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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, 14th NOVEMBER, 1963

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Mrs. Woodham-Smith with An tUachtaran.

Free speech

Speaking at a meeting of the Gaelic Society last Friday, Mr. Con Lehane, a former Clann na Poblachta T.D., described the circumstances in which the edition of the Telefis Eireann programme "An Fear agus A Sceal," in which he appeared, came to be banned.

Mr. Lehane said that he was convinced that the reason why the Government procured the banning of this particular interview in the series was that in the course of it he had dealt with the circumstances surrounding the two trials and execution of George Plant. For obvious reasons this was a case about which the Government did not wish the public to be reminded.

Mr. Lehane went on to say that "nothing extreme was said, nor anything which exceeded the normal limits of comment on public interest during the course of the interview."

Outlining the facts of the Plant case, which took place some twenty years ago, in which he, Mr. Lehane, was the solicitor and Mr. Sean MacBride, S.C., appeared as Counsel, he said that George Plant was tried before a military tribunal. The case against him was intended to be based on the evidence of two men who had made unsworn statements. When the trial proceeded the two men testified on oath that the statements which they had signed had been extracted from them under duress and that the statements were untrue. At the conclusion of the prosecution case a *Nolle Prosequi* was entered on behalf of the State, no evidence on Plant's behalf was called and he was discharged. He was re-arrested as he left the Court and the Government prepared an Emergency Powers Order which was machined through the Dail and Senate. The effect of this Order was to make unsworn statements admissible as evidence even in cases where the person

purporting to have made the statement refused to corroborate it on oath. On the unsworn statements of two witnesses, Plant was executed. At Plant's trial the two men who made the statements implicating Plant and implicating themselves denied on oath that the statements were true and gave detailed particulars of the force used to compel them to make the statements.

Explaining how he came to discuss the Plant case in the course of his interview, Mr. Lehane said that it was in answer to a question put to him by the interviewer as to whether there was any case in particular that he still vividly remembered among the various cases he had appeared in during the 1930's and 1940's.

Mr. Lehane also spoke about other aspects of free speech in Ireland and gave a long list of newspapers and periodicals banned since 1931. This list included one paper which was not officially banned, but a messenger was sent to the printers telling them that it would be inadvisable to continue to print it.

No attempt, however was made on the part of the authorities to prevent Mr. Lehane from addressing the meeting in Trinity. Could this be because the proceedings were in Irish, and thus incomprehensible to any average student of T.C.D. One thing seems to emerge, that there is freedom of speech in Trinity.

Quakers praised

Mrs. Cecil Woodham Smith attracted a large and distinguished gathering that included President de Valera and the Provost to the Examination Hall last Friday to hear her lecture on "The Historical Background to the Great Hunger."

Mrs. Woodham Smith described the difficulties of collecting first-hand material—revealing how the people actually felt—on the Famine. She thought that she had never really been able to get hold of sufficient first-hand evidence and that all that her book had been able to give were the dry bones of history.

The newspapers of that period must be taken with a pinch of salt—the London Times at

that time is what the Daily Express is now, while the Irish papers were too angry to be accurate.

Mrs. Woodham Smith paid tribute to the work of the Society of Friends. During the Hunger their observers, sent out to see what was happening to the people, provided a wealth of material. These included details of diets, diseases and the number who died each day. She had also gained a great deal of information from the Distress letters in Dublin Castle, which the Taoiseach had given her permission to read.

Mrs. Woodham Smith stressed that she had tried to avoid using emotion or invective in writing her book—the facts about the Famine were sufficient on their own. "They speak with such a loud voice that nobody can fail to hear them."

Mr. Donagh O'Malley, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Finance, proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer. He said that at any rate the Office of Public Works was no less reticent at the time of the Famine than it is now, and illustrated this by quoting from a document sent in 1846 from one committee to another: "It is noticed that a loan of £506 is to be made to lower the hills and fill the hollows in Co. Clare."

Mr. O'Malley said that Mrs. Woodham Smith's nine years of deep and careful research had reaped rich rewards and that "The Great Hunger" had made a greater impact in Ireland than any other historical book.

The lecture, not being advertised inside College, was attended by very few undergraduates. It was organised by the Mayo Association.

DUCAC AGM

FRIDAY

Regent House

There appears to be a widespread ignorance of the Central Athletic Club and its many purposes, especially amongst those whose interest and participation in sporting activities is only passing. Its responsibilities cover wide fields, from the maintenance and running of College Park and Santry to the organisation of Trinity Week and the award of grants to the twenty-six affiliated clubs.

Simon Newman, the outgoing Secretary, reported on the Club's activities during his year of office. Regretting the delays which had held up the completion of the Santry pavilion, he attributed them to external labour disputes over which DUCAC had no control, and Mr. Luce added later that the official December opening had had to be postponed to sometime early in the New Year.

The Executive had decided to suspend the 10/- nightly tour allowance for at least one year. This was in line with the Secretary's basic argument that current expenditure had of necessity to be considered less important than capital investment.

The Treasurer, Mr. Thornton, followed next with his report. His annual headache of balancing the accounts had largely been managed last year by the incomparable success of Trinity Week. Profits amounted to over £800. This he attributed to fortuitous weather and the inspired efforts of Roger Brownlee as Treasurer. He was warmly congratulated "in absentia," and Mr. Thornton stressed the importance of Trinity Week to DUCAC's finances.

A succession of reports were then heard. John Fuller-Sessions, Secretary of the Premises and Grounds Committee, mentioned that a subscription fund had been set up in recognition of Bill

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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Vol. XI

Thursday, 14th November, 1963

No. 4

Letters to the Editor

Topper paper

Sir,—I would like to thank you for your accurate coverage of Topper Lockhart's disappearance and Bangassou Community. Of all the papers covering this in Ireland and America, yours is the only one, to my knowledge, which took the trouble to get its facts straight. I might add that if anyone is so mad as to be interested in the project, they may contact me in No. 9, College.

