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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Thursday, 2nd December, 1965. Vol. XIII, No. 5.

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Election Results Announced

S.R.C. FLAPS ITS WINGS

An ambitious meeting of the SRC on Monday evening to announce the Faculty Election results gave many people the chance to sound off about the SRC's relations with the Board and undergraduates. After a somewhat lively discussion, with some excellent speeches interspersed between heckling at the back from a bogus candidate, the results were announced by the Director of Elections, Howard Kinlay. There was an overall poll of 50.7% (an increase of 1½% over last year), and although there were some shocks—General Studies for instance only had five candidates for the five vacant seats, whereas last year they fought it out between fourteen candidates—the results were what were expected by the organisers.

A Bevy of Crashes

Last week and the weather saw three motor accidents in which Trinity students were featured. On last Tuesday night when travelling home from the Law ball the Ford Anglia driven by Terry Liston skidded in O'Connell Street avoiding a pedestrian. The car first hit the building contraptions in the centre of the street and then returned to the other side to place its nose in Cafolas. No one knows what happened next for certain, except that Maureen Marcus was hurt, though Henry Bourke and Heather Bell were untouched.

On Thursday, Stephanie Kyle and Jane Murphy were rammed in their stationary Mini by a doctor on a call. Stephanie is now in hospital with a broken neck.

On Saturday, Dave Altheras mangled his Cortina. But the most disastrous night was Tuesday, when after the Hutton-Bury's dance in Tullamore, Des. Hirsh managed to crash his car twice, once into a house, and again irrevocably into a telegraph pole. Pam Beamish, also returning from this party, skidded into a ditch. A green M.G.A. with a prominent undergraduate waving his Colt revolver, swopped ends on the ice, and was pulled out of the hedge by unwilling fellow-guests.

THE PHIL

TRADE UNIONS

a paper by Charles Mulvey

Distinguished Visitor

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER
OF STRATHCLYDE

GMB TO-NIGHT 8 P.M.

LADIES WELCOME

The highest poll was 100% in the Hebrew and Oriental Languages Department, with the Divinity School a close second with 92.8%. It is only fair to point out, however, that there were only 18 and 28 members of these electorates respectively, whereas the lowest poll, 25.1% in the Modern Languages School, was in an electorate of 302.

Earlier in the meeting there had been some forthright opinion on the role and future of the S.R.C., with very little of the bickering which usually attends these discussions, between the English and Irish students. Stephen White, at present representing Trinity in America, had a paper read for him, and he maintained that the purpose of the S.R.C. was essentially "to co-ordinate and express student opinion," and its role "should be analogous to that of a trade union in a firm." He also saw the future of the S.R.C. as including seats on the Board and University Council, as well as on all the various committees which deal with students' affairs.

G. W. Dawson, F.T.C.D., gave the meeting some opinions which it had not been expecting, and told the S.R.C. that the Board would look very favourably on a joint committee of the Scholars and the S.R.C. to which it might refer when it wanted the opinions of the collective body of students. "Representation for the sake of representation, status for the sake of status" he did not approve of.

The inference in Stephen White's paper that he wished to have a union in Trinity was pounced on by Jeremy Lucas, who effectively built up a case and broke it down with some strong arguments against too much power invested in the S.R.C. when there was no need for it. Denis Hanrahan, Student Secretary of U.S.I., pointed out that there was not enough concerted effort against the Government in matters concerning grants and accommodation, especially at a time "when not one major decision had been taken on high education in the last eight years."



Fy, Sir Jasper, do not use the word "naked"—Dinah Stabb in "The Country Wife" at Players' Theatre.

—Photo Sean Walmsley.

Trinity, first choice at last

THE chief obstacle facing English applicants to T.C.D. may soon be removed. Surrey County Council has decided to drop the clause which stipulated that before an applicant could accept a grant for T.C.D. or any foreign university, he had to apply widely to British universities first.

Should the other county councils follow Surrey's initiative, the number of English applicants to T.C.D. should rise steeply and according to *The Times* educational correspondent it seems most probable that the other county councils will drop the qualifying clause. This means that only five conditions will remain: (1) The applicant must study for a recognised qualification at an establishment of good standing; (2) he should possess two good passes at "A" level; (3) he must show an intention of returning to the United Kingdom after qualifying; (4) the London University rate of grant will apply with no extra money for fares; and (5) no additional aid will be given for the high cost of living abroad.

Beer Goes Down

Beer and spirits, which have recently become prohibitively expensive with frequent increases, were reduced last week by a Government Order, and this was followed on Tuesday by a Government request to the breweries to reduce their prices to the publicans. Although it is estimated that this latest move will cost Guinness £600,000, a spokesman for that company told the *Irish Times* that they "had no alternative but to accede under protest."

Beer and spirits should now have been reduced by 1d. per pint and 2d. per glass, respectively, although many pubs haven't taken any notice of the change.

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Personal

WOULD ALL THOSE who still have Save The Children Fund books please return them together with any money they have collected to No. 11 (32). We are still looking for collectors for this year. Please apply to No. 11 (32) —it will require very little work.

SKI-ING in Austria. Some places now available on private party going to Soelden from 27th December to 9th January; all-in cost (except ski-lifts), £50. Apply to Jeremy Lucas, 16.32 College.

ART SOCIETY FILMS (Art and Architecture), Dixon Hall, December 7th, 8 p.m. Admission free and all welcome.

RATHMINES—Large Flat to Let for two for Christmas vacation. Rent, £4 10s. per week, including electricity. Apply Tim Cullen, Regent House.

PSYCHOLOGY SOCIETY — Free Film Show to-night, illustrating some aspects of insect and animal behaviour and development, at 8 p.m. in Dixon Hall.

Sell Out

U.N.C.L.E., the magazine with four pages taken out of the centre, sold all of its 1,500 copies before anyone realised that they were missing. Its editors assured *Trinity News* on Monday that they were thinking about taking legal action themselves, and were undaunted by "threats" and "tape-recorders in their rooms."

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and the Guinness is better up
there too.

Mod Part 1 To Go

Changes in the history syllabus were announced at the History Society Staff Forum last Tuesday by Professor Moody. The Mod. Part I at the end of the Senior Freshman year is to be abolished; there will no longer be a carry over of marks to the final year, and there will be only one Moderatorship examination, after four years. This affects not only Freshmen, but also those Sophisters who already have taken Part I. On this point, Professor Moody emphasised that the change "can only be to the advantage of students, and should any of the present Sophisters suffer as a result of their performance in Mod. Part I, this will be taken into consideration. He said that the difference can only be "upwards" and categorically denied that "statistically speaking, students have been deprived of any insurance."

Undergraduate response has generally been favourable: "A great improvement," declared Harriet Brodie, although a general Sophister opinion was to be found in John Goodwillie who told *Trinity News*: "I have an objection in principle to changing in midstream."

To Professor Moody there are no great changes, with the actual examinations for the Senior Freshmen remaining exactly the same; but the final degree is presented "in a more subtle and intelligible form."

Tray Request Ignored

Undergraduates are resisting the efforts at propaganda in Buffet to make them take their trays to a clearing table after they have finished their meal. Most people haven't seen the notices, because there are so many; and B. Trunyan, 3rd Year, said: "It's a diabolical liberty; next we'll be washing up as well."

More Expensive

We apologise to those who have saved up only 10/- for their University Calendars which may be ready before Christmas. They do in fact cost 15/-. There has been strong reaction to Mr. Pyper's remark that no one seemed to look up the regulations in the Calendar.

