

**Adam  
for  
Gear**

10 DUKE LANE  
off Duke Street

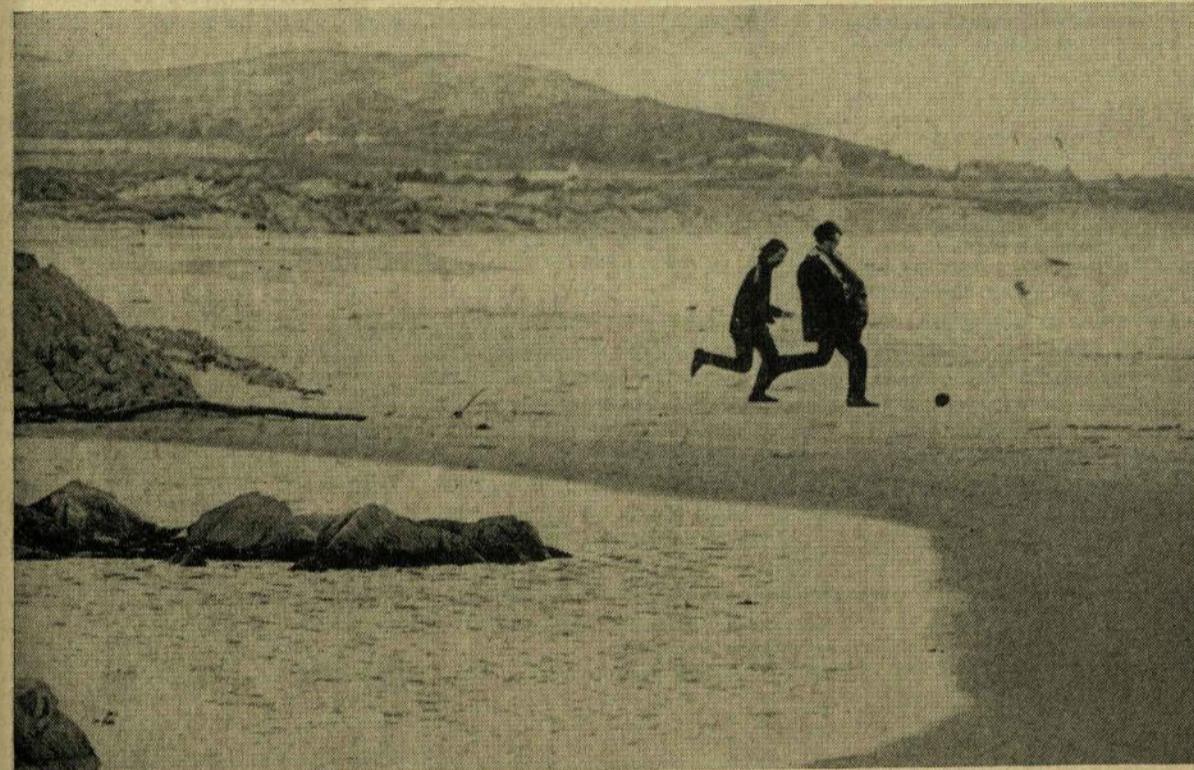
# TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Thursday, 3rd March, 1966.

Vol. XIII, No. 12

Price Threepence



—Photo Mike Welch

This week's weather has given everyone the chance to get fit for the vacation.

## BRIGID BROPHY AT THE PHIL "Peter Pan" slated

"What she said was absolute rubbish, but she said it awfully well." Thus spake a partisan critic of Bridget Brophy's performance last Thursday at the Phil, where she proposed the vote of thanks to Dermott Scott's paper, "Peter Pan." While a substantial minority might dissent from the first half of the above critique, all those who listened to Miss Brophy's erudite and tightly argued case would concur with the latter half.

"Peter Pan," she argued, was a first class drama, but a pernicious work of art. It was an adult snigger at children's ignorance of sex. Miss Brophy knew what her audience expected of her, and, unlike J. P. Donleavy, she set about giving it to them in a manner which showed she rather enjoyed the sense of outrage which her remarks evinced from many of those present. "If I believed in censorship, I would certainly ban 'Peter Pan' before the perfectly innocent and charming story of 'Fanny Hill.'" Sly, puckish grin, as the audience explodes in shocked anger. "Thus it can be seen that 'Peter Pan' is a play whose main components are homosexuality, transvesticism, and incest." Another grin, another explosion of shocked laughter.

## TCD debaters through to Observer final

The Hist debating team, David McConnell (ex-Auditor) and Cian OhEigearaigh (ex-Record Secretary), are through to the final of the "Observer" Mace Debating Competition, involving all the universities in these islands.

The team which, for the second year running, won the *Irish Times* trophy on February 9th, and thus took part in a semi-final for the *Observer* competition, went to Leeds last Wednesday and came away victors again. They were speaking against the motion "That this house would emigrate," and in their success defeated one of the teams from Glasgow, which has won the Mace seven times in ten years. Esmond Smyth, of U.C.D., and the team from Galway were also successful in semi-finals, and thus almost half the *Observer* final will consist of Irish teams, and for the second time all the *Irish Times* finalists will have gone further. The Hist has never won the *Observer* Mace, although although Neville Keery, now Assistant Appointments Officer, was in the final as an individual speaker in 1959.

The final will take place in Birmingham on March 14th, both the other teams involved being from Cambridge, which has never before taken part in the competition. The Hist team will also take part in the *Scotsman* Scots/Irish competition which was last year won by Cian OhEigearaigh and Michail O'Siadhail, David McConnell having been unable to take part.

**HARVEY ORKIN**

of "NOT SO MUCH A PROGRAMME" and "TW3"

AT THE PHIL TONIGHT

Essay: SEX & NO. SIX

by MELANIE NESBITT

**Tailoring**  
Under the supervision of  
our London-trained cutter  
GOWNS, HOODS,  
CASSOCKS, BLAZERS  
3 CHURCH LANE  
COLLEGE GREEN  
**BRYSON LTD.**

## ATTEMPT TO BAN ICARUS FAILS

### "Objectionable style"

An attempt by Professor Edwards, head of the English Department, to withdraw "Icarus" from the stalls on Tuesday morning was unsuccessful. It is believed that he objected to the style of the magazine, and asked Tony Lowes, last term's "T.C.D." editor and member of "Icarus" staff, not to sell it at all. This personal request was apparently made "to prevent the embarrassment which would result from a full-scale banning by the Board."

