Tiv | ... | Gothic |
| Anu | ... | Mesoptamian |
| Sin | ... | Babylonian. |

M. Moran. 22.

G. Quinn.

down the board.
 B1 jumps all black men except one which he can catch as it comes
 1. 102564.
 2. A2-A1 (King), C2 44; C6-B5; A4-C6; A8-B7; C6-B7 (King)
 C8-B7
 A8-C6, A6-B5, C6-A4, C4-B3, A4-C2.

Answers:

An ceart an milleán a chur ar na "Bootboys?"

Is mór an trácht atá sa lá inniu againn ar fhoréigean a tharlaíonn, ní hainmhithe sna sráideanna timpeall na cathrach seo ach timpeall ar dtíre go léir.

Nuair a bhíimid inár suí ar ár gcathaoirreacha boga compordacha déanann sé ábhar maith cainte dúinn an foréigean a lochtú agus a dhamnú agus an milleán a chur ar na "Bootboys", "Skinheads", 7rl. Ansin tógaimid deoch caife agus bíimid lánsásta agus leanaimid ar aghaidh lenár ndíospóireachtaí faoi chúrsaí an tsaoil mar atá siad anois agus ag réiteach fafadhbanna an domhain go "ciallmhar" agus go "cinnte". Seafóid, a deirimse! An minic a théimid amach chun deimhneach a dhéanamh chun na fadhbanna a réiteach?

Bíimid i gcónaí ag argóint sa tslí seo go dtarlaíonn rud éigin dúinn féin nó dár gcairde nó dár ngaolta. B'fhéidir go dtabharfadh duine de na "Bootboys" seo fúinn. Ansin seasaimid suas agus labhraímid amach go hard faoi na "hainmhithe fiáine" ag rith timpeall inár sráideanna glana néata, i gcónaí ag cur isteach orainn nuair is mian linn dul go dtí an amharclann nó go dtí an tóstán agus "booze suas" a bheith againn as ár mbuidéil fíona.

An minic a théimid ag lorg an chúis bhunúsach atá leis an bhforéigean seo chun go dtiocfaimid ar réiteach? Cén fáth go ndéanann na hainmhithe" seo na gníomhartha gránna seo? I mo thuairimse sinne féin is cúis leis an fhadhb seo nuair a chuirimid daoine ina gcónaí i "ghettoes" agus nuair nach ligimid isteach iad sa chiorcal soisialta atá déanta againne dúinn féin. Ansin cuirimid an milleán orthu nuair a dhéanann siad mar a bheadh nádúrtha do gach aon duine againn dá mbeimis ina gcás siúd. D'fhéadfá a rá go bhfuil an foréigean i ndán

dóibh ón am a saolaítear iad. Cuirimid fáiseanna beaga suaracha ar fáil dóibh agus tugann sé sin sásamh aigne dúinn.

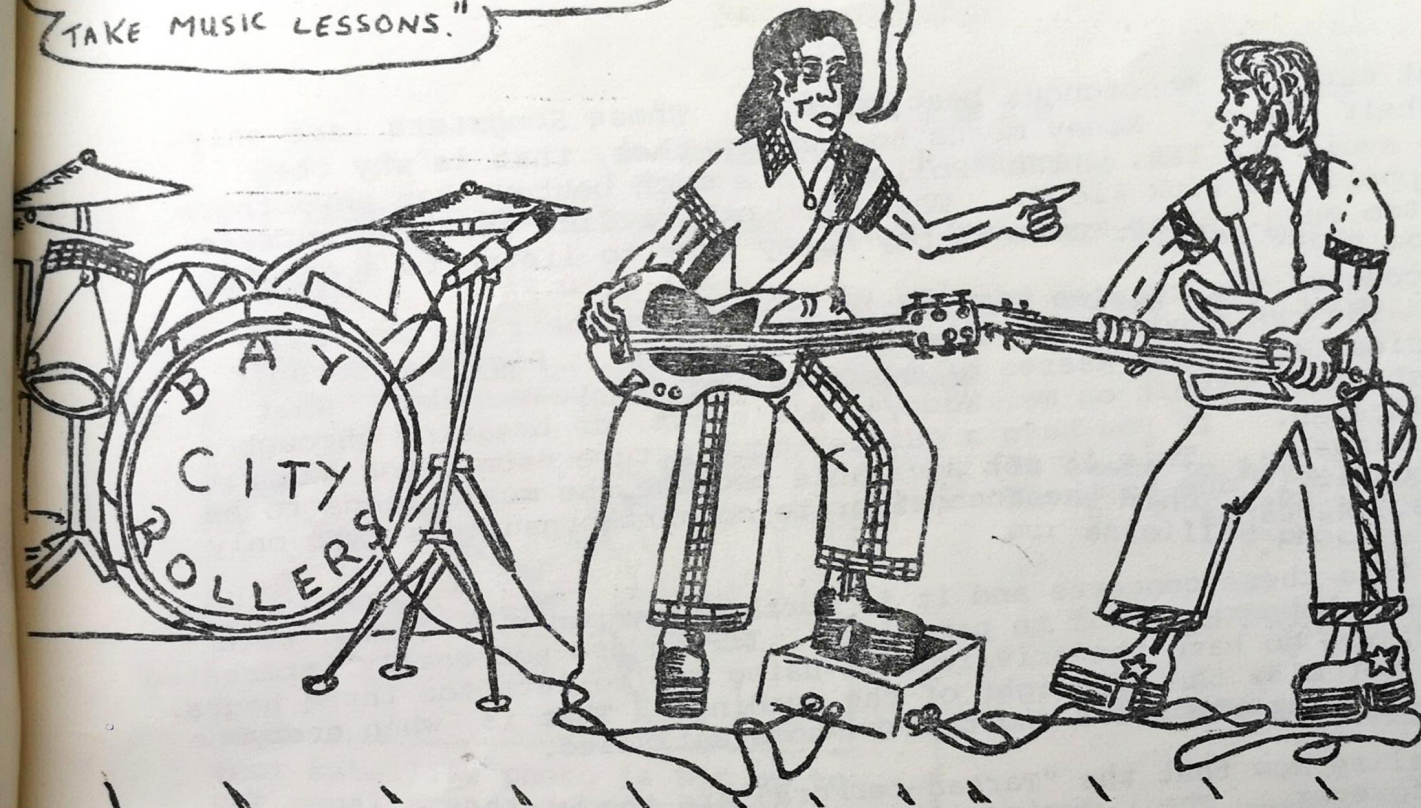
Is orainn go léir atá an locht maidir le foréigean agus "Bootboys" agus ní bheidh leigheas go deo air go dtugaimid seans dóibh áit a dhéanamh dóibh féin inár measc.

Seán Ó Domhnaill.

BUAITHEOIRÍ FAOI 14 CRAOBH ÁTHA CLIATH.



"I TELL YE MON, AS SURE AS WE'VE
MADE ENOUGH MONEY I'M GOING TO
TAKE MUSIC LESSONS."



