

trinity news

Dublin University's Undergraduate Newspaper

Dublin, Thursday, 24th November, 1966

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Price Fourpence

Trinity librarian leaves for Coleraine

Mr. F. J. Hurst, Trinity's Librarian, is leaving to take up a post as Librarian of the new University of Coleraine in Northern Ireland.

Mr. Hurst, who was appointed College Librarian in February, 1965, had been Deputy Librarian since 1958. He has been largely responsible for carrying out the new extension scheme, which is almost completed.

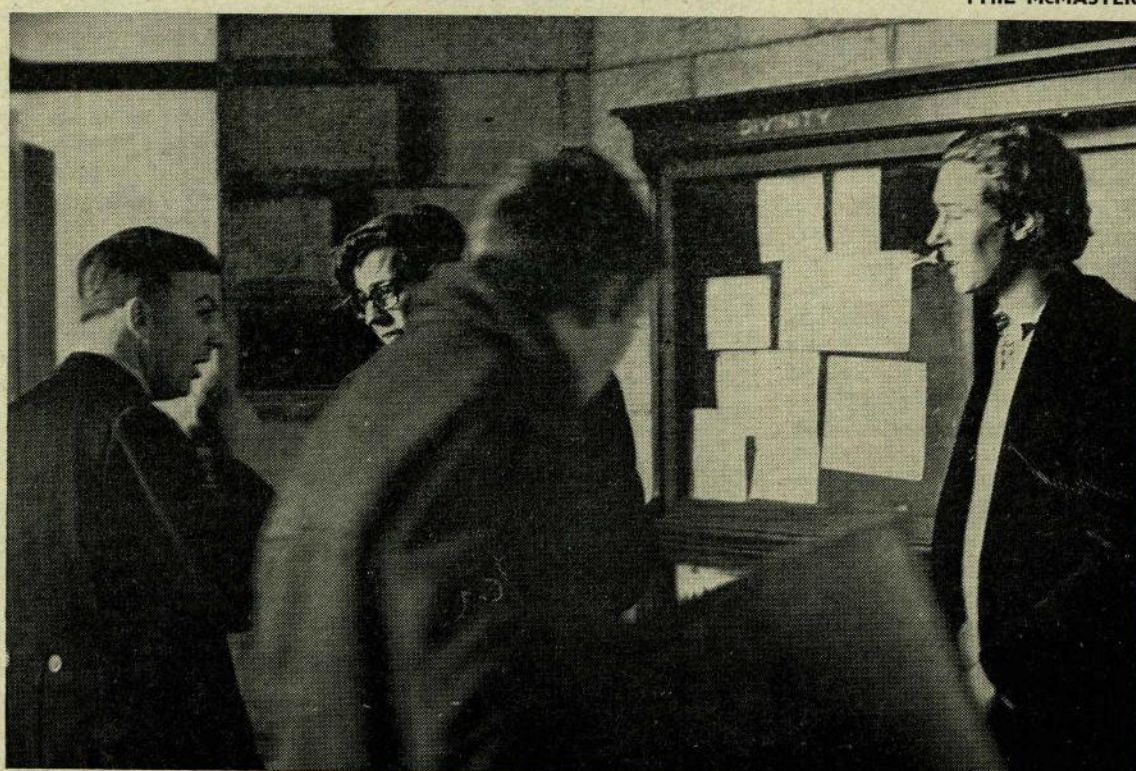
Commenting on his reasons for leaving, Mr. Hurst said: "Having had a bash at running the oldest university library in Ireland, it is a genuine challenge to be asked to run the newest, to set up a library from scratch. There will be no students until 1968, and so it will give one a chance to put into practice fully one's own ideas, which, to some extent, one can't do within an already existing structure. The new re-organisation scheme in Trinity is working reasonably well, given budgetary limitations. I hope to be in Coleraine by April, but I leave Trinity with genuine regret."

Rare books removed from danger

About 150,000 books from the Library have become inaccessible to students following the discovery that the woodwork in the East Pavilion is infested with death-watch beetle. Few of these books, however, are considered to be essential to the normal student, so as yet little inconvenience has been caused.

After the discovery that many of the beams in the East Pavilion were almost completely rotten, the books from all four floors were removed. In the normal course of events the transfer would have taken six weeks, but the situation was further complicated by the delay in the completion of the New Library, which resulted in there being no storage space. The books have, therefore, been put away in boxes and are not liable to be out until next March.

Commenting on the situation, the Deputy Librarian, Mr. Dieneman, said: "The Library staff regret this very much. If a book is absolutely vital to a student he can press his case, with a covering note from his tutor or lecturer, and we will do our best to help him."



11.50 a.m., Monday morning, Tony Lowes, Editor of Icarus, argues in vain with a College Porter.

Icarus: the full story ARTICLE "HAS NO RESPECT FOR ANYTHING"

By John Armstrong

"ICARUS," Trinity's tri-annual literary magazine, will not be on sale to the public this term. Four hundred copies of the magazine were seized by the porters at Front Gate last Monday just as they were about to be sold. The porters were acting on the instructions of Brendan Kennelly, Junior Lecturer in English and Chairman of the editorial board of "Icarus."

At 11.50 a.m. on Monday morning, Tony Lowes, editor of *Icarus*, arrived at Front Gate carrying a table and about twenty copies of the magazine. He set up shop immediately beside the Arts notice board. Only one student had time to buy a copy before the porters swooped down and after a short exchange with Mr. Lowes, bore away their booty to the lodge. Brendan Kennelly, who had been wandering around the front porch, then rushed off to his lecture in the Chemistry Theatre.

When Mr. Kennelly had gone, Lowes went over to the porters' lodge and inquired under whose authority it has been withdrawn from sale. The porters themselves seemed very confused, so the Chief Steward decided to go and see the Secretary, to find out if the Board of Trinity had anything to do with the decision. With him went the student who had bought his copy before the rape. By this time the *Daily Mirror* were on the 'phone and a photographer was busy taking pictures of Lowes. "I was prepared for a violent reaction, but I certainly had no idea that there would be such quick and incredible action," said Lowes.

The Secretary decided that nothing should be done until Mr.

Kennelly had finished his lecture, but as he himself said, "The whole affair is news to me." The Board had obviously nothing to do with the decision. The sole purchased copy was impounded by the Secretary until the situation was made clear by Mr. Kennelly.

After his lecture, Mr. Kennelly said "*Icarus* is not banned." He refused to say anything else until he had seen the Secretary. After he had seen the Secretary he decided that *Icarus* had never in fact been on sale. However, on Monday morning Tony Lowes had posted off about forty copies to subscribers in the British Isles. Since Monday was the official publication date, and since these copies were sent off before Mr. Kennelly imposed his ban, nobody seems to know what is going to happen to them.

The piece in *Icarus* to which Mr. Kennelly took exception was a short story by Lowes. Mr. Kennelly found this to be "not only badly written but also completely destructive in its ideas. It had no respect for anything." Lowes, however, believes, as he said in the editorial, that "It is very difficult to judge literature that is beyond the Pale at any time. Ninety-nine wrong turns will be taken by writers in trying to

find the right path for creative works to follow. No reader is omnipotent; if he wishes one attempt suppressed, he is in danger of suppressing the one path in a hundred."

