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1997-2

Fresh, Issue 1. February, 1997

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Recommended Citation

Dublin Institute of Technology Students Union, Cathal Brugha Street ; Fresh, Issue 1, February, 1997.
Dublin, DIT, 1997.

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Níl fairs ar bith cosúil leis an Ceann Seo...!

FRESH

ISSUE 1. FEB 1997

THE MAGAZINE OF DIT FACULTY OF FOOD & TOURISM STUDENTS' UNION.

"Walloplingly Successful" (Sunday Independent)

"A walloplingly good (Prince Charles)

"Better than a sliced pan, well done to everyone involved in this masterful production" (Mr. Brennan)

"There is no greater ache to see students corrupted in this way, Absolutely Fantastic" (O.S.)

"This shouts genius" (A. Einstein)

"I love you all" (Roseanne Barr)

"I thought it was a disgrace, but these studenty types will probably love it (Mary Whitehouse)

"SLANDEROUS, IRE LOUIS UNFOUNDED... A professional piece of work" (John for his son)

"No. NO. NO I did not order duck" (Thierry Lacroix)

"One Way Ticket to dreamland" (Irish Independent)

"WOW!!!" (Some old bloke we found on the street)

"Innovative, aberrant, anomalous, unparalleled, momentous, unrivalled" (the alcos in airways, with the help of a thesaurus, which is kind of like a dictionary)

Bravo! read, Bravo! Gaeilge go deo!

Blain!
Blain!
Blain!

"A Wonderful adaptation of a rattling yarn" (Cay Byrne)

Maith an Chailín...!

howdi folks!

hello and welcome to the first edition of Fresh the most exciting, controversial, slanderous, insulting, magazine to hit the printing press in this century. It was tried before but nothing ever actually happened (hope no graduates get a hold of this). Basically in this magazine we insult, degrade, and hurt your feelings as much as we possibly can. Hopefully we'll also make you laugh.

The whole island knows about the mental parties, the 'loving' nature of the students the alcohol consumption, the ri-ra and ruaille-buaille and the general ambience of DIT Cathal Brugha Street, so our time is now to write it all down and ensure that all people are accounted for... For those of you not from the college reading this, welcome to Fresh & CBS. Students! We must come together as one and fight this damn system until we get what we deserve i.e. no education, more alcohol, 24 hour pubs & clubs, happy people everywhere, smiley faces, no fights, no exams, longer summer holidays and no rules or regulations. Eh, hello? WE GOT A BIT SIDE-TRACKED THERE.

As we used up all our braincells last night star-gazing(we mean in the compilation of the magazine), next time we want more scandal, gossip, unfounded rumours and slander...OK you get the drift. Boa constrictors are now on sale around the corner in the C.A.S.A. shop. The church in the middle of Cathal Brugha Street houses illegal plantations of lucozade bottles and counterfeit editions of Practical Cookery (original edition).

Here and now we would most sincerely like to pledge our undying love and gratitude to the pill-hill (Comad), the boggers in Bolton St., the bitches in Aungier St., the geeks in The Conservatory of Music and last and bottom of the list, those beautiful people in Kevin St. Long live the togetherness and team spirit of the DIT. Yeh right!

Hopefully, you'll enjoy this mag...actually, we don't give a poo. Next is the rag mag so please donate material of the kind found in these pages as soon as possible ie before Monday, 3rd of February 1997.

Student of the colleges, we love you all. 'Till the next edition, Z.

EDITORS: PATRICIA MORAN & ANDRES LENAHAN



MORE DRAMATIC & PASSIONATE AIRWAYS ADVENTURES NEXT YEAR, ALLEGEDLY.

ENTS R' US

As triumphant winner of the fantastic election held in order to elect a prime candidate to sort out entertainment organisation in CBS, it is expected of me to say a few brief words : beer, cider, smokes, bums, puke. Now that my few words are said I think the best way to express my sanity would be in a little tale.....

ESCAPE TO MIFUSTI

for Aileen

Joules decided not to partake in his usual routine of scratching in the dirt for tasty morsels today. The day was terrific. The sun shone on the yard, where two dogs basked in its rays. It was indeed a truly terrific day for scratching in the dirt. Joules however had a troubled mind. He had noticed that every day the farmer entered the yard and made his way towards the chicken pen. On reaching the pen the farmer would choose a plump chicken and separate it from the rest. The plump chicken would never be seen again. This troubled Joules. In fact, it troubled Joules a lot.

Joules was a scrawny North-umberland brown. Joules was however unlike the other north-umberland browns in the pen. The fact is that Joules was a super chicken. By a strange genetical freak, Joules could think for thirty seconds without a break while the other chickens scratched in the dirt and feasted on tiny grubs. Joules once thought about dirt for twenty seconds before going for a scratch.

Today, however, Joules' thoughts were quite sincere. Joules did not want to be the next chicken taken by the big farmer. Joules decided to discuss the matter with a rather serious looking rooster perched near by. Joules was just about to say "excuse me!" to the large rooster, when he realised he couldn't. Of course, how foolish of him, even chickens know that chickens cannot talk. It is a well known fact that chickens can neither fly nor talk. Not since the 'big forget' of 1957, when an unusual orbit of the moon caused all chickens to forge how to talk and how to fly.