IN DEFENCE
of the
BAY CITY
ROLLERS

For many months now I have heard people laughing at the mention of the Bay City Rollers. Do these people not realise that the B.C.R. play real music. Granted they mime all their songs, but the truly musical way in which they mime shows their expertise. The B.C.R. have a real knowledge of music even though they are very young and they did teach themselves to play. The range of music that they have is quite incredible, they must be able to play at least four or even five chords!!!

They have such a variety of songs even though they all sound the same, I can guarantee you that they are different. The profound intellectual depths that they reach in their lyrics really amazes me. What could be more inspiring than the words "Bye, Bye, Baby"? Don't those words jerk at your heart-strings. The main asset of the B.C.R is their vocalist Les, or is it Len? The way in which he sings is really enough evidence of their superiority to all others. Who else sounds so much like a half-strangled frog?

The B.C.R. are completely original even their critics agree to this, no one else

has ever brought out that monotonous beat before. These Songsters are only interested in their music. Money means nothing to them, that is why they left England to avoid the tax. The "Rollers" are much better than any others such as Led Zepplin or Pink Floyd. These and others like them concentrate on their music too much. Who wants to pay money just to listen to a group?

At a B.C.R. concert you can see your idols dressed in their tartan, half-mast trousers. You can study their imbecile-like grins. Picture yourself amidst the hysterical screaming masses of scarf-waving ten-year olds. What joy can be had shouting, "Spit on me, Woody", all night, or breaking through a barrier of policemen. If you have a quieter more mature nature you can sit and listen to the music. This is not advisable because the music tends to be of a very poor quality, due to the inconsiderate concert-organisers, who only have defective B.C.R. tapes.

It's only £3 into these concerts and it is worth every penny. There, with all the other weeny-boppers gambol in paradise. If you are not really interested in the "Rollers", you do have the privilege of using the toilets for three hours. Make sure you do not miss the highlight of the evening. That is, when everyone ceremoniously smashes up the seats and then goes home satisfied.

I know you realise now that the "Tartan-terrors" are the world's best group. They will go on forever, Their music will never die. How can you think otherwise? The uniqueness of their whole image, is engraved upon the minds of everyone (a right shower of). Even their fans reflect the simplicity and sincerity of these maestros. With their chant; "Bay City Rollers are the best."

N. Courtenay. 51.

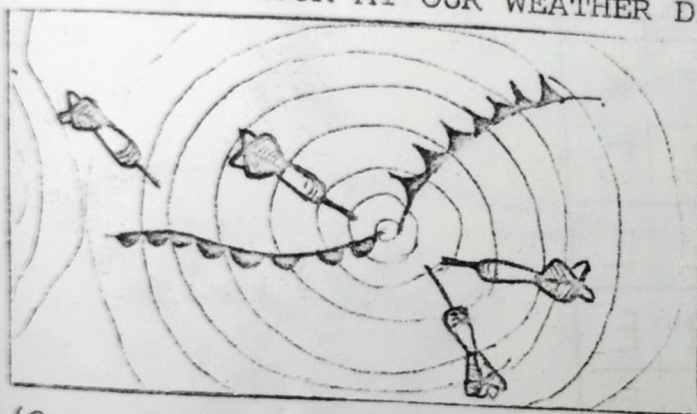
WEATHER

P. Kilbride - R. Murnane

Today it was a wet cloudy day except for regions where it was dry and sunny.

OUTLOOK: It will continue to be cold unless it is warm.

NOW FOR A LOOK AT OUR WEATHER DIAGRAM



(Our satellite photo is not up to our usual standard because our satellite was shot down by a Japanese imigrant Kamikaze pilot currently living in Enniscorthy - besides, somebody moved - ed).

5 DAY FORECAST -

Tomorrow it will be Muggy; then it will be Tueggy, Weggey Thuggey, Friggey, Saggey and Suggey.

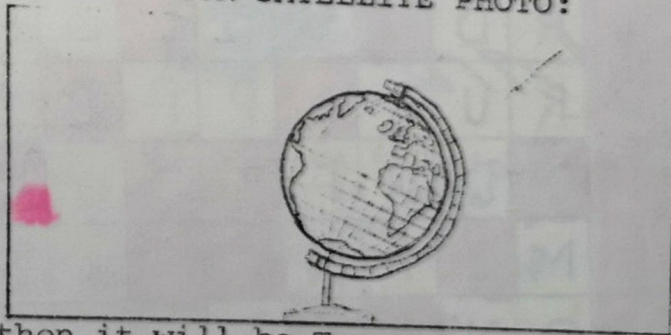
OVERNIGHT FORECAST

Dark and continued dark until the early morning hours

OUTLOOK # @ ?? !! B A D.

(It seems to have been stolen - Never mind, take a look at our satellite photo - Ed.)

OUR SATELLITE PHOTO:



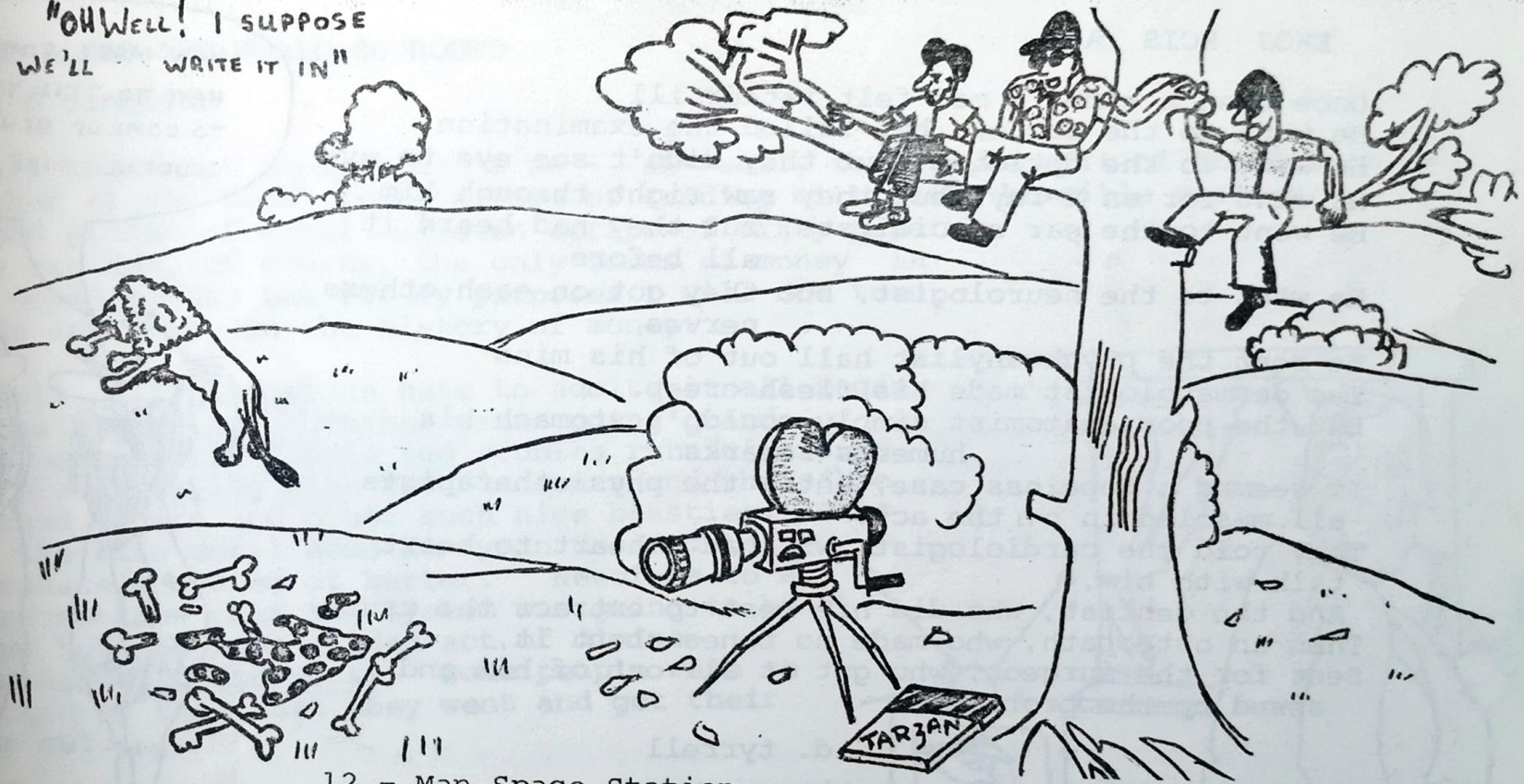
V	R	F	L	Q	P	R	S	T	K	L	E	P
S	I	I	I	Y	P	Y	A	E	D	S	R	V
T	U	N	N	I	O	B	A	L	E	A	H	Y
C	A	R	O	L	A	N	T	E	A	V	E	Z
P	I	K	O	R	E	U	S	R	D	A	N	R
N	G	D	R	S	C	W	M	B	Y	G	E	K
O	R	Y	R	O	T	C	I	V	S	E	G	D
S	E	B	D	P	R	E	A	Z	N	R	L	L
I	E	A	D	E	K	T	E	E	L	I	A	E
R	N	N	R	D	V	V	D	L	D	P	W	D
R	E	V	K	U	K	I	P	R	O	Z	R	S
A	U	I	M	D	A	F	T	D	U	N	G	I
H	V	L	M	C	I	N	W	T	K	I	V	E
V	P	L	O	N	G	Y	E	L	I	V	E	R
N	A	E	N	P	E	R	L	I	E	C	T	E
X	N	B	C	R	Q	V	A	Q	P	R	S	U
R	V	S	D	C	Q	Z	L	T	E	E	E	D
Z	D	E	M	E	R	L	S	H	H	A	N	G

SPOT THE TEACHERS
K. King, & A. Malone - - - 23.

a prize will be awarded to the
 first letter opened containing
 all the names shown in diagram.

ENTRIES - to be handed in to
 Office.

"OH Well! I SUPPOSE
WE'LL WRITE IT IN"



12 - Man Space Station -

After experimenting with Skylab, America is going to build a fully fledged space station in Earth orbit, where men can live and work for long periods. Its name is Space Lab and will be crewed by Europeans. Launched separately and assembled in orbit by astronauts, cylindrical modules contain rooms for sleeping and recreation as well as laboratories for science and technology. Tasks include astronomy, observation of land and sea, Earth-resources survey and advanced warning of storms, floods and air and water pollution, also envisaged are factory processes benefiting from weightlessness and vacuum. Re-usable space shuttles will keep the station supplied with air, food and other expendables.

EKOJ KCIS A

Once upon a time, a man felt rather ill
He went to the doctor, but failed the examination
He went to the optician, but they didn't see eye to eye
He went for an X-ray, but they saw right through him
He went to the ear specialists, but they had heard it
all before
He went to the neurologist, but they got on each others
nerves
He sent the psychoanalyst hall out of his mind
The dermatologist made his flesh creep.
But the poor anatomist simply couldn't stomach his
humerus remarks
It seemed a hopeless case, until the physiotherapists
all muscled in on the act.
They told the cardiologist, who had a heart to heart
talk with him,
And the dentist, who did his best to extract the truth
Then an osteopath, who made no bones about it,
Sent for the surgeon, who got it all out of him and
sewed up the problem!

d. tyrrrell

ASHES

andrew o'connell.

Just a puff,
That's enough,
Habit grows,
All else slows,
Yellow stain,
Listless brain,

Friends grow less,
Coffin nails,
Face pales,
Bleak and thin,
All is dim
Laid to rest
REASON GUESSED!

HOW MANY TIMES DO I
HAVE TO TELL YOU NOT
TO COME UP BEHIND ME
SUDDENLY LIKE THAT???



MONEY MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND

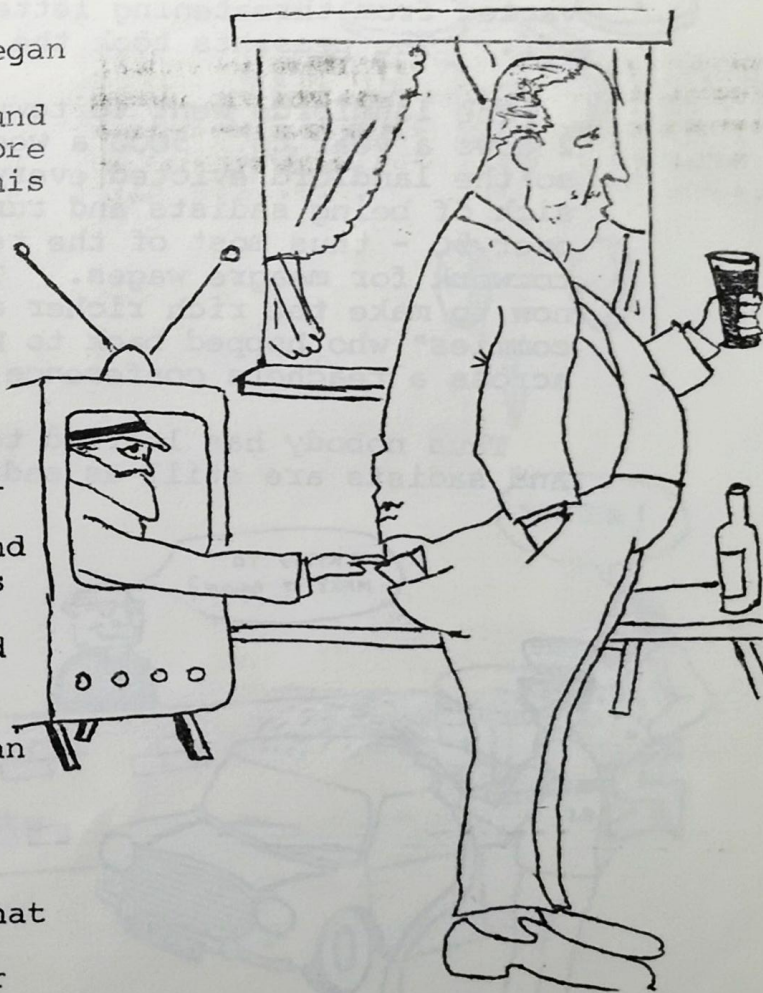
alan ó cinnéide . . .