Tony Lowes refused to withdraw "Icarus," but did agree, as a concession, not to sell it in any Dublin bookshop or outside Trinity. Professor Edwards declined to comment on which particular aspects of the magazine he found distasteful, saying only that he found the issue "provocative." He had been asked to review "Icarus" in "T.C.D. Miscellany" this week, and made his personal request after receiving an advance copy on Monday. "Icarus" contains only one mildly suggestive poem, that by Ian Sinclair, entitled "Strip," illustrated in some detail by Tim Booth. The rest of the issue, while negating the style of "Icarus" in the last few years, could hardly be described as offensive. It is understood that Professor Edwards' objection was academic and not administrative. This has been taken by some to be his parting shot—Professor Edwards leaves Trinity for Essex University at the end of the year.

### S.R.C. blame

### Board for brain drain

After heated debate the S.R.C. on Monday night passed by a substantial 17-3 majority a motion which regretted the departure of senior staff from the College, feeling that it was due not only to lack of money but also to apathy, lack of imagination and limited promotion opportunities. The blame for this could "just be ascribed" to the Provost and Board. Proposing, President White said that it was not so much for what they had done, but for what they had not done that the motion had been introduced, although many felt that the case was over-stated and the naming of names was in bad taste.

### Early Ball Tickets

Application forms for the Trinity Ball, May 27th, will this year be available from the first day of next term (April 12), and tickets will be allotted on a strictly first come first served basis. The deadline for completion of forms will be April 27th.

### Trevaskis plays

Two plays by Brian Trevaskis are to be performed in Players' during the next five weeks. "The Captain's Daughter," a one-act play with Heather Lukes and Malachy Lawless, is to have performances this afternoon and tomorrow afternoon, and will appear next Thursday in the U.D.A. Festival in Galway, as will Marat/Sade. The "O'Neill" will have a two-week run in Players' during the vacation. It deals with the death of two exiled Irish chieftains in Renaissance Rome.

### Walk for Oxfam

Six Trinity undergraduates will walk from Cork to Dublin, leaving Cork on Saturday, 19th March, taking a week to cover the 160 miles. They will drag a miniature coffin and hope to raise £1,000 for Oxfam.

**THE BASEMENT  
BOUTIQUE**

2 Church Lane

1 minute from Trinity

# IRISH POLITICS IN TRINITY: revival or apathy?

Apathy is endemic in politics. Until recently, it seemed as prominent a feature of student political involvement, as of the nation in general. Then on January 31st, the "Irish Times" discovered a "revival": "University students are showing a new interest — and a growing independence and autonomy—in their political party organisations." The evidence cited for this included the recent formation of the Irish Association of Labour Student Organisations (I.A.L.S.O.) and a new movement within Trinity College to encourage participation in Fianna Fail. Was this a great student awakening? Visions of a meritocratic Utopia hovered momentarily before our eyes. Trinity students at last asserting themselves outside the so high College walls.

But the *Irish Times* had more imagination than insight in declaring such a revival. The "brute fact of apathy" is as strong among students to-day as it was yesterday. Recent developments are fully explained by the heads of their respective bodies. I.A.L.S.O. has been founded almost completely upon a tripartite personal relationship between Paul Gillespie of the Fabian Society and the respective leaders of Queen's Labour Group and the Univer-

sities' Labour Branch. Personal bickerings have delayed its birth for years; they may cause an early death. In its day to day operations the Labour cause north of the Border has little common ground with the Labour Party of the south: the main link is in the ultimate Socialist ideas. I.A.L.S.O. is a praiseworthy "hands across the Border" gesture; whether it has any future remains to be seen.

Accepting that the main problem of student politics is one of involvement rather than activity, the new Fianna Fail group within Trinity, led by Simon Hewat and Billy Reid, is perhaps of greater significance than I.A.L.S.O. While Paul Gillespie says of the Fabians, "We are a Socialist educational body," Simon Hewat is not so deeply committed to Fianna Fail. He is concerned with the outside image of Trinity as well. Whatever criticisms are levied at political groups within Trinity, they all stand for a refreshing and encouraging identity with Irish problems. Billy Reid denied emphatically that they were merely a Fianna Fail recruiting centre: "There is no forcing of the party line," he said, and then added with a certain naivety which a surprising number of those interviewed displayed: "If you put the facts before people, they will vote Fianna Fail." The strength and novelty of this group lies in its fresh approach to meetings, emphasising the need for informality in order to encourage discussion.

The membership of Fine Gael University Branch has doubled in the past year, according to Treasurer Hubert Burke, but this increase relates more to U.C.D. than Trinity. When asked what he hoped to achieve, Burke replied



News  
Feature

MIKE HENEY.

simply, "We wish to dethrone Fianna Fail," and when asked why he had chosen Fine Gael, he gave three reasons in this order: "My parents were in it," "It is the successor to Redmond's party," "It is the most conservative party in Ireland."

Michael O'Leary, T.D., a graduate of U.C.C., felt student interest in politics was no higher than the national average. He emphasised that many apparently brilliant student politicians were "mere receptacles for secondhand ideas," and supported Paul Gillespie's suggestion that a number of T.D.'s resented the criticism and interference of students, especially when presented with the political snobbery which a university education tends to produce.

Trinity contributes a small share of the membership to the Uni-

sity branches of the three main parties. Prominence of English students partly explained this, perhaps also a Protestant tradition of aloofness from politics. Middle and upper class backgrounds militate against the Fabian cause. Intrusion by politically-minded students into bodies like the Phil and S.R.C. may also have helped to produce a revulsion from student politics. Perhaps such student political bodies as do exist have not fulfilled the greatest need, that of involving more students in politics. When Michael O'Leary refers to student political apathy, his claims are justified. All the present groups are committed, and they have an air of the recruitment camp. A notion of bias is contained in the label F.F. which creates an instant blockage in the mind of the uncommitted. The main *raison d'être* of these groups at the moment centres around their effectiveness at election times. One feels there could be a great future for an uncommitted society devoted solely to discussion of Irish politics. The Hist seems to place more weight on frivolity than serious debate, while the Phil fights shy of political subjects. Furthermore,

students really interested in political advancement would do better to volunteer for social research than waste their breath on the often misguided criticisms and airs of unwarranted self-importance so characteristic of their present groupings. Dr. Thornley asserts that at this stage of Irish development, a pound of sociological fact is worth far more than a pound of ideas. Students as a body are best situated and best equipped to provide this vital research. "Politics involve realism, compromise, stamina and the study of sociological facts. The idealistic student who fails to realise this at 20 is likely to end up a disillusioned Conservative at 30." However, Dr. Thornley prefers any student participation to the "grey, non-political apathy so common among the Irish youth to-day." Trinity's student political groups, alongside men like Senator Skeffington and Dr. Thornley are helping to mould an image of a Trinity interested and involved in Irish society. For this alone, they justify their existence — their tragedy lies in their comparative failure to attract and involve more weight of student numbers.