Joules' thoughts were interrupted by the abrupt slamming of the farmhouse door. The big farmer was crossing the yard. Something metallic hanging by the big farmers side dazzled Joules as it reflected in the sunlight. Joules was perspiring vigorously and pacing across the pen half terrified. What would he do ? Where would he hide ? The door of the chicken pen swung open. The big farmer tripped, stumbled into the pen and came crashing down like a felled tree into the midst of the petrified chickens.

When the dust settled, Joules was no longer focused on the now groaning mass of the big farmer. Instead Joules snapped back to reality. This was his chance.

Joules' drumsticks propelled him over the big farmer in an insane struggle for the pen door. The other chickens did likewise, as they were too foolish to devise their own plans. Joules skidded around the open pen door and sprinted straight for the yard gate. Behind Joules could hear shrieks of agony. Glancing over his shoulder Joules saw a frenzied carnage of blood and feathers as the dogs tore the less fortunate escapees limb and wing. Joules didn't look-back again.

Once through the gate, Joules felt amazingly free and high spirited. He felt like whistling a tune but decided not to, as he was a chicken and chickens cannot whistle (due to the KFC effect on the physical dynamics of the beak). Joules moseyed down a dirt track quite content in the pleasant company of his own thoughts.

Some distance down the track, Joules came across a large shiny object standing next to a tree. The big farmer owned one just the same. Joules climbed onto the motorcycle, took a pair of mirror sunglasses from his feathers, rested them on his beak and turned the key in the ignition. The bike roared into action and Joules accelerated down the tract. Joules was one bad chicken. He would have felt at this time like a tough guy in a movie, except Joules was a chicken and had never seen a movie before.

Early the following morning, Joules was woken suddenly by the barking of dogs and the mumbling of big farmers. They had come looking for the shiny motorcycle. Once more the bike's engine growled to life and Joules sped off across the fields. To Joules' amazement the fields, without warning, ended in thin air. The bikes skidded to a stop. Joules could hear the dogs and big farmers nearing. They would never take Joules, the bravest of the Northumberland browns, alive. Joules put the motorcycle into gear and sped towards the cliff edge. Two hundred feet below the bike crashed silently to its doom in the orient seas below.

Joules opened his eyes. He was not plummeting to an instantaneous death. Joules had remembered, he had remembered how to fly. Joules felt as free as a bird. This was not surprising considering Joules turned cartwheels and danced in the air. For days on end Joules flew until eventually losing consciousness with exhaustion.

Joules awoke on a sandy beach, sodden with salt water and barely alive. After some time Joules regained enough strength to plod to the top of a near sand dune to examine his new home. Joules gasped and his eyes opened wide as he stared across the land. Large packs of wild chicken were hunting Zebra on the planes. Joules had reached the Island of Mifusti, the legendary sanctuary of the wild chicken.

Joules the Northumberland brown chicken became a hero amongst domestic animals world-wide. Joules the chicken was never seen again. Farmyard rumour has it, Joules became chief of a large tribe of chicken and conquered many lands before eventually being slain in battle against a tribe of mountain duck in 1987. His bravery and memory lives on in the hearts of young eggs everywhere.

Yours in alcohol.

McD

ENT's Officer .



"Chinese whispers in
airways" - Rag week 96.

THE PARNELL CENTRE



CENTURY CITY

STUDENTS... MISSION 1 IN HAVING FUN
Take a field trip to CENTURY CITY and experience VIRTUAL REALITY, SIMULATORS, VIDEO GAMES and lots of FUN like no student has ever done before... **NOW YOUR COOK N**

FLIX

Big appetite- Small budget?... well at FLIX you can experience the...
"Student Breakfast" for only 99p or
"Student Lunch" for only £2.99



STRIKE FOUR

MADE IN THE U.S.A.:
AMERICAN FOOD like you've never tasted it...
Come along and challenge yourself to a meal at Irelands First American Sports Themed restaurant. Authentic memorabilia on show.

THE BRUGHA CHART TOPPERS

Donncha O'Donoghue & Dominic Dillane	'The Boys are Back in Town'.
Maurice McCabe	'I'm Too Sexy (for this shop)'.
Trisha Moran	@\$\$%***%\$@^^&\$\$\$!!!!!!
Andres Lenahan	@?)*%;£\$@!!!!
	<i>(It's great being the Editors)</i>
Ruth Goldsberry (Food Tech 1)	'Material Girl'.
Anne Hickey (Dip 2)	'Blondie'.
Colin Joyce	'Never Forget (who voted for you)'.
Deirdre Ni Riain	'Two out of Three ain't Bad'.
Peter Creedon & Neville Graham	"Waiting for an Alibi"
Niamh Jennequin	'I'm every women'
Shane Robinson	"Hit me with your rhythm stick"
Jack O'Reilly	"Jailbreak"
George Hook	"Sad but true"
Derek (Airways)	"Macho Macho man"
Stan	'Eye of the Tiger'
Simon Cummins	"Because I'm Gorgeous"
Mary Leonard	"I wish I was back home in Kerry"
Orla Scanlon	"Like a Virgin"
Eoghan McMahon	"Do you love me?"
Jackie Kennedy	"Higher State Of (un)Consciousness"
H-Dip III	"Ride On"
Nollaig Fitzgerald	"Professional Widow"
Adrian/Ronan/Conor	"All for one , and all for Love"
Anne-Marie Sheehan	"Lipstick, powder, and paint"
Karen Tansey	"Small is beautiful"