We all know what money is don't we - ah- well, for the benefit of the Economics teacher at the back, it is a form of trading with dull, horrible various shaped pieces of metal and even scraps of dirty paper. They are not, of course, the only forms of money in the world to-day but for my purposes I will now turn aside and write on the history of money.

Well, all historians have to admit, it all began in the beginning. Things were going grand. There were little scouts and scobies runnin' around the place playing with the dinosaurs and the sabre toothed tigers and other such nice beasties. This was the life until some Kerryman decided to introduce a system of barter. Needless to say everyone knew that the system was going to be a flop, but, by some golden act of divine providence it did work. Some people were so shocked by this that they went and got their hair cut.

Now things were all green in the garden until a brilliant mathematician decided that this system was too good since everybody kept cows and the like so he introduced the first set of coins into the world. He called these after his mother-in-law. They were the 1 cowy piece and so on up to a 10 cowy piece.

This was found to be even more convenient than barter. The big cow-dealers, who also owned all of the land, now came on the scene. They decided that things were going too well for the ordinary man in the field so the cow-stealers (ahem, I mean cow-dealers) threatened to give that same mathematician 300 lines to carve out if he did not invent a more complicated system. Poor bloke, he went ahead with their wishes and made

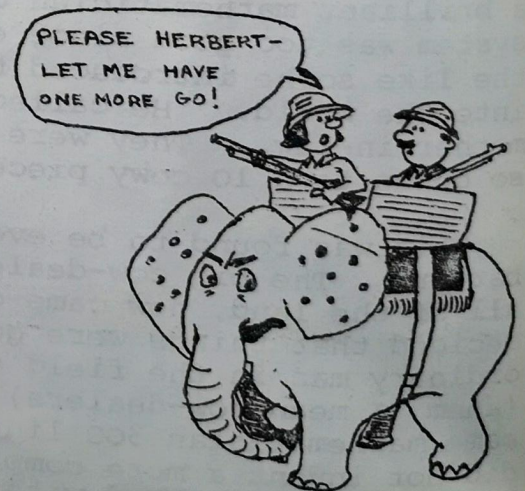
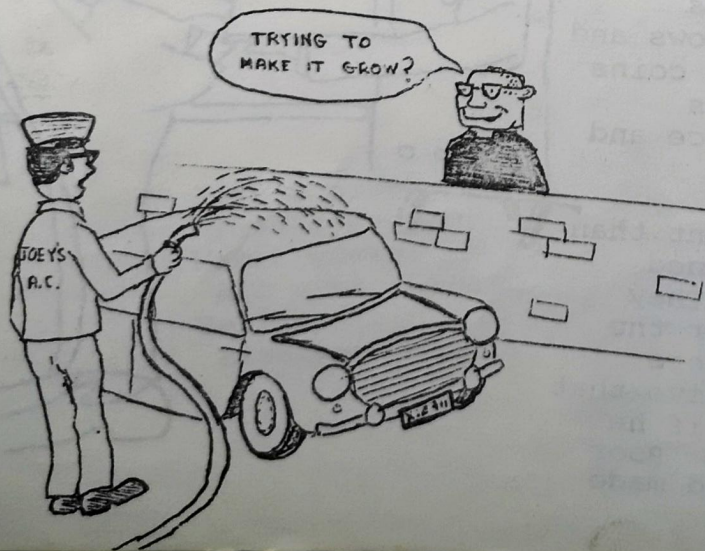


up a system whereby there were 240 pence in a pound.

Great gas was to be had out of this by the landlord-cum-cow-stealers (there I go again). Unfortunately poor guy, the mathematician had changed colour from his efforts and was now blue. All that could be said of him now was Vale. The landlords were having a great time. None of the peasants used money so the landlords set about changing. They were, like teachers, noted for their kindness and so they used gentle persuasion on the peasants. Their methods varied from threatening letters to chopping peoples' arms, legs and hair off. The peasants took the hint and started to use money.

The landlords went to town with their new toy. They put up rent from 2 cows a year to 5000 a week. Naturally the peasants couldn't afford this so the landlord evicted everyone of them. Unlike teachers the landlords got sick of being sadists and turned to doing good. So they killed off everyone over 50 - thus most of the teachers were killed - and put the young people to work for meagre wages. This was a solution to the long thought of problem now to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. It was upset by the "dirty commies" who hopped back to Russia but they soon hopped back when they came across a teachers conference.

Thus nobody has learned to live in harmony again, since the invention of money and sadists are still as sadistic as ever.



DRY ROT

Mind

A hare ripped apart
by the bloody teeth of hounds.

Mind

A body blown apart
by the dynamite and fuse-wire
twisted by the bloody hands of men.

Mind

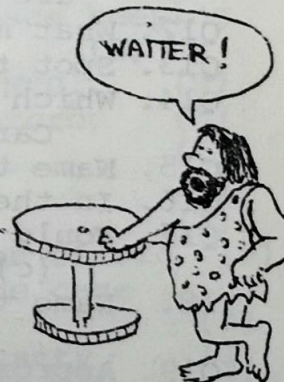
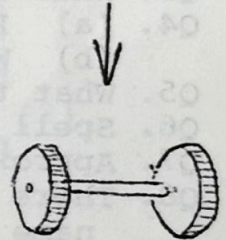
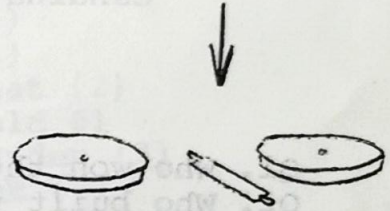
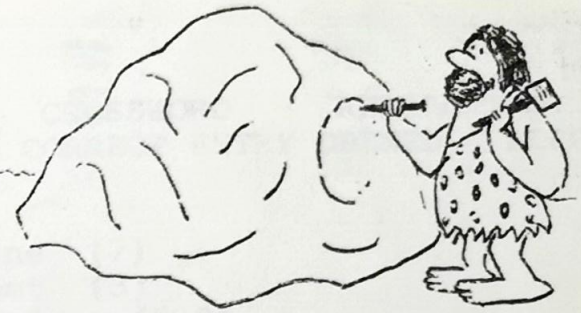
The inevitable casualty
I am not to blame
I'm sorry
But I am not to blame
Some minds find the line of
least resistance

Cynicism is dry rot
My mind must be dust

Christ
My mind is dust
But it insists
It clings to life
For no reason
No glory

The lunatic child
face swarming with flies
Taste the blood of my tongue.

I could do with another drink, another cigarette
The body dies slowly
And maybe my mind can forget
All that has brought me here
If only for a while
Only for a while.
I cannot hope for more.



BURKE UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE EXAMINATION
(ALL FACULTIES)

9 a.m. Opening Time.