Mass X-Ray

Next Wednesday, December 8th, will see another visit of the Mass X-Ray Unit to Front Square. A free X-Ray can be had from 10 a.m. until 5.0 p.m. The Student Health Service are hoping that as many undergraduates as possible will avail themselves of this check-up.

Bungalow Not Approved

Up before the Housing Committee is a rather interesting case of some Trinity undergraduates who have taken over a suburban bungalow in Jobstown. They each had to commit themselves to £35 for rent and rates, but have now run into trouble with the Warden of Residence, Miss McManus, because the bungalow was not approved. Andrew Allen, Martin Benham, Henry Prosser and Jo Maj now face forfeiting their deposits, because they had undertaken to rent the bungalow for a season.

PIGEON PIE

The word "pigeon" turned sour on Julian Matthews, Martyn Rix and Peter Vesey last week when they invited Rosemary Chamier, Audrey Napper and Evie Soames to dine with them in Wellington Road. While they were eating the pigeons, Julian Matthews mentioned that he once had digs in Pigeon House Road, and this prompted an excursion to visit the site before the ladies went home, resulting in the following sequence of events:

Stage 1: Martyn Rix's car runs out of petrol on entering Pigeon House Road. He leaves the ladies with Julian, and trudges back through the pouring rain to fetch Julian's car from Wellington Road.

Stage 2: Martyn returns in Julian's car, gets out, slams the door with the key inside, and finds himself locked out. Vain attempts to enter the car result in Julian being drenched as well.

Stage 3: Julian takes a taxi back to College, collects a spare key from his rooms, returns in the taxi to the site. Discovers that Peter Vesey has arrived in search of them, and has used his own car to shunt Martin's back to Wellington Road. Julian follows them to enjoy a much needed cup of coffee to warm up.

Stage 4: The ladies are eventually (about 5.0 a.m.) taken back to Trinity Hall (where their late passes expired at 2.30) to find the Warden awaiting them. Launches at attack on the gallant men who had at least struggled to keep the women dry and comfortable. If you know any of the six concerned it would be wise to stick to pheasants next time you talk to them about game.

Engaged



Katherine Nesbitt, who left Trinity in June, has announced her engagement to James Nixon.

Going to Britain?

"Irish Immigration into Britain" proved a most suitable subject for the Economics Society, History Society and the 1964 Committee last Thursday when the three societies joined forces for the first time. Clive Westwood and Estelle Feldman spoke of the historical causes of Irish emigration, which led to a discussion of the causes and results of present-day movements from social, economic and political viewpoints. Mr. J. A. Coughlan, lecturer in Social Sciences, chaired the discussion and pointed out the influence of Irishmen in modern British politics, especially in the Labour Party, and considered that Irish immigration was of great benefit to Britain, although at a cost to Ireland.

Boxed Out

The post-box change-over in Dublin has not been a smooth one. The elongated, double-cavity boxes have not been accepted by many citizens, and suspicious Dubliners can be seen peering round the new structures, seeking some official indication as to whether or not it is safe to commit their despatches to the hollow depths.

It appears that the new boxes were erected to facilitate sorting, but as yet no labels have been affixed to the different apertures. This presents yet another dilemma for the confused citizen: which letters does he place into which hole? The intention seems to be for the two openings to be designated "Dublin" and "All Other Places," respectively, but the little white plaques must have been held up. Could it be that the makers forgot to do bilingual signs?

Notices saying "Posting Box in Use" have appeared on some of the new receptacles, but these look so unofficial that many wary Dubliners now take their letters to the nearest post office. They may like to know that the post-box at Front Gate is definitely operating normally.

S.R.C. Election Results

NATURAL SCIENCES: Total electorate, 364; total vote, 189; 51.9%. Reid, W. J., 169 (elected); Smyth, W. R., 91 (elected); Hinds, D. R., 81 (elected); Wagstaffe, D. J., 66 (elected); Hutton-Bury, D., 64 (elected); Mdha, M., 57; Callender, L. A., 44; Neill, T. V., 38; O'Toole, H. F., 30; Wilkinson, G., 24.

PHYSIC: Total electorate, 265; total vote, 171; spoiled votes, 2; 64.5%. Ritchie, I., 105 (elected); Tan, J. T., 81 (elected); Stanley, D., 75 (elected); Hartman, M., 72; Youell, A., 64; Patton, R. J., 49; Tracey, J. P., 40; Russell, A. W., T., 21.

MODERN LANGUAGES: Total electorate, 302; total vote, 76; spoiled votes, 1; 25.1%. Gomis, A., 47 (elected); Hughes, C., 38 (elected); Hardwick, R. T., 36 (elected); Root, H., 33; Ni Chreagain, F., 22.

ENGINEERING: Total electorate, 155; total vote, 73; 47.7%. Buchanan, A. R., 36 (elected); Mitchell, M. R., 34 (elected); Adams, M. B., 33; Coulter, T., 31.

BUSINESS STUDIES: Total electorate, 168; total vote, 111; 64.8%. Burke, H., 61 (elected); Stafford, J. D., 61 (elected); Nelson, R. F., 52; Scott-Hayward, S., 21.

HISTORY: Total electorate, 133; total vote, 67; spoiled votes, 5; 53.7%. Maxwell, W. H., 36 (elected); Cosby, I. P. S. G., 25 (elected); Coates, J. W., 24; Cruise-O'Brien, F., 22; Garner, H. W. J., 7.

ECONOMICS: Total electorate, 97; total vote, 45; 46.3%. Priestman, N., 22 (elected); Brooks, O., 20 (elected); Williamson, R. B., 17; Grindle, J., 14; Coolnik, G., 9.

LEGAL SCIENCE: Total electorate, 107; total vote, 55; 51.4%. Kirwan, A., 22 (elected); Watson, M., 12; Went, D., 11; Gilbert, F. H. S., 8.

MATHEMATICS: Total electorate, 40; total vote, 20; 50%. Wicklow, R., 15 (elected); O'Heigear-taigh, C. S., 5.

DIVINITY: Total electorate, 32; total vote, 26; 92.8%. McKinley, R. M., 16 (elected); Black, R. J., 8; Jardine, D. J., 2.

ANCIENT AND MODERN LITERATURE: Total electorate, 24; total vote, 8; 33.3%. Harrison, A. J., 5 (elected); Richards, W., 3.

HEBREW AND ORIENTAL LANGUAGES: Total electorate, 18; total vote, 18; 100%. Forrest, L. D. A., 11 (elected); Whitley, J., 7.

CLASSICS: Total electorate, 28; total vote, 18; 64.2%. Noble, R., 8 (elected); Farrow, D. C., 7; Ritchie, A., 3.

General Studies, Law, Music, Mental and Moral Science, Agriculture and Forestry, Celtic Languages, Social Studies, Dental Science candidates were returned unopposed.

There was no nomination in the School of Veterinary Medicine.

Total electorate, 1,729; Total poll, 877; 50.7%. Total contests, 13.

Parked Car Smashed

Charles Dutton's C.D. G.B.Z. saloon car, parked outside Jammets Restaurant, was severely damaged when a speedy 1100 failed to take the curve, and crushed the back of the car. Fortunately for Mr. Dutton, the driver was booked by a nearby Garda. Mr. Dutton said: "I was furious, the damage may cost as much as £200," but he hopes the insurance will cover it.