Lisa Walsh	"Insomniac"
Andy McDaniel	"leader of the pack"
Jenny Lee	"Purple Rain"
Gillian Hartin	"torn between two lovers"
Rupert Clarke	"Great balls of Fire"
Peadar MacPhaidin	"Aon Focail Eile"
Manus Ward	"We're in the Army now"
Hilary Gleeson	"I left my bra in San Francisco"
Beatrice & Butthead	"Hu, Hu, this is cool "
Lillian McCullough	"For what you dream of"
McD	"It only takes a minute"
Trish	"I touch myself"

(its great being ENT's officer)

CATHAL BRUGHA'S HAPPY COUPLES

McD & Aideen Durr

Emma Delaney & Jack O'Reilly.

Bob Coghlan and anything wearing long, dark coats.

Kenny Vaughan (Leis Man 2) & Conor Kavanagh (Dip 3).

Rupert Clarke & Manus Ward (H-Dip 2).

Seamus 'Mush' Killeen & his 'Hudson Blue' jacket.

Cillian Kennedy & Eleanor Begley.

Jason Foody & Rosslyn

Conor Byrne & Alison 'DITSU Shop Girl 1996' Culbert.

Simon Cummins & Anne-Marie Carleton.

Niamh McGrath (Env. Health 2) & Kevin 'DITSU Shop Guy 1997'.

Ciara Finn (Leis Man) & her 28 yr. old married man.

Niamh Jennequin & Wayne Morris

Exclusive H-Dip 4 gossip

A recent trip to Kerry resulted in a "rampant" weekend orgy . Obviously the H-Dip 4's are feeling the pressure of Mick Mulvey's Group projects. The results of this weekend would have made the Irish Clergy seem sedate. A certain "blonde" partial to the hockey stick was into partner swapping - to the disdain of many others!! A certain tall blonde allegedly met the man of her dreams , Who's dreams - who knows?

Nollaig Fitzgerald EH4 has been banned from the Computer Room after been found on several occasion using tippex to correct her documents on the screen.

Simon Twomey has been summoned to court by the producers of My Left Foot. They claim that after watching him play soccer for Brugha he has infringed on copyright laws by using his two left feet!

Colin Joyce is planning to open a new leisure centre for CBS by tying a sheep to a lamppost!

Watch out H-Dip 1 Aidan Curtin is Back and he is bigger and better than ever before!

Shelly Carolan was seen peeling smarties to make a chocolate chip cookie last week ! Long live the blondes!!

The scene begins

A distraught swan, drowning in St. Stephen's Green one Summer's Day. A potential hero pulls in a Ferrari and throws a rope to the swan and attempts to pull the swan out of the pond . Alas he fails.

Now enter the CBS hero Robbie Doyle: on seeing the situation Robbie without hesitation, hurls his humungus piece of manhood from his boxer shorts in the direction of the swan, and proceeds to pull the swan to safety using his lethal weapon. Hooray the swan is saved .

When questioned by the DIT Examiner regarding the incident Robbie coolly replied; When you have a langer the size of mine you don't need a Ferrari to pull the birds!!!!



**DIT CATHAL BRUGHA ST
RUGBY TEAM AND
SUPPORTERS PRESENT-**

***THE ANNUAL "HEINEKEN
RUGBY TRIP"***

DESTINATION: EDINBURGH

**MATCH: CATHAL BRUGHA ST
V
EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY**

**THURS. FEB. 27TH - SUN 2ND
MARCH
PRICE: £75.00**

50 PLACES ONLY AVAILABLE

***IN ASSOCIATION WITH: HEINEKEN
IRISH PERMANENT AND SWEENEY
O'ROURKE***

CBS AWARDS OF 1996

There are many awards due to many people in Cathal Brugha Street. Below are just a few of the ones deemed important enough to publish. If you feel left out in any way or you are not worthy of your award, go home and watch Emmerdale.

<i>Person of the Year:</i>	You
<i>Loser of the Year:</i>	Colin Joyce & Colman Byrne
<i>Winner of the Year:</i>	Paddy Goddard
<i>Smelliest Person in CBS:</i>	The Rugby Team
<i>Pioneer of the Year:</i>	Derrick from Airways
<i>Bimbo of the Year:</i>	Caoimhe (Siobhan's Friend)
<i>Most Intelligent Person of the Year:</i>	Lisa Hickey
<i>Greaser of the Year:</i>	Kenny Vaughan
<i>Poser of the Year:</i>	Everyone who plays pool
<i>Sex God of the Year:</i>	Paul O' Hanlon
<i>Sex Queen of the Year:</i>	You Know who you are...
<i>Arse of the Year:</i>	Bob
<i>Sluts of the Year:</i>	H-Dip 3
<i>Lick of the Year:</i>	SU Wanna be's
<i>Most Important Peasant of the Year:</i>	Manus Ward
<i>Chef of the Year:</i>	Andy Mc Daniel
<i>Wanna be Alco of the Year:</i>	Adrian Gavin
<i>Coolest person of the Year:</i>	Conor Byrne
<i>Tart of the Year:</i>	Mr Kiplings
<i>Ego of the Year:</i>	Bob Coghlan
<i>Most Violent Person of the Year:</i>	Maurice in the shop
<i>Worst Dressed Person of the Year:</i>	Karen Greany
<i>Junkie of the Year:</i>	Mary Leonard