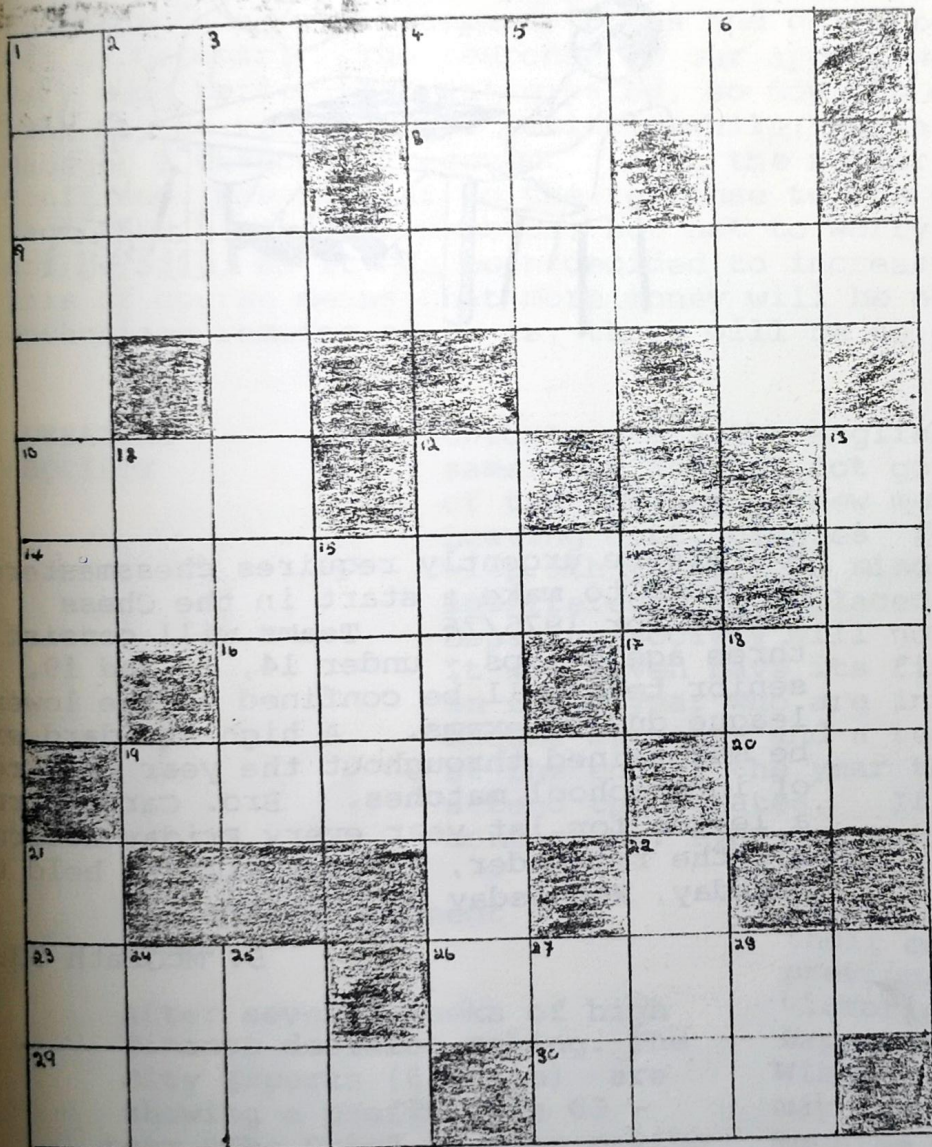
Candidates must not: Write on more than 2 sides of the paper.
Blow noses on Answer Books.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE - TIME ALLOCATED - 7 hours.

- Q1. Who won the second world war? Who came 2nd? What were the tote prices?
Q2. Who built the great Pyramids? McAlpine? McInerney? Whimpey? don't know?
Q3. What is a silver dollar made of? Silver, Tin, Money, P.V.C, (one only).
Q4. (a) Explain Einsteins theory of relativity. OR
(b) Write down your own name and address.
Q5. What time is News at Ten - 9 p.m, 6 p.m., Don't Know (one only)
Q6. Spell one of the following: cat, dog, parrot, antidissestablishmentarianism.
Q7. Approximately how many commandments were given to Moses?
Q8. There were six kings of England named George, their was George the sixth,
name the other five.
Q9. Who invented Stevensons rocket?
Q10. Do you understand Newtons Law of Gravity? Answer (a) Yes; (b) no.
Q11. Write down the numbers from one to ten (marks will be deducted if numbers
are out of sequence).
Q12. What musical instrument did Phil the Fluter play?
Q13. Spot the deliberate mistake "An apple a day gathers no moss."
Q14. Which is the odd man out.
Cardinal Heenan; The Pope; Archbishop Ryan; Jack the Ripper.
Q15. Name the winning Jockey in the 1974 Greyhound Derby.
Q16. In the 1975 sheep dog trials how many were found guilty?
Q17. Would you ask William Shakespeare - (a) stop snoring; b) Arise and go now;
(c) leave the room boy, (d) Write a play.
18. Name the odd man out:- Mr. O'Cathain, Mr. Ruane, Br. Carberry, .
Mahatma Ghandi.
Q19. Approximately how many Q's. in this exam paper?

NOTE: Any candidate found copying will be awarded extra marks for initiative.

PRIZE ££££ CROSSWORD - REWARD FOR
FIRST CORRECT ENTRY OPENED ££££



DOWN

1. Farm Machine (7)
2. Small Rodent (3)
3. ...that we lost (5,3)
4. Sister (3)
6. Commendable (4)
11. Either this...that (2)
12. Superlative of old (6)
15. Unchivalrous bounder (3)
18. Before 12 o'clock (2)
21. Low form of wit (3)
22. Worn on head (3)
24. Flat refusal (2)
25. Object (2)
27. Mirthful Ejaculation (2)
28. French Negative (2)

ACROSS

1. ... for under17's football this evening (8)
7. British Air Force. (3)
8. International peace keeping force. (2)
9. Yelled the NCO! (9)
- 10 Rocky erratic outcrop (3)
14. Divine advisor (6)
16. A Bloke (3)
17. Dejected (3)
19. Leader or teacher of old (5)
20. Myself (objective case singular) (2)
23. Short for university (3)
26. To express gratitude (5)
29. Short letter (4)
30. Consumed (3)

thought you were unlucky
13. down
he let the... down!
(4)

bless this school

1.

Bless this school,
O Lord we pray,
Keep it shut,
By night and day.

2.

Bless the classes,
Cold or hot,
Whether with slates
On the roof or not.

3.

Bless the teachers,
Here within
Give them tonic
But no Gin.

4.

Bless the brother,
With his shout,
When he tells me,
To "Get Out".

5.

Bless them all,
Come what may
And see them home,
At the end of the day.

G. Hughes



C H E S S

Mr. Greene urgently requires chessmasters/ students to make a start in the Chess League for 1975/76. Teams will consist of three age groups - under 14, 16 and 19. The senior team will be confined to the lower league due to exams. A high standard will be maintained throughout the year as a result of interschool matches. Bro. Carroll runs a league for 1st year every Friday afternoon. For the remainder, classes will be held every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday.

S. McGrath 53.

AFTER.....HOURS.