—Yours sincerely,

Charles Hirsch.

No. 9 T.C.D.

November 10th, 1963.

Honest to Newcombe

Sir,—So dry-rot has cleared the Protestants from the Chapel. Michael Newcombe must be pleased! He and his co-religionists have their chance. Let them persuade the Maynooth Hierarchy to foot the cost of repair. The finance-dazzled College authorities will, without a doubt, hand over the Chapel to them in gratitude. To hell (metaphorically, of course) with Gloria Herself and Doctors Mahaffy and Hartford, to name but a few stalwarts.

Seriously though, Mr. Newcombe has a point. Since nobody (except myself) seems to believe that there is still an established church in the University, why should our Chapel be the exclusive property of either of two mutually exclusive sects, "the Church of Ireland" and "the Catholic Church"?

As Mr. Newcombe realises, the great difficulty would be (re-) consecration by a Roman prelate. No Irish churchman would consent to this, since it would necessarily be also a denial of the validity of the orders of the Irish Episcopate. Fortunately, the solution is obvious. Don't (re-) consecrate. There is not, I believe, the slightest necessity for Mass to be celebrated in a consecrated building. Mr. Newcombe seems to bear this out when he writes of the possibility of a mere room in College being assigned for Roman Catholic services.

If Mr. Newcombe were to do a further article on (a) who owns the Chapel, (b) who controls it, and (c) who pays for it, he would be making a really original contribution to historical research.—Yours faithfully,

R. B. McCarthy.

St. John's College, Cambridge.

November 6th, 1963.

Sir,—The general reaction to my article concerning the College

Chapel has been sympathetic, even enthusiastic. The people whose influence could be important intend to do nothing about it however. The Dean of Residence, preaching at Evensong, said that, although such a scheme might be practicable outside Ireland, it was not possible to do such a thing here because the Irish did not work in that way.

Mr. Towe, in a letter which I can describe only as sadly presumptuous, sees unity in every man becoming a perfect Christian. He does not admit of the possibility of being both a Christian and a sinner. It is not possible to conduct a polemical argument on this topic, nor would such a discussion be fruitful. Suffice it to say that I do not and cannot accept Mr. Towe's original premise.

I am accused by Mr. Morrow of a lack of courtesy. If there was such a lack I am exceedingly sorry, for it had been my intention to describe a present situation, to give my personal opinion that it was unsatisfactory, and to offer a possible solution. That such a solution would be difficult in this country, as a result of the religious atmosphere which has pertained for so long, I admitted.

The fact that re-consecration by the Roman Church would be necessary should be no obstacle to any Anglican who is inspired by love of his fellow-Christians and a respect for their faith. Why should there be an objection to a Roman Catholic priest blessing the Chapel?

Mr. Young attributes idealism and vitality to my article and his approach is charitable, if patronising. He suggests that, whilst being proud of his Protestant heritage, he can recognise the urgency of such ideas. This, at any rate, is a first step. Perhaps I may have succeeded in jolting a few people out of their complacency. Mr. Young suggests that St. Columba would have bought my article. The difference between St. Columba's reaction and that of most Trinity Christians to-day is that the saint would not have been merely enthusiastic about a good idea. He would have done something about it.—Yours faithfully,

J. Michael Newcombe.

November 10th, 1963.

Registration

Sir,—Returning from their various student activities, students found themselves be-



BRIAN WEST

If the old Trinity is now gone, it moulded in the late '50s a generation of Munster men with the stamp of George Berkeley's time upon them. Gentlemen farmers, scholars, sportsmen; irreverent of authority, clannish, pious; witty and humorous; mildly misogynic and ribald about foreigners; they did some things well. The properous families of Munster have plenty of horse-sense.

Those who remember Trevor and John will see them momentarily in Brian, the youngest brother. The smile is Trevor's, the charm is John's, the eccentricities are the father's. Without Trevor's mathematical mind and application; more nervous than John and less tolerant, he is almost a better example than they of that last generation.

The new plaque on the wall of the local church says:

Alexander Brian West of Midleton died in his 74th year. A dutiful husband and affectionate father, he was respected by all. God has delivered him from all evil.

At the next hunt they will say: "Terrible thing about poor old West."

"Yes, wasn't it! Of course he'd been going down for the last few years."

"Such a night to go out. The dog led them to the body, you know."

"And the old devil ran the business to the very end; who will take over now?"

In the dining-room they are discussing just that:

leaguered (briefly worded, and neatly typewritten) for payment of £5, magnanimously mitigated to £2, for belated registration.

Yet again the "faceless ones" assert themselves. "Appeals against these fines will only be accepted through tutors." The directive was signed G. F. Mitchell, Registrar. Thus we are not allowed to come to terms with the brilliant architect of the scheme, but must wend our way laboriously through the long corridors of College bureaucracy. The very fact that the fine has

"You won't do—you don't have red hair!"

"Tim, how could you! Oh, Mamma, tell them to behave—they've no respect!"

"Sorry Mother, but you know father didn't approve of women running things."

"How do you know? You never saw him in twenty years and now you think you can push us around!"

"My dear sister, you've been picking up ideas for that dreadful county set you go around with—but you couldn't pick up a husband—do you think you'd run the firm that way?"

"Oh, Mother . . ."

"Hush, dear. Now your father said that . . ."

Andin Munich, Herr Amstel is talking to Herr Spaten:

"Ah, Herr Amstel, is is bad; still he was older than we are."

"Yes, Herr Spaten, but I am so sad. He had such wonderful shooting over there—do you know, we once got Anas Platyrhyncos there, all the way from Camargue."

"Marvellous, Herr Amstel. Herr Amstel, do you remember that little girl he had when he was studying the brewing here? Ah, ha, yes, she was the maltster's daughter, no?"