Stoner of the Year: Jackie Onassis Kennedy
Spacer of the Year: Andres Lenahan (PRO)
Most Studious Person of the Year: Karen Greany
Smiler of the Year: Wayne Morris & Cillian Kennedy
Gurner of the Year: Lisa & Blondie
Over-reactor of the Year: George Hook (Clubs & Soc.'s)
Lecturer of the Year: Daire McGuill
Barman of the Year: Fictional Position
Slob of the Year: Alan McD(ENT's)
SU Wanna be of the Year: Kenny Vaughan
Sports person of the year: Seamus Killeen
Fittest person of the year: Larry
Book-worm of the year: Conor Byrne
Beavis & Butthead of the year: Niamh McG. & Beatrice L.
Shift of the year: Keelin O' Shea
Granny of the year: Caroline Tighe
Mouth of the year: Siobhan Gould
Grouch of the year: Mary Coughlan
Weirdo of the year: John Henry
Spook of the year: Ciaran Crawford
Gaelgoir of the year: Fahrid
Mobile phone of the year: Rupert Clarke
Grunge of the year: Jenny Lee
Hickey of the year: Brian Myler
Shirt of the year: Christian Boden
Trousers of the year: Donal McElwee
Make-up of the year: Caoimhe
Porter of the year: Mick Daly
Cleaner of the year: Adrian Sherry
Fader of the year: Mary Leonard
Slagger of the year: Sean Corey
Nocturnal Animal of the year: Andres Lenahan
Clubber of the year: Wayne Morris
Year's Most Wanted: Hubert McHugh

COMÓRTAS

Cárta Valintíne a sheol isteach don S.U. do Bob O' Cochlain (leas - Uachtarán) más cailín tú nó Deirdre Ní Riain (Oifigeach Gaelach) más buachail tú.

Send a Valentines card to either of the above but it must have at least one sentence of GAEILGE on it.

Duaiseanna :

***£20 don cárta a dtaithníonn is mó leosan.**

***(£20 to each one's personal favourite).**

***£20 don cárta leis an nGaeilge is fearr .**

4 HMV vouchers for runners up / 4 HMV Dearbhán le tabhairt amach freisin

No censorship involved!! Is cuma faoi cinsireacht.....give them their moneysworth of entertainment.

Drop it into the S.U with your student No. by the 14th of February.

Chuir do uimhir dálda air agus tabhair don S.U roimh an 14ú de mí Feabhra

Smaoinaigh if everyone is as lazy as you. nobody will enter and you'll win that badly wanted money hands down
Just think má tá gach duine comh leisciúil leat gheobhaidh tú an t-airgead gan fadhb....

Cathal Brugha St.Students'

"Are You Mad?" Questionnaire

1. Do you avoid going to college?

Yes [] No []

2. Are you intoxicated in class ever?

Yes [] No []

3. Do you dance in the common room when a good tune comes on?

Yes [] No []

4. Do you get satisfaction from kicking cups across the common room floor?

Yes [] No []

5. Do you slide down the rails of the stairs?

Yes [] No []

6. Do you notice the difference between orange smarties and the others?

Yes [] No []

7. Do you know where the library is?

Yes [] No []

8. Do you eat in the canteen?

Yes [] No []

9. Do you have a study pattern?

Yes [] No []

10. Do you know where bottles of alcohol are stored in CBS (where the door is always open)?

Yes [] No []

11. Do you know how to get free photocopying in the college?
Yes [] No []
12. Do you pay for photocopying?
Yes [] No []
13. Have you ever photocopied someone else's bum?
Yes [] No []
14. Would you proudly wear an item of DIT clothing?
Yes [] No []
15. Do you rob books from the library?
Yes [] No []
16. Do you stuff dirty hankies down the pool table pockets to get a free game?
Yes [] No []
17. Do you drink in the peacock and enjoy yourself?
Yes [] No []
18. Do you lick your armpits after a tequilla?
Yes [] No []
19. Do you know how many 'l's are in "tequilla"?
Yes [] No []
20. Would you give anyone your first Rolo?
Yes [] No []
21. Have you ever stuck yourself to a window by doing a backwards fart?
Yes [] No []
22. Do you fantasise about the liquidisers in the canteen?
Yes [] No []
23. Did you water your patio and brush your plants last night?
Yes [] No []

24. Have you ever worn a lagging jacket pretending its a coat?

Yes [] No []

25. Do you enjoy a Thursday night in the Airways?

Yes [] No []

26. Do you know what "koenigsberger klops" is?

Yes [] No []

27. Do you tell your friends you got your hole when all you did was eat a packet of polos?

Yes [] No []

28. Did you enjoy this questionnaire?

Yes [] No []

30. Did you cry when you realised no. 29 was missing?

Yes [] No []

RESULTS:

IF YOU ANSWERED "YES" TO OVER 30 OF THE ABOVE QUESTIONS, YOU ARE CLINICALLY INSANE. CONGRATULATIONS. YOU HAVE AN INTERESTING LIFE AHAED OF YOU.MMMM....

IF YOU ANSWERED "YES" TO UNDER 29 OF THE QUESTIONS I THINK YOU'RE SOUND (*TO BE READ IN SARCASTIC TONE).