## O'Malley on his own ground

"Backbencher" in the "Irish Times" never lets Donogh O'Malley forget his last visit to Trinity; even a year and a half after the event he mutters "shades of Trinity College" any time the poor man slips out an indiscretion.

When Mr. O'Malley did come back to No. 4 last Thursday he was on his own ground as Minister for Health, however, and there were no ructions.

While describing the Christian rather than the Socialist basis of the White Paper he suddenly realised that he was preaching religion in Trinity, which upset him considerably. He went on to give alarming details of unmarried mothers living on 15/- a week, and about one of the three five-star restaurants near Trinity having kitchens so dirty that the staff refused to work in them.

Answering questions afterwards, he admitted that he didn't yet know if he was responsible for the public lavatories, but otherwise showed great grasp and, above all, urgency — the famous O'Malley hustle.

## Eliz vacation work

Continuing the high intellectual level of Wednesday afternoon Bewley's cakes meeting, the Eliz fascinated its members last Wednesday with a series of short talks on holiday work. These ranged from work camps in Ireland and I.S.E.C. projects abroad to picking peaches in France or slugs in England (from conveyor belts carrying peas). Most of the holiday work discussed was non-profit making, but for any Eliz members desperate to make a fortune quickly — two months as a chalet maid at Butlins seemed to be the answer.

DRIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT  
IN 1966, A CERTAIN HOSTELRY IN SUFFOLK STREET  
CALLED  
**SLATTERYS**  
ACTUALLY SOLD SIRLOIN STEAKS, COMPLETE WITH  
CHIPS, PEAS, TOMATOES, MUSHROOMS AND FRENCH  
FRIED ONIONS,  
FOR THE UNBELIEVABLE PRICE OF  
**12/6 !!**



**THE DUBLIN PUB**  
ORIGINAL DECOR WITH ADDED COMFORTS.  
BEST FOODS, BEERS, WINES AND SPIRITS  
TYSON LTD., 1 DAME COURT

The claim that "the choice is between a minor society, a part-time union and a premier debating society, and at the present its course lies between the first two" is wrong and unrealistic. How can a society with so many active members be a "minor" society? How can we, who do not seek to eliminate other societies ever be described as a part-time union? Of course we are a premier debating society. It is not known that we have always produced some of the cream of Ireland's debaters, that for two years running we have won the *Irish Times* Debating Competition, that last year we won the Scots-Irish competition and stand to do the same again, and that we have just defeated some of Britain's best debaters and reached the final of the *Observer Mace*?

The facilities that we provide for our near-record membership are of the best. There is no danger of members being "swindled."

I don't know what you mean by the lack of "gentlemen interested in debates and conversation." If a gentleman is a man who is

Sir,—Your report of the inter-Varsity Trophy was sadly one-sided. The trophy having been won by U.C.D. for the first time in history was presented to the U.C.D. captain at the dinner we gave after the match. Also present at the dinner were the other teams and their presidents, some of whom are notorious practical jokers. Shortly after its presentation the U.C.D. captain found he had lost the cup; we all assisted him in a search, but could find no trace of it. His claim that a T.C.D. student "boasted that he had the cup" appears to be auditory illusion heard through a haze of alcoholic hallucinations; no other person heard this "boast."

Since he is obviously incapable of looking after his own property, I will do what I can to help him; I am making every effort to trace the trophy, but I am hindered by his wild accusations and distressed by his libellous statements and threatening tone, which soil the excellent relationship existing between the clubs.—Your, etc.,

BRIAN DENHAM.

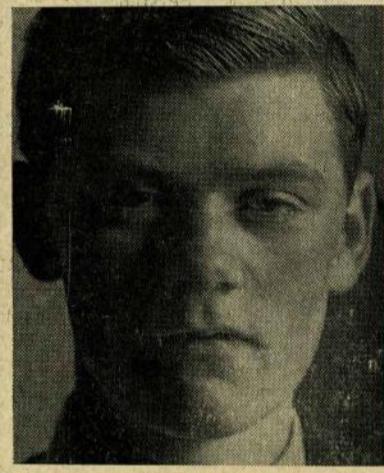
# THE "UNITY" AFFAIR

## — a sad reflection on student censorship

University College Galway is a small, quiet, peaceful place. No one screams across the Quadrangle; dark-coated students gaze noiselessly at notices in Gaelic in the Archway. A place hardly capable of producing news, let alone stirring up the wrath of the National newspapers. And certainly not over the student newspaper *UNITY*, a six-page fortnightly devoted to light-hearted news and comment on U.C.G.'s parochial affairs.

### Mock Interview

Yet the week before last, *Unity's* printers refused to accept a "mock interview" with the Bishop of Galway for publication; and then



Editor Richard O'Toole: "the article wasn't well written, but it was funny"

refused to print the newspaper altogether, even after the editor, Richard O'Toole, had offered to withdraw it. This prompted the question, what had been banned? — a libellous attack at least, probably anti-clerical as well. O'Toole added spice to the occasion by appealing for someone else to print it. This turned him, in the eyes of the national press, into a student editor of the "we'll print the truth about X even if we do get sent down for it" variety. Which would have been fine, had the "interview" actually been libellous, had it been violently anti-hierarchical. *Unity's* first attempt at an "interview in depth" with their own Professor Hayes-McCoy reads as a rather amusing in-joke, far less witty than even *T.C.D.*'s Valentine issue, which is yet to form the basis of a libel suit. One question asked in the "Bishop interview" (and here published for the first time) was: "Have you a favourite dish?" To which the "Bishop" replied: "Yes, cauliflower." "It wasn't very well written," O'Toole said, "but it was funny." And judging by an editorial he wrote recently, in which he advocated "half in jest, half in earnest" the taking over of Irish education by the clergy, the magazine could hardly be described as anti-clerical. Ninety-eight per cent, of the undergraduates in U.C.G. are Catholics, and the staff of *Unity* certainly do not make up the other 2%.

In fact it seems that it was not the supposed anti-clericalism of the article, nor indeed any alleged libel which caused the printers to refuse to print *Unity*. It was rather the rumpus, caused by officials in U.C.G., and reported in the national newspapers which turned an innocent piece of satire into a Molotov cocktail in the hands of the printers.