"Yes, Herr Spaten; ah, those were fine times. Then he married the lady from Boston."

"Yes, Herr Amstel, a very fine woman."

"Do you think she knew anything about . . ."

"Herr Amstel, it is time to work!"

"Ah, yes, indeed, Herr Spaten."

been reduced to £2, and the possibility of appeal admitted, indicates the existence of a conscience on the part of the authorities.

Surely a more efficient method of notification of this change in the system of registration would have been a circular to each student, and not an anonymous notice posted several months prior to the introduction of the scheme.—Yours faithfully,

E. J. A. Clucas,
D. T. A. Gibson.

11 Trinity College.
October 5th, 1963.

more letters—page 5

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Theatre

A SUNSET TOUCH
(Abbey)

This is Michael Mulvihill's first play and to have it performed by the Abbey is no mean feat in itself. Unfortunately there are, as could be expected, some very serious lapses in the vital matters of the balance between moments of comedy, pathos and tragedy, particularly in Act III; and in the actual stagecraft, one appalling improbability was the wheeling of a corpse past a new patient in the opening scene.

The play is essentially static, for its theme is Tuberculosis and a study of the nervous hope and despair of five male patients who are nearing release. Its downfall is caused by the author trying to achieve a tension which is completely beyond what the convention that he has chosen allows. While the first Act is an introductory and sometimes overwordy romp in Ward Four of St. Malachy's Hospital, a amusing, witty and occasionally moving, the second Act exemplifies the limitations of this type of theatre. Having set the scene fully, he tries to give a short detailed insight into each of the patient's lives, by means of the night sister going from one patient to another trying to ease their sleeplessness. He wants somehow to make the audience feel the private hell of each tubercular patient, to capture the dream world between life and death. How much more moving it would have been to conceive this nightmarish quality in a surrealist form, rather than the spotlight isolation that was used.

It is in the final Act that the play disintegrates into melodrama. Instead of the gradual climax, the mood is shattered by the untimely entrances of the comic characters and by the over-emphasised ironic pauses and "double entendres." The death scene and formal incantation of the "Hail Mary" could have made a poignant and hopeful conclusion, but too much damage had been done previously and the total effect was sadly flat.

In spite of the serious limitations of *A Sunset Touch*, one aspect remains undamaged, and that is the author's sincerity which makes itself felt throughout. For this, if for nothing else, it should be commended.

MICHAEL GILMOUR.

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THE BEATLES



— Photo: Irish Times.

As Liverpool critic Bob Wooller wrote shortly after their first important public appearance about two years ago, "Here again, in the Beatles was the stuff that screams are made of . . . rugged yet romantic, appealing to both sexes, with calculated naïveté and an ingenious throw-away approach to their music, affecting indifference to audience response and yet always saying Thank You." Certainly the screams were evident at the Adelphi on Thursday night, but the level of their performance remains questionable since it was practically inaudible. The opening and closing of their mouths was the only indication that they were actually singing. Everything they did was received with demented screams—from telling the audience to "Shut up" so they could make themselves heard, to the flopping of their extraordinary hair styles as they twisted with their music. The screams, therefore, were not an expression of the audience's appreciation but of their self-induced hysteria. The frustrated little Dublin poppies with the dreary prospect of twenty years' courtin' ahead of them, were obviously making the most of this unique opportunity to lose all inhibitions and self-restraint. Their frenzy rose to a peak of animal savagery, beyond the bounds of civilisation.

I felt that this ecstatic response was unwarranted, both by their appearance and the little of their performance I could hear. Two of them looked as if they had just crawled from under a stone after a long hibernation ("more like slugs than beetles" as my companion disdainfully remarked).

The other two were no more attractive than the average grocer's boy. Their hair-styles gave them the appearance of a Du Maurier aesthete, but their outfits were undoubtedly very slick and dapper.

Their spontaneity was their most attractive quality. They were not too consciously sexy, like Elvis, or merely cheeky and cute like Tommy Steele, but had a good combination of the two. They gave the "just one of the lads" impression like Albert Finney in "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning." This was confirmed by the programme notes telling us that three of them liked steak and chips, and one preferred egg and ditto; they all liked the colour black, and listed girls as one of their main interests. Because of their simple, basic appeal the audience find no difficulty in identifying themselves with their heroes. The Golden Idol has descended, and voluntarily assumed feet of clay. Of its success you may be the judge.

LUNCHEONS
AT
Ray's Restaurant
TILL 7 P.M.

Theodora Thrashbint

I turned up on Thursday night in sober and sombre mood for the Boat Club ball, but soon found myself twisting away at the other end of the floor from my partner so that I could spy on the intricate steps of Rosemary Fisher and M.C. Tim Shepherd-Smith. John Binnie won a prize for wearing red socks and Venetia Turner felt under-dressed again, but this time it wasn't physical. I did so enjoy watching Caroline Kane propping up Paddy Madden and John Ryan added an elegance which only Dinah Wood could match. Mike Newling (writer, actor and rower) sent along Mike Newling to represent him, with Heather Lukes in the supporting rôle. Liz Rees-Jones kept the ball going, Patrick Everard was up to the mark and Moira O'Flaherty tangoed with John Thomas who had flown over from Cardiff especially for the Beatles.

On Friday night, Dick Charles invited some of his apparently more teetotal friends to a flat warming party in Sandymount. Sue Huggable kept her admirers at bay with a giant cigarette

holder and gave a touch of the roaring twenties, while Bob Horlin found himself a blonde bombshell and seemed quite happy to be the target; Roland Brinton was his gay, young, care-free self, and sister Sally "shook" smilingly with a somewhat soulful Stout. Roger Ordish limbered up against a bar and then made a faux pas (de deux) with David Ridley who had just returned from a not unsuccessful hunt for liquid refreshments. I had just been to that wonderful new hair salon "Moose of Montreal" for a shork yak and sighed and went to sleep, dreaming of my Knight Charles Day.