Lowes feels that it was unreasonable of Mr. Kennelly to act as he did without having even read his story beforehand. Apparently Mr. Kennelly had been forewarned by Bruce Arnold, a past editor of *Icarus*, that it was of a dangerous nature. He had then imposed his ban after only a cursory glance at the article. Lowes himself says, "I was deeply disturbed that Bruce Arnold, after promising me that he would keep this strictly confidential, told Brendan Kennelly." Arnold denies making any such promise. He said that Lowes asked him his advice and that he strongly advised him to withdraw the magazine—similar advice was given to him by Brendan Kennelly.

Lowes continued: "I was more disturbed that Kennelly would remove a magazine without having read it. I think his action was a courageous one because he is going to lose a lot of public sympathy, but I sincerely believe that for him to decide what should or what should not be read shows an over-inflated view of his own merits."

(Continued on page 3)

news in brief

SCHOLARS' DEMANDS

Trinity Scholars are demanding an increase in their grant, parking permits for all Scholars and the right to borrow books from the Library.

These demands were formulated at a recent Committee meeting. Said Secretary Mary Bourke, Scholar in Legal Science: "Our awards should be raised to take account of the recent increase in fees. At the moment also, only resident scholars have parking permits. We believe that all Scholars should have them. Finally, we would like ourselves to be in the same position as the staff with regard to borrowing books."

ELIZ THROUGH

Through to the semi-finals of the *Irish Times* Debating Championships are June Rodgers and Rosamund Mitchell, the team from the Eliz. They came first speaking on the motion, "That Beauty is no Excuse," last Saturday in Cork. Two teams from the Hist are also still in the competition.

S.R.C. TRAVELLERS

Just back from Montreal is S.R.C. External Officer Sean Morrow. He was representing the College at a seminar on militarism. Meanwhile, Ivan Crosby, S.R.C. Committee member, is off to the Ruhr University of Bochum for a seminar on "The University Today." Both trips were paid for by the organisers of the seminars.

PHIL PRESIDENCY

Two candidates are standing for the vacant Presidency of the Phil. These are Gordon Ledbetter, last year's defeated candidate, and Stephen White, ex-President of the S.R.C. Said acting-President Norman Glass: "The result of the election will be announced on the 1st of December."

BOOKS STOLEN

College authorities are increasingly concerned about the large number of books being stolen or borrowed from the open shelves. Mr. Dieneman, Deputy Librarian, said: "In the new buildings we would like to have controls of some sort. There are many systems we could use, including a selective impregnation of books with a radio-active or magnetic substance as in the so-called Green Wand method."

AT ALL TIMES

TOP READERS

PEOPLE

HODGES FIGGIS

trinity news

Editor:
Sean Walmsley

Assistant Editor:
Tim Cullen

Editorial Board:
Charles Dutton, Norman Glass, Mike Heney, Bob Whiteside,
Pepeta Harrison, Jenny Storey.

Business Board:
John Armstrong (Advertising Manager); Andy Veitch (Promotion);
Gordon Milne (Treasurer).

Photo Editors:
Mike Welch, Robert Bolam

icarus

The ICARUS affair need not, and should not have occurred. Weeks of effort and energy devoted to the production of Trinity's only surviving literary magazine were stifled by one short, bungled piece of censorship. But if it was bungled, it was also inevitable — the article by ICARUS' editor, Tony Lowes, gave no censor, Irish or British, any choice.

Whatever the banning of ICARUS brings to the letters columns of the 'IRISH TIMES', on the subject of pornography and literary merit, there is no escaping a few basic points about this pathetic incident.

Firstly, the content of ICARUS has been objected to before. It was reasonable to assume, therefore, that more care would be taken by the authorities to prevent any trouble this time. It is not reassuring to find that the Chairman of ICARUS, who took full and sole responsibility for banning it, did not in fact check the copy of the fiftieth issue, (whether or not it was customary, or whether he had attempted to do so but had failed). It is also surprising that Mr. Kennelly had not heard any rumours about the content of this term's issue, though they have been frequent in the last two weeks.

Secondly, it is incredible that Tony Lowes should be able to write and publish material in a College publication, which he knew beforehand would be banned. Whether or not the article was pornographic is immaterial; whether Tony Lowes was sincerely attempting to write serious literature or merely trying to create a sensation is also immaterial. The fact is that he knew ICARUS would be banned, the moment anyone in authority saw it. In this respect, he wittingly published in the sure knowledge that he was jeopardising ICARUS' future, if not making a future completely impossible.

On top of all this are the events of the last few days, most of the details of which have appeared in the National Press. Tony Lowes has been given much public sympathy, and has made out a very good case for the unjustified banning of a "story touching on sexual matters" (EVENING PRESS), "a story using sex as a method of conveying a message" (DAILY MAIL). Those few of us who have read the article in ICARUS are fully aware that these are naive understatements of a misleading nature.

Yet no convincing official reason for the ban has yet been given by Mr. Kennelly. His own performance as reported in the DAILY MIRROR—"this story is totally unsuitable for young people to read" is hardly likely to convince older and more intelligent undergraduates of this University. For the lack of a reasonable explanation of Monday's farrago, Mr. Kennelly would do no worse than release copies to those who wish to see them. The article speaks, and must speak, for itself. Until now, the only person who has spoken about its contents has been Mr. Lowes himself, because there is not a chance of anyone else seeing copies, least of all the Press.

None of which outweighs the tragedy that ICARUS' fiftieth issue will almost certainly be its last. The only consolation is that something will finally be done to prevent the ugly scene at Front Gate this last Monday. It has happened once too often.

TONIGHT!
AT THE PHIL
"ANARCHISM"
by Eugene Lamb

D.V.S. PROFESSOR SHAPIRO of L.S.E.
LEONID VLADIMIROV (Defector from Russia)

8.15 GMB (Private Business 7.30)

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How to get your date by computer

PHIL McMASTER



HAVE you ever wondered with whom you are most compatible? Have you ever wished that you could go out with someone who really shared your interest in the breeding habits of the testse fly, and not just pretended to? Bored of your parochial friends, have you longed to meet someone new — a Zen Buddhist or a bearded Vietnik?

In the United States computer dating is beginning to be taken seriously and automation is affecting matchmaking and dating. Since 1964 thousands of students across the country have participated in this latest craze, and there is even talk of bringing it to high school level. Compatibility Research ("Operation Match") and Contact, the two largest computer dating programs, were begun by students and they now have members from all over the country and also in Australia, Canada and Britain. Started by students as a business enterprise, it is already giving them substantial rewards. Charging 3 dollars to join, many of the original "Match" and Contact staff have earned enough to pay their way through university.

by Hilary Jaeckel

How does computer dating work? Participants fill in a questionnaire, describing themselves and the traits they look for in the ideal date and mail it to the computer centre in Boston. There the data is put onto tape and fed into an I.B.M. computer which checks their qualifications against thousands of members of the opposite sex.

The computer then selects the ideal date in the appropriate geographical area. Contact even guarantees to send the name and address of your ideal partner in case nuptial bliss is being considered. Obviously this tends to produce problems when the ideal match happens to live in Walla Walla, Washington and oneself lives in Chattanooga, Tennessee. But curiosity is a powerful instinct.