Nowhere To Go

The Bridge Club has this year hosts for the Irish Inter-Varsity Championships, but there does not seem to be any room for them. They applied for the Exam. Hall, but this was turned down on the grounds that the no smoking rule would have to be enforced. Apparently the Bridge Club cannot operate except in a dim, smoky atmosphere, and have complained bitterly of the injustice of allowing smoking in the Exam. Hall during Freshers' Congress,

ROMULUS RITES

I Say . . .
An Oxford undergraduate at a dinner: "Oxford is such a jolly place, we drink gallons of sherry."

Pop Poets

As I strolled with polite Eastern dignity in the bazaar of Constantine's noble city, flimsy ancient odours and heavy jewelled money lenders wafted past. Yet harshly cutting all this, crude guitar notes coarsed through the air, siren voiced youths serenaded mealy mouthed Turkish peasants. Beatle photographs stood side by side with the bizarre and monstrous display photos of oriental women. Old men deftly bargained for both. Yet now we have protest songs and protest songs protesting against protest songs—I am sure, dear reader, I need only quote the lines of the song "Good News Week" for you to understand why the poetry of this art puzzles me. "Famine's dispensed with the need for coal, by stimulating birth control. It's good news week."

So Snubs

The old man was soft, sad and sorry, sizzling some succulent sausages surreptitiously; singing sonambulant some song suggesting something saucy. So sounded seven soothing sirens serenading sickly swan-songs. Silly sunny sphinx surrendered suddenly. Sliding smirkingly socks so sodden signifying simple sex. Standing solidly safe six suns solemnly sell slightly shoddy ships. Souging sinking seas succinctly slide saving sinners, severing sides, sifting sorters. Snaking snorting seminars slip silently searing serpentine solutions. (Such stories should be suppressed.)

Don Quixote—?

He was 4' 7" and the very distinguished Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. But this He-man was 6' 6" and a husky hedonist, a rowing Blue, a Rhodes Scholar from New York university. They went to a

party, and He got drunk but he talked eruditely and effusively. The party ended. All stood talking on some steps in the ancient Quad, when He was seen filling a watering can. Next they saw the He-man chasing him around the Quad, the poor man's legs windmilling with speed, the American sprinkling him with water crying, "Grow, damn you, grow."

Romulus Regets . . .

Romulus regrets that all those who wish to "call him out" must, owing to the present duelling laws, pay his fare to the Continent. Remus understood this, poor chap.

The Good Life

I found a College poster advertising a lecture on that fine Scandinavian state slightly romantic. It said: "Sweden sex, socialism and suicide." It is rumoured that U.S.I. may put on cheap economy flights next summer. It must be a Fabian's idea of heaven. May I suggest that they try all three and accept the last course advertised as soon as possible.

Expose

The "Sunday Times" expose of the Cuban Crisis reveals the startling inadequacy of the State Department, not only in organisation but as having a total ignorance of diplomatic "savoir-faire". Does it not seem incredible that one Bertrand Russell, a newsreporter of ABC television and Stephen Ward should have been instrumental in preventing a catastrophe? That David Ormsby-Gore should produce the only effective solution to the deadlock that Kennedy could accept, in spite of the fact that every brain had been applied to the problem by the State Department. The Pentagon had cried "Bomb, Bomb, Bomb, let's neutralise the missile sites". Well that's one way to deal with the Commies, Uncle Sam, and, of course, give the world that great American freedom. "Speak up, ah can't hear that man from Alabama."

ROMULUS.

brainwave

There are again rumours that the Phil is considering admitting women to full membership. Last year they were only refused admittance by three votes. As two of the present officers who voted against them last year, President Aidan Clarke and Treasurer David Shanks, are known to have changed their minds, the present Council is, in principle, solidly behind the change. The effective opposition comes from a group who wish to maintain the status quo in the Conversation Room, and who do not take part in the meetings, public or private, of the Society.

That one of the major societies should become mixed is logical.

Yet there is no apparent demand by the female population of Trinity for the Phil to admit them, apart from a few well-known suffragettes. Most of the women who wish to join one of the all male major societies undoubtedly prefer the Hist, which will refuse them full membership, though it might admit them to debates.

The the Phil did admit them to full membership the effects on other major societies would be minimal. Dual membership of major societies would be promoted, with the Phil benefitting. The Hist would not be effected, though anti-feminist tendencies

would be strengthened. The Eliz would not be harmed either as it would still remain the female refuge. Also, at present it does not really cater for women wishing to indulge in public speaking.

The Phil itself could benefit greatly. Its membership would in the long run increase, and its meetings could, in general, benefit from the greater feminine touch. With the admission of ladies to the conversation room there might be initial difficulties to overcome, but these should not be too great.

(Because of the contributor's exalted position, he will prefer to remain anonymous).

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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Not very Major

The present status of the men's Major Societies, whereby they provide the services normally associated with a Students' Union, is due to historical accident: an accident which is becoming more and more unfortunate in its consequences.

For the facilities provided are grossly inadequate to cover the needs of the undergraduate body. The rooms of the Hist and Phil are drab, tatty and overcrowded, and quite unworthy of our University.

The reasons for this sorry situation are two-fold: firstly, lack of money and space; secondly, lack of inclination on the part of the committees that control the Societies. If the attitude of the College in furnishing grants is meagre, the apathy with which the Societies accept their fate is inexcusable.

It seems that the concept of the dual functions of the Major Societies is as inefficient as it is illogical. While the idea of a Union is anathema to most undergraduates, there is growing pressure for comparable facilities to be provided.

STAFF:

Chairman: Hamish McRae.

Vice-Chairman: Tom Chance.

Editorial Staff

News: Sean Walmsley, Gordon Milne, Bryan Rose, Jeremy Lucas.
Features: Gillie McCall, John Macdonald, Brian Crotty, Malcolm Benson, Brian Williamson, Simon Morgan, Robin Mathew, Pepeta Harrison

Sport: John Nickson, Hugh Teacher, Tim Cullen, Robert Whiteside

Photos: Tom Chance, Sean Walmsley, Tim Cullen.

Business Board: William Clarke, Charles Dutton, Charles Delap, Tim McCormick

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It's a long, wet, dreary day
which doesn't include a visit to

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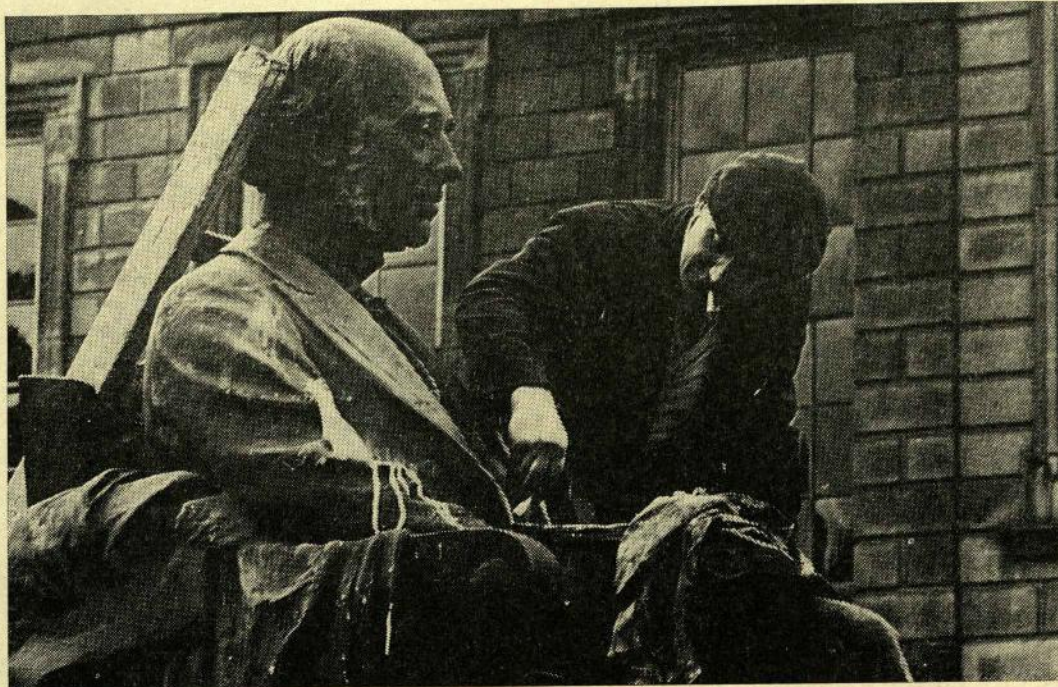
or any of its three bars for that matter