Nicholas and Anne Leonard invited me out to Killiney on Saturday night where, to the strict beat of the Vampires, David Wilks crossed his double-breasted chalk stripe, drew in a deep breath and attempted to mirror Amanda Douglas' proficiency at the hully-gully. Bart O'Brien was seen shaking, Gillian Chance and Andrew Whitaker talking, Pippa and Mark Kavanagh reminiscing, and poor Jan was just limping. Gill Hawser and Andy Cairns were late, but we were so pleased to see them that it was forgiven. Pat O'Brien and Hilary Keane

aded a romantic touch to what was a fairly quiet and formal evening despite the "Sunday Review's" comment that there was enough noise to keep the people of Howth awake—that diarist should try sleeping a floor below Paddy Angier and Gordon Jarvie when they are entertaining bagpipe player Alasdair McEwan.

On Sunday we helped Penny Samuels to celebrate her birthday in Tony Quinn's rooms. There was such a diversity of dress that there could not have been a T.C.D. reader among them. Judy Monaghan and Deborah Selway gave the party a preview of their latest design from their own little fantasy world and I must say girls that it had a very definite "quanta wear quotient." Hugh Iremonger expressed his opinions to everyone and no-one, while poor Michael Gilbride winced and suffered his way through one hangover and prepared for the next. The Junior Dean arrived and Dan Corbett left. The quote of the week came from the J.D. while talking to Penny Samuels: "You can't seduce anyone on lime juice," but as most of us were on red and white wine he felt rather out of it.

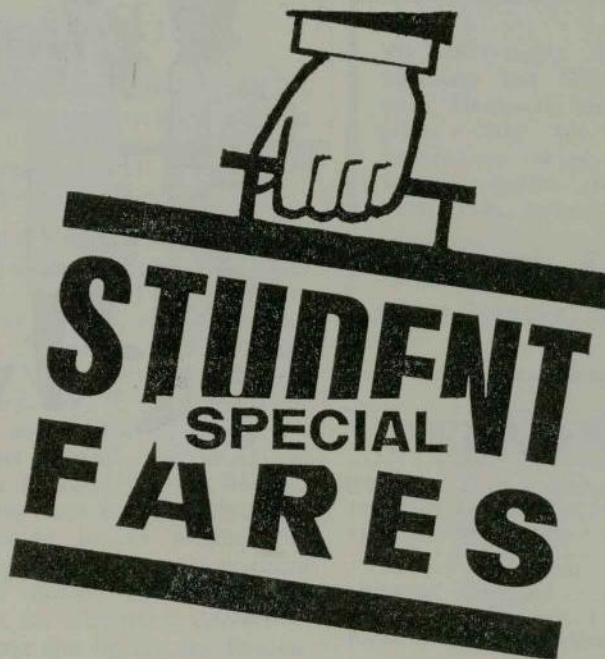
Music

Last Thursday's recital given by Havelock Nelson (piano), Maurice Brett (violin) and Ifor James (horn) was to inaugurate the grand piano recently purchased by the College. The programme consisted of Beethoven's horn sonata op. 17, five bagatelles by Howard Ferguson, Sarabande and Capriccio by Brian Boydell, a trio by Lennox Berkeley, and the E flat trio by Brahms. The Beethoven horn sonata shares with many of that composer's early works the characteristics of length and predictability. However, I daresay it is a corner stone in the horn's repertory, and received a fine performance from Ifor James.

The Ferguson pieces were very charming, as were the two pieces by Professor Boydell, these latter being somewhat reminiscent of John Ireland. These two groups of small scale pieces by modern Irish composers were in fact the only items in which we were allowed to hear the piano alone. The Lennox Berkeley trio was the climax of the first half of the concert. It is an interesting and imaginative piece of music, but it was a relief to get to the work which most people went to the concert to hear, the Brahms trio in E flat. This is a masterpiece, and received here the performance it deserved.

One could not help feeling, however, as a general reflection on the choice of programme, that it was almost a horn rather than a piano recital. The programme was limited by the bounds of the horn's repertory, and forced to include one rather second-rate work, the Beethoven sonata. There was not a single major work for piano in the programme, so that there was no real opportunity of assessing the potentialities of the new College piano. But apart from this reservation the concert was an undoubted success, as the reception of the audience amply demonstrated.

D. J. L.



Special discounts on return fares are available to students for travel between their homes and the college or university at which they are attending a full-time course. Applicants must be under 26 years of age and must complete a Students' Fare Certificate to obtain the discount. But it's all quite simple to arrange. Certificates may be obtained from Aer Lingus or any travel agent.



Palais de Danse

Just to join in a dance this year one needs very much more than boundless energy and a vague sense of rhythm. Gone are the days of pavane, minuet and polka. Even Rock-and-Roll is in eclipse. Now it is essential to have a fantastic memory and speedy adaptability so that one can clearly distinguish the steps of each dance and change to an utterly different one at the drop of a record. Since the Twist became universal, dances have been invented at the rate of one a month, so that it seems that the youth of New York and Paris can give their minds to nothing else. It has proved a heaven-sent phase for the record sellers, the mere mention of a dance name in a

record being virtually enough to assure it a place in the Top Twenty.

The Twist was the first indication of the approaching downfall of the Foxtrot fans; 1909, 1929 and 1959 have been variously claimed as the date of its introduction, but it was really accepted as a way of life only two years ago. It presented a completely different form of movement, strongly negroid in character, and much was written about its eroticism. It fitted almost any rhythm, and was a blessing to those estranged from each other as one did not need to look at, let alone touch, one's partner. Europeans came nearer to dancing round the totem and losing their inhibitions since the Druids gave up human sacrifice. However, one was immediately faced

with a tough problem—to twist as the French, one's hips pivoting on a horizontal axis; or to twist as the Americans, throwing grace to the winds in abandonment of exhibitionism. The English evolved their own twist (a compromise, naturally), nationalised it in the Philip-Twist in imitation of the Duke of Edinburgh, and later began flinging their hands over their shoulders.