The match-making computer tries to link people with shared interests and it also looks after those of us who cannot abide such unanimity. The Contact questionnaire is divided into sections of 100 multiple choice questions with such headings as "Prerequisites" (sex, age, height, race, religion, preferred dates' religion

and race, year at university and address) and then there are questions on "Attitudes and interests". A typical question under this heading would read:

The date I most enjoy is:

1. attending a sports event
2. going to a party
3. attending a theatre
4. staying home and watching television.

The questionnaire even includes a psychological test. You know, the type of allegorical fairy tale which is supposed to provide insights into your personality: the princess is lonely. She deserts her husband and runs off with "a handsome vagabond". He then leaves her, and she gets lost in a bewitched forest. Her father and the White Knight refuse to help her, so she is devoured by a fire breathing dragon. Who is responsible for her death? Or better still, who is the princess' ideal date?

Contact wants you and your date to agree on several basic issues (ie. on the morality or immorality of premarital sex) which represent your general outlook. "You are enjoying the convivial atmosphere of a cocktail party when suddenly you glimpse an extremely attractive member of the opposite sex whom you feel you must get to know. As he or she glances up and your eyes meet, do you (1) walk over and introduce yourself, or (2) find your hostess and ask for an introduction? Or are you just reserved, and just (3) wait until he or she enters into conversation and then discreetly join the group, (4) try to stay close and hope that he or she will approach you, (5) dismiss the whole incident as wishful thinking?"

Computer dating has its advantages and disadvantages. It provides an ideal way of meeting students at other universities, particularly since the universities of the East Coast (i.e., Yale, Harvard, Vassar, etc.), are "segregated." It is an excellent substitute for the blind date arranged by friends. Romances, though usually brief, do find that partners are really compatible.

One girl at a women's college in New York received 50 odd names of boys who were willing to meet her. Others weren't so lucky. One attractive, intelligent girl I knew at my college received 10 names and she was not encouraged to find that they were nearly all girls. Another girl was thrilled to see the name Jefferson Van Hassel on her list, supporting him to be tall, blond and Protestant — the qualities she had listed on her questionnaire. He turned out to be around 5 foot tall, dark with wiry hair and named Jeffrey Hazelburg. He had cracked the system.

Would computer dating take hold at Trinity? Somehow the hit and miss methods of the borrowed pencil in the reading room and the chance meeting in the romantic precincts of the Buttery seem better suited to social life in Trinity.

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Surfing comes to Ireland with a splash

by
CHARLES DELAP

"We brought in our old-fashioned boards. We got murals sent from California, broadcast some Polynesian music, showed films, and put over to the general public that surfing had come to Ireland."

This is how Kevin Cavey, President of the Surf Club of Ireland, describes the introduction of surfing into this country. The club, his own brain-child, began as recently as last March, when a small group of keen surfers mounted a stand at the Irish Boat Show at Ballsbridge. The response was immediate. Within days, 130 people had written for information about surfing. From these a hard core of 24 enthusiasts was formed, who then bought fibre-glass boards.

Soon "surfari" trips were being made to the south and west coasts of Ireland to find out which beaches would offer the best conditions for the sport. Tramore, in Co. Waterford, proved to be ideal for "hot-dogging" (acrobatic surfing) with consistent, well-formed waves. In the west, the pioneers found a surfeit of suitable beaches, especially those of Lahinch in Kerry and Streedagh Strand in Sligo.

PAUSING only to shake the spray from their hair, the club made contact with surfing organisations in California and Newquay, Cornwall. Back from California came an invitation to send a two-man team to the 3rd World Surfing Championships in San Diego. Still in its infancy, the club could hope for no home sponsorship, but the Californians were keen to have new blood, and through an Irish organisation in the United States they found a sponsor on their own doorstep prepared to underwrite one ticket. "I was the lucky one," says Cavey, "I didn't do well at all, because our own experience was very limited. I came third in

the junior splinter-group competition."

Cavey admits that he went to San Diego not merely as a surfer but also as a public relations officer for the sport in Ireland. The top five officially recognised international surfing associations were there—California, United States East Coast, Australia, Hawaii, and Peru.

Where to now? Next August, the Surf Club of Ireland hopes to hold its first national championships in Tramore. It foresees the possibility of a competition, judged by surfers from Cornwall, for a trophy sponsored by one of the big Irish firms. The winner would represent Ireland in the 1967 World Championships, which are

to be held in either Hawaii or Biarritz.

LOOKING to the Continent, the club hopes to form a European Association with Britain and France. Says Cavey, "We're the only three counties in Europe now really recognised in surfing."

Newcomers to surfing will find on the first trip that they will join a party of five to twenty-five surfers, depending on who is available, and, of course, on the state of the weather. "Anyone is welcome to come along and try surfing once or twice. After that he must make up his mind whether he is interested or not. At that stage he can pay £1 and become a member of the club. We think that after a reasonable period of,

perhaps, a month's surfing, he should decide whether or not to buy a board." A "board" costs £25 and is made of fibre-glass, encasing a foam-centre strengthened by a wooden strip.

During the season (March to October) surfers wear the top half of a "wet-suit" (£5), while for close season surfing, anything but the full wet-suit (£13) is sheer masochism. Asked whether anything of the "mystique" of surfing had come to Ireland, Cavey looks shocked, and says that those days are over.

IN an effort to separate the dedicated surfers from the "good-time boys," a club called Windansea in America has introduced a

local law forbidding surfers with unregistered boards from using the beaches on pain of a severe fine. This has rid the waves of "log-jams" (in California alone, there are over half a million surfers) and with the revenue gained on fines and taxes, showers and modern changing-room facilities have been built.

Though it will be some time before such a glut of surfers afflicts the coasts of Ireland, it seems that surfing has come to stay. Kevin Cavey insists that it must above all be a sport for individuals, and of the pioneer's role in popularising the sport in Ireland, he says: "Our aim is to promote the sport. We get nothing out of it other than the hobby of supporting the club."

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ICARUS

(Continued from page 1)

When asked if he had in fact given such an undertaking to Tony Lowes, Bruce Arnold replied: "I did not give any such promise. I told Tony that I could not until I had read the article. I wasn't able to do this until Monday evening."

About the contents of the story, Mr. Bruce Arnold had this to say: "Funny Boy," the story of Tony Lowes to which Brendan Kennelly and I took exception, describes a number of heterosexual and homosexual encounters all of which end in murder. It describes necrophilia and other perversions. It is explicit and detailed, exhibitionist in attitude and adolescent in style. I believe it was written to shock and provoke as many people as possible. It has no literary merit."

At the moment there seems to be little hope that the ban will be lifted. *Icarus's* future itself would seem to be in danger. Tony Lowes says: "I would really like to see this magazine, into which a great deal of effort has been put, given an airing. I fear not. The College lacks understanding due to the fifteen years in which it has been conditioned by Mr. Kennelly's Druid myths."

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, 1966



Vol. 50

(No. 190)

(53rd Week)

DUBLIN MAN SHOT DEAD

PONTIFF APPEALS FOR PEACE

Rome, Thursday.