Vincent de Paul

- To whom it may concern -

St. Joseph's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul would like to thank those who accepted boxes and collected for the Conference on the 3rd and 4th of October. The response to our appeal was gratifying and the results proved very much better than anticipated, so now the overdraft which was built up in the bank may be relieved for a little while, which may give our Treasurer and the Bank Manager a chance to recover. Also the number of 5th year students who joined the Conference was similar to the response to the collection - marvellous. In actual fact they have extra members, but not to worry, I have been assured that they will not be idle, as it has been decided to increase the number of Old Folk visited. This of course means that more money will be needed, but if the support and enthusiasm remains as it is, there will be no problem.

DEBATING
SOCIETY

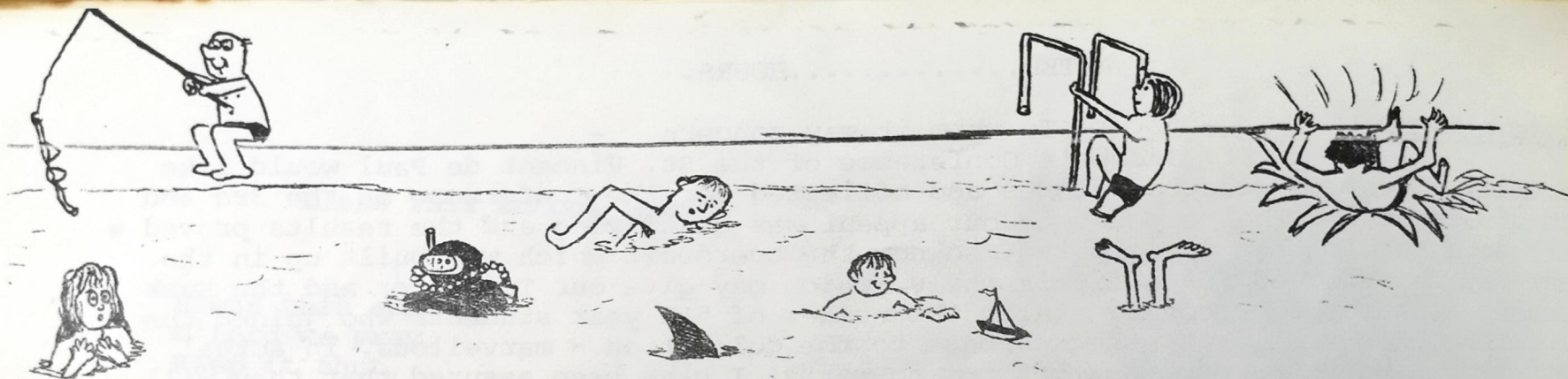
Unfortunately the English Debating Society is not having the same luck and has not got off the ground this year because of the absence of new members. Students from last year's Leaving Cert. classes formed the major part of the Society with 5th years in a minority. Now unless the attitude of indifference is replaced with one of interest, I am afraid the Debating Society will not be a success, and doubtful whether it will even have its first meeting - surely there are some in fifth year who are interested. If the support does become stronger and a team is built up prizes will be awarded at the end of the year to the most competent speakers who attend the debates. If anyone is interested they should contact Mr. Lyons or put their name down in the lower office.

National Management
Game.

After several weeks of high finance decision making. The City Experts (61-team) are showing a profit, the 63 - team "The Dubs" is also making a profit but as rumour has

it, to a lesser extent than their competitors. Due to previous victories (and near victories) a high standard is expected to be maintained. Wishing both teams well and may the best money-making machine win.

Ken Warren.



Why you should be able to swim. Well, simply because it is for your own good and if you give it half a chance you just might like it. A swimming course is held in Artane School Baths especially for St. Joseph's pupils. Your age does not matter and if you cannot swim you can learn. A nice friendly instructor is provided to be thrown into the pool at your pleasure. He's a big man but the pool is bigger. I hope I can honestly say I will see you all in the swim this year.

P.S. Do not forget to bring ample supply of life jackets, outboard engines, goggles, radio sets, priests, doctors, ambulances, and last but not most important (we do everything backwards here) your copy of "Fair-View" and of course yourself and swimming togs!!

Soccer.

Last year, for the first time Joey's officially entered teams for the Leinster Cups in all grades. Both the Senior and U. 14 teams won tough matches before losing unluckily to Benildus and Blackrock College respectively, in the Quarter Finals.

After Christmas the preparation for this year's competitions will begin. Teams have been entered for the Senior Junior (u. 16) and under 14 cups. All those interested should contact the team trainers. Unfortunately all our matches have to be played away, as we don't own a pitch - but we look forward to writing St. Joseph's name on the plinth of one cup at least this year.

sports - D. Conroy.

It would be appropriate at this stage with another season starting to ask the question, why we lost so many finals last year? My personal view is that the St. Joseph pupil of today, like the trees in the park, where he should be training, is content just to grow - no more.

Again I would like to refer to our, if anything over enthusiastic coaches. Well! what is one to say, but to apologise and regret the fact that their enthusiasm alone, was not sufficient enough to compensate for the lack of enthusiasm in other quarters. For I, along with the other interested parties, can but show my disappointment at our reasonably unsuccessful year in the field of sport - 1 Victory in Seven Finals.

It was remarkable to see the fellows that did trouble themselves to turn-out, proving themselves as well as they did.

Last but not least, we already feel this year that there are better things to come and so I wish to end my article with a plea, do not let the respect we have for ourselves and our school fizzle away!

It was decided by the Dublin Colleges Committee to begin with hurling this year. This was in an effort to get more schools playing hurling, and to take advantage of the milder weather in September and October. The hurling competitions were to run for six weeks until the end of October; then the football was to start and the hurling would begin again in March or April.

This plan has been a failure, however, as the only two schools who have organised themselves properly have been Brunswick Street and Joeys. It looks at the moment as if the Under 18 and under 17 finals in hurling will be contested by these two schools. The under 15 team has won out its section and awaiting something to emerge from the scramble below it in the table.