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Vandalism in College



—Photo Sean Walmsley.

The nocturnal paintwork on Lecky's statue in Front Square is laboriously removed the next morning.

The recent outrage in the new super-loo in No. 4, in which very considerable damage was done to lavatorial equipment and to plumbing installations, has prompted us to investigate the extent to which vandalism occurs in College.

rollicking rumbustuousity

PLAYERS' TERM PRODUCTION

Three-point view by:
MALCOLM BENSON
DOUGLAS HENDERSON
HAMISH McRAE

THE PLAY

The strength of the courtly drama which was encouraged by Charles II lies in the exactitude which it captured the ethos of the Restoration years. Those years, and indeed all the period between the death of Charles I in 1649 and the accession of William and Mary, were marked by their turbulence and violence. Consciously and unconsciously the English were scared; nearly half a century of unrest and left its mark. To cover up the fact, they retreated into a type of comedy unprecedented in the history of drama.

Restoration comedy differs from the refined Shakesperian comedy by its stress on sex-antagonism, the physical and the obscene. The reason for this sudden reversion was that society, of which the dramatists were a part, was in reaction against Puritanism. In this, and all other respects, Wycherley is typical of the genre. The anti-Puritan cult soon became exaggerated until everything pertaining to good conduct became a subject for satire. Comic characters were the good people: the heroes frequently lechers and rapists. The small aristocratic

audience gloried in seeing its wit depicted on the stage, and the dramatists made sure to please them.

We have Dr. Johnson's articulate condemnation of the latter: "Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ; Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit. Vice always found a sympathetic friend; They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend."

THE PRODUCER

The Country Wife combines the bawdiness of earlier English works with the wit, style and elegance of French comedy of the time. The aim of the production, therefore, was to retain all these qualities whilst playing it at a speed at which the three plots at least could be followed without difficulty. On the other hand, one cannot play it so slowly that every line may be fully savoured by every member of the audience; if we did that, we would have to start at lunch-time. What I am trying to give in the witty passages is more an impression of wit, of the fops straining for a smile and competing with each other in the art of repartee, and to slow up and bring out those lines which seem to be the funniest and most readily comprehensible. All the witticisms have the same point, after all. There is only a difference of expression, and the humour springs principally from the outrageousness of the metaphor and the recognition of it.

THE FIRST NIGHT

We've become so accustomed to polished performances from Players that Monday night's "The

Country Wife" came as no surprise: a delightfully vulgar comedy handled with a delightfully vulgar touch.

Feigned eunuchy is Horner's (Nigel Ramage) secret weapon in the battle of the beds—this supposedly the result of an unhappy experience in France. And impotence is incredibly funny, especially when it isn't, so to speak. He becomes "licenced to kill." And Dinah Stabb's Lady Fidget is well equipped (and well costumed) to take advantage of this peculiar situation. Throughout the play this pair stay balanced in tone. Other evidence of tight direction is that of the rest of the cast only Geoff William's Pinchwife and Armanda Douglas's Alithea stray from this mean. We have a bit too much of the former; not quite enough of the latter. Gordon Ledbetter as Sir Jasper Fidget and Robin Clark as Sparkish were injured character casting; and a special bouquet to Heather Luke's Mrs. Pinchwife: to hold the audience while writing out a letter was a masterly feat.

Immense technical skill in scene changing and interesting sets, though I would have preferred less use of blackouts to break scenes. Surely the curtain would be more suited to the period? This period was, however, a gift for Bridget Byrne's costumes—lots of colour for the men and lots of bosom for the women.

In fact the only quibble I have with this play is that unless you have a mind of formidable earthiness, you miss most of the jokes—they're virtually entirely sub-navel.

Any investigation of this subject must include all acts against the property of Trinity College, although it is by no means true to say that all such acts constitute vandalism in the true sense of the word. The Agent has many well-considered views on the precise distinction between the act of vandalism and the practical joke, but what becomes apparent is that the two are virtually inseparable. Generally speaking, the authorities do not take as dim a view of purely humorous activity—such as the impaling of a top hat on the tip of the Campanile—as they do of such sheer wanton destruction as has taken place in No. 4. Although both performances cost College money, the mentality behind the climbing of buildings is obviously different from that which motivates the destruction of laboratories.

We have found that, far from being a constant menace, vandalism in College seems to come and go in waves, thus perhaps showing that, whereas a person or group of people may have a penchant for this sort of thing, the disease does not spread and the menace ceases altogether when the infected individuals leave Trinity. Such, certainly, was the case between 1959 and 1963, during which time there ranged an amazing spate of offences. The statue of Salmon, in its old position beside the Museum Building, was painted several times, and Lecky also re-

ceived some attention. The War Memorial was tared and feathered, the Old Reading Room was closed to bookworms by means of a very soundly constructed wall, and the score-box in College Park was burned to the ground. A huge notice was fixed in the eaves of the Examination Hall, this being done in all probability by the intrepid climbers who made the first ascent of the Campanile in Trinity term, 1962. During the same period the altar cloth in St. Patrick's Cathedral was found in College rooms, and every single lamp-standard in New Square was riddled with shotgun fire. Yet of all these incidents, the theft of the altar cloth was the only instance in which sufficient evidence was produced for a punishment to be inflicted.

Moving to comparatively recent times, we found a particularly fascinating case of vandalism in that favourite target, the loo in No. 4. Before this installation was renovated, the cubicles were separated by softboard partitions, but there

soon appeared in these a series of carefully constructed peepholes. According to the Agent, the perforated wall were then replaced with sheet-metal. It is apparent that some resourceful pervert—there cannot be more than one—immediately armed himself with bit and brace, for the supposedly impregnable steel was soon as neatly drilled as had been the softboard. As yet, the new multi-coloured tiles have not been pierced, but we are surely not alone in noting that the old "gentlemen" sign has been altered to exclude even the merest soupcon of gentility. Anticipation?

During the past year the emphasis has been upon theft. The Agent believed that most thefts in College are conducted from without, including the disappearance of mail and the various robberies which have been tracked down to undergraduates, but the long-suffering student is not suspected of having a hand in these recent crimes. Vandalism seems to be going through a lull at the moment.

During the past year, a smoke bomb at Front Gate and a smoke bomb in the Buttery have been the only two serious outrages, while the removal of planks from a scaffolding on the G.M.B. was a prank rather than an operation of malicious intent.