Speaking to Christians throughout the world, the Pope made an urgent appeal to-day to both sides in the farmers' dispute to come to the conference table. The Pontiff spoke of the growing dangers of the situation in Ireland and stressed the need for political stability in the South, where there have been two Prime Ministers in as many weeks.

Pope Paul, who was speaking at a rally of thousands of pilgrims in St. Peter's Square, suggested that the presence of the N.F.A. (the political arm of the farmers) at any conference might be a basis for negotiations. The Holy Father said that he was deeply concerned about reports that the Government in Dublin was considering using low-yield weedkilling devices to defoliate the crops, as this might have a disastrous effect on tithes due to the Church.

Meanwhile, infiltration of men and arms along the Deasy trail from Bantry to Dublin continues.

Amongst the pilgrims gathered in St. Peter's Square were Mr. and Mrs. Desmond O'Byrne of Finglas and the O'Halloran family of Ballyfermot.



African students eagerly gather in the Front Square in Trinity College to hear the results of the ballot for the two lodgings available to them. Said one successful candidate, Aluba Olewobuto, 26, "I am deeply gratified by this great dignity."

Mother Hears of Tragedy

DUBLIN-BORN Mr. Seamus O'Grady, 78, was shot dead on a lonely road fifteen miles from his home last Thursday week. Mr. O'Grady, who was wearing a blue raincoat and a brown tie, according to the police, had been taking his "evening walk."

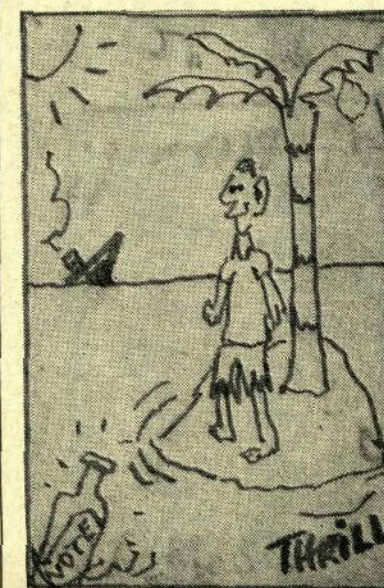
An eye-witness, who was passing at the time, later told Press correspondents that the shots had come from a combine harvester, which sped away after the incident, without stopping.

The tragedy occurred near Pincher Creek, 156 miles from Calgary, in the Rocky Mountains, Canada. Police have already rounded up all combine harvesters known to have borne Mr. O'Grady a grudge.

RED-FACED

Mrs. O'Grady, 165 North Lower Crumlin Road, Dublin, collapsed when Press reporters brought her the news. Sobbing, she wept, "He was a lovely boy. I'll never forget the day they came to take him away. He was very brave," she added, tears now running down her red face.

His demented sister, Mrs. Marie Therese O'Kelly, 83, was not available for comment in the Home of Perpetual Adoration. A sister told us: "We couldn't break the news. Her dachshund, Lotto, was run over by a No. 46B last week. She couldn't take any more news for the R.I.S.P.C.A. said that the dog had in fact been run over by a No. 10 bus. A C.I.E. spokesman said: "It's not an unusual occurrence



"I wonder what tonight's caption is going to be..."

Social

At Aras an Uachtaráin today the President received: The Most L.D. (Hon.), and his mistress; Mr. George Blake; The J. Dean; and a Mr. Harrison Auchterone, of Texas, who served a writ of

UNLICENSED
BULL
THOUSANDS
SQUASHED

A young Dublin window cleaner, Sean Kelly, had a very narrow escape from death when he fell from a three-storey window-sill in

UPROAR IN COURT

THOUSANDS SQUASHED

AS COURT RISES

John Grange of Muckwarren, Oldcastle was fined £2-10-0 with £4-10-0 expenses at the local court for having an unlicensed bull. His cousin Hugh was fined 10 gns. for talking unlicensed bull.

Threat to magazine

T.C.D. Miscellany, Trinity College's 76-year-old anonymous student weekly publication, is threatened with a take-over bid.

Pretty Miss Nora Passenger, its editor, explained to our reporter: "We took a chance with our layout this term, but it seems to have misfired."

A spokesman for Trinity News admitted that at least two of its ex-editors and one ex-treasurer were working for the magazine, but were unwilling to comment on Miss Messenger. "This doesn't rule out the possibility of a bid," he added.

A spokesman for the Board of Trinity College denied the existence of either publication, but the Monopolies Commission has been alerted.

POPE DELAYS DECISION ON PILL AGAIN

The Pope, speaking at a private audience of three Irish Cardinals, and Mr. and Mrs. Desmond O'Byrne of Finglas late last night, said that his decision on the pill would be further delayed. "We must in all fairness wait for the report of the Commission on Higher Education," he told them.

The Pope indicated that any suggestions for delaying its decision would be most welcome. The Irish delegation are understood to have been delighted with this latest move.

—United Artists.

In a scene unprecedented in Irish legal history, the Bench was cleared on account of gross disorderly conduct on the part of the Judges.

Being tried at the Five Courts before Mr. Justice O hUallacháin, Mr. Justice Mac an Disbháta, Mr. Justice O Duinnshléibhe and Edna Sprott yesterday were: Mrs. Ermyntude Jellyfish-Baynes, of Nimosa Mansions, Killiney, and Mrs. Jessie Hickup, of 9 Springe Gardens, O'Mara's Pocket, Co. Kerry. Defendants (who were sadly run over by a No. 5 and No. 49 bus, respectively, on their way to court, and where thus unable, for reasons of mutual demise, to appear in person) were accused of conspiring to conspiracy.

In a groovy robe of red P.V.C., garnished with the sweetest little tufts of ermine (or was it 'ismine?) —created by "Punch and Judex," the lawyers' boutique—Mr. Justice Mac an Disbháta assumed the presidency of the court. Seized by an immediate fit of lechery, he pronounced "Hello, darling," as he ran his hands through the irresistible wavy locks of pretty Proinsias O Púbh, the Prosecuting Council, "Dirty old perve!" shouted the public, to a man. (This man was Patrick Maloney, 56, of no fixed

abode, who happened to be passing the courtroom window at the time.) Needless to say, the judge was taken away by the Gardai and hung.

ASHTRAY

Miss Edna Sprott, remaining on the Bench, declared: "Well, I don't know what to make of all this, I'm sure. I only came to empty the ashtrays."

In the ensuing sub-heading (see above), thousands were squashed.

At Aras an Uachtaráin today the President received: The Most Rev. Primate, Mr. George Blake; The J. Dean; and a Mr. Harrison Auchterone, of Texas, who served a writ of unlawful possession, claiming that the land and buildings be longed to him.

The washing-up was done by Mrs. de Valera, who explained that this was what prevented her from appearing in public more frequently.

Mr. Jack Lynch was attending a cocktail party at a foreign embassy. "Who are you?" asked his host. "An Taoiseach," was the reply. "Bless you!" rejoined the host, promptly offering him a Kleenex.

Corrections

In yesterday's issue, the caption to the photograph on Page 5 was wrongly given as: "The Archbishop of Dublin is seen chatting to the Archbishop of Dublin". This should of course have read: "The Archbishop of Dublin is seen chatting to the Archbishop of Dublin". We wish to tender our sincere apologies to Their Graces the Archbishop of Dublin and the Archbishop of Dublin for this unfortunate inversion.