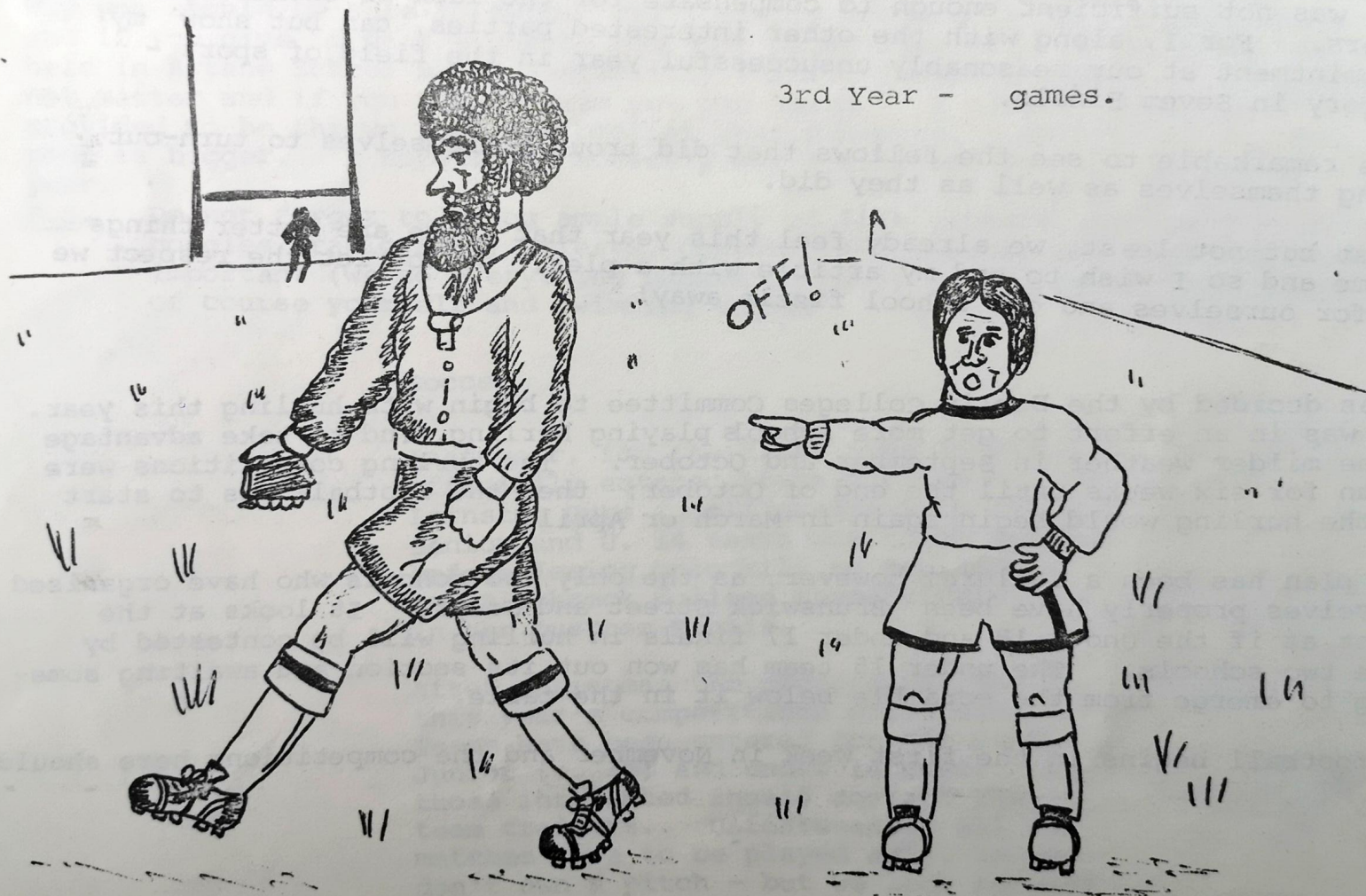
The football begins in the first week in November and the competitions here should

prove interesting. Joey's have entered six teams, one in each grade from under 13 to under 18. The teams to provide our main opposition should be - St. Aidans, O'Connell's, Benildus and Árd Scoil Rís.

In Leinster the new age groups are under 14 and 16 and under 19.

Support at all our matches has been good, with the teachers as usual showing the way.

Joey's for ever !!



ATHLETICS - 1975.

CROSS

COUNTRY

There were 5 main cross-country races this year. The first being the St. Vincent's Invitation races. "Joey's" received 3rd in the under 14 and under 17 grades.

The All-Ireland C.B.S. proved to be a disappointment for "Joey's". They were beaten by 1 pt. for All-Ireland medals in the senior event.

Joy was back in the "Joey's" camp after the N. Leinster when 3 runners succeeded in reaching the Leinster Championships. They were John McEvelly in the under 14 and Michael Hanley and Aidan Giblin in the under 17.

In the Leinster John McEvelly finished 12th in the under 14, Michael Hanley was 9th and Aidan Giblin 18th. Michael Hanley qualified for the All Ireland and finished in 49th position.


TRACK AND FIELD

"Joey's did not succeed in winning much recognition in this field." Aidan Giblin (800 metres) and Pat Canavan (Long Jump) reached the Leinster Championship final.


SCHOOL SPORTS.

For the first time in the history of athletics in "Joey's there were a lot of competitors. The Past Pupil's Trophy (1,500 metres) under 19 was won by Aidan Giblin. The most exacting race of the night was the invitation relay. St. Aidan's narrowly beat "Joey's". Our team consisted of Michael Loftus, Pat Canavan, Andy McIntyre and Aidan Giblin. This year we have nearly 40 athletes and we hope they will all compete in the coming year. All the athletes would like to thank Mr. Finn for his dedication in training the school team.

M. Hanley 63.



OLIVE R



Will be presented for your princely pleasure in the one and only Scoil Mhuire Hall on the thoroughfare known as Griffith Avenue on the 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th of December. Starting each evening at 8.00 p.m. sharp.

You are kindly requested to attend this feast of entertainment, and further requested to notify the management of your impending presence so that adequate preparation can be made.

Bona fide students will be admitted for the modest sum of on each occasion they wish to come. Bona fide parents will also be admitted for the more modest sum of .

A memorable occasion will be made of the event by your gracious presence.

THE ESTEEMED &
REVERED
MANAGEMENT

JOEY'S TOP TEN

- | | | |
|-----------------|----|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Br. Hannigan | .. | Leader of the Gang. |
| 2. Mr. Savage | .. | King Fu Fighting. |
| 3. Mr. Leahy | .. | Rose of Tralee. |
| 4. Miss Victory | .. | These boots were made for walking. |
| 5. Mr. Fee | .. | Fancy Pants. |
| 6. Mr. Lyons | .. | My Ding a Ling. |
| 7. Mr. O'Dwyer | .. | Motor-bikin. |
| 8. Mr. Banville | .. | He's football crazy. |
| 9. Mr. Neylon | .. | Jesus Christ Superstar. |
| 10. Br. Carroll | .. | Smoke gets in your eyes. |
| 10. Br. Carbury | .. | I'd like to teach the world to sing. |

SLÓGADH '75

K. Buffini 42.
R. Russell 4 et. al.

Tuigeann éinne a chonaic na cláracha telefíse faoi Shlógadh '75 chomh hard is atá an caighdeán ceoil, amhránaíochta agus aisteoireachta ins na gcomórtas sin. Ba léir leis gur bhain na micléinn sásamh mór as an deis a n-oidhreacht a léiriú.

Le roinnt blianta anuas bhíodh iomaitheoirí ó Scoil Iósaif i measc na mbuaitheoirí ag an Slógadh Náisiúnta. Anuraidh níor éirigh linn oiread is craobh Laighin amháin a ardú linn. Ní fhéadfaí locht a fháil ar na Micléinn a bhí páirteach ins na comortaisí. Dheineadar a ndícheall - béidh lá eile ag an bPaorach. Bhí sé soiléir go raibh treoir ag teastáil ós na ceoltóirí ó cheoltóir oilte. Mar sin féin bhaineadar spraoi as. Tá sé deacair a chreidiúint nár éirigh le Gabriel Mac Eoin. Níor mhaith le duine locht a fháil ar na moltóirí ach is minic a bhuailtar cic ar an té a bhíonn thuas.