### Printers Have Control

The problems encountered by *Unity* are roughly the same as those which every student publication has to face. But once having accepted that there must be censorship, who actually enforces it, and how, is a different matter. In University College, Cork, a professor censors material for the student publications before it goes to press. Elsewhere, including Trinity, the printers seem to exercise full control. This is to be expected. After all, most printers are co-publishers with the students and, therefore, are legally responsible. But it is also widely held that fear of losing vital printing orders from the hierarchy spurs them on to tighter control over what students especially say about the clergy. Mr. O'Gorman (who is head of the firm who have been printing *Unity* for the last two years) denied that this was a valid reason, but said: "We would not knowingly print anything objectionable or derogatory to any-



# UNITY

VOLUME SIX, NUMBER SIX

Wednesday, 2nd February, 1966

PRICE 4d

### The Achievements of U.C.G.

SO U.C.G. IS GOING TO INCREASE THEIR PRIZE AND DO BETTER. WE HOPE YOU THINK OF ALL THE EXPENDITURE THAT IS BEING FORDED INTO THE COLLEGE, ONE MUST PAYED AT THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR ADMINISTRATIVE AUTHORITIES. USE ALL THE HAUL IN INDEPENDENT. THIS GIVE PLEASING FEELING OF PROGRESS. WE ARE GOING TO GET OUT OF THE PIGEON HOLE. THE SMALL SELLING OF PULSE TELL NOT SWELL UNTO THE MOST MIGHTY CHIEF, AT THESE ANNUAL COMPETITION.

By JOHN McCARRICK

We have a petting heating system in the stable, signed from building site engineer and rejects. We have to wait a term for it, but want it worth it? How does any of you compare?

Many of the notice-boards in the Archway have been remedied to time with the design of the new notice-board. The old notice-boards and the lost-and-found gate are gone with the new slide-panel arrangement.

against the old swing-hedged-in-you-face effort. The courses is still greatly add to the value of the college. Our horses are still good, probably continue putting up your notice while that O.I.E. horse is passing through! It's hard work, but we have to do it. The horses were matched these five new notice-boards, eleven are misspent. And that,

through Irish, in the hub of the institution which has frayed as its aim — "to become ultimately a College using the Irish language generally in its offices and administration."

May I say, "Good luck!" (But how about that horse?) With C.I.E. on the rocks they might retire him to stud and he might breed international horses.

we were really lost until they wrote "TRUTH" and "FAITH" on the doors of the college. They were the right people to step forward in achieving the aims of the College.

I'm sure many people never themselves realize of energy they might have wasted in the past. They do not know, but they expand it more profitably in reading the great word.

The inscription then, on the front door of the new notice-board, is "Teachasach Aithne," besides adding a new word to your vocabulary, must be hailed as a great achievement.

These stand out among the paltry fruits of the past year. There are also the new notice-boards in the Archway, the new security officers, the four new walls in the houses, the tree on the fallen trees and the six new entrances.

The authorities tell us that they apply for larger grants because they are getting more money, what they ask. And almost in the same breath, the student body are told that they will be given less money. They are told that we are themselves capable of it. This to say the very least is inconsistent. Surely, by the same token our administrative authorities must be equally deserving of a larger grant.

College authorities, and by your assent and prove yourselves worthy of governmental patronage before all is withdrawn. I humbly submit that the way to do this is not by writing scurrilous tauntions on the doors.

Do you think your little sister could do better?

### IN MEMORIAM

U.C.G. WAS SHOCKED TO LEARN OF THE Sudden DEATH OF PROFESSOR P. J. GALLAGHER LAST FRIDAY. AFTER A BRILLIANT ACADEMIC CAREER, PROFESSOR GALLAGHER QUALIFIED AS A SOLICITOR IN 1950. HE BECAME PROFESSOR OF LAW AT U.C.G. ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. HE WAS THE SON OF HIS COLLEAGUE, DR. ALFRED, PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY, KINDLY CONSCRIBED TO SUBMIT A TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR GALLAGHER, WHICH WE PUBLISH BELOW.

P. J. GALLAGHER—AN APPRECIATION

"THIS IS WILLIAM O'GALLAGHER'S BIRTHDAY." THIS simple statement, made by one of the students on Friday afternoon, was almost incredible. Only a few days previously, he had presided at a meeting of the Arts Faculty and over the years we had come to take him as much for granted that it was impossible to imagine the College without him. His own students felt his death deeply. Much more deeply will be missed by his colleagues who have known him long beyond the span of a student's college life. Friendly with everybody, in good humor even when in ill-health, he was always willing to give a helping hand when needed. His students were not confined to the Faculty of Law. He gave courses also in the Faculties of Arts and Commerce, and among his former students are many who were not studying for academic degrees. It is a tribute to his versatility that he was as much at home lecturing to cycle students in view and in students at extra-mural courses, as he was to undergraduates in College. That same day, the "Concord Tribune" recorded the award of a fellowship to one of his former students. These were pure coincidences, but those who knew and loved Professor P. J. Gallagher would like to see in this a providential tribute to him for what he has done for U.C.G. May he rest in peace.

# THE PHILOSOPHERS

### ONLY A FEW SUNDAYS LEFT BEFORE LENT

**UNITY's** last front page: the authorities objected to the frivolous comment.

one, political or religious." Which gives him plenty of scope. Other printers, however, exercise even closer control. For instance, City View Press this last week refused to print a survey of two U.C.D. girls on contraception, because they felt that it was not right that persons under 21 should be discussing that question. Whether one feels they were justified in their action (by their own admission the article was neither libellous nor offensive to the clergy), the *Irish Times* reprinted the findings almost in full the next day. One would have thought that a readership of 40,000 was infinitely more damaging than one of a mere 2,000, even without the extra publicity.

One thing is clear: the amount of material being censored is increasing. Whether this is the cause or result of students "becoming bolder and bolder" one cannot be sure, but the future looks grim. Either more and more student publications will close down in the same way as *Unity* looked like going or they will become mere mouthpieces for the authorities, as many have already become. Student newspapers have always had the reputation of being forthright—so they should be. They rarely if ever bring their printers a bad name, and libel suits are practically non-existent. The scare in Galway only serves to tighten the noose of censorship around the neck of student journalism; while it is right and proper to protect institutions from attacks against which they are unable to reply, the arbitrary censorship of an article because the printer feels that it is not suitable for an audience of minors, and official disapproval of a satirical interview do not seem to warrant heavy-handed cutting.

### Took Fright

Obviously the climate of opinion within a community will have a tremendous effect on what students print and are allowed to print. In Galway, where the undergraduate population almost outnumbers the adult community, a printer might well suffer if a student publication printed offensive material. But as it turned out, the *Unity* affair was more frightening by a printer over what he thought was objectionable than a real, valid objection to libellous remarks. The authorities at U.C.G. had rung up the printers to warn them about the article, and only then did the printers act. *Unity* is neither recognised, nor liked, by the authorities, who seem to have gone out of their way to dampen any attempt at a lively, undergraduate publication.

Trinity's authorities are, not surprisingly, far more tolerant; but undergraduates are not allowed to write to newspapers using a College address. All material in *Trinity News* is subject to censorship by our printers, who, in fairness, concentrate on preventing libellous remarks appearing in Lucinda's column. Nevertheless, the words "shotgun marriages" were censored last week from the news feature on marriages.