DEATH OF EX-HURLER

Sean Flaherty, a twenty-five year old father of nine children, was drowned yesterday in his home as he tried to rescue his youngest daughter, Cathleen Brigid Theresa, when she fell down the lavatory.

Mr. Smith was a keen hurler. He played regularly for Ballintubber Eights many years ago. An old contemporary of his said: "Sean was a good hurler and a good Catholic. I used to look up to him."

The funeral will take place tomorrow at the Church of Our Blessed Lord and His Blessed Angels, at 11.00 a.m. Everyone welcome; black tie.

South African award for cats

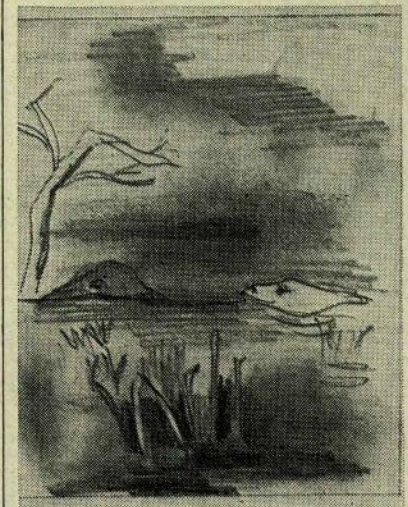
The Siamese Cat Society of South Africa has announced that it will award a bronze medal to cats for "public recognition of an outstanding feat of bravery or endurance". This is the only South African award for bravery among cats. It may be given to a cat of any colour.

Lotto, was run over by a No. 46B last week. She couldn't take any more."

R.I.S.P.C.A. said that the dog had in fact been run over by a No. 10 bus. A C.I.E. spokesman said: "It's not an unusual occurrence. We run over hundreds of dogs in this manner every year."

BULLET RIDDEN

Mr. O'Grady's body was found riddled with two bullet holes. It is not yet known when the burial will take place. Pincher Creek's forty undertakers are still on strike for higher pay and better working conditions.



Bouncer, the dog-otter, lay listlessly by the side of the river, his webbed feet clasped behind his back, wild otter thoughts running through his wild otter head.

What had Flaker the bitch-otter meant by her gesture of swiping him playfully across the face with her tail? When would the wounds on his face heal? Was Flaker as bitchy a bitch-otter as everyone said? Why had she refused the fish he had offered her and told him instead to stuff it up one of his flared little otter nostrils?

Whose advice could he seek? He knew it was useless asking wise old Socrates, the water-vole, since he would only bring out his hoary old joke, "Why ask me? You're an otter, you otter know what to do," and collapse in laughter, tears running out of his tiny water-vole eyes and covering his incredibly stupid water-vole face. Yes, with Socrates, the key word was old rather than wise.

Across the field, Bouncer could hear the ecstatic screams of a junkie ram turning himself on with the help of the electrified fence. Had life always been like this, he thought, for he had read all the best otter novels.

Suddenly, he felt two sharp rows of teeth grasp his tail. Instinctively, he leaped to the right, trying to catch a glimpse of his assailant. At the same time he tucked his head in under his chin, wrapped his hands and feet round his neck, camouflaged his navel and beat out a warning tattoo with the words "I love Flaker" surrounded by a heart. In a blinding flash he realised the source of the attack. He had backed into his set of otter false teeth.

Far away, the ram screamed on. A wind rustled the reeds by the river and Bouncel settled down to sleep the sleep that only lovesick, toothless otters know.

More and more to-morrow.

Sean Kelly, had a very narrow escape from death when he fell from a three-storey window-sill in Grafton Street this morning.

Mr. Kelly, a good Catholic and a personal friend of Peadar MacSweeney, fourth cousin of Sean Lemass, said that he forgot he was on a window-sill and that when he had leant back to get a better swig of his whiskey bottle he had toppled over. However, luckily for Mr. Kelly, his fall was broken by a passer-by, Mrs. Elizabeth Reginalds, of Rathgar, and by her twelve months old son Charles, who was in a pram at the time. Both mother and child died a few hours later in the ambulance on its way to the Adelaide Hospital.

Mr. Kelly, who was treated for minor bruises and shock, said afterwards, "I had a — lucky escape. — me! I'll be more — careful in future. I'll never Mass another miss in me life."

WLD WSDOM

By J. ASHTRAY FREMANTLE

No. 586, 472, 343

ASK THE EXP★RTS

COIN

After a holiday in your charming country a few years ago, I took back with me as a souvenir an interesting large brown coin with a delightful picture of a bird on it. Could you tell me something about the design, and say whether the coin is valuable—Flossie Pook, Cheltenham.

The coin in question is quite common in this country and the design depicts the female of the Common or Barnyard Fowl (*Gallus domesticus*), together with approximately five of its offspring, known to us here in Ireland as "Chicks". The artist has captured the bird in pensive mood, precisely in the act of crossing a road. We cannot, unfortunately, give an exact reason for this action, but it might conceivably be that it wants to get to the other side. Not the other side of the coin, of course, for there you will find portrayed a splendid specimen of an early Irish harp, or *cláirseach*, the original of which is preserved in the Long Room of Trinity College Library. If you stand the coin on end and spin it round smartly, you will obtain the quaint effect of the hen getting its head entangled in the strings of the harp, and if you listen very carefully you might hear its strangled clucks. The coin is worth exactly one penny (1d.).

TIME

Can you tell me the time, please — "Curious", Dublin 7.

Yes, it is precisely 10 minutes and 3 seconds past 5 o'clock.

* * *

CAR RACING

I own a hotted-up 1955 Ford Anglia. Where can I race it?—Fastback, Dublin 3.

We won't commit ourselves (we never do), but we doubt if the better race circuits will accept you driving a car of that age. However, you might try racing here in the centre of the city. The newly-opened Circuit of Dublin (course: Dawson St.—St. Stephen's Green — Grafton St.) is very popular, especially in the evenings, but you should book early. You might also try novice races held each Sunday between Dublin and Bray.

Tip for racing in Dublin: beware strong competition from works-entered C.I.E. Leyland buses (easily recognised — No. 10 painted on their front) which will force you onto the pavement at the slightest provocation.

BIAS

It is an old chestnut, I know, and I apologise to those who, like me, have heard it all before, but it seems that that hardy perennial of women in the Hist is in danger of running to seed. To me it seems that the affairs of the Hist are the affairs of the Hist. But as a body of women in College seem dedicated to the idea of dragging it into the public arena, I feel that it falls within the scope of this column to utter a few words of sense on the matter.

My own view is that I would like to see women attending and participating in the debates in the Hist. This is a view which I was democratically allowed to express by voting on the matter when it was last discussed in the chamber of the house. This is a view which I, as a member of that Society am allowed to propagate through the medium of that society. While holding this view, I will strenuously deny the right of people who

are not members of that society to try to influence the affairs of a society to which they do not belong.

The other week I was in the middle of a speech when I was interrupted by the entrance of several women. This was great fun, I enjoyed it immensely, a splendid student prank. Now, stop it.