Is é an bua is mó atá ag Slógadh ná go dtugann sé seans do Mhicléinn dul ar árdán chun a gcumas ceoil is aisteoireachta a thaispeáint don saol. Tugann an cleachtadh seo taithí do dhuine ar chúrsaí stáitse. Tugann sé misneach dó dul sa seans arís. Gnéithe tábhachtacha den saol iad an ceol agus an aisteoireacht, rud nach dtuigeann mórán de Mhicléinn Scoil Iosáif. Is iomaí duine a bhfuil bua aige atá curtha i bhfolach aige. Mór an trua! Ach tá bliain nua ag maidhneachain. Tá súil agam go dtabharfar tacaíocht dos na "extra curricular activities" san bhliain atá romhainn, ní amháin do Shlógadh ach don "Musical".

T H I N K!

Philip Kearns 5³.

A number of you who are reading this have probably thought of man's achievements, ranging from the wheel to nuclear energy, and you are proud - but did it ever occur to you to be ashamed of the human race?

At least one species of animal has disappeared each year of this century, 76 species have become extinct in the last 50 years. We can not even control ourselves when it comes to marriage; the world human population increases by 70,000,000 people every year, the world population in 1970 was 3,500,000,000 and calculations confirm that at this rate the population will be about 7,000,000,000 by the year 2000, and in the year 2500 there will be only 1 square yard of dry land for every human being.

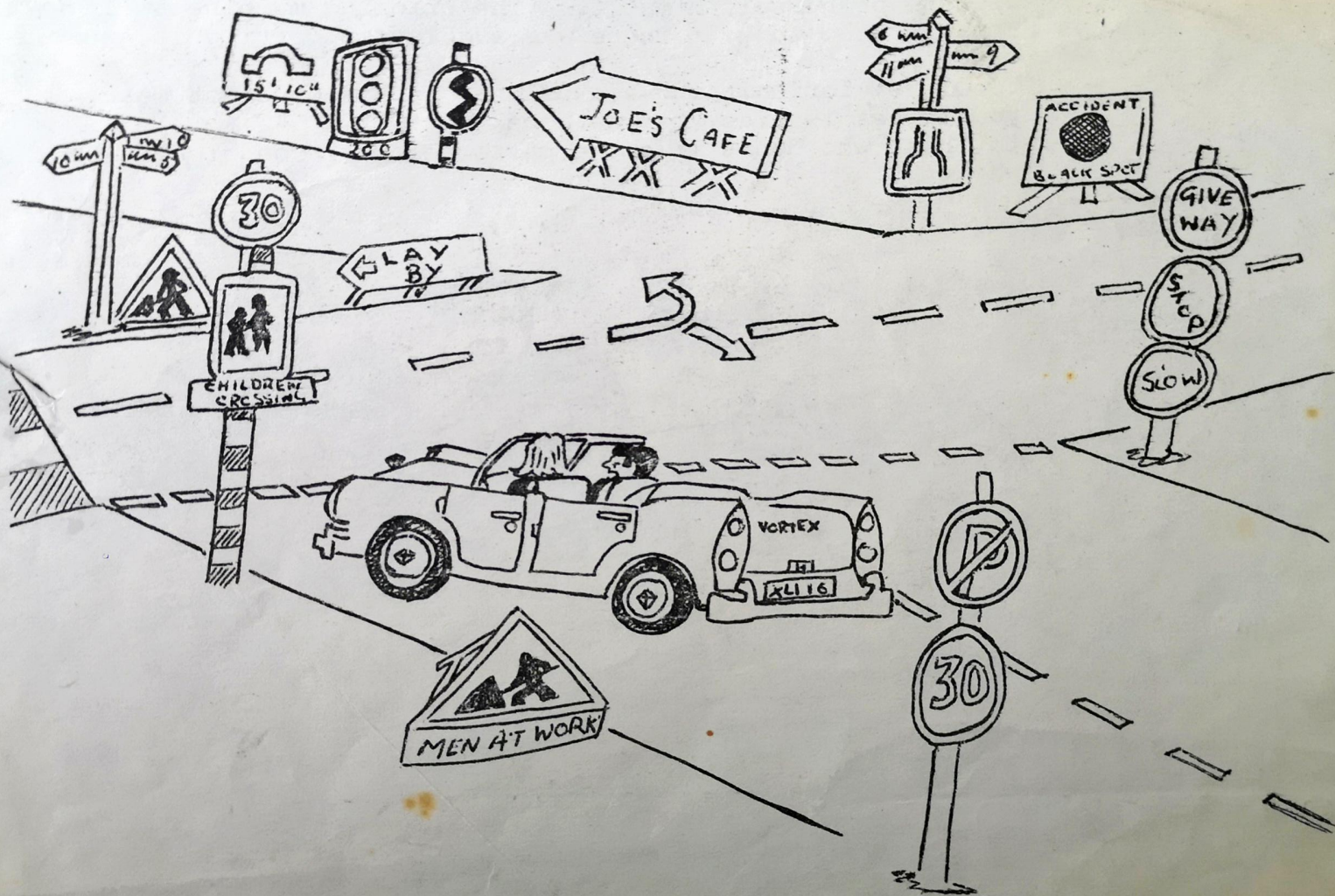
In the United States in 1968, more than 15,000,000 fish died as the result of water pollution, and just across the Irish Sea, Britain has 1,000 miles of rivers seriously polluted, more than 375,000 of detergent flow down their drains to threaten life in over 4,000 miles of waterway, 10,000 tons of debris collects in the Thames every year. Even our own beautiful Lakes of Killarney are polluted.

In the 1930s there were nearly 40,000 blue whales in the seas of the world there are now just about 1,000 alive. Half a million parrots are labelled in the Amazon basin in the hunt to supply the United States pet trade with 10,000 parrots alive. In 1930 there were about 40,000 wild tigers in India, at the moment there are a calculated 2,000 left. In the past 20 years, oil prospectors in the chad killed 10,000 addax and 40,000 onyx - 90% of the total population in 1950. 200,000 ocelots and 20,000 jaguars are killed for their furs each year in South American forests. In short 800 species of animals are in danger of extinction.

Not only are animals extinct but plants, nearly 10,000 miles of hedgerow are disappearing each year in Britain along with thousands of other plant species.

So if you ever get over-fond of your species remember that if it keeps this up it will kill itself off by starvation. Thanks to W.W.F. the killing is being slowed down, there are other societies like this who are attempting to save the animals, help if you can.

P R I Z E O F £1
will be given for best Caption - which must be
original and funny.



LATE NEWS :- Home Farm have kindly given 'Joey's' permission to register their ground for Joey's home matches in the Soccer Cups. Our thanks to the Club and particularly Dr. Brendan Menton.

APOLOGIES and THANKS- to a member of the staff who offered a full colour exciting picture of herself/himself. The printing machine swallowed it in one go, and was happy for too long. There was a delay in getting it exorcised hence we publish now!!

- to Oliver for omitting his prices. This does not mean you'll get in free, but we hope we will.
- to those who don't like the photo below. Condolences to those who do.