### Protection For All

The idea of some official in a university having to read all copy before it goes to press is as repulsive to the principles of journalism as it is administratively impossible to carry out. It is problematic enough to get the copy to the press on time anyway. But perhaps even this would be an improvement on the present system, whereby the whole concept of student journalism is being jeopardised by arbitrary decisions by printers. It certainly would be kinder to the latter, who face all the criticism (most of it unjustified) whenever a pitiable incident such as the *Unity* affair hits the national stands. Printers need protection—but then so do the undergraduate publications who wish to speak their minds within the bounds of the law and decency.

# ROMULUS RITES

### MATRICIDE

Picture the wretched plight of the impotent Nkrumah. Like some oriental Delilah, he had shorn the locks of democracy from an innocent infant country suckling her on the evil potions of corruption, depotsim, and morbid oppression. Thankfully Mr. Ian Smith will not have to face this screaming siren of hypocrisy.

And Mao seems to have a permanent house guest.

### QUITE SO?

What we need, said an ancient left-wing M.P., is a good right-wing, belligerent despotism. He was suffering from that particular class of verbal diarrhoea known as "Vino Veritas." But maybe he wanted a visa to the U.S.A., where it is said they approve of Democracy.

### COAGULATING CATHOLICISM

Goaded at last by the correspondence over the award-winning film, "Darling," which is worthy of an American Catholic award, but not fit to be seen here, the Chairman of the Board has asked us to judge its position "by considering those films for which the Board has authorised limited certificates."

One gathers that one is supposed to applaud such intelligent mentalities as those responsible for such juvenile cuts as were found in "Pussycat." A brief and irrelevant scene such as the one

where the telephone rings and the Marquis de Sade suite requests "2 loaves of bread and a Boy Scout uniform" is completely disjointed by the reference to the uniform being deleted. Why did they not delete all mention of that hated philosopher of freedom?

The latent copulation of "Thunderball" is not touched for some inexplicable reason. Presumably the reasoning is that this film is obviously fantasy, whereas "Darling" is nearer to reality.

Panacea ever, thought never!

### QUIS CUSTODIET CUSTODIENTES . . . ?

One of those venerable guardians of our portals has a most interesting sense of merit. When he was requested to open the gates for that distinguished visitor, Mr. Haughey, he replied: "I wouldn't open those gates for no farmer."

To discover just who he would open the gates for, the name of Sir Alex Douglas Home was suggested. This was obvious a much more suitable choice since we were informed "Now there is a gentleman I respect."

But still they couldn't find room for a certain Carpenter in their worthy inn.

### POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES

The most quotable comment to come out of the latest English scandal (you know that M.P. and that Russian girl in that bedroom in Moscow when he was lonely)

was in an article on "scandal broken" M.P.s: "The vice Anglais is not buggery but humbuggery." But Sam Johnson said that it was only a term of endearment.

### THE SPEED CREED

Either every airfield in England is like a hornets' nest or else every available car circuit is crammed to capacity, for how else could all those car reviewers and testers let us know that 110 on the clock is a true 103.4. They surely wouldn't set a bad example by exceeding the 70 m.p.h. limit, now would they?

### LUNACY

Who amongst the assembled scientific might of the world intently analysing the Russian moon photographs was as observant as one of the *Evening Press* readers? Committing his find to print, he enquires as to "who else noticed the face peering from behind the rock" on one of the shots?

Or course Romulus didn't, but then as always Big Brother . . .

### FOR QUEEN ANNE READ MING

Tudor Queen advertise their canned foods as being rich in history. Either their copywriter was canned or else they have a new line in 1,000 year old Chinese eggs.

Research: Mike Heney  
Text and photographs: Sean Walmsley



## mouthpiece

### ARE THE NORTH OF IRELANDERS VULGAR?

"That's a stupid question, if I may say so. It isn't worth answering."

"There are two sorts of Northener in Trinity: those from Magee and those simply from the North. The Magee people I find intelligent bores, by and large. But then the Magee people aren't all Northerners."

"I think the political climate warps their minds. I've yet to meet anyone sane from up there. It's tragic that no one from the North is able to think rationally."

"They're certainly getting more blood thirsty."

"They have a vulgarity born of simple mindedness and lack of sophistication."

"Yes. They're so desperately economic. Everything must be economic and worthwhile or they won't tolerate it."

"I wish the bastards wouldn't whistle."

"I've never heard that before. They're no more vulgar than the rest of the Irish. It's just that they're Puritannical as opposed to being Catholic . . . poor old Irish."

"They're just common."

"There are enough English in Trinity without adding to them with strange variations."

"Yes. It comes from not knowing if they're Scottish or Irish."

"They're a crude ignorant lot. I was born up there myself."

"No more than anyone. I've lived among the English and among the Irish. That sounds like Ovid in exile on the Black Sea: 'I've lived among the Romans and now I'm among the barbarians.'

"They've a good clean filth about them and if you call that vulgar, then they are."

"Have you ever met a complicated person from the North?"

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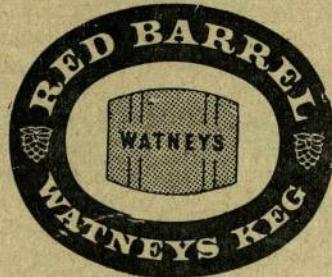
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# Living Outside College

### Digs

"The landlady of a boarding house is a parallelogram, that is an oblong angular figure, which cannot be described but is equal to anything."

Although most students spend their latter years in rooms or flats, most begin by passing through the hands of landladies, who might or might not have conformed to the above description. Chance and Miss MacManus, the Warden of Residence, determine the type of digs the student will find himself in on his arrival at Trinity. To some extent it is true the nature of these lodgings is decided by the price he is prepared to pay, but in the final analysis it is the landlady's personality which really counts. Most people appear to be reasonably happy in their digs, but "Scrutiny" did find cases of genuine bitterness amongst female undergraduates provoked by narrow-minded regulations and unnecessary interference into private lives. In some digs, midnight curfews were imposed; in others baths were strictly rationed and many landladies frowned on friends of either sex entering the premises.