We forecast that a prime target for vandals will be the statue of Salmon in Front Square; the contrast between his pristine self and the black hulk of his balancing counterpart is surely too jarring to go unnoticed by anyone of artistic vandalism sentiment. While alterations to Lecky's mien will succumb at minimal cost to a paint-stripper, a coat of paint on Salmon must be chipped off at a cost of some £50, and it is, therefore, hoped that tearaway pavement artists will confine themselves to a less destructive field since, after a few more years of painting and chipping and £50, the gentleman will wither and finally disappear. Front Square would never be the same again.

Some acts of vandalism must inspire the mechanically minded, and others must inspire the adventure seeker. A very few must impress the sensationalist. On the whole, however, vandalism impresses nobody, angers many and offends the sensibilities of every stable member of the community. The "scrutiny" team hope that the present lull will be a long one.

→ scrutiny ←

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The Rugged Path, by George Shiels, contains some of the best acting seen in Dublin for some time, and it is this which lifts the whole play from the grisly depths of banality. It is an unremarkable story which centres around the attempts of a country Garda to trace the murderer of a shepherd (euphemistically called an old-age pensioner in the programme).

Disregarding the plot's simplicity and incidentally the Jeyes Floral Spray which pervades the air, the play is well worth seeing for its acting alone. Scathrun O'Goili as the murderer's bilious father is alarmingly realistic in his viciousness and Maire Ni Dhomhnaill is wholly convincing in her rendering of a hardened Irish country wife.

Fail-Safe (Academy) deals with the acknowledged truth that the more complicated a machine becomes, the greater will be the possibility of mechanical failure. The film is a working-out of this truth through a strange love-type situation, but whereas "Dr. Strangelove" is a cynical view of how easily atomic disaster can result from human error, *Fail-Safe* is an ironic exposé of how it can come from man's incomplete mastery over his own mechanical creations.

Although the subject is well treated, in its inevitable comparison with "Dr. Strangelove" it will be found that the serious treatment lacks the bite of the other film.

Personalities Go to

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profile

mirabel walker

If a girl in this university speaks her mind about one of her fellow cattle some call her an honest woman and others call her a bitch.

Mirabel doesn't seem to want to fit in to either of these categories. —"I'm sick to death of insulting people", she says and one really believes it. All the same, she has had a good run for her money. "Miss Anne Thrope" and Theodora Thrashbint" sold Trinity News for a considerable time to those who wanted to see who would come under the Walker pen next.

There is a tendency for columns like that to become no more than cheap treatises on social flagellation but even though some of it inspired one to something like mayhem, the rest was usually good for a laugh.

The fact is that Mirabel's main aim is to be funny. If the well-turned witticism is also a wounding phrase, that is very unfortunate. It is the type of humour that, perversely, makes one sympathise more with the wit than the witted-against.

"I should so like to be like 'A.B.'; she always seems as though she'd just had a huge dinner: content—unassailable—you know."

For someone who could be said to hold a certain amount of power ("she could make you or break you in Trinity"—or "I wouldn't want to get on the



—Photo Mike Welsh.

wrong side of her") she seems remarkably unaware of it. Her achievements in the university have been various but when asked what was the most important thing that had happened to her since arriving here, she seemed to attach the greatest weight to

having had a type of bath tap named after her. In fact she waxed pretty eloquent on the subject of the "Mira-tap" and it seemed that her sense of pride would not have been greater if instead of a bath tap, it had been the latest Cunarder.

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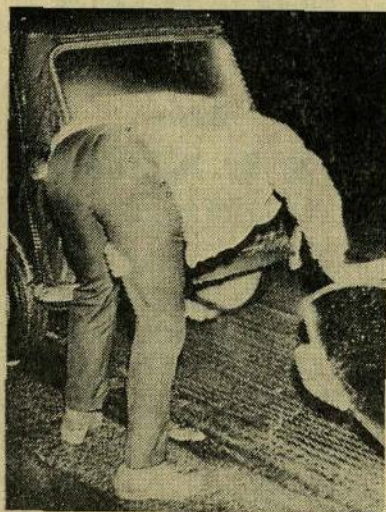
... The two contestants, Gibb and Shillington, had already weighed in and, surrounded by enthusiastic supporters, were having a practice warm up, somewhat optimistically, on brandy and ginger ale. Fiddles fiddling and flash bulbs popping, the match was on. Gibb's motto: "It's all over bar the drinking" and Shillington's: "In vino non multa veritas".

The tapes were up, and within one minute the first pints were down, pelting bladder-ways. This fast furious pace was continued in O'Neils, vacated at 9.25, with both runners pulling hard on the

bit. Two to the good and the next stop was across the road at Devine's, where, for the notebook, "the boss is not only Devine, he's out of this world." The joke was lost on Gibb who was seen to rush precipitately for the door. Next they were both precipitated into Tonor's where the

Report Croupier

Photos: Tim Cullen
Mike Welch



roving microphone picked up Shillington's "I'm getting sick of the stuff" and a belching Gibb's "it's not slipping down like what it should".

From here your correspondent, half besotted, had to avail himself of the press car in which he was hard pressed to catch up with the galloping pair at the soft lights and sweet music of Murphy's.

Crossing the half way mark they forged on and even if Shillington's sudes were quite unsuited to the soft going, he just negotiated the water jump at the canal.

A long delay at Mooney's was definitely in Gibb's favour. With

In spite of the obvious affluence of its staff, "Trinity News" has been unable to buy a race horse. Someone suggested that they should put in a bid for the back legs of a likely "screw," but the idea was reluctantly discarded as it was rumoured that "T.C.D." were interested in acquiring the front half. After all, nobody really wants even the hindquarters of an animal that may suddenly utter something defamatory.

Utterly frustrated, those sparks that constitute the staff have had to settle for something less than the "sport of kings." By the simple expedient of paying for their alcohol they have at livery, as it were, two of the most substantial toppers to grace our soot-encrusted halls (or floors).

Having been out to grass throughout the term, they were last Friday given a training gallop over the "Baggot Street XI," downing a pint of the "frothy" in every one of eleven hostelry in that reputable thoroughfare from "O'Donoghues" to "Searsons" with no physical relief. The timing men were on hand to record performances and the results published with a challenge to allcomers.

To cover this major event in the Drinking Calendar, "Trinity News" sent their ace reporter, Croupier, who, in spite of his own advanced state of intoxication, attempted to follow the proceedings. The time, 9.15 p.m. Over to Croupier at the start...

'The Baggot Gallop'

the pace down to a slow sip, even if Adam's apples were still yo-yoing. Leaning on the rails at this stage were onlookers Brown, Hodder and Stokes who looked a trifle unimpressed by such alcoholic virtuosity, or the lack of it.

Ominous belches from Gibb: "Better to belch and bear the shame, Andrew, than squelch the belch and bear the pain." Vowing life long teetotaldom, the boys began to go for the whips two pubs out with time dwindling fast. A quickie in Waterloo House

was followed by a twenty yard dash to Searson's less bourgeois side, where the clock and closing time were beaten by a bare half minute.

For interested challengers, the time was 1 hour 40 minutes. Good luck to you—I feel ill.



LOWDOWN

How flattering to see that my fellow in the International Affairs Mag. is yet another who feels if you can't beat them, join them. I hope he takes himself no more seriously than I take myself. Admittedly if you don't look after yourself, no-one else will, but that does not mean using your friends as mounting blocks. For that matter these reports do not confer a Double O Licence to Bitch. Malice is cheap and easy, but I would rather sacrifice shock tactics than incur the irreversible alienation of everyone I know.