With sophistication came subtlety of movement, until last spring the Twist had ceased to be a twisting of the body at all, and in Paris, Rome and later London and Geneva, the New-Twist took over, an ugly dance with pumping arms and stiff legs. Another dance that degenerated was the Shake when it ceased to be the Saint Vitus' dance of the Americans and became the Blues.

Following where the Twist had led were the Limbo and Pepe's-Flan, popular in Spain and France.

Close behind the Twist came the Madison, which was danced in lines and so coped with any inequality in numbers. Once again there was the choice between the Continental and the Angli-Saxon method; and one had to learn at least fifteen variations (with bizarre names from Chapeau to Wyatt Earp) before it was even worth while joining in. Of the same type were the Hully-Gully, the Penguin, the Turkey-Trot, the Locomotion, the Beege, the Slop, the Water-Skier, the Hitch-Hiker, imitating the gestures we learnt in the bus strike, the Pacacico and the Loop-de-loop, evoking horrid childhood memories. Each one was dropped as soon as learnt because of the inevitable motony. The most satisfying was the Mashed-Potatoes.

Familiarity with these two schools of dancing is not enough.

Latin-American dances are affected in the production of the Bossa-Nova, and unless one can cha-cha at the Italians do, and to a syncopated beat at that, one's repertoire is just incomplete.

It is risky to talk about the subject at all. I am likely to be forty-eight hours out of date. But the trend seems so predictable that I could almost prophesy that this time next year, in the day of the fortieth post-Twist dance, we are destined to be doing the Giraffe, the Independent-Deterrent or the Mount-Street-Beat. Absent-mindedly counting the number of Beatles' records per programme to-night, I was horrified to hear the announcer say that they were "ideal for dancing the Noddy or the Monkey." Here were two that I had overlooked, could not even dance. And unless man or beast can show me the Bird I'll never be mentioned in the social columns.



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BRIDGE

IV—BRIDGE TALK

Tim Moloney, one of Trinity's dreamier characters, horrified his partner (Chris Robinson) by trumping dummy's master in hand. Unwittingly he had executed the "Hulek Coup," for by no other means could the contract be made. Before hailing Britain's fair young hope, I must add that a fortnight later Tim brought off the famed "Vienna Coup and Squeeze." I was forced to ask him how he did it: "Sorry, partner, I wasn't concentrating!" was the devastating reply.

As card-players, you know the meanings of "a Yarborough" and "to Peter"—or do you? A Yarborough is a dealt hand containing no card above a nine, so called because Lord Yarborough was accustomed to offering the favourable (to him) odds of 1,000/1 against the occurrence. Petering, the play of a high card followed by a low, thus encouraging the suit, was aptly labelled by analogy to the hoisting of the Blue Peter when a ship was about to sail.

My mission this week is to appeal for a less pedestrian and more colourful vocabulary at the card-table. May I recommend some quaint and pleasant usage of a generation ago, e.g., deck for pack, deuce for two and trey for three; sacrificing is prosaic, try flag-flying; why not, cross-ruff for the French "jeu d'épicerie"—and, whilst in France, why not "Bridgeur" for our own, rather trite, bridge-player?

R. J. B.

Next Week: "Over to You, Partner!"

Any queries rising out of this series should be addressed to the Bridge Correspondent, "Trinity News," No. 3 College.

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U.C.D.

To-night
at the
PHIL

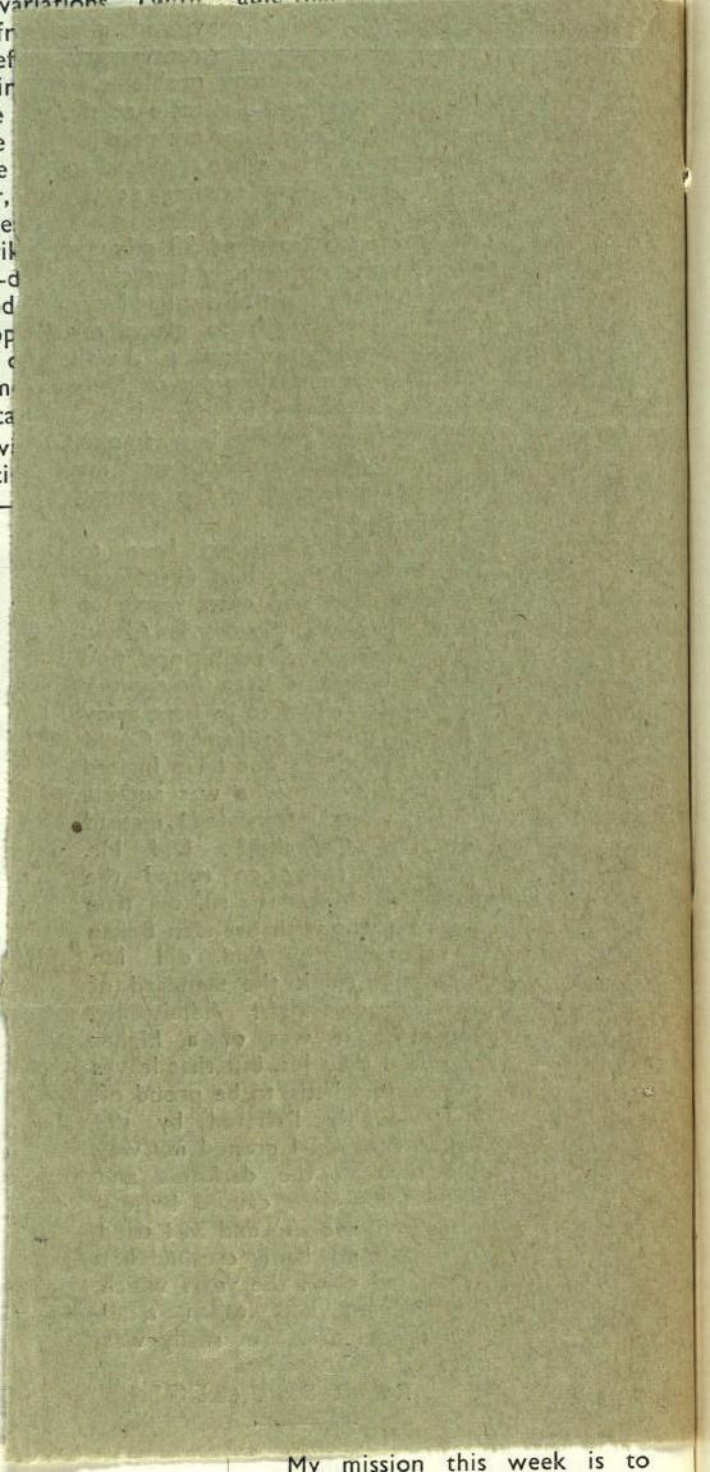
Sir, — Quite convinced that anger is not the answer to twentieth century problems, I flung Shaw and Aristotle at the bookcase, picked up my new hat and set out for what appeared to be a promising evening at the Hist.