Living with a landlady and her

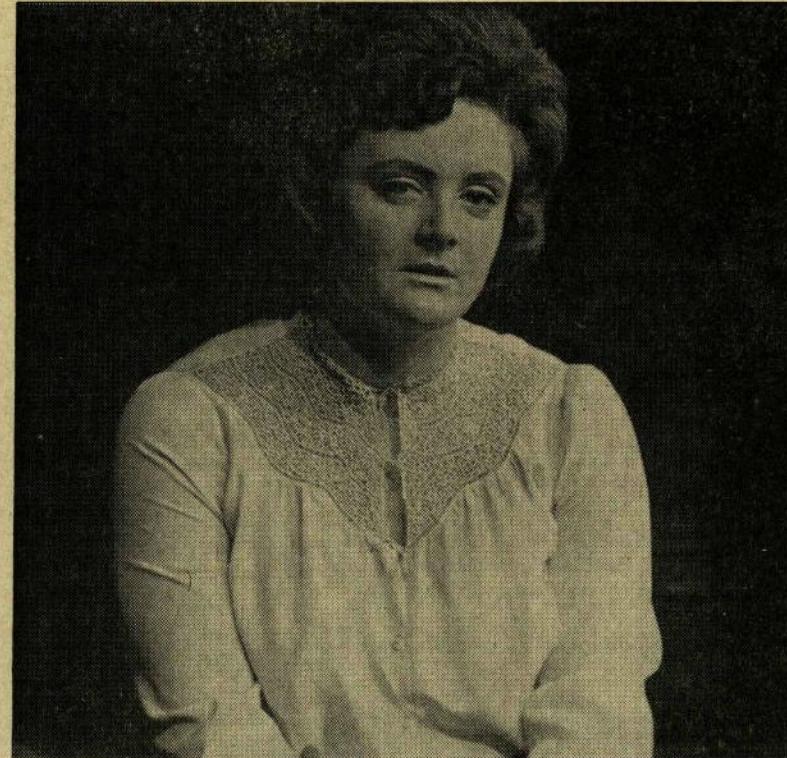
family can be a success, if there is a little give and take on both sides. The fact remains, however, that in the majority of cases the size of the digs demands that the lodger is almost permanently in the company of his landlady unless she chooses to set aside a room for his exclusive use. Too often bedrooms are inadequate for anything other than sleeping in and free time must be spent in the enforced company of other lodgers, landlady, her family, "T.V. and flea-infested sausage-dog." This is liable to have an abrasive effect on all parties: in addition the student might also find that the set meal times are inconvenient to work into his College programme. However, he must not overlook the obvious advantages of digs. If he wishes, they afford a measured and predictable life, and any outstanding injustices may be reported to Miss MacManus who can organise a change of lodgings.

### Bogus Landladies

The desire for independence and the wish to live with one's own choice of friends eventually prevails and many students move out of digs into rooms or flats before the two-year period is over. If he follows the latter course, the student may be ensnared by

### Flats

The potential flat owner begins the search with a certain degree of gay abandon, a sense of adventure perhaps—few appreciate the difficulties involved. Most flat hunters spoke of two or even three weeks before a satisfactory flat had been found. They mentioned innumer-



### profile

**gill hanna**

"I'm like Tinkerbell, you can't catch me and put me on paper." Undeterred and unarmed, except for a butter-fly net and a copy of "Winnie-the-Pooh" just in case, we visited this suburban sylph in her Ballsbridge reclusion.

More like Penelope, she was polishing off a bizarre tapestry of hardy perennials. "Since I discovered that Trinity is little but an elegant waste of time, I have been occupied in finding more elegant ways of wasting it." (Like getting the Mod. Lang. prize last

term for coming second in Schol.?)

Other elegancies include lone excursions to Glendalough in order to slide all the way down again with a total loss of dignity. Her love of Ireland was carried to alarming extremes at school, too, where she distributed shamrock to her little pals on St. Patrick's day.

Like another Trinity Notable featured in this column earlier this term, her clock struck midnight in Player's Theatre. (Unlike the aforesaid, however, she does not know what effect she has on little boys, and, frankly, does not care.) He mother played principal girl at pantomimes in the Theatre Royal. Despite this Gill's theatrical idol is Eleanora Duse who used to give her audience their money back and send them

packing if she felt off form. Gill first trod the downwards path of bawdiness as drunken, rumbustious Ursula in "Bartholomew's Fayre"—as neat a piece of type-casting as ever Players saw. She has enjoyed similar parts the most sincethen "The bawdier the better."

On those mornings when she forgets to look at herself in the glass she worries about the decline of eccentricity in Trinity. "It used to counteract its low academic standard by its entertainment value: now there's no-one to talk to either".

Her own conversation is raw. That is, it is unseasoned by "Well . . . you know . . . I mean . . ." etc., but rather peppered by a shrewd, ambiguous wit. Like most of Gill it has an earthy, Wife-of-Bathiness about it. Nevertheless, she still has "intellectual pretensions", and frequently has to answer charges of being a secret reader.

"If people are interesting they can be syphilitic monsters for all it matters" is the motto embroidered in gold lurex on the family crest (two bottles of whisky rampant). This is off-set by Gill's unexpected tolerance "You can forgive people any amount of faults if they are asserting themselves as they really are". She always does, and, like Giles' Grandma, "Everybody appreciates me" — so it doesn't really matter what we say, does it?

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# Are the Regulations Anachronistic?

able disappointments, pedantic landlords who required long leases and large deposits, refusals by the College authorities to approve the residence. Within the last six months flat rents have increased inordinately, the average rise being around £2. It is now a rare occurrence to find a respectable three bedrooomed flat for under £10 per week. However, few undergraduates are particularly concerned about whether they have to share a room or not — independence, freedom from Dublin's landladies, and being able to live with chosen friends are more important.

The greatest obstacles encountered are the year's leases and the objection to students as tenants. Ninety per cent. of flats available either have a year's lease or are barred to students, and not many landlords show any willingness to compromise—demand for flats is so high that they have no need to. Despite the hardships involved in looking for a flat, none feel daunted by the prospect. Once it has been found, hardly any complaints reach Miss MacManus. Undergraduates unanimously declared that on no account would they return to digs, after life in flats have been tasted, and one said that he would "rather camp out in Phoenix Park."

How severe are the punishments for living in an illegal flat?

Miss MacManus disinclined to be definite, in fact the regulations themselves are vague. To a large

out after 12 midnight; with the application she has to give the man's name, his address and the reason for staying out late. Three-quarters of an hour is allowed to

## →scrutiny←

degree the severity of the punishment depends in the Lodgings Committee which meets once a term, and makes decisions on various accommodation problems. Normally the offender loses credit for the term, and may have to return to digs and a watchful landlady.

### Trinity Hall

To many women, Trinity Hall and digs are synonymous terms for squalor. It appeared that Trinity Hall was disliked even more than digs. The wide measure of control exercised over the private existence of the women was castigated most of all. Elaborate measures are taken to curb truant girls. A "clocking-in" machine costing £57 has been installed to check on the time the girls return at night. A girl has to apply for permission if she wishes to remain

return to the Hall after a party—late-comers are gated for a week or more.