This latter-day Suffragettism is a bore. Of course I am in favour of women having the vote. All responsible people should have the right to elect those who are to make laws governing them. The Hist makes no laws for women. While my view is that women should be admitted, I do not think that this is incompatible with my opinion that people who are members of a society should have the right to make laws to govern that society as long as it does not interfere with the right of others.

Go home girls, and shut up. Don't put back your case by impolite action, but let enlightenment spread from inside.

STEVEN HARRIS

After Tynan, Gascoigne, Gilliatt...

Ronald Bryden

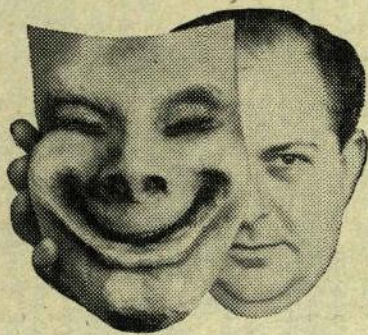
Why? How? What's it like?

RONALD BRYDEN was born in Trinidad and went to school in Canada. He produced shows there. When his college put on 1066 And All That he played the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Do we have here the first, distant stirrings...?

Cambridge. Bryden was at Cambridge from 1951 to 1955, where incidentally he wrote theatre notices for the Cambridge Review. When he went down he wrote for The Spectator, moved on to become the New Statesman's drama critic. It was the success of his work here—intelligent, witty, literary—that led to his being chosen by The Observer.

Full marks for homework. Being The Observer's theatre critic is hard work. He has to see a lot of plays, obviously. It takes research. Bryden was the only London critic to find, then read, a copy of Lope de Vega's *La Fianza Satisfecha*, the original of Osborne's *A Bond Honoured*. (The Guardian had started a rumour that it didn't exist.)

Still not bored. After more than 1,000 plays Bryden has still not been bored. Whatever the reason for this, it seems to result in not being boring. Read him in The Observer every Sunday. You may agree.



Bryden • The Observer • Every Sunday



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CHRISTY'S

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clothes were made for wearing

Clothes are in! Katherine Whitehorn says so. The oracle has spoken. But why should this be so? Such a small portion of the body is covered nowadays that gradually fashion has degenerated into becoming little more than the old sackcloth and ashes tradition—useful for covering the loins but for little else. The mini-skirt has opened up new vistas of knobbly knees topped by acres of thigh and suspender. It is the era of THE DRAUGHT. Rejoice!—but can you?

You cannot get away from the Problem, the knee. Bare, stocking-clad or bulging through a trouser it is inescapable. We are not interested in your Restoration Bosom (suitable for Players) or your Neat Victorian Ankle. Madam, you will be a failure if your knees knobble. If necessary, go to a plastic surgeon.

Perhaps though funds are low, so what can you do? To shun the mini-skirt in favour of Mother's sensible tweed is to invite an even more miserable

end. But cheer up. There are two possible answers. Cheapest — and most boring — is to buy oneself a Dr. Zhivago coat, and to stay in it for the rest of the winter. You will roast in the buttery (and in bed) but at least your knees will be hidden. Alternatively buy lots of trouser suits with baggy legs. Should you have to visit Great Aunt Jane, revert to Mother.

However you've little problem in the evening, for knees are for daytime. Face and hair are for night. — Not that it's recommended. to wear literally, sackcloth, and put on three sets of false eyelashes and your hairpiece and hope no one will notice what gives below the jaw-line. You've still got to wear clothes. They can be so feminine.

The Jemima Belch corner — no. 3

Dear Jemima Belch,

I am one of those spotty-faced, bad-breathed, pigeon-toed youths that one sees around, but that is beside the point... (Hear, hear! J.B.) (Shut up and get on with it. Ed) (Hello, Ed., fancy seeing you around. J.B.) (Hello, J.B., how

are you keeping yourself? Ed.) (I'm fine, apart from the usual lumbago, chronic rheumatism, arthritis, neuralgia, asthma, gritty groin, etc., oh and there's the galloping sphincter decay, not to mention the Parkinson's, Bright's and MacGonagall's disease. J.B.) (That's splendid; you must come up and see me sometimes. Ed.) (Ooh, you saucy thing! Hey, listen, what about you and me getting out of these brackets and having a nice cosy little chat together in the open? J.B.). Suits me. Ed. Well now, it's charming weather that we're after...

Here Miss Belch is interrupted by the delivery of a note from the Spotty-Faced Youth which reads: "Excuse me, but there was the little matter of my letter..." Jemima Belch and the Editor remark in unison. Ah, get stuffed, will you?", turn savagely on the correspondence and rip up the note and the letter into little shreds. They were last seen staggering arm in arm under the Campanile, singing a rousing chorus from that grand old folk ballad, written, I believe, by Anon (or was it A Nun?): "The sexual life in Mobile of sweet Eskimo Nell from Inverness, or what happened when the good ship Venus ran aground on a camel-laden iceberg off the Texan Highlands."

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A manager from Unilever will be visiting your University during the Spring Term to interview students. Details of his visit can be had from your Appointments Officer.

profile: John Nickson

The artful diplomat

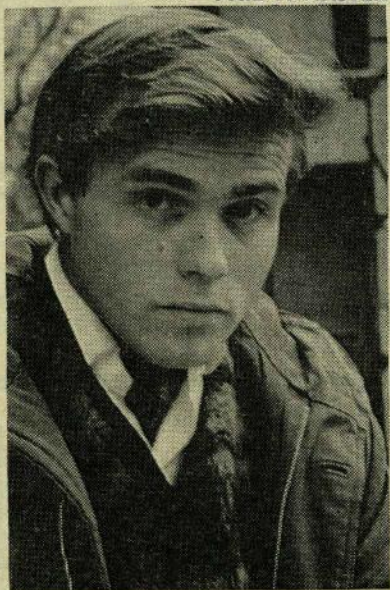
"WHAT do they want to do a profile of me for?" Modest and practical, that's John Nickson. With a perennial 1950's quiff in his hair and an equally perennial jersey which never left his back all last year, he has taken to hibernating in strange places like his deluxe flat in Ballsbridge.

Now in his final year, Nickson, as one of the most successful Chairmen of *Trinity News*, stands on the threshold of a career in journalism. With his gentle Lancashire accent, he is one of the few people to have broken into social cliques of almost every description in Trinity, and for him that could hardly have been more unintentional.

MORE recently he has worked near Copenhagen and hitched around Scandinavia, some of the time with a wild-living travelling salesman—"we drank ourselves silly for about ten days." Among his wide ranging jobs he has spent five weeks in the South of France grape picking.

In the academic sphere, he reads avidly and dabbles in writing rapacious poetry. In the Phil he felt inspired to read a paper on "Sean O'Casey and Communism." When he was not involved in guiding the destinies of Trinity's weekly newspaper, he squeezed in time to arrange the layout for *Contact*. All in all, John Nickson has tried his hand at most things and somehow or other has managed to do them well and with cool urbanity. Not surprisingly, he is known as the artful diplomat.

PHIL McMASTER



His happy-go-lucky manner and abundant gaiety have endeared him to his many friends and he is equally at ease with tramps and beggars whom he used to visit in hospitals "to cheer them up" as he is with Old Etonians. Coming from an English north country minor public school, he has little time for social distinctions.