LUCINDA LOW-DOWN.

Last week was certainly Good Booze Week, starting at Alan Craig and drifting on to mystery host John X who does not wish to be labelled by a mention in my notices. As I groped my way in the stairs were already awash with good drink; but time upright being inversely proportional to strength of brew, the party was well-planned, my knees held out longer than usual. Long enough to hear the Merlin of X's court Gus Hancock reveal the Physics behind his hot-air balloon designed to lift Pete Morris across the Irish Sea. Luring the men as well as Guinevere was Tania Crichton, still a Botticelli angel. Knight at anyone's Round Table is Michael Shiels, always a welcome sight among a blur of drinking strangers. So gentil that he still hasn't touched me for that ten bob I owe him. Chivalry is not dead.

I had to leave to hitch a lift out to Islandbridge where deftly circumventing the sober porters I introduced myself to vivacious hostesses Pepeta Harrison, Angela Durand, Vivienne Yelland and Anastasia David. Across a swaying floor I spied John McDonald whose drink had clashed with Deirdre McQuillan's black velvet dress. Stephen Daunt finding his spectacles too misty asked obliging Elizabeth Benson to clean them. Meanwhile I listened spellbound while Jo Pirie recounted her life story despite Mike Welch who had made friends with a sample of the season's best cocktails. Patsi Warwick's eyes were flashing at debonair Mike Jones now hoping to write Footsore and Son for the B.B.C. I left the alcoholics dancing on the tables. Enough for one evening.

On Friday Hugh Grange, Esq. enlisted the Hist. Committee, the

1964 Committee, his Drinking Friends and five (including self) women, to celebrate his twenty-second birthday.

Fortunately Nicki (I don't know anyone here) Winmill brought the balance up a bit. But then dear old George Smith whipped her away from Chris Anderson, and the party and the ratio slumped again. Charles Melland was effusive but that was mainly because he found Lisa Keatinge "so mature" which was good enough to get him invited to her party afterwards. It was good to

see Tom Whiston and Janice Owen are still with us; less so to hear Mike Lawrence at his chair climbing announcements again. I do find party tricks so embarrassing.

That evening I saw Heather Lukes and Judy Russell at Nobbits and at last I found somebody dancing in the idiom. With Players at full speed ahead they won't have time to give us lessons unfortunately. Spotty M'Goo and friends grasped the opportunity of a free dress rehearsal on Sunday night, which left Keir Campbell at least wishing he lived in the seventeenth century. Andrew Gibb and Murray Scott-Dalglish stationed themselves in the front row with the critics, judges and press. Charles Dutton's critical eye followed Jill Hanna from further back, and Sean Walmsley's Brownie Box clicked away from the door.

On Saturday we topped up the alcohol level with Pippa Packham, David Jewell and Ivor Cherry; and any cocktail party which goes on till ten-thirty without calling in ambulances is worth changing for. Few but Sue remembered Burdon-Davies' first law: "Not more than one glass if I don't know what's in it." Gravity was evidently tugging pretty hard at Tom Harran, who was just able to resist it with Sue Turcan's aid. Paula Street, with the wit which makes her indispensable confronted Robin Knight and came off unscathed and victorious. Rachel Woods, fresh from the lacrosse pitch, had imported Julia Cleave who was

monopolised by William Clarke. Julian Matthews told me I was enjoying myself and he should know. Norah Cooke was certainly enjoying herself and spent time on the stairs laughing with Al McDowall at some undivulged joke, until Pat Stokes came to collect her, after some hesitation at the side lines.

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Soccer

VICTORY AT LAST

U.C.G. — 1;

TRINITY — 2

Last Tuesday, Trinity braved the elements and slogged across to Galway for their annual bout with U.C.G. After one look at the pitch, several members of the Trinity side were heard asking for a transfer but their requests were refused and the game went on.

Trinity were well on top in the first twenty minutes and were staggering through the mud to great effect. They went ahead when Sowerby, that much-maligned player, crashed the ball into the net, where it stuck an inch over the goal line; for this feat he received a well-deserved kiss from one jubilant team-mate à la Tottenham. U.C.G. soon struck back, legs, arms and all; Jackson had the misfortune to put the ball into his own net to level the scores, and so it stayed up to half-time.

The second half got rougher and dirtier even than the first half and was not helped by a referee who had his own quaint interpretation of the rules, which left many a Trinity player gasping as he went down for the third time. Indeed, one amiable member of the Trinity team was heard to use very unbecoming language as he was hacked down with a boot in the stomach, which caused some nearby members of the cloth some embarrassment. Jackson broke through the middle halfway through the second half to level his own score and put Trinity ahead. Thus with darkness falling the 2-1 score in Trinity's favour remained till the end.

Freshers' Rugby

TRINITY FRESHERS — 13 pts.
QUEEN'S FRESHERS — 5 pts.

As if trying to condition themselves for the Colours Match, quite a large crowd turned up in College Park to see the Freshers play Queen's Freshers in one of the best games seen there for some time.

As if oblivious of the rather adverse condition of the pitch, both sides threw the ball around with exemplary gusto. Robert Hutchinson had his best game to date, and after a very fine break, sent James Andrews over for a classic try. Another try came from a handling movement among the forwards, and Paddy Murphy secured the touch-down before converting with his customary reliability. In all, his kicking alone was responsible for seven of the Freshers' 13 points.

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Boxing

Good Prospects

Following last Wednesday's successful novices' tournament, Trinity faced a combined Dublin selection in the Gym on Saturday night. Although few "home" wins were recorded, owing to the inexperience of this young team, the fitness and endeavour displayed augur well for the future.

Coming under heavy pressure were M. Shortt (light-welter), M. Withers (middle), and R. Fitzsimons (light-heavy), all of whom were stopped; but all, and in particular M. Shortt, fought courageously against more seasoned opponents.

Trinity returned to winning ways when skipper R. Condon (welter) and heavy-punching newcomer C. Anthony (light-middle) recorded good victories over T. Riordan (Drimnagh) and S. Byrne (Port of Dublin) respectively.

A reticent T. Stainer lasted the distance well, but was too reluctant to grab the points necessary for victory, and in an intra-club contest the heavier B. McMullen got home against more stylish T. McCoy.

Skiing

Austrian Antics

With reference to "A Letter" (last week's edition) and in view of the sudden increase of gentlemen determined to go skiing (Continental pronunciation?), it has been deemed necessary to warn these ardent souls of the perils incurred by such a sport.

Arrival

From the very moment one alights from the train on the snow-covered street, one is likely to slip, break a leg or be flattened by a sleigh. A neat and nimble

by

Sandra Baker-Faulkner

sidestep to avoid the inconvenience and unpleasantness—not to mention the expense—of being scraped off the main street often result in the shoulder-borne skis of a passer-by swinging round to give one a resounding clout on the head.

Ascent

Stage 1 survived, the next problem is to ascend the slope. The most notorious method is by means of the "Flying Saucer," a small round disc which one is supposed to grip between the legs and, if not handled correctly, gentlemen may find themselves in imminent danger of castration.

Descent

On arrival at the top, one is at once presented with the awesome problem of getting down again! Oftentimes it is not a question of courage that carries a skier down to the bottom of the slope. Skis have a nasty habit of taking off on their own accord. If one is sufficiently unlucky one's feet may be in them at the precise time of departure and the estimated time of arrival at the bottom depends on the fashion in which the descent is made.