Although I arrived 30 minutes early, the surprisingly few chairs had already been taken, but I was fortunate enough to grope my way through the smog to a wall with a commanding view. Only slightly ruffled by the inconveniences of intense heat, smoke, and having to prop the wall, my indignation grew as the evening dragged on.

Did the Chairman have to mumble to the table? (Professor Woodhouse was even worse at the Theo on Monday.) Could the Committee really not find Brendan Behan? Was the rumour true that he had to be kept away because he was so drunk? Could the Committee not have invited along someone who was audible (even when intoxicated) instead of Mr. Churchill? Did Mr. Churchill really go round the hospitals or was the rumour true that he was with Brendan Behan in Mooneys? And did Mr. Churchill think the standard of debating was high? Admittedly, most of it was of a higher standard than his, but that leaves the orators little to be proud of.

Thoroughly irritated by the whole evening, I groped my way out through the darkness and smog (this time caused by exploding fireworks) and as I tried to restore my badly crushed hat I reflected upon the years which the locusts had eaten and wondered if St. Joan really was a tragedy.—Yours etc.,

Robert Scott (S.F.G.S.)



My mission this week is to

What price virility?

"Sebastian, tuck your hair in," she hissed; a beautifully-manicured hand, tipped with blood-red nails, was raised to the offending curls. It was hastily withdrawn with a horrified gasp from Sebastian. In full masculine right-out, we were perched on the edge of our bus seats, travelling at speed towards Trinity. There was no question of preparing to storm and overwhelm the bastion of the Hist, waving a white banner and proclaiming the equality of women. At that moment we were unmilitant, un-embarrassed, and very unfeminine. We had simply decided that Brendan Behan and Randolph Churchill warranted an excursion into the masculine world. Vulture-like, we had descended on a flatful of men and carried off two wonderfully poncey ensembles. Green socks were rejected, as were blazers, but we felt that cavalry twills and Chelsea boots struck a good compromise between the aggressively masculine and the blatantly pansy. The metamorphosis was completed with a fine layer of down painted on our upper lips, and a whiff of after-shave behind our ears. Never have we looked so hideous and so furtive. We slunk to the bus stop, and stood munching hormone pills which it was far too late to take.

The incriminating nail-varnish, discovered on the bus, did not shake our newly-acquired masculine calm. We strode through Front Gate, despite our shoes

being four sizes too large, muttering, "Confidence, arrogance, self-assurance." We were surprised to find as little order inside the GMB as in the Zoo at feeding-time. Scrums of men milled round the doors of the Phil and the Hist with none of the dignity we had hoped to find in these sacrosanct establishments. Our self-consciousness grew as we mingled and heaved, but seemed no nearer to the doors. Twice I caught the porter's eye, but awoke no flicker of interest or recognition. The most difficult thing was restraining our enthusiasm at our sudden ejection into an all-male world. Eye-lashes were not to be fluttered, and no languishing looks were to be given in case we found ourselves in an even more embarrassing situation than we then were. Eventually we battled in. A few people recognised us, but we sat down firmly with our heads between our knees.

It was disappointing that Behan was nowhere to be found, but we felt that Randolph Churchill would amply compensate. He rambled on, amusingly enough, but seemingly lost in the labyrinths of his verbal concoctions and his often irrelevant mental peregrinations. It was almost a relief to be discovered and thrown out after a while, though, unfortunately, we missed the jolly student japes of fused lights and fireworks. What ripping cards these men students are!

Elynour Rumming.

SIDELINE

Keen followers of the Rugby Club will be surprised to know that the Annual Colours Match has been held back until December 14th. Apparently Lansdowne Road has been booked up for a long time and with additional attractions, such as the visit of the All Blacks, one can understand the reluctance of the authorities to let out the ground any earlier. But it would seem that Trinity have deprived themselves of one advantage by assenting to such a date. Term will have ended and UCD will have far more local support to draw on for encouragement.

As mentioned in the report on the DUCAC ACM, the Pavilion Bar is at last flourishing. Colin McGarrigle and David Garst, the new secretaries, have stepped up

the publicity and are at present conducting an advertising campaign in an effort to make Saturday afternoon drinking a regular feature in Trinity's sporting life. This may be good for DUCAC's finance, but there is doubt as to its effects on the performance of the athletes.