FOR TWO years he assumed the role of Captain of the infamous Grasshoppers rugby team, which "played a game of rugby in between pints of beer." Nickson was a nifty and aggressive fly-half and sometimes in flamboyant mood wore his Australian bush hat to quell the enemy.

Beneath his unassuming and gay exterior he hides a certain vitality, for in the long vacations he has always tried to get as far from the rigours of these islands as his shaky budget would allow. This has included an adventurous trip to the United States, Mexico and Canada, where he worked for a time as a game warden in the Rockies at 100 dollars a month.

GOLF

No disgrace

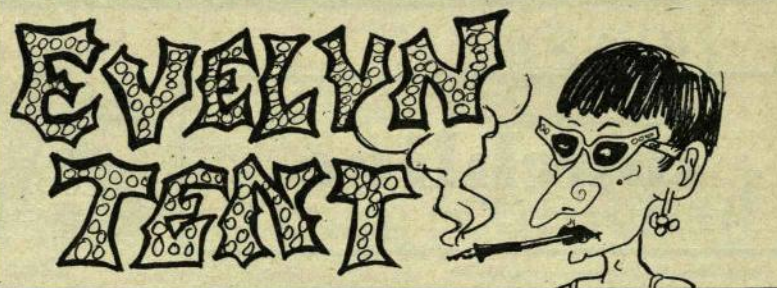
Lahinch 7 Trinity 1
Castletroy 3 Trinity 1

The Golf Club suffered two heavy defeats over the week-end against Lahinch and Castletroy, but there is no cause for dismay. In both matches the golf was of the highest quality, especially at Lahinch where the home side fielded three former internationals in their team.

STEVEN BLACK, the captain, played excellent golf to record a second win over former international BRUD SLATTERY, who was playing as low as number six in the order. It is interesting to note that all the members of the Trinity team broke 80 over the championship course.

Against Castletroy on the Sunday, the team again only managed to win one match. It was extremely unfortunate for IAN ELLIOTT, who played brilliantly for a gross 70, and MICHAEL MORRISSEY to find their opposition just one shot too good for them.

There has been a welcome renewal of activity among Trinity's lady golfers. In a recent match Trinity only went down 2½-3½ to U.C.D. and MARY O'CONNELL had an encouraging win. Captain LESLEY MATHERS has some new recruits, but more new members for the club would be very welcome. Anyone wishing to join should contact the captain, c/o No. 6.



Friday: 5.30 a.m. call followed by hot bath. I used Rev-Factor's "Party Panacea" which Lady Featherstonehaugh - Cholmondley was kind enough to lend me in Bermuda last week (note in diary to go back and return it next week).

Morning in office arranging Ball for expectant mother in 1985 — let's hope it's a girl. Flew out to Dublin in an Aer Lingus D.C.2, wearing a turquoise two-piece suit which blended enchantingly with the sun's reflection on the wing tips.

Only time for a passing glance at the Bloodstock sales before changing for drinks with Alison Gardner, Lari MacDevitt, Dawn Findlay and Christine Taylor. A lot of old friends here especially Geoff Kidner and Julia Groves-Raines, but I expect their week at Tring will do them a power of good. Liz Bryan had just returned from Sheffield and was sporting a glorious tan to prove it, which almost outdid my permanent one.

A brief peek at Peter Jordan's where I was sold a programme by Joan Weir who looked gorgeous

in candy-striped tights (from Pucci of Portobello road), and I took my seat to watch Francis Gilbert amusing himself and Sian Richards telling David Maxwell-Fitzgerald all about his party.

My dear friends Charles Taylor and Julian Hutson having milked the cream of the Buttery dry escorted me to Delia and Maureen Gallagher's, but unfortunately they were not invited, but who there was?

Saturday: Call at 6.00 a.m. No hot water for my bath (note in diary not to stay at Trinity Hall again). Went to see my poodle-faker for a trim, and took some trouble preparing for Danny Crane's curious event. Passing the queue of the uninvited (a fascinating trait of Dublin parties) I stepped through the hole in the door thoughtfully provided by Richard Condon's fist, and feeling slightly perplexed I was glad to find Chloe Sayer who looked stunning, but certain other "gentlemen" were less glad to see me, and I was ejected, dejected and stunned (note in diary to give a talk on "The Unimportance of a Skeleton called Ross").

New knights are named

At a meeting of the Council of the Knights of the Campanile last week, ten new Knights were elected. They were: B. ARMSTRONG and M. RYDER (Boat); D. BUCHANAN, F. KEANE and A. RAY (Football); R. CONDON (Boxing); J. MILLS (Gaelic Football); C. BUTTERWORTH (Athletics); F. GRAHAM (Tennis), and T. NOLAN (Association Football).

Personal

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You MUST be going to at least ONE cocktail party on November, 30th. Join the celebrations afterwards at the Rugby Club's Colours Ball in the Intercontinental. Tickets from No. 15, 21. Only 23 left for the Ball of the term.

LING COLLEGE ANNUAL BALL —Wednesday, 14th December, at Jury's. Tickets: 28/-. Contact Susan Plewman, Tel. 894074.

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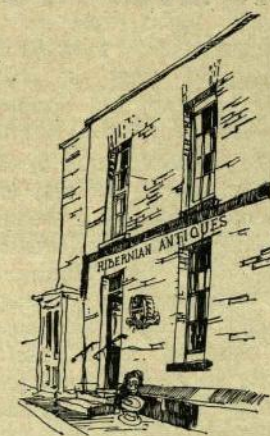
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touchline

On Wednesday at Lansdowne Road, Trinity meet U.C.D. in the annual Colours Rugby match. They enter the fray, as usual, in the position of underdogs, for U.C.D. have a team full of international and inter-provincial players, while Trinity can only offer two who have received representative recognition. Moreover, the U.C.D. side is a well-established one (players like prop forward MORONEY seem to remain students for ever!),

whereas Trinity have only six old colours in the team. This season U.C.D. have done incomparably better than Trinity. Victories have come with monotonous regularity and it has been common for them to record tallies of between twelve and twenty points. The best U.C.D. win was over Wanderers, the 6-3 margin being the Lansdowne Road club's only defeat at Irish hands so far this season.

Trinity have won but twice, yet, in contrast to former years, they have never been outclassed. The team has not been subject to many changes and has produced excellent Rugby in patches. There were times against Clontarf, N.I.F.C. and Collegians when Trinity could have been taken for a really crack fifteen!

Skipper BUCHANAN has worked very hard to ensure a good performance at Lansdowne Road, and the pack has come on particularly well. Special care must be taken, however, to prevent penalty opportunities being presented

to the deadly accurate HICKIE. The flankers must not doubt that SCALLY can be every bit as dangerous as MURRAY, and BRESNIHAN must be nailed every time by the opposing centre.

HUTCHINSON and KEANE have struck up a good understanding at half-back and, if a reasonable supply of the ball is obtained, the threequarters could be given some scope. When all is said, however, the question of whether Trinity can give U.C.D. a run for it may depend on MURPHY's kicking. It is to be hoped that he maintains his recent form.