IF YOU ANSWERED "BALLOON" TO ALL OF THE ABOVE, GO TO SEAN MCDERMOT ST AND SCREAM.

Time for a laugh

-What's six inches long and gets a woman excited?

A £50 note

-What do train sets and breasts have in common?

They're both meant for the "McD assault" children but the fathers end up playing with them.

-Two peanuts left a bar. One was assaulted!

I saw a steering wheel between my legs the other night. it's been drivin' me nuts ever since!

-Two tampons were walking down the road. They wouldn't talk to each other because they were stuck up c@?+=.

-What do you call 10 Boltoners in the back of a jeep?

A good days hunting!

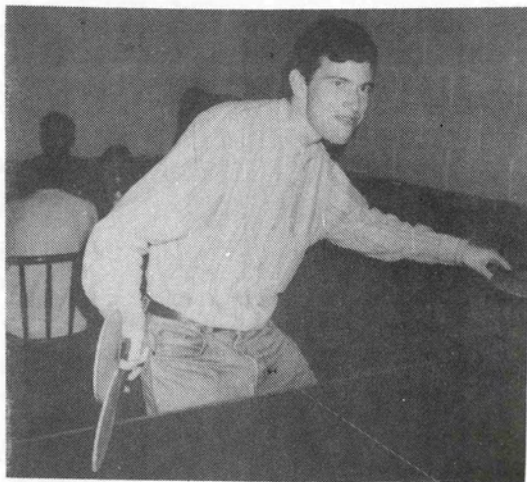
-What do you do if you see a Boltoner running down Cathal Brugha street bleeding?

Stop laughing and reload!

-What do you do if a Boltoner is going out?

Pour more lighter fluid on!

-What's the difference between a priest and acne? Acne waits until you're 13 to cum all over you.



Forrest Gump plays the wall

VIART'S CENTRA QUICK-STOP

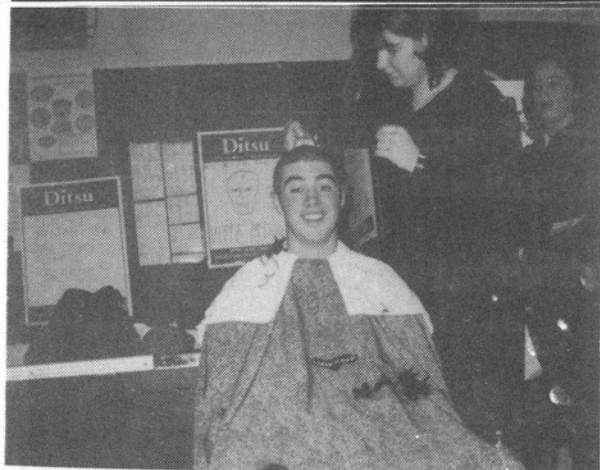
CONVENIENCE STORE CATHAL BRUGHA ST.

**INCLUDING: HOT DELI, SAMBO'S MADE TO ORDER,
SALADS & WINES, ETC.**

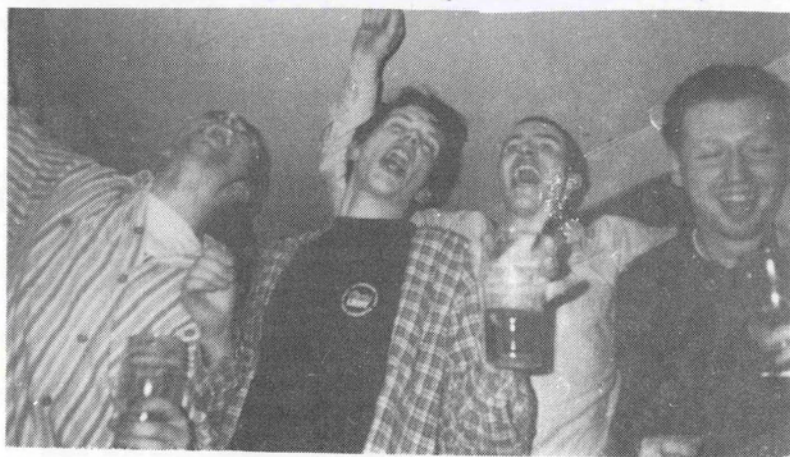
"CONVENIENCE FOOD AT CONVENIENT PRICES"

WHY Q?

PH: 878 0890 TO ORDER PRE-MADE SAMBOS



-The best way to get rid of nits



Bananas.

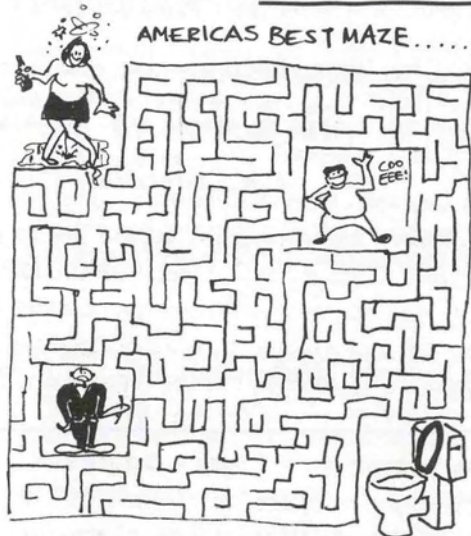
The Rules at Cathal Brugha St.