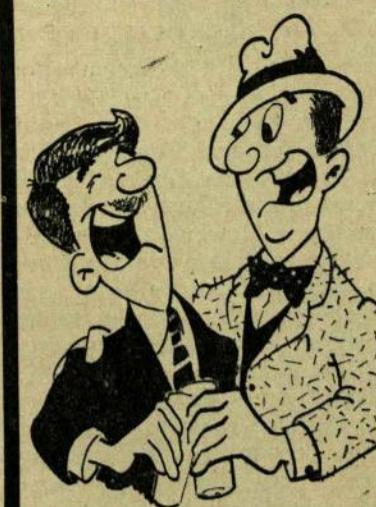
Few complimentary remarks were heard about the establishment. Six pounds a week for a single room with three girls in it was considered exorbitant. The telephone system was said to be totally inadequate and it was suggested that an internal system could easily and inexpensively be installed. The general opinion amongst the majority of girls was that although it was a useful venue in one's first term to get to know people, its petty enforcement of minor regulations made it "as bad as a girl's public school."

### S.R.C. Representation

It is true to say that the consensus of opinion in College is against enforced residence in digs for more than a year. Miss MacManus has pointed out, how-

ever, that Trinity's regulations concerning digs coincides with those of the majority of British universities. But there are 10,000 students to be accommodated in Dublin, far more than in any city of comparable size. The final responsibility for all aspects of student accommodation rests with the Lodgings Committee. At present there are no student representatives on it, which means that it is out of touch with the realities of student living problems. With members of the S.R.C. on the Committee a recent injustice which "Scrutiny" unearthed might never have occurred; and the girl concerned would have felt her interests better protected. This was the case of a girl, newly arrived at Trinity, whose parents lived in Greece. Because she was unable to return home to Greece in the vacations and remained in Dublin she was allowed to live in a flat with another girl. After two terms the Lodgings Committee revoked this decision, ordered the girl to be out of her flat within 24 hours, leaving her flat mate stranded. This type of ham-fisted bureaucracy could be avoided if a more realistic attitude was taken towards accommodation problems, and student representation on the Lodgings Committee was both allowed, and when elected, respected.

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## marat sade

The only real fault with Roc Brynner's production of the Marat-Sade is that such a short time has elapsed since Peter Brook produced it with better amenities and more inspiration; a comparison with the Shakespeare Company's production is inevitable. At the Aldwych the company played on a vast stage, removed from the audience; in Players the nearness of the actors put the audience on the defensive, made them retreat rather than identify themselves. The size of Players' stage confined the action, so that there could be none of the mad rushes of frenzy; the smallness of the theatre restricted those bursts of song that in the Aldwych aroused a hilarious pathos, and in Players remained just an outburst.

Brynner's was a shadow production, right to Duperret's coxcomb; and where it deviated from Brook's it was a pale shadow. Perhaps it was on purpose that what had been the most dramatic moments in the Aldwych production, the flagellation and Marat's death, were lost in the immediacy of the lunatics' lack of reaction. Charlotte Corday herself is more moved by her question, "What kind of town is this?" than by the events of the play. Nevertheless, there were moments when Brynner did go beyond what he had termed Brook's "adequate" production: these were when the characters peer over the tricolour and mock Marat, the Universal Copulation sequence, and the last song which somehow manages to revive the play even though Marat's death has left one quite cold. But this alone could by no means be termed an adequate presentation of the play.

## MANIFESTATIONS

### brophy

Bridget Brophy is a vegetarian who eats omelettes, presumably of infertile eggs. She hides behind Players Tipped and seem rather inapproachable; she says she could speak at universities every day of the week, but turns them down; Dublin is honoured. However, her stay was short, arriving at 6 p.m. and leaving at noon the next day, narrowly escaping, or attempting to escape, the clutches of Radio Eireann.

At a short acquaintance, she is charming but reserved, a monument of introspection. Her husband, who works in the National Gallery in London, is much more volatile, communicative, articulate. Even on the subject of writing, Miss Brophy is difficult to draw out: she has a nine-year-old daughter, who makes a writing time table impossible, and what writing takes place is done in the evening. Nevertheless, she complained of writer's cramp, not merely in the hand, but also in the elbow; she attributes this to writing and typing as consecutive activities. To her, creative writing is obviously hard work.

She willingly undertakes television recordings, but finds live programmes a strain, not simply in that she is being watched by six

million people, but also that she would enjoy taking some absurd stand and defending it, and is deterred by the probability of complete demolition and ridicule. One is left with the impression of a strongly disciplined character, wary of exposing herself, yet to whom communications on her own terms is a thing of final relevance.

### college cartoons

It is strange considering the numbers in College that there are only three cartoonists generally known — David Mole, Nick Robinson and Henry Bell. All



'A Buttery Bruiser' by Henry Bell

three are would-be Scarfes, and interested in the human face; Mole's attitude is sick, Robinson's optimistic and Bell's cynical. But even these are not well-known, which fact they attribute to their difficulty in securing outlets for their work is "No one will accept undergrad. humour." Trinity publications, they say, are too financially-minded and consider cartoons only as space-fillers, although there is great potentiality for them to accompany features like profiles or Lucinda Lowdown. In fact, *Yes* is the sole magazine to offer active encouragement. Therefore, their work in College is limited to posters, or, as Mole says, "to the Campanile for Christmas cards." The art society holds nothing for them—"we don't do pottery." They feel posters aren't worth the effort—no matter how much work goes into them they usually end up torn on the ground.

Cartoonists in College do have reasonably grousing, but they would do well to remember Trinity isn't Dublin, and there's always *Dublin Opinion*, even though Mole's opinion of that is: "If *Dublin Opinion* accept you, you may as well give up."

### inglis

Mr. Brian Inglis, Dublin Airport, noon Tuesday—a shortish, balding man with an up-to-date suitcase and an American mackintosh. "Just like what he's like on the Telly." That rather smooth lilting voice with none of the bitterness of "West Briton" that floats out over the headlines, "What the Papers Say," merges with the scratchy news reel on "All Our Yesterdays," and vanishes down the Dublin telephone to his

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successor, "Quidnunc," in the *Irish Times*.

Mr. Inglis was in Dublin for the Hest's meeting on "The Press is Too Powerful" and it was a touch of irony that the morsels he threw to them were utterly misconstrued. He said: "I think the Irish press is much better now than in the 30's." "Irish papers better than Britain's," reported the *Irish Times*. "Irish newspapers more responsible and better balanced than British counterparts," reported the *Independent*, lovingly referred to as the *Indo*. There were some home truths about Mr. Anthony Howard's spell as Civil Service correspondent. "The message went round 'Don't receive Mr. Howard' and so he was sent off to the States." A few home truths about Dawson's editorship of the *Times*. "He didn't even know what he was doing" and "I'm glad that the *Daily Mail* has left behind its Express habits and is becoming a very good newspaper."