Let no one doubt that this will be an extremely hard match to win, but Trinity can do it. All eventualities on the field cannot be accounted for, but every Trinity student can aid the team by being on the terraces to give unstinted support. The last two Colours matches have been lost; this year's must be won. May Trinity have every ounce of luck that is going!

SOCCER

Great win over U.C.G.

Trinity	5	U.C.G.	4
Trinity	3	Whitehall Rangers	2

It is pleasant to be able to report two wins for the soccer team this week; the first, over U.C.G., augurs well for the Collingwood Cup; the second, over Whitehall Rangers, avenges a defeat earlier this season.

The 5-4 victory over U.C.G. was achieved in very difficult conditions at College Park last Wednesday. Trinity were 0-3 down at half-time, and any ordinary team in a similar predicament would probably resort to defensive tactics and launch the occasional desperate raid into the opposition's half. Not so Trinity, as the score suggests.

Trinity's positioning in the first half was so poor that but for some expert goalkeeping by KYNASTON, the half-time margin would have been much wider. Any faithful Trinity supporter (how many are there, by the way?) would at this stage have thought he was flogging a painfully dying horse. However, the horse sprang to life in the second half, thanks to an effective stimulus from captain NOLAN, and after 55 minutes REANEY, who was playing brilliant football, netted twice in quick succession — the

second goal was a beautifully directed drive from twenty-five yards.

Galway made it 4-2, but Trinity produced top form under the inspiration of REANEY. With twenty minutes to go, NOLAN lobbed a free kick into the goalmouth and POINTER was perfectly placed to make it 3-4, and soon afterwards the inevitable REANEY scored his third goal directly from a corner — a rare occurrence nowadays — thus setting the scene for a phenomenal finish. NELSON obliged from close range and the task was complete. This was a victory to remember.

Against Whitehall the standard of play was much lower, with the sides fairly even until half-time, when the score was 1-1. Trinity, short several regulars, scored through NOLAN (2) and MACREADY, and were on target in attack, but there still seem to be some dangerously weak links in defence.

Trinity team:—
J. Kynaston, T. Mears (R. O'Moore, v. Whitehall), R. Cordess; M. Lawless, R. Ballard, I. Pointer (T. Reaney, v. Whitehall); D. Nelson, C. Rae, T. Macready, T. Reaney (R. Sowerby, v. Whitehall), T. Nolan.

RUGBY

Colours form at last

Collegians	5	Trinity	16
------------------	---	---------------	----

With the Colours match in the offing, there was at last real encouragement for Trinity in Belfast on Saturday, when they defeated Collegians 16-5. This admirable win was highlighted by excellent forward play in tight and loose, effective covering and useful attacking by the three-quarters and, perhaps most important, accurate goal-kicking by full-back MURPHY.

This was only Trinity's second win of the season, but it is hard to believe that they had to wait so long for it, as their sense of purpose was clear from the kick-off. With BUCHANAN setting a fine example, the pack drove into the Northerners with great vigour, and the half-backs obtained a good supply of the ball. Conditions were rather greasy, but HUTCHINSON

and those outside him held their passes well and MURPHY's fielding was rarely at fault.

DONOVAN scored Trinity's first try and MURPHY converted. After HUTCHINSON had dropped a neat goal, the full-back added a penalty to the tally and he was on target again to convert the try which RAY scored after Collegians had fought back to 11-5. If Trinity can improve as much between this match and Wednesday as they have in the last fortnight, U.C.D. had better be on their toes!

Trinity team:
G. Murphy; R. Herron, D. Donovan, A. Ray, D. Beck; R. Hutchinson, F. Keane; P. Michael, A. Harrison, D. Buchanan (capt.), R. Davies, M. Roberts, K. Sheridan, D. Heywood, C. Hawkesworth.

MIKE WELCH

MEN'S HOCKEY

Forwards improve

Monkstown	1
Trinity	1

Royal Terrace, Dun Laoghaire, has been the graveyard of many teams' fortunes in the past, but Trinity entered their Irish Senior Cup tie with Monkstown on Saturday determined not to be the victims on this occasion. They dominated the first half, but had only a single goal to show for their efforts at the interval. This was neutralised soon afterwards by a Monkstown goal and even two periods of extra time could not produce a deciding score.

It was a pleasant change to see Trinity's forwards in the rampant form they showed in the first half, for at times they were splitting the defence and getting in shots almost at will. It must be noted, however, that Monkstown were without GEORGE and McCABE, two of their best defenders, and this may have had much to do with the weakness of the home tackling. Nevertheless, KING and MURPHY were in particularly good form, and FRY, DOUGLAS and BUDD did their best to ensure that every Monkstown error was used to good advantage. Had it not been for a great display by Monkstown goalkeeper DODDS this advantage would undoubtedly have been reflected in the score as well as in territorial supremacy.

The goal which earned Trinity a replay came from MURPHY after a clever run by FRY. Both these players subsequently had chances, as had KING, but all either went wide or were saved by the vigilant DODDS.

Trinity team:
R. Whiteside; C. Browne, J. Heaney; M. Freestone, S. McNulty (capt.), M. Pettigrew; H. Fry, T. King, J. Douglas, P. Murphy, D. Budd.

LADIES' HOCKEY

Out of the cup

U.C.D.	3
Trinity	1

Trinity were knocked out of the cup in the first round at Belfield on Saturday, when U.C.D. proved too strong. MARGARET MILLIGAN put Trinity into the lead, but U.C.D. soon got on top and would have won by more than 3-1 had it not been for some fine defensive work, particularly by goalkeeper MARGARET PHILP. Chances in attack did occasionally materialise, but no Trinity forward managed to make use of them.



Joe Lennon of Trinity boots upfield in Saturday's Singerson Cup match with U.C.D. at O'Toole Park.

Gaelic Football

Trinity crushed in Sigerson Cup

U.C.D.	3-21	Trinity	0-1
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The result of last Saturday's Sigerson Cup game against U.C.D. was a great disappointment for the Trinity team and supporters. The final score of 3-21 to 0-1 reflects the real superiority of the Earlsfort Terrace team.

Trinity had put a lot of effort into preparations. The side was very fit and basically very able. But the U.C.D. team included twelve current senior inter-county players and was in control in every position.

Immediately from the throw-in, the Trinity goal came under attack. Yet it took U.C.D. until the fourth minute to settle in and score their first point, which was from a free. In the next eight minutes the lead had increased to 1-5 when Trinity scored. J. MALONE got a point from a very narrow angle.

At half-time U.C.D. led by 2-12 to 0-1. Substitutions after the interval made the Trinity defence

tighter, but still U.C.D. scored a further goal and nine points.

That what is probably Trinity's best-ever team was so convincingly defeated was rather tragic. T. HUNT, the captain, had sufficiently recovered from injury to play, and his performance deserved greater success. But U.C.D. were a faster side: they moved more quickly on the ball, they thought more quickly. J. LENNON, at centrefield for Trinity, roved wherever needed. Yet even his influence was minimal.

Every member of the team gave of his best, but to no avail. Only J. KIRKPATRICK, in goal, and centre half-back T. HANAHOE had really successful games. If the team is to make any impact in its first Dublin Senior Championship, TOM HUNT must continue his leadership with patience and determination.

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