1. The female always makes the rules
2. The rules are subject to change at any time without prior notification
3. No male can possibly know all the rules.
4. If the female suspects the male knows all the rules she must change Some or all of the rules.
5. The female is never wrong
6. If the female is wrong it is due to a misunderstanding which was direct result of something the male said or did wrong
7. If rule 6 applies , the male must apologise immediately
8. The female may change her mind at any time
9. The male is prohibited from changing his mind without expressed written consent of the female
10. The female has every right to be angry or upset at any time
11. The female must remain calm at all times unless the male wants him to be angry or upset.
12. The male must under no circumstances let the female know whether or not he wants her to be angry or upset.
13. The male is expected to mind read at all times
14. The male who doesn't abide by the rules can't take the heat , lacks backbone and is a wimp.
15. Any attempt to document the rules could result in bodily harm.
16. If the female has PMS all the rules are null and void
17. The female is ready when she is ready
18. The male must be ready at all times.

Mystic's Megs Predictions for 1997

- * Simon Twomey cuts his hair and models for Calvin Klein
- * Laughlin and Andy pay for a game of pool
- * H-Dip 4 will be seen in Airways
- * DIT CBS Rugby team win a match
- * Larry is elected site president
- * First Years manage to drink 2 pints without falling down
- * Jack(H-Dip 3) enters the Guinness book of records for shifting the most girls in the one class.
- * Bob (deputy President) gets married
- * Deirdre Ni Riain sticks with one man for over a week
- * H-Dip 5-ers will actually leave Airways and hand a project in - there are some astrological signs showing perhaps a thesis will emerge this year - it's not clear if its one each or a collective effort.
- * Karen Greany gets a direct line from the Students Union to Jurys
- * Seamus Killeen is spotted by an anonymous passer-by without his hudson Blue jacket.

*Students from Environmental Health **APPEAR!**



YOU HAVE JUST DRUNK 30 ANWFUL BOTTLES OF CHEAP, PISSY & FIZZY AMERICAN LAGER & YOU ARE GOING TO BE HORRENDOUSLY SICK ANY MINUTE. CAN YOU NEGOTIATE THE MAZE, AVOIDING THAT TWAT YOU MET LAST THURSDAY AND THE PUB BOUNCER AND REACH THE TOILET BEFORE YOU COAT THE CARPET? TO ADD REALISM TO THIS GAME YOU MAY WISH TO DRINK 30 BOTTLES OF LAGER BEFORE BEGINNING.

Dr. O' Reilly's BLITZKREIG

A Harmfully Strong Traditional Ale

"I have absolutely no recollection of anything that happened after 9pm last night. Thanks very much!"

K.T., Blackrock

"This morning I awoke with my head in the fridge, the kettle had melted on the stove and I have vomit in the turn-ups of my trousers. What a smashing beer!"

S. Cummins, Booterstown

"I came around at about 8:30am in a police cell, I had dried blood on my shirt and my trousers were damp and cold with urine. I have been charged with drunk and disorderly. Cheers! I would recommend your fine beer to anyone!"

A.M.S., Terenure

"I have appalling diarrhoea and my bottom lip has turned green. I am in hospital being treated for serious head injuries. Is your magnificent ale available in cans?"

C.K., Templeogue

"...I had locked my three children in the coal house and later awoke in my neighbour's dog's kennel with a galvanised steel bucket on my head. I have no money left. My wife has left me. Your beer is a winner!"

C.B., Greystones

"I cannot remember my own name. Where am I? God help me I think I'm dying. What a beer! What a beer! Thanks!"

Anon.

Dr. O' Reilly's beers and agrochemichals Ltd., Unit 4, Sandyford Industrial Estate



OIREACHTAS IN GAOTH DOBHAIR (A Dub's experience)

Most people don't know what the Oireachtas is about, let alone what the word means in English. I didn't have much of a clue about it until I went along to Gaoth Dobhair at the start of November to sample some Irish culture for myself.

Gaoth Dobhair itself was a bit of a culture shock for a city slicker like me. Barely a lamp post in sight, the place is virtually black when it gets dark. But there's no shortage of potholes or white-washed bungalows. A footpath lines one side of the 'main road' through Doire Beag, where we stayed for the weekend. All houses are scattered aimlessly through the countryside with only a few pubs here and there by the side of the road. There are a few signposts lying around which vaguely give you an idea of where you are but there are few if no roadmarkings. No doubt about it - the local town planner had a cupla uisce beatha on him when he set out to plan Gaoth Dobhair.

One thing I'll say for the place is that it is remarkably clean - grass is rich green and houses are gleaming white. That's probably because it is raining if not drizzling most of the time. The world will most likely end the day Donegal experiences drought conditions. Ironically, there wasn't a drop of water from the taps in the hostel on Thursday night. I suppose we could have siphoned some water from the plant sitting in the reception area before some eejit threw it all over the floor in his drunken state. On Friday afternoon, I went down to the beach with some of my gaelgoir friends. It's really lonely down by the coast but we didn't see much through the mist and driving rain.