Mr. Brian Inglis, Dublin Airport, Thursday. Leaving for London.

# LOWDOWN

With the connivance of club member **William Clarke, Neville Priestman** and **Hilary Root** set the champagne flowing at the Kil-dare Street Club on Friday evening. Perhaps fittingly with such a beverage it turned out to be something of an Etonian evening, with **Peter Ind** in a borrowed O.E. tie, and **James Farrer** protesting that the high collars that he and **John Jenyns** were wearing were not leftovers from their schooldays. **Martyn Knight** bragged of days in the Eton College Corps, and to complete the number **Roger** (I was at Wellington, actually, but my brother went to Eton) **More Nisbett** introduced **Charles Talbot**, a cousin of a cousin, who was trying to find out how to get into Trinity.

Wellington was not to be outdone, however, as **Hugh Teacher** swayed in from another party across the Green, whilst **John Platt** excused his drunkenness to **Bridget O'Brien-Twohig**, before marching **Susie Hutton Bury** off to Nobbits. Heading in the same direction were **Julian Matthews** who had Napped the Nipper, with **Martyn Rix** leading the field. None of this for **Mirabel Walker**, though, who could not find anyone she knew to talk to, but **Paddy Scott** chatted on to all who



—Photo Sean Walmsley

"David, darling . . . I think Mirabel's just swallowed another glass."

## CROSSWORD RESULTS

**Rosemary Conley** won the free shampoo and set at Steiner's salon and **Stephen Strong** the free meal for two at Slattery's Grill Bar.

### SOLUTION

**Clues Across:** 1. Chatterton; 6. Avid; 10. Verdi; 11. Desdemona; 12. Cerebral; 13. Strata; 14. Rave; 15. A. Deb; 19. Dole; 20. Bust; 22. Tenant; 24. Misreads; 27. Increment; 28. Photo; 29. Even; 30. Hot and Cold.

**Clues Down:** 1. Civic; 2. Air Travel; 3. Trilby; 4. Red-Handed; 5. Oast; 7. Viola; 8. Dramatist; 9. Nettles; 14. Right Size; 16. Ballintra; 17. Club-a-go-go; 18. Counsel; 21. Tripod; 23. Niche; 25. Stood; 26. Nero.

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## Horsemens pass by . . .

I was just a-totin' down Main Street, Dublin, when I passed these great swing doors. Feelin' my thirst a-risin' I tossed my reins to the little ol'horse boy at the gate and went through to find myself in the meanest movieset I ever did see . . .

On the right I saw the Olde Tyme Corral, but it was full of books and hacked-out fillies so I went to look for better blood in the Saloon across the way. Jeez! what a randy dive! Rank, fetid, subterranean, even its doors were swinging!

And it was just crawling with talent — I found several guys with star quality — **David Lamb**, for instance, toting a genuine Amos Burke lighter from a ready-made .45 groin (he assured me, however, it was custom-built); and Antiseptic **Whittaker** who'll look just fine if we put most of him behind a rock.

From an assortment of villains I chose "Buttocks" **Buck** and **Maxie Lightfinger** — all the un-spoilt crudity of the Wild West was there. For local colour I picked on big-time cow-poke **Eugene Lamb**, and hairy prospector **Robin Mathew**, while **Julian Hutson** is all set to swing. Our roaming lingerie salesman had to be **Simon Morgan** (the only man in the Deep West with Shot-silk sock suspenders) who brings news of faraway to guilt-ridden, shot-ridden, terrified but truthful local editor **Hamish McRae**. King of the Crap game was Mississippi

**Mikey** the man who does most with the **Shortt** throw, and under the bar I found **Hoover Hugh**, the first human garbage-disposer to hit Texas. I can't go wrong with fast-talking **Sheriff McDowell** and assistant, money-lender, **Julian Matthews**. And for the Grand Exit occasional preacher **Tony Lowes**, and acolyte, **Sam McDonald**, can be hired for only a dime a day I'm told. To provide a cortège like Tombstone never knew jovial, him-singing **Norry "Boot Hill" Boult**, with lugubrious laying-out from under taker **Robin Clarke**.

Back inside I found Madame **Patsi Warwick** keeping her saloon girls on the level. Toeing the back-line were **Sarah Ingall** and **Eleanor Lennox-Cunningham** with **Eve Bonham** who shoots from a good-looking hip. **Clare Gaynor** in her dimity apron is The Woman Who Waits Miles out on the **Morland**. And hard by, in a remote fastness, **Bernadine O'Neill**, oblivious to all, was brewing moonshine liquor to the entertainment of A Horse-Thief (anon).

And a bonus! Tethered outside the saloon, **Evie Soames**, a thorough-bred filly by **Tony Quinn** out of **God Almighty**. Watching her for a buck was old tymer **Tom Haran**, raising no dust with his spittle.

So what more did I want? I'm on my way back now to make the prettiest littl' epic yerz ever saw. And what'm I gonna call it-why, "How The West Was Lost"

## VICTORIANA . . .

Still exhausted from the conversion of two curtains and a chaircover into suitable garb I shall quote you some reviews of **Victorian**, a collection of skits and disguises, now showing at the **Cr\*st\*I B\*llr\*\*m**. Opening night, last Monday, 21st February.

"Superb . . . Miss Hanna's rendering of 'Sir, take your hands off me' was probably one of the most piercing pieces of theatre I have had the privilege to hear" (**D\*\*gl\*s H\*nd\*rs\*n, Sporting Life**)

"The end of "Hugh Teacher's Glass" — which began well — rather went over my head, but the general effect was shattering" (**L\*z M\*g\*w\*n, Roget's Thesaurus**).

"I thought Ian Jefferies, playing the beach boy, was an immense success, but the question mark rudely painted upon his garment . . . I couldn't quite see the affi-

nity" (**P\*\*l Str\*\*t, Girl Weekly**) "I know it's irrelevant, but I was horrified to find in the cast not a single Irish-born American to make a good story for the front page" (**Seamus O'Grady, \*v\*n\*ng Pr\*\*s**)

"The scene where the Bishop (so realistically played by Tom Chance) stripped and danced with the actress, left me, at any rate, close to . . . both of them" (**L\*z \*lb\*rry, Zambian Times**).

"Shocking. Nauseating flesh showing beneath nauseating disguises. It's about time something was done to clear decent theatres of this decadence" (**R\*c Br\*nn\*r, Charenton Nightly**).

"Heartwarming. Miss Liz Morgan's execution of the can-can in the interval revealed a side of her I had never appreciated before" (**\*ndr\*w G\*bb, Catholic Digest**).

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