Another question raised at the meeting was that of Santry. Finances apart, it has other interesting aspects. Is it going to supersede College Park for most matches? Is the Pavilion to be conducted on the same lines as the one in College? Is Saturday afternoon going to see not only the sporting fanatics but also those mildly interested making the long trek? It is rumoured for one that the Soccer Club will transfer their main matches to the Wilds of North Dublin. But ultimately the success or failure of Santry will depend on the provision of adequate transport facilities. At the moment CIE buses run neither very near to the ground nor very often, and are unlikely to re-arrange the routes just for one or two afternoons a week. Surely, to overcome this, it would be possible to hire one or two private buses to take all involved up to the ground? It would be cheaper, quicker, and generally less frustrating for the captains who are uncertain whether they are going to field a side consisting of 1, 5, 11, 13 or 15 players.

LETTERS cont.

Sir,—Elizabeth Bell reports that "To certain people this is merely a case of deciding whether fluoride is beneficial or not." And further: "They fail to see that the Act (introducing fluoridation of water) is a dangerous encroachment on the individual's rights and sets a particularly dangerous precedent."

Just what is Miss Bell saying? When we say that a thing is beneficial we imply that we should try to achieve it. Consequently, if fluoridation proved to be beneficial (which is, of course, a question of fact) we would aim at it. The only "right" that can be in question here is the right guaranteed to the citizens of a democracy that their demands and desires will be satisfied by their government. And therefore, the "dangerous precedent" of which she speaks is that action on the part of a government which we take to be the very essence of democracy.—Yours,

Kim Netboy.

Sir,—With reference to the article "Petitio Principii" in "Trinity News" on October 24th in which it was stated that "certain elements in the Laurentian Society" were considering a petition to the Archbishop, I wish to make it clear that the constitution of the Laurentian Society is such that the Society, in an official capacity, cannot be associated in any way with anything of a religious nature.—Yours faithfully,

Patrick Doherty, Chairman.

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twentieth century problems, I flung Shaw and Aristotle at the bookcase, picked up my new hat and set out for what appeared to be a promising evening at the Hist.

Although I arrived 30 minutes early, the surprisingly few chairs had already been taken, but I was fortunate enough to grope my way through the smog to a wall with a commanding view. Only slightly ruffled by the inconveniences of intense heat, smoke, and having to prop the wall, my indignation grew as the evening dragged on.

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CENSORED

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Robert Scott (S.F.G.S.)

More and more WUS

Over thirty delegates attended the first council of WUS in Ireland, which proved to be unexpectedly successful. The council, which consisted of a week-end of informal talks and discussions, culminating in the National Assembly on Saturday evening, brought together staff and students from all the Irish universities, and Stranmillis Teachers' Training College, in a co-ordinate effort to establish WUS in this country.

The council represents the results of many weeks of planning and hard work, particularly on the part of Mr. George Everett, who must take most of the credit for the recent expansion of WUS in Ireland. Although several attempts had been made in past years to interest other universities in the work and aims of WUS, it was not until this year that a sufficiently forceful and integrated plan of expansion was carried out to foster embryo groups in all other establishments of higher education.

Talks were given by Cyril Ritchie, the Associate Secretary

of International WUS, and by other delegates, on such subjects as work camps, student welfare, fund raising, and problems in developing countries.

At the National Assembly, the new National Committee was elected. Dr. H. O'Flanagan, Registrar of RCS, was elected on to the Executive as Chairman; Mr. G. V. Everett, of TCD, as Secretary; Mr. E. Thornton, of TCD, as Treasurer; and Mr. Sekgoma Khama, of UCD, as Deputy Treasurer. It was decided that the new International Project would be to finance the building of a prefabricated student hostel, contributed by Finland, for Khartoum University, now that the library for Basutoland University is nearing completion. This decision was reached, after some very persuasive oratory from Salah Mandil, the Sudanese delegate from Queen's. The National Project, on the instigation of Mr. Michael Shields, Vice-President of USI, is to be an investigation into student welfare and mental health in Ireland, a very much neglected problem.

Finally, plans were drawn up for the formation of university committees, and it was resolved to develop WUS week on a national scale.

The council marks a new phase in the development of a national university community, and testifies the increasing co-operation between Irish universities. It is a tribute to those who organised this conference that their efforts have proved so remunerative.

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All overseas students would be more
than welcome on Friday at 8.0 p.m.
at the Adelaide Road Presbyterian
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LAST DAY—Paintings by Gerald Davis
in No. 12. Admission free.

EDITH SUMERSKILL will not be
present at the National Stadium on
Saturday night (7.30), but you should
be there to see John Coker, John
Tyler, Bill Gregory, Micky Bowman,
Dave Buchanan and many others
demonstrating the ultimate in amateur
fisticuffs. Your support will be
needed.

RUGBY

Undeserved win

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY, 9 pts; BLACKROCK, 6 pts.

In conditions conducive to open Rugby, Trinity could only scramble their way to victory against Blackrock. It was in the last minute that Coker dived classically over in the corner to score the winning try.

Although both sides were under strength, the difference in potential was easy to see, but Trinity's lack of application led to the sad tale of "nearly scoring on several occasions." Plenty of excitement, yet it was an indecisive performance.

Trinity started off, it seemed, with the intention of improving on U.C.D.'s 25-6 victory against Blackrock on the previous Saturday. Six points up after ten minutes, and all seemed well. Rees broke clear, having his shirt torn as he passed to Whittaker who scored his third try in two games after an elusive, swerving run. Rees' kick failed, but his general performance was indeed a feature of the match and he completely dominated his opposing international scrum-half, J. Quirke. Minutes later, Coker was fighting his way successfully to the Blackrock line.

After that there was to be no further success until the very end. Why was this so? There were good individual performances. Coker's return to scoring form was welcome and Whittaker again played well. The forwards worked hard and heartily, but they weren't always together as one mobile unit. The opponents felt both Baldwin and Ross, the latter in particular who has made a striking and (we hope) permanent return to form.