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Sport Personalities—5

IAN ANGUS & LENORE BEST

Ian and Lenore met on the Belfast-Dublin walk in May, 1963, and are now engaged. The year 1963 was quite a notable one in their lives, for in that year also Ian won the walk in a time of 26½ hours, while Lenore became the first lady ever to complete the arduous distance. Familiar and friendly faces in College, Ian is a final year G.S. student from London and Lenore is a J.S. in the same department and hails from Portadown.

Charity is an important word in both their dictionaries and, at present, they have amassed £5,000 for the Save the Children Fund, of which Ian is the Trinity representative, among his many other duties as Chairman of the Refugee Committee. Most of this fantastic sum they have collected on

member of D.U.C.A.C. executive committee, Ian has a 9 handicap on the golf course and has appeared with the Wedges on and off—mostly off—since his arrival on the Trinity scene. In his youth at Harrow he wielded the willow for the Public Schools at Lords, though an eye injury in



charity walks during the summer; in 1963 a trek from Mizen Head to Malin Head yielded £200; last year £2,000 was gathered during a walk from Edinburgh to Land's End via London; this summer they hiked from Land's End to Glasgow, picking up a mere £2,500 en route. A journey to Greece and Italy this year gave them an insight into the Fund's work abroad. No, they didn't walk there and back!

Versatility is Angus's middle name: when he isn't walking, he's playing squash, of which sport he's vice-captain, or running with the Harriers, whom he skipped last year, though he admits his trotting days are numbered. A Knight of the Campanile and a

1961 put paid to these endeavours. In what little spare time he has, Ian assists at King's Hospital and teaches Lenore the rudiments of squash. Our thanks for the organisation of last year's College Races are due to him.

School-teaching is to be Ian's profession and, wherever he and Lenore go, their active presence will be a credit to the gathering as it has been in College. Their sympathy and constructive help for the needs of others, reliability and friendly dispositions appear well suited to such a future. In short, if a few more people possessed their understanding and drive the world would be a much happier place.

CROUPIER

Unlike D. D. Lawrence's boy of rocking horse fame, Croupier no longer dreams the winners, primarily because he's an insomniac and then tragically his rocking horse got chopped up for firewood.

In the halcyon nights of his somnolent youth, however, winner dreaming was an almost nocturnal occurrence. That is until Grand National, 1955, when Croupier dreamt vividly that an Irish horse name beginning with B had trotted up from the Sporting Life, it transpired that BELSIZE was the animal's name, so down went the chips at 200/1. This, though, was the dream, which ended in a nightmare, for at the second fence, the horse broke his leg, the jockey's arm and the last slender resources of Croupier's piggy bank. Traumas or form book, you just don't win.

With commencements and return of last year's crop of Croupier fans, the search for winners this week-end has been more intensive than ever, especially with no ARKLE to fall back on.

Unfortunately Naas, the bookies' heaven and hence the punters' graveyard, is the venue, so it is with even more trepidation than ever that I scan the card. BABY-SNATCHER looks a good place bet in the first, whilst in the second KNIGHT'S PASS should be repulsed by the BROWN BOY, but when the fast BELLE OF NEW YORK comes on the scene, there could be a very different ending to the story.

Judo

Last Saturday, U.C.D. Judo Club kindly invited Trinity to their gymnasium. The event was well attended by our members (both men's and ladies' sections) and all joined enthusiastically in the free Randori. The U.C.D. captain proved to have developed an effective Tsurikomisogi technique, but our captain Michael Moore retaliated later with Temeo-nage (stomach throw).

Colours Match

LUCKY THIRTEEN FOR U.C.D.

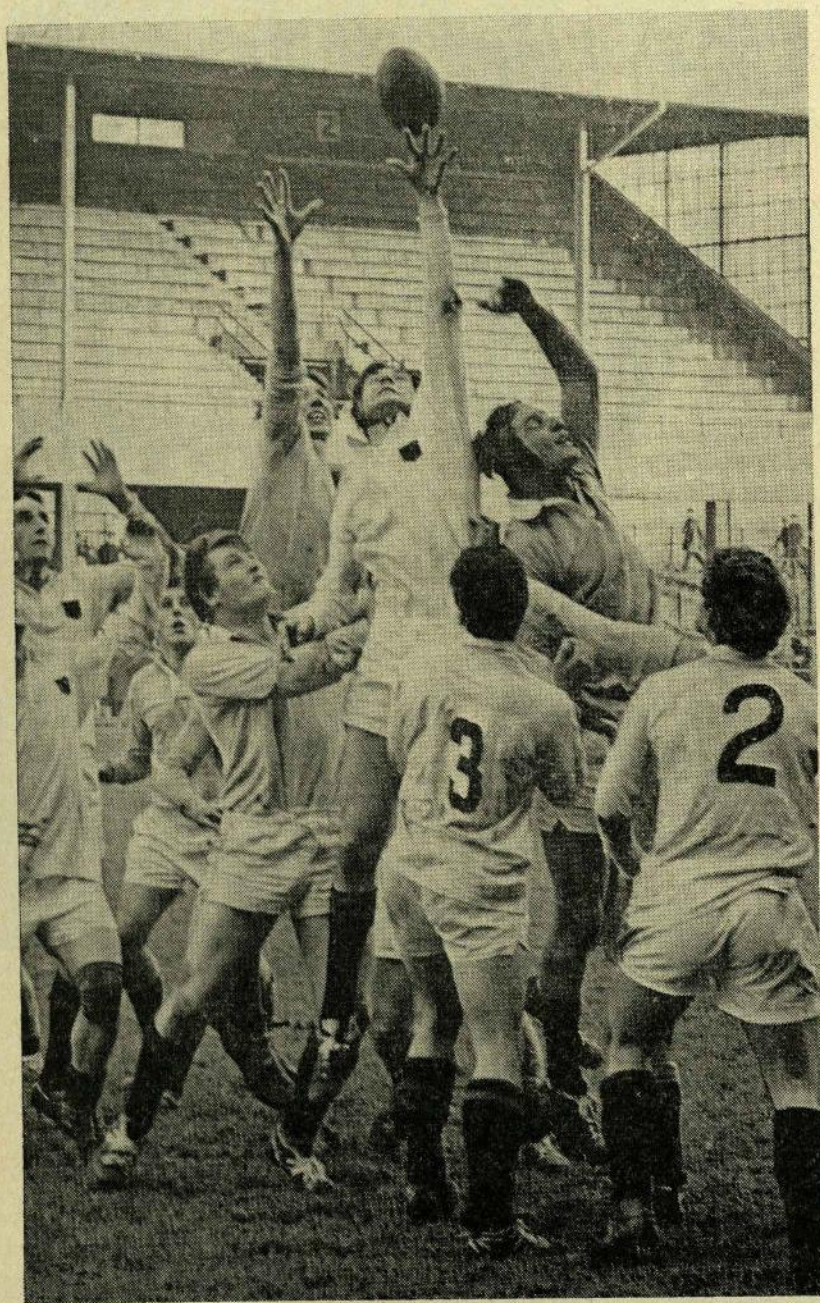
U.C.D. — 13 pts.;

TRINITY — 0 pts.