It took me two days to figure out what Gaoth Dobhair was besides lamp posts and roadmarkings. On Saturday night, somebody pointed out to me that there were barely any trees in the area. This was very true - there are more trees in O'Connell Street than in Doire Beag. Why you may ask? Well, it would be impossible to plant a full-grown tree let alone a sapling in Gaoth Dobhair without it being blown away. Nothing could survive those moisture laden gale force winds. My big, sturdy sports umbrella lasted barely three seconds before it was beaten to a pulp by the wind.

Although the temperatures in Gaoth Dobhair are near-zero at times, you'll never get a warmer welcome than from the locals. They're very friendly and hospitable. Thankfully, they're bi-lingual - they'll speak to you in English or as Gaeilge, whichever you prefer. However, not having much of an ear for the local lingo, it was hard for me to differentiate between their spoken English and Irish let alone understand what they were saying at all.

At the Oireachtas, I was obviously going to experience difficulties. My knowledge of Irish is basic to say the least. 'Conas ata tu' is the one and only phrase I know so it wasn't going to get me far. Still, my gaelgoir friend Dee (C.B.S. Irish language officer), who dragged me up to Donegal for the cultural experience, convinced me I was going to have a great time. Which I did. C'mon, who could complain about bar extensions until 4 o'clock in the morning?!

Club na Feile was a great event at which I met loads of people from all over the country. There was ceili and sean nos (singing) until the early hours of the morning. The function room resembled a scene from a wedding reception, with everyone seeming to know each other and having a good chat about the year that had passed. The friendly and lively atmosphere at the Oireachtas would make anybody, even with little or no Irish, feel at ease. The two nights we went to Club na Feile were great, and everyone had craic agus ceol from start to end.

Gaoth Dobhair was an ideal venue for the Oireachtas. The friendly locals and the cosy pubs made for a lovely and relaxing weekend. As for Gaoth Dobhair, the bumpy roads and the numerous potholes give the place its character and it was a real eyeopener for a Dub like me. Gaoth Dobhair has made a cultured woman of me and as for my Irish, it's improved in leaps and bounds. Learned a lot of new words, I did - dha no truir fhocal, b'fheidir.

Class Reps in CBS

Class

Name

School of Hotel, Tourism & Catering Management

Hotel & Catering Mgmt. 1st Year (H-Dips)	Emma Maye Stephen Meehan Peadair O' Cathain Emer Archbold
H & C Mgmt. 2nd Year	Sarah Kane Sharon Cullen
H & C Mgmt. 3rd Year	No official reps.
H & C Mgmt. 4th Year	No official reps.
Leisure Mgmt. 1st Year 2nd Year 3rd Year	Siobhan Hickey Noelle Griffin Gemma Dempsey
Diploma Hotel & Catering Mgmt. (Dip-cats) 1st Year	Sarah Jane Miller Sharon Kiely John Reid
2nd Year	Siobhan Gould Ian O' Donoghue
Hotel Mgmt. 3rd Year (Dips)	Claire Gately
Catering Mgmt. 3rd Year (Cat-mans)	Alan Linnane
Travel & Tourism (Blondes) 1st Year 2nd Year	Niamh Guckian Pauline Downey
Tourism Marketing (Welcome!)	No official reps.

School of Hotel & Catering Operations

Hotel & Catering Supervision (H&C) 1st Year	Christian Boden David Sharkey
2nd Year	Shane Hollywood Aoife McEvoy
Professional Cookery (1st Year)	Wayne Morris Andrew McDaniel Lisa Walsh Sean Carey
(2nd Year)	Aidan Dempsey
Culinary Arts 1st Year	Jenny Lee Catherine Delaney Grainne Walshe Brian Gately
Food & Beverage Service	Caitriona Halvey
Advanced Restaurant	Lorna Broderick

School of Food Science & Environmental Health

Environmental Health (EH's) 1st Year	Hubert McHugh
2nd Year	Niamh McGrath
3rd Year	Dennis Ryan
4th Year	---
Food Technology (3rd Year)	Helen Cruise Liam Reddy
Food Quality Assurance	Jennifer McGrath
Health Care Technology (2nd Year)	Audrey McCormick Katie Kelly

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CLUBS AND SOCS

Clubs and Societies got off to a flying start in early October with many new societies being formed such as the Irish Culture Society , Manchester United Soccer Society etc. Then a fortnight later the annual Clubs and Societies Training weekend took place in the Club Atlantic Hostel. Over 80 officers from all the Dit Clubs and Societies were there in force. The buses left the college on Friday lunch time and the craic began with a 'short' stop in Ballaghadreen for food and drink in Durkin' s Pub (a choice influenced by that former Kingpin of DIT , Colman Byrne).The buses arrived down to Westport at around 7pm. Rooms were allocated and introductions were made by way of an Icebreaker session . Further introductions were made in the pubs and night-club that evening.

After breakfast on Saturday, it was down to the serious part of the weekend : the training modules. Areas such as filling out budget forms, public speaking , public relations and setting up a new society were covered. The final module of the day covered setting up a mock club or society. Suggestions were made for setting up new clubs such as tennis, snooker/pool and Olympic Handball. The mock societies brought up some interesting ideas, especially the Mother Theresa Natural Contraception Society. Suggestions were made by the group (consisting mainly of C.B.S. students) for equipment such as condoms, a 20 foot statue of Madonna and a Bob Coghlan 'Emergency Contraception' Kit ! Ask George to explain that one !