As Bob Read was away in London renewing battle with the All Blacks, Hall took over at out-half. He put in one memorable

run near the end, but would be the first to admit he has no pretensions in this position. This is certainly no criticism of him but rather of the selectors' sagacity in choosing someone completely unfamiliar with the problems of this position. As for Siggins, now relieved of "academic harness," he created several gaps himself in the centre but had difficulty in linking up afterwards.

The basic trouble with Trinity's performance was that it lacked that cohesion and fluidity necessary to produce a decisive match-winning team. This can only be rectified on the training field, and it must be done soon as the Colours Match is but four weeks away.

SOCCER

Team-play too late

Trinity kicked off playing towards the Nassau Street goal, but a quick tackling Beanco defence in deceptively heavy conditions soon showed that Trinity's excellent start of the previous week was not to be repeated.

HOCKEY

Trinity gained two valuable league points on Saturday when they deservedly beat St. James's Gate 2-1 at the Iveagh Grounds. As they had done in their previous three games, Trinity dominated the play completely and this time managed to emphasise their superiority by getting the ball into the net.

After the early failures of the season, Trinity reverted to the orthodox 2-3-5 system for this game and on the whole seemed better suited to these new tactics. Nevertheless they were still prone to the defensive error after long periods on the attack. This was demonstrated when St. James's broke away after their goal had been besieged for the first twenty minutes and took the lead. Bagley had to deal with only one more shot during the game, but at half-time Trinity were still one goal down.

In the second half a good goal by Heron put Trinity on level terms after ten minutes. Within the next five minutes one nameless forward had missed two open goals but this prodigality went unpunished, since Mears scored

from inside-right with 10 minutes remaining, to give Trinity a winning lead.

Several encouraging individual performances were evident. Budd looked much happier on the right wing and hit over many good centres. At centre-forward, Heron again worked tirelessly to get the forwards moving coherently, whilst, behind him, Clarke was very safe. At full-back, Stiven and McConnell played with their usual authority.

Captain Becher

The beauties of the Leopards-town course were shown to their full advantage last Saturday, but despite recent improvements in the route through the members' park, I do know that many patrons who are not members of the course find that trek to and from the public car park exceedingly boring and any possible alternative system would be worth considerable expense in the long run.

On Saturday we go to Naas where Proud Spirit may compensate his supporters for his Leopardstown defeat. Merna, Irish Fancy and Hazar Ho will be the main dangers, the latter having my vote. Mrs. Biddle has five entries for the Naas November Handicap, but at these weights I can't see any of them beating Destinee, an impressive fourth last week. If Knockanucanna can re-produce his form of last season he could win the steeplechase event and I expect good showing from Palmira and Paddyando in the Melitta Handicap.

At Cheltenham I look forward to a good showing from Ferry Boat, and Beau Normand could add to Bob Turnell's many winners on this course. Fobria is hard to oppose in the Mackeson Gold Cup, but I could see danger in Sandy Abbott if he is up to his best and Forgotten Dreams will be all out to win. Lower down the handicap I like Barbeyn and old Moretons who returned to winning form over this course last month. Honour Bound must be backed for the Mackeson Hurdle and if it is decided to return Bannow River to hurdles, he is my selection for the 1.30 p.m. at Thurles to-day.

I heard on Saturday of a very sad case of mistaken belief when a man did not check the number of his horse before leaving the tote window. Had he done so he would now be £12 the richer—an expensive way of learning what should be automatic to all race-goers. I should like also to draw your attention to the "Totalisator Information" which is printed in all Irish race cards—a policy which should be followed in England also.

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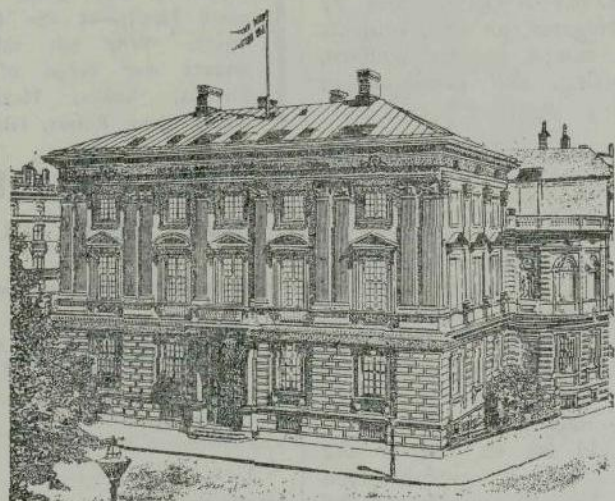
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HURLING CLUB

On next Sunday afternoon in Casement Park Belfast, Trinity's hurlers will make their debut in the Fitzgibbon Cup (inter-varsities hurling championship) when they play Queen's in the preliminary round. The winners of this tie meet U.C.D. in the semi-finals on 23rd November. Last November the annual meeting of the Fitzgibbon Cup Committee voted unanimously to allow Trinity to compete in the competition proper this year for the first time. As a curtain-raiser to last year's final, Trinity played Queen's in a challenge match and after a closely-contested hour's hurling on a muddy pitch, Queen's held out for a five points' win on the score 3-3 (12 points) to 2-1 (7 points). In a return match here in Dublin last February, Trinity gained their revenge when they led all the way to notch a 7 points victory by 4-5 (17 points) to 3-1 (10 points).

Little is known about this year's Queen's team, but of two things we can be certain that they will be fit and will play a brand of hard-pulling hurling which they always reserve for the Fitzgibbon. Trinity will have an undoubted advantage in the basic hurling skills since the team is composed largely of players from counties which are hurling strongholds. Indications are that the team, which will be built around M. Moran (the captain), S. McGrattan (vice-captain), D. Burns, D. Malone and S. Lynch, will be the strongest for a long time and if the forwards are as accurate as in last Saturday's match v. Whitehall Gaels—which was drawn 2-9 (15) to 3-6 (15)—then Trinity should, despite the disadvantages of playing away and under a Belfast referee, be able to record a narrow victory.



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