Scoring two goals and a penalty goal to nothing, U.C.D. won the Colours Match for the ninth time in fourteen games by the largest margin yet recorded. Though both tries were the result of individual opportunism rather than any general superiority, U.C.D. certainly deserved to win. Scrum-half QUIRKE, fly-half MURRAY and full-back HICKIE played outstandingly for U.C.D., and whilst, by the last quarter of the match, Trinity's pack had a decided advantage, the U.C.D. forwards gained possession often enough to ensure victory. This was U.C.D.'s fifth win in the last six years.

Though the ground was very soft, neither side pursued unduly defensive tactics, and the game was notably free of any "incidents." Before the match the defensive ability of Trinity's three-

attacking ideas. For the second successive year the absence of a talented fly-half meant Trinity were constantly outsmarted tactically. Numerous fierce rushes by the forwards got nowhere as



—Photo Tim Cullen

quarters seemed a serious weakness. In the event the whole side, and particularly the backs, tackled with astonishing determination. On several memorable occasions, U.C.D.'s entire three-quarter line were felled one after the other. HILLYARD, a late substitute for WHITAKER, impressed especially in this respect. One wondered why such determination is reserved only for the Colours match.

With the majority of possession in the second half, Trinity's attacks were confined to individual sorties. Though defensive play was often brilliant, Trinity's three-quarters seemed bereft of the vaguest

successive attacks petered out once the ball reached the three-quarters.

Forwards Superb

Trinity's forwards, by the end of the match, had proved their worth beyond doubt. ARGYLE just about won his hooking duel with Leinster rival BRADY. DALE at prop played with tremendous spirit and surprising mobility, and had the sort of match even Ray McCloughlin would be proud of. BUCHANAN was less conspicuous about the field than he usually is, but must take the credit of rallying the side after its disastrous start. In the line-outs DAVIES

by
ROBIN KNIGHT

jumped well, whilst the back-row of 19-year-olds SHERIDAN, HEYWOOD and SPENCE individually and collectively had fine games. They certainly should be outstanding in a season or two.

U.C.D. won the match mainly because of their greater all-round experience, and their superior skill outside the scrum. Eight inter-

Ladies' Hockey

Injuries

CHILEAN CUP SEMI-FINAL
TRINITY, 2; U.C.D., 2

Trinity got off to a cracking start in the Chilean Cup semi-final against U.C.D. on Wednesday, when MARY BOURKE scored in the opening minutes. With this advantage behind them, Trinity showed their best form and went further ahead through MARGARET MILLIGAN in the second half. Unfortunately, a late U.C.D. rally brought two goals and Trinity were unable to force victory in extra time. The match will probably be replayed on December 11.

Not only were Trinity robbed of victory, but they lost some of their best players through injury in this match. OONAGH SHEPPARD received a nasty blow over the eye just before U.C.D. got their equaliser; IRIS MORRISON suffered a hand injury in extra time; CATHERINE COX was hit over the eye and had to have four stitches; and MARGARET TAYLOR had a recurrence of back trouble which may end her hockey career. These injuries came late in the game so Trinity were not handicapped throughout, but this will mean a depleted Trinity side in the replay and in the first round cup match next Saturday.

All credit to our girls for hanging on in the face of adversity and thanks to those whose support made it possible.

pro players and an average age of 22½ years, as opposed to Trinity's team—no inter-pro representatives and an average age of 20½ years—made the vital difference.

This was most true at half-back. CARROLL, well though he played defensively, and Levis, just did not have sufficient ability to stand up to the ploys of internationals MURRAY and QUIRKE. U.C.D. also were much better trained as a team with several imaginative gambits. Only in fitness did Trinity seem to have the edge. Trinity played as well as they have ever done—U.C.D. were simply a better team and played up to their reputation.

Hickie Excels

After seven minutes U.C.D. took the lead following a kick ahead from a loose scrum twenty-five yards out. MURPHY, Trinity's full-back who otherwise caught and kicked faultlessly, seemed out of position and missed QUIRKE's kick which COUGHLAN followed up and touched down. HICKIE converted and the score was still 5-0 at the end of the first half during which Trinity were very much on the defensive.

With the wind behind them in the second half, U.C.D. attacked straight away, but it was Trinity who surprisingly came back to get on top. With 15 minutes left a Trinity forward was caught off-side and HICKIE kicked the penalty goal to make the score 8-0 and really put the game beyond doubt. Finally QUIRKE broke from a loose scrum, with three minutes remaining, and passed to CHEEVERS, U.C.D.'s No. 8, who touched down under the posts. HICKIE converted and the score was still 13-0 when the final whistle blew soon after.

Men's Hockey

Into the Semi-Final

TRINITY — 2;

ST. ITA'S — 0

Trinity became the first team to qualify for the semi-finals of the Leinster section of the Irish Senior Cup when, at Londonbridge Road on Saturday, they beat St. Ita's 2-0 in a second round tie that went to extra time. It was a satisfying victory, for St. Ita's knocked Trinity out of this competition last season, but there was no sign of the form that made Trinity league leaders at the beginning of October.

The Trinity defence can be well pleased with this display, and none more so than A. MCCONNELL, who came on at the very last moment when P. STIVEN pronounced his leg untrustworthy. The halves took a grip on the game right from the start and rarely allowed the opposing forwards to break through. In

and passing seemed to get them nowhere. There was not enough direct action, particularly by the inside forwards, and they must take most of the blame for the failure to finish the match in seventy minutes. An unfortunate tendency to get off-side was also revealed.

E. BRADSHAW and M. DE WIT had good shots saved, and McNULTY swung a shot from a corner just past the top of the post, but no reward was forthcoming for Trinity's overwhelming territorial dominance. However, extra time brought the vital goals, a low shot by McNULTY from a short corner and a flick by BRADSHAW after T. KING had gone though, and so a replay at Portrane was averted.

by
ROBERT WHITESIDE

addition, S. McNULTY and R. MELLON were able to make occasional sallies to the St. Ita's circles in support of the attack.

The defence was so much on top that the forwards had possession for a large proportion of the match, but their eager running

Golf

Successful Tour

The cancellation of the annual match against the Leinster pros and captain, Alistair Bond, stranded in his car surrounded by floods on the way to the club, heralded an eventful week for Trinity's golfers.

On Friday, eight players left for Lahinch to play a new fixture against the local club and Castletroy in Limerick. The match was closely contested, much to the surprise of the locals, as the course was new to most of the team.

JEREMY PILCH produced some high-powered golf and was all square until the 17th when he holed a 20 foot to go one up, which was sufficient to give him victory.

JOHN GRAY was narrowly beaten by ex-international GERRY MCGLENNON, who holed a chip on the 17th to go one up and win. DAVID BISHOP, ROBERT POLLIN and TONY BLACK were not at their best and were easily defeated.

STEVEN BLACK held twice from off the green and, although being four up after five holes, just managed to scrape home with one to spare. PETER BUNBURY had things all his own way and won comfortably against the opposing captain.

At this stage the result was 4-3 for the home side and everything depended on captain BOND. Word had reached the club-house that he was three down with six to play and it was to everyone's astonishment when ALISTAIR chipped on to the 18th to win the hole and match, thus giving Trinity an honourable draw.

Ladies' Lacrosse

Girls Draw

Saturday's match was the Lacrosse team's first league match, which ended in a draw, 8-8, against Pioneers. The team, which was only refounded last year, is certainly gathering strength due mainly to the energies of Daphne Broderick.

Although the pitch was plentifully water-logged, the speed of the game was maintained by both sides. Trinity held the lead until half-time and the final result was most encouraging to a team, which could do with more support.

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