That evening, dinner was enjoyed in the Hotel Westport. As usual the C.B.S. students sat together at the same table, and after dinner a Mexican Wave broke out at the table. After the meal, people dispersed to the various pubs around the town including J.J. O'Malley's and P.J. Molloys, before congregating again in the night-club at the Castle Court Hotel. Various relationships were forged that night, including the perfect couple of the weekend, Kenny Vaughan and Conor Kavanagh, after a gratuitous display of 'dirty dancing' on the floor of the club!

Entertainment continued well into the night back in the hostel with singing, games of pool & table tennis and a certain amount of drink. A few people faded early in the night including Kenny, who was set upon by the 'Razor Squad'. How are the legs, Kenny ? By 7a.m., most people had enough and sought sanctuary in bed. Wakeup calls were made at 11.30am for breakfast at 9am?! Finian O'Dowd kept up the good sporting image of the course by leaving at half seven in the morning to play a GAA match. After Sunday breakfast/lunch, Dermot Quain from USI chaired a debate on the future of Clubs & Socs in DIT. Most people managed to stay awake for the debate and a good discussion was had. One of the main issues that came up was the lack of sports facilities in DIT, a issue of great relevance to Leisure Management students.

After the debate the buses set off for home. The buses stopped off in Ballaghadreen for food and drink. Unfortunately, there was no food, but we had the pleasure of seeing David Ginola scoring a brilliant goal against the Satanic forces of Manchester United! We stopped off again in Longford . first running into the pub to celebrate the closing moments of a 5-0 defeat for United, before having a quick meal in Luigi's. Shelley returned from Luigi's to find her better half, George, still sleeping like a baby. The stress of being a Clubs & Socs Officer !

Bob and the other A.B.U.'s took pleasure in reminding Kenny and the other forlorn United fans of the shame of losing 5-0 all the way from Longford to Dublin.

By this stage all Clubs and Societies are in full swing and involved in a wide range of activities . Maybe some more perverted than others . Ask Kenny and Conor about that one . As Brugha have the smallest contingent of Sports players in the Dit (except for the College) we still always seem to kick their ass in most Sports. On and off the field. All of those not involved, get involved. Anyone wishing to starch their collars , then join the RUGBY Club, just look around for Fiach O'Toole (3rd Year) and Conor Kavanagh. They're usually the 2 guys who never leave each other alone at any one time.

It's your choice , every one else gets involved , so why don't you?????????

Because we students know best about our own education and our own lives and we are the first to suffer government cuts and what we try to achieve individually is totally ignored and our student democracy is under attack and if we complain about having to live in slums we are spoiled rich kids and if we have the odd pint or go to a disco we are squandering the tax- payers money and if we stand up for the rights of minority groups we are just trendy lefties talking through our arses and if we ask too many questions or speak out against injustice we are agitators or republican sympathisers and we shouldn't get involved in politics and if we keep quiet we don't give a damn about others and if we are heterosexual we are wanton and if we are gay men or lesbians we are queers and if we are women we should be at home having babies and if we are here from overseas we have no right to be here and as students we are a burden on that state and we should shut up and take what's coming and for lots and lots of other reasons we are active members of

DIT STUDENTS' UNION

S.U. EXEC 1996-1997.

Site President:	Tricia Moran	EHX
Deputy President/Welfare:	Bob Coghlan	Leis. Man. Grad.
P.R.O.	Andres Lenahan	H-Dip 2
Ents Officer:	Alan McD.	Food Tech. 1
Clubs & Socs:	George Hook	Dip 3
Employments:	Caroline Tighe	H-Dip 3
Irish Language Officer:	Deirdre Ni Riain	EH2
Equalities Officer:	Conor Byrne	H-Dip 3

We Want Ya!!

can you read ?

can you write?

can you drink?

*Do you remember when it's your
round?*

**IF THE ANSWER IS YES TO AT LEAST 3 OF THE ABOVE -
YOU ARE THE PERFECT CANDIDATE FOR THE FRESH
TEAM!!!**

CONTACT TRISHA OR ANDRES

***Some tried to help and did.
Some tried to help and couldn't.
Some didn't.***

Always Remember our dearly beloved(not) Past Presidents and PROs who tried to put a magazine together but failed miserably .

DISCLAIMER

While every effort was made to ensure the information in this mag is correct, we do not accept any responsibility for those insulted, ridiculed, offended, hurt, saddened, made upset, annoyed, dismayed, vexed, mocked, slagged or slandered....and for those who don't have a life. McD made no effort whatsoever to be fair.



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Abba and Andre on the juke box,

Oh those boggers in their black shoes and white sports socks,

Let's head to Centra - a pack of Marlboro lights, tens,

Too many in our loo - any excuse to use the mens !!!!!.

"So do you come here often ????".....

Chat - up lines were never needed by Austin !!!!!.

Arses printed in the seats of AIRWAYS,

Not to mention those non - gays.....

(R) the mullingar dog - food producer,

(A) Peter MC Dermot's nephew bar-man,

and (C) Meath's answer to the wolly child seducer

..... a jumper for services rendered springs to mind !!!!!.

Anyway, It's a place well recommended as quoted by a great
person,

who'll remain un-named,

"The AIRWAYS, it's that little pub you pass on the way to
Denmark street, drop in sometime, you never know you
might even like it !!!!!!"

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